

DRUMMER

five in the
trainer's room

DIARY OF A SLAVE
BORN
TO
RAISE
HELL

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center foldout poster

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the leather fraternity does not make belts.*



THE LEATHER FRATERNITY is a select group of interested, and interesting, Leathermen the world over ... men who like to get what you have to give, or vice versa. It is, moreover, a guaranteed, discreet method of meeting people who balance your particular wants and desires without your having to suffer the possible embarrassment of asking dumb questions in a heavy leather bar.

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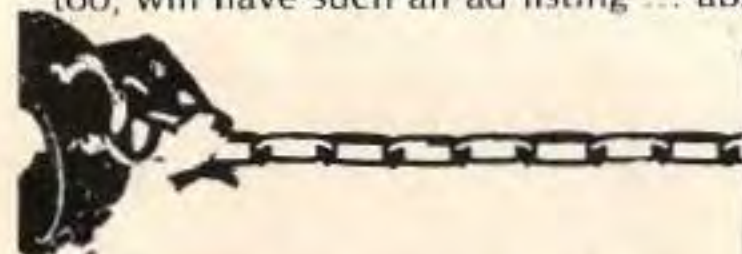
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AND DO IT NOW!

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY
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La Crescenta, California 91214

- I'm curious. Enclosed is a buck for more info. I understand this will apply to my year's membership fee, if I decide to join. Lay it on me
- I know when I'm whipped. Enclosed is \$25 for my fee. Start my DRUMMER subscription, send my application, and all the benefits of membership and make it snappy.

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*However, we might be able to arrange it so that you can give or get a few....

join up!

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



coming up:

ARNETT!

San Francisco's powerhouse Leather artist and a few of his more outrageous pieces—plus provocative text by our own Bob Opel.



DRUMMER BAR OF THE MONTH
After the Tool Box and the Black Pipe, we go calling on on a bar that is very much alive alive: Larry's dungeon in Hollywood. Gloriowsky!

S & M IN THE COMICS
Some treasured comic-book heroes that have enjoyed the rack, the pit and general mayhem through the years.



BRING ON THE GLADIATORS!
Nobody was better at blood, gore and S & M than the Boys in the Arena. "We who are about to die," as seen by Hollywood.

CONTENTS FOR THE LEATHER LIFESTYLE MAGAZINE FOR THE ADULT LEATHERMAN

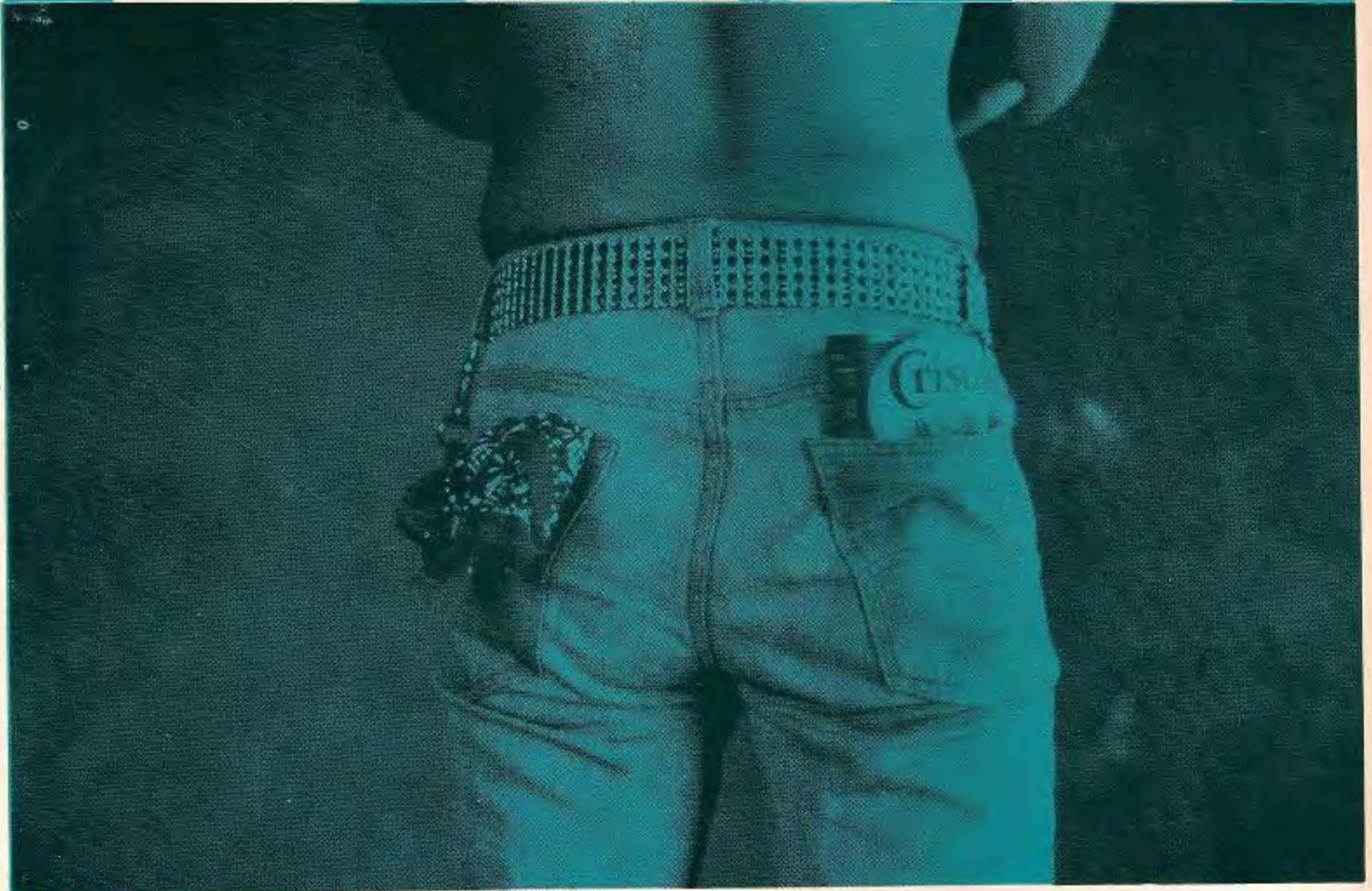
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- 4 **F F OF A, A PAIN IN THE ASS?**
Kindly remove all watches, rings and I.D. bracelets
- 6 **FIVE IN A TRAINER'S ROOM**
Scott Master's saga of some S&M team spirt / part one
- 8 **THE LEATHER FRATERNITY**
Gets bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger
- 10 **REVUE PREVUE REVIEW**
S&M hits the footlights in Hollywood, says Bob Opel
- 12 **MALECALL / DEAR SIR:**
We get letters and letters and letters
- 14 **BODY BUDDY**
Rod Fuller's famous column comes to DRUMMER
- 18 **BORN TO RAISE HELL**
The year's hottest male flick is pure S&M
- 21 **CONTRIBUTOR PAGE—"EAGLE ROCK MOUNTAIN"**
A reader tells us how it all was—in rhyme
- 22 **POSTER FOLDOUT**
Target creates a masterpiece
- 24 **CENTER SPREAD "VIRGO"**
Bud illustrates Astrological bondage graphically
- 28 **DRUMMER REVIEWS THE FLICKS**
"Dog Day", "Drifter" and "Greek Door" get looked at
- 31 **BOOKS: "PUMPING IRON"**
Cam Phillips deflates a famous book about musclemen
- 34 **DIARY OF A SLAVE / PART II**
3363106 continues in his new way of life
- 36 **TRIUMPH OF THE BLACK PIPE**
Cops and Leathermen clash in the biggest raid of all time
- 39 **DRUMBEATS**
The lighter side of S&M
- 42 **JEANNIE'S LAMP**
Another famous columnist with many of the answers
- 44 **LEATHER BAR SCENE**
Updated version of where the Leather action is
- 46 **IN PASSING**
Drummer & the Fraternity win big at the Sabbat!

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FIPA



**KINDLY REMOVE
ALL RINGS,
WATCHES AND
BRACELETS...**

Dr. David Reuben, in his pile of misinformation entitled *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* etc., asserted that getting fucked up the ass weakens the anal sphincter so that it eventually loses all control of its intended function. What a lot of shit! I was also told that once you have taken a fist up the ass, you have lost your grip forever. Finally, and at close-hand observation, I found that this theory also proves full of holes.

I was fucking somebody last week and couldn't help but notice that he had the best asshole I'd ever fucked. A sphincter is usually like a close-fitting ring, but this band was two inches wide and possessed of a formidable grip. Midway into the action, its owner asked me to slip a fist to it. From the authority of the request, I could tell he did it a lot. Obviously, fist fucking had not sprung the mechanism.

My hands are not the "large, fleshy" ones generally specified in FF ads. I wear a size eight glove. Still, the width from knuckle "one" to the outside of my hand (the biggest width that has to pass) is four inches. And while FF hadn't been my idea, I was nonetheless happy to oblige if only to satisfy a long-standing curiosity. I'd seen movies, of course, but somehow this seemed a bit different.

So I greased up (with Abolene), tried to curl the outsides of the knuckles toward each other as much as possible, put my middle three fingertips together on the spot, and began to push in. I slowly got down to the third knuckle and involved the thumb. I was so intent on what I was doing that it surprised me when he calmly looked around and asked, "Would you mind taking off your ring?"

I quickly shucked my chunky signet ring and returned to where I had been. I could not see wherethehell this arm was going to GO! Each time I got all the knuckles all the way there, but still outside, he would take a deep breath. Then I took one, too, and just forced it in. As my hand passed through, I heard him give out with a low "Oooof!" Immediately, I felt the walls of his rectum stretch and expand around my fist. My movements were tentative at first but he kept begging me to give it to him, so I began rhythmically pumping into just two inches short of my elbow (that's 12 inches in circumference!) and out to the base of my thumb. He was digging it.

I wasn't so much. Mostly it was a mental block, I'd used so much lube that I felt all kinds of goo around my hand, and I was positive I was wallowing in handfuls of shit. This turned out to be totally untrue: it was just the Abolene. Perhaps if we'd had the lights higher I would have seen my error. I've since realized that anyone who prepares to invite you to fist fuck him will probably make sure he is pretty clean. However, I didn't know that at the time and just wanted to get my hand out of there. And my cock in. But I gave him forearm for a few more minutes, until he was close, and then finished him



off with dick.

Admittedly, it is probably easier for him to take fists than, say, me. He's 6'3" and I'm 5'8". I can't even take a cock over seven inches comfortably. It's not the width; that I can handle. It's simply the long ones have no place to go in short me, and the cramps are such that they spoil the fun and I don't try any more. Also, the bone structure in my ass is narrow and there's no room to admit a fist. I know. It's been tried. And all I got was sore bones.

But my friend is a big enough man, although of course he has had to condition himself. As far as I can see, the exercise has not only done him no harm, but it's given him the most fuckable ass in town.

The point is, this dude gets fist fucked a lot. I'd given him nearly half-an-hour of arm before I stuck my cock back in, and he was still TIGHT. This guy is a big hunk of knockout, makes a great living, drives a new Mercedes sports car and never, never leaves doodoo on the upholstery.

One of the San Francisco gay papers recently printed an article on some of the dangers of fist fucking, and a few points are worth repeating here. Cleanliness is important. Dirty fingernails can scratch and infect. Rough action can perforate the walls of the rectum and cause death. Be careful!

Further, DRUMMER reminds everyone who is heavily into anal eroticism, PLEASE don't put glass objects up your or anyone else's ass. A few weeks ago, on the medical switchboard I was running, I had a call from some idiot IN A PHONE-BOOTH who had a bottle stuck up there. I was aghast that somebody could be that dumb despite repeated warnings, but it made me realize that constant reminders are necessary. Please don't put glass up your ass. Please don't put glass up your ass. Please don't put glass...

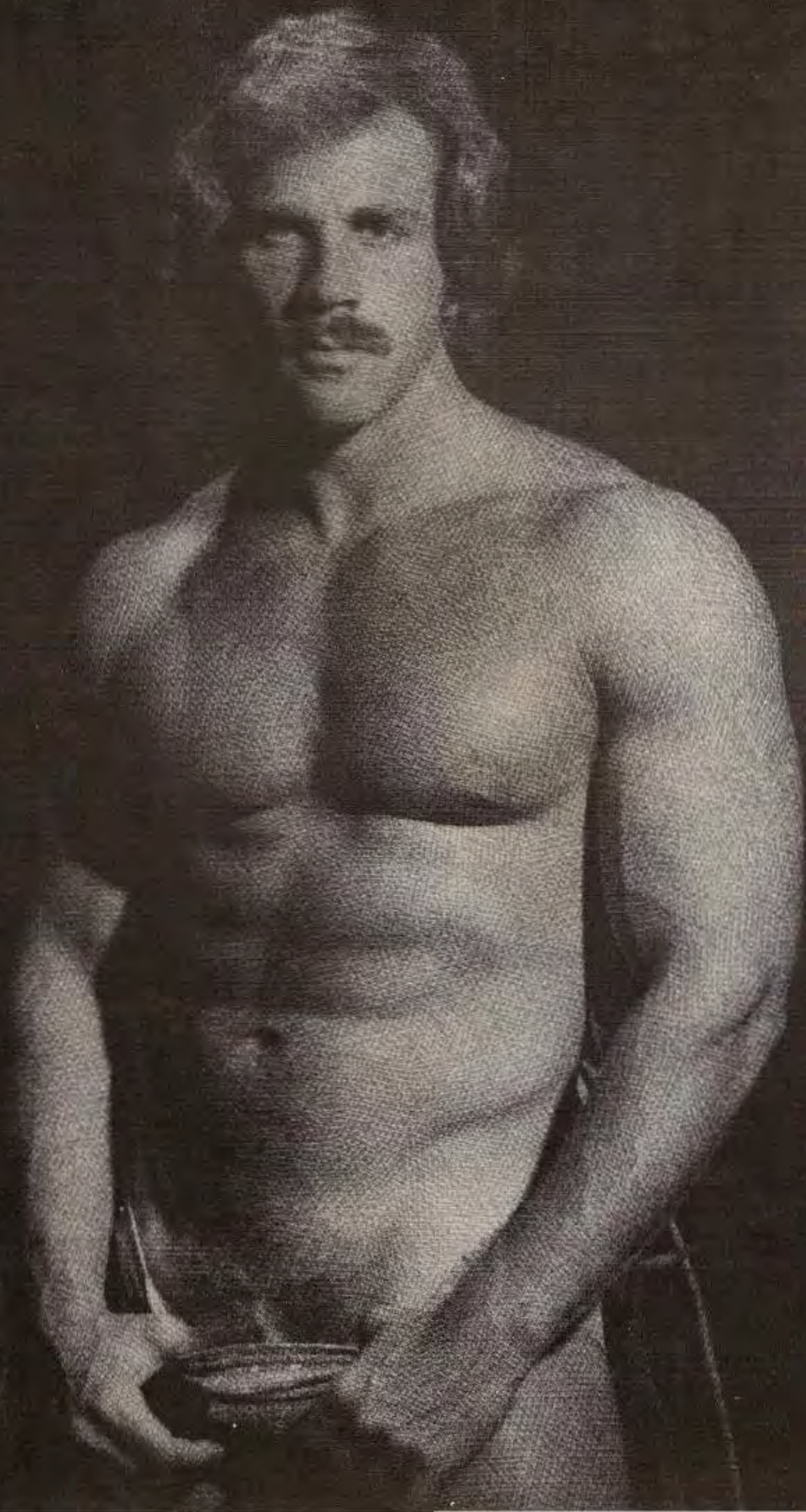
And if you fist fuck, remember to take off that jewelry!

---William Wulfwine

five in the trainer's room

JOHNNY

PHOTO BY
PAEAN



"BUT DID YA EVER WONDER HOW MUCH YA COULD TAKE WITHOUT FREAKIN'? I MEAN LIKE REALLY?"

by Scott Masters

PART I

It happened at the very end of the '53 football season, in one of those smallish towns that pimple the flatlands of northeastern Indiana. After the Thanksgiving Day game, five linemen, all seniors who had battled together for four years, nakedly lingered in the trainer's room, reluctant to get dressed and part. Each would be going off to a different college in the fall, and there was an almost feverish need to demonstrate their unique solidarity in some unforgettably binding way.

