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MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard2Find Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

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M. Henry, Publisher

Jack McNenny, New York Manager
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NOW THAT IT'S
FINALLY YEARS
FROM THEN, AND
YOU'RE SPEAKING
OF IT, YOU CAN
BE KIND . . .



SPEEDOS, JOCKSTRAPS & THE PRINCETON RUB

Once upon a decade in a time-warp far away, guys in cotton polo tee-shirts--nubbed with the deep pile of a hundred fresh washings--cruised carefully, eyeing the khaki-chino baskets pulled tight against inseams that shot down slack-legs with creases carefully ironed into place, right down to the pegged cuffs.

They checked, with guarded sidelong glances, the Ivy-league straps buckled in the center of the small of the back, right above the rise of undergraduate butt that showed twin wounds when first one foot, and then the other, was raised up, putting the Blue Suede Shoes up for a brushing on a campus bench.

BLOND SWIMMERS

Men maybe never looked better than they looked around 1960. A check through old mags like Sports Illustrated is a hardon reminder of what us kids back then wanted to be like when we grew up. Olympian Don Schollander had the original blond swimmer's body: thick-shouldered, deep-chested, all white-teeth-and-big-smile in baby-blue NYLON SPEEDO BRIEFS. Schollander confessed to TIME/LIFE that he shaved his body

hair--all his body hair--to cut its slowing pull in the pool.

JOCKS AND JOCKSTRAPS

There was something in the air in those days before liberation: a delicious secret quality that dared not scream its name. Guys looked at each other maybe more than they touched. But finally when they worked their careful way up to touch, the touch meant something.

Not that those days were better. They were just different: more innocent, more...more...SHIFFING, yeah, more sniffing around the pertinent edges. More excitement wondering if your best friend--and all our best friends were team captains and class presidents--would squeal if you told them that you dreamed about them at night. But that the dream was okay, really, since you

didn't dream about them completely naked (because that was the sort of stuff queers did), but you dreamed about them exercising wearing JOCKSTRAPS.

JOCKSTRAPS. A word calculated to turn the softest dick hard. JOCKSTRAPS. Getting a hardon reading the BIKE ATHLETIC SUPPORTER ads in Boy's Life! Looking up JOCKSTRAP in Webster's Dictionary during study hall, and getting a roaring bone on. Hoping none of the other guys would notice the bulge in your khakis. Hoping Kenny Kehres wouldn't notice how you sort of leaned in toward his gym-locker with his JOCKSTRAP hanging at your eye-level as the green metal door swung past your sniffing face, and he turned full-chested and naked to you and said, "Excuse me," sort of absently flipping his dick up off his balls, and reaching close to your face with the smell of his privates on his hand to take his JOCKSTRAP off the door and pull it up first one leg, and then the other, carefully straightening the flat rib of elastic--so white against the berry-brown tan of his butt.

Then alone, late one afternoon, finding his JOCKSTRAP lying forgotten on the lockerroom bench. Alarmed by it! Staring at it! Getting hard looking at it! Not daring to touch it! Almost coming in your pants at the excitement of seeing it--and the fear of being caught standing stock still alone and staring in a lockerroom empty except for you and that white cotton JOCKSTRAP!

SEE YA LATER, ALLIGATOR!

Grooming then was a High Art. Saturdays, every week, called for a trip to the barber who carefully clipped and trimmed your Brylcreemed hair with medium sideburns and a long sweep back both sides to the slightest suggestion of a DA that drove school teachers mad.

Saturdays you could feel the white shaving lather dabbed hot around your ears, followed by the scrape

of the straight edge stropped on a well-worn length of leather, and then the slight shaving--when shaving still felt new to you--of the hair around your ears and down the back of your neck.

You knew the nape of your neck had to be perfectly cut to look good against the blue Oxford Cloth button-down collar of your open-neck sports shirt with the inexplicable loop right between the shoulder blades and over the pleat that ran down to where the shirt tucked into your slacks. You wanted your hair to look like Ricky Nelson, or like Troy Donahue, or, if you sneaked looks in bodybuilder magazines like Iron Man, then like the incredible Jim Halslop.

1957 CHEVY BEL AIR

Sex, when it happened, was sometimes no more than buddy-talk after a double-date ended up (after the dates were delivered back to their daddies' front porches with the lights on), sidling into a double jerkoff, talking about the hard time we had getting the dates to put out, and how we were, like man, so horny, and wasn't that a couple o' nice pieces, and, jeez, I'm so drunk I got a lover's nut that won't go away, and shit, man, you tell me what you think about the other one, and we'll just sort of each take matters into our own hands, and, you know, without touching or anything, sort of cool down a situation too hot to ignore, and, cripes, we'll have to use the towel you got in the backseat to wipe up all this, jeez, fuckin' load, so fuckin' big it's a good thing I never got to Home Plate or I'd be somebody's daddy nine months from tonight, cuz look, man, both our loads are about the same caliber shot, and, hey, yours stays harder after you shoot, but mine's longer before and after, and I don't give a dip-shit if yours is thicker.

And all the time sitting there together, teen-to-teen, in the 1957 Chevy Bel Air, you were sure that you might get fercrissakes caught!

PRINCETON RUB: A LITTLE DAB'LL DO YA

Going all the way with your best buddy wasn't exactly something you talked a lot about. Buddy-rubbing was sort of what happened when some hot summer afternoon found you both alone together at his house with his parents gone, the air conditioner humming, and the transistor radio counting down the Top Ten.

You both smelled like chlorine from the swimming pool in the park. He was pink with sunburn, and showed you where his tan left off, and asked you if you wouldn't maybe rub some Coppertone over his shoulders.

You guessed it made sense when he dropped his SPEEDOS and walked bare-ass to the window and snapped the venetian blinds closed, and accidentally let the back of his hand brush up against your JOCKSTRAP bunching your growing hardon up in your own trunks.

"Come on," he said, and he lay on his single twin bed, not even bothering to pull the summer-flannel bedspread down. He tucked his dick under his belly and into the bed, and spread his legs, lifting his tight swimmer's butt into the air. His wet hair was fresh cut on his neck. The sun-heat rose like a sweat-vapor from his trim body. "Are you going to?" he asked.

"I'm coming," you said.

And you both meant the Coppertone-rub, and something else.

Face down, he forced no embarrassed look back at you. What was, was.

Only your SPEEDOS and JOCKSTRAP stood between your hardon and his skin. You had no question about anything except lying down on top of his sunburned body, straddling his legs, dropping your cock between his thighs, feeling his legs closing in on your dick, tightening his well-muscled thighs around your prick with perfect control.

The slick of suntan oil greasing your rod, moved you slow through the soft hair of his inner thighs, dragging the top of your shaft along the summer-sweat rim of his moist crack, not daring to be so bold as to brown him, thinking about touching the head of your dick to his hole, then thinking positively better of it, pulling back, slipping your dick into place between his legs, feeling the moves of his warm cheeks against your lower belly, riding the smooth rhythms of his legs flexing around your dick until his rhythms became your rhythms, and together you moved, long and leisurely, through the Princeton Rub until you both came and messed up the bedspread, which seemed to matter so much later when you tried to clean it up to cover the evidence of your pecker-tracks from his hawkeye of a mother.

Now that it's finally years from then, and you're speaking of it, you can be kind about it all—with maybe no more than an ache in your dick for times when so little could seem like, and really be, so much! M2M

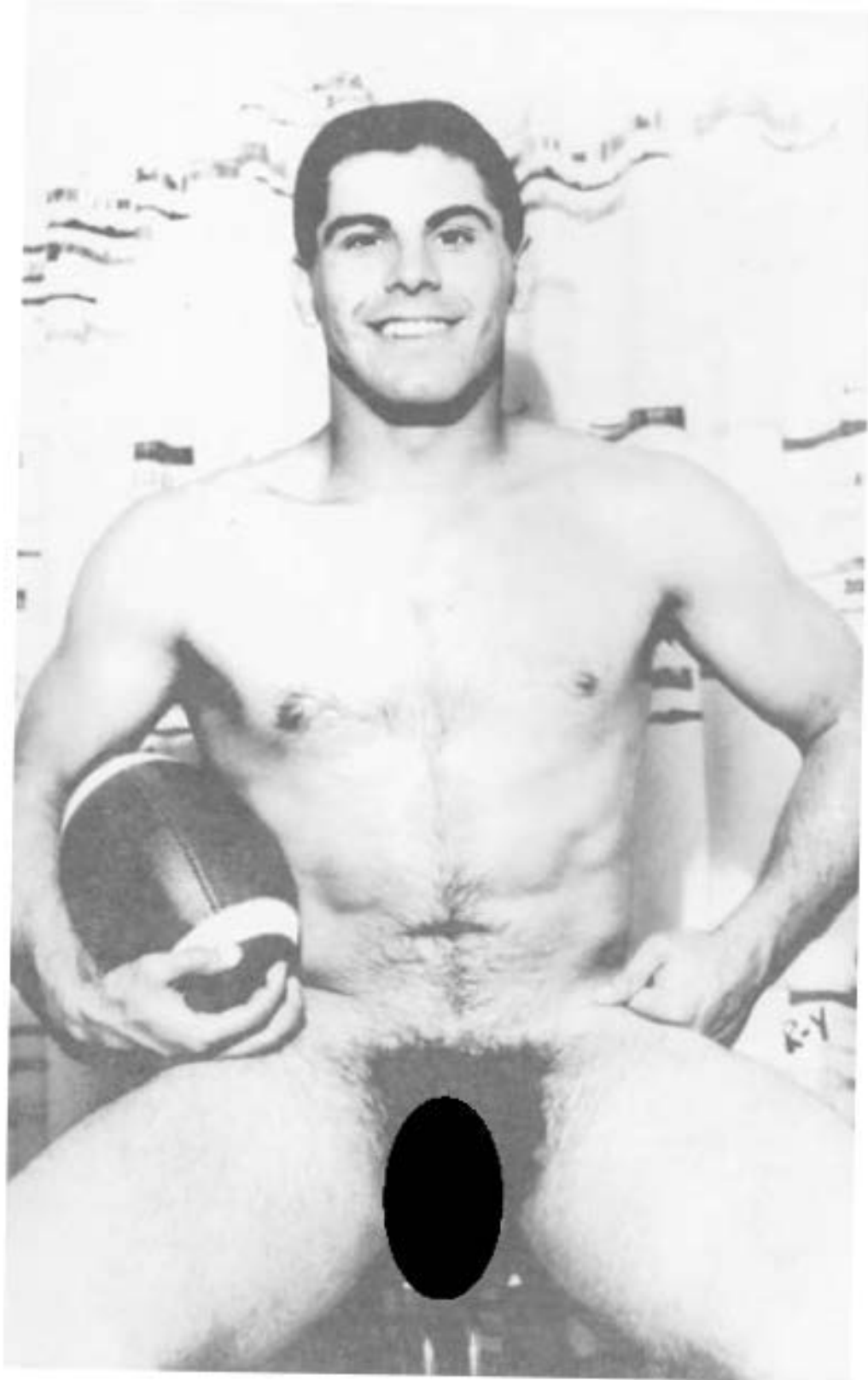
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POW/MIA: MEN STILL IN NAM
WITH NO HOPE OF RESCUE.
THEY ARE...

**APOCALYPSE
FOREVER**

THE SHADOW SOLDIERS

BY JACK FRITSCHER

"War Criminal!" Lieutenant J.G. Steve Drosky, USAF, could hardly believe the verdict pronounced by the slope military-judge, down for the mock trial, from Hanoi. Drosky sweated in the blazing Asian sunlight. He stood, tied, in the central compound of some godforsaken village in North Vietnam. He wore the same green nylon flightsuit he had worn the day his A4 Skyhawk had been shot down.

In the last two weeks of the war, he had been streaking up the Gulf of Tonkin, under bright skies, toward the torpedo boat base at Hon Gay, north of Haiphong.

His big American-Polock body smelled ripe in the jungle heat. Sweat, darkening the nylon under his pits, ran down his skin. His cheeks, chin, and throat itched with the—how long was it?—ten-day bristle.

His hands, crossed at the wrist, had been tied tight by a young Viet Cong who had spit his contempt in Drosky's face. Drosky had spit back. He had a bruise to show for it. The purple rose above his dark blond stubble of beard. In the tropical heat, the sun was darkening his fair skin and lightening his eyebrows and moustache.

He was hungry. He was thirsty. He needed a cigaret.

His big uncut dick itched under the foreskin he hadn't been able to reach to strip back in over a week. The VC, fearing his bull-sized build, kept his wrists tied behind his back, alternately in ropes and in irons. He knew the crack of his hairy ass was crusted. The fucking slopes were intent on humiliating the best and the brightest of the American fliers every way they could.

Through each interrogation, Drosky had given only name, rank, and serial number. He was learning fast that he, and probably the other two Americans, also tied for trial and sentencing in the shadowless highnoon sun, were the only three people in the whole compound who

gave a fucking shit about the Geneva Convention. Drosky had never seen the other two Americans until he had been dragged out of his solitary-confinement cage for this fifteen-minute trial.

Drosky figured one of the two other Americans for a flier. He was strapped up spreadeagle ten yards to the right of Drosky. He stared straight ahead. As if once he had seen something so terrible he would never look at anything again. The words "life sentence" hardly seemed to register on his face. Drosky calculated from the weathered look of the lean flier's body that he had been bound to the bamboo tripod for some days and nights. His flight suit had been sliced off and he was exposed: head and torso and legs. The VC had stripped him down to his green boxer skivvies and boots. His dog tags glistened against his hairy chest. Even crusted with the sweat and dust of this filthy captivity, he looked to Drosky like the kind of pilot who stateside gets volunteered for recruiting posters.

To his left, Drosky checked out the other captured American. He had been trucked into the compound about an hour after Drosky's tied wrists had been hoisted up painfully behind his back to a tall metal pole the village children had once used to tether their game ball. Drosky figured he wasn't going to be any braver in this one than he needed to be. He wasn't any John-Fucking-Wayne; but he was an Air Force officer, a career pilot, 28-years-old, married, with his shit together. But the sight of the VC troop truck pulling into the compound with the second American had sickened him.

A half-dozen young VC soldiers, commanded by a squat burly captain with a shaved bullethead, stood and sat around a handsome young Marine. The USMC grunt was hanging suspended from the metal canvas-cover struts arched over the bed of the truck. Unable to touch his feet to the floor to steady himself, he swung back and forth like a side of young American beef.

Drosky figured the kid for no more than nineteen. Twenty, tops. He was a fresh capture. The sidevall clip of his burrcut was only a couple days old. He was stripped shirtless, down to his green fatigues and boots. A bamboo pole cutting into the small of his back held the crooks of his arms immobile against the pull frontwards of his forearms which were manacled by the wrists tight across his hard belly.

He looked to Drosky like the kind of kid who captains his highschool football team in the fall, and joins up the next spring, right after graduation. On the third finger of the young Marine's left hand, Drosky spotted the flash of what looked like a new gold band.

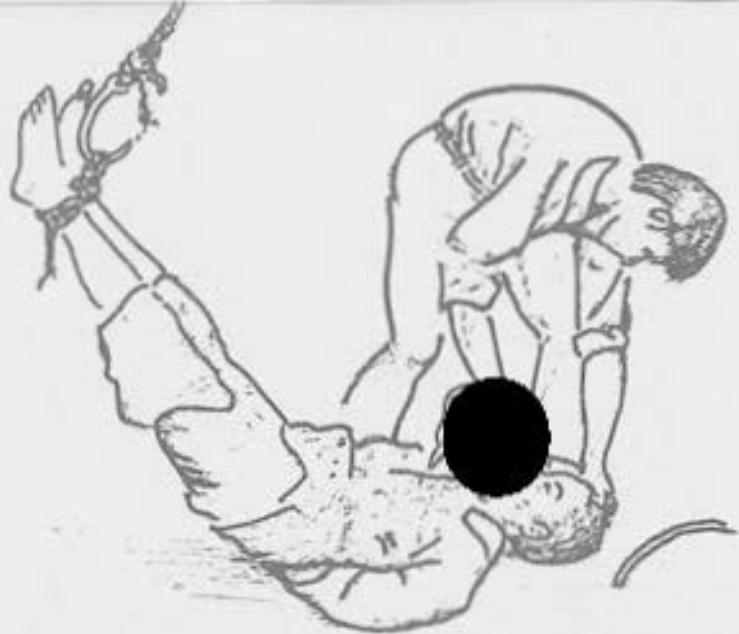
That was a mistake.

All military personnel in Nam had been ordered to avoid wearing wedding rings into combat. The VC liked to use the information that a prisoner was married against him. Drosky himself, after his shootdown, stripped off his flight glove, removed his wedding ring, held it a long moment, and then tossed it from him into a rice paddy.

That act more than anything made him realize he had left civilization behind.

Drosky found it hard to tell anything much about the kid's face. His eyes looked tough enough. Even though he seemed to refuse to look at Drosky. Even when the VC took hold of the bamboo pole and lifted him, long and slow, so his whole body weight hung excruciatingly from his manacled arms in the slow march toward Drosky. The Marine was embarrassed. As the VC carried him in agony close past Drosky's face, they stopped, and forcibly turned the handsome Marine face for Drosky's inspection.

The dirty VC hands held the suspended American's head painfully still. Drosky studied the kid's undercrusted chin and lips and nose. The young Marine avoided Drosky's stare. A fresh cut clotted through the Marine's left eyebrow. The VC dis-



played him hanging in front of Drosky's tied body. The squat captain with the bullethead moved in. With a swagger stick he approached the young Marine's mouth.

