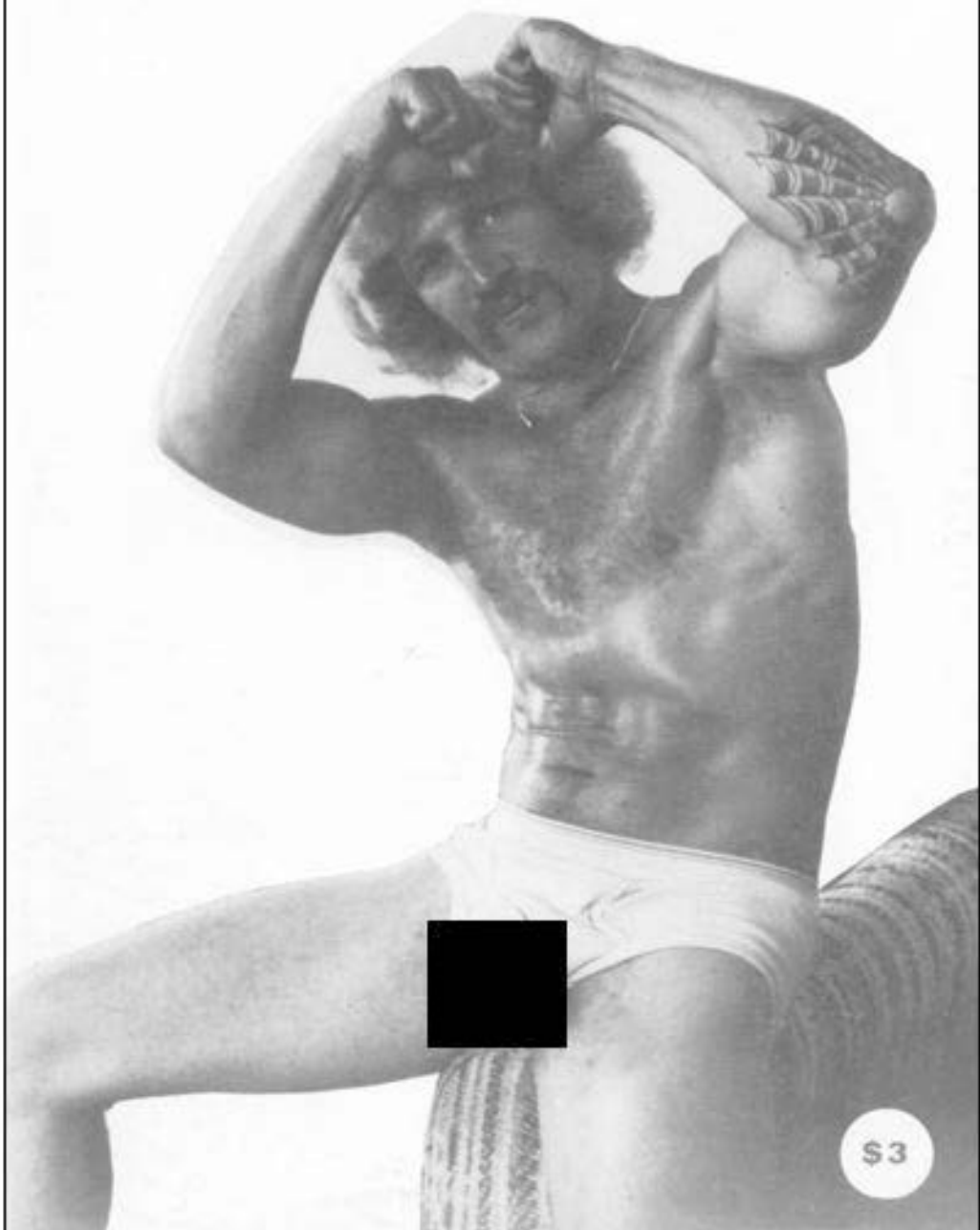
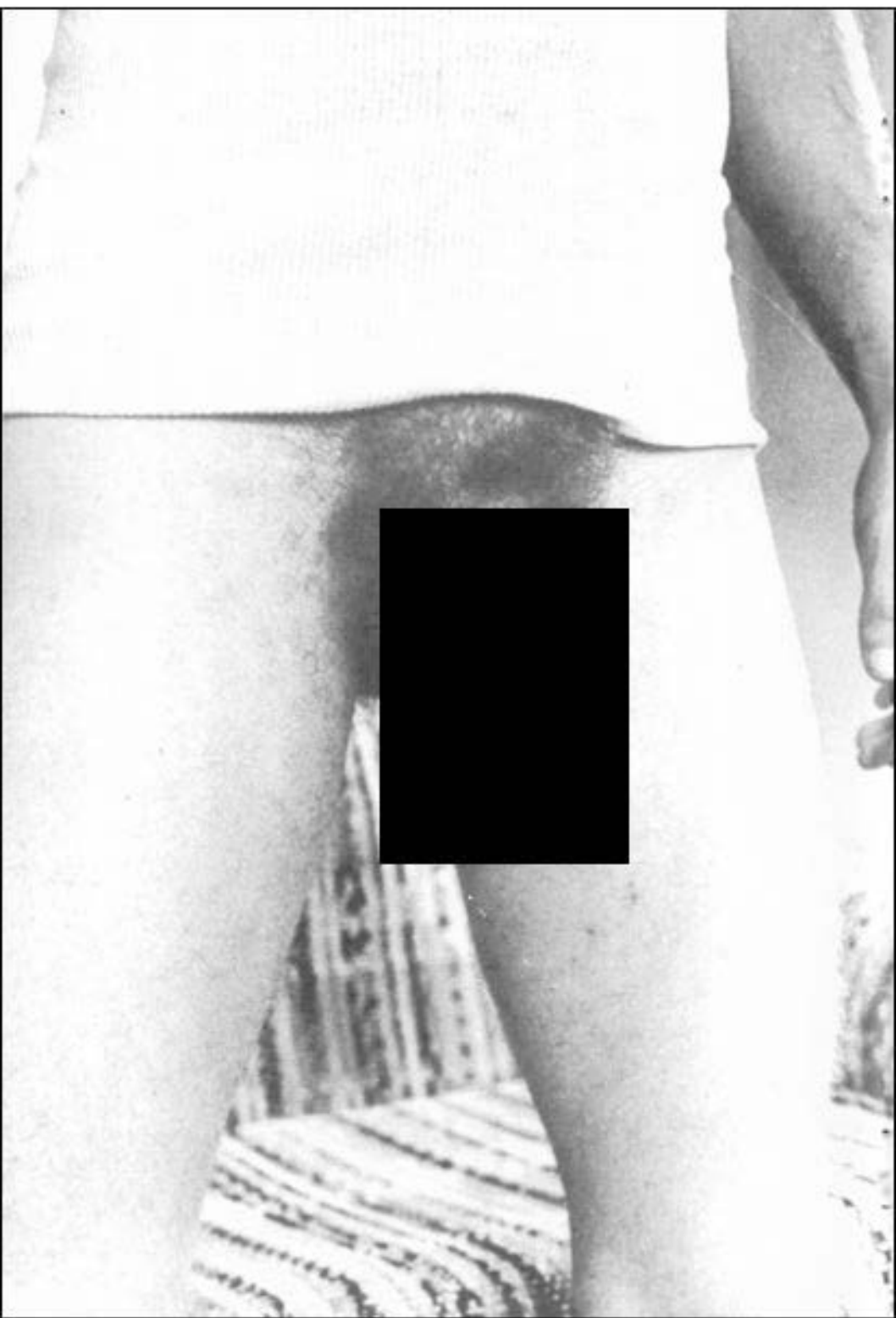


MAN2MAN

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MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard2Find Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

ISSUE 8

60 FULL PAGES

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MAN2MAN: THE J/JOURNAL OF HOMOMASCULINE POPULAR CULTURE

M. HENRY, PUBLISHER

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THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL



CIRCUMCISION BLUES

IN THE LAST FALLING-DOWN DAYS OF SAIGON, MY BEST BUDDY'S FACE WAS BADLY BURNED. I OVERHEARD SEVERAL DOCTORS DISCUSSING HIS CASE. ONE ASKED, "IS HE CIRCUMCISED?" A MEDIC REPLIED WITH AN ANSWER I KNEW FULL WELL: "YES. HE STILL HAS HIS FORESKIN." "GOOD," THE DOCTOR SAID, "WE HAVE HIS EYELIDS!"

To think of those surgeons pulling my buddy's thick uncut dick into the cold steel jaws of a GOMCO Circumcision Clamp, and then slicing off his 1½-inch of luxurious foreskin, made my blood run cold. Within months, the surgeons had restored his face completely. He was as handsome as if nothing had happened. But when I went down on his fresh-healed dick, I could tell plenty had happened: taste, smell, texture.

I still can hardly get over the fact that his eyelids are his foreskin!

CREWCUTS AND BOOTCAMP CIRCUMCISION

Currently, in our foreplay with the inevitable coming of WW III, the US is again considering the national health. *Uncut men: cross your legs!* The military-industrial complex, which we figured went away with our defeat in Nam, is born again, still preaching that longhair and FORESKINS are too hard to keep clean in the trenches.

The Great American Circumcision Conspiracy (& Controversy) is on again!

Most non-medical military personnel are not aware of the currently high, and rising, incidence of MILITARY CIRCUMCISION. No branch of the service, as yet, has a formal policy of enforced



circumcision. But military doctors, encouraged by zealous DI's, are making young, hung, uncut recruits combat-ready: what better matches a shaved head than a clipped dick!

Some military doctors are such circumcision zealots that they are like the ancient Ethiopians who circumcised their young Italian prisoners, and, before dawn's early light, placed fresh baskets of foreskins, as an intimidation, outside the Italian encampments.

From earlier than recorded history, male captives have often been sexually mutilated (hence: humiliated and controlled). A captured warrior could know for sure that if he weren't castrated, he would at least be stripped, tied spreadeagle, and circumcised.

Today's Army doesn't ask for experience. It gives it! And prime among those experiences, because of peer pressure, is the military initiation ritual of circumcision. Currently, when a young nervous recruit, standing stripped and exposed and overwhelmed by khaki authority, is told that he ought to be circumcised, he caves in. His Sarge urges him to "get skinned like the other guys." Some recruits, away from home for the first time, were maybe embarrassed to have been the only kid in the gym-shower with a foreskin. Fresh out of highschool, they jump at the opportunity--especially if they were tough kids from poor families--of a FREE MILITARY CIRCUMCISION.

Getting circumcised is a male rite like the first tattoo. Ironically, Cut Men most often wish they weren't, and Uncut Men wish they were. This chance for preference is cancelled by infant circumcision. Unless medically required, no male should be circumcised before he is eighteen: an age old enough to have made a conscious decision about how he wants to wear and display his dick.

NAVY DOCTOR: FORESKINS FOR SALE!

Recently documented on the American destroyer, the USS NEWMAN, a sailor was publically circumcised by the ship's doctor on an operating table set up in

the ship's ward room. Admission was charged, so other sailors could see the especially long-lipped enlisted man get clipped. The money went to the ship's beer fund.

The Navy also has, depending on the ship, a Circumcision Initiation Club, similar to the Rites of King Neptune. Initiations sailors endure on their first crossing of the equator.

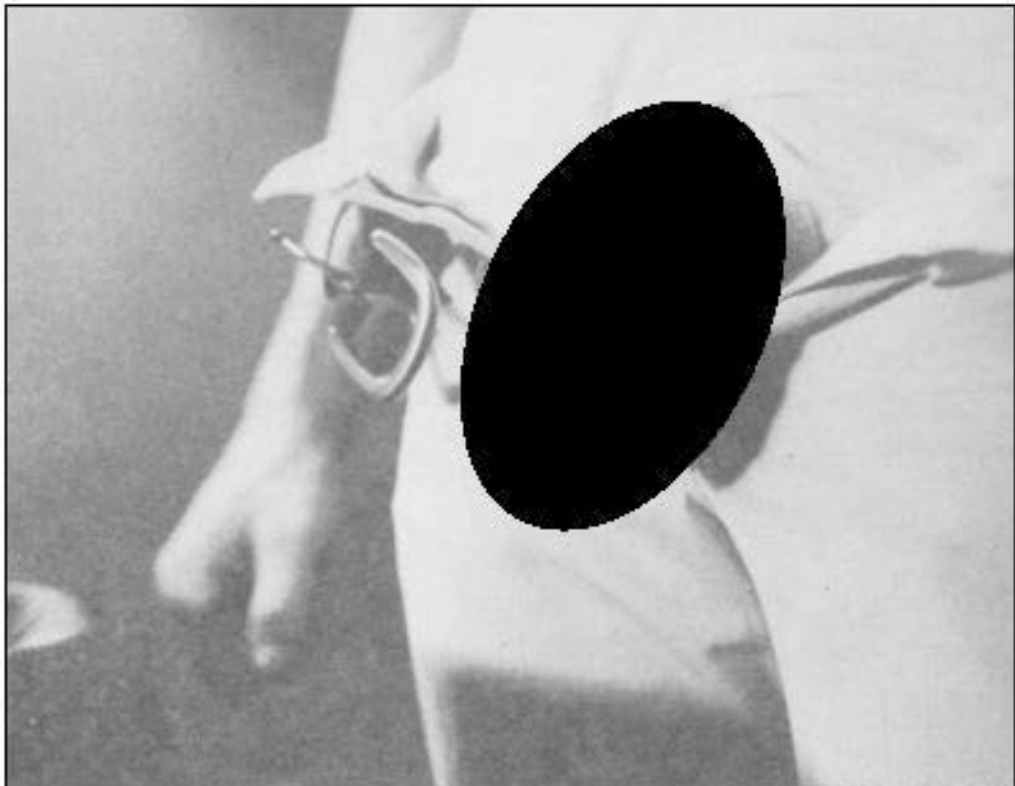
"The doc who got this Cirk Club rolling," the sailor wrote back in his letter to M2M, "with nothing else to do, was into circumcising. He had clipped nearly every foreskin on the ship --including mine. We formed a club of Ex-Uncut Men who had become Cirks. Whenever 'new cocks' got transferred to our ship, the doc tipped us off which were Uncut, so we could go to work needling them, saying shit like, 'When ya gonna let the doc cirk that lip, buddy? Ready to get that thing clipped clean, buddy?' We usually got them to sign quick. 'Just think, buddy. This time next week you'll be a regular circumcised American sailor. We made a big deal of Initiation Ceremonies whenever the doc clipped off the skin of another dick."

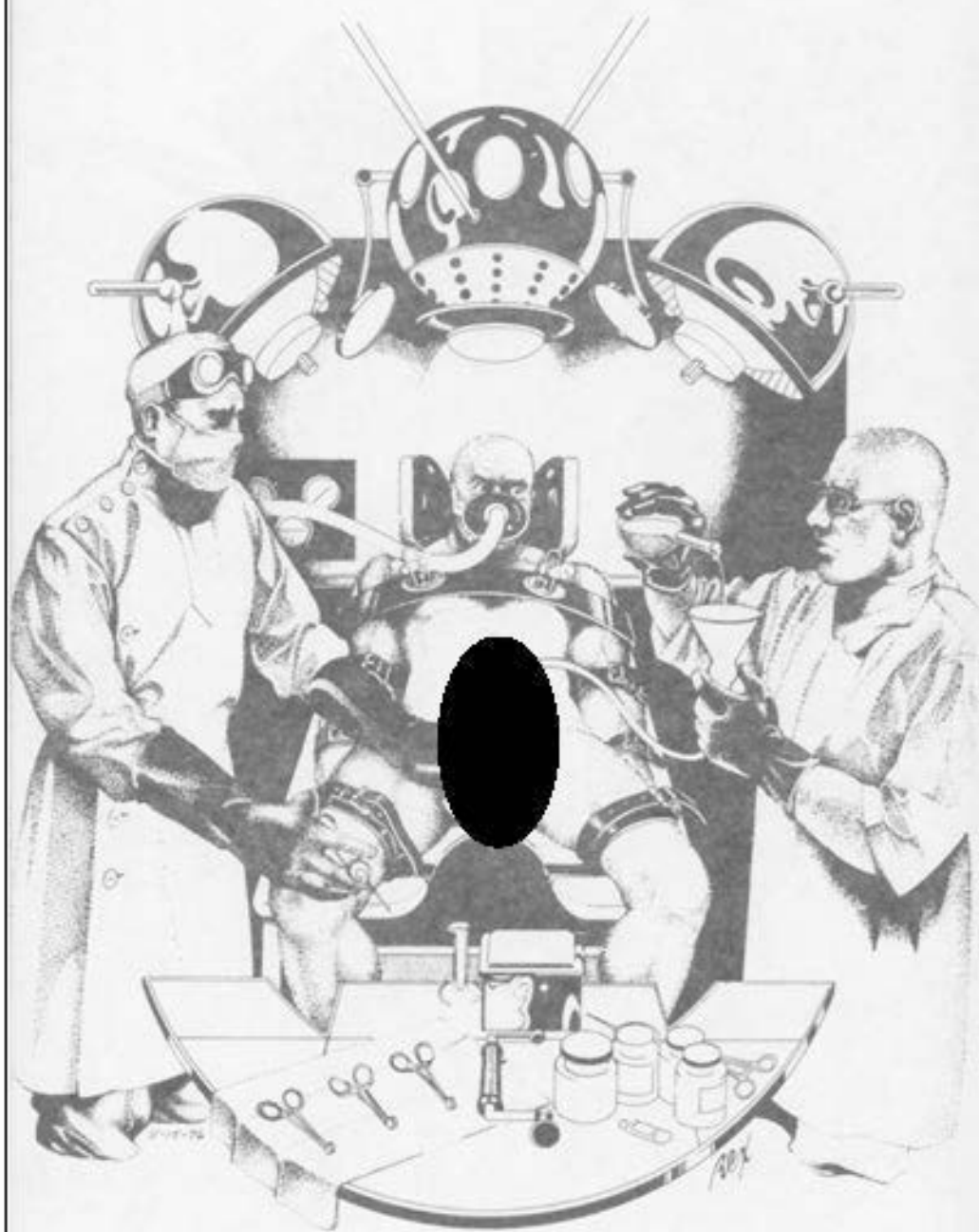
About a dozen years ago, the following ad appeared in the East Village Other: "FORESKINS FOR SALE! Retired Navy doctor has collection of over 900 foreskins of sailors he circumcised while in USN. Will take highest offer. Send bid to: T. Sutton, 25 Wendell Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138."

