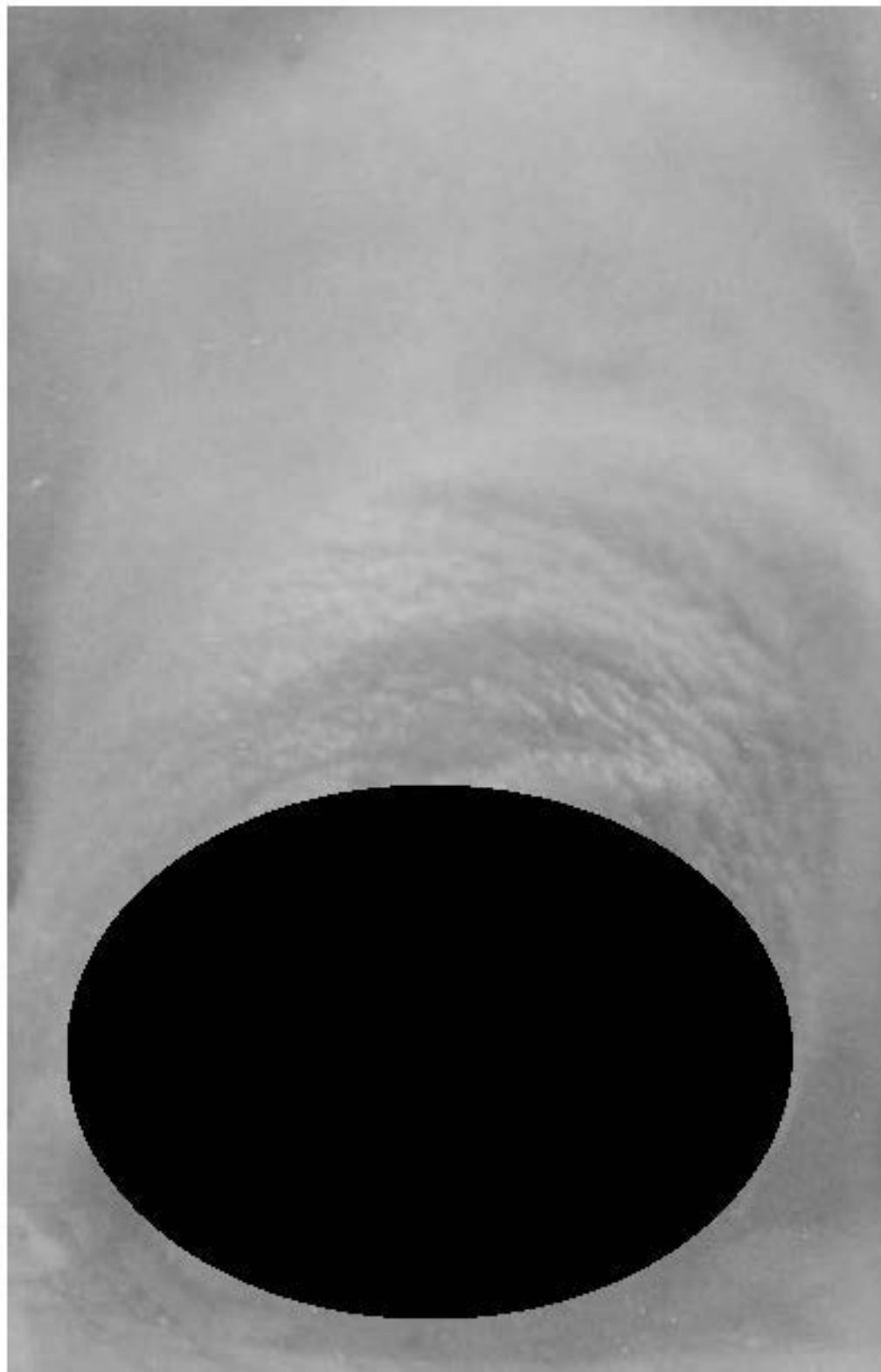


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MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard2Find Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

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DECEMBER 1980/ JANUARY 1981

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MAN2MAN: THE DOCUMENTARY J/JOURNAL OF HOMOMASCULINITY

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Jack Fritscher, Editor

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A SUCKER FOR UNCUT MEAT

B-L-I-N-D N-E-A-T makes me crazy. I love big, thick, juicy, uncut dick! I love it clean and washed with the smell of fresh soap rinsed around the head under the big jacket of foreskin. I love it sweaty and cheery with the honest SWEAT of a hard-working dick that hasn't had the time to strip its roll of lip back to wash its ring around the collar. I confess I spent half my time in high school studyhall flipping through my Fuch & Wagnell's getting a roaring hardon just looking up words like FORESKIN, SWEAT, and PREPUCE. A barbaric word like circumcision gave me a soft-on!

The other half of my time in high school I spent secretly cruising the locker-room counting off my buddies who were cut and uncut. I saw a lot of "forbidden" meat in those sneak-n-peck days, and the most beautiful dicks I ever saw were the big chunky cocks that hung long and strong, with their heavy-veined shafts helmeted under a juicy fold of skin.

Any man who loves dick has a special place in his heart for the way a cock fills out a foreskin. An uncut dick rides different than a piece of meat that's been sliced. Uncut meat has secrets. Uncut meat doesn't show its crown right off. Uncut meat keeps its glistening wet head thick and full of putting promises under cover of the rich roll of foreskin. Uncut meat looks different, smells different, and tastes of special secret man-flavors. Uncut meat feels like a fucking handful when you grab ahold of it. Uncut meat offers that special little pucker right at the wet tip where the skin all folds down to a fleshy little iris that begins to open so easily, so smoothly, when coaxed by a hot and hungry tongue.

When that foreskin, lipped into foreplay, starts pulling back, some special kind of lube seems to sweeten the slick taste of the cock slipping out of all that uncut darkness into the light and air. Uncut meat punches out of its foreskin in a way that demands attention. And gets it.

Check out any swimming pool shower room. With all the cut meat scrubbing and soaping itself, what you see is what you get. A sexy guy scrubbing down his own crotch has to take a long deliberate time to wash his uncut meat inside and out. Under the thick foreskin that you see lies that supersensitive prick that you might get a good gender at if you hang around long enough to watch him strip it slowly back with one hand while he snags up the emerging head with the other. Guys with foreskins have special moves the way they lovingly can take a finger, and lick it, and insert it under the fold of skin, and rub it gently around the hidden head of the ir sweet moist meat.

Even when I watch a wellhung guy jerking off his own uncut rod, I notice a definite difference in the longer stroke he gets because of the extra skin that slides like a slick piece of heaven up and down his shaft. It's fucking magic to watch the appearance and disappearance of his dickhead in and out of his heavy-duty foreskin. Even the sound of uncut dick is different. A wet hand sounds better as the skin of the hand slaps the foreskin itself like some kind of sexy charoels over the head, and back down the shaft of cock. Nothing looks better than light glistening through a big drop of clear juice hanging just out of tongue's reach on the rich skinfold of a big thick foreskin.

I've sucked a lot of dick. I believe in disconnected dick. I mean I believe in dick by itself. I study dick. Who it's attached to can make a difference, for sure. But let's face it! There's probably hardly a man on earth who hasn't fallen on his knees at the sight of a big, healthy, juicy, uncut piece of hardening cock stuck frankly through a gloryhole. It's Seventh Heaven and Cloud Nine to grab ahold of a Ten like that and feel the shaft growing thicker, watching the head start to slip in its own ripe nices out from its tight fold of foreskin. Any dick coming through a gloryhole is fine. But an uncut piece flopping manfully through and hanging expectantly while it begins its own hardening rise like some Titan Missile rolling back its protective all-contra is Heaven on wheels.

Sometimes I feel like a Bounty Hunter trying to find uncut cock in an asshole society that cuts the fringe benefits off most of its baby boys before they even get a chance to have any say about whether they want to keep their foreskins or not. Some uncut guys while they're still real young sort of feel out of place in school gym showers. But after they gain a little outside sexual experience, and find out how much guys prefer their happy-foreskins, they change their attitudes and start to flaunt the gift that was not cut away from them. I figure there's nothing hotter than a man with an uncut dick who likes to strut and swing his big blind stuff!

Probably the most important and memorable experience I've ever had as a collector of uncut meat happened in an honest-to-god motel in Oceanside, California, where a nineteen-year-old Okie Marine with acne and the biggest piece of unaltered bologna I've ever unbuttoned, stood opposite me with his blind meat sticking out suckhard after his weeks of basic training at Camp Pendleton.

He had a great nine inches pointing right at me. Big length. Big circumference. Foreskin as heavy as wet dreams are made of. My own cut cock responded in kind: harden and right at him. We stood facing each other: cut to uncut. He looked down at our throbbing cocks, kind of smiled, and with his hands still rough and calloused from his obstacle course rope drills, took hold of my dick and aimed my cockhead straight at his folds of pink, blind foreskin.

Who could believe the fuck of what was happening!

With his other hand he fingered open ever so slightly his right foreskin. But instead of stripping it back and pulling his own dick out, he guided the dry head of my cock straight on inside his hot wet foreskin. I felt the warm fold of it wrap around my skinned dick. I felt uncircumcized inside his foreskin. He guided me in deeper. The generous lip of his tip was maybe a couple inches over the head of his nine-incher. Two inches of my dick were slipped by this young Marine into the inside interior of his dark wet foreskin before the tip of my dick touched the hard crown of his cock.

Once we were decked, like two spaceships in midflight, he wrapped his hand tight around the connection and began a stroking motion with his hand and a fucking motion with his muscular hips. He watched intently what went on down below and between us. Only once did he look up to see in my face the reaction I must have been showing. He was a kid who knew the value of being thick and uncut. He was man enough to shave back the incredible experience of having sunskin folded like a holster over a hot gun.

He massaged our two dicks together, head-to-head, inside his deep skin. He kept up his rhythmic cadence. The hand-pressure, the heat and juice and excitement of fucking up inside his uncut foreskin made me detour my load buried in his slick-lubed tube. As soon as I started to shoot, he increased the rhythm of his hand on our paired cocks, and pumped his own load into the hot mix of our mutual jism blended in his deep foreskin.

So what more can I tell you about my dirty thoughts? Except that in my dirty life, I've found that you have to be real careful what you hunt for; because sometime you get what you're looking for and then some. I'm not exactly playing "Can You Top This!" But I can tell you for fucking sure that since then, I've not looked at an uncut piece of fresh blind meat without thinking of fucking up inside that young Marine's tight, hot, wet, juicy foreskin. *Seeper Fiddle to Uncle Meat!*

Cover photograph



MANZMAN's second cover hero is Ron Cey who's fierce fist and face mix his warrior-attitude with his athletic aptitude. Cey is a handsome straight jock worthy of some good old homo-masculine identification, imitation, and --yeah--worship.

Dear Dr. Strangelove



Dear Dr. Strange:

I confess: I am a fetishist pure and not-so-simple. I am not anti-social, but I frankly prefer fetish-sex to conventional vanilla kiss-suck-fuck.

I like to relate to other men through their clothes, and through the way they present their LOOK in their gear. I like the imagery and the symbolism.

I try the bars because of the large cross-section, but I find more often than not that men clothed in heavy fetish don't hold up. (Where are the true leather men among the leather wrapped guys?) After some conversation (or worse, after getting back to my place or his), he abandons his fetish signals. He doesn't carry through in private what he signalled in his public presentation.

In short, how do I separate the real Fetish Men from the boys who sail under false hankies and whose keys are just junk jewelry? How do I help my partner maintain in private the very fetish that he turned me on with in public? My problem is a lot of men seem to let their cocks get in the way of the more interesting fetish stouph I want to do to/with/on/over/under/through them.

--Cruising for Something
Special, Los Angeles

Dear Special:

Obviously clothes don't make the man when you're trying to make the man's clothes.

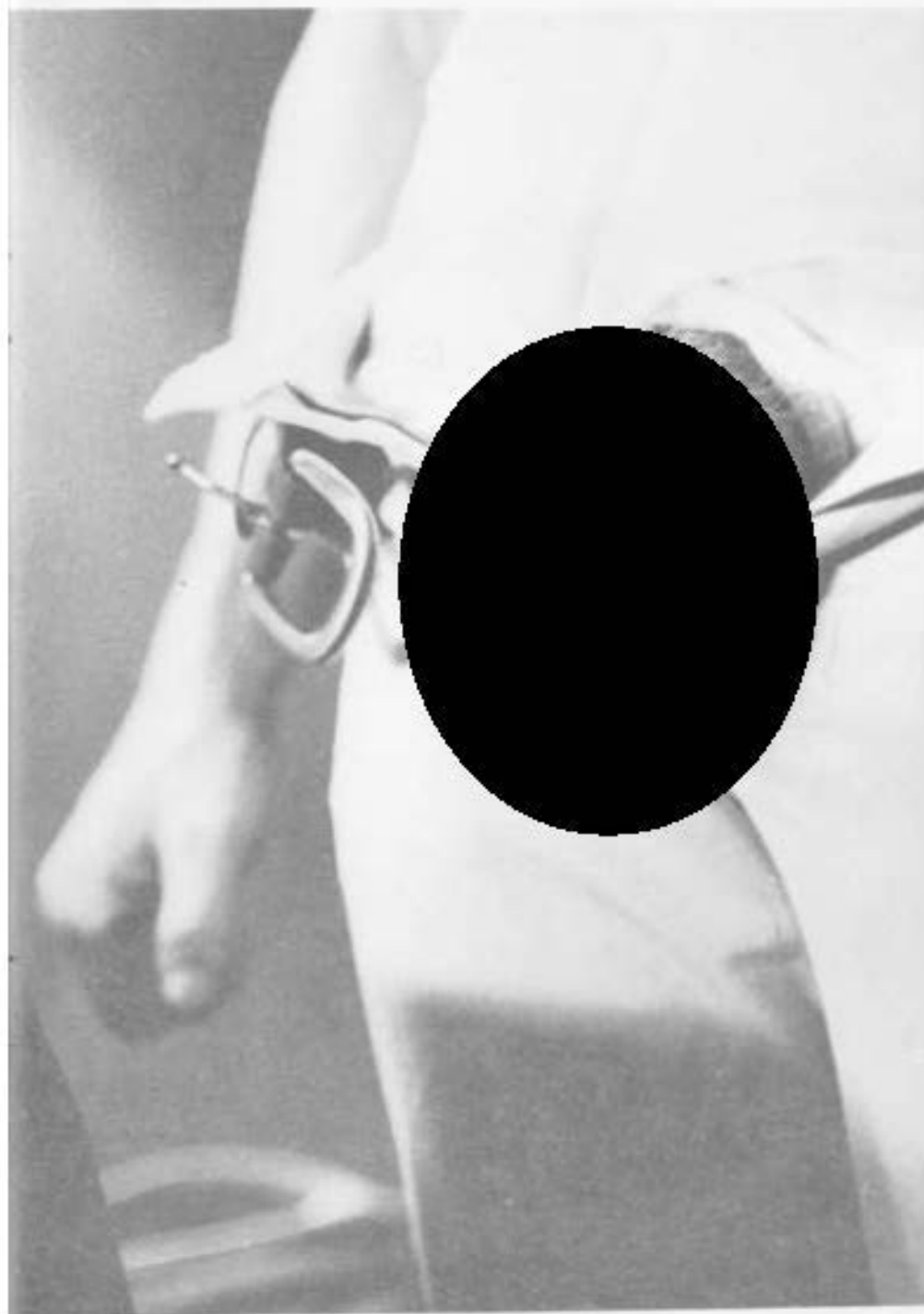
Your problem is usual enough. You seem to be an evolved man whose homosensuality is a bit at odds with our subculture's homosexuality. You want a sensual encounter; your partners want a sexual experience. Try to meet them halfway. Remember: as a homosensualist you have to teach a little. You have to sometimes pin on your balls and lead the dance directly.

I assume that even your fetish activity, while focussed on image and symbol, nevertheless involves a great deal of mutual jerkoff. Strike a balance. Be prepared when out cation to do a little educating. Find common or and in Mutual J/O. Usually fetishists (who maintain their fetish integrity in-scene) are Supreme Jerkoff Artists.

You probably need letter-and-phone referrals more than you need to run the gauntlet of the statue/attitude bars, baths, and Backrooms.

Attitude is no substitute for aptitude.

Dr. Strangelove





CLOTHES HARVESTING

BIG BEEFY COLLEGE JOCKS

Tempting. The taste for Big Beefy College Boys with built chests, hot nipples, big dicks, sweaty buttocks, daddies' money, fast cars. Fuck-crazy. Gloriously golden. Untouchable. Forbidden. Tempting. Stealing sniffs and whiffs off their gym gear dropped in wet piles on the dirty floor in front of their lockers.