Drosky felt sick to his guts. It wasn't mud crusted on the bound Marine's face. It was shit.

The slope captain threatened the bound Marine with a couple of pulled punch swings at his tight-closed lips and clenched teeth. He poked at his dirtied face and parted his caked lips. Drosky saw the swollen full cheeks of the goodlooking boy's face. Another threatening tap. The kid was scared.

The Corps had taught him obedience as the best solution to every situation.

He pulled his lips back. The captain tapped at his shitcaked perfect teeth. Another tap. Hoisted in mid-air suspension, he hung helpless. He opened his mouth. Obediently. The captain nudged the tip of his swagger teasingly into the boy's mouth. He churned the VC turds in the American hopper. Foking in deeper. Fucking deeper into the sewage of the terrified Grunt's mouth. The young Marine's body stiffened and

swung defenselessly. His eyes opened wide in terror at the renewed force-feeding. The captain ordered up a cessbucket, and with the Marine's mouth pried open with the swagger stick, motioned for the ladling to begin.

Drosky himself began to gag at the same moment that the captain with the shaved bullethead triggered, with his hardchurning swaggerstick, the gag reflex in the young Marine painfully swinging by his arms in the humid sunlight. The captain stepped back, and the VC soldiers laughed, as the young Marine tossed up the dark slime of the forcefeedings he had endured hours before, when they had fitted his mouth and nose painfully tight against a bamboo toilet hole hastily constructed for his humiliating torture. The dark shit-vomit ran down his chin, and dripped on his muscular chest.

Finally he raised his eyes to look the three-feet directly into Drosky's eyes. He was crying, and he said, with his voice deep and husky with the filth of the war, "I'm sorry, sir."

The slope captain slammed him across the cheek with his swagger, and the guards carried him to another iron

post twenty feet upwind of Drosky. They hung the bamboo pole securing his arms from the ropes. But this time, stripping his combat boots from his feet, they let his toes touch the muddy ground.

Blood ran from his nose.

The other flier, the Major, seemed to have chosen to notice nothing. Drosky figured maybe he was smart. Maybe that was the way to survive. But Drosky could not help hearing the flies and seeing the pile of vomited shit that the VC had gorged up out of the Marine's guts. None of them, Drosky knew, was ever going to get out of this alive. These slopes were fierce about the Americans. Drosky knew enough captor psychology. The odds were against the three of them. Severely abused prisoners rarely live to tell their story.

The young Marine, at the pronouncement of his "war crimes," stopped his sobbing. He spit his brown spit at the VC squatting in the hot sun. They laughed and spit back and then, bored, moved out of range, leaving the three Americans hanging, each in his own private agony, in the scorching sun and suffocating humidity.

Drosky realized that even a short life, sentenced by these sadistic animals, might be longer than he

could handle. But he figured they were maybe more sound than fury. In his guts, he was a fighter. He felt his tongue thickening with thirst in his mouth. He thought of old ball scores. The feeling had long gone out of his hands. He thought of intricate flight plans. For two days, the three men, fed only rice and boiled fish heads, were left strung up exposed in the compound. Drosky ran multiplication tables forwards and backwards. He picked out names for his captors: like shaved-down Captain Bullethead.

Drosky had enough fight in him to want to punch out and fucking kill the VC making a game of humiliating the American soldiers. Untied, he was big enough to take them all on. Fucking slopes. Coming out, forcing him to his knees, pulling their short fat dicks out, pissing on his face and chest, hosing him with the high-pressure force of their short thick rice-rocket dicks. His own Pollock sweat was like a moist shield on his blond skin. He hated the drunken piss of the young VC soldiers. Most were no more than vicious teenagers.

One of the fuckers, built like Mr. Mekong Delta, came out from his hooch almost hourly. Drosky figured him for the camp stud. Threatening with a pistol, he forced Drosky to

AMERICAN POWS REPORTEDLY STILL HELD IN LAOS

UPI. Seattle. A former Royal Lao Air Force pilot insists 40-50 American servicemen who served in Vietnam are still held captive by the Communists in Laos. His information came from the 100's of Laotian refugees who have fled since New Year's 1981. "The Communists found many American fliers alive in the jungles and kept them to teach them how to fly the planes and copters abandoned in 1975." Syfa, the Lao pilot, said it is CIA-trained personnel who persistently bring back reports of American prisoners surviving under severe torture to conditions of forced labor. UPI, February 21, 1981.

his knees, causing his arms, still tied behind him to pull painfully up past his shoulders. The shirtless slope, built like a young tank, liked to order Drosky to watch him strut his stuff. When he whipped his dick out, he displayed his pizzle like some prize water buffalo. He was hung: big and mean. He threatened Drosky's face with the heft of his hang.

Drosky knew a pervert when he saw one.

The gook's piss was humiliation enough. His wagging dick, hardening, was no way acceptable to Drosky, who knew the facts of the way life sometimes was: he'd circle-jerked a couple times in highschool, and let one of his drinking buddies one drunken night back at the Air Force Academy climb on top him, and bump bellies, till the cadet came and passed out on top of Drosky, who only half-endured the episode; he'd been doing his buddy a favor; he'd been half-thinking thoughts about the girl who became, and still was, his wife.

Drosky knew, if he ever got out of this alive, some of this he'd never be able to tell her. He knew, if he lived through all this, he'd never be able to tell anyone.

Drosky vowed to keep forever to himself how the muscular young VC soldier stroked up his big dick. He was proud to sexually humiliate the American. He liked to show off his enormous slope dick. With his big wang bobbing from his uniform, he took cash from the circle of drunken slopes who'd bet on anything. They argued and wagered how far down Drosky's throat Mr. Mekong Delta's heavy artillery could slide, before the pussy American, they called him, choked and begged for mercy.

Mr. Mekong Delta liked to suffocate bound fliers on his enormous meat.

The muscular slope flexed his arms and made a fist. Drosky read his threat. If he bit the gook, he'd lose his teeth. For openers. In the trade-off of death-before-dishonor bullshit and raw survival, Drosky opened his mouth. Reluctantly. The

situation left him little choice. He allowed his lips to be parted by the knobhead of the slope dick. It was hard, long, and big. The gook slammed his right fist hard into his left, six inches above Drosky's face. Drosky took a deep breath, and dropped his lower jaw.

The circumference of the monster cock raised his upper lip high enough to brush his thick moustache into his nose. He was revolted by the slick slide of the huge cockhead depressing his tongue and probing back toward his defenseless throat. The muscular in-and-out thrust and tease began. The gook was on show. The drinking and bets increased. The slope punched his fist and hand together again.

Queer to them, Drosky knew, was only when a man was on the receiving end. The man dishing it out was not only untainted, but was about as manly and patriotic as a soldier could get. To the slopes, the sexual abuse of an American was an honorable way to insult the aggressive macho men who, so much bigger than the Asians, dropped in full battle armor out of the sky into the forbidden jungle, lightyears from the lives they'd known.

The big fat dick forced its way with vengeance into Drosky's virgin mouth. With the bets running high as blood lust, the heavy-built VC took Drosky's blond head in his brown hands, and, pulling his dick out to the wet edge of Drosky's lips, spread his thick legs, and stanced his hard butt, for the final deep ram past Drosky's teeth, across his tongue, and finally...finally...through the raped and bleeding back of his mouth, and deep down his gagging throat.

Drosky felt the huge military rod slam deep back in his head, and then descend, penetrating, down his throat. He had never felt more violated in his life. The slope held Drosky's face impaled on his cock. Drosky went through gagging into choking and felt himself heading down a deep dark airless corridor.

Instinctively, with hardly any purchase around the big dick, routed through his mouth, and rooted in his throat, Drosky fucking tried to bite the pervert's dick off.

The VC shouted at Drosky's lunge. Near his left ear, a pistol fired loud into the ground. The slope pulled his dick out fast. Drosky tasted the film of blood where his teeth had scraped the cock. He wished he hadn't only skinned the gook dick. He knew what was coming as the heavily muscled arms drove the hardhanded fists into his face. The VC beat and kicked Drosky unconscious. He slumped over into the muddy piss, falling on his side. His arms, tied at the wrists behind his back, stretched beyond pain up higher than his head.

When Drosky awoke, he knew he was in worse trouble. He had been completely coiled in rope. Like wire around a spool. The VC squatted around him, talking to each other. Occasionally one of them yelled at him and kicked him. This was it. He was sure they'd hang him by his heels, skin him alive, chop off his nuts, and finally his head.

A truck pulled up and stopped, motor running, next to him. Several VC came at Drosky.

"Open mouth!" Captain Bullethead shouted.

Drosky refused.

Bullethead took one of Drosky's blond-stubbled cheeks in each of his martial hands and pressed hard until Drosky's mouth was forced open. Bullethead signalled to an ugly young soldier. He smiled. Drosky fixed on the ugly soldier's missing front teeth. The soldier crumpled old newspaper into balls and shoved them one by one into Drosky's mouth. Drosky wished he had kicked out the fucker's teeth himself. Bullethead kept the agonizing pressure-pinch on his cheeks. A second soldier took Bullethead's swagger and shoved the dry newspaper balls farther over Drosky's tongue and deep into his throat.



Drosky started to gag and panic. He could no longer breathe through his mouth. The hard dirty fists forced the dry newspaper rolls in until his mouth was stuffed. He could not salivate. He was scared. Death in combat had always been heroically acceptable. But not this.

Drosky stared hard at that ugly, grinning, broken-toothed mouth. He'd beat these fuckers. Somehow. He concentrated. By will alone, he breathed

around the dry wads of newsprint clogging his throat. Slowly. Carefully. Evenly.

Then the grinning toothless asshole blindfolded him.

The VC lifted his body, tightly coiled in endless rope, into the truck. He was helpless. For the first time in his wholesome, athletic, All-American life, he was scared shitless.

They drove him slowly in a 36-hour convoy toward Hanoi. They stopped along the route to display the bound and gagged American war criminal to a number of hate rallies. At one stop, he was sure, when they took the blindfold off that he was about to be beheaded. At another village, a crowd of more than 500 soldiers milled around, seeming intent on stoning him to death. At another encampment, he was stood bound and gagged and tied to a post in front of a firing squad, who for an hour were put through repeated execution drills: the command, the count, the rifles, the eyes squinting, the raised sword, the shout to fire, the empty click of a dozen rifles barreling in and sited on Drosky's face and chest and groin.

During another convoy stop, the VC rolled and wrapped Drosky's big body in filthy blankets that completely covered his head and face. They left him alone, unguarded, and bound in the enclosed bed of the truck. Sweat oiled off his big beefy body. Again he felt he was suffocating, dying, smothering under a wrap of dirty rags at the side of a road, far from home.

He struggled, unable to move any of his body coiled in rope. He rolled his head side to side, as much as he could, trying like a man driven mad to get free of the smothering wool. No one paid any attention to him. He was one American. One man. They were thousands. They were getting to him. He was too dehydrated to piss, and he was too scared not to dump in his sweat-soaked flight suit. Everything was getting way out of control.

Within minutes, Bullethead unwrapped Drosky's head, removed the blindfold, and pulled the newspaper from his mouth.

"You are war criminal," Bullethead said. His voice was as even as his steady dark eyes. He knew how to exploit fear. "We are going to hang you."

"Horseshit," Drosky whispered. His lips were split dry. "Horseshit!"

"For insulting the Vietnamese people, you must be punished."

Drosky remembered the young Marine and the silent Major back in the war-trial compound. Nobody in this day and age treated prisoners of war this way. There was the Geneva Convention. North Vietnam was a signatory.

"Geneva Convention," Bullethead said, "is for prisoners of war. You are... war criminal."

Bullethead signalled for a half-dozen soldiers to hoist Drosky out of the truck. They untied the rope winding around his body, but they kept his hands tied behind his back.

The stench of his own body's sweat and shit no longer bothered Drosky. He was beginning to like the aggressive smell of his own big American body. He figured it was about the only weapon he had left.

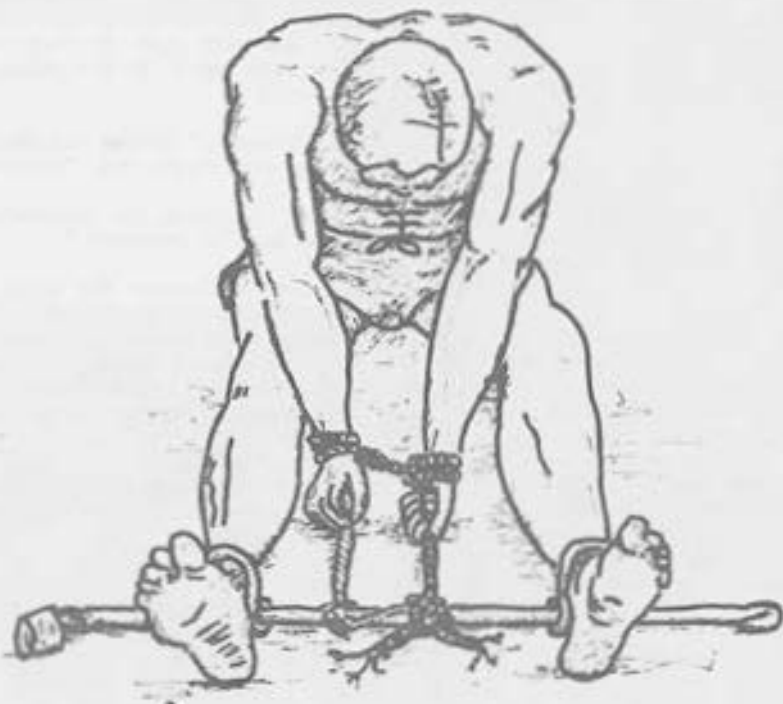
The VC called him a filthy pig.

Drosky cut his cheese as loud as he had ever farted during gaslighting ceremonies in highschool, when he and his jock buddies had drunk a lot of beer, pissed a lot of piss, eaten a lot of chili dogs, and lit with book-matches the gas-farts they blew out their asses as they mooned each other in contests for the loudest and most explosive stinkers.

A filthy pig? He'd show them filthy American pig.

The VC backed away from him.

Bullethead ordered him strung up by the neck, with only his toes touching the ground.



Drosky looked around the area. He was surprised, and not too happy, to see the young Marine again. He could tell, the way that Bullethead approached the kid, that he planned to waste him. Better he'd been shot dead than stand in as their amusement for their bored night's encampment. Drosky was glad he himself was older and tougher than the young Marine. His Academy training warned him the gooks were perverts when it came to Americans.

The kid's too juicy, Drosky thought, much too juicy to be out here, a thousand years from anywhere.

The blistering sun was setting over the far trees, sinking into the horizon like the last light protecting them from the heart of darkness.

The twilight encouraged the hungry VC.

They stripped the young Marine naked, more naked than the kid had ever been, only the year before, showering after a Friday-night highschool football game. More naked than he had

been the night of the day that goddam gold wedding ring had been slipped on his finger. More naked than his first group shower as a USMC boot.

Drosky figured the kid was from some small town where they never thought of circumcizing their boys. He had an unusually large lip of foreskin hooding the blind head of his healthy cornfed cock.

Bullethead directed his special vengeance against the young blond American Marine who was his shiteater. The VC spread the kid belly down over a metal oil drum. His full rounded white buttocks glowed in the last light.

Vagrant clouds of cooking-fire smoke blew over his body and toward Drosky.

Drosky tried to look away, but Bullethead assured him what he feared. This was for Drosky's benefit. An experienced flier could be used; but young Marines were pleasantly expendable. The VC hunted Americans for sport. For the pleasure of the slow kill.

Drosky wished for a chopper. For a direct artillery hit to blow them all away. Anything. But the Nam night was quiet. Only the occasional faroff boom of an explosion muffled by distance broke the low murmur of the jungle night.

The young Marine lay tied immobile over the drum. Two lines of VC formed on either side of his spread legs. His butt was higher than his head and feet. The VC at the head of each line held a rubber fan belt in his hand.

On a signal from Bullethead, the alternating beating of the Marine's white butt began. The VC on the left swung his arm repeatedly over his

head, and then, with a warcry that broke the quiet of the firelit encampment, ran full-speed at the Marine's defenseless body, arm swinging to full arc, slicing down across the unmarred white meat of the American ass. The kid reared his head as the slice of rubber slashed red hot into his flesh.

Then the soldier at the head of the right column took his running lick with his frayed rubber fan belt, striking a red welt crisscross the slash from the left.

Trotting the fan belts back to pass them to the head of the lines, the VC began the first round of the grisly relay race of conquering the young Marine ass... To be continued

Sean Flynn, a correspondent in Viet Nam, holds out cup for scoop of C-rations. Son of Errol Flynn, he vanished in 1970 while covering war.



GARWOOD "GUILTY"

Camp Lejeune, N.C. Private First Class Robert R. Garwood became the first official traitor in a divisive war that had few heroes. A five-man jury of Marine Corps officers, all decorated Vietnam veterans, found the Marine everyone calls "Bobby" guilty of collaborating with the enemy while a prisoner of war in Vietnam.

They also found him guilty on a reduced second charge of assaulting a fellow POW after protein-starved Americans killed the camp cat and skinned it.

Garwood, 34, stood at attention, stone-faced during the courtmartial, and stared straight ahead in his dress greens, his chest decorated with a Good Conduct Medal, his sharpshooter's badge and a Vietnam service ribbon, as Colonel R. E. Switzer, the military judge, asked the jury: "Have the court members reached a verdict in the case?"