Don't bother to write. The address is long extinct.

SNEGMA: CHEESE FROM THE UNCUT ONLY!

Uncut dick produces cheese curds, for which many men develop as manly an appetite and sophisticated a taste as they do for cum, piss, ass, and sweat. All the scents of the male make sense if a guy's head isn't up his ass. In today's deodorized society, where TV commercials sell the religious tenet that the body is bad/corrupt/smelly, a man has to be clever to hold on to his MASCULINIST RIGHT to the aggressive smells, taste, and feel of his male flesh.





One guy who fought for his foreskin said: "It was during the Vietnam War that I almost got circumcised. There was a long lull in the fighting, and the medical corps was idle. They called for a Short-Arm Inspection of uncircumcised personnel. Since about half of my company was uncut, that involved a lot of men.

"As I was waiting in line, I noticed that some of the guys were released after inspection, but others were marched to another line-up. We all began to put two and two together, and realized that these guys detailed were going to get clipped.



"As I got closer, I realized that the presence of smegma was their main criterion for circumcision. I always produced a lot of head cheese. So I asked permission to hit the latrine for a piss, but instead I peeled it back quick, and cleaned myself out. It saved my foreskin!"

Another Uncut Man wrote to Boyd McDonald his take on the Uncut Joys of Foreskin: "Foreskins afford a priceless commodity, unavailable from any other source--COCK CHEESE!

"I have a foreskin myself, of course, and I've been familiar with cock cheese all my life, having looked on it as a nuisance when I was growing up. Try as I might to keep the hooded ridge behind the corona clean, I'd always develop a good crop of cheese

within twelve hours of a bath. Foreskins always retain a few drops from every piss, and collect the sweet dew from every sexual arousal. These fluids contain proteins similar to those of milk and are subject to the same kind of culturing.

"Cock cheese really is a kind of cheese. Now, far from considering it a nuisance I find it delicious. And habit-forming.

"I wash my cock only when I pull it from a dirty asshole, and there's no willing tongue to lick it clean.

"I've found methods to produce SUPER CROPS OF CHEESE. First, try to capture as much urine under your foreskin as possible every time you piss. If you really like male-raunch, douse your pubic hair and your groin with piss, as well as your armpits.

"Second, when you jerk off, retain the load under your foreskin. Do it for a few days running, and you'll produce a crop so rank and so thick you'll have to scrap it off with a spatula.

"I have some Uncut Buddies who save theirs for me, and I am nearly always culturing a batch for some other guy--usually who's cut!"

BILLION DOLLAR BUSINESS IN FORESKINS

NBC MAGAZINE (9/81) televised close-ups of cocks being circumcised during primetime. (Now that's really being "cut" by the network!) Thankfully, and definitely ANTI-circumcision, NBC exposed the cabal of misinformed parents and greedy doctors who have made routine circumcision a multi-billion dollar American industry. (Birth-fees for boy babies automatically include a circumcision fee.)

When this routine infant circumcision is abolished, then men can choose the way they want to display their meat, instead of, as now, the Cut envying the Uncut.

The ideal state, beyond ignorance and greed and superstition, is to strive for universal non-circumcision, with only such exceptions as would be indicated by legitimate medical need, or religious belief.

As one bisexual daddy said: "I don't want my son circumcised at birth, because that would deprive him of the most erotic experience possible: remodeling his own penis to his taste."

"Penis Remodeling," of course, includes rings and tattooing. And other things!

Another daddy, who came out later in life, said: "My son is uncircumcised, and a teenager. His gym coach told me that my boy's foreskin was too tight, and that it could be stretched to be loosened. Even though I had made sure that he wasn't circumcised at birth, I hadn't paid much attention to him as he grew older.

"Now, twice a week, after he has finished his homework, we go to his room, and I stretch his foreskin. It is getting looser, and what's best is the respectful intimacy we have developed for each other. It's not incest. It's merely great! It's genuine concern, between the two of us men, over masculine matters. Besides, I am proud of that foreskin I helped to preserve. Also jealous! My father had me cut, like a good little soldier...."

DISCIPLINARY CIRCUMCISION

Circumcisions, like the insertion of a Prince Albert gold ring through the asshole at the cockhead, are originally disciplinary actions doped out by moralists and doctors to stop masturbation, and, by all the implications of such a rude mutilation, all other unruly behavior. The lesson they wished to teach in order to break the spirit of the wild unclipped male is this: he better believe in life that he had best behave, because his clipped dick is naked proof that he is under the control of others powerful enough to have been able to mutilate his very sensitive, and very private, penis against his will.

The Main Reason I was "the best little boy in the whole Catholic world" was that, at the age of three, without any explanation, I found myself tied down to a hospital guernsey. (This is one of my earliest childhood memories; perhaps even, the first!) Two orderlies in white wheeled me down a hall. I can

literally, in my kinesthetic memory, still feel the bump of the guernsey as they banged me through the swinging Surgery doors. (Writing this, even, is like sleepwalking in slow motion; but my cut cock today is proof I wasn't dreaming.) My terror was real. There was no way of stopping them in that cold bright room where at the same time I felt hands pulling the white sheets back from my body; feeling the rubber-gloved male hands pulling in curious inspection on my little-boy cock; seeing, then feeling, the black rubber mask pushing tight against my face. The smell of ether. The fighting to pull both my dick and face away from them.

At not-quite-three-years-of-age, I had just come up from deep-infancy to a rememberable consciousness. I was just starting to speak, just starting to learn the words for things; and now they were pushing me back into the wordless darkness, and cutting with knives into my "little thing" for reasons no one explained.

I could only try to figure out their motives. Hours later, when I woke up, sick from the ugly ether taste in my mouth and nose, looking down at my "little thing," with its baby-pink head clipped of the long tight foreskin that I knew had been mine, I was suddenly a very different little boy. I was never going to make them mad at me again. But I was scared, because I didn't know how I had made them so angry that they would tie me up and cut me down there.

I sometimes stand in bars musing about how many of us homomale boys, because of our "sensitivity" to this "unkindest cut of all," were traumatized (therefore: programmed and scared shitless) forever after to perform as Over-Achievers in school and business.

Maybe circumcision causes success.

It certainly scares a little fucker into obedience. Next to castration, circumcision is the socially acceptable prime cut used by middleclass parents to assert their very physical control over their untamed little boys' wild spirits.

In the same musing, it seems to me, these once-cut-and-tamed little boys spend the rest of their unnatural white-collar lives envying and lusting after uncut blue-collar toughies.

Uncut Men exude a certain sex appeal. Uncut Men gravitate to certain super-male stations in life: on athletic teams, in the construction trades, in prisons, in the military--any place where the wild unintimidated male can make his aggressive mark. Five'll getcha ten that the majority of these romanticized Men in Authority are Uncut. Something in the way they move proves they're like no others....

"You know what that fucking bastard said to those guards? He said: 'This kid doesn't have any brakes.' He pulled my foreskin up so far I thought the stretch would tear it off. Then he rolled the lip of it down over the head of my dick.

"He said: 'I see what's making this little bastard so nervous! He hasn't been clipped yet.' He stretched my foreskin wide open, as far as it would go. 'If I clip this off, it'll put the brakes on him, slow him down, make him think twice.'

"He told the guards to hold me down, and he clipped my dick right there. I scream-



YOUNG EX-CON HUSTLER CLIPPED IN JAIL

A young ex-con hustler, who was trained in what he calls the "Gladiator Schools" of the California Youth Guidance System, told me, as we were kicked back in the sack in LA recently, that before he graduated to the Big Time/Hard Time of San Quentin, he'd forcibly lost his foreskin.

"I was busted in highschool for selling pot, and sent to a juvenile cage. The fucking guards were always picking at us. So one day I shoved back when one of them pushed me too hard. He was a grease-ball who hated white boys. So he blew his cool, and threw me down the stairs. I wasn't really hurt, but they took me to the Doc.

"He told me to strip and lay down. I said What-the-fuckin-for? I mean there were three guards in the examination room drooling over me. The Doc poked around, and when he couldn't find any broken bones sticking through my skin, he grabbed ahold of my dick.

ed bloody murder, because the old sadist didn't use a fucking thing to ease the hurt. He kept saying: 'This'll teach you!'

"My dick was a mess for a month, but looks okay now, huh? I guess I don't really mind being clipped, because most guys are. But, shit, he could have done something to help the pain!"

CIRCUMCISION MASTER

Too often the word master implies a Folsom/Quantico Brute in leather and chains. Master really ought to mean not just the Overlord, but also the Perfectionist who has mastered his particular sexual/sensual craft.

In San Francisco, a Circumcision Master, who has sutured his own foreskin up to a good Coke can circumference, has perfected a one-night operation which can temporarily circumcise Un-

cut dicks by pulling the foreskin back and sewing it down to the lower flesh of the shaft, so it feels as taut as if it truly would be were there a slice fresh-made, and then sutured all the way around in perfect circumference.

The same sort of circular suturing gives Cut dicks an even more sensually severe experience of not being just clipped, but fully--and freshly--stripped down to a skinhead.

The 20 to 40 sutures, which add up to 80 to 160 individual piercings--because each suture threads through the flesh four times, take up to two hours of intense, close, steady-handed work.

When your operation is complete, your first grip on your hard shaft, as you tentatively slide up and down, passing lightly, then heavier, convinces you that you're not going to rip, because the Circumcision Master is so skilled. So as you start to really get into this new-style beating off, sliding over the 40 thrilling sutured knots in perfect circle around your shaft, you feel like you're jacking off the sutured dick of Frankenstein's monster.

Temporary-circumcision sex is a dick trip without kinky peel!

REMODELING YOUR DICK TO SUIT YOURSELF

Using sterile technique with surgical sutures and forceps, the Circumcision Master pierces your cock skin deep, halfway down the shaft. (This first connection is the most important, because, since it is the only one at first, it bears all the pressure.) Next he works the suture/needle through, either your foreskin if you are Uncut, or through however much loose skin you have just below your corona if you are already Cut. Then he pulls the black nylon through the four piercings, and tightly knots both skin surfaces--formerly two or more inches apart--tightly together.

The Triple-000 needle comes in two varieties: the CUTTING NEEDLE with its head a literal pyramid of four sharp blade cutting edges; and the TAPER NEEDLE with its simple rounded point.

The suture "thread" is nylon, not gut, and can be left in place three or four days if you're turned on enough.

After the needle and the nylon, comes the knotting; you feel the red-hot pinch-spark of the knot tightening down. Exquisite sensation! You are experiencing the pleasures of a truly sick Mandarin! Your mind races toward the concept of a Cock of a 1000 and 1 Sutures!

SOPHISTICATED COCK-AND-BALL "TORTURE"

The Circumcision Master, besides the basic 360-degree suturing, can get into some very fancy stitching: sensually intense and visually a knockout! But his basic circumcision work, for J/O openers, sutures your two skin surfaces, tight as a drum, down to the half-mark shaft of your cock, so its head is more vulnerably exposed than ever. Your cock itself, with the skin pulled back and sewed down, takes on a squatter, fatter look.

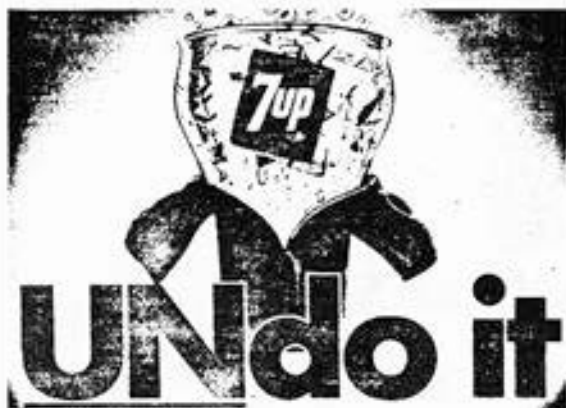
To watch your own cock transformed by this Circumcision Master's sure hands in a delicate, bloodless, virtually painless (but sharply sensation-al), intensely focussed trip is a man-to-man ritual of incredible foreplay.

So expert is this Sex Surgeon, the scene is SEW-N-GO! You can beat your new squat heavily circumcised cock till you're demented with the new dimensions of nerve-ends shorting and sparking with all-new sensations.

PROGRESSIVE CIRCUMCISION: YES, THERE IS A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE!

This Circumcision Master has well-laid plans to have his own huge Uncut Dick circumcised soon by a young Intern who shares the same circumcision interests. They're on a sensual countdown, timed to tease and titillate them, for the next year or so, until the Intern and the Master feel the moment is right to begin the series of progressive clippings, calculated to slowly sensually circumcise the Master's meat until he, having endured/enjoyed all the stops along the way, is completely Cut.

This Cock Remodeling is not mutilation. Just as choosing to be tattooed is, among all the other things that it is,



the placing of an irreversible existential act, so is Progressive Circumcision. To take your flesh into your hands and use it the way you choose is also, among all the things it is, the ultimate political act. There is something creative in the ultimate expression of choice left to an Uncut man who actively chooses the presentation, and dressage, he wishes for his ultimate-male member: his dick.

JANUARY 1 each year is celebrated by the Catholic Church as the FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

FORESKIN FEAST: CANNIBALISM VS. COMMUNION

So far, the Circumcision Master has promised at least three men that he will divvy up his huge foreskin as his creative circumcision progresses, so that forever-after they will walk through life having eaten not just human flesh, but with the knowledge that, as sure as my Nam buddy's foreskin became his eyelids, part of their own flesh and energy is owed to the amount of fresh foreskin, sliced raw and eaten, that they received in yet one more round of man-to-man communion.

Who was it who uttered the immortal words first? "This is my Body. Take ye and eat." **M2M**

Circumcision is unnecessary

It is probably the most common operation in the U.S. today, performed about 1.5 million times a year. Yet doctors increasingly acknowledge that it is extremely short on medical justification.

Circumcision has a long history. Ancient Egyptians may have been the first practitioners, possibly using it to mark slaves. Jews adopted it as a religious rite in observance of the covenant between God and Abraham. For many Jews today, circumcision of an infant boy is a joyous family celebration. In the U.S. the operation found favor in the late 1800s as a deterrent to masturbation, then popularly considered the source of much physical and mental illness. During World War II, military surgeons concluded that circumcision was necessary for hygiene, particularly in the tropics, and snipped the foreskins of uncircumcised soldiers and sailors. After the war, circumcising infant boys became routine, and not only for hygienic reasons. Circumcised males were said to be less susceptible to penile cancer and their sexual partners less likely to get cancer of the cervix.

These justifications have gradually been debunked. Cleanliness can be assured by teaching a boy to wash his penis. Cancer of the penis, a very rare malignancy, occurs about equally in circumcised men and in those with foreskins intact who wash thoroughly. Studies indicating that women married to circumcised men have a lower incidence of cervical cancer have been either inadequate or flawed. Review of one study, for example, revealed that about half the women had incorrectly answered questions regarding whether their husbands were circumcised. A sizable portion of the men were also wrong in assessing their condition. Circumcision will correct two conditions that occur in a fraction of uncircumcised children: phimosis, a narrowing of the foreskin hampering erection and urination; and paraphimosis, retraction of the foreskin resulting in a cutoff of blood to the end of the penis.

