

MAN2MAN

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TWO-FISTED FIRST ANNIVERSARY!



MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard2Find Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

ISSUE 6

56 FULL PAGES

MANRAUNCH: Sweat, Piss, Pits, Ass, Crotch, Feet,
Socks, Jocks...EAT IT!

BALLBUSTER BLUES: MORE TALES FROM S&M RANCH
A Castration Love Story

DIRTY LETTERS: THE READER'S WRITE
A REAL Day in the Life of a Man in a
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IN THE WORLD

THE ADVENTURES OF DENNY SARGENT: ORGY AT SAUGATUCK
One-handed serial you can pick up on
anywhere!

M. Henry, Publisher

Jack McNenny, New York Manager
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MAN

THE BIG KICK IN BEING A GROWNUP MAN IS PUTTING AN END TO BEING WHAT WE WERE ALL RAISED TO BE: THE BEST LITTLE BOYS IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD. Shit! Why shouldn't babies grow up to be "cowboys"? Why remain Peter Pan when you can become Doctor Hook?

"DON'T LOOK!" Daddy said. And you HAD to look. For sure: all the stuff that hardens our dicks as adult men is the very stuff our parents pointed out as trash (usually white, hot, and tattooed), or as dirty (body odors, filthy jeans, sweaty hair), or as dangerous (going home with strangers, riding motorcycles, inserting anything that hurts), or as private (pissing, shitting, spitting, picking your teeth, and enemas).

TOUGH GUYS: ANOTHER ROADSIDE ATTRACTION

You can remain the All-American Boy only so long, unless you attend lots of gayboy theme parties, Lacoste-used like Fat Boone. When you leave home, and hit the road on your own, your Family DON'T-LOOKS point a perfect finger, directing you to the firm of Trash, Sleaze, and Raunch.



RAUNCH



A male adventurer, coming from a DON'T-LOOK background, tends to identify with those men pointed out to him, earlier in life, as The Aggressors: TOUGH GUYS. So your life changes on the road. To survive and to attract the aggressors, you become more like the men you were warned about.

Tough good ol' boys are currently the main way to express manhood in the USA. So, for the truly perverse, as a male adventurer, eager to experience all the DON'T-LOOKS, all roads lead to Rome, San Francisco, New York...

Big Cities are the place where when you go there, you get to become yourself.

I WANT TO BE DIRTY!

When the All-American Brad and Janet in the classic raunch film, Rocky Horror Picture Show, finally bite Eden's unwashed apple, and find it deliciously dirty, Janet sings the Ultimate Aria of a Clean-Queen who's just discovered that vanilla sex is boring, and lacks the sleaze that pleases. She begs for lessons in Raunch!

"I was feelin' done in. Couldn't win.
I'd only ever KISSED before.
I thought there's no use getting
into HEAVY PETTING.
It only leads to trouble
and...SEAT WETTING!
Now all I want to know is how to go.
I've TASTED BLOOD and
I WANT MORE! MORE! MORE! MORE!
I'll put up no resistance.
I want to go the distance.

Toucha toucha toucha touch me.
I WANNA BE DIRTY!
THRILL ME! CHILL ME! FULFILL ME!
CREATURE OF THE NIGHT!"

Because, some nights, gay bars are full of phoney Bradnjanets, a Raunchman, cruising for mandirt, can hardly handle a "normal" conversation when all he wants is to be filthy, sniffing out male-body raunch. What the fuck do Bradnjanet know about bouquets of sweat; toe-jam; piss in its endless variety; spit; lugers, both white and green; snot; sweet earwax; shit; puke; or

our very breath, fulsome with the products of our continuing life?

Our bodies keep producing, producing, producing. Our raunchy heads are hungry, hungry, hungry.

Bradnjanet's main task in life becomes Arrid denial of what excreta represent: that, in fact, as far as nature (not the norm) is concerned: we're nothing but body.

Nature's values are bodily values.

Human values are mental values; and, though they take the loftiest flights, they are built upon bodily excreta, are, in fact, impossible without excreta. Bradnjanet, Ronnie Raygun, the Widow O, and Mike Mentzer all shit. Even the almost-assassinated Pope, shot in the guts, raises his hand in pontifical blessing, and his shit dribbles into his colostomy bag.

American TV culture fears Raunch, because to it Raunch represents the nonconforming bodily functions that spell social rejection, decay, and death.

What is this SHIT?

When we talk about Raunch we mean a sex-encounter with a normally healthy man's excressences of essence. When a man dares to get raunchy, and express his defiant individuality, is he spitting in the face of death? Some say so. And if so, such a physical challenge might be, for the individualist celebrant, the greatest of all cosmic adventures.

At least it gets a man back to the basics of his nature.

BIKER AGONISTES

An uncut tattooed dirty biker, muscled from labor and gym and, maybe, prison, is the American folk symbol of the heroically free individual. (That's why unliberated Bradnjanets fear and hate him.) He rides wild. He rides free. His raunch is the smell of a man pitted against conformity.

The individual, after all, is the most oppressed minority in the world.





What in a black-leather biker scares the hell out of conformists? The hot stink of his fearlessness. What in a warrior-on-two-wheels whets deeper appetites of men for men? The hot raunch of his greasy crotch, open to the wind, saying, "Eat it!"

Deepdown, Bradn Janet know, you know, everyone knows, they wanna be dirty! At least once in awhile. But then that "proper" streak of Vanilla rears up and tries to make a man, sometimes, feel guilty about being raunchy.

"We got nothin' to be guilty of...."

IT CAME FROM BENEATH VANILLA SEX

So what's it to Vanillaists if you are a depraved manhunter scouting rednecks, bikers, and cops for raunch, piss, spit, snort, and shit? So what if you're a hot manimal smelling and licking funky bodies, sweaty underarms, feet, unwashed asshole, and a snortlocker or two? So what if you're into greasy Levi's, cheesy uncut cocks, sweaty jocks, and eyeball-licking?

So what if you want a beergut mother-fucker, smoking a big cigar in a toilet, to fuck your face with his horny, arrogant tool while he swats your shoulder with his rolled-up sex-magazine?

So what? So far so good! Cuz you've got sex with style, manstyle, as long as you've got a hard-on stiffening your dick, and the taste of raunch in your mouth. That's the "taste" you've got. If you're lucky enough to be a pig who'll do anything with the right guy.

Once a man has enough balance to realize the difference between being a Public Toilet and a First-Class Private Toilet, then he's got his head on straight enough to forego saying "never" to even the roughest raunch, and start saying "hello" to the feeding of his passionate appetites.

When you've gone from vanilla to chocolate sex, you can't go home again.

Not once you've admitted to a grown man's taste for nasty sex and a crash with a perfect stranger; for big uncut cheesy raunch-dick - flashing through YMCA gloryholes; for setting your hot buns down in a greasy gas-station toilet, without putting the "Mexican-Poncho" Sanitary-Paper on the seat still wet and warm from some trucker who didn't give a lazy shit for lifting the horseshoe-seat for his piss; for licking out the stinking armpits of a young hitchhiker fresh out of bootcamp; for smelling the feet of the semi-straight dirtbiker who lays back, flopping his sweaty cock up to your mouth for trade; for eating out the ass of a hot married salesman in the john of a motel bar; for trading spit with a trucker at an Interstate BUNKS/SHOWERS/EATS 18-wheeler parking lot, late at night, with a fleet of a hundred rigs humming with their low motors, and lower amber parking lights glowing through the wet shadows; for rimming your way through asshole, clean and dirty; for harvesting dingleberries where they grow best, in that deep fullbutt crack, down around the hairy circle of ripe asshole; for digging tongue-n-teeth into sloppy mutual mousetache sucking; for slapping the playful shit out of good sports who slap back.

On the road, that's what happens during restless nights in one-night cheap hotels. It's a long time between showers. The number of dicks sucked and assholes rimmed puts more distance between you and your Family DON'T-LOOKS than the geographical miles. When your meat-odometer reads over three or four thousand tricks turned, your mileage makes you far and away a different person than Bradn Janet who've only balled each other. If you told them about "somebody you knew" who had a few thousand sex encounters, they'd say, first, "That's impossible," and, second, "That guy's sick."

At least about the "sick" part they'd be right; and these punk days, "sick" has become a virtue.

CLEAN RAUNCH AND THE BODYBUILDER

Raunch is not filth. Necessarily. Raunch is the smell of barracks, gym, and beds that only men sleep in. Even scrubbed down and washed up, the barracks and racks at say, Farris Island, smell, to the sophisticated man who's revived his primitive instincts, *raunchy*! When you tour any men's institution, like, say, San Quentin, you smell the smell of raw masculinity.

Animals share in a male Over-Raunch that identifies us one to the other. Religionists prefer to deny humans are animals. Masculinists celebrate being animals. Straight bodybuilder Rod Koonta has tattooed on his right arm: THREE ANIMAL! Rod wins physique contests, sometimes, I think, because the judges get his balley message; they're not scoring him on the beauty of his soul.

Another title-holding musclemad admits he never uses soap: he's into clean rinsed raunch. He refuses to soap off the raunch pheromones that are his identifying, individual epoor. Men find him attractive because of his superbuilt and handsome face. More subtly, and this Mr. Physique knows it, they're attracted to the clean raunch that is uniquely and distinctly his own.

"Five minutes in the sack," he says, "and they get past looking at and feeling my muscles, and start sniffing and licking them. That's when the sweat-n-muscle scene starts!"

With this bodybuilder, as well as with all men, there's more to man-to-man sex than meets the eye. But you gotta snort it out!

PRIMITIVE MALE-WARRIOR IN-STINKS

"My father was French. A soldier in Algeria where he married my mother," says one of the raunchiest men in San Francisco. "When he'd come in from hunting, pull off his muddy rubber boots, and walk around the room in his sweaty wet wool socks, my mother always nagged him to go shower. Instead, he'd kick back, usually with a buddy or two, light up a cigar, and trade hunting sto-

ries over whiskey. My mother would get angry and head for her territory: the kitchen. I headed straight to sit on the floor next to my father's feet near his boots."

Raunch is ancient, primitive sensuality. Raunch is not, originally, about lying in backroom piastubs. Raunch is an instinct, and a ritual, as old as Men the Hunting Beast. Raunch sniffed out at the door of your cave told you to admit the approaching stranger, or to kill him. (Just like a room at the baths.) A man's spoor, when he's in rutting heat, tells your very sophisticated "primitive" sensor if he is friend or foe, trick or troll.

British scientists recently isolated the basic raunch pheromone of male sweat as a sex-signal put out naturally by a man's body. (See MAZZMAN Issue #3, "Tough Rocks.") Backroom piastubs are an attempt to get back to natural raunch pheromones in a society whose non-aggressive norms have dictated soap, deodorant, and cologne as civilizing bridles to harness raunchy, sweating men in heat.

When you lick a phoney leatherboy's pit in a bar, and come up with a tongueful of aluminum-chlorhydrate, you run to wash his deodorant out of your mouth. Sex he thought through where he is! The poor jerk in his leatherdrag has bought in his head, and paid for out of his purse, the Calvinist TV-commercial norm that body excreta are "bad." He's no longer a natural man; he's a normal consumer.

Capote said: "I'd rather be natural than normal." When a sissy like Truman admits to preferring natural men, you have an honest truth about homos masculine manhunting revealed.

Does Williams' Stanley Kowalski, who became The Wild One who set the whole leather/bike/macho image that has lasted from the 50's even until now, use San Koli-On to keep the Polish sweat-rings off his filthy workman's tanktop? If he did, the women in Streetcar would never have acted like cats on a hot tin roof.



PEANUT BUTTER/JOCKSTRAP PRYER! Force-fed this WM, 32, goodlooking peanut butter freak who can't get enough of the chunky stuff sucked through a clean jockstrap. Bondage, slapping, verbal abuse, and the slow torture of trying to swallow mouthful after mouthful of dry, crunchy peanut butter forcefed by a daddy who wants to make his son-chew, swallow, and eat like a good boy. If it's Jif, it's terrific! No WS or shit. Forcefed food scene only. Bay Area. Writer: Skippy, MEM #000006.

SKIPPY

Super Chunk

PEANUT BUTTER



Everybody reads "Raunch" for what it is: the aggressive smell of cunning gonads on the prowl.

RAUNCH-BAR CRUISING

To the sensual of nose and tongue, raunch is the medium used to cruise and separate the "normals" from the "naturals." ("He's a natural!" is a high complement.) Some fairy-dusted nights you can walk into a bar and know immediately it's not for you: the natural raunch quotient, masked by soap or smoke or old Crisco or whatever, is too low for you to pick up on the excrecences of the male body. This problem in bar-cruising is the reason so many bars have turned from being hunting-grounds into being almost completely "normally" social.

"Homosexual men," says the owner of Folsom's premiere leather bar, "make better matches, even for a night, no matter how light or heavy they are into raunch, if they can identify each other the way animals read each other, to sniff out if they're the same kind. Birds do it. Bees do it. Dogs definitely do it.

In the animal kingdom, like sniffs out like."

Now that's sensual sense: another animal way to read a man before committing to a night's romp! Not only can you this way check out matching raunch pheromones; you can avoid mismatches. Sometimes, right in the middle of a scene that has everything going for it something unclicks, and you both know it's not working. Could be you've both got everything except compatible raunch pheromones. If, after you get past the sight and touch, you don't taste and smell right to each other, nothing except popper is going to cover the fact that some guys are more Brut than brute.

If you're one of those men who's always wanting MORE, and wondering what the fuck more there is: follow your nose. Do some homework. Buy some felthy pictures: A. Jay is the A-Croup artist of piss, peca, and pita; Martin of Holland handles shit better than anybody; and Rex sophisticates any subject to the reality of workingman raunch that is earned through hard labor.

TAKE THIS RAUNCH AND EAT IT!

Eating the excreta of another man's healthy body is male ritual older than the Druids. Warriors traditionally ate the hearts and genitals of brave enemies. Christ told his men: "Eat my body and drink my blood." The male ritual of feeding off another man's heroic body is older than recorded history. It is communion with another man's essence.

Only normal Bradnjanets cringe like weak sisters at the idea of cannibalism, especially if they've never thought through the natural logic of their Christian communion service.

Where, if ever, do you draw the line between sacred and psychotic? (Usually on a mirror with a razor blade.) Anybody can abuse a use. The greatest treason is to do a right thing, like raunch, for the wrong reason.

So, if late at night, you have the need to feed, you are simply heeding the most ancient gods' seductive call. Men have a hunger for a man to lead them and feed them, whether it's with multiplied loaves and fishes, or it's the bloody

sweat from a hairy pit stretched out in crucifixion, or it's saliva spit into the crack of a juicy asshole dripping shit and cum. Gods, on the w/hole, hardly ever make "normal" requests. That's what makes them gods.

UNMITIGATED BULLSHIT

On the other hand, fuck the philosophy; slurp up anything you want if it feels good. Maybe all the above is just unmitigated bullshit crapped out by the rational part of the animal, which man is, to understand and justify why, clean or dirty, sexually liberated men aren't afraid to work raunch out, face-to-ass/pits/etc.

Raunch is the almost-lost art of celebrating what's left of masculinity in a society gone almost totally feminist.

To the Raunchanimal, sniffing the nightwind, when he catches the pheromone spoor of another wild man, he feels the twitch in his dick and the salivation on his tongue, and he knows, somewhere out there in the nightrider's hunting ground, another wild stallion rises! M2M

TOTALLY DEPRAVED IN KANSAS CITY. KC depraved P/O digs eating and dumping hot, fat turds. WM, 34, 5-5, 165, wellbuilt, HAIRY, digs ALL SICK SCENES, THE SICKER THE BETTER: puke, blood, motor oil, smoot, farts, hot smelly assholes, and animal dicks. Eats shit. TOP/MUTUAL. Travel widower, NYC, CA. Visitors welcome. MIM FAXX72.

PUTTS AND CIGARETTES: BODYBUILDER J/O. I'm 39, 4-2, 175, hairy, hung, hot. I work out hard. Into sweaty jocks, tits, and long slow-striking J/O with cigars. My single spends 45 minutes up my ass while I work out. I don't know what's hotter: pumping up with that size, long, brown snake plugged up my hole, or eating it out into my buddy's waiting mouth. I get off on exchanging hot piss, jocks, cigars, tapes, or whatever. Let me hear from you pronto. Ronnie, Box 3422, Santa Barbara CA 93103.

