



Hippie Dick!



24.95



Issue #6 cover photo by Thom Tholles

This Is HIPPIE DICK!



THANK CHRIST FOR SINKS!

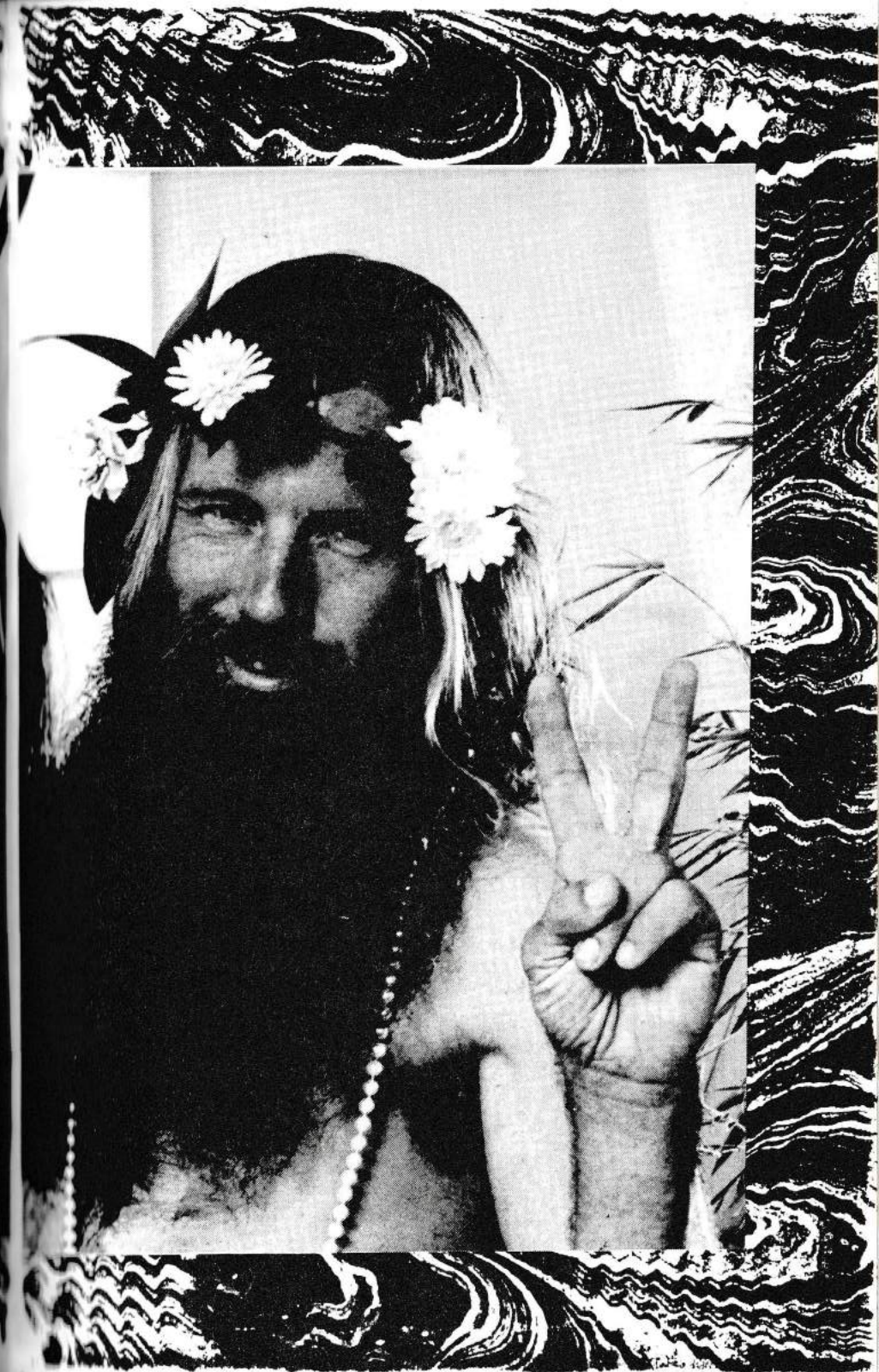
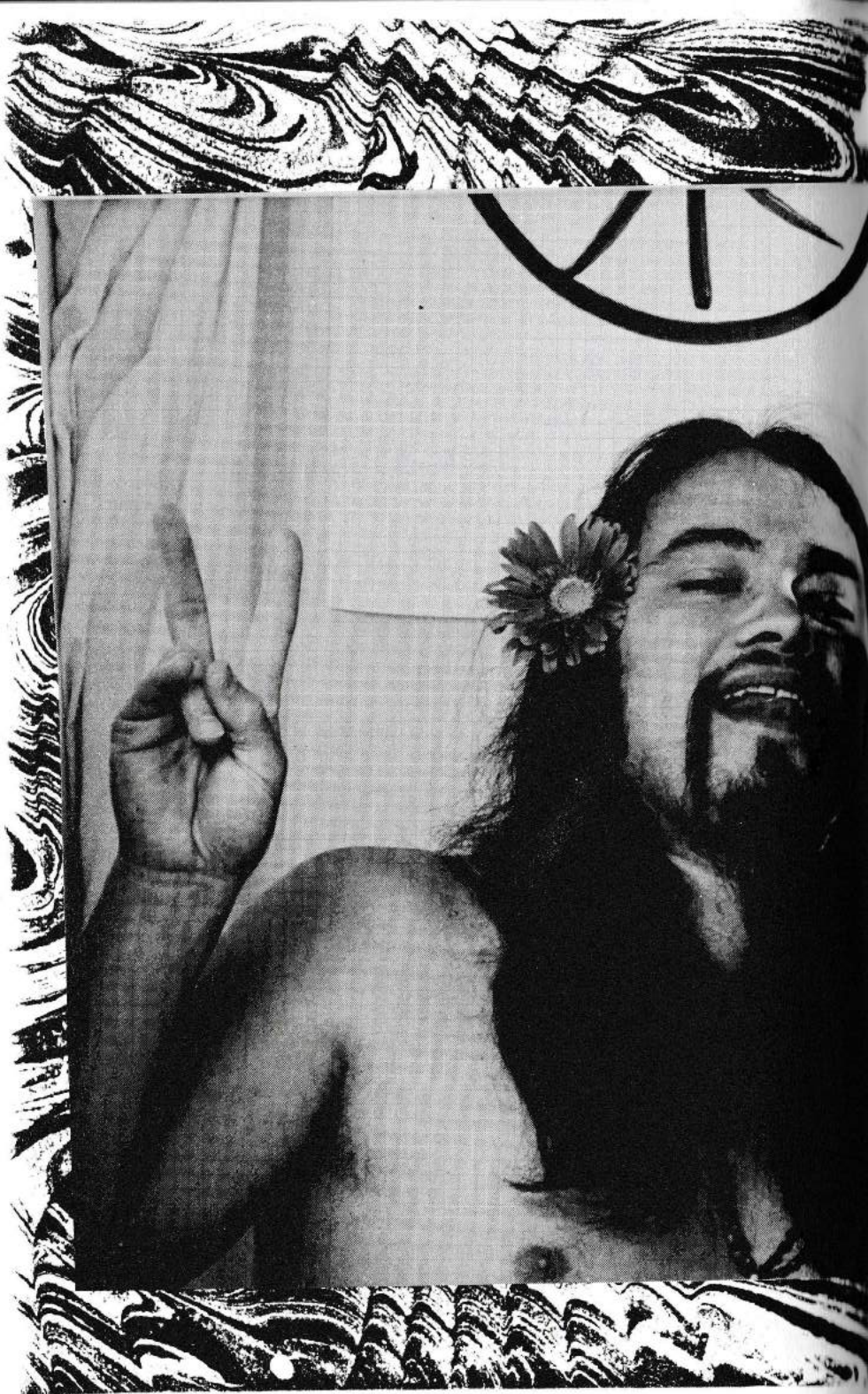