The operation is done without anesthetic, usually within the first two weeks of life, and is painful. Doctors also point out that there is some risk of infection and hemorrhage. One reason for the damage is that the operations are often performed by doctors who are not adept in the procedure. The American Academy of Pediatrics concluded in 1971 and again in 1975: "There is no absolute medical indication for routine circumcision of the newborn."

Still, the practice persists. Last year about 80% of newborn males in the U.S. were circumcised. Some parents think the law or hospital requires the operation. Many choose circumcision so that the baby will look like Daddy or siblings. Clearly, doctors have not done too vigorous a job of informing parents of their option. Says one critic: "Who's going to pass up 75 bucks for three minutes' work?"

Consumer groups are now taking up the slack. The Massachusetts Women's Council on Obstetrical Practices attempts to sway parents with a novel approach. It shows pictures of a circumcision in progress while playing a record of the baby's screams.

WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR ONE OF THE BEST DICK GAMES
IN TOWN, CUT OR UNCUT, YOU MIGHT BE RIPE FOR
SOME INTENSIVE-CARE SURGERY BY THE...

CIRCUMCISION MASTER

Observe sterile field conditions with hands, cotton materials, and any utensils used while handling the subject.

Use as much shadow-free light as possible. This procedure requires considerable time, patience and endurance. This is a refined, not a "brutal" sex trip! So a comfortable position for both the operator and the subject are mandatory.

PROVISIONS

You will need:

- 1 Needle holder
- 2-6 Suture packs of between 18" and 27" non-absorbable nylon. The sutures should be equipped with "cutting" needles not "taper." The size will be expressed as 000 (3 zero). A curved needle is preferable to a straight needle.
- Alcohol of sufficient quantity to dampen the penis completely.
- Peroxide of sufficient quantity to wipe any areas where bleeding may occur. (Bleeding is infrequent if care is taken not to puncture the few vessels that are present. They are generally quite visible. Look before you begin the procedure).
- Stainless steel bowl (Professionally preferable to glass.)

- Cotton sponges or sterile gauze
- Mercurochrome
- Suture removal scissors
- Betadine: a microbicide

PROCEDURE

After thoroughly cleansing your hands and the subject's dick with Betadine rinse. Dip a cotton sponge or gauze in alcohol and dampen the subject's penis.

Using the mercurochrome applicator (inside the bottle), carefully draw a line on the "shaft" skin of the penis in as even a circle as possible. Follow the same procedure on the skin closer to the glans.

NOTE: Where the two lines are drawn will determine how much skin will be "removed" when the sutures are in place. The usual distance between the two lines will be between 1 and 3 inches. In circumcised men, remember, this will probably result in an exciting shortening of the penis causing greater sensation during erection. In uncircumcised men, more tissue will be "removed" and so the truly erotic/sensual distance between the two lines will be between 3 and 6 inches.

Even spacing needs to be observed if that is the desired visual effect of a straightforward, realistic "circumcision" suturing. Other

spacing, as you become more proficient, can get as fancy, or as "grotesque" as you choose.

When you open the needle holder, you will notice two indentations. These indentations grasp the needle and prevent it from turning as it pierces the tissue. You will know that the holder has been loaded correctly when you use the scissor holes. The needle will be perfectly lined up. The correct way to hold the needle holder after it has been loaded and the "jaw" firmly closed is between your thumb and first fingers. As you are holding the needle holder, grasp the tissue vertically, insert the needle horizontally, the same direction as the line.

You may begin with either the upper or lower line. NOTICE if you begin on the lower line, inserting the needle left to right, when you insert the needle in the upper line, it must be done right to left.

Once the needle has passed through the two skin surfaces, i.e. has entered and has been seen exiting, it is time to release the needle holder from the needle. This is done by closing the scissor grips to release the lock. Pull the needle with your fingers part way through the tissue, leaving approximately 2" to 3" at the end. Reload the needle holder and follow the above instructions with regard to inserting direction. Follow the same procedure outlined above in holding the skin.

Now that you have penetrated the lower and the upper lines, hold the "end" of the suture (opposite from the needle) and make a simple knot, drawing the two skin surfaces together at the line. The tissue between the lines will be overlapped by the stretched skin. The surfaces should come completely together. It will be necessary to place a minimum of 3 to 5 knots in each suture, as erections, which will be more frequent and masturbation will tend to loosen them.

Initially the sutures should be placed about 1 to 1 1/2 inches apart. This will give the appearance of "draped" gaps showing between the stitches. Remedy this situation uniformly,

going from one gap to another, until between 25 and 50 stitches have been placed in the penis. (Remember that each complete stitch is made up of four exquisite piercings.)

If bleeding occurs, slight pressure with a gauze dampened in peroxide will facilitate cleaning up the residual dried blood as well as control bleeding.

Bleeding will occur most often when the suture has not been tied. If you are experiencing bleeding after the needle has been drawn through the skin surface, completing the step will generally terminate the bleeding. Then use peroxide to maintain a clear visual field of operation.

When the stitching is completed, allow the subject to handle his own dick. Because of the extreme and continuous sensations that have just taken place, it may take an hour or more to begin to get used to the new feeling and appearance, as well as gain the head/body confidence that jerking will not "rip the stitches out."

Use your own discretion, and the response of your partner, to determine whether you should or know how you and/or he can most erotically handle his new penis.

For you uncircumcised men, you now have a clinically accurate and erotically sensual idea of what it feels like to be cut!

The stitches may be left in comfortably, and safely, for several days. At least, I have been able to. This is, of course, a SUBJECTIVE decision! If left in, the penis should be kept clean for the duration; the degree of hygiene for this period, however, does not interfere with masturbation — which you you will probably do with increased frequency. Why not? This sort of erotic Dick Remodeling gifts you with a variation on a main theme: COCK FUN! It's like having a new and different dick, visually and tactilly on your own body!

During removal, again observing a sterile field, you'll need the bowl to receive the sutures you remove.

THE REAL CLINICAL SKINNING

CIRCUMCISION IN OLDER PATIENTS

The first step is the same as in the infant—the prepuce must be completely separated from the glans, and care must be taken to leave no adhesions between glans and foreskin at the sulcus.

Incision in prepuce

The prepuce is seized in an artery forceps and drawn forward. It is then slit with scissors in the midline dorsally as far as the convexity of the corona glandis, but no further.

Trimming of prepuce

The surplus prepuce is now trimmed away first on one side, then on the other, following the obliquity of the coronal sulcus.

Securing of large vessel

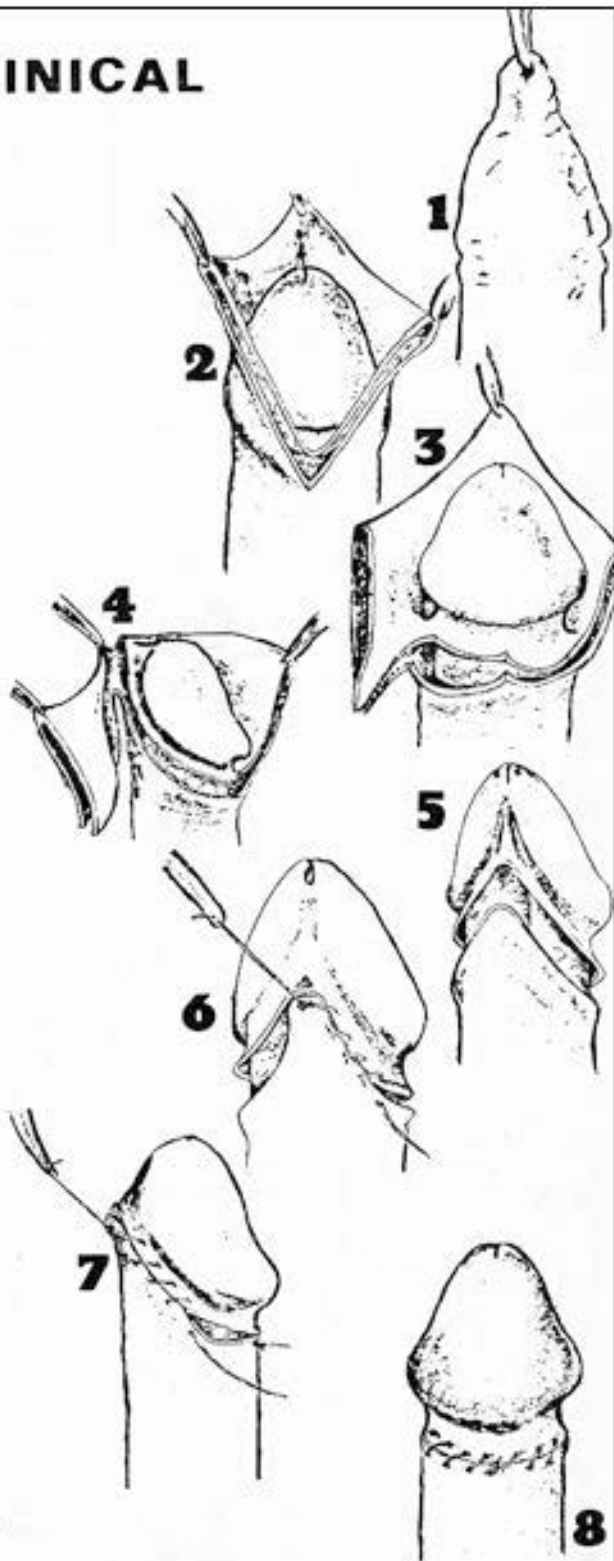
Several vessels will need to be picked up with fine artery forceps and ligated with 4/0 plain catgut; haemostasis must be meticulous if a trisomic haematoma is to be avoided. A large vessel is always present in the midline ventrally and must be carefully secured.

Closure

The neatest result follows if a continuous 4/0 plain catgut on anatraumatic needle is used to approximate skin with the reflected inner skin of the prepuce, and it is helpful to hold the penis steady with one ventral and one dorsal stay suture whilst this is being done. If haemostasis is less than perfect it is better to interrupt these sutures.

Dressing

In nearly every case it is best to avoid putting any dressing on the penis after a circumcision: the suture line may be sprayed with Nobecutane if care is taken not to occlude the external meatus. When this is dry a gauze swab should be loosely wrapped round the penis to prevent the bedclothes from contacting the glans. In babies the napkin should be replaced and the baby changed, bathed and powdered in the usual way. In adults a bath may be taken after 24 hours and the penis dried and powdered afterwards. A well fitting sympyemary bandage of the athletic type should be worn for the first week after the operation on an adult so that the penis is not allowed to hang downwards and become oedematous. Intercourse may be resumed within two to three weeks. There is no need to sedate these patients, or give them stilboestrol, to prevent erections in the post-operative period, provided haemostasis has been exact.



THE BEST DIRTY-BLOND CONTRACTOR IN TEXAS

BY

jack fritscher

LAST SUMMER, KICK WAS MY GENERAL CONTRACTOR. "THEY BEEN CALLIN' ME KICK SINCE HIGHSCHOOL." HIS DRAWL WAS WEST TEXAS. HIS BUILD WAS BLOND BRICK SHITHOUSE. "ONE NIGHT, AFTER PRACTICE, THE WRESTLIN' COACH HEARS ALL THIS COM-MOTION IN THE SHOWERS. SO IN HE COMES, VOICE FIRST, SHOUTIN', 'HEY! WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?'"

Kick stretched out the full length of my couch. "There wasn't no problem," he said. "Just the wrestlin' squad horsin' around. You know? Wet towels snappin' at wet butts."

He looked good laid back on the canvas dropcloth.

"The coach was a big fucker. Dark. Handsome. I remember him struttin' into the shower half-stripped himself. Torn VMI tanktop. Big bulgin' jockstrap. And a pair of sweaty gym socks that had worked their way down his hairy calves."

Southern men take their sweet old time, lingering on every detail. Kick was no different. I handed him a beer. He was smiling a big grin at his reminiscence.

"All us guys freeze, see, right where he catches us. The noise dies down to the hiss of the showerheads. The squad's all lathered up. Big ol' healthy country boys! Soap runnin' outta our pits, down our bellies, and off our crotches. The coach stops stock still. Big arms crossed on his big pecs. Legs spread. He had a mean streak, and a look-to-kill on his face. He studied us one by one. Tryin' to find the rough-housers."

Kick paused. He looked hot as hell himself in his heavy-cotton plaid shirt. His sleeves, rolled up tight past his thick forearms, nearly split apart around his baseball biceps. "Anyway, all us wrestlers freeze where he nailed us. Me? I'm caught in the middle of the shower. Buck-ass naked. With him squared off at me directly. He checks out my face. When his eye meets mine, I kind of hit him with my best shot. You know: without changin' my not-so-innocent expression, there I stand, this adolescent jock, sort of challengin' this bodybuilder coach whose brother is a fuckin' Texas Ranger!"

Kick's hands, square and hard from gripping his 28-pound hammer day after day, lay palm down, with his callouses stroking his faded 501 crotch.

"Our eyes lock. Somethin' flashes between us. He drops his eyes, real deliberate and slow, sizin' me up as maybe the ringleader.

Then he catches a load of my dick. Can y'all see it? His big arms unfold even slower. He rests his

chalk-covered hands on the waistband of his jockstrap." He imitated the coach's redneck voice: "Jeezus M. Keerist!"

Kick enjoyed telling on himself.

"Then this fuckin' coach, who's got a rep as the biggest stud around town, lifts his eyes off my dick, and looks me straight in the face, like, maybe he's noticin' for the first time some homegrown competition that he's gonna have to either put up with, or put down some."

Kick stretched out his muscular left leg from his butt, then rocked his construction-booted foot slowly back and forth, snapping his ankle with cracks like far-off rifle fire. He slowly savoured this part of the story. He dropped his left boot, stuffed with sweaty gray wool sock, down across his right foot.

"So the coach stands there in the middle of all the steamin' water sizin' me up. Not sure whether to buddy me up or punk me down. The whole wrestlin' squad's open-mouthed. Then, 'Son,' he says, 'you shoulda been born a bicycle--hung with a kickstand like that!'"

Kick's square jaw, covered with two-days' growth of dirty-blond bristle, smiled. "So I been called Kick ever since."

I walked toward him, knelt next to him on the couch, and buried my face on the warm manpack of his crotch. His hot balls hung big under his animal-size dick. He rubbed his hard hand soft across the back of my head, and flexed his butt, pushing his crotch up into my face. He smelled the way only a dirty-blond working man can smell: with the sweet raunch that comes naturally from hard, honest labor.

That summer, Kick was more than my general contractor.

I had hired him first for business, but we hung around each other for pleasure. He was my type. He was everybody's type. He said he felt there was no bullshit between us.

"MAN TO MAN SHALL BROTHERS BE
FOR ALL THAT." --Robert Burns

We kept life simple. Clear. In my nearly finished house, we slept in the same bed we fucked in.

We played sexual muscle games and fetish fantasies.

We had free rein with each other, and with any other man we wanted. We lived our Days of Heaven moving through a fraternity of tradesmen. We checked out the subcontractors Kick hired: beefy masons; tattooed young plumbers; smooth-skinned framing carpenters; muscular roofers, tanned and shirtless, jeans spattered with asphalt.

Kick was no handyman fixing up a remodel. He was a licensed general contractor building my new house. His eyes, the same steelblue as his tempered hammerhead, could size up a situation, or another man, fast. He could shoot the shit with the best; and he was as good as his word. His subs respected him. His construction crews idolized him. The ladies at the County Permit Office swooned for him.

Me? I loved him.

"I want to build you a house," he said, "that men look good in."

Kick had taken his southern redneck look and turned his naturally athletic body, through heavy weight training, into handsome muscle-bulk, carved with definition and roped with vascularity. His blond body was hairy. He stored clippers in the bathroom for me to trim back, but not fully shave off, the pelt on his big pecs and washboard belly. Thick spun gold covered his forearms, the back of his hands, and his fingers. His barbered hair, clipped close on the nape of his neck, and shaved and snipped around his ears, ran the full blond spectrum from dark through dirty-blond to golden.

His jaw grew black-blond bristle fast. He kept his thick moustache clipped closer to classic regulation than a State Trooper. His blond moustache was a golden brush, trimmed straight across the precise line of his disciplined upper lip.

Men, even straight men, read his construction-muscle look with respect, and watched his handsome blond face break into a grin as wide as Texas. His killer smile narrowed his focussed eyes, and sent that blond moustache, that had become his trademark, spreading across the pickets of his perfect white teeth.

To clients and crew, Kick was as ideal a general contractor as he had been, back in highschool, that next season under that wrestling coach, a perfect senior varsity captain.

The dark-haired coach, Kick confided one night, had wrapped his Big Arms around Kick's body; and Kick had hugged him back as if he had always known the way two men use their Big Arms to pull their bodies tight together, muscle-to-muscle.

The coach had rubbed off on Kick. It showed. Kick had grown up to be the way a man should be. He had the look of a man in authority. He had Self. He was born with the gift, coached further into it, and he had learned how to present it. As long as he manicured it, tended it, and remembered it was a gift of the gods to him, it was his.

The Authority of Command Presence.