Sometimes stealing a worn torn teshirt. A lot of times stealing a couple of their jockstraps. Inhaling hot elastic smells through the warm crotch cups. Breathing so long through their sweaty pouches that all my life's breath was totally filtered through the wet web of their moist jockstraps. Eating the coarse curled pubic hairs. Biting the hairs between my teeth. Sucking the sweat juice from the jockstraps. Scared shitless of getting caught, beat up, punched out, laughed at, kicked around. Those big wet wide feet stomping out of the shower. Big toes. Thick haunched legs. First-string players. Wet white towels drooping carelessly off their hard athletic butts.

Trying to tie my own laces, bent over, eyeballing their stud equipment. Big nuts. Big dicks flopping, curving left or right, betraying the hand the guy had for years beat his own meat with. Some pud thick-veined, long, and uncut. Some dicks thick, fat, juicy.

Big hands toweling dry big bodies.

Muscular arms raised, buffing the towels across broad shoulders beaded wet with shower spray. Armpits rampant. Fresh and dripping. Powerful arms rooted in thick shoulders crowning strong chests and staunch backs. Naked. Horaeplay. A flurry of white towels snapping across the benches at bare butts. Big hands cupping dick and balls for protection. Jumping. Laughing. Grunting. "Cut it out, asshole!" Bullshitting in the lockerroom. Wild. Fuck-crazy.

Studying how the biggest of them all takes longer drying his dick and balls separately and carefully. Quieter than the rest. His own son. Captain among the male animals. Big. Healthy. Strong.

The lockerroom air warm with their heat, thick with their smells. The way a big thick perfectly formed foot plants itself square on the blond wooden bench to be dried toe by toe by toe by a big thick perfectly formed hand rubbing foot and calf dry, dropping the towel like some carelessly forgotten gift that falls minutes later wet and swelling into my own casually open gym bag.

Touching with open palm the heat of their feet and butts stored in the warm wood of the bench.

The slow pulling on of clothes. One puts on his gray wool socks and sits naked, lost in thought, his dick, hanging lower than the bench, only slightly covered by his hands hanging from his forearms resting on his open thighs. Bulking. Beating. The kind of player with an aggressive attraction to opponents' groins and eyeballs. One who seems always to be standing, talking, unselfconsciously, stripped next to the bank of gray lockers with only his soggy towel wrapped around his neck, over his shoulders, and down off his big pecs. He's one of the Ball-Scratchers. Can't keep his hand from sort of lifting his nuts and pulling them around while his mouth roves and makes easy laughs that blend with the snits of wet males enticed with their game and chomping for fun. One who fingercombs his wet hair, walks in his jeans, stripped to the waist, big arms alicknocking back his wet hair. His

mirrored reflection lighting the rippled muscles of his arms connecting to his chest. Tight hairy belly of a burn jock. Easy smile. White teeth thick as pinkie joints. Predatory All-American chin. Aggressive stubble. Good moves. Captain's best buddy.

Slam of metal locker doors. Towels tossed in the direction of the heavy duck canvas bin. Coarser white cotton t-shirts right across his bulged shoulders and tight around huge hips. Loose-fit hang of t-shirt off the ledge of pecs over the jock bellies.

The sound of a long heavy thick rich piss from the lockerroom urinal. "Shit. That feels so good," he says. His big paw hits the flush valve. His other shakes his massive dick. He turns still tocking his meat into his white jockey shorts and jeans. The urinal porcelain cool and white and unblemished with a harvest of perfect fur. Perfect for a good licking. Nothing too extreme to connect with the essence of wellbuilt college jocks.

Gathering up their stuff. Taking home what they've forgotten. Saluting it: dick in hand. Returning it washed to the pile of their clothes days later. Waiting for semester's end when the college gym manager opens up all the lockers these guys never bothered to empty. Not completely. Waiting for him to pull out the used jocks and socks and shirts and shorts and shoes and sweatcrusted salty gloves. Waiting for him to throw them on the lockerroom floor. Unclaimed. Waiting with an empty gym bag. Waiting for him to disappear on other duties. Waiting to pick up in one final harvest the feel and smell and taste of all the sweaty guys watched all semester long. Waiting to fill my bed with all their worn torn gear. Waiting to bag it and get it on home for the Ultimate Clothes Race. M2M

If a man wants to be held, there's no need to hold him.
If he doesn't want to be held, nothing on earth will hold him.
--MAN2MAN's Book of Proverbs

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MAN2MAN REVIEWS

COWBOY TRUCKERS; BUNKS/SHOWERS/EATS. The best little truck trip in America is the 18-WHEELER. Dedicated to hot pursuit of rough truckers, the WHEELER features cruise control info on the best meat pickups on the open road: highways, hi-ways, freeways, rest-stop gloryholes, trucker motels, professional driver road-hos, as well as the TRUCK HAWK DIRECT-ORY for guys who want to keep a pot of coffee perking for wired truckers wanting head and bed.

THE 18-WHEELER clues the fledgling Truck Hawk and the experienced glory-hole sucker of man (sweating, farting, smoking, dumping, and eating like the hot-cock truckers they are) into the finer highpoints about low-life on the road. A year's course of study of how to make it on the road and at the C&W truckstops featuring Bunks/Showers/Eats is \$12 bucks for an issue every six weeks. If you've got a taste for truckers, send cash or check payable to CASH only to D&W ENT., PO BOX 292-TD, EAST RUTHERFORD NJ 07073. Mention MAN2MAN and Editor JD may drop a current issue on you for a buck-fifty. Cheap. \$1.50. 18-WHEELER has the best reputation around for consistency of publishing schedule as well as for hot and accurate information about how to find meat that ain't gay, gay, gay!

AN HOUR FROM SAN FRANCISCO AND LIGHTYEARS
FROM CASTRO, MEN HAVE MIGRATED TO A PLACE
OF MALE RITUALS. INITIATION, AND DISCIPLINE...

S & M Ranch

TWO DAYS AFTER BONNIE RAYGUN'S LANDSLIDE, Mike dialed a call to S&M Ranch. Torture, he figured is a relative pleasure. Some tortures please the tortured. Some tortures please the torturer. Only in San Francisco, Mike thought, are physical values inverted. In the midwest, pleasure causes religious guilt and pain. In California, pain is as sweet a pleasure as pushing on a hurting tooth. Some pain hurts as good.

Strange thoughts swam through his head as he drove north from the City across the Golden Gate Bridge toward Sonoma County. Mike had a good hour to ponder why men like him preferred a place like S&M Ranch.

Fuck. Three topics about which people rally and march and lose their cool are: religion, politics, and Corporal Punishment. Odd. People argue religion and politics. Punishment--good old Corporal Punishment--by comparison was a taboo rejected almost without argument or debate. Sometimes Mike felt like a voice crying in the wilderness. Corporal Punishment was out of fashion with the social consciousness that saddled offenders. He wished America would return to Corporal Punishment: flogging, heavy bondage in solitary confinement, electrical clamps on balls and dicks and tits, hanging by the wrists, branding punitive tattooing, painful but harmless medical procedures involving sutures and catheters.

Believe, Mike had noted in a small AP clipping, had reinstated the whipping post for teenage delinquents. A young guy whipped by a burly guard in the semi-public setting of a county jail courtyard learns a lesson on his stripped back that no amount of probation or juvenile-hall time could ever teach. And he'd learn it without being corrupted by spending ninety days with worse "Bad Apples" who'd tutor him into the truly finer points of delinquency. In addition, a twenty-minute flogging is cheaper for the taxpayers who then do not have to support the JD for the term of his sentence. Mike liked the idea of swift and defined justice meted out to men convicted of nonviolent crimes like bouncing bad checks or offending the public decency.

For the violent criminal, Mike had other thoughts. Instead of executions that waste a convict's healthy body, he favored harvesting criminal's body parts for transplants to those in need. Gary Gilmore should not have been strapped into a wooden chair, hooded, and executed--wasted--by rifle fire. Gary Gilmore should have been slowly harvested. First his eyes, then his inner ear mechanism, his kidneys one at a time, his skin, and finally his heart.

Once society adjusts to the morality of transplants, people must adjust to the desirability of Ultimate Harvest.

The men at S&M Ranch had left San Francisco with the closing of the Castro. They were part of the exodus north where men could still pass as men among the rough-and-tumble redneck straights in their boot jeans, down vests, CAT caps, and 440 trucks. The men at S&M Ranch had retreated away from the over-sophistication of the Castro. They had returned to live among the kind of men who had made them prefer men in the first place. They had by choice abandoned the Castro to the clones, dronies, and phonies who dressed and acted in ways you hoped you'd never see men dress and act.

With ritualistic intent, the men of S&M Ranch abandoned the City to live lives dedicated to simply manly discipline--defined by absolute Corporal Punishment--in the Redwood Empire of Sonoma County. Even the Elite Corps of the 15 choose their S&M Weekend Encampments not far from the secret preserves of S&M Ranch where Corporal Punishment and Discipline was a way of life.

When Mike called the Ranch, his old buddy Thom told him for sure to hightail it up Highway 101, past Eucalyptus and on up through Castilleja Marin to laidback Sonoma. Thom had two goodlooking ranchhands, and the largest toy collection in California.

Their working horses were fully equipped: bits, pulleys, crossbars, harness pits, hog pens, wood fences, wooden spools coiled with barbed wire, a four-holer outhouse set over a headage board sunk in the cool looms clay. The three of them offered their services through the classified ads in various square papers. Their best encounters, they found, came to them by word-of-mouth. Those invited Mike were on the cuff.

The afternoon was bright with light when the three Cowboys met Mike at the top of the road leading back to Slim Ranch. They were strong, weathered, handsome working men in their early thirties. Their bodies were as good as their hands. They ran on instinct about what and how much and how heavy were the painful tortures and disciplines they could lay out on a man driving in the country in need of Corporal Punishment. With Mike, they had no particular script. Even Mike had no idea where the afternoon might take the four of them. They had all played together before, hitting and switchhitting. Mike was open to anything that felt good with these men.

They smoked a joint in the sun and headed past one of the corrals north of the main ranchhouse. A sling hung like an ominous sexual hammock between four large pine trees. They walked past several small outbuildings. Mike smiled when they crossed past the Hanging Tree where, several weekends before, he had seen a naked man sitting astraddle a horse. His hands were tied behind his back. A noose was knotted tight around his neck. Another rope was wrapped tight around his chest and back and secured under his sweating armpits to sustain most of his weight when the posse of men gathered around his horse slapped the gelding into a sudden gallop that jerked the naked and bound man into a terrifying swing through the cool air. The noose pulled at his throat enough to make his tongue swell out and his wild eyes bulge in his handsome unshaven face. Mike noticed the cigar butts still lying on the ground where the group of men had stood and smoked while their rustier hung dangling and twirling, with his dick at full throbbing hardon, for their amusement.

The three Cowboys led Mike into their Whipping Stall. He pulled out a gram of MDM and offered some hits all the way around. They kicked back on the blankets covering the bales of hay. A can of Crisco stood atop a Stall post. The mirror in the Stall reflected the four of them back across the rack and the whipping horse and the leather covered weightlifting bench. They all smiled at each other. Easy. Measuring out the weight of the seeds of each man in the Stall. One by one, each face turned to Mike who under the joint and the MDM had turned in on himself. The Cowboys were sensitive men. They knew what unspoken thing Mike needed. They knew what he only then was beginning to realize.

Then stood up, long, lean, and lanky, to piss. He popped the buttons on his 501 Levis and reeled out his big uncut dick. He looked at Mike. Then he walked deliberately across the Stall to a galvanized trough running the length of one wall and emptying into a metal pail. The sound of his horse-like piss was heavy as rain. Its yellow flow drained like a thick, slow waterfall off the end of the pipe into the bucket. Mike had known that bucket to be lifted and tilted to fill an enormous six-quart red rubber exorcism bag equipped with a long hose fitted with a double nozzle.

He had seen a man tied spreadeagle on a rail. The Cowboys had fitted him with the double nozzle: one big black flattened nozzle inserted up his ass, the other big black disk-sized nozzle tied like a piss gag into his mouth. The clamp on the red rubber hose had been slowly released so that the slow, entrancing trickle of hot piss drained endlessly down into his body, filling his gut to exploding with all the piss he could not swallow. He was tied and plugged and connected into piss. Where it entered his body was his no-choice choice.

Slowly, without any City-Hurry, the three Cowboys moved closer to Mike, touching him, stroking him, preparing him almost tenderly for the corporal acquittal they knew he had fled the City and come to the country for. Mike thought to resist, but looking at their intense faces and the hardest line of their determined jaws, thought better of it.

Suddenly the value came home to him of the generosity of these men turning their time and energy to shine on him. To refuse their touch would be perhaps a sin in a world where real touch is more often rejected than received. Was the touch of the Cowboys on him the invocation of some ancient male ritual? What would they do to him? And why did he have no strength when they touched him to resist them? On his track radio driving up the Eagle had sung, "Some dance to remember. Some dance to forget." Mike wanted to forget nothing. He wanted to remember everything. He knew nothing finer than the deep, wild ways men play with each other.

The Cowboys' hard calloused hands began to remove his shirt. They pulled off his boots and levis. They dressed him in black leather chaps with the cadpines pulled off, leaving him naked and framed in black leather front and back. His cheeks stood

out, sealed by the tight leather. They pulled on his boots and zipped the chaps down tight. They cinched heavy leather restraints around first one booted ankle and then the other. They tightened thick padded leather restraints around both of his wrists.

Mike stood bound in leather, inspected, in the middle of the straw-covered Whipping Stall. The four men studied each other. There was no pretense among them. No role-playing. No barriers. No masks. The stripping had been of more than clothes. They preferred aptitude to attitude. Mike had arrived already naked in the need the Cowboys saw in him. They coached his need and his feeling up out of him. They were not executioners. He was not one of the Penitentes. There was no guilt in all of this to be expiated. These men, instead, were concelebrating priests of a man-to-man ritual older than all the previous gods ever worshipped on Pecos. They were a quartet of men in perfect pre-urban alignment.

The Cowboys led him to the padded black leather exercise bench. They fastened his body bellydown. His wrists and ankles were tied to rings welded to the steel legs. His bare butt rose defenselessly. A heavy powerlifter's leather belt was laid across the small of his back and cinched under the bench. He was tied tightly into place.

Wordlessly they executed their sure moves. Mike knew the choreography. He thought to resist, but thought again about this almost unique chance to receive. Slowly, the men walked around his bound body. Studying. Gauging. Flaming the intensity of the depths to which they all might descend together. One after the other, the Cowboys picked whips of gradual intensity. One after the other, they took turns flicking his butt, pinching his cheeks, reddening the white skin with light welts. Mike at first made small noises and then, growing used to the fine play of their belts and whips on his bare butt, fell into an acceptance.

They played him: easy to rough. Had a stranger on a City street struck him a quarter as hard he would have felt injured. The smacking slap of their belts hit in like layers of their energy laid flat across his flesh. Could anyone observing have known the sensual truth? A young son patted on the butt by his father smiles up at the man. A young son, guilty of some disobedience and spanked no harder than the pat his father gave him earlier in play, feels the full sting and cries at the intent. With no guilt in this Whipping Stall, the beating was not one of atonement, but of pleasurable at-onement.

Mike's leatherbound dick hung hard beneath him, stretched through a hole strategically placed in the weightbench. The three Cowboys were beating him. He was being beaten by them. They were in concert of celebration in one mind. By turns they whipped his ass. Each Cowboy choosing each time a different instrument of Corporal Discipline: hand, gloved hand, riding crop, belt, cat, cane. Varieties of each one, applied lightly, then rising sensually from the easy beginning to full thick-armed force.

This was a beating of a man by men.

After more than an hour's workout, they released him from the bench. They helped him to his feet and silently turned him to view his glowing red butt in the mirrors. The shackles stayed on his wrists and ankles. They laid him back on the mattress and sat and smoked while they talked to each other and he stared silently at the rafters in the barn.

Mike had not known this would happen. He had intended only to drive away from the City, fleeing the political headlines, seeking some reconciliation among men who had left the City behind for all the right reasons. And to Mike, right reasons were the most important thing to his head. The greatest treason, he figured, was to do the right thing for the wrong reason.

Mike understood a peculiar and upbeat New Masochism. It was not the Beat-Me-Sit-Me-Fuck-Me-Treat-Me-Like-The-Piece-of-Shit-I-Am Discount Masochism used by guys who need to be put down in order to get down. Mike could appreciate a Degradation Trip, but as ritual not reality. He was versatile. Perversatile. As much Top as Bottom, he didn't need the K-Mart excuse of 10c-a-Dance abuse in order to find permission to bottom out to beatings, cocksucking, bootlicking, rimming, and beyond. His head permitted him to acquit his New Masochism in a way that maintained his dignity as a male. The heavy physical endurance of pain and discipline raised him to the noble league of jocks enduring the rigors of practice under a various coach, raised him to the dignity of young warriors suffering for all the right reasons the incredible pain of the Sundance Ritual, their chests and tits skewered and pierced and their bodies suspended from their chests as part of their ritual passage from carefree boyhood into total manhood. Mike understood how a Boy Called Pony became a Man Called Horse.

