

...those marble palaces of
**SHERBET
 AND SODOMY**

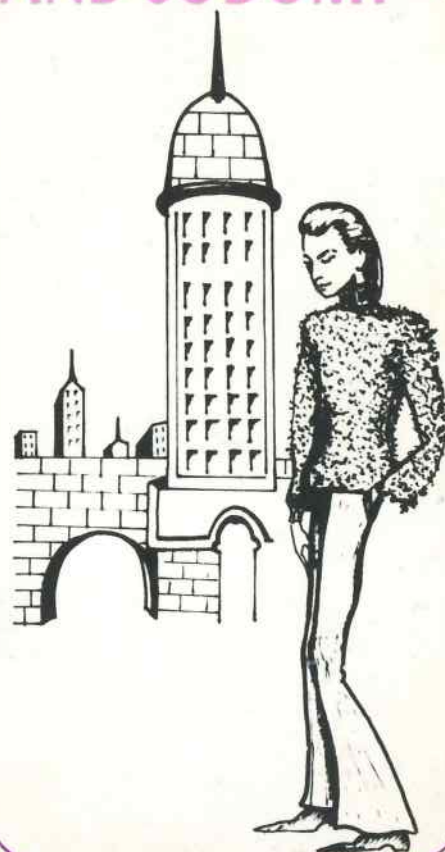
a novel by
I. V. EBBING

How does a handsome young cat, newly out and grooving on the gay scene of Greenwich Village, suddenly find himself enmeshed in the silken clutches of El-Dahabi, an Arab sect which celebrates the attainment of perfect love through pain and submission?

A sensuous, irreverent novel of the everyday hip and the far-out exotic! Come enjoy "those marble palaces of SHERBET AND SODOMY".

I. V. EBBING

**SHERBET
 AND SODOMY**



The Other Traveller

As I blew Abu-L-Ala al-Maarri, my thoughts traveled back to the early days of the Spur when I made my first appearance on the gay scene. I recalled my first "furtive manipulations" in the back room, and that Saturday afternoon in Fred's arms (was it so long ago?) when he asked me "Have you ever loved anyone before?" and "Do you want to?", and still later when I met my demise on the sidewalk of St. Mark's Place. In all my wanderings through the bars, the subway johns, the steambaths, was I, however unwittingly, on some kind of *quest*? Was I, like Gawain in the *Holy Grail*, on a mythic mission to find the lance and the cup? Jesus. Had the gods of love *really* written their names across my face?

**SHERBET
AND SODOMY**

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I. V. EBBING

The Other Traveller

For Agnes and Tony . . .

. . . and Maurice Ravel

“. . . those marble palaces of sherbet and sodomy.”

—George Gordon Lord Byron

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October 7th

My name is Jud. I am eighteen and a half. I was born from the felicitous conjunction of an anthropologist and an ethnologist under the sign of Capricorn. I have been called cute, handsome, pretty, and good-looking; actually, I am beautiful. My blond hair hangs to my shoulders, is of better quality than Rapunzel's, and the envy of every girl in Cuneiform 874. My nose is classically English, along the line of Reynolds, maybe with a little Caravaggio thrown in around the nostrils. My athletic adolescence on the swimming team at Sterling High has given me a slender, muscular body—firm pecs and round dimpled buns—and exceptional coordination. My eyes are South Pacific blue. I have read Hesiod. I masturbate regularly. I have no concept of money or its value. I try to keep my farts silent. I have juveniled down on my ass. I have read the minor Elizabethan poets and I have looked at my anal sphincter in the mirror. Until last week I considered myself heterosexual, despite the fact that my dreams were filled

with men. I am extremely bright and overflowing with lust. Sometimes, lusting after my own body, I undress before the floor-length mirror and masturbate, shooting bullets of cum over my own reflection. I have read the major Elizabethan poets, too. I am not vain or puffed up, only accurate. I have an eight-and-a-half-inch cock, and I fear that it is still growing (I measure regularly, stern to prow). I used to ball chicks, but that was a week ago. I am now part of the great American goldrush to homosexuality. In the last week I have, as they say, "Come Out"—and as far as I'm concerned six million men can't be wrong.

I got to groove on guys in this way: It all started the other day when I ran into Fred Cranshaw, an out-in-the-open gay from Hunter College, on my way from Babylonian Ciphers 345. I'm an undergraduate by status, but the graduate department insists that I take advanced courses in my future major, Mythology. My mom is the ethnologist, my dad the anthropologist, and between the two I reached adolescence with a graduate student's knowledge of both sciences. My parents are now in Tunis digging up the ruins of Old Carthage for UNESCO; my parents are always rooting around in the garbage dumps of civilization.

Anyway, I was on my way from Ciphers 345, the halls were swarming with kids changing classes, and I'd just stopped to cover up my semihard-on with my cipher textbook (I'd been sitting behind the beautiful Sybil Blair) when Fred nabbed me and started telling me about his new pad down on the Lower East Side. Fred's not a bad-looking cat, not what

you could identify as a "fairy"; I mean, he's got long dark hair and a moustache and a pretty muscular body. He was telling me the rent was sixty-five fifty-two a month and if I wanted to go in fifty-fifty I could get into a really groovy scene off campus.

"Come on, Fred, man, you know I'm not gay." I was moving down the corridor behind this humpy piece of ass. Fred started telling me that it didn't matter, and how the other night he'd had over some chicks and cats, and how this chick had blown seedless grapes up his asshole while he fucked the cat who later fucked the chick. By the time we'd gotten to the end of the corridor I'd shelled out twenty-one dollars as a down payment, and Fred had given me a piece of paper with the address of the apartment on it. I told Fred I'd finish the week out at the dorm and move in on Friday night in time for the heavy scene—with the chicks, I emphasized.

We were already five minutes late for class and decided to take the basement route and avoid the stampede on the first floor. Going down the stairs I got a full hard-on thinking about the seedless grapes, but since there was only Fred around I let my big cock bulge magnificently in my jeans. We started down the deserted basement corridor, past the line of broken soft drink machines, and were about to head out the door, when the telephone booth opened and this bespectacled chick in a white blouse stuck her head out and motioned us over. I slipped my cipher textbook around in front of my crotch, but not before she got a good look at the line of my dick. We went over to the booth. The

door was open and she motioned us inside. She was standing there with the receiver in one hand and a dime in the other. The directory was propped up against the wall.

"Come inside and close the door," she said with a commanding look through her granny glasses, "both of you." I hesitated, scratched my head, looked at Fred. We chuckled, but she repeated the order. "Hurry up, I haven't got all day."

As any baffled eighteen-year-old with an ounce of curiosity and a full hard-on would have done, I got inside. With Fred and the chick. The door closed and we were standing there, face to face, in the semidarkness of the unlighted phone booth. Fred and I giggled this time, thinking the chick was freak-ing out on acid or something, but she turned around, picked up the phone book, held it up to the window, and ran her finger down the line of listings.

"Hey, man, what gives?" Fred asked.

I was beginning to feel nervous.

The chick closed the phone book and murmured a number to herself. "You preppies like to fuck?" She took her glasses off and put them on the shelf under the phone.

"Fuck?" Fred and I chimed at the same time.

"That's right, preppies, *fuck*." She opened her shoulder bag and took out a tube of Vaseline.

"Fuck? You mean—?" I heard my voice crack into a falsetto. Fred's mouth was open in astonishment.

"Fuck. F-U-C-K. Fuck." She undid the cap of the Vaseline tube and squeezed a glob into her right hand.

"Sure!" I giggled nervously and glanced at Fred. "Except he's . . . uh . . . queer."

The chick turned and looked appraisingly at Fred. "You queer, preppy?"

"Yup," Fred beamed.

"Well, you can fuck him, then, while he fucks me. How's that?" With her left hand she started unbuttoning my jeans.

"Shit, man!" I felt the top button of my jeans open and I sprang into full erection. "I'm not havin' no cock in my ass!"

"Don't you wear underwear, preppy?" she asked in a clinical tone. With her right hand she began massaging the Vaseline onto my erected eight-and-a-half inches. I looked over nervously at Fred who was rubbing his crotch. "Not bad, Jud, man."

"Don't just stand there rubbing your balls, man," the chick said to Fred. "Take it out."

Phone booth and Fred notwithstanding, I felt the delicious tingle run up my legs, through my back, to the tips of my hair. Fred was taking his huge dick out of his pants, and the chick was rubbing Vaseline onto it with her left hand. He went into full erection, looking at my eight-and-a-half. I swallowed a mouthful of saliva and leaned back against the wall. The chick wasn't bad-looking: long brown hair, a little plump maybe, but just the right height for a stand-up fuck. I looked out the window anxiously.

"Yes, sir," she was saying, "thank God for the sexual revolution; man, I spent the first nineteen years of my life masturbating, now just look at all the cocks I can have." She turned around towards

the phone and began working her tweed skirt over her hips. Her right hand was doing a fabulous hand job on my dick and I was already breathing hard between my teeth. Fred moved closer to me, rubbing Vaseline onto his fat cock, and touched the end of my cock.

"Lay off, man," I growled, looking at the huge hard-on staring up at me from his crotch.

"Why don't you let him feel your dick, preppy? Scared you might want it up your ass after all?"

Fred chuckled.

I reached over and felt the soft curve of the chick's ass dimple. "Nah," I said, "I just don't dig guys."

"You will," she replied.

I shifted forward a few inches to feel the tip of my cock nudge the crack of her ass. Fred was standing next to me, his cock waving up and down in a slow jerk-off, and his breath was on my neck. The chick suddenly bent over slightly and with a deft move of her hand guided my cock into her asshole. Wow! Up and in!

Fred's dick slipped in between our bodies: "Wow, man, shhhh!"

I took hold of the chick's waist, ignoring the feel of Fred's dick between us, and started moving my own dick back and forth, getting into the rhythm.

"Fuck it, preppy, fuck it," she said calmly. She picked up the receiver, murmured a number, and let the dime fall into the phone. She was already in the middle of dialing when Fred and I looked up. "Hey, man," I asked deliriously, "what're you doin'?"

"Keep fucking," she replied, "and after that you can give this other preppy head." She finished dialing.

I was on—*well* on—the way to a wild blast up her asshole and I wasn't about to pull out then. Not even with Fred's finger groping for *my* asshole.

"Hello?" she said into the phone. "Is this Mr. Ira Bechstein?" She covered the mouthpiece. "We're about to liberate the Hardhats," she said.

I was grunting, pushing my dick as far up her hole as I could, shoving my hand in and out of her cunt—I had found her running cunt with my right hand.

"Mr. Bechstein, do you like to fuck?" she asked in her clinical voice. "You do? Good. Well, Mr. Bechstein, I'm nineteen years old and I'm standing in a phone booth with two boys—" She turned slightly. "How old are you boys?"

"Eighteen and a half," I grunted.

"Nineteen. Exactly." Fred's finger found my sphincter.

"Cut it out, man," I snorted.

"—With an eighteen-and-a-half- and a nineteen-year-old boy—*boys*—one of whom is fucking me up the ass, and the other is a homosexual jerking off between us. How would you like it, Mr. Bechstein—"

I suddenly slipped out of her ass. She reached behind with her left hand, between Fred and me, and guided my dick back in.

"—How would you like it, Mr. Bechstein, if I described to you what these boys—" She looked over her shoulder. "What're your names, preppies?"

"Jud."

"Fred."

"—What Jud and Fred here are doing at this very minute?" There was a short pause. "You would, would you, Mr. Bechstein? Well, why don't you take *your* cock out, sir, and join us over the phone?"

I was about to shoot gallons of cum into her asshole. I was already there, gasping, shoving up and in as hard as I could; I could feel the soft hair on Fred's legs rubbing against mine. Holy myths! Mystical mindfuck! My adolescent mythic, necromantic phantasies: gilded triremes setting out from Pireus' green port, boughs of asphodels dragging behind through the calm waters, flutes and cymbals, the Sacred Voyage to Dionysus on Delos, young Greek girl/boys in white robes and flowery filets offering themselves to the Sacred Phallus.

"Hold it, preppy." The chick pulled off and patted my cock with her left hand. "Wait till the other preppy here and Mr. Bechstein catch up with us. Are you using Vaseline or KY, Mr. Bechstein? Oh. KY is better, actually, don't you think? Do you keep a tube in your desk? So what if your secretary *does* come in? Maybe she keeps a tube in her desk, too! Oh, do, Mr. Bechstein, why not? Lie down on the floor. Maybe your secretary would like to join us on the extension for a conference fuck. Wouldn't that be fun? . . . Okay, Mr. Bechstein, we're with you. Fred here is gonna shoot all over Jud any minute now." She took hold of my astonished cock and shoved it neatly into the hot hole of her ass.

"He's fucking me up the ass again, Mr. Bechstein. He's really cute, too; so's Fred, if you like

guys. Jud's got this long blondish hair down to his muscular shoulders and the cutest point on the end of his nose; Fred's dark-haired, and equally handsome, really. Both of them have huge twonks, at least eight inches—"

"Eight and a half," I moaned.

"Eight and three quarters," Fred grunted.

"Over eight, they say. Jud's about, oh, five feet nine or so—"

"Six."

"Six, he says, though I doubt it. And Fred's about—"

"Six one."

"Six one. Anyway, Jud's standing behind me here in the phone booth at school and he's simply splitting my little asshole with his gigantic cock; my clit's running like a watermelon in summer; I can feel Fred's balls with my left hand, he's got his big *thing* in between my bottom and Jud's stomach fucking away like it was some cute guy's asshole, and *my!* his balls are big, like Spanish lemons; I've just reached around in back of Fred and stuck my finger up his ass, in out in out in out; his ass is covered with spriggly little nineteen-year-old hairs—"

"Wow, man, fuck it!" Fred heaved forward against me.

"I don't suppose Jud here has had the pleasure of having his ass fucked yet, but he will. He will. Have you, Mr. Bechstein? Well, don't feel bad, neither has the President."

Again she pulled off, just as I was about to unload my hot cum. I took the moment to check the corridor. Empty.

She turned around to face me, with the receiver to her left ear. "Mr. Bechstein wants us to fuck in front now." She took my aching-to-cum dick in her hand and led it up into the mystical paradise of her juicy cunt.