Other men took to it, and because of it, to him, and because of him, to me, and altogether for that year we had a hardballing good time.

"You and I," he said, "we're secret lovers."

Together we were also Hunters. We both loved men. Masculine men. We checked out the places where men move and talk and smell like men: building supply yards; construction diners; cop bars; trucker stops; straight gyms; athletic events: collegiate wrestling and gymnastics, professional powerlifting, and physique competitions. At more than one bodybuilding contest, sitting

in the audience with my left hand tucked under my right arm and resting on Kick's massive guns, I knew that his build could have beaten any muscleman on stage. I savoured what his big blond uncut muscle-dick tasted like in my mouth, and how my dick felt up inside his butt. We shared real personal secrets man-to-man.

We were Fetishists. We got hard zooming in on the way men's clothes rode their bodies: the collar on a faded flannel shirt, frayed rubbing against a sun-leathered neck; tank-tops, their white rib-weave stretched to a small hole, then a run, tearing over the big bulge of hard pecs; heavy cotton teeshirts, size LARGE, whose sleeves fit tight around pumped biceps, and whose massive shoulders stretched the cotton tight across chests, dropping it tentlike, full and loose, down over the tight abs; heavy wool socks and boots and sneakers on hardworking calves; gym-shorts exposing thick thunderthighs; tight, slung jock pouches with flat sweaty bands framing hard Dallas linebacker butt; the squared-off look of a motorcop's helmet chin-strap, his reflective sunglasses, his wool shirt bulked out with Second-Chance body armor, his badge on his chest, his utility belt: cuffs and gun riding over his breeches and kneehigh black boots, his thin black-leather gloves turned down, exposing his gold watchband on his thick wrist.

Kick and I were Harvesters. We "found" men's clothes: scouted, hunted, harvested, "borrowed" them, and fucked, jerking off wearing the stuff, still sweat-damp and smelling of the men who had somehow carelessly "lost" them.

The Harvest List was long: a body-builder left his posing trunks dangling on a bench in the green room after the Mr. West Texas Contest; a framing carpenter forgot a pair of sweat-smoothe leather gloves that tasted of his handsalt; a finishing carpenter left hanging on a nail the pit-soaked sweatshirt he'd stripped off in the heat of the day; a plumb-

er, showering at the house before a date, changed to his sports clothes and forgot his white cotton jockey shorts with a single skidmark where the briefs had ridden up the crack of his sweet male butt.

Kick and I were Hunters and Fetishists and Harvesters. Making love to each other in my nearly completed house, we made love to all men everywhere. Nightly in my bedroom, we both knew our moves, and our roles, to conjure on the clothes we "borrowed."

Pulling on the harvested coconut-oil-stained posing trunks, Kick walked into the tracklight can-spot mounted in the raw-beamed ceiling of my bedroom. His cockring made his kickstand dick fill the tan nylon briefs like a raging hardon. He moved his massive muscular body through his own posing routine with all the grace of a stud put out to show.

Kick radiated Command Presence.

His blond hair and moustache caught the intense pinpoint spot. His arms grew massive, as his fist pumped up his forearm, and his forearm leveraged his biceps to their knotted peak. The triceps and delts on the back of his upper arm popped alive!

We had these evenings, these special evenings, when together we stroked dick and pumped muscle, and pushed out the bounds of the finite.

Kick was changing now, taking on the male energy stored in the muscleman's trunks. I knelt in close to him, feeling the heat of the spotlight mix with the heat of his sweating body. We locked our energies together. He nodded, and I squeezed pure olive oil into my hands and slicked up his hairy bodybuilder physique. Construction work had tanned his blond skin a deep brown in the Texas sun while intensifying, by contrast, the golden fur matting his legs, butt, belly, chest, and arms.

In the huge mirrors opposite us, I could see him changing, evolving, becoming, transcending.

The line of his jaw bit down as he flexed his shoulders, neck, pecs, lats, arms, and legs. His neck became a vascular, vein-popping column of muscle. Tense. His broad shoulders mounded like symmetrical scoops of bronzed ice cream. His pecs filled: lower and upper. He flexed and rolled them. Striations of muscle appeared through his paper-thin skin.

He nodded for a bit of popper. We shared it.

He moved into a right bicep shot, adding a left. His body quivered with excitement at the Libran balance of his mighty spread. HIS ARMS WERE HIS BIG GUNS. He dropped his left arm straight on down to a classic fist. He opened and closed his fist, pumping up the power in his forearm: the kind a man likes to sit on. The veins and cuts rose, wrists to elbow, and flowed, almost by his sheer willpower, to his upper arm into a lightning display of vascular muscle. Running sweat, he swung his right arm up, moving his inner right bicep close in toward his face, bending his elbow and dropping his forearm, wrapping his cupped hand around the back of his clipped blond hair. Now full profile, moustache and tongue first, he nosed deep into his own armpit, shaved and sweaty and corded with the power of that private spot where arm and shoulder and back and chest muscles all converge and connect.

Our faces met in his muscle armpit. I ran my nose and my own moustache across his moustache, breathing in his hot panting breath. He held the pose, generously, giving me

luxurious time to nose down and tongue his armpit, and lick and stroke my way closer into the mystery and manifestation of muscle than most men—even musclemen—ever get, because Kick knew all the secrets.

I worshipped his muscle, and with him, we both worshipped all muscle. I beat my meat with my right hand. I stroked his oily muscle with my left. We moved, flowed, totally together, from pose to pose, playing with the light, with the oil, with the mix of his muscle look, and my worshipping look in the mirrors in the half-finished bedroom.

Kick stripped off the posing trunks. I wrung his crotch sweat into my mouth. His huge dick, free of the briefs, sprang to hard life. I handed him the Crisco. He lubed up his hand and greased his throbbing dick with his fingertips. He smiled at me kneeling next to his cock, between his huge legs.

I reached for the coke. He pulled open the head of his dirty-blond uncut meat. I dropped a line deep into his piss-slit. He dropped to his knees, opposite me, and tooted me up the same. Snowed in, a hard dick can be jerked for hours, sensitized to all the stroking, but somehow anesthetized from premature cuming.

Reflected in the mirror, we knelt knees to knees, face to face. Kick loved me and I loved him and we both loved muscle.

The tracklight spot beamed down on us like energy from another star.

"ONE OF
THE YEAR'S
BEST FILMS."

Kevin Thomas
Los Angeles Times

REMEMBER
MY NAME



He flexed body part after body part, inches from my face. Sweat rained on us. We had the endurance of gods. His muscles thickened, glistened, sweated, pumped, and filled: harder, more beautiful, more powerful, more brutal, more animal. His belly defined itself to bulky abs, then split to washboard definition deeper than the fingers I rubbed through the crevasses of his ripped gut. His champion's arms had grown big enough to tear the sleeves off teeshirts. His shoulders hunkered down: broad, side to side, and thick, front to back.

He raised up his shoulders and pecs, barreling out his chest, spreading his late like angel's wings from his waist up into his dripping armpits. His pecs raised, rolled, locked: hard. He tilted his face up to the spotlight.

Kick's particular face became in the deep-shadowed spot, the Universal Essential Male Face.

The general contractor he was disappeared behind the Blond Moustache that was no longer specifically his. He was the Universal Man. The Ultimate Blond Muscleman. From ancient god and warrior to classic athlete to contemporary male in authority.

We were at the core of Fusion Sex.

From that Face, man-to-man, Kick's voice said to me: "It's all yours. It's all ours."

We hit the popper, and, slowly, for my eyes only, he shot off pose after pose, with me licking, tongueing, sniffing, fingering, sucking, rimming, tasting, adoring, worshipping all the man-muscle that I always from my boyhood thought was possible, but thought would never happen.

I laid back on the floor. His thighs and hard dick straddled over my belly. My hand ran up across his pecs and out to his arms. My own dick, without the coke line to harden it against cuming, would have shot long before. Instead, I palmed his big balls, and licked muscle-

sweat from my hand. I ran my fuck-finger back between the tight crack of his ass and touched the tip to the hard bud of his hole. He flexed its circular iris. I felt the squeeze of juice and ass-sweat soak my finger, and licked it clean.

In the heat of passion, in that light, on those nights in that house under construction, Kick was more than Kick.

I stared up at him straddling my belly. I beat my meat, adoring his man's body with my eyes and hand and hard cock. He fixed his blue-flint eyes straight into mine, reading me. Then raising his gaze, he stared into the mirror, Lord of the Spotlight, kneeling across an adoring man's body. He had traveled outside himself, with no narcissism, posing, flexing, beating his own dick in total worship of Absolute Muscle.

Kick was more than Kick. He was Adam before the Fall.

He raised his right arm, flexed, and finger-combed the short clip of his dirty-blond Brylcreemed hair. He was no longer the general contractor who had arrived on my empty lot, wearing a large white cotton teeshirt that stretched in crimson letters across his chest, the one word: TEXAS. He was no longer just one of those wild maverick young males who had grown to southern manhood listening to the Allman Brothers in the back seat of a red Mustang convertible.

His personal aura in the spotlight, in the mirror, across my belly, loomed up larger than life. He was heroic. He was the kind of leader soldiers gladly die for; the kind of champion athletes dream of becoming; the kind of lover I'd give the deed to my ranch.

Kick was a dirty-blond Muscle God.

Repeatedly he ran his calloused right hand through the tracklight halo of his blond hair. He tucked his nose and moustache into his muscle 'pit. With his own man's tongue, he licked out the sweat of a god. His left hand took long, hard, powerful strokes on his dick: big,

dirty-blond dick, the tight big blond lip of uncut skin slapping back easy, exposing the rosey-blond flush so right, so singular to the head of a dirty-blond dick.

I could tell from his familiar rhythms that he was on target to shoot.

My style, each night, was to hold back innumerable chances for orgasm to wait to cum in concert with this transcendent god-man-beast straddling my body.

His whole frame convulsed into the Crab Pose, the Most Muscular Pose, that knocks physique audiences dead, as the muscleman in finale gathers, pumps, and hardens every single muscle in his body down to barbaric, fierce intensity.

Kick's head, jaw, eyes, all locked into midspace: between the mirrors and his mind's eye, somewhere over my body, which he never lost contact with, as if I were some ground he wanted more than he needed.

His hand beat his meat intensely.

My hand pumped my dick against his swinging balls.

"All that muscle!" I said. "That fucking incredible muscle! I love your fucking muscle! All that dirty blond hairy animal muscle!"

His moustache grinned and teeth gritted at the starting-trigger of my words. Guttural sounds escaped from his throat. Wild animal cries. He wanted my words. I worshipped his muscle. We worshipped all Muscle. From his cordoned neck, he roared.

Our heavy loads shot out together, primeval, volcanic, hitting his pecs and his arms, spraying my face, running down his abs, splashing into my mouth.

* * * *

Now that Kick has finished my house, we're not together daily. Nor need we be. Our specifically picked construction crews, like him, are gone on to other jobs. My bedroom is complete with his work and his energy.

Whatever entity we conjured for the year Kick lived with me among the 2x4s and power tools somehow remains.

Sort of like we built this house together, and created for it forever a manly spirit, a muscular ghost, that in all the years to come, will at night, when I'm alone in my bed, overshadow me with a dream of manliness and muscle from which I hope I'll never wake.

MAGIC

AN ANTHEM: MAN TO MAN

Come take my hand.
You should know me.
I've always been in your mind.
You know that I'll be kind.
I'll be guiding you.

Building your dream
Has to start now.
There's no other road to take.
You won't make a mistake.
I'll be guiding you.

You have to believe we are magic.
Nothin' can stand in our way.
You have to believe we are magic.
Don't let your Aim ever stray.
And if all your hopes survive,
Your destiny will arrive.
I'll bring all your dreams alive
For you.
I'll bring all your dreams alive
For you.

From where I stand,
You are home free.
The planets align so rare.
There's promise in the air.
And I'm guiding you.

Through every turn, I'll be
near you.
I'll come anytime you call.
I'll catch you when you fall.
I'll be guiding you.

OLD RELIABLE SPEAKS

TERROR IS MY ONLY **HARDON!**

an exclusive interview

"Streetboys, ex-cons, and hustlers are my only hardon," Old Reliable says. "Nothing beats looking up at a tough young streetwise punk straddling my chest, flexing his muscles, and talking nasty to me. Sure it's dangerous. Nobody in his right mind should bring roughtrade into his house and put himself in a compromising situation. I've been raped at knifepoint and robbed at gunpoint. I've been stripped naked by a 19-year-old blond ex-con who fucked me till he got off and then marched me around my apartment with the palms of my hands on my shoulders prisonstyle while he made me rifle my drawers for cash."

Old Reliable is in his early thirties. He's a cherubic brown-blond, blue-

eyed junkfood addict who rarely ventures out of his L.A. apartment. He hardly needs to. In 1975 he invented the better mousetrap, and the World began beating a path to his door. "Judy Garland and me," he says. "This is the apartment-hotel where she used to bring the roughtrade she liked to have fuck her senseless. Ain't Hollywood grand? L.A. may not be the center of the universe, but it sure is center ring of the circus."

Reliable rises to pour more Coca-

"What they confess to and brag about is the stuff wet dreams are made of."

Cola. The Coke always goes in the glass before the ice; it foams less.

"I must be crazy to be in the business I'm in. If the Moral Majority, which is neither, doesn't get me, then the hustlers will. But then my business is my pleasure. How many guys can honestly say that? To be perfectly real with you, in a world that grows increasingly unreal, I must tell you: Terror is my only hard-on. I used to think this was weird, but lately the headlines and movies prove that terror sells. And what sells in America is always what excites people the most. America's into terror. Think of the hostages, movies like "Jaws" and "Halloween," the election of any Republican. It's an axiom of art: the mix of beauty and terror."

Attractive danger is Old Reliable's product. He recruits tough street-males to make audio tapes for mail-order sale to an international clientele of men who prefer, in their wise concern for the safety of their persons and possessions, not to hit the bricks themselves to pick up a piece of lower-class trash who will do anything they want—or he wants—for fifteen bucks on up. Enter Old Reliable and reality. Old Reliable refuses to script his authentic tapes. He turns his boys loose with a blank cassette. What they confess to and brag about is the stuff wet dreams are made of. Lots of men, with a yen for nasty talk, enjoy beating off listening to Old Reliable's men admitting, in slow Southern drawls and heavy streetlingo, that they're fuckin' righteously into abusing fuckin' fags.

Once a man discovers the performance-reality that Old Reliable produces, he becomes a sucker for

these hot "social documentaries" that ivory-tower sociologists would give their right not for. Reliable realizes the socially redeeming value of his work. But that's accidental to his purpose. His reason for being, he realizes, happens when a guy listens to these tapes on his car stereo, on his cassette next to his pillow, or on his Walkman while sitting in a sleazy neighborhood on a bus bench watching the danger-boys cruise temptingly by. Sex, Old Reliable figures, ought to have a verbal soundtrack.

"I'm an outlaw," he admits, "artistically, politically, even philosophically." Reliable is attractive enough to make a pickup in any gay bar in the world, but he frankly eschews sex with gays. He prefers sex with men. Not that he feels superior to gays. "It's ironic. Just as the media accepts the word gay, homosexuals realize that gay has reduced itself to mean no more than the lifestyles of the disco clone and the political activist. That does not, by any stretch, represent the extraordinary range of queerness." He smiles. "I think it was better before we divided ourselves into rich gays, poor gays, city gays, female gays, etc. I think it was better when we were all just outlaws."

Knowing the danger of Old Reliable's lifestyle, the very lifestyle that gives him access to a reality that is heart of the contemporary young urban male American experience, one wonders about the chances of his longevity. Are his forays into the hustling demi-monde a kind of living by the sword?

"I'm homosexual," he says. "But like many queer men these days, I

find homosexuality is more than designer jeans and LaCoste. Maybe I'm reactionary."

Actually his erotic tapes are an art form reminding men of the kind of men they originally came out for—before the top photo studios laundered masculinity into a spruced-up parody of mannequins and models.

"No man alive, I dare say, ever came out to go to bed with gays. Men come out to bed other men. Heterosexual is not better than homosexual. Yet if you check out, and really listen to, the so-called gay values of who's so-called hot, you see that the straighter the guy's appearance, the bigger the throb. That says everything about what guys deepdown want. That says everything about the deepdown levels at which I mine my work. Sometimes guys buy my tapes and get scared."

Old Reliable believes in being careful what you wish for, because he finds you usually get it.

"When I was a kid in Cincinnati, I wrestled with tough kids and didn't get hurt. They respected my brains; I respected their strength. I could watch fights without taking sides. Boys told me their secrets. Today they still do. I was free back then to not be one-of-the-boys while enjoying all the protection and privilege of being with the tough guys. Sounds like my situation now. I used to get my pals to wrestle. Crotch-to-crotch. Stripped to shorts. Twelve-year-old cocks curiously against each other. One guy, when we weren't wrestling, was always strutting and telling me how tough he was and how he could really whip me if he wanted to.

