FLESH

True Homosexual Experiences from S.T.H.
Volume 2

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FLESH

Boyd's

MAGAZINE

-STRAIGHT TO HELL

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Photo: *The Jock Book*

FLESH

True Homosexual Experiences from S.T.H. Volume 2

(*Flesh* is edited by Winston Leyland from the magazine *S.T.H.* edited by Boyd McDonald)

Gay Sunshine Press
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MEAT

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It is against the law to seduce and have intercourse with boys under 18, but we do print memoirs of men talking about their own boyhood sex—true case histories.

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Introduction

By Mitzel

It's an awesome challenge to imagine how much male seed has been sucked out, whacked off, sent flying, + shot off into mouths, assholes, lace hankies or other depositories as the result of the humble work of *Straight To Hell*. Some say sex phantasies are idiosyncratic. Yet STH has *it* for every faggot (and has it *in* for every strait man). Makes you wonder, though: how faggots could continue to have those Famous Limp Wrists after so much STH-inspired jacking-off is a question suitable only for silly head-shrinkers, bible-thumpers and the other enemies of sex. *While they last*.

Since its modest being in the early '70s, *Straight To Hell*, under the loving and meticulous editorship of Boyd McDonald, has become, if not the most popular mag for men, certainly the mag to which men are most loyal. A Sex Devotional! For neophyte readers, STH is like a new drug: they go into a rush and don't come down. Many instantly write for back issues. Others seek out a complete collection. Still others cruise bookshops daily, hungering for the lastest ish. While waiting, old numbers stay as horny as when first delivered.

As it is now, so shall it be forever. Long after you and I are mere non-biodegradable plastic residues in a Forest Lawn Condo Crypto, youth will be persuing STH's pages and whacking puds. It is a notion which gives pause.

I think styles in sex and sex-talk change less than do many other kinds of human activity subject to fashion (clothes, foods, musics, etc.) Cocksuckers have always chased after soldiers and sailors. (If we don't, we're in trouble.) Our search for the rosy asshole is constant. (Sure beats the quest for the holie grail.) Piss has always been hot, strong and pungent. Who could ask for anything more?

Usually these wonders are experienced in private and their beauty remains that way — except for word passed to a small circle of friends. What Boyd has done, and for the first time, is create a medium — sort of like one huge party-line — to bulletin everybody's favorite pastime. Something we can all share.

Ours is a club everybody can join. Sex is sort of like singing: everybody *can* do it. It doesn't have to cost a thing. Of course, there are levels of competence and practice does usually tend to make for a better tenor as well as cocksucker. Learning to keep the throat open and when to breath, etc.

Hot J.O. stories never cool down. Which is not to say most couldn't be made hotter by a good dose of editing. Here enters Boyd's genius. He gets right to the meat — so to speak — of any story. And it's amazing. Every story, every vignette, whatever your preferred scene (public orgies, turd sniffing, jock strap stealing, etc.) sizzles off the page because the heat of the all-worked-up fucker/sucker/whatever *is contagious*. Every hungry orifice, succulent bung-hole, glistening, oiled pecs, swinging, hairy ball sacs — the whole western fetish of subject-object melts away and we are both, *all* simultaneously. Just like the gay lib prop slogan advertises: we *are* everywhere, *in* everyone, the beast with a million backs!

What makes STH and *Flesh* unique, like the faggots it chats with, is the wonderful wit that is its signature. This is not the wit of the obvious artifice — say, like dear old Uncle Oscar, who loved playing on contrariness — but the real Amerikan wit of calling things by their real names + thereby flooring the dead-eyed straits. Sex without hypocrisy. Funny, truthful, and still come-calling. Not a trace of the grim seriousness and repression so characteristic of the dead culture. No pretenses. Nothing fake. Humor, sex, looseness: three points that form our plane.

Hard-working Boyd has spent thousands and thousands of hours interviewing correspondents, collecting stories, anecdotes, sex histories + erotic dreams of the sexually active. You'd think his files would now rival those of the Kinsey Institute in Bloomington. Unlike the Indiana scholars, however, Boyd shares his info in a popular mag for all to see. Completely up-front and up-to-date. Then he throws all his "raw data" out in a plastique baggie for the hunky Manhattan trash persons to pick up and handle. La Ronde. The sex stories are wholly renewable and always disposable — and indelibly memorable. Use once or twice and discard. Always more where that came from.

Something little mentioned is how STH *celebrates* memory, or at least the illusion of memory. I know some princess-types who can remember every meal they ate as they munched their way across Europe. Drug addicts (what's left of them) can go on about every fabulous hit. Hideous strait men, with bulb noses, blab on about sports statistics from The Big Game of 1955. Boring political analysts can cite voting patterns in every precinct since back when Jacqui was first married.

Our STH brotherhood is head and shoulders above these clowns. We only remember what is truly important: that first cock, the night we took six football players, the cluster-fuck to end all cluster-fucks, fucking the Senator in the tearoom, the Dick of Death, and on. The memory is gorgeous—even though the sweet boy whose pants you once pulled down is now probably impossibly strait, gross, fat and dumpy, with red, alcoholic blotches all over his face (a look sported by many Amerikan normals). But in STH, his cock is still young and hard, his buns like butter. *And we are all there.* Our voyeurism defies history. Better than any sentimental dreck, sturdier than any scientific study—and in a complete challenge to the on-going repression by the sex-haters—STH *proves* that each and every blow job is universal, democratic, eternal and belongs to us. The seed whacked out of your cock splashes all over the world.

Voltaire said mankind will not be free until the last king is strangled with the guts of the last priest. A great image—*tre's* Hollywood! But not very gay. I prefer to think that as the result of every hot load spunked into the reader-ship of STH and then back again, another crooked pol and/or some wrinkled-lipped, sex-hating, spook-peddlar craps out. Drowned by cum. Good rid-dance.

STH (and *Flesh*) bring us, in direct, completely forward and ordinary Amerikan language, the stuff of our lives, our dreams, our magic and filth. Done with no more blush than if it were a seed catalogue (which, I guess, in its own way *it is!*). It does for our sex what Walt Whitman did for our poetry—

takes it away from the fakes, the phonies, the hypocrites, the pretentious, the careerists, the Institutions, the academics, the faddists and all the other leeches who have fanged into sexual revolutions.

After *our* revolution succeeds, let's arrest and lock up all the head docs. Put them in re-education camps where STH will be compulsory reading daily. Let's throw in the English teachers as well as the bureaucrats too, because I think Boyd has done as much for the language of gay men as he has done for our sex.

It's a scary thought that writers might someday "study" STH for lessons in clarity, language use and skillful editing. But if the effects sink in, it'll have done its job. Compared to the taut, sinewy J.O. prose in STH, any other mag or book looks as flabby as a Vegas-bound, polyester-clad gambling junket of realtors from L.A.

I can't overlook my favorite part of STH. Its *rudeness*.

STH forestalls any attempt by a faggot Amy Vanderbilt in her tracks. Actually, poor Amy flew out the window of a Gotham hotel and tastefully passed over in a smashingly bloody blob in a New York gutter. So I suppose there's a cautionary tale in that.

I've always thought we have all the social skills we need. "Do you want a hot + wet blow job?" or "Come fuck me" or "Can I piss down your throat?" are always the correct ways to Meet New Friends. No one in STH's world can be shocked, scandalized or judgemental in matters of men's sex. There's some cripple-character in a Tom Williams play who sez something like: "Nothing human disgusts me." It's a noble sentiment. I suspect she's writing on the sly for STH now.

I'm not a fancier of such pointy-headed notions as "historical development." But I must say that things seem to be getter/both better and worse at the same time. Men's sex is now more open, if not more diverse. Agents like STH help wipe out the remaining (and intensifying) sexual repression. Subversion with a boner. Dicks don't take to morality. Thank you.

STH's revolution is complete as men slough off the old social and sexual taboos. Much work to do. STH is the anti-matter for sex proscriptions. There is a lot in this life we plan to get even for. STH is just part of the faggots' pay-back on a repressive culture which imposes "normalcy." Which has meant for us: obliteration. But things have changed. And, for us, the best is yet to come.

We've moved from Wet Dream to Total Assault. Come-Kids on a Wipe-Out Mission. The 60s were just warm-ups. Wait till we get where we want to go! Public sex fests in the capital. *It'll happen.* The spirituality of 1967 only managed to levitate the Pentagon a few inches—less than your cock's length. We'll do better. Dick-in-mouth daisy chain with hundreds of thousands will vaporize the death/repression syndicate with sex-energy.

Just remember: You Read It Here First!

Photo: AMG

Love and Hate for the American Straight

Politically, *Straight to Hell* (and the anthologies *Meat/Flesh*) are libertine. Pro homosexual, pro women, pro all minorities; anti "straight," anti American, un American. You can't beat them but at least hassle them.

Straight to Hell is not for the upward striving middle class but for guys who like to go down.

It is not for the bourgeois who must try to be refined but for the true elite who must try to be coarse. Not for the black of heart, who must wear a surface niceness, but for the basically innocent who can afford to talk coarsely. But while always coarse we are never vulgar.

We do not advocate the overthrow of the American Government. Johnson and Nixon and Reagan, and their millions of followers, have always seen to that. They have South Americanized America.

"Straights" have a surface charm that comes from their membership in the overpowering sexual majority. This gives them a certain fearlessness that passes for masculinity. But at heart they are too timid and terrified of homosexuality to be of any real interest. Only men with balls dare to be different. The frightened ones do what the government or the church tells them. Usually this is, make war and money, not love. They need all the money and adventure they can get. But they are America's true perverts because killing is the final perversion and America has become history's most unpredictable killer.

"Fag baiting" is a sex substitute and additive. It is fighting homosexuality by fighting homosexuals. It is also a cover for homosexuality. It stems from the feeling that if "straights" are carrying out their sexual assignments why don't homosexuals have to. As the square press exposes "straights" for being corrupt, we expose them for being sexual frauds.

We don't reason with fag baiters—they need it too much. We are a journal of revenge therapy and simply call them names too. We are not racist; we hate all fag baiters equally.

We oppose not only poor white trash but middle class white trash, rich white trash, and famous white trash (like Nixon and Agnew). We support the minority of American men who are decent, like Ramsey Clark, Ralph Nader and Daniel Ellsberg.

Many more women than men are decent. We wish them power. The only hope lies in girls growing up in this society or boys growing up in a later culture which does not instil in them the fear that it's sissy to be peaceful.

But right now, a majority of American men are mad in both senses: they are insane and they are enraged. They have really bombed. We don't want their respect since we have none for them. There are no born "straights" but many act "straight." We don't like actors.

—Boyd McDonald

Boy Ass at Texas Pond

TEXAS — I have been gay since high school days and before I reckon — just didn't know it then. Went thru three years in the Navy—wonderful experiences there also—very discreet of course—and then attended four universities, all with too much sex and not enough scholarly achievement. I enjoy any article with rimming in it. As a member of RFA [Rear French Association], it is clear what turns me on. About 15 years ago, when I was spending 95% of my time cruising around for hot dicks, I made a little journey to far East Texas near the Louisiana border, not far from the town of Jasper, about 125 eastnortheast of Houston. It was mid summer and hot as hell, and breezing along about two in the afternoon, on a Wednesday, when I spotted a young guy in Levis with a towel around his neck. When he stuck out his thumb for a ride, I pulled over. I asked him where he was going—not that it mattered, because I was going to take him wherever *he* wanted to go. He said he was on his way to a swimming hole about five miles up the road. I realized I had to get to the subject of sex fast or he would be gone, so I said he sure did have a nice build and that I bet he drove the girls wild. He said he had a couple of girls. He said that when he first started going swimming that he was ashamed of his size, but that lately he's been catching up with the older guys. I said, do you mean the size of your dick, or body in general. He looked surprised, and said that he meant weight. I said, oh, so you must be smaller in *that* department than the others. He immediately said, no, I ain't either, only one other guy is bigger than me when I have a hard on, and that's Ronnie, who is 19 and now on leave from the Navy. Then I realized he was keeping up with what the other guys' equipment was. I asked him if he had ever seen any of them "X" rated movies. He said no, but that he would sure like to. I said if you look in the glove compartment he would find some brochures that illustrated some of the films I had already bought. He opened the glove compartment and pulled out the brochures, about half of which were gay and the other straight. I reached over and put my hand on his groin and squeezed a little and told him he was indeed big in that department. He pushed up toward my hand and said he was real hot and claimed he wished he had "a girl right now to throw a fuck into."

About that time he said the cut-off was just ahead for the swimming hole and that it was about three miles off the road. Work fast, I told myself. Without taking my hand off his groin, I said that I had been known to take care of a guy in real need. He said that he would love for me to play with it but that he didn't have any money to pay me to suck it off. I said that I had been known to do it free if the guy was nice to me also. If you would just jack me off, I would suck you off. He said great. He said he had never had any guy to do that to him before but he thought it would be real cool if I would do it to him, and that he didn't mind jacking me off, cause I do that with my little brothers all the time. We drove about a mile or two into the woods and he told me to stop, that this would be the best place to do it. When I pulled his Levis down when we got out of the car, his 6½" hot hard uncircumcised dick stuck out almost perpendicular to his body. I just went ape-shit when I saw his beautiful tan body, about 5'6", 150 lbs. Juice was dripping from his large piss hole. He had a nice little bush of hair around his dick, medium sized balls, and some hairs on his legs but not chest. He leaned against the car and spread his legs. I

dropped down on my knees and licked his balls with my hot dripping tongue. His dick jumped as I kissed his balls. I licked up the shaft of his dick and put my mouth around the head and gently went down the head until I felt that wonderful feel of "dick-cheese" (one of my favorites). I pulled back and sniffed that wonderful odor. It was wonderful. Boy dick-cheese with that sexy smell almost drove me out of my mind. His dick was so hard by now that I thought it would burst—he must have enjoyed having me sniff it. Only three or more downward thrusts of my head and I felt that good old feeling of being filled up with warm dick juice—quite a load it was, and I eagerly drank it down. He had grabbed my head and was holding it down until he finished shooting his load. I pulled off and caught my breath while he reached down and began to jack me off—as he had promised. It took only a few strokes and I shot all over the ground. He was experienced at jacking off a guy—he really knew how to jack you off. He said my dick sure was big around and about as long as his was too. He said that he loved the way I sucked him off. You even swallered all of my cum—what did it taste like? Would it make me sick? I told him it was like the taste of fresh corn and that it was real sweet and good for me. He said that he had heard of "queers" at school but that he had never seen one and that I didn't look like one as they were described to him by the older guys. He said one of the guys at the swimming hole was in the Navy and that he said he had a guy suck him before, and that the guy even kissed his ass—of course, we didn't believe the last part 'cause everyone knows that no one would do *that*. I told him not to believe that no one would suck a guy's ass because I had had it done to me before and it was great.

He said he could go again if I wanted to suck him again, and I said ok, and I just might get hot enough this time to suck your ass, or at least kiss it if he wanted to try it. His dick jumped when I told him that, so we went over to a nice spot of pine straw and lay down for more ACTION. I started on his balls again but this time I raised his legs up a little to get a peek at his asshole. It had just a few hairs around the rosey hole, and I had my nose in it right away. I soon pressed my lips up against that pink little asshole and licked it with long strokes and every so often would insert my long, wet, hot tongue into his little pink hole and he would squirm like crazy as I worked on it. I pressed my lips against his hole and would suck like crazy until he tightened up, then I would blow on it. This went on for about ten minutes (I could have died there it was such a wonderful ass) then I let his legs down and sucked him off which didn't take too long either—but ten times longer than the first time. He said he loved my hot mouth on his ass and that it felt so damn good that he would have been willing to pay me $5 if he had it. He asked me if I traveled this way often and I said sometimes, and that I would come back and meet him the next weekend if he would be free. He said he would meet me at the swimming hole next Saturday at 4 p.m.

We put our clothes on and proceeded to the swimming hole. There were about five or six young guys, all naked, all yelling and having a ball. We jumped in after shucking our clothes. Before long Billy, the guy I had picked up, let it out that I had some wild brochures on "X" movies. I said they must not tell anyone and ran back and got the brochures and in five minutes there was not a soft dick in the crowd—including my own, after seeing their excitement. I saw Billy talking to Ronnie, the Navy guy, away from the others. When Billy came back he said that Ronnie had agreed to buy some beer if I would take him to the little beer joint in the town. He said that we three could

drive there together. I felt that Billy had something else on his mind besides beer. I was right in my thinking—we had no sooner gotten ot the spot Billy and I had stopped at earlier, than Billy turned to me (he was on the outside and Ronnie, the sailor, next to me) and said that Ronnie was OK and that I could feel of Ronnie's dick if I wanted to. Ronnie shook his head in agreement. I reached over and felt his seafood stick—a thing of delight it was. Billy told Ronnie that I had sucked his ass and that it felt out of this world and that I might do it to him if I got hot enough. All jumped out and pulled off our clothes. Ronnie laid down with his legs wide apart—he was ready for my tongue in his ass. He was about 6′ tall, 175 lbs., and built. He had a reddish dick. I lay down between his legs, pulled his legs up, sniffed my way to his pink hole and pressed my nose into it. I licked and licked until I almost shot off myself. He kept saying, "damn-shitdamn, eat my ass, eat it good." All this talk made me hotter and Billy was laying next to us jacking off. I finally lifted my head from that glorious piece of seafood asshole and licked up his shaft and went down on it as far as I could without choking. I must have been 8″ long and was fat. He said to eat his dick all the way down to his balls. It didn't take long before he said to get back on his ass—that was the best thing he had ever felt—I was the best damn asslicker he had ever seen. I went back down and after another ten minutes in the crack of his ass I finally sucked his big dick off with a good many "damn-shit-damn" he would utter from time to time. Billy was waiting to take his place. He too had his legs raised up ready for my tongue in his ass. He shot his third wad.

Ronnie and Billy began to tease me after we got back to the hole with the beer. They would start out saying something like, "you guys will never know what he did to us while we were getting the beer." Then one of them would say I told them some very interesting stories and that I might tell them the stories also. I agreed to repeat several stories, hot enough to where hard ons were quickly covered with busy little hands and crossed legs. I knew if I didn't haul ass soon I would be sucking off all of them, and half of them appeared to be under age, and I could get my ass in plenty trouble, so I told them I had to hit the road. But I told them I would be back and I would bring some different brochures but that I could not give them the ones I had now.

Next time I saw at least ten or twelve guys at the hole—all naked, grab assing and having one hell of a time. My first thoughts were to pull the hell out of there and not take a chance with a crowd like that, but before I could make up my mind Billy spotted me and they all came running up, their dicks and balls bouncing and my mouth watering like I was in heat. But that is another experience. Right now my jaws and tongue are sore just thinking about Ronnie and Billy, the first two I had.

Sore-Assed

CONNECTICUT — I started taking it up the ass at 12. It really began a year or so earlier when I was swimming bareass with several of the older boys. I learned then how to suck cock. They trained me. Just remember I'd been sucking cock for a year (not constantly, but a lot of it every week) when this story begins at age 12.

I was accepted by my peers as a typical 12-year-old—they didn't know I was regularly servicing the older boys.

One boy, a very mature 14-year-old of Italian extraction with a big skin-covered cock, was especially hot for me. He stopped by my garage two or three times a week. He'd whistle for me and when I got to the garage he'd be stretched out on the daybed with his pants around his knees waiting for me to drain him.

Neither of us had much sexual imagination. We didn't experiment. I'd just take his thick prick in my mouth and suck on it till he unloaded.

But across the street lived two Polish twins. They were 14 and big.

One rainy day, after giving Tracy (my Italian cock) his regular blow job in my garage, we went over to the twins' barn. The twins and three of their buddies were having a circle jerk. I wanted to leave; I'd never had sex in front of an audience. The boys I took care of were strict about secrecy. Always one at a time, alone with me, and always a threat to beat the shit out of me if I told anyone they were letting me suck their dicks.

Johnny, one of the Polish twins, said they were expecting his older cousin to show up and blow everybody. Tracy was surprised. He asked if they got sucked often. They all replied, every chance they could.

I headed for the ladder (we were up in the loft) but the twins barred the way. Tracy explained I was sucking him steadily so they pushed me down and had me suck them off assembly-line fashion. The guys were just average in cock size and cut but the twins were uncut, which I preferred. They had huge thick pricks. I thought I did a good job on everybody, including Tracy again, but the twins complained I wasn't taking enough cock in my mouth, was a lousy cocksucker, and not as good as their cousin. They each fed me a wad of come nonetheless.

One of the twins asked Tracy if he'd ever fucked my asshole. Tracy was bewildered. Sonny, the hornier of the twins, said their cousin let them screw him. They said ass-fucking was better than mouths.

I was stripped and spread on the floor with a blanket under my groin to make my asshole more accessible. The twins directed. Tracy mounted me first. They told him to use a lot of spit on his dick and my hole. They stood on each side of me and spread my ass cheeks and directed Tracy's prick into my hole. He pushed and pushed and (inexperienced as he was) rammed it all the way up me. I had been crying when he started but now I was hollering. They threatened to give me something to cry about if I made noise.

After Tracy and three other guys fucked me my asshole was sore and I begged the twins to let me go. I was afraid of their big pricks. I promised to suck them off whenever they wanted if they wouldn't fuck me. I was afraid their big pricks would kill me.

But they both fucked me. Of course by this time my asshole was lubricated with four loads of come. It was raw and burning hot but it pretty well stretched to accomodate even the big Polish pricks. So when Sonny slid his dick up my asshole (he'd had quite a few sessions with his cousin's asshole, I learned later), I just relaxed. Before long I began to respond to his long, gentle thrusts and before he unloaded I was so heated up that I shot my wad all over the blanket.

But Johnny, the other twin, took his turn and really slammed it in me and I began to cry again. I couldn't take any more. When he pulled his fat dick out of my hole it was bloody.

Tracy talked them into letting me go. And next time when he whistled for me he'd learned about Vaseline from the older boys. Within 30 seconds he had his prick up my hole and I loved every minute of it this new greased way.

Tracy kept my holes pretty much to himself but once in awhile he let a few of his best buddies use them. Word got around and when I graduated from the eighth grade I had the most popular mouth and asshole in town.

I found that taking big, thick, uncut cock up the ass is easiest. Less wear and tear on my asshole. I can last longer and enjoy it more.

Any uncut stud who wants a good piece of ass can have it from me.

Logging Camp Lovers

CALIFORNIA — Opinions of the self-styled experts on homosexuality, especially the psychiatrists, law officers, clergymen, etc. never cease to amaze me. The homosexual, according to these "experts," is effeminate, a mama's boy, neurotic, maladjusted, and so forth. Some are, but so are a great many of the exemplary (?) "straights."

In my youth I worked in a logging camp for almost seven months and in a gold mining camp for two full years, isolated 75 miles from the nearest town. In the logging camp we were snowed in for a good part of the winter. Nine of us were confined to the camp for the weeks of isolation, but not one of us could be considered effeminate, neurotic or abnormal. Yet all but two engaged in homosexual activities and those two, who were brothers, could have had their own personal means of relieving themselves.

There was not a great deal of oral sex involved. Apparently the popular method, preferred by the majority, was sodomy, and it was in this logging camp that I was initiated into the discomforts, adjustments and ecstasies of this form of sexual activity.

After the logging experience followed two years in a gold mining camp where some 55 men were employed. This camp was located many miles from the nearest settlement and when winter came, and the road out was blocked by snow, a restlessness among the crew evidenced itself by a raid on the vaseline supply in the first air cabinet, of which I was custodian.

Here again, I was to learn the error of assuming that those engaged in homosexual activities were of a specific type. Out of the 55 men in camp, conservatively over half were getting relief from one another. The brawny, ultra-masculine types invariably started out increasing their sociabilities, taking booze with them when dropping in on different buddies throughout the camp. My time was pretty well monopolized in the evenings by first one and then another of those inclined towards homosexuality.

Two of the most masculine of the crew (a tram operator and a jackhammer man) soon started pairing off exclusively, moving into a cabin together, even ordering exact duplicates of clothing out of the Montgomery Ward catalog. They were the envy of a number of us who had been searching for just such a set up.

There wasn't a man in the entire camp who fit the description laid down so authoritatively by the "experts." Agreed, many of the men in camp might not have been inclined towards members of their own sex had circumstances not separated them from women. But all this proves is that sexual desire and sexual activity depend on your social environment, not your nature.

Photo: AMG

Interview

[The respondent has a 5½ x 1¾ size cock, eyes that change from pale blue to deep green, an income in the middle to upper class, six feet of tissue totaling 190 pounds, and a new address which he has failed to report to STRAIGHT TO HELL. He lives in New Jersey and was born in "the Great Bay State," whatever that is (Massachusetts probably). He recently left a management job. "I don't intend to work for someone else again—too restricting on the brain." He sees himself as "bland, quiet to the extreme, neither handsome nor ugly, and unique—I've never met anyone who remotely reminds me of myself." He is an Asp.[1]]

What is your sexual self-diagnosis? I'm 100% boy-oriented.

What do you think about when you jack off? Cock. Boys. Piss. Mostly big, big juicy cocks.

How often do you jack off? Ten times a week.

What is your favorite kind of sex? Sucking cock.

How many have you sucked? About 100.

How many times a day can you come? Five. More often than not the fifth comes dry.

Do you like the taste of men's bodies? Yes.

What parts? All.

Washed or unwashed? Un.

Do you like the smell of men's bodies? Yes.

What parts? Cock and balls.

Washed or unwashed? Un.

Are you cut or uncut? I'm uncut and I'm glad.

Have you ever swallowed piss? Yes. Twenty times. I like.

Do you like to talk during blow jobs? No. I just like to feel he's enjoying it.

What kind of partners do you like? Single homosexuals.

Do you like glory holes? I love them.

Do you prefer big cocks? Yes. They mesmerize me.

Do you prefer young guys? Yes. They've got all the things I want.

Do you like the taste of cum? I love it.

What occupational types do you like? Schoolboys, because they have more hard, lithe, hairless bodies and more hard ons.

What physical characteristics do you like? Lithe, hairless bodies.

What personality types do you like? Quiet, sweet, and cool.

Describe any attitude any doctor has ever shown toward your sex life. I haven't seen a doctor since I left the service. I don't believe in doctors, with a few exceptions.

Describe any sex you had in the Boy Scouts. The "great Leader" was homosexual. It was two full years of mass jack off parties. The Scoutmaster gave me my first blow job. I'd jacked off three times earlier that night and I

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[1]Anglo Saxon Protestant—the correct way of putting what most people are trying to express in the word "Wasp" (White Anglo Saxon Protestant). But as there are no colored Anglo Saxons, the "W" is redundant. This is another example—one of several millions that come to mind— of how the "straight" people that run this society and its language are dumb.

knew it was coming sooner or later but I didn't know it would be that night. He just went right down on it.

Describe any locker room experience in school. One coach took down my shorts, stared at my cock, and walked away without a word.

Describe any other school memories. I jerked off Ray one day in class without anyone knowing it. (Ray knew—his pants were creamy.)

Have you fulfilled yourself in your career? No, but I'm going to.

Do you feel held back by a society which makes fun of homosexuals? Somewhat. Very much. Yes. I don't like to give that answer but I think I have to.

Where and how do you meet partners? Toilets, streets.

Who seduces whom? Sort of mutual. Little or nothing said.

Are homosexuals as interesting as "straights"? More so to me.

Is the word "gay" O.K. with you? I detest the word.

How much time do you spend each day thinking about sex? About three hours.

What do you think about? Cock.

How many hard ons do you have a day? Two or three.

What are your feelings about "straight" males? They have a place in our lives. They can't help it. I have some dear friends that are "straight." But I wouldn't want my son to marry one.

Describe your first sex with a boy. Late one night, when I was about 11 and my cousin Bob was 10, we wrestled in the grass, which led to hard-ons. Bob started pumping his cock and he came. In the dark all I could see was that something shot out of the end of his cock. I watched where it landed. Next day I searched through every blade of grass for whatever it was that had shot out of his cock. I experimented and developed the hand pumping method I'd seen him use.

What is the best sex you ever had? I went to the movies—I was about 22 I guess—and sat beside a boy about 18 or19. We played kneesies and felt each other's cocks. He had more cock than I could imagine. I got so excited I got up and rushed out to my car. If he hadn't followed I'd have gone back and gone down on him right in the theatre, I'm sure. Drove to the woods. A quick kiss—my first with a boy but it was so natural (for the first time) I didn't even notice it. Then into a 69 position. I could not get the head of his cock through my teeth. I was so thoroughly turned on I fucked his mouth without missing a stroke while I kissed and licked and sucked on the end of his cock. The kid was lovable and great and I worshiped that extension like it was a separate living thing. God it was exciting.

Describe the first blow job you ever gave. Four boys in a tent jerking off. One said I always sleep with my mouth open. I proceeded to feign sleep and Brad's cock was at my face. I couldn't have them thinking I was queer so I fought him off of course. And of course Brad pushed his thumbs into my jaw after a few games and pushed it right in. Just like I wanted. But of course I had to bite down on it just hard enough so they wouldn't think I wanted it. Brad had the biggest cock in the neighborhood. I liked it the best too. Another of the four was my best friend and we'd been jerking off together for some time. Gradually we kissed each other's cocks (we never mouth-kissed). Put them in our mouths. Sucked a little each time finishing off with our hands. Then finally after a few months we sucked right through and swallowed each other's cum. We even jerked off together after we got out of the service for a year or so

til he finally switched to girls.

Do you have any unfulfilled fantasies you'd like to act out? Yes. I'd like to have a large group of boys 15 to 17 with big hot cocks pissing and coming in and all over me. It'll never happen.

Why do you suck cock? I get pleasure and relief. I love the sight, feel, taste, and smell of cock. However, I don't have a choice. I can positively say that when the partner's cock is hard and he's willing and I'm turned on, nothing could stop me. I become mesmerized. I have absolutely no way to control my actions till I get on that cock. I *have* to have it. I am really and truly quite content to suck others and jerk off with the memories.

Do you like long affairs? Yes, but no thanks. I had a lover for two years. It was great but too heavy. Still believe in it but can't cope with it.

When did you first "come out" to yourself—that is, agree with yourself that you're homosexual? About age 22. In the neighborhood I grew up in the homosexual stage boys go through apparently lasted much longer than in most places. When we went into the service at 18 all of us were at the height of it. A few had gone with girls but I don't think any of us had screwed around with them. When we got out of the service fully half of us went right back to where we had left off and about a year and a half later, when the last of the group drifted off to marriage and babies, I suddenly realized I wasn't going to. Up to this point I fully expected I'd change some day.

Youth Takes Huge Snake in Ass

[*Editor's Note:* Of all the connections my prestige as editor of *The New York Review of Cocksucking* has brought me, none is so impressive as a certain Manhattan executive; he knows socially a youth who puts a large part of a large snake in his ass. The executive thus seems to me a far more impressive connection than someone who might know, say Ronald Reagan or, to go several ranks higher, Barbara Stanwyck. But I did not take advantage of the connection. My dislike of snakes inhibited me. But the youth's asshole, which had arrested my attention immediately unpon hearing of it, lingered in my mind, and I was glad to hear that a young subscriber had seen the youth's performance (or more exactly, 2½ of them). I sent him the following questionnaire. The fact that the youth wears a jock strap on stage and has what the following report calls "great buns" and a hairless body, makes his asshole even more fascinating to me; I still think of it often.]

Please describe what kind of club you saw this show in; what kind of customers? This was at the Saint, current successor to Flamingo as the (I pray) last gasp of disco fagdom. The event was a special two-night "black party"—it's horrifying to think how many cows were slaughtered to make cute bondage outfits for these queens. The Saint is a would-be exclusive, pricey, gay dance bar for well-to-do, tan, almost invariably mustachioed, young (and not so young) gay professional types and professional homosexuals. Opens at midnight, goes to noon. The Saint is in the old Fillmore East at 2nd Avenue and 7th Street; an overpriced private club, open only weekends and closed for the summer when they're all on Fire Island. Caters to the kind of gay man who lives his whole life for the bar. Heavy on decorators, waiters, hairdressers, men whose opinion of their butchness bears no relation to reality. Clones, clones and more clones. Excessive numbers of musclemen and beauty boys; virtually

no AMG [Athletic Model Guide] material. As a general rule, I can't stand gay bars. But advance warning of the snake act prompted me to throw discretion to the winds and fork out the $25 cover charge. The snake act was a special attraction for this party, not a regular event.

How does the youth make his entrance—naked? No, clothed in jeans, plaid shirt, black steel-toed boots, etc. With assistant variously attired and a very long snake draped/carried by the two of them. Just walks on stage, which is above and behind bar.

Does he look straight or gay? Didn't have a mustache, but in the place I think it's impossible to look straight.

Please describe his body. Husky? Hairless? Hung? About 6′, thin but muscular, hairless, great buns. Wore jock strap so couldn't check out equipment. Looked awfully young and appealing to be so depraved.

You originally referred to him as a boy. Is he a boy or a man? What age, approximately? All men are boys to me. He's about 25. His assistant (lover?) looked closer to 35.

Does he look like a show biz or circus pro, full of smiles, or an amateur? Looked like he was full of drugs; no smiles, but only a pro could pull off this act.

What position does he get in to take the snake's tail in his ass? Bent forward, at various angles. Standing, kneeling, etc., with ass to audience or sideways. Snake draped along his back, while he held and stroked its head and seemed to be talking to it. His assistant handles the snake's tail.

Does he take the snake in his ass easily or with effort? Easily, considering what he's doing.

What expression does he have on his face during the show? Alternately expressionless, delirious, deranged.

How much of the snake does he take—two feet? At least. The end of the tail is quite small. He probably takes closer to three feet of the snake. A whole lot.

What is the audience reaction? Do they shout anything? No audience participation or response. The stand around and fight to get to the bar and drink beer and talk. The most innocent looking ones, especially preppy types, are the most interested, just staring in wonder.

Does the youth look like a hardened, jaded sex freak, or a real human being? Clothed, he looked surprisingly normal; obviously, appearances are deceptive. When performing, he looked transported more than jaded.

Once he has the snake in his ass, what does he do? He shows his ass to the audience while his assistant fucks his asshole with the snake. This snake, bear in mind, must be at least 10 feet long, possibly 15 (it was never stretched out straight), and as thick as a small tree trunk in the middle. The part he took in his ass was probably 8″ in diameter, or thicker than two fists pressed together. But the tail is cone-shaped. But part of the snake he takes in his ass is as large as two, possibly three, salamis. The end of the tail was less than an inch in diameter, and the first foot or more is not any thicker than a cock. Rapidly widens above that point. The general impression was, that thing is *huge*. I wound say it must have weighed 60 pounds or more.

How long does his act last? About 20-30 minutes, with lots of preliminaries. The snake is probably up his ass maybe 5-10 minutes.

Does he look as though he enjoys it, or is it a hardened, routine performance? Obviously a labor of love. For this kind of excess, desire of the most desperate sort must be indispensable. Strokes and caresses the snake as if it were a lover,

seemed to be talking to it throughout, soothing it.

Was the act attractive and erotic, or disgusting? I got a hard-on each time I saw it (4 shows nightly, I think — I saw 2½). Very weird. What next? But the guy was *very* hot. Surreal and erotic.

Does he seem friendly and nice or harsh and nasty? Seemed oblivious (surely he was on drugs). Aside from a few words to his assistant, he looked away from the audience and mostly looked and talked to the snake's head. Must say I admire your ability to ask so many questions of central importance given a mere reference. Will send tales of college johns when I have time. Used to be an expert, but gave it up four years ago. Wastes too much time. But when there's nothing else (and there wasn't where I went to school) one of the most valuable services offered by college libraries is their secluded, multi-stalled men's rooms — all kinds of guys used to go there. Lots of jocks and frat boys whose girlfriends didn't believe in giving head before engagement.

Whores Not Ballsy, Reader Complains

TORONTO — Sadly, the quality of rough-looking hustlers around on the streets isn't mean enough these days for me, or if they are they are scared I'm a cop. I look like one. Toronto seems to be filled with middle class hustlers who are too clean and not mean enough for my liking. I have one recent adventure to relate, but before I do let me make myself plain to you: believe it or not, I wouldn't bother you with anything but the truth, for strange as it might sound, I couldn't invent anything that could match the characters that the dark sidewalks of this continent produces. I'm not a writer, just a cocksucker. This recent one was Rich. He had his name tattooed in crude blue letters on his wrist. On the other side it said "Poor." He smiled a lot and insisted I hand over his 30 bucks before he fucked me. I've been burnt recently by a little fuzzy-haired turd who ran away with the green before he put out, so I insisted this time on tearing the notes in half and giving him half and my keeping the other half until he'd popped his load. He suggested I merely put the bucks on the bedside table instead. I insisted and tore. "Hope you've got Scotch tape," he said. I nodded yes. His cock was cut. Like many hustlers, he said he was bisexual and he had one dwarf ball. It's strange, but a good 40% of hustlers have one defective ball, and most smell like he did, meaty. He insisted on fucking me like a dog. That way, he told me later, he could be sure I didn't pull any tricks (such as a knife) on him. I told him to be rough, but rough to him seemed merely fucking fast. I got bored being his dog. When I asked him how he liked to come he told me to push a finger up his ass and he promptly unloaded. You asked what I mean by being fucked "rough." I mean rough, mean, nasty. Nothing delicate, no questions like "Is it hurting? Are you OK? Do you want me to use some cream?" I mean I like to be spat at, beaten up, hit around, my nipples pulled, my balls squeezed or twisted around and around in their bag. By being fucked rough, I mean I like to be overpowered, my hair and head pulled. I mean I like my pleas to stop, to be ignored and my flesh scratched, bitten, pulled, burnt and my head shoved down the toilet and my butt beaten or kicked. Then I like to be pissed on and ignored. Sadly, most guys want me to fuck and abuse them, and the pro's I pay to be rough to me just lie there limply, like a bed of yesterday's lettuce.

A True Tale: Cocksucking In Vietnam

Editor's Note: The only glory in Vietnam was the glory holes. The mere fact that we print this piece "Cocksucking in Vietnam" does not mean that we supported this shameful war.

PART I

Chu Lai was an ugly American base 40 miles south of Da Nang but it had some beautiful cocks.

I was billeted in a hooch with the general's aides. Lieutenant Dick was 23, married, good looking, with a well developed body and an average size cut cock. Lieutenant Hank was 26, an ex-pro baseball player, married, had a long skinny cock with lots of overhang, and liked to drink, fuck, and give guys like me a hard time. Lieutenant Joe, the baby, was a pleasant guy with an undersized, uncut cock—virgin I think.

I had been there about a month when I got the first indication my roommates were available. They came in loaded one night and woke me up. I asked them what was up and Hank replied, "Three stiff pricks." Joe said they had given Dick a party, as he was leaving next day for R & R to meet his wife.

"Hell," said Hank, "you can always have your wife but you probably won't have a chance for juicy Oriental pussy again. Just thinking about it makes me horny. I'm going to see if I can get the afternoon off tomorrow and get rid of all the excess starch I've been carrying around in my nuts." He was massaging a hard on through his fatigues.

Dick said he'd be satisfied to use his hand—he wasn't going to stick his prick in any cunt but his wife's. He was afraid of V.D.

"Shit," said Hank, "if you can't use a stray cunt, how about a nice hot sanitary mouth? I'll bet Bobby here can give a mean blow job." I was stunned. I had never given them any cause to think I was a cocksucker. I had sneaked looks at their flopping cocks and balls as they walked naked around the hooch. I didn't say anything. I just sat there as Hank dropped his pants, grabbed his hard prick, pointed it at me, and skinned the very generous foreskin back over a rather attractive cock head. "Come on, Bobby Boy, suck the starch out of my nuts. My fuckin' prick is all clogged up from lack of lovin'. Dick, I don't know why we have to go elsewhere when we have a cocksucker right in our own hooch. That's what you're here for, Bobby Boy, right? To take care of the general's aides."

Dick and Joe didn't say anything. Hank moved right up to the side of my bed. His stiff prick was level with my face and pointed right at my mouth. I was mortified. I was sure men in other barracks could hear Hank yelling. When I opened my mouth to tell him to knock it off he shoved his prick right in my mouth. My first reaction was reflexive: I swished my tongue around the ridge of his glans, seeking his piss hole. Only for a moment, though, for I realized I'd be dead if I gave in.

"Get the fuck away from me, you drunken bastard," I said, as I spit his cock out. "If you're so fucking horny go over to the latrine and jack off. I'm not eating your smelly cock." Hank really got pissed and kept after me, but Dick and Joe finally convinced him he needed a shower.

The General gave Hank permission to spend a few days on another general's yacht and with Dick away on R & R Joe suddenly turned nudist. Every chance he had he paraded nude in front of me. At night he would lie nude on top of his

sheet and moan and groan until he finally fell asleep. A couple of times I was tempted to give him the relief he needed but, miraculously, I held off.

I thought I had gotten away with it that night Hank shoved his prick in my mouth but when Dick got back from R & R I found I hadn't. On his second night back he was lying naked in his bunk looking at the nudes in some old Playboys. Hank and Joe were at a movie. I turned out the light over my sack and was about to crawl in when I looked diagonally across the hooch. Dick was lying on his side facing me, slowly manipulating his beautiful stiff dick. The Playboy centerfold was spread out beside him but he was looking at me, smiling. It took me three seconds to get over to his sack, kneel down and swallow his six inches of thick, iron hard prick down my throat.

"Wait," he whispered, "turn out the light." While I did that he cleared the Playboys off the bed and fell back spread eagle. I sucked his gorgeous cock, lapped his luscious balls and, pushing against the back of his legs, raised his compact butt up to my mouth and with my lips and tongue went to work on his virgin asshole. I suppose some guys would be repulsed because I love to eat out a real stud's asshole (as long as he is clean), although most studs will spread their cheeks for me when they discover what I want.

Dick loved it; everything I did caused him to moan and sigh. I dropped his legs and went to work on his cock again. All the while I was working furiously on his cock, he was thrashing around on the bed and moaning, "Holy Christ. . Beautiful. . .Jesus, what a cocksucker. . .Oh. . ." When his cock began to spurt spicy cum up against the roof of my mouth, I sucked lovingly on it, swishing my tongue around crazily and gasping for breath and trying to swallow his rich copious cream. I couldn't imagine what he'd been doing with his wife because only two days back in Chu Lai his balls were overloaded with cum. I was greedily guzzling down the last few drops when he reached down to push my head away and said, "That's all."

Just then the lights went on. "No," Hank said, "that isn't all. He's got two more cocks to eat before he's through. You first, Joe, because he's going to be working on my prick a long time."

Still on my knees, I swivelled around to face the two lieutenants towering over me. I saw Joe's fatigues slide down and the shaft of his small dick expanding and pulling the foreskin back, exposing the head of his cute little cock. I smiled and, extending my long tongue out as far as I could, lapped up some of Dick's cum that I felt dribbling down my chin.

"Jesus," Hank said. "Look at the fucking cocksucker. He loves it. Look at him trying to lap up all of Dick's cum." With his hand he guided my head over to Joe's stiff morsel and said, "Christ, we've got it made. No more quickie hand jobs in the latrine at 2 A.M. No more paying for a case of the clap at Tom Ky. No, sir. From now on Bobby's going to be right here to draw the starch out of us whenever we want it done."

Joe, who apparently had never had his pecker in a mouth before, began to quiver and moan. A greenhorn, he just couldn't stand the heat and in less than two minutes had started pumping generous amounts of sperm down my greedy gullet. As I struggled to swallow all of Joe's juice I heard Hank's fatigues hit the deck and the bastard said, "I wonder if he's any good up his ass? I hear cocksuckers like to get fucked in the butt."

It sounded like St. Peter telling me my future in Heaven was assured.

PART 2

I had passed through Saigon twice before I discovered the choice glory holes in one of the officers' latrines; Air Force transient billets at Tan Son Nhut: cinderblock buildings near several barracks and a busy consolidated mess hall. They had showers and sinks at one end and about eight commodious cubicles and maybe 10 or 12 urinals at the other. The booths were quite large and private. The nicest thing about this busy john was the large crotch-high holes in the partitions on both sides of most of the cubicles. I didn't stay long in the latrines during the day except during the time the mess served breakfast lunch and dinner, the busiest times. Quite a few of the cocks I sucked during the day belonged to horny enlisted men stationed at the base who made it a practice to slip into the officers' latrine for a quickie. A stiff prick sticking through a glory hole shows no rank. I sucked them all and enjoyed most of them. The best time for leisurely sucking was at night. Darkness not only makes a horny man hornier, but it gives him more confidence when pursuing a hole in which to get his rocks off, and time to work at it. I got to suck some real beauties. One guy I can't forget was a Captain assigned to the same barracks I was in. I had talked to him earlier in the evening. He was stationed at Pleiku and was scheduled for a flight out in the morning. He discovered the suck holes quite by accident.

It was around 2100 hours, a slow time of night. I had been sitting about a half hour with no action when I heard someone come in, leave some gear at one of the sinks, and walk out to a urinal. I unlocked the door and quietly pushed it open a bit, hoping to get a look at the pisser. He was standing at a urinal; nude, not bad, planning to take a shower. But he wasn't pissing; he was playing with his prick. He was kind of nervous, and as he jerked he would give a look around. I, hot as hell, threw caution to the winds and got down on my knees, pushed the door open wider. He heard the door squeak and turned toward me, holding his stiff prick in his hand, all motion suspended. I pointed to his prick which was nice but on the small side and then I slowly inserted my finger in my mouth and began to suck it. He pulled his hand away from his rigid dick as a little boy would when caught with his hand in the cookie jar and looked around, obviously scared to death. I slowly removed my finger, opened my mouth wide, let my tongue hang down over my lower lip, and began a series of sucking motions, like a fucking blowfish going after food.

That did it. He started walking towards me, his neat little prick swaying from side to side. I motioned to the booth next to me; he slipped in it. Before I had time to latch the door and crawl over to the suck hole, he was plastered to the wall and his whole crotch was suspended there in the booth waiting for me to eat him. He had more balls than cock; huge in a loose sac, hung down a good four inches. I went for them first, but he pulled away after a few seconds and whispered, "suck the prick." I did. It was of average thickness, cut and about 5½" long, well-formed and really suckable. I repeatedly swallowed the whole thing with no discomfort. My slurping sounds were loud as were his moans and breathing. We were both so involved with the blow job neither of us heard a guy come into the latrine. It turned out to be the Captain I mentioned earlier and he came in just as Small Prick told me to suck. The noises revealed all, the Captain later told me. He moved up closer to the booths.

The prick in my mouth began to expand and harden by this time and the body on the other side of the wall collapsed against it. He said "I'm coming,"

although he didn't need to tell me. I felt the juice as it jerked its way up and out the tip of his prick, flooding my mouth, sweet and hot and lumpy. I swallowed and swallowed. However, Nervous Dick pulled his prick from my mouth, unlocked the door and made a bee line for the shower stall, his prick still jerking and spouting.

The shower started up, while through the suck hole, staring me in the mouth was a truly stupendous cock. It was thick, white and blueveined, although uncut. The seven to eight inch shaft was bone-hard and had stretched the foreskin back over a large bright red head. It came at me at a 45 degree angle; big balls uptight and I could see thick, wiry, blond hair. "A real god," I murmured as I sucked the glorious prong — one of the best pricks I serviced in Vietnam. I did him before he took a shower and again afterward when he discovered who I was. Later that night he woke me up and ordered me back into the latrine. He got in the same stall with me and really had me work him over. As my lips, tongue and hot horny mouth gave the Captain my best blow job to date I daydreamed about the possibility of hitching a ride on Cloud Nine to Pleiko. If only I could get a transfer.

PART 3

CONNECTICUT—In Chu Lai I had had it made. The Commanding General had closed the nearby whorehouses. Between R&R's a hard dick had only a hand job for satisfaction—unless, of course, a guy was as lucky as the young officers in my hootch. They had my hot mouth and used it often. Cocksuckers were not only tolerated in Chu Lai, they were sought after.

Qui Nhon was different. It was a large city and whore houses were rampant. At first I thought it wasn't going to be any cocksucker's paradise.

But the first time I took a hot shower I scored. I was billeted in an old French hotel and we used a community shower. When I entered the shower there were two guys with Grade A meat and one with only soso.

Were they officers? I wondered. I was rank conscious because of a reprimand I had received in the States from the Commanding General of my fort. He had heard that I had given a blow job to an M.P. The gist of his lecture was, if I was going to suck cock at least suck an officer. You can't trust an E.M. to keep his mouth shut if he gets a blow job from an officer but you can be sure a fellow officer will keep his mouth shut if you go down on him.

One of the studs in the shower now had noticed the longing looks I had been sneaking at the three cocks. His eyes locked onto mine and he smiled, slowly turning towards me and rubbing soap sensuously around his cock and balls. When he had his back to the other two he cupped his balls and swelling cock and offered them to me. I got flustered and turned away.

Was he teasing me? It was my first time in this shower and I didn't know the score. He was about 6′ and beautifully built. His face was only average but his cock was outstanding. At least a good fat 7″.

One by one I heard the showers stop. I didn't have the guts to turn around. The next thing I knew my sex object was right behind me, one hand positioning his hard cock at my asshole, the other arm wrapped around me.

"Keep quiet," he whispered. "I saw you looking and know damn well you want it."

"Please, let me go. I'll do anything you want but not here. Someone will catch us. Take me to your room."

"Can't. The guys are there. What about your room?"

"I can't either. My roommate's there."

He inexorably pushed his stiff prick up my ass. Once he had the head of his dick inside my hole he held me with both arms.

I screamed.

A head appeared in the shower doorway. It was the other choice stud. He laughed. "You finally touched home plate, eh, Mark? Let me know how he is. Maybe I'll try him tomorrow. Go ahead—I'll keep the door shut and warn you if anyone comes."

I didn't say a word. I was whimpering. I'm big enough to protect myself but I've seldom been able to do so when sex is involved. Ever since I was a kid I've submitted when sexually pursued. I just can't resist when a decently hung male wants to use me.

But now, as sore as my asshole was from the initial stand-up driving plunge, I was gradually warming up and responding. Within 60 seconds I was lost, moaning and groaning. All feeling was centered in my asscunt and I begged him to ram it into me harder and harder.

"What a hot ass," he said. He was breathing hard and pounding away while his hands pinched my nipples, pulled my hair, squeezed my balls.

"Joe," he yelled. "Come here."

Joe appeared in the doorway, still naked, brushing his teeth with one hand and caressing his dick with the other.

Placing his hands on my shoulders, Mark pushed me down to his buddy's stiff prick. "Suck it for him," he ordered as he resumed a gentler fucking.

I was in heaven.

In the awkward position I was in it was hard to do a good blow job. But it must have been good because Joe unloaded quickly.

I stood up to concentrate on Mark's prick in my asshole. He began to grunt and gasp. He grabbed me by the thighs and brutally lifted me up on my toes. I was practically riding on his hard on.

"Tomorrow night," Mark said afterward, "be here at 10:30. We'll try to line up a room to take you to."

I didn't go back the next night. When I returned to my room the Navy Commander I roomed with was spread-eagled on his bed in his skivvies with an obvious hard on. I hadn't figured out yet whether he would welcome blow jobs. Tonight I found out that the answer was yes.

Toilet Techniques

LONDON — Jamie and I had planned an outing to see *Army of Lovers* at the cinema. We took the bus to Brixton. I thought I'd go for a quick cottage. As I was on my way there, I noticed a man in a white, short-sleeved shirt coming away from the cinema. He's nice, I thought, and then went down. There was no one I really fancied so I went four stalls down from one man who didn't bowl me over, but didn't look too bad (hence my denial of the intimacy of standing two stalls down from him). Let's call him Pete. Then a man came and stood two stalls away from me, between me and Pete. It was the man in the white, short-sleeved shirt I'd noticed upstairs. He *was* nice looking, Latin, a bit wistful or melancholy. Soft brown hair cut, so you could see a lot of his neck. A moustache. Let's call him Pedro. For a long while the three of us did nothing. This black guy at the sink kept looking at us. I thought Pete was a

cop, because he stood there looking at me without making any move himself. Then he moved back a bit from the stall. I didn't look at him too much: I still didn't fancy him. One time I looked, he frantically pointed with his finger to the stall beside him, but I looked away. Pedro did nothing. Then the black guy who'd been watching from the sink came and glided in between Pedro and me. I could have scratched his eyes out for blocking off Pedro. Pete came to the stall beside me (on my left), reached for my cock and started wanking me, indicating his own waiting cock. I didn't feel like touching his cock, so I just let him wank me without reciprocating. Every now and then a man would come in and he would break off. After he'd been wanking me for awhile, continuing after the interruptions and making me feel good, wanking himself with his other hand, he took his hand away and indicated his fat cock. Feeling good about him and his cock, I started wanking him. I heard him draw in his breath and looked to see me making long spurts come out of his prick. His coming made me randier and I looked past the black guy to try to catch a glimpse of Pedro's cock, which I hadn't seen yet and much wanted to. All I could see was Pedro's hand wanking the black guy's cock; a hand of the black guy was obviously returning the favor. Desperate now for a look at Pedro's cock, I came out of the stall and stood, my cock in hand, where I could see Pedro and the black wanking one another off. Pedro's cock was lovely. Finally, I could bear it no longer and went round to Pedro's left. He took my cock and started wanking it, and while he wanked the black as well, I started wanking Pedro. He had his balls out over his underpants. I slipped my hand under Pedro's shirt to feel his nipples and his belly. One time Pedro was wanking the black but the black wasn't touching him, and Pedro's cock was sticking out, looking lovely. I got down and sucked it, right there and then. I'd never done this before; it's something I've often wanted to do to a man in here. But I thought, what if the police come in now while I'm giving him head and I can see nothing? I only sucked him a couple of seconds because of my fear, but it was good. Pedro got down and sucked the black, I got down and sucked Pedro longer.

A burly well-built man of about 45 watched us. Once, when I stopped, scared, he said, go on, there's no one coming; he was keeping watch. We were having good sex. The black suggested to Pedro that they go into a cubicle, but Pedro was too scared. This went on till I was intoxicated with it. I hadn't come, I was panting too, but I didn't want it to finish. Then this old gay came in to piss but had some difficulty. The three of us stopped, barely able to contain ourselves. Then another old guy came in, who also found it a bit of an operation. I was quivering with suppressed lust. Then I noticed a guy emptying paper towels into the bin. Shit, the attendant. I couldn't remember him coming in. How much had he seen? He methodically emptied all the towels, cleaned the sink, humming all the while. I hoped he would go away, or even into his room. With a sinking heart, I heard the clank of a mop and bucket. Maybe he's only kicking them out of the way while he goes for some more toilet paper... but no, he kicked them out. He was going to mop the floor. The black had disappeared and I asked Pedro would he go in the cubicles with me. It's a bit dangerous, he whispered, but I pleaded. OK. When the attendant's back was turned, we went swiftly into a cubicle. I'm sure the attendant knew but he had hummed and whistled while the three of us wanked each other. In the cubicle we were able to be much more loving, to take down pants and underpants, put up shirts. He had a lean body, light Latin-American

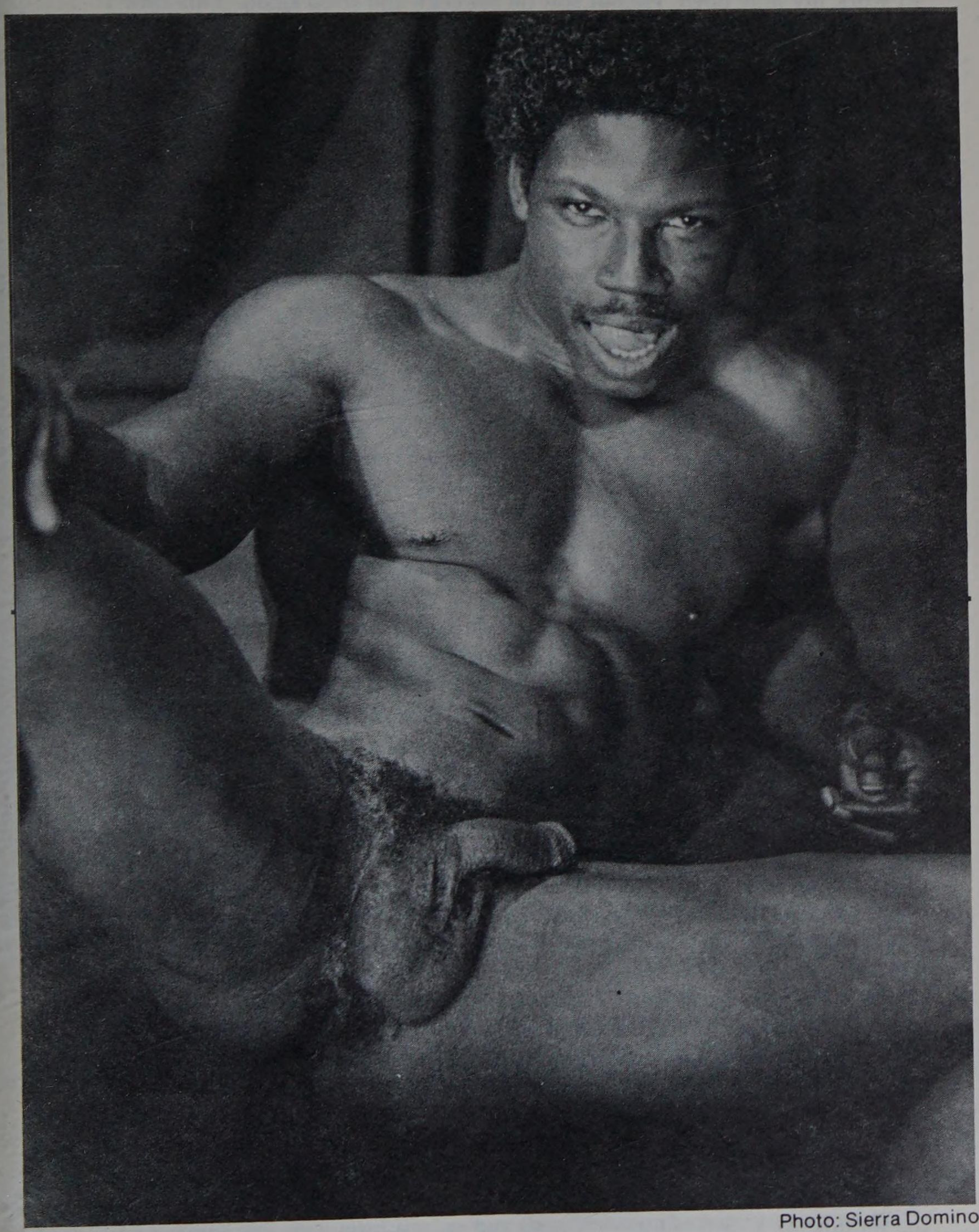


Photo: Sierra Domino

tan, little nipples, slim, taut buttocks. Kissing deeply, my tongue tasted alcohol in his dark mouth. He put our cocks on top of one another and wanked them as one big cock. He felt my bum. After a lot of loving caresses, he turned me around. He tried to put his cock in, and it hurt and came out. He tried again and it went in a bit more, then came out again. I put spit on my bum and tried to work my hole open. He put spit on his cock and tried again. This time I spread my legs and made an effort to accept him. It worked. His cock went all the way in and I was able to get up a rhythm with him and to enjoy working my bum so that his cock stayed in. Once we caught the fucking rhythm, we kept it up. He came fairly quickly and pulled out, though he kept on wanking me. Nothing was happening, so I started wanking myself. I came looking at his cock swaying, still thick.

