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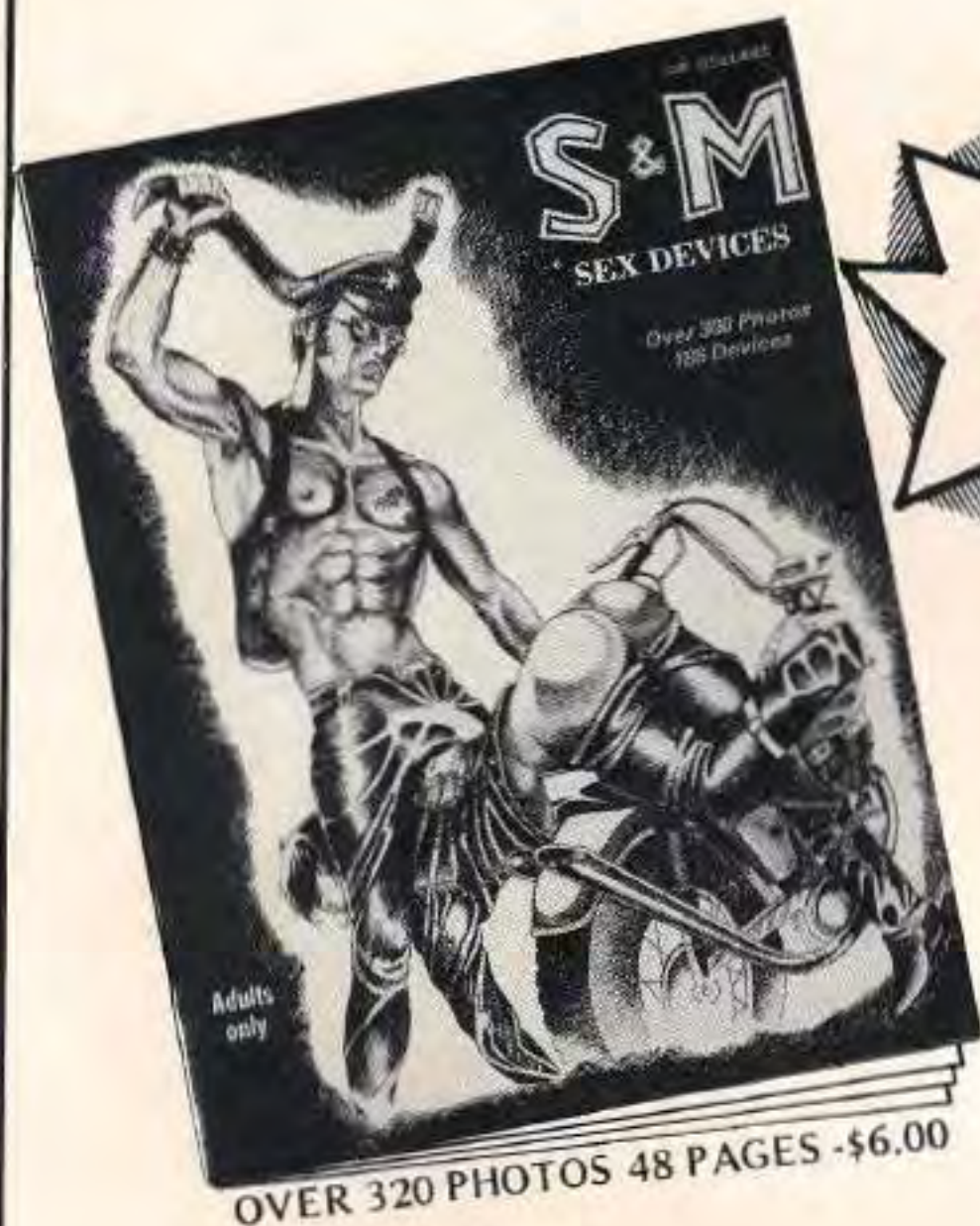
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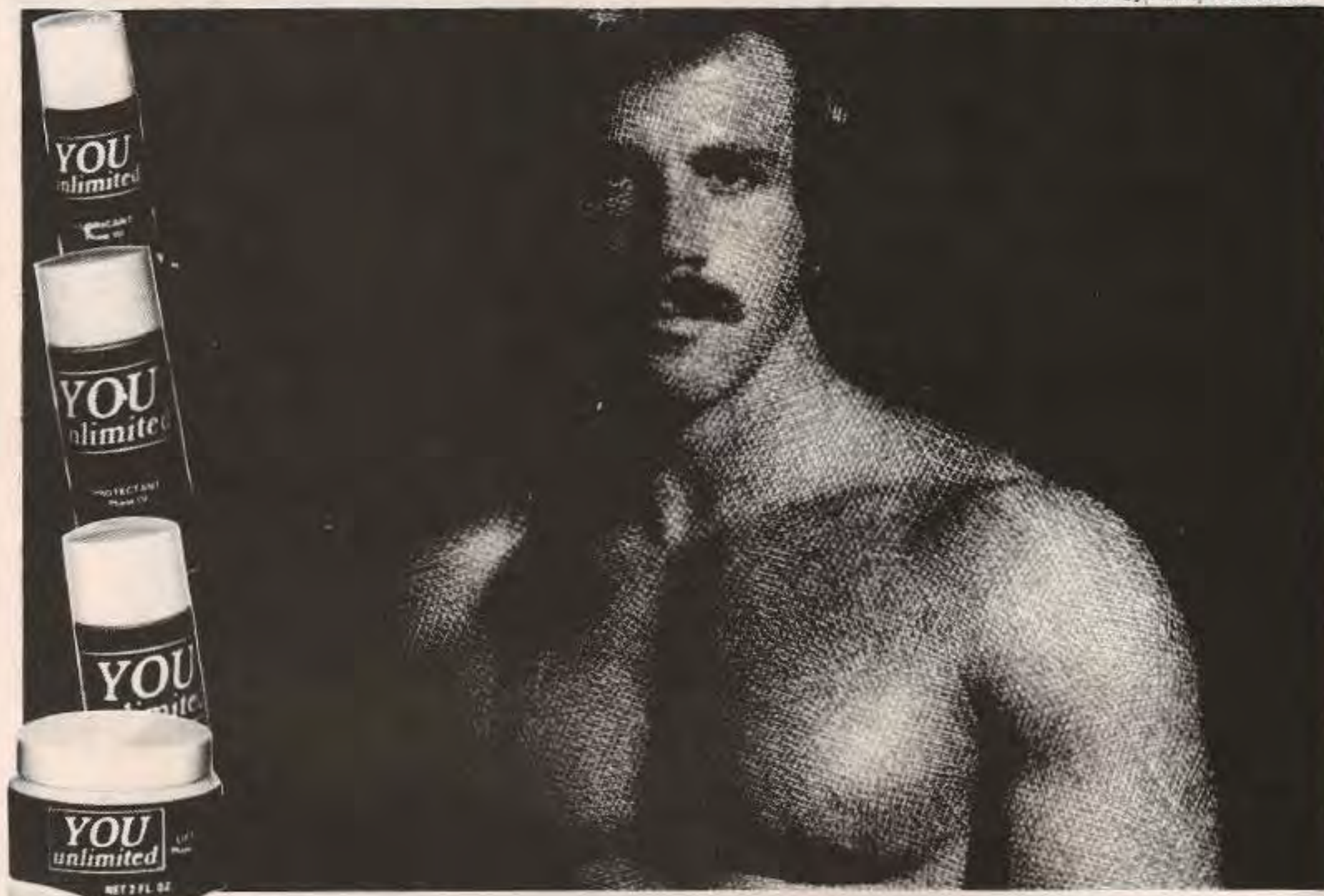
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# DRUMMER

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## DRUMMER

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"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."