"We're fucking in front, Mr. Bechstein, and Fred is right here by me, too. I've got his dick in my hand. My, he really is kind of gorgeous."

Holding the receiver against her shoulder and chin, with her right—no, *left*—hand, she unbuttoned my shirt, squeezed my tits between her fingers, and ran her hand over the down on my chest. "Jud's got a nice muscular chest and little downy feathers on his tits—fuck it, preppy, give it all you got! Suck his tits, Fred, go to it, man! Wow, Mr. Bechstein, you should see these boys' cocks working away, you should see Jud's cock up my aching snatch; in out in out in out; by the way, I've got very good tits, too, which Jud here is now squeezing to beat the band; they have large reddish-brown nipples which I inherited from my mother and on which preppy, Jud, is really grooving—"

There was a click inside the phone and I could hear the operator's voice: "Your five minutes are up, please insert another dime for an additional five minutes."

"Right on, honey." The chick took a dime from the ledge under the phone without breaking stride and dropped it into the phone. "Are you with us, Mr. Bechstein? Good. Jud and Fred here sound like they're about to cum; Jud has his legs around me and Fred has his legs around Jud; they're both making perfectly savage sounds. Hear?"

I was seeing white flashes, in fact. I had her butt in my hands and I lurched forward as the first hot jet of cum shot into her gut—wow! Blam!

Fred grabbed me around the waist, his dick between me and the chick. "Oooo, wow!" A stream of milk-white goo ran down my stomach.

"They're cumming, Mr. Bechstein! And I'm about to shoot buckets myself!" Her legs came up and wrapped around mine, and I held her, straddling me, as we flooded each other—Fred, myself, and the chick—with cum. She made high gasping sounds as I shoved deeper. Fred was groaning like a wild man and sucking my left tit. Through the phone we could hear Mr. Bechstein's loud panting.

"Thanks, preppy." The chick unstraddled me and stood up. "Mr. Bechstein," she said into the phone, "are you there, Mr. Bechstein? . . . You did? Just now? Oh, Mr. Bechstein, that's wonderful, just wonderful. *Vive la Révolution!* Jud and Fred here are propped up against the phone booth wall wiping the cum and cunt juice off their dicks with their handkerchiefs." She beamed up at us. I put my handkerchief back in my pocket, avoided Fred's eyes, and pulled up my jeans. I stuffed my lingering hard-on inside. Fred reached down and pulled up his dungarees.

"Thanks, man." He smiled at me.

"I'm sure it has, Mr. Bechstein," the chick was saying, "I'm sure you've bridged the Generation Gap today. Goodbye, Mr. Bechstein." She hung up, pulled up her dripping panties. Her tweed skirt skittered down. "Why don't you boys stay on and get acquainted, hmm?" She adjusted her shoulder bag

on her arm and put her spectacles on her nose. Fred and I stood aside in astonishment as she pulled open the door and stepped outside. "I'm already ten minutes late for Quantum Physics 321, so if you don't mind—" She gave her skirt a tug and went off down the corridor towards the staircase.

"Jesus." I reached down and picked up my Cipher textbook. It was covered with cum and cunt lather.

"Say, man," Fred patted me on the shoulder, "what I'd like to have now is a good old hot fudge sundae. How about it?"

"Sure, man. Why not?" I blushed and stepped out into the corridor.

"*Vive la Révolution*," Fred beamed, and started out the door.

I followed. "Yeah. *Vive la . . .*"

October 10th

I moved into Fred Cranshaw's pad on East Third Street between Avenues B and C on Friday. It's a railroad arrangement, kitchen in the middle, bedroom and john in back, living room in front. The tub, a titanic hunk of iron, sits in the kitchen under the camouflage of a wooden box. Fred's really done a neat job with the place—all Reynold's Wrap. Instead of hassling with a lot of paint and rollers, Fred bought fifty bucks worth of Reynold's Wrap and covered the walls, pipes, and woodwork with crinkled tinfoil. The effect is groovy, man! Like a cave of twinkling diamonds when we've got our magical-spinning-underwater lamp on with its multi-colored light rippling over the million little tinfoil mirrors.

True, it isn't the best light to study in, but it's beautiful to fuck by. Which takes me to Friday night. I got down to Fred's about four-thirty, in plenty of time to unpack and bathe. After the mystery chick from Quantum Physics 321 on Tuesday,

I stayed in for the next two days and studied. I didn't even ball once. There I was, screwed up under my gooseneck lamp, poring over *Wonderful Things Beyond Cathay* from *The Voyages and Travels of Sir John de Mandeville* for Ethnology 654. I whacked off a couple of times, between the Kingdom of Comania and the Kingdom of Abchaz, in the vicinity of Mount Abzor, but I didn't do any real balling. I lay there under the sheets licking my Cipher text on which Q.P. 321's cunt nectar and Fred's cum had dried, dreaming of a bizarre fantasy fuck with the Amazonians in the Marvelous Land of Bacharia.

As I say, I arrived at Fred's with bags and my complete edition of Frazer's *The Golden Bough* at four-thirty on Friday. Fred had some great grass from Seattle, grown four thousand feet up on the side of Mount Rainier, and I sat in the warm tub-water under the magical-spinning-underwater lamp, turning on and fondling my incandescent dick. I felt like jerking off there under the kitchen black light, which was making magical phosphorescence out of my soap bubbles, but Fred said he'd planned a welcome party for me with some really way-out chicks and told me to "save it for tonight". I don't think Fred is aware yet that I am capable of an infinite number of cums, one after the other, from my young dick. I went ahead anyway, and sat there in the warm water jerking away as he informed me of his intentions to introduce me, during my stay on the Lower East Side, to the Applied Art of Homosexual Pleasure which, according to him, I had undoubtedly explored in my adolescent phantasy. Bilabial fricative fellatio, alveolar labial peter-licking, peter-pulling,

and the various variations of fucking and sucking—"the works", he said.

"I ain't queer," I replied.

There I was, working away underwater on my distended dick, and he's laying this heavy homily on me: "Look, man, the trouble with you is you *talk* about guys fucking and sucking, you sure as hell *dream* about it—"

"I do not!" (I knew I did.)

"—but you're scared shitless of the *Real Thing!*"

I pulled down slowly on my soapy dick to get the pleasure of it hot, and he's going on: "How old are you, man? Nineteen?"

"Eighteen and a half." A thousand little bells tingled in the head of my cock. It rose out of the water like a submarine scanner. "Wow."

"There you are, sittin' in the tub whacking off like a midwestern farmboy—"

"What's wrong with midwestern farmboys?—OOOoo, man." My dick flip-flopped through the water.

"—Like a midwestern farmboy with nothin' around to fuck but the sheep, and I'm offerin' you my full facilities! Man, I've turned this pad into a—into *the* first and only full-scale private male fuck-aporium on the Eastern Seaboard!"

"Great man. But I ain't gay." I pulled down and held the base of my cock tight as the first delicious spasm started in my groin. "Wow."

"Mark tonight in your calendar, man. Tonight is the night your friend Fred Cranshaw introduces you to the *Real Thing.*"

Blam! I shot a fat wad, it blasted out like an underground Nike missile and headed up and over, making a parabolic orbit towards the kitchen sink. Blam! A second handful. Fred reached over and caught it midair. "Wow."

"Up to now, man, you've only had a little undergraduate assfuck in the phone booth." He lifted the glob of cum in the palm of his hand to his mouth. Like an oyster on the half-shell, it slid between his lips. "What you're in for is a graduate seminar in Twentieth Century Mid-Seventies Liberal Lust."

I, meanwhile, starry-eyed, am firing a fifth celestial load. It hits the side of the tub and clings, phosphorescent, in the black light. "Wow."

"Wait till you're cumming off in his sweet asshole and you feel that first blast of cock up your own."

"You said *chicks* were coming here tonight," said I, sinking back into my warm Babylonian pool.

"They are."

"I don't dig guys, man."

"You will," said he, leaning against the icebox giving his balls a squeeze.

Bathed and Brylcreamed for the night, Fred and I went around to the Odessa for a quick, cheap bite of Polish food and came back just in time to light a candle, turn on the spinning-underwater lamp, and get a Grateful Dead album on the machine. There were three buzzes from downstairs which signaled the arrival of our guests. Wow! Chicks! I took a cool position on the mattress near the wall (I'm kind of

shy with people at first) while Fred went to answer the door. There I was on the quilt-covered mattress with a semihard-on, waiting for the "heavy scene" to make its entrance.

I was fantasizing a mythical wildhaired Raquel Welch with seedless grapes in her mouth—me nude over this Raquel Welch Queen of Hollywood in a sixty-nine muffdive, and she popping the grapes up my asshole—when two weird chicks in caftans sidled into the room and sat down on cushions near the radiator. The spinning-underwater lamp was cutting diamonds on the ceiling and wall. The Grateful Dead was just breaking into a long, soul-splitting moan.

"Hey, man," I said in my mystical Lee Marvin voice. The girl nearest me was checking out my undergraduate dick lying shyly in a mound down the leg of my pants.

"Peace." She gave me the V-sign.

"I'm Jud."

"I'm Carol."

The girl on her right gave me the V. "I'm Cindy."

"Peace."

"Peace."

Real articulate chicks, they. Carol was tall and willowy, with pink skin and long straight red hair parted down the middle. Cindy had plump cheeks and large brown doe-eyes, a Middle Eastern face, I thought, and black hair that fell, like Carol's, six inches below her shoulders. Their hands were covered with an assortment of antique rings.

"Hey, man, this is Chester." Fred had come into the room with a cat wearing a ratty guru shirt

and dirty bells. His frizzy copperblond Afro looked like a rusty Brillo pad. Fred clonked over in his ranger boots and sat down next to Cindy.

"Peace." Chester gave me the V and sat down crosslegged on the floor.

Fred lit a joint, and there was a long silence while it made the ritual rounds. The Moody Blues twanged away on the machine. After we'd psyched out one another's vibes for about ten minutes, conversation began. Cindy and Carol were sophomores at NYU, studying pottery design, psychology, and drama (Cindy was going to be an actress, "probably in films"), and Chester was just "playing it cool" until mom and dad popped off and left him their tin fortune. He had just gotten back from the Middle and Far East and had the stuff to prove it: handwoven belt from Kashmir, thonged keychain from Marrakech, straw change purse from Ibiza, where he'd wound up in the end to "crash".

"I checked out Tunis, too, man. Wow. We hitchhiked south into the desert, living off the land. Some real weird scenes in Tunis, man."

"Like the el-Bugat cult down in Kassim," I said enthusiastically.

"Uh—yeah. Great!" He took a long toke from the joint and passed it to Carol.

"Kassim—man, that is some scene," I continued. "Fertility rites in the oasis. That's where the Cult of Tammuz was last practiced, drums and cymbals and—"

Fred shot a bored look at me. "Jud's a mythology freak," he announced to the others. "Fertility rites, you know, that kind of crap."

"Mmmmm." Carol gave me a cool smile and handed the joint to Cindy.

I leaned back against the wall. The magic-underwater lamp projected the ancient rituals into the million mirrors: Hashish smoke, black tents in the date groves, old veiled women by smouldering fires, cackling; a young Arab girl/boy is brought into the black tent, bound, her head and neck decorated with heavy silver ornaments; the liturgy begins; a procession to the nearby sea; cymbals; tambourines and flutes; women in black wailing for the dying god Tammuz; the young girl, enacting the role of Ishtar, bound with fronds and palm leaves that cut into her arms and ankles, is led to the sea where the dying god waits for his young mother, to descend with her into the waters. On a high promontory overlooking the sea, the villagers gather at the Equinox of the moon, bewailing the loss of fertility; a young Arab, chosen for his strength and beauty, comes forward from the crowd; Ishtar, spread on a flat rock, opens her thighs to him and he takes her, brutally, to the sounds of wailing flutes, heaving his cum into her virginal cunt. He rises, triumphant, to the screams and ululations of hysterical women and braying men; the girl is lifted up by a hundred hands and thrown, shrieking, from the promontory into the sea, into the arms of her waiting Tammuz. The Freeing of the Waters.

"Hey, man, you with us?" Cindy held out the tiny coal of the joint clamped between the points of an elaborate roach-holder. An Indian raga whined on the machine. Cindy moved next to me on the mattress and held the roach to my lips.

"Show him your machine," Fred said to Carol. Chester shifted next to me on the floor and chuckled. He hummed the low drone note under the raga melody, nodding to the tempo. Cindy's hand fell casually on my leg and I felt my dick start to stiffen. My head was still with Ishtar under the blue Mediterranean water, now with her savage god.

Carol reached to her side into a brightly colored Cretan wool arm-satchel and pulled out a weird-looking object about nine inches long; it had the distinct appearance of a huge erected cock with leather harness attachments at the base. Chester chuckled and wiped his mouth with the flat of his hand.

"Ever see one of these, man?" Fred asked me with a smile.

"Sure!" I gave a confident laugh.

Cindy leaned closer and her lips brushed the edge of my ear. "It's Carol's dildo. Cute, isn't it."

"Yeah! Just like the ones from Delos!" I said brightly. Mental image: young Greek girl/boy kneeling on the flower-strewn stone floor of the temple of Dionysus in Delos; male Greek, stripped, tied to a wooden post before the seven-foot stone phallus, awaits the golden flash of the priest's blade. An ear-splitting scream from the writhing Greek male and a mouthful of blood drips from the end of his cock into the golden vial; the young girl/boy opens his/her mouth and receives the communion.

"Watch her," Fred said.

Carol was on her feet. She stood in the center of the room, hiked up her caftan, and showed her lush bush of black pubis. Wow! The spinning lamp threw pastel sequins of light onto her plump white

ass. Chester got to his knees and began to harness the huge dildo to her hips—buckles, straps, he worked efficiently and deftly with the complicated apparatus. With the last buckle Chester kissed the head of the huge pink rubber prick and Carol dropped her caftan over it. Jesus H. Christ! I did mental tailspins. Cindy leaned over and chewed the ends of my long hair, humming the eerie halfnote melody of the interminable raga. Carol began to dance, the extended nine-inch cock wagging lewdly under her billowing caftan. Her rings and bracelets tinkled like finger cymbals. Chester swayed to the ritual raga. Fred, on his hands and knees, crawled laughing towards the plump gyrating body and grasped her buttocks in his hands. He opened his mouth and took the head of the dildo in his mouth through the fabric of the caftan.