He had not suspected these Cowboys would take him into a scene he had not known he needed. He, in truth, had not known he needed this trip. He could hardly have prepared himself for it. Now, openly, gladly, even gratefully he accepted their hard careers. Mike, laidback, had that floating pure feeling that people have when they are starving to death. He had long ago forgot about this kind of special masochistic hunger in himself. Beyond the drug, beyond the pain, with three men, he was in a strge of rising transcendence.

The Cowboys took him again. This time they picked him up bodily and hung him up by his ankles. At the top, his booted feet were spreadeagled wide apart on opposite sides of the rough beam down around which came his legs. His dick and belly pressed into the wood. His head dangled a foot off the straw-covered floor of the Whipping Stall. His face rubbed into the rough wood of the barnpost. He wanted to say something as they secured him tighter and tighter into totally immobile bondage. But he could not bear to break their intense sexual concentration.

He hung silently upside down.

Their bondage forced him to hug the post. They took yards of rope and began to slowly cinch his spreadeagle ankles toward one another. They wrapped his legs in chaps right into the ropes. Suspended upside down and cinched balltight into the post, he could not move. A moment of panic swept over him. He raised his head slightly. They moved around his inverted body. He could see only their dirty boots and the frayed heels of their filthy boot jeans. He could hardly believe they were wrapping more rope around his waist and torso. They pulled his chest and shoulders tight into the post.

Mike was hanging head down toward the barnfloor on a whipping post with his red welled ass framed for beating by three serious men already credentialed with their serious intensity. SAM Ranch took men where they consented to go, and then one step beyond. What more defined reality could a man ask for? For these moments his place in the universe seemed quite clear. Hanging by his heels. Bound immobile. Whipped. To be whipped even more. His butt hung framed by the chaps, exposed at the exact height of their chests and whipwinging arms.

Again, one by one, the Cowboys took turns beating him. One was laid into him. The other two watched, stroking their dicks, picking their next instruments from the footlocker full of whips, belts, quirts, bamboo, drilled and studded fraternity paddles, and a cat made out of blunted barbed wire. Mike made guttural sounds now. Their beating was penetrating deep into him, making everything civilized in the City fall away, until there was nothing left but the sound of the whip followed by the sting and the pain and the welt and the wait for the next crimsonox blow. His own sounds even to him sounded as if they came from someone else deep inside him.

The flat thwack of the belts made echoes resound off craggy cliffs inside his body. The quick cut of knotted cats seemed like golden underbrush pushed aside in a wilderness deep inside him. Then the three Cowboys ganged up on him for a long and serious three-way whipping. Each took an identical whip. One after the other they alternated flogging him. He felt acres of primeval timber thrown into brilliant upheaval by bodyquakes trembling down the length of his completely outstretched, bound and tied, immobile self.

Mike could not tell how long the Cowboys beat him. He cared nothing for clock time. He had to think of nothing. No headlines. No job. No relationships. For now everything disappeared. There was only this beating. He had only to feel and receive. He trusted their judgment. He knew they would whip him more thoroughly than he had ever been beaten before. He was glad when finally he felt the pinkish sting of his butt begin to ooze red and finally run with blood. He could feel with each blow the fine spray of his own ashllood splashing hot across his sweaty back.

This was real. He was no inner living a jettison abstraction, talking of SAM over restaurant coffee. He was restrained, immobile. He had once been the best little boy in the whole wide world and he guessed maybe he still was. The quality of the men whose company he kept convinced him of that. This was, he knew for sure, one of the ways men of a certain mind touched and evaded each other out. Their passion kept them from going insane in a world of crazed bullet boxes, hostages, meltdowns, and Third World blackmail.

Sailors, Mike had read, often had their backs tattooed with the Virgin and Jesus. They hoped that, if ever they were to be stripped for flogging, that the whipmaster would show them some mercy out of respect for the religious pictures tattooed in wide spread across their backs. Mike had never felt his body to be more of a sacred vessel than now at his whipping. If grace existed in the universe, then now he was hanging suspended and open to the flow. The harder the Cowboys whipped him, the less worrying he felt, until on the edge of Total Yes, he heard the crack of the bull-whip across the barn.

The tallest of the Cowboys, who had a reputation of practicing for hours with his bullwhip, warmed up his big arm for the final workout. Mike heard the bull sting through the air and crack louder each time the man's arm repeated the stroke more strenuously in the warm air of the Whipping Hall. The other two Cowboys finished off their flogging and stood back sweating and waiting in witness the ultimate beating by Bullwhip of one man by another.

In the silence only boots shuffled under the heavy step of the Cowboy warming up with the bullwhip. Mike tried to raise his head. His body, with the beating, had tightened in ever closer to the whipping post.

Something had happened. Earlier, Mike's dick had been rockhard. Now he was quiescent. The leather thongs had made his cock feel like a coldcut strutted out dark and purple. He didn't care. This game had progressed beyond genital sex. Maybe it was the NUM that took the energy from his dick and shot it to his head. He knew they had dared to go beyond games, turning his body into a medium for conjuring something so raw and primitive it was rarely called for by men.

They had left civilization now.

It was more than driving up to the Ranch. They were somewhere in the deep past and somewhere in the deeper future. This was nothing like the mindless violence Mike had fled in the City's killing streets.

Around him, the Cowboys greased their wet dicks. In anticipation of this consensual blood rite.

Mike had never been bullwhipped. He had witnessed lashings in the movies, but he had never thought he would ever be tied upside-down with his bleeding cheeks primed and ready for a Cowboy with a professional whiphand. He didn't know if he wanted it or not. This moment might never come again. He sensed it. He embraced it. He loved himself and he loved these men, whoever they really were, and he loved this whiphand Cowboy more than he had ever loved or felt anything in his life.

Mike thought the first blow of the bullwhip would never land. Then, crackling, the bull cut lightly like a small sting, tentative, into his cheeks. The Cowboy timed his blows, layering each succeeding lash in under the burn of the cut before. Mike felt the rising intensity. He knew they were clever enough not to go as far as to violate the integrity of his body. But he knew that long before that limit, there were marks he wanted that would last for weeks.

The bull cracked and sang louder, faster, heavier. Mike felt everything. He felt nothing. He was inside himself. He was outside himself. He was one with them. He could feel the energy of the Whiphand Cowboy flowing down into him. His blood ran down his back toward his shoulders. He was screaming. His body quivering. They were untying him, taking him down, lowering him, laying him flat out on the floor, standing him up to see their work on his butt, walking him to the mattress, laying him back, sitting together with him, and him with them, and all of them together.

The beating had not exhausted him. The beating had been fine foreplay. The bull had opened him up: head and body. There was no resistance left in him. Even if they had taken him out to the line-up of four Port-O-San toilets where men were kept in windowless confinement in the broiling Sonoma heat he would not have objected.

Two of the Cowboys grinned at each other. They reached over to Mike and secured his wrists, then raised his shackled ankles to chains hanging over the mattress in the straw.

The third Cowboy was greasing up his flat. --NUM



DC EAGLE

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

THIS IS MY BODY

BY PHIL ANDROS

Just where it was in Chicago that Clint and I first met, I don't remember. Probably prowling the dark alleys of the Loop or walking along the Lake front at night, but it sure as hell wasn't in a bar because at eighteen he couldn't go in one. He mentioned the name of someone — maybe a score, maybe another hustler, so I knew he was safe. He was a tall lanky undeveloped kid, not yet filled out, with blond necklength hair, and he was about as green as they come. He wore shoes size twelve, had a long nose and a long middle finger which meant — if old wives' tales were right — that he was gratifyingly sized in the most important place.

I do remember that he looked at me that first night, with those eyes so pale blue the iris seemed almost white, and said, "Hey man — I wanta be a hustler. Will you teach me how?"

Since it was a dull evening and he was younger than I by about ten years, and my ashes hadn't been hauled for about twelve hours, I grinned and said, "Well, there's always room for one more, I reckon. Wanta come home with me?"

On the way, I found out a little more about him. There was almost no sexual experience behind him, except for a few fumbling unsatisfactory attempts with cunts and some jack-off sessions with boys his own age up near the St. Ignatius playground under the El. Having no background, he really wasn't very smart; but he was full of the big talk, the impossible dreams of the untalented young. For him the world had begun at the moment of his birth at Michael Reese Hospital and he knew little and cared less about what had gone on during all the centuries before. About all that he had to offer was his long-legged charm, his strong slender hands, and his good face. He was an unholy temptation for me, I must admit, for here was something to be molded, to be helped over the rough spots. But when he came out with his answer about why he wanted to be a hustler, he floored me.

PHIL ANDROS is the great grand-man of homoerotic writing. As a World Class Hustler, Phil has written more than thirty novels and hundreds of short stories that have appeared in the best and worst of men's magazines. Dell recently included several of his classic stories in its *Anthology of Gay Writers*. Under the name Sam Steward, Phil has been publishing the memoirs of his adventures with James Dean, Hell's Angel Sonny Warner, Kenneth ("Scorpio Rising") Anger, Thornton Wilder, and Gertrude and Alice. Dear Sammy, Phil/Sam's edited collection of letters from Stein and Tuklas is his newest release.

"I'm tryin' to save up enough money to go to the seminary," he said. "I wanta be a priest."

He said that just as I was unlocking the door to my apartment, and it nearly left me speechless. "Priest, huh?" I said, swallowing. "Do you think being a hustler is the right way to get to be a priest?"

He shrugged. "Just so's I can be one."

We shared a joint. He needed it. I think he wanted the grass to stop his trembling, or to lift his inhibitions, or something.

"You ever have a blowjob?" I asked.

He looked at the floor. "Twice," he said in a low voice like he was going to confession.

"Didja ever give anyone a blow job? Huh, Priest?"

He looked surprised at his new nickname, but he shook his head.

"You been screwed in the ass? Confess."

Another negative. "Listen," I said. "You can't ever be a good hustler unless you're willing to do all sorts of things. Are you?"

A kind of dumb despair filled his eyes. "I reckon I'll have to learn," he said. "I heard you were one of the best." He glanced at his smooth heavy-veined hands, and then at mine with the black hair on the knuckles and backs, and said — evidently skipping a thought process — "I always liked black hair."

I stood up and pulled off my tight black teeshirt, unbuckled my belt, and got out of my pants. "Okay, Priest," I said, "get your pants off like a good little alter boy." Finding a cherry asshole in an unvirgined world had excited me, and ole Betsy was in that satisfying heavy-blood stage, feeling as if it weighed six pounds.

He undressed slowly, bashfully, not able to look me in the eyes but unable to stop staring at my cock. "What's gonna happen?" he asked.

"We'll," I said, "I think I'll blow you and then I'll fuck your ass."

"You got an awful big one," he said.

I looked at his pale hairless body and the golden curls at his crotch. The fact that his cock was hard and sticking straight up told me something. "Fear not," I said, "this is my body. You can take it. It's all a question of knowin' how."

I had not been wrong in estimating his length. It was as big as mine if not bigger, cleanly circumcised, with head and shaft exactly the same diameter. I figured to slip it through my throat-ring easily enough.

In the bedroom I said, "Okay, Priest. Get on your back and spread your legs, and above all don't put your hands behind your head. Leave 'em at your sides, or else grab my ears or press down on my head. Most johns like that."

Me too . . . I didn't add.

I knelt between his legs and started, slowly. His cock was bigger than it looked. I held it in my hand and pressed it between my lips, turning my head back and forth in a kind of circular caressing movement, and wedging my tongue-point into his slit. Then I drew my fingers together on the head of it and nibbled my way up and down the sides. Finally I let it slide into my mouth, about half of it, and grabbed it strongly

with my lips, making a suction in my mouth and then slowly pulling it out. With my teeth and lips I slowly worked my way down on the shaft until I felt the head of it against my throat-arch — and then pushed. It slipped through. I couldn't keep it that deep for long because it cut off my wind, but I squeezed it with my throat muscles a few times.

He lay back without sound or movement, almost as if he were dead. By this time any ordinary trick should have been excited. Not Priest. He lay back as stiff as a man crucified. Hail Mary, let's see a little grace! Well, it must have taken a good forty minutes to make him come. My neck ached, my back felt permanently bent, and my eyes were watering. Talk about "bearing your cross!" When he finally did shoot — with a considerable push of pyzym — he didn't even move. His hands stayed still. He sighed faintly, like a dove. He was about as exciting as screwing Lazarus before he was raised from the dead.

I wiped my eyes. "Sheez, man," I said, "Maybe you'll find a score now-and-then who likes all-night necrophilia, but for a kid your age you sure as hell don't react much. Or come very fast."

He looked away. "I always been like that," he muttered.

"Well," I said, "Now it's my turn."

"I don't feel like it now. Can't we do the rest some other time?"

"Nix," I said. "After all that work, you're gonna do unto others and I'm gonna get my rocks off or it's all over. Besides, a good hustler's gotta do it even when he doesn't want to."

"Okay," he said, and turned on his belly. His buns were solid. I reached for the grease, got some on ole Betsy and brought her up a bit, and then anointed his asshole. He jumped, and very gently I stuck one finger in, looking for his joyspot. His gasp told me I found it, set a little high. I was ready, thinking about his being cherry.

I got into position, holding myself up on one arm, and with my right hand guided the head of my cock towards the celestial gate. With the first contact, Priest jerked and then lay still. Very slowly I began to push my cockhead inside him. The hole expanded a little, and I felt the heat from his asshole burning in a baptism of fire against the head. The fire-ring was closed, and very slowly I put a small pressure against it. Then waited. Then a bit more, ovrking my hips slowly and carefully. Push, wait — and push again. Thrust — and stop. My arms were beginning to tremble with strain and anticipation. And then at last I felt a loosening, and suddenly like a holy procession of cock I was in.

Clint's head raised up backwards, but there was no lightning from heaven. I pushed my cock halfway in and felt the tightness of the hot clamping tunnel. Then another slow inch, and another, and finally all the way, my hair against his ass which was wet with sweat.

I was still excited by his holy cherry, but I gave him a slow lazy fuck. This was no ass-slapping screw; I didn't want to scare the kid to death. I reached around under his ribcage and found his nipples, and pinched them a little. The pressure of his virgin hole was wonderful and intense, and the old familiar sensation started to build in my balls and groin, where I sensed a sort of ecstatic churning. Then came the beginning, under

my skull, in my toes and armpits and calves, and I felt the little fire-fingers under my skin. And suddenly the gyzym flowed down from my vesicles and up from my balls, mingling with the prostatic fluid, combining into the dazzling blinding radiance of the orgasm, and I spurted into him, filling him full with his first communion.

He never moved.

Well, that was that. I must have known Priest for about six months. He attached himself like a leech. It was too bad there were no catechisms on hustling. The rituals had to be passed on verbally. I told him everything I could think of — about being nice to scores, keeping quiet about other tricks, never stealing anything, leaving when sex was over and not trying to talk, charges and where to draw the line, and most of all — a hustler's lack of importance to a score.

One evening Priest was showing me some pictures from his wallet. There was one of a guy with a tough butch face, handsome and square-jawed, with a deep cleft in the chin, and black hair shorter than the current style. It was a color snapshot, and the heavy beardmark showed, giving a kind of blue male magic to the high cheekbones and fascinating planes of the face.

HIS BALLS, HEAVY AND FULL, ROSE AS I LICKED THEM AND PULLED FIRST ONE AND THEN BOTH OF THEM INTO MY MOUTH, USING MY TONGUE AGAINST THEM, AND FEELING AGAINST MY CHEEK THE HARD CORDED UNDERSIDE OF HIS COCK. THE ODOR OF HIS GROUCH WAS SEXY AND MALE. THEN I WENT FOR HIS NIPPLES... IN THE THICK HAIR WHICH FELT ALMOST ELECTRIC AGAINST MY LIPS...

"Who's this?" I said.

"That's TJ, my older brother. He's twenty-eight."

"M-m-m," I said.

"He's married and he hates queers," Priest said.

"He know you're hustlin'?"

Clint made a face. "I think he suspects. He wonders how come all the money."

"How much you makin' now?"

"About a hundred a week," Priest said proudly.

"Well, you're gonna be on your own soon. I'm headin' for San Francisco," I said.

Priest's face fell. "I'd like to go too," he said.

"Later on," I said. "There's more money to be made here in Chicago right now. In San Francisco, they give it away."

A couple weeks before I left, I got a jolt. My bell buzzed one evening, and I pushed the button to open the door. A man came up the stairs. I leaned over the stairwell and hollered, "Who is it?"

No answer, but the footsteps came on. As he rounded the landing, I saw his face. It was TJ. He was not as tall as Priest, but more compact and solid. He looked dangerous. I liked him on the spot.

"I'm TJ," he said. "Clint's brother."

"Clint?"

"Priest."

"Oh yeah," I said, somewhat nervous. "Come in." He was in a neat dark suit with gleaming cordovan shoes, and a shirt and tie. Years of hustling had taught me how to undress a person from the clues you got through his clothes. I saw the hair on his chest, thick-matted; the muscular legs darkly covered, and even the black curling hair on the knuckles of his toes. I knew he had good definition in the muscles, a hard square chest and a flat belly. He showed a good basket, too.

