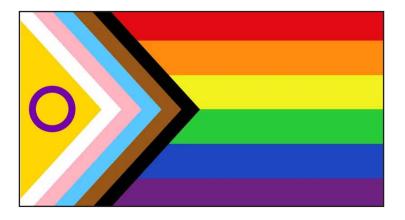


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A very special thanks to all the contributors who make this Magazine possible. If you like what they are sharing with you, drop them a note on their social medias listed. They don't bite too hard!!

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Men Ai

Male Photography







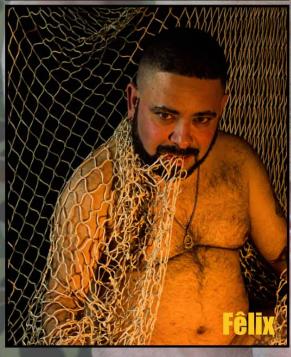




















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Stories /Evenis The Men

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Kyle Hardwood
Photos by Pesert Heat Images

Felix

Photos by Gasque PH

Centauro

Photos by GASQUE ph

Getting Some In the Barn

saturing Karl Hardwood & Porter Holden hotos By Desart Heat Images

Gay Veii Story by Gary land

Chicago Fetish Weekend -**Welcome Party**

Photos b

Dad Helped Out His Friend

Chicago Fetish Weekend -Contest

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Ramplings from the Editor

A buddy and I were recently out to dinner when the topic of making LGBTQIa friends came up. He was insistent that guys were out for just one thing and friendship wasn't it. He cited examples of times he starting hanging out with guys and eventually it lead to either the guy wanting to just jump in the sack or was looking for a relationship. The guy, in his scenario, had no intention of "just friends", even thought that's how things had started out between them. When I related a similar situation in my life, it just fueled him even more. Is he right? Do gay men have problems making friends the

There are a lot of studies, evidently, that talk about how challenging it can be to make friends, in our community, after 50 years old. A lot of those studies say that if you haven't made friends before then, you're just basically shit out of luck. The studies go on to say that shifting priorities in life, social circles

changing, stereotypes and the biggie, the rise of hookup apps.

The irony, if you want to call it that, is that my buddy had met the guy on a hookup app. You all know the one, the one that the GOP breaks anytime they have a convention. Enough said. When I asked him about why he would think someone on that app was actually just looking for friends, he seemed at a loss for an explanation. But, and to his credit, he countered with, "where else are we suppose to meet guys other than in a bar, park, bathhouse, or on an app"?

I can feel what he's feeling. I've been in my locations for about 8 years now and I know a handful of gay guys. But then, I've not really put myself out there a lot. I am not a big bar guy. I've heard horror stories about the bathhouse up here. And I am not on any of the apps. Just not my speed anymore. Leave it to the young guys, is my motto. LOL Not really, I just don't see the need for the apps.

And social media, in general, isn't much better. You never know who's on the other side of the keyboard typing to you and what is going to trigger him to become a stalker. Not that I'm talking from personal experience, or anything. And you don't know if you are really talking to

who they say they are. Although I guess that is the same with the apps, right? Creating a fake profile is just too damned easy to do. And they have learned how to make them seem real, rather than the bots of the past. So be safe out there, guys. That shit is real!

On a lighter note, at least Trump's team didn't bribe Ghislaine Maxwell to lie about what she witnessed. Oh wait, yes

they did. And

DESERT HEAT

MAGAZINE

Before I forget and kick myself, if you have a jock fetish, be sure and check out, and bid on, Jockstrap Silent Auction, hosted by Sister Rae Z Fundhs. There's an ad in the Mag (click the image).

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John

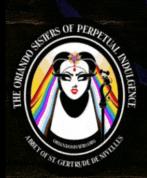
THE ORLANDO SISTERS OF PERPETUAL INDULGENCE PRESENT:

JOCKSTRAP SILENT AVETION

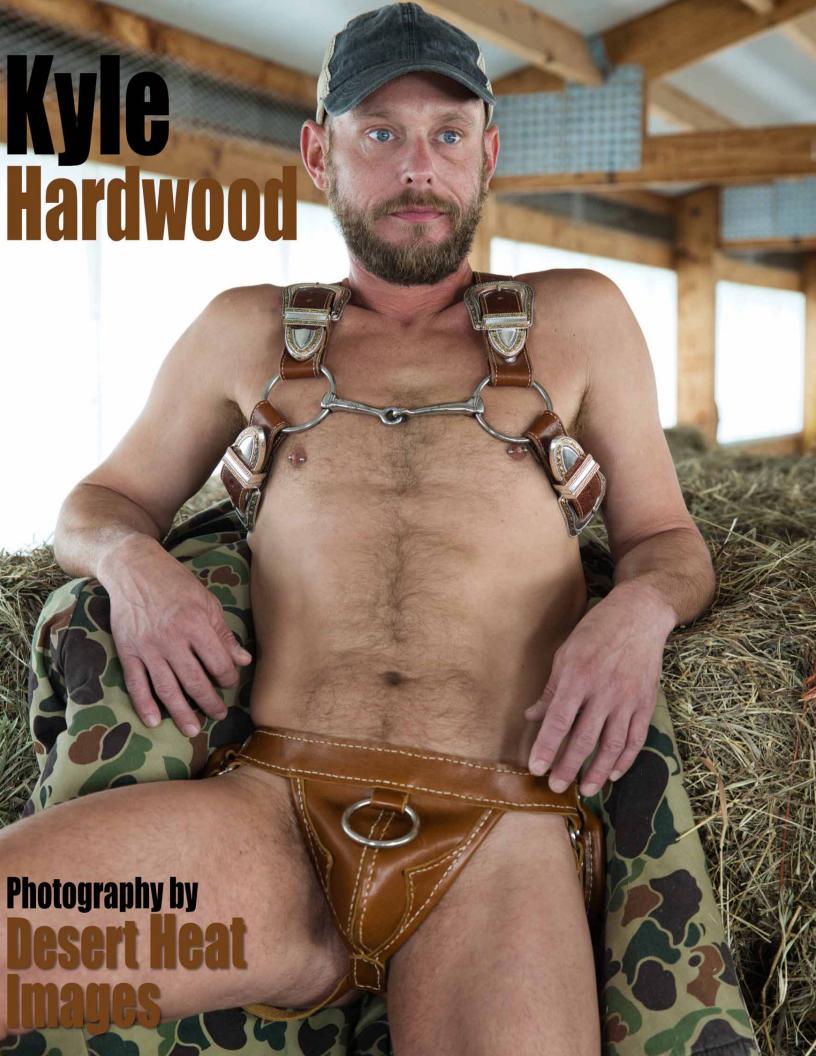
HOSTED BY: SISTER RAE Z FUNDUS STARTS 8/1 - MIDNIGHT 8/22

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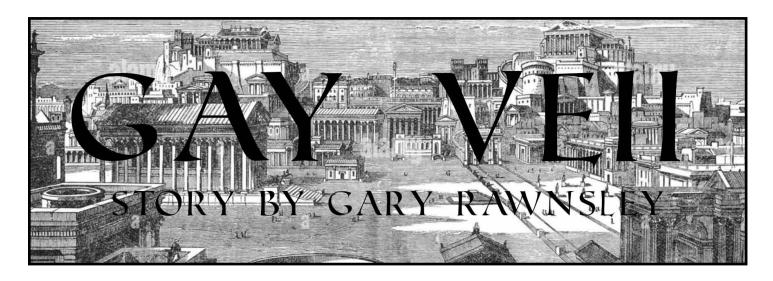












ETRUSCAN CITY (Late 6th Century BC)

They [Etruscan men] have quite a bit of sex with women but they much prefer sleeping with boys and young men; the young men in their country are in fact very good-looking, since they enjoy a luxurious life style and remove the hair from their bodies. Theopompus

Veii, ten miles northwest of Rome, was the richest city of Etruria. The citizens were luxurious and extravagant in their habits, and unembarrassed by male same-sex coupling.

Unsurprisingly, when Thocero, the proprietor of a Veii drink and food establishment, stepped into the back room, he saw a man, naked below the metal collar around his neck, kneeling in front of a nude nineteen-year-old youth. The latter, lying flat on his back with the man's cock thrusting inside his rear, had one leg on the man's shoulder and his hands behind his head. His body, hairless except for his short auburn mop, contrasted with the man's jet black hair and beard, both neatly trimmed, his hairy chest and belly, and his forest of dark groin hair.

Thocero couldn't take his eyes off what he was seeing. Suddenly, to his delight, the youth's balls tightened, his cock's shaft, hard inside the man's rubbing fist, became fully rigid, and white streams spurted from the slit onto his rippled stomach. The man's climax followed. He tossed his head back and shoved his fat cock as deep inside the youth's body as he could.

"I didn't feel anything after your last stroke," the youth said as the man pulled out. "Did you come?"

"Believe me, your butt is filled with my cum," the man replied.

The man turned his head and noticed

Thocero standing in the shadows with the front of his green tunic tented out.

"Care to enjoy him?" the man asked.

"Only if he wishes."

"Well?" the man asked the youth.

The youth beamed.

Thocero pulled his tunic off over his head, and with his phallus bobbing as he walked over, replaced the man. In a split second, he was on his knees thrusting it inside the youth's back entrance faster than the speed of Turms. He climaxed in less than a minute and withdrew, leaving the youth's inner ass brimming with the seed of two males.

The man, who turned out to be a customer, and Thocero, dressed. The youth, Vel, joined the other young men in their late teens who waited on the tables in the nude to allow inebriated customers to finger their penises and rub their rear ends.

After his shift Vel, wearing nothing below his sleeveless hip-length jacket, walked in the summer heat to his two room house with a red gabled roof. As he made his way along streets paved with tufa rock slabs, passersby smiled knowingly at his upright cock, guessing that he'd just come from Thocero's where he'd been groped by many hands while serving customers in the buff.

"Occupational hazard?" one pedestrian asked.

Gay Veii 15

"Turn you on?"

"See for yourself," he replied, lifting the hem of his scanty tunic.

Vel's gaze fixed on the young Adonis' comely face and dropped to the fork of his legs.

His is harder than mine, he thought.

Out loud, he asked, "Care to follow me to my house?"

And added, "We can both get hands-on experience."

"Your name is?"

"Vel."

"I'm Arte. Let's go."

*

Vel had no sooner unlocked his door than the pair had undressed and were supine on Vel's bed, each giving the other's cock a helping hand. The two were so hot for one another that in no time at all Vel climaxed, shooting a record distance, as did Arte almost at the same time. All smiles, they kissed and milked each other again.

"You're a sex master," Vel said afterwards.
"The way you get me off just by rubbing my cock's tip with your thumb and two fingers, you're a wizard."

"And you know how to handle my cock," Arte divulged. "The way you stroke my entire shaft from balls to neck, I can't help but come."

At sunup, Vel extinguished his lamp. Arte jumped off the bed and walked over to inspect a wall painting depicting two naked silhouettes: a stripling standing with his cock half inside a man's bent over ass.

"Wish I were that man," he said.

"How old are you?" Vel asked.

"Twenty-two."

"Then if you want me to fuck you, lie facedown on the bed and spread your legs."

"Not here, though."

"Where?"

"Outdoors."

"The narrow trail behind my tenement leads to a secluded spot on the bank of the Cremera."

"I'm older than you. I'll lead."

Arte went to put on his yellow tunic stippled with red polka dots that fell to his upper thigh.

"I love your tunic," Vel said.

"Want to swap?" Arte asked. "We're about the same height."

Arte donned Vel's scarlet leather jacket and

Vel put on Arte's tunic. Vel locked the door and placed the key under the doormat that read, You again?, and they set off.

*

As they progressed, Vel trailed close behind Arte, watching his bare buttocks move up and down as he walked.

I can hardly wait till we get there, he thought, filled with lust.

As they stepped through the trees surrounding the hidden clearing, Vel was hard and ready for sex. He accompanied Arte onto the grass by the babbling brook, and stripping naked, confronted Arte with his cock, crimson red, jutting out from his body.

"Does it get any redder?" Arte joshed.

Keeping his legs straight, he bent over and Vel slid his engorged cock though his exposed puckered bud even before he gripped his ankles.

Vel barely shifted his hips, keeping the head and most of the shaft inside Arte throughout his thrusts. But as he stroked, his drive to experience orgasm overwhelmed him. He pounded Arte's rear, and in the throes of pleasure, shot his load, deep and copious, inside Arte's compact ass. He pulled out.