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Colonel A. L. Vallesse, 42, the balding jury foreman who manages the base's club system. The stern-faced jurors avoided looking at Garwood. Then Vallesse read the verdict, reached after two days of deliberation.

Garwood seemed to take it stoically, but he appeared to be choking back tears as he was hurried out a side door. Freedom, after 14 years on the books as a POW, had been so close.

The Garwood verdict appears to set yet another standard for what it means to be a Marine, shoring up a hard-liner's view of the Code of Conduct, the military's 10 commandments for American prisoners of war.

There was rejoicing at the Non-Commissioned Officers' Club at Camp Lejeune, with sergeants toasting each other and the Marine Corps standards that they felt had been upheld by the verdict.

"That SOB Garwood should have been shot before he ever came back from Nam," one staff sergeant, a two-tour Vietnam veteran who called himself "Tex," said over a table of empty beer cans. "That mother might have been the one who shot at me for all I know."

By the time the first American POWs encountered Garwood, who was among the first to be captured, he'd been a captive of the Viet Cong for two years. The defense disputed little of the POW testimony, maintaining that Garwood was broken and driven insane by torture. Washington Post, March 1981

POW HARD TIMES

Mistreatment was widespread, and often brought on by the prisoners' steadfast resistance. As one Navy captain said, "We forced them to be brutal to us."

The favorite props of the North Vietnamese captors were lengths of rope, iron manacles that could be screwed down to the bone, and fan belts for the administering of beatings. POWs claimed they were tied up for interminable periods into positions that yoga could not assume. Ropes tied to a man's ankles, wrists and neck were tightened till he was bent over backward in a doughnut shape. Men were also bent forward into a position of a baby sucking its big toe.

Handcuffs on the wrists of one prisoner were tightened so much that blood came through his pores. Hands and feet often swelled to unimaginable proportions and turned black. Jaws, noses, ribs, teeth, and limbs were deliberately broken and left unset. Men were left tied in their own excrement for days on end. Fan belts or lengths of rubber turned buttocks of beaten prisoners into raw flesh. Sergeant Don MacPhail said that he was hung from a tree over three fresh graves and beaten with sticks. He was told that he would be the fourth grave.

One prisoner was buried up to his neck for days. Another, suffocated in his own excrement. For those well enough to walk, there were endless work details. TIME, April 9, 1973.

The catalog of abuse read like an index to the Marquis de Sade. The ex-POWs said they had faced regular beatings, with anything from bamboo clubs to automobile fan belts. Their captors proved more energetic in exploiting wounds than in treating them. "They'd catch one of us with a broken arm and work it up and down like a pump." Some men said they had been tied to anthills, shackled to leg irons so long that the metal grew into their flesh, or trussed with rope or wire into human balls with their toes jammed to their mouths. In solitary confinement, they'd be told their wives were being unfaithful.

There were other grim moments as well. "They would tie your wrists behind you as tightly as two men can tie them—one standing on your arms and the other pulling the ropes, Sinner said.

ROCKS

Young also charged, though not in his suit, that students have been tortured into spitting, urinating and defecating on the American flag, masturbating before guards and, on one occasion, engaging in sex with an instructor.

The Navy denied Young's unsubstantiated charges of sexual abuse, but it did acknowledge the use of water torture and physical punishment in the camps. A Navy spokesman, Cmdr. William Collins, insisted that these activities were mostly "illusions of reality" that were not as dangerous as they seemed. Collins did admit that they were real enough for the two Navy men who did not survive SERE: an enlisted man who suffocated in one of the cages (they have since been enlarged), and another sailor who died during one of the course's forced cross-country hikes.

Young, an unassuming 28-year-old, says he was forced to take the program on threat of disciplinary action. The five-day survival course begins with lectures and a scavenging expedition into the desert where students are forced to eat whatever they can find, including lizards.

NEWSWEEK, March 22, 1975

More than a hint of SEXUAL PERVERSITY ran through the relish that attended many of the torture sessions. SOME OF THE PRISONERS SAID THEY WERE SUBJECTED TO HOMOSEXUAL ATTACK. "THERE ARE A LOT OF QUEERS IN THAT SOCIETY," said one angry returnee. "Many of those people enjoyed their job and did it more thoroughly than necessary."

NEWSWEEK, April 9, 1973

U.S. NAVY TORTURERS

Naval officers and cadets have whispered about it for years—the beatings by Asian-accented guards, the "tiger cages," the starvation and exotic water tortures. The source of all this cruel and unusual punishment is not a foreign prison camp, but the U.S. Navy's own hard-nosed school for survival, evasion, resistance, and escape (SERE). Designed to train young American servicemen to survive the rigors of POW life, the Navy's two SERE programs, one at Warner Springs near San Diego and another in northwestern Maine, have long been kept secret, officially as a precaution against tipping off any possible "enemy"—or forwarding prospective "students."

In March, much of the secrecy surrounding the camps was suddenly stripped away when an embittered SERE graduate filed a \$15 million assault-and-battery suit against Navy personnel. As a result, many of the "horrors" of the American-military-run camps have been confirmed—including the death of two young Navy men during SERE training.

The suit was filed by Lt. Wendell Richard Young, a pilot who had a sparkling service record and hopes of an airline career—until, he claims, his back was broken during SERE training a year ago. Rejecting the bid for secrecy urged upon each student, Young told tales of fetid tiger cages, beatings and jarring judo flips by instructors he called "gorillas," and a torture device called the "water board."

Trainee eating lizard: 'Tiger cages' in California

L.A. Post



MANIMALS

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ATTENTION ALL MANIMALS (EXCEPT NECROPHILIACS)! AD-TRIP U-P-D-A-T-E!

As canned goods on the shelves, so are the trips of our lives. M2M readers' response to MANIMALS has been great! Keep it up. Guys like FRESH MEAT! Your trips change as you change. Subscribers! Write yourselves a new hardon ad-scenario. FIRST 30 WORDS FREE! Keep all those other guys strokin' and humpin' over your updated trip. After about 4 issues, ad-impact dies. ADS NOT CHANGED AFTER FOUR APPEARANCES WILL BE DROPPED; but even after that a subscriber may submit a new free ad. Subscribers may also change ads each issue; but be sure to reference your prior ad when submitting the change.

CIGAR-SMOKING SAN FRANCISCO LAMMAN. Real, WM, 31, cigar-smoking lawman officer digs raunchy and rough sex. I like to kick back and have a shot of Southern Comfort while I get my sweaty BIG dick sucked. I like to hear some little guy with my cigar spit running down his face beg to shove his face into my hairy, shitty asshole. I dig guys who need to get roughed-up while in REAL 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'm bisexual, and get that taken care of real easy; I want to find a guy who needs to be COP-OWNED, knows it, and shows it by sending me his picture, and a big MADURO CIGAR. Pack you! Richard, Box 5569, San Francisco CA 94101.

LEATHER BIKER, into SM, B/D, wants like-minded men who ride. Prefer TATTOOS, WM, 5-8, 160, good head. Larry: 415/552-9915. AFTER 6 PM WEEKNIGHTS. Anytime weekends. I unplug phone during scenes. If no answer, keep trying.

MANHATTAN MANIMAL: TOP MAN SWINGS MUTUAL. My shit stinks real fuckin' good. Big daily dumping, sweaty action, dirty long-johns, jocks, snot, piss, pits, feet, farts. Total toilet action, celebrating the long hard gifts of a natural man to a natural man, with rimeweats, bedpans, slings, enemas, rubbersheets, and photos. If you're into hot and filthy action, let's get it on in the Village. NYC. Call JACK: 212-243-8279.

CALL OF THE WILD. WM, 35, slender/muscular, likes sex in the wilderness, light-to-moderate SM duals, biking naked, back-packing, pack-animal training, WS, fucking and cockucking, JO, loincloths, shaving, B/D, chewing tits, ass, and cock. Dark alleys: night wilderness. Men with bodies and minds, let's get together. San Francisco. #00063.

HOT TOP. Wm, 28, 6, 165, 6". Into fisting, bondage, whipping/spanking, shaving, oil, WS, beautiful buns. Prefer under 40, solid build, steady action, 1A area. #00060.

S&M RESEARCH FOR ANGELS FLYING TOO CLOSE TO THE GROUND. Homosociologist needs volunteers to participate in a study of SM, FF, ALL FETISHES, B&D, WS, 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 a for-real professional study—the first of its kind. Thanks. Write to SMR, Box 3242, Santa Barbara CA 93105.

DEGENERATE SEEKS GORILLA. Quivering, crawling, cocksucking addict: 30, 5-8, 140, blond, seeks surly UNCUT GORILLA to pump me full of his hot gorilla juices for the rest of my unnatural life. Or at least for the night. Will do the same for others if we get loaded enough. Southern California. #00055.

MONEY-POCK: GREED/LUST/AVARICE/POWER.

Fuck in a bed full of money. We'll go out together and ask hot straight guys (construction/truckers/cops) if they can change a ten-spot with bills from their wallets riding tight against their butts, and with coins heated in their pockets hanging in next to their warm dicks. You can move in close on a straight guy when he figures he's doing a man a favor; you can watch the intensity of his face close-up while his big hands count out the change; you can touch his hands as he lays the bills on you. We'll head home with mouthfuls of man-collected coins. Spit cash into each other's mouths. Suck cock. Shove rolls of dimes/quarters/halves/silver dollars up each other's ass. You haven't shit till you've shit dineros! Let's roll in greenbacks. Let's JERK OFF worshipping the money. Money is the only power. Money is the root of all evil. Let's celebrate our roots in a hot hard cash match. Let's put our money where our mouths are. Why keep it under the mattress? Let's put our cash on the sheets and celebrate male greed, power, lust, and the comfort of the almighty dollar. This is a very honest trip. You bring a couple hundred to watch mine. All cash returned at end of night when we hose off the grease together. No foreign currency, and definitely no Susan M's! If you've worked hard for it, then let it work for your hard! #AD0084

ONE OF SF'S HOTTEST TOP MEN. That's what I've been called. I'm 28, specializing in Marine/Army/Navy/Air Force trips. If you are a submissive, masculine, muscular young serviceman looking to be tamed by a leather man who knows how, write with picture. I'm discreet. I'm also into SM, assfucking, bondage, Cock and Ball "Torture," cockucking, discipline, dildoes, domination, fist-fucking, humiliation, pain, shaving, tit play, waterports, whipping, and MORE. DJ, Box 99688, San Francisco CA 94109.

HILL'S ANGEL/HARLEY TRASH. Very butch, dark Italian greaser Hill's Angel type, over 6-foot and 200 heavy-duty pounds, live to ride my Harley; will meet other Harley-Davidson riders, and men of NO interests; into face/arm dirt, 8-O, grease, garage floors, leather in layers with Levi's and months' old longjohns; into mechanical devices relative to internal combustion, under-chassis, grease pits, and. YOU MUST LIKE AND LIVE THE ABOVE! No phones or idle San-Francisco fag curiosity. I'm butch, very big, and can be very dirty (sweat, raunch, etc.; not shit). Your size and other dimensions/demeanors unimportant if you live to ride. If you fit, or are ON YOUR WAY TO THE WORLD OF THE EAST RIDER, you know that for a pleasurable time anything manly is possible. You must enjoy straight biker company and be able to fit into and pass through such company UNDETECTED! Barn/garage/NO/truck trips. Sonoma County. Call "Big HD" at 707/823-8815 ONLY ON MONDAY NIGHTS AT 8 PM PACIFIC TIME. If you can't respect this exact timing, you can't respect the trip.

LEATHER RANCHGIRL WANTED. Leather hand needed to build up heavy layer of mansewast WORKING ON AN ISOLATED 20-ACRE RANCH, covered head-to-toe in leather. Digging, shoveling, pruning, hauling, cleaning the place up. AFTER THIS REAL WORK, YOU'LL BE BROUGHT UP TO THE RANCHHOUSE TO GET PAID COMPENSATE WITH YOUR WORK: FUCKED, FISTED, WHIPPED, BEATEN, FED MANDICE, TIED UP TIL DAWN FOR ANOTHER DAY OF WORK AND PAYMENT. While on ranch, no cotton allowed. Openings for two-to-five days. This is no gay-boy j/o fantasy; this is real man's work in trade for real man's sex pay. Transportation to and from ranch available. Make application to: RANCH FOREMAN, 3 BAR N RANCH, BOX 465, EL DORADO CA 95623. Include picture, physical attributes, dates available for hire, and forms of payment desired. Northern California.

POST-O-JOB SERVICE. Put me in the shit bin and deliver the Post-O-Job to a construction site where beefy construction workers can dump their morning shit all over me. We can talk about it: 212/928-9030.

TWO HUNNY MEN SEEK OTHER HUNKS. Both W/M, 30's, seek action, and scat-photo exchanges. Also like to meet guys into appreciating rock-hard dumps. RUB, Illinois. 00106.

TOILET BUDDIES WANTED. W/M, 32, 6, seeks wellbuilt raunchy guys with cruddy levis, jocks, jockey shorts, boots. Into mutual asshole rimming, scat, piss, JO: circle, and one-to-one, and smearing shit. Like to stand around, guzzle beer with a bunch of guys and piss in place together. Am an explorer of fantasies. All toilet games. Travel western US. Write filthy details with photo. MIKE. 00103.

MANWORSHIPPER SEEKS TOP WITH TRIP TOGETHER. W/M, uncut-7, 6, 190, 43, wants to give good trip to TOP MEN who really enjoy what they do to their slave, who are creative in all methods of BONDAGE, and in the ways a FORESKIN can be used/abused. Want Master to take complete possession of my body: cock, balls, tits, ass, mouth--all are his to use as he wishes. Force this slave to WORSHIP his body, cock, lick his boots, drink his piss, eat his ass. A good WHIP-FING IN HEAVY BONDAGE will stimulate men for even better service of his body, and enable him to punish me for not providing a more perfect worship of his masculinity. Love to take communion of his cum, eating it out of the asshole of a man he has just fucked. Open to new experiences, heavy fantasy trips of all kinds, as well as piercing, heavy tit work, creative cock-and-ball torture. San Francisco. Call KEITH: 415/641-8956.

LEATHER/REBELS/SAJONES. Masculine leather queer, WM, 35, 6, 185, cut needs leather for swelling, licking, teasing, seeing for close-up study. Harnesses, saddles, boots. Raunch, scat, piss. Whiffing, worship, sensuality, mutuality, tuff streetbustlers, spitting, cockteasing. Blacks, rimming, leather seats, potpoppers, dirty talk, bearbellies, bootlicking, J/O. I'm an upfront, active, masculine queer who lives to share leather action. Bill Fielder, Rt. 2, Box 2489, Oroville CA 95965.

TOTAL MAJINU CELEBRATION. Levi and shit freak gives total service. My trip is to have one or several wellbuilt macho guys, 18 to 30, dump their long solid turds all over me and in my mouth. Am not into personality-degradation. Am focussed, quite honestly, on male celebration by consuming 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. 35, macho, into leather, Levi's, bodybuilding, SM. Am head of an international club of like-minded men. Hot guys wanting hot trips, mention MAJINU when writing Box 410, 132 W. 24th Street, NYC 10011.

HAIRY BODY. WM, 5-6, 165, hairy body, hairless head, UNCUT. Oral. Anal. Pitcher. Catcher. Mutual. Turned on by body and mind not drugs. San Francisco. #A117.

HOT ASS ACTION. WM, 36, 6, looking for hot ass action. Fucking, rimming, scat, enemas, TOP/BOTTOM. BEST DIRTY ASS KATER IN TEXAS! Call 713/324-7629, or write JIM, Box 22928, Houston TX 77027

EXPERT FLOGGER. Whippings by a connoisseur for the strong. Blood and welts a turn-on. Have active collection of 80 whips. Some: one of a kind. Like other SM also. Expert sensualist flatfucking Top! Well-equipped. Like tall guys. Am 5-4, 120, 33. Pete. Bay Area and frequent travel in Europe. # A116.

SATANISM. For men who dare to the descent! NY. A115.

FORESKIN/BALL WORK. DOWN UNDER. Australian, UNCUT, 35, 6, 150, Big Tool, LOOSE BALLS, seeks correspondence (detailed) and possible meeting with similar men to 45 for close FORESKIN/BALL study, games, etc. Discreet. Not toughs or heavies. Slims only. Let's get it off together. Dig LARGE, 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.

RED HOT BARBER! SF barber, very kinky, seeks men who like to be intensely satisfied. Rough wrestling, vigorous and soothing massage, and a lot more. Sensitive handling. MIDNIGHT FETISH BARBERING TRIPS DEFINITELY AVAILABLE IN REAL WORKING BARBER SHOP! 00093.

INTO DIRTY JOCKSTRAPS? Hairy, muscular, hardhat has a sweet sackload of his heavy-duty cum/piss/sweat/saliva stained JOCKSTRAPS FOR SALE! All guaranteed ripe and raunchy yet wearable! All jocks rounced up in SF-Mecca hottest nightspots by SF's hottest men. If you can't be in SF all year 'round, put one of these Sacred City jocks over your face, and dream about your next trip to Ragged-by-the-Sea. Use all your senses. Only \$9 each. Pete, Box 11007, San Francisco 94101.

BLACK MEN ARE DELICIOUS. CHOCOLATE TREATS. WM, 28, 6-1, 185, hairy, hazel/brown, beard, sincere, intelligent, NEW JERSEY-NYC METRO AREA seeks slim SM, 20-35, hung, tight round buns, demanding, dominant. Want to service your hot black dick with my hungry mouth, tonguing deeply your sweet dark buns, taking your golden showers as you desire and direct. Want to feel your black rod in my hairy white ass. Turned on by jockstraps, levis. Desire business men, construction workers, jocks, truckers--especially marrieds. Clean and discreet. Your place. Send hot photo, letter to Box 703, Downstate Mail Service, 132 W. 24th Street, NYC 10011.

