

Complete Listings!

DRUMMER DRUMMER

The
Leather
Fraternity



EXCERPTS FROM

MY BROTHER, MY SLAVE!

BY KURT KREISLER!

250

LEATHER / SLAVERY / PRISONS / REVIEWS

LEATHER ACTION/FILMS/BOOKS/FICTION/EQUIPMENT/BARS/CYCLES/CENTERSPREAD



WELCOME

Ever search the newstands or book stores for a magazine on the Leather Life? If so, you learned finally not to bother, there isn't any.

There are plenty of Gay magazines, differing in viewpoint and illustration, and occasionally you will discover one with a lonely article or a model that turns you on. Such events are few and far between. Of course, at one time, the only thing available for a gay guy to turn to were the weight lifter magazines.

Those times have changed and now so have the situations that limit coverage of our lifestyle to our giddier brothers. We have purchased the name DRUMMER and have compiled a sharp new approach to the Leather/Western/Bondage/Discipline world, done tastefully and expertly.

It has been done mainly for the members of our growing LEATHER FRATERNITY and will be sent to them at no cost as part of their membership. The burdgening listings of guys, their likes and desires will play a big part. The listings also are without cost to members, and can be responded to only by members. But the articles, the art, the photography, the wealth of information about the Leather Lifestyle can be shared by the entire community.

It will be published every six weeks with nine issues a year. The printing is limited and when each issue is gone, that's it. So --

If you are a member of the LEATHER FRATERNITY and wish a gift subscription for a friend (or slave) (or Master), you are eligible for the full year at the 6 month price.

If you are not a member, the subscription rates are \$10 for six months and \$15 for a full year. Or if you want to be a member send in a buck and we'll send you your application and all the information. The \$1 is applicable on your \$25 membership, and DRUMMER is included.

We don't know what other category you could fit, but whatever it is -- do something.

THE DRUMMER



coming up:

A BACKWARD
LOOK AT
LEATHER



PHOTO
EXCERPTS
from
"SEXTOOL"



MORE MOVIE
MAYHEM
SM as seen
by Hollywood



SM IN THE
COMICS



TELEPHONE
SEX
Bigger than
you
think!



plus
GOLDEN
SHOWER
FESTIVAL

DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." —Henry David Thoreau



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PRISON SLAVERY USA

as told to
ROBERT PAYNE



Art by
Steve Masters

Sex

in today's prison has little to do with being gay, per se. It has much to do with human sexuality and man's need for contact. In prisons, an inmate is not necessarily burdened with the homosexual label if he participates in a homosexual act. Indeed, statistics have shown that most non-gay prisoners who participate in same-sex activities while behind bars and deprived of their usual outlets will revert, upon release, to heterosexual. Still, as we know, there are many gays who, for some reason or another, may find themselves behind bars. Chet is one example as he reflects upon his own initiation into the steel and stone fraternity.

RP: If I remember correctly, Chet, weren't you first incarcerated several years ago?

CHET: Yeah, yeah, this guy met me the first time I got there. "Don't screw up and don't say a word. A nigger like me can kill you 'cause there's only three kinds here: either you're owned, public property, or dead. These cells is where it's at for us, where you get a hold on and you brab. 'Cause I love ya, I love you younger guys coming up. You younger guys are what makes these stinking cells such a pleasure for me."

That's a speech I never will forget, or the events that followed. I began to get nervous, taking another hit off the joint he'd given me and passing it to him. At the last minute, he snuffed it, saving the roach, putting this last bit in his sock, and smiled: "Strip," he demanded. "No, man, I don't like it," was my response.

He dropped his eyes and began to swing his foot back and forth. He told me I had an altar boy look and I should offer repentance, raising one big black finger in the air as if to pass judgment from the top bunk, his throne as I later learned to call it.

I knew I'd made a mistake in refusing to obey his command. "I think I'm gonna shit on you," he said as he went for his pants button. I didn't know any better at that time, so I called for help from the bulls. Three of them came over to the runway and stood gazing at me and this powerful master.

You've got to understand that prison officials use sex as a weapon, to control and to punish. Sure, it's publicly condemned, but it's still used internally to pacify and contain the inmate population. And I was about to become a pacifier.

Let's say you are a man who likes men. Being a man puts you in a minority of at least 49% of the world's population. Preferring the male to the female brings the percentage down to below 20% of the 49%. Then if you prefer MEN to just males, you leave out a lot of males. Let's assume you prefer the very male, or even being more selective, the LEATHERMALE. That really narrows the field. And of the Leather crowd, finding one who appeals to you and likes the things you like requires a lot more than just attending parties or hanging out in bars, even if you are lucky to live in a large city. There -- you have the main reason for Robert Payne's LEATHER FRATERNITY.

Robert Payne has long been active with philanthropic and beneficent organizations within the gay community. Indeed, it was his humanitarian concern and interest which led to the formation of the well-known firm bearing his name.

Some years ago, Payne realized the need for a company which could, with discretion and confidentiality, provide top quality leather goods, toys, books and films at reasonable prices. As a Leatherman he had experienced firsthand the disappointment of ordering and paying for direct mail merchandise which did not live up to its advertised promise when it arrived or, even worse, ordering and paying for merchandise which did not arrive at all. The result, of course, is his mail order business.

Through communication with satisfied customers, Payne became aware of yet another need in the community. Toys are swell, but they're useless if you have no one to play the game with. Because of the very nature of S&M and leather sex, Leathermen have long suffered discrimination at the hands of their gay brothers who misunderstand or fear this popular sexual variation. It was difficult for Leathermen to make contacts with other Leathermen, to directly approach someone, in a bar for example, was to risk rejection and castigation. Yet there had to be some way for people in the scene to communicate with others, so Payne started The Leather Fraternity nearly two years ago.

the leather fraternity

PHOTO BY TARGET STUDIOS

What is The Leather Fraternity? It's an international, membership-only, fast growing group of hundreds of gay Leathermen. To over-simplify a bit, it's an introduction-referral service which allows Leathermen to get in touch with others who may balance their particular needs and desires and to get it on or talk it over.

How does The Leather Fraternity work? First of all, membership is not open to just anyone. We must be selective in those we accept in order to guarantee quality contacts to our other members. Let's assume that you are interested in joining The Fraternity. You submit your name and address together with either all (\$15) or part (\$10) of your annual dues. The same day we receive this, we mail you an in-depth questionnaire covering every aspect of your individual likes and dislikes. You fill out the questionnaire as thoroughly as possible and return it with the balance of your dues if you originally paid only part of the total. We carefully check each applicant's form to make sure that he'll fit in. If there's the slightest doubt, we refund the money. In fact, the reason we ask for at least partial payment in advance is to make sure that the potential member is sincere, genuine and basically our and your kind of guy. Again, selectivity is very important here.

What happens next? Okay, we've gone over your questionnaire and have accepted you as a Leather Fraternity member. Welcome! We now code your questionnaire according to your preferences and assign you a membership box number.

Coding enables us to do a file search, comparing your form with others in order to find contacts who might be compatible. We can then suggest to you that Box whatever-number seems to be your type, give you the reasons for our conclusion, and ask if you want to contact him. If you do, you send your letter for that member directly to us, we forward it to him and he takes it from there. **UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES IS A MEMBER'S NAME EVER GIVEN TO ANYONE ELSE!**

What else do I get for my money? In addition to the friends you'll make through correspondence, you will also receive a year's free subscription to DRUMMER (a \$15 value), the only magazine of its kind anywhere. You will also have the opportunity of buying specialized merchandise at low cost. Your ad listing will appear in each issue of DRUMMER free of charge. We do not sell these listings; they are a privilege granted only to members of The Leather Fraternity. And, of course, you know that you will have the camaraderie of the best of Leathermen in a fully protected and confidential fashion.

What if I want to contact another member through his ad listing? How do I do that? Let's say that you're interested in reaching member Box 000. Write him a letter, put it into an envelope, and stamp and seal it. (Even we will never know what one member writes to another; again, confidentiality!) Write Box 000 in pencil on the front of the envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Forwarding of letters, like ad listings, is a service restricted to members of

The Leather Fraternity. Robert Payne insists that matters be handled in this way because he cares about his people and wants them to be secure in the knowledge that they won't get tied up with any outsiders, cheats or phonies.

What have present members had to say about The Leather Fraternity? Glad you asked that question! From Massachusetts: "Enclosed are some letters to various people on your latest list. To my astonishment, your last list has already worked for me and I've lost a whole weekend to bondage which was delightful. Thank you!" ... From Florida: "I found after an experience with another Leather Fraternity member that I would definitely like to remain a member in good standing. WOW!" ... From Southern California: "Last week I met my first contact who is listed in your monthly listing and all that I can say after my first experience is, 'Wow, it was great!'" ... From Canada: "I've met a really great slave as a result of The Leather Fraternity, and I sure appreciate your making it possible. I have met two other groovy guys and have another weekend coming up which should be great." ... From Northern California: "I'm really pleased with your service. Thanks!" ... From Indiana: "Thanks to you, I've got a regular slave here and a number of visitors, enough to keep the scene busy."

Unfortunately, space does not permit inclusion of comments from all our happy members... but now that you've seen what others have to say, won't YOU join us?



PHOTO BY ROY DEAN



The Leather Fraternity

ALABAMA

FORT PAYNE. M. Pisces. 5'7". 125. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Unusual, slow pain experiments. No booze, drugs. Box 071.

ARIZONA

PHOENIX. S. Virgo. 51. 6'2". 180. White. 7". Experienced. Wants slave houseboy. Box 014Z.

PHOENIX. S. Libra. 36. 6'. 175. White. 9". Knowledgeable. Good body and long endowment important. No olds, femmes. Box 250.

CALIFORNIA

ANAHEIM. M. Pisces. 23. 5'9". 150. White. 6½". Novice. Obedient to master who earns it. Long hair preferred. Box 052G.

BUENA PARK. MS. Cancer. 26. 5'7". 125. White. 7¼". Completely inexperienced. Prefers moustache only. Box 051A.

CARLSBAD. M. Leo. 42. 5'9½". 175. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Seeks person 35 to 50 who is experienced, enthusiastic, discreet and respects limits. Box 225.

CORONA. M. Virgo. 40. 6'. 190. White. 6". Novice. Wants to serve good-looking dude under 33. Well-proportioned body essential. Box 169A.

DALY CITY. S. Pisces. 42. 5'8". 135. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Demands good service from sincere leather-lover. Would like to correspond with other masters. Box 314A.

GLENDALE. M. Libra. 47. 5'10½". 155. White. 6¾". Novice. Wants to serve gentle but demanding master into heavy bondage. Box 050D.

HAWAIIAN GARDENS. M. Pisces. 37. 5'10½". 165. White. 7¼". Knowledgeable. Complete Bondage Slave for Complete Bondage Master. Box 051H.

CALIFORNIA, HOLLYWOOD. S. Libra. 45. 6'1". 185. White. 7". Expert. Firm but compassionate. Seeks permanent houseboy. Will train. Husky preferred. 071X.

HOLLYWOOD. MS. Taurus. 39. 5'9". 155. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Bodybuilder, muscular. Wants same. Box 311.

HUNTINGTON PARK. M. Pisces. 35. 6'. 170. White 6½". Novice. No femmes. Box 310.

INDIO. SM. Leo. 43. 5'10". 155. White. 6¼". Completely inexperienced. Will understand your needs. Box 243.

LA PUENTE. M. Gemini. 37. 5'9". 168. White. 7½". Novice. Prefers under 45. Box 320.

LAGUNA HILLS. S. 36. 5'8". 136. White. 8½". FFA top. Must be obedient and eager to please strict master. Box 220A.

LONG BEACH. MS. 44. 6'. 185. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wants same age or younger for strip games, mild SM. Will exchange roles with right guy. Prefers inexperienced. Box 020.

LOS ANGELES. M. Virgo. 40. 6'. 165. White. 5½". Novice. Likes heavy action on balls. No fats. Box 010.

LOS ANGELES. MS. Aries. 31. 5'6". 135. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Prefers motorcycle owner. Box 030.

LOS ANGELES. M. Gemini. 34. 5'11". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. No fats. Box 050A.

LOS ANGELES. MS. Aries. 42. 6'1". 180. White. 6½". Novice with strong desire to learn. Prefers masculine body-builder type with large cock. Box 050S.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Pisces. 49. 5'10". 150. White. 6". Novice. No booze, drugs. Looks not important but must be over 38. Box 167.

LOS ANGELES. M. Virgo. 48. 5'10½". 145. White. 6". Knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

LOS ANGELES. M. Libra. 42. 5'6½". 135. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Follows orders well. No fats. Box 242.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Leo. 30. 6'. 155. White. 7". Completely inexperienced but wants strong, gentle S to teach him to be a good S. No baldies, fats, olds. Box 307A.

MANHATTAN BEACH. M. Capricorn. 42. 5'7". 138. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Small, slim with firm ass wants verbal humiliation and training from stern master. Box 048A.

MAYWOOD. S. Aries. 52. 5'9". 145. White. 5". Old hand. Has had laryngectomy. Prefers hairless chest. No drunks or fats. Box 350.

MENLO PARK. M. Aries. 6'. 185. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Turned on by bondage and whipping. Wants S to lead him from knowledgeable to expert. Eager to try new toys and positions. Box 083M.

MISSION BEACH. M. Aries. 43. 5'7½". 155. White. 7½". Novice. Needs to be humiliated and forced to do things against his will. Virgin ass. Box 026M.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. MS. Aquarius. 45. 6'1". Completely inexperienced. Wants young guy. Box 055.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. M. Full Leo. 44. 5'10½". 165. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Bondage. Grey hair or bald preferred. Box 076.

OAKLAND. M. Gemini. 44. 6'1". 144. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Eager and willing to please permanent master into heavy discipline and motorcycles. No fats, drunks, hard drugs. Box 125L.

OAKLAND. S. Sagittarius. 50. 5'10½". 155. White. 6". Novice. Must be well-built and obedient. No scat. Box 345.

ONTARIO. MS. Moon child. 38. 6'1". 225. White. 6½". Novice. Wants prolonged bondage and training. Box 296A.

OXNARD. M. Aries. 42. 5'10". 190. White. Novice. Bondage. No drugs. Box 340.

PALM DESERT. SM. Taurus. 40. 6'. 155. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Will satisfy your needs. No fats. Box 246.

PASADENA. MS. Aries. 46. 5'11½". 175. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Needs instruction. Digs rear-end action. Box 061A.

PASADENA. M. Scorpio. 43. 6'. 186. White. 7". Novice. Prefers bike riders. No fems, fats, olds. Box 150.

RICHMOND. S. Capricorn. 45. 5'11". 162. White. 6¾". Knowledgeable. Seeks completely passive, cut slave of the same race with Sundays free. No fats, dopers, scat. W/S. Box 050F.

SAN DIEGO/EL CAJON. S. Cancer. 5'6". 140. White. 6½". Butch-type leather master needs naked slave for fun and pleasure. Must be cut. Box 125.

