

FDC 58295-8

HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

APRIL 1982
\$3.50



HONCHO

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 21 • APRIL 1982

COVER: PHIL FLASCHE



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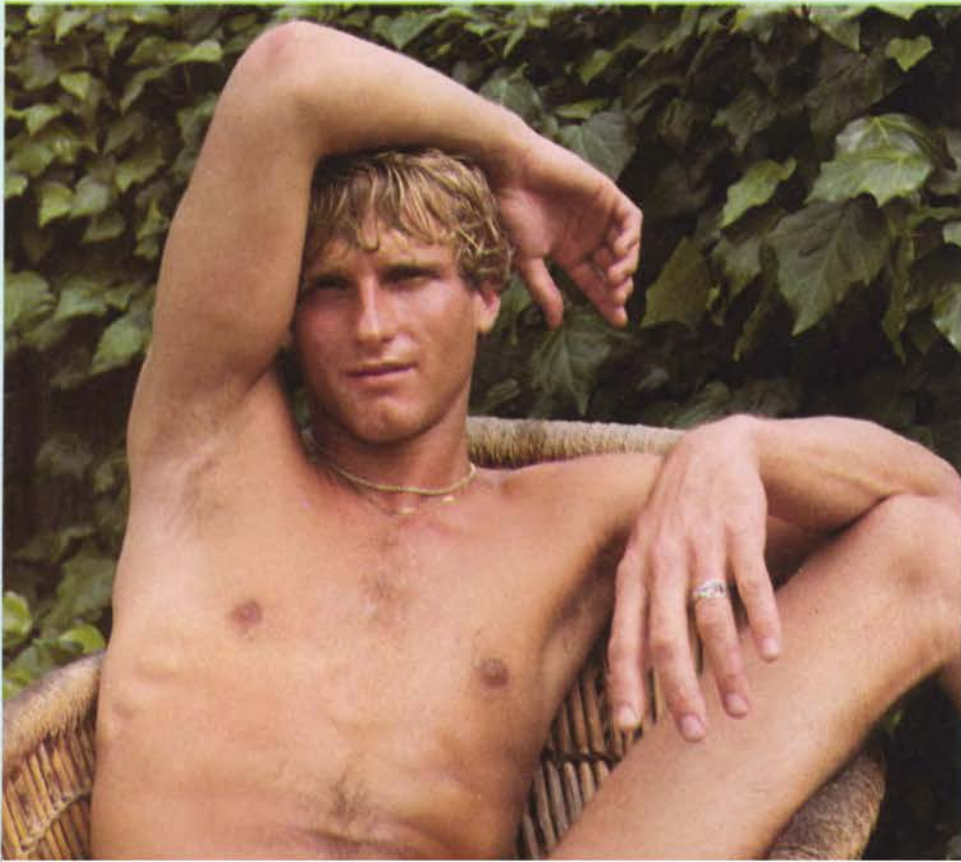
CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS: Phillip Beard, Brave Studios, Jerry Buzzelli, College Station, Colt Studios, Cosco, Roy Dean, Eros, Falcon, Jim French, Phil Flasche, Don Hanover, Jarry Lang, Lobo Studios, Man's Image, Mimoso Studios, Kevin Nevison, Nova, Eric Perkins, Savage, Surge Studios, Target Studios, Toland, Len Tavares, Lou Thomas, Arthur Tress, Zeus.

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Honcho is published monthly by Modernismo Publications, Ltd. Editorial and production offices are located at 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. Phone (212) 691-7700. Honcho is distributed exclusively by Flynt Distributing Corporation, 2029 Century Plaza East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067. Honcho is registered with the U.S. Patent Office; the entire contents is copyrighted by Modernismo and the Library of Congress. Reproduction of editorial or advertising contents in any way whatsoever without the written permission of the publisher is strictly prohibited. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the claims of advertisers and has the right to reject any advertising. The inclusion of an individual's name or photograph in this publication implies nothing whatsoever about that individual's sexual orientation. Artwork and manuscripts may be submitted to Honcho at 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. Publisher assumes no responsibility for loss or damage to materials submitted. Subscription rate: \$29./12 issues.