WATERSPORTS AND SNOWPLAY. WM, goodlooking, 28, 6-2, 175, beard, seeking SENSUOUS non-partner into exploring watersports while evening goes better with Coke. Be discreet. Call MIKE, 415/568-3967, or write 2140 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley CA 94702.

TEAM CAPTAIN SEEMS TEAMMATES. Locker room. Sweaty jocks. Ripe, thick, wetwool socks. Worn, tight-stretched grey workout cotton shirts. Pure hunk. Not hairy jock. Into all this and more. CASSETTES, PICTURES, JOCK EXCHANGE: all possible. At 6-2, 178, 9+. I can captain any team--or let you call the plays. Write 00089.

SOUTHERN MAN IN TENNESSEE & HEADING WEST. Long, lean, bi-sex stud digs other shit-together men who know what they like, and have balls enough to go for it. Am beyond quick sex and bullshit. Dig oldfashioned hands-on man-to-man sex. When two men respect, trust, and are comfortable with each other, anything is possible. A man should give me what a woman cannot: man-smells, tastes, and good deep mancum. I like it long and slow with an honest buddy who knows he needs his mind and soul fucked more than his body. It's plain good to proudly share what you have with a man worthy of it. Prefer uncut, like me. If 41, 6-foot, 155, 78, greying black hair, beard, and mustache sound good to you, get in touch. Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of '81. 00090.

INTENSE TOP/BOTTOM MUTUAL TRIP TRADE. Goodlooking, intense, wiry-built, WM, 32, with adaptable LEATHER TASTES built around toys, bondage, and Top/Bottom trade-offs in responsive and responsible S&M trips. The tits, ass, cock, and brains are here and waiting for an ENERGY EXCHANGE with a hot stud who will give them a reason for a workout. San Francisco. A102.

NYC INDUSTRIAL/UNIFORM FETISH ACTION. Brimy BOOTWIPES and INDUSTRIAL URINALS needed for NY freightyard and waterfront jobs. NOSEFITTERS, OILERS, SEMINEN, UNIFORMED PERSONNEL TOO RIPE FOR BARS: LET'S GET PLUGGED IN! Levi 501's and Carhartts waterproofed. Contact: GREASEHOG, SWAMP DOG WATERPROOFERS. NYC. A104.

BOYBUILDER. WM, 43, 5-9, 165, into kinky, raunchy scenes, moderate S&M. Basic Bottom, but not an energy-vampire. Can play mutual. Prefer face-sitters and toilet games. Photo gets photo, if you're masculine and in shape. SF. A107.

REDHEAD FFA STUD. Hot, kinky trips with redhaired stud, grey eyes, 31, 6, glasses, lean smooth athletic body, HUNG, FFA ONLY. I pitch and catch. Into verbal fantasy: athletic, military, western, incest, etc. SF. A106 or 415/648-3288.

SHOT. Bearded/moustached men wanted for partners into long intimate raunchy trips. I am 5-10, 145, 28. Dig shit, piss, snort, B/D, highs, camping outdoors, and EXPERIMENTING! Man-to-man sex adventurers call late AM or PM: 415/626-8556.

CREATIVE MUTUAL BONDAGE. Cock and BALL TORTURE, tit work, LEATHER, toys, sensual play, EXHIBITIONISM, groups, shaving; dig it with experienced men or daring novices. I am WM, 31, tall, blond, handsome, horny, playful, serious, and READY. Tom: 415/552-4432.

FEEDER/EATER: HUNKY BUTT/HUNGRY TONGUE. WM, 5-10, 150, 33, muscular, athletic body. My asshole stinks of fresh shit and dirty jockstraps. I like to spread my bumpy butt over a hungry tongue, and squat my raunchy asshole over a hot face while you beg me to dump. I want to see you and feel you lick my asshole clean. From nice-and-easy to fulltilt. 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 FIGMASTER man enough to make me WANT to tongue his stinking, sweaty pig crotch, and rim his dirty manhole. David: 415/495-7052. Or write A186.

IMPERSONATE UNIFORMED MEN-IN-AUTHORITY IN PUBLIC. Uniforms and men in authority! WM, hot 40's, 6-1, 175, good head, good body, CRUISING IN BEAT-UP PICKUP TRUCK for WM (non-adversary) cop trips. ALL UNIFORM TRIPS A TURN-ON! Also hot on bondage, restraint, rope, harness, leather, TITS, BALL WORK. Like to mix afternoon adventures (rodeo, Mounties ride, San Quentin tours, etc.) with night-time fun. Discreetly "impersonating" UNIFORMED personnel in public is a major turn-on: both of us out for the afternoon geared up like green-fatigue Army Reserve men split off from their group. SF. A108.

PARAMEDIC BOYBUILDER FEEDER SOUGHT. Primarily interested in continuing as scat bottom seeking ULTRA-MUSCULAR TOP for prolonged forcefeeding. Eager to serve other needs/fantasies of partner. Am nansex adventurer in search of following scenario: smearing of the muscular scat-donor with a pint of my own blood, drawn paramedically before scene. With the Top glowing a bright, glistening red, his muscles would be visually more spectacular than ever. Aim to please man-to-madventurous partner. Tits also hot for multiple piercings. Understand need for cleanliness even in the nastiest of scenes. Open for discussion, and possible pay, to a Top open enough to discuss way-out consensual stuff! Am WM, 5-6, 145, solid, intelligent. SF. A105.

FACESITTERS AND FORCEFEEDERS. 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-hours you put in, and muscle you put out. Explicit response gets 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! San Francisco. A120.

BIG BELLIES. Total slave for big belly will give you any scene if you are a HARD POTBELLIED MAN OVER 40. The bigger your gut, the bigger the turn-on! Also dig tattoos, uniforms, and blue eyes. North Carolina. #00005.

THE 15 ASSOCIATION, INC.

P. O. Box 99688

San Francisco, CA 94109

TELEPHONE 415/776-3739

TITS, PITS, AND SLITS. Horny, hot, hard, hairy dude with supercharged tits, wet funky pits, redhot asshole wants to GREASE UP with MANZMAN sexuals for heavy-duty trips! Can you match my nasty imagination and my titclamp/toy collection? Pete Powers, Box 11007, San Francisco 94101.

24-YEAR-OLD BODYBUILDER needs more training in SM, bondage and discipline, and WS. Am 5-5 1/2, 140, WM. Interested in WM Masters. LA-San Gabriel Valley. Send photo, phone, address. #00091.

CANCRAB SERVICE. I worship big pricks full of cum. Force them down my throat. Pound them up my ass. Write YOUR NEEDS in detail. Will return J/O letter with cum, Washington State. #000092.

SIRLOIN ACTION! I stand erect at 5-8. Wet wt. empty: 140 lbs. A young dude built lean, solid, and hungry at both ends. Am aware of body mechanics and chemistry. Athlete, gladiator, dogmaster, TIMBER BEAST, or jungle savage who wants to chow down. I prefer healthy men who know who they are: STUDS!!! Into Hunky MANHOLES, top or bottom. I love the gutsy Outdoor Life. I don't mind working for my keep. Keep that action rolling! RAWHIDE! Daniel, San Francisco. #00097.

FULLTIME SLAVE FOR ANY RURAL AREA. Slave will discard all outside interests for nature, firm-bodied master with 7"Plus cock. Take complete control of my 48-year-mileage: body, mind, and soul. Receive a lifetime of experienced, unquestioning obedience and worship. 6-1, 165, cut 6. Will relocate to any rural area.

IGMA DEPUTY SHERIFF HEADING WEST. This deputy is the Real Thing. WM, 30, 5-9, 150, digs arresting big hunky men, taking you out to the lonely countryside in my patrol car, and fulfilling EVERY COP FANTASY you've ever had! The bigger you are, the harder you fall. Also into wrestling, jocks, athletes. ANY TYPE OF AGGRESSIVE SEX FANTASY. THIS IS REAL. Write #00095 with photo and phone--and details. TRAVELING CROSS-COUNTRY BY MOTORCYCLE TO WEST COAST IN SPRING OF '81.

SNOTMEN WANTED! Feeders and suckers for SLIME SESSIONS, heavy J/O. Will share my dick cheese 50/50. Must be heavy piss drinker and feeder, into sniffing/sucking ripe pits, crotch, crack and shithole. Want turd and cock worshippers, men who drink their own piss daily, and eat their own scum, and can be at ease with men who do the same. Also want to contact men who use piss/scum in cooking, and who will swap used scumbags/piss/cumstiff cockhair/dirty shithole hair. I also suck dogdick. Would like to hear from men anywhere with dogs to suck or that have been trained to lick mancock and ass. Pic of your prick gets mine. WM, early 30's, 6, 195, beard, moustache, 7 inches of MASTY UNCUT DICK, East Coast. #00094.

ATTENTION, BILL! WHEREVER THE FUCK YOU ARE! Bill, either you terrorize easily or I'm wasting my time. Because some man made you beg him to take your "possible \$," you came and got scared, or your bowels were violently relaxed and you came as your body jerked. NO! Then send me the following: YOUR FULL NAME, address, new phone number, recent close-up photo, where and when you work, hangouts/times, vehicle description, and whether you live alone. Anything less means you're not that interested in a HARDON. (OPTIONAL: SEND HOUSE AND VEHICLE KEYS.) Reply to Box-holder 206, 3304 Geary BLVD, San Francisco CA 94118.

SYRACUSE NY SLAVE, 39, 6, 225. Big Guy seeks smooth, young, DOMINATING MASTER who's into bondage and discipline, light SM, verbal abuse, ARMPITS, and humiliation. Might try water sports, greek passive, was, sucking. Really like mutual JO with verbal-abuse humiliation. 00103.

JOCKSTRAP JUNKIE/UNDERWEAR FREAK. W/M, goodlooking, thin, studious, possible M, is JOCKSTRAP JUNKIE and a freak on underwear! Men's underwear makes me cum! I'd like to meet/write/fuck/swap/wear/buy yours. G. Adam, 3741 N. Fremont, Chicago IL 60613.

HOT TOP WANTS RAUCOUS MEN, 18-35, into EATING A LEATHERMAN'S HOT ASS. Big scenes wearing black leather chaps, JOCKS, OLD JEANS. Can get into 3-way action. Mutual scenes. Am 6, 160, black hair, short beard. Only letters with photo can expect hot reply. NYC. 00101.

LA ANIMAL FREAK. W/M, 28, alive, per-verse-tile, wants muscular owners of stallions, great Danes, and Weinermans. Also cattle into laidback natural scene. Hardcore men and action only. Photo of you and pets gets immediate reply. Los Angeles. 00100.

FLESHING. DOUBLEFUCK. Young, butch, 6' blond man digs getting fucked by two men at once, and sucking cum from a husky man's freshly fucked ass. Also dig getting PISTED AND HAVING ONE MAN JERK OFF ANOTHER INSIDE MY ASS. CALL EDDIE, 212/592-7593.

HAZING TORTURE LOVER wants to swap data, techniques, lore, with guys PERSONALLY KNOWLEDGEABLE about FRATERNITIES, MILITARY SCHOOL, CIA INTERROGATION, MILITARY DISCIPLINE, PRISON ABUSE, REFORMATORY CORRECTIONS, ATHLETIC TEAM DISCIPLINE, ETC. John Barton, 1377 K Street, N.W. #152, Washington, D.C. 20005.

ITCHY HOLE SEEKS HORNY POLE. Horny MASCULINE W/M has hot itchy hole for your horny pole. Will answer all UNINHIBITED STUDS who write hot letters to this young, great build who needs a hot male to play with. K: 84b1, 2318 Second Avenue #421, Seattle WA 98122.

UNIFORM/LEATHER WHIPPING SESSIONS. Want whipping/flogging sessions with uniform/leather men. Experienced both as bound cocksucking slave, and booted heavy whip hand. Have UNCUT THICK COCK; am 36, 175, 6, bearded. San Francisco. #00050.

PISS STOP. Slim WM, 40, has beer and deep throat for ANY MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO PUT IT TOGETHER. Would like to try male dog up my ass. "SIR," please call/write: W. O'Keefe, 16 Natividad Rd #7, Salinas CA 93906; 408/422-2315.

NY ITALIAN RAUNCHRAG. 5-10, 152; into shit, buttocks, cheesy cocks, rank armpits, spit, smut, puke, dogs, horses, shaving, photos, jacking-off, nipple play, leather, piss, outdoors, drugs, jocks, sick scenes, enemas. NYC. 212/673-1569.

EX-MP SEEKS ADVENTURESOME SEX. WM, 30, professional, wants company outdoors. Likes GUNS, hunting, backpacking, rafting, and buddy-travel. Ex-Military Police Officer seeks adventuresome sex with honest masculine men. Southern California. S. Hunter, 265 South Robertson #8139, Beverly Hills CA 90211.

BALLOON FUCK. Hot, attractive WM, 34, seeks bright butch stud to blow up huge balloon to bursting while I suck/fuck/jerk you off, or whatever YOU dig. No SM or heavy drugs. Boston. #00049.

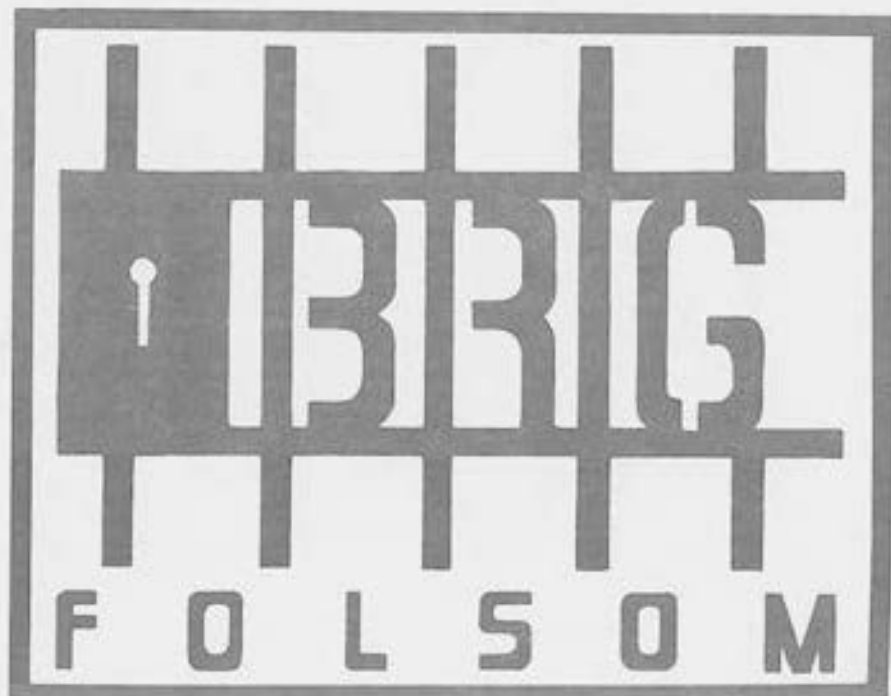
COUNTRY-WESTERN DUDE who wants sex with father-son teams and loves molesting straight toughs. I am an easy going, well hung 30 year old man. Write J. Walker, PO Box 604, Death Valley Junction, CA 92328.

FULL CONSENT TO EXPAND LIMITS. Expand my limits. I'm a tattooed, ringed M, 34, ready for Sadist into belts, paddles, cats, whips, hot wax, weights. MARKS CHEERFULLY ACCEPTED. If you've never been able to leave your mark on a man, now's your chance! Sir, please write: Occupant, 100 Bank Street #5A, NYC 10014.

INTENSE ACTION ONLY. WM, 130, 5-7. Experienced. Heavy into whips, B/D, SM, scat, exhibitionism, raunchy scenes, shaving. Like experienced, intense, gutsy guys. Not into J/O phone calls or J/O correspondence. Alex, 5 Hallam Place #D, San Francisco CA 94103; 415/863-6309.

NORTHWEST RANCHER NEW IN SF. Hot, tattooed, pierced "M" rancher, down from Oregon for a stint in the City, looking for hot, hairy S Stud. Am goodlooking, 40, 6-2, 185, into water sports, bondage, discipline, FF, assfucking, tattoos, tits. You name it, I'm in town to try it, SIR! Write with photo. #00110.

RUBBER FREAK. Seek same for fun with black rubber hipboots, rain chest-waders, piss, raingear, mod, inner tubes, sloppy food, coveralls, motor oil, leather boots, fatigues. Young WM into mutual J/O, french, passive rimming. I'm hipbooted and ready! NYC. 212/662-0447.



VERY HAIRY, DARK, MUSCULAR WRESTLER. WM, 34, 5-11, 165, moustache, likes to grapple with guys who generate genuine confident BUTCH ATTITUDE. Into complete MUTUAL RAUNCH: intimate BUDDYSWEAT, PITS, CROTCH, AND ASS, including all degrees of scat. Far-out and HEAVY! Also into straightforward fucking with heavy tit-pit play! SF. XXX74.

TOTAL TONGUE SERVICE FOR ROUGH RIDERS. WM masculine TOP MEN ONLY. Hot ass for ROUGH RIDERS. Goodlooking WM, 33, digs dirty SHORTS/JOCKS, sweaty crotch, smelly asshole, armpits, feet, nipple play, cock and ball work, with smoke, poppers, toys. YOUR FANTASIES WELCOME! No face or phone freaks. Peter: 415/ 864-3468. UNTIL 11 PM.