collaborative photos from kwai, rat & cobra



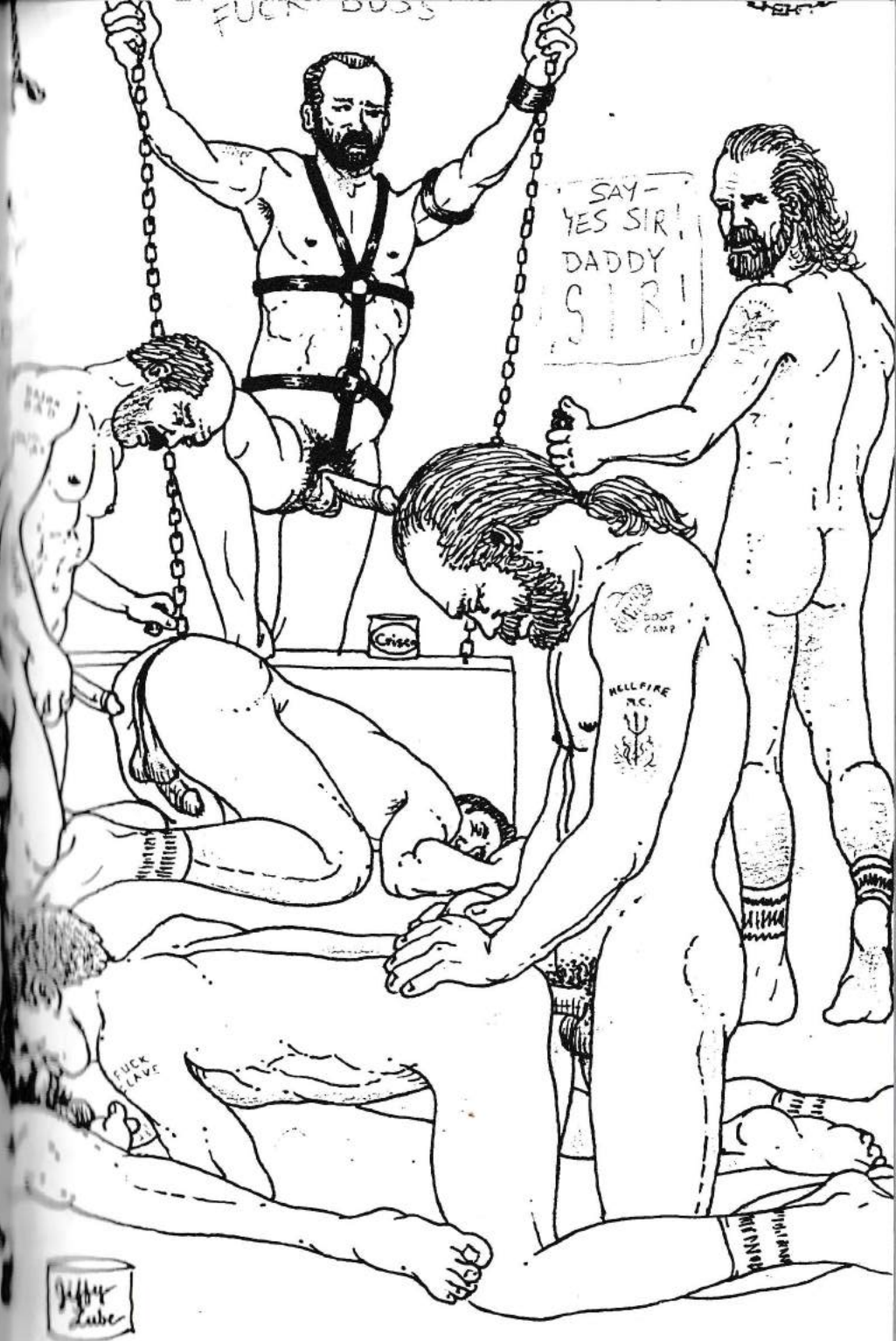




GRAB ON
THEM
DICKS.
BOYS



WAST
DADDY
FU



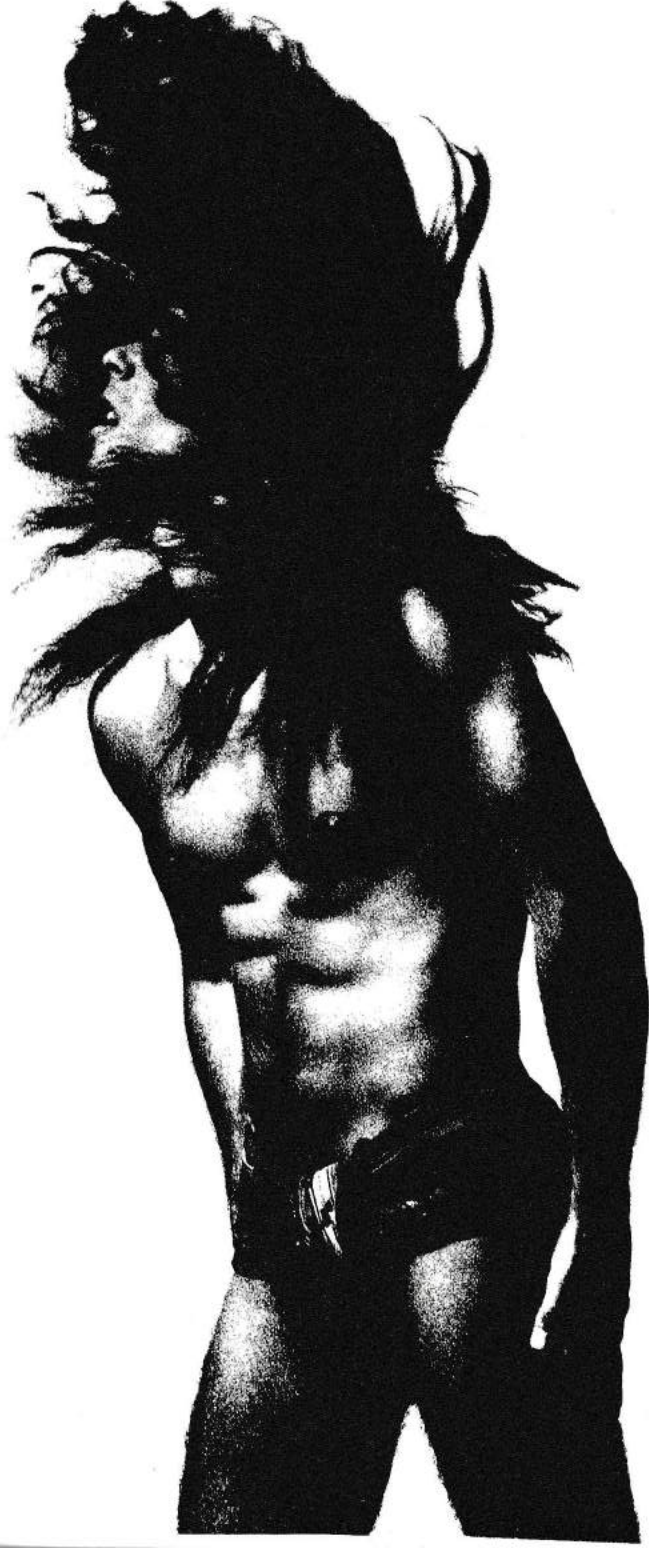
FUCK BOSS

SAY -
YES SIR!
DADDY
SIR!

Willy
Lube

...The body is also directly involved in a political field; power relations have an immediate hold upon it; they invest it, mark it, train it, torture it, force it to carry out tasks, to perform ceremonies, to emit signs...It is largely as a force of production that the body is invested with relations of power and domination; but, on the other hand, its constitution as labor power is possible only if it is caught up in a system of subjection (in which need is also a political instrument meticulously prepared, calculated, used); the body becomes a useful force only if it is both a productive body and a subjugated body.