SAN FERNANDO. M. Cancer. 37. 5'11". 185. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Chains, tattoos, grease. Box 201.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Gemini. 33. 5'10". 140. White. 6". Knowledgeable, seeks S who is mentally and perfectly superior, not fat or over 39. Box 152.

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Scorpio. 38. 5'7". 150. White. 6¼". Knowledgeable. Looking for bondage slave. Box 082A.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Libra. 49. 6'2½". 185. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Must be clean and respect limits. Box 126A.

SAN FRANCISCO. MS. Libra. 32. 6'. 170. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular, older, more mature. Box 170.

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Taurus. 35. 5'10". 165. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Clean-cut collegiate type preferred. Absolutely no role-switching. Box 185.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Cancer. 30. 5'11½". 175. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Must be masculine and into total bondage and humiliation. Box 187.

SAN FRANCISCO. SM. Pisces. 30. 5'10". 200. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Must be willing to take anything and/or do anything short of permanent damage. Box 294M.

SANTA MONICA. S. Capricorn. 30. 6'1". 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Into suspension, bondage and piercing. Also wants to meet other S's toward establishing a complete castle. Box 133T.

SANTA BARBARA. M. Virgo. 28. 5'5". 160. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Prefer dominant S or SM types, 25 or over. Age not important. Out-of-towners welcome. Box 022.

S & M out of the closets and onto the campus.

Practitioners of S&M, long considered to be a rather kinky fringe group on the edge of gay society, feared by many and misunderstood by most, recently assumed a tinge (black-and-blue?) of respectability. On Tuesday, April 15, the Gay Students Union of UCLA presented, as part of their Gay Awareness Week II, a two-hour panel discussion on the topic.

That particular time period was originally to have been devoted to the Diversity of the Gay Lifestyle, featuring Goldie Glitter, Larry Townsend and Sandy Schmidt, a pre-operative transsexual. Sounded interesting enough and certainly diverse. That's not the way it worked out, however.

First, Fred Halsted wondered if his slave Joey (Joseph Yale) could be added to the panel, an M to balance Townsend's S. Much conferring was done among the GSU people and the answer came back, "It's pretty far out but, yeah, should be good."

After Joey was confirmed as an addition, Townsend dropped out. Goldie Glitter was moved to a Gender Identity discussion by herself. Sandy Schmidt has not been seen or heard from since.

So on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 there sat Bernie Prock, an M; Joe Gilgamesh, who admitted he was into S&M mostly in fantasy; and Joey, also an M. Halsted felt that the S side should be equally represented, so he joined the group at the table. And Halsted as one S is more than equal representation against two Ms.

It must be noted, particularly to contrast with Bernie's full leather regalia, that Joey was turned out in an ice cream suit and a powder blue sweater. Why? "I want you all to see that just because somebody's into leather doesn't necessarily mean that he's always into leather."

I don't intend to give Bernie and Joe short shrift here, but Fred and Joey were more vociferous and consequently had the most to say about the S&M lifestyle.

To begin with, Fred redefined some terms. "I've tried to get away from 'sodomasochism,' which was laid on us by the psychiatrists, and 'slave and

master,' which sounds too much like the Civil War. Because of the connotation of such expressions, people into S&M often feel 'bad' or 'sick' about it and people who aren't into it are afraid of it."

"But for me, S&M is almost like a religious experience. That's how much I get out of it."

Fred continued, "So I've come up with 'stud' for the S and 'twink' for the M. You really can't have a negative reaction to those words. Then there are 'studettes' and 'twinkettes,' but they're—you know—we're not concerned with those here." Studettes and twinkettes are probably people who are into naugahyde rather than leather.

In speaking about themselves and their own feelings . . .

Joey: "S&M is not just a part of me, just something I do; it's my entire lifestyle and always has been."

"For an S&M relationship to succeed, there's got to be one hundred percent commitment by both parties; control, dominance, and submission are essential to the success of the relationship."

"Sure, there's no equality in an S&M relationship, but there's no equality in any relationship, in any group, or in any society. Some person or group of persons will always be dominant and the other, always submissive."

Fred: "I've always been a sadist. Even when I was a heterosexual, I was a *sadistic* heterosexual. Then when I realized that I was gay, I became a closet sadist. It wasn't until I made *L.A. Plays Itself*, a film that brought S&M out of the closet for the first time, that I personally came out in leather and with myself."

"The S&M scene is an erotic, sexual, orgasmic act in itself; it doesn't have to be tied up with in-and-out sex. Sometimes a scene might wind up in-and-out, but that's only another part of it and not the expected end. And sometimes we'll just have a nice, romantic fuck. Like sometimes I'll come home

from the store and Joey'll be there and I'll say, 'C'mon, I feel like fucking,' and maybe we'll do it on the couch. But for me, S&M is almost like a religious experience. That's how much I get out of it."

Fred further emphasized that the rigid sexual role-playing does not automatically result in rigid gender role-playing outside of the bedroom. "Just because I'm the stud and Joey's the twink doesn't mean that I expect him to mend lace curtains while I drink beer and belch. Matter of fact, I do all of the cooking, wash the dishes, and clean the house . . ." at which point Joey interjected, "And I fix the truck!"

They both agreed that despite the control inherent in an S&M relationship, that of the S over the M, a heavy scene is not always a control situation. The emotional involvement and intensity can sometimes lead to physical acts far beyond those imagined by either participant and "accidents" can, and sometimes do, happen. Fred told of one such accident: "We got into a really heavy three-way with a gay Nazi one night. The next morning I was so freaked I couldn't have sex for a week. There was blood all over the place, bloody handprints on the wall . . ." To preclude any more such accidents, Fred and Joey do not keep guns, knives, or breakable glass objects in their house. "You come to see us," Fred said, "you drink out of a plastic cup!"

"If anything, as S feels more love and more tenderness toward his M than exists in a non-S&M relationship."

In response to a question from the audience concerning comments allegedly made by both John Rechy and Larry Townsend that there is no real love in an S&M relationship, Fred answered: "That's a bunch of bullshit! If anything, an S feels more love and more tenderness toward his M than exists in a non-S&M relationship." Joey did agree with Townsend on one point, however: that S&M is "the hardest hard-on." "But," he added,

Continued on page 12

HEAVY HANDED



1. THE HUG

guys, and so is today's comradarie. Of the top ten stars, only one is a female and the hottest romantic duo is currently Robert Redford and Paul Newman. We have noted a similarity of physical cliches, gentle reader: THE HUG, here as practiced by 1. Burt Reynolds and 2. by Burt Reynolds. 3. is Charles Bronson, no mean hugger himself and 4. is Mr. Reynolds again. At the lower left are: Jon Voight, Richard Harris and Steve McQueen respectively. There are plenty of other examples of authority as practiced by this school of physical encounter. Next issue we hope to examine the Slave Market, the rack and the dungeon. *Movies are better than ever.*

Sidney Charles

THE MOVIES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN VIOLENT. James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson showed everyone at Warner Brothers how tough they were, Errol Flynn swashbuckled his way into the hearts of America at the same studio. Earlier, Doug Fairbanks, Francis X Bushman and Richard Dix made the blood flow at MGM, Allied Artists and Paramount respectively. Manliness was something to be proved, the more violent the better. But there was usually a leading lady involved, and of the same stellar level. Today's mayhem is between the

MOVIE MACHISMO



continued on next page

S & M: OUT OF THE CLOSETS AND ONTO THE CAMPUS

Continued from page 9

"anything you're really into will do it for you. S&M just happens to be what does it for me."

"In S&M, you get better as you get older."

Another question was directed at Bernie: "Don't you want more than this? I mean, what do you expect to be at 55?" Bernie replied, "I've already got pretty much what I want . . . and what I expect to be at 55 is a much better lay than I am right now! In S&M, you get better as you get older."

Fred reinforced this point (good news, folks!) by noting that the S&M world is not as ageist nor as hung up on appearance as either the gay or the non-gay worlds. "Most people in leather bars, and into the scene, are over 30 . . . and appearance is secondary to willingness and performance."

When the afternoon was over, I doubt if one person left without having gained some insight into S&M. A number of GSU members commented on how their stereotypes had been blown. Bob summed it up thusly: "Now I can see how easy it is for straight people to stereotype Gays. I was always under the impression that people into S&M never got past the eighth grade because they were too busy running around on their motorcycles and beating each other up. . . and here are four people: a grad student at Long Beach State, a former officer of Dignity, an actor, and a filmmaker; all intelligent and knowledgeable and doing valuable things with their lives."

So strike a blow, or take one, for further understanding!

—Jeanne Barney



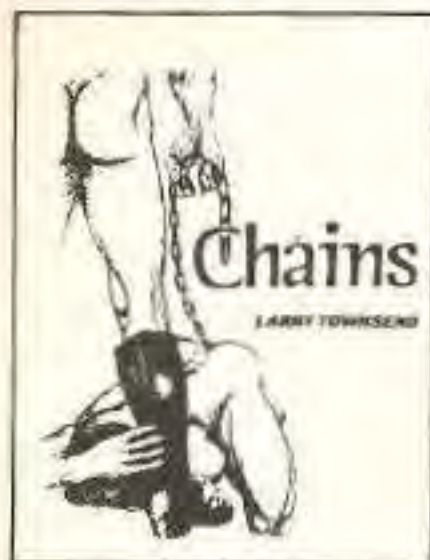
"One thing you gotta say for Old Joe—
He shore was well hung!"



MORE MOVIE MAYHEM

S&M has made it onto the Silver Screen as kicks to the groin have become almost an expected part of movie violence. Top: Burt Reynolds lets James Brown have it with a leather boot in 20th Century Fox's *100 Rifles*. Below: It's the booted foot of beautiful, blue-eyed Paul Newman, in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance kid*.





chains

By Larry Townsend
(Published by Larry Townsend)

Larry Townsend is without a doubt the most widely read, well-known and highly regarded writer on leather sex in the gay world. His early novels were among the first on the subject; his *Leatherman's Handbook* has been guide and gospel for countless fascinated but fearful novices. There are few active leathermen who have not picked up his books to read and picked up some pointers as well.

In recent writings his interest has switched from "How to" to "Why" from the practical applications to the psychological motivations behind sadomasochistic sex. Why, for example, does the heaviest S feel the need to experience the punishment himself, often through the pressures of his day-to-day life? What drives an M to heavier and heavier experience, and where is the limit?

Unfortunately, because of the nature of his earlier books and the heavy reliance on explicit S&M scenes, most of his regular readers will be confused by the lack of focus in *Chains*, his latest novel. But then, so was the author obviously confused.

The painfully pretentious foreword begins with a clear warning for the reader. "From the moment of his birth, man is bound tightly by the chain of circumstance we call 'life.'" Fair enough. A serious novel exploring the S&M personality is long past due, and Larry Townsend has all of the qualifications to write it. But the first chapter begins with the standard hustler pickup, a device so overused by amateurs in "adult" gay novels that it comes as a surprise to see that the expert Mr. Townsend has depended on it. And as if that weren't enough, by page three we are into the first of the usual and, surprisingly, dull sex

scenes. Not to mention such sentences as, "Silently, he obeyed, let his legs bend as clonus gripped the muscles . . ." One has only two hands, obviously, and if one hand must reach for the dictionary, either the book or something is dropped. Or perhaps it's out of Greek mythology, as in Damon, Pythias and Clonus. First of the three-ways?

Whatever, Townsend seems to have been unable to decide between the message and the massage and, Philip Roth notwithstanding, it has thus far been proven impossible to combine pornography with serious writing.

It should be noted that Townsend is not a "good" writer in the sense that Christopher Isherwood and John Rechy are "good" writers, creating characters and exploring their personalities. He is, at best, a pornographer with an outside academic interest in psychological motivations. His best sex scenes have an exuberance and excitement which effectively convey the pace of the activities, and he has a sensitivity toward the emotions that pass through an M before and during a heavy scene. He is weakest when dealing with his characters outside of the bedroom, or when he makes them open their mouths for anything other than sexual purposes.

The plot of *Chains* ostensibly concerns embezzlement, but the author's main thrust appears to be against the injustices in hiring practices of Gays. Again, this is a valid point but not one which should be dealt with at such length in what purports to be an S&M book, nor even within the context of an S&M book.

Another caution for the reader: do not judge this book by its cover. It promises an extremely heavy sexual book, but this is definitely not the case.

The best novel dealing with sadomasochistic gay sex remains James Purdy's *Eustace Chisholm and the Works*. Purdy delineates the fascination and death wish inherent in S&M relationships without counting inches. Or, for simpler pleasures, we recommend *Hard As They Come* (now unfortunately out of print), *The Story of O* (forget that O is a girl, and you've got it made), or the very erotic short passages in Townsend's *Leatherman's Handbook*.

Larry Townsend, come back to us. Where are you now that we need you?
—Cam Phillips

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SANTA MONICA. S. Pisces. 48. 6'3". 175. White. 7". Shaves body. Knowledgeable. No fems, fats or quick fucks. Box 185M.
STANFORD. M. Taurus. 30. 6'1". 145. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Needs actual domination, not just words. Suspension, leather bondage, master in full leather. Young S would be ideal but not necessary. Box 184A.

VENTURA. MS. Aries. 32. 5'5". 130. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Prefers another inexperienced under 30. No hardcore S/M. Box 003.

COLORADO

AURORA. M. Aquarius. 23. 5'8". 150. White. 5½". Novice. Prefers tattoos, cigars, no drugs. Box 110.

DELAWARE

DOVER. M. Capricorn. 27. 5'. 160. White. 6¾". Novice. Seeking very dominant and butch male heavy into leather. Bike scene a plus. No fems, fats, weaklings. Box 051F.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

MS. Sagittarius. 41. 6'. 220. White. 9". Knowledgeable. Tattoos. Box 300.

SM. Cancer. 31. 6'. 165. White. 7½". Novice. Wants good-looking, well-built with sense of humor. Box 324.

FLORIDA

COCONUT GROVE. S. Cancer. 38. 6'2". 175. White. 7". Old hand. No fems or inhibited types. No one over 50 or 225 lbs. Will train in person, by mail or phone. Box 132.

CORAL GABLES. MS. Sagittarius. 23. 6'. 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Must be clean and act straight. Age unimportant. Box 012.

FT. LAUDERDALE. M. Libra. 43. 5'8". 155. White. 8¼". Novice. Prefers motorcycle police officer. No fems or fats. Box 200.

FLORIDA, MIAMI. SM. Scorpio. 35. 5'9½". Knowledgeable. Heavy oral orientation and exhibitionism desired. No locals. Box 047.

MIAMI. MS. Leo. 29. 5'8½". 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Prefers black master but color not a hangup. Box 058.

MIAMI. M. Libra. 24. 5'8". 150. White. 7¾". Novice. Needs instructor, 21-42, bodybuilder type. Box 298.

ORLANDO. MS. Libra. 24. 5'8". 140. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn both roles. Box 060C.

TAMPA-ST. PETERSBURG. S. Virgo. 35. 5'9". 160. 8½". Knowledgeable. B&D. Slave must be straight-appearing. No fems, fats. Box 126M.