When Arte stood upright, a pool of thick, cloudy fluid was soaking into the grass in front of his feet.

"Come—" Vel said.

"Yes it's my cum."

"— with me to Thocero's. After we eat—the cheap stuff is free for workers and their companions—I'll have my two best friends, Marce and Laris, accompany us to a room on the upper floor, and we'll ride them."

*

Vel in Arte's tunic, accompanied by Arte in Vel's jacket, entered Thocero's, picked up a jug of water and two plain clay cups at the counter, and carried them over to a vacant table in the dining area. They set their beverageware on the tabletop and plopped down on stools opposite one another, sitting up straight with their feet flat on the floor.

Marce and Laris, unclothed, each brought over a platter consisting of bread, hard cheese, olives and grapes. Marce served Vel and Laris, attracted to Arte, served him.

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Vel's eyes ran down Marce's body from his comely face, to his defined chest and abs, to his long soft cock and low hanging balls.

"Is one of the rooms upstairs vacant?" he asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"We want to do some riding."

"The stables are behind the shop."

"Cock riding. Interested?"

"I am," Laris put in, making eyes at Arte.

"Our shifts end in twenty minutes," Marce said.

"Good. We'll follow you up there."

"When does your shift start?" Arte asked

Vel.

"It's my day off."

As Thocero walked by, he saw four naked young men: two lying side-by-side on their backs on a bed, each giving the male bouncing up and down on his cock facing away, a reach around handjob.

Fascinated, Thocero paused and watched their hard shafts briskly rubbed until, just as he heard them grunt in orgasm, Arte before Vel, he was called away.

After they recovered, both dismounted.

As they dressed, Vel, looking back at Marce, who was now copulating with Laris, intimated that he could go for more sex.

"You've just had all-out sex," Arte pointed out.

"What do your mean?"

"I finished in the nick of time to see you climax. You brushed Marce's hand away, and eight times your cock—I couldn't believe how stiff it was—jerked up and spurted.

"Well, now I want a cock up my ass—"

"You've just had one."

"—while I rub my cock in yours."

"In that case let's pay a visit to my close friend, Spurie. He's always hot to trot and he has a cock of steel."

"How so?"

"He drinks juice from the pomegranates he grows on his fruit farm."

"A horniculturalist."

*

The pair took a wide gravel road that ran out into the countryside. On the way Vel talked authoritatively about Marce and Laris.

"Marce definitely has the tightest ass-hole," he said, winding up his appraisal.

"You've fucked them both?" Arte asked.

"More than once."

Arte pointed to a farmhouse surrounded by rows of shrubs—fig, pomegranate, plum—irrigated by water channels. The house, covered by a roof with cream terracotta tiles, consisted of a multitude of rectangular rooms.

Exiting the main road, they walked along a path leading to the front door. Arte knocked and a man in his prime, bare ass, answered. Vel gave him the once-over, from his good looks to his defined torso tapering to a slim waist, and noted that the head of his thick cock hung below his scrotum. Except for his short, dark hair and heavy pubic bush, the rest of his body was smooth.

"Spurie, this is Vel," Arte said. "He's only nineteen. You like 'em young as I recall."

Spurie responded with the hardest cock Vel had ever seen. Instantly the tunic he was wearing tented in front, and Arte's cock hardened as well.

"Hard cocks are contagious," Spurie said, grinning.

"Why don't you insert your steely cock into this young man from behind," Arte suggested, winking at Vel. "It'll heighten the pleasure he receives from his penile thrusts as he copulates with me."

"Turn around and lift your tunic," Spurie told Vel. ..."Oh yes. A tight, muscular rear—the cheeks attractively curved and well-separated. I'll need full accesses to what lies inside the cleft. So hightail it to my bedroom and get nude."

"Show him the way," he added, addressing Arte.

Spurie summoned Caile, his manservant, and instructed him to see that he and his guests were not disturbed. Caile nodded, his gaze glued on his master's full-on erection, and walked off.

When Spurie entered his bedroom, he saw clothes strewn on the floor and his visitors on the bed: Arte on all fours with Vel over him on his hands and knees, rocking his hips back and forth. Spurie stood entranced. Vel's thighs were splayed and he could see Vel's rigid cock moving adroitly

in and all but out of Arte's rear orifice.

Driven by unbridled sexual desire, he climbed onto the bed and scooted on his knees up close behind Vel. Without a word, he positioned his own strong cock so that the opening between Vel's buttocks slid up and down the shaft as he thrust inward and outward inside Arte's.

With Vel vigorously fucking himself on Spurie's cock as he fucked Arte, he and Spurie promptly reached climax. Semen spurted from both their cocks, Vel's inside Arte's accepting ass, Spurie's inside Vel's.

Spurie pulled out of Vel and Vel pulled out of Arte. Arte, still on all fours, took his raging rod in his fist and, strenuously rubbing, shot a huge creamy load onto the cover.

He climbed off the bed and watched Spurie taste a sample to experience its flavor.

"You're male milk tastes pleasantly sour," he told Arte. "What does his taste like?"

Arte shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, he's still hard. Let's find out."

Spurie fell to his knees in front of Vel, who was standing by the window, and sucked the head of his cock while twisting his clenched hand back and forth on the shaft. Nearly without any delay Vel's cock morphed to extreme stiffness and shot a prodigious wad into Spurie's mouth. Spurie swallowed, then sucked him dry.

"Tastes sweet," he said, after freeing Vel's softening penis.

A voice from outside the bedroom announced that dinner was ready.

The three reclined on vivid-colored couches arranged around the walls of the dining room. Spurie, dressed in a bright red tunic with decorated borders, lay on the couch at the far end, Vel in Arte's tunic lay on the couch along the left side, and Arte in Vel's jacket lay with his naked buttocks sticking up, on the couch opposite. In front of each couch, wine in a silver drinking cup, and food, had already been laid on a three-legged table by handsome attendants dressed in costly garments.

They dug into their supper: roast beef, grilled fish, olives, fruit from the farm, cheese from sheep's milk, raisins and roasted nuts. Slices of bread were also on hand for cleaning fingers.

After they'd eaten, servants topped off their cups, and the conversation touched on Spurie's

manservant.