"Suck it, man!" Carol shouted in her Alabama accent.

Fred lifted up her caftan and tried to find the crinkly center of her cunt with the end of his finger, giggling. His left hand squeezed the shaft of the dildo, and his right reached up through her legs and found the swaying hole of her ass. In went his index finger and she squealed with delight.

I sat there staring open-mouthed at her: high priestess, houri, Dicte, Athene, Nike, earth, fire and water! Wow!! Burning mystery of the Rig-Veda! An ancient Egyptian sits chuckling under the shadow of the Sphinx, painting phallic dances on the side of a terracotta vase. In Cambodia the rice-powdered virgin girl/boy kisses the head of the King Cobra, his/her sari splattered with venom and cum.

"Warm him up, Cindy," Fred ordered.

I felt Cindy's fingers on the fly of my jeans. I sank down on the mattress as she flicked open the buttons and took my dick out. Carol wiggled before me, the front of her caftan hiked over the wagging dildo. Fred made a gesture to Chester, moved behind Carol, and started eating out her ass. Wow! As Cindy came down on my dick, gobbling, Chester slipped across the floor and his head disappeared up Cindy's caftan. She moved onto her stomach, her head bobbing up and down over my crotch, and Chester disappeared up to his waist under her billowing caftan.

"Ouuuuu, man!" I moaned as Cindy licked the hot end of my cock with her tongue. She took my balls, one at a time, and rolled them gently in the saliva of her mouth. I unbuckled my Tom Mix rodeo belt and shoved my jeans down to my knees. Carol, on her hands and knees, pulled my desert boots off and then my jeans, flinging them across the room onto the radiator. Fred had followed her to the floor and worked her caftan off over her head. It fell at my feet in a heap. On my right I heard Chester eating away at Cindy's asshole—slurping noises under the caftan.

Carol, kneeling before me, reached under my legs with her arms and started to lift my knees. Her dildo is aimed at my asshole. "Hey man, what're you doing?!" I asked nervously.

"Fucking you." She shoved the goddamn thing towards my little pink tea-rose sphincter.

"Over my dead body!" said I, wiggling free.

Chester broke into a guffaw under Cindy's caftan and his head appeared, mouth dripping with

cunt spittle. "Shit, man, you ass-shy or somethin'?! Shoot it to me, Carol!" He spun his ass around towards her. He unbuckled his pants and pulled them off. His ass was hairless, like a girl's, firm and dimpled.

Fred jumped to his feet, stripped, and pattered out to the kitchen as Carol put the demon phallus to Chester's rear end. "Get some grease, man," Chester said with a grunt.

Cindy bounded to her feet, headed for the kitchen, and returned with a bottle of safflower oil. Giggling, she and Carol poured a tablespoon of oil on the pink rubber dick and spread it around. Carol got into position again behind Chester and started to ease the dildo head into his asshole. Mother Macree! She grabbed his thighs (they were covered with bristling blond hairs) and shoved slowly until the Thing was about two inches in.

"Go easy, man," Chester grunted. He was salivating on the floor in front of him in a little pool. Cindy was working the oil on her hands around the upright flagpole of my dick. Fred returned carrying the floor-length mirror from the kitchen and stood it up sideways beside Carol and Chester. They watched themselves in the glass as Carol eased the entire shaft of the dildo into Chester's writhing bottom. With his right hand Chester began whacking off as he watched the panting Carol working on his ass.

Fred pattered over to the machine again, his erection flopping in the breeze, and put on a heavy Jefferson Airplane acid-rock trip.

Cindy and I were in a standard front-on fuck. We were watching the scene beside us, Carol ram-

ming the dildo into Chester, while I worked Cindy's caftan over her head. She had nice tits. Large nipples with firm little points that begged to be sucked. I did, keeping an eye on the weird dildo scene and Chester's sucking bottom. Fred, meanwhile, crawled onto the mattress behind me and started eating my ass.

"Cut it out, man," I yelled. "I told you, I don't dig guys!"

He laughed, gave my cheek a slap, and moved behind Carol. I shoved my dick up to the hilt in Cindy's cunt and her legs wrapped around my thighs like an octopus. She started to claw my chest with her fingernails. Shit, man! I took her boobs and gave them a hard squeeze and she sucked in air from the pain.

Before I knew it, I'd stopped pumping Cindy. Fred had his hands on Chester's blond thighs. He was behind Carol, the three of them in a triple ass-fuck! Criminey! Fred up Carol's ass and Carol up Chester's. Then, god, if they didn't switch! Carol up Fred's and Fred up Chester's! I watched, boggle-eyed, as Fred's nine-inch zonk slithered in and out of Chester's firm little rear-end grinding away six inches from my face. Fred's black pubic bush and the fat shaft of his dick glistened with safflower oil and sweat. In out in out in out. Wow, man.

Fred shoved the guy's ass all the way down to the base of his cock, then lifted it, slowly, to the cockhead—with a long *Ahhhhh!*—and held. Chester was drooling like a spaniel on the floor. "Fuck it, man." He caught the dripping saliva and smeared it on his own meat. Fred arched his back and Carol

pulled the dildo out of his ass. He grabbed Chester's hips and shoved him down hard. Wow!! I felt it in my own asshole! The two guys hovered, backs arched, Fred with his arms around Chester's stomach and his dick buried in Chester's ass up to the hilt, and Chester jerking away in front. Jesus.

"Get over here, you cunt!" Carol barked.

I felt Cindy squirming under me. She pushed me aside and crawled, puppydog style, across the floor.

"Hey, man! What gives?!" I knelt up on the mattress with my greasy hard-on in my hand.

Cindy rolled over on her back in front of Carol, who aimed the battering ram and plunged, without a second's pause, into the girl's cunt. Cindy let out an ear-splitting scream. "You dumb dyke!" Carol yelled in her Janis Joplin southern accent. She let the chick have it across the face with the palm of her hand, then shoved the dildo all the way in. Cindy's legs rose straight up in the air. She screamed again.

I felt a mouth on my dick. I looked down and Chester had gobbled up my whole thing with one gulp. "Hey, man, I—" I started to move his head away but . . . warm lip-squeezes and rapid tongue-licks all the way down to my balls . . . wow. *A blow job is a blow job is a blow job*, I said to myself. The head of my cock tingled in his gullet. "Ouuuuu, man!"

Fred, still plowing away at Chester's ass, stopped for a second, picked up the bottle of safflower oil, and poured it over Chester's back and shoulders. "Yeah, man," Chester muttered halfway

down my aching cock. Fred spread the oil over Chester's slender waist, his muscular back and shoulders, up to his neck. Chester had me by the hips on my knees, running his lips in an O up and down my cock, squeezing tighter and pulling as he lifted to the head. Slowly. Slowly. Wow.

I heard Cindy scream a third time from the corner of the room.

Chester dived down and my cockhead hit his gullet again. Stars, white lightning flashes, Tammuz and Adonis! Celestial light! Mithra! Secret of the Perilous Chapel! Wham! I fired a load of cum down his throat from some unexplored cavern in my gut. He groaned and gobbled, jerking away on his own cock.

Fred leaned forward; his muscular pectorals met the grease-covered muscles of Chester's straining back, touched, and pressed. He groaned—*Uhhhhh*—and jolted forward, shoving his rod to the hilt. Chester's arms wrapped solidly around my stiffened thighs. Fred, his mouth open in an ecstatic O, roared up and writhed as he shot his fresh stream of cum. My hands slid down Chester's back as my cum began to flow, and I leaned forward over him, my cheek against his writhing back. At the same moment, Fred leaned forward, his face in a sixty-nine with mine, and buried his tongue in my mouth. Chester's greased muscles rippled under my hands. I wrapped my arms around his torso and felt a hot squirt of cum on the back of my hands. We squirmed, the three of us, my cum jumping down Chester's throat, Fred's up Chester's ass, and Chester's into

my open hands. I sucked Fred's tongue deep into my mouth.

Somewhere across the room Cindy screamed again, but far away now, in another world. . . .

. . . Into the calm waters of Delos' port glides a gilded trireme under sail, heavy ropes of white asphodel dangle from its side into the blue-green water. On the prow, bound with ropes of laurel leaf, stand four Greek male youths with filets in their hair. They turn and look eastward, towards the Temple of Dionysus, and listen to the faint welcoming sounds of the flute, cymbal and tambourine.

III

October 16th

"Man, you can't wear that kind of shit! That's Christopher Street drag!" Fred fell back against the bed and rolled around guffawing. I had just come out of the bathroom to model my new salmon-colored velour bellbottoms and olive green stretch sweater from the Fuchsia Fig on Second Avenue.

I flushed and sat down on the end of the bed. "Well, man, I asked the cat for something hip, and this is what he sold me." I felt embarrassed and deflated.

"Look, Jud." Fred sat up and put a hand on my shoulder. "You're a groovy-looking cat the way you are. I tell you," he reached around and gave my tits a squeeze, "with pecs like this, all you need is a T-shirt, and with a basket like this," he squeezed my semihard-on, "all you need is a firm-fitting pair of bleached jeans."

I got up and pulled the bells and sweater off. "Okay, okay, you're the cruise guide," I said for a

joke. "How do I know what turns gays on? I'm not gay, man! Just because I like a guy to suck me off now and then . . . It's a . . . primitive custom in Algerian villages, anyway . . . *everybody* in Algeria does it."

"Sure, man, sure." He lay back and chuckled. His hand came out and went up my leg. "You sure have cool legs, man, firm thighs, muscular calves—I'll bet you were on the high school track team."

"Swimming team. Lay off, Fred, I don't feel like it." I felt my dick swelling nonetheless. I turned away to look for my bleached jeans.

"What's this place like?" I tried to sound indifferent.

"The Spur?"

"Yeah. The Spur."

"A marble palace of sherbet and sodomy."

I pulled on my jeans. Mental image: Berber chieftains in shimmering jalabas on piles of Persian carpets; sweating fourteen-year-old Arab cat in G-string and finger-cymbals wiggling his ass around the hashish-filled hookah den.

I hitched my buckle and moved my cock into the left leg of my pants. "Just remember, man, I'm not sucking no cock or getting my ass fucked. I'm just going along to *look*."

"Whatever you say." Fred rolled over and plopped a pillow over his head. "And turn out the light, I want to rest up for tonight."

I took my P-jacket out of the closet, switched off the light, and headed off to the Eighth Street Bookstore to order a copy of Leopold von Schroeder's *Mysterium und Mimus Im Rig-Veda* for my

term paper on *Sympathetic Magic in the Ritual Cultural Drama of the Rishyacranga*.

Friday and Saturday nights seem to be the sacred days in the NYC Gay Calendar. There also seem to be sacred groovy "groves" where the High Rituals are performed, the grooviest ones on the West Side and in (of all places) the meatpacking district. Wow.

So I was about to get my first crack at a gay bar. A week had passed since Chester had introduced me to the ancient mysteries of Eleusis. Fred had let my "thing" with Chester ride for a few days; I'd laughed it off at school on Monday and Tuesday and told my chick friends about the "weird" cock-sucking scene I got into last Friday, because if I didn't tell them I knew Fred would. The bastard.

Come Wednesday last week and I'm sitting in the tub soaking and playing with my dick. Fred is *supposed* to be at his Economics 467 class. I'd accidentally come across a pile of porny pics in the bottom drawer of Fred's bureau under the sweaters: snaps of guys fucking and sucking, real hardcore stuff, and I took them to the tub for reading material. After all, you can't be an ostrich with your head in the ground *all* your life. Anyway, sitting there in the warm water (I spend a great part of my life in warm tubs), I started thumbing through the pics, looking at cocks in mouths, cocks in hands, cocks in asses (a cock in the ass is worth two in the hand, ha ha), cocks tied up with leather, cocks wearing metal bands (wedding rings?), cocks with gold earrings through their heads—wow, man—soapy cocks,

greased cocks, cocks of every color, circumcised and uncircumcised, little cocks, big cocks, huge cocks—and well, I started to get the old hard-on. I was lying there in the warm water, anyway, and warm water has that effect on me, I get a hard-on. I was looking at this huge cock with a metal ring around it lodged in the mouth of this Italian-looking guy. I got a real screaming hard-on and started fantasizing about the weird practices of the Fifth Century Mithra Cult in the Vosges. Esoteric fertility rites with pubescent male cocks tied up with particolored bands of string. Old men painting young dicks with vegetable dyes. Young dicks shooting cum into sacred brass chalices.

I started jerking off under water. The door opened and—*bang*. In walks Fred. Class canceled. Lady professor home sick. Autumnal vaginal flux or something. The equinox and its influence on the female menstrual ritual. I stutter. I try to slip the pile of pics behind the tub. Too late. I'm already shooting my wad off, my dick jumping up and down under water like a migrating pink salmon.

"Whacking off, man?" Fred lifts the incriminating picture out of the water where it has fallen. "Groovy, that ring on his dick, don't you think?"

My cum surfaces and floats in little white islands around the tub. I giggle.

"What we have to do, man, is get you over to the Spur." He scoops up one of the larger islands and examines it. "Can't let all this nineteen-year-old cum go to waste.

"Yup." He flicks the cum on the Reynolds Wrap wall. "There's six million guys—easily—not counting the ones still in the closet and the undecided

—waiting out there for your sweet cum and you're sitting here letting it go down the drain."

"I told you, man, I ain't queer," I hear myself announce.

"Right on, Tricky Dick. Right on."

I was up against the wall with Fred: either go to the gay bar with him on Friday night or he'd tell all the chicks in Sumerian Myths 202 that I'd whacked off all over his porny beefcake. No shy guy, Fred.

As I said, Fred ditched my drag. Which left me on Friday afternoon with my one and only pair of stand-'em-up-in-the-corner dirty bleached jeans-bells and T-shirt. "Groovy, man," Fred astutely observed as I presented myself for approval. He arranged my semihard-on in the crotch of my jeans "to its best advantage" and combed my freshly shampooed "groovy blond hair—like silk, man, like silk!"

It was ten thirty when we gagged down our last Polish sausage at the Odessa. "We'll get there before the hardcore crowd of regulars, man, before the heavy cruising begins; we'll ease you in with the early-to-bed New Jersey shift."

