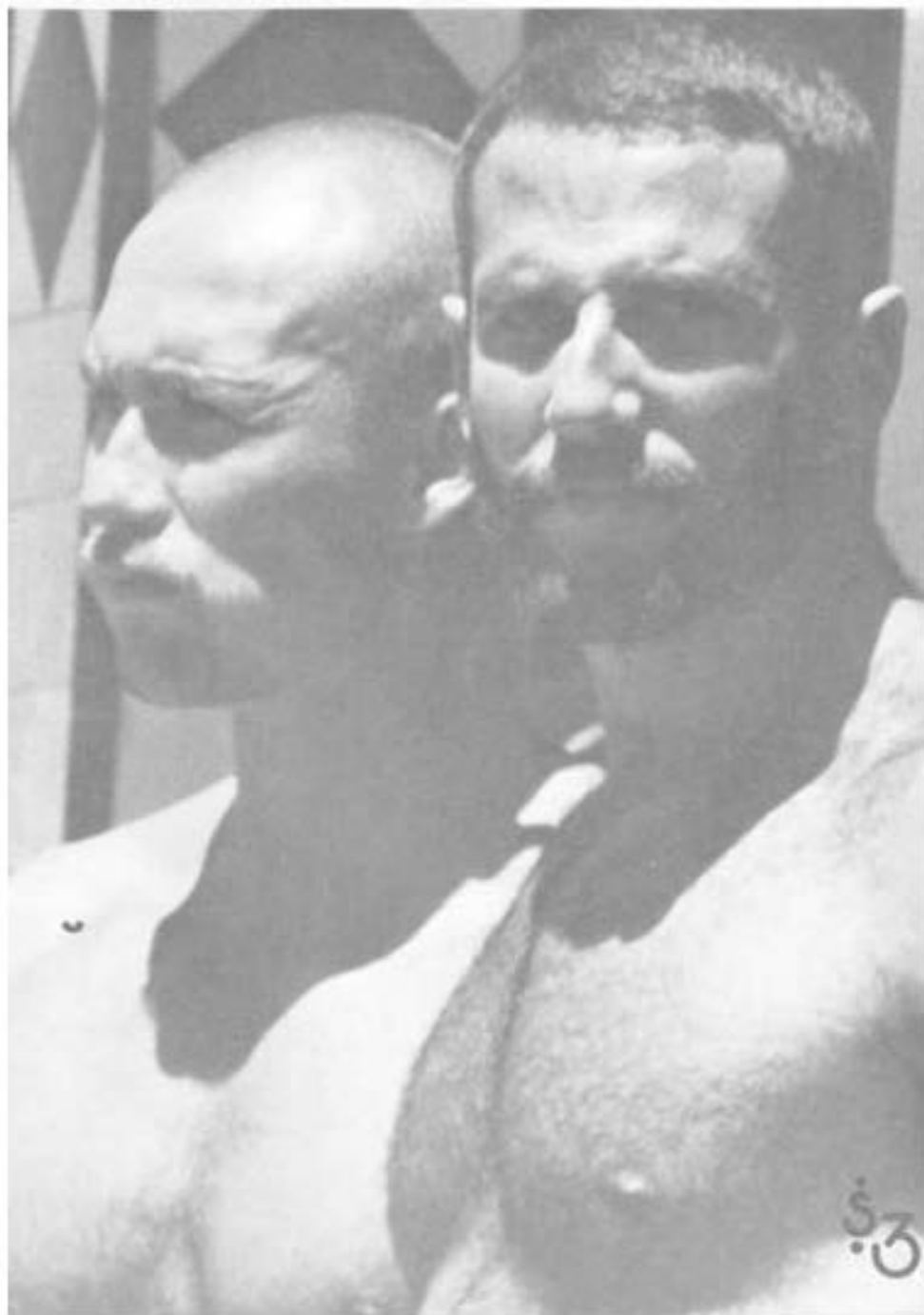


MAN2MAN

What you're looking for is looking for you!



3



MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard2Find Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

CONTENTS (UNDER PRESSURE)

ISSUE #3
56 HOT PAGES

- **FISTFUCKING SELFUCK: A NIGHT AT THE HOTHOUSE**
- **SCI-FI S&M FICTION: EARTHREE IN HARVEST**
- **DIRTY LETTERS: READERS WRITE/HOT2HANDLE**
#1: FUCKING THE MARLBORO MAN
#2: WOUND SOCKING COCKSUCKER
- **MANIMALS: PERSONAL ADSCENARIOS**
THE MOST COLORFUL MALE ASS IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!
- **CENTERFOLD: UTILITY MAN VIC IS AN AUTHENTIC BLUE-COLOR WORKINGCLASS HERO**
- **ADVENTURES OF DENNY SARGENT (PART 3)**
...after his run-in with filthbriker Sam, Denny starts on the greasy mechanic's road to S&M rough-hustling
- **MANMOVIES: VIOLENCE AGAINST MEN**
#1: RACING BULL #2: NINE-TO-FIVE
- **TOUGH ROCKS: STRANGE STUFF FROM THE UNREAL WORLD**
- **LETTERS TO MAN2MAN**
- **MEDITATION: UNCUT DICK/SWEATY BALLS/RAUNCHY ASS**
"Fall on your knees..."

MAN2MAN: THE DOCUMENTARY J/JOURNAL OF POPULAR MEN'S- MASCULINE CULTURE

Mark Henry, Publisher

Jack McNenny, New York Sales and Advertising
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SUCKING YOURSELF

WHEN A GUY BLOWS HIMSELF, HE BLOWS ME AWAY! I mean, how many guys have a double-jointed back? How many guys can even sniff their own headcheese much less wrap their own lips around their own dicks for the Ultimate Self-Sensuality: SUCKING YOURSELF OFF.

I know several men who regularly go down on themselves. They fold up like army cots. They teasingly tongue the tip of their dicks. Then they swallow themselves. Selfsucking makes sense. Think of the gall of some guy presuming to go out and make manlove to another guy when he's never really bothered to make good sensual love to himself. Since sex, like charity, begins at home, most of us get our sense of sensuality together by jerking ourselves off. That feels awful good. But imagine the pleasure you'd get as an--awkward clinical term--**AUTO-PELLATIONIST**.

Think how circularly perfect you'd feel as a **SELFUCKER**.

When your lips suck down to the root of your own cock and your own cock is buried deep down your own throat, you've got a rhythmic handjob played to the tune of "Nobody Does It Better."

SCORING

At San Francisco's Hothouse, about as low as you can please on or off Fell-seen Street, the Cock's Army of men runs the Full Scale of 10. Some guys are photogenic muscle gods. Some guys are so "ugly" by Hollywood standards that they're beautiful in an offbeat way. Some guys are just so bad-in-body and/or low-in-energy that they keep the lights out in their private rooms. These "Troll Holes" are a must to avoid. (Turn a light on a Troll and he runs like Dracula at dawnrise!)

But the others. Ah! The others.

At the Hothouse you need two Scales of Ten: one for "Looks" and one for "Action." A Chorus Line's "Dance: 10; Looks: 3" is right on. For instance, a guy who scores a 10 for Looks may, on the dual scale, rate only a 3 for Action. His looks have made him lazy in the sack. So he totals in at only 13 out of a possible 2x10=20. (No man rates a 20, because who's perfect?)

On the other hand, another guy may be only a 7-Looka, but because he knows he ain't Robert Redford, he really gets it together in the hay and scores an off-the-Criscoed-wall 10-Action for his hot moves. This totals him in at a very interesting 17.

Ain't hardly a game in town where 17 doesn't beat 13 by a mile.



And that's how I met one of the three men I know who specialize in sucking themselves off.

COCKSUCKING

COCK. SUCK. The words form in your mouth as self-contained, all tongue and tooth action. Your lips don't even need to move. COCK. SUCK. COCKSUCKER. Men who suck cock are a dedicated breed of specialists. They see no failure of manly dignity when falling on their knees in front of another man's fall scratch to suck his cock. So it is with men who suck their own dicks. They

have a healthy view that their self-contained sexual gymnastics is a pleasant variation on the general celebration of masculinity.

Don't for a chauvinistic minute think that selfsucking is a diversion cornered by queers. Straight guys, nimble of body and liberated of head, blow themselves with no more thought of their self-play being homosexual than they think that handjobbing themselves is faggot's play.

BENDING OVER FROTWARDS

This season at the Mothhouse, a buddy and I cruised past a third-floor room. A hot hunk of beef was laid back on the bed made into a fourposter with heavy 4x4 beams. He looked bent, sick, and twisted--in short: wonderful. He had the body. He had the face. His eyes had the slick look of love. (He scored a solid 9-looks.) Strangers in the night, we exchanged glances. All systems signalled GO. My buddy and I entered and closed the door.

Long intimacies are sometimes best told briefly: I reached into the man's can of Crisco, fingered his butt gently, and as he relaxed, I took a long, easy ride into his ass. He was a handball expert ready for a good serve. He moaned. He smiled. His abdominals tightened down to a rippled washboard. His butt, stuffed full of careful fist, rose up in the air. He was pulling his hips toward his face. His cock, hard and blue-veined, aimed straight arrow at the target of his bullseye mouth. His tongue flicked out to catch the sweet clear lube juicing from his piss-slit.

"You lie back," he said. "Keep you fist where it is."

I rolled back fist on the bed as he rose up, straddling my chest. One of his gray-wool-socked feet was on the bed; the other, he planted firmly on the floor. His hard cock stood at attention 18 inches over my face. My elbow, now bent at a right angle, rose straight up to where my hand disappeared into his sweet butt.

To my buddy, the guy said, "Open the door."

A gang of men gathered. Almost instantly. From the hall they watched our hard pas de deux: him standing; me laid back, handballing up into his ass arched over my chest.

Showtime! The bigger the crowd got, the bigger his dick got. I have a genuine exhibitionist, literally, on my hand!

Then one of those moments, that will for sure flash by as I someday lie dying, clicked into unforgettable focus.

The crowd was big enough. My fist was in, working full-bore, classical clench slow-pumping inside his first ass chamber. His cock vaulted up past his navel. Everything about the scene was in perfect balance.

He looked at the men in the hall. He looked down at me with HERE-GOES written all over his face. He was aiming to score a perfect Olympic 10-Action.

"Do it," I said.

With grace Kurt Thomas never knew, he bent from the waist. His swooping body stayed hard and firm. As he folded down, his cock passed tightly through the canyon between his muscular pecks. His mouth was opening. His tongue flicked with anticipation. His face, as he bent toward his own cock, came closer to my face. Intense.

Then contact: lockdown.

His tongue touched the tip of his dick. His lips sealed around the head of his dick. Then one final push and his mouth swallowed the whole shaft of his prick.

He started the age-old pump: mouth-to-cock resuscitation. His cock slipped, wet and shiney in and out of his mouth. His butt sucked up more of my upward thrusting fist as his hips straddling my chest worked the body english he needed to blow himself to smithereens.

Migod! My view, 18 inches away from this handsome man's face slurping up his own dick while my fist helped support his straddle-stance, was a perfect CLICK.

He began to suck himself faster, deeper, longer strokes. Swallowing himself. And then, sucking himself almost to coming, he straightened up, threw his broad shoulders back, raised his arms like a bodybuilder winning a physique contest with a double-biceps-shot, and roared the animal cry of a man torqued with total pleasure.

As he bucked on my fist, his now untouched cock shot by itself: great white globs of cum slopping hot on my chest and face and mouth. With each diminishing orgasmic throe, I inched my fist free and clear.

The crowd didn't know whether to applaud, shit, or go blind.

"Okay," he said to my buddy, "close the door."

Alone, all three of us laid back together, my friend was impressed by the passionate gymnastics of it all. "That scene," he said, "was really primal."

"Primal?" the selfsucker said. "Primal? Huh! It was positively NEANDERTHAL!"

And you're a positive 18, I thought, on a double-scored possible 20.

PARADISE

San Francisco, in my book, is the place where when you go there you get to be your true self. The Roothouse when you go there, looking for Dance: 10/Looks: 10, is the place most likely to see or help a dedicated selfsucker doing himself, because he knows in such a special space in such a special City that nobody does it like he does it when he does it to himself.

And "Nobody Does It Better" is the name o' dat tune!

THE FRONT COVER: This photograph, ULTIMATE SANDWICH, was shot by photographer Mario Pirelli who bags his big game on the streets of San Francisco. MM likes the man-to-man quality of Pirelli's photograph candidly catching two hunter-like looks stalking together.

BACK COVER AND INSIDE FRONT COVER: More delectable, edible, AVAILABLE streetmen from good Old Reliable who offers audio tapes of these guys talking nasty about how they like to abuse fags. Ask Old Reliable for a hot j/fc brochure, and get it free by mentioning MANZMAN. OLD RELIABLE, PO BOX 3005, HOLLYWOOD CA 90028.

CENTERFOLD: These photographs were shot when a utility company repairman showed up at MANZMAN for an installation. Sure it sounds like a made-up fantasy, because like you we usually get a fat black lesbian repairperson. This time we lurked out and asked VIC--when we figured out he was straight but curious--if he'd like to come back for some photos. He said "Yeah" because he'd always wanted to be in Playgirl. MANZMAN ain't Playgirl, but then that's the California Breaks. VIC's promised us more photos, stripped, in his lineman's gear on a utility pole. We liked VIC because he was a real authentic blue collar working man--and a nice guy. You can write to VIC c/o MANZMAN, 4436 25th Street, San Francisco CA 94114. Jan Pix.

PROBING THE S&M FUTURE

HÅRVEST



EARTHORSE SHIFTED HIS BIG, BLOND, MUSCULAR BODY UNEASILY. HE COULD REMEMBER NOTHING FROM BEFORE THE FINAL WAR. NOT ANY PARENTS. NOT ANY PARTICULAR HOME. NOTHING. He had been bred, born, and taught, as part of the New Cycle. But then the teaching had shifted, divided confusingly. Earthorse had been reared to obedience by the MATRIX. But early, because of his handsome, wild goodlooks,



other voices had whispered to him, telling him of an Outlaw Life beyond the Matrix.

Earthorse had at first been confused. He knew no certainty beyond the balance of his own brawny body. He attended to the teachings of the Matrix more than he listened to the Outlaw whisperings. He suspected that something lay beyond the Perfect Circle of the Matrix, but he had not meant to veer off the Circle. He was, after all, a superior athlete on the Federation Games Squad.

Earthorse had always been eager to please.

Ultimately, he knew, it was his very physical perfection that would cause the Matrix to torture him slowly through the process of Perfect Harvest.

Earthorse was tied in total bondage.

He Understood the New Order of Things. The World Federation had reinstated the death penalty. Not in the old way. Not in the wasteful way of the old revolutions with their guillotines. Not in the cruel and unusual manner of the ancient States of the old North American continent. The Federation had shown him holographic documentaries of the old wasteful barbarities.

The day of his own sentencing, the day the Federation Didax had stared straight down into Earthorse's blue eyes to declare him unfit, perhaps, for anything but Harvest, they had immediately hoisted him down, blown him antiseptically dry, and led him stripped into the Experience Therapy Chamber.

