

MAN2MAN

What you're looking for is looking for you!





MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard2Find Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

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BUMPING



WE ALL GREW UP TO LOVE COWBOYS!

BUMPING IS THE MANSPORT OF THE 80's. Bumping is also my hobby. I station myself in a crowd of Straight Men (cowboys, bikers, farmers, cropdusters—at one cafe near the airport in Bakersfield), and then I stage "tiny accidents." I accidentally bump into them, or, better, arrange the moves to cause them to bump into me. That way I not only get to see them, I get to touch them, sniff them, and sometimes speak as we say 'Scuse me to each other. Kind of offhandedly. Man-to-man.

They have no idea what kind of energy has passed between us on all those levels, physically and psychically, as I've bumped their butts, thighs, hands, bellies, and shoulders; or brushed the fur lightly on their forearms.

A crowd, milling at auctions, auto and boat shows, flea markets, stadiums, is context and excuse enough. There are added gambits: like the tape measure I carry on my belt. It's easy to be careless and drop it so that a man will pick it up and hand it to me while I go for a touch of his hard calloused hand. Or, picking it up myself from next to his boots, I come up past his thighs, crotch, belt and belly, pulling back by the time I hit his chest, saying eye-to-eye, "Sure is fucking crowded."

The Best Bump is when I can cause a Straight Man to turn and do a full-body frontal bump into me. All it takes is anticipating how the crowd will make his move and turn. If I'm crouching up from the floor with the tape measure in hand, it can come close to crotch full in face! Then he feels clumsy, suiles it off, grabs

my arm, as I grab his sleeve, while he's apologizing, and I'm saying, "It's okay."

STRAIGHT RODEO: HAPPY BUMPING GROUND

Picture San Francisco's Cow Palace. The Grand National Rodeo. Cattleman's Night. Big crowd. The 4WD trucks and horse vans stand empty in the foggy parking lot next to hot steaming piles of manured straw. The nightwind breeds a chill. Inside the Cow Palace, working cowboys have shelled out up to eight bucks a head for box seats to watch the show cowboys strut their stuff in the annual Grand National.

Over the Cow Palace entrance, a huge inflated bull rocks gently in the Bay breeze, tugging at its silver guywires. A San Francisco cop, stepping out for a smoke, sets his high-polished boot down in the middle of a hot horse clot. He says, "Shit" and doesn't give a fuck who hears. He's a City cop, after all, and he's watched over these cowjockeys running their own slick show for over a week.

C&W ain't the cop's trip. He wouldn't know a Larry Gatlin cut if he heard it

BOURBON COWBOYS

The hallway ramps circling the Cow Palace arena are jammed with milling cowboys and their bandana women. These guys are authentic: working cowboys and ranchers into their liquor and good times. Every direction's a sea of cowboy hats. Tall fuckers. Straight as sticks. A different DNA structure: taller than average, weathered WASPs. This is their place. Good faces. Hands cracked dry. Nails split. They cup the matches instinctively against the nonexistent wind to light the Winstons stuck in their thin lips. Marlboro may have the image, but these cowboys prefer Winstons.

They stand in groups, shuffling their scuffed pointed-toe boots. New Levi's, unwashed, hang baggy and stiff off their butts. They favor western shirts tucked into tooled leather belts. They move their big bodies easy inside their downfilled quilted vests. And on top of everything rides the male peacockery of straw and felt and feathered cowboy hats.

COWBOY PISS

Seven white porcelain troughs, eight feet long, hang around the busy room. The men smoke, very intent on their business in hand. Talk stops when cowboys piss. Piss is serious business that a man works out alone standing shoulder to shoulder with other men. Caught in the middle of all this handheld pissing cowboy meat, I develop peripheral vision worthy of a walleyed pike.

I pretend I'm pee-shy, and hang on to my dick pulled out of my Levi's through a hole cut in the pouch of my jockstrap. The cowboy on the right pisses like a horse. The cowboy on my left stands cupping his joint, waiting to piss a good healthy piss tanked up from watching his buddies beer for beer.

All around us in the cold tile toilet is silence: only boots shuffling into place to piss; only the sounds of zippers and buttonflies opening and closing; only the insistent splash of hot beer piss streaming golden down into the urinals, lengthy enough to lay a man back into; only the occas-

ional hiss as a burning butt lands in the streaming piss; turns soggy gray, then brown, then disintegrates down to its filter tip, swirling in the vortex of cowboy piss circling down the bubbling brass drain screen.

Above my head a sign reads: WATER CONSERVATION. THE FLUSHING OF THESE URINALS IS CONTROLLED BY TIMERS. God! How do you get a job as a timer?



Cowboy dicks look bigger than average. Must be the natural selection of men who survived heading West generations ago. These 'boys have got good genes in their jeans.

Finally, two cowboys, one after the other, have pissed out on my right. The cowboy on my left is still straining at his single shot. I figure I better let fly when a third cowboy sidles up on my right. He's a big fucker. His cock is proportionate: thick, long, and uncut. No disappointment in that department. He's a big man and he pisses a big man's big piss.

I have to salute that, even though Bumping here and now in this Bumper's Paradise is impossible. So instead,

I stream out with an aim directly into the froth churned up by his flowing cock. My leak primes the cowpoke to my left who finally breathes a huge sigh of relief. I finish, stick it back inside my jock, and button up my jeans.

At least a dozen other homosculine men, recognizable to me from San Francisco, are here, all decoyed appropriately for a straight rodeo. Men acting out their "best behavior" so as to "pass" without hassle, in order to get an eyeful, and a few Goods Bumps, no upfront liberationist is ever gonna be privy to. A man dragged up like Dale Evans, these Reagan-Designer-Jeans Days, can't expect to make any political point much less make any time with any of these cowpokes.

I listen to one of those West Texas drawls that makes me hard. The show cowboy is a champion steer wrestler. He talks real nice to a City Lady with lips slightly parted in a socially acceptable signal of lust. "The cream of the crop is here. The work is hard. We're all into sports. Cowboys are more athletic than your average guy. What the Rodeo boils down to is a lot of physical labor. I love horses. Always have. Ever since I was a kid."

The City Lady likes his voice.

I like his voice.

He sounds uncircumcized.

MAMAS, PLEASE LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS

Back in the main arena, the live band busts out into "June Is Bustin' Out All Over" for no particular reason other than the beat is aptempo and the 12,000 crowd, expectant in the stands, shifts its collective butts. (Now you know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall!) Broadway follow-spots roam the chip-covered floor of the Cow Palace arena. John Kennedy, I think, was nominated here. Tonight, men in Levi's, leather chaps, gloves, and boots are prepping to wrestle it out with bucking broncs and runaway calves.

Below, in the chutes, cowboys move among their big red-and-white Winston carryall bags like gladiators restless to enter the Coliseum. Some stand patiently. Others stretch nervously like any athlete before a competition. A couple of cowboys move through isolated exercises with the grace of bull-dancers. One pulls his dusty boot, with his hand, up tight behind his chaps-fitted butt.

Makes a man's tongue twitch.

TOUGH: WITH A BULLET

A tough little bearded cowboy sits on the chip-covered turf in a dusty saddle that he rocks wildly back and forth on the solid ground. His legs stretch straight out to his boots hooked in his stirrups. His feet rise higher in the air than his head. Both his wiry hands hold fast to the horn in his crotch. His moves signal he's hung thick and likes to swing it around. He's the cocky type: perfect for a Bump Setup.

Another real looker strides back and forth, kicking chips. He has tucked his gloves, soft and easy, into his chaps belt. The top glove folds pendulously forward under its own leather weight. It protrudes out over his fly like a five-fingered cock, crossed on the back of the knuckles with white chalk. His whole package flops as he paces, psyching himself up.

His eyes are the same light blue as 10 mg. of Valium.

These are all men of heavy body consciousness. They project, in their moves, the moves and sizes of the animals they tend, brand, curry, train, mount, and ride. To the breaking point. They pride themselves on mastering beasts.

In minutes, they're riding bareback, hard against the animal, the clock, and the crowd. Hot fuckers. They hold on with one hand planted, by regulation, square in the crotch. Their spurs must stay higher than their shoulders to score. They lean

back like highdivers on the bucking horses, holding the horn with one fist--like trying to carry a 1,250 pound leather suitcase that keeps jumping out of your hand.

RODEO PICKUP MEN

When the Pickup Men ride near on horseback as the clock counts down, the bronc buster grabs the Pickup around the shoulder and chest, swings off the bronco, and climbs behind the Pickup Man's saddle. He holds for the briefest moment in the spot. Two men on one horse. Crotch to butt. Then he lets go, and drops easy to the turf.

The triumphant spotlight hits him as he parades his attitude, loose and lean and mean, really rolling his legs and butt, shit-kicking through the applause to bend from the waist and retrieve his cowboy hat. His chaps accent the dark blue vee of his crotch.

CALF-ROPING: ROLLERBALL RODEO

When a man comes charging on horseback from a wooden chute to lasso a headstart calf, he jumps off his horse and runs his leather glove down the rough length of rope to the struggling animal. He picks up the fighting side of beef and slams it down, tying its hooves together with a four-foot length of rope.

Puts a man in mind of a Rollerball Rodeo with men running naked from chutes, chased by mounted cowboys who lasso them, wrestle them to the ground, and hogtie them down. What a rush: to have cowboy hands,

used to rough knotting, hogtie you hand and foot in seconds flat!

In twelve seconds, a good show cowboy can take off after a running animal, pick him up and lay him down, bound and struggling in the middle of the dusty arena.

The announcer talks of "great beauty, strength, endurance." He talks of the animals the way the crowd sees the cowboys: noble in the star-spangled Grand National night. The Big Band pimps his purple rap and swings comically into "Ragtime Cowboy Joe" and nobility gets balanced with honkytonk, third-rate romance, and lowrent rendezvous.

DEVILS: BLUE EYES AND BLUE JEANS

I bump my way slowly through the breaking crowd, back to my truck. Sitting in the pickup outside the Cow Palace, a couple of us, sniffing poppers, beat our meat with greased hands, watching the jumpstart flow of cowboys exiting across the parking lots toward their trucks.

We sit there, getting off on all that Authentic Cowboy Look and all that Cowboy Meat moving close by the truck. A man can whip his dick, and whip it good, with the smell of Winstons and horses and cowboy cotton and leather and sweat making his head swim as much as the popper.

From inside the arena the announcer's voice cracks the cold night air. "These are the men," he says, building up the applause, "who put the meat on your table, and they should be encouraged."

M2M

WHY DO YOU THINK THEY
CALL THEM COW-POKES?