ILLINOIS

BUFFALO GROVE. MS. 50. 5'11". 155. White. 7½". Completely inexperienced. No heavy stuff but willing to learn. 293.

CHICAGO. M. Cancer. 30. 6'. 165. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. No role playing, wants the true S who enjoys seeing guy in pain and with bruises. Box 307.

MORTON GROVE. SM. Sagittarius. 36. 6'. 150. White. 8". Novice. Wants partner who digs good S&M sex and is willing to experiment. Under 36 and no hard drugs. Box 180W.

WHEATON. MS. Scorpio. 34. 5'10". 230. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Desires training. No drugs. Box 160.

WOOD RIVER. S. Capricorn. 56. 5'6". 155. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS. S. 45. 5'9". 144. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Firm, quiet master prefers well-educated, interesting slave. Will work out your fantasy. Box 303.

VINCENNES. S. Virgo. 31. 5'9½". 149. White. 5¾". Knowledgeable. Prefers 24-33, full round buns and strong legs. College grad, if possible. Box 186A.

IOWA

DES MOINES. S. Pisces. 40. 6'. 180. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Prefers under 32, trim. Will respect limits. Box 072.

KANSAS

WICHITA. SM. Gemini. 46. 6'5". 210. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced in both roles. Free to travel. No fems. Box 053.

LOUISIANA

HARVEY. SM. Pisces. 45. 5'7". 155. White. 4". Knowledgeable. Military discipline. Manliness a must. Box 052A.

NEW ORLEANS. S. Gemini. 41. 6'1". 195. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Total respect and obedience demanded. Box 305.

MARYLAND

ANNAPOLIS. S. Taurus. 30. 5'10". 160. White. 8". Knowledgeable. No fags playing butch. Box 040.

MASSACHUSETTS

FALL RIVER. S. Sagittarius. 45. 5'8". 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Experienced disciplinarian. Slave must be young, healthy, straight-appearing and neat. Box 082R.

PINEHURST. MS. Taurus. 38. 5'11". 156. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Slow torture. Box 059A.

SANDISFIELD. M. Cancer. 45. 6'. 170. White. 8". Old hand. Tattooed cock. Public hair removed. No drugs. Box 280.

WESTFIELD. SM. Leo. 49. 5'5". 155. White. 6". Novice. Age unimportant. No fems. Mutual paddling and whipping. Box 004.

Continued on page 15

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SMOKE FROM JEANNIE'S LAMP

Obviously, with this being the first "Smoke from Jeannie's Lamp" column in the first issue of DRUMMER, there could hardly be problem letters already. So what we're going to do is a kind of "The Best of S&M Revisited." Or something.

Dear Jeannie:

I've heard some conflicting rumors about cock rings and would like some information about them, good qualities or bad. Also, where may I buy one if I decide to?

Jeff
Houston, Texas

Dear Jeff:

On the positive side, because of the way a cock ring fits (flat against the body, with both penis and testicles pulled through), it provides considerable genital stimulation of the type you would experience if you were to hold your penis and scrotum together very tightly. The only negative aspect I can imagine is that, if one were too tight, it could conceivably cause some physical damage.

Our very own Robert Payne sells cock rings and other such goodies by mail. However, I wouldn't buy one for myself if I were you. A cock ring strikes me as being something like a wedding ring and should be purchased for you, not by you!

Dear Jeannie:

I've read in various books that in some S&M scenes a certain drug is used to silence the M's vocal cords. My lover and I both enjoy this scene, but we're new into it and wonder what the drug is. He doesn't like to wear tape or a gag over his mouth. Is the drug harmful? Where can it be purchased?

Dave and John
Vancouver, Canada

Dear Dave and John:

My friend the doctor tells me that there certainly are drugs which do this and which are in medical use daily. They are usually injected intravenously and last anywhere from 8 to 60 minutes. The muscles of the entire larynx are paralyzed, and the relaxation enables easier examination or surgery on these structures. At the same time, however, these drugs also cause total paralysis of

ALL other muscles of the body, and breathing stops until the drug wears off. Since most people can't go without breathing for an hour, artificial respiration must be given to maintain life. These drugs should be given only by an M.D., usually to a patient already asleep in surgery. Use for sex at home is definitely not advised. One would come and go at the same time!

Dear Jeannie:

I have a fetish which perhaps you will think is quite gross: I have a tremendous urge to be spat upon by a good-looking guy or group of guys. I usually ask hustlers to do this, as I'm too embarrassed to ask tricks.

I really can't explain this desire except to say that I used to watch the straight guys in high school spit, and it seemed like such a masculine thing to do. Perhaps it's that spit is so similar, at least to me, to semen.

It really doesn't seem so bad to me when I consider that French kissing involves some interchange of saliva and guys do that without disgust, yet it's this fear of disgusting others that keeps me from asking guys to spit on me.

Do you think that if I asked young guys in the bars to spit on me they would be tolerant?

I hope you're not disgusted, because I enjoy your column and think that you are great.

James
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear James:

Hey... I'm not disgusted... whatever turns you on. In fact, anything that people do together by mutual consent is cool. Everybody has aberrations and, unfortunately, everybody always feels that he's the only person in the world who does. Certainly I can understand your reluctance to ask tricks if they'll spit on you, but they never will if you don't ask. Besides, the very worst that could happen is that they'd say no. Or maybe spit on you.

Dear Jeannie:

While vacationing in Mexico I've noticed some beach "boys" with pierced nipples wearing small gold rings through them. I'd like to do the same and bought the self-piercing

rings, but am afraid to wear them because of possible infection.

Is there a fast, easy way to pierce one's nipples? Is there a special type of piercer one can purchase? How long does it take for the hole to heal?

Robert
Foxboro, Wisconsin

Dear Robert:

Self-piercing rings generally work on a spring system, which means that they should work themselves through in two to four days and be completely healed a day or two after that. Of course, you can force the rings through, but that's a more painful process, there will be more bleeding, and complete healing will take about four days.

Whichever way you do it, make sure that the rings and your nipples are thoroughly clean and sterilized with hydrogen peroxide, alcohol (which tends to dry out the skin), or a topical antiseptic (sold over-the-counter in drugstores) which is also an anesthetic. If you do not use the latter, you can numb your nipples with ice. It's important, too, that once or twice a day you apply antiseptic to the part of the ring that goes through the nipple, and that you move the ring back and forth so that the antiseptic gets into the hole, keeping it clean and sterile. And you must wear the rings at all times during this process, or the holes will close up. Keep in mind also that nipple rings have a very special meaning!

It was interesting for me to note, in going through old material, the S&M trend in letters since 1970 when this column first appeared. For about the first year-and-a-half, the closest thing to an S&M letter would come from some guy wondering how to get it in the end. The year after that, perhaps half-a-dozen letters dealing peripherally with the scene came in. But, as time went by and people realized that there were others into S&M, either in fantasy or reality, the number of explicit letters has increased to perhaps 50 per year. Not a huge percentage of either practitioners or my total annual mail volume, but certainly a positive indication that people are becoming more aware of their desires and less afraid to communicate them. Not a bad trend.

Now, what's YOUR problem? Write it down and send it to Jeannie Box 8444, La Crescenta, Ca. 91214.

MICHIGAN

DETROIT. M. Scorpio. 34. 5'9". 165. Black. 7½". Completely inexperienced. Needs white master under 35. Box 123A.
DETROIT. M. Virgo. 22. 5'7". 140. White. 5¾". Novice. Must dig on leather and bondage without pain. Box 123M.

FLINT. SM. 43. 5'11". 148. 4½". Knowledgeable. Prefers 14-34, levi and ivy-league look. Box 061F.

JACKSON. MS. Pisces. 39. 5'3". 135. White. 6". Old hand. Cigarette smoker preferred. Box 209.

LANSING. MS. Gemini. 57. 5'10". 155. White. 5¾". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn both roles. Box 181M.

SAGINAW. M. Leo. 57. 5'11". 170. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Needs extra-large, uncut, hairy. Wants training as a toilet slave. Box 050M.

MISSOURI

FLORISSANT. M. Sagittarius. 46. 6'1". 185. White. 5". Novice. Prefers heavy, lengthy session. Box 090.

KANSAS CITY. M. Scorpio. 49. 5'8". 125. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Needs heavy discipline by black or white S. Box 296M.

MONTANA

SWEETGRASS. MS. Aquarius. 50. 6'1". 180. White. 6". Old hand. Collection of used cowboy/leather gear. No fems. Box 230.

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS. MS. Taurus. 31. 5'11½". 170. White. 11". Novice. Prefers muscle-men. No fems, long hair. Box 270.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY. SM. Libra. 29. 5'9". 170. Black. 6". Knowledgeable. No fems, fats. Prefers bodybuilder or dancer. Box 060R.

CHERRY HILL. S. Scorpio. 31. 5'8". 150. White. Knowledgeable. Bondage. No olds, fats, skinnies. Box 290.

NEWARK. M. Aries. 33. 6'. 170. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Black master preferred but not essential. Wishes to please in any manner. Box 052Z.

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE. M. Virgo. 36. 6'1". 160. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Box 070.

ALBUQUERQUE. M. Leo. 42. 5'9". 165. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Will serve your big feet in either harness boots or tennis shoes. Box 165R.

NEW YORK

ALBANY. MS. Cancer. 23. 5'11½". 165. White. 6½". Novice. No oldies, fatties, fems. Box 240.

ALBANY. S. Gemini/Taurus. 39. 6'2". 225. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants straight-appearing who digs police scene. Box 317.

AMHERST. M. Virgo. 26. 6'. 200. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Wants hairy, full leather (especially gloves), beard. Domination without pain. Box 210.

GLENS FALLS. S. Pisces. 46. 5'8". 150. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Will train willing slave under 30. Limits respected. Prefers jock type athletic slave. Box 260.

HUDSON. MS. Leo. 35. 6'1". 185. White. 10". Novice. Wants very good-looking, slender, muscular. No fats or over 35. Box 100.

LINDENHURST. L.I. S. Cancer. 29. 5'10". 145. White. 8". Old hand. Slave must be willing to be owned and controlled, used and lent. California preferred but any location possible. Heavy into bike scene. Box 081.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK. MS. Gemini. 29. 5'11". 160. White 8½". Prefers bearded or mustached biker. No fats or egotists. Box 133.

NEW YORK. S. Leo. 43. 6'1". 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Police domination and discipline with bondage and leather gear. Will build pain tolerance in slave. Limits respected. Box 127.

NEW YORK. M. Aries. 42. 5'11". 170. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. No long hair. No fems. Box 180.

NEW YORK. M. Pisces. 28. 5'10½". 140. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Will serve, obey, and satisfy completely a truly masculine master. Prefers clean-shaven short hairs. Box 252B.

NEW YORK. M. Scorpio. 41. 5'10". 158. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants to be owned as a toilet-slave and houseman-servant. Two or more masters preferred. Box 255.

STATEN ISLAND. MS. Sagittarius. 35. 5'7". 140 White. 5½". Old hand. Wants slim and clean. Toilet training in rubber and swimwear. Box 220M.

UNIONDALE. M. Sagittarius. 23. 6'1". 200. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Will try anything for right master. Box 005.

NORTH CAROLINA

RALEIGH. SM. Cancer. 42. 6'1½". 195. White. 8½". Novice. Domination without physical pain. Digs wearing partner's clothes and boots. Box 156.

NORTH DAKOTA

NOONAN. M. Cancer. 32. 5'9". 150. White. 6". Novice. Needs neat, kind, knowledgeable Master for regular training. Hairy chest and tattoos a real turn-on. Box 229.

OHIO

AKRON. SM. Sagittarius. 39. 6'2". 165. White. 8". Knowledgeable. NE Ohio, Richmond, Atlanta areas. Seeks versatility and enthusiasm. Box 154.

CANTON. M. Leo. 43. 5'8½". 168. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Willing to serve clean, forceful master. Box 227.

CLEVELAND. MS. Leo. 30. 6'1". 185. White. 7½". Completely inexperienced. Muscular guys with cock under 7½" preferred. Box 130.

COLUMBUS. M. Aries. 34. 5'10½". 165. Black. 7½". Knowledgeable. Wants to serve master(s) as complete toilet slave. Box 124.

LAKEWOOD. S. Leo. 45. 6'1½". 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Wants completely subservient slave who is clean and well-endowed. Box 205.

OKLAHOMA

LAWTON. M. 30. 5'10". 135. White. 7". Novice. Needs humiliation, discipline and training. Eager to please strict stud master. No drugs or fats. Box 315.

OREGON

PORTLAND. SM. Sagittarius. 33. 6'3". 198. White. 6¾". Completely inexperienced. Prefers short, dark, muscular. No fems, fats, redheads. Psychological domination more than physical pain. Box 028.

PENNSYLVANIA

HARRISBURG. M. 40. 6'. 163. White. 6". Novice. Needs discipline and bondage. Box 319.

PHILADELPHIA. SM. Pisces. 49. 5'11". 175. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Will train slave to worship master's leather and naked body. No dopers. Box 088T.

TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS. S. Leo. 32. 5'11". 165. White. 7". Novice. Must be butch and muscular.

MEMPHIS. MS. Aquarius. 37. 6'2". 180. White. 6½". Novice. Travels extensively. Will experiment under dominant partner. Box 140.

MEMPHIS. S. 24. 6'. 190. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Short hair, big balls preferred. Box 220R.

TEXAS

DALLAS. MS. Scorpio. 30. 6'2". 152. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. Mutual paddling and whipping. Wants to hear from fem, long hair, slender M's. Box 002.

DALLAS. S. 38. 5'11". 170. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Permanent slave wanted. 25-45. Master has police and marine corps discipline experience. Box 252M.

GALVESTON. M. Virgo. 28. 5'9". 140. White. 6". Novice. Prefers under 32, cut, hairy. No drugs. Box 221.

SAN ANTONIO. S. Virgo. 39. 6'2". 186. White. 8¼". Completely inexperienced. Wants to meet someone to help him teach his lover total obedience. No fats. Box 450.

VIRGINIA

ALEXANDRIA. M. Leo. 24. 5'11". 170. White. 6½". Old hand. Needs to respect and totally serve very firm and gentle master. Wants to wear permanent collar again for right person. Can travel. Box 084.

ALEXANDRIA. M. Gemini. 41. 5'9". 185. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Heavy bondage. No drugs. Box 358.

ALEXANDRIA. S. Leo. 51. 6'1". 172. White. 9". Old hand. Wants true lover of levis, high boots, riding britches. Cycle owner preferred. Box 400.

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE. MS. Cancer. 24. 5'11". 175. White. 6". Novice. Motorcycle guys, cowboys, cops. Gags. Not into heavy beatings. Box 138.

WISCONSIN

KENOSHA. MS. Libra. 35. 5'11½". 175. White. 6". Novice. Eager to learn either role from clean, straight-acting person. No 40s or hardcore S/Ms. Box 161.

MILWAUKEE. MS. Virgo. 40. 5'9". 150. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Prefers under 40, athlete or wrestler. No balding, fats or excessive body hair. Box 330.

