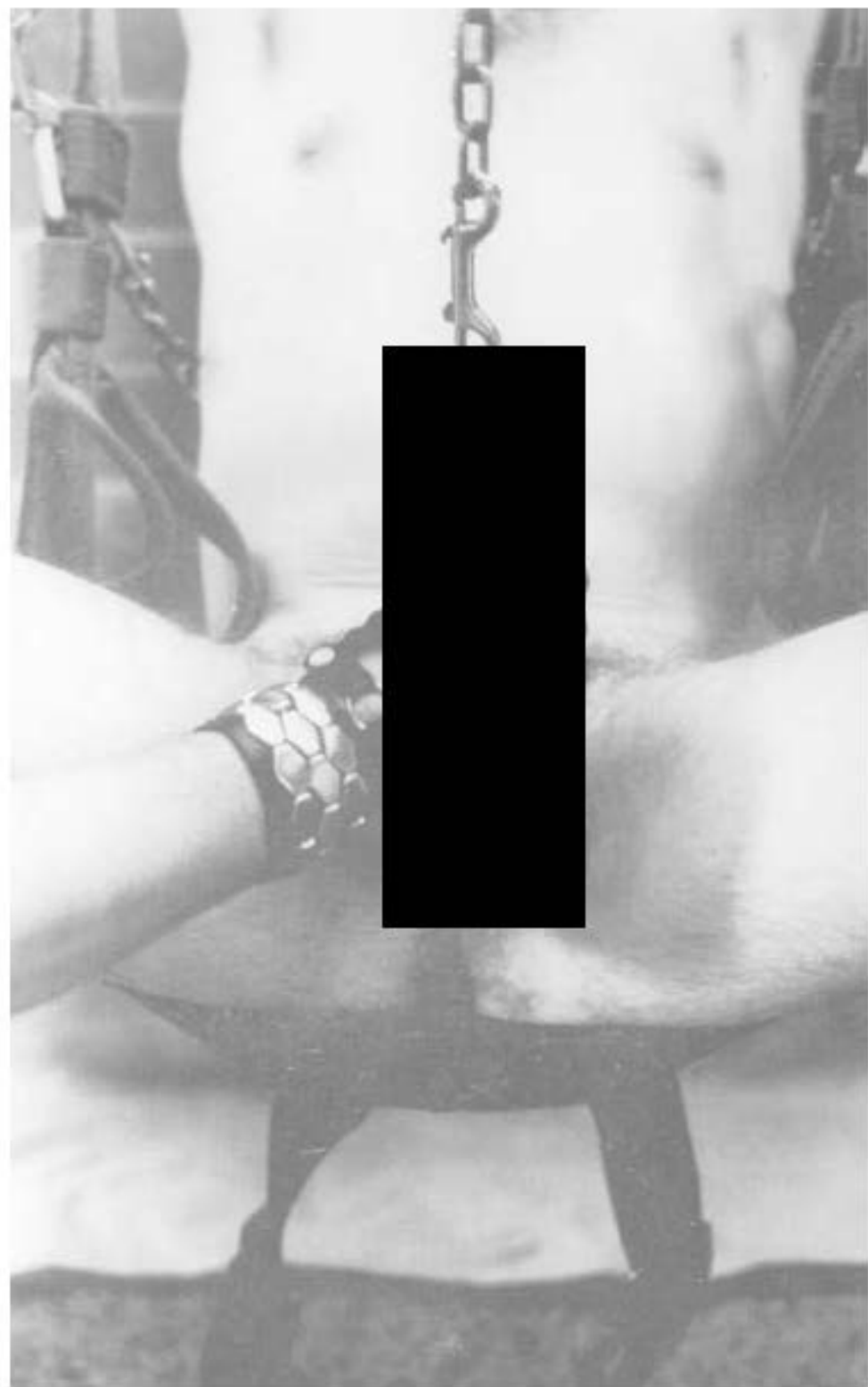


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MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard2Find Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

ISSUE 7

56 FULL PAGE

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M. HENRY, PUBLISHER

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HOW THE CORPORAL CAME
TO BE IN CHARGE OF
TAKING CARE OF
CAPTAIN O'MALLEY...



USMC SLAPCAPTAIN

QUANTICO. INTERROGATION ROOM. 3AM. USMC Slapcaptain: Fleet champion kickboxer; clad in fatigue pants, military issue tee shirt, heavy combat boots. Rubbing his hands, calloused from martial arts: numchuks, pugil sticks, boduka. High on his left bicep, a tattoo: red cobra, fanged, coiled, ready to strike in colorful relief against his dark hairy skin. His head shaved short in a white-sidewall military burr. His neck: thick, powerful, cruelly muscled. Long athletic arms: strong, hairy, muscular, threaded with veins. His shoulders: solid as a baseball slugger. His hard-palmed hands: meaty, thick, brutal as a boxer's.

"Shoulders back!" He barks at the young Lance Corporal. "Stomach in. Eyes straight ahead. Don't look at me, boy, unless you're gonna ask me for a date. Get your back straight. Head back." He slams his right fist into his open left palm. "Take your eyes off me, mister. Maybe you're thinkin' you want to get in my pants!"

"No, sir!"

A .22 pistol jammed in the waistband of his fatigues. Convincing. His breath, moving close in: thick spit-spray, sweet from his nightly Tampa Nugget cigar. "You want the back of my hand, boy?"

"No, sir!"

"Then set your ass down, squid!"

The Lance Corporal sits on the heavy wooden chair bolted to the concrete floor. Padded asylum restraints snap around his ankles.

Handcuffs lock his wrists together behind his back, behind the chair. His head swerves to resist the black-cloth blindfold.

The Slapcaptain's hard palm openhands him up against the side of his head. He feels the hot burning imprint of the slap across his face. Then the blindfold is knotted, secured. He can see slightly out from underneath: thick fingers make metal-toothed electrical clamps chow down on his nipples. He moans at the sharp pain. The Slapcaptain openhands him again. Slaps his face. Hard. Right. Then left. Then right again. Harder. His ears ring.

The Slapcaptain chains the clamps together. His finger crooks and catches the dangling chain at its center, raising the clamps horizontally, pulling them outward.

"You wanna kiss me, boy? Hey, boy, kiss me. Kiss me, boy." It's an order, but the Slapcaptain's voice is reassuring. The Lance Corporal tilts his cropped blond head up in the direction of the Slapcaptain's dark voice. He is not certain how he is supposed to kiss a man, even for the Corps; not certain how he can kiss a man he cannot see.

He leans his whole torso forward, pulled by his tits, raising his blindfolded face up to this man, offering his lips.

But it's not a kiss the Slapcaptain wants.

A fast slapshot.

The Lance Corporal's face rebounds ninety degrees to the right. Then is backhanded to the left. His cheeks burn. Redden. The intense ringing in his head clouds out the Slapcaptain's voice. His head turns tentatively, as ordered, back to the front.

Under his blindfold he sees the Slapcaptain's thick gorilla fingers unbutton the green fatigue fly. His calloused palm lifts out an extra large USMC jockstrap pouching his

big hairy balls, overlaid with thick long uncultured cock. The Slapcaptain gropes his sweatstained jockcup with his left hand. His thick-muscled right arm swings out from his massive shoulder. The Lance Corporal, nose and mouth upraised, sniffs the wet drip of the Slapcaptain's hairy pits.

A pause. Shorter than his breath. Then starts the cadenced tattoo of openhanded slaps: left, right, left, right. Ten. His head slapped, hard. Twenty. Back and forth. Thirty. His face: a boxer's fastbag. Forty. Saliva in his mouth turning to blood. Fifty. Through the ringing in his ears, words, alternating with the stinging slaps, come through. Sixty. What is the Captain saying? Seventy.

"Kiss it." Slap. "Come on, little boy." Slap. "Kiss it, Corporal. Suck it."

Again. Another volley of openhanded slugs. The big uncut dick swinging free and mean and hard. The hot spit from the Slapcaptain's moustached mouth wetting his cheeks, escalating the stinging of the hard slaps.

He wants the Captain's dick. He wants the Captain's moustache, lips and mouth and tongue. He wants to swallow his heavy spit. He leans forward. Again, the unseen hand slaps his face. Hard. Left to right. Again, the ringing overrides the voice he can hear, but cannot distinguish.

His blindfolded head flushes warm up from his neck, to his cheeks, to his temples. He sucks and swallows the warm salt-blood taste in his mouth. The slaps bruise his inner cheeks against his gritted teeth.

He cocks his head. Hardened for the Corps. Angles his face toward the heat and dripping sweat of the Slapcaptain's wet fatigues. Anticipating. Unquestioning. Waiting. Wanting. He sees the thick dick and balls drop out of the piss-wet jock,

The balls hang low. The dick, uncut, blind, hard, barely shows its rosy pisshole.

He leans forward.

The Slapcaptain's piss sprays in a direct shot into his mouth. He gulps, swallows, thirsts for the hot bubbling thick Marine piss that streams faster than he can drink.

Piss: spilling down on his chest, running down his belly, soaking his dick and balls, dripping down the inside of his naked thighs, pooling up under the wet pucker of his asshole bound into the worn seat of the wooden chair.

Again, he leans forward.

The Slapcaptain's tough hands box his face back and forth. His teeth clench. His eyes squeeze closed under his blindfold. His mouth tastes metallic. He smells the crusty cheese of the Marine dick swinging free near his bleeding nose. Both nostrils trickle blood down his upper lip. The hard slaps whip the trickles to blood-spray. He holds his head steady against the rhythms of the Slapcaptain's hand. The slaps slow. The palms grow sticky with the Corporal's blood. Somehow the slaps increase his hunger for the Slapcaptain's dirty cock.

The Slapcaptain plants his hand on the back of his neck. "I want me a bloodfuck USMC pussymouth!" He holds the burr-cut head in his hard-knuckled grip. "Now come on, boy!" The Slapcaptain presses the back of the Lance Corporal's neck, pivoting the shaved head, with the bloody blindfolded face, in his hand, positioning the mouth like a bulls-eye for his crusty cock.

"I figure I got me one of two things. I either got me an ambitious young Lance Corporal. Or I got me a .22 pistol to give a tightlipped xylene a new asshole."

Still cupping and guiding the Lance Corporal's head, pressing it down with all the power in his warrior-hand, the Slapcaptain nuzzles the bloody nose and swollen lips against his big-veined cock. "Clean it up, boy."

The Lance Corporal sticks his tongue through his bruised lips, and works his tongue-tip in, under, and around the inner lip of the thick toreskin, sucking out the clots of cheese, old cum, sweat, piss, and gun-grease. Not needing an order, he pulls back from the hard cock, with the cheesey smegma melting on his tongue, and swallows.

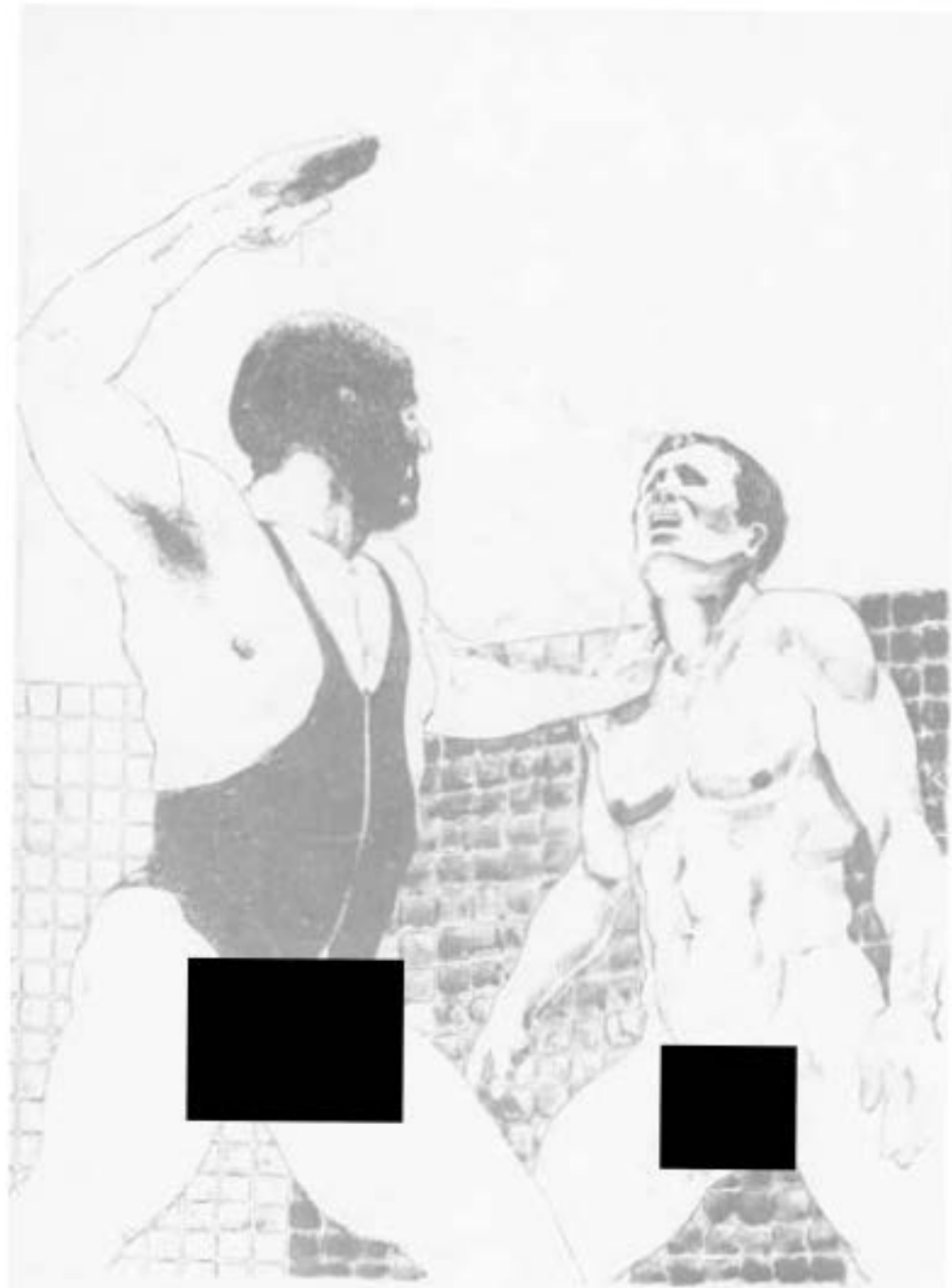
"That's my boy. That's my good boy." But the level, low voice is cut off by another slap that starts the ear echo ringing. Behind the blindfold, the lights in his head are dazzling. He is being beaten, slapped silly. He is obedient. The Corps is all. In a moment, less than an instant really, he turns his head round again, straightforward, offering his face.

He is ready. Even for the heavy-handed wallop of this palm-and-backhand slap, stinging his cheeks, purpling his temples, blackening his eyes. The Slapcaptain's hands reshaping his boy's face into the tough, hardened, experienced face of a Marine.

The Slapcaptain giving him a Marine's face.

He feels his nose ready to give way, to break, but the Slapcaptain pulls back; pulls his slap-punches; takes instead his big hand, gripping his hard dick like a brutal nightstick. He beats the bruised, tenderized face, with his huge dick, wet with blood and cheese and piss.

The handcuffs cut into his wrists. Sweat and blood pour from his face, down his chest, over his clamped and torn tits. The Lance Corporal's mind goes blank behind his battered face: Halls of...Slap! ...xuma...Shores...Slap!...Punch...Shores of Trip...Slap...Punch...Punch! The rhythms of the Slap-



captain's fist and dick beating his face. The ringing in his ears. His chin held tight by the Slap-captain's hand.

"Kiss it. Kiss it real soft, baby."

He opens his mouth. He's learned what kiss means.

"Kiss it." The commanding voice becomes almost soft. "Kiss it... sweetly."

As his bruised lips touch the swollen cockhead, its shaft, backed by the Slapcaptain's fullback butt and thighs, rams the rod through his lips, past his bloody teeth, across his tongue, and fucks long and hard deep down his gagging throat, until choking on the spit and blood and pumping cum, he feels the huge cock pulled like a deep root from his throat, still shooting white clots of cum on his face, feeling the large boxer's hands rough-massage the slick seed into his bruises, slapping him lightly, always slapping him, across the cheeks with his angry red cock, pulling on the chains tearing at his tits, feeling the thick bristle of the Captain's moustache and the Captain's hard lips and the Cap-

tain's mouth pressing hard in lust, and discipline, against his own lips, feeling the pressure of the Captain's tongue sucking the bloody saliva from his beaten mouth, feeling the Captain's fingers squeezing his cheeks, feeling the mix of the Captain's spit and his own blood cum-hookered forcibly back down his throat, swallowing, writhing, tit-ripped, restrained, bound.

His man's face, his Marine face, blindfold ripped away, seeing the spit-wet uniform of the sweaty, dark, handsome Slapcaptain, pulling his tits, making his sweat run, his moans deep.

He looks up at the smiling cruel face, the disciplined face taking him deep now into the Corps, initiated now into the inner rank of the Corps. His hard-muscled body, understanding, thrashes up, bound to the unyielding wooden chair, into a painful arch of ecstatic handless cuming.