- Michel Foucault



Hippie Hitcher

© by Furr

The northern coast of California is an interesting place to live. Not only is it, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful places on the face of Mother Earth, but there are all kinds of interesting people you'd never run into in big cities. Lots of loggers, though they've been going through some tough times lately. There are quite a few Harley Biker types, there are those who grow all the pot that the region is semi-famous for — and there are a surprising number of people who seem to be right out of a time-warpto the '60s. [Not that I mean to imply that these groups are exclusive. I know a few that qualify for all four. I qualify for more than one myself.] There are even a couple well-established collectives (nobody uses the word "commune" any more) that have been going continuously since that time. This is all by way of saying that it was hardly a surprise to see a youngman with a bushy beard and moderately long hair along the side of the road — with his thumb out, his pack and

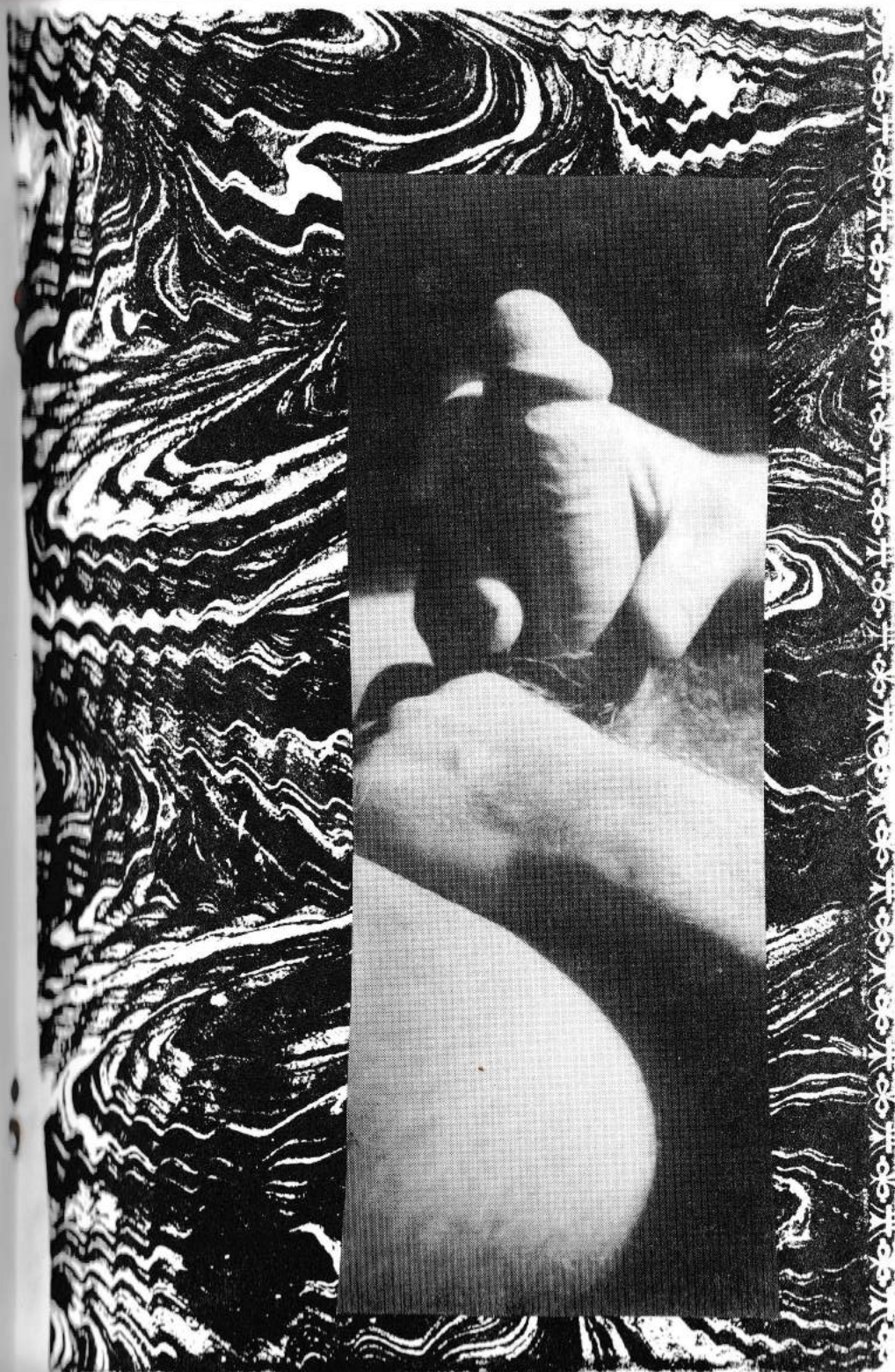
guitar case leaning against his legs. I sized him up pretty quickly and decided to stop. He dropped his pack in the bed of my pickup and climbed into the cab, resting the guitar case between his knees. "Thanks! I'm Josh." As I shook his offered hand, I took in his grubby, patched Levis, the hiking boots and the flannel shirt he wore over a unionsuit that had probably been white at some point in the past. His light brown beard was bristly and dense, cropped about two-inches long, and his hair came down just past his shoulders. "I'm Ike," I said as he ran the same sort of evaluation on me; my beard and hair being dark brown with some gray at the chin and temples, and distinctly longer than Josh's — my hair comes down nearly to my belt line. My engineer boots were the only difference between us, clothing-wise. Being as I live alone and don't subscribe to the Madison Avenue idea that a healthy human body stinks unless it's scrubbed and per-



fumed, I was pleased to note the dark wet patches under Josh's arms as he stretched in the seat, and the male musk that they filled the cab with. "How far you goin'?" I asked. "I'm headed for Seattle, but I'm in no big hurry. I wanted to see the country and meet people, so I gave myself plenty of time." "Well, I can't take you all the way to Seattle," I grinned, "but I can take you about thirty miles down this road." "What happens then?" "That's where I turn off to my place. Now, by then it'll be gettin' on to dark and my turnoff's in the middle of nowhere. If you want a warm place to sleep, I've got space."

He looked pleased. "That's truly nice of you; I'll take you up on that as long as it's no bother." "Not at all. While I do like my privacy, it's nice to have a little company every so often... particularly someone who can stand the way I smell." I'd put my right arm up across the back of the seat, displaying the sweat-stained armpit of my own shirt and intensifying my aroma to the point I could smell myself. Rather than looking repulsed or offended, Josh looked hungry. Just what I was hoping to see. "I know what you mean, Ike... a lot of drivers have passed me by once they got a closer look and a sniff of me." He grinned. "Frankly, I think I meet a better class of people this way!" That started us talking about some of the bizarre conventions of society at large, from Deodorant-As-Religion to women shaving their legs, to men being required to circumcise their faces daily. "I'll be damned if I'm going to scrape my face with a sharpened metal fragment on a daily basis because some twit is scared of his own masculinity.... Damn, looks like I'm not gonna make it." Josh's head snapped around in alarm as I started popping open fly buttons and hauling out my cock. "I knew I shouldn't have had that last mug of coffee...."

The stream of piss escaped my foreskin-covered dickhead to splatter on the clutch pedal, then (I knew from experience) it would leak out through the holes in the beat-up truck's floor. I watched Josh out of the corner of my eye, and he looked even hungrier for a minute, then recovered smoothly. "Damn, this is worse than hearing someone talk about waterfalls and ocean surf...." He popped open his own fly buttons, and scooped out his cock and balls, aiming his dick across the transmission hump towards my feet, so he wouldn't piss on his guitar. Where my piss had been damn little but warm



water, his was thick and yellow; I tucked my cock back into my pants before the smell of it could make me hard. I'd just gotten myself put away when a bump in the road sent Josh's stream across my pant leg, from ankle to knee. My cock went full hard, and as I looked over at him and saw the look on his face, I grinned at him and said, "Bout five minutes to home."

