

SCORE

A full-page photograph of a very muscular man, Tom Holland, standing on a dark, jagged rock formation. He is shirtless and looking slightly to his left. His right leg is planted firmly on the rock, while his left leg is extended outwards, with his foot resting on a higher part of the rock. The background shows a bright blue ocean with white-capped waves crashing against the shore under a clear sky.

ISSUE 11 / \$5.00

**THE
OPERATOR**

Trick/Treat

**TOM HOLLAND
in Hawaii**

Fantasia

AND MORE!

OPENING SHOT

Greetings! So glad you could join us for yet another edition of SCORE, the magazine with a lot of ass and a touch of class. This month we have just packed SCORE 11 with lots of pretty pictures and lots of bedtime reading material. Hopefully you will be too busy in bed to read them. Lately I've had enough time in bed to read the entire Encyclopedia Britannica from A to Z. But that's my problem, not yours.

As you get into the meat of the magazine you'll come upon a "Back Alley Rendezvous." This guy is sure hot and has lots of attitude. Hanging around in back alleys can be hazardous to your health, but it sure is a lot of fun as the back cover illustrates. Is that Tatoon trying to get out the door or just what. Don't let me get started on the stupid midget from Fantasy Island. Ricardo Montalban and he must be lovers the way they carry on on that show. The only redeeming feature that Tatoon has is that he doesn't have to get on his knees to give blow jobs, he's already there.

Next is the very provocative story entitled "The Operator." It lets you look inside an escort service and find out exactly what goes on. Moving right along you'll find some luscious art work to drool over. It's done by a new staff artist, Mike Economy. My my, what a vivid imagination that boy has.

This brings us to our Main Man, and what a MAN he is. He hasn't been able to get his arms down for the last ten years. All the pho-

tos were taken on location in Hawaii. You queens probably won't notice the scenery, but it is pretty. Then we have an ad for that absolutely wonderful magazine CRUISE. If you like SCORE, you'll love CRUISE, the national magazine of gay travel and entertainment. It's a HOT issue with lots of good reading material and more pictures of Tom. And also, it is now available nationwide at your favorite bar, bookstore, newsstand or quickie-mart. (A quickie-mart is not to be confused with the after hours bookstores.)

The personal ads are next with lots of hot numbers just waiting with anticipation for you to drop them a line or two. Maybe if you get together with one of them you can drop more than a line. This is followed by an ad for CRUISE Book of Maps, a must for any gay traveler. It saves you the embarrassment of asking strangers, "Where the fuck can a fag find a queer bar?" Next is a very interesting story, "The Kid." Read about the joys and sorrows of hitchhiking.

The last bit of fiction is the ever popular Fantasia section. The "Night of the Hun" is a hoot, don't miss it. This is followed by Baubles and Balls, a kinky story entitled "Smut" and lastly but not leastly — Jamie. Don't cook tonight, call Chicken Delight. We would not have used him, but we needed the eggs.

We hope you enjoy this entire issue of SCORE. Look for bigger and better things next month and hang in there baby.

JH





"I wanted more."

"I didn't want to just lay around a hotel pool for my vacation."

I wanted to do something different, something exciting. That's why I decided on the WINDJAMMER Cruise in the Caribbean. No pretense. No pressure. And no restrictions. Just a great bunch making a cruise you can really be comfortable on. Come and get it!

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Send me my full color Guide to Cruising - Windjammer style.

Name

Address

SCOREBOARD

LETTERS, ADVICE, ETC.

Dear SCORE,

I just received my copy of SCORE 10. Wow, was I pleased. What a fantastic issue you guys have put out. John Stampel was too much. What a body. Where do you get all those hunky men. It seems like you would run out of them but you never do.

I live in a very small town, and never get to go out very much, so SCORE is my only way to get it off. I have been thinking of moving to a large city. Do you think that would help my sex life? Is it really easy to meet guys in bars or is everyone cold and unfriendly. If you could answer this letter in SCORE 11 I would be very grateful. And by the way, I hope you do start putting out SCORE every month, because it is really a good magazine and its getting better every month.

Thank you again for such a great issue of SCORE and keep up the good work, and please answer my letter.

Waiting with anticipation,
J.R.W.

Dear J.R.W.,

Thanks for your compliments on SCORE 10. We are working real hard to make SCORE the best magazine we can. We are getting better models and better editorial content, to give you just what you want.

About your problem. We do not claim to know what is right for every gay, but one thing is for sure. Gays do seem to live in big cities more often than in small towns. They have more opportunities to be themselves and work with other gays and liberal straights.

And as far as your sex life is concerned, you probably wouldn't have any trouble meeting other gays, unless you are a troll or something. Here in Hotlanta there are lots of bars and bookstores for meeting Mr. Right. A visit to a large city is a good idea before you make any quick decisions. If you pick up a CRUISE Book of Maps, it will tell you where most bars are in most major cities and just what to expect from these bars. See our ad on page 46.

Thanks again for your letter. Hope you enjoy your copy of SCORE 11.

Dear SCORE,

I've been an avid reader of SCORE from the first issue; mainly because of its dynamite ability to get you up and off over and over again. After it seemed impossible to top issue 9 with all those super hunks and huge cocks from Dyna Men, you've done it again with Issue 10. The front and back covers make you drool (and more!), the centerfold with John Stampel looks like breakfast, lunch, dinner and dessert, and Mr. Made in England could park his shoes under my bed and his cock anywhere in my bod anytime he wanted. The Boys From Venice, especially that gorgeous blond hunk, can only be described as HOT, and isn't the short one with the curly hair the same guy in the upper left frame on the very last page? If it is, it's no wonder he's wearing baggy sweat pants; did you check out that huge cannon he's got?

How about a MUCH larger picture of him? Finally, the ad for Jock should win the "Cream in your Jeans" award of the month as far as I'm concerned. I'm into muscles anyway, especially on young guys, and the body on the guy in that ad blows me away!

Keep up the good work (it'll keep us up!) and keep the guys young, hard, built, and good looking.

Thanks,
Bob Young

Dear Bob,

Thanks for the letter. If our readers keep complimenting us on what a good magazine we put out, our heads are going to get so big we won't be able to get out the office door. We love to get praise and love to know that our readers like what we give them. Lots of dick and muscles.

We are sorry to tell you that we don't have any more pictures of the little curly haired number in the Boys of Venice layout. He is just hot and we would love to know just what is hanging between those legs. But we don't know how to get any more pictures of him, so we will just have to imagine it as, being at least 8 inches of pure delight. Some things are best left up to your imagination. Thanks again for your letter. Keep reading SCORE and we will try to keep giving you what you want.

Dear SCORE,

SCORE 9 is far out and you are doing a great job and the Baubles and Balls are far out.

Like wow, you sure find some great guys. I love the one opposite Bored Stiff upper right. Think you can get him to take a code number in your personal ad section. He is so handsome and has such a great body. If I found a guy like that I wouldn't know what to do with him.

Here in the Bahamas we don't have this kind of book, so after reading a bout it in Bob Gilmore Address Book, I just had to send for a copy and it was the best thing that has ever happened to me. I haven't met any of the guys yet but I hope to meat some real soon. So

keep up the good work and don't stop giving us men like the one in Bables and Balls.

Time to go so keep up the good work with your next issue. This is from one of your favourite readers in Sunny Bahamas.

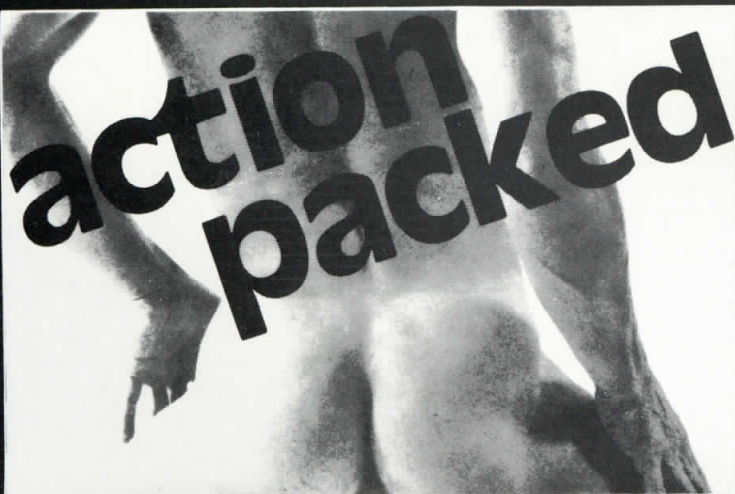
Kermir Adderley
Nassau, Bahamas

Glad to hear that SCORE goes to Nassau. You want company? — Ed.

Dear J.H.:

SCORE 10 is the hottest issue yet — that is as far as pictures go. Unfortunately, I can't say as much for the stories. How about more "beat off" material? I mean after all, that is what this thing is all about right?

Now tell me J.H., who can get off on a monster movie freak dancing at his own funeral (DANCE DANCE DANCE)? Anyway, I still like your mag. Enclosed you will find \$35.00 to continue my subscription. Please rush me the next issue ASAP.



The all new '79 Doc Johnson sensual products catalogue. 8½ x 11". 120 pages **thick**. Over 500 exciting **pleasures**. You'll want to add this catalogue to your home library—give as a gift! Order now and receive a \$5.00 (five dollar) **gift certificate** good with any purchase. \$10.00 includes postage and handling. Will arrive in secure reinforced plain envelope. **Hurry order now!!! Start '79 with a "Wow!"**

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I am over 21 _____ (Signature)

Add \$3.00 for orders out of U.S. Foreign money orders should be in United States currency.

Dear SCORE:

WOW! What a super issue of SCORE 10. Can't wait to get your issue of SCORE 11.

The Boys of Venice was a really HOT series. Hope to see more of that sort of thing in upcumming issues.

I would like to see more young meat in the book. I really like the young and innocent look.

Keep those good looking boys cumming.

Thanks alot,

GWB

Dear GWB,

In this issue I think you will be pleased with Jamie. We are trying to get something for everyone in each issue.

Thanks for your support. Hope that you will continue to be a faithful SCORE reader.

Dear SCORE:

Just got my new issue of SCORE, and can't keep my pants up. Where do you find those models? Let me know so I can go find some for myself.

The centerfold with John Stampel is just HOT! The guy in Made In England could make me anytime.

Keep up the good work!

D.R.

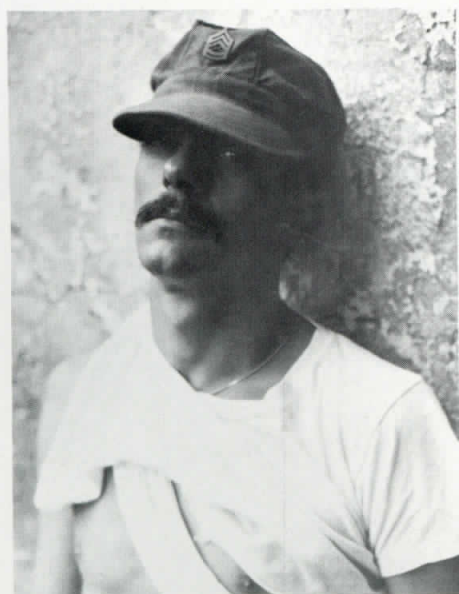
Dear Can't Keep Your Pants Up:

Glad you liked the new issue. We are planning more of those hot men from Dyna Men, and other sources.

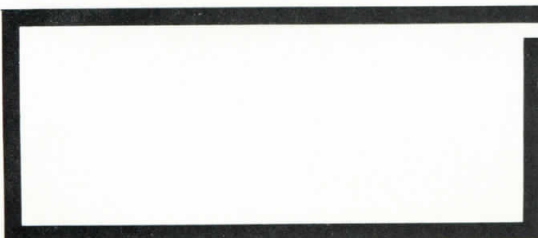
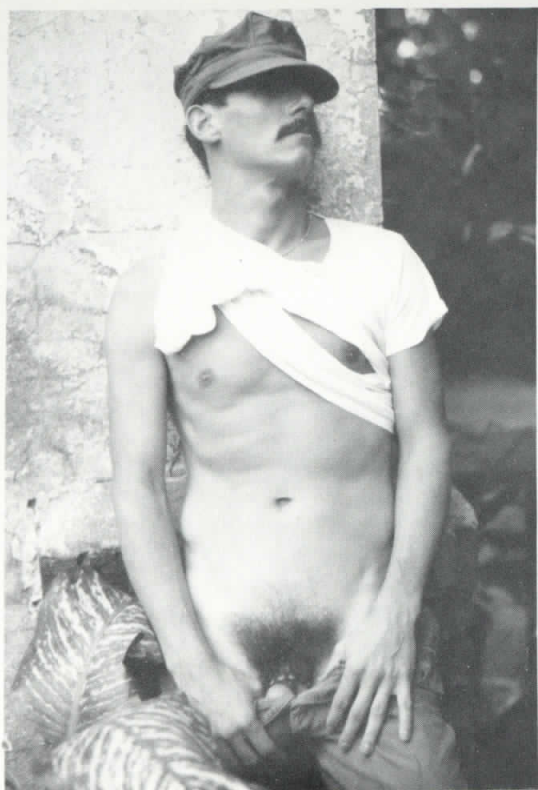
Thanks for letting us know how much you like the book. We are going to do our best to keep your pants down as much as possible.

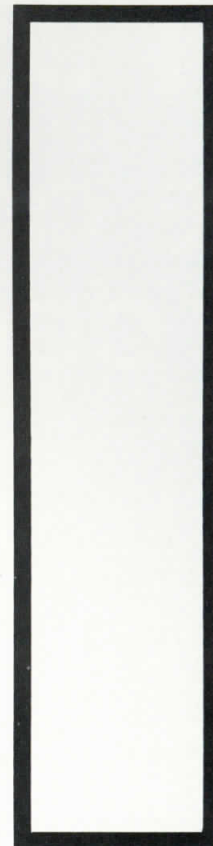
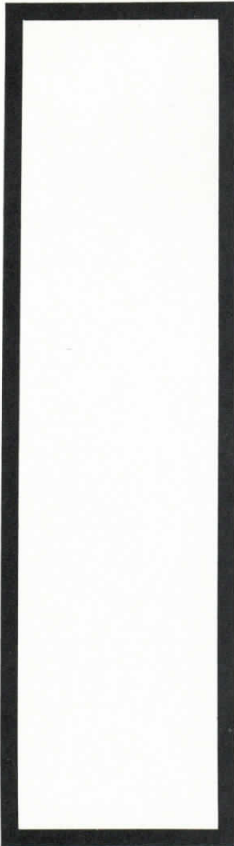


Photos by Rona!





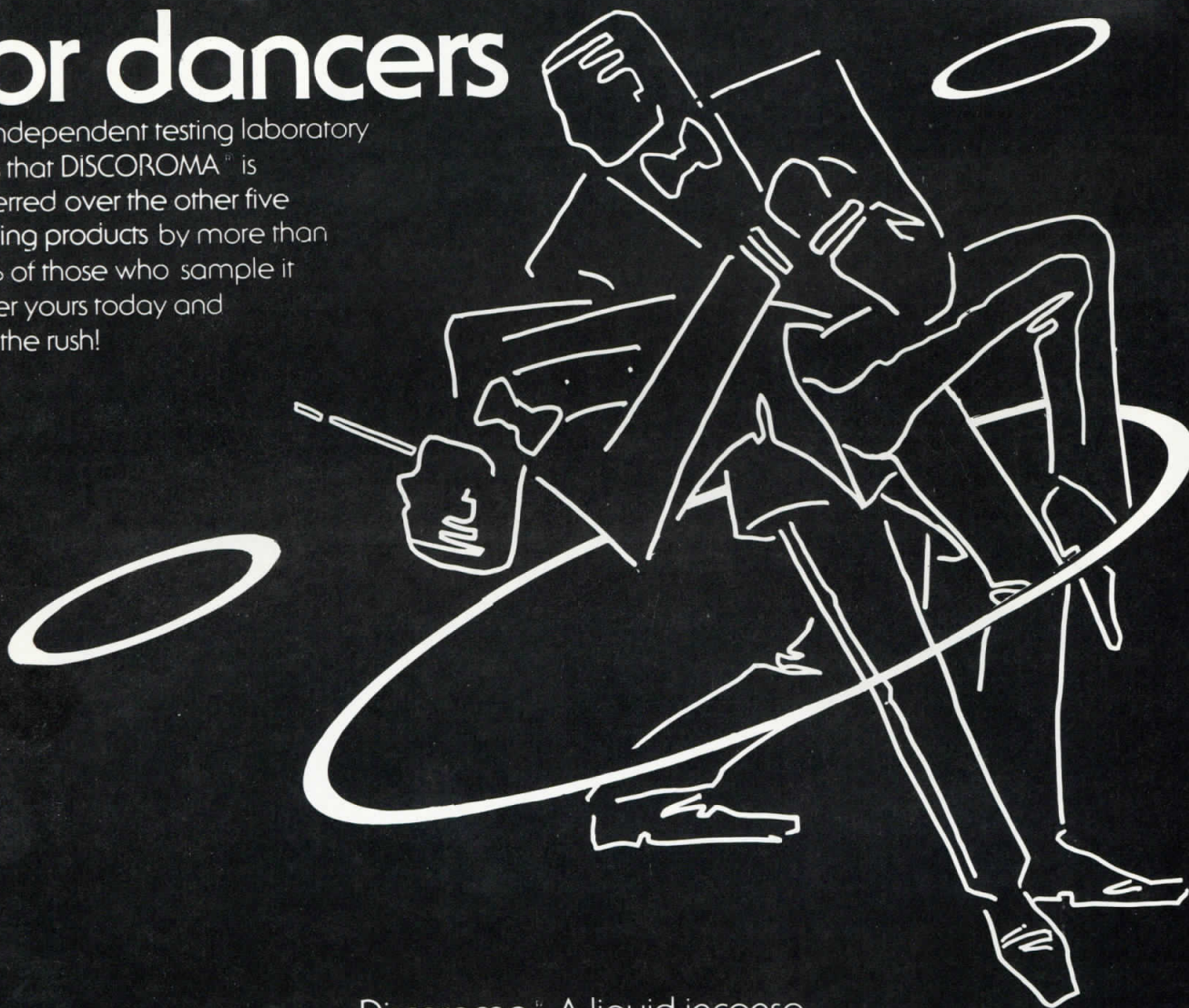




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THE OPERATOR

BY ROBERT W. BOSLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. ECONOMY



THE MASTER

I sat at my desk preparing to write this article about my experiences as the operator of a model/escort service. I got out my sheaf of paper, threaded a page into the carriage, and flipped on the electricity. That was more than a week ago. In the time that has intervened, I have waged a cleaning war on my apartment, painted the living room blue, caught up on my correspondence, telephoned everyone I know — many of whom were surprised to hear from me after so long — and worked assiduously, though with no spectacular successes, at getting a tan. I guess I'll have to admit that I have been avoiding the task at hand, but then, even promises made to yourself can be hard to keep. My hesitation, now that I have the opportunity to spill my guts on the subject, might be owing to the extraordinary difficulty in accurately summing up the events, the unceasing effort, the occasional accomplish-

ments, and rather considerable frustrations of two years of jockeying telephones, juggling appointments, soothing irascible temperaments, and generally making things run. It was a typical desk job.