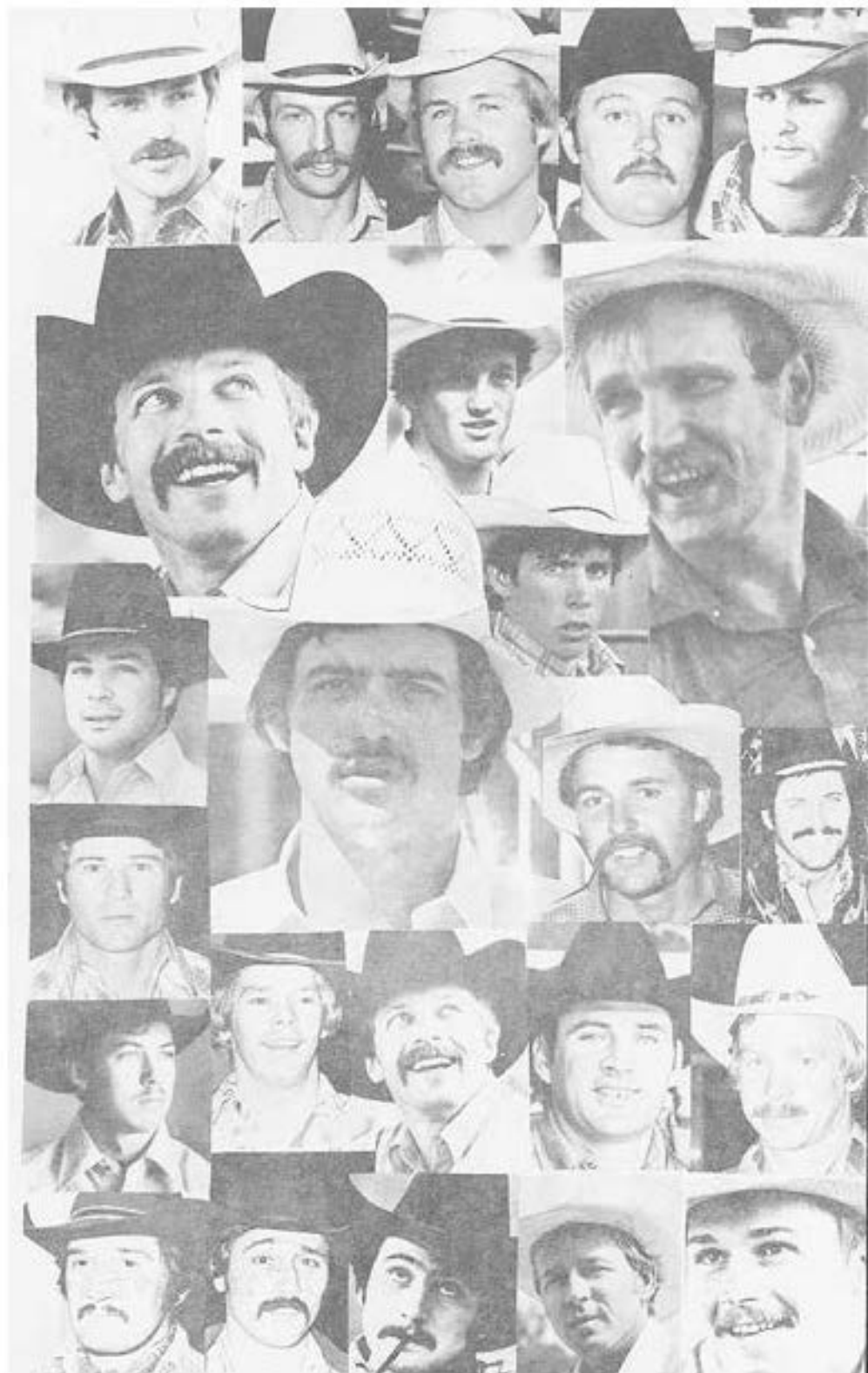


The REAL COWBOY

Looking into a straight fella's face,
man-to-man, you can read him complete:
how hard his Levi-thighs feel;
how his crotch rides in roughout chaps;
how his salt-sweat gloves taste
when he bites the leather fuckfinger
in his strong white teeth
to pull the glove off his hand;
how rough his hands must feel,
because every one of those cowboy faces
has been real familiar with rope,
and quick with knots,
since he was a kid
in muddy boots;
what he smokes, chews, snorts, drinks;
how his slightly bowed legs
stance for a piss in a dusty corral;
what kind of bigdicked livestock
he raises for stud;
how much he knows firsthand
about fist-and-arm's length
insemination,
about castration of big bull nuts
and stallion balls.
about branding irons and guns and
traps and trucks;
what his armpits, and rosewatered hair,
smell like, before, and after,
his ranchhouse hosedown;
how his feet set in his
dirty cowboy boots;
how cut, or uncut,
shows in the squint and look
of his cowboy's eye--
the devil with blue eyes
and blue jeans,
just sizing you up, rodeo-style,
man-to-man. M2M



Ain't no nude so upfrontal as a STRAIGHT MAN'S FACE. Any M2M guy, armed with anyl-ammo, can get real "faced" staring into the collage of Pro-Rodeo Straight Cowpokes on the next page!





**APOCALYPSE
FOREVER**

**THE
SHADOW
SOLDIERS**

BY JACK FRITSCHER



PART II: CONCLUSION

Lieutenant J. G. Steve Drosky, USAF, looked around the VC encampment. Bullethead had ordered him strung up by the neck with only his toes touching the ground. Drosky was surprised and not too happy to see the young Marine again. He could tell Bullethead planned to waste the kid. Better he'd been shot dead than stand in as the slopes' amusement for a bored night's bivouac. Drosky was glad he himself was older and tougher than the young Marine. His Academy training warned him the gooks were perverts when it came to captured Americans. The kid's too juicy, Drosky thought, much too juicy

to be out here, a thousand years from nowhere. The blistering Asian sun was setting over the far trees, sinking into the horizon like the closing eye of darkness. The twilight encouraged the hungry VC.

They stripped the young Marine naked, more naked than the kid had ever been, only the year before, showering after a highschool football game. More naked than he had been the night of the day that goddam gold wedding ring had been slipped on his finger. Drosky figured the kid was from some small farm town where they never thought of circumcizing their boys.

He had an outsized large lip of fore-skin hooding the blind head of his healthy cornfed cock. Bullethead directed his special vengeance against the young blond American Marine who was his shiteater. The VC spread the kid belly down over a metal oil drum. His full rounded white buttocks glowed in the last light. Vagrant clouds of cooking fire smoke blew over his body and toward Drosky.

Drosky tried to look away, but Bullethead assured him what he feared. This display was for Drosky's education. Young Marines were pleasantly expendable. The VC hunted Americans for sport. For the pleasure of the slow kill. Drosky wished for a chopper. For a direct artillery hit to blow them all away. Anything. But the Nam night was quiet. Only the occasional far-off boom of a muffled explosion broke the murmur of the jungle night.

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

On a signal from Bullethead, the alternating beating of the Marine's white butt began. The VC on the left swung his arm repeatedly over his head, and then, with a warcry that pierced the quiet of the firelit encampment, ran fullspeed at the Marine's defenseless body, arm swinging to full arc slicing down across

the unmarred white meat of the American ass. The kid reared up his head as the strip of black rubber slashed red hot into his flesh.

Then the soldier at the head of the left column took his running lick with his frayed rubber fan belt, striking a red welt crisscross the slash from the right. Passing the fan belts back to the head of the lines, the grisly relay race of whipping tore first the skin, then the bloody flesh, and finally into the deep muscle of the Marine's buttocks.

Sound immobile, his shouts became cries became screams became shrieking became moans, until, Drosky knew, his voice was gone.

Then Bullethead ordered five or six of the soldiers to stroke their own short-arm dicks to penetrate the groaning Marine's bloody ass. Drosky hated the sonsabitches mounting the bloody butt with no more passion than their quick humiliating vengeance. Disciplined to a tee, they shot on command, shouting their patriotic hate for the stinking American shiteater. Their dicks dripping with the Marine's blood and shit, they laughed, and spit on him, and con-



gratulated each other like night marauders after successful penetration of enemy lines.

Drosky disengaged. He composed a list. Anything to somehow balance this horror a half world away from everything he ever knew. He'd buy his wife a ring. He'd buy his son his first ball glove. He'd buy himself a car stereo. Some cassettes....A goddam hunting rifle. To kill the goddam sonsabitches. His fear had been one thing. This horror...this atrocity...was another. Drosky had heard of Mylai; but all the fucking villages wasted to save them had nothing to do with this boy's personal final agony.

"You like show?" Bullethead spoke in close to Drosky's face, puffy from the rope tightening slowly around his neck.

Drosky spit at him.

Bullethead smashed his face with an uppercut.

The VC toyed with the Marine. Intent on playing him out. They untied him from the oil drum. He punched out at them with what was left of his husky strength. Drosky was glad to see some fight left in him. The VC wrestled him to the ground, and staked him out spreadeagle on his back. Bullethead ordered the Marine's wedding ring pulled off his finger. He pointed with his swagger stick at the dirty blond penis. The VC laughed at the size of the finger-ring compared to the thick American dick. In one rough-handed minute, they worked the Marine's big cockhead through the ring, and forced the gold band down tight around its root.

The pressure of the hands pulling, forcing, stubbing his dick through the metal caused the whipped and tied Marine's cock to stand at full attention. Drosky watched the helpless kid look in horror at his own dick, hardening against his will, flopped back on his dirty belly, then rising, turning, filling--its thick veins made thicker by the pressure of the ring.

A dick on a naked man, bound, and exposed, full of heavy unskimmed sperm, aches to blow its pressurized nut off. The Marine's body, caked

with sweat and dust and shit, was too resilient.

Drosky knew what was coming. He watched the involuntary hardening of the Marine cock. He watched the filthy shaft of the abused dick writhing, filling, rising. He watched, unbelieving.

The big USMC dick pointed straight up from the spreadeagled body. The shaft rooted in shit-clotted blond crotch hair, was dark with dirt; but the pressure of the wedding ring forced open the big lip of uncut foreskin.

Drosky could hardly believe the size of the big wet pink head rising big and bulbous, crowning the boy's huge shaft with the heavy collar of foreskin rolling back under the intense pressure.

The head glistened clear above the filthy tortured body. A drop of clear lube pearled up in the Marine's piss slit. It rose, bubbled bigger, then began its slow wet flow down the shaft of filthy cock.

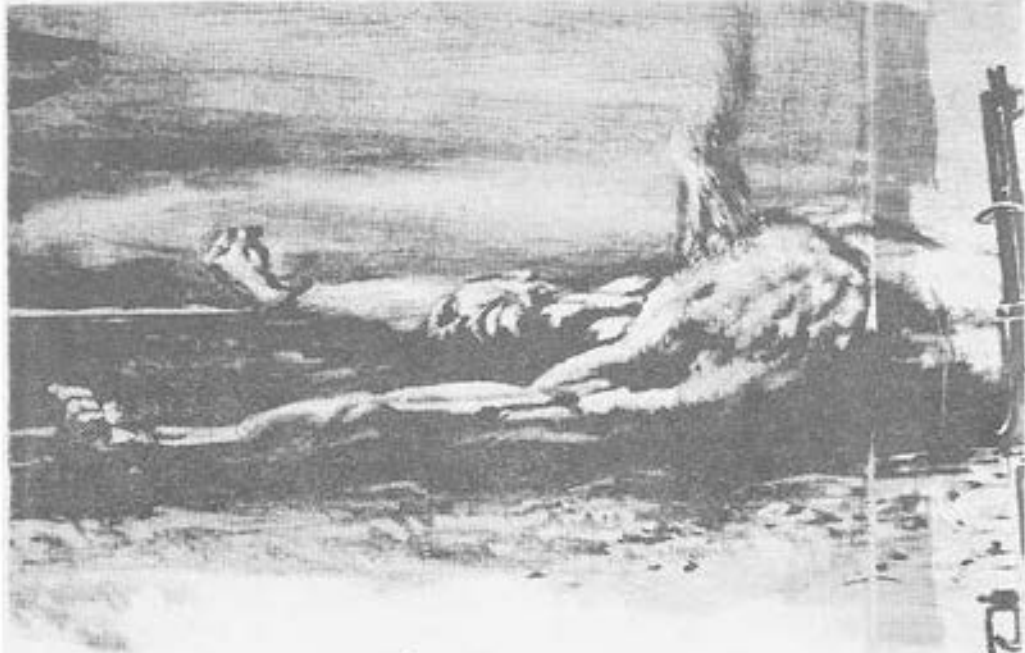
The VC gathered in close, cutting off Drosky's view. Something in him made him think how fucking proud he was that these envious slopes could see a beaten, tortured, bound American male body with enough balls to affront them with dick harder and bigger than they had ever seen before.

The young blond Marine's erection was like his ultimate Fuck-You!

Bullethead ordered his soldiers to stand back. He wanted Drosky's view clear and unobstructed. With a pointing of his swagger stick, Bullethead signalled for a renegade Montagnard scout to carry on the finish of the display.

The Montagnard squatted next to the Marine's body. Drosky could not afford any longer to feel sorry for the Marine. Any feeling now was too expensive. He tried to think of nothing as he watch with increasing disconnection from the scene.

The naked Montagnard rubbed grease across the broad hairy chest of the Marine, stroking the curling mat of blond fur almost sensuously, working



the oil into the blond brush, across the chest, down the hairy belly, and deep into the crotch around the huge erect dick. The big dirty Marine body glistened in the firelight.

The sky was moonless.

The Montagnard, squatting on his haunches next to the Marine, slipped his hand into his breechclout, and pulled out an American-made lighter. In one hand, he held his rifle. With the other, he thumbrolled the lighter to a flickering flame.

For a moment, the bright intensity of fire in the dark Montagnard hand froze the encampment in place. The small flame threw huge shadows against the dark trees.

The Montagnard moved the flame in close between the Marine's oil-slick peccs.

Drosky saw the smooth nipples reflect in the flame.

In one swift move, the Montagnard touched the flame to the young Marine's oil-soaked chest.





Ignition!

The Marine's chest flamed up in twin mounds. A fastburning flash of grease and hair crossed his chest, then raced fuse-like down the length of his furry belly to his grease-packed groin. The flames exploded around his heavy-haired balls, and seared up the flesh of the huge erect cock.

The Marine's body arched taut against the spreadeagle stakes. His wristbound hands turned to fists. His anklebound feet pointed toes down. The flash of flames burned for no more than seconds; but Drosky counted them an eternity.

The tortured Marine had no voice left to scream.

Drosky shouted for him.

Bullethead moved in close to Drosky. "Bo rown," he said, "Bo rown." "Bow down."

Drosky understood. He was on his toes, hanging by his neck. Bullethead wanted the American to bow down. He was tempting Drosky to hang himself.

Drosky stared instead out into the heart of darkness.

Bullethead raised his hand and with toughened fingers forcibly pulled Drosky's eyelids open and turned Drosky's face toward the Marine.

The Montagnard unsheathed his knife. With one hand he pulled large pinches of muscular flesh from the Marine's seared chest and sides and belly. With each pinch he carefully sliced the blade through the skin.

Drosky prayed the kid would go into shock; but the strength and health of his young body held off agonizingly even that brutal comfort. He writhed in the tight bonds as the Montagnard carved superficial flesh wound after flesh wound. The knife dripped red in the firelight.

The VC were losing interest in the renegade Montagnard ritual. It was night. They were tiring of their deathsport.

Bullethead nodded at the Montagnard.

The dark face grinned. With his knife, he skillfully skinned the Marine's uncut penis from head to base. The raw shaft of the cock foamed red. The Marine, his hoarse voice reaching for one final scream, opened his face: mouth and eyes and flaring nostrils.