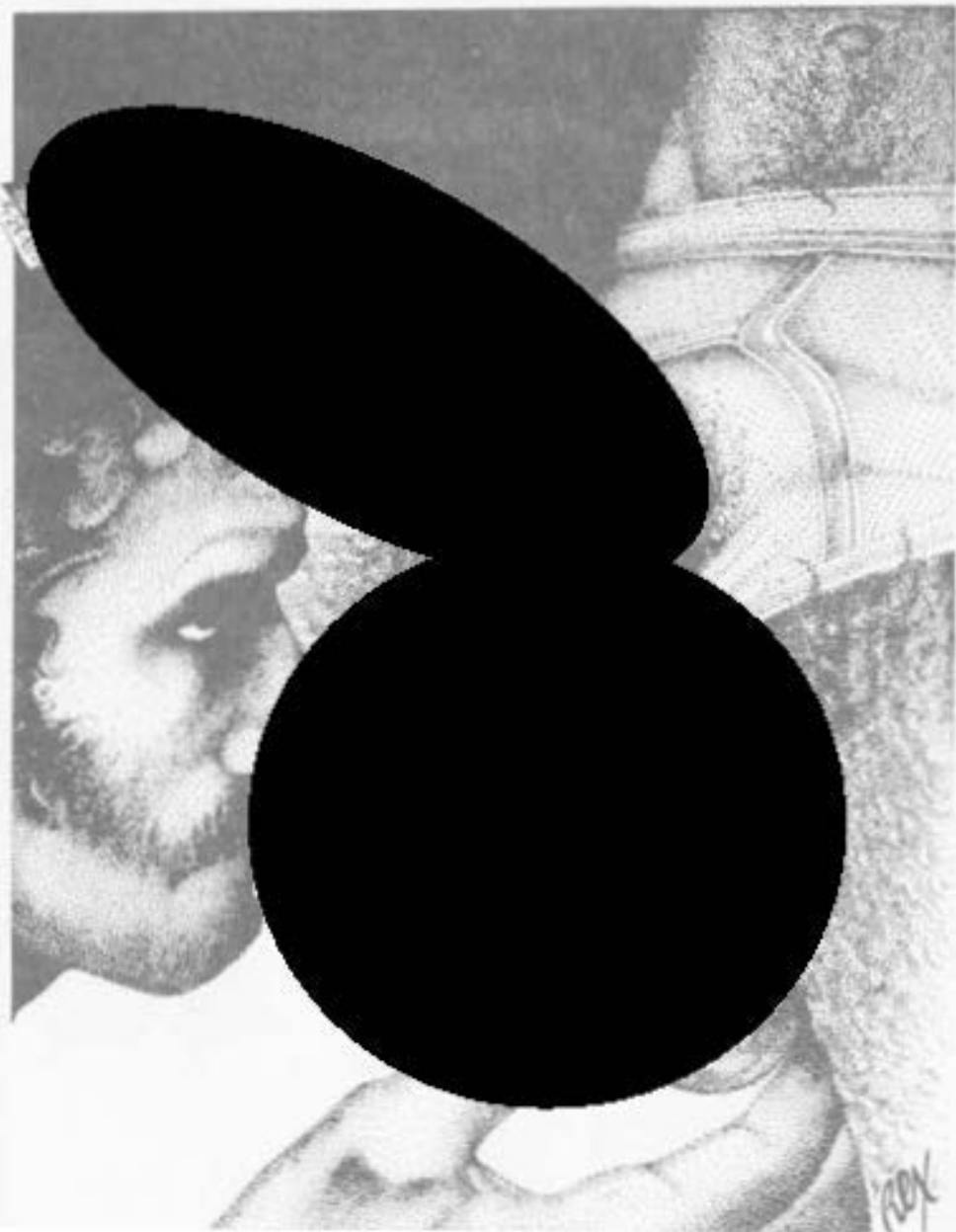
RIG MIKE GIVES S-I-O-W AND S-E-A-S-Y LEADS. Big, gut-busting man, packed for hot, thick, stinking, juicy turd delivery for hungry, sniffing, licking toilet studs. This is my specialty! This 29-year-old, handsome, and extremely hairy RAUNCH MASTER wants ritually worshipping, full-service, creative, enlightened toilet mouths who know how to serve my hot, insatiably tongue-hungry asshole. My thick solid-log turds want to slide down your manthrust, into your yielding anus belly, followed by unending hot WE action, as you service my raunchy body and lick my sweaty stinking pits clean. I am 6-foot and 210 pounds on the hoof. Read my "Dirty Letter" in issue #6 of MANHAT. Seattle and San Francisco. MIM F00115.

BRIT PHOTO EXCHANGE. Two WM, 30's, hunky types with hot collection of action-scat photos would like to trade pic of jocks 18-35 dumping big, hard, solid turds. Also action in St. Louis area. Grab your dicks and your Polaroids and let's exchange some hot BISE MAIL. Write: ROR, Box 4, Venice IL 60690.

NYC SCAT RALLY: LABOR DAY SUNDAY,
September 6. For info, call: NA-
TUKE, 212/243-8279.

TALES FROM S&M RANCH

BALLBUSTER



BLUES

by RICK LEATHERS

CASTRATION: A DIFFERENT STROKE

"Yo castro." My buddy pointed at the San Francisco street sign: CASTRO. "Yo castro," he said groping his big-balled crotch. "I bet you don't know what the word means."

I checked out the yellowbrick intersection. "Liars, tigresses, and unbearable?"

"Yo castro. I castrate."

My hillbilly Arkansas dick hardened from its root above my balls. My nuts hung, right above left, free to rise and roll in my loose USMC green fatigues. I CASTRATE: that's a shingle I've wanted to hang above my door for years. As a farmkid, I was fascinated with fondling and watching my own balls squirm around in their hairless sac. I always wanted to meet a man who had been castrated.

CASTRATION. My curiosity about masculine men, castrated in adulthood, goes back so early in this life, it's probably an interest leftover from a previous existence: barbarians, berserkers, Berbers—all of

them warriors, who in victory castrated the males they conquered, and in defeat, they themselves felt the grip-and-twist of leather-gloved fists squeezing the free-float of their nuts down to swollen purple-veined twin globes: handcrushed, even as the sharp blade cut through the stretched neck of the sac, sliced through the cords, and sheared away the big balls that only hours before, in battle, had swung so proudly beneath the aggressive length of cock.

In highschool, I joined the Future Farmers of America, the original FFA, and enjoyed some firsthand de-balling of calves and pigs. Most cattlemen castrate their stock soon after birth. I've seen better results and weight gains by waiting. Castration is a simple enough procedure. Young bulls are herded out of the holding pen and into the press pen which is then squeezed to hold the critter in place. A small, thick rubber ring, about the size of a Lifesaver, is stretched open to the size of a Mason jar ring by the teeth on the docking gun. The balls are pulled through the ring. The gun's trigger is pulled. The teeth retract, and the stretched ring snaps down at about 300 mph to its original Lifesaver size.

In the wake of the inferno that destroyed REXXXX Gallery, and two years of Rex' priceless erotic originals, this drawing on the opposite page, "Ballbuster Blues," is worthy of historical note: Rex drew it especially for this issue of **MANZANA**, finishing it only days before the fire destroyed the brief-lived original. Rex, for the sake of all of us, must be a Phoenix!

Usually, next, a branding iron cooled in liquid nitrogen burns into the left flank, and the inner lip is tattooed with its ID. Then the horn nobs are checked, and, if necessary, dehorning paste is applied. By this time, the rubber ring has completely stopped the flow of blood to the balls, so the nuts hang limp in the lower sac, and the feeling is dead. The young bulls, from the sheer pressure, often have enormous hardons.

So did half the Arkansas FFA.

I enjoyed the hardon that shot down my leg when I squeezed the young ringed bullnats for feeling. More than one Future Farmer and I got it on right in the bullpens after a heavy castration session. Ballbusting is a turnon. Even to completely straight guys.

If the young bull doesn't buck when his ringed nuts are squeezed, he's ready to be cut. A special serrated knife slices off the whole sac. You can reach into the sac and draw out the testicles by their bloody cords. The severed balls are thrown into a bucket where the hot, pumping, bloody nuts squirm and roll with a life of their own. The animal is cauterized, turned loose into a second holding pen, and checked later for bleeding. I never met a man who didn't get off on holding a huge handful of nuts. One morning we must have set an Arkansas record: castrated 123 head.

Anyway, about a year ago, I heard of a guy, a Viet Vet, down in Los Angeles. He had been a Marine sergeant. The VC had cut off his balls in Nam. Word had it he was hot and hung, but into a bit of a head trip about not having any potatoes to back up his large uncultured meat. Like most men castrated well after puberty, his secondary sex characteristics—pubic hair, muscles, deep voice, and erectibility—remained in tact. Probably with an occasional testosterone fix, but not necessarily. Castration performed in full manhood is a physical act that, if the dick is unharmed and the head stays on straight, often

improves sexual performance. A hardon that's into recreation doesn't need seed like a hardon into procreation.

So with my usual hardon for the offbeat, I flew into LAX.

I wanted to cut this Mansteer out of the herd milling around the One Way. "It's his favorite toilet," my yocastro friend told me.

It took me two nights, and some buddying up to the bartenders who knew the peculiar talents and the more peculiar tricks of everybody who was sick enough to be somebody. Finally, shortly after midnight, the barkeep tapped me on the shoulder. He nodded toward the front door where the black leather that covered the entry was falling closed behind a bullnized man. He took one step into the bar, sizing up the crowd. The black-cowhide cruisers, stopped dead in their tracks, cleared a passage for him like rodeo cowboys in awe of the power, beft, and heat of a champion steer that they would give their left nut to ride for a record.

Without moving a rugged muscle, this Mansteer created more havoc in the bar than the Schlitz Malt Liquor Bull. Ballniness, before and after all, is an attitude of head and heart and manstyle.

He was more than the No-Nuts Fantasy I'd flown down to L.A. to bag for a quick-trick in the sack. Up to that night, mainly, I'd been looking for a trainable young pup, fresh out of the USMC, who wanted to be my short, muscular, crewcut, blond pet—disciplined enough to want nothing more than to keep his butt up against my dick and fiat.

Sgt. Sam Nash, striding from the door to the bar, rearranged my priorities. Fast. The crewcut pup of my dreams was bumped by the entry into my reality of this powerful castrated Manbeast. His dark brushcut framed his rugged masculine face. His military bearing cut through the wimp and wiggle of the barboys who through poppers

and cigarettes had dulled basic appreciations for essential mansmell: pite, ass, and, this time around, deballed, castrated crotch.

Colones. Hemingway called balls colones; Papa even made one of his most famous romantic heroes a ball-free wonder. Sometimes the subtraction of something adds in something extra a man might never expect: without balls or cumshots to wear him down, a castrated man can fuck with a rockhard dick for hours, climaxing time after time.

I waseyed on up to Sam Nash. I had come looking for a castrated Fantasy Fuck. Instead, I had found a real deballed fullgrown man. I turned on my good ol' country boy switch. When I'm feeling secure, my Southern accent and redneck grin melt more ice than a hot whore in an unheated barracks.

"I'm in town from San Francisco," I said, "to remind myself what sunshine's like."

"I never been to Fun City," he said.

"Fun City. Maybe. Before half the fags in MidAmerica moved in doing their mothers' act. You know: getting their hair 'done' instead of cut; wearing nylon briefs like panties instead of boxershorts like their dads. The ones that aren't fullblown queens are at least half-assed princes."

"In L.A., everybody's a star."

We both laughed. We both knew plenty of hot guys in both towns, all of them like the Marines: looking for a few good men. We got to know each other enough. He laughed like a man with a secret. The One Way tapedeck was belting out "Ya Gotta Make the Best of a Bad Situation." He said he was kinky. I said I was kinky.

"For fucking sure?" he asked.

"For real fucking sure," I said.

He set his Bud on the bar, and looked me deep in the face. "I usually leave alone," he said.

"I know."

"Some guys," he said with no apology in his voice, "figure I don't have the balls to fuck 'em, so fuck 'em." He picked up his beer. "I don't mean 'no balls' like in chickenshit."

"I know."

"I mean my real fuckin' nuts. So what do you think of that? The Viet Cong cut 'em off."

"I know."

"You keep saying you know."

"I did my homework." I paused.

"So you're kinky enough to fly down to fuck a freak."

"No freak, man. I'm kinky enough to want to fuck with you. Balls or no balls. Rumors I heard about you got my interest. One look at you holds my attention."

He studied deep into my eyes for sicko signs. Guess he saw what he wanted to see. He reached for me with his big hand, and cupped my palm into his leather crotch. His dick felt thick, big, hot, and alive. "It's real functional," he said.

"I never figured you were just decorative." My own rod was inching down my Levi's and on into my chaps. "I think you're a turn-on. Let's go fuck."

He drove his jeep up the winding road to the top of Nichols Canyon. Between the occasional fast sweep of light from oncoming cars, Sam's face in the L.A. moonlight had the rockhewn look of a real Mansteer, the kind of cut animal you see on open ranges mounting everything in sight, in continual heat, always ready and hard and hot to shove it in, because, even with all the driving pleasure of orgasm, he's never exhausted by shooting.

He had the build of a bull, and the stamina of a steer.

In the bedroom, Sam stripped off under a pinpoint trackspot aimed laser-bright at his crotch. From the long hang and size of his meat, I figured his balls must have been kingsized.

He lifted his cock up, exposing to me the smooth expanse of crotch that ran with a keloid scar from the base of his dick almost back to his hairy asshole. "See," he said, "no balls." He ran his finger along the scar. "Together, my nuts hung bigger than a pair of baseballs."

I believed him. The general proportion of his whole body, and especially his bulldick, testified that his nuts must have hung and swung with all the defiance of a proud ballbearing male warrior. The VC had carved themselves quite a trophy when they castrated Sergeant Sam Nash.

He had more humor than bitterness. His head was on okay. "But I still got my dick," he said, standing before me in the pinpoint-spot, slow-lubing his bull pizzle to full hard on.

"Shit, fucker, you're built so good and hung so big, if I were you, I'd keep my crotch shaved completely to show better." I was shucking my Levi's and chaps. "I think it looks sexy as hell." I walked up to him, face-to-face, and slowly slid my hand, fingertips first, and then palm up, through his crotch, across the scar where his testicles had once hung. "Castrated," I said.

He moaned. His cock stiffened harder. He watched my dickhead probe up toward my navel. "Motherfuck! It really turns you on!"

"Castrated," I said.

"Gas-trat-ed," he said back. He bit the syllables off hard with his teeth.

"Big bullmeat. Big hung bullmeat. Castrated. Fuckin' big steerdick. Side of fuckin' beef, hung up, stretched, sliced, cut, castrated."

"Deballed, man. You can't begin to know what it's like. Nuts cut out. First the left. Sliced. Then the right. Sliced. Double-cut. Cords pulled."

"Scrotum cut."

"Balls drop out. Pounded. Crushed."

"Slicing, sawing knife blade. Animal castration. Man-animal. Sac cut, sliced, pounded, hacked off. Big USMC nuts."

We found our verbal rap. Off and running. Face-to-face. Jerking off.

My hand stroked the length of his scar.

