

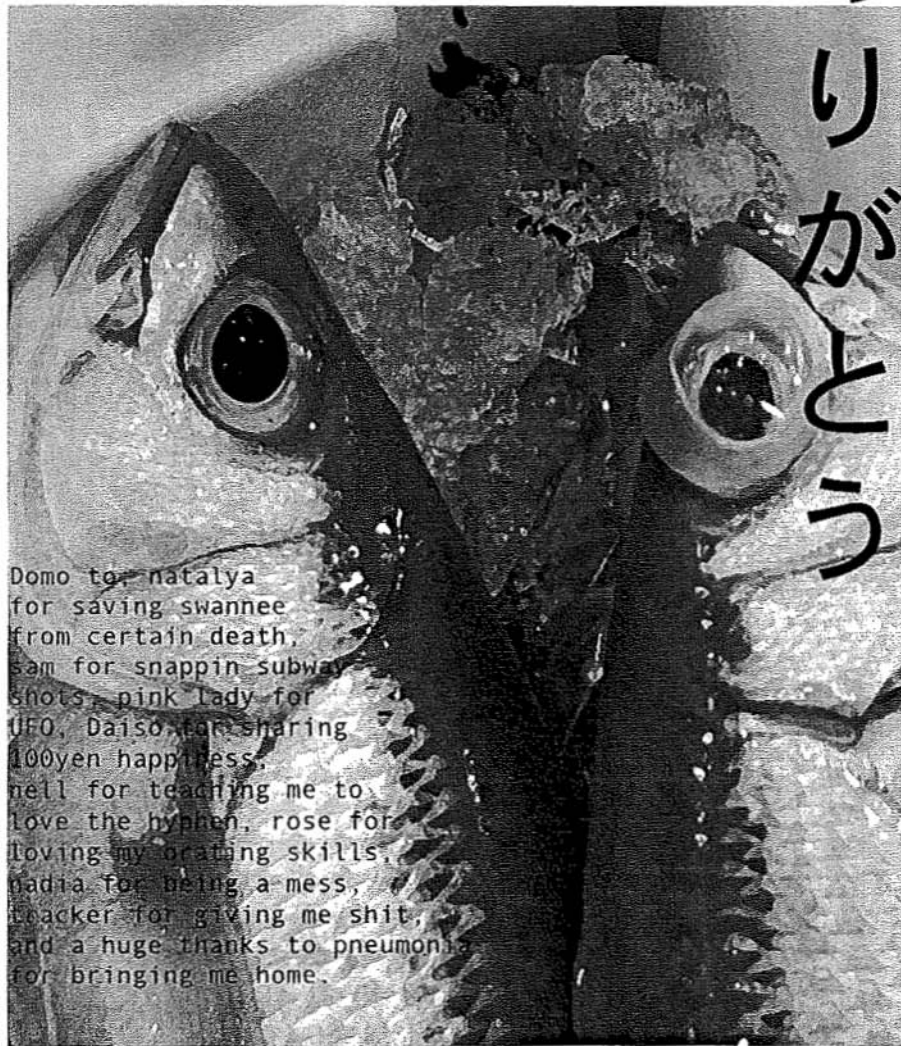
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swanboy
*big white cock
in little tokyo*



warning: contents may (probably will) arouse... or offend

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Domo to, natalya
for saving swannee
from certain death,
sam for snappin subway
shots, pink lady for
UFO, Daiso for sharing
100yen happiness,
nell for teaching me to
love the hyphen, rose for
loving my orating skills,
madia for being a mess,
cracker for giving me shit,
and a huge thanks to pneumonia
for bringing me home.

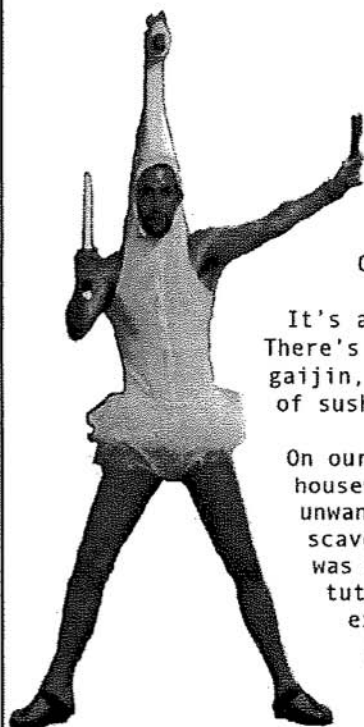
intro

I've always been a bit of a dumpster diver. Furnished many a house with crafty hard trash missions. But this is Tokyo, city of the ultimate in hard trash. The drive to consume seeps out of this towns every pore. Out with the old.

It's a city of a transient foreign population. There's this constant turnover of new eager gaijin, to replace those who've had their fill of sushi and moved on. Out with the old.

On our first night in our cramped quarters, my housemates and I sifted through bags of crap unwanted by the previous inhabitants. Our scavenging brought many a treasure, but it was not until the all-in-one swan/leotard/tutu extravaganza was extracted that we experienced what can only be described as pure joy. How could anyone leave this land with the guilt of knowing they had left this immaculate confection in the trash? Swanboy lived.

This zine is a kinda mish mash of all sorts of crazy adventures I had in my first few months in Tokyo combined with narcissistic images in my beloved swan suit. Being a fag abroad is totally weird and it makes you do crazy things, speshly in a land o weirdos like Japan. These stories aren't necessarily how things exactly happened, Some wanker might call it 'semi-autobiographical fiction' or some shit. I just think it's fun fucking with memory and stories and stuff. Hope you like it.





Squashed like a sardine
He rubs his cock on my ass
Peak hour can be fun

last trains and beer

It's early May, and a warm breeze tempts as summer's sleaze beckons with a soft fondling on my skin. I'm acquainting myself with untried streets and sounds, gathering smarts to get me through. I'm ready to accept my place as a foreign fag, so I do like all horny fags do; familiarize myself with 'Nichome', the centre of all things gay in Tokyo.