They were a diverse group.

Moses Brown, 18, the center, was black. At 6'4", he was the tallest as well as the most spectacularly muscled of the five, with a quick smile and an easygoing manner that belied his ferocity on the field — in practice sessions against his own teammates, as well as in actual competition against hated rivals.

Left guard was chunkily hunky Dicko Novak, 17, sandy crewcut hair surmounting a high-cheekboned, middle-European face lit by piercing hazel eyes and underscored by a strong, cleft jaw. His sadistic sense of humor took the form of an endless series of "practical jokes," more mean than merry.

By way of contrast, right guard Manuel Alvarez, also 18, was sleek and dark, heavy-browed and hairy, cunning and devious both on the field and off. The expression in his dark eyes turned from faraway to furtive at the click of an invisible switch, and a favorite pastime among his friends was to try to guess at any given moment just what he was thinking.

Seventeen-year-old Johnny Todd, left tackle, was compactly muscled more in the manner of a championship swimmer than in that of a football player. An all-American blue-eyed blond with traditionally sexy good looks, he was the one most clearly cast in the mold of the lady-killing, boy-next-door, gridiron idol. It was a role Johnny enjoyed and played to the hilt.

The last of the five, the right tackle, was the most curious of the group. He was so strikingly tall, dark and handsome as to be destined for the movie screen, where he could best serve the masturbatory fantasies

of the world. His 18-year-old face and body were his obsessions, and he kept both in a state of awesome perfection. His family had emigrated from Greece just before his birth, and he had the unlikely name of Thaaos Demosthenes.

Here, then, were these five naked studs, who for four years had shared the giving and taking of a million pains and agonies as part of their daily routine. Not wishing to break the circle of their camaraderie, they hesitated now in the familiar trainer's room at the high school gym, unconsciously craving some symbolic act to consecrate a mutual commitment.

Finally, Dicko initiated the halting conversation that was to lead to a solution of the unspoken dilemma: "Hey, man, yeah! Shit! We got knocked around a helluva lot out there. But didja ever wonder how much pain ya could *really* take, without freakin'? What I mean is, I mean like *real* pain. Before you'd start screamin' an throw in the fuckin' towel?"

There was a long silence.

"Naw," Manuel finally spoke up, "but sometimes, out on the field, I'd thinka all kindsa different ways ta make those other motherfuckers holler 'uncle!'"

"Shit! Me too, man!" Moses interjected. "Specially on whiteys!"

"I seen lotsa torture stuff in the movies and on the TV — those 'Hercules' movies an' all — that almost got my fuckin' rocks off!" Thaaos shouted into the now general hubbub.

"Bet I could take more than any o' you fuckin' creeps!" It was Johnny Todd who hurled the challenge, stopping the conversation with a sudden, urgent need for action.

Half-an-hour later, plans for that action had been formulated. It was decided that at 8 p.m. the following Monday, and each night through Friday, the five would gather there in the trainer's room. Each would take a turn as "victim," while the remaining four would one by one act as torturer for a fifteen-minute football game-like period, each limiting himself to one particular area of the body. Torture *could* be terminated if the victim proclaimed that he'd had enough, but if he did he forfeited all future participation rights.

Only the equipment available in the room was to be used, and no torture would be permitted that threatened permanent injury or marks that would show: it was to be a

test of the ingenuity of the Masters as well as the endurance of the Slave. Then, on Saturday night, they would cast two sets of ballots: one would decide who had been the instigator of the most pain; the other, who best stood up to it. Those two would then "entertain" the others with one last full-hour "challenge session."

At 8 p.m. on Monday, the five young football stars were assembled in the still-sweaty atmosphere of the trainer's room. Perched on rubbing tables under harsh fluorescent lights, surrounded by lockers and weight-lifting paraphernalia, they made one final rule: that "in order to equalize the odds and avoid any hidden pain-producing devices," all five would strip down completely for each session. This they eagerly proceeded to do.

Five marbles were placed in an athletic protective cup, four of clear glass and one red, and the cup set up on top of a locker. One at a time, muscles rippling, the naked athletes reached up and selected a marble. The first victim, he who drew the red marble, ironically turned out to be the one who had indirectly fathered the idea: Dicko Novak. A quick game of rock-paper-scissors determined the order of torturers. Thus it was that Dicko stood, skin glistening, ready to submit his body without question to the all-American boy, Johnny Todd. Exotic middle-European versus clean-cut Midwesterner.

"O.K., big nuts," Johnny ordered, "stretch yourself out on your back on that fuckin' rubbin' table!" Dicko slowly complied, and Johnny reached for a roll of adhesive tape.

He started at the shaved ankles, fastening them tightly together, then running the tape under the table and several times around the central supporting stanchion. Moving to the other end of the table, he pulled Dicko's arms straight above his head, taped the wrists together, right over left, and secured the binding to the stanchion at that end.

For several long moments he studied the immobilized young athlete. It occurred to him that despite the countless hours of shared locker and shower rooms, he had never really examined that naked body before: the lightly curling hairs of the armpits and fringing the strangely erect nipples, the tapering of the torso from shoulders to waist, the strong line of the rib cage, the sudden blossoming of wiry pubic hair, the leftward curve of the long uncircumcised cock. He took in all

Continued on page 17

The LEATHER FRATERNITY

BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER

ALABAMA

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

ARIZONA

PHOENIX. S. Virgo. 52. 6'2". 180. White. 7". Experienced. Wants slave houseboy. Box 0142.

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

TEMPE. M. Capricorn. 31. 6'. 180. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. Needs prolonged punishment and B&D sessions with clean S under 35. No drugs. Box 294X.

TUCSON. S. Virgo. 50. 5'10". 140. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Seeks docile partner under 40 into mild B&D. No heavy smokers or drinkers, drags, dopers, fats. Box 182D.

ARKANSAS

FORT SMITH. S. Leo. 28. 5'9¼". 130. White. 8". Knowledgeable, Sensible, selfish, arrogant S wants true M, experienced and sensuous. Must be small and cut. No fems, role-switchers, parasites, permanent relationships. Box 135.

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. 27. 5'7". 125. White. 7¼". Completely inexperienced. Prefers moustache only. Box 051A.

BURBANK. M. Leo. 36. 6'. 165. White. 6¼". Novice. Willing and able to please sexy partner under 45. No serious pain or disfigurement, hard drugs, blacks. Box 050L.

CARLSBAD. M. Leo. 43. 5'9½". 175. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Seeks person 35 to 50 who is experienced, enthusiastic, discreet and respects limits. Box 225.

CARMEL. M. Sagittarius. 43. 6'. 180. White. 8". Novice. Has deep desire to please dominant, respectful Master. Must be clean. Box 016.

CHICO. M. Cancer. 30. 6'. 185. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Needs humiliation, W/S, scat from understanding leather Master. Blacks preferred. No fats. Box 081E.

CLAREMONT. SM. Virgo. 39. 5'10½". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks sincere, honest, experienced partner. No fems, TVs, hustlers. Box 500.

CORONA. M. Virgo. 41. 6'. 190. White. 6". Novice. Wants to serve good-looking dude under 33. Well-proportioned body essential. Box 169A.

COSTA MESA. MS. Virgo. 35. 6'5". 180. White. 5¾". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn from experienced Master under 30. Box 083.

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.

GARDEN GROVE. MS. Virgo. 44. 5'7". 150. White. 6". Novice. Obedient Slave seeks knowledgeable partner. No drugs or permanent relationships. Box 051G.

GLENDALE. M. Libra. 48. 5'10½". 155. White. 6¾". Novice. Wants to serve gentle but demanding master into heavy bondage. Box 050D.

GLENDALE. S. Leo. 39. 5'11". 180. White. 9". Old hand. Blond German wants slim M under 30 who does not say no to bondage, discipline, etc. Possible permanent relationship. Box 168.

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

HOLLYWOOD. MS. Taurus. 40. 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. 44. 5'10". 155. White. 6¼". Completely inexperienced. Will understand your needs. Box 243.

LA PUENTE. M. Gemini. 38. 5'9". 168. White. 7½". Novice. Prefers under 45. Box 320.

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

LA JOLLA. MS. Virgo. 34. 5'11". 155. White. 6½". Novice. Heavily into bondage, not orally oriented. No fats, blacks. Box 071L.

LAKEWOOD. SM. Libra. 61. 5'8". 130. White. 5". Old hand. Seeks affectionate, discreet boot-lover over 30. No drinkers, heavy smokers, dopers. Box 080T.

LONG BEACH. MS. Aquarius. 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. S. Aries. 38. 5'6". 135. White. 6". Old hand. Seeks masculine, submissive M under 40. No scat, fats, mutilation. Box 018.

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

LOS ANGELES. SM. Libra. 32. 6'. 165. White. 5". Knowledgeable. Hunky bodybuilder type seeking MS into role-switching. No fems. Box 045.

LOS ANGELES. M. Gemini. 35. 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 bodybuilder type with large cock. Box 050S.

LOS ANGELES. S. 33. 5'8". 140. White. 8½". Old hand. Seeks experienced M under 31 with groovy body, tight ass. Box 060W.

LOS ANGELES. MS. Capricorn. 40. 5'9½". 150. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced M also interested in working as associate S. Good body a must. Box 115.

LOS ANGELES. S. Virgo. 25. 6'. 145. White. 9". Knowledgeable, versatile. Desires masculine policeman or CHP. Prefers motorcycleman. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 166.

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. 49. 5'10½". 145. White. 6". Knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Scorpio. 41. 6'. 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Will understand and respect limits of knowledgeable, compatible partner. No fats, blacks. Box 208.

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.

Continued on next page

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

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.

MARINA DEL REY. MS. Virgo. 38. 5'11". 168. White. Novice. Wants permanent partner for boxing, judo, wrestling. No fats, blacks, hard drugs, dirt. Box 125P.

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

MISSION BEACH. M. Aries. 44. 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". 160. Completely inexperienced. Wants young guy. Box 055.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. M. Leo. 45. 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.

OAKLAND. M. Pisces. 52. 6'2". 200. White. 6". Novice. Wants understanding teacher to help his B&D fantasies come true. Into art and classical music. No fems, dopers, hippies. Box 425.

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

PALM DESERT. SM. Taurus. 41. 6'. 155. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Will satisfy your needs. No fats. Box 246.

PASADENA. MS. Aries. 48. 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.

PASADENA. M. Sagittarius. 47. 5'10". 150. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn painless bondage from respectful S. No W/S, scat, drugs, fems. Box 276.

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.

SACRAMENTO. MS. Cancer. 39. 6'1". 225. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Prolonged bondage and training. Box 296A.

SAN DIEGO. M. Leo. 38. 6'3". 190. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Enjoys bondage, being used. Partner should be near area and respect limits. Box 050K.

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. 34. 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. 50. 6'2½". 185. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Must be clean and respect limits. Box 126A.

SAN FRANCISCO. MS. Libra. 33. 6'. 170. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular, older, more mature. Box 170.

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Taurus. 36. 5'10". 165. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Clean cut collegiate type preferred. Absolutely no role-switching. Box 185.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Cancer. 31. 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.



THE LEATHER FRATERNITY T-SHIRT is available in black & red on a white all-cotton shirt. State S, M, L, or XL and send your \$4.95 to ROBERT PAYNE, 5466 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90029. It'll improve your action!

California residents add 6% sales tax.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Aries. 40. 5'6½". 135. White. 6¾". Knowledgeable. Seeks trusting, trustworthy S. No fems, fats, blacks, hippies. Box 295.

SAN MATEO. M. Aries. 38. 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.

SANTA BARBARA. M. Virgo. 29. 5'5". 160. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Prefer dominant S or SM types, 25 and over. Out-of-towners welcome. Box 022.

SANTA BARBARA. SM. Leo. 30. 5'10". 155. White. 6". Willing to learn and expand experience with partners who have their own places, toys. Box 242L.

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 MONICA. S. Pisces. 48. 6'3". 175. White. 7". Shaves body. No fems, fats, or quick fucks. Box 185M.

VENTURA. MS. Aries. 32. 5'5". 130. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Prefers another inexperienced under 30. No hardcore S/M. Box 033.

COLORADO

AURORA. M. Aquarius. 23. 5'8". 150. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. Sincere leather lover digs police scene. Wants to get into prolonged total bondage, dog and toilet training. Willing to experiment and correspond. Box 110.

DENVER. M. Libra. 30. 5'9½". 195. White. 7". Novice. Seeks totally dominant master to please and serve. Prefers non-smoker, light drinker, no drugs. Box 254.

CONNECTICUT

OLD SAYBROOK. M. Capricorn. 6'4". 200. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Will obey experienced master with big cock and good body. Box 165L.

DELAWARE

DOVER. M. Capricorn. 27. 6'. 160. White. 6¾". Novice. Seeking very dominant and butch male into heavy leather. Bike score a plus. No fems, fats, weaklings. Box 051F.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

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

WASHINGTON. SM. Cancer. 32. 6'. 165. White. 7½". Novice. Wants good-looking well-built with sense of humor. Box 324.

FLORIDA

COCONUT GROVE. S. Cancer. 39. 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. Virgo. 45. 5'11". 184. White. 7¼". Knowledgeable. Tight ass. Needs masculine S, considerate of needs and limits. Will service Masters in area on business/vacation trips. Box 183P.

FT. LAUDERDALE. M. Libra. 44. 5'8". 155. White. 8¼". Novice. Prefers motorcycle police officer. No fems or fats. Box 200.

KISSIMMEE. SM. Virgo. 53. 5'10½". 150. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Prefers partner under 40 into role-switching. No drugs. Box 153.

MIAMI. SM. Scorpio. 35. 5'9½". Knowledgeable. Heavy oral orientation and exhibitionism desired. Box 047.

MIAMI. MS. Leo. 31. 5'8½". 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Prefers black Master but color not a hangup. Box 058.

MIAMI. M. Libra. 25. 5'8". 150. White. 7¼". Novice. Needs instructor, 21-42, bodybuilder type. Box 298.

ORLANDO. MS. Libra. 25. 5'8". 140. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn both roles. Box 060C.

TAMPA/ST. PETERSBURG. S. Virgo. 36. 5'9". 160. 8½". Knowledgeable. B&D. Slave must be straight-appearing. No fems, fats. Box 126M.

GEORGIA

ATLANTA. SM. Leo. 46. 6'. 175. White. 8". Novice. Digs bikers, cops, cowboys, wearing partner's clothing. Must be clean, masculine. No drugs, fats. Box 184D.

Continued on page 32

6 MONTHS \$10 FULL YEAR \$15

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On 42nd Street on the stage of the Bijou theater, the water gushed and gurgled sequestering beneath its fizzy droplets a thousand bathing beauties wired to the rosettes of a giant sprinkling can of a wedding cake - Ziegfeld gargoyles, feyly chanting the rubrics to a baptism gone Busby Beserkly. "By a Waterfall..." Dick crooned to Ruby as Billy Barty squirted along under a bridge of a thousand thighs. And when the crowd lept to its feet applauding and shouting in crazed delight, Jimmy Cagney packed the whole operation into a couple of buses and headed down the Great White Way to the next theater for yet another performance; the whole elaborate concoction a mere Preview before the evening really lived up with the latest in filmic fare from the Warner Brothers or the crazy junkman, the King of Culver City.

At the junction where Hollywood Boulevard merges into Sunset, Chuck Roy rubs his fingers across his T-shirt, a cotton billboard touting Jack DeVeau's latest entry into the porn sweepstakes, the celluloid trips that currently comprise the core of the homo-erotic cinema. Outside, the fog that has drifted in from Malibu causes a shimmering aura to vibrate around the lights on the marquee; "Live Show Tonight" vaporizes into the night.