Young Lawyer and his Teenangel

FROM AN ATTORNEY — A couple of hours after I let a "straight" bondage guy go home, the phone rang again (I had taken out ads as a "gay male attorney" seeking a roommate). This time the first words I heard were, "Can I come over and suck your dick?" I said that it sure sounded nice and the guy asked directions. Twenty-minutes later, there was a knock on the door and I opened it to find one of the handsomest, sexiest, most beautiful men I have ever seen. A dark-haired, cute, soft-skinned, 6′ tall, thin, smiling god of a teenager. Just barely of legal age. I was stunned. I couldn't believe it. Anyway, he said he only had about an hour, as it was Sunday night, and he had to be home soon because school was the next morning. So off we went to my bedroom. He asked if I had any pornography, and I showed him some picture books which got him very hard. He explained that it is difficult to come on to someone in high school, since, if you misjudge and they tell tales, you are stuck there until you graduate. Next year, in college, he plans to be more active. He told me that he is on the baseball and basketball teams, and I believe it; he carried himself with athletic grace and seemed to be in good shape. He saw my baseball equipment and my umpire uniforms and was put at ease by that. Finally, I put my arms around him and began kissing him. He opened his mouth and surrendered. What a nice soft kisser, so gentle and reciprocal. Only a few hours after the "straight" bondage guy, it was just what I needed to chase the blues. I felt the groin of his blue jeans, and found the expected hard-on. I opened his belt and top button, and zipped his fly down, then removed his jockey shorts and started fondling his nice 7-inch dick. It was thin, almost hairless, although with nice dark pubic hair. I removed his sweatshirt and started running my hands over his smooth torso. I am so attracted to a thin, smooth body. Meanwhile, he was removing my shirt and pants, and so we were naked, standing up next to my bed, kissing and feeling of each other's bodies. I sat on the bed, and he did the same, and then we lay down and continued playing with each other. I sucked him first, but then he got into position to do the same to me. At first it was difficult, as my feet were bunched up against the wall, but we found a way to get comfortable. He wanted to lie on his back and have my cock in his mouth, and I straddled him and fucked him in the mouth for a little while. Then he did the same to me. I couldn't stop rubbing his ass all this while, as he had such a nice one. We saw it was getting late and we wanted to come. He said he wanted me to shoot in his mouth, and

so I did while fucking him in the mouth. Then I kissed him and ate some of my come. I went down on him while he was on his back and sucked him until he shot. His come was sharp and hot, but not spicy or with any aftertaste. It was nice, and he moaned so sweetly while he was coming that I knew he was enjoying it, too. I kissed him, so that he could taste his come. I told him how handsome he is and how much I wanted him to call me again, not just for the sex, although I do want to be with him again for that, but also because I think we could be friends. I felt strongly that he would like to learn more from older gay men.

I graduated from law school last May, passed the bar in July and began work at Legal Aid in August. If Reagan and Stockman can be parried successfully, I'll get to keep my job a little longer. But so far (nine days), the kid hasn't called me. My ads were legitimate roommate ads; I needed someone to share the rent. But I also found the ads to be a perfect goldmine of horny guys who cruise the personals as one way of finding sex. If only I had known this sooner. The "straight" bondage guy who came over is a college student from about 10 miles away. His father is stationed at an Air Force base. He claims to be straight, but says that he likes to be tied up and sucked off by a gay man. He likes to be a slave and ordered around, but he didn't think he could suck dick. He wanted to know if I would like to tie him up and suck his dick, but not get sucked myself. I said that I would at least try it. He came over and I undressed him. I tied him up and sucked his dick. He was very well tied up and couldn't do anything but roll a little on the bed. I sucked and sucked and then left him helpless on the bed to go into the other room to watch a basketball game on TV. I came back for more sucking every now and then. It seemed to fill his fantasies pretty well, although he never did come. However, it filled none of my fantasies, which are of a more reciprocal nature. I was disappointed at his lack of interest in me. Also, he was a bit of a bore. Also, I could get into it more if I were able to inflict some pain, humiliation, etcetera. I like to play the dramatic, dominating role. Anyway, this was beyond his comprehension, and I let him go after a couple of hours.

Tongue Called "Straight's" Main Sex Organ

The "straight" man's main sexual organ is not his pecker but rather his tongue, according to an authority. This does not necessarily mean that "straights" use their tongues to lap cunt or lick dick, although they certainly do their share of both, says the expert. Rather it means that their main sexual life consists in using their tongues to talk about women and homosexuals—about how badly they "need" a "piece of ass" off the former, while doing very little to get the pieces easily available, and to indulge in "fag baiting," which makes them feel big. A man who has a satisfactory sex life, according to the authority, thinks and speaks no more of homosexuals than he does of, say, dentists, telephone operators, or certified public accountants. But a man who speaks obsessively and contemptuously about homosexuals is really revealing more about himself than about them. He is using "fag baiting" as a cover, compensation, or additive for his own unsatisfactory sex life. That is, concluded the expert, the "fag baiter" either has no sex to speak of, has homosexual sex or would like to but doesn't have the balls to live without society's approval.

—Boyd McDonald

A Norwegian's Valiant Struggle to Lay His Father

LONDON — I'm trying to persuade a charmingly sluttish, Norwegian correspondent to commit incest or at least to attempt it with his stud father. His surviving parent sounds like great suck and fuck material. My friend has often talked about his father's masculinity and physical desirability, but things have heated up in the last few weeks. Apparently he spent a weekend at his papa's house and, in the furtive way that hedonists of an advanced variety develop, decided to investigate his father's drawers (in both senses). He found a used condom in one drawer with evidence of his father's manly cream therein, and then found a pair of his father's underpants waiting to be washed, and these he examined and sniffed with a mixture of loathing and lust, as he himself put it. I wrote back, in the *S.T.H.* manner, requesting much more detail: whether he had tasted the contents of the rubber, whether his daddy's drawers were stained and, if so, with what and to what extent, whether pubic hairs were caught in the mesh of the cotton. He saw the paternal prick later in the weekend. On Sunday, he went into his father's room to waken him. The covers fell off as he shook his heavy-drinking father awake, and my friend was awed to see a splendid erection thrusting up from his father's dark-brown groin hair. The smell of it electrified him but he couldn't quite take the risk of touching it. Next time he wrote, he said he had not dared warm up and drink his father's cream from the rubber, lest his father had some deviant purpose in keeping the used rubber and would notice the loss of cum (I think he should have at least dipped his tongue in to see what stuff he was made of), and that there were "faint canary-yellow stains" on his father's underpants. He took my suggestion that perhaps his father knows his son's predilections (most of Oslo must, to judge from what he writes) in order to approach the threshhold of incest. He has promised to steal a pair of his father's aromatic briefs for my sniffing pleasure. I wish he'd steal a used rubber too. So nice to help in the seduction of a handsome widower by his ravenously oversexed son.

I have pressured my Norwegian friend to write to you, and for all I know you may already have evidence of his considerable depravity and almost commensurate writing skill. He's a terrific find and I'm glad to pass him on to you. The story of his homosexual incest and my own disgusting part in the downfall of his father — or at least the loss of his hetero dignity, if not credibility — continues. The latest stage came last week, when two items of overwhelming interest arrived by mail. One was an extraordinary colour photograph of his sleeping father with silk dressing-gown dexterously lifted to waist height to reveal a stunning pair of baroque buttocks, slightly lighter in colour than the tanned thighs but a peerless advertisement nonetheless for his health and Norse muscle. My friend had tried to lure his father into his bed, indeed had done so after stripping him when drunk (Daddy, not my friend) but drink-sodden papa had got up naked, gone to piss in the lavatory, wrapping a short robe around his form, and ended up sprawled on a couch to sleep the night there. His thoroughly homosexual son discovered him there in the morning, and this led to his undoing. The dressing-gown was easily raised above decency level and one British queer at least released a copious volley of spunk at the sight of those statuesque orbs. The other treasure was a pair of Daddy's discarded drawers. Michael had offered to help with the washing

precisely so that he could examine it. The pair sent to me were a disgrace, I'm delighted to report. The fly is cruelly stained, not with light yellow but strong amber piss stains. I would gladly worship his bun, the pouting hole and the pissing dick, but who knows whether any queer will get his way with this particular trophy? In any case, his shameless faggot son is first in line for this Norwegian meat. I've tried to persuade him to send you the butt photograph so that his father can suffer the exquisite humiliation of having his ass known to every literate queer in the States. My friend is just about queer enough to agree, as he usually does give in to every perverted suggestion I whisper in his ear (by mail, of course).

A Bargain for Boy-sniffers

HONORED SIR: I leave the 25th of May and head off to Italy for a summer of sun and cocksucking. I must take this opportunity to inform all fellow garment-lovers that the Salvation Army Thrift Shops, at least here, are a gold mine of erotica. I am especially fond of jockey underpants and the treasures I have collected over the past few months would keep a fetishist busy for years. The nerve of these nasty boys to donate groin-garments that haven't even been washed! But there they are, smouldering in piles of used clothing, just waiting to be sniffed and fondled and adored. Some still have their owners' names in India ink on the rear waistband; some are spotted and stained; some are grey and frayed; all are soft and smelly and redolent of the hot, sweaty groins of their delectable young masters. These shops have yielded more than just jockey underpants, however. Every week provides gorgeous groin-wear for the undiscriminating fetishist. I've found gym shorts and jock straps, cut-off jeans, baseball knickers, sheer and slinky lounge-pants, naval bellbottoms, army boxer shorts in khaki cotton, bikini briefs and prick-panties and fagwear that's so nelly I'm ashamed to mention it. But the jockey underpants are the real prize. I recommend especially Sears Brand. When they've been washed a lot, the side panels become transparent, framing the double-layer prick-pouch with teasing glimpses of groin-skin and pubic hair, and the elastic frays, leaving lots of strings hanging from the crotch — a sign that the boy lives in his underpants, loving them as much as he loves what they sheathe. Another thrill has been discovering that I can fit my own dick and butt into a boy's size 16 — a tight fit but worth it for the ecstacy of dressing my genitals in the same pouch that has held the juicy joint and bubbling balls of a 15-year-old brat. I've been busy working on an erotic epic called *Hellions in Jockey Shorts*, a raunchy rhapsody with an obsessive fixation on obscene male garments—everything from leathers and jock straps to stretch-satin dance-belts and silk loin-cloths. The plot has the simplicity of all great literature. An army sergeant returns from Nam with "balls full of hate" and becomes head warden of a boys' prison farm in the wilds of Maine. He hires a staff of rugged, brutal cocksuckers and dresses them in bizarre uniforms. The 50 boys are hand-picked from other state reform schools—hardened criminals, mental patients, junkies, deviates—12 to 16. Their personal possessions are taken away and they are forced to wear nothing but their raunchy little jockey underpants... except those boys who cooperate and win lewd uniforms of their own. The novel is a courageous expose of the atrocities committed at such prisons. With my inside knowledge, I have every hope of being appointed Head Warden—or at least Underpants Mender—at such a place.

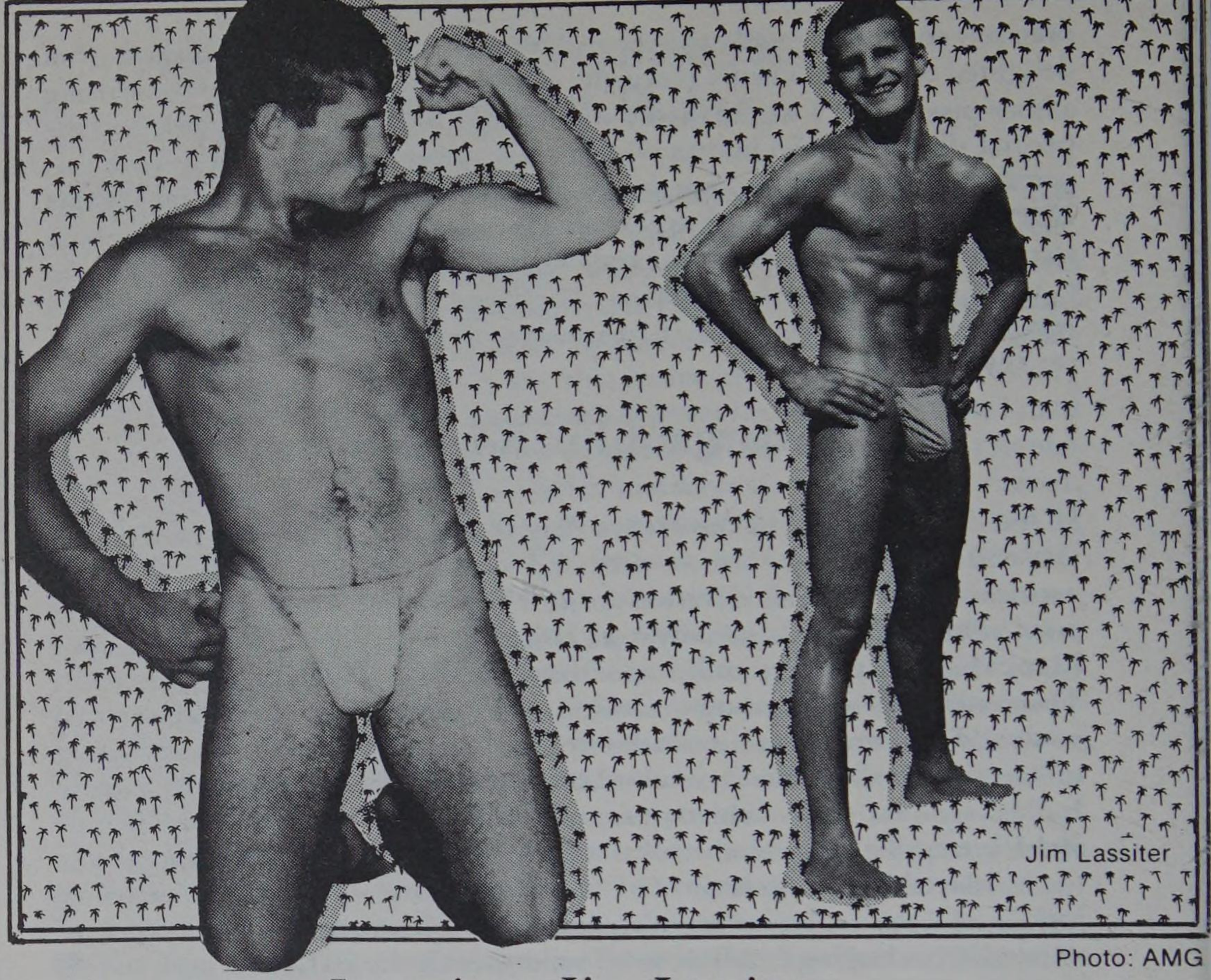


Photo: AMG

Interview: Jim Lassiter

Have you received a lot of compliments about your appearance? Yes.

Can you remember any compliments you especially enjoyed? One stands in my mind by a sculpture, he said, I have the most perfectly proportioned body he has ever measured.

How long is your dick when hard? 6".

Are you circumcised? Yes.

Is that the way you like it? Yes.

Do you enjoy having your balls tickled, kissed and licked? Yes.

Do you enjoy having your asshole licked? Yes.

How many times has this happened? Not as often as I would like.

What's the largest number of wads you ever shot in one day? Seven.

What's the largest number of times you jacked off in one day? Five.

What's the largest number of times you were ever sucked off in one day? Twice.

When you were hustling, were you able to supply a hard-on as often as required? We all have times when we perform less than desired.

Were you able to unload cream for every customer who wanted it? Again, after a hard day it is not always possible.

Were any customers especially satisfying? There was one who enjoyed every part of my body and I let him enjoy it.

Did you meet any so interesting you'd put out for free for them? No.

About how many customers did you have on an average day? Two big spenders

About how long did you work on an average day of hustling, including time spent waiting for customers? One to seven hours.

How did you entice them? Phone numbers, pimps and my good looks.

How were financial and orgasmic arrangements negotiated? We would go to a coffee shop, he would ask what I was doing, I would say I was hustling around, he would ask what I did, then the price was set.

Did you hustle anyplace besides Times Square? Phones, pimps, word of mouth.

Where did you stand when working Times Square? On the corner of the now demolished Astor Hotel outside the bar.

Where did you go with your customers to sack in? Hotels, their apartments or my hotel room.

How many days a week did you hustle? Seven.

How did you get into hustling? I was hungry, someone bought me dinner, gave me money, told me of a bar.

How old were you when you first had sex? Thirteen.

What kind of sex was it? I was sucked.

What kind of sex do you enjoy most? I love women and all sexual relations that go with them.

How do you classify yourself — bisexual or what? I am straight.

How many times have you jacked off in your life? Many, many, many.

What do you think about while jacking off? Fucking women.

What position are you in when you beat your meat? Flat on my back with my fantasies.

Have any customers or friends given you compliments about how good your cream and asshole taste? Yes.

Have any smelled your armpits, underpants and asshole? Yes.

What did they say? They said, "Wow."

Why did you hustle men? I was broke and hungry. I don't think homosexuality is wrong.

Have you ever taken it in the ass? Yes.

Have you ever sucked dick? Yes.

Have you ever had affairs with men? Yes.

How long did they last? Not too long. No more than a month.

When you were hustling, did you worry about whether your asshole was clean in case you met an ass-licker, or didn't you care? I always kept myself clean.

Did you meet any customers who wanted you to call them cocksucker? I met a few but I only did straight wholesome sex and wouldn't play the game.

Did you meet any men who turned you off, such as shit-eaters? Yes, as I said before that kind sort of perversion wasn't for me.

Did you meet any men so unattractive you didn't want to go with them, even for money? Many, and I didn't.

Did many of your customers tell you they were married? I had many married clients.

How did you go about getting laid with a customer? Having a passive nature, I allowed them to do what they wanted while I relaxed and enjoyed it.

Did you ever get into trouble with customers? Cops? Hassling from passersby? No.

Would you suck cock for extra money? Take it in the ass for extra money? Not any more.

Where are you from? The midwest.

How many years did you hustle, and what part did you play? About seven, and I played the part of a gay passive hustler.

Did you ever have customers who wanted you to piss all over them? Yes, several.

Did you have any customers who wanted to keep your underpants to remember you by? Yes, some of them wanted me to come in them often and save them in a plastic bag for them.

How did you happen to become an AMG model? Picked up hitchhiking.

Have you appeared in any films other than AMG? No.

How did you like the other AMG models? I enjoyed a few of the other models and have had occasion to have sex with a few of them.

Half-Brothers Perform in Indecent Show

PENNSYLVANIA — I agree that it is unwholesome not to play with it, and often, too. I am unmarried, but it should be no surprise that I jack off a lot and am crazy about guys, too. I have a sort of love affair going with a nice kid (18) in Manhattan. Once a month or so I come to Manhattan on business. I am not hung up on how men are hung, but it's fun to see and talk about. That's what I like about S.T.H.—it's so honest. In the future I'll write down how a delicious 14-year-old and I played strip poker. Beating my meat is a joyful part of my sexual repertoire, and needless to say, I get hot thinking abut the enclosed experience, which happened in the Lehigh Valley, Pa. area. It is totally true.

There was a little bar that had an after-hours show that was a pip. A guy I'll call Steve ran it with the assistance of his half-brother, Carl. They had the same father, so it must have been he who passed along the magnificent endowment Steve and Carl both had. The phrase "strapping genitals" really applied to these guys. Not only were their cocks very long and thick, but their balls were also huge. To put the frosting on the cake, both were well-built, tall and good-looking, Steve being dark and Carl golden blond. Both were toujours gay since their dad had broken them both in early, and provided what Steve called "a hot bed" every night. Steve was about 29 when the bar was in business, and Carl was a horny 19. Their "show" ended when the cops got wind of it.

What happened on Saturday nights was as follows. After the 1 a.m. closing, all the customers were shooed out except up to 12 very carefully selected guys. The bar was in the center of the room and hence circular, so six guys sat on each hemisphere. Carl disappeared into the john and came out wearing a pair of thin, grey shorts that I could swear was sprayed on. He and Steve kissed each other (the only term I can honestly use is *passionately*) and groped each other's groins and rear ends. Then Steve unzipped Carl's shorts. At this time Carl's prick was swollen. He came around to the outside of the bar and told the first guy sitting there to pull down his shorts. It took some doing to get the tight shorts off. Finally the shorts were off and the guy had access to Carl's golden brown, nude body. Carl went slowly from one guy to the next, allowing each one to take his time doing what he wanted: pinching his sharply pointed nipples, rubbing, squeezing or slapping his ample ass, fondling and bouncing the enormous balls and, of course, doing anything he could to that fabulous dick (jerking it off, stroking it, sucking it, slapping it, pulling back the slippery foreskin, etc.). By the time all 12 guys had played with him, the

large head of Carl's cock was wet and slimy. Steve, watching all this with his hand caressing his own cock, now grabbed his brother and lifted him onto a clear section of the bar. There Carl sat and Steve proceeded to suck him off, a long, slow, very thorough blow job with Steve's mouth, tongue and nose everywhere in that wonderful area of the cock and balls and golden brown bush. The sucking, licking, tonguing, chewing, nibbling went on for a long time, with both men in a world of their own. Naturally, some of us watching got pretty horny and pulled our dicks out and jacked off. Finally, Carl came. All this time Steve had gently played with his own big, big hardon but he hadn't undressed. Carl jumped down from the bar and once more he and Steve French-kissed and groped each other. Carl bent over and pulled his cheeks apart, making sure everyone could see his hairless, brown and pink asshole. Steve did a slow strip and when his prick, in all its glory, stood free in the air, Steve pushed Carl to the sink at the bar, where the 19-year-old bent over and Steve finger-fucked the enticing ass. Then, slowly, Steve pushed his tool into Carl's bottom. The kid took all of that monster. I've never seen such fucking. Carl obviously loved it and moved his ass to accommodate his brother's dick, seeming at times to suck it into his asshole. The screwing went on a long time, and again both brothers seemed lost in another universe. At last Steve was ready to come, and after some deep, speedy thrusts, he yanked his cock out of Carl's hole and shot all over the boy's back and neck, so we could see his cream. The audience, many of whom had also shot their wad, clapped and cheered. Then the brothers, remaining naked, served everybody drinks. Watching those two beauties made everyone horny all over again, and usually somebody sucked both Steve and Carl off. I was there eight or nine times and the performance was always the same and always exciting beyond words.

Floridian, 14, Carries Banana in Ass

FLORIDA — I really liked the article in #32 about the kid who could open up his asshole. I discovered that talent when I was about 14. One summer day, home alone, I was exploring my naked body with a hand mirror. Already fascinated with my asshole, I wanted to know more about this charming and talented orifice. It was awkward, though, and I finally found myself on my back, ass up high, mirror held over the clean and hairless little slit. I pushed and tried to fart. After a certain amount of straining, I was rewarded with a tiny, little puff. As the muscles relaxed, imagine my surprise and delight to see the hole gradually open wide, and the chamber within slowly relax and fill with air it sucked noisily in. Upon closing, the air was released with a most gratifying loud fart. I got a flashlight and by positioning carefully, was able to see quite far down the pink tunnel—even to the waiting load of shit just peering round the bend. These summer days became enjoyable, and bananas and hard boiled eggs and seedless grapes were discovered to fit into the cavity with ease and with pleasure. Unfortunately, my neighborhood was devoid of playmates my age, and a natural shyness kept me from trying this discovery out with anybody else; but I still remember fondly those hot summer days when I would carry around a banana in its hot little chamber, even swimming with it there, and then the delicious taste of the hot fruit, and the great feel of it being forced out between my tightly clenched cheeks.

Reader Is Grateful to Priest, 37 Other Men

NEW JERSEY — Began Catholic grade school at 7, and felt incarcerated there, degraded, brow-beaten and psychologically tortured for eight formative years of my young life. My being a rebel type always, and also a too-pretty-for-my-own-good Italian child slut, meant that I usually had some nun punishing me. There were also the macho "straight" butch playground bully types tormenting us few fags, threatening life and limb. They sometimes carried out the threats at lunch time or after school, knowing us too afraid to tell anyone. I now feel that any pious cocksuckers/ass eaters who can still find any value whatsoever in one homophobic religious freak show or another, are as confused and helpless as were the pitiful prisoners in German "gas" camps. At times, there were "holy" occasions geared to some ritual/saint/holiday.

On one particular Fascist occasion, when I was 10, a parish priest, whom I'll call Father Rubber, asked me to stay behind to help him straighten out this and that. I was beside myself with joy, as I sensed his ulterior motives. Backstage, Father and I put stuff away as he spoke warmly and in a friendly manner to relax me. I loved seeing him and being in his presence, as I found him young and sexy. While his position and age (30-ish) intimidated little *moi* a bit, I didn't fear him nor any priest. I've had several priests over the years (who hasn't), some great and a few pitifully retarded by their dehumanizing sacred vows and profession. Anyway, backstage, as Father and I finished putting everything right, I sensed the atmosphere heating up, to say nothing of my jockeys. I was prepared to gleefully give much. Suddenly, he was standing behind me. I began feeling moist, then wet all over. He embraced me and pressed my ass against his hard bone, groping me feverishly and grinding away at my willing, pretty, hard, boy ass. His tongue and lips were on my hair and neck. He chewed on me only through my clothes. We never removed any clothing; I never saw his meat. He proceeded to rub and grind and grope reticent little *moi* mercilessly. Rub, rub, rub against my buns, he panting and speaking more quickly in the throes of arousal. We watched ourselves in a tall dressing mirror, and I could not believe my joy and good fortune at being his object of desire (or one of them, anyway). Sometimes, though rarely, frankly, being pretty does have advantages. We were both in a frenzy, like two mongrels in heat. I didn't come then, nor had I ever before, but my underwear got very wet. Father Rubber arranged several other rubbing sessions for us. I always looked forward to seeing him and feeling him. We would also kiss, never parting our lips. He was then appointed chaplain of my Boy Scout troop. Once, some other boys and I were asked to help out at the priests' rectory, and when we entered his room, he was cordial but distant. His transparent glass shower door and mirrors sent me into ecstasy as I fantasized showering and rubbing with him for days. He caught my eyes a few times during his visit, and I smiled at him adoringly when I could. It was torture not to touch him. Soon after, he was transferred. I'll never be able to thank Father Rubber enough for starting me on the path to the pleasures of orgasms. Soon my pubic hairs began to appear (in my next paragraph, actually). I began jerking off wildly every chance I could manage. Ecstasy. He is the only happy, human memory I can connect to all the horrid years wasted with religion. Religion is hate-filled poison to me now. Having no souls, how can they presume to save yours? Stay as hopelessly, outrageously honest as you are, always. That's class.

After coming out under the guidance of a priest, my sex life really took off. I had this dirty pig of a steady man by age 11, who was rather handsome, in his forties, and resembled another cutie, Ray Anthony, the bandleader. He was very experienced. I usually preferred older men for this reason. I'll call him Frank. We met in a very active, popular bus terminal T-room (near the Long Island Rail Road) in utterly disreputable Hempstead, Long Island, a trashy town full of trashy whores. He invited me to this rooming house room from there. This Chicken Hawk-Angel-Slut had a way of schooling that a tender, young sex student like me could really go for. We had many sleazy afternoons. My alibi at home was the movies, also the library, even to the point of carrying books. My parents always knew I adored boys and men, and may well have guessed I was trashing around, but rarely hassled me unless I abused their rules. I seldom did. At times, I had to take my kid sister (she was 9 when I was 12) to the movies and this really cramped my style. One day, as she sat about eight seats away to my left (can't recall why) in the dark, all but empty theatre, my pants were open as were those of the 40-ish slut to my right, jackets over our laps. We were jerking ourselves and each other off. Suddenly, she came over to say something. We jumped in surprise and quickly stopped. If she saw anything, she never said. Later, I talked this pig into the men's room and fucked his ass off for half an hour in a booth. He sucked me off after I fucked him (he asked me to not come in his hole so he could taste my juice). Well, now that I had myself a weekend tutor, he enjoyed most of my free time. We needed, wanted, nor saw anyone else. No one ever knew of our times together. Frank would (carefully) tear my clothes off me the instant the door was closed. He was always nude, hot and in bed for my arrivals. A dream come true for me. He'd sniff and chew my dirty jockeys, lick me all over, throw me into his slut's bed and deep throat my uncut cheesey dick and balls. He'd chew, lick and pull my foreskin like some crazed animal until the slightest breath on my red, raw foreskin was exquisite torture. My cocksucking was eager but, I fear, youthfully average, at best. Frank didn't complain and let me practice all I wanted. I came close to screaming as he sucked away hungrily. I enjoyed making noise because it forced him to jam his jockeys into my drooling mouth to stifle me, thus keeping his tenancy and our respectability intact. Then he'd discipline me by beating my face and neck with his 8″ stick. The taste and odors of his jockeys made fireworks go off in my head. He had a sucky, uncut cock and at times he had to force me off it so he could savagely fuck my asshole. He loved holding my arms and shoulders down on the bed as we pretended at rape. Pretended, indeed!

We first met kissing over a partition in the T-room when I was 11½. In his bed, after I sucked his cock and balls, he liked turning me on my side or back, then barbarously invading my asshole, which he stretched beyond all recognition. Sometimes he'd slide his cock in so slowly that I had to be gagged with his jockeys; sometimes to the hilt in one lunge, which really required the gag. I could never tell from his leering expression which deed to expect next, and he liked it that way. He preferred raping my asshole at will and I was powerless to resist (mainly because I didn't want to resist). To myself I would ask, "How can being fucked, an act so painful at first, become such ecstasy?" The instant my family would go out and leave me at home doing chores, I'd strip, get hard and call my Frankie, at work or at home, depending. We'd talk dirty. Frustrating, but better than nothing. One day during a lesson, we noticed a few tiny hairs on my scrotum and celebrated together my entry into manhood. He left town after awhile and I met many new hawks in short order.

Photo: AMG

Naked in The Park

TORONTO — This town has one of the most swinging parks anywhere. I took a trip to it one Sunday in July and as usual it was very busy with some real good looking young studs.

I walked down to the ravine and into the woods to the usual busy spot and it didn't let me down. There were two guys at one spot and one had his pants down and was showing off a beautiful huge, uncut cock, which I decided right off I was going to get some of. The other guy was behind him giving it to him up the asshole. I walked over and went down on that beautiful piece of meat. He was hot and excited and came off like fireworks. Afterward I stood on an old fallen tree and let him blow me. He was great. (The guy fucking him had come in the meanwhile.)

I walked up to the old fortress-type structure half way into the woods. Three guys were in there, two of them completely bare-ass. (This was the only time I have seen totally naked guys there during the day. It is quite common at night.) One of the guys had a nice piece of uncut meat, about 8″ long and quite fat. The other didn't have much of anything. They were both working on a young guy of about 18 who had a nice piece of cut meat — the nicer of the two was sucking his cock and the other was eating his ass. I decided to get into the action so I went over and the guy up front let the kid's cock go and went down on me. I loved this because it gave me a chance to go down on the kid. He was the first to come off, after which he got up and left. The guy finished me and I went down on his gorgeous cock. After about five minutes' work he shot off a nice-size load of hot cum. I left because I wasn't interested in the other man.

But I decided to stay when these two Indians came in. I had had one before and he had the biggest cock I've ever had. It is huge. It must be at least 11″. I followed them for awhile. I was beginning to think they weren't interested when the one I hadn't had stood by a tree and whipped out a huge cock and pissed and started playing with it, stretching it to a huge 10″ piece of uncut meat much fatter than his buddy's. He put it away, headed down a path to a safe spot. I followed. We all dropped our pants. I went down on the fat cock while his friend started fingering my ass. I didn't like the idea but I had wanted them so badly I decided to try to take it anyway. It hurt like hell but once he had it part way up my ass he had no intentions of taking it back. After about five minutes of painful fucking he came and pulled it out and the other guy wanted the same thing. I said I couldn't take it but they didn't go for that. The two of them shoved me to the ground. I lay there and took this painful fat cock up my ass. While he was fucking me the other made me lick his dick clean.

I thought when he held it by my face he wanted to be sucked, but no. He put his cock in my mouth and started to piss. I had never swallowed piss before and I got his cock out of my mouth, but I had to swallow the mouthful I had. It wasn't that bad. I might even do it again some time.

After a few minutes the other guy came off in my ass and pulled his cock out and made me lick it clean. But he turned away when he took a leak. These guys aren't too friendly; they just like to get some gay guy and fuck the shit out of him.

I went home quite sore but very contented sexually. I often go back there for more. I still like the big ones. They are painful, but worth the pain.

Review

Hollywood Babylon. By Kenneth Anger, $14.95, Straight Arrow Books. (Paperback Edition: $5.95. Dell.)

At Hollywood police headquarters, Frances Farmer listed her occupation as "cocksucker"; perhaps she *was* difficult, as the studio said. A girl testified that Errol Flynn "had undressed, but had kept his socks on throughout"; clearly, it was not to be a permanent relationship. One does not know how Thelma Todd, who looked exactly like Jack Cassidy, died (or was murdered). Rudolph Valentino, the exquisite greaseball, did not consummate his two marriages, and not necessarily because both of his wives were lesbians. He did give a "black lead Art Deco dildo, embellished with [his] silver signature," to Ramon Novarro, who later had it shoved down his throat by two brothers, hustlers. Paul Bern used a dildo with his wife, Jean Harlow, and the following night, "drenched in Jean's favorite perfume, Mitsouko," he undressed completely and shot himself in front of a full-length mirror. For his suicide, Albert Dekker ("Dr. Cyclops") dressed in women's underwear, printed farewell messages in lipstick on his body, and hung himself in his bathroom.

Janet Gaynor was "more butch" than her husbands, Charlie Farrell and the designer Adrian, but they wisely saw no reason to kill themselves over it. Lupe Velez, a devout Catholic, hoisted her skirt up at parties and flashed, as it were, her gash (she wore no underpants), but when she discovered that her whore had knocked her up she killed herself. Lana Turner's whore, Johnny Stompanato, was getting flabby and would soon have had to go bck to that gift shoppe he ran in L.A., but that wasn't why Lana's daughter stabbed him to death. Mary Astor's diary made up in vigor what it lacked in originality ("he fucked the living daylights out of me"). She was liberated decades before the movement, and indeed reduced her husband to the status of the wronged and sobbing wife. Like most women stars, she married a doctor, and his discovery of her extra-marital meat made him use "his final weapon with me, 'I need you', with tears. For the sake of peace and respite from all this *emotionalism* [italics mine], I told him I would do nothing at the present. My main reason for saying that is, quite honestly, I want to be able to see George [her piece of ass] for the rest of his stay here, without being all upset — looking like hell. I want to have the last few times of completely enjoying him." What a magnificent model of womanhood; I had no idea.

The real scandals here, for me, are the prudes. Catholic pressure forced one of history's great lines out of a Mae West picture ("Is that a gun in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?"). You see what the church, for all its support of Palestrina and DaVinci, does when it is confronted with real art. One of its censors, Father Lord, published a magazine entitled, significantly, *The Queen's Work*. In jail, Dalton Trumbo, the screen writer, ran into his accuser, J. Parnell Thomas of the U.S. House of Representatives Committee on Unamerican Activities, who was doing time on a very American rap, embezzlement. Often these "moral" people can be persuaded to be less moral; Mayor James Curley of Boston and the Boston D.A. got a hundred grand to hush up a Fatty Arbuckle party (not the one that killed Virginia Rappe, the Coke Bottle Beauty). I'm afraid that in describing someone as "famed," a la Timagazine, rather than famous, and in writing that a movie was "lensed," *Variety-style*, rather than shot, and in using "AC/DC" (a vulgarism for

bisexuality drawn probably from Dorothy Kilgallen), the author is trying to be vigorous rather than parodic, but who cares. His subjects, and their maddening photos, make this book a necessity for anyone who wants to see Hollywood's worst nightmares come true.

— *Boyd McDonald*

Black Montreal Studs

NEW JERSEY — Montreal was, as usual, wild. Stayed until midnight at the Neptune Ale House with the leather boys (I still occasionally wear my leather drag). Then we went to the Lime Light Club. Immediately there were the usual followers with goo-goo eyes.

Standing at the entrance to the dance floor were two black guys — one a Watusi type, lean and trim with medium afro, light skinned, originally from Texas, now from Connecticut; his buddy Larry, the sexiest black stud you can imagine. And they were ogling *me*. Everyone knows you can't have what you want in a bar, but this time I did. We danced and kissed and carried on. Larry, like his friend in his late 20s, was jet black, muscular with a shaved head. Furthermore, both were passive and quite turned on with me.

Soon we were at their motel. All the time me telling them the things I was going to do to them. They had a hangup: they were such good friends they couldn't have a threesome. They did have adjoining rooms and all night long I was going back and forth from bed to bed. Larry, with his hard, tiny buns so edible and wild for it, let me nearly eat my way into his guts. I showed him what a real session is when one turns on so intensely as he turned me on. Toe sucking, ass licking, ball sniffing, licking his shaved head, kissing him every place. He was torrid and when I fucked him he shot his wad.

Exhausted, he rolled over and slept and I went to his friend. His chocolate brown, lanky body was laid out like a picture against the white background of the sheets. His cock was enormous. Like Larry, uncut. Larry, though well hung, did not have an extraordinary cock but his body made up for it. Ernest was horny from having heard his buddy's moans and pleas, and I soon treated him to the same session, driving him wild. Those long legs were soon up around me and I buried my dick up to the nuts in his asshole. As I fucked I was able to suck on his cock head.

We came together and off to Larry I went for some sleep, curled up in his arms, the slightly sweaty smell of his body turning me on again. After we slept awhile he pushed his butt against me and we fucked again.

He got up to take a piss. I was not going to let that get away and pulled him to a squatting position so he could sit that black ass on my face. I begged him to piss. He was somewhat shook. No one had ever wanted that. When he was able to piss he did so and I knew it turned him on. After he screwed me in the morning he got up and lit a cigarette and stood there, hands on his hips, and said, "Well, come on, you must be thirsty again." I was.

After he went back to bed I went back to the other guy and found his wang hard. He doesn't like to fuck but I wanted it and I soon had every inch of that big tool up my ass and got him off in a real wild fuck. I asked for piss. He had heard the scene I had with his buddy but I guess he was shy; he tried but managed only a half-a-cup or so.

Sports Special Football Pro Takes Dick

I had gone into the bar at a large hotel in Los Angeles. The bar was long—the width of the room. In the center, at one of several large tables, sat roughly a dozen hunks of maleness. The bartender told me they were members of a certain famous pro football team playing in the Coliseum the next day. Incidentally, it was not a gay bar. Shortly thereafter the whole bunch left except one tall dark and handsome fellow who had a cast on one foot. The bartender told me that this player had broken several bones in his foot and that the others had left him behind when they left for practice. This poor lone creature looked in need of cheering up, I felt. Shortly afterward I got up to leave. I had tickets to a nearby theater and it was getting toward curtain time—and our eyes met. He said how about a drink with a battered old ball player. I too played with balls and I felt that his would be nice so I sat down for a beer. The upshot was he got a ticket to the same show. I took his arm helping him up. Wow, what muscles. I wondered about that muscle between his legs also.

After practice, the team would be busy on fucking dates. We went to his room for a drink and decided to have dinner sent in. He had broken training and was going to fly to his home in the midwest the next day. He showed me a picture of his wife and five-year-old son. I thought it would be better if I cooled off and would forget about getting into his pants.

We had several stiff shots of Harper then he asked me to help him take his pants off. The seams on one leg had been split up the sides so he could get into them. But it was hard for him to pull them off and over the cast. Naturally to help a good looking male take his pants off was right up my alley. His jockey shorts were full of balls and peter—so round, so hard, and so fully packed that I couldn't help brushing against them as I helped him take his shirt off.

At his direction I went to the closet for his robe. It was rather warm in L.A. so he suggested I disrobe and put on his roommate's robe. I'm pretty big and tall myself so it fit me. Shortly afterward I was getting hungry and was about to suggest calling room service for a menu to order dinner.

He dropped his jockey shorts and said his balls itched. Gee, thought I, has this man got crabs or worse. Then I saw what I had longed to see. His dick was small but his balls were contained in large-size sacks hanging far below his flaccid dick. By then he was on the edge of the bed and he motioned me to come over. On the way I dropped my own shorts and Junior had begun to get erect. The ball player grabbed Junior and rolled over on his belly. I aimed Junior for the guy's asshole and not too long after shot a load inside his cavity. He had very copious flow and I was a bit pissed because I wanted to blow his prick, even though it was only five inches at best. But in a short while he had another erection and I got my mouth full of nice hot gism. He told me later over our dinner that sex was sex with him. If he couldn't get a woman, another man who could deliver was ok with him.

We had another party naked on the bed. This time he blew my seven inches for me. He had sucked a few dicks but it was hard for him to negotiate over six inches.

In a little while I left for my home about seven miles on the outskirts of San Gabriel Valley. I had had a real big football player with a little dick. I read about him in the local paper the next day—how he was out of the game for the rest of the season.

YOUNG BANKER FORCED TO WEAR JOCKEYS TO CATCH DICK DRIPPINGS.

FROM A READER.—I do not especially see my homosexuality as posing conflicts with the business, professional, social and other aspects of my life. I do not claim to be fully successful at it but I'm comfortable. I'm still young and horny but I've done my share of cock waggling and sucking at urinals and under partitions on tile floors. You are correct that my piss-hole sparkles when I'm in heat, which is a fair amount of the time. How did you know? Very accurate in any event. I am one of the juciest, quickest drippers I know. Most guys recognize my early dripping as a sign of genuine appreciation of their offerings, but one poor misguided fellow thought I must be seeping clap. 'Twas his loss. I enjoy sharing my juice with others. I really like the taste and texture of this juice, as it is lightly sweet (like a fresh honeysuckle blossom) in a different way than our old friend cum. My dripping-in-heat "problem" is such that I have always had to wear Jockey shorts to keep the stuff from occasionally running down my leg and making joy spots on my pants. I also find Jockeys advisable because of my tendency to spring a boner at any time when the sight or fantasy of a handsome guy, hot basket or firm buns flashes into my mind. [EDITOR'S NOTE: I sensed from this reader's voice when he called from 3,000 miles away that his piss-hole was glistening. I made an inquiry by mail, and by God I was right.]

Photo: AMG

A TYPICAL PAGE FROM *S.T.H.*

The Cock in the Closet

UPSTATE N.Y. — I'd just left one of the really good X-rated movie houses. I hankered for a cigarette and went in to use the cigarette machine in a hotel across the street. As soon as I got my cigarettes I was about to leave, when in the door came one of the sexy studs I'd noticed in the theater. By far the grooviest looking one too. He smiled, said hi, then pointed to the men's room and said, "You coming in too?" We both went in and when he'd made sure that nobody else was in the room he relaxed and smiled. He said, "I was right behind you coming out of the skin-flick. Man, that thing's got me so hot I'd welcome any kind of relief I could get right now. Has it made you hot too?" I nodded and groaned yes. With that he stared point black down at my long hard-on, which was now clearly visible in my pant leg. And I began to stare at him hungrily. He had a beautiful, slim, muscular build and wore only some brief cutaways and a tight T-shirt.

When I looked at his groin he pointed to what looked like a utility closet and said, "There are two old open toilets in there. And it's quiet and you can lock the door from inside. Come on."

When we were inside we held each other tight, kissed long, and roamed our hands all over each other. Then he whispered, "Baby, I want your mouth on it so badly. Do me first, please?" He pulled my cock out into view and stared at it. He said, "God, I'd give anything to be able to suck that dick of yours too. I've got a fucking loose tooth, though. Could I at least try a jack off on you? A really good one after you suck me?"

I let him know that I'd love to receive a good hand job and was looking forward to it. So I slipped his T-shirt off and started to lick his beautiful body. Across his neck and shoulders, down his chest to his nipples (which I licked and sucked), and later on to his stomach and groin.

He was caressing my hands and hair and when he started moaning I gently pushed him down on a toilet seat while releasing his tight cutaways. I hadn't really seen his cock until now, but regardless of what it was like I knew I just had to have him. I'm very blond and Nordic looking and the sight of his dark-skinned Italian good looks had me hotter than hell. God, his cock sure didn't disappoint me either. It was one of those really long, smooth, uncut cocks and in this particular way very much like my own. But the skin of *his* shaft was light olive in color and his cockhead was a dark, bright red. It was all shiny and wet and when it throbbed a bit I could see some pre-cum oozing out.

Kneeling, I moved forward and gently licked around and under the cock-head... At the same time I put some saliva on my fingers and ran them up and down his shaft. Then I stroked his thighs and moved in to suck his balls. When he groaned I moved to his cock again, and this time I decided to really go to town on it.

It wasn't long before he started to tremble and with that I increased my efforts and reached up to massage his nipples. Suddenly he started to explode a really incredible load. So much and with such strong bursts that one shot missed my mouth and splattered loudly on the opposite wall. But I held tight until every drop was released.

After he was finished he sat up, kissed me, and said, "I've got to see you again." We exchanged names, addresses and telephones. "But before we part tonight I want to do that beauty of yours too. It'll feel good, I promise you."

He pulled a crate over beside one toilet. I sat down while he positioned

himself so that our faces touched. He held me with one arm, licked my neck, ears and lips, and slowly began to jack me off. And that was a hand job I'll never forget. He didn't pump just the top few inches of my cock. He stroked it from top to bottom. I shot off spasm after spasm.

When I finally calmed down I was pretty surprised at what I saw. My cum had landed all over his hand, arm, chest, even his stomach. I apologized for getting it all over him, but he said, "Anytime, Baby. I enjoyed every drop."

He and I met quite a few times after that, during his leave from the Coast Guard. Now he's back at his station along the New England coast.

Why Do I Suck Cocks?

NEW JERSEY — A cock is one of the most fascinating objects on this earth. It normally hangs quite placidly, does double duty as a piss drain and sperm injector. Both pissing and cumming are pleasurable sensations. It feels marvelous to insert it into a cunt and marvelous in a similar, but not identical, way in an asshole. Jacking off creates its own special set of pleasurable sensations which are quite different from being played with or jacked off by someone else. Being played with has its set of sensations and being jacked off has another.

Then the mouth, the most wonderfully expressive aperture available. It can open wide to take in a cock, hard or soft, without touching it. It is warm and wet, it can vary the pressure and friction marvelously. It can rub hard on the way in and soft on the way out.

The tongue can stimulate in so many ways. The combination of cock and mouth is so natural it is spontaneous. When I see a beautiful cock I can't resist getting that luscious thing into my mouth. At times sucking a cock gives me a sense of possession and power, at others it is simply adoration, at others it is an appreciation of how good it feels and wanting to make the guy feel that good because I know how good a well done blow job can feel.

Another of a cock's fascinations is the texture of the skin: so smooth, so tender, so soft. The foreskin glides effortlessly back and forward as it is gently stroked and the head appears then disappears. It is really quite fascinating. The cut cock, however, has the marvelously special skin of the glans desensitized and rigidized. The hand in sliding forward suddenly encounters the stiff, unyielding friction of the mutilated glans and to make any progress I have to lubricate a guy's chopped cock with spit.

Then there is the anticipation of the guy's semen flowing into my mouth and, if it's the first time for me to blow this guy, the question of its flavor. Then I sense his belly's tensing, the catch of his breath, the thickening and quivering of his cock, and the burst of thick, rich, creamy, white cum rushing into my eager mouth. It leaves a strange feeling of warmth in my mouth. I love to feel all these things happen and hear the gasp as he releases his pent-up breath. I love for him to have the same pleasurable experiences with my cock in his mouth.

Good cocksuckers are born, not made. Maybe good ones can be trained, but the great ones are born and they remain intact. Cocksucking is a gentle art. Ramming a stiff cock up a guy's ass or a woman's cunt is rather aggressive, but when I take a guy's cock in my mouth it is there out of love and affection.

I've never had a guy with a butchered cock who could really suck a natural, unmutilated cock. They are as rough with it as it is necessary to be to theirs to get them to cum.

"Yes, Folks, I'm a Genuine Dick-Licker"

CLEVELAND — Last year was a good year for me. I had a lot of dicks to lick and to take up my ass. This year I hope to have even more dicks to swing on.

At Christmas I was in bed with three other guys, my lips kissed by three pairs of lips. Then one of the guys went down on my hard dick and sucked it lightly while another turned over on his stomach and asked me to screw him. I didn't hesitate; I always jump at the chance to hump ass.. It felt real good when I stuck my dick into his hot, tight hole. I started to pound his ass and another guy climbed on top of me. His dick found its way into my asshole.

I was the one doing all the work. I was fucking my friend's ass and fucking a dick in my ass. My friend got hotter and started to pant and moan. That made me hotter and hotter until I creamed in his ass. I raised up so my friend could get on his back. He rolled over and I took his dick in my mouth.

The guy behind me kept humping my ass. It seemed as if he had no intention of pulling his dick out of me. (I had no objection to his keeping it in me.)

The guy I was sucking shot quickly. The guy behind me kept pumping. Soon he lunged his dick hard up my ass, shouted "God Damn" at the top of his lungs and squirted cum up my ass.

Now it was time for the fourth guy to get into action. I turned over on my back, raised my legs, and took his dick up my hole. While we were fucking, one of the other guys licked another's ass. I felt a little jealous because I like to lick ass too. But my jealousy subsided as I enjoyed the pleasures of having a dick up my ass. Like a piston, the prick moved in and out of my ass. His dick sank all the way in, then out till his cock head was just barely in my hole.

I knew when he was about to squirt because he went harder and faster. This guy shouted too when he shot off, but he shouted, "Good ass."

All three of them had shot cum into me. I had shot too, but I wasn't done yet. They turned over on their stomachs — an invitation for me to do something I like, lick ass. I got between their legs, licking, going from ass to ass to ass. I remember that all three had sweat built up in their asses. That turned me on so that I couldn't resist giving the cracks of their butts complete tongue baths.

Yes, folks, I'm a genuine dick-licker. I don't know how many I've had but I do know I want *more*.

San Franciscan, 22, Likes Sweaty Feet

SAN FRANCISCO — Your mag is the hottest reading material of its kind. I would like to see some letters about guys forcing other guys to first sniff the sweaty gym socks they have worn for weeks, and then go into an in-depth foot cleaning. Reading about guys' feet and thinking about me being allowed to lick in between their toes and all over their feet really turns me on. Even writing about it and thinking about the way a hot stud's feet smell and taste is giving me a hard-on. I hope you have some articles on feet and what you can do with them. I am 22. I don't get a good smelly pair of feet very often.

Photo: AMG

Frozen Cum—Thaw and Serve

WASHINGTON, D.C. — He was tall, lean, about 30, I guess. He had called from a hotel where he'd found my phone number on the shit-house wall.

Started undressing right away, revealing a hard, good body and a half hard, uncut, horny looking, all man dick. The big head was half covered with foreskin and shiny wet with prefuck.

As I got him a beer he began poring through a stack of porn. After the first few pages, his dick was rock hard and he started jerking it slow and easy, stopping now and then to lick the fuck juice off his fingers.

When I began licking his cock head he said, "Hey man, you got any cum?"

"Yeah," I said, "my fucking balls are full of it."

"Later," he said. "I mean, you got any stashed away—frozen?"

Goddam, another one. Only a few weeks before I had met a stud who had asked me to save my jack-off cum for him. In the freezer I had saved two 5"-long plastic tubes of my J/O cum, each containing about ten loads. When I showed them to him it was like waving a red flag at a bull.

"Jesus, man, let's get 'em thawed out! Get a pan of warm water."

I didn't ask what he planned to do. Just grooved on his horny, wet dick while we waited for the cum to thaw. Finally it thawed to the point where it was the same consistency as fresh cum. He uncapped one tube almost reverently, held it up and studied it. Then he brought it to his lips, took a long swig, held it in his mouth and rolled it on his tongue before swallowing it.

"Shit, man, that's it—pure dick cum."

Then he told me to stand up in front of him. As I faced him he took another mouthful of cum, held it in his mouth, and went down on my dick. Christ, it was like fucking warm slime—absolutely beautiful.

He stopped long enough to grab the tube again. Then he poured cum all over my cock and balls, turned me around and poured more on my asshole, and began licking it off.

By this time I was so fucking hot I was finding it hard as hell to hold back my load. I grabbed the second tube of cum and filled my mouth. It was frenzy time—both of us pouring cum everywhere, licking and lapping every drop, fucking our cocks in it, shoving it inside each other's asshole to eat out, both of our cocks, our balls, and our assholes dripping with warm cum shot out of my nuts over the past few weeks.

We rolled on the floor, both of us totally *into* cum.

"Stand up," he said. "Fuck my face."

He half lay-half sat on the sofa as I straddled his head. He sucked for fresh cum while jacking his own cock. The smell of cum made our blood race like poppers.

I shot my wad and soon felt his hot load on my back and ass. As soon as he'd drained my dick and cleaned up every drop, he turned me around and licked his own load off my ass.

That was the beginning of a frozen cum era for me. Now, whenever I jerk off, the same fucking question arises: do I get to eat it or does the freezer get it? We — the freezer and I — have decided to split 50/50.

There are all kinds of scenes which are great with frozen cum. Like unmolding the whole tube in one piece, shoving it up an asshole, letting the asshole heat melt it until it starts to ooze back out. Good eating. And if it's followed or accompanied by a cum-covered turd — has shit ever tasted better?

Piss freaks, mix it, watch it swirl around, then chug-a-lug.

Country Life: Mike And Me

NORTH CAROLINA — I met Mike soon after I got out of the Army. I had moved to the country and he was one of the neighborhood kids. He hung around pestering me to take him hunting, fishing or swimming. He bugged me constantly to take him riding on my motorcycle. Once in awhile I would give him beer and that would make him happy.

When he finished high school he didn't have anything to do so he joined the Army.

He is tall, lean, sinewy, rugged, delicate, shy, impulsive, clumsy, agile, quick, lazy and energetic. He has big teeth, a fair complexion, looks into you with wide eyes, smiles, laughs, cusses, pisses high in the air, hollers just for the hell of it, sprawls on the floor instead of a chair.

But the Army straightened him up (?) and he loved it. When he came home on his first leave he made a beeline for my place and it took him three Buds to tell me about his basic training. He talked, laughed and joked on and on until his mother called for him to come home and eat.

The next time Mike came to see me he had his girl-friend with him. He asked me if he could use my bedroom and I told him sure, go ahead. They used my bedroom several times after that because it was about the only place they had to fuck. Pretty soon Mike and Shirley decided to get married and among other things I'm a photographer so I made their wedding pictures. Mike really looked good in that Green Beret and jump boots.

Mike and Shirley visited me several times later and in early spring Mike came alone. When I unlocked the door I had only a towel around me. I told him I wanted to get an early start on my summer tan and was lying under a sun-lamp. Mike said he'd join me. I lay back down while he undressed. As he lay down beside me he said if I keep looking at that ass of yours you might get fucked. (Little did he know how much I wanted that. I figured he was kidding.)

I said, go ahead if you want to. He said are you serious? I said yes, there's Vaseline in the bathroom.

I knew Mike had a big pecker because we swam nude in the pond below the house, but when he came back with that dong on hard it was a monster. I said, "Mike, you'll have to go in slow and easy until I get used to it." After he got it in I told him it was O.K. to go ahead and fuck as fast and hard as he wanted to. And he did, but I stopped him and put a pillow under me. I said, now, Mike, shove it *all* in. And I could feel every inch of that big snake slither into me.

Mike had to go and work on his car but he asked if he could come back and sack out with me since his wife wasn't with him this weekend. I said yes before he finished asking.

As we slipped into bed that night he asked if he was going to get to fuck me again. I said you better believe, but first let's try something else. I took his dong in my hand and massaged it to fullness (I could have used both hands, like on a baseball bat). Then I took his cockhead in my mouth and sucked and squeezed it. Then I tried to swallow it but couldn't take it all. So I just sucked all I could and used my thumb and forefinger around the base to help a little and pretty soon he exploded in me. He said, did you swallow that? I said, damn right, and enjoyed every drop of it.

The next morning when I woke up Mike and I were tangled up together. But that's not unusual. Many "straight" guys do things in their sleep they

wouldn't normally do. I don't like to sleep with "straights" because I tend to mess around. One night a guy woke me and said, you're holding my dick. I jerked away and started to apologize and he said, no, put it back, I like it. Anyway, I got loose from Mike and spread Vaseline on his already hard bat and he gave me another good fucking.

Mike didn't come back for another three weeks. He stuck his head in the door and said, "Hey, I'm staying with you this weekend, O.K.?" I told him good deal. He said he had to see his parents for awhile.

He returned later with a tall six-pack. After we polished that off I told him, which do you want to do — fuck or be sucked?