It was truly comic the way we pretended nothing was out of the ordinary as Josh helped me move the supplies from the truck into my cabin, even though my fly was still open, showing plenty of crotch fur, if little actual flesh. The instant the last of the stuff was in the cabin and the door was closed, my tongue went into Josh's mouth and he wrapped himself around me. Kissing is an art that few people are really good at, especially those in their mid-20s, where I estimated Josh to be — which is why I was pleasantly surprised to find that he was an expert on the subject. Part of it, I suppose, is not to impatiently run headlong for sex involving cock, balls, butt and so on, but to see soul-kissing (I've always thought that phrase to be particularly apt) as a kind of love-making just as important as any other. I lost track of how long we simply stood there, hugging and touching and rubbing as we made love with lips and tongue. Given that Josh was a couple inches shorter than my 6'3, my neck and legs started to ache after a while, so — without breaking the kiss — I drew him over to the couch and laid him down on top of me, where we extended our kissing from the mouth and lips to ears, nose, eyes and beard. [If you've never had someone gently lick across your closed eyelids, or nibble his way up through your beard from your Adam's Apple to your chin, you have my deepest pity.] We eventually broke our marathon kiss, Josh rising up on his arms — which ground his crotch into mine. I unbuttoned his shirt down to his belt, then did the same with his union suit. My palms slid easily across his sweat-slicked chestfur, and he shuddered with pleasure as my hands grazed his nipples. I noted that for the future and moved my hands on to their goal — his armpits. I got a good handful of sweat in each one, then withdrew (making sure to graze over those nipples again). I snorted the sweat from one hand while I licked it from the fingers of the other. As I did, I felt Josh start to unbutton my own shirt, and then my unionsuit. "Why don't we just get these clothes off and get



Tony Plewik Photography - reprinted from **man2man**
courtesy of **Palm Drive Video**

on with it?" I asked him. "Sounds good to me. Just keep yer union suit on, alright?"

I grinned at him. "Just what I was going to tell you to do." We got up and kicked off boots, shucked our shirts and dropped our pants. I led Josh into my bedroom and laid him down on the bed, unbuttoning his long-johns all the way down. I straddled him and started sucking sweat out of the dense patch of fur over his breastbone, my tongue following the natural whorls of hair out to his erect nipples. He hissed and humped up against me as I lapped and nibbled at his nipples, and continued to do so as my tongue ranged further out, and finally into his wet, musky armpit. I rasped my beard through his soaked pit-fur, wanting to keep some of that intoxicating smell for later, then tongue-washed him from halfway down his bicep to the middle of his ribcage. When he realized he could get his face into my opposite armpit as I worked on him, we wound up in a sweat-slurping "69" that lasted until both of us had rasped our tongues raw on each other's armpits and chest. In my explorations, I discovered that Josh had a fairly typical pattern of fur — quite a bit across his pecs, and a thick line down his belly to his pubes, in contrast to the even carpet that covered my front from collarbone to crotch.

As we lay there catching our breath, Josh worked my cock out of the crotch of my suit, sucking a bit at the wet spot where I had been leaking precum. I could tell he was a little surprised to see the head still fully covered with foreskin with my dick fully hard. "Lots of skin there for you to play with...." Josh just winked at me as he slipped his tongue in between my cockhead and foreskin, and started working it around. After he'd worked spit around the whole periphery, he skinned me back so I could watch him suck the sharp cheese off my dick. The last of it he carefully rubbed into his moustache, then slid up my body grinding his fur against mine. He grabbed a rubber off the nightstand, and popped the gold foil open one-handed. But instead of putting it onto my dick, he popped it into his mouth and slid back down my body. He nabbed my foreskin between his lips, and started working his way down — slowly, surely, and all the way to the base. When he drew back, my cock was not only rock hard and throbbing from feeling his hot throat wrapped

around the head and his beard on my balls, but it was also perfectly sheathed in the rubber he'd put in his mouth!

I lubed my cock as he lifted up and held open the rear flap of his suit, then lowered himself onto my fat prong. He took it slowly in one steady push until he was all the way down, then worked his hips in a circle and started levering himself up and down with his legs, fucking himself on my dick. I reached up and grabbed hold of his nipples, which made him instantly pick up his riding tempo; his hands were busy, with one on my chest to keep him steady, and the other stroking his cock. "Oh, yeah... big fat uncut meat up my hairy ass feels SO good... I just can't hold it, Ike, here it COMES!"

Incredible, huge globs of hot juice jetted out of his dick all over my beard and chest; I opened my mouth to catch one glob of sweet cream directly, and licked more out of my moustache as his shots came less forcefully, making puddles on my chest. He dismounted and slumped off to one side, face down. I immediately rolled over on top of him and started working my cock back up his butt. He grunted and tried to get away, but I pinned him down and started pounding. "Nobody mounts this dick and gets away before I get off!" I growled into his ear. After a minute or two, he started bucking back into me, which was all I needed to finish myself off. I rammed my cock home, then pulled back until just the head was inside him as my cum pumped into the rubber, my cock moving just enough to stretch out the orgasm as much as possible.

When I was finished, I pulled out and slipped the rubber off, rolling him over as I did so — then stripped my full load out of the latex all over his beard. "What goes around, comes around, Josh!" He grinned as he rubbed my cum into his beard. "That's one of the nice things about rubbers, actually... I can feel a man come with his dick up my butthole and still get his load all over my face!" I tucked my cock & balls back into my union suit and buttoned the bottom two buttons, then lay down. Josh promptly snuggled up to me with his face in my armpit, and we drifted off to sleep that way.

I awoke to the warm, wet sensation of Josh's tongue working its way up my butthole. I hunched myself up partly onto my knees to give him better access, which he took advantage of to get his tongue into me even deeper. Suddenly, he removed his tongue and

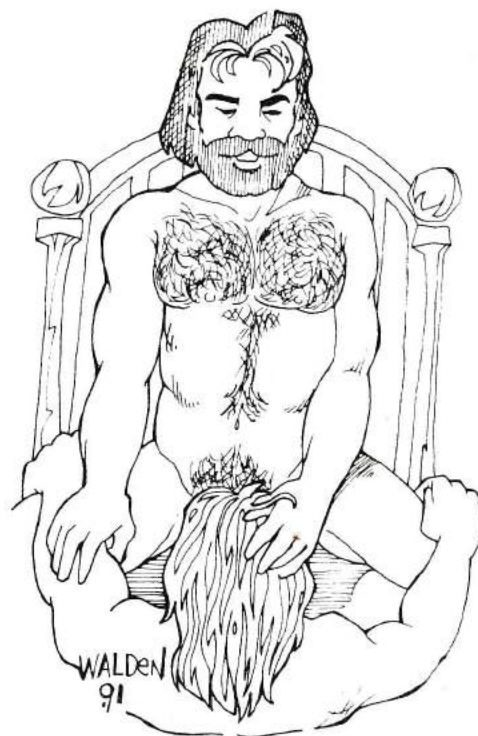
just as I was about to say something, it was replaced by his cock — ALL of it! I bucked back into him to make sure I had it all, then growled "Fuck me right, buddy!" He fucked me hard and fast; the wild cum he'd had earlier must have taken the edge off, or he was determined to keep fucking me after I'd come, because he outlasted me by about five full minutes of hard, full-dick fucking.

Wearing union suits in my warm bedroom had us both sweating, which helped bring out the worn-in mansmells of our 'suits and bodies. I pushed back onto his dick even harder, as our animal smells blended as we fucked. When he finally did let go, he let me have the first couple shots with his cock all the way up my hole, then pulled out, ripped off the rubber and splattered my ass and the back of my union suit. After he finished, I got up on my hands and knees, and smeared the handful of my own juice down his beard and into his chest, as he rubbed the cum from the rubber into my chest fur. He thanked me with a grin, lay back and said, "I wanna eat yer just-fucked butt!" I was happy to oblige, and was soon kneeling astride his face with his long, hot tongue slurping away at my ass. I pulled his legs towards me, and bent forward to return the favor. I took deep breaths of the scent of his sweaty crotch as my tongue burrowed deeper into his tender buttock; that scent, having his tongue up my butt and the fact that my cock was cradled in the cum-slicked fur between his pecs got me hard again.

The whole scene led to us simultaneously getting off a third time as we rubbed cock into hairy chest and tongue-fucked hairy buttock. When we were satisfied we'd licked each other's butts clean and had properly distributed the cum in each other's chest fur and beard, we re-oriented ourselves, Josh snuggled up to me spoon fashion, and we once again drifted off to sleep. The next morning was just about as domestic as you can get for two men in ripe union suits whose beards are crusty with each other's jizz. I made breakfast while Josh tidied the place up, and after breakfast we brushed and braided each other's hair.