Under the gaze of a quintet of Art Deco Pharaohs a spotlight licks up the sides of a pair of boots, spit polished to within an inch of their black leather hide. A gleaming halo languishes around a man wearing a leather body harness, as it reaches its azimuth a silver studded cock ring reflects fractured light particles off into the blackness where the audience sits and watches mutely. Slumped low in their seats, a few patrons unzip their pants and start to jack-off; somebody gets up and heads for the head. A blond boy with a beautifully tanned body is bound with a whip held by a man whose face is masked by a hangman's hood. The boy arches his back slightly and allows his golden hair to caress his captor's cock. Another player, nude except for a leather cap, forgoes stage left for a turn in the spotlight. He grabs a handful of blond hair and forces the slave boy's head down toward his cock, a *pas de trois* in S&M ensues.

Chuck Roy is a man convinced he has a future in Show Business. For more than a year, he has been staging live shows before the flickering bodies of the sex stars light up the screens at the erotic houses.

"I started in New York with a company of dancers, but they never had the right look for the shows I wanted to do. I came to the Coast

because the best looking men are here. When I find someone who looks right I can teach him to dance." Dance is probably too confining a term to describe what transpires in his shows. He is incorporating some new ideas into a show called "Hard Hat 2000". It's a futuristic spin-off of a successful effort he mounted a couple of months ago that was simply called "Hard Hat". Predictably it featured two construction workers facing off some new joint territory in a freely choreographed sexual confrontation. Its update presents three androids who are programmed to provide the ultimate in sexual pleasure for humans but through some technical malfunction wind up making it with each other. Occasionally the vice lords show up to check out the performances and file field reports back to Crazy Ed. So far nobody has actually touched anyone else's private parts, at least not so you can tell from the back row. Roy is sure, however, he will be staging the real thing in a couple of years at the most. Such shows currently are performed in Amsterdam and in someone's cellar in the East Village.

"Boylesque" is the closest you can get to seeing men fucking each other on stage at the moment in Los Angeles; three times daily at the Vista before the hard-core fare from



Hand-In-Hand. Lumberjacks, Hard Hats, S&M Cultists and horny Jocks in sweat socks, the best of the pedestrian traffic of West Hollywood dry-humping on stage. Tonight as the last drop of jism slides down the screen, drained from the last pulsating prick, Roy's Boys will stage a special performance for the eye of a television camera which is being erected third row center. A video crew strings cables to a monitor buzzing out zig-zags of pink and green, soon to record the sexual gyrations of the Hard Hat troupe uninhibited by the regulations of public performance; new material for the underground gay video tape network.

Chuck is thinking about getting a bus so he can take the show on the road. A few chains, whips, a couple of harnesses, four hard hats, assorted cock rings, some red hankies; it would all take up a limited amount of space. In the old days he would've been saddled with a three-story wedding cake complete with its own plumbing, and an ill-tempered gaggle of chorines led by a zoftig blonde, of whom, it is said, during one particular bout with the sauce, momentarily imagined she was Fatty Arbuckle and tried to impale Ruby Keeler on an empty Vat 69 bottle...



bob opel

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

Sir!

DRUMMER No. 1 certainly was deserving of both ears of the bull and now No. 2 has improved to the point of deserving no less than both ears plus the tail. And the beat goes on...hopefully for a long time!

But you really should be awarded the whole fucking bull—balls and all—for providing Fred Halsted with a forum to express himself to all of us Studs and twinks who find his thoughts as relevant and savvy as we find his movies entertaining. You might find those who disagree but to me he is so right—like it or not. S&M isn't all whips and fun. It is also a hell of a lot of vigilance over our right to exist. To live, love and express ourselves as we choose!

Your policy of covering all bases (the sexy hirsute splendor of John Beck vs slave shaving) promise to make DRUMMER the success we all wish it to be.

G.F.
Phoenix

DRUMMERS,

My compliments upon your current publication and I will look forward to seeing more and more from you and your staff.

J.K.
San Diego

Dear Drummer,

I have duly received my first copy of the DRUMMER. I am very satisfied with it and cannot but pay you my best compliments for its presentation.

A. K.
Zurich, Switzerland

The Editor:

I just wanted to drop you this note to let you know how pleased I am with the new DRUMMER.

It's a far cry from the old leaflets; keep up the good work!

Dennis
Staten Island, NY

Dear Sir:

Let me congratulate you on Volume 1, No. 1 of DRUMMER which I received about a fortnight ago. I think you are doing a great service to the Leatherman; it's really a great mag.

Patrick
Australia

Editor:

I'm sort of investigating the Leather scene in certain cities and thought I'd pass on what I've discovered.

Boston Leather is very good.

Frankfurt (Germany) Leather is only pseudo and very new. It's a funny town,

especially for Germany. I walked into the one leder bar in vest, wrist bands, belt and cap, and they were all shocked. The place is full of U.S. bike bar posters, but the types present don't understand or are only playing.

Cologne is great! The one Leather bar is truly the club of the largest and oldest bike club in Europe. The club runs the bar on Friday and Saturday nights: door tickets, benefits, etc. The place was packed, cheek to cheek: very groovy. There were several Americans present and many full-Leather studs. Seems to be greater imagination in Leather styling than in L.A.—more individuality, possibly less uniform code. U.S. bike clubs from the East Coast have visited this bar and the bike club, and the Koeln MBSC hopes to visit the U.S. in 1976.

The only Leather "jacket" club in Paris that is known in Cologne is called the Bronx—really Bronx! What a frost! Not really Leather at all, just a few jackets but not a toy in sight and no "love of Leather". Also outrageously expensive: any drink, Coke to scotch, costs about \$3.50. Of course, most make one drink last all evening. I'm an L.A. drinker—fast!

Ever onward, but I'll still take our L.A. ueber Alles!

Ted
Los Angeles

Gentlemen:

Regarding DRUMMER's Bar Scene listings, you might revise your list for Phoenix, Arizona.

The San Carlos Lounge has been reclaimed by Indians and winos and cannot be called a leather bar any longer.

You'll notice that the Hideout and Wild Willie's share the same address—they are one and the same. The place used to be the Hideout, but it is now called Wild Wil-lies.

Although the Nu Towne Saloon (on Van Buren near 48th St.) is not a leather bar, it contains a good cross-section of masculine types with good bodies and open minds. The Nu Towne is always busy, whereas the two leather bars don't offer much to choose from except on Sunday afternoons. The Nu Towne has an Old West atmosphere, and you always see lots of bikes, keys, leather and bandanas there. Best wishes,

Bob
Phoenix

Gentlemen:

Because of the time that had elapsed since publication of the first number, I had begun to fear that you had either encountered financial difficulties, or were unable to find enough suitable material. I was relieved and happy when the second issue came. I have

enjoyed both numbers and read every word and studied all the pictures intently.

Vern
Lakewood, CA

Gentlemen,

Please cancel my subscription to DRUMMER. My reason for cancellation is that I do not wish to receive any publication that carries advertising for the "National Socialist League".

Fred
Wyoming

Dear Fred,

While we are certainly in sympathy with your feelings, and while we have no particular empathy with the "National Socialists", we feel that by denying any group the right to a voice, no matter how we disagree with what they say, we are violating the very freedom we are trying to defend.

DRUMMER's only censorship is that no group attack any other. After all, everyone among us belongs to some minority.

Thank you for taking time to let us know how you feel.

Robert Payne

Dear Robert Payne,

I would like to say that I thought your article "In Passing" in the second issue of DRUMMER was one of the most sensitive pieces I have ever read. It was quite a contrast to your other writings. Beautiful.

Kurt Kreisler
Burbank, CA.

Mr. Kreisler is a well-known author in his own right. His current publisher is Greenleaf. We thank him.

Dear Sirs:

Humbly, I extend to you my heartfelt, most sincere desire to subscribe for one full year to your most interesting magazine, "DRUMMER". A Leatherman, whom I've had the honor of visiting allowed me the privilege of glancing through one of his copies and told me that he would not object to my applying to your offices for this magazine.

What little I was permitted to read enabled me to understand this particular teacher better than before and, through this greater understanding, has helped me to appreciate more the one who is so patiently teaching me about him and, to a much lesser degree, about myself. It's been suggested that

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

DRUMMER could possibly contribute towards what I'm striving to learn. I am most anxious to receive my first copy.

Jerrold
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

In the "Malecall" section of the second issue of DRUMMER, there was a letter from Toronto, Canada proposing that future issues contain a "Suggestions/Exchange" page. I heartily endorse the idea and hope that you will seriously consider it.

Tom
Lancaster, PA

Dear Sir!!!

I have just read your first issue of DRUMMER Magazine which was great.

I thought that spread on page 22 was very gro-o-o-v-y! Do you have any other "pics" on the Happy Master?

Jack
Portsmouth, NH

Photos for that article are from the Robert Payne book, "NIGHT OF SUBMISSION" from the movie of the same name. The book is advertised elsewhere in this issue.

Dear Sir:

I have duly received my first copy of the DRUMMER. I am very satisfied with it and cannot but pay you my best compliments for its presentation.

A.K.
Zurich, Switzerland

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BODY BOBBY

HERE'S NATIONAL AUTHORITY ROD FULLER WITH A NEW TWIST ON BODYBUILDING!

In order to throw his, or somebody else's, weight around a guy's got to be in pretty good shape. Here's Rod Fuller to tell you how to stay in shape. Obviously, he practices what he preaches!

Dear Rod:

First, what I want to ask is sort of personal. Why don't you ever smile? Another question: How many days do you work out, and what kinds of food do you eat?

You see, Rod, I am 37 and on the "shit list" when it comes to making out with other guys. You know what I mean? I've put ads in all kinds of newspapers and gone the bar route and also rapped a lot in those rap sessions. But after all, that was verbal expression, and the only conclusion from all of this was doing a hand job number by myself. You know, I'm not "that" physically unattractive, but maybe I should start exercising. Do you think that, at my age, I can accomplish some improvement on my body?

I had a lover for seven years but he left (it was expected). After that I started to go out more, but all the time I thought about "him." Now it's been six years and I'm afraid I will get old alone; that frightens me. Look, Rod, I laid it on the line with you and maybe you can answer some of the questions. It's not too much to ask, right?

You always mentioned that looking good was a calling card, so I'm willing to try. I'm a bit depressed today and hope you understand this. I'm really not this way all the time. It's only when I'm alone, and that's most of the time, sorry.

Owen

Dear Owen:

Wow! You are some heavy S.O.B.! First let's talk about me. Why don't I smile? You try smiling when you are holding a weight or lifting yourself in the air for a few minutes so that some photographer can take the proper exercise movement of you! Bullshit! I wouldn't smile even if it were possible. Second question: How many days do I exercise? Five days a week, half-a-body a day. I feel it saves time this way, and I get the same results as if I were working out

the normal" three days a week. My complete workout, the entire body, takes about two-and-a-half hours. Of course, one has to enjoy doing this. Some people say that I'm a masochist because of the severe amount of pain involved in this kind of exercising. They're wrong! When you've exercised as long as I have, you get used to the movements and the rewards are great. As you know, the masochist enjoys either mental or physical pain, and there is no "pain" as such during my workouts, only fulfillment and conquest of accomplishment. I feel great physically and mentally obtain tremendous satisfaction from the results. To answer your third question, my foods consist mainly of a low carbohydrate, high protein intake. This makes it possible to maintain my energy and body.

Now about you, Owen: you put yourself down, for one thing! You're "on the shit list." What kind of an attitude is that? You know your problem? You're becoming mentally negative about yourself. That would depress anybody! You probably *should* work on improving your physical appearance. I'll bet you if you did this you would start to think more positively about yourself. It's not the answer to happiness, but what the hell is! You want to make it, then earn it. Exercise your mind to think positively, then exercise your body. Age has nothing to do with it; it's your mind that's important, so remember that, friend. Start exercising your mind and think positively about yourself, then work toward achieving a well-built body. I know that you'll feel 100 per cent better than you do now. It certainly can't get any worse, can it?

Dear Rod:

My question concerns my buttocks. How do I firm and tighten them? I really have a flabby ass and feel embarrassed about it. Are there any exercises that will help?

Rich

Dear Rich:

There is one exercise that is extremely good for this area. It's called the "Lunge." Place a barbell (light-weight) behind your neck on your



shoulders, arch your right leg forward and stretch as far as possible, with your left leg also slightly bent, and finish off on your toes. Repeat this motion with your left leg. Alternating legs, do four sets of as many reps as possible. It's difficult to explain in writing what this movement looks like, but I'll show pictures of this exercise in a future article and then you'll better understand it. Or you could write to me and I'll send you the pictures, as this exercise is part of my body development program.

Dear Rod:

What is the difference in exercising with weights for the arms, as opposed to chinning?

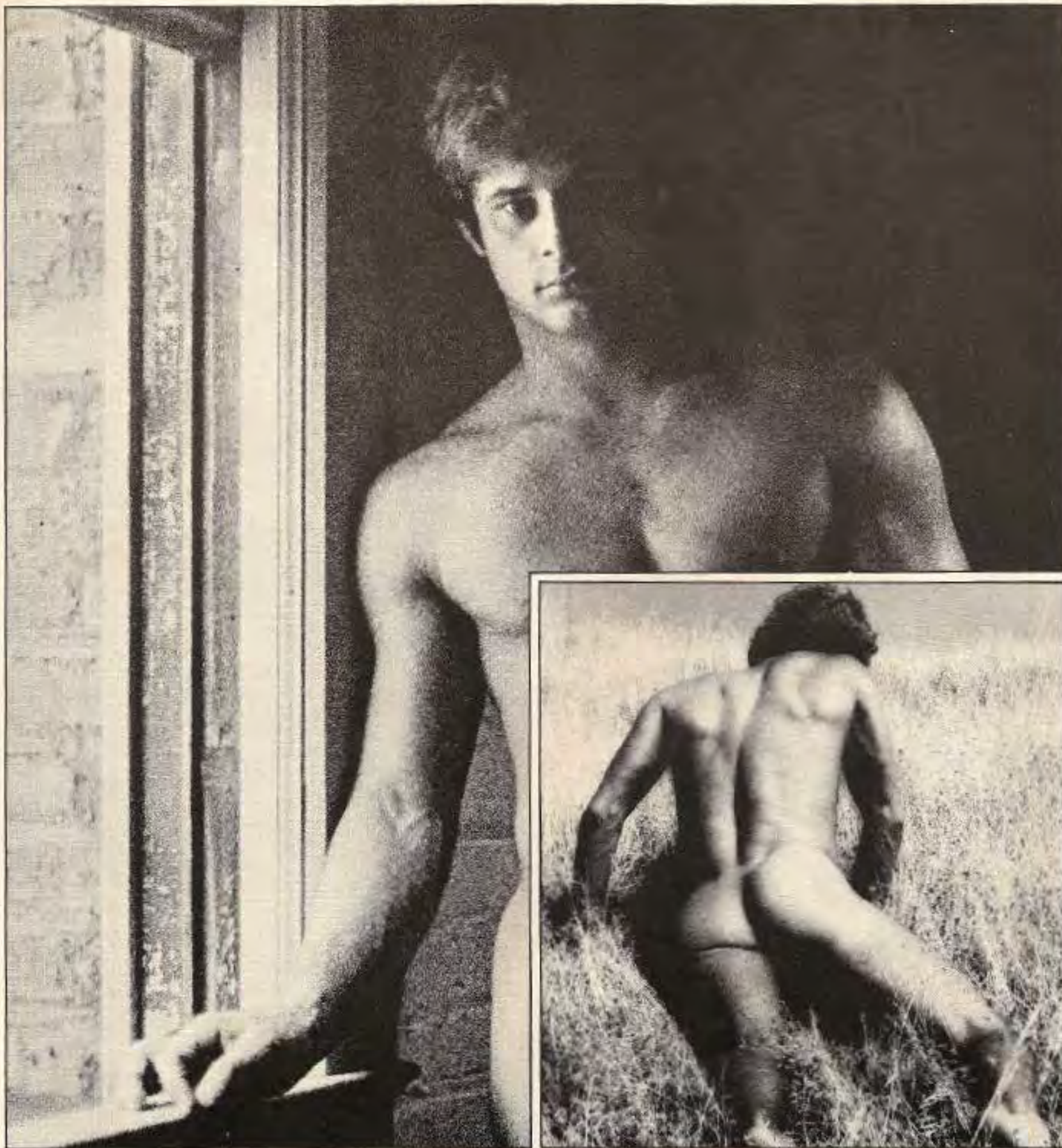
Dear Friend:

Using a weight for building up the bicep (the upper part of the arm) will give you more bulk, whereas lifting your body (or "chinning") will give you definition. The reason is that weight progression (adding more weight as you get used to it) will help build up your muscles, but chinning will only tighten the muscles and growth will stop. Since the weight you lift in chinning is your own, no progression can be achieved. Of course, you can increase your own poundage during the chinning exercise by putting a weight on your ankles, but this is really highly impractical so one tends to use the chinning bar only for definement.