"Hello, Bob?" said the voice on the phone, its thick Brooklyn accent putting me in mind of the year and a half that I lived in New York. "This is Larry," continued the voice. Larry called regularly. There was some unnameable quality in his speech that prevented me from losing patience, but I always tried to bring the long-distance call to an abbreviated end. "Are you naked?" he asked hopefully. I knew, from talking to my coworkers, that Larry had spent his life in a wheelchair and I was sorry. I glanced out the window and bleared at the full moon that hung intensifyingly against the dimming light of early

evening. I knew what kind of shift lay ahead.

"Larry, thank you for calling, but it's very busy in the office and I'm afraid I won't be able to chat with you." He was disappointed. "Take care. Good-night," I said courteously, and put the receiver back in its cradle.

The fucking place is like a mausoleum and I'm stuck here watching the rapidly flexing joints of my fingers as they fairly dance across these three shining rows of letters. Anne Miller fingers, tapping out a story.

"I want to be your slave," said the hollow voice after I had picked up the phone on the second ring. I was well aware of the kind of calls I would be taking on this particular line and was ready to do my whole routine.

"Speak up!" I said roughly. He repeated his request and I piled into him: "What you *want* is of negligible interest to me, punk. Apologize for calling," I snapped. Ordinarily, a caller would not talk to me initially from within his slave personality, but would instead first describe his scene. Later in the conversation he might slip into his subordinate role to test the fit. But my caller, I guessed, wanted much more. If I were mistaken, I stood to lose a client.

"Please let me be your slave, master," the voice continued in more strident tones. "I'll lick your boots, I'll kiss your rawhide straps, I'll eat your..." I chopped him off.

"Hold it, asshole. Don't tell *me* what you are going to do to whom or with what." I have a soft voice with very little resonance, so to compensate I cast my tenor pitch as low as I could make it go and spoke in bursts. My words carried an edge, which added to the effect, but it was more precisely the timing and intonations that really put it across. If I did it right, the client would be eating out of my hand: an easy appointment. The silence on the other end of the line brought me to drive for feedback. I had to fathom his uncertainty and then eliminate it. "Say yes sir!" I commanded.

"Yes sir!" answered the voice, truly excited now. I had him and pursued him relentlessly. I wanted him dressed in gooseflesh.

"Louder, swine!" I ordered.

"YES SIR!" he yelled.

"Now shut your yap, cunt. For that matter, stop breathing. I'll let you know when it conveniences me to let you breathe again. I want to decide if I really feel like wasting my time talking to you right now." I was silent for a quarter of a minute and then I said, "Breathe now, I don't want you pass-

ing out and tying up my phone line. Besides, I have to tell you where you're going to be tonight at eight o'clock. You *will* do as I say. Don't speak. Only listen. And I want you to remind yourself constantly that you are the closest thing to living, breathing scum that I have ever had to get sick talking to." I gave him a memorized address and stressed, "Eight o'clock! If you are late for any reason, I'll kick the fuck out of you." And I knew, as I said these words, that he would be pointedly late. "Do you hear what I'm telling you, shithead?" I demanded.

"Oh, yes SIR, Master!" he spouted back, almost joyously. "Eight o'clock! I'll be on time. I want to lick your boots and eat your jock..." I brought a halt to the talking. He was jerking off on this far too well and I didn't want him turning it into a j/o call.

"Listen, jerk off, talking to you has been a real chore, and now I'm gonna take a shit. Repeat the address back to me and then get the fuck off my line." He did so. When the line was clear, I dialed another number, simultaneously pulling my schedule a little closer so I could make an entry. The ringing stopped and a husky voice spoke greeting at the other end. "Hello, Steve?" I said. "This is your mother. Where have you been? I called you at two o'clock this morning and there was no answer!" "Rub my crotch, Mom," said Steve in his usual laconic style.

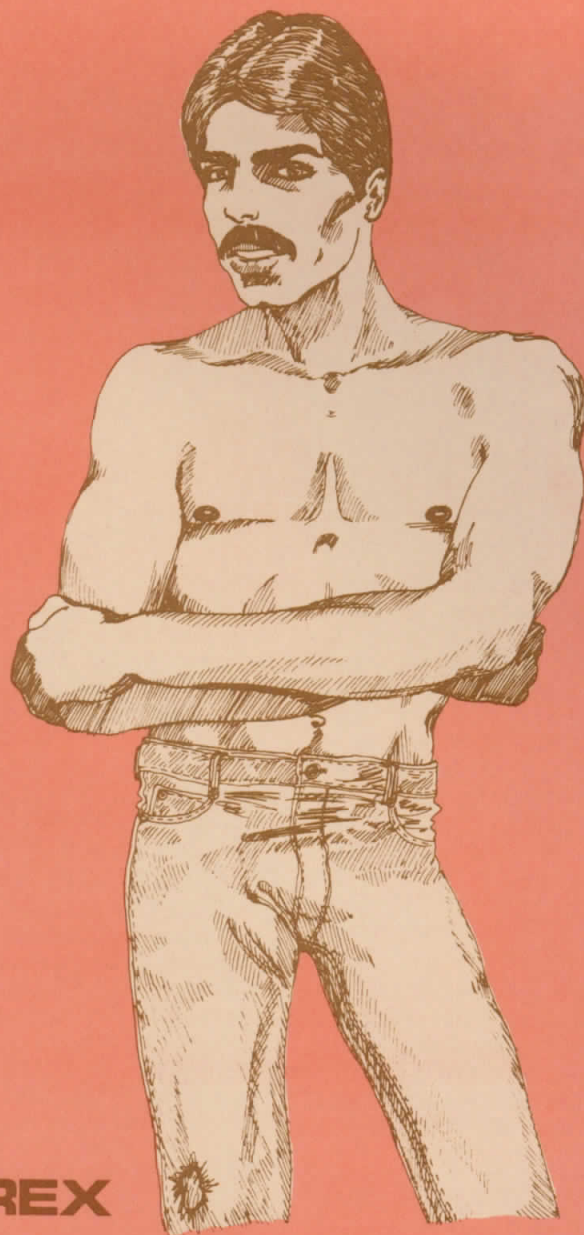
"How're ya doin', Steve?" I said, popping back into my own most formal prose. "Have I got a man for you!" He groaned audibly. "Yes, another computer date direct from our overload circuit." Steve waited. I got serious. "He'll be at your apartment at eight o'clock, begging for punishment, your specialty. I don't have any details. Just take control and watch his limits."

"Sounds good."

"I don't know his name, but yours is Gregg, Two G's. How gay. If he is late, and he probably will be, rough him up in a manner of speaking. I as much as promised it to him as his punishment or treat, however you choose to view it." Lights flashed on my numbers panel as two more lines connected on the business telephone. "Well, I see there are more dream-date hopefuls trying to reach me via our intricate communications system. Call me when the carnage is over," I said pleasantly. "Bye." And then, "Hello?" on a new line.

A friendly and inquisitive-sounding voice spoke: "Rex?" I put him in his late forties, tall, corpulent, balding, keen grey eyes, business suit.

"Yeh. How're ya doin'?" and I became twenty-five, sun-tanned, swarthy. "It's



REX

Miller time," I thought, with gusto. My imagination transported me, trim, tight, and topless, to some city black-top. I was poised, gripping my jackhammer with one taut, sweat-slicked fist, my dirty dago-T dangling insouciantly from my ripped back pocket, the dusty faded Levis torn at the knee and rubbed bare in the seat. My crotch bulged against my busted zipper. Rivulets of hot perspiration streamed down the...

"Did you run the ad in the 'Advocate'?" the middle-aged voice interrupted my reverie nonsensically. "No," I thought. "It's a cruel joke played on me by my frat brothers."

"That's right," I said significantly. "What's your name?" I began to move rhythmically in my swivel chair as if to the beat of some driving music. The office chair squeaked contrapuntally. There was a pause while my prospective client invented a name for himself.

At the end of his inner struggle, he piped, "John." I admired him for his technique of imitating the mundane.

"Hi, John." I said and slouched. It was going to be a prototypical Rex call. I waited to field a construction job question. "Can you hold the line a second, John? I'm getting another call. I'll be right back." I pressed HOLD and picked up the other line. It was the service line and I gave the name of the service and greeted the caller properly. What can I do for you tonight?" I added. "Yes," he began brilliantly. "I wanted to see if you had someone available tonight..." Those immortal words hung suspended on the air. It was like an old cue. I wanted to televise a message to johns everywhere that a service is based on having models available. I might call a grocery store to check their hours, but I would never inquire as to whether or not they had any food left. "Yes," I wanted to say,

"we have someone available tonight. Thank you for your civic interest," and then hang up. We always had someone, we just didn't have everyone. For example, our able staff didn't always include a selection of Polish-Orientals with a penchant for yellow river. Usually we were also limited in our offerings among the truly insane. And if you wanted a Latino cross-dresser with communistic political leanings who does a flawless Bette Davis, you might have to call around, but for the most part...

"You've called the right place," I replied to the man who obviously could recognize and appreciate a good bromide. "I have another call at the moment. Could you possibly hold the line for just a minute or two?"

"Sure."

"Thanks a lot. I'll be right back. I pushed HOLD and watched 1366 begin to blink silently. I depressed the adjacent button and said, "Hello again, John."

"Yes, Rex," he answered, using my "name" again. Soon, I knew he would ask how I was hung, a question that peeved me more and more with the passage of time.

"Thanks for waiting." I paced my speech so as not to sound rushed and was going to ask him where he was calling from when 1090 lit up and the buzzing spat out at me again.

"Is that your phone?" John asked in an amazed tone of voice. This is not an infrequent occurrence. A guy would call me, thinking he was talking to an individual in his apartment, and throughout our conversation, I would take perhaps six phone calls. If I was lucky and handled each one adroitly, I would not lose any of them. When I first started as a phone jockey, I really went nuts trying to keep everyone straight, which was a task in itself. And it happened, from time to time, that I'd

have the bases loaded and suddenly block out totally. I wouldn't remember who was on any line, and the effort of holding back the panic lined my forehead with little beads of taunting sweat which rolled noseward to remind me that I was in the hot seat. All John could tell is that my phones rang almost continuously. Possibly he thought he was speaking to one of the hottest items in the Midwest.

"Yes," I told him. I awaited his next question, sensing rather fundamentally that this was a practised client; a man who had faithfully studied that handbook of all nations: *The Book of Johns*. Every word John spoke was imprinted in the twelve simply-written chapters of practice conversations aimed at helping prospective clients to deal with agencies in an erudite, if not esoteric manner. Classes are organized and field trips are a large item. The theme of the recently held 1979 outing, which took place in heralded Banner Park, Minnesota the weekend of May 12, bespoke of central interest of the group: "Enlarging Your Model/Escort Vocabulary." It was a retreat of sorts where small fraternal groups were said to separate out after the larger conclaves and wander about the more heavily-wooded sectors thrumming their own respective credos. Mutual interest groups could be heard long into the night reciting the chants that held them bound so closely: "Hot, hunky, hung!" was one of the more popular traditional utterances. It was found, too, that "Blue-eyed, blond and boyish" had regained a large degree of celebrity. Within the larger gatherings were smaller sub-assemblies bent on adding a bit more discernment to what one man was reported to have called "the same old rag." They occupied themselves chiefly with embellishing the chants of their comrades with an occasional shrilling of "I'm sorry, no beards," or "What else do you do, Billy?" "You must be very busy," John

mewed, half-admiringly, but with a trace of awe. I became instantly weary. I had had this dialogue time after time with a wide assortment of clients, all of whom, at this moment blended together into one indistinguishable mass of boring people. It brought to mind my days at Saks, where I operated the Louis Vuitton boutique. People, women mostly, would lean across the counter, look deeply and meaningfully at me and intimate that Louis Vuitton wears like iron. Always appreciative of that fresh insight, I would return a telling glance, my smile tenderly frozen in rictus, stretched across teeth that instinctively wanted to bite, to tear. But John was talking and I tried to shake free of my malevolence. He asked, "Do you get a lot of calls from your ads in the 'Advocate'? You've had one in there for the last three months, at least. I know because I save all my copies."

He reminded me of some balletomanes I have had the misfortune to overhear at intermission. They pride themselves on memorizing the wealth of information that can be gleaned from their programs. They make conspicuous donations to ballet schools and righteously accept their complimentary subscription tickets, living for those few moments between acts when they can be their bombastic, obnoxious selves, bantering at their comrades and displaying their collection of marked words; little verbal flags which are run to the top of the mast as frequently as possible to denote a certain specialized knowledge, born of expertise. John was like that. He had read his program and could quote it back to me. Without looking, hardly.

"Yes I do, and yes I have. Listen, I hate to do this, but can I put you on hold again, just long enough to put the other party on hold? Two seconds. Or, if you would prefer to give me your number..."

BILLY



"No, go ahead," he inserted accommodatingly. I pecked at HOLD and then ceremoniously put the tip of my index finger on 1366 and pushed. The line connected and I could hear a radio announcer in the background. Like a pianist, I did a slur, bending my wrist in a sudden gesture and raising my hand high in the air as if I had just come to the end of a particularly dramatic clause in a piano concerto. "Hi. Listen," I chortled, "don't give up. I'm coming right back!" I waited for an answer and got something resembling a grunt. "Thanks," I said very positively, content with the knowledge that people only give you a lot if you ask for a lot. "Asshole growing tired of waiting on 1366, I ruminated briskly, "and may he be preyed upon by rabid squirrels." I went to the next line.

"Hello," I purred at whoever was waiting for me to speak.

"Hello, Billy?" came the familiar questioning lilt. We were now hearing from the top of society's age pyramid. I pictured skin stretched over bone, a grandfather, the kind of old fella that got hooked on the Utopian image of Billy and regarded his ad as the answer to a septuagenarian's dream. Billy was the boy of a lifetime's search for a youth who preferred the company and attentions of older men, but who was himself, a high school Adonis and a natural athlete, with shining, mischievous eyes and buns like summer apricots. And hordes of wizened, older men within reach of the nationally printed page, hoped that he was also the perfect dupe. Call it a human foible. "Yes, this is Billy," I breathed into the receiver. I had become eighteen, prolifically blond, green-eyed, with lilies on my cheeks and death in my groin. "What's your name?" I inquired in my most adolescent timbre. The man didn't conceal his hesitation with aplomb.

"Dick," he eventually stuttered. There was a quality to his voice that I didn't trust. He sounded like the type of guy that pulls up to the curb in his automobile and invites small children to come with him to look for their parents. I was not a cynical person, but I was steeped in gimmicks, ploys, and come-ons to the point that I could perceive them with little difficulty. Out of my experiences had emerged a fairly accurate sense of judgment which allowed me to get a feel for the character and purpose of the men on the phone to whom I spoke. I felt I had this man pegged.

"He'll stand waiting," I mused. "Nice to meet you, Dick." I had pitched my voice a little high and made an effort to bring it back down without being too obvious. I glanced at my watch, wishing the evening were over. "You have a nice name. Dick. I like the sound of it." I was nauseating myself.

"Oh, you like that, do you?" There was a mixture of condescension and pure glee. "I read your ad in the 'Advo-'" I cut him off like a hungry bat scalloping beetles out of the night sky.

"Dick, can you hold the line a minute? I just got out of the shower and I don't have any clothes on. I'm dripping all over the carpet. Hold on." I pressed HOLD and left Dick salivating onto the receiver in his out-of-state suburban home. I felt pressured, but I loved the pace. It made me feel alive, and while I was already talking on three lines, I knew that either or both of the other two could illuminate at any time. It was going to be necessary to vacate a line as soon as possible. I wondered if I could remember who was where. 2533 lit up. There were often long periods in the course of an evening when the phones were mute, but when they spoke, they chattered. I pushed 1366 uncertainly. I was a total blank, but I pulled out one of my many stock

phrases, designed to save me at times such as this: "Hi, I'm back. Thanks so much for waiting. Now, where were we?"

"Yes," he began. Yes, I had found, was a most popular word. It vaguely flagged a sense of being on top of the situation. Whatever its purpose, it was a word that cropped up incessantly. This voice that had just said "yes" was now chewing tentatively at the edges of my recollection. I had almost remembered who he was when he gave himself away; I was asking if you had someone available for the evening.

"That's right. Well, of course we do. What type of guy do you have in mind for tonight?" I listened for key words.