As we dressed, Josh said "Well, um... I better get movin' on." I gave him a lecherous grin; "Don't go getting embarrassed on me, Josh. You told me you had plenty of time for your trip. Besides, I just don't believe you've had enough of this." I groped my dick for empha-

sis. "I don't want to be a bother. "You won't be; there's plenty of work here to do, and just think of all the fun we can start suckin' fresh sweat off of each other...." The bulge in his jeans gave me my answer, which turned out to be another three days of nearly constant fucking when there wasn't something else to be done. The look on that man's face when I pulled my foreskin over his dickhead was absolutely priceless, and it only held for a second or two until he started filling my foreskin with his hot juice. Nor will I forget that ride through the mountains I took him on my Harley— with his dick up my ass the whole time, both of us cumming as I hit a particular set of bumps I knew very well, just before we made it home. Finally, though, he did leave — walking a little funny, perhaps. But I know we'll get a re-match on his way back in a few months, if for no other reason than so he can find out if I was telling the truth about some of my neighbors here on the mountain.



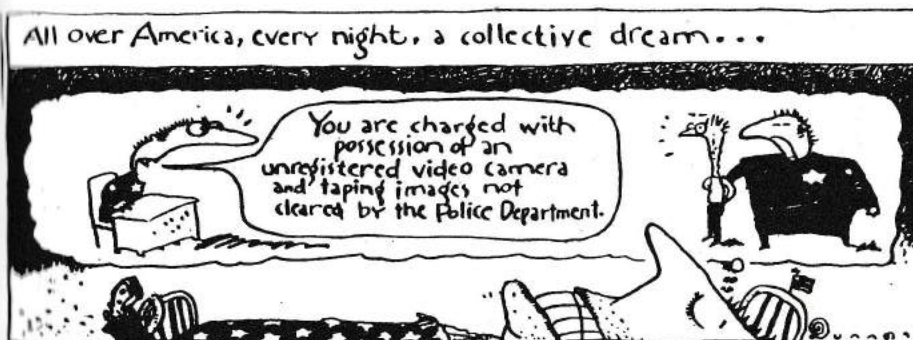
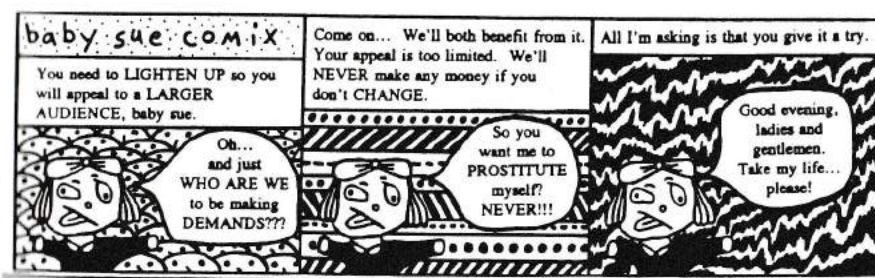
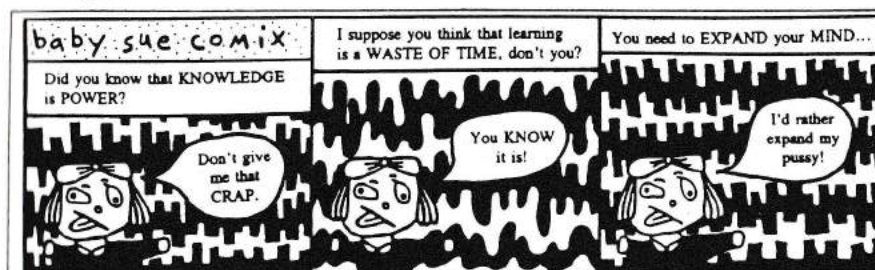
Other Good Stuff... * * *

Queer 'Zine Explosion is the name of an incredible underground media resource put out by "Larry Bob," publisher of **Holy Tit-clamps** - a fine 'zine in and of itself. No one is sure how he finds the time to do it all, but **Q'ZE** is a comprehensive bi-monthly listing of what's what in queer small-press publishing. This compilation of 'zine reviews is also re-printed in **Factsheet Five**, but you can order it directly from **Larry Bob, Box 591275, San Francisco, CA 94159-1275**. (All he asks is for two .29 cent stamps to cover the cost of postage.) Check it out!

Coming at you from the "other coast" is another excellent personal resource for the gay underground. It's called **Bros**, and it's a great source for the ONE thing **HDI** does not provide - contact letters! (These are also known as "personals" - ed.) **Bros** is a 'zine size publication that is chock full of letters from men who want to meet each other, AND they all have long hair - the publisher in fact requires that participants have long hair,

but you short-hairs out there are allowed to read it, I'm pretty sure... There's also some stories, erotic drawings, and other items of interest to long-hair, hippie-loving gay men. It's real sincere, and has a good feel to it. A four issue sub is \$25, and you get a free photo-personal, and an up-to-50-word text ad for the four issues. Or something like that... There are different levels of involvement, so you might just want to contact the **Bros** at **Box 17931, Rochester, NY 14617**, yourself, and get the full scoop direct from the horse's mouth.

TREES, TREES, TREES!!!! We love 'em, right? Well, a friend handed me some info a while back about a group that is dedicated to planting trees all around the world. And they have all kinds of stickers and shirts and fun stuff devoted to promoting "tree awareness" - which we need a whole lot more of these days! This group, called **Trees for Life**, is particularly into fruit trees, because they also provide a source of food for the hungry. For a ten





The Guide for the Erotic Explorer!

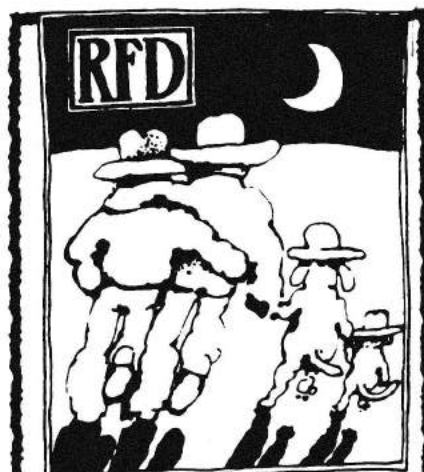
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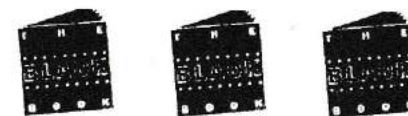
dollar donation, they'll send you your own "Tree Adventure Kit," with seeds, care instructions, a "tree-starter carton," - and in their words - "a bunch of other neat stuff..." Since 1984, these folks have already planted 12 million trees, and with our help, they hope to plant 100 million by the end of this decade!!! To get in touch, write to **Trees for Life, 1103 Jefferson, Wichita KS 67203**. Or, dial **1-800-873-3736** (during regular business hours).