Readers who have questions or want information about a personalized body development course with weights should write to Rod Fuller, Post Office Box 6652, Burbank, CA 91510. Please enclose a business size envelope, self-addressed and with \$.20 in stamps.

nude reflections

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JOHN DAVID HOUGH



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these details of his helpless victim and felt himself becoming slightly aroused.

"I choose the feet and legs," he declared. He moved quickly to a custodian's locker and pulled two feathers from a duster he had known to be there. Stationing himself below Dicko's bare feet, he ordered: "O.K., start timing me."

With a feather in each hand Johnny started gently tickling the soles of the feet in front of him, first one and then the other, occasionally both at once, concentrating delicately on the tender arches. Dicko at first tried to stifle his giggles but soon was laughing uncontrollably, vainly trying to twist his fettered feet away from the delicious agony.

Johnny stepped up the pace, moving along the heavily muscled calves, and upward, to the sensitive inner thighs, higher and higher, tantalizing but not quite touching the bottom of the inert scrotum. Dicko's laughter became a kind of sobbing as aching cramps began to seize first his feet, then through his calves and knees to upper legs. Sweat poured from his body. His sobs became a fitful gasping for breath. He felt he was passing out.

"Time!" called Moses Brown, who had volunteered to serve in that capacity.

Dicko was freed and given five minutes to get his breath and restore the circulation to his limbs. He moved gingerly about the room, long cock swaying, rubbing his legs and feet. Moses, Manuel, and Thaa were congratulating Johnny on his ingenuity and silently admiring Dicko for the fact that he had not cried out for the torture to stop.

Then it was Thaa's turn.

"I wantcha on your fuckin' back, too, but spread your arms 'n' legs so's they dangle over the sides," he instructed.

Dicko silently took the required position, and his ankles and wrists were fastened together beneath the table. With his legs spread so wide, he knew his cock and balls were in an especially vulnerable position, and feared that would be the area Thaa decided to work over during his fifteen-minute session.

"Me, I'm goin' for the mother-fucker's pits 'n' tits," Thaa announced. The future movie idol stretched Dicko's cock upward toward his navel and sat on his lower stomach, trapping that member between the cheeks of his own ass. The initial movements of his hands were almost a caress, his fingertips tracing the mounds of the twin pectorals, outlining the nipples, and working by degrees into the hairs of the armpits.

He felt a growing of the cock between his buttocks and scrunched down on it harder, knowing that his own was also enlarging.

"Forceps!"

The instrument was supplied him from the trainer's first aid supplies. Dicko's breathing grew heavier, the motion of his diaphragm causing Thaa's hardening cock to roll gently from side to side on that fleshy bed. The three others drew in closer, their hands idly toying with their own semi-erect phalluses. That the week's experiences might prove in any way erotic had not occurred to them.

Wordlessly accepting the forceps, Thaa went for the left guard's right armpit, carefully securing a tiny fold of flesh between its teeth. Suddenly he tightened and violently twisted and a sharp shriek forced itself from Dicko's guts. Just as suddenly, before blood was drawn, Thaa released the first grip and moved to the sensitive flesh of the other armpit, repeating the performance. Again an agonized scream.

Thus a pattern was established. Thaa pinched and twisted, alternating from one side to the other, drawing two lines of tiny bruises that ran from the armpits toward the nipples. The Greek god knew that, despite the victim's staccato cries of pain, the entrapped cock was now completely hard, and he ground down on it heartlessly.

When he reached the right nipple itself, the mere touch of metal to that erogenous spot brought the loudest cry yet from Dicko's lips. But Thaa was merciless. He tightened the grip, but, instead of twisting this time, he pulled, drawing the flesh a good two inches away from the body. Just as Dicko knew he could take no more, and was about to give up, the grip was released. Tears ran from the corners of his eyes as he felt the metal touch his left nipple, and his breath came in gasps. If Moses hadn't called "Time!" at that moment, he would have thrown in the towel and given up his chances for any further participation in the week's events.

This was "half time," so fifteen minutes were given Dicko before Manuel took over. When released from Thaa's weight and the restraining tapes, Dicko just lay still a few moments, instinctively aware that all eyes were on his throbbing erection and unconsciously proud that he need feel no shame at its generous dimensions. He then got off the torture table and walked rapidly about, breathing deeply and shaking his stiff arms vigorously.

All too soon the fifteen minutes were at an end, and Dicko Novak

faced the expressionless dark eyes of Manuel Alvarez.

"O.K., mon, I'm sick of this on-the-back shit. Let's see ya get on your belly on that fuckin' table like ya was makin' hot love to it!"

Dicko obeyed, lying on his stomach and embracing the narrow table with both arms and legs. Again, wrists and ankles were taped together underneath it, and now he was quite suddenly aware of the total openness of his virgin asshole. Would Manuel dare? Manuel, whose cock, though of only average length, was the thickest he had ever seen? He squirmed in helpless dread.

"I choose the ass!" Manuel gloated, and Dicko was on the verge of calling an end to the proceedings right then and there. "Hand me my belt; I'm really gonna warm up this mother's fanny."

Dicko almost felt relief that he was only going to be whipped, not violated. But then he felt the first stinging blow from the heavy engineer's belt, crackingly applied to the crease where buttocks meet thighs. First just a warmth, then a tingling, then the outraged fire of a thousand burning nerve ends. He could recall the many times in the past that his stern father had given him a "licking," but had never known such pain as this.

It was almost as if Manuel had made a scientific study of buttock lashing, had devoted his entire young life to perfecting his technique. Each slash of the leather belt was just a fraction of an inch enough above the one before so as to avoid breaking the flesh, yet to inflict maximum punishment. Under the glaring fluorescent lights, the reddish overlapping of the welts could be seen imprinted in full detail on the twin white mounds, even to the placement of the buckle holes.

Dicko began to fear losing control and voiding his bowels if the incessant lashes did not soon let up. He was surprised when the screams he heard inside his head turned out to be his own, but he didn't care. There was no question, in the little corner of his mind that could still think, that he had been enduring this agony for at least an hour and that the time of breaking was here.

"Time!" came the blessed call from Moses.

The huge Black, whose own turn was nigh, eyed his prey as he was untaped and sprang unsteadily to his feet for the five-minute respite before the final ordeal. Moses thought of all the stories he had heard and read about the maltreatment of his forebears by white masters and overseers, and relished



BORN TO RAISE HELL

"BORN TO RAISE HELL," A NEW PSYCHO-FILM SOON TO BE RELEASED TO THEATRES NATIONALLY, WILL BE REVIEWED IN DRUMMER NEXT ISSUE. HOWEVER, IT HAS ALSO BEEN MADE INTO A BOOK OF APPROXIMATELY ONE HUNDRED STILLS FROM THE FILM.

BOTH THE MOVIE AND THE BOOK ARE MADE UP OF FIVE BASIC SEGMENTS AND CONTAIN JUST ABOUT EVERY

FORM OF S&M—THE WILDEST WE HAVE EVER SEEN. SHOWN ON THESE TWO PAGES ARE BUT A FEW.

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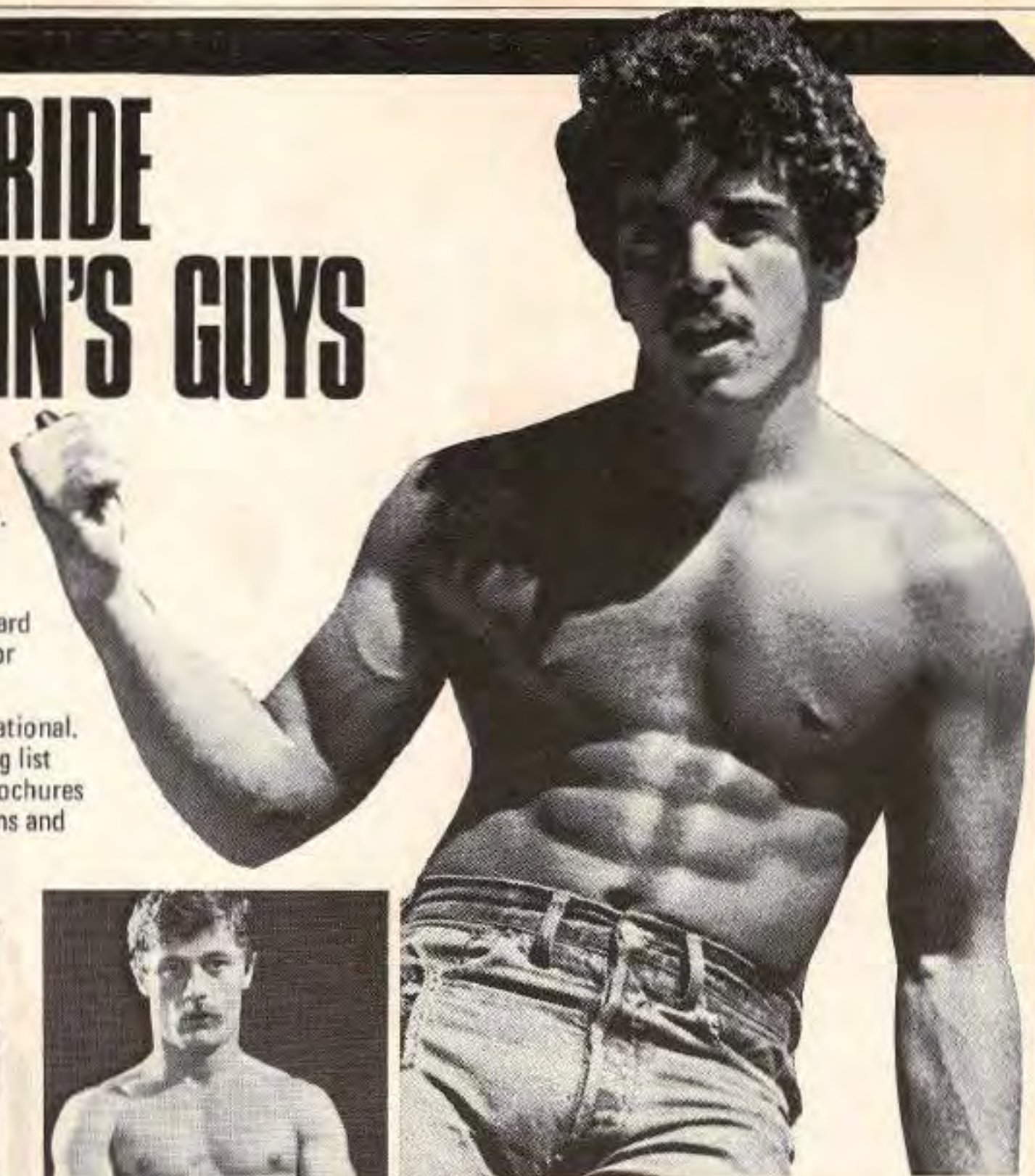
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EAGLE ROCK MOUNTAIN

A Satire

i met a Guy in a bar one night,
And we went to His house: it was
outsight.

The name of it was "Eagle Rock
Mountain,"
Big and old with an overgrown
fountain.

It took an hour by the nearest
freeway,

But He was big and demanding, i
saw things His way.

From the bottom of the hill, i
could see the house.

In the rain and the lightning, i
felt like a mouse.

All the trees were tall, with shadows
around.

He opened the gate and a new road
we found.

Up, up we went, we wound and we
curved.

With a lump in my throat, i felt
quite unnerved.

It was dark and it thundered as we
came to the top.

As we drove up in front and
screached to a stop.

The grass was high as if it'd never
been cut,
And weeds were all over, i hurt in
my gut.

The house appeared dark and the
windows had boards.

i said a quick prayer, "Remember
me Lord!"

We ran for the steps. They creaked
and they squeaked.

He opened the door. The hall ceiling
leaked.

He pulled off my coat and it dropped
to the floor.

i heard a faint click as He locked the
front door.

i strained my scared eyes, but no
light could i see.

i prayed one more time: "Jesus,
please help me!"

my prayer was distracted; my heart
seemed to stop.

Through a far door came a Man
dressed like a cop.

He was young and goodlooking; a
candle He held.

"I'm new here," He whispered. It
seemed like He'd yelled.

Both of Them grabbed me; i couldn't
resist.

They pulled me down hallways by
Their leather-wrapped fists.

They laughed when They bit me as
They tore off my shirt.

They reached down and groped me;
my groin started to hurt.

We reached a basement where racks
lined the wall.

With a cry in my voice, i heard my
self call:

"God, oh God, help me! Get me out
of this place!"

God answered my plea; They shoved
amyd in my face.

my blood started rushing, my heart
started to pound.

my arms were tied up; there was a
gag to stop sound.

Then came the injection (i know not
of what).

Half in and half out, i felt pain in my
butt.

It's all over now, but this much i can
tell:

i live in that house and i sleep in a
cell.

i'm in a bar and the boys i am
countin'.

i think i'll take that one to Eagle Rock
Mountain.

---gary conaway

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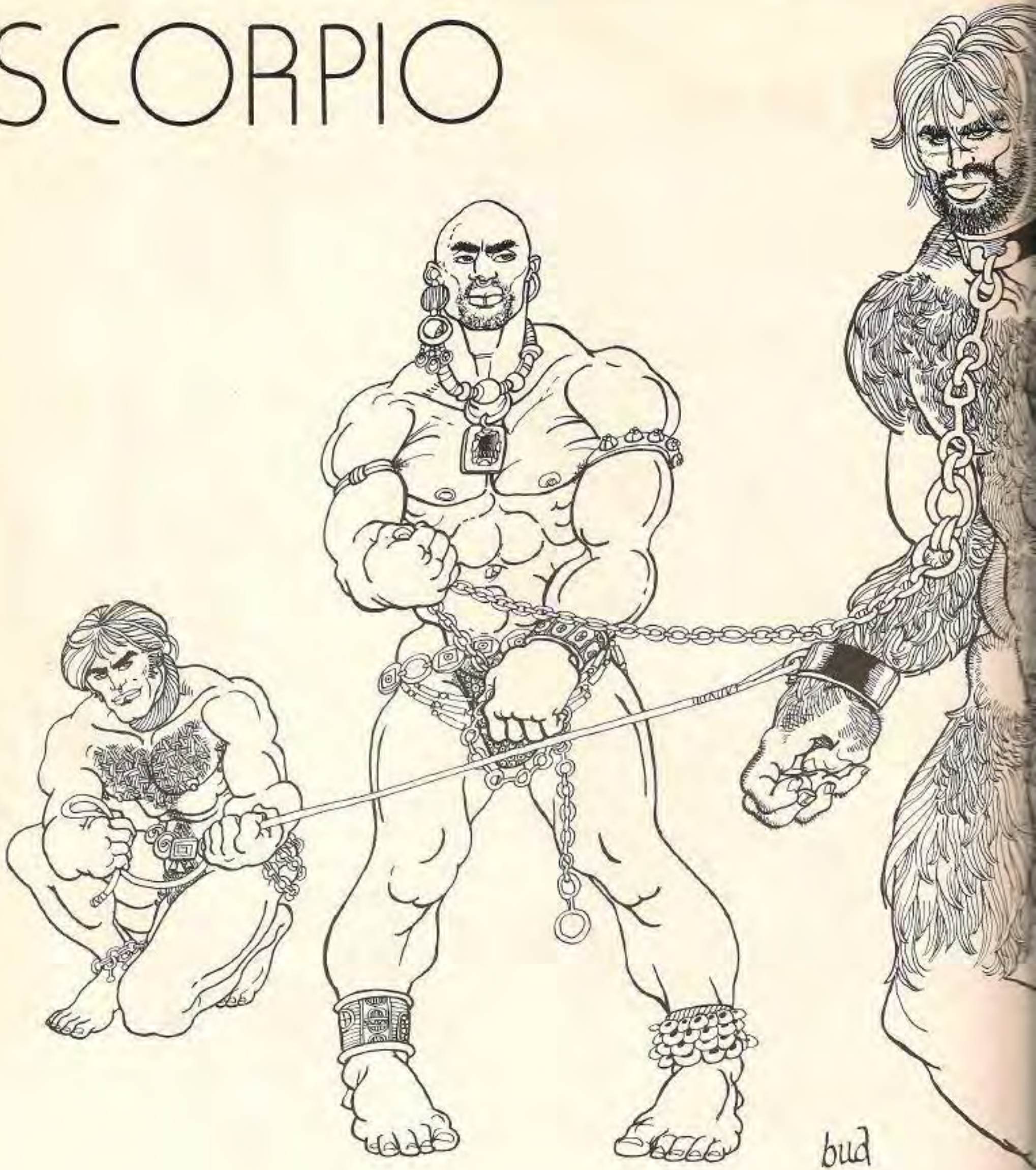
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SCORPIO





SCORPIO IS THE BONDAGE SIGN, usually Dominate, however. A Hirisute sign, Scorpio rules Iron—as well as the genitals. Those with Scorpio rising are sensual and intense with very definite opinions. They are possessive and make good providers. Scorpio rules from October 22 to November 22. Drawing by Bud from live models.