"Oh, someone tall. Muscular... uh... dark." I figured I could fill in the rest. His type clicked right in the groove.

"And do you want something light?" I queried. "Someone dominant?" I continued. 2533 was still buzzing.

"Someone dominant," came the echo, with a tone of having stated himself very exactly.

"I have the perfect man for you. Wait just a minute while I do some checking. Can you hold?" I inquired.

"Certainly," he replied. He spoke now like a man posturing in front of a three way angled mirror, admiring himself in the faceted reflections, as he congratulated himself on the choice of a

fine suit. He would now wait for the tailor.

"Thank you. It'll only take a minute," I repeated. I pressed HOLD. "Two five three three," I recited automatically into the new line.

There was a brief pause and then a rich baritone voice enunciated: "I need a big dick!"

"Michael!" I didn't conceal my delight. "Hi, cutie! I hadn't realized it's already nine-thirty. How are you tonight? How did it go?"

"It went OK. I had to wear my wool suit downtown because the cat jumped up in the chair and got my other one, let's say, soiled."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Did you tie sponges to your ankles to catch the sweat?"

"No, but the man next to me on the bus was kind enough to suck it out of the material before I got to my job interview." "How serendipitous! And don't ask me if it's in the dictionary, because I once heard it spoken by a PhD in Annapolis, and as you probably know, that is the definitive criterion for word usage."

"I just called to tell you you're hot." He drew the word out in the way of a Southerner and I felt my carotid pulse surge. It would be nice to get home.

"Speaking of hot, I have a piece of hot news, Michael, and you can say you heard it here first. Based on recently completed and exhaustive research, it has been undebateably determined that secretaries are not, after all, tinker toys!" We had an easy rapport and I loved joking with him in this way.

"Hot damn!" he burst out. "This piece of information adds immeasurably to my perspective on the subject of business. I deeply and profoundly thank you for passing on that bit of hard fact for my eventual use in the real world," he said in a humorously official manner. When you emerge into it," I added.

"Yes, when the cocoon is cut away."

"Can I use my teeth?" I taunted him. On Tuesday night, Michael had spent the entire evening with me at my apartment. Spread out on the floor, the only light came from a floating candle which sat on a low table in one corner of the living room. The illumination reaching up through the plants was satisfyingly eerie and had a sultry, lulling effect on both of us as we sipped at our wine and pressed against each other. Relaxed and mellow after a really nice meal that we had cooked with a cooperative effort, we felt glad to be alone, listening to music. Once or twice he brushed his lips against my cheek, until I turned and looked at him in the crepuscular light, wanting him. I took his shoulders in my hands and lay him gently back on the faintly flickering rug. The blood surged in my veins and I fell on his chest, working his tits hard with my tongue, pinching and stroking his skin with my fingers. He arched upward to meet my mouth and I buried it in his crotch. I tugged at the snap of his jeans, the fine, blond hairs of his abdomen tickling me in the face, until I was provoked into an almost cannibalistic urge to devour him. I felt his fingers passing over and over again through my hair as I nudged and bit, working to open his jeans. The zipper

moved slowly, maddeningly slowly down its track.

"Again so soon?" said Michael.

"Hey," I spoke softly now. "I really want to see you." I knew he was calling from my apartment and I knew, too, that he would be waiting for me there when I got home. "I'll be there just as soon as I can catch a bus. Unfortunately, I have got to hang up now. This space is up for grabs."

"OK. Bye." He started to hang up. He was aware of the way my business calls came in waves, like marauding locusts. I was glad he understood.

"And Michael," I said quickly, to stop him, "Never mind. I'll tell you when I get home." I felt schmaltsy.

"Just remember, Preppy," he whispered, "love means never having to say you're straight." He hung up and I laughed. I depressed 1366 and spoke, this time a bit more rapidly, "I'm sorry for the delay." I wasn't that sorry, but I'm into fantasy.

"That's fine. What've you got?"

"Well," I glanced over my cards with one quick shot. I knew them all by heart: age, height, weight, hair color, facial hair, body type, cock, waist, chest. "I generally like to offer at least two recommendations, but I think just to accommodate your life, I'll give you a choice of three." I didn't expect the hearty laugh that erupted on the other end, and hearing that, I began to feel more at ease with this client. Maybe he was trying to be friendly. Maybe he was relaxing. I got an awful lot of calls, many from people who were making their first contact with a ser-

vice. Not infrequently, they felt totally out of their element, and it was up to me to put them at their ease, a task at which I found myself to be fairly adept. I enjoyed the rapport I had with clients and it made for a lot of repeat business as well.

In response to this particular call, I described three individuals, as promised, and ended up having to practically decide for him, which probably worked out to his advantage, since I know the guys and he doesn't. I scribbled down his phone number for later verification, and then set it up with the model. It was another case of rewarding the model who is available when he claims to be. I hate to hear those phones ring off the wall, and when that happens a few times, although I am very patient and continually describe the importance of reliability to my models, I just stop calling. Then you hear, "I don't get any calls because you never have anything for me." And they whine and they get indignant, but they want to pick and choose among the appointments, they don't want any one-hour gigs, no this, no that.

"This is a business," I explain. "I tend to call people who are home. I tend to talk to people who say yes. Right away. That's simple to understand. I'm not trying to be nasty, I'm just telling you the way it is. I'd really like you to work and make money. After all, when you make money, I make money, and you're happy, and I'm happy."

I got back on 1342, patting myself on the back for making a written note as to who was waiting there: "John?" I said with enthusiasm that was forced.

"Thanks a lot man. Things got kinda busy here all of a sudden."

"Well, I'm glad you're finally back. You were gone a long time." I was accustomed to some interrogation from my clients on this score.

"It's one of those phones with two lines. My other call was long distance from California, so I have to give it priority. I hope you understand." I had come to the conclusion that the lies I told in the course of my job were forgivable. As lies go, they were fairly bland. They were part of a large fantasy and were constructed to build a picture such as the client wanted to see.

"Yes, I'm Billy. Yes, and I prefer older men because they are more mature and always seem to know what to do." A lie. "Hello, this is Rex. Yes, I'd dig pissin' all over you, but it's gonna cost you." Should I say, "No, this isn't Rex. This is Bob. No, I don't actually work as an escort. I sit here behind a desk and take calls from people who would like to think I'm someone else." My models, as well, are portrayals of fantasy, as there are certainly clients who could not be said to incite a riot of passion in a man a third his age or half his size, but in whom the model would almost certainly be called upon to display a convincing sexual interest. In short, fantasy and fibbing are leagues apart. Telling a client, "I'm fascinated by what you're telling me," as he regales you with an unstoppable account of his thirty-five year work history, is fantasy. A fantasy people buy.

Sometime later I was on my way home, regarding the shop windows from my seat in the ambling Clark

Street bus. There was a slow blur of fluorescence and neon and I focused on mid-distance while musing over the evening. I had sent James on the "Rex" call. He is one of my better men and I use him whenever I can. Steve called in to report that his S/M client never showed up, but I doubt the validity of his statement just because his timing was faulty. Had his client truly not shown up, he would have been expected to telephone me within fifteen minutes. Instead, he called me at nine forty five in regard to an appointment that was to have begun at eight. This is the second incident to mar Steve's credibility since his return from vacation. I decided to steer business away from him for awhile, until he got things a little more under control. He was a good model, so I was not anxious to lose him, but if he had indulged himself financially in New Mexico to the point that he had over-extended himself, I didn't relish the idea of his making his fresh debts good at my expense. It was not unheard of for a model to set up meetings on the side, circumventing the agency and avoiding the payment of fees to the service, but I still could not get used to being stiffed. The model didn't fork out the loot for the office rent, telephone bills, and advertising. I did. Unfortunately in the case of many models, self-interest held sway over fair play. They played to win.

As time goes by, business men who deal in model escort, who hold discourse with clients on the telephones and converse and direct the models on a daily basis, develop an invaluable faculty called instinct. My instinct was of great benefit to me, but to my mod-

els as well. I was not infallible, but I could sniff out trouble, detect crank calls, and uncover pranksters. I got a feel for when I was being told the truth and learned to make decisions based on that feeling. On one occasion, after sending a model to a client at an airport hotel, I received conflicting reports from the two parties involved. After weighing everything I was told and mixing in a bit of what I observed, I believed the client rather than the model. When I confronted the model tactfully and told him that the service and the model would share the burden of returning half the client's fee for the two-hour appointment, which had started late and ended early in frustration, the model quit. Grandly, as a matter of fact. To this day, I am convinced that the client told the strict truth.

When "Billy" finally dried off and returned to talk to his captive audience on the phone, the two of us talked for a while and then signed off. The old man had been a shopper; not the type of shopper that simply calls every agency in town comparing rates and descriptions as if he were looking for a deal on a new set of steel-belted radials, but the kind who calls from out-of-state supposedly because he is contemplating a visit city (sometime in the next millennium) and he wants to feel that someone is anxious to meet him. He searched to find on the phone what he could never have in person — interest. It's kind of sad, and it's also common. His voice may creak as he tells you he

is thirty-nine, or he may admit to being sixty-five and a grandfather many times over, but the common denominator among these old guys, more than anything else, is the desire to speak with Billy of the apricot cheeks, the bonny good looks, and the adventuresome spirit. They all want to help Billy have fun by misbehaving and doing all sorts of things that Billy's parents wouldn't like. But not all of the Billy callers hang back in far away places. There is another type, often equipped with Polaroids, described best by one of my Billy models: "They want to meet a kid with the face of an angel and the body of a devil. They simply want to play with and be accepted by the boy next door that they watched enviously as a child. And then they want to fuck him. Hard!"

The client on 1366, who had wondered if I might have someone available, waited until I had contacted an escort and had gotten back on the line with him before he pulled his festive little demonstration. He hung up! And he didn't hang up on me, but on himself! The hangers-up almost never hang up on the operator. They hang up on themselves, supposedly to simulate an accidental disconnection. And you might then wonder why they called in the first place. I think *they* wonder why they hung up. I don't think they are so much strange as just out of touch with themselves. They evidently want desperately to do something they fear greatly. According to the approach/avoidance we learned in Psychology

101, individuals who detour from a goal are often the victims of fear. With these people, there is always a point in advance of the goal where the desire to avoid suddenly exceeds the desire to approach. It's not real productive.

As previously stated, model/escort is your typical desk job. It is a simple matter of pleasing the implacable and going home drained each night. It is a very show business type of business, complete with its unending flow of characters and scene changes. Most of the people I have encountered have been pleasant and ordinary, in the best sense of the word. They know what they want, but like most of us, they will settle for less. They constitute the chorus, the backbone of the show. But it is the stars that we talk about; those people who, by some means, draw attention to themselves, such as stars who don't show up for curtain and surface three days later, in love, and in Columbus. Then there are those wonderful kids who insist on rewriting their scripts, who quibble over sponsors, want top billing. They are the color against a largely peaceful and plain backdrop. They are the ones who make you drop your head to your hand and order bourbon in a cup, to go. They incite you to fits of ripping paper into motes so small you could do a collage on a dime if you hadn't used the glue to seal yourself in a room. Essentially, they are to tranquility what whooping cough is to a house of cards. And yet we stay with it. Maybe it's the sawdust.