The Elite of the Federation Guards tied him naked into a contoured lounge-rack. Its leather surface was warmed from within. They strapped down, in the name of Didax, Earthorse's ankles, thighs, waist, chest, neck, and forehead. They attached small electrodes to his long thick unclipped dick, to his large furry sack of blond balls damp with sweat, to his nipples rising defenselessly on his large hairy pecs, and to his wet tongue and to his ears.

Earthorse quivered.

The Federation Guards stepped back from the lounge-rack. On a signal, they showed him they could raise or lower the lounge in any part. They could rotate his big body, spotlighted under multiple laser beams, on its base. Another signal sounded and the well-muscled Elite of the Federation Guards checked his bindings once more.

The door to the Experience Therapy Chamber opened automatically. The bare-chested Guards made way for a Federation Medax. He was like the others: perfectly built, and neither kind nor cruel. Efficiently the Medax pulled apart the lower and upper lids of first Earthorse's right eye, into which he dropped a warm solution, and then the left. Earthorse tensed every muscle in his huge bount body.

At his signal, a brawny Guard walked toward the lounge. His big commanding dick swinging down nearly the length of his hairy thigh. He held a pair of Contagoggle Lenses that with his big meathooks he slipped neatly beneath the upper and lower lids of each of Earthorse's eyes. Earthorse realized he could no longer blink. They had taken away from him his ability to look away. The Medax signalled the guards and followed them from the Experience Chamber.

Earthorse, tied into the contoured leather rack, heard the door shush closed. The blue lighting that came from nowhere returned to nowhere. He lay unable to blink, alone in the darkness. He knew they wished to discipline him, even to the point of torture. They wished to edge him to repentance. They wished him to re-enter their Circle.

He had been at the time of his capture, two days before, the most celebrated and handsome stud-athlete in the Federation.

The lounge began to undulate beneath him. He grew warm in the fetal darkness. Comfortable. He heard a faint hiss and smelled an unidentifiable smell from his childhood. The lounge moved slowly, unpredictably, like some live leather beast beneath him. His body began to flow along its hot contours like slow lava inching down a crevasse. In his darkness was no up or down. This was, Earthorse had been told, the Preparation. Before he was to be Harvested, he was to see, the Federation Didax had sternly warned him, the Enmity.

Earthorse had dared to be other than the others.

The Federation knew that he had thought Tangentially. The Wastrel implications (and the whole Tribunal had agreed with the Harvesting Judge) were heretically enormous. Earthorse, they accused, had not conserved. He had misappropriated psychic energy from the Federation's singlemindedness. Earthorse, the Prosecutor said, had thought Tangentially. They called it that. They said he had strayed from the thinking of the Perfect Circle. He had been surprised. He had never really taken the Outlaw whisperings seriously. What he had been thinking, he had presumed, was merely a distraction, a kind of daydreaming, daytripping the way he was daytripping now, bound buck-naked and alone, with his eyes held uselessly, uncontrollably open in the darkness.

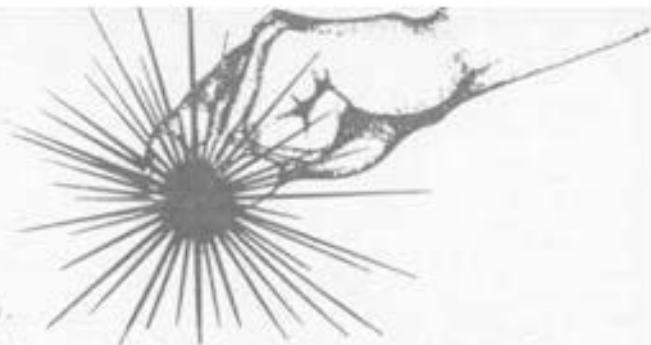
Holographic Cinema had been his pleasure since his boyhood. He was excited then as he was relaxed now: almost against his wish. The Holocinema had always automatically altered the viewer's consciousness. The Didax Committee had regularly transported each Youth Compound to the Holographic Cinema Domes where the Cadets witnessed Comic History and learned the myth and thought of the New Conservationist Culture. Earthorse's Compound Cadets had lain about helter-skelter or sat crosslegged watching in every direction inside the Dome. They had sighed almost with a single voice as the battery of lasers, hidden in the circling walls, burned silently into life.

The first two beams intersected and at the point of their intersection a chair was projected. One boy, one of a set of six clonic brothers, had tried to sit on the chair which his eyes and ears convinced him really existed. But he had fallen quickly to the padded floor of the Dome. The other Compound Cadets laughed at him. One teenage clone, with big white teeth and bigger arms, punched his shoulder, but he seemed not to notice. He was dazed by the short circuit between what his senses told him existed and what his experience proved did not.

"The chair," a Voice intercommed softly, "is a hologram. A projection actualized in thin air by the intersection of laser light."

The Cadets lying lazy in their obedience sat up, interested. They were at the time no more than sixteen and seventeen years old. The Didax Matrix had programmed this crop's sexual and asexual breeding fifteen and sixteen years before. The Cadets were perfectly formed with the hard bodies of strong young men, and they recognized within their Compound the clear superiority in the walk, talk, and looks of the young Earthorse. Something in the slower, moseying way he moved.

"To the chair," the Voice intoned, "is added a table." Two more lasers beamed on. "And on the table, ancient writing tools: a fountain pen and a bottle of ink. Spread beneath the table is a layer of Old Planet hay." Another pair of lasers crisscrossed the Dome. "You may, the Matrix suggests, perceive the scent of the new-mown straw."



Earthorse inhaled deep ly.

"Concentrate," the soft Voice counseled. "Become the smell of the hay." Earthorse stared straight into the golden yellow straw and smiled.

"In our Cinema Sensorium," the Voice easefully continued, "each of your senses will be stimulated to consciousness levels recognizable by your mind. Until this century, the Cosmos was new. Many things lacked names. The Federation Didax makes a simple matter of waking your consciousness."

Laser light then interlaced the Dome, knitting the six dimensions into projected reality: height, width, breadth, time, sound, and transcendence. Didax recreated whatever the Cadets called for. They reached for apples and their strong hard fists closed around nothing. "You must become the apple," the Voice said, and across the Dome floor the Cadets rolled and wrestled in hot panting harvest. They stretched their naked bodies to chase a laser of a galloping miniature horse. Their hands stroked nothing.

"The pony is," shouted a Dark Cadet with a beginning of fine black hair across his strong pecs, "a handsome animal!"

The holographic film unreeled through the lasers. The pony galloped in circles through the Dome with the Cadets whooping behind him.

"Catch him! Catch him!" the winded Dark Cadet shouted. "Feed him the apple!"

A large boy, it had been himself, Earthorse remembered, had made a flying leap to the pony's back. He had wanted to please the darker, hairy, muscular Dark Cadet, but he had only fallen through the projected laser pony and landed in a heap on the Dome floor.

The Dark Cadet had looked down at him. For a moment, their eyes locked, and Earthorse, feeling a stirring in his young dick, focussed on the hairy bull's body straddling over him in wellhung heat. Earthorse felt droplets of sweat form on the dirty blond bristles of his thick young moustache. The Dark Cadet slowly groped his own large balls, smiled, and said in his quiet deep voice: "You've frightened him off."

The laser light and direction had changed.

"The pony's hiding in that cave," the third of the six clonic brothers shouted.

The Cadets slowed from their chase and milled about, lying on the floor mats where he had ignominiously fallen, Earthorse tried staring straight through the laser projection. He wanted to see behind it, through it. But the Dome was filled with nothing else. The floor beneath him began to undulate.

"Come on then," the Dark Cadet said, offering Earthorse his calloused hand. "Get up and follow with us."

"Why?" Earthorse asked, and the floor convulsed beneath him.

"Become one," the Voice said, "with the cave and the darkness."

"Why?" he asked the taller Dark Cadet.

"Be with us," he said. "Circle in with us as Didax has taught. You must not be willing to disbelieve in the Sensorium."

Earthorse raised himself from the floor. "I will believe," he said.

The Dark Cadet smiled. His whole big body flexed with a triumph of authority.

Earthorse watched him glow in the purple laser light of the cave. He reached for the Dark Cadet's hand. The Cadet held steady. He closed a big hand around Earthorse's own large fist. He was, Earthorse knew from the heat of the Dark Cadet's hard tough hand, no thin-air laser projection.

The Dark Cadet pulled Earthorse to his feet. Lights exploded. The other Cadets shouted. Awe. They stood stockstill, crowded together, huddled, in the roaring center of the Cinema Sensorium.

THE LASER CAVE WITH ITS DARK HORRORS FADED IN AROUND THE CADETS. NEW LASERS BURST THICK INTO THE GLOOM. HIGH-PITCHED SCREAMS SURROUNDED THEM. THE ROLLING FLOOR TOPPLED THEM INTO SWEATING, COVERING HEAPS. THE TEMPERATURE IN THE DOME ROSE SHARPLY AND THE AIR GREW STEAMY WITH THE OLD PLANET'S POISONOUS VAPOR. EARTHORSE WAS CERTAIN THAT ABOVE THE SHOUTING HE HEARD AN ANCIENT AUTO HORN HONKED BY THE GHOST OF A LONG-AGO INCINERATED CABRIO.

There was no ancient word or sound or sight that the Federation's Reality Retrieval Synthesizer could not in all authenticity reconstruct on computerized hologrammovies. Earthorse crawled on his belly through the naked writhing Cadets. He looked for the Dark Cadet who had towered over him. He found him.

"Believe on all this," the Dark Cadet whispered so close into Earthorse's face that he could smell the fresh warmth of his sweet breath. "Become one with it."

THE CADETS CHOKED. THE AIR GREW UNBEARABLE. AN ANCIENT SUBWAY TRAIN ROARING THROUGH THE CAVE DEAFENED THEM. IN ITS WINDOWS, MEMPHIES OF THE OLD PLANET HUNG WASTED AND DEADFACED BY ONE HAND OR THE OTHER FROM METAL POLES. THEIR GREEN FLOURESCENCE SHRANK AWAY TO A RED PINPOINT IN THE CAVE OF SHADOWS. AGAIN THE FLOOR QUAKED AND THE CAVE BURST OPEN TO THE MUSTGRAY BLOOD-SKY.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THE OLD PLANET WAS HAPPENING NOW: BUILDINGS EXPLODED; BODIES ROCKETED THROUGH THE FLAMING AIR; BRIDGES SWAYED AND COLLAPSED AS RIVERS REVERSED IN THEIR COURSE; THE CRUST OF THE LAND BURST APART AT ITS SEAMY FAULTS SPewing UP THE LAYERED DETRITUS OF A MILLION BURIED CIVILIZATIONS; THE OCEANS SIMMERED WITH ATOMIC BOILS, MELTING OIL TANKERS AND WARSHIPS AND IGNITING THE SAILS OF WHITE PLEASURE SLOOPs, THICK GREEN CLOUDS OF POISON BROKE FROM BURIED CITY MAINS, BOILING UP TO THE ATMOSPHERIC SMOGHELL WHERE THEY BURST INTO A FIRESTORM.

The six clonic brothers curled fetally close to one another. The other Cadets lay in frozen amagaddoon terror. One of the clones rose to all fours, retching into a Sensorium bag. Earthorse and the Dark Cadet sat crosslegged, face-to-face, their arms around each other's big shoulders, furry chest to furry chest. Absorbing everything. Their big dicks lying head to head, down on the floor between them.

THE SOUND OF THE FIRESTORM CUED UNDER. THE EVIL PROJECTIONS DISSOLVED INTO A SINGLE GREEN MIMMYFACE DIALING DESPERATELY FROM A MELTING PHONE BOOTH.

Then that too faded. The lasers tuned out. The conditioned air returned to normal. The floor of the Sensorium came to rest. After a moment's silent debrief, the naked Cadets began laughing, quietly at first, and then wildly, like

boys who have braved through an initiation of terror. The Sensorium Dome echoed with their relieved laughter. The Dark Cadet laughed too. It was the way his laugh began, as a cruel snarl of upper lip under his black moustache, that prompted Earthorse to ask: "You were frightened?"

"Frightened?" the Dark Cadet quietly, firmly, wrapped the palm of his hard hot hand around Earthorse's big dick. He continued to laugh. "Frightened? Of the Old Wastrels?" He gripped his hand tighter around the lower half of Earthorse's main muscle.

That was the moment, Earthorse now remembered, that his Tangent had first sprouted on the outer circumference of the Perfect Circle of Didax and the World Federation.

Earthorse reached back. He wrapped his own hand around the darkrooted dick of the older Cadet. He gripped the big hot shaft hard and felt the dickveins roll under his pressure.

"You're hurting me," the Dark Cadet said. He laughed and squeezed Earthorse equally hard.

"You're hurting me," Earthorse said.

They both smiled, tightened, and then relaxed their grip.

"What is your name," Earthorse did not say it like a question.

"I can become anything," the Dark Cadet said. "What difference in a name?"

"A difference to me," Earthorse said.

"Today," he said, "call me Merar."

The Cinema Sensorium exit swung open and Merar had risen, stretched his full height, soothed his enormous dick back down to some engorged softlike thickness, and walked off to join three other older Cadets from the Federation Compound.

Earthorse had seen Merar twice since then, both times at the Federation Olympic Games; and then, curiously, a third time in a Cinema Sensorium hologramovie of Merar's winning physique presentation. Earthorse himself, as part of the same programmed Matrix, had grown strong and golden. He lay awake at night with images of the Dark Cadet pounding in his head and in his dick. Earthorse was the genetically engineered Perfect Circler, so the Federation Coach had written to Didax. The sheer ability of his legs and torso and head had been honed to perfect balance. To the holograms of his golden physique, powerfully bulked and hairy and defined, Didax had himself personally responded the way an emperor long ago responded to his champions.

Shortly, the official Federation Sculptor had requisitioned Earthorse for the central figure in his heroic triptych commemorating the Rise of the World Federation. The Olympic Videx had provided the sculptor with hologramovies of Earthorse in motion. But the sculptor had insisted that holograms would not suffice. For a painter maybe. But a sculptor must touch. So Earthorse had been ordered to his studio where he was stripped, oiled, kneaded, and curried from head to toe, each joint and muscle and bristle carefully scrutinized, manipulated, studied. Upon finishing his examination, the sculptor had pronounced Earthorse: "Magnificent." He, in his long flowing robe, stood back from Earthorse's naked body as if he had himself sculpted his flesh. "Magnificent!" he repeated.

Earthorse said nothing, but the sculptor took no notice. Earthorse was losing, despite himself, the center of their Circle. Some centrifugal force had him caught. The Tangent in his mind grew away from the other Cadets' common ellipse in fits and starts of illegal micrometers.