© Drummer Publications.

DRUMMER views the Flicks

BY SIDNEY CHARLES



A Warner Bros. Release. Producers: Martin Bregman and Martin Eiland. Associate Producer: Robert Greenhut. Director: Sidney Lumet. Screenplay: Frank Pierson, based on a magazine article by P. F. Kluge and Thomas Moore. Featuring Al Pacino, John Cazale, Charles Durning, John Broderick, Chris Sarandon.

A European Film Exchange Co. release. A Bizarre production. Produced, directed, photographed, edited by Pat Rocco. Script by Edward Middleton from his novel. Featuring Joed Adair, Inga-Maria Pinson, Bambi Allen, David Russell, Dean Shah-Kee, Joe Caruso, Ann Collins, Gerald Strickland. Running time: 1 hr. 38 min.



An Ironstone Production. Producer/Director: Nicholas Nickodell. Script: Ronnie Murphy. Camera: Truman Martin. Editing: J. W. McFarren. Sound: Kenneth Holloway of Holloway Sound Studios. Makeup: Howard Simon. Continuity: D'Artagnan La Follette. Caston Lee, Stan Aldridge, David Rosen, Bruce Walton, Ronald Howard, James Monroe, Bob Gee.

'DOG DAY AFTERNOON'

"Dog Day Afternoon" deals with a different kind of S&M. (See how educational DRUMMER is? I'll bet you always thought that there was only the one, fun kind!)

The film takes its title from "dog days," the hot and sultry period in mid-summer when the dog star and the sun rise and set at the same time. The Roman theory was that the combined heat drove men to commit acts of madness.

The theme is taken not from theory but from fact. On August 22, 1972...one of the doggiest days of that year...John Wojtowicz, a/k/a Littlejohn Basso, and an accomplice, Sal Naturile, took over the Brooklyn branch of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Object? Robbery. Reason? To obtain funds for the sex reassignment surgery of Wojtowicz "wife," Ernest Aron.

This is a moving picture in every sense of the word, which brings us back to the subject at hand: sadomasochism. Please don't get me wrong, there are no jerk-off scenes here. There's nothing erotic in listening to John, renamed Sonny and played by Al Pacino, plead with his lover on the telephone...and the closest thing to a Slave-Master relationship comes from the *Life* magazine article about "The Boys in the Bank."

'DRIFTER'

The accompanying photo aside, Pat Rocco's "Drifter" has few kicks for the fans who prefer their S&M film fare to be of the tie-'em-down-beat-'em-up variety. Oh, sure, there's the brief scene pictured here where Drifter attacks his friend, and another where he savagely and cannibalistically throws himself upon a young lady, but that's it.

The psychological sadomasochist, however, is in for a real treat, for "Drifter" is simply fraught with S&M mind games. Why, for example, does Drift attack Steve? Not because he wants to hurt him but because he, himself, is experiencing the pain of a possible emotional commitment. He's not fighting Steve; he's fighting his own desires.

And why does he attack Karen (Inga-Maria Pinson)? Not because she's a lousy actress, which would be my reason, but because he's falling for this clean, wholesome lass and then horrors! discovers her to be his partner in a sex-play-for-pay scene. After all, love is clean but sex is dirty.

Let me explain. Drifter is a hustler. Leave your feelings at the door on the way in, and the money on the dresser on your way out. Tidy. No complications. And a way of life that builds in frustration, losing, self-demoralization, and a whole bag of

'BEHIND THE GREEK DOOR'

On the other hand, "Behind the Greek Door" will gladden the hearts and other organs of those whose first S&M experience, real or imagined, was a fraternity initiation.

The action...and there's plenty of it...takes place in and around the Chi Alpha Chi frat house and sexgarage, where members spend their time at manly pursuits: jogging, playing poker, drinking beer, patting each other's backs and asses and sucking and fucking.

Shawn Everett is wonderfully naive as The Pledge who, having already been pissed on and forced (with little reluctance) to watch somebody jerk off, wonders gosharoony! what could possibly happen next?

Uh huh, it does. His bare behind is paddled from virgin white to rosy red, and he is subjected to various homey humiliations. Crisco obviously had a hand in this production, for there's even some fist fucking for the fans.

Tim Rhodes, masquerading his extra tonnage here with a pseudonym, must have anticipated being on the receiving end in "Sextool." In "Greek Door" he switches roles by donning full leather, coming on and getting off as a super-bad S.

I must say that I envy the boys of Chi Alpha Chi as they explore to the

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

"Eventually John Wojtowicz formed a relationship with tall, willowy Ernest Aron. Ernest was demanding. He kept asking Wojtowicz to do things for him, buy a bracelet, give him a little spending money. He never did what he was told. 'Who do you think I am, your slave?' he'd say. This baffled Wojtowicz, but nevertheless the relationship flourished—"

Ernest obviously was not the Slave; Littlejohn was. He was Slave to Ernest as he had been to his parents, whose relationship was described as "—a bad car accident"—as he had been to his fat, whining wife... as he had been to a system which he simply could not understand and with which he could not cope. And as Slave to Ernest, he had his one brief shining moment... 12 long, hot hours in a bank... as Master. Suddenly the tables were turned and it was he pushing people around, he giving the orders, he handing out the shit. At one point during his negotiations with the police, a cop is giving him a line and he responds, "Kiss me!" "What?" asks the cop. "Kiss me. When I'm being fucked, I like to be kissed."

But the power could not last forever. The police and FBI acceded to his demands for an airport limo to convey the two robbers and their seven hostages to Kennedy, where a waiting plane would jet them to safety. At the last minute, and with no provocation, the FBI agent-limo driver turns and shoots Sal Naturile neatly between the eyes. And if police brutality, if deliberate misrepresentation for the purpose of murder... reason be damned... if Littlejohn's entire life, if these factors alone do not make up a sort of sadomasochism, I don't know what does!

As a side note to this review, we have been corresponding with John Wojtowicz, "the gay bank robber," since he was sent up in 1972. He was again the M to Ernest's S. Ernest refused to visit or correspond with Littlejohn. Littlejohn attempted suicide. But Ernest still wanted the surgery, so Littlejohn sold the rights to his story outright and every nickel went for the operation and for his own legal fees. Now, with three years behind him, he is suffering still another and most ironic act of sadism, as the following letter will show.

I am writing to you in the hope that you can help end the discrimination I have to endure here at the U.S. Penitentiary, Lewisburg, Pa. The Associate Warden, Mr. D. Grey, has

refused to let the movie "Dog Day Afternoon" starring Mr. Al Pacino [of "The Godfather"] in here for all of us to see. This picture is based on a true incident involving myself, and Mr. Pacino portrays me in the movie.

I have been discriminated against ever since I entered this institution. This is because of the homosexual motive and implications of my crime. I have tried to get the officials here, the ones at the Regional Office at Philadelphia, Pa., and at the Bureau of Prisons in Washington, D.C. to correct the injustices and discrimination I have had to endure, but to no avail. I have been treated as a second class inmate and denied the same rights that other inmates in here are allowed to enjoy. I am presently in the courts over this [See Wojtowicz v. Arnold, Civil No. 75-913, U.S. District Court for the Middle District of Pennsylvania, Scranton, Pa.]

Mr. Grey's refusal to let my movie in here is just adding to the suffering I have to go through and is also a perfect example of the arbitrary and discriminatory actions I have had to endure. I was able to obtain this movie from Warner Bros. at no charge and for free for all of us here to see. But as of this writing it has not been allowed in here; not only is this an arbitrary and discriminatory action against me personally, but also against the other inmates as well as the staff here at Lewisburg, Pa.

DRIFTER

S&M numbers to do on the head.

During some of his seamier, steamier scenes, for example, Drifter flashes back to his brief relationship with Steve. Ah, the marvelous masochism of recalling lost loves, even as he hires himself out as dominant super-stud to the slave types whose needs are thinly veiled in innuendo. "I keep thinking I'm gonna meet someone who's different—," whines one of Drift's Johns.

Drifter typifies what we think of as the hustler philosophy: take it all and give nothing in return. Yet he makes a tremendous contribution: his self-worth. Even worse, he realizes what he's given up and given away, and he continually flagellates himself with the information.

He constantly makes himself pay for being paid. He allows himself to be physically loved, but he refuses to allow himself to enjoy it. He allows himself to be bought with money and with promises, then stops payment on the check. In attempts to regain his self-respect, he wears his cross as a symbol of salvation and purity and is attracted to Karen by the

"normalcy" of such a relationship. And yet he wonders, what happened to that self-respect? Did he lose it? Grow out of it? Or did he sell it on a street corner for ten bucks?

BEHIND THE GREEK DOOR

fullest every orifice of their bodies and every singular or mutual variety of sexual expression. Romance? There's that, too. One brother jerks off on another, then lovingly kisses him as "Sealed With a Kiss" wafts out over the air waves.

The Pledge, of course, withstands the various tortures inflicted upon him and is welcomed into the fraternity. As a new brother, he echoes the thoughts of many: "It's not just the pain that's significant, but the idea of total surrender."

From a technical standpoint, there are a few sound-sync problems, but they're relatively minor. The lighting and the camera work, however, are excellent, particularly when one considers that so many porno films look as though they'd been shot in a closet.

Following an extremely successful run in San Francisco, "Greek Door" expects to be in national distribution shortly. Those of you in Wichita, Kansas, say, or Kissimmee, Florida, aren't likely to find it playing at your friendly neighborhood picture show. So, to you in the boonies, I'd strongly recommend that you purchase the film (see details elsewhere in this issue) and run it at home to your hard's content.

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BOOKS

PUMPING IRON
by Gaines & Butler
Simon & Shuster
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The world of bodybuilding has a mystique and fascination unparalleled by anything except, perhaps, the world of Leathersex. In both cases there is an obvious reluctance on the part of outsiders to become involved, a fear of rejection by initiates, and a nagging thought that, after all, there is something basically unhealthy about the whole thing.

Unlike the Leather scene, a major preoccupation among bodybuilders is disassociating themselves from the slightest hint of homosexuality. This unfortunate obsession sometimes overrides any pleasure to be gained from "Pumping Iron," a new book by Charles Gaines and George Butler. Gaines, a fine writer, has moved from the position of interested bystander to that of uninteresting authority. His short novel "Stay Hungry," which uses a Gold's-Gym-type setting to dissect a very lively bunch of musclemen and their groupies, gets its power from its unclouded focus. The language is as carefully sculpted as the muscular bodies depicted. Almost obliquely, this subculture is investigated and defined; the reader feels a familiarity with it when he finishes the book. Here, too, the emphasis is on heterosexuality, but not in such a defensive fashion.

Unfortunately, Mr. Gaines must feel either that we need to know more about the topic or that there is still money to be gleaned from it. "What better format," he must have said, "than a *New Yorker*-style exposition, a trip through Muscleland for the uninformed? And to insure sales, we'll get a lot of photographs and pump up the price!"

Not a bad idea. There is always a market for good picture books, but George Butler is too good a photographer not to comment on the scene. The "happy at home" shots disclose tense, worried faces. The heroes seem relaxed only when working out or posturing on stage. There are beefcake shots to satiate the most avid fan, and all of your favorites are here: Arnold Schwarzenegger, Lou Ferrigno, Ken Waller, even Steve Reeves. The photography all too vividly points up the obvious flaw in the argument that bodybuilding creates a living, moving statue. It is impossible to build up the size of one's head, and the result is a tiny face atop a massive body, totally out of proportion. Indeed, many of the shots look as though a smaller head had been mounted on a regulation size torso. And Schwarzenegger's face is so handsome that it does seem a shame to distort it into something rather peculiar. Even the glamor photos have an unbidden edge to them. Franco Columbu looks ready for surgery on varicose veins and the Palestinian team, for a bank holdup.

But the saddest element of the book is the forced *macho*. The few signs of affection in the photographs are those between men, the obvious admiration of one sufferer for another. There must be a strong comradeship that develops between these men, but it's denigrated by the text's resorting to such terms as "faggots."

"Pumping Iron" is not a how-to book; it makes no attempt at instruction. It is not even an incisive look at a unique world; Gaines has evidently lost his distance from the subject matter. Nor is it a fantasy-photo book; the pictures are too revealing to be erotic. It is, rather, a book to be avoided...with one exception: For a clean, surgical look at the world of bodybuilding, read "Stay Hungry" and look at the pictures in "Pumping Iron." Now that combination would make a terrific book!

—Cam Phillips

Pumping Iron

The Art and Sport of Bodybuilding
by Charles Gaines and George Butler



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BELLEVILLE. M. Virgo. 29. 5'9". 140. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Seeks partner under 40 who respects limits and wants totally obedient Slave. No role-switching, excessive drug or alcohol use. Box 221.

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

CHICAGO. M. Cancer. 31. 6'. 165. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. No role playing, wants the true S who enjoys seeing guy in pain and with bruises. Box 307.

CHICAGO. SM. Aries. 33. 5'10". 200. White. 6½". Novice. S&M author wants to correspond with/meet others into S&M porn. Box 088E.

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.

MURPHYSBORO. S. Virgo. 32. 5'7". 160. White. 10½". Knowledgeable. Abusive, imaginative dude seeks intelligent, attractive partner. Early 20's preferred. No slob. Box 125H.

SPRINGFIELD. MS. Aries. 51. 5'8". 170. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. Wants to meet muscular, hairy men for bondage, 30-50 preferred. Box 335.

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. Cancer. 46. 5'9". 144. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Firm, quiet master prefers well-educated, interesting slave. Will work out your fantasy. Box 303.

VINCENNES. S. Virgo. 32. 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.

KENTUCKY

LEXINGTON. S. Leo. 37. 6'1". 197. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Partner must be experienced, smaller, straight in appearance, educated, discreet. No fems, fats, dopers, suicides. Box 258.

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BATON ROUGE. S. Leo. 28. 5'10". 170. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying Slaves real desires. Must be at least 8", masculine. Box 047W.

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

NEW ORLEANS. S. Gemini. 42. 6'1". 195. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Total respect and obedience demanded. Box 305.

MAINE

KITTERY POINT. SM. Sagittarius. 30. 6'2½". 180. White. 7". Novice. Wants to learn more about the scene from someone heavy into sex. Box 242R.

MARYLAND

ANNAPOLIS. S. Taurus. 31. 5'10". 160. White. 8". Knowledgeable. No fags playing butch. Box 040.

BALTIMORE. MS. Sagittarius. 51. 6'. 175. White. 7". Novice. Seeks intelligent, discreet partner heavily into bondage. No heavy pain, drugs, fats, fems. Box 185E.