He said, "I've got a surprise for you. After I left last time I realized I got my rocks off three times and you didn't once. This time I'm going to suck your dick."

That shocked me because I thought of Mike as "straight."

I asked if he had ever done this before. He said no, but you did it for me so I'll do it for you.

I told Mike a lot of "straights" do what he has done so far, but if he sucked me it would mean he is queer. He said he didn't care what it meant as long as he was with me.

This was a turning point. This thing had been impersonal until now, but now I could tell Mike had emotion in his voice. I took him in my arms. How a guy as rough and tough as Mike could have such a sweet mouth and tender lips I'll never know.

I don't know how long we lay there playing with each other but he finally got around to sucking my cock. It was pretty bad. He bit and chewed and stopped at the wrong times. But I knew he would learn.

I started kissing his face, neck, ears, nipples, armpits, navel. His cock-head met me at his navel so I started on that. I started gently and slowly. As his cock got firmer and began to throb I increased my speed and pressure until he fired off. It kept shooting like a machine gun.

We rested awhile, just happy to be near each other. Then I gave Mike a lesson in cocksucking. But I guess you have to like it to do a really good job. I don't think Mike really liked it. He was just doing it to please me. Anyway, he improved greatly over the next few sessions and learned to like it as much as I did.

I just naturally like to be fucked, but what's best is when I'm being fucked and get my gun off too. That's really wild and that's what happened next time Mike fucked me. I was lying on my belly spraddle-legged and Mike was fucking me slowly, warming up. It felt better and better and I kept giving more and more butt action to keep him driving home. Then I realized I was going to shoot off. By the time I did I was almost on my knees and elbows trying to get that deep-fuck feeling. I think, just after I finished shooting, Mike started, because he jammed me back against the bed, rammed deep a few times, then went limp on top of me.

After Mike found out that I shot off and realized how much I enjoyed that fucking he wanted me to fuck him. I wanted to but I told him he probably wouldn't like it at first and it might be a little painful, but after a few times he would learn to like it.

I used a lot of Vaseline to make everything super-slick. I eased my cock-head against his asshole and pushed gently. Very slowly the head went in. Once it was in, I pushed on in a little faster. Mike grunted so I asked him if he was

O.K. He said he thought so.

I fucked him slowly at first but gradually sped up. Then I lost control and fucked for all I was worth until I shot my load. Mike said it wasn't bad, but by the time he started to enjoy it I finished.

This all began two years ago and we still get together as much as we can. I asked Mike if he ever made it with any other guys. He said no, when I'm at home I'm happy with my wife and when I'm away I've got you. That's all I need and want.

Mike has a son now and I'm his Godfather. I make it with other guys between times but when Mike is here my time is exclusively for him.

Marines in the Toilet

After all the drills and P.T. at the Marine Corps center in Parris Island, South Carolina, I should have been tired out by bedtime (9:00), but I wasn't. There were little rooms in the barracks that I explored after lights out. This was in 1973.

One of these little rooms was in the john. It was the laundry room.

There was this Spanish guy in the platoon who had trouble keeping his cock soft. I noticed his problem about 3:00 one morning when I saw him in the john jerking off. His name was Jorge. He was about 5'9" and had brown hair. What impressed me most was his short, but FAT, cock.

I told Jorge the first time I saw him jerking off that he didn't have to do it. He didn't understand, so I told him I'd suck him. He freaked. I explained that I like cock and he mumbled something about "fags."

Before he could say anything more, I was on his cock and my hands were on his ass, holding him to me.

Jorge made a feeble attempt to get away but he gave up. I took him to the laundry room and closed the door. Jorge leaned on the washer while I blew him.

His legs shook. He whimpered. He begged me to stop, but I went on enjoying myself.

After awhile Jorge stopped whimpering and begging, but his legs still shook. He came in my mouth and I thought that would be that. I thought he'd leave the rest to chance. I knew Jorge wouldn't tell anyone about what had happened.

I was about to leave the room but Jorge blocked me and asked me to be in there the next night. I told him I'd be there.

Jorge came the next night and the next night and the next. He would fuck my asshole or my mouth and I would jerk-off afterwards.

He never knew about the other guys I had in the laundry room. But no one knew about me and Jorge either. Jorge and I were about the only two guys in the platoon who could stay awake until 3 A.M., get two hours of sleep, and get up again at 5.

The other guys I did would come to the laundry room between 11 P.M. and 1 A.M.

More about these later. But for now, U.S.M.C., R.I.P.

Interview

The respondent has a 6½" dick, a hairy chest and asshole, a proud walk, a nice smile, and a job as a researcher. He is in the upper-middle class and he is in North Carolina. He is 39, 5'8", 165 pounds. Extra-horny. Scotch forebearers.

What are you, anyway? Bisexual if you want to be technical. Otherwise, just "gay."

What do you think about when you jack-off? Mostly men. A guy fucking me while I suck cock. Sometimes a party of one or two girls and five or six hard, naked men, everyone eating away and screwing away. I seldom jack-off except in bed. When I jack-off otherwise it's because the load is so big I don't think about anything — just jack it.

How often do you jack-off? One or two times a week. I try to avoid it in favor of loving action.

What's your favorite kind of action? Mutual cocksucking. Licking up and down a pal's cock, over his balls, and rimming his hairy, sweaty asshole. And I like the same done to me, long and slow.

What was your first sexual experience? Small town movie theatre, age 13, mutual jack-off in the back row. We both came and shot into Kleenex. Two other boys were also doing it four seats away. We went there to do it and knew it — to watch each other's load spurt out. We met at the movie every week or two for a jack-off party. Once we did it in my back yard and shot off against the garage. I was 20 before I got into cocksucking.

Do you like to give or take complete blow jobs — that is, tongue baths, trips around the world, ass-licking, and so on? Yes, complete, including licking assholes and armpits, smelling groins, licking dick and balls. Why just have plain cocksucking when all the rest is there to give and take?

How many cocks have you sucked? I've sucked *on* about 400 and sucked *off* about 300.

How many cocksuckers have sucked your dick? Probably 200 to 300 guys and about five gals.

What is the biggest number of pricks you ever sucked in one day? Seven.

What's the biggest number of cocksuckers that ever blew you in one day? Four guys, about two hours apart.

What's the biggest number of wads you ever shot in one day? Five or six.

How much sex have you had with women? Some fucking at parties. I don't like just one cunt, I like one cunt and two or three or more cocks, so anything can happen.

Describe your first blow job. It happened in college, my second year. This john had eight wooden stalls with four suck holes big enough for cocks and balls too. After I got over being nervous, I watched a guy one day pull his pants down, peel his skin back and play with it. He put his finger in the suck hole to beckon me and I put my dick in the hole and felt his warm, wet tongue on it. I rammed it in and exploded in his mouth. Like a fool I ran out. But I waited for him, to see what he looked like. Handsome, sexy as hell, 5'10", 150 pounds. When he spotted me he broke out into a big smile. That got to me and I decided to talk to him. He actually licked his lips and I practically came again at the sight of that. We walked into the woods, lay on the grass, and necked, and when he put his hand under my pants onto my ass, I did shoot again (in my pants).

Did you see him again? We made a date for the next day, same place, and fortunately we were the only ones in the john. He barely grazed my cock with his tongue so I wouldn't come right away. When he put his dick through the hole — about seven fat inches — I *wanted* it, and closed my eyes as I went down on No. 1. I shot off later in his mouth and again we left for a walk. It was two weeks and six meetings later that I sucked hard to let him know I wanted his load in my mouth. God, did I get it. This smiling guy was an ex-GI, about 23. He'd been sucking cock and ass from age 17, and for the next year and a half we were steady cocksucking buddies. Not lovers, but buddies. We often watched each other suck other dicks and had several parties of four or five naked guys.

How many pricks have you taken up your asshole? Four different cocks, total of seven times.

How many assholes have you fucked? About ten.

Do you like the taste and smell of men's bodies? Yes — the whole body, armpits, asshole, and groin. Unwashed is O.K. but not really shitty. A sweaty body is a turn -on, especially under the balls and in the crack of the ass — and that goes for both the taste and the smell of it. I like to smell a man's hair and I sure do like the taste of most guys' cum.

How about piss? I've never swallowed it but I'm not against it. It may happen some day.

Do you like name-calling during sex? One super-fuck I got, the guy had his mouth to my ear and said things like: "You really want that cock up your ass don't you? Come on, wiggle your fuckin' ass, you cocksucker. Take it all, get all that fuckin' cum, you bastard. You like having a man's fat cock ram up your ass don't you? Do you like the way my dick gets in there and fucks your ass, you cocksucker?" And I liked it one time when a guy was blowing me in his car and I was saying, "Come on, lick my dick up and down, you fucker, don't just eat it. Take it real slow and lick it. Get my balls too. How come you like to suck my balls like that? — suck my dick, go all the way down, you cocksucker, and you'll get your cream. I bet you like to suck a hot, juicy asshole too. Lift my legs and you can suck ass all you want. Eat my dick, you son of a bitch, swallow it, man," and so forth.

What kind of sex roles do you like in your partners? Sometimes trade, just to suck those cocks like crazy and get the cream. Sometimes the other way, where I'm the one getting blown. Mostly I go for a buddy who likes to drink a little, talk hot and dirty awhile, work up lots of excitment, laugh and tease, and wants 50-50 sex the way I do. Married is great; sissies, no thanks. Bi-sexual, sure. Just a horny guy who knows what hot sex is and likes to give it and take it.

Do you like glory holes? Goddam right.

Do you like SM? Not very much. A little thrown in for fun is great, either way. I have pissed on guys who wanted it. I don't mind being told to "get down there and run your nose under my balls, you cocksucker," as long as it's part of the game we both enjoy. I'm not into pain, however.

What would be your ideal sex life? Several buddies (not lovers) for group fun whenever we wanted. Freedom to roam but pals to be true to, to talk to, to laugh with. Weekly parties. I like groups of men, like to be fucked, love to be rimmed, love to suck it all.

Do you prefer big dicks? No. Six to eight inches is beautiful. Big for their own sake has no appeal to me. If a guy appeals to me and happens to have a big dick, fine.

Do you prefer young guys? No. Men from 30 to 45 are more experienced, hotter, wilder, not so skittish. And they can generally be friendlier and have a sense of humor about life and sex and fun in bed.

Do you find asshole fucking painful to take or dirty to give? Painful to take, yes. But I'm improving my style. Next week I'll get my eighth fuck, from a terrific buddy of mine. Dirty to give? No. If by "dirty" you mean shitty, no, I never found that.

What occupational types do you like? Truckers are great. So are Ivy League types. The only group I *don't* go for are the phony SM types with all their leather and shit like that. If they aren't phony, then they're swell too.

Did you see much hot stuff in the Army? One guy about 18 (I was 18 also) always slept in the nude from the waist down. He had smooth, firm, round buns and often they would show when his blanket was half off. Nothing ever came of it but there was a lot of talk. That's where I first heard about fucking ass. At a service club in Pennsylvania I saw two, huge glory holes and fantastic writing on the walls. I was too dumb, but the back of my mind told me this was real sex. I saw one guy through a G-hole with a thick, juicy hard-on. I came in my shorts and ran. I was really hung up and repressed. I was in a john at noon jacking off one day when the door of my booth opened and there stood a guy I had always liked and he stared at my flaming hard-on. No words. He sort of motioned. I got up like I was hypnotized and he put his hand on my cock. A few strokes — slow and sensuous — and I squirted against the wall. He disappeared. I saw him often after that but never in the john. We never mentioned our encounter. He must have been as amazed as I was at the whole thing. How nice if we'd had sense enough to be friends about it.

Have you fulfilled yourself sexually? In general my sex life is satisfactory, but sex is so great that you're never satisfied for long. It keeps gnawing at you. You want more and more.

How about your career — have you fulfilled yourself there? Yes.

Where and how do you meet partners? Who seduces whom? Anywhere. I like glory hole sex. I like the baths. I prefer bars. Sometimes I seduce and suck, sometimes the other guys seduce and suck.

Do you like love affairs? I don't want an
affair, even though I'm into one now with a guy I met last October. We've each each other ten times even though we're 400 miles apart. We travel to meet each other, make love, suck, fuck, and pal around. I think I could go for a steady buddy but without being "faithful." Lots of fellows I like to be with many times, and sometimes it works out that way.

How often do you think about sex? Probably ten times a day. Often the mind takes over and the cock gets hard. If the guy I mentioned before calls, the one I travel to meet, my cock gets hard the instant I hear his voice. Sometimes I daydream about stripping and sucking and my cock gets hard. In fact, it just happened now.

Have you ever been married? Yes.

Are you a father? Yes.

When did you first realize you're homosexual? At about 20 when action began at the G-holes. I was surprised — and delighted.

Is there anything — your own things — we haven't covered? Just that in general I like guys, sex, cock, cum, assholes, friendliness, pals, naked buddies, sucking, fucking, and rimming — talking, reading, thinking about it, and doing it.

Photo: AMG

Library Special

CALIFORNIA — The local library put on movies during the summer. The ladies in charge had orders to keep out youngsters unless accompanied by an adult.

When I went to go in, the lady in charge was talking to a teenager. She said, "Do you want to do a good deed and let this boy sit with you?"

He was a beautiful boy. On the back of his head he wore a funny cap. They were showing a picture on pigeons. The kid raised pigeons and was interested.

Several days later, I was in the park when up he breezed and sat down next to me. "Well," he said, "here I am sitting next to you again." He was on his way to the swimming pool. Hanging out of his towel was a jock strap. I pointed to it and asked him about it.

He gave a boyish grin and laughed and said that's to keep my balls from hanging out of my trunks. He said he had a pair of big ones.

He said his father was killed in an auto accident when he was nine and he lived with his mother. He also said he knew about the birds and bees and had had wet dreams. He couldn't ask the other kids — he was afraid they'd laugh — but he wanted to know if it hurt anything to jack off. I told him it was O.K. if he didn't over do it. He said he jacked off a lot.

He knew I was divorced. He asked if I jack off. I told him, frequently.

Then, did you ever do it with another man? I said sure. He asked if it felt good to be sucked off — there was a kid in high school that would suck him off but he was scared.

He wanted to visit me in my apartment but I was afraid someone would see.

One day as I was going home I heard, "Hi." I broke down then and let him come up.

After drinking some Coke he went to the bathroom and came out and said he got it hard. He said he played with it a lot and thought about me when he was jacking off.

His jeans had a bulging groin. A man can take only so much. I said, take it out and let me see it. He immediately dropped his jeans. No shorts. He had a good 7-inch dick with balls to match. He was uncut. The foreskin covered the huge head of his dick, capping it beautifully.

He said, get a towel quick — I shoot off awful quick. I took his cock in my mouth and in a few strokes cum really poured out of it.

He grabbed me, told me he loved me, and told me to do it again. He said it would get hard again real quick. He asked to see mine and unzipped my pants.

We both got in the bed bareassed and stayed there several hours while he played with me and I sucked him off three times.

He came to visit me several times. I felt guilty. Such a boy — and what would happen to me if I got caught.

The last time, he said his mother had been transferred and they were moving.

This was a solution to a thing that was fast getting out of hand. But it was in no sense seduction. If anything, he seduced me. He pulled off twice a day and was anxious to relate to somebody. When he visited me he would say he hadn't jacked off that morning but had saved his cream for me.

His boy's body was in such sharp contrast to his bush of pubic hair, his big

cock, and his big nuts. And the big wads of cum he unloaded. Whenever he visited me he was so horny on arrival I had to get his cock in my mouth right away or lose his first load. The second or third blow jobs were more leisurely.

Once he got a full hard-on while we were showering, after I'd blown him. I immediately took it all in my mouth, down to the base, and felt his pubic hair tickling my upper lip. He was one of the best cocks I ever had.

Can Heterosexuals Be Cured?

A couple of years ago when I heard that Timagazine was going to "do" homosexuals I jokingly bet they'd lead off with drag queens. But that, in all seriousness, is how they began their story.

Their latest jackoff fantasy concerns a psychiatrist in lower California who gives therapy to "girlish boys" in hopes of "butchering"—making more butch—their sensitivity, so that they can get out and play ball with the boys, indulge in competitive name-calling, and enter the virility rat race like everybody else. If Timagazine and its new hero, Dr. Green, could have their way, today's budding Shakespeares and Einsteins would drop those sissy books and join the Little League, which is what really matters. "Left untreated," *Time* warns, "most of them would grow up to be homosexuals." Left untreated, many other boys grow up to bomb hospitals and orphanages in Southeast Asia, shove entrenchment tools up Vietnamese vaginas, bait "fags" on TV while aggressively looking for cock off-camera, peddle justice to the highest bidder in the Nixon administration, become sex-crazed cops who seduce homosexuals in shit houses and mug them when they accept.

Time notes one result of Dr. Green's treatment: "A five-year-old with a passion for dolls teased a fellow patient who picked up a doll, saying, 'That's sissy stuff.'" What America needs is more boys calling each other names in order to feel "straight."

In a mindless checklist of the myths about homosexuality, *Time* and Dr. Green call them "misfits," without showing any awareness that Shakespeare might have done poorly in the Little League. In urging shy boys to get out with the others, *Time*/Dr. Green are innocent of the fact that this is the hottest hotbed of homosexuality in America, and the envy of adult homosexuals: boys experimenting with circle jerks, asshole fucking, and even cocksucking. Homosexuality comes first and naturally; heterosexuality comes later and is unnatural, learned sexuality; a social assignment.

Dr. Green urges parents of "sissies" to deny them TV privileges as punishment for "effeminate" behavior. But how the fuck else can they learn to dress like cowboys, jocks, bombers, and hoods?

The whole tone of the Timarticle — and Dr. Green — is, can homosexuals be cured. A more pressing question is, can heterosexuals be cured—cured of their desperate craving to seem "straight" by harming innocent people through fag-baiting, bombing, and bullying (always outnumbering their victims at least two to one.)

Never in history has a gender so discredited as the "straight" American tried so hard to make everyone else conform. If they're really right why do they need everyone else to be like them?

— Boyd McDonald

Uncle Dick

STONE PARK, ILLINOIS — I was still a boy when I encountered my first big cock. My father and my uncle were finishing off part of our basement as a rec room. I hung around watching them, never realizing that the chief power tool hung between my uncle's legs.

One day my father had to go to the hardware store, leaving my uncle and me alone in the basement. My uncle was sitting on a saw horse when he called me over to him. He asked me if I was good at keeping secrets. I said yes. He said he had a secret we could share but that I must never, never tell anyone.

He got me between his legs and held me with his knees. He quickly unzipped his denims and hauled out his cock. How could he have all that inside his pants, I wondered. In no time he had me playing with that hot cock, telling me what a good boy I was and how good it felt. His foreskin would roll back and forth, all slimed up, exposing and then covering the big war head. Unknowingly, I was jacking him off.

When we heard my father come back into the house he released me and put his big cock back inside his pants. While they worked, every once in awhile my uncle gave me a wink, and when my father couldn't see, he would cup that bulge of his between his legs with his hands.

Luckily a neighbor came over and my father went upstairs with him. My uncle quickly took me to a shower stall we had in the basement. He dropped both his pants and shorts and I got my first complete look at that wonder. It was a marvel of Italian heritage. Black curly cock hair and a master set of balls. He gave me my first taste of hot salty cock. I sucked and sucked but I wasn't very good at that time. But he liked it no matter what. I ended up jacking him off. When he blasted his load it splattered against the shower stall. Again he told me what a good boy I was. I hated to see him put that huge cock back in his pants. Many a time I sucked on it and jacked him off as that recreation room took form.

The first time I took my uncle's cock up my ass was at his place. His wife and kids had gone someplace and we had the place to ourselves.

He placed a big bath towel on the sheet and undressed me. As I sat on the edge of the bed he had me play with his cock and suck it now and then.

He had me lay on the bed on my side with my legs drawn up so that my ass jutted out toward him. He smeared Vaseline on my asshole. For awhile all he did was work his cock in the crack of my ass, telling me how much fun it was. When he stuck his cock in my hole I cried out, for it hurt. But he kept steadily pushing it in, telling me not to be afraid, that I would get used to it, and the pain would go away. He pushed in and out slow and easy like. The pain began to ease and when I stopped complaining he went faster. The bed bounced and the springs squeaked. Eventually he pushed me down all the way on his big cock and he pushed forward and without knowing it I was taking all he had up my tight asshole.

He really worked up a sweat. We were both wet from his sweat. His breathing became deeper and heavier and then he started gasping and saying my name over and over and raining kisses on me. It was worth that initial pain as he jerked and rotated his cock around in my asshole. He busted his nuts but good.

We took a bath when it was over. My asshole felt wide open and hot. Just before we got dressed he shoved a Preparation H thing up my asshole and told

me if my ass got sore I should call him and he would give me another one. He threw the towel into the automatic washer and made up the bed.

Our sex affair lasted a little more than four years.

All Gregs Are Cute

CALIFORNIA — A local youth group had a drive to collect soda pop bottles for which a deposit had been made. An enterprising young man called at my door.

I didn't remember him but he remembered me. His face was all smiles. He said, "You've forgotten me but I met you at the 'Y' Easter time." Then in a confidential tone he added, "You let me squeeze your peter. Is it big now like that day I saw it at the 'Y'?"

I said not right now but it wouldn't take much to make it big. I unhooked my screen door and he followed me into the kitchen as I went to get the bottles. By now I had a real hard-on.

He asked if he could use my bathroom. One good way to put his peter on display — quite an operator. But then so am I; after I got the bottles together, I went into the bathroom too.

He was standing at the toilet with a hard cock. He then reached over and felt the pole pushing out against my pants. I told him to take it out if he wanted.

He did, and caressed and fondled my cock. He knew how to jack a guy off. We went into the bedroom.

I said you sure know how to handle cock, and he said, "Sure, I jack my brother off nearly every night. His is smaller than yours. He can pull the skin over the end of his peter." I'm not cut but my foreskin is too short to fully cover the head of my dick.

When Greg had coaxed my cock almost to the blast-off stage I sent him for a towel but he answered by saying, "I take it in my mouth when my brother starts to come." My cock is extremely fat and he couldn't get it all in his mouth but he managed to swallow my load.

Later I asked him if he ever played around with anybody besides his brother. He told me about a truck driver named Ralph — a friend of his family's. Ralph drives a heavy-duty truck with a large cab and often takes Greg along for the ride. Ralph takes his cock out and Greg plays with it when they're on safe roads.

Ralph has a tape measure in his truck and one day Greg measured the guy's dick. Nine inches from the cock hair to the head.

Ralph has a good foreskin which Greg enjoys pushing back and forth over the cock head. One day, Greg said, Ralph's cream shot all over the dashboard, his fist, and on the seat, and they had to use water from a canteen to clean it up.

To think of all the thick, white cream that goes to waste.

But when I asked Greg how come he didn't take Ralph's cream in his mouth he said Ralph's prick was so big he couldn't get his jaw open wide enough to provide a container for Ralph.

I believe him, because after all he swallowed my load and liked it.

Would I love to see if I can get my jaws open wide enough to take Ralph's cock.

Ever Take A Cock In Your Mouth and Never Take It Out Till Morning?

CHICAGO — Getting any from your ad, Baby? I sure wish I made that route. Go West usually. I sure will tell some of my trucker friends who go that way. I know some who give out good.

Us truckers make use of a good thing. I sure would love to see you treat my dick nice. If you can take a nine-incher that is but any guy that reads that fuckin "Gay" shit can I guess. I aint never seen a copy of it before. I slipped it in my pocket after I left a coupla loads in a gay guy I know—I give it to him now and then when I'm in Chi. He's sure a hot-mouth. He's got fuckin and sucking pictures and hot mags all over the place to make guys horny to give him what he's so hungry for. Shit I dont need no encouragement thats what I go up there for to get a blow job.

Im a trucker laid up here for three days taking a new rig on Mon. to Tulsa, Okla.

The night I pulled in with my last rig went to the coffee shop wasnt there five min. before an older guy sat on the stool next to me and give my leg the old rub-invite and I let him take a quick feel. I had a four day bagful which was hanging heavy so I took the old geezer out to the rig and let him have it out in the cab. Jeez he sure went after it. You gotta say something for these older Chi cocksuckers they sure know there stuff. He gobled it right in and my stick aint for amachures. He gave me a nice long session, and going after my hot bag too knowing how to make a guy hold off but finely I give it to him and did he gulp it down. Like it was warm sweet tapicoa. (Excuse my spelling. It never took when I went to school. Only one yr. in H.S. Been a trucker since I was 21 now 28)

This truck depot is louzy with the gay boys hanging around wanting some of that seasoned stuff out of a big runners heavy balls. Most of us aint married and they sure know what a guy needs. Never hit this place but what I can shoot off all I want for free and what do you need with a fuckin cunt when a guys good hot mouth or a tite asshole gives it so good? In fact I get more of a thrill knowing I'm *in* another *guy* and he likes what I got. Shit—for me that's the *best*.

I never have no trouble attracking the gay boys. Im 28 and white 6'1" with a real good built (accept Im getting a little beerbelly I see which I gotta watch but I sure like them suds) and Im hung real nice.

Quickies are all right when I need them but I like best for a gay to get me in his place or a motel maybe where they can get me bare ass so they can go exploring. They never suck my tits long enough cause my old 9 inches draws them like a magnet—guess it must look so delishus. I like to have a good excited cocksucker take me to bed and then I get the fuckin works.

Ever take a cock in your mouth and never take it out till morning, sucking it down soft ever time it stiffens up? Have an all-nite sucker like that usually when I hit Butte Mont. Dont know how he gets any sleep at all with his face in my crotch hair all nite.

This guy where I got this "Gay" mag hes had me 2 times before. Hes quite close to this fuckin truck depot where he picks up lots of dick. Hes got a real nice apt. and I sure bet a lot of trucker cream has been shot off in that big bed

hes got. He sure looks healthy, it must be a good tonnic. He sure sees no yellow stains get on that bed. God does he *love the juice*. The other nite he gulped mine down like he was starved though he said another guy had just left.

He takes the load the way I like it best and not every cocksucker can do it on 9". He gives a long session and then when he knows hes about to hit the jackpot he begins suckin like hell and all the time Im shooting it in he keeps that up till Im almost crazy with the good feeling. Wow! He never stops till he gets every drop and then he cleans it up real good.

I wonder how you guys can like the taste of that cum. I sure dont *smell* good to me when I have to jack off a load. I guess I must unload more than lots of guys cause they usually tell me I spit like a stallion.

Law Enforcement: A Real Trooper

We met in a men's room in one of Upstate New York's amusement parks last summer. One of those rainy nights when only the horniest (like me) come out.

I wore my Levis and a T-shirt—no underpants because when I see anybody I dig I want him to see I'm horny, and 9½" without shorts shows.

Nothing happened for the first 20 minutes—only a couple of "straights" who stayed about 30 seconds apiece. After a long lull I was about to step outside the screen door when I noticed a young stud standing by a tree, dragging on a cigarette. We both stared at each other so I slowly ambled back into the men's room. I looked back. He was following.

As he came in I fumbled with some change and finally asked him if he could break a quarter. He could, and while giving me change he shot a glance at my dick hanging down the leg of my Levis.

Then he moved over to the head. I could see him from the side. A really groovey stud. In his 20s, about 5'10", brown haired, with a slim but muscular build. Tight Levis and a tan short-sleeved pullover.

He made a half effort to cover his exposed hard-on until I moved to the urinal right next to his. When I pulled mine out he really let me see his completely. An uncut beauty about 9" long, perfectly straight and smooth. He let out a moan when he saw my dick ooze some pre-cum.

I reached over and skinned his cock back and forth. "I've got my camper across the road," he said. "Wish you'd come over so we could do this right."

That was some beautiful scene when we stripped and got on his big bed. It must have lasted an hour and a half. We both dropped about three loads apiece. First time I'd ever seen a guy who unloaded as much cum as I do.

I gave him a hot blow job first, jacked him off second, and gave him an even hotter suck off at the end. And man, he could deliver too. Knelt between my legs and gave my cock a really juicy workout. A long, slow, fantastic suck that had me ready to climb the walls.

We heated up that camper several more times before September. Now that he's away we exchange letters once in awhile. He's a New York State Trooper but a damn nice one to have on our side.

Every three weeks I spend 10 days travelling through Massachusetts, Southern New Hampshire, and part of Connecticut. I'm damn hot for groovey action. But aside from the Boston baths, where can I find it? Any information at all will be mighty appreciated.

"He Dropped His Pants and I Began to Suck"

MASSACHUSETTS — I was in one of those all night supermarkets last week around 2 A.M. and there was almost no one there but the stock boys. I went to the dairy section and there was a stud around 25-26 marking yogurt. A big, muscular, Italian type, dark skin, long hair. He was wearing a pair of cut-off Levis, sneakers, no sox, and an orange, sleeveless sweat-shirt. As I passed him it was necessary for him to step up on a skid to let me by. I walked under his arms and as I did I could smell his armpit aroma. It was strong as hell; he'd probably worked at a regular job before coming in to do the stockboy job.

I was hot for him and looked him over good. When I came back he did the same thing — got up on a skid to let me pass, because the cartons were piled up with only a narrow aisle to walk through. I brushed against him. He looked at me and didn't say anything. I made an excuse to stay a minute and finally he walked back to the corner and stood on a skid looking at me, pretending to open a carton.

I walked over and stood looking at him. We were hidden by cartons from the rest of the store. He gave his wad a squeeze, then grinned. I moved closer. He put one foot on the edge of a counter and stood pretending to look at a price book. I could look up the pants leg of his spread legs and see his joint. It was getting hard. I just stood there and watched it get hard, knowing it was my stare that was making it get hard. It was a big, uncut hunk of Italian salami.

When I moved even closer he yanked his pants leg aside and showed me his whole cock.

"Like what you see?" he asked. "If you want to swing give me $5." I said O.K. and he sat on the box so he could see if anyone came. I got down and started to blow him. He sure smelled like a goat between his legs.

He saw someone coming so he moved off and put his tool away. After they left he said to come into the back room. He would watch through the little window. He dropped his pants and I began to suck again.

He turned around and said, "Lick my asshole a little, faggot." I ate his dirty, hairy asshole and loved it. He could only take it a minute and yanked me away and told me to suck his joint. I barely got on it before he blasted a gut-full.

When he was through unloading he pulled his pants up and pushed me away and said to go back behind the cartons. He stood where he could watch for people and told me to take my joint out and bust my nuts so he could watch. I asked him to take his sweat-shirt off and let me see his muscles. When he laid the shirt down I grabbed it, started sniffing it, pounded my meat, and looked at him. He put his hand out and said, "Come on, you fuckin' cocksucker, let it squirt in my hand." I sure did. I overshot his hand and my wad hit his leg and went up his forearm and filled his hand. He watched me squirt my load, then wiped his hands on his shirt.

I asked him if he had another shirt in back and he said no, but would get a T-shirt from the rack nearby. I asked for his sweat-shirt and he said I can have it for another $5. So I grabbed it.

He said he had to take a piss and get back to work. I said let me have it. Man, did that blow his mind. He said, "You mean drink it? Are you fuckin' nuts?" I said no, I want a taste. He stood up and took a look around, then pulled his pants leg aside and said try it. So I got down, but he couldn't get started so I

took my mouth off it and he finally got going. It was hot and strong as hell. I took it all and he was really shook up.

I made a fast exit. The stink in that shirt of his has gotten me off a good many times already.

S/M: "I Think It Was The Humiliation..."

CALIFORNIA — I once went to this Master's house and arrived at exactly 8 p.m. as he had instructed. I knelt in front of his door before I rang the bell. He opened the door and without saying a word he buckled a heavy, leather collar with a chain attached around my neck and made me crawl into his apartment.

He told me to strip down to my jockey shorts. He went out of the room while I took off my boots and Levis.

He came back in and buckled some heavy, leather restraining cuffs around my wrists and legs.

There were a pair of chains mounted on rings and hooks in the ceiling and secured again at the floor. They were spaced about three feet apart. He made me stand between the chains and he fastened my arms up as high as possible. Then he made me spread my legs and fastened my ankles to the chains at the bottom. I was spread-eagled in mid-air just wearing my collar and jockey shorts.

It was then that I realized there were some other guys hiding in the next room. He had them come out and, My God, there were five of them. All studs. One black. He walked over to me and took hold of my nipples and pulled until I screamed. That seemed to turn them all on and the next thing I knew he had torn off my jockey shorts and I was hanging there bare-assed at the mercy of six hunky studs.

They worked on my body for awhile. Not too wild, thank God. Just enough to keep me as horny as I've ever been and they were all stripped down in various degrees. Some just wearing boots, some just had their Levis down around their thighs so they could jackoff their cocks and show off their big pairs of swinging balls.

After awhile they took me down from the chains and tied me spread-eagled to the floor. They all stood around me in a ring, with their half-hard cocks pointed at my helpless body, and started to piss. I couldn't believe what was happening. It was so foul and degrading. All six emptied their piss on me and then stomped off to the other room for more beer.

Finally, one of them let me up and dried the piss off and took me to a special table they had and tied me face down with a pillow under my groin so that my ass was really up in the air at just the right angle for them to mount me. They took turns fucking me in the ass. Also in the mouth. Some fucked me three times and I had to suck their dicks each time before they rammed it up my ass again. The black dude shot three loads in me without ever taking his prick out. Wow. I had only heard of that—never experienced it.

After they finally got as much of me as they wanted, they put me back on the upright chains and made me jackoff until I shot my wad while they laughed and joked about what a hot piece of ass I was. I think it was the humiliation that finally brought my most satisfying orgasm I ever had.

Man would I dig having a gang of dudes for another session like that!

Father Knows Best

NEW ORLEANS — By the age of 12 I was heavily addicted to jacking off and somewhat worried. I was greatly relieved when—after some deft questioning—my father reassured me that all boys and men jack off and that I should feel free to enjoy it. In fact he admitted that he "sometimes still did it."

I knew this from peeking through his keyhole. Many times I saw his hand caressing his cock, working back his foreskin. He enjoyed a prolonged jack off. He wasn't so interested in coming as in the pleasure itself.

By the time I was 14 my cock had grown and I was well into the prolonged jack off I'd learned from looking through my father's keyhole.

One day I was jacking off in the tub when Dad knocked on the door and said he had to take a shit. My cock was stiff and the head was red but I was not embarrassed because we'd had our talk about it, so I got up and let him in.

I told him I hadn't come yet. He said to go ahead and come or I'd have lover's nuts. I knelt in the tub and started jacking off. My Dad watched. Finally he sat forward on the toilet seat and exposed his own hard on. He said the sight and sound of my jacking off had made him hot. I was surprised and delighted at his openness with me. He jacked off too. I loved watching the foreskin open and close around the head of his cock at such close range.

I heard my Mother fixing dinner in the kitchen and the taboo of it all made it even more exciting. My Dad's only cautionary word when we'd first talked about it was not to let Mother catch me because "women don't understand these things."

A lot of men don't either. It's best to play around with those who do.

Pretty soon I was having fantasies about sucking on my Dad's cock and having him fuck me. I was surprised once when, as I spied through the keyhole, he stuck a finger up his ass. He used no lubricant—not even spit—and that's what surprised me. After that I had fantasies of fucking him in his asshole.

One afternoon when he was in the tub I used the same excuse he'd used to gain admittance to this little pleasure palace—I claimed I had to take a shit. When he let me in his cock was sticking out hard. Rather than going through the pretence of having to take a shit I walked up to him and took his cock in my hand. He was surprised and made a move to remove my hand but by this time my hand was bringing such pleasure to his cock he couldn't resist. His hand fell to his side and he let me pump his dick. I worked on it very well. I could easily tell when he was close to unloading—his knees bent a little—so I would stop then and play with his nuts to prolong our pleasure. Finally, red-faced, he asked me to finish him off. I guess he couldn't stand it any longer. His wad hit the back wall and the come dripped down the tile. From now on, he made no attempt to be modest in front of me, as before. Before, if I found an excuse to go into his bedroom when he was playing with himself, he would draw up the covers and pretend he hadn't been doing it. Now, having played with his cock myself, I could go into his bedroom on some pretext and he would continue to fondle and caress his hard on right in front of me, with no embarrassment. I loved watching him so much that it put him further at ease.

And when I found excuses to go into the bathroom now when he was in there he let me have his cock without resistance.

My mother needed an operation which kept her in a hospital for over a

week. On our first night alone in the house, nothing happened between Dad and me. But we had our doors open and when he passed by he could easily see me playing with myself. And since he was bareassed it was as easy to see that he was half-hard and ready.

On the second night he approached me. I was playing in my bed and he came into my room with a stiff prick swaying. He knelt on the floor by my bed and said he owed me a favor. He played with my cock, causing me an agony of pleasure. I shot my wad up to my shoulder and he complimented me on the size of the load. As he sat on the bed cleaning my come off my body with a towel, I played with his cock and balls. I jacked his cock for five minutes and he said he didn't want to come yet. After another half-hour of playing with his cock and balls off and on, he asked me if I'd like to sleep with him that night. The answer was yes. I joined him naked in his bed.

I'd started playing with him at nine o'clock; it was midnight when he finally shot his load. I sat on the bed facing him, with his legs on either side of me so that all of his parts were abandoned to me. He didn't have to ask for a thing. We hardly spoke at all. I knew what to do. For the last hour, he lay back with his eyes closed, enjoying it. When he finally shot off, he moaned and writhed around and buried his face in a pillow. I straddled him, sitting on his stomach, and jacked off as he propped his head up to watch me. He caressed my legs and ass. I shot off on his chest.

In the morning I had his cock hard in no time. Although he had to go to work, he let me play with him while he drank his morning coffee and brushed his teeth and shaved. After he rinsed the lather off his face he asked me to make him come so he could go to work. That night he jacked me twice to repay me.

After Mother returned, we had to go back to bathroom meetings, an occasional meeting in the garage, sometimes in the car on a lonely dark street. Once while swimming in a lake, far away from the others, we jacked each other off under the water. Another time we did it in a highway men's room. I was dying to suck on his cock and have him fuck me but after I'd cautiously talked about these things I gathered that my father considered them "homosexual," whereas hand jobs were O.K. On overnight fishing trips we had prolonged sessions playing with each other. We didn't have "quickies." We enjoyed prolonging it. I know he enjoyed giving me pleasure as much as he enjoyed taking it from me. As long as I lived with him I had a good hot jack off buddy. At 21, I got my own apartment and started a homosexual life of my own. On several occasions my Father would find an excuse to spend the night in my apartment and we'd have about three hours of prick pleasure through mutual jack offs.

The last time we did it I was 26 and Dad was 52 (when we started this I was 14 and Dad 40). We'd attended a stag party for a friend who was getting married and some fuck movies were shown. Dad drove me home and I said I could sure use a helping hand that night. I groped him and he decided to come up. He didn't think he could come that night but after he started playing with me he got hot and took his clothes off. He played with me about an hour and a half as we discussed the movies we'd seen at the stag party. About one o'clock I shot my wad and Dad wanted to go home but I talked him into staying. I said I'd call Mom and explain that he'd had too much to drink so I'd brought him home. At two o'clock he got his nuts off and we fell asleep. In the morning we didn't jack off again but we felt of each other's cocks and nuts and fondled them as we had coffee in the kitchen nude.

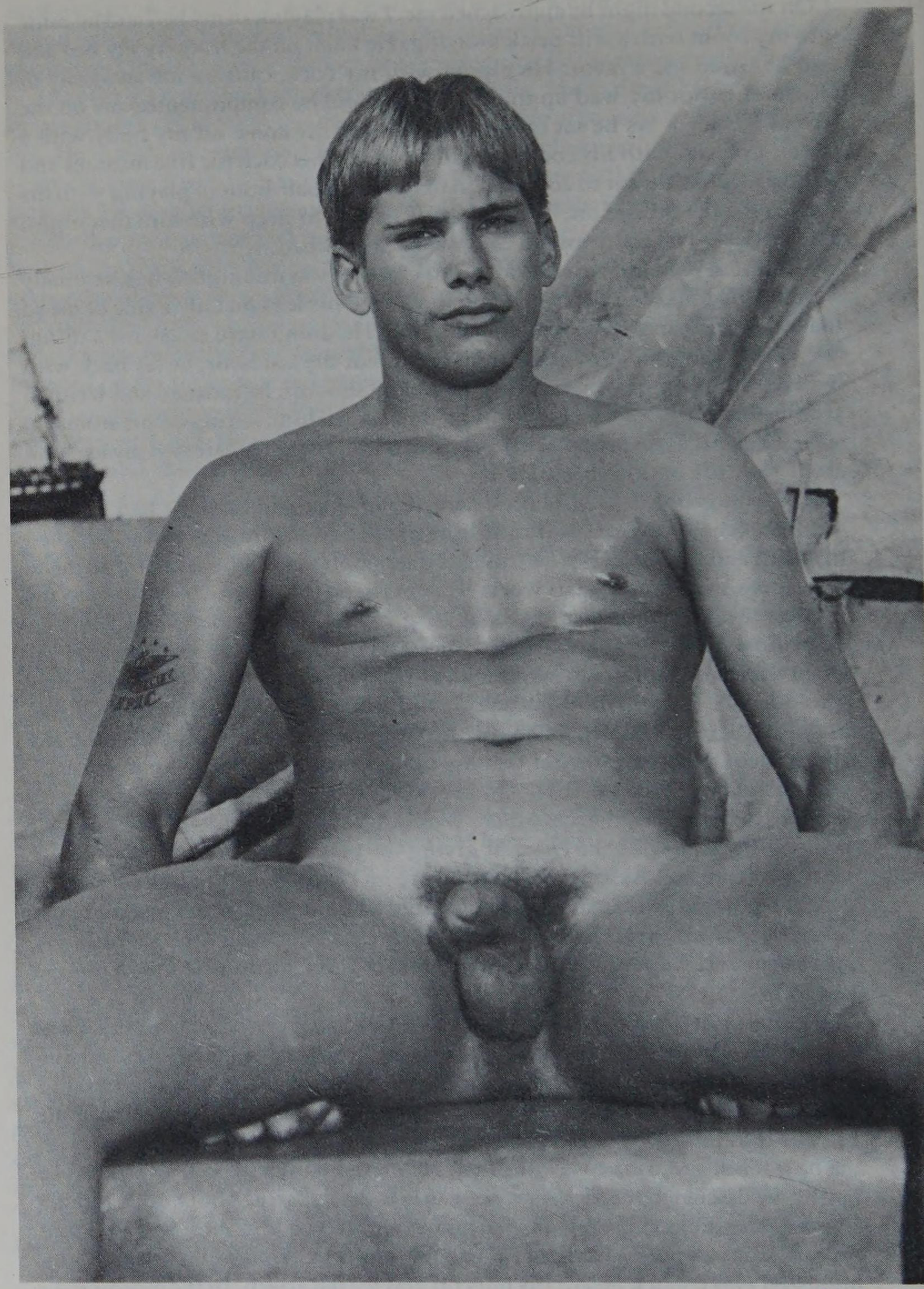


Photo: AMG

Glory Hole Cruisin'

PENNSYLVANIA — Glory Hole #5 — Union 76 Truckstop near Atlanta. No sooner had Number 6 left and someone else took a seat on the crapper in the next booth. It was past 3 a.m. and there were nothing but truckers, and it was pretty obvious who the new guy next to me was. I could see one of those belt buckles with the truck on it as he dropped his pants and sat down. He leaned back and played with his slowly stiffening uncut meat and I beckoned with my finger at the hole. He quickly stood up and plopped his half-hard cock and nuts through the large hole for me to take care of. I teased the man's cock for awhile, as he pressed against the partition. He clung to the top. I could see his square-tipped fingers clinging to the top and his scuffed work shoes at the bottom — nothing more of him except that big tool, its head half exposed through the foreskin.

I sniffed around his hairy balls, taking a deep breath of that strong manly aroma so different from other parts of a man's body. I licked the tip of his dick, then slowly unsheathed the head, tasting the salty-pissy taste of the cock head.

He groaned and pressed harder against the wall. I felt his tool stiffen and the contractions started as it grew steel-hard in my throat and slowly began to squirt thick cum. Jet after jet.

Eventually it stopped and he pulled his meat from my mouth and pulled up his pants and left.

No sooner did he leave than someone else entered. This new guy had apparently been watching from the outer room, where the washbasins were, because he closed the door and pulled his prick out already stiff and shoved it through the hole.

"Blow me, Buddy, fast; I ain't got much time," he mumbled, and I took his cut meat in my mouth. I guess I was too good because I had no sooner started, barely got the taste off it, when he groaned loud and slammed against the partition and his cock started to yield a load of thick, musky-tasting juice. It wasn't the usual frantic squirting but a gentle flow of hot cum that just oozed out, filling my mouth. He pulled his prick out and hurried away.

It was several minutes before anyone else came in. This time it was a tall, lean man with a white crew cut. His tough, hard body belied his age, which was mid '50s.

He leaned back and unfastened his tailored Western shirt. He rubed his hand up and down his chest, winked at me through the hole, and beckoned me with his finger. I stuffed my dick through the hole and he worked on it very thoroughly until I was nearly wild. Then I yanked it back before he could drain my nuts. He stood up and pushed his prick through. He had a long, lean uncut cock and a heavy set of nuts.

I reached through under his nuts and found his hot asshole, sweaty and ready for a good workout. I sucked my finger and replaced it in his stinking, hot asshole. I worked on him until he drew back and leaned down.

"Kid, want to come out to my truck? I got a bunk where we can do it right. It's the red and white REO on the end."

I told him yes. I went out to the parking lot and soon Slim came out. He reminded me of a tough old hardpan prospector or cowboy. One of the cowboy types in a Bill Hampton painting of the old West.

He sure did prove that age and experience sure do go hand in hand. The old boy wore me out!

Interview:
There Ain't No Such Thing as Straight

[The respondent has a seven-inch dick. He is 22 years old, black, an ex-Marine, now a college student (accounting). He characterizes himself as "very easy to get along with although I am aggressive."]

What do you think about when you jack off? Having a big juicy white cock in my mouth or up my ass.

How often do you jack off? At least once a day.

What is your favorite kind of sex? Sucking dick. Getting fucked is a close second.

What is the best sex scene you ever had? I was fucked 13 times at the baths one night. Some of the guys line up in order to get a piece of my ass. At the end of the evening my fucking ass is sore but I like that kind of soreness.

Do you like complete blow jobs? When I suck, I suck everything. I give a guy a complete tongue bath. I go from top to bottom, front to back. I do a lot of ass-licking.

What is the biggest number of cocks you ever sucked in one day? I have sucked 14 in a six-hour period at the baths. Even the 14 cocks weren't enough. I wanted more.

What is the biggest prick you ever sucked? I know a white stud whose cock is 13 inches long and about 2½ inches thick. He's a carpenter and he sure knows how to use his tool. He's 6'4" tall.

What is the youngest guy you ever sucked? A 16-year-old black guy. He looked older than he was. If I had known his age I wouldn't have gone down on him. I'm not a chicken fancier.

What is the biggest number of cocksuckers that ever sucked you off in one day? One in the morning and one in the afternoon. Both blow jobs took place in a men's room at school. This men's room is a notorious gay spot on campus.

How many assholes have you fucked? A few. Not nearly enough.

Do you like the taste of men's bodies? Yes. I love it.

Washed or unwashedf? I especially love the taste of unwashed dicks, groins and assholes.

Are you cut or uncut? Uncut. I have loose foreskin; it does not totally cover the head of my dick.

Do you prefer cut or uncut cock? I really don't give a fuck.

Have you ever swallowed piss? I've swallowed a lot. Strong, yellow piss. Just about every guy I've ever sucked has given me piss to drink directly from his cock. I like to drink piss and I like to be pissed on. A few guys have even pissed up my ass.

Do you like to smell and taste your partner's clothes? I am really turned on to smelling and tasting men's underpants. I really love the smell and taste of a man. When the smell and taste of a guy's piss, cum, and shit are on his shorts it drives me absolutely insane. I have a collection of funky Jockey shorts and jock straps given to me by some of the guys I've sucked.

Do you like name-calling in sex? Yes. I've heard "Suck me, you bastard" a few times when I was down on my knees blowing a guy.

What kind of partners do you like: homosexual, "straight," or what? Homosexual or bisexual, married or not. There ain't no such thing as "straight."

Do you prefer nude sex? I prefer it during private sex but I do a lot of cocksucking in toilets. I do get turned on seeing a dick hanging out of a fly in a men's room.

Do you like glory holes? Yes. Unfortunately I only know of two of them here in Cleveland.

What would be your ideal sex life? I'd love to have two men for each hour of the day. One guy's dick would be shoved up my ass and the other's dick would be in my mouth. Two different ones for every goddam hour of the day.

Do you prefer big cocks? I like them if I can have them up my ass. I like to *feel* them in my ass.

Do you prefer young guys? No. No one under 21. I like them between 25 and 55.

Do you like the taste of cum? You bet I do.

Do you like jock straps? Yes. Jock straps appeal to me because of the thought that some guy has sweat in them, dropped piss in them, and maybe leaked cum in them.

Describe any sex you had in the service. When I was in boot camp there was another guy in my platoon who was known to be "queer." This guy loved to get fucked and when he was in the mood he would pass the word that there would be a "full moon" out after the lights went out. We'd take him in a little room off the john and fuck him all night long. Sometimes when his "moon" wasn't out mine was. I was the "dark moon." I had myself a fucking good time in boot camp.

Have you realized or fulfilled yourself? No, but I feel certain that I'll make it. At any rate I don't worry about it. I have peace of mind. I rarely ever worry about things I can't change.

Is the social attitude towards homosexuals a handicap? I personally don't feel that society has damaged my confidence. I have always known who I am and what I am. No social attitude could ever make me change or lose my self confidence.

Where and how do you meet partners? At the baths, in toilets, on the streets. I usually do the seducing by staring at him or trying to involve him in conversation. I don't waste too much time; I try to get right down to the fundamentals of what I want. Most of the guys who frequent the places I frequent know that I'm a cocksucker anyway, so less time is wasted.

Do you like love affairs? I was in "love" once. It didn't work. I was 19 years old. Our relationship lasted about eight months. He found someone he liked better and let me go. I've had long sex affairs. The longest lasted three years. He had lots of sex with other guys. So did I.

Is the word "gay" O.K. with you? No.

How often do you think about sex? All goddam day long. I think about sucking dick. I get this way because I see a lot of pretty faces. I wonder what some guy's dick is like and if he'd like me to suck on it. Most of my hard ons are automatic. My dick gets hard when I think about my cocksucking.

What's your attitude toward male whores? I don't need them.

How do you feel about "straights"? They're psychologically impotent.

Do you think homosexuals have more balls than "straights" because they operate on their own strength rather than with the support of society? Yes. Right on.

Do you drink much? Not at all. There is nothing like having one's senses free and clear and in working order.

Describe your boyhood athletic experiences. As a boy my athletic experiences were all failures. Lately I have become quite a sports freak. I love to play baseball and I go to baseball games. I like basketball and bowling. I hate football.

What are your interests in life? Other than cocksucking and being screwed, I like reading, sports, all kinds of music. I play the piano. I have been playing for 12 years. I enjoy playing some of Chopin, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky. I like to do the best I can in everything I do, especially when it comes to cocksucking (which is truly an art).

Reader Finds Romance Between Seaman's Thighs

NEW JERSEY — Was roaming around the docks in Brooklyn around the Gowanus Canal and happened to find a merchant marine hanging around Ft. Hamilton Avenue looking like he needed company. I stopped and offered him a ride, as it was raining, and he was more than willing. A good-looking guy, medium build, with that tough-looking hide that was weathered and healthy looking. And the biggest, bluest eyes I'd seen in awhile.

He was working on an oil tanker and started to tell about his worldwide adventures since he was a kid. A gentle feel of his leg got a willing reply and we found a nice location to park my camper. And there we were three and a half hours.

He was dressed in snug brown cord and high tan work shoes and a shirt that smelled of goof—a strong man smell. His body was very lean and hard. His cock was one of those long skinny deals with the large lollipop head.

He had a pint of whiskey with him and took a drink. Then I stripped him down, doing the whole smell and lick routine, driving him mad. He remarked that I could drive 20 men cuckoo. We kissed and hugged and he started to suck and I knew that sailor had been around. He was some lover.

I took it up the ass and then ate my way into him. By the time my tongue was done I had his hole wide open and his legs around my neck. But I was so fucking hot I just pushed my dick in all the way and wham, I shot my wad and fell off exhausted.

More kissing and soon he finished off the whiskey and like a true sailor was not drunk and only hornier. His cock shot a wad and remained hot and hard. He popped again down my throat and took care of my cock again. Then we talked.

He told me about various ports of call. Those who think hot, horny sailors fuck and suck on shipboard are wrong. It's mostly cards and booze and hard work. But at the ports of call he was a sexpot.

Well, I fucked him again and then took his piss. This was new to him and it really turned him on. On and on we went until we were exhausted. Finally he said he had to get back to the ship.

I felt like some sort of World War II actress doing a grade B war movie: after a wild weekend and falling in love, there I stand at the wharf waving goodbye to a sailor I'd never see again.

Anyway I won't forget him for awhile and I guess the feeling was mutual.

The Texas Kid

I love doing dirty things to real masculine, good-looking young studs. Please I'm thirsty. Piss—please piss in my fuckin' mouth. I also like to lick a dirty asshole. I love to suck an unwashed cock that isn't cut. Love to pull the foreskin back and eat that dried cum and piss.

I have a roommate who is a truck driver and oh man do I get it on with him and his buddies when they get back to town. Their assholes are all sweaty and smelly from sitting for hours. As soon as they come home I kneel and smell their crotch with their jeans on. Then they strip and I have to give both of them complete tongue baths. They make me pay special attention to their shitholes. My roommate loves to stick his finger up his shithole and then make me suck his finger. They also put me in the bath tub and give me a piss shower and make me drink their lovely piss. My drinks are brandy—one shot and the rest piss. They stir my drinks with their cocks.

Many times my roommate will fuck one of his truck driver friends and then make me eat his cum out of his friend's asshole. Around the house he never lets me wear any clothes. He wears an old smelly jock strap which he pisses through and makes me suck on it. The other day he brought four truck drivers home with him. Man did I get a working over. My cock, ass and mouth and tongue are still sore.

At meal time the gravy for my potatoes is usually a big load of his cum or if we have his friends there they all jack off on my potatoes and watch me eat it.

Whenever he brings someone home to fuck I have to get the guy's ass ready by eating his asshole and then when he is done fucking I have to lick his dick clean and also eat the cum out of the hole he fucked.d

I don't know what I'd do if I lost my truck driving roommate.

This is all true and more.

Really dig your paper.

Thanks,

I've written before.

Texas Kid

Hams at the Supermarket

MANHATTAN — At the Finast on 57th Street & Ninth Avenue, I saw Ethel Merman, who looked very good, and also an even better sight. While wandering along the meat counter, I suddenly found a perfect pair of human hams practically in my face. They belonged to a member of the lower classes (and you know what fun they are, at least in bed) who was standing on a step ladder, his butt at my mouth level. I immediately thought how nice it would be to kiss the seat of his tight pants, right on the seam, which clung to the crack of his ass. (It's important to have adequate cleavage in an ass.) My head may involuntarily have moved closer a fraction of an inch; I don't know. I looked up at his face, and as often happens, it was considerably less interesting than his best feature, his hind end. But, our culture being what it is, I bought some other cut of meat and went home.

R.O.T.C. Student Wants Ass Kissed

FROM A CLERGYMAN — I love the sight of a nice curved ass, especially under a uniform. Several years back I visited my old high school and watched an R.O.T.C. parade. Those cocky young guys in their just-pressed uniforms looked good. Especially the senior captain. I made a deliberate point of staring at him and his groin (even though I'm an ass man). He was much sharper that I was at his age and he quickly sized me up. He came over to me later and asked for a light. He stayed for some idle conversation. Again I made a point of staring at his groin. I straightened his tie and—since he hadn't objected to my staring at his groin—I let my hand slide down and touch it. We talked a long time and worked out a game which would satisfy his needs and mine without making him feel like a "fag." That Saturday morning he showed up at my house in his tight R.O.T.C. uniform. I received him, as we had agreed, in high heels and long black stockings held in place by a garter belt. I am not a drag queen and don't get any turn-on by dressing up this way, but my young friend had wanted an "old whore," so I obliged. Even though it was early in the morning, I served him beer and lit his cigarette. He walked around quite a bit at first, allowing me the pleasure of staring at his uniformed body. He was proud of it. He liked being stared at. He removed his coat. Then, rather than squat down to check out some records, he deliberately bent over while standing up, the better to display his beautiful buns. I placed my hand in his crack and gently caressed him. He dropped into a chair. With the aid of some records, I went through a crude dance for him, gyrating and twisting and thrusting out my groin. He undid his tie. Soon he had just his pants on. He made lewd remarks about me and whores and cunts. He stood up, looked at me, grinning from ear to ear, his bulge straining against the fly of his pants, and said, "Kiss my ass, cunt." Immediately I knelt behind him and pressed my face into the seat of his pants. He loosened them and I helped pull them down. He wore no underpants. I buried my face between his ass cheeks, enjoying the beautiful smell and taste of his asshole. He let loose a tremendous fart—my great weakness. About two hours later, and after three explosions from his cock, we rested.

For the entire year, I saw him almost every Saturday. He learned to enjoy pissing in my mouth and all over me. Sometimes he had me lick his ass clean after he took a crap. For about two months I also played whore to two of his equally foul-mouthed but younger buddies, Freshmen. I was his personal whore so he charged them a dollar a lay. They, he and I all enjoyed it. He loved to swear and fart in my face and play the big stud with me as his old whore. He should be 23 or 24 now and a gorgeous big hunk, still dying to have his ass licked no doubt. I will always remember him more as a boy trying to act like a man, smoking cigars, drinking beer, using me to express his hatred (or fear) of both women and homosexuals. As for me, to see a beautiful body is beautiful, but to feel him, taste him and smell him, all of him, even his asshole's natural perfume, is a thrill beyond description, even beyond photography. I may be getting old but I have not lost my talent for making an insecure man feel secure. How I'd love to have some swaggering, foul-mouthed uniformed guy here today, telling me to kiss his ass.