When I think about it, those experiences were like a dry-run for the way my sexlife and my artlife are today. Maybe that's the point and secret of my tapes: L.A. reality isn't too far from Cincinnati fantasy."

Old Reliable is generous to his boys. Sometimes to a fault. They call him "Dear Old Dad" and he melts. A hustler gets fifteen to twenty-five bucks for sex, another ten or fifteen for the half-hour tape, another twenty or so for photographs. That's sort of the standard package. It varies greatly with the look and talent of the toughie. Some guys return for free. Some, for bigger bucks.

"These young men serve themselves up ala carte." Old Reliable spreads some of his distinctive-style camera-verite pix across his blond veneer coffee table. His eye sports a small mouse. His lower lip is slightly puffy. "Kenny, last night, for instance, came over for twenty bucks' worth of fun. Let me say that Kenny was my type and cheap at twice the price. I offered him during the scene another ten for some attitude-posing. Another five for his fancy presentation of his butt for some fancier rimming. And so on." Old Reliable smiles like a cat accustomed to eating canaries. "By this morning, Kenny had earned himself \$85."

Old Reliable hardly minds paying for it. His auditions of these boys assures Old Reliable Cassette Company's customers that they're getting The Real Thing. No wonder Old Reliable himself has a refrigerator stacked full of litre bottles of nothing but Coca-Cola. For every true artist, his work must also be his life.

"Hollywood," Reliable says, "is the city of performances. Everybody here is paid to perform. I pay to go to a play where actors strut their stuff

"The way we use our bodies is the Ultimate Political Act. Once men are no longer free to play the way they prefer with other men, then the American foundation of life, liberty, and the pursuit of individual happiness is aborted."

Every cock sucked, butt fucked, and free-enterprise hustler paid for his work is a political act--a stance taken against the mouthy minority whose version of born-against-everything Americanism is merely the Old Fascism in new drag." --Old Reliable

for a group. So what's different about paying my little streetactor Kenny for a one-on-one performance? It pays his rent. It keeps him from robbing somebody." He looks around his apartment. Outside, a Southern-California fountain, reminiscent of grander times, babbles under a motionless palm. "Of course, they always sooner or later rob me. That's one of the reasons I rarely go out. Everything in my apartment turns over, through burglary, at least once a year. Am I complaining? Hardly."

Old Reliable's third-floor apartment is early St. Vincent de Paul. Fans of his photography can watch the possessions change as they study the backgrounds of the pix of his young studs. The lamps, the chairs, the sheets, are all familiar.

"This place is not exactly my choice of style," Reliable says with no apology in his voice. He's not a faggot living the designer life. "Most of my customers live in very nice middle-class homes, I had," he asides, "three address changes from

Washington, D.C., for instance, just as Carter left office. Anyway, if a man lives in a comfortable home, he can't bring back a street hustler where everything they see is temptation. This Salvation Army junk hardly tempts anybody. This illusion keeps me safer, although there is the constant problem of the camera, the tape recorders, the tape duplicator, the color TV, and the video camera and recorder. My work requires electronic equipment and, of course, that's high on the burglary-robbery hit list. So far, I haven't gone down in a hail of hot lead."

One wonders if Old Reliable's customers realize the extent of the dangers he faces to produce his erotic art. That knowledge that the danger is as real as the tapes, that none of his work is scripted, might add to the erotic, exotic intensity of smoking a jay, greasing up the palm, and turning on the tape cassette.

Old Reliable founded his cassette mail-order trade in the middle of the night. This was before home video. Erotica was silent and he thought to give sex a voice. He sat up in bed, sort of Jizz Slinger, thinking, "You ain't heard nothin' yet!"

"Actually," he says between answering the constantly ringing phone, "I always got turned on at the baths back then listening to men fuck and moan in the next room. I jerked off hearing my roommate getting into S&M and fistfucking. I loved the panting crunching sound of myself and my partner wrestling. And I could, and can, cum listening to a hustler or straight man tell about his exploits: fighting, doing sex, roughhousing, keeping cool in the slammer. Sex isn't silent. Sex involves all the senses. I like the sight, taste and smell of action. So why not the fucking sound of it?"

Old Reliable's style is the style of men he recruits: a direct drive to real, painful, penetrating, curled-toe orgasm. The men he photographs and tapes are from the lower class: outlaws, young men from broken families, reform school, prison, drug addicts, bikers, all of them living day to day, often on the street, or with whoever will take care of them, male or female. Most identify themselves as straight.

Old Reliable's style is also the style of the men who patronize his tapes: men reacting, perhaps subconsciously, to their upbringing. Like Old Reliable, who dares to extend himself out into the mean streets to front for them, they have, if their purchase-power is any statement, similar tastes. "I like," Old Reliable confesses, and the truth of all this is in his work as much as in his present shared confidence, "the smell of sweat, armpits, cock, asshole, and balls. I like muscular, hard bodies. I like men doing things that our middle-class parents always thought of as dirty: spitting, cussing, even fucking women. Sex is beautiful and compelling, but I prefer it on the seamy side. I would rather sniff the armpits of a tough young Mexican boxer after a fight than climb between clean sheets with a Colt model.

"For my tapes, I basically use men who haven't grown up with middle-class restrictions. I encourage them to be as honest as they can. I let them say whatever spills out of them—from nice to nasty. They tend to tell

secrets and spill their guts all over the tape. Most of it is what some people regard as seamy, not just sexual. Some talk of violence and hate and prejudice, of sins venial and mortal, of omission and commission. Most of them are pretty worldly whether they're 18 or 38. What is dirty changes a lot and keeps changing."

What Old Reliable ends up with on his erotic tapes is something really important and unique in contemporary American popular culture.

"What you hear on my tapes is more than suck and fuck and rim. It's also sweat, piss, hardcore masculinity, strength, attitude, lack of pretension. These men haven't been conditioned the same way as their listeners. Most of them love the chance to say anything they want, and for money, and they come off with a seething intensity that can't fail to move the listener." Old Reliable hits down neat the last of his glass of Coke. "How often," he says with all the passion of an artist with a vision, "do we get to hear someone say what he really thinks and feels? The men of these tapes can do just that—because I release them from any judgment on what they say. After they leave my apartment, after I get a little ripped and listen to the tape, I just share the streetgifts life sends to me."

He smiles his deceptively boyish smile.

"I'm sharing people who don't always wear clean underwear," he says, "with those who do." MAN2MAN

OLD RELIABLE ART: ELBOW DEEP IN THE BLUES. ARMS, as important as the men who sport them, are integral to the art of Old Reliable. M2M's front cover, and the following center-fold pages, penetrate the attitude, presentation, and force of arms on the current crop of street tough guys who work blue-collar by day and green-dollar by night.





ARMFUL

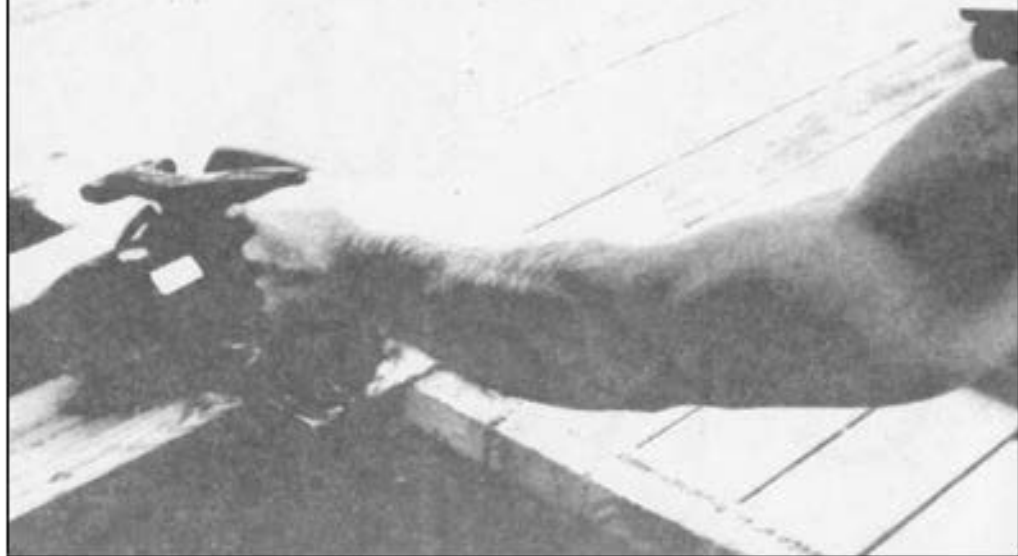
OLD RELIABLE



CKERS



*I wanna have a slow man with a slow hand.
I wanna have a lover with an easy touch.*



THE READERS WRITE

SCUM THAT I AM

SAN JUAN. UNDERGROUND LIFE IN PUERTO RICO IS, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN LIFE, WHAT YOU MAKE IT. ANY MAN2MAN READERS TRAVELING TO PR MAY WANT TO KNOW THE WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR IS WAITING FOR THEM. THIS REALLY HAPPENED TO ME!

PUERTO RICO: YOU LOVELY ISLAND

My Puerto Rican adventure started in a San Juan bar that featured a terrific backroom. Once my eyes adjusted to the dark red light, I was able to see a little of the action. Scum that I am, I jumped right in! I crawled in between two good-looking guys: one was stripped completely nude; he was sucking on a fairly husky Puerto Rican number who had dropped his pants down around his ankles.

I found what I was looking for: I crouched down on my knees behind him and started rimming his chunky ass. He must have liked my tongue, because he lifted his leg, and put his foot up on a bench to give me better, deeper access to his hole! He was sweaty, like the way a man gets sweaty from a hard day's work out in the sun. He was not exactly clean, and I'm not so shy as to give only a lick to such a promise.

I really started to tongue-trowel him; so he bent over, just a pitch more. The other guy meanwhile was slurping up his sizeable dick. Figuring he'd understand a little bit of international sex-language, I reached around and pressed on his hairy belly. He got the message. I felt his tight, crusty pucker relax. I blew some air up his hole. He farted it back in my face. So I blew about twice as much up his ass, and held my mouth to catch his long-drawn-out pure fart. All of it.

Then I felt it coming. The sound of his grunt. The squeeze in his belly. He started to let a turd, hard-formed and solid as shit can be, slowly slide out of his hole into my hungry mouth. He was feeding me his

shit while he was feeding the other guy his cock. We kept it up until he shot his load into the other guy's mouth at the same time his ass was wide open serving me the last of his shit. Swallowing the last of his essence, I shot my own load.

In the men's room, I asked him if I might see him again. He asked me what else I liked. I told him I was a New York Pig who really turned on to young PR's and shit, piss, dogs, and guys with attitude putting out cigarettes on my body.

He gave me his address and told me to be there two days from then.

ISLAND OF TROPICAL BREEZES

I arrived at his house on time. And hungry. There was a dim naked lightbulb hanging in the center of the room that was really bare except for a bed, table, and a couple of chairs.

Sitting in one of those chairs was a lean, muscular Puerto Rican boy, about eighteen. The kid was that kind of natural, unself-conscious handsome that made my dick drool. He was smoking and arrogant, and looked like he hadn't bathed in a week. He wore dirty sneakers and no socks. He spit down on the bare wood floor: right between his hot looking sneakers.

I licked up his hawked and looked him straight in his dark eyes as I swallowed it.

He glanced over to the corner of the room where a big mongrel dog laid spread out on his side, eye-

LIDDY WINS MANNY

MAN2MAN's First Annual MANNY AWARD goes to G. Gordon Liddy. Currently, TV's Macho Man, Robert Conrad, is starring in the made-for-TV movie, THE GORDON LIDDY STORY. Convicted Watergate burglar G. Gordon Liddy recently told a pressure-questioning Dick Cavett, in a hot two-part interview, that there was little, if anything, he hadn't done, or wouldn't do.

Liddy wins our MANNY because he was the only Watergate figure who refused to pule for mercy. He remained silent and took his lumps like a man.

Hopefully, the TV film will show Conrad/Liddy doing hard time at the Terminal Island Federal prison in California where, in the prison gym, he developed a rippling set of muscles. Earlier, Liddy had lost 20 pounds by dieting at the District of Columbia jail. Calculatedly, he gained it all back in muscle by weight-lifting at Terminal Island. Liddy, with all his endearing dark menace, can now press 245 pounds.

COACH ABUSE

ABC television's "Good Morning America" show used a film showing a highschool football coach physically abusing his teenage players. The film, aired September 15, was introduced by host David Hartman. The clip, featuring documentary-news footage, showed a Brownwood, Texas, High School football coach beating and slapping his lightly uniformed players during a practice session.

ABC spokesman Peter Heller said that Hartman, as host, was unaware of the contents of the film, and was under the impression the film clip to be shown merely portrayed the coach "in action with the kids."

(Sounds like it did!)

TOUGH

STRONG SILENT TYPE



ARM-WRESTLING BRAWL

Hyde Park, VT. Most hard-ily remembered for wrestling fully nude with an equally naked Alan Bates in Ken Russell's man-to-man film, Women in Love, burly Oliver Reed, 43 and moustached, has not forgotten the simple joys of two guys grappling in a snowbound hunting lodge, slippery with sweat, in front of an enormous blazing hearth.

As much a bar brawler as Richard (A Man Called Horse) Harris, Reed was arrested and jailed after an evening's round of ARM-WRESTLING got out of hand, leading to a fracas that broke up a Vermont bar called The Pub.

As part of a plea bargain, Reed pleaded no contest to two counts of simple assault. In addition to a fine, he made restitution of \$253 to the bar owner for damage done during the brawl, and he made a voluntary \$1000 donation to the men of the Stowe Rescue Squad, a volunteer ambulance unit. Judge George Costes told the aggressive actor, "Come back and enjoy the state of Vermont." --United Press

ROCKS.

ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE
DEPARTMENT...



Tennessee Ridgerunners™

Outer Layer: 25"
Wool, 80% Cotton
10% Nylon
Inner Layer:
100% Cotton



I thought that I was about the only person around that knew about "long handles" like these. Well, my partner set me straight. Real honest-to-goodness cowboys spend most of the winter in ridgerunners like these. A buttoned front with a buttoned back slit for convenience. These red ridgerunners are the finest you can buy. (XS, S, M, L, and XL). My price is \$30.00 delivered.



ing the goings-on. Not far away from the dog were some newspapers spread out. A pile of shit sat in the middle.

The man saw me checking out the pile, and told me that if I gave them both a good time, and was a really good pig for his young friend, who had never seen a freak in action, he would let me eat the dog shit and rim his dog.

PUERTO RICAN FOOT FEAST: TOE JAM

I was told I should start with the bottom of the kid's sneakers, then remove them, and start licking his feet clean. There was lots of crud between his toes. The man tossed me a small pocketknife to get under the kid's toenails. He ordered me to eat the toejam. Things were getting extreme. Just like I like them!

Everytime the guy had to fart, he pulled me away from feasting on the kid's feet. I stuck my face between his hairy cheeks and swallowed down when he let go with a blast of fart.

The young PR was sullenly pulling at his big piece of uncut meat. I figured him for the silent type. He was. Until he said, with an accent that made my dick harder, that he had to shit real bad. He had held his dump all day, as the man had directed.

They laid me back flat on the wooden floor, and the kid squatted over my face, spread his cheeks with his hand, teasing me with his dark hairy hole. He farted a couple of times, and finally I saw the tip of turd appear, then slide back inside, then appear again. This time the turd kept on coming, long and solid, straight from his Latin asshole into my Anglo mouth. He must have fed me at least three or four good-sized chunks.

FORCEFEEDING THE HUMAN ASHTRAY

Then the man himself squatted over my face, his buttohole measuring out, and cutting off, turd after turd.

I couldn't keep up with all the shit they both were feeding me.

They both stood over me, watching me try to eat as fast as I could. The man suggested to the young PR to feed me some piss to help wash down the shit. He was a little peeshy; but when that dark piece of uncut meat finally let loose, he really got into it.

Then they both lit up. They threw their still-burning matches down on my wet belly; then took a couple heavy drags on their cigarettes, and kneeling on each side of me, so there seemed to me like no turning back, they proceeded to smoke the hot tips of the cigarettes to glowing coals they used to burn my balls, tits, and belly button, all the time ordering me to eat and swallow all the shit like the pig I was.

MAN RIMS DOG.

After I'd swallowed every last bit of their shit, they made me crawl over to the young dog who stood up with his big cock and balls hanging and swinging between his back legs. They guided me in behind the dog. The man was burning my asshole with his cigaret while the young kid held up the dog's big tail with one hand, and directed my mouth to the dog's asshole with the other. His grip on my chin was as firm as I'd ever fantasized.

The kid was really into it. He kept repeating something like, Here's your dessert, pig; lick his dog ass clean. Then he made me start in on sucking the dog's dick, which I did. Then for the first time, the man gave me a hit of poppers while he sat straddling my chest with his dick laid out flat and hard as a knife up against my throat. With both his strong hands, he held my mouth forcibly open, while the kid showed the dog shit into my mouth. They slapped my face around a little bit while I chewed and gagged and finally, with no choice by this time, swallowed.