"That's my boy." The hands hold him very tight. The handsome mouth, moustache and lips, press in sweet hard agony against his own. "That's my man." M2M

USMC SLAPCAPTAIN is based on characters created originally by OLD RELIABLE and Jack Fritscher in the classic script CORPORAL IN CHARGE OF TAKING CARE OF CAPTAIN O'MALLEY, USMC. A one-hour J/O audio cassette tape of the original version of O'MALLEY is available for \$9 from OLD RELIABLE, BOX 5927, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101. State you're 21, and ask for Old Reliable's hot brochure featuring--no shit--the greatest original collection of audio abuse-and-filth in the world today. Old Reliable's street hustler tapes are the real thing. If you've ever almost brought a young tough home, but then maybe wisely, chickened out, Old Reliable can give you the beat-off thrills without the danger.

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MAN: THE ULTIMATE EXPERIMENTAL ANIMAL!

DANNY LYON'S CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD

Six years have passed since I met Danny Lyon. At that time, he was working on a short color film about tattooing—logical territory for a photographer whose work features outlaw bikers and convicts. Lyon's Texas Department of Corrections (TDC) book, CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD, is, with all respects to Lyon's straight sensitivity, one of the hottest 56M, B&D J/O bedside books ever published.

Lyon's heteromale eye knows how to catch precisely the kind of ATTITUDE (tattoos, muscles, sweat, mud, fetishes, sadism, and masochism) that turns homomale men hard. From films like Brubaker (a great first 20 56M minutes) back to I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, and then back up to the P&S "erotic" prison documentary Tattoo Tears (1981), we understand that in America punishment is a crime. Danny proved it when he turned his camera toward male life in prison: the most macho environment in the world! Conversations contains more than a 100 photos shot inside six Texas penitentiaries.

Free to roam the prisons, day or night, Danny moved among the prisoners in groups and in isolation. He photographed hot, hard men in their cells, in the muddy fields, in the strip-showers, in the iron-pumping muscle-yards. He captures hardened faces, incredible stripped bodies, and the essence of the drawling redneck guards.

In the course of his unprecedented journey through the Texas prisons, Danny met Billy McCrene, who at age 21, handcuffed and tried in chains for a rape he probably did not commit, was sentenced to die in the Texas electric chair.

Billy was placed in the county courthouse to await execution. One evening, he cut off his penis to the root, and placing it in a cup, passed it between the bars to a guard. McCune's bizarre paintings and writings are appended to Conversations.

"I never lived in the prisons," Danny told me. "I only visited them, usually arriving in time to ride out to the hot fields with the line crew. I made a point to go where the imprisonment was severest. I tried to make a picture of imprisonment as distressing as I knew it to be in reality."

Prison is a terror, a madhouse, a warehouse of men.

Check out Danny Lyon's MANZMAN cover, entitled "YOUNG BOSS." This uniformed, tough, husky, redneck cowboy, prison guard, with gold wedding band and cigar and a pair of aggressive shit-kicking boots, on horseback on a leather saddle is authentic stuff.

Lyon's MANZMAN centerfold, "RETURN FROM THE FIELDS," is Exhibit A of the precise kind of mud-buddy homomale sexuality that MANZMAN is all about in the first place.

Study Danny Lyon with some pot-n-poppers, and a little grease on your palm, and you'll get the hyper-male essence of his photographs.

Unfortunately, Conversations with the Dead is out of print, and the publisher has no intention of reprinting. That's often the way with books whose male heat straights either don't understand, or are afraid of. That's also what makes Conversations one of those books worth searching used bookstores for. Lucky me: Danny autographed my copy—and it comes out from under lock-and-key about one night a month! -JF

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD, PHOTOGRAPHY OF PRISON LIFE WITH THE LETTERS AND DRAWINGS OF BILLY MCCUNE, Holt Paperback, 1971, \$6.95.

Cover and centerfold © Danny Lyon

WHY BONDAGE?

LIFE IS A LEARNING TO SURRENDER CONTROL. We are born believing the Human Fallacy: we have control, and we have free will. Only to a point. As we learn, through the hard-knocks lessons that life visits upon us, or the lessons that we seek, if we remain wise (that is, open), we realize, while maybe standing bored and thinking in a bar, that to mature is to learn detachment, that every day is a little death, that death is not necessarily bad, except to gayboys who do not understand manly detachment, and cling untowardly to the Gucci/Pucci material plane. Currently, the trend among masculinist men is to unload possessions so they can travel light.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CURRENT HIGH GAY DEATH RATE IN SFO

Harvey Milk was the first faggot to die. Since Harvey, gay death has come out of the closet, and maybe too far out, what with the new phenomena of "Gay Wakes," and on the East Coast, "Gay Cemeteries" where the coffins have Alligators on the lids.

Stick with this, okay? We're a developing nation as a subculture, and parallels often help us figure how to keep on inventing the Brave New World of Homomascularity.

Queers never used to die, except as suicides at the end of novels, films, and plays. Death was so unnatural as to be a taboo subject. For a long time. Until Harvey.

The same is true of something as basic as bondage. Some guys think that bondage is totally unnatural. Shows how literal they are, and how little they understand about how we learn from our bodies to our heads/spirits/souls.

SEX GAMES: HELPING TO UNLEARN THE RELIGIOUS MIDDLECLASS LIES

Bondage is an exercise in learning to let go of what we perceive to be primary expression of control: the freedom of basic, willed physical body movement. To learn this detachment, to learn to surrender arms' control, to accept the active passivity of having your physical movement restricted, even in a mondo sleazy gameroom, is growth!

COSMIC BONDAGE

Bondage is worthwhile, the way the contemplative life is worthwhile, as a life-death lesson. Bondage is a yoga-like yinyang experience. Once a man, who has broken western taboo that you must be at all times physically free to move, finally has submitted to total and complete immobile bondage, has relaxed into it, has investigated it and felt it from the inside out, and even has cum to the uncontrol of it, he has learned a basic lesson of cosmic discipline and cosmic truth: how to detach, how to surrender control, how to get off on the lack of con-

trol, knowing that control is not gone, but just transferred from the self to another, whether in the bondage scene to another man; or, in death, to the Force, the Oversoul, the Chaos, or whatever one chooses to call whatever Big Jello there might be behind all this.

GRAVITY: EARTH-BONDAGE

When your body gives up the control it thinks it has, then your mind can finally begin to relax. Hooded and bound, you are out of the world. There is no distraction. There is only your physical body tied into place; then emerges your self, your ego, your astral body. Once your physical body is tied, your astral body becomes as free as in sleep, but better than sleep, because your conscious mind is awake, is experiencing, is recording.

You drift internally, down through all the incredible movement inside your hide, down to the chakra of your belly, and you begin to find your center. (Your center is not your head or your dick.) Your energy is throughout your whole body. Your energy is not in your head alone. When you live in your head alone, or follow only your dick around, you become disturbed.

Almost gay-ly, Wordsworth said, "The world is too much with us late and soon, spending and getting." Once that world's superficial mirror, which reflects back falsely to your eyes that you in all your cinched up leather, or your strangling tie and three-piece suit, are in control, is gone, then you begin to see that Earth is but a rest-stop with playrooms. This planet, like the house of your body, is not the end of your self's journey. Earth is a way station for your internal consciousness, that deep down knows it is, right now, in this time, in this flesh, on this planet, in bondage.

Our out-of-body experiences, short of PCP, are rare.

Small wonder at the world's fascination with space shuttles, space probes, and investigations of time warps: these are all very literal

acting out, and expressions of, on a material, physical level of the self's desire to let its internal cosmic consciousness continue its journey.

BODYBUILDING: ULTIMATE BONDAGE TRIP

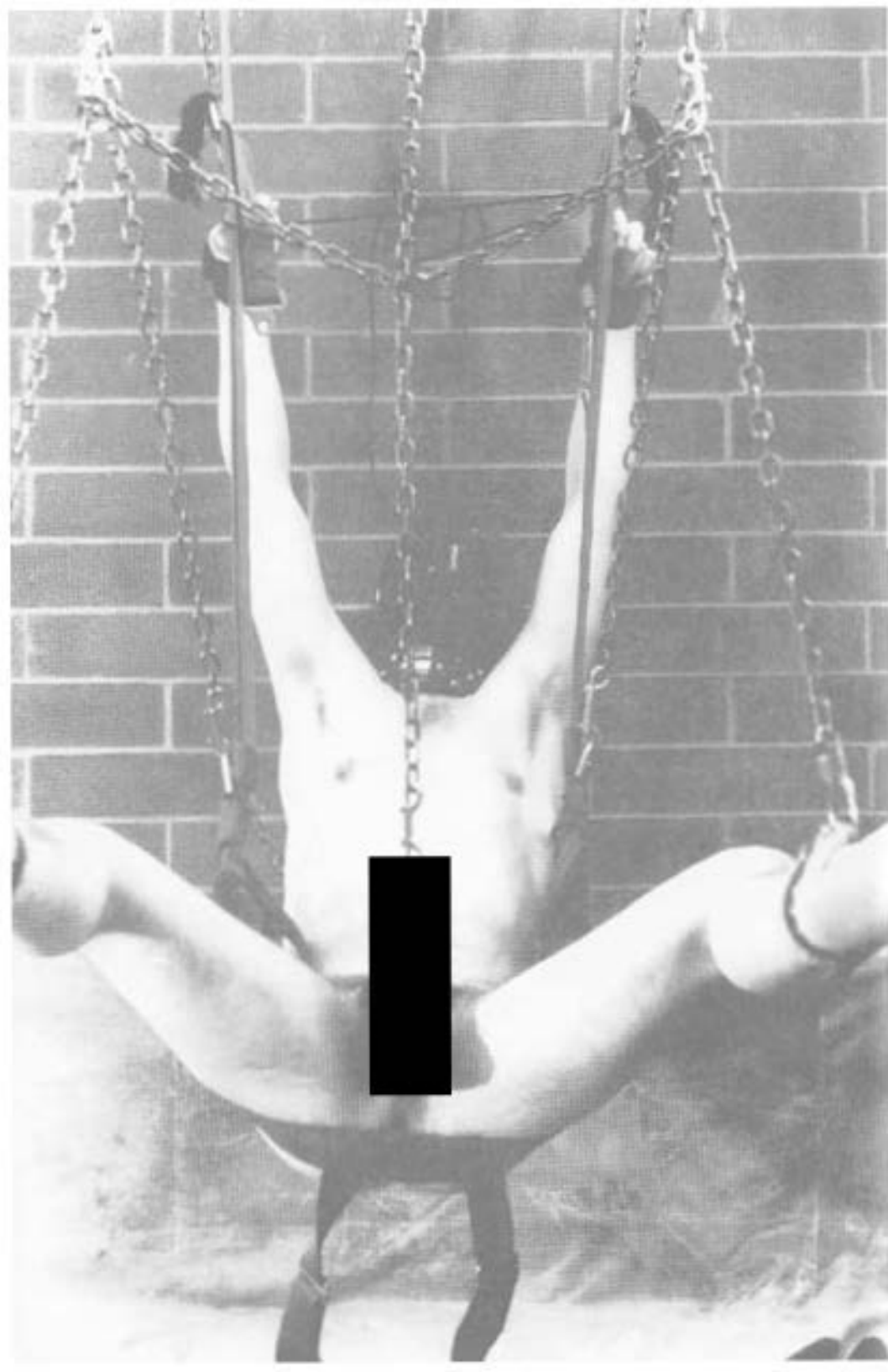
We have been taught that to move is to be free, and to be free is the obsession of every ego. True freedom, however, does not exist on the physical level, because your body is the ultimate disintegrating, finite container. You are contained by your flesh.

Bodybuilders jerk off (believe me, I know!) talking of the ropes and cords of their muscle. Bodybuilding itself is a literal, self-imposed, and often desperate attempt at achieving total socially acceptable bondage.

Continued on page 26



HANGING FROM THE "PARROT'S PERCH"





**OTHER
HANDS
OTHER INTENTIONS**

**INSIDE A 48-HOUR
TRIP IN
BONDAGE**

HE IS A SLAVE TO BONDAGE. Whenever it is possible, when he can arrange the time, he presents himself, begging to have his body, senses, movements controlled. He knows how far he has been. He wants to go farther.

Gradually, he's been led into intense, prolonged immobility. He has learned to let himself go. Completely. To surrender. To accept whatever comes.

Stripped naked, he kneels, knees spread wide, arms clasped behind his back, head on the floor: motionless.

From behind, a leather hood descends and envelopes his head in darkness. A gag is forced into his mouth. Shackles are tightened around his wrists and ankles.

He is marched, frog-like, down a passageway he can only sense under his bare feet.

Leather-covered hands move his arms and legs into exact positions where they are locked onto waiting shackles. On tip-toe, his cock rising in an arch, he waits.

In time, countless and unmeasurable, his body begins to sag.

A clamp pinches one nipple, then the other. Eventually the sharp pain will grow into a throbbing numbness. Before that can happen, weights are added. Again, his aching cock leaps. It is a movement, automatic, that he cannot control. Throbbing with the anticipation of his torture-bound situation, his cock is encased in a pin-studded leather jockstrap. Snapped into place, and locked around his waist, hundreds of needle-sharp points press against and into his cockskin and balls. The tight jockcup constricts. His cock swells beyond the room available, until it is packaged, contained, harnessed.

Deep within him a moan eases its way up through his throat, stopped, muffled, by the dry, secure gag. His body shivers, beyond his control.

The searing sting of a whip lashes across the cheeks of his ass. After a moment, the whip descends again, then again. This time faster. A steady level of pain increases. As quickly as the bite of the whip began, it ends.

A gloved hand, perhaps the same one that locked him into place, cups, and massages, his balls, driving the metal points deeper

into his already punctured flesh. As his bound torso jerks in response, the hand squeezes his jock-encased genitals harder. Blasts of white-hot pain dart through his head.

The hand ceases manipulating. It is replaced with a heavy vibrator that sends waves of shock radiating from his crotch.

His body rises off the floor, as if he might levitate, in an arch of agonizing ecstasy. Inescapable: the vibrations, the pin cuts, the whip that now falls across his back, ass, tits, stomach, crotch.

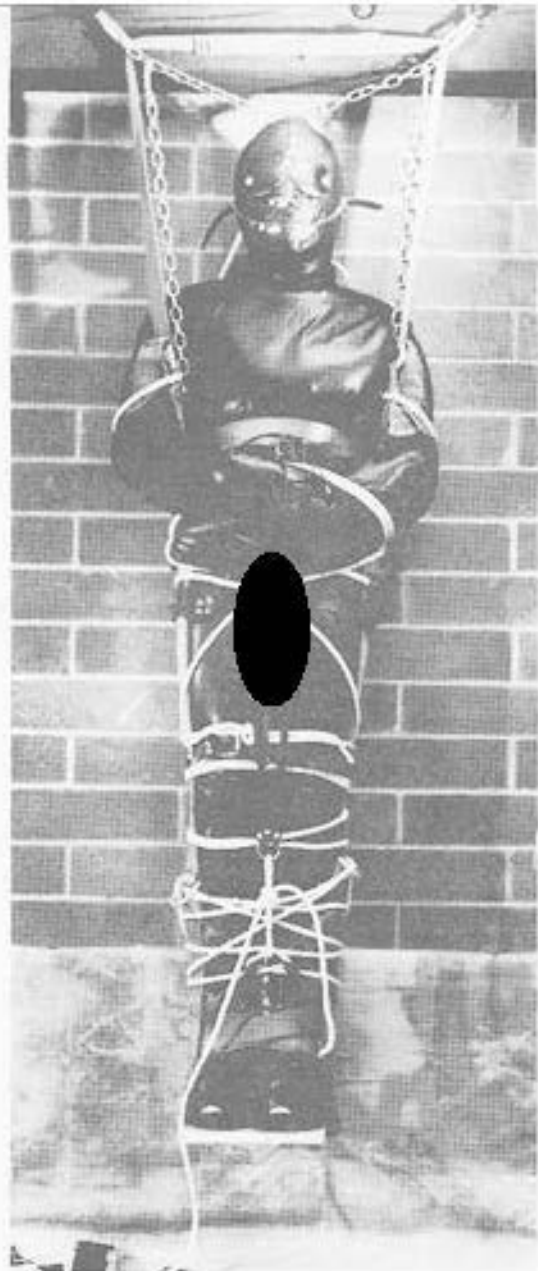
Self-control flees
as the realization
grows,
that
OTHER HANDS,
OTHER INTENTIONS
have taken control.

He accepts, surrenders, welcomes. He has reached a border, a limit.an endurance.

He is released, unbound, and stands unmoving. He is ordered to bend over, which he does, and a dildo is slipped up his ass. He hears instructions. He steps into a pair of leather jeans from which the crotch has been cut away.

He steps onto a small wooden box.

His arms are folded inside a leather straitjacket. His head is rehooded. A separate mouth-gag is attached. His body is roped, strapped, and chained into a parachute harness dangling from overhead beams. Secured in this new outfitting, he feels the box pulled from beneath his feet, and he sways, swinging slightly, feet above the floor.