"Thanks." Good old Fred.

We paid the tab to the mean bitch behind the register and headed for the West Side. To the no-man's-land section of Manhattan between Fourteenth Street and Christopher Street, the docks and the meatpacking district. Christopher Street, as usual, was a buzz of spaced-out drag queens stealing fruit from Balducci's fruit and vegetable market and anxious couples from River City, Iowa out to see "The

Village". The angry ladies atop the Women's House of Detention were at recreation, throwing their used cuntrags down on the strolling crowd below.

"Where in the fuck are you taking me?" I was following Fred beside a deserted dump of a warehouse on the West Side near the docks.

"Keep your shirt on, man, we're here." He stopped at a crumbling wooden door. "Or take it off." He flashed his white teeth and opened the door.

Jesus H. Buddha. Inside the warehouse ruin was a bar! Long polished antique bar. Old-fashioned wall fixtures with forty-watt bulbs. Like a Hopalong Cassidy saloon! Twenty or so guys lined along the bar, talking and laughing. Civilized. Down the length of the long room groups of three or four, drinking beer out of cans. One of Johnny Cash's stud hits droned from the jukebox.

"Want a beer?" Fred crossed to the bar and squeezed between two guys in Gant shirts. They looked like Columbia seniors. I looked around for the tell-tale signs of gaydom: a broken wrist, a high heel sticking out from under the bar, someone with a Boys-in-the-band lisp—something! A nelly! All I saw was a bunch of guys drinking beer out of cans. One of the studs at the bar, in jeans and a sweat-shirt, turned and looked at me. I felt his eyes travel down and stop at my semihard-on. He turned back to the bar and ordered another drink.

"Don't just stand there, man. Take it." Fred was beside me with two beer cans. I took one.

"You're sure we're in the right place?" I chuckled nervously.

"What do you expect, man? *Instant rape?*" He

took me by the sleeve and led me down the gauntlet of guys towards the end of the bar. A dark long-haired hip with a beard and in dungarees turned and looked at me square in the eye as I passed. He smiled. I smiled. I blushed. He turned and followed my ass down the room with his eyes.

By my third beer I was beginning to relax. Nobody had thrown me down on the floor or ripped my clothes off.

"Oh, Jesus, man—come on. That old sex fiend myth went out in the fifties." Fred turned away to talk to the guy on his right.

The place was filling up fast: all kinds. Hips, college kids, middle-aged lawyer-looking types in Brooks Bros. suits, and a sprinkling of motorcycle leather guys in he-man boots and studded leather jackets—most of the leather set was over thirty. D. Ross and The Supremes were working out in the jukebox. One of the good ole hits. There must have been three hundred guys there by midnight. Wow! Three hundred cocklovers in one room! Wow! Standing in corners, three deep at the bar, milling up and down talking, laughing, drinking beer out of cans.

"Fred, man!" A young guy, maybe twenty-three or four, came smiling over to Fred and patted him roughly on the shoulder. "How're you doin'?"

"Great! Ted," Fred turned to me, "this is Jud."

"Hi." Ted put out his hand. I thought I detected his eyes in a quick checkout of my lithesome body.

"Hey, man," I said in my Lee Marvin voice and gave him my hand. He shook it solidly, then held it for a couple of seconds. He was of average

height, but had a better than average body, muscular shoulders, rounded pecs with firm little pointed tits shoving up under his white T-shirt. His black Italian hair was cropped. He let go of my hand.

"This is Jud's first time in a gay bar," Fred chimed in loudly. I felt like a little kid on his first day at school. I also felt like giving Fred a good belt in the balls.

"Coming out, man?" Ted's mouth spread in a wide grin. Good dental work. Clean white teeth.

"He's not gay." Fred's voice rang out loud and clear. A couple of butch numbers in leather pants and jackets next to us stopped talking, looked at us, smiled, and went back to talking.

"Yeah," I stammered, "I mean, no!"

Fred and Ted laughed.

"Hey, Ted, tell Jud here what you do for a living. Blow his mind, man." Fred was laughing and sipping his beer at the same time.

"Fuck off, Fred." Ted smiled at me and shook his head.

"What do you do?" I returned the smile.

"I'm a cop." He blushed and shifted his weight.

"The Popper Copper, he's called." Fred put his arm around Ted's neck playfully. "'Cause he pushes poppers on the side. For friends; right, Ted?"

"Actually, I'm a New Jersey State Trooper." The soft black hair on Ted's arm brushed against my hand.

"Yeah? Groovy, man." I felt a squirm down below from my cock.

A new wave of cats came through the door, and the group next to us shifted, pushing Ted against

me. Neither one of us made a move to change position. His hand was against my leg, and my arm against the smooth backside of his arm. Down in the dark below our belts, my dick was bulging in my jeans. Fred turned to ask the bartender for another beer, and his hand brushed against my fat and getting-fatter hard-on. He looked at me and smiled. "Say, man, why don't we cut up to the Spur?" He turned to Ted. "Jud's in the mood for the Spur, wouldn't you say?"

"Aren't we in the Spur?" I was beginning to sweat. The bodyheat in the room was rising fast.

"Nah. That's upstairs." Ted's fingers traveled up my leg in the dark and found my dick. He squeezed it gently.

"Say, man, I—" I made a feeble gesture of protest.

"Upstairs is more groovy." Ted squeezed again. "This is just the decompression chamber."

Outside and around the corner a dozen guys were waiting before a black metal warehouse elevator door. They were talking in low voices and laughing. At one end of the block, from where Ted, Fred and I had come, burned a streetlamp. The rest of the street was dark. A darkened pier warehouse of a shipping line squatted at the other end.

A light appeared in the small window on the metal door and the guys stepped back to let four young men off. Ted put his hand on my shoulder and followed Fred behind the others.

"Weird, man," I said to Ted. We were in a massive metal warehouse elevator, going up slowly.

Two guys talked in whispers, the rest of us were silent. One of the guys on the other side of the elevator, a redhead, eyed me interestedly. I looked at him squarely, and he averted his eyes.

"Watch your wallets in the back room; we're not responsible for anything lost or stolen; and it's three dollars at the door!" A young guy, tough-looking, in dungarees and a blue denim jacket, was at the elevator button panel. The elevator stopped and the guys poured off. We were on the third floor of the warehouse.

"Three bucks, Christ." I took out my money from my wallet and followed Ted and Fred off. In a small anteroom three tough Mafia-looking guys sat taking in money and handing out tickets. I paid my three bucks and got back what looked like two movie-theater tickets.

"Save 'em," Ted said, "they're good for two drinks."

Jumpin' Jesus. We came out of the anteroom into a huge—no, *gigantic!*—bar and dance floor. Ratty-looking, but gigantic. Red wall lights, crumbling ceiling, and huge blownup photos of nude guys. The room must have been seventy-five feet long and fifty feet wide, an entire warehouse floor, and it was chock full o' cocklovers! There must have been five hundred guys, at least, five hundred *gay* guys, wow! standing around or dancing. Otis Redding was screaming his head off from the jukebox, and the center of the room was a sea of jumping heads. On my right was a short hall leading into another part of the bar—or somewhere—and it was packed with a two-way stream of guys coming and going. I fol-

lowed Fred and Ted up to a long, three-deep bar and handed Fred one of my movie tickets.

"Beer," I called to him. He was already pushing his way through to the bartender.

"Well? What do you think?" Ted looked at me and laughed.

"Wow, man, I didn't know there were this many gays in New York. I mean, the *USA!*"

I felt a tug at my sleeve and turned. A tall, Afro-haired spade cat was next to me looking down. "Say, man, you wanta dance?"

"Uh—I just got here. I'm waiting on my beer. Thanks. Maybe later."

"Sure, man." He went off.

"Score one," Ted said and handed me a beer from Fred.

"Yeah." I chuckled and felt a little blush of pride come in my face. "Say, man—what's this *back room* everyone's talking about?"

Ted glanced at Fred. "You want to?"

"Why not." Fred started off towards the two-way crowd in the hall. "Come on."

We joined the file down the hall and pushed out into—Wow! What a freakout!—a room *twice* as big as the one in front! And with twice as many guys! A whole separate operation! Separate music system! Separate bar! And black lighting! The guys in white shirts glowed like junebugs. The music—"I Heard It On the Grapevine"—boomed out from some supersystem on the wall.

Wow again. I looked around dumbfounded.

"*That*, man, over there, is the back room." Ted pointed to the far corner of the room where guys

were coming and going through an open archway. The room on the other side was dark.

"What's going on in there?" My voice sounded a little high. Secret rites? Mysterious celebrations?

"Fucking and sucking, man, fucking and sucking," Fred turned to me and announced.

"Oh."

"Come on back. Watch or—join in . . . if you want." Ted glanced at Fred and smiled. They were teasing me.

"Nah, man." I played it cool. "I'll just hang around out here."

"Suit yourself." Fred pushed off through the wall-to-wall carpet of guys.

"If you change your mind, you'll know where to find me." Ted gave my backside a pat and disappeared.

Motherfuckers, I thought—leaving me standing here by myself. I backed against the wall and took my station, trying to look invisible.

"Hi." I looked down and this short little queen—a sissy one in floppy bells, tight sweater, and multicolored oxfords—was standing squarely in front of me with his hands on his hips. He had a vast teased-up Afro and granny glasses. Cool stuff, eh? Jesus. One thousand gays and a *fairy*—and she has to make a beeline for *me*.

"Hi." I gave her a mean look.

"Well, fuck you, sweetie." She threw her head back—"Who needs it?"—and minced off.

I was there against the wall for fifteen minutes without budging. Now and then a guy, usually pretty straight-looking, would pass and take a look at my

cock, then move on. I must have looked pretty uptight. I sipped my beer until the can was empty, then kept on sipping it, just to have something to hold onto. If there ever was a wallflower . . .

I got the courage up finally to worm my way through to the bar and hand my movie ticket to a cat in leather pants and bullet belt, who handed me a beer. "Keep it moving, boys, don't block the bar!"

It was like Grand Central on Friday in rush hour. I worked along the bar and down the side opposite the wall where I'd been. Maybe the Greeks had something, I was thinking, as I jostled through the forest of guys standing and cruising each other. "Six million men can't be wrong." I remembered Fred's words. It looked like all six million were *there*.

After all (my head was churning away) it's one of the oldest institutions. The Greeks, the Arabs, the Turks, the Japanese—well, about every civilization in history *does* it. *Has done it* since the beginning of—who knows? Jesus, the Greeks alone! They *worshipped* dicks! Item: two seven-foot, perfectly carved marble dicks on the sacred island of Delos (maybe one day I'll see them); and Egypt!—guys running around the sides of terracotta vases with ten-inch dicks up each other's assholes; the Akaramas of South America—whose men hunt during the day and sleep in each other's arms at night, with the womenfolk in the next room with the children; the Korybantēs of Phrygia, my dad's anthropological specialty, who used to dance around with their dicks in each other's mouths: home remedy for sterility.

"You look lost."

I turned and found myself face to face with a

young guy in a striped T-shirt. He looked, well—pretty groovy. Straight dark hair to his shoulders, Apache headache band around his forehead, good body, and a moustache coming on his upper lip. He smiled.

"Weird, man," I said inanely. I shook my head.

"The back room's that way." He pointed ahead about ten feet.

"I'm not—"

"I've been watching you, man," he interrupted. "You want to make the scene but you're scared, right?"

"I—" I put my beer can to my mouth and nodded.

He took me by the arm with a firm, masculine hand and led me through the dark archway into the room.

It was ace-of-spades black except for a little red bulb glowing above the archway. We moved deep into the room. No one was talking. The muffled sounds of Janis Joplin came from the bar. My eyes adjusted to the dark. God's wounds, man! A hundred shadows were crammed together, moving slowly around the room. I heard someone go "uhhhhh" nearby and looked. A big guy in a hiked-up T-shirt, his big pecs heaving, was cumming into the mouth of another guy on his knees. I could see the bottom half of his huge dick. The guy on his knees blowing was trying to get the whole thing down his throat. He gagged, spat a mouthful of cum on the floor, and went back to gobbling and massaging the guy's balls with his hand.

I got a hard-on. Bang. Like that. I felt a hand on my crotch, squeezing. I kept my face averted as the fingers undid my fly, button by button, and took my dick. An arm came around my waist and pulled me towards the side of the room into the dark. All around were guys feeling each other's erect dicks in the dim red light, guys with their pants down and their white and black bottoms (there were spades and crackers together) getting fucked, guys on their knees sucking off other guys—wow—there must have been thirty within reaching distance. Groovy sucking noises all around, too, and groans from the guys cumming. Across the room someone's bare ass was getting slapped.

The guy pulled me close—it was the guy from the bar—and took my hand to put it on his dick. A little thing, by comparison, but rock hard. I gave his dick a squeeze. My face was burning hot. He took the beer can from my hand and put it on a low ledge along the wall. His hand came over and picked up my heavy hard-on and started to rub, gently, up and down. I did the same with his. He reached up and pulled me closer, put his arms around my waist, and kissed me on the mouth. We were rubbing thighs and I could feel the lump of his hard dick against mine.

"Uhhmmmmmm." His tongue went deep into my mouth and his left hand came up and ran through my hair.

I felt hands on my legs, pulling us apart below, then a warm O of lips going down on my dick. Someone was below, sucking me off. An expert cock-

sucker, man. He went up and down on my upright eight-and-a-half slowly, working his tongue along the big vein on the underside, taking my balls in his mouth and sucking them gently—yummmmming—as though they were tender plums; going back over my dick and down, squeezing the head with his throat muscles. The guy on my lips sucked out my saliva.

I felt the top button of my pants open and a pair of hands pull my jeans down to my knees. I tried to turn to see who was behind me but my kissing guy held my head firmly in his hands. Suddenly several other guys converged on us and we were into a—Jesus—clusterfuck. I felt dicks all over my legs, hands on the line of down running up my tummy, and a firm pair of hands on my ass. They spread my cheeks open and I felt a tongue tickle my asshole. It went in. All the way. Wow! I gave in to my ass and stuck it out. The tongue went further in and I felt his mouth eating me out. The guy sucking me ran his hands down my legs to feel the hair and took my whole dick—like old Chester—up to the hilt. I felt the cum cumming. The guy kissing me pulled the tail of my T-shirt up over my chest and sucked my tits. I could see the guys around me: they were in a circle, watching and whacking off, their dicks bobbing up and down, aimed at me; a few were sucking each other and feeling my almost naked body.