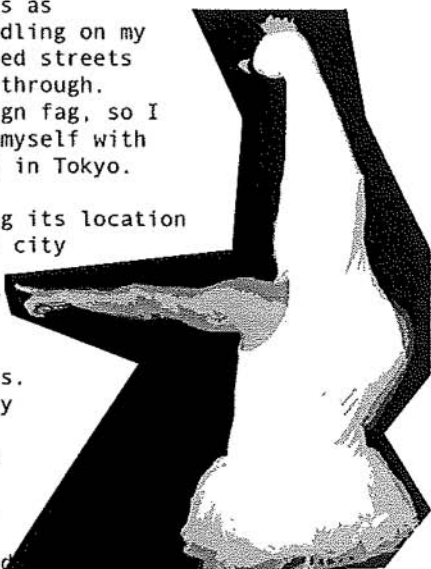
I was briefed bout the scene, but finding its location is a task in itself. Nestled in a small city block, amidst the chaos of Shinjuku, a schlep from any station. But that's how Tokyo likes its fags: hidden.

Once inside the perimeter, anything goes. In a culture that thrives on homogeneity and strict social control, it's comforting to see rainbow flags adorning shopfronts and soft-core gay porn transmitting from various shop windows.

I follow my nose along the main drag and

find 'Advocates', a bar famed for its 'Beer Blast'. In a city notorious for the high cost of daily living, it's nice to find a truly happy hour. Three hours with a bottomless plastic cup of beer for one thousand yen (about AU\$12 on current exchange rates). It's your typical ok-once-you-get-past-the-first-few-cups happy hour beer. But there are no complaints at these prices. 'Beer blast' starts at six. I'm there on the dot. But much to my dismay, only two other punters seem as keen as I to maximise cheap drinking time. I collect the first of many drinks and sidle out into the warm evening air to grab one of the limited tables on the corner.

I snatch a glance at my fellow drinkers and get a warm greeting from a boy-next-door type, though maybe not a boy; he's got one of those



deceptively young faces. He's all blonde and blue eyes, toothy white smile, probably hits the gym... my thoughts are interrupted. 'Hey, how you doin? I'm Mike, and this is Renoldo,' as he gestures to his company. I get a surly grimace masquerading as a smile in return, and an unidentifiably-accented 'hello' from dear Renoldo. Bitch. Definitely jealous younger boyfriend material. I jump into a cynical analysis of this scenario, but stop when Mike invites me over to join them. We make small talk. He's clearly done this a million times before and has his twenty questions carefully honed and rehearsed. Surly bitch boyfriend, who turns out to be Brazillian, sits back and silently scowls at our friendly banter.



Given my fresh-off-the-boat status, I'm lectured about the ecosystem of gay Tokyo. Mike's been here for over ten years and knows the traps. With Nichome as the nucleus, hundreds of small bars squeeze into the narrow buildings, but good luck getting into any of them. What you have to accept early on is that, as a foreigner, you're just not welcome at most of the bars. The establishments that are accessible are frequented by a combination of: a) English teachers; b) American military types; c) Disney boys (foreign imports at Tokyo's premier entertainment site...); and d) a mix of older corporate gentlemen not uncommonly seen with an underage local boy in tow. Attracted to this melting pot of various nationalities and cultures are the 'gaisen'; potato queens, foreign flesh obsessed locals.

The throng of trashy Sunday punters begins to arrive at about 7. Quickly boys, you've only got 2 hours of drinking time. It's a friendly crowd, and I'm all too aware of cruisey glances in my direction. Doesn't matter where you are, poofers can smell fresh meat a mile off. But I'm not here on a stopover. I'm starting to form a life and community for myself. So tonight is about research, not sticking my dick in the mouth of the first punter that shows an inkling of interest. After beer number eight, research starts playing second fiddle to flirting with potential good times. When the blast is over at nine, the swaying punters slowly finish their last drops... no one likes paying for a full-price beer at this stage of

the night. With my empty cup in hand I begin to wonder what happens next. My question is answered when a cute lad shouts, 'Karaoke!' and soon enough a gaggle of pissed poofs are making their way to a dingy basement karaoke bar.

Fuckin fags. Any ounce of attraction dissipates when whiney voices belt out drunken vibrato versions of the not-so-Divine Ms M's 'The Rose'. Not that I can talk: somehow I've managed to find myself singin my well rehearsed signature tune, the perennial Irene Cara classic 'Fame', at the top of my lungs. Perhaps to the discomfiture of other patrons. Especially the bit where I jump up on a table, 'I'm gonna learn how to fly, high!' and knock over everyone's drinks... It is during the instrumental when, whilst pulling out some of my finest interpretive tabletop dancing skills, I have the drunken sense to glance at my watch... 'Fuck! Last train!' I yell, bounce off the table, grab my jacket, and bound out the door.

I scurry through Shinjuku's brightly-lit neon glare and find myself on a train that I drunkenly and misguidedly assume will convey me safely to my Yokohama digs.

Last trains, I have already learned, are always packed. The stench of stale beer and cigarettes emanates from slumped salary men and merry punters suspended from the handrails. The first few stops out of Shinjuku do not bring much respite from the cramped sweaty conditions. As we pass through countless stations, the crowd begins to thin and my mind is a blur with drunken recollections of the evening's events. Was I a little too eager with the cheap