In this totally dark environment, for again his eyes meet only the black interior of the hood, he relaxes. Suspended.

Time, the universal constant, drags.

He feels a leather shaft being wrapped around the skin of his balls, stretching then farther from his body.

His cock is physically abused.

Suddenly, his mouth-gag is removed, replaced with a gasmask that fits over the leather hood.



There is now an added pressure:
tight breath control.

His swollen cock is grabbed
by that gloved hand.

A vibrator is secured to
the Prince Albert piercing
in his cockhead.

His sheath is pulled taut
and tightly wrapped in elastic
bandage.

A tube is added. Its end is taped
to the gasmask filter, which has
been filled with popper-soaked
cotton wool.

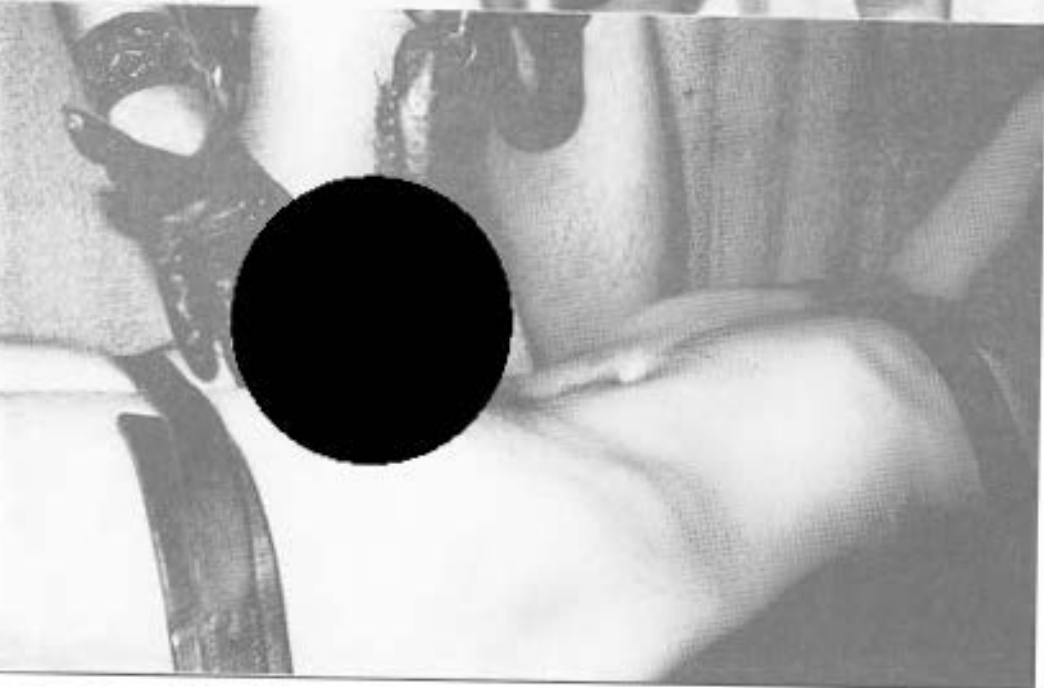
It is the same agony/ecstasy until the tube is alternately removed, then replaced. The amount of air, vital even to survival, now also controlled.

Without warning, a long session of needles, cock-fuckers, a cock-and-ball bondage rack.

Then all is removed. He is released, except for cuffs and hood, to collapse on the floor... When he is able, he stands, flexing arms and legs to restore circulation.

He kneels at the bowl on the floor before him and laps up the suds-piss of two beers.

He is ordered to stand, to bend over again. A Bardex balloon prostate is inserted in his rectum. The balloon is inflated. A catheter is eased up the tube of his cock, the other end taped into his mouth, through a hole in the rubber hood he is now wearing. Only two nose holes admit air. His arms and torso are encased in a short rubber straitjacket. He is collared, his ankles shackled, all chained to a beam. He is put down, bound and gagged,





for the remainder of the night. He can sleep, or think, interrupted only by the piss dribbles that travel from his cock to his mouth via the clear plastic tube.

Unknown to him, at dawn, the tube is removed from his mouth. He continues to sleep in the strait-jacket.

When he awakes, he is ordered into the leather straitjacket he wore earlier. He is fed a relaxant. His mouth is retubed. His head is wrapped in Ace bandages, again air admitted through only his nostrils.

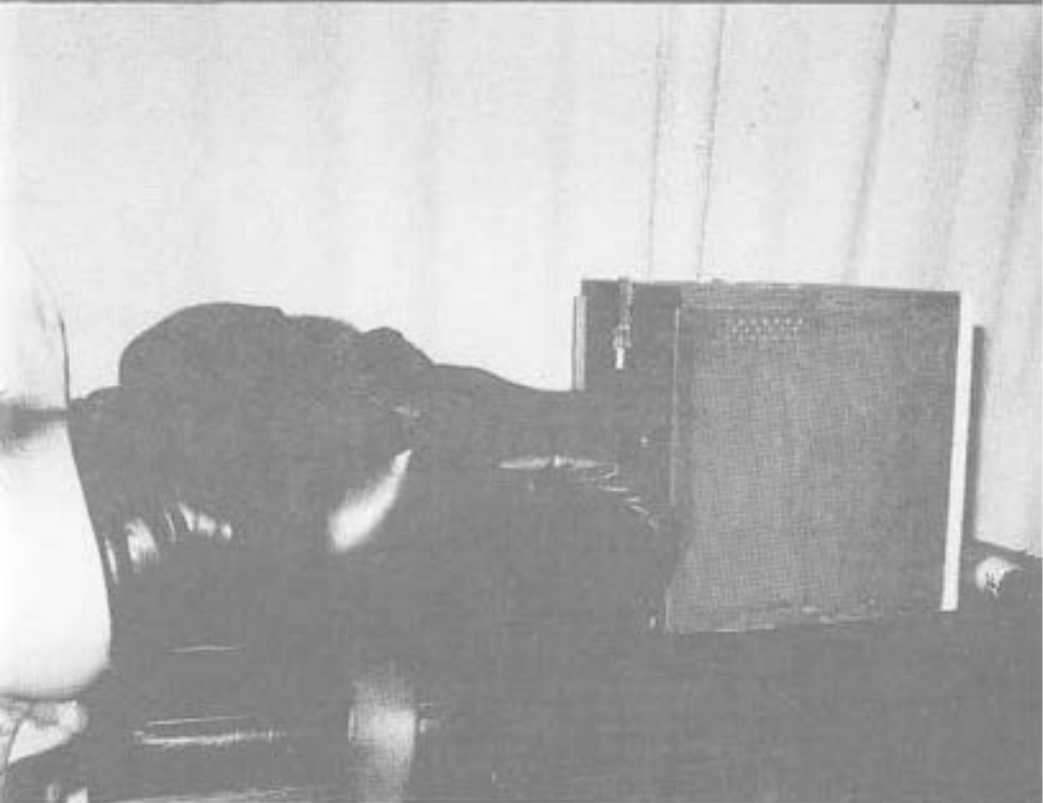
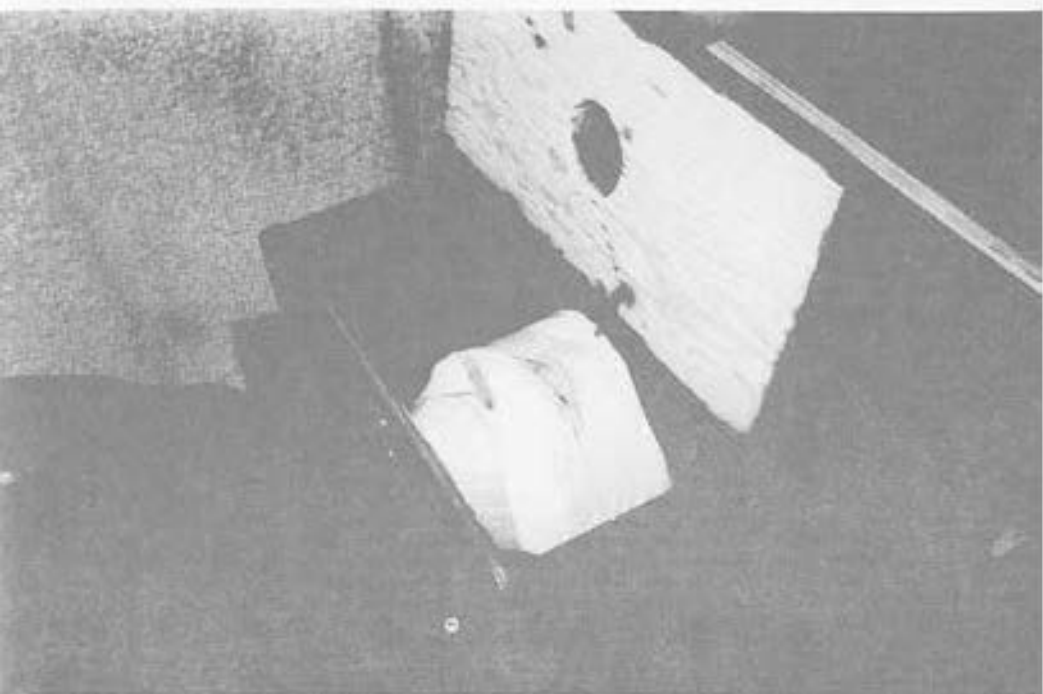
Made to lie down on a work bench, his head is eased into a padded box in which a hole had been cut in the lid.

His torso is strapped to the bench. His booted legs are raised and spread apart, hooked to hanging chains. The Prince Albert ring through his cockhead is clipped to the end of a chain hanging from overhead beams, and pulled taut.

His strapped, restricted body is brought to pulsing life as hot wax drips over his cock and balls.

Again, he senses he is at a limit.





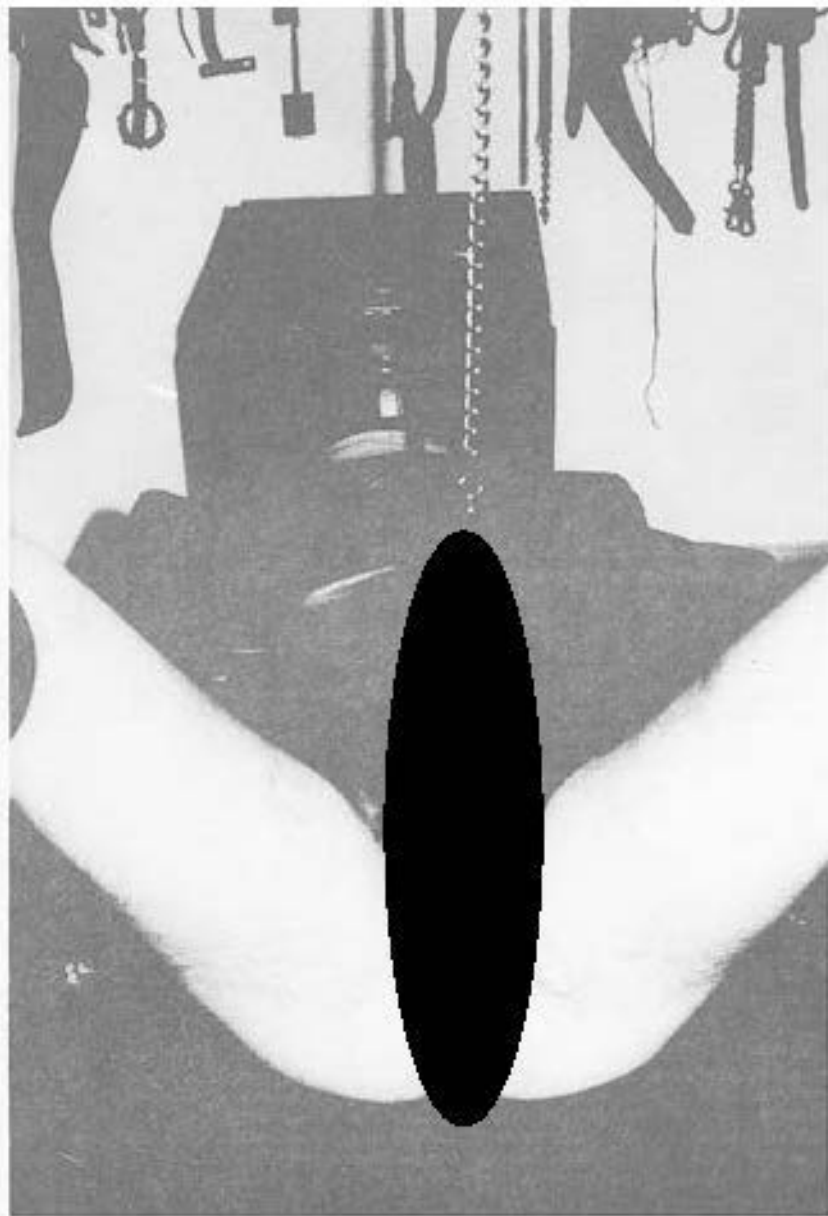


His asshole is fucked with cocks, dildoes, fists.

For the remainder of the morning he is left to think or dream, waiting for a hand, or a strap, to stir him back to reality. He is, he knows, already exhausted. But when he is released,

and sits shackled to a wall ring, he still waits in anticipation.

In hooded darkness, he is again strapped down. Hands fondle his genitals. His cock and balls are encased in a leather sheath. He feels the pricking of pins against his tortured cock and balls as the leather sheath is wrapped, fastened, and cinched around his genitals.



He is led to a suspension harness where he is bound seated. His arms are raised and fastened into place; then his legs and genitals. In their leather and metal prison, his cock feels the repeated pressure of pin pricks as a leather-gloved hand aways his body back and forth in the suspended harness. He feels he will soon lose even

the fragile mental control to which he clings. It is a state of both torment and excitement. A hand strokes the leather shaft that sticks up from his crotch, each movement digging the pins deeper into his cockflesh. Serrated clamps bite into his raw nipples, then his armpits. A quirt reddens his exposed

and vulnerable thighs, his chest, his stomach. Now he writhes in a rising excitement, accented by an increasing pain.

He is again unfastened, moved, forced to sit on a mounted dildo. Although he cannot see, a man in leather shorts stands before him, cock and balls hanging inches from his hooded head. A strap wraps around his head and ties his face, once his mouth has been filled with the man's dick, to the standing body.

The next time he is moved, after he has served his piss-duty, he instinctively knows it is time for more severe restraint. His genitals are noosed and bound between his thighs with two thongs. A balloon is inflated inside his ass. He is ordered into a full black rubber body suit, gloves and boots. Over his head is pulled an inflatable rubber hood with six gaskets, a rubber bladder attached to each.

On the inside, each ear, each eye is covered by a bladder. Two fill his mouth, on either side of a breathing tube. Into each nostril is forced a small tube that attaches to an air inflator. The full hood is inflated first, the mouth bladders after. Next, ear and eye bladders. Finally, the twin bladders up inside his nostrils. He cannot speak. He cannot hear. He cannot even open his eyelids.

Over his shoulders and head a leather harness is fitted preventing any movement of his head.

He is laid out on the same bench as before. His arms are raised above his head; straps are buckled and locked on wrists, forearms, above his elbows, above and below his knees, and on his booted ankles. His neck is collared to the board. His waist is cinched down tight.

Ropes crisscross him from head to toe. His entire body is bound immobile. Strapped, locked, and roped into place. Time is meaningless. As his body is surrendered, his mind begins to slow, ease, relax.

He does not know how long he is bound. When he is released, it is to the lesser restrictions of hood, collar, and chain. He is allowed only the regaining of his shattered equilibrium. He is told to stand. Vertical bondage is to replace horizontal bondage. Leather replaces rubber.

Again, he is bent over and his ass plugged. Again, he is commanded to step into crotchless leathers, booted with high, tightly laced boots. Again, hooded. Again, gagged with a balled breathing tube in his mouth. He is positioned in the parachute harness and hoisted off the floor.

He is roped and strapped, only his cock and balls exposed. A genital chute is snapped onto his crotch, pulling down on his ball sac, so that the chute's steel spikes dig into his stretched skin. A thong is threaded through his Prince Albert cockring, pulled up, and secured to a strap that circles his waist.

He is left swinging in midair, again immobile. It is not the end. His genitals are massaged with the flame of wintergreen fire. Hot wax drips and covers his jerking cock. Later, a hard rubber tube invades his cock shaft. He feels the bite of a leather whip. In time, and he is unaware how long is the time of his torture, a sleeping bag is drawn up over his legs, and secured around his shoulders. He is left, suspended.





He does not know it is early morning when finally he is taken down from his suspension, and left to sleep in his leather cocoon on the floor.

He is aroused, stripped naked, ordered into a rubber suit and hood. There are holes for his nostrils and mouth. His arms are strapped behind his back. His ankles are shackled to a ring set in the wall. A tube is forced into the opening of the rubber hood, into his mouth. Although he cannot know it, the other end of the tube connects

to a rubber cock sheath attached over his controller's genitals. The rush of warming urine flows non-stop through the connecting tube.

Again, he is left alone. Time, which can no longer be assessed, passes.