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*Cartoon adapted from the great Ron Cobb*

COVER: VAL MARTIN painted by CLIFF RAVEN and photographed in Ektachrome by ROY DEAN.

## coming up:



### INITIATION!

A FIRST-PERSON, TRUE-LIFE ADVENTURE OF HOW SUPERSTAR JACK WRANGLER WAS GANG-BANGED ONTO THE SWIM TEAM

MORE MOVIE MAYHEM! PART 2 - TORTURES OF THE MIDDLE AGES



# Getting Off

To bring you up to date on the Saga of the Slave Auction, we recently discovered that the Los Angeles District Attorney's office, allegedly because of pressure from Chief Davis' Blue Meanies, has made a deal with one of the scummiest members of the L.A. gay community, a man facing numerous criminal charges in connection with his activities with Lewis Nursing Homes, Prestige Escort Service, Sierra Trails Foundation and so on, *ad nauseum*. The Bunco Squad, among other law enforcement agencies, has been trying to nail him for years and recently thought that they really had him by the balls.

Enter the cops and the D.A., trying to win an unjust case: the four felony charges resulting from the Slave Auction fiasco. Unfortunately, the aforementioned individual had donated some lumber to our event so, of course, he would be in a position to KNOW ALL, right? The fact that there is nothing to know doesn't seem to bother the D.A., because this guy can make it up as he goes along.

Well, to abbreviate this tale of terror, charges against him will be dropped if he sings a song of sixpence. Indeed, one of the D.A.'s recurring reassurances to Super Snitch is: "I have indicated to you that anything you say here will not be used against you in any way in any subsequent criminal prosecution. And if we should acquire any other evidence that might tend to incriminate you as a result of these statements, that evidence also would not be usable against you in any subsequent criminal prosecution." Naturally, he's only too pleased to comply. And everybody will be happy: the D.A. thinks he's manufactured a case, and they're sure to get the snitch for something eventually . . . the snitch has saved his ass, for the time being . . . and the cops have again made the city safe for democracy and heterosexuality.

On to brighter topics . . .

DRUMMER is still "going," this time to a bodypainting session staged by noted tattoo artist, Cliff Raven (page 6). Raven maintains that bodypainting is the logical first step for people who aren't yet committed to having tattoos, or who want to see what the work will look like before it's too late. His and Phil Andros' appearance in the same issue of DRUMMER reunites the two, whose association goes back many years.

We've occasionally run movie stills in DRUMMER under the heading of "Movie Mayhem." This simple little feature so inspired one of our readers, Allen Eagles, that he is submitting the excellent "Movie Mayhem" articles which begin in this issue (page 56). The photos are his, too, and just a taste of what may be the largest private collection of cinema sadism stills around. Eagles is a lifelong film buff, a member of the American Film Institute and the former editor of a film review magazine. Also a good and knowledgeable writer and a treasure trove of information.

Enjoy . . . and do it to the beat of DRUMMER!

— Jeanne Barney

## MALECALL/Dear Sir:

### DRUMMER TOPS DOWN UNDER

May I take this opportunity to say that I think DRUMMER is one of the best mags around. I'm only sorry that it takes so long to reach me.

May I also make one suggestion. There are many guys listed in The Leather Fraternity who, like me, are interested in breeches and boots and uniforms — but, alas, we don't see many pics of guys in our favorite gear. So how about printing a few, sometime in the near future? I'm sure you would make many B&B guys happy.

Patrick  
Melbourne, Australia



### GOES APE FOR TARZAN

I like your magazine. I just wish you would feature Lex Barker in *Tarzan and the She-Devil*. He is the greatest and the film is unforgettable!

A Reader  
San Francisco

Above is LEX "TARZAN" BARKER and his She-Devil from the picture of the same name.

### LATIN IS ALL GREEK TO US

Just a note to correct what is otherwise an excellent issue (No. 6). On page 44, in the "Branding, Piercing" article, you have:

"Erasmus said: *Vestis virum facit*," and G. Calvin Magister says: *Notae virum facit*."

The first one's okay, but the second one should read: *Notae virum faciunt*."

*Vestis*, in Latin, is a singular noun and so takes a singular verb, *facit* . . . but *Notae* is the plural of *Nota* (which would take *facit*), and therefore takes the plural form *faciunt*.

Mo

Your article on "Mandingo," etc., failed to mention that Kyle Onstott was gay.

Jerry  
San Francisco

### FOOT FETISH LACKS SOUL

Your foot fetish feature (Issue No. 6) was a real turn-on, but too bland for an S&M scene. When foot freaks get together, several other things may happen. First, the Master may "soften up" his slave, using his bare feet, thumping the poor bastard in his belly, ribs, ass and other vulnerable areas. I have been worked over in this manner and can testify that such a kicking session quickly weakens the slave's powers of resistance.

Only after the slave has been reduced to a state of complete submission is he permitted to service his Master's feet. But even this part of the action is not passive, like your article described. The nude slave is tied spreadeagle on the floor on his ass. His Master stands over him. The Master shoves one foot into the creep's face and massages it roughly. The captive tries to please the Master, licking the sole and sucking the toes, but the impatient Master continues to abuse him, jabbing his toes into the slave's eyes and nostrils. The session may end with the Master masturbating the slave with the bottom of his foot. The Master then massages his sticky sole into the creep's face. In terms of humiliation, the whole scene is enhanced if the Master is black and his feet are filthy.

There is another side to the action. Whereas the Master's feet are rugged and powerful, the slave's feet are tender and subject to torture. I know the terror of being forced to march, naked and blindfolded, across a carpet strewn with tacks, wrists lashed together behind my back. With almost every step, pain stings my bare feet, shoots up my body, and my torso jerks spasmodically. The cat-o-nine-tails, sandpaper and lighted cigarettes are also effective on tender feet.

Foot pain can be worked into most scenarios. For example, take the "outdoor combat scene" where young G.I.s are captured by Nazi soldiers and stripped for interrogation. But they're not tortured right away. First they are marched to an interrogation center behind the front lines. The soft soles of the prisoners are cut to ribbons as they stumble over jagged rocks, beds of thistle and other rough terrain. By the time the torture session gets underway, a G.I. may be eager to tell all of his military secrets so that he can then receive the final, bayonet thrusts to his throat and belly.

I would like to see more in your magazine about the wonderful world of bare feet.