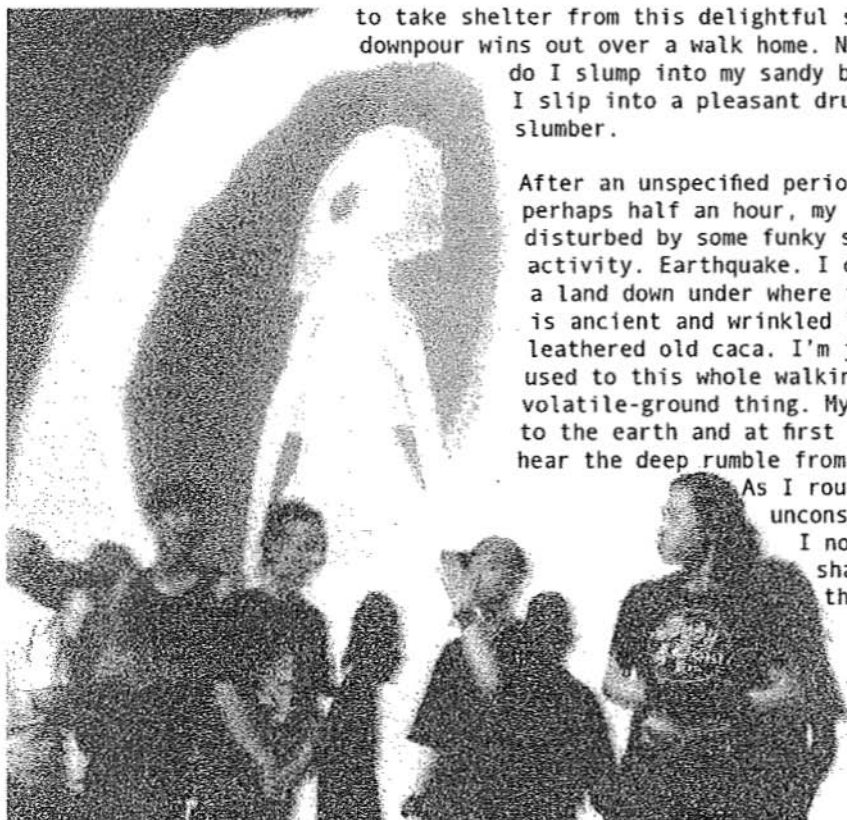
beer? Will I get to shag that hot Disney Dancer? Will I find a sense of community in this alienating city? Do the locals appreciate interpretive tabletop dance? These drunken thought patterns and irrational self-doubts are brought to an abrupt halt as we arrive at Kikuna station and everyone begins to disembark. Kikuna Station? This is certainly not Yokohama station. I look at the map above the carriage door and hazily calculate that I have made it about half way to Yokohama... and this train isn't going any further tonight. As I head toward the exit I have an overwhelming sense that my social life will be constantly hindered unless I move to Tokyo proper. Fuckin last trains.

I leave the station, only to be greeted by a sudden mid-spring shower. Let's reflect, shall we? It's pissing down, I'm still pissed, I'm somewhere in the sprawling suburbia of greater Tokyo, and I'm having flashbacks of faces grimacing as I belted out the last lines of 'Fame'. I begin to walk away from the station under the assumption that I will just walk home. Follow the tracks. It can't be that far. But it is raining, and I am still pissed, so the idea of passing out in a nice comfortable sandpit under a bridge and settling down for the evening

to take shelter from this delightful spring downpour wins out over a walk home. No sooner do I slump into my sandy bed than I slip into a pleasant drunken slumber.

After an unspecified period of time, perhaps half an hour, my sleep is disturbed by some funky seismic activity. Earthquake. I come from a land down under where the earth is ancient and wrinkled like a leathered old caca. I'm just not used to this whole walking-on-volatile-ground thing. My ear is to the earth and at first I can only hear the deep rumble from below.

As I rouse from unconsciousness I notice the shakes from the earth





reverberating through my whole body. I am slightly sobered and clearly awake, and the realisation that I have been sleeping in a sandpit under a bridge surrounded by homeless fellow shelter-seekers in the middle of nowhere disturbs me slightly. The rain has subsided somewhat, so I decide that I will attempt to walk home... hmm... or at least just walk cause it's not as scary as earthquakes whilst lying under a bridge.

I quickly come across a convenience store - as is always the case in this country - and after grabbing a rice ball for sustenance, I ask in broken Japanese how to get to Yokohama. My questions are met with confused looks from the nightshift boys; I don't know if it's just the fact that they don't understand my slurred stilted attempts at communication, or that they can't comprehend that someone would be stupid enough to try to walk all the way to Yokohama. I leave quickly with the bemused looks following me out the door. Drunken spontaneity causes me to lift an umbrella from the stand outside the door and I make a quick dash down the street in case I'm sprung.

'They' say the only things that get stolen in Japan are umbrellas and bicycles. I have my umbrella, and I ain't gonna get far on foot. So in my inebriated state I think it a clever idea to break a bike lock with my mini pocketknife. I'm a savvy traveller after all. Savvy? Yes. Prepared? Yes. Smart? No. Not so smart, and unsurprisingly I fail dismally. But, undeterred, eventually I come across an unlocked bike with a flat tyre. This, I think, is gonna make my trip a little easier. I rationalize that its location down a small alleyway in a 'dumped' position, coupled with a flat tyre, can only mean that its owner is long gone and really just couldn't be bothered fixing the tyre... plus, 'they' say everyone rides stolen bikes in Japan. Eh, I'm too drunk to deal with guilt at this point of the night. This is about survival.

So I sally forth on my newly acquired red jitensha into the rain-soaked night. I try desperately to follow the train tracks, but wrong turns lead me to dark empty telephone booths in quiet neighbourhoods where I find respite from the rain and break into hysterical giggles. I still don't know where the fuck I am and those flashbacks of my 'Fame' performance keep haunting me.

With Tokyo behind me, but no sign of train tracks, I wheel my hot vehicle to the top of a hill I have scoped out from afar and see the blinking lights of Yokohama in the distance. Hurrah. My futon is somewhere over yonder.

I coast down the hill, the rain splattering my ass as I ride, but at the bottom I am again horizonless. With no blinking lights to guide me, I attempt to connect with my internal compass.

It's now 3am and my internal compass obviously ain't up to scratch for I have found myself in a dark industrial wasteland with a soundtrack



of machinery clanking and bleeping from the nearby factories... this is not central Yokohama and the blinking lights are still absent from my horizon. Backtrack.

I stumble across some friendly-looking and much-missed railway tracks and follow a path that runs beside them hoping it will take me to Yokers. But suddenly the path stops and I'm left with two options; backtrack again, or hurl myself and bike over a fence and brave the naked tracks. Due to drunken stupidity, my thought processes are oblivious to the possibility of random midnight freight trains that might leave the tracks soaked in the blood of this boy from Oz in the morning. But luck is with me now. The road reconnects and I scale another fence with my bike. I still don't know where the fuck I am. As I round a corner with my tired legs straining, those sorely-missed blinking lights come into view. It's just gone 4am and I'm awash

with relief. Yokohama station finds me sodden with rain, and I really can't be fucked riding one more station, so I bid a fond farewell to my crippled bike and sit delirious on an abandoned platform until the first train of the morning pulls up.