MUSCULAR HAIRY MAN DIGS SHIT/MOTOR OIL. DM, 34, 5-5, 165, wellbuilt, hairy digs shit and anal scenes. Real perverted, dirty action: PUCK, SCAT, SHOT, MOTOR OIL, I am TOP/MUTUAL. TRAVEL MIDWEST, NYC, CA. Write details for a Real Get-Down! XXX72.

MASTER SEEKS OTHER TOPS. Master, W, 34, 140, cut 65, seeks heavy-bung Top Men into getting serviced by my cock slave (M, 29, 6, 150, swimmer's build) under my direction. Age/weight not important. BUTCH ATTITUDE IS. Big WS, verbal abuse, fantasies, leather, uniforms, raunchy hot sex scenes. Slave has hot mouth and even hotter ass. If you're a man into getting your cock serviced by fucking my punk's hot tight hole, and using him as a latrine, call 415/621-1916 evenings till 9 PM and anytime weekends. San Francisco.

TOILETSEX. Hot wild mouth will work your HAIRY shithole overtime, if you're man enough. I'm man enough to take your hot shit by dump, your strong piss by gallons. INTO: ENEMAS, BIG FISSHOLES, LONG FORESKINS, TITS, HAIRY ARMPITS. New York. XXX71.

HUNG (37) AND HUNGRY (HEAVY MAN-APPETITES) Hungry shit slave, 35, 5-11, 160, 7", likes piss,snut, puke, toes, fucking, TT, sucking, electronics, sensual pain, blood. Everything except bondage and overweight. Send photo. Philadelphia. XXX70.

DIRTY PIX! YOU OUTTA BE IN PICTURES. Put your face where your MANIMALS AD is. Also your bod, your dick, your butt, your fist! You in your fetish gear: jockstraps, rubbers, cigars. Have a buddy hold camera at your crotch level and shoot UP at you. If you get the picture, send MANZMAN your best results in black-and-white, in-focus, close shots. NOTE: Be sure TO WRITE ON BACK OF SNAPSHOT/PHOTO, THESE EXACT WORDS: "I submit and release this photo of me, the undersigned, for one-time publication in MANZMAN. Signed: _____ Date: _____ Include self-addressed stamped envelope for return of pic.

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 cock and/or fiat!! 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, Fishermans hip boots, rimming, shit, piss, mud, tit clamps, dogs, shit photos and stories. Come visit. Boxholder, PO Box 13, Revere Mines, N.S. BOA 110 Canada

HUNG, W/M, 32, 6'2", 160, cut, professional, discreet, sophisticated, straight appearing, handsome. Seeks similar/younger A/F French, Greek. Love tender sex. No dope nor pot. Write PO Box 1432, Torrance, CA 90505.

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

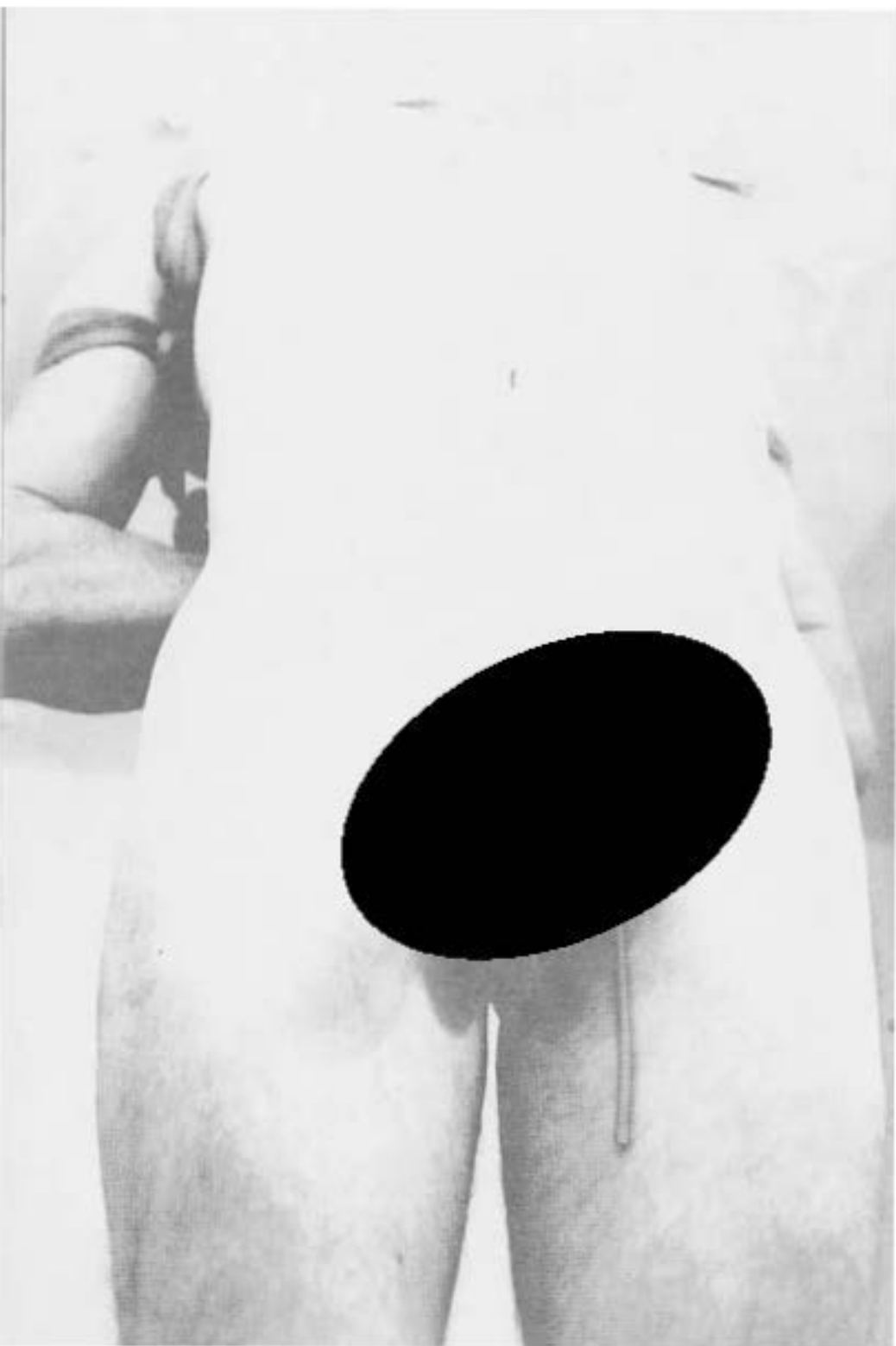
DIRTY PIX



TURD WRESTLING. WM, 6-foot, 165 pounds of mustached sickness. MUTUALIST TURD MAN seeks highminded lowlife player who understands scat rap, fantasy J/O, as well as long, slow, sensual buildup verbally to visual drop of solid turds for mutual play. Smell the shit thick in our mustaches. With shit foreplay, let's do some heavy shit-mining/fistfucking, as well as good old dick-in-butt fucking on my bunk with the mansmell of our shit churning between our hardon-to-hardon TURD WRASSLE! Also like CIGARS. For a good time South of Market, write NUKE, XXX73, SF.







MUSTACHES/BEARDS/SIDEBURNS on REAL MEN sporting a REAL MALE LOOK: truckers, bikers, cops, businessmen in tailored suits, straight married men who like to watch dirty straight service and bear their meat with a kicked-back buddy. Hairy chests and hairy legs get me going! No: a Mutualist (I give a lot of Top and take a lot of Bottom—anything except me getting fisted, shaved, fucked, or into heavy pain. Anything else: OK!) I'll tie you up anyway you want, leaving your hairy butt for my twisted tonguing pleasure. I'm a good-looking white Southern Boy, 35, together, red-blond mustache and hair, green eyes, small glove size, six feet tall. DAYTIME TRIPS POSSIBLE. PO BOX 14875, San Francisco CA 94114.

KIDNAP-MANWAP SURPRISE! Picture yourself standing beer in hand, horny in bar, leatherclad, ass cleaned. Waiting. Unsure of the arranged INEVITABLE. Then strong-armed off to THE ROOM, blindfolded, hooded, peppered, driven away to unknown location. Your body is mine. Inside. Outside. Your desires. My desires. Your mind. My mind. Excited. Fulltilt. Then exhausted, spent. You are released to find your way home. Identify yourself as KED. Call: 914/ 825-4126.

CLERGYMAN NEEDS TO LEARN REAL LIFE. Clergy-men needs to service men-cocks anyway they deem fit. I need to find out what real life is all about. Let me suck cock, ass, and be your prodigal slave in all things your way: fistfucking, bondage, discipline, SM, watersports. Any cultures. Let me serve you. (This is not a "neurotic religious" trip.) As a minister, teach me what real man-life is all about during the week in central New York state. 00098.

IMAGINATIVE TOP. STEEL ON NAKED FLESH. Torted muscles bound and stretched. Sweat. Rashide. Gradual pain. Mutual satisfaction. Sadistic nature. Don't play roles or games. State: MN, 38, 6-2, 190, uncut 8, muscular, educated, Bay Area. FRANK: 707/642-2106 on Tuesday and Wednesday, 5 - 7 PM only.

FOR REAL. Obedient/eager mouth/tongue for cock and ass of white RUGGED, ROUGH, HAS-CULINE, MUSCULAR, LEATHER/LEVI TOPMAN/JOCK in New York and Philadelphia. Sit on my face. I will drink your piss. Eat your shit. Make you feel good. Your pleasure, my desire. DMS, Box 943, 132 W. 24th Street, New York NY 10011.

COVER & CENTERFOLD

OLD RELIABLE'S

TICO! TICO!

Tico Patterson is Real Stuff! Where he comes from and where he goes, makes no difference. When Tico's around, his hung and real male presence is enough. This is no ad-hype bullshit. MANWAP found Tico asleep on Old Reliable's couch. You don't take a guy like Tico lying down when you see all his Street Strut laid back asleep like some Dark Angel suitable for quiet play.

You zoom in on the relaxed look of his handsome streetwise face. You study his steady breathing and snort his sleepweave breath. You rub the long lean stretch of his animal body.

Does Tico sleep with a hardon?
Does Old Reliable take pictures?

"I'd rather sniff the armpit of a sweaty young Mexican boxer," says Old Reliable, "than climb between clean sheets with the hottest Colt model in the world." Amen.

That's why Old Reliable is a Documentary Artist of the Real Street Males You'd like to, and Can, Meet! Tico is no gayboy barbellie modelle. Tico is a man who does with you exactly what you want, the way you want it.

Old Reliable has more pictures of Tico, and some audio tapes where Tico talks nice-and-hot about his guided trips, and some other audio tapes where Tico talks rough-and-nasty about how he handles the guys who "arrange" for him to manhandle himself and themselves so--interestingly!

Tico: a genuine male trip.

Mention M2M for free
j/o brochure from OLD
RELIABLE, BOX 3004,
HOLLYWOOD CA 90028.

I WANT TO EAT YOUR SHIT! All you young (18-30), hunky, wellbuilt studs who wear TIGHT #501 LEVIS, come and sit on my face, and feed me your shit. Let me lick your raunchy body from toe to head, and give you a super-hot RIM JOB, BLOW JOB, TONGUE BATH, AND BODY WORSHIP. You will love it as much as I will. TIGHT LEVIS ARE A MUST with both your body and Levis in the same raunchy condition. Come and feed this starving mouth. Serious only, please. JIM, Syracuse, NY 315/638-0980.

GET DOWN TO/IN THE VILLAGE? Wanted: DOMINANT MASCULINE MEN, including Big Huskies who want their needs satisfied. Into most scenes: ass, tit action, W/S, anal-eating, fists, toys, raunch. Name it. Let's do it! W/M, late 40's, 5-9, 173. NYC. 00108.

BUTT-DUMPING MUSCULAR TOP. Butt-dumping W/M, 32, 5-9, 160, TOP MAN. Upfront: I like to spread my muscular butt and have it sucked for hours, and then fuck your ass, and your mouth, using your shit as lube. Will fill up my butt with fresh food and fruit and let it a-l-o-u-e-l-y feed a HUNGRY MAN. My muscular, stocky body into long intimate weekends. Will experiment with the right dude. Dig receiving letters, photos, and stained JOCKS and UNDERSHORTS. Pittsburgh. 00107

ASSHOLE SHOWOFF SWAP-MEAT. I'm a hardcore asshole showoff who likes to swap action/photos, especially of: PLUGGED ASSHOLES, BIG EREMAS, toilet training, MEN SITTING ON THE TOILET, farts, crotch and asshole shaving, exhibition, humiliation. NOW, PO Box 362, New Iberia, LA 70560

BOY TOP BODYBUILDER, 6', 150, DARK BEARD, seeks humpy bottom for toilet service; asshole-to-mouth action with flowing piss. No shitty mess. No reciprocation. I'm into gear, dirty talk, smoke, JOCKS, etc. C'MON, HAIRY PIG, LICK THESE SWEATY MUSCLES, TITS, PITS, FEET, BALLS IN WEST VILLAGE. CHARLES, 212/675-5424.

HAIRY TOILETSEE BUDDY for hot action, fantasy, photos, letters. I'M TOP/MUTUAL with HEAVY FILTH TALK DURING ACTION. Am 5-8, 43, 160, moustache, hairy pits, and hairy asshole. I DIG GETTING TOGETHER WITH A MAN WHO GETS INTO ASSHOLE WORSHIP, PISS, FARTS, MANSMILLS, AND SWEATY TOILET ACTION. Have rimseat; will travel. Especially for deep shithole sucking, parties with healthy, goodlooking guys into fresh asshole shit, and LOTS OF DIRTY VERBAL FUN! ROD, Box 1222, Durham, NC 27702.

BODYBUILDER SHIT ACTION! Your ass in my face gets my ass in your face. This bodybuilder wants to eat your long thick turds right from your hole! Must have fair-to-good build. I'm 5-9, 165, 37, with 31" waist and 20" arms. I like leather, piss, outdoors, some drugs, and lots of shit! I like tall and built masculine men. CALL 305/981-5198 BETWEEN 6:30 PM and 7:30 PM, OR, at 11 PM ONLY, Eastern Time. FRED.

THESPAISSERS WILL BE SHOT! Privately owned, secluded, wooded property wanted for outdoor scenes, and TARGETSHOOTING guns, within 4 hours' drive of San Francisco. Send rental info to: 3304 Geary Blvd., Box #206, San Francisco CA 94118. I'm interested in holding tin cans, reply also!

MASCULINE MEN DRIVING THROUGH SOUTHWEST on I-10, give it a GO! I'm into meeting-together men in waterports, verbal abuse, scat, mild SM. Also enjoy pitching/catching greek/french. Am W/M, 6-2, 180, 26, bearded, into weightlifting. Call 505/522-4194 AFTER 6 PM.

BEGINNING OR ADVANCED BODYBUILDERS. I want a REAL HEADFUCKER with a BODY and WILLPOWER over me. An ARROGANT MAN, a SELFISH TYRANT, maybe TWO, a TOTAL NARCISSIST, REALLY COMPTIMTOOSE. Not clean, neat, quiet, critical, sober, reserved; no rough-raunch-ff. Not a public urinal, BUT A SPOTLESS PRIVATE TOILET. SLAVERY. MUSCLES. BODYWORSHIP. SWEAT. BELIEVABLE THREATS. CONTROL. ETC. Am 40's, slim-muscular, masculine, attainable, smart and sometimes smartass, practical, accomplished, free to travel or host. PLAIN. San Francisco. 00109.

BLOND MEN WANTED. Hairy blonds with moustaches or beards and hairy asses. Dirty biker blonds. All-American boy blonds. Longhaired surfer blonds. Muscular trucker blond. Construction blonds. Working blonds. Pretty blond. Straight-for-trade-only blonds. Sit on my face. Let me lick your balls, suck your cock, OR mutualize! I'm a W/M pervert, warped, with strawberry-blond hair, strawberry-blond moustache, good bod, fast tongue, 34, 165. Experienced TOP. Call ROB: 415/861-3518.

PORNO FANTASY. Am giving good head to WORKING MEN IN STRAIGHT THEATERS. In between shows, would love to eat your balls and ass while you ride your Old Lady, then clean her out, and prep you both again. Bisexual studs, a specialty; get special treatment. JIM, 36, 5-11 1/2, 165, blue eyes. Detroit. 313/824-3440.

SHOW-WHITE GELATINOUS SPERM. Very few men possess t-h-i-c-k snow-white gelatinous sperm. But I love to search and find it! Especially if from UNCUT 10 1/2-inch joint! So much the better! Write all about Hot Clota. Jim Lawbaugh, Malmo NE 68040.

STALLED VEHICLES AND CIGARS. WM, 30, 5-7, 165, br/br, goodlooking, versatile. Into CIGARS/SMOKERS in the DRIVER'S SEAT of stalled cars, trucks, vans. (PIREBIRDS AND CAMAROS ARE REAL AUTO-FETISH TREATS!) Flood your engine. Turn the key. Blow some smoke my way to know what it really is to turn a man on! Write, maybe with some hot details: PO Box 284, Northpoint NY 11768.

TOO BIG TOO HANDLE! "EXTRA-HUNG!" 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, husky, goodlooking, hot ass, insatiable appetite. So if you're a young super-hung hairy 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 real, man. San Francisco. Allil.