J. BRIAN'S

FLASHBACKS



Currently available in video and now playing at your local erotic cinema, *J. Brian's Flashbacks* includes Will Seeger and Miles Long as superhot sharpshooters out to have a little action in the California sunshine. As serialized in *Honcho*, here's a tantalizing preview, giving you a look at what's to come. Episode One introduces two handsome young studs getting it on in the backyard. Episode Two follows a new team in their encounter in the park. Big, blond and uncut. You might say they had sex on their minds. Then again, they're all-American boys doing what comes naturally. See *J. Brian's Flashback* at your local moviehouse.

Photography by J. Brian • Novelization by Jack Fritscher

HONCHO/April 1982

EPISODE ONE:

The Northern California sun melted into Robert's lean blond torso. The ocean wind blowing in against the high rocky cliffs below Land's End cooled the beads of sweat and suntan oil glistening on his inner thighs. He was alone and naked except for a pair of dark nylon swimming briefs that his hand groped, rubbed, and stroked. He liked the big-bulged feel of his balls and cock, half-hard, as lazy and laidback as his head on this afternoon when he'd felt like getting out of the Fast Lane on Castro. He had awakened that morning with the alarm, thought twice about it, turned

over for a few more minutes sleep, and woke up an hour later. The sun was blazing through his bedroom windows.

He stretched his naked body. Thought what the hell. Walked to the phone in the hall, with his morning hardon bobbing up against his belly, dialed his office and called in well. "Everybody always calls in sick to get a day off," he said to his boss. "I'm calling in well. Sort of a Mental Health Day." His boss, the oldest working lesbian in the Financial District, laughed. "You're all my boys," she said. "Enjoy!" He said *thanks*. She said, "But I'm going to work your buns off tomorrow!"

Lying alone on the windswept sand, he didn't doubt but that she would; but falling in and out of a doze, he started feeling that itch in his crotch and his ass for a man to work his buns off today. He had beach dreams about a hunky, hung, muscled lifeguard prodding him awake with a big sand-covered foot that led up a sunbronzed body to a pair of mirrored sunglasses shielding a handsome face haloed with a mane of dark curly hair. The dream made his dick harden.

His dream of dark eyes cruising him, he remembered later, floated up from some erotic intuition that he was, in fact, being watched. He slow-

FLASHBACKS

ly opened his eyes against the glare. He felt a presence. His eyes searched along the high rock cliffs. There was no one. But then, almost suddenly, in the brightness, there was. A guy was standing next to the sleek bicycle he had kicked up on its stand. He was more than staring at Robert; he was cruising him. Robert groped himself again. He wanted to show the cyclist he was interested. The guy groped his own crotch, wet with bicycle-seat sweat.

It was ancient semaphore.

They teased each other in anticipation as the cyclist climbed down the cliff. Robert lay back on his big beach blanket, stroking his hardon up to full welcome. The cyclist was dark, built, and handsome. He was the kind of young jock a guy would figure for an athlete. Robert had dreamed of a lifeguard. This dude, he figured, was close enough: especially for a little afternoon delight.

The cyclist stalked him like a panther: slow, intense, aggressive. The sea breeze blew cool around the heated whirlwind of the cyclist's sexy approach. He knelt next to Robert, rubbing his own cock, and feeling up the hard hidden rod, ripe and ready inside Robert's briefs. Robert palmed the hard cyclist butt, and lay back, as the guy straddled across his sun-hot thighs, and fingered and tongued his way up Robert's belly, licking the sweat and sweet oil, biting softly his nipples, and then landing full body on top of Robert, pressing his mouth into Robert's, sliding his tongue deep down Robert's throat. His breath was fresh and sweet: sweeter than the apple Robert had taken two bites from when he saw the hot temptation of the cyclist peering down at him from the cliff.

Their dicks rubbed hard together through their trunks. The cyclist, pulling his face back from Robert, eclipsed the brilliant sun with his head. "My name's Rick," he whispered. His hand, without any more introduction, pulled Robert's dick from his trunks. Robert reached in turn for the hard cock he wanted in his own mouth and ass. Alone together on the sandy beach, they rolled to an easy 69. Rick rode Robert as hard as he ever rode his bike, or any horse back where he had been raised in Montana. They were a match for each other. Young and strong. Blond and dark. Pumping against each other. Picking up the

regular rhythms of the sea crashing in on the rocks around them.