trick/treat

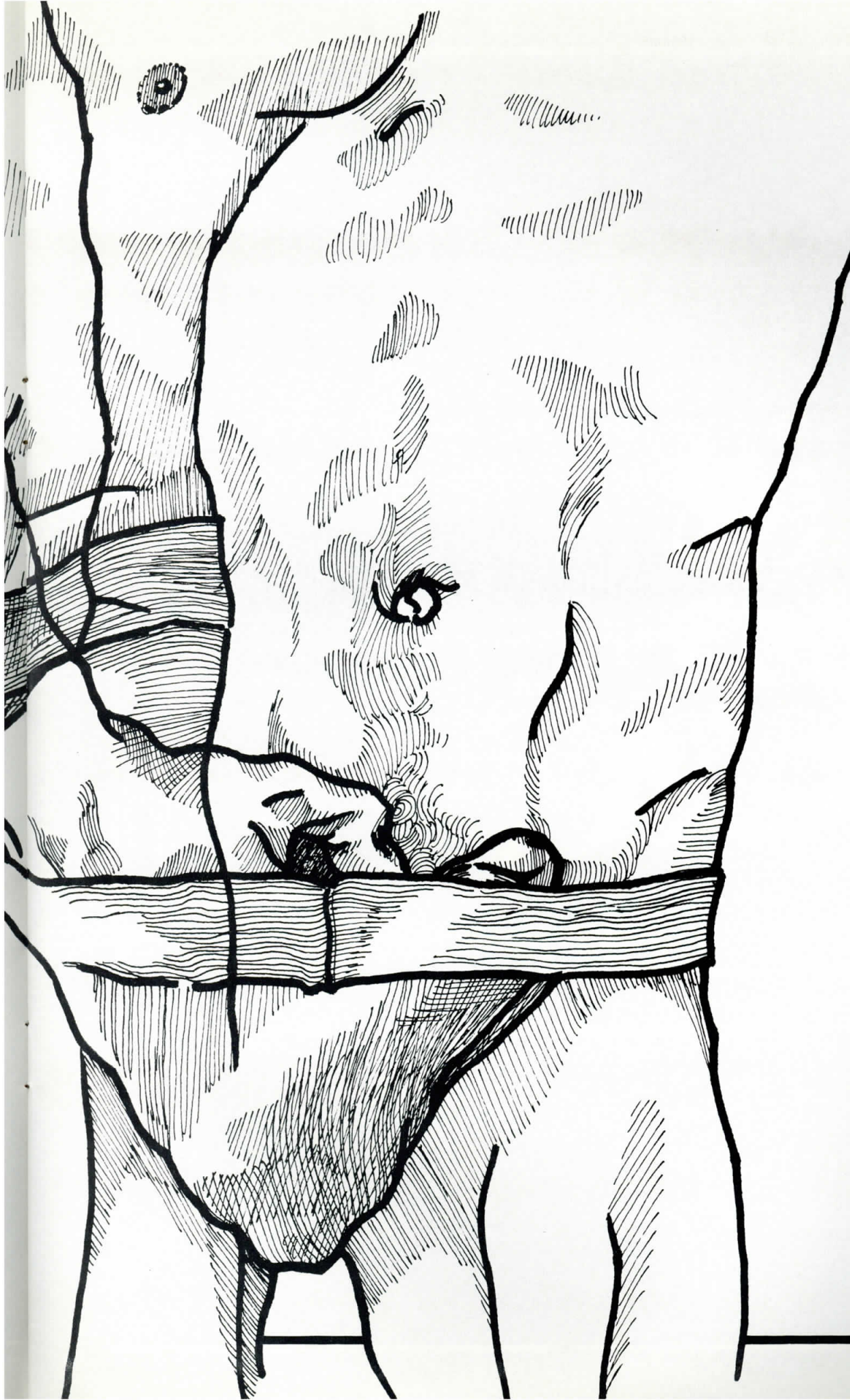


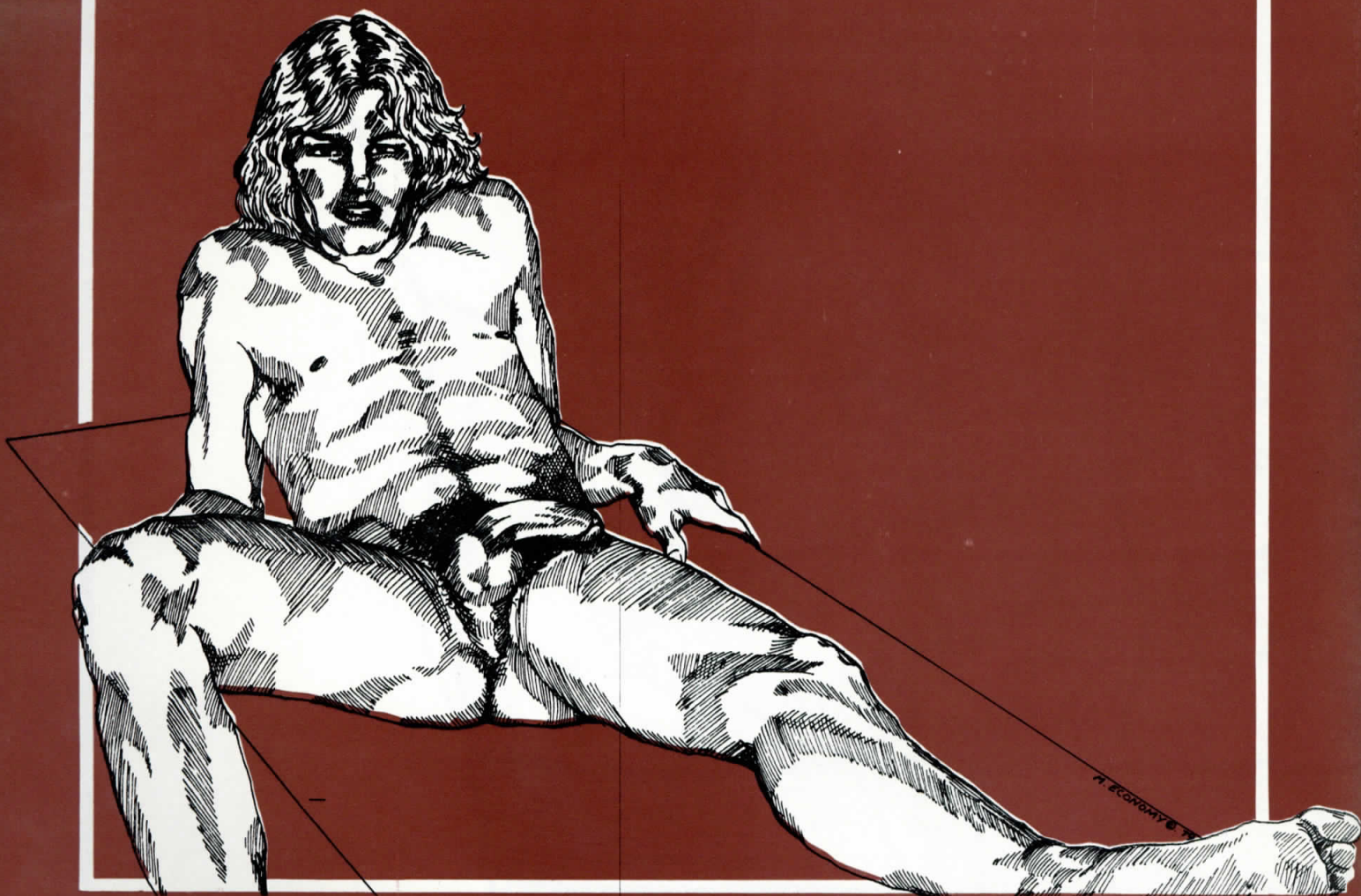
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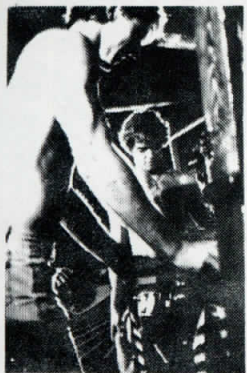
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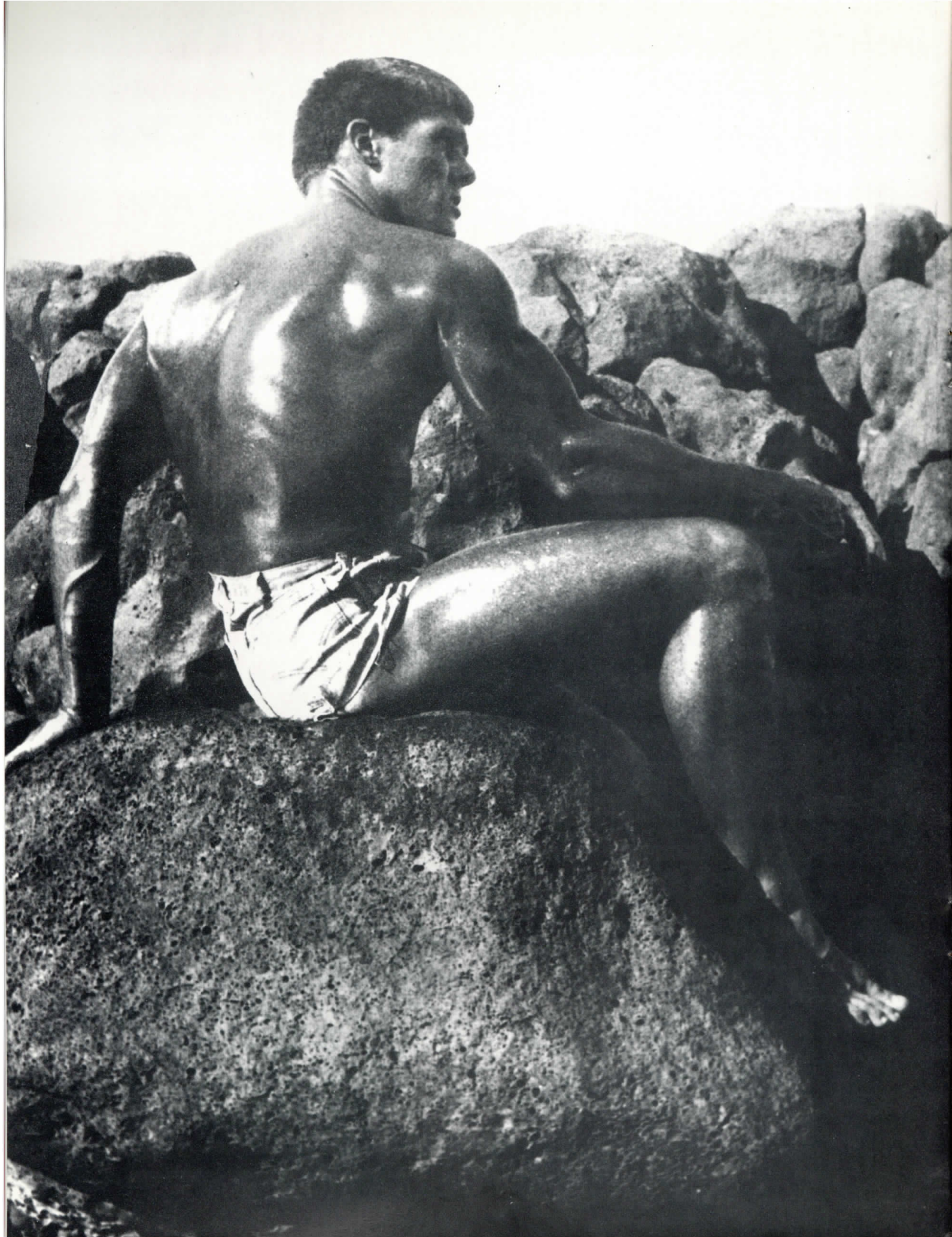
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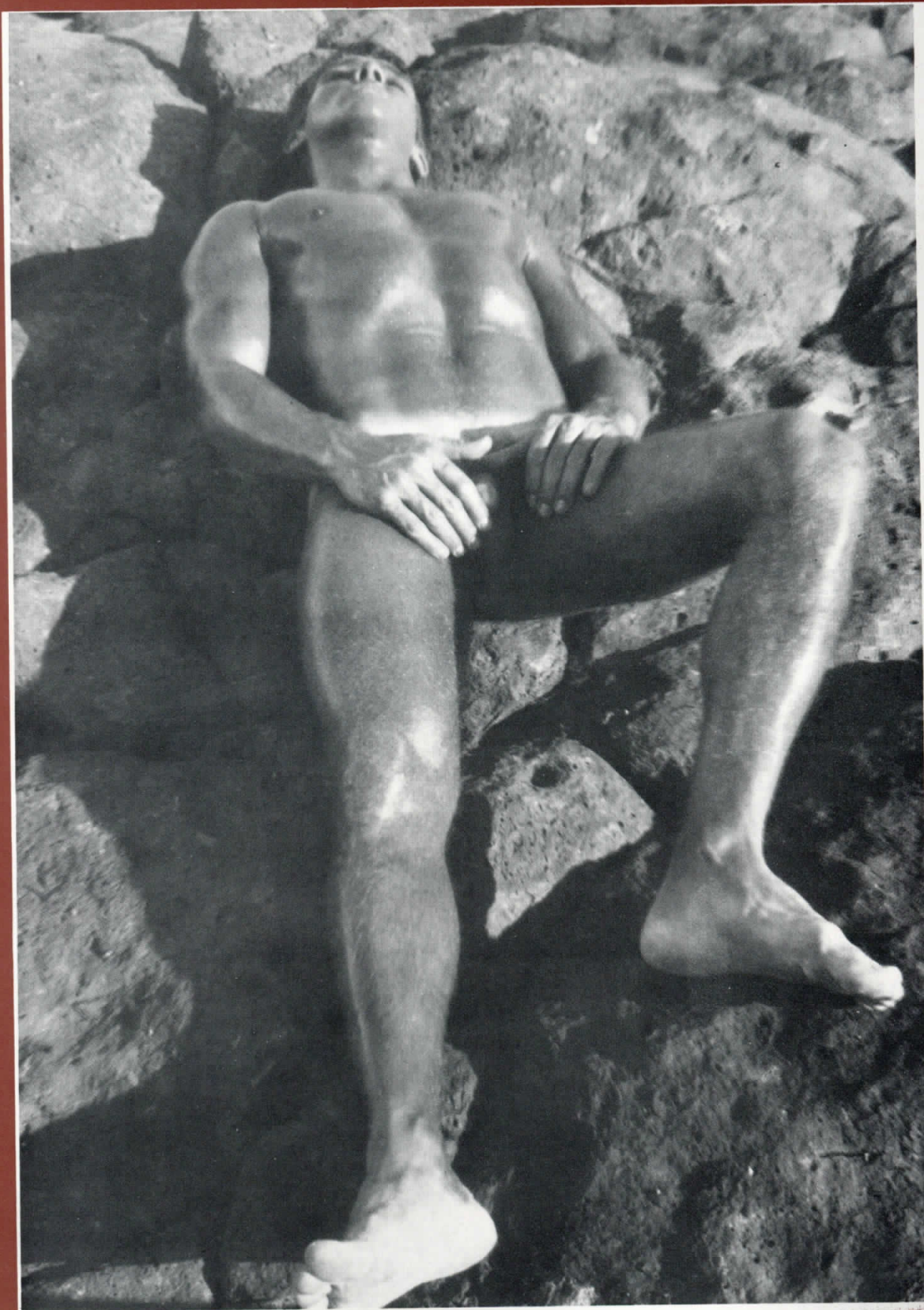
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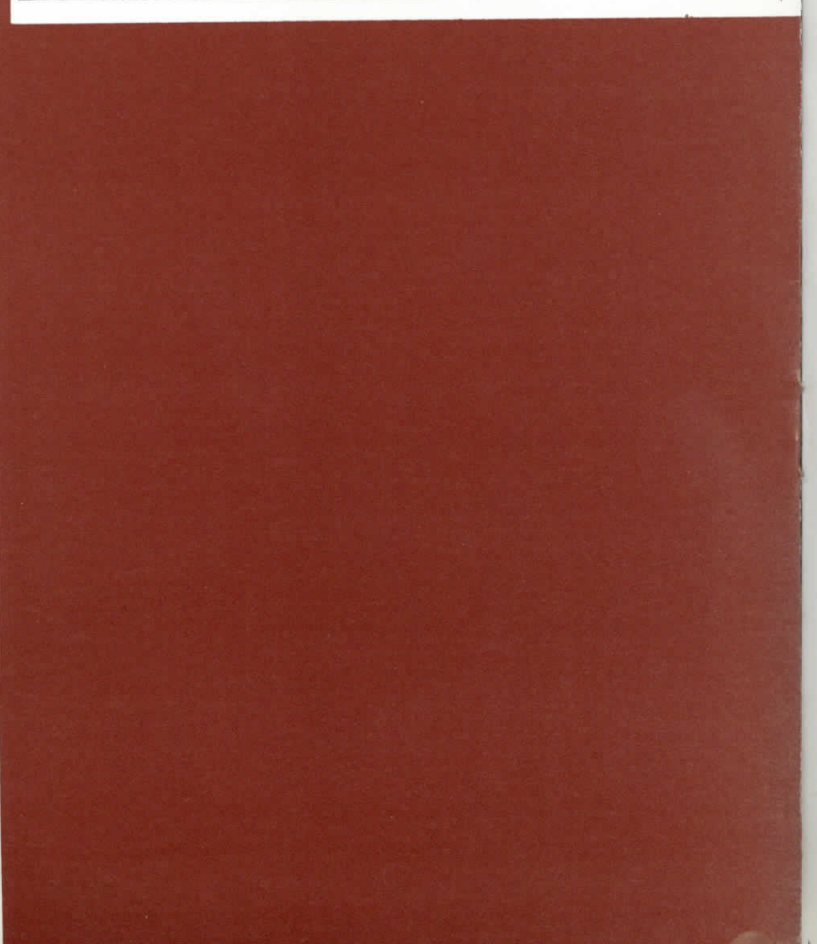
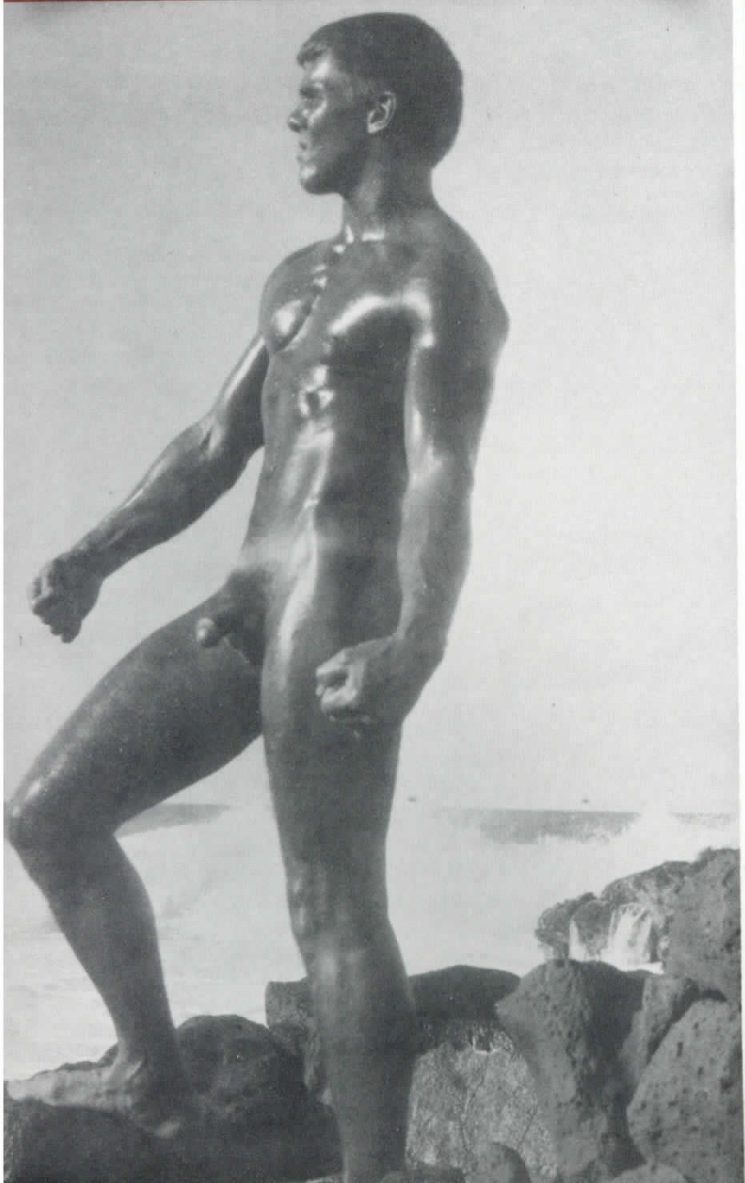
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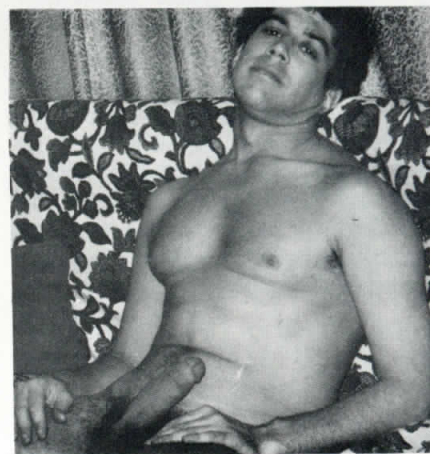


CODE 506-10

CALIFORNIA

So. California, W/M, 6'1", 180 lbs., nice appearing, masculine, seeks corresponding or meeting with masculine guys for versatile relationship. Have good sense of humor. Like sports, entertainment and photography. Please send photo, mine shown here.

possible. Cumin' to Los Angeles? May relocate to North Carolina in Fall!



564-11

CALIFORNIA

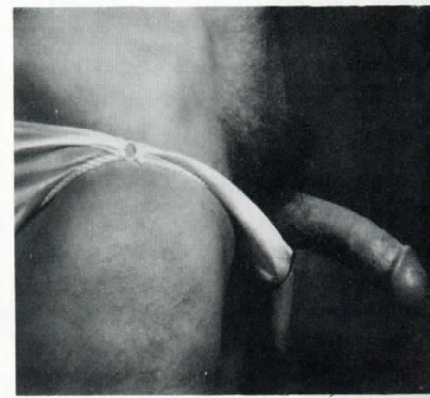
All scenes, J/O letters, tapes, photos. Big man, 6'6", wants you to let it all hang out. Your fantasies entertained. Will answer all. A sweat-soaked jock is waiting.

ARIZONA

553-11

ARIZONA

Want life's best? World travel, skiing in Aspen, sailing in Hawaii? I'm young, athletic, own multistate seven figure business, and am looking for a long term lover; 18-20's, sharp in looks and athletics, enjoys racquetball, running, skiing, an active sex life, and wants a secure, exciting shared future with a caring, thoughtful lover.



CALIFORNIA

428-11

CALIFORNIA

Good looking 30 year old male, looking for younger 'brother' type 18-25. I'm 'bi' with a 9" cock. Would like gay or 'bi' lover to travel the US in my 30' motor home (also have perm. home). I'm well-off, so will pay all expenses. I prefer smooth-chested males, but will not turn down one with hairy chest. Please send all details and a very clear picture of yourself—nude preferred. I will do the same. Tell me your likes & dislikes, sex preferences, etc. I truly hope to find the right person.

577-11

CALIFORNIA

Sexy, white male, 21, 6', 160 lbs, 8" cock, would like to correspond and swap hot jack off tapes and phone calls with other gorgeous men. I am a hunk and I deserve a hunk. I love sucking cock and getting fucked by a real man. If you fit the bill send a nude pic, (yours gets mine), telephone and address. I am new to the gay scene and I love it. I cum for hot letters and will answer all!

CODE 548-10

CALIFORNIA

Want to correspond/exchange jocks or tapes with athletes and outdoorsmen (18-21). Photo if

DELAWARE

CODE 540-10

DELAWARE

W/M, 25, 5'11 1/2", 175 lbs., MA reserved, straight looking, very discreet, attractive, uncut. Interested in athletics, hunting, travel. Would like to meet others with similar interests and characteristics. Attend school in Delaware, but interested in meeting men 18-30 in hometown area of Baltimore, MD. Photo is important. Looks and personality more important than endowment.