The Montagnard reached down for the one big handful of full blond balls. He slipped his blade deftly in under the sac. With one clean upward stroke he castrated the Marine whose eyes, to Drosky, saw nothing more. Not even the revolver that Bullethead forced deep down and back into the Marine's open, screaming, soundless mouth.

There was only one bullet in the gun. Drosky agonized each unmerciful moment as Bullethead grinned and clicked, clicked, clicked the chambers, pro-

longing the agony more for Drosky than for the Marine, to whom nothing any longer mattered, until, finally, after the fourth slow click, the hammer found the one loaded chamber, exploded, and blew the handsome Marine's face away forever.

Something drained out of Drosky. Something subtracted itself from his soul. He heard sounds, like other voices speaking. They were saying: "Steven Drosky, Lieutenant J.G. Service Number: 2855329." But it was not other voices. It was his voice in the darkness, mumbling in the sleeping camp.

Drosky knew deep down in the hollow growing in him that no one would ever touch him tenderly again. The life left behind him had been a good one. Now no one even knew he was alive.

He was no longer flesh and blood. He was a shadow soldier. No one who cared or mattered even knew any longer that he existed.

* * * *

For eight isolated months, deep in the solitary confinement of a fetid tiger cage somewhere near Hanoi, Drosky fought to keep his sanity, and as much physical strength as he could nurture off the tin-plate diet of liverish meat paste, cut sometimes with pieces of pork fat; watery pumpkin soup, and small loaves of French bread pecked with weavils and rat feces.

Guards walked over the grates above him. They ignored him. He exercised. He meditated. No one spoke to him. He did not exist. He scratched designs on the wall. No one listened when he spoke. He pulled lice from his filthy prison clothes. He knew other Americans were nearby. He had heard, on two occasions, a man's far-off whistling of "The High and the Mighty."

Drosky was sitting on his wooden cot, meditating, when the first American he had seen in nearly a year was pushed into the small cell. He looked like a dirty wet rag.

The two men stared at each other.

It was the longest moment that Drosky had ever lived. Longer than all the solitary confinement. Longer because

recognizeable human touch was only an arm's reach away.

The two prisoners moved slowly toward each other unable to speak.

Drosky knew only that with one second more without some touch in the middle of all this lonely hell, with the warmth of another human so close, after so long, he would crack and snap forever.

The other prisoner was some shadow of his former husky self, but his eyes, staring unbelievably at Drosky, in the cell he had thought would be empty as all the other cages in which he had been kept, burned bright as live coals.

Drosky reached out to shake the man's hand, in some long-unused gesture, from a world a million miles away. The man reached for Drosky's arm. The two prisoners, complete strangers, pulled themselves close into one another's bodies. They hugged and held and cried and patted with an understanding born of their long solitary imprisonment.

They touched in ways unspoken. In ways that only men who have endured long torment can comfort one another. They lay together in a way to soothe deep wounds that the wives they knew they'd never see again could never have been able to understand and reach.

They were complete strangers, but they were soldiers, prisoners, men suddenly together, perhaps for so brief a night; they were men starving for human affection, tenderly exchanging all the grinding, hugging, weeping consolation they could give one another.

"The war." The man whispered in the last chill before dawn. "The war," he whispered softly into Drosky's ear, "is over." He touched Drosky's startled face, and soothed him back down, holding him on the cot.

"Home!" Drosky's voice was hoarse.

"No." The man spoke quickly. He could not let the defenses he knew Drosky had built up, crumble. He told Drosky how nearly 800 POWs had been repatriated

some months before. "We lost," the man said. "We pulled out of Nam with honor. They told me that when I was held up in Hanoi, and they laughed. We surrendered. I think we surrendered. They sent most of us back. They said they sent all of us back."

"O my dear sweet Jesus Shit," Drosky said.

"They're going to fuck with us until they're tired of fucking with us."

In the hot July, depressed, Drosky and his cellmate lost all appetite. They were shackled to the bunks in iron ankle stocks and beaten more frequently. Their uneaten food was collected by the Vietnamese to feed the pigs raised on the prison grounds. Drosky was no way ready to help the Communists.

He dumped their uneaten rice into the shitbucket they shared.

The guards usually steered clear of the loosely lidded slop cans; but new guards had replaced the old. They needed to make their impression. They were harder, less lax in discipline. They had been schooled to bring the Americans to their knees. The regime had finally revealed their plans to use the shadow prisoners they had denied, and would continue to deny, had ever existed.

Drosky was hauled out of his cell for the first time in months for interrogation. They accused him of yet another crime against the Vietnamese people: he had thrown away his uneaten ration of food into the cell slop can.

For an hour they beat him, and then, with his cellmate, surrounded by guards carrying a dozen shit buckets, Drosky was marched to the shallow cesspool where the cans were daily emptied.

A new guard, so young he was vicious in the enjoyment he savored in the beatings he gave, handed Drosky a bamboo screen. His meaning was clear. Drosky and his cellmate were to use the sifter in the cesspool to reclaim the rice Drosky had thrown away. The young guard drove them into the shit pit with a rubber truncheon.

Calf-deep in the slime and mud and filth, the two prisoners were forced to kneel. The guard, in heavy rubber boots, waded in behind them. With both hands on a bamboo stick, he forced Drosky's cellmate's head toward the bobbing surface of the pit.

For long seconds, Drosky feared they were going to make them eat the stuff. Negative, Drosky thought, I'll die first.

But then the guard pulled back; he knew other plans existed for keeping these Americans as prizes of war. Their skill with weaponry and English was to be used sometime; no one knew when, and they were more valuable alive than dead. And alive, there were vast periods of long-night vengeance, long chances to discipline and humiliate and break them to be tractable to the needs of the new post-war regime.

The guards kept them on their knees sifting the rice from the shit for hours. Both men were exhausted from the screening. Drosky had to hold his cellmate's head up from the slimy surface.

The young guard laughed, and said something, Drosky interpreted, about how the two Americans at night lay together. The guard spit at them, and ordered the soldiers to remove them from the cesspool.

They were hosed down. Drosky's cellmate was locked into bone-biting torture cuffs behind his back, and his feet were secured in metal stocks at the foot of his cot. Drosky, who was not secured in the cell, had to help him with his pajama trousers when he had to use the bucket. And Drosky had to clean him: dick and ass.

Bound hand and foot for weeks, the man asked Drosky to be tender to him, to touch him, to lie upon him for warmth. Drosky was no longer surprised at his own feelings. He no longer cared what anyone would think. No one who counted would ever know how relieving was his contact with the bound flier whose own relief was in Drosky. Finally, Drosky no longer even started the night sleeping in

his own cot. He found a way to curl in next to his bound companion.

The new guards woke the two men late one night, and beat them both.

Drosky was clubbed senseless in the corner of the cell, watching his friend, still bound to the cot, being beaten with rubber truncheons and bamboo sticks. Drosky remembered seeing the thrashing man's nose flatten, turn sideways, break, and gush blood. That was the last Drosky saw of his cellmate.

When he regained consciousness, he was alone again in solitary confinement.

In the slow grind of months, Drosky heard enough in his little vocabulary of other Americans shot down years before over the Ho Chi Minh Trail. They were being transferred slowly, in great secrecy, from Laos and Cambodia, to Hanoi.

The new regime was expert in breaking the fliers. Some caved in under extreme torture. So cooperated out of sheer boredom after years of solitary confinement. The Communists needed the Americans they had shadowboxed away. The fliers were needed to train a new wave of young troops how to repair and fly the planes and choppers abandoned six years before, in Laos '75.

Drosky grew sick at the mention of the term MIA. He wasn't Missing in Action. He was a prisoner of a war he was still fighting, of a war that was over as far as the world was concerned. But not for Drosky. As long as he was held captive, he vowed to resist as long as he had strength and life.

No one, he knew, was trying to negotiate for the MIAs. For some there were small brutalizations, in the cells, on the spot. Others were taken off to full-scale torture sessions. Men were disappearing from their solitary cages. Drosky knew that some of the disappeared were already teaching in classrooms. Others had been murdered.



Drosky needed to survive. In every way he could he flipped the bird. He hated the enemy. He hated them when they finally decided it was his time. He hated them as they broke into his cell, surrounded him, and dangled the coils of torture ropes before his face.

They would make him of use to them, or they would kill him.

Drosky felt a thrill of fear.

In the boredom of interminable solitary confinement, he had almost begun to welcome the touches of the guards.

They pulled Drosky's arms behind him, tying his wrists together. He was blindfolded, and his shorts were ripped off, exposing his buttocks, balls, and dick. The guards punched his gut and kicked at his ass and shoulders. One kneed his nuts and sent Drosky sprawling to the floor, scraping his face. He rolled on his side.

Winded, he felt hands binding his ankles tightly together with coarse rope. Then they rolled him onto his belly. The guards took the long torture ropes and tied tight half-hitches up Drosky's left arm from wrist to

shoulder. As each loop was strung, a guard stood on Drosky's arm, and pulled the rope tight into his lean muscular flesh. Again, the rope was wrapped a few inches up Drosky's arm and tied into a new half-hitch. Every several hitches the guards stopped and slapped Drosky's forearm and biceps like some salami to be wrapped as tight as possible.

Then the guards half-hitched Drosky's other arm.

Three guards pulled Drosky's separately bound arms together behind his back, and tied them together, passing ropes tight around on top of the other bindings, wrapping them excruciatingly together: wrist, forearms, elbows, all touching, and then, with their booted feet standing on his arms, they cinched tight against each other his upper arms, all the way from his elbows up to his broad shoulders until his shoulders were nearly touching.

Drosky felt both shoulders begin to pull out of the sockets. He was in total pain, but its center was in



his chest which strained out tightly against his big chest. His arms had already lost all feeling. They were swelling and deadly gray.

Then he felt their hands tying his legs in tight half-hitches from his ankles to below his knees.

Drosky thought this torture-bondage was the worst he had ever suffered.

Until he felt them raise up his torso.

Until he felt them raise his tightly trussed arms by the wrists, up, backwards, up his back, and above his head.

Until he felt the guard's knee forcing his back forward.

Until he felt the knee's pressure on his back, forcing his face down past his dick and balls, until his nose was between his knees, and his blind-folded eyes were squashed against his legs.

Until he felt the hands pulling his dislocating arms by his wrists over his head, tying his wrists down tight to his bound ankles.

Until in the room with the piss-soaked floor, there was only his screaming, his mouth muffled against his own thighs.

Drosky concentrated against their vengeance...to give no information or take part in any action which might be harmful to my comrades....Their knees and hands bent him expertly...to continue to resist by all means possible....Knowing in their long experience with torture...to make no oral or written statement disloyal to my country....That they were too vengeful to let him escape by dying..to give only name, rank, service number and date of birth....knowing he could only stand so much immobile, suffocating, wrenching, spasming pain...That I am an American fighting man....One word in the shadow of this killing pain...responsible for my actions....That in all this torture, one word from him, one word...one word only, one word he could never say...dedicated to the principles which made my country free....one word that could stop them...to trust in God....one word no one a half a world away would ever, could ever hear him say...and in the United States of America....one screaming, broken, thigh-muffled, gagging, pleading yes. Yes. YES! © 1981 Jack Fritscher

This documentation is based on actual Vietnam POW testimony and research.



MANIMALS

What you're looking for is looking for you!

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

NY ITALIAN RAUNCHBAG. 5-10, 132; into shit, buttholes, cheesy cocks, rank armpits, spit, snort, poke, dogs, horses, shaving, photos, jacking-off, nipple play, leather, piss, outdoors, drugs, socks, sick scenes, enemies. NYC. 212/673-1569.

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

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

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

FULL CONSENT TO EXPAND LIMITS. Expand my limits. I'm a tattooed, ringed M, 34, ready for Sadist into belts, paddles, cats, whips, hot wax, weights. MARKS CHEERFULLY ACCEPTED. If you've never been able to leave your mark on a man, now's your chance! Sir, please write: Occupant, 100 Bank Street #3A, NYC 10014.



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

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

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

WATERSPORTS AND SNOWFLAY. WM, goodlooking, 26, 6-2, 175, beard, seeking JOCKSTROUS man-partner into exploring watersports while evening goes better with Coke. Be discreet. Call MIKE, 415/548-3967, or write 2140 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley CA 94702.

TEAM CAPTAIN SEEKS TEAMMATES. Locker rooms. Sweaty jocks. Ripe, thick, wetwool socks. Worn, tight-stretched grey workout cotton shirts. Pure hunk. Not hairy jock. Into all this and more. CASSETTES, PICTURES, JOCK EXCHANGE: all possible. At 6-2, 178, 9+, I can captain any team--or let you call the plays. Write 00083.

SOUTHERN MAN IN TENNESSEE & HEADING WEST. Long, lean, bi-sex stud digs other shit-together men who know what they like, and have balls enough to go for it. Am beyond quick sex and bullshit. Dig oldfashioned hands-on man-to-man sex. When two men respect, trust, and are comfortable with each other, anything is possible. A man should give me what a woman cannot: man-smells, manstastes, and good deep mansounds. I like it long and slow with an honest buddy who knows he needs his mind and soul fucked more than his body. It's plain good to proudly share what you have with a man worthy of it. Prefer uncult, like me. If 41, 6-foot, 155, 75, greying black hair, beard, and moustache sound good to you, get in touch. Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of '81. 00090.