When hands remove his shackles, he is instructed to pull on a full leather body suit over the rubber one. He is walked around to adjust to the extra weight. A thick, padded leather hood,



this time with only a single breathing hole, is laced tightly over the clinging rubber hood. A straitjacket is added. His arms are firmly bound against his torso. Immediately, the sense of physical restriction is complete. He is knelt down. A rope net is thrown over his leather-bound form from behind. It is laced with heavy cord, rope, pulled tight against the already unmoveable bondage.

Straps circle his waist, binding his arms closer to his body. Straps around his thighs and calves make even the most insignificant movement impossible. He can no longer feel the addition of more restraints. A canvas hammock is wrapped around his bound form.

It is laced and tied. More straps are secured around the human package. Chains attached to the canvas lift the form mid-air. He floats in a suspended freedom. He can't see, hear, speak, move. He can only wait.

The final hours of his bondage are at hand. He is told the device of imprisonment will be simple, meaningless in itself, deceptive. He is instructed to maintain a cool head, not to panic. After his genitals are tubed in a piss sheath, his entire body is covered with talcum powder.

A large plastic-rubber sheath, larger than he is tall, is lifted over his head,



and guided down his body,
to his feet.
For awhile he walks around,
letting his mind and body grow
familiar with the clinging feel
of the thin rubber,
adjusting to the tube and
ball-nag in his mouth.
Even at this initial stage of
his complete body-bagging, his
breathing is somewhat restricted.
He feels he will be able to
tolerate its totality.

He is ordered to lie on the floor,
on his back. His controller attaches
air pumps to nozzles in the rubber
covering. The double-rubber sheath
begins to inflate.
Gradually, as the pumping continues,
the air fills the space
between the sheath's inner and
outer skin.
Soon, he is totally enclosed
in this double balloon.

Inside his swelling prison,
as the air pressure increases,
he finds he is completely
unable to move.
The filled sheath has closed
around his head and feet.
The inner lining has molded itself
to his every physical contour.
Still the pressure builds.
He can feel it, amazed,
that captured air could provide
the greatest restraint.
He can no longer hear,
nor open his eyes,
nor speak, nor move,
even a fraction.
More than a sense of floating,
he feels remote, removed,
from any known environment.
The things that rush through his
mind: empty space,
the alien quality of absolute
isolation.
Pressure creates a vacuum.
He is conscious
while being unconscious
of anything
except the severe isolation
of this thoughts
encased like a fly in amber.
He has ceased to be any
recognizable entity.

He is a monolith.

He is encased: a meaningless form.

He does not know that his breathing
is being monitored by his controller.
He is oblivious to everything:
time, place, sense.
Later, it will be impossible to
describe how he felt.
Except this: he feels a hand,
an arm,
invade his cocoon.
A vibrating insistence digs into
his groin.

In ecstasy,
he explodes. MM



WHY BONDAGE?

Continued from page 11

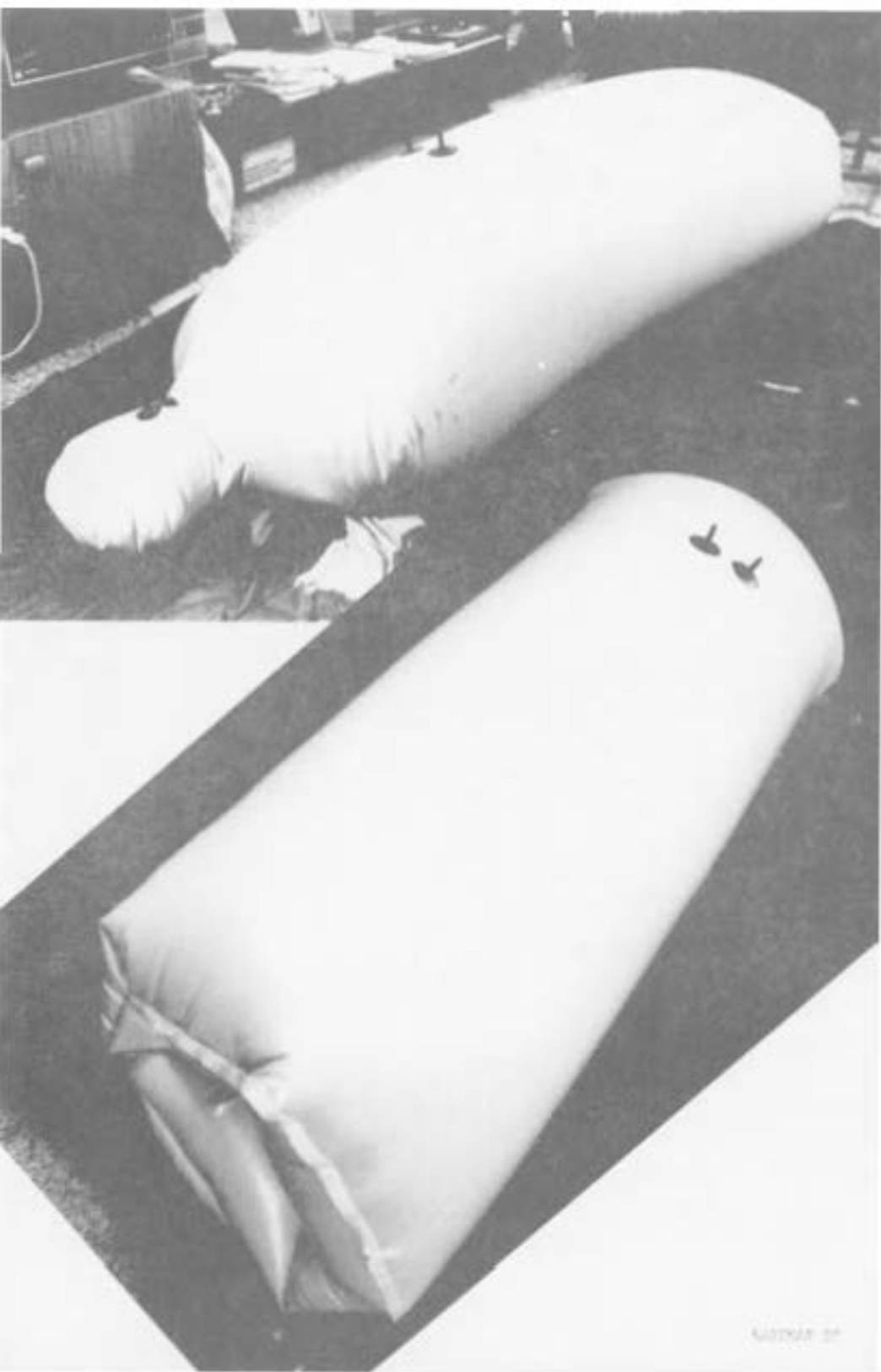
Any man who has developed a heavier
than normal sense of musculature
realizes, if he is at all sentient,
that bodybuilding is the ultimate
bondage trip—wrapping your all too
solid flesh up in itself. This is not
to put bodybuilding down. Having lived
two years with my bodybuilder lover, I
know that bodybuilding, like bondage,
because it IS bondage, can be a very
physical medium to be used to transcend
up the spiritual way to the astral.
(Unless the bodybuilder's consciousness
is fucked up on steroids.) Transcend-
ence is the pure conjuring of the as-
tral body of the spirit that comes in
through your body, and then launches
out from deep inside you.

If you are a man in pursuit of the
pure essence of masculinity, the var-
ieties of bondage can help guide and
teach.

CUMING: FREEDOM IN BONDAGE

Cuming, any cuming, no matter how you
get yourself to orgasm is the only
freedom finite men can ever know.

While you're cuming, nothing matters:
not rent, not food, not loved ones,
not even physical life itself. Any
man who has ridden his own orgasm,
the way a good cowboy rides his horse,
knows that during his cuming, he
could die, would, in fact, willingly

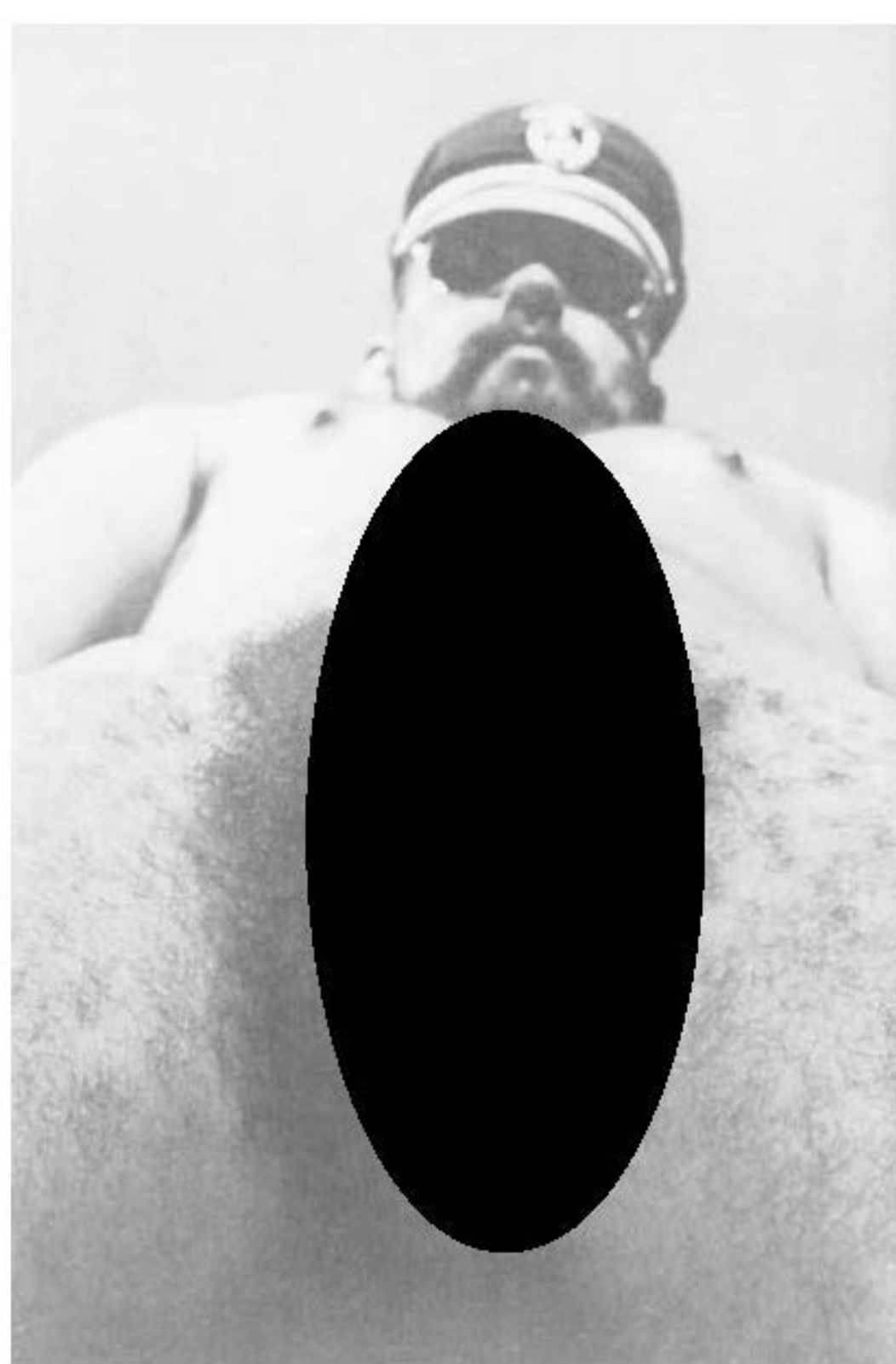


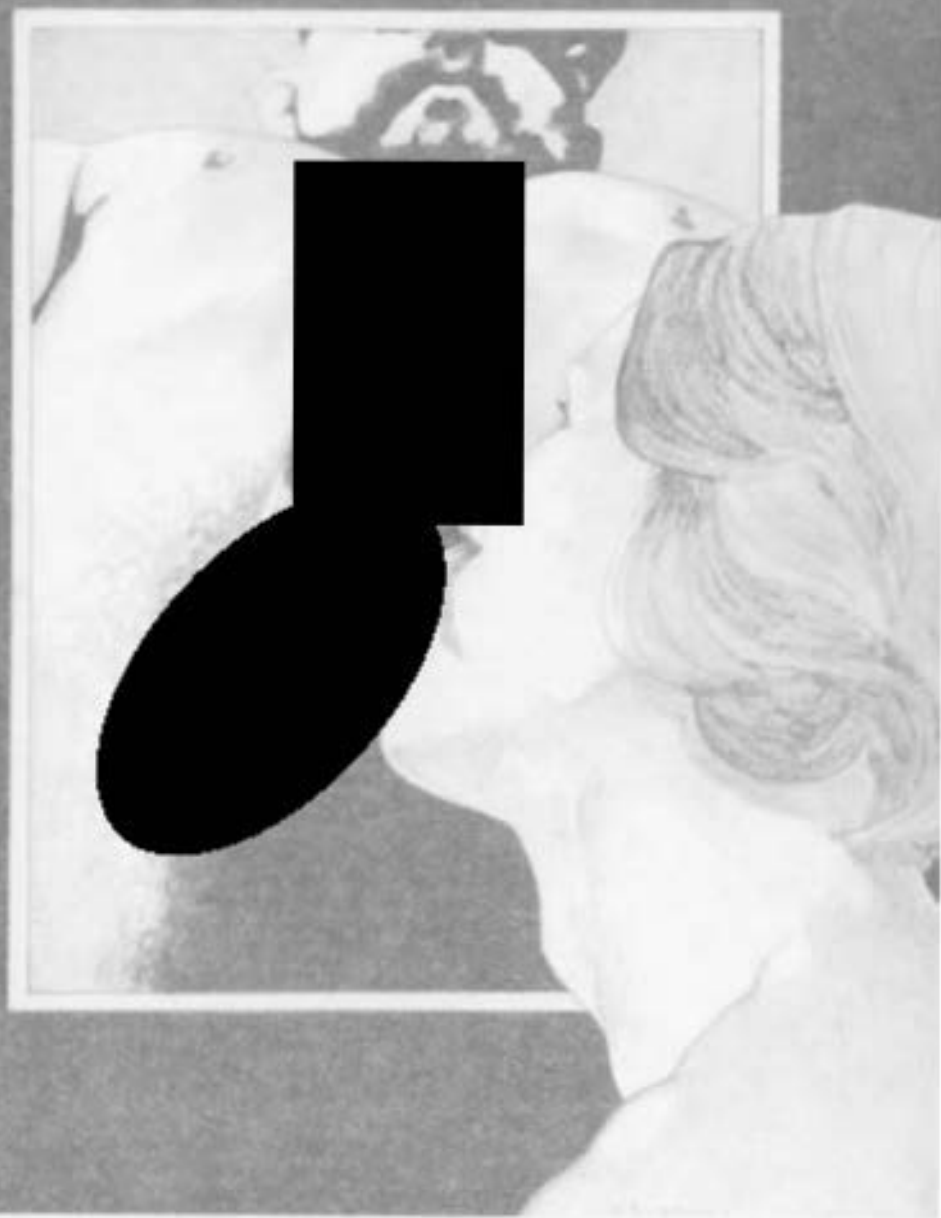


TEXAS PRISON PHOTOS



FROM DANNY LYON'S CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD





CIGAR BANDS IN MACHO HANDS

CIGAR SMOKING USED TO BE A REALLY BIG DEAL IN THIS COUNTRY BEFORE THE CURRENT AGE OF FEMINISM. After a fine supper, ladies withdrew, leaving the men to their cigars and port. In that era, a man's cigar was his trademark—a part of his image and identity. Not so long ago, before the "babies came a long way," the entire male population of this country was cigar crazy. To contemporary homosexual men, choosing between their parents to do their father's act, and not their mother's, the cigar is a potent reality and symbol that sends the gayboys off and running complaining like wet hens. They neither like, nor understand, the current popularity of cigars among masculinist males.

SOME STRAIGHTFORWARD BACKGROUND

In San Francisco, straights Steve and Dennis Russo point to the walls of their Russo's restaurant on Union Street. They'll tell you about their great-great-great grandfather, who devoted 60 years of his life to collecting cigar bands.

More than 5,000 bands, in fact—all of them collected between 1860 and 1920—line their restaurant walls, framed like works of art, hanging as a tribute to a time when cigarettes were just a puff of smoke, designed originally for women, compared to the popularity among men of cigars.

"In fact," says Steve Russo, "in 1880 there were 1400 active independent cigar factories in the U.S., making 15,000 to 20,000 different brands. Can you imagine what it would be like today if we had that many brands of cigarettes to choose from?"

"And not only that," he says, "but in the 1880's, in a town of 10,000 people you could expect to find from 150 to 250 brands carried in stock at any given time. No wonder they needed such elaborate bands to attract the smoker to their product."

CAN YOU SMELL THAT SMELL?

The Russo brothers admit they have learned a lot about cigars since



FOR MELTDOWN, CALL NUKE
707-823-2806

they inherited what they now call "The Groucho Marx Memorial Collection," a collection that gathered dust for decades in the St. Louis attic of their great-great uncle, but which, they predict, will make the next edition of The Guinness Book of World Records.