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.

SANDSFIELD. M. Cancer. 46. 6'. 170. White. 8". Old hand. Tattooed cock. Pubic hair removed. No drugs. Box 280.

WESTFIELD. SM. Leo. 50. 5'5". 155. White. 6". Novice. Age unimportant. No fems. Mutual paddling and whipping. Box 004.

MICHIGAN

BERKLEY. S. Virgo. 33. 5'6". 135. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient, experimental Slave. No balds, fats, dominants. Box 052D.

DETROIT. M. Scorpio. 34. 5'9". 165. Black. 7½". Completely inexperienced. Needs white Master under 35. Box 123A.

DETROIT. M. Virgo. 23. 5'7". 140. White. 5¾". Novice. Must dig on leather and bondage without pain. Box 123M.

FLINT. SM. 44. 5'8". 148. Knowledgeable. Prefers 24-34, 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. 58. 5'10". 155. White. 5¾". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn both roles. Box 181M.

SAGINAW. M. Leo. 58. 5'11". 170. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Needs extra large, uncut, hairy. Want training as a toilet slave. Box 050M.

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS. M. Pisces. 38. 5'6". 138. White. 6¾". Novice. Enjoys golden showers from clean masculine men. Box 180L.

MISSOURI

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

KANSAS CITY. M. Scorpio. 50. 5'8". 125. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Needs heavy discipline by black or white S. Box 296M.

ST. LOUIS. S. Leo. 30. 5'11". 215. White. 6". Novice. Needs clean, discreet honest partner who will teach him to please partner's needs. Box 245.

MONTANA

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

NEBRASKA

WAYNE. M. Pisces. 34. 6'. 165. White. 6½". Novice. Seeks not-too-experienced cowboy type into bondage. Box 306.

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS. MS. Taurus. 32. 5'11½". 170. White. 11". Novice. Prefers musclemen. No fems, long hair. Box 270.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY. SM. Libra. 30. 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.

NEWARK. MS. Libra. 54. 5'9½". 155. White. 8½". Completely inexperienced. Seeks training from younger person. Box 294W.

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE. M. Virgo. 37. 6'1". 160. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Box 070.

ALBUQUERQUE. M. Leo. 43. 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. 24. 5'11½". 165. White. 6½". Novice. No oldies, fatties, fems. Box 240.

ALBANY. S. Gemini/Taurus. 40. 6'2". 225. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants straight-appearing who digs police scene. Box 317.

AMHERST. M. Virgo. 27. 6'. 200. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Wants hairy, full leather (especially gloves), beard. Domination without pain. Box 210.

CLAYTON. SM. Aquarius. 28. 5'7½". 160. White. 5½". Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn from attractive, open-minded, discreet dude. No fems, fats, scat. Box 19.

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. 36. 6'1". 185. White. 10". Novice. Wants very good looking slender, muscular. No fats or over 35. Box 100.

LINDENHURST. L.I. S. Cancer. 30. 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.

MT. KISCO. M. Sagittarius. 30. 6'. 170. White. 6". Novice. Enjoys slow pace to greater lengths. Seeks fellow bike owner under 40. No fems. Box 155.

NEW YORK. S. Libra. 42. 6'. 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks intelligent partner. Not a "Sex Only" type. Box 071E.

NEW YORK. MS. Gemini. 30. 5'11". 160. White. 8½". Prefers bearded or moustached biker. No fats or egotists. Box 133.

NEW YORK. S. Leo. 44. 6'1". 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Police domination and discipline and bondage with leather gear. Will build pain tolerance in Slave. Limits respected. Box 127.

Continued on next page

NEW YORK. M. Aries. 42. 5'11". 170. White. 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. No long hair. No fems. Box 180.

NEW YORK. M. Pisces. 28. 5'10 1/2". 140. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will serve, obey, and satisfy completely a truly masculine Master. Prefers clean shaven short-hairs. Box 252B.

NEW YORK. M. Scorpio. 42. 5'10". 158. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants to be owned as a toilet Slave and houseman-servant. Two or more Masters preferred. Box 255.

NEW YORK. M. Aquarius. 36. 5'8". 136. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Must have intense masculine domination and bondage from man 40-55. Box 070T.

STATEN ISLAND. MS. Sagittarius. 35. 5'7". 140. White. 5 1/2". 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. 43. 6'1 1/2". 195. White. 8 1/2". Novice. Domination without physical pain. Digs wearing partner's clothes and boots. Box 156.

RALEIGH. MS. Taurus. 34. 6'1". 165. White. 6". Novice. Will obey sexy, imaginative stud. Black preferred. Box 158.

NORTH DAKOTA

NOONAN. M. Cancer. 33. 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. N.E. Ohio, Richmond, Atlanta areas. Seeks versatility and enthusiasm. Box 154.

CANTON. M. Leo. 5'8 1/2". 168. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Willing to serve clean, forceful Master. Box 227.

CLEVELAND. MS. Leo. 31. 6'1". 185. White. 7 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Muscular guys with cock under 7 1/2" preferred. Box 130.

COLUMBUS. M. Aries. 35. 5'10 1/2". 165. Black. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Wants to serve Master(s) as complete toilet Slave. Box 124.

COLUMBUS. SM. Taurus. 25. 5'9". 150. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks stable, cut partner under 31. No fems, fats, hippies. Box 304.

DAYTON. SM. Virgo. 30. 5'7 1/2". 185. White. 6 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Eager to share scene and friendship with honest, intelligent partner under 40. No hard drugs, fems, fats. Box 123.

LAKEWOOD. S. Leo. 46. 6'1 1/2". 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Wants completely subservient Slave who is clean and well endowed. Box 205.

OKLAHOMA

LAWTON. M. 31. 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. 6 3/4". Completely inexperienced. Prefers short, dark, muscular. No fems, fats, redheads. Psychological domination more than physical pain. Box 028. Continued on page 38

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3363106 continues his odyssey into slavery. He has flown to another city and has been met by his new Master. It seems to be love at first sight on the part of the Slave who, prior to this experience, had been a top man.

"Leave those pants unbuttoned and let your prick hang out. That big fat slave prick is not going to be of any use to you anymore. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir." I understood.

My Master instructed me to put on the shirt, jacket and hat of the Marine uniform. The jacket was several sizes too small, so he left it unbuttoned also.

"Stand at attention, Slave."

I stuck out my chest as far as it would go. He took hold of my right nipple and placed something on it that caused a rather dull sensation. Then he repeated it with the left one. I could see what looked like an old-fashioned wooden clothespin and felt momentarily disappointed, since I knew they were supposed to cause more pain. What I did not know was that the weight of the pins caused a constantly increasing discomfort. Before very long, I was extremely aware of them.

So there I stood at attention in an extremely tight, extremely hot Marine dress uniform. The clothespins on my nipples were growing more and more insistent. The sweat was running off my brow, and I longed for a cold beer. Yet I was, for some reason, afraid that John would break down and take pity on me and put a stop to my discomfort. I needn't have worried. He didn't.

Just then there was a knock at the door. Shit! Who could that be? We'd just gotten rid of one extra wheel; was there now to be another, or perhaps *more* than one? I felt secure with John. We didn't need anyone else, but I was in no position to question anything.

"That's probably our nosy neighbor," my Master said. I noticed he never seemed to use "I" or "me" or "my." It was always "our" or "us" or "we." Strange attitude for such a demanding Master. Or was there someone else involved in this big house? Somehow, I wanted to be the only slave around; not just for now, but possibly for a long time.

"Give me your pants. He's curious about seeing a new face."

I dropped the pants as fast as I could and handed them to my Master, neatly folded. The visitor knocked again.

"Go to the door."

"B-b-but." I got a crack across my bare ass. I went to the door. Thank God it turned out to be the neighbor, but it could have been anybody.

The poor guy pretended not to notice that I had nothing on below the waist, but he did seem fascinated by being received by a U.S. Marine. Trying not to stare, he made some inane inquiry; my Master signalled to me to tell him that he was busy. I said just that and closed the door in the fellow's face. He didn't knock again, so I guess he got the message.

I reported back. I was ordered to strip down, hang up the uniform and follow him. Out the back door we went, down a couple of flights of stairs, with me wearing nothing but a dog collar and those damned clothespins. We came to a balcony at the lowest level of the building, and John bent me over the railing. He fastened my wrists to my ankles with a couple of belts, and I looked straight down into a yawning abyss. I felt a belt across my prominently exposed ass. Then another whack, harder this time.

"Every time you forget to use the word 'Sir' when you speak to your Master, you're going to get what we'll call the 'Big Five'," he said, giving me another belt across the ass. "And I want to be thanked for every one of them."

Crack!

"Thank you, Sir."

"Count them, damn it!"

Crack!

"One, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

The "Big Five" turned into a dozen by the time I got it right. The blood was rushing to my head, and I was certain that my ass couldn't take another stroke.

My Master unfastened me. The thrill of being stark naked out-of-doors within easy view of other houses, if not in full public, was exhilarating. Maybe I was an exhibitionist as well as a masochist. I gathered that John was pretty sure of his neighbors.

We went into a dark little room with a beamed ceiling, and I was promptly fastened by my wrists to one of the beams. The clothespins came off, hurting far more than they had going on. Then my ankles were chained to eyebolts in the baseboard. I was spread-eagle, helpless. My Master commented about what an attractive decoration I made in the room.

"Thank you, Sir," I said and got my balls twisted.

He went to a tiny refrigerator and got out a can of beer. Standing with that beautiful cold beer in his hand, he surveyed me.

PART II DIARY OF A SLAVE

A LOVING ACCOUNT
OF THE RELATIONSHIP
FROM THE BEGINNING.
3363106 BECOMES
3363107A AND
MAKES A LIFETIME
COMMITMENT.
THE TRUE STORY.

"Not a bad piece of beef," was all that he said. Finally he took pity on the look in my eyes and graciously gave me a long sip of his beer. Then he took me down and rewarded me with a can of my own. I sat at his feet, perfectly content.

I remember that we went to dinner somewhere, and he introduced me to some friends of his. That is, if "This is my new slave" is an introduction. I wore levis, a T-shirt and the dog collar. One bar sent me back to the car to put on some shoes. What bare feet have to do with the serving of beer, I don't know. Right after that we went back home, as I was fast considering the big house on the hill.

The night proved to be as active as the evening had been. My new Master seemed to be horny at the strangest hours. But that was what I was there for, to serve and to service him. Neither of us got much sleep that night.

The next morning he was very explicit. I woke to find my head being shoved down to his waiting crotch and was told that that was the way he liked to be awakened. The night before, he had shackled me with chains (had they come with the Marine uniform?) and I was cautioned to keep them away from him as I worked. When I got a load straight back to my tonsils, he pushed me out of bed and sent me to make coffee. I dragged my chains to the kitchen, found the coffee and the pot by trial and error, and got things perking. Now what did I do? Go back to my Master's bedside or wait for the damn coffee to finish? His voice decided for me. I went running as fast as the chains would allow. To my surprise, he unlocked the padlocks which held the iron band on each wrist and ankle.

"Consider these your pajamas, boy. You don't sleep with me without them."

The arrangement was beginning to sound like more than just a weekend; what a good feeling. He handed the irons to me to put into a drawer and told me to follow him to the bathroom. My bladder was about to burst, and just seeing the toilet was almost enough to make me pee right then and there.

I decided to risk the question. "Sir, could I use the toilet?"

"What for, boy?"

"To piss, Sir."

"Get into the bathtub, boy."

I did.

"Lie on your back. Work your legs up the wall."

Resting on my shoulders, I was looking into the barrel of my piss-hardon. The porcelain tub was cold.

"You want to piss? Go ahead."

I was drenched in warm urine, which seemed to run forever. I closed my eyes as it shot all over my face. When it finally stopped, I lay there waiting for further instructions. Suddenly another stream began to cover me.

"Open your mouth, boy."

"Yes, Sir."

I got a mouthful, some of it running down my neck. It's hard to swallow anything lying almost upside down, but he didn't insist that I swallow. He finished and told me to stand up while he turned on the shower. Another thrill! It was cold, really cold. The water started to warm, and I recovered from the initial shock. The effect was almost stimulating. He got in with me, gave me the soap and told me to get to work. I washed his body, starting at the shoulders and lathering on down to his feet. When I stood up, we played drop-the-soap. My God, was he horny! I washed him again, then stood waiting. He began to wash my body as lovingly as I had his. I'd heard stories of Masters who took their naked Slaves out to the yard and hosed them down. I hoped this was not his bag.

This man was a strange mixture of strength and gentleness. Had he come on too strong, I would have been frightened. I would probably have seen the weekend through, but wouldn't have stayed around much longer than that. It was all too new to me. And had he been weak, I would have thanked him for his hospitality and gone back home disappointed. But there was something quietly commanding about him, and I'd suddenly discovered that I needed commanding. And loving. For the first time, I was aware that there had been a void there too.

The next day was one to remember, although I can't be specific about what I had to do. It seemed so natural that I should serve this man. We did spend most of the day in bed. When we finally got up and dressed, he took me to a place that sells leather items. The owner was a friend of his and took us back to a room that didn't seem to be available to most of the customers. I'd never seen so many fascinating items!

I was made to strip in front of the shop owner and his assistant while my Master ran his hands over my flanks. My prick had shriveled to an embarrassingly small size. My Master tried harnesses on me, then cock rings and ball stretchers. At last he found a combination he liked. Then he put a sheath on my prick, which had first returned to its normal size and next expanded to a dimension I

didn't remember ever having seen it. He laced up the sheath until the swollen head was sticking out from the leather tube. My balls were divided and stretched, and I stood at attention in front of the three men. At this point my Master took me by the front of the harness and led me down a hall to a workroom. We passed a couple of guys in leather motorcycle outfits and they smiled at my humiliation. I kept my eyes either straight ahead or on my swollen prick. My Master removed all of the apparatus from me and told me to lie on the cutting table. Mike, the owner of the place, fastened my ankles with a belt to one end of the table and my wrists to the other end. I was stretched out, unable to move.

"Do you mind, John?" he asked.

"Help yourself."

Mike began sprinkling talcum powder on my belly and crotch. What-in-the-hell did he have in mind? I looked at my Master like a beaten puppy. My Master had a half smile on his face. Mike brought out a razor, and I looked again at my Master. Was the guy going to castrate me, or what? Christ, I needed a drink or something!

It was some relief to discover that all Mike was doing was shaving my pubic hair, but then I wondered what I was going to tell my roommate. Here I'm supposed to be a top man, and I go back home with a smooth crotch and somebody else's dog chain around my neck. Talk about humiliation!

"Please, Sir," was all I could muster.

Very quietly he said, "Either you belong or you don't, Baby."

"Belong." What a beautiful word. He was right. I did want to belong to this tall, quiet stranger who came on so strong and yet was still so gentle. I relaxed and lost the hair from navel to balls. Mike was very thorough. I'd never heard of it being done with talcum before, but he seemed to be an old hand at defoliating slaves' crotches.

My Master took the items he had tried on me and we left the store. As we drove home, he explained that I'd been promoted from 33633106 to 3363107A. I was swollen with silent pride as I realized that this meant I was indeed a good Slave.

When I left the next evening I was wearing the dog collar and tag around my neck, another small chain around my right ankle, a cock ring AND ball stretcher, and my keys forever on the right. It took fifteen minutes of explanation to get through the security check at the airport.

Continued on page 42



triumph

**THE PATIENT DIED BUT THE
OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS**

It was a sunny Sunday afternoon in late August, 1972. H.E.L.P., the Homophile Effort for Legal Protection, was holding its monthly fundraiser at one of its Tavern Guild Association bars, the Black Pipe on La Cienega near Venice in West Los Angeles. Inasmuch as it was the community's leading Leather bar, and was owned by the Chairman of the Tavern Guild besides, the Pipe was a logical choice.

H.E.L.P. was planning to open a Community Center in Hollywood, and monies from the various fundraisers were earmarked for that cause. The Center was an ambitious project, and this Sunday event was the largest H.E.L.P. had thrown so far. The Pipe's patio and parking lot were given over to booths, some with games of skill and some selling various items dear to the hearts of Gays...Leathermen in particular... including one stocked with used Levis. A card table was set up to register voters for an upcoming city election.