Photo: AMG

"I've Been Looking Forward to This All Day"

MISSOURI — It was an uncle of mine who initiated me to the joys of a big hard cock. God, I wonder how many went this route—uncles, fathers, brothers, etc. We were having a family picnic in a park. My uncle and I were sitting alone at a picnic table secluded by bushes. He started by playing with my hand and then lowered my hand onto a big lump in his groin. He told me to squeeze. Much to my surprise I felt the lump jerk, get bigger and harder. I knew it felt good to him for when I stopped squeezing he would coax me to keep up the hand work. Finally he sat astraddle the seat of the table with me sitting between his legs. He lay back on the seat and I continued massaging the huge mound in his pants. "You better keep your eyes open and if you see anybody coming you be sure to let me know," he said. With that he hiked his T-shirt up a bit and as he lay all stretched out he undid the catch of his pants and opened up his fly. The dark pink head of his cock stuck up beyond the top of his briefs. I saw the elastic band of his briefs roll back the foreskin, revealing a plum-shaped tip that was wet and shiny. He pulled his briefs down and hooked the elastic band under his balls.

I was taken by surprise and entranced by the huge prick. The thing stood up and out from a bed of dark brown groin hair. I couldn't quite believe what I saw. It was the first time I'd ever seen an adult cock. I never knew such maleness existed. He showed me how to work my hand up and down on his cock, rolling the foreskin back and forward. His cock was alive, jumping in my hand.

Then he said, "Suck it." I shook my head no. I just kept playing with it. Again he said, "Suck it." He pleaded: "Come on. Just once." Still I wouldn't. But he kept at me. "If you suck it a few times I'll take you on the merry-go-round." This time when he pushed on my head I didn't resist so much. He held my head down to his groin, raised his ass up, and his cock went in my mouth. It stretched my mouth open—it was that big. I was surprised that it didn't taste bad. A warm, salty taste.

I took a few sucks and stopped. "Come on," he said. "Some more." He held my head down and this time kept me busy.

I reared up. My jaws ached and I needed a rest. After I had my breath back he asked, "Anything coming?" I answered no. "Come on," he said, "suck some more." I bent down and this time got much of his cock in my mouth. "Watch out for your teeth," he said. "Open wider." I rested again but kept on massaging his cock. When he thought I had enough rest to catch my breath he'd say "Suck" and I would suck away.

After a time I felt his cock stiffen and swell even more. "Take it, take it," he cried, and I felt something warm fill my mouth as he thrust his cock in my mouth. I swallowed my first load of hot come but did not know what it actually was. A few rides on the merry-go-round eased my aching jaws and the Life Savers sweetened the taste in my mouth.

I gave a promise not to tell what had happened. I couldn't get that big prick of his out of my mind. I found myself wanting to play with it and suck on it. About a week or two later I got to suck it again. He had a family barbecue and sat me on his lap. No one knew I had a handful of cock I was playing with.

"I've been looking forward to this all day," he told me. "How about you and me going to the basement and having some fun?" I was eager. He had me go into the house first and then he followed. He sat me on a stool, stood in front of

me, and had me unzip his pants and pull them down to his knees. Then I pulled his briefs down and that big cock was in my face. He had me lick his balls while I massaged his cock. He put a hand on each side of my head and held it steady as he fucked me in the mouth. "Open wider," he told me. "The teeth, the teeth."

This time the rest periods were shorter; he was really in heat. He had me lick his entire cock, from the base to the tip. I really enjoyed it this time — the taste, the smell, his words that encouraged me so.

He stopped fucking my mouth and let me work my head on my own — a slow, easy pace. I felt his knees give a little and he held my head in place while he filled my mouth with come.

I sucked my uncle's cock many, many times. Sometimes it was quite regular and then there would be stretches of no contact at all. But he was really one of the beautiful people in my life.

He Kept Hitting Me With His Big Cock

Editor's note: After hairdressers, cops are probably the most homosexual group in America. Most cops, especially the Irish Catholics, hide their homosexuality under a swinish abuse of homosexuals. But some—like those in these true stories—play the part of trade and others are hot cocksuckers.

TEXAS — I'm a nursing supervisor at a hospital in Texas. I'd like to tell you about my experience with a policeman. We had a patient come to our emergency room brought by the police after an accident. This young good-looking blond police officer wanted to go into the room to question the patient. I refused to let him until we were finished with his treatment. He became very upset and we had an argument. Of course I won. I reported him to his superior.

Two nights later when I got off work, waiting by my car was this police officer. He said he was sorry for his actions of the other night and wanted to know if I wanted to go someplace and have some coffee. I said no thank you, I was sorry but I was having some friends over. I invited him to stop by my apartment after he was off duty if he wanted to. I gave him my address.

As it turned out my friends left before the police officer showed up. He had been drinking and started in on who in the fuck did I think I was reporting him to his supervisor. I asked him to please leave. He said I'll leave when I finish with you. He told me that all male nurses were queers and that I better get down on my knees and suck his cock. Man I really wanted that bulge in his pants. But I said fuck no I'm no queer and please leave. He unzipped his pants and pulled out a 9" uncut hard cock and then grabbed me and pushed me to the floor. He kept calling me a cocksucker and hitting me across the face with his big cock. Then he put his cock in my mouth and grabbed me by the back of my head and *made* me suck him off.

After he finished he told me that I better keep my mouth shut if I knew what was good for me. A week later, I'd thought of him every night, I was on my way home and this police car was following me. I was really scared. He pulled me over and came up to my car and got in. I could see the bulge in his pants. He said he was sorry for the way he had treated me and that he really enjoyed the suck job I had given him and wanted to know if he could stop over after he got off duty. Man what a time I've had since.

Book Review: Succulent Swine

Nudism! — no wonder they were eager to join the Hitler Youth. Nudism was one of its attractions, Herr Koch writes, and goes on: "The escape from parental authority was bound to bring to the fore ... the rediscovery of ... the physical beauty of man's body, thus breaking the taboo which had surrounded the entire problem of sexuality ... Freud's theories had little to do with this, for Germany's youth ... needed no scientific theory to recognize what was *so patently obvious* [italics mine]. The call to the return to nature was bound to produce the ultimate confrontation between the individual and his own sexuality." Fine, great, it sounds like the beginning of a beautiful, bareassed idyl. But there Koch drops the subject, never to take it up again. His *The Hitler Youth* ($12.95; Stein and Day), then, is less a complete history of these gorgeous goons than a series of lost opportunities for Hard-Ons. Koch writes about "sabre-rattling," but what — especially in a nudist camp! — about Dick-Waving? He says the Nazi youth discovered new folklore; did they not also discover new things to do with their own, *and each others'*, peters? They embraced naked Nazi aggression against vulnerable territories; did they not also embrace Naked Nazis? In groping for peace of mind, did they never grope for a Piece of Ass? Was it just a taste of adventure they wanted, or did they also want a taste of Kock-Kream? Herr Koch writes of "the deep cleavage running through the German people," never mentioning the cleavage — just as deep and of far greater import — running through the youths' silken, hairless Butts. The same with the older group, the *Hitler Jugend* (aged 14-18): "The line dividing the youth leagues and party youth became very blurred indeed." But the same could be said — and is conspicuously left unsaid — about the line dividing these older boys' Asses, once clean cut, now blurred by developing Asshole Hairs. The politicians of the Weimar Republic, Koch writes, failed "to elicit any spark of excitement among its youth." But their failure was as nothing compared to Koch's failure to mention that an experienced tongue, licking the maddening nerves of the young Nazis' nuts, could instantly have produced this excitement. It is not surprising that a man who can write of the "distress" among Germans within the Reich without mentioning the distress between their Legs can also quote the following description —

> ...pervaded by something irrational, infectious, which brings the blood into motion and induces the feeling that something really great was about to happen, a forceful current...

— without any awareness that it is a better description of a Hard-On than it is of what Koch uses it to describe (Hitler Youth propaganda). There is, finally, no excuse for his reticence about the youths' behavior while bathing and at Circle Jerks. Their Underpants, never once mentioned, are alone worth a paragraph as fat as their Teutonic little Keesters. Perhaps they didn't wear any; with their outer shorts already as short as decent people's undershorts, what sort of raunchy little rags *could* they have worn under them? Whatever they wore, I dare say their pants were tainted with Encrusted Urine Deposits and Embarrassing Faecal Stains. Use new FAB with lemon freshened borax, the FABulous new wash-day product that loves to eat out Encrusted Urine Deposits and Embarrassing Faecal Stains. Try some today; you'll love its lemony goodness. The Fly and Seat of your Jockeys will be the envy of every boy in the locker room.

But I digress. It is only by reading between the lines that one can even picture the youths' roseate Ass-Slits (for they *are* Slits, properly, not Assholes, as is vulgarly supposed. They become Holes only when they adapt to a fat, round Object inserted in them. But I don't propose to go into *that* here; there is a time and a place for everything). I, for one, doubt that the Hitler Youth washed these secrets Slits, with their faint yet recognizable Aroma, as frequently as they might have. *The dirty little things!* As dirty, I dare say, as their political — well, feelings (I can hardly call them thoughts). But the Nazi Youth are embarrassingly like our own, be they the white collar-white trash of West Point or the poor slobs who went to 'Nam. As for the civilians, Saddy nite I seen a fat brat whose T-shirt bore the legend, SIT ON IT. This is Staten Island sophistication (or was it the Borough of Queens). But in reality the boy's a Puritan. He would not dare to display so contemptuous a view of war and football as he does of sex. And this is boy-girl sex. In Greenwich Village, Tucson, and elsewhere, they are ganging up on, and occasionally killing, homosexuals. Two posters in a Catlick Yute Organization window tell the whole story graphically. One's for the Marines, one's for sports ("the fighting Irish"). No poster was needed for sex; we all know how Monty, the Pope, feels about that. His attitude is just an exaggeration of a common Protestant one: make war (or money), not love. The pathos of the great American middle-class is that they flee what they call the "niggers" of the city, only to discover, in the suburbs, that their own sons, in this pro-war, pro-football, anti-sex culture, are white trash. Only girls are "brought up" in this country, not boys; boys are encouraged to be boys and they never get over their childish lessons. When Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Cardinals Spellman and Cooke, and Adolf Hitler grew up, they gave us Buchenwald and Vietnam. The Hitler Youth, Koch writes, "were looking for a place where they could get together *with other boys* [italics mine] in exciting activities," and sure as hell found it; a Staten Island householder has just attributed the savage vandalism of his house by a group of "youths" to the fact that, "There's no place to go here, nothing for them to do. So they hang around and get beer and get into trouble." But *they* aren't the ones who get into trouble.

— Boyd McDonald

The Coach Who Liked Cock & The Archbishop Who Didn't

FROM A READER — One spring night, in the middle 50s, a television news announcer made a single statement on the late news that a noted high school football coach here had been arrested and charged with a "crime against nature." The only details were the name of the coach and his high school and the fact that he had been arrested with another man in a parked car in a very fashionable suburb.

The Archbishop (it was a Catholic high school) managed to suppress further newscasts and even managed to keep much of it out of the newspapers, but he had not been forewarned of the TV announcement.

Cops and detectives soon spread the story by word-of-mouth and within hours, every male in town had all the pertinent details. Eventually women pried information from their husbands as to exactly what happened.

It seems that this coach was extremely fond of having large cocks stuffed up his asshole. The man arrested with him was his black gardener. It was established that they'd been having sex together for quite some time, mostly in the basement of the coach's house, with the coach bending over a bench to facilitate entry into his hole.

At the time of the arrest, cops testified that they had seen a "suspicious looking" car parked by the side of the street in a neighborhood where street parking was unusual. Upon approaching the parked car they discovered the coach in the process of sucking on his gardener's cock while the gardener was busily working a huge church candle in and out of the coach's asshole. The candle was presented as evidence in court. According to rumor, the gardener testified that both of them were too big to have comfortable intercourse in the confined space of a car and it was decided to use the candle and sucking for the evening's fun. Their fuck date at home that evening had been cancelled by a gathering of family friends, so the two had resorted to the car.

The next morning the coach's two sons, aged 14 and 16, did not appear at school—the same school at which their father was football coach. Their books were collected by their teachers and they departed suddenly and mysteriously with their mother for Iowa, where a brother of the coach lived. Several weeks later, charges against the men were dropped and it was announced that the coach was being relieved of his position by the Archbishop in order to receive psychiatric help for a mental disorder. No mention was made in the newspapers of homosexuality or of the arrest. No further mention was ever made on TV news, either, proving that, at least in those days, the churches still wielded an awesome power. The announcer who "slipped" and "scooped" others was dismissed and moved west.

Great Moments In Glory Hole History

CANADA — I've sampled a lot of glory holes but the greatest glory hole in my memory was at Platsburg on Lake Champlain in New York State. It was at its peak about 1964. Then the holes began to be closed. The john itself was behind the bath house on the municipal beach. There were about 12 stalls with doors. The partitions were decorated with graffiti. There was a suck hole in each partition. A guy would come in wet from swimming in only his trunks and in seconds his nude glistening body was being displayed to the eye at the hole. Moments later his slick juicy rod would be thrust through the hole into the hungry mouth in the next booth.

It was possible to suck off all kinds of guys, including a lot of young guys, 14-16. In fact this place was so famous that guys would come from hundreds of miles away. As a kid I would come down from Montreal for the weekend—a mere 75 miles. Of course I could get sucked off myself as much as I could stand and I rarely sucked off less than 15-20 cocks if it was a hot summer's day.

One time I saw two young kids come in together and go into the booth adjoining mine. They were both still wet from the lake. They dropped their swim suits and played with each other's nuts. Then one shoved his dong through the hole into my mouth and his buddy put his dick through the hole in the other wall of their booth. When they had both finished shooting their wads they went back laughing to the lake.

Man those were great times.

Are Married Men Better Cocksuckers?

LOUISIANA. Had a call from a guy I haven't seen in about six months.He's married and has three children. Twenty years ago we used to get together for sex at least once weekly. He had the neediest asshole I ever saw. He was particularly needy this afternoon when he came visiting.

He excited me by telling me of an experience he'd had in Baton Rouge about two years ago when he was still traveling as a salesman. He met another salesman who took him to a small "club" of married guys who met at the home of a divorced lawyer. There were about 10 guys in the club and they usually met once a week. There was only one guy in the club who was really into his own asshole. The reason this other salesman brought my friend was that the other guys wanted a second hole to poke.

All of these guys were married professional men. One was a doctor, one a dentist, two or three were lawyers. Now and then one would bring a stranger to the party to provide some new meat.

My friend considers himself "straight." Who knows? This might be the best way for him to survive in this crazy world, so I say, let him think he's "straight" just so long as he keeps stuffing all kinds of cock up his hole.

He said the other guy who took it up the asshole remained on a sofa, dog-fashion, presenting his asshole to all who needed it, while my friend lay back on a coffee table with his legs up (his favorite position because cocks hit his prostate gland that way) and his fuckers knelt on the floor and he could rest his heels on their shoulders.

All of the guys were anxious to sink their cocks into the new hole, including the other anal erotic, who left his dog position only long enough to fuck my friend. Most of these guys prolonged their pleasure by not coming and my friend was in hog heaven; the longer they use his asshole the better he likes it.

One guy got out a can of Crisco and played with my friend's asshole while two guys sucked his nipples. Another sucked his cock. My friend got so carried away by the array of sensations that he yelled for some cock in his mouth. A guy soon obliged him by coming from behind and dropping his cock into my friend's yelling mouth. He had never been strong on cocksucking, though he would do it, but he admitted that he really enjoyed this particular cock in his mouth. Perhaps it was the four other pleasures he was enjoying at the same time, on his nipples, cock, and asshole.

After taking two other cocks up his asshole he had his eye on the biggest cock in the group—a nine incher, very fat. My friend was determined to outdo his only rival, who had tried several times unsuccessfully to take the fat prick up his butt. Roy, my friend, told the owner of the fat prick that he wanted it so they got on the floor. But Fat Prick wanted it sucked before he gave it to Roy up the ass. Roy has always been too macho about sucking, feeling (wrongly) that it is degrading. At first he declined to suck; the other guy seemed to be ordering him to suck and he didn't like it.

"O.K.," the guy said. "No suck, no fuck." Roy wanted the cock desperately. He finally gave in, knelt before the guy, and sucked on his cock before all the others. They gathered around, caressing Roy and encouraging him. For the first time in his life, Roy wanted a particular cock badly enought to do anything to get it. Even though he was somewhat angered at being ordered to suck until he was told to stop, he kept sucking.

After almost 10 minutes of sucking, including open-mouthing the

underside and sides of the cock and sucking the guy's balls—things he thought he'd never do before an audience—Roy got his reward. He arranged himself on the floor and the guy shoved his prick up Roy's asshole in one quick, unrelenting thrust. The other guys were loud in their admiration. Roy too became quite voluble about his pleasure.

One of the audience began to squirt and his neighbor bent down to swallow it. The guy fucking Roy turned his head and caught another squirting cock in his mouth. A lot of the guys were jacking off. Roy took a wad in his mouth from one of them. Roy can shoot his wad just from getting fucked, and did.

So you see how marriage, so far from excluding homosexuality, can actually make it easier by providing a good safe front.

Cock Show

SAN FRANCISCO — Jacking off is really coming out of the closet. Every Saturday night a bunch of us joint-frigging freaks meet at a Folsom bar and from there go to someone's place. The first night I attended we went to a warehouse that had a stage with a light overhead. The rest of the room was dark so that each guy could be either audience or performer or alternate back and forth.

Since we'd been drinking beer at the bar (while rubbing and displaying our groins in anticipation), most of us 12 guys had to piss soon after arriving at the "theatre." If anyone wanted to drink some of the salty, warm stuff, O.K.

For about two hours different combinations of dudes got up on the stage and beat their meat.

I stripped out of my leather jacket and Levis but put my high cowboy boots back on. At first I just watched two nude dudes on stage. They were beautiful, highlighted by the light above them. Slowly, as I got more involved in the warm, erotic, fantastic feelings flowing through my body, originating in my prick, I floated (so it then seemed) up on the stage to join them. Down below, in the dimness, were other naked and half-naked guys watching, wacking off, kissing, jacking each other off.

Two guys in the center of the stage moved towards each other, sat back on their heels, and really got into it. They were groaning loudly, unaware of anything but each other and their own hot, hard rods. They climaxed with roars of pleasure. Seeing and hearing them brought me to the top and I shot off on a guy kneeling in front of me.

I staggered down into the audience and there was a guy whose dynamite stick was ready to explode. I lay down next to him and told him to come on me. He knelt over me and shot his beautiful thick honey all over my chest. We all came back to earth after our two-hour orbit of gorgeous cocks being made love to by the hand. And what better thing is there than the hand that was first to explore our groin in our infancy, and to grow up fondling it, pulling the pisser out many times to pee, then finally learning about that ultimate feeling—the art of jerking off, perhaps awkwardly at first (my first time was), but slowly learning how best to bring exquisite pleasure to our magic wand.

Photo: AMG

Interview: An Ass Man Speaks Out

Why do you think a prejudice against assholes exists in our society? Because dumb people think assholes smell like shit, but they don't, they smell good. I NEVER get enough asshole smell to keep me happy.

How many assholes have you smelled? Must be well over 700.

Why do you smell assholes? To make the guys feel big but also because I LOVE the smell of assholes.

Did all 700 assholes smell good? As long as they were not stinking of soap or deodorant or perfume.

Did the guys enjoy having you smell them? Yes.

Have you ever tried to smell a guy's asshole, or asked him if you could, and been turned down in a mean way? Very rarely.

Were any of the guys surprised that you wanted to smell their assholes? Some pretended to be, but they really wanted it.

Did you ever call yourself a "brown noser" or "ass kisser" in order to excite a guy? It's mainly because the asshole is the most secret, hidden and forbidden part of a guy's body and once I start nose-fucking them and telling them how beautiful it smells and feels and tastes I'm usually assured of a good wad of cum.

Do you like to smell your own asshole on your fingers? Yes.

Do you prefer smelly assholes? Yes.

Do you ever tell a "date" not to wash his asshole? Yes.

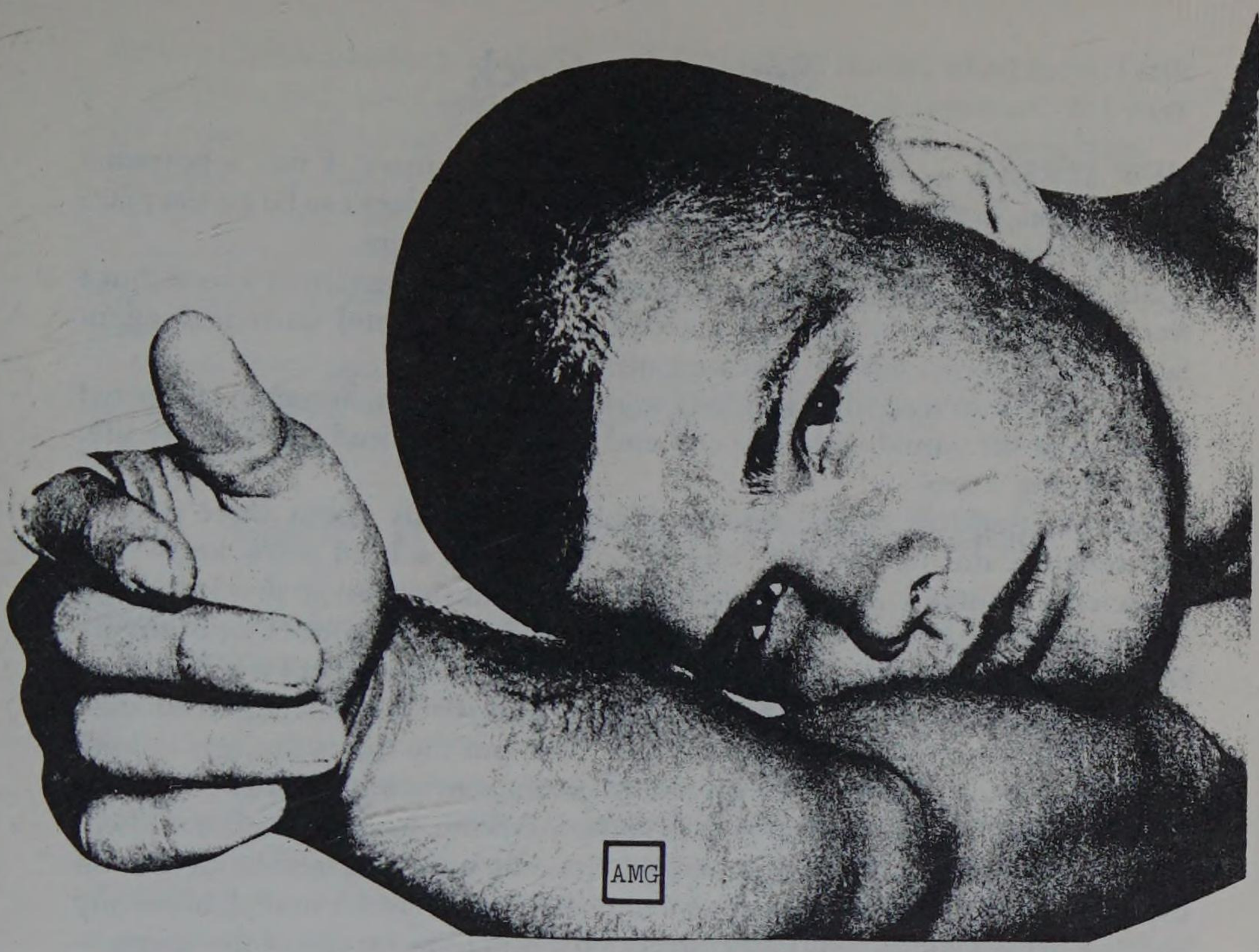
Are any guys ashamed of their asshole smell and hesitate to let you smell it? If they are not expecting it they are, but once I rub my finger in the crack of their ass and smell it and lick it and give a long, low sigh they are OK.

Do you think ass-sniffing is debasing, and exciting to both partners for that reason? Yes, but I love to be degraded, debased and humiliated, and they love to feel superior. To sort of give the guy a feeling of superiority I gently kiss and fondle his asshole with my lips and nose and tell him I really worship it for its smell and taste.

Do you think society's contempt adds to the thrill? Yes. The contemptuous phrase, "Kiss my ass," and the contemptuous use by "straights" of the phrase "ass kisser" and "brown noser" have built up an extra thrill for both partners in the scene.

Do you often see ass on the street or at work that you want? Yes, on the job I see pants I want to get into, both front and back, every day. I see pants I'd like to smell and kiss and see what their underpants and bare asses smell like.

/s/ Your brown nosing asshole worshiping ball lapping piss slurping Canadian Cocksucker.



Bareassed Boy Scouts in the Austrylian Bush

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA — Twenty-two summers ago and it's still as vivid as ever. Nighttime, four Boy Scouts in a tent. Youngy, Kingy, Dick and myself. Standing in a circle jerking each other off. Dick came first and dropped to his knees. He grabbed me by the hips and pulled me into his mouth. An eternity of 30 seconds passed as he worked on me and POW! "All right, you four, pull up your pajamas and come with me." It was one of the Senior Scouts. He had been watching through the tent flap. Silently and in great fear, we were marched over to their tent 50 yards away, thinking of expulsion, jail, etc. He pushed us into their dark tent and said, "I've found four cocksuckers for us." Someone put a torch on and there were six naked bodies all tangled up on their bedding, my 16-year-old brother included, fortunately as it turned out, as he softened me up with his tongue first and then used Vaseline. My mates weren't so lucky. Four hours later we were sent back to our own tent as they were moving out in the morning. We spent the next hour all naked under the same blankets working out our scores. I've forgotten the others but I was fucked four times, sucked off twice, sucked five cocks and fucked four hot slippery arseholes. For the next 12 hot days and nights in the bush we increased the membership of our tent to nine. It was a tight fit but who could complain. We also vowed not to jerk off for the duration of the camp and what's more none of us had to. What a summer. It appears Scouting is the same the world over. Christ, I'm having wet *day* dreams. Coming soon, torrid tales from the tropics. Sin in Suva, tongue-fucking in Tahiti.

Seminary Cock

NEW JERSEY — When I entered a Catholic seminary, I was a potential homosexual. I left it a full-blown gay. A Catholic seminary can be a great place for faggot sex and I enjoyed it every minute I was there.

My home was a religious one. I jerked off four to seven times a week but I went to weekly confession, got scolded by the priest, and started off again Sunday afternoons with my jerking off.

As I grew into teen life I decided I wanted to be a priest. Somehow I figured my jerking off would suddenly end and I'd be able to lead a clean pure life. How wrong I was.

My first jerk-off in the sem took place after only about three days. I controlled it during the day, but in bed at night, a hard prick knows no conscience. I turned on my stomach and fucked the mattress so that I could go to sleep. This began to happen about five times a week or better. One night my roommate, whom I thought was asleep, must have noticed that I was humping my mattress; he too began to fuck his. That made it more exciting. From then on, night after night, with nothing said, we'd put the lights out, get in bed, and do our thing. It dawned on me that life in the sem was going to be all right.

One night as we were both lying in bed and talking, he came over to my bed. At first he just sat on the bed and talked. Soon he was lying next to me, but on top of the covers. As he moved his hands he would "accidentally" brush my groin. Finally I suggested it was too cool for him to be on top of the covers—"get under the covers, you'll be more uncomfortable." He did and as he brushed against me I felt his hard on. Soon we were lying in each other's arms, humping, kissing, fucking between the legs. From then on we were the happiest seminarians in the Novitiate. Our sheets were loaded with cum stains. It was beautiful.

He roomed with me for only a year. My next year I was at our seminary in Washington, D.C. First there was George. He was an upperclassman who pawed me a lot. Any time I went to shower, George would be there too. He would watch me—half hard—over the partition. One day when I stepped out of the shower I was almost fully hard-cocked and so was he. He said, "Let's measure them." We put our pricks next to each other's—two solid steel boners. He held them both in his hand and began to gently jerk them. I shot off quickly. We showered together often after this.

Andy was my next trick. I was sick one day and was put in the sick bay. Late at night, Andy sneaked into the infirmary and claimed he came to visit. He was obviously in heat and it showed through his bulging Jockey shorts. A few comments and then the question, "Are you hard?" I answered yes. He pulled the covers off and reached for my cock. He jerked us both off. He visited me twice more in the infirmary.

In summer, our seminarians went to a farm in the Poconos. A seminarian nicknamed Curley with a big beautiful cock took a liking to me and I sensed it each time he was near. His groin would swell and he had to show his affection.

One warm afternoon we were at the lake and both of us had pricks pressing in our swimming trunks trying to get free. We rowed to a deserted cove and naturally decided to go skinny dipping. That's all it took. Both of our hard ons stuck straight out. We jerked each other off, rubbed our cocks together and between our legs—it was beautiful. From then on we got together often for skinny dipping.

How I wish I was back in the sem. Even with all the sex I had there, I still was not liberated, and I held myself back. All of us were repressed. If I were there now, would I ever let myself go and get all the cock to be gotten.

When I was there I would check the bed sheets in the rooms of other seminarians when they were empty. I was encouraged to find that nine out of ten beds were plentifully stained with cum. That meant that the others, also, were shooting off thick warm cum in bed and then turning over, fully relaxed, to doze off.

I wonder how many of my brother seminarians are continuing to enjoy sex and teaching their altar boys and students the joys of sex.

Father of Three Has "Perfect" Hole

OHIO — This dark moustached guy, handsome as hell, flopped his big semi-hard in my face at the baths. I immediately opened wide and sucked it all in with one gulp. Not content just to taste the thrill of hardening Grade A meat, I edged back and licked his heavy-laden nuts. Intending to return to that magnificent peter, my horny nose nevertheless nudged itself into his most groovy asshole, and my ready tongue was destined to travel no farther on his body than this inviting hole. He went crazy as I slopped up that hunky ass and speeded up the action with the rimming tip of my tongue. Suddenly he got up and I was just able to tell that in one movement he had set his well-soaked asshole straight down on my youthful hard cock and was humping himself greedily with my dick—when, quick as a button, another gorgeous set of globes dropped down onto my face. If possible, his asshole was even more to my licking liking. I love them when they're in some indescribable condition between tight and loose—and his hole was perfection. Also he was more talkative than Macho Man, telling me he was a junior high science teacher, married and the father of three teenage boys. Next to having his ass eaten, heaven to him would be sucking his sons' cocks one after the other. After I feasted on his mighty fine mildly smelly butt beef for quite awhile, Teach must have sensed me shooting my load up Macho Moustache's ass, and lifted his handsome haunches up to make way for a third pair of buttocks. Until then I didn't realize how much in demand goody goody apple polishing ass kissers were. But I had to tell him it was time for me to hit the road. He seemed happy enough to lap up my drying cum along with MM's asshole traces from my still hard cock.

Self-Improvement: Diction Lesson

CALIFORNIA — If you want to achieve distinct enunciation, read the following joke aloud as fast as you can until you can do it without making a slip.

Mr. McCoy had his four sons introduce themselves to one of his friends.
1st Son: My name's Tom. I work at the coal yards as a coke-sacker.
2nd Son: My name's Dick. I work in the hosiery mill as a sock-cutter.
3rd Son: My name's Harry. I work at the furniture factory as a cot-stacker.
4th Son: My name's Billy and I'm a real cocksucker.

Parcel Service Man Unloads in Reader's Throat

SOUTH CAROLINA — My work is with a construction crew. We have ten men. These men leave the office at 8 A.M. and return by 5 P.M. My work is in the office. One morning about nine this handsome young parcel service man came in the office and said, "Good morning, I have a package for Mr. X. Can I bring it in?" "Yeah," I replied. "Looks like you had an accident." He explained that he'd torn his pants on the truck door. He smiled, because they were ripped on the left side from his belt to below his groin, about a half-inch from his zipper. He returned with the package and asked me where to put it. I told him on the floor by my desk. When he squatted down to drop the package, his torn pants stretched apart and exposed the bulge of his Jockey shorts. He didn't push his groin back under the pants; he could tell by my eyes that I didn't particularly want him to. I managed somehow to brush my hand against his bulge. He didn't say or do anything, so I was encouraged to squeeze it. We wound up in the toilet with me sitting on the seat and him standing in front of me with his pants down to his ankles. I licked the head of his cock while caressing his nuts. I applied suction to his prick. He put his hand on the back of my head and pushed his prick in and out of my mouth. His cum squirted out quick. It was thick and pasty. We talked a bit in the office. He said he was 24, married and enjoyed what he called "sex with males," which in his case meant getting sucked off. He made a date for the following Monday at nine and showed up. "You do look good," I told him; he had on skin-tight pants. He's 5′5″, weighs about 155, but has a trim and hard body and a short, stiff moustache. His prick is 8½ inches long and it's fat. Circumcised. I love it. I lick every drop out of his piss-hole after he unloads. He stops by the office twice a week when he can. I love to suck his prick off and he likes for me to do it. He's hot as a firecracker and has a hard-on when he pulls his pants down and comes in a hurry. I hardly get to sucking on it good before he squirts.

The Smell Drove Me Wild

SAN FRANCISCO — This is a true experience that I had and have never, never forgotten it. At the steam baths, I passed a room with a door open and there sat this dude, sitting on the edge of his bed drinking a beer. He was wearing construction boots, white (very dirty) socks, a worn-out jock strap, and an open shirt with no sleeves.

He smiled. He took a sip of beer and let it run from his open mouth onto his jock strap. I walked in and closed the door. He didn't say a word, but kept staring at me with a smirk on his face. His sweaty body excited me and I quickly kneeled in front of him while his legs were spread apart. His jock strap was soaking wet. It excited me and I reached to touch it. As I did so he pushed my hand away, took a swig of beer and spit it out in my face.

"If you're going to touch it, touch it with your mouth, punk," he shouted. He grabbed my head and pushed it between his legs. I tasted the wet jock strap.

It was soaked with beer and piss and "the smell drove me wild."

"Chew on it. Make it dry." I drained the piss and beer out of his jock strap and tasted it sliding down my throat. I reached for my popper to take a whiff but he grabbed it and threw it across the room, shouting, "If you need a high to eat my crotch, you can fuck off." His attitude turned me on more than a sniff of amyl could.

He lay back on the bed and put his hands behind his head. His body was soaked with sweat. He said, "O.K., faggot, I was going to take a shower but with you here you can lick the sweat off me. Start on my armpits."

I buried my mouth in his wet, smelly, hairy armpits and began to suck every hair. He pulled my head up and told me to clean off his other armpit. I was so hot I felt myself coming and couldn't stop. As I shot my load he put his hand over my cock and I shot a huge wad right off in his hand. He laughed and pushed me back on the floor between his legs.

"What should I do with this load of cum in my hand?" he asked. I didn't know what to say, for I didn't know what he wanted.

He laughed and said, "Dumb fuck" and wiped the handful of cum all over his dirty jock strap. He held me by the hair and ordered me to clean his cummy jock strap. I couldn't get myself to do it at once, but he stared at me with a mean look and yelled, "Lick it off, Pig!" I couldn't resist and I licked my own cum off his dirty jock strap.

When he was satisfied he pulled me toward the door. He sat me on the floor against the door, pulled off his jock strap, took his prick in his hands and pissed all over me, into my hair, on my face, and all over my body. He was pissing so much I didn't think he would ever stop. When he did, I reached for my towel. He opened the door and threw my towel out and pushed me out of the room into the crowded hallway. He yelled, "Fuck off, Piss Faggot."

It was embarrassing as there were about ten guys all standing around. He just stood by his open door and laughed. It blew my mind so much that I've been back to that bath house many times just hoping to see him again, but never have. It was a real turn-on.

"He Stuck It Through The Hole"

WEST VIRGINIA — I give what I call a "Shopper's Special." I go to this Mall rest room and wait for a nice stud to come along like I did the other evening. This 30-year-old stud came in and went to the urinals and pissed, and when he had finished he came into the booth next to me with the glory hole in it. He pulled his pants down and up popped a hard cock and, of course, he saw my tongue hanging out and my mouth watering so he stuck it through the hole and I went to work. The doors were off the booths and so he came on around so I could suck on two nice nuts and also so I could get his entire cock in my mouth. It didn't take long until he popped his nuts down my throat. In fact, it would have suited me if he had taken longer. He zipped up and went out and when I went back out I saw him with his wife carrying her packages. Wives should know why their husbands are so glad to go shopping with them. I have seen that happen a lot of times and you have to hurry up and make them as they can't be gone too long.

Photo: AMG

Uncle Joe

NEW JERSEY — Cocksucking and asshole worship have been around for as long as man has had cocks and assholes. The young people living at the turn of the century didn't just sit home twiddling their thumbs—not by a long shot.

One such was my Uncle Joe, who in 1975 is still going strong, living in his small house in the Catskills.

I didn't know about Uncle Joe until I was in my 20s, and only then through a cousin who, at 14, had been a regular visitor to Uncle Joe. Joe had taught him well the art of uninhibited sex, and Rick, my cousin, was well along the road when I first found out about it.

One day he asked me if I would like to fuck Uncle Joe. I was somewhat surprised.

"Joe said he likes you," Rick said. That was all I had to hear. Joe at this time was 72, but a tough old man who was active and hardly looked 60. He tended a small farm that supplied him with milk and eggs and kept a vegetable garden as well.

He'd been married for awhile when he was in his 30s, had had two sons, and lost his wife in childbirth. He'd worked for the Ontario & Western Railroad as baggage room man, station master, and other jobs. When it went out of business in the 50s he retired on a pension.

Joe wasn't a bad looking man. I first recall him when he was in his late 40s, a tall, well-built man with grey hair and blue eyes. He had always had a vocabulary that would put a sailor to shame and he boasted of all the women he'd had from the various boarding houses around his farm. I had never suspected he liked cock better.

That day in July, Rick showed me this side of Uncle Joe, and thereafter I would get notes from him: "When are you coming up? I need a damn good fuck in the ass."

When we would go, he'd always start by talking about his sex life, and it is these stories that I am writing here. After his stories, he'd lead Rick and me to the bed and stretch out and pull down his pants.

"One of you men fuck me," he'd say. "I'm hot in the ass."

My cousin would mount him and soon have the old man turned on. Then I'd climb on and fuck him and jerk him off. Joe was still able to come. He attributed it to the fact that he'd jerked off every morning and night since he was a kid.

I found out that ever since he was 11, Rick had been messing around with Joe. He'd caught Joe jerking off and had been enjoying their sessions ever since.

Joe was the baby of his family and with the early death of his parents, he was on his own from age nine on.

When he was 12 he was given a job by his uncle cleaning the railroad station at Summitville, N.Y. Filling lamps with kerosene, keeping a coal fire going in the pot-bellied stove, everything.

It was during his first year at work that he discovered sex. He'd seen the section hands that hung around the old rooming house jerk off in their beds or get laid by some of the girls who made their living that way; he often went out on the roof of the station master's house, where he lived, and peeped into the windows of other rooms.

Joe watched, through his window in the lodging house, railroad section hands jerking off in their rooms. He was 12 now—old enough to try it on himself. He found the feeling as welcome as the men he could see in the dim glow of their oil lamps obviously did.

His first experience was at the train station where he worked in Summitville, New York. He'd developed a great interest in what men had hanging between their legs and he found a broom closet while cleaning out the men's toilet in the station that served as a great viewing point. By climbing a step ladder in the broom closet, he could look through a vent and see into the toilet.

One morning he spied Tony, a young Italian section hand he had seen jacking off at the rooming house, and an older man going into the toilet. Joe took up his watch in the broom closet.

He saw the older man, a dark Italian in his late 30s, feel the ass of the younger one. They talked low to each other in Italian. Joe couldn't understand the words but he could tell it was hot talk.

The older man pulled Tony, who was in his late teens, into his arms, pushed him against the door, ground his hips into him, and kissed him. Joe was amazed: two muscular track men kissing each other. With their dark mustaches, dirty baggy overalls, and work jackets and shoes, they didn't look much like men who'd want to kiss each other. As they did so, the older one ran his hands all over Tony, talking wildly between kisses. He fondled Tony's fly, worked his hand inside, and got his cock out. Then he knelt and sucked on it, now and then looking up into the eyes of the young man. Joe's cock was hard too and he took it out.

Tony moaned as the man licked the head of his cock, then took out his own. Tony pulled his pants down off his ass. Sal, the older man, knelt and kissed Tony's ass. He buried his face between Tony's small hard cheeks. Tony moaned some more and murmured something in Italian.

Sal stood up, spit on the head of his cock, and shoved it into Tony's waiting ass as Tony bent forward, gripping the edge of the wash basin. Tony, from the sound of his voice, seemed to be in pain. He'd gasp and push back against Sal, who would wait until Tony relaxed so he could work in some more of his cock.

After Sal shot his wad, he washed the shit off his cock, turned Tony around, spread his cheeks, and licked his ass again. Then he moved Tony around again and sucked his cock until he gave a cry of pleasure and wilted against the wall. Sal stood up and wiped his mouth on his sleeve and mopped his brow on a bandana.

Joe shot his load against the wall of the broom closet, climbed off the ladder, and watched from the railroad platform as the two workmen climbed aboard the train that would take them down the line for a hard day's work.

Uncle Joe was a regular whore as a boy. He was the star among the railroaders and canalers on the old D&W Canal in the Wurstboro area; word got around among men eager for a blow job that sweet young Joe would do it for a quarter.

When he was 16, in 1903, he took over a paper route which gave him time to participate in some of the night life of Manhattan.

In those days, the famous Washington Market on the Lower West Side was going strong. Just as it was later crowded with trucks from all over, then it was

crowded with produce farmers from Staten Island, Brooklyn, and New Jersey. On West Street, on the waterfront, were rooming houses and saloons filled with sailors and stevedores.

Joe would get supper for 5¢ in one of the waterfront saloons and he found that the customers, mellowed by whiskey, were a great target for sex. He had his competition from the women that hung around, but he had the advantage of hanging out in men's toilets.

In a tough Irish bar near Chambers Street, Joe discovered something he had never seen before: a hole someone had carved between the toilet stall and the piss trough. He'd gone to take a piss and no sooner had he started than he saw an eye peering at him through the glory hole. A tongue poked at him. The guy in the booth was jerking at his meat.

"Put your pecker through and I'll suck on it," he said. Joe did just that and got a "great" blow job. He was so engrossed that he didn't pull back when another bar patron came in. The newcomer—a sailor from one of the ships docked nearby—just laughed and said, "Getting it cleaned out, Sonny?" Joe drew away, embarrassed, and fled; but he returned the next time he had a chance. He found the stall vacant. He went in, sat down, and waited to see what would happen.

Joe was a born peeping Tom. He enjoyed looking at guys. This was paradise for him. He watched one after another cock pissing. Big ones and little ones, some cut and some uncut. Joe was fascinated by the cut ones, having seen none up in his area.

At last one guy spied him looking through the hole and boldly poked his tool in the hole. "Suck it, you cocksucker," he said in an Irish brogue, "I see you looking at it." Joe went down on him and soon the Irishman slammed against the partition and swore as he shot his load into the boy's mouth. He buttoned up fast and left.

Joe had several more that night — and many more many nights after. Another favorite hangout was a bar frequented by Italian immigrants working on subway construction. Joe had seen many strong-muscled Italians at work on the subway site.

In "fooling around," as Joe still calls it, he found there was much to do around 14th Street. In the beer gardens he met some regular guys who took him to the shows, took him to dinner, and took him home.

But Joe preferred the night life around the teeming docks. He could make a quarter or more in the many immigrant saloons. Before long, he had a few regulars who found his blue eyes and blond hair attractive, especially the Italian subway construction workers.

In one saloon, Joe got chummy with a barkeep who was a chicken lover. Joe worked "every night for a couple months" at this place — the Owl Saloon — as shoe shine boy in the bar. As payment he spent several minutes a night behind the kitchen with the bartender.

Joe loved to watch the Italians at the Times Square site where they were building a subway and in the saloons where they drank.

One foreman in particular was a turn-on. Joe had seen him in the saloon many times. He lived in a rooming house in the area. Joe had even followed him home. But the big, rugged Italian didn't seem to notice him.

Joe asked some of the men he sucked off at the Owl Saloon about his idol. His name was Luigi. They all said he was bad medicine. He liked women. Just

women. He was a hot Sicilian who, it was said, was offered the choice of going to America or going to jail.

One night as Joe was packing up his shoe shine gear in the Owl toilet, Luigi came swaggering in. He was wearing rolled-down knee boots and was splattered to the waist with mud. Joe stared at Luigi's long, thick meat as his thick stream of beer piss splattered in the trough.

As it slowed down to a trickle, Luigi skinned it back a few times and turned to the boy. "Hey, you, boy, what's a matter? I no like to be looked at."

"I'm sorry. It looks so big."

Luigi's dark, ugly face broke into an evil grin. "I hear from my men you like big things. You follow me. You ask about me."

Joe started to back toward the door.

"You come here, you little fairy." Luigi grabbed Joe by the hair and yanked him close. His big, brown cock still dangled out of his overalls.

"Feel it. Go on, feel it."

Joe squeezed it. Luigi gave him a hard slap on the ass.

"My boy, I spank for that. You should like women."

Someone came in the toilet. Luigi buttoned his pants, spat on the floor, and stomped out. Joe was shaking in his boots, but still excited.

At six o'clock a few days later, Joe sat on a pile of rock near the time keeper's shed and watched the contruction men sign out. When Luigi saw him, he said, loud enough for the others to hear, "Where you been, sissy?"

Joe didn't answer.

"I look for you," said Luigi.

Joe explained that he worked on a train, delivering papers.

"You have a job? I think you just play with cocks and be a sissy whore." Joe sometimes got a quarter for giving a blow job, and Luigi must have heard about it.

"You hungry, boy? You like to eat with me?" Joe nodded.

As they walked along the street — Joe neat and clean and Luigi dirty and unshaven — Joe learned that Luigi had a wife and seven children in Sicily.

"Why didn't they come with you?"

"We have property there," Luigi said. "My wife, she no want to come. I no have job. So I come here to work for money to go home."

They ate at an Italian restaurant. "You like?" Luigi asked.

"It's good, but hot. So much pepper."

"It make you have a big" — Luigi patted his groin — "like me."

After stopping at a saloon for a pail for beer, Luigi led him up the stairs to his room on the fourth floor of a rooming house. The room was small and sloppy, and the bed unmade.

Luigi pulled off his boots and the smell of feet filled the room. He looked at himself in the mirror. "I need shave," he shrugged. "I no go to see women so I no worry."

He stretched out on the bed. Joe sat on a chair facing him, afraid to make a move.

"I need to have good women fix me," Luigi said. "You know any who not charge money?"

"No."

"I get very hot. Always hot. I tired of the hand." He rubbed his groin and spread his legs.

Luigi tossed his shirt on the back of a chair, pulled his pants off and threw

them on the bureau, and stretched out in bed in his union suit. He felt the heat of Joe's eyes flowing through his groin; his cock started to swell.

"I wish I could find a steady woman to sleep with me. I very lonely without my wife."

"Don't you know any? The men told me you were very popular with women."

"They want money, money, money. I poor man. With big need." He laughed and squeezed his thickening cock.

"Hey, Joe, want to see me naked? You get naked in bed too. We can play. You like that?"

Joe shook his head.

"You get naked first. I like to watch."

Joe stripped and nestled up to his big companion. Luigi put one hand on Joe's bare ass and patted it gently.

"You find Luigi attractive, yes? Why?"

"I don't know..." Luigi was hardly good-looking. He had a face that was almost menacing.

Joe slipped his hand up and began unbuttoning Luigi's union suit. His chest was black with hair. Joe was fascinated by it. He rubbed his face in it, smelling the strong, musky scent of Luigi's sweaty body.

Joe reached the bottom button and Luigi lifted his leg to pull his underwear off.

"Touch me all over," he whispered.

Joe started to fondle and feel of him every place, kissing him all over his body, feeling that he wanted to put everything about this man into his mouth to be tasted, eaten, devoured. Luigi lay passive, like a captured beast.

"Rub me," he said softly. "My muscles are tired. Be nice to me and I will do the same for you."

Joe licked Luigi's stomach and went wild as he tasted the strong brine that had dried on the man's hide.

"Can I kiss you?" Joe asked.

Luigi pulled him close, and Joe's mouth was filled with tongue.

Joe felt Luigi's hands all over his body. He began to lick Luigi's face, then down his neck and chest to his belly. Luigi pulled him back.

"No, no, do not touch it. It is too ready. Take time."

He turned over face down. "Do you know how to fuck?" he asked. His voice was muffled.

"I don't know. Do you want me to?"

"Of course. Fuck my ass but lick it a little first."

Joe knelt between Luigi's legs. The hairy crack of his ass smelled like sweat and shit. He hesitated.

"Please, kid. Please. I'll pay you. Lick it for me. I'll do it for you too."

Joe pushed his face into the hairy crack. He licked a little but Luigi was hot and he raised up on his knees and spread his ass open.

"Kiss it. All over. Kiss it on the asshole. Put in your tongue. Go on. Do it."

Joe was getting hot. He licked the entire ass, then the dark brown hole. It smelled like shit, but he touched the tip of his tongue to it. It opened. Luigi reached back and pulled Joe's face into his ass.

"Eat, you little tease. Please me." Luigi ranted on in Sicilian. "Play with it with your fingers. Go on, finger it. Get it loose so you can fuck it."

Joe shoved his fingers in and out until the asshole got loose. His fingers

turned brown with shit. Seeing his fingers, he suddenly jammed them in his mouth. He was desperate to eat this man.

"My little friend ... please ... in the drawer ... the top ... get the can of hair oil. Put it on my asshole.

"You are very beautiful," Joe said.

Luigi smiled and ruffled Joe's hair. "You are very smart for a boy."

Joe squeezed Luigi's iron-hard biceps and sniffed the aroma of his armpits.

"You little bastard, you make me hotter than I've ever been."

Luigi stretched his arms behind his head and flexed them so as to tease Joe. Luigi was well aware of the admiration the boy had for his muscles.

"Lick me all over," Luigi said. "Give me a French bath."

"What's that?" Joe asked. "If it means to kiss you every place, I will."

"It means to bathe me with your tongue every place water would touch me if I were out in the tub soaking." Luigi struck an arrogant pose on his face. "Sissy-boy, lick my body clean and I can save the 5¢ it will cost Saturday to use the tub here."

Joe grinned as Luigi winked and scratched his sweaty balls.

Joe lapped at the man's rough face, even sucking on the ends of his thick mustache. Luigi grabbed him and licked his face too and gave him a sloppy tongue kiss.

Joe licked the thick muscular arms down to the rough stubby fingers. He sucked them, looking up at Luigi's face. Luigi was watching it all as if drunk on what he saw. Joe worked down his legs to his feet and knelt at the foot of the bed. Luigi had his feet sticking through the bars of the foot of the bed. He watched as the boy sucked his toes and ran his tongue around the bottoms and between the toes. Luigi was in heaven, and Joe along with him.

"Lick my nuts," Luigi said. "Suck my crotch clean." He spread his legs wide. Joe licked all over Luigi's groin, enjoying its pissy-sweaty smell.

"Lick the juice off my tool," Luigi said. His cock had swollen. It was darker than the rest of his body.

Joe licked the salty juice oozing from Luigi's cock and squeezed it to get more out. "After you clean my asshole you can have it—not until," Luigi said. He slapped the boy away from his cock.

Joe, who had had his asshole sucked by Sal and a few others, knew the extreme pleasure he got from it and was determined to give it to Luigi to make the man want him again and again.

Luigi stretched his butt apart and said, "Put your tongue in my asshole." Luigi once more began to mumble in his native Sicilian. The sight of the young blond boy sucking his ass, as he watched it in the mirror, drove Luigi wild.

"Smell my ass," he said. "Put some hair oil on your hand and play with my asshole."

Joe poked his fingers in and out of Luigi's hole.

"Holy Mother of God," Luigi said. "It is too much to stand. I can't take any more. You will drive me insane."

Joe paused but Luigi pressed his body down onto Joe's fingers. Joe watched his four fingers disappear into the hole.

"Jesus," Luigi said, "I am going to die. This is too much to stand."

Night Watch

CHICAGO — I was assigned a church in the inner city. The doors were never locked but, unknown to most people, someone was always assigned to keep watch.

This particular winter night, I made the rounds, checking everything, and then settled in a side niche. I tried reading but was getting horny. How I wished I could visit my lady friend a couple of blocks down. But her husband was home. I wished one of the two boys I knew were here.

Suddenly I was aware the door had opened. The sound and coldness of the winter wind swept in.

A boy came in. I walked out into the church. He as surprised and confused at seeing me.

We sat down together. His mother was having "company" (a trick) and he was in the way.

Because of the hour, his age, the cold weather, and the neighborhood the church was in, I did not waste time. I put one hand about his shoulders and the other on his groin. "Come on in the back," I said. "I've got $2."

We went to the vestry room. No sooner were we there than he started to lift my vestments.

"Not so fast," I said. "Warm up first."

I started undressing him. He helped. I handed him a choir robe. I lifted the robe over his head. As soon as I began feeling of his ass and looking at it I got really horny.

I started to suck his asshole. He immediately responded by pushing his ass hard into my face.

"Hey, blow a fart," I said. He tried, but couldn't. I was disappointed, but kept sucking his asshole — my favorite sport. When I grew tired of it I pulled away and simply admired his butt, sticking up in the air. He wanted me to fuck him, but I declined.

I removed my outer vestments and dropped my pants. "How about you sucking my ass?" I said. He tongued my asshole as rough as possible. That's one of the greatest feelings — a hot, wet tongue running up and down and around the asshole.

I turned sideways and his hungry mouth took my cock, while I stood looking down at the little cocksucker.

How I would have loved to take a shit on him. How I would have loved to watch him shit. I'd like to hug and kiss him, holding my hand under his ass while he took a shit. But it was only wishing.

I picked up a goblet, brought it under my cock, and pissed into it. He moved up to me and placed his hands around the cup. He lifted it to his lips and drank it.

"Now you fill it up," I said. His face broke into a wide grin and he pissed into the goblet. This time I drank. It was sharp and bitter. An adult's piss is much better. But I managed to drink it all down.

I embraced and hugged him, kissing him on the top of his head. "You earned your money, cunt," I suddenly blurted out. "You still want to get fucked up the asshole?"

He caught on faster than most adults.

"Sure, you mother fuckin' fag," he answered. "Shaft me."

I smiled, and he returned it.

"I'd rather smell your ass and jack-off," I said.

He touched my hand gently. "Come on, one asshole to another," he said, lovingly, and smiled. "You dig swearing and ass — I dig money."

He turned around and lifted his choir robe. I knelt down and began smelling and licking his asshole as I pounded my meat. I got one hand between his legs and pressed his butt into my face. He was jacking off too.

Soon my wad burst forth. He turned around, still pounding his meat, and let loose a string of profanity in a low, quiet tone. I watched, excited. Soon spurts came out of his cock. We got dressed and I gave him the money. He put his hands on my buns. "I'll come back some night when I can blow farts." I liked his hands on my ass.

I told him I wasn't always there at night.

"Don't worry, Father, we'll make out somehow. I like you."

I knelt down and embraced him. We kissed. I let him out the side door. It was almost three in the morning. The rest of my watch — until 7 A.M. — I just thought of that kid. As soon as I could return to my room I threw myself on the bed and jacked off a beautiful load, just dreaming about him.

He never returned. Most of my young friends were one-night stands. Only a few did I have the opportunity to see three or four times.

3-Way Relief

MARYLAND — Driving into Northwestern Pennsylvania, I usually spend an hour-and-a-half to two hours in the piss shacks built in the rest stop areas, depending on the truck drivers and local suckers waiting for business.

One night last summer I found two trucks and a car parked at about two in the morning. I parked and got out and stumbled in the darkness, finding my way up the path to the shit house.

My eyes adjusted to the darkness by the time I stepped inside to find two guys standing near the door and one tall, lean dude standing at the piss-smelling urinal.

The smell of piss and shit was enough to turn me on, but when I saw the size of the rod waiting for me at the piss hole my 7½" of uncut meat rose fast. The tall dude reached over and tested my dick and that started the orgy. It was about 30 seconds until pants dropped and shirts were opened.

The tall dude was down on his knees with my cock nearly down his throat. One of the guys near the door came over and grabbed my head and brought it down to his mouth, and tongues, spit and love transferred between us. The third cowboy came up behind me and began fingering and rubbing his cock against the crack of my ass. My puckered hole began begging for his tool to take over.

While I was being sucked by one guy and kissed by another, the fucker behind me spit in his hand and slicked my joy hole and his joy stick and slipped it up to the hilt deep in my ass.

To say I was on a sex high is putting it low. My balls were oozing cum up into my cock, my ass was begging to be fucked harder and deeper, and my tongue tried to go deeper into my momentary lover's mouth.

After I and the guy fucking me shot our wads I was still so hot I turned and knelt down and began licking the shit and cum off his rod. As it went down in size I found my mouth filling. He was pissing right into my gut.

The American Way

Two 16-year-old boys in the New York metropolitan area—Walter Wilkinson of Trenton, New Jersey and Robert Blatz of Brentwood, Long Island—died trying to prove their masculinity in pre-school football workouts during the September heat wave that plagued the area. Both died of heat stroke and dehydration. "Football was his whole life," said Blatz's mother. "He had to take everything they could dish out." A way of feeling masculine in some other cultures is to have sexual intercourse, but American society frowns on it, and most young "straights" prefer athletic displays anyway. One track star at Power High School in Manhattan lost an event he was expected to win because, he said, he'd had a date and stayed out half the night dancing. Next time he's going to stick to the team. Some teams are still urged not to have orgasms before a game but to get it off against the other team instead. Sex (with) and sports (against) are incompatible. Sports show in its ultimate, most disgusting form the competition that makes daily life in America a constant hassle. Everyone is trying to score off each other.