UNSETTLING DREAMS OF THE NIGHT CREEPT BACK TO EARTHORSE: TWO HORSEMEN BROKE THE FLAT HORIZON. THEIR HEADS ROSE IN THE DISTANCE AGAINST THE BLUE. THEY ROCKED EASY IN THEIR ANCIENT SADDLES. THEIR HORSES SURGED AGAINST THE REINS. THE MEN WERE WARRIORS, DARK AND BEARDED. THEIR HELMETS CAUGHT THE SUN. THE MEN AND HORSES WERE ARMED WITH FUR AND LEATHER. THEY ROSE PROUDLY AGAINST THE FULL LINE OF THE HORIZON. EARTHORSE SAW BEHIND THEM A TRAIL OF DUST AS THEY MOVED IN THE SLOWMOTION DREAM OPPOSITE HIM. A ROPE STRETCHED TAUT BEHIND THE SECOND HORSEMAN. GRADUALLY EARTHORSE MADE OUT THE ROPE'S BORDER; FIRST THE BOUND WRISTS, THEN THE STRETCHED ARMS DISLOCATED FROM THE BLEEDING SHOULDERS OF THE HAIRY MUSCLED MAN WHO WAS NAKED AND DYING BUT NOT DEAD.

SILENT ABOVE THE SAD PROCESSION A GREAT HAWK HUNG MOTIONLESS, FOLLOWING THE HORSEMEN TRAWLING THE WASTREL SIDE OF HUMAN MALEFLESH. THE BIRD CAUGHT A DRAFT AND CIRCLED TIMELESS ABOVE THE HORSEMEN. THEY RODE EVENLY ONWARD, ACROSS A RIDGE ABOVE A STILL LAKE. WAVY IN THE NOON SUN SHIMMER, THEY DOUBLED IN THE PLACID LAKE REFLECTION. THE DESCENDING HOOVES OF THE UPRIGHT HORSES MET PRECISELY THE RISING HOOVES OF THE INVERTED WATER HORSES. BELOW THEM, AND ABOVE THEM, THE CARRION HAWK CIRCLED NOISELESSLY. IN THE MOUTH OF THE BOUND MAN, THIN WINES ROLLED HIS TONGUE INTO A CYLINDER SWELLING PURPLE FROM HIS MOUTH. HIS FINGERS, BALLS, AND DICK HAD BEEN TIGHT-WIRED THE SAME. THE HORSEMEN, PROUD AND STRAIGHT, DRAGGED THE TANGENTIAL MAN, HIS MUSCLE-FLESH SCRAPING RAW, OFF INTO THE MOON BRIGHTNESS.

Earthorse had thought the dream only a memory from his secret nightmares, but a sudden shift of the recumbent lounge-rack to which he was bound jerked him back into the Full Circle of the Experience Therapy Chamber. The procession of torture had frightened him in his sleep now and again. He had not noticed when exactly it was that the Sensorium lasers had slowly lit up the dark Experience Therapy Chamber.

He registered no surprise that the Federation cinefiles contained hologram-movies of his own most private dreams.

His mouth grew dry. He could neither blink nor turn away from the replay unreeling all around his bound body.

"As a Tangential Thinker," the soft Voice floated through the Experience Chamber, "you must try hard to refocus your increasingly short attention span on the Perfect Circle of Federation Consciousness. Without the perfection of the Circle, you are not whole. You are parts. Without rehabilitation into the Circle, your Tangential Parts will necessarily be Harvested by the Federation for redistribution throughout the Matrix by Didax's order."

Laser light scanned his naked body: patches of red and violet glowed from his head and groin; his immense chest radiated magenta; his powerful legs orange. Earthorse tried to blend his rebellious Outlaw energies into the Perfect Blue. His were now the forbidden colors of Tangential Distraction. He strained to project the Ideal Didax Blue of Circular Consciousness. He truly wished to waste not; for without his contribution of energy, the Circle suffered.

He begged to understand. Always he had known the Whole was greater. Yet now Didax, with all the power of the Matrix behind him, would label him an Outlaw Wastrel and mark him for Harvest. Earthorse had obediently by day fit rightly into the Circle of Didax, programmed, to all their close scrutiny, quite properly; but by night the dark mustard dreams he could not control had leaked, Tangentially, he guessed, from some atavistic activity of his pituitary. Earthorse had been alarmed, afraid of the cold sweats of his naked sleep giving him away. He was hardly surprised when the Compound Night Monitor had cautioned him suddenly one morning, almost before even he was aware, that nocturnally the Dormitory Scanners indicated that the color patterns of his Circular Energy Flow had shorted.

"Help me," Earthorse had said then. "Help me now," he called into the void of the Experience Therapy Chamber.

Somewhere a generator started with a whine. Earthorse recognized it as a recorded sound from a holographic history unit on industrialization. A new lesson. Multiple Transcendence Lasers crisscrossed the Sensorium Chamber.

"The warden and other officials have already assembled," the soft Voice said. "Observe the Wastrels' nervous anticipation. The rest you will experience completely. Totally. With all the old Wastrel feeling. We are here to help you. Aversion to the Wastrel old way of life may aid even at this late moment your return to the Federation Energy Circle. Your senses shall become one with the linear Wastrels of the Old Planet."

IN WAS LED ANOTHER HOLOGRAPHICALLY RETRIEVED PRISONER. HE WAS STRIPPED, SEARCHED, AND SHOWERED. WETNESS FILLED THE CHAMBER. THE PRISON BARBER SHAVED THE TOP OF HIS HEAD LIKE A MONK. THE CONDEMNED MAN PULLED ON HIS OWN BURIAL CLOTHES: A CLEAN KHAKI SHIRT, A SHORT JACKET, KHAKI PANTS WITH THE LEG SLIT TO THE KNEE. HE FELT, FEELS, THE WASHED SOFTNESS OF THE UNSTARCHED KHAKI.

BEHIND THE ONE-WAY WINDOW STANDS THE EXECUTIONER.

THE GUARDS AND A CHAPLAIN COME IN WITH THE PRISONER. HE IS YOUNG. HE IS HANDSOME. HE FEELS THEIR HARD UGLY HANDS FIRM ON HIS BIG ARMS. THE WARDEN ADDRESSES HIM BY HIS FIRST NAME. HE HAS NOTHING TO SAY.

"THEN," SAYS THE WARDEN, "HAVE A SEAT, PLEASE."

THE UNIFORMED GUARDS STRAP HIM IN VERY QUICKLY: HIS ARMS, WRISTS, ANKLES, AND THIGHS. HIS CHEST. IT IS FAMILIAR. THEY ATTACH ELECTRODES TO HIS HEAD AND LEG. THEY STUFF HIS NOSTRILS WITH COTTON TO TRAP THE BLOOD. THEY TIGHTEN THE LEATHER MASK OVER HIS FACE. THEY STEP BACK.

THE GENERATOR WHINES AGAIN. AN EXHAUST FAN WHIRLS ABOVE THE CHAIR. A GUARD SIGNALS THE EXECUTIONER. THE SWITCH IS THROWN. THE MUSCULAR, HANDSOME PRISONER LIFTS AND STRAINS AGAINST THE STRAPS. HIS FISTS CLENCH. HIS BLOOD BOILS. HIS HEAD EXPLODES. HIS BODY SLUMPS TO A RELAXED POSITION.

THEN THEY DO IT AGAIN.

A DOCTOR OPENS HIS SHIRT AND LISTENS THROUGH AN ANTIQUE STETHESCOPE. "I DECLARE," HE SAYS, "THIS MAN LEGALLY DEAD."

Redness flushed through Earthorse's whole being. His own fists clenched at the end of his bound muscular arms. Didax and the Matrix had paced him through the program of the other man's oldfashioned Wastrel execution. Yet the Medax and the Elite Federation Guards pretended to be neither kind nor cruel.

"Linearity," the Voice came through many filters, and no longer sounded capable of human passion, "is imperfect. Beyond the line is the Circle."

Earthorse focussed intently, but his energy no longer converged at all with the program. His laser-scanned flesh was a disintegrated rainbow of glorious color displeasing to the cool even Blue of Didax. "The Circle is vicious!" Earthorse shouted. "It feeds on itself. Beyond the Circle," and he paused as the hot mustard Tangents crossed in his head, "is the Spiral!"

The lounge-rack shook violently. Earthorse felt he was strapped to the back of a horned-skin coldblooded muscle-lizard whose long neck could rise, turn, and devour him in its hot, wet, salivating mouth.

"Alternation!" he shouted.

The Holographic Sensorium faded fast to black. Only the soft disembodied Voice remained: "Alternation merits alteration."

His sentence, Earthorse knew, was now irrevocably pronounced.

Time had taught them the necessary use of everything. Generations before, they had nearly exterminated themselves with Waste. Only slowly had they recovered at all: regrouping out of the Old Wastrel ruins, focussing first the Old Planet's one star, and finally the unified energy of the small human Circle surviving the end of the terrible plaguing Waste.

It had happened. It was recorded. One day a woman, two years plugged to a dialysis machine, asked the courts, not for much, she said, just one kidney from her incurably insane brother. At first, the court had refused; but the woman was insistent, demanding. She pleaded against the foolish Waste. Her brother needed but one kidney. Other sympathetic survivors of the on-going Waste picketed, lobbied, pressured the judges. Before the onslaught of the harridan women, the courts that had once declared the brother insane, bowed, and now declared him fit for Harvest. This was the new Wisdom.

The woman became the symbolic center of the New Energy Matrix. The judges of the court, themselves, survivors, granted her title to her brother's body. She excised his kidney, and he smiled dumbly at her on a public video show. She sold next his eyes, right and left, and the hammer and stirrup in each of his ears. She sold his hands, which to him blind and deaf and insane, were useless and wasted. Finally, in one grand auction, she bartered off his remaining kidney, both his lungs, his gonads, and his heart. She was inspired that the New Federation Medaxes had perfected the non-rejectable transplant.

She died, finally, a very rich old woman, by her own hand, peacefully passing in the presence of Didax. In the early days of the Federation, she was venerated as the Mother of Harvests. Her energy, the Matrix pronounced, had given central focus to the Perfect Circle from engineered gene-spliced birth to scientific Harvest.

Thereafter, a Caste of Outlaws, mostly rogue males, was segregated aside, hunted down, kept in camps. They were basically arrested Tangentials, who since they could not function wholly, to the satisfaction of the Matrix, were Harvested partly. Only clones were bred for specific parts and were in demand by only the most narcissistic. Earthorse knew he had somehow become one of the criminal Tangentials, shorted out for malfunction, as the Matrix diagnosed, and for excellent Outlaw reason, he now for the first time began to understand. Outside the Matrix, outside the Perfect Energy Circuit of the Great Blue Didax, lay a different, alternate world!

Earthorse had to laugh. Outloud. Even bound immobile, he laughed. The enormity indeed! Because he had once been so Elite, his parts would command the bidding of only the wealthiest and most influential Harvesters. He laughed again, unblinking, in the silent and dark Sensorium where, hidden, he knew they were all listening and watching. He laughed louder, for above him on the perfectly circular Dome were appearing the glowing red digital letters of his final computerized sentence.

Earthorse was a Tangential Thinker, far outside Didax's humorless Circle, and he roared at the absurdity: they, who so darkly conserved, condemned him. He read aloud each of his body-parts as its title appeared for sale on the Vidterminal screen. He wished only that his wrists were not shackled so he might applaud the prices as the Federation bidding rose higher and higher on his Harvest Futures.

He neared convulsive hilarity as the names, the famous names of the highest bidders locked in next to his claimed parts. Earthorse had been a Champion Circler at the Federation Olympic Games and his parts, the envy of many, especially the old and the rich and the lustful, had not been forgotten. Even his testes were sold to an aging intersolar shipping magnate.

Then seizure!

The Federation power began to drain him through the electrodes the Elite Guards had clipped to his dick, balls, nipples, tongue, and ears.

Didax's suffocating Blue filled the room and stung his unblinkable eyes.

The Elite Guards pretended to be neither kind nor cruel. They watched his torture. They were hung and hard. They were what they were: warriors, whole and against him, laughing and jibing at the magnificence of his auctioned bodyparts.

In the Blue Dark of the beginning Harvest, Earthorse spied one Dark Face, more powerful now in its square-jawed manhood, handpumping, slowly hand-pumping his enormous dark meat, hardened at the sight of the perfect blond muscle man strapped down at the mercy of the Elite Guard.

The Dark Face over the sensuously moving dick seemed to say: "Though you seem to be lost and in the shadow of death, fear not, for my energy is ever with you, and will never leave you to face your perils alone."

The last lock-together of look was wordless. Effortless. Lightning.

Grinding his big body down into the hungry Dark Blue, Earthorse steeled himself and laughed. He laughed loud and long. He laughed as long as he could spit and piss and fart and shit against them. © 1981 Jack Fritschler



THE READERS WRITE

Fucking the Marlboro Man



Fuck, I went crazy with desire when I read your ad in the second issue of MANZMAN. I have always been obsessed by hot, macho men with moustaches who smoke. I've been smoking since I was 14. The first hardon and jerkoff session I ever had was from watching a goodlooking moustached actor on a TV program smoke a cigaret. The sight of a hot man with a moustache with a cigaret in his mouth never fails to get my cock stiff.

TRIP TRADEOFF. 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 finishing, or any points between. W/M, slender/muscular, fetishist, 40, 6', 6", cut, size 8 1/2 glove, 170, moustache, bald. Correspondence with other Marlboro fetishists possible. Pic if convenient. San Francisco. A197.

Cigaretts are a whole expression of attitude. Cigarette are a measure of dominant male image. Smoking, males learn, is what real men do. Smoking is, after all, an essentially aggressive act. When you think about it, what better fits a western/leather/uniform man's face than a hot cigaret hanging out of his mouth?

Cigaretts are pleasure the sensual masculine man can use for a very, very hot time. Cigaretts and cigaret smoke get me hot. Whenever I see a handsome moustached guy smoking a cigaret—especially if he's a super macho type who talks and does everything with a cigaret hanging out of his mouth—I go crazy. When I get home, I have a great fantasy jerkoff trip recalling his cigaret hanging under his moustache in his commanding face as he pulls on it, inhaling the smoke. Fantasizing as the hot smoke fills his mouth. Watching him exhale the smoke down thru his moustache. I like to watch working guys who can handle a cigaret in their mouths all the time while they smoke.

Psychologically I thoroughly understand my obsession with cigaretts. Have you ever done your cigaret trip with a man who really get into it and truly understood it? Every time I read and reread your ad, I get so hot I feel I'm a real professional cigaret smoker. I get an incredible hardon every time I light up. I position myself in front of a mirror in some of my hot fantasy gear and light up one of my hot smokes. I move that hot cigaret in all different positions and think of you every time I light up and every drag and every exhale. My cock gets rock hard thinking of how hard I could make your cock.

I clip my dark hair extremely short to accent my dark moustache which I grow long and bushy over my upper lip so that all you see is that hot smoke curling up under my moustache. I am also obsessed with bodybuilding and bulking up my body. I work out six days a week and am getting bigger every day. A hot bulky muscled body in fantasy gear really adds to the whole smoking macho trip. I like to see bodybuilders smoke. When I'm in front of my mirror I can see my big peck getting bigger and fuller as I fill them with my hot cigaret

smoke. Then I raise my pumped bicep up to take the cigaret from my mouth to flick the ashers. The sight of the cigaret against my muscles looks pretty good.

I'm 38, 5'5", 175, chest: 47", arms: 17". On a short husky guy those measurements look real husky. Think you can get into a short bodybuilder who smokes? I dig balding men with moustaches. In fact, I can honestly say they are my biggest turnon. I have shaved my head a number of times because I like the look so much. And when a bald, mustached man is smoking--that's hot stuff!