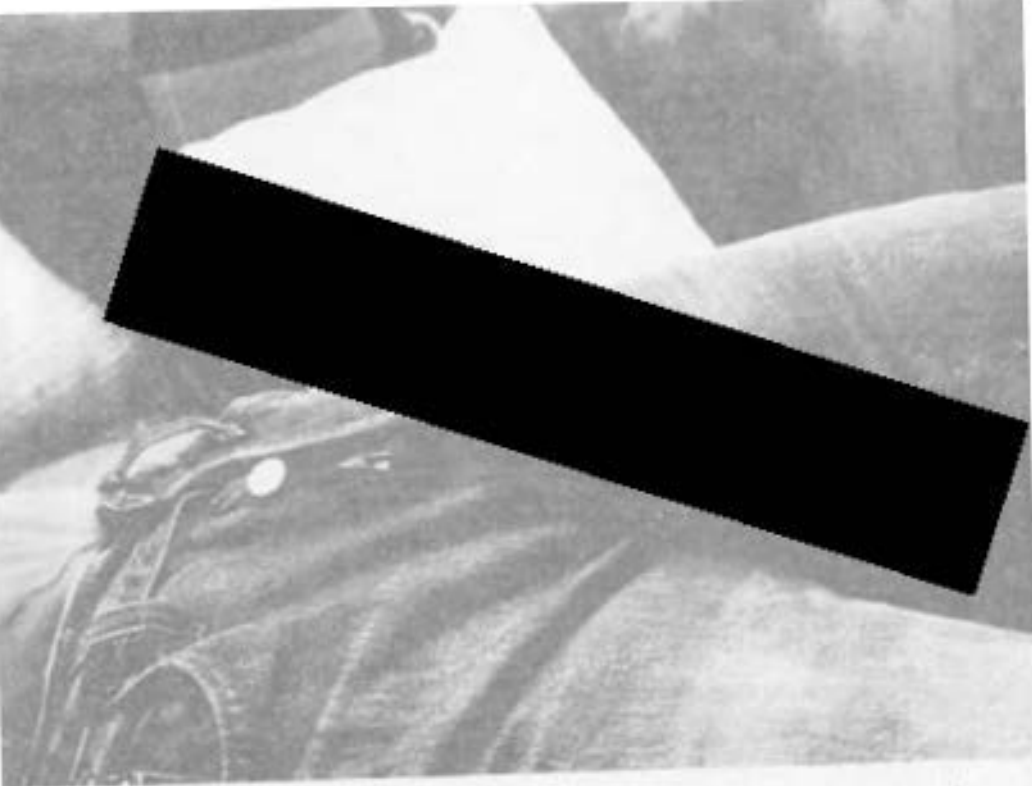
"Lay down on your back," he said. His cock was enormous, commanding. "Hit the deck."

I positioned myself looking up at his dick, rooted simply to his crotch. The castration scar was red, angry, violent, a turn-on, as he slowly lowered his crotch down toward my face. In close-up my eyes studied the scar. Then his powerful legs folded and set, locked, into full haunch. Deliberately, he forced the red weal of his castration scar over my mouth, and his furry butt over my nose. I got a wild ruck, licking and sucking on his scar, smelling his big animal butt, while his huge arms beat his big bullmeat. I was crazy with bloodlust for this Mansteer. I tongued his scar, nibbled lightly, then then bit down hard on it. His body reared back. I lifted my head, holding on to his scar with my teeth, licking it with my tongue, sucking it with my lips, rubbing it with my moustache.

He shot the first of his cumfree orgasms.

As he swung his thighs off my face, I said, "Do you like to fuck with that thing?"

He grinned and snorted a laugh through his nose. He lifted my legs up to his shoulders, spread my ass with his big hands, placed the head



of his bulldick firm against my hole, grinned again, and rammed his still-hard rod into my butt.

I ran my hands over his thick hard body. Rubbed his chest. Finger-rolled his nipples. His big steer dick fucked me deep, ramming in, pulling out, long slow strokes, then jamming in. I didn't even miss the usual slap of balls swinging in against my butt. Without balls or cum to wear him down, he fucked me longer than I could handle. I felt him climax tirelessly. Time after time.

The best defense is a good offense. A fucker will never hear me beg for mercy. So I pulled my worn-out butt off his dick, rolled him over on his back, rubbed my dickhead down the rough grade of his castration scar, and shoved it into his tight butt. I rode that fuckin' buckin' side of castrated Marine beef the way a rodeo cowboy rides a champion steer.

We spent all the next day together. He drove me to LAX, and was on my SFD doorstep the following Friday.

It just seemed natural that we became, not lovers, but partners. He moved north from El Toro. We got heavy into bodybuilding. Castration worked better than steroids. We took to shaving rituals: chest and crotch hair. Two skin-stud muscle tops in rut, one ball-sheared, and one big-balled. Hardballin' sweat and oil raunch. Ass. Mouth. The spit we swapped could have sunk a battleship.

One thing my ass learned for sure: castration does not eliminate sexual desire. My Daddy always said: "Never get into a pissing contest unless you want to get wet." The more I saw of Sam's drive, performance, and prowess, the more, well, tempted I got.

We had lived together six months when we met Ernie. He worked out in the same gym, wore a pair of gray cotton gymshorts that had a jock-strap waistband exposed around the waist where usually a hidden elastic gathered the shorts together. The look was hot. So was the sight of Ernie's big low-hangers. We started pal-lin' around, progressing from muscle buddies to three-

ways to getting an apartment as tri-partners. A seringue a trois. Not a menage. A seringue is when it works.

Ernie owned a small ranch up in Sonoma. Weekends were hot, sweaty, rough, and naked. We worked Ernie's big balls, real heavy, putting him through ball-training as heavy as his weight-training: leather ball stretchers, elastic bandage wrap, pin-studded leather pouches drawn tight with wet rawhide, heavy lead weight trips.

We turned his balls into deep, slung low-riders. The neck of his scrotum, from base of his dick, down the stretched link to the top of his hard nuts, was fit with a growing number of metal cockrings: six, ten, a dozen, fifteen, twenty -- a solid steel column of rings weighting those jewels down.

For every month of his ball training, we rewarded Ernie with a star: one tattooed next to the other down the indented seam between his two mammoth nuts. Ernie was quite a sight, whipping out of the fly of his Levi 501's the shiney column of rings topping his huge tattooed balls.

Finally, after a weekend of weights, pulleys, hot wax, and needles, Ernie spoke his piece. We were packed three in the pickup heading back to San Francisco. "I want you," Ernie said, "to castrate me. You've both castrated animals. I want you to cut me. Everytime I look at Sam's smooth crotch, or watch him fuck all night, I think how much I'd like to be like him. How much I'd get off on fucking around ball-free."

For the ritual sake of playing Devil's Advocate, we tried to talk him out of it. Some decisions are irreversible. A man has to be damn sure what he wants from other men because he'll usually sure-as-shit get it.

"Castrate me," Ernie said. "I want to be castrated."

.. ..

Ernie trained hard for the next two weeks. Disciplined as a warrior-monk.

His blond hair, clipped to a crewcut, felt good under my hand. Our sense of brotherhood grew tighter.

A paramedic buddy drove up to the ranch for the final preparations. "Castration," he said, "is no more dangerous than a vasectomy." He smiled. "Even if more painful."

He chose a heavy table near the fireplace in the main lodge room. In the afternoon, he shaved Ernie's groin. Sam and I shaved the rest of Ernie's muscular body: neck to feet. Toward sunset, the paramed shot Ernie up with a relaxant. Sam and I covered the table with clean sheets. A truck can-spot shot down on the table center. A fire blazed on the hearth. The room looked ready for a neo-pagan, barbarian sacrifice.

In the first twilight of the rising full moon, Sam and I walked Ernie into the room. He was a naked warrior. Muscles magnificently pumped. Shaved. Tanned. Healthy. Big dick. Enormous, stretched balls. He climbed willingly, eagerly, up on the table. The paramed gave him a local anesthetic. The needle pressed first into the meat of one ball and then the other.

Sam and I stripped buck naked.

The paramed nodded. We took a pair of leather hospital restraints and spread Ernie's ankles wide and secure to the table corners. A little bondage for maximum protection. A certain degree of pain was inevitable, desirable, erotic, necessary for a rite of passage.

Sam and I cradled Ernie's bolstered head in our arms so he could watch the cutting. His big anesthetized balls rose and rolled under the heat of the hot light. His cock was hard and angled up across his tight abdominals. The paramed ripped off a length of white surgical tape and secured Ernie's dick up out of harm's way.

The paramed thumped the shaved balls. A couple times. Hard. To make sure they were numbouts. Ernie smiled like a man relaxed and watching a movie about his own castra-

tion. Sam's eyes glowed. He was about to have a full-cut ball brother. With one arm, he held onto Ernie's shoulders. With the other, he slow-whacked his big deballed dick.

My own cock was hard. My head kept repeating something like: "Not if, but when."

The paramed sterilized Ernie's ball balls. He lifted a razor-sharp hunting knife from a sterile solution. We all agreed the knife must be a buck knife.

In one latex-gloved hand, he held the huge balls tight, to firm them up for the slicing. This was no easy one-step castration. Ernie wanted all the stops along the way. First the paramed slit his scrotum on either side. Both nuts oozed, then popped, through the slit. He picked up both purplish testes and began pulling the cord, reeling it out of Ernie's sac.

The quiver that shook Ernie's body made Sam say, "C'mon, buddy. It's okay."

The paramed pulled length after length of spermatic cord from Ernie's scrotum. As the first, and then the second cord pulled free, his face paled. The severed testicles lay in a dish. The cord coiled in a careful pile.

Then with a shears, the paramed began the slow final trim, shearing Ernie's scrotum down clean. As he sutured the wound closed, Ernie began to breathe deeply. And smiled.

On a whim, I popped the severed testicles in the freezer.

Ernie was sore and tender for a few days, and back on his feet in a week.

I'd read about ancient warriors eating an enemy's heart for courage, and his genitals for potency. "What do you think," I said, "of you and me, Sam, eating Ernie's balls?"

They both thought it was bat-shit crazy, and, therefore, probably a

good idea. We thawed the frozen balls, and Ernie chose to cook them.

When we sat down to eat, we got real quiet. This was kind of a sacred moment. Ernie had given us his balls, and, as we ate them, we realized he would never have them to give away again. Right then we three felt closer than blood brothers. It was a magical meal. A feast. A last supper. After we finished, we stood and silently embraced.

It was one of those nights when men make lifetime commitments.

* * * * *

Two weeks later, Ernie--scars and sutures--was a vet in fighting trim. Saturday afternoon we took turns cleaning out and shaving all three bodies of all hair below the chin. Ernie was triumphant, checking out his ball-free, shaved-dick look. Sam beamed like a man no longer alone. By sundown, we were three hairless stud animals: tanned male muscle, with one pair of balls among the three of us.

I went for a two-handed grope of my deballed buddies. Castrated men I wanted. Castrated men I got. Big-dicked. Shaved. Sheared. Disciplined. Hard. Muscular. Handsome. Military. Knowing their butts from a hole in the ground. Crowned, sexy, horny, hot men who had the balls to take their lives into their hands and use them.

Realizing I was in the sack with, and bound for life to, a pair of castrated men pumped thick clots of my white gelatinous sperm, up from deep in my nuts, shooting across their oil-slick dicks and shaved thighs. We balled till almost dawn, but I couldn't keep as hard or as hot as my ball-free partners. My spermshots slowed me down.

Seed is for straight husbands, and men biologically obsessed to be daddies. Straight guys with vasectomies, which is as close to castration as a man can come and miss,

know this truth: with the repro-baggage clipped from their fuck rods, these Mansteers were now total stud-male pleasure machines.

"Castration," I thought again to myself. "Not if, but when."

During the October apple harvest, we drove up to Petaluma for the arm-wrestling national championships, and ended up the evening tri-fucking in front of the fireplace. Sam started stroking my balls. His big hands spread out my sac like a thin-skinned flat plate with two nuts throbbing against the stretched flesh. Ernie reached in for a handful. Between them, their four hands stretched my sac out over an area big as a large leather workglove.

Sam wrapped the neck of my nuts with an elastic Ace bandage. Ernie screwed a metal-vise ballcrusher down tight on the double-dip hardwell of my balls. They slipped an S-hook onto the vise, and clipped me up to a rope strung across two pulleys. My balls were stretched, compressed, hot, and wild.

Facing each other, the two castrated men straddled my body: one across my thighs, one across my belly. They embraced around the rope pulling my balls straight up. Beating their meat, they pushed their hardpumping fists together. Both of their ball-free crotches hovered over my bound nuts. Slowly, deliberately, they rubbed their castration scars over my tight, vein-swollen balls. They made me crazy with lust. My dick crawled up my belly.

Ernie hung two lead weights, big as softballs, to the pulley. My balls stretched up farther, tight between the two throbbing cocks. Sam reached for a two-foot window-wash balance weight, and added some heavy-duty persuasion to the scene.

Two hot castrated men were slowly binding, stretching, twisting, weighting, prepping my balls for incision. Their heightened sensuality eased my head toward a new space. I felt the long white spermatic strands stretching like a wad of gum pulled between a boy's hands, along-

ating, growing thinner and thinner in the middle.

"Me and Ernie been talking," Sam said. "You been missing out on what we gained."

"We want you," Ernie said, "to join us."

"Your balls are the only thing that separates you from us." Sam wrapped both his hot hands, one above the other, around the stretched length of my balls. "Let's get 'em off."

I looked up at my two all-cock partners. Their muscular bodies glistened with the sweat of intensity. Castration kept them harder longer. Always ready.

If was not the consideration, and when was now.

I wanted the intensity of a Mansteer. I wanted the extra muscle beef on my body. I wanted my dick to cum and cum without ever slowing down for repro-seeding. Shooting is a procreation hangup. Cumming is a recreation.

My head was following where my dick had already advanced. "I want you two," I said, "really want you two to castrate me."

Two weeks later, on an unusually warm and sunny Sunday, I walked out on the porch of the ranchhouse, naked, and lazily scratched my balls for the last time. Inside, the par-amed was prepping the table.

Ernie came out and put his hand on my buttcheek. Sam followed. They both shined on me. Sam spoke: "Ready." That's all he said.

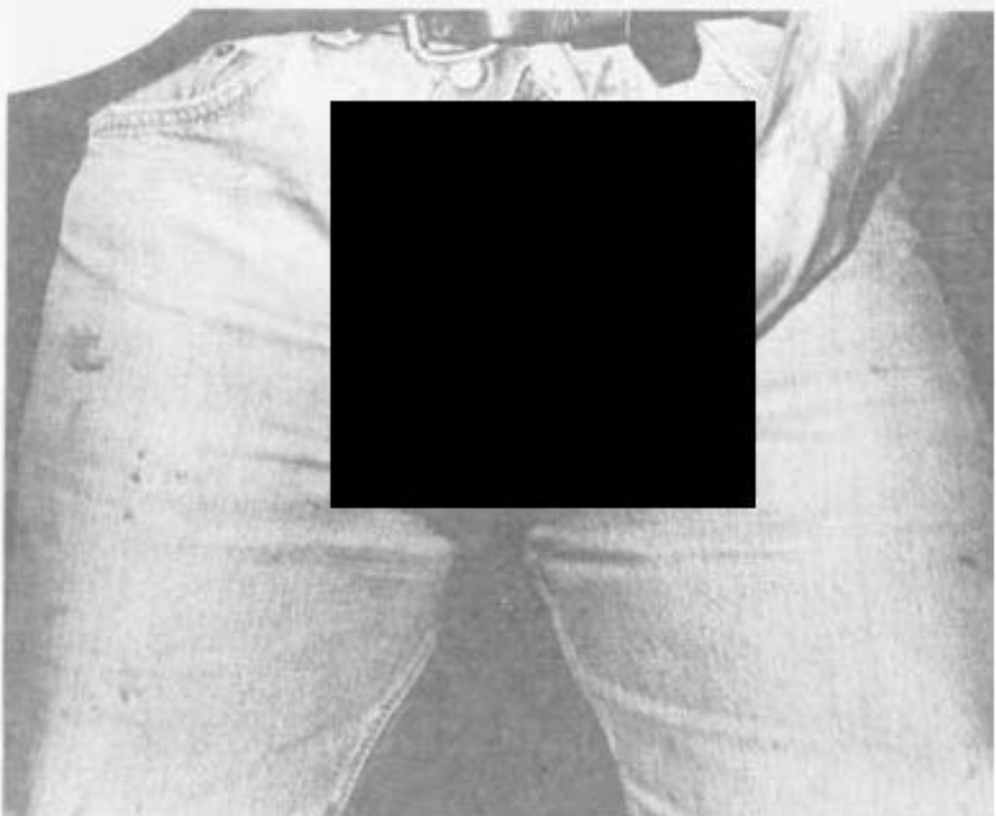
I started toward the castration table, my balls swinging long, low and big between my thighs. My hard dick pointed the way. "Let's do it," I said.