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FLORIDA

CODE 516-10

FLORIDA

W/M, 38, 6'2", 162 lbs., seeking skinny country boy type same age, bib overalls, like fishing, drink some beer and do what comes naturally in the Ocala National Forest. Prefer working man, but not necessary.

CODE 522-10

FLORIDA

W/M, 26, 6'2", 165 lbs., blue eyes, light brown hair, good looking. I am a professional and seek young gusy 18-28 to correspond with and vacation (weekends & other vacations). Lasting relationship possible. Reply with description, name, address, phone number and photo. Will answer all replies. No S&M or B&D, or over-weights please. Also please be masculine in appearance.

CODE 523-10

FLORIDA

45, 5' 11 1/2", 189 lbs., dark brown hair, hazel eyes, medium build, good sense of humor, love gay life style, want a permanent one to one relationship. Have lots of love to give, will exchange photo and phone number, will answer all. Love good music, love home life, do not smoke or drink myself, but he can if he wants to.

CODE 532-10

FLORIDA

W/M, 30, 5'10", 160 lbs., into poppers and well endowed masculine gays to 40 to satisfy my greek passive desires. Mild S&M OK but not necessary. I am mature and discreet and request the same Tampa area.

CODE 539-10

FLORIDA

Unable to come out? Does job or family responsibilities prevent your meeting other homosexuals publicly? I too seek a confidential relationship. W/M, 40 yrs old, 160 lbs., self employed.

CODE 545-10

FLORIDA

Tarpon Springs, Florida: Businessman/author moving to Tarpon Springs later this year would like to make contacts in that area.

575-11

FLORIDA

W/M, lt brown, blue eyes, 6'2", 159 lbs., good looking. Would like to hear from same. Replies with revealing photos answered first, 18-25. I am 25 years old, and a professional, discretion a must.

574-11

FLORIDA

G/W/M couple early 30's, masc., good looking, discrete, into X-flicks,

fun in sun, and bed. Looking for similar couples or single for same.

571-11

FLORIDA

Tampa area, good looking w/m, 33, 5'10", 160 lbs. Wants to meet handsome, well built, masculine, butch male for long lasting relationship. I am warm, affectionate, tender, sincere, heart is bursting with love to give, clean, discreet. Individual must act straight and be very discreet. Nude photo and phone please. Possible live in for right stud.

569-11

FLORIDA

W/M, 46, 5'10-1/2", 155, blonde, slim, w/end, seeks white males all ages for togetherness. Barry-Gainesville, Florida.

552-11

FLORIDA

W/M, 27, 6', 175 lbs, 7-1/2" good looking, brn eyes, curly hair, dark full moustache. Great neck and hairy chest. I want to get together with good looking men 18-30 for hot sex and fun in St. Pete area. I dig big cocks and hot mouths, lots of oral lovemaking, J/O, life fucking and golden showers. No fats or fems. Send nude picture, will answer all.

GEORGIA

CODE 494-10

GEORGIA

Cumming, Georgia Gay W/M, 5'5", 35, 125 lbs., blonde, blue eyes, average looks, would like to meet guys to 45. No fems, overweights or S&M. French A/P, Greek A. Will answer all. Photo appreciated. I live alone on Lake Lanier. New in this area.

CODE 504-10

GEORGIA

Attractive, W/M, 25. I am interested in meeting guys for good times and fun. I enjoy most all aspects of love-making. Send a photo and I'll send mine. We could really have some good times and loving with what I've got.

CODE 531-10

GEORGIA

G/W/M, young, masculine, attractive, very affectionate, mature, sincere, honest, gentle, actor & entertainer with good personality SEEKS young G/W/M for friendship, good times and possible lover. Should be between 18 & 35. I'm 6'3", 180 lbs., 7 1/2", brown hair, blue eyes, moustache. I love to cuddle, enjoy good music, movies, conversation, and SEX (sucking & being sucked most of

all). Reply with photo (nude preferred) explicit letter telling your likes and dislikes. No S&M. HURRY, I'M HORNY!

CODE 283-10

GEORGIA

You Savannah guys, let's get together private or parties. See photo with this ad.



CODE 513-10

GEORGIA

Free lance photographer needs males 18-35 for nude modeling must be well endowed in good physical condition, and physically attractive. Send frontal nude photo, name, address, phone number, and other personal data.

CODE 465-10

GEORGIA

19 year old, lonely B/M looking for guys 18-35 who are just as lonely and horny. Into passive/active French and Greek, J/O, and jsut good, clean, exhaustive fun. Like some sports, music, movies, partying and good times. Marrieds OK. Atlanta/ Chamblee/ Buckhead Would like a photo, but all will be answered. PS: have the hots for T.V. show "Barney Miller's Max Gail (Wojo). If you want an ego trip and you think you look like him, WRITE and send a photo!

CODE 533-10

GEORGIA

B/M, 23, 5'9", 175 lbs. Well put together. Soft ass, sincere, honest. I am looking for a nice good looking business type man who would like fucking me on the weekend. B/M or W/M. No drugs or over weight persons. Send nude photo for exchange. Phone number and all details. Can be hairy and beard, also moustache.

561-11

GEORGIA

Gay white male, very affectionate lover of good music, travel, velvet clothing, age 57, black wavy hair, brown eyes, 165 lbs. seeks permanent relationship with same.

557-11**GEORGIA**

Gainesville, GA, 28 year old handsome, slim, sports minded, 6 feet tall blonde male looking for friends ages 18 to 30 in immediate area, Atlanta included. No fems, S&M, overweights or phonies. Will answer all who include full nude photos, phone, and address. Hurry!

314-11**GEORGIA**

Masc, GWM, 47, 6'1", 220, gr. eyes, graying hair, wants clean male, straight appearance, any age for lasting relationship. Prefer short, stocky, hairy. Consider all who like outdoors. Appreciate returnable photo but will answer all.

ILLINOIS**CODE 526-10****ILLINOIS**

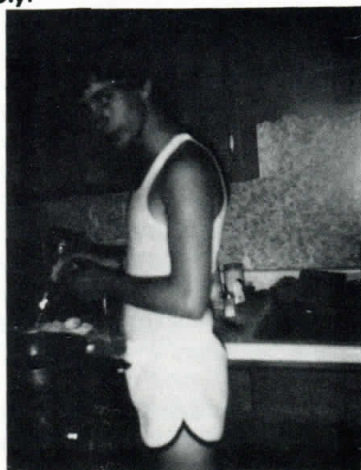
Joliet area; I am 5'10", 145 lbs., W/M, 20 yrs old. with 6 1/2" of power. Love all music and enjoy reading. Looking for other 20-35 good looking guys for sex and companionship. Send photo if possible. Into sucking and fucking. Active/passive. No S&M, drugs, prefer non-smoker but willing to compromise.

CODE 535-10**ILLINOIS**

Far North/Northwest Chicago suburbs. W/M, 5' 10", 150 lbs., 30. Want to meet guys same age or younger for fun and conversation. Will teach newcomers. Enjoy movies, sports, porno, and life. Size not important, but rather willingness to use it. Photo and phone number appreciated. Discretion assured, write today.

560-11**ILLINOIS**

Looking for someone who wants a one to one relationship. I am 22, 6', 145 lbs. Would like to here from people 18-25. Only serious people reply.

**KANSAS****CODE 543-10****KANSAS**

National magazine badly needs nude photos of very hairy chested, well hung men, age 20-35 for possible use. All photo's considered.

CODE 525-10**KANSAS**

W/M, 24, 135 lbs., 7 1/2" cock. Interested in same age or about. White. No Fems, over-weight or S&M. Prefer hairy chested, but not a must. Send photo with letter, will send mine.

KENTUCKY**CODE 514-10****KENTUCKY**

W/M, 29, 5'10", 170 lbs., in Cincinnati and northern Kentucky area. Looking for same for friendship and light sex. I am bi, recently divorced and new to the gay scene. Please send photo with letter. No S&M or B&D please. See my photo with this ad.

**LOUISIANA****CODE 507-10****LOUISIANA**

Honest professional man, age 36 in Southwest Louisiana seekd gay or bi males for very discreet good times. I have a very tight ass and appreciate cocks of any size. Also enjoy sucking, 69, golden showers, toe-sucking, and ass-sucking is also a big favorite of mine. Please write and receive a prompt reply.

565-11**LOUISIANA**

Very attractive white masculine male interested in small well built masculine males who like to take passive position or well endowed males who like to take dominate position. Will exchange photos, and see what happens. Just interested in meeting guys with similar interests and no nonsense approach to sex.

554-11**LOUISIANA**

New Orleans W/M business man, 42, seeks live-in relationship with w/m teen or early twenties. Willing to provide home, board and companionship on a one to one basis. Occasional travel including a vacation in the Caribbean this winter. Must be straight appearing and discreet. Relocation and employment assistance possible. Please reply with photo and resume. All replies answered.

MARYLAND**CODE 541-10****MARYLAND**

45 year old W/M looking for male

• WANTED • ESCORTS-MODELS-DANCERS

No matter what your age is we need you. You can make good money — we pay all expenses. We are a nationwide escort service — just send us your name and address and we will send you more information. Don't forget — WE NEED YOU.

SPACEBOY ESCORT SERVICE

DEPT. GN
P.O. BOX DRAWER F, MIAMI, FLORIDA 33164

black or white. I am versatile, have 7 1/2" cut and go in for light S&M. Would like a nice master to break me in on S&M scene.

MASSACHUSETTS

CODE 508-10 MASSACHUSETTS
W/M, 45, 5'7", 155 lbs., wants to correspond with other gay guys and possibly meat. Looking for hunky number 18 to 45 with big hair pecs who likes to be fondled, loved and tongued. I really groove on big cocks (cut or uncut). Love to fuck and suck (A/P) and enjoy snuggling up to a MAN who can't get enough loving. I am a regular in the orgy room at David's in the Big Apple and am often told I give the best B.J.'s in the city. Hope your letter cums soon as my mouth and buns are hot for your meat.

576-11 MASSACHUSETTS
W/M, 32, 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, 6-1/2". Wants to exchange hot letters and photos with other horny dudes. Cum on guys, I'm waiting to J/O. Maybe we can meat soon. Richard H. Mellen, PO Box 374, Holden, MA 01520.



MICHIGAN

578-11 MICHIGAN
W/M, 49, desires W/M 18-22 for companion and friendship. Not into bar and bath scene. Should be uncut and discreet. I don't like smokers, long hair, beards, moustaches, S/M, etc. Enjoy bicycling, spectator basketball, and hockey.

Collecting and old popular music. You should be sincere and honest.

CODE 549-10 MICHIGAN
Great French for young W/M 18+ if slim, honest & horny. I'm 30, W/M, 165, waiting to service your.



CODE 509-10 MICHIGAN
Young, hot action oriented guy ready to meat everyone in and around SE Michigan. Can travel weekends throughout mid-west. Send photo with phone for quick reply.

578-11 MICHIGAN
W/M, 49, desires W/M 18-22 for companion and friendship. Not into bar and bath scene. Should be uncut and discreet. I don't like smokers, long hair, beards, mout-

MINNESOTA

CODE 512-10 MINNESOTA
W/M, 28, 6'5", 175, firm body, dark hair, active/passive, GR/FR seeks guys to age 30 with good bodies and minds for quiet loving good times in Twin Cities/southeastern Minnesota. Letters with photo answered first.

MISSOURI

CODE 546-10 MISSOURI
G/W/M, 28, 6'1", 200 lbs., 47" chest, 34" waist, brown hair, blue eyes, considered handsome, looking for someone 18-30 who is interested in establishing relationship. I'm new to gay life. If you write, I'll do the same, picture if possible.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CODE 505-10 NEW HAMPSHIRE
W/M, 25, 5'11", wants to meet gay or bi males from New England, NY for J/O, French, some Greek. No fats, fem, S&M. Have 7". Nude

photo of you gets one of me. Penpals from all over welcomed. All will be answered. See my photo with this ad.



NEW JERSEY

CODE 537-10 NEW JERSEY
B/M, 5'10", 155 lbs., 35. Would like to meet W/M's who are together. Enjoy someone bigger than I am, who would enjoy a Black bottom man. Will answer all letters - so let's hear from you.

CODE 510-10 NEW JERSEY
Retired Navy man seeks correspondence with others leading to possible meeting for friendship and companionship. I am a youngish looking, mature, sensitive, middle aged gentleman, interested in photography, music and fun times. Will answer all but prefer neat young people particularly orientals, latins and military. Discretion expected.

NEW YORK

559-11 NEW YORK
White male, 42, 5'10", 169, brown hair, hazel eyes, need glasses, good health, moustache, enjoys romance with kissing and feeling. Would like weekend get-together traveling, friends. Love disco music, dancing, some drinking, very little smoking. Like body conditioning, some running.

NORTH CAROLINA

CODE 536-10 NORTH CAROLINA
Attractive W/M, 5'3", 120 lbs, 20 yrs old. I live in Jacksonville. Enjoy bar scene. I am a regular at Wilmington bar, would like to meet guys from surrounding bars for good times.

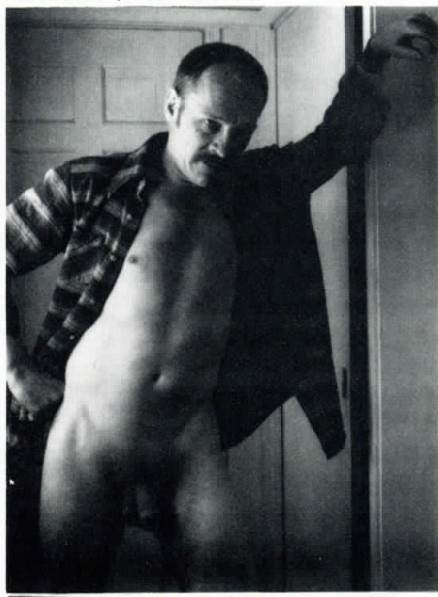
CODE 529-10 NORTH CAROLINA
Greensboro area W/M, 29, 6', 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes, moustache, versatile, attractive and affectionate. Love to dance,

like plants, seeks versatile W/M under 25 for fun and friendship. Am free most weekends, photos accompanied by SASE will be returned and answered first.

CODE 517-10 NORTH CAROLINA
W/M, 20, good looking, 5'8", 130 lbs., brown hair, blue/green eyes, student wants to meet handsome guy between 18-30 for fun and possible relationship. Will answer all but faster if sent with photo.

CODE 449-10 NORTH CAROLINA
Attractive 25 year old has summer free to travel and ??? I am 5'8", 130 lb., blue eyes, brown hair with moustache, hot and horny; seeking masculine guys (18-35). Photo appreciated. Will answer all.

CODE 534-10 NORTH CAROLINA
Hot macho dude, 43, Greek active/passive, seeks permanent monogamous relationship on ranch/farm anywhere. No drugs, smoking, drunkenness, garlic, dogs or cats in house, or religion. Must have firm, healthy body and send nude photo to prove it. Handicapped considered. Douglas R. Sharp, Box 23A, Route 2, Madison, NC 27025.



OHIO

CODE 518-10 OHIO
Long! Tall Texan W/M, 25, 6'3", slim 165. Masculine, handsome and very passionate. Tired of bouncing around looking for older down to earth man 30-40's age group. Enjoy camping, fishing, back-packing, and lonely beaches. Exchange photo's and answer all letters.

CODE 455-10 OHIO
Cincinnati area. My name is Tex. I'm a Gay W/M, a young 31, blue eyes, 5' 10", 164 lbs., physically fit and honest. I enjoy sports (especially baseball and football), conversation and love (sucking most of all). Want to meet good looking and friendly, clean-shaven W/M under 25. Should be a non smoker. Live-in possible. Photo a must. Will return yours with one of my own. Please, no overweights, feds or drunks.

CODE 528-10 OHIO
Cincinnati area. W/M, 27, 6', blue eyes, brown hair, want sex sessions with white guys under 45 in SW Ohio, SE Indiana, N. Kentucky. Not into S&M or drugs.

551-11 OHIO
North Central Ohio - white male, 5'11", 158 lbs., light brown hair, blue eyes, slim body. Am financially secure. Seeks correspondence and possibly meeting with sincere person. I live alone in comfortable apt. Would like to share it with "Mr. Right". Send photo to exchange with phone and address.

567-11 OHIO
W/M is lonely but lovable. I want to be friends with and possibly permanent relationship with white males. Please no heavy set people. I have dark brown hair, 6', 140 lbs and 26 years old.



OKLAHOMA

CODE 542-10 OKLAHOMA
Tulsa area. Nice-looking 29 year old W/M, 6'3", 170 with brown hair and eyes. I would like to write and meet good looking guys 18-34. Any area. Race is not important. I'm

honest, sincere, easy-going, and very versatile sexually. Please write me soon and include a photo. All answered.

PENNSYLVANIA

CODE 544-10 PENNSYLVANIA
W/M, 25, 5'9", 150 seeks young man to 25 for fun and companionship. Interests are sex, movies, books, and travel to exotic islands. Long term relationship sought. Must be under 6'. No fats, feds, S&M or B&D please. If interested send letter and phone. Your photo gets mine but all answered. Novices OK. Write soon.

CODE 521-10 PENNSYLVANIA
I'm amazed at how many humpy young guys (especially truckers) like to be trade for men close to the wrinkle-queen age — which is me — 6'1", 185 lbs., crowding 60 though I don't look it. If you're one of them with a slim body and a big fat cock and want to try a toothless blow job (great!) that swallows every inch you've got (or you can fuck my ass) drop me a line. I'll take you on; your buddies too. No fats, feds, drugs, S&M. Western PA area.

CODE 538-10 PENNSYLVANIA
Seeks young males, trim & slender who are interested in meeting an attractive 64 yr old man (not dirty) 5'10 1/2", 178 lbs. Neat & clean, warm & affectionate, very discreet, sincere, honest & reliable. Enjoys French & Greek cultures. No feds, fats or freaks. Photos exchanged.