WYOMING

LARAMIE. S. Gemini. 24. 5'10". 180. White. 6½". Novice. No role-switching. Muscular, dark preferred. Box 013X.

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA. S. Taurus. 33. 5'8". 154. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Has leather fetish. No one unclean or over 40. Box 062.

CANADA

DORVAL, QUEBEC. M. Gemini. 44. 5'10". 200. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Occasional relationships only. Box 063.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO. SM. Gemini. 36. 5'9½". 170. White. 5". Novice. Muscular passive sought for beating. Box 190.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, ONTARIO. MS. Cancer. 46. 5'9". 170. White. Old hand. Must like boots, leather and bondage. Young preferred, but not essential. Box 088A.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. S. Leo. 49. 5'7". 142. White. 7". Old hand wants docile M who can take strappings. Willing to train. Will respect limits. No fems or under 25. Box 080.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. M. Leo. 32. 5'9". 150. White. 7½". Novice, seeks understanding farm or ranch type Master. No fats or heavy drinkers. Box 052M.

ENGLAND

LONDON. M. Leo. 28. 5'11". 154. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Needs to be taught respect and beaten into passive ways. Visiting U.S. until June. Box 060X.

NORTHOLT, MIDDLESEX. M. Leo. 33. 5'11". 164. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Often in U.S. Qualified houseman, butler, valet. Box 066.

HOLLAND

AMSTELVEEN. M. Aquarius. 41. 6". 165½". White. 5½". Old hand. Travels in U.S., Canada, Europe. Box 275.

LATE ARRIVALS

DALLAS. M. Scorpio. 30. 6'2". 155. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Wants masculine guys to paddle bare ass, switch thighs and calves with riding crop. Must be 18 to 40 and respect limits. Box 002.

FORT LAUDERDALE. M. Virgo. 45. 5'11". 184. White. 7"¼. Knowledgeable. Tight ass. Needs masculine S, considerate of needs and limits. Will service Masters in his area on business or vacation trips. Box 183P.

LOS ANGELES. 25. Virgo. Leather. 6". 145. White, versatile, knowledgeable. 9". Desires masculine Policeman or CHP. Prefer motorcycleman. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 333.

**POST OFFICE BOX 8444
LA CRESCENTA, CALIF 91214**

"Hey, the King's got a good kid, a good kid. Can we watch, King?"

Those were the last words I heard then, but when King bent me over I could see one bull foaming at the fly. Then there were bodies and more bodies, everybody around, everybody standing there as King rolled down his pants to reveal a tattoo of an American flag with his long, round, black dick as the flagpole. Then I was thrown around and the flagpole tore at my ass without mercy.

All the bulls were high, everyone of them happy at what was happening. I was King's new kid.

RP: Chet, you once mentioned an inmate who spat on a guard.

CHET: Oh, yeah, wow. That poor kid's face was a swollen mass of bruises and stitched wounds when they brought him back to his cell from the hole. The only way he could be identified was by his beautiful red hair, and even that was bloodstained.

RP: Do you remember Joey? Whatever happened to him?

CHET: Yeah, Joey, the Jewish boy. He had a real kid for an "old man." When the bulls found out that he was fucking around on someone else's slave, they warned him... and he knew if he broke the rules he would have a tough go. It was on a Sunday... Easter, I think... and we could all tell that something was wrong. Joey was rolling waste tobacco. The bulls called him up and I heard him shout, "If I don't make it back, tell 'em I said the bulls could go fuck themselves." As the bulls came to take him, he screamed for them not to, shouting, "Fuck you! Fuck!"

The bulls grabbed him, and his own piss ran down his legs. Later I saw Joey and his eyes screamed with desperation and horror. After lockup, we could hear something going on in Joey's cell, but we all figured it was him being upset and all. Then we saw the blaze coming from the cell. The asshole pigs opened all our cell bars and told us to get the hell down because smoke was filling all our cells. They didn't open Joey's until they'd sprayed him and his cell with acostic soda. Finally, naked and in shock, he was allowed to come out of the cell. He walked and he looked, but he was just barely keeping himself together without the aid of the bulls, who wouldn't touch him anyhow. I heard one of the bulls say, "I thought about pissing on you to put the fire out," and then I heard Joey's last

words, "I love you." The entire place was like a steam bath and he fell dead, his pubic hairs still smoking. One of the bulls said, "Well, he's no prime rib but put a few onions on him, and he might not be so bad."

RP: What were the reactions to this? Any repercussions?

CHET: I understand that Joey's old man, the tough kid, punctured the bladder of the pig who said the thing about the onions.

RP: Chet, tell us about the Mexican trustee and his roomie.

CHET: Yeah, I was one of the lucky ones. At least I had someone on the outside to bring me money and books. This black dude had no one but the Mexican, who was about 23, was our inside trustee. He was the head of the module and responsible for such things as food distribution, deciding who could make phone calls or have clean bedding or clean clothing. You know, in a place like that, these things become very important; there's nothing else to worry about as the long days and night pass, and the trustee becomes a very important part of your life.

Because I *did* have somebody on the outside, I was able to afford the better things in there by paying for them. We used to barter and then get whatever or whomever we wanted. The black guy, "The Dude," we used to call him, had had a pretty rough life. By the time he was ten, he'd already spent too much time on the other side of somebody's studio couch, waiting for whoever it was going to be that night. He'd never had anybody, really, that he could turn to or count on. He once commented on how many people's wet dreams he'd been a part of. He confessed that the Mexican allowed him favors even though he couldn't pay. It seems that during a riot at one of the prisons, guards held him down on his back while one of the pigs crushed his penis and nuts with the heel of his boot. Funny thing is, the Mexican used The Dude for his own pleasure, fucking him in front of pictures of his wife and kids. Yeah, the Mexican was straight.

RP: You told me about your initiation as a kid. Did you ever have a kid?

CHET: Yeah, of course I did, eventually. One day the bulls came in and shouted, "Okay, guys, oil up your zippers. There's a new one coming in and he's up for the most you can pay

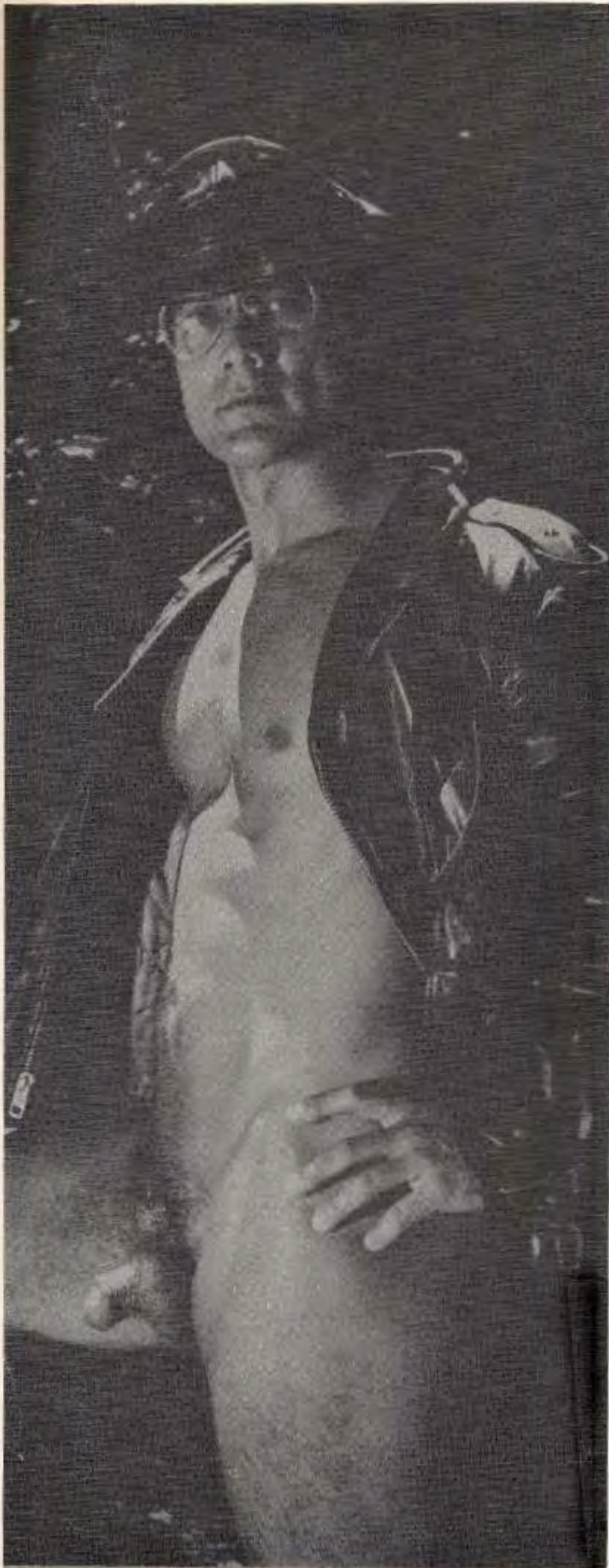
Continued on page 26



It is the expected thing for a magazine to have a Discovery in its centerfold. Not just expected, but almost mandatory. So why should DRUMMER be any different. We know from the Leather Fraternity that there are plenty of guys out there of model quality that you would like to know -- and see. Tell you what we'll do. Send in whatever shot of the S or the M that you would nominate to be our Drummer centerfold and we'll make the most of it. We need to know a little about the model to share with our readers; what he is into and some of the vital statistics. If nothing more, send a snapshot and we'll do what we can to turn him on to some of the very fine studios we do business with around the country. We can't promise instant fame, but there will be a lot of new friends to be made in the Leather World.

MEET OUR DRUMMER KLAUS HAMERT

Klaus is twenty-seven and is a magnificent piece of flesh. He rides Moto-Guizi and spends a lot of time bare-assed on runs in the nearby Angelus Forest area. He is primarily an S, although he states he has "served his time" when he belonged to a now defunct motorcycle club and was introduced to service under its Road Captain. He says leather and levis come fairly natural to him, the first from a German ancestry and the latter from being raised in Wyoming. His idea of a great weekend is to pack up, jump on the bike and go up to the mountains for clean air and some sun. He has the legs for climbing (and the chest for breathing), and enough Italian blood to let him tan easily. Klaus is a beautiful guy who laughs easily and seems to fear little of what keeps most of us paranoid. He has been a carpenter, a construction worker, parked cars, worked in an automotive plant ("Talk about slavery," he says) and is presently driving a truck for a cement company. He lives alone in a charming little guest house in Laurel Canyon, filled with stereo, barbells and books on metaphysics. Klaus comes to these pages through the efforts of J & R Studios and his photographs of this shooting are available through them.









THE HAPPY MASTER



Contrary to the prevailing impression, it is the Master who does the work. He must keep his subject(s) turned on as well as obedient. He leads the relationship, the 'm' merely follows orders. Here we have one of the stars of "Night of Submission" in action. He entered into the day's

work with a vengeance as most of the other actors can attest. Wielding the whip, the harness and the belt adroitly, he keeps his crew of subordinates and slaves in line. Our "S" Award goes to him, as an example to us all.

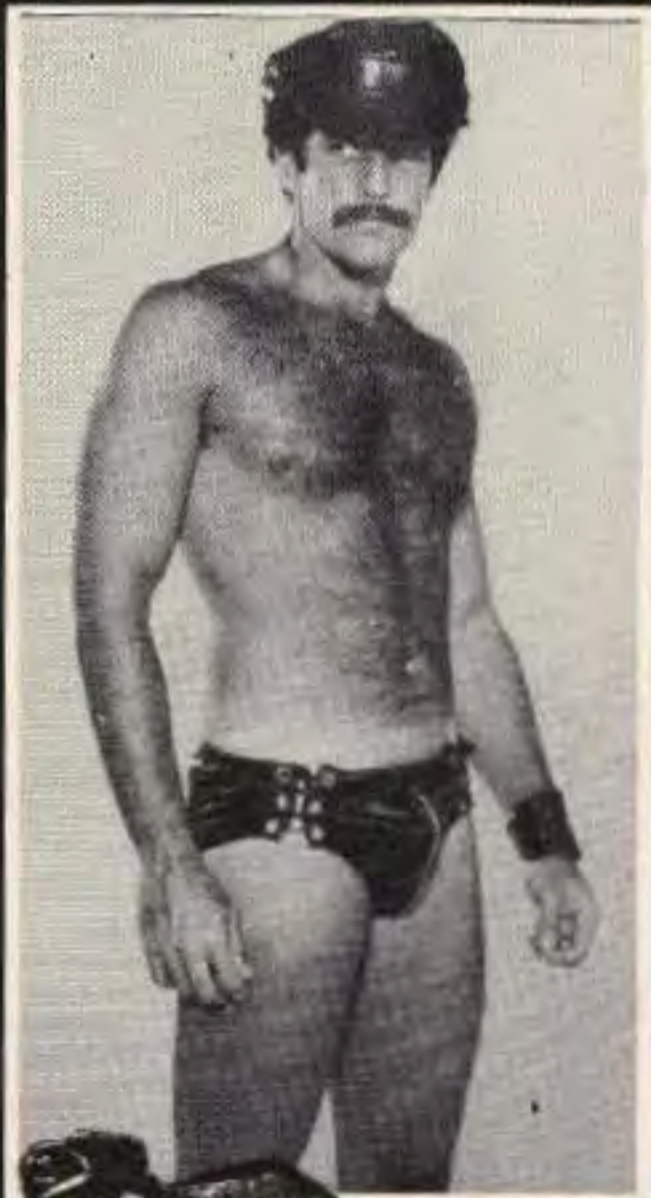
or all in a day's work

PHOTOS
BY DICK ANDERSON



HARD-TO-FIND TOOLS

and other fine things

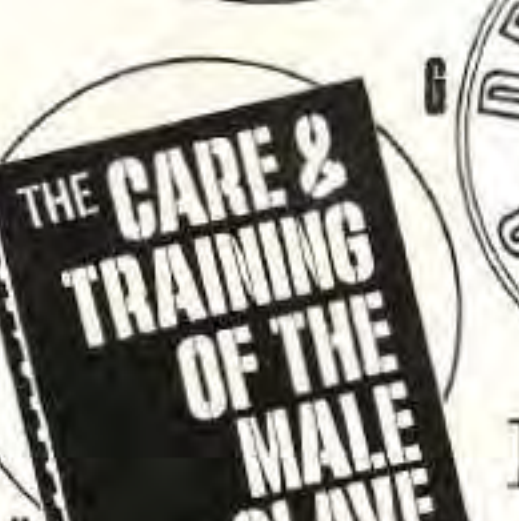
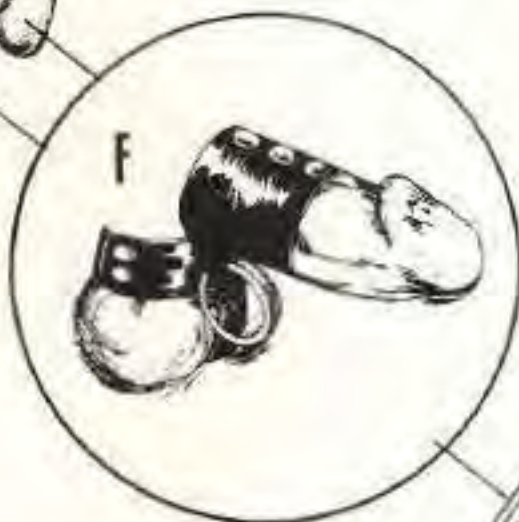
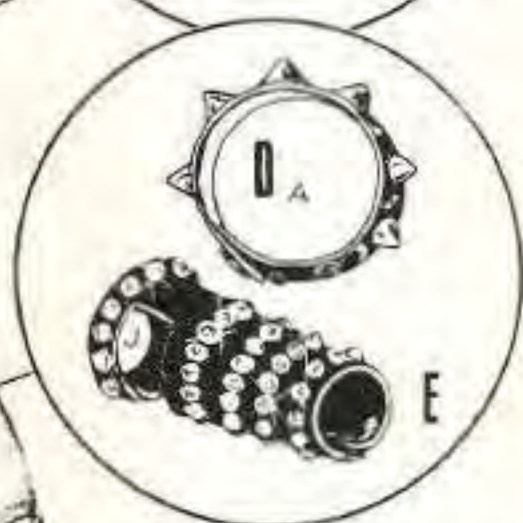
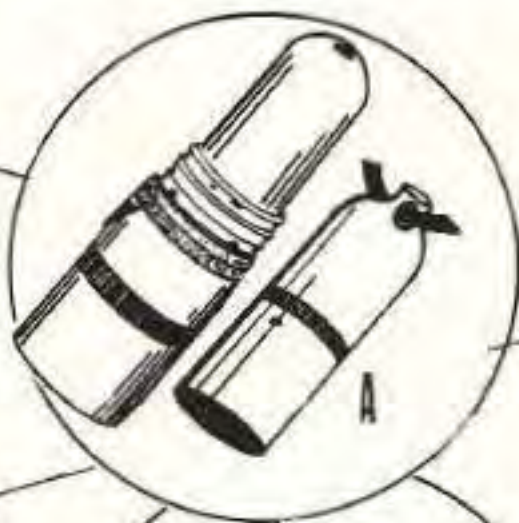


