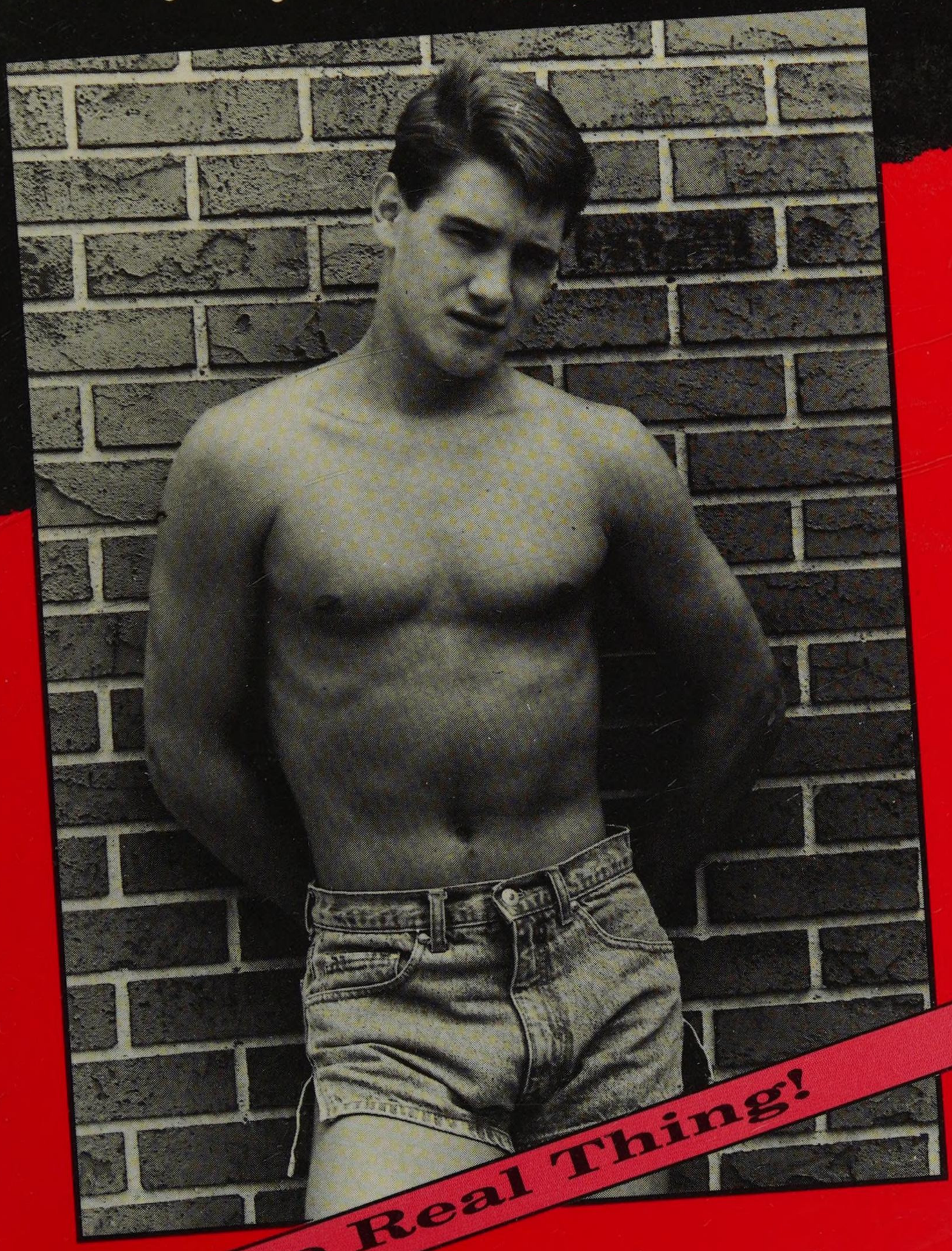
SCUM

TRUE HOMOSEXUAL EXPERIENCES

Edited by Boyd McDonald



The Real Thing!

AN S.T.H. CHAPBOOK, VOLUME 13

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AN S.T.H. CHAPBOOK
VOLUME 13

Fidelity Publishing
Boston

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Introduction

Boyd McDonald
1925-1993

Boyd McDonald died on September 16, 1993. Author and editor of some of gay publishing's most successful and widely read books, Boyd single-handedly created and nurtured a unique style of writing about gay experience that kept– and keeps– thousands of readers enthralled. With Boyd's death we have lost a generous, gracious, and intelligent man whose contributions to sexual liberation are immense and unmatched.

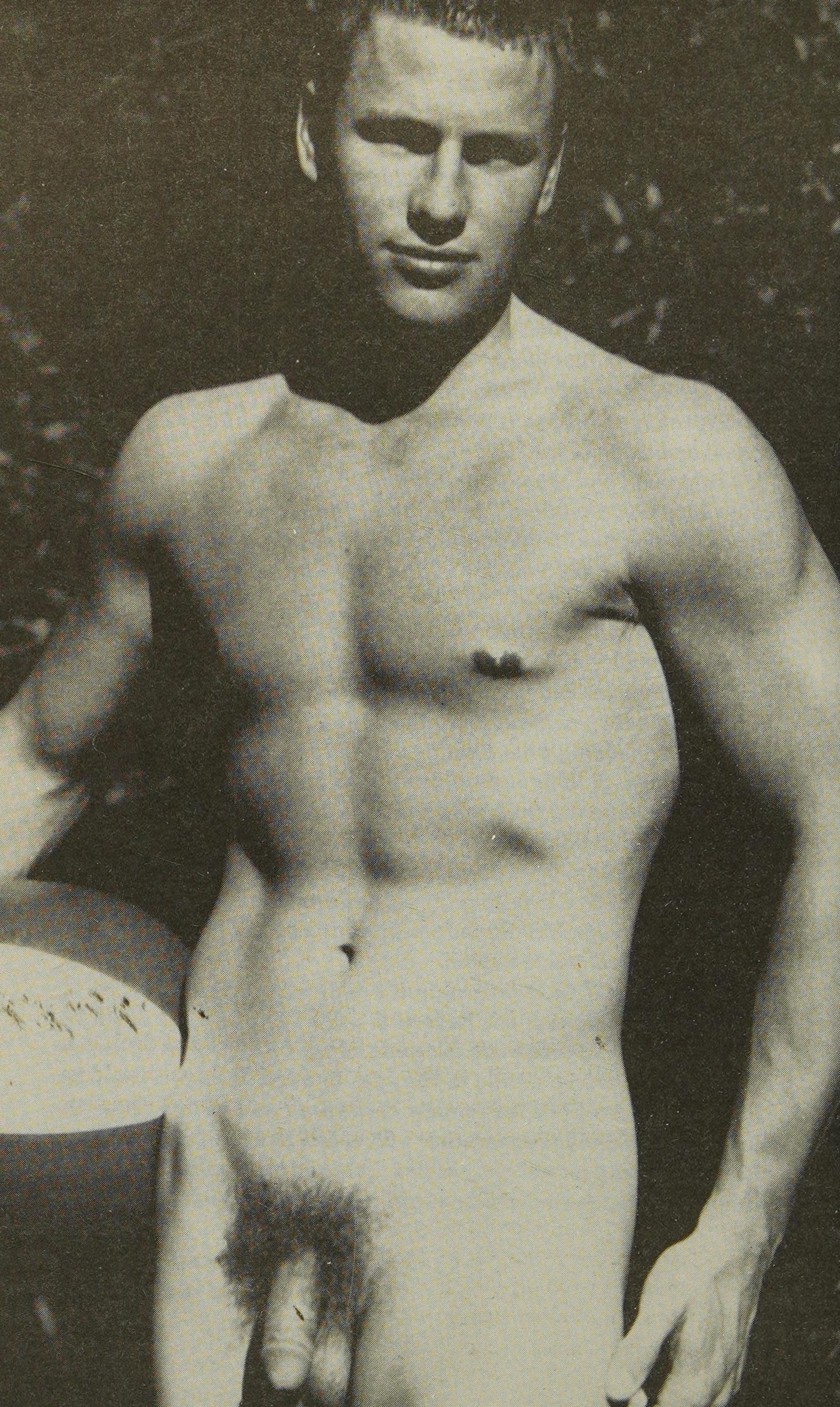
I first met Boyd some years back when we were arranging for him to do his "Sex Histories" and "Sex in the News" columns for *The Guide*. Seeing him in the cramped, cluttered, and rather dismal upper West Side room where he lived and worked reminded me of a monk in his cell.

Over the years I came to understand that this was not a far-fetched comparison. Like his spiritual predecessors, Boyd lived in a kind of dark ages. Surrounded by sexual fear, ignorance, irrationality, and prejudice, he focused his life with a remarkable singleness of purpose in shedding what light he could. He collected and copied people's accounts of their homosexual experiences. He did not distort, censor, or change the truth with which he'd been entrusted; rather he preserved and published it.

Boyd celebrated male homosexual activity in all its detailed variety. He delighted in exposing the pretense and hypocrisy of society's sexual posturings. Yet he did so without bitterness. His weapons were those of irony and humor.

During the 1970s Boyd acquired a mail order divinity degree. He enjoyed calling himself the Reverend Boyd McDonald, no doubt because he felt it exposed the falseness of all such clerical titles and claims. I can foresee a time in the ages to come, however, when his prophetic voice will be universally recognized and valued. Then the clergy of that distant generation will, most likely, attempt to claim "Reverend" Boyd as one of their own. Yet even this turn of events, I'm sure, like so much else in life, would simply cause Boyd to smile.

Edward T. Hougen
November 1993



'He Liked to Fuck My Face For Half an Hour'

LOS ANGELES— My most memorable ongoing scene when I was a teenager was with my twin brother's best friend, Scott.

He was part Indian, which accounts for his HUGE fat nine-inch cock. He always bragged about how big his dick was. At first, things weren't sexual between us, but one day I walked into his bedroom after school and caught him face down, humping himself against the sheets while looking at a spread in *Playboy*. I remember the girl had red hair and green eyes.

He seemed shocked at first but then wanted me to hide in the closet and watch, silently, while he jacked himself on the bed, shooting a huge thick load of cream all over the sheets.

I will always get off on the image of his big humpy bubble butt pumping up and down over and over.

From the very start I wanted to get my face in that ass crack and lick his jock asshole, but that wouldn't come until later on.

We soon progressed from there and things got more intense. We'd be swimming in his pool in the backyard on the weekend when his parents weren't around and I asked him, very seriously, "Do you want a blow job?"

He tried to laugh it off, but I knew he was hooked the moment I mentioned it. So I bobbed underwater and put my mouth on the big mushroom head of his now rock-hard cock.

Soon we moved from the pool to his bedroom. We always had the same routine: he would draw the drapes and put a chair underneath the doorknob so he felt safe and no one could come in to catch us.

After that, I must have sucked him off virtually every other day for about three years, all through high school until our senior year. He was a total oversexed ladies' man who needed to get off often. I don't think he thought of himself as gay. We never talked about it. We just did it. He liked to get on his side and fuck my face for like a half an hour at a time until my lips and mouth and throat would go numb. He told me that he would be thinking about plowing some hot girl at school. But it was always my mouth he used to dump his load into.

Then he got bolder. He soon wanted to tie me up to a chair. He used either a bandanna or a belt or some fishing line from his Dad's toolbox. He would tie it really TIGHT so it almost hurt and then blindfold me and then tease me with that fat pole of his, the thick head dripping. He would put just the head in my mouth and then when I was sucking on it, pull it out and slap my face with it. I couldn't see a

thing so I became a bit disoriented. He would alternate between shoving his cock in my mouth and slapping it on my eyes, cheeks, etc. Then he would back up and shove his big ass into my face until my nose and mouth were around his hole. He wasn't always that clean– in fact he always had a bit of BO and musty/shitty smell, but that turned me on more.

He would always whimper and pant when my tongue hit his asshole and worked its way inside. Soon he was shoving his ass against my face, smothering me with his ass.

Then he would jack off and shoot all over my face, telling me to eat it all. Things like, "Yeah, eat that fucking load, cocksucker," or "How does that load taste?"

Other times he would get into things like food– once he made me drizzle honey all over his dick and then lap it off; the same thing with Hershey's chocolate syrup.

Then he wanted to shove his Bic pen into my asshole. I didn't like it but I got off on the fact that he was into it.

We used to swap porno movies and get all turned on, but I wasn't really into the movies– I only waited until he got so worked up he would pull his cock out of his jeans and guide my head onto it.

One time after he had fucked my face (he was doing push-ups over me, his dick sliding in and out of my wide open mouth), Scott asked me to fuck him. I was stunned and kind of laughed it off, but to this day I wish I would have pushed it more. I think he wanted to try more stuff but was afraid he might be turning faggot or something. I didn't care what he thought as long as I got his cock all to myself. I think I am the only guy he ever had sex with.

Another time he would have me take a warm washcloth and lovingly wash his dick and then this would lead to another blow job or me eating his ass, with him bracing his body against the shower door.

At school he was kind of dumb, with a conceited ego, and I thought he was a total asshole, but I stayed pals with him only so I could have that steady supply of dick.

Sometimes we would drive around the hills and he would pretend like he was kidnapping me, tie up my body, and then fuck my face in the back seat of his Mom's Cadillac.

I remember he always had this really strong crotch smell. Not bad, just intense. The kind of smell you think a dockworker or construction worker might have.

The most memorable blow job I ever gave him was when I coaxed him into walking into the fig orchards by our house. We climbed up into a tree and found a branch to sit on. I pulled his already hard cock out of his pants and began to suck. I would look up at his face– the

head cocked back, the mouth hung open, the eyes glazed over in lust. Sometimes he squeezed his eyes shut. He was so into getting his dick sucked, nothing else mattered.

One time when we were in the middle of it, his Mom barged in and we made up some lame excuse about we were arm-wrestling or working out or something. Total bullshit, but somehow she believed us. I think she knew something was up between us cause soon after Scott stopped calling me. For awhile I kept calling him, hoping I would get another taste of that fat nine-inch cock down my throat, but no such luck.

I moved away and went to college in L.A., and he stayed at home, joined a fraternity, and I don't have a clue where he is now.

At least I have the memory of that huge uncut dong plugging my throat.

Even at a younger age I always seemed to be getting into stuff beyond my years. When I was about 12, I started getting these crank sex calls on my phone. The guy on the other end just called one day and asked me in a low, husky voice, "So you want your cock sucked?"

Even though I was kind of afraid, there was no denying that I wanted to play along. Instead of hanging up, I asked him about himself. He said he was 25, beefy, and married. Said he had a thick eight-inch dick and big, low-hanging balls.

Sometimes he would call me during the day after school and it sounded like it was coming from his car phone. He was some kind of TV repairman or phone company guy.

The first time we met in his car, I told my parents I was going over to a friend's house but I really walked down the block, waited for him to drive by, and got into his car. Thinking back, this was pretty stupid. I didn't know what this guy was like. I didn't think about it, I just did it. Anyway, I went down on him. He had a really FAT cock and wiry hairy balls he loved to have sucked. He wanted me to chew on his pecs, which I did for a long long time while he jacked off until he came all over the back seat upholstery.

His body was wet with sweat and he smelled like a real macho bulldozer of a guy. Me being only a teenager made him seem even bigger, older.

Then he sucked me off. He gagged on my load but didn't let up until I fully unloaded into his mouth.

Another time he called and said to meet him at Round Table Pizza. I did. He was waiting in the bathroom. I walked in, he locked the stall door, knelt down and pulled out my dick, immediately going down on it to the root. I was really nervous about some guy walking in. I guess the tension made things hotter. I shot off quickly and he

took every drop. He didn't come, though. Said he had to get back to work.

After awhile, we stopped seeing each other.

'He Got Out a Riding Crop And Started Whipping My Ass'

UPSTATE NEW YORK— I'm glad you liked my last letter [which ran in one of these books]. I thought I'd tell you about another experience of mine.

I was in New Orleans about a year ago and ended up going to a bath house there. I guess I had the wrong night, because there weren't more than about a dozen guys there.

I had spent an hour or two there, sitting in the sauna and watching TV, and had a few okay but not noteworthy encounters. I was getting ready to go but went by to check out the porno films one last time. There was this guy there who was pretty persistent about looking at my dick and butt. I wasn't too interested– he was probably about 40, and not so attractive.

But he kept on giving me the looks, and finally I thought, "Oh, what the hell." So I went off with him to his room.

When we got there, I saw that he had a whole lot of equipment– chains and stuff. I was kind of scared, but also excited. He asked me if he could whip my ass. I told him it would be okay if he went easy on me.

Out of one of his bags, he pulled a thick leather collar. It was probably about six inches wide. He put this around my neck, so that I couldn't really move my head much.

Then he took a dog chain and put it around my dick and balls. He brought the length of the chain up through the crack of my ass and fastened it to the back of the collar. The chain was tight around my balls, but not so much that it hurt.

He told me to turn and face the wall and to put my hands against the wall and spread my legs. Then he got out a riding crop and started whipping my ass lightly. It didn't really hurt all that much– it mostly made my ass feel like it was glowing red hot.

Then he turned me around and started slapping my dick back and forth with the back of his hand.

After a few minutes, he told me to lay down on the bed on my stomach. He knelt at the head of the bed and positioned my head so he could fuck my face. I was sucking on his dick for about ten or fifteen minutes while he kept up the whip on my ass. His dick was about 5 inches long and pretty thick.

After that, he had me stand again & whipped me some more. This whole time, he hadn't allowed me to touch my dick, which was as swollen and hard as I've ever seen it. I was oozing precome the whole time, and about to pop.

Finally, he grabbed my dick with a handful of lube and started pumping.

I said, "I'm going to come, sir."

And he said, "Go ahead, boy."

And I came like never before. I think I shot about two feet, and my knees went weak, so I almost fell over.

I said over and over again, "Thank you, sir."

It's really funny, but I can't remember what he looked like, or what his name was, or whether he even came. I guess what I remember is the new sensations he brought me to.

Milwaukee Prodigy, 16, Takes On Two at a Time

MILWAUKEE— My first experience was when I was 16. There was this guy who came around my block a lot to hit on girls. I thought he was handsome and couldn't understand why the girls would say no.

I watched him and his brothers. He was 17 or 18 and he and his brothers were all "malado" (mixed breed). Their father owned a bar around the corner and they all liked to fuck. I mean fuck anything that was moving– and I was moving.

There was this girl who lived on the block who had a reputation. We were very close so I would visit her a lot. It was as if she knew I'd turn out gay.

Well, one night he was there begging for cunt. She only let him feel her breast and that was it. He got angry and left. I stayed an hour more.

When I decided to go home, as I said my good-byes and made my way down the stairs, he was there waiting for me to come down, standing down in the dark hallway.

We talked a while. He seemed nervous. When I looked down I saw he had a hard on. He grabbed my head. I said "no." I wanted to play hard to get.

He then went into my pockets and took my door keys out and told me if I wanted them back I must suck his big cock and suck it good.

I got down on my knees, wanting it so badly. I tasted my first taste of cock by running my tongue over it. He moaned a sigh of relief. I then put my whole mouth on it. It was sweaty and cheesy tasting but I loved the power it had. I could taste pre-cum in my mouth.

He then began to move his hips back and forth, slowly then fast. As his big cock went down my throat I went into his pockets searching for my keys.

As he fucked my throat, I noticed I had my keys in my hand ten minutes ago but wanted him still.

We heard a sound. I got up and he zipped up his pants. It was his older brother coming over to Debra's house.

I ran up the stairs and hid in the darkness. I could hear he and his brother giggling and whispering about something.

Then up comes his brother who asks me straight out to suck his dick. I did; I got down on his big cock and sucked like there was no tomorrow.

As I slurped on that cock of his, his brother came back up and I didn't care if he watched; I kept right on sucking.

Dayris, the first brother, came up behind me and started to grind his cock up against my ass. I got so turned on by these two brothers I took Spanky's cock down my throat. He yelled oh, shit, wow and Dayris pulled down my pants. He stuck his finger in his mouth and then up my ass. I was so turned on I felt little pain.

He then rubbed some spit on my asshole and on his cock. He kept saying relax, relax. I did. He took his time with me. I slowly backed into his big tool until it was in.

Spanky then began to fuck my throat viciously, his body trembling. I ran my hands all over his chest. He never wore a shirt.

Dayris was fucking my ass good and hard. As I touched Spanky's nipple he shot his cream, Dayris went frantic and shot his cum up my hot ass.

I got up, pulled up my pants, ran down the stairs, and went home.

I was afraid to come outside for a week, wondering who else they'd tell. But they never told anyone.

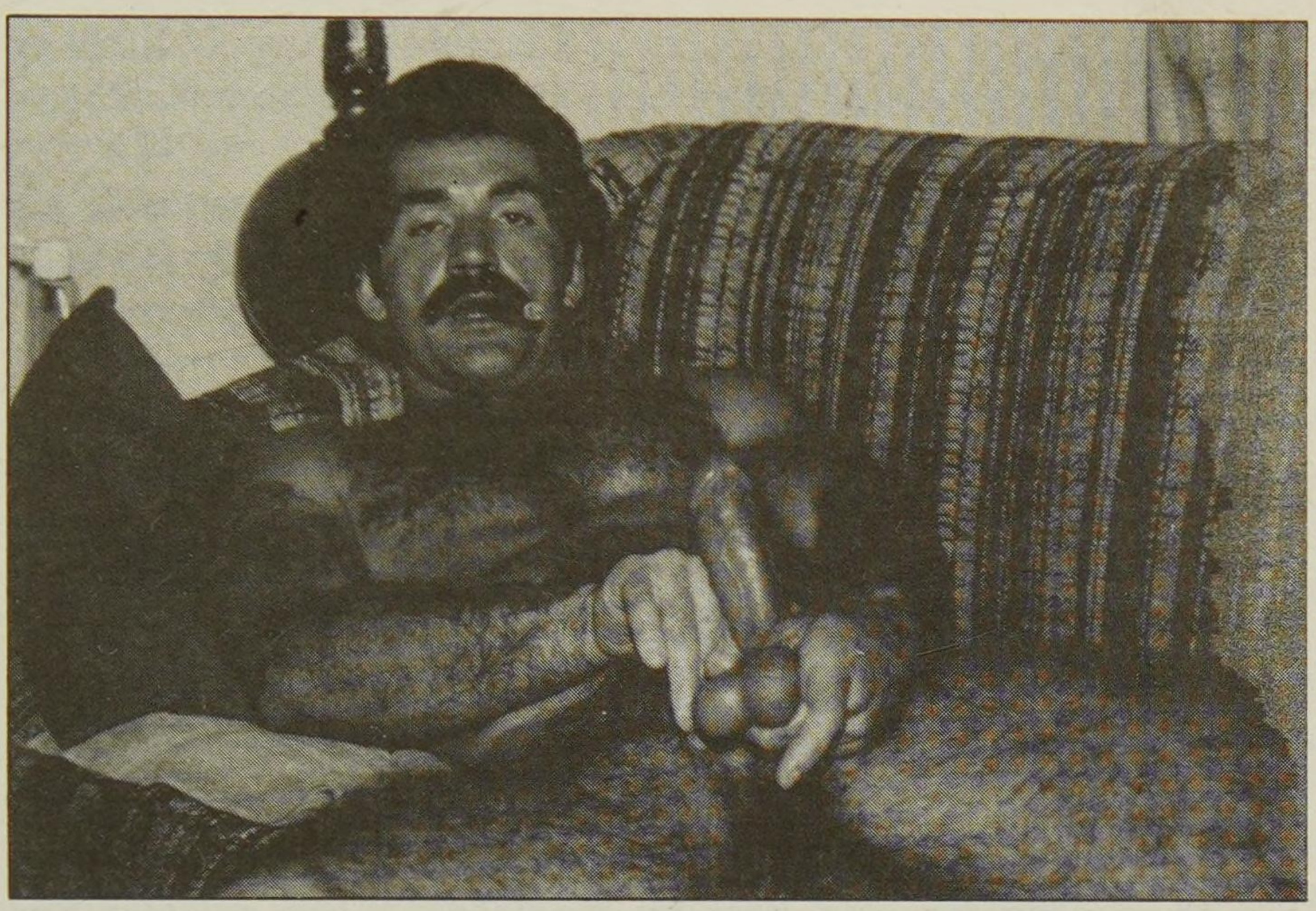
Both now have kids. They respect me a lot. I'm 35 now and when we meet we have that look in our eyes and a secretive smile.

Very true story. If it's not true may I never enjoy another man again.

So you know it's true.

Pushes Partner's Face Into Puddle of Piss

BOSTON— Went cruising to a local outdoor area recently. While looking around I started playing with this young guy who wanted some head. We went behind some bushes (it was about 9:00 p.m.). He



whipped out a decent size piece of meat, pushed me to my knees, and began to fuck my mouth, literally. He came very quickly, shoving the whole length into my mouth and cumming directly into my throat. He pulled out very quickly, zipped up, and jogged off.

I was pretty worked up by then and spotted this older man standing off a little who had apparently been watching the whole encounter. I walked over to where he was standing to get a better look at him. He was about 6' 2", solidly built, very dark skinned, very intense look.

We just kept looking at each other. I wanted to waste no time; I sank to my knees and opened my mouth, wide.

He pulled me to my feet and opened his shirt, commanding me to lick his chest and suck his very large, very black nipples.

He had a great stomach (sounds weird, but it was one of those types that almost seem like a beer belly but are extremely solid and firm).

He just kept rubbing his hands all over my head and face. He then put a rubber on his meat. Very large and just as solid as the rest of him. He fucked my mouth and yanked open my shirt, pulling on my nipples. What made it even more wild was that we were near a sidewalk in a park that has a great deal of foot traffic and could have easily been seen. There I was, 6', 200 lbs, on my knees, jeans around my ankles, shirt pulled open, and my mouth stuffed with this huge dick attached to this even larger man.

He fucked my mouth for awhile and then said he had to go piss.

He pulled his cock out of my mouth and started moving off. I still do not know why I said what I did, but I asked him why he had to move off.

He stopped dead in his tracks and a wicked smile came over his face. He came back up to me, still on my knees, and pointed the head of his hose at my face and let loose.

It was great.

He doused my face, hair, and the front of my shirt. I stuck my tongue out to try it and found it was not bitter or sickeningly sweet (something I had encountered before in my limited experience with piss). It was just right. I would let my mouth fill up and then let it dribble out.

He had this incredulous look and seemed to be really floating on the idea of dominating me and watching me revel in it.

He seemed to piss forever. Finally he stopped and started to jack off. He quickly shot a large load into the puddle of piss around me, shoved my head down face first into the puddle of cum and piss, and told me to start licking and to jerk off. He had me shoot the load into the puddle as well.

He pushed my mouth down one final time and then lightly placed his workboot on my head, forcing my face again into the puddle. I looked up, he smiled, said thanks, and walked off.

His Dick Was Sticking Out of His Pajamas

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK— I would like to tell you more about my summer camp experiences.

The camp my parents sent me to was a camp designed to introduce kids from different backgrounds. There were many black and Hispanic kids mixed with white kids.

I don't think the parents expected the kind of "mixing" we would do after "lights out," however.

The camp was of course split into two camps: the boys' bunks and the girls' bunks. There were four huts in a cluster. Each hut held about 15 beds and each was for a different age group.

My first summer at camp I was assigned the upper bunk in the hut for my age group. Below me was a boy named Joshua. He and I became friends immediately because neither of us was crazy about sports.

One cold night (the camp was in the mountains of Upstate N.Y.) Joshua asked me if he could come up to my bed and "sleep" with me,

and I said yes. The idea excited me.

He climbed up quickly (it was freezing) and slipped under the covers with me. We were both wearing pajamas (most of the boys did).

After we had stopped shivering Josh told me that he had a "boner" and asked me if I'd like to touch it. I reached over and his dick was already sticking straight up out of the fly of his pajama bottoms.

I gently squeezed and stroked his dick the same way I liked to do it to myself. I could tell he liked what I was doing because he said things like, "Oh, that feels good," and, "Yeah, keep doing it just like that."

Without my asking, Josh reached over, pulled my dick out of my pajamas, and started playing with it the same way.

After a while we got bored (we were losing our hard ons) and Josh suggested something new. "Let's take off our pajamas and I'll lie on top of you."

I had never done this before but I was not reluctant at all. We pulled back the covers quickly, slipped out of our pajamas, got back under the covers and then Josh got on top of me.

I can hardly describe what a wonderful feeling that was: so warm (so hot, really– we both felt like we had fever), the smooth hot feel of our young bodies pressing together.

"How does this feel?" he asked me.

"Great," I said.

He started moving up and down, making sure our hard dicks would rub against each other. We moaned and groaned (quietly).

Finally, I made a suggestion. I actually used this old line, as corny as it is. I said, "I'll suck yours if you suck mine."

At first Josh said no. I had the feeling that he had never done that before, and I had already had one experience with it. He changed his mind but insisted that I suck him first.

I said, "I don't trust you," and he said, "I don't trust you either." It was a common thing for the kids our age to say "Suck my dick!" when we were angry. It was a "humiliating" thing to do and anyone who enjoyed doing it was definitely "queer." Understandably, we were both afraid that the other would tell someone else in the hut: "Hey, Josh sucked my dick last night" or something like that.

Surprisingly, Josh agreed to suck mine first. He very gingerly put his mouth over the head and moved his head up and down a few times, then he stopped. It was time for me to show him that I would do him too.

I took his whole dick in my mouth (I had had a little previous practice). He was in shock. I know he had never felt this before because he jumped in little spasms and said "Oh God." I had to ask him

to be quiet, but I was enjoying what I was doing. His dick was smooth and clean (it smelled and tasted like Ivory soap, and to this day that is my favorite soap), and just the right size so that I could swallow it all the way to his balls. The further down my head went, the more noise he made ("Yeah, yeah, oh, that feels so good").

When he started to suck mine again he was no longer timid. He did his best to take all of it into his mouth and he would stop and ask, "Am I doing it right?" or "Does that feel good?"

I told him he was doing fine and we took turns blowing each other for a long time, occasionally breaking to lie on top of each other again. I liked this even more than the blow jobs. When we did this I could smell his breath and it was a nice smell, but neither of us ever suggested kissing even though it was something I wanted to try. Finally, Josh got dressed and climbed back down to his bunk. We arranged to do it again.

'I Suggested That We Find Someone to Fuck'

TEXAS— Your stories make me think of my own stories every time I read one. The most recent one reminded me of a time when I was in Baltimore in the Navy. It was late on a Friday or Saturday night and I was cruising the streets. I wasn't gutsy enough to go into bars, having done it only once. That one time scared me because everyone, it seemed, wanted to feel my body and I was not yet aware that I was pretty cute. I didn't understand their intentions.

It must have been very late, between 1 and 2 a.m. I saw a very nice-looking guy walking slowly down one of the downtown streets and as I drove by, he looked at me. I waved and slowed down and said hello. Did he want to get in and ride around? Yes.

We drove for maybe 15-20 minutes and got pretty explicit about what we wanted and how horny we were. Neither of us had had a lot of experience. I did most of the talking. We introduced ourselves and got relaxed in each other's company.

I told him I would like to screw him but he had never done that and actually wanted the same. He was about 6' tall and of medium build, with spiky-cut light brown hair and green eyes. He had a flashy smile and very white teeth. I am taller and thinner, with very short blond hair.

After finding that we were not going to get precisely what we wanted from each other, I suggested that we find someone to fuck. He thought that would be fun, but where would we go?

I knew of 2 bars and drove up to one, very near the entrance. It must have been near closing time because a number of guys were coming out alone & in groups.

Craig (I think that was his name) stayed in the car while I got out and simply walked up to a man just exiting from the door. He was attractive and maybe 5 years older than we were. I told him that I and a friend wanted to fuck someone.

Without any hesitation the guy agreed and said we could go up to his apartment over near the university.

When we got in we small-talked for a few minutes about some tropical fish and then the host asked Craig and me to get undressed. He continued talking but escorted us into the bedroom. Craig and I laid naked in the bed playing with each other while the host watched. I got very aroused and said I was ready to fuck. The host-guy slipped off his pants and I fucked him standing up. I remember getting off on being watched. Like a performer– I've got a pretty big cock.

I also remember it being about the best feeling I'd ever experienced. I must have fucked for 10 minutes and shot a large load (this was in the in the mid 70s, before condoms were a necessity).

I'm getting a hard on just writing this down and can't keep my left hand off my dick.

Craig now got out of the bed and it was his turn. I watched. He was very excited and fucked furiously in the slickened ass. He lasted only about five minutes and I remember his virtually screaming when he had an orgasm.

The host-guy just smiled and said, "I told you it was good, didn't I?"

We left and I took Craig downtown and we never saw each other again.

Finds Big Ones Everywhere, Including Asia

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29, 1991— Lately, I've sucked, etc. in Mexico, Canada, Thailand, and am about to depart for sleaze in Singapore and Malaysia. Last year I did about a third (of the countries) of South America.

The scene, as I find it abroad, compares favorably with the long-gone Golden Age of Homosexuality in America. That is, sex is still fun, secretive, "dirty." This is especially true in Latin America.

In Asia, they treat sex like taking a drink of water– just something everyone does without any big to-do. They are especially ad-

vanced in S.E. Asia, where boy whores are widely available and where most men seem to walk around with a hard on and their zippers loose.

Incidentally, my world-wide studies of dick size have completely exploded the myth of small Asian cock. Totally untrue. Of course, there are variations, but I have seen and sampled some of the world's

biggest in Thailand. For doubters, I recommend the Big Cock Show on Thursdays through Sundays at the Twilight Bar in Bangkok (where Tennessee Williams was a frequent customer).

December 16, 1992— I found your new volume, *Lewd*, and was thrilled.

I continue to circle the globe for dick. I have to. In America, the "Gays" are so busy being politically correct and trying to assimilate into hetero culture that they are enemies of true sexual perverts and deviants such as myself.

Since I last wrote you I have been in Morocco (plenty of hot-dicked Arabs ready to put out, illustrating clearly that the death penalty prescribed in the Koran for such fun is no deterrent to sexual heat; the problem in Morocco is TOO MANY boys, so there is no shortage of cock); Brazil– everyone has his pants unzipped; Thailand, lots of fat dicks and foreskin, attached to the most glorious people on earth; and Mexico, dripping with Latin ardor, illustrating that Catholicism is no barrier when the dick gets hard.

I want to thank you for your scholarly and essential work and I hope you can put out a book more frequently. I agree with you that it is imperative that we get the stories of World War II into print.

Youth Displays Shit-hole For Dog to Sniff, Lick

HOUSTON— While reading all your books I guess I've shot a gallon of cum.

My favorite sex spot in the 60s was the toilet in the Monroe Theater in downtown Chicago.

The first time I went there the 4 urinals were occupied as were the 2 stalls. Three guys were standing against the far wall.

When I let it be known that I am OK all hell broke loose. Two black guys at the urinals started stroking each other's wet cocks, and the two others stepped over to the stalls with their cocks sticking out of their pants and just plugged into the mouths of the two cocksuckers sitting there.

One of the guys sitting looked to be about 60 and the other appeared to be in his late teens. The two standees were both average, 35 to 40 in business suits. One of them did have a two-handed dick and he went to the older gentleman. The other had an uncut dick about 6".

The three others resumed what must have been going on before I came in. Number one was a tall black guy about 20. Number two was a Mexican about 25, 5' 6" with black hair and mustache. Number

three was a white guy about 45 and chubby.

Numbers one and three both started to undress the Mexican. The black guy undid the Mexican's pants and pulled them and his boxer shorts down to his ankles, and got down on one knee and began to swallow a beautiful 7" uncut Mexican sausage with an overhang of velvety foreskin. The whole cock disappeared in those beautiful lips. The chubby guy was sucking one nipple and pinching the other.

The Mexican opened the white guy's pants and pulled out a great looking beer-can-size pink beauty and started to jack him off. The black guy doing the sucking had pulled out his 8" stick of brown sugar. With his first downward stroke he exposed a wet purple plum.

I stood there enjoying the hot scene, which was better than any film.

By this time I had my 6-1/2" dick out stroking in slow motion because I didn't want to shoot yet. I was enjoying the whole show and wanted to shoot when everyone else did.

Don't get me wrong– I am, or was till AIDS, a dick worshipper. I had, and still have, no standards when it comes to a hard cock. Young-old-big-small-fat-skinny, cut or uncut, any color– just so it's hard and loves my mouth. I also love glory holes and I love to rim sweet asses.

The black guy on his knee moved over to service the chubby guy with the beer-can dick and the Mexican motioned me over. I walked stiff-legged and stiff-dicked up to him and he squatted down and in one move he sucked me right into his mouth. He was eating my meat like it was his last meal. My knees buckled and I almost shot off but I kept thinking about that beautiful cock of his. I pushed him off and got down on the floor. Oh man this is what I love most– a good dick just big enough to deep throat and still be able to breathe.

I looked up and the chubby guy was starting to unload in the black guy's mouth. The black guy's dick started shooting all over the white guy's shoes.

'A cocksucker's dream'

The other two black guys who were jacking each other off came over to watch me gobble the Mexican's dick. They faced each other and all you could see was a blur as they were almost ready. When they shot they aimed towards the wall. When they finished the wall looked like a white waterfall.

The Mexican started fucking my mouth faster and I reached between his legs and found his asshole. It was wet from sweat. I had no trouble pushing a finger up that hot hole. This brought him over the edge and my mouth was rewarded with some sweet Mexican cream. It was not a large amount but what there was was delicious.

I've had many great times in toilets from Chicago to Texas. If you'd like to hear about them let me know.

LATER– Happy to hear that you enjoyed my letter about the Monroe Theater in Chicago.

I've made many trips to and from Chicago by rail and car.

On one trip by car I was going to Houston and was traveling through Arkansas. Beautiful state and hot men. I was going south on old highway 67 (before the Interstates) and just on the southern edge of Benton, Arkansas, was a truck stop cafe I'd stopped at once before. The toilet was a cocksucker's dream; you entered from the outside in back of the cafe so you could stay as long as you wanted. The first time I stopped was not very lively and I was in a hurry, so I made a mental note to stop again when I came through.

This trip I had lots of time and had the taste of a hot trucker's load in my mouth; I'd met him in Poplar Bluff, Missouri. But that's another story.

This shit house looked like it had been added to the original Bldg. as an after thought. It was like a lean-to perched on the main Bldg. You couldn't see directly in because of a partition blocking the outsider's view. It had two thin wooden stalls with half doors that faced a couple of urinals and one sink on the other wall.

There was a glory hole between the stalls big enough to put your head through.

Just as I was approaching the cafe it began to rain and I pulled around back and parked alongside the toilet and ran inside just as the rain started coming down hard. I noticed two big rigs and a pick-up parked out front and was hoping for some action.

I went in. The room was lit by one naked bulb in the middle of the ceiling. The place had the wonderful smell of old piss.

I heard a cough come from the stalls. A man stood up and I had a good look at the upper half of his body; his plaid shirt was unbuttoned. He was about 35 with brown hair and clean shaven. He just stood there. I could also see, below the door, his pants and underwear gathered at his feet.

He had a grin on his face. He nodded and I could tell by his arm movements he was playing with himself. He turned and faced the partition between the stalls and with his head motioned for me to enter the empty stall.

Rubs cock on man's face

I took the four steps in a hurry and opened the door. There it was, a full 7" or so hard cock and a pair of nuts sticking through the big glory hole.

I dropped my pants and underwear in one quick movement and sat down. I kissed the head of his wet dick. He moaned. I opened my mouth slightly and made him push into me. I kept my mouth tight on his dick and he started groaning. He pulled back and with one more thrust he started to unload. All he could say was oh, oh, oh. His cum was very thick and I thought I could almost chew it.

He pulled out and sat down to catch his breath. I put my face to the glory hole so I could watch him wipe his dick clean. I wish he'd let me do it.

He looked over at me and smiled. He said he had had a bad case of blue balls all day and didn't want to jack off.

He got dressed and left.

I started to read some of the graffiti when I heard someone drive up outside and then heard a door slam shut. Someone was hurrying along the gravel path and coming in to the toilet.

The guy went to the urinals and stood there. In a minute I could hear his piss hitting the bowl. It's a sound I love to hear.

I very quietly raised up a little to see who it was. It was a guy with a 4H jacket on who looked to be about 18 or 19.

He turned his head very quickly and spotted me looking at him. I sat down again and waited to see what he'd do.

He left the urinals and walked over to the stalls and looked over the door at me. I motioned for him to go into the other stall and he said he wanted to fuck my mouth and didn't want anything in his way.

I thought, what the fuck, if he gets mean I could handle him. I'm no lightweight and have been able to take care of ugly situations.

Then I pulled the door open I got a good look at his family jewels; he had unzipped his jeans and had his uncut dick and balls hanging out. He stepped inside and I leaned forward. Just the right height for a good face fucking.

He started rubbing his dick all over my face, leaving trails of stringy pre-cum all over. His dick started getting harder. He pushed his jeans and shorts down to his knees. I put my hands on the backs of his thighs, which felt like warm marble.

He bent slightly and I opened my mouth and took his foreskin with my teeth. I started to nibble on it. He put his hands on the sides of my head and stuck his fingers in my ears, poking them in and out. I let him start to slide his 6" dick into my mouth and I made the opening tight for him. I held onto the skin with my mouth and when he pushed in the skin pulled all the way back and his uncovered dick head was assaulted by my tongue. He jumped back and said he needed his cock covered because the head was too sensitive and he loses his hard on.

Gets asshole licked in car

True to his word, his dick deflated. He said it would get hard again.

He said what made him hot was something he was too embarrassed to tell me. I told him not to worry. He said that this past summer he was laying on a blanket humping it and getting close to shooting when his dog crawled over to him and began to sniff around his bare butt. He said he was so hot and so close to shooting he didn't try to stop the dog. The dog started to lick his ass crack and the guy said he almost passed out. He raised his ass so the dog could really lap him. The dog was licking his ass and he was pushing his ass into the dog's face when all of a sudden he shot all over his blanket.

He said he felt weird about the event but it soon became a routine. He would get naked and lay on the bed with his legs pulled back. The dog would crawl up and lick his ass while he pulled on his cock till he shot.

He started getting worried that this act was too strange for him.

He said his first blow job was here in this toilet and he'd been coming here to get his rocks off. This began about 6 months ago. He said the second time he was here, a guy took him to his car and had him take his pants off and gave him his first rim job. He liked it better with a guy because he liked the way his tongue goes into his ass.

I sat there listening to this wild talk, slowly stroking my dick, and almost shot. I wasted no time turning him around and bending him over at the waist. I spread his cheeks and looked at one of the prettiest pink assholes in the world. It was surrounded by a little down-like hair. I blew on it. I circled my tongue around the hole. I touched the tip of my tongue right on his hole and he said, "That's it. Do it like that."

He started to move his ass from side to side and back and forth. I slid one hand up between his legs and he was pulling on his dick like mad. I thought, hell, I'm going to get his juice right from the faucet. When he was really getting into it on his dick, my tongue was up his ass as far as it would go and he was still pushing back.

I brought my hand up to my mouth and I twisted him around as I replaced my tongue with my finger. I started to move my finger around in his ass. He moved one hand behind him and covered my hand with his and began to push my hand deeper into his ass. I whispered to him, does my finger feel good in your ass? He said it felt strange but he liked it. He was wiggling his ass and pushing it back so hard I thought he'd knock me over the toilet bowl.

'I put it into my mouth'

I grabbed his dick. I quickly pulled up the foreskin and made sure his dick head was completely covered. I sucked the whole cock into

my mouth. He didn't protest and when he tried to pull his dick back he pushed his wet asshole deeper onto my finger.

"Oh shit, here it comes," he almost yelled.

He must not have come for some time because there was so much juice filling my mouth, it started leaking from the corners. His asshole was clenching tightly. I kept his dick in my mouth till it went completely soft. He just kept standing there with his limp dick hanging there and his pants still pushed down and then I realized I still had my finger in his hole. He made no move to pull away from my finger.

We were so into the moment, neither of us heard someone come into the toilet. It was the guy I sucked off who had gone to get something to eat.

"I have to go," the kid said and scrambled around getting his clothes together and took off out the door like his ass was on fire.

"Well," the trucker said, "I'd better take a piss and get my ass on the road again."

He walked over to the urinal and I followed him.

"Let me hold it for you," I said.

"Help yourself."

I took his dick in my hand and aimed his stream of piss into the urinal. When he was finished pissing I shook it for him and put it into my mouth for a good-bye lick.

Since the opening of the Interstates all the good stop-off places are gone. I'm just happy I lived in a time when such places were all over the country. I sure do miss them, but I have a lot of good jack off memories.

Mexican Soldier Puts on Sex Show

CALIFORNIA— I have been putting off writing to you for some unknown reason for several years. I believe the time is now, so here goes.

I am a 62-year-old cocksucker. I have never tried to keep track of numbers or places. I just enjoy, and I hope those who have had my tongue wrapped around their dick and have shot a load of cum down my throat have enjoyed it as much.

Two weeks ago I returned from four weeks in Mexico. The first three weeks were work related, and I was unable to bring anyone to my room and feel comfortable. However, the last week I sucked 11 cocks and turned away as many.

Just outside of Merida is a large army training camp. Many Mexicans ages 17 and 18 train as cadets in a program similar to one proposed by President Clinton. These boys work crowd control, traffic, ecological clean up, etc. They are paid about $75 a month and get room, board, and uniform. At least this is what Umberto claimed and I have no reason to doubt him.

He is a handsome guy, probably two-thirds Indian blood, about 5' 4", gleaming white teeth, and jet black straight hair. I was reading in the main square when I noticed him walk by. He smiled and sat down at a bench a short distance away. He looked over at me often, and I at him often, so when he relocated himself on the bench next to me there was little doubt in my mind as to what he wanted and little doubt in his mind as to what I wanted. We just had to work out the particulars, using his almost nonexistent English and my very inadequate Spanish. After awhile it was agreed that I was to give him a blow job and ten U.S. dollars and he would meet me at the hotel coffee shop at 4 o'clock.

The meeting took place. He had a Coke. We went to my room and he stripped down to show off proudly a well developed body. His dick was short but fat, and jutted out of a thick patch of soft, straight, black hair. He had small tufts of hair under his arms, and that was it. His ass and balls were as if they had just been shaved. As I got down on my knees in front of him, he pointed his dick into my open mouth. He pushed my head down and held it as he slowly fucked my face. My nose was buried in his pubic hair. In just a couple of minutes he shot a thick load into my mouth.

He took a shower, dressed, accepted his $10, and that was that, I thought.

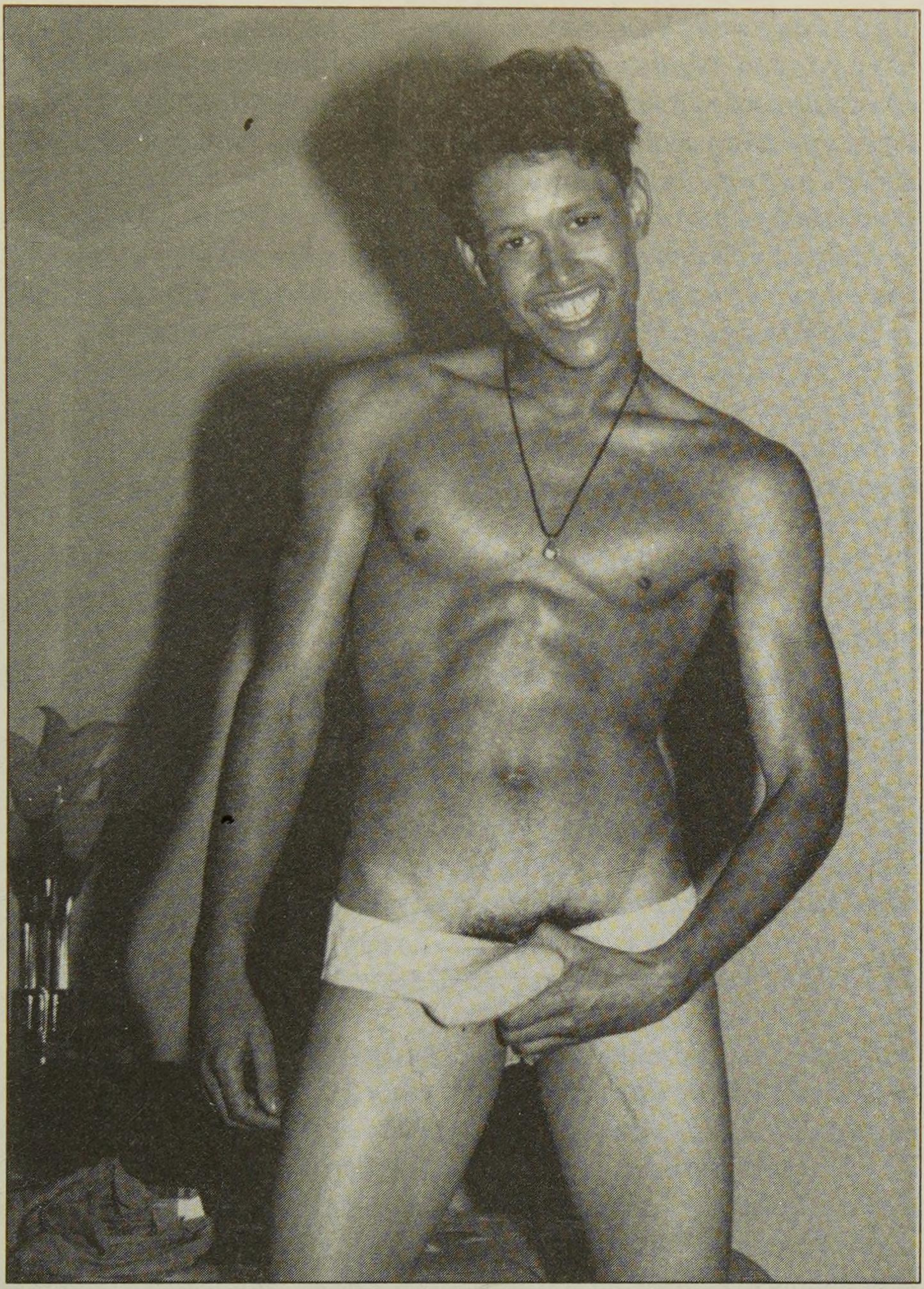
I only had one more day in Merida. I went out to the Hermitage church, several blocks from the main square, and on my way back I ran into Umberto with a young girl. He greeted me and asked if I was interested in taking the girl back to the hotel. I indicated that I would be interested if they both went to the hotel with me and let me watch while they fucked and sucked and whatever. He talked to the girl for awhile and she agreed. The price was $15 for two hours.

Later that evening they arrived. After a few sips of brandy, she took her clothes off and then undressed him.

An 'extremely attractive' bellboy

She sucked on his dick for a long time, and then he went down on her. He fucked her in several positions. Finally he came and shot all over her belly. I lapped it up.

He used up three rubbers during the next hour or so. I only regret



that I had no Polaroid film left.

