

**An hour North of San Francisco,
there's a summer place...**

YOUNG RUSSIAN RIVER RATS

Guerneville, California. Suddenly this summer, the hot hit at the Russian River is Nuke McKinney's mixed-media Palm Drive Video Tent. Nuke's canvas sex-pavilion sits riverside on the vacant lot next to Guerneville's Tarot Card Reading Emporium. Nuke operates across the street from the six packs at the Safeway, and no more than a stoned walk across the bridge from the quiche at Fife's queenly luxury resort.

Nuke's Palm Drive Video ain't no Pac Man arcade for kids. "ALWAYS THREE VIDEOS! NO WAITING!" Nuke's flyer advertises. "ALWAYS TWO GAY FLICKS! ALWAYS ONE STRAIGHT! SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE WHO DEPENDS ON THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS!" The rainbow banner flying over the entrance to Nuke's joint warns as much as it promises: "Abandon Yourselves All Ye Who Enter Here." Frankly, that sounds like some kind of summer place!

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In the canvas dark of Nuke's Video Tent, Jayo strips back the foreskin from the big head of his juicy cock. He's young. He's blond. He's hard. His big balls hang out over the dropped, low-slung waist of his short black baggies. He cups his hand under his dick, leans his curly head down over his swimmer's pecs, and drops a long sweet rope of spit bull's-eye on his meat. Slowly, he palms his veined shaft. His hard

thighs flex. His tanned torso reflects the light and shadow from Nuke's three huge video screens.

Jayo is a young god risen from the River with vine leaves in his hair. The aroma of his body is finer than prayer. He's a golden incarnation with grease crescents around his hard nails. He's a genuine boy: a local, a native. He's what City tourists affectionately call a "River Rat." If he's queer at all, he's more homomasculine than gay. He'd never let his buddies see him joshing with the gayboys in the Fife's and Drum corps. If he's queer at all, he's a new breed: more evolved, maybe, certainly more natural than the feather queens at Fife's resort and the leather men at Drums bar. His tactful secrecy is no closet. As much as any *La Cage* drag queen is what s/he is, Jayo is what he is.

Because he's purely what he is, without costumes and poppers and bullshit, he seems on these touristy riverbanks something like Whitman's unspoiled Adam. He's a simple genuine self: a male unadulterated by any Eve pushing forbidden apples of acid, poppers, and steroids. He cuts a figure of heroic innocence: lean-muscled, tasty with river sweat, ripe with the smell guys have who work around gas-combustion engines in the hot summer afternoons of small resort towns.

Jayo stares hard at Nuke's three simultaneous fuck-films. Close-up in his denim-blue irises you can see the reflection from the center screen of Rick Wolfmeier chowing down on the cock of Mike Betts. Jayo's lean, blue-collar body tightens with heat. He's a young Colt. He digs investigating the athletics of man-to-man sex. He has that faraway look a curious kid gets when he leaves his own body and floats up on screen to pat ass and suck and fuck with the big boys built like linebackers.

You can tell he wakes up nights: his hard dick sweetly painful between his naked belly and the steamy sheets; his Cornhusker's young hand beating his meat; his hard cock shooting sweet clots of juice as far north as his face; his hungry tongue sucking his own cum off his lips.

In this cool video dark, Jayo's body glows with the heat and light of a morning and afternoon spent naked on the River. Male shadows circle around him. Hungry eyes cruise him.

Parched throats ache to swallow his juicy rod. Strong tongues harden to probe the sweaty dark secrets of his butthole. He sees nothing but Betts take Wolfmeier's body on the hot, burning sands of *Muscle Beach*. He raises his hand for spit. His cock bobs straight up against his tight belly.

Quickly a bearded man, with the ease of a worldclass cocksucker, slips to his knees between the young mechanic's legs. He gets lucky where the other shadows hardly got close.

Jayo, far gone on the homomuscular gymnastics of Betts fucking Wolfmeier, forgets beating himself off when he feels the hot, wet mouth wrap itself teeth and tongue and throat around the head and down the shaft to the root of his cock. He leans back and lets the cockbobber swallow his cheese and sweat.

When Betts rolls his young lover Wolfmeier over on his Technicolor back and fucks him long and sweet, Jayo grabs the bearded man's head in both hands and pulls him down on his dick.

No longer is the man sucking Jayo.

Jayo takes over.

He rams the full force of his athletic legs and butt. He drives his uncut mechanic's dick deep into the man's dripping face. He can't take his eyes off the steamy fuck-energy on screen. The wet suction of the bearded face trips the cock on the Saturday-Night-Special in the back of his trade-school head. The "click" triggers his hot load.

He's a pistol.

He's a young seedbearer.

He's 18-with-a-bullet!

He's a lying 18 if he's a day.

The power of a boyman explodes from his big furry balls. His head rears back. He roars. His eyes never leave the vid-screen. His buttocks clench tight inside his wet baggies. His cum shoots deep back down the throat servicing his nut. His strong fists twist the cocksucker's beard. He pulls the masturbating man down tight into his bucking, cuming crotch. The bearded man chokes in ecstasy. He swallows the ramming, foaming, teenage load.

He strokes himself off between Jayo's golden thighs.
He's still cuming when Jayo releases his beard.

Jayo's suddenly impatient. He's shot his own load. But he has that innocent sexual courtesy that causes him to leave his still-hard dick for one grace moment longer in the mouth that serviced him. Then he pulls away from the man who falls back on his heels: exhausted, happy, licking his lips, looking up at the blond vision whose cum is in his belly.

Jayo sidesteps away from him, murmuring something softly like, "Thanks" or "Later."

And the bearded man on his knees believes the "Thanks," but not the "Later." Not to worry: River Rats run in packs. Sucking Jayo tonight is promise enough of that next inevitable opportunity when a gayman can cut the next young Colt from the herd. Separate a dude from his peers. Take him into the seductive video dark where he can't be seen. And doublescoop from him what his young curiosity wants to try just maybe even "once."

Sex without tears. Sex without hangups. Wonderful anonymous sex. When a man's up to his ass in interpersonal relationships, his last resort ain't a cottage on the Russian River; his best resort is anonymous sex, pure and simple, with young men who don't kiss.

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Nuke has his act together. Some guys have trouble with the River Rats. Not Nuke. He's smart enough to know when it's late enough, especially of a hot summer weekend, that the way to spice up the Palm Drive tent action, is to lift the back flap of his Big Top to admit free any one of a steady stream of beery, horny, young country trade who figure there ain't no better way in the world to show a faggot what you think of him than by roughfucking the motherfucking cocksucker's queer face.

"At least that's what they think," Nuke says. Nuke knows better. "Who cares what the Rats need to think to save their faces as long as they lose their loads." Nuke's developed the perfect formula. "Who the fuck wants to go away on a

summer vacation and fuck the same guys he fucked back home? When a man packs his do-wah-diddy bag for a weekend in a summer place, he wants some action with the local color.”

Nights since Memorial Day this season, Nuke’s been running the Russian River’s best SRO mixer of gaymen and river trade. Nuke’s Palm Drive Video Tent is the only game in Guerneville with that kind of action: a place where gaymen can meet the hemi-demi-semi-straight river rat boys who may spend no more than this one long hot summer of their young lives checking out once, maybe twice, how it feels to have a man’s mouth around their everhard pricks.