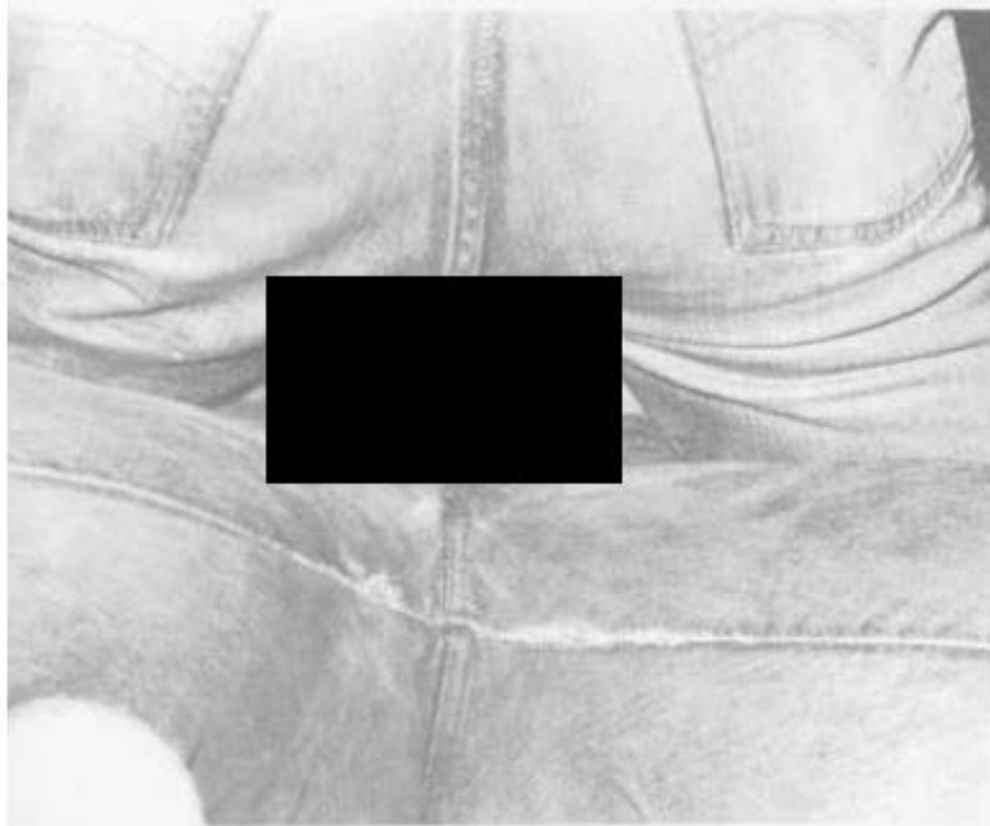
We walked with their arms around me. Three buddies. Three partners. Three men. MMH

Even though this story is a dramatization of real events, MAN2MAN hardly recommends such home-surgery.



BALLS: THE WAY THEY'RE WORN OUT WEST!





THE READERS WRITE

I CAME ~~FROM~~ BENEATH A PORT-O-JON

PORT-O-JON. Let me tell you the truth, no-shit, about an Event of Service to a Man's Tastes in a Man's World.

Was awakened at 5 AM last week by a fella with a dynamite voice asking for the man who put the PORT-O-Jon ad in MAN2MAN. Says I, "I did." Says he, "I got one for you that's leaving the barn this morning just for the day." I ask where it's to be placed, and he responds that it'll be used as back-up over where the new Convention Center is being built by the River at 34th Street.

I say to him, "If it's a back-up, how much traffic will it have?"

He suggests that he'll switch the back-up up-front to insure a great deal of traffic. I say, "Great!" and feel the excitement of my crotch aroused by the thought!

He asks, "Are you really up for it?"

I ask how long the jon will actually be at the site. He says that the jon is to be in-place by 7:30 AM, and will be removed at the end of the shift at 3:30 PM.

I suggest that's a long time to be in a cramped space. He reminds me that if I'm into scat really deep I oughta jump at the opportunity. I do. He then volunteers that he will come at 2 PM to pick the jon up, because of the cramped quarters

I will be in. He asks again, "You willing?" I say, "Yes." He says, "Then get your ass down here pronto, and we'll get this thing on the road. So I go.

I arrived, checked the warehouse out, checked out the dude who called. Goodlooking man in his mid-thirties. Not too thin. Muscular from handling these Port-O-Jons. Leads me to the one already next to the truck for delivery. He says to me that he had re-designed the shitbin after reading my ad. Fixed it so that there is a baffle hiding my presence from the "beefy" construction workers who would get real uptight seeing a face looking up at their assholes. Reminds me I best be quiet, or get caught! Sounds challenging, with the slightest degree of threat in the possibility.

We have a cup of coffee together, and we talk. We're the only ones in the warehouse, and so our conversation grows more toward sharing personal secrets with each other. He's definitely into shit.

Time comes to move.

We walk back to the Port-O-Jon, get it up onto the truck, and he opens the back, and says, "Get in."

I get in. Am surprised at the room inside. Not as cramped as I figured. Sides and bottom insulated from the cold. Glad today is a warm day.

He reminds me again to be quiet. We gets into the truck, and we drive off, him in the driver's seat, and me in the shitbin. Looking forward to it.

Get to the site, go through the gate, hoist the Port-O-Jon down onto the site, move it to the up-front position. It's 7 AM. First workers arriving. The owner of the Port-O-Jon (let's call him "Ron") is the first. Door opens, closes, locks. Seat lifts up. Ron checks to see that baffle is in place. Pulls down his jeans, underwear, and squats. Ahhh! first long firm turd. Baffle works good. Balls down and falls onto my chest. Warm. Firm. Yet like cold-stiffened axle grease. Aroma. Piss. Not bad. Finishes. No flush. No water. Good insurance against the cold. Glad Ron thought to leave the water off. More like an out-house than a Port-O-Jon. Asks me in a low voice, "How was that?" I say, "Just fine."

7:10 AM. Ron leaves. I hear the truck pull away. I anticipate six or seven hours alone. Under the shitbin. First worker. Closes door, takes down coveralls, no underwear, hangs hard hat on hook, squats. Huge turds come out, roll down, fall on my chest. I must lie still and not even jerk off. Must be absolutely quiet.

Second construction worker comes in right behind. Then third, fourth, fifth. Must be standing in line outside. Machinery sounds. More workers arrive. More machinery. Glad of the machinery. Tends to drown out any noise I could make.

Lull. 7:30 AM. Whistle blows. Workers start for day. Lots of noise. Lots of shit. Take some and push it into my crotch, and into my shirt. Stinks. Love it. Feels great, still warm. Another three come in, one right after the other, and take shifts. Next one only pisses. Getting sticky with shit. Put some in my hair. Smells. Feel it beginning to have depth on the floor of the bin. Start moving around some. Feeling lubricated by it. Feel my shirt, my undershirt, undershorts, and jans sticking to me. Feeling it oozing from the in-

side to the outside of my clothes.

Snooze a little. JO a lot.

Lunch time and a new batch of shit. Feel the depth of it rising in the bin. Wanting more, getting more.

12:30 PM. Whistle blows. Back to work. Machinery noises. Lying in six to eight inches of shit and piss. Can move and writhe around more easily. Getting a little stiff. Wanting to fuck the shit. Wrapping it around my cock. Shoving it deeper inside my jeans. Longing for more men to shit on me. Getting more. Another couple guys come in and squat. One farts a lot before his hard shitballs hit the baffle and plop down on my chest.

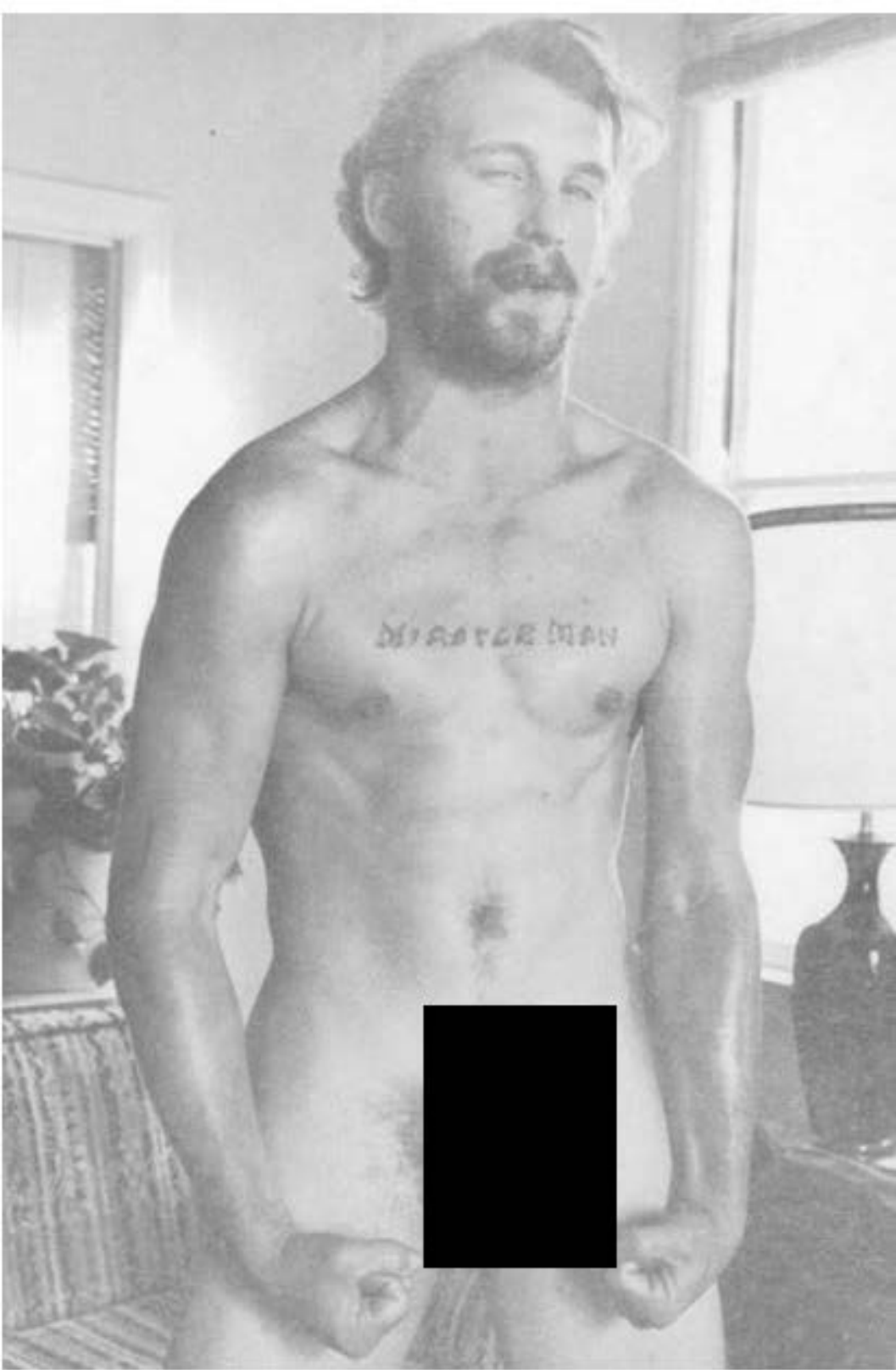
1:30 PM. Hear truck. Feel Port-O-Jon being lifted, placed on truck, driven away.

Back at warehouse. Port-O-Jon removed from truck. Ron steps in, raises lid. Asks how I am. Comments on the aroma. Tells me that we are at an emptying station. Deserted location.

Opens the bin door, looks at me with anticipating look on his face, licking lips. Says, "Stand up." I do. He takes a deep smell of me. Gets down onto his knees, licks my crotch, takes my cock into his mouth, and sucks all the shit off it. I am brown and my cock is clean-white. Gives me a bearhug, steps away, partially-squeezed turds clinging to his front. Walks me to the holding tank.

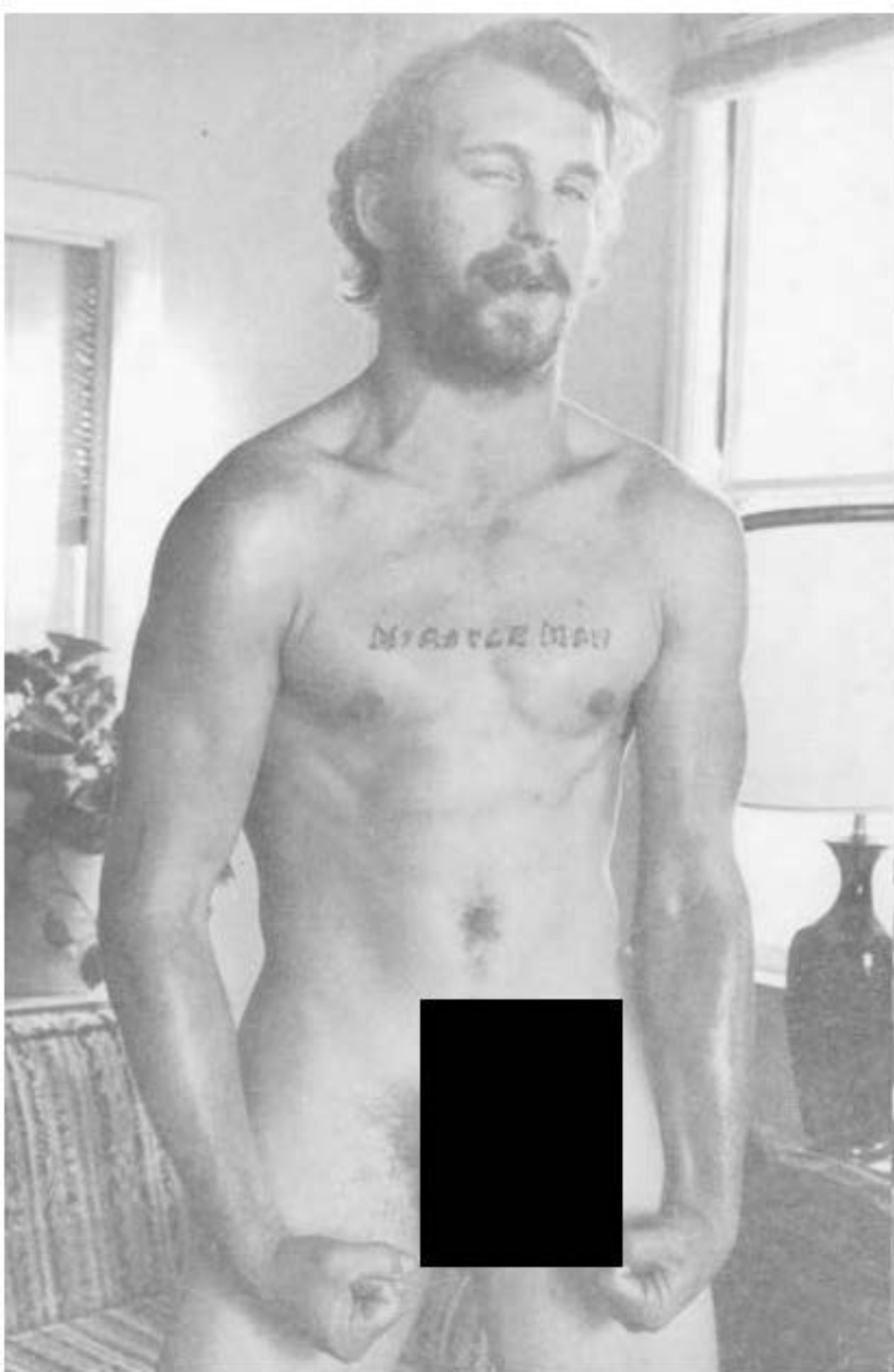
Says, "Take a look." I do. He jumps and is up to his chest in shit. He says, "Come on in." I follow. We stand. He says get in deeper, and disappears down to his moustache, eyes watching me. I follow.

He embraces me, gives me a kiss, and sticks his shit-covered tongue down my throat. He says, "Pull my wang." I do. He pulls mine. I cum again. He cums. He says, "Let's clean off." I say, "OK." We climb out, hose down. I like his style. He likes mine. I figure maybe we're going to do this again soon sometime. MM











MANIMALS

What you're looking for is looking for you!

SMALL-FISTED MASTER NEEDED FOR WORSHIP. I seek a mature, bearded, small-fisted, hairy, bald/short-haired MASTER to help me discover the universe, to patiently teach me to feast on his holy orifice, to explore the secrets of my innermost bowels, to touch my soul and open my senses, to give me life, to make me real. **SERIOUS, INTENSE ONLY!** Not interested in one-nighters. I am called to serve a **SPIRITUAL MASTER**, and I seek a man worthy of worship and service, himself called to guide a younger 23-year-old acolyte/ service. **OCCUPANT**, Box 3318, San Francisco 94301.