"Is 'Caile' your manservant's real name?" Vel asked Spurie.

"I've named him after the Etruscan hero, Caile Vipinas."

"Why?"

"Caile Vipinas was freed from imprisonment by the Etruscan warrior Macstrna. My servant was freed from slavery by an Etruscan citizen. So I call him 'Caile' to remind me he's a freedman."

"Do you share your bed with him?" Arte asked.

"Oh yes," Spurie said. "He fucks like a raging stallion."

"Mmm. I vote we include him in our afterdinner sex."

"So do I," Vel chipped in.

"Then let's finish our wine. Bottoms up!"

"Glasses or asses?" Vel asked in a flippant tone.

"Both."

*

No sooner had they downed their wine than they had stripped both themselves and Spurie's bed. Spurie abreast Arte, climbed onto the mattress and got on all fours with their knees parted at the edge of the bed's far end. Standing behind them with their feet on the floor, Vel penetrated Spurie and Caile Arte.

They started with slow strokes until Vel saw Caile increase his pace. Not to be outdone, Vel increased his, resulting in Caile thrusting even faster. And so on until they were both fucking at an incredible speed.

In response, the two on the bed were grunting with each thrust, their stiff cocks tight against their bellies.

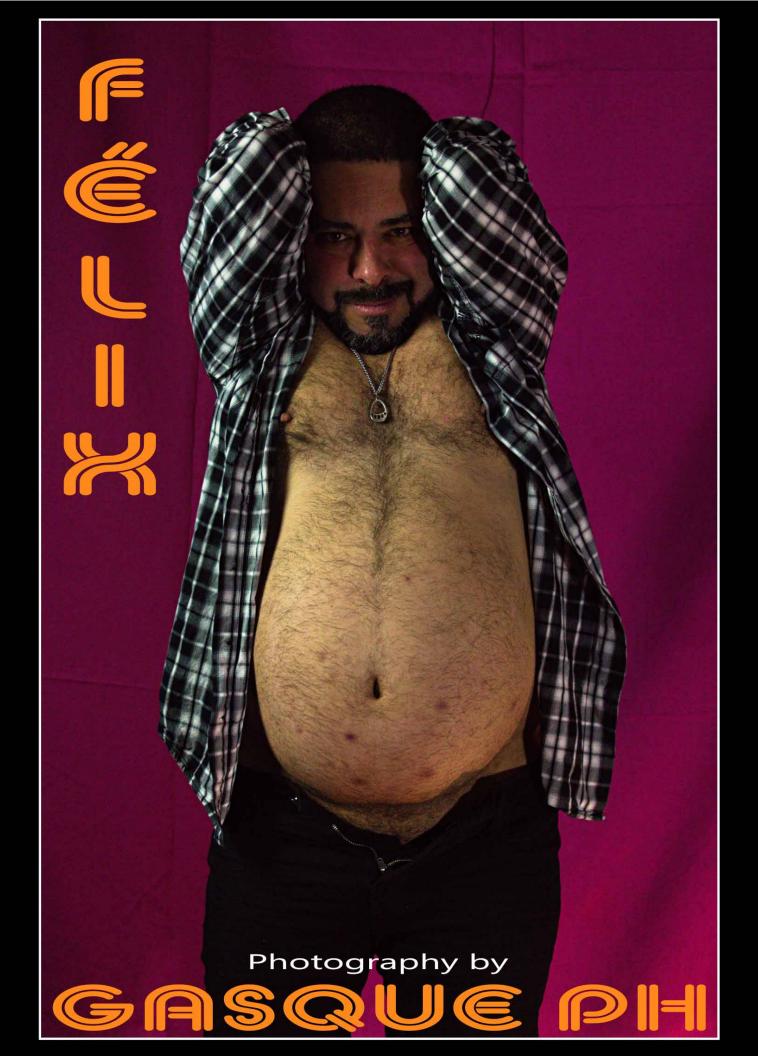
But none of the four could last. Spurie and Arte emptied their balls, splattering milk-white semen on the mattress, one after the other. Then back-to-back Vel emptied his balls inside Spurie, and Caile emptied his balls inside Arte.

"When you two pulled out," Spurie said, after sipping honeyed wine post-sex, "your cocks were burning up."

"Blood red," Arte put in.

"I was tempted to have you cool them in the fountain out in the courtyard," Spurie bantered.