It was a hot tropical evening in more ways than one. They promised me more action on the next trip.

OLD RELIABLE

Cassette Tapes
& Photos.



STAR



TICO



TOM



READY RICK

SPECIAL TAPES & DUOS

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

NIGHT TRAIN: A bizarre 3-way of S&M as these guys get stoned and into V/A, W/S, shaving, piercing and hard sex. C-17800

HEADS OR TAILS: A 3-way with Mike Glacier and Rick swapping hustler tales, then giving their friend a trip from both ends. C-19000

MIKE GLACIER DUO: A sizzler! Sucking, fucking, rimming, tit-work, ball-licking, sweat-sniffin' ... actionpacked. C-19010

KARL & FRIEND: Heavy S&M, bondage, piss, FFA, spit, etc. C-24606

MIKE GLACIER: A tough young blond who's all man! High school wrestling trips, plus a dominant suck, fuck and piss trip. C-19004

READY RICK: He says he's "sicko, perverted, and the baddest man on God's green earth" and goes on to prove it! Scat, vomit, hard abuse. HEAVY. C-21302

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

C-24616

SINGLE TAPES:

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

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

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

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

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

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

OUR TAPES: All are low-noise high quality 60-minute cassette tapes, containing a full hour of material. Reproduction is on high speed duplicating machinery for optimum quality. The tapes are not produced from scripts, but provide an authentic insight into the hearts and minds of other men.

HOW TO ORDER

All tapes are priced the same, only \$9.00 each. Color slide sets of 5 slides are \$6.00 per set. Photo sets are five 3 1/2 X 4 1/4 color prints: \$7.00 per set. Shipping charges are 50¢ per item. California residents must add 6% Sales Tax. Orders shipped 1st class.

ORDER BLANK

Postage 50¢ per item _____

CA residents add 6% tax _____

Amount enclosed _____

Sign _____

I am over 21 years of age _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send your orders to

OLD RELIABLE

P.O. BOX 5927

SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101

One day service

All models are 18 or over

Office: 173 Haight Street

MAN2MAN

A Man's One-handed Guide To Hard Find Celebrations

Jack Fritscher, Editor

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DATE: _____

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MY PERSONAL MANIMALS AD IS ON THE SHEET THAT
I HAVE ATTACHED TO THIS SUBSCRIPTION FORM.

I do not wish to list my telephone or address.
Assign a free-to-me discretionary CODE NUMBER.

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MANIMALS

What you're looking for is looking for you!



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

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

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: fistfucking, bondage, discipline, SM, watersports. Any cultures. Let me serve you. (This is not a "neurotic religious" trip.) As a minister, teach me what real man-life is all about during the week in central New York state. 00098.

EXHIBITIONIST. Piss-drinking, cockmucking, butt-fucking, dick-jerking animal, WM, 36, 6, 150, HEAVY HUNG, cut, BIG BALLS & DIRTY MIND; exhibitionist and backpacker digging LOINCLOTHS 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, permanent Master. If the proposition turns you on, teach me. I'm ripe and ready! Frank, Box 14128, San Francisco CA 94114.

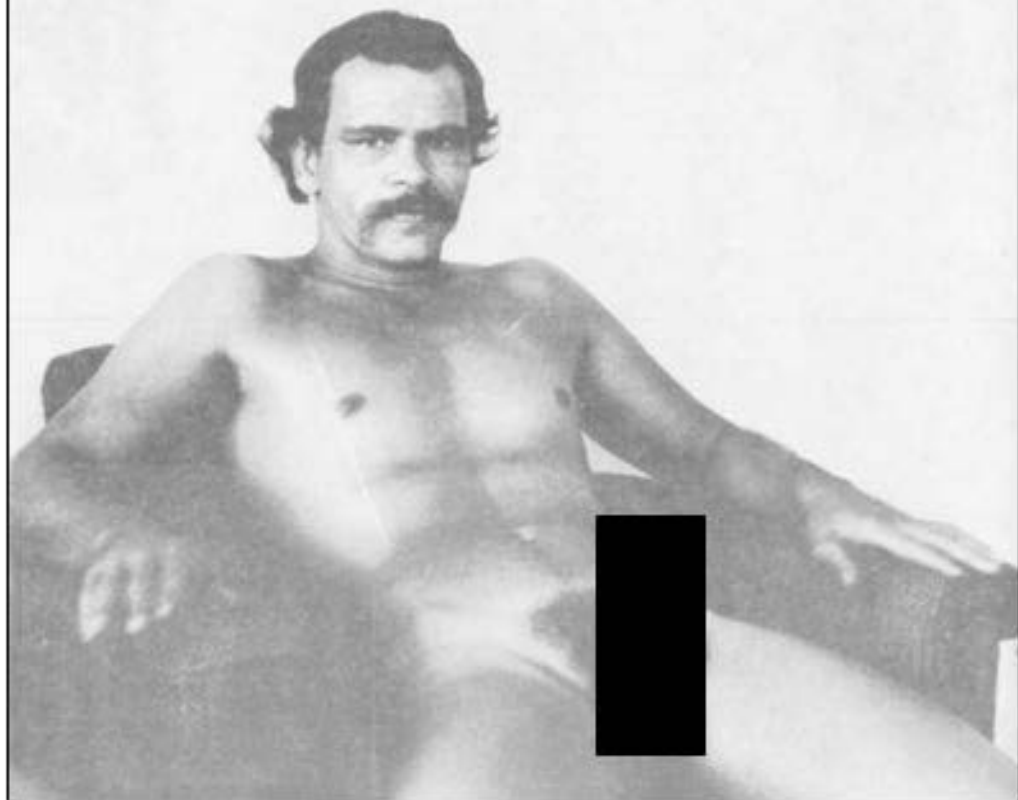
HOT BALL MAN. LA AREA. Bunky, hairy WM, 55, 6', 178 wants to share his energies, find unknown limits, and expand them. If you're man enough, your rules accepted for any and all sensual trips and fantasies including GENITORTURE AND KISKY SCENES. Otherwise, submit! Serious movies will be considered. Your: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

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

STINKIN', DRIIPPIN' HIM-A-THOW AND SWEATY ASS ACTION IN FILTHY FETISH GEAR craved by hairy IRONFUNKER with other hairy degenerate raunch-bands. Dig long dope and pepper saturated sessions of sloppy mouth and rank ARMPIIT and SMITHOLE sucking, solid turd and spit communion, heavy TIT-WORK and nipple chewin', dirty dildoes, s-l-u-w enemies: ALL ON A HOT MUTUAL BASIS! If ass-eating bananas and limey pre-filled scumbags, while wearing crusty, oily jocks, boots 'n' black leather, and piss-soaked briefs is a COCK-THROW for you, reply with photo and toilet notions to this friendly FILTH FIEND. I'm a STOGEY-SMOKIN', 5-10, built, 155, thirties, burr-haired CONVICT bearded scumbound in New York. Write with farts and slobber to SPIKE, 512 E. 12th St. NYC NY 10009.

SMOOTHE MUSCULAR SCAT TOPMAN, 27, wants submissive young guys who want to be fed delicious hot turds by my muscular ass, salty piss from my 7-inch cock, and other kinky bottom scenes. Mutual acts considered. Call: MIKE, 612/927-0484. Minnesota.

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



TOILET BUDDIES WANTED. W/M, 32, 6, seeks wellbuilt raunchy guys with cruddy levis, jocks, jockey shirts, boots. Into mutual asshole rimming, scat, piss, JO: circle, and one-to-one, and smearing shit. Like to stand around, guzzle beer with a bunch of guys and piss in place together. Am an explorer of fantasies. All toilet games. Travel western US. Write filthy details with photo. MIKE. 00105.

MANWORSHIPPER SEEKS TOP WITH TRIP TOGETHER. W/M, uncut-7, 6, 190, 43, wants to give good trip to TOP MEN who really enjoy what they do to their slave, who are creative in all methods of BONDAGE, and in the ways a FORESKIN can be used/abused. Want Master to take complete possession of my body: cock, balls, tits, ass, mouth--all are his to use as he wishes. Force this slave to WORSHIP his body, cock, lick his boots, drink his piss, eat his ass. A good WHIPPING IN HEAVY BONDAGE will stimulate men for even better service of his body, and enable him to punish me for not providing a more perfect worship of his masculinity. Love to take communion of his cum, eating it out of the asshole of a man he has just fucked. Open to new experiences, heavy fantasy trips of all kinds, as well as piercing, heavy tit work, creative cock-and-ball torture. San Francisco. Call KEITH: 415/641-8954.

SNOW-WHITE GELATINOUS SPERM. Very few men possess t-h-i-c-k snow-white gelatinous sperm. But I love to search and find it! Especially if from UNCUT 10½-inch joint! So much the better! Write all about Hot Clots. Jim Lambaugh, Maimo NE 68040.

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

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.

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

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

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

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

NEW TOILET IN SAN DIEGO! Former NYC man. My shit stinks real fuckin' good. Dig daily dumping, sweaty action, dirty longjohns, jocks, snot, piss, pits, feet, farts. Total toilet action. Rimseat, bedpans, enemas, slings, rubbersheets, pix. If you're into hot, filthy action, call JACK: 714/234-9910. Anytime! Sailors: a specialty!

BLACK ELECTRICAL TAPE TOTAL MUMMIFICATION! Long, heavy BONDAGE SESSIONS. Light to heavy SM. Into most kink: pain trips, piercing, shaving, watersports. I'm 41, 6, 165, shaved head, and a MUTUALIST. TURN-ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY! Show me how you want to get it. Send photo/letter to JG, 333 W. Lewis, Phoenix Arizona 85003.

HAZING/TORTURE LOVER wants to swap data, techniques with guys personally knowledgeable about REAL torture: fraternity/athletic team/other bare-ass INITIATIONS; military school hazing; brig/stockade; prison/reformatory abuse/sex servicing; sex domination within family. John Barton, 1377 K. Street N.W. #152, Washington, D. C. 20005.

COCK-AND-BALL TORTURE. 75% Top/25% Bottom. WM, 41, 5-10, 145, trim, UNCUT 7½-inches, big LOW HANGERS. LA area. Write: M2M 2858

SHIT-EATER, SNOT-EATER, PISS-DRINKER digs servicing hot raunchy TOPMEN who like to feed manturds to a real pig. This toilet pig wants to suck feet, lick your filthy boots, sniff and suck your raunchy, dirty pits, lap your shittv hole, and devour your turds. Looking for a PIGMASTER who's into filthy talk while his asshole worshiper sniffs his juicy farts, sucks his sweat balls, licks his slimey jockstraps, worships his turds, and finally craves his Master's puke. No scene too heavy for this experienced 28-year-old WM. Box 149, NYC NY 10021.

INITIATED SLAVE REQUESTS INSPECTION from younger, tougher military officer/master into dominance, stockade training, and/or ownership. Good credentials: an solid slave, 34, 5-7, 145, good body with some muscular development. Call Monday through Friday after 7 PM NY time, and anytime weekends: 212/691-8183.

CRIMEY BOOTHIPE BOTTOMS AND INDUSTRIAL URINALS needed for NYC freightyard and waterfront jobs. Hosefitters, oilers, sewer men, uniformed personnel too ripe for bars: we plug you in. Levi 50ls and Carhartts waterproofed. Contact: GREASE-HOG, SWAMP DOG WATERPROOFERS, M2M #A104.

BONDAGE! Husky, hairy, masculine 36-year-old male, very straight acting and looking. Am seeking BONDAGE ADDICTS who would delight in trussing me tightly. Am very interested in KIDNAP scenes, and/or MUTUAL GIVE-AND-TAKE bondage and discipline. Let's swap bondage photos. Basic interest is bondage, but am also interested in PUNISHMENT FROM MILD TO SEVERE. Call 213/657-4745, or write M. Tully, 1000 N. Westmount Drive, #219, West Hollywood CA 90069.

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

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

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

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

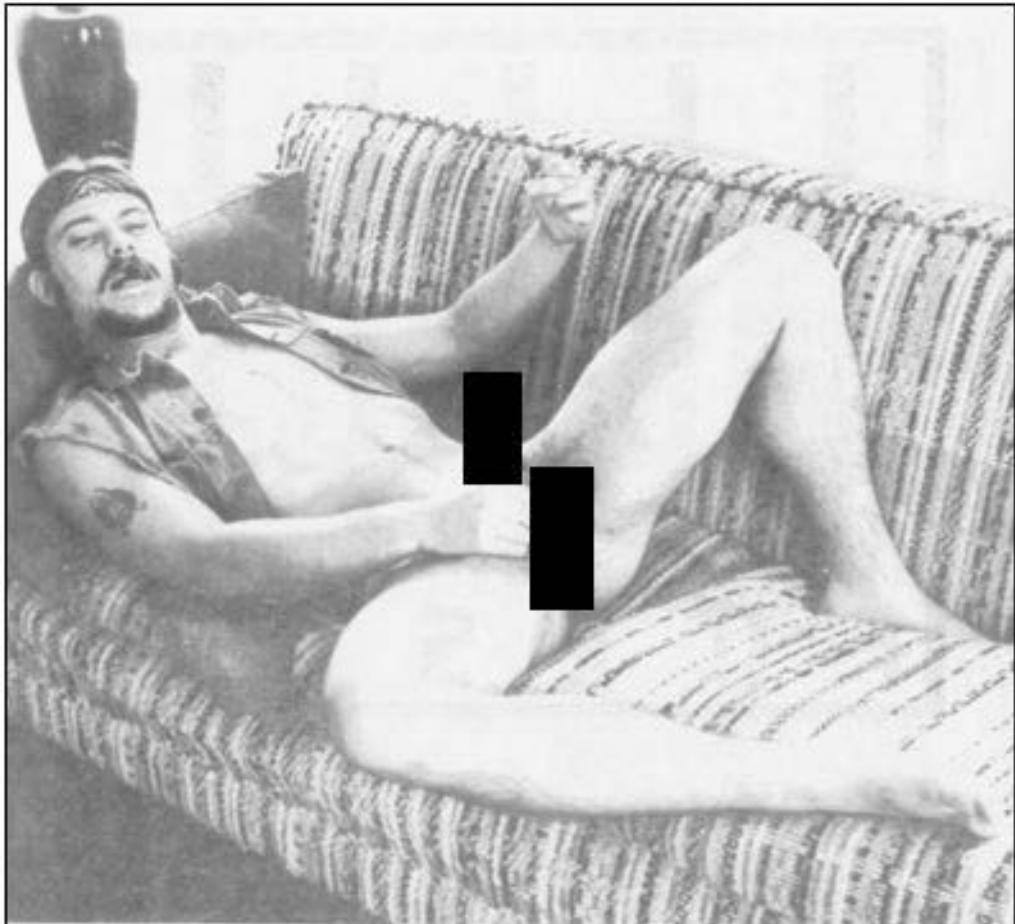
HOT MUTUAL ACTION. WM, 32, 5-10, 140, UNSCUT, Moustache/beard (br/br), new to scene, wants to expand ADVENTURES! Seek similar male studs who like to EXPERIMENT in GIVE-AND-TAKE Sessions: BD, WS, light SM, FR, GR, J/O. Write with photo. Maybe we can get it on and really soar. Smoke/awyl. Philadelphia.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

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

LEATHER RANCHHAND NEEDED. Leather hand needed to build up heavy layer of manweat 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 MANDICK, TIED UP TIL DAWN FOR ANOTHER DAY OF WORK AND PAYMENT. While on ranch, no cotton allowed. Openings for two-to-five days. This is no gay-boy j/o fantasy: this is real man's work in trade for real man's sex pay. Transportation to and from ranch available. Make application to: RANCH FOREMAN, 5 BAR N RANCH, BOX 465, EL DORADO CA 95623. Include picture, physical attributes, dates available for hire, and forms of payment desired. Northern California.

TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT! Privately owned, secluded, wooded property wanted for outdoor scenes, and TARGETSHOOTING guns, within 4 hours' drive of San Francisco. Send rental info to: 3304 Geary Blvd., Box #206, San Francisco CA 94118. -not interested in holding tin cans, reply also!

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



TURD MECHANIC. Mutualist butt-hungry biker, mounted on a 730 cc, ready for mutual action-packed special delivery, rear-end tune-ups, ritual shit worship, cigars. Intermediate to advanced toilet play. Men only. I'm W/M, 36, 5-11, dark hair, mouse-tache. PO Box 26205, San Francisco 94126.