"It's cold here," Rick said. A stiff wind had chased the soft breeze.

"We can go to my place." Robert pointed up toward the road. "We can put your bike in my van."

They drove in silent anticipation. Rick's hand worked a firm path around the small of Robert's back, and then down, cupping his buttocks, feeling the roll of his buns as his naked blond legs worked the clutch and brakes. Robert understood that Rick wanted his ass.

Once in the house, they bounded up the stairs and into the shower. The hot water ran rivulets of sand off their bodies. They soaped each other up: dick and ass. Rick worked his finger into Robert's fuckhole, lubing the chute with suds, probing the opening pucker with the head of his hard cock. "Fuck me," Robert said. Wordlessly, with the shower spraying over their lithe bodies, Rick drove his dick hard into Robert's slick ass. He held onto his slender hips, moving the moves of a born fucker, making Robert cry out in pleasure. "Work my buns off, man!" They fucked like sea animals in the water. Then suddenly, as suddenly as he had entered Robert's tight ass, Rick pulled out. A pearl of cum hung perilously on the head of his knob. The shower washed it away. He turned Robert around and embraced him. "Not yet," he said. "Not yet."

They towed each other dry. Too intense to make it to the bedroom, they grappled each other to the plush carpeted floor of the bright upstairs hall. Rick wrestled Robert easily down onto his back, raised his legs, and buried his face in the fresh-washed cheeks. He tongued and sucked the hole he intended to take. His dick rose between his legs, harder than before, aching to penetrate deep into Robert's blond ass all the way to the dark, furry hair at the hilt of his own cock. He reached for some lube, fingered a dollop into the tight ass, positioned the head of his thick up-swerving cock against its target, and drove it home.

Robert moved with the aggressive fuck. He took the dick in deep. He wanted this dark-haired boy to fill him up. He worked his ass-control tight, gripping the long shaft drilling him straight up into his joy spot. He could feel the ramming thickness stirring up the cum in his prostate, boiling it over into his balls. Rick

rolled him over on his belly, carefully, without pulling out, and dog-fucked his upturned butt. He passed through the pain barrier of the new plowing. All he could think of were those muscular cyclist thighs thrusting into his butt. Banging their balls together.

Again, Rick rolled him over, this time pulling out, moving up toward his face, straddling his chest, shoving his fuck-wet dick toward his mouth. They revolved into another 69 as smoothly as two synchronized swimmers, timing their heat, holding off from shooting, all the while lust for each other's cum.

Finally, Rick rose up, knelt between Robert's spread legs, raised his feet to rest on his shoulders, and rammed his mouth-wet cock into the hot pack of Robert's buns. He fucked furiously. The look on his tanned, handsome face caused Robert to move from slow stroke on his own meat to hard pump. He could feel it coming. He could feel the hard fucking churning the cum up inside him like a wild storm on a deep sea.

Rick raised his butt an inch or so, fucked in at an angle, and hit his trigger. Robert's dick, working wildly in his hand, convulsed. His ass tightened like a vise around the unstoppable cock. He felt the cum race from his balls. Then he saw the great white spurtings of his dick shooting thick, rich swatches of cum up his belly and onto his chest. Almost instantly, Rick pulled his throbbing hot cock from Robert's gripping hole. His hand grabbed his cock, and went for the money shot. Looking straight into Robert's face, he handjobbed the last strokes on his dick. Then his head reared back, and roaring between Robert's legs, he laid on the final stroke that creamed, thick and rich, hot and wet, on Robert's belly, mixing the two loads in one almost simultaneous cumming.

Exhausted, laid out flat on the floor, they held each other, with the warm cum bonding them together.

EPISODE TWO:

Maybe because my Swedish dick is big, blond, and uncut, I'm sort of a sex maniac. At least, that's what my high school wrestling coach told me a couple years ago. He had me pinned down on one of those dirty gray wrestling mats that smells like about two hundred years of guys' armpits. That coach, my senior year,

Photography by J. Brian

sort of started keeping me for extra practice after the regular practice. He got me into some holds that were more Greco than Roman. Maybe because he was a big, husky, muscular, unusually dark-haired Swede, I'm a whole lot of sex maniac now that I live in San Francisco.