* * *

The American "straight" has never in history been as desperate to demonstrate his sexual identity in dress as he is today. He doesn't wear clothes, he wears costumes. There has never been a more theatrical, flamboyant, flaming display or more or less inappropriate sartorial sex symbols. Puny boys in heat waves, who have never even watched a football game, let alone played in one, wear numbered football jerseys. The only appropriate comment on this is the brilliant parody, the jersey with "69" in big letters. Students who have never lifted anything heavier than their father's car keys wear pre-faded, pre-tattered working class and hard hat clothes for instant displays of the glamour and self pity of honest manly toil. New Yorkers who have never been west of the cream cheese shelf at Zabar's delicatessen dress as cowpokes and wranglers. A generation supposedly devoted to "peace and love"wears compensatory military drag with specific rank and unit insignia. You even see farmer's overalls on Fifth Avenue worn by fastidious urbanites who would faint at the smell of real horseshit. Columbia students wear FOOTBALL and LIFE GUARD in big letters on their sweat shirts, like carrying big signs saying, I'm straight, I'm straight, I'm straight. Manhattan looks like the location for the biggest, most expensive Western ever being filmed, with millions of dress extras loitering around waiting for the Star. But who can play the Big Straight? There are no stars, no heroes. But everyone's trying to look like an athlete, farm hand, fighter-bomber, hard hat, cowboy—a real he-man. Yet they've never been in the wheat fields, despite their boots; the playing fields, despite their Adidas; the combat fields, despite their Marine fatigues. The only field most of them have ever been in is the office field. All in all the phoniest generation of Americans ever—with the youngest the phoniest. They peddle youth as though it were a personal accomplishment and make fun of old people in their 40s. Today's boys, however, will be 40 someday—if they live.

—Boyd McDonald

Photo: Alan Boone

Etudiant Squirts Low-Salt Cream

SAN FRANCISCO — I placed an ad in the *Spectator* about 2 months ago reading: Free B.J. for horny young guys 18-21 only. Call --- ---- S.F.

I hope you don't disapprove of such ads. Well anyway I've met several guys through the ad. Anyway, one of the guys I've met is Dave. He is absolutely beautiful. A teenager about 5'6" 120-130 lbs. very slim slightly curly blond hair nice tan body. He likes me to suck his dick (circumcized about 6½-7" when hard ave. thickness), rim his ass and give him rubdowns. I really enjoy all this a lot but I think the best part is just lying with him, feeling him, caressing his back, arms, ass, legs, kissing his nipples, neck, eyes, nose, ears. The bad part is the times hes been over we haven't had a lot of time as he has to get home before his parents get suspicious of him. The good part is that Dave is very responsive and he seems to like me, which makes a lot of difference to me.

* * *

As I remember, you are quite young yourself. Sorry to disappoint you but I'm 28. I'm 6'4" 195 lbs. brown hair blue eyes. Last year I went on a good diet and conditioning program. I still work out extensively 3-4 times a week as I'm not as tight yet as I'd like. Losing weight has done wonders for my sex life as young guys come back more often and I even get offers myself. I was extremely heavy 280 lbs. until last year.

What did Dave say when he telephoned in answer to your ad? First he said he wanted a blow job. We talked a long time, him telling me what he liked, deep throat getting rimmed massage. Me telling him how I'd like to deep throat him lick his ass long and wet.

How many times have you had Dave? So far only 4 times. The first time was very quick as it was after school and he had to get home so his parents wouldn't suspect. (He said he's already been busted once).

Please describe his first visit. I picked Him up a few blocks from my place. He was nervous but not as much as I was because I knew the moment I saw him that I hit the jackpot. When we got to my place, we got right down to sex. He got undressed right away.

Please give us a strip tease. I helped him undress. First with his shoes, some kind of slip ons. Then his white sox, then his white pants (I find a real turn-on). His shirt some kind of striped button down.

What kind of underpants? He wore jockey shorts.

Were they clean? Very clean.

Did you compliment him on the beauty of his body? Yes I complimented him. Truthfully this was my fantasy come true. His body was gorgeous, slim, tight stomach, curly blond hair. Nice tan body really luscious.

Did he have a hard on as soon as you pulled his underpants off? It was slightly hard.

What kind of compliments did you give him? I told him what a nice body he had. What a great ass. Nice and clean (a little hair). How beautiful he was. How I liked his chest and stomach.

What did he say while getting his dick and asshole sucked? He didn't really say anything.

What movements did he make? He would spread his ass and push a little as I licked it. And he'd hold my head as he shot in my mouth.

What position(s) were you in? We were on my bed. Nice and comfortable lying on a nice comfortor. He layed on his Back, me between his legs. When I sucked his ass he just pulled his knees up toward his chest and spread his cheeks. Later he kind of squatted over my face.

Were his dick, balls and asshole clean or smelly? He was *very* clean.

How did his asshole taste? Nice, just a hint of Flavor.

How did his wad taste? His cum tasted really good, not too salty which is a common problem.

How long did you suck on his dick before he unloaded? Four or five minutes.

Did he talk about any other "queers" he'd had? No. He's very casual about it. He did mention he had been seeing another guy for awhile but it was over.

Do you understand why you like to suck ass? I think so. The reason why is that I like being submissive to a guy that I'm really attracted to. At the same time I like feeling really close to a guy that turns me on.

How did you know he wanted a rim job? I asked him. First on the phone, then in person.

What kind of talk do the two of you now have on the phone? He calls and just asks if he can come over. Yes! Yes! Yes!

When he arrives? When I pick him up I tell him how glad I am to see him, how good he looks etc. The last time he apologized that it's been 3 weeks. I told him it was OK so long as he's here now.

During sex? After I service him we lay together. He tells me about school, family, plans etc. I tell him how much I enjoy him, like him. He tells me how much he likes my sucking him, licking his ass. That he likes me.

Have his later visits been any different from his first one? Not really except we're less nervous. Once he shot his load just laying on me. I think that's really hot. Most guys have to jack off or get sucked off or fuck to shoot.

When you feel of him, as you mentioned, do you lay bareass with him? Yes.

Do you kiss his ass? Yes, very much. I kiss him all over, ass, legs, feet, hands, arms, nipples, stomach, neck, shoulder, nose, eyes, ears, mouth. Surprisingly, he kisses back with a lot of tongue & I liked licking the inside of his mouth, teeth.

Do you think — does he fear — he'll grow up "queer"? I think he's thinking about it because he remarked that one day he might marry and have children. He hadn't up till then ever remarked that he liked girls.

Does his asshole have much hair? As mentioned earlier, a little, a very minor defect.

What does he say or do when he arrives for a blow job that indicates he's horny? Does he rub his groin? No, but he smiles in a way that *really* excites me. He looks *so* very nice.

You mentioned school; are you a student? I've been a student at City College of S.F. on and off for years.

Have any other interesting youths turned up in response to your ad? Yes. One guy was Kevin 19 from Novato (north of S.F.) Really slim and nice. He fucked me but good. I wonder if Dave will ever want to do that.

Does Dave insist he's "straight" or use contemptuous terms like "cocksucker" to show he's not gay? Or is he cool about it? Is he an actor and a poseur who compensates for having sex with you by using an exaggerated "straight" manner? No. He's casual about it.

Is the "Spectator" straight or gay or both? The "Spectator" is a straight paper but it has a large percentage of Blow Job ads.

Please give some details of your style of cocksucking. I like to lick the head of the dick until hard, then slowly take it down my throat using a lot of suction. I like to get in a good rhythm with a guy maybe holding his ass or waist until he shoot his cum down my throat.

How old is Dave? First he said that he was 18. Then he said 17, then 16. I was a little irritated. I like a guy to be truthful from the start because all the 18 year olds with swimmer bodys and 10″ dicks never show up. I asked which was it, 16, 17 or 18? He said 16. He said he lied due to the age restriction in the ad.

Button-Fly Levis

CALIFORNIA — We were in junior high (diferent schools) when I first noticed him. Bigger than I, with the kind of buns that rumpled firmly back and forth when he walked. Always a winning smile.

I had had a little sex before with another boy — Jimmy. We would go to his clubhouse in the back yard; he'd sit on an old couch with his pants down; I'd kneel in front of his spread legs; he'd slowly flip over the cards in an old "Wolf Pack Deck" of his big brother's (mostly fuzzy shots of fat whores in motel rooms with coke bottles, broom sticks, etc., stuck up their slots, but sometimes a big man's cock), and I would suck on his tiny, short, hard dick.

But Tim was my first real boy-friend. We talked about sex cautiously after we'd known each other a couple of weeks. He told me how guys at his high school goosed each other.

One evening we were walking our bikes over to his house, when he goosed me. I didn't like it. A couple of minutes later he made the same playful motion, but this time on my balls. This I loved. My cock swelled instantly. That was about all between us that night, but when I got home I hit the bathroom fast and jacked off, thinking of Tim's body.

Finally, one Sunday afternoon, we had a full feeling-up session at his house. We ended up rolling on the bed, pressing our bodies tighter and harder against each other, mouths and tongues kissing wildly, hands flying all over inside and outside clothing, shirts, asses, and the hot, firm, wet cocks throbbing inside our Jockey shorts.

We undressed each other slowly, piece-by-piece, our bodies never entirely breaking contact. We lay back side-by-side and jacked off, cum falling all over our young, hairless chests and stomachs.

I remember seeing a pile of his Jockey shorts in a dresser drawer as I left the room. I have been turned on instantly by those classic sexy shorts ever since, whether they're on a shelf, in an ad, or wrapping a package of cock, balls, hair, ass, and heavenly smells.

Over the next five-six years, Tim and I saw each other at least three times a week. We played strip poker a lot. We had sex in a tent in his back yard, in his garage, my garage, his bed, my bed, on the floor, on the couch, while watching Ed Sullivan (we came during a Julia Meade commercial for Lincolns), in the plum tree at my house, and so on.

After he turned 16 he bought an old Ford. We went to drive-in movies almost every weekend. We'd start inching closer and closer, not saying a word. Then a hand in a lap, then the legs stretched so the lap disappears and the cock has room to grow.

A hand slips into the pants and slowly works down, feeling the Jockey shorts. A finger or two slips into the slot of the shorts. Feels the flesh directly. Maybe a ball, or part of the stiff shaft. If you're lucky the wet cock-head would be right there, so sensitive to a slight touch, jerking excitedly and swelling even more when lightly scraped.

Then undo the belt, buttons, and zipper. On some special nights we would wear "button-fly Levis" — still the best aphrodisiac ever made by man.

Pull the pants down enough so the whole carnival of exciting delights is open to see and touch. Smell the release of the day's odors from a steamy groin. Mingle them with the perspiration of a warm Southern California night.

We'd take turns laying in each other's lap. My head on his well-muscled thigh. Nose tucked into the folds of his ample balls. Raise my head and close my wet lips around the warm, soft-tasting shaft. Sink it deep into my mouth.

Tim would be quiet at first, but soon the breathing would get heavier and faster. Then gasps and moans. Never commands or words of any kind, but deep, animal sensual moans and groans. Then the thrusts of hip-driven cock get stronger. Then the shaft beats and shoots warm, thick, white, creamy cum.

Sometimes it would be Tim's head in my lap.

We snatched glimpses of clawing, hugging, humping couples in other cars. I was never much interested in what they were doing. I knew what I had experienced was absolute.

Roquefort for Lunch

NEW HAMPSHIRE — It was noon hour and I was hellbent on having "tube steak" for lunch so I headed into the public can. There were usually something happening. It was crowded — the usual variety of guys at the urinals, trying to see each other's hard cocks and make a connection. One dude about 26 was standing shyly by the sink. He smiled at me so I smiled back and went outside. He followed and I asked if he wanted to get it on. He answered yes, so we went to the deserted R.R. station men's room. I rubbed his bulge, he rubbed mine. This humpy dude looked straight, but he had my pants down in a flash. I opened his zipper and out sprung a nice fat joint with a long foreskin — wow! I dropped down and began to nibble and to my delight my nostrils were filled with the odor of man-cheese. I savored the odor. His stiff prong looked and smelled as if he had covered the entire head with Roquefort. I rubbed the end of his oozing cock across my lips so that some of his cheese would stay in my mustache, then began to nibble off small pieces of waxy cheese. This bastard must have been leaking joy juice for a week under that foreskin. I was so hot I almost blew my load just enjoying this groovy number's hot, cheesy dick. He began swaying his hips and trembling, so I sucked and tongued that hard tool as fast as I could. The explosion came with great force — hot gobs of juice squirted against my throat. The smell of his cheese filled my head with even more excitement. Then he pulled me up, dropped down to his knees, and began sucking my hard, wet, 29-year-old joint, and in no time drained my nuts. I hadn't noticed, but he was banging his still-hard cock with his fist, and as soon as his mouth was full of my own juice, he blew a second load all over the floor.

Virgin Meat

CALIFORNIA — This was told me by Jack F. (of your state [New York] by the way): When I was in the Air Force when I was 22, I had a real good buddy who was two years older than I. He was engaged to be married and since he didn't chase skirts he was a really convenient pal for me. Although I was eventually married for three years, I was never too fond of the chase. We'd spend what pass time we could in the town nearest the base, where we'd guzzle brew and end up 3/4 tanked in our hotel room. Sometimes I found myself still awake after he'd started snoring. Then I could jerk-off with safety. He always told me how much he missed his pussy, but one night after we got undressed and in bed he said, "Jack, I want you to fuck me." I was surprised and I guess I mumbled something like "want what?" He got some hair oil and greased my cock up. I damn near shot my wad when his hand caressed my cock. And his hole literally sucked my dick in like it was starved for cock. After that, every time we got a pass together, we'd drink and wind up back in the hotel fucking. Six months later we were transferred to separate bases. We got a furlough between bases. He returned home and got married. After discharge I also got married. It lasted three years, as I've said before. Then I took a gay lover, an older man. He had an 8″ uncut cock which I fell madly in love with. I am cut and the novelty was really something. My greatest joy, outside of a climax, was to finger and play with his foreskin. He had me fuck his ass, too, but added a new dimension to my sex life: he taught me cocksucking. I loved to eat his lovely big cock and play with the foreskin with my lips and tongue.

Cowboys' Boy

TEXAS — I first met Brady at the Corral Club on the Houston Stock Show grounds, a raunchy stand-up bar full of honest cowboys, phony cowboys, rodeo hands, whores, and even a few female impersonators. Brady was an over-the-hill bull rider in his early 50s. It was crowded at the bar so there was a lot of bumping into people, but when I got this genuine bun squeeze I knew there was a man interested in my little ass. I was hoping it was this tall cowboy I'd been talking to a few minutes earlier who had seemed mildly interested in my young body, but when I stole a glance, he was breathing hotly down some whore's blouse. So I waited and sure enough the first squeeze was followed by a half dozen others. I relaxed and let it happen. In half an hour we were wallowing in each other's body in the sleazy motel room he shared with three friends. I didn't know at the time I was going to be shared with his friends, too, and almost anyone else who happened by for a beer. Brady is tall, getting a little bald, and a little thick through the middle. He is surely all man; in fact, he's up tight about his masculinity and his age. He has never let me kiss him to this day, but from his neck down I've had every other part of his body in my mouth many times. His uncut dick is only about 5″ but his cum is sweet and his balls are big. He would never touch my dick, at least not until circumstances drastically changed — but I'm getting ahead of my story.

Brady's biggest fault was lack of cleanliness. No, that was his second biggest fault. The hangup he had that most irritated me was that he loved to degrade me in public, call me all sorts of ugly names, get mad and even occasionally

beat up on me. But when we were alone he was gentle and apologetic. You can ask why I even hung around if I didn't like it, and I'm not sure I know the answer. Brady turned me on so I put up with the bad parts. I got my introduction to this degrading trait of his that first night. We half wrestled and half made love for the first hour, which ended up on the floor with him grabbing my head and fucking me in the mouth with the speed of a jack hammer. When he came he jammed it all the way down my throat and let out the howl of a coyote. Gradually he relaxed his hold and, without saying a word, went over and sat down on the other bed to watch TV and drink a Bud. I got up and put the bed in order and started to dress. "We ain't through yet, faggot." "I don't like being called a faggot." "Well, that's what you are — a queer, a pansy, a fruit, a cocksucker, a boy-cunt." I just shrugged and lay down. I was asleep when I felt Brady's hot body alongside mine. He apologized for being so ugly and I melted from his crude charm and began rubbing his back and kissing his neck. I should have known there was a catch to this apology of his: he had heard a car drive up, signaling the arrival of his roommates, and he wanted them to catch us in the act.

A Virgin Toby Ain't

SAN FRANCISCO — Toby—the blank, bovine expression you see on many of the professional porn models is typical of the passion shown by Toby. A virgin Toby ain't. The first time I picked him up, he was very cool, almost suave. Though extremely young, he undressed then, as always, in an experienced way, without a trace of self-consciousness, sat in my lounge chair while I knelt and blew him, and then took a complete shower. Trade, but with the personal habits of a Boy Scout. He indulges heavily in deodorants and deodorant soap—blaah! Fresh from the pool, his skin has a mild scent and flavor of chlorine—blaah again. Fresh from the sauna in our apartment building, he gives you the true taste of his lovely flesh. Once I had him after he'd been to the beach and was lightly seasoned with sea salt—rather nice. He thought it very kinky that I asked him not to take a shower. Like his sister, a stewardess, he's very poised and studied (the "on camera" persona of life-as-a-talk show). Like his sister, he never openly pursues anyone or competes for their attention. He studies karate but is a lot tougher and wiser (in a street sense) than any mere suburban martial arts student. But—unusual for a kid—one subject he never mentions is himself. He is very middle class about payment. There is never any direct connection between sex and money. He doesn't even borrow small sums. Instead, he tells me about something he wants and is saving for and I take him to the store and make up the difference between what he's saved and what he needs to make the purchase. And this is when I see his enchanting smile. In truth, the perfect way to have him would be through a glory hole because all he's offering is his cock. But without a glory hole, this limitation is disconcerting because you can see the rest. I usually enjoy watching the thorough way he towels off after a shower, but sometimes he seems eerily unreal—as if he were no more than a hologram—because he's so detached and self-contained. His sister has the same remote quality about her—almost god-like. It's part of the curse that afflicts California's Golden Children of the Sun.

Reader, 82, Scores Twice

NEW JERSEY — I have two friends who live together, both gay, but in a very quiet way. Recently on a visit to their home, I found the younger of the two alone. We got to talking about various things, one of which caused him to get a hard-on, which gave me a chance that I had been waiting for for some time. I said for him to get ready. He stepped in front of me, unzipped his pants, pushed down his shorts and showed seven inches of beautiful cock. I did not hesitate one second before I had it in my mouth, right down to the base. He was not very long in giving me a load, but as he had been sucked off twice before that morning, it was very light, but good, as I had not had such a prick in many moons. A couple of nights later my next door neighbor came to my door and said if I wanted to give him a blow job that he was ready. I needed no second invite so I sucked him off. That was also very good and he came with a good load. I am looking forward to having number one again. Am enclosing a little postal help.

The Sex Life of the Canadian Mounties

NOVA SCOTIA — Two days after I wrote to you, our beloved R.C.M.P. simultaneously raided six cities and towns in Nova Scotia. In Halifax they raided five stores and three homes. They confiscated porno books, mags, pics, films, etc., etc. They haven't laid charges as yet but they always do. They said all of the material was brought in from the U.S. through Customs. Those bastards must have enough material to keep them horny for months. A friend of mine ordered two mags from a U.S. company and they were confiscated by Customs. Every so often the police crack down in N.S., but this time it was the Mounties (our Feds) and those babies don't fool around. The raids were simultaneous—all at 11 A.M. and involving police all over N.S. Needless to say it was carefully planned. There is talk (usually correct) that they are going to pay more attention to Customs (can't have people looking at fuck pictures). I don't know if this is connected, but two weeks ago one of my letters had been opened. It was a gay advertisement from a U.S. company.

Editor's Note: The Mounties—all of whom look at all times as though they were about to burst out into a jolly glee club rendition of "Give me some men who are stout-hearted men"—have never seemed more like suspiciously over-groomed dress extras in an old MGM Mountie musical starring Jeanette MacDonald ("The Iron Butterfly") and Nelson Eddy ("The Singing Capon") than in this latest Canadian prank. What heroes! — the Mounties — their Timexes synchronized, outnumbering their victims by only ten to one, their hemorrhoidal assholes festering from prolonged inertia in their squad cars and itching for action. The sexual activities of these overdressed peasants, with necks as red as their tunics, may not be precisely why the Canadian taxpayers pay their keep, but there is never any complaint; the little man, after all, likes to feel sexually big too. The belittling thing, of course, is to prey upon others. It is not pleasant to think of the Mounties playing with their pee-pee things in their drafty barracks, proceeding as cautiously in their self-abuse as they did in their abuse of their sexual victims so that their throbbing blankets will not uncover the humiliating vice inspired by stolen magazines.

Photo: AMG

Analyzing the Analyst

From a letter in *The New York Times*: "Bieber [a conservative psychoanalyst, bete-noire of gay libbers] feels that a layman has no right to express an opinion on the subject. It is surely time to ask whether gay women and men might not themselves qualify as 'experts' on their own lives. It's good of Dr. Bieber to recommend a 'painless' analyst for me. I've had several, thanks. A dozen years of inhaling the fumes of 'disease theory,' 'character disorder,' *et. al.*, did quite a job on my ability to breathe. Having left the consultation room four years ago, my lungs are now clearing up nicely. Another of Dr. Bieber's kind offers is still fresh in my memory. When he and I debated the subject of male homosexuality, he made the same statement I find repeated in his letter: He has never known a 'subject' who 'had had a loving, constructive father.' An undergraduate took the microphone to say that he was gay and had had just such a father. Bieber offered to give the young man a proper battery of tests if he would present himself at the office. At which point I grabbed the microphone and, in an equally kindly spirit, offered to test Bieber for advanced symptoms of homophobia if he would present himself at my office. The doctor seemed startled. The offer still holds." — Martin Duberman. [Duberman is a New York City homosexual, historian, playwright, and professor.]

Down on the Farm with Nelson

FROM A PRISONER — One night dad and mom (step-mother) were in Detroit for the weekend and I was left alone on the farm. I talked dad into letting Nelson stay the entire weekend with me. His farm being a quarter-of-a-mile down the road, they allowed this. I made the invitation to play Monopoly. But I made the rules that any time we landed on property with a hotel, then we had to give up one piece of clothing as rent. Before half the game was over both of us were sitting there with a chance to look at each other's bare dicks whenever we wanted to. For the next game, I made the motion that whenever we had to pay rent we kiss each other's dick, instead of losing a piece of clothing. Nelson was for this. Well, we had many kisses on our dicks. Soon we were holding each other in our arms, kissing, hugging, feeling of each other. Our hard dicks poking into each others' stomach. We only pressed them in further, feeling the body warmth. My bed was a single — my brother's over mine (bunk beds). We layed there for the longest time playing with each other when Nelson turned and took my dick entirely. It was about 4½" long. His was now penetrating my mouth. Nelson layed on top of me and fucked my mouth. When it was all in it would just reach my throat, so he began getting the same treatment from me. We fucked and bucked at each others' mouth until we both unloaded. Nelson's body was stiff, arching out like a bow. His dick was pressed into my mouth as deep as it would go. My hands were on his ass, holding him there. I couldn't get enough of him. I drank his cum avidly, using my tongue to lick his piss-hole clean. When we finally rolled apart it was dark outside. The moon was up, but only the first quarter showed. I said, "How about let's you and I go for a walk." "Like this? Where to?" "Oh, out in the orchard." We went all over the orchard naked, stopping to kiss, suck or whatever we felt like doing. We went to the gravel pit and played

around with each other. We were both so excited when we got back that we fell right to the bed and started sucking each other. I woke up about 2 A.M. and Nelson was sucking on me again. The next morning (Sat.) we went out the door bareass and walked up into the orchard.

Walnut-Flavored Sperm

SAN FRANCISCO — Went to the flea market today and picked up a longhair chicken self-named Sky. His price was set of urethane wheels for his skateboard. We tried several places, but because it was a nice day, all we met were crowds. We ended up out by the salt evaporators (which look rather like rice paddies) on the bay. He had dark brown hair and eyes, his chest and arms were thin but his legs were nicely muscled (from operating a pottery wheel as it turned out). His cock was short (about 5″), thick and uncut. His pubic triangle was well on its way to becoming a diamond. His nuts were scrumptiously plump. But when *the* moment arrived, he changed his mind: he wanted a hand job, not French. But he liked being fondled and stroked (and his nuts were fun to play with, even if he wouldn't let me suck them), so I decided to play a waiting game. When he held his breath and began to arch , I transferred the stroke from hand to mouth—*just in time*. It was sauce with an interesting flavor: walnut-y, with a faint undertaste of clam dip. I tried to find out more about the meat but he recovered too quickly, squirmed away from me, and sat up with one hand protectively covering his pretty crotch. After staring *hard* at me for an uncomfortably long minute, he asked what "it" tasted like. I smiled (for several reasons) and said, "Why not find out for yourself." After another long minute he took his hand away, squeezed and massaged his root until he'd collected a large drop on a finger tip, then sampled himself. So charming, so artless, and so *maddeningly* erotic. The intent critical expression on his face . . . the mouth moving, tasting . . . finally, the simple judgment: it's okay. I let him get dressed and drove him to within a couple of blocks of where he lived. I told him he was pretty uptight for a longhair. He just shrugged.

Statistics: One Man's Meat

LONG ISLAND — Enclosed is a list of cocks I sucked in 1973:

Name of Cock	Times
Sye	1
Sid	2
Howie	15
Peter	2
Lee	2
Ed	4
Rudy	1
Ray	7
George	3
Ronnie	1
Brade	1
Eddie	2
Joe	1
Jack	2

Growing Up "Straight"

DETROIT — You ask about my early experiences with initiation and stripping. I guess it all started when my older cousin (by five years) used to "baby-sit" with me when my parents went out. After some horseplay, he used to take me into the bedroom, hold me down on the bed and "pants" me. Of course I'd struggle, but I was 12 and he was 16 or 17. I'd try to "pants" him. Occasionally he'd give in and let me wrestle his pants off him. It became a regular thing. One night it went a step further. He held me down on the bed, got my pants down and then went down on me. He was a really hunky stud (6'3" and a jock in high school). This went on for about a year and then ended. Usually our stripping sessions ended with me turned over his knee and him "spanking" my bare butt. Most of the time it ended in a mutual jack-off. I was a little taken back when he brought one of his buddies in on the action. They were both seniors in high school, I was a freshman. They held me down, pantsed me, got me hard, and said I had to jack them both off before they'd let me go. I did—but I was so angry that I had been "shared" that I refused to do anything further with my cousin again. In high school we used to constantly "pants" guys in the locker room or behind the football stadium. Usually three or four of us would take some freshman out behind the stadium or the bus garage and all hold him down. Then one guy would unbuckle his belt. He'd scream and carry on, but we'd slowly take his pants down and finally off. Then the underpants would slowly come off until the guy was bareass. Some of the kids would get hard-ons. We'd always play with and squeeze his nuts a little before we got his pants off. Then we'd let him up and watch him try to seek shelter and hide himself. Once several friends and I were out clowning around in a car. We had a younger kid with us. We took him into Pearson Park, got him out of the car, held him across the back trunk and "pantsed" him. In a matter of minutes he was standing bareass in front of us. My friends and I were all seniors on the football team. We told him he had to stand in front of us and beat off until he shot, as an "initiation" into our group. He really must have coveted our friendship, for he stood there in that dark park with us holding a flashlight on his cock and jerked off for us. He shot a pretty healthy load. We told him he couldn't jack off anymore unless we were with him. A few days later he asked if we could go to the park again so he could jack off. We told him it was just a joke, and he could jack off anytime he wanted.

In the locker room, it was mostly the older guys picking on the freshmen. It was fun to yank down their jeans and then make fun of the size of their dicks. In college fraternity initiations, they did a lot of things to us that were sexual, but I never really thought much of it at that time, since I wasn't really "out." There were a lot of things they did, and I'll go into specifics in a later letter. We were required to identify brothers by their cocks. They told us to get under a table, one at a time, and then they lowered their pants. We were to associate the dick with the brother it belonged to.

Another initiation stunt of the brothers was to make each guy stand on a table before the actives and all the other pledges too and strip off all his clothes. Then several brothers took a five-pound can of Crisco. They greased the pledge's body all over with white shortening. They smeared heavy amounts on his ass, cock and balls. After six or so pledges had been thoroughly greased, they were herded into a closet and the door shut. It was hot and stuffy inside. We were required to squirm about and rub our bodies against one another

until all the grease was melted. Finally orders were shouted through the closed door that the pledges had to ejaculate, each and every one, before the door could be opened — and no guy could jack himself off. Not all the guys managed to come, but most did. That was a real turn-on, now that I look back on it. When we first pledged we were required to stand before the activies in one of the men's rooms, strip off our shirts and pull down our pants and underpants. They took a steel ruler and measured our cocks while they were limp, then told us to start beating off and get our cock as hard as we could. Then they made us stop before we shot and measured our cocks again. They posted the measurements in the hallway on a bulletin board for everyone to read.

Bareass Sailors Jack Off Underwater

MAINE — Dear *Boyd's*, I love you. I am a Navy veteran of World War II and served aboard a carrier in the Pacific. The recreation at the Fleet Recreation Center in the Caroline Islands consisted of beer and bareass swimming. What a sight it was! Several hundred bareass naked sailors and Marines, their cocks and balls swinging as they horsed around in the sun. Some were playing catch with baseball and glove and it was beautiful when one of them jumped to catch a high one: his cock and balls swinging and bouncing around. I was spellbound by all this masculine beauty on display. All were young men in their prime, their big balls loaded with juice. A couple of them were stretched out, spread-eagled, right down on the edge of the incoming waves. Each powerful wave, as it rolled up the beach, slapped their balls, cocks and assholes with a good smack. Each of these guys had a blissful grin on his face as the waves rolled in and licked their nuts. What a display of handsome young men everywhere I strolled! Cocks and balls of every kind and description. Everyone seemed unashamedly to be looking below the belly-button. One guy had the biggest cock I've ever seen. It looked to be eight inches soft as it hung down between his legs, with a huge pair of balls to match. He was aware of his endowment. He paraded for hours with his huge cock bobbing up and down with every step he took. The friend from the ship I was with said he had never seen so many kinds and varieties of cocks in all his born days. I got horny as hell so I waded out in the lagoon among the coral formations and sort of edged away from the other guys swimming and horsing around. I reached down and started to jack off, keeping one arm above water to splash around and make others think I was swimming. The water was warm and sensual on my bare ass and cock. I shot a good load and wow, it sure felt good. I stayed in the water until my cock got soft and the last drops of cream oozed out. There were a few guys wrestling and shoving each other under water as I came ashore. One of them suddenly shouted, of the guy he was wrestling with, "He's got a hard on!" It's only natural. Later, as I was having a beer under the palms, I got talking with a guy who was wearing only a pair of underwater goggles on his forehead. He said he had been swimming under water in the lagoon with his diving glasses and he could see quite a distance in that clear lagoon water and he saw many guys "pulling their pud," as he put it. So others got as horny as I did at the sight of their own and each others' nakedness. The penalty for homosexuality was immediate discharge from the service as undesirable. What a word, in view of the fact that the guys were so obviously suffering from desire. Anyway, they knew the penalty and kept their cocks pretty well under control, except in the water. Peace and Love.

San Juan Groin

BROOKLYN — On a recent trip to San Juan, I met a young, black guy I'd seen before. He came back to my room, embraced me and then exerted a gentle pressure on my shoulders so that I knelt in front of his groin. He undid his fly and pushed my face up against it. The aroma was great — just a bit of piss and lots of sweat. We stripped and I got right to work on his slim, black body with my tongue. I really cleaned up his ass and balls before I sucked off a big load of cum. When he shot he rolled me over on my back and threw one leg over my head, keeping his dick shoved deep. In that position he drifted off to sleep; I spent the next two hours pinned to the bed with a mouthful of black cock and a noseful of groin smells.

"I Just Had to Have It"

UPSTATE NEW YORK — I have a kid that helps me mow my lawn summers. He started working for me three summers ago. The first summer, I guess he was to young. I couldn't make out with him. But the second summer, on the first day he mowed my lawn, I got to suck his cock. I rolled his foreskin back and his cockhead was loaded with white cock cheese. I got real horny, smelling his cheese. I licked the cheese all off. I liked it. I sucked his cock every time he mowed the lawn for me and drank his hot, salty piss three times. This summer I am sucking his cock two times and drinking his hot piss from one to two times every day that he mows my lawn for me. His piss is delicious, as he drinks a couple bottle of beer and a lot of water.

This spring, a kid, 18, came to my door selling seeds. I bought what seeds he had and invited him inside. He told me his folks hate him and nobody loves him, as he is "slow" in school and can't learn as fast as the other kids, so he is two grades behind other kids of his age. I told him that I love him and hugged him. It wasn't long before I could feel his tender, young cock growing hard against me. I reached down and put my hand on it. I said, "Hey, kid, you've got a hard-on. Would you like to unzip your pants and let me see it?" He quickly unzipped his pants (he didn't have any shorts on) and out popped a beautiful, hard kid cock. Wow! I reached down and put my hand on it and fondled it and stroked it. I unzipped my Levis and took out my own cock. He said, "I wish I had one as big as yours." I said, "You will some day when you get older."

I was getting so horny and turned on with his cock I just had to have it inside my cock-hungry mouth. I asked him if he cared if I kissed the head of his cock. He said, "If you want to." I had his hard cock in my mouth right pronto, all of it. He spurted his thick load of hot-sweet cream into my mouth in no time. It was delicious. He asked me where the bathroom was, as he had to piss. I watched him. The sight of his golden piss flowing from his kid cock was more than I could bear and I quickly got my face down in front of him and my mouth on his cock. He kept right on pissing and I drank all the remainder. It was just a little bit salty. He is going to work part time for me this summer, with my garden work, so he can earn a little spending money. He told me that his brother has a bigger cock than he does and he likes to get it sucked, so I may get to suck him too.

Ballsy

OHIO — I recall my first visit to a bath a few years ago when I was 21. I remember the strange good feeling that went with allowing myself to be passed around every which way and groped, sucked and licked. I was soaping myself in the shower, knowing that an attractive middle-aged man with gorgeous curly-dark hair had his eyes riveted to my ass. I wondered what to do next. I didn't even notice his hen eggs until we got to his room. After I did make the discovery I did little except admire and congratulate. I fucked him. We exchanged addresses and finally met some months later at the college I was attending. On our second (and unfortunately last) visit he confided that he was attracted by both ends, that he almost always the fucker and hardly ever the fuckee. He is a lawyer practicing in Illinois. He wined and dined me and even offered me a job in his office. When we got to his motel we fucked each other. The man has a big, long, thick, juicy, very suckable cock. However, it is a cock to be felt and sucked more than seen: he is the only man with a big cock I have ever known on whom one only fleetingly notices the cock, because his cock, big as it is, is overshadowed by an even bigger set of balls. Occasionally I diverted to some apple polishing (and that asshole had a mighty fine lick to it) but I concentrated most of my efforts on polishing his hunky hatching eggs. He gave me the privilege of dangling the nest-full just short of my busy nose so I could be totally expressive of my appreciation for the macho musk emanating. As soon as I was able to convince him of how very grateful I was that he was honoring me by permitting me to sniff the groceries and that I did indeed have my mouth stretched as wide as possible, he lowered the left gem for me to polish, then the right one. He brushed them across my nose and flopped them on my face. Somehow he managed to plop both in my mouth for a real jaw breaker. I got on my knees and sucked him off and then repeatedly kissed his ass, while praising to the heavens his heavenly basket. I said that at times it must be somewhat uncomfortable to tote around that excess baggage. I have never since met anyone as ballsy.

Sleeping in the Nude

The following newspaper clipping arrived from San Francisco: "DEAR BETH: I'm a senior in high school, 5-foot-11, average build, and on the honor roll, track team and so forth. I'm a perfectly average guy. Is it normal for me to like to sleep in the nude? I got into this habit when I worked on my uncle's farm one summer, and it was hotter than the hinges. I used to take a shower and go to bed still damp to cool off. Do many males my age sleep this way?"

[Beth's answer was not included in the clipping. My own is that it's not normal for a boy that age to sleep bareass unless he's with another boy—for instance, another member of the track team or honor roll. They go to bed, of course, in their Jockey shorts; much of the fun is getting these off. Then they can feel of each other's dicks, nuts, and butts. I do not think this particular boy is an ideal bed mate, however; any boy who's so worried about doing what's normal that he writes Beth . . . I mean really.—EDITOR.]

Yute Picks Up 4 Cocksuckers

CALIFORŃIA — Lots to see by the sea and at the amusement park in Santa Cruz (the patron saint of cruising?). *Embarras du choix*, except that I don't embarrass easily. Unfortunately all the delectable looking choices were in groups, with girls or guarded by snapping turtles (parents). So I eventually went south to the state park at New Brighton Beach. Inspired choice! Miles: Reddish-blond hair and blue-green eyes. Lovely tan. First time I saw him was in the picnic area above the beach. He coasted past me on a skateboard, a comic book in his left hand, and his right hand very busy in a front pocket of his cutoffs (which was all he was wearing). Second time was on the beach itself. He was with a group of boys playing with a frisbee. Playing frisbee with one hand, that is. The other was very *very* busy in his pocket. So busy that one of his pals told him to "leave *it* alone, Miles!" The shameless little chicken told his pal to "sit on it and twirl!" When he left the beach alone, I followed. When he went into a tearoom, I followed. He's been there before. When I told him I was the Tooth Fairy's cousin who collected cum from horny boys, he laughed—*knowingly*. I asked him if he knew a place, and he took me to his family's trailer in the camp grounds. He had no axilla hair, and his bush was mostly strawberry-blond down, not much mature hair. He also had a cute navel and appendix scar, and like having them licked—although not as much as having his neat little spur done. This tender morsel of flesh was cut, about four inches, with a slender stalk but a plump nob. His smooth tight balls were equally inviting. And the light seasoning of sea salt and sweat went very well with the taste of the meat. Thoroughly my kind of chicken. Open, bouncy, candid and cozy. His family's been traveling only a little more than a week, and I was the fourth cocksucker to get in his shorts.

Brotherfucker

MANHATTAN — My older brother was an athletic kid, admired by all, including an almost incestuous adulation by our father. He was unusually well built, both muscularly and sexually, had no sense of humor but a great drive for success. He is the oldest of five children, all of whom dislike him. None of us like him very much to this day. But in our early years I accepted what he demanded. At first it was sucking. But later I think that was embarrassing to him. He just wanted to get it off and there I was and so he fucked me because I was there. I don't think there was any sentiment of any sort. I suppose he used some spit; I don't remember any pain. He was an intense muscular fucking machine. He was a three-letter man, captain of the football, hockey and baseball teams. He kept fucking me all through grammar school and up into high school. We used to share a room as children—three brothers—and he as the oldest had the single bed. Each night our younger brother went to bed earlier in the double bed he shared with me and each night Big Boy and I would lift him out into the single bed so that we could use the double bed for fucking. It was a regular thing. I can't remember when he turned it off, but I think he was 14 or 15 and I was around 12. He began calling me a fairy. It was a miniature master/slave relationship, I suppose. I don't think he gave a thought to fucking me after he went out into his hetero world, when I guess he

found out there were other ways for a manly boy to get his cock off. At the swimming pool down at the brook we had contests, the boys of 11 and 12 and 13, to see who could get it up and whose was the biggest. I always won. My cock is by no means the largest cock in the world but it certainly was the largest in ----, Massachusetts. I was rather popular with certain other eighth and ninth graders wanting to camp out with me on spring and summer nights. I well remember the night when Eddie, who later succeeded my brother as football hero, was lying with me in our tent on a hillside. Eddie had my cock in his mouth, I had his in mine. Suddenly something happened that never had before: I ejaculated. Eddie said, "If you ever do that again, I'll never suck your cock again." Well, though he thought at the time it was a dirty nasty thing to have done, he did and I did, and many a time.

Wants Reader's Wad On His Face

SAN FRANCISCO — I just returned from Le Club, better known as the bus station. Stopped at the magazine rack and crossed eyes with a strawberry blond in tan cords with a day pack slung over his shoulders. Only the briefest meeting of eyes, but we both recognized each as having met there a few weeks ago and gone down under the freeway by the waterfront to suck and jack-off in my car. Tonight we both went directly by different routes to the john, briefly showed semi-hard cocks at a adjacent urinals, then ducked into adjoining stalls where we each quickly wet and massaged our cocks to full hardness. Exchanged glances under the partition several times, showing each other our hard dicks and rubbing our balls to get the juices flowing. I decided I wanted to suck him off again, so I pulled up my Levis and went outside where my car was parked. He followed, we said hello, got in the car and instantly shared gropes of our crotches with hard boners sticking up in our laps. Drove down by the waterfront again, undid each other's belts and flies and pulled our pants down to show each other our stiff pricks. Played with each other a bit, then he twisted around and bent over to suck on my cock, which was already running with hot, slippery juice. He sucks warm, wet, tight but not hard, and deep, without jamming it down his throat like a circus acrobat. I rubbed his hair, caught the aroma of his sweat, nibbled his neck, got my right hand under his buns and fingered his crack while he sucked. Then we switched and I had a taste of his running juices. His cock is especially hard and strong, but tastes that special taste that is all cock — no piss, no sweat, no cheese, no nothing but lovely, hot cock skin (the other flavors, including walnut-flavored sperm, are good too, but plain, hot cock skin is just like vanilla ice cream — not spectacular but *always* just plain good). He massaged my cock while I sucked on his. Then we both laid back and massaged our own meat, feasting our eyes on each other's dick and starting to moan and breathe faster. I felt the muscles tightening, so took my hand off my stick and grabbed his. He switched to working my dick and we both got the rhythm. Pretty soon I knew I had lost control and started to shoot. I gasped "coming" but he didn't lean over quickly to swallow my load as I expected. Instead, I squirted a stream of hot, white cum out of my piss-hole while he continued to jerk my cock. He said later, that he decided not to swallow this load as he wanted to see it shoot out, because he had taken such a big wad from me the first time we met. He says he wants to ball again, with me on top of him shooting my wad into his face. The only thing I'd rather do is have him shoot his load all over my mouth and moustache.

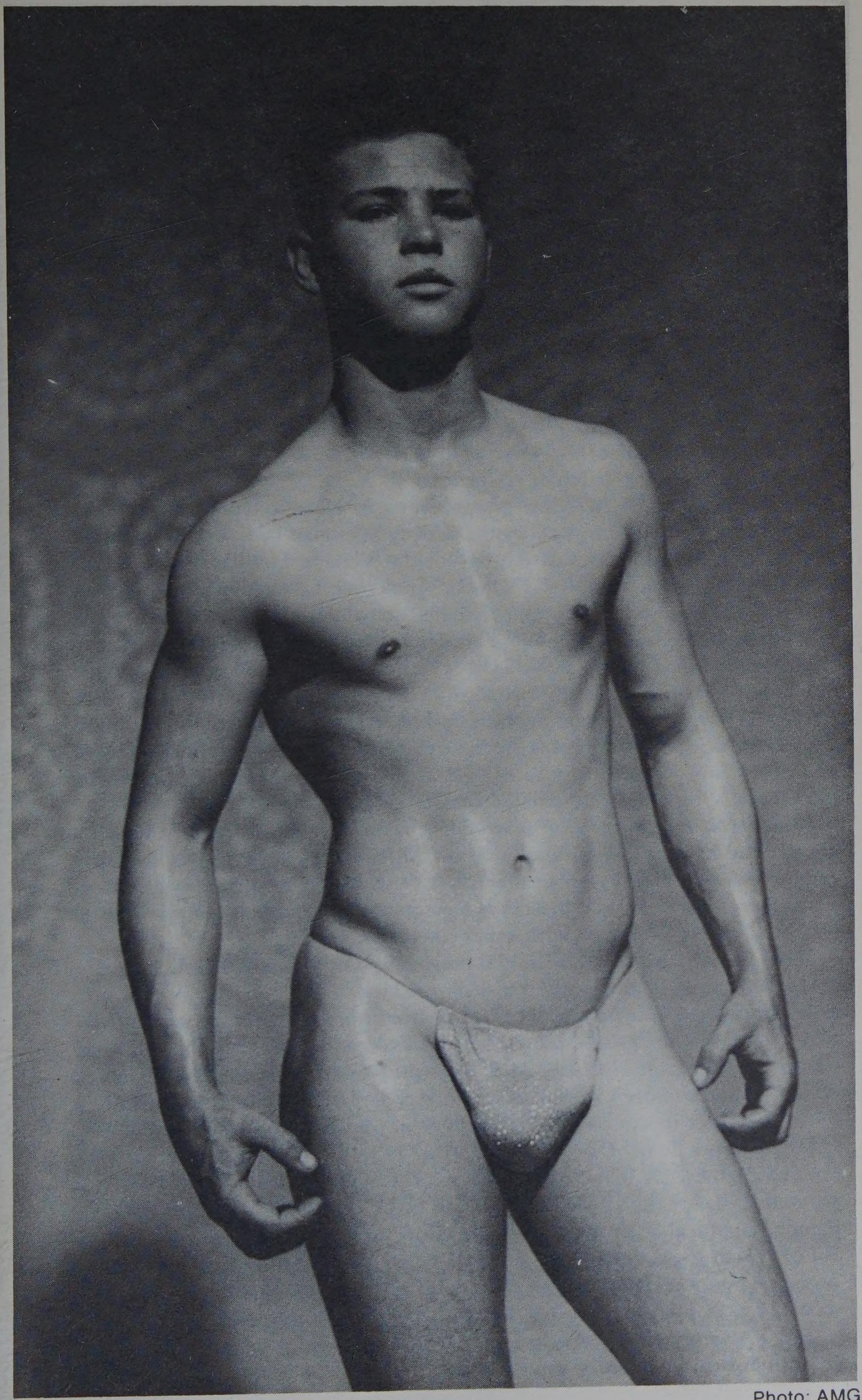


Photo: AMG

Interview: Mitzel

Mitzel is on the staff of Boston's *Fag Rag*. He is author of *The Boston Sex Scandal* (1981), *John Horne Burns: An Appreciative Biography*, etc.

Do you think it's wrong for a Christian youth to tickle his asshole hairs while jacking off? Not if he can't find someone else to do it for him.

What was your most successful publication? "Sports and the Macho Male."

What are you going to do for an encore? "Some Short Stories About Nasty People I Don't Like," a collection of short assassinations, a Manifest Destiny Book due out in the fall.

Which presidential candidate has been the biggest creep? Prolly Gov. Jerry Jerk-Off Brown.

Which of your works do you like best? Bunny LaRue's piece in *Fag Rag 13* examining the rash of Judy Garland bios in terms of machinations with the Money Supply, O holy of holies.

Is it harder to write for Fag Rag and *Gay Community News* than it is to publish your own Manifest Destiny booklets? Nothing's easy, toots, just different gambits for different obstacles.

Do you think the Holy Father goes down on it? Hard to tell. Montini looks like an eater — that same quality that Fanny Spellman had. Yet I remember Ms. Paul in her more robust days — at the Vatican Pavillion at the N.Y. World's Fair when, on live TV, she shook her fanny like any piece of Hollywood flesh; so I suspect she's had her share up the old Hershey-Hi-Way.

What would you do if you had a million dollars surplus? Buy a contract to snuff Jim Garrison and the Boston City Council, all of which I prolly could get cheapola what with all these Mafiosi and CIA agents thrown off the payrolls.

What is your routine? I am the head cashier at the toilet where I work seven days a week. Some evenings I drink. Several times a month I go out cruising in one of my uniforms, usually to no luck. Most of my best sex is auto-erotic. Occasionally I score in a manner I find satisfactory.

Would you rather live with someone or alone? Since I'm poor, I have no choice, and have to live with another for $$ reasons. I grew up detesting my family so much that my greatest ambition was to live comfortably all alone. Since then I learned that Amerika is a gangster-land and that one would best live in a "protective unit" with other likeminded folks.

What is your ambition? I'd like to personally reign over the cashieering of every religionist in the world and sack the rich.

Why do you live in Boston? I ran away from home — Cincinnati, Ohio — when I was 17, to Boston, which I had visited and liked, having seen only Cambridge, Beacon Hill and Back Bay (probably the three nicest parts of Amerika) and I swore I would make this city my home for the rest of my life. I wrote my most recent pamphlet, *Skylines*, about this, and I hold by it.

Do you think Louise Day Hicks is a prick? I think she thinks she'd like to be one. Her father, Dr. Day, a wellknown local Irish pol drunken sot crook, is reputed to have said to her on his death bed: "Louise, take care of the little people," a typical Irish sentiment, as by little people he meant the pea-brains. All of which gives democracy a bad name, as these pin-heads think that the Lowest Common Denominator should Triumph — which smells like fascism to me, dearie, any way you try to cover it up with jingo-ese.

Tell us about your advocacy of sterilization for "straights." After two inseminations, mandatory vasectomies.

Do you think After Dark *is as disgusting as people say?* Prolly so. I say that even without having read it for two years.

Do you think Senator Jackson can get a hard-on? Sure, for a contract for a new bomber.

Why do you think so many "straights" are "fag"-baiters? As Vidal said: "Fag-baiting is the last respectable form of minority abuse in America." They do it because it's easy, fun, self-serving and because they can get away with it. I think every queen, like every spic whore in N.Y.C., should carry a phial of acid in his pocket and toss it in the face of anyone who screams "fag."

Of public figures, who disgusts you the most? Teddy Kennedy, Abby Rockefeller Mauze and her brothers, Victor Lasky, David Ruben, Taylor Caldwell, Norman Mailer, Sen. Buckley, Ed Davis, Jan-Michael Vincent, Mort Sahl, Jim Aubrey, Sam Peckinpah, Wm. Buckley, all FBI agents, Spiro Agnew, Irving Bieber, Pete and Babs Wieden, King Carlos, Jim Nabors, and Meldrim Thompson.

What do you think of Gore Vidal? A top drawer careerist. Hasn't missed a trick in his life, one by the way which has been good to him. His talent has been too tempered by his Good Sense, but he's earned his place as the foremost man of American letters.

Edward Albee? E.A. came into the toilet where I earn my honest day's labor, and we chatted. He looks much better as he ages — really looked kind of twerpy 15 years ago, so I guess he's pulled out of it. I'd kiss him everywhere. I only wish that *Virginia Woolf* hadn't a happy ending, as I don't think a play about straight people should indulge them like this.

Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.? Fellates a pencil better than anyone else on TV.

What do you think of women's lib and gay lib? Women's lib would be far more successful if women just tossed men out of their lives. Gay lib will blossom when it knocks the sense into people that beyond a general and genial sociability and comradeship, the sexes have nothing to really do with each other.

How has your outlook been affected by Vietnam and Watergate? I was always a rebel, anti-authoritarian and misanthrope. Vietnam and WG were as inevitable as are the next crimes coming up.

What books do you like? Thucydides to Judy Exner, Pynchon, Twain, Brophy, Voltaire, Shaw.

Priest Dies — Story Won't

[*Editor's note:* In a sexual democracy, John Mitzel could have won a Pulitzer Prize for his exclusive story in *Gay Community News* about the death of a priest. But America is a sexual dictatorship, and instead of getting a prize, Mitzel and *GCN* got complaints. The general tone of the complaints was, "How dare you tell the truth?" The general tone of the "straight" press was, "We're not going to cover this; we're going to cover it up." I asked Mitzel, who is one of my favorite writers, to do a story for this book about his *GCN* story, so that an additional audience could have a peek at the truth.]

Faggots are often blamed for the discomforts of the straits. With the dead-priest-porno-story, it was made amply clear that the closeted clergy (an abundant crop here in Boston, as elsewhere) were outraged that their little grey and gay area of hypocrisy was no longer exempt from comment.

The tasteful Boston *Globe* and the cassock-kissing Hearst *Herald-American*

said the late father had passed over while humbly doing the lord's work in his quiet rectory in neighboring Quincy. To compound cover-up with incompetence, the fucking *Globe* ran a photo with their obit which featured a gent with the same name (Irish) as the dead priest. Turned out that the gent so featured was very much alive, thank you, and busy running the state lottery racket. ("Your Number's Up!")

I heard about the story from the ever-trusty gayvine. I learned that La Pater had his heart stop while he was in the 2nd balcony of a Boston porno palace. Though the porno palace showed het films, after midnight the 2nd balc. boasts only dick-lickers and pick-pockets. Father was found between rows, his drawers down at the ankles, and, thinking, at the moment of passing over, literally, God alone knows what.

And so I wrote up the story. For spreading the word about this poor pastoral demise, all holy shit hit the fan. Not one snipe that the *Globe* and Hearst rag had lied and covered up and run the wrong photo. No. Not one complaint about the *strait* press' lack of "professionlism" and "journalistic ethics." Let the liars press on. Janet Cooke would win her Pulitzer just 3 months later for her made-up stories about baby-scag use. Janet got caught, yes, but the important question goes unanswered: how many white men writing for the dailies *continue to get away with it?* I have some leads here, but the newly-vicious libel laws prevent me from sharing these with you.

At any rate, the struggling little *Gay Community News* here in Boston was quickly swamped with letters and calls after running the dead-porno-priest story. GCN's office manager told me many callers identified themselves as clergy — both those holding tickets for the coming Messiah and those already busy worshipping a dead Jewish carpenter—and to a one they said that though they supported gay-rights-blah-blah, they were appalled and *hurt* that GCN had sunk to such a journalist low. Some predicted that the dead-priest story would set the gay movement back as least TEN YEARS!

I marked all this fury up as just another indication of our growing power — and the fear this power provoked in the bosoms of the straits. When the strait press launches one of its periodic attacks on faggots — CBS, *Harper's*, Hearst, *Commentary*, etc. — we resist, and rightly so. When one of our own papers runs a documented true story (GCN even ran a copy of the dead priest's death certificate), we are to be blamed for breach of etiquette, good taste, whatever. Thus the first rule of successful news-reporting.

By the by, two ordained Roman Catholic priests — one not practicing and into gay activism, the other a local worker who has been demoted by our reactionary Cardinal for his work with gay youths — came to my defense. They both lamented the sexual hypocrisy that churches exploit in recruiting gay men (closeted) into the clergy. If all the faggots left the pulpits and the pews, the only ones left working the god scam would be the *strait* drunks in dog-collars who clip from the collection plates and the jesus-spooked women they fleece.

I tend to be practical about these matters. As a person who has *in fact* earned a living *cleaning porno theatres*, I certainly can sympathize with the under-paid worker who punched in early that day (6 AM) to get down to picking up the scum rags, soggy condoms, greasy tubes of vaseline, torn jockey shorts and panties, cock rings, loose change and spent poppers. A good day is when you don't have to scrape up a pile of shit or a pool of puke. Imagine coming upon a

dead priest, in *rigor mortis*, stuffed between rows in the 2nd balcony, and having to put *that* out with the trash.

The only gripe I had with the way GCN presented the story (my dear, *no* glory is grand enough!) is that they changed my headline. They printed: "Priest Found Dead in Porn Cinema." I had written: "Dead Priest Found in Porno Palace." The anti-porn ladies can just go ahead and complain; there I go objectifying people again! Another dead priest clogging the aisles! They're getting to be like the damn gypsy months! Just everywhere!

Brother Voltaire (who had it wrong, by the way; it's "Once A Pervert, *Twice* A Philosopher") remains an inspiration to a poor, attacked writer like yours truly, trapped in a corrupt, Irish Catholic parish: "Ecrasez L'Infame" ("Crush The Infamous").

I Wanted It Bad

Editor's Note: The writer of the following article is doing time in prison, according to an outside social worker, for a homosexual act that occurred in Michigan while the man was in Texas.

FROM A PRISONER — Every boy that has homosexual tendencies looks for things that most normally others would not think about. I know because I have looked for sex everywhere I could. When I see a guy I usually try to see what endowment he has. When cars pass I try to see the groin of the man driving. Why I do this I don't know; it's just a strong urge to see the sexual parts of others. This was how I met the man driving by our house. The road in front of our farm was gravel. I was riding my bike up and down the road when I saw this car approaching. It was not traveling very fast. I could see that the driver was shirtless. When he drove alongside I looked in. His pants were pulled completely down. I rode alongside the car for awhile and looked eagerly at him. He didn't say anything. Just pushed his big dick up more so I could see the entire member. We were getting further away from our house so I followed him. Just before he left the gravel road he pulled over to the side. I rode around to the driver's side of the car. "Have you enjoyed looking into my car?" "I guess so," I said. "How come you're naked?" "So I can show myself to boys like you." "You do this often?" "Sure, every day I show from 5 to 10 boys." "Do they like it too?" "That doesn't make much difference. Do you?" "In a way." "Would you like to show me yours?" "Where can we go?" "How about putting your bike up and riding around with me?" "You'll have to drive back past my house then." "I can't pick you up there. How about you meeting me here?" I hurried back to my house, left the bike in the garage, told my brother that I was going over to Jacky's, ran across the road into the woods and down to the bridal path. When I came out to the road where he had been, there was no car. I was bewildered and a little heartbroken because I was in earnest. I started walking home when I was him coming towards me. My dick started to get hard. I jumped into the car when he stopped. I could hardly keep my eyes off his hard cock. "Would you like to play with it?" he asked. I sat near him while he tickled and played with my body too. I had my hand working up and down on his dick. It felt so hard, smooth and warm. I knew that soon I would have that in my mouth. I wanted it bad. "If you go up this road I know a place we can go," I told him. We came to my secret place, where I had first unloaded my

wad. He parked the car. "Take your clothes off," he said. I stripped, tossing my pants and underpants in the back seat. But we decided to carry our clothes and walked bareass up the hill to my secluded spot. There were no houses around. We layed down on the grass and before I knew what was happening he had my dick in his mouth. His fingers played with my nuts. It felt good. It was like heaven. His tongue began licking up and down my hairless thighs. He kissed the bottoms of my feet. My toes. He would lick up one leg, down the other. His tongue found my asshole. He licked and fucked at the hole with his tongue. I knew he had at least two inches of tongue inside my navel. Then he sat my bare ass down on his mouth. His tongue worked at my asshole for 15 minutes. His dick was jerking. His body was arching up. I knew he was ready to unload. I bent over and got my mouth on the head of his prick just as the first wad let loose. I thought he was trying to blow my head off but I ate as fast as it erupted, like I had learned to do with others. I got every drop. He never let up sucking on my asshole until I let his dick slide out of my mouth. I told him I had to pee. "Use my mouth for that," he said. "You want me to piss in there?" "You wanna?" "O.K., here it comes." He swallowed it all. "You are a game kid, you know that?" he said. "I've met a few boys who like to fool around, but you're really good." The man was only in his middle 20s. I seen him every week for a few months, then he just didn't come around anymore. I seen in the paper where he was picked up on a Gross indecency charge for molesting a young boy. He was sent to prison. I asked several people what Gross indecency meant and it was my friend Tex who finally told me it meant getting sucked off by a guy.