"Siddown," I said.

"I'll come straight to the point," he said. But at least he sat down, which told me he wasn't going to get violent. "I'd like you to lay off Clint."

"Lay off?" I said angrily. "I didn't go lookin' for him. He came to me."

"You taught him to hustle?" Half question, half statement.

"Yeah," I said.

"As long as he's doing that," TJ said, "he's not about to look for a job."

"Are you makin' the rounds, talking to all his tricks?" I said, and then, because he was so damned good-looking, I said, "Look — the damage — if any — was done before he got around to me. If you can't control him, I can't."

"I think you've got a lot of influence on him," TJ said. He absent-mindedly put his hand on his crotch and moved it around over his basket, and his right foot tapped a couple times — a sure sign some sexual thought was scampering through his head.

A dirty little sneaky idea suddenly occurred to me. In the hustling business you soon learn to take every advantage that shows itself.

"You love your baby brother?" I asked sardonically.

"Sure — why the hell would I be comin' around like this if I didn't?"

"What's it worth to you if I convince him he should stop what he's doing?"

That brought him up short. "Money?" he asked scowling, lip curling.

I laughed. "Nope," I said. "Just a teaspoonful of nectar."

He looked puzzled for a moment, and then he smiled — a broad one, making his handsome square face even more attractive. The light gleamed on his white teeth. He paused a moment, then bent forward in the chair, untied one shoelace and pulled his shoe off, wiggling his black-socked toes. Then he pulled the other one off too. He stood up slowly, unknotted his necktie and removed it, and after that his coat and shirt. I saw at his teeshirt neckline the dark curling man-hair I had known would be there, the powerful shoulders and biceps, the nipples of his broad chest pointing downwards against the thin cotton. There was a lazy sensuality to the movements of his strip-tease.

He peeled shorts, socks, everything. His strong lean buttocks had a neat and almost oriental hair-pattern, running thinly over the cheeks of his ass from the small of his back, growing darker as it curved down underneath.

My mouth was dry and my cock was hard. "I thought you hated queers," I said.

"Did anyone say I didn't like sex?" he countered. "I was in the Navy a couple years, and I had my share of blowjobs. There's nothing I like better if you really know how. Anyway, you ain't exactly a typical qu...homosexual."

I wagged my hand. "But I want you to fuck me."

He grinned. "That too," he said, and got up from the chair. And at that moment his cock started to lengthen, to grow, to rise. It didn't take me long to strip.

On the bed in the dark, with only a rosy fucklight on, I laid him out for some preliminary tongue-work. His balls, heavy and full, rose as I licked them and pulled first one and then both of them into my mouth, using my tongue against them, and feeling against my cheek the hard corded underside of his cock. The odor of his crotch was sexy and male. Then I went for his nipples, blindly searching for them in the thick hair which felt almost electric against my lips.

There was all the difference in the world between him and Priest, and I was reminded again that heteros sometimes were the best at making love. His body came alive, his hips started a circular up-and-down movement, and I could even sense from his leg muscles that his toes curled down and under. On the pillow his head moved from side to side. "Oh my god," he gasped, "oh god..." Theologians seemed to run in this family. That's the Chicago church for you. His mouth was open and the light glistened in a small four-pointed star on his wet teeth.

Suddenly he rose on one elbow, dislodging me from his right nipple. "Damn it, man," he said. "Come on - lemme fuck you."

My fingers dipped into the grease-jar, and I put some on his burning cock, sliding it up and down the shaft, rubbing my thumb all over the head. I quickly put some in the crease of my ass.

"How you want me?" I asked thickly.

"Get on your back," he said, and he climbed on his knees between my legs, pulling my hips well up on his body towards his groin. Then I felt the head of his cock poking here and there, none too gently, between my widely opened legs which I raised until they rested on his shoulders. His cockhead came to rest directly on my hole. My own body weight against his rock-hard thighs was slowly and inexorably pushing his cock into me and he did not have to move at all.

"Put it in for me," he whispered huskily.

"It's goin' in," I said. "Just push a little, but not hard. At first."

Instead, he pushed hard and at the same time pulled me towards him. His cock jumped into my asshole. I could not help biting my lip with the sudden shock, for the gate was not yet entirely open. Then he paused, waiting, holding back the final thrust that would weld us together. He inched his knees forward, and his arms came up to seize the head of the bed. I was helpless that way, locked in, as he must have wanted.

Then he began. He drove his cock to the root. I felt my guts pushed aside before the onslaught. My body jerked and I heard myself moaning. In that position I couldn't use my

muscles to squeeze and clamp his prick. He didn't seem to mind. I was writhing, trying to push my ass forward to meet his increasingly deeper thrusts. I heard and felt his groin and belly slapping hard against my ass. Then suddenly he let go of the bed and grabbed the top of my shoulders with each hand. Every time he socked it in he pulled me towards him so that his cock went farther in. I was bent double, my feet close to my head. I felt his body harden then, felt a sudden swelling of his cock inside me — and bang! He shot his load, with such force I sensed the heavy spittings of his gyzym against the backwall deep inside.

He collapsed on me, his face against my sweating chest. And so we remained for a long long moment, while his heart stopped its pounding and his breathing slowed. Then he withdrew, slowly, and turned on his back, one arm across his eyes.

I lowered my legs and looked down at my belly. Just when I had come I didn't know, but there was the pearly evidence puddled around my navel, thinning a little and beginning to slip down the side.

"Sheez," I muttered. That was the first time in months, maybe years, that I'd popped without anyone on it, either with mouth or asshole. "Nothing like a good bang from a straight."

He laughed a little. "Our bargain still hold?" he asked.

"Sure thing," I said, grinning. "Of course, I can't guarantee I can get Priest, I mean Clint, to stop right away. It may take a little time, and maybe even another visit from you . . . to encourage me."

He chuckled. "You'd make a heluva blackmailer," he said. "You'll never get rich . . . on nectar."

"Queen bees . . ." I began.

He suddenly raised himself and leaned over me, his face close to mine, his mouth half open, his dark eyes enormous. I felt the heat of his breath.

"You beautiful sumbitch," he said, grinning. "I hustled for four years after I got out of the Navy. And I was good at it. I even liked it."

He turned his head quickly and lowered it to the pearls around my navel, and started licking.

Some religious book I read once in a flophouse drawer said some really downright holy advice. "Man shall be called to account for all the permitted pleasures he failed during life to enjoy." If that's a commandment, I'm no sinner.

Betcha Clint's a good ol' parish priest somewhere today. After all, a holy vocation is a calling a man will do anything he has to in order to reach his true anointing.

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HARMLESS PSYCHOVATHS AND WEIRD FAR-OUT MEN WANTED for correspondence. Must be into everything including MC's, piss, scat, sweat, poppers, needles, camping, kidnapping, cannibalism, and anything a gay Charlie Manson might think about. No herpes, drunks, nuts. I'm an Easyriders type, 44, 5'10", versatile. NYC area. 00046.

INTERCRAIN CLUB for men of action who are into leather, levis, bodybuilding. SAM. We have a thousand hot men for you. Box 410, 137 West 24th Street, New York 10011.

HIGH-ENERGY MAN. Bondage: sensual, progressive. Outrageous playroom: ropes, belts, western, saddle bondage; mutilation; bondage suspension; stretching; sensory deprivation. SSM contracting: cigars, whips, titts, sharp points, wax, etc. If you're into Sexual Exploration, call or write MARK, PO Box 42301, San Francisco 94101. Dial: 415/411-6294.

WHIPPING SESSION wanted with Leather/Uniform men. Experienced both as bound cocksucking slave and booted heavy whip wielder. Am uncut, thick cock, 36, 175#, 6', bearded. San Francisco. #00050.

PISS STOP. Slim W/M, 40 has beer and deep throat for ANY MAN who knows how to use it. Would like to try male dog up my ass. "SIN", please call/write. W. O'Keefe, 18 natividad Rd #7, Salinas CA 93906. 408/422-2315.

ITALIAN RAUNCHER. 5'10", 152#, Into shit buttholes, cheesy cocks, rank armpits, spit, anal, puke, dogs, horses, shaving, photos, jacking-off, nipple play, leather, piss, outdoors, drugs, jocks, sick scenes, enemas. NYC. 212/673-1349.

ADVENTUROUS SEX. W/M, 30, professional, wants company outdoors. Likes guns, hunting, backpacking, rafting and travel. Ex-Military Police Officer seeks adventurous sex with honest masculine men. Southern CA. R. Hunter, 265 So. Robertson, #8139, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

HOT attractive W/M, 34, 5'c' seeks bright butch stud to blow up huge balloon to bursting while I suck/jack/jc you or whatever you dig. No SM or heavy drugs. Boston. #00049.

RUBBER FREAK. Seeks same for fun with black rubber hipboots, rain chest waders, piss, raincoat, mud, inner tubes, sloppy food, coveralls, motor oil, leather boots, fatigues. Young W/M into mutual J/O, PB, Passive Blaming, highbooted and ready!! NYC. 212/662-0447.

EXPAND MY LIMITS. Taroooc and ringed M, 34, seeks Sadist into belts, paddles, cuts, whips, not wax, weights. Marks cheerfully accepted. IIR, Please Write. Occupant, 100 Bank St. #5A, NYC, NY 10014.

HUNG, W/M, 52, 6'2", 160, cus, professional, discreet, sophisticated, straight appearing, handsome. Seeks similar/younger A/P French, Greek. Love tender sex. No dope nor pot. Write PO Box 1432, Torrance, CA 90505.

CHUSKY, attractive, sensual W/M, 51; handsome lifemate into fine arts, travel, psychic phenomena, mutual french, jackoff, passive greek, uncuf. Contact: Jim Larson, 108-A Merrydale Rd, San Rafael CA 94903.

REBELLIOUS SLAVE. 36, Gemini poet/garage manager. 5'11", 140#, 55", blue eyes, reasonably trim in need of training from Masterful Traddemon into power, not pain, fucking, full-service maintenance. His desires to suck dick must be satisfied elsewhere. I've been looking for love in the wrong places (levis/leather bars), can no longer submit to mindless arrogance, disco elitism, masculine chic. No, I don't want to fuck you. I'm after a man who knows his dick, and his needs; mine are met in you. Jim F., 8106 E. Jefferson #706, Detroit, MI 48214 313-826-3440

MUSKY, BEAKED LUMBERJACK-TYPE DUDE. 32, 5'10", 175#. Whacks and gets off on longjohns, checkered or plaid wool lumberjackets, lumberjackets, heavy wool hunting coats and pants, thick wool socks, dirty levis, construction and engineer boots. This dude needs to be kidnapped, hot-tied and gagged with dirty raunchy handmanes. One or two hunters, lumberjacks, construction workers, turkbars or bikers who know the ropes are required. Big wild sex scenes in trucks, barns, abandoned houses and woods. Woolrich is No. 1!! Gotaria. #00084.

BANY SUMMARE OFFICER wants to EXCHANGE his black nylon socks and garters for yours into hot j/o cassette tape trading and lotuses. Also looking for slaves to train in FOOT WORSHIP. Northeast. #00047.

SWAT. Bearded/mountained men wanted for partners into long intimate ranchy trips. I am 5' 10", 145, 18. Big shit, piss, smut, B/D, highs, camping, and EXPERIMENTING! Man-to-man sex adventures tall late AM or PM. 415/820-8556.

CREATIVE MUTUAL BONDAGE, cock/ball, tit torture, LEATHER, toys, sensual play, EXHIBITIONISM, groups, shaving; dig it with experienced or daring novices. I am W/M, 31, tall, blond, handsome, horny, playful, serious, and SEXY. Tel: 415/752-4432.

HUNNY BUTT/HUNGRY TONGUE. W/M, 3'10", 130, 13, muscular athletic body. My asshole stinks of fresh shit and dirty jockstrap. I like to spread my honey butt over a hungry tongue, and equal my raunchy asshole over a hot face while it begs me to dump. I want to see you and feel you lick my asshole clean. From nice-n-nasty to fulfill boogie. I want to use you like a toilet, boy. I'm a hot giver; if you're hot, I can take. Wouldn't mind meeting a PIGMASTER man enough to make me want to tongue his stinking, sweaty pig crack. and rim his dirty asshole. David: 415/495-7057 or write Albo.

ALL RIGHT, ASSWIPE! Do you think you're hot shit? PROVE IT. I'm a pushy bottom who might just turn the tables on you and make you grovel. YOU'VE GOTTA BE REAL NOT TO TOP ME. I'm 29, hot, husky, hung leatherman into your trip--whatever the fuck it is--provided you're man enough to carry it through. Otherwise--watch out! You'll be doing MY trip. Send a pic or I won't bother answering you. PROVE YOU'RE A "DIR," ASSHOLE! San Francisco (where else?) A101.

MARINES/ARMY/NAVY/AIR FORCE. One of S.F.'s hottest TOPPER. That's what I've been called. I'm 28. If you are a submissive, masculine, muscular young serviceman looking to be teased by a leatherman who knows how, write with pic. I'm discreet. I'm also in to S&M, assfucking, bondage, C&S "torture," cocksucking, discipline, dildos, domination, flatfucking, humiliation, pain, shaving, tit play, water sports, whipping, and MORE. BJ, PO Box 99468, San Francisco CA 94109.

BELL'S ANGEL/HARLEY TRASH. Very bitchy grouser Bell's Angel type, lives to ride, will meet other Harley-Davidson riders, and men of BD interests; into face/arm dirt, BQ, grease, gators, flowers, leather in layers with levis; mechanical devices relative to internal combustion, under-chassis, grease pits, and. YOU MUST LIKE AND LIVE THE ABOVE! No phonies or idle-fag curiosity. I'm butch, very big, and can be very dirty. Your size and other dimensions/demotions unimportant is you live to ride. If you fit, or ON YOUR WAY TO THE WORLD OF THE EASY EIDER, you know that for a pleasurable time anything really is possible. You must enjoy straight biker company and be able to fit into each group's UNDIRECTED! Sex(s)/arnc/BD/truck trips, Sonoma County, CA. A 109.



BIG GUNS. Feel them: thick, big ARMS, muscle-bulged heavily from sweaty workouts, their huge girth spotted in a T-shirt, or subtly concealed by shirt sleeves of well-washed flannel stretched across their mass, now stripped to reveal mounds of baseball biceps cabled with vascularity, and thick horseshoe triceps, growing bigger before your eyes, the pump of each successive flex further expressing the disciplined power of the life force that built them. With those Big Guns lifted high in full frontal display of arm muscle, feel them again. Feel the density of each vibration as it's gathered down into the depths of muscle armpits rich with the heavy wale scent of bodybuilder muscle sweat. After a bit of smut and a bit of zipper, if you find your nose exploring the heights of those pits, if you can take that big muscular arm in one hand, and your dick in the other, and discover that between the stroking of the two that you're running, then we're both gonna have fun! I'm on my way to the gym now. If Big-Guns rap-a-jockoff make you break into a sweat you can't cool off by yourself, drop me a line. LA and Bay Area. Writer: A1000!

RANCHEN. Hot, tattooed, pierced "M" rancher, 40, 6'1", 185, looking for hot, hairy 2 stud. Into water sports, bondage, discipline, FF, assenting, tattoos, tits. You name it, I'll try it. SIB! Possible lifetime partner on Northwest ranch. Write with photos to Jim, Box 144, Siltum ST, Myrtle Point, Oregon 97138.

MASCULINE LEATHER QUEEN. W/M, 35, 4', 185, out, needs leather for smelling, licking, teasing, seeing. Narcesses, waddles, bums, smooth, wet, piss, sniffing, humping, worship, sensuality, mutuality, strenuousness, spitting, cocksucking, blacks, rimming, leather seats, potpoppers, talking dirty, bootlicking, bootlicking, j/e. I'm an upfront, active, masculine queer who needs leather action. Bill Fiedler, ST, 3, Box 2489, Coville CA 95965.

MANOLINE WIK. I'm looking for you, lie on top of me, rub your tight muscled belly and cack against mine until we both cum. I'm godfucking, hairy and 53. Write to: Bushdifer, PO Box 6144, Fort Wayne, IN 46806.

HAVE SEAT WILL TRAVEL. Raulita Levi, leather dude with hot ass hole and PILL. Available for teasing and teasing. Meet place to drive crowned than a dirty jack. Busty ass gets to clean by a moist hot tongue. Southern CA. #00081

FOR PARADISE. Hot, rough action with your experienced frontal and to give your voracious hole with my sneaky/slippery/dirty hands. Long sweaty marathon sessions, groups, 49, and self-licking. San Francisco, CA. #00081

SELF NEEDED. Just stumbled on an W craving abuse. I'm 51, he's 29. No matter what I do, he enjoys it. Need advice on techniques fast. Illinois. #00086

HIGH-COUNTRY SEX. W/M, 18, 5'8", fat, into High-Country Outdoor/Indoor sex with hairy, hairy, fat-dicked, bearded men. Like outdoor nudity, jack-traps, w/s, FF, top and bottom fucking and sucking. Get off on dirty-talk during sex, mutual J/O, poppers=mpot, light SM, sweat, armpits, pickup trucks, sex films, hiking, camping, flannel, boots, toys, single scenes or two or more. Like it hot, heavy and lasting. Mutual trips outside possible, age no hang-up. If you're hot and willing. Pic gets pic. Write: Del. 115 South Ranch Rd., Durango, CO 81301

ACTION ONLY. W/M, 130#, 5'7". Experienced heavy into ships, S/S, SM, M/T, Sgt. exhibitionism, twinky scenes, shaving, like experienced gussy guys. Not interested in obscene calls or J/O correspondence. Also, 5 Mallon Pl. #2, San Francisco, CA 94103. 415/883-6309.