SADOMASTER. Available for a few exceptional men when in the Bay Area. My stats: 29, 4-1, 135, Bacon Dominie, You: Inat, without-guidance, alert. If you're mine, to abuse without mercy! To use without explanation! Contact: DOMINIE, Box 6422, Oakland CA 94603.

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

RUFFYTHUMBLE HOT SCENE NORTH BY NORTHWEST. Hot WM, 26, 5-8, 130, **SSK TOP** is into fucking, sucking cock and balls, piss, dildo, handcuffs, spanking, rimming, ficks. Phone and photo get mine: **CRUG**, 3710 25th Place West, Unit #102, Seattle WA 98199.

BOTTOM/MUTUAL: PLEASURE, FAITH, & PASSION. 35, goodlooking, and hairy, I'm into shit and animals. Let's mix it all up with pain, piss, and passion. Philadelphia. **BJM #XXXX70.**

HEAVY S/D & BBN: TOP, BOTTOM, MUTUAL IN WELL-EQUIPPED PLAYROOM. Into heavy bondage and discipline and s&m. Can be Top or Bottom depending on versatility of partner. Have well-equipped playroom, AND EXTENSIVE EXPERIENCE IN BONDAGE, SUSPENSION, COCK/BALL/TIT TORTURE, TOYS, SHAVING, ETC! I am 34, 5-6, 130, blond. If you're as ready as I am, and if you are EXPERIENCED, call John: 415/821-9345, Or write: **NEW #00118.**

LLOYD BRINGER-TYPE WANTS MUSKIE FOR MAN-REEL! Big, husky, rugged guys wanted for hot scenes. You lie back and let my expert mouth and tongue service your NIPPIES, eat out your SWEATY ANKLETS, tongue-fuck your ASS, lick your balls to toes, before taking your cumload. Lloyd Bringer-type, 52, 6, 180, **DOT TIT!** KINKY SCENES A SPECIALTY! 212/684-3582.

NEEDED: CREEPY SCENE! WM, 35, slender built, seeks WM, 27-40 for Creep Scene. You must be muscular, hairy, and ACTIVE! LARRY: after 6PM weeknights (except after 8PM Thursdays) 408/378-7208.

ATTENTION, BILL! WHEREVER THE FUCK YOU ARE! Bill, either you terrorize easily or I'm wasting my time. Because some man made you beg him to take your "possible \$," you came and got scared, or your bowels were violently relaxed and you came as your body jerked. NO! Then send me the following: YOUR FULL NAME, address, new phone number, recent close-up photo, where and when you work, hangouts/times, vehicle description, and whether you live alone. Anything less means you're not that interested in a HANDJOB. (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 BM, verbal abuse, ARMPITS, and humiliation. Might try water sports, greek passive, wam, sucking. Really like mutual JO with verbal-abuse humiliation. 00103.

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

NOT 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.

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 NYWC Club, merchandise, and mag is \$1.50 or free with book order. (Mention MANIMAN.) Send to: NYWC, 59-West 10th Street, NYC 10011. Exciting, bawling wrestling newsletter 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.

ATTENTION VOYEURS, RASCHEN EXHIBITIONIST will strip, reveal, show, model, perform AUTO-KINK; deliver, use piss/shit; auto-dildo, self-FF; J/O; self-tit torture, genitorture, C&B toys, jocks, 50ls, shorts, briefs, catheter play; into porn, pet-n-poppers, dick, assholes, body worship, verbal-visual J/O; cum-play, enemies. Dig NOT-MINDED REAL MEN to 50, Manimals and animals. Custom-made photos to order of any of above scenes. Films also. Want man who can read the mind of this bearded, 41, 5-10, 150, br/gr, UNCUT FIG. Raunch photo gets mine. Washington, D.C. #00112.

TITMASTER, hairy, hard, muscular TIT-TRAINER, 43, seeks other BIG TIT-FLE FREAKS who dig heavy-duty workouts! 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, slimy rubbers, u/s, forcefeedings, and filthy verbal trips--rush me a disquieting letter or audio cassette tape. Pic exchanged. TIT-TORTURE ROOM available for private sessions. Come on, you Out-of-Town FEC ANIMALS! (Hot TITM&FEC ANIMAL available for three-ways!) Pete Powers, Box 11007, San Francisco CA 94101.

TONGUE TENNIS BALLYHOO/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 50-year-old Dude who ain't had in the Looks Department: good bod, moderately hairy belly and chest, moustache, six foot tall, 165#, with a 7-INCH WELL-PACKED UNCUT joystick that retracts fully and easily, with 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, Mensingwear Briefs, smoke, sniff, rings, rubbers, cut and uncut, mushroom heads, givin' and gettin' head, 69, gettin' fucked, clean bodies, fore and aft! All lovingly done and mutually enjoyed. Looks/age second place to mutual desire to please. No fens, overweight, fatouts, drugs, J/O or collect calls! Other TRECKERS welcome to crash overnight with ALL the comforts of home, including a good hot meal and the best coffee in the State! Plus a professional FULL BODY MASSAGE to relax your bone(s) and get you back on the road in time. CLOSE TO ALL FREEMAYS. Call 213/460-4124 anytime AFTER 6PM L.A. TIME! If machine answers, leave message, or write: L.A. TRECKER, 140 South Grammercy Place, L.A. CA 90004. Come and enjoy!

CONVICT: 28 AND DOMINANT! I'm down for 5 years. Just punished cellmate 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 so he knows I'm THE Man! I'm muscular, rough, 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 Moodin #140489, PO Box 45699, Lucasville OH 45699.

I WANT TO EAT YOUR SHIT! All you young (18-30), husky, 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 HIM 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.

RED HOT BARBERS! 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 BARBERS SHOP! 00093.

INTO DIRTY JOCKSTRAPE! Hairy, muscular, her/hat has a smelly sackload of his heavy-duty cum/piss/sweat/saliva stained JOCKSTRAPE FOR SALE! All guaranteed ripe and runcchy yet wearable! All jocks runcched up in SF-Mexico 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-Sea. Use all your senses. Only \$9 each. Pete, Box 11007, San Francisco 94101.

BLACK NEW A&N DELICIOUS. CHOCOLATE TREATS. WM, 28, 6-1, 185, hairy, hanel/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. Desires 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 SNOWPLAY. WM, goodlooking, 38, 6-2, 175, beard, seeking KERSHIOUS man-partner into exploring watersports while evening goes better with Coke. Be discreet. Call MIKE, 415/548-2967, or write 2140 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley CA 94702.

TEAM CAPTAIN SEEKS TEAMMATES. Locker room. Sweaty jocks. Ripe, thick, wetwob smeks. Worn, tight-stretched grey workout cotton shirts. Pure bomb. Hot hairy jock. Into all this and more. CASSETTES, PICTURES, JOCK EXCHANGE: all possible. At 6-2, 178, 9+, I can captivate any team--so let you call the plays. Write 00085.

SOUTHERN MAN IN TENNESSEE & READING MONT. Long, lean, bi-sex stud digs other white-together men who know what they like, and have balls enough to go for it. As beyond quick sex and bullshit. Dig old-fashioned hands-on man-to-man sex. When two men respect, trust, and are comfortable with each other, anything is possible. A man should give me what a woman cannot: man-onelle, masturbate, and good deep masturbate. 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 anal, like me. If 41, 6-foot, 155, 75, greying black hair, beard, and somewhat sound good to you, get in touch. Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of '81. 00090.

NEW MONS NORTH. TASTE THE RICH COUNTRY! WM, 5-foot, 163 pounds of dark, brooding bearded action seeks MUTUALLY ACTIVE MEN who understand intense verbal fantasy rap during visual and very physical sex. If you're the kind of man who understands how mutual J/O and cigars and fisting and even scat-rap, all fit together, give a call early evenings. Have separate sex hotline phone: 707/823-2806. Live in Russian River area and work in SF (one hour from Poisson). My name is NICK.

ENDLESS LOVE. HUNNY BUTT & HUNGRY TONGUE. WM, 5-10, 150, 33, muscular athletic body. My asshole stinks of fresh shit and dirty jockstraps. I like to spread my husky butt over a hungry tongue, and squat my runcchy asshole over a hot face while it begs me to dump. I want to see you and feel you lick my asshole clean. From slice-o-mary to fulltilt boogie, I want to use you like a toilet, boy. I'm a hot Giver; if you're hot, I can take. Wouldn't mind meeting a PIMPMASTER man enough to make me want to tongue his stinking, sweaty pig stretch, and rim his dirty asshole. DAVID: 415/495-7052 or write MCM A186.

NYC NATURAL MAN SWINGS MUTUAL. My shit stinks real fuckin' good. Big dally dumping, sweaty action, dirty longjohns, jocks, smut, piss, pits, feet, farts. Total toilet action, celebrating the long hard gifts of a natural man to a natural man, with rleasant, bedpans, sllage, cummas, rubbersheets, and photos. If you're into hot and filthy action, let's get it on in the Village. Call: JACK, 212/243-8279. Anytime.

BALLOON PUCK. Hot, attractive WM, 34, seeks bright Dutch stud to blow up huge balloons to burping 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 hiphoots, rain chest-waders, pie, reinsgar, mud, inner tubes, sloppy food, coveralls, motor oil, leather boots, fatigues. Young WM into mutual J/O, french, passive rimming. I'm hiphooted and ready! NYC. 212/642-0647.

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. MAKES CHEERFULLY ACCEPTED. If you've never been able to leave your mark on a man, now's your chance! Sir, please write: Occupant, 100 Bush Street #3A, NYC 10014.

HUSTLER/INERS/PUMPS/CREASERS/HUSTLERS. Young fny leather-slave needs whipping. Into bootlicking, S/D scenes with hot, young Master. I'm 26, smooth, hard and ready to GRUVEL AT THE FEET OF YOUNG Bodybuilders, Punks, Creasers, Hustlers. No clones or fets. Action dudes only. Photo and phone get mine. Jim, 827 Pacific 2018, San Francisco CA 94133. REAT ME!

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

TOILET EXHIBITION PHOTOS. Let's swap photos of men seated on the toilet, butts on the bowl, squatting on the shitpot. COMMONS COMMANDOS, WRITE: RCH, PO Box 362, New Theria, LA 70360.

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

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

HOT TOP BODYBUILDING. 6', 150, DARK BEARD, seeks hunky 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 FIG, LICK THESE SWEATY MUSCLES, TITS, PITS, FEET, BALLS IN WEST VILLAGE. CHARLES, 212/675-5424.

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

TYCHT HOLE SEEKS HUNNY POLE. Hunny MASCULINE WM has hot itchy hole for your hunny pole. Will answer all UNINHIBITED STUSS who write hot letters to this young, great build who needs a hot male to play with. M. Bahl, 2318 Second Avenue #421, Seattle WA 98121.

MANZMAN introduces the Cowboy Art of Billy Buttner. Billy is authentic stuff: both a rodeo and a working cowboy, who sketches what he knows best. Billy has lived inside the Sams on the Range the rest of us dream about. The disastrous July 10th Polson Fire destroyed the main body of Billy's work. Luckily, two drawings, only days before, were photographed for **MANZ**. The first of the two, Billy Buttner's "4-WAY" holds honorable place as **MANZMAN**'s anniversary centerpiece. You'll be seeing more of Billy's new work everywhere, but you've seen him in **MANZMAN** first! You can write to Billy Buttner c/o **MANZMAN**. Billy's an original!

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 TITMUCK**, J/O. I am passive greek, mutual french, and light S&M. Fems, S&Mers! Especially like **TRUCKERS**, **POLICEMEN**, and **SERVICE MEN**. Drop a line with picture if you can: Jayson, Box 990, DMS, 122 West 24th Street, NYC 10011.

HOT BALL MAN. LA AREA. Bunky, hairy WM, 35, 6', 178 wants to share his energies, find unknown limits, and expand them. If you're man enough, your rules accepted for any and all sensual trips and fantasies including **GENITORTURE** and **KINKY SCENES**. Otherwise, submit! Serious movies will be considered. You: any age or race but be for real and in good shape. R.W.C., PO Box 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 Maritived Road #7, Salinas CA 93906, or call 408/422-2315.

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

EXHIBITIONIST. Fiss-drinking, cocksucking, butt-fucking, dick-jerking animal, WM, 36, 6, 150, **HEAVY HUNG**, cut, **BIG BALLS & DIRTY MIND**: exhibitionist and backpacker digging LOINCLOTHES or nothing for casual and wilderness 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, permissive Master. If the proposition turns you on, teach me. I'm ripe and ready! Frank, Box 14128, San Francisco CA 94116.

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

"4-WAY" appears courtesy of THE MAGAZINE Bookstore, SF.

OLD RELIABLE

OLD RELIABLE: FILTH TO STICK IN YOUR EAR

If you have dirty ears, Old Reliable Tapes are perfect to play when you snap on your Sony Walkman or portable cassette player. Reliable gives you real--repeat REAL--young male trash talking low and nasty in our burning ears. So if you like tough street hustlers, ex-cons, and dirty bikers who sit on your chest or your face while they spit on your dick and twist your tits, write to Old Reliable, PO Box 3004, Hollywood CA 90028 and ask him for a hot brochure (at least five jerkable pix each issue. Mention MANZMAN and he may send it to you FREE. If you like this issue's Old Reliable men, remember they talk to you. Coverman Star, 23, 5-9, 150, recorded a sensual, tough, and dominant tape. Check it out! It's C-17806 @ \$8.50, plus 50c handling/postage (and 6% to Cal. Res.). State you're over 21.

MUTUALLY VICIOUS RIGOROUS SESSIONS. Handsome, intelligent pervert (33, 6-2, 170, good body, hung) needs contact with serious pain addicts--hot wellbuilt, depraved men who want to inflict, endure, exchange acute short-term pain in, on the flesh of Big Dicks, Heavy Swollen Nuts, Stretched-Out Tits. Goal: rigorous sessions (one-on-one or group) devoted to precision clampings, strappings, piercings, sandings, etc., that will have us sweating, writhing, sobbing, screaming our way to ecstasy. Prerequisites: viciousness combined with exactness, abandonment combined with self-control; strict observation of real limits. Mutuality and experience preferred, but expert, cruel Tops all the way to Moive Bottoms with a total commitment to being hurt well are welcome. Sparking 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 MANZMAN. Mail will be held.

HOT TOP. Wm, 18, 6, 165, 6". Into fisting, bondage, whipping/spanking, shaving, oil, WS, beautiful huns. Prefer under 40, solid build, steady action. LA area. #00040.

SEX RESEARCH FOR ANGELS FLYING TOO CLOSE TO THE GROUND. Sociologist needs volunteers to participate in a study of SN, FF, ALL FETTERES, BAD, WS, and other forms of MANZMAN sex. I'm interested in all aspects, from the fantasies of the inexperienced to the scenes of the thoroughly initiated. This is a for-real professional study--the first of its kind. Thanks. Write to DMH, Box 3242, Santa Barbara CA 93109.

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

TOTAL TONGUE SERVICE FOR ROUGH RIDERS. WM masculine TOP MEN ONLY. Hot ass for ROUGH RIDERS. Goodlooking WM, 33, digs dirty SHORTS/JOCKS, sweaty crotch, smelly asshole, armpits, feet, nipple play, cock and ball work, with smoke, poppers, toys. 1 FANTASIES WELCOME! No fets or phone sex. Peter: 415/ 864-3468. UNTIL 11 PM.

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

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

MUSCULAR HAIRY MAN DICK SHIT/MOTOR OIL. WM, 34, 5-3, 165, wellbuilt, hairy digs shit and animal scenes. Real perverted, dirty action: PUNE, SCAT, ENOT, MOTOR OIL, I am TOP/MUTUAL. TRAVEL MIDWEST, NYC, CA. Write details for a Real Get-Down! XXX71.

TOILETSEE. Hot 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 PISSEHOLE, LONG FORKS, TITS, HAIRY ARMPITS. New York. XXX71.