"We checked all over, trying to find cigar band collections as extensive as this one," Steve says. "Finally, we located this guy who supposedly had the most extensive cigar band collection in San Francisco, and it turned out he only had 400 bands. That's when we realized we had something really unique on our hands."

Unique is the word to describe the Russo collection, some of it elaborately done in genuine gold leaf, and, designed by the finest lithographers of the day. According to one book, these lithographers used as many as 22 different stones and as many different inks to achieve their intricate effects. Many of the cigar bands actually cost four or five times what the actual tobacco cost.

Frame after frame on the Russo walls reads like a history book. One has the portrait of a pope and the words: "Leo XIII, 1877-1903." Another says: "Daniel Boone." In fact, each framed band has a theme.

One frame shows a series of American presidents from George Washington to the "present-day" Teddy Roosevelt. Another contains 52 bands, each one part of a complete deck of playing cards. Others show particular brands (such as Rothschild's), and some are actually personalized, with the cigarmaker's name printed on each band. That's how intense in those days was a man's identity with his cigar. As a point of reference, Cimino's Heaven's Gate featured even more cigar smoking than did his Deer Hunter, which had plenty; currently dramatizing the same turn-of-the-century period as Heaven's Gate, the 3-D western Coming at Ya (1981), is replete with very sexual cigars.

ETIQUETTE: REMOVAL OF CIGAR BAND

According to The Connoisseur's Book of the Cigar by Zino Davidoff, it is proper to remove the band "after having smoked about a fifth of the cigar. By that time the cigar will have attained its 'cruising speed.'" And while Davidoff insists the cigar band is "baroque and lyrical," he says, "the cigar is even more attractive in its nudity. The purity of its line will be more clearly seen."



Dodge City dudes pose as ranch hands

FAMOUS CIGARS

A number of important people throughout history have been strongly attached to the cigar.

According to the World Book Encyclopedia, the first cigar smoked by civilized man occurred in 1492, when Christopher Columbus and his men found the people of the West Indies smoking crude cigars in tribal ceremonies. (Catch that: "tribal ceremonies.")

MORTICIAN EATS NUTS

Dear MAN2MAN:

I dig the Castration Story in the last issue of your trash-mag, but I wonder how many of your readers have actually eaten the nuts out of a stud?

You can try mountain oysters, which I started on, but THE REAL THING is not possible to duplicate.

How you get your nuts is your business, but dumping 180 pounds of dead male beef in a grave in the ground is a waste. Besides, no one ever misses the nuts anyway. I mean, when was the last time you went to a funeral and found the top and the bottom of the casket open? Or the peter exposed? Right?

If you think all those young accident cases go to the Great Beyond untouched 100% of the time, you don't know the opportunities the "marble slab trade" offers, do you?

You can pop the nuts out of the young guy's sack easily. Who's to notice? Peel the membranes around them and then pop one into your mouth, and bite hard, feeling the hide pop, and then chew the white/pink flesh. It is a flavor you can't describe. It takes several minutes of real hard chewing to completely get all the meat out of the tough outer skin, and then swallow that before popping the other nut into your mouth to work on that baby.

Natch, you take the young, good-looking dudes' nuts, and whatever else you do to them can be your fun too. I just get off on eating the nuts, and if you don't feel a whole lot of added zip in your blood for a few days after, you might as well be eating Reagan's jelly beans.

I handle usually at least one humpy case a week.

Signed: The Nut Thief of Pennsylvania

CIGAR BANDS (Continued)

Herman Melville, repressed homosexual author of Billy Budd and Moby Dick, claimed the "Habana" cigars were responsible for giving Cubans the most beautiful skin. Prosper Merimee, the author of Carmen, was said to be captivated more by the gypsies who sold cigars than by the cigar itself. George Sand, of course, was the greatest female cigar smoker in history.

HOW TO HOLD THE CIGAR

According to The Connoisseur's Book of the Cigar, "A cigar ought not to be held between the index and middle finger as is a cigaret, but between the index finger and the thumb. Winston Churchill did

not follow this style, but he is pardoned."

A PAD? AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE!

Man-to-man, talking or fucking, a guy can offer another fellow a symbolic smoke. Somehow there's nothing like the aroma of a good cigar on a warm San Francisco night. When a man completes his look with a cigar, other men can pretty much figure his Perversatility Quotient is right up there with the hottest! M2M

Supper at Russo's could be quite an experience. M2M



MANIMALS

What you're looking for is looking for you!

PRODIGAL CLERGYMAN SEEKS MALE IDOL. Sincere WM, 40's, clergyman begs to experience REAL LIFE on his knees, as a prodigal slave, worshipping hot Top Men. This is a real chance to teach a minister that his fucking place is servicing men's cocks, balls, asses, and pits. String him up. Use any method calculated to get good results for pagan pleasure: SM, B/D, water sports, ball and titwork. Piss on him and make him drink from the fountain of life. "Take me and expand my limits, for your pleasure, to fulfill me in my religious profession." In Central NY during week. Can travel 100 miles. #00098.

WOT MUTUAL ACTION. WM, 32, 5-10, 140, UNCUT. Moustache/beard (br/br), new to scene, wants to expand ADVENTURES! Seek similar male studs who like to EXPERIMENT in GIVE-AND-TAKE Sessions: BD, WS, light SM, FR, GR, J/O. Write with photo. Maybe we can get it on and really soar. Smoke/anyl. Philadelphia. #00116.

ATTENTION VOYEURS. RAUNCH EXHIBITIONIST will strip, reveal, show, model, perform AUTO-KINK; deliver, use piss/shit; auto-dildo, self-FF; J/O; self-tit torture, genitorture, C&B toys, jocks, 50ls, shorts, briefs, catheter play; into porn, pot-n-poppers, dick, assholes, body worship, verbal-visual j/o; cum-play, enemas. Dig HOT-MINDED REAL MEN to 50, Manimals and animals. Custom-made photos to order of any of above scenes. Films also. Want man who can read the mind of this bearded, 41, 5-10, 150, br/gr, UNCUT PIG. Raunch photo gets mine. Washington, D.C. #00112.

INTO BUTTS. Irish writer, good looks and body, moustache, 5-11, 175, 43, mid-Manhattan apt, likes all-round funky sex, rimming. With right guy: SM, scat (dominant or submissive). Especially like blacks or guys with black hair. Days or nights. #00110.

TRANSPARENT FETISHES/FANTASIES. WM wants to hear from anyone with similar interests: nylon, Spandex, other sensual or transparent fabrics. Scenes with condoms, oil, games, fantasies, fetishes, etc. Write or call anytime: 415/929-1388. #00111.

TOPHAND COWBOY WITH HORSEBARN SEEKS HORNY BOTTOM. Wellbuilt, wellhung cowboy wants hot horsebarn session with willing bottom dude who is also wellbuilt and horny. I'll ride your ass with SPURS, SPIT, FITS, AND SHIT--CK with me. 00114.

EXHIBITIONIST. Piss-drinking, cocksucking, butt-fucking, dick-jerking animal. WM, 36, 6', 150, HEAVY HUNG, cut, BIG BALLS & DIRTY MIND; exhibitionist and backpacker digging LOINCLOTHES or nothing for casual and wild-erness dress; thinks of himself as a PIECE OF MEAT and likes to give heavy workout with his teeth. Wants to meet others: WM, late 20s to early 40s, good bodies and similar heads. Bay Area only. 415/626-3922. Evenings after 8.

WANT A REAL ONE? This Aquarian slave (WM, 41, 3-10, 170, 8" cut) wants a sane, permanent Master. Is the proposition turns you on, teach me. I'm ripe and ready! Frank, Box 14128, San Francisco CA 94114.

HOT BALL MAN, LA AREA. Bunky, hairy WM, 35, 6', 178 wants to share his energies, find unknown limits, and expand them. If you're man enough, your rules accepted for any and all sensual trips and fantasies including GENITORTURE AND KINKY SCENES. Otherwise, submit! Serious movies will be considered. You: any age or race but be for real and in good shape. R.W.C., PO Box 1301, Pomona CA 91769.

PISS-DRINKING DEEP THROAT. Slim WM, 40, Slave, for ANY MAN/ANY COLOR. Finch and bite my TITS. WILL SERVICE YOUR MALE DOG. Sir: please write W. O'Keefe, 16 Natividad Road #7, Salinas CA 93906, or call 408/422-2315.

KINKY FOR MUSCLES AND ARMPITS. Looking for lean, defined MUSCLEMAN/EXERCISE FREAK, PHYSIQUE SHOWOFF, or GOODLOOKING ATHLETE who also gets off on funky, muscle-sweaty armpits. Want to feel your muscles and smell your sweat as we exercise, pump up, pose, sensually wrestle, or whatever. Into manly, affectionate, sensual intimacy more than just sex. I'm 6', 164, forties, grayish blond, blue eyes, hardmuscled body. Not knowledgeable in S&M or Bondage, but would explore in connection with above scene. Photo important. PO Box 2181, Chicago IL 60690.

EXPERIENCED WRESTLER AND S&M TOP. WM, 38, 6', 150, with large collection of equipment. Playroom. Seek others for single or group scenes. INITIATION OF NOVICES A SPECIALTY. Also into role reversal. 415/824-7915.

BONDAGE/SUBMISSION. Turn on with a MUSCULAR, FILICED, TATTOOED MANIMAL, BOUND IN LEATHER, SUSPENDED by ropes and chains, tits and balls STRETCHED, cock CATHETERIZED, sucking pit and crotch sweat, in spotlighted mirrors or hooded darkness. Experienced Tops or Bottoms wanted for MUTUAL, SENSUAL interchange. 415/863-4649 before 11 PM.

CREATIVE MUTUAL BONDAGE. And COCK, BALL, and TIT TORTURE. Leather, toys, sensual play, long J/C, exhibitionism, groups, shaving, piercing. I am WM, 32, 5-11, 150, br/br, moustache, pierced tits. Ready when you are! TOM. 415/626-8309.

I WANT TO EAT YOUR SHIT! All you young (18-30), bunky, wellbuilt studs who wear TIGHT #30! LEVIS, come and sit on my face, and feed me your shit. Let me lick your raunchy body from toes to head, and give you a super-hot RIM JOB, BLOW JOB, TONGUE BATH, AND BODY WORKSHOP. 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 MASCULE MEN, including Big Huskies who want their needs satisfied. Into most scenes: ass, tit action, W/S, ass-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 s-l-a-v-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 ENEMAS, toilet training, MEN SITTING ON THE TOILET, farts, crotch and asshole shaving, exhibition, humiliation. RON, PO Box 362, New Iberia, LA 70560

HOT TOP BODYBUILDER. 6', 150, DARK BEARD, seeks bumpy bottom for toilet service; asshole-to-mouth action with flowing piss. No shitty mess. No reciprocation. I'm in-to 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 TOILETSEX BUDDY for hot action, fantasy, photos, letters. I'M TOP/MUTUAL with HEAVY FILTH TALK DURING ACTION. Am 5-8, 63, 180, moustache, hairy pits, and hairy asshole. I DIG GETTING TOGETHER WITH A MAN WHO GETS INTO ASSHOLE WORSHIP, PISS, FARTS, MANSHELLS, AND SWEATY TOILET ACTION. Have rinseat; will travel. Especially for deep shit-hole 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 body-builder 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 305/981-5196 BETWEEN 6:30 PM and 7:30 PM, OR, at 11 PM ONLY, Eastern Time. FRED.

MOUSTACHE/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 movies and beat their meat with a kicked-back buddy. Hairy cheats and hairy legs get me going! Me: a Mutualist (I give a lot of Top and take a lot of Bottom—anything except me getting fistfisted, 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-blood moustache and hair, green eyes, small glove size, six feet tall. DAYTIME TRIPS POSSIBLE. PO BOX 14875, San Francisco CA 94114.

KIDNAP-MANNAF SURPRISE! Picture yourself standing beer in hand, hurry in bar, leatherclad, ass cleaned. Waiting. Unsure of the arranged INEVITABLE. Then strong-armed off to THE ROOM, blindfolded, hooded, gagged, 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 R2D. Call: 916/626-6126.

CLERGYMAN NEEDS TO LEARN REAL LIFE. Clergyman needs to service man-cooks 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: flatfucking, 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.

BIG WHITES ONLY. Bisexual Black Male, 36, 5-10, 160, digs BIG white men who are raunchy and experienced. Want them to sit on my face, so I can eat their asses out, lick their balls, and have them shoot their cum all over me. Like MUTUAL TITWORK, J/O, I am passive grock, mutual french, and light SM. Jams. Beware! Especially like TRUCKERS, POLICEMEN, AND SERVICE MEN. Drop a line with picture if you can: Jayson, Box 990, DHS, 132 west 24th Street, NYC 10011.

BODYBUILDERS/PUNKS/CREASERS/MUSTLERS. Young sexy leather-slave needs whipping. Into bootlicking. B/D scenes with hot, young Master. I'm 26, smooth, hard and ready to GROVEL AT THE FEET OF YOUNG Bodybuilders, Punks, Creasers, Mustlers. No clones or fats. Action dudes only. Photo and phone get mine. Jim, 827 Pacific #218, San Francisco CA 94133. BEAT ME!

TOILET EXHIBITION PHOTOS. Lets swap photos of me seated on the toilet, butts on the bowl, squatting on the shitpot. COMMODE COMMANDOS. WRITE: RON, PO Box 362, New Theria, LA 90560.

LLOYD BRIDGES-TYPE WANTS HUSKIES FOR MAN-SEX! Big, husky, rugged guys wanted for hot manners. You lie back and let my expert mouth and tongue service your NIPPLES, eat out your SWEATY ARMPITS, tongue-fuck your ASS, lick your balls to toes, before taking your cumload. Lloyd Bridges-type, 52, 6, 190, HOT TITS! KINKY SCENES A SPECIALTY! 212/684-3381.

MUSCULAR HAIRY MAN DIGS SHIT/MOTOR OIL. ON, 34, 5-5, 165, wellbuilt, hairy digs shit and animal scenes. Real perverted, dirty action: PUKE, SCAT, SHOT, MOTOR OIL, 1 on TOP/MUTUAL. TRAVEL MINNET, NYC, CA. Write Details for a Real Get-Down! XXX72.

TOILETSEX. Hot wild mouth will work your HAIRY shit-hole 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 PISSHOLES, LONG FORK-SKINS, TITS, HAIRY ARMPITS. New York. XXX71.

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

FOR REAL. Obedient/eager mouth/tongue for cock and ass of white RUGGED, ROUGH, MAS-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. DHS, Box 943, 132 W. 24th Street, New York NY 10011.

MASTER SEEKS OTHER TOPS. Master, W. 34, 140, cut 64, seeks heavy-bung Top Men into getting serviced by my cock slave (W, 29, 6, 130, swimmer's build) under my direction. Age/weight not important. BUTCH ATTITUDE IS. Dig 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 right hole, and using him as a latrine, call 415/621-1916 evenings till 9 PM and anytime weekends. San Francisco.

MANGUSTIAN MANIMAL: TOP MAN SWINGS MUTUAL. My shit stinks real fuckin' good. Dig daily dumping, sweaty action, dirty long-jobs, jocks, snort, piss, pits, feet, farts. Total toilet action, celebrating the long hard gifts of a natural man to a natural man, with rinsate, bedpans, slings, enemas, rubbershots, and photos. If you're into hot and filthy action, let's get it on in the Village, NYC. Call JACK: 212-743-8279.

KIDNAP ME. WM, 25, 5-10, 165, moustache, goodlooking. Want a man to carry me off for medium-to-longterm heavy bondage. Listen to me scream and beg, or gag me and listen to my moans. No heavy pain of FF. Occupant, 1476 California Street Box 302, San Francisco CA 94109.

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 Boxholder 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, ADULTS, 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 under wear! 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 RAUCY MOM, 18-35, into EATING A LEATHERMAN'S HOT ASS. Dig 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, slim, per-versatile, wants muscular owners of stallions, great Dams, and Weimarers. Also cattle into laidback natural scene. Hardcore men and action only. Photo of you and pets gets immediate reply. Los Angeles. 00100.

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

MAKING 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, 1177 E Street, N.W. #152, Washington, D.C. 20005.

ITCHY HOLE SEES HORNY POLE. Horny MASCU-LINE 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. M. Bahl, 2318 Second Avenue #421, Seattle WA 98121.

THE COLLECTIBLE COMPLETE MAN2MAN.

Back issues: \$5 each. Issue #1: Sold out.

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.

TWO HUNKY 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 shirts, boots. Into mutual asshole-rimming, scat, piss, JO: circle, and one-to-one, and snoring 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, 00105.

MANWOSHIPPING 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 WHIPPING 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: 415/641-8954.

SNOW-WHITE GELATINOUS SPERM. Very few men possess t-b-i-r-k snow-white gelatinous sperm. But I love to search and find it! Especially if from UNCUT 10+ inch joint! So much the better! Write all about Hot Clots. Jim Levbaugh, Maine 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. (FIREFIRDS 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.