E.W.  
New York City



# "FIVE" NO FAVORITE

The Phil Andros story (Issue No. 5) was great and *authentic* sounding, as was the very well-written branding scene by Orlando Paris (Issue No. 6) . . . it rang gut-level true despite his name. These are in contrast to "Five in the Trainer's Room" that, to me, lacked conviction.

Bill  
New York City

# DRUMMER AHEAD IN LETTUCE LAND

As a loyal fan of your fantastic magazine, DRUMMER, I can't say how much your magazine is appreciated here in Stockyards, Californy. I've never written a letter to any publication before, but then yours is the first that I could ever identify with. You probably hear this all the time, but . . . Keep it up — Don't Stop! A lot of us really need you, DRUMMER.

Your magazine is totally unique and damn should be kept that way. That's what makes it a hit.

Well, it's back to the dungeon for now . . .

Marty  
Stockton, CA

# HOW TO DYOU SKIN A NAUGA?

"MAUGAHYDE" is one of the headings of "Trader Dick" in the *Advocate*. There is no leather heading.

I don't know your views on advertising, but I do know when I'm turned off.

Several of my customers would like to "minor leather" but are now reluctant to do so due to the Naugahyde Stigma.

I even find myself reluctant to wear the leathers I own because of the same Naugahyde Stigma.

I'm sure it was a tongue-in-cheek expression, but it made a lot of people feel foolish, including myself.

Bob  
Riff Raff  
San Diego, CA

# HOORAY FOR SCAT!

Yours truly has been reading some other dude's copy of the Drummer. But with your article on the shit scene, you came into your own, and I got to have my own subscription. Would like to have some explicit drawings on the subject. Your illustration was just a teaser. There are lots of us out here, man; so let's have some groovy masters delivering their rauchy brown turds for their obedient, toilet mouth slaves. But I mean, connect it with the butch scene (truckers, cycles, construction men, cops, etc.)

Your other articles keep my cock stiff too. But, for me, that scene with the shit smearing was a moment of truth.

Awaiting your delivery,  
Dick  
Wenonah, N.J.

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# DRUMMER GOES TO A

TAKE THE COUNTRY'S FINEST TATTOO ARTIST PLUS ONE BODY BELONGING TO LEATHER SUPERSTAR

## THE TRUE TATTOO

by Cliff Raven and Peter Mitchell

Take a good look at those images rippling across the muscles of Val Martin. O.K., got it?

Now remember that bluish blob you saw on the hairy forearm of that Dodgers fan last week.

Quick! Which one is the real tatoo? Well, Val's isn't; that's just painted on. But neither was that blue blob. Sure, such smears are done with tattoo machines by dockside "professors" of the art, but they are no more truly tattoos than a smear of paint on canvas by a trained chimp is an oil painting.

Tattooing is just another medium. It can be abused and misused by mere exploiters, or its full potential as an art form can be realized by the creation of design on skin, either using the body as a blank canvas on which to create masterpieces or enhancing the body and its own beauty through the creation of optical illusions that add breadth to the shoulders, slim down the hips and waist and add definition to any muscle group. Now look at Val's body . . . see how the dragon follows and defines the muscles of his chest and arm . . . watch the warrior and snake sweep around from armpit to crotch.

Of course, Val looks super with or without his pictures, but most of us need all the help we can get. Today, in the United States, Japan and Europe, there is a handful of artists who are finally beginning to approach tattooing as the art medium it must become. Using it at levels previously unreached throughout the long history of what is now considered by most anthropologists to be mankind's oldest art form. It is a fact that tattooing began in the Stone Age with flint instruments and charcoal as pigment. Today's renaissance stems from the confluence of many forces, ranging from the bodypainting fad of the late sixties to the application of modern technology to the art.

Tattoos are a great way of saying what you want to say about yourself, whether it's something true or something you'd like to make true . . . or maybe just something you'd like people to *think* is true. You can do anything you want with it. You can turn yourself into a macho samurai number or become as light as a fairy and float to the ceiling. So what's your scene, heavy armour plating or gossamer butterfly wings? You name it, kid; the magic is there. It's yours for the asking.





# BODY PAINTING!

VAL MARTIN. APPLY BODY PAINT AS ON AN EXQUISITE CANVAS. OUR SESSION LASTED OVER SIX HOURS!



VAL MARTIN seems apprehensive as CLIFF RAVEN begins to pencil (actually pen and ink) in the design. Then he relaxes and begins to enjoy the process. After the design is sketched in, Cliff begins to apply the paint. This is fun, Val thinks, as he studiously refrains from watching the progress. There is nothing new about body painting. It has been practiced since

ancient times. But even today, it might give you an idea as to whether you might like something more permanent applied to your epidermis. The paint is non toxic and is removed with body oil, not scouring powder, as might be assumed. Note the tattoos on Mr. Raven, along with the heavy rings in his nipples. Does he do his own personal tattooing? We didn't ask.







It is easy to see why CLIFF RAVEN'S fashionable Sunset Strip tattoo studio is considered the first choice of tattoo aficionados in the Southern California area. His attention to detail is meticulous. Peter Mitchell, his consultant, holds the original design as Cliff painstakingly, if painlessly, copies his own work. The Oriental design is a favorite among those who have their skin decorated, whether temporarily or permanently. Photographer Roy Dean found the nipple painted on Val's side a bit disconcerting. "Three nipples are too many," he

said, "even for Val."

Val Martin's reaction was one of pure pleasure. He left with a supply of removing oil and a set of instructions, but was determined to see how long the painting would last. Most people are usually fascinated by Val anyhow, and that night in Larry's, Val was the center of attention. Does he plan to have Cliff do a permanent design on his famous body? "I'll think about it," was all he would say.



PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY ROY DEAN



*(Ed Note: Tattooing is best done on a hairless portion of the body. Consequently, the tattoo artist must shave the area to be tattooed before he begins his work. If one does not keep that area free of hair, the tattoo winds up looking pretty funny — like a hairy heart or*

*butterfly? So a permanent method of hair removal is definitely indicated for the individual who is proud of the art on his body. Watch DRUMMER for an upcoming feature on a revolutionary new method of electrolysis as applied to such fun areas as the penis and the scrotum.)*



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**SCOTT MASTERS**

# FIVE IN THE TRAINER'S ROOM

## Part Six

His time come, the naked giant obediently lay on the rubbing table, that muscular black body no longer his own but a plaything for the amusement of his inventive teammates. The piss- and water-covered tabletop was clammy to his bare back and buttocks as he reached his arms above his head and spread wide his thighs as Dicko Novak had ordered. While waiting to be bound into passive submission, he could not keep his mind from racing in obscene anticipation of the horrors yet to be visited upon him, all too aware that only those parts of his body below the waist were still available to the remaining two torturers.

Dicko, Manuel's eyes concentrated on him, sadistically took his own good time in seeing to it that the young body under his command was thoroughly and completely fastened down. He started with the arms, pulling them rudely straight up above the head, taping one wrist firmly over the other, then anchoring the tape under the table to the central support pillar.

