

**Our pecks belong
to the Sundance, Kid!**

TITSPORTS

Mantits are the great underdiscovered underground pleasure of 20th-century foxes. Male tits are to male sex what fine tuning is to television. Titsports are a hot man's offramp to Alpha Centauri. Dick and butt are primary erotic zones, as obvious as the mouth for cocksucking. Male-sexuality, however, is a list as big as your fist of growing homosensual sophistication.

A nose can learn that a whiff of armpit is headier than a hit of popper. A tongue can learn that a kiss down the throat can be quite continental, but rimming is a guy's best trend.

TITS: 2000

Good sex is more than the finesse of fine ass. Good sex is more than Genital Gymnastics. Good sex is discovery of the geography of the male body's erotic potential. Some guys turn on naturally wherever they're touched. Other guys, still tainted with their parents' attitudes about the propriety of missionary sex, dismiss more adventurous sex as too kinky for them.

Their very giggles, as Freud diagnosed ticklishness, are a sign of sexual fear. Figure it out: humor, more than not, deballs an erotic situation. Nothing, for instance, can empty a Back Room faster than two queens camping it up smack dab in the middle of all the other guys' heavy-duty manstough.

Some guys' manly sense of play leads them on their own into games beyond dick. Other guys, ripe for tutoring, have to be led down the very unprim, rosy path to Big Boy Secrets. That's a real male initiation rite of passage.

Homomasculine men have moved from their First Coming Out (genital homosexuality) all the way to their Second Coming into total-body homosensuality.

And tits are the wave of the future.

MANLY CHESTS

"Blow in my ear and I'll follow you anywhere."

Twist a guy's tits and he'll follow you everywhere.

The mystique of the male chest is a natural history of masculinity's strength, bravery, endurance, and heart. *A Man Called Horse* popularized the Plains Indians' absolutely male rituals more psychologically significant than any ass-paddling by the Tejans fraternity at Texas A&M. The Amerindians, living by the code of what was natural, rather than what was normal, clue in homosensualists, who much prefer to be natural rather than normal, that chests belong to the Sun. (Perhaps, homomasculine men are more primal than their heterocivilized brothers.)

Not for any small reason did Amerindian compatriot of Marlon Brando, Russell Means, the hero of Wounded Knee, dance the Sun Vow Ritual as his affirmative counterpoint to the deballing of the Native American Male. Bodybuilders, many of them homo-muscular only, in their formal posing presentations, always include a generous number of chest manifestations, and always to great applause.

"Chest out! Stomach in!" Dialog delivered daily by every Daddy and DI on this undisciplined planet.

Men have long been measured by their barrel-chests, recently by their defined slabs of vascular pecs, and lately by the gauge and tread of their nipples.

TIT TRIANGULATION

Titwork is sophisticated stough--once a man makes all the connections. Connections are what homosensuality is all

about. An athlete knows the cause-and-effect connections of how his physical systems interrelate. A Camp Pendleton Grunt knows that if his USMC jock is too tight his dick gets hard, bent, and attention. Discovery of dick, with its upfront demands, is easy as reaching from your nose to your hose. A baby boy can do it.

So how does an adult ear become eroticized?

How do a man's tits get hot?

Question: How can a man graduate any one of his body parts up erotically?

Answer: With a little help from his friends, his head, and his hands, he can be tutored into some sensual consciousness raising.

Tits, for those men who have yet to spark contact with those magical male dials, can be educated, if not absolutely wired, into geometry's strongest form: the triangle. Once the brain synapses the connection between a man's two tits and his one dick, the energy patrix on his torso lights up with new, clear power.

BASIC TRAINING

Basic sex is to sophisticated homosensuality what Army Basic Training is to the Sophisticated Training of a bodybuilder. This is no putdown of good old standbys like cocksucking and fucking. Homosensuality tends to savor all the stops along the way before getting to the usual shooting match.

HOW DO YOU SOLVE A PROBLEM LIKE YOUR ASSHOLE?

Consider asshole. Straight guys protect their butts the way women protect their tuna. Why? Straights, when not patting buns on athletic fields and courts, call each other, "Asshole!" All-Americans shout, "Up your ass!" To foreigners, "Fuck you, asshole!" must sound like the American way to say goodbye.

Myron/Myra Breckenridge drove straight into cowboy Rusty Godowsky's butt just like the Viet Cong fucked every American POW asshole in captivity. A military doctor, who

happens to be gay, revealed recently that every POW coming home had VD up the ass. What better way to de-macho the downed American Fryboy than to have some “little gook prick” shoot a load of diseased cum up his butt in bondage. Not too much publicity on that number simply because the media figure that those heroic POWs had enough adjustment simply returning to a runaway American culture.