I can turn on to any kind of sex with a partner whether I am smoking, he is smoking, or we both are smoking. I create an ultimate smoking fantasy often by smoking three or even five cigarets at a time. Can you picture how much smoke I can exhale thru my moustache with that many cigarets in my mouth? I like a goodlooking guy to talk to me and tell me it takes a real man to smoke. I like to light a hot man's cigaret. I get hard holding the match up close to his face--IGNITION POINT--watching him puff and pull on his cigaret as I light mine. Two buddies sharing the same match. Killing time with a shared smoke. Marlboro Country exists when two guys pushed crotch to crotch light up together--leather-gloved hands copping the match as two cigaret buddies, face to face, and yeah, man-to-man, act out rituals that males have shared straight-away for a long, long time!

And, yes, I would like to straddle your chest in my gear while I smoke my cigaret hanging from under my moustache, playing with your tits with my tight leather gloves as you jerk off. Oh Yeah! I'd really get off on doing that trip for you while we shared the magic of boddysucking hot cigaret smoking! Hope the enclosed picture fits your fantasy. Will stroke and smoke over phone too! Call me in LA.

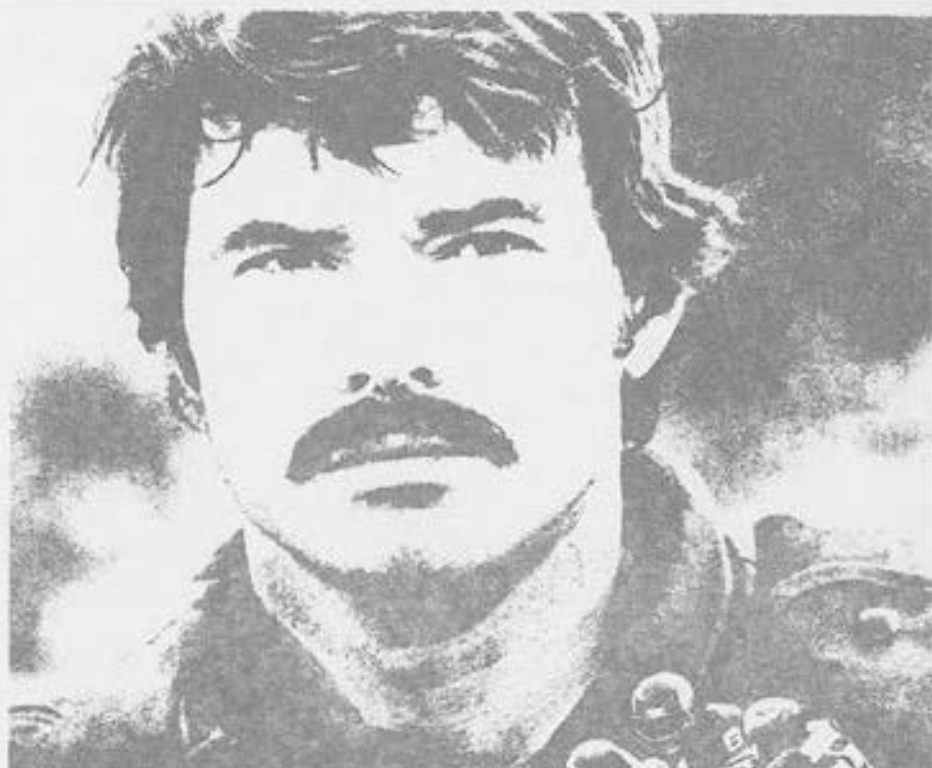
Woundsucking Cocksucker

This experience is TRUE and did happen. I can still remember what the SOB looked like and what exactly happened. The sounds, tastes, and smells come back every time. Sometimes, while jerking off, I can even feel it...

Fall 1969: Hippies, Yippies, Vietnam, student protests, hardhat protests, returning vets, redneck State Troopers, county jails in the south--all familiar to a 19-year-old college freshman. Columbia, South Carolina: home of the University of South Carolina AND Fort Jackson, a major processor of returning Vietnam vets.

The young freshman, tired of jerking off, tired of those fast glances at the upper classmen in the shower or at the row of urinals, wants manners. Hardon thinking about man's dick and balls. Got to try it. Finally got to try it! Got to find dick! Reads bootleg copy of LA Free Press. Jerks off. Finds a similar ad in college paper for "singing roommate." Hardon. Answers ad. Makes arrangements to meet. Nervous. And turned on. Stiff dick runs down the side of wellborn Levi's. Throws on CD Army shirt with Protest Buttons. Runs hands through hair. Sweat. Stiff cock. Ready. Yeah. I'm ready.

Scheduled to meet at 10 PM, but arrive half hour early. Man, about 40, answers door and invites me in. Two soldiers in dressed khaki glare at my hippie appearance as I walk in. Both chug at Southern Comfort from pint bottles. Lots kicked up. Catches



staring at me from between well-polished boots. Older man says he's going out for more booze and takes one soldier with him. They leave. I pull out a joint, sit on floor, my eyes at level of remaining soldier's crotch. Start talk, pass joint. Soldier passes nearly empty pint. Drink. Smoke. Watch crotch. Harder. Soldier grabs his crotch and plays with it through the stiff khaki. "You want this, don't you, boy? You want this cock, huh?" Soldier stands up and walks toward me. His dick hard against his uniform. He reaches down and grabs me by the US Army shirt and pulls me up and pushes me into the wall. "Fucking hippie puke!" Crack! His free hand crashes against the side of my face. Blood. Pain. I taste salt. More blood comes from nose. Surprising: no pain. Not much any way. Another slug. I fall to the floor. One hand up for some protection. I watch his face. Fuck. Just stoned enough to be sort of outside myself watching this kind of drunken fucker stomping. Blood taste. Surprise. My shirt gets ripped off. I feel his strength as he knocks me back on floor. I start to say something. No time. His polished boot rests heavily on my balls. Harder and harder. "Fucking hippie puke's gonna get it and get it good." Boot crashes against my crotch. Hard. Real pain now. Blood taste. Fear. I roll over moaning. No chance to move. He's on me. His weight pins me to the hard wood floor. He rips my t-shirt off. Hesitates. Then starts banging my head against the floor. Head throbs. Vision blurs. Sounds stop.

Wake up in pain. Can't move. Head swirls. Hands tied behind my back. Propped up against wall with my ripped t-shirt in my mouth. Can't talk. Can barely breathe. Soldier walks toward me. His shirt unbuttoned exposing massive chest. Tattoos, dog tags, bandages. Some red with fresh blood from straining. He grabs his cock as he drains his pint. Tosses bottles across room. Soldier stares hard at me as he unzips his belt and reaches inside fly to pull out his cock. Big stiff cock. He stands for a moment looking at me, watching me react, stroking his cock with one hand.

His other hand brushes against his bandages and chest. "You see these, fucker?" He points out older scars as well as the fresh blood on his bandages. "I got these on assholes like you can run around and be college assholes and hippies. Now it's your turn, asshole. You're gonna see what pain feels like and how to hurt." He reaches down and grabs me by my long hair and pulls me up. Face to face he glares at me with thick white teeth clenched. "Look at 'em, asshole." He pushes my face into his side. I smell his sweat and the Southern Comfort on his raunchy breath. "Look at 'em good. You see 'em? Take a good look. Fucking hippie puke." Big scars up and down his well-developed side. I see them. Old wounds. And the red bandages. The bandages becoming undone in the sweat and rough-housing. Fresh battle scars and stitches. "Fucking hippie puke," he keeps saying it. "Fucking hippie puke."

He pulls my head up to his face. Rips the teshirt out of my mouth. Grabs me by the throat. "You gonna take care of me, aren't you, asshole!" More fest. Mouth dry. Iron taste of bloodcraked lips. Can say nothing. Just afraid. Just real fear.

"Lick these fucking scars, asshole." Pushing my face back down to his wounded side. I taste his sweat, blood, and the rough scar tissue. "That's right, fucker, lick 'em good." His cock still hard. His other hand pumping it. He forces my face harder into his side. He hesitates. Stumbles. Too much booze. Falls against the wall holding his side. I've worked my hands loose from behind my back. Scared, I watch him glare at me through his pain.

He walks toward me. His cock still out. Grabs my neck. Forces me down on my knees. His big hands tightening around my throat. "Suck it, asshole. Suck it good." He shoves his cock into my mouth. I choke and pull back. He hits me with his fist. Kicks me with his fucking heavy combat boots. Intense pain. Fear. He stops as I fall on the floor, bleeding, breathing hard. He stoops to one knee, checks out my eyes, unfastens my belt, pulls my Levi's down around my knees. He half drags me across the room. "Cool over," he shouts. Face down, both hands protecting my balls, I shake. Several long minutes pass. I watch him, sore as hell, holding his side, pull off his khakis. He sees me watching him. He spits a hawk in my direction. He throws his boots at me as hard as he can. One hits the back of my head. The other, my side and ribs.

He walks over, stripped but for dog tags and the bandages hanging loose off his side. No noise except for heavy breathing and the sound of his dog tags. "You're gonna take care of me, fucker. You're gonna have to take care of me." He keeps saying it. "You assholes owe me!" He grabs the cheeks of my ass, spread them and spin on my virgin hole. He holds me down and starts to take my asshole. The power of his big weight, his sweat, his cool dog tags against my back. My asshole resists. He shoves harder. Intense pain. His cock getting harder and harder as he pushes it up my unwilling asshole. He starts pumping. I struggle under him to get away. Can barely move under his weight and strength and anger. He starts hitting me with his fist as he bangs his cock up my asshole. He stops long enough to hold the bandages falling from his side. His hot wet blood runs with sweat down his belly to my butt. He's breathing heavy. Hitting me. Cursing hippie puke. Then shoots his load and falls motionless on top of me. My asshole pushes his cock out. He raises a few inches up off me. The blood causes our two skins to stick together. Almost the sound of ripping flesh as he stands up and stumbles a few feet to pass out on the couch. I try to stand up. My head, side, and asshole throb. Finally up, I wipe his load and blood running down my back, butt, and legs, with a sock. I dress fast and beat it, hoping he won't wake up. He doesn't.

Back at USC, I end up in the infirmary with two broken ribs, concussion, a couple of loose teeth, and a story about getting beat up by some pro-war rednecks. I couldn't explain my bruised asshole; so I tried acting embarrassed, which I was, and no one pressed the point. Although I'm no longer a hippie, I'd like to get in touch with that 1969 Viet Vet from Fort Jackson. I wasn't very willing then, but that experience and those memories keep me pulling my meat.

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



DC EAGLE

if you're man enough...

MANIMALS

What you're looking for is looking for you!

FOR REAL. Obedient/eager mouth/tongue for cock and ass of white rugged, rough, muscular, leather/levi topmen/jock in NEW YORK CITY AND PHILADELPHIA. Sit on my face. I will drink your piss. Eat your shit. Your pleasure, my desire. DMS, BOX 963, 132 W. 24th St., New York, New York 10011.

MASTER SEEKS OTHER TOPS. Master, W, 34, 140, 6'1" out, seeks heavy-hung Top Men into getting serviced by my cock slave (W, 29, 6', 150, swimmer's build) under my direction. Age/weight not important. Butch attitude is. Dig WS, verbal abuse, fantasies, leather, uniforms, raunchy hot sex scenes. Slave has hot mouth and even hotter ass. If you're into getting your cock serviced by fucking my punk's hot tight hole and using him as a latrine, call 415/621-1916 evenings till 9 and weekends. San Francisco.

INTO DIRTY J-O-C-K-S-T-R-A-P-S Hairy, muscular hardhat has a smelly sackload of his heavy-duty cum/piss/sweat/saliva stained jockstraps FOR SALE! All guaranteed ripe and raunchy yet wearable! Perfect mouth gags/any! rags for unwilling slaves. Only 99 each. Pete, Box 11007, San Francisco 94101.

RED HOT BARBER! SF barber, very kinky, seeks men who like to be intensely satiated. Rough wrestling, vigorous and soothing massage, and a lot more. Sensitive handling. Fetish barbering trips definitely available in hot shop! #00091.

NEW JERSEY. WM, 28, 6'1", 185#, hairy, hazel/brown, beard, sincere, intelligent, NJ-NY METRO seeks slim BM, 20-35, hung, tight round buns, demanding, dominant. Want to service your hot black dick with my hungry mouth, tongue deeply your sweet dark buns, take your golden shower as you direct, and feel that black red in my hairy white ass. Turned on by jockstraps, levis. Devise businessmen, construction workers, jocks, truckers--especially marrieds. Clean and discreet. Your place. Send hot photo, letter to Box 703, Downstairs Mail Service, 132 W. 24th Street, NYC 10011.

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 HOT TO TOP ME. I'm 29, hot, husky, hung leatherman into your trip--whatever the fuck it is--provided you're man enough to carry it through. Otherwise--watch out! You'll be doing MY trip. Send a pic or I won't bother answering you. PROVE YOU'RE A "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 \$4M, assfucking, bondage, C4S "torture," cocksucking, discipline, dildoes, domination, fistfucking, 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 HD interests; into face/arm dirt, BO, grease, garage floors, leather in layers with levis; mechanical devices relative to internal combustion, under-chassis, grease pite, 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/dementians unimportant is you live to ride. If you fit, or ON YOUR WAY TO THE WORLD OF THE EASY RIDER, you know that for a pleasureable time anything manly is possible. You must enjoy straight biker company and be able to fit into such groups UNDETECTED! Barn/garage/HD/truck trips. Sonoma County, CA. A 109.

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

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

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

W/M FRENCH-ARAB, hunky, swarthy, very hairy, sweaty pits, raunchy, solid athletic body. Americanized with memories of Algeria; raised in a professional soldier's household, memories of French/Algerian tortures. Like to wrestle, forced pits, get crotch-raunchy. One-way Top for THREX!! San Francisco, CA, and some East Coast travel. All!

TONGUE-TENNIS/INCEST. Son and/or nephew who wants to make it with his "dad/uncle" or just "with a man for the first time" wanted for gentle, loving instruction by 49-year-old dude who ain't had in the looks department: moderately hairy belly and chest, good bod, moustache. Six feet tall with seven inches of well-packed UNCUT JOY with low hangers just right for many sets of Tongue Tennis without reciprocation (or with preferred). I like and wear MESSINGAR SHIRTS; also smoke, sniff, like rings and rubbers, simple sucking and fucking lovingly done, mutually enjoyed; like mushroom heads, clean bodies fore and aft. Enjoy giving "first-time" instructions in areas of your turn-ons. Looks/age take second place to your desire to please. No fees, fats, farouts, or drugs MEN, ESPECIALLY TRUCKERS, not into fucking/sucking; welcome to overnight pad, a hot meal, and the best coffee in LA. Pic gets pic. Call 213/660-4124 anytime AFTER 5 PM LA time. If my machine answers, leave message, or write: Tommy, 142 South Gracery Place, Los Angeles CA 90004.