Next he addressed his attention to Moses' legs, forcing them so far apart that he was able to tie straps above the knees, outside the edges of the table. The loose ends of these two straps were then knotted tautly together beneath it. To increase the agony, Dicko used yet another tape to draw Moses' shaven black ankles as closely toward each other as human skin and bones would permit. As a final touch, he plastered two wide pieces of tape over the black jock's eyes and mouth.

He stepped back for a moment to survey his handiwork. Although others, including himself, had been spread-eagled on that well-used rubbing table, none of them had been so uncomfortably trussed as was this star offensive center. While the unnatural pull on his shoulder sockets was causing him severe distress, Moses in his darkness knew only that the



greater agony was centered in his groin area, where it seemed as if the bones of his pelvis were about to be split asunder. He could barely accept the fact that the actual torture had not yet even begun, and silently cursed the other fact that his oversized cock was reaching straight up for the ceiling.

His worst fears were confirmed when he felt calloused hands grab at his balls, pulling them down into the bottom of his sac, then a noose being drawn snugly tight around the base of that tender bag of flesh. Suddenly, he was stricken with a rush of remembrance. In the showers after their very first session — it seemed so long ago! — the night Dicko had been the victim, those tortured eyes of his had been fixed, glittering, on but one object: Moses' genitals, the very organs on which Dicko was now about to apply all his ingenious energies.

Had it not been for the tape across his mouth, Moses might have surrendered merely at the onslaught of that memory. Abuse of the sexual parts had become the high point of every session so far. He himself, just the night before, had unmercifully lashed Thaa's extended member. How far, he pondered now in panic, would retribution go, especially when centered on those private parts of his own that he was so sure all whiteys envied and coveted?

Thaa meanwhile breathed a prayer of thanks that Dicko was not usurping his plans for the black who had so cold-bloodedly assaulted his captive cock the previous night. It had been rendered so over sensitive that he'd not been able to bear Johnny's attempt, some hours later, to go down on him. They'd had to content themselves with sterile licking and kissing and biting. But *this* night, he had every reason to believe, would be different. The two of them were already feverishly running their hands along each other's backs and flanks and thighs, more than enough signal to bring their happy pricks to full attention.

Dicko gave Manuel's equally engorged dick a playful pull as he brushed by him on his way to the old-fashioned weighing machine in the far corner of the room. From that outdated apparatus he took a hanging metal plate and handful of variously sized weights. The eyes of the other athletes, somewhat mystified up to this point, now glowed approvingly in admiration. At last the purpose of that long cord, one end around Moses' scrotum and the other dangling over the table's edge, was excitingly obvious.

Obvious to all, that is, but the blind-folded "slave" himself. He did feel the abrupt tug at his crotch as the cord around his balls suddenly tightened when Dicko hung the metal plate on the other end, yet he could not divine its cause. But of the effect he was excruciatingly aware, and he began to work his fingers wildly in an attempt to signal his capitulation.

"Will y' looka them fuckin' licorice fingers go at it! Y' reckon they're gropin' for a hot piece o' prick? Johnny, buddy-boy, why don'tcha sashay that big dong o' yours down there an' give that black buck somethin' t' grab onto?" Dicko took great delight in Moses' apparently

meaningless movements. "No? Hot piss! Well, then, hold on tight, cocksuckers! I'm fuckin' well ready for y' t' start timin'!"

So saying, he darted back to the end of the table and flung a 20-pound weight onto the plate. A stifled cry from Moses' gagged mouth was matched simultaneously by the sharp intake of the breaths of Johnny and Thaa as they compulsively clasped each other's naked torsos. Manuel, temporarily left to his own devices, reached for his throbbing cock the way a drowning man clutches for the world's last remaining life preserver: redemption discovered in semination.

As for Moses, he was now certain that this was going to be the end. All the pent-up fury of the Hoosier ofays was centered on his prone form. It could have been a hundred years ago, when the sexual fantasies of white masters and overseers were invariably directed at the vaunted sexual prowess of their black chattels. He decided that he had been a fool to go along with the whole insane proposal that had initiated the week's activities. He unwittingly had underestimated cultural atavism, trusting innocently in the last four years during which he and the other players had warmly shared "the thrill of victory, the agony of defeat."

Now they no longer needed him, much as had happened to his great grandparents when that honky Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin: nothing left but a bunch of idle black bodies from which to choose, use and, yes, abuse. Moses Brown was expendable. From between the spread of his thighs, that sudden additional tension on his scrotum should have underscored a climactic but predictable resolution. "Should have," except that he would cheerfully have sucked every hated white prick in the room to save himself any further agony.

No such teleological thoughts entered the conscience of Dicko Novak. He only knew he wanted to be chosen the primary S for the "final session" and was determined to inflict the maximum punishment that he could on Moses Brown. He had meticulously chosen this particular mode of torture and had planned down to the last minute the way he would add the weights to the pan hanging from the sac of that black bugger.

Manuel Alvarez viewed the scene with unacknowledged ambiguity. A long-lost, unarticulated fact-of-Chicano-life was vainly trying to insinuate itself into his mind, something subtly nudging him to proclaim for minorities, to admit that what had begun as a teen-age game had become something considerably more than that. Yet, as his id feasted on Dicko's nude body, his needs were pressingly more libidinous than libertarian. He possessed himself in silence, avidly massaging the instrument that jutted from the curly black hairs outlining his crotch.

From way on high, Dicko plopped a five-pound weight onto the pan. A grinding gasp was frustratingly entrapped behind the tape over Moses' mouth. His torture had reached such a point that the addition of a feather would have

seemed to increase the agony a hundredfold. Although he had long since recognized that his "natural enemies" were implacably intent upon making up for generations of barely concealed hostility, Moses' basic instinct for survival — at whatever the cost — asserted itself. Better a live eunuch than a dead stud.

Another 20-pounder. The noises in the muffled throat of Moses Brown became inhuman, a cross between an undisciplined chain saw hitting a wooden knot and a handful of fingernails screeching down a blackboard. The effect on all was devastating. Johnny and Thaa locked precipitously into a violent embrace, Manuel dashed to clasp Dicko from the rear, his hard cock nestling sensuously between his lover's stalwart thighs. The need for release was as imperative as that of a jack-in-the-box, once unlocked.

Moses had lost all thought of time. Eternity lay between his legs, in his balls, at the base of his brain, a part of his heart. For, astonishingly, into the very seat of his emotions surged an overwhelming kind of adoration for those who were humiliating him. His impulsive need for them was of a fierce intensity, and a flash of intuition revealed that so were theirs for him. In the long history of the animal called "man," it was ever thus. Existence itself is a function of asserting or accepting superior power. Love, so ineptly undefined, was very simply the unspoken impetus toward either a symbol of demand or one of need . . .

When yet another 20-pounder was cast onto the plate, these hazy notions were drowned in a wave of pain. The very essence of his identity was being wrenched from his aching form, and Moses knew only the red-streaked void behind his eyes, the piss-stench in his nostrils, the dull numbness overpowering his sense of self. Without his balls, he would no longer be.

"Time!" The voice of Thaa rang out — reluctantly, hollowly, yet accurately.