I drift off the train and plod with heavy steps through narrow Yokohama suburban streets beginning to rouse in early dawn light. Last trains bring adventure. Last trains bring stories. Last trains bring epic journeys that fortunately find me drifting into unconsciousness on my thin futon now caressing my damp skin. Remember my name, fame.

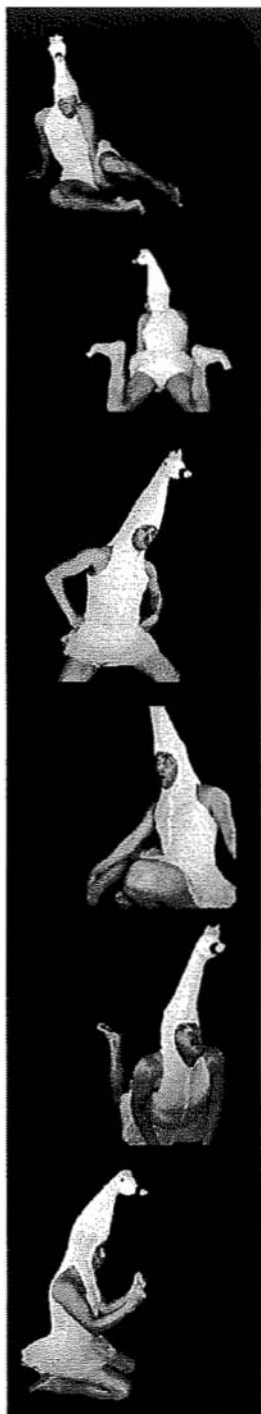
...the room was 'ski' themed

Our rendezvous at exit B3 in Iidabashi station is a little stilted. I'm decked out in corporate drag, long-sleeved business shirt sporting massive sweat patches from a perspiring evening of English teaching to 'get a life!' salarymen, and all I seem to notice about him is that he's wearing a single purple contact lens, which throws me for a second. I mean purple contact lenses are questionable in themselves, especially on a date. Did he mean to only put one in? Maybe asymmetrical eye colours are the new... but whatever, lens aside, he's still pretty cute.

Takeshi and I swapped numbers at the fateful first beer blast a few weeks back, and now that I'm a bit more settled in my surrounds, I've agreed to a date.

We're dining tonight in true local style. Okonomiyaki is the bomb. Literally - okonomi - 'what you want', and yaki - 'fried'. It's all open to interpretation but tonight we're havin Hiroshima-style; all sorts of delicious tidbits thrown together in layers; a thin crepe-like pancake on the bottom is layered with noodles, vegetables, seafood, and topped with a fried egg.

Our chef, concocting these creations on the grill in front of us, is Takeshi's friend. She's quite taken with me. After my enthusiastic consumption of her creations, she fishes for compliments and gets many. Takeshi translates, "She says that if you will be her boyfriend, she will cook this for you every day for free." I smile coyly and tempt the proposition. She falls into a fit of giggles, momentarily losing concentration.





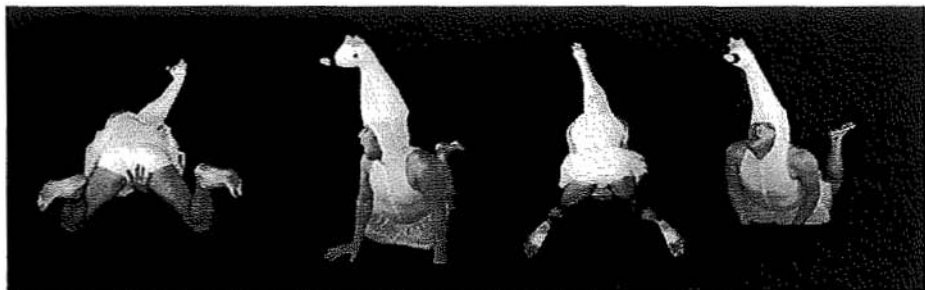
The night rolls on, and more beer is offered and drunk. Time ticks along unchecked. I'm all too aware of the pitfalls of missing last trains. I don't want a repeat of my recent trans-Tokyo odyssey, but now that I'm factoring in the long walk to the station, I'm sure as fuck I've missed my last train. There are awkward silences as we descend the subway stairs, and he's not being forthcoming with any suggestions and I tell him I'm going to crash at a friend's house (after recounting my tragic bike-stealing trek across prefectures to new acquaintances, I've been offered many a spot in closer proximity if ever I miss a train to Yokohama).

We're about to part ways when he looks into my eyes through half-purpled disappointment, and grabs me in a stilted embrace in the middle of the chaos of Iidabashi station. 'I want to fuck,' he whispers as our lips part. He suggests we split a room at a hotel, as he still

lives with his parents. I'm slightly aroused by the proposition. Barely a month into my Japan adventure, and I get to experience a love hotel. "Ok," I reply coolly, trying to hide my enthusiasm, "let's do the hotel."

We board the train bound for Ikebukuro, which is a bit of a detour to get to Shinjuku, but apparently it's our only option at this time of night. It's full of the dregs of the evening and while I'm suspending myself from the handrails Takeshi smiles and goes to kiss me. I flinch and whisper a jumbled rant, "I mean, you're Japanese and all, but... I'm not, and... I don't want to be culturally insensitive cause like... displays of public affection are kinda of frowned upon, aren't they?" He smiles, "Fuck that, I love to kiss." This boy is growing on me. So we kiss and carry on to do so until we transfer trains at Ikebukuro. The kissing spectacle resumes while we're standing on the platform waiting for our approaching train. Hordes of people around us stagger and glare through narrow glances at the two boys with locked lips. If I were in Oz doing this at this time of night,





in a very crowded station, people would have no hesitations at expressing their disgust. But this is Tokyo. Anything goes. People just turn a blind eye to what they don't want to see.