Basically I like jerkoff sex. My wrestling coach taught me the special pleasures your own hand can give you while you're stripped and standing dick to dick with another man. I know some guys prefer sex in bed with the lights out. Me? I like visual sex. I like to see the man I'm having sex with. I mean I not only like the lights on. I mean I like mutual J.O. out-of-doors in full sunlight. That's the main reason I tend bar at nights, so I can cruise around the parks to see what kind of hot man I can find also out on a daylight cruise.

This one day I had hit Buena Vista Park, and had a couple of warm-up encounters not of the kind close enough to make me cum, so I headed on out to Golden Gate Park. I pulled my sporty little Celica up to a kind of bushy cul de sac where I like to sit behind the wheel and beat my meat. I guess there's a whole bunch of guys like me who are jerkoff art-

three or four days growth of beard. He was shirtless, and, even with the trees reflecting light and shadow off his windshield, I could see the movements of his broad shoulders and muscular arms. No mistaking those stroke-moves! One hand must have been cupping his balls. His other hand was pumping his dick. I could see enough to want to see more.

He climbed out of his van. As God is my witness, the fucker was stripped naked except for hiking boots and those wool socks that make me crazy on a solid pair of muscular calves. With his dark tan on his hairy body, I could see he had one of those bodies so sexually muscular that with a little serious iron-pumping he could have been at least a runner-up in any physique contest in California.

With an invitation like that, I climbed out of my car, closed the door, and leaned back against the sun-hot metal. With one hand I groped my already hard dick, and with the other raised my teeshirt to show him my hard belly, and to finger-play one of my tits.

He was a fox. He planted both his hiking boots wide apart in the dust and worked his dick with one big fist while he ran his other hand palm-flat

"The cyclist stalked him like a panther: slow, intense, aggressive. The sea breeze blew cool around the heated whirlwind of the biker's sexy approach."

ists. Fuck! Who knows how to stroke your rhythms better than you do yourself?

Anyway, this particular day, a van cruised by me a couple of times. I smiled. He smiled. He pulled the edge of his right bumper up near my left headlight. Ooooooh, Daddy! I'd seen him before, but only in pictures. I told you I like visual sex: dirty books, fuck films, mirrors. To me it seems like nearly every hot stud in San Francisco has posed for some porn at some time or other. Through our windshields, I kept my eye on his face. He was dark and goodlooking. Reminded me of my wrestling coach in a way that gave my dick a kind of nostalgic hardon. His thick brown moustache was accented by his

through the sweaty hair of his body-builder torso. The sun shone straight down on him like a muscle-contest spotlight. He leaned his shoulders back against his van, and, like a good partner who knows how to follow, then lead, in a hot sex tango, he matched his moves to mine.

I stripped off my teeshirt slowly to give him a long visual trip at seeing my belly and chest exposed in the sun. He stepped up the kneading of his cock, and bit on his lip, pulling some of his thick moustache in against his perfect white teeth. I pulled my red gym shorts down my thighs, stepping my sneakers and socks through them. I flipped my dick out of my jock and showed him the clean lip of big blond foreskin

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covering the head of my cock. He made the sort of grunting sound wild animals make in the woods, and ran his tongue over his lips as I slowly, very slowly, teased my foreskin back, exposing the big red blond head of my dick.

If there's one kind of man a sex-exhibitionist likes to meet it's another exhibitionist who knows how to play. There's an art to J.O. exhibitionism: a tease, a long just-looking passage that teases you crazy for the longest time before you ever touch each other. I knew it. I knew that he understood.

I spit into my hand and started the long slow stroking of my dick. I got maybe eight inches, which is why I like to show off at jockstrap contests. Don't get me wrong: I'm not vain about it, just proud of it. My jerking my dick really got him going. He pulled his cupped hand away from his dick and flashed me a rod sized to equal my own. In the quiet of the bushes, the only sound was our hard breathing, and the wet slapping of our hands pumping our pud. We were like two hunters, leaned back against our vehicles at twenty paces, both whipping up a huge creamy load for the other.

