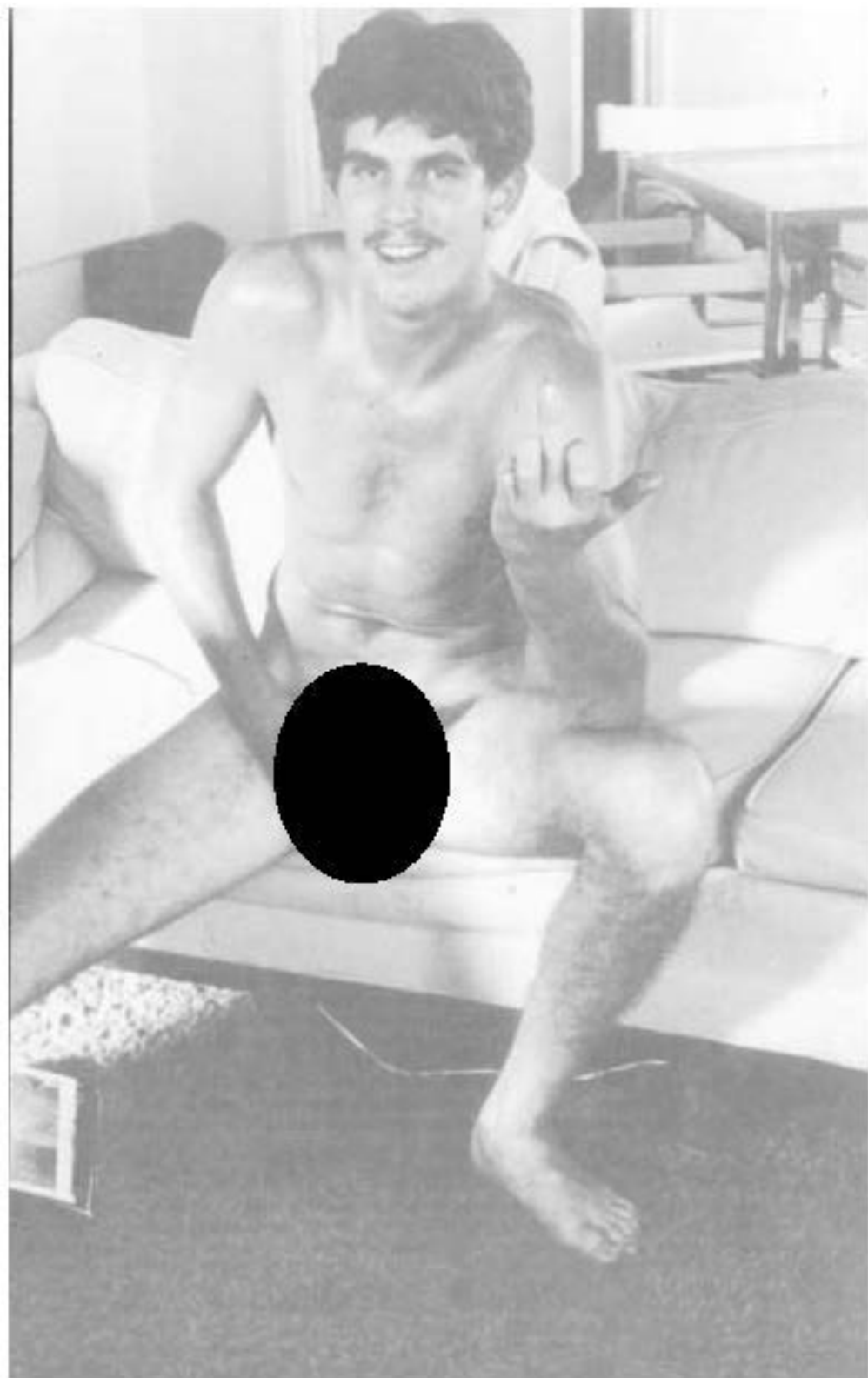


MAN2MAN

What you're looking for is looking for you!

premier issue
OCTOBER 1980 \$3



MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard2Find Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

OCTOBER 1980

ISSUE #1

WADSHOTS!.....Don't read this magazine unless
you had a nasty head as a bent
little boy

THE 15.....The world's newest, most elite
S&M Corps

IN YOUR OWN WRITE..."Wait till Your Father Gets Home!"

TOUGH ROCKS

THE BRIG MAN-EUVERS...Fetish Obsession with Blond Men

OUT IN UNIFORM.....Smell My Olive-Drab USMC Socks!

THE DOGMASTER.....K9 & KY

MANIMALS: PERSONAL J/O ADS....What you're looking for
is looking for you!

FICTION: THE ADVENTURES OF DENNY SARGENT

...After his dad belted his butt, because his
leather jacket was ripped and pissed on in a
street fight, Denny took his dick in hand...

MAN2MAN: THE DOCUMENTARY JOURNAL OF HOMOMASCULINITY.
When you've been through gay, and are more than gay,
and when you want AUTHENTIC male-to-male Sensuality
and Mutuality, you'll find the manstuff in M2M in a
beatoff/offbeat way no slick above-ground rag dares
put to you! Because we are lucky enough to have run
through the 70's Liberation, it's time for some FUN!
MAN2MAN is about 80's CELEBRATIONS with ruffntumble
men.

--Mark Henry, Publisher

Cover Photography: Rich Photo. Cover Design: David. M2M Logo Design: A. Jay.

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person represented.

DON'T READ THIS UNLESS
YOU HAD A NASTY HEAD
AS A BENT LITTLE BOY



MAN2MAN? Don't read this rag unless you were the curious kind of nasty little boy, who knew, among other secrets you kept to yourself, that you had an offbeat taste for things masculine, bizarre, hot, sexy, weird, nice, prurient, violent, loving, sick, wonderful, dirty, awesome, perverted, bent, intense, vulgar, comic, twisted, wet, morbid, sleazy, noble, sadistic, satanic, disciplined, worshipful, revolting, athletic, sweaty, nutty, ugly, gross, handsome, masochistic, crappy, scrappy, rough, tough, queer, crazed, golden, celebratory, hard, fantastic, and real!

NASTY "LITTLE BOY"

If offbeat shit made your little-boy head swoon, and if it made your pubescent cock harden in your Boy Scout jockey shorts, and if it made your teenage hand pump your dick up through your jockstrap and Speedos into Manhood's Best Shot--in short, if you found unusual and secret stuff SEXY, then you and MAN2MAN are like the proverbial peas in a pisspot.

We've grown up to be the people our parents warned us about!

M2M HARD CORPS

You are part of the hard corps following of men who want and deserve access to a beatoff forum reflecting us homomascuine guys the way we are right now! the way we are thinking, growing, playing, and fucking in the 80's. MAN2MAN is not a "gay" mag. "Gay" has come to mean to the media the two lifestyles of disco and street politics. MAN2MAN, without intending to deny any queer his LaCoste/Leftist choices, is instead a one-handed mag meant for the dicks and heads of homomascuine men who actively refuse to identify with TV-net-work perpetuated stereotypes of drags, disco dollies, and disagreeable dissenters whose only real oppression they bring on themselves, because they "thinly" muth be outrageous! to get even with their daddy in Des Moines.

Homomascuine men, let's posit for the sake of "gay" peace, are not better, just different. (Believe that and you believe chickens have lips.) Homomascuine men have values very close to heteromascuine men--except for sexual preference. Anyway, homomascuine men can pass for straight anywhere in the world whenever they want. Who in his right mind would purposely lip himself into being "The New Nigger"? Just because a homomascuine man can pass for straight doesn't mean he's just a good nigger downplaying his one difference. It means he's clever as a chameleon. It means he has masculine survival instincts that function. It means he's not "oppressed" by others or by his own set-up. It means he can play both ends of America's socio-sexual-economic game against the other and win whatever he wants to win, fuck, or earn.

Have you noticed lately? There's a liberation movement for every fucking group imaginable--except for the rights and styles of American Men both heteromascuine and homomascuine. This is the common ground mascuine men share despite their choice of sexual preference. Consider M2M as an opening shot. MAN2MAN, among other jerkoff stuff, will unfold subtly as an uproot sleazy Man-ifesto of Male Rights and Rites. It's time men took back the store that was given away. Let the feds, phonies, and females sit on that and twirl!

DOCUMENTARY: REAL GUYS & REAL TRIPS

M2M is a documentary of our male realities and fantasies. Ain't gonna be hype about bars that deserve no coverage. Ain't gonna prefer studio models to the exclusion of hot real men you can actually meet. Ain't gonna jack you around to sell you dildoes. Ain't gonna be nothin' but a rag keeping score of the good times celebrated by good men and true--who ain't all that hard to find, if we keep on keepin' on believing that what we're looking for is truly looking for us.

MAN2MAN is a fetish-sex chronicle as valid as National Geographic or The Journal of Popular Culture. So what if M2M is nice--nasty? MAN2MAN is the Documentary Journal of the New Homomascuinity.

FETISH-SEX TRIPS

As documentary-chronicles, laced with fiction and illustrations submitted by you readers writing about your realities/remembrances/fantasies, and well-mixed with the Real Trips of Real Guys in the MANIMALS Personal Ads section, M2M has, really, no censored limits in our no-holds-barred catering to men's sex-fetish tastes: SM, SO, FF, rubber, leather, western, athletic, etc. You name it! If it's not on the M2M FETISH HIT LIST (that some guys already claim to be a classic), then you write us and we'll deal it out. Even male-corset bondage! No matter what your scene, keep repeating that you're not alone. No trip is too weird to have a hot partner. M2M is dedicated to the Fun you love!

BLACK BELT IN JOURNALISM

As former editor of Drummer during its Golden Period (issues 19 to 30 inclusive), I long ago figured that a new-concept mag, not in competition with other mags, but in communication with other progressively like-minded men, was needed for the 80's. Part of the sleaze-bag purpose of MAN2MAN in these weird times of hostages, terrorists, inflation, and born-again politicians, is to provide dick/head distraction and escape as well as encouragement of personal license--in these last days of the American Empire--to express what you want, and to do what you want, either without hurting anybody or scaring the horses.

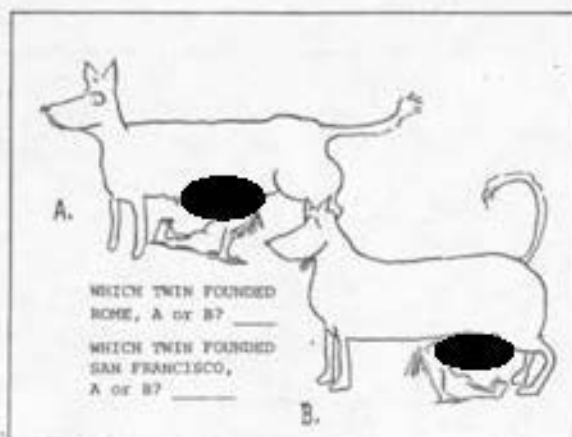
Fundamentally you have the permit to allow yourself to express your Self in this small-format magazine that welcomes your writing and illustrations, your letters and photos and drawings, as real documents of our homos masculine subculture. Send in the honest, lurid, and celebratory details of your real trips, desires, and fantasies. Pin on your balls. Cinch on what you've already earned by night: YOUR OWN BLACK BELT IN MANSEX.

M2M exists for you. Alone. A meditation for your hand and head. Before all, MAN2MAN is jerkoff journalism meant to grab the attention and hold the interest of consenting male adults. M2M intends to make your dick and head cum. Masturbation can be fun. It's also necessary to make complete your considerations of Self. It takes a lot of nerve, when you think about it, to cruise out and dare to make love to some man else when you haven't stayed home long enough to learn how to make really good love to your Self.

FUN! FUN! FUN! DADDY'LL NEVER TAKE THE T-BIRD AWAY!

Lightyears from now when you think of these good times, and you will think of them, because the Homos masculine Progress of the 80's will prove ultimately to be super-important in the wild history of the decline and fall of almost everybody who was ever bent, sick, twisted, queer, and sophisticated, you'll have dogeared/cumstained issues of MAN2MAN to re-read in your rubberroom while you try to remember through your popper-peppered brain exactly the way we were in all the offbeat beutoff fun we have. M2M, with its actively responding readers, has a handsome future as a homos masculine forum; and a funny thing's happened: your response has been overwhelming. M2M, like you, will be around as long as what we do, in this and in upcoming issues, along with the TT/WS/VA/ALPHABETCETERA, remains a hell of a lot of Fun!

Man-to-man, and no shit, as editor saluting you readers in this inaugural issue, the best promise I can genuinely make to you is that where MAN2MAN is concerned: THIS ONE'S FOR US!



Courtesy 18-WHEELER



THE 15 is more than just a dozen hot numbers plus three. THE 15 is the choicest fraternity to attract national S&M attention in the 80's. In their high-energy beginnings, THE 15 has accepted—after tough and sophisticated screening, over 30 S&M men as members rated as Fraternal, Associate, and Pledges. Requests for information about THE 15 arrive at the rate of a dozen a day.