The homosensual point is that, at least theoretically, these POWs learned something through the use and abuse of their asses: either they hated it, or they hated themselves for liking it. What an ultimate and ironic Straight Macho betrayal: to have one of your own body parts tell your head that something you thought you could never relate to actually feels, well, not so bad, I guess, at all.

Many gay men, growing up with this straight-and-narrow attitude (and that’s all it is: attitude) about male ass, have some difficulty learning the pleasure of getting plugged by a dick at the YMCA. What do they think the “A” stands for anyway?

Once, however, a man emigrates from the dark interior of America, he can more freely get plugged in the sweet, dark interior of himself.

Consider this progressive Coming Out: first, using your asshole as the Way In, as well as the Way Out, has to be gotten around. “Well, maybe I’ll let you kiss it” becomes “tongue it” becomes “finger it” becomes “fuck it slow” becomes “fuck it hard” becomes “can you add a little dildo in it” becomes “got any bigger dildos” becomes “douche it lightly” becomes a “four-quart enema” becomes “fist it” becomes “double fist it.”

That’s what happens to the simple joys of maidenhood!

Actually, that rising range is a man’s Real Graduation Ceremony as he stakes out progressive ownership of the territory of his own body. Interesting, how the Terror of Penetration graduates up to an Absolute Appetite for Penetration!

TITS AND THE GREASY MECHANIC

Tits get hardons. That’s the bottom line: three hardons are better than one.

Tits to the titillated are a hardon difficult to live without once a man has thrilled to the charge those two little fuckers can put out when played properly. Warning: once charged, Tit Men need their tit fix. Nightly.

Titsports are habit-forming.

Since the Mondo-American male knows more about his car than he does about his body, this analog may illustrate the value of teaching a pair of old cogs new tricks.

Tits are to the dick and body what the positive and negative terminals on a Sears Diehard Battery are to a hot car. The right tit and the left tit are the plus and minus battery terminals providing the current necessary to ignite the gas to cause the controlled explosion within the cylinder, thereby driving the piston downward, causing the heart of the engine, the crankshaft, to turn its torquing power to the transmission through the driveshaft to the axles, thus causing the car to lay rubber from a standing start.

A guy can learn a lot about sex from fucking with a mechanic! (Especially in greasy, sweaty, faded-blue Big Ben coveralls, but that's another trip!)

MASTERS & JOHNSON

Tit response is one of the main differences between straights and gays. Gay men, generally not uptight about their bodies, and mouthier about exactly what they want, are willing to experiment more widely. Masters and Johnson codify what sensualists already know: homomasculine men dare to "go for it," dare to learn the physical connections worth learning, because they realize the multiple of pleasure they'll reap in return for their effort.

As one Tit Man said, "You might as well grab all the gusto. You might as well take possession of your body because as *A Chorus Line* testifies, "tits and ass won't get you jobs—unless they're yours."

BODYBUILDER PECS

Tits assure Affirmative Action. Oh yeah!

Ever notice a bodybuilder at the tubs? Notice how he holds back? Far from being stuck on himself, he's not even waiting for another bodybuilder necessarily. Chances are he maintains his own space because he's tired of Genital Chauvinists coming up and humping his muscular thighs like Cocker Spaniels. To them, his physique is unique; they cum fast and leave him: used, abused, and bored. They may think they're original, kneeling in adoration, sucking his dick. But Mr. Physique has seen it all before.

Betcha he'll wanna getcha if you try a little man-to-man resuscitation. Forget his dick for the time being. Cup your hand around one of his Big Pecs. After all, he majors in bench presses to pump his chest.

Get inside his sensual focus. Bodybuilders, who know their art, are sophisticated sensually way beyond dickcentricity. A man in heavy touch with working out his major body parts, carefully isolated for a week's split routine, knows something about sensuality that is sexuality plus. Arnold Schwarzenegger said in *Pumping Iron* that a good workout feels as good as cuming and cuming and cuming. (There's a qualitative difference between the spasm of ejaculation and actual whole-body cuming. Lots of men have spasmed. How many men have really cum?)

Scratch a bodybuilder's pecs and ten-to-one you'll find a Tit Man.