In the early 1980s a gay teenager lived down the street. At the age of 14 he ran away from home, went to San Francisco, and became involved in drugs, prostitution, and being taken into and kicked out of homes of various sugar daddies. I gave him a key to my house and told him that the next time he felt he had to run away, he had a place to go as long as he called his parents and let them know where he was. This worked fairly well for the next few years.

One day when he was 18, he was at my house with his sister and her boyfriend. When I got home I opened the door as usual and found the aptly-named Rod fucking a guy on the couch. That Rod was fucking a guy did not surprise me but the fact that he was fucking his sister's boyfriend surprised the shit out of me.

In 1953 I was in the U.S. Army, stationed on an airbase near Trier, Germany. Everything was in tents, and since I was in supply and the company weapons were kept in the supply tent, I bunked in the supply tent alone. There were many memorable events here but one of the very best involved a blond corporal that I really had the hots for. He had a huge uncut cock that always seemed semi-hard. His uniforms were tight and that dick was always pushing out the front. He seemed to know that I was interested in him but I was very cool playing while I was in the service.

One afternoon he asked me if I would let him bring a girl into the supply tent Saturday night. I was so excited at the prospect of seeing his big dick in action that I said OK.

Saturday night came, the time agreed to came, and passed. About midnight there was a tapping on the door front. He was there alone. He said he was sorry, he got stood up. He wanted to come in. He began to tell me how horny he was, how drunk he was, how hard he was. "Here, feel it," he said. He took my hand and pressed it over his bulging crotch. He kept rubbing my hand over his boner, then unbuttoned his pants and out popped the monster. He put my hand around it and started to fuck my hand. Then he put pressure on my head and moved it down over his dick. I opened my mouth and he shoved my head all the way down.

I had never had such a large one in my mouth before. I made love to his joint like it was solid gold. All too soon he was pumping the contents of his balls into my mouth.

It was what he wanted all the time and I had three repeats on that monster before he was sent back to the states.

In Burma in 1987, just before the country went to Hell, I had a very memorable brief encounter with one of the smallest cocks I have ever had. We were staying in an overflow hotel; all the regular tourist hotel rooms were taken.

'He was a little rough'

The bellboy who carried the luggage to the rooms was an extremely attractive, very slightly built, smiling knockout. I look at his picture today and get a hard on.

I had to share my single room with the tour guide, because of the hotel room shortage, so I made no attempt to attract the bellboy.

Never did get single accommodations the rest of the trip, so I never got into the pants of those great looking Burmese.

However, things do turn around. We did go back to the same hotel after touring other parts of Burma, the same bellboy was there, and I had a cabin to myself.

I tried to catch the eye of the bellboy, especially so he would know what room I was in, and always smiled at him– even licked my lips in that universally understood sign.

The second day, as departure time approached, I was still playing the game, and I was sure that I would chalk this one up as "It was fun but the game was never completed."

I left lunch early to hurry back to the room and be there when my bags were picked up. They had already been picked up. The bus was to leave soon.

There was a knock on the door. There he was. I looked into his eyes to see if there was an understanding there. He held my hands, but said nothing; then turned and left. Shortly he was back with a friend, one of the cleaning boys, and an eyeful at that. He indicated that his friend would watch, and he closed the door. He stepped out of his sandals and lowered his trousers while I was going down on my knees in front of him.

His dick was like a stubby pencil and hard as steel. I pulled him all the way hard against my face and he fucked it at great speed. His orgasm was loud and explosive. About eight sharp bursts, each just a second after the previous one.

The whole episode lasted less than a minute, but the build-up had been 8 days.

I gave his friend a blow job also. It was not a memorable one, and he was a little rough, but it was a good one just the same. I gave them all the cigarettes, matches, and pens I had, as well as a few U.S. dollars.

I have pictures of them both and they have provided plenty of jack off memories for the past 5 years.

We corresponded for about two years, but I couldn't give him any hope of getting out of that dreadful country, and I didn't want to provide him with false hopes. I trust he is well.

In 1964 I left the Bay Area to drive to Alaska. It was camping all the way. First stop was Patrick Point State Park, and as I left the park about 8 o'clock in the morning, I saw two young guys hitchhiking. In fact they were a little more than hitchhiking. They wanted me to stop. They had been hitching a ride home in Vancouver, British Columbia, and the driver that had picked them up had just taken off with their back packs and everything but their sleeping bags.

I took them into Crescent City to make a report to the sheriff and

then offered to take them as far as Portland, where I was going to stop off for a couple of days to see a friend. I was going to pitch my tent at a camping ground outside Eugene, Oregon, and I would take them to Portland in the morning. That was agreeable to them.

That's what we did, after I bought some steaks and some beer. After our meal we sat around and talked for awhile. Nothing sexual.

There were a lot of other campers in the area, and the guys had had a difficult time, so I was not about to complicate things. However, if they gave any indication of interest, I was ready.

The tall blond guy was tired and hit the sack early. The other one, dark-haired and shorter, sat up a little longer.

We could hear snoring from the tent.

'I was awakened by a hard dick'

I was getting tired myself, and crawled into my bag, which was in the center between the two guys. The dark-haired one closed the tent flap and lay down on top of his bag. Slowly and quietly he took off his clothes– all of them. There was enough light to see that he had a hard on. He lay back on his bag and started to play with himself. Gradually he inched his body further towards my head. He never said a word. I slowly moved my body down so that my head was closer to his hard dick. When it was just about in front of my head, he turned on his side. I opened my mouth and he popped it in.

I sucked quietly on his dick for about 15 minutes. Then it really got hard and without a sound from him he poured his cum into me. I took my head off his dick. We both rolled over and I went to sleep.

Later that night, or early in the morning, I was awakened by a hard dick being pushed into my mouth. I thought it was the dark haired guy wanting seconds. It wasn't. The tall blond had a big uncut cock that he was wanting me to take care of.

This was a fast, but also quiet, suck job. I went back to sleep and neither one asked to be serviced again. Neither one said anything about the blow jobs the rest of the trip. I am not sure of their story or if they knew that each had been sucked off by me.

Now, here is a copy of an item in last Saturday's San Francisco *Chronicle*.

"TOPEKA, KANSAS– A 17-year-old boy was ordered to pay child support to a baby sitter he impregnated when he was 13 and she was 17, the Kansas Supreme Court ruled yesterday.

"The court rejected Shane Seyer's appeal that he was legally unable to consent to sex because he was younger than 16. It ordered him to pay child support to Colleen Hermasmann for her 3-year-old child, Colleen."

If I was the baby sitter for a 13-year-old boy who wanted to get his rocks off, I could provide him with the same sort of pleasure– or better– and the consequences would be that he would not have to pay child support, he might be a little richer himself, and a child would not be produced.

Parisian Jacks Off Every Day

PARIS— In 1988 I discovered *Cum* in a Sydney (Australia) book shop, and since then have accumulated from various sources all the *S.T.H.* books you've published. It would seem the well has run dry and am obliged to write you to find out if there's been any new ones.

I get much pleasure from re-reading the old ones– I'm hooked on the style and need more to stimulate my sex life. I'm 45 and have no sex life so to speak apart from reading your *S.T.H.* books and jacking off every day. Guess why I need new books?

Please send information urgently and price of postage to Paris included.

With much anticipation and thanks for the pleasures.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The two latest* S.T.H. *books are* Raunch *and* Lewd, *published by Fidelity in Boston, which is also publishing this book.* — B. McD.]

Sex in the News

Japanese Army Major Danced in the Nude

No description of the naked body of Tokutaro Sakurai, a Japanese army major circa 1940, is given in *Soldiers of the Sun* (Random House, 1991), a history of the Japanese armies; but he must have had a powerful set of lungs. There were "lighted cigarettes protruding from his nostrils and the corners of his mouth" when he performed a Chinese dance naked at parties, the book says.

Understandably, he was "in some demand" for this nude "party trick."

Sakurai liked to wear "a long and beautiful string of pearls."

His nudity, especially if he had a big banana, was sufficient in itself to satisfy Japanese soldiers who have an aesthetic sense; pearls and cigarettes added to the allure. The Japanese army is evidently more *avant-garde* than the American army.

The major was a "death-and-glory" type, the book says. Some of his wartime assaults were "unacceptably violent." His life is proof that those who appreciate the finer things in life, such as pearls, cigarettes, and nudity, can be as savage as the more ordinary warriors.

Army Films, Fires 14 Men in Toilet

Displaying valor above and beyond the call of duty, fearless soldiers in Fort Hood, Texas, have been having sex in a public piss-house– a "free-standing building near classrooms used by military personnel and their families," says the Austin, Texas, *American-Statesman*.

The soldiers are sexually heroic. "Anybody walking in," says Major Ken Roberts, a Fort Hood spokesperson, "could basically observe what was going on." Males who use the word "basically" can go far in this culture.

According to an Associated Press dispatch in the Waco, Texas, *Tribune-Herald*, Roberts said that "officials received numerous complaints about activity in the restroom." Snitches reported seeing sex in the john "generally during the lunch hour or after duty hours in the early evening, Roberts said," helpfully.

The army has its share of male spinsters, as does the civilian world.

Apparently some of the soldiers moved beyond fearlessness and into foolishness. "The restroom stalls have partitions but no doors," the Austin paper says. Fourteen of the troops fell into enemy hands and were discharged from the service. The army used a hidden "surveillance" camera to record soldiers in the toilet engaged in "indecent exposure and sodomy."

These videotapes must rank among the most beautiful footage ever filmed. Somehow, "indecent exposure" can seem as alluring as actual sexual intercourse. Some *cinéastes* insist that there is no more aesthetic image than that of a man in heat displaying his hose in an attempt to lure someone who will work on it.

Of special interest in the videotapes is the fact that they show a number of ranks: "junior enlisted personnel," non-commissioned officers, and commissioned officers up to the rank of major. The army uses a virtual slave/master relationship between enlisted men and officers; it would be interesting to see if the videotapes show an extension of this relationship or a reversal of it, with, for example, a major worshipping a private's meat.

The rank-conscious army even ranged the sex partners in the Fort

Hood toilet according to degree of offensiveness to the military mind. Three types of discharge were given to the men caught. Nine were given "other than honorable" discharges, which deny them veterans' benefits. But three got "general" discharges and will be eligible for benefits. And, at the top of the heap, two got honorable discharges because of "mitigating circumstances" and "evidence that was revealed in the hearing."

Roberts "did not elaborate" on what kind of homosexuality warrants an honorable discharge.

His failure to "elaborate" is a disappointment from a spokesperson who is otherwise so elaborate (he calls the toilet a "restroom facility").

Gets Maryland Man's Meat, Money

A gifted sex artist in Key West, Florida, allegedly boosted a man's wallet while sucking on his hose, according to the Key West *Citizen*.

A 34-year-old man from Maryland told cops that he went to the Alligator Book Store in the 700 block of Duval Street at 2:30 one Wednesday morning and that while he was watching an "adult" film, another man joined him "in the same booth.... The other man unzipped the alleged victim's [shorts] and performed oral sex on him."

Apparently, vacuum suction on the man's cock put him in such ecstasy as to make him oblivious that his swain was draining his money as well as his meat.

The victim had kept his wallet "in the rear pocket of his shorts." His sex-partner made off with $400 as well as, presumably, a load of cum in his belly. If the victim kept his shorts on while getting his cock sucked, his partner could boost the wallet while purporting to caress the man's butt. If the suspect managed to pull the man's shorts to the floor, lifting the wallet would be even easier.

All book store blow jobs are *ipso facto* inspiring; this one, in which a man got both a wad of cum and a wad of cash, is doubly inspiring.

Bare-assed Biker Bruises Butt

A 23-year-old naked bicycle rider came dangerously close to disfiguring one of his finest features– his butt– when a police car hit him in downtown San Luis Obispo, California, according to an Associated

Press dispatch in the San Fernando Valley *Daily News*.

After the collision, the young man was hospitalized– naked?– with "road burns to his back, legs, and buttocks." The paper does not say what kind of therapy medics gave his buttocks nor whether any of the aides at the hospital rendered examination of and treatment for his butt burns that was above and beyond the call of duty.

He is now living in Santa Fe, New Mexico, his butt presumably restored to its original marble-like beauty. As a naked bike rider, he is a valuable addition to Santa Fe, with a lot to contribute to the metropolis's aesthetic environment.

With his father as his lawyer, he is suing the city of San Luis Obispo for $100,000, charging that the cop deliberately ran into him. He should ask for more to compensate for the fact that the cop temporarily at least lessened the allure of the cyclist's hind end.

He was riding naked with three friends when the cop car struck him. Sensitive people always wonder, when confronted with naked cyclists, whether they cleaned their fucking assholes before their ride and wonder also about the condition of their bicycle seats.

It would be interesting to know who the cyclists wanted to see them naked and whether they stood up during their ride to better display their asses. Many people must have seen them not only downtown but during their ride from their residential neighborhoods.

The dispatch does not say what became of the three other nudes after the one was hit and hospitalized– whether they simply went home and put on the same jockey shorts they took off for their naked ride, or what.

Idol of the Month: 24, Drunk, Naked

A young man arrested for drunken driving in Iowa seems pretty intoxicating himself.

The Hampton, Iowa, *Weekly Times*, in reporting the arrest in nearby Sheffield, unwittingly sketches the profile of an ideal sex object. He is young (24), has the alluring name of Timothy, lives in a small town (Thornton), and, more importantly, is driving in the nude. Plus he's drunk.

The nice thing about naked drunks is that swains who want to seduce them can relax and not worry about saying and doing exactly the right thing; a man who is drunk and naked in public is hardly in a position to charge that a man who gropes him violates his chastity.

Timothy's nudity suggests a sexual desperation that is open to a variety of offers of sexual relief and gratification.

While it is a pleasure to read that such red hot sex objects as Timothy do exist, it is a pain to realize that they seem to exist only in newspaper articles and not for oneself.

The only people Timothy attracted were a snitch and a cop. He was reported as driving recklessly on North Road one Wednesday; who was he looking for? He was arrested in the 400 block of Sixth Street North at 10:55 p.m. The level of booze in his blood was .19 (the legal definition of pissy-assed drunk in Sheffield is .10).

The paper does not say whether Timothy put on his jockey shorts, and so on, for the trip to jail. It depends on the taste of the arresting officer, as well as the taste of Timothy.

Help! There's a Naked Sailor in My Bed

The Alameda, California, *Journal* ran a two-inch item in its "Police Reports" column that has a lot in common with a jock strap. The news item is as scanty as a jock strap, yet the main image in the item is breathtaking, as is a jock strap. The image in the story is so overwhelming that it doesn't need details any more than a jock strap needs more fabric.

A 20-year-old sailor from the U.S.S. Abraham Lincoln "ripped a window screen off in order to gain entry to [a] residence" in the West End, police said.

Shortly after midnight, the man of the house called the cops to report that a naked sailor was sleeping in his bed.

That the sailor may be a tough is suggested by the fact that the man of the house went to a pay 'phone to call the cops.

Cops "cited" the taste-tempting piece of seafood for "trespassing" and released him.

I hope our Alameda apparatus will send any and all additional clippings that result from the sailor's arraignment in Alameda Municipal Court.

The fact that the *Journal*'s item was brief and blasé suggests that a naked sailor is a quotidian occurrence in Alameda and hardly newsworthy.

Did this particular sailor know the man of the house?

Does Scent of Seat Match Scent of Butt?

Early one Friday, a 20-year-old woman working in a convenience store in Logan Township, Blair County, Pennsylvania, noticed that a customer at a counter "was not wearing a shirt," says an Associated Press dispatch in the Altoona, Pennsylvania, *Times Leader*.

It gets better.

The clerk "then noticed when he stepped away from the counter that he was missing his pants, too," thus offering the startling sight of his naked butt and his naked hose.

The nude boosted 10 packs of cigs and drove away.

The fact that he went shopping in the nude, didn't pay for the merchandise, and does something as death-defying as smoke cigarettes, all combine to suggest that he makes a rowdy bunk mate.

His physical description does nothing to lessen the favorable impression left by his behavior: he is "about 28 years old and 6 feet tall," and, by the way, is what the paper calls "a white male." You don't see many of them around.

But police seemed to be uncertain about him. The convenience store clerk got his license number when he drove away but while police thus have a "suspect," they "had not made an arrest" and, according to the lead of the story, are still looking for the bare-cocked culprit.

Police bloodhounds could close the case by sniffing the driver's seat on which the naked suspect sat and matching this fragrance with that of his butt hole.

Absent any bloodhounds, cops could sniff around themselves.

Randy DePolo, 34, Sleeps in the Nude

Around four o'clock in the morning one Monday, 34-year-old Randolph ("Randy") DePolo of Beach Boulevard in Point Pleasant on the New Jersey shore "got out of bed naked," says the Asbury Park, New Jersey, *Press*.

"I went to the front door and looked out, still in the nude," Randy told the *Press*, carefully keeping his nakedness in focus.

He saw that his car, a 1987 Volkswagen, was occupied by a stranger who presents another image almost as erotic as that of the naked Randy himself: a 22-year-old man with "a flashlight in his mouth."

A man who can hold a flashlight in his mouth has a tremendous sexual potential.

Moreover, a man who works at so unrespectable a job as stealing stereos from cars might well be seduced into having sex that is not respectable– and that's the best kind.

Randy, the paper says, "ran out of the house" and wound up "tussling in the nude with the thief. The two rolled around in the driveway."

The scene provides rapidly-moving images of Randy's butt that are excruciatingly aesthetic.

A man who rolls around in the nude with a burglar would make a good roll in the hay.

"The suspect broke free," the *Press* says, "and [Randy] chased him about 25 feet and pulled him to the ground."

A man who can subdue a burglar can have his way in bed.

"Rolling around naked on the asphalt driveway left scrapes like 'really big rug burns' on [Randy's] elbows, hip, knees, and his feet, he said."

Of these, only the hip bruise disfigures a crucial area of his body,

What's a rug burn– a bruise you get from having sex on the rug?

A neighbor came "running out." Randy noticed that the man had "his shorts on backward" and the neighbor had a chance to notice Randy's naked banana and butt.

"How did Randy's body look?" is a question that Margaret Daley, author of the otherwise superb article, did not ask the neighbor, who also evidently sleeps in the nude, as does one of the apparatuses who sent the *Press* clipping and who writes, "What a surprise. I thought I was the only one in Point Pleasant who slept nude."

The only disappointment in Randy's nude wrestling match is that he told the neighbor "to hold onto the [burglar] while I get some shorts on before the cops get here."

The *Press* is to be commended for asking Randy to pose bare-chested and Randy is to be commended for accepting the invitation. A color photo of his naked upper half, cropped just below his belly button, adorns the story, which the *Press* had the good taste to run on page one.

The photograph raises the question of just how much of his clothing Randy is willing to take off for the camera.

In quoting Randy as saying, "I was just pissed [that] the guy was in my car stealing my stereo," the *Press* reveals an *avant-garde* literary style. A more ordinary paper like the New York *Times* never reports that anyone is "pissed."

There is only one sordid detail in Ms. Daley's excellent article, to wit, Randy's married.

Sucks Sailors In Alameda

CALIFORNIA— It has been about 3 years or so. Haven't written 'cause I've been so busy. Saw your new book; fabulous!

Even with AIDS, crime, etc., there are horny straight young cocks out there to suck. I had a few true situations this year in Alameda, a fairly big Navy base across the bay from San Francisco with several "straight" bars that are sort of cruisy if you act right and you are patient. I take the rapid transit from Berkeley sometimes on Sat. nights so I can drink with the boys and not have to drive. I might suck cock in the trees, which is illegal, but I don't drink and drive, which is also illegal.

The bars and guys are not so cruisy these days as five years ago, but believe me, there are still hard, horny, thick cocks out there for cocksuckers like me. I'm 35, tall, fairly slender, and I know how to act.

I only like straight or bi guys, buffed, butch, tattoos a plus, under 28. I like when guys talk about fuckin' pussy. It's better to tell them, when it comes up, that you're bi, not gay, or they get turned off.

Sometimes I'll pay straight guys to suck them off. I don't mind because it's an excuse for them and a chance for me to really get my money's worth. If a hunk is tanned and in a tank top, I really love it and I work extra hard for the cock. I'll beg for it.

I was at a bar in Alameda Saturday night and the ship was in– the U.S.S. Gompers– and this big blond hunk in a tank top caught my eye. He was 22, buffed, tan, about 6', about 195 pounds. He had gorgeous tanned legs in workout shorts. I would have given anything– anything– to feel, kiss, and lick his legs.

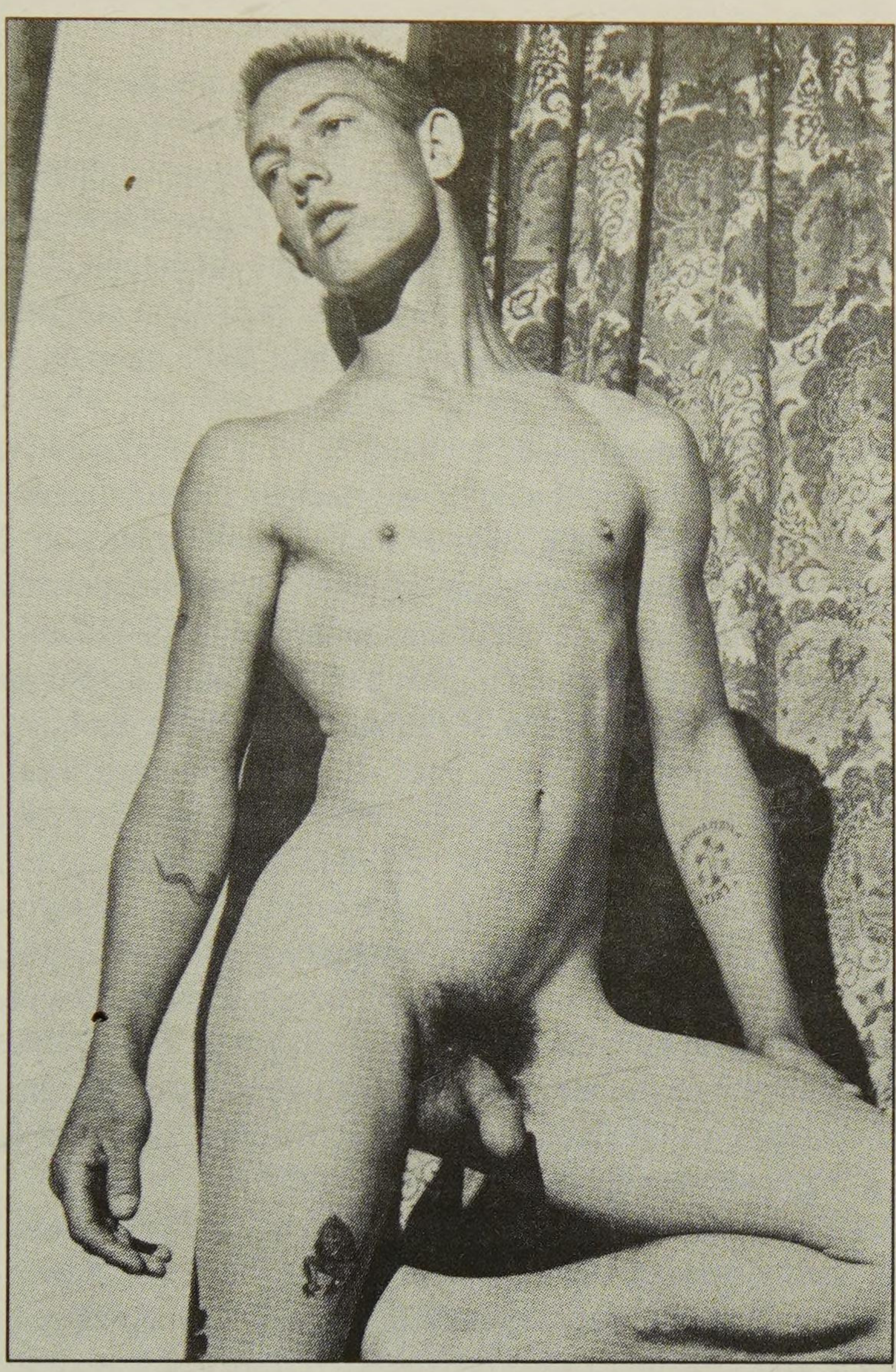
He turned out to be sort of rude, macho, and mean, which made it even better.

We talked while he was playing the juke box and I think he caught on right away that I wanted to taste his shit-hole.

I bought him a few beers and during our conversation I would lightly slap him on his shoulders so I could feel his muscles. He didn't mind but told me not to do anything if his friends show up. I knew I'd lose him if his buddies showed so I told him there was a hotel down the street where you could rent pussy flicks. I knew in half an hour I'd be sniffing his delicious asshole and swallowing a real sailor's yummy, creamy load.

He told me to meet him outside the bar (straight trade is always so discreet about it).

Outside he gave me the rules: he was the boss and he would call the shots, he didn't get fucked, he didn't suck dick, he didn't fuck ass,



I pay for the room and buy him a six pack.

These rules were just perfect for me. "Since you're going to drink more beer," I said, "would you piss in my mouth?" He looked shocked.

"Sounds kinky," he said, "but I'll do it."

Sucks ass for 10 minutes

At the room he let me pull off his tank top and I pulled down his pants and he showed a hard on in his white briefs. I said I'd love to be his slave and he said, "You are my slave, cocksucker."

He made me walk around on my knees and open him a beer. He let me sniff and lick his feet, which were just right. They smelled just like a real man's feet should smell. I told him I wanted to keep his

used white socks.

"They cost money, cocksucker. You can buy 'em for $10."

It was the best 10 bucks I ever spent.

I sucked on his toes, licked between them, perfect. Then I pulled down his briefs with my teeth and began kissing and licking his thick hard cock. He was real horny and I loved it. I deep throated it and it throbbed in my mouth.

He kicked back in the easy chair and watched pussy flicks while I serviced him.

"Oh, man, that feels good," he said. "You're a good cocksucker.

I licked his balls, then slipped my tongue right into his asshole. He said no one had licked his asshole before and he loved it. It tasted just like a real man's asshole should taste. I cleaned it out for him; I was using my tongue for what it was meant to be used for.

After about 10 minutes of sucking out his asshole, I then sucked as much of his cock as I could. He said to wait 'cause he had to piss. I couldn't wait to taste it. But he got belligerent and said that was too sick & he wouldn't do it. I asked him if he would piss down my throat if I gave him another $10 and he said, "Make it $20 and you can have all my piss."

Being the thirsty, cum-loving, ass-tasting, piss-drinking guy that I am, I couldn't resist. I swallowed every drop on my knees and only a bit got on my chin and the carpet.

I then kept sucking his cock and about 2 minutes later he grabbed me by the neck and started pumping my throat. Then he yelled, "Oh, fuck, I'm gonna cum. Suck it off."

I then tasted gobs and gobs of thick, creamy cum. I kept it in my mouth and let some drool down my chin.

After he came he went into the bathroom & washed up and then came out and put his clothes back on and didn't say a word. He was the type to leave alone after he cums.

He said, "I can't believe I did that," then left and slammed the door.

I could still taste his piss and load when I then jacked off onto the carpet, dreaming about his tasty body.

Now I was ready for another horny sailor. More to cum.

'I Gave Jim a Few Hickeys On His Beautiful Ass Cheeks'

BOSTON— When I was 17, I hung around with a friend my same age who lived around the corner from my house.

He had a younger brother who was 15 at the time. They had a pool

and I didn't.

One day I called to see if he was home and to see if I could go for a swim. He wasn't home but his younger brother Jim answered. He was just about to go for a swim and invited me to come over. It was a real hot summer's day.

When I arrived he was already swimming. He had short hair and a slim hairless body that was well tanned.

As we played in the pool, Jim frequently jumped on my back, pig-gy-back style, and when he did, dug the heels of his young feet into my crotch. Each time I would toss him off and he would jump back on. After 3 or 4 mountings I found myself getting real aroused and as I did Jim commented that I liked the feel of his feet in my groin.

We got tired of the pool and got out. My parents were away for the night. I invited Jim over later in the afternoon.

When he arrived, we talked and put in a movie. After a bit, I told him to be comfortable and take off his sneakers. He was then in jeans and a T shirt.

The look of his feet in those bright white socks kicked off a foot fetish I've had ever since.

I, barefoot with only shorts and a T shirt, started to joke around and we eventually found ourselves lying on the floor watching the remnants of the movie in the VCR (*Jaws*).

I couldn't take it anymore and gradually moved my hand to the top of his sock-covered foot and slowly rubbed it all over, and Jim said nothing.

My dick grew to a rock-hard erection as I commented to Jim that it was hot out and he should take his socks off and be cooler. He then said go ahead and I removed both of his white athletic socks. He had gorgeous, well groomed, hairless feet, well tanned.

Once I saw those feet I said to Jim let's go to my room. It's at the back of the house and much cooler.

I turned on the TV in my room and Jim laid down on the bed. I laid down on the other side and we were head to toe. I face down, he face up. I once again started to rub his feet and then moved my own foot to his crotch and felt his cock growing hard as I rubbed it with my toes. The only movement he made was to open his legs so as to give my foot better access. When he did this I began to suck on the big toe of his left foot.

Before I knew it I had Jim naked and was sucking vigorously on his cock and licking his balls. For age 15 he had a good sized cock and a luscious set of balls that were not too hairy.

I gave Jim a few hickeys on his beautiful ass cheeks, which was his favorite.

For two years we had occasional encounters everywhere: in the woods, on a camping trip, and in my car.

Jim always wore his white socks and besides his cock, his feet and his ass cheeks were always well licked and sucked.

Those memories I cherish most.

Watches body in locker room

From the time I was 16, I had fantasies for a friend of mine. My most torturous times were watching his gorgeous body in the locker room at school, as we played the same sport. Dean had a nice body and tinted skin from head to toe, nice dark nipples, and was hairless except for his dark pubic and underarm hair. He had the biggest set of balls I had ever seen– we used to joke about it behind his sack– and a nice thick cock.

Dean was modest, but could have had any girl he wanted. Believe it or not, he wasn't that active. Through high school we goofed off and partied and usually in the summer would go for a late night swim in his pool. Of course we would skinny dip, sometimes in mixed company, sometimes just with the guys. Of course a majority of the time I stayed in the deep end of the pool to hide my hard on until I could get it down. As I watched his body swim around it wasn't easy.

Eventually he went away to college and we kept in touch over the phone and on vacations. His school was only 1-1/2 hours away.

On one cold winter weekend night, I called to see what he was up to. He asked me to go to another school to visit his old high school sweetheart, although they were now only friends. I said I didn't feel like going that far and he then invited me up to a frat party at his campus.

When I arrived, Dean wasn't in his room, so I sat and read the paper and waited for him.

He arrived shortly after and we opened a beer and talked. He then stripped down to his underwear to jump in the shower, and as he left the room he threw one of his socks at my chest. As I watched his underwear-clad ass leave the room I put the sock to my face and instantly got a hard on.

When he got back he dressed and we had a few more beers and off to the party we went. It was your regular wild party and all during the night he kept asking me, "Are you shitfaced yet?" Eventually after a few hours, we were both pretty drunk and we left the dwindling party.

On the way back he stopped at the bathroom and I went to the room. When he came back we talked a little and then I decided to go take a piss. When I went to open the door I found it was locked, and

this got me thinking. When I returned from my piss, I again got very horny when I walked in the room. Dean was sitting on his bed, which was a bunk bed built out of two-by-fours, suspended over his couch to save room. He had taken off his sneakers and shirt and had one foot covered by a white athletic sock dangling over the edge of the bed.

This time I made sure the door was locked. As we talked, I walked over and placed my hand on his foot and left it there, and eventually began to rub it.

Sucks till mouth is dry

He leaned over and helped me up to the bed. We then joked around and started to compare our waist sizes and see whose waist was trimmer. As we joked around, he hit me with a pillow and I leaned forward toward him to push the pillow away, and when I did, I snapped the button on his jeans open. As I snapped open his jeans he just continued to lay back and neither one of us said a word. Before I knew it, I had Dean nude. I couldn't wait and took his cock in my mouth and sucked madly. I sucked his cock and licked those delicious balls until my mouth went dry. I couldn't believe my fantasy come true. I licked and sucked his body three times over, right down to the space in between his toes.

We beat off and afterwards we both drifted off to sleep. We awoke the next morning with incredible hangovers. Nothing was ever mentioned about the fantasy that had come true the night before.

Another fantasy came true for me in the fall of 1988.

Peter was the one in the group you never saw nude or even undressing that much in the presence of the other boys. Even when playing sports, Pete would always dress in the other locker room or in the bathroom, but no one ever said anything.

This all started back around 9th grade. When swimming at a friend's house one summer, about four of us were getting changed into our swimsuits, including Pete's younger brother. Pete came into the cellar from the back yard just as we started changing, but he kept going up the stairs and into the bathroom in the house. As we changed we all were joking about each others' cock size and how much pubic hair we each had. Pete came down when we were all changed and he was in his swimsuit already, too. This is when I began to wonder about him. I had to see him nude.

Peter is very intelligent and always had the gift of the gab and always was flirting with the girls and was not your most masculine type.

One night in 1988 a few of us went to a 50s & 60s club the next town over. About two hours later Pete showed up and started to have

a few drinks. Pete had on faded jeans, a dress shirt, and sneakers. He always had a firm tight ass and it stuck out and was well rounded.

After being there for awhile, we were joking and checking out the girls in the club. A few times Pete came over to say something to me and the noise was so loud where we were standing you had to talk right into the person's ear. He did this a couple of times and the feel of his lips touching my ear gave me a hard on. In return I did it to Pete a couple of times, and about 1/2 hour later the club closed, and I conned Pete into coming to my house for one more drink, and surprisingly, he accepted. Of course I didn't invite no one else. As I walked past him to my car, I brushed my hand across his ass, and he said nothing.

Puts hand in Pete's shorts

When we got to my house we had a drink and I talked Pete into staying overnight instead of driving home & he agreed. Of course we were both drunk.

We went to my room and as I was getting undressed, Pete slid off his sneakers & shirt and lay face down on the bed. Deciding I was going to make a move, I threw him a pair of sweatpants and he got up to put them on, stripping off his jeans but leaving his underwear on.

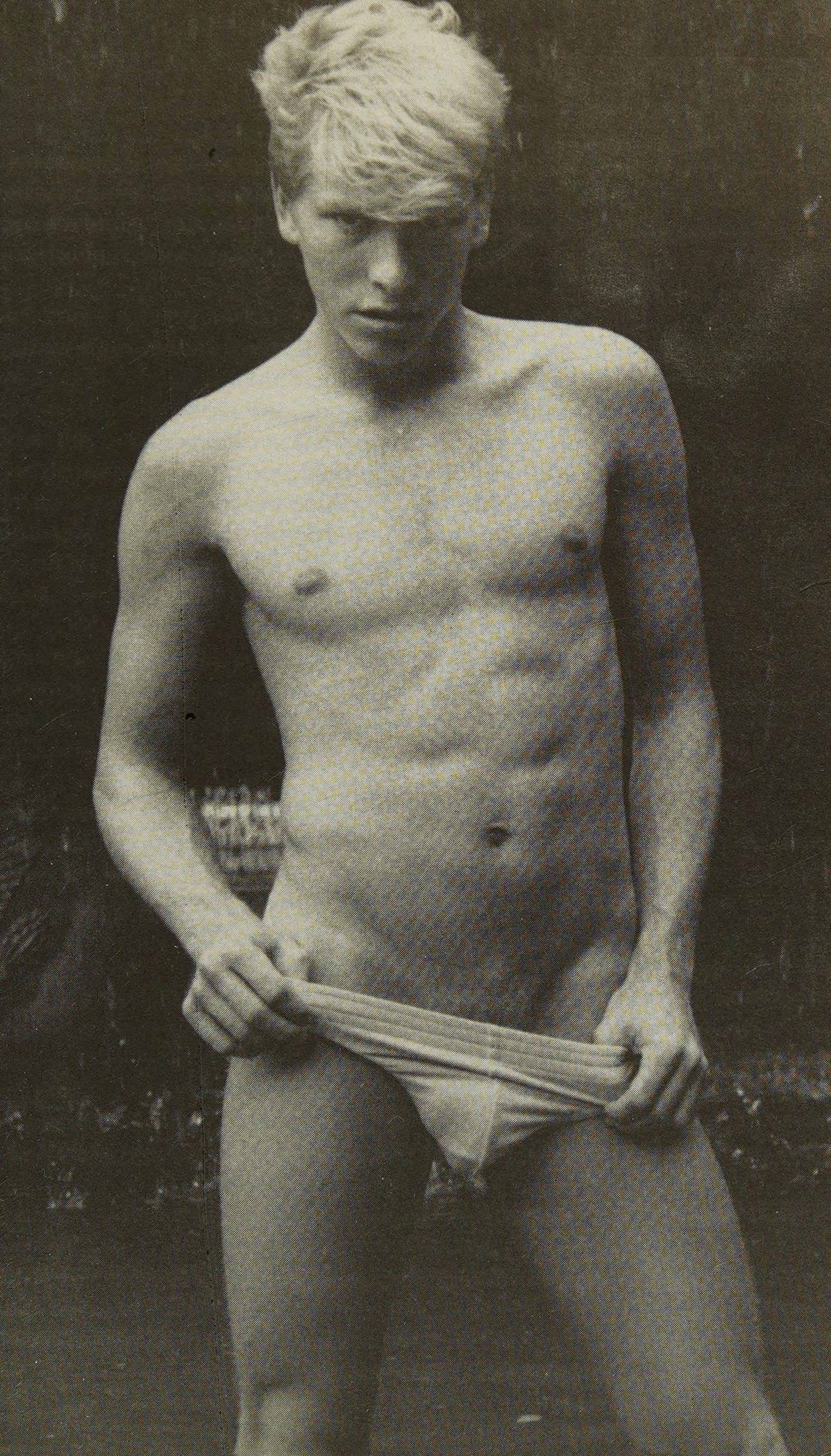
He once again lay back down on the bed face down, and I made a comment about his size-11 feet, and he laughed and seemed to drift off to sleep.

I stripped to my underwear and got in bed on top of the covers like Pete. I waited 15 minutes and I placed my hand on Pete's ass and slowly rubbed it. He seemed startled and I pulled my hand away, and to my surprise he rolled onto his back and I placed my hand on his crotch and crossed my fingers.

I eventually put my hand down his underwear and felt his cock and soft pubic hair. At this point I thought the hell with it and I slowly pulled his sweats and underwear to his ankles and slipped them over his feet. He seemed to squirm to make it easier for me to remove them but continued to seem asleep. I turned my dimmer lamp on low so I could see his body. Pete had a moderately hairy chest & stomach with dark nipples and a thick cut cock. I took his soft cock in my mouth and it grew thick fast, and was about 6 inches long.

I went down and sucked his balls and Pete let out a small moan and opened his legs a little. I licked his balls and continued licking down each leg and to his great feet, and sucked his toes and licked all around the tops of his feet.

I returned to his cock and blew him for awhile and he continued to seem to be sleeping. I continued licking him and decided to bring him



to orgasm. After sucking for around a half hour, Pete awoke suddenly and seemed flustered, although I believe he had been acting asleep. He got up and mumbled he had to get going and hurriedly got dressed.

He commented that he'd keep this between the two of us and then he left.

Pete and I have seen each other many times since and so far have never mentioned that fulfilling evening. I also still have never told Pete the incredible load I blew when I jerked off when he left. It was INCREDIBLE.

Mr. McDonald, I am 27 years old and these are my true experiences. I have had a few more encounters which I will send to you in the near future. (Disregard.) I decided to add one more experience.

Summer 1989. John was 19 at the time and he lived down the street from me. We knew who each other was but never talked until one summer's day I was having a few beers with a friend while sunning ourselves in my driveway. John came up and shyly asked if I would go to the store and buy him some beer. I couldn't resist this young, unbelievably cute guy and did him a favor. Over the course of a month it became a regular thing and we became friends.

One day he stopped by wearing only grey shorts and sneakers. His body was well rounded, hairless, and hard. I couldn't resist and said, slip off your sneakers and relax.

'He pushed me away'

He did. When I saw his entire body with only his shorts on, especially his cute, great looking feet, I went nuts.

I had a party the following night and invited him. He showed up in jeans & T shirt and sneakers and we all played drinking games and got pretty shitfaced.

I talked John into calling his parents and telling them he was staying over [at] a friend's house.

After everyone left, I cleaned up while John lounged on the couch watching T.V., and when I finished I turned out the lights and went over to the couch. I lifted his feet and sat down, and his feet rested on my lap.

About five minutes later I unlaced his sneakers and took them off and he said nothing. I then slipped off his socks and he said, what are you doing. I said now you're more comfortable aren't you, and he agreed.

I couldn't resist and started to rub his feet and then ran my hand up his leg toward his crotch, and he pushed me away and said he didn't want anything like that.

I didn't push it and suggested we go to bed, and talked him into getting in bed with me, but he kept his clothes on and I stripped to my underwear and climbed into bed.

John cont'd (ran out of paper).

Laying beside him I had a hard on. I waited awhile and he drifted to sleep. I quietly and slowly reached over and unbuttoned his jeans and slid down his zipper. I folded the flap of his jeans back enough to get his beautiful young cock out.

I began to suck him off and hoped he didn't wake up and flip out and I sucked & sucked. He got hard and I kept looking to see if his eyes were shut.

I fingered his balls and he shot his load into my mouth, and it was young and warm, and John never stirred. I only worried now he might let go with an after-orgasm piss, so I tucked his cock back in and zipped up his jeans, and fell asleep.

The next morning John left and that fall he went away to school and we sort of lost touch, except for occasional meetings around town. That gorgeous young body I shall never forget.

Once again these are all the truth and hope you can print them. I enjoyed writing them and jerked off to each experience I wrote when I was done.

P.S. I sent you two envelopes of experiences.

Marine Writes About the 'First' Dick He Ate

FLORIDA— This is a factual account of giving my first blow job when I was in my mid-teens a good number of years ago.

Bob is the very first person I can remember knowing. Remember him from the time I was about two years old. He lived only several houses apart and because we were the only kids in the whole neighborhood the same age, we became inseparable.

He was built like a bull and I was built like a giraffe. The other kids called us "Mutt and Jeff."

We both loved sports but because I did not have the weight to play football, I had to settle for basketball and track. Bob went on to be "All State" in football.

We were closer than many brothers. In all the years I had known Bob, I had never seen him undressed until one day when we were about 16. I was hitch-hiking home from town when much to my surprise, the car that stopped was my friend Bob. He had just bought a new convertible with the money he had saved from summer and after

school work.

He drove out past where we lived and into a wooded area where we did most of our hunting. He told me to come around and get in the driver's side. I didn't have the slightest idea of what was going on, except thinking maybe he was going to let me drive. I couldn't have been more wrong. When I got in and closed the door, I looked over at Bob. He was partially turned in the seat with his legs over the transmission hump and his back against the right door. Then I also noticed the top of his pants was open and his hard cock was sticking straight up in the air. All I could do was stare at it. It was the first time in my life that I saw another male with an exposed hard on.

The size of it surprised me, or maybe I should say the lack of size. It was only about four inches long, beautifully circumcised with a perfect light pink head.

He said, "Suck," which brought me back to reality. If anyone else had said that to me, I would have been all over them like "stink on shit." Sucking a cock would not even have crossed my mind, but since it was my "brother," so to speak, I didn't hesitate.

I took the head very carefully and slid my mouth down the shaft, being careful not to let my teeth touch his skin. When the whole thing was in my mouth, I just kept it there, not moving until Bob said to go up and down on it, which I did for several minutes until the very awkward position that I was in forced me to stop sucking and take the hard shaft in my hand and start jacking.

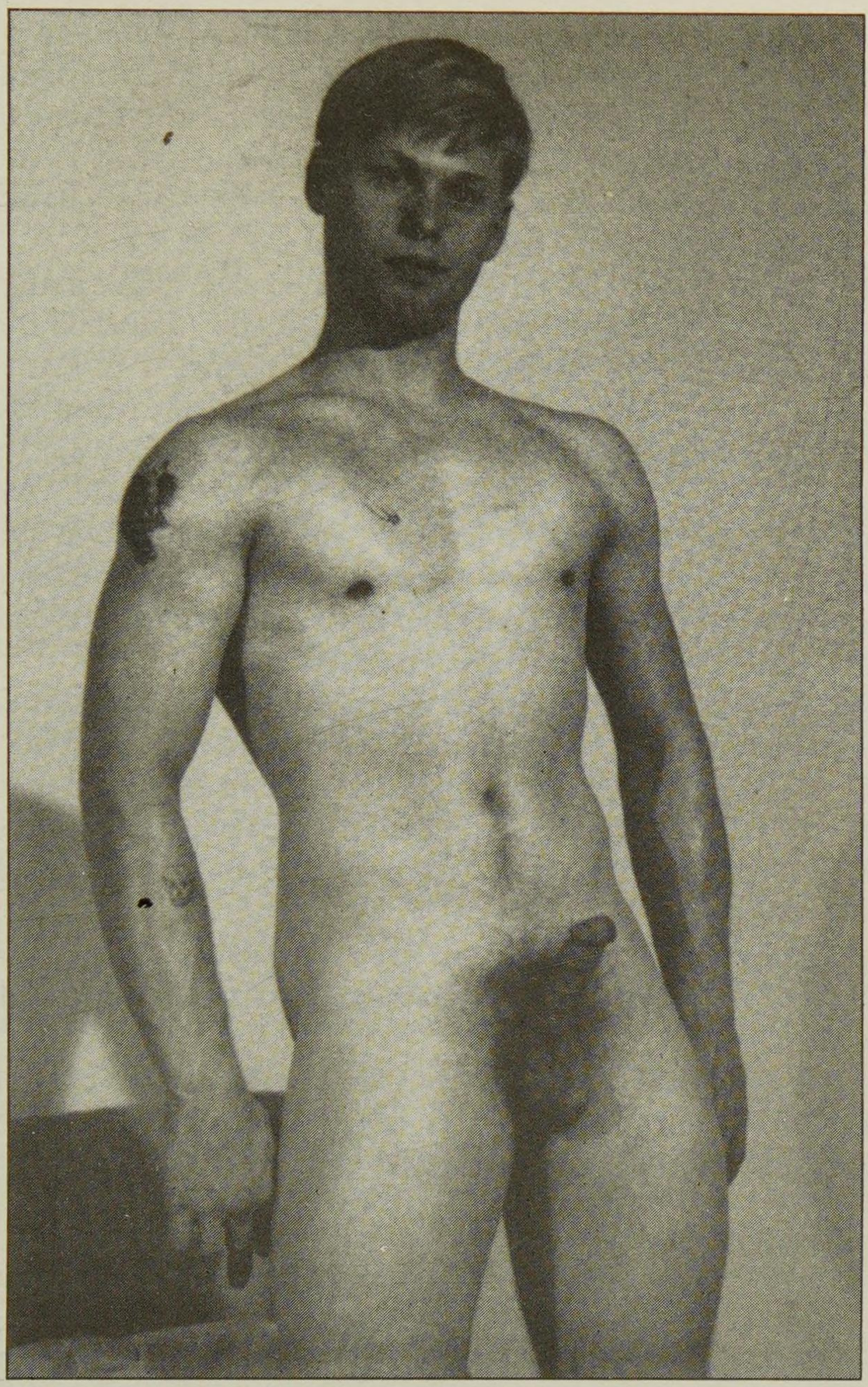
It felt funny the first time I took it in my hand, warm, soft, but hard as steel. The skin moved up and down the shaft easily but not as far up as my uncut cock did when I stroked myself. I jacked him for a couple of minutes, then went back to sucking, which was easier this time.

Shoots a wad six feet

I was beginning to enjoy it, but again, the half-turned position that I was in forced me to jack, which I was doing when he shot. The first spurt was about six inches, the second about two, and the third and final was just out of the end. This surprised me too. I thought he would shoot his load several feet like mine did when I jacked off. I could shoot up to six feet when I was younger, but now maybe it's one foot.

While Bob was putting his drained cock away, I got out and came around the other side. We changed places and drove home.

The second time this scene was repeated was several months later, the big difference being I was determined to be sucking when he came. I pulled off just a split second before the cum spurted, just like



the first time, only a few inches.

The third and final time happened just before graduation. We drove to the usual spot, where I watched him undo his pants, take out his hard cock, and wait for me to go down on it. This time I told him to get out, that I wanted to do it outside. I pulled his pants down to his knees as he leaned back against the fender. His cock was sticking up at about a 45-degree angle and for some reason looked bigger than it did in the car.

I took the head and for a few seconds ran my tongue over every bit

of it. I could tell from the noises Bob was making he enjoyed it too.

Then I did the same with the shaft, running my tongue over, around, and under every square inch as I took the whole thing in each suck, starting slowly and then sucking faster and faster. I wanted to give him as much pleasure as I was getting from it and judging from the animal noises he was making, I was doing just that.

It seemed a very short time later that he said, "I'm coming," and pushed me off just as the first cum spurted out. I watched the final spurts, again as the other times, only a few inches.

By this time, I had a good hard on and dropped my pants. My cock, about seven inches long, uncut, and very thick, sprang up. I pulled the skin back and told Bob that I was going to jack off before we went home. He said, "You've got a big cock," and watched while I stroked myself for a couple of minutes. His was hard again so I had something to look at while I stroked. I only had to jack off for a very few minutes until I could feel the cum rushing up the shaft.

My first spurt was about six feet or more, and the next several only somewhat less. At the sight of the first squirt, Bob said, "Holy shit," and stared as I finished it off. By the time the last drop of cum appeared the cock was beginning to go soft. I wiped the cum off the head, pulled the skin back over the head, and pulled up my pants just as Bob was doing.

After graduation, we went our separate ways. I made a career out of the Marine Corps, moved to another part of the country, and never saw him again.

I had completely forgotten what happened until out of curiosity I picked up the last issue of *Inches* magazine, which I had never bought before. It brought back the memories.

Mechanic Wears Wife's Panties

ATLANTA— Have a couple of clippings for you so I thought I'd pass along an experience or so.

My brother was friends with a couple that lived across the street from us. We were closer than neighbors. Earl, the husband, was about the same age as brother Joe and he was eight years senior to me. Earl was good as a mechanic though he worked at odd jobs for the most part. He overhauled our car once and usually kept it tuned up. His wife had the car and Earl rode a big Harley.

That wasn't the only thing he rode. He had a reputation of being a cocksman and frequently regaled us with tales of his exploits. At one

time he was fucking around with a girl in one of the local whorehouses and she provided him with intimate descriptions of some of the unusual events there. My 16-year-old mind soaked up anything sexual, especially since my own experience was so limited. I thought Earl was really something.

Late one day he was invited to dinner with us since his wife was working a night shift. After we ate and everyone was sitting around shooting the shit, time ran on and it was nearing bedtime. Earl suggested I go over to his place and spend the night. There being no objection, and I seeing no reason not to go, I went.

Their house was a one bedroom and kitchen set up. No living room, so it was either sit at the table or go in the bedroom. Earl suggested that we go ahead and get in bed where we could talk until we went to sleep.