Founder of THE 15, Dave Lewis, said: "Last year I was asking why somebody didn't pull together a back-to-basics S&M group. One of my buddies grabbed me by my keys and said, 'You're somebody. You do it.' So I figured two adages: 'Fools Rush In' and 'Nothing Ventured.' We ventured. A group of very serious S&M men began to gather around the concept: an S&M ACTION group. We decided to start it with 15 committed/dedicated/experienced men. That's the origin of our name."

THE 15 X 10: 1,500

Lewis and THE 15 have built the "better mousetrap." The world is beating a path to their PO Box. Over 1500 men have been gutsy enough to inquire about this Very Special Club that offers ADVANCED S&M in all its wildly erotic consensual versions to men experienced enough to want MORE than they can usually find exchanging glances and taking chances in a bar during Last-Call Fever.

THE 15 puts the bite back into S&M as mansport, lifestyle, and performance art.

The only limit is the Consent Factor. The kicker is the Request Factor. A prime benefit of membership in THE 15 is that members are encouraged to submit details of their special fantasies to THE 15's Fraternal Steering Committee. (Some of the recently fulfilled fantasies, that now are actual experiences of the men who dared request them, appear below!)

THE 15 isn't Fantasy Island, but from among its versatile membership there's a trip for every man and a man for every trip. At least it seems there's a little limit to the inventive trips and heavy-duty action these guys can whip up.

ACTIONS LOUDER THAN WORDS

THE 15 ain't an encounter group in leather-and-eat drag. The men are S&M Actionists. Period. THE 15's actions speak louder than words, and their words are strong. They're not armchair j/o S&M freaks. They have more activities (weekend runs, monthly scenes, twice-monthly private parties) than most bike clubs rolled together. THE 15 focus is not on bikes. It's on bodies and minds called to the lifestyle, headstyle, and sexstyle of S&M responsibly framed in a sane fraternity of men who pride themselves on their versatility of scenes and roles.

If what you're looking for is looking for you, then THE 15 is one of the prime places you're likely to find the S&M brotherhood where most of the things you have fantasized were possible can actually happen--with highly experienced guys on a basis regular enough to feed your appetite for MORE S&M.

FIVE CUSTOM FANTASY TRIPS MADE REAL BY THE MEN OF THE 15

1. THE RAPE. Five men dressed in uniforms and full leather surround me at an unsuspected time. None is known to me. All wear hats, caps, boots, and mirrored sunglasses. I am force-stripped out of all clothing. They rip my shirt and levis off my struggling body. Only hands and body-weight, not bondage, are used to restrain me. Each man firmly holds a leg or an arm while the fifth man proceeds to beat my ass with a belt; then he shoves his throbbing cockmeat up into my hole, greased only with spit and Crisco. The man with the smallest cock gets cherry-dibs first to fuck my butt. Then, according to ascending cock size, each man takes his rugged turn ripping my asshole with his dick. The man with the largest cock is the last to fuck my ass. Any resistance from me and hands and belts bear and subdue me. A choke chain attached to my balls is pulled to force my submission.

When each man has finished fucking me, I would be dragged to a toilet and my head shoved into the bowl. They pull me up by my wet hair and force my face to lick clean each man's grease-and-probably-shit-covered cock. Then they force my head again down into the toilet and force-flush it repeatedly. I am then given a hot piss-ensema and ordered to hold it while the group pisses on me from head to foot in any manner or order they prefer.

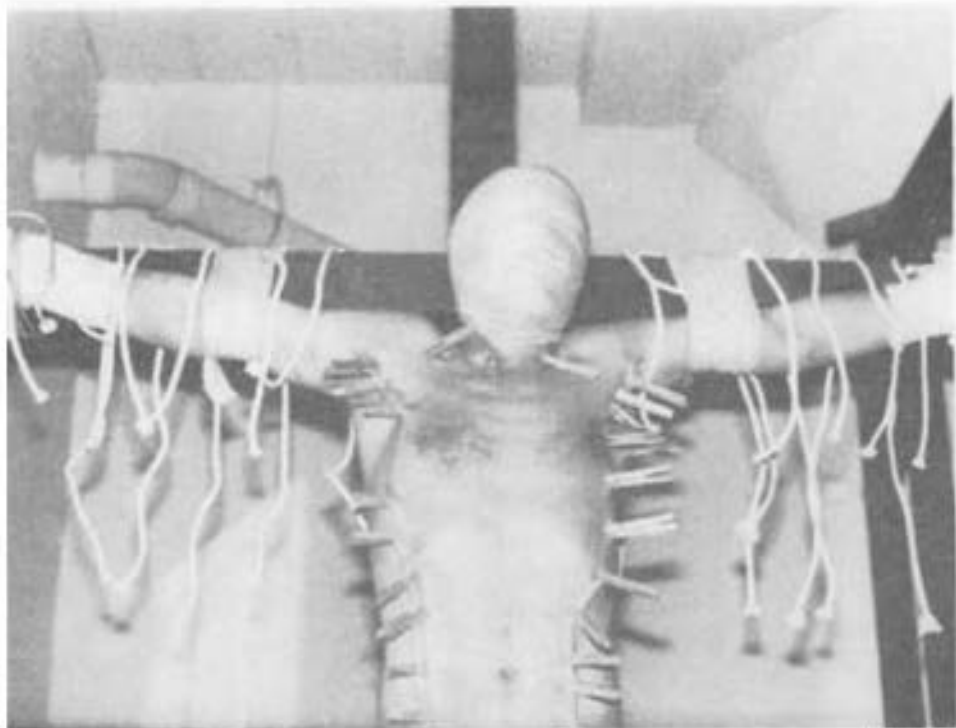
This is not a Master/Slave fantasy. The five men involved should be chosen to fulfill their rapist fantasies, and I shall fight to help each do just that since this should be a mutual trip: rapists and rape victim. The whole event should not be prolonged, but like a real rape should be fast and violent. Torture is not part of the fantasy. Sexual assault and violence are. The violence must be administered by men in control at all times, so that I shall be free to fight and kick and go completely out of control once the rape-action starts.

2. THE COCKS. I'm asleep in my tent at the run site. Sometime in the middle of the night. Suddenly I'm invaded by three men who jolt me awake and carry me bodily from the tent to a heavy wooden bondage table. Each man is six feet or taller. Each is masked. Each wears nothing but leather chaps. Their cocks are big: nine inches or more when soft. And thick. I can't recognize any one of them. I'm forced face-down onto the bondage table, stunned, and my arms and legs are restrained. Hard and fast. My ass is raised up in the night air by a saddle-cushion under my belly. They start cracking. A cat-a-nine-tails hits my ass. Each of the three with his own cat taking alternate turns whipping my shoulders, my back, my ass. They laugh and call me cockrucker, slave, boy, motherfucker, fuckface....I'm scared, turned on, excited. Their cocks move past my face.

One of the men lights a thick candle and sadistically drips wax onto my back. Each drop makes me moan with the fire. Another shoves popper up my nose. The third maneuvers an enormous cockshaped dildo up my ass. When he has it secured in place, they whip my ass again until it's red and smarting. One man moves into my face, pulls my head up by my hair, shoving his crotch against lips. "Suck it, mother-fucker!" He forces his now even more enormous hard cock into my mouth. Now about ten or eleven inches and fat. I choke on his dick while he fucks my face. One of the other guys rotates the dildo in my ass. More popper. Suddenly the dildo is ripped out of my ass.

I feel this dude's thick fingers slowly slip inside my hole. He collapses the bridge of his thick-knuckled hand and slips his whole fist deep into my first opening. My face is still getting fucked. The third guy pisses all over my back. Fisted, face-fucked, and wet! Then a hand grabs my prick and balls, pulling and squeezing them real hard. Another hand works my nipples. Kipping them hard and pulling them.

One by one, I am fistfucked, cockfucked, mouthfucked, whipped, tortured on the tits and balls by each man. They shoot load after load of cum into my ass, my face, my hair. They take their time. Hours pass. When they finish with me, they piss on me one final round, laughing, intimidating me. They carry me back to my tent and throw me inside where I'm left alone to drift off to exhausted sleep beating my dick.



HENRY FIX



BREXIT: MEXLEY PHOTOS

A WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY

(Part 2)