955 TOP: READY FOR ACTION. V/A, FF, W/S, B/D, restraints, bonds, chains, toys, any!, smoke, scat (have good toilet seat), rimming, raunchy jockstraps, sweaty crotch, arm pits, wax, needles, shaving. Is there more? If so, you name it, and you get it! NO LATE PM, OR EARLY AM, OR OUT-OF-TOWN J/O CALLS, OR FOR SAME NIGHT. Great to psych up mentally and physically. Am 5' BOTTOM if I am in the mood--for BLACKS, HAIRY CHICANOS, OR WHITES. Local scenes: 213/247-7592. If planning trip, SNAP gets preference and my pic in return. MOV, 1815 Princeton, Glendale CA 91204.

ATLANTA. Atlanta area WM, 35, 190, 6', into SM, BD, C&B work, whips, suspension, Levi's, and torture scenes seeks experienced S. No FF, scat, injury. Some travel. Sometimes switch. Send phone to #00121.

MUTUALLY VICIOUS RIGOROUS SESSIONS. Handsome, intelligent pervert (33, 6-2, 170, good body, hung) needs contact with serious pain addicts--hot wellbuilt, depraved men who want to inflict, endure, exchange acute short-term pain in, on the flesh of Big Dicks, Heavy Swollen Nuts, Stretched-Out Tits. Goal: rigorous sessions (one-on-one or group) devoted to precision clampings, strappings, piercings, sandings, etc., that will have us sweating, writhing, sobbing, screaming our way to ecstasy. Prerequisites: viciousness combined with exactness, abandonment combined with self-control; strict observation of real limits. Mutuality and experience preferred, but expert, cruel Tops all the way to Novice Bottoms with a total commitment to being hurt well are welcome. Stinking unwashed pits, and tull un wiped butt give this pig, who has both, an extra rush! Write in detail, describing your personal equipment, attitudes, experiences, and sketching out the situations, techniques, tools you're used to, or would like to try out. I am in Europe until June; after that, in America (Northeast and West Coast). Responses from either continent attended to. It can hurt--and it will--if you write immediately to G. McGregor, 77, avenue Victor-Hugo, 21000 Dijon, France.

AFTER JUNE 1, 1981, write G. McGregor, c/o MANZAN, Mail will be 3-14.

FEDDER/EATER: HUNKY BUTT/HUNKY

TONGUE. WM, 5-10, 150, 33, muscular, athletic body. My asshole stinks of fresh shit and dirty jockstraps. I like to spread my hunky 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 FICMASTER man enough to make me WANT to tongue his stinking, sweaty pig crotch, and rim his dirty asshole. David. 415/495-7052. Or write A186.

TONGUE TENNIS BALLBORN/INCEST. Son or Nephew who wants to make it with his Dad/Uncle/Big Brother, or just with "a Man for the first time," wanted for gentle loving "instructions" by a 30-year-old Dude who ain't had in the Looks Department: good bod, moderately hairy belly and chest, moustache, six foot tall, 165#, with a 7-INCH WELL-PACKED UNCUT joystick that retracts fully and easily, with 10WHANGERS! Just right for many sets of TONGUE TENNIS for as long as YOU want to play! With/without reciprocation. I like and I wear: Levi's, Mensingwear Briefs, smoke, sniff, rings, rubbers, cut and uncut, mushroom heads, givin' and gettin' head, 69, gettin' fucked, clean bodies, fore and aft! All lovingly done and mutually enjoyed. Looks/age second place to mutual desire to please. No fens, overweight, fatcats, drugs, J/O or collect calls! Other TRUCKERS welcome to crash overnight with ALL the comforts of home, including a good hot meal and the best coffee in the State! Plus a professional FULL BODY MASSAGE to relax your bone(s) and get you back on the road in time. CLOSE TO ALL FREEMAYS. Call 213/460-4124 anytime AFTER 6PM L.A. TIME! If machine answers, leave message, or write: L.A. TRUCKER, 140 South Gramercy Place, L.A. CA 90004. Come and enjoy!

TRUCKER. Hairy, hard, muscular 5'10"-TALLER, 45, seeks other BIG RIPPED FEELERS who dig heavy-duty workouts! I've a nasty collection of straps, suction cups, and pins (plus other toys) to expand these sore tits...and other limbs! If you're also into mincers, oil, anal, smoke, wrestling, wet jocks, along rubbers, w/e, forcefeedings, and filthy verbal tripe--rush me a disgusting letter or audio cassette tape. Pkz unopened, \$\$\$-worth of porn available for private sessions. Come on, you Out-of-Town FIC ANIMALS! (Hot TITIAL-FFC ANIMAL available for three-days!!) Pete Lopera, Box 11007, San Francisco CA 94115.

MR. INV. SERIAL/UNIFORM FETTER ACTION. Brines BOOTWIPES and INDUSTRIAL URINALS needed for NY freightyard and waterfront jobs. HOSEFITTERS, OILERS, SEWERMEN, UNIFORMED PERSONNEL TOO RISE FOR BARS: LET'S GET PLEDGED IN! Level 30's and Carhartts waterproofed. Contact: GRASSTROG, SWAMP DOG WATER-PROOFERS, 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.

KIDHEAD FFS BTR. Hot, kinky trips with 6-muscular stud, grey eyes, 31, 6, glasses, lean smooth athletic body, BLND, VFA ONLY. 1-patch and 4" A. Into verbal fantasy: athletic, military, Western, incest, etc. SF. A108 or 415/648-1298.

WATERSPORTS AND SNOWPLAY. WM, goodlooking, 28, 6-2, 175, beard, seeking SENSUOUS man-partner into exploring watersports while evening goes better with Coke. Be discreet. Call MIKE, 415/348-3967, or write 2140 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley CA 94702.

TEAM CAPTAIN SEEKS TEAMMATES. Locker rooms. Sweaty jocks. Ripe, thick, wet wool socks. Worn, tight-stretched grey workout cotton shirts. Pure hunk, hot 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 old-fashioned 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, manstastes, and good deep manassons. 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 greedily share what you have with a man worthy of it. Prefer uncut, like me. If 41, 6-foot, 155, 74, graying black hair, beard, and moustache sound good to you, get in touch. Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of '81. 00090.

CANNIBALISM/DISMEMBERMENT FANTASIES. W/M, 30s, 150, gets hot for cannibalism, torture, and mutilation, and dismemberment fantasies. I'd like to meet or correspond with other men with similar interests. #00120.

FED NOT 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.

MUSCULAR & UNINHIBITED SEEKS RAUNCHY SEX. Hot, muscular, uninhibited WM, fresh 45, with western look, moustache, into raunchy mansex: sweaty crotches, smelly pits, water sports. Especially good at ass-eating, clean or dirty. Can play really good bottom-side for a together Top. Also very active in mutual and group scenes. Would like to trade scat pix. Muscular, 3-9, 162. Call 415/647-9323, or write MCM #A107.

SNOT. Bearded/moustached men wanted for partners into long intimate raunchy trips. I am 3-10, 145, 28. Dig shit, piss, snot, B/D, highs, camping outdoors, and EXPERIMENTING! Man-to-man sex adventures call late AM or PM: 415/626-8556.

24-YEAR-OLD BODYBUILDER needs more training in SM, bondage and discipline, and WS. Am 5-5 1/2, 340, WM. Interested in WM Masters. LA-San Gabriel Valley. Send photo, phone, address. #00091.

GANGBANG 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.

SIRELOIN ACTION! I stand erect at 5-8. Net 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 MASHOLES, 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.

SMOTMEN 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 cum, and can be at ease with men who do the same. Also want to contact men who use piss/cum 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 nancok and ass. Pic of your prick gets mine. WM, early 50's, 6, 195, beard, moustache, 7 inches of NASTY UNCUT DICK. East Coast. #00094.

LEATHER RANCHMAN NEEDED. Leather hand needed to build up heavy layer of manseats 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 COMMENSURATE WITH YOUR WORK: FUCKED, FISTED, WHIPPED, SEATEN, FED MANDICK, 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, B BAR N RANCH, BOX 465, EL DORADO CA 95623. Include picture, physical attributes, dates available for hire, and forms of payment desired. Northern California.

MASCULINE MEN DRIVING THROUGH SOUTHWEST on I-10, give it a GO! I'm into meeting-together men in watersports, 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.

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

INTERCHAIN

BOX 410, Downstairs

132 W. 24 Street

New York, N.Y. 10011

MEN INTO AGGRESSIVE/PASSIVE ANIMAL SEX. WM, 30, 5-10, 185 into uniforms, leather, boots, mild drugs, raunch, filth, sweat, not outdoor nights, TLC, fistfucking, water sports, toys, oil, grease, JO, fucking, barns, nudity with animals, animal sex, and men into aggressive or passive animal sex. Let's exchange stories of conquests. And meet. Sincere replies answered immediately. Vancouver. **M2M #00125.**

UTAH MANIMAL. Am into JO master/slave correspondence or meetings in northern Utah. Am naturally versatile. **M2M #00129.**

NEVADA LAWMAN. This deputy is the Real Thing. WM, 30, 5-9, 150, gigs arresting big hunky men, taking you out to the lonely desert in my patrol car, and fulfilling EVERY COP FANTASY you've ever had! The bigger you are, the harder you fall. Also into wrestling, bondage, jocks, athletes and "passing" through straight male events. ANY TYPE OF AGGRESSIVE SEX FANTASY. THIS IS REAL. Write details of your trip to **M2M #00035.**

FULLTIME SLAVE FOR ANY **M2M #00096.**

FIELD-PHONE BALL TORTURE. WM, 35, 185, 6-2, 6 inches, cut, hairy, seeks bondage and discipline, S&M, and COCK-AND-BALL TORTURE from 501 Levi VN-booted men, preferably in well-equipped game room. Need bondage/whipmaster for training, hooding, whipping, immobilizing BONDAGE, cock/ball/ass torture. Especially need to have my weighted, separated balls tightly wrapped with bare wire, and worked over with adjustable electric field-phone, while I am suspended from Brazilian "parrot's perch" as illustrated in Issue #7 of **MANIMAN**. No scat, fistfucking, piercing, or damage. Travel a lot in W, SW, and SE. San Francisco. **M2M #00088.**

COWBOY NEEDS ROPING. Sheriff, deputy, and/or posse needed for Wild West times, in jail or out on the range. I'm Outlaw Cowboy, dark-haired, bearded, 155, 40--a real shoot-from-the-hip dude corralled at 801 W. Main-Mn, Kelso WA 98626. Call 206/423-7545.

HOT BODIES FOR ORGIES. Sex-crazed muscled Marine-type studs wanted by muscular, tattooed, crewcut wild man into sweat, piss, armpits, jockstraps, gym shorts, frogman wetsuits. Travel NYC, SFO, LAX, Europe. JOHNNY. Box 5515, San Francisco 94101.

WANT TO TAKE IT OUT ON HOT DAD? How would you like to tie your Dad over a gym horse, take a punishing whip, strap, or paddle, and flog his helpless bare ass without mercy? Then fuck his red hot ass while it is still throbbing from your beating? Then make Dad take out his teeth and drink your piss to the last drop? Then feed him your shit, and beat it down him mouthful by mouthful? And invite your young buddies to join in the fun every night? If you're at least NY legal age (now 17), cute and dominant all the way, with no hangups, Dad offers lifetime security and all the action you and your buddies can handle! Dad is a handsome, middle-aged dude and sincere. No J/O letters! Write for real with FACE photo to **M2M #00128**

KINKIES: please write to a curious, lonesome guy who wants to hear via mail all the fun you have in intimate detail: what it feels like when you do it! S. F. Allyn, Box 573, Lucerne Valley CA 92356.

BODYBUILDER INTO PISS-SHIT GAMES AND FILTHY FANTASIES. Top or Mutual, in clothes, or skin-to-skin on each other. I'm 34, bearded, cut. Travel widely. Smoke. Dan, Box 10274, Tallahassee FL 32302.

ORGIES CATERED. San Francisco/Sacramento/Reno areas. Fistfucking, ass spanking, ass whippings catered to hungry orgy-oriented GROCFS. Get your buddies lined up, cleaned out, and let's party. No scat, permanent marks, or blood allowed. Secluded 20-acre RANCH available for right parties. Caterer will supply leather, fists, whips, bondage, and refreshments. Fees negotiable. Respond to **RANCH FOREMAN, E Bar N RANCH, Box 465, El Dorado CA 95623.**

SADIST SEEKS MANSLAVE WITHOUT LIMITS. Masculine 5, 40, 6-3, 170, seeks slave who must SURRENDER HIS BODY COMPLETELY to be chained, whipped, tortured, shaved, fucked, pissed on/in, pierced, branded, humiliated, degraded, AND THEN JUST POSSIBLY LOVED. Serious only. NO FANTASIES. Will answer all serious replies containing photo and phone. Bay Area. Write: **RR, Box 9334, San Rafael CA 94912-9334.**

BOTTOM INTO CASTRATION FANTASIES. S&M, WE, TIT TORTURE, piercing, scat, GENITORTURE, bondage and discipline, GENITAL MUTILATION (mutilation), enemas, catheterization, humiliation, shaving. Am also SENSITIVE TOP for tit torture, genitorture, piercing, bondage, shaving, catheterization. Would like correspondence, possible meeting. CHICAGO area, some travel. Write **JIM, Box 8372, Merrillville IN 46461.**

ONLY 5 LEFT

SADOMASTER. Available for a few exceptional men when in the Bay Area. My stats: 39, 6-1, 195, Saxon Dominie. You: lost, without-guidance, alert. If you're mine, to abuse without mercy! To use without explanation! Contact: DOMINIE, Box 6422, Oakland CA 94603.

THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET. Torture? Whipping? Branding? Scat? Are you man enough to give complete service to a 44-year-old MASTER for the night, or the rest of your life? Illinois. Master Jim, 815/436-3540.

BUFFTUMBLE HOT SCENE NORTH BY NORTHWEST. Hot WM, 26, 5-8, 130, 85% TOP is into fucking, sucking cock and balls, piss, dildos, handcuffs, spanking, rimming, fists. Phone and photo get mine: GREG, 3710 25th Place West, Unit #102, Seattle WA 98199.

BOTTOM/MUTUAL: PLEASURE, PAIN, & PASSION. 35, goodlooking, and hairy, I'm into shit and animals. Let's mix it all up with poke, pain, piss, and passion. Philadelphia. M2M #XXX70.

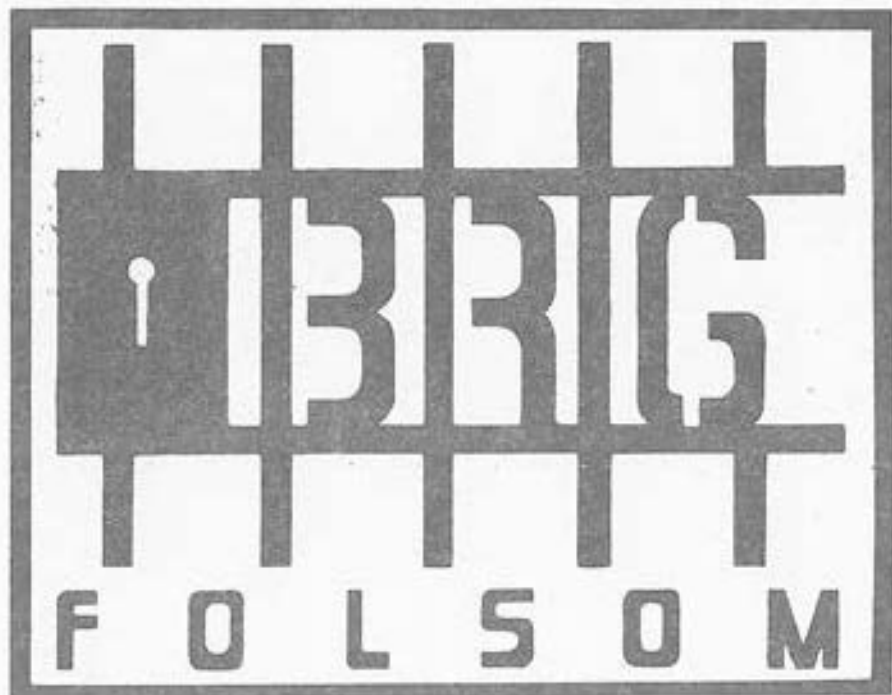
EXPLICIT DETAILS OF YOUR CIRCUMCISION AND INITIATIONS! Cut, 36, 7", HAIRY CIRCUMCISION FREAK wants to hear about your initiation into fraternity, Army, etc. The more explicit the circumcision details the better, good buddy! For hot correspondence, reply to M2M #00119.

LONG (OVER 9") AND FAT (OVER 7") COCK SEEKS UNCUT TWIN! My long, fat cock is looking for its uncut twin. ONLY UNCUT QUALIFY! This rag where you read this clues you into what can happen from this union! 2031 Beaver Grade Road, Coraopolis PA 15108.

EAT MY SHIT. I'm a Feeder, WM, 36, 5-9, 150, who will dump on you while you watch my long brown turds fall onto your toilet face to be worshipped, played with, and eaten. Beg to lick my dirty asshole, ripe pits, cock and balls. Drink my piss while being told what a worthless piece of shit you are. Top/Mutual. Photo/phone required. D.C. Area. #00122.