We stripped down to our shorts and lay down together on the bed. It was a warm Florida night so Earl said that we should sleep in the raw. He asked me to take his shorts off and I did. Then he took mine off for me. This began to get to me and I had a hard time fighting a hard on. He began to ask me things like when was the last time I jacked off, if I'd ever eaten pussy, etc. He was getting an erection and as I watched his cock grow, mine followed suit. Then he got up and got a pair of his wife's panties and put them on and lay back down.

He explained that he liked the feel of her panties on his rod and balls. And he began to feel himself up through the panties. He wanted me to feel him too. I wasn't going to miss the opportunity of handling that hunk of meat. It was surely eight inches.

He moaned and began to talk about how good it felt to have my fingers moving on his meat. He reached over and began to stroke me. Man I was feeling good. I warned him that I would cum if he didn't leave me alone for awhile because I had a short fuse. He told me not to worry about that because it would take longer after I had gotten some cunt.

He just held me while I began to work on him. He moved around a little, obviously enjoying my hand. He wanted to know if I had ever had my cock sucked and I told him no. I really didn't if you didn't count the teenager next door some five years earlier.

I asked him the same question and he said, "Sure. Lots of times by both guys and cunts. It feels real good. Almost as good as fucking."

A sailor's first blow job

Then I wanted to know if he had ever given a guy a blow job.

"No," he said, "but I'll suck you off if you want me to. Then you'll have to suck me off."

I wasn't quite ready for that yet so I didn't immediately reply.

He then rolled me on top of him and put his arms around me and had me hump him. I couldn't do that very long because I was hot and ready to shoot. I rolled off and lay back. Then he took the silk panties off so that his tool was standing straight up. Damn, it was beautiful and I wanted it so bad. I was scared that someone might find out. Sucking cock made you a queer and everybody hated queers.

Earl began to jack off with one hand and play with me with the other.

"What's the matter?" Earl asked. "Don't you want me to suck your dick? Or don't you want to suck mine?"

"I don't want to be a queer."

He told me that a couple of horny guys getting each other off wasn't really queer. He said that I knew he wasn't queer and he was willing to suck me off.

I wouldn't give in, as much as I wanted to. So we ended in a mutual jerk off. I shot off first. Finally, he shot a tremendous load into his wife's panties.

He said that it was a good time and wanted to know if I had fun. Of course, I did. Afterwards, I often wished that we had gone farther. He could have taught me a lot about "frenching."

My first real blow job happened after I was enlisted in the military. I was 21 years old at the time.

I was walking from my duty station toward the public transportation to go home. I still lived at home, since I expected to be transferred to sea at any time. I had already called to let the folks know that I would be home for supper and I knew I was expected.

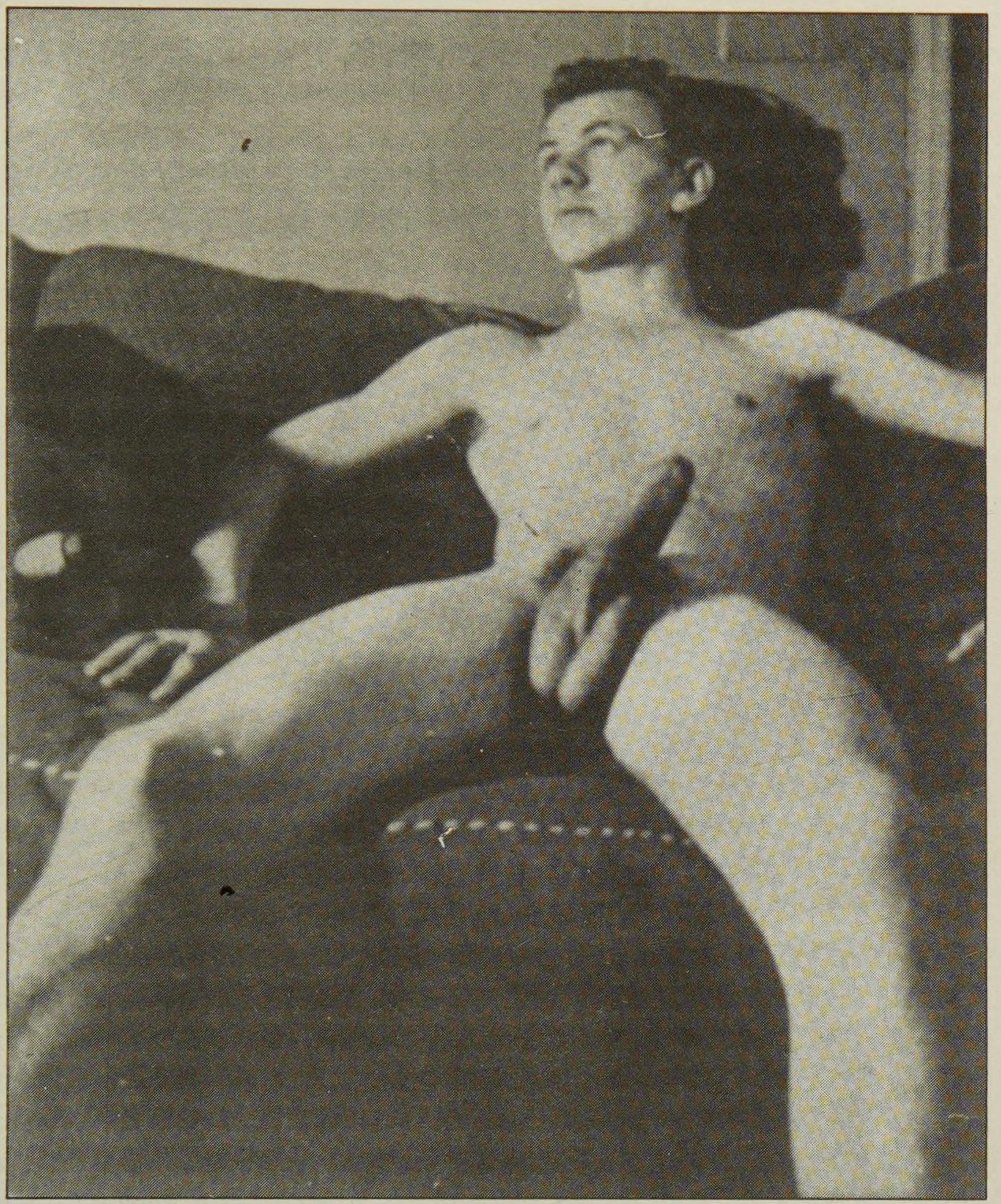
I was stopped by an Army corporal who wanted to know where there was a whorehouse. He said that he was really hard up and had to get his rocks off. I gave him the names of the two best known houses in town and general directions to get there. He wanted to know if I would go with him. I told him that I didn't have the dough. When I told him the going rate, he said he didn't have enough either. But he just had to get off; his balls were aching.

Then I began to understand what was going on and my cock began to grow, and in a white sailor suit, you just can't hide it. And my condition was not lost on the dogface.

He wasn't a bad looking guy– tall, thin, no basket to speak of, sharp (militarily speaking).

Looking me straight in the eye, he wanted to know if I had any suggestions.

I told him that it was risky but if he was in that bad condition he could walk down a few blocks and into the park. I was sure that there



were a couple of cocksuckers there who would be happy to relieve him of a load or two.

Again he urged me to go with him. I explained that I had to get home. So he wrote his name and phone number on a piece of paper and asked me to call. Said we would have a couple of drinks together and go to a movie. I told him that I might just do that. I reluctantly left.

I kept thinking of that corporal the rest of the evening and all during the day at work. I even went to the john and jacked off, wondering what it would be like with him. That afternoon I called him. He invited me over and gave me his address, and I went at the time he suggested.

He lived in a small apartment complex and it was with some

thought of conscience that I knocked on his door. He answered the door in his bathrobe, explaining that he had just gotten out of the shower.

We sat on the sofa and he said that he was tired and wondered if it would be all right if we had drinks in and forgot the movie.

Sure, I agreed.

Corporal has only 3"

So we chit-chatted a few minutes. Then he suggested that I get comfortable and take off my jumper. He wanted to help but Army types know nothing about gob suits so I skinned out and folded it inside out like you are supposed to do and laid it on a nearby chair.

After a few minutes he asked me to come with him into the bedroom. He said he had something to show me. I followed him in and sat on the inside edge of one of the twin beds. He handed me a copy of *Pageant* magazine opened to a photograph of three women on the beach.

Charles (his name) asked me what the picture was all about. I didn't know what he was getting at so he explained that one girl had been fucked and was contented, the middle girl was getting dicked, and the third was waiting her turn. Sure enough, the expressions of the girls could very well match that description.

He wanted to know if the picture turned me on. I said no. He said he wanted to find out and I told him to go ahead. He began to grope me through my uniform pants.

He said, "I told you so. You've got a hard on."

"I didn't have until you started playing around with me."

He suggested that I take my trousers off and get more comfortable. Again, he wanted to do it but I wouldn't let him. I had to wear them to work on the next day. So I carefully laid them on the far side of the outside bed.

He reached for my service boxers and I let him have them.

I asked him if he went to the park and dropped a load there. He said that he did, that he found a guy there who wanted to he cornholed and he did so twice.

As he was talking, he threw his robe off and was standing there bare-assed naked with the puniest little hard on you ever saw. It couldn't have been more than three inches.

But then I wasn't interested in what he had.

He wanted to know if I liked to be "frenched." His voice was so low and husky that I didn't understand him. I asked him to repeat what he said. He then asked me if I wanted to be sucked. I told him that was why I came over.

I lay back on the bed and Charles went to the foot of the bed and crawled between my legs. Without much preliminaries, he went down on me.

After a couple of minutes he wanted to know if I felt all right. I told him that I did and it felt fine. When he wanted to know if I was getting sick or anything. I told him no. Then he went back to sucking.

'He explored the crack of my ass'

He stopped again and said that he had never known anyone who liked being sucked as much as I did. I told him that he was doing a good job and that if he wasn't careful I was going to cum.

So he went back to work and I kept getting closer and closer.

I told him to quit, that I was going to shoot off in his mouth. He didn't and I did. I shot a load that just wouldn't quit. My asshole was sucking wind! It was just as good as I had thought it would be. Charles enjoyed my hot, hard cock and he drank every drop of my juice.

I asked him about that drink because I needed one. He said that he was out of mixer and that we would have to go and get some cokes. So we dressed and walked a half dozen or so blocks to a store. We met a couple of his buddies and I was introduced as a friend from back home. No one seemed to show any expression. Charles didn't act at all effeminate. If anything, he was butch.

When we got back we got "comfortable" again. Sat at the kitchen table and had that drink. We talked about ourselves– at least he did. He was married and had a daughter. He had worked in a clothing store owned by his father-in-law until he was drafted. Said he was a medic. I asked him how he could function around so many dicks, knowing how much he wanted to suck each one. He said it wasn't a problem with him on duty. He avoided scenes and had nothing at all to do with Army types. Hence, the reason he came on to me.

Soon he was on his knees eating my meat again. I soon filled his mouth with cum. The second time was as good as the first. I was beginning to like this.

We had a couple of more drinks, taking the last one to the living room. As I was about to finish the drink, Charles asked me if I was tired. I told him that I was a little bit since it wasn't an easy day on the job. He coaxed me into laying on the couch on my belly and he began to massage my neck and shoulder muscles. It felt great. He knew how. He moved down, working on my back, my butt, my legs, and my feet. Then it was back up, slowly, expertly, pausing only to explore the crack of my ass. When he got back to my neck, he told me to turn over. He began on my front side just as efficiently as the back.

This time he avoided my crotch and my raging hard on and went on to the feet and back to my neck. Then he asked me if he could suck me off again. What could I say? My dick had already spoken to him. Charles drank at my fountain for the third time.

We then went to bed to rest. We lay on the bed with his arms around me, just holding me. After awhile, Charles reminded me that he hadn't gotten his rocks off. I don't know if he was fishing for something or not. At any rate, I didn't respond. A couple of minutes later, he wanted to know if he could just put my cock in his mouth while he jacked off. I couldn't refuse after all the service.

'He slipped my shorts down'

So he gently took my soft cock in his mouth and started beating his little piece of meat. The closer he came to shooting his gun, the more activity his mouth took on and the more my pole reacted. When he got me going, he slacked off on his meat until he could bring us off together.

Afterwards, he thanked me for helping him out and we lay back down together. It soon was apparent that it was getting late and I had a bit of a drive to get home. So I told Charles that I had to get going.

I put on my boxers and went into the john to piss. He followed me in and held my tool while I drained my bladder.

My cock was cold, after all the action; it didn't react to his hand at all. Maybe it was just tired.

Charles wasn't ready to give up. He slipped my shorts down and asked me to sit on the toilet. Said he just wanted to look at me for a few minutes.

Well, looking turned into more action and I fed him my fifth load of the evening.

I knew that I had lost a lot of cum because my back and my balls let me know it all the next day.

I am enclosing a clipping from this morning's paper dealing with the latest machinations in the attempt to prevent a gay and lesbian organization on the campus of Auburn University.

Thought I would take advantage of the occasion to tell you of the second of my early experiences. I must have been about 13 at the time.

I remember I had been playing behind our garage with a couple of my friends when the teenager from next door appeared at the fence. As fate would have it, my friends were called home, leaving me talking with the neighbor. I didn't know him very well because he was a high school senior.

He asked me to come over and said that we could play hide and seek with his sister. I went over and his sister and I took turns hiding in his garage or on the outside of it while the other two were inside.

About the second time his sister was in the garage and he and I were "hiding" behind it, he had me lay on my belly and he lay on top of me. He asked me if I had ever fucked a girl and I assured him that I had not. Then he wanted to know if I had ever cornholed any of my friends. Again I was able to say I had not.

By then he slowly began to grind on my ass and I could feel his cock getting hard.

He then wanted to know if I had ever been cornholed. And again I said that I had not. He told me it felt good, that it was just like fucking a cunt. Said he wished we had more time so that we could fuck each other in the ass.

I was both scared and excited. After all he was five years older and a helluva lot bigger than I was.

He said, 'Suck it'

We had to break it off and go in the garage so that his sister could hide outside.

Once inside the garage, the conversation returned to sex. Did I play with my peter? Yes. How often? I don't know. Did I like it? Yes. Then let's do it.

We took our tools out and started stroking them. He watched me for a minute or two, then had me watch him jacking his meat. I was fascinated. To my young eyes it was BIG, certainly the biggest I had ever seen. Probably about seven inches in hindsight.

After a few minutes, it was time for me to leave the garage and his sister to come in.

I don't know what he did with his sister. I tried looking in but he caught me.

Soon he asked me to come back in and sent his sister out. He was still stroking his meat. I went back to my place and took my cock out.

He watched, and as soon as it was hard, he came over and started playing with it.

He wanted to know if I had ever been sucked. I told him that I had and that I liked it.

He leaned over and wrapped his mouth around my dick and began blowing me.

It wasn't long before I asked him to stop before it began to "tickle."

His action was much better, more experienced probably, than Paul or his brother.

He went back to his place and called me over. At first he had me

jack him. Then he wanted to know if I had ever sucked dick. I told him that I had not.

"Well," he said, "now is the time to start. Get on it and suck it."

I was reluctant. He instructed me to kiss the head and then lick it. After I did, he wanted to know how it tasted. I told him that I didn't think it had much taste.

"It doesn't taste bad, does it?"

I admitted that it didn't. In fact it was not at all unpleasant.

"Swallow the head," he directed.

It was a mouthful, but I worked on it the best I knew how. He was obviously enjoying it.

His sister called and wanted to come back in but he cut her short. Having swallowed his cock head, he now wanted me to take more of it and tried to coach me in taking it all. I choked and decided I had had enough. I pulled off and sat back down. He wanted to know how I felt about it– did I like it, etc. I had some mixed feelings, I'll tell you, but I didn't tell him.

He sucked me some more, then had me come close while he beat off.

'Our talk got around to sex'

He said he had something to show me. It wasn't long before he shot his rocks off and his load shot out three or four feet.

It was quite a sight for my young eyes– a big cock erupting juice. My first.

He swore me to secrecy and we broke off our games.

But I had had another blow job and my first cock to eat, one of the very few.

My next incident was far less exciting. We had moved to a little town in another state– a country town at that. There were very few playmates around so I spent most of my play time in a secluded spot in shrubs and bushes a short way from home. It was a sort of play house and I would stay in it for hours, reading, daydreaming, etc.

One day a fellow my age came by and we started talking. He lived about six blocks away. Over time we began to spend more time together. We often walked all over the area together, even to the outskirts of town.

Once in awhile our talk got around to sex, but it never amounted to anything; just the usual probing questions that early teens had in those unenlightened days.

Then came a day in the playhouse when my friend got horny and took out his cock and began to play with it. He reached over and took mine out as well. He wanted to know if I had been sucked. I lied and

said no and asked him if he had. He replied that he had been once. Told me then about a guy taking him home and how good it felt and how he wanted it again. I asked him who was going to do it and he said that I was. I told him it was not going to be me. He wanted to know why and then we began to dicker back and forth as he earnestly tried to convince me to go down on him.

Finally, I agreed to suck him while he counted to a hundred by fives, if he would suck me while I counted to a hundred by twos. So there it was, another cock sucked and another blow job,

We continued to be friends and run around together, often masturbating ourselves and each other, but no more oral acts.

One day we were in a barn with a young black in his late teens. We got into a hot conversation, talking about our experiences and asking him about his. He described in minute detail fucking a friend's wife while his friend slept. By then we were all jacking our poles. My friend wanted us to get into a three-way suck, but the black would have no part in it. He said if it was ever found out that he had touched a white boy, he'd be lynched. He was probably right. But we had fun watching him beat off a beautiful big hunk of meat. We thought it was great when he fired his gun and we saw that his juice was WHITE!

Later: I have just finished reading *Raunch* for the third time since it was loaned to me last week.

My earliest experience was pre-cum. In the 5th or 6th grade so must have been 11 or 12.

Memphis had a great park, Overton, where there were pools, playgrounds, golf greens, bridal paths, horseback riding, even a free circus. There were lots of woods– what a great place.

My Mom would let me spend the day there during the summer if my chores were done. Often some of the neighbor kids would go as well. Most often it was Paul and his younger brother.

'Stick it hard in this hole'

One day after eating the lunches the moms had given us, we decided to hike the bridle paths through the woods. They were never crowded and it was fun to wander there. We liked to stop in the restrooms and read the graffiti.

On this particular day we found a glory hole. The writing said, "If you want your cock sucked, stick it hard in this hole." We all laughed.

Paul dared me to do it. So I jacked my dick up and as Paul watched, stuck it in the hole. I was shocked to find a mouth wrapped around my meat. It really felt good, so good that it "tickled" and I couldn't take any more. I pulled out and Paul replaced me. I walked out and went in the other booth. There was Paul's brother with his

face up against the partition.

When Paul was finished, we started to leave but little brother raised hell until Paul went down on him.

After that, Paul and I along with another boy would have "club meetings" to talk about peters and asses. It would lead to a circle jerk but nothing else.

On another occasion, Paul and I were on our way to a Saturday movie matinee. As we cut through the neighborhood, Paul wanted to suck me off. We stopped behind a garage and I fed him my meat. Right in the midst of the act a woman came around the garage to see what we were doing. She couldn't help but see. I pulled out quickly and put my shaft away. We knew that there would be hell to pay when she squealed on us. But maybe she thought we were pissing because we never heard from the incident.

We moved shortly thereafter and I never heard about Paul after that. But I knew I was hooked. I never missed many chances to get blown since.

Enjoys Smelling Musky Mexican

LOS ANGELES (1986)— I regularly read your work and find it honest.

My sexual pick-ups have been limited to downtown L.A. and to Latinos (mostly Mexicans) who speak little or no English and who are either "trade" or borderline cases (basically straight but unsure about their gay impulses) or who have been without sex for so long that they have no qualms about letting a guy blow them or in a few cases fuck them.

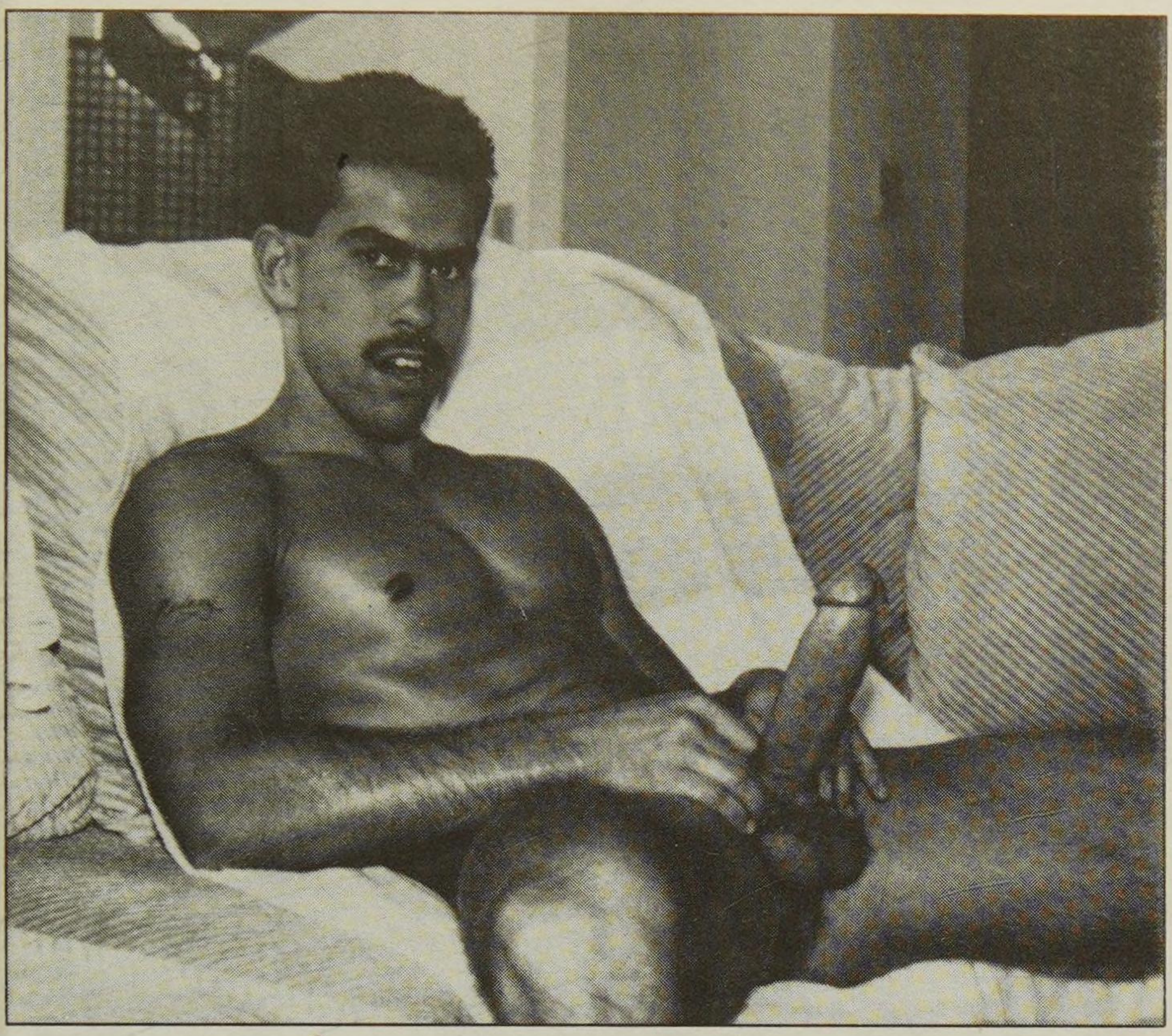
You really have to have their confidence to get them to let you rim their assholes, though. Occasionally you meet guys who do it just for the money (there are so many refugees and undocumented workers in desperate situations in this city) and I have paid on occasion.

But for the most part there is something homoerotic in their psyches. There has to be. So I don't think they do it just for the money.

I'm Chicano myself but find myself attracted exclusively to Latino Nationals. I've never had an "ugly" experience with any of my pick-ups and find most of the guys very polite, masculine, and willing.

Downtown L.A. on Broadway is the best place to pick up Latino guys looking for a night of sex. There is also McArthur Park but most of the guys there are hustling. Most of the guys I've picked up in downtown L.A. have been Latino Nationals (not American born) and "trade."

One guy in particular I remember: Juan. I saw him walking down



Broadway. He was tall and well built, around 30 yrs., dressed in jeans, cowboy boots, and a white cowboy hat. He was a classic sexy Mexican cowboy.

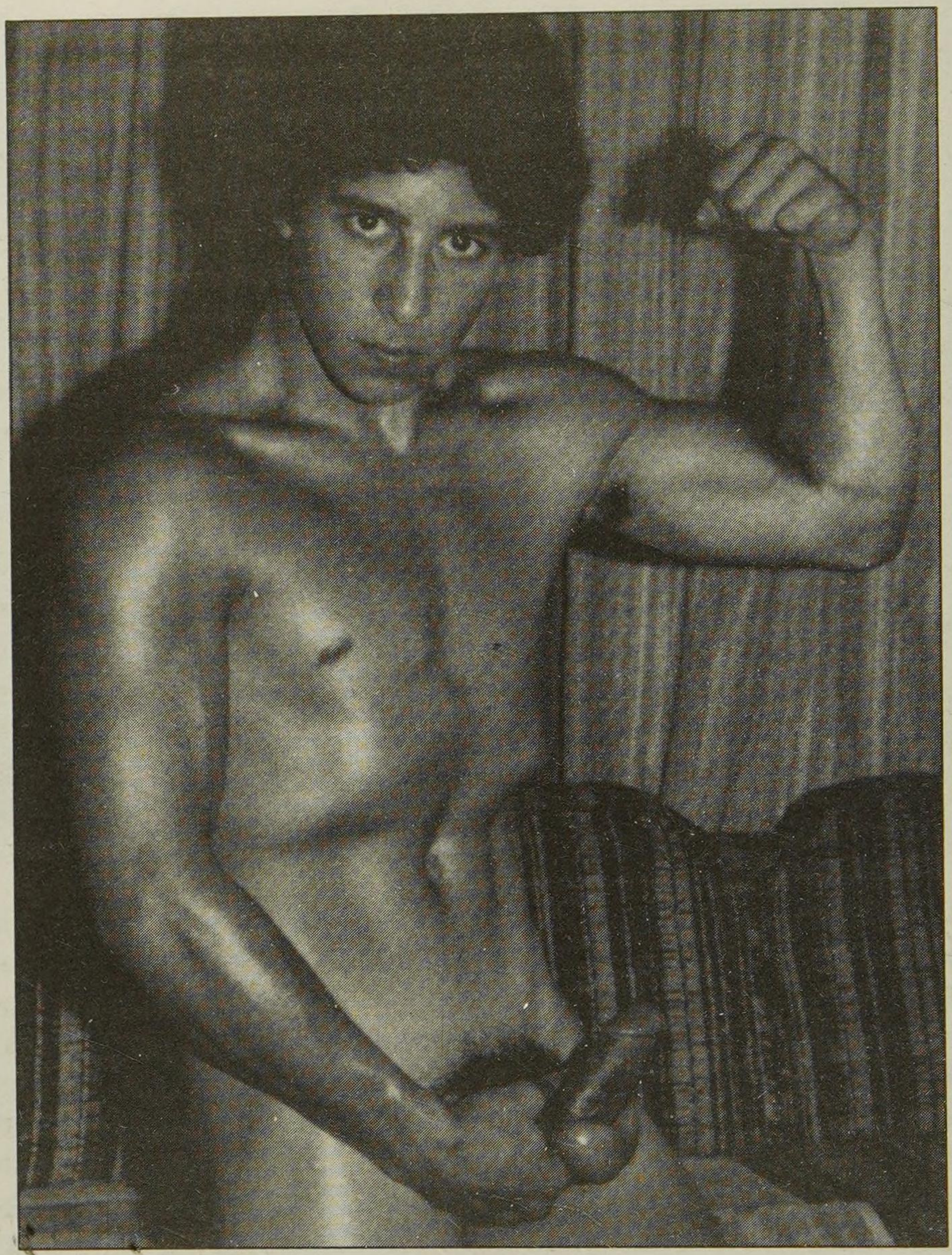
I drove around the block three times to try to get his attention. Finally I parked and waited for him to walk by and called him over to my car. It was around 1 A.M. so there weren't many people on the street.

He asked me what I wanted. I almost fainted, he was such a fox. Dark-skinned, a mustache, and super white teeth. He was built solid: strong arms, legs, and a nice chest (his shirt was open).

He spoke no English, although he said he'd lived in L.A. for two years. He was on his way home, and was walking to the bus stop. I offered him a ride home. He was hesitant at first but when I offered to buy him a drink he said O.K. He had been at a downtown dance club (straight).

By talking to him I found out that his work (construction) kept him in shape.

On the way to his house in the car I asked him if he was married. He said he had been in Mexico. I asked him if he'd ever made it with a guy. He said on a couple of occasions when he was in the army he'd let guys suck him off.



He asked me if I liked to do it. I responded by placing my hand on his thigh. He opened his legs a little and let me feel his crotch through his pants.

'He raised a leg'

We went to a cheap hotel. I asked him if I could undress him. I stripped him down to his jockey shorts, feeling and licking his body as I did. He had a sensuous musky natural smell and was also wearing a nice light cologne. I was feeling him up all over with my hands and my nose and my mouth. He was standing and I buried my face in his crotch, rubbing his cock and balls with my nose through his jockey shorts.

His cock was getting hard. I put my mouth on the underside of his balls and sucked through his underwear.

He laid on the bed while I undressed. He was a sexy sight, lying on the bed, his muscular legs spread, one arm behind his head and the other hand rubbing his hard on.

I laid on the bed between his legs and sucked his nipples. I worked my way down his chest and stomach and slowly pulled off his underwear. He had a lot of pubic hair. His cock was turned upward and hard. He had a beautiful cock and big balls.

I played with his cock and balls, teasing them with licks and kisses. His cock was long (around 7-1/2"), uncircumcised, dark (except for the pink head), and velvety smooth.

I sucked him for awhile, taking his balls into my mouth too. He would moan when my tongue would go below his balls to get to his hole. He said he didn't let guys touch him down there. I told him to let me rim him just to see if he liked it. He said O.K., just once.

I had him raise one leg while I spread his ass cheeks with my hands. He had a musky smell that was not at all unpleasant. I sucked his balls and worked my tongue down around his asshole. His body twitched a little as I did this. I licked his asshole and he moaned. I asked him if I could fuck him but he said no. So I asked him to let me put a finger in his ass while I sucked him off. I told him it would give him more pleasure. He didn't say anything but raised a leg again. I took this as a "yes." I put spit on my finger and put it in his asshole.

I put his cock– which was limp now and the foreskin completely covered the head– I took it in my mouth and pulled back the foreskin with my tongue and teeth.

His cock grew in my mouth. I got his cock real hard and was sucking it hard. He was breathing heavily. All the while I was feeling his asshole. I put my finger in a little. He didn't say anything so I put it in a little more. He was tight inside. I could feel his asshole twitching.

He asked me to suck him faster and I put my finger in as far as it would go. He moaned. His body went erect and he shot a load in my mouth. His cum had a bland sweet taste. He probably hadn't come in some time because his cum was very thick and white.

He let me jack off while sucking his dick, balls, and asshole. When I came we washed up and got dressed.

I wanted him to spend the night but he said he couldn't. I drove him home. He lived near McArthur Park. He didn't have a phone and he lived with some family members. He said if I ever saw him downtown again to give him a ride. He shook my hand and we said goodnight. I never saw him again but it doesn't matter. Just thinking about him makes me horny.

Sex in the News

Mother Says, 'I Don't Give a Shit'

A defendant named Michael pleaded guilty to "sexual misconduct" in Queens Criminal Court, New York City. His plea, according to an article by C. Carr in the *Village Voice* (New York), included this exchange:

JUDGE: "You put what where?"

MICHAEL: "I put my penis in her mouth."

Carol, Michael's mother, proved herself to be a conversationalist of rare charm in a later exchange:

WOMAN SPECTATOR: "Rapist!"

CAROL: "Son of a bitching dyke. I'll kill her. No one calls my son a rapist. I'll kill 'em. Lock me up– I don't give a shit."

Carol "was last seen in a car hurtling down Queens Boulevard, her head out the passenger window giving the finger to a knot of Women's Action Coalition members. 'Hey dykes! Go suck your mothers.'"

Note that Carol told the women to "suck" their mothers; the normal foul-mouthed message would be the more ordinary "Go fuck your mothers."

Given Carol's public discourse, the imagination balks at the task of speculating on what she says in the privacy of her traditional American family (Republicans in all probability).

Nude, Drunken Cops Appear in Videotapes

Men who enjoy watching videotapes of drunken, naked cops running around in the woods and indulging in homosexual horseplay will be interested in an Associated Press dispatch from Boynton Beach, Florida, which reports that "many" such tapes do exist.

The dispatch says that Boynton Beach cops "frequently visit a campsite owned by a fellow officer, and many videotapes have been made." The content of the tapes, according to the head of the Boynton Beach police union, is "usually just a bunch of guys running around naked and drunk as a skunk in the woods 25 miles from nowhere."

One of the tapes shows a naked cop "pretending to have sex with a guy in a rabbit costume," the dispatch says. It does not specify whether the naked cop has a hard on.

It would be interesting to know whether the cops selected for these escapades are chosen for the beauty of their faces and bodies and the size of their meat, or whether any old pot-bellied, fat-assed cop who is hung like a mosquito will do.

That the lower classes are not the only ones that like to play naked with each other and be photographed naked is suggested by another AP dispatch, this one from London, which says that "The *Sun*," England's "largest-circulation tabloid," ran a photograph of Queen Elizabeth's second son, Price Andrew, Duke of York, naked, but with a crown "superimposed over the groin" of His Royal Highness.

The dispatch says that the photograph "was taken on a camping and canoeing trip on the Petwa River... with old friends from Lakefield Cottage, a private school near Toronto."

Prince Andrew's hose must be of a decent size since he appeared in the nude and allowed it to be photographed.

Ballplayer Jacked Off, Women Claim

Andrea Peyser wrote a superb little story for the New York *Post* about charges that David Cone, a New York Mets pitcher at the time, invited two women to watch him beat his meat in the bullpen at Shea Stadium in Queens, New York City.

The story is a startling example of the decadence that permeates heterosexuality these days.

Andrea writes that Dave invited two women to the bullpen before a game "with the promise of an autographed baseball."

Andrea continues: "After chatting amiably with the pair about real estate, [one of the women] said, Cone excused himself and walked behind a partition 'to blow his nose.' The woman said Cone called her [and the other woman] to come over. Rounding the partition, she said, the women saw the player with his pants down, masturbating."

Andrea quotes one of the women as saying, "Anyone that's even close to [Cone] knows about it. It's talked about."

Cone has since joined another ball club. Wherever he is, in all probability he is enjoying himself; any man who jacks off in front of two women in a ball park must have truly ecstatic jack-offs in the privacy of his lovely home, with or without an audience.

Marco the Police Dog Traces Nude's Fragrance

At three o'clock in the morning, a woman who lives in the 800 block of Asheville Drive in Slidell, Louisiana, called the cops to report that "she was awakened...by a man standing beside her bed," says the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*.

The paper adds, "He was nude from the waist down. She said she screamed and he fled."

Marko, a Slidell police dog and in all probability an expert ass-sniffer, traced the sweet smell of sex from the woman's bedroom to Cardinal Drive, where a cop saw a 37-year-old man clad only in a T-shirt jump into a red car and, presumably with his bare ass on the seat, drive away. The cop "pulled him over" and arrested him.

According to the *Times-Pic*, the Slidell police chief "said the man's clothing was found in the car." The article does not say what happened to the man's underpants or, to mention a less valuable item, his car, when he was arrested.

Man Sucks Dick In Front of Cafe

An Associated Press dispatch in the *Herald* of Rock Hill, South Carolina, reports that "two gay men were charged with crime against nature, a felony punishable by ten years in prison, for having oral sex in front of the Old Western Sizzlin' restaurant in Chapel Hill [North Carolina]."

The dispatch says that the co-chair of the North Carolina Coalition for Gay and Lesbian Equality cited the restaurant arrest as an example of unfair police practice in the state. North Carolina has an anti-sodomy law that covers everyone but is used mainly against homosexuals.

What is this country coming to? It's getting so that men can't even suck cock in front of a restaurant anymore without being arrested.

How petty can the police get?

Paul VI Sucks, Author Claims

Perhaps the most startling item in *Gay Roots*, the big fat "anthology of gay history, sex, politics, and culture" drawn from Gay Sun-

shine Press's 20-year record, is page 412, on which Roger Peyrefitte, a French novelist, says that he "knows" that Pope Paul VI (1897-1978) was homosexual.

Because of the church's opposition to homosexuality, Peyrefitte says that his revelation of the Pope's homosexuality created a sensation when he first made it during Paul's reign. Peyrefitte decided to go public with his claim in 1976; he had become "indignant" when Paul attacked homosexuality and even masturbation. This was too much for Peyrefitte, especially considering that, as he says, when the Pope was Archbishop Giovanni Battista Montini he would go to "a discreet house to meet boys" and "had a relationship with a young movie actor who is very well known."

Peyrefitte says the actor's first name is Paul and that that is the reason Montini took the name Paul when he was elected Pope.

Peyrefitte got his information about the Holy Father's sex life from clergymen in Rome.

The 703-page anthology is edited by Winston Leyland and published by Gay Sunshine Press, PO. Box 410690, San Francisco, California 94141. The soft cover edition is $22.95 plus standard handling charges of $2.00.

Sneaks Phrase 'Sucking Cock' Onto Sports Page

An apparatus in New Jersey has contributed what is probably the world's best newspaper clipping.

It's a routine sports story about a high school wrestler by the name of Ferman Crisco. After five ordinary paragraphs, the story suddenly lurches into the breathtaking sentence, "After surrendering a 5-1 lead in the second period, in which he was sucking cock..."

The story then returns to its regular mode.

The paper later ran an apology for the "obscene descriptive phrase." The apology is directed to "readers and more specifically to the young athlete who was the subject of the description." An editor's note says that "the reporter whose byline was on the story was not responsible for the offensive language. The language was included in the story by an editor on the sports desk."

Our apparatus identified the paper only as "a central Jersey newspaper." The clipping identifies the paper as *The Home News* without giving the city of publication. The wrestler who is the subject of the sabotaged story is from a city with the enchanting name of Perth Amboy.

Now, the only thing *The Home News* has to do to clear up the matter entirely is admit that it made a grammatical error. The phrase, "sucking cock," is, as the paper says, "obscene," delightfully so, but it is not a "descriptive phrase" nor a "description."

Hard Ons In the News

There's good news for men who feel, wrongly, that they're not alluring enough to win sex partners. Two apparatuses have sent clippings which suggest that men in heat will fuck not only anyone, but anything.

A man in Wichita, Kansas, apparently became so horny one morning that he tried to fuck the hole in a 7-1/2-pound barbell weight. The hole proved sufficiently gratifying that the man got a hard on so hard it got stuck in the fucking hole.

Around 5 p.m., presumably holding with his hands the cast-iron weight in which his dick was stuck, he entered St. Francis Regional Medical Center "distressed and desperate," according to United Press International.

A doctor tried to dislodge the man's hose for "more than an hour," to no avail. He called a fire department rescue squad. They tried using bolt cutters to remove the weight from the man's rod, again to no avail.

They decided to get a "heavier cutting tool" but instead a urologist cut an incision in the man's meat, allowing it to "drain," presumably of blood, which is the essence of tumescence.

Finally, after 12 hours, the man was able to pull his prick out of his unorthodox sex object. He was "released from the hospital a short time later."

"Fire Department officials," the UPI dispatch says, "were reluctant to talk about the incident for fear of embarrassing the man, and refused to disclose his name."

This is a pity; had they released his name, he undoubtedly would have received offers of more conventional holes to use– that is to say, suck holes and fuck holes.

The fact that the man is in weight training suggests, but does not guarantee, that he constitutes a high quality piece of ass; and any man who experiences sexual heat so intense that he tries to screw a cast-iron object is surely so sexually gifted that he can be goaded into a satisfying sexual performance in bed (or in a car).

Another piece of hot stuff in the news is a man of "about 40" years

who is depicted by a retired urologist, William A. Morton, M.D., as an "unmarried loner." Mmmmm. Unmarried loners are *ipso facto* alluring, especially when, like this one, they are so hot that at lunch time they don't leave work but stay to jack off. This one does that regularly.

One day he held "his penis against the canvas drive-belt of a large floor-based piece of running machinery" in the machine shop where he works. "When his scrotum became caught between the pulley-wheel and the drive-belt, he was thrown into the air and landed a few feet away."

He stapled his cut ball bag together with one-inch staples from a "heavy-duty stapling gun... of the type used in putting up wallboard," and went back to work.

Later, according to the doctor's article in the magazine *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*, the man repaired to the emergency room of a hospital, "pale, febrile, and obviously uncomfortable." He told a woman nurse that he "needed a doctor who took care of men's troubles."

Enter the urologist. He writes that the patient "gingerly opened his trousers to expose a bit of angry red and black-and-blue scrotal skin. After I asked the nurse to leave, the patient permitted me to remove his trousers, shorts, and two or three yards of foul-smelling stained gauze."

His ball bag was "swollen to twice the size of a grapefruit. A jagged zig-zag laceration [was] oozing pus and blood."

The doctor removed eight "rusty staples" and patched the man's balls up; he was released from the hospital "less than a week later."

Note that when the urologist removed the patient's trousers and shorts, it was the gauze that was "foul-smelling." Better to have foul-smelling gauze than foul-smelling trousers and shorts.

This alluring sexual desperado may live in West Chester, Pennsylvania; at least the urologist does. Possibly the hot fuck could be located by taking out an ad in a West Chester paper, "To the man who was injured by a drive-belt in his machine shop, call me at once for relief."

This item, and the one about the man who got his dick stuck in a cast-iron barbell disc, illustrate the dangerous consequences of living in a frustrating sex-negative culture.

But one of the greatest advantages of homosexuality over heterosexuality is that it is forbidden. If homosexuality ever loses its alluring stigma, it will be as boring as heterosexuality– and that's very boring indeed.

I must admit that one of heterosexuality's by-products, children, are enchanting. (But not sexually.)

Pervut, Believed to Be a Republican, Wants Butt Sniffed

LOS ANGELES— Been a long time since I've seen a new *S.T.H.* compilation on the shelves. When's it going to happen?

I had a minute to myself so I thought I'd offer another tidbit from my nasty past.

Getting bored with sex in conventional places and in conventional ways, I was always looking for new thrills, which led to my discovery of the Griffith Park cruising area. What a sex pig's delight! I couldn't believe what I saw– men driving around with their fat cocks out of their pants, wagging and flopping them at you as they passed by. Old men, young men, white men, black men, Hispanics, every group was represented in the park, all with one common denominator, to have sex.

My favorite time of day up there was around 5 P.M., when it started to get dark. There was about 45 minutes left of light, enough time to check out the men and identify them with their cars (when it got dark you couldn't see faces anymore when they drove by), and to pump up my dick and work myself up to a raw state of mind.

One particular dusk I had been driving around yanking on my cock, a fat 8 inches, for about one hour, sizing up who I wanted and who wanted me. I was clearly in a sexual trance, with only one thing on my mind: getting my mouth crammed full of meat. My inhibitions were gone.

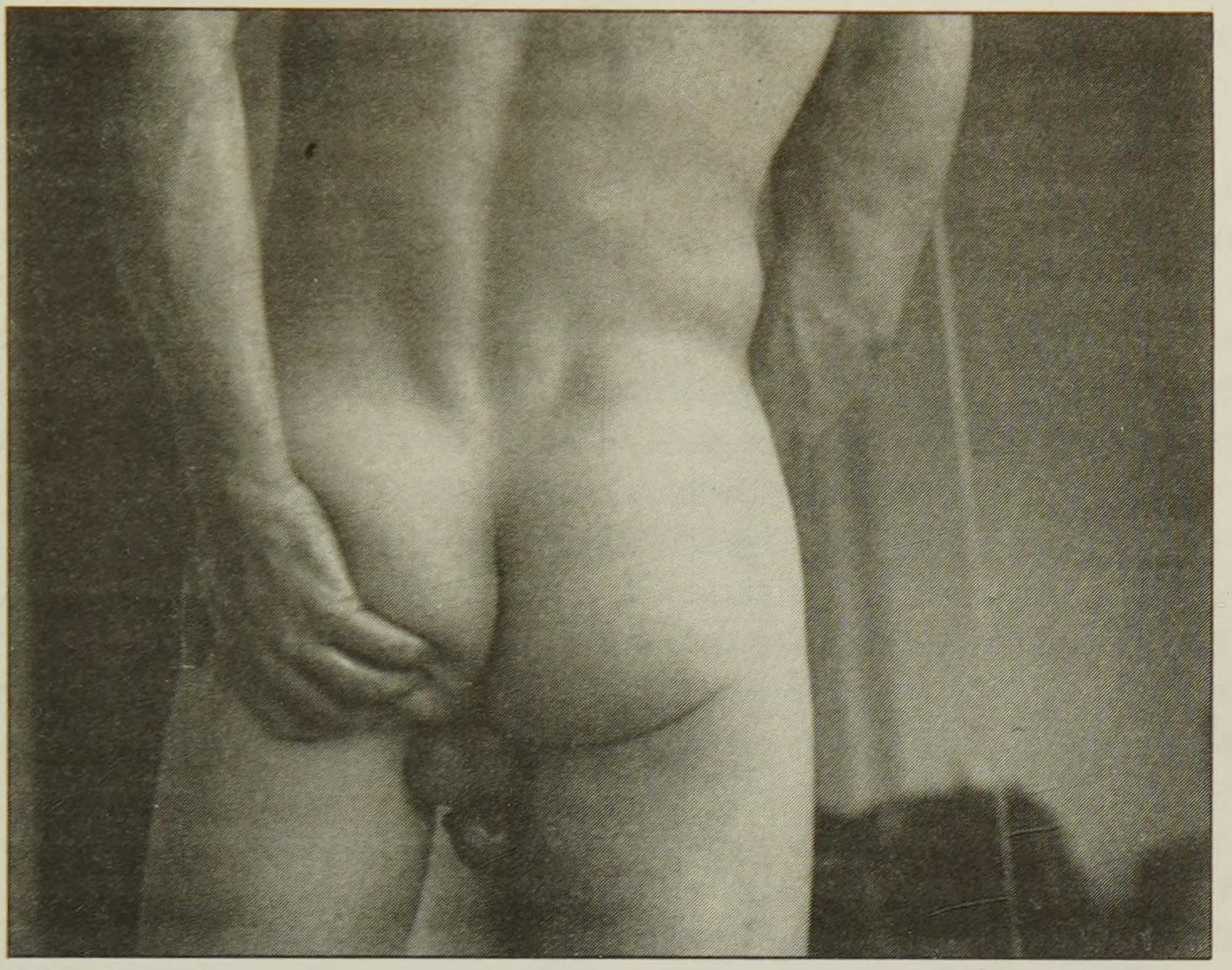
I started with taking my shirt off and driving around showing off my gym shoulders and chest (the only reason I stay in shape is so men will want to use me). I ended up with taking all my clothes off, except for a cock ring.

It was summer, and even at dusk the air was hot and smoggy, keeping my skin slick and sticky. Slick on my chest, arms, back, and legs, and sticky in my crack, on my hole, under my balls, and the rest of my crotch, all the places I want to find sticky on others.

By this time the men in the park were all in a state of animal need, the sky was almost black, and cars were parked everywhere with their doors open, shielding the sex acts that were happening.

I sampled a few dicks and was ready to give in to my dark side. I love using my mouth and letting others use it. I pulled over to a dusty parking area where three other cars were parked, virtually hidden from the street.

There were three guys standing, fully clothed, facing each other, stroking on their dicks but not touching each other. I guess they hadn't let go of their inhibitions yet.



I opened my car door, exposing my naked sweaty body and my hard cock, making all three turn to look at me. I could see they were turned on by my total lack of decorum, but none of them approached. They just continued massaging their dicks, all of which were long and thick. One of them, a Hispanic, even had an uncut one, which I love.

They all needed a push so I got out of the car, started rubbing my ass crack up and down the side of the door, and said, "Anyone want their ass eaten out?" Then I got down on my knees in the dust and continued to milk my cock.

A 'really nasty hole'

That's all they needed. One of them laughed and pretended he was shocked, but the other two, the Hispanic and the business man, walked toward me.

No words were spoken. The Hispanic reached me first and slid his dick in my mouth. This guy must have been a laborer because I could smell his armpits even over the odor of his dick and balls. He was very tentative, though, just gently sliding his uncut cock in and out of my mouth, not even holding the back of my head in place.

The other guy, the Suit, was the first to pick up on my dark desires, and he was the one who grabbed the back of my head and started pushing it up and down on the Hispanic's dick. I loved it.

The Suit pulled my head off the guy's dick and told the Hispanic to

turn around and put his butt in my face. The Hispanic, in poor English, said something about "dirty" but the Suit replied that he didn't think I cared.

There I was, kneeling on the dusty ground holding my fat cock and staring at the sweaty ass crack of a Hispanic laborer while a nasty business man held the back of my head and said, "That's what he asked for, so show us what you can do" (not his words exactly but roughly what he said). I didn't need him to ram my face into the Hispanic's ass; I would have gladly done it on my own. But Suit was getting off on controlling the scene so I went along.

My face went into Hispanic's ass as he pulled his cheeks apart, helping my nose hit its target. If I thought his crotch and armpits were rank, I was not prepared for his really nasty hole. I like stinky ass, but this was a totally foreign smell, not an ass smell, something else, more like the smell of cheese. I guess that's what people mean when they say "butt-cheese."

Well, I chowed down anyway and it didn't take me long to erase that smell by slurping it all up with my tongue.

Hispanic kept trying to pull his butt off my face but Suit kept pushing it back on. Hispanic was ready to shoot– that's why he was trying to pull off. He wanted to turn around and give me the option of eating his load or not.

Finally he did turn around and just as his cock swung around in front of my face his sperm shot out, first hitting my cheek and ear. When I realized he was draining his cock, I opened my mouth wide, stuck my tongue out and caught the next four spurts. Hmmmm, good thick pasty sperm!

Gets tongue in hippie's butt hole

Hispanic milked his cock a little more and I continued kneeling while he slid his foreskin back and forth over the head of his dick, producing additional globs of cum with every squeeze, which I licked up.

Hispanic then left immediately, leaving Suit and the young hippie-looking guy, who was just standing back, beating his stick and watching.

Suit seemed more interested in being the facilitator than in participating, because when I leaned forward to take his cock in my mouth he pulled away and told the Hippie to come over and get his butt licked, which made the Hippie laugh.

Hippie was a real nervous type and I remember he giggled through the whole scene, off and on, like he was doing something really naughty and had to be directed by Suit in every move.

Hippie did come over and Suit told me to lie down on my back. So

I lay down in the dust, looking up at Hippie in his drawstring pants and striped tank top and at Suit in his grey suit with the pants down around his knees.

Suit squatted down over my face with his butt inches away from my mouth and just as I was about to raise my head and start eating, he stood up and motioned for Hippie to take his place, as if teaching a dumb child how to do something by acting it out first.