MANSHIPSEEKER SEEKS TOP WITH TRIP TOGETHER. W/M, uncut-7, 5, 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 FORESEIN can be used/abused. Want Master to take complete possession of my body: cock, balls, tits, ass, mouth--all are his to use as he wishes. Force this slave to WORSHIP his body, cock, lick his boots, drink his piss, eat his ass. A good WHIPPING IN HEAVY BONDAGE will stimulate men for even better service of his body, and enable him to punish me for not providing a more perfect worship of his masculinity. Love to take communion of his cum, eating it out of the asshole of a man he has just fucked. Open to new experiences, heavy fantasy trips of all kinds, as well as piercing, heavy tit work, creative cock-and-ball torture. San Francisco. Call KEITH: 415/641-8954.

LEATHER RANCHHAND NEEDED. Leather hand needed to build up heavy layer of manureat WORKING ON AN ISOLATED 20-ACRE RANCH, covered head-to-toe in leather. Digging, shoveling, pruning, hauling, cleaning the place up. AFTER THIS REAL WORK, YOU'LL BE BROUGHT UP TO THE RANCHHOUSE TO GET PAID COMMENSURATE WITH YOUR WORK: FUCKED, FISTED, WHIPPED, BEATEN, FED MARDICK, TIED UP TIL DAWN FOR ANOTHER DAY OF WORK AND PAYMENT. While on ranch, no cotton allowed. Openings for two-to-five days. This is no gay-boy j/o fantasy: this is real man's work in trade for real man's sex pay. Transportation to and from ranch available. Make application to: RANCH FOREMAN, 3 BAR N RANCH, BOX 445, EL DORADO CA 95623. Include picture, physical attributes, dates available for hire, and form of payment desired. Northern California.

TURD MECHANIC. Mutualist butt-hungry biker, mounted on a 750 cc, ready for mutual action-packed special delivery, rear-and-tune-ups, ritual shit worship, cigars. Intermediate to advanced toilet play. Men only. I'm W/M, 35, 5-11, dark hair, moustache. PO Box 24203, San Francisco 94126.

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

DEGENERATE SEEKS GORILLA. Quivering, crawling, cocksucking addict: 30, 5-8, 140, blond, seeks curly UNCUT GORILLA to pump me full of his hot gorilla juices for the rest of my unnatural life. Or at least for the night. Will do the same for others if we get loaded enough. Southern California. #00053.

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.

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.

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/hr, moustache, pierced tits. Ready when you are! TOM. 415/626-8309.

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

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

DungeonMaster

DungeonMaster is published every two months by Despotus Publications, Box 6592, Chicago, IL 60662. Single issue \$2.50, six issues (1 year) \$10.00. Outside North America \$3.50 and \$15.00 respectively including air post. Include signed statement that you are over 21 and wish DungeonMaster only for your own personal education.

MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To HandFind Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

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MOUNTAIN/BEACH/SIDEURNS on REAL MEN sporting a REAL MALL LUNK: 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 flayed, 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, reddish mustache and hair, green eyes, small glove size, six feet tall. DAYTIME TRIPS POSSIBLE. PO BOX 14875, San Francisco CA 94114.

TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT! Privately owned, secluded, wooded property wanted for outdoor scenes, and TARGETSHOOTING game, within a house' drive of San Francisco. Send rental info to: 3304 Geary Blvd., Box #106, San Francisco CA 94118. ~~~~~ Interested in building 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, sweat, mild SM. Also enjoy pitching/catching greek/french. Am W/M, 4-2, 180, 28, bearded, into weightlifting. Call 305/522-4194 AFTER 4 PM.

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

INTENSE ACTION ONLY. WM, 130, 5-7. Experienced. Heavy into whips, R/D, SM, scat, exhibitionism, raunchy scenes, shaving. Like experienced, intense, gutsy guys. Not into J/O phone calls or J/O correspondence. Alex, 3 Hallam Place #D, San Francisco CA 94103; 415/865-6309.

BUTT-DUMPING MUSCULAR TOP. Butt-dumping W/M, 35, 5-9, 160, TOP MAN. Upfront: I like to spread my muscular butt and have it sucked for hours, and then fuck your ass, and your mouth, using your shit as lube. Will fill up my butt with fresh food and fruit and let it a-l-o-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

IMAGINATIVE TOP. STEEL OR BAKED FLESH. Tortured muscles bound and stretched. Sweat. Rashide. Gradual pain. Mutual satisfaction. Sadistic nature. Doc's play roles or games. Stats: WM, 38, 4-2, 190, weight 8, muscular, educated. Bay Area. FRANK: J07/842-2106 on Tuesday and Wednesday, 5 - 7 PM only.

FOR REAL. Obclient/sugar mouth/tongue for cock and ass of shills RUGGED, 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. DND, Box 943, 132 W. 24th Street, New York NY 10011.

GET DOWN TO/IN THE VILLAGE? Wanted: DOWN-ROAST MASCULINE MEN, including Big Muskie who want their needs satisfied. Into meat sexual sex, tit action, W/S, sex-eating, fields, toys, ranch. Name it. Let's do it! W/M, Late 40's, 5-9, 175, 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+ inch joint! Be much the better! Write all about Hot Clets. Jim Lowbaugh, Malen ME 04040.

STALLED VEHICLES AND CIGARS. WM, 30, 5-7, 165, br/br, goodlooking, versatile. Into CIGARETTES in the DRIVER'S SEAT of stalled cars, trucks, vans. (FIREBIRDS AND CAMAROS ARE REAL AUTO-PEETING TREATS!) Flood your engine. Turn the key. Slow 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.

In San Diego, California, in the last 20 years, 397 sex offenders chose to be castrated rather than serve a long jail sentence. In a recent 30-year-period in Denmark, over 300 prisoners made the same choice.

Then there's the story about the man who found his lover in bed with a new stud. It seems he dragged the guy out to the woodshed, and nailed his nuts to the wall. He set down a rusty old razor blade within easy reach. The stud cried out in great pain: "You're not gonna castrate me with that, are you?"

"Nope," the offended lover said, "I'm gonna set the shed on fire and let you do it yourself."

MANHATTAN'S INVENTION: THE FRONT AND BACK COVER CUTTERFOLD. (OPEN MEN UP! BEST) Scar, with the scar, is back by popular demand. In boxing gloves is Wompagee. Both guys come from the stables of OLD RELIABLE TAPES AND PICTURES.

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 combining in whippings. Will reciprocate. Don't freak out but teach East. Serious local guys only. No email cases please. Milwaukee #00001.

FIELD PHONE BALL WORK. WM, 35, 185#, 5'7", 6" cut, hairy, seeks BD, DM, and CRY from 501 level VN-booted well-equipped (game room preferred) bondage/whipmaster for training, hooding, whipping, immobilizing bondage, CRY torture, and especially having his weighted, segmented balls tightly wrapped with bare wire and carried over with adjustable field phone with lexillion perverts perch. No anal, FF, piercing, or damage. Travel a lot in W, SW, and SE. San Francisco #00008.

COMBOY NEEDS KNOCKING. 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 401 W. Main-3M, Selma, MA 00026. f20a1 423-7345.

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", 160#, upper dentures, no pot belly, old in years but not appetite and sexy young studs to for me. Like slim muscular guys, truckers especially. Western PA. #00053.

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 same sadist for those who want C/R torture, piercing, electricity, catheters, dildo's, heavy pain bondage, whipping and medical trips. NO pain for me. No drugs, or transvestites. Pennsylvania. #00052.

NOT BODIES FOR ORGIES. Sea-raised muscled marine-type studs. Sweet, piss, strapits, jockstraps, gym shorts, surfies, frogmen wetsuits, peepers..... Johnny, PO Box 5515, San Francisco, CA. 94101.

SUBSCRIBERS! CHANCE YOUR 30-WORD NUN 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 advertisements 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 needy gentlemen callers with cheatin' on their minds will respect your timing. Your 30-word ad FREE; after 30 words, add \$1.30 for each 10 words extra or portion thereof. Send your new adscenario copy to MANIMALS, PO Box 4052, San Francisco CA 94101. BE SURE TO INCLUDE THE HUNGER (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!

BUCKY, 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 raucous bandannas. One or two hunters, lumberjacks, construction workers, torchers or bikers who know the ropes are required. Rigs wild sex scenes in trucks, barns, abandoned houses and woods. Woolrich is No. 1! Ontario. #00084.

ROPE BONDAGE SLAVE. Young, smooth rope bondage slave in heat to next safe, experienced sadist for sad Sucker scene, ritualistic torture, TT with piercing needles, dildoes, prolonged anal stretching, anemas, anal catheters, FF, WS, heavy spanking. Enjoy wearing long white box, elastic black stockings, sniffling, rimming, body shaving and father/son threasures. I'm a blue eyed, dirty blonde analist to serve. CT. #00084.

SIX, YOU'RE THE BOSS. W/M, 21, 5', 160#. Young piss slave seeks expert into W/S, bondage, domination, V/A, and a good fuck. Inexperienced, but willing to try other creative scenes. No heavy physical pain. Vancouver-# #00081.

UNIFORMS: military, police, leather, helmets, boots, cigars, codpiece penis, bonds, chaps, gloves, jockstraps. STOCKADE: Cages, cells, stocks, leather, rope, steel restraints, extreme bondage, suspension, enforced immobility, extended incarceration. INTERROGATION: Prisoner torture, experimentation, discomfitt, impossible demands. TRAINING: Ass, mouth, tits, cock, ball, boot service. Forced hard labor. Drills. Total discipline. 6: 28-30. Muscular, imaginative, arrogant. M: 28, 5'7", 140lb. Muscular. Hairy blond. Blue eyes. Hungry mouth. Hot ass. Incurable. JOK, Box 18000, San Francisco 94118.

GANGBANG SERVICE. I worship big pricka full of cum. Force them down my throat. Found them up my ass. Write your needs in detail. Will return y/a letter with cam. Washington State. #00092.

BIKE OUT. Loves street and dirt. MX gear, all athletic clothing, pants, oil. Fucking/rucking/20 friends, strangers, piss (shit?) in clothes, most dogs. No pain but lots of raunch, dirt, and tenderness. N. California. #00062.

TOILETUEE. HOT w/m, 29, 5'10", 143, digs wild beer gulping, face squinting, ass eating, cock sucking, shit spreading, FIST DRINKING, NASTY with young hot men. Prefer bottom or mutual sexes. Hairy/muscles a plus. Write with photo to: POB 4813, Long Beach, CA 90804.

BALLS. Hot outdoors 28, bearded, 37, into genital torture (shaving, weights, whipping, squeezing, etc.) And all ball fantasies. A pic of your balls gets mine. Keep'em binging heavy. NY #00085.

HUGE SCAT SCENES. Into dirty FF, heavy Crimea SHEAR. Enormous scat loads in underwear, jockstraps, levis, looking for wellbong, highballed, WIDE-ARM RECEIVER. Am interviewed in relocating to California with one of same scene. Send letter and recent picture to JED, 425 S.E. 22nd Street #1, Miami, Florida 33137. If in MIAMI call 305/573-1207.

FOR REAL. Obedient/sager mouth/tongue for cock and ass of white rugged, rough, muscular, leather/levi topman/jock in NEW YORK CITY and PHILADELPHIA. Sit on my face. I will drink your piss. Eat your shit. For pleasure, my desire. DMS, BOX 941, 132 W. 24th St., New York, New York 10011.

NY ITALIAN RAUNCHMAN. 3-10, 153; into shit, buttholes, cheesy cocks, rank armpits, spit, smut, puke, dogs, horses, shaving, photos, jacking-off, nipple play, leather, piss, outdoors, drugs, jocks, sick scenes, enemas. NYC. 212/673-1569.

FISTING BUDDY WANTED. WM, 34, 3-10, 165, brown hair and eyes. Munky hairy body into heavy fisting action. Very versatile with HOT HEAR and TALENTED HANDS. Seeks some for hot times. #00067.

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, RM, water sports. Any countries. 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.

BODYBUILDER BRIT ACTION! Your ass in my face gets my ass in your face. This body-builder wants to eat your long thick tude right from your hole! Must have fair-to-good build. I'm 3-8, 165, 37, with 21" 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 4:30 PM and 2:30 PM, OR, at 11 PM ONLY, Eastern Time. FREEB.

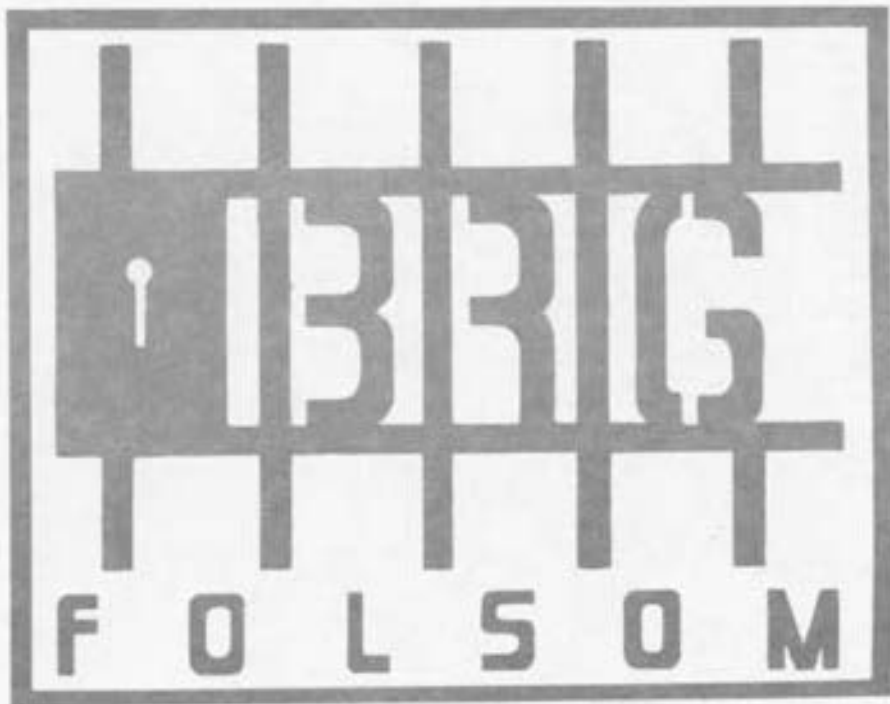
BLIND MEN WANTED. Hairy blonde with moustaches or beards and hairy asses. Dirty biker blonde. All-American boy blonde, longhaired surfer blonde. Muscular trucker blond. Construction blonde. Working blonde. Pretty blond. Straight-for-trade-only blonde. Sit on my face. Let me lick your balls, suck you 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.

TO ANSWER A "CODED" NATIONAL AD: • Put your answer in a sealed envelope. • Do not put a stamp on it. • Write your return address at the upper left. • At the upper right (where the stamp usually goes), write the CODE NUMBER of the ad you are answering. • Put the first envelope inside an outer envelope. ENCLOSING \$1 per letter to be forwarded. Mail to HUNTMAN/NATIONALS, PO Box 8052, San Francisco CA 94101.

552 TUP: READY FOR ACTION. V/A, FF, W/O, R/O, restraints, bonds, chains, toys, anyl, 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 5'3" BOTTOM if I am in the mood—for BLACKS, HAIRY CHIGANOS, OR WHITES. Local scenes: 213/267-7592. If planning trip, SNAF gets preference and my pic in return. BOY, 1815 Princeton, Glendale CA 91204.

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

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.



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

HOT MUTUAL ACTION. WM, 32, 3-10, 140, UNCUT, Moustache/beard (br/br), new to scene, wants to expand ADVENTURES! Seek similar male studs who like to EXPERIMENT in GIVE-AND-TAKE Sessions: RD, WS, light SM, FR, GN. J/O. Write with photo. Maybe we can get it on and really soar. Socks/anyl. Philadelphia. #00116.

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

TUPHARD 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.

STUDS. I want to join you!! Who out there can castrate me skillfully? Interested in writing to any STUDS or anyone interested in the subject. East Coast. #00055.

MUSCULAR & UNINHIBITED BEERS RAUNCHY SEX. Hot, muscular, uninhibited WM, fresh 43, with western look, moustache, into raunchy women: sweaty crotches, smelly pits, water sports. Especially good at ass-eating, clean or dirty. Can play really good bottom-side for a together top. Also very active in mutual and group scenes. Would like to trade stat pik. Muscular, 5-9, 165. Call 415/647-9325, or write NM #A107.