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The classic book of instructions and illustrations from Robert Payne. Now almost a classic, we still have a few left. CLOSEOUT PRICED!! **7⁹⁵**

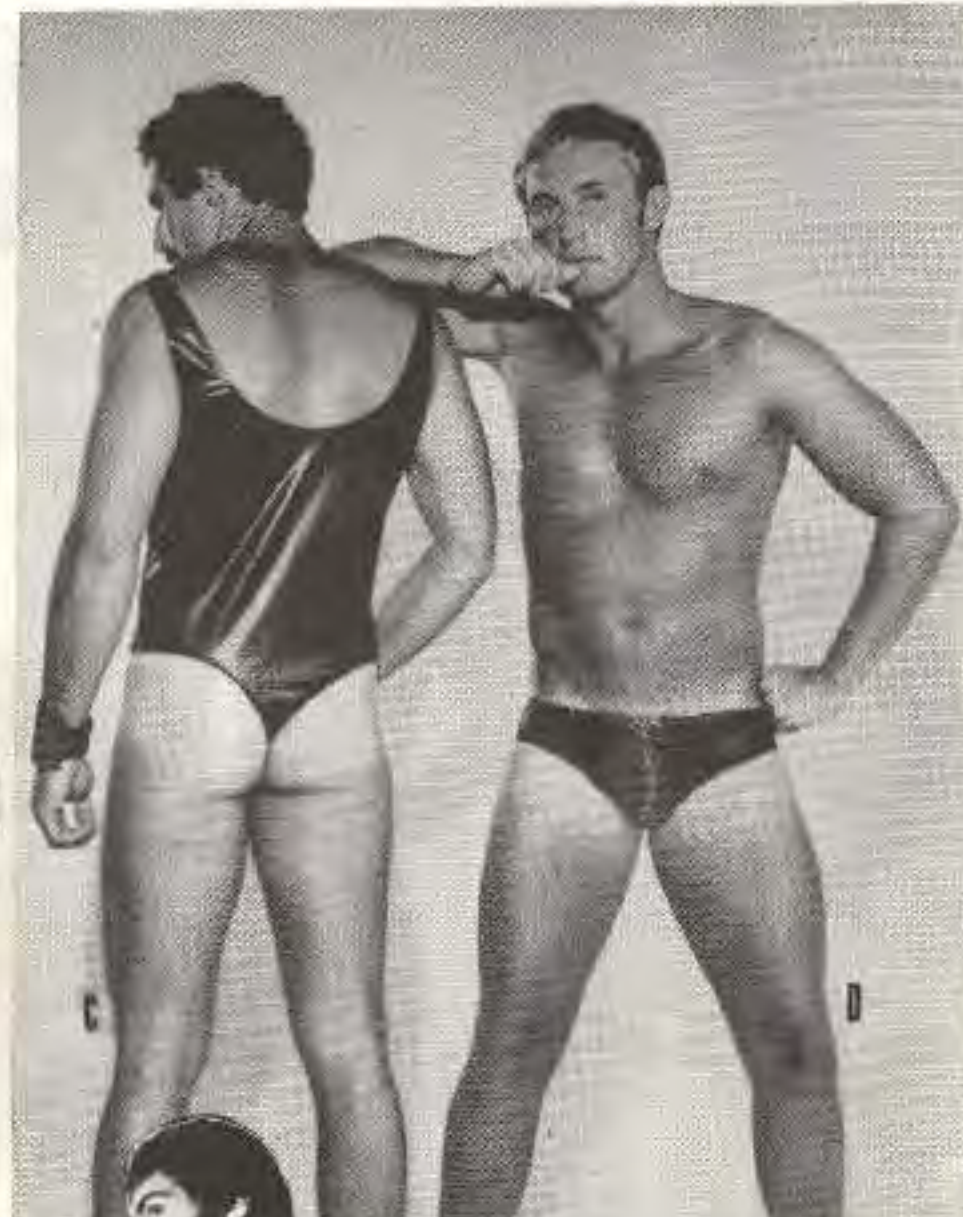


7⁹⁵

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What will bidding be today?" There hadn't been a new one in for some time, so excitement was high. The bull made the kid walk first in one direction, then in the other. The big bull brought him up... he was blond... and made him drop his pants. He had one solid gold ass. I'd never seen an ass that was so tight and so shiny. As the two other bulls were staring the big bull shouted, "Here is a good-looking stud," and ordered him to lick the boots on his mule-like feet. Then the bidding began.

You know, before I was in the joint, I always thought that other people made up stories like this. But if you don't believe me, you can go and check it out for yourself; all you have to do is commit a crime that will get you time there in the pen.

RP: Now I'm really curious. Who won the kid?

CHET: Well, me. I had the stuff to buy 'im. His name was Bruce and he reminded me of a captain I once knew, the captain of the football team, you know? As the hot hand of fate would have it, my friend had been to see me the day before and I had plenty to pay. I felt this new one was worth everything I had. Besides, I no longer wanted to be a kid for anyone and had won the right to bid myself.

His reaction was like all the rest I'd seen but not experienced. That is, I'd not experienced any but my own. "It's nuts, you in the sack with me," was his first response after he learned that I owned him body and soul. He actually thought we'd all been kidding! Then it hit me that I *did* own him, and I couldn't control myself any longer. I reached over and grabbed him, pulling him down to my cock by his long and silky golden hair. All I could think of was sliding it down past his tonsils. I threw him down on the hard iron bed, forcing it into his face and telling him to kiss it, to suck it. I jammed it into him and, when his mouth became full of that screaming and pulsating prick, he tried to pull away. Just as I had once done. I hit him and he screamed. I hit him again, knowing that the bulls would do nothing for I had won the right to do with him whatever I wanted to do. I told him that if I really wanted to hurt him I could and went for his throat like a vampire coming off a three-month fast. I dictated to him that I would teach

him to dig it, just as I had been taught.

It hurts me now to realize what one can become when thrown into such a demeaning environment. I can still remember the kid's eyes pleading, the tears running down his face, his mouth... when it wasn't full of me... crying "I don't wanna, I don't wanna." But I was hungry for him and the sound of my laughter against the cries of this golden blond with the golden ass made me wild; wilder and higher than I'd ever been.

I can still see his balls when he showered, those balls that shimmied a little to the left, then a little to the right.

One day in the shower the bulls decided they wanted to see themselves a show. And in there, you know, you can't very well refuse. It was either give hem their show or lose the kid to them. I was forced to stuff my still-soft cock into his mouth while the bulls yelled, "Stuff it in his ear, stuff it up his nose!" After a while, you know, you manage to stop all sight, all sound; you know they're out there, you can feel them watching. They were out there on the other side of the bars, loving every minute of it. I made him run his hands over my tender tits while the bulls hollered out, "Is that some piece? Is it worth the price you paid?" And some other bull, watching the golden ass, got himself off on a fantasy while he screamed, "I'd like to crawl between there!" Still another, hot from watching the show, grabbed the cheeks of a sleek beauty in a nearby cell and forced his throbbing organ into the tiny crack between them.

RP: My God, Chet! Some of what you have to say is horrifying, and some is tantalizing! I'll bet that you could write a book about your experiences in prison!

CHET: Yeah, well, I hope to have one out soon, with some pretty graphic illustrations to go with the narrative.

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Jeez! There're lots of stories. Like the trustee who was Mr. Super Stud, the Mafia man who had five slaves sent in at his request. Or the kid from the South who was in for literally crucifying a member of his bike club. But, Hell! If I tell you everything now, there won't be anything left for a book!



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SLAVERY

Slaves of the Greeks and Romans rarely bore their "own" names but those given them by their masters. In more primitive times the Romans usually called their slaves Marcipor and Lucipor and the like--that is "Marcus' Boy" or "Lucius' Boy"--but soon they became too numerous and required individual names so that Marcus' slaves could be distinguished from one another. When that happened there was no limit to the possibilities. The choice was a matter of fashion or of personal whim.

As Roman power spread to the east, the Empire was divided into a Greek-speaking half and the naming of slaves tended to follow this division. It is more likely therefore that Timotheus, for instance, came from the lower Danube or the south Russian steppes than from Germany or North Africa.

To a buyer this question of nationality was important. It was generally believed that some nationalities made better slaves than others, temperamentally and vocationally. Prices varied accordingly and Roman law (probably Greek law, too) required the seller to state his chattel's origin specifically and accurately.

One example is worth looking at. In the year A.D. 151 a Greek from Alexandria purchased a boy in the market in Side, a city on the south coast of Anatolia that had a long tradition and notoriety as a center of slaving. He took the boy back to Egypt and also the bill of sale--a bilingual document in Greek and Latin, written on papyrus, which was found in legible condition at the end of the nineteenth century.

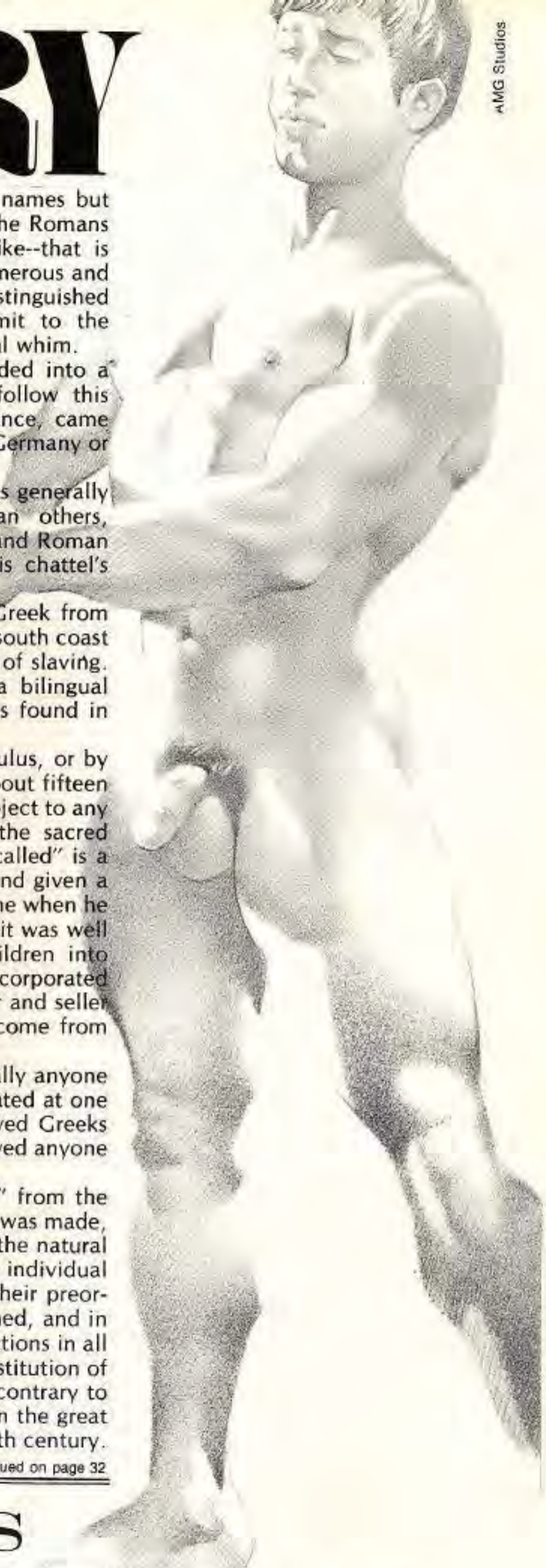
The boy is described in this way: Timotheus, changed to Aulus, or by whatever name he may be called, by nationality a Phrygian, about fifteen years of age ... in good health as required by ordinance, not subject to any legal charge, neither a wanderer nor a fugitive, free from the sacred disease. The phrase "or by whatever other name he may be called" is a typical lawyer's escape clause; in fact the boy was born free and given a good Phrygian name, which was replaced by a good Greek name when he was enslaved. How this happened cannot be determined, but it was well known in antiquity that Phrygians often sold their own children into captivity, a practice they continued even after Phrygia was incorporated into the Roman Empire. It is also not stated whether the buyer and seller were professional slave dealers, but Side was a long way to come from Egypt merely to purchase one young boy for oneself.