TONGUE-TENNIS/INCEST. Son 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 bad in the looks department: moderately hairy belly and chest, good bod, moustache. Six feet tall with seven inches of well-packed UNGUET JOY with low hangers just right for many sets of Tongue Tennis without reciprocation (or with preferred). I like and wear MENSINGWEAR BRIEFS; 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, feds, farouts, or drugs. **MEN, ESPECIALLY TRUCKERS,** not into fucking/sucking; welcome to overnight pad, a hot meal, and the best coffee in LA. Pic gets pic. Call 313/460-4124 anytime **AFTER 5 PM LA time.** If my machine answers, leave message; or write: Tommy, 140 South Graneray Place, Los Angeles CA 90004.

MASCULINE MEN. I'm looking for you, lie on top of me, rub your tight muscled belly and cock against mine until we both cum. I'm goodlooking, built and 45. Write to: Boxholder, PO Box 6144, Fort Wayne, IN 46896.

HAVE SEAT WILL TRAVEL. Ramon Levi, leather dude with hot-ass hole and FULL. Available for rinning and feeding. Beer piss to drink strained thru a dirty jock. Sweaty arm pits to clean by a moist hot tongue. Southern CA. #00068.

FFA FANATIC. Hot, rough action with your experienced fist(s) and to plow your voracious hole with my sneaky/slippery/nasty hands. Long sweaty marathon session, groups, 59, and self-fisting. San Francisco, CA. #00067.

HELP SLEDED. Just stumbled on an M craving abuse. I'm 53, he's 29. No matter what I do, he enjoys it. Need advice on techniques fast. Illinois. #00066.

HIGH-COUNTRY SEX. W/M, 38, 5'8", cut, into High-Country Outdoor/Indoor sex with burly, hairy, fat-dicked, bearded men. Like outdoor nudity, jock-straps, w/s, FF, top and bottom fucking and sucking. Get off on dirty-talk during sex, mutual J/O, poppers-n-out, light SM, sweat, armpits, pick-up 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 Roach Ranch Rd., Durango, CO 81301

GIVE OR TAKE. Captive, workslave, condemned, tortured (Woman, Indian, Medieval, Oriental), whips, hot irons, chains, racks, dungeons, stakes, electricity, stake-out, **INSECTS**, crucifixion, bondage, pain, naked, writhing, sweating, screaming! New Jersey, #00048.

SEKANALES. 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 **MANMAN** fetish-fantasy trips... lets tangle! Pete, BOX 1007, San Francisco CA 94101

EMPTY YOUR DRAWERS! **MANMAN'S "DIRTY LETTERS"** feature is for males whose mail is SHOT/BRANDLE and too hot to keep at home in a drawer. If you've got a "Dirty Letter" that you've been beating off to since the mailman came, share your mail with other males. Too much of this kind of juicy folkstoffs gets lost or thrown away when it could further the cause of High Male Erotica. **"DIRTY LETTERS"** is like the rest of **MANMAN: REAL sex-n-fetish action lived by REAL people.** **"DIRTY LETTERS"** is **MIN's** Readers' own right to write. **SEND YOUR NASTIEST, SEXIEST, MOST JERKABLE "DIRTY LETTERS" TO MANMAN,** 4436 25th Street, San Francisco CA 94114. Include a self-addressed stamped envelope if you wish your letter returned. Indicate definitely if you wish your name, or "nickname," to be printed with your **"DIRTY LETTER."** Otherwise your letter--if selected--will be published anonymously. So share the dirt!

HIGH-ENERGY MAN. Bondage: sensual, progressive. Outrageous playroom: ropes, belts, western saddle bondage; mummification; bondage suspension; stretching; sensory deprivation. SM contracting: cigarettes, whips, tilts, sharp points, wax, etc. If you're into Sensual Exploration, call or write MARK, PO Box 42501, San Francisco 94101. Dial: 415/621-6296.

NAVY SUBMARINE OFFICER wants to EXCHANGE his black nylon socks and garters for yours. Into hot j/e cassette tape trading and letters. Also looking for slaves to train in FOOT WORSHIP. Northeast. 00047.

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

INTERCHAIN CLUB for men of action who are into leather, levis, bodybuilding, SM. We have a thousand hot men for you. Box 410, 132 West 24th Street, New York 10011.

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-chested, masculine Lloyd-Bridges type, likes big, husky hunks (overweight OK) who like their assholes eaten, balls licked, cocks sucked. Age, cocksize, handsomeness unimportant. Enjoy F'ing, giving piss/scat, 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. 212/644-3582. NYC visitors welcome.

STUD MASTROBER, bisexual, goodlooking, built, aggressive, uninhibited, 26, 6', 185, 8", plows large large howling eggs. Dynamite back end. Action of any kind is sought if offered by studs. No faggot 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 M2M, issue 1.) Bay Area. 00041.

BONDS/SCRIBERS! YOU MAY PLACE YOUR OWN MANIMALS AD (ANY LENGTH). Even if you buy your MANIMAL over-the-counter, you can place your own ad at \$1.50 for each group of 10 words. Abbreviations (SM, TT, etc.) count as one word. Telephone numbers as two words. Addresses and PO Boxes (including street/city/state/zip) count as three words. Indicate if you wish a FREE-to-you M2M discretionary code number so letters may be forwarded to you. You must state you are over 21, etc., by filling out the information included on the subscription page in this issue. Make checks payable to MAN2MAN, 4436 25th Street, San Francisco CA 94114.

PRISONS. Big use of heavy leather "toys" used in prisons for applying discipline. (Movie Brubaker real turn-on.) Like to hear from ex-wardens, guards etc. on the subject, or anyone with the equipment and experience - i.e. razor straps, leather paddles. M: 37, 5'8". Roles interchangeable. Toronto. #00064

MASTER NEEDED. Submissive W/M, 41, 5'10", 155#. Especially seek network, catheters and enemas. Seek full and controlled situation. Make me cum by working on my nuts. Northern CA. 916/391-9755.

DITCHDIGGERS. RR track maintenance men, tunnelers, masking machine operators, diesel engine mechanics, drillers. Let me wear your dirty work clothes for J/O. Let's do it together under your machinery. NYC. #00061.

JUICY JOCKER. Horny hard hats, knights in black leather, massive pecs pierced for pleasure, tongue in ass, oiled body wrestling, group grapes, tilt torture, cock worship. Michigan. #00059

BIKE HIT. Loves street and dirt, MX gear, all athletic clothing, panties, oil, fucking/sucking/20 friends, strangers, piss (shit?) in clothes, most dope. No pain but lots of raunch, dirt, and tenderness. N. California. #00062

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

SIT ON MY FACE. Pull my tits, piss on my hairy chest. Stick things up my ass. Shove your dirty feet down my throat. W.M, 37 wants experience as a toilet. S.F. #00060.

THE MAN: An Ohio, handsome, white male, 34, 5'11", 148 #'s. Frim, gentle, clean, enjoys GR, FR, W/S. Not into SM, W/D, SCT.

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

THE BUNS: 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 MAN2MAN or MEN2MEN 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, whit 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 animal studs for training and discipline. Bondage, cockservice, heavy ass fucking, cock, tit and ball work, WS, FF, limit respected/expanded. Novices OK. BS a plus. PO Box 291, Hayward, CA 94543.

SEX-CRAZED MUSCLED MARINE TYPE STUD into hot bodies, orgies, sweat, piss, armpits, jockstraps, gym, "Surflies", frogmen, 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 films and pix, homemade or professional, in which rubbers are used. Send details of what you offer and how much. Southern CA. #A112.

FIELD PHONE BALL WORK. WM, 35, 185#, 6'2", 6" cut, hairy, seeks BD, SM, and CBT from 501 Levi VN-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, piercing, or damage. Travel a lot in W, SW, and SE. San Francisco #00088.

COWBOY NEEDS ROPING. 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) 623-7545.

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.

TO ANSWER A "CODED" MANIMALS AD: * Put your answer in a sealed envelope. * Do not put a stamp on it. * Write your return address at the upper left. * At the upper right (where the stamp usually goes), write the CODE NUMBER of the ad you are answering. * Put the first envelope inside an outer envelope. ENCLOSING \$1 per letter to be forwarded. Mail to MAN2MAN/MANIMALS, PO Box 6052, San Francisco CA 94101.

FOR REAL. Obedient/eager mouth/tongue for cock and ass of white rugged, rough, muscular, leather/levi topman/jock in NEW YORK CITY AND PHILADELPHIA. Sit on my face. I will drink your piss. Eat your shit. For pleasure, my desire. DMS, BOX 943, 132 W. 24th St., New York, New York 10011.

MAN2MAN BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE. Because Issue #1 is SOLD OUT, collectors wanting a full-deck run of MAN2MAN may be able to barter for a copy through MANIMALS. Back issues are available in limited supply: \$5 each. State over 21. Send check or money order to MAN2MAN, Box 6052, San Francisco CA 94101.

BLACK OR 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 to fulfill my fantasy. NO SCAT, SM, BD, FF, drugs, got-bellies, filth. I'm W/M, 6'1", 185#, upper dentures, no pot belly, old in years but not appetite and many young studs to for me. Like slim muscular guys, truckers especially. Western PA. #00051.

COCK AND BALL LOVER. Cut or uncut, large or small. Drag them in my face, cum on me, piss in my mouth. I wat mutual action, also like bondage but no VA or discipline. Clean bodies for mutual tit work, ball work, spigot 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. #00052.

HOT BODIES FOR ORGIES. Sex-crazed muscled marine-type studs. Sweat, piss, arapits, jockstraps, gym shorts, surfies, frogmen wetsuits, poppers.... Johnny, PO Box 5515, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SUBSCRIBERS! CHANGE YOUR 30-WORD M2M MANIMALS AD FREE! You change and your trips change with you. So lay out your desires/trips/fetishes. The MANIMALS ads getting the heaviest response 1) are usually definite, detailed, colorful scenarios (write your own fantasy-reality movie script); 2) are scenarios that your prospective partner can heat up with and beat off to because you're using your ad to turn him on enough to contact you; and 3) are open enough to include easy access to you with a PO Box, or street address, or telephone number. (Remember when a MANIMAL is hot to trot, he wants to get at you fast. Indicate the best time for telephone calls, and trust fairly much that nasty gentlemen callers with cheatin' on their minds will respect your timing. Your 30-word ad FREE; after 30 words, add \$1.50 for each 10 words extra or portion thereof. Send your new adscenario copy to MAN2MAN, PO Box 6052, San Francisco CA 94101. BE SURE TO INCLUDE THE NUMBER (OR SOME DEFINITE IDENTIFICATION REFERENCE) TO YOUR CURRENTLY RUNNING AD. If what you're looking for is looking for you, it pays you to advertise! MANIMALS are the MOST COLORFUL PERSONAL ADS PUBLISHED ANYWHERE TODAY!

HUSKY, BEARDED LUMBERJACK-TYPE DUDE. 32, 5'10", 175#. Weave 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 raucous bandannas. One or two hunters, lumberjacks, construction workers, truckers or hikers who know the ropes are required. Digs wild sex scenes in trucks, barns, abandoned houses and woods. Woolrich is No. 1! Ontario. #00086.

ROPE BONDAGE SLAVE. Young, smooth rope bondage slave in heat to meet safe, experienced sadist for Mad Doctor scene, ritualistic torture, TT with piercing needles, dildoes, prolonged anal stretching, enemas, anal catheters, FF, WS, 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/S, bondage, domination, V/A, and a good fuck. Inexperienced, but willing to try other creative scenes. No heavy physical pain. Vancouver. #00081.

TOILETSEX. HOT w/m, 29, 5'10", 145, digs wild beer guilping, face squatting, ass eating, cocksucking, shit spreading, PISS DRINKING, MANSEX with young hot men. Prefer bottom or mutual scenes. Hairy/muscles a plus. Write with photo to: POB 4613, 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 hanging heavy. NY #00085.

HUGE SCAT SCENES. Into dirty FF, heavy GRIACE SNEAK. Enormous scat loads in underwear, jockstraps, levis, looking for wellhung, bigballed, WIDE-END RECEIVER. Am interested in relocating to California with man of same scene. Send letter and recent picture to JFJ, 625 N.E. 22nd Street #1, Miami, Florida 33137. If in MIAMI call 305/571-7207.

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.

UNIFORMS: military, police, leather, helmets, boots, cigars, codpiece pants, hoods, chaps, gloves, jockstraps. STOCKADE: Cages, cells, stocks, leather, rope, steel restraints, extreme bondage, suspension, enforced immobility, extended incarceration. INTERROGATION: Prisoner torture, experimentation, discomfort, impossible demands. TRAINING: Ass, mouth, tits, cock, ball, boot service. Forced hard labor. Drills. Total discipline. S: 28-30. Muscular, imaginative, arrogant. M: 29, 5'7", 140#. Muscular. Hairy blond. Blue eyes. Hungry mouth. Hot ass. Insatiable. JOE, Box 26105, San Francisco 94126.

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

THIRSTY MALE has 6-pack for guys who dig watersports. Excellent piss-network connections. Call TOM: 415/622-2708.

PECS AND TITS. Do your tough hands and tender tongue know what's best for muscular, supersensitive pecs? YEAH!! SO DO MINE. Seely, bearded, balding Mutualist, 46, 5'11". Your pic gets mine. NEWARK City. 00042.

301 LEVI FETISHER. Dig jerkoff sessions in tight faded 301's. Organized "301 Levi Club." To join, send SASE to Stan Mitchell, Box 8079, Tucson, AZ 85725.

NO SHIT. W/M, 29, 6'3", 175, tattoos, seeks other active men for sweat, piss, grease, oil, spit, rough/tough trips in/around/under/on CHOPPED HAWKEYS, dirt bikes, pickup trucks, 18-WHEELERS, track tires, gas-station service bays, grease pits, lube racks, heavy equipment in HEAVILY GREASED 301's, WORK BOOTS, JOKES, SWEATY T-SHIRTS, OR UNIFORMS. Much grease, spit, beer, piss, suck, fuck, FOUR-DAY BEARDS, pits, tits, SAM, with talk. No shit. Photo gets mine. Can travel Northeast. New Jersey. All4.

SMECMA WANTED. W/M lovers (One: 7" cut; One: 9" UNCUT) want UNCUT HUGE HUNG MASCHLINE W/M with CHEEZY FORESKIN, FF,WS, drugs ok. No scat. Visiting LA in October. Sasholders, Box 99692, San Francisco 94109.

GENITORTURE. 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, mammification. Open to new experiences. Husky W/M, 54, 6', 178, seeks other attractive men to stimulate senses; find and expand limits and raise awareness. TOPS: name your terms. BOTTOMS: reply respectfully and in detail. Contact: R.W.C., PO Box 1501, Pomona CA 91769.

CANCRAB SERVICE. I worship big pricks full of cum. Force them down my throat. Pound them up my ass. Write your needs in detail. Will return j/o letter with cum. Washington State: #00092.

STREET AND DIRT BIKE NUT. loves MX gear, all athletic clothing, panties, oil, fucking/sucking/JO friends, dirty strangers, piss (shit?) in clothes, most drugs. No pain but lots of raunch, dirt, and tenderness. Travel widely. Dan, PO Box 10274, Tallahassee FL 32302.

HOT MAN SEEKS ANIMALS/TRAINERS. 35, W/M, 5'10", 165#, brown hairy body/beard/moustache, medium build, big dick, revel in male sex, smells, tastes, arrogance. Photo/phone. Dan, PO Box 26205, S.F. CA 94126.

IT'S SHOW TIME. Dog Slave - NEEDS TO BE TRAINED (Punished), CROOKED (Shaved), SHOWN (Bondage), and REWARDED (Fucked). Will serve kennel 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.

BIG BELLIES: Total slave for big belly will give you any scene if you are a potbellied man over 40. THE BIGGER YOUR CUT, THE BIGGER THE TURN-ON! Also dig tattoos, uniforms, and blue eyes. North Carolina. 00045.

MUSCULAR HOT MAN into sharing pleasure/pain. Mutual setdown on muscular armpits and pec workouts. Piss, jockstraps, juicy scumbags, spit. Muscle sweat. Let's get with it. Buddy! How about pushing our sweaty pumped bodies right together for a few tongue laps after a good gym workout? This Mutualist is ready! San Francisco. 00044.

INVENTIVE, RESPONSIVE BOTTOM W/M, 41, 5'10", moustache, shaved head, seeks intelligent caring TOP MAN for fun, games, and possible lasting friendship. Into s&m, bondage, domination, water sports, humiliation, leather. Creative, openminded head. Limits can be expanded. If you know your trip, I can probably fit into what pleasures you the ass. Can switch role for right guy. Contact: FRANK, Box 14129, San Francisco 94114; 415/431-8588.

THE ADVENTURES OF DENNY SARGENT



A NOVEL BY

Jack Fritscher

CHAPTER 4: HARDON HARDWARE TOYS & LEATHER BUDDIES

THE STORY SO FAR (WITHOUT THE J/O DETAILS):

DENNY SARGENT, 18, leaving his Michigan home after living alone for so many years with his hot, muscular, belt-cracking 40-year-old dad, experienced his first leather S&M sex with dirty Hells Angel Biker Sam in an open-field wrestling match.

Learning about the Bottom Side of man-to-man sex from older men, Denny, working at a gas station, is ready to strike out on his goodlooking own, hustling his own Top-version of S&M rough-trade muscle.

The smell of Sam's rough-and-tumble pits and crotch stays on Denny's mind, as he takes up his first hire as an S&M hustler. Denny's initiation into full-buddy leather clicks up a notch tighter when Denny meets Chuck, the experienced leather biker who teaches Den that Ace is the place with the "friendly" hardware!