Begin to play "Chopsticks" to Chopin all over his chest. Either use thumb and forefinger of both hands, one pair to each nipple; or, if you've a handspan wider than an octave, you can with one hand play both his tits and use your other hand for further man-ipation.

Very often, men who chose to express their masculinity through the medium of muscle are heavy-duty sensualists. Too often, musclemen are sensually under-read.

TWO SINGULAR SENSATIONS

Man-to-man chest action, whether it's Tits-for-Two Mutuality, or whether it's a Sadist topping a Bottom's tits, ought to be an Olympic sport. You can, however, and should

call “FOUL!” if, when you start rollerballing your partner’s tits, his eyes go glassy, and his tongue lolls out, and he takes off to a passive galaxy. Titwork is so hypnotically explosive it makes some guys hit bottom faster than the *Hindenburg*.

Ain’t nothing worse than a sex partner who gets so laid back by your well-orchestrated trip that he forgets you exist. You might as well be a dildo and he might as well call Dial-a-Clamp. Passivity of the partner too often comes with the territory of Titmania. Remind him that he also has hands, and you also have tits, and a four-handed duet is often more fun than a piano solo.

Masters and Johnson ought to further their study: for the man who has done every S&M thing, and wants MORE, why is it that *Eine Kleine Tit Musik* dropkicks him into a capacity, if not a voracity, especially in a heavy S&M scene, to take more? Is it that mantits, tuned and torture-tested, triangulate to the testicles in a transcendent power grid?

TITPAIN: A NEW DEFINITION

One very proper San Francisco man is so celebratorily into mutual tit play that he carries to the wonderfully infamous South of the Slot Hotel whatever tit toys, beyond hands, that a man’s mind can conjure. He is a Saint of Tit Torture. Clothes pins are child’s play compared to his array of electrical alligator clamps, new surgical needles, and sterile X-acto blades whose neat little slices juice up so red and well under a pair of rubber snake-bite suction cups.

Some guys tentatively try one of his tit clamps on their finger and whine. They fail to realize the proper sophistication of this man’s sensual titplay foreplay. He ain’t no Chopper Charlie or Jack the Ripper. He can do to tits, and have done to his tits, manstough so severe that your head kicks out all the little protective tapes, programmed into your head as a child, about PAIN. Instead, his tit action teaches a man how to take possession of adult sensuality. He takes out the old protective tapes and puts in new ones to redefine the excruciatingly exquisite pressure.

Suddenly, his partners realize that what they had once

too easily, and much too quickly, defined as pain is really not pain, but is, in fact, simply heavy sensation. Pain is something different from heavy sensation. Heavy sensation causes no damage, no marks. Pain, as an S&M label in any scene, tits or not-tits, is confined to that upper level of heavy sensation where damage is done, where trauma happens to the body.

Nice guys don't cut off your nipples with the garden shears. That only happens in Liz Taylor movies scripted by Carson McCullers like *Reflections in a Golden Eye*.

CELLULOID TITS

Films sneak in a lot of tit shit. In *Circle of Deception*, *Battle of Algiers*, and *State of Siege*, men's nipples are tortured in bondage with electrical clamps attached to a "Double E8" Field Telephone that the uniformed interrogators crank up by the handle to send the shrieking voltage into the tied-up tits.

Film: *State of Siege*. Set: An austere room. CIA instructors have prepared a class in interrogation. Voiceover: "Torture can be a useful technique."

"Disciplined marine, army, and air force officers hurry down the hall toward the entrance to the room. The youngest, were it not for their distinctive uniforms, would look like noisy, carefree male students rushing to a class.

"The vast room is flooded with a harsh white light. The officers take their places on benches arranged in a half-circle.

"The hubbub ceases abruptly. The room falls silent. Four muscular, uniformed GUARDS bring in a blindfolded PRISONER. They lead him to the center of the semicircle, up to a sort of rack about two yards high. They go about stripping him as the room full of military personnel observes.

"Staff officers from the three branches of the armed forces take their seats on a large platform facing the benches.

"The PRISONER is naked. His body is young, lean, and athletic. His tan indicates he is a relatively fresh capture. The GUARDS lift him up and set him on the middle pole of the rack. They bend him over backward so as to tie his wrists and

ankles together. And they leave him like that, his arched, naked body strained and swaying, supported only by the middle pole of the rack, which catches him in the backs of the knees.

“A MAN in civilian clothes approaches the subject PRISONER. He is carrying a black plastic box, about two feet long, eight inches high. Three plastic-coated wires, each about two yards long, stick out of the top. At the ends of the wires are metal triangle clamps of different sizes and thickness.