We make it to Shinjuku station and weave through narrow streets to a love hotel in the now familiar 'Nichome' district that provides cheap lodgings for boy-on-boy action. I'm informed that most love hotels in greater Tokyo only provide rooms to hetero couples, and 'Nichome' seems to be the only place where two lads can mess up a room together without causing a fuss. (But we can kiss on a very public station platform without being poofster bashed. Weird.) So we pay our cash to a hole in the wall and climb dingy stairs to our 'themed room'. On the



door is written 'ski', and as we walk in it feels like I've walked into a cramped Swiss chalet. Other than the cheap wooden veneer covering the furniture, the only thing that enhances the 'ski' theme is a dodgy handpainted mural of a skier in bold primary colours. There's not much else to the room. I notice that rock bottom prices mean rock hard futons as my eyes scan the thin layer of cotton on a raised wooden platform masquerading as a bed. There's also a poor excuse for a shower, a separate sink, and the toilet is outside and down the hall. This wasn't exactly how I pictured my first love hotel experience in Tokyo. I had grand visions of rotating beds in moonscape-themed rooms, piped music to shag to, and all access hardcore porn cable... but a fuck's a fuck, right?

I discover the bed is not only hard, but lumpy, as we descend into a pulling and tugging routine attempting to reveal fresh flesh and hardening appendages. The room is poorly ventilated, and the heat of our thrashing bodies quickly builds up a beaded sweat to lubricate our writhing. As we fuck we are surrounded by musty odours seeping in from this room's countless bodies' sweaty history.

Fuck racial stereotyping; this boy has nothing to be ashamed of. It's not exactly sword swallowing, but his cock fills my mouth comfortably. He starts muttering the local lingo in dirty tones in my ear. I must learn more Japanese. This fuck is hot, but I'm tired, so I speed our breathing and pick up the pace. Sperm slips in streams through avenues of beaded sweat as our limbs lock in an exhausted embrace. He smiles at me



with a strange tender admiration. A look I've seen before. I know exactly where this is heading. It was a good fuck, he's cute, but he knows I'm fresh foreign meat in this city, and I've heard stories of the cred involved in claiming a new-blood boyfriend amongst the local lads. He's got his kudos for getting in the first shag, but I'll be no trophy boyfriend. We shower before cramping into awkward positions as we try to catch sleep. As I drift off I scan the room and notice the picture of the skier is masked by the Venetian shadows being cast by the dull amber streetlight outside.

I've got to move to Tokyo.





I moved to a shoebox on a hill. Tokyo surrounded me. I thought I'd moved to the centre of it all. Action at any end of town could be reached on my daggy (not stolen) shopping bike. Little did I know that I was slowly being digested by this city.

Sin is cheap in this town. A bottle of vodka and a pack of ciggies is cheaper than buying dinner.

At first I thought it was the tofu factory next door which at 2a.m. each night would pump out foul smelling fumes of cooking soy beans, was to blame for my erectile problems. It was wonderful to have fresh tofu at your doorstep everyday, but if you're gettin jiggy with some hot naked lad on your futon and then the exhaust fan next your window starts spewing out tofu scented steam, fresh beancurd from your friendly neighbourhood tofu factory is decidedly less appealing.

After more of a think, I concluded it was more likely the booze and fags and lack of food which was to blame for my limp dick.

a tale of rooftops and gin

I've been hangin round with some riff-raff this afternoon, swilling tepid cans of beer and chu-his in Yoyogi Park. For a day of free entertainment, this is the place to be. Gaggles of schoolgirls congregate to run through carefully choreographed cheerleading routines, portable beatboxes pumping barely audible songs into the air. Hot athletic boys swarm here, taking advantage of rare wide green spaces to kick balls and chuck a Frisbee or two. The ukulele club clusters at the edge of one of the long fountains, and of course there's countless hoards of drumming, fire-twirling hippies attempting to forge some kind of community in an otherwise isolating town.

The summer sun is waning as autumn sets in for the kill. It's Sunday, and as routine has now entered my life, Sunday usually ends up drinking copious amounts of beer on a small street corner in Nichome. I've become more comfortable in the role I play in the gay community in Tokyo. Getting my head around being actively discriminated against as a white-middle class (and very



handsome) man has taken a bit of getting used to. But now this 'oppression' seems just a novel little quirk in this odd land.

The riff-raff I've been hanging out with, and am now continuing with to the Sunday swill, is an odd bunch. Tokyo collects some of kookiest cats in its clutches. There's Travis, all pasty and a bit screwy from a youth spent in Tasmania. He came-out in Japan, and despite unfortunate early balding, he is certainly a hit with the locals. His beau of the mo, self-described 'super cute Yuki', is a honey and a half, totally gaijin obsessed, but doesn't like sex, much to dear Travis' dismay. Where there's a Yuki, there's a Takeshi. Not just any Takeshi, but the Takeshi of okonomiyaki and ski-themed room fame. We had another date, but at date number two when the word 'boyfriend' was being bandied about over tofu,



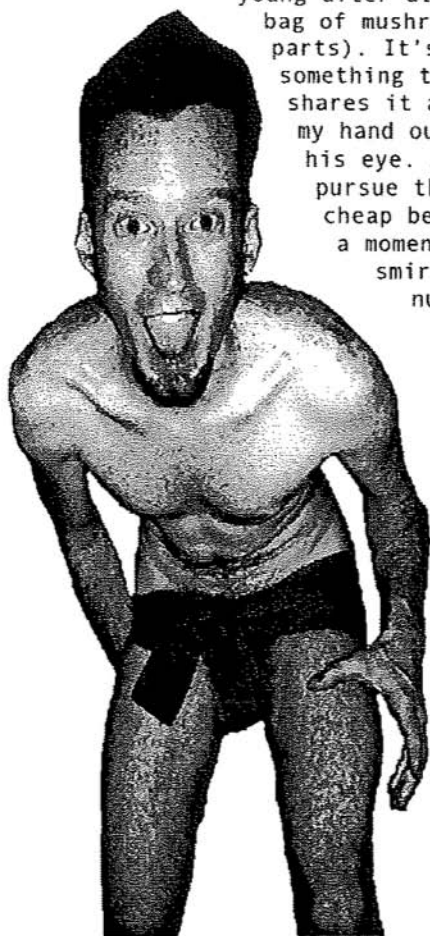
well... It was all a bit much for a boy from Oz fresh off the boat. So after many attempts at paraphrasing, I dumped him over the remnants of our bean curd meal. We still flirt a bit, but our steamy ski love hotel romp was a once-off fuck. Then there's Matt and Jay. Thrifty fags who bunk down in the same room; separate futons, no fucking (except for a bit of mutual wanking when they first moved in to 'clear the sexual tension...'). Matt's a fellow Aussie expat, Japanophile, cute, witty, intelligent, total slut. And Jay... Jay is tall and gangly. Jay is Texan. Jay is an anarchist. Jay is doing his PhD on something obscure in anthropology involving slaughterhouses... and Jay has steely thick red locks that defy gravity and are currently sitting in a weird asymmetrical quiff. Added to this is a random collection of Matt and Jay's odd German housemates who are a fun bunch, but always resist my attempts to coerce them into singing '99 Luftballons' at karaoke. Though I've found my own accommodation in Tokyo, I seem to have taken up weekend residence at Matt and Jay's apartment due to its close proximity to nighttime haunts. There's always a few random ring-ins, but this has been my summer crew. Half of them are leaving within a few months, and the scheduling of dates for sayonara parties is a recurring reminder of the transient nature of this city.