95% TOP: READY FOR ACTION. V/A, FF, W/S, B/D, restraints, hoods, chains, toys, anal, smoke, scat (have good toilet seat), rimming, raunchy jockstraps, sweaty crotch, arm pits, wax, needles, shaving. Is there more? If so, you name it, and you get it! NO LATE PM, OR EARLY AM, OR OUT-OF-TOWN J/O CALLS, OR FOR SAME NIGHT. Great to psych up mentally and physically. Am 5% BOTTOM if I am in the mood--for BLACKS, HAIRY CHICANOS, OR WHITES. Local scenes: 213/247-7592. If planning trip, SNAP gets preference and my pic in return. BOY, 1815 Princeton, Glendale CA 91204.

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

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

HOT BEARDED BODYBUILDER INTO GENITORTURE. BALLS: yours and mine! Let's get into some serious BALLWORK: SHAVING, WEIGHTS, WHIPPING, SQUEEZING, ETC. All ball fantasies: territory for exploratory play! A pic of your sac gets a pic of mine. KEEP 'EM RANGING HEAVY! NY. Write: MCM #00085.

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

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

BIG F O L S O M

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

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

REDHEAD FFA STUB. Hot, kinky trips with redhaired stud, grey eyes, 31, 6, glasses, lean smooth athletic body, MUNG. FFA ONLY. I pitch and catch. Into verbal fantasy: athletic, military, western, incest, etc. SF. A106 or 415/648-3288.

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

FULLTIME SLAVE FOR ANY RURAL AREA. Slave will discard all outside interests for nature, firm-bodied master with 7"Plus cock. Take complete control of my 48-year-mileage: body, mind, and soul. Receive a lifetime of experienced, unquestioning obedience and worship. 6-1, 165, cut 6. Will relocate to any rural area. 00096

\$3.8 MILLION CIRCUMCISION

Trenton, NJ. A \$3.85 million out-of-court settlement was awarded to the wife of a man who has been in a coma since a circumcision operation four years ago. The 30-year-old wife was not identified by Judge Paul Levy.

PUT YOUR CARDS, UNIFORMS, MISTAKES ON THE TABLE. JUDGE, 51, bearded, stern, will hear complaints from you County Workers and will sentence you anyway. Begin by confessing what you are like, and how you went wrong. Phone for private COURT DATE. JUDGE EVANS: 916/758-8874. No. CA.

*MUSKY, BEARDED LUMBERJACK, 32, 5-10, 175. Waiting to hear from same dressed in heavy WOOL LUMBERJACKET, LEVIS, AND BOOTS. TOUGH GUYS WHO KNOW THE ROPES, A MUST! Write: M2M #00137, Windsor, Canada.

BEST DIRTY ASS-EATER IN TEXAS. WM, 37, 6, into fucking, enemas, and hot shit scenes, TOP OR BOTTOM, Eats shit right out of your hot dirty ass. Likes movies and pix. Call 713/524-7629, or write JIM, Box 22928, Houston TX 77227.

I SELL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE! Buy now! Then the next time your Top oversteps your limits, you can find comfort in the thought that you are adequately covered! Write for complete explanatory details: Brian J. O'Hara, 4321 W. 95th 95th Street, Oaklawn IL 60453.

YOUNG HOT STALLION DEMANDS ACTION! Bright, goodlooking, wellbuilt, 27, 6, 165, dark blond, moustache, rides a sleek 550 K, and pulls on a thick 8-inch tool. Seeks total pleasure with other studs who can MAN-UP to the challenge! Photo/phone gets same: BART LATHAM, Box 1747, Los Angeles CA 90028-1747. FOR THE ULTIMATE, SEEK THE ULTIMATE!

WRESTLERS! GRAPPLERS! STUDS WRESTLE FOR DOMINANCE! Photo magazine with action stories sweaty with muscle and macho! Dozens of Hot Hunks waiting for you! Magazine: \$10.95. Info pack: \$3 (includes sample pix!) NEW YORK WRESTLING CLUB, 59 W. 10th Street, NYC NY 10011.

WHITE MALE, 43, LEAN, SEEKS YOUNGER BRO-THER. Lean, 160-pounder, uncut, seeks younger (25-35) brother: white, masculine, muscular, uncut into man-to-man MUTUAL french and greek. Backpacking, camping, swimming: naked outdoor encounters. Serious replies only. Cleveland. Write: M2M #00138.

HOT WHITENATER GUIDE. WM, 24, 6-2, 175. Lean, hard, clean-shaven seeks fun-loving, handsome, straight-appearing studs into sucking, fucking, slow jerkoff, watersports, light SM, weighted balls, naked backpacking sideburns, Levi's, challenges. Whitewater-deep-powder freaks, where are you? Photo gets mine. Just off I-70. Write: C. Peters, Box 2526 Breckenridge, CO 80424-2526.

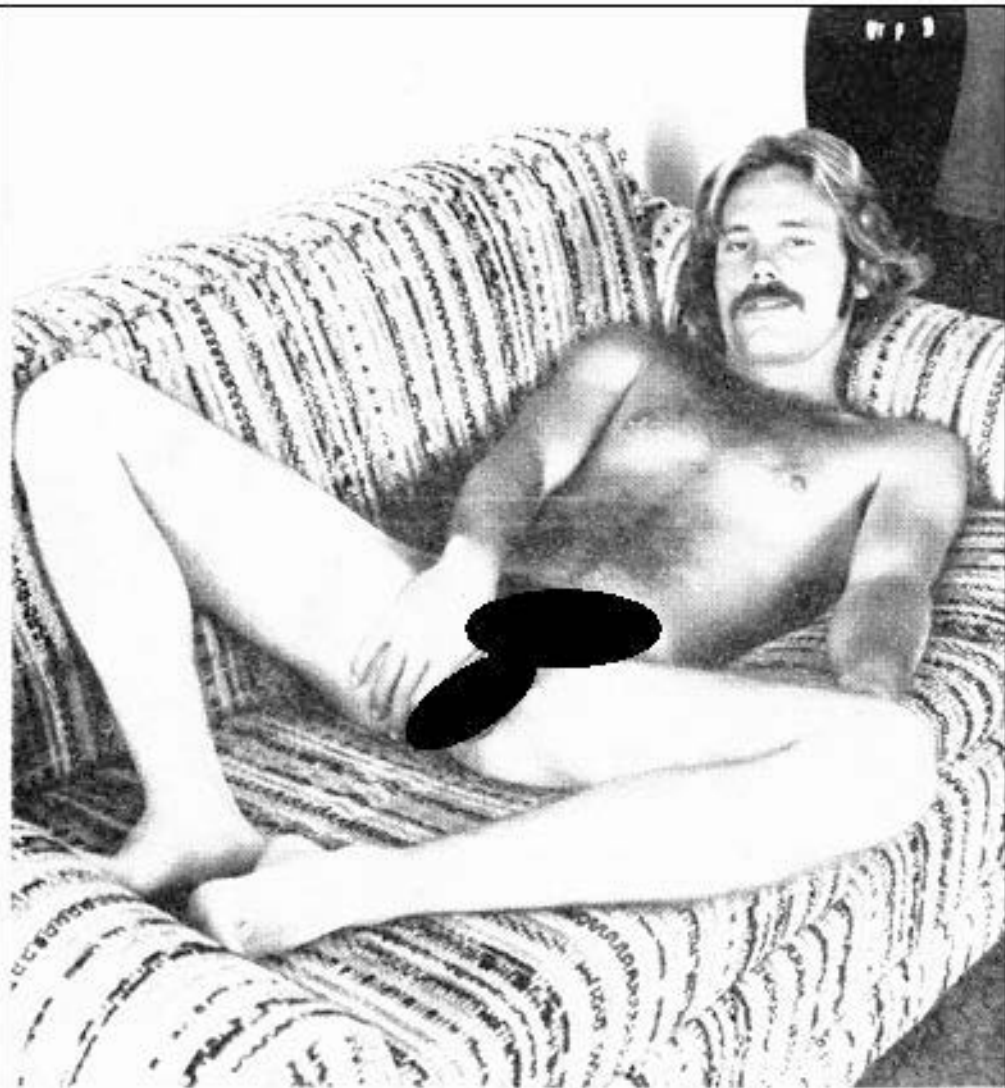
BONDAGE ADDICT NEEDS LONG, SLOW J/O SESSIONS in all types of BONDAGE with experienced and energetic men into MUTUAL TRIPS which explore our outer limits. FRANK, 33, lean, athletic. Prefer same. 415/626-8309.

HAIRY ASSHOLE BUDDY ready for hot action; Fantasy, INTENSE MUTUAL VIRGAL FILTH TALK before and during action; lots of visuals. Also into raunch correspondence and trading of scat pix. ANYTHING GOES. Am 43, 5-8, 155, moustached, hairy pits and man-hole. Dig meeting men into ASSHOLE WORKSHIP, PISS, FEET, PARTS, SHITHOLE CLEANING, MANSHELLS, SWEATY TOILET ACTION. Am TOP, go MUTUAL. HAVE RINSEAT/WILL TRAVEL. Go for men into deep shithole sucking, parties, imagination, asshole shit, verbal fun, porn, men who know WHY our asses are so important. I'M A NATURAL. MAN LOOKING FOR NATURAL MEN. ROD BRONSON, Box 1222, Durham NC 27702.

DICHOTOMOUS (WHAT ELSE?) BIKER/SR. EXECUTIVE. Totally straight appearance. Said to be handsome. Travel extensively worldwide. No scat. WM, 32, 6, 155, slim build, balding, 7/8 cut-n-thick. Own bikes, house on beach, etc. INTO BLACK LEATHER, RUBBER, B&D, LIGHT SM. Get off on MUSCLES, but anyone who can project an image is probably better! Height, color, age, and weight no concern. (Must be cut for an out-of-gear get-together.) WANT TO EXPAND from being CHAINED, OILED, AND FUCKED into CHAINING, OILING, AND FUCKING), from WORSHIPPING A LEATHERMAN'S BOOTS, LEATHERED LEGS, AND SWEATY, BULGING LEATHERED CROTCH with my tongue into having MY HEAVY HARLEY BOOTS, MY LONG-LEATHERED LEGS, AND MY BULGING IRON-HARD LEATHER-COVERED COCK AND SWEATY LEATHERCOVERED BALLS SERVICED by a hot wet tongue. Also into trying just about any scene with black leather gear, leather toys, black hip waders, and black RUBBER GEAR. Whips, weights, cuffs and chains. Poppers. WANT TO MEET WITH A GENUINE (BUT EVEN-TEMPERED) "S" OR "M" TO EXPAND WITH (OR FOR!). Will correspond with ALL WHO WRITE as I kinda get off on J/O letters. Limitations? No drugs; no serious pain (kelts, bruises, gas, weird positions, etc., OK!) No scat. Jon Tremansen, Box 351, Placentia, NF. Canada. AOB 2YO.

HEAVY-MUSCLED SADIST, butch, 28, 5-6, 170, hairy, seeks well-built masculine men able to HURT long and hard, as well as provide TOTAL BODY AND TOILET SERVICE. SEVERE TORTURE RITUAL. BEATINGS. INTENSE FORCE-FEEDINGS OF SHIT, PISS, PUKE, AND SNOT. I'M SERIOUS, INSATIABLE, AND EVIL. CALL TONY: 212/255-2755. (NYC) (MAN2MAN really makes recommendations re Truth-in-advertising; but this MAN is an IT who deserves terrific service from men who can really take the Real Thing!)

SADIST, BUILT, 33, HAS LOWLIFE SHIT-EATING SLAVE available to all men into dirty and mean scenes. SLAVE is sexy, hairy, Italian toilet: eats all body products of men and animals; likes to be cut, burned, and whipped. MASTER is skilled, dirty, arrogant. WANT TOPS, BOTTOMS, COUPLES. Write: M2M #00136.



BODYSUILDER. WM, 43, 5-9, 165, into kinky, raunchy scenes, moderate S&M. Basic Bottom, but not an energy-vampire. Can play mutual. Prefer face-sitters and toilet games. Photo gets photo, if you're masculine and in shape. SF. A107.

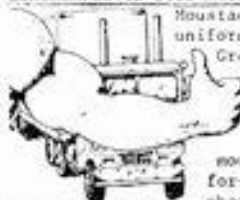
SAN JUAN FILTH FREAK. 41, 6, 7 inches, 155, into scat, piss, animals, catheters, human ashtray trips, dog-shit. If in San Juan for a vacation, look me up. Also interested in having one ball removed. RAY, 171 Calle Concella, Santurce, Puerto Rico 00913.

BIKE NUT loves street and dirt, MX GEAR, all athletic clothing, oil, fucking/sucking/JO with friends and strangers. Into piss. Maybe shit. Sex in clothes. Most dope. No pain. But lots of RAUNCH, DIRT, AND TENDERNESS. N. CALIFORNIA. M2M #00062.

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

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

LEATHER/LEVIS STUD WITH B+, HOT AND HUNG.



Mustache. Into 3-ways, uniforms, dildoes, and Greek action (active and passive) with other studs sporting 8 INCHES OR MORE plus beard/moustache. Your ready-for-action letter and photo gets mine. Write

Box 410, 132 W. 24th Street, NYC NY 10011.

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

ASS-WORSHIPPING BOTTOM will eat your shit or plain rim, lick balls, suck cock under toilet seat. DOB, 3-10, 140, 39, beard, 415/821-7762-9 to 11 PM.

BOTTOM INTO CASTRATION FANTASIES. SAM, WS, TIT TORTURE, piercing, scat, GENITORQUE, bondage and discipline, GENITAL MUTILATION (meatony), enemas, catheterization, humiliation, shaving. Am also SENSITIVE TOP for tit torture, genitorque, piercing, bondage, shaving, catheterization. Would like correspondence, possibly meeting. CHICAGO area, some travel. Write JIM, Box 8372, Merrillville IN 46410.

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

BONDAGE, PAIN, INVENTIVE HUMILIATION in or out of fantasy. Inspiring environment. At your place: you call the shots. My turf: your ass is mine! Traveled, versatile, 31, 6, 155, goodlooking and hot. Contact DIGGER, evenings or weekends at 312/871-5454, or write with photo and ideas for MEETINGS to Box 10648, Chicago IL 60610. (Ed. Note: This man inspired USMC SLAP-CAPTAIN in Issue #7 of MAN2MAN.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

FLUSHING. DOUBLEFUCK. Young, butch, 6' blond man digs getting fucked by two men at once, and sucking cum from a humpy man's freshly fucked ass. Also dig getting FISTED AND HAVING ONE MAN JERK OFF ANOTHER INSIDE MY ASS. CALL EDDIE, 212/592-7393.

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

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



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

MASTER SEEKS OTHER TOPS. Master, W, 34, 140, cut 65, seeks heavy-hung Top Men into getting serviced by my cock slave (W, 29, 6, 150, swimmer's build) under my direction. Age/weight not important. BUTCH ATTITUDE IS. Dig WS, verbal abuse, fantasies, leather, uniforms, raunchy hot sex scenes. Slave has hot mouth and even hotter ass. If you're a man into getting your cock serviced by fucking my punk's hot tight hole, and using him as a latrine, call 415/621-1916 evenings till 9 PM and anytime weekends. San Francisco.

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 MANZMAN.) Send to: NYWC, 59-West 10th Street, NYC 10011. Exciting, brawling wrestling news-letter for NYWC members. Join up and grapple!

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



MUSCULAR HAIRY MAN DIGS SHIT/MOTOR OIL. W, 34, 5-3, 165, wellbuilt, hairy digs shit and animal scenes. Real perverted, dirty action: PUKE, SCAT, SNOT, MOTOR OIL. I am TOP/MUTUAL. TRAVEL MIDWEST, NYC, CA. Write details for a Real Get-Down! XXX72.

TOILETSEX. Hot wild mouth will work your HAIRY shithole overtime, if you're man enough. I'm man enough to take your hot shit by dump, your strong piss by gallons. INTO: INEMAS, BIG PISSHOLES, LONG FORE-SKINS, TITS, HAIRY ARMPITS. New York. XXX71.

DON'T STOP. NO MERCY. WM, 25, 5-10, 165, moustache, goodlooking. Right now I want YOU TO BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF ME. When I am TIED DOWN, I'll be begging you to stop. IF YOU'LL STOP WHEN I BEG YOU TO, DON'T BOTHER ANSWERING THIS AD. Boxholder, 1476 California Street, Box 302, San Francisco 94109.

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

PROCESSED STUD FOOD SERVED. Experienced SCAT TOPMAN with portable feeding chair guarantees to satisfy your appetite. For reservations, write BUD, Box 284, Hawthorne CA 90266, or phone 213/543-1323.

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

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

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

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

CONDOM LOVERS. Want to exchange audio cassette tapes with condom lovers. Also will buy films, professional or homemade, in which rubbers are used. Send info and asking price. Write MCM #00114.