With something like a combination groan and sob, Dicko furiously cast the few remaining weights against the wall and ran into Manuel's waiting arms. Johnny and Thaa relieved Moses of the weights from his balls and the bindings at his wrists and ankles. He did not move. Rasping breaths attested to his survival, a herculean entity uneasily informed with a fingerhold on cosmic truth.

There was an odd premonition of finality about the procedure as Thaa, the last "Master," took command and ordered Moses again to position himself on the table, this time face *down*. Curiously compliant, close even to complaisance, Moses did as he was told and resignedly embraced that narrow table; breast, belly and balls pressed into the water, sweat and piss of the last half hour: the accoutrements of his ultimate immolation. His will in quasi-conscious abeyance, he allowed himself to be firmly fixed in that tempting posture. Thaa pulled the cords unmercifully tight, spreading his victim's arms and legs in a face-down duplication of the way he had been immobilized face up some minutes before.

Watching with narrowed eyes, Dicko and Manuel held each other close. They



sensed rather than knew that the ultimate "final session" might find them opposed in a heavy S and M situation, yet that seemed now to hold the promise of an ameliorating, not alienating, relationship. Their relative innocence precluded such objective thought, however. At the time they could only intuit that, come what may, a newly discovered dependency between them would ever exist.

Ready now, Thaa lowered nakedly over the pregnably outstretched body. The warm chocolate color of that vulnerable flesh shimmered enticingly under the flat fluorescent lights, long-fingered brown hands brought into high relief by the white tapes securing them to the table. From the apex of its strong back, cut beneath the broad shoulders by wing-like blades, the figure tapered sinuously to a slender waist. Then those black buttocks — tighter, narrower, more highly mounded than most white ones. The way the thighs were forced apart exposed the darkly haired scrotum and purple head of the circumcised cock. The heavily muscled calves drew the eyes downward to the ropes holding the ankles. The survey ended with the yellow soles of those widely fettered feet. Every bit of that living flesh pulsed with invitation, cried out to be violated.

Thaa knew in general what he wanted to do, where he wanted his cock to lodge, but his inexperience imposed a sort of reluctance about proceeding. For four days he had been dreaming of this immediate moment! He was hot, hard and horny. Still, his eyes shifted to Johnny Todd, even as Johnny Todd's concentration was on him.

"Oh, shit!" Thaa shouted, "start timin'!" For him, it was simpler to act than to think. He vaulted onto the thighs of his helpless victim and gave his two bare ass cheeks a couple of resounding slaps. Then he spread them and was startled by the bright pink color of the rosebud awaiting his penetration.

Dicko and Manuel crowded in close, cocks hard, breaths heavy. None of them had ever examined, so intimately, a black's asshole. In comparison with the overall bulk of the football player, it seemed almost a microscopically tiny slit at the heart of the cleft between the forcibly separated buttocks. Dicko's roving hand found the corresponding spot on Manuel, and his middle finger initiated an insinuating investigation. A similarly alien intrusion of his own anus by Manuel heightened his excitement. Until that very moment, neither of the two young athletes had ever thought of his asshole as anything more than a "shit chute," but now the spasmodic jerking of their cocks indicated a more erotic use.

A remnant of self-respect inspired Moses to one last moment of resistance. Knowing his inescapable fate, he nevertheless clamped his sphincter as rigidly close as he could in the desperate hope that sheer will power would frustrate his assailant from achieving his desire. The first thing he felt was a finger of Thaa's blunt hand, the beginnings of a tentative insertion. Clench fiercely as he might against the invader, resistance was futile. The finger probed more deeply, initiating a full circle of inquiry into his unplumbed

depths. Then there was added agony as two more fingers abruptly joined the first. He was distended to a degree that no turd had ever caused. Absurdly, he found himself wondering if this was how it felt to give birth. He tugged at his bonds, but this only increased his feeling of powerlessness.

Thaa slowly withdrew his fingers. He spat a great glob of saliva into his palm and smeared it all over his prick. His moment of revenge finally at hand, he pushed himself into the resisting target. Little by little he imposed total penetration, stretching his fiery young body atop the entire length of his tethered victim. One hand slipped under Moses' chest to pinch painfully at those hardened nipples, the other found a rock-like black cock and pulled on it remorselessly.

Blubbing shamelessly, Moses writhed in his bonds. The pain seemed to be exploding throughout his entire body, but its vortex was at that tender spot where Thaa's mammoth tool was plunging into him. It was like a telephone pole being pounded into his tiny hole, as broad as it was long. Swells of agony coursed through him, from the soles of his feet to an indeterminate spot somewhere just behind his eyeballs. The twisting of his nipples and wrenching at his cock were almost secondary annoyances in comparison.

Johnny Todd pumped at himself wildly. The other two panting onlookers, Dicko and Manuel had by this time completely submerged their three middle fingers into each other's assholes. Their wide-open mouths were locked together, tongues mutually lunging, eyes tightly shut, heaving chests meshed, erection pressed against erection. In unexpected ecstasy they lost all sense of place and time. Their total obliteration of the present suddenly impressed itself on the diminishing consciousness of Moses Brown.

"Time, time, time!" he screamed.

Manuel forced himself to break away from his lover to check the stopwatch he had dropped on a bench. Not to be denied his long-anticipated triumph, Thaa increased the rhythm of his grunting thrusts, the caressing pressure along the length of his cock bringing him closer and closer to climax. He could feel the built-up cum ready to erupt and plunged up and down like a piston.

At the very moment Manuel called "Time!" Thaa's dam burst, and he shot spurt after spurt of jism deep into the body of regional football's most feared lineman. Then he lay exhausted atop that body, snorting noisily to replenish the air in his lungs. Never could he recall having been so depleted. It was as if every cell in his body had been wrung dry. The sweaty black body beneath him was the world's most comfortable mattress.

"Jeez," he murmured. "Better than any fuckin' chick I ever had!"

Johnny helped him back to his feet as Dicko and Manuel released the battered Moses from his bondage and assisted him into the shower, where all five were soon assembled and soaping up. They were strangely separated and aloof. The events of the past week had brought on traumas

beyond their maddest imaginings, and they fought the thought that after just one more gathering they would be separated, perhaps forever. Such emptiness seemed intolerable. Having discovered love through pain, they were reluctant to let go of it.

Once dried and dressed, unwilling — for a variety of reasons — to go back out into the stormy world, the five studs lingered in the trainer's room much as they had done after the big Thanksgiving Day game the week before.

"Y' know, guys," Johnny Todd broke the silence, "maybe we oughta hold off on the fuckin' final session."

"Yeah," Dicko agreed. "Give us time t' get in shape again."

Moses concurred, certain of his inability, should he be chosen, to survive another such ordeal the very next night.

"An' how 'bout let's change the shitty rules?" Manuel suggested. The others looked at him questioningly. "I mean," he went on to explain, "instead o' havin' the final two fuckers one all one way and one all the other, let 'em switch back an' forth!"

They pondered this motion a moment, then Johnny spoke up again. "Okay by me. Why the fuck not?" All nodded agreement.