I arched forward with my hips, the guy in my ass pulled back, the guy sucking went all the way down again. I looked at his head. My own body was pale next to a guy on my left whose hairy legs were heavily suntanned; *his* dick, a vast ten-inch affair, was bobbing up and down against my leg. My cock-

sucker went down hard again on my aching thing, all the way, and I started into a long cum.

My mouth opened and my back arched. The sucker at my groin grabbed my hips and shoved my cock down his gullet. I shot once, then it came—in a long easy stream—out. I felt the tongue rotate in my asshole. The dark cock against my thigh shot off a stream of hot cum on my stomach and I felt hands rubbing it over my thighs and jerking cock and balls.

I bent forward, shoving the guy on my tits away, and took the head blowing me in my arms and pushed down hard. My cum was still pouring down his throat. I held his head against my groin, half to embrace him, half to force his throat all the way down on my cock. He gagged. I held it—groaning—until I was empty.

“Whew, man.” I pulled my pants up. The crowd moved off. I felt a friendly slap on my bottom. “You sure did that okay.” I looked at the guy who had blown me so magnificently.

“Thanks,” he said simply and moved off into the dark.

Fred came up and put his arm around my shoulder and squeezed me affectionately. “How’re you doin’?”

“Okay, man.” I gave him a light poke on the chin. I felt kind of—well, proud. “This is some joint,” I added awkwardly.

“Seems to me you’re the star of the show.” Fred chuckled and moved off.

At dawn I stepped into the street with a ripped T-shirt and a load of cum on the end of my boot. I felt my back pocket. My wallet was missing.

"Shit!" I moved along the sidewalk and kicked an empty beer can into the gutter. "Fucking god-damn—"

The beer can rattled across the cobblestone street and hit the curb. I started the long walk home—alone—to the Lower East Side.

IV

October 17th

So I was "out". As I walked across Fourteenth Street to Second Avenue the sun came up, pink and hazy, over the East River. At the far end of Fourteenth the Con Edison plant with its slanted shaft cutting across the skyline belched smoke into the cool morning air. A few taxis hurtled by going east, but I felt like walking. Jesus, I kept saying to myself, six million guys are *right!* I put my hands in my jeans and felt my cock. Me? Jud stud? Gay? I read somewhere most American men have—what is it they said?—"some kind of homosexual experience at least once in their lives." But six—no *seven!*—in *one night?* "Man," I said aloud, "that last guy, what a piece of meat!"

I could still taste his bittersweet cum in my mouth. Big, man. Maybe nine inches. Barely get my fingers around it. Me on my knees in the back room of the Spur, kneeling in all that cum and godknows-what, with this gigantic cock in my mouth and my hands all over his balls and in his black, crisp, pubic

hair (my dick got hard again and I squeezed it through the pocket of my jeans), *me!*—sucking away on my first cock, hard as rock but fleshy like baby skin—*me!* Lapping up his bucket of cum like it was mother's milk! Wow. "Some kind of homosexual experience?"

I swerved to miss a doggy turd on the sidewalk. A big, husky, Greek-looking guy was shoving back the iron gates in front of a cigar store. He turned and looked me up and down. You too, I thought to myself. I could feel his eyes on my buns as I passed. Jesus, maybe they mean six million in New York alone! Six million and *one*, now.

I recalled seeing the parade of the Gay Liberation Front up Sixth Avenue. I was standing on a midtown corner as all those guys—hundreds—and gals came marching by with signs and banners saying "Gay is Great" and "Pansy Power" and "Gay Power"; all those little old ladies with their B. Altman shopping bags freaking out on the corners of Manhattan. It blew my mind. I remembered having a funny feeling of respect as I stood there trying to look straight. Kind of an awe. One of the guys, a real hip-looking cat, waved at me, gave the V-sign, and smiled—I didn't know the guy from Adam! And this little lady next to me on the curb gave me a mean put-down look. I moved away and kept walking along Sixth Avenue against the crowd. I singled out guys, tough-looking guys and fairies, all mixed together—at least what *I* considered "fairy"—and wondered what their scene was in bed. Like that hip cat in a T-shirt and bells. Did he take it up the ass? Did he suck cock? I'd gotten a hard-on thinking

about it. The parade, in fact, freaked me out and I forgot what I'd come midtown to do. I'd gone home and whacked off in the tub instead.

When I got to Union Square, the sun was half-way up. A few people were on their way to work and I, freshly turned gay and feeling the better for it, was on my way to bed. Another gay passed me, obviously on his way from an all-night ball. A good-looking cop came out of a cafeteria on the corner and I thought of Ted, the State Trooper, and his big pecs bulging under his T-shirt. The thought hit me: I was looking at men! For the first time in my life I was *openly* looking at men!

I turned the corner of Fourteenth and Third Avenue and headed downtown. Just think, man (said I, trying to get my head together), a week ago I wouldn't have balled a cat for half the stock in General Motors! At least I *thought* I wouldn't. Well, maybe *half*. I mean, so now and then I'd have looked at a guy and got a hard-on; maybe now and then I'd have the urge to fuck some cat if he had a good ass on him. You know—you're walking down the street behind some guy with long hair and you start looking at his ass—firm little melons tucked away in a pair of tight bells—and you'd, well, get a hard-on mentally—well, all right, physically get a hard-on and mentally strip the guy. Mentally you'd stick your dick up his ass and fuck him, right there on the street. You'd say to yourself that you're really thinking of a chick—ho ho. Jud, man, the plain and simple truth is, you groove guys. Face it. If gay is grooving guys, then you're gay, man.

I turned at Cooper Union and crossed Second

Avenue. Two young guys came out of the St. Mark's steambath. I'd passed the steambath often enough before, and I knew it was a gay hangout. I often wondered what the guys behind those walls and windows were doing. It used to break me up thinking about all the cats inside sucking and fucking in the middle of the day while the straight world—the horde of teenyboppers, panhandlers, and Ukrainian old folks—milled up and down outside.

The two guys came out of the bath and hailed a cab. They looked like they'd really been at it, dishevelled hair, flushed faces. Maybe they were going home to do it again. Maybe they lived together like Fred and me. Maybe they were lovers. Right on, men! You're not the only ones. I thought of all the cum shot in one night in New York alone. Wow. The flood of cum going up guys' asses and down guys' throats on *one* Friday night alone! Just think, somewhere in Manhattan at this moment some guy is groaning away over a big cock, drinking some stud's cum; and in some other bed another cat is getting it up the ass. Rivers of cum. Nightly. Guys gobbling all over the city around the clock, twenty-four hours a day! A traffic light changes, some guy shoots a wad of cum up some other guy's ass. A subway door opens, some guy is heaving his load down some other guy's throat. A nun kneels—wow—at the altar to take communion, and some guy across town kneels to take a big cock between his lips. Communion. Let alone the whacking off in private. Veritable oceans spilled daily. Maybe the universe is one long ecstatic orgasm, and as long as someone somewhere

is cumming, the earth will stay in its orbit and the crops will bud in spring. Maybe that's what the primitive cultures all knew, kind of like *children* know, and why they worshipped their cum and their cocks.

I undressed as quietly as I could and lay down on the mattress in the living room. It was six forty-five. I was still horny. I lay there between the blankets fondling my cock and thinking about the seven masterful blow jobs, the hundreds of groovy asses I'd felt, and the big cocks hanging out in the dim red light of the Spur's backroom.

I heard a patter of feet from Fred's room. He came in and stood by the door. He was sleepy-eyed and nude. He scratched his crotch, his big cock swinging like a bell, and yawned.

"How was it, man?"

"Great." I stopped feeling myself and blushed.

He rubbed his eyes and smiled down at me. "Cold this morning."

"Yeah."

He fingered his cock and yawned again. "We need more blankets."

"Yeah. Winter's coming." I looked at the lump of my hard-on under the blanket.

"You cold under there?" He squeezed his cock lightly.

"Yeah. Kind of." I swallowed. The cum taste was gone.

"Why don't I get a blanket and . . . uh . . . get in there with you?"

"Uh—yeah. Sure, man. Come on in."

Fred went into his room and came back with his ragged blue blanket. He spread it over and crawled in beside me.

"Warm?"

"Yeah. Toasty, man." I felt his leg touch mine. We were facing each other. I let my hand fall to my side and lie against his thigh. It was muscular and covered with soft straight hair. I felt his cock harden and touch mine. He brought his arm across my shoulder and we looked at each other. For the first time I saw his long dark eyelashes and the cool blue-green of his eyes. His mouth was bow-shaped, like the mouth of a Greek sculpture of an athlete. His auburn hair fell over his shoulder and cheek. He pulled me towards him, and for the first time I felt how gentle a male body could be. It was not all the rough action of the Spur. I let my arm slide along the curve of his side and my hand cradle the small of his back and linger on the soft baby hair at the base of his spine. Our cocks were pressed together. He pulled me still closer until his arms were around me. I brought my arm up his back again and held him as we kissed lightly on the lips. Four times. He smiled faintly and kissed my chin. His leg came over and gathered mine into a coil. I moved closer, opened my lips, and covered his mouth. Our tongues met and felt slowly—around, in, above, below—the interior of our mouths. He made a slight groan of pleasure and embraced me tightly, his right hand feeling down my side, over my ass, and back up again.

"Oh, man, you are beautiful." He pulled away and smiled broadly.

I was at a loss. I wanted to say the same words to him, but they sounded inadequate on my lips, repeated like that. I kissed him instead—fully, with my tongue in his mouth, and held his auburn head in my hands. I licked his chin, his lips, the bridge of his nose, the lashes of his eyes. He returned the favor, turning my head and licking the insides of my ears, which sent a chill of pleasure through my body.

"Fuck me, man," he said softly. "Fuck me."

I hesitated. His hand was on my waist. He pulled me forward again. I touched his ass. It was firm and downy.

"I really want your sweet cock up my ass, man."

"Okay." I shifted awkwardly, waiting for him to make the first move.

"On my stomach first. Then on my back." He pulled off the covers, got up, and went to the bedroom. He came back with a tube of KY and got into bed.

"I . . . I've never fucked a guy before," I said shyly. "You'll have to kind of . . . help me."

"Do you want to?" He lifted his head and looked at me.

"Yeah. Like crazy, man."

"There's nothing to it. Just take it easy when you go in." He squeezed a glob of KY out and rubbed it over my hard-on. "Relax." His hand on my upright cock made spirals of pleasure up my body. Wow, man.

He ran another glob out into his hand, turned over on his stomach, reached around behind, and greased up his ass. I got on my knees and straddled

him, rubbing my hard-on and looking at the gorgeous ass below. He finished KY-ing himself.

"Okay, Jud, man. Just take it easy on the way in."

My head was throbbing. I bent my dick down and put it between his ass-cheeks. He reached around, squirming, and guided it into his asshole. "Ouuuuu, man . . . Take it easy."

My first impulse was to shove it all the way in. I was bustin' to cum, but I held off and eased in slowly—wow—my cockhead first, then halfway in. He groaned and squirmed. I pulled back and waited a few seconds.

"Yeah, man." He raised his ass slightly.

I took his hips, kneeling over his ass, and pulled him up on my cock, all the way, slowly. It was like I'd been fucking guys' asses all my life, like I knew all the subtleties since the dawn of the world. We both made sounds like animals gently loving each other. I lowered his hips and extended myself over his body, my cock all the way up his asshole. I bit his neck gently through the long auburn hair, shoved my hands under his chest and felt his massive pecs. I began to work my cock up and down and around in a spiral motion inside him.

"Fuck it, Jud man, go on, man." He turned his head up and put his mouth on mine. He sucked my tongue in and out, blew air in and out of my mouth, drank my saliva. I fucked. We both began to sweat. I raised myself up, squatted over him, my dick bulging in his ass, and shoved all the way up, in.

"Wow, man! You hit it, now fuck it!" He

started to work rhythmically with me, shoving his ass up and down as I pushed in and out.

"Shit, man, you are fuckin' beautiful!" I looked down at the sweating muscular back and the ass sucking away at my cock. "I want to come in your ass, man, I want to come buckets in your ass!" I feverishly pushed in and out.

"Wait. Fuck me on my back." Without pulling off, he turned, raised his leg, and screwed around onto his back. "I can cum if you fuck me on my back." He was panting. His cock flopped against his stomach. It was rock hard and over an inch thick. He squirted a glob of KY on his cockhead and spread it around.

I raised his legs over my shoulders, my dick still deep in his ass, and shoved all the way in.

"Ehaahhhhhhh—" he sighed and grabbed my long hair. "Go on, man, I love your big cock in my ass oh how I love your big cock up my ass fuckit-hardman you . . . are . . . beautiful!"

I pushed his legs back until they touched his shoulders and our mouths came together. We sucked at each other's mouths, drinking saliva, drinking breath. I rubbed my hands up and down the soft brown hair on his thighs, squeezed his firm muscles, and fucked—shoved up his ass until my balls banged, eight-and-a-half up his tight asshole, the KY going squish, both of us panting like retrievers after a wild duck, and I felt the cum welling up in my groin—"I'm gonna cum, man!"

"Kiss me—Ahhhh!" He pulled my face down to his and grabbed his own cock. "Jesus, God—!"

He jerked on his cock a couple of times and shot a stream of cum over both our stomachs.

I started to unload. I slammed hard into his ass—in out in out in out—fast, and the cum poured out, a long steady cum, my cockhead somewhere far up inside his hot stomach, plowing his gut. The cum poured out of his cock and spread over our chests heaving together for air.

With a final spasm I felt the last of my cum flow out of my cock into his belly. His cock stopped jerking. We held motionless for a moment, then with a sigh I pulled out and lay on top of him. Our stomachs and chests squirmed with his slick cum between us. I covered his mouth with my lips and he brought his hands up my sides to embrace my shoulders. Our legs coiled.

“Welcome out, man. Like I say, you are beautiful.” He ran his hands through my hair and across my cheeks. I took his head in my hands, lowered my face into his long auburn hair to smell the sweet odor of his sweat, and kissed him on the neck.