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

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

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

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 shithole. Want turd and cock worshipper, 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 scumbage/piss/cumstiff cockhair/dirty shithole hair. I also suck dogdick. Would like to hear from men anywhere with dogs to suck or that have been trained to lick mancock and ass. Pic of your prick gets mine. WM, early 50's, 6, 195, beard, moustache, 7 inches of NASTY UNCUT DICK. East Coast. #00094.

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

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

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

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

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

TELEPHONE J/O CALLS. Washington State Stud will accept stimulating J/O calls. Your trip or mine to climax. Why fantasize alone? Hear butch voice and talk. Call after 6 PM West Coast time, or weekends: 509/765-4058.

MENTZER/BETTS/KAFNAR/DICKERSON: IVY LEAGUE BODYBUILDERS. Masculine, attractive, discreet, Ivy grad, 31, likes Bodybuilding (Mentzer/Dickerson/Betts/Kafnar/Mitchell fan), workouts, photography, art, music, psychology, travel, wrestling, reciprocity. French, J/O, warmish, affectionate sex. Seeks attractive, masculine, feeling men with similar interests. Non-smoker. No drugs. Photo returned. #00112.

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

I DELIVER TOP RAUNCH ACTION. Hot man delivers worshipable wankers down hot men's toilet throats and into their bellies. In to all top raunch action: WS, Spit, Soreaty Feet and Socks, Spit, Stinking Crotch, Hairy Belly, and raunchy pit worship from hot bottom mouths. Am 29, 6', 210 pounds on the hoof. Read my Dirty Letter in issue #4 of MANHUN. Mike. #00115.

NOT MUTUAL ACTION. WM, 32, 5-10, 140, UNCUT, Moustache/beard (hr/hr), new to scene, wants to expand ADVENTURES! Seek similar male studs who like to EXPERIMENT IN GIVE-AND-TAKE Sessions: BD, WS, light SM, FX, CR, J/O. Write with photo. Maybe we can get it on and really snar. Smoke/anyt. Philadelphia. #00116.

ATTENTION VOYEURS. RAUNCH EXHIBITIONIST will strip, reveal, show, model, perform AUTO-KINE; deliver, use piss/shit; auto-dildo, self-FF; J/O; self-tit torture, genitorture, Cab toys, jocks, 50ls, shorts, briefs, cartheter play; into porn, pet-n-poppers, dick, assholes, body worship, verbal-visual J/O; cum-play, enemas. Dig HOT-MINKED REAL MEN to 50, Manimals and animals. Custom-made photos to order of any of above scenes. Films also. Want man who can read the mind of this bearded, 41, 5-10, 150, hr/gx, UNCUT PIC. Raunch photo gets mine. Washington, D.C. #00117.

TUND MECHANIC. Mutualist butt-hungry biker, mounted on a 750 cc, ready for mutual action-packed special delivery, rear-end tune-ups, virtual shit worship, cigars. Intermediate to advanced toilet play. Men only. I'm W/M, 36, 5-11, dark hair, moustache. PO Box 26205, San Francisco 94126.

951 TOP: READY FOR ACTION. V/A, FF, W/S, B/D, restraints, hoods, chains, toys. any1, smoke, scat (have good toilet seat), rimming, raunchy jockstraps, sweaty crotch, arm pits, wax, needles, shaving. Is there more? If so, you name it, and you get it! NO LATE PM, OR EARLY AM, OR OUT-OF-TOWN J/O CALLS, OR FOR SAME NIGHT. Great to psych up mentally and physically. Am 5' BOTTOM if I am in the mood--for BLACKS, HAIRY CHICANOS, OR WHITES. Local scenes: 213/247-7592. If planning trip, SNAF gets preference and my pic in return. BOY, 1815 Princeton, Glendale CA 91204.

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

MUTUALLY VICIOUS RIGOROUS SESSIONS. Handsome, intelligent pervert (33, 6-2, 170, good body, hung) needs contact with serious pain addicts --hot wellbuilt, depraved men who want to inflict, endure, exchange acute short-term pain in, on the flesh of Big Dicks, Heavy Swollen Wats, Stretched-Out Tits. Goal: rigorous sessions (one-on-one or group) devoted to precision clampings, strappings, piercings, sandings, etc., that will have us sweating, writhing, sobbing, screaming our way to ecstasy. Prerequisites: viciousness combined with exactness, abandonment combined with self-control; strict observation of real limits. Mutuality and experience preferred, but expert, cruel Tops all the way to Nevice Bottoms with a total commitment to being hurt well are welcome. Stank-ing unwashed pits, and full unwiped butt give this pig, who has both, an extra rush! Write in detail, describing your personal equipment, attitudes, experiences, and sketching out the situations, techniques, tools you're used to, or would like to try out. I am in Europe until June; after that, in America (Northeast and West Coast). Responses from either continent attended to. It can hurt--and it will--if you write immediately to G. McGregor, 77, avenue Victor-Hugo, 21000 Dijon, France. AFTER JUNE 1, 1981, write G. McGregor, c/o MANHUN. Mail will be held.

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

FISTING BUDDY WANTED. WM, 34, 5-10, 165, brown hair and eyes. Horny hairy body into heavy fisting action. Very versatile with HOT REAR AND TALENTED HANDS. Seeks same for hot times. #00067.

ATTENTION, BILL! WHEREVER THE FUCK YOU ARE!
Bill, either you terrorize easily or I'm wasting my time. Because some man made you beg him to take your "possible 3," you came and got scared, or your bowels were violently relaxed and you came as your body jerked. NO! Then send me the following: YOUR FULL NAME, address, new phone number, recent close-up photo, where and when you work, hangouts/times, vehicle description, and whether you live alone. Anything less means you're not that interested in a HARDON. (OPTIONAL: SEND HOUSE AND VEHICLE KEYS.) Reply to Boxholder 206, 3304 Geary BLVD, San Francisco CA 94118.

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

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

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

ITCHY HOLE SEEKS HORNY POLE. Horny MASCULINE W/M has hot itchy hole for your horny pole. Will answer all UNINHIBITED STUDES who write hot letters to this young, great build who needs a hot male to play with. M. Rahl, 2318 Second Avenue #421, Seattle WA 98121.

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

TIEMASTER. Bairy, hard, muscular
TIITRAINER, 45, seeks other NYC NIPPLE FREAKS who dig heavy-duty workout!
I've a nasty collection of clamps, suction cups, and pins (plus other toys) to expand those sore tits...and other limits! If you're also into mirrors, oil, anal, smoke, wrestling, wet jocks, atimey rubbers, w/a, forcefeedings, and filthy verbal trips--rush me a disgusting letter or audio cassette tape. Pix exchanged. TIITORTURE NOON available for private sessions. Come on, you Out-of-Team FEC ANIMALS! (Not TIIMAN-FEC ANIMAL available for three-way!) Pete Powers, Box 11007, San Francisco CA 94102.

EXHIBITIONIST. Piss-drinking, cocksucking, butt-fucking, dick-jerking animal, WM, 36, 6, 150, HEAVY HUNG, cut, 31C BALLS & DIRTY MIND; exhibitionist and backpacker digging LOINCLOTHS or nothing for casual and wild-croese dress; thinks of himself as a PIECE OF MEAT and likes to give heavy workout with his teeth. Wants to meet others: WM, late 20s to early 40s, good bodies and similar heads. Bay Area only. 415/626-5922. Evenings after 8.

WANT A REAL ONE? This Aquarian slave (WM, 41, 5-10, 170, 8" cut) wants a sane, permanent Master. If the proposition turns you on, teach me. I'm ripe and ready! Frank, Box 14128, San Francisco CA 94114.

NAKED PRISONERS REPORT TO GUARD for interrogation and punishment. Be ready for BALL WORK, MOUTH-FUCKING, AND WHIPPING while in custody. OTHER ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS (police, prison guards, military MPs) needed to assist and/or discipline Guard with well-laid-on strokes of cane, birch, paddle, or strap while Guard it tied over whipping horse, or of cat with Guard tied to whipping post). I am 37, 6', 175, bearded, THICK UNCUT COCK. Phone 415/552-1425 or write #00118.

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

CONVICT: 28 AND DOMINANT! I'm down for 5 years. Just punished collimate for moonlighting. MY M's are ONE-MAN M's! I need an M I can count on! He can be 20 or 60, just as he knows I'm THE Man! I'm muscular, tough, and horny. I need ass.... 2 or 3 times what your normal dude would need. My M will worship, adore, and love my body constantly! You surrender everything. I'll own you, Animal! Write: Jim Noodle #140489, PO Box 45699, Lucasville OH 45699.

BLACK OR WHITE STUD. Wanted, clean solid masculine stud with fat cut 8" cock to fuck my mouth, then my ass. Fill my ass with your piss to fulfill my fantasy. NO SCAT, SM, BD, FF, drugs, 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, truckers especially. Western PA. #00031.

COCK AND BALL LOVER. Cut or uncut, large or small. Drag them in my face, cum on me, piss in my mouth. I want mutual action, also like bondage but no VA or discipline. Clean bodies for mutual tit work, ball work, spigot drinking, oil parties. Also available as sane sadist for those who want C/B torture, piercing, electricity, catheters, dildo's, heavy pain bondage, whipping and medical trips. NO pain for me. No drugs, or transvestites. Pennsylvania. #00032.

HOT BODIES FOR ORGIES. Sex-crazed muscled marine-type studs. Sweat, piss, armpits, jockstraps, gym shorts, surties, frogmen wetsuits, poppers.... Johnny, PO Box 5513, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SUBSCRIBERS! CHANGE YOUR 30-WORD M2M MANIMALS AD FREE! You change and your trips change with you. So lay out your desires/trips/fetishes. The MANIMALS ads getting the heaviest response 1) are usually definite, detailed, colorful scenarios (write your own fantasy-reality movie script); 2) are 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 \$1.50 for each 10 words extra or portion thereof. Send your new adscenario copy to MANIMAN, 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!

WUSKY, BEARDED LUMBERJACK-TYPE DUDE. 32, 5'10", 175#. Wears and gets off on longjohns, checkered or plaid wool lumbershirts, 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, forkers 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. #00084.

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 #00083.

TOILETSEX. HOT w/m, 29, 5'10", 145, digs wild beer gulping, face squatting, ass eating, cockucking, shit spreading, PISS DRINKING, MANSEX with young hot men. Prefer bottom or mutual scenes. Hairy/muscles a plus. Write with photo to: PGR 4613, Long Beach, CA 90804.

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

HUGE SCAT SCENES. Into dirty FF, heavy Crisco SNEAR. Enormous scat loads in underwear, jockstraps, levis, looking for wellhung, bigballed, WIDE-END RECEIVER. Am interested in relocating to California with man of same scene. Send letter and recent picture to JFJ, 625 N.E. 22nd Street #1, Miami, Florida 33177. If in MIAMI call 305/573-7207.

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

CIGARS
CIGARS SEPARATE THE MEN FROM THE GAYBOYS
CIGARS

ASH WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY...

BUTCH BURLY CIGAR-BEEF PUFFING ON A CIGAR BUTT CHOMPED DOWN IN HIS HARD WHITE TEETH. Riding out of the corner of his mouth. Heavy smoke inhale. Watching him jerk his big thick uncut meat. Flopped out of his filthy construction jeans. His road-crew hardhat cutting low down across his thick dark brows. Deepset dark eyes squinting, narrowed down, keen, through the rich blue cigar smoke.

He bites the big Maduro butt solid. Pulling full smoke into his muscled body. Barrel-chest in a faded flannel shirt. Full of rich cigar smoke. Construction muscle built on cigar smoke.

His slow exhale of smoke curling blue up through his bushy moustache. Slow, deliberate exhale. Savor of taste. Manassell. Mix of sweat and smoke and look.

He spits sweet brown cigar spit into his calloused hand. Takes long mean cockstrokes. Long mean cigar stokes. Tanned, weathered face intense on full taste, on full pull of his thick butt of a dick. Slick rhythms. Spit of cigarspit in his own hand. Slick lip of uncut dick slapping in his hard grease-nailed hand. Shaft stroking: shifting shaft into high gear.

Hot red coal under firm gray ash. Deep pull on cigar. Hard pull on cock. Hand moves faster. Cigar never leaves mouth. Lips curl. Sex sneer. Clouds of smoke rising up around stubbled face. Hot inhale. Slow exhale. Smoke signals. Curling up and out of his mouth. Harder pull on cigar. Deep-cheated draw.

Beating dick up to cuming. Sucking on short, chewed butt. Chomp. Suck. Jerk. The smoking heats his dick. Cigar aroma hardening his cheese-sweat cock. Heavier hits on stogie butt. Pulling dry sweet smoke deep down deeper into massive chest. Big body. Full-bodied redneck heft. Bull body. Bull dick.

Deep inhale. Puff pulled in. Cum rising in big freeswinging bull balls. Cigar smoke and jiz-launch connecting deep inside his head. Dark hair curling out from under hardhat. Bristled chin setting square and hard. Chest hair pouring up over thermal neck of cottonrib shirt under torn faded flannel.