A decision was then made to delay their ultimate challenge session for one week, the five young athletes solemnly pledging to meet again for that showdown of showdowns the following Friday. Having come to that fateful determination, they went out into the still-swirling snowstorm.

*to be continued . . .*

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# FAMOUS SADISTS IN HISTORY

## Frau ILSE KOCH

Never in history has the application of mass sadism been so systematically regulated an arm of political power as in the Third Reich. The uni-testicled Adolf Hitler had become Germany's Chancellor on January 30, 1933 and, five weeks later, at the last general election to be held in that ill-fated country during the entire Nazi era, won a narrow majority which he gleefully accepted as a mandate to destroy democracy.

With him to the totalitarian heights of tyranny he brought an organization and cadre dedicated to the painful elimination, in the words of William L. Shirer, of all those "who got out of line or who had been Communists or Socialists or too liberal or too pacifist, or who were Jews." This was effected through the terrorizing tactics of the SS (*Schutzstaffeln*) and the concentration camps.

Originating as his bodyguard when little Adolf was scarcely more than an obscure beer cellar orator in post-World War I Bavaria, the SS evolved rapidly into "the praetorian guard of Germany's new caesar." As it grew in numbers, strength and importance, the SS came to be used in a wide variety of ways: intelligence work; political surveillance; human blood-stock control; as shock troops; and, most importantly, as overseers of the mushrooming "slave labor camps."

SS membership constituted a theoretically select elite. In Nazi party parlance, "select" connoted hand-picked and thoroughbred (racially pure, or "Aryan"). Concentration camp guards, however, were enrolled in the *Totenkopfverbände* ("The Order of the Death's Head"), so-called for the skull-and-bones insignia on their peaked caps and black tunics. These youths were largely drawn from the lowest stratum of society, "moronic and brutalized peasant types . . . who nursed a particular animus against intellectuals, Jews, academic and scholarly types."

Their inherently sadistic bent was intensified by conditioning. During training, members of Death's Head units would alternate three weeks of grueling military drill with one week's concentration camp guard duty — in the course of which they intently watched brutal whippings and

hangings alongside the prisoners. If, during training, a recruit should accidentally drop a cartridge, he had to pick it off the ground with his teeth. For the most trifling offense he had to do 50 knee-bends with rifle held out at arm's length. Still, like Olympian dieties, "SS men exuded physical prowess and youth."

"Concentration camp" is a euphemism for "slave labor camp." The camps sprang up during Hitler's first year of power, and by the end of 1933 there were at least 50 of them. *Der Fuhrer* soon turned their control over to the SS, which proceeded to organize them "with the efficiency and

ruthlessness" expected of that elite corps. Guard duty was given exclusively to the Death's Head units. During 1938-39, the appropriation of material and labor resources of these camps prompted a change in their scale as well as in their nature. With an influx of Austrians, Jews and Czechs swelling the camp population, the network had doubled by mid-1939.

Dachau, with its ancillaries, eventually accommodated a maximum of up to 60,000 inmates; Sachsenhausen-Oranienburg had 15 ancillary work camps (up to 35,000 inmates); Flossenbergl had 15 (40,000); Mauthausen, 15 (70,000);



and Buchenwald had 80 branches (50,000).

Buchenwald became one of the most notorious of the camps. It was located in Goethe's beloved Weimar area of beautiful Thuringia, in the midst of a pleasant beech forest. There were the traditional masses of electrified barbed wire entanglements, searchlights, and machine gun towers. Lagerkommandant Karl Koch was its titular head, but he was so busy amassing vast personal wealth by hiring out inmates to nearby industries that his wife, Ilse, soon took over. Shirer reports that Ilse Koch's "power of life and death over the inmates was complete" and that "her very whim could bring terrible punishment to a prisoner."

A policy of nakedness was common to all the camps. Prisoners were forced to strip upon their first moment of arrival. The nakedness extended beyond the mere removal of clothes, however, as a survivor later wrote:

"One queued up behind the next pair of naked legs, and thus got quite quickly to a man who was sitting with a big electric bulb in one hand and a hair-cutting machine in the other. He wore a shade over his eyes, and in the eyes themselves I glimpsed the greed of a beast of prey. Before I knew what was happening, he seized me by the arm and pulled me closer.

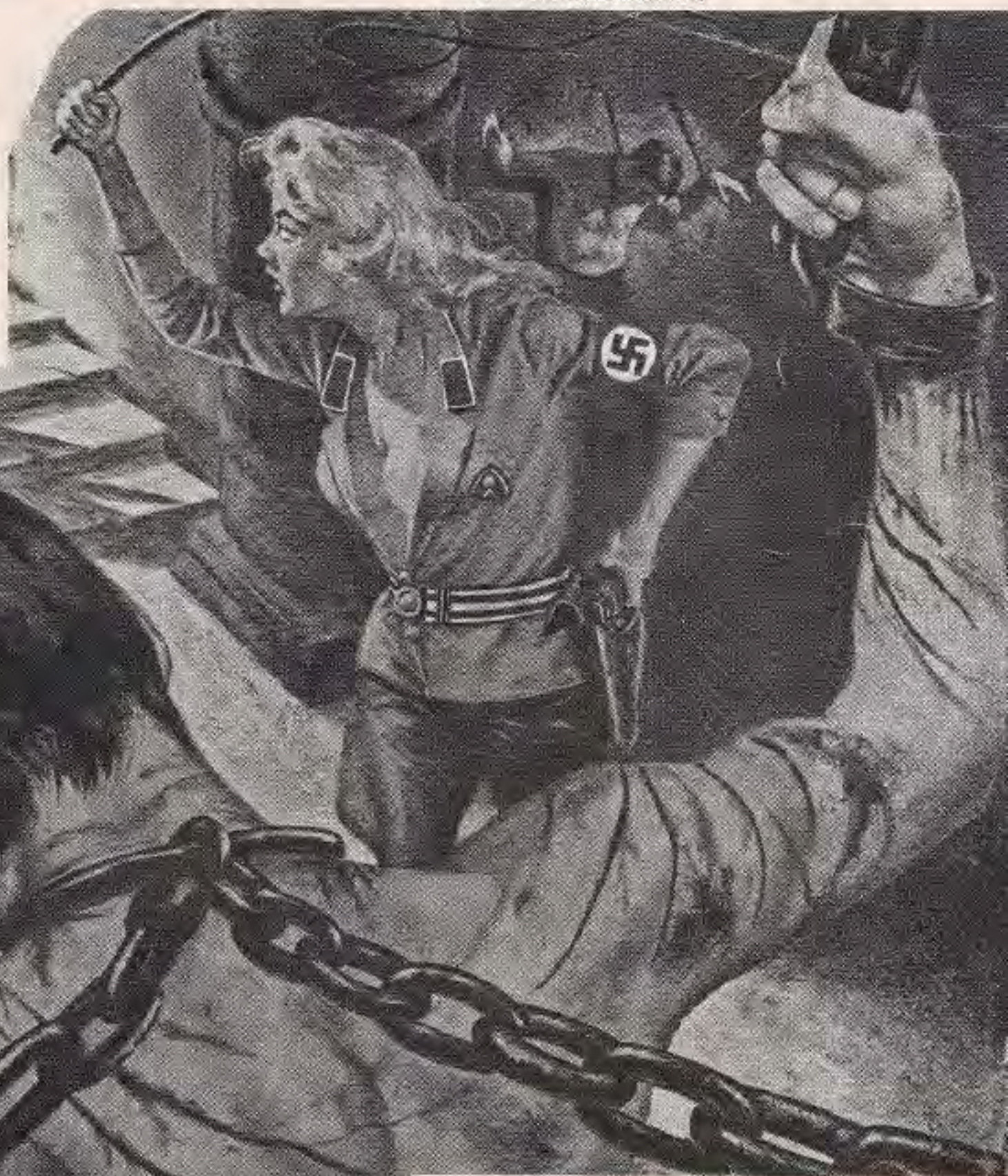
"He held out the electric bulb, which also had a shade on it, so that the light fell with unblushing strength and concentration on the lower regions of the belly. He bent forward — very close — and with a couple of brisk professional movements of his right hand he had removed all superfluous hair almost before I knew it