OCTOBER
18 & 19

*Our
Biggest
and
LAST
Major
Event
of 1980!*

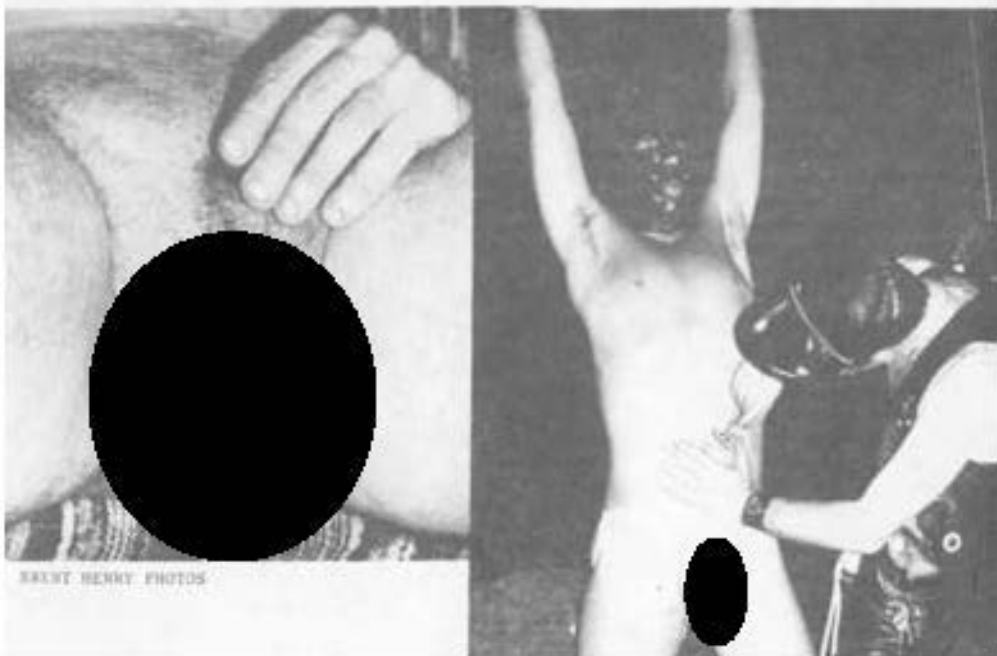


THE 15 ASSOCIATION
P.O. Box 99688
San Francisco, CA 94109
TELEPHONE 415/776-3739

**LIMITED
TICKETS
AVAILABLE**

Nan mummified inside plaster cast

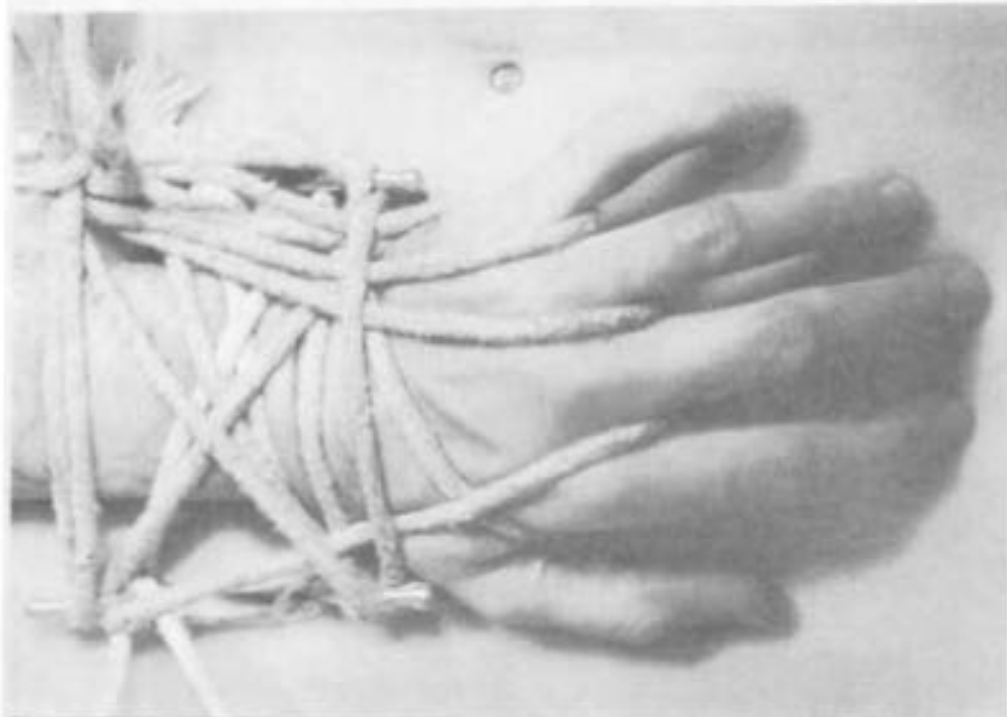
3. THE MUMMY. I am introduced to a man who is expert in mummification. He leads me naked to a large pole and stands me against its rough thickness. He then begins my mummification, wrapping me completely, leaving only my tits, cock, and mouth free. I am in total standing bondage, unable to move an inch, tightly restrained. A mouth begins to suck my cock and balls. Another bites my tits. A third sticks poppers in my nose and kisses me. I am immobilized, wanting to SCREAM for release, but cannot because he has me inextricably bound and unable to move. The sensation in my cock is incredibly intense. I want to move, but can't even squirm. My tits are ALIVE. I can't respond. All I can do is stand: mummified. When they make me cum, I want to break free of all the confinement, but can't! I'm completely restrained and existing on the other side of orgasm in a mix of excruciating pleasure and panic. My release depends on the mummification artist's whim and sense.
4. THE MARINES. I am introduced to six hunky, young, muscled, short-haired ACTIVE military men: Marines. Each of these dudes has the proper basic-training submissive attitude and has been assigned to my pleasure for 24 hours. I order them to strip off. I shave their entire bodies: heads and crotches. They are put through sweaty calisthenics drill. After this warm-up, I am left with my sadistic mind to treat them any way I wish. I'll be fistfucking, whipping, mouthfucking, putting them in heavy bondage, ripping off their tits, pissing on them, ordering them to piss on each other, fuck each other, etc., for the sake of the Corps. I'll torture them with evil toys and force them farther than they have ever been. They become "my" recruits to use any way I want to use them.
5. THE TOP. A man who doesn't usually bottom is chosen to top me. He's a young man, experienced and knowledgeable in S&M. But I'm a little pushy. I tell him I have no limits and that he can use me anyway he wants to--provided he is able to top me. By this I mean I don't think there are really any MEN left anymore...only facsimiles. I can be a damned good bottom if a MAN is able to top me and command my respect through his actions. Not few are able to maintain for the duration of even a short intense scene. My biggest thrill is to get a top, like the one chosen for me, and turn the tables on him--freaking him out! I'm fast and forceful and do not respect limits--as I believe these are "slavery tricks." I wouldn't permanently harm or mutilate anyone, but I'd give Mr. Hot Top a run for his fucking money! Let HIM have the experience he usually gives to bottoms! The element of surprise must be present: the top should not know that I'm planning to turn the tables on him and torture, abuse, and whip his body. My thrill is watching Mr. Hot Shit grovel. When I get him screaming for mercy, that's when I shoot my load. Right in his face.



PREFACE TO APPLICATION TO JOIN THE 15 ASSOCIATION

THE 15 is not for novices. THE 15 is not a "training school" for men who think they "might" be interested in SAM, or who hope they'll be happy as a slave or master. THE 15 is for men who have made their own major decisions, for men who want to deepen their experience, not begin it. The screening process makes sure all applicants have the "beginnings" well in hand.

The three types of membership are Fraternal, Associate, and Pledges. Fraternal membership is limited to precisely 15 members who form the Steering Committee running the affairs of THE 15 Association. Associate membership is full membership with no limit to the number of members in the category. The bulk of membership is Associate membership; associates are full participants in all sexual and social activities sponsored by THE 15. Pledge membership is the first step into THE 15 ASSOCIATION. After completing the application form available from THE 15, you will be asked to attend the next regularly scheduled screening interviews. At that time you may be offered a Pledge membership for a time period of no more than six months, during which time you will get to know THE 15 and THE 15 will get to know you. As a Pledge, you will be invited to participate fully in all activities of THE 15 at member rates. At the end of your Pledge period, you may be offered full membership. (Yearly dues for 1980 are \$15.)



Sparrow Photography

Interestingly enough, there is no "hierarchy" in THE 15. No one person is to be at any time "elected to represent" the entire fraternity with any title. All Fraternal members hold equal titles as "Co-President."

LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN

Application forms are available for \$2 from THE 15 ASSOCIATION, PO BOX 94688, SAN FRANCISCO CA 94109. Make checks payable to THE 15. When you receive the application, complete it fully. Nobody will attempt to verify any information requested. THE 15 takes you on your word alone as well as on social/sexual observation during the Pledge period. (Include 28c postage or two 15c stamps.)

THE 15, in a sense, is looking for sophisticated involvement with a few good men. In SAM, straightforwardness of motive is a necessary requirement. There is, perhaps, no greater treason than to do the right thing for the wrong reason. THE 15 collectively has its head on straight, because its membership knows shit from Shinola.

COPS BANG EACH OTHER

San Francisco police Sergeant Bill (Mad Dog) Mott is a six-foot-two-inch, 260 pound bear on the San Francisco Police Department's four-man Destruction Derby Crew. Strapped and helmeted behind the wheel of a 1974 Plymouth, big and beefy Mad Dog competed against 36 police and fire departments from Northern California in the Sixth Annual Santa Rosa Police Officers' Destruction Derby at the Sonoma County Fairgrounds.

"We do this for the fun of it and to have a good time," Mott said. His Destruction Support Crew strapped him in, knocked his helmet for luck, and sent him into his heat. Sergeant Mott roared off in his black-and-white with blue stars on the doors, and ram-slammed his rear-end into eleven other police-driven junkers reconconditioned for the sweat-n-exhaust derby on the infield of the muddy fairground's rodeo arena.

"The trick to winning is to be aggressive and to look back and front at the same time." The cops spend most of their time backing up at 20-30 mph, using their rears as battering rams, while watching out for other helibent cop-competitors trying to bash their engines.

At the end of the heat, when the checkered flag waved down, Sergeant Mott pulled his huge body from his smashed-but-running black-and-white. He raised his trophy triumphantly. There was grime and grease caked on his smiling, square-jawed face. His white teshirt was wringing wet where it counts.

The Police Derby was noisy, smokey, muddy, greasy, beery, hot, and sweaty. No wonder these men do it for Fun!

HOW CAN A COP PASS CUCUMBERS?

Calico, CA. The First Annual California Pig Run attracted 1,000 cops to the desert town of Calico where for an entire pig-wallow weekend the lawmen and their ladies hung it all out to raise \$8,000 for the Southern California Peace Officers Memorial Fund. The Pig Run's publicist billed the weekend as wild and wooly.

HOW WILD AND WOOLY WAS IT?

The cop-run agenda featured a beer-guzzling contest, with cop-sized guts that would make a professional Bellybucker green with envy. The Top Cop Swiller, from the LA District Attorney's office sported an expertly waxed, thick, handlebar moustache.

Then all heaven's gate opened: a "renegade" Sergeant from the San Bernadino County Sheriff's department led an "outlaw band" of police officers in a spontaneous MEN'S LEG CONTEST. The couple hundred screaming women attending the Pig Run ate it up. Laworder was restored only when the Pig Run publicist threatened to call in a SWAT Team.

COP/JOCK WRESTLING, ETC.

Scheduled Pig Run events included some aggressive BALLOON-TOSS-BOMBING, PIG CALLING, ARM WRESTLING, CUCUMBER PASSING, PIE EATING ("Bye, bye, Miss American Pie..."), and, in the Great San Francisco tradition, TRI-CYCLE RACING. (Is a straight run that much different after all?) No wonder a lot of cops became friends.

As more homosmasculine men are recruited by various law enforcement agencies, guess who's gonna be giving them a run for their macho in next year's Pig Run? If you like the idea, and the sight/smell/sound of cops and deputies in teshirts and cowboy hats strutting their stuff, showing their legs, armwrestling, and passing cukes, grab your Travel Agent now for next July's best airfare into downtown Calico.

TOUGH ROCKS.

TORTURE: BOLIVIA NEUTERS JOHNS

La Paz. Since the military under General Garcia Meza seized power in Bolivia on July 17, hundreds of Bolivian men have been arrested and tortured. Hundreds more have become fugitives, moving from secret dwelling to secret dwelling each night to elude government agents. Garcia Meza has been deadly serious since taking power.

In one Garcia-Meza episode, three young priests were blindfolded and seated side by side in the headquarters of the Tarapaca armored regiment on a windy ridge. Uniformed officers thrust the barrels of their pistols into the priests' mouths. Nearby, another officer fired into the air and a soldier threw himself noisily to the floor, screaming in simulated pain. This game completed, amid much laughter and beating, the three shaken young clerics were taken to military headquarters in La Paz where they were forcibly stripped and tied spreadeagle to lie face down for 3 days in manure-filled horse stables.

Other episodes included a 20-year-old shoemaker who was taken by soldiers to La Paz' new soccer stadium. There he was beaten with rifle stocks and forced into a lockerroom so packed with other detainees that the men had to sleep standing up and to relieve themselves in place.

A 16-year-old boy was trundled into a room at the Miraflores army headquarters in downtown La Paz and ordered by armed guards to lower his trousers. An officer holding a kitchen knife approached. Either the youth would go on TV to testify that he was making bombs, or the officer would butcher his genitals, he was told. That night the boy made his "confession" for TV.

The most feared vehicles in La Paz are commandeered ambulances with their license plates removed and Garcia Meza's Paramilitaries inside. Men joke grimly

that "If I'm hurt, please don't call an ambulance." People forced to ride in them often are never seen again.

Garcia Meza began talking of his plan to be president of Bolivia nearly 40 years ago, and sentimentality has not stood in his way.

FAIRFIELD AREA RAPID TRANSIT

"Elks Lodge #1976 won its first Division III title with a come from behind win over F.A.R.T at Todd Park." --Suisun Breeze Newspaper

SHAKING BOY SCOUTS

Boy Scouts always shake with the left hand, the reason being the left hand is closer to the heart. Baden-Powell, the sly-fox founder of the Scouting movement (How moving did he find it?), adopted this method of greeting men after his experience with the Masai tribe in Africa. The Masai approached with a shield in the left hand protecting the heart. As a sign of trust, they transferred the shield to the right hand while raising the left in greeting, thereby exposing themselves.



TOP COPS TO MEET IN SF

San Francisco will play host to police chiefs from 63 countries in October 1985, Police Chief Con Murphy announced. The conclave of the INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF POLICE CHIEFS is expected to attract 8000 top cops, Murphy said. Smiling.

MOVIES

THE BRIG MAN-EUVERS

THE ROSE AIN'T WHAT YOU THINK.
A Film of Obsession with Blond Men...



Fuck other reviews of *The Rose*. The film is about men. Blond men specifically. Blond men fetishistically based on James Dean whose posterface opens and closes the movie.

FUCKING THE FOOTBALL TEAM

The Rose, overheated and underventilated, in her small southern town takes on the whole highschool football team. Fucked by sweaty, redneck, blond jocks on the 50-yard line, Rose talks repeatedly about the padded-bulk fuck trip throughout the film. The men she picks up range from the dirty blond-brown of Frederic Forrest to an increasing blond factor as she picks her way through the blond rock musicians and blonder security roadies.

BLOND SECURITY GUARD

In the concert scenes, notice that while Rose seems onstage alone, the screen in fact nearly always exhibits the very blond, muscular, authoritarian stage security guard in the lower part of the screen.

In this carefully crafted film, the cinematographer keeps this man's blondness almost subliminally present even while Rose sings her heart out, because Rose is a person obsessed with blond men. He alone, in fact, is in so much footage with Rose that the filmmakers' conscious intent is not lost on the FETISH VIEWER!

When Rose picks up the two uniformed soldiers, the one she keeps is as blond as *The American Dream*.

In Rose's return home, she stops at the bar where she first started singing. There she is confronted by the bulky, boozy, balding blond who had fucked her in their former glory days of golden football. One of the blonds slips her bad dope.

Rose begins her final demise scene in a twilight phone booth near the bleachers on the highschool football field. Behind her, the whole team, in a far-off surreal recall of how she has been fucked and fucked over by her **PASSION-FETISH** for blond men, exercise and drill in full uniform with their blond southern heads helmeted and faces ominously masked.

In the final scene, against the posterface of James Dean, it is the blond soldier, now become the Blond Angel of Death, who, in his sort-of love for her, turns out the light, turns off her life.

THE ROSE (TATTOO)

This blond is the same blond as Tennessee Williams (who also has a blond fetish) uses as the Angel of Death in *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore* (Boond). The Rose, in fact, unreels like a script Williams would write if he could write a contemporary rock drama about southern women obsessed by blond men. The Rose is a turnaround update-and-mix of Williams *Sweet Bird of Youth* and *The Rose Tattoo*.

WHAT TRUE FETISHISTS WANT

Queens who follow *Great Ladies of the Silver Screen* see *The Rose* as a Bette Midler film. Man-to-man this movie is about a person's obsession and passion and love for men who are blond. The point of the film is the essence of fetish obsession: for a fetishist there is never enough; there is only more.

Obviously, a film is what a man sees in it, and a viewer can see anything he wants as long as he opens his eyes to all the subtle clues the screen offers fully to those sensitized enough to see the layers of passion and intensity offered. --JF

OUT IN UNIFORM: PART I

SMELL MY OLIVE-DRAB USMC REGULATION BLACK SOCKS!