RANCHER. Hot, tattooed, pierced "M" rancher, 40, 5'2", 185, looking for hot, hairy S Stud. Into water sports, bondage, discipline, FF, ass-eating, tattoos, tits. You name it, I'll try it. SIK! Possible lifetime partner on Northwest ranch. Write with photos to Jim, Box 144, Sirkum RT, 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, beaters, worship, sensuality, mutuality, streetbustlers, spitting, cocksucking, blacks, rimming, leather seats, potpoppers, talking dirty, beerbellies, bootlicking, j/o. I'm an upfront, active, masculine queer who needs leather action. Bill Fiedler, RT. 2, Box 2489, Oroville CA 95965.

**TOO BIG
TOO HANDLY**
F O L S O M

ENHUCHS. I want to join you!! Who out there can castrate me skillfully? Interested in writing to 467 ENHUCHS or anyone interested in the subject. East Coast. #00065.

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

FIGHTIN' & FOCKIN'. Fightin' Topman, 28, strong, very hairy, and MESS, thinks S.F. Tops are cockless wimps afraid to put their asses on the line in an all-out fight!! If you think you're man enough to prove me wrong, let's fight. No-holder-barred brawl to a definite finish. After I've whipped your yellow ass, I'll stuff my rock and/or fist!! Challenges, photos to #00038. San Francisco.

TOTAL TOILET SERVITUDE. Presentable, professional, 30 year old man, interested in total toilet servitude to hot younger men. Correspondence about shit, piss, humiliation, torture, reform schools, prisons... to #00037. NYC.

HIP RUBBER BOOTS. 34, dig heavy rubber/leather licking, Firemans, Fishermans hip boots, riming, shit, piss, mod, tit clamps, dogs, shit photos and stories. Come visit. Noxholder, PO Box 17, Reverse Mines, N.S. 80A 190 Canada.

HUNG W/M, 32, 6'2", 160, cut, professional, discreet, sophisticated, straight appearing, handsome. Seeks similar/younger A/T French, Greek. Love tender sex. No dope nor pot. Write PO Box 1432, Torrance, CA 90505.

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

NOTE/DESCRIPTORS: YOU MAY PLACE YOUR OWN MANIMALS AD (ANY LENGTH). Even if you buy your MANIMAL over-the-counter, you can place your own ad at \$1.50 for each group of 10 words. Abbreviations (SM, TT, etc.) count as one word. Telephone numbers as two words. Addresses and PO Boxes (including street/city/state/zip) count as three words. Indicate if you wish a FREE-to-you M2M discretionary code number so letters may be forwarded to you. You must state you are over 21, etc., by filling out the information included on the subscription page in this issue. Make checks payable to MAN2MAN, 4436 25th Street, San Francisco CA 94116.

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, SALLS. 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-donor with a pint of my own blood, drawn paramedically before scene. With the top glowing a bright, glistening red, his muscles would be visually more spectacular than ever. Aim to please man-to-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! An W/M, 3'6", 145, solid, intelligent. San Francisco. A103.

PAGESITTERS 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 soars, 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.

TO FULFILL ALL YOUR FANTASIES: Action only. SAM, W/M, 3'3", 300, Fr. Va. Leather boots, ranch, humiliation, or ... You satisfy me. I satisfy you. (FOR SLACKS ONLY I might be bottom, conditions being right.) W/M, 3'8", 140, hairy, 1+. Have all you need. So late/early, j/c, real young, or guys seeking "relationships": will hang up. Glendale CA 213/243-7792.

SIT ON MY FACE. Pull my tits. Piss on my hairy chest. Stick things up my ass. Shove your dirty feet down my throat. W/M, 37 wants experience as a toilet. S.F. #00080.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SHIT CANNIBALS. Two hot bearded GINKERS want your story. Pigface! We're into elaborate shit fantasies, rituals, and initiations. Exchange Drawings, pictures, and latrine reports. Particular interest in truckstop toilet scenes and military dumps. Box 26205, San Francisco CA 94126.

JAKE: MARINE SERGEANT. PROFESSIONAL SLAVE TRAINING. Wellmuscled Chief in Command will train generous slaves. Call 213/935-1192 and ask for the Chief-in-Command, or send self-addressed stamped envelope to JAKE, 256 So. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211 for free nude photos. Will travel.

BRUTAL, UNMERCIFUL EXTENDED TORTURE SCENE. IMPOSSIBLE BONDAGE. Masks, gags, heavy tit torture, cock and ball torture, needles, whipping, pain (clamps, needles, etc.) Agreed that trip will end with total pass-out through forcing gag in all the way to block all air supply until victim passes out, or through choking with chain or belt, or through injection, or through extreme pain, or other means. Want to be told what's coming to experience some fear and panic at knowing that the HEAVY trip is coming as promised with NO MEXCY, following the agreed-on scenario to the end. Initially, the victim is in total bondage, being massage-jerked-stimulated with Crisco. The deal is that if the victim comes within one hour, he has sealed his fate and will get a real pain and torture scene. First IV shot of drugs, then used in any way that turns the Torturer on. Anything goes. It's agreed that any plea for mercy will bring the opposite. Also victim will be gagged and unable to speak most of the trip. Players should, however, agree to touch base once in awhile to reaffirm friendship and trust so victim can be taken beyond the total freak-out point and then be forced to pass out at climax, totally helpless to prevent it. Maybe 3 scenes, each 45 minutes to one hour. Few minutes rest in between, but victim gets no chance to escape or be freed until he has had his three pass outs--by whatever methods turn the Top on. San Francisco. #XXX66.

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. Syracuse, NY A118.

AGGRESSIVE AGREEABLE MALE, 35, macho, into leather, levi's, 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, 3'6", 155, hairy body, hairless head, uncot. 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. Best dirty ass eater in Texas. Call 713/324-7629 or write Jim, Box 22928, Houston, Texas 77027.

ROOMY BATH. Man 50, has bath in Van Nuys area. Prefer uncot i/o. sooga, condoms, otherwise clean. No drinking. Needs someone around same age. Quiet life. Discreet. Van Nuys #00087.

HIGH-ENERGY MAN. Bondage: sensual, progressive. Outrageous playroom: ropes, belts, western saddle-bondage; mutilation; bondage suspension; stretching; sensory deprivation. SM contracting: cigars, 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 her j/o cassette tape trading and letters. Also looking for slaves to train in FOOT WORKSHIP. Northeast. 00047.

HARMLESS PSYCHOPATHS AND WEIRD FAR-OUT MEN WANTED for correspondence. Must be into everything including MC's, piss, scat, sweat, poppers, muzzles, camping, kidnapping, cannibalism, and anything a guy Charlie Manson might think about. No bops, drunks, nuts. I'm an Easyriders type, 4A, 5'10", versatile, NYC area. 00046.

INTERCHAIN CLUB for men of action who are into leather, levis, bodybuilding, SM. We have a thousand hot men for you. Box 410, 112 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. 00045.

ASSEATER, 52, 6', 185, hairy-chested, masculine Lloyd-Bridges type, likes big, husky hunks (overweight OK) who like their assholes eaten, balls licked, cocks sucked. Age, cocksize, handsomeness unimportant. Enjoy P/Fing, 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 MM, issue 1.) Bay Area. 00041.

THE 15 ASSOCIATION, INC.

P. O. Box 99688

San Francisco, CA 94109

TELEPHONE 415/776-3739

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

MASTER NEEDED. Submissive W/M, 41, 5'10", 155#. Especially seek network, catherers and enemas. Seek full and controlled situation. Make me cum by working on my nuts. Northern CA. 916/391-9753.

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

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

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

RUBBER FREAK. Seeks same for fun with black rubber hipboots, rain chest waders, piss, raingear, mud, inner tubes, sloppy food, coveralls, motor oil, leather boots, fatigues. Young W/M into mutual j/o, PE, Passive kinking, hipboots and ready!! NYC. 212/662-0447.

WATER SPORTS AND SNOWPLAY. WM, goodlooking, 28, 6'2", 175#, beard, sucking sensual partner into exploring WS while evening goes better with Coke. Be discreet. Call Mike 415/548-1967 or write 2140 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94702.

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

SOUTHERN MAN, TENNESSEE. Long, lean, bi-sex stud digs other shit-together men who know what they like and have balls enough to ask for it. Am tired of quick sex and bullshit. Dig oldfashioned hands-on man-to-man sex. When two men respect, trust, and are comfortable with each other, anything is possible. A man should give me what a woman cannot: manmells, mantastes, and good deep mansounds. Like it long and slow with an honest buddy who knows he needs his mind and soul fucked more than his body. It's plain good to proudly share what you have with a man worthy of it. Prefer uncut. Like me. If 41 years, 6 feet, 155 pounds, 7 1/2 inches, greying black hair, beard, and moustache sound good to you, get in touch. Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of '81. #00090.

TITS, PITS, AND SLITS. Horny, hot, hard hairy dude with supercharged tits, wet funky pits, redhot pisshole wants to grease up with MAN/MAN sexualities for heavy-duty trips! Can you match my nasty imagination and my titclamp/toy collection? Pete Powers, Box 11007, SF, CA 94101.

24-YEAR-OLD BEGINNING BODYBUILDER needs more training in SAM, bondage and discipline, and watersports. Am 5'5", 140#, W/M. Interested in W/M Masters. LA-San Gabriel Valley. Send photo, phone, and address. #00091.

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

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

HOT MAN SEEKS ANIMALS/TRAINERS. 35, W/M, 5'10", 165#, brown hairy body/beard/moustache, medium build, big dick. ravel in male sex, smells, tastes, arrogance. Photo/phone. Dan, PO Box 26205, S.F. CA 94176.

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

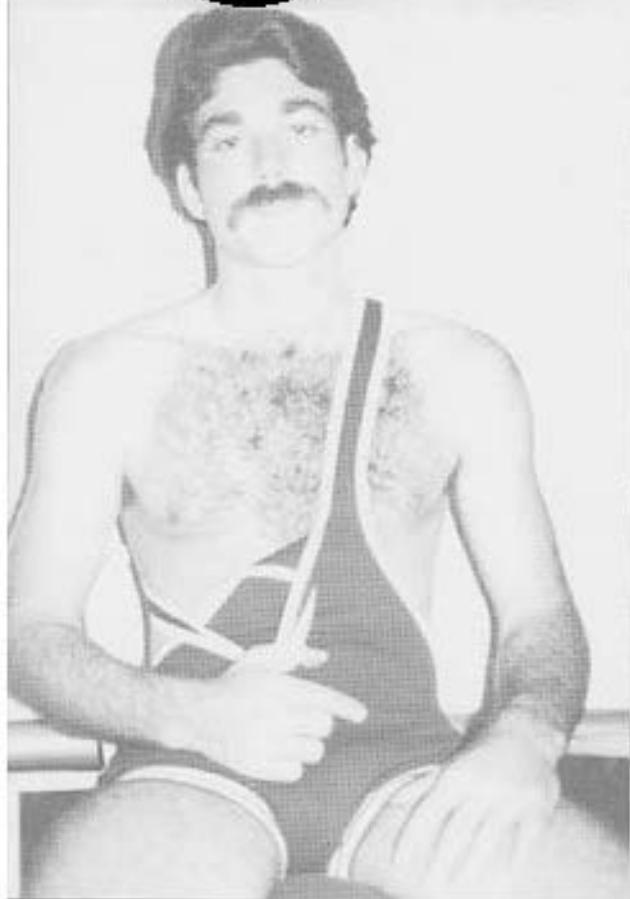
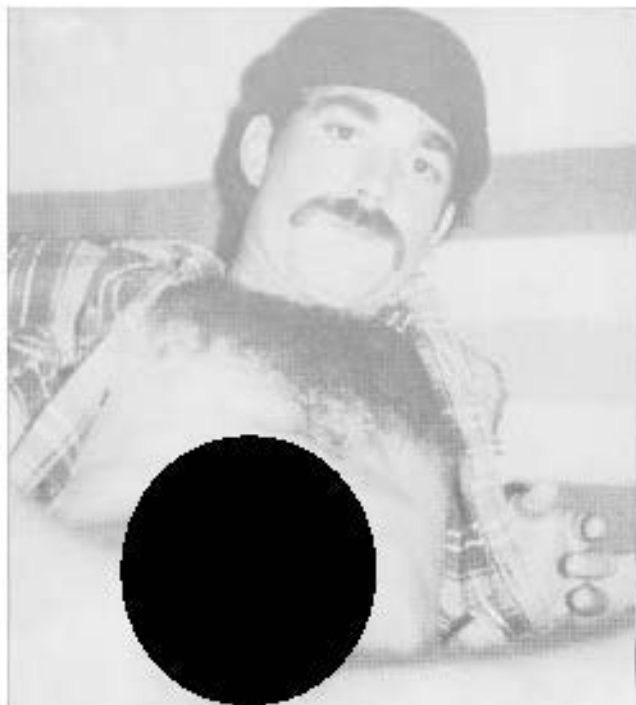
SNOW-WHITE GELATINOUS SPERM. Very few men possess extremely t-h-l-c-k snow-white gelatinous sperm. But I love it! Especially if from UNCUT 10+ inch joint! So much the Better! Very into reading and music. Jim Lawbaugh, Malmo, NE 68040.

CLERGYMAN NEEDS TO SERVICE COCKS anyway they deem fit. I need to find out what real life is all about. Let me suck cock, ass, be your slave in all things your way: fistfucking, bondage, discipline, SAM, watersports. Any cultures. Let me serve you. As a minister, let me learn what real life is all about during the week in central New York state. #00098.

STALLED VEHICLES & CIGARS. G/W/M, 30, 5'7", 165#, br/br, goodlooking, versatile. Into cigarettos in the driver's seat of stalled cars, trucks, vans. (Firebirds and Camaros are real auto-fetish treats. FLOOD YOUR ENGINE, TURN THE KEY, AND BLOW SOME SMOKE MY WAY TO KNOW WHAT IT REALLY IS TO TURN A MAN ON. Write: PO Box 284, Northpoint, New York, 11768.

SURPRISE. Standing beer in hand, horny, leatherclad, ass cleaned. Waiting. Darkness comes. Blindfold. Hood. Poppers. Strongarmed off to "The Room." Your body is mine. Inside. Outside. Your desires. Your mind. Exhausted. Spent. You are released to find your own way home. Identify yourself as KID. Call: 916/628-4126.

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





EXPAND MY LIMITS. Tattooed and ringed M, 34, seeks Sadist into belts, paddles, cats, whips, not wax, weights. Marks cheerfully accepted. S1K, Please Write. Occupant, 100 Bank St. #5A, NYC, NY 10014.

ACTION ONLY. W/M, 130#, 5'7". Experienced heavy into whips, S/N, SSM, W/S, Sgt, exhibitionism, raucy scenes, shaving, like experienced, gussy guys. Not interested in obscene calls or J/O correspondence. Alex, 5 Mallan Pl. #D, San Francisco, CA 94103. 415/863-6309.

BLACK OR WHITE STUD. Wanted, clean solid masculine stud with fat cut A's such to fuck my mouth, then my ass. Fill my ass with your piss to fulfill my fantasy. NO SCAT, SM, BD, FF, drugs, pot-bellies, filth. I'm W/M, 6'1", 185#, upper dentures, no pot belly, old in years but not appetite and many young studs to for me. Like slim muscular guys, trackers especially. Western PA. #00033.