BLACK ON WHITE STUD. Wanted, clean solid masculine stud with fat cut 8" cock to fuck my mouth, then my ass. Fill my ass with your piss in fulfill my fantasy. NO SCAT, SM, SD, FF, drugs, pot-bellies, fetish. I'm W/M, 6'1", 185#, upper dentures, no pot belly, mid in years but not appetite and many young studs to for me. Like slim muscular guys, truckers especially. Western CA. #00051

COCK AND BALL LOVER. Cut or uncut, large or small. Bring them in my face, run on me, piss in my mouth. I want mutual action, also like bondage but no VA or discipline. Clean bodies for mutual tit work, ball work, explicit drinking, oil parties. Also available as same sadist for those who want C/B torture, piercing, electricity, catheters, dildo's, heavy pain bondage, whipping and medical trips. NO pain for me. No drugs, or transvestites. Pennsylvania. #00051

HOT BODIES FOR CHOICES. Sex-crazed muscled marine-type studs. Sweet, piss, armpits, jacktraps, gym shorts, surfers, frogmen wetuits, poppers.... Johnny, PO Box 5515, San Francisco, CA 94101

ERICK BRITHORNE wanted for hot fun, pitching and catching, all sex-n-fetishes. Any fantasy fulfilled for muscle-dude who writes in with pic and full details of what he wants and wants. Can provide anything short of the Hellas Gwynys. W/M, 25, 160, works out, knows how to dial muscle tits for person-to-person, man-to-man calls that cut down on longdistance between guys who look so good they can hardly ever get what they desire. SF. Allii.

PICK WANTED. Two hot SF Pig Farmers, both W/M (S: 37, 5'8", 160, cut; M: 40, 5'11", cut), HAVE KIT (and low-down HTTYE?). Crazy with tops, FF, WU. Expert in the fine arts of BDSM, ass-eating, TITS, and other 4-U games. Pic gets pic; pig only genuine, hot CINCHED ON THE BOWL Tray, PO BOX 11701, SF, CA 94131

UNIFORMS, SEX IN AUTHORITY. W/M, hot 40's, 6'1", 135, good head, good body, cruising in beat-up pickup truck for W/M in mutual (non-adversarial) sup trips; ALL UNIFORM TRIPS a turn-on. Also hot on bondage, restraint, type, harness, leather, TITS, FALLS like to mix afternoon adventures (caden, Nautique ride, San Quentin tour, etc.) with night-time fun. Discreetly "impermeating" UNIFORMED personnel in public is a major turn-on. Both of us not for the afternoon geared up like green-fatigue Army reserve men split off from their group. SF. ATON.

SCAT MAN. Primarily interested in continuing an scat bottom seeking ULTRA-SENSUAL TOP for prolonged forefeeding. eager to accept other media/fantasies of partner, an sex-adventures with following scenario: meeting of the muscular scat-donor with a pile of my own blood, drawn periodically below scene. With the top-glowing a bright, glistening red, his muscles would be visually more spectacular than ever. Aim to please man-to-adventure partner. Fits also hot for multiple piercings. Understand need for cleanliness even in the midst of scenes. Open for discussion to a top upon whom to discuss/perform stuff. An W/M, 5'6", Fat, solid, intelligent. San Francisco. Allii.



JAX

TOTAL BRUNCH. Levi and shit freak gives total service. My trip is to have one or several wellbuilt macho guys, between 18 and 30, dump their long solid turds all over me and in my mouth. Am not into personality-degradation. Am focused, quite honestly, on male celebration by communing on men's dumped essence. That's the high-minded thought behind the low-life action. I want to smear a guy's shit all over his ass and then lick him clean and his levi's cleaner. All guys must wear tight levi's with no undershorts. All guys must be raunchy, sweaty, and smelly with their levi's in the same condition for a total turn-on. Syracuse, NY. A118.

AGGRESSIVE AGREEABLE MALE, 25, macho, into leather, levis, bodybuilding. SSN. Am head of an international club of like-minded men. Hot guys wanting hot trips write Box 410, 132 W. 24th Street, New York 10011.

HAIRY BODY. W/M, 5'6". 165, hairy body, hairless head, uncut. Oral. Anal. Fitcher. Gather. Mutual. Turned on by body and mind not drugs. San Francisco. A117.

MUT ASS ACTION. W/M, 36, 6', looking for hot ass action. Fucking, rimming, east, analas, top/bottom. Best dirty ass eater in Texas. Call 711/528-7629 or write Jim. Box 12928, Houston, Texas 77027.

EXPERT FLOGGER. Whippings by a connoisseur for the strong. Blood and walls a turn-on. Have active collection of 80 whips. Some one of a kind. Like other SSN also. Well equipped. Like tall guys. Am 5'4", 120, 33. Pete. Bay Area and frequent travel in Europe. A116.

SATANISM. NY. A115.





SIT ON MY FACE. Pull up tits. Fiss on my hairy chest. Stick things up my ass. Shove your dirty feet down my throat. W.W. 27 wants sugar-saucer as a toilet. S.F. #00080.

THE MAN: An (thin, handsome, white male, 34, 5'11", 148 lbs. Firm, gentle, clean, enjoys OH, PR, W/H. Not into SM, R/D, SGT.

THE COCK: Cut, 8" x 1 1/2" hard. Enjoys fucking and being sucked.

THE BIRD: Firm, round with tight asshole. Enjoys being fucked.

THE MOUTH: Thirsty for cock(s) and horny for asshole(s). Enjoys the taste of cum & piss.

THE ACTION: Looking for MAN/MAN or HER/HER to cover my body and fill my mouth and/or ass to overflowing with sweet cum and/or warm piss.

THE CANDIDATE(S): Must be my age or younger, white and with similar physical traits and sexual interests. Recent picture required to be considered for this opportunity. Columbus OH #00082.

HOT MUSCULAR MASTER. 29, 8 1/2" cut, seeks young well built animals studs for training and discipline. Bondage, cockservice, heavy ass fucking, cock, tit and ball work, WS, FF, limit respected/expanded. Novices OK. BB a plus. PO Box 291, Hayward, CA 94543.

STREET AND DIRT BIKE BOUT. Loves MX gear, all athletic clothing, panties, nil, fucking/sucking/30 friends, ditto strangers, piss (shit) in clothes, most drugs. No pain but lots of raunch, dirt, and tomerness. Travel widely. Dan, PO Box 10274, Tallahassee FL 32302.

HOT MAN SEEKS ANIMALS/TRAINERS. 35, W/M, 5'10", 165#, brown hairy body/beard/mustache, medium build, big dick, revel in male sex, smells, tastes, arrogance. Photo/phone. Dan, PO Box 28205, S.F. CA 94128.

IT'S SHOW TIME. Dog slave - NEEDS TO BE TRAINED (Punished), GROOMED (Shaved), SHOWN (Bondage), and REWARDED (Fucked). Will serve hamel master with toys and talent 24 hours a day. Long training and show sessions desired, can reciprocate for right puppy. Other fantasies explored. 41/6'/165, Brown/Green/Beard. 333 W. Lewis, Phoenix, AZ 85003. Photo please - MY DOG SPOT.

FIELD PHONE BALL WORK. WM, 35, 185#, 6'2", 6" cut, hairy, seeks SD, SM, and CRT from 501 Levi VM-booted well-equipped (game room preferred) bondage/whipmaster for training, hooding, whipping, immobilizing bondage, CBA torture, and especially having his weighted, separted balls tightly wrapped with bare wire and worked over with adjustable field phone with Brazilian parrots perch. No scat, FF, piecing, or damage. Travel a lot in W, SW, and SE. San Francisco #00088.

COWBOY NEEDS ROYING. Sheriff, deputy and/or posse needed for wild west times, in jail or out on the range. Dark haired, bearded, 155 pound, 40-year-old, shoot-from-the-hip dude corralled at 801 W. Main-3M, Kelso, WA 98626. (206) 423-7345.

BOOMY BATH. Man 50, has bath in Van Nuys area. Prefer uncut j/o, smegs, condoms, otherwise clean. No drinking. Needs someone around same age. Quiet life. Discreet. Van Nuys #00087.

TEENON IS MY ONLY HARDON. Straight encons, bikers, street-trash, tough young military, and hardened guys who pass for straight, who know how to force a man to suck and rim, at gunpoint, with a blade, or through medium strangling, if you have a nasty talking mouth and a threatening presence, call Bill at 415/532-9949. Some 3 possible to minor-lar guys especially if you make me cum and I live through it. (Other men with some "problem," trade lurid, violent details with me.)

DIAPER BONDAGE. Young man seeks prolonged bondage trip while forced to wear diapers. Not into baby-trip, but wished to be stripped and forced as a grown man into a diaper, and then be tied down for a CIA interrogation severe enough to make me humiliate myself by pissing and shitting in the diaper. Will swap simple bondage games, but prefer this scenario over all others. San Francisco. A190.

DOWN UNDER. Australian, wench, 35, 6', 150, Big Tool, loose balls, seeks correspondence and possible meeting with similar men to 45 for close furskin/ball study, games, etc. Discreet. Be tough or heavier. Bline only. Let's get it off together. Big latex, low hanging balls and 1-to-1 cock worship. Anything goes. Guarantee to answer all who send photo. L. D. Box 367 Post Office Elsternwick, Melbourne, Australia, 3185.

TRIDENT: Big use of heavy leather "tools" used in prisons for applying discipline. (Movie *Brubaker* Tool turn-on.) Like to hear from corrections, guards etc. on the subject, or anyone with the equipment and experience - i.e. razor straps, leather paddles. Ht 3', 5'8". Rules interchangeable. Tucson. #00064

MUTTER NEEDLE: Submissive W/M, ht. 5'10", 135#. Eagerly seek network, catheters and enemas. Seek full and controlled situation. Make me cum by working on my neck. Northern CA. 916/241-9725

DISCONSIDERS: 88 track maintenance men, tunnelers, machine operators, diesel engine mechanics, drillers. Let me wear your dirty work clothes for 3/4. Let's do it together under your machinery. NYC. #00061

JUICY JOKER: Heavy hand bats, knights in black leather, massive fuck pierces for pleasure, tongue in ass; tiled body wrestling, group gropes, tit torture, cum worship. Michigan. #00059

SOI LEVI FETTERER: Big jerboff assassin in tight faded 501's. Organized "Soy Levi Club." To join, send SASE to Fran Mitchell, Box 8029, Tucson, AZ 85721.

FAT MEN WANTED: Wellbuilt 38 year-old desires to meet MEN who are fat to obese, 250 to 550 pounds. Whatever size. For belly massage and good energy. I want to share your largeness. I want to insult your pigness. What you want you can get. Kay Area, 707/813-8815. Early evening calls only.

RIC MILLER: Total slave for his belly will give you any scene if you are a postulated man over 40. The RIDGER VIKER GUY, THE STUCKER THE TURN-OUT also dig tattoos, uniforms, and blue eyes. North Carolina. 00045

MUSCULAR BUT MAN into sharing pleasure/pain. Mutual getdown on muscular proppits and you workouts. Fire, locktraps, juicy scabbage, spit. Muscle want: let's get with it, buddy! How about pushing out twenty pumped bodies tight together for a few tongue laps after a good gym workout? This Mutualist is ready! San Francisco. 00047

INVENTIVE, RESPONSIVE BOTTOM W/M, ht. 5'10", mustache, shaved head, wants intelligent, caring TOP MAN for fun, power, and possible lasting friendship. Into BM, bondage, domination, water sports, humiliation, leather. Creative, open-minded head. Limits can be expanded. If you know your trip, I can probably fit into what pleases you the most. Can switch role for right guy. Contact: FRANK, Box 18178, San Francisco 94114. 415/411-8186

OLD RELIABLE: FILTH TO STICK IN YOUR EAR

CENTERFOLD

If you have dirty ears, Old Reliable Tapes may be perfect to play when you lay your cassette player on your pillow. Old Reliable knows how to stick it in your ear--if your scholarly interests run to tough stuff like street hustlers, ex-cons, and dirty bikers who will sit on your chest or your face while they twist your tit and spit on your dick.

Old Reliable's documentary verbal-abuse (and social insight, of course) is the kind of eight talk that Ph.D.'s in Sociology would give their right out for. The rest of us plain folks just slip it into our cassette in bed or in the car and get real--repeat REAL--young male trash talking low and nasty in our burning ears. (He also produces pix to go along with the audio. Put that in your mixed-media bedroom.)

Old Reliable also makes genuine queer fantasy tapes like "Corporal in Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley," but his real forte is collecting street li-guys who for the few bucks Reliable pays them do their best to abuse fags who love to hear a tough guy talk nasty when he tells about his adventures.

Old Reliable gives the rest of us access to tougher profane men's usually let us pick up. He's continually getting robbed, ransacked, and roughed up in the pursuit of his art.)

MANZMAN's centerfold this issue is a photograph of Old Reliable's latest piece of wonderful stuff. His name is Max. He's 23, 5'7", 150, well-assured, streetwise, and very, very sexual. Max's tough and dominant 30-minute cassette tape is C-1123. @ \$8.50, plus .50 handling/postage (and 9% in Cal. Rev. & if you want to check out Old Reliable's hot benches let least five jerkable pix each (and), write to him and mention MANZMAN and he'll probably send off one to you for free. - State you're over 21. Send to Old Reliable, PO Box 3094, Hollywood Ca 90028.

NEW YORK FETTER ACTION. Grimey BOOTWIPES and INDUSTRIAL URINALS needed for NY freight yard and waterfront jobs. BOOTFITTERS, OILERS, MECHANICS, UNIFORMED PERSONNEL TOO RIFE FOR BARS: WE PUNG YOU IN. Levi 501s and Carhartts waterproofed. Contact: CREASEROG, SWAMP DOG WATERPROOFERS, NYC, A104.

BOOTBUILDER. W/M, 43, 5'9", 165, into kinky, raunchy scenes, moderate SAM. Basic bottom, but not an energy-vampire. Can play mutual. Like face-mitters and toilet games. Photo gets photo; if you're masculine and in shape. SF, A107.

HOT KINKY TRIPS. Handsome, REMAINED STUD, grey eyes, glasses, 31, 5', lean smooth, athletic body. HUNG. PFA ONLY. I pitch and I catch. Into verbal fantasy: athletic, military, western, incest.... SF 3106 or 415-648-3788

BOFE BONDAGE SLAVE. Young, smooth rope bondage slave in heat to meet wife, experienced sadist for Bad Doctor scene, ritualistic torture, TT with piercing needles, dildoes, prolonged anal stretching, enemas, anal catheters, FF, WB, heavy spanking. Enjoy wearing long white socks, elastic black stockings, sniffing, rimming, body shaving and father/son threesomes. I'm a blue eyed, dirty blonde anxious to serve. CT. #00084.

SIX, YOU'RE THE BOSS. W/M, 21, 6', 160#. Young piss slave seeks expert into W/B, bondage, domination, V/A, and a good fuck. Inexperienced, but willing to try other creative scenes. No heavy physical pain. Vancouver #00083.

TOILETHER. HOT w/m, 29, 5'10", 145, digs wild bear gulping, face squatting, ass eating, cock-sucking, shit spreading, PISS DRINKING, MANIER with young hot men. Prefer bottom or mutual scenes. Heavy/muscles a plus. Write with photo to: POB 4413, Long Beach, CA 90804.

BALLS. Hot outdoor BB, bearded, 37, into genital torture (shaving, weights, whipping, squeezing, etc.) and all ball fantasies. A pic of your sack gets mine. Keep 'em ringing heavy. NY #00085.

BLUE COLLAR WORKER. Tall, lean, late 20's, seeks guys similar size, age with trim, straight appearance, who get off with a physical work-out culminating in whippings. Will reciprocate. Don't wrestle but learn fast. Serious local guys only. No closet cases please. Milwaukee #00081.