“The MAN lays the box down by the rack. He presses down a red button; suddenly the silence is broken by a shrill, insistent buzz. There are close-shots of the intent young military faces observing this lesson in interrogation by torture. Calmly, patiently, meticulously, the MAN proceeds with his demonstration. He applies the electrodes, one by one, to the most sensitive parts of the PRISONER’S body.

“His ears. Gums. Nostrils. Nipples. Genitals. Anus.

“Swept over by the electrical charges, the young PRISONER’S body vibrates, stretches, contracts. His wrenching, partially gagged screams heighten the intensity in the young military faces eagerly studying the interrogation techniques.”

Odd, how straight men ignore their own nipples in the bedroom and head straight for another man’s tits in the interrogation chamber!

In *Walking Tall II*, gigantic Buford Pusser is held down by muscular rednecks who slash the bejesus out of his chest and nipples with their hunting knives. Gore Vidal’s *Myra* novel has the world’s shortest chapter. It consists of Myron waking up, shouting two sentences: “My tits are gone! My tits are gone!”

A BOY CALLED PONY; A MAN CALLED HORSE

Frederic Remington’s Own West describes the Blackfoot Sundance Ritual in which A Boy Called Pony becomes *A Man Called Horse*: “Gaily attired onlookers watch with eager and sympathetic interest the tortured young braves who, betraying no sign of the pain they endure from the claws skewered through their chests, dance wildly, lifted time to time from the

dirt floor to the roof of the wickiup by hemp ropes attached to the skewers. Songs of admiration and encouragement accompany the violent beating of the tomtom.

“The tortured young warrior is the epitome of the religion, the ambition and the heroic character of this Spartan-like people.

“The young aspirants, weakened by the previous fast, the peyote, and the ritual torture often fall faint and senseless to the ground; but they are pulled up by the bloody barbs through their chests, and they continue their sun dance until either their flesh tears loose or it is manifest that they can endure no more, in which case they are honorably cut loose.... Each, after his release from torture, receives the attentions of his relatives, who have prepared a feast for him. In after-years, the Indian braves show the scars of their ordeal with all the pride that comes from their offering a boy’s chest up to a piercing and bloody rite of passage into enduring manhood.”

Any man can pervert anything. As T. S. Eliot’s *Murder in the Cathedral* poses, the greatest temptation, perhaps, is “to do the right thing for the wrong reason.”

Herein lies an important attitude.

When a man’s chest belong to the Sun, he knows the vast difference between slavish masochism and manly nobility.

HARDWARE

Since the brain is the main sex organ, suggestion is a sex toy’s best function. With tits, the best source beyond the convenience of bars and catalogs is cruising your favorite hardware store. Reaching into bins right next to the thick-fingered general contractor come in sweaty from the job to pick up fitting needs, you can come across everything you need to stage a tit scene.

Something can be said for the authenticity of real tools turned to real tit toys: clothes pins, for anybody but a beginner, are not worth bothering with, except for the fact that to have any really good scene, the principle is to start out slow and lead your partner into not only wanting more, but into begging for more.

Clothes pins are light enough to whet the appetite for some reality play that leads up to scenes out of the *Roman Martyrology* where St. Agatha had her tits torn off with red-hot pincers. (Ask any guy who grew up in a Catholic school where he got his S&M start!) Clothes pins' one drawback is their color: they remind some guys of mommy's wash. Easy antidote: daub them black with boot polish.

MAIL-ORDER TORTURE

Phillips and Fein of Manhattan produce, for those who prefer mail-order convenience, a brochure called *Tit-Torture: Fantasy and Function (A Catalog for All Degrees)*. Their "tit clamp restraints have been created to provide the sensation of being secured directly by the nipples. When the subject is bound into various positions, the added discomfort produced by struggle, resistance, or movement of any kind, is a constant, active stimulation, no matter which end of the Alligators you're on." One virtue of tit clamps, whether used for heavy S&M or for sensual fun, is that each pair is like an extra pair of hands introduced to the scene. The artful photographic catalogs of Richard Hawkins' *Mr. S Leathers*, San Francisco, have taken bondage, S&M, and tit toys to a millennial high.

TWO TO TANGLE

Pleasant man-to-man play can be arranged by connecting two pairs of alligator clamps together and then, chest to chest with your partner, clamping his left tit to your right one and his right one to your left one, the four clamps connected by a foot of chain. You'll stay close to each other! He'll get a direct reading of your mutuality as you lean back, because the pressure on his tits is the same as the pull on yours. Not only are you and your buddy linked directly with tit-to-tit communication and energy, but your hands are also free to conjure magic faster than the eye can see!