COCK AND BALL LOVER. Out or uncut, large or small. Drag them in my face, cum on me, piss in my mouth. I wat mutual action, also like bondage but no VA or discipline. Clean bodies for mutual tit work, ball work, spigot drinking, oil parties. Also available as sane sadist for those who want C/N torture, piercing, electricity, catheters, dildo's, heavy pain bondage, whipping and medical trips. NO pain for me. No drugs, or transvestites. Pennsylvania. #00052.

HOT BODIES FOR ORGIES. Sex-crazed muscled marine-type studs. Sweat, piss, armpits, jockstraps, gym shorts, surfies, frogmen wetsuits, poppers.... Johnny, 70 Box 5515, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SUBSCRIBERS! CHANGE YOUR 30-WORD N2M MANIMALS AD FREE! You change and your trips change with you. So lay out your desires/trips/fetishes. The MANIMALS ads getting the heaviest response 1) are usually definite, detailed, colorful scenarios (write your own fantasy-reality movie script); 2) are adscenarios that your prospective partner can heat up with and heat off to because you're using your ad to turn him on enough to contact you; and 3) are open enough to include easy access to you with a PO Box, or street address, or telephone number. (Remember when a MANIMAL is hot to trot, he wants to get at you fast. Indicate the best time for telephone calls, and trust fairly much that nasty gentlemen callers with cheatin' on their minds will respect your timing. Your 30-word ad FREE; after 30 words, add \$1.30 for each 10 words extra or portion thereof. Send your new adscenario copy to MAX2MAN, PO Box 6052, San Francisco CA 94101. BE SURE TO INCLUDE THE NUMBER (OR SOME DEFINITE IDENTIFICATION REFERENCE) TO YOUR CURRENTLY RUNNING AD. If what you're looking for is looking for you, it pays you to advertise! MANIMALS are the MOST COLORFUL PERSONAL ADS PUBLISHED ANYWHERE TODAY!

MUSKY, BEARDED LUMBERJACK-TYPE DUDE. 32, 5'10", 175#. Wears and gets off on longjohns, checkered or plaid wool lumberjackets, heavy wool hunting coats and pants, thick wool socks, dirty levis, construction and engineer boots. This Dude needs to be kidnapped, hot-tied and gagged with dirty raucy bandannas. One or two hunters, lumberjacks, construction workers, trackers or bikers who know the ropes are required. Digs wild sex scenes in trucks, barns, abandoned houses and woods. Woolrich is No. 1!! Ontario. #00086.

ROPE BONDAGE SLAVE. Young, smooth rope bondage slave in heat to meet safe, experienced sadist for Mad Doctor scene, ritualistic torture, TT with piercing needles, dildoes, prolonged anal stretching, enemas, anal catheters, FF, WS, heavy spanking. Enjoy wearing long white socks, elastic black stockings, sniffing, rimming, body shaving and father/son threesomes. I'm a blue eyed, dirty blonde anxious to serve. CT. #00034.

SIR, YOU'RE THE BOSS. W/M, 21, 6', 160#. Young piss slave seeks expert into W/S, bondage, domination, V/A, and a good fuck. Inexperienced, but willing to try other creative scenes. No heavy physical pain. Vancouver #00081.

TOILETSEX. HOT w/m, 29, 5'10", 145, digs wild beer gulping, face squatting, ass eating, cocksucking, shit spreading, PISS DRINKING, HANTEX with young hot men. Prefer bottom or mutual scenes. Bairy/muscles a plus. Write with photo to: POB 4611, Long Beach, CA 90804.

BALLS. Hot outdoor BS, Searded, 37, into genital torture (shaving, weights, whipping, squeezing, etc.) and all ball fantasies. A pic of your sack gets mine. Keep'em binging heavy. NY #00065.

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

THIRTY NINE has 6-pack for guys who dig watersports. Excellent piss-network connections. Call TOM: 415/923-2708.

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

501 LEVI PETISHER. 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 observe 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.



Armstrong

BIG GUNS. 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 spook 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 Big-Guns rap-n-jerkoff make you break into a sweat you can't cool off by yourself, drop me a line. LA and Bay Area. Writer: A10001

MASCULINE MEN. I'm looking for you, lie on top of me, rub your tight muscled belly and cock against mine until we both cum. I'm goodlooking, built and 45. Write to: Boxholder, PO Box 5166, Fort Wayne, IN 46896.

HAVE SEAT WILL TRAVEL. Naunchy Levi, leather dude with hot ass hole and PULL. Available for rimming and feeding. Beer piss to drink strained thru a dirty sock. Sweaty arm pits to clean by a moist hot tounge. Southern CA. #00068.

FFA FANATIC. Hot, rough action with your experienced list(s) and to plow your voracious hole with my sneaky/slippery/masty hands. Long sweaty marathon session, groups, 69, and self-fisting. San Francisco, CA. #00067.

HELP NEEDED. Just stumbled on an M craving abuse. I'm 33, he's 29. No matter what I do, he enjoys it. Need advice on techniques fast. Illinois. #00066.

HIGH-COUNTRY SEX. W/M, 38, 5'8", cut, into High-Country Outdoor/Indoor sex with burly, hairy, fat-dicked, bearded men. Like outdoor nudity, jock-straps, w/s, FF, top and bottom fucking and sucking. Get off on dirty-talk during sex, mutual J/O, peppers-n-pot, light SM, sweat, armpits, pick-up trucks, sex films, hiking, camping, flannel, boots, toys, wingle scenes or two or more. Like it hot, heavy and lasting. Mutual trips outside possible. Age no hang-up, if you're hot and willing. Pic gets pic. Writer: Del, 115 Roach Ranch Rd., Durango, CO 81301

IMAGINATIVE TOP. Steel on naked flesh. Tortured muscles bound and stretched. Sweat. Rawhide. Gradual pain. Mutual satisfaction. Sadistic nature. Don't play roles or games. Stats: W/M, 38, 5'2", 190#, 8" about, muscular, educated. Bay Area. FRANK: 707/662-2106 (Tues & Wed 5 - 7 PM)

UNIFORMS: military, police, leather, helmets, boots, cigars, codpiece pants, hoods, chaps, gloves, jockstraps, STOCKADE. Cages, cells, stocks, leather, rope, steel restraints, extreme bondage, suspension, enforced immobility, extended incarceration, INTERROGATION: Prisoner torture, experimentation, discomfort, impossible demands. TRAINING: Ass, mouth, tits, cock, ball, boot service. Forced hard labor. Drills. Total discipline. S: 28-50. Muscular, imaginative, arrogant. M: 29, 5'7", 140#. Muscular. Hairy blond. Blue eyes. Hungry mouth. Hot ass. Insatiable. JOE, Box 26205, San Francisco 94126.

NOT attractive W/M, 35, 5'6" seeks bright hutch stud to blow up huge balloon in bursting while I suck/jerk/in you or whatever you dig. No SM or heavy drugs. Boston. #00049.

SEX-CHAZED MUSCLED MARINE TYPE STUD into hot bodies, orgasms, sweat, piss, armpits, jockstraps, gyms, "Surfies", frogmen, wetnits, poppers, and... Travel SF/LA/NYC Johnny, Box 5515, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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

TOP MAN SWINGS MUTUAL: MANHATTAN MANIMAL. My shit stinks real fuckin' good. Dig daily dumping, sweaty action, dirty longjohns, jocks, shot, piss, pits, feet, farts. Total toilet action, celebrating the long hard gifts of a natural man to a natural man, with rimseal, bedpans, slings, enemas, rubbershoes, and photos. If you're into hot and filthy action, let's get it on in the Village, NYC. Call Jack: 212/241-8279. Anytime.

BIG BOYS INTO TRUCKS & TRUCKERS. Read THE 18 WHEELER, the Truckhawkers Newsletter that keeps you current with the nastiest lowlife, roadlife, and active truckstop gloryholes, showers, and bunks. THE 18-WHEELER is Hi-Klass trash delivered every six weeks. Subscription rate is \$12. Make checks payable to CASH only. State you're 21. You'll dig their Penhawk, Phonhawk, and Pitstop sections. Editor JD keeps the extras coming. If the idea of putting on the coffee pot and turning down a warm bed for a trucker passing through turns you on: subscribe to this underground free-wheeling connection to the hard-drivin' world most guys just jerk off over. Mail your check/age/address to GAW Enterprises, PO Box 292-TD, East Rutherford, NJ 07071. THE 18-WHEELER dedicates itself to its members passionate j/o interests "on the open road." Nobody does a newsletter, based on reality, better than JD. "Cowboy truckers showering and shaving in reststop toilets..." Oh yeah!

APPLICATION FOR PRISONER SUBMISSION: OBJECT: To receive prisoner interrogation under realistic military and penal conditions; to experience the stress, anxiety, and terror of capture; and to meet and satisfy the demands of an arrogant and strong-willed sadist. CAPTURE: Immediate subjugation and incarceration; loss of all control and personal expression of will. DETENTION: Prolonged and complete confinement in cages, cells, stocks, all forms of shackles, heavy steel and leather restraints; sentenced to forced hard labor, arduous endurance drills and punishments designed to achieve measured responses and effects. Max of 48-hour detention. Special arrangement for solitary confinement. INTERROGATION: Submission to slow deliberate torture and extended abuse to THIGHS, TITS, CHEST, BACK, ARMPITS, COCK, BALLS, AND ASS, INCLUDING PULLING, PRESSURE, STRETCHING, BEATING, WRIGHTS, MAY, WATER, ELECTRICITY, CLAMPS, ROYS, CAGS, HOOKS, ETC. Sensory deprivations, confinements, abuse and punishments required to satisfy the conditions of the sentence. UNIFORMS: Prison-issued: military, police, leather, helmets, boots, cigars, codpiece pants, hoods, chaps, gloves, jockstraps, socks. COMMUNICATION: minimal dialog; prisoner responses limited to requirement of Geneva Convention under pain of additional torture. EXPERIENCE: Used to HEAVY BONDAGE; limited experience with extensive abuse and torture. INTERESTS: Prisoner's first commitment is to satisfy the guard's demands for the integrity of the trip. Prisoner request tests of physical/mental endurance, restricted movement, bondage in contorted and uncomfortable positions: INVERTED SUSPENSION; forced marches and exercises, conflicting orders followed by unreasonable punishments; urinal and boot service; enforced HUNGER, THIRST, IMMOBILITY, AND SLEEPLESSNESS. LIMITS: No injury or excessive pain, complete body shaving, catheters, piercing, blood, scar, burning, branding, fists or large dilators. DRUGS: If used, at complete control of guard. GUARD: 28-30, muscular, imaginative, arrogant. PRISONER: 29, 5'7", 140# on the hoof, muscular, hairy blond, blue eyes, hungry mouth, tight ass. Respectfully submitted, Girl Contact JOE, PO BOX 26205, San Francisco 94124.

TERROR IS MY ONLY HARBOR. Straight excons, bikers, street-trash, tough young military, and hardened guys who pass for straight, who know how to force a man to suck and rim, at gunpoint, with a blade, or through medium strangling. If you have a nasty talking mouth and a threatening presence, call Bill at 415/552-9949. Some 2 possible to muscular guys especially if you make me cum and I live through it. (Other see with same "problem," trade lurid, violent details with me.)

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

COWBOY NEEDS ROPING. Sheriff, deputy and/or posse needed for wild west times, in jail or out on the range. Dark haired, bearded, 155 pounds, 50-year-old, shoot-from-the-hip dude corralled at 801 W. Main-St, Kelso, WA 98626. (206) 423-7545.

NO SHIT. W/M, 29, 6'3", 175, tattoos, seeks other active men for sweat, play, grease, oil, spit, rough/tough trips in/around/under/on CHOPPED HAIRYS, dirt bikes, pickup trucks, 18-WHEELERS, truck cires, gas-station service bays, grease pits, lube racks, heavy equipment in HEAVILY GREASED 101's, WORK BOOTS, JACKS, GREASY T-SHIRTS, OR UNIFORMS. Much grease, spit, beer, piss, suck, fuck, FOUR-DAY BEARDS, pits, cires, SAM, with talk. No shit. Photo gets mine. Can travel Northeast, New Jersey. A114

SMELGA WANTED. W/M lovers (One: 7' cut; One: 9' UNCUT) want UNCUT HUGO MUNG MASCULINE W/M with CHEERY FORESKIN, FF/MS, drugs ok. No scat. Visiting LA in October. Sexholders. Box 99692, San Francisco 94109.

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

HEROIC BONDAGE SCULPTURE. W/M, lean body, hard, nostrache, attractively bald, into heroic bondage seeks adventurous bodybuilders who wish to be tied/roped sexually into heroic position for the art, the admiring, the the mutual sexual satisfaction. Only serious bodybuilders with proud pecs, sensitive tits, and big arms. Begin with freestyle exhibition to show your stuff. Move sensually into the HEROIC BONDAGE to show your build off to best advantage. This is not SAM bondage per se. Possible outside scenes. Bay Area. A2001.

103/632-6096, WANTED: Masculine bottom man to accept fist; mutual tit work; then fuck me back with big cock. I'm 22, goodlooking. Will experiment for adventure. Drugs acceptable. Prefered Seattle area. Call 103/632-6096 or write A110.

-NEW YORK FETISH ACTION. Grimey BOOTWIPES and INDUSTRIAL URINALS needed for NY freight-yard and waterfront jobs. ROSEFITTERS, OILERS, SEVENMEN, UNIFORMED PERSONNEL TOO KIPS FOR BARS: WE PLUG YOU IN. Levi 501s and Carhartts waterproofed. Contact: GREASCHOO, SWAMP DOG WATERPROOFERS, NYC. A104.

BODYBUILDER. W/M, 43, 5'9", 165, into kinky, raunchy scenes, moderate SAM. 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.

HOT 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 or 415-648-3288

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

CREATIVE MUTUAL BONDAGE, cock/ball, tit torture, LEATHER, toys, sensual play, EXHIBITIONISM, groups, shaving; dig it with experienced or daring novices. I am W/M, 31, tall, blond, handsome, horny, playful, serious, and READY. Tom: 415/352-4432.

HUNKY BUTT/HUNGRY TONGUE. W/M, 5'10", 150, 33, muscular athletic body. My asshole stinks of fresh shit and dirty jockstraps. I like to spread my hunky butt over a hungry tongue, and squat my raunchy asshole over a hot face while it begs me to dump. I want to see you and feel you lick my asshole cleft. From nice-n-easy to fulltilt boogie. I want to use you like a toilet. Bv: I'm a hot giver, if you're hot, I can take. Wouldn't mind meeting a FICMASTER man enough to make me want to tongue his stinking, sweaty pig crotch, and rim his dirty asshole. David: 415/493-7031 or write A186

PISS STOP. Slim W/M, 40 has beer and deep throat for ANY MAN who knows how to use it. Would like to try male dog up my ass. "DIR", please call/write. W. O'Keefe, 16 natividad Rd #7, Salinas CA 93906. 408/421-3315.

ITALIAN SAUSCHNAG. 5'10", 152#. Into shit, buttholes, cheesy-cocks, rank armpits, spit, smot, puke, dogs, horses, shaving, photos, jacking-off, nipple play, leather, piss, outdoors, drugs, jocks, sick scenes, enemas. NYC. 212/673-1166.