558-11 PENNSYLVANIA
If you have 10" or more of cock, are white and not fat, and live in the PGH, PA, Wheeling, Morgantown, WVA area and would like some super deep throat action, write. I'm 34, 6'2", 180 lbs. If you can't make the action, but just want to rap about your meat, write also.

556-11 PENNSYLVANIA
York County area W/M, 19, brown hair, green eyes, 135 lbs., 5'10" likes men but not into gay scene. But, I will have oral sex and masturbate with you. Straight looking a must. Ages 19-30. Photo requested but not necessary. No S/M, B/D, feds, fats, heavy drinkers. All answered.

RHODE ISLAND

CODE 511-10 RHODE ISLAND
G/W/M, 29, blond hair, grey eyes, interested in meeting others for friendship and fun. Also looking for

penpals. Let me know when you're traveling through Rhode Island to Boston, Cape Cod. I'll be waiting to hear from you.

REMEMBER—Photos are printed **FREE** with your personal ad. Let's have some **HOT** pictures next time!

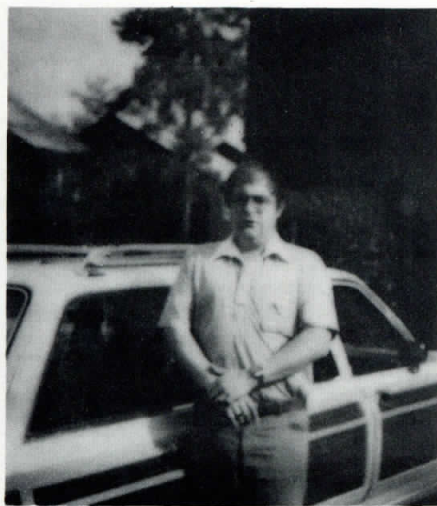
SOUTH CAROLINA

CODE 422-10 SOUTH CAROLINA

Clemson Area — Horny masturbator W/M, mid 40's, 6'2", 235. Well hung and hot - outdoor type ' live alone on farm, horses, etc. Like to meet someone in this area to ride with, jack off with, etc. Send photo and phone number.

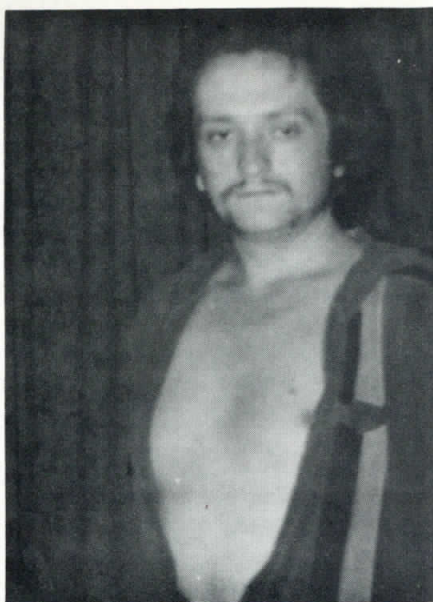
CODE 530-10 SOUTH CAROLINA

Wanted immediately! Lonely male in middle 30's wants cute young blond or dirty blond haired male (18-22) with lots of hair in the usual places and who desires long-term companionship and security to move in fully furnished condominium. Must be good lover and likes to CUM a lot!



568-11 SOUTH CAROLINA

Greenville area, white male, 24, 5'11", 160. Dark hair and eyes, smooth chest. Am looking for sincere, dependable and honest guy. Desire friendship and occasional sex. I can get into anything with the right person. Prefer someone who likes to stay in the closet most of the time. Will answer all inquiries. Please send photo.



TENNESSEE

CODE 515-10 TENNESSEE

Knoxville Area G/W/M, 31, 5'6", 148 lbs, seeking to meet or correspond with guys 19-39. Prefer slim. All letters answered. Am professional, must remain discreet. Will provide photo at request. Love to suck and play. Can travel some. Not into drugs. If you need a good time please respond.

CODE 325-10 TENNESSEE

Knoxville area. You get what you see. Send photo in reply.



572-11 TENNESSEE

Blond, blue eyed 20-year old to meet hot, hunky and hung men 25-40 for one on one, 3-ways, or group sex. Desires experience in leather, B&D, and toys with discretion. Some travel in area. Your photo gets mine. Write David, 1624 Coker, Knoxville, TN 37917.

TEXAS

550-11

TEXAS

Bi W/M, 19, college student, wants to meet/write guys around same age in this area. Am straight appearing, enjoy tennis, cars and concerts and badly in need of a "complete" friend. Am 5'10", 160 lbs.

563-11

TEXAS

Gay couple new in Waco, Texas wants to meet other gay men in area — pen pals welcome too. Friendship is our only object. We are Latin - like travel, movies, theater, dining and conversation.

VIRGINIA

CODE 520-10

VIRGINIA

Alexandria. W/M, 40, 6'1", 165 lbs., trim build, blue eyes, seeks attractive male 18-40 to share affection and good times, in and out of bed! You don't need to be a super-stud to please me! If you're affectionate & like to cuddle with lots of passionate foreplay, you're my man! No S&M or overweight, please. Send photo and write **SOON!**

551-11

VIRGINIA

Will, Caucasion, 27, tall, dark. Box 228, Oakwood, VA 24631.

573-11

VIRGINIA

Virginia area White male, 23, 5'11", 200 lbs., blk. hair, brn. eyes, looking for sincere guys 18-30. Can travel please send photo and phone number.

566-11

VIRGINIA

Young, good looking w/m in West Central Virginia would like to meet same. I'm sincere, friendly, masculine, and straight-acting/appearing. I'm also the "preppie"/frat man type. I travel frequently, so will answer everyone, anywhere, very promptly. Please write.

BAHAMAS

466-11

BAHAMAS

B/M looking for handsome young stud married or single who loves to fuck. He must be straight appearing, no fat, fem, or drugs please, so come on stud I am waiting for you. Letter with photo answered first.

SO WHY ARE YOU ALONE IN THAT BED?

**NOW!
MEET EXACTLY
THE TYPE OF
GUY YOU WANT
TO MEAT . . .**

**IT'S EASY,
IT'S CHEAP,
IT'S FUN,
AND IT'S EVEN
KIND OF
EXCITING!**

**JUST FILL OUT
THE COUPON
BELOW, MAIL IT
BACK TO US
AND WE'LL TAKE
CARE OF THE
REST!**

**YOUR PRIVACY
IS ASSURED!**

**DO IT NOW
BEFORE YOU
FORGET.**

Let's lay the cards right on the table: You're still spending too many nights alone probably because you **still** believe it's only turkeys, trolls, dirty ol' men, losers and 'strange people' who advertise their availability in some magazine. Okay, let's consider that. Are you **not** advertising yourself whenever you sit in some dark and depressing bar night after night in your best (and expensive!) clothes, splashed with costly cologne and wearing the "right" shoes and accessories? Aren't you throwiing away wads of money on some weary "number" who just **may** (or may not!) go home with you at the end of the night (or at the end of your money, whichever comes first)? Aren't you saying to almost anybody who will look in your direction: **Here I am! Take me home with you—or come to my place. I'm a nice guy with lots of love to offer!**" Of course you are. But, as so many guys have discovered, that's a very inefficient way to advertise yourself. And it can also be quite depressing and very expensive! (And who is really strong enough to handle the occasional but inevitable rejection face-to-face?) The guys who advertise in **SCORE** are just like you: lonely, sincere, searching and they have a lot to offer to some lucky guy. But they have discovered the secret of placing personal ads to help them find a loving somebody - something you've been too afraid to do till now . . . Make tonight the last night you ever spend in your bed alone. Fill out the coupon below and get your ball rolling! When you combine an ad here in **SCORE** with going out to the bars, you'll have to beat them off with a stick!

Remember, we will NEVER print your name or address in any of our publications and your name and address is NEVER used for any other purpose; we NEVER sell it for mailing-lists or anything like that. It will remain ABSOLUTELY CONFIDENTIAL! All ads are given a code number and all envelopes coming to your address look like personal letters, not Gay or even sex-oriented material. Response to your ad is sent out to you the same day we receive it.

**HERE'S MY AD. Print it starting with your next issue:
I understand ads cost 20 cents per word. (Do not
put your address in the ad as all ads are coded.)**

Complete entire coupon, include proper remittance
and rush it back to:

**SCORE ADS
Box 14250, Dept. S
Atlanta, Georgia 30324**

PLEASE CHECK ALL APPROPRIATE BOXES

- ☐ This is my first ad in SCORE.
- ☐ This is NOT my first ad. My code number is: _____
- ☐ Photo enclosed. ☐ Photo not enclosed.

NUDE PHOTOS PRINTED FREE!

- ☐ I am enclosing \$_____ for my ad at 20¢ per word.
- ☐ Please send me Issue 11 of SCORE (\$6) (includes postage.) **BY ORDERING ISSUE 11 I REALIZE THAT MY AD IS FREE OF CHARGE! I WILL SEND NO MONEY IN PAYMENT FOR THE AD.**
- ☐ Send me **Issue 6** of SCORE (\$6) (Includes postage.) (Collector's Edition: Free ad **does not** apply.)
- ☐ Send me a copy of your most current **CRUISE**. (\$4.00 includes 1st Class Postage in a no-peek envelope.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS: _____

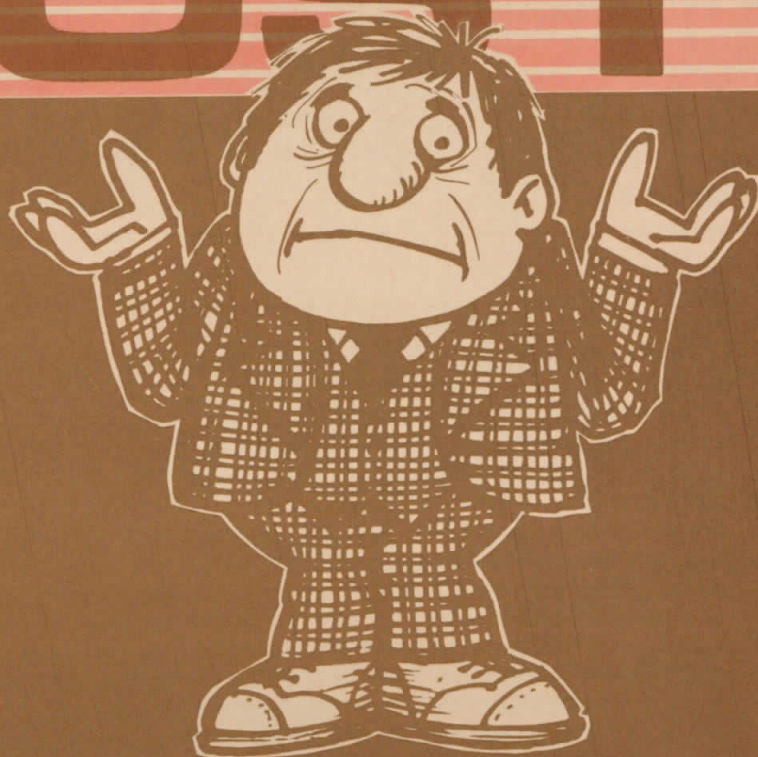
CITY: _____

STATE: _____ **ZIP:** _____

Signature: _____

I hereby attest that I am over the legal age in my state to order, view and possess adult material and I maintain it is my right to do so if I wish. I am not a member of any law enforcement agency or other group or organization bent on harassment legal or otherwise. I hereby give CAVCO, INC., its successors and assigns, and to those acting under its permission to copyright and/or publish the ad enclosed with this form and the photo(s) enclosed with this photo-release form in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter may accompany any submission of materials from me. I also hereby certify with my signature that I am the person represented and possess the full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

LOST?



CRUISE BOOK OF MAPS

HELPS YOU FIND THE WAY TO:
★BARS ★BOOKSTORES ★BATHS
★RETAIL OUTLETS
THROUGHOUT THE NATION

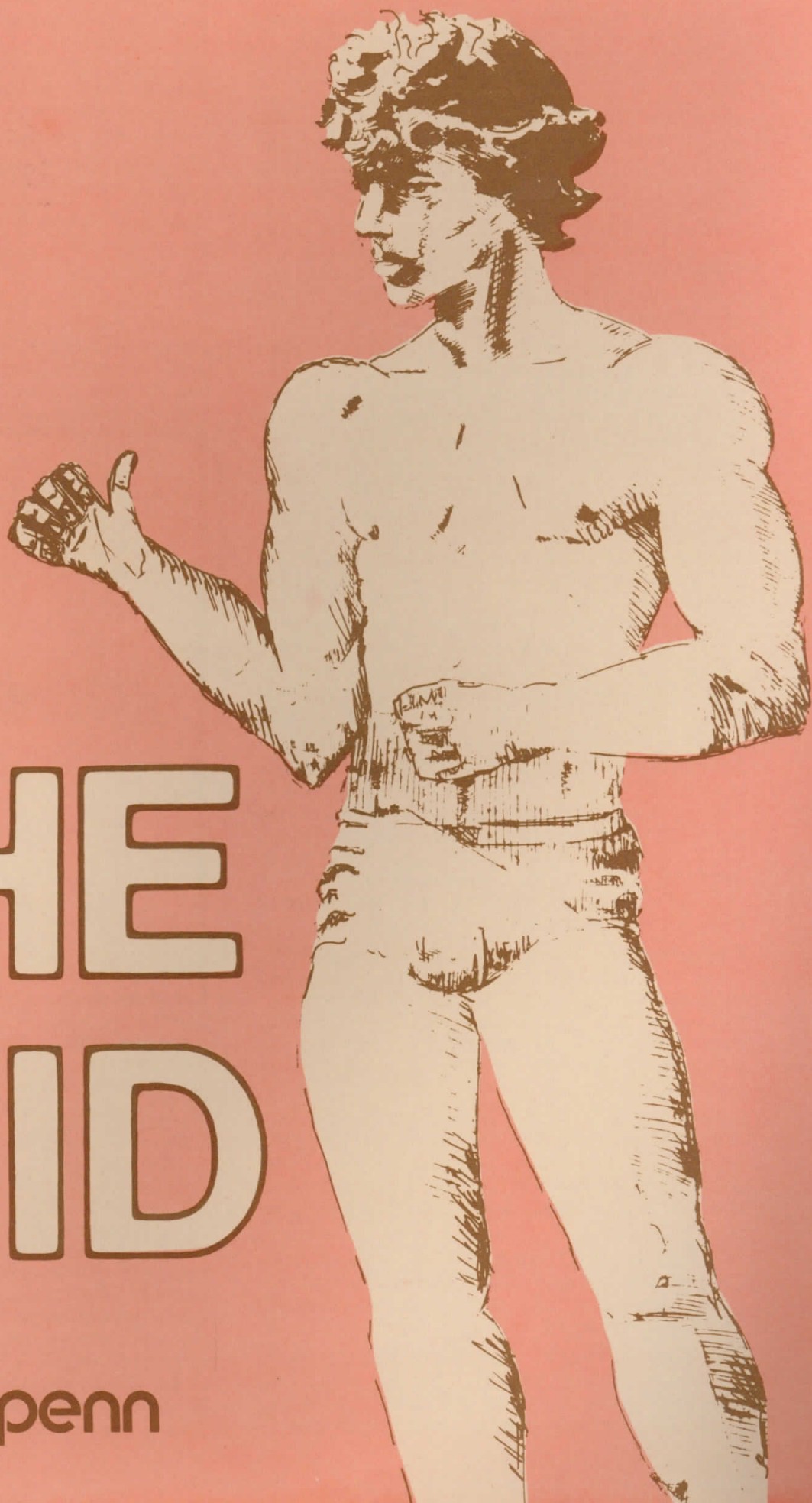
Cruise not only tells you what's going on in all the hot spots, but shows you exactly how to get there. Maps of most major cities and smaller towns too, with locations of bars, bookstores, baths and retail outlets. A must for summer vacations!

FOR YOUR INVALUABLE GUIDE, SEND \$4.50 TO:
Cruise Book of Maps, PO Box 11987, Atlanta, GA 30355

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THE KID

by peter penn



Now, 'fore I tell you 'bout the kid, I want ya' to git one thing straight! I'm no queer. Sure, I played around a little when I was a kid and once or twice I stopped in a rest area and got me a blow-job from some faggot, but I ain't no sissy. I'm a one hundred percent, All-American man.

My name's Sam, Sam Williams, and I'm twenty-seven years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weigh 160 and have blond hair, blue eyes and a moustache. I grew up on a farm near Dothan, Alabama, went to high school there, and then went off and did my thing with the Army for three years. I really enjoyed the Army. I was a paratrooper in the 82nd Airborne. But I had a girl back home, and when my time was up, I came back to Alabama and got married.

Betty Jo was as pretty as a speckled pup 'fore I married her, but soon as we got hitched she sorta went to pot, started putting on weight, and not taking care of herself. She'd lay in bed all day and when I come home from working at the sawmill, she'd be sitting there in an old housecoat with her hair all a mess, watching TV and eatin' candy.

Well, there's one thing the Army taught me and that's to take pride in the way you look. I still do 25 push-ups every morning just to stay in shape, and always try to look my best whether I'm going out on the town or just going to the store for a loaf of bread. So I just couldn't understand Betty Jo acting like that, and I told her to straighten up or I was leaving. I don't guess she believed me 'cause she kept on eating and getting bigger. So I left.

I went to Florida. I always liked to fish so I drifted down to the Gulf Coast and started hanging around the fishing camps and doing odd jobs, getting in a lot fishing and thinking. Betty Jo had kinda turned me off to married life, it sure wasn't what it had cracked up to be. I guess I was still in love with the girl I had known in high school, before I went off to the Army, and I just couldn't cope with what she'd grown up to be.