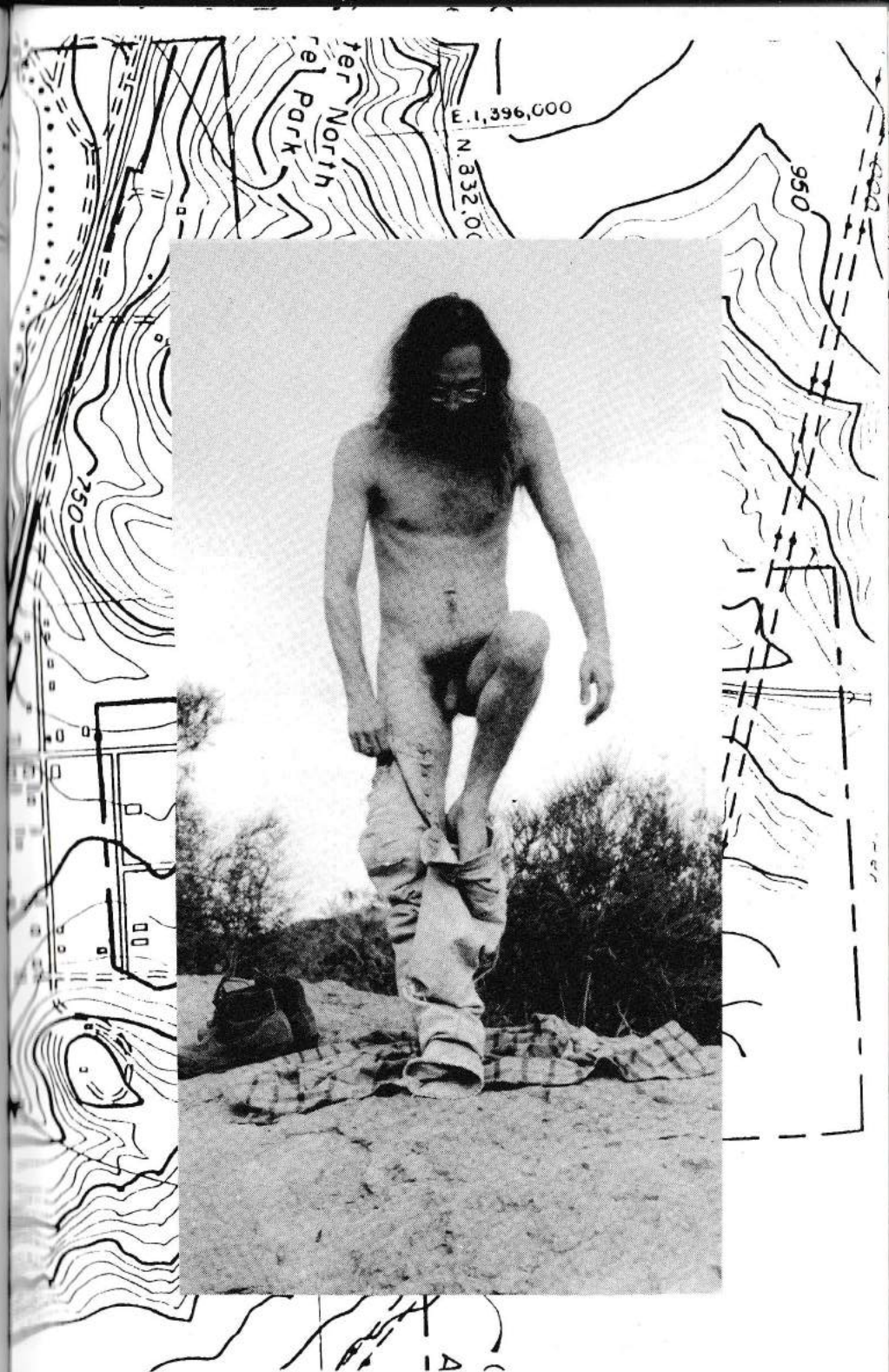


Black Sheets is described simply in a recent press-release as "a 'zine about sexuality..." Publisher Bill Brent says "you can call our material smut, erotic propaganda, porn, or whatever you want. I wouldn't say that **Black Sheets** has a specific sexual orientation. Maybe bisexual would be closest, but

it's really far-ranging. I want to represent a really strong cross-section of sexuality..." (It does, and it's HOT! - ed.)

This whole **Black Sheets** project is a spin-off from **The Black Book**, "a guide for the sexual explorer..." **TBB** is a truly comprehensive national directory of sex clubs, bars, erotica-shops, mail-order companies, support organizations, etc... that deal with sexual alternatives. "Our sexuality is vital to our well-being," comments Mr. Brent, and his resource guide is full of pertinent information for people of all persuasions who are into consciously developing and nurturing their sexual growth. And it's kind of like having your own copy of the kinky Yellow Pages to refer to! **TBB** retails for just \$12.00, and **Black Sheets** (8-1/2" x 11" on beautiful paper) is \$6.00 for a sample issue, \$20.00 for a four issue subscription. Contact them at **Box 31155, San Francisco, CA 94131**, or call and place a credit card order at **415-824-8377** or **1-800-219-5166, ext.800** b/w 10am and 5pm, PST.