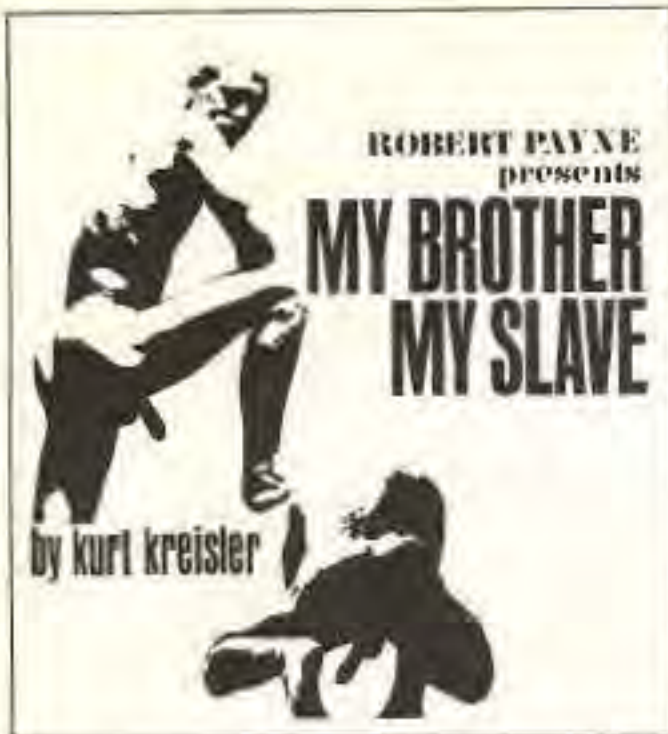
There were no specifically slave races or nationalities. Literally anyone and everyone might be enslaved, and which groups predominated at one time or another depended on politics and war. Greeks enslaved Greeks when they could. Romans enslaved Greeks and they both enslaved anyone else they could lay their hands on by capture or trade.

The majority of slaves, however, were always "uncivilized" from the point of view of the Greeks and Romans. Inevitably the attempt was made, therefore, to justify slavery as an institution on the ground of the natural inferiority of the slaves. Human nature being what it is, many individual slaveowners no doubt went right on wrapping themselves in their preordained superiority. But as an ideology the notion was abandoned, and in its place there developed one of the most remarkable contradictions in all history. "Slavery," wrote the Roman jurist Florentinus, "is an institution of the law of all nations whereby someone is subject to another contrary to nature." That definition became official; we find it enshrined in the great codification of the law by the emperor Justinian, early in the sixth century.

Continued on page 32

EXCERPT FROM
ROBERT PAYNE'S
"THE CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE"





HERE ARE A COUPLE OF PAGES OF EXCERPTS FROM KURT KREISLER'S HOT NEW NOVEL!

"I'm better lookin' than you are, know that?" Tom was standing proudly in front of the full length mirror in their mutual bedroom admiring his own nude body in the glass and stroking his stiff cock slowly and deliberately. It throbbed beneath his strong fingers almost anxiously. God! I'm so fuckin' horny, he thought with desperation. He was almost tempted to increase the pressure and jerk off right then and there...

"That's a lie... we're identical... everybody says that they can't tell us apart!" Terry was lying on his bed and forcing himself, with difficulty to keep his eyes glued to the paperback novel. He was beginning to perspire slightly from the strain of wanting to look up at his naked brother... and at the same time being afraid to. Suddenly his brother groaned helplessly and Terry's deep blue eyes flared wide as he looked up automatically in time to see Tom's tall, hard body writhing and twisting uncontrollably. Terry could see his face in the mirror. Tom's mouth was open slightly and he was staring at his reflection with a look of surprise on his handsome face. The cheeks of his small ass tensed and tightened in spasms as he cursed himself under his breath.

Terry watched with open fascination as the contortions became more violent. Tom shuddered visibly and stepped back from the mirror quickly... but it was already too late.

His ass was very sore when he woke up the next morning and he just laid there with his eyes closed, mentally probing his body for other painful signs of his brother's abuse the night before. His mind was numb and it stubbornly refused to truly believe that the whole scene had really transpired. He decided that his tits were a little sore, too. He heard Tom stirring in his bed and yawning loudly. Terry still didn't move as the sounds indicated that Tom was getting up.

"Hey! Little Brother." Another yawn. "You're a damned good piece of ass, know that?" He laughed good naturedly. "And, man, have I got a headache! Get me some aspirin, will ya?" He heard Tom scratching at some unknown area.

"Get them yourself." He opened his eyes and immediately shut them again when he found himself staring directly at his brother's full hardon as he sat on the edge of the bed just across from him.

"What? What was that again, buddy?" He heard Tom moving across the narrow space toward him and opened his eyes again. "I guess you didn't hear me right. You must need a little more persuasion, huh? He reached down and rolled Terry face up on the bed gruffly. "From now on things are gonna be done my way and you'd better get that through your curly little head, Terry!"

He pulled the boy up protestingly into a sitting position. "You didn't get a chance to finish your second lesson in cocksucking last night, kid! Go to it!" He shoved his prick toward Terry's frightened face and put his hands on his bare hips, waiting impatiently for his brother to obey his command.

"You've hurt me for the first and last time, Tom. I'm not going to put my mouth on your cock!" Terry gritted his teeth and pressed his lips tightly closed. He reeled and fell back across the bed as his brother's hand smashed across his face violently. His eyes opened wide in stunned surprise and before he could utter a word of protest Tom had moved quickly around the bed and now stood above his face looking down at him angrily. Tom's jaw was set firmly as he grabbed Terry under the arms and pulled him over until his head hung over the side of the bed. Then Tom grabbed his arms and pulled them up trapping them tightly beneath his own armpits. His big hands held Terry's helpless head and he knelt beside the bed and shoved. The heavy cock forced its way far back into Terry's protesting throat and pounded against the flesh mercilessly. Tom threw his head back and closed his eyes in ecstasy as he felt the warm wetness of his brother's mouth wrapped around his aching prick. He looked down again to enjoy the sight of his brother's naked body twisting and squirming and he smiled with pleasure as the boy began to moan, trying to yell around the big, shoving piece of meat that threatened to cut off his breathing. Her fucked Terry's face brutally, enjoying the feeling of having the upper hand at last.

"You've been a pain in the ass ever since you were a little kid!" Tom growled angrily. "Now maybe you'll be of some use to me... you and your smart fuckin' brains... and your precious mother always fussing over you!" He grinned down at Terry who wasn't able to see his expression because of the big balls slapping against his eyelids. "It'll be kinda fun to know I'll never have to jerk

"I said to stand up, kid. Right now!" He glared at Terry warningly. The other boy moved slowly and reluctantly and finally stood facing his brother. Tom started unbuttoning Terry's shirt as casually as he could force himself to do. Terry immediately stepped back from him and reached up to rebutton the partly open front. His twin grabbed him harshly and yanked him back within range.

"This guy wants to see what you look like in the nude, little brother, and I promised him a look. Now strip, goddamn it!" Terry stared from one to the other in utter disbelief, his mouth hanging open in amazement. He shook his head slowly from side to side as he just stood there staring.

"Now, look. We can call the whole thing off if you want to, punk, but I'm sure Mom and Dad are still up at home. Shall we go and have a little talk with them, huh?" He stared coldly into his brother's frightened eyes. Terry began to strip, unable to speak amidst all this madness. The man's eyes were glued to the boy's sexy body and he licked his lips unconsciously. Finally Terry stood helplessly in front of them dressed only in his shorts and his shoes. He looked self-consciously down at the floor with his hands at his sides.

"Wow!" the man exclaimed. "Come on... come on... I want to see all of it. Jesus, he's beautiful!" He was rubbing his hands together nervously.

"Get with it, Terry. We haven't got all night, damn it!"

Terry bent and raised each leg in turn, removing his shoes and socks. He blushed as Tom yanked his shorts down to his knees and ordered him to step out of them, which he did immediately.

Terry looked puzzled as he noticed the neckties from the closet tied to the legs of his bed. He looked up into his brother's cold face questioningly.

"Oh, those? Just a little training session to get you in shape for the weekend, baby! I have a little party lined up for you and before you can refuse, let me show you something!" He rose, cock swinging between his muscular legs, and walked over to his levis which were thrown carelessly on top of the dresser. He reached into a rear pocket and pulled out a thick white envelope. He opened it and tossed the contents on top of his own bed. There were dozens of copies of his Polaroid prints.

"One of the boys in the photography class did them for me. You're gonna give him a piece of your ass in payment!" He gathered the prints up hastily. "I can scatter them all over the city if I really want to!" He smiled tensely at Terry, waiting for his reaction.

"Tom, please don't carry this insanity any further. Please!"

"Fuck off, baby brother! You're just beginning to pay off. I wouldn't want to ruin your 'reputation' at this stage of the game!" He looked at Terry with malice in his burning eyes. "Get your ass over here and lay down on the bed, you bastard! I'll teach you to pass out my merchandise for nothin'!"

Somehow Terry realized that he was not to be fooled with right now and fearfully made his way to the single bed. He stood hesitantly, waiting. Tom stood silently, enjoying his misery.

"Strip." The order was crisp and flatly delivered. He obeyed instantly but nervously. His clothes soon formed a small heap on the floor between the beds. "Lie down on your back!" Tom's face was as strained as his voice. A certain madness seemed to have possessed him. And, as Terry glanced at the bedside table he understood why. The remains of two marijuana cigarettes nestled their brown, cold shapes against the table top. He shivered without knowing why. He laid down on the bed as he had been ordered to do.

As the boy looked up he discovered that he was staring directly into the man's full crotch. He shivered as he realized how close his mouth was to it. Roger looked down at him and smiled broadly.

"Does everyone want to watch the damned TV or shall we play some cards or somethign for awhile?" He pushed the bulge deliberately against Terry's face. "Or would our guest rather munch on this for awhile?" He chuckled as Terry gulped loudly.

"Yeah, strip poker." Bob's face flushed suddenly from excitement.

"I've never played strip poker." Terry offered innocently.

"But you do know how to play poker, right?" Bob was buttoning the boy's shirt back up. Terry nodded his head in the affirmative.

"Okay, but my outfit will have to count as two pieces!" Roger motioned to his flight suit.

"You're on." Bob went to a drawer and pulled out the deck of cards and went to the table. Roger pulled back from Terry's hot face and motioned for him to come over and join them.

Roger lost the first hand almost eagerly, along with Terry who wasn't too experienced. He slipped his broad, rugged shoulders free of the top of the suit. Terry drank in the sight of his half nude body with relish. The darkly tanned skin gleamed in the light from the overhead. His nipples were even darker and rather large against the smooth muscles that rippled across the front of his chest. The boy had the urge to reach over and suck on them himself.

The bare chested loser just sat watching Terry patiently. "Well?" he stated questioningly.

Terry flushed in embarrassment as he unbuttoned his shirt, again slowly, shrugging it from his shoulders and pulling the tail-end from his pants.

Bob watched his lover's expression with amusement in his eyes. "Didn't I tell you he was a beautiful boy?"

Roger reached over and ran his hand over the smooth, fair skin of Terry's solid chest. His natural build was smaller than the two men's but he was proud of the way he looked. His blondness was a groovy contrast to the two darker guys. Roger whistled softly as he massaged Terry's soft tits slowly and gently.

"God damn! I don't think I can wait till we're through with his damned game!" He rubbed his crotch vigorously. Bob dealt again.

Roger and Bob lost to the boy and dutifully removed an article of clothing apiece, Bob his shirt and Roger the rest of his flight suit. Terry stared in fascination as Roger's shorts came into view. The outline of his large prick showed clearly through the white cotton material and below it was a large bulge of balls. Roger deliberately remained standing for a minute enjoying Terry's attention. He finally sat reluctantly and reached down immediately. He pulled up on his bulge to make the swelling more obvious. Terry peeked playfully around the table at him and moaned softly as the swelling continued before his eyes.

The kid was having a run of beginner's luck and next came the shorts and Bob's trousers. He wasn't wearing shorts. His monstrous cock was already standing straight up and his heavy hanging balls rested against the seat of the chair invitingly. Roger was eager and decided not to count shoes and socks...

Rod lit a cigarette casually and smoked at it for a few seconds as he looked approvingly at the young boy's agonized expression. Slowly he raised it to the kid's bare chest and began pressing the lit end against his chest muscles in slow, searing pushes, forming a letter of the alphabet. He touched it to the boy's bare skin in a series of closely spaced dots causing Terry to jerk with each contact of the fire against his flesh. Slowly the words formed across his smooth, pale skin and at last Rod stood back to read the message.

"Want to know what it says, slave?" He chuckled to himself at the perfection of his printing. "It says 'slave...fuck me!'" He took his hand and swung the ball weights hard from side to side. Terry was ready to pass out from the abuse; his stomach felt queasy and he felt as if he might just be going a little bit crazy. "Okay, if that's what

you want, that's what you get!" Rod stroked the boy's prick lightly with his big fingers. "We aim to please, baby, and you're gonna be pleased!" He lowered his head to Terry's cock and began sucking it gently and slowly, running his tongue lightly against the surface inside his warm mouth. He was an expert at what he was doing and, against his will and in spite of the pain racking his body, Terry could feel his meat beginning to swell and pulse. He gritted his teeth in agony as the spikes of the metal ring began to bite into his sensitive flesh. The pressure increased with the sucking and at last his dick was completely gorged with blood and the metal bit into his flesh without mercy.

"For God's sake, stop... please, I beg you... I'll do anything you want me to... but please stop hurting me." The tears flowed down his young, beautiful face unashamed. He gasped for air and felt as if he was going to suffocate.

Two people disengaged his limbs from the table and turned him over, grunting under the weight of his body. He was replaced onto the stand upside down and the pain racked boy hollered in agony. He was now lying on his face and staring at the dirty floor below him. All the weights on his balls and tits swung menacingly beneath him under the rack and the pain was almost unbearable. He had never imagined how much pain a man's balls could cause him to feel. His arms and legs were restrained again and he protested feebly. The foot of the rack was broken and lowered, putting him into a squared position, as if he were standing bent forward at the waist. The weights on his balls hit his shins as their pendulum movements slowed to a stop.

Rod stepped suddenly in front of his face which was at the very edge of the rack. The level of the table was just exactly crotch high and he stared blankly at the throbbing piece of meat in front of him. Rod had stripped off everything but his boots and his leather jacket. His hairy chest and stomach heaved with excitement as he pressed his dick against Terry's sealed lips. It was an average length prick, but monstrously thick and heavy veined. He had a leather belt in his hands and at the boy's refusal to open his mouth, he swung it up in a wide arc and it landed with a tremendous smash against Terry's upturned ass. The weights swung again at his reflex and he groaned in tortured agony. The belt landed again ferociously and Terry opened his mouth obediently.

"Wet it down, baby. Get it good and wet 'cause it's the only lube you're gonna have before I shove it up your beautiful little ass!"

He didn't bother trying to keep count of the number of men that attacked him during the next hour... his mind was fuzzy with the pain and he simply wanted to pass out... or die. The agony was never ending and was more violent with some than with others. He cried out at the bigger dicks that shoved their way into his backside and simply moaned at the assault by the others. His lips were bruised and he could feel them swelling from the dicks that rammed and twisted and shoved their way into his mouth. He gagged many times but no one seemed to pay any attention to his misery. The flow continued and he felt full to bursting from all of the semen that had gone down his burning throat. A few urinated in his mouth after their climax, laughing at his discomfort when the yellow liquid ran from between his numb lips and



PHOTOS BY J & R STUDIOS

onto the floor. His hair was pulled and yanked and open hands slapped at the cheeks of his ass viciously. He lost track of time and then with the final and ultimate shout from the last attacker the party was over. The crowd of men had all collapsed into oddly assorted heaps upon the floor around the rack, some already sucking off somebody else who had landed next to them. The smell of pot permeated the air and the odor of urine flowed up from the floor and into Terry's nostrils. His body trembled uncontrollably from the excruciating pain. He waited, hoping that this was the end...