V

October 22nd

I'm lucky. Eighteen-and-a-half and *out*. Think of it—I could have gone on till twenty-five or thirty and never sucked a cock or fucked a pair of boy's buns. I mean, can you imagine if I'd gone on “playing straight” how many cocks I'd have missed by the time I was thirty? Come January—I'm Capricorn—I'll be nineteen, which means if I don't drop dead sniffing poppers or get run over on St. Mark's Place, I might easily have forty-odd years ahead of cocksucking and assfucking. On the conservative average, say, of four a week—assuming I slow down as I get older—that'll be two hundred and eight a year, two thousand and eighty every decade, eight thousand three hundred and twenty in forty years! Let alone the asses. What if I live to be ninety? A good *horny* ninety. Eighteen thousand seven hundred and twenty cocks in a lifetime.

Yesterday was my fifth day out in the gay scene. Wednesday afternoon. Someone or other's birthday. Legal holiday. Banks closed. School closed.

About four in the afternoon I wandered into the Christopher Street subway john, one of New York's Greater Tearooms, as the guys call them. I'd been at the Spur the night before, in fact I'd been at the Spur all *five* nights before, doing my thing, but I was still horny. I was just coming from this number's apartment over on Charles Street where we'd made the scene the livelong night before and he'd told me about the "tearoom". So—true to my inquisitive nature, I paid a call. There was this good-looking spade cat in the john when I walked in, maybe twenty-two. He was taking a piss in the urinal. I stepped up to the adjoining bowl and pulled out my semihard-on. Next to me was this nine-inch cock sticking straight up in the air—and fat, man—like an inch-and-a-half. I coughed and rubbed my dick up and down a couple of times and lo—the cat turned and proffered his mind-blowing erection. I went down. It was like a mouthful of black satin. I pulled up and down on it with my mouth a couple of times to work up a good saliva (I was fast becoming a very good cocksucker) and he put his hands on my head and shoved down—all the way—and wham! came with his cockhead deep in my throat. I gagged. There was a shuffle outside the door. The cat spun around and stood in front of the urinal.

"Cool it, man," he said flatly.

I quickly got to my feet and stood in the next slot to the spade cat as a big hunk of cop stepped inside the john. My erection fell, but not fast enough.

The cop came over twirling his big stick and looked at the two of us. "I ought to bust your asses,"

he said in a he-man voice. Fortunately, he hadn't caught us *in flagrante*. . . . Fortunately, too, I thought at that moment, the spade cat next to me has a big afro hairstyle and lots of Black Power buttons. I stuffed my dick back in my jeans and made for the tearoom door. The spade cat took his time, gave the cop a cool smile, and started to piss in the urinal. The cop touched my arm with his big stick as I passed and stopped me. "Don't let me catch you in here again, buddy."

"Yes, officer. Thank you, officer," I said humbly and charged out the door onto the subway platform. As the door closed I heard the spade cat's voice: "Officer Klotz! How you been, man?! I thought you was over on Fourteenth Street suckin' dick on the IRT Line!"

Wow. I laughed all the way to the Lower East Side. Fred was on the phone when I got home. "Sure he will," he was saying as I came through the door. "Jud's never been to a gang bang," he looked up at me, "have you, man?"

"Who's that?" I hung my coat on the hook in the closet door.

"About all he's had of the gay scene is the Spur," he chuckled, and winked at me. "He hasn't missed a night yet, Tom. 'Course I don't think he's had his ass fucked yet, but he will. He will." He laughed raucously.

"Who are you talkin' to, man?" I crossed to the bed and stood over Fred.

He glanced up at me with a nasty look on his face. "We'll be there about ten, Tom. I guess you need some poppers . . . Sure. Cool. See you." He

hung up and looked at me. "Since you're such a horny stud I thought you might like to get in on a gang bang. Tom Kitto's having about twenty guys up tonight."

"Yeah, fine, I wouldn't mind a gang bang; but what's this stuff you're handin' out on the phone, man; just what's—"

"Where have you been?" Fred looked at me coldly.

"What d' y' mean, where have I been?" I flushed with anger. What the fuck was *he* drilling me for?

"I mean," Fred got up off the bed and crossed the length of the room, "it's five o'clock in the afternoon, man, and you haven't been home since seven last night, that's what I mean!" He riveted me squarely; he was panting faintly.

"Well? So what? I went home with this number from the Spur last night. I stopped in at the tearoom, too. So what?" I was raising my voice at Fred for the first time.

"I don't want to hear about it." Fred left the room and went into the kitchen. I followed him.

"Say, man, what gives?" I stared at him with genuine astonishment.

"Listen!" He wheeled around and pointed a finger at me. "You've been out screwin' around every night since last Friday, you've done the tearooms," he broke into a yell, "so what are you tryin' to do, suck every cock in New York before you're twenty?!"

"As a matter of fact," I looked at him threateningly, "I suck half, the other half sucks me."

"Great, man! Big cocksucker, eh?! Tell me, Jud, have you had it up your ass yet, have you offered *your* ass to anyone yet?" His face was red, he was holding back a burst of rage.

"What're you driving at?" I started towards him, fist clenched, ready.

He grabbed my arms and held me. "Well, tonight, man," he gave me an ugly smile, "we'll see how many cocks you can suck; do you think you can handle twenty?! Or how about twenty cocks up *your ass* for a change?!" He pushed me aside and slammed into the bedroom.

I followed again. "What's gotten into you?!" I yelled.

Fred exploded. "Every night, goddamnit, every night for the last five days you've come draggin' in here at four in the morning, five o'clock in the afternoon *today!* What do you think this is, man, a *crash pad?*!"

"I pay half the rent. I can do what I want." I was shaking with anger.

"Well, what about me, goddamnit?!" Fred's eyes started with tears; he turned away quickly, his voice quivering. "You don't know a goddamn thing," he covered his mouth to stop from sobbing, "you don't understand a goddamn thing."

I started towards him. "What's wrong, Fred? I—"

He whipped around to face me. "I put my arms around you night before last and you were so smashed you *didn't even know it!*" We looked at each other for a moment. Fred started to cry again. "Don't look so goddamn surprised! So you've

come out! Big deal! Five days and you think you're the biggest stud on the West Side! You don't see anything, do you? only your big cock!" He turned away and slammed his fist against the john door. "Why in hell do you think I'm awake when you get home, you bastard?!" He sputtered saliva and covered his face.

"Hey, man, come on, I—" I went up behind him and touched his shoulder. "I didn't think," I said meekly. I put my arms around his waist and held him.

"The other night," he wiped his nose with the flat of his hand, "last Friday night, when we made the scene for the first time, I mean made it *alone*, I donno, I didn't plan on anything like this happening—you did something to my head, you've fucked my head, man—" He started to cry again.

"Jesus." I leaned towards him, put my arms around his chest, and kissed his neck. "Fred, man, I'm . . . not ready for this kind of scene . . . I'm just not ready to . . . *love* a guy."

He turned and covered my mouth with his lips. He held my head tightly in both hands. His tears, the phlegm from his nose, mixed with our saliva. I grabbed the back of his neck and held his head. He pulled away. "I'm sorry, man, I'm really sorry. You're a goddamn funky bastard," he held onto me, the tears running down his face, "and I *love* you."

"Love me?" I swallowed the words.

"Yeah." He let his head fall back against the wall. "Yeah." He sighed heavily and wiped his nose again. "But you're not ready for a heavy scene."

"No." I backed away.

He looked at me and smiled gently. "Okay. Okay. Be cool, man. Maybe someday . . ."

I shoved him awkwardly on the arm. "Give me time. Just give me time."

For a change we ate dinner at the Wing Su on Second Avenue. We shared a sweet-and-sour pork dish, mostly cornstarch and syrup with a couple of stray bits of pork in it, and a dish of assorted Chinese vegetables. Fred fished out the snowpeas, with my permission, and I fished out the water chestnuts with his. We finished eating and ordered a couple of beers. Kitto's apartment was on Forty-fourth and Second Avenue. It was only nine thirty and we had an hour to kill.

"You look fine. Stop starin' at yourself in the mirror." Fred lit a cigarette.

I continued to stare at myself. "Bells and a goddamn T-shirt; man, I sure am in a rut."

"Some rut." Fred took out two dollars from his wallet and put them on top of the dinner tab. "How much money have you got?"

"Eight bucks. I need three of them for the van Schroeder book I ordered from the Eighth Street Bookstore." I brushed my hair back and rubbed my teeth with the end of the napkin.

"Why don't you hit your old man for some bread? I thought he was a rich anthropologist."

"My parents are in Tunis. Digging out Carthage." I took out two dollars and added them to the pile. "I get a hundred bucks a month to live

on. I'm *supposed* to be staying at the dorm, you know. This is the last of this month's, man, the *last*."

"Good." Fred looked at me and smiled. "Maybe poverty will keep you out of the Spur—at *home*. God knows, nothing else seems to. Come on. Let's cut."

We took the Lexington Avenue subway to Grand Central and walked the rest of the way.

"Nervous?" Fred pushed open the door of a brownstone and buzzed the button next to the name *Kitto*.

"How do I look?" I checked my face in the window of the foyer door.

"Fine. What did you do with your dick?"

I looked down at my crotch. Fred reached over and stuck his hands down my pants. The door buzzed open and Fred dragged me through the door into the corridor. He moved my dick to the side of my pantsleg. "This is the best introduction you can have to a gang bang, man; make the best of it."

We started up the stairs. On the fourth landing Fred pushed a doorbell. "Well!" A young guy in a red sweater and dungarees opened the door immediately. "You may be at the wrong door but you've got the right party, boys! Come in!"

The music blasted through the open door, Gladys Knight and the Pips, *Silk 'n Soul*. I followed Fred in. There were about fifteen young guys in the living room. A layer of cigarette smoke hovered under the dim moonblue bucket lamps suspended from the ceiling. Two guys were dancing slowly in

the middle of the room, their arms around each other, their mouths locked in an extended kiss. Nobody seemed to notice. Most of the guys were standing around in groups of four or five, talking.

"Throw your coats in the bedroom." The guy in the red sweater led us down a short corridor and indicated a pile of coats on the bed. Two shirtless guys were lying on top of the coats, kissing. "Here." The guy in the red sweater took our coats and threw them on top of the couple. "Listen, you two," he slapped one of the guys on the shoulder, "if you decide to strip and fuck on top of these coats and if you get *any shit on mine*, I'll make you *eat it off*!" He spun around and took Fred and me by the arms. "Come on, men," he pulled us through the door, "let's get a drink and find our hostess, I think she's sucking cock in the kitchen." We followed the red sweater down the corridor into the living room.

"Hey, Kurt!" A guy in leather trousers, knee-length black riding boots, and a leather jacket was just coming through the front door with four other guys. "Jesse!" The red sweater, Kurt, made a beeline for the door and hugged Jesse around the neck. Jesse was tall, over six feet, and his straight blond, almost white hair was combed back over his forehead and reached his shoulders. Several guys around Jesse greeted him.

"Jesse, this is—shit, I forgot to ask your names." Kurt led Jesse towards Fred and me.

"Hi. I'm Fred," Fred extended his hand, "and this is Jud."

Jesse shook Fred's hand and then mine. His

eyes stopped for an instant on my semihard-on. "Hey, man," he smiled at me interestedly, "didn't I see you at the Spur recently?"

"Probably," Fred answered for me. "If you can't find Jud at home at night, you can always find him at the Spur." There was a barb in his voice.

"Fred, baby!" A dark-haired guy in a polo shirt came out of the kitchen and headed towards us. He was short and stocky with a tough muscular body. Kurt was introducing Fred and me to the other guys. He interrupted his introduction: "Tom, why don't you change that fucking music; who wants to listen to Doris Day?"

Tom, our host, gave Kurt a swat on the buns. "She always spoke well of you, baby. Hi—" he put out his hand towards me, "you must be Jud."

Ten pairs of eyes turned and looked me over. "Yeah." I used my Lee Marvin voice again. "Hi." I offered my hand.

"Fred's been telling me all about you."

"Has he?" I blushed and glared at Fred who was smiling.

"What would you like to drink?" Tom put his arm on my shoulder. He had large brown eyes and full dark lashes.

"Uh—maybe a beer."

"Yes. Jud only drinks beer," Fred said sarcastically, and moved away with Kurt and two others towards a table set up as a bar across the room.

"Why don't we dance first, then I'll get you a beer; this party is still on the ground." Tom looked down at my cock nestled in my jeans. He grinned.

"Sure, man." I followed him to the center of

the room where six guys were dancing to Doris Day's "Count Your Blessings". Tom put his arms around my waist right off and pulled me close. He was short enough for his head to cradle in my neck. "Hmn, baby," he said softly, "do you feel good!"

"Thanks." I raised my eyes and saw several guys along the side of the room looking in my direction.

Someone lowered the lights a little more. Two more guys came through the front door, and there was a loud greeting over the music. An arm came out of the dim smoke-filled light, and I felt a hand against my nose with a benzedrene inhaler. A popper. I sniffed and handed the popper to Tom. He sniffed. Wow. We both took off—up—out—away. I felt his cock against mine and got a hard-on. His hands went down my back and felt my ass. He raised his face and kissed me on the mouth, opening my lips with his tongue. I took the inhaler from his hand and pushed it into my nose again. My head flew. The blood rushed through the open flues of my veins. The layer of cigarette smoke undulated in the dim bluish light.

The music stopped and Tom stepped back. "Thanks, baby. Now I'll get you that beer like a good little host." He went off through the forest of milling guys.

I felt my jeans for my cigarettes. Damn. They were in my coat. I pushed past several guys who had stopped dancing and were kissing, waiting for the next record. The corridor was dark. At the far end I felt a hand on my ass and another pull at my waist. Some six or seven guys, I could see their

figures in the light coming from the living room, were standing in a circle, nude, outside the bedroom. One of the guys, a short fellow with a crew-cut, stepped across the circle towards a big muscleman with a huge erected cock. He knelt, grasped the guy's hairy thighs, and went down on the huge—no, *gargantuan* cock. The other guys watched, feeling each other's erections. A hand on my right reached over, unbuttoned my fly, and my cock sprang out fully erected. A hand on my left pulled up my T-shirt and felt my chest. "Why don't you take all this off?" I heard the guy on my left whisper.