Full smoker. Full toker. Full taker. Deep inhale meets rising cum. Smoke starts its curl slow out between his parted lips, up through his moustache.

His massive body arches. His hand slamdunks his dick harder with each stroke, each smoke. Full of rich cigar smoke. Mouth rich with cigar juice. Beating off his own meat. His own beat. Coming off the job. Off his shift. Horny. Jerking his pud. Inhaling his manpleasure. Sucking cigar. Chomping butt. Deep inhale. Full throttle pull of hand to cockbase.

White clots shoot. Head rears back. Cigar arches up. Hardbitten. Deep blue cigar smoke roils rich and full riding on the cuming grunt roaring from his mouth.

Cigar smoker taking his way himself. Big unclipped dick stroked. Big Maduro stogie smoked. Man with butt smoked down the way he takes down everything he fucking well likes. M2H





LAYERS OF FANTASY AND REALITY.

These seven CIGAR-SMOKING, GUN-TOTING COWBOYS ARE REAL PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL PLAYERS: LINEBACKERS FOR THE PHILADELPHIA EAGLES.

THEY TOOK UP KUNG FU LAST YEAR. THIS SPRING THE SEVEN BIG JOCKERS DECIDED THAT SOME WHISKERS MIGHT MAKE THEM EVEN TOUGHER. INTENDING TO LOOK FEROCIOUS, THEY VOWED NOT TO LATHER UP UNTIL SEASON'S END.



EACH MAN CHUGGED A 16-OUNCE CAN OF COORS TO SEAL THE OATH. THEN THEY PASSED OUT THE CIGARS.

FROM THE LEFT: TOM EHLERS, FRANK LE MASTER, JOHN BUNTING, BILL BERCEY, KEVIN RILEY, DEAN HALVERSON AND JIM OPERMAN.

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

HOT BALL MAN. LA AREA. Hunky, hairy WM, 55, 6', 178 wants to share his energies, find unknown limits, and expand them. If you're man enough, your rules accepted for any and all sensual trips and fantasies including GMITORTURE AND KINKY SCENES. Otherwise, submit! Serious novices will be considered. You: any age or race but be for real and in good shape. R.W.C., PO Box 1501, Pomona CA 91769.

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

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

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

REXWERK. If you like Rex's drawings, send \$4 for three 8X10 sample photographs, including information concerning appointments at the REXWERK Gallery. State you are 21, and send check or money order made out to, and addressed to, "Drawings by Rex," Box 347, San Francisco CA 94101. M2M

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

TOILET EXHIBITION PHOTOS. Lets swap photos of men seated on the toilet, butts on the bowl, squatting on the shitpot. COMMODE COMMANDOS. WRITE: ROW, PO Box 362, New Iberia, LA 70560.

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

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

UNIFORMS: military, police, leather, helmets, boots, cigars, codpiece pants, hoodr, 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. 5:30-50. Masculine, imaginative, arrogant. M: 29, 5'7", 180#. Muscular. Hairy blond. Blue eyes. Hungry mouth. Hot ass. Insatiable. JOE, Box 26205, San Francisco 94126.

GANGBANG SERVICE. I worship big dicks 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. #00091.

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, revel in male sex, smells, tastes, arrogance. Photo/phone. Dan, PO Box 26205, S.F. Ca 94176.

IT'S SNOW TIME. Dog Slave - NEEDS TO BE TRAINED (Punished), CROOKED (Shaved), SHOWN (Bondage), and REWARDED (Fucked). Will serve kennel master with toys and talent 24 hours a day. Long training and show sessions desired, can reciprocate for right puppy. Other fantasies explored. 41/6/165, Brown/Green/Beard. 333 W. Lewis, Phoenix, AZ 85001. Photo please - MY DOG SPOT.

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

TOTAL TOILET SERVITUDE. Presentable, professional, 50 year old man, interested in total toilet servitude to hot younger men. Correspondence about shit, piss, humiliation, torture, reform schools, prisons... to #00057. NYC.

HIP RUBBER BOOTS. 34, dig heavy rubber/leather licking, Firemans, Fishermans hip boots, rimming, shit, piss, mud, tit clamps, dogs, shit photos and stories. Come visit. Boaholder, PO Box 13, Revere Mines, N.S. B0A 1V0 Canada.

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

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 43. Write to: Boaholder, PO Box 6104, Fort Wayne, IN 46896.

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

FFA FANATIC. Hot, rough action with your experienced fist(s) and to plow your voracious hole with my sneaky/slippy/nasty 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 53, he's 29. No matter what I do, he enjoys it. Need advice on techniques fast. Illinois. #00066.

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

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

PRISONS. Dig use of heavy leather "toys" used in prisons for applying discipline. (Movie Krabaker 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", Rolex interchangeable. Toronto. #00066

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

DITCHDIGGERS. RR track maintenance men, tunnelers, mucking machine operators, diesel engine mechanics, drillers. Let me wear your dirty work clothes for 3/0. Let's do it together under your machinery. NYC. #00061.

JUICY JOCKS. Horny hard hats, knights in black leather, massive pecks 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/30 friends, strangers, piss (shit?) in clothes, most dope. No pain but lots of raunch, dirt, and tenderness. M. California #00062.

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: Cut, 8" X 1 1/2" hard. Enjoys fucking and being socked.

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 MANZMAN or MENZMEN 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 animal studs for training and discipline. Bondage, cockservice, heavy ass fucking, cock, tit and ball work, WS, FF, limit respected/expanded. Novices OK. 33+ a plus. PO Box 391, Hayward, CA 94543.

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

COWBOY NEEDS ROPING. Sheriff, deputy and/or posse needed for wild west times, in jail or out on the range. Dark haired, bearded, 155 pound, 40-year-old, shoot-from-the-hip dude corralled at 801 W. Main-3M, Kelso, WA 98626, (206) 421-7545.

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

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

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

HOT TOP BODYBUILDER, 6', 150, DARK BEARD, seeks humpy bottom for toilet service; asshole-to-mouth action with flowing piss. No shitty mess. No reciprocation. I'm in-to gear, dirty talk, smoke, JOCKS, etc. C'MON, HAIRY PIC, LICK THESE SWEATY MUSCLES, TITS, PITS, FEET, BALLS IN WEST VILLAGE. CHARLES, 212/675-3424.

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

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

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

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

RUBBERS. Let's exchange cassette tapes. Want to hear from guys who dig rubbers. JOCKSTRAPS too. Want to buy professional or homemade films in which condoms and/or jocks are used. Southern California. #00119

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

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

FOR SOME

TOUGH

US ARMY'S

CAMP HELL

AT FT. GORDON, GA., COMMANDERS CALLED IT POW SURVIVAL AND ESCAPE TRAINING. OTHERS CALLED IT CAMP HELL.

The Army had to call it off. Commanders were forced to rethink their "curriculum" after 19 soldiers were taken to the local military hospital, the result of overexposure. In the heat of summer and the balmy breezes of fall, several hundred troops managed to withstand the harassment, discomfort, and "torture" of 40 hours in Camp Hell. But in December, 1980, when the 1st Platoon of the 333d Signal Company was put to the rigors, it was 40 degrees and lower—cold for these parts, especially when one of the "mock" torture techniques was to hose down the stripped and bound recalcitrants.

The ordeal began when members of the company were bused to the tiny wooded camp. Some expected to watch demonstrations and hear lectures about the Geneva Convention rules on treatment of prisoners. But academia ended and laboratory classes began when they were attacked in mock battle, taken prisoner, stripped to POW skivvies, blindfolded, and chained to each other. After several hours of harassment and running in place, a special Army Reserve intelligence Unit moved in and initiated more specific tortures.

The object was to force the POWs to tell more than their name, rank, and serial number.

One prisoner, tied to a wooden chair in a small concrete-block interrogation bunker, was terrorized by a German Shepherd attack dog commanded by three K-9 officers. Another prisoner sprained his ankle while being wrestled to the floor in a less-than-friendly grilling. The trees around the Ft. Gordon camp were used to restrain the blindfolded, barefoot POWs, who, unprepared to participate to such intense degree, were either handcuffed around the base of the tree trunks, or were hung from the trees by their wrists.



One officer was carried to the hospital after being hosed down with a cold shower in the near freezing weather while suspended by his wrists. Army authorities stated that the officer had a history of respiratory symptoms and was back at the training camp by nightfall. The soldier who complained of being threatened with an attack dog, authorities added, had an inordinate fear of dogs and was not touched once by either the dog or the K-9 trainers. The other soldier's sprained ankle was explained as a common enough injury in the course of survival training.

Col. Thomas Adcock, commander of the school battalion, said that the survival and escape training "was professional, rigorous, and severe—exactly what the men should expect for combat-ready training. Appropriate safeguards were set up to ensure the mental and physical wellbeing of the prisoners."

US Army-wide POW training is currently prevalent at several campsites and installations around the country, and although the Ft. Gordon program has been temporarily discontinued, the Army is reportedly developing another even more rigorous POW training program scheduled to begin in warmer summer weather.

ROCKS

LEVI'S BLAZING RIVETS

Picture a scene from the Old West, sometime in the 1870's. Weary cowboys in dusty Levi's gather around a blazing campfire, resting after a hard day of riding and roping on the open range. The lonely howl of a distant coyote counterpoints the notes of a guitar as the moon floats serenely overhead in an unpolluted sky afire with stars.

Suddenly a bellow of pain shatters the night, as a cowpoke leaps away from the fire, dancing in agony. Hot Rivet Syndrome has claimed another victim.

In those days, Levi's were made—as they had been from the first days of Levi Strauss—with copper rivets at stress points to provide extra strength. On these original Levi's—model 501—there were rivets on the pockets, and there was a lone rivet at the crotch.

The crotch rivet was the critical one: when cowboys crouched too long beside the campfire, the rivet grew uncomfortably hot. For years, the brave men of the West suffered from this curious occupational hazard. But nothing was done about it until 1922, when Walter Haas, Sr., president of Levi Strauss, chanted to go camping in his Levi's 501s.



Haas was crouched contentedly by a crackling campfire in the High Sierra, drinking in the pure mountain air, when he fell prey to Hot Rivet Syndrome. He consulted with professional wranglers in his party. Had they suffered the same mishap?

An impassioned 'yes' was the reply. Haas vowed that the offending rivet must go, and the board of directors voted it into extinction at their next meeting.

Except for eliminating the crotch rivet, the company has made only one other stylistic change in its 501s since they were first marketed in 1873. Responding to schools' complaints that Levi's pocket rivets scratched school furniture, the company moved the rivets to the front pockets. Otherwise, the Levi's 501 shrink-to-fit jeans on the market today are identical to the pants that won the West.

San Francisco Chronicle • Fri, Mar 20, 1981

A Guerrilla's Claim

'27 U.S. POWs in Laos'

New York

An anti-Communist guerrilla leader operating in Laos claims to have knowledge of at least 27 Americans held prisoner by the Pathet Lao, ABC World News Tonight reported yesterday.

In a series on Americans listed as missing in action during the Vietnam War but believed still alive in captivity, ABC correspondent Norman Borroroff questioned the Laotian in Bangkok. His name was not revealed.

In Washington, a State Department spokesman said the Defense Department has been unable to substantiate reports that some American servicemen in Laos are still alive and are being held prisoner.

The guerrilla interviewed by Borroroff was described as commanding a 15,000-man force operating in Laos. He was said to be in contact with Communist Pathet Lao officials who reportedly are holding the Americans, but who themselves might defect because of Vietnamese domination of their country.

"They are saying 27 Americans are under their control and they are willing to exchange at any proper time."

"What do they want?" Borroroff asked.

"Their safety in a third country and certain financial rewards," was the reply.

Associated Press

THE ADVENTURES OF DENNY SARGENT



A NOVEL BY

Jack Fritscher

CHAPTER 5: LEATHER BIKER-BROTHERS--INITIATION

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

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

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

The smell of Sam's rough-and-tumble pits and crotch stays on Denny's mind, as he takes up his first hire as an S&M hustler. Denny's initiation into full-buddy leather clicks up a notch tighter when Denny meets Chuck, the experienced leather biker who teaches Den that sex-toys are where a man's nasty mind finds them.

In a deserted farmhouse, with their bikes kicked up outside, Chuck gives Den a thorough tour through his

gear and into the raunchier side of sex, making Den's dick hard recounting how Chuck's brother had bound, whipped, and fucked Chuck into manhood. "So you see," Chuck said, "why I like it when an Old Hand initiates a younger guy." He smiled at Denny and walked to his duffle bag. The top of it was chained shut with a brass USMC padlock. "In here's all my gear," Chuck said proudly, patting the green canvas.

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

"The pleasure's all ours." Chuck smiled, and opened the bag, reaching in and carefully laying out piece after piece of industrial sexgear and hardware.

Den smiled. Intuitively he knew what most of it was for. He was a natural-born man. He smiled across the room at Chuck, and moved in for a close inspection. "How'd you get it all here?" he asked.

"I drive a van. In it goes my bike and everything else I need." Chuck reached into the trunk. "Know what this is? He held up an asylum restraint. "It's a a thirty-inch waistbelt with a Lynch lock buckle. Straps on either side hold horsehide wristlets tight to the waist.