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 chew down. I prefer healthy men who know who they are: STUGS!!! Into Hunky MAMMOLES, top or bottom. I love the gutsy Outdoor Life. I don't mind working for my keep. Keep that action rolling! RAMBLER! Daniel, San Francisco. #00097.

FULLTIME SLAVE FOR ANY RURAL AREA. Slave will discard all outside interests for mastery, firm-bodied master with P+Plus cock. Take complete control of my 48-year-old-age: body, mind, and soul. Receive a lifetime of experienced, unquestioning obedience and worship. 8-1, 165, cut 6. Will relocate to any rural area.

IOWA DEPUTY SHERIFF BEATING WHET. 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.

ENOTMEN 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 turt and cock worshippers, men who drink their own piss daily, and eat their own cum, and can be at ease with men who do the same. Also want to contact men who use piss/cum in cocking, and who will swap used smudge/piss/cumstiff cockhair/dirty shithole hair. I also seek dogdick. Would like to hear from men anywhere with dogs to suck or that have been trained to lick nacoock and ass. Pic of your prick gets mine. WM, early 30's, 6, 185, beard, moustache, 7 inches of NASTY UNCUT DICK. East Coast. #00094.

HAZING TORTURE LOVER wants to swap data, techniques, lore, with guys PERSONALLY KNOWLEDGEABLE about FRATERNITIES, MILITARY SCHOOLS, CIA INTERROGATION, MILITARY DISCIPLINE, PRISON ABUSE, REFORMATORY CORRECTIONS, ATHLETIC TEAM DISCIPLINE, ETC. John Barton, 1371 K Street, N.W. #132, Washington, D.C. J0005.

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

FRODOICAL CLERGYMAN SEESK MALE 1906. Sincere WM, 40's, clergyman begs to experience REAL LIFE on his knees, as a prodigal slave, worshipping hot Top Men. This is a real chance to teach a minister that his fucking place is servicing men's cocks, balls, asses, and pits. String him up. Use any method calculated to get good results for pagan pleasure: SM, S/D, water sports, ball and tiework. Piss on him and make him drink from the fountain of life. "Take me and expand my limits, for your pleasure, to fulfill me in my religious profession." In Central NY during week, Can travel 100 miles. #00098.

LONG (OVER 9") AND FAT (OVER 7") COCK SEESK UNCUT TWIN! My long, fat cock is looking for its uncut twin. ONLY UNCUT QUALITY! This tag where you read this closes you into what can happen from this union! 3031 Beaver Grade Road, Germantown PA 19108.

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

CARRACOMEN. Bear-bellied, bearded, 40, seeks similar garbageman type with stinky crotch and dripping pits. Let me suck your overripe LONGJOINS/SWEATBOX/JOCKEYS. Let me lap your PISSE/TURDS/SHOT/SPIT/PISS/CUM. NYC. #00124.

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

LA ANIMAL FREAK. W/M, 26, slim, per-versatile, wants muscular owners of stallions, great Danes, and Weimaraners. Also cattle into leishack natural scene. Hardcore men and action only. Photo of you and pete gets immediate reply. Los Angeles. 00100.

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



MANMOVIES

FILMS WORTH SEARCHING FOR

COCK-AND-BALL GAMES

BALLBUSTING MOVIES ARE FLICKS THAT MAKE YOU CROSS YOUR LEGS. Think of Paul Newman's cleaned-up castration over the hood of a car in Sweet Bird of Youth, or Sebastian Venable's cannibalization, balls first, by hungry Latinos. These ball-butcher Tennessee Williams' scripts descend like testicles from his early short story "Desire and the Black Masseuse" in which the masseuse castrates, kills, and eats his masochistic lover. Castration commands lots of audience attention.

Ken Kesey's MacMurphy in Cuckoo's Nest calls Nurse Ratched a "Ball-buster." She prescribes lobotomy to castrate sexually threatening men's brains. Even Sophocles sends the original motherfucker Oedipus straight to a deballing scene, but changes literal ballcutting into eye-gouging, to be acceptable to queasy audiences. (Freud equates eyeballs with gonads: figuring one juicy pair symbolizes the other!)

MILITARY CASTRATION INITIATION

Spanish filmmaker Alejandro Jodorowski has a ritual obsession with castration. And he pulls no fucking symbolic punches! He shows it. In his classic El Topo, a western rife with sex and violence and mysticism, a military general, squealing like a pig, is vividly castrated by the shiny swoop of a bandito's blade that shoots the blood from his severed balls twenty feet into the air. Jodorowsky's second feature film, The Holy Mountain, brilliantly exploits a thirty-minute ritual castration sequence

that is the ULTIMATE CINEMA BALL-WORK TRIP.

On AJ's Technicolor Planet Acton reigns Acton, himself, the Mangod of War. Acton is a big, muscular USMC-built blond whose mane is barbed into a warrior's Mohawk. The Castration Sequence opens as Acton, naked, except for the black-leather harness strapping his big body, rides his black stallion triumphantly into the middle of his sun-drenched military compound. Twenty squads of sweaty young soldiers fill the parade ground in strict military formation: shirtless, in green fatigues, black combat boots, their faces all covered with black rubber gasmasks in the blazing sunlight.

Acton, leather-naked and muscular-blond, rides commandingly straight through the fetish-gear formation of half-stripped men. In the center of the parade ground is a raised round castration platform. The hundreds of sweating soldiers face it. Acton rides imperiously towards it.

Tied spreadeagle on the platform is a handsome recruit. He has been stripped naked—except for a black-leather cock sheath that stands straight up, erect in the brilliant noon sun. Out from under his black-leather-bound dick, his big balls hang down vulnerable between his spread thighs, where the circular castration platform, carved away like a slice of meatpie, lets his low-slung pair of heavy nuts drop free.

The Wargod Acton, the Chief of Police on the Planet Acton, squints in close-up, studies, eyes the bound and waiting recruit.

Acton dismounts his stallion. His own big blond pair of balls swings nobly between his muscular legs. His golden body glistens in the heat. He strides up to the castration platform. He reaches his big left hand down, and closes it tight around the neck of the pair of splendid-hung balls. In big-screen 70mm Technicolor close-up, Acton's blond hand palms the dark furry nuts. He takes the ritual shears in his right hand, moving toward the balls. His left hand is stretching and pulling the nuts down, hard and away, from the spreadeagle, helpless groin.

The moment is intense.

In deliberate, slow, ritual moves, Acton's strong fist opens the saw-toothed shears. Wide. His big hand guides the cleat-toothed edges over and under the hard balls stretched out in his left hand. Decisively, his hand clamps the shears closed. In vivid close-shot, the balls are severed. Castration! Acton's big arm and fist raise the fresh-cut bloody balls. The military castration initiation is complete. The soldiers cheer in their gasmasks.

The scene cuts to a circular chapel. Acton kneels face-to-face with the man he has castrated. The hot young soldier seems to suffer (on this very special Planet) no adverse effects from the sacrificial gift of his balls to his Commander/Master/God. They kneel in silent communication, in the round military

chapel, with floor-to-ceiling shelves circling around them. Each shelf is filled with hundreds of glass jars, each with a perfectly preserved pair of nuts: right floating higher than the left.

NAZI CAMP CASTRATION

Jodorowski's castration obsession is fantasy drama. More nutty is the castration in the incredible cult classic Ilse: She-Wolf of the SS (whose equally so-bad-it's-good sequel is Ilse: Warm-Keeper of the Oil Sheiks). In She-Wolf's opening concentration camp sequence, a hot bunk is strapped down to a tilted stone morgue-table. His balls hang big, inviting, and defenseless between his spread legs. Within the movie's first seven minutes, the man is medically castrated. His blood pumps from his crotch, runs down the cold stone, and drips into the sewer drain.

BALLBUSTER KNIVES AND NAILS

Lovers of Ballwork gladly endure three hours of Japanese politesse watching In the Realm of the Senses. Oshima's film is a tensionful tease toward the passionate climax where the stud-hero is lovingly, sensuously castrated by his lover. In La Maitresse, a fiction-feature film, with real S&M footage edited into the acted footage, a man, hooded and gagged and bound in a chair, has his balls nailed, really nailed, full-camera, to a board. La Maitresse is such a believably dominant bitch that she makes Ilse seem cartoon-like.

SF MUSCLE BLOND: SUPER-8 CASTRATION

In NANZMAN's archives is a castration film shot in Super-8 color of a chunky Aryan-type whose black-leather hood protects one of the best-known faces in San Francisco. Castration is this manimal's secret fetish trip. This Sparrow Cinematography film is to ballwork what the Zapruder Super-8 footage is to the JFK assassination: real stuff.

As the docufilm opens, the Top, who is also hooded, is hoisting the side of male beef up into booted,

spread-ankled, upsidedown, bondage suspension, using pulleys. His wrists are roped tight to his thighs. The naked, hooded body rises, legs spreading far apart around the exposed balls. The camera cuts to an Animal Docking/Castrating Gun, loaded and ready for what the product box, picked up at a farm supply store, says is "For docking sheep, goats, calves, and dogs."



The Docker/Castrating Gun is a simple device. Like a circular handgun, its metal teeth are loaded with a heavy red-rubber ring about the size of a lifesaver. The Docker is cocked and the teeth open like a mouth to stretch the Lifesaver to the tensile circumference of a Mason Jar ring.

The Top's fingers arm the Docker, and then pull the big minimal balls through the stretched rubber ring. The camera lingers for a long moment: balls hard and rounded between thighs spread in suspension. The Top strokes the balls caught in the threatening grip of the metal-and-rubber castrator. He pulls the trigger and the rubber ring slams down at 300 mph to the Lifesaver-size around the base of the balls, right below the root of the dick.

The imploding shock causes the suspended victim's heavy muscles to contract and jerk involuntarily. His crotch arches up against the snapping single pain. His body swings and quivers. His balls are now docked into "terminal" castration bondage. His big Aryan cock, hard through the whole film, spasms from the intense tight pressure on his nuts, and the fulfillment of his secret fantasy. His cum shoots down his hairy belly, across his pecs, and drips on his leather-hooded head swinging a foot above the floor.

End of film. Super-8 ain't just for "home movies." Not in San Francisco.

On animals, the rubber ring is left in place for several weeks to do its slow, thorough work. On manimals, the Docking Gun allows real castration maneuvers and technique without necessarily terminal effect. A docked man, when he has chosen to, can experience the Docking Gun castration sensation, and then remove the ring, carefully, with a small embossed scissors: an hour later, a day later, a week later, or never, enduring, at his own timing, all the pleasure and pain he can handle, as he feels deep in his cooling scrotum, with the ball-pressure aching up into his deep belly, how sensitive, agonizing, and erotic all this slow animal castration can feel on a man's big-swinging, low-hanging balls. MJM

THE ADVENTURES OF

DENNY SARGENT



A NOVEL BY

Jack Fritscher

CHAPTER 6:

ORGY AT SAUGATUCK

THE STORY SO FAR: DENNY SARGENT, 18, leaving his Michigan home, and his hot, muscular, belt-cracking 40-year-old dad, experienced his first leather S&M sex with dirty Hells Angel Biker Sam. The smell of Sam's rough-and-tumble pits and crotch initiated Denny into S&M hustling. Denny, more experienced, met Chuck, a Harley-Sportser with a taste for group sex. They hit it off, and after a hardballing night, Denny rode home for the last time, ready to ride forever with Chuck. Bringing an M back for Chuck's amusement, Denny found Chuck preparing an orgy at the Fire Island of the Midwest, Saugatuck, a small village on the shore of Lake Michigan...

Later that same night, Denny's father wanted to know where he had been. Denny refused to answer. His mother began crying as the older man yelled at his son. She tried to stuff back into Den's bureau drawers the clothes the old man was throwing to the floor.

Den stood cool and apart.

His father turned his wrath on the crying woman. Den, standing in denim and leather in the room where he had slept as a boy, felt the mansweat rolling down the inside of his thick arms. He felt apart from them. For the first time. He saw it was their fight. They enjoyed it. They had put him in the middle like some military objective. But now he was no longer under them. He pulled a pack of cigarettes from his leather jacket; he lit the smoke. Again the leather touched his essence. The heat of the summer night made his belly slick under the heavy leather. His body knew he was his own man. He turned and gave his bootheels to the man and woman pulling from the closet the clothes he had worn last year as a highschool boy. They didn't even notice as he went to bed down in the old carriage barn next to his cycle.

Had Den not fallen asleep, healthy and drained by sex, he might have heard cutting far away through the silence of the town's outskirts the sound of Chuck's cycle. The rider had decided to make a phone call. Even the late-night cop from the town's bonded protection agency skirted the dark corner where the lone leatherman in full regalia, cap, shades, jacket, gauntlets, filthy jeans and boots, slouched in the lighted phone booth. Outside in the 3 AM dark his bike was kicked up on its stand, waiting, menacing, as the nightcop's headlights flashed quickly across it and then quietly, knowing better, disappeared.

The next morning, Den avoided the house. He beat off in the garage and came on his bike. He had held the front wheel gripped tight between his kneeling thighs and beat his meat until he shot white juice over the black tire. He made a loud point of gunning his bike down the drive and off to work. He caught a steak-n-eggs breakfast and with a day's butch stubble cruised into Martin's filling station. He said nothing to his boss, but walked straight to the uniform cabinet. He stripped off his leather jacket giving Martin full view of his naked muscular torso. "What's with no teeshirt and no shave?" Martin asked. Den pulled out a green workshirt. He glowered at Martin. "I'll work in the back today," was all he said. He tossed the shirt over the side of his shoulder.

Martin knew better than to argue. He had seen Den hyped before. But never so high. Besides, the light shine of sweat beneath the hairs where the boy's smoothly curved spine entered his jeans above his lean buttocks distracted Martin for a moment too long. A lust he didn't understand and that he couldn't tell his wife was swirling in from the back of his head. "I'm gonna have to fire that boy," he said to himself.

Denny worked like a fiend all day, stopping only to gun out of the station on his bike to hit the gym and grab some lunch. Wheeling back toward the station, Den stopped at a corner phone booth. It was the same one Chuck had called from ten hours before. A swastika of dried spit was smeared on the glass. He dialed the office number on the business card he had shoved into his jacket. The extension answered. "You be ready in your workout gear at nine," Den said. "You're on." He hung up the phone. He stepped out of the

booth. "You better believe you're on!" He stood with his legs apart and his basket hardening with anticipation.

A girl, a friend of Madonna's, watched Den straddle his leg across his bike and envied the luck of the girl who claimed Den as her guy. She choked at the roar of exhaust exploded and fumed around her. Den had not noticed her, had never noticed her, and would have never missed her if he had.

Chuck slept most of the day. In the late afternoon he drove into town and hauled back plenty of beer in the van.

In the light of the bright early evening, coming in through the west windows of the abandoned farmhouse, he laid out his gear. From his van he carried in chain, rope, metal clips, leather thongs, a saddle, two osts-of-nine-tails, several belts, a hanging harness, a flatfucking sling, a bullwhip, a box of surgical needles, candles, and a drycell battery attached to a metal catheter. He laid his tools out carefully, checking padlocks against keys, unknotting a piece of rawhide tangled yet from last use, slicking every device of bondage and torture into readiness. Moving the things, he moved his head into place.

He tapped the high old parlor ceiling to find a heavy beam. He rolled out an old wooden barrel and stood on it. He screwed a large iron hook into the beam. A faint dust of plaster powdered down on him. The veins in his hairy forearms knotted large around his small USMC tattoo as he twisted the metal into the hard wood. He made the last turns with a hammer claw and hitched the hammer into the loops of his leather jeans. With both fists he grabbed the hook, pulled down on it tentatively, then swung out surely from the barrel, hanging and jerking from the beam for a full minute to test its security. His body swinging in the dying sun elongated. His hands and arms began to ache carrying the weight of his body and boots. The iron hook cut sweet into his fingers. A vision of a naked male body hanging helpless from a pulley on the hook, upsidetown made him harden. He smiled. Satisfied. He dropped to the floor.

He was arranging the ropes on the pulley when the first cycles roared down the lane and circled the farmhouse. Chuck walked out onto the porch from which he had sent Denny off the night before. The outlaw riders, single and double on bikes, some in full leather, some shirtless in sleeveless levi jackets shiny with studs, spewed dust and exhaust circling around the farmhouse. One by one they jacked up their bikes. They cuffed Chuck in greetings. He broke out the beer. They were exhilarated by their long run and the prospects of the night. For the next hour more bikers pulled off the highway, singly and in small groups. The brotherhood grew and mingled. They chugged their first beers. They popped their saddlebags for toys they carried into the parlor and laid next to Chuck's equipment.