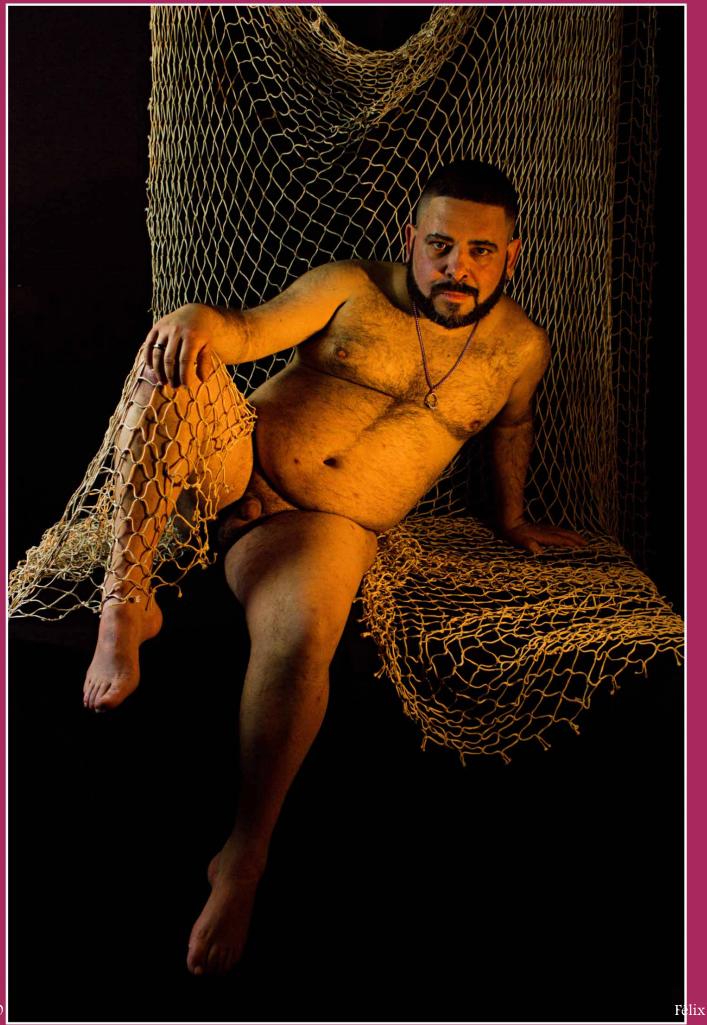
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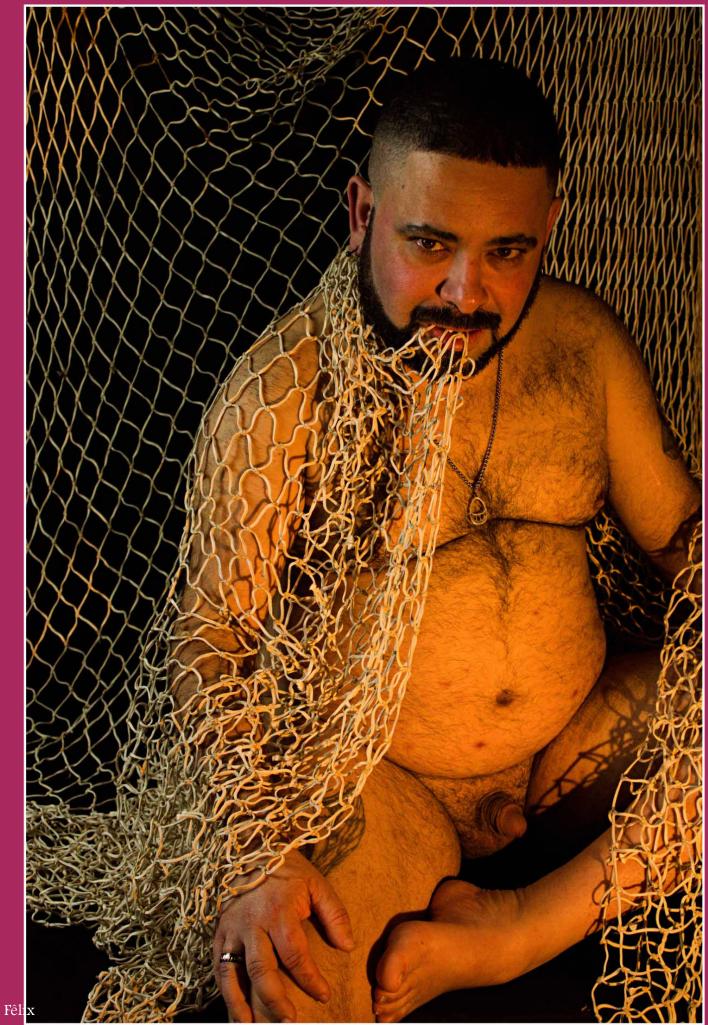


















My Dad Helped Out His Friend Just Out of Prison Story by FirmCup

I remember when I was 18, this guy coming to live with us for a couple months. My parents didn't go into details but in retrospect I'm pretty sure he had just been released from prison. My dad just said he was an old friend and we were helping him out until he could get on his feet. I could tell my mom wasn't happy about having an ex-con living in our home and it wasn't just because he was an ex-con. We lived in a small 2-bedroom house so the only place for him to sleep was my room. So out came the camping cot which I had to sleep on, and we'll call him Mike, slept in my bed.

I was extremely naive at that age. This was due to the fact that for most of my life, we lived pretty far out of town and I spent most of my time helping my dad with farming chores until we sold the farm and moved to another state. I hadn't had any opportunities to meet anyone in the new town yet. What I did know was that I enjoyed playing with myself and was horny all the time.

When Mike moved his very limited amount of stuff into my room, he took the opportunity to introduce himself and thank me for being willing to share my room for a little while. He was very nice about the whole situation and told me he'd be gone as soon as he could. He also said that due to the small room we were sharing, it was inevitable that we'd probably see each other in various states of undress, and that it was not big deal. He even said that sometimes he likes to sleep naked and he hoped that wouldn't be a problem. I told him that it wouldn't be a problem and that I do the same from time to time so it was nice to meet someone likeminded. He said that was a relief because he didn't

want to have to dress and undress in the bathroom every morning and night.

Mike looked like what you'd picture an excon to look like. He had shoulder-length brownish/grey hair and beard stubble that never seemed to get longer or shorter. His physique was ripped for a 40-something guy, and he had at least 20 tattoos. The first time he took off his shirt, I remember staring at his perfect body. He seemed to think I was only fascinated by all the tats but it wasn't only that, his muscles were so toned and beautiful. I thought I had a pretty nice body with all the farm work I'd been doing since I was about 10, but this guy had clearly spent years lifting weights to look like this.

When he took off this pants, he pulled his briefs off too. I tried not to stare, not wanting him to think I was a pervert but I didn't notice his thick cock flopped out as he sat on the bed and pulled the covers over. If he was me ogling him, he didn't say anything. I took my cue and undressed myself as he did, taking everything off. I was a bit emboldened by his lack of modesty and did the same with my pants and briefs. I half surprised myself to realize that my cock was getting a little plump with all the sexual tension I was feeling. I was a bit confused at the excitement I was feeling, since I'd never identified as being attracted to men before. I walked a few steps to the light switch and shut it off. I managed a sheepish goodnight to my new roommate as I walked naked back to my cot. What Mike said next sent shock waves through me. He said, "Goodnight. You have a nice cock by

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the way."

I wanted nothing more to return the compliment but I just managed to say thanks. Now I was fully hard and wanted nothing more than to jerk off but I had to just bite the bullet and try to go to sleep. Eventually I did after about 30 minutes.

I woke at 2:37AM with a full bladder. I had never gone to the bathroom naked before, out of fear that my mom might be up. I pulled on some shorts and heard Mike snoring softly as I passed him but I didn't look at him as I opened to door to leave. I was still horny but my erection had gone down. I couldn't get out of my mind that Mike had complimented my cock. What did it mean? Was he coming on to me? Should I return the compliment? I finished in the bathroom and walked back down the hall and quietly opened the door. Mike was still snoring softly but this time I looked at him and sometime during the night, he had pulled the covers down to reveal his massive cock, fully erect, as if it was begging to be touched. I quietly closed the door and started to return to my cot but I had to gaze at his member again. His snoring told me he wasn't aware of me, so I felt safe. It was fairly dark but I thought I could detect some precum oozing out his fat helmet. I had the strongest desire to lean over and lick it off. I'd never experienced such a homoerotic desire before. Shaking myself out of the trance, I went back to bed and tried to get back to sleep.