GARBAGEMEN. Beer-bellied, bearded, 40, seeks similar garbageman type with stinky crotch and dripping pits. Let me suck your overripe LONGJOHNS/SWEATSOX/JOCKEYS. Let me lap your PISS/TURDS/SHOT/SPIT/PUKE/CUM. NYC. #00124.

LET'S WORK UP A MUTUAL STINK! I'm a hard, stinking, toilet-assed, dirty, muscular, foul-mouthed pig. Have hard HAIRY TITS, rank armpits, shitty asshole, and BIG DIRTY BALLS. Like to smoke CIGARS, SQUAT, GRUNT, RAT, SHIT, AND PISS in filthy briefs, jocks, boots, Levi's. HEAVY, DIRTY EXHIBITIONISM. Hot ballsack and TIT-STRETCHING. Let's work up a stink! The dirtier the fucking better! WM, 32, 5-5, 155. NYC. #00123.



MENTZER/BETTS/KAZMAR/DICKERSON: IVY LEAGUE BODYBUILDER. "Masculine, attractive, discreet, Ivy grad, 31, likes Bodybuilding (Mentzer/Dickerson/Betts/Kazmar/Mitchell fan), workouts, photography, art, music, psychology, travel, wrestling, reciprocity, French, J/O, warmth, affectionate sex. Seeks attractive, masculine, feeling men with similar interests. Non-smoker. No drugs. Photo returned. #00113.

SMALL-FISTED MASTER NEEDED FOR WORSHIP. I seek a mature, bearded, small-fisted, hairy, bald/short-haired MASTER to help me discover the universe, to patiently teach me to feast on his holy orifice, to explore the secrets of my inner-most bowels, to touch my soul and open my senses, to give me life, to make me real. SERIOUS, INTENSE ONLY? Not interested in one-nighters. I am called to serve a SPIRITUAL MASTER, and I seek a man worthy of worship and service, himself called to guide a somber 33-year-old acolyte/novice. OCCUPANT, Box 3518, San Francisco 94101.

NEEDED: GREEK SCENE! WM, 35, slender Build seeks WM, 27-40 for Greek Scene. You must be muscular, hairy, and ACTIVE! LARRY: after 6PM weeknights (except after 9PM Thursdays) 408/378-7209.

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, ENCLOSED \$1 per letter to be forwarded. Mail to MANIMAN/MANIMALS, PO Box 6052, San Francisco CA 94101.

BONDAGE, PAIN, INVENTIVE HUMILIATION in or out of fantasy. Inspiring environment. At your place: you call the shots. My turf: your ass is mine! Traveled, versatile, 31, 6, 155, goodlooking and hot. Contact BIGGER, evenings or weekends at 312/871-3454, or write with photo and ideas for MEETINGS to Box 10648, Chicago IL 60610. (Ed. Note: This man inspired USMC SLAP-CAPTAIN in Issue #7 of MAN2MAN.)

DISCIPLINARIAN. Demanding parent will clean man/son inside and out, enema. Shave, spank naughty ass, after tying into bondage. Lessons in proper use of TOILET: namely YOU! GO HOME HAIRLESS! You go home very red: clean in one end, well-watered and fed in the other. SEND DISOBEDIENT LETTER. Central CT. Write: M2M #00133.

DON'T STOP. NO MERCY. WM, 25, 5-10, 165, moustache, goodlooking. Right now I want YOU TO BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF ME. When I am TIED DOWN, I'll be begging you to stop. IF YOU'LL STOP WHEN I BEG YOU TO, DON'T BOTHER ANSWERING THIS AD. Boxholder, 1476 California Street, Box 102, San Francisco 94109.

WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS WAITING FOR YOU! So many men need it! So few men can give it! There are thousands of Manimals in SFO who cover their naked flesh with leather skins and go out into the night with senses alert and guts hungry. Less than 5% find mutual satisfaction. Less than 1% find their brothers! I pass through those same nights in many ways and many places. If the total energy of your instincts can follow the SCENT OF THIS SADO-WARRIOR, track it through the concrete jungle. You'll know when you've found me. MY TALISMAN IS THE MARK OF THE BEAR.

SEX GOES BETTER WITH SNOW. Two hot hunky dudes want to get high and get off with you. Your snow, cock, ass, and trip plus US = long hot action. Call us when you have snow and want to come over to sport, suck, fuck, eat, play, and ! All trips OK. D & J. 415/673-1865

DARK, VERY HAIRY, MUSCULAR WM, 34, 5-11, 175. Oriented to ALL SEX TRIPS. Into MUTUAL man-to-man fuck with passive or Top men who are stocky, masculine, mature, adventurous, open, and maybe married, etc. Good action: your scenes or mine. Relax and play: booze, cigars, smoke, and more....Out-of-towners: very welcome.

LEATHER/LEVIS STUD WITH 8+, HOT AND HUNG. Moustache. Into 3-ways, uniforms, dildoes, and Greek action (active and passive) with other studs sporting 8 INCHES OR MORE plus beard/moustache. Your ready-for-action letter and photo gets mine. Write Box 410, 132 W. 24th Street, NYC NY 10011.

GENITORTURE. Hot, hunky WM, 55, 6, 178, hairy, good build, well hung. BALL TORTURE, CATHETERS, BONDAGE, AD INFINITEM. Self-realization, INTENSE PAIN WITHOUT BRUTALITY, sharing of energies and sensuality. Open to new experiences. TOPS: Name your terms. BOTTOMS: Reply respectfully and in detail. Write RMS, Box 1501, Poona CA 91769.

ASS-WORSHIPPING BOTTOM will eat your shit or plain ram, lick balls, suck cock under toilet seat. BOB, 5-10, 140, 39, beard, 415/821-7762--9 to 11 PM.

CONDOM LOVERS. Want to exchange audio cassette tapes with condom lovers. Also will buy films, professional or homemade, in which rubbers are used. Send info and asking price. Write M2M #00134.

SHIT-EATER, SHOT-EATER, PISS-DRINKER digs servicing hot raunchy TOPMEN who like to feed nanturds to a real pig. This toilet pig wants to suck feet, lick your filthy boots, sniff and suck your raunchy, dirty piss, lap your shitty hole, and devour your turds. Looking for a **PICMASTER** who's into filthy talk while his asshole wer-shipper sniffs his juicy farts, sucks his sweaty balls, licks his slimy jockstraps, worships his turds, and finally craves his Master's puke. No scene too heavy for this experienced 18-year-old WM. Box 149, NYC NY 10021.

INITIATED SLAVE REQUESTS INSPECTION from younger, tougher military officer/master into dominance, stockade training, and/or ownership. Good credentials: an solid slave, 34, 5-7, 145, good body with some muscular development. Call Monday through Friday after 7 PM NY time, and anytime weekends: 212/691-8283.

CRIMMY BOOTWIFE BOTTOMS AND INDUSTRIAL URINALS needed for NYC freightyard and waterfront jobs. Bosofitters, oilers, sewer-men, uniformed personnel too ripe for bars! we plug you in. Levi 30ls and Cathartix waterproofed. Contact: **GREASE-HOG, SWAMP DOG WATERPROOFERS, M2M #X104.**

BONDAGE! Musky, hairy, masculine 36-year-old male, very straight acting and looking. Am seeking **BONDAGE ADDICTS** who would delight in trussing me tightly. Am very interested in **KIDNAP** scenes, and/or **MUTUAL GIVE-AND-TAKE** bondage and discipline. Let's swap bondage photos. Basic interest is bondage, but am also interested in **PUNISHMENT FROM MILD TO NEVER**. Call 333/637-4745, or write M. Tully, 1000 N. Westmount Drive, #219, West Hollywood CA 90069

ENGINEER BOOT MASTER wanted for boot-licking, toe-sucking, crotch-graveling, jockstrap laundering, forced-cum swallowing, navel eating, arepit cleaning, face sitting, tit torture, punishment, leather beating, piss, and **RAPE**. Carolinas area. Write: **M2M #00104.**

TOILET BUDDIES WANTED. WM, 32, 6, seeks well-built raunchy guys with cruddy Levi's, jockstraps, jockey shorts, boots. Into **MUTUAL** asshole rimming, scat, piss, J/D, and smearing shit. Let's let loose and explore fantasies. **ALL TOILET GAMES**. Travel western states. Write: **M2M #00105.**

REAL SLAVE, 50, NEEDS RITUALISTIC MASTER who will enforce constant subservience by shaving, branding, hooding, forbidding slave's cock being touched, punishing hardons with cattle prod, public humiliation, daily heavy beatings. Slave needs lots of piss, sucking of cocks, boot-licking, nipple enlargement, whippings, and plenty of c-r-a-w-l-i-n-g. Keep my nipples raw, balls blue, mouth full. Box 36433, Los Angeles CA 90036.

HOT FREAK IN SAN JUAN. 41, 6, 7 inches, 155, into scat, piss, animals, catheters, dogshit. An human ashtray. If in San Juan for vacation, look me up. Am interested in having one **BALL REMOVED**. RAY, 171 Calle Doncella, Santurce, San Juan, Puerto Rico 00913.

HOT WAX PLUS. You drip it. Cover and plug tits, ass, groin, cock, torso. **MUTUAL POSSIBLE.** Cock/ball/tit torture. Bondage and discipline. Tape/photo exchange. Travel limited. WM, 50, 5-11, 160, and enough for you! North Central Wisconsin. Write **M2M #00132.**

NO STRAIGHT GUYS READ THESE LISTINGS, but we all know some hot straight dude at work, gym, etc., who gets off on fag-abuse, raunch, homohate, and the like. Let's swap stories. Your detailed abusive letter gets mine! Write: Ray Bentley, 3617 Wainfleet Drive, Richmond VA 23235.

LICKING YOUR INSIDES OUT. Your hard butt and my licking, probing tongue in training. Your thick cock pumping me full of cum and yellow aids. Shaved raunch balls, manballs. Long sessions. Hot fucking. Good service for good men. **TOP AND BOTTOM ACTION.** Seek trim, mature men with trip together for a scene. I am 3-9, 145, 31, goodlooking. No J/O on phone. Serious only. TCM, 415/431-4831. San Francisco.

SADISTIC PRO-STYLE BASSLER NEEDS BIG VICIOUS STUO PARTNER FOR TAG-TEAM COMBINATION TO STOP AND DESTROY INFERIORS! Also want to establish/contact/meet **GENUINE JUCKS** as well as leather/rubber/uniform/military/medical **M2M** whose lives encompass **TOTAL BONDAGE, COCK/BALL/TIT TORTURE, VERY HEAVY SM ACTION!** Nothing too bizarre is beyond my **REALITY!** Travel California and New York only. All candid replies with foto/phone answered **FIRST!** Los Angeles. Write: **M2M #00130.**

DungeonMaster

DungeonMaster is published every two months by Dungeons Publications, Box 4582, Chicago, IL 60680. Single issue \$2.50, six issues (1 year) \$16.00. Outside North America \$4.50 and \$18.00 respectively, including air post. Include signed statement that you are over 21 and wish DungeonMaster only for your own personal education.

MASCULINE LEATHER QUEER. WM, 35, 6, 185, cut, needs leather for smelling, licking, teasing, seeing. Harnesses, saddles, boots. Raunch, scat, piss. Sniffing, heaters, worship, sensuality, mutuality, street-hostlers, spitting, cockteasing, Blake, rimming, leather seats, potpoppers, talking dirty, beerbellies, bootlicking, J/O, I'm an upfront, active masculine queer who needs leather action. Bill Fiedler, Rt. 2, Box 2489, Oroville CA 95965.

TO CONTACT THE 4-STAR BONDAGE MASTER FEATURED IN "OTHER HANDS, OTHER INTENTIONS," send detailed letter and photo for forwarding c/o Editor, MAN2MAN.

SUBSCRIBERS! CHANCE 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 adscenarios that your prospective partner can heat up with and bear 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!

GANGBANG SERVICE. I worship big pricks full of cum. FORCE THEM DOWN MY THROAT! FOUND THEM UP MY ASS! Write your sex-needs in detail. Will return JD letter with cum. Washington State. M2M #00092.

BIKE NUT loves street and dirt. MK GEAR, all athletic clothing, oil, fucking/sucking/JO with friends and strangers. Into piss. Maybe shit. Sex in clothes. Most dope. No pain. But lots of RAUNCH, DIRT, AND TENDRINESS. N. CALIFORNIA. M2M #00063.

TOILET SEX IN LONG BEACH. HOT WM, 29, 5-10, 145, digs WILD BEER CULPING, face-squating, ass-eating, cockteasing, shit-spreeding, PISS drinking. MANSEX with hot young men. Prefer bottom or MUTUAL scenes. Heavy/muscle a PLUS! Write with photo to: Box 4613, Long Beach CA 90804.

HOT BEARDED BOWTIEHOLDER INTO GENTLEMAN. EALLS: yours and mine! let's get into some serious BALLWORK: SHAVING, WEIGHTS, WHIP-FING, SQUEETING, ETC. All ball fantasist territory for exploratory play! A pic of your sac gets a pic of mine. KEEP 'EM WANGING HEAVY! NY. Write: M2M #00085.

EXPAND MY LIMITS. MARK ME. Tattooed and ringed WM, 34, seeks SADIST into belts, paddles, cats, whips, hot wax, weights. Marks cheerfully accepted. Write: MJL, 100 Bank Street 5A, NYC NY 10014.

NAVY SUBMARINE OFFICER wants to exchange his BLACK NYLON SOCKS and GARTERS for yours. Exchange of hot JD audio cassette tapes and letters. ALSO RECRUITING SLAVES TO TRAIN IN FOOT WORSHIP. Write: M2M #00047.

MUTUALIST TIT & COCKMAN. Let's get high and get down to TIT 'em up. SEW 'em up, and WEIGHT 'em down. WM, 33, 6, 175 seeks other hot men with HEAVY-RIDER TITS and LOW-RANGING COCKS AND BALLS. Chicago. 312/472-2728.

WANTED: DAD, BROTHER, MASTER TO BEAT MY ASS. Me: shaved head, beard, pierced tits and cock. Big raunchy cocks, pits, asses, titwork, watersports, possible FF. ALL SICKNESSES CONSIDERED. 415/431-4909 or write M2M #00126.

YOU ARE HEAVILY INTO SATAN and His most extreme demands. You have a no-limits mind, and a body that's in shape. You are probably 30 to 50. You want to know others who are as evil and as hungry as you. 415/431-4532 or write M2M #00127.

MASTER RECRUITING HOT MOUTH AND TIGHT ASS for service in GAW, S&D, and WS. Me: WM, 40's, masculine, and hung. You: under 35, insatiable cocksnicker with hot ass, and few limits. Apply to: Boxholder, Box 11095, Philadelphia PA 19141.

EXPERIENCED SAN FRANCISCO SAM COUPLE into long bondage and discipline sessions seek slave and/or Top for group scenes. Our well-equipped playroom, with its numerous toys, sling, rack, mirrors, restraints, etc., awaits YOUR BODIES. Call 415/821-9345, 8 to 10 PM ONLY!

PROCESSED STUD FOOD SERVED. Experienced SCAT TOPMAN with portable feeding chair guarantees to satisfy your appetite. For reservations, write BJL, Box 284, Hawthorne CA 90266, or phone 313/543-1323.

MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard2Find Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

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TICO



TOM



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WILD RIVERS: A solid hour of action-packed watersports adventure. The wettest duo since Under Niagara. C-21300

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MARTIN: With a heavy English accent, he offers heavier piss and scat stories. One of a kind.

C-24616

STAR: This tattooed, dominant man lets you know what he wants to do, and what he wants out of it! Side 2 is R.R., a Latino always up and ready! Good J/O! C-17806

TICO: A hot-blooded muscle stud. Part I (C-20202) using various names, is body oriented and sexually powerful. Part II (C-20204) is heavy emotional and physical abuse.

HAROLD: This hardon Kentucky coal-miner likes to crucify men on his eight inches, and "get freakish with someone who loves to get freakish" with his hard-as-hickory dick. HOT! C-20200

BOB CRANE: With a voice like the Georgia swamp-winds, Bob tells a chase story leading to sex in a southern prison in Part I (C-21308). Part II (C-21310) is a dominant verbal scene with hot direct-to-you talk.

DAVE: Intense S&M, with scat and domination. Side 2 is Wayne, 235# of muscle turning out his topman fantasies and trips. A scorcher! C-19002

One day service
All models are 18 or over
Office: 173 Ninth Street

PHOTOS: Photo sets and color slide of the models shown in this ad available. Brochures showing these & other models will be enclosed with your tape or picture order, or will be sent when you add your name to our mail list.

OUR TAPES: All are low-noise, hi-quality 60-minute cassette tapes, containing a full hour of material. Reproduction is on high speed duplicating machine for optimum quality. The tapes are produced from scripts, but provide authentic insight into the hearts & minds of other men.

HOW TO ORDER

All tapes are priced the same, only \$9 each. Color slide sets of 5 slides \$6.00 per set. Photo sets are five 3 1/2" color prints \$7.00 per set. Shipping charges are \$04 per item. Calif. residents must add 6% Sales Tax. Ord. shipped 1st class.