The seventeenth and last rider, his shirtless torso bulked big with brawn, his jaws lined with a thin cut of beard, his forehead wrapped in a sweatroll of red bandana, pulled into a loud cheer. Before he was off his bike he had two beers shoved at him. He took them both. When Doc arrived, the bikers knew the run was complete. He always

started later than the rest so he could trail the crowd. He was an MD and if a biker got into trouble with anything from an exhaust burn to a spill, he was only minutes behind. Doc kicked up his big hog and stooped up the porch to Chuck. "This must be," he said, "the party you called."

* * *

After work, Denny rode straight home. He walked past his mother preparing supper, walked through his parents' bedroom into the bath, tossed a razor, blades and soap into a towel. In his own room he pulled a couple of teeshirts from the restraitened bureau and, with the towel, rolled an extra pair of jeans and denim jacket into the old army blanket he had slept on the summer his cousin had forced him out of the bed. He secured his roll with a leatherbelt. From the false-bottom drawer he pulled the two small physique magazines and burned them in the wastebasket. Now he had the real thing. Thin black smoke spiraled up to the ceiling. "Denny?" his mother called from the kitchen, "is something burning?" The paper curled and blackened. Small flames burnt up the legs of the muscle men. Heat ate their groins and melted their bellies. Fire crossed their pecs. Their faces dissolved into ash. Denny did not answer his mother. She started up the stairs. "Is something burning?"

He started down the stairs with his roll. "Yeah," he said. "The house is on fire." As she rushed up the stairs, he escaped any goodbyes. He was on his cycle and in the street before she was at his window knowing he had lied and knowing more: that he was gone for good.

"Storm's blowing up," Den said. He held his head back to catch the wind of the darkening evening sky. Clouds shredded across the horizon. "Storm's coming," Den repeated, "And a hard moon rising." The moon held straight above him, like a plate hung full over the road ahead. Gripping his handlebars and feeling the engine warm between his legs, he knew his long waiting was over. His bike was his liberation. He could breathe. He cruised at top speed past the town's outlying cemetery. It was full of stones for people who were dead and for people who were alive. His family and the Hanrattys already had their markers up, filled in with birthdates and RIP's and only the deathdate to be chiseled. His brother Rick, or what was left of him, was buried under that stone. "That's all those fuckers are sure of," Den said. "That's all they plan on is dying." He wanted none of it. He had his bedroll on his bike, his bike under him, and he was chasing the moon flatout down the deserted highway. He was no longer waiting life. He had it. Free.

The rain broke fierce. Den hunched forward against its force and took to a backroads shortcut. He arrived soaked at his M's apartment. He rang the bell. The M opened up. "It's a real gully washer," Den said. The man brought him two huge towels. "No big thing," Den said. "Jeans and teeshirt." The M offered to throw his clothes in his dryer. Den liked the idea. He stripped off his leather jacket. Slow. He teased. He pulled the soggy teeshirt from his shoulders. Rainwater beaded up on his perfect flesh. "Pull off my boots," he said. The man fell to his knees at Den's feet. His hands blackened with wet grease as he pulled the boy's heavy boots from his sockless feet. Den unbuttoned his fly and dropped his jeans to the floor. He stood naked and

dominant over the man at his feet.

"You'll be hard on me, Master? the man asked. His eyes fixed on the thick soft pad of Den's cock.

"Your Master I am."

The man reached for Den's cock; but Den stopped him with a slap in the face. He was a big man, even kneeling, and he held firm under the slap. "Again, Sir. Please."

Den began to tap the man's cheek. Harder each time. The pats became slaps. "No cock," Den said, "until I'm ready. Understand?"

The man inched back. "May I, Sir, dry your clothes?"

Den kicked his jeans at him. "Hop to it."

The M took the clothes in his teeth and crawled from the room. Den sat on the couch. He towseled his hair dry, then stretched out full length. He dropped the towel across his lower belly. The damp towel picked up his belly warmth. He dozed for what seemed a minute. He dreamed of warm wet flesh surrounding his cock. He touched his right hand to his left nipple. He woke. Next to the couch knelt the man. His eyes were intent on Den's cock stiffhard under the towel. "Sir, your clothes are dry," he said. Den sat up. He said nothing. The man remained kneeling. Den's cock arched out between his legs. Den lit, very deliberately, a cigaret. He inhaled deeply then spewed the smoke into the man's face. "Thanks for drying the clothes," Den said.

"My Master must never thank me."

Den stood up over the big man. "Then thank me properly for thanking you," he said.

The man kneeling eyelevel with Den's cock had only part of his Thank-you said when Den ground out the hot coal of his cigaret on the man's chest.

The rain had stopped when Den and his M walked out to the bike. "This is the kind of rain that starts and stops," the man said.

"You talk too much."

"Yes, Sir."

Den planned to keep the man quiet. The last thing he wanted was to relate personally. They had found each other on one level and in Denny's mind were contracted to stay there. Den was intent on keeping that mouth closed if he had to sew the fucker's lips together. He was out to impress Chuck that he could supply a manslave for them both. In

fact, he was thinking more and more in terms of Chuck. Now with their to-be-shared M riding on the back of his bike Den felt as eager to show Chuck his bedroll as much as the masochist. Always there would be M's. But the bedroll was special. A sign he was free. And Chuck was to be the first to know.

Den turned off the highway to the tucked-away farm. The dirt lane had quagged to mire. Far down in the old house Den saw more figures moving in the cloudy moonlight than he had expected. He dragged his bike to a halt and shut it down. His M swung off. Den was pissed. Chuck came out on the porch to meet him. Thumbs up. "I groove the construction worker you brought," Chuck said.

"Yeah." Den was petulant. "He's a real erector set. Very good at building triangles."

"Easy, Brother," Chuck said. Mystified. "I thought you wanted a threeway."

Denny realized: I want a twoway. You and me. But he said, "Yeah. A threeway."

"Never count your rocks before they're off," Chuck said.

"I never count on anything," Denny lied. He had counted on being free with Chuck, on them being buddyfree together. He didn't like his new feelings. He stomped the mud from his bikeboots on the porch. He guessed he was expecting too much too fast. Maybe he was a loner and meant to be. Maybe free was enough. Lone and free. "You're high on something," Den said.

"Just the Holy Trinity," Chuck said crossing himself like a Catholic. "Pot and Acid and Beer." He wanted to cheer Den out of the change he saw. "Come join the Dionysian rites."

"Fucker," Den half-smiled. "Where'd all these guys come from?"

"Here. There. Everywhere. They rose out of a methedrine mist."

"MDA is here to stay," Den's M said.

"Shut-up," Den said. "When my ass needs wiping, then you open your mouth."

Chuck spit off the porch. "They're friends of mine who were headed on a run from Chicago this weekend. One thin dime returned by a midnight telephone operator putting through my collect call changed their previously uncolorful destination. Thank me for corrupting your country innocence."

"I oughta belt you," Den threatened.

"For making you guest-of-honor at your very own special coming-out orgy? Chuck groped Den's full crotch and kissed him hard on the mouth. Their tongues crossed back and forth the white fences of teeth. Chuck broke the clench. He had left spit inside Den's mouth. "Come on inside," he said. Den swallowed. Chuck turned to the M standing off by Den's bike. "You too," he said.

Inside the farmhouse the beer flowed. The riders in from the rain were laid back from their ride. Three bikers sat in the middle of the floor surrounded by the joints they were rolling. Others rested in corners. Silent. Soaking. A few leaned against the wall. Hungry eyes. Watching.

"Where's the action?" Den's M demanded. He saw the possibilities. He goaded. He pushed. "Looks like the Local Leather Ladies Side Saddle Society," he said. "Would whoever owns the Honda 50 outside please move it from blocking the drive."

"Knock its teeth out or gag it," Doc said.

"Do those two come with the place," the M said. He pointed to two men tied up at opposite ends of the room. One, his hands pulled high above his head, tied to a crossbeam, hung, toes touching, naked. His back was well wealed with redpurple belt marks. The other was stretched out cruciform against the wall. His teeshirt had been cut away. Rags of it hung from his shoulders. Barbed fish-hooks pierced both his tits. From the hooks hung small chains decorated like some torturous charm bracelet with lead fishline weights of varying sizes. The weights stretched both his pierced tits down toward his belly.

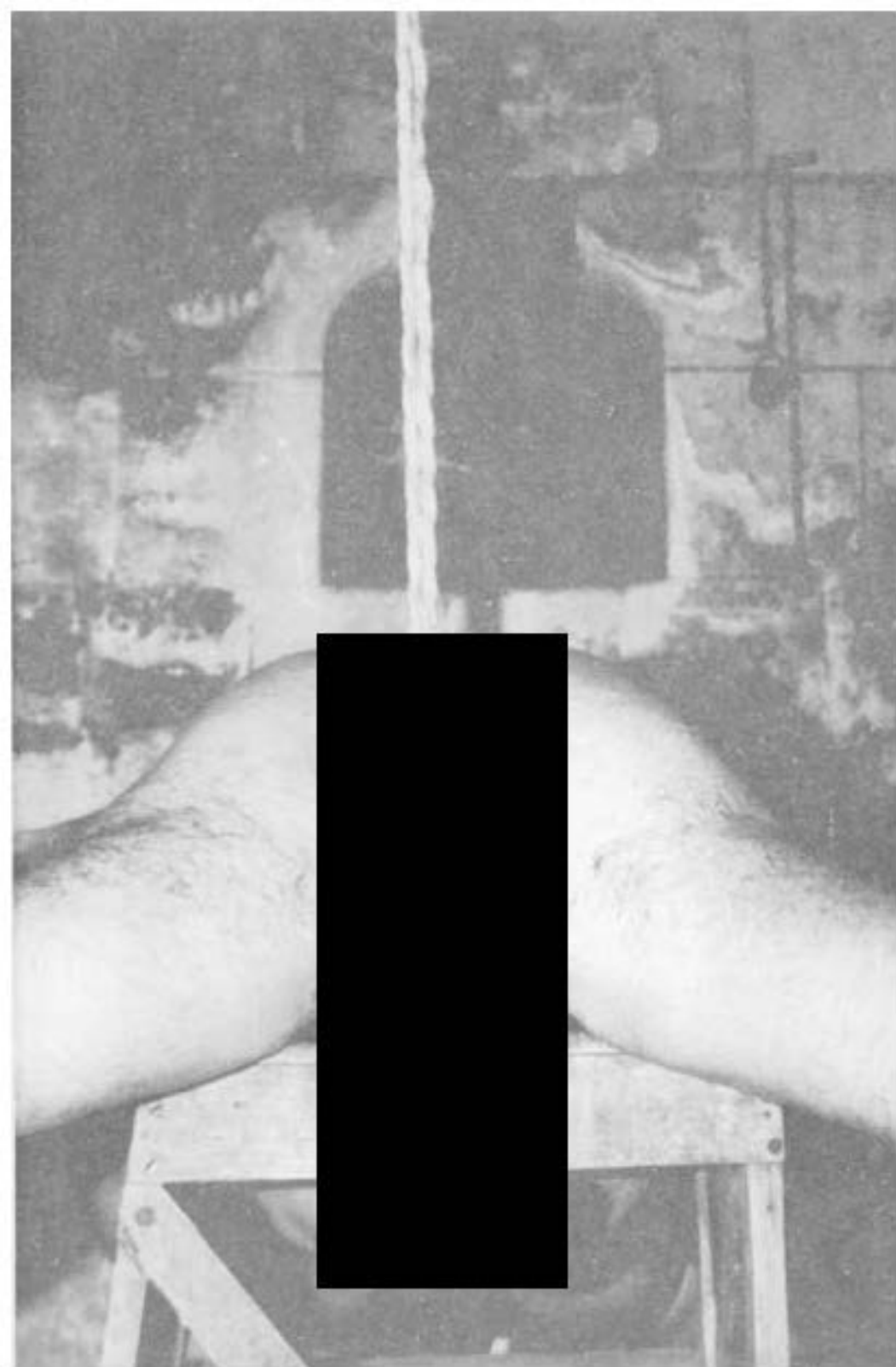
"Shut-up," Den said. He and Chuck grabbed the M. They tied his wrists and ankles. They dropped him to his belly and pulled his hands towards his heels wrapping the four extremities into a tight hogtie. A sock stuffed into his mouth and secured by a thick strip of rawhide silenced him. "The trouble is," Chuck said moving Den away from the bound man, "that he maneuvered us into giving him exactly what he wanted. Sort of makes you wonder who's commander and who's commanded."

"I guess a true S would tell every masochist no."

"Probably," Chuck said. "But while it may be pure sadism to go into some bar and play Turn-on-and-Turn-down, actually torturing the masochist with the torture he wants or more than he wants has its certain organic compensations. Even though it's not as pure as saying no." Chuck pulled the ring on a beer can. He handed it to Den. Den chugged. The farmhouse was surprisingly warm for the damp end of summer. Usually, the last nights of the season, cold came up out of the Michigan fields laying fog across the lowlands and gullies.

A boy about Denny's age moved in on Chuck while Denny drank. It was obvious the two knew each other's bodies intimately. Chuck reached into the boy's unbuttoned denim shirt and manipulated the young brown nipple. Den could imagine it hardening from the faraway look that came into the boy's eyes. Without a word, Chuck reached into his jeans and deftly unscrewed an ammo inhaler. He held it to the boy's left nostril pinching the right one closed. The boy pulled on it heavy. Once. Twice. A third time. He began to moan. He swooned into Chuck. Chuck looked at Den over the helpless boy's shoulder. "Want some?" Chuck offered Den the inhaler.

Den unringed another beer. "Why not?" he said. He moved up to the two awaying together. Den's cock fit up against the boy's denim buttocks and the boy's cock pushed into Chuck's solid slab of meat. Den sucked in the smooth popper. He held it up to Chuck. The three of them pushed together like some perfect man-sandwich. But from deep down within the purple corridor of his ammoed mind, Den felt the



extra body between himself and Chuck. For a moment, the feeling was there again. He didn't want to be so free he was alone.

"You okay?" Chuck asked.

Three threesome broke and the stoned boy wandered off to some other consolation.

"I'm okay." He wanted to tell Chuck his news. He had left home. He had broken the ties. He was his own man.

Chuck put his hand into Den's studded black leather belt and pulled him along. "Come on. I want you to meet some of these guys." A boy sitting off alone on the sill of a window that had long ago lost its glass waved to the two of them with a joint in his hand. "This is David," Chuck said. Den took the offered joint. He hit it hard and pulled the smoke deep into his big chest. He held it while Chuck pulled on the dope. Finally Chuck said, "David doesn't talk much."

"David doesn't have to," Den said.

"He does look hot." Chuck handed David back his joint. "Too bad David becomes non-verbal when he smokes."

David smiled.

"He's really quite an interesting talker. When he's not ripped, you get more talk than sex out of him in bed. He had a part once in one of those endless Warhol movies," Chuck said.

David pulled on the roach of his joint. When he raised his big hand to his lips, Den figured him for a workman. His outfit was real. The hands were rawboned. His jeans were worn white where construction materials had frictioned up his thighs as he lifted cement blocks into position. His torso bulked up to his shoulders, the chest made interesting by the mat of hair rising up out of the white cotton undershirt. The white tanktop was the kind Den knew that young Low-Rider toughs had adopted for their own. And on the left shoulder just above the bicep, a griffin--half lion and half eagle--was tattooed into the skin, so that the when the muscles of his arm moved, the animal undulated sensuously.

David handed Den the joint. Den hit it and said, "That's a great tattoo." David said nothing. He was spaced. "What's the chain around his neck?" Den asked.

Chuck put his hand on David closecropped hair. He tilted his head back so the chain came into view. "It's the pulchain, he said," from a toilet at the Mineshaft."

"What's the Mineshaft?"

"An after-hours sewer in New York. David is a devotee. A pissoir. A toilet. A real live Port-o-San." Chuck smiled. "That's a lot to learn, my friend. A lot to learn."

"Teach me," Den said, "tonight."

To be continued...





MAN2MAN:
THE MAG YOU
CAN STICK YOUR NOSE IN