or had time to protest. Others didn't go through the process quite so painlessly; streams of blood bore witness to that."

In addition to that introduction to the camp, inmates were often made to undress in the open, in all kinds of weather, and submit to comprehensive body searches. One prisoner, writing afterwards simply as "Fedor," noted that the stripping was just "one of the first steps in breaking us down. Nothing deprives a human being of his individuality so quickly as to be stripped naked, and left to shiver in the open amongst hundreds of other naked people . . . forced to march round and round the camp, no matter what the weather, in a state of nudity. Why do you think that is done, except to bring us to the status of things instead of humans?" One Buchenwald inmate reported specifically of Ilse Koch that "I remember the day when she ordered 3,000 men to strip naked and stand still for three hours while she watched us. Those who dared to look up . . . were disposed of. She was our master; she was the voice of death . . ."

Methods of torture were standardized with German thoroughness, as attested to at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials by a French schoolmaster, M. Labussiere. The first of these was flogging, usually 25 strokes on the buttocks with riding crops and 10 more added if the victim cried out. To position a man for the flogging, the SS used "a particularly constructed wooden table, on which the offender, lying on his belly, with his head in a lower position, with his behind stretched and high, and his legs pulled forward under him, was strapped fast."

On April 4, 1942 the following order was issued: "The Reich Führer and Chief of the German Police has decreed that when he has decided upon corporal punishment, if the word 'intensified' has been added, the punishment is to be administered to the *naked buttocks*." The result was excruciating. Least serious were the extensive hematomas, although they were agonizing enough. But a doctor reported that the buttocks looked like "raw minced beef" and that at least once he saw a patient "die of sepsis consequent on this maltreatment."



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(FAMOUS SADISTS IN HISTORY)  
FRAU ILSE KOCH  
THE "BITCH OF BUCHENWALD"



their backs. Then they were hoisted by their arms to hooks embedded in trees about six feet from the ground. While Ilse looked on, SS men beat the unfortunates "on the feet, face and genitals" with clubs. Willy Appel, a prisoner who witnessed many of these terrible episodes, told the Nuremberg court: "They screamed, begged for a quick death. Those who didn't die from the beating went insane. And all the time *she* laughed, and urged the guards to strike harder."

She was also a nymphomaniac of high order, with countless thousands of men to choose from, men without a will of their own. On one documented occasion, "the Koch woman" forced six prisoners to have sexual relations with her — all within the period of an hour and a half. Then she had the half-dozen prisoners flogged, "but not enough to kill them, or even make them unconscious." After the floggings she ordered that their scrotums be amputated and given to her, and "the operations were performed without anesthesia!"

It is further reported that she would frequently make nocturnal "tours" of the barracks, presumably on the prowl for visual evidence of which inmates were still virile and horny enough to suit her purposes. On one such authenticated occasion she singled out a young French

prisoner of war who had not been in Buchenwald long enough to lose his attractiveness. She had two SS men take him to the "treatment room," in which new inmates were questioned, and ordered the troopers to strip the man naked. "Then," according to reports, "she forced the Frenchman to have intercourse with her over and over until he was absolutely exhausted, after which she had him flogged. The man died from the flogging, but this wasn't enough for The Bitch. She ordered his penis and scrotum to be cut off and given her for tanning."

But Ilse Koch is perhaps best remembered for the employment of human flesh for other than sexual purposes. Shirer baldly relates this grisly aspect of her nature: "Human skins were collected by the masters of the New Order . . . The skins of concentration camp prisoners, especially executed for this ghoulish purpose, had decorative value. They made, it was found, excellent lamp shades, several of which were expressly fitted up for Frau Ilse Koch . . . Tattooed skins appear to have been the most sought after."

A German inmate, Adreas Pfaffenberger, deposed at Nuremberg on this:

" . . . All prisoners with tattooing on them were ordered to report to the dispensary . . . After the prisoners had been examined the ones with the best and most artistic specimens were killed by injections. The corpses were then turned over to the pathological department where the desired pieces of tattooed skin were detached from the bodies and treated further. The finished products were turned over to Koch's wife, who had them fashioned into lamp shades and other ornamental household articles."

Among these "other ornamental household articles," book covers ranked highly. "One piece of skin which apparently struck Frau Koch's fancy had the words 'Haensel and Gretel' tattooed on it," Shirer adds.

At the post-war "Buchenwald Trial," Ilse Koch was sentenced to life imprisonment, but her sentence was commuted to four years and she was soon released. On January 15, 1951 a German court again sentenced her to life imprisonment, this time for murder.

Under Ilse Koch at Buchenwald, the floggings took place at the afternoon roll call. The penalties, fixed beforehand, would be announced. The prisoner had to step forward, drop his zebra-striped trousers (no underclothing was permitted), and allow himself to be lashed to the board. "The guards used all their force," one observer recalls, "sometimes springing into the air so as to bring the arm down with increasing momentum." Often, while two hefty SS men carried out the sentence, a third would hold the victim's jaws together to stifle any cries. Hardly a day passed in Buchenwald without several cases of such floggings.

The French schoolmaster added the following to the list of tortures:

"(2) The bath: the victim was plunged head-first into a tub full of cold water until he was asphyxiated. Then they applied artificial respiration. If he would not talk they repeated the process several times consecutively. With his clothes soaking, he spent the night in a cold cell.

"(3) Electric current: The terminals were placed on the hands, then on the feet, in the ears, and then one in the anus and another on the end of the penis.

"(4) Crushing the testicles in a press specially made for the purpose. Twisting the testicles was frequent.