We arrive in pack formation at 6.30. I've learnt my lesson. To arrive at Beer Blast at six on the dot is asking for trouble. It leads to impromptu tabletop dancing, missing last trains, and bike theft. Those who are wise and experienced have grabbed a rice ball from one of the convenience stores littering the streets on the way to line their stomach for the imminent onslaught.

The crowd has arrived early to catch one of the last few Sundays when exposed flesh won't lead to a chill. Beer one is downed, and we gather momentum. By seven o'clock, a few beers in, the crowd has swelled. It's just that time of year; school is about to start so there are hoards of new faces looking all innocent (at three months in, I'm a veteran), and old faces have returned, tanned, but a little worse for wear after too many weeks in Thailand. And we drink, mince words with handsome strangers, size up potential fucks, and drink.

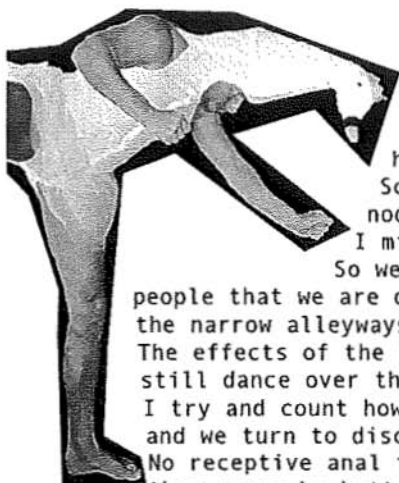


The night begins to decay after beer number five. The crowd loosens and the pack gathers pace as bodies begin to spill into the streets surrounding the corner establishment. In this post-five-beers state, rationality disappears and the close proximity of head shops leads to questionable decisions. The idea is mooted. There's not much reluctance after beer five is done, and the night is young after all. Soon enough Jay reappears with a bag of mushroom dust (still vaguely legal in these parts). It's only a pinch each, just a little something to add a rosy glow to the evening. He shares it around and as I surreptitiously hold my hand out, I catch an expectant glimmer in his eye. Jay and I hold each other's gaze as we pursue the acrid powder down our throats with a cheap beer chaser. The deed is done and, after a moments wincing at the taste, we share a smirk of anticipation as we polish off beer number six.



At this stage of the game it's not uncommon to see bodies escaping the crowd in a mad rush to nearby alleyways to projectile vomit the cheap draft up and out of their system. With a sense of gay abandon hanging heavily in the air, tonight sees more than the occasional casualty. In my few months here I've built a stomach of steel. I manage to keep the mushroom dust in my system and, though muted slightly by the alcohol, the fungus starts to weave its magic. The pavement transforms into a multicoloured fractal-like Persian rug, and everybody seems softly lit from behind, slightly blurring shapes and smiles and smirks. I catch Jay's eye again, and his blue eyes twinkle at the developing hallucination.

The clock is nearing nine and the rush to fit in a last fill-up has begun. Jay follows close behind me. The combination of the beer and mushrooms seems to have inspired a dirty flirtation between us. We mince words and try to out-smut each other as we arrive at the front of the queue. We collect our final beers of the evening and head out into the street, now heaving under the weight of far too many fags. "Have you ever pimped your ass?" Jay asks me. His face blurs

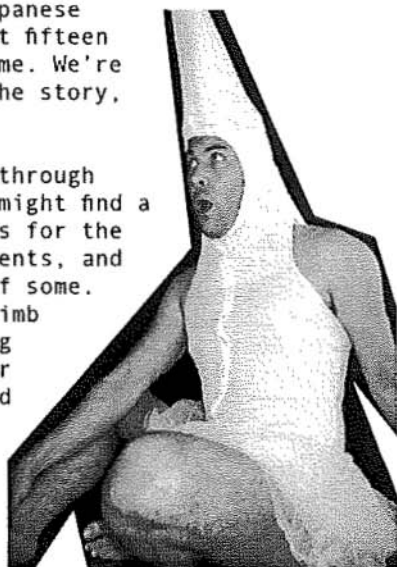


and his freckles spin for a moment as I gather my answer, "No..." (loaded silence), "but I'm willing to give it a good Aussie go!" His grin seems to reach his ears like some weird cartoon-esque Scandinavian elf, and he gives me a single nod of approval. "Now?" he inquires coyly. I mimic his southern drawl, "You betcha."

So we down the dregs of our last beer, inform people that we are off to sell ourselves, and totter through the narrow alleyways. I know exactly where we're going. The effects of the fungus dust seem to have dulled, but I still dance over the swirling colours beneath my feet, as I try and count how many beers I've drunk. I lose count and we turn to discussing the ins & outs of our mission. No receptive anal fucking, 10000 yen for a blow, 15000 if they wanna be butt fucked. These are fair prices for some handsome lads. We arrive at the street railing we both know is a renowned ass-pimping position. On a Friday or Saturday night, this place swarms with young lads sitting patiently on the railings awaiting the approach of cruising glances from passing cars.