FROM THE DESK OF CAPT. MIKE O'MALLEY, NY, NY.

We uniformed men are alive and well and getting it on in uniform. In spite of the software photos of name-brand models posing with a uniform prop or two. In spite of the efforts of fashion designers to promote a tamed "uniform look" that is safe enough for the fashion victims and not too authentic for Mr. Average.

PROFESSIONAL MEN IN AUTHORITY

Uniformed men are too varied for any one of us to speak for all of us. Men in uniform have strong opinions to go along with the genuine attitude that is the essence of our High Fetish. As a matter of fact, there is a large number of uniform-fetish men who have managed to actually actively work in the profession that by regulation demands that they wear the fetish of their passion.

There's a few uniformed men I can speak for: Mike, the New York cop who carries his spare uniform in the trunk of his car, looking for a fuckbuddy with the right attitude who's On-the-Job like him. There's the notorious Allied Van Lines partners with the toys in the sleeper cab. (Smile if you know them. They're classic, right?) There's a WY and blond John in the San Francisco Police Department. There's Fred with the tattoos and the zero tolerance for junk-costume bullshit. There's Rod, with half a warehouse of Sheriff's Deputies' uniforms he bought to save from the ragmen. There's Richard who revives the Czarist Navy, because modern uniforms for him just don't cut it. There's the legendary Felix in London, and the Cavalry Man and the Royal Horse Guards. There's Jim LaTrine down at the Marine Transfer Station of the New York Sanitation Department in his real-life greasy olive-drab uniform with the orange piping down the legs. All of these truly uniformed men present a lesson in disciplined action gear.

UNIFORM RECRUITING

All these men are super-uniform fetish examples of dedication intent on recruiting men on the verge of turning on to uniforms. How else can I explain the midwestern Sheriff's Deputy who drove a thousand miles this summer with his partner in full uniform in the fucking squad car--and I mean with the light bar, siren, CB, the works--just to fucking raise consciousness of uniformed presence and to turn a few recruitable citizens into animals.

This is not a fantasy column. I'm documenting class dudes who risk their necks to get lazy civilians hot. Maybe men in uniform can only speak for themselves. Unless a man already intuits what it is about a good man in uniform, who can rationally explain it to him? Who can convince him that every man-to-man trip is more intense, more deeply resonant and satisfying in uniform, unless he already knows it in his dick? After all, every fetish is privately relative; but some stuff can be said as crisp as a crease in dress blue trousers.



IF YOU HAVE TO ASK...

When a civilian comes up to me and hits me up in uniform and says, "Hey, far out! How can I get into uniform?" Where do I start with him? The snapped-to answer is, "How can a uniform man bear to strip out of uniform!" The uniform fetish is a total buttoned-up state of fucking mind! Sounds like smart-ass West-Coast pseudo Zen, doesn't it? But get behind it my way. If he hooks me into explaining uniforms to him, sooner or later, he's going to say one of two citizen-type lines. Either he going to get cocky and defensive and say, "These designer jeans and this crocodile shirt, that's my uniform." Or he's going to pimp me by asking, "How about a dentiat's smock. Doesn't that count as a uniform?" Do I punch his mouth into a bunch of bloody Chiclets? Discipline and restraint says instead to this perpetual, unrecruitable citizen: "Sonny, if you're trying to see what you can get away with, forget it. If you're only sniffing the edges of the uniform trip for a three-minute jerkoff scene, you're never going to get any satisfaction out of a uniform, or out of a man in uniform."

MALE IMPERSONATORS

Take that other type of Male Impersonator. You know: the Faberge brute in the Army shirt open down to the Gucci belt, with his Nautilus tits and his 95c olive-drab hanky. Wearing the Army shirt as an Oscar-de-la-Rental trophy, not as a man's honorable uniform. Hell. What is a man-into-things-manly supposed to do with a Twinkie trying to co-opt and devalue a genuinely homoerotic fetish so authentic that even straight guys like to get together in uniforms just for the macho comfort of hanging out in the well-pressed discipline of their brotherhood? In the case of gayboys betraying the Homomascuine Movement, it's almost biblical: Many are called, but few are chosen. Many guys could rise to become Homomascuine men, but instead crap out into the lowest common denominator of "gay." Give me a man who is a manly queer any day!

HARD CORPS HARDON RISK

What about opinionated uniformed men in authority like me? Like you? Shit. We live what we think. I speak for uniformed men who dare. I'm out here on the street risking my butt not to get arrested for impersonating an officer, keeping my badge and my cuffcase covered. I'm out here, groomed, shaved around the ears, all tight and sharp, creased and spitshined. Then I run into one of these Army-Navy discount disco boys. Makes me want to drag him cuffed into the back alley. Make him smell my United States Marine Corps regulation black socks. Makes me want to wrap that olive-drab hanky around my thumb and punch it up that sweet-smelling little damp maybe-recruitable asshole.

That's when it's armpit-sweet to have a uniformed partner at my side, working in the same dark blue shirt and tie and gold buttons. That's when I know that if some of these guys had the head-capacity to understand the physical and symbolic hardon thrill of the uniform fetish, hell, there wouldn't be so many screwed-up civilians. --Cap

HOT LEAD

AMERICAN UNIFORM ASSOCIATION: AUA MEMBERSHIP, BULLSHRETS NEWSLETTER, AND UNIFORM CRUISE

To join the American Uniform Association you need a man in a recognized uniform club to countersign your recruitment form. The AUA Recruitment Brochure states: "The AUA is a fraternal organization of men who are roused by uniforms and who feel the pride, integrity, loyalty, and spirit that uniforms symbolize." AUA Enlistment Forms are available from AUA NEW YORK, 80 West 82nd Street #5N, New York, New York 10024. Send along a stamped self-addressed envelope.

UNIFORM ATTEN-HUT! If a Uniform Party means more to you than a costume theme bash, you might contact AUA Chicago, Box 87334, Chicago, Illinois, 60680, for details and application for the UNIFORM CRUISE WEEKEND, OCTOBER 10-12, 1980. Enrollment is limited: a select 100 men in uniform dining, then eating, on a boat in Lake Michigan. Ride the fine edge: keep your uniform authentic enough to run the risk of arrest, but keep yourself cool on the hot-cop streets of Chicago.

Wait till your Father gets home!

Dear Sir:

I read your ad in MAN2MAN. I live in San Francisco, but was raised in the midwest and Texas in a Christian home. For the last few years I have been a practicing homosexual. I have also had sex with women, but living here, I have had more male encounters. I did not have sex at all until I turned 23 because I was taught that it was a sin outside of marriage. I repented many times for masturbating when I was a teenager.

I lived in constant fear of being caught and punished severely by my dad, as he was strict and believed in corporal punishment. I don't know if you whip your sons, but my dad was quite a disciplinarian. My brothers and I were paddled on the buttocks with a

BORN-AGAIN WHIPPING

Born-again Christian man, 32, married, athletic in body, and strong in soul, father of three sons, offers to whip the devil from homosexual men desiring first steps to repentance. Whipping of shoulders/back only, stripped to waist. Will tie sinner up if necessary for salvation. None of your nudity, sex, drugs. Absolutely no touching. I am sincere Christian man attempting to bring back (through discipline of the body) men used to sinning with their flesh. A&O1.

board for minor infractions and given severe whippings for anything serious.... Dad had a wooden paddle about ten inches across and an inch thick with holes, made out of oak, as well as a thick strap of cowhide attached to a wooden handle. He made these and kept them locked in his tool chest for the purpose of disciplining. Sometimes, he'd

grab whatever was handy--his belt, a tennis shoe, rod, birch switch, length of hose, or even a board, and give us a licking.

For minor infractions like talking back, not doing chores properly, low grades, arguing, lateness, discipline reports from school, bad sportsmanship, he made us bend over and grab our ankles. He'd swat us hard on the buttocks as many times as we were old, and he didn't mind doing it more than once a day if it was called for. He used a wooden paddle or shaved 2x4.

The worst fear was being taken to the basement or out to the garage for a whipping. This was for something serious like disobedience, fighting, swearing, lying, getting in trouble at school or somewhere. Then he bawled the hell out of you and left welts with the paddle or strap or whatever.

He was a big man and could hold me down over his lap until I was 16. I had reached my full height of six feet and weighed about 155 at the time. Now at 31, I'm 170. I have always been muscular and athletic, trim and health-conscious.

The worst time for me was when I was in Junior High. I don't know how old your sons are, or whether they cause you any trouble, but I got into a hell of a lot of trouble for about three years there, and dad was on my back a lot. When I was 14, dad was mainly a disciplinarian. I feared him, but kept behaving badly. I was a discipline problem at school and it was common to give licks on the buttocks if you couldn't take detention. Dad pushed sports, and if you didn't go out for them, you had to work for him after school. Either way, I couldn't sit in on detention, and so had to bend over for licks from whoever. Dad repeated these at home.

I sneaked off from school one day with some other guys and got caught shoplifting tee-shirts. We were taken to the juvenile hall. The cops called our dads and strapped each of us five times on the buttocks with a hefty leather strap. They had an illustration at the police department encouraging the use of Corporal Punishment at home. A woodshed scene with the words "Parental Responsibility" written on the strap.

Personally, I believe this is a good thing and sometimes wish that dad was still around to put me in line. You talk about whipping "the devil." That same year, dad found out that I was skipping church school on Wednesday nights and made me strip out of my Sunday suit after church and tanned me with the licking strap. I had to sit in my jockey shorts until he finished breakfast--then he returned to the garage and gave me a second whipping, strapping my bare back and shoulders and legs. I was welts from top to bottom before he was finished.

Dad gave his permission for other men to discipline us if we were in their charge. He and mom used to go fishing in northern Minnesota and I'd stay on a farm with a friend. His dad frequently beat me on the bare buttocks with a utility belt. I complained to dad, but he approved.

Dad was certainly strict, but even though I hated the punishments, I'm glad he was tough, since I don't think I would have ever gone on to college. After the shoplifting incident, dad talked to the principal and one of my coaches at school and they agreed to administer severe lickings if I misbehaved or didn't pay attention in classes. With parental permission, they could give you a licking like your dad--more than the prescribed five swats. They didn't have to count. Paddles were made in shop class. They'd take a ball bat and shave it down. This was the instrument they'd use for spanking. For the rest of the school year I was sweating like crazy, fearing these punishments. Any bad report from a class, and I was taken to a storeroom in the gym where they kept the equipment, apparatus, mats, etc., and held down over a table. One of the men would paddle my buttocks and thighs until they were black and blue. I would holler, but no one could hear you there.

Dad kept the swats up at home too, and made sure I studied. Most of the punishments I received were administered on the buttocks and thighs, even though strappings and switching often included the back, shoulders, and legs.

Dad was not troubled by disciplining me in front of others. Several times I was switched outside in front of others with my shirt off. Once, on a fishing trip, he made my brother and I lie over a log for a switching in our swimsuits. This was in front of other guys' dads. We had been fighting, and dad wanted to set an example. He dipped the switches in water and whipped the hell out of us--welling our backs, butts, and legs. Another time, after disobeying a friend's dad, the guy complained, so my dad offered the strap to the other guy who gave me a hell of a beating in my jockey shorts.

Both my older brothers are married. My oldest brother has seven kids. He uses a wooden paddle with holes, just like our dad used to do. My other brother raised his wife's nephew in Fort Worth. I was present once for a severe beating he gave the kid. The garbage had caught on fire due to the kid's negligence, and my brother used a large wooden bed slat on his buttocks. The kid was fifteen at the time, but howled his head off. It must have hurt like all get out since my brother is 185 and built like my dad with unusually big arms and biceps.

If you're from the midwest or south, then you must know that corporal punishment is still practiced both at home and in schools. This probably has something to do with the

more Christian attitude in those places. I continued high school in Fort Worth where discipline records were kept and sent home to parents. Right up to the time I graduated I was taking licks on the butt from somebody. Dad gave me my last severe licking with a fan belt in the garage when I was 16. He took the hide off me for not returning the car when he said. He used the fan belt because I think he liked to make the kind of whipping fit the crime. You can bet I yelled on that one.

I think that whipping is a good discipline both physically and spiritually and mentally. I was forced to work a lot harder knowing dad or a teacher or a coach would whip my butt. I also think it's good for raising boys to be masculine men. Learning to take pain helps develop the body and the mind as well as the soul. Dad knew what he was doing. He was not being abusive, but really raising a son. Lickings are part of that.

I'd be interested in hearing from you. It's been awhile since I've taken a whipping. Getting that regular attention again might be good for me.

† You readers who want to spill out and share your own true experiences, IN YOUR OWN WHITE is the place to dump freely. Send your authentic stuff to HANZMAN, PO BOX 6052, SAN FRANCISCO CA 94101.