"What about the ankles? Den asked.

"Chuck pulled out a pair of leather anklets. Both were lined and had medium weight silver padlocks hanging from them. "Good for shanking the feet together or for pulling them apart to a good old spreadeagle. Here's a couple pair of handcuffs. This one's a pretty standard push-through manacle. The other's a set of Mattatuck Handcuffs from World War I. It's got a single lock and can be adjusted to cause excruciating pain."

"Where did you get all this stuff?" Den asked.

"Professional suppliers. Medical resale houses. Auctions. A few sick inventor friends." He looked up at Den. "Hardware stores." They both laughed. "Get a load of these," Chuck handed Den a tiny restraint which fit into the palm of his hand.

"What is it?"

"A Thumbakin. I've used that baby plenty in public. Last month at the leather bar in Chicago this guy was cruising me all night so I took him back to a corner by the jukebox, slipped his thumbs in under this plate, tightened the wingnut and with a small padlock through its eye secured his hands to his belt buckle. He stood with his hands at his waist all evening. Very effective and no one noticed."

"A good public start for a heavy private session?"

"Took him home. We hung on a good high and flew. I worked him. Then he worked me."

"Too much turn-about," Den said.

"S and M can also mean," Chuck said, "Sensuality and Mutuality. It's not always straight torture. There's nothing better than two guys together on a bunk. Sex is a celebration. A man and woman fuck and celebrate their co-sexuality. Two women, their femininity. And two butch dudes, man, that's a celebration of masculinity. Going at each other in full leather. Rolling and wrestling till the heat brings out the body sweat. Man, leather never smells better than when it's hot and sweated up. Rough sucking and fucking in a leatherman's bed is like sex nowhere else. I dig what men can do to each other in beds, bars, barns, johns, trucks, warehouses, woods. You name it."

"How about here?"

Chuck pretended not to hear. "I really rap on when I get high. Hey, take a look at this?"

"What's it for?" Den asked. "Opening up the ass?"

"Wrong end," Chuck said. He took the tool from Den. "It's an Agony Pear. It's historical. When it's closed it sort of looks like a pear. Now when you shove it into your slave's mouth, you turn this screw adjustment and the tongs of it curve open and up and the guy's mouth is held immovably open. It presses down the tongue and presses up against the roof of the mouth. Beats stuffing the mouth with chains. Or jocks. That's great too. But with this you cut off the screaming. You don't have to worry about his breathing even if his nose clogs with blood." Chuck screwed the device to its widest open position. "The pain is intense. Mouth torture. And the whole time the mouth is held open so the guy has to drink whatever's poured." Den touched the cold silver instrument. "Come's right out of the torture chambers of the Spanish Inquisition." Chuck screwed the tool closed. He dropped it like a small bomb into his trunk of toys. "That's all for now," he said. Chuck stood up. From the bunk, Den was eyelevel with the leatherman's bulbous balls and cock. He looked like he was about to split the piss-worn denim. I'd rather demonstrate the rest." he seemed to push his basket toward Den. "In a scene. What say some night this weekend we cruise out together and pick up a likely little M?"

"Not in this town," Den said.

"Precisely this town," Chuck said. "With the right kind of come-on we can get everything from college boys to young husbands just itching to have their asses spanked while they're tied up getting what they can't get at home."

"What kind of come-on?"

"Leather." Chuck said the one word. He said it flat. So matter of fact that Den knew everything he meant.

"Leather." Den said the word too. All his life had been bound to leather. It has protected him as a boy. He had made first love to his fist wearing leather. Summers, he had

worked and sweated with gristled men. They wore leather gloves, boots, toolbelts. He had ridden and slept in greasy levis and black leather bike jackets. When he was a hard young boy, he had wrestled with Sam wearing leather. And although he had never seen Sam again, the memory of his sweaty chained outlaw leather came back to him. Leather was the sign of the male. Leather was malehide. Leather was cojones. Balls. Leather was cock. Leather was stud. Leather was men sweating, primal, growing large and hard on each other. Leather was a gag working on a chained initiate. Pissing into the leather lining. Pouring motoroil over the leather britches. Leather was sound, taste, smell. Leather was pleasure. Leather was pain. Leather was tying and being tied. Leather was whipping and being whipped. His skin was leather. Chest-to-chest or back-to-belly, leather moving against leather was the feel, the celebration of mansex. To become leather was to see that nothing else mattered. To become leather a guy leaves everything else behind. Den was hard leather, hard muscle, hard cock. Nothing else would ever count as much. When a guy wears leather he gives the finger to the world.

"Is the cruising a deal? Chuck asked.

Den sprang from the bed and jumped the biker. He wrapped his arms tight around the big muscled man. "Then it's a deal, brother," Chuck said as they tumbled down in a spill of denim and leather and boots across the bunk. Hard muscled grip met hard muscled grip. Their arms strained in athletic embrace. Den's knee dropped a slightly pulled kick into Chuck's enlarging groin. Chuck fell back on the bunk. Den took the advantage. He straddled Chuck's tight belly and reached down to the base of the pinioned man's neck. Branches of veins strained from under Chuck's strong chin down to the neck of his teeshirt. A shock of black chest hair tufted over the lip of the shirt. Den reached to the spot. He took a hard handful of the cotton material and in one savage motion shredded Chuck's shirt from his body. The man on the bottom grunted as the material broke at the base of his throat. Den tossed the white rag of shirt to the floor. Chuck lay back with his eyes closed. His thick chest rose and fell from the exertion of their struggle. Redblack hair defined his huge pex. Den judged it the perfect marking. The hair, coarse and tight, stopped just below the nipple line. Each tit stood up hard, pink, expectant. The belly was strong, rippled, and hairless. Three inches below the navel, belly hair corkscrewed over the man's louslung black leather belt. Den felt beads of sweat under his own arms begin running down the inside traces of his biceps. His own teeshirt clung in widening sweat circles high up both his sides. It was the wet cotton smell of clean cotton teeshirts and fresh washed jocks breaking into ripe new sweat. His shirt clung wet to the flesh and muscle of his spreading lats.

In sudden turnabout, Chuck reached up to Den who was straddling him like a hot bike. In a motion equal to Denny's

own, his strong right hand, each fingernail of it crescented with irremovable grease moons, ripped down Denny's shirt, open neck to navel. A halfsized ring of quartz and copper on Chuck's hand grazed Den's belly raising a fast thin line of blood. Den fell hard across the prone man. The bonelines of their jaws, roughed out with an unshaven day's growth, met as Den put his tight lips against Chuck's ear. "I'll waste you for that," he said.

Chuck planted his grease blackened boots on the leather bunk. His knees shot up. His hips arched. In a second he had flipped Denny to the underside. The younger rider lay flat on his belly. The denim bound mounds of his ass tucked neatly between Chuck's thighs. Chuck leaned forward to twist Den's arm back and up against his sweat-slicked shoulder.

He pressed his basket against Den's warm ass. His cock bucked up in his jeans. He moved it like a dowser's rod cover the dark, moist hole of Den's upturned ass. Months of hard biking had pounded Denny's cheeks full and tight. Chuck knew it was the perfect ass for his leathercock. He reached under Den's belly, still astraddle him, worked open his leather belt, and popped the metal buttons of Den's fly. He twisted Den's arm farther up his back to raise the ass and strip down the levis. But Denny had other ideas. As his jeans slipped down his legs, Den took advantage of Chuck's raised straddle and flipped himself over. He lay on his back under the top rider. Chuck looked surprised down into Den's face. "I'm a front man," Den said. "I don't take it in the ass." Chuck grabbed Den's thick cock into both his hands. He squeezed it hard. Den arched in pain. He groaned. "That's it, man," Chuck said. "Let's hear it. I want to hear you talking with your cock. Fucking enough of you talking with your mouth." He squeezed it harder. "I want to hear you sounding like you have a man on you." He wrenched Den's big bar of cock. Den moaned again. His eyes closed. He smelled the greased leather and he remembered that long fucking-gone Sam. Sweat from Chuck's forehead dripped on Den's chest. Salt stung the ring scratch. Blood from the tiny line mixed with the sweat and ran into the washboard crevices of his belly. Chuck pulled the skin of Den's cock up so far it formed new lips around the big uncircumcized head. Den made no sound, but his face contorted. Chuck's own rod stretched farther in his jeans. He winced as his doubling meat pushed against his skintight denim seeking room to grow larger. With his right hand he mauled Den's cock. With his left he countermassaged Den's balls. He pulled cock one way, balls the other. Den's head rolled left and right. Chuck, like Sam, was a river he could float away on. He was back in the field with Sam, his legs again up over his head, hurting under the cockramming stabs of the cursing and sweaty leatherman. Den had found good sex since; but this time, this way, with Chuck was the best since Sam. He knew he'd have to fake any sex short of leather sex after this.

Chuck halted his two-handed twisting. Den felt a circle of rawhide draw tight around the base of his balls. "No," he said. "Take it," Chuck ordered. He drew the long piece of rawhide under, between, and then tight against the base of Den's cock. His balls were separated from each other and the pair of separated balls from his cock. The leather was castrating him. The pressure of the binding tightened the skin so that the veins in the nuts pushing apart purpled like tiny starburst explosions on the surface of Den's taugt scrotum. He moaned. Chuck wrapped the rawhide tighter around the base of Den's cock. He floated deeper down the river. His already immense organ stretched its tip still farther up. Chuck unbuttoned his own fly. His cock was too big and hard to manipulate out the opening. He stood on the bunk. Den opened his eyes to see the commanding man standing over him. Chuck's boots pressed tight against Den's hips. He unbuckled his belt. Den saw his hand slip menacingly into his jeans. He dug in and under handing out his cock. On its own his raw meat popped up and out from the constricting darkness of the jeans and the help of the hand. In its new freedom it grew another inch high over Den's laidback body. Chuck pulled another leather jacket from its hook over the bunk. It had been his first, a gift to him from his brother and his brother's club buddies.

The night they gave it to him he had been stripped and bound to rings on the barn floor. In a gang circle, towering over him, all eleven men had one by one, then together pissed all over him. His brother's stream gushed hard against his lips until finally he parted his lips and his brother's piss strained through his teeth. The other men urged his brother on and their urgency caused Chuck to part his teeth. He opened his mouth. Full. His brother pissed harder. He cheeks filled. "Drink it," his brother ordered. Chuck's eyes went wild. The group closed in tighter. He swallowed. They cheered. He gagged. They called for more. He swallowed. Once. Twice. And then his separate swallows became drinking as he took gulp after gulp of his older brother's strong piss. His newfound thirst excited them. One shot his load into Chuck's wet face. Then several at a time came on him. Piss and cum mixed and ran from his body. His brother finished his long healthy piss. His cock hardened. He lowered it slowly to Chuck's wet mouth and thrust it deep down his piss-primed throat. He fucked deep. Chuck was choking. He fucked deeper. Chuck's eyes widened as the cock cut his breathing sharply under the thrusting weight of his brother's hips. Planted that deep, his brother came in long thrusts. They were more than brothers suddenly. His brother held his cock in place. Another man went down on Chuck's own cock. He sucked off it the piss and cum of the group, and sucked fast and neat out of his little brother's dick his own load. They had a good laugh at how fast he came. They untied him immediately. They pulled him to his feet. He was shiny wet. Cum and piss dripped from his hair to his shoulders. It ran down his belly. It

wet the back of his legs. Then they wrapped the new black leather jacket around him. They hugged him. Goosed him. Shook his hand. The black leather was their present on his baptism as one of them.

As far as Chuck knew, this was Denny's initiation into leather sex. This was the jacket to wear. He slipped his muscled arms into the leather and dropped to his knees over Denny. Den felt the hot hard ram of Chuck's cock stab into his belly. Then Chuck stretched full length on top of Den. Their mixed sweat and the rich wet of Den's blood dampened the leather. Its rich musk crazed them both. They pitched and rolled over one another. Den's bound cock and balls grew tighter with each slap against Chuck's free swinging package. Their bellies and chests slid across sheets of sweat. Chuck pulled an inhaler from his jacket pocket. He shoved the fresh-popped amyl up Den's left nostril. His greasy thumb held closed the right. Den pulled heavy on the popper. He breathed three great gulps of it before Chuck pulled away the inhaler draining the rest himself. Den's face reddened. He fell back on the bunk.

Chuck reared up when the amyl charge hit his brain. He fell in a fury of lust on Den's body. He ground his cock into Den's tied pouch. Both of them were spinning down long black corridors toward a pinpoint of purple light somewhere behind their pituitaries. Den moaned. Chuck's weight crushed the breath out of him. They thrashed together on the edge of orgasm. Minutes passed. They pulled back. They crashed into each other. The sweat ran between them rich and hot. Chuck pulled himself up over Den. His lips curled into a dark smile. Slowly and methodically, both of them wincing in the manpain, he tied the head of his cock tight to the base of Den's. Their rods matched evenly enough that he wrapped the head of Denny's dick securely against the hairy root of his own. The double pinches of pain stopped them for seconds. Their separate breathing fell rhythmically together. Chuck hovered over Den. He supported himself on his arms. Then with one hand he hit them both with more popper. Neither man pitched or rolled this time; they relaxed into the leather pain of their tied cocks. "We are one in leather," Chuck said.