Perhaps it's too early, perhaps it's too late, it's probably just Sunday, but for whatever reason, the railings sit empty, save for our bony white asses. We agree that neither of us has seen any white boys haulin their trade on these streets and speculate that the lack of competition bodes well for us. But trade is nonexistent tonight. The multiple beer and hallucinogen combo consumed distorts our concept of time. Feels like hours that we've been sitting here, practicing our smutty Japanese on each other, but it's only been about fifteen minutes, and we tire of the waiting game. We're not here for the yen, we're here for the story, for the thrill of the trade.

Jay proposes that perhaps by trawling through the unmarked buildings of Nichome, we might find a 'rub'n'tug' parlour that will employ us for the evening. He's heard of such establishments, and is pretty sure he knows the location of some. We scamper to a nearby building and climb dark dank stairs, the concrete exhaling heavy breaths exhausted from the summer heat. Jay's Japanese is impeccable, and even with toxic substances skewing reality, he can recognize which doors could potentially provide employment. We knock on door number one. No answer. We try the handle. Locked. Up



and up we climb, trying doors that could potentially give us boys a thrill. But as we reach the top floor, the last door, like all the others, is locked. We share a look of disappointment. Is our adventure really at an end? My gaze roves and I spy a door that can only lead to the roof.

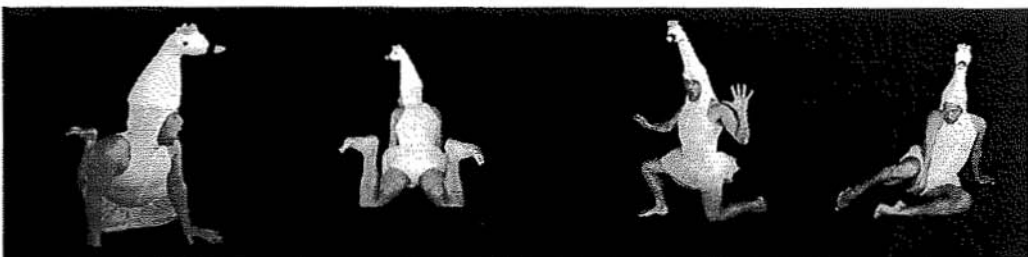
Rooftop access is such a rarity in this town, it would be sad to miss out on such an opportunity. So we scurry up the final flight of stairs and burst through the door to the roof. We step out impatiently and a blare of colour, sound and smell smacks us. During our as yet failed bock-hocking adventure, quite a sizeable fire has engulfed a nearby building in the next block. We rush to the railing of the building as flashes of siren lights splatter red on nearby walls. Lurid flames lick high into the night sky and an audience of shrieking fags has gathered to watch the spectacle on the street below. My heart starts racing and blood courses fiercely through my veins, speeding its way to my groin... I turn to Jay with a loaded glimpse of escapade in my gaze, "This is great!



Let's masturbate!" His wide-reaching grin appears again with sparks shooting from his eyes and he chuckles to himself as we both unzip and aim our cocks in the direction of the blaze. We pump our shafts and giggle between groans as we mime putting out the flames with the pulses of our hands sliding over our dicks. Our smiles interlock as our spare hands creep and tangle over each other's limbs. I feel his height behind me, his lanky frame pushes lightly at my shoulders as his hand slides down the small of my back, over my cheeks, and finger-by-finger he explores my sweaty ass. It's hot and all, but what's going on in my behind is kinda playing second fiddle to the still-burning building. Jay holds me close and whispers in my ear, "I've got a condom on." It could be the flames, it could be the booze, it could be the fact I haven't been fucked in a while, but as he forces his cock up my ass it feels like I'm being split in two. I scream "Itai!" (local lingo for 'pain') out to the neighbouring buildings. He pulls out, but still holds himself close against my back, his breathing heavy on my neck and I feel his rhythm reverberating through my body.

The flames have been killed off by now and the scent of heavy wet smoke fills the air. Our breathing speeds as we persuade each other's climax. We thrust cum as if it's spores reaching to catch the passing wind, but it falls instead with dull splats at our feet. The fire is out and we are two spent lads leaning silent and exhausted on a rooftop railing. The flashing lights have disappeared and a quiet calm hangs over us.

We chuckle at our wobbly legs as we stumble down the first flight of stairs. When we reach the top floor's landing again we decide to recheck the doors. How we missed it on the way up, I'm not sure (booze and fungus powder could explain it), but the door handle gives against the force of my grasp and opens to a quiet darkness. Jay looks in over my shoulder and whispers, "Is that a guy sleeping over there?" The apartment is small, and as my eyes adjust to the dim light, I notice the shape of a sleeping man on his futon just to our right. I'm not sure if it's the booze, or the excitement of the fire and dirty wanking session, or the



hazy mushroom cloud in my head, but I turn to Jay, "I'm thirsty, I'm gonna nick something from his fridge." Jay quietly giggles behind me as I tiptoe toward the fridge. I slowly open the door and quickly scan the contents. Miso, milk, tofu, and... in the door, a green glass bottle that, by its shape and colour, I identify as Tanqueray Gin. I drunkenly rationalize that because booze is so cheap in this country, our sleeping friend will not miss a half-empty bottle of gin too much. So I stealthily slide it out of the shelf of the door and creep back to the awaiting Jay. 'Whadya get?' he inquires in a hushed Texan drawl. With an accomplished grin I show him the bottle. We share a cheeky smile. I quickly stash the flask in my bag and we scamper down the stairs, half expecting to be followed by an angry gin-less resident, but it's all clear when we arrive at the street.

"So... is this it?" I ask as we stroll through the empty streets, "...our mission to pimp our hot asses has failed?"