TOUCHE-TENNIS/INCEST. See and/or nephew who wants to make it with his "dad/uncle" or just "with a man for the first time" wanted for gentle, loving instruction by 49-year-old dude who ain't had in the looks department: moderately hairy belly and chest, good bod, mustache. Six feet tall with seven inches of well-packed CHICK JOY with low hangers just right for many acts of Touche Tennis without reciprocation (or with preferred). I like and wear MUSHROOMKAR KRIEPE; also smoke, sniff; like rings and rubbers, simple sucking and fucking lovingly done, mutually enjoyed; like mushroom heads, clean bodies fore and aft. Enjoy giving "first-time" instructions in areas of your turn-ons. Looks/age take second place to your desire to please. No feds, latex, farouts, or drugs. MEN, ESPECIALLY TRUCKERS, not into fucking/sucking; welcome to overnight pad, a hot meal, and the last coffee in LA. Pic gets pic. Call 213/460-4124 anytime AFTER 5 PM LA time. If my machine answers, leave message; or write: Tommy, 140 South Crameray Place, Los Angeles CA 90004.

FIGS WANTED. Two hot SF Fig farmers, both W/M (E: 37, 5'8", 140, cut; M: 40, 5'11", cut) have TTT. Into toys, FF, WB, the fine art of ENEMAS, TTTS, ass-eating, and other harmperv horsing around. Fic gets pic. Write: Troy & Friend, PO Box 31701, San Francisco CA 94131. Only hot genuine GINKERS ON THE BOOP!

CLEAN-LIVING OUTDOORENER. W/M, 30, 5'5", full high-country red-blond beard, likes to fuck as part of outdoor trip (kayaking the Snake River, canoeing, cross-country skiing, SCUBA); any sensual/mutual trips possible: rubber vaders, horse tack, cigars, wool-plaid Pendleton shirts, etc. Prefer, but not limited to, big, burly, bearded, balding "mountain men" for sex, companionship, and nylon-sleeping bag cuddling. Age no barrier as long as the decade you're in you are doing as hot as you can. Tend to be top in light-to-medium man-to-man SM. Not particularly into heavy dope. Northern CA. A130.

INTENSE, WIARY, GOODLOOKING. W/M, 37, with adaptable leather tastes built around TOYS, BONDAGE, TOP/BUTTON TRADE-OFFS in responsive and responsible SAM trips; the tits, ass, cock, and brains are here and waiting for the ENERGY of a hot stud to give them a reason and a workout. San Francisco. A102.

FACESITTERS AND FORCEFEELDERS, if you're wellbuilt and dominant enough to force me - with that look in your eye, that tone in your quiet voice, that attitude in your muscular moves, I'll worship you, take communion on your shit, and make you feel free enough to accept the honor you deserve for all the gym-bouts you put in and muscle you put out. Explicit response guaranteed prompt reply. A guy like me with an ordinary, good body and a fairly extraordinary head understands men who have it all, not just physically, but mentally! See Yourecome All!

TOP MAN SWING MOTEL: HARRATTEN MORINGOL. My shit strikes real fuckin' good. Big daily dumping, sweaty action, dirty longjohns, jocks, coats, piss, pits, feet, farts. Total toilet action, celebrating the long hard gifts of a natural man to a natural man, with cinnamon, budpass, slings, enemas, rubberhoses, and photos. If you're into hot and filthy action, let's get it on in the village. WUC. Call Jack: 212/243-8279. Anytime.

BIG BOYS INTO TRUCKS & TRUCKERS. Read THE 18 WHEELER, the Truckhawkers Newsletter that keeps you current with the hottest lovlife, roadlife, and active truckstop gloryholes, showers, and bunks. THE 18-WHEELER is hi-class trash delivered every six weeks. Subscription rate is \$12. Make checks payable to CASH only. State you're 21. You'll dig their Penhawk, Phonchawk, and Pittothe sections. Editor JD keeps the extras coming. If the idea of putting on the coffee pot and turning down a warm bed for a trucker passing through turns you on: subscribe to this underground free-wheeling connection to the hard-drivin' world most guys just jerk off over. Mail your check/age/address to D&W Enterprises, PO Box 292-TD, East Rutherford, NJ 07073. THE 18-WHEELER dedicates itself to its members passionate f/w interests "on the open road." Nobody does a newsletter, based on reality, better than JD. "Cowboy truckers showering and shoving in reststop toilets..." Oh yeah!

NO SHIT. W/M, 25, 6'2", 175, tattoos, seeks other active men for sweat, piss, grease, oil, spit, rough/tough trips in/around/under/on CHOPPED HARLEYS, dirt bikes, pickup trucks, 18-WHEELERS, truck tires, gas-station service bays, grease pits, tube racks, heavy equipment in HEAVILY GREASED SUITS, WORK BOOTS, JOCKS, SWEAT T-SHIRTS, OR UNIFORMS. Much grease, spit, beer, piss, work, fuck, FOUR-DAY BEARDS, piss, tits, S&N, with talk. No shit. Photo gets mine. Can travel Northeast. New Jersey. All!

SMOCHA WANTED. W/M lovers (One: 7" cut; One: 9" UNCUT) want UNCUT HUGE HUNK MASCULINE W/M with CREEPY FORESKIN. FF,WS, drugs ok. No scar. Visiting LA in October. Noholders, Box 99692, San Francisco 94109.

GENITORITURE. Serious sensualist takes and/or gives with sensitivity and perception: heavy cock-n-ball work; catheters, infusion, stretching, hanging, pain, bondage, multiple orgasms; cock/ball/ass service/worship, nipples, nummification. Open to new experiences. Bunky W/M, 54, 6', 178, seeks other attractive men to stimulate senses, find and expand limits and raise awareness. TIPS: name your terms. BOTTOMS: reply respectfully and in detail. Contact: K.W.C., PO Box 1501, Pomona CA 91769.

HEROIC BONDAGE SCULPTURE. W/M, lean body, hard, mustache, attractively bald. Into heroic bondage seeks adventurous bodybuilders who wish to be tied/roped sexually into heroic position for the art, the adoring, the the mutual sexual satisfaction. Only serious bodybuilders with proud pecks, sensitive tits, and big arms. Begin with freestyle exhibition to show your stuff. Move sensually into the HEROIC BONDAGE to show your build off to best advantage. This is not SMN bondage per se. Possible outside scenes. Bay Area. AZ001.

203/632-6096. **WANTED: Masculine bottom** man to accept fist; mutual tit work; then - fuck me back with big cock. I'm 32, goodlooking. Will experiment for adventure. Drugs acceptable. Prefers Seattle area. Call 203/632-6096 or write All!

TOO BIG TOO HANDY? "EXTRA-HUMI!" Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra thick? If you've ever been told, "It's too big," and if you know yourself that you're hung with a WHOPPER, and if you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160, ex-porn actor, bunky, goodlooking, hot ass, insatiable appetite. So if you're a young vapor-hung horny dude into fucking a hot ass with that Big Meat of yours--plus any other raunchy action, except FF, write with a pic. I'm for anal, man. San Francisco. All!

W/M FRENCH-ARAB, bunky, sweaty, very hairy, sweaty pits, raunchy, solid athletic body. Americanized with memories of Algeria; raised in a professional soldier's household, memories of French/Algerian tortures. Like to wrestle, forcefeed's, get rough+raunchy. One-way Top for TOUTURE? San Francisco, LA, and some East Coast travel. All!

TO FULFILL ALL YOUR FANTASIES: Action only. S/M, W/S, B/D, S/C, FF, VA, leather boots, boots, ranch, humiliation, or ... You satisfy me, I satisfy you. (FOR BLACKS ONLY I might be better, conditions being right.) W/M, 3'8", 140, hairy, 1+, have all you need. No late/early, 1/s, real young, or guys seeking "relationships": will hang up. Glendale CA 313/247-7592.

GIVE OR TAKE. Captive, workslave, condemned, tortured (Roman, Indian, Medieval, Oriental), whip, hot iron, chains, racks, dungeons, stakes, electricity, stakeworm, INSECTS, crucifixion, bondage, pain, naked, writhing, sweating, screaming! New Jersey. #00042.

SEXANIMALS. Hairy, muscular, skinhead with beard, shaved balls, RED-HOT NIPPLES, tight eating hairy hole, with a filthy imagination wants to connect with other hot heavy-duty dudes! If you dig lots of toilet talk, mirrors, oil, wrestling, anal films, toys wet jocks, and sweaty MANZMAN fetish-fantasy trips... lots tangle! Pete, BOX 11007, San Francisco CA 94101

SEX-CRAZED MUSCLED MARINE TYPE STUD into hot bodies, orgies, sweat, piss, armpits, jockstraps, gyno, "Surfies", fenguen, wetsuits, poppers, and... Travel SF/LA/NYC Johnny, Box 5515, San Francisco, CA 94101.

RUBBERS. Want to hear from guys who dig rubbers for jackoff and other sex. Also will buy film and pla, homemade or professional, in which rubbers are used. Send details of what you offer and how much. Southern CA. #4117.

HOT TOP. W/M, 28, 6', 145, 6". Into fisting, bondage, whipping/spanking, shaving, oil W/S, beautiful buns. Prefer under 40, solid build, steady action. L.A. and area. #00050.

S/M RESEARCH. Gay sociologist needs volunteers to participate in a study of S/M, FF, fetishes, S/D, w/s and other forms of MANZMAN sex. I'm interested in all aspects, from the fantasies of the inexperienced to the scenes of the thoroughly initiated. This is for real and will be the first professional study of its kind. Write to SRR, PO Box 3242, Santa Barbara, CA 93103.

DEGENERATE. Quivering, crawling cocksucking addict. 30, 5'8", 140, blond, seeks early onset gorilla to pump me full of his hot gorilla juices for the rest of my unnatural life. Will do the same for others if you get me loaded enough. Southern California. #00055.

BURIALS. Lonely farmer, W/M, 34, muscular, muscular, 8" hard, seeks men to submit to live burial. I can imagine you stripped naked and tied to a tree. The special pine coffin I built sits nearby. Its airtight lid ajar. I'm shirtless, sweating, curling in the sun, digging your grave. You watch the hole deepen and the mound of earth rise. You know, bound hand and foot, you're to be buried, nailed into a wooden pine box. I'll slide first one end then the other down into the hole. You'll be bound and sealed in darkness. You'll get to hear the sound of the first dirt hitting the lid and scattering. The second layer of earth will be muffled on top of the first. Burial is only the last part of the ritual I practice. Prefer goodlooking-to-ordinary-looking guys with good fantasy heads and better timing. Letter with details appreciated. Southern California. Mike. A188.

TIED TO A STAKE. W/M cowboy in authentic, used brown leather chaps, boots, crockett spurs, seeks real full-blooded American Indian in leincloth who will strip me to waist and tie me hand and foot to stake for sexual torture with knives, arrowheads, cactus, snakes, etc., in hot blistering sun, without water, from dawn to dusk, ending with Indian sucking off cowboy. Prefer Apache or Cherokee. All my life I have wanted exactly this. Am 30, blond, longbearded. Travel possible in any western state. A189.

CIGARS. Hooky man, lean, muscular, 36, wants explicit cigar details/fantasies/desires from other men dedicated to the fine art of poking fresh stinkies up each other's ass, dropping them out, licking the big brown smokers, lighting up, mutually inhaling smoke, chopping down on a good butt, with mutual jerkoff. The perfect cigar buddy can run from chunky blue-collar beer-gut to college football jock. Also appreciate letters and pla from cigar-smoking uniformed men in authority. Sebastopol, California. A191.

TRIF TRADE-OFF. If you look like a Marlboro Man and are willing to straddle a man's chest in your western shirt/jacket/gear while you smoke with your Marlboro hanging from under your mustache, playing with my tits, as I jerk off under you, I'll return the favor by providing you with whatever I can that turns you on: kissing to fisting, or any points between. W/M, slender/muscular, fetishist, 40, 6', 6" cut, size 8 1/2 gloves, 160, mustache, bald. Correspondence with other Marlboro fetishists possible. Pm if convenient. San Francisco, A192.

REALITY. W/M, 31, cigar-smoking lawman officer digs raunchy and rough sex. I like to kick back, have a shot of Southern Comfort, and get my sweaty dick sucked. I like to hear some little guy with my cigar spit running down his face beg to shove his face in my hairy, shitty asshole. I dig guys who need to get roughed-up while in police custody, and take home some heavy bruises. I like to get the dirt licked off my cycle boots, and the cum sucked out of my scumbags. I want to find a guy that needs to be COP-OWNED, knows it, and shows it by sending me a picture, and a big MADURO CIGAR. FCK YOU. Richard, Box 5559, San Francisco CA 94101.

HOT LEATHERMAN/BIKER into S&M, E/D wants likeminded men who ride. Prefer tattoos. W/M, 50, 5'8", 160. Good head. Larry: 415/552-9913 after 6 PM weeknights. Anytime weekends. I unplug phone during scenes. If no answer, keep trying.

BIG BEAR. Male, shaved head, hairy, masculine, open to spontaneous, inventive, experimental scenes where all goes with Sensuality and Mutuality moving beyond labels. Possible threesome with bearded, well-built lover. Bay Area. 00044.

ASSEATER, 52, 6', 185, hairy-cheated, masculine Lloyd-Bridges type, likes big, husky husks (overweight OK) who like their assholes eaten, balls licked, cocks sucked. Age, cocksize, handsomeness unimportant. Enjoy FTM, giving piss/cat, slapping ass, any kinky scene. Like made body contact, kissing, give/take nipple play, footlicking. Prefer Bodybuilders, construction/wrestler types, but any horny stud serviced. Reciprocity optional. NYC. 212/684-3582. NYC visitors welcome.

STUD MANSTROMER, bisexual, goodlooking, built, aggressive, uninhibited, 26, 6', 185, 8", plops large large lowslung eggs. Dynamite back end. Action of any kind is sought if offered by studs. No fagget trips. Just hot action! LA. 00040.

SINNER NEEDS WHIPPING. W/M, 32, 6', 170, muscular, raised by strict father in Christian family, seeks athletic married or single man to administer SEVERE, REGULAR, CORPORAL PUNISHMENT. Sincere. (Cf. total details in MM, issue 1.) Bay Area. 00041.

SELECTIVE SADIET requires muscular masochist. Object: Mutual Satisfaction. Me: 6'2", 195, 38, 8", uncut, 11 years active enjoyment of leathersex. You: ready for new adventures. Priorities: honesty, compatibility, appearance. Write: Box 5121, Vallejo, CA, 94590. Northern California.

INTO ANYTHING KINKY. Let me eat your shit, drink your piss. Put me in your cell or cage. Shave my body. Dugs a specialty. Possibly horses. Call 703/379-7939.

THIRSTY MALE has 6-pack for guys who dig watersports. Excellent piss-network connections. Call TOM: 415/922-3708.

FEES AND TITS. Do your tough hands and tender tongue know what's best for muscular, supersensitive peccs? YEAAAAH! SO DO MINE. Beefy, bearded, balding Mutualist, 48, 5'11". Your pic gets mine. New York City. 00042.

EUNUCHS. I want to join you!! Who out there can castrate me skillfully? Interested in writing to any EUNUCHS or anyone interested in the subject. East Coast. #00065.

COUNTRY-WESTERN DUDE who wants sex with father-son teams and loves molesting straight toughs. I am an easy going, well hung 30 year old man. Write J. Walker, PO Box 606, Death Valley Junction, CA 92328.

FIGHTIN' & FUCKIN'. Fightin' Topman, 28, strong, very hairy, and MEAN, thinks S.F. Tops are cockless wimps afraid to put their asses on the line in an all-out fight!! If you think you're man enough to prove me wrong, let's fight. No-holds-barred brawl to a definite finish. After I've whipped your yellow ass, I'll stuff my rock and/or fist!! Challenges, photos to #00058. San Francisco.

TOTAL TOILET SERVITUDE. Presentable, professional, 30 year old man, interested in total toilet servitude to hot younger men. Correspondence about shit, piss, humiliation, torture, reform schools, prisons... to #00057. NYC.

HIP RUBBER BOOTS. 34, dig heavy rubber/leather licking, Firemans, Fishmans hip boots, rimming, shit, piss, anal, tit clamps, dogs, shit photos and stories. Come visit. Bushholder, PO Box 13, Revereview Nineas, N.S. 80A IVD Canada.

SEX IN THE WILDERNESS. W/M, 35, slender/muscular, light-to-moderate S/M deal, hiking naked, backpacking, pack-animal training, WD, fucking and cockucking, JO, loincloths, shaving, E/D, chewing tits, ass, and cock. Dark Alleys. Men with bodies and minds, let's get together. San Francisco. #00063.

THE ADVENTURES OF DENNY SARGENT



A NOVEL BY

Jack Fritscher

THE STORY SO FAR: Denny Sargent, 18, after an incestuous dream-wrestle with his goodlooking father, and a severe belting by the 40-year-old sumbitch over a leather jacket ruined by piss, heads out on his new motorcycle. The neighbors cluck about this "good boy going bad." Denny has his Look, his build, his big dick, his leather, his bike, and a hungry appetite for sex with grown men. He figures his straightlaced old man can go fuck himself, his house, and his attitude.

In this second episode, it's morning. Denny's ma is pouring him boiled coffee provided by his hardworking fucker of a father. Denny figures his pa can fuck his "hard-earned" coffee too....

"It's his coffee," his mother repeated.