The turnout was good. In fact, for a non-drag gay event, it was great. The guests contributed their \$2 at the door and, because the Pipe had no liquor license, beer flowed over its two bars. The La Cienega-Venice area is largely commercial and industrial so, aside from this oasis of activity, the neighborhood was

deserted on Sunday.

Among those paying their \$2 were Police Sgt. Jim Nelson and five fellow plainclothes officers from the Wilshire Division Vice Detail. Sgt. Nelson didn't exactly blend into the scene unnoticed. Witnesses described Nelson's plainclothes as "blue jeans and a tank shirt — a maximum of chest and a minimum of clothes." Another said that he was "— extremely well-built. He had one of the largest pair of biceps I've ever seen on a human male. On one bicep was tattooed a full-fledged U.S. Marine Corps insignia."

Still another described Nelson's tank top as having "— cleavage down to here. Marilyn Monroe would have been embarrassed to appear in public in the same get-up. There were tight jeans, with a considerable amount of plumbing...and that was deliberate." Sgt. Nelson was a crowd-pleaser.

One man said later that he found the scene at the bar "— boring. There was nothing happening at that party." He left. Perhaps he should have stuck around, for the afternoon was to liven up considerably. Around 6 p.m., the scheduled end of the affair, Sgt. Nelson's group was joined by an army of uniformed cops. Twenty officers appeared in ten police cars.

It was one of those "you and you and you" raids. Singled out were twenty persons, coincidentally including the President and most of the Board of H.E.L.P., plus the President and Vice President of Kingmasters. Then someone noticed there was still room in the cars and went back to pick out two more victims. One officer was quoted as saying "Where's the son-of-a-bitch that was signing up voters?" "The son-of-a-bitch" was Jerry Howard, H.E.L.P. Secretary-Treasurer, who got away to live to fight another day. He made it to a telephone and began to get things organized.

The Advocate called it the largest raid in these parts since Prohibition. The straight press didn't call it anything. In those days, the *Los Angeles Times* had a gentleman's agreement with the police concerning gay news. The *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* still does.

The raid had other distinctions. More police manpower was deployed than was on duty to protect the entire Los Angeles International Airport, a transient "city" of over 100,000. After a shooting there, many months later, it was revealed that a maximum of only six police officers are on duty there at any given time. The caper also had the possibility of costing Los Angeles taxpayers more than a quarter-of-a-million dollars in the courts. Later it would be debated as to whether or not the LAPD were out to get H.E.L.P., but the events of the day had all the earmarks of something that could sink the organization for sure.

H.E.L.P. had been set up three years before, after another bar raid, and had grown to be the second largest organization of its kind in the United States. Only S.I.R. in San Francisco was larger. It was following a raid on The Patch in Wilmington that Gays got together and created H.E.L.P., Inc. and P.R.I.D.E., whose newsletter was to become *The Advocate*. H.E.L.P. was established for the purpose of bailing out its members who were arrested on morals charges involving homosexuality and providing them with a choice of attorneys to fight the

of the black pipe

robert
payne

"WE'VE STILL GOT ROOM FOR TWO MORE. GO BACK IN AND MAKE A COUPLE OF ARRESTS." IT WAS THAT KIND OF A RAID.

charges. The days of having to choose between a couple of celebrated Sunset Strip gay attorneys and paying them thousands of dollars to cop to a lesser charge were over. In fact, copping out was becoming less and less fashionable. H.E.L.P.'s attorneys were becoming known for making the fuzz try to prove their cases, and the majority of times there simply was no proof. The cops had merely been playing the numbers game with easy marks. Numbers of arrests look good on the balance sheets when budget time rolls around. In Los Angeles, the police don't have to show what they plan to do with the money; they just have to show tickets and arrests.

On this particular afternoon, as the ten police cars drove off with their payload, the party adjourned to another Tavern Guild member bar across the street, where a command post had been set up. There, H.E.L.P. attorneys summoned from Sunday afternoon leisure took affidavits from volunteer witnesses who had been among the 300 or so present during the raid.

By the time the parade reached Los Angeles' ugly "Glass House" downtown, H.E.L.P. had arranged a surprise of its own. Bail bondsmen and four more H.E.L.P. attorneys were waiting. The group in the lobby was joined by the Rev. Troy Perry, Morris Kight of the Gay Community Services Center, and other gay warhorses. As the victims were released one by one through the paper shuffling of the H.E.L.P. bail bondsmen, each was cheered, hugged and kissed. This mini-demonstration finally upset the officers in the lobby to the extent that they asked the group to move outside. It did.

We've asked some of the people who were there for their observations. Kight commented afterward, "Seeing defiant people coming out of jail, not smiling at them, and seeing their happy supporters there was a new level of consciousness for the police. I think it was very helpful. It was an education they needed."

Another, who asked not to be named, stated: "I've been in raids before. It's funny how the drags go off to the Black Maria kicking and screaming, even biting the cops.

They fight all the way. But the big, butch Leather people march off like sheep to the ovens."

Maybe so, but the support from their contemporaries certainly raised the spirits of those caught up in Sgt. Nelson's little drama. Back to La Cienega and Venice they went in the provided cars, where they were served food from the second bar's kitchen and talked with H.E.L.P.'s referral panel of lawyers. H.E.L.P. had posted \$15,000 in bail bonds, picked up the ten percent bondsmen's fees, and agreed to pay incidental court costs. A demurrer appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of the law would cost over \$2,000, even though most of the work would be contributed.

In Municipal Court on August 23, attorneys appeared on behalf of the defendants and were granted a week's continuance to enter pleas. At that proceeding, the Deputy City Attorney—"surrendered, for the first time, the city's 'evidence' against those arrested—," copies of the written police report. Most of it read like science fiction, but attorneys for Gays were used to that.

According to the police spokesman, the massive attack on a licensed business and a charity affair—"was really no raid. We got information and complaints from 'a lot of people' (all unnamed) that a lot of noise, loud noise, a lot of lewd conduct, a lot of drunks were hanging around or going in and out of the Black Pipe bar—on Sunday afternoons."

At this point, the men began to separate from the boys. The obvious answer to the critic who compared the ability to resist of drag queens to these arrestees (who became known as the "Black Pipe 21") was that some have more to lose than others.

The battle lines were drawn and the fight was on, with H.E.L.P. and its resources backing the cause to the hilt. A large segment of the community rallied behind the persons involved. The attorneys approached the problems, each in his own style, as the defendants reacted in theirs. Some copped out. Some had state licenses to worry about, or home situations, or job situations. One, a



THE ADVOCATE never particularly advocated H.E.L.P. but always gave wide coverage to that organization's problems. Above is a more sympathetic heralding of the BIG RAID.

deputy from the State Attorney's office, chose to go his own route and paid almost \$4,000 to a non-H.E.L.P. attorney, predictably losing his \$40,000 a year job. He was the only defendant not eventually exonerated.

The battle lasted over a year-and-a-half, with the ultimate victory going to the defendants. The cases against H.E.L.P. President Larry Townsend and the Kingmaster President were dropped. The Kingmaster Vice President had already pleaded to a lesser charge. One by one the charges against the defendants were dismissed, and even those who had pled had their cases expunged. The city had no case and organized Gays were becoming politically powerful.

For the first time in anyone's memory, a gay organization had lived up to its promise. It had performed in the manner in which it was designed. It had fulfilled its destiny. Although a few made contributions, no money was required of any of the "Black Pipe 21." All bail and legal fees were paid by H.E.L.P., over and above the requirements of the rules of the organization.

Finally, on June 21, 1974, the last defendant was cleared. Duane Mueller, Chairman of H.E.L.P.'s Tavern Guild, had held out so that there would be a defendant for an appeal to the Supreme Court. It was a

Continued on page 43

PENNSYLVANIA

EAGLES MERE M. Gemini. 31. 6'. 200. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Will submit and totally obey right Master who respects limits and wants continuous relationship. Box 187C.

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

LANCASTER SM Virgo. 38. 5'7". 155. White. 5½". Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn from attractive, open minded discreet dude. No fems, fats, scat. Box 194.

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.

PHILADELPHIA M. Aries. 26. 5'10". 180. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Willing and subservient for level headed partner under 30. Must be cut. Black preferred. Box 186.

READING SM Cancer. 43. 6'. 160. White. 6". Novice. Enjoys bondage, respects limits. Dominant, but will switch for right partner. Must be cut. Box 051B.

UPPER DARBY M. Capricorn. 35. 5'10". 165. White. 7-8". Novice. Needs control and discipline from knowledgeable S who respects limits. No fems, fats, beards. Box 211.

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE SM Gemini. 55. 5'10". 148. White. 5½". Novice. Seeks local contacts under 50. No fats, hard drugs. Box 327.

TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS S. Leo. 33. 5'11". 165. White. 7". Novice. Must be butch and muscular. Box 086.

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

MEMPHIS S. Scorpio. 25. 6'. 190. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Short hair, big balls preferred. Box 220R.

TEXAS

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 18-40 and respect limits. Box 002.

DALLAS S. Aries. 42. 5'8". 130. White. 7½". Old hand. Handsome stud respects limits. No fats. Must be masculine appearing, acting. Box 049.

DALLAS S. Aries. 39. 5'11". 190. White. 6½". Old hand. Sixth generation Master demands an M who knows his place. No fems, fats, hippies. Box 137.

DALLAS S. Libra. 39. 5'11". 170. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Permanent slave wanted, 25-45. Master has police and Marine Corps discipline experience. Box 252M.

FORT WORTH MS. Aquarius. 41. 6'2". 210. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Partner should be masculine, mature, affectionate, outdoor type. No fats, fems, filth, drugs. Box 059D.

HOUSTON S. Libra. 29. 5'8". 155. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wishes to learn needs and limits of slave from quiet, submissive partner willing to start slowly. Box 313.

SAN ANTONIO S. Virgo. 40. 6'2". 186. White. 8½". Completely inexperienced. Wants to meet someone to help him teach his lover total obedience. No fats. Box 450.

VIRGINIA

ALEXANDRIA M. Leo. 25. 5'11". 170. White. 6½". Old hand. Needs to respect and totally serve very firm and gentle Master. Wants to wear permanent collar for right person. Can travel. Box 084.

ALEXANDRIA M. Gemini. 42. 5'9". 185. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Heavy bondage. No drugs. Box 358.

RICHMOND S. Leo. 52. 5'9". 172. White. 9". Old hand. Wants true lover of levis, high boots, riding britches. Cycle owner preferred. Box 400.

WOODBIDGE MS. Scorpio. 42. 5'11". 180. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Prefers M role, but will switch. Wants bondage and rough treatment by sadistic Master. No drugs, dirty scenes. Box 043.

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE MS. Cancer. 25. 5'11". 175. White. 6". Novice. Motorcycle guys, cowboys, cops. Gags. Not into heavy beating. Box 138.

TACOMA SM Capricorn. 35. 6'2½". 190. White. 7". Novice. Wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns new Harley and prefers bike owner. No fems, fats. Box 185G.

WISCONSIN

KENOSHA MS. Libra. 36. 5'11½". 175. White. 6". Novice. Eager to learn either role from clean, straight-acting person. No 40's or hardcore S/M's. Box 161.

MILWAUKEE MS. Virgo. 41. 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. 25. 5'10". 180. White. 6½". Novice. No role-switching. Muscular, dark preferred. Box 013X.

AUTRALIA

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA S. Taurus. 34. 5'8". 154. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Digs breeches, boots, cycle police. Wants correspondence with breecher/leather guys. Box 062.

CANADA

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

KINGSTON, ONTARIO SM. Gemini. 37. 5'9½". 170. White. 5". Novice. Muscular passive sought for beating. Box 190.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO MS. Cancer. 47. 5'9". 170. White. Old hand. Must like boots leather and bondage. Young preferred, but not essential. Box 088A.

OTTAWA, ONTARIO S. Taurus. 40. 6'. 175. White. 6". Imaginative, versatile master seeks masculine slave into bondage, tit work, etc. Must be intelligent. Box 071C.

TORONTO, ONTARIO MS. Capricorn. 23. 5'7". 120. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Needs experienced, forgiving teacher under 30 in Toronto. Box 074.

TORONTO, ONTARIO S. Leo. 50. 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. 33. 5'9". 150. White. 7½". Novice. seeks understanding farm or ranch type master. No fats or heavy drinkers. Box 052M.

TORONTO, ONTARIO MS. Pisces. 33. 5'7". 130. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Will service, please and obey butch stud in boots and dirty smelly jeans. Bikers a plus. No fems, fats, blacks. Box 081Z.

ENGLAND

LONDON M. Leo. 29. 5'11". 154. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Needs to be taught respect and beaten into passive ways. Box 060X.

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

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AMSTELVEEN M. Aquarius. 41. 6'. 165. White. 5½". Old hand. Travels in U.S., Canada, Europe. Box 275.

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HUNTINGTON BEACH S. Cancer. 34. 5'6". 130. White. 7½". Completely inexperienced. Seeks inexperienced M under 33 for mutual fulfillment of fantasies. No liars, fats. Box 294S.

COLORADO

AURORA MS. Gemini. 22. 5'11". 145. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Has sincere desire to learn both roles from knowledgeable partner up to 35. No drugs, freaks, redheads. Box 1680.

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO M. Cancer. 39. 5'11". 185. White. Knowledgeable. Seeks bodybuilder type up to 45 able to totally dominate. Must be masculine, straight in appearance, clean. Box 052Z1.

MICHIGAN

BAY CITY M. Pisces. 25. 5'11". 170. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Requires training by an experienced S under 35. Box 045.

OHIO

MIDDLETOWN M. Gemini. 44. 6'1½". 150. White. 7". Novice. Leather boot fetishist seeks partner 35 to 50. No torture. Box 070P.

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA M. Aries. 25. 6'. 160. White. 6½". Novice. Hunky dude digs on police/military scene. Must be honest, intelligent. No crazies, scat, drugs. Box 125J.

All inquiries concerning **THE LEATHER FRATERNITY**, or letters for forwarding to **FRATERNITY** members, should be addressed to: **THE LEATHER FRATERNITY, P.O. Box 8444, La Crescenta Calif. 91214**. Members of the **FRATERNITY** may contact other members whose listing appear above by putting their response into a **STAMPED SEALED** envelope. In **PENCIL**, write the member's box number on the front and send it to the **FRATERNITY**. Your letters will be forwarded the same day.

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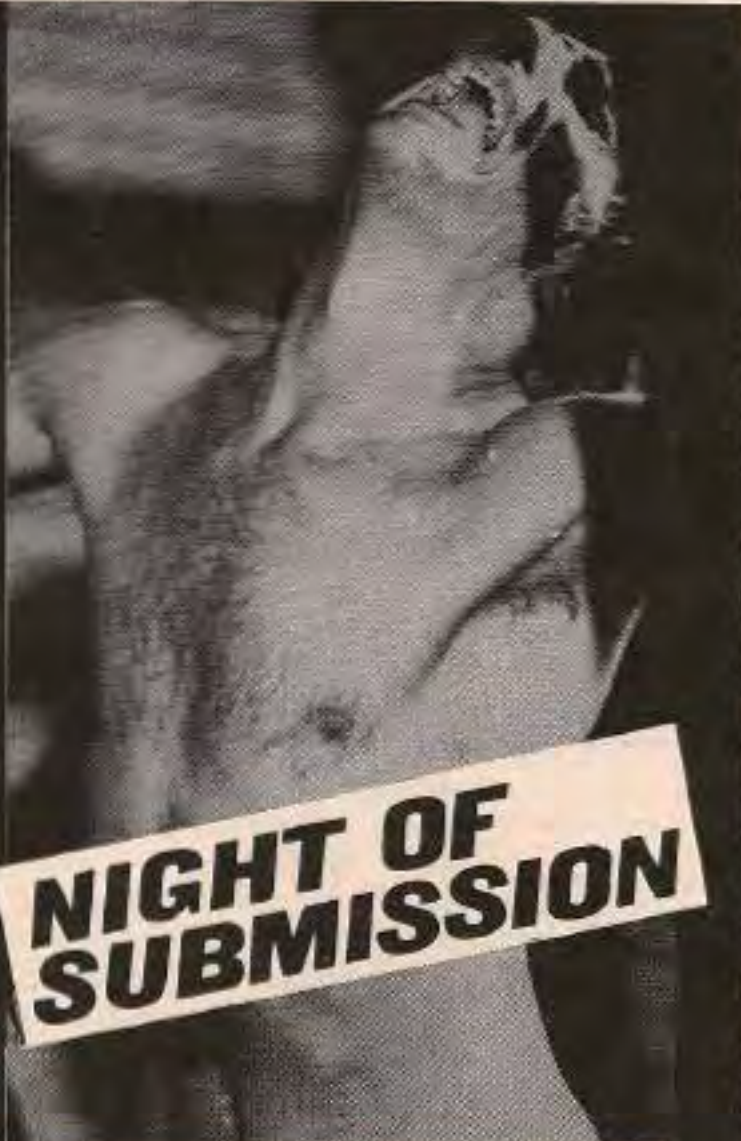
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SMOKE FROM JEANNIE'S LAMP

Got a problem? Write to Jeannie, c/o DRUMMER, Box 8444, La Crescenta, Calif. 91214

Dear Jeannie:

I have found your column to very often supply the answers to "What You Always Wanted to Know About Sex - But Didn't Dare Ask."