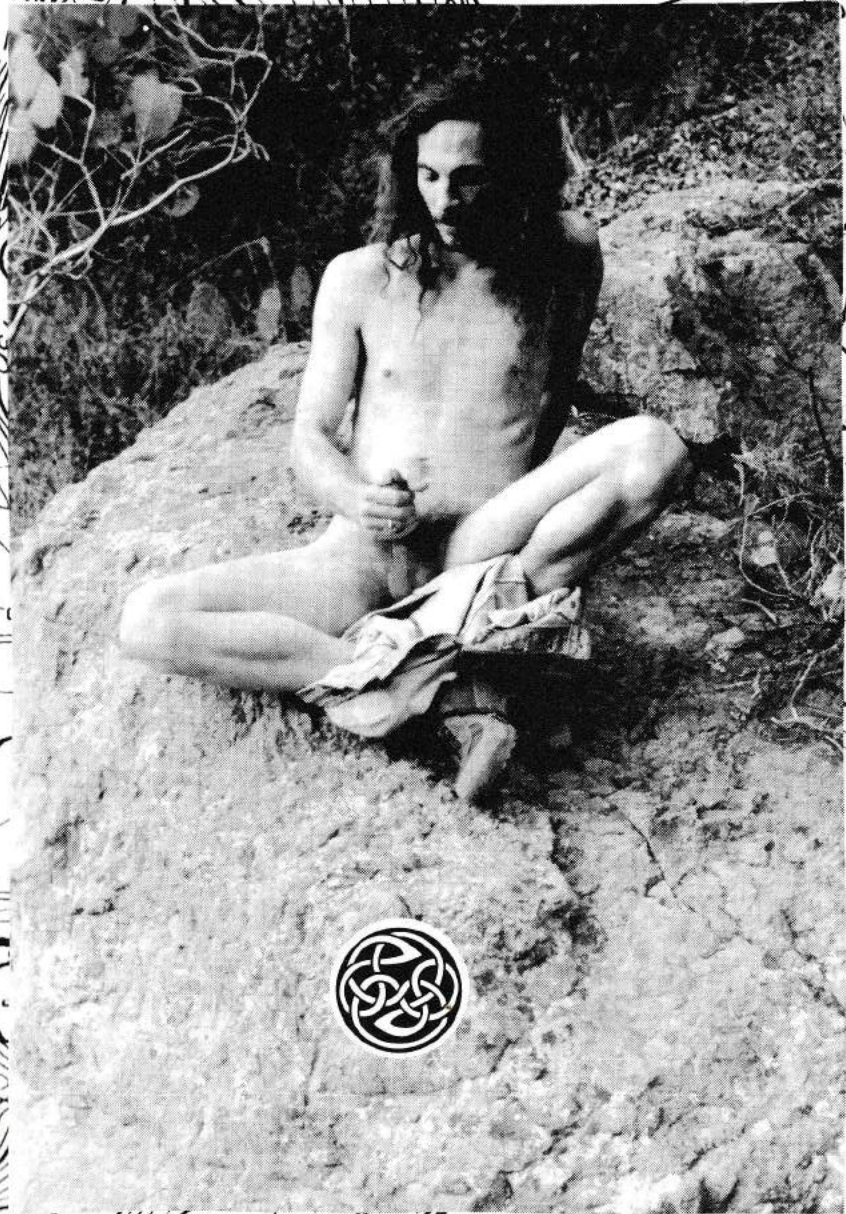


Launching
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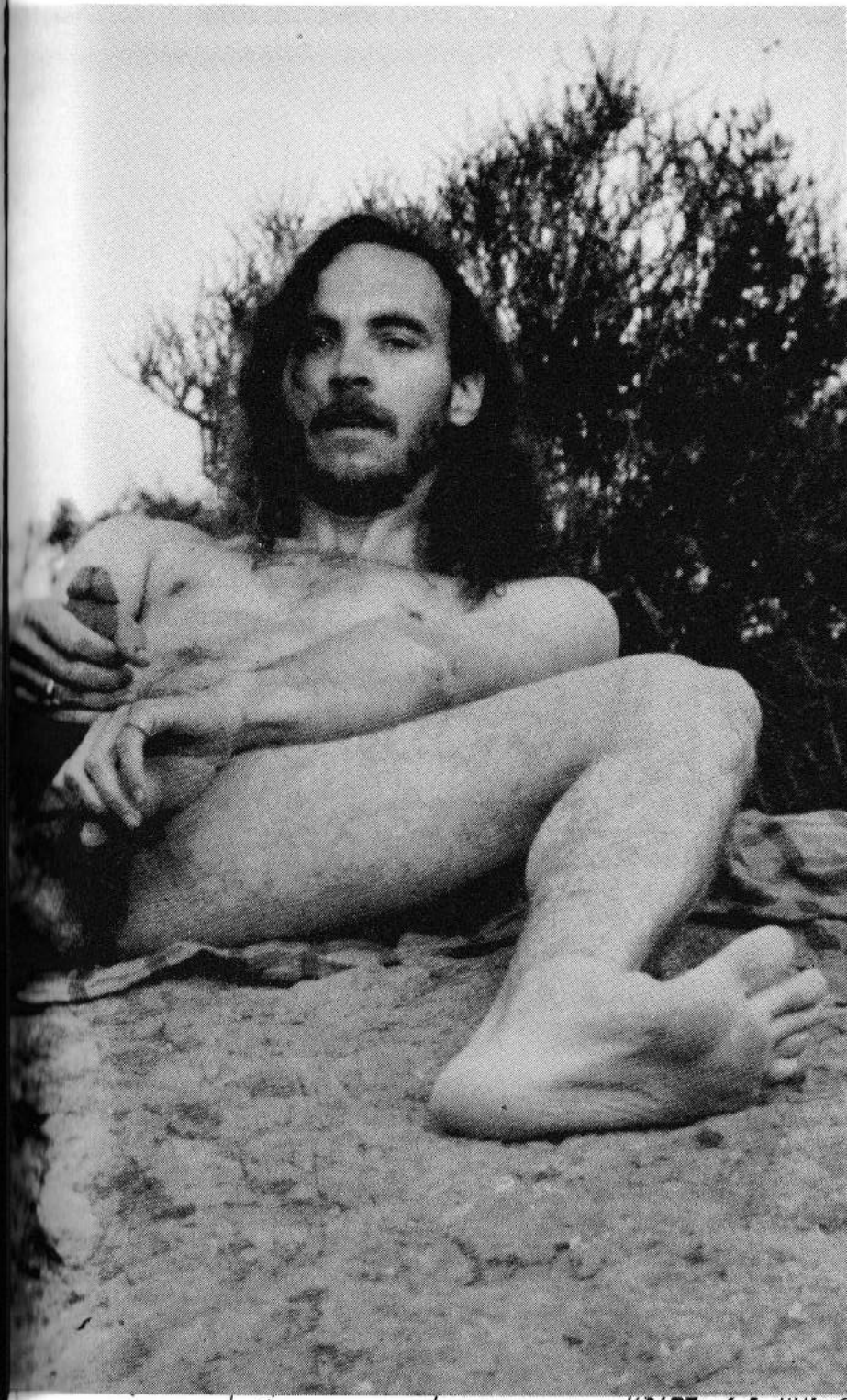
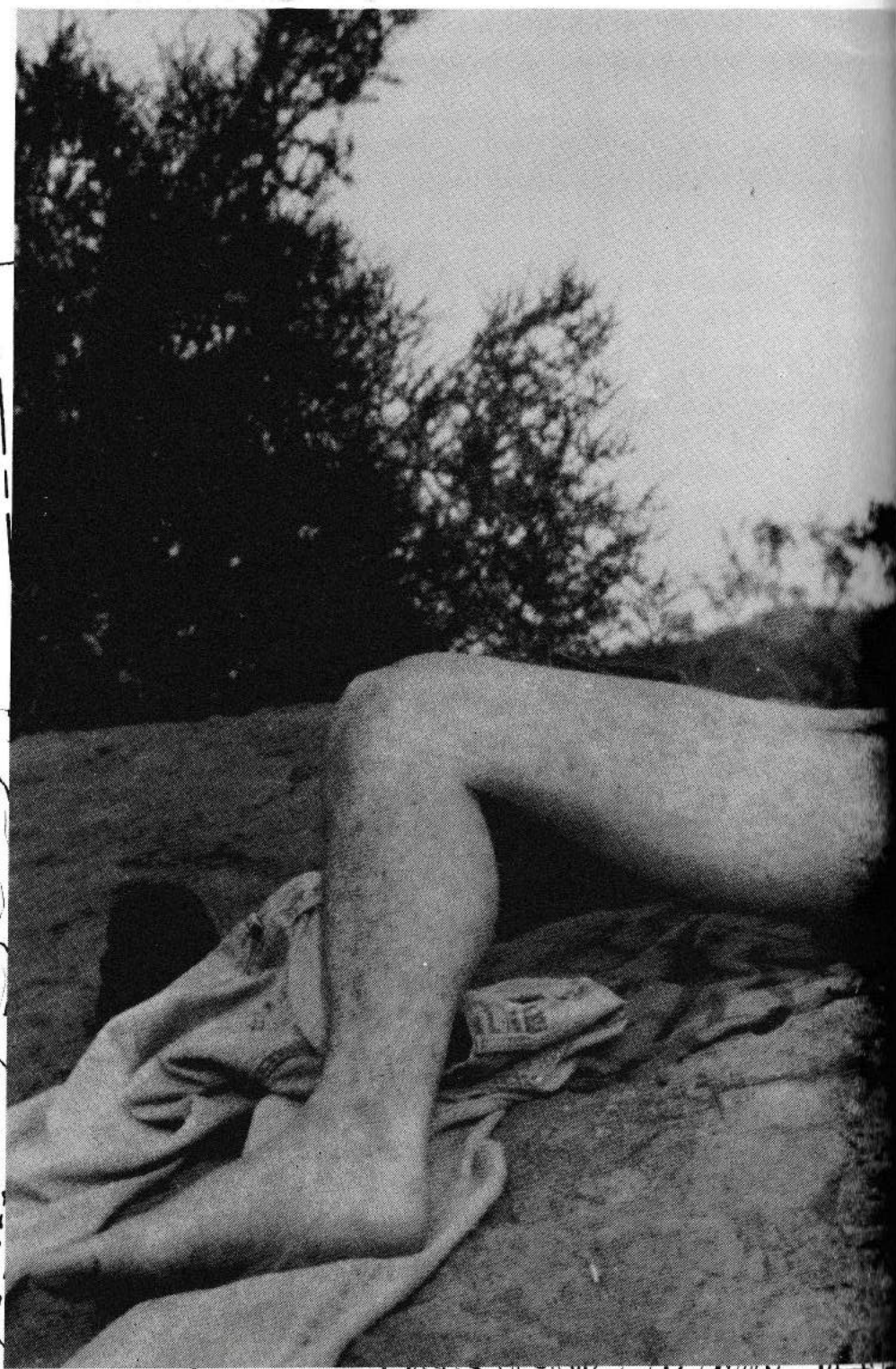