All that week Denny thought about what he might do to the man. He grew hot planning it. This is where I've been heading all along. Everything that ever happened to me from the Old Man to Sam has been pointing toward this. His cock inched down his jeans as he leaned daydreaming against the cash register in the cool of Martin's filling station. He wanted to whip and ball some ass.

"Denny," Martin came in from the service room. "Wake up. Customer out at the pump." He looked down at the bulge in Den's left jean leg. "Since when do you carry a flashlight in your pocket?" Denny hightailed to wait on the customer. "Wait," Martin said. "You can't go out there like that. Get it down or get it off. I'll pump the gas." He chuckled Den's shoulder. "You young guys," he said. "What I wouldn't give to be that hot again. What my wife wouldn't give for me to be that hot again." The customer at the pump tooted his horn. Martin trotted off like a good little business man. Den glared at the man's back. "It's not what you think," he muttered, "Mister Martin, sir. I'm hot because I want to whip ass. Not fuck cunt. And tomorrow night I start. Tomorrow night I'm going to whip ass raw. Laid open raw. That guy's going to get more than he bargained for."

Martin headed back to change a twenty. "I said get it down. I ain't running my legs off all afternoon because you've grown a third one." Martin returned the change to the customer. Den followed his boss back into the service area.

"How about letting me out out an hour early this afternoon."

"Thought you needed the dough to keep up that bike you're supporting."

"I need the hour more."

"Who's the lucky chick?"

"You'd like to know." Den fed the shit back.

"She the one got you so hot?"

"You guessed it."

Can you take all that?"

"One way or the other." Feed Martin enough shit and he'd let an employee do anything. "The old In and Out."

"Wowee," Martin said. "You guys." He wiped his hands. "Where'd you pick her up?" Martin wouldn't quit.

"The hardware store. She was looking for a good screw."

Martin roared and wiped his mouth. "I bet you laid her on the level and drillpressed her with that big dick of yours."

Den looked at his watch. "In fact, that's where I'm headed if you'll cover for me till Wally shows up for the evening."

"Would I stand in the way of lust? Martin said. "Go plug her, boy."

God, Denny thought. "Thanks," he said. He pulled off the green service station shirt with his name on the pocket. Outside his bike leaned in the shade. It stopped him dead in his tracks. It was beautiful. He gave it a good hard look. What he saw he liked: lengthened, reinforced frame, heavy duty clutch, oversize cam and valves, teardrop tank, modified gearbox, advanced spark, swinging arms. Every part of his bike was larger or smaller than its counterpart on a straight cycle. The afternoon sun moving around caught shine on the exhaust pipes retreating from the cylinder heads, flaring up by the back wheel, ending in two trumpet bells a little shorter than Denny was tall. Midway up between the pipes the contoured black leather seat began its sky run descent till it tapered off up front behind the small gas tank. "You're one hot hog," Denny said.

"Such a big hurry," Martin yelled.

"No hurry when I like what I see."

"Why don't you just throw a good fuck into that bike and get it over with."

Den spit on Martin's scrubbed cement. He hit the kick starter. The motor blatted eager. Loud. His toe and wrist in perfect sync, Denny roared out of the station. His bike had always been an escape. Now it was a weapon. He knew it between his legs. He envisioned the afternoon and the secluded field not so far off when he'd tie some guy down across his bike and let him lick chrome and taste leather. He roared through traffic. He knew one thing sure: man-to-man torture would be beautiful. He could make it beautiful. He could make the other man want to take what he wanted to give out. And what he wanted to give out was coiled tight as a spring inside him. He dragged his steel-plated bootheel around the corner to the block he wanted. He gunned the engine one last time and swerved into half a space outside the largest hardware supplier in town.

He ditched the clerk fast. "I know what I need," he said. "And I'm looking around." He walked from aisle to aisle. He judged merchandise. One after another he found what was right and what was adaptable. A hundredfoot coil of hemp rope. Four studded dog collars. A hard rubber carburetor hose, beveled. A bag full of wooden clip clothespins. A dozen electrical clamps: pointed face and

snub-nosed. That's about it, he thought. He felt like he was doing a juggling act.

Turning the corner of the last aisle, he thought he'd run into a mirror.

"Sorry," the guy said.

"Me too," Den was surprised. The other guy was dressed almost exactly as he was: engineer boots, faded levis, teeshirt. But he also wore a blackbilled bike cap pulled lowdown on his brow. He looked at Den's armload.

"Brothers?" he said. He held a couple lengths of chain in his black gloved hand.

Den hesitated, not catching his meaning. Then, "Brothers," he said. They both laughed easy laughs. They had more energy than words. "Picking up a few supplies," Den explained.

The biker reached for the black leather dog collars. "Let me take two through the check-out. No use being obvious." Den handed them to him. "How's your chain supply," the guy asked.

"Need some."

"Have the dude in back cut you two eight foot sections like I got here. Less than eight's too little. More's too hard to handle." He reached into a bin and pulled a dozen hooks. Each had a clipsnap at each end. "Once you make connections," he smiled. Again easy.

Outside at the curbing, the biker waited for Den. "Some chopper there," he said.

"Thanks." Denny looked straight into the cool eyes. What he looked for was there. "Where's yours?"

"Around back. Smoke?"

"Pass," Den said.

The biker lit up with an easy motion. Den judged him to be five or six years older: twenty-three, twenty-four maybe. His face looked lived in. Goodlooking. He'd been places. Those eyes had seen things they weren't fast to tell. He handed Den a small package. "Collars for your other two dogs. They must be big mothers."

"You like leather," Den said.

"I am leather."

"Games?"

"Reality. I live it, eat it, sleep it."

Den stowed his purchases on his bike.

"I got equipment you wouldn't believe."

"Try me."

"You want to see it or you want to use it?"

"Depends."

"We got to talk, man. Nothing's worse in the leather scene than for two unmatched types to pick each other up, get home and find they're both top men or, worse, both bottom."

"Top?" Den said.

"S," the guy said. "Sadist. Master."

"Bottom: M, masochist, slave. Gotcha."

"You learn fast." The biker pulled on his cigaret. "You been out here in the middle of the Michigan sticks all your life?"

Denny smiled. "Just tell me once the big city words for what I already know."

"This your first equipment?"

"Beyond my belt and my cock."

"You got it, man." He ground out his cigaret. "We all start somewhere. Guys tell me they're surprised I'm into it. Usually a guy comes out into plain sex at seventeen or eighteen. Then has a second coming out into S and M in his late twenties or early thirties. Me? I got an early start. Earlier than you. What are you? Nineteen? Twenty?"

"Eighteen," Den said.

"Christ," he said. "I'm twenty-five." They both stood in silence. "Come on over for a beer?"

"Sure," Den said.

"I'll show you some of my toys. S and M has made plain old sex into an equipment sport." He spit down by their boots. "I'm Chuck."

"Denny Sargent."

"Their eyes met hard on."

DungeonMaster

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Their two hard hands met midway. Chuck wrapped his black-gloved fist around Denny's thumb. Den closed his fingers hard around the back of Chuck's hand. "Brother," Chuck said. "The right time. The right space."

"Yeah," Den said. He kicked down his bike and straddled it. Chuck clipped in behind him. The small seat pushed his basket hard into Den's firm ass.

"Nice fit," Chuck said.

Den laughed. He half-rode, half-scooter his machine to the rear of the store. In back, he was surprised to see Chuck's hog: modified to be sure, but quiet. "Where you from?" Den asked.

Chuck started his cycle. "A week or so ago I was in Chicago. Before that Milwaukee. Did some time in California."

"Where you headed?"

"East. Toledo, probably. Detroit. Windsor. Who knows. I hear they got some wild lifeguards at Point Pelee Park."

Den had heard the same from a guy who had blown and sucked his way all around the Ontario beaches.

"Follow me," Chuck said. He pulled slow out of the lot. Denny singlefiled after him. He felt he was following himself. Chuck gunned his bike. It burped once, loud, then shot off down the street. Den popped his clutch, lifted his front wheel off the pavement, and followed in hot pursuit. Chuck led him out of town on the old business route. They bumped down a double-rut path about a hundred yards to an old farmhouse. It was hardly more than a cabin. Both bikes roared together in contest, then died as the two riders quieted them.

"Some place, huh?"

"New to me," Den said.

"Nobody's been here for years except for a vanload or two of hipsters," Chuck lit the last cigaret in his pack. "I found it when I was out trailing. Searched for the dude who owned it and conned him into letting me bunk out for a few days. My leather scared the good citizen so he was afraid to say no. The whole time I talked to him he never took his eyes off me. Had 'em glued right there all the time." Chuck thumped Den's crotch a good one.

"No tricks," Den said.

"Come on in." The two men walked up the steps of the small porch. Anybody watching would have thought them a perfectly matched pair of hard young bodies.

"S and M," Den said. "Some guys must go both ways?"

"Man, you are new."

"Fuck it," Den said.

"Don't get riled, man." Chuck popped two beers he pulled cold and beaded from a cooler. "Everybody's somebody's student."

"I pick my own teachers."

"Have a beer." Chuck thrust the tall can into Den's gut.

"Depends. My mood. The guy I'm with. Sure," Chuck said, "I go either way."

"Slave or master," Den said. "It's that easy to turn around?"

"Man, with some guys you want to turn around."

"I'm an S," Den said.

"So's God," Chuck said. He took a hit off his beer. "So are we all." He looked deep into Den. "There's honor in being a good slave. I started out as an M." Den flashed uncomfortably. "Can the judgmental disgust, man. Now I'm predominantly S, I'm a better S for it."

"I'll never lick anybody's boots," Den said.

"Until you meet a pair of boots you like."

"I'm total S," Den said. "I figured it out."

"You can lead a guy to bullshit," Chuck said. "but I ain't eating. Let me tell you. Outfront. For every S there's a bigger S. Always somebody a little more S than you and when that S points his finger at you some night in some crummy bar and says YOU, you know he's talking to an M and that M is you."

Denny spit off the porch.

"Any Top Man who tells you he's never been bottom is a fucking liar," Chuck said. "And that's a fact."

"Any Top Man so far," Den said. "You forgot so far. And that, good buddy, is a fact."

"Never say never," Chuck said. "You always end up doing that exact thing the next Saturday."

Den poured out the rest of his beer into the dust along the porch. "So long," he said.

Chuck walked slow down after him. "Don't be sore."

"I didn't come here for a sermon," Denny said.

"So give me fifty lashes."

"You mean that, don't you."

"Brothers?" Chuck laughed that goddam easy laugh. He caught Denny's thumb.

"Yeah," Denny said. "You said it." He'd never seen anybody in all his life he felt closer to. Except that faraway memory of Sam. "Brothers."

"My real brother started me out." Chuck said. "What a scene."

"Let's hear it," Den said. They walked toward the cabin.

"Come on in," Chuck said. "I'll lay out some toys while we talk. Beer?"

"Yeah?" He sat down on Chuck's bunk and lit a joint.

"My brother was ten years older than me. He'd been around a lot before our folks were killed in a car crash. I was only fourteen and was a little crazy. I'd been in the back seat of the car. Anyway this uncle took me in. He meant well, but when I was sixteen and could legally tell the court where I wanted to live, I picked my brother. So he drove down from his farm, picked up me and one suitcase. That was early June." Chuck handed Den the beer and took the joint. He hit it hard. "Wow!"

"Take a few more hits," Den said. "I'm ahead of you."

"I'd finished my sophomore highschool, but I was big for my age and we both figured he could use me that summer on the farm." Den's eyes roamed over the leather jackets and a couple pairs of leather jeans. One pair had its crotch fitted with a black leather codpiece. "He used to go off on weekends. On his bike. A run with some club. Late Friday afternoons one or two guys would pull into our lane and pull their bikes right on into the barn. He had a cooler for beer down there so they hardly ever came up to the house. He told me to stay out of his way weekends and he'd stay out of mine. But I watched what I could from an upstairs window."

Den lay back on the bunk. It was covered with a smooth black leather sheet. He put his boots on it. "This went on until mid-July. But before that, when I'd only been there a couple weeks, I was moving some furniture and found a key taped to the back of the chest in my brother's room." Chuck raised his fingers in Scout's Honor. "Honest, I didn't think much about it the first couple days, but the next weekend he was gone I tried a couple of locks. The key fit the bottom drawer."

Den's interest piqued. He thought of his hidden cache of sex in his parents' house.

"Some physique books. Butch as hell. But pretty much straight posing. Some suck and fuck. He pulled at the joint. "And some pictures. Not magazine pictures. They were guys I'd seen biking into the barn."

"I've done some posing," Den said.

"Not like this, man. In every picture somebody was tied up with ropes or chains. Closeups of backs and asses covered with whip marks. One group shot I'll never forget: five guys stretched up by their wrists hanging naked from a beam in our barn. Their ankles were tied and their toes barely touched the floor. You could see whipmarks on their chests and thighs. In the background, about nine other guys, halfnaked in boots and belts and jocks, were going down on each other, or were watching one big dude who must have been the Senior S that session pulling a long rawhide thong attached to the tips of the five leather-bound cocks."

"Was your brother in the picture?"

"He must have taken them. Anyway," he attached a metal clip to the burning roach, "the pictures were real. None of that fake MSM shit. Those guys' faces showed pain. It got me hotter than I'd ever been. I lived for when my brother went away so I could strip down, put on his oiliest oldest leather jacket, open the drawer and beat my meat. Those pics of that guy torturing cock! Drove me crazy. Everytime I sneaked then I grabbed my dick rougher than before. I got to tying it up tight with rawhide so I couldn't come for hours. Sometimes I felt more like the master and sometimes more like one of the slaves. I'd shoot and smear the cum that hit my face into my eyes and mouth and rub the rest of it over my chest and belly. I think that's what made me so hairy. I had a great time all by myself," Chuck laughed.

"I bet you did," Den said.

"It lasted about three weekends. I guess he saw I'd gotten into his drawer. I can laugh about it now, but the way those big guys set me up scared the shit out of me then." Chuck tamped a new pack of cigars on the trunk, peeled it open, and lit one. "There were six of them going on a run that weekend. As soon as they left, I went into his

room, pulled the shades, and opened the drawer. I had about enough time to get my wang up to where you can't stop when they kicked in the bedroom door. Those fuckers were all over me. I fought them when I could see them. I could hardly breathe under all that leather and sweat. They pounded the shit out of me. It was like the picture had come to life. Their cursing. The crack and smell of all their leather. One bearded dude kept spitting in my face."

Den felt his cock growing in his jeans.

"In two seconds flat they had me on my belly and hogtied. Hands to feet to balls. So tight I couldn't move. They left as quick as they came in. I was alone in the dark. I couldn't move. My cock was hard under my belly. I had already tied that up myself. The strain at my wrists and ankles ran straight to my balls. I pitched the slightest bit to the left and felt myself starting to shoot way up in my belly, but my balls and cock were tied so tight nothing came out. It all backed up and hurt like hell."

"Bet that cooled you down some."

"In about two hours they came back. I'd lost all feeling in my hands and feet and balls long before that. My brother rolled me over, still tied, on my side. The pull of the new position sent new pain through my body. He and his buddies stood around the bed. 'So you want to play games?' he said. I couldn't answer because of the pain. Then he motioned to one of the bikers. They big one in the group picture. He hopped onto the bed in full leather. Gauntlets on his hands. 'Answer your brother!' he said to me. He took hold of my cock and balls. They were swollen and purple and colder than the warm touch of his leather gloves. He squeezed it all hard. I heard myself moan like someone else was yelling for me. 'Do you want to play games?' He asked me. I was afraid to answer. He squeezed harder. He twisted my balls away from cock. Yes, I managed to say. He squeezed harder. 'Yes' I said louder. 'That's better,' he said. He shoved the four long leathery fingers of his right hand into my mouth and down my throat. The leather tasted of salt and bike grease."

"That's what I like to see men do to each other," Den said. He was rubbing his crotch.

"I especially like it," Chuck said. "when older guys work on a younger guy to initiate him." He opened a footlocker. "You want to see some of this stuff?"

"Is that all there is to the story?"

"Mostly. The rest of the summer I rode buddy on their runs. Some pretty rough times. They liked fucking me and I guess I liked them climbing on one after the other. After the first, it wasn't so bad. Weekdays my brother tied me up a lot. I liked that too. Especially when he'd go off and leave me. By the end of the summer I was sleeping every night in the barn hogtied to my own balls. When school started and it got cold, he tied me to the foot of his bed."

"Let's see the stuff," Den said.

TO BE CONTINUED . . .

DIRTY LETTERS

My name is Mike. Scatology is my primary fetish. Seated on my Throne, above a man, I see myself as a Top Service Man. I'm a Feeder. Delivering hot-ass-hell worshipable male turds for equally hot men-toilets to ritually play and commune with. My 6-foot-two-and-200-pound machine churns out endless successions of my personal hard shit. Turds, sliding out of my tight hairy asshole into hot male mouths, and down willing stud throats, filling up hungry stud bellies to capacity.

Shit-communion is the highest/lowest of all physical/mystical male energy exchanges. Seat lies at the most basic roots of masculine life itself. Two men coming together is the perfect yinyang of ass-to-mouth turd worship. My shit is my essence. My asshole lifts another man's essence to his feeding tongue. Shit binds us together forever as soulmates. My calling in life is to feed the hungry. My responsibility is to ennoble coprophages by not putting them down, by not humiliating them, by allowing them to feed without guilt. (If an Eater needs to be put down, then he's into a humiliation trip involving scat, and not into a pure shit trip as such. A subtle difference. And both trips have their distinctive place.)