Canoist Drops Pants

PENNSYLVANIA — I was mowing the lawn and it stretches down to the edge of the river. As I swung a loop a canoe and single, dark-haired occupant came paddling upstream, an almost impossible direction due to the heavy current in the river. I waved and said, "Hi" and he returned my greeting as he passed on upstream. Sometime later I heard the canoe and hopped up from the chaise where I was sunning. I talked and he replied as he drifted closer and started to pass. When I called, "I'll pour you a drink if you care to come in," he said, "I'll take you up on that." He hopped out of his canoe and beached it on the lawn. We shared the sofa. I asked him to take off his shoes, be comfortable, but no response. Conversation drifted from one subject to another and soon I suggested, because it was a bit hot, he pull off his T-shirt. He liked nudity and sex, it came out in the conversation. I suggested he drop his pants and he accepted. Then his underpants. We were both drunk by now but pretty horny. He said, "You got a bed, don't you?" It was great, beautiful and we sucked and fucked like I've never fucked a man before. After a couple of hours we showered together, dressed and he popped into his canoe, paddled a few strokes, waved good-bye and was off with the river current, downstream, through the rapids and around the curve and out of sight. But not out of mind. He was sure he'd be returning, if not by canoe by land. Have you ever had one come to you by canoe?

[*Editor's Note*: I'm lucky if they come to me by subway.]

Drives 100 Miles For It

WEST VIRGINIA — This hillybilly got thirsty for some recycled beer so a recent Saturday night he took off for Columbus, Ohio. My first stop was at an adult movie theater. They had one good show but I spent most of my time in the rest room looking for a live cock to suck. I soon made contact with a hot one. He said if I wanted to go down on him to follow him on down in the front section of the theater. I sat down beside him and undid his pants and took out a lovely prick of about seven inches. I soon got down on the floor and went to sucking. He liked it all the way in my mouth and I took it all the way in to the cock hairs. He pulled out a big set of balls and wanted them sucked. I sucked on his balls and he really got hot when I did that. I soon had his load of cum. He asked me if I could give him $3 to pay his way in the show, and I said I would if he would do something more. He replied he couldn't come twice and I said, I meant for him to piss in my mouth. He then said to get back down on the floor and I was soon between his legs with his dick in my mouth and he gave me a good load of recycled beer. I then went to a gay night club. A man came in and sat down beside me and went to talking. I reached over and felt his leg and then on up to a nice hard cock. He didn't have any place to go and I didn't have any where to take him, but all the time we were having our drink he had a nice hard-on that I kept feeling. I went on down to the bus station, and there I met a handsome, 26-year-old colored stud that wanted some action. I offered to buy him a beer. I wanted to get better acquainted with him. He had a couple of beers. I expected to get them back later. We went up to his room and we undressed and I started to work on giving his lovely dark-brown body a tongue bath. I managed to get all of his eight inches in my mouth. I licked him from his armpits and soft asshole to his toes. He wanted to fuck me in the ass and I didn't think I could take it, but he got his Vaseline and soon he had that chunk of meat up my ass. It didn't take him long to come as he said my asshole was so tight. We looked at some pictures he had and in about 15 minutes I started in on kissing and sucking him again. I soon had that lovely brown cock hard again and it went back in my cum-filled ass and he proceeded to give me another good fuck. When he pulled out that time, with a lot of white cum all over the brown cock, I took it in my mouth and got a good taste of his cum. We then went to the bathroom and he started to piss. I watched the yellow piss come out of his pee hole and then I went to taking it in my mouth. I took it all. On my way home I decided I had to piss so, as I had on my Levis, I just let the warm piss come out and flow all over my balls and groin. It really felt good, and I did it a second time on my 100-mile trip home that night. It was a long way to go and I was late getting home, but this hillybilly's thirst was quenched at least for that night.

"Can You Swim?"

NEW YORK CITY — I used to bring my school chums home in St. Louis and just sit around the house dying to get into their pants to see what they had, having been previously unable to get them to join me in taking a piss behind some bush where I might have been able to get a glimpse of it.

The hot fucking St. Louis summer, along with my mother's cooperation,

solved my problem on many of these occasions.

There was one boy in particular. He was indescribably boyish, beautiful of face with a body to match—front and rear. The girls in our class all had eyes for him, but not as searching and searing as my eyes on his groin. He always showed the biggest, plumpest bulge that I have ever seen, even to this day. That overstuffed corduroy crotch finally found its way into my living room one sweltering day and I wondered when my mother would favor me with those magic words she had said in the past to relieve me from my torture.

She finally came in with ice-cold lemonade for us and I introduced Harold. He announced that he preferred to be called Hal. As she arose to take our empty glasses she began saying the words I had been longing to hear: "Why don't you take Hal upstairs and take off your clothes and lie down under the fan where it's cool?"

As good as that bulging groin looked under those brown corduroys, it was as nothing compared to the way it looked now in those white Jockey shorts. We lay on the bed in our shorts as we had been urged to do, with the fan blowing over us. He looked at the lingerie ads showing bras and girdles, shyly confiding in me that he liked to do that. While he looked at the women in underwear I looked at his underwear and his big fat cock slowly swelled till it stood straight up in his shorts. I waited until his cock had reached its full size and then pulled his shorts down and grabbed his cock with both hands and jacked it like a savage pounding grain in a bowl.

His prick was pink and white and perfectly sculptured, no veins to mar its smooth beauty. The only hair on his body was a tuft of very black hair above his dick, matching the blue-black hair which fell over one of his eyes as he kept his nose buried in the paper. The black hair emphasized the fairness of his skin, both on his face and body.

Suddenly he asked, "Can you swim?" "No. Why?" "Then you'd better learn fast." He lowered the paper, his arms fell onto the bed, his body jerked, and his cock shot a geyser of thick white come high in the air, some hitting his chin and dimpled cheeks, a lot of it running over my fists.

I jacked him off many more times before I gave him my first blow job. He's married today, has three cute little boys, carbon copies of himself, and two pretty little girls. I enjoyed sucking on that cock of his for many years, as it was hard for him to find girls that could take it without pain. I never knew a cock could be so big. I felt both envy and pity for his wife when he finally married—but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I had the best years of his life.

A Rainy Night in San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO — When I first started coming out in my early 20s in the mid 60s (the high school years making out with a friend don't count), my first sex (for about two years actually) was primarily with hustlers. Mostly pleasant experiences. I cruised around the Meat Rack of Flagg Brothers and also the St. Francis, our largest, "good" older hotel downtown. Only a couple dry sessions and only one who got rough and tried to get violent for more money (I explained that if that's what he wanted all he had to do was ask and I'd be glad . . . could I have a dollar for bridge fare was all I asked. It blew his mind.) One night while it was pouring rain I cruised a guy near the St. F. Made eye contact

with him on the sidewalk a couple times, but didn't feel like moving in for the make. Later as I started to drive away I saw him again, circled the block and didn't even really have to motion to him. He just got in the car. I offered him a warm bed for the night and he accepted. We drove an hour over a country road to my house at the beach in West Marin. He seemed to show little active interest in sex but didn't object to my groping him as we drove. I rested my hand on his leg much of the trip. He said he was Indian/Eskimo and he looked to be 18-20. A bit larger than average, very thick, hard legs and arms. Dark black hair, shiny and slicked by the rain. My house was cold when we got there and rain beat loudly on the roof. Waves crashed a block away in the surf. I lit a fire in the fireplace next to the bed and we crawled in. We talked. He told me his sister was a Roller Derby star. That seemed very important to him. We were close, skin warming against skin. My cock was dripping. He knew I was hot and finally made a move to touch my body. My hand was on his dick after only a few preliminary touches elsewhere. His cock was rock hard too. It was thick, pretty long (maybe 8″) and full-headed. His balls were musty. I dove under the covers and tried to swallow as much of his meat as I could. I guess he started working on my cock and exploring my groin and asshole with his tongue, but I'm not sure. I was totally preoccupied with his dick, licking, sucking, feeling, stroking, looking at it silhouetted by the fire. I don't know for sure what he was doing but suddenly I felt myself over the edge. I felt the wild explosion of a full orgasm all through my thighs, balls, groin, and on up the center of my dick, which was wildly out of control. I gave a loud moan. He said quickly, "Oh, Christ." Then I felt his wet mouth taking my load. I guess he had been licking my asshole when I started to come. After a few minutes, he spoke first and apologized for almost missing my cum. I was exhausted from the orgasm, he seemed tired from a day of walking the wet streets; we drifted off to sleep, cuddled next to each other. I thought how gentle and good he was to have taken my load as he did, even though he was probably basically "straight" and had just been "singing for his supper." Boy was I wrong!

Are Sailor Whores Obsolete?

According to *The New York Daily News*, the U.S. Navy has issued a decree banning pot bellies "that detract from good military appearance." Homosexual whoring has been a traditional source of extra income for sailors, and fear that their earnings will shrink as their waistlines expand may well lie behind the Admiral's decree. The more the sailors pick up on liberty, the less likely they are to mutiny for higher pay from the Navy; the flatter their bellies, the flatter their wallets. The whole question of money is beside the point, of course, because the Navy provides sailors with everything but their Brut cologne; but whoring enables sailors to save face by pretending that they have homosexual sex only because they need money. Though they have more of it than many of their customers, for sailors the money is psychological compensation. But there are indications that hard-bellied, high school whores, caressing their hard-ons in doorways while waiting to be victimized by homosexuals, are giving stiff competition that the softer sailors can't measure up to. I would appreciate it if subscribers in port cities would send dispatches, at once, on whether sailor whores are still doing the brisk business they once did.

— *Boyd McDonald*

Photo: AMG

Priest in Tight Jeans

UPSTATE NEW YORK — Got interested in gay sex from an ad in *The New York Times* Sunday Book Review. After sending for the book got real turned on and went looking for opportunities. Usually after drinking, would go to the local Greyhound Bus Station and tried picking up some beautiful man. Would sit in the stalls for hours reading the graffiti on the walls with a hard on. Scared shitless I'd be recognized. On one of these adventures did catch the eye of a hung, young man. Got to talking and went for a drink to his apartment. After awhile got bolder and started talking about sex. Noticed his hard on under his pants. Reached over and felt it. This got us both going and soon we were in his bed naked. Loved the feel of a naked man in my arms and before I knew it got down to suck him. His balls were nice and juicy. When he came he filled my mouth with his beautiful cream. Next he got some KY and fucked me up the asshole. It was painful at first but loved it after that. Saw him many times. Then he moved away and I'd stand on the corner near the bus station, which I learned was a pick-up place, with tight jeans on my buns. Was picked up by many men. Loved every one of them. Called some of the numbers written on the walls in the men's room booths and met a big-cocked Negro. He invited me over and again got to taste and feel his cock up my asshole. In fact I'd sit on his hard cock and take it slowly till I got used to it. Am into more far-out things now and would like to try a little B/D, W/S and all similar scenes. If anyone is interested let them put a notice in your "Men's Room Wall" Department with their phone. Only in Central N.Y., as can't travel too far.

—A Priest

He'd Push My Head Back Down On It

MANHATTAN — From spring to late fall, I used to go to the Williamsburg bridge after dark. There were horny young black, Puerto Rican and Italian kids who liked to get sucked off. Later on, older guys would come out—some to get blow jobs, others just crossing the bridge on the way to or from work. But they, too, would frequently catch your eye and caress their groins. It was never hard to get that long black or brown cock out of their pants and into your mouth. Words were seldom necessary. Many times I'd be slurping on a tasty cock when someone would approach. If they looked cool I'd just continue while they either passed or stopped to watch. More often than not, I'd go right from one tasty load of cum to another. A black guy with a cock that fit my mouth like it was made for it, fucked it for almost an hour. We had to stop when the subway would pass. Then he'd push my head back down on it. Several other guys passed and some stopped to watch, but all tired of waiting as he kept up his steady fuck. But not me. Another black guy, on a cool night, was wearing a long coat. He dropped his pants all the way down and pushed my face into his ass. I ate a lot of ass on the bridge; if I came across another cocksucker at work I'd suck the guy's ass at the same time to give him a double thrill. A young Italian tried to convince me that I'd like drinking his piss, and proved it by pissing in my mouth while an older guy was down on my cock. He was right. As he pissed in my mouth my cock swelled and pumped my load into the older guy's mouth.

Atlantic City Gold

PHILADELPHIA — I never seem to get enough piss. There is a glory hole toilet on the Atlantic City Boardwalk which has a hole on each side. One is on a paid side, the other on a free side. These mean you are able to get cocks stuck in from two directions. I try to get in the middle toilet because the other free one is very busy, so I'm sure of getting plenty of cocks through it. The last time I was there I stayed about two hours and swallowed a lot of cum and drank a lot of piss. When I drank the piss from one guy he said he had a friend outside, so he asked him to piss but his friend just wanted to piss all over me instead of in my mouth. I just had my shirt and swim trunks on. My trunks were down to the floor so I just took off my shirt and let him do it. I thought he would never stop. There was so much of that delicious, rich, golden piss. Two other guys watched and got so excited that they started to do it after he finished. These two both came in the booth together and, at the same time, let go with what seemed like gallons of piss. One aimed it at my head and face while the other one pissed all over my stomach, chest, cock and balls. After they finished I got both their loads of cum to swallow. I was very pleased and satisfied while drying myself with toilet paper. I forgot to mention that while these two were pissing, I aimed my own piss up over my chest and stomach along with their piss. You can see how much I love piss. In fact, just writing this has made me horny enough to fill a glass of my piss to drink now.

Bareass by the Wabash

INDIANA — Here is a true experience. About a month ago, one afternoon I did not have anything to Do and was getting horny, so I decided to go to this Rest park just outside of town. This is where all the Gays Hang out. It's along the Wabash River and has trails for Hiking and all. There is a woods also. So I got out there and there were several Butch guys walking around. Four of them looked real good to me. Raunchy and well hung and built. So I decided to take a walk down to the river and see if anyone would follow. I only expected maybe one, but not all of them. So I got down there. I had cut off Levis on. I was standing near a tree slightly rubbing my swollen, Hot crotch and three of those Butch-type guys walk over to me and start playing with me. So I decided to go on up in the woods and maybe I could strip off and get it on right. We did, and man! They all stripped and so did I. I got fucked by all of them. All were hung. All had tight buns. I rimmed them. I sucked all those hot, hard cocks. I got sucked and Rimmed and fucked about eight times. It was really a great afternoon. I have met them several times since out there. One time there was eight of us. A couple of evenings ago I got Horny again and my tight ass was itching for a cock so I invited a couple of Butch friends of mine over. We started out by slowly undressing each other. I licked their hot bodies, their nipples, their balls, their ass and crack. I rimmed them. I sucked their balls and played with their asshole. I fucked one and while one was fucking me the other was Rimming the one fucking me. We sucked and fucked for over six hours.

Sir Roger Sucks

"Handsome young troops," writes A.L. Rowse, the Oxford historian, in *Homosexuals in History* ($12.95; Macmillan), "sometimes added to the entertainment by dancing naked together" in the court of Ludwig II of Bavaria (1845-86). Under a later regime, during a wild weekend "at which the Kaiser was present, an elderly general, Chief of the Military Cabinet, arrayed as a ballerina, danced before the assembled party." Under investigation as "skilled practitioners" of homosexuality were "three Counts, all aides-de-camp of the Kaiser, [and] the All-Highest closest personal friend, who was sleeping with General Count Kuno von Moltke, the Military Commandant of Berlin. The King of Wurttemberg was in love with a mechanic, the King of Bavaria with a coachman, and Archduke Ludwig Viktor — brother of the Emperor Franz Josef — with a Viennese masseur... In the files were records of orgies among the favored Garde du Corps." Open them! Friedrich Alfred Krupp (1854-1902) "went in for it grossly, in numbers;" he had a taste for Italian boys, who, then as now, went into homosexual whoring the way their American counterparts take over newspaper delivery routes. What E.M. Forster wanted was "to love a strong young man of the lower classes and be loved by him, and even hurt by him. That is my ticket." W.H. Auden met a lifetime companion at "a swimming bath" in New York; was it dear old St. Mark's, across the street from his apartment? "Goldie" — Goldsworthy Dickinson (1862-1932), who taught at Cambridge — enjoyed a sexual specialty, which was "to get one of these young friends to stand upon him, tread him." He had "such experiences as I would hesitate to exchange for the normal satisfaction of love and marriage." Rowse adds that few homosexuals would trade places with what he so aptly calls "ordinary" (heterosexual) men. Interrogated as a conscientious objector to military service, Lytton Strachey was asked what he would do if an invader were to rape his sister, and supposedly replied, "Do my best to get between them."

Sir Roger Casement (1864-1916) and Hart Crane (1899-1932) made out like bandits and left detailed sexual score cards which rank among their finest compositions. Sir Roger picked up a Norwegian-American sailor in New York, "large and strong, six feet of it," and took him abroad as his "servant." During the ocean voyage, Sir Roger had ample time to confirm that he had made a wise selection; the sailor turned out to be "a treasure." One of the stewards wasn't bad either; he "showed an enormous exposure after dinner — stiff down left thigh... Then he leant on gunwale with huge erection about 8 inches... I wanted awfully." Sir Roger's sailor, like so many of them, swinded (he had to support a girl friend he picked up in Berlin). Henry James also "fell for" a Norwegian-American. Sir Hector Macdonald, whom readers will remember from the Sudan campaigns of 1888-91, "showed a rare gift for handling troops," by which I assume the foxy author means not merely their military manoeuvers but also their dicks, nuts, assholes and even nipples. Hugh Walpole (1884-1941) had "an admirable Cornish policeman" who was a Navy vet, police revolver champ and prize swimmer. Henry Tuke (1857-1929), an ottist, found a hideout near Falmouth where "the foundries of the town and the maritime population supplied him with a succession of young male models" who posed bareass outdoors; a fuller account would naturally single out for special attention those who got hard-ons and mention what was

done about it. The Housman family supplied more than their quota — A.E., the poet, and his brother Lawrence, as well as their sister Clemence, a Lez. A.E. (1859-1936) lived with two "straights" — Moses Jackson, "dark and handsome, well endowed physically," and his younger brother Adalbert. Moses Baby later married, but while the three of them lived together in close quarters, talking, undressing, sleeping, bathing and shaving, their daily routine might have been more suspenseful than sex.

J.A. Symonds (1840-93) had young men of the type who enjoy homosexuality for the nonce and then settle down into marriage. One, who "could have made a fortune as a model," fell in love with a boy of his own age and then married; another was "a magnificent physical specimen at 19"; it was "a splendid sight to see him asleep with the folded arms and the vast chest of a young Hercules, innocent of clothing." When he married, his young cousin took over his sexual role in Symonds' sack. James I (1566-1625) was blase about it all; when one of his male lovers married he sent his wishes for "all kind of comfort in your sanctified bed, and bless the fruits thereof, that I may have sweet Bedchamber boys to play with me." (A New Hampshire subscriber similarly enjoys the sons of his former pieces.) Edward II (1284-1327) ended in a characteristiclly English fashion; "a hot iron was rammed up the king's body from behind." Pope Boniface VIII,who had arranged Edward's marriage, was believed to share his tastes (men for private relations, women for public relations). An Irish bishop caught *in flagrante delicto* with a guardsman, fled into exile, but an M.P. was acquitted after being caught with a guardsman in a "convenience," where a golden sovereign as well as, in all probability, another substance which cannot be named in a magazine of this sort passed between the two men. A devout Italian, typically more ritualistic than moralistic, bared his head whenever he passed a church, and stabbed to death "the greatest scholar in Europe," Johann Winckelmann (1717-68). On his flight from home in Paris at 16, Rimbaud "was picked up by some soldiers and brutally initiated into sex." No one cruised like the commander of a World War II ship who lost one of his planes at sea and "had the great ship put about to search... the commander was in love with the flight lieutenant who had not returned."

The book is distressingly discreet. Thus it is startling to find Lord Loughborough immortalized by the epithet (even though it was well-earned by His Lorship's ratting on homosexuals) of "a stinking shit." *Homosexuals in History* is itself an historic event in the public discussion of a subject suppressed until recently; never before, between two covers, have so many famous men fallen, fore and aft, for so many frisky ones.

— *Boyd McDonald*

"I'm Really Not Queer"

MANHATTAN — It was a hot night last summer and as I was returning to my building after dinner, I saw him leaning against the wall, a tall, dark, saturnine man. He smiled, I stopped. "I've been drinking brandy," he said. I told him I thought I had some upstairs. Soon we were on my black leather sofa. I can't tell you quite how he got into my arms, but he soon did. He said he had been depressed and had tried suicide. I didn't really believe that. He said he

needed love and loving. He is one of those middle-European types; he looked distinguished. He lost little time in letting me know that he was indeed distinguished. In fact, he asked me if I knew who he was. I didn't. He told me his name. It meant nothing. It seems he is a famous producer and has made some major movies and TV shows. But I go to the movies only about once every two years and never look at the box. We were soon naked and at it. He said he hadn't had sex with a man since he was 20. He's been married and divorced three times and has children. His body was unusually interesting. His cock was a lovely big lollipop. His ass was lean and clean and delicious. We sixty-nined, rimmed each other and he fucked me. I think I made a man who had been depressed feel happy. When he left he insisted that I must come to his penthouse the next day for drinks and the view; from his terrace, he said, you could see all of Manhattan. The doorman at his building was expecting me. My host had drinks, ice bucket, mixes and glasses set out. The view from his terrace *was* breathtaking. In his bedroom, the bed was already turned down; he had prepared the scene. We undressed. But he recoiled; he kept saying, "You know, I'm not really queer. I really am straight. Finally I said, "Do you want me to leave?" "Yes, please," he said, humbly; "thank you." One day last week I saw him on the street, really a handsome, distinguished figure. On one arm was a beautiful young blonde, on the other a beautiful boy of about 12. They were all laughing. Suddenly his eyes met mine and his face froze. I realized that I was not exactly a happy memory. But I think it's almost funny; I'm married too, and one night when my wife and I were trying to find a cab to get to the theatre, one stopped near us and a young man got out and graciously held the door for us without giving the slightest indication that at that time I was seeing him one evening a week, at the end of my office day before going home to my wife and children. I later thanked him for his sensitivity and he said, "My God, what did you expect me to do, jealously demand an introduction to your wife?"

Farm Boy Signals with Groin

MANHATTAN — I was in the train station in Springfield, Illinois, waiting for a train South (I was a student at SIU at the time) when this farm boy type asked me for the time and then started a conversation with me. I figured he was "straight" and just being friendly, but then he started talking about his *car*. Then I saw him adjust his dick. Then readjust it. He had a lot to adjust. I got him to take me outside to see his Barracuda, which led to a ride, which led to my hand on his already hard cock. We parked on the side of a corn field not far out of town and I sucked off one of the hugest husks I've ever had. A big, thick farm boy cock with plenty of foreskin and balls, and only the hair above his dick developed. What a dick. A show dick, for sure. I asked him if he liked to fuck and he said he never had, but he'd like to try it, so we got in the back seat of the car so he could fuck me, and found out that we had misunderstood each other. He wanted me to fuck him — so I did. Man, he was great fuck. I doubt it was his first time. I just fucked and fucked him (and I have 9½ inches myself) and he took it all.

Likes Jock Strap Spices

CALIFORNIA — Ever since seeing jock straps in high school PE classes, I have been obsessed with them. Generally the older jock straps that were made of cotton and rubber/elastic were more comfortable and absorbent, whereas the newer fabrics don't seem to hold the precious sweat aroma as well. In this day and age, when young men often don't wear underpants, they also don't always wear jock straps as much as they used to. Once in awhile you can see young dudes showing all their wares; I recently say a teenager riding his bike with only a pair of those nylon trunks, no jock, and all his family jewels hanging out. He could be cited for indecent exposure, but his cock and balls seemed to be having a good time bouncing around. In high school, there were some studs who wore a jock more than is necessary; they were overly concerned about the care and protection of their cocks and balls. But there was one chap that had a pair of balls and a cock that had to be strapped in, as they were huge. His jock strap was filled to capacity. The jock fetishist loves this piece of men's wear because it is the closest thing to the cock and balls, and thus all the sweat and other juices and aromas permeate the jock strap. A sweaty jock absorbs a hell of a lot of aromatic salts from an athlete. It also comes in contact with his asshole. Jock nuts love to breathe in this spicy scent. Some athletes, while in competition, are so strapped up with uniforms, pads, etc. that when they have to take a leak, they just let go in their jock straps, thus giving them even more fragrance. There are guys who never wash their jocks, as they feel this is bad luck, and some of them get really well seasoned.

Coast Guard Commander Fucks, Sucks Troops on Transports

FROM A READER — I was a Commander in the Coast Guard during World War II, but it was not as an officer, but as a passenger, that I traveled on many transatlantic AP (Army Personnel) transport ships. But as a Commander I was given officer's cabins, which could be locked. I would meet GI's on deck and either they or I would strike up a conversation. I'd ask them how it was "down there" and they'd say terrible — many guys were seasick and the smell of vomit was so terrible they could hardly stand it. I'd ask what they'd do to get out of it and they'd say "anything." I'd say, if you really mean that, come to my cabin. Once there, I'd explain that what I basically wanted was their ass. But I always sucked them off afterward, and I was a gentle fucker — I didn't hurt them and I used lubricant. If I had them back again another day I'd say, "Get me warmed up a little" and press their heads down toward my dick. About eight out of ten of these guys who came back for seconds would suck my cock without protest; then I'd fuck them.

[Editor's Note: I am pleased to have this reminiscence from so high a rank as Commander. I believe the highest rank I've heard from up to now was a Lieutenant Commander.*]*

"Cop Dragged Me All Over the Place"

FROM A SUBSCRIBER — It was almost midnight when my friend and I stopped for a hamburger. About the time our food arrived, two cops walked in and sat at the counter. I was fascinated by one of them. His butt and legs looked nice the way he sat on the stool. I stared at him so that he would know it. Eventually he swaggered slowly over to our booth and asked for my ID. As I pulled out my wallet and handed it to him, I made it obvious to him that I was staring at his groin. He went back to talk to his partner, then returned to our booth and sat down beside me. He said he was having his buddy check my ID out; I resembled a "wanted" man. As he talked he pressed his leg hard against mine. Normally I would have pulled my leg away but I couldn't resist leaving it against his big, hot leg. Once, only once, I slightly raised and lowered my leg so it would caress his. His partner returned; I wasn't "wanted." He played footsie with me before he left.

I told my buddy I was not going his way tonight. He is square and couldn't understand. I insisted on staying at the corner while he crossed the street and went his way alone. I saw the squad car make a "U" turn through a gas station and park in front of the restaurant. I waited at the corner awhile, then walked slowly toward the car. When I came abreast of it the cop leaned out the window. I paused only a moment, then approached him. He said I was in a "bad" neighborhood and he could drive me home if I liked. Well, this is NEVER done, at least not in this city. He opened the door and I got in. He was at the end of his shift and welcomed the chance to stop at my place for "a good cup of coffee." We had silly conversation until about 2 A.M.; I'm slow at this. He finally stood up, caressed his groin and said he'd better go home and see if his girlfriend was awake; it was the time to "unwind." I desperately tried to think of something to say. All I could think of was, "Can't you unwind here?" "Well," he said, "I got this friend here (he clutched his cock) and he's all keyed up tonight." I wanted it badly but I just stood there like a big dummy staring at his bulge. I was afraid. He came and stood right up to me for a long moment, our bodies almost touching. Finally he said, "You want to help a friend out?" I put my hand on his fly and gasped, "I'd love to." "Well, shit, what are we fucking around with coffee for."

As he undressed, I couldn't keep my eyes off him. I told him I love uniforms and cops. When he was naked he put his cap and shoes back on (unfortunately our cops wear shoes, not boots). He sat back on the sofa and spread his full thighs. I knelt between them and sucked him off. About six weeks later he appeared at my door for more. He knew I adored him; this time he put a handcuff on one of my wrists; the other cuff he held onto. I lay on my back. He pulled my arm between his legs. He applied his night stick to my ass, then his belt. I have no exact recollection of what happened after that. We would be hugging and kissing, then I would be sucking his cock and asshole, then I was in some other position, then another. He pulled me and dragged me all over the place, twisting my nipples, feeling me up, Lord knows what else. I enjoyed every moment of our game, from one thing to another, whatever his whim was; from making love to getting beaten on my ass. A typical cop's mixture. It was 7 A.M. when I served him breakfast and he left. When I awoke that afternoon I realized fully what we had done. I was black and blue and covered with welts all over my back, arms and ass. For two weeks (it was summer) I had to wear long-sleeve shirts and my collar buttoned to hide the bruises. We

had three more engagements like that. I really enjoyed every moment, and the next day always found myself black and blue. The following year I read that he was shot dead by some son of a bitch on the South side of the city. I have really missed him. I have tried to get another uniformed cop but have not been able to. I'm afraid to ask. When we played S/M — when something made him upset — HE KNEW HOW TO DO IT. He was the only man I've found who really knew how to get and give S/M pleasure for both of us. But we played other games — he was game for anything, simple love-making, pissing, anything. Our first meeting at that restaurant was my best experience ever.

That Sailor Was Wild As Hell

NORTH CAROLINA — One horny night I decided to drive over to Norfolk to check out the cock situation. I went to the john in a certain theater and noticed a sailor in his whites sitting on the stool. When I began to walk out he was standing up, pants to the floor, and leering.

That got to me and I moved in to kiss him. He was ready and really knew how. My hand went to his hairy groin and stiff cock and he groped me. No words—just gropes and smiles.

We drove to Hampton to find a place to park. After a lot of trouble (some with a squad car) I decided to go straight, so to speak, to the center of town, parked right on the street, and we walked back into a vacant lot with big trees and bushes right in the business block. Dark and quiet in there, and safe.

We had our pants down in seconds. The sailor got on his knees as I sat on a tree trunk and slowly grazed his tongue up and down my shaft and all over my hot nuts. I pulled him up and had his 7″ dick and sweaty balls in my face and ate to my heart's content. Nothing in this world like sucking cock.

We lay on the grass and kissed and sucked each other 69-style but mostly we knelt and put our faces into that tough sex stuff and sucked. One time he held my hips tight and circled me with his tongue. I couldn't help bending over and then there was his luscious tongue right in my asshole—and I mean *in*.

He rimmed like a buddy and when it was my turn I put him over the trunk of the tree so I could see that asshole and smell it and suck it all at the same time. Ran my tongue up and down and my nose sideways and had him moaning for more. We spent the next 20 minutes trading rim jobs and holding back our loads but after awhile we had to shoot our hot wads into each other. We flipped a coin to see who would suck and swallow first and he "won." He got onto me and sucked like hell, holding my balls and fingering my asshole. I was in ninth heaven and shot him all I had and then got down and did the same to him, running my tongue up and down that beautiful fat cock and then sucking deep for the payload.

We kissed right away and got a little cum mixed in but the best is what just came naturally before we dressed: we sucked ass again, just got in there and licked those hot holes. God, that sailor was wild as hell, and when I finally got him back to the base we'd spent three hours together. But it was a damn good feeling to have sailor sperm in my gut and to still feel my wet asshole as I drove off.

Nothing either swish or super-butch about him, just a nice guy with a gorgeous cock, fantastic tongue, wild asshole, hairy nuts, hungry mouth, and friendly smile.

And a good horny imagination. God, did he love cock.

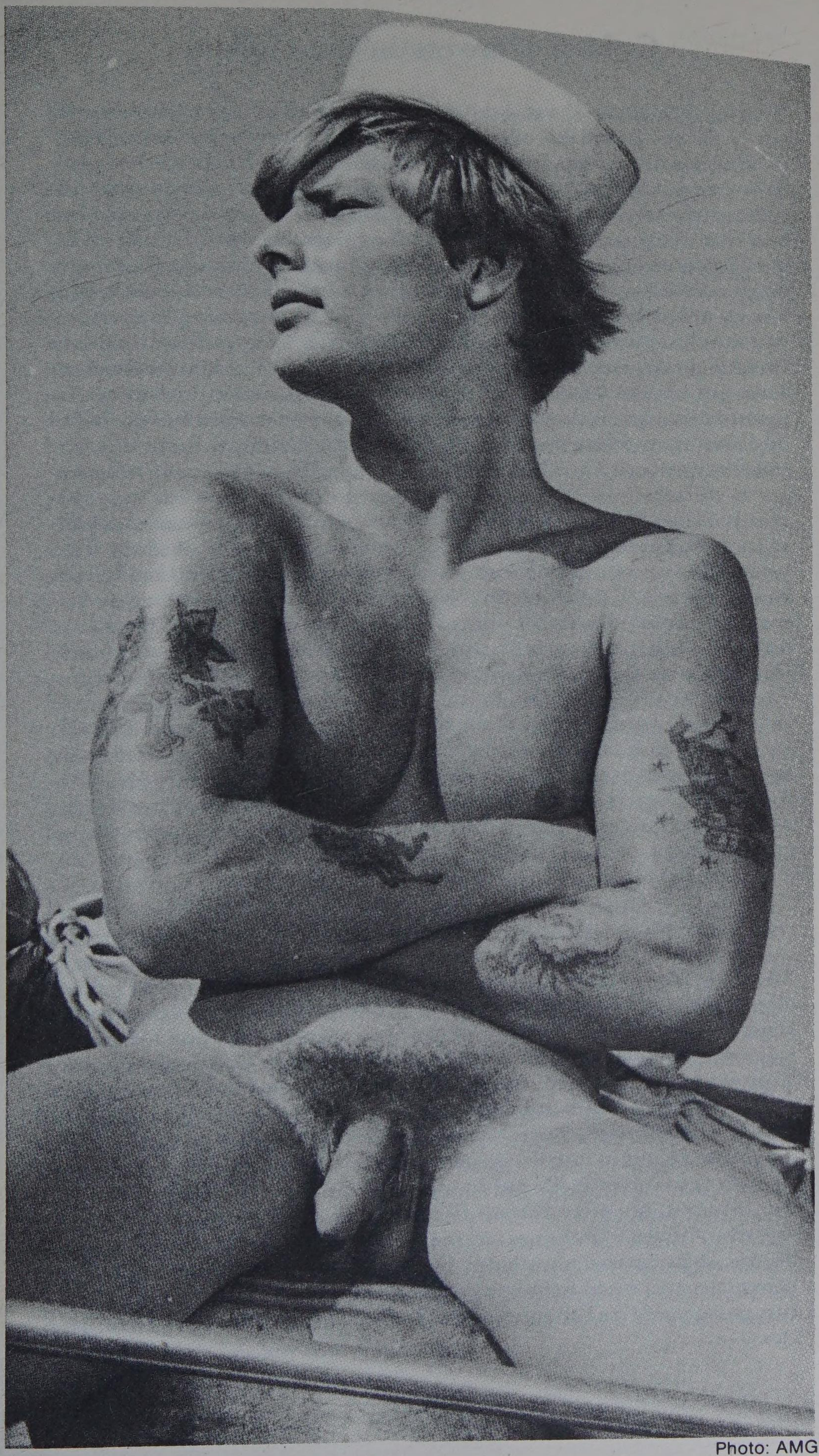


Photo: AMG

Golden Showers in the Hollers

WEST VIRGINIA — I was in this rest room at the shopping Mall and went in one of the booths and this other guy about 30 came in the one next to me and pulled down his pants and unbuttoned his shirt to show off his nice body and he saw me watching through the glory hole so he then went to playing with his cock, and he soon had it standing up straight and then jumping without his touching it. He asked me if I liked to suck cock and I said yes. Then he asked me if I liked to lick ass and I said I loved it. When the room cleared out he got down on the floor and I got down under his ass and went to licking and kissing. It had a good taste, and then he asked me if I was getting any cum out of it as he had just been fucked before I had come in. I was getting a little out. He sat right down on my face and I really got my tongue up him good and he really got what he liked. He would say to me, "Lick my ass, kiss my ass." I reached around to his cock and it was dripping. He then said let's go to the other rest room where there was no doors to the booths, as he liked to get someone to watch. I told him I liked to have him piss in my mouth. After we got to the other rest room it wasn't too long before a man came in to the urinals. He washed and then went back to the urinals, so I went over to him and he had a nice hard cock out so I went to playing with it, and asked him if he would like to come over and watch me suck this other man. After I had sucked on him for awhile, I looked around and this other man was jacking on his cock, so I turned around and went to sucking on it and he was so hot that it didn't take him long to shoot his load. We then decided to go downtown and see what we could find. We first went to an Adult book store where I soon got a man off in a peep show booth and then he got one, and then we went to another book store. We went in the booth and latched the door and I took off my shirt and jacket and he pissed in my face and in my mouth. He asked me if he could jack-off in my face, so I said anything he liked, so he soon had his cum flying in my face. He then took his hand and rubbed it all over my face. I then went out into the book store in that condition and on home, with cum on my face.

Labrador Stud

LABRADOR — I think I got a nice shit hole. I had my fingers up my ass the other night and man did they ever smell and taste good. I had a wild experience about three weeks ago. I met this young fellow and took him home. One of the reasons I liked him was that he was wearing big, dirty construction boots. They were size 11. We had a few drinks and he pissed in my mouth and it was really sweet. He had a beautiful cock, about 6" long and 3" or 4" thick. The second time he pissed all over my face, and that really turned me on. Then he told me he wanted to fuck the ass off me. I said sure you can, you can fuck me all night if you want to. He got on top of me and with one hard push he had that beautiful, big piece of meat in right up to his balls. Man was it ever enjoyable. All the while he was fucking me he kept calling me cocksucker, piss drinker, shit eater and other things. It was just too much. When he said he was going to come I could feel his juice shooting from his prick. When I felt his cum going inside me I also shot my load. When he took his cock out I licked it clean.

Interview: Fatherly Affection

When you mentioned having sex with one of your twin sons, it sounded more like "making love" than "having sex."

Yes, my love for my sons transcends fatherly love, protective, supportive love so far that I feel a great need to touch them, to let them know physically that they're loved, wanted, are beautiful people — without smothering them or subjecting them to any trauma or making demands on them. I have only had sex with one son; it is probable that I could with the other if I wanted to push it. The first time with my #1 son, we had slept together, and in the morning I put my arm around his shoulders. He turned to me so easily and happily that it was only natural to kiss him and hold him close, and the natural body instincts took over for a warm, loving, sexual relationship. We have not done this often, and especially not the last few months, but it would and could happen again if we both felt a need for support. As it is, we love each other and show it in many other little ways. This one is living with me now, although he will leave for college in January. The other one is now in college and out of state at the present.

What can you tell us about sex with him? Yes, he wanted it as much as I, and had a hard-on. His smell was clean, his taste is always good — fresh and smooth. Sex: I think I fucked him first then blew him. I, as always, was gentle with the fucking; my cock is considerably longer than average though not so thick, and I always have to be careful not to hurt people. (Although, once I'm in all the way, I tend to be somewhat of a tiger, searching for deeper entry and going at it hot and heavy, though with a variance in speed and technique just so it doesn't get boring for either party.) The anticlimax was good for both of us, a relaxing togetherness while we held each other and kissed, me and his cum still on my lips and my sweat mingling with his.

This has been somewhat the usual pattern with our lovemaking, although he has fucked me a few times and enjoys it. I have taught him how to use the muscles of his ass to give greater pleasure to his partner, and some of the other little details that make sex more enjoyable for either party. I have deliberately not taught him everything I know about sex, because I want him to find these out for himself and to experience other things from other people, but I have always believed that the basics of sex are a high consideration for what the other person wants to do, plus a high consideration of searching out their pleasure-points and making them happiest, makes one a beautiful bed-partner who gets repeat calls. (As I do, even at my advanced age. As a sidelight, night before last, I had a call from a boy whom I first met six years ago when he was 17. He is now in the navy, and handsome. He was home from leave from Norfolk for the holidays, called me, brought over a couple of six-packs, and demanded to be fucked. We had a bit of lovemaking, a bit of hot sex, and then a lot of talking while he told me what he was doing now.)

Later, my son came home and I indicated that it would be all right with me if they went to bed together, so they did. My son had to get up at 6:30 to catch a bus to Connecticut, so the sailor came back to my bed but by that time his ass was too tender to take any more fucking, although he wanted it.) I'm digressing again, but I wanted to make the point that good bed habits make one a highly acceptable sex partner who doesn't have to worry where the next sex is coming from. I've never been really concerned; I know how and where and when to have sex any time I'm horny.

Why didn't you have sex with the other twin son? There have been times when I knew he would have if I'd said the word, but #2 is more "straight" with a girl friend he's gone with (and had sex with) for three-and-a-half years, and I was always just shy enough that I didn't want to ask, and let the opportunity go hoping he'd make the first move.

Are your sons like you? Yes, they both resemble me strongly, although one has his mother's nose and chin. Emotionally they both resemble me. In fact, the sailor remarked on how much alike me and my son's technique was in bed.

#1 brown eyed and brown haired, as I am, 6′3″ about (an inch above me) and lean, big feet, good shoulders and musculature. Somewhat of his mother's disposition, a little undecided what he wants to do with life at this point, but he's shaping up. #2 blue eyed and blond, as my father was, about 6′, lean but stockier than his brother, good shoulders and fantastic muscles. (He's done a fair amount of gymnastics work in high school and summer camp.) A fantastic personality, he can charm the birds off the trees. Many people see him as the most beautiful, and possibly he is with his sunny disposition, but they each are beautiful in their own way. This one is more outgoing than #1 son, and maybe that's what gets people. Both have a light downy hair on thighs, chests and stomachs, although #2, the blond, is going to have far more hair than his brother. Haven't checked out the asshole for hair, but the one I've been to bed with has very little there as I remember. Nice butts on both, good round thighs, flat stomachs, good chest muscles.

"The Sweetest I Have Ever Tasted"

FLORIDA — Several weeks ago I went to the local Bath and saw a fellow I used to see. He is a body builder and is built quite well — a tall, broad, blond hunk. I remember him as having the sweetest asshole I have ever tasted. I even suspected him of using a flavored enema, but not so — 'tis natural. I went into the dark room to see what would develop and shortly after, he entered. He started to grope a fellow next to him and they walked to a corner and lay down — hunk on his back and the other fellow straddling his face. I decided to renew old acquaintances and went over and kissed his pectorals — real beauties, just a little coarse blond hair sprinkled over the mounds and around his nipples. Thence down his belly to his cock. That looks disappointing, soft, since it appears smaller than average, but that is deceptive. I had the gratifying sensation of having it rapidly grow thick and long and hard, becoming quite a mouthful... Leaving his shaft for someone else to eat, I crouched between his beautiful thighs, licked his balls, and nosed under them. He spread his legs, enabling me to get a better taste of his crack. He lifted his legs up and over his chest. I nibbled around the edge of his hole, then plunged my tongue into it. After working on it and getting it relaxed, my cock went in nice and easy. It was a great ride.

Playing the Slave

[*Editor's note:* This letter was written by an Upstate New York "slave" to a man he sought as his "master." The contact was made through the New York publication, *SMads*. The kind of SM sought here is mainly psychological—that is, humiliation—rather than physical SM, which is painful.]

Dear

While I am well aware of people taking every conceivable role including that of a dog, I have never had anyone refer to the type of person you desire as a "dog-man," and yet that is exactly what he must be. I have never heard anyone express so perfectly just what he wants out of another person. And as I reread your letter describing exactly how you want this "dog-man" to perform I realize that is exactly the way I want to perform and your description fits me to a "t."

I will put you on a pedestal and worship you as an idol or god. You will be my emporer and I will beg you to let me be your dog-man. I will do everything you want. I will beg you constantly to permit me to crawl behind you and sniff and lick your behind, whether it be covered by pants, shorts, or be uncovered. A guy's ass sends me more than any other part of his body and I am really a slave to it. I really dig smelling the seat of a guy's pants and underpants. I prefer underpants you may have worn for several days so they have a hearty masculine odor to them. I would love to tongue-launder them. And when your shorts come off I would consider it a privilege to brown nose you, kiss and suck your asshole, kiss and suck your cock and balls, and do everything that a dog-man can do to make his Master happy.

I am so glad you like slavish flattery, begging, and gratitude, since I enjoy and require being humbled constantly when I am with someone like you. I want to be required to beg and to show complete respect and humility. I want to beg for your piss—to drink it directly from your cock and also be hosed down with it and have my face washed with it. And I would especially enjoy being your pisspot at night if you wake up beside me and want to relieve yourself without getting out of bed. I would like to sleep with my face in your ass. Anytime you rolled over my mouth would be ready to receive your cock. If you just nudge me enough to wake me I would start my duties immediately, cooling your asshole with my tongue, kissing and licking your dick.

I have a "straight" friend who likes to whip my ass and treat me like a dog. I assure you I do *exactly* what I'm told. I like to be referred to as an asshole, cocksucker, shithead, etc.

I want your ass and cock as badly as you want my nose and tongue up your asshole. I want to be your dog-man and give you every pleasure a dog can give plus the pleasures a man can give: sniffing and licking like a dog and begging and flattering you like a man. If I don't please you 100% get the hair brush out and train me to do everything the way you want it.

Your obedient dog-man,

Photo: Sierra Domino

Strip Tease

FROM A READER — This freshman footballer was well aware of my admiration. I would occasionally sit opposite him in the quiet, private area in the main library. This 18-year-old hunk usually tossed off his shoes and gradually let his feet slide in the direction of mine. It was maddening. But he never spoke to me or initiated any further contact. One time I saw him walking on campus with a short, husky friend of his and our eyes met. He gave me a cold, dark, long, knowing, almost smirking look. It was this, I suppose, that gave me the courage to follow him to his dorm room one early morning. I had been staying overnight with a friend who lived in his dorm. It was about 7 a.m. and, as I was leaving, I spotted this jock coming into the dorm from breakfast. I silently, cautiously followed him up three flights of steps to his corner room. He as well aware of it. He left his door open (it was a double room but his roommate was away) and immediately began undressing. I stood transfixed. He knew I was a captive audience. I made the pretence of making a phone call just outside his room. But I kept looking and lusting for him. I was scared shitless of the guy. Up to then, I had only had sex with men a few times. He wasn't the first football player I had studied. At one time, most of my fantasies were about the giant-sized football players on campus. I think I wanted to be crushed under them, totally ravished and perhaps raped by some of them. I just could not get up the nerve to enter his room, talk to him or make some gesture of my interest — though I did have the balls to follow him to his room that morning. He hardly looked at me or acknowledged me while he undressed; he seemed to be purposely avoiding me so he wouldn't have to deal with my reaction. I think he was an exhibitionist and was keeping his act legit by not making any moves or committing himself to the fact that he was stripping for me. I think he truly wanted to be anonymous, as if I were watching through a window. But he did stand in the center of the room, in full view, with his front facing me. He took off his shirt, slacks, shoes and sox, but left his Jockey shorts on, lingering a bit. Then he slid down his shorts and threw them on the bed. He exposed a smooth, silky, chiselled chest, perfectly-proportioned body and a magazine-quality set of nuts. His cock was thick and soft, hanging about three or four inches over bloated balls, which jiggled when he walked toward me with his towel flung over his shoulder.

As it turned out, he had undressed for the shower. But I think this was just an excuse for undressing with his door wide open in front of me. When he walked out of his room, leaving the door open (was that an invitation for me to step in and wait for him?), he walked slowly, displaying the most beautiful, muscular, bare ass and thighs I've ever seen. I've never seen a more perfect body. I wonder why he didn't cover his dick and ass with the towel, instead of his shoulder. His image has been glued permanently in my memory. I followed him in the shower room. I jacked off in the adjacent john while I heard the water running, imagining his soaping that powerhouse of a body, smooth, hairless and ripe. That is how I remember him, his body playing with my mind, him knowing all the time that I lusted after every solid inch of his beautiful and bountiful flesh. Why didn't I steal his Jockey shorts when he went to the shower? I did recently get hold of his yearbook and looked his picture up. He was mature-looking for his age, all man, and, of course, he had a knowing look on his face.

"Comes" When Slapped

CANADA — Perhaps the single most exciting sexual experience I ever had took place in New York a couple of years back. I was staying at the Y on 63rd Street, as usual. One night, around midnight, I was going out to prowl. As I stepped into the elevator, a guy in his early 20s stepped out and gave me the eye in passing. He had a strong build, blue eyes, curly hair and wore overalls and Kodiak boots. I got off the next floor down and doubled back. He was having a piss in the can. We were back in my room in under a minute. He just sprawled back in the bed and started to tug off his clothes, but let me undress him. Feet drive me wild, and I could feel the blood pulsing in my teeth as I unlaced his boots, took them off and then his work sox. My hands were shaking from excitement. He was one of those guys who smells sweaty but clean, even after a hard day's work. He looked like a construction worker. I pulled off his overalls and discovered a big, fat cock and big, heavy balls. He was a fantasy come to life. I sucked and laved his feet, sucking every toe and in between, and devoured his cock and balls. As I was going down on him, I put his hand on my head. It was a reflex gesture. I just knew vaguely that I liked the feel of a guy pawing my head when I suck him off. "So that's it," he said. He shoved my head down and started face fucking me, calling me a cocksucker and ordering me to do his feet and balls again, and to be a slave to his cock all night. He slapped me hard on the ass and harder on the face. "You like it, don't you, cocksucker?" he said. I was so high on it all I could barely answer. "Yes." I felt no pain, only the deepest pleasure I had ever known. He made me sit down on his cock, facing him, and as he slapped me hard on the face, back and forth, I came in his face. Then I had to suck and lave his cock some more. He came in his hand, but not too much. Before he fell asleep, I was orderd to work on his cock all night. I was dead tired, but I spent hours looking at and fondling his feet and fat cock and big balls by the light of TV. He shoved my head down to his cock once or twice during the night when he woke up and fell asleep again. In the morning we showered and he went off to work. I left a note on his door that night but never did see him again. I still fantasize about him, my SM night at the Y.

Undergraduate Shoots Extraordinary Wad

FROM A STUDENT — Some of the gay crowd had a party Saturday night. It was pretty good, all male until a few women came with their "straight" boyfriends. I met a man named Joe, and off we went to spend the night next to each other in a warm bed in his bedroom. Joe lives in a house with five other undergraduates. (Did I read in *STH* something about putting the sex back in homosexual? Well, we did.) We started by kissing standing up and soon we were fumbling with each other's clothing. Off came the shirts, the jeans, the shoes, the sox. I pushed him onto the bed and started to suck on his cock. Then he did the same. He was apologetic about being young and only recently out of the closet, but I told him there was no such thing as "technique," but only two people having a good time together, doing whatever they wanted to do. His cock is only about 5" so I could take every bit of it and be able to lick his balls at the same time. He really loved this, and it must have been a long time since his

last orgasm, because he came when I did that, and I have never in my life taken such a volume of semen at any one time. He must have jerked and bucked and kicked and shook about 15 times, and each time more semen kept coming out. Shortly afterward, he wanted me to fuck him, and I obliged gladly. His nice ass was very receptive, and goddamned if he didn't come again while I was fucking him. He was lying on his back, I was between his legs and over him, kissing him and playing with his nipples, moving my dick back and forth, in and out, taking my time, when all of a sudden, as I said, he was coming again, not so much as the first time. Eventually, I came in his asshole, and we stayed together for awhile, and then separated and slept. The housemate who didn't know Joe was gay is the guy living across the hall from Joe. When we emerged from his bedroom in the morning, the guy was sitting in a chair in the doorway of his room reading the paper, and did a double-take. I was sorry I couldn't stay to meet the other housemates but I had my touch football game that morning. Another big day for faggotry in action. In the huddle, I kept asking my teammates if they would like to smell the guy I was with last night. Then I scored the winning touchdown on the last play of the game. Really. I couldn't have made up a better script. You know it's true, because — University students cannot tell a lie. That would be an honor offense, and I would be kicked out of school.

Sports Called Homosexual Outlet

Sports are oft-times seen as an outlet for male aggression, a safety valve for testosterone. Maybe so. But sports are also a socially acceptable outlet for indirect expresssion of homosexuality—the worship of the male in an extreme act of masculinity.

This works for both players and spectators. Players, just by playing, establish their virility and earn the right to feel of each other's rumps with impunity, publicly, and on TV. So far they do not actually feel of each other's shitholes, not in public anyway.

Spectators—the so-called jock-sniffers—actually engage in a deeply homosexual form of worship-from-afar, masked as enthusiasm for sports skill.

The truth about "straights" is degrading to them, so in all their media without exception, their laws, their schools, their churches, the truth is hidden in myths flattering to "straights" and degrading to homosexuals. In truth it is males they worship, so they pretend (and even believe) they worship women. "Glorifying the American girl" is a common advertising phrase but in America it is the boy that is glorified. Men go with and marry women to win the respect of other men. "Cover girls" cover more than magazines. They also cover the "straight" male's real interest, in sports and business and other activities: men.

Next to marriage, interest in sports is the second most important display of the successful avoidance of homosexuality. And like marriage, sports is often misleading as a sign of a man's sex life. Many men act out their private life not at home—that is their public life, their playing of the respectable roles of husband and father—but instead in what would normally be their public life: their careers. On their way to and from business, they act out their unacceptable private life in toilets (like truckers) or baths (like salesmen).

Black Cock

MANHATTAN — I am a black man who advertised in the *Advocate* recently for a white cocksucker. I heard from very few *true* white cocksuckers but I did get one lovely letter of encouragement from a guy who didn't even give his address, but described his cocksucking life, beginning at 18. He wrote: "I used to spend a lot of time in the Public Library and one day I ran across a travel book about Africa. In it were pictures of two bareass black men. I was immediately hooked on black cock, but I was too young to get my lips around any where I lived. A few white kids, my age, had already made use of my receptive mouth. In fact, I got quite a reputation for being an easily available cocksucker. My first man, a guy of 27, was the uncle of my friend Cliff. Cliff loved to shoot a load in my mouth and see me gag and almost choke as I swallowed that adolescent cream. Cliff and his uncle Ed had no secrets and he'd told his uncle how he got satisfaction from me. One night, in uncle Ed's car, Ed unzipped, pulled out a real stiff beauty and pulled my head down on it, with Cliff watching and urging me to show Uncle my best skills, which were considerable by then. Uncle Ed was used to fucking cunt, and gave me a lengthy workout. I got a great quantity of very thick, rich, strong (stronger than the young stuff) cum and I gulped it down as it came in strong spurts. Finally, I'd had a man. I almost didn't graduate — tales about my servicing got around — and there was hell to pay at home. After graduation my family sent me to Chicago to study music. Ball juice fattened me up for sure. And Chicago provided black guys, right between my hungry lips; guys with dark cocks, wet, shining, gleaming, in, out, in, out, finally shooting off tasty, strong cream deep into my throat. Unfortunately, my correspondent didn't live in New York City so I couldn't look up his phone number and get close to that lovely, cocksucking machine.

Farm Boy Rides Horses Bareass

LOS ANGELES — I was raised on a farm in Washington State. I could hardly wait to get out of school each day. When we had a newborn calf, knowing he had only lower teeth, I soon got them used to sucking my cock. Their rough tongue and forceful sucking sure turned me on. Sometimes I could reach through the slats by the horses and caress their cocks and their big cocks would get rock hard and fall all the way out and they would get so hot they would stand on one leg and then the other, but I dassn't get inside next to them as they might trample me. But I had fun caressing their big cocks. On weekends I would walk down into the forest and catch Molly (the fast one) or Babe (the slow one) and I would take all my clothes off, then ride the horse. Each step the horse would take would slide me up her backbone, which was directly under my cock, and I would get a hard-on to the point where I couldn't stand it. I would get off and climb a fir tree and sit on a branch. I used to lie in the tall grass, nude, with the sun beating down on me. Clyde used to come home with me on weekends. In the back of our house my brother and I had made a treehouse. Clyde would stay overnight with me. He had the biggest cock; at that time he was in high school, and to me it was huge, must have been 9", and he would let me suck it and suck and suck it and he would suck me. We had the best times. I don't know what ever became of him.

Blond Marine Gets Complete Tongue-Bath

CALIFORNIA — I used to live on a houseboat, a little floating house built on pontoons. It stayed permanently tied to the Marina dock. One Sunday three guys came by as I was sitting out on my little back porch having a beer and asked if they could see my houseboat. I could tell at a glance that they were servicemen. The short hair, their shoes, etc. So I said, "Sure." They loved it and I gave them beers. They stayed about an hour, then thanked me and left.

That same night, about 8 P.M., I was sipping wine and listening to *Madame Butterfly* and enjoying the fire in the fireplace when there was a knock at my door. I yelled, "Come on in, it's not locked," and who should walk in but the youngest, friendliest and most attractive of the three Marines I had visited with earlier. His buddies had gone to a topless bar; he couldn't because of his age. I fixed him a sandwich and salad and kept his wine glass full. We just talked. He left around midnight, and I invited him back next weekend, and ever so tactfully hinted that it would be best if he came alone, as the boat isn't all that big. He got the message. For the next few weekends he came to visit. We just loafed, ate, drank, swam, fished. Saturday night he'd sleep on my couch. I told him he'd be welcome to share my double bed, but the only time he shared my bed, at first, was when we'd lie down and read the Sunday paper. Even though I was in my late 40s and he was just a teenager, many times he said how lucky he was to have me for a friend. It was on about his third weekend that I told him I was gay. He said something like, "I kinda thought so, but I don't care."