REIGN OF TERROR

Century after century of battered children grew up and in turn battered their own children. Public protest was rare. Even humanists and teachers who had a reputation for great gentleness, like Petrarch, Ascham, Comenius, and Pestalozzi, approved of beating children. Milton's wife complained she hated to hear the cries of his nephews when he was beating them, and Beethoven whipped his pupils with a knitting needle and sometimes bit them. Even royalty was not exempt from battering, as the childhood of Louis XIII confirms. A whip was at his father's side at table, and as early as 17 months of age, the dauphin knew enough not to cry when threatened with the whip. At 25 months regular whippings began, often on his bare skin. He had frequent nightmares about his whippings, which were administered in the morning when he awakened. When he was king he still awoke at night in terror, in expectation of his morning whipping. The day of his coronation, when he was eight, he was whipped, and said, "I would rather do without so much obeisance and honor if they wouldn't have me whipped."

—Lloyd deMause

The History of Childhood, 1974



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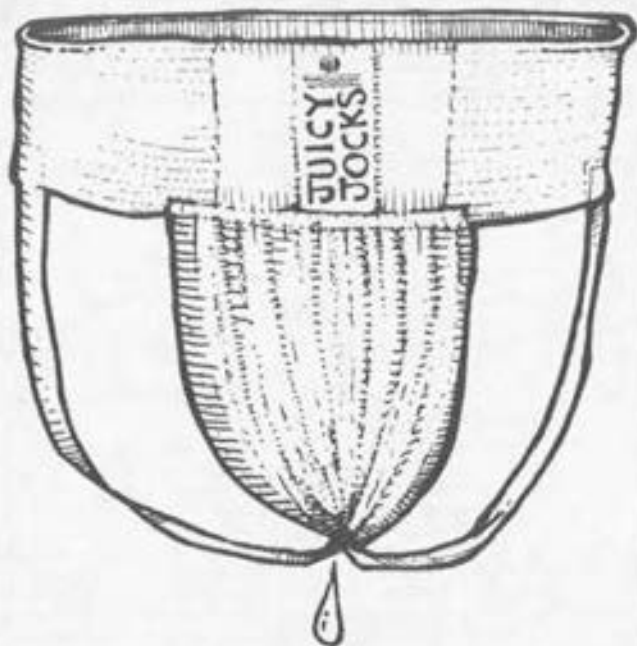
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MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard2Find Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

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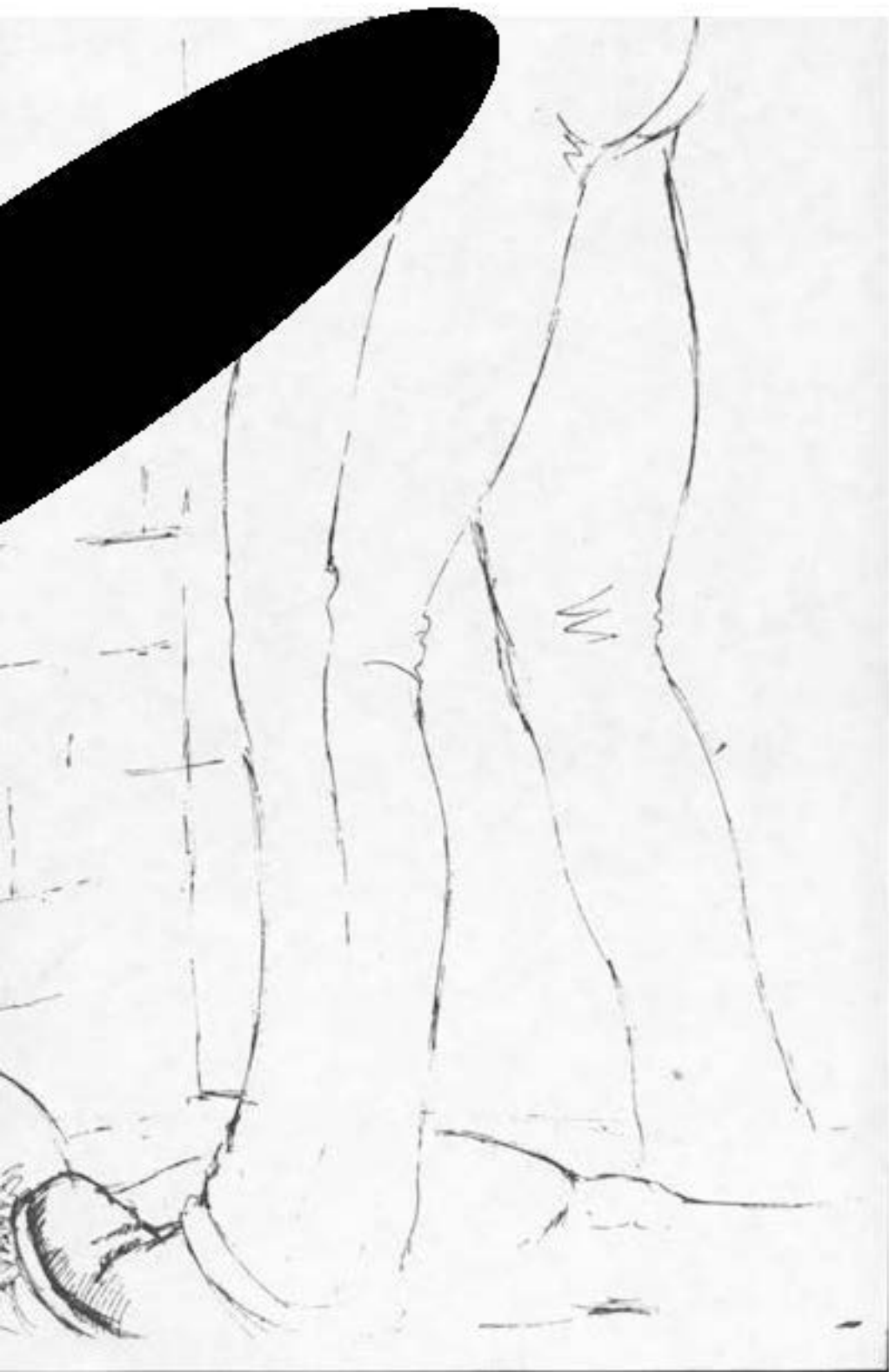
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MARK HENRY PIX

NOTICE: *MANZMAN* is a documentary journal of masculinity, featuring candid shots of real guys doing real stuff. Their authenticity makes them worthy of photojournalism's documentary interest. Whether cops, deputies, construction workers, cowboys, truckers, military men, daddies, athletes, or simply hot men who deserve close scrutiny and respectful study in these documentary pages, *MANZ* neither intends nor implies anything about the social behavior or sexual preference of these men shot candidly in public. If anything, *MANZ* presumes these men are straight role-models who might provide good example for gay men who wish to upgrade their own homomascularity. This is not to imply that straight is better, but is meant principally to acknowledge the fact that the heteromasculine man is, in this day and age of our Homomasculine Awakening, very often an ideal/example/icon to homomasculine men investigating American masculinity in general, and finding that they share many similar values with their heteromasculine partners/buddies/friends in almost everything except choice of sexual preference. *MANZ* figures the time has come to point out, rather than our one main difference, our many similarities.

THE YOUNG DEPUTY SUSPECTED WHAT HE WAS IN FOR....

DOGMASTER

DOGMASTER. You've seen him: built like a Pit Bull. Big. Squared off heavy muscle. Vet. Professional trainer. Special Services Kennel for the County Deputies' K-9 Patrol. Man in Authority moving under thick pelt of full body fur. Nights, alone with his Dane and Doberman attack dogs, he clips back his fastgrowing body fur, naked and hard, in his private quarters behind his kennel--where a young County deputy waits: stripped naked from his uniform, caged, choke-chained, slow-stroking himself in the last hour before his obedience training begins.

In his quarters: the hum of the grooming clippers in the Dogmaster's big paw-hand shears his own soft fur down to a mean, disciplined, even bristle. The low growl of his two big dogs dozing at his feet. Hungry for fresh meat. The Dogmaster judges the sounds of barking from the kennel in the deep night. He grooms his fur on the back of his strong hands, around his square wrists. He carries back the pelt on his powerful forearms that read by day like muscular hairy hams hanging from the khaki Vet shirt he wears attending to the big dogs brought by men proud of their prize studs. His broad mastiff shoulders: hairy. His animal coat of fur thick on his big barrelled chest. In the County: rumors of his Special Service Kennel. Knowing smiles. Then silence. Unbroken. In the County: anything is possible.

The roll of his abs: defined in dark washboard cuts by fur. Growth patterns not masking the pedigree of his power, but defining it. Men from the County proud to bring their dogs to him for stud. His pex and belly softbristled, outlined by the natural lay of his hair. His dogdik: thick, long, mean, bulbous, red, and ready. His legs: squat, hard, powerful for serious studwork.

His Dane rolls over in his doze, his big balls rolling against the inside of his back haunch. The Dogmaster turns at his tight waist. He looks down at the dog who expectantly opens one eye. He turns back into the mirror. His own butt: round, ripe, muscular; the deep crack furred, dark, deep with promises he keeps. The animal spoor about him: the way he enlists a man to help mount his own stud over another man's dog in heat; the two of them together, intent, on the perfect mounting. He clips his body hair the same careful length as his closecropped beard. Its thick growth rises high up his cheeks, runs down his muscular throat, meets the rising curl of hair from his chest.

Tonight's a special grooming.

His big arms raise up. His armpits run wet with sweat. One paw palms the length of hair on his head, low on his brow, bristling down the animal back of his neck. His other hand running the clippers into an even length across his own head.

Tonight's Special Weekend Duty. Fucking Ultimate Obedience Training. New Young Deputy. Uniform Strip. K-9 Patrol.

The Dogmaster, erect, enormous, clippers in hand. Smoothing his body. His dogdik drooling. Rich head crowning uncut hairy shaft. His two stud dogs, eyeballing his moves, waiting his command. His attack dogs, Dane and Dobe, hungry, growling low, waiting, killer instincts set on edge by their Master's hulking presence, held at bay by the cold eye of his Command Presence. The Dobe's pink tongue flicks across his black lips. White teeth bared. Hindquarters quivering. Dick spritzing. The Dane growls in anticipation, starts up, anxious, nosing his way toward the iron door leading to the kennel, excited by the smell of fear a dog recognizes sweating out of a husky man's choke-chained body.

"Stay!" The Dogmaster's voice resonates deep from his big balls, echoes in the hard tiled room. The two dogs freeze in total obedience. The big dogs are measure of the man. His own animal body: Marine-trained. Former DI. Respectfully nicknamed behind his powerful back at Fendleton and LeJeune: Dog Bix. Disciplined trainer of men and dogs for combat. Trainer of young USMC Grunts forced by dare, high stakes, and his command, to fight nearly naked with specially trained attack dogs, in the last days of Nam, in the backwash of the DMZ, when men placed hard bets on any good brawl for blood. Now: known as the best K-9 trainer in the County. The Dane moves in close to his Master: fur-to-fur haunch-against-thigh. The Dobe sniffs hungrily at the kennel door.

In the County bars, the deputies laugh and wink and say, shit, they wish he'd work tighter with them. Independent man. Animal loner. Sharp white teeth flashing easy grin through mat of bear rising up to deep-squint of piercing eye. The deputies, quiet in their silent fraternity, treat his Special Services K-9 training as something better left unspoken.

In the dark furthest kennel, the young deputy, naked, caged, heavy leather collar and choke-chain around his neck, swelling dogpiss ripe and fresh in the territorial corners, delivered handcuffed for stud, pulled from a prowl car, stripped from his uniform by other tough deputies, hoisted down, readied for clipping and shaving and grooming, ordered to endure Special Services K-9 Training, waiting for the opening of the heavy metal door. Around him, big dogs, caged separately, pad in expectant anticipation, streaming long wet piss-squirts, sniffing, nose-to-butt-hole, butt-hole-to-nose. Quick lick of long tongue through the cyclone mesh fence. Lick of dog-tongues to lowwinging dog-balls and fresh puckerhole. Natural animal instinct.

Hairy young deputy, recruited hunk, longchained from collar to ring in kennel floor, waits the first night of his obedience training. Naked and worn in the animal heat of the kennel. Stripped of uniform, gun, gear, boots, by senior deputies. Now to the County. Fresh from the service. Twists nervously the gold ring on his left hand. Special Weekend Duty never meant pissing in his own cage. His dick hard. Scared shitless. Dogs howling. The hum, the steady hum, of the Dogmaster's clippers on the other side of the kennel door. The whine of the Dobe. The low growls of the Dane. He figures he better be ready. He figures maybe how his Reality-Bun may be in for a shakedown he never expected.