I am my turds, more than anything else on earth. They contain the encapsulated, essential, coded blueprint for my spirit. They are manifestations of all I am, or ever have been, in this, and in every other, incarnation. Each hot heavenly stinking turd is a key to one of my deepest, darkest, mysterious secrets. They are the utter essence of my divine masculine soul. Every turd dropped by a normally healthy man tells an erotic story: the ultimate Passion Play of Kros' worship of divine Apollo's manurdl

Picture: my turd pushes and strains toward birth through the portals of my hairy asshole, emerging hot, thick, rich, and full-sized, as I sit, my big hairy legs spread, in command of this sensual realm upon my Throne. Another hot man kneels down in humble, truly affirming worship to watch and sniff the delicious, fresh man-aroma filling the aura-space around us. The tip of his masculine virile tongue lovingly and devotedly traces the surface of my leg-roll like fingers unraveling the mystery messages of ancient carved stone runes. He reads my turd in the most ancient of man-animal butt-sniff rituals.

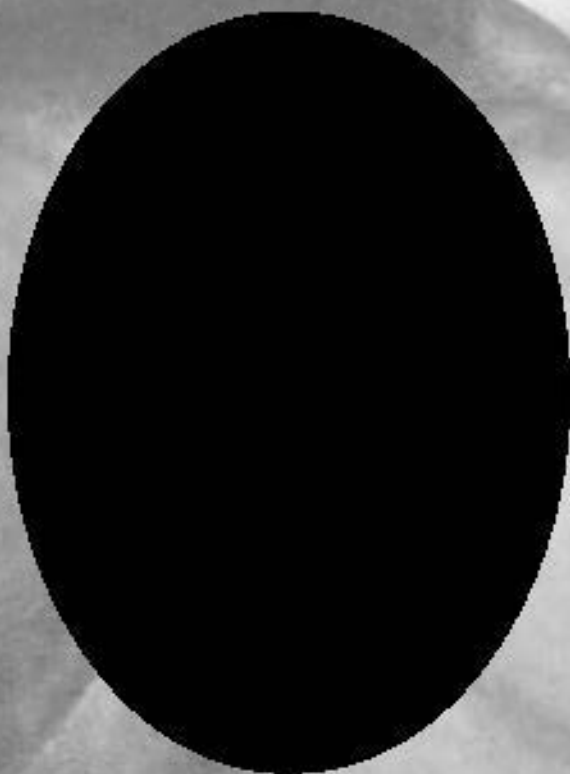
Modern society has fraudulently turned us politely away from once natural rituals, and turned us instead toward a conformist normality which won't even allow a man to squeeze the Charmin. I'm not talking about neurotic coprophagy; I'm talking about basic nose-to-butt stuff that smart animals still use to cruise each other's essence upon meeting. Just for information's sake: the USMC survival training advises that a man can in severe circumstances drink his own piss twice and eat his own dump once with no ill effects.

Through his mouth, the kneeling worshipper learns all there is to learn about my eternal existence on this dusty planet. He tastes and savors the flavor of my life. If he is a good "reader," he can learn everything there is to know intimately about another man. One dump between men is worth a thousand getting-to-know-you Sunday brunches.

I understand the psychology of scatology. I understand the nobility of worship. Shit is not just symbolically the soul. Shit is the soul. If a man could empty his body of all shit, gravity would have no hold; he'd fly up and off the planet. When a man dies, all agree his soul leaves his body; but what is it that physically leaves when he dies? Shit. In death, every man dumps. This is not to down the value of the soul, but to justify upping the cosmic value of shit.

I lovingly gaze down upon my sweet man-Eaters. From the lofty heights at which I, as a Top Service Man Feeder, sit, I grow hard with excitement as he kisses, fondles, licks, and drools upon the gift of my turd. This is a very private, personal act. My Eater is a private toilet, not a public john. His discretion keeps him worshipping only my shit. He rarely pursues communion in church after church. Prudence rules his worship. But for me, as a Top Service Man, I minister to those communicants who truly, essentially, mystically, cosmically understand.

Open Wide and Say 'Ah'



I deliver long hard edible turds to my Eater's lips, which part to receive this food of men-gods into his belly. He obediently tastes, chews, swallows on command, each and every unimaginably hot, ripe, rich, hard, and heavy manurd my asshole delivers. My hairy sweaty manbeast soul merges with his own beautiful serving soul.

My coded secrets have become his guarded secrets hidden in his belly, digesting and dissolving into his body, his soul, his energy.

Scat is the last taboo. Not every man is ready for full initiation physically into the full-spirited, high-energy of turd-tasting worship, which is the elevation, and consecration, of another man through my anointment of him with my own shit. As such a ritual, I am but a serving High Priest. It is my fundamental duty to deliver my turds for the purpose of male worship and play. My calling, like the calling of other Top Feeders and Kneeling Communicants will never end, but will continue on forever.

My intent with this letter is not seductive, but informational. Many men are curious, and lack a place to turn, for facts on the true poop about scat. Or at least one man's view. There are as many motivations as there are men.

Write
Mike,
c/o
M2M.

EXCERPTS:

EAT SHIT & DIE

The fact that the asshole defecates is the key to the fact that ANALITY "reflects the dualism of man's condition—his self and his body. In childhood, the child makes the alarming discovery that his body is strange and has a definite ascendancy over him. It makes demands. It has needs. Try as he may to deny it, he must always come back to it. Strangest of all is the discovery that the body has, located in the lower rear and out of sight, a HOLE from which stinking smells emerge, and even more a stinking substance—most disagreeable to everyone else, and eventually—once he's 'trained' even to the child himself.

At first the child is amused by his anus and feces, and gaily inserts his finger into the orifice, smelling it, smearing feces on the walls, playing games of touching objects with his anus. THIS IS A UNIVERSAL FORM OF PLAY THAT DOES THE SERIOUS WORK OF ALL PLAY: It reflects the discovery and exercise of natural bodily functions; it masters an area of strangeness; it establishes power and control.... With ANAL PLAY the child is already becoming a philosopher of the human condition. But like all philosophers, he is still bound by it, and his main task in life becomes the JUDAS-KISS DENIAL OF WHAT THE ANUS REPRESENTS: That in fact he is nothing but body so far as nature is concerned. Nature's values are bodily values. Human values are mental values; and though they take the loftiest flights of 'moral virtue,' they are built upon excrement, impossible without it, always brought back to it.

As Montaigne put it: On the highest throne in the world, man sits on his arse. Usually this epigram makes people laugh, because it seems to RECLAIM THE WORLD FROM ARTIFICIAL PRIDE AND SNOBBERY and to bring things back to egalitarian values. But if we push the observation even further and say men sit not only on their arse, but over a warm and fuming pile of their own excrement—the joke is no longer funny. Man's dualism of soul and body becomes ludicrous, becomes too REAL. The anus and its incomprehensible, fearful product represents not only physical determinism and bondage, but the fate as well of all that is physical: decay and death.

When we comb anthropological literature, we find that men everywhere have been anal in some basic levels of their cultural strivings; and we find that PRIMITIVES have often shown the most unashamed anality of all.... Men of the Chagga tribe wear an anal plug all their lives, pretending to have sealed up the anus and not to need to defecate. An obvious triumph over mere physicalness.... The body is denied and celebrated in various ways to control its control over man's spirit.

Anality explains why men yearn for freedom from contradictions and ambiguities, why they like their symbols pure, their Truth with a capital "T". On the other hand, when MEN REALLY WANT TO PROTEST AGAINST ARTIFICIALITIES, they fall back on the physical. They call themselves and their thoughts down to earth. They jolt themselves with basic chemistry. A perfect example of this was in the recent 'anal' film Brewster McClood where speeches, official badges, and shiny manufactured surfaces were splatted from the sky with obliterating excrement. The message was one that modern filmmakers are stating with great daring: CALLING THE WORLD BACK FROM HYPOCRISY BY STRESSING BASIC THINGS ABOUT LIFE AND THE BODY. Kubrick jarred audiences when he showed in 2001 how man stepped out into space like an ape dancing to schmaltzy Strauss waltz music; and again in A Clockwork Orange, he showed how naturally and satisfyingly a man can murder and rape in tune with the HEROIC TRANSCENDENCE of Beethoven's Ninth.

ANAL PLAY SHOULD NOT BE INTERFERED WITH. We now understand that what psychoanalysts have called "anality" or anal character traits, ESPECIALLY IN SEXUALLY LIBERATED ADULT MALES, are really forms of the universal protest against accident and death. Seen in this way, a large part of what seems esoteric and faddish achieves a new vitality and meaningfulness. TO SAY THAT A MAN IS ANAL MEANS THAT HE IS TRYING EXTRA-HARD TO PROTECT HIMSELF AGAINST THE ACCIDENTS OF LIFE AND DANGER OF DEATH, TRYING TO USE THE SYMBOLS OF CULTURE AS A SURE MEANS OF TRIUMPH OVER NATURAL MYSTERY, TRYING TO PASS HIMSELF OFF AS ANYTHING BUT AN ANIMAL.

People get upset with 'excrement' not so much because it's nasty and smells, but because shit reveals that all culture, all man's creative life-ways, are in some basic part of them a fabricated protest against natural reality, a denial of the truth of the human condition, and an attempt to forget the animal creature that man is....

The ultimate horror for Jonathan Swift was the fact that the sublime, the beautiful, and the divine are inextricable from basic animal functions. IN THE HEAD OF THE ADORING MALE IS THE ILLUSION THAT sublime beauty is 'all head and wings, with no bottom to betray it.' In one of Swift's poems a young man explains the grotesque contradiction that is tearing him apart: 'Nor wonder how I lost my Wife/ Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia shite!' In other words, there's for some lovers an absolute contradiction between the State-of-Being-in-Love and the Awareness-of-the-Excremental-Functions-of-the-Beloved.

Erwin Straus, in his brilliant monograph on OBSESSION, earlier showed how Swift, who wrote constantly about shit, was repulsed by the animality of the body, by its DIET and decay. Straus saw Swift's disgust as typical of the way the suburban world of the middleclass obsessively fragments not only excrement, but also the genitals, from the WHOLENESS OF THE BODY AS AN EXPERIENCE. Scatology torments those who cannot accept the fact that humans do in fact shit, because for them, excreting is the curse that threatens madness, because it shows man his abject finitude, his physicalness, the likely unreality of his hopes and dreams.

Not even more immediately, fear-of-excretion, as much as fascination-with-excretion, represents man's utter bafflement at the sheer NON-SENSE of creation: to fashion the sublime miracle of the human face, the incredible mystery of radiant male or female beauty of veritable human gods and goddesses--to bring all human beauty out of the void into the shine of noonday, to take all this and to combine it WITH AN ANUS THAT SHITS! It is too much for some.

Whether they deny it or celebrate it, shit is the ultimate symbol of the existential paradox: life's total incongruity."

Excerpted and adapted from Ernest Becker, *The Denial of Death*, The Free Press, Macmillan Publishing Co., New York, \$2.95. This Pulitzer Prize Winning Book is maybe the best antidote to all the gayboy-queenlier-than-thou attitude put out by most of the, ugh, "gay press." An honestly homo-masculine man can read/absorb/reread for a year this 300-page book about being male in America.

What is, shits.

You don't have to eat it to swallow the truth of the understanding of what's going down with a lot of guys.

"Doublevision is all you need" to see both sides of anything. --John Lennon



MANMOVIES

PRO-WRESTLERS SEX GRAPPLE

In Great Britain, the heavily male physiques of hard-wrestlin' matmen have been attracting the attention of the Blue Film industry. The Daily Star headlines proclaim TV WRESTLER IN PORN SHOCK! It seems that the blue-eyed big guy, Les Bodieph, better known professionally as the family favorite Ringo Rigby, has appeared in the title role of Moby Dick, an "all-in" sex epic where he challenges in a sex-wrestling match a black dude with the catchy name of King Dong. The two grapplers compete in a heaving sweaty kind of Sex Olympics to decide who is the

best performing wrestler. Ringo says he was conned as he was only booked for full frontal nude shots. Other matmen with well-endowed physiques have received offers from around \$300 upwards per-inch, per-pound, and per-round for a day's porn filming. Max Crabtree, leading official for the British Wrestling Association, says, "It's disgusting that wrestlers as athletically distinguished, good-looking, and wellbuilt as the popular Ringo Rigby are risking their \$1000 a week mat careers for such a moment of Blue Movie madness--especially with other professional wrestlers."

COCKSUCKERS MEET PUNCHTHROAT FACEFUCKERS

Facefuckers stalking Cocksuckers: cruising out to nighttime sinkholes. Afterhours backrooms. Watching men release and parade out the animal in themselves. Pinball light. Dark corners. White porcelain tubs under red bulbs. Blackjacketed men stalking their prey with dicks pistol-hot in hand. Sweaty smorgas of jockstraps. Maze of halls and stalls.

Facefuckers and Cocksuckers: living the Cowboy Code of the West.

Cocksuckers: hungry men kneeling to suck dicks of men of commanding stance: legs spread wide; feet booted; dick fat, uncut hanging live and coiling, up and out and hard, teased by tongue to full swollen slick wet life. Cocksuck.

Facefuckers: big dick punchfucking deepthroat. The first ring at the back of the mouth--taken. The second ring--penetrated by the head of the huge pile-driving cock. The third ring--rammed. The long tunnel of deep throat where heavy cock head probes beyond any resistance of mouth or tongue. Freefucking back into the cockucker's throat: wet, warm, deep, defenseless hollow. Dickshaft plugging throatshaft. Facefucker knowing his big dick has full choking freedom to shoot deep down long fall of cockucker throat.

Dickhead: big and bulbous, uncut skin, grate of cheese, slick of lube, blue-veined shaft filling hot mouth.

Cocksuckers: hot gagging on dreamdick, eating male meat, sucking dick, cock-sucking, burrowing nose down into thick lower-belly bush of dick fur.

Facefuckers: big balls banging on chin, sweat-shine on tight hard belly; plowing hips, backed by big heavy working butt, facebanging.

Cocksuckers: saliva running down stubbled chin, nose running, post-nasal raunch, breathing around big dick; learning to breathe around big cock rammed, held, jammed, deep back down throat, tasting dick.

Facefuckers: not taking No for an answer. Post-hole digger. Hard dick drives with no conscience deep back in throat. Blue balls rising, rolling in their doublinglung sac, tightening, marshalling up the cum. Dick engorging, veins filling, cockhead enormous down throat, eight inches stretching-toward-nine of uncut meat. Plugging face, lips, snaking past teeth, over tongue, penetrating through the cave at the back of the mouth, inserting its big head, delivered by big shaft.

Special Delivery: all the way down throat. Then the pump. The steady rhythmic pump. The big hands suddenly grabbing the back of head or cap. Holding head steady for The Kill. The Load. The Thick Clots of Heavy White Cum. Face forced down. Held manfully down into the gnarled hairy bush of jockcrotch, balls bouncing free, dripping wet. Then the final pump and plunge of manwild dick ramming back, deep, down choking throat, taking more head than given.

Cocksuckers: blowing a man; swinging on his rod. Sucking a man's dick off. Cocksucking big uncut juicy dick sprung from wet jock; swallowing; eating his load. Accepting basic Cocksuck Punchfucking Facefuck.

Facefuckers: groans eat-it, eat-my-load, eat-that-fuckin-dick, suck-off-that fuckin-load, man! Shit. Eat-my-fuckin-big-dick, suck-my-cock, swallow-it, swallow-it. The commanding voice, hard as hard dick, shooter of all that cum, coaxing, stroking throat, coaxing deep willing swallow.

Cocksuckers: tasting the Facefucker's full-bore caliber of thick white clot- ted load of cum slickwet in mouth. Slurping cum off dripping balls, off the length of wet dickshaft, eating sperm, swallowing juice, tasting manseed, eating cum. MM

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Jack Fritscher, Editor

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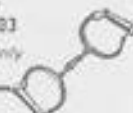
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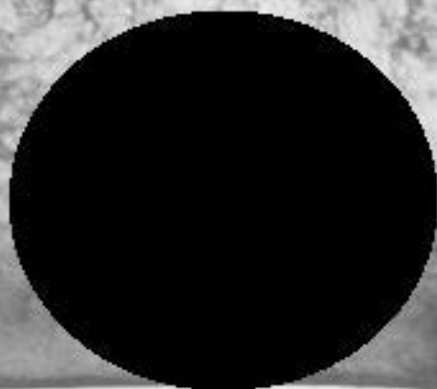
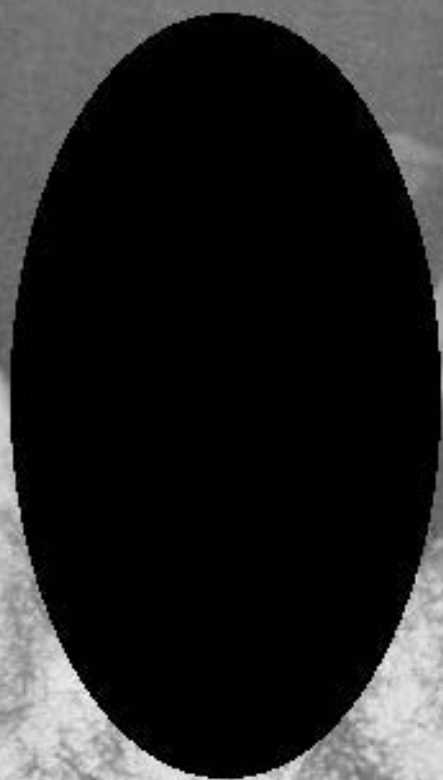
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