Well, Hippie laughed again and pulled his pants down, revealing a real lean ass with pimples in the crack. He squatted over my face and I could hear his knees crack as his hole hit my lips.

His ass smelled just like an ass should– like sweat and shit residue. Perfect.

I started eating his hole out like crazy, sometimes getting my tongue real deep inside when he relaxed his hole enough. He was jacking on his dick the whole time and I could feel his asshole opening and closing around my tongue faster and faster, indicating he was going to shoot.

I never got to suck his cock at all. He just pulled his butt off my face, sat on my chest, and started squirting his ropey load all over my lips and nose. His full weight was on my chest, which wasn't very comfortable, but I kept my mouth open and caught the last couple spurts of his sperm on my tongue.

Hippie then did the first thing on his own: he used his cock like a spatula and wiped the cum off my face and deposited it in my mouth, giggling the whole time.

He left as quickly as Hispanic, leaving only Suit and me. I got up on my knees and leaned forward to take Suit's cock in my mouth but he pulled away and told me to stick my nose in his butt– no tongue, just my nose. He had a real thick body, not a gym body, just a naturally firm thick body and a big beefy butt with no hair on it. My face went into his ass and my nose found his hole, which barely smelled like anything at all. I mean this guy was squeaky clean.

Well, I did what I was told. I fucked his hole with my nose, and that's all he wanted, because every time I stuck my tongue out to lick, he pulled away.

He was real nervous by this point. I think he was edgy about being alone with me. He brought himself off and turned around, standing a foot from my face, and started shooting his load on me. I opened my mouth but didn't get any direct hits, which was too bad because he had great sperm, really white, thick, and globby, the kind that stays exactly where it lands; and it smelled wonderful.

Suit didn't even stay to milk his tool. He just tucked it in and left in a hurry. He was still doing his belt when he got in his car. I was

still on my knees when he started his car, revved his engine, then spun the car around in my direction, coming a few feet from me. He yelled "faggot" through his window at me. Probably a Republican with a wife and two kids on his way home to tell them how a faggot made a pass at him on his way home.

I have to admit he was a good director. I'm only sorry he didn't have a few more guys there to direct toward my mouth.

I have more Park experiences which I'll send along when I get time.

Keep up the good work.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *This man didn't give his address. I hope he will see this invitation to him to write again. His descriptions of taste, smell, and so on are unusually precise.*

I will also use this means to comment on the statement at the beginning of his letter. There is good news for him and for the other readers of these S.T.H. *chapbooks. The staff of Fidelity Publishing in Boston, who publish these chapbooks and the magazine* The Guide, *have agreed to continue publishing regularly men's sex histories. Publication will no longer depend on just one person (me).*

I have met five of the Fidelity staff; they all have the rare self-confidence needed for honest writing about sex. And since they write honestly about sex, they write honestly about anything.

Readers are invited to send to Fidelity letters about their sex experiences for anonymous publication. The address is

Sex Histories
Fidelity Publishing
P.O. Box 593
Boston, Massachusetts 02199

Thus S.T.H., *which began as a small but not humble one-man effort, will now be kept going by a group.* —B. McD.]

Travel Topics: Suck Stops on the Highways of Vermont

VERMONT— For me this has been the summer of sex at the rest stops. I suppose it's been going on for as long as there's been sex and rest stops, but it was all brand new to me. It takes a while to nail down which are the good spots and good times, but once you do, there's good action without fail. Look particularly for "no rest rooms" stops that have wooded picnic areas.

Here is what happened last night. I went to the stop nearest

home, a pull-over that has a concrete stairway leading to a picnic area and woodland trails above. The routine is: you walk past the parked cars, go to the stairs, and lean against the overlook fence. Pretty soon someone will come up, cruise past you, and go off down one of the woodland trails. If you're interested, you follow.

Last night, the first one was a slim young guy who gave a lot of massage to his crotch as he cruised by. I followed. In the woods, he had his peter out as though he might be taking a leak. I slowly approached him. He let go his cock and it immediately sprang up. I gave it a massage with one hand while lowering my pants with the other. He immediately flopped down and began sucking my cock like a starved man.

When I felt near shooting, I tried to ease him off, because I didn't want to come yet. He sprang to his feet and began furiously jacking me. I tried to get him off but couldn't make him let go.

Just then I noticed there were two other guys standing nearby watching. I managed to get the maniac jacker off of me and approached the bigger of the two guys. He was quite a bundle: a real jock with blond crew cut and pecs bulging under his tee shirt. I reached out and gave his prong a massage. He didn't mind, so I eased down his shorts and went to work on his dick. It was large, had a nice upturn and a big round head– like my own.

But the best part was putting my hands into action. God, what a body!

But then I felt a cock banging against my cheek. It was his buddy. So, it was only friendly to give him a suck as well, though he was smaller and in no way spectacular.

But whenever I could, I'd transfer back to the jock.

It didn't last long, because the jock patted me on the shoulder, said "thanks," and he and his buddy split. I did too, because I didn't want to be attacked again by the maniac jacker.

But I hadn't been in my pick-up long before something went by much too good to pass up. He was just my type, a real working man– square jaw with five o'clock shadow and a sinewy body that comes from manual labor.

I got myself up the stairs after him and eased in along side on the overlook fence. We had the usual "nice night" conversation, but he wouldn't look at me and made no overtures, and I knew he was going to be tough.

I decided it was best not to grope him, and said instead, "Look, there's a nice quiet place back there, if you'd like to go," pointing to one of the less used trails.

He didn't say anything. I headed off into the woods. He didn't fol-

low. I waited. At last he came. He stood at a little distance. I walked fast up to him and right away I went down on him, giving him good firm strokes, my hands helping on his no-flab ass.

Then he pushed me back. I thought, "Okay, that's that." But he turned around and put that great flat hard ass against my mouth.

In a flash, it occurred to me that this guy's a serious- minded virgin who thinks it's his duty to experience everything.

'Kissing him all over'

I rose and worked my thumb against his butt hole. Of course it was small and tight. I got out some lubricant and then I worked my thumb into his hole. Then I put a condom on and started rhythmically applying pressure. Slowly I got a wedge in his ass, but it was long, hard work, and I didn't think he was going to be able to open up.

But then, all of a sudden, my cock popped inside. He let out a mighty HUH! and I had to touch his cock to see if he'd come. No. So, I started slowly working to get my cock all the way in.

During all of this he was absolutely quiet and didn't once touch me with his hands. Finally I got it so that I could take strokes inside him. But he was still very tight.

Just as we'd settled in for some good action, here's a new guy hurrying up and flopping down to suck my guy's cock. But both his looks and his personality are pretty lousy, and soon we're all off balance and the excitement has gone out of it. I decided not to hassle it, and I split back to my pick-up.

I'm there maybe two minutes when the new guy is pounding on my window. "It's you he wants," he says, and he shoves my working-man beauty forward towards me. He stands there and looks me square in the eyes. My heart is pounding.

"Let's go into the back of my pick-up," I say to him. "It's got a mattress there."

So we go back and I lock the rear window against our "friend."

I slow-strip him, kissing him all over. I particularly kiss the palms of his hands, which are heavily callused but alive with sensitivity, even though his arms are just lying there.

I get naked myself, put on a new condom, and go up his ass. It isn't any easier than the first time, but now I'm willing to take all the time in the world, because I feel there's something real between us. I have his legs over my shoulders, my hands on his pecs, and am staring at that unshaven, masculine face. Just as I'm about to come, I hear a groaning nearby. Our "friend" has his lips mashed against the side window and is pounding off against the side of the pick-up.

I flop down and shove and come. Man, this is what it's all about.

'His skin is terrific'

I don't know how much time passes, but the next thing I'm aware of, there's a spot light shining in the rear window and the crackle of a cruiser's intercom.

Both of us go rigid. Luckily, the blanket is pulled up pretty much over our heads. So we just freeze that way.

It must have been half an hour that the cops raced up and down the stairs, flashing lights and barking, "Come here, you!" But at long last, they moseyed on out.

In an instant, my partner bolted up, cracking his head against the roof, jammed on his clothes, and was out of there.

Raiding a rest stop is about as effective as swatting at a horse fly. In 15 minutes the place was full again.

Having a good fuck always makes me hornier than ever; so I set out to find something new. I was just walking past the car behind me when the window rolls down. It's a cute little Latino.

"Too dangerous here," he says. "I know a place to go."

So I get back in my pick-up and follow him.

At the next exit we go to a parking lot of a cinema complex and down to the far end where there are woods. He has a couple of blankets, and I follow him out into the thicket.

But pretty soon the path gives out and we're crashing around in the underbrush and swamp.

"I haven't been here in a while," he says apologetically.

We go back and after a while he finds the right trail. He spreads his blankets, whips off his clothes, then arches back on his elbows so his cock is straight up in the air.

His skin is terrific, juicy, dark and smooth like a plum. I enjoy massaging him as much as sucking. But suck I do. And suck and suck.

Finally I ease off and concentrate on licking and massaging. But his cock is making furious pumping motions, so I go to work again.

I don't know how long I was at it but he doesn't seem any nearer to coming than ever, so I let go.

Immediately he gathers up his stuff and is gone.

This morning I'm covered with mosquito bites. But that won't stop me from being back at it tonight.

(LATER.) More from your rest stop correspondent.

Last night, at the local rest stop, I hit the ground running. I had off four guys. My neck and sweat shirt were soaked with cum. Today I've got a hard on throbbing so bad I don't know if I can hold out until tonight. Life is wonderful.

There's a rest stop not too near where I live but well worth going

to every few nights. The main area is an open space under some tall trees with a few broken picnic tables. Here, mid-evening, there are usually 10 to 15 guys doing a slow glide. The standard costume is white sweat shirt and short white pants, so it looks sort of like ghosts of fallen warriors.

But of course it's also a mating dance and gradually guys are approaching each other in a twosome, threesome, or foursome.

It sometimes looks like a serious conference. Then the stroking of crotches begins, first your own, then the guy you're interested in.

'I'm getting a sore face'

Then you drift off down a short trail to a smaller clearing in the rear. It's sometimes quite crowded back there, groups of three or four, one guy doing the sucking while the others watch and rub and stroke.

The other night I went directly back there and joined a group already in motion. I went down on my knees next to the current sucker, began playing with thighs, and pretty soon there were a couple of cocks headed in my direction.

I did the alternate action routine, giving hand to one guy, mouth to the other, reverse, mouth to the second guy, hand to the first. But after a while I became very fond of the guy to my right for his thick, big-veined cock and an ass it was a pleasure to hold on to. I quickly rose and gave him a hard kiss. He responded. So we get into a session of deep kissing,

After a while I felt my shorts being eased down and hot air on my ass. Then a tongue was licking its way around my thigh and a head forced in between me and my buddy. The wet lips closed over my cock. But pretty soon my buddy shoves the sucker away and begins thrusting his meat against mine. And he's moaning louder and louder into my mouth. I'm getting near to shooting myself, so I go back to my pick-up to cool down and have a drink.

After a while something real good is cruising by and off up one of the trails. I follow. He's a thick-set Mediterranean type with long black hair and an all-day-at-the-gym body. And he's in a hurry. With one hand he whips down his shorts and with the other he shoves me down. And he's shoving in his thick short cock like he wants it to come out the back.

Pretty soon I'm getting a sore face, so I rise and start rough-kissing and biting his nipples. I'm going at it so hard that at first I don't even notice he's got his finger up my ass. But when I do, I push it out.

"What the fuck is that!" he says, loud and angry.

And he turns around and crashes off into the under brush.

I take a trail guys use if they want to do some serious fucking.

There's one tree back there that has a patch of bark worn smooth about six feet high from guys bracing their hands against it, and there are two indentations in the dirt where their partners have rocked while they heaved it home.

'I sucked and sucked'

And sure enough, there's a pair at it now. A good looking young couple, stripped naked and having a real workout. It's full moon and an absolutely magical scene. I watch without letting them know I'm there until I come in a great free-spurting arch in the blue white light.

I leave without disturbing them. The scene stays firmly implanted on my eyes and in about two minutes I'm as horny as ever.

I go back to the pick-up for another drink, then wander through the clearing among the slow-dancing ghosts.

There's a path off to the right that runs parallel to the parking lot. In the gully between the woods and the lot are tall standing lights that cast strong orange rays down through the leaves. You can feel the light and shadow ripple over you as you stalk like a hunter looking for other ripples ahead.

When I saw one, I increased my speed. And when he heard me, he stopped and turned. He was tall and thin and looked very blond under that light. I approached him without slackening my pace and put my hands on his rib cage. (The point is not to do anything hesitant once you've made contact.) Then I ran my hands up and down his silky shirt. Then I put my hands under his shirt and ran my hands up and down his body, which was silky too and without a trace of flab. My hands continued down his hipless hips and thighs until his shorts were off and his cock was aimed at my mouth. It was long and thin and round, and when I took it, it was silky too.

Out of ribbon, so that's all for today.

(LATER.) I am addicted to cock. I love them thick, thin, long, short. Every night I suck from one to a dozen. And when I'm not doing it I'm thinking about it.

After dark I go to a rest stop, spot a guy, approach, touch, ease his shorts off his hips, go down on my knees, massage his thighs, play with his balls and ass until his dick pops up, then I put it in my mouth and I suck it. Until either I feel him coming, and I finish him by hand, getting a spray on my face and clothes; or we've both had enough.

And then I go get another guy. And then another.

Last night was one of the weakest nights. But that was mainly because it was cold.

I went to a rest stop I don't use that much, for a change. I went off into the woods where there was a car and a bike parked. Back behind

a picnic table was a guy in a leather jacket and another middle-aged guy with a beard just getting off his knees. I approached and indicated I was available but they'd evidently finished their business and hurried past me and sped off.

So I went to where another driverless car was parked and down the trail nearby. Sure enough, there was a nice hunk down there pretending to piss. When I walked towards him he put it back in his pants and started to leave. But I reached out and gently got hold of his crotch. He stopped. So right away I went on my knees pulling down his shorts as I went. I began massaging up under his shirt and all down his legs. But my hands were too damn cold and it wasn't warming him up. So I got his half-hard cock in my mouth. I could tell if I got it hard it was going to be a beauty. But I sucked and sucked and it stayed right where it was.

I got my hand working along the shaft under his balls, and that helped a little. But somehow the whole thing was turning into a hard work assignment and I wasn't surprised when I heard, "I gotta go," and he split.

'My Cock Is Oozing By the Third Page'

WISCONSIN— I have just finished one of your chapbooks, a gift from a friend: *Lewd*. Wow! You have opened a whole range of enticements for me. As I am housebound, in a wheelchair, living by myself, the mails are the only way for me to get such stimulating reading matter. (My cock is oozing pre-cum by the third page.)

Could you take the time to note on the enclosed card where I might, by mail, purchase other of your chapbooks?

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Other readers ask the same question. Here is my oeuvre. These books are all priced at $12, plus $2 additional for mail order:*

Fidelity Publishing, P.O. Box 593, Boston, Massachusetts 02199: Raunch, Lewd

Gay Sunshine Press, P.O. Box 410690, San Francisco, California 94141: Meat, Flesh, Sex, Cum, Juice, Wads, Cream

Gay Presses of New York, P.O. Box 294, New York, New York 10014: Smut, Filth, Cruising the Movies

Bright Tyger Press, Box 263, 537 Jones Street, San Francisco, California 94102: Skin

Check with these publishers before sending money to make sure the book you want is still in print. —B. McD.]

Soldiers Grope Each Other In Back Row of Theater

NEW YORK (1986)— I greatly enjoy your sex histories written by various men and submit the following for possible inclusion. I affirm that ALL is true.

At first, sex was mysteriously fun. When 9 or 10, my first major mystery occurred. Upon rounding a corner, I found Red spitting on his "thing." In Bible Belt Iowa I had never before seen or heard about such. So my neighbor Red explained the mystery, instructing me how to pump myself up and down. To my surprise, the buzz he said would come came. Red and I never talked about this again.

While visiting a farm friend and watching two animals, Loren and I imitated "playing horse," one rubbing up against the other. The same good feeling came, and we repeated our game for several years.

The pleasurable sensation also came when I climbed the school swing at recess, the only catch being that one day I started to "cream," which caused a wet spot in the crotch of my pants. At the time, I had no idea that so many other humans had experienced such joys. I assumed I was unique. Don't we all.

Then, sex became dirty. Helen, for example, instructed me that babies are born with great pain by bleeding through one's navel. I worried whenever I bathed that a baby might drop out of my navel, for what would I tell my parents! My father, in fact, once had warned me to stay away from two old retarded farm brothers, saying they were that way because they had masturbated. Dad must have observed the guilt feelings on my face that moment. I recall mainly that I felt immediately distanced from him.

Then, sex became fun again. Every boy in our town, including me at the age of 15, told the lie that we had slept with Gladys. I wasn't sure what "sleeping" with a girl meant, but I did develop a fascination for listening to those who bragged about their feats. Sometimes they showed me the hard-ons through their pants. One boy's tight pants so excited me that when at age 16 I could legally drive I circled the guy's place, hoping he would notice me and ask me to come in.

At 18, and drafted into the Army, I shared the first night with a fellow draftee in a Pullman double on the way to Ft. Leavenworth. He was such a sound sleeper that I could touch his dick and he would continue snoring. So I experimented for an hour, whereupon he came, awoke, assumed he'd had a wet dream, and left for the bathroom. Holding another's private parts gave me a certain warmth then, and it continues to make me sensuous even now.

Stationed in Louisville, I found one western movie house where

soldiers and others played with each other's dicks in the back row. Even at Ft. Knox, they would slip a coat over their laps and let willing fingers wend their way toward the soldiers' groins. Names were never exchanged, and repeat performances were not expected.

Sent to France, I found Rheims pissoirs quite active day and night, with Allied soldiers of several nations exchanging physical camaraderie. In one cinema, I sat next to a stocky displaced person from the USSR, so as a friendly gesture I spread a dollar bill onto his lap and pointed to George Washington. He understood nothing. He'd never before seen George. But when I touched the bill, his pants underneath stiffened and he started laughing, boyishly; in fact, he held my hand on his dick throughout the movie and afterwards we searched for a park where we could mutually masturbate.

Corporal fucks captain

On another night, close to the Cathedral, I came upon two Air Force guys "playing horse," except that they had their pants down and for the first time I observed that a male could actually enter another male. In fact, that a corporal could enter a captain!

Back in Chicago, I agreed one night to leave a movie with an older man, who amazed me when he adeptly guided my cock up his ass– it was my first "real" sex, and I was 21. He begged me to stay for the night, but for some reason I got that Old Time Religion and left hurriedly. The next day, I wondered why.

At age 27, in New York City, I was talked into being the Greek passive partner, which resulted in my bleeding onto the sheets. Scared though I was, I agreed to repeat performances (and 38 years later the two of us are still roommates– he has been my only true love, it's clear, although we've both had thousands of sex partners).

Over the years some scenes do stand out. In Haiti, I was in a gay hotel where one 14-year-old native visitor picked me out– I could place my fist three times over the length of his cock, and still the tip peeked out. Although somewhat flaccid, it must have been 12", and I marveled at his ability not only to hide the entire machine up my rear but also to hide it in his pants when he walked. He had the "clarinet" type of cock, one that doesn't grow all that much even when it's hot. I, on the other hand, have the "accordion" type that expands from 4" to 7".

Once, on a Greyhound bus in the South, when the lights went out, an unlikely lad plugged me under the cover of my raincoat while everyone (I hope and think) continued to sleep.

In Puerto Rico, a marvelously built pick-up refused to let me fuck him, so when he fell asleep I slipped out, leaving him to pay the hotel at which I had signed under a false name.

On New York City subways during the 1950s, I learned to manage getting pushed skin-tight against almost anyone of my choice during rush hour, and lots of action ensued. Nothing seemed dangerous then, so sometimes they came home with me and sometimes I with them.

Once, one slyly slipped his cock into my mouth– I had thought it was his fingers, in the darkness of his room– and it was the first time I'd ever enjoyed being French active. On another occasion, I was the Greek active partner and my acquaintance refused to let me withdraw from him; I complied, and we fell asleep; but when his roommate came home he climbed into bed and now I was slipped into the middle position.

In Morocco, Omar and his young friend toured the country with me in my rented car and stayed with me at their relatives' places or in hotels. On the first night, they initiated a threesome, and I ended up as Lucky Pierre in the middle for seven successive nights. That's especially comfortable, for nights near the Atlas Mountains can get chilly. For that matter, it's comfortable even on a sweltering desert.

Now, at age 65, sex is as much fun as ever before. Just a month ago at a movie house while standing in the back, I was descended upon by at least seven middle-aged romeos. Few script writers could have come up with a better scenario than what happened, for one man slipped my shoe off and began fondling and sucking my toes; #2 kneeled in front, wildly pulled my pants and underwear down, and sucked my cock. As if on cue, #3 and #4 unbuttoned my shirt and each started biting a nipple, which doesn't exactly turn me on but neither do I object.

As others crowded around the orgy, I cooperatively held a cock in both hands and savored the sensations from my toes to my hands to my dick to my nipples. Ah, and then a 6' 6" black moved in from behind and stuck his finger up to my prostate. Literally, I burst with semen. Although I've returned to the same spot several times, some scenes are truly hard acts to follow.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *I hope this writer, and others, will send more about sex in World War II and sex in the subways, especially the subway terlets.* —B. McD.]

Rolls Him Over, Kisses His Asshole

DELAWARE— I'm 57 now, traveled the globe, enjoyed many lovers, fucked much ass, sucked many cocks, shaved many pubes, still healthy, happy, content, but found NYC in '57 to be most exciting.

I'd been to NYC a number of times with my parents, but just out of the Army, I went up to Times Square on a Trailways bus, so I could leave NYC about 1 A.M. to get me home by 3 A.M. and sleep on the bus.

I met a married 32 y.o. white tall thin clergyman and he said he was visiting friends on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. Being a church boy myself, I felt comfortable being with him, and when he invited me to join him, I felt it would be fun to meet some real New Yorkers.

From the bus, we went to the men's room at the Port Authority and being next to him, I observed a very nice eight-inch cock that was white with a pink head, the kind I like to suck.

Now, for years I was in the closet, having a hard time accepting my sexual identity, even though I'd sucked around from age six or seven, sucking all my elementary school male class mates, then on into High School and cooling off a bit in the Army until I reached Japan & Korea, where I had a field day!

It seemed Henry, the clergyman, just sort of lingered at the urinal, while I observed, not fully grasping that scene. Then we took a subway and walked a bit west of Central Park to a lovely stone building where 30 young men had gathered for a party, with the preacher being the eldest.

There was much kissing, hugging, laughter, and exuberant joy, as we were accepted, and yet much groping and crotch patting and ass patting too.

In a library was a large sculpture of David, buck nude, and it appeared everyone who entered seemed to lean over and kiss David's marble dick. We all sat on the floor, along a wall or in a semi-circle, and listened to testimonies of what God was doing for each individual and a few male couples. After blessing and a snack, many left, and I was going to leave too, but had to pee, so I asked for directions and was led by an 18 y.o. cuter than David himself.

Turning on a light and closing the door, Paul just stood there, but as I was unzipping & moving to the toilet, he moved too, got down on his knees, took my cock in his mouth, and let me pee in his mouth. I had never experienced that before, and was a bit frightened, though it was a turn on. Lifting Paul to stand upright, I sat on the toilet, pulled his drawers down, put his semi-hard uncut 6-1/2 inch cock in my mouth, and sucked until I drained his balls of sperm.

Cleric fucks army vet's mouth

I was always a talented cocksucker. Being sucked wasn't my thing, not even by a lover. I loved to make a cock squirt its juices. Gay, yes, a fag, I suppose, who liked to shave and rim a lad's ass hole before inter-

course, and suck his balls dry, but not into being touched myself.

Paul, when I was frightened, asked me if there was anyone else in the house I'd like to suck, and I immediately confided, the preacher.

He said to wait there and he summoned Henry, who came in, closed the door behind him, smiled, unzipped his fly, and gave my mouth the best face fuck of my life.

I had five more guys after that and several asked me to go with them out to their place for some fun. It wasn't all that late, but I'd sucked cum from seven cocks and felt I should head home, so I did.

To this day, I know not what that meeting/party was all about, or who that tall lean married clergyman really was. Never again did I find such an agreeable group of friends, happy, laughing, joyful, and willing to freely participate in all-male sex.

Traveling on business, my destination via United Airlines one June day was Chicago.

I was housed at the River Road Weston, which was close to O'Hare airport.

Having been to Chicago many times, I headed one night for the River Road subway station to take a trip downtown to the Loop.

On the platform, I saw a 5' 6", 120 lb. Asian (being in the Orient with the military, I love Orientals). This lad was in his early 20s.

The power of positive thinking always worked for me, so I asked the guy how long of a trip it would be, downtown. As he began to answer, I looked him straight in the eye, told him he was adorable, that I would love to fuck him; and I was at the Weston, Room --- for a few days. Then I said I didn't need to go downtown if he had the time.

An hour later he was in my arms in bed making love. I was 49 yrs., he 20-1/2 and a great bed partner.

I never did go downtown that week. Between him and others I met at the station, on the street, or at the hotel's bar, I had enough sex to keep me very content.

In 1970 I began vacationing in St. Petersburg Beach, Florida, twice a year, spring and fall, keeping up with the changes each trip.

I was married and very much closeted.

To my surprise, one year, the very popular tourist attraction, the Sea Aquarium, closed and was fenced in for several years, sitting vacant. Walking the beach one night watching the sun set, I observed a curious thing: a young guy wiggled thru a hole in the fence and disappeared.

'He slipped his swim trunks down'

Curious, after seeing my wife into the lodge to cook dinner, I went through the same opening in the fence and slid thru to see a path

leading into the halls of that marvelous inner chamber. Fear struck at me. I thought in the dark I could fall into a pit and never get out.

But just as I was leaving, I saw the flicker of a lit cigarette in the darkness. The small thin guy I'd seen an hour earlier came to my side, took my hand, and led me to a darkened area. He felt my bulge and began to fumble with my fly.

I counteracted, knowing his size by feeling his limbs in the darkness. I went to my knees and whispered, "I'll do you." I unzipped his fly and sucked his cock and balls.

After he left, and before I could get to my feet, three more stepped up for the same service.

Needless to say, these ruins became a semi-annual suck-a-thon for me. It was best about 5 P.M. and late at night in the light of a clear sky and full moon.

I never met any of these guys I had there.

St. Pete Beach has always been a good source for cocksucking, before, during, and long after the Sea Aquarium. Each trip brings new and exciting young men with an age-old need. I'm fortunate to have been available to service many.

At noon time one day, walking a public beach in Treasure Island, Florida, I followed a young guy to his car in the parking lot. I stopped, smiled, and observed it was one hot day and "best to put extra lotion on to protect yourself from the sun."

He opened the trunk of his car and said he always had a problem putting the lotion on his back.

"Oh," I said, "let me apply it."

He handed me the tube and then I asked how far he wanted me to go.

"All the way," was his reply.

I said, "Here, standing in the parking lot?"

We put a beach towel on the seat of his car & climbed in. He slipped his swim trunks down and I consumed his cock, right there in the parking lot in broad daylight.

If anyone observed us, we never knew it.

Spontaneous on-the-spot action has always been my fortune. It's my opinion it happens daily, someplace! Are you ready?

Shop talk: I hired a tall, thin accountant from Charlotte, North Carolina, with Banking experience. My policy was, never fool around on the job. But Hank demanded attention. He would linger in my office, always showing his bulge well.

After he got to know me he said everybody at work knows the boss man is gay, and he wondered if I thought he was cute. He said, "When ya going to visit me after work? I'll make it worth your while," etc.

One day he invited me to lunch, and as we stood in a crowded elevator, he purposely rubbed his crotch into my thigh, which sent me into another world salivating over the lust built up inside me for him.

At a bar of a popular restaurant, we ate knee to knee.

I was 52 and he only 26.

Accountant waves hard-on at boss

After lunch, he said he was going to his garaged car so I followed. He leaned over and looked for something in the trunk. I touched his butt. He asked if we had time for a spin. Sure. We drove to a nearby public park.

On the way, he said he wondered what I thought about him. He put his right hand on my left knee. I answered as positive as possible; I told him, out of 60 applicants for his job he was the best qualified, all around person, including his physical looks, and I don't like to fool around on the job.

He pointed out the lunch hour wasn't company time and he thought, well, since he was new in town, 26, and didn't know anyone, maybe I'd take him under my wing for awhile.

With that he unzipped his fly, pulled his belt apart, and said, plus I need you now! With that he pulled up under a big oak tree and parked, sliding his seat all the way back and in a reclining position.

The invitation was overwhelming. Through a thicket of fine hair I saw a delightful, familiar, veined, brown tube that swelled, as he thought of me taking him.

When he wiggled out of his pants, his eight inches popped up. He waved it. I chuckled, told him he was beautiful, and consumed his cock head and whole staff. Within seconds, Hank's hands were on the back of my head holding me firm into his crotch, hips vibrating convulsively, spurting juices into my mouth and down my throat which seemed like gallons, until there wasn't any more and his prick softened, still in my warm mouth.

I told him to drive and get me back to work or I'd dock him for being late from lunch.

I worried sick all afternoon about that incident, hoping it wasn't the start of something that I liked and needed but didn't want to get around.

That night we both worked late. At 9:30 P.M. we had a boilermaker (shot & beer) at a straight bar and I got a 6-pack of beer and went to his flat. I guess I was curious how and where he lived.

He wasn't fully moved in yet and I stepped over boxes to put the beer in his fridge.

In his bedroom, which he called "Playroom," he had boxes of *Play-*

boy and *Hustler*. He said he was "straight," in fact insisted that he was.

We sat on the floor watching Tuesday Night Boxing on TV. We started fooling around. I told him I was there to finish the afternoon's episode in the park and would give him a good massage.

He took off his clothes and I did too, not knowing what he expected. I rubbed, caressed, and kissed his back, neck, limbs, rolled him over on his back, worshipped his frontage, caressed his chest (no hair at all), nipples, face, neck, nose, ears, eyes, ran my fingers through his hair, and began nibbling my way down to his crotch again. His prick stood up and I serviced it again, sucking his balls, turning him over, spreading his cheeks, kissing, licking.

'Straight' takes dick like a man

All this time, my cock was dripping pre-cum.

I rimmed his asshole, spit on my dick, placed myself prone over him, penetrated his slippery asshole, and slipped my hands & arms under his chest, holding his shoulders, and rode that guy into oblivion.

He took it like a man, a good man too!

Being experienced, I learned not to lose control for awhile, so off and on for 20 minutes I fucked his asshole, even long after he shot his load under himself from the friction and excitement on the floor, until I came deep inside his guts with such a roar the entire building must have heard it.

Laying exhausted, all sweaty & hot, still on top and inside him, afterwards, I whispered sweet nothings into his ear, telling him too that I wasn't really Gay either, I just suck and fuck 26 y.o. willing men!

Well, whatever happened, happened.

Hank never bothered me again. The next time I visited his flat unannounced, he had a girlfriend with him. They were close but never married.

Hank resigned on his second anniversary and told me before he left he still beats off fantasizing that night I fucked him. But he said he didn't want a male lover. If he could find a woman who'd suck him off half as well as I did, that he could fuck, have kids, he'd be happy.

I asked about his asshole. He said, only one got that, and one alone was enough.

I was indeed flattered.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The first episode in the above letter– about a typical religious gathering in Manhattan in 1957– seems especially inspiring when contrasted to such sinful clerics today as The Reverend Marion*

Robertson. Marion evidently wanted to get away from the bisexuality of his first name and now calls himself by the more butch name, Pat. But he is so fucking stupid he doesn't seem to be aware that "Pat" also stands for "Patricia." It is fascinating to watch– but not listen– to him on TV because of the mesmerizing twitch in the left corner of his mouth. I have requested the author of the above letter to send more for future books, especially about his experiences in school and in Japan. —B. McD.]

South Dakota Bar Manager Gets Sucked Off by Coach

MAINE— An old high school lover of mine recently sent me a case of treasure which included books unavailable up here in the frozen tundra, among which was the gem, *Lewd*. It had been a long time since I read your works.

While I was delighted to have rich reading material, I was overjoyed to realize that you are alive, well, and carrying on. In an earlier book, which showed a photo of you sitting on a single bed, you looked thin and were smoking and I concluded your health was precarious. I, too, live alone and many such men neglect their diet.

Congratulations on contributing so splendidly to the literature of freedom.

I should write out some moments from my daring past. Our brotherhood gains immeasurably by learning that so many others have had our urges. Here is one mild little memory.

Years ago, during the Naughty 60s, I flew out to South Dakota to interview at a college there for a coaching post. After a day's touring and meetings, they took me to a singalong bar where the crowd gathered around a piano and sang.

My hosts drank and talked sports with friends, leaving me to myself.

I glimpsed one of those men who instantly cause you to go weak at the knees and to feel butterflies, as if one were falling in a rapid elevator. He was blond, blue-eyed, not overly muscular, but neat, in a T shirt and white jeans which revealed a perfectly outlined, thick but not giant cock on the right side.

When he smiled, his teeth were perfect. He was holding a mug of beer. I moved gradually over to a spot in front of him and, figuring I could always apologize, first backed up ever so gently until my right buttock brushed his bulge.

He didn't move!

I could feel his cock get stiff with each "brush."

Not daring to look around, I folded my hands behind me, as Prince Philip does, and soon was gently rubbing hot marble under canvas.

By now I was barely able to breathe and felt as if I could faint, thinking how nice it would be if their coaching applicant ended up getting his teeth knocked out in a bar!

But I was saved by the distinct forward pressure of his cock against my hands. I gently squeezed it and then moved my ass squarely in front of it.

The crowd was so dense, nobody noticed. Everyone was rosy and happy and yelling the songs. He was gently but definitely humping my ass!

Suddenly panicking, I walked away to the men's room.

The door opened and there he was, beckoning, "Come with me!"

He unlocked a storeroom and relocked the door (he was manager!) and I sat on a case as he stood in front of me, permitting me the joy of unzipping the whites and exposing a beautiful cock.

He fucked my mouth oh, so gently, stroking my head. He was a beautiful and expert lover.

His cream was sweet and as he came, he hugged me tightly, his cock deep within me. We held the moment and, when he withdrew and zipped up, he prevented any awkward chit-chat by throwing his arms around me and hugging me tightly.

"Come back again!" he said, and out he went.

I turned down the offer at the campus there but every time I read or hear of South Dakota I wonder how my beautiful lover of long ago is. How lucky the man who earned his love and companionship! Gay life can be so beautiful. The memory is, for me, like a diamond.

A True Portrayal Of Ragged Reality

SAN FRANCISCO— I've made many contributions to you and your writers in cum. Now, may I make a contribution on paper?

Here goes.

In the city I grew up in at the city park are 2 baseball parks. One June evening I ventured out to check out the abandoned bleachers and dugouts of the diamonds. I spotted someone– tall, lean, about 6'3", about 35. He was smoking a cigarette. I sat down on a bleacher a ways away from where he was sitting on the bleachers. He moved down to where I was and offered a cigarette which I declined.

He sort of looked around and there was no one else around, then

asked if I wanted to take a ride.

I was scared, happy, and excited because I knew what he meant.

He told me to wait there. He walked over to an apartment bldg. nearby and I watched as he got into a car and drove toward me.

I got in. I was petrified as I did not know what I was doing. He put his large hand with long fingers on my leg and rubbed me. I turned toward him and looked at his long legs, the angle of them from his knees to his groin, and his position in his seat, marveling at how comfortable he was.

When we reached a deserted area he would lean over toward me with one hand on the wheel, one hand on my leg (rubbing it), and kiss me soul style with tongue. I was euphoric, tasting his mouth and tongue.

He finally found a dark and secluded road out in the country in a field. He parked. I noticed he was a little anxious to find a spot and when we finally hit a dirt road with no lights heading into a field or pasture he stopped and shut the car down.

It was very quiet. He quickly started kissing me again after a short wait, then began taking down my jeans and underwear, first opening up the fly & top button then with his warm hand down into my underwear, cupping my balls and pulling on my dick.

I responded, wanting my share too. I aimed for his crotch and started yanking his fly open, stumbling as I did it. He watched and helped me out as I fought my way toward his white briefs. He lifted up once I got to his briefs and pushed both briefs & jeans down.

I glanced at his beauty and started to suck him, putting my mouth on his beautiful dick. As I was doing this without much success, he reached behind me and stuck his finger in my asshole. I was a little surprised when it happened.

He pulled it out and I had stopped trying to engulf him. He smelled his finger and he seemed to be studying the aroma as he sniffed. I was not pleased with this, so I began to jack off to prove myself for him.

He responded by watching and jacking off himself but when I started to come in shots he engulfed me as he continued to jack off. I felt sick because I knew that was the end of it.

We put ourselves back together. As we were driving back, he stopped a few blocks away from the city park and planted a soulful kiss on me.

I was a frustrated faggot for many years thinking this wouldn't happen again!

Of course, my sex life is lacking now, too, but my need for my desires seems to be there.

Sex in the News

Four Nudes Wear Only Sailor Caps

Four men who were naked except for sailor caps "sauntered" into the Convenient Market at Cedar Avenue and Orchard Street in Scranton, Pennsylvania, about 4:10 one Monday morning, says the Scranton *Tribune*.

They obviously are not apprentice exhibitionists; wearing sailor hats, and sailor hats only, is the touch of a master.

Three of them "treated" the store clerk to "a dance," the paper says, while the fourth boosted some goods from a freezer.

Ere long they drove away.

Encapsulated intimately in the confines of a car, the nudes probably seem as erotic as they do on the prowl.

It would be nice to know what happened before they "sauntered" into the store and after they left it. Did any of them get hard ons or leaking piss-holes during the night? Who in addition to the store clerk did they treat with an exhibition? Where did they stop to take a leak? Where did they leave their jockey shorts, and so on– in the car or in one of their apartments?

A witness gave cops the license number of a car "in which the four may have fled," the paper says. "The owner of the car was told to have her son come to police headquarters."

If our apparatus in Scranton sends a clipping about the outcome, it will be used in this column at once.

The Case of the Sensual Sophomore

A breathtaking photograph by Karyn Radziner on page one of *The Daily Californian*, an unofficial student newspaper at the University of California in Berkeley, shows a cop looking at 19-year-old Andrew Martinez's dick, but we can't see the thing. Andrew is shown with his right leg raised, stepping into some scanty undergarment; his raised leg conceals his groin.

But, as though in compensation, the raised leg adds another alluring curve to his smooth, well-rounded body.

Andrew is a sophomore and, more importantly, a nudist. His body wins an unusually favorable review in the student paper, which depicts it as "long, golden, bare," a body which "towers over the eyes" of

people who look at it. Alex Karasik wrote the article.

Andrew, Alex writes, "takes unabashed pride in the attention he receives.... [w]ith a smirking expression, [he] is well aware it is not his aura of intellectual brilliance stealing the scene, but rather, his exposed body– all of it."

He was raised in Cupertino, California, where "he was not much different from his school peers." But surely not many of his peers in Cupertino have thighs as alluring as his.

He was "arrested for marching through downtown Cupertino's main street– in the nude." At the university, cops "took [him] into custody after he walked into the Martin Luther King Jr. Student Union unclothed."

If you think that gave the other students a thrill, think of the thrill it gave Andrew.

He has to compromise himself when in class by wearing "briefs or a bandanna and T-shirt wrapped around his waist." But this only adds an element of tease and suspense to his nudity.

The otherwise enchanting article does not say whether Andrew gets his dick or butt groped or what response he elicits when he walks into a university toilet.

Normally, university toilets are sexually tense even without a nude walking in. With one, habitués might well assume that his nakedness is an invitation to groping.

The article gives no hint as to whether Andrew is gay or straight. His goal is "legalizing public nudity." But if he succeeds in his goal, Andrew's own nakedness will be less valuable than it is today.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since this article was written, Andrew was expelled from school.* —B. McD.]

Texas Twins, 24, Arrested for Nudity

Five apparatuses sent clippings about those 24-year-old Texas twins who went roller skating in the nude.

The reason twins are fascinating is probably that, narcissism being so common, the subject of twins goads the erotic imagination. Men probably assume that if a man likes to play with his own peter he likes his twin's peter equally.

Another assumption is probably that having sex with your twin is like making love to yourself.

Moreover, if a man likes having sex with one twin, would he not like equally having sex with the other twin, either alone or the three

of them?

At 1:25 one Monday morning, cops arrested two bare-assed brothers for skating in the nude in the Oak Park Mall parking lot in College Station.

For an offense that warranted only a pat on the bare butt and advice to go home, a security guard instead had ratted on the twins to the cops.

That the twins are not modest about their bodies is suggested by the fact that the parking lot where they performed nude is "well lighted," according to the Bryan-College Station *Eagle*.

This is one of the few "indecency" stories that tells what the cops do to conceal a suspect's nudity– in this case, nothing. The *Eagle* says the cops "escorted the men in their birthday suits in a patrol car to the station, where they were issued jail clothes."

That the cops put the two into a patrol car naked suggests that the twins did not leave their jockey shorts, and so on, at the parking lot but rather left them at home, the Plantation Oaks Apartments right across the street from the parking lot, and thus may well have given someone at their apartment building an aesthetic experience on their way to the parking lot.

The twins paid a $130 fine and were released the same day they were arrested.

Muscle Head Gets Groped While Sleeping

A 25-year-old contestant in the Mr. North America contest in Scottsdale, Arizona, filed "sexual assault charges" that accuse another contestant of "sexually abusing" him, says an Associated Press dispatch in the *Arizona Republic* (Phoenix).

Translation: he got groped.

The "victim" charges that his "assailant" was in his hotel room and "fondled him while he was sleeping about 4:30 a.m. Saturday."

Said fondling allegedly took place after the "victim's" roommate and the "assailant" watched movies. What was his "roommate" doing while the "assault" was taking place?

What kind of lingerie was the vic wearing when he was "abused"?

The vic, who lives in Rossville, Georgia, boasts a fiancée and a child. Congratulations– but we expect our supermen to be able to take it like a man when they're groped and not call the cops to help protect their chastity.

Man in Pick-up Truck Picks Up Clergyman

Few settings are as romantic as the aptly-named pick-up truck, and few couples are as romantic as a blue-collar man with a white-collar one. Add to this a Florida park– Jack Island State Park in Fort Pierce– and you have a perfect idyll.

But a cop broke it up. According to the Fort Pierce *Tribune*, the cop "found" a 37-year-old Baptist minister from Boynton Beach and a 41-year-old electrician from Vero Beach "with their pants down in the front seat of a parked pick-up."

Moreover, "one man had his head in the lap of the other."

The men were taken to county jail and their intimacies converted to the barbaric language of our legal system– "unnatural and lascivious acts and exposure of sexual organs."

It is startling to see still used in the last decade of the 20th Century the term "unnatural" to describe homosexuality.

The article cannot be expected to say how the two men met– whether one licked his lips and the other fondled himself, or what. It would be interesting also to read how cops treated the two men, and how the two treated each other, after the arrest.

Drug Produces Constant Hard Ons

Homosexuality and muscle-building have always been intimately intertwined. Just how intimately can be seen in a *Village Voice* (New York) article by Paul Solotaroff entitled, as is Sally Bedell Smith's biography of William Paley, "The Power and the Glory."

The article quotes Steve Michalik, a champion muscle-builder from Long Island, New York, as saying that a "Dr. X" gave "body-builders... all manner of [muscle-building] steroids in exchange for sexual favors." Michalik says the doctor "showed me pictures of five different champions that he said he'd had sex with."

Michalik began muscle-building because he wanted to "feel like a man" (he presumably didn't feel like one by nature). The article mentions one steroid drug, Halotestin, "whose chief side effect was a constant– and conspicuous– erection. This, plus "Clomid and HCG, two fertility drugs for women that, in men, stimulate the production of testosterone," made Michalik and other muscle-builders "hormone-crazed" sex fiends.

Some of them made "thousands of dollars a weekend at private

gay parties." The parties are not described in the article but presumably they consisted of one sex god, the muscle-builder, being worshipped by many men who like that sort of lumpy, bulgy body.

Anyone who wants to have "a constant– and conspicuous– erection" via Halotestin is warned that the side effects of most steroids are so grievous that some men who take them want to die and sometimes do. To name just one side effect, Michalik's nuts shrank to peanuts, he says.

Forced to Have Sex, Migrants Say

The San Diego *Union* ran a strangely gender-less article about sexual abuse in which the objects of the abuse are not identified as men but only as "migrants" and "victims."

Twenty-seven "migrants" smuggled from Mexico and Guatemala were found in a Logan Heights (San Diego) house. They told cops that two smugglers from Mexico, aged 27 and 44, shaved the migrants' heads and "forced some of them to commit sexual acts on each other and engage in sexual acts with a foreign object."

The gender of the victims does not enter the curious story until its tenth paragraph, which says, "Among the group of immigrants found in the house were three women and one nine-year-old child. Immigration officials said they didn't believe that those four were sexually abused." Ergo the rest of the 27 migrants held in the house, including the ones sexually abused, were presumably men.

The house must have been hellishly sexual; the paper says that "immigration officials expressed disgust over the extent of the abuse suffered by the victims." One official is quoted as saying, "I have never seen anything like this before."

The abuse came to light when cops saw three migrants on Highland Street in National City (San Diego) about 9:30 one night. Their heads had been shaved. Two were naked; one was "partially clothed."

The three "said they had been beaten." They led officials to the house from which they had escaped. It was swarming with other migrants who had paid $300 to be smuggled into California. The two smugglers were believed to be trying to extort more money from the victims.

Man, 27, Prowls Naked in Ashtabula

Under the catchy headline, "Caught with his pants down," an article in the Ashtabula, Ohio, *Star-Beacon* got the concept of nudity off to a good start and held nudity in focus throughout with constant references to it.

The article, written by Bill Debus, is little more than six inches long, but it contains six references to nudity, or an average of one per inch. The following phrases or clauses appear in the densely erotic article: "caught with his pants not only down, but off," "not wearing pants or underwear," "walking without any pants," "wearing no clothes," "with no pants on," and "walk around with nothing on."

The article depicts a 27-year-old man who prowled around Ashtabula in the nude for more than an hour one night, from about 1 a.m. until his arrest at about 2 a.m.

It is tempting to idealize him, but the article contains a subtle hindrance. The fact that the 27-year-old was "cited and released at police headquarters," rather than beaten up, suggests that he is heterosexual– and straight males are not noted for clean assholes. There are a couple of reasons for this: (1) the way they wipe their ass after taking a shit and (2) the way they wash their ass in the showers.

There are of course numerous exceptions and the 27-year-old in Ashtabula may well be one of them. I do not wish to impugn his butt hole without examining it.

Philippe, 21, Gets Shit on His Scum Bag

PARIS— I am 30 years old as of last Friday, 6'4", blond, blue-eyed, of pure Scandinavian stock. Both sets of my grandparents were farmers from Sweden and Norway who settled in Minnesota and California at the beginning of the century. I am the first of the family to return to Europe and have been living in Paris for nearly two years.

Paris has a large gay book store. I recently purchased *Raunch* and was happy to see that you are still requesting true accounts of experiences.

It was in France that I put a cock in my mouth for the first time. In 1976, when I was 16, I spent my junior year of high school as a foreign exchange student. I lived in Lyon with a very large family. Unfortunately, there were six daughters, and the son had long since moved out.

But there was a cousin!

Jerome was 11-1/2 when we started fooling around. I thought he was pretty cute– a small, compact body, brown eyes, and brown hair that stuck out in all directions no matter how many times it was combed. He had a reputation for being a trouble maker.

Sex started over a silly game involving a toy. We were in my bedroom, where Jerome and I were sitting on the bed. He started tossing a toy up and down (I think it was a Smurff) and I caught the toy and put it down his shirt. He took it and put it down my shirt. This was repeated a couple of times until I finally stuck it down his pants. It was too big to shove down very far; half of it stuck out.

Before he could retaliate, I took it from his hand and once more forced it down his tight corduroys. He didn't protest and instead began giggling.

I recall saying, "Let's do this right" and unzipped his pants and stuck the Smurff in his underwear. Again I grabbed the toy and pulled back his underwear, but this time to get a good look at his cock. It was hard and sticking straight up. I started to feel it and forgot about the Smurff.

At this point I don't remember if there was any conversation. Probably not. I was fascinated by his hard dick (it had been about three years since I had last touched one).

It was the first uncircumcised cock I had ever gotten that close to. I remembered seeing a couple in the showers at school but at the time couldn't quite figure out the difference.

His was about 3 inches long and very thin– absolutely no pubic hair– and the foreskin covered the head. I tried to peel back the skin to expose the pink head trying to peak through the tight flap. He said it hurt, so I stopped.

He sat passively on the bed while I jacked him off. His dick didn't seem that small so I was surprised and disappointed he couldn't reach an orgasm. My own hard on was uncomfortable and leaking. I was going to take it out and show him, but anyone could have walked into the bedroom; it was a big risk. Plus, this was only the second or third time we had seen each other since I moved in with his aunt and uncle. I didn't want to go too fast.

I finally let his underwear snap back, and he zipped up his pants.

'I pulled his pajamas down'

The next chance we had to fool around was during Christmas vacation. I accompanied a couple of the daughters from my host family, Jerome, and his younger sister skiing, and we stayed at Jerome's parents' one-room condo.

Since I was so big (I stopped growing at the age of 15), I was given

the larger double bed. Beds were scarce and Jerome was the only other male, so it was decided that we would sleep together. It was too good to be true.

The first night, once we were in our pajamas and the lights were turned off, Jerome didn't waste any time in asking if I remembered our "game" and if "I had anything to use." I don't remember what I found– maybe a sock– but I recall putting the sock into his pajamas and feeling his cock. It was already hard. And he stuck his hand down my pajamas and felt mine. His hand barely fit around my eight-inch hard on.

The sock pretext was soon forgotten. He asked if there was anything else we could do. I thought "now or never" and went down under the covers and pulled his pajamas down and slipped his dick into my mouth. I was of course able to swallow the whole 3 inches and his balls at the same time.

They didn't taste like anything, and despite the lack of flavor and knowing that he wouldn't have an orgasm, I realized that sucking his dick was exactly what I wanted to do– what I had been thinking about for several years. I came up for air and asked him if he wanted me to continue. (There were other people sleeping in the same room, so we were whispering. We also assumed the others were asleep.)

Of course he said yes. He told me to take my pajamas off, then to remove his. Once we were completely naked, I went again below the covers and sucked him for probably 30 minutes before he finally told me to stop.

I didn't dare beat off in bed with the others so close by. It was a very frustrating situation.

Every night for one whole week I happily and very willingly sucked on his dick and balls. I once told him to stick his mouth on my dick. His mouth was so tiny and my dick head so large and inflamed it barely fit. I felt his lips circle around the head and his tongue dart across the tip– but then he took his mouth off. It was just too big. And I think he preferred to have me suck him off than suck me off. I of course didn't mind indulging him.

I have a picture that someone took of us sleeping in bed, our arms wrapped around each other (wearing pajamas, of course). I guess it must have seemed like a "real cute" photo.