From the look of lust on his face, I figured he must go for young blonds the way I go for dark musclemeat. Squinting my eyes in the glare, I could almost see the doublevision of him and my Swedish wrestling coach. Their moves were as athletically similar as their looks were sexual. In a good J.O. scene, a guy's got time to trip his head into a mindfuck that his own special erotic playground. Meanwhile the other guy can dig you and his own headtrip the same. I figure when I'm studying a man and jerking off to his sexiness, I'm somehow getting off on the total sexiness of all men everywhere. (All us blonds ain't dumb—if you get my little bit of J.O. philosophy.)

Meanwhile back at the woods, I moved in closer on this stud. See? Just like in the movies, I like a long general shot, then a medium close-shot, and finally a real tight close-up. The sun on my shoulders and butt felt good and warm and about half as hot as my pre-lube slick cock. I could feel big clots of white cum filling up my balls, making them big and sweaty under all my blond crotch hair. I cupped them in one hand, and with my cock—foreskin pulled back—in the other, I started my slow walk toward him. We were sort of muttering some nice and nasty dirty talk at each other. The hot sun reflecting off his van made his body glisten with sweat. Halfway between our vehicles, I stopped. He stared hard at me, beating his meat, rubbing his hard tits, almost begging for us to fall into a hot embrace.

"Beat your meat, man," I said. "Stroke it. Nice. Long. Easy. Come on, Daddy, make it good and hard and show it off!"

Like a stud-animal, his big arms and hand followed my directions. A thin strand of his own pre-cum lube pearled up on the head of his dick, and then swung long and thin, as clear as gossamer, in the dusty sunlight. He liked showing his stuff. He reached into the open door of his van and pulled out a clear plastic bottle of baby oil. He squirted it on his pecs and belly and dick. I smiled.

"Rub it around, fucker," I said. Constantly working his big tool, he oiled his torso: pecs, thick with big responsive nipples; washboard belly; the inside of his powerfucking sweaty thighs. I could tell he was hot, and close to cuming: the cheeks of his ass tightened behind him. He turned and showed me his muscle-butt. Then he turned back to face me, like a cowboy at high noon, his bodybuilder legs slightly bent at the knees in the way a guy, standing up and jerking off, sort of cocks his whole body ready for cuming.

I moved in closer. Both of us locked eyes, face to face, and jerked our dicks. The first time cuming with any man is almost always the best, and from the look on his face, and the pressure in my own nuts, I knew that love with this improper stranger was gonna be a doozy!

His hand reached for his chest. I could tell he was a Nipple Man. I took a step closer. He leaned his head back, face up to the sun, his eyes looking down at me stepping closer and closer to his massive

body. The smell of his salty sweat running in clear water-lines through the glistening oil on his body almost made me shoot.

But the look in his eye told me he wasn't quite as far gone as me. It was his nipples, man. Without asking for it, he was begging me to touch his tits. So what righteous guy won't give his sex-buddy what he wants? Beating my meat, I took the final step closer. We one-handed each other like animals starving for fresh meat. I finger-rolled his nipple between my thumb and forefinger. His cock, that had been hard and big enough, jumped up a size or two in thick hardness. Heavy veins stood out, and he started breathing heavy, like a bodybuilder straining to pump at least one more benchpress out of his chest and pecs.

He was ready to shoot. The oil was sunwarm and body-slick between us. I held onto his nipple. His big biceps, working his arm and fist on his dick, rubbed across the back of my hand. My own chest heaved, and I could feel the small red explosion in the middle of my head trigger the sex-charge down my spine, into my nuts, and toward the long juicy shaft of my cock. I arched my hips toward his heaving thighs, and knew a wild cock-in-the-woods has no holding back this close to a jerkoff buddy whose own load was so close to popping.

In one final surge, my hand unloaded shot after shot of white cum up high on his big chest and tight nipples, dropping lower to his belly, until I was cuming on his hand and dick, already wet with oil and spit and sweat. The heat of my jizz blew him up. His muscles filled out to trophy winning size. His head banged back against his van, and his cock shot his thick white spunk up past my face, across my shoulder, then down my belly, pooling up finally in my hand still holding my spasming dick.

For a long moment, breathing heavy in the hot sun, in the dust cloud our action raised, we held onto each other.

That was all. That was it. That was enough.

We smiled.

He climbed back, naked, into his van. I headed toward my Celica, and pulled on my shorts. I sat there, exhausted, breathing heavy behind my steering wheel, watching him back up, pull around me, wave once, and drive away.

TO BE CONT'D.