I somehow got back to sleep but it was restless. At some point, I thought I was dreaming because I heard heavy breathing breaking into my sleep. I finally realized it was coming from Mike. I opened one eye slightly. The first thing I realized was that the sun was barely up and the room was not yet fully lit. The second thing I saw was Mike leaning back on the side of his bed stroking his huge cock and looking over at me. He alternated between stroking and rubbing his precum all over his huge nob. Instantly I felt my cock stir at the sight. He still didn't seem to know that I was awake. His strokes continued but I could hear him whispering as he stared at me. "Yeah lets see that big cock grow", he said. I didn't realize it but my own covers had moved enough during the night for him to see my cock as well. I was both frightened and incredibly aroused at the thought of somebody getting turned on looking at me. "Oh what a nice long cock you have. I want to suck it so bad" he whispered, thinking I was still asleep. "I want to gag on that beautiful cock of yours and suck your balls", he continued. I was rock hard now and I desperately wanted to touch myself. I decided to close my eyes and reach down to stroke my shaft, as if I was just having a dream.

When Mike saw me stroking, he got louder. "Oh yeah, stroke it baby. Make yourself cum so I can lick it off you." I mistakenly opened my eyes too much and Mike noticed just as he started to cum. "Oh shit!" he said as ropes of cum shot all over his hand and legs. I sat up and covered myself, although I didn't want to. Mike turned away but couldn't stop stroking. He stood up with his perfectly toned ass now facing me and grabbed an article of clothing off the floor to cover his spent cock.

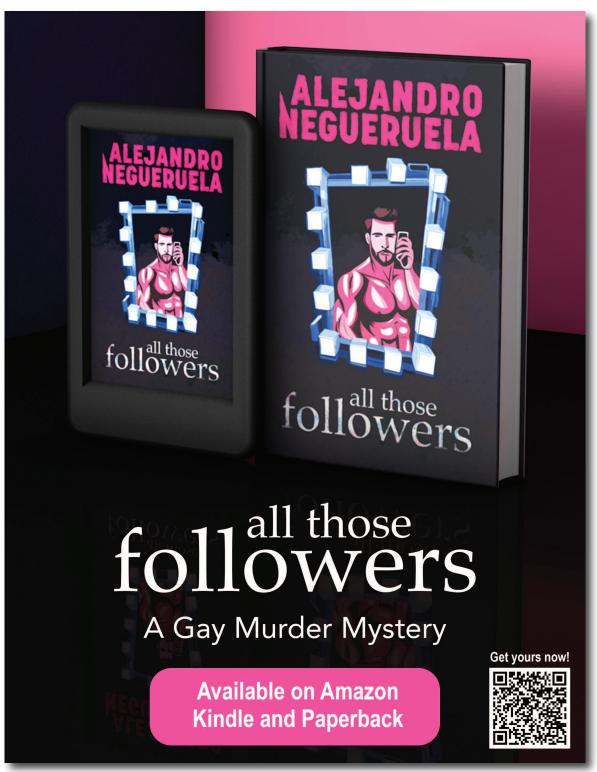
"I'm so sorry, I didn't expect you to be awake", he whispered loudly. He continued to apologize profusely and came over to where I sat. He begged me not to tell because he didn't have anywhere else to go. I finally got him to calm down after assuring I wouldn't say anything. He cleaned himself up with a towel and put yesterday's clothes back on quickly. "Did you happen to hear anything I was whispering?" Mike asked. I nodded, still naked but covered by my blanket now. Watching the cum shoot out of Mike's thick cock had turned me on so much, I was afraid to take away the blanket because Mike would see my hard-on. Mike continued, "I'm really sorry but you really do have a nice body and especially your big cock. I don't expect you to understand but I've been away for a long time and there wasn't any women around so....well I had desires and there was only men where I was, so"

"I really liked looking at yours too." I admitted. "Its thicker than mine and really big....just BIG." Mike smiled and pulled his pants down again. That thick soft cock and balls dangled just close enough for me to reach out and touch. On cue Mike said, "Do you want to touch it?" I nodded and Mike stepped closer. I reached out and lifted his shaft away from his balls. Then I caressed his balls. I could feel the blood rushing into his shaft as it began to lengthen in my hand. He didn't ask but I began to stroke it. I wanted nothing more at this point than to swallow that huge cock. Mike

must have felt me getting turned on. He encouraged me to taste it. That precum oozed out and onto my fingers. I was mesmerized now. I opened my mouth and enclosed it around that fat knob, letting my tongue circle it. I looked up and Mike's eyes were closed. With one hand on his balls, I moved my head up and down on his shaft, getting gagged with each bob of my head. He suddenly stopped me. "Can I touch yours too?" he asked.

We ended up in his bed in a 69 position. I explored his cock and balls, shoving that fat helmet as far into my mouth as I could before my gag reflex took over. It wasn't long before I was thrusting my hips against Mike's face and letting loose all that pent up juice down his throat. He took longer and didn't have much cum but I took every drop and licked him clean.

Mike stayed 2 1/2 months total and we played with each other many, many more times.