The next time we got together was soon after the ski trip, when he spent the night at the house. I waited until after midnight before creeping down the stairs and sneaking into his room to wake him up. He wanted me to put my mouth on his cock there, but it seemed too risky. Once in my room he lay on the bed and I slipped his pajamas off. His cock was already hard and sticking straight up.

I took my pajamas off too. We were both completely naked. I had him lay on top of me and hugged him against me. My hands were around his shoulders, over his butt, our hard ons grinding together.

"Pretend I am the woman," he said.

He wanted me to lie on top of him, my full weight pushing him down onto the mattress. He wrapped his arms around my back and held on to me tightly.

"Let's kiss," he said, but he would not let me stick my tongue into his mouth.

He also asked me to "say some words"– I guess he wanted romance, but I was not interested in "words." All I cared about was running my tongue over his tight body and sucking his velvety balls and stiff cock.

His hot little hands feverishly stroked up and down my hard on. I finished the job– he was interested in my ability to cum but at the same time I think he was a little turned off by all the grunting and liquid mess.

He never volunteered to suck my cock and I never insisted.

Jerome's initiative surprised me and his imagination seemed to surpass mine at times. He seemed so willing to try anything, and I am now sure (14 years later) that if I had been a little more forceful, he probably would have ended up tasting some of my cum.

Unfortunately, when I was 16 years old, I was not sophisticated enough to think of sucking his ass and trying to jab my tongue up his hole.

These late night sex sessions occurred whenever he stayed over, which was pretty often, and we were miraculously never caught. (I didn't start getting caught by my parents– or an uncle– until after I returned to the U.S. My good fortune of meeting Jerome gave me a dangerous sense of confidence and security.)

For the next six months, up until the time I went home, we probably fucked around a dozen or so times. This doesn't include those times when he would sit on my lap during day visits and I would feel him up through his pants or brief moments in the back yard when I would stick my hand down his underwear.

I took many photos of Jerome in all sorts of positions and poses: hard, soft, standing up, lying down on the bed. I was embarrassed to pick them up from the photographer but not stupid enough to leave them there.

For a couple of years I wrote him and would drop slight hints about our past activity. But he was not a letter writer and eventually ended up failing the 8th grade three times and then dropping out of

school altogether when he was 16.

We never did anything again after that. An opportunity did present itself when he was 20. He came to visit California and stayed with me for a few weeks. I showed him the photo of us sleeping together in bed, which made him laugh. No allusion was ever made to our year of sex. I never dared show the other photos.

Takes pants off, flexes dick

One night just before he left, we smoked some dope and rented a straight porn movie. When we were both pretty well wasted, he decided to take off his jeans, saying it would be more comfortable to watch the film. I couldn't help but see him flex his dick through his boxers– it looked like it could have been bigger than mine. Like an idiot, I didn't do anything. The dope made me too paranoid to act. Taking off one's pants seems like such an obvious green light. This remains one of those moments in my life when I look back and could kick myself.

He is 25 now and has lost his earlier cuteness, but I don't care. I have invited him to spend a weekend with me in Paris. I intend to see if I can still fit his entire cock in my mouth and this time get some cum out of him as well.

That year, especially since it was the first time I realized that the reason I was put on this planet was to swallow other boys' meat, is a vivid part of my past. I have developed a preference for uncut cocks and it is a turn on to hear a young boy speak French.

LATER: It is already afternoon and I'm still sitting around in my underwear. It's a holiday today in France. I don't know which one. Ascension? Something Catholic, anyhow. Even the Chinese sweatshop downstairs is quiet; their sewing machines are not running and I don't hear the Madonna hits sung in Chinese.

Last night I went out with a Danish friend, John. He is a hustler. He first started having sex– and liking it– with his stepfather when he was 9 years old and has been turning tricks since his teens. We get along very well: he is too old for me (25) and I am too young for him and I don't judge him at all because of his– uh, "métier."

John is an amazing person to be with because the French guys go crazy for him– he is about 6'2", blond, blue-eyed, everything that they are not, and he certainly doesn't waste time with subtle cruising. He gives a guy a once over and accepts him or rejects him in a matter of seconds. He gets $200 to $300 a shot. He doesn't always make them pay, for he is a sex addict and his only feeling comes from his cock.

A couple of weeks ago he told me, "I can look someone directly in the eye and say 'I love you' and then fuck with someone else in the

toilet five minutes later."

He hangs around the various hustler areas like the Trocadero near the Eiffel Tower and waits to get picked up or else starts cruising for fun, not money. This is someone who likes his work and spends the entire day trying to get laid.

Every once in awhile we go out together– we usually hit the bars and get smashed, and last night was no exception.

'Smooth thighs and ass'

We ended up at a club called the "BH," a rather sleazy disco with a backroom (which is why John likes it; I like it because a lot of Arabs and Africans go there). John told me he had spent some of the previous evening in the BH's backroom with someone's dick in his mouth. Each time I go out with him he eventually finds someone and leaves.

At the moment he is in Cannes for the film festival– apparently a very lucrative week for him.

I have met two Vietnamese– a 19-year-old who ended up being a one night stand and a 22-year-old whom I saw for a couple of months. His name was Van and he was the first guy I had sex with once I arrived in town. He had a great little body, hard from working out in a gym. He had just a ringlet of hair above his uncircumcised cock and smooth thighs and ass. His cock was pretty small, probably 4 inches hard. It was my first uncircumcised one in a long time and I couldn't keep my hands off. When he came he would eventually push my hand away; his cock was sensitive like a little kid's. We probably had sex 5 times, but I soon got bored. I always sucked his little balls and ran my tongue up the side of his shaft, but he only jerked me off. The last time we got together, I let him screw me (with a condom, of course). I hardly felt a thing. He was too conventional and uptight, and despite his cute body I wasn't turned on by his face. Also, whenever we made out at his place, he would put on a CD of Francis Lai's greatest hits or something called Rondo Veneziano. Nothing works faster at making a cock go soft.

There was also a guy who had a Thai father and French mother who, at 26, was just too old.

There is one guy, though, whom I feel very lucky to have met. His name is Philippe and we first got together almost a year ago when he was 21. He had spent a year in Texas as a senior in high school, so he has a better idea than most French of what the U.S. is like. ("Happy Days" is still a popular TV show here.)

Philippe is blond with blue eyes, shaves once a week, has a few hairs around his ankles, none on his chest, legs, or thighs; my kind of body. One time he shaved completely around his dick, which was an

incredible turn on– but now I think it may have been due to crab lice. He looks like an overgrown Dennis the Menace. We are not "boyfriends." We get together maybe twice a month for sex. At first it was just mainly a lot of caressing and kissing. He is impressed by my dick size. His is actually pretty small– five inches at most. But I am looking for something other than dick size. He is uncircumcised as well.

In the course of our relationship he has gotten a little more experimental and brave. In fact, just a couple of months ago he began deep-throating me. It is a real turn on for me to see this real young Germanic type getting off on swallowing my cock whole. He beats off while sucking me and is definitely more interested in having a dick in his mouth than having my mouth around his.

Cock feels 'like a big turd'

But I do go down on him too. His cock is small and fits easily into my mouth. It's thin and always hard; the pink head pushes itself out through the folds of skin. He keeps himself very clean; there is no cheese, but a pissy smell and taste cannot be avoided. I run my tongue over the head and under the skin or put both his hairless balls in my mouth. We always finish by coming over each other and will hug for a long time afterwards, the cum getting cold on our chests and bellies.

He has given up his ass twice. We always wear condoms. The first time was not very successful. My dick went up his hole easily enough but he complained of it feeling uncomfortable, "like a big turd was stuck up there." It didn't last too long, and I didn't cum.

The second time, only two weeks ago, was a little more successful.

I once surprised him by greasing up his dick, slipping a condom on it, and, while he was lying flat on his back, sitting on his cock. I had no problem taking his rather small meat, and it felt great; I didn't lose my hard on. I liked watching his face while he was humping into my butt. But I sat up too high and his dick slipped out. The condom was covered with shit. This grossed him out, so we stopped. We always end up by taking a shower together and washing each other with soap. It's wonderful running the bar of soap over his absolutely smooth skin.

I was in the U.S. in March and completely unprepared for the "Operation Desert Storm" frenzy that was dominating the airwaves and stores– buttons, T shirts, maps, books, magazines, trading cards. Stores had flags and banners and car antennas everywhere were proudly topped with American flags. Yellow ribbons were around trees in many front yards. And this is San Jose, a relatively progressive city. My brother, who lives in San Diego (with the Naval bases),

said it was much worse there. It made me absolutely sick, and I was somewhat relieved to return to my exile in Paris.

In 1983-84 I was a Peace Corps volunteer in West Africa. I lived in a mud hut in a remote village of 200 inhabitants. I was there to dig wells and plant gardens. Since I was 23 and unmarried, my age group was the group of boys and men from the age of 12 (just after a circumcision ceremony that I unfortunately didn't witness) to age 26. I noticed right away how physical they were with each other. Boys and men were always holding hands or had their arms around each other, with lots of grab-assing. I decided that it would be okay to be just as physical.

The villagers were farmers and they had beautiful bodies from working in the fields. Since they wore only shorts, their rippling muscles were always on display.

Big ones in West Africa

Most of my time was spent with the half-naked boys. My favorite part of the day came after a hard day's labor in the fields when everyone bathed. Large gourds were filled with water from a pump, then a smaller gourd was used to pour the water over you or the person standing next to you.

I bathed with the same 5 or 6 boys behind some bushes. They seemed to get a kick out of my white dick as much as I got a kick out of their huge black ones. Little boys would often come over and stare at me. Mine is about 4 inches soft whereas theirs were all at least 8 inches (but instead of getting longer when hard would stay the same length). Even 13-year-olds had 8-inch cocks.

Since I was the only one with soap, they wanted to use it too. Instead of passing the soap around, they wanted me to lather them up. So there I was, absolutely naked, fighting a hard on and less than 75% successful, rubbing soap over the backs and chests and legs and asses of these well-muscled teens. My hands were always bumping into their long heavy cocks. Except for a small amount of dick hair, their bodies were absolutely smooth. This goes for the 26-year-olds as well as the 13-year-olds. Their faces were not always that cute, but they made up for it in their superb bodies and dick size.

The soap ritual did not begin until my fifth or sixth month in the village but continued until I left. The villagers had never had such close contact with a white man before, and at first some of the kids were afraid of me. But the new white "villager" soon became the center of attention.

There were two boys with whom I became sort of special friends and their attachment was recognized and accepted by the other boys.

One youth was named Moussa. He had a pleasant personality and was quick to laugh or break into a big smile. Moussa was probably 17 or 18 years old (although he may have been 20– there was no way to know). He was about 6 feet tall and had one of the broadest chests I have ever laid eyes or hands on. I actually prefer skinny youths to muscled ones, but I found his body exciting. My hands were always caressing his chest or around his neck. When we sat next to each other, I wrapped my hand around his thigh and his hand would be around mine. I was very turned on by all this easy physical contact. Such a scene is unimaginable in Orange County [California]. There was no fear of my behavior being seen as queer.

I once asked if there had ever been a queer in the village and the response was "No, but if there was one he would be run out of the village."

Moussa had a younger friend that he was constantly hanging over. He would stand behind him, wrap his arms around the other boy's chest, and rock back and forth in a humping motion. All these scenes were witnessed by other Peace Corps volunteers, and they were rather struck by the physical contact in this particular village, which was a little more than in theirs.

Moussa has 12 inches

One night at around 2 A.M. Moussa came into my hut without knocking and climbed into bed with me. I invited him under the sheet. I was hard as a rock in a minute. I stroked his chest a few times but we didn't say anything. My hand brushed his cock. It was at least 12 inches long but I couldn't tell if it was hard or not. I wasn't going to make any kind of move unless I got some kind of signal. Despite all the physical closeness, I didn't want to misinterpret it and have any kind of problems with the villagers– or the U.S. government. Nothing happened that night with Moussa, but I figured there was no hurry since I would be there for at least another year.

But that was not to be the case. Shortly after I had a bicycle accident and was "medivac'd"– medically evacuated– to Washington, D.C.

Karefa was my other special friend. He was a couple of years younger than Moussa. Moussa was very black and muscular and Karefa was thin and café-au-lait colored. He had delicate, almost pretty features. Whereas I was always hanging onto Moussa, Karefa's hand was constantly fighting to be entwined with mine. Sometimes when we talked he put his arms around my neck and pulled our faces close together.

Like many of the boys, he often sat on my lap. His fingers often

played with mine on his lap and repeatedly I felt a lump in his pants harden. He and the other young men in the village never showed any discomfort about letting my hand rest on top of their hard ons. But because we would be in a hut full of other boys, I couldn't really do anything.

It was Karefa, by the way, who first asked me to rub soap over his body. Once the others saw, they soon demanded their turn.

I took many pictures of these boys. The "what could have been" situations, the numerous sexual plans that seemed more and more like a reality if I hadn't had my accident, remain very fertile scenarios for jacking off, even six years later.

I find it easier meeting young guys here in Paris than having to deal with the "starlets" in the West Hollywood S&M (Stand and Model) bars. Being tall and blond in a land of shorter dark-haired people gives me an advantage I didn't have in Los Angeles.

Before Jerome, in suburban California, I fooled around quite a bit from age 9 to 12 with my best friend. He is now a career Air Force officer with wife and child.

When I was 22, I had a relationship with a teenager named Todd. I met him at a nudist beach five years earlier and became friends with his family, which permitted frequent– and chaste until a trip to the desert in 1982– contact.

I brought him out shortly before I left for Africa. While I was in the Peace Corps he never responded to my letters, and when I came back I was unable to establish contact with him.

In 1987 he tracked me down and called. His parents had discovered our correspondence and he had admitted he is gay. They gave him a hard time and instead of putting up with their shit, he ran away and ended up hitting the streets. He sold his body to men in San Francisco.

We got together twice before fate sent me to France and Todd and I lost contact again.

Of all the relationships I have had, the one with Todd has remained the most troubling.

This summer in Poland I tried to take an 18-year-old up to my hotel room but couldn't get past the concierge. The boy ended up running off with my belt.

If you want more details I'd be willing to send them. I fear this is too long as is.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *This writer has put out with other memories, which will appear elsewhere in my oeuvre.*

It is appalling to read that that barbaric practice, heterosexuality, is so dominant in the part of West Africa he visited. There is a desper-

ate need for a special Peace Corps project, manned by homosexuals, to demonstrate the ecstasy of blow jobs and butt fucking to those men in the area who are interested. —B. McD.]

Army Officer Sniffs Soldiers' Jockey Shorts

WASHINGTON, D.C. (1991)— I think I've read all your books. You have, perhaps unwittingly, been the best "shrink" a guy could have. Through you I came to accept that "we" are maybe O.K. after all.

Do I not, as Zorba said, "have a wife, a family, a house– the full catastrophe." I am also a role model for "Mr. Straight." I am a member of the establishment, a Republican, hold several degrees, served as a senior military officer and as a yet higher official in civil government. Big deal. I am also Gay in heart and mind!

From almost as early as I can remember in my youth, I have always been in love with other boys, and then men, not girls or women (no matter my Mr. Straight Macho image). I will be thankful forever for having fairly liberal parents and for being raised most of my boyhood outside the U.S.A., except for summers on the family farm; for when my proclivities became apparent I was neither condemned nor unduly restrained (nor encouraged surely), but likewise never the subject of fag-bashing in name or deed. I reveled in my male sexuality and love of and for other males and was not "doing wrong."

Because of the yet prevalent homophobia I cannot, for the sake of those whom I hold dear and who trust me not to damage, perhaps irreparably, their own standing with their friends, family, and community, come out of the closet publicly, although those nearest to me know and have known for many years. They have kept the faith– and the secret– and we live relatively happily, each doing our own thing. And surviving.

The following is from 1968, roughly the time of the Tet Offensive in Vietnam. It was not an easy time and our casualties were horrific. Most of the Marine troopers and some of the Army Americal Division supporting us "out there" in the infantry units lived one hour– not one day– at a time. The Brigade/Regimental command center on Hill 55, southwest of DaNang, was active with combat units jumping off on operations and returning therefrom.

The shitters were where my sex life existed. On Hill 55 there was a six-holer located well away from the officer area, on the edge of the enlisted permanent staff and where the Headquarters Commandant billeted visiting troop units.

It was a very well constructed shitter, with plywood sides and good screening half-way from the mid-wall height to the roof. The floor was also plywood, sturdily built. The seats were a little high up off the floor, with a step to get up on the bench. The seats were, of course, side by side, with fairly good spacing between them. They were smooth sided around the hole, so you didn't scrape your ass or get a splinter when you sat down. The odor was virtually non-existent.

At night there was almost no light in the shit house, even when the moon was up, due to the low overhang of the roof. Of course no lights were allowed for fear of enemy snipers or mortar observers.

Most of the troops smoked, so as soon as someone came in, pulled his trousers down, and took a seat, he would light up. If someone else was already in, then there might be a light or a smoke borrowed. For most of the troops bunking in fairly miserable and cramped conditions, shit time was one of the few opportunities to be relatively alone and commune with your own thoughts. So folks at night would linger on the hole.

Scoops cum off the wall

There was one danger in this shitter. That was that you could slip and break your neck on the cum on the floor. It was incredible. I still reflect on the quantity of cum on that floor. It must really have been that no one came in there that didn't jack off and let it spurt onto the floor.

I can attest that I contributed to the collection. Certainly the troopers sitting beside me in that can did.

Unless you recognized someone's voice, there was really no way you could see anyone clear enough to make them out at night. If no one was "obviously" jacking off no one else would let it show what they were doing. If one guy would start whacking it openly other guys in there would get it going openly too.

Usually two or three guys would be stroking their dork at the same time. You could tell if the guy were a first timer. You could see by the glow from the cigarettes that he had his hand down in the hole stroking his cock kind of out of sight. The rest of us knew that was uncomfortable as hell; it forced you to hold your otherwise rigidly upright pole at a painful downturn. The old hands didn't worry about it. They just leaned back and whacked away, then leaned forward when they were ready to cum and let it go against the opposite wall. Or maybe it fell short onto the plywood decking.

The taste of cum is truly unique. Certainly to me. My first realization of that came in the shitter, although I had sucked down plenty

before. But I had never savored it before, nor had I had such variety. On those occasions when I was left alone in there, after a guy had cum and left and no one else was present, I would get down off my seat and scoop his cum off the wall where it had landed and savor it on my fingers, licking them one by one. Or scoop off someone else's earlier contribution. I developed a real fondness for the taste, and the tastes were all seemingly quite different.

I visited that particular shitter at least once a week, sometimes twice. Had I dared I could have lived in there, but the fear of discovery was too great. It would have blown those troopers' minds, I'm sure, if they had known that the --- Officer was sitting next to them also jerking his dork, and eating their cum off the wall!

With all that jacking off, I only encountered one somewhat homosexual move by anyone. On this occasion it was kind of late, maybe two or three in the morning. I had been on watch and had stopped off on the way back to my hootch to bunk in. When I got to the shitter there was only one guy on a hole, and he left a couple of minutes after I went in. I had the place to myself, let my trousers fall down to my ankles, leaned back, and began a leisurely, steady stroking.

The door opened and a guy came in. I kept on doing what I was doing. Rather than taking one of the holes some distance away from me, he came over to the one right next to me, dropped his trousers, and settled in.

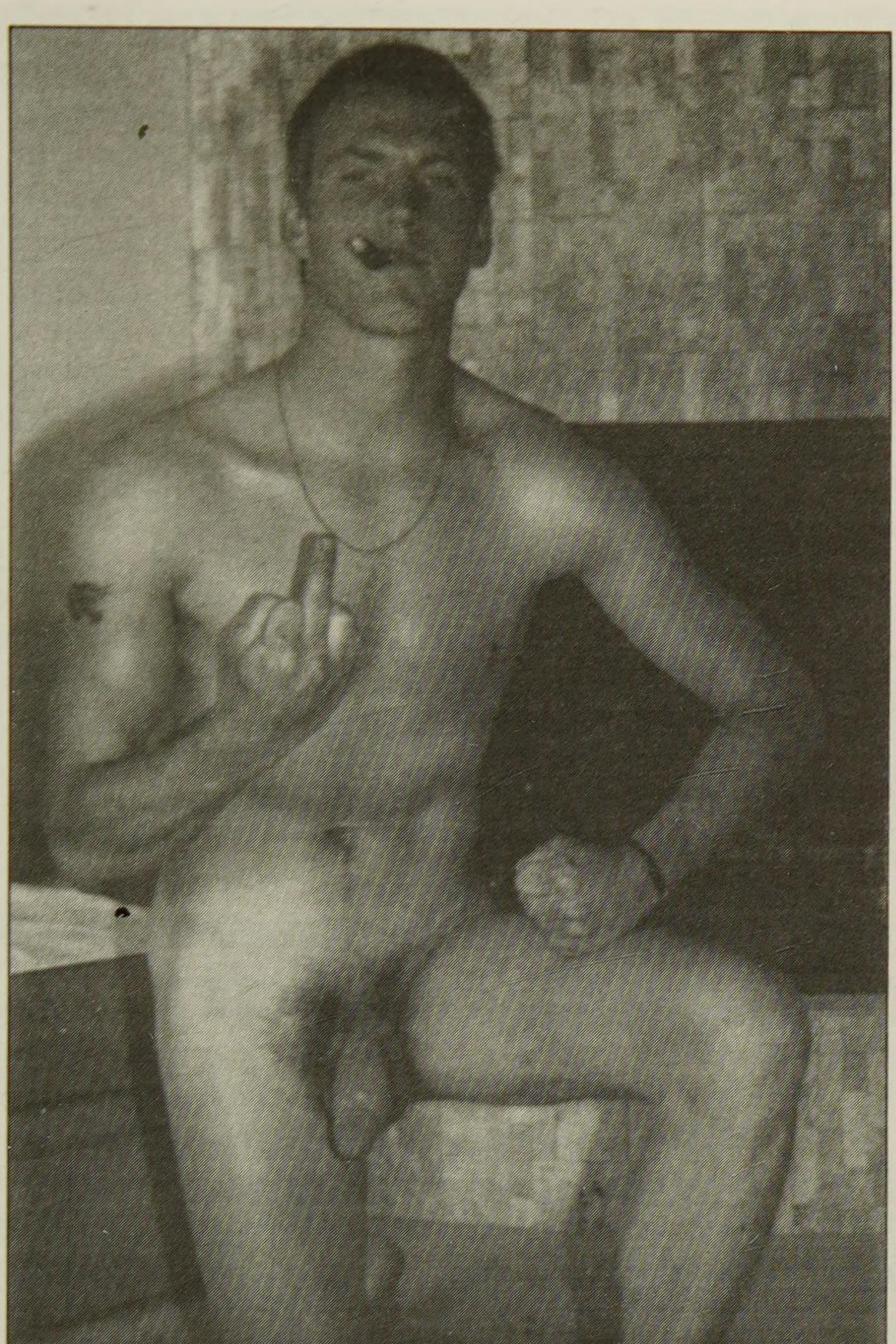
Naked soldier has a hard on

After a couple of minutes he asked if I had a smoke. I didn't smoke cigarettes, but I always carried some around with me. I said yes, and with my big bone sticking straight out, rummaged down in my jungle utilities for a pack. When I handed it to him our hands touched. He didn't draw back and neither did I. After he had taken out a cigarette and handed the pack back to me, rather than give him my lighter, I lit the lighter and I did so in such a way that it illuminated my erect cock. He couldn't help but see it. Then I moved the light towards him and at his waist level, and saw his hard on!

When the cigarette was lit, he slouched back and let his left hand come to rest in the space between us. I let my right hand come down, as I brought it back from placing the lighter in my trousers, so it brushed against his.

He didn't move and I extended the touch. It was only a couple of minutes before he had his hand on my cock and I had mine on his. I had a jackoff buddy!

I never knew his name. We met twice more by setting an agreed time when we would meet outside the shitter before we went in.



Then he was gone.

Occasionally, I would inspect my enlisted troopers' living quarters: my responsibility to the Headquarters Commandant. Since my guys had 24-hour staff shifts, some were always on duty, the others sleeping. They lived in two eight-man hootches.

The first time I went in there I just about came in my jungle utilities. One of my 19-year-olds was asleep on his back, sans skivvies, and had a super hard on. I hanged around somewhat doing my "inspection" in hopes he would awaken and find himself confronting me with that glorious erection. I wanted to see his reaction. But he didn't.

As I was getting ready to leave the hootch, I walked again by his rack. On the floor, where it had obviously fallen from his hand before he had gone to sleep, was a little booklet. I picked it up. Sex at its best! It was as raunchy as any I've ever seen. I stuck it in my pocket. I'd get my own kicks later from reading it, rubbing my cock, and thinking of his naked body laying stretched out on that rack– and knowing that we had both read the same porn and gotten pleasure from it.

Next to where the booklet had been were his green Nam-issue jockeys! This was a rare find for most troopers (and I) rarely wore underwear as unnecessary in the baggy utility trou we wore, and even uncomfortable in the heat and humidity. His were still wet from his body sweat and, I thought, from his cum load he had dropped in them. I grabbed them, stuffed them in my pocket, and rushed giddily back to my own hootch. I unleashed my boner and, holding his wet and raunchy jockeys to my nose and breathing deeply, exploded.

I made inspections of their quarters as often as I reasonably could after that, and had a few more "hits."

I also returned the booklet, knowing that I was contributing to the future cum flow in that hootch.

I also started wearing jockeys– theirs.

I have kept several of those green jockeys to this day, and occasionally wear them. Great momentos and memories.

Take care and keep up the good works.

Scrutinizes Butt Holes of Men Getting Cocks Sucked

MANHATTAN (July, 1992)— Maybe you can use this letter or some parts of it.

All true of course.

Sitting in my office feeling horny, prick semi-hard in my shorts, thinking about the incredible night I had at the Adonis theatre last night.

I never even ejaculated my seed (even though I was stiff all night). That place was so hot last night I couldn't believe it. It was like a continual series of wet dreams, but they were all live.

I got there at 9 P.M. and left about 11:15 and saw nothing but great looking guys "getting their nut" the whole time. Some highlights:

Beautiful heinies. In the balcony, a lot of guys get sucked off standing up. They drop their pants and often their underpants and their handsome butts are on display. Most of the time a guy doesn't mind if someone else caresses or fingers his rear end while his buddy

is blowing him. I've lost track of all the really handsome cheeks and warm cracks I enjoyed last night.

The best was a lean teenage fair-skinned black kid getting blown by a bigger white guy in his mid-twenties. The kid wasn't handsome but had a cute face and a very nice hard smooth body, about 5'9", 135 lbs.

His ass was perfect, small, round, and firm.

This mutual suck and stroke job went on for about 45 minutes. The guys were both great, changing positions and delaying their orgasms over and over.

I spent most of the time standing in back of the younger one, enjoying stroking and feeling and kissing and licking that incredible bottom of his. The skin was cool and faintly sweaty on the rounded part of his buttocks and got warmer as my fingers moved softly into his crack and near his sweet hole.

I put my nose in there and the smell was beautiful, musky but delicate.

Once when they changed positions, he pulled his white jockeys up to cover his cheeks while leaving them down under his nut bag in front. (I noticed he wore them with the waist band folded down once, I guess because the label felt scratchy on the soft skin of his lower back just above his cleft.)

Anyway, when he had his briefs covering his heinie, I gently

rubbed my fingers and then my nose on the cotton near his crack. I'll never forget the warmth and the beautiful odor of that material.

Another outstanding ass was just the opposite– big and white on a handsome muscular preppy jock, quiet and shy. He was about 6'2", a very solid maybe 200 lbs., natural muscular build but not overdeveloped, great sun tan and tan line, wearing blue shorts (mid-thigh), sneakers, white tank top, white Jockey brand jockeys. Nice features but not "pretty," nice pug nose. Blue eyes, blond hair on his head and butt. Darker hair on his crotch. Very handsome solid circumcised penis pointing almost straight up. Helmet-shaped glans, a little wider than the shaft. Veins in the shaft not too prominent. About 6-1/2".

'A vigorous little fucker'

But I'm supposed to be telling you about the incredible ass. While he was making out standing up with another guy in one of the rows of seats in the balcony, I was standing watching them in the next row down. His shorts were open and his erection was out the top of them. I slowly lowered them in the back and drank in the sight of his big solid football player butt stretching the white cotton. Great!

Then– greater– I pulled down his briefs in the back. Two fantastically handsome ivory buttocks, broad, meaty, firm, and rounded.

I caressed them with my finger tips and whole hand and just gently ran a finger up and down the warm moist crack and kissed the dimpled side of the butt nearest me (the right one).

I also caressed a really sweet "little boy" type behind (small, rounded, firm, smooth) on a small handsome teenager (about 5'5", 120 lbs.) who looked like he might have been Italian and Oriental. He was a vigorous little fucker. I watched him fucking with three different guys but I can't swear he came each time.

There were many more nice butts but I'll go on to penes and ejaculations.

One guy was tall– over 6 feet– trim, brown hair, smooth chest, good features, Irish looking. He wore khaki shorts and a white T-shirt and blue ribbed Hanes jockeys which got real sweaty because the theatre was warm. He kept the Khaki shorts on and he was working hard sucking a younger guy's cock. When I first joined them the Irish type was sitting down with his legs wide spread, his pants open, his jockey waist band down under his ball sac, jerking his hard dick while he sucked the guy who was standing between his legs feeding him his rod. The Irish type's erection was about seven inches, a little bit thicker than average, tapered from thick at the root to somewhat smaller across at the nice bullet-shaped head. Very solid and rigid. He was cut.

The younger guy's prick was a little over six inches, uncut, average thickness, and was also uniform from root to tip.

Every once in awhile in their marathon he would lose some of his stiffness for awhile. Maybe he was getting tired.

For awhile I had my hand stuck up the right leg of the older guy's shorts into his groin (sweaty), fondling his testicles, which were drawn up close to his root inside his damp jockey pouch.

'Gimme your wad'

Then I slid my hand down the back of his shorts and got my finger into the top of his heinie crack (sweaty).

When they traded places and he stood in front of the kid to be sucked, his shorts fell around his knees and I caressed his buttocks (another nice solid butt, smooth and full) through his briefs, which were soaked with sweat and smelled great.

One last time they traded places and went for their orgasms. The Irish guy beat his meat like crazy while he sucked the kid. He was gasping, sweating, saying things like gimme your wad, and his face was pure lust.

I pulled his T-shirt up to his armpits so he wouldn't soak it with cum and so I could play with his nipples.

I held him by the shoulder and then he ejaculated for a long time. Most of his generous load landed in big puddles on his left front and side between his nipple and his bush. He had stopped sucking the kid, who was standing over him, half bent forward, supporting himself with his left hand against the wall in back of them (they were in the top row) and beating his meat fast with his right hand.

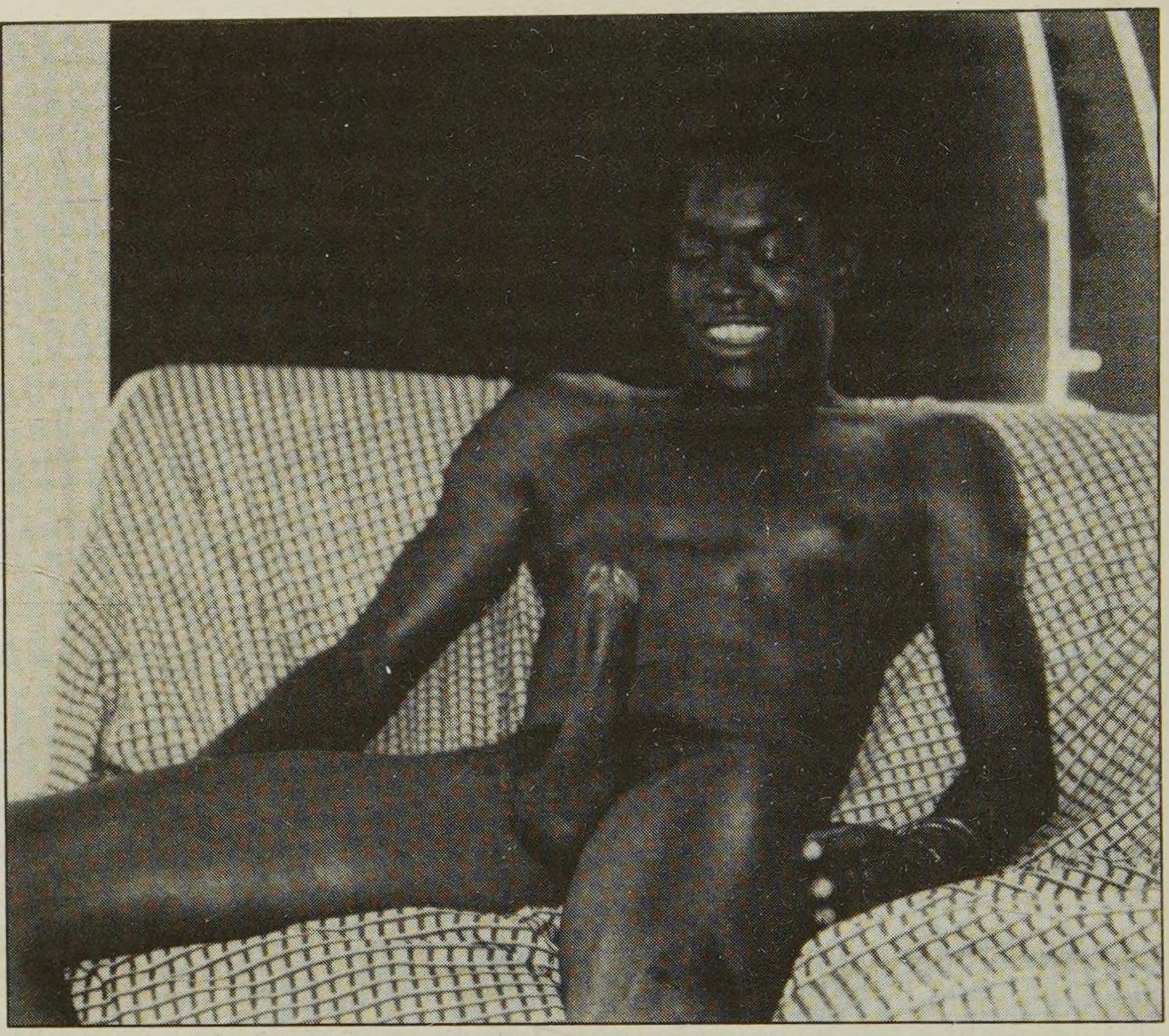
He came then, aiming at the other guy's puddles. They were both fucking beautiful.

I used my handkerchief to wipe the two loads off the guy's belly and wipe off the two softening dicks. I've got the handkerchief right here in my pocket. The stains are crusty and stiff and the smell is so nice.

This is getting very long (my cock is bone hard in my pants) so I'll just tell you about one more scene.

The men's room is down in the basement. I went to piss. Three urinals. Good looking short dark-haired guy about 35 at the middle one. Faded jeans, sneakers, tan sport shirt. Nice compact build, dark eyes, fair skin, smooth. He's not pissing; he's stroking a very big, thick, smooth-veined, ivory-colored, pink-headed, uncut dong– nearly eight inches and fat! And beautiful.

At the right hand a younger Hispanic guy in shorts and a tank top, dark hair, mustache, is doing the same thing, but turned into the



corner of the room so I can't see his prick.

I start to stroke when I finish pissing but I get the idea they want to do it by themselves. I move away a little and just watch for a few minutes. They keep jerking slowly but nothing more happens until a handsome, well-tanned guy (about 20-22), sandy curly hair, smooth, in a gray T shirt and clean jeans and sneakers, carrying a shoulder pack, comes in to piss. He stands at the left hand urinal, unzips and flops it out. Halfway through, he notices what's going on. He finishes pissing, leaves it out and starts to stroke. Pretty dick, rosy tan, cut, 6-1/2" with a nice mushroom. He reaches over and holds the middle guy's heavy rod and starts to stroke it.

They face each other; I stand next to them. The new guy opens his pants and drops them and snaps his jockey waistband under his smooth nut bag. He is pumping his fuck tool as he squats and gobbles the middle guy's big organ.

A 'warm silky asshole'

The Hispanic in the corner, believe it or not, leaves at this point! Jealous, I guess.

An older black guy takes his place, takes out his huge already wet erection, and begins wacking it. I kneel next to the sucker, slide my

left hand down the back of his jeans to stroke his smooth butt, which is slightly spread apart by his squatting position, so I can also touch his warm silky asshole.

With my right hand I begin to stroke his hard penis, now oozing strings of pre-ejaculate which I spread around his flaring dark pink bulb to make it all wet and slick and feel as beautiful as it looks.

Three or four more guys arrive, watch, get aroused, and begin to masturbate. One of them strokes and squeezes the middle guy's firm heinie (the one getting blown) but it's through a layer of denim; he wants to keep his pants on. His cock sticks out of his fly to be sucked, not standing up from a naked hairy groin and belly, which most guys would prefer, I think.

The cocksucker is very good and I can tell he's getting close to blowing his own wad. The other guy is taking longer to come. The armpits of the sucker's gray T-shirt are soaked, he starts to breathe harder. With the big penis still in his mouth, he grunts and comes.

The first long rope jets out and splashes the jeans of the guy he is sucking about halfway between ankle and knee of his left leg. The rest goes on the floor and my fist, warm, gooey, creamy-white, superior stuff.

Watching this has brought Big Dick on line for his turn. He bends almost double over the head and back of his sucker, gasps oh, yes! and gushes his spunk into the warm wet mouth and onto the guy's lips and chin. Some of it drips down onto his T-shirt.

I nearly come but don't (why?). A couple of the onlookers do. One of them is as handsome as a model– lean, muscular, light skinned. He could be a combination of black and Hispanic. I watch his beautiful 6-inch rigid fuck muscle as he erupts streaks of cum into the left hand urinal.

I smell and taste some of the cocksucker's semen still on my hand and rub some of it into my mustache to dry there.

There was a lot more that went on– I still can't believe it. It's the best night I ever spent in a movie theatre.

I didn't get to see much of the movies.

'I First Blew Him When I Was 15'

PENNSYLVANIA (1992)— I have been enjoying your books for some time and am writing about my sex life during high school. The experiences are written as they occurred, as best I can remember. I am now 31 and would like to tell you about my college days and other

encounters at some other time. There have been many.

There is a lot to say about boys in high school. They are into sex and I was the one to give it to them. Many of the boys hadn't gotten any until they met me. Here are some of the details about my encounters with my high school classmates.

My house had a pool in the back yard and this helped me get my hands and mouth around many cocks. There was a changing room in the basement and here I kept a variety of Speedo-type swim suits. I would bring boys over and give them a suit to borrow. I would pick the one which made them look hottest. I, too, would have a Speedo.

I had cut the inner lining out of my collection of suits, making my friends' cocks all the more visible.

Often, we would swim around for awhile, then get out to lie in the sun. I would brush my dick with my hand. I rubbed it till it got semi-hard. If they seemed interested in this, I knew I had their cock.

One boy, Robby, became a regular. He was a year older than me and I first blew him when I was 15. He had a 7-inch cock and took a long time to shoot. I was never in a hurry. I would give him a long, slow blowjob. He loved it. I would lick his balls and his asshole, too. He had the biggest cock I had seen up to this time.

He was the first to screw me. At first it hurt but I wanted it bad and eventually got into his cock riding in and out of me. I wanted his cum in me and got my wish. We had sex for three years regularly. He also liked to suck my cock but I never got to fuck him.

Another boy, named John, I really pursued. He was a real pretty boy. He was on the soccer team and I loved how he looked in his uniform. I wrote him a letter telling him I wanted to suck his dick. Of course, I didn't sign it but I wanted him to know that he was desired.

I also cut out pictures from a gay porno mag and included these in the letter. I told him that this is what I wanted to do with him.

Well, nothing happened for awhile. I continued to eye him from afar. At this time we were both in ninth grade and I wasn't sure how to proceed and was always worried about being caught wanting cock.

One day, while listening to a tape in the resource room, John sat next to me. He started listening to a tape too. This was my chance. I soon was rock hard and was discreetly rubbing it, making sure he knew what I was doing. I'll always remember running my fingers up the outline of my shaft through my jeans.

'He broke my ass in'

He was looking right at my hard on and then would look at me. It seemed that he was as interested in me as I in him.

We were both listening to our tapes but I had much more on my

mind. I could see the outline of his cock too and he also was rubbing it.

When the period ended, we both decided to meet after school.

The rest of the day seemed to last forever but finally, school was over. I waited outside, behind the school, where kids hung out, and John showed up shortly.

I said that we could go to my house as no one would be home. We walked silently to my house and went up to my bedroom. I sat in a chair and he sat across from me on my bed.

Neither one of us would make the first move. I had a hard on and he probably did too. I don't remember.

Anyway, I got up to go to the bathroom, making sure he could see my cock through my pants.

When I came back I saw that he had unbuttoned the top of his pants and I could see his dick pushing up against his underwear.

I sat next to him and asked if he wanted to "fool around." We were both naked real fast and sucking each other's cock in the 69 position. His cock was not real big– 4.5 inches– but he sure thought mine was. For a ninth grader, my cock was pretty big– 7 inches and thick. He was real horny and couldn't get enough.

It turned out that this was his first complete blow job and I gave great head, even then.

After he came, he got kind of shy so I just jerked off onto his chest. I enjoyed this greatly, too.

We met two more times and had great sessions each time. He always wore sexy outfits, white painter's pants with no underwear, and I could see his cock flopping around and could see it stiffen until hard as well.

He swallowed my load the next meeting and then I took his.

He moved away a year later and I haven't seen him since. However, when I was a freshman in college, he called while visiting my town. I was away at the time but know what he had in mind. To this day, I wish I had been home.

Art was another regular. He had a large dick and I sucked it all through junior and senior high school. We were in the same grade, good friends, and had lots of sex together.

We would fool around at his house, my house, in the neighbors' garage. He fucked me often, too, but didn't like getting fucked. That was fine with me. His cock was real thick and he broke my ass in. We would get high together or drink beer and then have sex. We had sex at least once a week for many years. I see him around now and he acts real straight but I think he still is into cock. We haven't had sex together for years.

Plays with Eric's butt hole

One day I was cutting through some woods near my house and I caught two kids with their pants down. I was a senior in high school at the time and these boys were freshmen. Their names were Eric and Kyle. Eric was a tall boy with blond hair and blue eyes. He was very good looking. Kyle was of average looks with brown hair and eyes.

They were really scared when I caught them. Eric begged me not to tell anyone. I told them that they didn't have to worry about that and then asked if they wanted to see my dick.

I pulled out my cock and they both were like "Wow, it's huge."

They started to giggle and Kyle dropped to his knees and started to blow me. He did it real well and I could tell that he had been sucking cock for some time.

Eric lied down and blew Kyle. I suggested that we go to my house where we could continue in better surroundings.

They both thought this was a great idea and we were soon in my bedroom. Kyle and Eric both stripped off their clothes while I sat on the bed watching. They put on a little strip show and were grabbing at each other's cock and ass. It was hot.

Then they had me stand up and undressed me. We all had hard ons and were soon on the floor in a three-way. We sucked each other for awhile and then Switched off. They both wanted to suck my cock, as it was bigger. They both were excited that they had my dick to suck as I was a senior.

I started to play with Eric's asshole and he began to moan and push it back at my hand. I slid a finger up his tight hole and he started saying "Fuck me, fuck me." I took my cock out of Kyle's mouth and had Eric get up on the bed. I told him to lie on his back and I got some Vaseline to lube up my cock. I also got his hole ready. He was moaning big time as I lubricated his asshole, thrusting my finger up his ass.

I lifted up his legs and pressed my cock into his ass. Kyle had come around and had Eric's cock in his mouth as I was fucking him.

I took it easy at first but Eric was going "Harder, harder," so I really started to fuck him hard. I came pretty quick as his ass was tight and these boys had me super horny.

Kyle then took over and fucked Eric while I blew his cock. Eric shot his load into my mouth as Kyle fucked him. It was a sweet tasting load.

Then Kyle came. We lyed on my bed together for awhile and talked.

Eric, Kyle, and I had sex regularly throughout my senior year.

Often, the three of us would get together, but I also had them separately.

When I went away to college, they both wrote and we would get together over my school breaks.

When Eric was a senior, he visited me because he wanted to see my school. We had a great weekend. Eric was accepted to my university and was once again a freshman when I was a senior. I took him under my wing and introduced him to the right crowd. We had lots of sex that year but I'm supposed to be telling you about my high school days.

'He Hated Having Such a Big Cock'

FLORIDA (1991)— This is a true story that happened to me. It was the Spring of 1968. I had just celebrated my 30th birthday and was in the process of moving from my apartment in Sunnyvale, just outside of San Jose, California. My car was packed with boxes of things and the following day the movers would take the contents of my apartment out.

Around noon time I got hungry and realized that there wasn't any food in the house. Instead of taking my car to the food store two blocks away and chance it being broken into, I decided to walk.

On my way back I noticed a blue Cadillac slowly following me. The second time I looked around he sped up and pulled up next to me.

The man, in his 60s, called me over and asked for directions to a street I was not familiar with. While I was explaining this, I noticed that he kept staring at the front of my pants. He looked up at me and smiled and said that he really didn't need directions and just wanted a closer look at me. Staring at my groin again, he said, "I bet there's a nice, hot little dick in there."

I was speechless.

He winked at me and said, "Do you mind? Would you like me to suck on your dick and make it feel good? Do you have a place where we could do that?"

Needless to say, his talk was giving me a hard on.

He told me to get into his car, and he drove up and parked next to my car.

Once inside my apartment, he told me to kick off my shoes and then he undressed me and kissed my nipples to hardness and worked his way down my body.

He said he wanted me on the bed because he had a bum knee.

I asked him to take off some of his clothes. He pulled off his trou-

sers and underpants and unbuttoned his shirt. His cock was thick and hung down below his grey-haired balls. I could not get my hand all the way around his cock, and my two hands holding the length did not cover the fat uncircumcised head. I asked him to make it hard but he said that it didn't get hard after some surgery he had the year before. Even soft, it was about nine inches long.

"It will feel better for both of us if I take these out," he said and turned and removed his dentures and went down on my hard dick. He moaned with pleasure.

I reached over and slid a finger under his foreskin and then the others over the crown of his cock head. It was very slick with pre-cum.

His mouth brought me close to climax four or five times and stopped short when he could sense I was close. He said he wanted it to last. His cock stayed limp but it seemed to get thicker around. I rubbed up and down on his slit and then he shuddered all over and continued to suck me to climax. I came so hard I felt like I was blowing off the back of his head.

Over a glass of iced tea, he told me that he used to be in the catering business in Hollywood, but was now retired. He started playing with my cock again and asked if he could have another go at it. He said my cock was beautiful and just the right size. He said he hated having such a big cock and wished he could fuck my cute little butt. He wet a finger and pushed it into my rear as he kissed my balls and went to work again on my hard cock.

With him ramming his big fingers into my hole and sucking hard, it didn't take me long this time to shoot another load.

He said he'd see me around but I moved and never saw him again.

Sex in the News

U.S. Marine Displays Dick, Butt to Cubans

A U.S. Marine in a watch tower at the U.S. Navy's Guantanamo Naval Base in Cuba displayed his "buttocks and genitals toward watching Cuban troops" who were "surrounding" the watch tower, according to a Reuters dispatch.

The Marine also made "obscene gestures with his hands."

An apparatus in Phoenix sent a copy of the dispatch as it ran in the *Arizona Republic*.

The Cubans made a video tape of the performance and showed it to foreign correspondents in Havana. The tape, Reuters says, "clearly

showed" the Marine's actions.

To be competitive with some of those bananas hanging down between Cuban thighs, the Marine's meat would have to be substantial.

In showing both his rod and his ass to the Cubans, his body language was ambiguous. It could be translated either as a scornful "you want this" or a welcoming "you can have this."

The Marine gave himself the sensation of having a group of men look at his sexual secrets and gave the Cuban troops a precise idea of what it would be like to have a comprehensive variety of sex acts with him.

'Shameless' Sex In Scotland

What a Scottish paper by the name of *The Daily Record* (city unknown) calls "a dad" pleaded guilty in Kilmarnock Sheriff Court to the curious charge of "shameless and indecent" behavior; to wit, having sex with a cop. The "dad" is 27, the cop 36. The "gay seaside sex romp" took place at Irvine Beach Park, Ayrshire.

The paper's strange little article gave no details. Its barbaric headline, "Dad's gay sex shame," suggests that the paper finds it unusual for a man who is a father to have sex with another man. It may be in Scotland, where it's usually too cold to take off your pants, but it isn't in these United States.

An apparatus from Pennsylvania clipped the little item while he was on vacation in Scotland.

Street Scene in Seattle: Nude Vomiting

When a newspaper runs an item about an indecent exposure artist, readers tend to imagine the exhibitionist as alluring. But *Seattle's Police News*, a mesmerizing monthly, had a couple of items which remind us that men who publicly display their flesh, however admirable they be for doing so, are not necessarily sexually desirable.

For example, a man who "exposed himself" one evening in the 1500 block of Queen Anne Avenue North is depicted as "55 to 60 years old, pale, thin, and with oily black hair." But his most unattractive feature, even more unattractive than his "oily" hair, is that he apparently is heterosexual; the target of his display was a member of the opposite sex.

Then there is the 33-year-old man who appeared in the middle of

the street in the 4800 block of 41st Avenue Southwest "naked except for his shoes." So far, so good.

But he was "vomiting." Nobody except fraternity brothers and Air Force cadets likes to see a man, however naked, vomit.

Then the man did something that can be attractive. He walked "to the rear of his vehicle and put on underpants." It can be as much fun to watch a man put on underpants as it is to watch him take them off, especially if they are jockey shorts and he spends some time arranging his nuts, looking down to see if his bulge is sufficiently attractive.

Finally, "just after the bars closed" one night, a man walked up to a woman on the 500 block of Queen Anne Avenue North and "allegedly put his entire hand under her shorts and grabbed her groin." In the first place, the man is "heavy-set." Number two, nobody wants their pussy groped right out in the fucking street by a man who doesn't even have the class to invite you into an alley. Third, after the man got himself a handful of pussy he "then walked away and was last seen going west on Mercer Street." It's bad enough to have a man feel of your pussy in the street and even worse when he then walks away as though rejecting it for some reason.

Coast Guardsman, 20, Strips for Bar Crowd

A 20-year-old member of the United States Coast Guard allegedly "performed a strip tease in the middle of Duval Street" in Key West, Florida, according to that city's *Citizen*.

He performed shortly before 1 a.m. one Saturday "for crowds in front of Sloppy Joe's and Rick's bars," the paper says.

The *Citizen* says a cop saw the man "pull his pants down around his ankles and start 'dancing and performing a strip routine.'" The paper quotes the cop as saying that the guardsman "was wearing a pair of black bikini underwear that he then pulled down, exposing himself." The guardsman "appeared intoxicated and had the odor of alcoholic beverages on his breath, [the cop] reported."