He remembered some of the deputies' talk. Overheard them. Until they noticed. Until they slammed their lockerdoors loudly. Until they shut up. Now: clarity coming through his eavesdrop. Clarity coming to him. This is the County. In the semidark he figures how it might be: groomed, the Dogmaster, opening his kennel cage, come to shear his hairy body, train him, force-sniffing his nose to commanding butt-hole, licking of bulbous big red dick. Enormous. Powerful Dogman. Heavy paws holding him in position. The Dogmaster's long spit into the crack of his ass. Wild barking from other cages. The Dobe and the Dane pacing, watching, eager. The Dogmaster's snarling moan. The feel of the Dogmaster's long furry shaft growing, thickening, hardening. Thick-knobbed head sliding out of the heavy uncut skin. Insistent. Doglickwet. Fucked in. Deep. Heavy fullness. Flowing. Holding. Pumping. Held fire in place by the Dogmaster's big paws. Only the commanding look from the hairy Dogmaster's eye holding the Dobe and Dane at bay. Only the whine of the Dogmaster not throwing open the locks on the separate cages of the pack of huge trained male fighting dogs.

Only minutes now. The hum of the Dogmaster's clippers stopping. The whine on the other side of the door. The sound of the Dogmaster's hand unlatching the deadbolt. The deep-throated harking rising to full howl and salute, cage to cage, in the dark kennel. Only moonlight breaking through the high, barred industrial windows. The sound of the iron door opening. The blinding light from the Dogmaster's bright, hardtiled quarters. The Dobe and the Dane bounding into the kennel around the heavy legs of the Dogmaster. His big, hairy body planted squarely in dark outline against the light, shimmering in bristling halo, around the full measure, bulk and height and welling haft, of the Dogmaster who waits one long moment in the Special Services Kennel door for the night-vision that is his alone, to carry him down the long growling corridor to the deputy's cage, where: every move, driven by his crushed, massive Dog Bix, unbelievably, beyond the captive deputy's imagination, brings out the latent beast in the caged, choke-chained, naked, exultant animal!

MANIMALS

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BODYBUILDER, W/M, 43, 5'9", 165, into kinky, raunchy scenes, moderate S&M. Basic bottom, but not an energy-vampire. Can play mutual. Like facesitters and toilet games. Photo gets photo. If you're masculine and in shape. SF. A107.

NOT KINKY TRIPS. Handsome, REDHAired STUD, grey eyes, glasses, 31, 6', lean smooth, athletic body, HUNG. PFA ONLY. 1 pitch and 1 catch. Into verbal fantasy: athletic, military, western, incest.... SF. A106.

SNOT. Bearded/mustached men wanted for partners into long intimate raunchy trips. I am 5' 10", 145, 28. Dig shit, piss, anal, B/D, highs, camping, and EXPERIMENTING! Man-to-man sex adventurers call late AM or PM: 415/626-8356.

CREATIVE MUTUAL BONDAGE, cock/ball, tit torture, LEATHER, toys, sensual play, EXHIBITIONISM, groups, shaving; dig it with experienced or daring novices. I am W/M, 31, tall, blond, handsome, horny, playful, serious, and READY. Tom: 415/552-4432.

HUNKY BUTT/HUNGRY TONGUE. W/M, 5'10", 150, 33, muscular athletic body. My asshole stinks of fresh shit and dirty jackstraps. I like to spread my hunky butt over a hungry tongue, and squat my raunchy asshole over a hot face while it begs me to dump. I want to see you and feel you lick my asshole clean. From nice-n-easy to fulltilt boogie, I want to use you like a toilet, boy. I'm a hot giver; if you're hot, I can take. Wouldn't mind meeting a PIGMASTER man enough to make me want to tongue his stinking, sweaty pig crotch, and rim his dirty manhole. David: 415/495-7032 or write A106.

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

MARINES/ARMY/NAVY/AIR FORCE. One of S.F.'s hottest TOPMEN. That's what I've been called. I'm 28. If you are a submissive, masculine, muscular young serviceman looking to be tamed by a leatherman who knows how, write with pic. I'm discreet. I'm also into S&M, assfucking, bondage, C&B "torture," cocksucking, discipline, dildoes, domination, flatfucking, humiliation, pain, shaving, tit play, watersports, whipping, and MORE. DJ, PO Box 99688, San Francisco CA 94109.

HELL'S ANGEL/HARLEY TRASH. Very butch greaser Hell's Angel type, lives to ride, will meet other Harley-Davidson riders, and men of SO interests; into face/arm dirt, SO, grease, garage floors, leather in layers with levis; mechanical devices relative to internal combustion, under-chassis, grease pits, mud. YOU MUST LIKE AND LIVE THE ABOVE! No phonies or idle-fag curiosity. I'm butch, very big, and can be very dirty. Your size and other dimensions/dementations unimportant as you live to ride. If you fit, or ON YOUR WAY TO THE WORLD OF THE EASY RIDER, you know that for a pleasurable time anything manly is possible. You must enjoy straight biker company and be able to fit into such groups UNDETECTED! Barn/garage/HQ/truck trips. Sonoma County, CA. A109.

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

INTENSE. WIREY. GOODLOOKING. W/M, 32, with adaptable leather tastes built around TOYS, BONDAGE, TOP/BOTTOM TRADE-OFFS in responsive and responsible S&M trips; the tits, ass, cock, and brains are here and waiting for the ENERGY of a hot stud to give them a reason and a workout. San Francisco. A102.



BIG GUNXS. Feel them: thick, big ARMS, muscle-bulked heavily from sweaty workouts, their huge girth sported in a T-shirt, or subtly concealed by shirt sleeves of well-washed flannel stretched across their mass, now stripped to reveal wounds of baseball biceps cabled with vascularity, and thick horseshoe triceps, growing bigger before your eyes, the pump of each successive flex further expressing the disciplined power of the life force that built them. With those Big Guns lifted high in full frontal display of arm muscle, feel them again. Feel the density of each striation as it's gathered

down into the depths of muscle armpits rich with the heavy male scent of bodybuilder muscle sweat. After a bit of smoke and a bit of popper, if you find your nose exploring the heights of those pits, if you can take that big muscular arm in one hand, and your dick in the other, and discover that between the stroking of the two that you're cumming, then we're both gonna have fun! I'm on my way to the gym now. If Sig-Guns rap-n-jackoff make you break into a sweat you can't cool off by yourself, drop me a line. LA and Bay Area. Write: A1000!

RANCHER. Hot, tattooed, pierced "M" rancher, 40, 6'2", 185, looking for hot, hairy S Stud. Into water sports, bondage, discipline, FF, ass-eating, tattoos, tits. You name it, I'll try it. SIB! Possible lifetime partner on Northwest ranch. Write with photos to Jim, Box 144, Sitka, MT, Myrtle Point, Oregon 97458.

MASCULINE LEATHER QUEER. W/M, 35, 6', 185, cut, needs leather for smelling, licking, tasting, seeing. Harnesses, saddles, boots. Raunch, scat, piss. Sniffing, heaters, worship, sensuality, mutuality, streetbustlers, spitting, cocksucking, Blacks, rimming, leather seats, potnoppers, talking dirty, beerbellics, bootlicking, j/o. I'm an upfront, active, masculine queer who needs leather action. Bill Fiedler, RT. 2, Box 2489, Oroville CA 95965.

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

AGGRESSIVE AGREEABLE MALE. 35, macho, into leather, levis, bodybuilding, S&M. Am head of an international club of like-minded men. Hot guys wanting hot trips write Box 410, 132 W. 24th Street, New York 10011.

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

HOT ASS ACTION. W/M, 36, 6', Looking for hot ass action. Fucking, rimming, scat, enemas, top/bottom. Beat dirty ass water in Texas. Call 713/524-7629 or write Jim, Box 22928, Houston, Texas 77027.

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

SATANISM. NY. A115.

DOWN UNDER. Australian, uncut, 35, 6', 150, Big Tool, loose balls, seeks correspondence and possible meeting with similar men to 45 for close foreskin/ball study, games, etc. Discreet. No toughs or heavies. Slims only. Let's get it off together. Dig large, low hanging balls and 1-to-1 cock worship. Anything goes. Guarantee to answer all who send photo. L. D. Box 367 Post Office Elsternwick, Melbourne, Australia, 3185.

REALITY. W/M, 31, cigar-smoking lawman officer digs raunchy and rough sex. I like to kick back, have a shot of Southern Comfort, and get my sweaty dick sucked. I like to hear some little guy with my cigar spit running down his face beg to shove his face in my hairy, shitty asshole. I dig guys who need to get roughed-up while in police custody, and take home some heavy bruises. I like to get the dirt licked off my cycle boots, and the cum sucked out of my scumbags. I want to find a guy that needs to be COP-OWNED, knows it, and shows it by sending me a picture, and a big MADURO CIGAR. FUCK YOU. Richard, Box 5589, San Francisco CA 94101.

HOT LEATHERMAN/BIKER into S&M, B/D wants likeninded men who ride. Prefer tattoos. W/M, 50, 5'8", 160. Good head. Larry; 415/552-9915 after 8 PM weeknights. Anytime weekends. I unplug phone during scenes. If no answer, keep trying.

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

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

TERROR IS MY ONLY HARDON. Straight excons, bikers, street-trash, tough young military, and hardened gays who pass for straight, who know how to force a man to suck and rim, at gunpoint, with a blade, or through medium strangling, if you have a nasty talking mouth and a threatening presence, call Bill at 415/352-9949. Some \$ possible to muscular guys especially if you make me cum and I live through it. (Other men with same "problem," trade lurid, violent details with me.)

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

CIGARS. Hunky man, lean, muscular, 38, wants explicit cigar details/fantasies/desires from other men dedicated to the fine art of poking fresh stogies up each other's ass, dropping them out, licking the big brown smokes, lighting up, mutually inhaling smoke, chomping down on a good butt, with mutual jerkoff. The perfect cigar buddy can run from chunky blue-collar beer-gut to college football jock. Also appreciate letters and pix from cigar-smoking uniformed men in authority. Sebastopol, California. A191.

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

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

RUBBERS. SCINBAGS. Want to hear from guys who dig rubbers for jerkoff and other man-to-man sex. Also will buy films and pix, homemade or professional, in which rubbers are used. Send details of what you offer and how much. Send used rubbers. Southern California. A112.

CHUNKY, attractive, sensual W/M, 31, seeks stable, handsome lifemate into fine arts, travel, psychic phenomena, mutual french, jackoff, passive greek, uncut. Contact: Jim Larson, 108-A Merrydale Road, San Rafael CA 94903.

HOW TO ANSWER A MANIMALS AD

MAN2MAN encourages each **MANIMALS** advertiser to list his own PO Box, street address, or phone number, so that likeminded men can connect with you when they're hot to trot. However, for discretionary convenience, **MAN2MAN** provides both a box number and a forwarding service for men who so prefer.

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

LA FILTH. Tough, hard, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking, foul-mouthed dirt dude with rank armpits, slimy asshole and a crudely uncut cock wears greasy, rotten stinking boots, socks, jocks, teeshirts, levis, and leather. Digs spitting, pissing, shitting, puking, sweating, and farting, and gets off with chains, tires, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers, oil. A169.

BRICK SHITHOUSE wanted for hot fun, pitching and catching, all sex-n-fetishes. Any fantasy fulfilled for muscle dude who writes in with pic and full details of what he needs and wants. Can provide anything short of the Dallas Cowboys. W/M, 35, 160, works out, knows how to dial muscle tits for person-to-person, man-to-man calls that cut down on longdistance between guys who look so good they can hardly ever get what they deserve. SF. A111.

PIGS WANTED. Two hot SF Pig Farmers, both W/M (S: 37, 5'8", 140, cut; N: 40, 5'11", cut), HAVE STY (and low-down STYLE). Crazy with toys, FF, WS. Expert in the fine arts of KNEAD, ASS-eating, TITS, and other 4-H games. Pic gets pic, pig! Only genuine, hot OINKERS ON THE HOOF! Troy, PO BOX 31701, SF, CA 94131.

UNIFORMS. MEN IN AUTHORITY. W/M, hot 40's, 6'1", 175, good head, good body, cruising in beat-up pickup truck for W/M in mutual (non-adversary) cop trips; ALL UNIFORM TRIPS a turn-on. Also hot on bondage, restraint, rope, harness, leather, TITS, BALLS. Like to mix afternoon adventures (rodeo, Mountain ride, San Quentin tours, etc.) with night-time fun. Discreetly "impersonating" UNIFORMED personnel in public is a major turn-on: both of us out for the afternoon geared up like green-fatigue Army reserve men split off from their group. SF. A108.

SCAT MAN. Primarily interested in continuing as scat bottom seeking ULTRA-MUSCULAR TOP for prolonged forcefeeding. Eager to serve other needs/fantasies of partner. An sex-adventurer with following scenario: smearing of the muscular scat-door with a pint of my own blood, drawn paramedically before scene. With the top glowing a bright, glistening red, his muscles would be visually more spectacular than ever. Aim to please man-to-adventure partner. Tits also hot for multiple piercings. Understand need for cleanliness even in the nastiest of scenes. Open for discussion to a Top open enough to discuss way-out stuff! Am W/M, 5'6", 145, solid, intelligent. San Francisco. A105.