"What?" Den asked. The bloodbrain explosions of the popper were all he could hear. The roar.

"Brothers," Chuck said.

Den repeated the word. "Brothers," he whispered. His voice was hoarse, dried by the amyl.

Chuck reached down and with a new length of rawhide wrapped the two cocks together. Both rods were completely bound together by the rough leather. Chuck eased himself down on top of Den. The slow descent of his body was critical: the beginning descent of every push-up ever pumped

out in any gym. The cockhead of the one jabbed into the cockrocks of the other. Den felt his cock being wrenched slowly apart as Chuck descended down on his body. Their flat bellies tensed together. For a long while they lay tied together. Their breathing stayed in tight step. Den had no idea of time. Then Chuck stirred. He pulled more popper from his leather. As they came down from one, he hit them with another. Their high pounded on. Den writhed under Chuck. Chuck twisted in the pleasure of pain on top of Den. Finally he threw the inhaler to the floor. He quickly popped two capsules and shoved the yellow mesh bags between their noses. He pushed his wet mouth hard against Den's. Both men inhaled deeply. Chuck's wet tongue probed Den's lips, snapped through his teeth, deep back into his mouth. Their bodies contorted. They pulled apart and crashed together. Den bucked so strong that Chuck's body rose high off the bunk then fell heavy as a tackler back on the body below. They made animal sounds. Their cocks stretched and pulled at each other. The torture was exquisite. Then almost at the same moment each man's load started its run down from his pituitary, along his spine, to the bloodwild cocks. When the hot streams of seed reached the tied organs, they stopped surprised by the channels bound shut with leather strips. Each man's rod convulsed in dry orgasm. Both felt the intense pleasure of sensual pain as their choked organs pulled together and the hot wet lustseed backed up into their bellies, turned back in its hot wake, back to the tied cocks, burning to escape. Whirlpools of cum crashed at the base of their bodies. The wild spasms of their dry coxing together lasted on beyond the longest time either had ever cum wet before. Finally they came to rest on one another. The fury of their pleasure spent. Chuck knocked the dead poppers to the floor. For long minutes they lay panting chest to chest.

When their breathing steadied, Chuck's dried voice rasped into Den's ear. "You okay?"

"Yeah."

"Good," Chuck said. "You got a treat coming yet." Chuck sat up. The new distribution of his weight caused Den to moan. "Easy," he said. He pulled a mashed pair of black leather gloves from another pocket. He balled them both up and shoved one into Den's mouth. "Hold on, man," he said. "One final number."

Den opened his eyes quick enough to see Chuck shove the other glove into his own mouth. Then with gritted determination, Chuck yanked open the slip knot of rawhide. Faster and faster he unraveled the bound cocks. Den bit hard into the greasy glove. Both felt excruciating pain as warm feeling flowed into their hardfrozen cocks. They were enduring. The backed-up rivers of seed swirled once, then flowed fast, milkywhite, flowing down their seminal vesicles,

gorging out their flushed cocks. Again and again they bellied into each other. Hard cocks met smooth muscled skin. They pumped load after load of cum into the pool of sweat and faint blood between them. Then for the last time Chuck fell to rest on top of Den. They lay in athletic embrace. Each man took the measure of the other. They had endured. Finally Chuck raised his head up. The strong line of his chin hung like a cliff over the jutting straight jaw of his partner. Eye to eye.

"How was that?" Chuck asked.

"Brothers," Den said. He punched the top man's back.

Chuck laughed and rolled off Den. They lay side by side. The night air was cool on their bellies. Den sat up and watched the early moon spilling in through the cabin windows. It lit the cumshine on their breathing bellies. Out on the highway they heard the traffic roaring by. Several trucks rumbled down the pavement into the darkness. But the sound they attended to most was the dopplered whineroarwhine of lone cycles tearing down the stretches of lonely road. Some of them tame. Some of them outlaw. But all of them hot with their machines boiling between their legs.

It was over for the night. Den knew it. Chuck knew it. The time and space between them mellowed. Chuck sat up, threw his legs over the edge of the bed, and lit a cigaret. He coughed and swore lightly. "Damn poppers." He rose and wiped his belly with the rag of his torn teeshirt. He tossed the sticky cloth to Den who mopped himself dry. "It's late," Chuck said. "How about a beer?" Den gave him a silent thumbs-up. Chuck popped the cans. They both pulled hard at the cool beer. Den chugged. Chuck followed. They laughed. Their levis were again up tight against their bodies. Their boots crushed the broken mesh of the used poppers. Chuck pulled a faded sweatshirt minus sleeves from his trunk. "Wear this home," he said.

Den pulled the gray cotton over his head. He smelled the leatherscent, the manswell of his new brother. "About tomorrow night," he said.

"Yeah?" Chuck said. He popped them each another beer.

"You get your equipment ready and I'll deliver us an M at eleven o'clock."

"You said there was no such animal in this town."

"Until this week. A new guy's moved in. Transferred here from San Francisco. At least I got that impression."

"That's a hot impression to get," Chuck said. "Be here at eleven. I'll set the scene."

The two men walked to the porch of the cabin. This time Den took Chuck's thumb in tight grip. "We made it, man," Den said.

Chuck look straight at him. "I never doubted but that we would."

Den stepped off the porch, tossed his quarter-full beer can high off into the moonlight. Beer streamed down from it as it sailed silver out into the bushes.

"Keeping American beautiful," Chuck said. His beer can hung from his right hand down by his thigh. His other hand rubbed back and forth on the clean matted hair of his high chest.

Den knocked down his bike, straddled it, and kicked it alive. For a moment he stood holding it roaring between his legs. "You okay?" he yelled at the leatherman on the porch.

Chuck said nothing. But Den could see his large smile in the dark. Then the man's arm came out of porchshadow: flexed, graceful, thumbs-up. That was enough for Den. He roared around in a circle before the cabin. Once, twice, rolling up clouds of dust in the moonlight. Then he roared up the lane. Chuck watched the headlight beam of the bike jump crazily over the bumps in the path. For a moment the bike hesitated where the lane met the shoulder of the highway. Then came a loud roar as Den gunned the bike and out into the traffic speeding down the concrete ribbon into the small city.

Later that same night, Denny's father wanted to know where he had been.

TO BE CONTINUED . . .

REVISED MIRANDA

- YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO SWING FIRST. HOWEVER, IF YOU CHOOSE TO SWING FIRST, ANY MOVE YOU MAKE CAN AND WILL BE USED AS AN EXCUSE TO BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF YOU.
- YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO CALL A DOCTOR AND/OR A PRIEST. IF FOR SOME REASON YOU ARE UNABLE TO TALK TO OR CALL ANYONE, AN UNDERTAKER WILL BE APPOINTED FOR YOU.
- IF YOU CHOOSE TO RUN, A .38 CALIBER VASECTOMY WILL BE PERFORMED ON YOU IMMEDIATELY.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I JUST SAID TO YOU, ASSHOLE?



MANMOVIES

FILMS WORTH SEARCHING FOR

BLOND TORTURED

Okay, Guys! Time to rethink our first prejudices for or against Punk Art. Go beyond that label, and call it "New Wave," and take advantage of the movement's S&M metaphors.

Currently, the most controversial New Wave film is undoubtedly the 25-minute Black Box, which was greeted with shock and revulsion when it was shown at Max's Kansas City. One viewer got so upset that he rushed to the bathroom and vomited.

In Black Box, Bob Mason, a young artist with the Colab group, plays a youth who ignores his girlfriend's advances and goes out for a pack of cigarettes. As soon as he hits the streets he's overpowered and man-napped by a gang of thugs, thrown into the trunk of a car, and driven to a place where, for no apparent reason, he is tortured.

First, he's punched around a little. Then he's bound hand and foot and hung upside down. Finally, he's stripped naked and forced to crawl into a black box, where, unable to stand up or stretch out, he's bombarded with flashing lights and a cacophony of sounds. After a while the action simply stops. The implication is that the torture will go on forever.

The black box was in fact modeled after "the refrigerator," a five-foot cube with heating and cooling elements capable of extreme temperatures. According to Amnesty International, such devices are manufactured in Houston for use in Latin American dictatorships.

The filmmakers say they chose Mason as their torture-victim for two reasons: first, because he's tall, blond, and all-American, and they wanted to say that this kind of torture could happen to anybody; and second, because he's a quiet, somewhat passive type, and they wanted to show what can happen to people who are passive about their lives.

S&M FEATURE

Amnesty International, an apolitical organization devoted to the rights of political prisoners throughout the world, estimates that 1500 people have disappeared in Chile since the military coup that overthrew President Allende in 1973.

The Disappeared is a searing fictional film account of the precise torture methods used by the military. The scenes are based on the testimony of those who survived. The director, Sergio Castilla, is a young Chilean filmmaker who went into exile following the coup. He made this sadistic documentary with the cooperation of the Swedish and Cuban Film Institutes.

The Disappeared methodically traces the exact torture procedures used by security agents after they pick up a man in the streets of an unnamed Latin American city. Their graphic efforts to break his will and extract information about his leader become almost unbearable tortures to watch, particularly to "intellectually and politically correct" audiences who gasp at the technicolor screen, while those, more "pruriently correct," are sniffing poppers and getting off under the leather jackets in their laps.

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

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

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. State: WM, 38, 6-2, 190, uncult 8, muscular, educated. Bay Area. FRANK: 707/662-2106 on Tuesday and Wednesday, 5 - 7 PM only.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MOUSTACHES/BEARDS/SIDEBURNS on REAL MEN sporting a REAL MALE LOOK: truckers, bikers, cops, businessmen in tailored suits, straight married men who like to watch dirty straight movies and beat their meat with a kicked-back buddy. Hairy 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: OK!) I'll tie you up anyway you want, leaving your hairy butt for my twisted tonguing pleasure. I'm a good-looking white Southern Boy, 35, together, redblond moustache and hair, green eyes, small glove size, six feet tall. DAYTIME TRIPS POSSIBLE. PO BOX 14875, San Francisco CA 94114.

KIDNAP-MANNA SURPRISE! Picture yourself standing beer in hand, horny in bar, leatherclad, ass cleaned. Waiting. Unsure of the arranged INEVITABLE. Then strong-armed off to THE ROOM, blindfolded, hooded, peppered, driven away to unknown location. Your body is mine. Inside. Outside. Your desires. My desires. Your mind. My mind. Excited. Fulltilt. Then exhausted, spent. You are released to find your way home. Identify yourself as RED. Call: 916/626-4126.

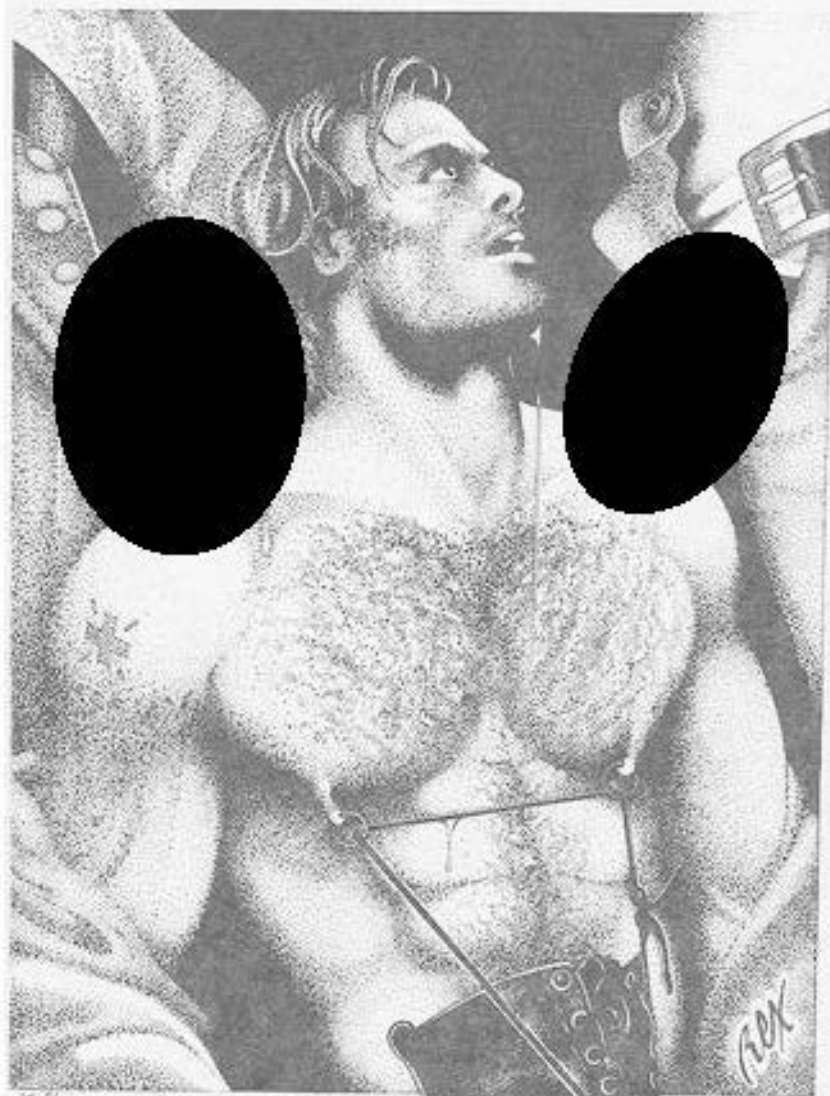
TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT! Privately owned, secluded, wooded property wanted for outdoor scenes, and TARGETSHOOTING guns, within 4 hours' drive of San Francisco. Send rental info to: 3304 Geary Blvd., Box #206, San Francisco CA 94118. 70888 interested in holding tin cans, reply also!