"Then let him drown in it," Den said. He scraped the wooden chair back across the linoleum. "I'm leaving," he said. He didn't know whether he meant for work or for good.

"You're father works overtime tonight," she said. "But supper will be at the same time." She tried to kiss her departing son. He raised his butch-stubbled jaw out of her reach. She touched his tight waist instead.

"Take the bus," she asked. "The motorcycle is so dangerous."

He said nothing.

"I worry about you so," she said.

He walked out the screendoor. He lit a cigaret on the backporch.

"And the neighbors," she called after him.

"Yeah," he said. She couldn't hear him. "The fucking neighbors." He walked across the dew-wet grass to the garage.

"Good morning, Dennis," Mrs. Hanratty called at him. Her washline flapped in her azaleas.

Dennis ignored her. Mrs. Hanratty and her daughter, Madonna, were constantly trying to save him make him back into the nice boy-next-door he had been to them before, they said, he had bought that motorcycle. Before, they said, he had cycled to Chicago and come back with a tattooed eagle screaming down his left bicep. Whenever his Old Lady and Mrs. Hanratty got together they plotted how to drop Madonna into Denny's way. "She's a nice girl," Denny's mother always said. "Maybe she'll settle him down. She cooks. She cleans. She can get used to the tatoo."

Mrs. Hanratty couldn't have cared less about Dennis. She favored the match only because she was one of the two persons who knew that deep down Madonna Hanratty was stupid.

The other person was Dennis.

Mrs. Hanratty wanted the girl off her hands. "I said Good Morning, Dennis."

Dennis ignored her and entered the garage. His bike stood clean and spotless in the morning sun. Chrome and leather and power. He pulled a soft chamois from a nail and dusted the traces of night dust from his machine. He had to laugh. The Hanrattys and his own parents all hated his

cycle. And they were the ones who caused him to get it two summers before. He had been sixteen and working lateshift at a paperbox mill. They, and a biker he met at the mill, had both convinced him, in different ways, that a motorcycle was his ticket out. Out of everything he didn't want.

He had ridden Buddyback a couple of crazy, heery times on highschool friend's factory Hondas and unmodified Triumphs. But that summer when he was sixteen, a lone outlaw cyclist appeared in his neighborhood. The rider had come to crash for a few nights and eadge a few meals off an embarrassed aunt and uncle. None other than the righteous Hanratty's. The more noticeable the biker became in the neighborhood, the less was seen of his relatives who at his first arrival had been jokingly apologetic. In three days they had become silent. They locked Madonna in her room. They waited for their nephew to leave. They were certain their name would never again be the same up and down the block.

Denny feasted on the gossip. He watched out the windows. The man was shirtless, big-muscled and hairy. Denny moved like a caged animal through his parents' house. He straightened the sampler over the couch that read "From Reaching In The Soul Comes Happiness Every Reach." He felt the biker's restlessness to match his own. He couldn't let the man take off without a word. He pulled on the greenest jeans, boots, and tanktop he could find. Satisfied he looked older and tougher than sixteen, he marched straight down the alley to the Hanratty's garage.

Lying back on his big hog, feet on the bars and chest exposed to the sun, the biker smoked lazily in the summer glare. Beads of sweat hung in the dark hair matting his thick chest. Both hands rested near his groin. His cigaret hung, a short butt, from his half-parted lips. Den walked close enough to see himself reflected in both lenses of the biker's mirrored shades. He could not see if the eyes behind them were asleep or were watching him.

Quietly the man spoke: "I've seen you around." The butt in his lips hardly moved.

Denny was startled. "I've been watching you," he said.

For the next hour they sat without much talking in the afternoon heat. Once the biker, who had SAM tattooed in block letters on his thick forearm, rose up, swept the sweat away from under his naked armpits and wiped his hands into his crotch. He swung his leg over the bike and walked up the steps to his aunt's house. Minutes passed. The screen door opened. Sam walked back down to the open garage with a beer can in each hand. He chucked one to Den.

"Thanks," Den said.

They drank in silence. Sam finished before Den. He crushed his can and tossed it toward a shelf in his uncle's neat garage. It careened across a worktable knocking a chiptoothed screwdriver to the floor. He walked to his hog and kicked it down.

"Get on," he said to Den.

It was an order.

Den threw his leg across and felt the widestraddle pleasant feel as the big bike settled under him.

Sam sandwiched his lean rider's ass between Denny's thighs. He kickstarted the bike with ease. He wrist-gunned the bike. It roared louder and louder alerting the neighborhood. Young girls peeked out from behind window curtains. In other rooms, napping in overheated beds, their brothers reached down and found themselves. Madonna, hiding in the bathroom, sucked her thumb. Her cousin terrified her.

"Hang on to my jacket," Sam said.

Once again Denny had the feel of leather. This time he was not alone. A man was in the leather. The bike exploded noise and exhaust as Sam gunned it down the drive-way into the quiet old neighborhood street. They tooted past a group of whispering ladies.

What Mrs. Hanratty wanted to know was why Dennis was riding with a hoodlum who obviously tried to get innocent girls into trouble. "Nobody," she said, "who drives one of those dirty motorcycles can be anything but white trash. Even if he is my dead sister's son. God rest her."

Denny, for the first time in his life, didn't smile at the neighbors. He was tired of being the local good boy. Straddling Sam's bike, he finally showed it. He raised his fuckfinger in Mrs. Hanratty's face. He felt good. Sam's style was going to be his. Whatever it was. Wherever it led.

Sam's hard muscle and sinew moved under the leather as he shifted and made the big bike purr then roar like a huge animal under him. They raced out of the neighborhood wheeling like devils through the small downtown. For an hour they cut back and forth through the village.

Madonna, fresh from the bath, a package of new thread in her tidy little purse, thought she later saw Dennis riding wildly down Main Street. "Not my Denny," she said and turned dimly back into the sewing shop to stare at bridal fabrics.

Sam finally peeled away from the main intersection. "So long, suckers!" he shouted into the impatricular wind. Den started to slide away from Sam and had to grab both his leather and his barrel chest tighter. They shot out of town onto the highway. The bike spit smooth down the concrete. Wind Den had never known pulled free at his hair. The vibrations of the bike and Sam's leather body filling his arms started Den's cock rising. He felt he was melting into Sam and both of them were melting into the hot machine. They arrowed down the highway. Men. Fused together with the powerful cycle they straddled.

Sam yelled back to Den, but the wind took it.

"Yes!" Den shouted back into the roar, not caring to what he gave affirmation. Ready to give it to whatever this man asked. He pushed his face tight up against Sam's leathery neck. A mile later they swerved off the highway to a gravel lane Den had often seen but never investigated. A cloud of dust spewed up in a high flame behind their speeding bike. Den felt every bump in the lane. He felt the jarn in his own spine. His arms caught the rise and fall of Sam's broad torso.

The lane wound back into some low hills. It became a two-rut path near an abandoned farmhouse whose outbuildings had all collapsed. Den wondered, without really caring, who had lived there and when. But Sam plowed relentlessly on up the path until it became a solid trail. Then he shot wildly out across the open meadow, up and down the rolling hills. This first real time on a bike, his first time off the paved straightaway, Den hardened into the unity of rider and machine. Every motion Sam made became Denny's motion. When the bike leaned and Sam leaned with it, Denny felt himself pulled twice as far out. Denny moved with every motion of the experienced man's body. Learning.

Sam roared up and down the hills faster and faster, shooting the rims, bouncing Denny high into the air, beating the hell out of the machine. There was nothing on it he couldn't fix. Finally, gunning down from the highest rise to a stand of trees at the edge of the field, Sam pulled his hog to a halt. Den sat clamped behind him, still holding him.

"Let go now, kid," Sam said.

"That was some ride," Denny said. He reluctantly released Sam's body.

"Get off."

Den did as he was told. The hot feel of the machine remained between his legs.

"You're okay for a kid," Sam said. He pulled off his shades.

Den saw the heavy look in the man's deep-set eyes. "Thanks," he said.

Sam laughed. "You held me tight as a lover."

Den turned red. "I think I got a little windburn."

Sam laughed again. He kicked his big bike up on its stand and in one easy motion pulled himself off the machine and stood facing Denny. "You don't scare easy, do you, kid."

"No," Den said. "I guess not."

"Like I said, kid. You're okay." Sam reached into the pocket of his black leather jacket, pulled out a cigaret, lit it with a smart copping movement of the match, held it in his mouth and expelled two sharp long columns of smoke from his nostrils. The outline of his protective shades was clear on his weatherbronzed face. "What's your name again, kid?"

"Den."

"Den, old man," Sam said. He held the cigaret gripped tight between his lips and hitched the crotch of his greasy levi skins out and down. "Den, old man, I tried to scare the shit out of you. In town. On the highway. On these back trails. You hung on. When you thought I said something to you, you yelled back Yes into my ear." Sam dragged on his cigaret. His eyes narrowed. "Yes what?"

Denny looked at the man: chest bared under the leather jacket, crotch mounded, secret, and full in the jeans. His

slightly bikebowed legs rose lean and powerful out of the oily black engineer boots. A chain ankleted the left boot.

"I guess: Yes anything," Denny said.

Sam moved in on the boy. His cigaret still tight between his thin lips. He grabbed Denny's arm twisting it behind into a hammerlock. Sharp pain made Denny wince. He made no sound.

"Yes? Even to this?" Sam twisted harder.

"If it's you doing it. Yes."

Sam pulled Denny's body up closer to his own. The pain lifted Denny to his toes, up almost as tall as the man who held him. With his free hand Sam reached to Denny's throat. He fingered the adam's apple, adolescent and cleanhaven. The boy looked nowhere but directly into the man's hard eyes. Suddenly Sam hooked his grease-oaked finger into the neck of Denny's gray highschool gymshirt.

He ripped the cotton cloth.

Slowly. -

Down.

Teasingly down.

And off the boy's taut torso.

Still Denny made no objection. His lean body caught the sun. He was midway between boy and man. His chest and belly glistened with the light sweat of his heat.

"Yes?" Sam dropped the shreds of teshirt to the grass.

Denny looked the biker straight in the eye. "Yes," he said.

Sam pulled on his cigaret. Its tip glowed redhot. Smoke billowed out of his nostrils into the face of the boy still held tight against him. With his free arm, he took the cigaret from the hard line of his mouth. He held it glowing in his thick fingers. Crescent moons of grease underscored

each fingernail. Still the boy looked into his face. Sam moved the burning tip of the searing pain. Neither spoke. Denny's lean pecs tensed out under the pressure of his hammerlocked arm. If he moved, his shoulder would dislocate.

Sam moved the cigaret away from the boy's chest. He raised it slowly past Denny's face. He dragged on it deep without direct exhaling. He lowered it deliberately past the boy's eyes to the left nipple. The smell of young burning hair stenchd Denny's nostrils. His chest hairs were burning like needle fuses down to the follicles in his skin.

"Still Yes?" Sam asked.

Rivers of sweat ran between their naked bellies pressed tight together. The burning tip moved ever closer to the flushed rosey tip of Denny's nipple.

"Still Yes." He stared directly back at Sam.

The biker flicked the burning butt away from the two of them. He knocked Denny to the ground. He stood over him. Both their baskets bulged under the jeans both wore. They had parleyed a silent understanding.

Sam dropped his jeans to his boot tops. His cock shot out strong and wide and long. No curve to it. Only the natural uplift of the superpotent male. Straight up his flat belly. The tip straight up past his hairy navel. "You don't scare easy, do you, kid."

"A real man can take whatever a real man can hand out."

Sam dropped down beside Denny. He unbuttoned the fly of the boy's jeans. His big motorcyclist's hand reached into the warm darkness. He grasped the kid's dick and pulled it out into the sunlight. The young cock arched up, out, strong and flushed. Veins ran big, blue and smooth the length of the column. Sam was impressed. He said nothing. Usually kids this age he knew were all more body muscle than cockmeat. He squeezed Denny's prick. Nearly half of it overshot his big biker's hand. He squeezed harder. A pearl, clear and lightcatching, appeared on the tip. The pain of the clenching fist caused Dan to close his eyes. He dropped back his head. His hips rose slightly. With this advantage, Sam inched the boy's jeans down to the knees. Then the big biker dropped his 190 pounds on top the teenager's body. Denny let out a small grunt as the sweaty leatherman settled down on him.

"You cherry?" Sam's hard breath warmed Denny's ear.

"No."

"You been with leather before."

"Not this way. Never before."

"But you messed around some."

Their two cocks lay buried wet in the sweaty darkness.

Sam belled harder into Denny.

"I messed around." Denny pushed up against Sam.

"You're not cherry. That's sure." Sam ground his cock hard into Denny's groin.

"I been in a couple circle jerks," Denny said.

"No fuckin' shit." Sam raised his unshaven face to look Denny full in the eye.

Denny spit the look back at him. Hard. "I'm not afraid."

Sam snorted and slid down on the boy's joint. That ended the conversation. The biker's hot wet mouth, tongue circulating, closed over the long adolescent cock. His well muscled lips pulled and caressed the blueknotted veins of the young meat. He worked his head straight down. Deep-throat-

ing slowly. Then faster. With a neat little twist of his neck. He pulled up. Down. Twist. Up. Again and again. His nose plunged on the downstroke into the moist young hairs. Sweat ran from his forehead into his eyes. The boy under him began to catch his rhythm in his hips, lifting and falling, his cock plunging farther down the big man's hot throat each time.

Sam middlefingered beneath the crack of Den's ass. He felt for the hot dark hole. His finger, wet with spit and dark with cycle grease, toyed with the fleshy damp undermouth. Denny moaned as Sam's finger teased ass in rhythm to the wet movements stroking his cock. They moved together now as they had before when the speeding bike had made them move as one. The cyclist had the boy up where he had never been before. With perfect rhythm, almost so the kid never noticed, Sam plunged his long finger deep into the dark innocent hole. The boy's moaning raised a pitch. In and out the finger played smoothly and swiftly while the cock grew harder than before. Denny's moaning joined the rhythms front and back.

Swiftly Sam pulled his mouth and his finger from Denny's body. His own organ was swollen, tumescent, red. He pushed Denny's legs, levis tangled tight around his boots, up to the boy's head.

"No," Denny moaned. It's never been done."

Sam said nothing. He even skipped a good spit. The lubrication of his cock had so wet his organ. He placed its thick wide uncut head against the rosebud opening of Denny's ass.

"No, please," Denny moaned.

Sam spread the lean cheeks with his big hands. His firm rod probed, then parted, entered the unstretched mouth.

"Yes," Denny said.

Both men breathed in short little gasps as they worked. Each working to accommodate the other. Inch by inch Sam's cock worked its way deep into Den's hot slick interior. They worked. They rested. They pushed against each other slowly. The man knowledgeably. The boy instinctively. Until the young ass had swallowed the man's whole organ. For moments they lay resting against each other. Denny's legs were pinioned back towards his head by the weight of the jacketed man's black leather shoulders. Denny breathed Sam's smells. The sweat. The leather. He felt Sam's buried fullness. Their breathing lengthened and fell together as Den relaxed.

"Okay, kid," Sam said. "The honeymoon's over."

He knew what Denny did not know: the rest of the game.

He pulled his cock out almost to the head, then moved it back in. Pulled it again almost out. Then back in. Almost out. Then jabbed it back. He repeated the motion again and again until the rhythm reached the ramming pull and drive of a welltimed machine. Denny moaned. Loud. Louder. Under the burden of the biker's body. This pleasure, this pain was exactly what he had known one man ought to give another. He

suffered under the brute weight and cruel ramming, but he knew his initiation proved him a man. He took the rite. He gave passage. He stretched himself farther to take more of it. Sam jabbed faster now. Like a fighter. Shorter, quicker motions. Denny's grunts of acceptance matched each jab. They were one. The trees, the field, the best grass under the boy's bare back fell from them. Cock and ass. Leatherweat and bootgrease. Respect linked them together.

Sam crashed into Denny one last mountainous time. The avalanche of his cum cascading down hot into the boy triggered Den's own load, shooting it up high and far, like some mountain geyser when the earth below is quaked in two.

For a long moment they lay motionless. Denny quivered twice. Final spurts of cum curled down from his hard cock. Their eyes locked. Expressionless. Sam withdrew his rod. Den sighed the long sigh of a slow withdrawal and his legs came slowly down. Sam lay back next to him. He reached in the pocket of his leather jacket. He lit a cigaret. He held the smoke between his lips, exhaling only through his nose, his hands looked behind his head. "You're okay, man," he said. He didn't call him kid anymore. "You're quite a guy."

Denny knew that, knew it already by what he had taken inside and out. Everything this man had to offer.

"What we did today," Sam said, "was for openers. Sometime we'll really go at it. You and me." He punched Denny's shoulder. "You're new. You don't know what you want yet." His voice trailed off. He ran his hard calloused palm from Den's cock up the length of the boy's belly and chest to his chin. They looked at each other. There were no words. They lay there a long while.