Next weekend I was messing around the boat with my drapes tightly closed, wearing only a Jock Strap, which I like and often wear. About noon Billy comes in and says, "God damn, that looks great. Got any more of those?" "Yeah, a drawer full. Why?" "Loan me one. I'm going to join you." He undressed in front of me and put one on. He really filled it. He really dug Jock Straps because, as he said, "You feel so exposed, yet you're covered." We lay reading the paper, our heads at opposite ends of the bed. He ever so slyly started nudging the pouch of my Jock Strap with his toe, all the time reading and not looking at me. I did the same to him but I put down my paper and watched. The paper was still in front of his face so I couldn't see his facial reaction, but the pouch of his Jock was really swelling. Finally he flung the paper aside and said, "Man, I'm really hard up. I haven't gotten a load off in a couple of days. Do you have any rubbers?" He knew I did. I handed him one. He said, "I like to use rubbers when I jack off. It feels better. It's so tight and I like the feel of the gooey lubricant. Feeling my layer of cum between the rubber and my cock head really excites me when I go for the second load." I figured he would want privacy, and I started to leave, but he said, "Naw, stay. Why don't you join me?" He rolled the rubber on his cock and said, "Man, this is something I really dig. I love to jack off, especially with a rubber. When I was a kid I used to steal them from my big brother. He was a first class fucker. He thought I was using them to fuck the neighbor girl, and I never denied it. Shit, if he only knew what I was using them for." After only about 30 seconds or so, he tensed up, moaned and shot his wad. He had been so eager to start he hadn't even pulled off his Jock Strap, just pulled the pouch aside. Now he lifted his hips and pulled the Jock Strap off. I asked, "Do you want to remove that loaded rubber and put a fresh one on?" He said, "No, that's what makes the second cum even better, feeling all that cum in the rubber." This time it took him two

or three minutes to unload.

That night I said, "Billy, after today why don't you share my bed?" And he did. He told me he sure could use a blow job. I licked every inch of his body, including his fingers and toes, for nearly an hour. I had him climbing the walls as I licked him. He was begging for me to give him relief. He was about 5'10", very blond, blue eyes, wide shoulders, beautiful build, 42" chest, 29½" waist, about 37" around his fabulous hard butt. I later learned he'd only had one blow job before, a quickie in a YMCA room, and he'd never had a complete tongue-bath like I gave him. He'd had several pieces of ass. We remained good friends until he shipped out. It's been nearly seven years. Shit! I left out the most important part. Billy also blew me occasionally, if I put on a rubber. Wherever he is now, I'm sure he's "straight," probably married. *All true*, not fiction.

NEW JERSEY — Sir, my child, enclosed is a photo of me, by me. I have many more of myself (some water sports & shaved). You can use these in your mag. I'm into trading them with other guys. I like to drive to truck stops in my pickup and strip naked (except sneakers & Butt plug). I walk around naked in the bushes watching the other cars & trucks cruising. Once, I climbed on the hood of a car and came all over the windshield while a trucker watched—then I walked over to him and he fucked me.

Sweet Ass at the Baths

MARYLAND — Driving back from Baltimore with the taste of cum still in my mouth and the smell of great male sex still around me, I thought about the cocks that had been pushed in my mouth and broken through the tightness of my asshole that night.

After shedding my clothes at the Baltimore baths, I ambled up the rickety stairs to an orgy room. As I lay on my back a dude came in and sat on the bed next to me and leaned over and swooped my soft cock into his mouth and began massaging it with his lips and tongue, while his fingers were working on my balls and asshole. My cock soon emerged into 8" begging for more attention.

As I lay moaning a tall shape emerged and settled on the bed on the other side of me and began playing with his dick. With the other dude still slurping between my legs, I turned and began working on the cowboy's meat on the bed next to mine. I slipped my hard cock from my partner s mouth and moved over to the next bed and began working on this beautiful body. I sucked with firm pressure in each long stroke, that sent his rod further down my throat, and when release was about to come I let up, licking up and down his shaft, then going over his balls with my tongue. My tongue dipped down below his balls into the crack of his ass. He raised his legs in the air and with one motion my tongue lodged in his ass, tongueing its way into the tightness of that delicious hole.

My tongue darted in and out, deeper and deeper into the widening hole, until the flavor of the ass juices began dripping onto my tongue and filling my mouth. He began moaning he wanted to be fucked.

After I fucked him I rolled over onto the next bed to rest. I soon found a huge black tool near my mouth with a voice several feet above saying, "Suck that black cock, cocksucker." While I was sucking on it guys gathered around until I could feel a hand searching my ass, then a moist cock filling that hole, until I knew the fantastic feeling of being entered from both ends, filled with cock, thrilling at every plunge.

The room was filled with the sounds of cocks fucking moistened assholes and the sucking sounds of cocks slipping in and out of many mouths.

Two Farmhands Lay Orphan

LABRADOR — When I was in my teens, I was in an orphanage. I had to work on the farm run by the orphanage. The fellow looking after the barn was married but liked young guys. He got me in the hayloft one day and started to play with me. I got hard and he asked me if he could suck me off. I said okay, if I could see his cock and balls. He took his pants down and showed me his beautiful cock. He had about six inches and really big balls. I put my mouth on the head of his cock and he pushed it further into my mouth. I liked the taste and he started to fuck my mouth really hard. Then he said he wanted his balls licked and sucked. I licked them all over and took each one in my mouth. They were too big to get both of them in my mouth at the same time. I sucked his cock until he shot his cum. It tasted funny, but I ate it all. Then he sucked me off and told me the next time he wanted to fuck my sweet little ass. He also said that one of the other guys who worked there had a 12 inch cock, and asked me

if I'd like to suck it. I said yes, I sure would. The next time we went to the hayloft he had an older guy with him. He was in his 20s. He took his pants down and I could hardly believe my eyes, his cock was so big. I took my pants down and kneeled in front of him. I took as much of his meat into my mouth as I could get. Then the caretaker started to play with my ass. He shoved his finger up it and it felt really good. Then he said he was going to fuck me. He shoved his cock slowly up my ass. He fucked for awhile and it felt really good. He finally came, but the guy I was sucking still hadn't come. He said he would like to see how much of his 12 inches I could take. I was really horny by this time and said I wanted every inch of it. He started to shove his big hunk of meat up my ass very slowly. I said God that feels good, give it to me hard. Then with one hard shove he had every inch inside me. It really hurt but it also felt good. He would pull it almost out and ram it back in all the way. He started to jerk me off. I was so hot and horny by the time he was finished shooting his load, I also shot mine all over his hand. We use to get together every second night from then until I left the orphanage, which was two years later.

Come Out, "Straights"

Homosexuals have been urged to "come out," and many have. But I have never heard or read one single "straight" come out — that is, tell the truth about heterosexuality.

Why is this, in view of the fact that heterosexuality is respectable, and homosexuality is not?

STH does not try to hide anything about homosexuals. There is nothing for us to be ashamed of. What are the "straights" trying to hide? What are they ashamed of?

Homosexuals with any experience or insight know the answers to the following questions, but just once, just for the record, I'd like to see just one "straight" give the answers.

Why do vice cops get hard-ons when they're on piss-house duty? Why do they volunteer for this duty? Why do cops enforce these particular laws so much more than others?

Why do "straights" students fail their most important test — potency? Why are their cocks not as hard for their girls as their talk is?

Why do boys "go with" and men marry women? Duty or desire? Duty to whom? Desire for what — women or display?

Why do street boys have to display "dislike" for homosexuals? Why can't they treat homosexuals the way they treat a pair of shoes they see in a window, but don't want to buy — that is, not go and tell the storekeeper they don't want any shoes?

Why can't "straights" in general enjoy women, as they claim to, without insulting homosexuals?

Why can't one single "straight" come out and tell the truth?

— *Boyd McDonald*

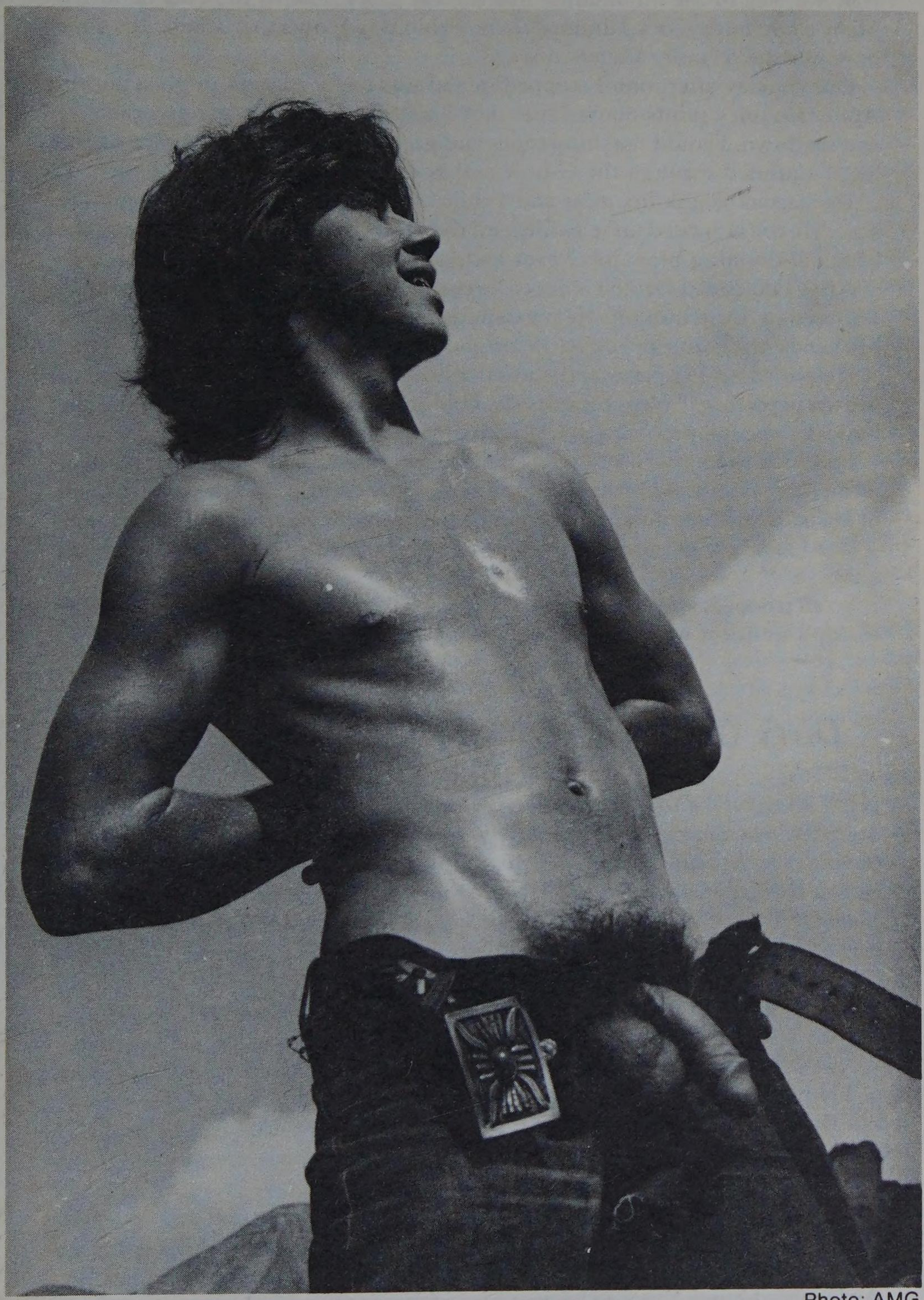


Photo: AMG

Law & Order: Cocksucking Cop

FROM A READER — The Red Apple Rest on Route 17 in Southfields, N.Y. (On the way to the mountains) had a great glory hole in the outside toilet. Many a hot, horny cock I drained there. From Boy Scouts to truckers. It's gone now but the memory lingers on.

One Sunday afternoon I stopped in and was lucky enough to get a booth. After two juicy joints poured their hot loads down my throat a guy came in and sat down. I could see shiny shoes and grey pants with a black stripe on the leg. I squinted through the G-hole and saw a guy in a T-shirt.

He started to jerk his meat and I indicated he should stuff it through the hole. He did. I sucked on it awhile and then he poked a finger in and I got the best ball-draining blow job I ever had.

After I unloaded I didn't want to leave the poor cocksucker with hot nuts so I offered to finish him off. He pressed his hips against the wall and I could see his hands at the top of the partition, holding on.

He pulled up his pants and stuffed a note through the hole on a piece of brown paper bag: "Meet me outside, hold this in your hand by the end of the building and I'll pick you up. Don't come out until after I leave."

I decided to follow him. I wanted more, because he had nice uncut piece of meat, like mine, and I loved the smell of it, the taste of it, and the sweaty smell of his balls and blond-haired groin. I figured it was a bus driver, by the pants.

But I saw him get into a New York State Police car. He put his shirt back on.

So all troopers aren't ball busters. In fact, I sort of feel sorry for a cocksucker in cop's uniform who isn't as free to go around eating dick as I am.

Dirty Old Men: A Streetcar Named Desire

NEW YORK CITY — When I was 13, I boarded an empty streetcar one day in my home town in the Midwest and sat waiting for the car to start its run from downtown. A well-dressed and distinguished man of about 45 got on just before the car started and sat down beside me. He opened a St. Louis *Post Dispatch* so that half of it was on his lap and the other half over my lap and proceeded to grope me and then open my pants and pull my already responsive hard prick out and jack me off.

I figured this must be one of those men my parents had warned me about — and for whom I had been looking. I was thrilled that at last one had found me. As the streetcar filled with more and more people the man kept up the tempo of his hand on my young cock unabated and the thrill increased. He slowly, but firmly, milked me until about two blocks from where I had to get off, I popped my nuts. I always shot a heavy load but this time even more so. I can still feel that sensational climax.

He put my cock back in my pants for me and zipped me up, all still under the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*. When I got off the streetcar he followed me, but he was stopped by a man, evidently a friend, and engaged him in conversation. As I walked home I looked back at him a few times and he kept turning from his friend to look at me. I never saw him again and have always wondered what else might have happened between us had his friend not appeared to ruin it.

Mixed Marriages: Dick, His Wife and Me

CONNECTICUT — About four years ago I began running into Dick in various T rooms. He became one of the regulars at my house. He visits me every couple of weeks and brings his wife along every month or two.

I also have two other married regualrs: Ed, and older guy who, on two occasions, brought a young woman along to join us (he loves to call me and talk dirty over the phone), and Bill, a young married guy who's as wild a cocksucker as I am. I don't know why *he* got married.

Dick is a splendid chap, a chunky ex-body-builder with great shoulders and ass but unfortunately a small prick (which figures). He comes very quickly, which sorely upsets his wife since she likes big dicks and a long fuck. He got the idea she might enjoy me and asked if I wanted a threesome. I said yes and he told me his plan. He would tell his wife, "While I was in the men's room taking a leak this cocksucker was at the urinal playing with himself. He says let me blow you, so I looked over and Jesus what a fucking cock he has. I tell him I'm a married man and he says that's OK, I'll eat you both, and gave me his phone number."

Big deal — he can't satisfy his wife and wants me to, so he builds himself up as "straight" and "a married man" and calls me a cocksucker. Anyway, one night Dick's wife was a little drunk after dinner and feeling horny and he sprang the story on her. They came over and that's how it all started four years ago. They came over this past week. They're pretty spontaneous. They usually get the urge to "swing" after a night on the town. They called me at 9 o'clock just as they were leaving a restaurant.

When they arrived I fixed them a drink and they sat on the couch. I immediately kneeled in front of Dick and opened his fly and pulled out his prick, which was small and soft. I sucked on it until it got stiff and he began kissing her and pulled out one of her tits. She kept opening and closing her legs as she watched me suck him and her heat grew.

I reached up under her dress and rubbed her clit (she's got a nice big one) until it was hard. Dick pulled her panties down and told me to eat her. I licked her moist cunt and sucked her clit as he worked on her nipples. She moaned and ground her hips and shot her load, sending her salty juices all over my face.

We went into the bedroom and stripped and Dick mounted her. I directed his cock into her wet snatch. I knelt at the foot of the bed so I could watch his hot dick go slowly in and out, then spread the cheeks of his butt and licked his shit hole. He stopped humping to enjoy the rimming and told her, "Jeez, he's sucking my asshole and Christ, does it ever feel good." He unloaded in her while my tongue was in his asshole. It was the first time I'd ever felt a guy shoot his wad while I had my tongue in his hole. It was wild. The asshole and prick are connected by nerves and I could feel each spurt of cum as he squirted it into her.

When he dismounted I could see drops of his cum on the lips of her cunt. I had to have it and sucked her clit again until she shot another load. I couldn't taste her cum — only his strong sperm.

Then I got on and humped her slowly while Dick stuck his finger up my asshole. He told her to lay across the bed so that I could screw her while standing up. He stood behind me and stuck his prick up my asshole. I could feel myself in danger of shooting off so I stopped pumping, but the pressure of her hot, wet cunt, plus his cock rubbing against my prostrate, made me come

anyway without any effort on my part. I couldn't hold back. Dick came in my ass.

It was really great. I only wish it had been Hank, whom I met through "Straight to Hell," because his cock is so very much nicer than Dick's. I'm most anxious to service Hank again.

Navy Forces Teenage Sailors To Sleep Together in Same Berth

FROM A SUBSCRIBER — This isn't my first experience, but I had ceased homosexual play at least a couple of years before this one took place and considered it to be a closed chapter, something one did as a kid when it wasn't possible to get the real thing: pussy. I was in the Navy, had just turned 17 and was on my way across the U.S. on a troop train bound for San Diego. I considered myself as straight as the next guy and never gave a thought to fooling around. We were in old Pullman cars with upper and lower berths. There were three guys assigned to sleep in every two berths. I and the other guys assigned to share with me hit it off pretty well. They were about my age. One was a skinny farm boy from Kentucky. The other was quite good-looking with just the slightest hint of fleshiness to his body. He was from Maryland. We chose up to see where we would sleep and I had the farm boy the first night. I was hot and crowded, but aside from getting some knees and elbows in various parts of my body, the night passed without incident. The second night I had the upper to myself while the farm boy slept with the other kid in the lower. In the morning I thought I saw the farm boy giving the Maryland one some dirty looks. Waiting in line for evening chow, he told me, "Watch out for Ron. He tried to play with my peter last night. I think he's a goddam fruit." I felt my cock stirring with a forbidden thrill. But I told myself I didn't go for that stuff anymore. But in spite of my resolve, my cock refused to behave and stayed half-hard all through the hours until it was time for lights out.

Ron and I climbed into the lower in our skivvies and I lay back in the dark and the heat, tensed with waiting for him to make his move. Nothing happened. I began to doze off. I don't know how much time passed, but I came wide awake as he whispered, "Hey, Bob, you asleep?" I decided to "stay asleep" to see what would happen. In a couple of minutes he called my name again. I didn't answer. Then I felt a hand on my groin — very lightly and tentatively. This was where I was supposed to tell him to lay off or I'd punch him out. But it felt so damn good I just lay there. My cock got hard under the nearly imperceptible brushing of his fingers. Again he called my name, and when he got no answer I felt his fingers slowly and cautiously unbuttoning my underpants. He began to jack my cock slowly. God, he was making me hot. Then he took my cock in his warm, wet mouth. He sucked me slowly, pausing to ask, "Bob? You like it?" I just lay there like a log. But when I felt myself coming, I put both hands on his head. He sucked harder and as the spasms began I fucked my cock up into his mouth. He swallowed it all. "Did you like it?" he asked softly. I growled, "Yeah." He told me he was glad I enjoyed it. "You must have been real horny, the big load you shot." He told me I had a

nice body and that my cock and balls were nice. The conversation ended with him wanting to be reassured that I wasn't mad at him for what he'd done. "I just can't help it," he said mournfully. "I love to suck cocks, that's all." I gave him another load before morning. The Kentucky boy said he'd never been with a fruit and couldn't stand it, and asked if I'd mind sharing a bunk with Ron for the rest of the trip. My cock was well cared for all the way to San Diego, and he even kissed and licked my ass. The last night he wanted me to stick my rod up his ass, but I wouldn't. I never did anything for him; didn't even touch his prick.

"A Superb Cock Stretched Out Toward Me"

BOSTON — I was working nights at the time, getting off at 2 in the morning, and had to walk through a park to get home. One night I was especially horny, so I strolled off the main path and up on the platform of a bandstand, walked over to the railing and just stood looking out over the city lights. I hadn't been there more than a minute and a half when a boy of about 20 came up the steps, and over to me and smiled. He then backed up to the railing, took off his shoes, unbuttoned his shirt (but left it around his shoulders) and took off his pants. I knelt, unbuttoning and stripping off too (it was a beautiful summer night), until I was completely naked. There we were, less than 50 yards from a main city street, with neon lights on the buildings around us illuminating us, with park lights and trees around us, up on a platform eight feet above the ground. We might as well have been performing for an audience, and I think that was in the back of my mind as I knelt worshipfully to this beautiful kid with a beautiful body and a superb cock, stretched out toward me, gleaming like alabaster in the light. It wasn't bright light, you understand, but there was enough light that we probably could have been seen for 30 or so yards if anybody was looking. Also, there were two major foot paths through the park within 15 yards of us. Anyway, I put my hands on his smooth ass cheeks and lovingly took that prick in my mouth, using all my expertise to give him the best blow job ever, slowing when I could sense him getting ready to cum, prolonging it, bringing him up to a peak and gently subsiding, building him up to a higher peak, down again, and increasing the tempo until there was no holding back and I knew he was nearly there. I reached up and twitched at his shirt; he got the message and pulled it off and threw it on the floor. Then I went down, deep, deep, using my throat muscles and pulling his beautiful white ass forward to jam his cock all the way in—and he came, moaning oh! oh! oh! and I kept all the way down, swallowing, swallowing (which makes the throat muscles work) until there was no more and I reluctantly came up for air. He immediately crouched down, saying "I'm afraid," and we both began to dress, sitting and kneeling on the concrete platform of the bandstand. Then we walked off together and over into another area of the park, where we sat and talked, sometimes touching each other but mostly just talking. It developed that he was down from Maine, on his way to catch a plane to somewhere else. Finally we parted, and I went home, completely satisfied, happily satiated with the shared sex and loving feeling I got from him.

Education: "Go Ahead And Kiss It"

I'd just turned 12 when we moved next door to one of the best looking dudes I'd ever seen. He was 19 or 20. Our two families became real thick and it fell to Hap to become my "baby-sitter."

Hap had quarters over their garage and it was decided I'd spend the night with him instead of one of us being routed out when the folks came in late at night.

Thank God, in this case at least, people don't know about homosexuality.

I was on the verge of flipping out. The very thought of being in the same bed with him. And then to make the discovery that he slept in the nude.

About the third time he told me my PJ's were kid stuff, why didn't I grow up.

During the night I awoke to find myself in a bear hug with Hap sliding his stiff, juicy cock up and down the crack of my ass. I let him go on. He suddenly squeezed the breath out of me and my crack got all wet and messy.

Next time I rolled my bare ass up next to him. He threw an arm and a leg over me and his hunk was in the groove.

He got some Vaseline and rolled me over on my belly. I was certain I was being torn asunder before he finally got what felt like a massive prick up my asshole. But once in, bliss.

He graduated from sitter to lover. From then on we didn't wait for the folks to go out. We were making-out wherever possible. Luckily Hap believed in sharing the wealth; some of his buddies were all for fucking a young ass too.

One I'll never forget. I was about 13. Doug was a little older but a hell of a lot bigger in all respects. One day after school he said he had to take a piss so we stopped in one of the park johns. The place was deserted.

I couldn't take my eyes off his wang after he hauled it out, getting an instant hard-on. He was in no hurry after he took a leak. He just stood there sliding his heavy foreskin back and forth over the head of his cock.

He turned sideways, giving me a full headlong view. The slit in his cock was dribbling pre-cum juice.

After I mentioned my envy of his foreskin he asked if I'd like to feel it slipped up over my cock. He stood straddle, thrust his hips out and our dongs were head-on. The stimulation of being inside that warm-silk-gooey grip made me shoot my wad.

He jacked off and left ropes of sperm all over the urinal. From then on we went there Monday through Friday.

The first blow job I didn't really give — I was taken. The stud flat raped a face fuck. At the time it was a hell of a trauma but now I really dig a guy getting up straddle and throwing a fuck down my eager throat.

My clan had gathered at a picnic grounds up in the hills. In the adjoining gang I spotted this guy. An ornery looking jack, but what a brute was displayed in those tight, faded jeans. He caught me looking at it a couple of times.

Finally he took off for the men's room. I followed and took a few quick glances from a couple of urinals away. Cooperating, he leaned back and gave me a full view of his cock and went on milking it. I was spellbound. Just had to get my hands on it. But some oaf came in.

The stud took off and I followed him. Instead of returning to the picnic area he cut off up the hill into the bushes. I all but ran into him as I rounded a pile of

boulders. There he stood, cock in hand. I was speechless. It seemed he all but snarled, "You like this, huh? Go ahead, take it." He stepped up to me. I touched his cock and he swung his ass back and forth slowly.

"Go ahead and kiss it." The idea had never entered my innocent mind but I thought why not, I sure did love it. I bent down and planted my lips on his glistening cock head.

"Lick and lap on it, damn it." All right, all right. I got down on my knees and licked.

Without warning he shoved me over on my back and pinioned me to the ground with his knees. He began thrusting his prick into my mouth savagely. He rammed it all the way down, smashing my nose against his wiry pubic bush. His cock was cutting off my air supply. I was suffocating and strangling on it. He just pumped and groaned till he finally got his rocks off.

It took me three years to get to the point where I wanted to suck cock after almost choking on his. But I could use a guy like him anytime now.

* * *

The first blow job (real one) I ever gave and wanted to was in a "69." A big, hard-ass Marine picked me up one afternoon when I was 18. This guy really brought me out and taught me the tricks of the trade.

He blew me a few times and then, getting the vibes I suppose, swung around into position. I've been an ardent cocksucker ever since. He taught me that there's a hell of a lot more to really sucking dick than just getting it in your mouth and bobbing your head.

* * *

Being somewhat masochistic I really groove on a stud who'll climb on, either end, and pump and pound cock like crazy. The longer and harder he can thrust, lunge, and ram, the better. Painful to take, I hope to tell you, in the beginning anyhow. I've got a tight hole and until he's got it all up in there and the muscle relaxes, oh shit. But after that, I enjoy a good, hard, long fuck.

Landlord Stops Students' Self-Abuse

I operate an apartment building and about half my tenants are students or staff at a nearby university. This building has a forced air heating system, and each of the student rooms has a grate in the lower part of the wall through which hot air is blown in the winter. The air goes through a series of tunnel-like crawl spaces, large enough to walk through, although in places a tight fit. I strategically placed about a dozen students, 17 and 18, in rooms serviced off a common ventilation duct that I prowl through. It is possible to look through the grill work into the student rooms without being seen, and in this fashion I can frequently observe the masturbation of my tenants. On a typical weekend night, perhaps a dozen will be handling their cocks at once, and I dart back and forth from one opening to another, watching as each approaches a climax. Almost all of them are completely nude. A few who are planning to go back outside right away will just pull their pants down for a quick session, but most have already gone to bed for the evening and are in bed naked when they start. A few regularly use pictures of their girl friends to beat off by, but there are two who use the current *Playboy* and *Hustler*. One belongs to some mail order

swinger club and uses their publication's pictures. One young fellow is more interested in pictures he has stashed away of very young boys and likes to examine these closely, occasionally pausing to place his lips against the cock in each picture for a few minutes. Although I have never seen any take an interest in their own underwear or socks, I have occasionally examined these items when I use the student rooms to jack off in while the kids are at class. When I visit the rooms, I usually jack off in some item of their clothing, such as a sock that I wrap around my cock and jack off into. Frequently I strip and lay down on the beds just as I have seen them doing. Sometimes I put on a pair of their underpants.

There seems to be no specific pattern the boys follow when they masturbate. Some pose in front of the mirror for a few minutes and fondle their cocks. Some rapidly get stripped in order to get on with the business at hand. Quite a few seem to just casually sit around semi- or completely nude, then eventually start fondling their cocks and balls. One likes to lay on his side in bed, looking at his magazines and occasionally putting his finger in his ass, then sniffing his finger. The one who looks at the boy pictures has a large rubber dildo that he sticks up his ass. Sometimes he catches the streams of his cum in his mouth when he shoots off. Most of them just let it shoot out and land all over their stomachs, bed sheets, etc., but two are very dainty about the entire matter and always take a paper towel or piece of toilet paper to bed with them, then catch the sperm in it when they shoot off. One even then gets out of bed, goes in the bathroom and flushes it all away. Last night one kid decided to taste it, and after he had shot off on his stomach he rubbed his finger in it and put it in his mouth.

I like to "accidentally catch" them jacking off; if I see one of them doing it and I have a valid reason for going to their room (to collect rent or see about repairs needed), I'll go and knock on their door. They ask in a nervous voice, "Who is it?" When they find out it is I they will always be obliged to stop what they are doing, pull on at least their shorts and pants and open the door. Sometimes I even begin the conversation in an innocent tone of voice by asking, "Did I interrupt you? Were you busy at anything?" The answer to this question is a weak smile and some inane comment about not doing anything right now. After finishing whatever contrived business I have with them, I make some comment about being away from home and ask how they are getting along here in this part of the country. Of course, I toss in some question about their girl friend (or lack of one) and inquire if they are "finding it easy to get a little action now and then." Of course, this gets them bothered, especially under the circumstances that they had just been jacking off, and they tell me they are not getting what they want at all. I comment that they should get blown once in awhile and that it sure beats jacking off. The kids at this point give me a really guilty look. They usually respond by asking if I know anyone who will give them a blow job. I ask if they mean a chick or do they care if it is a guy. About 90% or better say they don't care at this point, and when I offer my services they are always accepted. The two boys who did not seem receptive to my unannounced visit, I left after a couple of minutes and went back to my spy-hole; they immediately commenced beating off again.

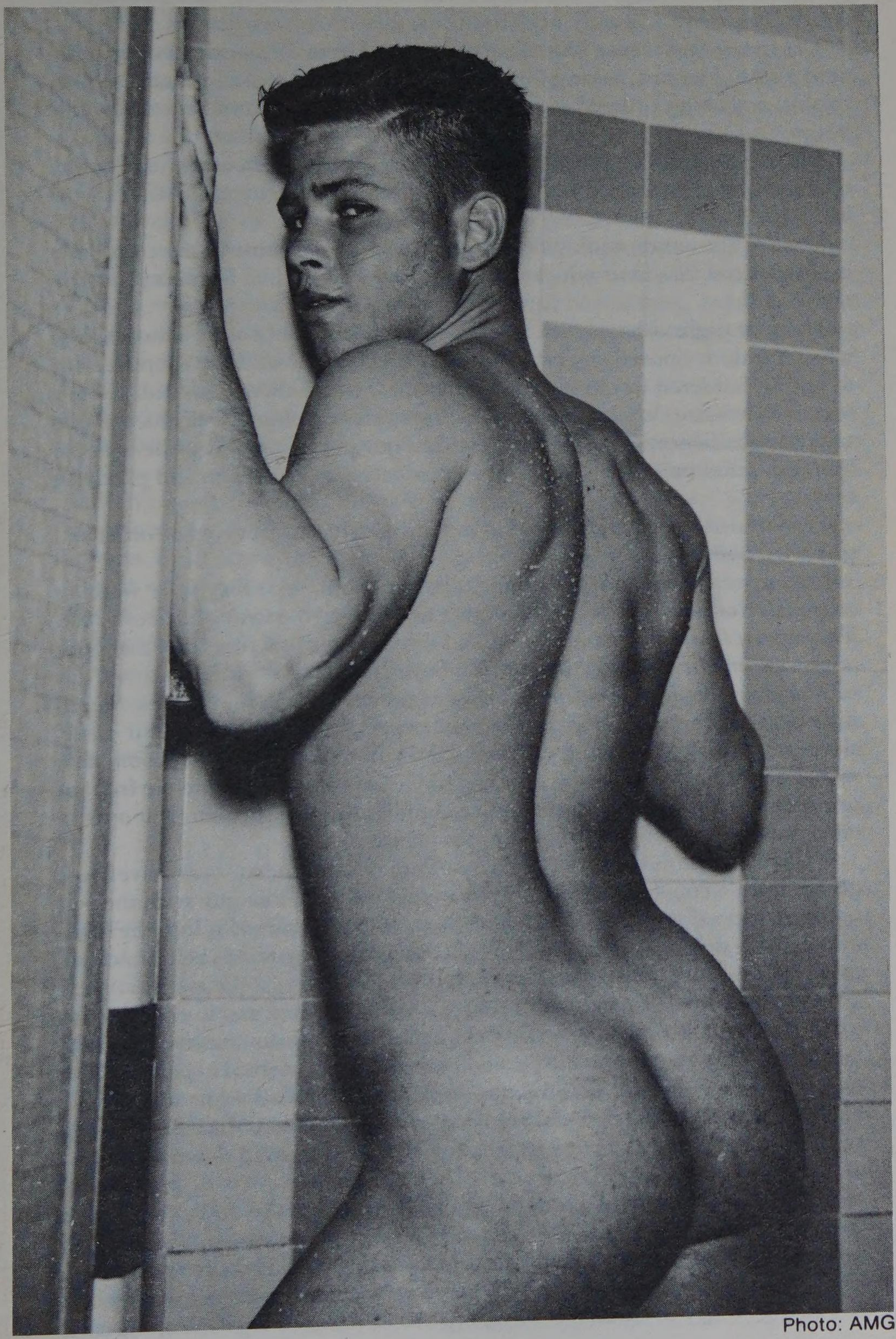


Photo: AMG

Sucking Cock at Military School

Here is my first experience when I was in military school. There were many others, but there was only one first time.

The first weeks were a blur of running to and from formations, being yelled at by every older boy, asking for permission to drink from a fountain, to piss, to shit, and being ordered to brace (stand at attention) for what seemed like hours.

One of the 3rd formers who had undergone the treatment the year before told me to let the "crybabies" bear the brunt of the hazings, and that's what happened.

Most of the action took place after lights out, and some of my classmates came to dread that hour which usually began with the 2nd formers prowling our quarters.

The first night it happened, my three roommates and I were almost asleep when our door opened and two upperclassmen appeared. They routed us out of bed and ordered us to strip off our pajamas, which three of us did, but our fourth roommate decided he'd had enough ordering about. Delighted at this act of disobedience, the older boys grabbed our roommate and while one held him, the other one tore off his pajamas, squeezing his nipples and pinching him.

They told us our roommate was to be punished for not obeying an order and that we'd better shut up and watch.

Both upperclassmen opened their robes, revealing that they were wearing only jock straps. The jocks were bulging and carried the strong odor of sweat. They threw their robes to the floor and I noticed for the first time that both guys were wearing their garrison belts above their jock straps. They threw our roommate to the floor, and while telling how much pain they were going to inflict on his bare ass, they were gently rubbing the pouches of their jocks, almost like they were talking to themselvews, but making sure our roommate would be reduced to a blubbering "crybaby." One of the guys knelt in front of our roommate and held his arms so he couldn't move; the other bent over to take aim at the naked ass, tensed up in terror.

When the first blow smacked that bare flesh, our roommate must have come off the floor a couple of inches. He let out a loud yell. The guy with the belt quickly stripped down his jock and the two of them rammed it into the boy's mouth to cut down on the noise. But the sounds of that garrison belt whacking that bare ass were loud enough.

This was my first experience at seeing a real whipping, and my cock got as hard as it had ever been, hearing the muffled cries of our roommate being beaten by these two half-naked gods, both of whom were also getting hard ons. The guy doing the belting was stark naked and had a lot of dark hair around his cock, and as he raised and lowered his arm with the belt, his body twisted so that his cock got harder as he brought the strap down again and again.

I looked at my other two roommates. Neither had a hard on but both were shaking.

The victim's ass got bright red, with many darker red streaks criss-crossing. He had been reduced to a "crybaby," a term they seemed to use a lot at school.

The guy who had done the whipping stood with his legs apart, his cock

his own. He said it felt good to be by the heat. I liked it because I got a whiff of his armpits and it was good. We rapped about the weather etc. and he reached down the front of his pants and rubbed his balls. He excused himself for doing it but said they were nearly frozen. I told him to rub them all he wanted. His knee shoved hard against mine when I said that and he gave me that look that says a lot. By then I knew he was the right kind of guy. We got his pants and long johns down around his ankles. Oh fuck! he was horny and hunky. He is a blond guy but the skin on his cock is quite dark. The foreskin nice and long. He poured us each a stiff drink and I kept caressing his dick, balls and ass. He put an arm around me and pulled me in close and said, "Thank Christ I came here." When he let go I went right down on my knees under the kitchen table and licked his balls. He moved to the edge of the bench so I could get at his asshole too. It was too cramped under the table so I got out and we went into the living room. Every part of that guy's body smelled and tasted beautiful. While I was sniffing his ass and brown nosing and kissing and licking and sucking that hot sweaty hole he ground it to me and started beating the fuck out of his cock. I could hear the sort of slushy sound of cock drool so got round in front of him and licked his dick. The taste of his cock had this little cocksucker nearly crazy. I didn't have to move my head at all; he just let go with a beautiful long load of cum. Afterward he sat on the sofa and told me he had been looking for head for a week but had to beat off instead. I said I hoped he didn't think I was too old for him and he smiled and said, "Who the fuck cares about age." I got up on the sofa, sucked his nipples and licked both his armpits. I got down and buried my nose in his big bush of cock hair. Sucked on that hair too and told him it tasted good. He said he had to piss and asked where "it" was. I told him there were two of them—one down the hall and one right here. He said to come with him. When he started to shoot those last few shots of piss he shoved my head down and I swallowed them. We enjoyed the whole raunchy scene for two days, including him pissing all over me. The snow stopped for awhile on Sunday and we dug out the driveway and got to his truck.

Hospital Orderly Supplies His 8 Inches to Doctors, Lawyers

NEW MEXICO — Yesterday I received a phone call from a man I hadn't seen since I was in the hospital. He was an orderly and we had sex in my private hospital room. He's a handsome Mexican-American. We made a date for 4:00 at my house. When he arrived he immediately pulled out his beautiful 8 inch cock. It was nice and thick and had juices oozing from it already. No preliminaries — he didn't want to look at the photos I had put out. We went at once to the bedroom. He pulled off his pants and showed off his brown beauty. I got on my knees and sucked his balls (not so large) and then took his cock all the way down to his pubic hairs. I was in heaven. He said he liked a good slow suck. When he finally came he unloaded squirts of delicious tasty cream. Later he asked for another blow job which I gladly performed. This took a long time too, but with the same tasty results. He said that he could come six or seven times in a 4-hour period. He showed me a replica of his hard-on which he had made. He services many Dr.'s, lawyers and other professional men. But he says (I really don't believe him) that I am the only one who doesn't gag.

Interview

You look a bit to young to go around calling yourself a "cocksucker." How old are you? I am a young-looking 29-year-old cocksucker.

Do you enjoy having other men call you names, you dirty little thing? I love it when other men describe me as a cocksucker, as well as any other names they can think of.

Do you smell your Jockey Shorts when you pull them off? No.

Describe your butt-hole. I'm proud of my sexy tight ass, it's a nice pink shit-hole, which I know is pink 'cause I've admired it many times myself while jacking off and holding a mirror in my other hand.

How do your other parts look? I stand 5'9", have a 29" waist and am endowed with one of the cutest 6" pricks anyone has ever laid eyes on. I have no hair on my chest whatsoever, and only moderate leg hair. A lot of guys have found my extremely soft patch of cock hairs a turn-on. My eyes are grey-green.

How often do you jack off? On average at least three times a day, and on weekends many times. Here in Connecticut there's just not enough cock for me to suck, so I'm forced to rely on good ol' masturbation to relieve my tensions. I jack off while laying on my bed or on the floor, but am also quite fond of beating my meat standing up and watching my face beam with pleasure in the mirror. My staple jack off fantasy is picturing myself impaled on both ends by two good-looking studs and having both my sexy asshole and warm mouth filled to overflowing, with sweet cum.

Do you like to get sucked off? You better believe I do.

Do you like to fuck assholes? Yes, but I would rather suck my partner off and have him fuck me instead.

Have you had sex with girls? I've laid a few girls but prefer cocks.

What kinds of men do you like to blow? All ages, sizes and colors.

Describe the first time you jacked off. I was by myself swimming in my parents' pool. I guess that the action of the water massaging my little boy prick gave me a hard-on and I instinctively knew what to do. Was I amazed at how good it felt. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw all that white goo erupt from my prick and floating in globs in the water. I hurriedly pushed that water with my cum floating in it over toward the filter trap so that my parents wouldn't see it.

Describe your first sex with another boy. I was about 13 and the guy was a schoolmate of the same age. My friend and I got together at my house, and once up in my room we began wrestling and eventually stripped each other naked. We strutted around the room showing off our cocks and wiggling our little asses in front of each other's faces 'till we finally were both hard. We had jacked off together several times before, so this time I told him I wanted to kiss his prick. After he stopped laughing I just buried my head between his legs and lovingly kissed and sucked away on his stiff prick, all the time jacking off my own prick.

If you see a man you want, how do you go about getting him? When I see a guy I really want I lick my lips.

Do you like dirty talk during sex? I love it when a guy tells me to suck his cock, or tells me what a good fuck I am.

What position do you like for blow jobs? I dig any position for blowing a guy, but am especially fond of getting down on my knees in front of my partner and having him fuck my face.

Do blow jobs ever seem like work to you? I'll suck on a cock for as long as it takes to unload and I never find it hard work. I find it very enjoyable.

Why do you like to suck cock? That's a damn hard question. I don't really know. There's just something about a guy's hard and juicy-looking cock that drives me wild.

Have you ever met a man by mail? One of the best young men I've contacted came about not through an ad in a sex paper, but a science fiction magazine. I'm an avid sci fi fan and I wrote this young man to exchange opinions on films and books, and one letter led to another, and it wasn't long before he sent me one confiding that he was a fellow cock-lover.

How was your high school sex? My industrial arts teacher was the first "older guy" that really turned me on. I used to hang around with him in the industrial arts building after school was through for the day and help him clean up. He always would ask me about my sex life and when I told him that I didn't really have any to speak of, he told me he was in the same boat. Soon after he invited me to go for a ride with him on the prtense of helping him pick up some supplies. We drove to a secluded spot, a reservoir deep in the woods and go supplies. We drove to a secluded spot, a reservoir deep in the woods and got down to some heavy petting. He was so damn good-looking and I was so damn hot I informed him I wanted to suck his cock now, so we got into the back seat, stripped each others' clothes off and began stroking each others' hard cocks. He had a fat scrumptious 8″ cock and I know that figure's correct 'cause I measured it myself with my tape measure. A lot of kissing, fondling and sucking ensued. We 69'd, I laying on top of him with his cock deep in my mouth and him below servicing me. He left Connecticut and I still to this day miss him — seriously.

Do you like to look at yourself in the mirror? I love to look at my bareass body in the mirror and think I look pretty good. Sitting, standing or laying down, I look quite appetizing.

What do you wear when you sleep alone? I most always sleep bareass and always feel of myself in bed.

Can you enjoy spending an evening at home alone? I can be very content. I read a hell of a lot, primarily science fiction, fantasy and horror novels, and go to those types of films. I watch a little television (I love to watch Star Trek, Masterpiece Theatre and any and all old movies).

Do you suck ass too? My sexier-than-the-usual type ass is well formed and very kissable. I know this doesn't seem fair but while I love to have my asshole licked and tickled, I don't care to return the favor. Sorry.

Would you let almost anyone blow you if you were in a safe toilet? I'm not that indiscriminate. I prefer certain types. I'll let anyone who turns me on blow me. I sure as hell don't care a fig about age, race or color.

When you were a young boy, did you jack off with other boys? There were about four of us who jacked off together. I happily admit that I was the one who organized this little group of jack-offers for the sole reason that by doing so I could feast my young eyes on all those luscious hard pricks. I should mention that my love of cock awakened in me around the age of 13. When other boys were beginning to get interested in girls, I was doing all I could to catch glimpses of their young bodies, be it in gym class, at my house (since my parents had a pool it was real easy to talk my boy friends into going skinny dipping), or in the showers. I especially loved to watch them all take showers, and it was all I could do to not get a hard-on while watching them washing their pricks. I couldn't wait to get home and jack off, remembering all those

kids showering. The same thing happened to me while in the Army.

Do you wear plain white Jockey Shorts or fancy ones? I'm very fond of fancy prints.

Describe the kind of blow job you do. When I begin to work on his cock I like to take my time, and every so often stop sucking and lovingly nibble and kiss his cock for awhile. I repeat this throughout, and when possible, love to suck on his balls, after which I proceed to suck him dry.

Who's the most memorable man you've had sex with? The one I miss most is my industrial arts teacher. When in the Army, stationed in Germany, I had many a beautiful sex session with a young Puerto Rican fellow soldier, and I miss his terribly also. He had the kind of body that makes any homosexual drool. One of the reasons he's so special to me was because the hanging between his muscular legs was one of the biggest cocks I had ever sucked — a gorgeous 9½ incher. I'm not a size queen, though. It's definitely the whole man I am interested in.

Can you handle any size cock? My mouth and throat can handle any size, but my little bottom I'm not sure of.

Do many of your partners want to fuck your ass or would they rather get blown? A lot of guys do want to fuck me but the majority would much rather feel my warm mouth wrapped around their cocks. I know this sounds like bragging, but one guy told me my mouth was better than cunt; he described my mouth as a satin pump.

What's the most cock you ever had in one day? Three. A small number I know, but at least it's an honest answer.

Canadian Piss

TORONTO — Gotta tell you about this thing that happened to me a couple of weeks ago. I was in this can in the basement of a bar. The stalls don't have any doors, so when I went in to take a leak I saw this really hunky looking guy sitting on the can. He looked up at me while I took a piss and he seemed fairly interested. I started to play with my cock so he could tell that I was. He leaned back and showed me his dick. It was a real big one, so all I could get was the head and a bit more in my mouth. In a couple of minutes he began shooting a heavy load. I swallowed it twice and he was still unloading more. I held his dick in my mouth even after he was through. He said he had something else to give me if I wanted to keep my head there. His cock jerked a bit and he let go a real hot stream of beer piss. He gave me one last squirt and pulled his fat piece of meat back in his pants. He was in his late 20s. He said that watching me drink his piss was a real turn-on and if I wanted to follow him back to his place he'd like to drink some more beer and watch me drink his piss again. I liked what he wanted to do so I followed him back. As soon as we got there he grabbed a beer and gulped it down fast. He opened another one and sat down, spreading his legs and opening his fly. He pulled out his meat and told me to suck it. He stood up and told me to follow him to the basement. I got down on my knees and he started to piss all over my face and in my mouth. It was weak piss but nice and hot. He finally ended up fucking me over a trunk in the basement and pissing up my ass.

Texas Youth Awakens to Find Uncle Sniffing His Poo-Poo Hole

TEXAS — I've always gotten off on people looking at my body. I like to wear tight pants to show off my large crotch. Queers or chicks, they all like to look. I am a rotten son of a bitch, a really dirty, arrogant bastard — even more so when I've got a queer down on his knees begging me to spit in his face. For some reason guys have always wanted to smell my body. It started off when I woke up and my uncle had his nose in my ass sniffing it out. He told me not to tell. He said he liked it because it smelled so good. One time I caught him with a pair of my dirty underpants over his face, jacking off. It kind of turned me on. He made me wear a pair of underpants for three weeks one time and made me give them to him, but he gave me a dollar. I would much rather have an older guy who likes to do some fancy cock and ass worship, smell and lick my asshole, toes, armpits, chew my dirty underpants and I like to hear fags beg and whine for them. I like to give orders like, "Kiss my ass, you rotten queer," "Stick your nose up my smelly but hole." They always groan and sniff and tell me how good it smells. Sometimes I will stand in front of a mirror and sniff my own dirty underpants or jock strap. They smell like me. *Very good*. Sometimes after I've jogged I won't shower and one of them will come over and go to town on my body. I make them chew my jock strap while I play with my dick. I say things like, "How long has it been since someone let you smell an asshole this good" and "I'll bet you never had such a good smelly prick fed to you." I've had lots of sniffers tell me different things. I let some of them watch me take a shit. They say things like "It smells like stud's ass should smell." There is this one queer I see that kisses my shit. He tells me I deserve it. I agree. There is this one that comes over and after I shit he wipes my ass with his tongue. Some of them I tell to do it. They usually will. I have had several worshippers pick my dirty underpants off the floor and kiss them while I watch. Some Queers buy my dirty underwear to wear over the face. I have *many* satisfied purchasers of my dirty underpants. There have been several times I have gotten so many orders I couldn't fill them all. But he *does* get a pair of dirty underpants — it just takes a little longer. I haven't washed a pair of underpants in over two years. I also sell "used" toilet paper that has been used to wipe my asshole after I take a nice long shit. I also let guys eat directly from my asshole. You would be surprised how many people like to eat shit. I see several guys that like to be called names like faggot, queer, cocksucker, ass licker, pig, fairy, etc. There is one guy I see and the only name I know him by is "Cocksucker." He loves it. I like to tease queers and make them think I'm not going to give them my load but shoot it in the toilet and flush it down. It's more fun to unload in a guy's mouth, but some of them I didn't let have it and I did flush it down the toilet while they begged for it. There have been many occasions where I will sit back in a chair with one leg up and my smelly butt hole on display for the fag. I like to let them sniff my butt, balls, crotch and dick *unwashed*. I rent my prick out. I've been letting men buy it since I was 13. I have several regular customers. It's always turned me on to know that some queer will pay to get on his knees and worship my crotch. A good cocksucker is one that does what he is told. I like a servile one who really grovels. I have two main interests in life: (1) my prick and (2) some hole to stick it in. All I have to do to make a guy hot is to strip for him and walk around nude and flip

my big dick at him. I like Queers who beg for it. Tell me how hungry they are. I like flattery — I like them to tell me how beautiful I am and that I'm their young GOD, how my asshole smells like perfume, etc. I like to show off my cock. I finger my fly when I know one of them is looking at me. I have seen some of them *drool*. I'll tease them with it and let them look. When he finally asks for it I'll tell him it's "Prime Grade A meat" and most people pay for prime meat. I like to wear jock straps. That's usually all I wear around my apartment. I receive all my suck dates in my jock. There's this one Queer that I see, likes me to answer the door wearing a scumbag. I like to smoke cigars while being taken care of by some Queers. I'm sure this will turn-on a lot of Queers. Please write to me. Your questions are a real turn-on. You sound like a good Queer yourself.

"His Cum Tasted So Good I Wanted His Piss."

SAN FRANCISCO — When I lived in Boston I used to frequent the Men's room at the Arlington Street Subway Station. One night I went in (there were three booths as I recall) there was one booth occupied. I went into the booth next to it and peeked through the glory hole. The guy was sitting leaning over sucking on his own prick. I whispered, "Don't do that, come with me to my room and let me do it for you." He said, "OK, let's go." I lived on Marlboro Street. I lost little time taking his long prick out of his pants after arriving in my room. I just got down on my knees and slurped it down into my mouth and sucked it good, and when it was slippery enough I swallowed it down my throat. The guy gasped and said, "My God, how can you swallow my cock so easy?" I could not answer at the time. He let me keep it down my throat for awhile then wanted to lay on the bed and 69. I was all for that as I wanted to be sucked off too. But first I asked him to let me see him take his cock in his own mouth for awhile as I was fascinated by seeing him do it in the shithouse booth. He obliged and really got a lot of his long cock into his mouth. I jerked on my cock watching him do this for awhile then I said, "That's enough, let me have that juicy prick again." He grabbed me by the head and pulled my mouth over his prick while turning me around in the 69 position. We sucked each other and he poked my asshole. I was so excited that I soon shot my wad in his cocksucking mouth and he unloaded down my throat. I raised up off his prick a little so I could taste his wad. It was thick and lots of it. After we stopped his prick stayed hard and dripping juice which I leaned over and ate all I could. We smoked a cigarette and he said he wanted to go as he had to take a piss. I said I would like to taste his piss, as his cum had tasted so good I wanted to get some more juice from his cock. He sat up on my bed and asked me to get on my knees and let him put his cock into my mouth just as his piss started. He told me he often drank piss from his own cock but was turned on when he found someone else to drink it for him. I drank as much as I thought I could handle and got up, and he took his cock and bent over and got it in his own mouth and finished drinking his piss. I am going to stop for now, as I am sleepy. I also like to suck cheesy foreskins. I will write you about my first experience in cheesy foreskin sucking.

Photo: AMG

The Case of the Choir Boy's Cock

FROM A READER — I was introduced to sex rather early on (I was shown how to beat my meat by an older chum at the age of eight) and I was ushered into the delightful world of cocksucking long before I had any cock hair or could unload a wad of cum. Nevertheless, the dry orgasms I had were wonderful and I had as many as possible, either by my own hand or by the talented mouth of my buddy, Jim. He had been initiated into cocksucking by some older boys and had shown the delightful practice to me. I loved it. I couldn't get enough of it. Jim was my only partner, but the reverse was not the case. He ranged far and wide and soon every horny male from the age of puberty through 25 could know the delights of being sucked off by an angelic blond choir boy merely by signifying his availability. Our relationship was not one-sided as almost all of his others were, for I sucked his still little cock as much as he did mine. We were both choir boys, boy sopranos, for puberty hadn't touched us yet. We were hairless and spermless but just as horny as the older boys. We took full advantage of every situation to play with each other, even in church. We sat in the back row of the choir stall with an older boy who sang baritone and an old man who always fell asleep during the sermon. We loved the sermon because when our minister mounted his pulpit, the lights in the nave were dimmed and the choir stall was thrown into semi-darkness; sitting way in back, in the dark, we could play. Jim would spread a large music folder over my lap, reach through the slit in the side of the choir robe, unbutton my fly and work my cock out of my underpants and jack me off. He played with my cock all through the half-hour sermon; as the minister raised his eyes to speak the last few sentences directly to the congregation, Jim's hand worked faster and I exploded in orgasm. One day, as the lights came up, I noticed with horror that Bill, the older boy seated on the far side of Jim, had seen us. He was a big kid, about 16, and not friendly. I whispered my concern to Jim. "Don't worry about it," he whispered. "I'll take care of it. After church you leave me alone with him — say you can't stay today." It was the duty of the three of us — the youngest in the choir — to tidy up after church. After changing out of my robe I told Bill I had to leave. He said, "Dirty little bastards." I blushed. I hid in the bushes outside the window of the choir changing room and pushed open the tilting panel at the bottom to get a view of the room. I could hear their voices — Jim's high-pitched boy's voice, Bill's deep rumble. Bill glanced nervously about. As he locked the door I could see a large mound pushing against the fly of his Sunday suit. He dropped his pants and underpants to the floor and out popped a huge, uncircumcised cock decorated by a bush of dark hair. Jim knelt before him. The boy's mouth was avidly down and up on the big prick. At first Bill stood still, letting Jim do the work, but as he got hotter he held the boy's head with his hands and fucked his mouth. It didn't take long. He pulled Jim's mouth all the way down as he shot his wad. Jim choked and gagged. My cock was so hard in my tight pants that it hurt. Tears welled in Jim's eyes as he struggled with the salty wad Bill was unloading in his mouth, but he didn't try to get away. He even pressed the last few drops out of Bill's piss-hole with his hand and licked them hungrily. I took one last look at the huge dangling cock and left. Later, in our hideout, Jim and I sucked each other three or four times. I'm sure we both imagined we were sucking on Bill's big, uncut cock. I didn't tell Jim what I'd seen in the changing room, and he never mentioned it. He saw quite a bit of Bill after that.

An Ideal Homosexual

Ruling Passions. By Tom Driberg. Stein and Day. $11.95

Tom Driberg got off to a superb sexual start at the age of "two or three' when, "crawling about on the carpet of my father's study (called the smoking room)... I found myself between the flannel-trousered legs of my eldest brother, who was standing in the middle of the room talking. Looking up towards the crotch, I perceived a small hole — some stiches loose in the seam. Gently I inserted a finger." Nothing much came of his brother, but Tom progressed to the point where at age 10 or 11, he offered to give "one rather older but better-endowed boy, Derek P.... a new pencil if he would unbutton his trousers and produce his member. He consented readily." By age 13, Tom was cycling to public toilets in Tunbridge Wells and Brighton, where he would pair off with "a randy soldier or a rosy errand-boy ... I hardly ever failed to score," and he wound up as a Member of Parliament, finally as Lord Bradwell. He was an ideal homosexual; he wanted a lot of it, and got a lot. As a young newspaper reporter, he covered "sudden death... Once, but only once (it would have been unprofessional to do it too often), I ... returned to spend some hours with a bereaved husband, providing consolation that he was unlikely to get from any other source that night." He met a Norwegian sailor in a wartime black-out in Edinburgh, and took him to an underground air-raid shelter, where they "embraced and kissed, warmly enough, but my interest was concentrated lower down, on a long, uncircumcised, and tapering, but rock-hard erection; and I was soon on my knees." One of the "superior" pick-ups he made on Rupert Street in London was a young man who "was frantically randy, trouser bulging in impatient anticipation, and we had nowhere to go; we did it in a telephone-kiosk." He went to male whorehouses in New York (Mr. Fox's) and San Francisco (Mr. Robertson's), where "well-equipped trade was provided for the clients — Marines, truck drivers, and other delights of the 'butch' sort." A Senator, one of Mr. Robertson's clients, flew to San Francisco and tried, but failed, to save the place after a raid.

Driberg borders on the Divine when he writes things like "I became more promiscuous after my election to Parliament, relying on my new status to get me out of tight corners," and the Postscript written by somebody named "Michael Foot" is an embarrassingly poor attempt to play the satisfied heterosexual; Foot professes to find the foregoing 249-page record of sexual and political triumph "heart-rending,"and he offers"compassion and pity." It is Foot who is pitiable, and the larger pity — apart from the personal tragedy of Driberg's death two years ago — is that he did not live to complete his memoirs, and bequeath to the history of homosexuality a chapter on his three-month stay in Korea in 1950, where he is said to have made out, as usual, like a bandit. Moreover, his San Diego would be worth another book, with full chapters assigned to the more spectacular of his sailors: "San Diego — a great naval port with a bar on every street-corner and several dozen sailors in every bar. Every sailor was ready and willing for anything, and in need of a few bucks: my expense account became exorbitantly swollen, but Lord Beaver-brook, I reflected, would strongly approve of my spreading good-will towards Britain in the United States Navy."