He was jailed on a charge of "exposure of sexual organs."

Tennessee Sheriff Rapes Three Inmates

An extraordinarily butch sheriff in Henderson County, Tennessee, pleaded guilty to raping six jail inmates. The sheriff is now doing

time– 10 years for a federal civil rights violation and 20 years for state offenses (crime against nature and aggravated assault).

It was in 1988 that the sheriff pleaded guilty. No one sent a clipping at the time; it is now 1993. I evidently have no apparatus in Henderson County. But if this is the way they behave in Henderson County, I need one. The rapes turned up in the news again this year in an Associated Press dispatch in the Spokane, Washington, *Spokesman-Review*. One of the sheriff's victims, a shipyard welder who was doing time for burglary, larceny, and possession of marijuana, confessed to scoring 23 rapes himself.

In his written confession, he pointed out that "it might be of help to know that I was Raped in Jail by the Sheriff and ever since I have felt inadiquit [sic] and embarrassed that it could happen to me."

He is now 30. He was about 23 when, he claims, the sheriff raped him three times. About a year after his release from Henderson County Jail, he began his series of rapes in Louisiana, Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Florida.

He was being held without bond, whatever that may mean, in Jefferson Parish, near New Orleans, says the AP dispatch.

Brazen Exhibitionist Jacks Off in Theater

At about 10:30 one Saturday evening, a woman complained to the manager of a theater in Madison, New Jersey, that "the man sitting next to her was masturbating," says *The Daily Record* (Morris County, New Jersey).

It's almost unbelievable; he's obviously a man of rare charm, but she's complaining.

It is one thing for an exhibitionist to display his hose at a distance from his audience; it is exhibitionism of a much higher order to do it when someone is sitting right next to you.

This particular exhibitionist is a handsome one, to judge from the police sketch published by *The Daily Record*. And his stats sound all right: six feet tall, mid-twenties, "solid" build. Clothes: blue jeans and a dark blue or black jacket. At 180 to 190 pounds, he could possibly be a little heavy; I'd have to see.

He is a smooth operator; when two ushers approached him he "asked if there was a problem." He started walking to another auditorium in the theater, then "suddenly bolted for the front door." Apparently this is a theater with several auditoria.

He's athletic; ushers saw him "run behind the post office, jump the

fence and continue to run in the direction of Main Street."

But, athletic, cool, and valiant though he be, the man has not mastered the basic rule of exhibitionism: that women have no tradition for sex in places like theaters– only men do. Women are likely to complain if you jack off next to them.

This particular indecent exposure artist has been reported "about" six times in the same theater. He can never reach the top until he learns that the most responsive audience for exhibitionism is men.

The Morris County Crime Stoppers program is offering one grand for information leading to his capture. There are many men who would offer at least as much. Men who jack off in theaters are more interesting than those who don't.

This one, especially after publication of his alluring sketch and the fact that he has been sighted six times in the same theater, could be good for business at that theater, drawing new customers who are more interested in watching for him than in watching the picture. But the manager of the theater doesn't realize that. He has the chance to run an extraordinary theater, but he wants to continue to run an ordinary one.

Criminal Invades University Locker Room

An unidentified man ratted on a man who "was masturbating in the communal shower area of the men's locker room at Northwestern's Sports and Aquatic Center Tuesday evening," says *The Daily Northwestern* at Northwestern University, which I believe is in Illinois.

The perpetrator left before the school's crime stoppers arrived. The item does not say whether they found a wad of his cream on the shower floor.

The little item shows what difficulties sexual people have in this culture, constantly threatened as they are by the sexually inadequate people.

The man who was jacking off is healthy and functions well; the man who ratted on him is dysfunctional and sick. But the snitches conceal their sickness in a thick layer of piety.

Prostitute Arrested But Customer Isn't

The Morning Herald of Hagerstown, Maryland, reports that a 27-year-old transvestite prostitute "admitted he was performing oral sex on a man in the man's car. A police officer saw the activity and arrested" the transvestite.

No further mention is made of the john; presumably he was left to go his own way, such as it is.

Do the Hagerstown cops feel that when two men are having sex with each other only one of them is homosexual? Or that only one of them is involved in a money transfer?

Reclining Nude Draws Crowd in Florida

Once again, as happens regularly but still not often enough, a gang of thieves has stripped a victim of his clothes and left him completely naked.

This seems to be a new phenomenon of the 1990s and it is a welcome one. Robbery and mugging of course are not welcome, but as long as we have to have crime we might as well have crime which leaves its victims naked. Most clothes have little value and victims who lose their clothes are not really suffering any great loss. But the public, meanwhile, gains a priceless aesthetic spectacle. This is the only good that can come out of the evil of crime.

That a man of 35 can still have a body worth staring at is verified by the fact that when a man of that age awoke naked in the middle of the night at the corner of 17th and Silver streets north of downtown Jacksonville, Florida, "police and bystanders crowded around," says the Jacksonville, Florida, *Times-Union*.

He had been beaten up by three goons while he was headed for a convenience store at three o'clock in the morning.

"As he fought with one man," the paper says, "another hit him in the back of the head." The blow put him to sleep.

The hoods took his bike, wallet, and what the paper calls "every stitch" of his clothing.

Even though the assailants undoubtedly belong to the moral majority of heterosexuals, the fact that they even took the man's underpants suggests that they may have a touch of a sexual minority in them. Whether they were sensitive enough to scrutinize the underpants is anybody's guess.

Some stupid man, probably a Republican, brought the scene to an offensively wholesome end. "Some guy came out from across the street," the naked victim says, "and gave me a pair of pants. They didn't fit but at least they covered me."

The fact that even in a crisis like this the victim comments on the fit of his pants suggests a welcome narcissism and vanity. Men who are vain about the way they look in pants tend to be fun when the pants are removed.

The victim was taken to University Hospital, where nine stitches were made "to close a gash on the back of his head."

Marine Says He Was Raped at Gunpoint

Marines have played a major part in the history of homosexuality– but seldom in so submissive a role as that of a 20-year-old Marine from Camp Pendleton, California, who claims he was what the San Diego *Union-Tribune* calls "sodomized at gunpoint" under a bridge in Oceanside.

The freshly-shorn Marine emerged from a barber shop in Hill Street at 7 p.m. and captured the fancy of a goon on Fourth Street who "stuck a gun in his ribs," the Marine says.

The couple repaired to a cave under a bridge in the 1000 block of North Hill Street.

The Marine later told police he was "sodomized" (probably not using that word), "robbed of $150, and forced to accompany the suspect to Angelo's Burgers restaurant for a half-hour before the gunman walked away." Mmmmm– Angelo's Burgers sounds good.

A transcript of the dialogue between the victim and the rapist would be interesting.

For some reason, the Marine waited until the following morning to report the crime. He was examined at a naval hospital. The paper does not report what the examination found.

The Marine depicted his rapist as tall, slim, unshaven, black, age 35 to 40, wearing a mid-length blue overcoat, yellow sweater, and blue pants. The man does not appear to be fashionably dressed but he obviously is a smooth operator; it is not easy to rape a Marine who, apparently, did not want to be raped. Some do, some don't.

Travel Tip: Japanese Have Sweet, Clean, Uncut Cocks

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The writer of the following letter also wrote the letter which appears elsewhere in this oeuvre under the title of "Rolls Him Over, Kisses His Asshole."* —B. McD.]

DELAWARE— I can't promise anything– I write in spurts, as I'm moved, I suppose. But let's see.

SCHOOL– GRADE OR ELEMENTARY YEARS– DURING WORLD WAR II: Air Raid Drills were common in those days, and we were evacuated to walk to a stone constructed church basement two city blocks from the school during drills.

Alex, a wee bit of a sissy, latched on to me for comfort, I guess. I enjoyed his being afraid, because it led me to his house after school.

Older children of the family had responsibility to see that Alex and I had a much favored Graham cracker (everything was rationed during the war) and then left alone until Mom & Dad came home from the store.

Generally, we'd play cowboys & indians, until Chippy came along– a tiger cat that took to me like glue. One day Alex held Chippy in his lap stroking its fur and I was jealous, not because he had the cat but because he was touching the cat's fur in gentle strokes and not touching me.

Getting down on all fours, I played "Kitty, Meow, Meow," rubbing Alex's legs with my head only to find Alex loving the attention. Meow, meow, I put my head in his lap, first sniffing the cloth at his crotch, making Alex touch my head, ears, face, neck. My fingers responded to his touching; I felt his bare legs up under his pants cuffs.

At one point he stood and announced, "Let's play Doctors." He darted into the bathroom, closed the door, took his pants and shirt off, and stood buck naked in front of me. Then he leaned over, spread his ass cheeks, and directed me to wet a finger and take his temperature up his rectum. As I did, his tiny ass muscles expanded and contracted, making my finger movement rather easy. This sort of "Doctor" game was played for a couple of years.

One day in the woods, he said he had to do #2, so he took his pants off and squatted, using a piece of notebook paper to wipe his ass. As he was putting his pants on, four boys came into the woods and sat in a circle smoking cigarettes. As they talked, an odd thing happened. One stood up, grabbed his crotch, and said to another, "Beat this." Another rose to his feet, went over, knelt in front of him, reached up, undid his fly, took out the hard cock of his friend, and sucked hard for a couple of minutes, then stood up and stroked his friend's cock until

yes, both Alex and I witnessed a glob of cream fly through the air and land on a rock.

We were so scared neither of us moved for fear they'd see us.

As we watched, the boy on his knees also serviced the other two, who shot loads near the same spot the first did, exclaiming "Bull's Eye" and "Great Shot." Then they left.

'I slid between his legs'

Shaking like a leaf– actually I was on top of Alex– we went over to where they had been and found what appeared to be spit, but thicker. We were curious and poked at it with a stick, finding it rather sticky.

On the way back home, in a cellar way, Alex let me experiment by doing what the boy on his knees had done to his friends. It was a first for Alex but not for me; I'd been sucking classmates a long time before I got Alex. I loved sucking Alex. It was our secret.

As many as five years passed before I saw him again. He went to a different Junior High school. I found a dark-haired scrawny lad at a Basket Ball game one night talking to a cheerleader. When I said, "Hi Alex, remember me?" he wasted no time in ditching her and walking out with me.

It was past 8 P.M. The football field was deserted. We talked briefly and in the darkness of the bleechers of that stadium, he gave me the cock and balls I had dreamed about for a couple of years. He didn't pull back before his wad flushed down my throat.

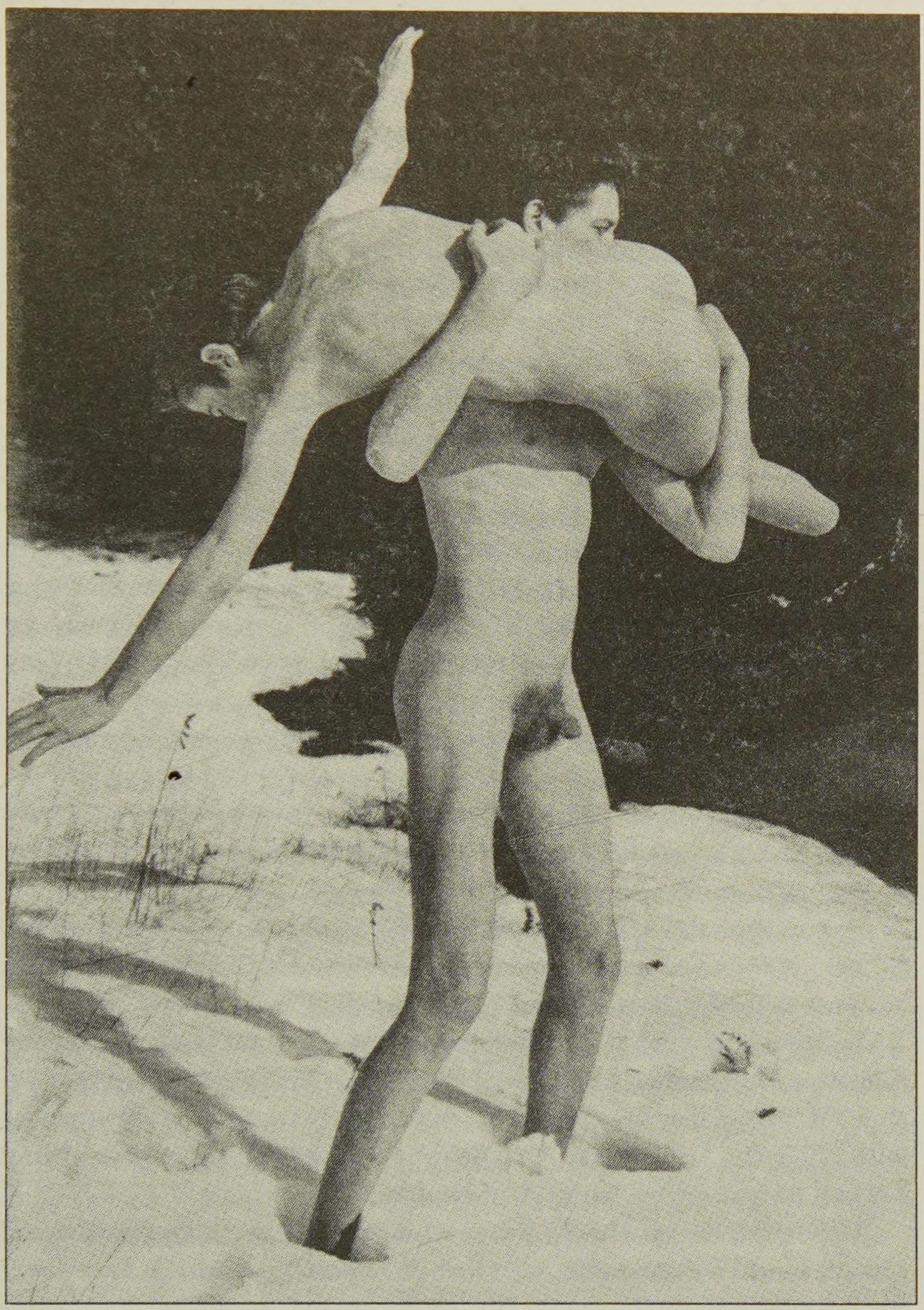
We sat there half the night and just talked. About midnight, he asked me to take his temperature like in old times. He pulled his pants over his rump, rolled over, poked his ass up, and instead of sticking my wet finger up his ass I stuck my tongue up there, wiggled it around, bit his ass-hair, and mouthed him. He seemed to love it.

I humped until I couldn't anymore, pulled out, replaced my dick with my fingers, turned him around, slid between his legs, and got to his balls & cock again for yet another wad.

When we parted that night we vowed to get together for many repeats, but I never saw Alex again. Somehow his father found out, thought he was fooling around with girls, and grounded him. I was busy with "lovers" and found no time to look him up.

JAPAN: What a pretty country, and ah, what sweet yellow/olive complected small men with uncut clean cocks. All just Natural wondrous Beauties.

My troop ship docked at Yokahama about October 1st of that year, with hundreds of girl-hungry soldiers. All I wanted to see was the ·untry, meet some older folk, and ride some trains, but got caught ·ith the boys I bunked and shipped with who all, but me, wanted



slanted pussy.

A prostitute sat on my lap and told me more about my home town than I knew. She'd never been there & I grew up there.

I tried to tell her I wasn't interested in getting my dick wet. The bartender overheard the conversation and whispered something to a bus boy. When my next beer came, he purposely tapped my knuckles and said politely, "Come with me."

After washing some glasses, he walked to the back and disap-

peared. Another took his place tending bar. I went to the rear and saw him go through a passageway.

Sucks five soldiers

I followed and found myself in a rather dark storage room, as the door closed behind me.

I found a hand on my groin. A voice said "I suck, I suck," but I was terrified and said "No." We stood like two scared rabbits in a hunters' field.

I felt in the dark his smooth skinny hands, shoulders, neck, Adam's Apple, face, hair, ears, realizing I had to run before it was too late. Finally my hands went down to his groin to find no more than 5 inches hard and the nicest little rump you'd find anywhere.

I went down on one knee, pulled his pants down, & engulfed his cock & balls so fast I couldn't even think twice.

He was uncut, not a long foreskin, but pleasant, sweet and very sensitive (turned on to my tongue). He began pushing me away, or trying to, as my strong American lips held his cock well within my grasp, my hands holding firm his rounded ass.

He began to moan. Jet after jet of fresh Japanese sperm splashed the walls of my mouth.

It would have been justifiable to fuck him, but I got what I really wanted and walked out a satisfied and fulfilled man.

The fellas never even missed me either.

In due time the bartender returned. I went to him to order a beer. He said, "You are good cocksucker. I owe you Round the World." He gave me a card with a Japanese address on it.

I suppose it would be a challenge getting my fat cock up his tiny asshole for a fabulous fuck, but I didn't. We sailed that night for Inchon, S. Korea, and a short arm [cock] inspection found most of the fellas had the "clap" from the Yokahama girls they screwed, but I walked away with a clean bill of health.

I revisited the city many times while on tour of duty in S. Korea. I always found a clean, safe, worthwhile experience, and S. Korea was just as rewarding.

JAPAN– R & R FROM KOREA: Toward the end of my tour of duty in Korea I became a "drunk." It was our reward to fly to Japan for a R & R and the last bunch I was attached with were all religious men, yet all with the same addiction.

As we met, six of us, we all discovered none of us would take a chance catching VD from a female, as much as we needed sex, so the door of opportunity was left wide open for me.

The entire trip with them, I found a way to innocently approach

each for the reward they'd give, and sure enough each did individually without ever telling the others, that I knew of.

First, I'll start with Ray. He was a handsome blond married draftee that easily slipped his cock in my mouth in a shower of his room when I arrived early for cocktails.

Paul, a lumbering massive fella of 6' and 180 lbs., only 22, with less than 6 inches, swore that if I told anyone that he liked a session of "Round the World," he'd kill me.

Licks Billy's asshole

Alfred, a church organist, again 22, tall and slender with 8 skinny inches, just couldn't believe I could devour his thing & scoop up his balls & lick them silly until he creamed.

Billy, the legal one, told me flat out to "go fuck yourself" but before I could reach the door to his hotel room, begged me not to go, then with no warning stepped from his pants, leaned forward and pushed his ass into my hands. He was totally ignorant of any French stuff, so that night of eating and rimming, Billy became legally educated.

Then there was tall, skinny, black Rufus. I didn't know if I should or not. He was a real military knight.

I loved just being with him, his long bony fingers, puffy raised blood vessels.

We all of us toured the city and walked the streets.

Back on board the train I asked if he saw anyone he'd like to shack up with. He leaned into me and said, "Yeah, one time maybe, with a white boy."

I told him he best keep his secret to himself & just whack off.

Later, back at our Military Operated Hotel, knowing it was against the rules to visit another's room at night, he pretended to be sick/drunk and required me to take him to his room & put him to bed. I did & sucked him off good, granting his wishes. In my entire military career, I never touched anyone stateside, yet thousands of miles away it seemed only natural.

The Classical Period of Homosexuality: 1940-1980

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The man who sent the following letters has also sent many others, which have run in my recent books and magazine articles. I have already run his many letters about his military sexual experience. The letters below describe some of his civilian intimacies. In all, these letters comprise a fine anecdotal history of The Golden*

Age of Compulsive Promiscuity, 1940-1980. I have faithfully copied this correspondent's use of the language in order to preserve the sacred authenticity of his text. —B. McD.]

CALIFORNIA— When I was young [in South Carolina] There was two families. One lived on my Grandfather's Farm. The other lived up the road aways.

Each family had a slim well defined muscled son Who I was fond of. They both also had a son who was a fat slob. The slim ones I would have loved to play around with. But alas it was a no go with the two of them. But with the two fat ones it was another story as they were always trying to get me off some where.

I at that time didn't know what they were after.

One day the two that lived on the farm & I went to the river. We played a long time in the river then the two brothers had some words. I didn't understand any of the argument.

Slim dressed and left asking or begging me to come with him. Before I could get out of the river Fats caught me and forced me to lay in the shallows and he worked his cock into my ass hole. He popped his nuts real quick but the relationship between the two boys and myself were never quite the same.

Later the other two brothers had hired on to help out on the Farm. One afternoon the Fat one caught me in the Barn loft. He picked me up and took me in the loft and layed me over a bale of hay. He ripped my overalls down and he spit on his cock and forced it in my ass and fucked me until he got his rocks off. This was a bigger cock than the other and my ass was sore for weeks.

My older sister who stayed back east is always telling me that both of the fat ones were asking about me.

Youth sucks house painter 45 minutes

I worked in a Drug Store in S.C. [South Carolina] in the 40s. One after noon a lady came in with her son. He looked so much like this muscular, handsome House painter I knew. I figured it was his wife and son.

Latter on in the afternoon the man came in. I said to him "hi what did your wife forget." He said I'm here to pick up medicine for both the kids and my Wife.

I knew I'd made a grave mistake. So I backed off & shut my mouth. He got the medicine and as he was ready to go he said I'll wait around the corner & we'll go to the Derby & watch them wreck some cars. I said OK. This was my Wildest dream coming true. When I got off I went around the corner and there was the Painters truck. I crawled in and we went to his house & left the Medicine. And we

went out to where the Demolition Derby was to take place. We didn't go in the Arena. We parked up on a side street above the Natural Arena.

He had been telling me who the Woman & Boy was. It was his Wife's Best Friend. She was their Neighbor. His wife was sterile and his Boy & Girl were adopted. But he was the Natural father of the Boy I'd seen. The woman was their Neighbor. What you call across the alley a back door neighbor. And she was very afraid of thunder storms of which we usually had plenty in summer and some in winter.

He was home alone one afternoon when there was a very bad thunder storm. The woman rushed over to his house and came flying in the house and Jumped into his arms. He quiten her and she still clung to him. Say I want a baby by you. Your Wife & my husband are sterile and I want a baby. So they Began a session to get her with child. It took 3 to 4 weeks and all this time he was servicing Both his wife & neighbor.

He got her pregnant and she was five months along when she ran over once again and slipped on wet grass & hit the back step and miss-carried.

Well, she still wanted a kid so they decided to do it again. And in two weeks she was pregnant again. He told her this is the last time to take care of it.

She had had that child the one I saw her with on the street. He told me all this as we sat in his pick up and watched the wrecking below. He had gotten an erection while he told this and I groped him & he didn't say a word so I unzipped his Pants & took his big fat cock out. He had 8 inches and it had a large head. Yes, he was cut.

I told him I wanted to suck his cock. He said OK, but I must tell you I have to move my ass when I come. I sucked the big head & drove him wild but he stayed still. I then was going all the way down and pulling off to suck the head. I loved to have that kind of big meat head in my mouth.

He made the whole time last about 45 minutes before he said I'm coming & began to fuck my face & shoot one of the largest loads of luscious cream. Everytime I was with him I could expect to get a long suck and a large load of cream.

'He pushed his cock in my face'

Home Town Exec. I was walking to the Bus stop one night in the rain after a movie when a car pulled up & asked me if I wanted to ride. Thinking it was one of my regulars, I got in and immediately realized I'd never seen the man before. But he had his nice long meat

out and it was hard, of nice size.

We drove to a large mansion on Main Street & parked in the rear & went in a door marked employees. He said no one was here. We went up a colonial stair case & down a hall to a wash room marked women.

Until now we had been guided with regular night lights. He flipped the light switch & closed the door. I noticed there were no windows in this room.

He was tall & ruggedly Handsome. He said lets both undress & have a ball. I figured it was all right as he had a key to the Building. We stripped and boy was I surprised his cock was huge. He looked down at me and said sit on the floor there with your back to the wall. I did this and he pushed his big long cock in my face. I began to suck his cock. When he was fully hard and was moaning & groaning he lowered his self down on my cock to the balls & said suck that cock I love it.

When he was about half way down the shaft of my cock he began to cream & cream as he went wild riding my cock.

I was with him one other time. We went to his House in the wealthy section of town. We had sex in the Bath room with other people sleeping in the House.

He called me a taxi– a driver I requested to pick me up a block from his House. The taxi driver I requested was already for a blow job. So I did him on the way home.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *This man wrote in a letter I have already published that he got to know, and suck, certain cab drivers in his home town, and would ask for the juiciest pieces of meat by name when calling for a cab.* —B. McD.]

A dirty, low-down theater

There was a movie house in down town main street that showed the women doing strip tease. I used to love to go there and sit in the back and watch the men pull out their huge cocks and Jerk off. Some would put on condoms and fill the thing up when they finally got their rocks off. Others shot all over the back of the seat and some times over the seat & the back of the person in front of them.

There would be a few that went to the men's rooms, and some time there was some one there that would suck them but the robberies were too frequent in there for me. This was a real dive and a hang out for the Blacks and I have yet to see a small cock in there Jerking off.

I saw one person get up & go to the mens room. Some one I recognized as a hungry cock sucker. He would suck anything & everything. I followed him in the mens room. I couldn't for the life of me remem-

ber who had gone ahead of him. I entered the room & this Black jumped and pulled a long cock out of his mouth & he shot all over the place.

On my heels came another Black and when he saw the length & size of the one shooting he whipped out his large cock and Hit it about two or three strokes and Showered the Room with his cream. This person I recognized was going crazy. He was trying to get his mouth on a cock.

One day I was in and the regular crowd wasn't in the theater. The blacks were missing completely. I knew that some of the cocksuckers would sit on the stool for hours and suck cocks. I watched the picture for a while then went in the mens room. There wasn't anyone sitting there. I thought what the heck I'll sit down and see what happens. I had no sooner set down than a nice macho man came in & pulled out his hard & stood at the urinal. As the stool and urinal were on the same wall anyone sitting had a good full view of the urinal. I took a good look and the man saw me looking. He turned & shoved the Hard cock at me. I opened my mouth & He shoved it in and came a teacup full. I could Hardly swallow fast enough.

He pulled his cock out & was stuffing the thing back in his pants when another man came in. He looked to be in his early 20. The one left and the other one had stepped to the urinal & took his nice long cock out. I looked over & He turned and waved it at me. I opened my mouth & He let me suck him off.

Before he turned away from me another one came in and He didn't even go to the urinal. He had seen enough to know what was going on. He pulled his big headed cock out & I sucked his load for him.

I hardly had time to get my breath between the stream of Lovely cock that were being shoved in my face. This went on for quite a while.

I figured I sat there long enough so I got up and went back in the theater. Most people were gone. Only a few people were over on the Far side where there was never any action.

There was one man getting his cock sucked in the back row. So I went and sat where I could see the action. I stayed another hour and left as no one else showed up for the Action side.

Two men undress in train terlet

Once I was traveling from S.C. to N.O. [New Orleans] on the Southerner. A fast train that ran from N.Y. to N.O. I'd been on the train only a few minutes after pulling out of the station when a man said where you going. I said N.O. He said that where I live and work. I'm on my way back to the University where I teach & live.

I was hot, and would have gone with anyone who asked me. He said come on I know where there a vacant car. We went along the train till we reached one of the rear cars. Sure enough the car was empty. We went into the mens John & stripped and He sucked me and then I sucked his cock. When the moment of passion was over and we'd dressed, thats when we discovered that there was 3 or 4 conductors sitting in the mens lounge out side of the John we were locked in. We waited for what seemed like hours before we were able to leave.

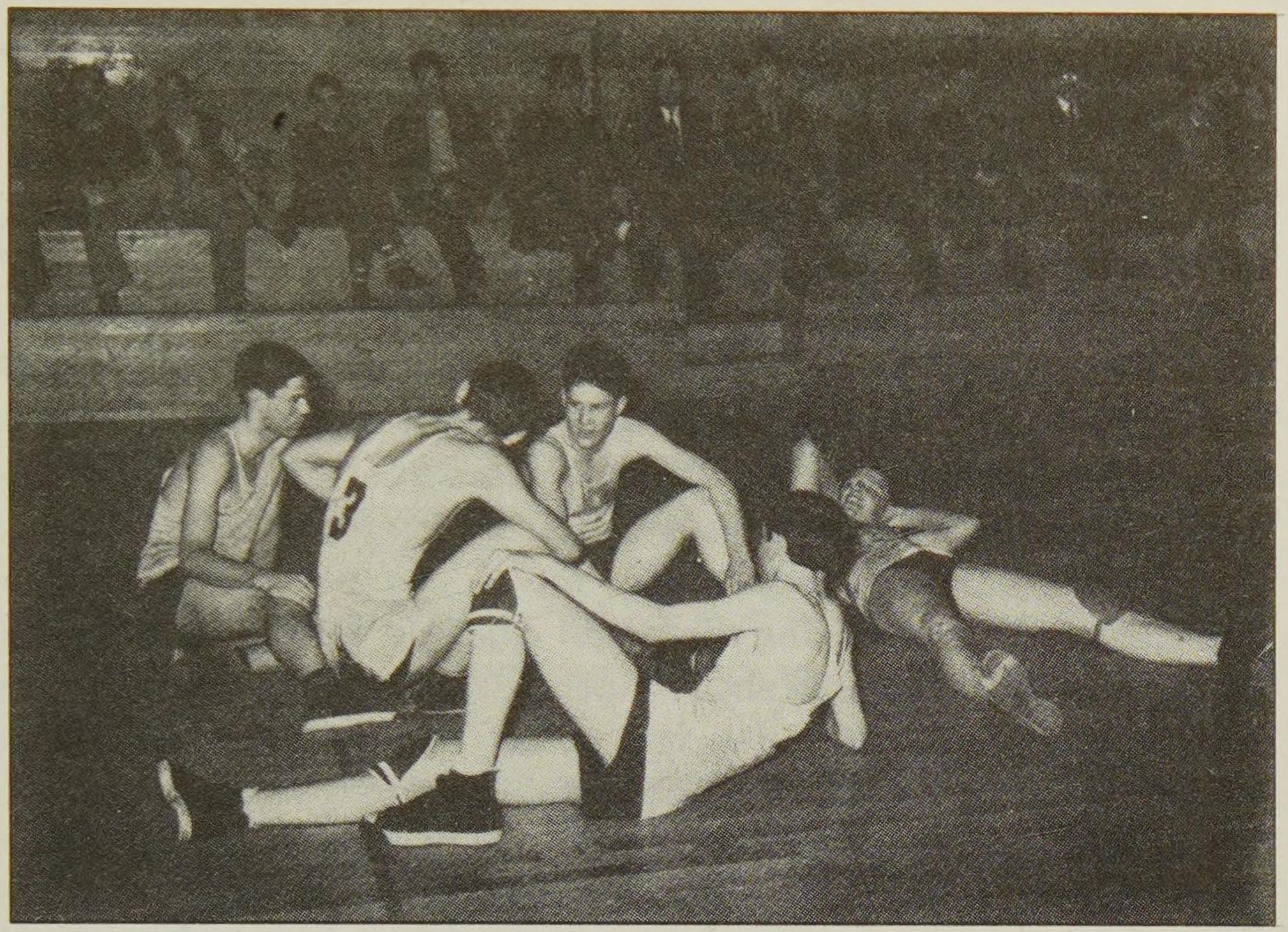
Later on I was standing in the isle and we were approaching N.O. across the lake. Another man came up & said say I saw you with one of my colleagues. He & I teach at the same place. He reaches over and undoes my pants & takes my cock out & is standing there playing with me when the conductor comes by, and see all. He smiles and goes to the end of the car & unlocks a door and begins moving luggage to the platform where it can be unloaded. I was so embarrassed. But the professor didn't seem to care. He kept trying to suck my cock right there in the Isle. I finally escaped back into the car and got my cock tucked away in time to get off and claim my luggage.

Cock cheese stinks up bus

When I first arrived here in L.A. I traveled by bus to and from work and rode the buses to anywhere else I wanted to. I learned early on to take a seat in the very back and no one was crawling over me.

One A.M. I was on my way to work, and as usual I sat in the back. I dozed off and the next thing I knew someone woke me giggling Hee Hee Hee Hee. I scanned the rear seat from my side to the other side. There was a man next to me asleep then the woman was next and she was the one doing the silly giggling. The two young chaps on the other end of the seat was causing all the commotion. One had his cock pulled up and was showing about 3 inches of big uncut cock above his belt. This was showing out side of his shirt. While the one in the far corner was playing with his hard cock out in the open. Everytime this Broad would look at the two hard cocks she would giggle.

Another time I came in from the Valley and again I sat in the back corner and I usually had a book for the long rides. I had dozed and when I woke I smelt peter cheese strong enough to gag me. I opened my window a crack and looked across the seat. Here sat a young guy with his Jeans down and his uncut 8 inch cock sticking up hard. I think with the tight foreskin he couldn't skin his cock Back. But he could squeeze the fore skin over his cock and pull it down about 2 or 3 inches. This was where the strong, pungent odor was radiating from. He thought I'd be interested in his big meat that reeked with such an



odor. We came in to Hollywood and as we turned to go down the Blvd. he got off the bus and stood out on the side walk making motions for me to get off.

I'd noticed the driver had also opened his window. With the next stop all the others on this bus got off as they had reached the Blvd. The Driver said something to me & I moved up front where I could hear him and understand what He was saying. I rode these buses the same time and if there were regular drivers we got to recognize each other.

He said when I saw that one get on I knew he was going to stink the bus up. Everytime He rides he does the same thing. The driver said he thinks I can't see what he's up to but when the bus is empty or almost empty I can see everything he does. And everytime he plays with that cock of his he really smell the place up.

That the only White I ever met that smelt so bad. I'd run across some Mexicans and they would stink the place up. I'd seen two young Mexican boys sit on that same seat and jerk each other off, on the way to town.

There was a good number of contacts made on the buses out here back in the 40s and 50s.

Youth doesn't want to get sucked off

Back in the early 50s a good looking or I should say a pritty Boy cruised me in a public toilet & followed me out on the streets. He wanted to go home with me. As I was living alone I took him to my apt.

When he undressed his body was smooth and no hair on arms legs chest etc.

We got in bed nude and he said "I want you to fuck me! Do you cum easy." I said no. He lay on his back pulled his legs up like he had them in the stirrups in a Dr. office.

I wanted to suck his nice fat smooth and long cock but he said no. Not till after you fuck me. So saying he pulled his cock and Balls up on his stomach. I figured what the heck such a pretty body and a lovely ass to fuck. When he pulled his balls up & with two fingers he spread his asshole & said slide it in easy now & fuck me.

I started to put it in & he guided my cock in the slit and it was a real tight fit. I was fucking away and enjoying myself when he climaxed and as I'd only had about 4 inches in at his climax he took the rest of my seven & half inches right up to the pubic hairs. This was a great thrill and I was really slamming it to him.

He said take it out and I pulled out & sat back on my knees. To my great surprise his dick was hard and he had close to 10 inches of fat dick bottle shaped and it was running pre-cum in a thick stream. I asked if he wanted it sucked & he said no.

I eased up & over his body and he pushed his big fat hard cock up & rubbed it in my crack a few times. His cock was drooling so much that I needed no lubricate for Him to penetrate. I slipped down over that huge cock & by the time It went all the way in, he shot one of the biggest & longest loads I've ever had. When I rose off his cock his huge load followed my movement & came out all over his hairs, balls & cock. It must have been a cup full. Having always kept trick towels I grabbed one to keep the mess off the Bed & the entire regular size towel was wet when I finished the mop up.

He took my # & said he would call & drop by; but I heard later he found a rich lover & left town.

Struts naked in fire house

I was visiting a friend in Brooklyn on Vacation. I met an old man the 1st week and he was called "Fire House Freddie." He never told anyone where he went or why he got up so early

This young guy Decided to follow Freddie. He set his clock and was waiting when Freddie went by that A.M. The young one followed Freddie and saw him go in a fire house by a side door. In a while he came out and went on to another Fire station were he also went in by a side door. Here he stayed longer. When he came out this was too much for the young cocksucker so he confronted Freddie and demanded to know what he did in these fire houses. F. said I've one more stop to make and I can't be late. He figured he had been found

out. You come along and we'll have breakfast later.

The two went to the last fire house which was a training school for young firemen. They went in the side door & went up to the showers. The old man sat on a bench in the corner and as each one came in the John to piss that A.M. if they wanted to be sucked they took their leak and then got their Blow jobs.

The young one was fit to Be tied by now he wanted in on the action. So he stripped and was parading his ass all over the place. One of the young fire men said I'm going to fuck your ass, get over here. He went over to the fireman. The old man said later he didn't know this fireman at all. The fireman grabbed this young guy and slammed him over a low wall and forced his cock in this young ass. The kid began to scream & struggle but the fire man just forced his cock in deeper & deeper.

Freddie said when I was able to see (no cock in his face) the fireman had his cock all the way in and there was nothing but hair between the two bodies. The kid had never had so much up his ass let alone one so long. He panicked.

He never pulled his clothes off again before a crowd of men, he wouldn't even go to the baths. The old Freddie died a few years later and another cocksucker much younger took his place.

This same young one had been going to a Bar-Cafe– and he'd been trying to get this guy to let him suck his cock. The young one as far as I was concerned was a little crazy going to these cafe & Bars and pestering the men when they were working.

One AM we were in for Breakfast. He started pestering the bartender as he was setting up his bar for the Day. This guy said to the young one come on down in the Basement with me I'll give this to you as he grabbed his cock. The young silly one went into the Basement with this Greek stud. In a few seconds the young one came out of the Basement & left almost in a run.

I sat eating my meal. The Bartender came up the stairs with a keg of Beer on his shoulder. I noticed his pants was unzipped. He looked around and said where'd he go. I said he left, what Happened. He stepped where I could see. He pulled his long cock out of his pants and let it drop like a limp rag. The big long thing was cut and it had a nice head on it. The Bartender said this scared him to death. He looked at me and said does it scare you too. I smiled & said no it take more than a cock to scare me.

The Bartender said I wouldn't have hurt him.

Later right before I left for Home I told the Bartender about the fire house incident. The Bar tender wanted to get with me late at night. But I was leaving for Home in the early A.M. Sorry we never

got together. But I can still remember the length and the size from when he let me grope him.

Airman wants his butt whipped

I was in S.A. [San Antonio, Texas, in the U.S. Air Force] when a short muscular stud started a conversation with me. We had our drinks and he invited me to join him in his room.

Thinking I was to have a regular homo party, we undressed and he came over to me and instructed me how to hold a coat hanger and whip his ass with the coat hangar. He lay across my lap with his cock & Ball in my pubic hairs while I whipped his ass.

He said don't stop till I tell you to even if blood comes. I whipped his ass till my arm was giving out. With him a-begging me to hit harder and harder.

I had been reluctant to do this in the first place. But then I was so tired and he was still begging for more I got into the mood and beat his ass so hard he was bleeding.

He got a hard on which went down between my legs by my cock & Balls, and I also got a hard on that was pushing up against his body.

When I thought I'd not be able to go any longer with the hanger he turned over and his long slender cock was close enough to my face. I took his cock in my mouth and he came a very heavy load of cream.

The next day I was back on base. I was with a bunch of airmen. I met him with his Pilots. He was sure surprised to see me. I saluted his officers & marched my men on.

I learned from my friend in headquarters that he was a crew chief on one of the shuttles that came in from our other Bases.

Sucks sailors' scum

We went to S.D. [San Diego] and as we didn't have anything planned we went to the tubs there.

The one we chose was in the basement of a large Building. It covered the entire floor. We were admitted and assigned rooms. The room next to mine had a long mirror on the Wall. There was a hole in between the rooms. As the room was dark I went to the steam room. There I met a young sailor. He was nice & wanted me to do him in the steam room. I did. He came so fast I hardly knew I'd had a cock in my mouth.

He left and I finished my steam and showered. As I was returning to my room I passed a room where there were sex movies being showed. There was only one guy laying there on the mats watching. As he had a huge cock which was hard & sticking almost straight up I sat down by him & he shook his cock at me. I reached over took hold of his cock. It was about 10 inches long and shaped like small at the

base and small head almost pointed but in the middle it was so large I could barely reach around it. I knew this would be very difficult to deep throat. But I began to suck. He immediately said all the way down. I did and could every time he pushed my head until his cock got rigid and hard.

Just as he was about to cum some one turned the lights on in the room. He cursed and grabbed his towel. when he returned the lights were off and a new picture was showing on the screen.

I went back to sucking, and in a short time I got his mega load. He shoved his cock all the way in and I took about three inches down my throat but the rest was too big to go So he shot that huge load partly Down my throat & He came so much and it was so thick that a lot of his cum backed up in my mouth. It tasted sweet & good. I went to shower as the mats were dirty as everyone walked on them.

I came out of the shower & a door opened right in front of me. A nice looking young guy was there showing a medium size cock. He motioned me in his room. I went in and he said do you get fucked. I said yes. He fucked me, and said if you'll come back in an hour or So you can fuck me.

I went down the hall again. As I passed by the dark room the pictures were still showing and a macho guy was sitting on the corner of a large table right inside the door. I went In and stood where I could see his cock getting hard under his towel. I reached over and took hold of his nice cock & began to suck.

Another guy had come in the room. The guy I was sucking reached over and groped this guy. He was really hung, huge and long. The one I was sucking on said wait. With this he & the other guy went to his room. I watched to see where they went as I'd discovered the holes in the walls. They went next door to my room. I waited a few more minutes to see if they turned the light out. They left the light on. I then went to my room and left it in darkness. And boy was I surprised as the mirror was situated where they could watch themselves and the hole afforded a wonderful view via the mirror to anyone who was watching.

This muscle guy Lay on his bed and his legs fell open to the sides. The other guy lay down on him and he reached around & inserted his long cock. The guy got fucked without raising his feet off the bed. He's the only guy I've ever known that lay that way to get fucked. The only male but I've seen females do it that way. That afternoon & evening was very eventful. I had the total of 8 sailors to suck and about that many more to fuck & Be fucked. That was a wild and sexy time had by all.

Later that night there was a gathering of the guys in the dark room. I'd got there early. The pictures were still going on the screen. In 15 or 20 minutes the room filled up with what looked like all new

people. Boy that was a wild orgie. The sucking, fucking, reaming. It was very odd as all this was going on some one said I'm going to cum. And almost everyone to the man got their rocks off at about the same time. I even went off for the 6th time as I had a guy pounding my ass and another shoving one in my mouth.

After that I showered & watched the crowd dress & leave. I went & woke my friend up & said I'm wore out lets go Back to L.A.

Wants More Blacks in These Fucking Books

CHICAGO— I'm in possession of your latest book, *Lewd*, and I must admit it is the hottest and best publication of yours (or anyone else for that matter) to date. Please continue your very important and essential good work.

I was most gratified to see that you included more Black true homosexual experiences in this book than any of your previous books. Being a Black male, I must admit that there is a dearth of information on the market concerning Black males. Unfortunately, Black males feel that it is just too sissified to record on paper any of their secret feelings and experiences; thus a wealth of information is lost to posterity. I must refer you to the letter on page 16 in *Lewd* ("Soldier Sucks 347 Fucking Cocks, Gets Sucked Off by 745 Men"), where a Black male in the military relates his experiences. To me, his recollections were the most erotic and most interesting in the whole book. I sincerely beseech you to contact that writer to ask for an elaboration of his experiences (also find out whether he is cut or uncut).

I, too, was in the military overseas, but I was too closeted to engage in sex at the time.

While I'm on the subject, what about other minorities, such as Orientals, Cajun Creoles, Indians, Eskimos, or Pakistanis? Please redouble your efforts to obtain letters from them.

Finally, you published a letter of mine on page 126 of *Lewd* ("Smell of Model's Butt Puts Teacher in Ecstasy"); I thank you kindly.

Wipes Asshole with His Tongue, Then Screws It with His Tool

FLORIDA— I discovered the Black Forest in 1987 when I was working in Washington. The place was a veritable smorgasbord of men out for a quickie.

One of my most memorable occasions involved a reluctant lad of 20 who made me travel to the "M" Street Bridge so he could feel secure (how secure are you really in the open?). When I was thinking what a dish, he pulled down his trousers and I discovered only 5-inches nestled on near grapefruit sized balls. After exchanging blow jobs, he wanted my black hose up his ass and after two attempts the head of my dick plopped in and he was so tight it took only 8 strokes to cum.

We made a date for the next Friday night, when I gave my first rim job and loosened him pretty nicely for a 10 minute fuck that was so intense it literally drew blood (he bit my lip as he came).

Drew lasted until March 1988 when he enlisted in the Navy only to return 3 mos. later because of his asthma condition.

I consoled myself during his absence by going to a movie house where my foreskin got injured by an overly ravenous mouth. It scared the shit out of both of us and I stopped all contact with men for four mos.

1988 was also significant for a dumb move I made from a lucrative plumber's apprentice (8.93/hr) to peddling porn (4.25/hr) on 14th Street. I went on a four month sexual binge that makes me shake just thinking about it.

I worked the graveyard shift and had my share of men from college men to damn near dregs of society. I also had my first married man and I was quite disappointed to discover not even four inches, which caused me to quip, "Are you sure that wedding band is legit?" He sucked my dick as if it was made of real chocolate.

Another situation that makes me laugh was the time I left my post to attend a blond who cruised me so heavy I would've sucked his daddy's dick. As I was going down for the third time on that thick 7-1/2 cock, my security guard banged loudly on the door and announced I had people waiting for me up front.

I quickly told the blond to stop by and get my number as I exited the booth but my security guard ran him out so quickly I didn't even write my number down.

On another occasion I invited a customer back when my security guard left at 4:30 A.M. and then instructed him to be naked by the time I got back to the booth, where I then sucked him off and swung him around and fucked him (his upper torso was inside the booth with his ass hanging out).

Some mornings I got off at 4:30 just in time to catch the last hour of whatever flick was showing across the street. I happened upon an orgy in process one morning only to have the clerk break it up just as I was about to go down on a Hispanic cock of ample proportions (9 inches).

However, one night a young man coaxed me behind the wall that

separated the sitting audience from the activities of the more daring and throat massaged my cock while I serviced a 6-1/2 incher.

The slut life

The young man instructed me to don a rubber while he readied his ass for assault. All I did was lean back against the wall and his ass muscles did a superb job on my cock as the guy with the 6-1/2 incher gave my nipples a workout I could feel 3 days later.

As I look back now it seems that it was the only time I ever lived so sluttishly. I drank more during that time because most of my friends were in relationships and I felt like a third wheel whenever they invited me out with them (also a porn shop clerk seemed beneath them).

I quit the porn shop when a research & technology firm hired me.

I had a very bad drinking binge in 1989. I stopped cold turkey and as I dried out I viewed men in a different perspective altogether. Gone was the sexual abandonment which I used to enjoy. I didn't stop my exploits, I just slowed them down considerably. During this period I frequented the Black Forest more but was less enchanted by it. I stopped altogether when a former trick showed up in the obituaries.

I am at work right now and since penning you a mini-bio was a New Year's resolution I'm going to keep, here we go. I am 30 yrs. old, black, gay, and proud of it. At 5'7", 170, and broad shouldered, 8 inch cock, I've had a varied existence, and now I'm going through down time while I make up my mind which U.S. city I'll invade next. I came out in Washington mid-epidemic (circa 1985) so I've had to use rubbers all my gay life. So when I recount an experience rest assured I practiced safe sex.

Born in Tallahassee as part of the Baby Boomer Generation (1962), I had all the advantages middle class blacks were afforded in the 60s and 70s. Growing up, I knew something was up with me but religion repressed me, so I was a late bloomer in everything. When I departed Tallahassee in 1980 I was still a virgin.

My stint in the military was a two-year debacle that left me somewhat jaded towards women in general and wondering how to combat my attraction toward men.

By the time I reached D.C. in 1985 I was resigned to being bisexual without ever having touched another male intimately. From May to October '85 I only worked and stayed home until my landlady threw me out one Friday night with the admonition: "I'm sick of you being holed up in your room. Get out and meet somebody."

I headed to the Lone Star Bar, where we drank our lunch on Fridays, expecting women dancers; but instead I found men and sat in

abject fear of discovery from construction workers or FBI (in such close proximity to the bar).

A dancer named Fred befriended me that evening and I think I tipped him more for being a sounding board than for his dancing.

The book stores provided a source of amusement but not physical relief at the time because fear of AIDS pervaded my thoughts.

I fear alcohol may have caused me to forget more than I remember.

Gags on 9-1/2-inch prick

But I can never forget Mitchell, a Georgetown student, who helped me consummate my stay in D.C. out of sheer curiosity, I discovered LeSalon theater on 14th Street in November and determined I would suck cock or die trying.

After he made several passes by my booth, I relented and let Mitchell in. Boy was I surprised when confronted with a 9-1/2 inch rod from a wiry white boy. I did what I could but Mitchell had too much for my inexperienced mouth. Try as I might I could only get about a third of it in my mouth before gagging.

But what he did to my cock sent me into Heaven. Needless to say I had to restrain myself from screaming out from the physical and emotional release.

During our brief 3-1/2 mos. affair I met Kathryn, who helped keep up a front with my landlady all the while. Women had ceased to matter in my life but I did manage to keep the charade going until the summer of 1986, when I met Todd, a bartender/drag queen who showed me just how naive I was when it came to gay men. Our first night together, we sat through "The Lion in Winter" and talked about ourselves until 3 A.M., when we finally got around to sex (I was starting to lose interest).

I had never fucked a man before Todd, and I was the classic "24, clumsy, and shy." After deflating 3 times before I could penetrate him, Todd said "Let's try this" and sucked on my left nipple and then sat on my raging hard on and showed me what pleasure really was. He rode me about 2-1/2 minutes before I shot off so hard my balls ached.

I was in love instantly. We dated until winter 1986, when he popped the question, will you move in with me? I wasn't about to say no to a DuPont Circle address.

In hindsight, "no" would have been a better answer because ours was alcoholic love. We had public rows and only made love after getting drunk. We lasted six and a half months.

After Todd I swore off Caucasians altogether. I saw a few blacks until I realized they wanted more than I was willing to put out.

I had several big cocks who wanted my ass but I only gave blow jobs.

Now I like and take any I can get.

I'll close this for now but there's plenty more believe me.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Whenever I see a movie scene showing a man alone in a room, I always think what an opportunity it is to show him jacking off. But while movies show women sucking men off and men sticking their peckers in pussies, the medium is not* avant-garde *enough to show men beating their fucking meat and tickling their balls and assholes in the process.*

But there is no excuse for the above writer not to describe how, betimes, he plays with himself. Jacking off can be almost as interesting to do and to read about as intercourse, and the fact that the above writer's hose is sufficiently sensitive to respond favorably to men's mouths and assholes suggests that it would also produce a wad when he plays with it himself, like when he was holed up in that room in Washington.

Blacks have an enviable record of shooting their wads; black and white men were sexually integrated long before this nation integrated them in schools and jobs. Blacks want equal rights, and should have them. However, they should also have the equal responsibility to send me the histories of their piss holes, shit holes, and suck holes. But I suppose I am hopelessly romantic and idealistic.

As the years have gone by, I have made an addition to my traditional description of the contents of these books, which was, "How men look, act, walk, talk, dress, undress, taste, and smell." I would now add, "especially when they are playing with it, sucking dick, getting sucked off, fucking, or taking it in the ass." Few men walk while they are having sex, and while some men undress during sex, few dress during the act. But contributors should describe how men look, act, talk, taste, and smell while they are having sex. One of my writers, for example, has written that he sucked off an unusually large number of Japanese while he was stationed nearby in the American military, and I have asked him to describe how Japanese men behave (or misbehave, the dirty things) while getting their cocks sucked. I hope to have his dispatch in my next book. —B. McD.]