Rod walked up in front of his face and stood with his legs apart, his cock dangling heavily in front of the boy's blurred vision.

"Not bad, not bad stuff... for an amateur!" He pushed his dick toward Terry's mouth and the boy accepted it automatically. "I forgot to wash my cum down." The flow began and the kid swallowed without resistance. The warm, musky liquid flowed into his waiting mouth and flooded his guts. The stream was hard and long and at last he stopped trying and simply let it run into his mouth and right back out again. It ran down onto Rod's balls and trickled down onto the floor of the garage. At last it slowed to a halt and the man released his bonds from around the wrists and ankles without another word. He was pulled to his feet gruffly, the weights reminding him painfully that they were still attached to his nude body. They were relieved one by one and at last he stood free and clear of all the agony. His asshole ached horribly and his lips felt so thick that he didn't even try to say anything. Rod shoved him across the floor roughly and he landed heavily at his brother's feet. The remains of his clothing were tossed onto his back and he just lay there motionless.

"MY BROTHER, MY SLAVE" by KURT KREISLER IS NOW AVAILABLE FROM ROBERT PAYNE PUBLISHING at 7.95



"MANDINGO"

WHIPS, PADDLES, PITCHFORKS PAIN DOMINATE "MANDINGO"

Paramount release of Dino De Laurentis production. Executive producer, Ralph Serpe; director, Richard Fleischer; screenplay, Norman Wesler, based on book by Kyle Onstott and play by Jack Kirkland; photography, Richard H. Kline; film editor, Frank Bracht; music, Maurice Jarre. Featuring James Mason, Susan George, Perry King, Richard Ward, Brenda Sykes, Ken Norton, Lillian Hayman.

Rating: R. Running Time: 126 Minutes

"MANDINGO" is the part of Southern history that "Gone With The Wind" never touched. From Kyle Onstott's bestselling paperback novel (which grew to a series -- the best of which is "The Mustee"), this steamy film is about Falconhurst (instead of Tara), whose gross product is human flesh. It is a slave farm and the film makes the most of it. Italy's Dino de Laurentis has assigned Norman Wesler to do a screenplay, with the emphasis on sadism and shock values and he has given director Richard Fleischer ("Tora, Tora, Tora," "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea") free rein to move anything he likes in front of the camera as long as it will sell. This approach to filmmaking is nothing new, but virgin territory has been opened here in the manner in which certain aspects of the sadism are treated.

Heretofore, various portions of the human anatomy were taboo and, if whippings were to transpire they were to be dealt with as punishment, solely, and those wielding the painful weapons of torture were to have

disdain for their work. In this film, no parts of the body have been spared the lens and those actors, who do not spare the rod, absolutely glory in their assignments.

As the picture is barely underway, one black slave is ordered to drop his pants and bend over and the audience is treated to a careful examination for hemorrhoids. Shortly thereafter, a house servant is stripped and strung up for a paddling on his bare buttocks. He is hung nude upside down and the buttocks are paddled unmercifully, with much screaming going on, until a white overseer steps forward to show us how it should really be done. Then a paddling is administered of such blistering force that blood actually runs down the legs of the victim. This precipitated a near-riot in the Pantages auditorium at my viewing.

The place was jumping with easily inflamed blacks and they began to shout back at the screen. That part of the audience refused to believe that this was, after all, only a movie about a time in history that has long been supplanted by the Civil War. But not a very good atmosphere to watch a showing in.

The picture is rife with full frontal-nudity of both sexes. A key sequence shows Perry King, the leading man, shucking off his breeches and walking

buck-naked to the bed where he is going to pleasure himself with his newest black slave. The young man is something of a sex bomb. I, myself, would have welcomed a paddling of him, but no such event came to pass. However, for those who like that sort of thing, a sound whipping is administered by the lady of the house to one of her husband's black concubines. Town women come forward in the buck slave line-up and grope the family jewels of those men for sale, without any doubt as to where their hands are going. Perry is instructed by his father (mean old James Mason) to apply pimontine (fresh red pepper and plenty of salt) to the wounds of those he has literally boiled alive and skewered on a pitchfork in a cauldron of scalding water. As you can see, there is something for all tastes here.

When Mason pere' is shot to death by a slave (which happened actually many books later in the series), the blacks all around me stood and cheered. There is a wrestling scene that appears in this film in which competing slaves bite pieces of flesh out of each other to gratify the sporting enthusiasm of their white masters. The throbbing score, that points up all the mayhem, is the work of Maurice Jarre.

There is one piece of dialogue that bears repeating in this review. A slave, about to be hanged by a white lynch mob, shouts out:

"After you hang me, kiss my ass."

Which sums up most of my feelings about this picture entirely.

Allan Leopold



THE ABC'S OF S&M **FR FFA B&D** **GR**

Since I started writing "Smoke from Jeannie's Lamp" more than five years ago, there has been a noticeable increase in the number of people asking "Whaddo B&D and TT and FF and all that other stuff in the classifieds mean?"

Whether this represents an increase in the potential participants in the scene or merely that more people want to come out of their leather closets, I don't know. Be that as it may, while I'm sure that most of you have more than just a passing acquaintance with Personals Ad jargon, I think that a quick run-down for the novices in our audience is in order. I'll probably miss a few terms and abbreviations, for some are known only to the people who run ads.

B&D

Bondage & Discipline, often used synonymously and erroneously for S&M. B&D is a rather less elaborate practice which is gaining favor with opposite-sex couples. B&D also refers to Black & Decker, if you're into tools, and Becton & Dickinson, if you're into bandages. Both are often used in Bondage Discipline.

FF

Fist fucking. If you're not into it, just the thought will make your sphincter clench.

FFA

Fist fuckers of America, a loose organization made up of—what else?—fist fuckers. Their symbol is the clenched fist but, then, so is the Black Panthers'.

Fr

French, as in "Fr active": cock sucking; or "Rear Fr": rimming. Fr equals oral, and fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong.

Golden Shower Queen

The person on the receiving end of W/S (see below).

Gr

Greek, as in "Gr passive": he who gets it in the end. Gr equals anal; beware of Greeks baring.

J/O

Jerk-off, jack-off; usually used in connection with "mutual" (J/O) or (J/O) "buddy." Everything, after all, is more fun if you have someone to share it.

P&H

Punishment & Humiliation. Similar to both B&D and S&M BUT WITH FEWER RESTRAINTS. Canin, spanking, standing in the corner, scat, taking away TV privileges, and W/S are popular P&H activities.

SCAT

Scatology, coprology, a fascination with feces. In other words, eating shit or being shat upon. As with anything else, two sides are represented: there are both diners and donors.

S&M

Sadomasochism, unless you live in the East where S&M stand for Slave & Master. Be sure you know who and where you are when answering ads, or you're apt to find yourself in an unexpected bind.

SSAE

For a long time, I hoped that this stood for "Super-Stud Anal Erotic." I was crushed to learn that it's only "Stamped, Self-Addressed Envelope." I like my version better.

STUD

A really macho type. The Master in a Slave-Master relationship. What you do with a pedigreed male animal: put him out to stud.

TT

Like SSAE, this baffled me at first. I considered and discarded such possibilities as "Tits & Testicles," "Tea & Trumpets," etc. One day while driving, the light bulb went on and I knew I had it: Toilet Training, but of course! TT is big with the B&D and P&H groups. Also with mothers of small children and new owners of kittens and puppies.

TWINK

A Fred Halsted-coined word for the M or Slave in a relationship.

TWINKIE

Completely unrelated to Twink. A Twinkie is generally chicken. Dolly Madison won't believe it, but it's true.

W/S

Water sports. Not scuba-diving or water-skiing, this sport has to do with urine. Say "Piss on you!" to a Golden Shower Queen and he'll follow you anywhere.

Right or Left: Right or Wrong?:

Obviously, this right and left business with keys, earrings, bandanas, watches, etc., can lead to confusion among the uninitiated. Even Those-In-The-Know are sometimes puzzled. For example, I was at the unemployment office the other day and spotted a chap wearing keys on each side. Being a born busybody, I approached him and asked why both right and left. "Jeez, lady," he replied, "I've been out of work for nearly a year and I'll do ANYTHING to get a job!"

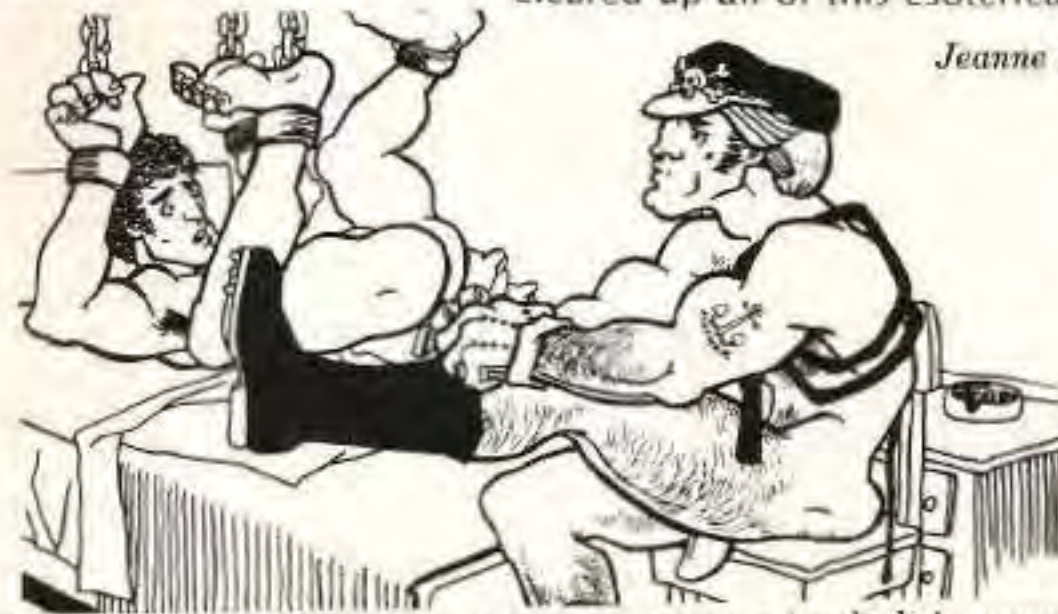
Keys, earrings, and what-have-you worn on the right signify that the wearer is passive or submissive in a relationship. He may be Greek passive, a fist recipient, the Slave, M, or one from Column A and one from Column B. Worn on the left, such adornments mean exactly the opposite: active or dominant, the giver, the Master, the S.

Bandanas are another matter, one which is also confusing. Depending on where you live or what you're into, red bandanas mean butt fucking, fist fucking, or the Hollywood Vice Department on the prowl. In the first two cases, worn in the right rear pocket indicates passivity; in the left, activity. With the Vice, either side implies activity; watch it!

A blue bandana also has more than one meaning. The red bandana wearer may sometimes switch pockets and preferences; the blue bandana wearer never does. With him, right is right and left is left and the twain shall meet only with his opposite number. The blue bandana also often, but not always, identifies one who is into scat trips. The yellow bandana, thank goodness, has only one purpose: it's to blow one's nose in.

There, now, aren't you glad we've cleared up all of this esoterica!

Jeanne Barney



Honey, I reallu don't feel like it tonight. I have a headache! DRUMMER 31

SLAVERY IN HISTORY

Continued from page 27

As a commodity slaves created peculiar problems for the merchant. Apparently in the larger cities there were shops where slaves could be bought: in Rome in Nero's time they were concentrated near the temple of Castor in the Forum. But one could not keep on hand, like so much merchandise on the shelves, a supply of gladiators, pedagogues, musicians, skilled craftsmen, miners, young children, women for concubinage and men and women for brothels. The slave trade has always been conducted in a special way, and the ancient world was no exception. On the one hand there were the main slave markets where, probably on fixed dates, dealers and agents could count on large supplies being put up for sale. On the other hand itinerant traders went with their slaves wherever there were potential customers, to garrison towns, country fairs and what-not.

The actual sale was normally by auction. The only slave stands on a rotating platform while a man, presumably a possible buyer, lifts his single garment to reveal his very muscular legs and buttocks. As the stoic philosopher Seneca observed, "When you buy a horse, you order its blanket to be removed; so, too, you pull the garments off a slave. Seneca insists that one should live on familiar terms with one's slaves, dine with them, converse with them, inspire respect in them rather than fear--everything but free them.

Herodotus tells a story about a dealer from Chios named Panionion, who specialized in handsome young boys whom he castrated and then sold, through the markets at Ephesus and Sardis, to the Persian court and other Eastern customers. One of his victims became the favorite eunuch of King Xerxes; when the opportunity fell his way, he took the appropriate revenge on Panionion and his four sons.

When the Goths achieved a massive breakthrough into Thrace in A.D.376, the Roman armies were badly handicapped because many of their officers were more interested in the profits of slaving than in resisting the barbarians. But by then slavery itself was a declining institution, not because a higher morality was finally in the ascendant, but because serfdom, a different kind of unfreedom, was replacing it. Slavery did not altogether disappear, of course.

DRUMMER 32

The word "slave" itself is a medieval term that entered the languages of Europe when the Slavs became the main source of chattels, many of them sold to the Moslems across the Mediterranean. And farther ahead in the future lay the vast traffic in African slaves, which is more contemporary than these ancient examples. In America itself, only a hundred years ago one man could own another or as many as he could afford. All that was required was that the slave have some negro blood. As much or as little as you wished. Blacks were bred like cattle, worked like oxen and trained sexually to satisfy their owners. Young negro men with good musculature and heavy sexual equipment brought excellent prices in the New Orleans slave yards. Quadroons and octaroons, or "fancies" or "high yellows" they were called. These young slaves learned about sex usually the hard way.

But the Civil War changed all that. Slaves were freed to be assimilated into the white man's world. And a new kind of slavery began. Share croppers, sweatshop factory workers, the uneducated, unemployed or workers paid starvation wages. Boys working in coal mines at ten, boys pressed into service at sea by simply kidnapping them. Military service was a form of slavery and with the first draft call of the Civil War, the armed forces were made up of poor whites and freed blacks--to shine their officers' boots and fight for a homeland that belonged to someone else.

Robert Payne

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SEXTOOL

It's easy to say that "Sextool," Fred Halsted's latest film, is "Son of L.A. Plays Itself" or "L.A. Plays Itself Revisited." Easy, yes, and glib, but not awfully kind nor altogether true.

Sure, there's a lot of "L.A.---" in "Sextool." They were both filmed in the Los Angeles/Hollywood area, and "Sextool" seems to pick up where "L.A.---" left off. But the two are as different as getting off the bus at Sunset and Vine and riding it to the end of the line.

Fred Halsted has put together a "seven dreams" type of film which delves into S&M erotica of the Hollywood homosexual landscape; fantasy for some, reality for others, vicarious reality for us all. That reality, the "You Are There" aspect, is heightened by Halsted's hand-held camera technique and the eaves-dropping-on-conversation quality of the soundtrack.