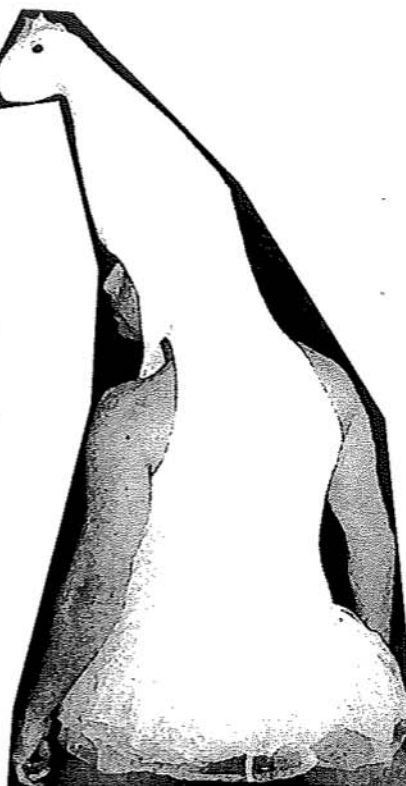
"It would seem that way Dan-chan," Jay says with a tone of

slight defeat, "But we did jerk off to a raging fire on a rooftop."

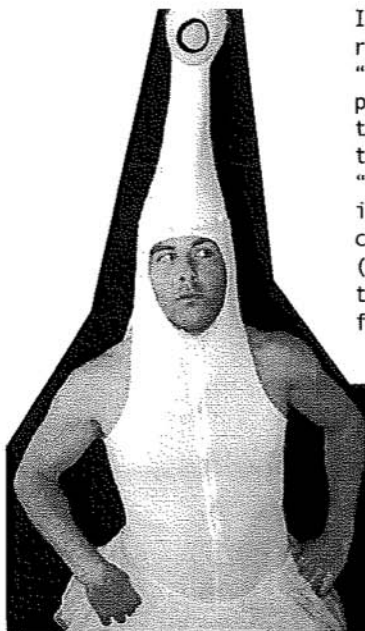
"And broke into someone's apartment and stole a bottle of gin from their fridge," I add.

Jay and Matt's apartment is walkable from Nichome. We chuckle our way back and quickly pass out on bare futons laid haphazardly on the ground. There are four on the floor as I notice Matt has found himself a bed buddy for the evening. Sleep hits me quick as I nod off in Jay's arms.

The morning sun beats in through a crack in the sliding doors as I rouse from a groggy doze. I stagger out into the kitchen where the night's casualties have assembled for a Monday morning egg fest. Jay is already up and inhumanly bright-eyed at the table. We recount an abridged version of last night's adventure to our audience, omitting the whole fire-inspired wank bonanza.



It's after this point in the story that I'm reminded about the stolen gin in my bag. "Breakfast shots anyone?" I ask. But as I pull the green bottle from my bag I notice that it's not the Tanqueray I thought it to be. Jay takes the bottle and translates, "It's gold-infused water. The bottle says it's a treatment for arthritis... and," he chuckles, "... it's got a price tag of ichi-man (AU\$140)." I look blankly at him as I process the implications of my actions. Guilt fills me for a second. "Breakfast shots anyone?"

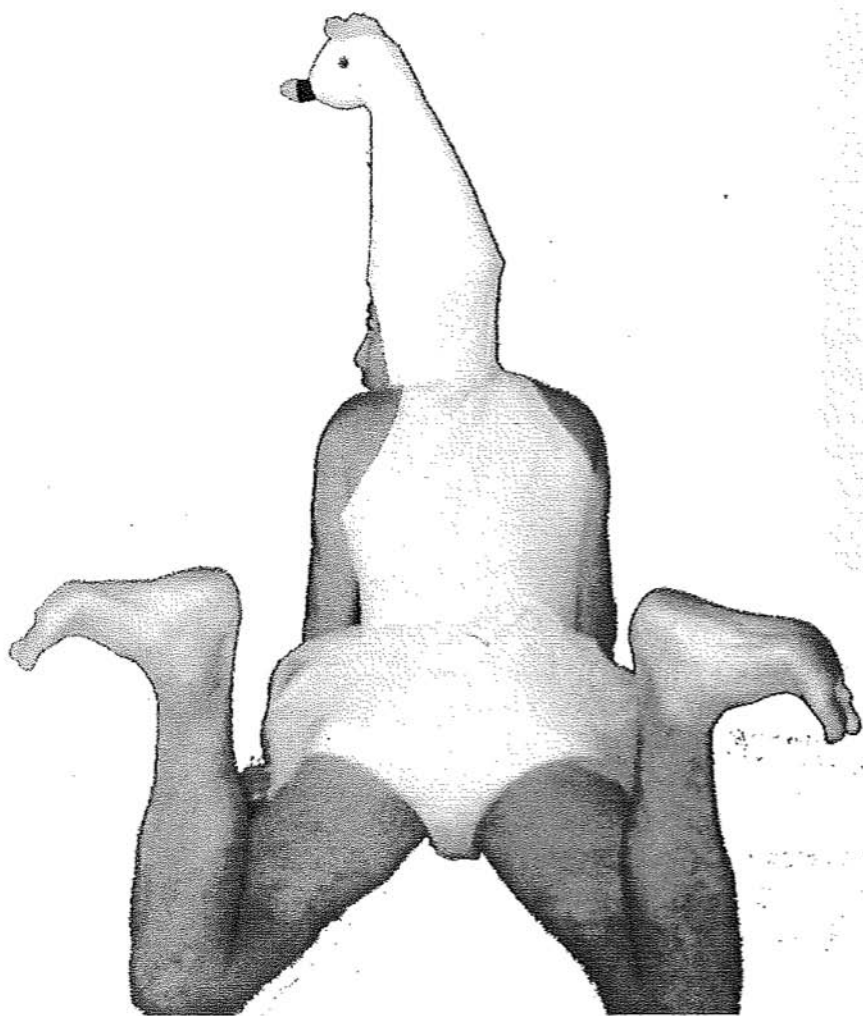


epilogue

Sometimes you just feel like curling up into a foetal position in the middle of the street. Sometimes you feel like throttling shop assistants when you ask for a small deviation from the ingredients in a sandwich and they say they can't, like... how fucking hard is it not to put tomato on a fucking sandwich. Too hard apparently. Don't break the rules now. Sometimes you feel like one big white cock being both envied and feared as you try in vain to blend into the sea of bodies in the subway swarm. Most of the time it's all cheap booze and smiles and stares and sex and sushi trains and karaoke.

I lasted two years before Tokyo ground me to a halt. I still have my stories and, unlike our former tenants, I still have a swansuit.





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