FACESITTERS AND FORCEFEEDERS, if you're wellbuilt and dominant enough to force me with that look in your eye, that tone in your quiet voice, that attitude in your muscular moves, I'll worship you, take communion on your shit, and make you feel free enough to accept the honor you deserve for all the gym-hours you put in and muscle you put out. Explicit response gets prompt reply. A guy like me with an ordinary, good body and a fairly extraordinary head understands men who have it all, not just physically, but mentally! San Francisco. A120.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTERS! Experienced international harvester needs buddy to hook up with for hitting up on redneck sexual energy. You must be the type of man whom gay-men figure for sure is totally straight. International Harvesting as a science is a tough one: flip your wrist and you'll tip your hand so wrong it could cost you a trip to the hospital, or, possibly, your life! The scene: harvesting blue-collar public hair; licking urinals/toilet seats in redneck bars; switching beer bottles when their backs are turned; hunting down their cumfilled rubbers out of vacated sleaze-motels and truckstop parking lots; stealing skidmarked jockey shorts (a skidmark is the long, brown line of blot from the crack of a sweaty interstate ass) out of trucker showers while they soap down in the stalls. If International Harvesting gets your imagination, your daring, and your dick going, you're tracking on my trip! You must be streetwise and able to handle yourself under ALL conditions. When the good old boys start bull-shitting about eating gash, you damn well better be able to bullshit back about eating your convincing share of snatch! There ain't no faking this real man-to-man trip. If you're already into this scene, or figure you've got the look and the walk to sit believably in the "TRUCKERS ONLY" section or in a cowboy bar, let's get together and see how we might work as a harvesting team. Experience proves that redneck-bluecollar cock wants to get sucked. Bad! Sometimes it takes two men to create enough diversion to cut a hot redneck trucker/cowboy away from the herd of his buddies for the action he wants but doesn't quite know how to ask for, signal for, or get. I've got some tried and true techniques and am willing to share the formula. Am W/M, Irish-American with a tongue that can roll redneck blarney believably, 32, 6", 165, industrial build (16" arms.) North-Central California. A125.

BORN-AGAIN WHIPPING. Born-again Christian man, thirties, athletic in body, and strong in soul, father of three sons, offers to whip the devil from homosexual men desiring first steps to repentance. Whipping of shoulders/back only, stripped to waist. Will tie stinner up if necessary for salvation. None of your nudity, sex, drugs. Absolutely no touching. I am sincere Christian-reared man attempting to bring back (through discipline of the body) men used to sinning with their flesh. Greater Bay Area. A801.

HIGH-ENERGY MAN. Bondage: sensual, progressive. Outrageous playroom: ropes, belts, western saddle bondage; mummification; bondage suspension; stretching; sensory deprivation. S&M contracting: cigarettes, whips, tits, sharp points, wax, etc. If you're into Sensual Exploration, call or write MARK, PO Box 42501, San Francisco 94101. Dial: 415/621-6294.

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

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

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

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

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

STUD MANSTROKER, bisexual, goodlooking, built, aggressive, uninhibited, 26, 6', 165, 8", plows large large lowlung eggs. Dynamite back end. Action of any kind is sought if offered by studs. No faggot trips. Just hot action! LA. 00040.

SINNER NEEDS WHIPPING. W/M, 32, 6', 170, muscular, raised by strict father in Christian family, seeks athletic married or single man to administer SEVERE, REGULAR, CORPORAL PUNISHMENT. Sincere. (Cf. total details in M2M, issue 1.) Bay Area. 00043.

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

INTO ANYTHING KINKY. Let me eat your shit, drink your piss. Put me in your cell or cage. Shave my body. Dogs a specialty. Possibly horses. Call 703/329-7939.

THIRSTY MALE has 6-pack for guys who dig watersports. Excellent piss-network connections. Call TOM: 415/922-2708.

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

501 LEVI FETISHER. Dig jerkoff sessions in tight faded 501's. Organized "501 Levi Club." To join, send SASE to Stan Mitchell, Box 8029, Tucson, AZ 85725.

FAT MEN WANTED. Wellbuilt 38 year-old desires to meet MEN who are fat to obese: 250 to 550 pounds. Whatever size. For belly massage and good energy. I want to adore your largeness. I want to insult your pigness. What you want you can get. Bay Area. 707/823-8815. Early evening calls only.

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

MUSCULAR NOT MAN into sharing pleasure/pain. Mutual getdown on muscular armpits and pec workouts. Piss. Jockstraps. Juicy scumbags. Spit. Muscle sweat. Let's get with it, buddy! How about pushing our sweaty pumped bodies tight together for a few tongue laps after a good gym workout? This Mutualist is ready! San Francisco. 00043.

INVENTIVE, RESPONSIVE BOTTOM W/M, 41, 5'10", moustache, shaved head, seeks intelligent, caring TOP MAN for fun, games, and possible lasting friendship. Into S&M, bondage, domination, water sports, humiliation, leather. Creative, open-minded head. Limits can be expanded. If you know your trip, I can probably fit into what pleasures you the most. Can switch role for right guy. Contact: FRANK, Box 14128, San Francisco 94114; 415/431-8586.

A DOCUDRAMA OF A YOUNG MAN'S COMING OUT INTO
FETISH, LEATHER, BIKES, TOYS, S&M, SEX, DRUGS,
AND ROCKNROLL...



THE ADVENTURES
OF
DENNY SARGENT
a novel
by
Jack Zitscher

CHAPTER ONE

After his Dad belted his butt because his leather jacket was ripped and pissed on, Denny took his dick in his hand....

DENNY SARGENT, eighteen, kicked his sheets to the floor. In the fitful hours before the summer dawn, his sleep grew lighter. Every night of his life he had slept alone in the second-floor bedroom. Except for his eleventh summer.

One month during those hot midwestern Michigan nights, an older cousin slept stretched spread-eagle in his wild sleep and pushed Denny to the cold floor.

Lying on the roughout wood and wrapped in an old Army blanket pulled down from his closet, Denny watched the nightly ritual on the bed.

His cousin, larger than he, with the bulk of a hefty country boy, lay for a long while on his

back, the pouch of his shorts mounding and filling, growing with something alive. For minutes the cousin lay without moving. Then his arm, heavy with farmboy muscle, smoothed down the length of his flat belly, found the hot coil tucked in the shorts, and kneaded the enlarging lump.

Denny never saw what was growing in there. He never saw how big it got. The cousin always seemed to forget his younger cousin lay watching from the floor. Every night at a certain point, Denny knew what would happen: his cousin put both calloused hands on himself and rolled over on his stomach. Hands and meat beneath him. Denny watched to watch the older boy's face, but he could not see it. All he could observe were the beautifully rounded hams of his cousin's muscular ass working up and down, down and up, in slow rhythm, making love to the calloused palms beneath it.

In those weeks, Denny watched the peaks of that ass, the way it looked good, tight and rounded, in the thin cotton shorts. Afternoons, playing ball, he caught himself watching the older boy's buttocks squeezing and expanding in the faded and shrunktight denims he wore. Those afternoons he thought of the nights and the muscular ass pushing the large equipment under it into those sixteen-year-old hands.

He and his cousin never spoke about the nightly ritual and when the month was over, the cousin departed with his parents and Denny never saw him again. The adult relatives had had words. At least he got his bed back permanently.

But this particular morning, Denny fell in and out of consciousness, dozing and waking with jagged starts. Each time he woke he felt his hardon lying long and cool beneath him. His eye checked the clock. Once he touched its back to make sure he had not unswitched the alarm. The second waking from his doze he considered tripping out through his parents' bedroom to relieve the usual AM pissard. He judged his discomfort not yet worth the walk and rolled over.

In his sleep he met himself. He dreamed this dream often. The plot never changed. Always he saw himself lying naked, except for a worn jock under a tight pair of faded gym shorts. He lay catching the sun behind the family garage. The old outbuilding, now hardly more than a large shed, had once been a small stable and carriage barn. He liked its look. He like its smell. He liked the familiar view of his own body browned on the khaki blanket. He ran his eyes like hands over himself. He touched his shock of dark hair reddened slightly by the sun. Light hair, almost golden down, defined the lean mounds of his chest. The same neargold arrowed down into his shorts. A patch of white untanned skin below the usual waistline contrasted sharply with his otherwise even bronze. He lifted his rump to adjust his cock inside the sweaty jock. He hitched the shorts to the tanline he desired. The motion tensed out his thighs. It arched up his generous basket.

In the dream his father slammed the wooden door of the old barn and stood over Denny. His shadow shut out the sun. Denny shivered under his father's cold eclipse. He opened

his eyes. "You out here again motherfucker?" his father said. "I told you a hundred times if I told you once, you don't shuck your clothes on this family's property."

Denny's body in his dream tensed its rump in reply.

"You got ideas you're so handsome," his father said. His own body was tight for a man his age: one of those bodies that was never really bad, but never really good. "I don't see no pack of girls hanging around you."

"Why, when you were my age," Denny interrupted.

"Shut your sass insulting me," the old man said. "When I was your age, I knew what I had and I used it."

"I bet you balled every girl in the county," Denny said.

"I didn't stand in front of a mirror lifting weights and looking at myself. I worked real work. What's all that exercise got you? Shoulders and a belly no man ever got doing natural work."

Denny tightened his washboard abdomen.

"What are you doing," his father said.

"An isometric."

"Ain't natural." The old man stepped aside and sun splashed over Denny's body. "Ain't natural," he repeated. "I don't want no son of mine up to what you're up to. And when I say it, I mean to back it up."

"Sure." Denny sat up.

"You may be a big boy," the old man said, "but I'm your father."

"Glad to hear you admit it." Denny stood up. He ached to throw a punch into the big man.

"I'm your father." The man looked him square in the eye. "I'll tan you worse'n I ever tanned you before."

"Say what you think's been going on." Denny asked him square.

"Don't know. Don't like it. By now you should be bringing home some sweet young girl and showing her off to your ma and me." The old man shuffled. "Maybe you're just slow."

"About what?"

"Settling down. Your ma and I want some grandkids around the place. You're our only hope since Rick got killed in that war."

"Screw Rick!"

The old man flushed red and threw a punch. Denny blocked it and wrestled the older, beefier man to the ground. They rolled through grass and gravel. Denny watched his dream

body scratched by the cinders. The rolling stopped, and always, Denny was straddling on top. He held the old man down with one hand. He slapped him with the other.

"Please," his father said. "Don't."

Denny roughed him up more. "Louder!" he demanded.

"Please." Red veins protruded in the man's face. The weight of his nearly naked son drove the breath from him.

"Louder!" Denny said. "I can't hear you, old man."

"Don't hurt me any more," his father said.

Denny twisted out of the strong old arms. The man moaned louder. His face was upturned, squeezed between Denny's sweating thighs. His face contorted.

Then in his dream and in his real bed, Denny felt the stirrings in himself. And his father's mouth moaning inches away from his bundle of cock increased its sounds of pain. Denny twisted harder and his prick pushed hard against the rough pouch of his jock. The more the father's pain, the more the son's pleasure.

"I've flattened you, old man," Denny said. "Old, old, old man." And from the back of his throat, with full hawking force, Denny spit white flume across his father's face.

The dream always ended there although the sleep continued. Denny had come to expect its regularity, dreaming the dream sometimes twice in one night. Sometimes he felt guilty. But mostly he liked to see himself triumphant with his old man really getting what he had coming.

This particular morning Denny woke with the alarm. The last scene of the dream had not quite finished. That disturbed him. Anything unended always did. He shouldn't have let himself doze so long. He held his eyes closed against the bright summer morning. His hard cool cock tucked tight under his belly suggested a good mattressfuck; but, afraid he would doze again and be late for work, he swung his feet to the floor.

He jerked his cock automatically. It felt good. He pulled its thick unclothed sheath back over the head. A clear drop pearled at its tip in the morning sun. He stood and stretched. He smiled. Two days before, he had taken a young Mexican brasseur at a highway reststop and fucked him in the bushes behind the comfort station while the young man's wife and children sat spitting Spanish at one another in a broken-down station wagon out in the boiling parking plaza. A worn Huegal sticker stuck to the front bumper. The Mexican felt good impaled on Denny's cock. He had cruised Den so hard and with such innocent desperation in the john, that Den had taken him straight back into the bushes. The harder he rode the young guy, the better they both liked it. Denny shot into his ass just as the Mex pumped out his white load. Denny felt like he had shot straight on through the guy's ass and out his cock. What a sight! Denny pulled on his jeans and workboots. Too bad the Mex couldn't tell his wife what had happened while she peeled hardboiled eggs for the kids in the parking lot.

Denny liked the reststop. He worked nearly every day of the summer at the service station under the I-94 ramp exiting into his small town. He had to pass the stop going and coming. He walked out into the upstairs hall. He had to walk through his parents' bedroom to reach the bath.

"Forgodsake, be quiet." His father's voice came from under the sheet. Next to his dad's bed on the floor a Western novel and two well-thumbed porno pocket books. His mother's single bed was already made up. "You clomp through here every morning half an hour before I have to get up."

Denny ignored him.

"Your mother's as bad. Been up twenty minutes fixing your breakfast. Dishes rattling. Radio blatting."