ADVENTURESOME SEX. W/M, 30, professional, wants company/outdoors. Likes nuts, hunting, backpacking, rafting and travel. Ex-Military Police Officer seeks adventuresome sex with honest masculine men. Southern CA. 8. Hunter, 265 So. Robertson, #8119, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

FUCK MY BEARD. Bearded cigar smoker wanted to fuck my beard. Wrap your big dick in my full, bushy red beard and jerk your meat with a handful of manfur until you cum while your puff your stogie. I want to fuck your ass with my dick and then shove my own split cigar up your ass before kicking back together and smoking together with you, buddy. #XXX67.

BOXER SHORTS. How about a 30 trip watching our cocks and balls flop out of our boxer shorts, getting off together on wearing boxers: feeling the elastic stick out of our jeans, feeling the soft hot cotton, sucking dick flapped out through the opening in the crotch, reaching up under the shorts rubbing hairy legs and gaining hartsbecks. Get the picture? Endless variations on BOXER SHORTS GAMES. San Francisco. XXX69.

RUGG SEAT SCENES. Into dirty FF, heavy Crisco SHEAR. Enormous seat loads in underwear, jockstraps, levis, looking for wellbeing, highballed, WIDE-ERD RECEIVERS. Am interested in relocating to California with man of same scene. Send letter and recent picture to JPL, 625 N.E. 22nd Street #1, Miami, Florida 33137. If in MIAMI call 305/573-7207.

SEX IN THE WILDERNESS. W/M, 35, slender/muscular, light-to-moderate S/M dual, hiking naked, backpacking, pack-animal training, SS, fucking and cocksucking, 30, lololololol, shaving, R/D, chewing tits, ass, and cock. Dark Alleys. Men with bodies and minds, let's get together. San Francisco. #00063.

NOT TOP. W/M, 28, 6', 165, 6". Into fisting, bondage, whipping/spanking, shaving, oil W/S, beautiful buns. Prefer under 40, solid build, steady action. L.A. and area. #00060.

S&M RESEARCH. Gay sociologist needs volunteers to participate in a study of S&M, FF, fetishes, B&O, w/s and other forms of MANZMAN sex. I'm interested in all aspects, from the fantasies of the inexperienced to the scenes of the thoroughly initiated. This is for real and will be the first professional study of its kind. Write to SMR, PO Box 3242, Santa Barbara, CA 93105.

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

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

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 5'6", 120, 33. Pete. Bay Area and frequent travel in Europe. All6.

SATANISM. NY. All5.

DOWN UNDER. Australian, uncult, 35, 6', 150, Big Toof, loose balls, seeks correspondence and possible meeting with similar men to 45 for close foreplay/hall study, games, etc. Discreet. No toughs or heavies. Slim only. Let's get it off together. Big lumps, low hanging balls and 1-t-a-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 gyle boots, and the cum sucked out of my stumps. 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 NADDO CIGAR. FUCK YOU, Richard, Box 5569, San Francisco CA 94101.

ROT LEATHERMAN/BIKER into S&M. S/D wants like-minded men who ride. Prefer tattoos. W/M, 50, 5'8", 160. Good head. Larry. 415/552-9818 after 6 PM weekdays. Anytime weekends. I unplug phone during scenes. If no answer, keep trying.

BLOND MEN WANTED. Hairy blonds with mustaches or beards and hairy asses. Dirty Biker blond. All-American boy blonds. Longhaired surfer blonds. Muscular trucker blonds. Construction working blonds. Pretty blonds. Straight blonds. Sit on my face. Let me lick your balls, suck your cock, OR vice versa. I'm a W/M pervert, warped, with strawberry-blond hair, strawberry-blond mustache, good bud, fast-tongue, 34, 165#. Experienced Top. Call NOW. 415/ 861-3518.

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

FULLTIME SLAVE will discard all outside interests for mature, firm-bodied master with 7" Plus cock. Take complete control of my 48-year-old body, mind, and soul and receive a lifetime of unquestioning obedience and worship. 6'1", 165#, 8" cut. Will relocate to any rural area. #00096.

IOWA DEPUTY SHERIFF. The real thing. WM, 30, 5'9", 150# digs arresting big hunky men, taking you out to the lonely countryside in my patrol car and fulfilling every cop fantasy you're ever had. The bigger you are the harder you fall. Also into wrestling, jocks, athletes. ANY TYPE OF AGGRESSIVE SEX FANTASY. THIS IS REAL. Write #00095 with photo and phone. Traveling by motorcycle to West Coast in Spring of '81.

SHOTMEN WANTED! Feeders and suckers for slime sessions, heavy J/O. Will share my dick cheese 50/50. Must be heavy piss drinker and feeder, into sniffing/sucking ripe pits, crotch, crack and asshole. Want turd & cock worshippers, men who drink their own piss daily and eat their own scum and can be at ease with men who do the same. Also want to contact men who use piss/scum IN COOKING and who will swap used scumbags/piss/cum-stiff cockhair/dirty asshole hair. I also suck dogdick; would like to hear from men anywhere with dogs to suck or that have been trained to lick mancock and ass. Pic of your prick gets mine. W/M, early 30's, 6', 195, beard, mustache. 7" OF NASTY UNCUT DICK. East Coast, #00094.

MOUSTACHES/BEARDS/SIDEBURNS on REAL MEN sporting a REAL LOOK: truckers, bikers, cops, businessmen, straight married men who like to watch dirty movies and beat their meat with their buddies. Hairy chests and hairy legs get me going! Me: a Mutualist (I give a lot of Top and take a lot of Bottom--anything except me getting fisted, shaved, fucked, or into heavy pain. Anything else okay!) I'll tie you up anyway you want leaving your hairy butt for my twisted tongueing pleasure. I'm a goodlooking white southern boy, 35, together, redblond mustache and hair, green eyes, small glove size, six feet tall. DAYTIME TRIPS POSSIBLE. PO BOX 14875, San Francisco CA 94114.

FORNO FANTASY. Am giving good head to WORKING MEN IN STRAIGHT THEATERS. Would love to eat your balls and ass while your ride your lady, then clean her out, and prep you both again. I dig bisexual studs. JIM, 36, 5'11 1/2", 165#, blue eyes. Detroit. 313/874-3440.

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

MUSCULAR HOT MAN into sharing pleasure/pain. Mutual get-down 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. 00041.

INVENTIVE, RESPONSIVE BOTTOM W/M, 41, 5'10", mustache, 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.

INTENSE, WIRY, COCKBLOCKING. 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.

TO ANSWER A "CODED" MINIMALS AD: a Put your answer in a sealed envelope. b Do not put a stamp on it. c Write your return address at the upper left. d At the upper right (where the stamp usually goes), write the CODE NUMBER of the ad you are answering. e Put the first envelope inside an outer envelope. ENCLOSING \$1 per letter to be forwarded. Mail to MANZMAN/MINIMALS, PO Box 8032, San Francisco CA 94101.

THE ADVENTURES OF DENNY SARGENT



A NOVEL BY

Jack Fritscher

CHAPTER 3: ROUGH TRADE AND THE GREASY MECHANIC

THE STORY SO FAR:

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

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

The smell of Sam's rough-n-tumble pits and crotch stays on Denny's mind...

Sam had made up Denny's mind.

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

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

Minutes later at the filling station buttoning the green workshirt over his teeshirt, Denny refused to notice his boss had followed him into the washroom.

"So you're not saying hello to people today," Mister Martin said.

Denny looked into the mirror at the man's face over his shoulder. "I was thinking about people who say goodbye. People you never see again."

"Yeah," Martin said. "Get on out to the pumps, boy."

Denny took his time turning out the door. Martin thumped his ass as he passed. Denny ignored him. "Hose down the ramps," Martin ordered. He took off his wedding ring to wash his hands. "We're going to be busy today."

"What a big fucking thrill for you and the Arabs," Denny said.

"Mr. Motorcycle Sigshot," Martin said. Only his unrealized lust for Denny made him take any lip Den dished out. "Hop to it!"

Denny piddled the morning away, working wherever Martin wasn't. Around noon he took the station truck out on a road service call. He changed the tire. The lady paid him, smiled, and tipped him too much. He drove off leaving her standing next to her car door. He was hot and hungry. He pulled off the expressway onto the sunbaked asphalt lot of a rootbeer and chilidog drive-in. He climbed out of the truck. It was a fucking oven. He stripped off his green service shirt and chucked it into the cab of the truck. The sun heated his shoulders and pex through his tight teeshirt.

"Three chilidogs with everything and a large beer," he said.

The highschool boy behind the counter looked out from behind his acne at the kind of guy he'd like to be.

"Yessir," he said.

"That enough for you?" The voice that spoke to Den came from down the counter. A business type smiled at him three stools away, lifted his rootbeer, and spoke again. "I eat a lot myself."

Yeah," Den said.

"What do you know?" They guy turned toward Den on his stool.

"About what?"

"What do you say?"

Acneface showed up with the dogs and the rootbeer. "\$1.90," he said. He looked at the lean mounds of Denny's chest and watched the muscles of his arms stretch as he reached into his jeans for the change.

"Take it out of this," the suited man said.

"Forget it!" Denny tossed his own bills on the counter.

Acneface looked puzzled. He took Denny's money and rang up the sale.

"Everybody else go to lunch?" The business suit said to the counterboy.

"None of 'em eats here anymore than he has to," he said. "You think it's great when you start but after two days you can't stand the sight of a hotdog."

"Never work around food, I always say. Nothing spoils your appetite worse."

Denny bit into his second dog.

"When I was in college, I worked around food," the man said. "I played a little ball too in my time."

Out of the corner of his eye, Denny watched him rubbing his crotch.

Then he looked straight at Denny. "But I never lost my taste for meat. The tougher the better."

"That right?" Acneface said. "I like to eat pussy myself." He said it so dumb and looked so stupid, Denny knew he had to be straight. He'd end up being one of those hot Appalachian men who drag their fat wives down the aisles of discount supermarts searching for sales on carbohydrates. Those guys never had it dawn on them how naturally beautiful they were. They always had their pregnant pig in tow.

Denny picked at his lunch and toted it back to the pickup. As he pulled open the cab, the suit pulled up alongside him.

"If you can take a compliment," the man said, "you're a sexy guy."

"That so?" Den swung up into the cab.

"Are you too rough?"

Den bit off the last of his dog. "I can be."

"I'll just bet you can," the man said.

Den gave him a second look. The man's voice sounded like money. He might do okay some night. Better than cruising in the rain. "Hot today," Den said. He tossed the fish the line. He drained the mug of rootbeer.

The man got out of his car and took the empty mug. "Let me get you another. A guy who works hard as you all day better keep his fluids up." The man's hand slid into a tight grope of Den's crotch.

"No, thanks," Den said. And he meant both the drink and the grope.

The man pulled back. "You'd be rough with me. You'd beat me and hurt me. You'd pull that heavy belt right out of those denim loops and whip me? You'd tie me hand and foot? You'd fuck me?"

"I'd gag you," Den said.

"When?"

"Some cold day in June." Den started up the truck. "Shove off."

"Please consider me," the man said. He pushed his shaking hand into his suit pocket.

Den pulled shut the door of the cab.

"Take my card," the man said. "Come tonight at ten. You don't have to do anything but let me take your picture. That's all I want."

"Workers get paid," Denny said.

"Just a picture," the man said, "of my cruel master who is so cruel he won't even whip me."

Den threw the truck into reverse.

"Think about the money," the man said. He followed the truck. "Just a picture."

Den peeled out of the lot leaving the man standing alone in the blazing shimmer of asphalt heat.

"You're late." Martin wiped his hands on a purple rag.

"Good customer relations take time," Den said. "The old gal will be filling up here from now on."

Martin swatted Den's tight butt. "Okay, kid. Okay!" He turned back to his wrenches. "Keep pumping that gas."

"Sure," said Den. All afternoon he chucked nozzle after nozzle into tank after tank. It was like shoving cock in asshole. He checked oil. He wiped windshields. He ignored the spread-knee muff shots some of the girls offered for free as they sat wedged in behind their steering wheels.

"Did you see anything?" a standard-option blonde girl asked.

"Naw," Den said. "Your oil and tire pressure check out."

"I mean that you liked," she said.

"Now where would I see that?" he asked. Her five-dollar bill was stuck in her crotch. He loved to drive them crazy. American girls! For some of the really beautiful ones he was the first time they had ever received no for an answer. It really blew their All-Americans away.

"When do you want to see more?" she asked.

"Okay, Foxy. How about two hours."

"From now?" she asked.

"From never," he said.

Her little foreign job roared out of the station, tires screeching. Didn't even stop at the corner signal.

Martin stuck his greasy head out from under a lube job. "Damn fool women drivers," he said.

But Den didn't hear him. He was thinking instead about the lunchtime offer. He threw his oily windshield rag into a plastic pail between the pumps. A few pictures. A few bucks. Why not.

At ten that night Denny was zipping his leather jacket.

"You never take good care of yourself," his father said. "Late hours."

Denny slammed the door on his voice. "Old Man," he shouted at the closed door as he backstepped to the garage. "Old man, I take better care of myself than you ever took of me." He slapped his hard belly. "You already had a gut when you were my age. You had to marry straight. To some mousey woman. No one else would have you." He sprinted his way to the garage.

Inside the dark building, with only the lights filtering in from the street, his was the motorcycle the kids in his old highschool called the hottest bike in town. "They better believe it," Den said. He pushed the machine off its mount, straddled it, and kicked it into roaring life. His cock grew hard. He gunned the bike. Again and again. Exhaust rolled out into the moonlight. The revving explosions of the motor roared down the driveway. Echoed between the houses. A



light in the Harrattys' porch flashed on. Den couldn't hear what the old fart yelled. He only saw the paunchy figure shake his fist as he roared down the drive into the street. "Screw all you little old ladies of both sexes!"

Once out of the quiet neighborhood, he swerved through the traffic, gunning and braking, lights flashing red and yellow for his slows and turns. He was his machine and half of what looked like breakneck chances to startled motorists was pure hardon show for him. He tooled the local drive-in where he'd eaten lunch. Kids hung in and out of cars. They watched the steady stream of customized traffic circle through the lots. They tossed used prophylactics into the windows of unsuspecting cars. They called it "scumbagging." Denny passed a couple of his occasional bike buddies laid back on their cycles, feet on the handlebars, smoking cool and indifferent to the younger scumbaggers. He signalled them as he passed.

The clock on the Menu Billboard said 10:34 the third time Den looped the drive-in. He figured he'd made his john wait long enough and cut into the street.

"Better quiet your rig down before you bring it back," the cop directing traffic in and out of the lot said. Den could tell he didn't mean it. He wore his tan uniform too tight in the crotch and the ass. His shoulders were broad as his blonde smile. His police knee-high boots were spit-shined. Den had cruised the officer more than once. Sometime soon they'd get it on.

"Anything you say," Den said. "Keep after the scumbaggers!"

The young cop laughed. Den accelerated. He left him in a roaring purple cloud. Four minutes later, he kicked his bike up outside a row of new apartments. The landscaping wasn't even in. He buzzed the name on the card, waited, ran his fingers through his hair.

"That you?" the voice from lunch said.

"Yeah."