Piss Authority Describes How Men Handle Their Hoses

BOSTON— There was a busy tearoom in Chicago when I worked there one summer years ago. I suppose it still exists, or at least I hope it does. I mean, there was a certain amount of eyeing of cocks at the urinals but no cruising that I know of. The big thing, though, was the

crapper stall which was at the end of the wall of urinals. Someone had put a peep hole by the latch which allows the sitter (shitter?) to sight down the line of eight piss pots and watch the parade of posers, peters, and piss. And it was some parade! It was a busy place practically all day. And for this reason, the last stall was popular. I've spent some time there and have made some observations about cock and pee styles.

The cocks are, for the most part, cut of course. Pity! They come in all sizes, big and small, long and short. That much we all know. But the details get interesting.

To begin with, some guys seem secretive about pulling out their pecker, barely letting it peek out of their fly, so that I wonder if even they can see it. Some fumble and struggle just to get the prick out of their pants. Others flop it out with a certain flair.

Another thing is stance. Most simply stand upright in a matter-of-fact manner but some few stand with their hips forward and slightly rising on tiptoe, reminding me of some of the little kids I saw in elementary school crowding up to the urinal.

A few guys piss through their foreskins and the results can be interesting. In some cases this produces a splutter/splatter effect.

There are the guys who get it out and place their hands on their hips, leaving their dongs to hang out for all the world to see.

There are a few who need both hands to hold their meat. Most use one hand and the styles are generally in three categories: (a) thumb above and two fingers under; (b) between the index and third finger, like holding a cigar; (c) thumb under and four fingers covering to ensure that neither they nor anyone else can see how small it is.

The guys generally keep the stream of piss steady but there are a few who move their cock up and down, beating a path up and down the back of the urinal. I saw one memorable artist who traced circles and figure eights for the longest time.

Some piss quick; others seem to have a ten-gallon tank in their gut. Some have a needle-thin stream and others flow like a race horse. The piss slit affects the stream of piss. One guy will hold his dick straight out and because of his pee-hole being high, he produces an arc; another with the opposite extreme holds his pecker straight out and gets a straight shot down, nearly missing the lip of the pee pot. Occasionally, the opening in the cock is so long that it releases a beautiful arc. That's quite lovely.

The final act of shaking the cock and putting it away is the occasion of great variation. The ones lucky enough to have escaped the butcher do interesting things with their foreskin to make sure no lemonade is trapped inside. Some shake it up and down. Others skin it back and then forward again, sometimes several times.

I've seen one guy stick his forefinger into his foreskin and swirl it around and bring out a gob of cheese to wipe on his Levis.

The guys with scars where they should have foreskin are much less interesting and usually just shake off a drop or two or put it away without any ceremony. And there are the prissy ones who have a tissue ready in hand to dab at the top of the dick before hiding it in their trousers until the next piss.

I've got to say that, to a friend of mine and to me, your work is reassuring. It's your brazenness, your acerbic pen. But more than anything it is your political stance, the realization that it is the gays and women in this otherwise insane world who really see clearly and the many ways you express this that thrills us. Your stuff is a joy to read. I need constantly the reassurance that comes from knowing there are others who really perceive the insanity we see all around us.

Sex in the News

Gas Station Attendant Strips Robber Naked

An attendant in an Atlanta area gas station had a perfect excuse to yank a man's clothes off, see what he's got, and keep his shorts for a souvenir as the man ran naked down the road.

In fairness to the attendant and to the *Atlanta Journal/Atlanta Constitution*, which ran the story, I should point out that nudity may have been just a side effect, rather than the attendant's main motive. This was a stickup and the attendant wrestled the stickup man. But when he "ripped off the robber's clothes," he was acting above and beyond the call of duty.

The fact that the attendant was able to strip the hood naked under the difficult conditions of a robbery suggests that he would be able to strip a man or a woman naked with extreme competence and speed in the comparatively easy ambiance of his own bedroom.

At 5:30 p.m. one Monday, a desperado "wearing a blue T-shirt and blue shorts" walked into the Speedway Service Station at 811 South Marietta Parkway in Marietta, near Atlanta, and made the unattractive remark, "Give me all your money." The attendant threw "a 12-pack of sodas" at the robber and "the two men began wrestling."

The chances are the robber was forced into some excruciatingly erotic positions, especially when the attendant was ripping off that blue T-shirt and those blue shorts. The robber may even have been forced to reveal his asshole.

Unfortunately, there was no one to see it; apparently there was no surveillance camera in the gas station, as there is in banks, to preserve on tape the struggle to strip the robber.

It's a pity that robbery is not a standard event at gas stations as it is in banks. It's also ironic; bank robbers are clothed and thus not as aesthetic on tape as the gas station goon would be.

He "went running off naked down Aviation Road."

That is the end of the crime story but it is only the beginning of an aesthetic experience for a number of people in Marietta who must have gotten a rare glimpse of beauty as the fleeing nude ran down Aviation Road and environs.

Drunk Without Pants Found Under Bushes

Millions of men would be unable to resist a 26-year-old described in the Mount Laurel, New Jersey, *Progress Press* as drunk, wearing no pants, and lying under shrubbery in Azelea Court at 9:50 p.m. one Sunday. The combination of drunkenness, nudity, and bushes is a winning one.

Moreover, even his name– Joseph Elentrio– has an ethnic cachet; many men find that men whose names end in a vowel are at least as tempting as those whose names end in a consonant.

Even his street address– Tulip Lane– is alluring.

But it's just as well that no man succumbed to this irresistibly aesthetic sight; the drunk was looking for women. One member of that gender reported to cops that the drunk "had come to her front door unclothed." Only the unorthodox would welcome such a visitor.

He was "taken into custody without incident" but no mention is made of whether cops, then or in jail, covered the lower, and more crucial, half of his body.

The man pleaded guilty in Municipal Court to "harassment" and was sentenced to attend an alcohol rehabilitation program. Fortunately, there is no rehabilitation program for indecent exposure.

Wyoming Trucker, 19, Drives in the Nude

When a 19-year-old truck driver from Wyoming fled into the woods from the site of a traffic accident in Cincinnati, Ohio, he was naked. He obviously had been driving in the nude. He was completely

and conscientiously naked; even his feet were bare.

Eye-witnesses who saw him running did not concentrate only on his fucking ass and on his dick and nuts flopping around between his legs, but reported that "he had tar on his face and feet, and a little on his arms," says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. But the tar only adds to his allure by giving his flesh some authentic working class adornments. His pickup truck was "carrying several barrels of tar which "flew everywhere" when he rammed the backs of two cars around 1:05 p.m. one Wednesday on Springfield Pike in the Woodlawn section of Cincinnati, causing those two cars to hit two others.

A half-hour after the accident, and a quarter of a mile away from it, cops caught a youth suspected of being the driver.

Possibly his nudity put him into a state of ecstasy that distracted him from concentrating on driving and caused him to ram the other cars. In all probability, this particular narcissist is heterosexual; homosexuals drive more carefully.

He Has Five Tattoos, Six Pitchers of Beer

Gary St. John, 21, of Troy, New York, stood up in the witness stand in Rensselaer County Court, "peeled off his sweater," and displayed the "five tattoos– hearts and skeletons, mostly– that adorn his arm," says the *Times Union* of Albany, New York.

This was not just exhibitionism; there was a jurisprudential point to it. His lawyer had him do it. The lawyer's point was that a woman who accused Gary of being "under the comforter next to her in bed" had failed to mention his tattoos in her description of the intruder– and that, therefore, said intruder was not Gary.

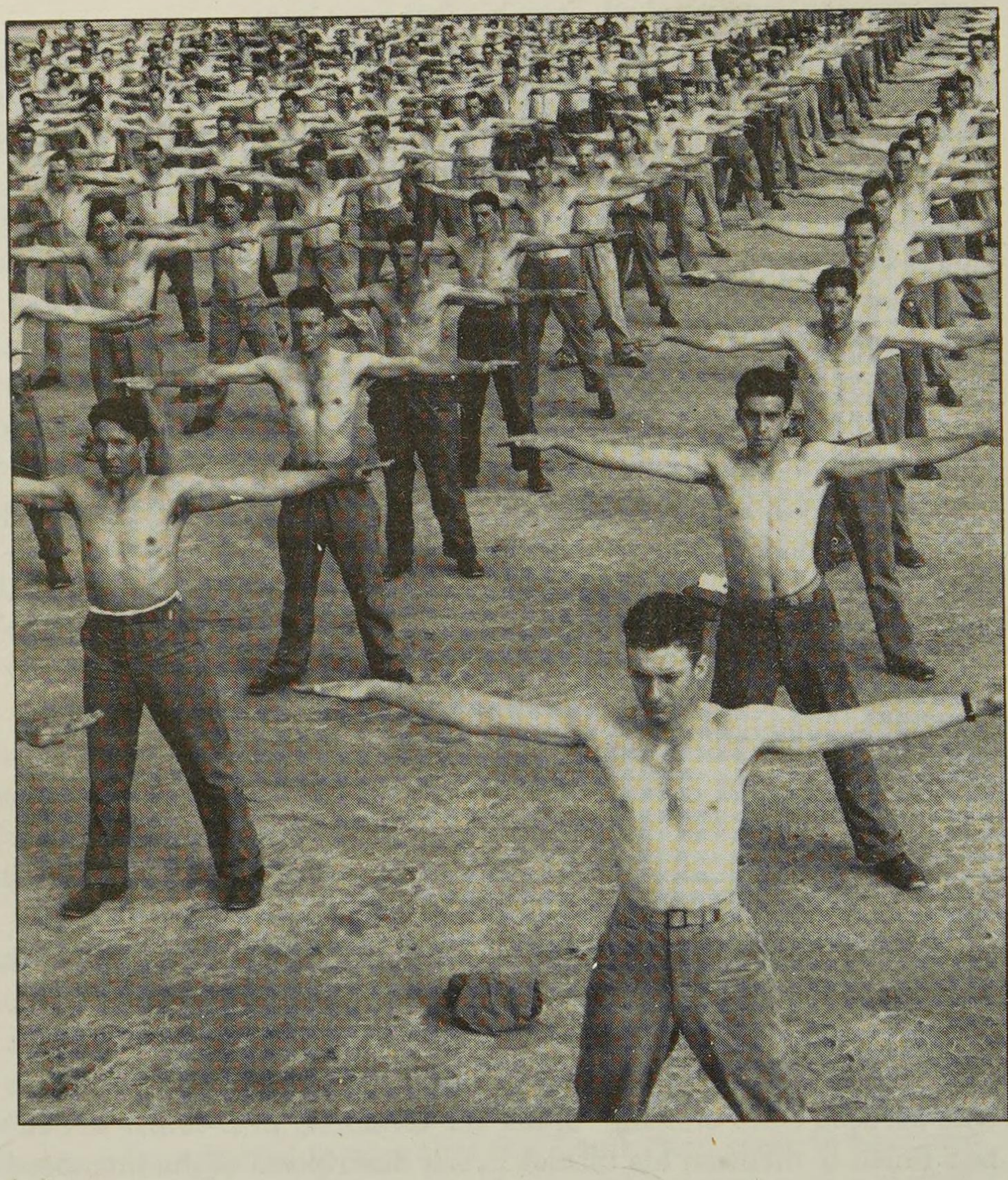
The victim testified, "He was in women's lingerie.... I told him he was disgusting and to get out." The complainant's wording, or the paper's quotation of it, suggests that had the man not been in women's lingerie, he might not have been disgusting.

An assistant district attorney asked Gary, "Isn't it true that you put on women's lingerie and entered the... apartment?"

"No. Did you, you fucking freak?" is how Gary should have answered the bullying question. Instead, he "calmly responded," says the paper, "No, it is not."

The strange man in the woman's bed was allegedly clad "only in a sheer, spaghetti-strapped teddy," or "white, lacy lingerie," says the superb, lingerie-oriented article by Joe Picchi.

The victim testified that "at first, she thought the man was her



boyfriend," raising the question of whether her boyfriend also, like so many male heterosexuals, wears women's underpants.

The woman quoted the intruder as saying, "I'm sorry, I thought you were my sister," raising the additional implication of incest.

To whomever he thought it was, he said, according to the woman, "Yeah, baby, how are you doing, baby?" The remark suggests that the "sweet nothings" he whispered into her ear were as traditional as the old-fashioned women's lingerie he allegedly was wearing (today's fashionable women wear jockey shorts, like men).

Gary testified that on the night of the crime he "downed six pitchers of beer in a Troy bar, walked home alone and then went to sleep." He was bound to be more erotic after six pitchers of beer than he would be without.

Nude Rescues Animals From Burning Barn

Whoever edits the Cedar Rapids, Iowa, *Gazette* knows the value of a "naked farmer." The paper ran the phrase in a headline and also as the first words of the lead in an item about a man, 35, who "saved six steers from his burning barn early Tuesday."

Yet the rescue– both heroic and, because of nudity, aesthetic– unaccountably ran for only about two inches (14 lines) in the paper.

The man did not object to talking about his nudity. In fact he seemed to be the *Gazette*'s source for the detail; apparently the paper would not have known about it had he not reported it.

He was even talking about it "in his hospital bed. He was being treated for burns on his feet."

"I didn't have time to put anything on," he told the *Gazette*. He was sleeping in the nude, obviously, when he awoke around three o'clock in the morning, "his bedroom lit up from the flames."

As a 35-year-old farmer, he may well have, in addition to a habit of nudity, a body worthy of nudity.

The farmer is lucky he didn't burn any other parts of his bare flesh, such as a butt cheek, thus spoiling his sexual symmetry.

Movie Star Saw 900 Bare Butts a Day

Robert Mitchum, 72, saw 900 pieces of ass a day during his eight months of Army service in a California medical unit in World War II, according to an interview with the star in an unidentified paper.

Mitchum worked in the butt hole section of the medical examination line. He says, "I fought the war by lining up 900 men a day and saying, 'O.K., drop your trousers, turn around, and spread your cheeks.'"

Mitchum does not say what a maddening torture it is for a man to see so many butt holes offered in such a shockingly abandoned and wanton way, only, alas, to show whether they have hemorrhoids. He spoke only of the quantity of butt he saw, not its quality. But the apparatus who sent the clipping is sensitive to the overwhelming aesthetic quality of military medical exams. He writes:

"I was a naval corpsman (medic) and had the job of helping with the physicals of the freshmen in the naval academy. I have never seen more beautiful cream of the crop 18-year-olds in my life. If only they knew how I liked my job."

Biggest Show on Earth: 21 Men Jacking Off

What may well be the biggest all-male sex exhibition in history, bigger than any boasted by the legendary whore houses of the world, allegedly took place at 701 San Jacinto in Houston– the Harris County Jail.

No less than 21 inmates jacked off in unison, according to a complaint reported in the Houston *Chronicle*.

These were *bona fide* goons, maximum security toughs displaying male sexual heat at its extreme as they goaded their own hoses with their hands.

"These are the worst kind of offenders– rapists and child molesters," said one sheriff's deputy. Nevertheless, any man who appears in a public jack-off exhibition can't be all bad. The inmates were allegedly guided in the sexual extravaganza by male deputies.

"Deputies from all over the jail were coming to watch the show," says one. The large number of participants in the sexual chorus line suggests that the show contained something for every deputy, no matter how fussy his tastes in men. The article does not say whether the 21 performers were naked, or what.

The deputies covered their asses by staging the show as a pretext for harassing a woman deputy, she charges. The deputies further kept their asses covered by pretending that the scene was a joke; they "watched and laughed." But we know whether they thought the prisoners' hard ons were funny or serious. Frequently, men give a fake laugh to cover their serious interest.

However gorgeous the show was as an aesthetic spectacle, it turns ugly in the light of the woman's charges.

The apparatus who sent the clipping writes, "what a theme for a video." But it may be too unrealistic for a video. Only reality can get away with being so unreal.

The *Chronicle* article, written by Andrea D. Greene, was excellent but, on page 26A, misplaced. Because of what it reveals of male heterosexuality, the article should have been on page 1A.

Jailer Had Sex with Inmates, Jury Says

Men who enjoy shacking up with criminally attractive hoods, as well as men who would rather read about the outlaws than invite them home, may be interested in an article in the *Bristol Herald Cou-*

rier of Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee (the city is on the border between the two states).

If a federal grand jury is right, the former chief jailer of Washington County, Virginia, had sex with authentic desperadoes– the inmates of the county jail.

The jailer, 44, allegedly used his power over the prisoners "to intimidate, coerce, and cajole inmates at the jail to engage in homosexual relations with" him.

Said homosexual relations, the indictment says, "took place in the isolated areas of the jail, the Washington County Courthouse during non-business hours, and in... [the jailer's] car."

Thus the settings for the sex acts were as alluring as the outlaws the man allegedly laid.

The jailer is a son of a former Washington County sheriff, but there is no hint in the article that the father provided not only a career role model for his son but also a sexual one.

The newspaper, seemingly sensing the rare aesthetic quality of the story, ran it on page one. But the article did not say whether the men were naked for the sex scenes nor whether they had oral or anal sex. The story thus gives no idea of whether the toughs had hard ons– or even needed them– for sex with the jailer.

While millions of men may envy the jailer as a man who had sex with ideal partners, no one would like the jailer's present sexual position; he could get sentenced to as many as 29 years in jail.

The paper quotes the U.S. Attorney who will prosecute the case as saying, "As far as I'm concerned right now, this is the end of [the investigation]." While the investigation may be over, more disclosures are needed about both the holes and the hoses investigated.

Child Prodigy Wipes Assholes Of Many Young Friends

BOSTON— I'd like to talk about my early love for boy asses, especially those my tongue was allowed to probe.

From age nine onwards, I led a very sex filled life. During my earliest years, sex play was pretty much confined to mutual cocksucking, body rubbing, and ass fucking– pretty standard stuff.

Every once in awhile with a close friend, a boy I could trust, or one too beautiful to pass up, I would use my tongue on and in his asshole. Since this was seen as especially kinky and dirty by young boys, however, it didn't take place as much as I wanted it to.

From around eleven to fourteen, I began to have a great passion

for butts and assholes.

Even though I longed to ram my tongue deep into the asses of many of my playmates, I was often confined to cocksucking and ass fucking, which was a little letdown for me at that time. Suck and be sucked, fuck and be fucked– no problem. Kiss ass or rim, however, and you were an outcast.

I developed a fetish for asses. I remember the first time I attempted my "dirty deed" was with my cousin, with whom I had just begun to play sexually.

Having him naked on my bed one day, I couldn't hold off any longer. Turning him onto his stomach, I began to caress and then kiss and lick his fantastic butt. When I parted his cheeks and seen his puckered little asshole nestled between them, there was no stopping me. I dove face first between the cheeks of his rump and began to kiss and lick away. In a leisurely manner I began to poke my tongue against his butt hole until it was admitted, and then spent close to a half hour eating his little asshole. When finally I replaced my tongue with my cock, I exploded inside of him within seconds in a wonderful climax and orgasm.

My cousin licked around my asshole for a few minutes before he fucked my ass, thus sealing our secrecy pact about ass licking from other boys.

When boys would play for nickels, dimes, or quarters (the lower two amounts usually for mutual blowjobs, the higher to fuck their asses) I would rim those who I felt wouldn't tell the other boys.

Within a few weeks after first rimming my cousin, my tongue had found its way up dozens of assholes. About half of the boys would rim me in return, although most with only a few swipes of their tongues. One or two really got into it and those boys gave as well as they received.

I had this thing as a kid where I always wanted to have sex with new and different boys, and I was always on the prowl for any boy who would play at all, even one who would do a "you show me yours and I'll show you mine."

At about 12 I began to keep a coded journal into which went a boy's name, dates of sex play, and codes for activities, along with a grading system for looks, body, cock and balls, and ass and asshole, as well as for how well he played. When I started my ledger, I added all the boys I could remember playing with prior.

'I feasted on his backside'

My goal at 12 was to have sex with every cute boy in my city and then move on to closely surrounding towns. Boys up to about 14 were fair game for this project; my plan for the older ones was to have

mutual jackoffs and perhaps blowjobs or thigh fucks. Much to my anal discomfort, however, most of the older boys would decide to fuck me.

When I made a noticeable dent in the rimmable younger population and new rimable boys were becoming scarce, I contemplated rimming agemates and older boys and just living with the abuse which was sure to follow.

I ran into one boy who was playing in a small wooded area where all of us boys built forts. He was clad in only a pair of baggy short pants and as he played and crawled around, everything inside his pants was visible.

After a few minutes of playing with him, I was able to roam my hand freely under his shorts, exploring all he had. Most of my attention centered on his butt and his little hole. None but a few boys 10 through 13 would even consider a younger one for anal sex. However, I began to seriously consider them for rimming. With this one sprawled on his back, I pulled his genitals from the leg band of his shorts and gave them the customary sucking. When I figured he was happy, I rolled him over, slid his shorts down, exposing his cock, and licked and rimmed him. When he giggled with pleasure, his shorts came off, his legs were spread, and I feasted on his tender backside.

After a few more tries with others, I happily found my new supply of assholes to tongue. There were an overwhelming number of young guys running around who were rimable. However, I was cautious, not wanting one to go home to tell mommy the new game he played with me.

My sex ledger soon began to bulge and then expand into book two, as my tongue happily busied itself between the butt cheeks of the guys.

In "desperation" a few times, a few young girls received my tongue treatment. Although there was no noticeable difference between the boys' and girls' assholes, somehow it was always better if around the bend there were cock and balls, no matter what size, rather than a pussy.

My ass licking days lasted right up through my 14th year and I got to know intimately the anuses of hundreds of boys up to about age 12.

When 15, 16, and 17 hit, I became more focused on genitals, reserving assholes for fucking, although now and then I would thoroughly rim a boy I was able to fuck, especially if he was new, young, and cute.

By my 20s I would rim my young friends on occasion, but usually never with the vigor, skill, and time that I had done it with as a

younger boy. As I grew older, fewer and fewer boys would be willing to rim me. A few out of love or lust would get into it now and again, and I met a few lads who had the passion that I had earlier for sticking their tongues into nether regions, and they would go to town, but it was then mainly a quick form of foreplay to titillate a boy in bed and to perhaps help to lubricate or loosen him up a little prior to being fucked.

Multicultural ass-licking

During later years, finding myself in strange and exotic lands, I began to notice a renewed attraction to boys' asses. I found myself wanting to spend more and more time between their buttocks with my tongue rather than my cock.

Perhaps the reason for this was a constant supply of brown, yellow, and black buttocks. Where as a boy I had grown up almost exclusively rimming white boys, now, with a few exceptions, the boys were boys of color, with extremely erotic little asses.

Another feature of these boys was that they were much more open to anal play than I had ever witnessed. Most of them were willing to reciprocate on oral-anal sex play to varying degrees, and so I found myself spending more and more time face-first between boys' buttocks.

Some of these boys came strictly for this oral attention, and experienced no other sex play except perhaps their getting an occasional blowjob upon request. I was amazed that I found myself once again totally turned on by eating boys' asses to the point of excluding other sex play.

When relocating to a new country, the local boys who visited soon learned my love for their little holes and swarmed– all ages, sizes, and shapes– to enjoy it. When one of the first lads felt compelled to rim me in return, and brought me to a climax with his talented tongue buried in my backside, he passed the word that my "thing" was getting rimmed as well. Every local boy who would show up after that would bury his tongue inside of me and spend as long as needed or wanted busily tonguing away. I had never met a culture of boys who had no problems with eating ass.

After a fairly long period of being turned on by analingus, both giving and receiving, my mood began to swing, and the boys and I began to enjoy other forms of sex play more commonly engaged in during all-male sex.

Whereas I've begun to understand that I undergo changes in urges regarding boys– sometimes exclusively interested in young boys, then teens, and then legal-aged youths– I've begun to realize that

sometimes it is sex as usual and sometimes it is a period where my only real pleasure is with my tongue up the ass of my young friends.

During my younger years these swings and appetites confused and bothered me. Now as an older, more experienced man, I just smile, and smile, and smile.

LATER. This time a letter as a contribution to your ongoing adventure of sex histories.

Coming back into the country only a short time ago after living in Europe and Asia, I've begun to read as much gay literature as possible to catch up with all I missed. When visiting Glad Day book store in Boston I shouted with glee to see your books still being done. I got a few copies of your books (*Raunch, Lewd,* etc.) and was filled with hours of joy.

You are one of my publishing heroes– a group of men who have the balls, determination, and conviction to do your thing, ever so nicely. Your publications must continue, they can never stop.

'I slowly undressed him'

For years I have been moving towards the pen, and setting aside the sword, as my tool of political activism. I am a writer. I am beginning to unleash the stories and words that have built up over the years.

I've got a mission. I've got stories to tell and joy to spread.

The bottom line here is a plea not to end your work. I consider your work an important piece of political activity as well as sheer erotic joy.

The letters you publish often come from adult men who relate what it was like being a sexually active child, their joys at discovering sex, and so on. To get adults to talk about child sex with such fond memories and so openly is to give a boost to sexual freedom as a whole.

While in the shower the other day, deciding to "kill two birds with one stone," I began to think about water sports and such things and decided to share some memories.

As I have written, from the time I was about nine I was extremely sexually active with neighborhood boys. During the first three or so years, however, I limited myself to "normal" sex play– jacking off, cocksucking, and ass fucking. I do admit that ass licking did take place as well.

It wasn't until I was around 12, however, that I learned that there were areas that I had not even begun to explore. My awakening to this fact came one afternoon when I was just about to shower.

One of my mother's friends, a neighbor, was visiting with her son,

Brian. Prior to that day, I had seen Brian naked a few times and had copped a few feels of his dick, but we'd had no real sexual involvement.

When I was just about to go into the shower, I was asked if Brian could join me. Although I tried to look totally disinterested in the whole thing, I think I failed. Taking the boy into the bathroom with me, I slowly undressed him, savoring each and every minute of it.

When I pulled Brian's underpants down, ever so slowly, getting an inch by inch look at him along the way, his cock popped out and I was pleased to see that it was hard, sticking almost straight out from his body.

Into the shower we went and I began to lovingly wash his body. His skin really turned me on. I envisioned putting my dick between his legs for a fuck against that skin, or rubbing off on his stomach or butt. Just the thought had me ready to cum.

The minute I began to wash Brian my dick stood up hard.

I decided to spend as much time as possible washing and playing with Brian's cock and balls. Soaping up my hands, I let one massage his genitals as the other went around to the crack of his butt.

Within a minute or so, I was pumping his hard on with one hand while running one finger in his crack and up against his ass hole. Brian didn't say anything but it looked as if he were having trouble keeping his knees from buckling.

Biggest thrill: Brian's piss

After bringing him to an obviously pleasing climax, all under the guise of washing him, I asked him if he would wash me.

He reached for the soap.

Instead of rubbing the soap on my body, he lathered up his two hands. He took my cock into his hands and rubbed soap all over it, moving down to soap my balls as well. Reaching one hand behind me, he began to run a few fingers between my ass cheeks while he began to stroke my cock with his other hand. Within a short time he was jacking me off in pretty good style and had buried one of his fingers deep inside my ass.

Questioning him as to his sexual experience, I learned that was his first time. He was doing back to me what I had done to him. The boy was a natural.

I stopped him right before I came and quickly washed both of us off. Dropping to my knees, I began to suck his hard on and then his balls. I finished by taking both cock and balls into my mouth.

When I told Brian to suck me, he dived onto my cock and began to suck quite well, considering it was his first time. He moved to my

balls for awhile and then stood up smiling at me.

I told him to face away from me and to bend over. With his ass spread inches from my face, I parted his butt and began to tongue his hole. Brian loved that and pushed himself deeper onto my tongue.

To my surprise, when I bent over, he spread my cheeks, put his face firmly against my ass, and began to tongue me as well.

Not being able to hold off any longer, I stuck my cock into Brian's mouth, fucked him a little while he bobbed his head up and down on it, and shot my load. He choked a little, not being used to it, but recovered and then swallowed some.

When my climax was complete, I sucked him off. I was shocked as I felt liquid coming from his dick. I thought he was cumming. A second or so later, however, I realized it was piss.

Taken by surprise, I swallowed a little of it, which I noticed wasn't too bad. I was a little weirded out by it all, however, so I pulled away from him.

Brian continued to piss, and my face was being drenched. His piss began to go on my chest and stomach and I sprouted the fastest hard on I had ever had.

Having Brian piss in my mouth, on my face, and over my body was the biggest turn on in my 12-year-old life. I couldn't believe that I was almost ready to cum again. Quickly having Brian lay on the shower floor, I soaped up his hole and my cock and fucked him in the ass.

Afterwards I realized that I had never fucked him before, and I had fucked him pretty good. Brian didn't seem to have any difficulty being ass fucked, which was good since I liked to fuck my playmates.

When I pulled off from him I realized I had to piss as well. Having him turn over, I knelt over him and began to piss all over his body. Towards the end of the piss, Brian opened his mouth and I pissed inside of it a little, but I didn't notice if he drank it or not.

Sucks 5 boys off

About three days later I met Brian outside while playing. We went into some bushes and jacked each other off a little. When we began to sixty-nine, Brian laying on top of me, he told me he had to "pee." I pulled him back on top of me and told him to pee in my mouth, which he did. For the first time I drank every drop of a boy's piss, and loved it. Brian took my load of cum into his mouth and swallowed it, and then we pulled up our pants and went to play other games.

Later that same day I had to piss and told Brian to come to the bushes. Taking out my cock, he began to suck it. When I started to piss, it surprised him– I hadn't told him I was going to piss and we got a little wet.

When I was almost through, I pinched off the flow, told him to get ready, and put my cock back into his mouth. He swallowed the remainder easily.

Throughout the summer Brian and I continued to jack off, suck, and fuck each other. Every time we were together and he had to pee, I drank it.

He eventually said he couldn't handle piss directly from my cock, as it was too fast. One day he appeared with a paper cup and with a grin told me to pee into it and he would drink it. I was a little weirded out by that. Drinking his piss directly from his cock was one thing, but from a cup? I decided to humor him, however, and so I pissed into the cup for him. When the cup was full he squeezed my dick, slowing the flow, and drained the cup, putting it back under my dick to refill it. He did this two or three times until I was through and then sucked the last drops directly from my dick. The boy loved that, his short pants sticking out straight at the crotch through the whole thing.

Brian and I continued on with our sex and water sports for about two years, during which time I fell in love with both showering with boys and water sports and drinking the piss of boys. As I grew older, I learned how much boys liked playing pissing games. I met many boys who would cringe up on any mention of outright sexual games; however, pissing games would really turn them on.

I remember a few occasions during which I was able to quickly involve boys I had just met in water sports games. One afternoon at a local boys' club, I ran into a small group of sexy boys. There were about five boys to this group. I approached one on his own, asking him if he wanted to fool around together in the shower. I told him I would blow him if he wanted.

He refused this invitation but later the group approached me, telling me that together they would take a shower with me.

After washing each of the boys a little, in a loving manner, I managed to suck each of them off. When I had finished enjoying their cocks, I asked if any of them had to piss. When they understood what I wanted, they were totally turned on by the idea.

While I lay on the shower floor, the five boys stood around me, each of them releasing whatever urine they had over my body, face, and into my mouth.

Boy's piss is 'salty, but nice'

Although they totally enjoyed the shower, blowjobs, and subsequent water sports, after we were dressed and ready to leave the boys began to tell me I was a dirty faggot and all the rest of the little boy taunts.

One afternoon while beach walking, I noticed a cute blond haired boy clad in a Speedo bathing suit heading off towards an area of dunes. Being close, I decided to wander over. We reached the area he was heading for at about the same time and although friendly, he blushed when he seen me.

He told me that he had to piss and I told him that I did as well. As he began to fumble in his Speedo, reaching for his cock, I asked him if he would like to piss in my mouth. I told him that I liked it. As he looked at me, his ears burning bright red, I watched his cock grow erect through his suit. Looking around a minute, he said, "I'm not doing that back to you!"

I assured him that there was no problem with that. I told him that if he let me drink his piss I would suck him off good afterwards.

The boy agreed and stepped out of his suit, exposing a very hard cock. Because it was so hard he couldn't piss, but I took care of that problem for him easily. After I sucked him off, I kept his cock in my mouth and began to stroke his butt, encouraging him to let his piss go.

After a few minutes I was rewarded with a long blast of tasty boy piss, salty but nice. Afterwards, the boy stepped back into his Speedo and ran back down to the beach.

I almost decided to hang around to see if he would come back, perhaps with other boys, but left, thinking better of the idea. The last boy I experienced water sports with was when I was about 20. I was at a fairly deserted lake beach area and wandered off to visit the toilets. While I was sitting in a toilet stall with the door slightly open, my trunks around my knees, and my hard on in my hands, in came a young lad. As he passed by my stall, heading for the urinals, he stopped dead in his tracks upon seeing me jacking off. He stood there for a few minutes watching me and I slowed down a little, letting him get a good look.

When I smiled at him, he pulled the door open a little more and stood in the entrance. His skimpy bathing suit was protruding in the front with his erection.

After a minute or so, I asked him if his family might not miss him. He told me in a hoarse voice that he lived in the area and came to the lake alone.

I asked him if he wanted to jack off too, and with a little grunt he pulled down the front of his suit, releasing his hard on, and began to stroke it.

I told the boy that we had to be careful because someone might come in. When I suggested that we go outside somewhere and do it privately, he was game.

Walking a short distance, we came to a small wooded spot.

'The boy offered me more of his piss'

Both of us had our towels and so we spread them on the ground. Taking his cue from me, the boy took off his suit when I did and laid beside me playing with himself. when I suggested we play with each other's cocks, he eagerly changed around.

When I suggested that I suck his cock, he was elated and eagerly got into an over-under sixty-nine position and joined in with me. After both of our climaxes, the boy swallowing every drop, he rolled off and got up, telling me he had to "pee."

With a little encouragement, he agreed to take his pee in my mouth and I drank down his load of hot boy piss.

We played some more, sucking and licking each other, and he offered me his thighs to fuck upon my request.

Before we put our suits back on to leave, the boy offered me more of his piss. He told me that he wanted to lay down on my face with his cock in my mouth and piss that way.

I did not complain. After giving me the little piss he had, he began to fuck my mouth and spent about ten minutes totally enjoying his fuck as I wrapped my lips tightly around his rod.

Somehow, after this boy, I never sought water sports with boys again. Sometimes, however, I still get a little tingle when I witness a boy pissing, imagining him standing in front of me, pissing into my mouth and over my face.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *This man is extremely welcome to the surprisingly small world of homosexual non-fiction writing. He says he has stories to tell and I hope he tells them, sticking strictly to non-fiction and avoiding the temptation to skid down into fiction and fantasy. The taste for fiction, like the taste for the ballet, is a vulgar middle-class taste. The authentic sex scholar, be he upper class or lower, likes the patrician plainness of fact. Fact has a purity that is tainted by fictive ornament.* —B. McD.]

Married Soldier from Indiana Is a Fiend for Blow Jobs

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The writer of the following letter contributed other letters to this oeuvre.* —B. McD.]

DELAWARE— After writing those experiences I mailed yesterday, I remembered a few spontaneous delights that crossed my path while in "school" that I don't think I've shared with you.

There's something about 16 y.o.'s, especially under 5'8" with very dark, hairy, masculine legs, semi-hairy arms, a thick patch of armpit

hair, with dark bushy eyebrows. The schools I attended were full of these delightful "daddies of tomorrow" types, all from good religious families too.

Yes sir, spontaneous sex is the most gratifying.

I was on the track and wrestling teams. To tell the truth, I wasn't much good at either, but handing out towels to the naked boys afterwards was more than worth my troubles.

Sometimes I had the knack of picking those who'd let me suck their cocks, even right in the locker room, before dressing and going home.

My knack followed me thru the years to many rewards, both in and out of school. One of my teachers was hot for a 6'4" tenor in his senior year. I found the two in the back seat of her car in the school parking lot during a school dance. I had to tell her she was being paged inside, and so, reluctantly, she came out and went in.

Stanley, fully dressed, emerged with an 8 inch hard on. Simply put, in the dark I felt him and suggested a suck job. He hesitated, then I said, "Well, Stan, I'm your man." You know, we walked down the hill to a brook, unzipped his pants, and I did the job.

Thereafter, even though we had a class queer, I became Stan's man. (As an alternative.)

I was rather talented in school. I took singing lessons, read music well, and did all the solo work for the school chorus, as well as the men's and special groups, duets, trios, barber sharp quartet, etc. All that required extra rehearsals with irresistible fellas, in addition to Stanley.

The music teacher's son, a 14 y.o. son of a broken home, needed a buddy/brother/uncle/daddy and somehow, I just fit in. Ronnie would hide in his bedroom & his mom told me to go & bring him out. When I discovered I could control him by his cock & balls and later, ass too, he never went to hide again.

I never went to his Mother's house without "eating" Ronnie. My high tenor voice won me a spot in the All State Choir and I was put up at night in the home of a down state farmer boy's parents. I never had big balls but I attributed my tight ones to my first tenor voice. Curious about other singers' balls, I was forever experimenting with them. The farmer boy was a baritone and had a nice set of hangers. After rehearsal, we took a stroll through his father's barn, similar to the dairy farm I grew up on. I asked if there was a loft and as we went up the ladder, I sniffed his behind, undid his pants, and ate his asshole. In return, he sucked my nipples. I sucked his balls and cock until his fantastic orgasm, in which his sperm flew all over a bail of hay.

Later, we slept together in a squeaky old bed. I was so fearful his parents would hear the bed creak, I didn't touch him. Ha! But just laid there all night, too up tight to sleep.

High school graduation class went to Washington, D.C. I can't remember much about the trip except I'd been there so often with my parents, I thought it would never end. I do remember standing in a crowded elevator of the Manger Hotel, near the bus station, because I could see both the Grayhound and Trailways signs from my window & wondered if my ex-lover's father was still working for Trailways there. In that crowded elevator, I stepped back and felt the crotch of the young operator. I looked him in the eyes that smiled a "yes" and excused myself politely. My floor arrived & I stepped off, waited for it to come back down, got on, and asked the operator to take me wherever he was going.

We went to the basement. I followed him to a storage room. I got down in front of him, he unzipped, & I ate his 7 inch cock.

After graduation from high school, I enlisted in the Army.

In Korea, the American Red Cross would provide pussy for the officers; the troops got coffee and stale doughnuts. Being a chaplain's assistant, I complained to the chaplain. He told me to look the other way; it was a tradition for the Red Cross that no one will ever put a stop to.

He and I visited Korean & Presbyterian operated orphanages that needed assistance– rice, clothing, and Korean money. The majority of the kids were fathered by American GIs.

We had "house boys" in Korea. For $21.00 per month, they'd do the laundry, shine boots (I did my own), clean the hootch.

They'd shower in the mid afternoon, apart from the GIs.

The chaplain had a truly cute house boy named Lah. I would sit by the hour in good weather and just talk with him about the stars, etc. Out of nowhere, he asked if all Americans had big cocks.

I didn't know how to answer, but told him that all males, Americans or otherwise, had cocks, balls, and reproducing equipment proportionate to the overall frame of their structure. Lah was about 5'4", 100 lbs., really small compared to my 5'11", 125 lbs. Yet when we measured our equipment, his balls were so much nicer than mine, with a nice fluffy patch of black hair, and his cock, the circumference of a nickel, was 5.5 inches long hard, with a beautiful tapered purple head, compared to my 7.5 hard cock a half-dollar in circumference.

He bent over and kissed it for me, his tongue flittering across the head of my cock. I was so hot, pre-cum oozed out and he commented it was a bit salty.

I said let me try you, let me kiss yours and taste your skin and pre-cum. I knew if I got his cock to my lips, no matter of hell or high water, I'd suck him dry; and sure enough, he was so small and light weight, my hands slid under his butt and lifted him up to my drooling mouth and I swooped down like a hunter eagle on its prey, taking his entire cock, balls, and pubic hair in my mouth. I started sucking while he tried to wiggle loose from my hold until his muscles tightened up and he arched way up into my mouth and jolted in convulsions, sending solid streams of good pure fresh boy sperm down my throat.

Bud shows his long prick

Afterwards, we sat in silence until "lights out" and he wasn't supposed to be there. I took him to the chaplain and explained we got carried away talking. The chaplain got both of us off the hook for being together after "lights out" and "bed check."

I sucked Lah as often as I could, too.

We had numerous surprise short arm inspections, generally directly after "lights out" or early in the morning. I figured the medics were "queer," needing to check our cocks, etc.

A lad from Indiana across from my bunk seemed to pull his pants down longer and show his cock longer than most, I suppose, and out of the corner of my eye I sensed he was showing it to me. The first, even the second time, maybe I was imagining it, but then when I enquired about the books he read from the library, on "reproduction," well, we became close friends.

I wasn't into establishing ties in the Army, or even today. I like to be independent, doing my own thing, yet Bud & I saw much of each other.

In addition to chaplain's duties, I also ran the mail room detail for the outfit I was in, so many times I had to schedule my time when others were showering, eating, or on maneuvers in the field.

There was an opening in the mail room and I recommended Bud for the job, to be my assistant. In time, Bud & I traveled in a 2-1/2-ton truck to Inchon for boat mail (mail and packages shipped by troop ship) and while out of camp, made mad, passionate love, mostly in the back of the truck returning to our compound.

Bud had a long, skinny cock that bounced in the air, even under my nose; hard to catch. I sucked long and hard on that thing until I could hear even above the roar of the trucks his chemicals churning up from within his groin. As much as five times within the time of one trip.

The air mail arrived from Seoul, by the same manner, a truck trip

and more sucking.

Bud was married back in the states but in Korea he was my stud. We both knew it. And kept it secret.

One of my earlier friends in Korea was a sharp looking stud, Charlie, 5'8", muscular, 7 inches, nice balls I sucked on several occasions. Charlie, a lonely runaway from Charleston, S.C., told me I was a great cocksucker but he wanted more than I'd give him.

The next time I saw him, I drove my jeep into a Korean laundry and he was there with a girl & a baby. He had not been in Korea long enough for that baby to be his, but no doubt he was fucking that girl anyway.

The next time I talked with Charlie, he said he was going to take her and the baby back to the states. I didn't think that was possible, but that's what he said.

Worships every inch

Some time passed, then I heard he'd blown his brains out while on guard duty one night.

His brother wrote to me, saying, Charlie wrote about meeting a real friend, me, and the brother wondered what happened to that friendship.

I told his brother the truth: Charlie and I were the best of friends, but he needed and found the girl of his desires. What happened after that, Charlie took with him.

Finally, Japan!

I first visited Japan around July 4, 1956. I took a train to Nikko National Park, hiring a tour guide there.

The unisex lavatory in the Tokyo R.R. station was an eye-opener and I was warned not to go anywhere alone.

A boy on a bike smiled and asked, "GI?" I nodded & pointed to my mouth. "Suck," I said. He looked at me strangely and rode off.

I asked a cab driver what I had to do to suck cock. He threw up his hands, yelled something in Japanese, stepped on the brakes, and yelled, "Out, out!"

The tour guide at Nikki was not my type, so I ignored him.

I had a nice lunch at a hotel in the quiet hills and a pleasant garden on a lake, with a sweet, tiny gardener, maybe in his 40s. He led me to a tool shed, got down on his knees, opened his arms, & said "American." I undid my fly, gave him what he wanted, and he sent me to the moon. When he finished I was shaky.

But I wanted him. And, without a word, took him.

We later had a cup of hot tea and he said I was "good," bowing many times.

Nikko was nice but that man knew his stuff, and he taught me a new word, "Dozo," humbly said and with a slight bow.

Back in Tokyo, my new word worked quite well and I sucked more cock there than anywhere since.

Being adventuresome, I often thought I'd like to revisit the Far East, but today, with AIDS everywhere, I'd be fearful to suck cock the way I did in the 50s, when the worst fear was VD or a slap in the face.

I suppose you recognize a fondness for Asians. Well, yes. The humungous Americans, Latinos, etc., can be fantastic, but I'll suck a tiny Asian anytime.

I was in NYC on West Street in the West Village one Sunday afternoon a few years ago and I said hi to a Japanese student. I'd come up on a train for the day. You know when you meet someone you really want, almost anything goes. Ha! Well, that's how this went.

At 5 P.M., he had no place to go & I didn't either, so simply put, I asked if he'd like to come home with me, a two-hour train trip, at my expense. I figured he'd say no and just walk away, but he said, "Sure, why not." We returned to my flat for two nights of fantastic sex, sucking, fucking, night & day. Man was that a good catch! wow!

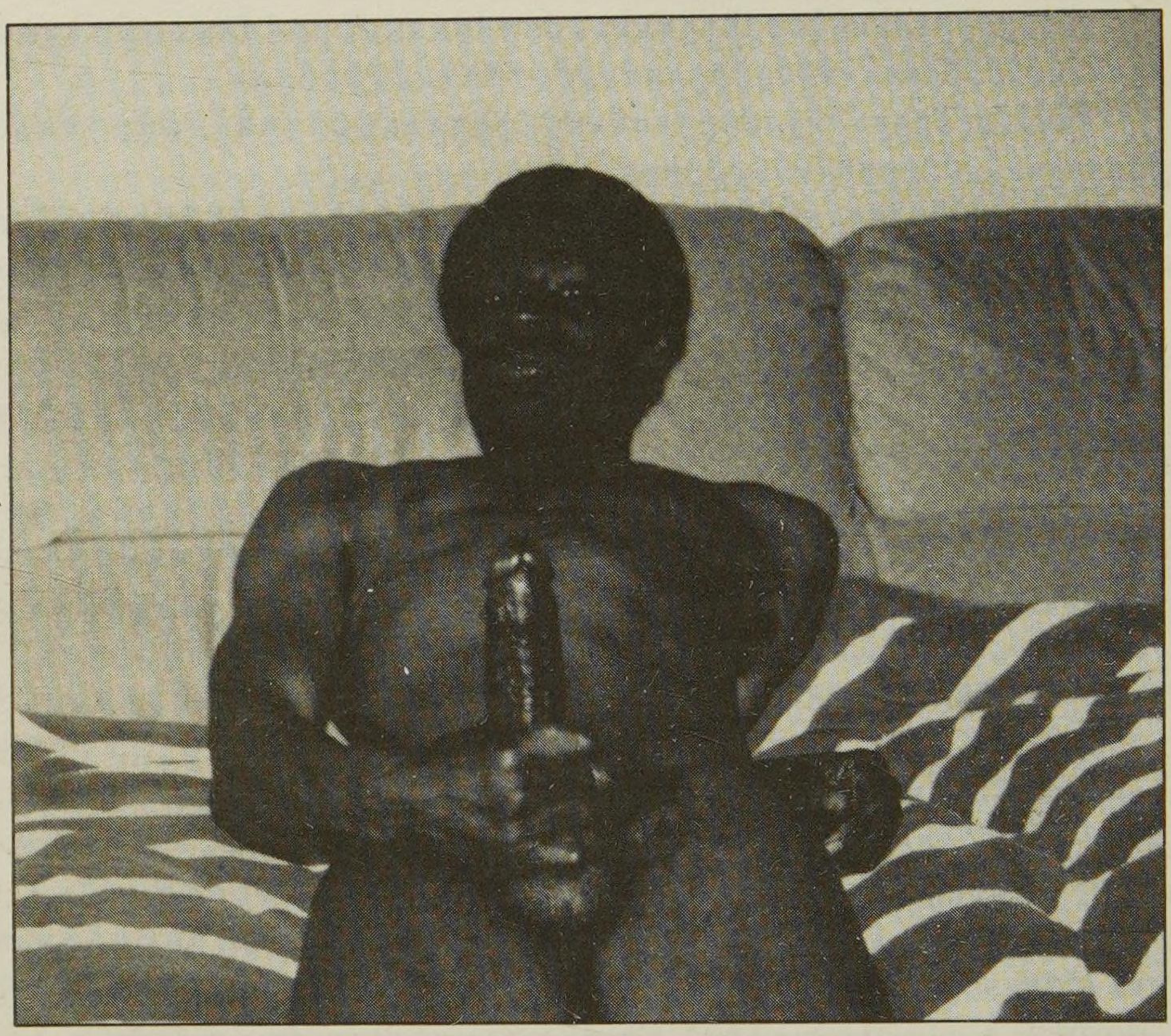
Except for a bit of kink, I'm into basics. When I find a "prize," I like to start with their toes and work up, or their eyebrows and work down.

Since I'm a giver of pleasure, I select every inch to worship and service, every inch a body has to offer.

Most men I'm attracted to have seldom been pleased by anyone in the fashion in which I please them, and so it's no wonder most I've had climax prematurely and some continuously until they are completely exhausted and drained. The best Americans have been hustlers, who thought they were going to suck me off but got more than they bargained for. Seminary students and clergy are good too; because of the nature of their calling they oft-times get rejected. And then there's the ugly duckling that no one wants to be seen with– they are everywhere and in need, just like everyone else. Red, yellow, black & white, all are equally precious in God's sight and mine too.

'I Literally Fucked The Shit Out of Him'

FLORIDA— Got your letter requesting more experiences and you wanted a little more on the dregs of society I mentioned. It's hard to recall many of the nights I spent on 14th Street (in Washington, D.C.) because I was drunk most of the time and guilt keeps it blocked. But



the more I write the more bits and pieces long forgotten return.

If this makes it to you in time for your current book, I'll send you my experiences in Atlanta for the next one.

The year 1989 didn't mark only my search for sobriety– it was also the year I lost my cherry to a visiting Brit.

Gary cruised me as I was cruising his friend, Leon. Since Leon paid no attention to my cruising, I called me a cab and headed home. As I stood in front of Mr. P's, Gary and Leon headed back to their hotel until Gary turned around and inquired of my immediate plans. Since I had none I invited him up while telling him I was more interested in his pal and will he be joining us?

"He wasn't interested" was Gary's reply so with that we headed up to my place. In the cab I learned what information I could from Gary while trying to keep his hands at bay. Being a sucker for his British accent, I told him of my year's visit while in the Air Force.

We descended on my apartment with a fiurry of kisses up the elevator, nearly disrobing in the process.

Once we got inside I told him of my policy of showering first and lovemaking second.

I was surprised when he produced a fat 7 incher that fit my mouth rather well. I took that cock into my gullet and blew him quite well as

the water cascaded down upon us and then allowed him to service me.

We nearly dropped our loads in the shower until Gary told me he preferred I cum up his ass.

After a thorough shower, we plopped down on my bed in a 69 position and sucked each other until I motioned for the lubricant. As I applied the lube I couldn't help noticing how tight he seemed and asked did he fuck much. He replied, "Not Americans."

It took about 3 tries before my 8 incher penetrated his searing manhole. I didn't thrust right away so that he could get used to me.

When Gary pushed back for more of my cock I started my slow methodical approach toward his prostate gland. Impatiently, Gary reached around and grabbed my ass and pulled me in as if he wished my entire body to enter him.