Sam dozed, woke, stood up, plased into the breeze, hitched up his jeans. "Come on, buddy," he said. He dropped his big cycle off its stand, mounted it, kicked the starter. Denny pulled on his levis, straddled the machine, and rode shirtless back to town.

Sam had made up Denny's mind.

Now two summers later, Denny had to laugh. Mrs. Hanratty was standing under her morning washing. She hated his bike and she was one of the reasons he had bought it. As he hung up his chamois, before he kicked his machine awake, he heard her shout to Madonna for more clothespins. Revving down the driveway he remembered how, weeks after Sam had left town, he had trailed back to their field on his own new cycle. He had found what was left of his torn gray gymshirt. It lay sodden and flat where Sam had thrown it. His bike always made him forget his Old Man and the Hanrattys. But this morning it made him remember Sam. He had never seen him again.

"Fuck," he said pulling into the early morning summer traffic. "There was a man."

To be continued...

EXCERPTS

If Miles could have killed himself in the car, he would have done so willingly. He had known from the beginning of his deal with Wainwright--it had been the root of his fears ever since--that straightforward dying would be easy compared with what awaited an exposed informer. Even so, what he had feared was nothing beside the unbelievably awful, excruciating punishment being meted out to him now.

His legs and thighs were strapped tightly, cruelly together. His arms had been forced down onto a rough wooden table. His hands and wrists were being nailed to the table...nailed with carpenter's nails...hammered hard...A nail was already in the left wrist, two more in the wide part of the hand between the wrist and fingers, fastening it tightly down...The last few strokes of the hammer had smashed home... One nail was in the right hand, another poised to tear, to hack through flesh and muscle...No pain was ever, could be ever...Oh, God, help me!...Would be ever greater. Miles writhed, screamed, pleaded, screamed again, but the hands holding his body tightened. The hammer blows, which had briefly paused, resumed.

Not every book MANZMAN readers may find of interest is on the latest bestseller lists. Some rare finds are older, more obscure, lost from public view, or even unlikely (because of author or title they may not even host). MANZMAN's "Excerpts for the Purpose of Review" aims to fill your SkM bookshelf with the kind of lit calculated to warm your fancy on a cold night in bed with a good book. SkM has its own esthetic rights as a subculture whose literature is gathered, like rosebuds, where we may. If you like the sample passages, you'll likely enjoy the whole volume available at your bookstore.

Upcoming "Excerpts" include two by Pat Conroy: his early The Great Sentinel (far better on the page than on the screen) and his latest The Lords of Discipline. Soon to appear: excerpts from The Pit (harsh sensitivity training among straights, featuring coffin, scatology, crucifixions, etc. at the Ramada Inn).

This issue's "Excerpt" is from Arthur Hailey's THE MONEYCHANGERS.

apart. As Angelo was about to repeat the process with the middle finger of the right hand, Tony Bear ordered, "Hold it!"

He told Miles Eastin, "Stop the goddam noise! Start singing."

Miles' screaming turned to racking sobs, his body heaving. The hands holding him had been removed. They were no longer needed. Miles was nailed to the table top.

"Okay," Tony Bear told Angelo, "he ain't stopped, so go right ahead."

"He ain't yelping loud enough," Marion told Angelo, who was wielding the hammer. "When you get through with that, try nailing down a couple of the bastard's fingers."

Tony Bear, who was puffing on a cigar while he watched and listened, had not bothered concealing himself this time. There would be no possibility of Miles Eastin identifying him because Eastin would soon be dead. First, though, it was necessary to remind him--and others to whom the news of what had happened here would filter out--that for a stool pigeon there was never any easy death.

"That's more like it," Tony Bear conceded. Miles agonized shrieks rose in volume while a fresh nail penetrated the center finger of his left hand, midway between the two knuckles, and was hammered home. Audibly, the boom in the finger split

"No! No! I'll talk! I will! I will!" Somehow Miles choked back his sobs. The loudest sound now was his heavy rasping breathing.

Tony Bear waved Angelo back. The other men in the room remained group around the man nailed to the table. They were Lou; Punch Glancy, the extra bodyguard who had been one of the four in the sporting goods store an hour earlier; LaRocca, scowling, worried about how much he would be blamed for sponsoring Miles; and the old Printer, Danny Kerrigan, ill at ease and nervous. Although this was normally Danny's domain--they were in the main printing and engraving shop--he preferred to keep out of the way at moments such as this, but Tony Bear had sent for him.

Tony Bear snarled at Eastin. "So all the time you were a stoolie for a stinking tank?"

Miles gasped out, "Yes."...

"You son of a bitch!" Tony Bear reached over and slammed his clenched fist in Miles' face. Miles' body sagged away with the force of the blow, but the strain tore at his nailed hands and he pulled back desperately to the painful, best-over position he was in before. A silence followed, broken only by his labored sobs and groans. Tony Bear puffed his cigar several times, then resumed the questioning. "What else you find out, you stinking turd?"

"Nothing...nothing!" Every part of Miles was shaking uncontrollably.

"You're lying," Tony Bear turned to Danny Kerrigan. "Get me that juice you use for engravings."

During the questioning until now, the old printer had been eyeing Miles with hatred. He crossed to a shelf and hefted down a gallon jug with a plastic cap. The jar was labeled NITRIC ACID: Use for Etching Purposes Only. Removing the cap, Danny poured carefully from the jar into a half-pint glass beaker. Being careful not to spill the beaker's contents, he carried it to the table where Tony Bear faced Miles. He put it down, then laid a small engraver's brush beside it.

Tony Bear picked up the brush and dipped it in the nitric acid. Casually he reached over and dabbed the brush down one side of Eastin's face. For a second or two, while the acid penetrated surface skin, there was no reaction. Then Miles cried out with a new and different agony as the burning spread and deepened. While the others watched in fascination, the flesh under the acid smoldered, turning from pink to brownish black. Tony Bear dipped the brush in the beaker again. "I'll ask you one more time, asshole. If I don't get the answers, this goes on the other side. What else did you find out and tell?"

Miles' eyes were wild, like a cornered animal's. He spluttered, "The counterfeit money."

Tony Bear said savagely, "You stupid fart... Do they know where the printing's done. Where this place is?"

"No."

Tony Bear returned the brush to the acid and withdrew it. Miles followed every movement. Experience told him the expected answer. He shouted, "Yes! Yes, they know!"

"You told that bank security bum?"

Despairingly, Miles lied. "Yes, Yes!"

"How'd you find out?" The brush stayed poised above the acid.

Miles knew he had to find an answer. Any answer which would satisfy. He turned his head to Danny, the printer. "He told me."

"You're a liar! You lousy, stinking goddamned liar!" Danny's face was working, his mouth opening and closing and jaw quivering as emotion gripped him. He appealed to Tony Bear. "Mr. Marino, he's lying! I swear he's lying! It isn't true." But what he saw in Marino's eyes increased his desperation. Now Danny rushed at Miles. "Tell him the truth, you bastard! Tell him now!" Demented, knowing the potential penalty for himself, Danny looked around him for a weapon. He saw the acid beaker. Seizing it, he tossed the contents in Miles' face.

A fresh scream started, then abruptly stilled. As the odor of acid and the swell of burning flesh mingled, Miles fell forward, unconscious, across the table where his mangled bleeding hands were nailed.

• • • • •

Obviously, this passage's practiced violence, understandable in terms of the underworld, is essentially different from the consensual S&M (that is Sensuality and Mutuality) practiced between agreeing males. *The Moneychangers* is, however, of more than passing interest, since in a country where money is a way of keeping score on the true value system, a bestseller indicates where lie the hearts and minds of the so-called straight book-buying public. What homosexuals do for sex, heterosexuals do for violence: merchandise it.

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TOUGH

US SAILOR BOUND. EARS SEWED TO STRETCHER

Virginia Beach, VA. A sailor who became violent while being treated at a military clinic here was strapped to a hospital bed and his ears were sewn to the bedding for punishment. The sailor, a 19-year-old fireman assigned to Special Post Unit 50 at Little Creek, was not seriously injured and has returned to duty.

The fireman reportedly had been taken to the Navy clinic for treatment of a head injury. A Navy source said he had been drinking earlier in the evening. While being treated, the fireman allegedly kicked and attempted to punch at attending corpsmen, who restrained him with cloth straps and tied him to a wheeled stretcher.

The fireman's ears then were stitched to the bedding by one of the corpsmen as punishment, the source said. It was not known how the sutures were removed or how long he remained fastened to the bed in that way. -AP

FOOTBALL: MAN2MAN

Houston, TX. The incomparable DAVE CASPER was traded to Houston by the Raiders because KENNY STANLEY insisted he had to have him. H. Caen.

GIFTS OF NATURE



CONCENTRATION CAMP

Salisbury, England. UP. A former army sergeant thinks he has come up with the ideal vacation--three days in an imitation Nazi prison camp. "The inmates will have a horrible time and love every minute of it, or I'll want to know the reason why," said Bob Acraman, 41.

Having taken over a former army camp on the bleak Salisbury plain, he is inviting vacationers to spend \$72 for three days behind barbed wire, guarded by gun-carrying guards in German uniforms and watchtowers around the perimeter. Acraman promises "a nice line in psychological interrogation" for vacationers who try to escape. "There'll be plenty of fog, rain, and frost for our 2 AM searches," he said. "The food will be first-class prison fare: thin soup and stale bread. And there'll be no fires in the huts."

Acraman claims demand for his vacation is heavy. "There are plenty of people around like me who love being locked up and made to suffer behind barbed wire," he said.

ROCKS.

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-IONS:

Ankara, Turkey. Having cracked down on terrorists and other unruly elements in Turkish society, the country's new military chieftains turned their attention to another form of rebellion--man's hair. "Men will not have long hair, will not have mustaches, and will not go unshaven," said an order issued by the junta.

In a country where the length of a man's beard or the droop of his mustache can indicate his political preferences, orders dealing with facial hair cannot be taken lightly. Rightwingers sport long, thin Pancho Villa mustaches. Leftists prefer the very bushy mustaches with hair covering the upper lip.

Connoisseurs of whiskers swear that the pro-Moscow left is distinguished from the pro-Beijing wing by Lenin-like goatees. To the Islamic right, the Moslems wear close-cropped beards stretching from ear to ear. In traditional Turkish society a beard was considered a sign of Islamic piety--the longer the more pious.

The army's attempt at bringing some discipline to Turkish society runs the risk of alienating the country's fiercely independent menfolk, for whom the mustache has been synonymous with a very high concept and ideal of masculinity.





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DR. LOUIS ALTSCHUL, Clinical Psychologist
Paterson State College, Wayne, New Jersey

"The Initiation' is the product of a first-rate cinematic intelligence applied remorselessly, and with icy control, to large themes. The film's images are haunting expressions of a powerful pessimism about the human condition.

I am totally admiring of the film. I delect what you say, and I am trying very hard not to interfere with your right to say it."

SHELLEY ZALAZNICK, Associate Editor
Fortune Magazine

"The symbolic language of film speaks most forcefully when it causes genuine disorientation. Paul Lammer's visual poem, INITIATION, gives the viewer new eyes for seeing the amputee—not just the missing limbs but the bruised and deformed psyche of such a man and his threatened manhood. The sensuous rhythm of the film assaults the senses in a fantasy exercise that evokes empathy for the resentful and vindictive among the handicapped. Visually haunting is the climactic scene of amputees (complete with butcher aprons) officiating at an amputation. Without any attempt at subtlety, the cruelty of 'If you've got it, flaunt it' is pitted against the wish for retaliation. As a symbolic study 'The Initiation' is memorable and provocative."

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A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard2Find Celebrations

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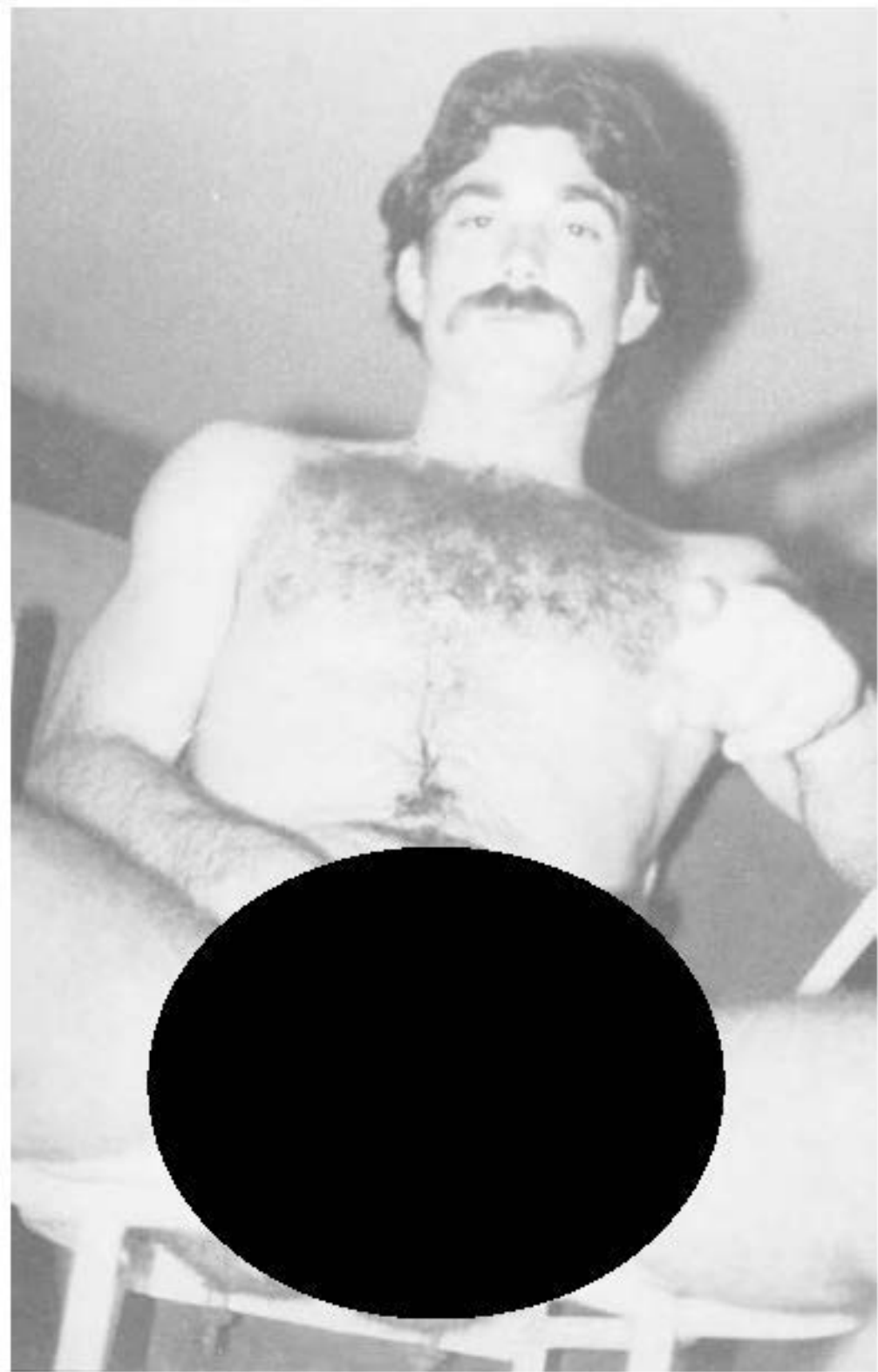


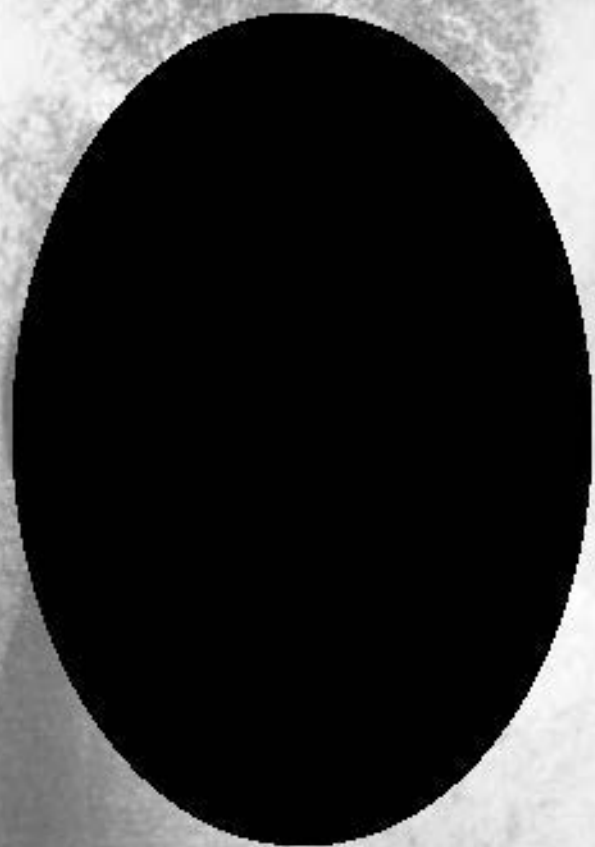
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