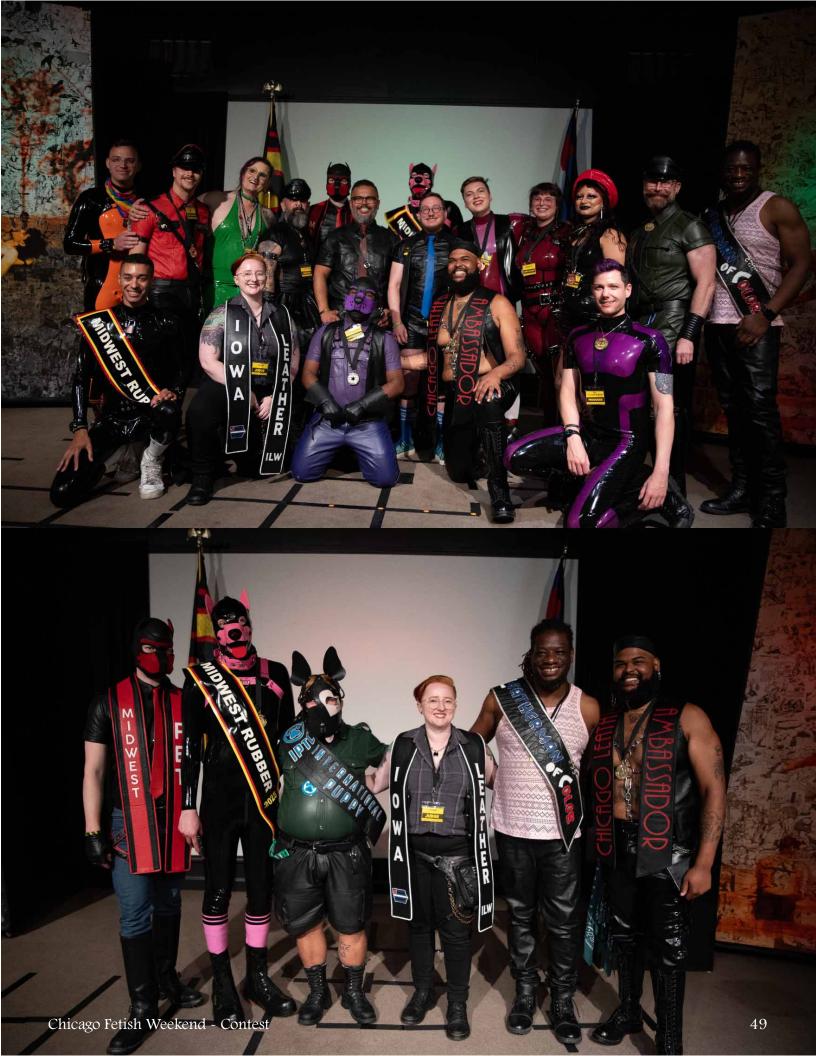












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AFTERWORD

Arte shacked up with Vel. They slept together in his bed, and every Etruscan week, for each of the first six days, had anal intercourse, both giving and receiving. On the remaining two days, they were at the farmhouse having constant sex with Spurie and Caile.

CITATIONS

They [Etruscan men] have quite a bit of sex...hair from their bodies

Athenaeus [518a (citing Theopompus, Histories book 43)].

richest city of Etruria

Dennis, G. [1]

The citizens were luxurious and extravagant in their habits

Plutarch [Life of Camillus 2]

unembarrassed by male same-sex coupling

Kleiner, F. S. [13 (In the frieze of the Tomb of the Bulls, bulls witness two Etruscan men having anal intercourse)]

young men in their late teens who waited on the tables in the nude

Kleiner, F. S. [14 (attending the Etruscan diners painted on the back wall of the Tomb of the Leopards are two nude boys carrying a cup and a pitcher)]

Turms

A messenger god. The Etruscan equivalent of the Roman god Mercury.

house with a red gabled roof

Bartoloni, G. & Michetti, L. M. [108] streets paved with tufa rock slabs lbid.

two naked silhouettes...a man's bent over ass

Kleiner, F. S. [as cited under 'unembarrassed by male same-sex coupling']

Cremera

A small stream located near Veii.

The house, covered by a roof...rectangular rooms

Bartoloni, G. & Michetti, L. M. [113]

The three reclined...walls of the dining room

Cartwright, M. [Etruscan Banquets: Seating Arrangements]

wine in a silver drinking cup...laid on a threelegged table

Cartwright, M. [Etruscan Banquets: Seating Arrangements; Food & Drink] Diodorus Siculus. [5.40 (3)]

Caile Vipinas was freed from imprisonment by the Etruscan warrior Macstrna

Cartwright, M. [Francois Tomb: An Etruscan Battle]

AFTERWORD

Etruscan week

Zerubavel, E. [45 (the Etruscan week revolved around a periodic market day that was held regularly every eight days)]