GUYS DO THIS TO EACH OTHER?

Phillips and Fein, besides wrist-to-ankle tit clamps, and tit-to-earlobe clamps, and magnetic tit clamps that add weight

(as magnet after magnet is added), offer niceties such as the “Tit Whip,” a 7-inch handle with 3 ½-inch leather thongs designed for concentrated application; and the “Nipple Whip” with flat rubber straps having hard spiky rubber points that leave “satisfying and exciting,” but temporary, marks. For the Tit Freak who has everything, including a variety of gold rings for his pierced nipples, Phillips and Fein offer a Tit-Clamp silk-screened teeshirt. Sort of like wearing your “heart” on your sleeve.

PIERCED TO THE QUICK

Doug Malloy, the piercing expert of L.A.’s Gauntlet Enterprises, said, “Piercing of the nipples is not really new. The proud Roman Centurions, Caesar’s bodyguard, wore nipple rings as a sign of their virility and courage, and as a uniform accessory for securing their short capes. The practice was also quite common in the Victorian era to enhance the size and shape of the nipples. Today the lure of piercing is primarily a sexual one. It provides a mechanical ‘titillation’ achieved by no other means. For many, especially men into bondage and discipline, and S&M scenes, tit piercing is a tremendous psychological turn-on.”

Malloy recommended: “Where possible, piercing should be professionally done as placement determines the nipple’s development, shape, and esthetic effect. While difficult to obtain unless one knows a sympathetic doctor, anesthetics are available for the faint-of-heart. Healing normally takes six to eight weeks and is quickest where a retainer with a straight post is used.”

Malloy was a Master Piercer: nipples, navels, cock heads, and taints. (*A taint* is that stretch of skin between your balls and your asshole; it is called a *taint* because *it ain’t* your balls and *it ain’t* your ass. But it can be effectively pierced and ringed.)

TIT BUDDIES

Fucking, sucking, and fisting are all-time favorites on this century’s Sexual Top Ten. Titwork is next. The East Coast,

longer than the West Coast, has enjoyed the pleasures of pecs. In SF, when a man meets you, he wants to shake your hand. A handshake is not so much an old American custom as it is taking the measure of a man. The Fist Cruisers care less about the size of your dick and more about the size of your glove. (San Francisco “invented” fistfucking, and it, *uh*, spread!) In NYC, at the Mineshaft, the Manhattan Hello is “Tits and Pits”: First you grab each others’ nipples, and then one man or the other, or both, lifts an armpit for a quick sniff-n-lick.

TIT PRINCIPLE

To turn a man every which way including loose, often all you have to do is go manfully after his chest. If he follows you home, you can keep him.

INTERNATIONAL WRESTLING

In Olympic Greco-Roman wrestling, “upper body techniques” score more points than a lot of diving for the legs. Globally in wrestling, Europeans easily outclass American wrestlers because of their greater skill in what Disney’s ABC-TV *Wide World of Sports* officially calls “Upper Body Techniques.” Why leave it to the sensual Europeans? Sexually and sensually, titsports are an “upper body technique” worth the learning.

TITS FOR DAZE

Mantit training falls into educative classes. Tit response can be learned: self-taught or, better, tutored. You can roll your own, or enjoy a buddy-rub. Too many guys go for the kill too fast. What good are wrecked tits? Slow squeezing in the Big City will lay down more tread faster than apelike brutalization unless you happen to be into Neanderthal sex, which is also fun when the mood strikes.

With use, tits can grow hard like a dick and bigger like a bicep. Their connections are circulatory and muscular. In fact, among homomale men, big nipples have become a true sign of sensual adulthood.

Big nipples on a firm chest are definite status symbols: good mileage and heavy tread. Gynomastic little “Bitch Tits” on a bodybuilder, however, are signs of steroid use and are a source of several kinds of amusement.

Reach under a man’s white cotton teeshirt. Run your hand up his furry, hard abdomen. Find the valley between the mounds of his pecs. Spread your hand like Van Cliburn stretching for the Big Octave. (Why do you think *Physique Pictorial* has for years given its hot models’ measurements “nipple-to-nipple”? That’s info for Tit Freaks!) If the mantits you touch grow hard and large like living leather, your touch can very definitely tell you all you need to know about the sundance in his butch eyes.