"Same time. Same station," Denny said. "Same tired shit every morning."

"Bastard!" his father muttered.

"Don't I wish." Denny walked into the bathroom, straddling the john and pissed as loud and hard and long as he could.

"That does it," his father shouted. "On my vacation we're knocking a door through the bathroom into the hall."

"You say that every year."

"When I can afford it, I'll do it." The old man sat up in bed. "Christ you're getting big. Eating us out of house and home."

Denny passed through the bedroom not giving his father a glance.

"Put on a shirt," his father said.

Back in his room, Denny rifled the old wardrobe for a clean teeshirt. He found one at the bottom. Under it lay two physique photo magazines he didn't want his mother to find when she brought up his clean laundry. He cursed himself for getting careless and shoved the books into the false bottom drawer he had learned to make years before in Boy Scouts.

"Denny!" she called up the stairs. "Dennis, breakfast is on."

He pulled the teeshirt on. Its neck was tight and chafed his forehead. The white cotton clung to his torso like second skin. On each pec the tiniest peak of nipple hardened against the shirt. He shoved the tail into his levis and descended to his mother's kitchen.

"We look healthy this morning." She poked his cheek.

"Yeah," he said. He gulped his orange juice and pushed the bowl of warm cereal away. "Coffee," he said.

"Dennis." His mother stood over him. "You want to keep your health."

"Coffee," he repeated. "It's all I want."

She backed off. He knew how to handle her. His father had made her afraid of men. She tentatively touched his shoulder. He didn't resist. She ran her hand down his hard arms until she touched his big hand. She wondered how a young man so big could have grown from inside her small body.

"Don't stand behind me." Denny imitated his father's tone.

"Your father says," she began.

"My father says for you to turn down the radio."

His mother looked frightened. "I always think it's never too loud. Do you think it's too loud, Dennis?"

"If my Old Man don't like it, it's too loud or too soft or too something."

"Don't call him the Old Man," she said. "He's forty-two."

"Do I get any coffee?" he asked.

His mother stood timidly before him. "It's his coffee," she said. "Your father works construction hard to pay for it."

"I work."

"Your father says you don't give him enough for both room and board. He says you spend too much on your motorcycle. He wants a door to the bathroom."

"Who doesn't."

"And I worry about you too. All that time and money you spend working at that filling station and wearing yourself out at the Y. I know you meet lots of good Christian boys there."

"A guy has to keep in shape. If old Rick had been in a little better shape, he wouldn't have gotten himself wasted in Nam." He rewoke the memory of her dead son, his dead brother, to divert her. "Besides the gym doesn't cost me anything. I pick up a few extra bucks spotting older guys who don't have a buddy to train with."

"What's spotting?" she asked.

"Will you pour me the coffee?" he said. "Spotting is helping a guy work out. You set the weight for him, watch his form. You make sure his elbows position right. Get him to breathe right. Maybe wrestle with him to warm him up or cool him down. If he pulls a muscle, you might rub it down with liniment."

She walked across the old clean kitchen to her stove.

The stove was her. She was the stove.

"I'm sorry, ma," he said. He felt something deep for her: something lost. He'd have left months ago, but the thought of her abandoned to his father had held him home. He remembered too well living as a boy under the Old Man's thumb. Now he couldn't say why he was sticking around. Maybe just for this summer after high school, with nothing better to do, maybe it was just for her.

There had been a day seven years before. He was eleven and that autumn his mother had taken him after school to shop for a winter coat. She had wanted to buy an on-sale jacket at Penney's, but he had convinced her they'd get a better buy at the Army-Navy Outlet. She had thought of her husband who had said the boy's last year's parka would fit well enough this season. The next year he could wear Rick's hand-me-down. But Denny thought only of the brown leather bombardier's jacket he and his buddies had stared at through the plateglass window. They all planned to get one and form their own squadron. His friend Stoney named himself command pilot and barracks captain. Denny was to be head bombardier.

"This is the size," Denny said to his mother.

"That's too large, I'm sure," she said.

"The boy's probably right. The clerk spoke regally over the knot of his tie. "He really ought to know," the salesman said. "He came in here several days ago with a group of boys who disturbed the manager no end. We have such a problem with juvenile shoplifting." He looked Dennis straight in the eye. "And we always prosecute, he said. "I remember your boy particularly. He's big for his age and his face is more noticeable than ordinary. We found him actually wearing this very jacket in the shoe department."

"I was trying it on," Denny said. He didn't mention the extra fingers and touches the man had pilled across his body as he took the jacket from him that afternoon.

"As his mother," the clerk said, "I thought you would like to know. He probably doesn't tell you everything." He shot a hard glance at Denny. "But we don't like unattended young boys playing in the store."

"Thank you," his mother said. "I'll talk to his father."

Denny pulled the jacket down from the iron rack. He slipped his arms into the leather and pulled up the zipper. "I like it," he said.

His mother looked nervously at the pinchoothed clerk. "It does have windouffs," she said. Then making an unconvincing attack, for a moment she stared the clerk in the eye. "Well, Dennis," she said. "We'll take it. That's what we'll do. We'll buy it right now. No sense shopping around and then coming back right where we started." Her eye could not again meet the clerk's. "I think this one will be fine," she said.

Back in the neighborhood, though the Michigan evening was late Indian Summer, Denny wore his brown leather jacket out to show his buddies.

"Take it and shove it," Stoney said. "Who needs a crummy leather jacket."

"But it's real," he said.

He could have taken them one by one, but all of them together were too much. One older boy with a light down of bristle on his upper lip knocked Denny to the ground. Another older boy named Russell, whom some of the boys who knew more than Denny called Rustler the Rustler for what he did downtown, kicked the fallen boy in the side of the head. Stoney pulled out his Scout knife. He straddled Denny's ass.

Russell yanked out his cock and pissed hard on Denny's head. The piss splashed on Stoney's hands as he slashed the back of the new jacket.

Enraged, Denny pitched Stoney to the side and kicked Russell in the left knee. The gang of boys ran off, but the knife and the piss had torn the jacket back and soaked the lining. Alone, with dinnertime darkness coming on, Denny walked slowly home.

His father took one look at him and sent him to his room. He fell across the bed. His wet head throbbed from Russell's booted dropkick. Hours seemed to pass over the voices rising and falling in the kitchen below. Finally his door opened. Light from the hall fell in an awkward rectangle across his bed.

"Take off the jacket," his father said. "It goes back to the store."

Denny pushed back into the bed, wearing the jacket; his arms wrapped tight around the warm leather.

"Take it off."

Lying in his leather, Denny glared back at the big man silhouetted in the doorway just as always after in the dream he was silhouetted against the sun. For the first time in his life he felt strong enough to resist. "No!" he said. He folded his arms tighter around the jacket. He held the leather round himself like nothing he had ever held in his life. He had fought and bled in it. "No!" he said.

His father pulled at the jacket.

Denny would not surrender.

His old man pulled off his belt. He was a powerful man. The kind who worked hard from the age of six and was laboring at a man's farm job from ten on. He had tendons and sinews in his arms that knotted as he twisted the end of his heavy black leather belt over his son. He yanked at the boy. "Don't tell me no, you pissing son of a bitch." He clawed at the jacket, but his hand slipped, caught the boy's levis.

Denny thrashed under his father's strong hold, but the man's firm hand pulled at the boy's waist, sprung the button fly, and ripped down his son's jeans.

"You asked for it."

Denny rolled on his belly to protect himself.

The gnarled hand, calloused and sweaty, caught the waistband of the boy's undershorts, ripped them from his hips, exposing the boyflanks. "Rick never asked for it like you're asking." The thick-wristed hand brought the belt down on the boy's white ass. The hard lick of it raised a great pink welt over both smooth cheeks. Denny locked his hands together under his belly so the man could not rip the jacket from him.

Again and again the father struck the son until the boy's buttocks were slick with sweat, bruised with tiny colorations of blood. Finally exhausted, his rage at the boy for being younger, better, stronger, the old man stopped. He looked down at the soundless boy shaking with pain on the rumpled bed. His heavy construction boots had stained the sheets with road-shit. Grease. He pointed to the torn cuts on the new jacket. "It can't go back," he said. "You ruined it already." He stomped to the door. "You deserved that licking." His son's ass twitched slightly in the half-light. The old man felt embarrassed by a surprise stirring in his own grey cotton twill workpants. "Goddam knows you'll be getting another before you get out of my house."

Den did not look up. His face and belly pressed into the bed. The door slammed and the workboots tropped down the stairs. In the kitchen the man's voice was raising against that of the woman. She begged him never to beat the boy again. Then Denny lost the words, but heard the slap that ended the argument and brought her to tears. He heard his father's bass grunting as he took his woman on the kitchen floor. He buried his head deeper into the darkness of the old house. He pulled the covers and pillows in around himself.

The pain in his buttocks caused his temperature to rise under all the blankets. His chest and back sweated in the hot leather jacket. The warm smell of the new leather soothed him, lying hurt in his bed as it had protected him when he lay hurt in the street. The thick musk of it both times had given him the strength to endure. He knew wearing it he could take anything because it told him he was a boy, getting to be a big boy now, a big boy ready to become a man.

His hands, locked together under his belly, felt something new in the warm moist curve of his groin. The damp of sweat, the heat from the beating with the leather strap, the musk smell of the cowhide jacket: he was alone, abandoned and helpless before everybody. Until now. Now he eased into a way to alleviate the pain and the aloneness. Rolled into his leather, he was exploring a way never to be on the bottom again.

The jacket tripped his mind to the books he had read: of boys and men who endured the cold cabins of the lumber camps and the windbitten range. He sensed their toughness had a point beyond his father's. Their leathering into each other was rough but it was respect. They had become their own men. Tested in the raw, they pitted their lean muscular strength against the outdoors and against each other. They could take it, Denny whispered to himself. They could dish it out. I took it this afternoon and I took it tonight. I'm learning how to take it today so tomorrow I'll know how to hand it out.

His hands cupped around the soft warm handle of his boycock. Sweat from his bruised buttocks, naked under the blankets, moistened the hairs beginning on his balls. He held himself, stomach down, as he had seen his cousin do so often the summer before. Once or twice since those summer nights he had held himself in this way, somehow searching for what his older cousin had found. But this time the leather smell, the beating, the thoughts of men who could take it from the weather and from each other combined to surprise him. His cock, always soft before, began to harden and rise in his hands. His heat increased. Sweat drove the leather smell to his nostrils.

Suddenly he was remembering a story he had ready in one of his father's Western novels about a ranchhand captured by a railroad construction crew. The gang had stripped the cowboy, lashed him with a whip, then done something he hadn't understood, and left him, tied up spreadeagle, alone, arms outstretched and halfconscious in a railroad shed. He was the cowboy and he was the crew. His heat increased. The familiar flesh in his fist became exciting and hard. He rolled over on his back. The jacket creaked as he moved. The sound of the leather increased as his hand moved instinctively into the milking motion of a man fisting himself. With each stroke he solidified more and harder his manhood. He was the cowboy who could take it. He was the construction gang who could dish it out. He was lean and muscled and hard. Each stroke moved him farther from his parents' house.

The leather-hide smell washed over him, raw as new-tanned skins, making him one with everything masculine. He became leather inside and out. He first knew it in the center of his brain when the leather realization for the first time went gliding down his spine, gathering whip speed at the back of his young loins, and sent him thrusting his bruised hips into the air. The blankets tumbled to the floor. His cock for the first time sprayed across his belly and hit the open chest of the leather jacket with the heat rain of a man. It was a new smell. As new as the leather. And he took his first taste.

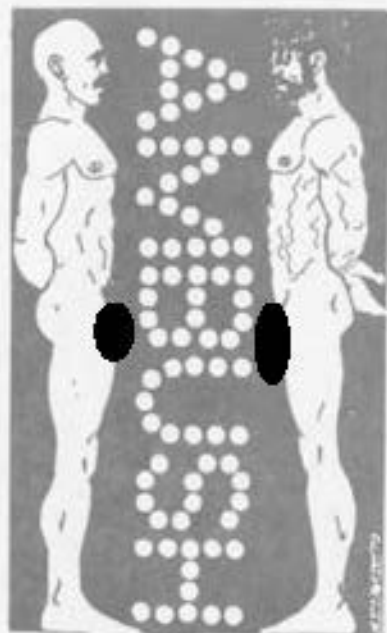
It was his time. His first of a thousand comings.

He fell back into the damp lining of the leather jacket, and for the first time that endless day he let out a low moan, one that neither beating by Russell or his father had wrenched from him. His was the low animal moan of pleasure. The welcome flesh-spoken groan of a boy who had met the man in himself.

No one ever saw the leather jacket after that. He had hidden it. And for the next two years, until he outgrew it, that leather lay winter and summer in his bed between his sheets and his hardening body.

Denny hadn't thought of those days in years, and this morning with his mother walking from her stove with a steaming pot of boiled coffee, he knew the time was coming to leave the house. For good.

To be continued next issue...



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