I decided to give the city a try, so I moved on down to Tampa, got me a job driving a truck, and started whoring around. But that didn't work out too well either. All the gals I met up with either wanted to marry me right off, or they were just common whores that weren't good for much except a fast fuck.

I took to stayin' home and saving my money. When I'd get horny I'd just use my fist like I did when I was in the Army, and like then, I'd think about Betty Jo and the way she'd looked when she was sixteen, while I would be pounding my pud.

Then last August, the man I worked for sent me down to Arcadia to pick up a load of melons and haul them to Atlanta, and I met the kid and everything changed.

It was late in the afternoon, along about six or so, and still hotter than a pistol. I was grinding along I-75 somewhere north of Valdosta and feeling lonesome and listening to some good country

music when I saw this kid hitch hiking. You don't see many nice folks hitch hiking these days. Most of them are hippies or other trash that are too lazy to work. But sometimes on 75 you find college kids hitching back and forth to Florida and they're usually all-right folks. So I always give 'em a ride if they look decent and clean-cut. He looked like a nice kid so I pulled over.

"How far you going mister?" he asked as he hopped in.

"Up 'bout 'Lanta. How fer you going?" I replied.

"Atlanta sounds pretty good to me. I'm just taking a little vacation," he said grinning.

Glancing sideways as I drove I began to study the kid. He was certainly a good looking boy with his dark brown hair tumbling down around his ears and over his forehead. And he had big sparkling brown eyes. His body was well developed and I guessed him to be 19 or 20 years old (I found out

THE KID

**"Wow, you've
for a truck**

later he was only 17), but his skin was smooth and clear and he didn't look like he had ever shaved. He had pulled off his shirt giving me a good view of his nicely formed pectorals and flat stomach.

He later told me he was shy, but he didn't seem that way as he chatted about his family and his reasons for taking off on this "vacation." It seems that his mother, who he had been real close to, had passed away rather sudden like, back in June. He didn't get on too well with his old man who was a house painter, or with his two older brothers who worked with their father. He had a sister who was a year older than him and he had been closest to her, but she had got married 'fore his mother died, and he didn't see much of her anymore. Since his ma had died, he'd been left alone at home cooking and keeping house for his father and one of his older brothers who wasn't married.

He said it wasn't that he minded keeping house, it was just that his pa and his brother were such slobs (his words), and he got tired of cleaning up behind them all the time. I gathered that his father did a good bit of drinking, especially since his ma was gone, and this didn't make things any easier.

Normally I would have been embarrassed by all of these intimate details from a total stranger, but the kid was so open and so obviously needed a friend to whom he could pour out his troubles, that I didn't think of him as a stranger for long. And I found myself offering sympathy and giving advice.

It was obvious from what he told me that his home situation had become pretty bad with his mother and his sister both gone, and that he was probably doing the best thing by leaving home even though he didn't have any work experience. He had finished high school and he

got some body driver!"

seemed like a kid that was smart enough to make his own way.

We stopped outside of Macon and got a bite to eat. I insisted on treating him since I suspected he didn't have much money, and his gratitude for such a small thing was surprising. You could tell he was starved for attention, and that my being friendly really set him off.

It didn't take us anytime to make it on into the Farmer's Market just south of Atlanta what with his talking about school and his friends there and how they had all scattered since graduation in June. It was getting on toward 11 and I knew he didn't have any place to stay in Atlanta, so I asked him if he wanted to wait until we unloaded the melons and then spend the night with me at a motel.

Well I didn't have any motives except being friendly, and I figured he would since he didn't have anyplace else to go. At first he didn't want to accept my invitation saying it would cost me more and he didn't want me spending any more money on him. But when I explained that the room would cost me the same whether he stayed or not, and he realized I wasn't asking just to be nice, he simmered down and said he would.

It was after one before we got those melons off the truck and made it to the motel. When we got to the room, I made straight for the bathroom and a long relaxing shower. When I came out wearing only a towel, the kid let go with a long wolf whistle.

"Wow, you've got some body for a truck driver!" he said with a touch of admiration.

I was embarrassed (I hadn't had a compliment on my body since I got out of the Army), but I was pleased too that he had noticed.

"It's just what clean living and a little exercise will do for you," I told him. "Now get in there and wash up. You ain't sleeping with me until you do."

"Yah suh, yah suh, I'ze a goin'," he shot back good naturedly as he made for the shower.

I dropped my towel over a chair and got in bed. I always sleep nude and didn't guess the kid would mind. He seemed so glad to have found a friend I think he'd have slept in the truck if I had suggested it. The air conditioner was making the room nice and cool, so I lay on my back and pulled up the sheet, then flicked out the light.

I had almost dropped off to sleep when he came quietly back into the room.

"Are you asleep Sam?" he asked.

"No, not yet."

"I usually sleep in the raw. You don't mind do you?"

"No," I replied. "I sleep that way too."

"How about that?" he said. "We've got things in common we didn't even know about."

The bed creaked as he slid in beside me and a second later I felt his smooth bare butt touching my thigh. I turned on my right side and made spoons of our bodies.

"Oh, that feels good Sam," he said. "You're so nice and warm. Put your arms around me. I'm chilly."

Without a word I slid my arms inside of his, clenched them together and playfully gave him a mild bear hug.

He sorta gave a little wiggle and I hugged him again. My old dick had been laying up on my belly when I had rolled over against him, and it was trapped between my stomach and his butt. With all that hugging and wiggling, it all-of-a-sudden started to grow. I relaxed my hold on him a little and pinched one of his nipples.

"It's a pity you ain't got no tits kid," I quipped.

"You'd make a pretty girl."

"Would you like me better if I was a girl?" he asked quietly.

"Well I don't rightly know how to answer that seein' as you're not one. I guess I like you OK the way you are though. I'm here in bed with you ain't I?"

I'm not sure what he thought I meant by that, but it sure set him afire. He sorta rolled over to his left so he was facing me, grabbed my head in both hands and layed a big kiss on me. It happened so fast I didn't realize what was happening until I felt his full wet lips touching mine, and felt his tongue probing its way into my mouth.

I'd never been kissed by a man before, but I had kissed a lot of women and I know I'd never been kissed quite like I was being kissed by this beautiful kid. He was both aggressive and gentle, a real seducer. Up to this point I hadn't had any idea of having any kind of sex with him, but all of a sudden here we were making out like high school sweethearts and I was enjoying every bit of it.

I responded to his kiss by returning it and exchanging tongues with him. I felt him start to run his hands over my body and I began to do the same to his. I felt my way down his side and cupped one cheek of his smooth round butt. Then down to his thigh and back up over his flat hard stomach to his beautifully formed pecs. Then back down over his stomach, through his downy bush to grasp a rock hard cock which was bouncing against my own stiff dick.

That kid had a nice piece of meat. While it didn't feel as fat as mine, it was long and had a big knob of a head on it. I gave it a little squeeze and then gently fondled a slop jar full of balls he had hanging between his legs.

"Oh God Sam, what a cock you've got," he exclaimed as he laid claim to my gigantic hard-on. Then in an instant he swooped down and took it in his mouth. It felt like he was swallowing all eight inches of it, but it was only for a second. Then his mouth was back, kissing me again, while his hand squeezed my dick.

Even though I had never done anything like this before, it all came very naturally. I really think we were both just following our natural instincts, reaching out from our loneliness to another human being who was warm and responsive.

The kid was definitely a master at what he was doing. But it was all so smooth and spontaneous I would have thought I'd made all the moves except it was my first time with a guy and I didn't know what moves to make. The next thing, I realized the kid was on his back with his legs drawn up and I was laying between them, sorta half on top of him, still kissing like mad. He reached down and grabbed my prick which was still wet from the quick mouth job he had done on it plus it's own juice which was leaking at a steady rate now, and pulled it toward his butt hole. Just as it dawned on me what he wanted, he

THE KID

**I want ya'
to git one
thing straight!
I'm no queer.**

sorta sobbed out, "Fuck me in the butt, Sam. Let me have it."

I didn't need a second invitation. He had positioned the head of my cock at the hole and all I had to do was shove. Once the head broke through the ring, it slid in easily, all the way to the hilt. He let out a long sigh that was partly a moan, started wiggling his butt up and down and sorta wrapped his long sexy legs around my body.

In all the years of screwing women, I'd never had such a fuck. His ass seemed to grasp my cock with a warm firm hold and draw it up inside him til I felt even my balls must be sucked in. I began to piston in and out of him in longer, faster strokes til, with a bed-shaking shudder, I came.

When I started coming, I stopped pumping and between shots of my gism going up into his guts, I could feel his asshole tightening, then loosening around the base of my dick. Then I felt something warm and wet on my stomach and I realized he had shot his load too.

Well that was our first time, but it certainly wasn't our last. The kid came back to Tampa with me and now I give him free room and board in exchange for his keeping the place clean and doing the cooking. He makes a little spending money with a part-time job at McDonalds. He's got his own bedroom, but most nights I'm home, he comes and crawls in with me. Like I said, I'm not queer, I'm just enjoying having the kid around. I can't see anything wrong with that. Can you?

Fantasia
Fantasia
Fantasia

Fantasia
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Fantasia

Night of the Hun

by Chris Reynolds

Fires raged from building to building through the village of Vespian as the last surviving villagers were rounded up after the raid. Hurgarth, leader of the raiding party surveyed the ruined village after a night of pillage and terror. Fifteen or sixteen youths were led into what was left of the town forum and were each stripped of their tunics and sandals. Hurgarth signalled to his men to start the selection of prime captives for the slave markets of Arbadad.

The first of the youths to be led out was Demetri, a Greek servant in the house of the merchant Lupus Lucius. Demetri stood naked before the barbarians trying to hide his birthmark which covered most of his lower right side. Hurgarth spoke to one of his men in his Hunnish dialect giving a frowning look to the youth standing before him. It was evident that Demetri did not measure up to the standards. In an instant one of the Huns unsheathed his long sword and with one stroke severed the lad's head. Terror swept through the group of captives and several Huns unsheathed their swords and knives expecting the prisoners to make a run.

Yet, the group was too shattered by the loss of family and home to even think clearly. One by one each of the youths was led to the center of the forum where those thought to bring a good price at the slave markets were separ-

ated from the doomed ones like Demetri. Of the group of sixteen only five were chosen to be taken alive and the forum was deserted leaving the headless bodies of unfortunates.

Antonius stood his turn before the Huns during the selection. His dark blond hair and sharp features marked him as a Roman from the western provinces of the Empire, quite unlike the others who were more dark complected. He stood in total silence as his tunic was ripped from his body and seemed all the prouder in his noble nakedness, more like a statue in the gardens of the Emperor than a captive of the barbarians. One of the men with the Huns, perhaps a deserter from the legions spoke to Hurgarth in Latin saying that this particular captive was the son of the Senator Marcus Vicius Dracius and was far more valuable for ransom than as a slave. Hurgarth motioned for the lad to be taken away from the group saying something aloud to a guard in his barbaric speech. Antonius was bound with his hands behind him and a rope was placed around his neck as he was led away from the group by a single guard.

Antonius and the guard walked about five leagues to the camp of the Huns outside the village on the other side of the fields of Mars. The guard motioned for the lad to enter a tent made of straw and matting. The guard tied the boy's hands to two tent poles above his head and then his feet to two stakes driven into the floor of the tent. As the Hun looked up from where he knelt before the lad he beheld the youthful manliness of his captive.

Antonius felt the eyes of the Hun upon his body and a strange embarrassment over came him. As the guard stared longer at his prisoner Antonius' cock began to swell, the foreskin drawing back just far enough to reveal the red tip. The guard grinned at the Roman lad and reached up with his hand and began to stroke the boy's cock pulling the foreskin back and forth over the head. Antonius' prick became rock hard as the Hun stroked the shaft. The Hun wet his hand with spittle and stroked more along the shaft of the prisoner's prick and then quite unexpectedly knelt before his bound captive and took the full length into his hot mouth. Antonius had forgotten

for a moment that he was in bondage and moaned in pleasure at the Hun's ministrations.

The guard spoke something in his barbaric language which Antonius could not understand and could only submit to the slippery hot mouth around his cock. The guard stood up and quickly threw off his clothes revealing a muscular body not unlike that of his captive. The Hun was not much older than Antonius being about 19 or 20 years of age. Already the Hun appeared ready for action, his own cock throbbing against his stomach.

The Hun pressed his hot body against his prisoners', slipping his hands around to feel the firm buttocks. Antonius had never submitted to a man before having been brought up in the tradition of northern provinces where such acts were thought of as unmanly, quite unlike the rest of the Empire. For the moment Antonius was feeling a mixture of fear, pleasure and shame as the Hun took liberty with his youthful body. Already the Hun was probing with his finger into the hot moist area of his captive and within a moment was already wetting his cock with spittle. Antonius drew back in fear as he saw the Hun step back with his massive tool erect and wetted down for his arse.

The guard maneuvered himself behind Antonius and applied more spit to the lad's behind and with a thrust was buried deep inside his captive. Antonius' cock stood erect while pain shot through his body. The Hun's hand circled Antonius' body and caressed the boy's cock pulling the foreskin back and forth over the head. The Hun's hot throbbing cock fucking his helpless prisoner. Faint light from a lamp threw shadows across the tent flickering with the unsteady breathing of both captor and captive. Then as the thrusts grew faster and harder a great heat overcame the Hun as his semen spewed forth into the boy's arse. As the final spurt of cum left the Hun, the boy himself began to shoot a stream of hot seed onto the skins covering the floor of the tent. The guard disengaged the boy's arse and laid down naked before the dim light and fell asleep. Antonius was equally spent and soon passed out from the experience, hanging from his bonds.

BOOTS and SADDLES; BRAS and GIRDLES

by Chris Reynolds

Sexual liberation has come a long way since the days when funny Uncle Herman dressed up in Aunt Millie's underthings while hiding in the closet. Of course cross dressing has always been a part of the gay circus yet it is only recently that fantasy sex involving dress codes, etc. has received serious attention as a very real form of sexual expression. Today leather shops and fantasy book stores show a multi-million dollar business in sexually related clothes and paraphernalia. At first in the 1960's leather and western drag appeared on the scene later to explode into disco plastic, punk raunch, and astro-wear. Now, in 1979 it appears that a goodly percentage of the sexually liberated American population has received the bite of Dragula. And further, this phenomenon is not restricted to T.V. and leather. One can observe "prep drag" at the Frat House and Mr. P's as well as the L&F and other "preppy type" clubs; rough drag at places like the Eagle, the Exile and Louie's (not to be confused with the raunch of the Trailways Bus Station: that's for real!). About the closest thing to disco drag will be found at the Pier. One must remember, Washington DC is highly conservative compared to places like New York and LA and the elements of sex dressing is not highly visible as in more liberal parts of the country. The main thing to be said about sex dressing is that it represents the extremes of what one goes through to make oneself more sexually appealing and in this case clothes do make the man and/or the woman. Even fashion designers have picked up on the idea of sex oriented dress which is probably a result of association within the industry with the gay scene. Women's fashion this year certainly looked as if they were conceived at the meat rack.

Such places as Studio 54 in New York have also been responsible for the promotion of disco drag which takes the form of elegant raunch with a dash of Star Wars. Disco freaks, like lemmings, appear in droves wrapped in plastic freezer bags, sporting \$300

chic-chic metallic boots, and hair done up in neon tubes. Of course it will be some time before one sees Congressmen and Senators showing up at the White House dressed in foil trousers and neon plastic coats but the idea is not that far fetched. Sexual dressing is not confined to the gay community any longer, and in fact, never was. While it is true that gays have been more visible on the streets and in the bars and clubs, there are actually more straight and semi-straight fantasy dressers than gays. What great spiritual and esoteric meaning is hidden in the current trends? Will the plastic covered gold lame' culture have any bearing on the socio-political stand of world governments? What can we here in Washington add to the scene, perhaps Presidential Drag?

IT CAUSES PIMPLES, YOU KNOW

by Jae W. Newton

I can remember back to the first time that I discovered the great joy of touching the mysterious private regions of my body and first uncovering the delights of masturbation. I'm sure that it was one of the greatest days of my life, sitting on the toilet, pretending to be doing what everyone else did on the throne; but secretly "rolling" my tool back and forth between my young hands and bringing my entire body to a massive tingling sensation. I didn't, at the time, understand what I was doing or why; I only knew that the gentle rubbing produced a wonderful feeling within the depths of my body, and I liked it.