From the time Halsted welcomes us into his nether world by smashing a beer bottle in our faces, we are observer-participants in a terrifying, hardcore Hell. Fortunately, the cock-



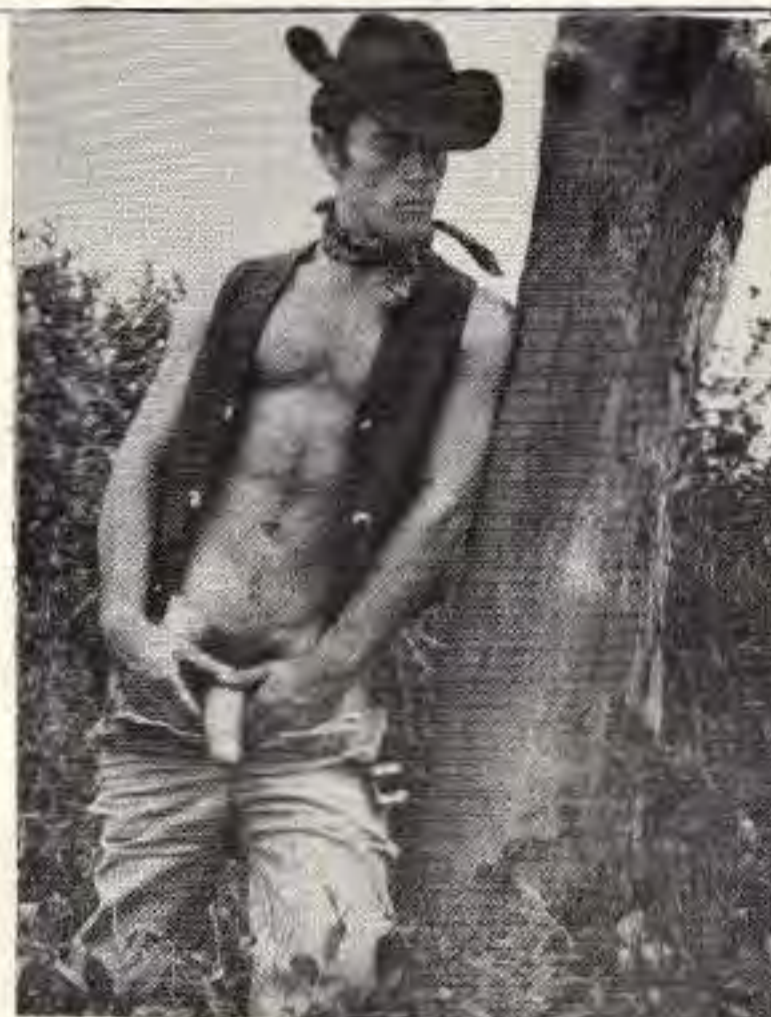
tail party awakens us like an alarm clock at the end of each dream and we return to real life where bodies are verbally and visually disrobed, drinks are poured and marks are scored.

Using this rather mundane party as a springboard, Gloria (played by drag queen Charmaine Lee Anderson) keeps us from being bored by the trivia of cocktail chatter by detailing the sexual eccentricities of the partygoers to a naive and fascinated Jeff (Gus Harvey). As she speaks, conversation becomes hot. hard fact

and we are Fred's camera, observing firsthand what goes on behind closed doors.

Halsted has mentioned that "Sextool" is political commentary and, indeed, it is simple... albeit perhaps distracting... to find symbolism in many of the segments. For example, when the young blond hippy is forced to give head to two huge, and hugely endowed, black dudes in the back seat of a black Cadillac, might that not indicate that the oppressed (the Blacks) are exerting oppression

continued on next page



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SEXTOOL

Continued from page 34

against the oppressor (the white boy)? And what of the chauffeur, observing the action in the rearview mirror and beating off? Enjoyment by one white, himself a hired hand, of the humiliation of another white, also a hired hand in a sense.

Look at Tim Rhodes, bare-assed on a bare bedspring, a sweet, clean, young (though not as young as he once was), blond, blue-eyed sailor boy. He is archtypical of America and all she stands for: Mom, The Flag and Apple Pie. Is he pledging his allegiance? Not to the flag, that's for sure, but to fucking: fist-fucking; arm-to-the-shoulder-fucking; boot-fucking; tongue-fucking; fucking, in fact, by everything but the kitchen sink, and that may have already been up there. Even as his ass is bleeding, he screams for more. The political analogy? Even as America is being screwed, she sings "The National Anthem."

The brutalization by our ever-ready Boys in Blue is also rife with symbolism. Overlook the obvious comparison to, say, the LAPD, and you come up with The Cop as Super Stud. There he is, The Male, The Master, decked out in leather, boots and handcuffs with his eternally hard *macho* trappings, the phallic billy clubs and guns. One would be almost disappointed if the phony phalluses were not applied where they'd do the most good.

Belle's Helmut Berger-Marlene Dietrich is marvelous as he/she/they Rent-A-Kid (Make-an-Offer) to perform on himself, for the benefit of all us voyeurs, every torture imaginable and some *not* imaginable. He clips himself with clothes pins. He fashions a cock ring from a condom. And he sticks so much up his ass that there's a tendency to wonder if he borrowed it temporarily from Rhodes. A message here? How about "Money is like a sixth sense without which you cannot make a complete use of the other five"? Or "Ready money is Aladdin's Lamp"? Or "The world is his, who has money to go over it"? Or "money answereth all things"? In other words, them that has, gets. Make-an-Offer.

Probably the most moving (emotionally, not abdominally) segment in the entire film is that which features Halsted and his off-screen super-twink, Joseph Yale. Between

venting his hostilities on a punching bag steadied by Joseph (who gets most of the impact, anyhow) to knocking him across the room against a mirror and then pissing on him and shattering the mirror and Joseph's narcissistic image, Fred pierces Joseph's nipple, "forces" him to lick blood from a minor wound suffered during the bout with the bag, rips off his clothes and gives him a chains-and-leather-belt treatment. The gentleness of the blood-licking, the adoration on Joseph's face as Fred showers him, even the arm-around-the-shoulders shot at the cocktail party, all are testimony to the inherent tenderness of an S&M relationship. They also point up something which we seldom consider: the true power of the M over the S, even as the S overpowers the M.

Despite a rather soppy and gratuitous "straight" sex scene at the end (thrown in for romance and/or redeeming social value?), the film is excellently put together and the whisper of Charmaine's chiffon is in perfect contrast to the slap of leather against flesh.

There are two interesting side notes. The piano player at the party is Rodney Cleveland Gott, Jr., the son of a wealthy and influential New Yorker. He insisted on being listed in the credits because this is his way of coming out to his parents. Joseph Yale, whose parents already know that he's gay, will appear on the cover of *People* magazine as a result of his performance in "Sextool," one of the few porno films to be screened at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and the San Francisco Art Institute. As Joseph put it, "My folks know I'm gay, but can you imagine my mother going into the supermarket... in Indianapolis, Indiana... and seeing 'Joseph Yale, Porno Film Star' splashed across the front of *People*?"

The film opened on June 4 simultaneously in San Francisco (the Mitchell Brothers' O'Farrell Theatre), and New York (Lincoln Art Theatre), and is definitely worth the price of admission. One word of caution to the viewer: even if the weather's warm, take along a coat or jacket. You'll need it.

Sidney Charles

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The Leather BAR SCENE



To the best of our knowledge, all of the following bars are still alive and living in leather. If you, the reader, can keep us informed of openings and/or closings of leather bars in area...or let us know what we have missed here...it will help us keep others informed.

ALABAMA

DOTHAN

The Upstairs, 314 N. Foster

MOBILE

The Fickle Fox, 215 Conti

ARIZONA

PHOENIX

San Carlos Lounge, 20 W. Monroe

The Hideout, 1622 Grand

CALIFORNIA

GARDEN GROVE

The Saddle Club, 8192 Garden Grove Blvd.

LONG BEACH

Caribbean, 2119 Long Beach Blvd.

Mike's Corral, 2020 E. Artesia

The Stallion, 5823 Atlantic Ave.

LOS ANGELES/HOLLYWOOD

Butch Gardens, 3037 Sunset Blvd.

Falcon's Lair, 742 N. Highland

Griff's, 5574 Melrose Ave.

Larry's, 5414 Melrose Ave.

Outcast, 4223 Santa Monica Bl.

Rusty Nail, 7994 Santa Monica Blvd.

Silver Dollar Saloon, 4356 Sunset Bl.

Stud, 4216 Melrose

The Bunkhouse, 4519 Santa Monica Blvd.

The Detour, 1087 Manzanita

The Long Horn Saloon, 1342 N. Highland

The 1170 Club, 1170 N. Western

The Woodshed, 612 N. Hoover

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

Brewery, 12319 Ventura Bl. Studio City

Frank's Buckeroo Inn, 902 Hollywood Way, Burbank

The Hayloft, 11818 Ventura, Studio City

The Truck Stop, 13257 Ventura, Studio City

SAN FRANCISCO

Boot Camp, 1010 Bryant

Febe's, 1501 Folsom

Midnight Sun, 506 Castro

No Name Bar, 1347 Folsom

DRUMMER 36

Polk Gulch Saloon, 1090 Post

Rainbow Cattle Co., 199 Valencia

The Dude, 990 Post [at Larkin]

The Ramrod, 1225 Folsom

The Round Up, 298 6th St.

The Stud, 1535 Folsom

The Turf Club, 76 6th St.

PALM SPRINGS

The Party Room, 67-977 Highway 111

SACRAMENTO

Montana Saloon, 7604 Fair Oaks Bl.

SAN DIEGO

The Club, 2501 Kettner

COLORADO

DENVER

Our Den, 5110 W. Colfax

The Alley, 1512 Broadway

The 1942 Club, 1942 Broadway

The Triangle, 2036 Broadway

PORTLAND

Dahl & Penne's, 604 S.W. 2nd

The Other Inn, 242 S.W. Alder

CONNECTICUT

HARTFORD

The Warehouse, 61 Woodbine

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The Eagle, 904 9th St. N.W.

The Horseshoe Saloon, 8th St. & East S.E.

GEORGIA

ATLANTA

Mrs. P's, 551 Ponce de Leon

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO

The Gold Coast, 501 N. Clark

The Stockade, 700 N. Wells

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS

The Golden Lantern, 1239 Royal

The Seven Seas, 515 St. Phillip

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE

Gallery 1, Maryland & Lafayette

Leon's, 870 Paek

The Satellite, 901 Aliceanna

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON

Herbie's Ramrod Room, 12 Carver

The Shed, 280 Huntington

MICHIGAN

DETROIT

Interchange, 1501 Holden

The Voyager, 2452 Clifford

MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS

Bob Martin's Bar, 20th & Eugena

MONTANA

BILLINGS

Frank's Hole, 1625 Central

The Cockpit, 131 Moore

The Pack Trail Inn, Pinehills

NEW YORK

MANHATTAN

Boot Hill, 317 Amsterdam

Everard's, 28 W. 28th St.

Keller's, 384 West St.

Nine Plus, 149 W. 21st St.

Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam

Spike's Bar, 120 11th Ave.

The Anvil, 500 W. 14th St. at 11th Ave

The Barn, 232 Park Ave. S.

The Cave [ask locally]

The Cell Block, 372 W. 11th at West

The Eagle's Nest, 142 11th Ave.

The Gilded Grape, 719 8th Ave.

The Loading Zone, 568 9th Ave.

The Plowboy, 1608 2nd Ave.

The Ramrod, 394 West St.

The Seashell, 394 W. 10th St.

Ty's Pub, 114 Christopher St.

QUEENS

What A Dump, 76-07 Roosevelt Ave.

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Satan's Inferno, 351 W. Market

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TOLEDO

Scenic Bar, 702 Monroe

OREGON

Portland—Dahl & Penne's, 604

S.W. Second

Other Inn, 242 S.W. Alder

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA

Westbury Bar, 271 S. 15th at Spruce

PITTSBURGH

Edison Hotel Bar, 135 9th

TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS

BJ's, 1382 Poplar

Entree Nuit, 265 S. Cleveland

TEXAS

DALLAS

Terry's Ranch, 4117 Maple

FORT WORTH

Rawhide, 4016 White Settlement

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Johnny's Handlebar, 2018 1st

Wayne's Deli, 217 James

The Chalet, 1135 Rainier S.

The 922 Tavern, 922 3rd

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MILWAUKEE

The Wreck Room, 266 E. Erie

CANADA

MONTREAL

Bud's Lounge, 1250 Stanley

Cafe Regent Apollo, 5116 Avenue du Parc

Dominion Square Tavern, 1243

Metcalfe

Lincoln Cafe, 4479 St. Denis

Neptune Tavern, 121 des Comissaires West

The Taureau d'Or, 1419 Drummond

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The Barracks, 306 Jarvis

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In passing

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BAD (adj.) good; if really good, "real bad"

BLOW (n. or pron.) away, to (v.): blown away (adj.) what happened to Dorothy and Toto

BONDAGE (n.): if your lover calls and says he's all tied up at the office, worry

CLAP (n.): what you don't do if you have it

CLUSTERFUCK (n.): a corporate mindfuck

COME (n.): also cum; gizzum; giz; sperm; a nautical chap ejaculates semen

DO OR RUN A NUMBER, TO (v.): what Bill Buckley does with circumlocutory longiloquence leading to a mindfuck

FALL OUT, TO (v.): non-radioactive aftermath of being blown away

FETISH (n.): any object which is a substitute for sexual intercourse, i.e., feet, garter belts, panties, GI Joe dolls

GET IT ON, TO (v.): procedure immediately preceding getting it off

GET IT OFF, TO (v.): what you do after you get it on

GO DOWN, TO (v.): performing cunnilingus or fellatio; for mathematicians, 69

GROK, TO (v.): astronomical grooving

GROSS (adj.): 144 bad things

HIP-COOL-DIG-PAD (adj.): what an insurance salesman with long, styled hair is

HIPPY DIPPY (adj.): a long-haired ice cream cone maker

INCEST (n.): brotherly love

JIVE ASS (adj.): a jazzy burro

LOPE YOUR MULE, TO (v.): masturbation for Gabby Hayes

MELLOW OUT, TO (v.): what happens at a ripe old age or after two joints

MINDFUCK (n.): cerebral coupling with befuddlement the object



"Oh, they make nice enough pets. But if you don't walk 'em, they mess up the cave."

OFF THE WALL (adj.): what your straight brother from Iowa is

ORGANIC (adj.): natural shampoo in plastic bottles

PUNCH (n. or pron.): **OUT, TO (v.)**: what happens after 24 hours without sleep or after a bout with George Foreman

REGULATION WEIRDO (n.): every Child of the Universe

S & M [SADO-MASOCHISM] (n.): derived from the Marquis de Sade, a young whipper snapper of the 18th century

SHOOT YOUR BEST SHOT, TO (v.): what you do on your first date

SPACED (adj.): your condition while watching "Star Trek"

SWINGER (n.): Tarzan and Jane at a swap meet

WRINKLY (n.): Maudie Frickett or Aunt Blabby

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