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

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

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

TITSPORTS



TITMEN KNOW THAT TIT-PLEASURE IS LIKE TAKING THE OFFRAMP TO ALPHA CENTAURI. Tits are the far-out, deepdown thrill of any advanced man called Horse or novice boy called Pony. Whether beginner with soft eager nipples or a veteran with thick-skinned tread on his tits, a man knows that three hardons

are better than one. When a man's tits stand at attention under the fingerplay of another man, licking/massaging/rolling/squeezing/pinching, he knows he's entered the Homosensual Arena of Highwire Sex.

TITPLAY: WITH SAM AND WITHOUT

Tits are twin dials fine-tuning a man's head into a swoon that makes him admit: "I'm into ANYTHING as long as I/you/we play with your/my/our tits." Not all Titsports are SAM, of course; but if a Top needs to convince a Bottom to go farther: tease his tits to seduce him thoroughly, moving sensually up from easy finger-play, through chewing/biting, to clamping/piercing. SAM tit games, with the arms tied and stretched spreadeagle, can last excruciating hours. Even heavy tit work need not necessarily be SAM. Not if the head redefines what first feels like pain into a better defined heavy sensuality. Tit play coaches a man's receptivity: mouth and ass. Tit play coaxes a man's dick to a hardon--once he's hot-wired together the synapses in his head that connect the triangulation of his nipples to his dick and balls and butt.

BODYBUILDER PEX

Bodybuilders are a snap to seduce. Forget their muscles that everyone else adores, and move in, instead, for a refreshingly specific top-hit on their tits. Test the pec-deck bulk by finger-rolling the nipples' definition. Then watch him ripple 'n' roll 'n' flex his pex. Remember that Bodybuilders don't pump up their chests for nothing: so as you cup a massive handful of pec in the curve of your hand--if you really want Mr. Physique in the palm of your hand, move your index-finger and thumb across each pec and massage his nipples from flat to hard, and you'll have him eating out of your crotch.

ASSHOLES AND PRO'S

Assholes can grab your tits in a bar and rudely, crudely destroy them for three days in one-minute-flat. Titmen, usually with fine exposed sensitive big nipples of their own as their signal that needs no hanky, can play your tits for hours, from the most basic index-finger-thumbroll up through electrical clamps, with a style that causes no damage either to the surface tread or to the deeper tit-meat.

Such Titmen are Pro's, and are usually Mutualists. Sometimes, nothing's better than a good old-fashioned standup, face-to-face Tit scene, when two men clamp each others' nipples and then chain the four together, so that pulling away from each other, or

embracing chest-to-chest, squeezing the clamped nipples together, they are tit-focused and connected for deep Tit-Energy Penetration. In addition, Mutual Clamps free both pairs of hands up for other body stroking or mutual J/O.

TITS: SIGN OF MALE SEXUAL SOPHISTICATION

Some guys are born with sensitive tits. Other guys learn to have Hot Tits, acquiring an appreciation for Nipple Sports the way sophisticates acquire a taste for fine wine and good cigars. Natural-born or tutored, either way is equal, as long as a man appreciates the Gift of Tits: yours, mine, his, ours.

If a man these Latter Days lacks Top/Mutual/Bottom Titsports in his sexual/sensual repertoire, his credential for adult-male sensual play is less. In these perversatile days and nights, sensitive tits are a sign and index of sexual/sensual sophistication.

HUNGRY TITS: APPETITE, ADDICTION, ADMISSION

When a man grabs you by the tits, he gets your attention. When a man plays your tits well, he holds your interest. When a man's got your attention and holds your interest, you can fall head-over-tits in love, because--outside of straightforward erogamous cock J/O--there's probably no other erotic zone, except maybe the asshole, that's so addictive, so habit-forming, and so pleasurable. Many men into tits think that ANY scene WITHOUT tits ain't much of a scene at all!

USE YOUR HANDS!

If you have tits, use 'em. If you don't, try learning them. If you have hands, don't let them hang at your sides during standup sex, or flop out on the bed during horizontal fucks. Use them on your partner's chest! If you give blowjobs, don't just blow; run your hands up the man's belly to test his Nipple Response. Chances are, you'll dial-e-load a lot faster. Tits are the Great Persuaders! Tits often provide the Great Seduction needed to take a guy farther than he's ever dared go before--when added in to any other sex trip.

It's either an ancient warrior axiom, or a Burns Shave sign; but either way, remember: **TWIST A GUY'S TITS, AND HE'LL FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE!**

Not Drawing: Created especially for MATURAS at RETNEX GALLIST, San Francisco

THE READERS WRITE

MAN-CONTROL

TRAINING. TEACHING A MAN TO OBEY. BRINGING HIM UNDER CONTROL. Under your thumb. Under your will. Under your fist. Training a man puts his head in order. Gets his body in shape. Keeps his act together. Centers his consciousness. Pushing a man to his limits builds his confidence. When he's strong and healthy and active and secure, he's ready to be used to his full potential. If he has chosen his trainer wisely, he will move through life with the grace and ease of a black leather panther.

ready to be trained. Ready to be smoothed and refined into the precise flowing muscularity of the Healthy American Male. He won't need cheap fantasies or drug-filled dreams to help him get off. His trainer will see to that.

A man is trained for a purpose. He isn't rebuilt just for free. If all that time and effort is spent on him, somebody wants him.

His future owner will view him during the last phase of his training. That's

TRAINER. SLAVE HUNTER. I am hunting for a slave/lover/pet. I want a man that I can own, love, control, train, whip, fuck, teach, and build a lifelong relationship with. I will take responsibility for seeing that he is kept happy, healthy, secure, exercised, nutritionally fed, ethically trained, and sexually active. He won't have to deal with loneliness, decisions, laziness, worry, problems, or uncertainty.

For my slave, I want: a man recently discharged from the US military (USMC preferred), early twenties to early thirties, clean cut, loyal, honest, under 6'2", hairless torso, well-muscled body (or potential for bodybuilding), basic butch male attitude and headspace, highly sexed, loving, and ready to lay it on the line.

Here's what I am offering: a 33-year-old, 6'5", 210#, thick 9", uncut, brown-haired, gray-eyed, educated Arkansas redneck. I am a stubborn man who knows exactly what he wants. I am ready to pay for him with a lifetime of commitment.

If you want what I'm offering, and you've got what I want, write: Rick, PO Box 3291, SF, CA 94114.

A raw recruit is a chaos. He lives to defend his fragile ego and he can't even keep his ass clean. His nose is snotty and he's unprepared for life. But somewhere, down inside, he's figured out that he'd better join up.

He joins.

Now he's going to be broken. The trainers will beat him down and break him. They'll crush his frightened arrogance, and ride his butt, until he forgets how to resist. At that point, he is

when his final conditioning will be chosen. That's when his finished form will be set.

Boot camp broke him down.

Training camp rebuilt him for healthy efficient service.

Both of those situations were preparing him for permanent assignment to his master's care. Here he'll know love and control and service. So long as he is growing and obedient, he will know a security and a passion that few men will ever taste.



Good recruits are hard to come by. The very best never reach the market. No one sees a recruit until after the trainers have tested and broken and rebuilt him. When an exceptional man joins up, a trainer will take him for his own. A trainer's slave receives the most intense conditioning of any man alive. He will be rebuilt as a slave/lover/pet/assistant. He will be treasured and tortured until he is flawless.

If he can cut it, he will experience levels of intensity, lust, and man-to-man emotions beyond anything found in our formless society. The trainers have the rare advantage of being able to practice the fine art of MAN-CONTROL before they apply those techniques to men whom they intend to keep, and, as the lines of recruits march by, they can choose the best raw material for themselves. The slave of a trainer is the most effectively used slave of all.

For many men, daily life in a disinterested society is empty. They find a wife or a mother or a corporation or a military service to run their lives for them.

A few lucky ones find an owner or a trainer.

Those men join up. Any man who feels the need to submit totally is going to join up somewhere. The MARINE CORPS

is most likely to get him if he goes the military route. (The USMC knows how to step on a man!) A religion trip will hook him if he's into guilt. The Mafia, a domineering wife, drug addiction, and prison are other paths to submission for a man in need of training.

A Cossack General once said, "A man is blessed with two heads, and the fool thinks with the one on his shoulders." If a man in need of control has an ounce of common sense, he will follow where his cock directs him. Through the sexual-sensual-pleasure-pain centers of his brain a man can find the space in which he needs to BE.

His throbbing dick and pounding blood pressure will tell him if he is on the right track. When he has found his place and been trained to accept it, life will flow around him like a silky black river of oil and sweat.

Being trained isn't a weekend fuck-fantasy. It changes a man forever. It awakens the cells of his skin as well as his brain. It makes him completely alive.

Whatever a man has to offer, if he offers himself totally and sincerely, there is a trainer waiting for him to join up. --Rick, PO BOX 3291, SF, CA 94119

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

TOILETSEE. Not wild mouth will work your hairy asshole overtime, if you're man enough. I'm man enough to take your hot shit by dump, your strong piss by gallons. INTO: ENEMAS, BIG PISSHOLES, LONG FORESKINS, TITS, HAIRY ARMPITS. New York. XXX71.

MANWORSHIPPER SEEMS TOP WITH TRIP TOGETHER. W/M, uncult-7, 6, 190, 43, wants to give good trip to TOP MEN who really enjoy what they do to their slave, who are creative in all methods of BONDAGE, and in the ways a FORESKIN can be used/abused. Want Master to take complete possession of my body: cock, balls, tits, ass, mouth--all are his to use as he wishes. Force this slave to WORSHIP his body, cock, lick his boots, drink his piss, eat his ass. A good WHIP-FING IN HEAVY BONDAGE will stimulate men for even better service of his body, and enable him to punish me for not providing a more perfect worship of his masculinity. Love to take communion of his cum, eating it out of the asshole of a man he has just fucked. Open to new experiences, heavy fantasy trips of all kinds, as well as piercing, heavy tit work, creative cock-and-ball torture. San Francisco. Call KEITH: 415/641-8934.

LEATHER RANCHHAND NEEDED. Leather hand needed to build up heavy layer of manure WORKING ON AN ISOLATED 20-ACRE RANCH, covered head-to-toe in leather. Digging, shoveling, pruning, hauling, cleaning the place up. AFTER THIS REAL WORK, YOU'LL BE BROUGHT UP TO THE RANCHHOUSE TO GET PAID COMMENSURATE WITH YOUR WORK: PUCKED, FISTED, WHIPPED, BEATEN, FED MANURE, TIED UP TIL DAWN FOR ANOTHER DAY OF WORK AND PAYMENT. While on ranch, no cotton allowed. Openings for two-to-five days. This is no gay-boy j/fantasy; this is real man's work in trade for real man's sex pay. Transportation to and from ranch available. Make application to: RANCHO FOREMAN, P BAR R RANCH, BOX 463, EL DORADO CA 95623. Include picture, physical attributes, dates available for hire, and forms of payment desired. Northern California.

TITS, PITS, AND SLITS. Horny, hot, hard, hairy dude with supercharged tits, wet funky pits, redhot asshole wants to GREASE UP with MAN/ANAL sex. I want heavy-duty trips! Can you watch my nasty imagination and my titlamp/toy collection? Pete Powers, Box 11007, San Francisco 94101.

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

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

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

TOTAL TONGUE SERVICE FOR ROUGH RIDERS. WM masculine TOP MEN ONLY. 800r ass for ROUGH RIDERS. Goodlooking WM, 33, digs dirty SHOTS/JOCKS, sweaty crotch, smelly asshole, armpits, feet, nipple play, cock and ball work, with smoke, poppers, toys. YOUR FANTASIES WELCOME! No fats or phone freaks. Peter: 415/ 864-3468. UNTIL 11 PM. XXX74.

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

HOT TOP. Wm, 28, 6, 165, 9". Into fisting, bondage, whipping/spanking, shaving, oil, WS, beautiful buns. Prefer under 60, solid build, steady action. LA area. #00060.

SAM RESEARCH FOR ANGELS FLYING TOO CLOSE TO THE GROUND. Homosociologist needs volunteers to participate in a study of SM, FF, ALL PETISHES, 36D, WS, and other forms of MAN/ANAL sex. I'm interested in all aspects, from the fantasies of the inexperienced to the scenes of the thoroughly initiated. This is a far-real professional study--the first of its kind. Thanks. Write to SBR, Box 3262, Santa Barbara CA 93103.

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

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Jack Fritscher, Editor

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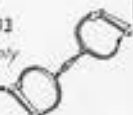
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