He followed me into the bedroom and pulled my T-shirt over my head and off. He knelt down, unbuttoned my bells, and pulled them down to my ankles. I kicked off my boots. He lifted one foot, then the other, and jerked off my bells. He made a low *hmmmm*, ran his hands up my legs, over my chest, and came down on my cock. From the bed I heard the quick gasps of a guy cumming. I turned around. The bathroom door was open a crack. A thin slab of light hit the bed across the room. The coats had been pushed to the floor and two guys were at it, fucking. The guy on his back had his legs straight up in the air, and the guy fucking him was in the middle of a wild cum, his arms locked around the other guy's legs, his back raised in an arc. He grunted and fell, pushing the guy's knees up around his head. The guy at my feet stood up, went over to the bed, and motioned me to follow.

He was a big number with brawny biceps and a thick coat of black hair on his calves. His hair was cropped close, marine-style. He lay on the bed

beside the other two, reached over to a bedside table, and dipped his fingers into a huge open jar of Vaseline. I went over to the bed, my cock swaying like a flagpole in the wind, and watched as he raised his legs and massaged the Vaseline into his asshole. My cue.

I mounted him, grasped his hairy calves, and shoved into his ass, pulling hair inside with my cock. The guy just fucked sat up and shoved a popper up my nose. I sailed off again and came forward on the marine to grind my cock all the way up his ass. He took the popper, sniffed, and let out a groan of pleasure.

Someone was behind me, another beside the bed on my left. A pair of hands felt my hips and then my ass. I pushed into the marine, grabbing him by the neck to force my throbbing cock into his gut. The pair of hands spread my cheeks behind, and I felt someone eating out my ass. Wow. A pair of knees appeared on the bed beside me and I heard the sound of whacking off above. Suddenly there were three guys on my right, two of them in a sixty-nine, the third one fucking the guy on top. I leaned my head over, without breaking stride in the marine, and stuck my tongue out to lick the massive cock going in and out of the guy's mouth beside me.

"Don't come yet, man." The marine guy pulled off my cock and pushed me down on my back. We were in a spaghetti of arms and legs, heads, and cocks. A spade cat crawled between my legs and started sucking me off. A pair of legs swung over my head and I opened my mouth to take the marine's fat dick. Someone pulled my arms back and

I felt a tongue licking the hair in my armpit. I looked to the side and saw Kurt squatting on his hands and knees. Jesse was just shoving a long cock into his ass. Kurt squealed: "For God's sake, Jesse, take it easy!"

I was on the point of cumming into the spade cat's mouth. I lifted him off my cock and sat up on my haunches. Some ten or twelve guys were on the bed and on the floor around the bed, sucking and fucking to beat the band. A chubby guy standing next to the bed, watching the scene and whacking off, shot a hot wad of cum into my face. I opened my mouth and caught some of it, the rest hit my chest and shoulders. Someone's hands reached around from behind and spread it over my neck and hair. The sound of Miriam Makeba's voice filtered in from the living room.

A young Puerto Rican with a small, firm, hairless body scooted onto the bed and pulled my legs over his chest. I straddled him and put my dick to his lips. I felt fingers behind me searching for my asshole. The Puerto Rican stopped sucking, flipped over onto his stomach, and raised his ass. I squirmed down and put my cock to his sweet hole. The fingers behind found their mark and I felt a glob of Vaseline at the pearly gates of my tight little asshole. I reached around behind and shoved the hand away, and at the same time shoved into the Puerto Rican guy's ass. He groaned something in Spanish and arched his dimpled ass, putting me in a doggy position behind him. I shoved in hard. The fingers at my asshole went in. I started to reach behind again, but someone shoved another popper

into my nose. My vascular system exploded this time and I zoomed off—far off. The slab of light from the bathroom became the tail of a comet, the music from the other room the echo from a satellite in space. My cock was blossoming in the ass of my Puerto Rican and I leaned down to eat out his mouth. He twisted his head up and took my tongue with his small teeth. The popper plowed into my nose again. Behind me I felt the splitting ache of a cockhead blasting into my virgin ass; I writhed; I yelled; but I was starting into a cum; the cock puncturing the eye of my asshole went in—deep—and I felt my whole backside split open—Mother of God!—I constricted; I tried to pull off without losing the first shot of my own cum; the guy behind held my hips and pushed in to the hilt—Jesus!—it felt like the cockhead hit the roof of my stomach—I yelled again, fighting him, still launching my cum into the Puerto Rican; my fucker pushed in and out fast, ripping out my insides; the room turned upside down; someone shot cum into my face; I heaved hot meteors of cum into the Puerto Rican's gut; my ass muscles gave way; someone slapped my ass, and I felt a pool of hot liquid spill into the base of my stomach; my own stream poured out in spasmodic heaves; the guy behind me gave out with a long *ahhhh!*, came forward, and grabbed me around the stomach. I felt the down of a muscular chest on my back, writhing. I stretched out flat over the back of the Puerto Rican guy to let the last drops of milk ooze from my cock into his ass. The guy in my ass followed suit, lying on top of my back. He stroked my hair and kissed the back of my neck.

I squirmed after a moment and pulled out of the Puerto Rican guy, pushing the guy in me off.

"So you like getting your ass fucked, after all."

I sat up and turned around. Fred, smiling, reached over and pulled my face towards him. We kissed.

VI

October 25th

This afternoon, Sunday, is one of those steel-blue October days in New York. I'm sitting on a park bench in Tompkins Square—in *Eden*, as the locals call it, for east of here lie the tenements of Greater N.Y.'s rejects from the black and Puerto Rican population. The smoke from a pile of burning dead leaves at the far end of the park hangs overhead in the limbs of the trees. I read a few pages of Prof. von Schroeder's *Mysterium und Mimum im Rig Veda*, stop, and smell burning leaves: autumn, the sweet odor of a sleeping fertility god. The bell atop the Ukrainian Catholic church down the street rings seven times. A white German Shepherd has just left a steaming turd on the cold sidewalk in front of me. Across the street from the park, people are standing at the sidewalk window of the snack stand with wedges of pizza in their mouths. A black Cadillac limousine circles the park, looking out of place. A bum down the sidewalk with his hand out says over and over, "Hey, mister, can

you help me out?" to the air. He stops and absently feels the cock in his baggy trousers. On the fourth floor of a tenement a guy stretches in front of a window. He is nude. He rubs his chest and moves away. I get a hard-on watching. I try to read the book on my lap, but I can't. I think of Fred. I feel the harmony of everything happening around me in the park. Maybe this is what they call love.

I think I have been falling in love for four days. Four days ago I remember saying to Fred: "I'm just not ready for a heavy scene." We went to the gang bang that night, and I got fucked for the first time. By Fred. When we got home that night about four a.m. he fucked me again. He got into my ass the next morning, too, when we woke up. That afternoon, we were back in bed and I did the fucking. We fucked all day Friday, and Friday night Fred made dinner, stuffed Rock Cornish hens with creamed potatoes and buttered broccoli. We bought two bottles of Yago Spanish wine. We had chocolate ripple ice cream afterwards. We lit candles and Sri Aurobindo Ashram musk incense. We listened to J. Joplin's album *Pearl*. We fucked after dinner until three a.m. and then again Saturday morning while we were watching "Sabrina and the Groovie Goolies" on the tube. By Saturday noon I was pretty much in love with Fred.

All right, I'm eighteen-and-a-half, and maybe some wise wits will say that love isn't two people sharing a special Rock Cornish hen dinner and two bottles of dollar wine, or cuddling all night in the warm arms of an affectionate guy, or knowing what the other guy is thinking without talking, or spend-

ing half the day with him in bed fucking or getting fucked. All I know is, one day I'm telling him I'm not ready for a heavy scene, and the next day I'm holding him in my arms and feeling like I never want to let go. Maybe it has to do with his being the first one to fuck me. Maybe when he opened my tight little ass with his cock he also opened my soul.

I may be inexperienced and romantic—a kid—but personally I think love is a matter of vibrations. Fred and I vibrate on the same frequency. We send out vibrations of togetherness. We walk in an electrical field of the same voltage. We have the same number of electrons, protons, neutrons, and positrons. We are held together by the same quantum of energy, and when an outsider bombards us with alien and hostile energy we emit one single bright and burning photon. Anyone who comes into our field of vibrations experiences the bond between us and is either attracted or repelled. I know that love is a vibrational force. Let me give you one homely example:

When "Sabrina and the Groovie Goolies" was over and we'd filled each other with sweet cum for the *n*th time, Fred said to me, "Hey, man, you know what?"

"What?" I asked.

"I've got twenty bucks and you've got nine. Why don't we take ourselves up to Bloomingdale's and buy us some new sheets and towels?" He lifted the sheet and stuck his foot through a gaping hole. "Look at this, man, it's uncivilized!"

We dressed and caught the Lexington Avenue subway up to Fifty-ninth Street. Saturday afternoon

was sunny and warm, and the sidewalks of Second Avenue around St. Mark's Place were like flower beds: beautiful and colorful freaks of every description and persuasion. I kept stealing looks at Fred—his reflection in store windows, from behind—as if I were seeing him for the first time. The wind picked up his long auburn hair and held it back and he looked like a barbarous Viking. He walked in long strides with a hint of muscle in the calves of his jeans. People took a double look at his handsome face set in the wooly white fur of his jacket collar. I wondered if the line of my jaw was as strong and chiseled as his. Our hands brushed together as we crossed Sixth Street. It was like a kiss. I judged he was an inch taller than myself. A young blond guy passed us on the corner of Seventh Street and looked at Fred. Sexual desire flickered on his face like a neon sign on Times Square. He glanced from Fred to me, and I knew from the look he gave us that he had walked into our vibrational field.

The people in the subway car were in our vibrational love field, too. A middle-aged woman with a little girl about five years old kept giving us a look of vague curiosity, as if a question was trying to form itself in her mind. The little girl sucked her thumb and stared at us. It was the little girl who understood everything, though she did not know she understood. A balding man who looked like a salesman for the Plastic Sexual Aids Co. kept looking at us as if he expected Fred and me to embrace at any moment. Fred and I neither touched nor made any gestures of affection—tactile, that is—and yet

those who looked at us in the subway car felt the radiation of our love-vibrations.

"Sheets and towels are on the seventh floor." The saleslady behind Bloomingdale's "better bags" counter looked through her rhinestone spectacles at Fred and me. I could tell by her look she was thinking "longhaired fairies". (Newlyweds in the homosexual community usually make a point of hitting Bloomingdale's that first Saturday with dreams of setting up a "proper house".) Her voice was sharp, almost commanding (women of this ilk, when confronted with gays, invariably take a high masculine tone): "Take the escalator to your right." She disappeared behind the neon-lit counter of better bags.

Fred and I like to ride escalators. On the way up we passed the long line of mattresses and springs on display near the escalator. Two guys, obviously gay, were looking over a king-size mattress. While the salesman freaked out nearby, the two guys got onto the mattress together and lay side-by-side, bouncing up and down. Fred and I cracked up and gave the V-sign to the guys as we ascended to the seventh floor.

Up

up

up

"Straight back to your right," a young guy in corduroy trousers and a tight blue sweater looked up from the display of draperies he was arranging and pointed. "*Hmnn*," he murmured as we went off down the aisle.

"Just what did you have in mind?" Our towel-

and-sheet saleslady was about fifty, with blue-tinted hair and a little network of wrinkles around her thin mouth. She lifted her head, forced a smile, and narrowed her eyes.

"Well, ma'am, maybe something in stripes." Fred cocked his insultingly good-looking head and smiled pleasantly.

"Single or double?" she asked with a tiny hint of challenge. A card on her breast read *Mrs. Fawcett*.

"We have a queen-size bed, Mrs. Fawcett," I beamed at her. It was apparent her mind was divided into two categories, homosexual and heterosexual, and everything from gardening to politics was grouped under one of these headings.

"Queen-size, do you?" Mrs. Fawcett started down the aisle behind the counter. On her toes today, she. "Will you come this way, please?" It sounded as if she was leading us to the gas chamber. She'd been doing in queens in the sheets-and-towels department for years.

Fred looked at me, smiled jokingly, and put his arm over my shoulder. We followed Mrs. Fawcett to a counter of bed sheets. She turned, started to speak, and saw Fred's arm lying innocently over my shoulder. "Uh—" Her eyes flickered; she was foundering in the electrical field of our love. She regained her sales cool and went on, "We have these in blue and white stripes." She couldn't resist adding with a pleasant, meaningful smile, "They're very masculine, don't you think?"

Fred took his arm from my shoulder and sauntered over to have a feel. "Yeah. Yeah, man. Hey—" He turned to me: "Come have a feel of these groovy

masculine sheets." Trying not to crack up, I went over and felt the sheets.

"Do you think this fabric will stand a lot of stress and strain?" Fred looked at Mrs. Fawcett seriously.

"Oh, yes. They're reinforced cotton," she replied in a thin high voice. She fidgeted absently with her nametag.

"Hey, man," I gave Fred a light punch on the shoulder, "how about something a little gayer? You know, flowers or something?" I looked at Mrs. Fawcett. "Have you got anything in that line, Mrs. Fawcett?"

"Yes. We do. We have *gayer* things. We have flowered sheets," she started imperiously towards another counter (her vibrations were out of control, it was wild, man!), "if that's what you've got in mind."

"What're you trying to do, man?" Fred whispered, "blow the lady's circuits? Cool it." I followed him over to the flowered sheet counter.

"Now we sell a lot of *these* to men," Mrs. Fawcett lifted the end of a mustard-colored sheet with green zigzag lines on it.

"Wow, man! Look at this!" I pointed to a purple sheet printed with orange and green Art Nouveau flowers.

"That," Mrs. Fawcett rasped, "of course, is more on the *dainty* side."

"Groovy." Fred spread the sheet open and gave it a feel. "You say this will stand a lot of stress and strain?" he inquired pleasantly.

Mrs. Fawcett shifted her weight to her left

foot and scrutinized the two of us. "Well, that depends on what exactly you mean by *stress and strain*, doesn't it?" Her eyes narrowed and the ends of her lips went up in a mean little smile.

Fred chuckled, "Oh well, you know how boys are, Mrs. Fawcett."

"Hmn." She shifted her weight to the other foot. "Boys, yes."