SHIT SLAVERY. Bearded, hairy biker types wanted for heavy, all-out S&M scenes with TOTAL TOILET services. SLAVE, bearded, 5-8, 160, 36, seeks filthy bastards who get off on squatting over a hot tongue, using heavy force and abuse, dumping stinking turds while being worshipped. TRIPS TO HELL AND BACK! 212/989-7731

MEN INTO AGGRESSIVE/PASSIVE ANIMAL SEX. WM, 30, 5-10, 165 into uniforms, leather, boots, mild drugs, raunch, filth, sweat, hot outdoor nights, TLC, flatfucking, water sports, toys, oil, grease, JO, fucking, barns, nudity with animals, animal sex, and men into aggressive or passive animal sex. Let's exchange stories of conquests. And meet. Sincere replies answered immediately. Vancouver. M2M #00125.

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

NEVADA LAWMAN. This deputy is the Real Thing. WM, 30, 5-9, 150, digs arresting big hunky men, taking you out to the lonely desert in my patrol car, and fulfilling EVERY COP FANTASY you've ever had! The bigger you are, the harder you fall. Also into wrestling, bondage, jocks, athletes and "passing" through straight male events. ANY TYPE OF AGGRESSIVE SEX FANTASY. THIS IS REAL. Write details of your trip to M2M #00095.

FULLTIME SLAVE FOR ANY. M2M #00096.

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

TRANSPARENT FETTERESSES/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.

FEEDER/EATER: HUNGRY 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 hunky butt over a hungry tongue, and squat my raunchy asshole over a hot face while you beg me to dump. I want to see you and feel you lick my asshole clean. From nice-and-easy to fulltilt, I want to use you like a toilet, boy. I'm a hot Giver; if you're hot, I can take. Wouldn't mind meeting a PICMASTER man enough to make me WANT to tongue his stinking, sweaty pig crotch, and rim his dirty manhole. David: 415/495-7052. Or write A188.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DON'T STOP. NO MERCY. WM, 25, 5-10, 165, moustache, goodlooking. Right now I want YOU TO BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF ME

REAL SLAVE, 30, NEEDS RITUALISTIC MASTER who will enforce constant subservience by shaving, branding, hooding, forbidding slave's cock being touched, punishing hardons with cattle prod, public humiliation, daily heavy beatings. Slave needs lots of piss, sucking of cocks, boot-licking, nipple enlargement, whippings, and plenty of c-r-a-w-l-i-n-g. Keep my nipples raw, balls blue, mouth full. Box 36433, Los Angeles CA 90036.

**ALL MANIMALS PHOTOS:
OLD RELIABLE TAPES**

HOT MAX PLUS. You drip it. Cover and plug tits, ass, groin, cock, torso. MUTUAL POSSIBLE. Cock/ball/tit torture. Bondage and discipline. Tape/photo exchange. Travel limited. WM, 30, 5-11, 160, and enough for you! North Central Wisconsin. write MM #00132.

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

LICKING YOUR INSIDES OUT. Your hard butt and my licking, probing tongue in training. Your thick cock pumping me full of cum and yellow suds. Shaved raunch balls, mansmells. Long sessions. Hot tucking. Good service for good men. TOP AND BOTTOM ACTION. Seek trim, mature men with trip together for a scene. I am 5-9, 145, 31, goodlooking. No J/O on phone. Serious only. TOM. 415/431-4831. San Francisco.

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

LEATHER ANIMAL. Kinky leather slave looking for Master to 50 years old. No scene ruled out, and have tried them all. Am 38, 6-3, 195, good body, pierced cock and tits. Photo gets mine plus full description of scene. MY PAIN: YOUR PLEASURE. SF Bay Area. Write: MM #00131.

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

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

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

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

ASSHOLE SHOWOFF SNAP-NEAT. I'm a hardcore asshole showoff who likes to swap action/photos, especially of: PLUGGED ASSHOLES, BIG ENEMAS, toilet training, MEN SITTING ON THE TOILET, farts, crotch and asshole shaving, exhibition, humiliation. ROM, PO Box 362, New Iberia, LA 70560

HOT TOP BODYBUILDER. 6', 150, DARK BEARD, seeks humpy bottom for toilet service; asshole-to-mouth action with flowing piss. No shitty mess. No reciprocation. I'm in-to gear, dirty talk, smoke, JOCKS, etc. C'MON, HAIRY PIG, LICK THESE SWEATY MUSCLES, TITS, PITS, FEET, BALLS IN WEST VILLAGE. CHARLES, 212/675-5424.

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

BODYBUILDER SHIT ACTION! Your ass in my face gets my ass in your face. This body-builder wants to eat your long thick turds right from your hole! Must have fair-to-good build. I'm 5-9, 165, 37, with 31" waist and 20" arms. I like leather, piss, outdoors, some drugs, and lots of shit! I like tall and built masculine men. CALL 305/961-5196 BETWEEN 6:30 PM and 7:30 PM, OR, at 11 PM ONLY, Eastern Time. FRED.

THE RITE TO BARE ARMS ARMWRESTLING

PETALUMA, CA: CHICKEN CAPITAL AND ARM-WRESTLING CAPITAL OF THE WORLD! Men need intensity from other men. Like coherent light reflects directly, and, therefore, infinitely, between two mirrors to create a high-intensity laser beam, so is the eye-to-eye psych-out of the most intimate of "TOUGH-GUY" sports: ARM-WRESTLING!

STRAIGHT GUYS HAVE IT HARDER

Lacking the free physical access to each other that straightforward homomascuine men enjoy, straight guys' limit themselves to butt-patting and shoulder-hugging in sports, and hand-shaking in business.

The ritual of arm-wrestling is changing that. Arm-wrestling is a one-on-one man-to-man sport that is sweeping the country.

STEEL RADIAL ARMS

Annually, on the Saturday before Columbus Day, the Petaluma Wrist-wrestling Championships pair men off together, locked in eye-to-eye psych-out, while each grips the other's

hand, then re-grips again, until both they, and the referee, whose own official hands must first check out, and almost bless, the uniting clasp of these men's powerful hands together.

Arm-wrestling is all upper-body work: besides the strength of a rough-hewn hand, a man hardly suffers from a squared-off wrist; a hamcock of a forearm; or a thick 18-inch upper-arm whose baseball biceps are belted with steel-radial triceps and delts. Then top off a barrel-chest with broad shoulders. That's a heavy-weight class ideal of a thicknecked, arm-wrestling, bar-killer Muscle Beast!



JAY PIX



ARMWRESTLING (Continued)

HAND2HAND COMBAT: ARMS AND THE MEN

The truth extends further: in the middle and light-weight classes, guys of more normal stature compete successfully without needing football beefiness, because arm-wrestling is as much a contest of stamina and will power--maybe even more than it is of iron-pumping strength.

The lean, mean, defined swimmer's body has equal chance for competitive arm-wrestling success.

Consequently, the brace of competitors ranges across every body type.

But the focus is on two things: the appropriate development of strong ARMS; and the aggressive presentation of FACE.

The sweaty pit essence of the sport of arm-wrestling is to bring two men together in hand-to-hand combat, with their thumb-entwined fists poised between their two faces--which are no more than eighteen breath-trading inches apart!

CONFIDENCE IN MOTION

Shown to the right, in the progressive frames of one of his matches, the intense-faced winner, with the very hairy blond forearms, earlier in the day looked into my video camera, pointed his strong arm in at his bodybuilder pecs, pounded on his black cotton teeshirt, and said: "IT'S GONNA BE ME!"

I believed him then; and I've believed it a dozen re-runs since!

ARM: THE SQUARE ROOT OF F-I-S-T!

The arm-wrestler can read the palm of his opponent's hand: steady and warm; cold and vicious. They can





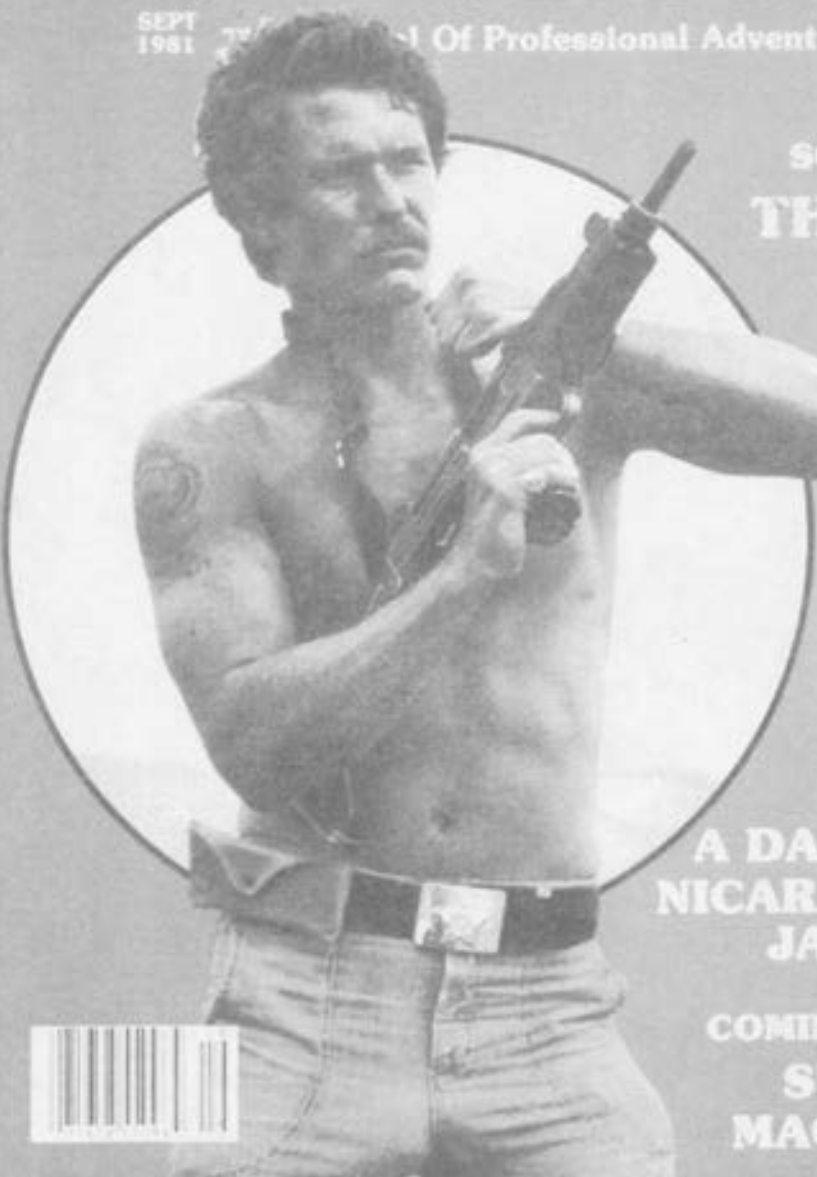


SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

SEPT
1981

Journal Of Professional Adventurers

FOG 000001
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**SOF TESTS
THE UZI**

**NRA,
1981**

**A DAY WITH
NICARAGUA'S
JACKALS**

**COMING SOON:
SURVIVE
MAGAZINE**



SOLDIER OF FORTUNE is a mag MAN2MAN can best review in unsolicited salute to SOF's total macho attitude. This SOF cover-hunk fully demonstrates the equation how-and-why in bodybuilding and arm-wrestling, ARMS ARE CALLED BIG GUNS!

smell each other's smells: breath and armpits excited by the lighting moments of combat, elbows positioned down on the leather-cushioned tables, with the hot stage-light intensifying an already intense situation.

It's a duel.

The referee leans his moustached face in, adjusting their coupled fists to just the right angle.

The tension is as palpable as the deep-breathing chests and the nervously flexing arm muscles.

The referee signals GO!

For one brief shining moment, nothing exists in the hot spilldown of spotlight except the grunting, heaving, bulging Arm Gladiators, fighting it out in these Last Days of the American Empire, while the tense crowd calls out for MORE!

Who in the crowd is tenser? Who in the crowd want more than a man who knows that it is from arms such as these that fists are made of! M2M

GET THEE TO A STRAIGHT SPORTING EVENT!

MAN2MAN covers the news of Straight Events from as much our own very special perspective as does ABC's "Narrow World of Sports." Your eyes, like ours, see more than Straight Eyes even know to go for.

Bumping through the crowd, skimming shoulders and butts, and shaking contestants' hands, homomasculine men can have a head-hard-on-time-- not because straight is better, but because it's refreshing and hot to see and experience and remember how the other 5/6ths of American males come to grips, through socially acceptable sports contact, with the need and pleasure of engaging another man's full attention.

As with all the photos and text in MAN2MAN, these armwrestling pix and words infer, of course, nothing about the sexual preference of the contestants who are presumed to be straight. We present them here to you as they presented themselves to us as public men appearing in public competition. May they all father strong and healthy sons!

THE MYSTIQUE OF MALE ARMS

BIG GUNS! FEEL THEM: THICK, BIG ARMS, MUSCLE-BULKED HEAVILY FROM SWEATY WORKOUTS, THEIR HUGE GIRTH SPORTED IN A TEESHIRT, OR SUBTLY CONCEALED BY SHIRT SLEEVES OF WELL-WASHED FLANNEL STRETCHED ACROSS THEIR MASS, NOW STRIPPED TO REVEAL MOUNDS OF BASEBALL BICEPS CABLED WITH VASCULARITY, AND THICK HORSE-SHOE TRICEPS, GROWING BIGGER BEFORE YOUR EYES, THE PUMP OF EACH SUCCESSIVE FLEX FURTHER EXPRESSING THE DISCIPLINED POWER OF THE LIFE FORCE THAT BUILT THEM. WITH THOSE BIG GUNS LIFTED HIGH IN FULL FRONTAL DISPLAY OF ARM MUSCLE, FEEL THEM AGAIN, FEEL THE DENSITY OF EACH STRIATION AS IT'S GATHERED DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS OF MUSCLE ARMPITS RICH WITH THE HEAVY MALE SCENT OF BODYBUILDER MUSCLE SWEAT. AFTER A BIT OF SMOKE AND A HIT OF POPPER, IF YOU CAN TAKE THAT BIG MUSCULAR ARM IN ONE HAND, AND YOUR DICK IN THE OTHER, AND DISCOVER THAT BETWEEN THE STROKING OF THE TWO THAT YOU'RE CUMMING, THEN WE'RE BOTH GONNA HAVE FUN, I'M ON MY WAY TO THE GYM NOW. IF BIG GUNS, AND I MEAN REALLY BIG ARMS, WITH RAP-N-JACKOFF MAKE YOU BREAK INTO A SWEAT YOU CAN'T COOL OFF BY YOURSELF, DROP ME A LINE.

--MANIMALS Ad from the premiere issue of MAN2MAN

2 ALL A GOOD NIGHT

TONIGHT WAS OUR FIRST TIME TOGETHER:
CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Let's go home," you said. "Let's go to my place."

You didn't say, "Hey, let's go fuck!" So I smiled and followed you silently into the night. All year long I've seen you standing around the bar looking tough. I wanted you. I wanted to touch you through your leathers.

Once last summer I caught a glimpse of your sweaty pex and shoulders and arms. I wanted to embrace you. Even more, I wanted you to hold me. To tie me to you. With your arms. But summer left. Fall came. You disappeared for awhile. Now this winter you've come back.

You looked at me. For once, I pinned on my balls: I returned your stare. You looked hard, experienced, disciplined, gentle. My cock hardened. I wanted you more. I wanted a bond with you.

"Come home with me," you said. "We'll build a fire. You can see my tree."

I wanted sex. I needed a little TLC. You seemed to suggest something sex sometimes lacks during the wild holidays. Genuine masculine affection.

You broke out your best wine. We shared a smoke. Your muscular arms embraced me. Held me. You, in all your leather, held me. Your face filled me with trust. I opened to you, silently, while the FM played stereo carols.

You gave me tenderness: tenderly you slipped your dick wet from my mouth into my willing ass; tenderly you greased your strong, pliable hand and filled me full of your strength; more tenderly you slipped your dick into

your hand inside my ass, and jerked yourself off inside of me. The throes of your cuming triggered my load out and up my belly, onto my chest, all the way to my face where you kissed and licked my seed through your thick moustache into your warm mouth.

Now you're laid back asleep. Your tree glows. Your fireplace warms me. You have tied me to a chair at the foot of your bed. You're an experienced leather guy. I'm getting fairly far into it all. I like it. I like you. I like being tied up by you. I guess even leather guys are allowed to get a little sentimental during the holidays.

I'll sit here, tightly bound, dozing with you, keeping watch with you by night, and in the morning, it will be Christmas.

You'll make strong black coffee. Your big cock will swing easy between your thighs. We'll shower.

I'll offer to drop you by the friends you promised to visit as I go on my way to visit the friends I promised to visit.

You'll say you will call me in the afternoon to see how I'm doing.

"Fine," I'll say.

I never lie.

I loved hundreds of men this last year and I'll love hundreds more in the year to come; but right now with you, with my head on your belly, because I am with you, because of what tonight has passed between us man-to-man, because I nearly always love the man I'm with, I love you now.

And that's, omigod, enough.

Jack Fritscher - 30 -





MAN2MAN:
THE MAG YOU
CAN STICK YOUR NOSE IN