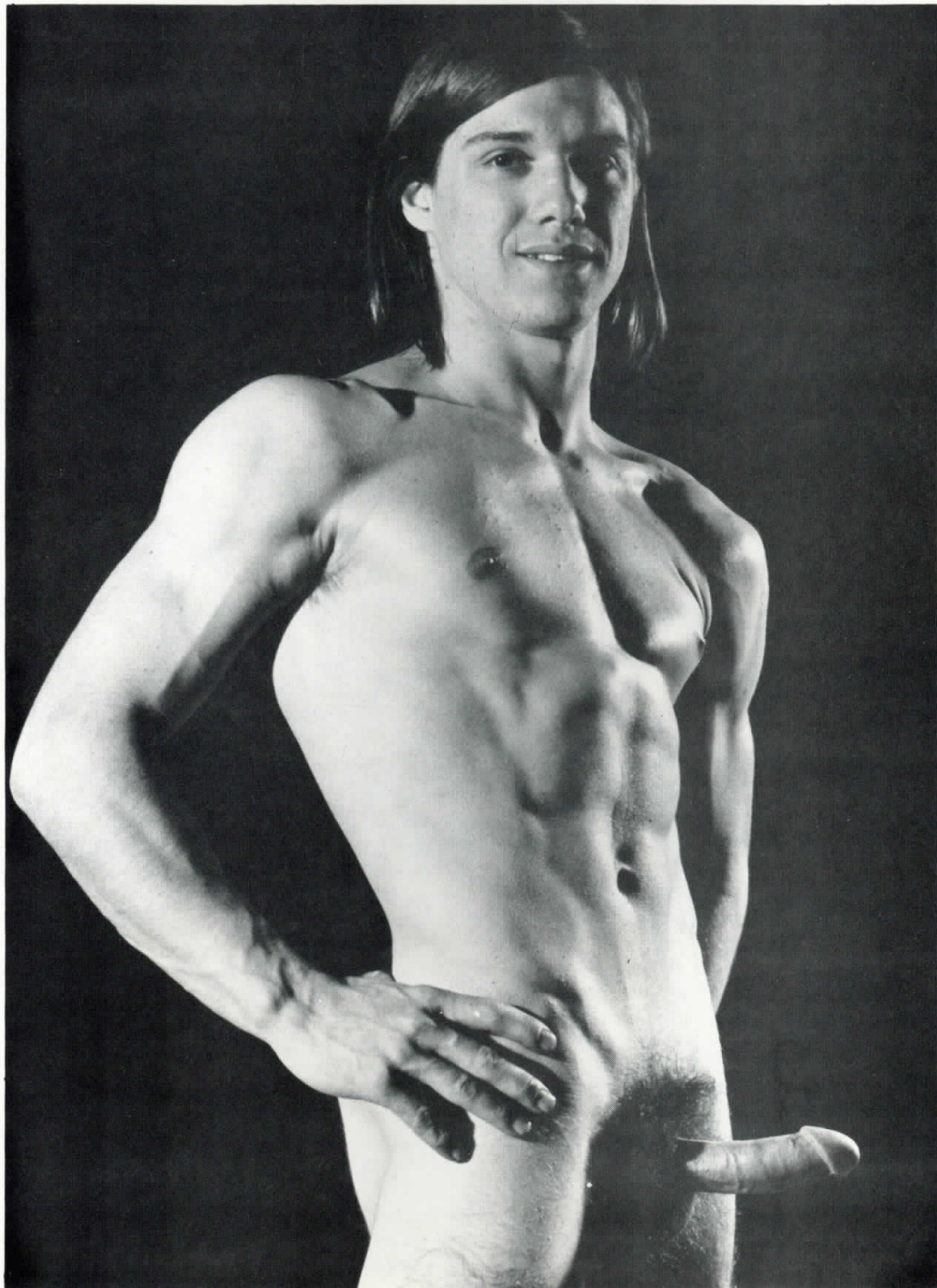
The next few years were filled with the vast joys of "playing" with myself and soon expanded to a few close friend to whom I bestowed the inner joy of the slinky piece of meat that swung freely between our youthful legs. My best friend, who lived in the apartment downstairs, was soon my partner in the greatest discovery since comic books and bubble gum. We would take every possible chance to be together and exercise our "dicks" into their orgasmic explosions. It was always a great time for us when our parents would go shopping and we would be left alone. First we would strip off the confinements of our clothing and then with the bare innocence of youth, we would explore the private

regions of each others bodies. Soon we would be filled with so much excitement that we could no longer hold back and within moments we would pump our "meat" into that state of fulfillment that could make a young boy forget that chocolate candy and television ever existed.

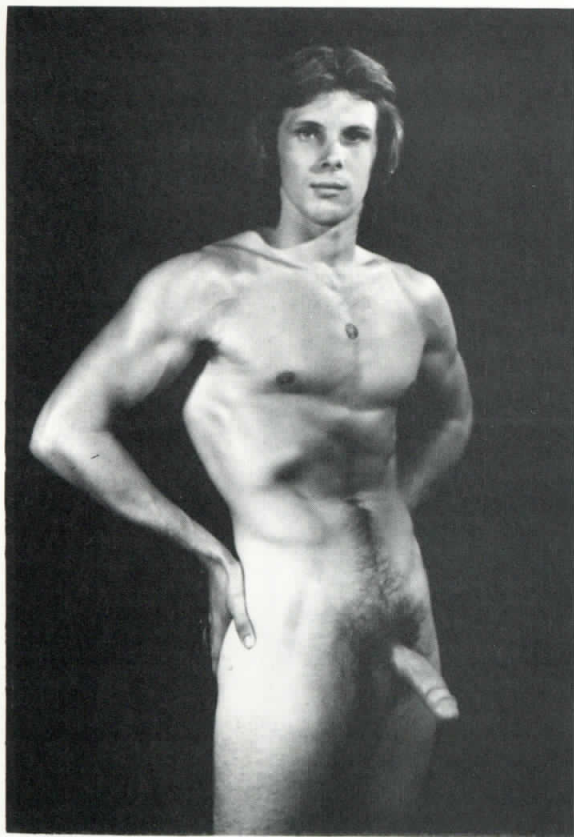
As time moved on and young boys grew older and became interested in little girls, my best friend turned on me and took a girlfriend and thus took his body away from my reaches. I also became interested in girls, but only for friendship and not for their bodies, as I was still interested in male physique and the wonders of it. New friends came and went; and each had it's own joyous moments, but all soon strayed to the enemy... women.

I continued my ritual of the bathroom each night and often in unsuspecting places where I could exercise my "tool" without being discovered. I can remember my mother on occasions cornering me as I escaped from the john after my ceremony and demanding to know why I took so long. As I would stand there red-faced trying to make up a believable excuse, she would turn away and mumble under her breath, "it causes pimples, you know." I didn't care because in my investigations I had noticed that many of the guys and even the girls in my school were cursed with a perpetual crop of ripe red acne; and as for myself I only had a stray pimple or two, so I figured that I had nothing at all to worry about. If acne was the trophy one received for this unexplained art, then I would wear them proudly and without regret. Soon the school days had ended and I was another young man struggling against the evils of the world and trying to make a stand for myself. All of my childhood friends were either working or attending college, and I was left alone with my best friend, the one who never let me down and always brought me joy with only a little coaxing; it was with me at birth and will be with me at death, my first friend and my last, my free swinging "tool." After a few years of being alone and disgusted, I finally established myself in a large city, and made the greatest decision of my life; I announced to the world that I was gay. Since that day I have been wonderfully happy with myself and my life. I have a fantastic lover and our sex life is much like my childhood masturbation... a daily rite. But on occasions I still escape to the john for a little bit of my childhood memories and do the thing I like best as a young boy and still enjoy as a young man, and after the ceremony is over I always glance in the mirror as I leave the bathroom, laughing to myself... NOT A PIMPLE... NOT ONE SINGLE PIMPLE!

BAUBLES & BALLS Gallery



BAUBLES & BALLS Gallery





by Ken LaRue

I was sitting in the grease pit of Happy Howard's Auto Repair buffing my finger nails and reading short stories in several explicit magazines when it occurred to me that they were all alike: hot and bothered bodies making it on buses, subways, airplanes and trains, geared to only one end — to get the reader horny. How simple, I thought, surely anyone can become a smut writer. It was then that I decided to change my career from assistant tire changer at Happy Howard's to a free lance pornography writer.

Since my knowledge was limited to sexual matters (a flower of innocence except for reaming Happy Howard in the tool room on my lunch break) I decided to seek out those true passionate stories just waiting to be discovered. I was bubbling with enthusiasm, no more transmissions to grease, no more gas to pump. I was extremely fortunate on my very first investigative venture. I found a young man named Percy who was eager with excitement at the prospect of being immortalized in words.

"You really wrote 'Gone With The Wind?'" sighed Percy, eyes filled with admiration.

"Not exactly," I said. "You must have misunderstood. It's called, SUCKED OFF IN THE WIND FROM AN EXHAUST FAN IN A CHINESE LAUNDRY, but it's not completed yet." He evidently didn't hear me, but I couldn't bring myself to disillusion the poor child. I pulled my hand away from my mouth and asked him to take his clothes off so that I could fully

A word cloud featuring the word "SMUT" in various typographic styles, including bold sans-serif, script, and outlined fonts. The words are arranged in a dense, overlapping pattern. To the right of the word cloud is a vertical column of asterisks, some of which are grouped into small rectangular blocks.

"Under cover agent," I chuckled, marveling at my superior literary wit.

"Do I get the twenty now?" asked Percy. "No," I said. "Try squatting over my face."

Percy placed his knees at the sides of my head and I brushed his balls to one side in order to see my notebook more clearly. HIS GIANT ORGAN HOVERED OVER MY INVITING MOUTH. HIS ORGAN WAS AN UNCOOKED PIZZA AND MY MOUTH WAS A BAKER'S OVEN WAITING TO MELT HIS CHEESE. OH BARNABY, I UTTERED, MINDLESS WITH CONSUMING PASSION. In the midst of my literary abandonement, I barely heard Percy as he said, "Barnaby Jones is on and I gotta go." I was so enthralled in the manuscript that I didn't even hear the door shut. Absent mindedly I squeezed the roll of Lifesavers. HIS ROUND LOG WAS READY FOR MY SAW MILL MOUTH, WAITING TO TASTE AND CHEW AND DEVOUR IT.

I sighed long with accomplishment, popping another Lifesaver and then blankly searching the room for Percy. HE LEFT, SPENT AND SATISFIED, DRAINED AND DAZED.

NEVER TO ENTER MY LIFE AGAIN. WE HAD LOVED TOO STRONGLY. AND ALTHOUGH NO COMMITMENTS HAD PASSED BETWEEN US (ONLY HIS RIGID ROUND ROCK OF LUST) WE BOTH KNEW THAT THE MEMORY OF OUR LOVE WOULD LAST THROUGH ETERNITY.

My next venture led me to a small uptown bar. It was rather elegant, but I reasoned that the higher classed people would be more tolerant and appreciative of my creative pursuit.

"Why do you keep staring?" he asked.
"And what are you writing in that silly notebook?"

"What have you written?" he asked.

MIT

"Sir!" I yelled. "I need your cooperation. Could you please unzip your pants? I need to describe your genitals." The wino belched. "I know my rights," he slobbered. His eyes rolled back, his maggotty lids closed.

I knelt down and delicately touched the cruddy flap of his zipper. As I worked the rusty fly down, the nauseous odor of his uncleansed body hit me like a dead fish. I held my nose. Luckily, he had no underwear and I was able to fully describe his crusty little two inches with a literary flair.

I WAS AGAST AS THE FOLDS OF HIS FLY PARTED TO REVEAL THAT MAGNIFICENT MONSTER OF MALE FLESH, A SHAFT OF THROBBING EXCITEMENT, A TRANSFER TRUCK OF MEAT WAITING TO UNLOAD IN MY WAREHOUSE MOUTH. ITS PERFECT PURPLE HEAD, AN OVER-RIPE EGGPLANT, TWITCHED, HOLDING A WHITE DROP OF HOT ANTICIPATION IN THE SLIT. I was so involved in my notebook that I didn't see his cloudy eyes open, nor did I notice his erect little prune twitching. It was a horrible nauseating shock as he grabbed my head and pulled it into his greasy crotch, stabbing at my mouth in urgent humps. Having the mind of a writer, I considered an essay on limburger cheese, but I came to my senses and pushed him away. "You're revolting," I shuddered, stomping away and spitting all the way up the alley.

With notebook in hand, I strolled into Happy Howard's to pick up my last check. Happy Howard was in the stock room soaking a carburetor in kerosene when he saw me. "Where have you been?" he cried.

"I've launched a new career, Happy Howard," I defied. "I'm no longer your lowly little grease monkey, but a bright and promising star on the literary horizon."

"I've missed you," said Happy Howard, placing his oily hand on my shoulder and massaging the back of my neck.

A twinge of electric excitement traveled through me as I noticed the bulge beneath Happy Howard's apron growing to astounding proportions. His breath shortened into a heavy pant and I felt his fingers gently explore my backside. He drew me close and pressed his lips hard against mine. I could feel in our closeness his manhood throb against my belly, begging for freedom and release.

"Oh Happy Howard," I drooled, tossing my notebook into the grease pit.

The only other thing that I remember about the bar or the man was that I wrote down how sensual his knuckles were and that they had the distinct taste of English Leather.

It was then that I decided to seek out a story elsewhere. I wandered at length around town until I came upon a lone man. The setting was ideal and I unfolded my notebook.

THE SUN SHONE BETWEEN THE
TALL BUILDINGS LIKE
CHURCH RAYS INTO THE
ALLEY. I STROLLED THROUGH
THE LITTER-STREWN ISLE
NUDGING A CAN ALONG THE
WAY WITH MY FOOT. LOST AND
ALONE, I WAS ABANDONED
AND AFRAID IN THE BIG CITY
WITH NEITHER FAMILY NOR
FRIENDS. THEN I SAW HIM, A
FORM OF PERFECT MANHOOD
LYING UNDER THE SUN,
ABSORBING THE RAYS IN

RELAXATION, THE CHILL OF THE AIR TICKLING HIS SMOOTH SKIN TO A PINKISH CAST. I put my pen and notebook down and shook the greasy corpse I had stumbled upon. "Hey mister!" I shouted. "Wake up!"

The wino lifted his dirty little eyelids and slobbered, "You ain't got no cause to arrest me. I ain't done nothin'."

"I'm not a police officer," I said. "I'm a literary genius pursuing my call."

I studied his baggy torn trousers, how they bunched in folds at the inseam and bloated outward around his huge belly and gathered tightly under his rope belt beneath his ragged sport coat. Having a poetic license, however, I decided to embellish the scene.

I HUNGRILY ABSORBED HIS BODY WITH MY EYES. HIS FADED BLUE JEANS CONFORMED TO HIS FLESH LIKE PAINT TO A BILLBOARD, LIKE SCUM TO A TRASH CAN. THE BULGE IN HIS CROTCH WAS A MOUNTAIN OF EXCITEMENT AS I WATCHED IT LENGTHEN AND GROW BEFORE MY EYES. BUT YET, HE MADE NO SOUND, NO MOTION, NOR DID HE PART THOSE BEAUTIFUL LONG

JAMIE

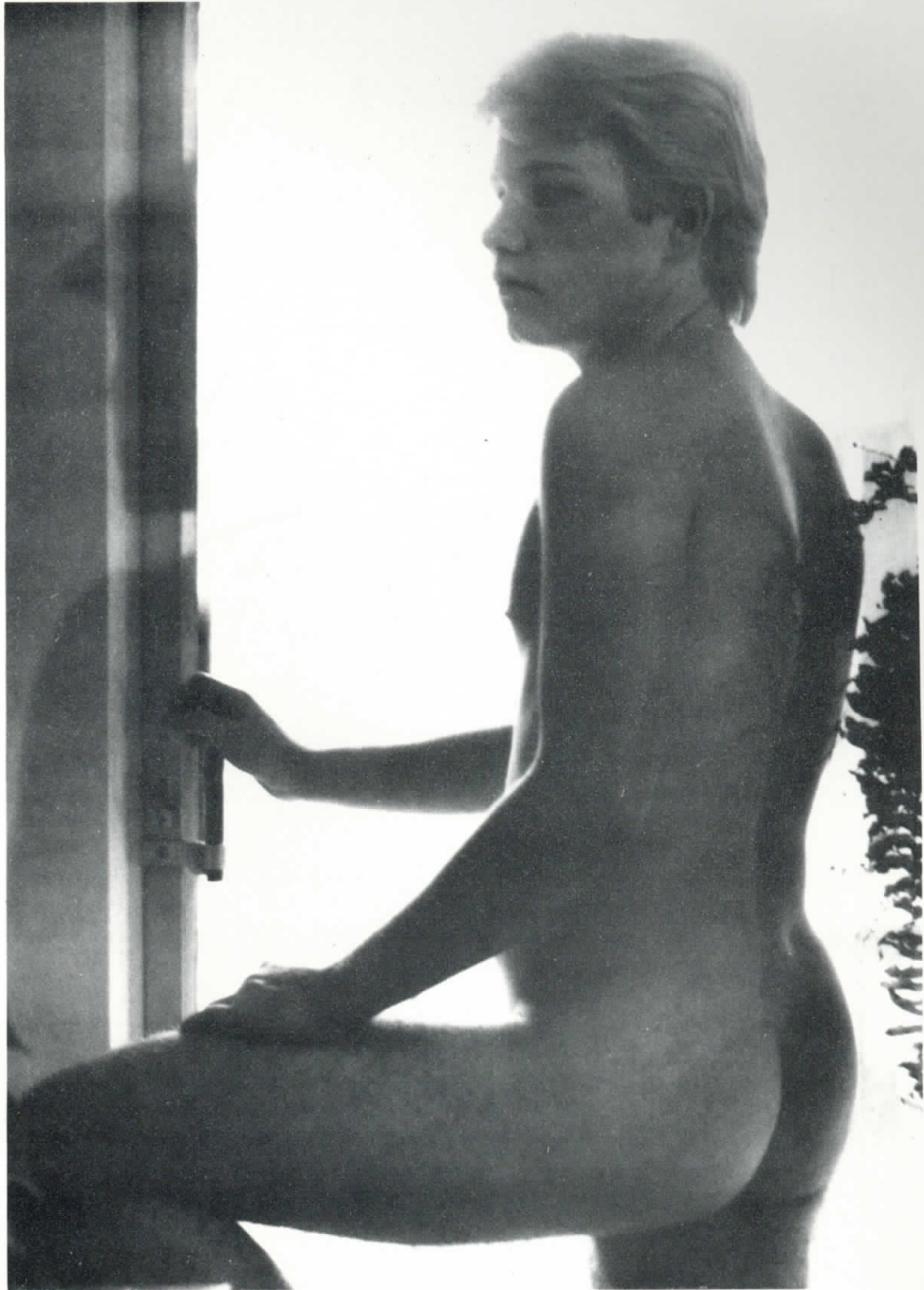












**BACK
ALLEY
RENDEZVOUS**
Turn to
Page 7