"Why don't we get one of those and one of *these*?" I held up a mauve sheet with giant leaves on it. "Jungle leaves, man. Grrrr—"

Fred laughed and gave me a playful jab in the ribs. "Whatever you say, baby!" He put his arm around my neck and hugged me.

Mrs. Fawcett went scarlet. "If you two young men don't mind, I—"

"We'll take these two, ma'am." I handed her the Art Nouveau and the jungle-leaf sheets.

"Cash or charge?" She pursed her lips, directing the full force of her envy-hate electrons at us.

"Cash, ma'am." Fred let go of my neck and pulled out his twenty bucks.

"That will be," Fawcett did some figuring on her salesbook, "eighteen eighty-four, including tax." She snapped the twenty-buck bill between her fingers. "Come this way, please." She bore down on a cash register some ten feet away, jabbed the figures into the register, and gave the *total* button a hard wack; a bell clanged, numbers jumped up, and the drawer flew open. "Eighteen eighty-four, five, fifteen, and two makes twenty."

"Thanks, ma'am," Fred beamed, and directed

photons of tranquility, forgiveness, and understanding at her. They struck the threshold of her consciousness. She flushed, a film descended over her eyes, and again, for the second time, she pursed her lips.

Fred and I were at home by five thirty; nude and between the Art Nouveau flowers and the jungle leaves by six. The underwater-spinning lamp whirled tiny multicolored flames against the tinfoil walls of the bedroom.

"Do you look sexy against those jungle leaves, man!" I squatted over his groin and felt the feathers on his brown tits. He looked up at me, smiled, and ran his hands along the blond hairs of my thighs. I felt the bulge of his cock between my ass-cheeks. He squirmed under the pressure of my weight and swallowed hard. "Sit on my dick, man."

I leaned over and put my tongue between his lips and sucked in a mouthful of saliva. I went down his chin to his ear with my tongue and tickled his earlobe. "You want me to sit on your dick, huh?" I whispered playfully.

"Yeah." His hands went up my sides. He raised his hips in a yearning gesture for my ass.

"I've never sat on a guy's dick before." I pulled my arms under his armpits and held the back of his head in my hands. I swabbed out his ear with the tip of my tongue.

He squirmed again. "Come on, man, sit on it. *Explore*." His right hand went down and raised his hard-on. I felt his cockhead brush my asshole.

I ran my tongue over his forehead and down the bridge of his nose. "You might puncture something if I sit on it." I nibbled the tip of his nose.

"That's a lot of—"

I covered his mouth with mine and blew into his lungs. He pulled his head to the side and chuckled. "You cockteaser." I brought my face close to his and we looked into each other's eyes, smiling, making kissing gestures with our mouths. I pulled the hair from his forehead and kissed his cheek gently. I had the sudden urge to lose myself in his body, to melt into him and become one person.

"I—" I sighed, let my head fall in the cradle of his neck, and spread my body the length of his.

"You what?" He kissed my neck. "Hmn?"

I moved my head an inch so that my mouth was against his ear. "I said the other day I didn't want to get into any heavy scene."

"Yeah? So?" he whispered. We were mouth to ear, our bodies two parallel lines. Our chests heaved and fell in symmetrical rhythm. His fingertips played with the baby hairs on the small of my back. "So?" he asked again softly.

"So maybe I'm afraid to love a guy."

"Do you love me?"

"I donno. Maybe." I held my body still. I blinked and waited.

"Are you afraid to love me?" His head tilted closer to mine.

"Maybe."

"If—" He started to speak, took a breath, then went on, "if you're afraid of loving me, then why are you holding me?"

We breathed together in silence for a moment. "Because I like the feeling."

"Is love a feeling?"

"I donno. I guess." I suddenly felt embarrassed. I sat up and looked down at his face. For a moment neither one of us moved. I grasped his sides with my hands. Behind me I could feel the slight pressure of his erected cock against my ass. I stroked the soft hair running from his navel up to his chest and stopped with my finger on his nipple. He squirmed and swallowed, hesitating to make a move.

"Man—" The word caught in his throat. "I don't want to fuck your head; I mean—" he sighed, as if looking for words, "if you're not ready for this kind of scene, then why don't we break it off . . . right now?" He swallowed, his eyes averted, and started to move me off.

"I want to sit on your dick. Forget what I said. You see this?" I took hold of my hard-on and pointed it to his face. "I want to sit on your fat cock and shoot cum over your stomach. Maybe that's a kind of love. Maybe that's all love is—I mean, for you and me—but right now I want to feel your eight inches up my asshole." I rose up on my knees and took a jar of Vaseline from the bedside table. With my left hand I reached around behind and squeezed his cock. It was fully erected and stiff, like hard rubber. I felt a tiny drop of ooze clinging to the mouth of his cock.

"You're a whore, you know that?" He smiled up at me. There was something deadly serious in his tone, though.

"Right, man. Just think of me as a whore with

a hot ass. I like dick up my ass." With my right hand I massaged a good tablespoon of Vaseline over and up his cock with a gesture of jerking him off. He groaned, grabbed the scruff of my thighs, and arched his ass. I dipped my finger into the Vaseline and swabbed my asshole.

"Jesus, goddamn—I want to shoot buckets up your buns, I want to feel you ride down on my cock with your hot asshole!" He sucked air in between his teeth and ran his hands along my thighs. He sat up quickly, balancing me in the V of his legs and stomach, and licked my tits, letting his spit run down my chest. "Baby, you are so goddamn beautiful." His tongue went up my neck and he bit the end of my chin.

I pushed him down flat on his back and took his cock with my left hand. Rising up on my knees I put the head of his cock to the mouth of my greasy sphincter. He pushed up with his hips abruptly. "Shhh—wait a minute!" I felt a stabbing pain just inside my asshole. "Take it easy, man. Let me go down slowly."

Fred lay back, emitting little groans, as I held his cock upright behind me and slowly lowered myself down. An inch first, then back up, to relax the muscles of my asshole. He kept trying to raise his hips to go all the way in, but I pushed him down with my free hand.

"Goddammit, Fred, hold off." My head throbbed with pain. "Just take it slow, man, this is new to me."

Fred reached over and took the jar of Vaseline and massaged my hard-on until it was slick. "Hold

off. I'm gonna shoot if you jerk me off like that."

I went down slowly on his cock, very slowly, until I could feel his balls pressing against my ass. His hard eight-inch gun was lodged all the way up my asshole. I held down for a moment to relax my ass muscles, then lifted back up. Fred let out a grunt of pleasure and started in on a fucking motion—up and down—jerking my cock with his right hand. Saliva ran in a little stream from the corner of his mouth. I raised myself up and went down, slowly at first, and as my asshole relaxed and I felt the warm solid joint moving easily in and out, I began to ride faster, letting out little murmurs as the tip of his cock hit my prostate gland. The cum welled up and I could feel the first blossoms of an orgasm working through my stomach.

I rode his cock, his hips lifting in tempo, his hands clawing frantically at my thighs. "Slower, man, I'm gonna cum, I don't wanna cum yet," he groaned, and pressed on my thighs to slow me down.

I reached down and put my hands through his armpits and lifted him up by the back towards me. My legs went under his butt. He sat up, still keeping his cock in my ass, and tucked his legs under his ass. He raised my body and we faced each other in a rocking chair position. Our arms locked each other from the back. Our mouths came together, tongue rolling over tongue, and my feet went under his ass to support him. For a moment we rocked back and forth, kissing, feeling each other's muscular back, Fred's cock lodged deep inside my ass, then I started riding again—up and down. Fred's mouth slid over my chest and I felt the water from his

mouth trickle down my stomach. I reached between our stomachs and began jerking off again. "Go down," he murmured, "go down all the way on it, I want to feel my cockhead in your stomach, all the way." He put his hands on my shoulders and shoved down, forcing his cock deep inside—up to my heart, it felt like.

He pushed forward, forcing me back. My legs flipped out and I fell back against the bed. Fred's arms came under my legs and he lifted them over his shoulders. For an instant I felt his cock slipping from my ass. I reached behind him and forced his ass forward. He arched up, grasped me by the back of my ankles, and shoved his cock full force into my stomach. "Jesus!" I let out a short cry. Fred rose up on his knees and held my legs against his chest, fucking steadily away at my ass. My legs went stiff against his chest. He bit my calves and nibbled on the hair, pushing steadily deeper into my ass.

"I'm gonna cum, man, I'm gonna cum." I felt his cock slam against my prostate and the cum exploded in my cock. Fred fell forward, my legs over his shoulders, and pumped his cock faster in my asshole. He was sweating from the effort.

"Enahhhhh—!!" A first squirt of hot cream shot from the tip of my cock and hit my chin. "Shoot, man!" I yelled at him.

He slammed hard into my ass and let out a long moan as cum began pulsing from his cock. He pulled back for a second, then shoved in again, and cum streamed from my cock over my stomach in quick, warm packets. Fred bent over, locked my thighs against his sides with his arms, and held the

head of my cock in his mouth to drink the cum pouring out. I felt his cock dumping into my stomach—the head of his eight inches up my hole, throbbing, jerking, splitting the walls of my anal track. For a full minute we stayed frozen in our fuck-position until the cum had stopped running. Sweat poured from our bodies. Fred's long auburn hair lay on my stomach, matted with sweat and cum. I reached up and moved his hair around my stomach to feel the cum liquefy with the sweat.

He lifted his mouth off my cock and tossed his matted hair over his shoulders. His cock stayed hard and jammed up my ass. He leaned back, his legs tucked under his thighs. After a moment he said in a low voice, "Your cum tastes like buttermilk, you know that, man?"

"Thanks." I lifted my ass, his cock plopped out, and went smack against his tummy. I let myself fall back against the bed. Fred sat up and looked down at me. "I love you, you motherfucking whore, you know that?"

I wiped the sweat from my face. The hair of Fred's thighs was against the inside of my legs. It was bristly. His stomach above me rose and fell and the breath came from his mouth in long heaves.

"This is the last time we're gonna fuck—until you know where your head is at."

"Okay." I lifted my leg around him and sat up on the bed. "For God's sake, man, I've been out for two weeks—what do you expect of me?!" I flushed and put my head between my hands. Fred swung his legs off the bed and we sat beside each other in silence for a moment.

"Have you ever loved anyone before?"

"No. Not like that." I got up and went into the living room.

Fred came up behind me and put his arms around my waist and his hands on my stomach. He kissed me on the back of the neck. "Do you want to?"

Not if it means getting involved."

VII

December 3rd

"Love, love, love," as the song goes, "don't come easy." Yesterday, the 2nd of December, I was sitting home alone brushing up on Sumerian folklore for Ethnology 832. I had checked out this harmless-looking text from the Public Library which described, in passing, certain sexual practices among the Sumerians, namely how the male of the tribe with the largest penis was deified. The German author of the text, true to German scholarship, went into considerable detail in describing the various ceremonies connected with Sumerian penis-worship. I was lying on the mattress in the living room with a semihard-on in the first place, and—well, within seconds I was squeezing a full erection in my pants. Will these fucking myths stop intruding on the everyday real world? How am I to maintain academic objectivity?!

Fred, my would-be lover of five full weeks, was having an afternoon of classes at Hunter. As I lay there alone daydreaming about mammoth Su-

to me. "You alone?" He stumbled over the words and his voice splintered. Shy, nervous kid. Anxious for approval, fearful of rejection; confused by the wealth of his body and the poverty of his mind.

"Hmn?" I opened an indifferent eye. "What?"

"Nothin'," he said loudly. I heard the ripping, shredding sound of a heart losing confidence.

I waited three seconds. "Yeah . . ." I turned my head towards him and smiled warmly, knowingly, approvingly.

He blushed and formulated three difficult words, "So am I."

Down beneath the armrest the little finger of my right hand found the little finger of his left hand. In that small secrecy we embraced. In that small moment, bound for Athens, we became lovers.

THE OTHER TRAVELLER

HAPPILY PRESENTS THE GAY INSIDER:

by

John Francis Hunter



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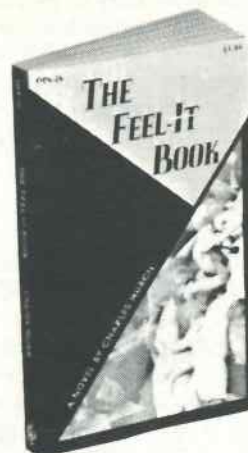
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Jerry's hands went to the boy's armpits. He thrust him onto his back and straddled him, his legs tightly against Pat's thighs, his lips sucking so hard on the boy's tongue that Pat struggled loose from the breathtaking contact.

"Hey! Don't rape me!" he choked.

Jerry's answer was to lower his head to the boy's nipples. He kissed and licked at each while his long, slim fingers traced patterns on Pat's thighs and balls. Pat tried to spread his legs to receive Jerry's prick to the fullest, but then he realized that Jerry had other plans. So he put his hands on Jerry's head and directed Jerry's mouth downward to his navel.

Jerry's tongue lapped furiously at the navel and hungrily traced a hungry path toward the fringe of blondish pubic hair in which he buried his mouth. Then with a sob of desire and dismay, he took the tender, smooth balls into himself, kissing and sucking lasciviously at each in turn. He gripped Pat's thighs and thrust them wide apart to help him find his tongue's way along the boy's crotch and to the base of his being.

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SOOKEY

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(author of the fabulous *Homosexual Handbook*)

During one summer on Fire Island, two lovers re-discover their unity—and trace their love back through many lifetimes.

His kiss, which never ended, which simply began and lasted through all the length of our intercourse, was as deep and as desperate as it was expert. Our mouths were joined so deeply, we breathed the same air, exchanging it and blending it together till I grew dizzy and weak unto death. But I would have endured all the tortures of the damned rather than release that mouth even for an instant. He was short enough to kiss easily over his shoulder, and I held him so with one arm while my hand roamed his body.

His body! An endless succession of curves and roundnesses. Flesh firmed and supple, insupportably pliant and clinging. The wide fleshy shields of his pectorals were crested with large stiff nipples and smooth as, to my surprise, his belly, thighs, and most of his groin. His moist underarms too were hairless, and I would have laughed to myself at the thought of his clean-shaven skin had it not been so unbearably sensual to touch, had it not pressed with a delicate prickle so deliciously against my own skin.

WITTY . . . ROMANTIC . . . HAUNTING . . .

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