— Boyd McDonald

Demonstrates Throat Muscles for Hitchhiking Farmboy

I was driving south toward Birmingham, and had only left my girl friend and her parents ten miles back, when, rounding a corner, I saw a hitchhiker standing alongside the road — a farm boy, evidently; tall, lean, bib overalls (in the days when they weren't fashionable, only farm clothes) snug over a good body. What would you do? I stopped. He got in, and we began talking: Where was he going? Into the next town, which I knew to be the county seat. Where was I going? Florida. Oh wow! I always wanted to go to Florida; what's it like? So I tell him about the white beaches and the palm trees and presently he said, I surely do with I could go with you. So I said, why not? I'd love to have you come along. Do you really mean it? Sure — but you'd better tell your folks if you're going. Naah, they won't care. We don't have a phone anyway and they'll know I'm all right. So, to clear the decks, I said, of course, if I take you, you'll have to do everything I say. Oh sure, yeah, of course. I mean *everything*. [A little caution] Like what? Well, like, have you ever had a blow job? What's that? A blow job. You ever had your cock sucked? No, but I think I'd like to try.

So I pulled off the road and into a quarry and got his overalls unsnapped and down (I like to see it all) and surprise! he confirmed my opinion that skinny people are hung! A neat 8 inches of cock, big and beginning to stiffen.

I was very gentle. I got those overalls down on the floor, and ran my hand down his leg and under his balls and pushed the foreskin back to see what might be in store for me. All the time this monster was getting out of hand, so to speak, and I began to wonder if I *could* take it. Getting my hands behind his hips, I pulled him to me as I knelt on the floor and took that 8-inch cock between my lips, gave it a little tongue motion which made him squirm, and then stuffed it all down as far as I could get it into my throat. Quick, up for air, and then down again. He pushed his hips forward and got his hands over my ears and pulled my head forward and literally yelled, "Jesus, I'm coming!!!" and I choked for one of the few times in my life, swallowing and licking and going back down for more, literally bathing my mouth in hot, sweet cum. And he didn't go soft. But he kind of pulled me up and said, "Is that a blow job?" I said, yes, that's a blow job. And how was it? God, he said, that's better than fucking. You want to do it again? Well, I surely wanted to, and he was ready, so back down. This time it took him about 30 seconds, which was twice as long, but he went through the whole thing again, yelling "I'm coming!! I'm coming!!"

I didn't think he was quite ready for some other things I had in mind, so we drove on, and between northern Alabama and the Tampa area where I lived, we stopped five more times and I blew him. He loved it, and sometimes he would come twice, although toward the end of the trip (and we were both getting pretty car-weary) he had a little trouble coming quickly and easily.

Just before we got into Birmingham, we picked up another hitchhiker, and I discovered he had not long been out of prison somewhere near here. He looked about 25, so, knowing that he must have had something going in prison, I asked him bluntly, "Would you like to get your rocks of?" He looked pretty startled, believe me, but said yes, so we pulled off into a side road and I got his pants down while Curtis watched. And while nothing special in the

cock department, he had a long foreskin which intrigued me because I have one also, and you don't see many these days. Anyway, he came easily and we drove on. Quite a trip? Yes, and the nice thing is that Curtis stayed with me for a couple of months, and I taught him fucking (both giving and taking) but he never wanted to try cocksucking. He told me about having fucked the mules around the farm, and jerking off mutually with friends and his cousins, but apparently they had never been introduced to more sophisticated sex. He got homesick after a while, and one day he bought a bus ticket and headed back to Alabama. Curtis was always very warm and considerate; not very sexy, but he began to really get into the swing of it by the time he left.

Several years later, after I had gotten married and moved to New York, I got a scrawled letter on lined notepaper asking if he could come to New York, so I sent him the bus fare and he showed up. It then turned out that he couldn't write or read, so he couldn't read street signs even. He moved in with my wife and me, sleeping on the couch in the living room. They got along pretty well, and I got him a job as a janitor at one of the YMCAs, but I could see that he was not happy with the Big Apple — too fast and all those cars and people and all. And the subways! he would not ride after the first trip, and would rather walk to work (from 35th St. to 62nd St.) than take a bus or subway. So one day he took his accumulated savings down to the bus depot and said goodbye. I have fond memories of Curtis, probably with a wife and six kids by now, sporting that beautiful cock and not knowing what to do with it, down on the farm.

Butch Soccer Youth Surrenders His Pink Hole

MANHATTAN — Chou was a waiter in one of the bars in Bangkok, Thailand. After some conversation I went with him to his apartment. His roommate went out and sat in the yard so we could have sex. We got into a great sixty-nine; somethings I was on top, sometimes he. He was short, muscular and beautifully smooth all over. I asked him if I could fuck him. He said he didn't like it much but if I was quick, OK. I got him on his back with his legs bent back beside his head and entered very slowly so as not to hurt him. I fucked in long, smooth strokes, never taking my eyes from his. Soon I could see he was beginning to get into it. After I unloaded I got down and sucked him off. The next day we had a repeat but this time I had him sit down on my cock facing me. We came together this time and he said, "Nobody ever fucked me like that before." The next day came the scene which to this day (four years later) gives me a hard-on whenever I think about it. We went to my hotel room. Naked on the bed, we got into a 69 when I decided to try something new and put my tongue up against his pink asshole. He began moaning ecstatically so I pursued it. I pushed the tip of my tongue harder and harder against his puckered hole. He pulled his mouth off my cock and called out, "Oh, Billy, fuck me." I threw him on his back and rammed it in without any of the gentleness I had used before. I slammed my hard prick in and out as hard and fast as I could. He thrashed about on the bed. He kept screaming, "Oh, fuck me harder, please fuck me harder." I was worried that the hotel staff would hear him, he was screaming so loud. When we came, he was shivering and crying. The boy who didn't think he liked fucking when I first met him had discovered that he wanted it very badly. He as a very butch, masculine kid — he played soccer every weekend with his friends — and I think the realization that being fucked was his metier blew his mind.

HARVARD MAN I

Harvard man, Harvard man,
blond for no reason. I'd
sure as shit quit the Quad
for him, scratch every dance
from my card for him; kiss
sunshine goodbye to open
his fly; trade clothes
for sheets, miss other meets
for him, for him —

HARVARD MAN II

Harvard has no class these days; nothing does.
Where are the men in white flannel roadsters
to run over regular Cantabrigians
with only a silver toot for comment? Gone,
with goldfish and urinal gin.
Harvard men have always been well-fed.
Even today, dressed like everyone else,
their bodies show centuries of breeding,
like horses, those far more useful studs.
John Harvard had buns worthy of
the Busch-Reisinger. Once I
asked him up into my room, which
will be razed to a Harvard dorm
one day anyway. I was just offering
a sneak peek. But this man knew his place,
and mine; patted my public school ass with his class
ring. He called intercession, denied intercourse.

— *Walta Borawski*

Extraordinary Youth Charges $10 Per Sniff

DALLAS — Hey Fart Sniffer, I have a sub. to your shitty mag. If I was there I'd give you a free sniff of my butt-hole. I've had Queers pay me $10.00 for *one* sniff. I would like to live off the ripe smell of my hot crotch, selling my dirty Jocks and Socks to all you fags that sniff shit like that. Some of them only want a piece of my used toilet paper. I've sent out over 30 fucking wads of toilet paper I've wiped my shitty ass on. This one fart orders a couple of pair of my dirty underpants every month. He says he "chews" them clean and needs some more. I've also had several queers order "special" cassettes. I let them hear me taking a piss. I recorded some good farts. About two weeks ago I was hired for a party for about 20 Fags. I was paid to strip down in front of all these queers. Those fuckers were drooling when I was through. I teased the fuck out of them. I loved it. Then I was supposed to stand in the center of the table in only my Jock Strap. About 10 or 12 of them gave me their phone number. Several of them would give me $5 or $10. I would tuck it in my Jock and leave a corner of it showing. I would also rub my crotch and move my hips around very slowly. I got $100 that night for just stripping and standing around. I called several of the phone numbers the Queers gave me. I've seen some of them (anywhere from $25-$75 per phone call, usually). Sometimes, if I see they are real desperate and hungry, I'll raise my price $10 or $15.

[Editor's Note: This youth, the celebrated Rotten Roger, plays his role superbly by mail, but there is always the danger that, in person, he would be offensively wholesome.*]*

The Monk's Tale

TEXAS — I can assure you that you will find much gay sex going on in a monastery. I remember one day I was in my room shaving and nude when this monk entered my room to let me know that the car was ready (as we were going out). He said nothing but knelt down (a handsome, blond man with a big cock and beautiful body) and gave me a blow job, balls and all, that nearly blew my mind. The first time I went to the Baths I was taken by a St. Louis priest. That monastery scene was for real and so is the one that follows: About a five-minute walk from the main monastery we had a summer villa and large pool in a wooded area — very beautiful. In the summer on my day off I would hightail up there fast, strip bare-assed and walk about the villa with a hard-on. I knew this other monk would follow me up there in about 20 minutes. He was good-looking as hell with a fine build and cock. So when he came in I pretended he had "caught" me bare-ass with a hard-on. He just laughed and said, would you like to "Indian wrestle?" (which is wrestling in the nude). So he got bare-assed and we began to horse around. When I would brush up to his hard-on I would say, "Oh, I'm sorry" and pretend it was an accident. We at last ended up on the floor in a 69 position. The next thing I knew he had my over-heated cock in his mouth and then I started on his, and the next thing I knew I had a mouthful of warm cum. It tasted super as I swallowed each squirt. He never liked to fool around in the monastery so we always waited until we went to the villa. This lasted about a month each week until he was sent to another monastery to teach.

Gets a Bellyful from the Utility Company

CHICAGO — There was this stud who use to read my gas meter — in his late 20s, slender, quite manly. I wanted to get acquainted and be friends. Always had a nice bulge in front and I wondered what it looked like. Once after reading the meter he asked to use the toilet. I was more than willing. When he pulled it out, about 7″ soft and so damn beautiful, I wanted to get down and worship. He let it hang, not touching it, just swaying and began to piss. Well I couldn't see him waste it, could it? So I went down on his pissing dick and let his piss into my mouth and belly — where it belongs. I grabbed him around his ass and held on. He was very, *very* surprised and when he finally got his bearing he began to push me away and said "let go," but hell, his piss was too damn good, bittersweet taste — delicious. I wouldn't let him go and he began struggling to free himself. "Let go of that fuckin thing you dirty fag," he yelled, but I held on tight (his piss was worth fighting for believe me). He didn't stop pissing and I got a big load and took it all, and when he finished he was semi-hard. He broke loose, shoved it in his pants and stormed out of the place in a hurry — but I had sucked his dick and gotten his piss — all of it and it was worth it believe me!!! You think this is the end of the guy? No way. About two weeks later I got a call from him at night and he was drunk, bombed, and he said he wanted to see me again — he had been thinking about what I'd done and he'd gotten very "turned on." *No one* had ever wanted his piss before and he dug it, but only when he's drunk — sober he can't or won't give piss but drunk he lets his inhibitions go and I get all the piss I want, and I'm greedy and take all he has and he even saves it when he comes over so I know I'm going to be satisfied completely, and I get his thick, gooey cum as a bonus cause I get to suck off his big load and it's just as good as his sweet piss. You have to fight for things you want in this life and believe me his piss was *worth* fighting for. I asked him for his raunchy *used* briefs, cotton ones, and for my birthday he gave me them — the BEST present I could ever get outside of his body. He's married, one kid. He's got a very beautiful dick with a large swollen head with a large piss hole to give that golden juice. He digs pissing in my mouth. So far I'm the only one who sampled his golden nectar and I hope it stays that way.

Cape Cod Man Likes Tough Piss

HYANNIS — I am "out of the closet" not only about my being gay but also about my passion for sharing a piss scene with a man I love. Water sports for me is not degradation, nor do I like it best after my partner has drunk a lot of beer to dilute the flavor of his special "wine." If I love a man and his body, I want to touch, smell, taste *all* of him (barring disease). A beautiful man's piss is as beautiful as his cum. And that goes for my own piss, too. I piss on myself and into my own mouth.

[*Editor's note:* This water-sports stud is not, alas, one of the sexy junior members of the Kennedy clan summering in the Hyannis compound.]

Air Force Pilot Brings Teenangel into Barracks

FROM A READER — As my "straight" friend is married to one of my best girl friends, I'd best be mum on that topic. I can say that he's straight in that he's been married for years and fulfills his conjugal duties. However, boys are always available and his will power is not what his wife might wish it to be. She's very tolerant, though lately he's been trying her patience. If I have anything to say about it, you will receive details from my art gallery friend of his high school football lay. He's having a torrid affair with a well-known and highly sought-after rock star. If you must have my article about the pilot, you shall have it.

This happened when I was 17. My parents were thoughtful enough to raise me within blocks of the cruisiest park in the Mountain Time Zone, and it was there I went one cool spring night. I was sitting on a bench near a fountain when I noticed an incredibly handsome, young man with dark hair and an extremely well-developed chest standing near a tree perhaps 20 yards away. We stared at each other for perhaps ten minutes, then he turned and went down a trail into the bushes. He had large, round buns filling out his tight Levis. I got up and followed him down the path. As I rounded a corner, he was leaning up against a tree, pulling at his groin. I walked over and grabbed his bulge. He reached down and undid my belt, pulled down my pants and went down on me. After sucking me for awhile, he stood up and I got his cock out and went down on him, with my pants still around my knees. However, there had been a number of arrests in the park lately, so we were both nervous, and soon pulled up our pants, though we continued to grope each other while kissing. He asked if I had a place to go, but since I still lived with my parents, I didn't. He asked if I'd like to take a ride, to which I agreed. We walked over to his souped-up red Camaro and started driving around the park. I went down on him as he drove.

He had a gorgeous cock, long and fat, probably about 9″ and really *fat*. He was trim and muscular, with truly sucky nipples, firm, hard butt and a fragrant bush. His balls were large and hefty. He had short, neatly cropped hair, dark eyes with a knowing look, and a Southern accent. He said he was from Mobile, just passing through town. I asked if he had a place to go, because by now I was determined to have him in bed. He said he thought so, we could drive by and see. We drove for about 20 minutes, till I noticed we were nearing the Air Force base. It turns out he was a pilot, a captain I believe, in town for some training seminars. He was about 28. We pulled up in front of what looked like a barrack. He explained that it was Visiting Officers' Quarters, more like a motel than a barrack. He snuck me up a side staircase to his room (my nearly waist-length hair looked decidedly out of place in this military venue) and led me into what looked just like a motel room, complete with color TV and refrigerator with complimentary cocktails, like you get on airlines.

We stripped and tumbled into bed, doing all kinds of things: sucking, rimming, massage, making out. He asked if I had been fucked before. I said yes, but never by anything quite that large. He promised to be gentle and lifted my legs. He lived up to his promise, and though he fucked me for well over an hour, I did not feel the slightest discomfort. At one point, he pulled me up so that we were both kneeling, his fat cock still deep inside my asshole; then he maneuvered it so that his feet were on the floor and told me to wrap my legs around his waist and hang on. With this, he stood up, with me still impaled on

his thick shaft, and proceeded to walk around the room, so that his cock thrust into me in rhythm with the rise and fall of his step. He was very muscular, must have weighed close to 200 pounds and had absolutely no fat on his body. We kept this up for a good 15 or 20 minutes, then sank back on the bed, finally reaching a frenetic climax, pulling his cock out in mid-ejaculation and covering my back with a hot load of cum. I know because I licked it off his hand, at his request. We lay together for awhile, kissing and talking. Then he asked me to rim him. I got between his legs and he put his legs on my shoulders and lifted his butt so I could get a good shot at his succulent asshole, which smelled of sweat but not anything else. He must have showered before going to the park. I lost myself in the crack of his butt for some time, when he asked, somewhat tentatively, if I'd like to fuck him. I was hot for anything he said and tried my best, but he said he'd only been fucked twice before and was just too tight to take it. We rested for awhile, chatting and playing with each other. Then he snuck me back out to the parking lot and told me to slide down in the seat until we were away from the base. Said he had a fiance back in Mobile, but didn't know if he really wanted to get married. He dropped me off in front of my parents' house about two o'clock in the morning. We kissed goodbye. There you have it.

Sunday in L.A.: Sucks 60

LOS ANGELES — A week ago a friend of mine, where I work, and I went out and hit a gay bar. There was only about three guys in the bar. After much time looking, waiting, looking, waiting, my friend just reached over and started feeling the one in the corner sitting on the beer boxes. All of a sudden my friend was on his knees and sucking a huge cock — it must have been 12". I was fascinated watching him take all that meat. After what seems a long time, he finished, had a cigarette, and about two minutes later, there he was down on his knees again. The place was getting more people. Soon he was doing #3, then #4. They seemed to be lining up, waiting. I counted seven. He came over by me and I said, "My God, they are waiting in line." He said, "I know. Why don't you be a little aggressive and try it — they just flop 'em out." So, I thought, what the hell. Soon I was on #3. Upon finishing, I looked up and there was a tight crowd of about 10 guys all sucking each other. I molded myself into the tight little group and it was simply heaven. In a two-hour period my friend and I must have sucked 20 cocks. We got sort of tired, so he said, "Wanna go home and play Monopoly?" So we did, until he passed out from exhaustion plus gin and tonic, whereupon I left to go home, and on impulse decided to drop by that bar and "just to see." I must have sucked 50 more. I love to suck cock and when I got home that night I was feeling great with all that cum in me. I might add, in this bar there were two tall guys who had the biggest, longest dicks I have ever seen. Must have had 12" or *more*. Most of the guys trying to suck them couldn't get their mouth over the head. I'm not kidding, and they were white guys too. Really turned me on. I was sucking this short guy who had a big, nice, beautiful dick, and unbeknownst to me, at the time I was sucking him he was being fucked in the rear by one of those big guys. I've got to get my beauty sleep now unless I go to Palm Springs and visit my Mother.

Photo: Alan Boone

Review: Tyrone Power

Hector Arce, author of *The Secret Life of Tyrone Power* ($9.95; William Morrow and Company), credits Joe Adamson with help in "evaluating the body of Tyrone Power's work," but the book gives no evaluation of the body of Tyrone Power. A press release accompanying the book does mention that "Ty had a dark underside," which may be a hip publishing code that I, in my innocence, am unaware of, meaning that he had an unusually hairy ass-hole. Such a condition is certainly credible in light of Power's excessive eyebrow hairs, which had to be "fixed." The book's description of the producers' reaction to them is another illustration — one of many — of how Hollywood's money men, however "straight," sound like hardened old queens evaluating a male whore. "Take it off!" Darryl Zanuck shouted at Power's first screen test. "He looks like a monkey." "Wait a minute," William Goetz said, "let's have a whole new test made, with softer lighting, and shave and pluck those eyebrows." And so another Star was born. Arce appears to regard homosexuality as an even graver problem than joined eyebrows; he speaks of Power's "torment" and "anguish."

Power walked into a Beverly Hills men's store, pointed to the Bermuda shorts an "Hispanic" sales clerk was wearing, and said, "You've got what I want." Whether Power went down on it or took it in the ass is not revealed.

Power's three wives included both a Linda and a Debbie, who were everything those names suggest. The marriage to Linda was one of those great international heterosexual events that *Life* magazine covered so well, covering up the homosexuality underneath; thousands of spectators massed outside the church and the pope himself, sensing the commersh possibilities of the event, blessed the sacred union in a private audience. Power acted the husband and father as well as most men (but undoubtedly had more cock on the side) and also did the Marine Corps act well; when another recruit said, "You're the prettiest Marine I've ever seen," Power decked him and that ended that. Power's numerous male lays are merely mentioned in passing, the obscure ones by name, his fellow movie stars anonymously. The closest the author comes to identifying *them* is such clues as that Power laid two of the other actors in *The Captain from Castile*. I am not anywhere near enough interested in Power himself to bother looking up that picture's cast; my interest in him is as an exemplar of the fact that all heterosexual males, like Power, are actors. There is no such thing as a born heterosexual; heterosexuality is an act they decide to do, like living on the East Side. Some never stray from it. Power did regularly. But I have always thought they all ought to belong to the Screen Actors Guild or Actors Equity as they play, like Power, their roles of marine, husband, father, *The Captain from Castile*, whatever.

— Boyd McDonald

Pilot Buys Youth's Fragrant Briefs in Airport Terlet

FROM A READER — Years ago when I was flying piston aircraft I used to get a hard on from the vibration. My young copilot used to play grab-ass with me in the cockpit while we laughed at what the vibration on our grommets was doing to us. One evening we got back to the hotel and he said the taxi had done the same thing to him. We hit the sack and he said he was horney and if I didn't mind he was going to jack off. He did and I asked him if his fiance had ever sucked him off. He said she hadn't, so I told him I would show him what he should teach her. He shot a big creamy load in my mouth and I protested and he said he was sorry. The next night after we had flown about four hours he said he was horney again and wanted to check with me and see if he had got the sucking business straight. So he sucked me off. When I shot he said he was glad because now we were even. It never came up again. I met a guy in the toilet at the airport who came in my booth. When he came up from sucking me and I went down on him I noticed his very strong masculine odor, clean but so damn sexy. I bought his little Bikini shorts from him and kept them to smell to remind me of how wonderful his hot young groin smelled. One of my copilots had to return home because of family problems. He knew of a young guy just starting out and I had the guy come for an interview. At first I did not find him extremely attractive but he was nice in a young, butch, honest way. I knew he was broke so while he was getting started I offered him the guest room of my apartment. One day he had gone to the airport and I was collecting the laundry from the hamper in his bathroom. When I picked up his Jockey shorts I felt a sticky wetness. I unfolded them and inside the pouch he had shot his load by jacking off, evidently just a few hours before. I smelled the pouch for some reason and got the rich cheesy odor of uncircumcised cock. He had wiped off the head of it and his foreskin after he shot his load. I actually felt weak and had to sit down, and found myself in my bedroom chair with his shorts in my hand. I smelled them again and found I had a hard on. I started jacking off and as I got almost to shooting off I started licking the wet part of the pouch where he had left his load of cum. I shot off almost immediately with a larger load than I believed possible. I didn't put them in the washer but kept them in a plastic bag so the smell wouldn't go away, and carried them around with me in my flight bag. And I started to fall in love with the guy and wish he would ask me to help him when he needed to jack off. I checked his laundry and he was jacking off every day in his shorts. Finally one night I told him how I had found them and how much they excited me. He admitted that he probably would have done the same if he had found mine with a still sticky wad of cum in them. I had forgotten to bring his shorts on this trip and asked him if he had a dirty pair on that I could sleep with that night. He said he would give them to me after he took them off. He went to his room and I could see from the shadows under the connecting door that he was jacking off. He gave a little cry and a few minutes later knocked on the door and handed me his shorts. He said that he had left something in them for me. And sure enough, right in the pouch was a hot load of cum. I took them to my bed and laying the wet smelly part against my lips I jacked off. His still wet Jockeys became an obsession with me. Everywhere we went he would give me a dirty pair every night with a hot load in them that I could eat. I urged him to wear them until they were

ripe, and to clean his foreskin in them as often as possible before he gave them to me. For my birthday he wore a pair for about 10 days and shot off in the pouch over and over again, then gave them to me saying that that was as close as he could come to giving himself to me. I used to lie awake in the next room waiting to hear the sounds of him jacking off, sometimes seeing through the keyhole the way he would shoot, and then hear his tap-tap on the wall, which meant I could go to his door and find him in a towel offering me his stinking Jockeys with a hot creamy load of cum right in the pouch where I could smell his man smell as I licked the still hot cum from the cotton. Finally he decided it was queer and would not do it anymore. I still have one of the old pairs, and a year later they still smell of piss and cheesy foreskin and are yellow stained with cum. And I put them on the pillow beside me at night and jack off while licking the parts that touched his cock, and the smell sends me into raptures and I sleep more peacefully with them in my teeth. I never cum in them because I want him to be the only smell in them. I wear Jockeys too. I have to because when I have a hard on it shows if I wear boxers. After flying eight hours or so I smell sweaty, and my shorts are kind of wet right at the crack of my ass and beneath my balls. I smell them and they smell sweaty but different than under my arms. Sometimes I jack off for relaxation after a long flight and smell the pouch of my briefs before I shoot in them.

Bostonian, 29, Cruises in Cop Drag

BOSTON — Head cold in no way prevented me from going out last Saturday as a motorcycle cop with another cop friend. We did the town. Objects of much curiosity in the leather/denim bar — where, for some reason, the faggots are the stuffiest and have the most trouble with the split of Reality-Validation and Fantasy-Fulfillment. Here I am in high bike boots, shiny blue helmet and Sam Browne belt with shoulder strap, and some queen minces over and sez, "Are you for real?" Last Saturday at the Eagle, one fellow sauntered over and asked, "Are you a policeman or are you a freak?" I liked that one; it gave me a wedge: "Is that how your world is schematized? Cops or freaks?" Came on strong. Being a cop allows one to be as aggressive as one wants and they take it. After a half hour of chat, even though I demurred, he finally came to believe I was a cop. I, as a cop, am not only decorative but utilitarian as well; while walking from one bar to another, I wound up in a tied-up intersection in Copley Square, blew my whistle and did a little traffic detail. My favourite line is from the queen on her way into the toilet/bang room: "But isn't what you're doing illegal?" Had sex Sunday with a cop regular of mine. Long ago, I decided not to have sex with anyone unless it was turn-on totally. I'm of the Fussy Meat school. Since, also, I am into uniforms, humiliation, a little B&D, etc., it is especially important to have a good and workable partner who can go on and on. For months and years. It's a lot of work. I'm not one of these fags who either ties up people or gets tied up on a First Date; how vulgar. One must get into psychology and the other's fantasies and play all the strings.

The Love That Dared Not Speak Its Name: Ass-licking

NOTE FROM NEW HAVEN — Don visited Wednesday and requested that I suck his asshole, and I did comply in a fashion.

You mentioned in your note of the first inst. that you complied "in a fashion." What fashion? Did you lick his asshole? Kiss it? Suck it? Did all three.

Exactly what words did Don use when he asked you to suck his ass? Do you want to suck my ass? I'd like you to. You haven't done so for a long time. Don't you like my ass, don't you think I have a nice ass, do you have a lot of better ones than mine? I replied negatively and did accommodate him.

How did the subject happen to come up in conversation? I was in process of sucking his cock when he made his request and said that he missed it.

Did Don telephone you before visiting you or just dropped in for an unannounced visit to get his ass sucked? I was in my backyard conversing with my landlord when Don entered the yard and calls out, "Hi. Let's go upstairs. I want to pay you the money I owe you." I played along with him, although he didn't owe me any money, excused myself from my landlord and complied by going upstairs. At times Don will phone to ask if I'm alone or if anyone is there with me, as he prefers my servicing him rather than having my companions do so. They often wish to do so also and at such times I don't even get into it at all.

Who is Don anyway? He's about 40 years old, 5′5″ height, 145 pounds, blond, blue eyed, a house painter, is married and has a daughter. He's a great guy.

When he visited you, did he say or do anything that showed he was in heat? He usually asks if I have a lot of milk. He wants to swallow a lot of my milk, referring to cum.

Please describe his arrival and stripping, including his underpants and including any information on their stains, if any. He usually rings my doorbell about 5:30 A.M. Sunday, waking me, inquires as to my milk supply, heads for bedroom as I'm locking the door, and when I get to the bedroom he is usually undress [sic] save for pants and underpants, winter thermals, otherwise boxers or usually jockies in summer. He wears regular shirts, slacks, sweaters, sweatsox, dogleather shoes, scull caps and visor caps, and must usually their [sic] paint spattered due to his work. He resembles a blond Burt Reynolds, with a Burt Reynolds' smile, which is continuous, and a harsh word has never crossed his lips since I've known him, or a cuss or foul word either. His underwear are usually clean, but sometimes his jockies are urine stained and sometimes slightly soiled brown at the crack of the seat. He leaves his clothes on the bedroom chair and gets in bed for about 10 to 15 minutes, then dresses, about 2 minutes, and won't leave his jockies as his wife will question him. I used to send him holiday greeting cards and he requested I refrain from such, as his wife questioned him about me.

Does he have a hard-on as soon as he pulls his pants off? It's usually not hard but he'll ask me if I want him to get it hard first, because he'd be willing to rub it if I did, but I usually tell him it's not necessary.

Please describe his head and body hair styles. He's comparable to a blond, blue eyed Charlie Bronson, hairless chest, with medium amount of groin and ball hairs, likewise asshole hairs. His whole beautiful body is milkwhite. Head

hair parted on left like a young Jackie Cooper's.

Please describe his manner and personality.. Calm, easy, quiet, gentle, middle class, cool, never harsh.

Are his balls, dick and asshole clean or smelly? All clean in every manner.

What does his asshole smell like? Smells like milk.

What does it taste like? Tastes like milk and honey.

Is his asshole smooth or rough? Smooth asshole.

Is it big enough for you to stuff your tongue up inside it? My tongue will enter his asshole for about an inch.

Do you suck his cock as well as his asshole, and if so, what does his cream taste like? Like honey.

Does he play with his dick while you lick his hole? He'd sometimes rub or jerk his cock as I licked his ass, and to further accommodate him, as he was jerking it, I release him of this labor by doing both of these at the same time.

What does he say to you while you're sucking him? He'd moan and ask if I couldn't get my tongue inside further up, but I have to come out to breathe.

What position does he assume to get his ass licked? He lays on his knees and pulls his cheeks apart for me to enter.

How long do you suck him? Five minutes and off to work he goes. He is usually on a job assignment.

How did Don happen to know that you suck ass? He asked if I did so, and would I do his, and I did.

How did you meet him? He helped my former landlord as a mover and moved my furniture from one of his buildings to another of his buildings.

How does he feel about women? He's married, likes girls and met one 67 years young, whose house he was painting, asked if he'd sex with her, and he does so every so often.

How many assholes have you sucked? About eight.

How does Don's compare with the others? I like yours best, thus far, because of your thin hips, and ability of my tongue to enter further up into it, whereas Don's broader, thus making entrance quite laborious a task. Don's cock is about three-times the size of yours in every way also, likewise the labor entailed.

Did you suck Don's ass only because he asked you to, or is it worth sucking anyway — that is, would you have wanted to suck it even if he hadn't asked? Or did you do it just because you didn't want to say no? I did it to accommodate him, as he's such a great guy, it would be sinful to refuse him. You'd LOVE him and I wish you'd hurry up to meet him.

Have any of the assholes you've sucked been too dirty? Don's has always been clean. The only one not too clean was one at Coney Island.

Has he mentioned any other people he's had sex with? His wife, the woman mentioned, the paperboy, paperboy's boyfriend and paperboy's sister.

Did you enjoy sucking his ass, or was he the one who enjoyed it? Both yes.

He appears to be interested in his ass. He enjoys finger up his ass and does fuck and suck ass.

Does he supply companionship, friendship and conversation, or does he just come to you for fast sexual relief? Just sex once a week usually.

Is he circumcised? Uncircumcised.

What are his other interests, apart from having his ass licked? Sports.

Is he friendly or cold? Friendly.

Compare him in general with your other pieces of ass. Friendliest, but fastest.

Do you invite Don to return again? I want him to visit me, but I don't like to invite anyone because of the landlord, who has requested that Jack not return, because Jack always stays overnight, and I told Jack he couldn't stay overnight many a time. The landlord asked me if Jack didn't have a home of his own.

Would you suck ass for any man who asked you, or reject some? I'll only reject vicious, unhealthy or dirty ones. Let's refrain from any future questionnaires, as I won't be able to accommodate, as it's too tedious, although it is a beautiful one. I went to the only porno theatre in my immediate area last week for first time in ages. In one scene, the milkman has his cock, while standing on porch, through a specially built hole that the maid would open in order to administer blow jobs. Before I left the theatre I went to its Men's Room, where a similar act was performed on my cock by a fellow of about 19 years of age, with black hair, who was rubbing his own cock and when I proferred mine, he willingly took it into his mouth and swallowed my ejaculation. Another patron whom I was mutually patronizing with quite a few times before, was there, kept offering me his, but I did not consummate the great offer, but left, as I do not wish to linger in such surroundings for too long a time, as I feel too uncomfortable. In N.Y.'s Variety Theatre, some Negro about 45 years of age was seated in the last seat of an aisle in the front of the balcony and as I turned around, low and behold, he was taking a penis of a beautiful White youth who barely appeared to be 18 years of age, and the Negro's administrations, as much of it as I glimpsed, were fantastic, quite pro, and most arousing in every fashion. Pen-Pal Dave has moved to Sydney, Australia and has told me of three new conquests (male) since there, at Sydney's nude beach, and his mom also shared one of the conquests. Please do not request details of Dave's letters.

/s/ Love

Marine Raises Leg for Sailor's Tongue

FROM A MARINE — This took place in North Carolina, while I was stationed at Headquarters Battalion 2nd Marine Division Camp Lejeune. It was my first duty station after completing I.T.R. (infantry training) at Camp Geiger. It was a weekend and I didn't have duty to stand, but I didn't feel like swooping home; yet I wanted to get off the Base for as much of the weekend as possible. I went over to the circle where Marines get rides to swoop home. I spotted a Navy Corpsman who I knew, who was stationed at the Naval Hospital on Base. I used to smoke some good herb reefer with him. We shot the shit a few minutes and before I knew it we were on the Bus to Jacksonville, which was about five miles from Camp Lejeune. Jacksonville's a Marine Corps town, a lot of whore, clip joints, Jewelry store owners who loved Marines, etc. Randy and I headed for the U.S.O. club down by the river. It was more entertaining that being ripped off at one of Jacksonville's clip joints. We didn't find enough action there to stay so we headed back to the Base, picked up a change of clothes, shaving gear, etc. and headed for Myrtle Beach in South Carolina. We checked into a Motel Room and split to check out the scene. We hit the Beach Area, a few Discos, etc. then before we knew it, it was 2:00 AM in the morning and we headed back to the Motel Room. We didn't find any snatch that was available to be picked up. So we watched TV awhile and smoked a couple joints. Randy hit the shower, so I stripped down to my shorts and hopped into bed. After Randy came out I went in, then came back into the

room to hit the sack. Randy was laying in the sack bare-ass naked, playing with himself when I walked in. I interrupted him. He quickly pulled the covers up covering his hard-on, and started some bullshit conversation.

Well we had to share this bed for he registered as a single to save bread. We rapped awhile about the Base, pussy lifers, etc. I guess I was just as horny as Randy. Well one thing led to another and we fell asleep, but while I was sleeping, I awoke feeling real good. Randy was sucking on my dick. I didn't know what to say or do. I decided to pretend I was still asleep so I kept quiet and lied still and let him continue for it was feeling real good. Randy took his mouth off my dick and started licking my balls. I wasn't thinking and raised my legs up to let him get a better lick, and this is where Randy must of known I was awake and he asked me if it felt good. Hell ya! It feels great. How come you didn't tell me you were gay? And this is where I found out he wasn't all the way gay but bi-sexual. After I shot my load in his mouth, we smoked another joint and rapped a little more. He ran down to me what a Bi-Sexual is, etc. and asked me if I'd like to try it with him. I thought about it; it did feel good, why not, but you must promise to keep it just between you and me first. A deal Randy said; so we got in a 69 position and sucked each other off. Randy showed me the whole lovemaking scene and we did just about everything. The last time I shot my load that morning was inside Randy's ass. Peace, Love and Happiness Always.

Clergyman Finds Ass "Heavenly"

FROM A SUBSCRIBER — You asked about my son, and that is something that I am working on, and am not yet fully prepared to openly discuss. But I will probably be back again to the subject later. Your goddam magazine makes me so fucking hot that I have to take down my pants and caress my cock while I'm writing this. So here I am sitting in my holy office with my pants pulled down to my knees and my cock standing straight up and oozing. I may stand up to give my finger enough room to slide along the crack of my ass and caress my shit-hole (God, how I love that heavenly aroma). About two weeks ago during a wedding rehearsal there was this gorgeous guy who was the Best Man. He had a bulging groin, with very tight jeans. All during the rehearsal, I found he was watching me. Each time I turned my head (and I found several excuses to do so) he had his eyes glued on me. I asked him to come to my office to "check" the certificates. Normally, all of the signing is done after the wedding, but hell, he didn't know that. So he very willingly came over to my study. As we went into it and closed the door, he turned to me and put his arms around me and planted a warm kiss full on my mouth. You can be sure I returned it with passion. I ran my hand down over his bulging groin and was going to unzip him and suck his cock but (story of my life) there was a knock on the door and the Wedding Hostess came over to get him for a picture. Damn. I cruise the grooms and Best Man whenever possible, but there is no opportunity for action. But one can always dream. I keep hoping I can find some regulars who would like to have their assholes sniffed and licked by an expert. If their shit-hole has not been wiped too clean, I enjoy the aroma and luscious flavor.

The gorgeous smell of a pissoir turns me on. The other day I walked into one that was heavenly. There were two urinals and as I pissed in one I began to

get so hard I couldn't piss anymore, so I just stood there and caressed my hard prick. Another nice guy came in and went to the next urinal. He pulled out a gorgeous uncut cock and began to stroke it gently. He reached out and put his hand on my cock. I motioned to the toilet stall, dropped my pants quickly and sat down. He came over and put that glorious meat into my mouth. Fortunately, nobody came in and I was able to lick his cock and lick up and down his thighs. He shot a tasty wad down my throat.

I noticed that some writer seemed disgusted at what he thought was an overemphasis on assholes. So, assholes are not his thing, but please don't stop printing articles and showing pictures of them. There is an odor about a man's asshole that has almost the same effect on me as a good popper. What a glorious experience it is to spread those lovely ass cheeks and inhale that lovely aroma. Of the men in church, you may be sure that I see some gorgeous hunks and I often yearn after those cocks and butts. I wish and hope I could get my tongue around some of those cocks and up some of those assholes. To be truthful, I would like to examine most of them. If I were in a place where it was safe, I would be out cruising piss-houses every day, but here I cannot risk it. I love drinking piss, but have not yet found too many guys who will give it. I keep looking and I will not give up until I have found some regular source. There have been a few outstanding cocks, but I am not a size queen — I suck them all, long, short, cut, uncut, thick, clean, raunchy, young, old, just so long as it is a cock. There are very few cocks that I find unpleasant. I beat my meat often. Usually when I am alone in the shower in the mornings, but it can be anytime the urge comes. I have often gone into my private john and beat off into the wash basin. If I have the opportunity, I love to jack-off bareassed so I can look at my own cock and balls. I love to sniff my Jockey shorts. I love to be pissed on and especially to have a load of warm beer piss down my throat. Every once in awhile you will find a guy who has strong, bitter, unpleasant piss, but for the most part, it is delicious, second only to come. I wish I could find some place near here where I could get it more often. Seminary was a ball. During the weekends they would clear out, so those of us who were left could enjoy each other without fear of interruption. I had a guy from across the hall who always (or nearly always) spent the weekend with me in my room. He had a beautiful cock and balls. Even though I had been in the service, I was cautious about approaching guys in the seminary at first. This guy came back to the dormitory one evening when I thought everyone was out. I was sitting on the toilet in the john we all used, bareassed and beating my meat, when he walked in. I put my hand over my cock, but he came over, knelt down in front of the toilet and gave me an expert blow job. From that time on, we sucked each other every weekend. Today I had a wedding to perform and so was able to get away for about two hours, and went to a bath in Long Beach. I could only stay for about two hours, but man it was great. I was able to eat out three gorgeous assholes and suck enough cock to last me for a few days. But I never really get enough. Cruising the johns is too chancy, as they are often patrolled by a bunch of perverts (the vice squad cops), so I must restrict myself to gay baths.

Review:
I Found My Thrill On Capitol Hill

Congressman James Fulton (Pennsylvania) "made no effort to hide" his homosexuality, nor did he "get married as a cover," according to William "Fishbait" Miller in *Fishbait* ($12.50; Prentice-Hall). Thus Fulton got along with everybody, even when Lyn Johnson was trying to outshine him. "Some young male aides," Fishbait writes, "have been propositioned by the congressman or senator who likes sex with boys. Some congressmen pay, some just use the power and glamor of the job to entice the staffers. Some male staffers have gone ahead and done what was expected of them..." But what of Fishbait's 43 page boys? *That* is meat fit for a congressman's taste (and I am thinking not only of the succulent cluster hanging between their legs, but of their butt meat as well). One eagerly awaits the memoirs of these ambitious youths, loitering in the corrupt halls of Congress. Senator David Ignatius Walsh (Massachusetts) was "picked up by police during World War II" in one of those dives where men meet sailors. "Another congressman ... was picked up by the police when he was parked in an automobile with a young boy." Beds are so bourgeois; cars are more fun. The saying in Congress was that this particular lawmaker got away with it because he "swallowed the evidence." Senator McCarthy "was in such bad condition that as he would pick up his drink and down it, some of it would dribble out of his mouth and down his suit."

Fishbait's salutation to Prince Philip of England was perhaps excessive — "Sir, we people over here in America think you're the most handsome brute in the world," but at least it was less shocking than the condescension with which Fishbait received Nixon when he arrived to address Congress: "Hello, Mr. President... I know you have a good report." President Truman speaking: "As I became airsick, on the one side of the plane I dropped my leaflets and on the other side, ooh..." thus winning a laugh from people who enjoy seeing the President of the United States vomit. Congressman Marion Zioncheck (Washington) "would ride around in his big, white Cadillac with a carful of wild women, whooping and drinking and yelling out of the window at passersby... Other times Brother Z would stop the car, tear off his pants and jump into one of the many fountains..." Senator Margaret Chase Smith objected when Eisenhower nominated his friend, Jimmy Stewart, the movie star, for promotion from colonel to general; her complaint was that Jimmy "had spent only nine days on active duty in 10 or 11 years." "One top Senator" had a girl friend who addressed him as "numb nuts." The most sordid people in the book are the Clawsons, a husband and wife press agent team who begin their sentences with "Quite frankly," a phrase which automatically makes a lie detector throb. Not only was husband Ken a loyal press agent for Nixon, and his wife the same for Congressman Wayne Hays, who resigned after Elizabeth Ray exposed his squalid sex life, but, as though all this were not bad enough, Ken had a stroke; I hate strokes.

— *Boyd McDonald*

Photo: AMG

Ass-Licking in a Changing World: Lawyer, Youth Suck Each Other

FROM A READER — Now that I have turned 40 I am very conscious of my mortality and am delighted to have some new experiences. At the time I was experiencing these, I was also thinking, I must share this w/*S.T.H.* What stops me from writing these up (or writing them down) is that what energy I have gets channeled into the new law book I'm writing. I am sending you an account of my "date" Wed. night. I want you to put it in the next issue so I can show it to my young friend. He is very egocentric and will be thrilled, I'm sure. Issue 47 is terrific. Not only as to content but all the physical improvements. I see you have a former MYF member. So am I. In fact it was at an MYF meeting that an older teenage friend displayed his mammoth cock to me. I was thrilled when he let me touch it. I'll have to write that up too. I sent some photocopies of old issues to a man who wanted them and he sent back a letter complaining about the quality of the photocopies. Shit. I wrote and told him that he was more interested in the medium than in the message and should go out and buy *Life* Magazine; it lacks the truth of *S.T.H.* but the paper is slick and heavy. My young friend that I saw Wed. night is so egocentric that even tho I told him it was my first day on the job at a law firm, he did not have one question about me. Just went on and on about how he wants to be a Star. But he is so beautiful you can't get mad at him.

It started when a relative of my ex-wife called to say his middle-son, now 20, was coming to town and maybe the boy would call me and they would appreciate it if I could do anything to help the kid out and etc. A few days later the boy did call. The last time I saw him he was about 12. He comes from a happy, healthy home with traditional Midwest values. I told him I'd take him out to dinner the following evening. When I pulled up to the house he was waiting outside. I nearly drove into the flowerbed. He was stunning. A typical Scandinavian blond and beautiful. He was wearing boots too. He had on jeans and a white shirt with decorative thread, his hair was touseled, his eyes were very blue, his teeth were very white, his skin was flawless. We talked for a few minutes and jumped in my car. He has two subjects of conversation: (1) himself and (2) his show biz ambitions. I decided if he wasn't gay, he at least better be exposed to the gay life, so I took him to a gay restaurant. He made no comment on the restaurant and I didn't either. We went to a gay bar. It was full of men, mostly young, goodlooking and hot. Driving away from the bar, I noticed that his shirt had somehow got unbuttoned to the waist. I had a strong urge to put my hand inside his shirt. We discussed possible jobs for him. I told him he was so goodlooking he might consider modeling or porno films. He said he wouldn't appear in a sex film. "Those people never make it in legitimate films," he said. We were quiet for a few minutes. He asked for my hand. I figured he was going to read my palm. he put my hand on his groin. Jesus Christ — I hadn't expected that. His cock was very large, very fat and very hard. I squeezed it. He moaned.He put his head back and let me feel his cock and his bare chest.

"You do this back home?" I asked. He nodded. "What else?" He didn't say anything; looked embarrassed. "If you're old enough to do it you're old enough to say it." He still didn't say anything. "Fucking and sucking?" He nodded. "You ever been to a steam bath?" "No." "You know what goes on in a

steam bath?" "Not exactly." "Want to find out?" "Sure." I drove to a nearby bath. He was eager. Took off his clothes in a hurry. We lay on the bed. He likes to cuddle and kiss. I moved down his golden torso to his hard, hard cock. Took just the tip in my mouth and swirled my tongue around. He clutched my head. "You coming?" "No. Do it some more." He was not one of those passive beauties who expect you to worship them while they just lie there. He hugged me and climbed on top of me to suck my cock. We sucked simultaneously for awhile. Then I told him to sit on my face. I stuck my tongue in his asshole. His asshole was like the rest of him — perfectly formed, perfectly clean, perfectly kissable. He loved being eaten. He sat up straight and reached behind to pull his ass apart. I love it when a man does that. I was in ecstasy. I ate his asshole until my tongue was tired. I switched to his cock and began alternately jacking and sucking. "Faster." I squeezed his cock tighter and pumped faster, keeping the head in my hot, wet mouth. He came in a super burst of cum. I swallowed half of it, spit the rest int my hand and rubbed it on my own cock and balls, on his ass, in his crack, across his mouth. He licked my fingers. I stuck my longest finger in his mouth and he sucked it. We hugged each other tightly. Afterward I left him on his own while I went to bed with a deep-throat specialist. Returning to our room, I could hear him panting outside. I went away for 10 minutes and when I returned he was dressed and ready to go. We climbed into the car and I asked him if he knew I was gay when he called me. "No," he said, "not until we went into the restaurant." I was still excited when I got home. I thought of him and jacked off.

It's a Sin to Tell a Lie

The late Senator Joe McCarthy, who claimed to "ferret out" what he called "perverts" in the Government, was himself "a full-time homosexual," Gore Vidal said on a local TV talk show in New York called *Midday*. Vidal cited Senator Flanders of Vermont as his source for the diagnosis. Earlier, in an *Advocate* interview, Vidal had discussed the homosexuality of the late Cardinal Spellman of New York. Spellman, Vidal said, had sex with chorus boys and male whores. Vidal did not depict what kind of sex His Excellency had — whether he was a cocksucker, took it up the butt, or what. I would deduce, from his fondness for the Vietnam war, that he liked sex, also, to be rough and raunchy. While it can sometimes be good PR for homosexuality when celebrities such as Marlon Brando and Richard Burton discuss the crimes against nature they formerly perpetrated, I do not welcome Senator McCarthy and Cardinal Spellman out of their closets, even though, at this late date, it would be more precise to say out of their caskets. The two don't add any class to the gender, and with their bitchy and anti-homosexual homosexuality, can only give dick-licking a bad name.

— Boyd McDonald

"A Lucky Bastard, to Get Broken In So Early"

ONTARIO — I guess the first time I sucked cock was when I was about eight or nine. The kid next door was a year older and when we were playing we used to go to the barn in his yard and piss. One thing led to another and we started to suck each other. The taste was beautiful.

We both sucked his sister's cunt. The taste nearly made me throw up but he liked it. That explains why I'm a cocksucker and he had to get married at 17.

My real break-in was when I was about 14. Had had lots of wet dreams and seemed to have a continual hard-on. Used to ride my bike with my cock out and the feel of the rounded part of the seat rubbing against my balls and cock nearly made me cream. Used to ride the bike up Lover's Lane looking for used scum bags. I love to sniff the guy's cum and suck it out, then put the rubber over my cock and jack-off. I was riding one afternoon when I saw a car parked so I decided to ditch the bike and sneak up. I could see nobody in the car but saw a guy taking his shirt off quite close to the car. I thought, "Shit, just a guy out for a sun bath." Then I saw another guy stand up and take his shirt off. Couldn't see much because the car was between them and me. I made a wide circle around the car. Both guys were bare assed and one was standing with a beautiful hard-on rubbing it against the other guy's lips. I just walked toward that beautiful scene and the guy standing up saw me. His cock was in the other guy's mouth by then and he pulled it out and his friend stood up too. Those two guys with their stiff cocks were about the horniest, most wonderful sight I've ever seen.One of them called me to come over and I realized my cock was out and hard too. I went willingly and although I was scared shitless I hoped they would at least let me touch their cocks. The guy who was getting sucked put out his hand to me and I took it. He gave me a hug and suggested I take off my shirt and pants too.

I leaned over to take off my pants and my cheek rubbed against his cock and it felt lovely. The other guy helped me and gave my ass and cock a tender caress.

We all lay down on a rug and the guy with the bigger cock took my hand and put it on his balls. Both these guys were nice and sweaty and not afraid to curse and talk filthy in front of a young kid. The feeling of the sweat and the smell of his body was beautiful. The other guy was gently fingering my shit hole and telling me how nice it would be for me to give the big cock a kiss. Then he leaned down and gave my ass a tongue licking and I was sucking my first hairy, sweaty, hard cock. I gagged and slurped and loved it and I'm sure they must have really got a laugh out of me, but oh, what a feeling when that sweet, warm, white juice shot into my mouth. Just seemed natural to swallow it.

The guy I sucked off said I was already a pretty good cocksucker and asked if I'd like to get sucked off. While he sucked my cock the other guy rubbed his slimy, sticky foreskin against my lips. I opened up and he peeled his foreskin back and I ate my first cheese and loved it. I swallowed another load and shot my first load into a guy's mouth.

I couldn't get enough of those two cocks, but then they introduced me to their assholes. Hairy and sweaty and with that magnificent aroma only assholes have. I sucked and licked and kissed. I ate ass and those two horny fuckers were like big brothers. Each of them shot three loads and I got two loads sucked out of me before I peddled my ass back home.

Guess I was a lucky bastard to get broken in so early, but I think the taste of that girl's cunt, when I was so young, made me a cocksucker. Once I get a cock in my mouth I'm on a beautiful trip.

Hard Hat, 23, Wears Women's Underpants

CALIFORNIA — Just back from a visit to the local combination dirty bookstore and peepshow arcade. There's a strong smell of cologne in my moustache. I can't understand why men put cologne on their balls. My left hand is faint with the sweet/sour smell of cum. You asked how I go about meeting and having sex with boys and married men. Around here, a supposedly "straight" rural/suburban area, the local dirty bookstore offers ample opportunity. In the back of the store there's a movie arcade with about 20 booths. About half the booths have large glory holes in the walls between them, and the place is jumping from morning till late at night. Best time for married men seems to be the lunch hour and right after work; for boys, midafternoon and later in the evening. When I go I just stand around in the magazine section in front until some hot young guy comes in and asks the clerk for quarters. Then I head for the arcade and wait to see which booth he chooses. I go into the next one, and the rest is easy. I usually give him a minute or two to get into his movie, then look through the glory hole. If he's got his cock out and is jacking off, I've got it made. More often than not he'll already be looking over at the hole; and the minute I make a signal, he gets up and, after a few strokes to show me what he's got, he'll just cram his dick right through the hole. The glory holes are all big enough to get your balls through too, so you can really go to town. About one time in three these supposedly "straight" studs will offer to suck me off in return. After the sex, sometimes the guy will hang out in front again or out in the parking lot, which generally means he wants to talk and get together again. I've been seeing one man (a huge, hunky construction contractor with a wife and three kids) for over a year as a result of such a meeting. A couple of months ago I stopped in at the bookstore one night on my way out to a bar. As I walked down the peepshow arcade in the back this tall, beautiful stud came swaggering out of one of the booths. He was 6′5″, had on Levis, cowboy boots, and a big bulky ski parka, and was obviously built like a rock. He went in and out of several booths, paying me no mind. My gestures through the glory holes from adjoining booths went unnoticed. Then, just as I was about to give up, he sidled up to me in the aisle and asked if I wanted to watch a movie together. Well sure, I gulped, and we both wedged into a tiny booth which had a movie he said he liked. Once the door was locked, he plopped down a stack of quarters on top of the coin box, pulled out a small bottle of cocaine and offered me a hit. For the next 10 minutes we watched a straight fuck film and snorted cocaine while I tried to figure out how to get this guy going. I still couldn't figure his trip out. He paid no attention as I rubbed my groin and eyed his. Finally, as one of the women in the film pranced around in a pair of panties, he said, "Hey, that lady in the panties is pretty far out. You dig her?"

"Ah. . .yea, sure. Pretty sexy." (I was still thinking how am I going to get my lips around this guy's dick.)

"I really dig ladies when they wear fancy little pieces of underwear like that," he said. "Do you go for that underwear too?"

"Oh yeah. It's really a turn-on." Shit. This was getting me nowhere.

He drawled. "In fact, I like it so much that I'm *wearing* it." He unbuckled his jeans and dropped them to his knees and sure enough he was wearing pink nylon bikini panties with lace around the edges. I couldn't believe it. No wonder he had been reluctant to join me. It turned out that his trip was to get screwed while wearing women's panties. He sucked on my dick until it was rock-hard, then turned around and bent over. I pulled the back of his panties over to one side to expose the deep, muscular cleft of his ass, wet my cock with spit and slid it right in. His hole was smooth as hot butter, but tight. We emerged drenched in sweat and went out to the parking lot to cool off. It turned out he was a 23-year-old construction worker, considered himself straight and lived with a girlfriend. The panties belonged to her, but she didn't know he used them. He was afraid that if he told her, "she might not understand." We were to have a re-match; in fact we exchanged phone numbers in the parking lot. He called me a few days later and promised to come over that night with "something really hot on." But he never showed, called instead around midnight with some drunken explanation about his car breaking down.

Enjoys Sniffing Soldier's Butt

PALO ALTO, CALIF. — I've had some good and some humiliating times growing up (I'm 26 now). On the whole I really have been very lucky around masculine "straight"-looking he-guys. To start with I was blessed with a handsome older, more muscular cousin as a boy. Cousin Bobby had the balls while wrestling to put his dick to my mouth when I was just 7 years old. I don't know if he had a natural ability for fucking throats or if some older fellow blew him before me. I was pretty mature early because I could purse my lips just so they fit Bob's prod like a glove. I, stupidly at the time, believed all guys liked it this way. At 10 years of age, a boyfriend of my oldest sister's taught me that his uncut meat was so sensitive to my tongue that the best thing to do was lavish wet and noisy kisses all over the nozzle or knob of his pisser.

Oh how I loved becoming a "dick-licker." At this time I had gained a little reputation with my pals for being good at making love to their young smelly peters and their hairless cream-filled balls. My first notoriety came when "J.R. gives head" appeared scratched on the boy's gym toilet stall wall. I was nervous and angry at that time. They might also have written that I gave hand jobs and watched other boys beat off at their favorite gas station toilet. Very risky.

It's funny how naive our parents were about our sex lives as kids.

My turning point came at age 12 when I finally got to eat my first mature, long weiner. At the same time I drank my first Scotch and had my first mouthful of hot piss. This was the year I started really noticing good-looking adult peter. My sixth grade coach stripped in front of me in his office. I was so thrilled to see him naked I just stared a lot while he talked to me. He flexed his muscles and asked me to feel his biceps. Later I got face-fucked by his humdinger of a hot dog. Juvenile judges never believe it but some of us boys aggressively chased big cock before we reached full puberty. At times I am still so eager to be of service to big solid friendly guys that I get tongue-tied in front of one.

A soldier friend says if you're going to be one, then be the best goddamn cocksucker you can be. Sometimes I want to unzip the flys of hundreds of handsome Stanford men, but I know our society is too hung-up. I sometimes get so depressed if I don't have a powerful prick to play with that I feel like I have an oral compulsion. The last banana I had was three days ago and it was one of those fat peckers with a thick-lipped piss hole that I am fond of. I suppose I'm not the only one who occasionally makes a pig of himself on some hot stiff dong.

I have learned to be really free around my soldier friend. He relaxes me so completely that I can better take care of his needs.

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Boyd McDonald was born in South Dakota in 1925. "I was a pioneer high school dropout," he writes, "leaving school to play badly in a bad traveling dance band. I was drafted into the Army, graduated from Harvard and came to New York, where my principal activity was taking advantage of the city's public sexual recreation facilities. As a sideline I worked as a hack writer at *Time, Forbes,* IBM and even more sordid companies. In 1970 I started the magazine, *S.T.H. (Straight to Hell), The Manhattan Review of Unnatural Acts,* later re-named *The New York Review of Cocksucking,* from which Winston Leyland made this anthology and its predecessor, *Meat*. I recently beat my own meat almost constantly for five days and was in ecstasy, as was Hedy Lamar; I mention this to show the kind of sustained, conscientious dedication that goes into *S.T.H., Meat* and *Flesh*." The four most recent issues of *S.T.H.* can be obtained by sending $6, payable to Boyd McDonald, to Box 982, Radio City Station, New York City 10019.

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