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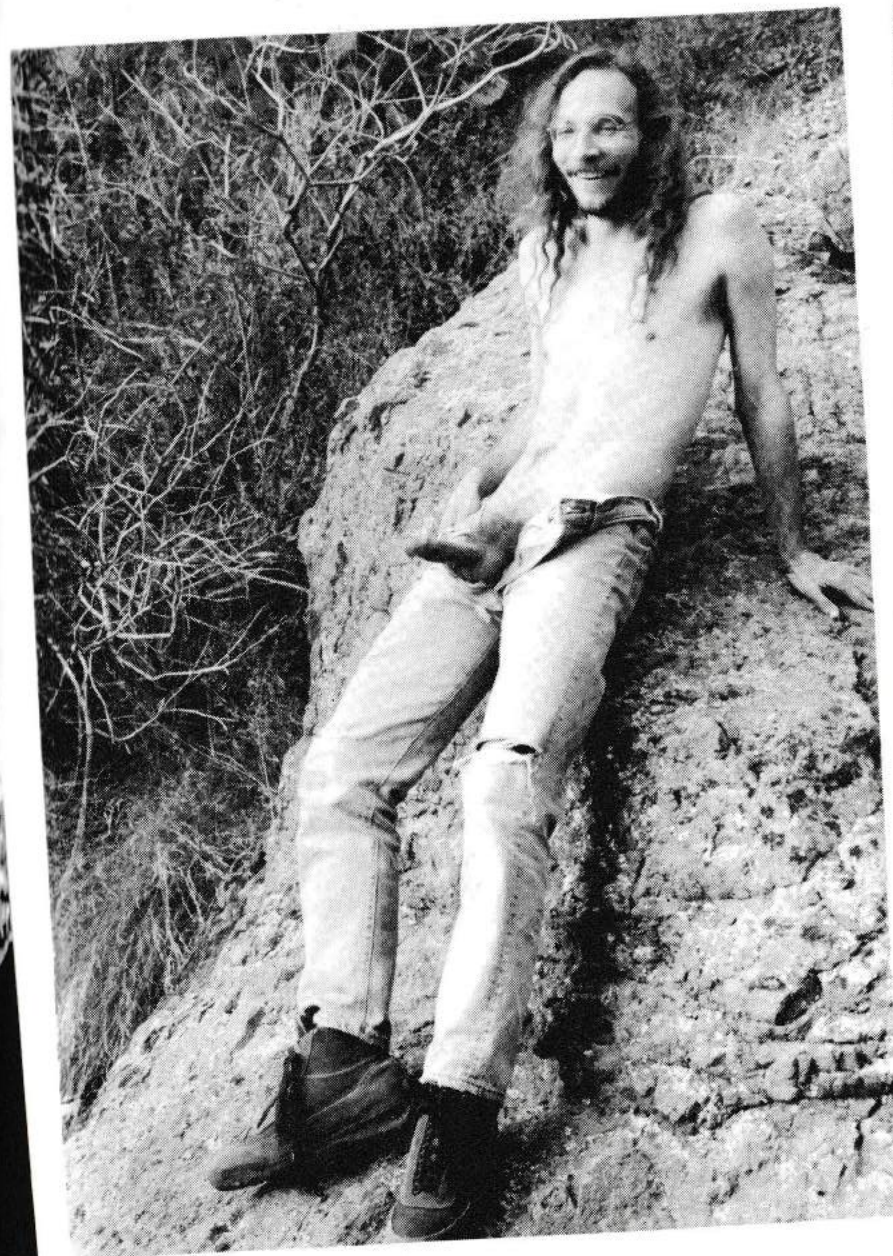
GIVE IT LIVE!

DON'T LAUGH

Make strangeness
work for YOU!



"IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE?"



Hey Now!

I really want to thank everyone for y'all's patience and kind support during this long, dry spell between issues of Hippie Dick! It's been so long that I don't even remember when the last issue was published...

Something like a year or more ago, I think. Winter Solstice has just passed, again, and I'm hoping that this means we are all in for a lot of light during the coming year.

Personally, the recent past has been something of a struggle for me. This year, I lost a truck, a lover, and was homeless for a while longer than I cared to be. Also, in my own, on-going struggle with AIDS, I've been hospitalized twice now in the last 6 months with meningitis, which is no fun, let me tell you, but has definitely taught me some lessons.

Now if I can only hold on to their wisdom.

One thing that resonates for me out of all this crud is to "be pure of spirit," and surely blessings will come to us. It is hard to maintain hope and good feelings in a world where there is so much to despair, but when those moments of calm do appear, I say cherish them hard, before they slip away again... I've had a lot of visions during this last while; moments of peace and acceptance, for which I am especially grateful. I

have also embraced and espoused the all encompassing, millennial Buddhist philosophy of "SO WHAT?" Try it. It's big.

When I was cataloging my woes and losses before, I didn't even mention all of our friends who've up and died on us this year - may they all rest in peace, or in hellacious reincarnated activism, whichever is more likely... It is almost unfathomable, the grief we've all sustained already, and so much more to go, because surely, it isn't even over yet. But somehow we are still going on, in the face of so much grief and loss. I, for one, am deeply impressed with our capacity to heal and live and love in the midst of such a slow-moving glacier of death and horror as the AIDS epidemic. We should all give ourselves a big hand.

So I know a porn rag isn't really the place to get all maudlin like this, but I want everyone to know that this issue is dedicated to Steve Kasper who died a bit more than a year ago now, I think. I don't think I knew what a huge place he held in my heart until he was gone. But I guess that's how it goes sometimes. So anyway, Steve, thanks for my first ever ride on the back of a real live Harley-fuckin'-Davidson, man. (Before the helmet law, even!). And thanks for being such an amazing man. I know that you know, if such things are knowable where you are, that you are sorely missed by many people. See you next time! - gb

A VERY SPECIAL THANK YOU TO GLACIER AND THE

The RFD Foundation

(without whom this issue of HDI would not be possible)

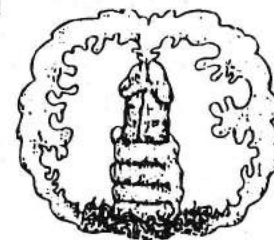
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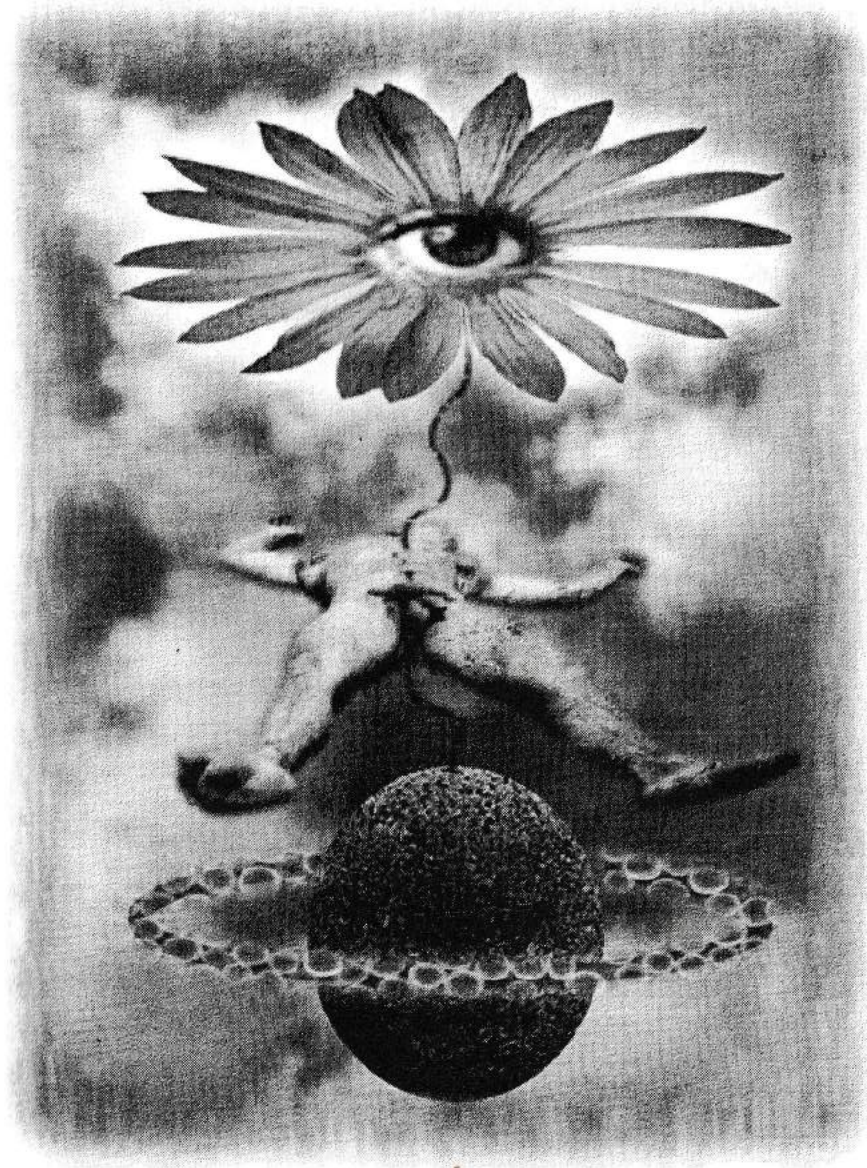
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