The doorlock buzzed. Den ignored the small elevator. His oily boots took the stairs two at a time. The door to the apartment hung partway open. He pushed on in. Immaculate. Everything in its place. Up against one wall hung a sheet where furniture had been precisely pushed aside. Cameras lay ready. The man was kneeling in the middle of his equipment.

"Lay out the bucks," Den said.

The man counted out fifty in tens.

"Get your camera working."

"Yes, sir." He looked up at Den. "Will you strip off slowly, sir?"

Den unfastened his heavy belt. He pulled open the snaps on his shirt. The man fell to his face on the floor. His tongue licked Den's boots. "Get up, pig." The man rose.

Den made him pull off his bike boots. He unfastened the metal buttons of his dirty levis. He reached in and felt his cock. Hot. Thick. Juiced at the tip. He pulled it out. It lapped down over the opening of his fly. Its head was big and rounded. The circumference of the head grew bigger than mouthsize as Den milked the shaft.

Shaking, the man shot Den's picture. Twice, three times. All different angles. Den let his jeans slide slowly to his knees. He put his hands on his hips. His latex automatically widened. Neither said a word. Both knew instinctively the other knew his business. The camera clicked in front them behind Denny. He pulled off his jeans and pulled on his black boots. He crouched down and the man shot low and three-quarters to the side catching the worn steel plate on the heel of Denny's boot right below the incredible turn of his butt. Denny grew restless. "Break time," he said.

Den stretched out booted on the couch. The man handed him a sheaf of photos. He brought Den a beer. "You take these?" Den said. "You're good." Den reached for the man's neck. "Get down on me, man." Instantly the photographer took the thick pud of Den's cock into his mouth. He teased and rolled the boy's cock on his tongue. His mouth filled with the flesh growing longer, thicker, wider. He had to drop and dislocate his jaw to get the hardening shaft and head into his mouth. Den was used to the wide-eyed glances unsuspecting guys going down on him shot up at his face as his growing cock began to choke and strangle them. He loved the sounds of their burbling. The sucking sound of their saliva. The involuntary way their whole bodies contracted when his engorged cock slid deep down their throats.

The photographer took more of the rod into his mouth. Once he stopped, dropped his jaw even farther open. He swallowed another inch. His lips rippled over the veins distending up and down the thick length of Denny's huge cock. He pulled up, with just the seamy lubricating head of the boy's organ in his mouth. Holding it in his lips, he flicked the tight opening with his tongue. Again and again. Then suddenly he plunged his head down and by sheer act of will swallowed the immense length. Denny concentrated to keep from shooting. Nobody had ever swallowed all of him before. He cuffed the man on the side of the head. "Lay off," he said. "Save something for the picture." He stood up. His hot cock pointed out and up, straight and true, at the tight pitch that raised its glowing wet tip higher than his navel. He felt like Sam.

The man stood him under a ceiling flood. The light fell from above and the right. Shadows spilled down Den's hard belly.

"You've good development of the Apollo's girdle." He traced his finger over the lower sides and base of Den's torso. He stopped at the root of Den's cock.

"Just take the pictures," Den said. Den had the virtue of many big cocks. Once they get hard, and often even after they shoot, they stay big and mean. The man finished his shots. Den stepped off the sheet. He pulled on his shirt.

His jeans slid up his legs like oil, but his cock stuck out with no place to go. The man eyed it hungrily; his buttocks contracted involuntarily in the slacks he wore. Den ignored him.

"Please, sir." He fell to his knees.

Den pushed him aside. He buttoned his fly starting at the bottom. He raised his cock up and tighter against his own belly with each button. Finally he fastened the waistband of the levis with inches of the cock protruding straight up his belly. The head of the cock he pushed under the teshirt through which it shown like a wet crown.

"Don't waste it, sir." He grabbed Den around the knees.

"Get out of my way or get stomped."

The man released Den's legs.

"That's better."

"Please, sir." The man held the sheaf of pictures. "Take what you like." Den leafed throught the folder. "I'll develop your poses tomorrow. If you stop back, sir, you can see them."

"Next week. Same night," Den said. "I'll take these." Den pulled a series of two husky marines stripping from full Dress Blue Attention to engorged cock-to-mouth and cock-to-ass attention. The smaller Marine obviously worshipped the large hairy sergeant. They both had hard muscled bodies and the sergeant's cock was almost the size of Denny's.

"Thank you for selecting those, sir. They're my best. I just moved up here from near Camp Pendleton."

"You do a good job on those pictures. Because if I don't like what I see, I'll waste you."

"Yes, sir."

"And one more thing. Keep you hands off yourself tonight. Next week I'll check. I don't want to hear you wrapped it up in your fist after I left."

"Oh, sir!" The man was almost crying.

Denny left him on the floor. Riding home on his bike, he thought of next week and what he would do. The memory of a burn, like a small brand, on the man's forearm intrigued him. Maybe, he said to himself, I'm just the guy to give him what he wants.

To be continued....

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TOUGH

TEEN TAKING LASHING VOWS TO BE GOOD

Oklahoma City. The teenager who chose 20 licks with a leather belt instead of five years in prison has vowed he will stay out of trouble, and defended the judge who gave him the choice. "The judge went out on a limb for me," Scott Grandstaff said. "I'm not going to cut it off. If anybody ever suggested a burglary, I'd shine my shoes on his face," the youth said. District Judge Carmon C. Harris sentenced the Grandstaff youth to the whipping by his brother-in-law on a charge of concealment of stolen property. Harris had given the teenager a deferred sentence earlier this year in connection with another burglary.

HUG BRINGS WHIPPING

Castletown. James Combs underwent a whipping Friday on conviction of hugging a stranger. A policeman administered the strokes of the birch to Combs's bare bottom in the privacy of the police station. He passed out from the pain. "It was the worst thing I've ever experienced," said Combs. "The birch doesn't just cut your backside. Pain shoots right up to your brain." The whipping sentence is an ancient but seldom invoked custom for causing bodily harm to another. "I passed out on the fourth stroke and they had to revive me," Combs said. Chief of Police Colin Verwey said, "There is nothing more effective than for a chap to have to bend over, have his bottom bared, and then have it smacked."

Old Reliable



ROCKS.

EARTHORSE

Madison, Wis. A housewife who has lost both kidneys has no right to receive a kidney transplant from her mentally incompetent brother, the Wisconsin Supreme Court has ruled. The decision affirmed a lower court ruling that the transplant could not take place unless it also could be shown it would benefit the brother.

Richard Fascinaki, 38, has been in an institution since 1958. His sister, Elaine Jenks, 39, has been treated with a kidney dialysis machine since 1970, about the time both of her impaired kidneys were removed. An effort to transplant a kidney from her brother was denied by a Washington County court after the brother's guardian objected to the operation.

"We're talking about more than a kidney," Mr. Fascinaki's lawyer argued before the Supreme Court. "You're determining whether people in institutions can be an organ bank for people on the outside. What about an eye? He has two of those too. Must he give up one if somebody else wants it?"

The attorney for the sister argued that the life of the recipient, not the benefit to the donor, should be the standard in such cases.

(See the science-fiction story Earthorse: Harvest in this issue.)

LICK MY PITS

An English research team believes it has isolated a chemical substance from the sweat of human males that is so attractive that it may be compounded into a new aftershave lotion.

It has long been suspected by some scientists that man, in common with other animals, secretes and reacts to pheromones—substances that affect the behavior of other individuals. DR. George H. Dodd, a chemist in charge of an eight-member research group at Warwick University, England, said in a BBC broadcast that human pheromones exist and that proof may be forthcoming soon. Commercial manufacturers have already said, "It's likely we'll go ahead with the aftershave lotion." The Warwick group has investigated a number of potential human pheromones, with especially promising results from several steroids derived from male secretions, especially alpha androstenediol from male sweat.

The behavior of most animals is dominated by the sense of smell, but in humans, the effects of smells generally seem to be buried among the sensations of vision and hearing.

Alpha androstenediol? A little dab'll do ya.



BIG MIA

BOOT SPIT

Norfolk, Va. Spit-shined boots are being kicked out of the military because American foot soldiers wearing them are too easily spotted by enemies using infrared lenses, the Defense Department announced. The spit-shined boots produce a "signature" that can be detected by infrared lenses even from the air. By the mid-1980's, soldiers in most of the services will be wearing a new non-shiney, brown leather boot--and they won't be allowed to shine them. Minus the spats, the new footwear will be similar to the old "clodhoppers" of yesteryear--ROUGH, BROWN LEATHER BOOTS that carried soldiers into WWI.

Some servicemen say they can't imagine an unshined boot. "I don't believe it," said MILITARY POLICEMAN George Huffman, 20, who is stationed at Atlantic Fleet Marine Force Headquarters in Norfolk. "They might change the boot, but they'll still find a way for us to shine them."

Lance Corporal MIKE STRAKA, 21, agreed, as he sat in his starched jungle fatigues demonstrating the SPIT-SHINING TECHNIQUE HANDED DOWN FROM HIS FATHER. "He learned it from the shoeshine boys and taught me," Straka said. "Naw. It's not a dying art. The MPs will find a way."

Officially, though, the Pentagon is dropping the shiney boots, which were first introduced to the services in the 1950s. The lacklustre new footwear is an Army project, scheduled to be adopted by all services. The MARINE CORPS has set a July 1983 target date for trying the new boots.

THE ROUGH LEATHER SIDE WILL BE ON THE OUTSIDE, WITH THE POLISHED GLOVE-LIKE LEATHER INSIDE THE BOOT. THE NEW BOOTS WILL HAVE A STEELPLATED TOE, A FIBREGLASS-PROTECTED SOLE, NEW HIGH-TRACTION TREAD, AND A SPEEDLACING DESIGN TO ALLOW FOR FAST CHANGES!

And the boots won't show up under infrared lenses searching for soldiers. (You'll have to cruise with something else.) But until then, the soldiers will still BUFF THEIR BOOTS. Many of them don't really use spit, however, because the acid ruins the polish. NOW IT'S COTTON BALLS, WATER, AND BURNING POLISH. "You set the polish on fire, let it melt, and then put on the boot. It soaks in that way," the 21-year-old Straka said.

MANMOVIES

BRUTE FORCE

VIOLENCE

RAGING BULL is the most hypnotic, downbeat, and strangely beautiful paragon to masculinity ever made. Filmmically literate, Raging Bull is an inside look at male meesbolen as legitimate a cultural status symbol as is doing a little reformatory time for American teenage males. "Hit me in the face," DeNiro repeatedly insists. The film does that. Art does that. Audiences emerge: hit and saved. That's the essence of getting your money's worth at the boxoffice. The boxing sequences (only 15 minutes) are so viscerally surreal that they make Rocky I, II, and III (upcoming) look like technician cartoons. DeNiro's LaMotta bows neither to Mafia or Corporate Business. He's his own man. No matter how crummy his principles, they're his principles. An all-male movie made by men who understand sleaze without being sleazy in their understanding.



AGAINST MEN

Like the Kelly Girl who had the little curl right in the middle of her forehead, when Nine to Five is good, it's very good, and when it's bad, it's horrid. Sort of a Norma Rae for clerical workers, it's like reading the National Lampoon with an EMI Flyer stuck in every third page. Like certain longtime employees, Nine to Five doesn't always work. It swings back and forth between a ten-year-old Es editorial about the injustices done working women and a clever comic adventure about three shrewd secretaries who kidnap the boss and run the company like pros. The shortcoming of Nine to Five is that, were the roles reversed, women and "male feminists" would be picking any theater that in this day and age dared to show a woman murdered in three fantasies and then finally kept for six weeks in bondage. That's what happens to the white Anglo male lead in the film. Besides him, every man in the film is portrayed as an absolute dolt, with no redeeming characteristics. Queens who go gaga over Fonda/Payton/Jewlin ought to think twice about giggling over this "message film" that in its own way encourages violence against unwilling males. And Janis, Dolly, and Lilly might be ashamed at making a movie that's ten years late. This fare might have been okay in the Early Seventies.

MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard2Find Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

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LETTERS

Dear Sir:

Today I received my second issue of MANZMAN. The first was a turnon and the second is even more so! Thank God, you aren't preaching a message. Yours is the first real porn magazine I've seen.

The cock shot on the back cover is superlative! The cock, balls and ass shot a few pages back is so good I can almost smell it. The other foreskin shots got my imagination working. It's nice to think you believe your readers have imaginations.

The foreskin-fucking article really churned up my cheese, and as dirty jockstraps are almost my favorite form of dream, I naturally got fairly agitated when reading "Big Beefy College Jocks."

I'm looking forward to some good close-ups of tits and pits, and please, more dirty asshole closeups. However, I won't try to tell you how to run your magazine as it is patently clear that you are able to produce a superbly filthy magazine without instructions from me. I certainly look forward to the next issue and am only sorry that you publish only every two months.

My best wishes for the success of MANZMAN. Keep up the nasty work. There are lots of us to appreciate your efforts. --A. C.

Good mag. I miss Fritschner at that other magazine. I will NEVER tire of MANZMAN's ex-con/rough trade/straight-buy-assual hustlers. More. More. JP, Detroit.

HOW TO ANSWER A MANIMALS AD

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

TO ANSWER A "CODED" MANIMALS AD: o Put your answer in a sealed envelope. o Do not put a stamp on it. o Write your return address at the upper left. o At the upper right (where the stamp usually goes), write the CODE NUMBER of the ad you are answering. o Put the first envelope inside an outer envelope, ENCLICHING \$1 per letter to be forwarded. Mail to MANZMAN/MANIMALS, PO Box 8057, San Francisco CA 94101.

BACK ISSUES AVAILABILITY

Just found your turn-on mag at Walchide Leathers. Finally, a men's magazine! Sorry I only have Issue #2. When can I get Issue #1? I hope you'll stay on your two-month schedule. I'm tired of being ripped off by so-called mach-mags that beat their drums and then deliver skimpy shit! And on a constipated basis! Keep up the good jerkoff work, Fetish Sex is my main trip. And I'm really glad you're not full of studio "modelles." RS, Chicago

Sorry. Issue #1 is out of print. Demand for it indicates MANZMAN has entered hardon sex-a-fetish territory that no other periodical seems to really care about or integrally understand. We hear that Issue #1 has a current collector's--maybe scalper's price--of 15 bucks in New York. Too bad MANZMAN doesn't have more. Back copies of Issue #2 are available at \$5 each.

We're glad you like our photos of real guys. You can and would meet them in the street. That's how the photographers got them. --Ed.

Hey You Guys:

MANZMAN gives good mag!
--GAL, Houston

Thanks. Maybe we ought to make that a bumper sticker for our subscribers. --Ed.

Hot shit! A jerkoff magazine for us meatheaters who can read! Thanks for not thinking we're just a bunch of illiterate clones who respond only to pictures. I like to get ripped, grease up my hand, and stroke my way through MANZMAN!

We get by with a little help from our friends and readers. MANZMAN is a labor of lust not money. MANZMAN hopefully one day will be in the annals if not the annals of American literature. But hold your dick--not your breath. --Ed.

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furnish ring, for tongues' deep lick, throat and gurls into the noble depths of
nanteses, ducks. And swallow. World without end. Amen.

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