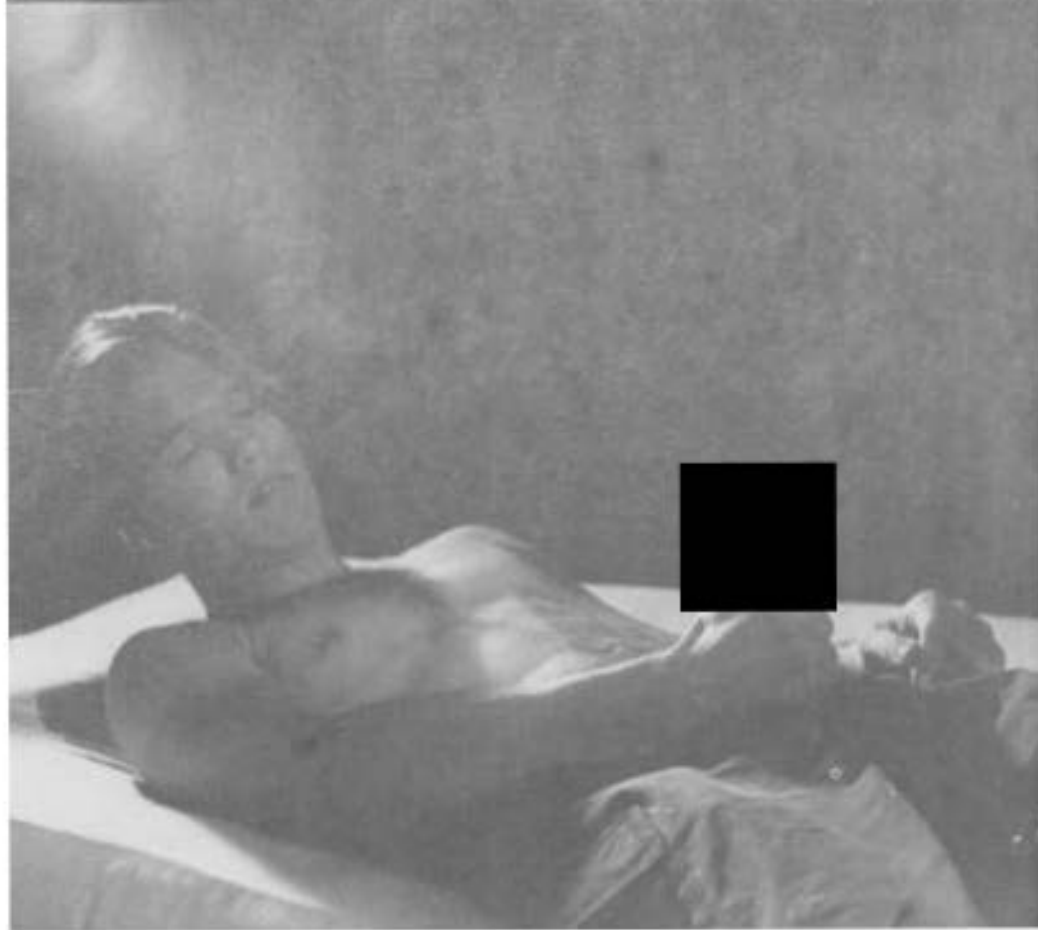
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**JIM ENG-
INEERS
HIS
COMING OUT**

TEENAGE JOCK CIRCLE JERK

THE SUMMER BETWEEN JUNIOR AND SENIOR HIGH, JIM ENGINEERED, HE REMEMBERED, HOW HE HAD BEAT OFF 358 TIMES FOR AN AVERAGE OF NEARLY FOUR LOADS A DAY. Early mornings he woke with a pisshard that wouldn't go down. He walked to the bathroom, down the hall flooded with the early dawn-light of summer, with his dick big and hard bobbing in front of his young belly.

The weight of his meat felt as good, cantilevered out over his big balls, as did the heat of his rod poking out into the cool morning air. In the john, he stood sleepily over the toilet, holding his large meat in his hand, aiming his shaft down at the bowl. His piss was slow in coming. His hand felt good on his cock. His mind darted, waking up, to the kind of stuff he had plotted to dedicate his summer vacation to: he intended to beat off as much as he could everywhere he could, thinking about, and spying on--well, not spying actually, more like watching, no, studying--yeah, that was it, studying the senior high guys he couldn't wait to rub shoulders with in the lockerroom come the fall semester.

Jim had scoped his plan start to finish. He knew what he wanted. He knew what he liked. He had, that summer, not yet let any man touch his dick. At the Y, and in a couple of gas station restrooms, and in at least one highway reststop, men had taken a gander at the meat Jim flipped out of his faded Levi's. They had tried--some of them--to cop a feel of his sizeable rod. He let them look. He liked them looking. He even let one or two of them kind of kneel in front of him while they looked at his dick and rubbed their own cocks.

Jim liked that. He liked the way grown men knelt to worship his young

dick. The couple times that he had stepped back from the porcelain urinal, he turned with his dick hanging out of his fly, and stood with his booted feet slightly apart. He noticed that as soon as the other man knelt down in front of him, his own cock started its launch from its long, low-slung hang--filling up with a junior-high tidal flood of hard, swelling meat, stratching the rosey pink skin of his young dick tight around the thick shaft that curved ever so naturally off to his south-paw.

He liked to watch his prick's no-hands rise to fullness that flushed out the thick mushroom head.

He was surprised the first time that a man kneeling on the hard tile floor in the gas station john moaned at the sight of his big tool. He stepped back half a pace when the man bobbed toward his meat.

A thin strand of pre-fuck juice, clear as crystal, started as a big drop forming at the piss-slit of his dick. His step back caused the drop to fall in a slow stretch of juice that the kneeling man wanted. But Jim wasn't offering that. No touch. Not yet. Not until he was ready. He wasn't prick teasing. He was totally focussed on what he had to exchange at the moment: he was okay in his head with men looking at his dick close-up, but he wasn't ready--at least not yet, not until he had beaten off enough by himself--to let another man touch him, lick him, tongue him, suck him.

Jim knew about all those things. No one told him. He just knew. He was born knowing. His secret knowledge he kept to himself. His plan was to act on what he liked when he got old enough. What he liked was older men. Older men, to him that summer, were guys in senior high school. His plan was never to be touched until he was touched by one of them. He was satisfied, all the way up to the fall semester, to hang out near

where these guys played summer ball, to park his old car near their van at the drive-in movie, and to strip off his own teeshirt and jeans close by the lockers where they peeled down, and horsed around, snapping each others' butts with towels while their dicks and balls flopped in their wild grab-assing before they headed down to the beach.

He beat off in the bushes watching them sweating in a fast and furious softball tournament that lasted all summer.

He beat off in his old car at the drive-in movie staring into their trucks and vans where they guzzled beer, smoked dope, and made dirty jokes about the stuff on screen.

He beat off in the locker-room sniffing their socks and smelling the sweat in the pits of their white cotton teeshirts.

He searched through their white jockey shorts, dropped, in their horsing around, carelessly on the floor, for that special bit of skidmark that only the crack of a ripe sweaty jock-butt can blot into a sniff-and-lick trace of guys who are really hot shit.

He studied the way the seniors moved, and found his own moves were already as sure as theirs. He studied the way they cut their hair, and discovered his own natural bent in grooming matched theirs. He studied their cocks and balls. He inventoried the variety of upperclassmen bodies. He liked what he saw. He liked the look, when he was alone, in his room, laid back naked in front of his mirror, of his own body and balls and cock.

He knew he would fit in okay.

He could hardly wait for the fall. The thought of walking into the senior lockerroom, stripping down with them, suiting up, playing a little ball, and showering all together in a tiled room echoing with loud shouting gave him a bone on. He could hardly wait to show off his dick, his sizeable big dick, to these big guys.

He figured it might never happen, but he liked to think about standing with them all in a circle-jerk. He knew they had done it. He had seen them, late one night, half-drunk and very stoned, standing stripped buck-naked from a midnight swim around a small warming fire kindled on the sandy shore of Twin Lakes. They started out laughing and taking bets on who could last the longest or shoot the fastest or who had the biggest dick versus who had the smallest gun.

But the longer they stood in the circle, jerking their meat, the closer together they moved.

The laughing stopped. Their individual energies seemed to combine into one group energy. There was no touching. Just the movement of their muscular young arms stroking their hands up and down the shafts of their hard cocks.

There was no embarrassment. No shame. They were buddies, all of them, together all the time, each one of them thinking, in the quiet of the summer night, mesmerized by the firelight, their own private thoughts, jerking off together as naturally as every other sport and pleasure they shared.

Jim could hardly wait to be part of a group of men like that. Dick in hand he beat off thirty or forty times thinking about how they had looked, each and every one of them, standing around the fire, their faces and chests and bellies and cocks lit from beneath by the orange-and-shadow flickering in the quiet summer night air.

He knew all his life he would remember this summer of purposeful waiting. He even laughed at himself for holding out, acting cool, aloof, un-

til he could do it with the right upperclassman in the right group of men at the right time. Until then, that summer, he kept his dick to himself.

One thing Jim knew for fucking sure. He might be a technical virgin because he'd never done it with anybody else; but he was not gonna be any slouch. He knew when he finally hit the sack with the right man at the right time, he would know precisely what moves to give and take.

A guy doesn't jerk off a couple thousand times thinking about all the things two men can do without getting pretty good at basic pleasure.

Jim figured it took a lot of nerve for a guy to go out and make love to somebody else unless he had made pretty good love to himself first.

He liked to cup his hand and move it slowly to his face. He held his palm and fingers steady and lobbed a nice-and-nasty wad of spit into his hand. His big cock kind of rolled expectantly over on his left thigh.

His dick liked stroking. His hand liked his dick. His head knew the right rhythms. His mind unreeled the right movies. Everything came together when his wet hand wrapped around the hot head of his dick and slid down the heavy shaft to his cockroot at the top of his big hard balls. He like to feel the hose-thick vascularity of the big vein that ran up the underside of his dick from his nuts to his cockhead. He was always rock hard.

That summer he played with himself in constant anticipation of the first man he would have, and of all the men he would have after the first. He was absolutely and totally clear about the downright righteous encounter of man-on-man pleasure.

That summer, with 358 cunings under his belt, he developed a taste for his own cum, and through his own cum, a taste for the cum of the seniors he would soon join.

He licked his own hand. He wanted to

know for sure what his load tasted like, so he'd know exactly how he tasted to the guys in senior high when they came back in the fall from working construction and from playing ball and from their own secret pleasures.

Jin had big hands. He had a big dick. He had big plans.

He loved that summer when he had teased himself with total anticipation. He remembered all those private young loads he had shot on his own belly. He recalled how perfect that summer had set him up for all the man-to-man fucking and sucking to come.

Sometimes, late on, pile-driving his big dick, face-fucking some guy, his and rough in a roadside toilet, he knew he'd think back on that summer when he had heated himself up to a hot fevered pitch that would spur him on for a fucking lifetime! MM

THE 18 WHEELER. For men who ride down the truckers, the truckstops, the reststops, and the coffee counters. Bunks. Showers. Eats. Editor JD's newsletter is Hi-Klass Trash. Freewheelers write: D&W Enterprises, Box 292-TD, East Rutherford NJ 07073. Delivered every 6 weeks. Subscription: \$12. Checks payable to Cash only. State you're 21. You'll dig Penhawk, Phonehawk, and Pitstop sections if you are a Trucker Hawk.

WRESTLING FOR DOMINANCE! Photo book with action-story matches. **MUSCLE AND MACHO.** No holds barred! NEW YORK WRESTLING CLUB also offers shirts, gymbags, etc. Photo book: \$10.95 postpaid. Information on NYCW Club, merchandise, and mag is \$1.50 or free with book order. (Mention MAN/MAJ.) Send to: NYCW, 59-West 10th Street, NYC 10011. Exciting, brawling wrestling newsletter for NYCW members. Join up and grapple!

WHY BONDAGE?

Continued from page 26

die, because anything else on this planet has got to be less than this.

The French, wise in the psychology of sex, call orgasm "la petite morte," the little death. Heaven, if there is one (where all these currently dying homosexual men presumably are going) better, at the least, be an eternal orgasm. If it's not, then it's just another fucking shuck, and the Moral Majority are welcome to it all by their loathsome lonesome.

BONDAGE DISCIPLINE & DAILY LIFE

Modern life, as we live it, mostly working, etc., is simply what you do on this planet between cumings. What we do, occupations, recreations, friends, everything, is just filler to rest on between the high energy conjurations of cumings. Orgasm is ALL, some/most feel; too bad it doesn't last longer. Perhaps the next best thing is foreplay that works both longer and on a lot of levels. Enter men's increasing interest in total bondage experiences!

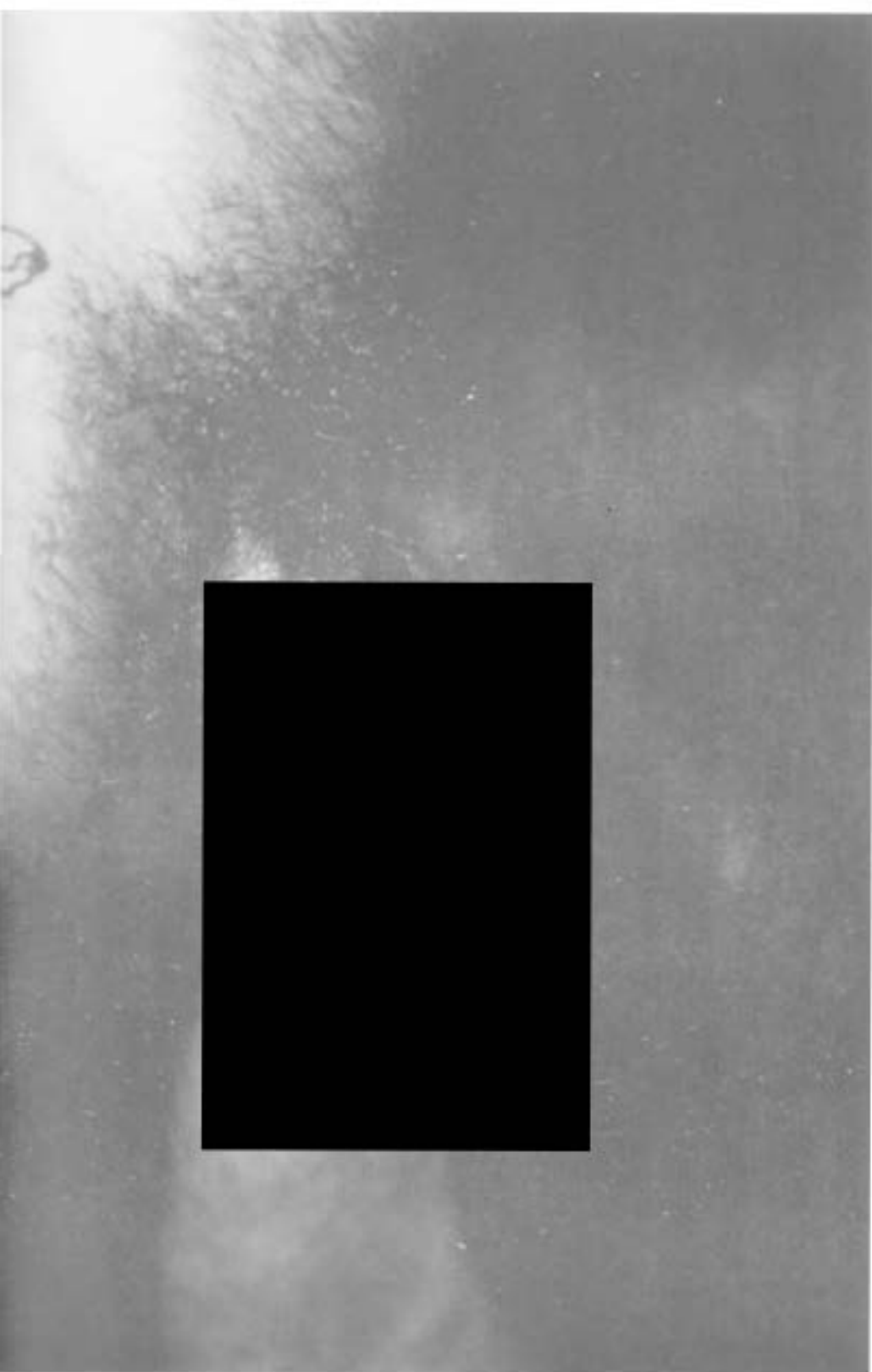
Maybe, just maybe—and all the above may be just a hunk of crap—to surrender completely to other hands and other intentions in total bondage is a wholesome discipline, necessary in these mad, mad, mad, mad times; and, as Desiderata counsels: Beyond a wholesome discipline, a man should be gentle with himself.

Bondage may be a very sophisticated sex-game that keeps your ass and your act together. Guys who haven't tried it, shouldn't maybe knock it. Most of bondage's critics are themselves tied up in relationships with gay-bows and with knots no sailor ever knew.

A man leading an active sex life often needs the balance of a long, quiet, contemplative bondage scene.

All he has to do is find an excellent Top, relax into it, get off on where he goes, and grow from it.

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MAN2MAN:
THE MAG YOU
CAN STICK YOUR NOSE IN