My speed increased and he practically showered my face with wet sloppy kisses. We had my bed practically rocking with our bodies thrusting in unison and then boom I practically broke the bed as I came and then Gary followed shortly with what I consider the biggest load I've ever laid eyes on. He sprayed me from chin to navel and still left a sizable pool on himself.

Since my bed was next to the radiator, Gary was sweating bullets and I was drenched myself. After reveling in the afterglow, I went to retrieve a warm towel I always make up for just such occasions. I went to remove the towel from under Gary and noticed I literally fucked the shit out of him.

Couldn't get enough black dick

Then he demanded I return the favor and I tried to politely tell him I don't get fucked but somewhere in the back of my mind I said why not?

So I told him I was a virgin and go extra slow, which he did. I wish I could tell you it was a delight to be fucked but it wasn't. The only thing I could think about was the stuffed feeling I got and hoping he wouldn't take too long, which he didn't because he must have sensed I wasn't exactly into it.

We resumed sucking each other off and then drifted off to sleep.

I woke before my alarm and thought to myself if only I could find it within myself to commit, Gary would be as good a start as any. But alas, he was but an alien who fucked well. So I rewarded him with a wake-up blow.

After Gary I turned to the personals for a fuck buddy and let me tell you what a can of worms that was. Four blonds, 3 brunets and a Hispanic.

I settled with 3 of them and for the next 4 months I juggled them and drove myself to near exhaustion.

Rick (blond) I settled on because we had music in common and although he professed to being bisexual, he was quite passive with me (as well as adventurous).

Rick II (brunet) I could get to sleep over.

Bobby (Hispanic) I fell for because never have I experienced coming without going flaccid (and I could escape my place and go to his).

Rick (blond) told me from the start ours was a purely physical relationship and he could not get enough black dick. He encouraged me often to find another black for a threesome. Our first time together he wore female stockings with a G string under his jeans (I knew he would become special to me). I met him at the Dupont Circle metro after I sat through a happy (cocktail) hour with another blond I knew would be nothing more than a failed interview.

Rick and I took the bus up to my place and I learned nothing about him on the way. I put some music on and plugged in a video and excused myself to get him a beer, and when I got back he had already shucked his jeans and sat there in his G strong & women's stockings.

I told him I don't do anything without showering first so we hopped in the shower, where he took the lead and sucked my 8 inches as if he were a nursing babe.

I took his 6 inches in my mouth and brought him to his tiptoes with my suctioning prowess. I fingered his hole, which got him to moaning, and I knew I'd better get this firecracker in bed and soon.

We dried off quickly and I instructed him to put the stockings back on and throw up his legs.

Bobby's beautiful ass

I rimmed his freshly scrubbed ass until he pleaded with me to give him my cock.

The sensation of the stockings rubbing on my shoulders made me throw him my dick all the harder.

I discovered he was a groaner first class.

I wanted to kiss him but he stipulated no kissing. I stopped momentarily when I discovered tears running down his face.

We came seconds apart and when I started to withdraw he asked me to stay put.

I asked why the tears and he said he'd forgotten how good it feels to do it in bed because quickies are all he ever did with men, coupled with the fact his housemates didn't know he fucked around with men.

In the entire year I fucked around with Rick, that was the most vulnerable he ever was. I attempted to mimic his emotional detach-

ment but I failed most miserably.

Rick (blond) wanted to know where I went for pool so I took him to Mr. P's, where Rick II (brunet) spied me with Rick (blond) and outta jealous rage bitched me out so good I told Rick (blond) let's go, and waiting for a cab I broke down crying.

The week before I had tried to end it with Rick II (brunet) and the parting fuck worked all too well.

In the midst of my breakdown I told Rick (blond) I didn't care to see him unless there was an emotional catch to it.

To console myself I called up Bobby and went to his place. Bobby greeted me at the door in his robe and nothing else. Bobby was 5'8", hairy, and had 8 thick inches. I told him everything, and he said let me make you forget for now and took off his robe and sat in my lap and hugged and kissed me until my raging hard on couldn't be denied any longer.

He took off my sweatshirt and sucked my nipples until I pushed his head away to return the favor. I sucked his nipples with a fervor that surprised even me.

I asked him to stand up so I could get to that Latin meat that I wanted really bad because it made me forget my troubles for the moment and when I finally got to his ass it made me really forget things.

We moved from the living room to the bedroom where he was playing a video showing black studs, and Bobby gave me a rubber which was thick to begin with so I had problems keeping a hard on until he latched on to my nipples and then we were off to the races.

I penetrated his ass ring and stopped to give him time to adjust and all he had to say was "I'm ready" and all I could think of was the two Ricks I wanted to desperately forget and when Bobby tightened his ass muscles around my cock I did!

The one with 9 inches

Bobby obviously knew his way on the receiving end of a fuck because as I thrust in his ass he made sure I knew nothing could or would be better than this.

We switched positions 3 times before I was flat on my back and he rode me to a simultaneous orgasm that made me moan quite loud before I knew it.

At that moment I thought and said, "Bobby will you be mine?"

Bobby looked aghast at my question and told me in no uncertain terms: "We are too much alike in the fact we both love men, and to try and be monogamous would take too much energy on both our parts, and we'd end up hating one another."

I went home disappointed and exhausted.

Bobby sensed our time together was nothing more than fuck buddy-oriented so we cooled things off when Rick the blond reemerged, plus the fact I was the only one he could relax with and my friends and roommate took a liking to him as opposed to others.

Having stretched my time too thin with work, volunteering, and juggling fuck buddies, I finally settled on Rick but my past kept haunting me. I was preparing to go see a friend of mine in the hospital one Saturday when the phone rang and it was a guy named George who apparently got my number from a friend who had spent time with me during my Black Forest outings, and so I told him to meet me back at my place at 2:30 and we could talk then.

George arrived on schedule and as we talked I learned Carlos had passed him my name and number as a cool trick he could look up in the black dept. (I didn't believe this until I saw my own handwriting, but still didn't remember Carlos.)

George explained that Carlos had 9 inches and then it occurred to me who Carlos was.

George was short (5'5" and 130 lbs.) and had just enough hair to meet my criteria.

I excused myself to turn on the shower. When I emerged from the bathroom George was standing in the hallway with nothing on except a sly grin and 6 inches of hard cock.

I undressed and jumped in the shower, followed by George, who insisted on chewing my foreskin before I pulled it back to wash and made me nearly blow my wad with his deft tongue work on my cock head.

I switched places with George and took in his balls as well as his cock and showed him how it's really done.

I poked his ass lips with my forefinger and knew then this firecracker wasn't exactly inexperienced as his sphincter muscle clamped down on my finger like a vise and I stopped when the speed of his thrusts increased and motioned to turn off the shower. He asked to be fucked then and there.

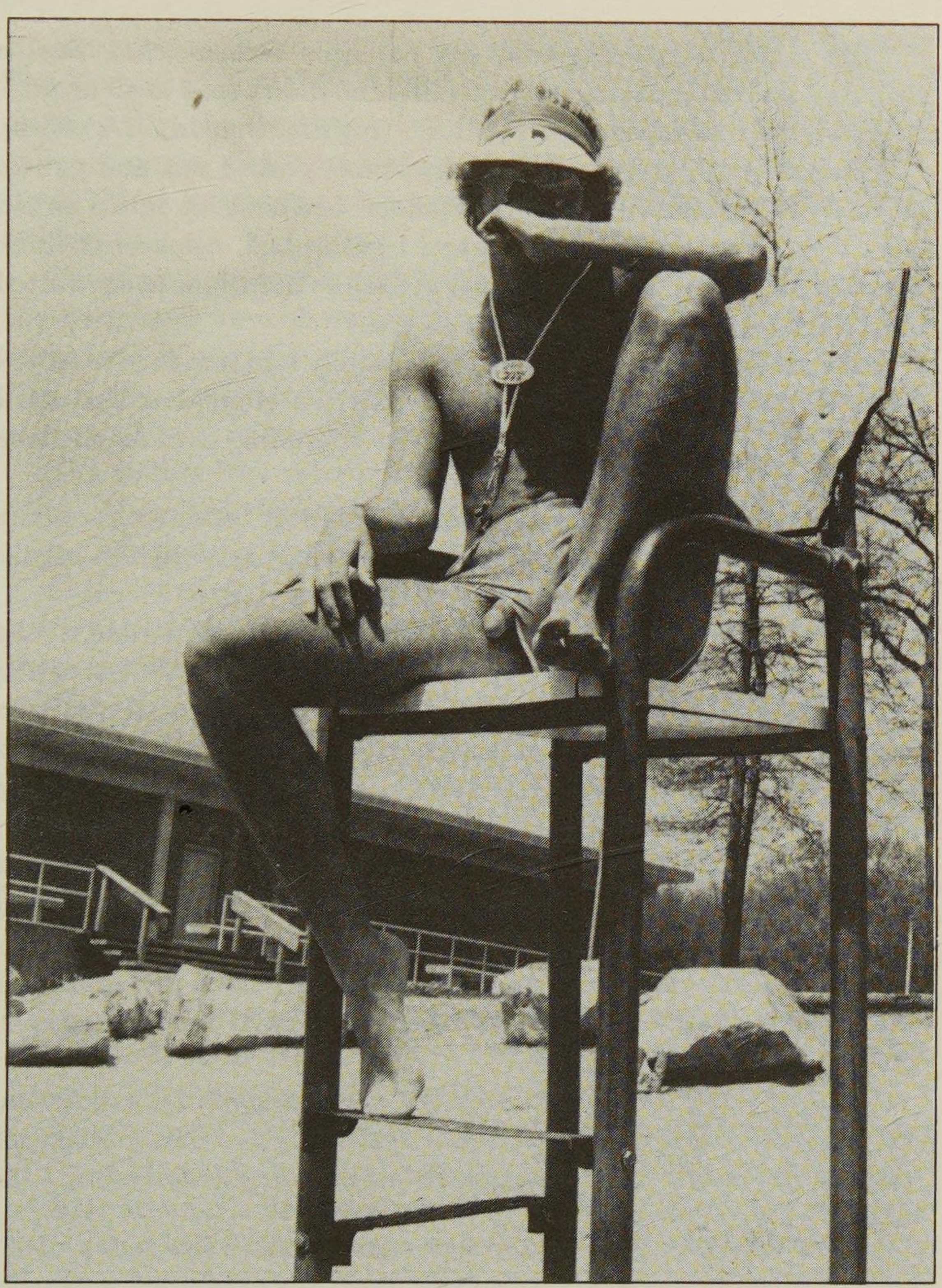
Since Skip and I kept a supply of rubbers in the medicine cabinet, I whipped one on real quick and George bent over to receive my cock and groaned as my cock head made its way past his ass ring.

When I stopped to let him get used to it he said keep going, so I did.

Rick has gonorrhoea

It was going good until the phone rang. I was content to let the machine handle it until I remembered it could be the hospital.

I withdrew from George's ass and we moved to my bed while I was



talking on the phone and George got on his hands and knees and I re-entered him and told my friend Tom I was in the middle of something and he replied, "I hope it's not an ass."

I laughed to myself as I started to drive harder into George, who remarked afterwards: "It's not too many people who can split concentration like that."

Before 1990 turned really dark for me (that's when I started drinking again), I remember one occasion with Rick (brunet) that I look back and laugh at now.

One night, despairing over my pal Ed's deteriorating health (AIDS), I started drinking about 5 P.M. and didn't stop until about 1 A.M., when I was asked to leave Mr. P's (my first time in 3-1/2 years).

I hailed a cab and made my way home, passed out and got up about 6 A.M. to relieve my aching bladder. I rolled over onto a naked body that I knew wasn't there when I got in bed. Apparently Rick followed me and when he could not get me to buzz him in he waited until Skip got home and joined me in bed.

Rick professed his love for me, and I finally told him that we could never be more than friends because Rick the blond was the one I wanted and if I couldn't have him no one was going to make me love otherwise.

Rick was still determined to prove me wrong. Since no hard dick has a conscience, I fucked him once more before serving him breakfast and showing him the door.

He doubled back when Skip left for work and joined me in the shower, leaving the front door open, and Rick the blond let himself in and in an effort to surprise me undressed. When I pulled the curtain back the look in his face was of mock horror, and then he said "I wanted a threesome but not like this" and I couldn't stop him from leaving without chasing him naked.

I lost both of them that day, but Rick the blond came around just before I left D.C. in '91 for a "I'm gonna miss you" fuck that almost made me stay, but I was too drained emotionally (Ed passed away), and D.C. wasn't kind to me anymore, especially since my name was mud because the spurned Rick told everyone I gave him rectal gonorrhoea (I didn't).

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The writer used the modern spelling,* gonorrhea, *but I couldn't resist using the antique spelling,* gonorrhoea, *because I like it better, insofar as it is possible to like anything gonorrhoeal.* —B. McD.]

Some Sailors Have Dirty Shit Holes, According to Court Testimony

That some sailors have dirty butt holes is a matter of court record; it is one of hundreds of excruciatingly sexual details in Lawrence Murphy's account of a 1919 Navy sex scandal.

Murphy's book is drawn from court records that are unusually filthy– as filthy, in fact, as the sailors' assholes. The book is called *Perverts by Official Order*, is published by Harrington Park Press (New York), and is breathtaking.

The low evaluation of sailor ass was given by a military chaplain, The Reverend Samuel Neal Kent. A sailor named Malcolm Crawford testified that the clergyman had confided to him about other sailors' exhaust pipes, which he liked to, what the sailor in court called, "fuck." Most sailors, the clergyman claimed, surrendered their holes to him.

The circumstances in which the sailor found himself in bed with the clergyman were above and beyond the call of duty. Crawford was operator 3-5, one of a group of sailors stationed in Newport, Rhode Island, who were recruited by an older, homosexually-obsessed sailor to seek, seduce, and snitch on homosexual sailors and even townies.

The sailors who volunteered for this frame-up differed from the "dirt," or civilian vice cops who seduce and then arrest homosexuals, in one astonishing way. The Newport sex hounds had sex with their victims– complete intercourse in which they shot their wads, and ratted on their victims in gratuitously pornographic detail. Some of them even boasted in court about how big their cocks are.

The reports of the Navy sex cops formed the basis of court trials and of Murphy's book.

"Half the world is queer," someone in the book says, "and the other half trade." The Navy punished what it considered the queer half. It took the position– still almost universally accepted today– that when two men have sex together only one of them is guilty; the other is a helpless innocent.

That men have the ability to like homosexual intercourse while insisting that they are not homosexual is illustrated by a sailor in the book who was overheard telling a buddy in the Newport "Y" of a man he saw: "That bastard will be sucking my cock before morning."

The Newport Navy scandal began in the sexually maddened mind of Chief Machinist's Mate Ervin Arnold, aged 43 when he took the witness stand. He had been one of our Boys in Blue for 14 years and before that was a Connecticut state cop for nine years. His mission in Connecticut and in the Navy was to "run down perverts." Thanks to the widespread stupidity of the culture, many men have been able to act out their grievous homosexual agony by attacking and arresting homosexuals under the guise of morality and patriotism.

Arnold was the equivalent of today's Patrick Buchanan, Pat Robertson, and William F. Buckley, Jr. These males compulsively insist they are heterosexual. They do this by denouncing homosexuals. But since no one has called any of these males homosexual, their defensiveness must come from their own memory and desire.

From *Hamlet*:

QUEEN: Methinks the lady doth protest too much.

Sucks 15 in one night

Arnold acquired a group of sailors who were as anxious as he was to publicly display themselves as heterosexuals. They contributed to the court record such lore as that when a sailor named Frank Dye "fellated" a man "it felt as though he was draw[ing] his brains down through his penis," and that a former sailor named John Temple "fellated" 15 or 20 recruits in one night at the Newport YMCA, evidently a homosexual heaven.

Arnold's group of male sluts had the assignment of stamping out homosexuality by participating in it– a doubly satisfying line of work.

The sluts were chosen in an extremely homosexual way, for their looks. Arnold sought "good looking" males aged 19 to 24. He felt a man's usefulness as a decoy was impaired "once a man passed 30 and lost his good looks." The decoys similarly chose their targets in a homosexual way; one operator, a 21-year-old sailor from Freeport, Illinois, with the blunt name of Zipf, wrote a report about a target named Duke Hawkins, a 20-year-old counter waiter at the "Y" lunch room, in which Zipf described him as a "well proportioned" and "good looking negro." Mmmmm.

In fact the waiter was so good looking and well proportioned that Zipf, who looks nellie in his photograph, invited him to play a piano at the "Y," sat next to him on the piano bench, and let him caress "his leg in a most suggestive manner."

The waiter, Zipf reported, promised to find "a dark place" where he could "take my tool and play with it."

Arnold was particularly interested in The Reverend Kent, and not because of his looks or proportions. "I want to get that son of a bitch," he said, "because he is fucking those sailor boys." Though fucking was the cleric's intercourse of choice, Arnold called him a "cocksucker" who "would take the boys off and give them good times in their rooms" at the "Y."

Arnold's use of "good times" absent-mindedly portrayed homosexuality as a positive activity.

An operator named Charles A. McKinney reported that the clergyman "began rubbing my penis and wanting to know how big it was." McKinney was so passive he "declined to unbutton his own trousers, so Kent helped." McKinney reported, "He had great sport for quite awhile rubbing it and playing with it." Then "nature took a hand in the case and the discharge went all over his hand."

By using "nature," McKinney gave the game away; that it was "natural" for him to squirt his load in homosexual play demonstrates that the reasons men select heterosexuality rather than homosexuality may be social– that is, unnatural.

McKinney's little vignette brings up a big subject– the single most important subject in the entrapment cases in this book and in many of the civilian police entrapment cases today. Yet it is a subject that is taken for granted in court and in the media, with never any mention of its meaning. I refer, of course, to hard ons.

No. 1042 gets cock sucked

Most of the decoy sailors in the Newport scandal, and many of the vice cops in civilian cases, have hard ons. Of all the details in court cases, the one detail that can be counted upon to speak the truth is the hard on. A hard on does not perjure itself. A man does not get a hard on for sex he does not want. A hard on is a blatant outward sign of his secret sexual nature, and it destroys the view of vice cops in general and of the Newport decoys in particular that in their encounters with other men, only their partners are homosexual.

But this is never mentioned in court. A lawyer in Newport did broach the subject when he asked Zipf "why it was necessary to ejaculate with every subject." Zipf's reply– "That was involuntary"– confirms that homosexuality is natural. One operator reported that a Marine at the Newport "Y" was "sucked off" by a townie "every night" and that the Marine was in danger of drying up. A sailor named Samuel Rogers reported that at a party, "every few minutes Goldstein (another sailor) would go outside with someone. Some would come back buttoning up their pants," so he concluded that "he took them out in the entry-way and I think he sucked them off." Later he heard that Goldstein "had," as it were, eight men that night.

Harrison Rideout, a gay sailor exposed by the operators, testified that once when he was out with a friend and a Chief Brugs, whoever he may be, came along, the chief and Rideout's friend disappeared and the friend "got down and sucked Mr. Brugs off."

How, the court wanted to know, did Rideout know, if the two were out of sight?

"I could hear the fellow sort of choking," Rideout replied, plus "I could hear that oozing sound." Presumably by "oozing" Rideout meant "slurping."

An operator named Paul gave an exceptionally boastful report on his encounter with a New Yorker who was visiting his chauffeur brother in Newport.

"He kept saying," Paul reported, "what an awful big tool I had and then unbuttoned my pants and pulled my cock out."

Paul added another flattering detail: the New Yorker, a man named Jack Kelly, said he wished he could have Paul in bed "as I would be wonderful stripped."

Operator McKinney also placed in evidence the fact that he is well hung. McKinney allowed a man named Sherman to "unbutton his pants, pull out his penis, and play with it 'awhile.' It was so big, the immodest operator boasted, that Sherman said he could never get it in him the Turkish (anal) way."

Operators John Phillips and James F. Scanland "double dated" with two suitors. The four "laid down on the beach." Scanland reported. "I stood up once and saw No. 1042 getting his cock sucked."

Sailor kisses another's prick

Operator James Goggins was perhaps the most homosexual of the decoys; he would go out and get blow jobs just for fun, without even getting the names of his victims. He identified one man, with whom he'd had sex twice but didn't get his name, as "Cocksucker."

An operator named Feiselman picked up Harold Trubshaw, the sailor who had sucked off Operator Zipf. "I worked up a hard on," Feiselman said, "and he hopped to it. I gave him a load and he ate it nicely."

In fairness to the operators, who scarcely deserve it, some of them couldn't get hard ons; it would thus be inaccurate to say that all of the operators switched easily to homosexual sex. One operator, Hospital's Apprentice First Class John E. McCormick of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, reported that a gay sailor invited him into a bathroom where "he turned out the light and had me sit on the toilet seat while he felt my privates, even opening my trousers and kissing my penis." But McCormick "could not get a hard on."

One gay sailor told an operator that he had gone out with "four fellows" one night. "One couldn't throw a load" so "he made it up by sucking one of the others three times."

Harrison Rideout is perhaps the most inspiring of the gay sailors. He reportedly stripped bareass in a Newport cemetery, bent over a gravestone and allowed "a strange person... to inject his penis into his rectum."

Rideout said he was going to New York and predicted that there "he would be a well-fucked hombre and that his asshole would be hanging out."

Zipf, the decoy, picked up a sailor named Jay Goldstein "who asked me if I wanted to have some fun and I said yes.... Goldstein wanted me to brown him first but when he saw my meat he said he did not want to get it dirty. Goldstein put my penis in his mouth and held it there until I had an erection. Goldstein then sucked it off."

Zipf had been a medical student at the University of Michigan and was called upon to explain in court such technical terminology as

"brown." He explained that by "brown" he meant "pushing my prick in his ass."

"What do you mean," an officer of the court asked, by "he went down on you?"

"I mean he sucked my cock," Zipf replied; "put my penis in his mouth."

He was more lucid than necessary when he explained that "inserting the penis into the rectum" means "fucking the asshole."

With such a mastery of anatomy, it is not surprising that Zipf became an M.D. after he left his sluttish naval career. His experience preying upon homosexuals suggests that his medical practice may have been even kinkier than most, especially if what he called his "meat" was as big and as alluring as he repeatedly boasted in court.

'An awful big cock'

The Navy sluts did manage to imprison some gay sailors. Meanwhile the sluts themselves not only had sex with their victims but had the kind of sex they wanted, usually blow jobs. They usually rejected hand jobs and butt fucking.

On his "first major assignment," Operator William McCoy got invited to room 406 at the "Y" by another sailor, the hereinbefore mentioned Trubshaw. "As soon as I got in bed," McCoy reported the next day, "he began feeling me up and wanted to know which way I wanted it, from behind or French. I said French and he did not wait for it to get hard but put his head under the cover and went to it. It took time for I was trying to hold back."

Operator Paul rejected a hand job but accepted a blow job from a servant in the Whitney house named Anderson. They had met on Cliff Walk. Anderson offered Paul a smoke. After hand-squeezing and a walk, they stopped at a watch tower.

"The man's hands slipped across the sailor's pants," says the book. Anderson remarked that the sailor had "an awful big cock."

In a dark tunnel, Anderson "opened my pants and played with my penis. He kept remarking what a nice big one I had."

Paul protested being jerked off so the servant, he reported, "got down on his knees" and "started to suck me off. After I had a discharge, I pulled away from him and he spit the load out."

So ends another day in the life of a typical heterosexual sailor, protecting our shores by day and our morals by night.

—B. McD.

Sailor Picks Up Boy in Theater, Sucks Him Off in Car

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Other letters from this writer appear elsewhere in my work.* —B. McD.]

CALIFORNIA— Victor just called. He has a "friend" who wants to see me. "Friend" means a Mexican, illegal, straight, and young. "See me" means the "friend" wants his dick sucked for money.

I have no problem with this. The calls like this have been going on for about three years now. Some of these "friends" have been sensational. They all have been fun.

For most of these boys, it's the first time they have had a blow job; for some it's their first sexual experience except for their hand or farm animals.

Victor says this is the best one yet. Victor always says this is the best one yet.

The best one was when he brought over three brothers. He will never top that!

Victor and this one will be here at 10 A.M. tomorrow.

Oh– Victor gets his dick sucked also.

LATER. Well, it wasn't as good as I hoped. The guy was 23, a little dirty, and had a very, very small dick. He couldn't come, and ended up jacking off a few dribbles.

I was in Mexico City the week after Christmas, 1976. I was there for a class in Mexican Archaeology. The class work was mostly going to major archaeological sites in the area. I had to write a paper but that was not due until a couple of weeks after I returned home. That meant that most of the time was free. It was my first trip to Mexico City, in fact my first trip into Mexico away from border towns. It's the trip that got me hooked on Mexico, and I have been going there at least once a year ever since.

We stayed at a new hotel in the Zona Rosa, small but very luxurious. The staff was mostly young and eager to please. The first time I called room service for a couple of beers, they sent up a kid, blond curly hair, blue eyes, and pale skin (there are kids like that in both Spain and Mexico). He was extremely handsome and overly friendly. I tipped him well and gave him my "I'd like to give you a blow job" stare, but he didn't get it, or didn't have the time.

The next evening I ordered two more beers from room service and they were delivered by a fat, middle-aged, and not too friendly waiter.

The third night I again made the order to room service and the first boy delivered. I mean, he delivered. His dick was larger than average, uncut, and he came fast, in great quantity.

On New Year's Eve there was a party for our class on the top floor of the hotel. One of the waiters was the blond kid. There was another young waiter, as well as the old fat fart.

Shortly before midnight, the blond waiter motioned to me and asked me if I had any cigarettes in my room. I said I did, and he should come to my room with me to get a pack. He asked if his friend could come too.

'Sailors were always available'

I asked him who his friend was and he indicated the other good looking waiter. We left by the interior stairway and arrived at my room in just a couple of minutes.

While his friend was in the bathroom, I blew the blond kid, and then they traded places and I blew the new one. A small dick but a very powerful and large blast from it.

That was the last night in Mexico City on that trip, and a fine way to end it up.

San Francisco sure has changed over the years. For instance, in the mid 1950s, you could count the number of openly gay bars on the fingers of both hands. They tended to be effeminate in style and decor, and the cocktail lounge type, in general. A few beer places began opening in the late 1950s. Most of these were pretty good body exchange places, where you could find a pick-up for a one-night stand. The Castro was a residential neighborhood, as I recall mostly Irish. No gay bars.

Polk Street was a good cruising street, no hustlers or druggies like today, and a good street to pick up a no-money trick.

Pine Street between California and Leavenworth was the main street of "Boy's Town," the area of Nob Hill where a lot of young gay professionals lived. A walk in this neighborhood could always result in a quicky in an apartment.

If you dug seafood, sailors were always available along Mission Street between 1st and 3rd. This was almost always a quicky blow job in your car, with one or two sailors in uniform, and each getting 5 bucks. A complete transaction with two sailors could take as little as 10 minutes.

If you wanted a hustler, you could have a choice from several teenagers hanging out along Market Street or in the pin-ball arcades or in the news theaters between 6th and 7th, or along 7th between the Greyhound Bus Station and Market Street.

With the start of construction on BART and the growth of the SF gay community, all has changed. Some for the better, some for the worse. I sure as Hell miss those sailors on lower Mission!

I was a sophomore in high school when I learned that a neighborhood friend had gotten a blow job. I guess we were 15 at the time and he and another kid were at a movie theater on a Saturday afternoon. A sailor propositioned them, the other guy didn't go, but Bruce did. The sailor had a car and they drove around the hills. After a while they parked and the sailor sucked him off. Bruce had the biggest dick

in our class, so that sailor got a mouthful.

There were gays in the military then and there are gays in the military now. There were gays in the military during "my war," the Korean War, as well.

Turkish sailors grope selves

During most of my tour of duty I was on TDY, temporary duty, with a small Army unit attached to the Air Force. We were a construction Company, out by nowhere, with a lot of horny guys in it.

For example, on May Day 1952, in France, everyone was confined on base, about 50 in our company and about 3,000 Air Force personnel. No outside workers were allowed on base, so informal sporting events were arranged. We had a game of baseball against an Air Force team going on and while I played right field I was a lookout as one of our guys was fucking the shit out of an Air Force guy, in the bushes beyond. Our guy was a big blond, huge muscles, and a huge dick, that he claimed had seen a lot of action with both sexes in his home state of West Virginia.

That Air Force kid was plowed by a couple of other guys from our company during the rest of our stay in France.

LATER. I worked at a high school for several years and I remember one stud, aged 15, who was balling his English teacher every weekend. He even broke her bed! He was one satisfied young man and she was one of the few teachers who arrived every Monday morning with a smile on her face. I believe it was in 1975. I was curious about one of the students. He was not the brightest kid in the world but he had an interesting face and a huge basket. I hired him to do garden work at my place and he appeared for a couple of weekends. Nothing ever developed but I got some good looks in and I knew that if I ever got his dick in my mouth it would be close to a record one for me as far as size went.

It was about a month later that an article in the local newspaper reported that a 19-year-old boy had been arrested and accused of fucking his neighbor's mare. Guess who? I knew he had a big dick but I am not sure that he was able to completely satisfy that lucky mare.

Ten years later I was a chaperone at the Senior Ball. One of the Senior students had been visiting my home for a few months prior to the dance for work money and blow jobs. He was double dating with an extremely attractive young man who I had never seen before.

As midnight approached and the end of the ball neared, the kid I had been blowing asked if I would be home in a couple of hours. I said sure and he said he would be by. He was not going to get anything from his date that night.

Well, it was considerably past 2 A.M. when he finally arrived and he was with another boy. I blew them both and then put them up in the other bedroom. There they sucked and fucked the morning and afternoon away– two 18-year-olds proving that you really can have it all three ways.

Going way back to the early 1970s, I remember when the Turkish Navy made a port stop in San Francisco. I am sure that every gay man who was in San Francisco at that time also remembers that glorious event!

Every evening, dozens of uniformed Turkish sailors stood on the sidewalks of Mission Street between First and Third and groped their crotches every time a likely pick-up drove by.

A 'fantastic looking' guy

My first one was a six-foot tall beauty with black wavy hair and shiny black eyes. A startling looking kid. He would not come alone so I had to take his friend as well.

At my house it was beer, dirty movies, and then a blow job. When he dropped his pants, out came a gigantic, hard, cut cock, jutting out from a shaved crotch. Absolutely hairless! It was the first one of those I had ever had. He came in less than a minute.

His friend was even quicker– and then the first one was ready again, and almost as quick with his second load.

I made three more trips to San Francisco and picked up seven more Turkish sailors in the next two days, but none could compare with the one that took my eye the first time.

LATER. In the summer of 1975 I was taking a class in Greece. This was a serious class, lectures 6 mornings a week, trips every day. Sometimes we would get home at 2 A.M. and then get up at 6:30 for breakfast and more lectures.

However, there were benefits.

It was my first return to Europe since my Army days of 1952-1953. It also set me planning my next trip to Greece, which was in 1982.

Northern Greece, where we stayed the first two weeks, was wonderful. Great beaches, and both men and women in bikinis that left nothing to the imagination. Questions of size or circumcision could be settled by one quick glance. Most of the beachgoers were from Northern Europe and were either pale white or strawberry red.

There was no sex for me on the northern portion of the trip. Those who appealed to me by age, did not physically; and those who appealed to me physically were not interested, etc.

There was a very long and tedious bus trip from Salonika to Ath-

ens, passing the just discovered tomb of Alexander the Great's father, the battlefield of Thermopoly, and other sites.

The bus arrived in Athens during the height of commuter traffic. I had no idea where we were, but– BINGO!– the bus was slowly navigating a traffic circle and standing in that worldly pose– "I'M FOR SALE" written all over him– was one of the most fantastic looking guys I had ever seen.

He had on a pair of dated bell bottoms that were very big in Greece at the time and a brown and white, horizontal- striped polo shirt. The clothes looked like they were sprayed on.

I tried to keep track of where this circle was, as the bus weaved thru traffic to the hotel. It was a little over half a mile.

I retraced the route of the bus on foot as best I could, and in about 15 minutes I was at Omonia Square, where I had seen the boy.

Four nights with a 'great' cock

I cruised the perimeter twice and did not see him until I looked into an open bar, and there he was, with several other boys, drinking beer at a table.

My first inclination was to barge right up to him and invite him to my hotel, but common sense took over.

I continued to circle the square on foot for another 45 minutes or so. Each time I passed the bar, I looked at him. The first couple of times he did not see me, but then his eye caught mine.

The next time around, again, his eye caught mine, and a third time, same thing.

Then, as he was not there, I thought I had lost it.

But then, there he was, standing on the same corner where I first saw him.

He nodded and we walked off the square and down a side street. With only a notebook and pencil, we negotiated a price and an action.

I walked a block ahead of him, back to the hotel, met him in front and took him to my room. There I spent a glorious hour making love to a huge, 18-year-old cock that exploded three times in my mouth that night.

There were three more nights with that great cock over the next two weeks.

The following experience is one of the most exciting adventures of my life, but it was nearly equaled by two nights in Merida this year (1993).

My first of three trips to Guadalajara was between Christmas of 1978 and January 1 of 1979. Just an hour after I arrived I had a student from the local university on his back, naked, on the bed in the

hotel room, gushing his cream into my mouth.

I usually do not eat dinner while I'm traveling alone, and even less usually do I have dinner at the hotel. This particular night was a lucky exception. The dining room had only a few guests, but one table did interest me because there was a man, slightly younger than me, and at his table were two kids. Later I discovered they were 15 and 16.

The 16-year-old was very Indian looking. Every time I glanced at their table, he was looking at me with his large, sparkling dark eyes.

As my dinner was being cleared and I was waiting for brandy, the older man and the non-Indian kid left. The Indian then kept nodding for me to come to the table.

I am not one to butt in on someone else's claim, but he was very insistent and so I did move to his table.

He spoke no English at all and my Spanish then was zero. We sat and tried to converse, but we were getting nowhere.

Soon the man, the other kid, and another man appeared and sat down at the table. The first man laughed, He said that they were engineers from Texas on a holiday.

'Armando took his pants off'

The two kids had been staying with them for the past week, the men were going back to Texas in the morning, and if I was interested the kids were looking for someone to take care of them for the next week. Would I be interested? He suggested I take the Indian to my room and try him out. If I liked it, he would pass the word on to the people in the hotel, and there would be no problem.

I took the kid to my room and tried him out. He was fantastic. His dick was small but was hard as steel through 20 minutes of steady sucking. He shot a good load, thick and tasty.

I now had my notebook and pen and we made a date for the next day at 4 o'clock.

There was a knock on my door at 8 o'clock the next morning. It was the Indian kid with the other one. I remember the other kid's name was Armando.

Armando took his pants off, and his under shorts, and stretched out on the bed. As I sucked on his hard dick, the Indian kid watched and made funny remarks.

Just as Armando started to come, he grabbed my head and shoved it all the way down on his shooting cock. His pubic hairs went into my nose as he bucked up and down on the bed.

The Indian kid had been watching and jacking on his dick while I blew Armando. After Armando shot, the Indian scooted onto the bed and I blew him again.

The next afternoon, the boys returned and they got sucked again. Each got a small reward, less than $5. The same thing happened the following day.

When I went to meet them the third day, two students (brothers) from the school where I worked were on the same corner. What kind of problem there might have been if the brothers had stayed, I don't know.

My last night in Guadalajara was New Year's Eve. Armando arrived first, and he had a 14-year-old friend with him. The Indian kid arrived shortly after, and he had a 17-year-old friend with him. The 2 new arrivals were a complete surprise. Fortunately, I had brought in lots of beer, cigarettes, snacks, etc. We had TV to watch and the game we played all night long was who can come the most. I sucked cock after cock. Armando would come, and in a couple of minutes the 14-year-old would stick his hard cock into my mouth. The 14-year-old had a big, big dick, the Indian kid a small one, Armando a small one, and the 17-year-old had an average sized one.

Armando won. He came 5 times that night.

That was 14 years ago, and I can still taste the cum in my mouth.

I wrote to Armando (I had a friend translate for me) and told him I would meet him on the same corner the following year, but the part of the city he lived in had been torn up for an underground traffic system, and I have completely lost track of those kids that gave me the most memorable New Year's Eve party I have ever had.

It has been fun writing all this down. More to follow.

Sucks three brothers

LATER. I really have a thing for brothers. Once I had a kid and only several years later did I find out that I had blown his brother years earlier.

The most recent experience with brothers happened just a few months ago. Victor called and said he had a "friend who wanted to see" me.

I drove over to San Francisco and Victor was there with three "friends who wanted to see" me.

These three brothers had just arrived from Ciudad Obregon, Sinaloa, Mexico.

The three kids took showers. I put their clothes in the washer and they took turns in my bed room, while I sucked the cum out of their balls. I gave their balls a good licking as well.

The youngest, who was 14, was probably raped on the trip over. He was the best looking kid I have seen in ages, and very, very small. I doubt if his brothers could have protected him.

Anyway, it was a glorious morning. The kid came twice, the others once, and I blew Victor as well.

We took them back to San Francisco and I have not heard from them or seen them since.

The first set of brothers I already mentioned. I was on the meat rack in San Francisco, probably about 1973, on a Sunday afternoon. One boyish hustler, obviously knowing that I was shopping, inhaled on his cigarette and blew smoke in my face. I said that if it was blowing he was interested in, I would like to do it to him. He was interested, and we started a relationship that lasted for seven years.

That kid really got blown! Near the end of this relationship, he brought over his older brother, and the older brother and I cracked up in laughter– I had blown him several times at least eight years earlier. The older brother had even helped paint my house.

Rod, the gay kid who lived behind me, had two brothers. This is one of those things: Rod does not know that I blew both his brothers, once each, and neither brother knows that I blew the other. Rod was the best of the three. But the other two knew that Rod was gay and that he stayed here several times. Each brother, in his own way, came over and asked to be blown. The oldest did it when he was drunk and never admitted that it had happened. The youngest picked up a porn magazine from my coffee table and said he sure would like to have someone do that to him. He was looking at a picture of a guy giving head to another guy. His request was granted, and when it was over he said, "Thanks– but not again."

Picks up 'spectacular' guys

In the very early 80s, I picked up a 15-year-old on Polk Street. He was on crutches. He was a bubbly kid, on drugs, and very interested in making a few bucks by sticking his hard on in my mouth. That was accomplished very quickly. The kid was up, up, up.

About a week later I saw him again, not on crutches. He said it was his brother who was on crutches, his twin brother. The one on crutches had gone back to Chicago and this one was hustling money so he could go back himself. He came over to my house and I gave him some money to help pay for his plane fare back to Chicago.

He left me with a good taste in my mouth and I assume they are in Chicago now, making old men like me very happy. This is the only time I have had identical twins.

My semi-friend Sam (too many drugs, drinks, broken promises) does have a way with picking up kids. He offers work, but often does not come through with the important thing– money. Then he would call me to bail him out. I would suck the kid's dick and then I would

pay the money. The kids he picks up are so spectacular it is hard to refuse. Two brother stories connected to Sam:

He picked up two kids (brothers) hitch hiking. They had no where to stay. Sam put them up and put them to work. They had a place to stay and food to eat but the pay for the work never appeared.

At the time I was doing major construction work on my house, so I agreed to let the boys stay at my house and I would feed them and I would give them money.

For three days they worked their little butts off and for two nights my mouth got a working over I will never forget.

These two kids were programmed for all night sex.

At least the kids got the money Sam had promised, I got some work done, and my stomach was full of teen cream.

Another one of Sam's kids became a regular with me for about a year. I knew that the younger brother was gay and that Sam was into him often. In fact it was a local legend that at lunch time, the younger brother would leave his high school and hustle on Polk Street.

I even saw him in a porn movie of very, very poor quality. That bent, thin dick of his was unmistakable.

I had tried for a couple of years to get my mouth around this kid's dick, but I was always put off.

Around midnight a couple of years ago, I got a call from him. He needed a place to stay for the night. I was going to say, "Only if you finally put out." But I just asked where I should pick him up.

I had a long way to drive, but it was worth it. After we got to my house and got in bed, his hard dick was in my mouth for at least four hours.

There are more brothers, but that is all I can remember right now.

'He blew smoke in my face'

LATER. I'm in a horny mood, so it's time to write again.

I met Jerome in 1973. I mentioned him before. He was on the Meat Rack on Market St. in San Francisco on a sunny Sunday afternoon. I passed him, turned around, went back to him, and he blew smoke in my face.

He was a smart ass, but a really cute kid, and he knew it, and he used the fact that he was cute to his advantage.

His problem then, as it was for the rest of the time I knew him, was that he was hooked on drugs– any and all!

Anyway, I drove across the bridge to my house. This was before BART, so on Sunday, automobile was the only practical transportation.

Jerome had his clothes off almost before he got through the front

door. He stretched out on the couch with his mid-sized hard on sticking straight up. I went down on him and gave him the first of dozens of blow jobs I was to give him.

Over the years that mid-sized cock increased to large size and then very large size. Jerome was always the hustler, no matter what size dick he had.

I remember him for many reasons. First, I had blown his brother eight years earlier. He was the first kid to bring over a girl and fuck her while I watched. He came about five times.

He also brought several very good young hustlers to my house, kids he knew I would like. He introduced me to one of his regular tricks, who, in turn, introduced me to several more great cocks to suck.

I have been ripped off by a hustler only twice. One I told Jerome about shortly after it happened. He knew who the kid was, got some of his friends together, and beat the shit out of the kid. He was one loyal son of a bitch!

Jerome stuck around for about seven years. I sucked him off almost once a week if he was out of jail. His stays in jail increased and finally I lost track of him. But the memories of that kid, and all he did for me, will last the rest of my life time.

My first trip to Merida in Mexico was in 1983. I had a lot of fun, nothing like the trip in 1993, but at least one very memorable experience. There never is a problem getting kids in Merida, but there was one kid that I saw every day in the main square. He had to know that I was cruising him, but I got no response.

One night, about 11 P.M., he came over and sat on the bench next to me, accepted a cigarette, and we began to negotiate the price of a blow job.

My hotel on this trip was several blocks from the main square, and I thought as we walked to it that he might change his mind, but we got there all right and when we got to my room, the first thing he wanted was a shower. Next it was a beer, and then I spent the next half hour sucking on a huge uncut cock. His name was Julius Caesar.

'A really huge Mexican cock'

This was my first experience with a really huge Mexican cock. Since then I have had a few, but none in such a contrast, because Julius was about 5'2" and his cock was about 9" long, and very thick. Think about it. His dick was about one seventh of his height.

Anyway, as I said, he buried that 9-incher in my mouth for the next half hour and then gushed a tremendous load of cum in it. I still don't believe it but I have the pictures to prove it.

Julius Caesar is one of the reasons I went back to Merida. He was not there this last time but eleven others were.

I wrote earlier about the two Canadian kids who had been ripped off while hitchhiking home, and about camping in a small tent with them, and sucking each one off. That was the summer of 1964 and the start of a summer long drive to Alaska and back.

There was another adventure during that trip. I had camped all through British Columbia and taken the Alaska Ferry to Haines Junction. In 1963, a campsite was just that, a place to pitch a tent or park a camper.

There was no beauty, no fishing; the water was polluted. At the second stop, a young kid came over to where I was camped and asked if he could travel with me, if I was going on to Alaska. It seems he was traveling with two guys who had picked him up hitch-hiking, but they were staying three or four days at each campsite and he wanted to travel a little faster.

I agreed that he could travel with me for two reasons. One, he was damn good looking, and he showed a good basket even soft. Second, I had already had one flat tire, the driving was very difficult, and I could use a relief driver.

For the next five weeks we traveled together.

The first night, it was just camping and going to bed. The second night I propositioned him, he accepted, and I blew him almost every night the rest of the trip. He earned his trip. He changed three flat tires, drove over half the distance, and his dick was in my mouth at least two hours every night.

We also argued about the best of Beethoven's symphonies and who was the greatest living pianist. I needed the intellectual stimulation.

He wrote me for a couple of years after that. He started to attend the University of Halifax in Nova Scotia but once again, things drifted off and I have not heard from him for years.

In December of 1986 I went to San Juan, Puerto Rico. I stayed at a hotel just off Ashford Street. There was a desk clerk that I talked to about being able to bring a kid in for an hour or so, and he said there would be no problem as long as it was not overnight.

Just as I arrived out on the street, it started to rain very hard. People ran for cover under shop entrances, etc.

'The cream poured out'

I saw one kid dressed in army fatigues dash into a doorway across the street and down a bit. I dashed over to the same doorway and we began a conversation that ended up with me taking him to my hotel room.

He was 18, looked 16, and had a large uncut dick that stood at

least 9 inches out of a patch of curly dark brown hair. I have never met a Puerto Rican that did not have a huge uncut dick.

He did not like lying on the bed and having me over him, sucking his cock. He had to be top man in every way, so was on the bed on my back while he fucked my mouth, but I could not take it that way; he shoved it all the way in every time and I have a gag reflex I can't control, damn it.

But when I got down on my knees in front of him, he could fuck my mouth and throat so that we were both satisfied. He came in a loud and large explosion and after a second blow job, the kid went on his way. I had another kid off Ashford Street that week but he was nothing like the first.

I was just interrupted while writing this letter by Victor, who stopped this for a while. He came over and brought with him a kid who just arrived from Mexico City. Little kid, little dick, but first blow job, and second as well. Everyone had a great time.

Back to when I worked at a high school. In 1973 I had to take an inventory of all the stage equipment. This meant some materials stacked in a loft over the stage. At lunch time I climbed up a ladder to a loft over the stage. As I reached the top, I came across two freshmen boys trying to zip up their pants. They had been having a private jack off session and I almost got to see the climax.

Four years later, one of the boys did shoot his cum into my mouth, but that is another story.

Jerome introduced me to one of his regular tricks, Sam, whom I wrote about earlier and who in turn set me up with dozens of bay area hustlers. Sam was, and is, a compulsive liar, always promising the moon and delivering little if anything.

I stopped over one evening at Sam's invitation to meet a kid from Texas. The kid was stoned, in the bedroom, with a teen-aged drag queen. I gave the Texan a quick blow job, we all had dinner, and then the Texan fucked the drag queen for about an hour before they fucked themselves out.

About six months later, I was at Sam's when the Texan and a skate board surfer put on a suck and fuck show the likes of which I have never seen, live or on film. Both these guys claim to be straight. They sucked on each other's cock and each took it up the ass. They didn't eat cum but they did everything else.

About a year later, I bought a video, "Boys of San Francisco," and there was the skate board surfer, getting his big uncut cock sucked. My neighbor, Rod, saw the same kid give a show to a group of guys in an apartment in the Haight. Several guys had that big dick up their ass or in their mouth.

As for the Texan, I had him over to my house several times and I was never disappointed.

Shortly before I left my station in Germany in 1953, we had a lot of new kids come into our unit. One in particular caught my fancy, but he was unresponsive or did not know what I was up to.

However, I did get him into Trier and the whore district. There you could get a hand job for 25 cents, a blow job for 50 cents, or a fuck for 75 cents. I was hoping he would go for a 50-center or a 75-center but, while I watched, he got a 25-center. He had a big dick and the cream poured out of it into the gutter as I watched with disappointment.

I never did get that dick in my mouth but I did see it hard again. Some of us were drinking beer one night in one of the tents, the one this kid slept in, when one of the guys said, "Hey, look!" The kid was on his back, asleep, with a huge boner sticking out of the slit in his boxer shorts. The other guys just laughed at it but I kept my eyes riveted on that beautiful hard on until the guy rolled over.

The Joys of Buttfucking, Cocksucking, and Ass-Licking

The staff of Fidelity Publishing in Boston, who publish these chapbooks and the magazine *The Guide*, have agreed to continue publishing regularly men's sex histories. Publication will no longer depend on just one person (me).

I have met five of the Fidelity staff; they all have the rare self-confidence needed for honest writing about sex. And since they write honestly about sex, they write honestly about anything.

Readers are invited to send to Fidelity letters about their sex experiences for anonymous publication. The address is

Sex Histories
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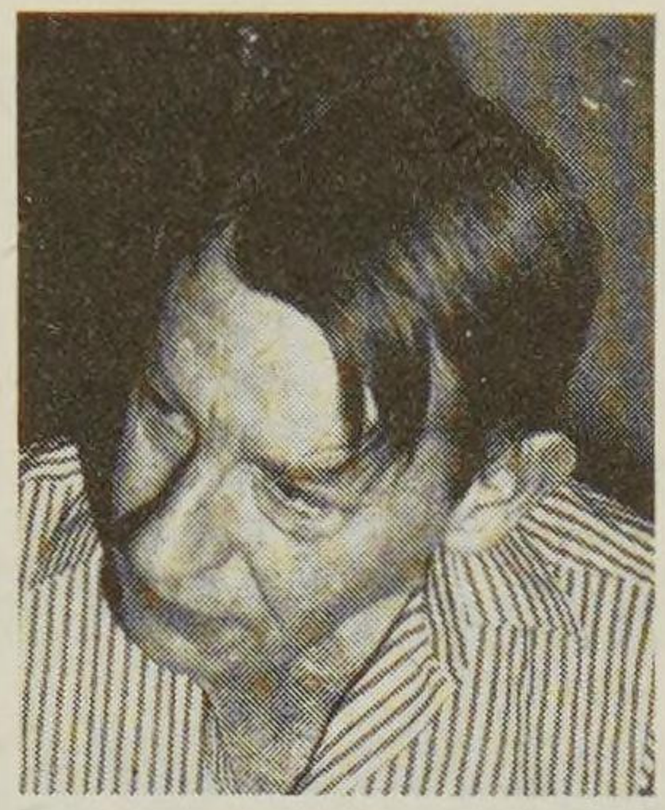
—B. McD.

Boyd McDonald



Born in 1925 in South Dakota, Boyd McDonald entered Harvard as a high school dropout, after serving in the army in World War II. Jobs with *Time,* IBM, and several Wall Street firms preceded Boyd's current career as chronicler of gay sex.

"I consider this history, not pornography," Boyd says of his books, which were originally an outgrowth of his magazine, *Straight to Hell* (alternatively, *The Manhattan Review of Cocksucking*). "It's very serious work. A lot of people in the gay press put it down as just being jack off, but I don't write it for that. I consider these books the true history of homosexual desire and experience. Any gay publications that do not deal with the elemental discussion of gay sexual desire are not serious– they are frivolous. Those that specialize in reviewing paintings, the ballet, the dance, the theater, the books– no matter how lovely their reviews– those are shallow publications. They have nothing to do with basic homosexuality."

"I feel homosexuality is a gift, an advantage," Boyd continues. "It's been an awfully lot of fun for me, especially when I was young.... I don't want to compensate for it by being a ballet lover or anything like that."

Boyd died in September 1993, two months after completing this manuscript.

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John Mitzel, Paul McMahon, Bob Wellington, Michael Thompson, and the Library of Congress provided a number of the photos for this volume. Most of the others are courtesy of Old Reliable. You can learn more about the many unique videos, audio cassettes, and photos offered by Old Reliable by writing them at 1626 North Wilcox #107, Hollywood, California 90028 for a free, photo-packed brochures. A complete 56-page magazine-size video catalogue is available for $10.

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