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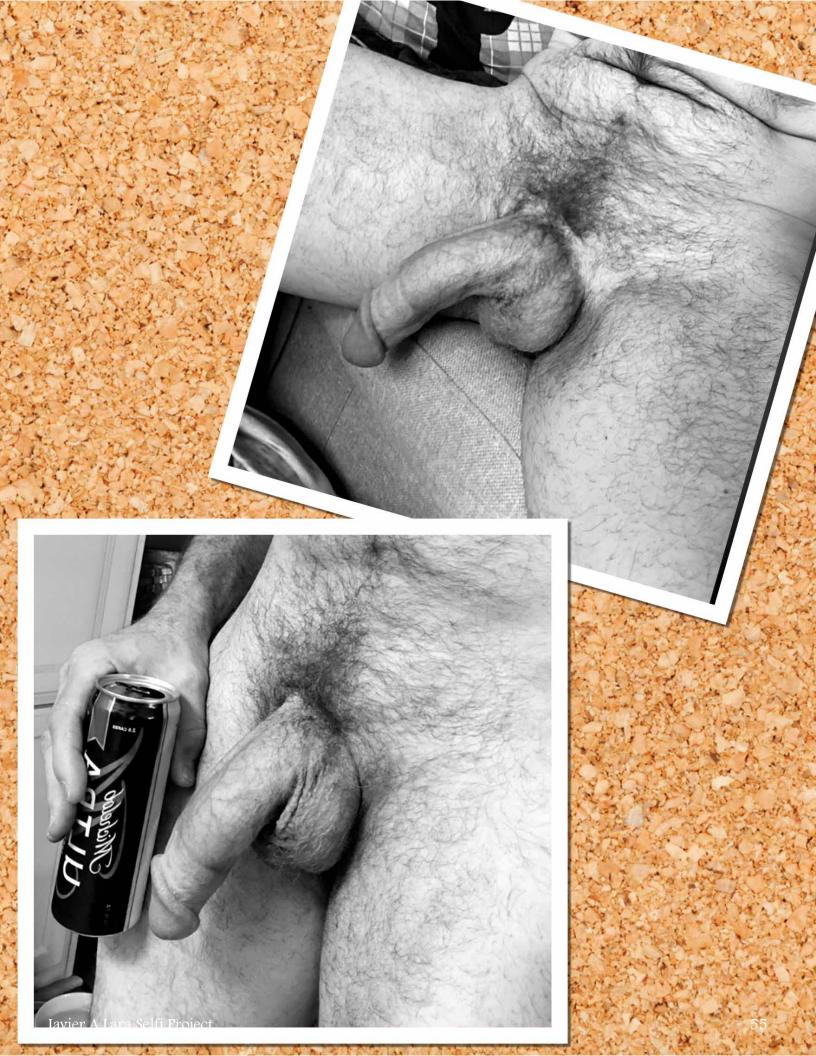
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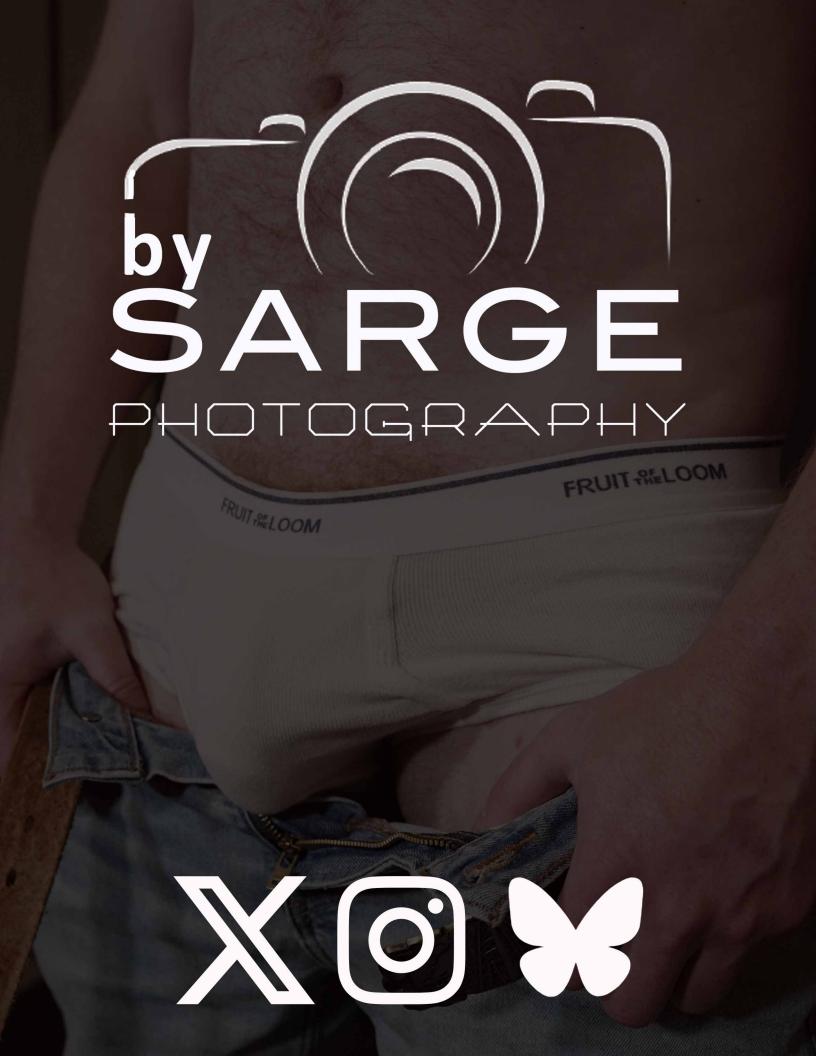
Gay Veii













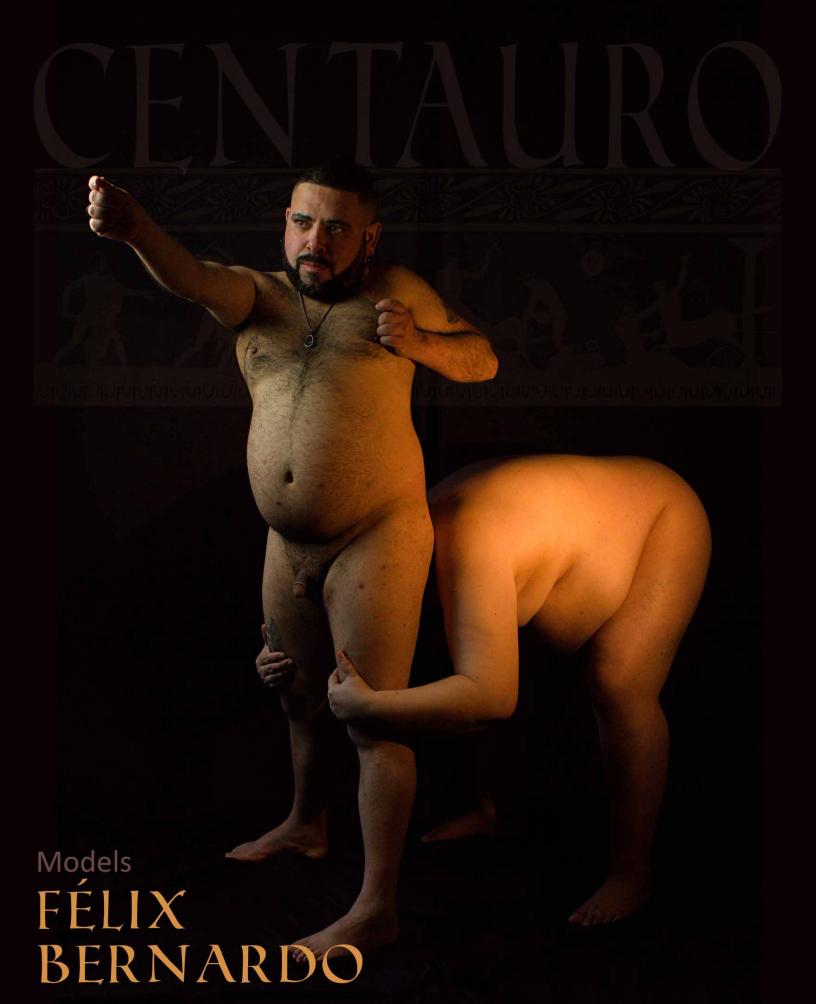
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Centauro

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CENTALIRO



Mass.

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Gay Veii 65

