I have some questions that perhaps you can answer. Cock rings: When, how and why are they worn? How is the size determined? Why are they metal, leather, etc.? What exactly do W/S, Scat and TT mean? In an S&M scene, who does what to whom?

G.E.

Hollywood, California

Dear G.E.:

Thanks for the kind words. Flattery will get you everywhere!

Cock rings are worn to achieve both heightened sensual stimulation and a near-constant and semi-turgid state. Imagine the feeling of a hand holding your penis and testicles tightly at the base and against your body, and you'll have some idea of the sensation gained from a cock ring. To determine the size, measure around the testicles and flaccid penis, again at the base. Although many people prefer metal to leather because of a tighter grip, metal is rather dangerous. It's not pliant, nor does it "breathe," expand and contract with the body, so metal rings are often difficult to remove.

Your other questions were covered in Issue #1 of DRUMMER ("The ABC's of S&M"), but here we go again.

W/S refers to water sports, but of the pee rather than the sea variety. There are providers and imbibers.

Scat is, very simply, a fascination with feces as in "Shit, Your Magic Spell is Everywhere."

TT means toilet training. According to Freud, if it's done too early or too late one can be traumatized for life.

And it's the S in an S&M relationship who does unto the M as he would not have the M do unto him!

☆☆☆

Good news...S&M has integrated the straight press!

In a recent column, Los Angeles Times contributor Art Seidenbaum had this to say about traffic jams and other fun things...

"Then I oozed through the bottleneck below Highland and sped up to 35 m.p.h. Maybe the reason we stay

tuned (on the radio) to our troubles is neither information nor entertainment, but masochism. Like the flu victim who brags about the height of his fever, we take secret pleasure in auto pain.

"Sadism was the only excuse I could find for those electronic signs built to tell us how terrible things are on the Santa Monica Freeway. People already in the middle of a mess can read how much worse it will be up ahead. It was a psychological whiplash pretending to be a public service.

"Masochists like to be punished. Maybe that's why the citizens of Los Angeles, trained to have a love-hate relationship with their horsepower, want road reports. We thrill to traffic in torture." ☆☆☆

Dear Jeannie:

About ten years ago, during a weak moment and the height of its popularity, I decided to get two shots of silicone to enlarge my penis. It really didn't need it, but...

Anyway, there are times I'm pleased with it, but more often than not I'm sorry I did it. Not so much from a performance standpoint as from a physical one. It did cause a malformation and has become a thing of self-consciousness.

Questions: Can it be removed after this length of time? If so, is it a simple surgery? Is it expensive? Do you know of a reputable doctor I could contact about this?

Karl

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Karl:

Jeez, if "Jeannie's Lamp" had been smoking ten years ago, I could have told you that silicone injections lead to lumps. However...

No, the silicone cannot be removed. Nor do you say how long your penis has been malformed. If the malformation occurred shortly after the shots, it was the result of scar tissue build-up in the area of the injection. If, on the other hand, this is a more recent malformation, get thee to a urologist immediately: you may have a penile tumor totally unrelated to the silicone.

And from now on, if you're going to play around with your cock, please don't do it with needles!



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DIARY OF A SLAVE

Continued from page 35

I arrived home, full of martinis consumed on the plane, and took a cab to the apartment. I hadn't called my roommate. For some reason, I was avoiding him. Besides, he'd be at work. I went to my room and took off my traveling clothes. Clothing seemed superfluous at that point. I pretended I was back with my Master, fifteen hundred miles away. He had asked me to return and nothing else seemed to matter. I fingered the chain around my neck and knelt down in front of the portable typewriter on my desk. I somehow knew that I shouldn't be sitting on the furniture, even my own.

I poured myself a good stiff drink, although that wasn't the only thing stiff at the moment, and wrote a letter to John.

Master,

Your Slave misses being at his Master's feet. I believe that that is probably where I am most at home, sitting at your feet while you talk or work or read or whatever. Except for in bed, of course.

The strangest thing has happened since I returned. I have virtually no desire to do anything, even jack off, unless I could do it with you. And believe me, that is not my pattern. It may be that horniness will set in, but so far it hasn't. Only loneliness.

Well, Sir, I must close. I'm beginning to think how badly I want you, and that is not going to help my problem any. In the mirror, I look nearly the same as I did when I left. In a month the ass will clear up, the hair will be grown back. I wish it wouldn't happen. I remember how I begged you not to shave me and how you knew what was best for me. I love you and need you more than I have the ability to write. I can think of no greater honor than belonging to you, if that is what you want for us.

I should never have written that last section. My prick is harder than hell just thinking about your cock.

Continued on page 46

BLACK PIPE

Continued From Page 37

strong and brave attempt to change California's archaic sex laws, something which has recently come about in the California legislature through a dramatic single vote majority. Duane's case was dismissed. The police had been roused, made to look ridiculous and extremely wasteful. All they had to show for their huge expenditure of manpower and money were a few damaged careers. There were those Gays whose shaky faith, both in themselves and in their institutions, had disintegrated beyond repair, but the main damage by the police to the individual had been kept to a minimum. H.E.L.P. and most of the "Black Pipe 21" had won and won big. Beautiful, delicious victory was theirs, and those involved could be proud.

In the world of 90-minute television, this is what would be called "The Epilogue." What were the aftereffects of Sgt. Nelson's expensive afternoon? After the smoke had cleared, what was the damage?

The word was out: to have anything to do with H.E.L.P. was to invite disaster. One bar owner in the Valley perpetuated this myth to other bar owners in an attempt to create his own Tavern Guild. His "Forsooth, the Dragon!" died of natural causes, without help from the police he so feared. An ally and bar throwaway, *Action Magazine*, printed page after page of attacks on the H.E.L.P. effort. It, too, has passed into memory. The Kingmasters, who had seven members involved in the Black Pipe incident, voted not to renew their H.E.L.P. membership this year. One critic, whose case had successfully been won by H.E.L.P. attorney Albert Gordon, voiced concern that "—most of the bike clubs are anti-H.E.L.P., and nobody wants to be part of an unpopular group."

And what of the Black Pipe? Here was Los Angeles' leading Leather bar. Almost anyone could tell you where it was and who had been picked up there. Yet the Leather community abandoned the Pipe. The police had done their job. Some years before, at the even more successful, non-leather Red Raven, they had managed to close the bar by merely parking in front, red lights flashing, illegal, but effective, and with Los Angeles law enforcement, effectiveness is what counts.

Duane struggled on, taking a job to support the bar and using volunteer bartenders to cut costs. But the crowd had been scared away, moving on to the Outcast and Falcon's Lair. Finally the artifacts were auctioned off. The Black Pipe became a parking lot for the tire dealer next door.

H.E.L.P. created its own social club, the HAWKS, which this year held the first bar function for H.E.L.P. since the Black Pipe raid. The 1170, a Leather beer bar in another part of town which had once belonged to H.E.L.P.'s Tavern Guild, was full for the event. Many of the people there had never heard of the Black Pipe.

Duane Mueller works at the Stud now. When told about this article, he said he had all of the clippings from the time of the raid and would be happy to produce them. Despite repeated requests, however, he never did. Perhaps he would just rather forget the whole thing.

One would think that, more than the Stonewall incident which happened 3,000 miles away and still spawned Christopher Street West, the Black Pipe raid would be the rallying point for the Southern California gay community. H.E.L.P. did what it was set up to do. The Tavern Guild Association had protected its member-bar's customers. It bailed them out, paid for the bail fees, the attorneys, the appeal...and it won. It backed the police down and reminded them that we still do things according to the Bill of Rights. The H.E.L.P. Board worked late into the night. The H.E.L.P. attorneys donated time and effort. And the system worked.

On Sundays these days, the parking lot is closed, fenced off. There are no motorcycles, no music, no laughter. There are also no neighbors to be offended. But, then, there never were.

FIVE IN THE TRAINER'S ROOM

Continued from page 17

the opportunities for some small measure of revenge that were to be his over the minutes and nights to come.

Pacing around the room, loosening up, getting his breath back, Dicko could almost sense the hostility of his next and final tormentor, and found himself unable to meet the glittering black eyes. There were few portions of his anatomy left untouched, among them the areas he most prized and held dear his face and his genitals. Which, he wondered, would Moses Brown choose?

"All right, white boy! Back to the table, and make like ya did for the Greek here. I fuckin' well liked that view all t' hell 'n' back!"

In what seemed to be no time at all, Dicko felt himself once again on his back on the sweat-slippery table, arms and legs stretched to the sides and fastened underneath. In one respect Moses was innovative: he slapped a broad piece of tape over Dicko's eyes, plunging him into total darkness.

"See," Moses explained to the group, "all I'm gonna use is my own two fuckin' bare hands."

Then Dicko's worst fears were realized. He felt those two bare ham-like hands playing with his genitals, milking his cock, pulling the foreskin back, massaging the hardness that immediately developed. But this was not torture! This was pleasurable! He let himself relax to the coming ecstasy, but just as that orgasmic moment of release came close, the massaging came to a halt. The hand went instead to his balls, grabbing them and gradually, achingly, squeezing them.

"No! No!" Dicko screamed. "No permanent damage, remember?"

"Don't you worry none, white boy. Just couldn't resist squeezin' those two big fuckin' nuts o' yours." He turned to the others. "I choose the cock 'n' balls!"

The pressure eased somewhat, but the big hand kept a painful grip on the testicles. Then came a curious prickling sensation, higher up in the groin area, just above the base of the still-tumescent organ.

"One!"

Another prickling. "Two!"

And another "Three!"

While Moses counted, it came over Dicko what his tormentor was doing down there. One by one, he was pulling out the sandy pubic hairs. And with each one, the pain escalated. Surely this had to be the worse torture of all: balls in a vice-like grip, cock erect yet unrelieved, and the exquisitely pinpointed pain of the pulling out of deeply rooted hairs. On a razor's edge between purgatory and paradise, Dicko thrashed wildly within the confines of his bounds, certain, for the first time of the entire evening, that his mind was going to snap.

"...sixty-six...sixty-seven...sixty-eight."

Dicko had just gasped for the breath with which to blubber his capitulation when "Time!" broke through the fog in his brain and he was released to the general rejoicing and boisterous congratulations of his peers. They helped him to the shower room, where all luxuriated under the tingling sprays.

There was little of the grabass horseplay that usually accompanied their showering together, however. Each was lost in his own thoughts of what had been observed and experienced that evening, and of what was to come to each of them over the next four nights. Only Dicko Novak was fully at ease. Still, a certain hardness closed in around his eyes, especially when they focused on the dangling purple-headed cock of one Moses Brown.

to be continued.....

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Entree Nult 265 S. Cleveland

NASHVILLE

Jungle Lounge 715 Commerce

TEXAS

CORPUS CHRISTI

Odd Couple 4606 Ayers

DALLAS

Marlboro 4100 Maple
Sun Dance Kid 4025 Maple
Terry's Ranch 4117 Maple

FORT WORTH

Rawhide 4016 White Settlement Rd.

HOUSTON

Golden Spur 2400 Brazos
La Caja 1104 Tuam
Locker 1732 Westheimer
Mary's 1022 Westheimer

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE

Chalet 1135 Rainier
Dylan's 1224 Howell
Johnny's Handlebar 2018 1st

WISCONSIN

MILWAUKEE

Wreck Room 266 E. Erie

WYOMING

CHEYENNE

Sam's Place 1600 Central Ave.

CANADA

MONTREAL

Bud's Lounge 1250 Stanley
Cafe Regent Apollo 5116 Ave du Parc
Dominion Square Tavern 1243 Metcalfe
Lincoln Cafe 4479 St. Denis
Neptune Taverne 1121 des Commissaires, W.
Taureau d'Or 1419 Drummond

TORONTO

Barracks 56 Widmer St.
Colonial 203 Yonge St.

VANCOUVER

Playpen South 1369 Richard St.

To the best of DRUMMER'S knowledge, all of the above bars are still alive and living in Leather. If you can keep us informed of openings and/or closings of Leather Bars in your area...or let us know what we have missed — it will help keep us all informed of where the Leather Bar action is. Thanks.

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Larry's

5414 MELROSE
LOS ANGELES

DIARY OF A SLAVE

Continued from page 42

You look so handsome and masterful standing peeing on your Slave, your balls hanging low and your cock heavy with piss. And then you let go and that warm stream hits my chest, my crotch, gets in my mouth, and I try to take all I can. My prick gets so hard watching you and feeling all that; it is torture not being allowed to come. When you finish, sometimes you let me come in the shower and sometimes not. Either way, it is exciting as hell. You better have a

bucket handy to catch all this cum, Sir. Your Slave is hair-trigger. As you like it, Sir.

There were a lot of letters during that summer. I went back on vacation and spent two weeks that passed like two days. That was when we decided to make my slavery permanent. My last letter said...

TWO WEEKS FROM TODAY IS MY LAST DAY HERE. It is unbelievable. Your Slave is practically there, Sir. I am not waiting patiently, but the time is going as fast as it can and I'm busy getting things in order. I love

you, Master, and miss your hands, your cock, your voice. I miss you altogether, Sir. I will be in your arms and in my chains very soon. I love my Master very much.

Your loving slave
3363107A

The third installment of *Diary of a Slave* will not appear in the next issue. 3363107A sent the following message in lieu of it: "Sorry, my head is just not there anymore."

3363107A is marching to a different drummer.

In passing



DRUMMER'S VAL MARTIN VOTED "MR. LEATHER" WITH LEATHER FRATERNITY'S KELWAY POLLACK RUNNER-UP IN FIELD OF 10 HUNKY CONTESTANTS IN HAWK'S LEATHER SABBAT—SO. CALIFORNIA'S BIGGEST AFFAIR TO DATE.

VAL MARTIN, star of "Sextool" and the soon-to-be-released "Born to Raise Hell" was the big winner of the Hawks' annual Leather Sabbath in Hollywood, Halloween night. Second place winner was Kelway Pollack, a late entrant, under the auspices of The Leather Fraternity. Both men are Fraternity members.

According to the management of Troupers' Auditorium, it was the largest turnout the hall had ever seen—and probably the biggest non-drag attendance in recent memory.

Drummer's Val Martin will officially represent the Southern California Leather Community at the even larger CMC Carnival in San Francisco in November.

The Leather Sabbath, sponsored by the Hawks—a relatively new club—seems assured of its place in the annual lineup of major events in the Southern California Leather Community. Although no bike clubs were officially represented and there was little promotion of the affair other than posters in leather bars and by word of mouth, the Sabbath drew an estimated 1400 Leathermen throughout the evening to a hall with a capacity of about 250.

Coincidentally, Val Martin is seen on the cover of this issue in a scene from the forthcoming "Born To Raise Hell".



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