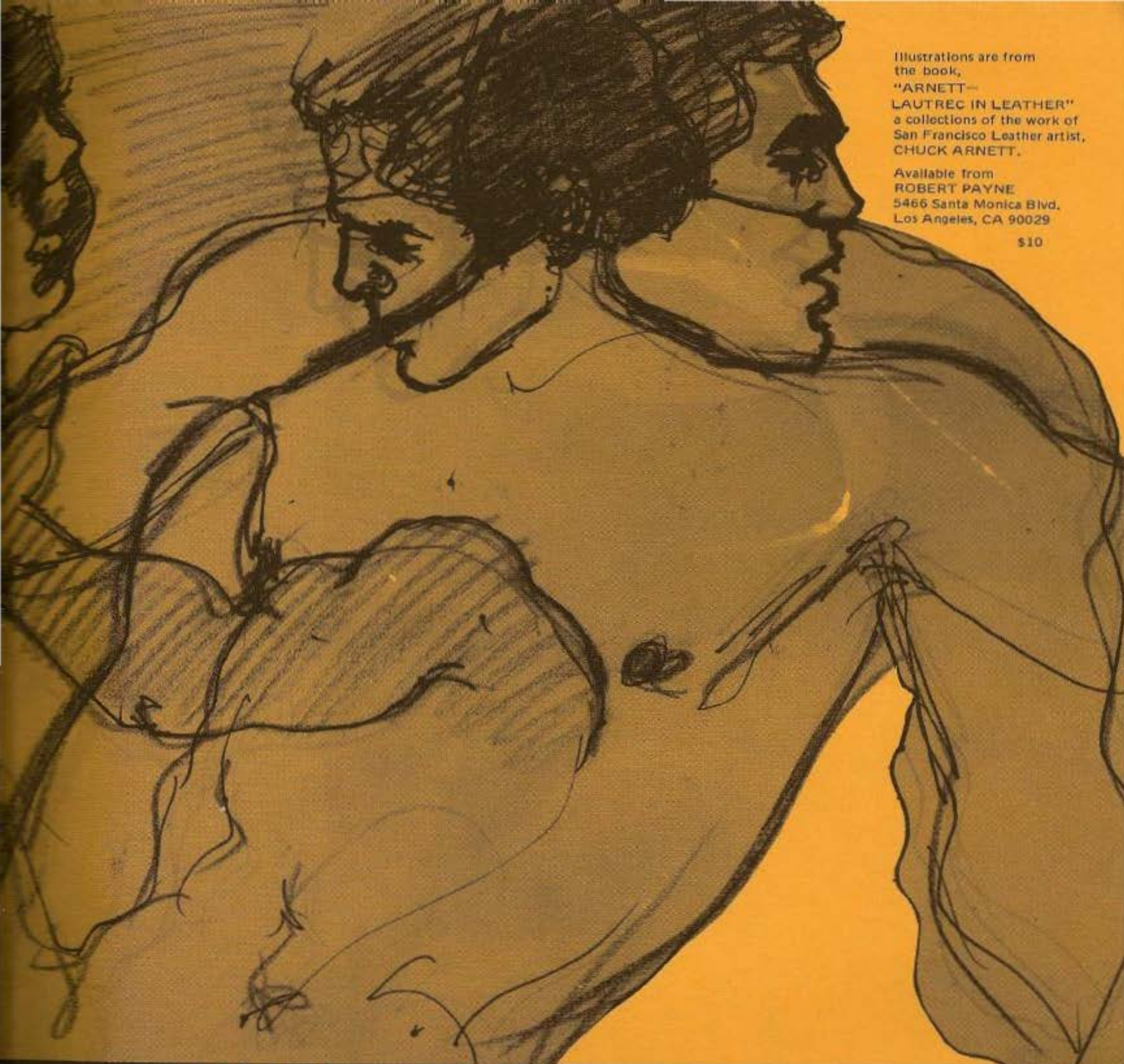
"(5) Hanging: the patient's hands were handcuffed together behind his back. A hook was slipped through his hand cuffs and the victim was lifted by a pulley. At first they jerked him up and down. Later, they left him suspended for varying, fairly long periods. The arms were often dislocated. In the camp I saw Lieutenant Lefevre, who, having been suspended like this for more than four hours, had lost the use of both arms.

"(6) Burning with a soldering-lamp or with matches."

To these, the "Bitch of Buchenwald" added several of her own whimsical refinements. (The lash *she* favored, for example, was rumored to be made of human skin.) But her very favorite torture was "tree hanging." The hands of naked prisoners were first tied behind







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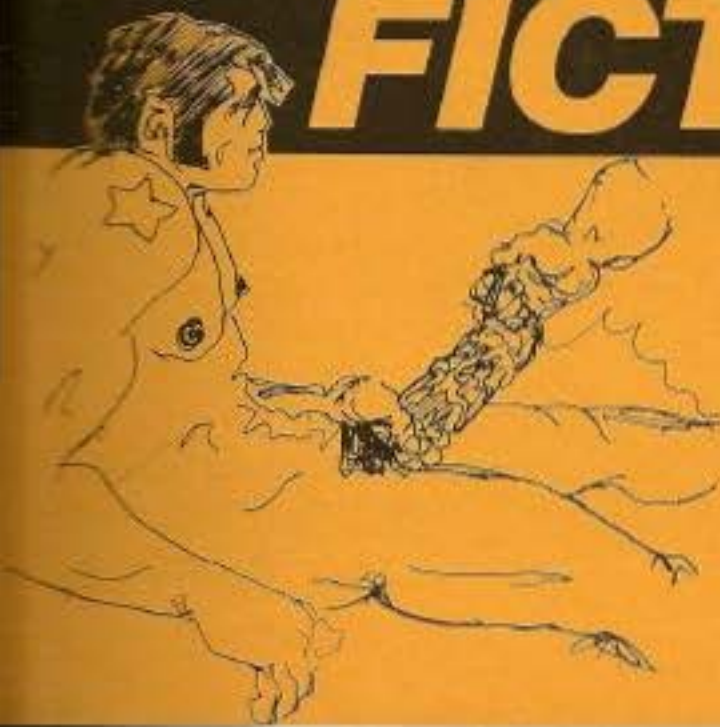
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# FICTION SECTION



We interrupt the telling of Robert Payne's novel "Epilogue" this month to bring you this Phil Andros story entitled "Many Happy Returns" which is a sequel to his crowd-pleasing "Babysitter" of three issues ago.





# many happy returns

by PHIL ANDROS

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I pushed my chair back from the table so I could cross my legs. "Damned good dinner," I said.

"Oh, nuthin's too good for our Phil," Ike said, and poured me another cup of the extraordinary black coffee, beside which espresso tasted like weak tea. He looked at me with his neon-blue eyes, startling under his shaven skull. "Happy birthday," he said.

"Aaragh," I growled.

Jim laughed. He was older, perhaps pushing fifty — but that seemed to make no difference to the S&M crowd in San Francisco; they sought him out as a Master (which, by reports, he was). Any difference in age between him and the neophytes who flocked to be worked over in the downstairs playroom was cancelled by his imagination, his musculature, his sizeable dingdong, the number of his playthings and the perfection of his techniques.

"You haven't been here at Pink Alley since you babysat for us," he grinned. "And what happens? We come home at three a.m. and there's the babysitter strapped to our steel chair, a plastic cock up his ass, his tits sore and burning and the masturbatin' machine full of gism."

"Stuff it," I said, feeling my ears heat up. "It could happen to anyone. It might even happen to you sometime."

"No way," Jim growled.

I looked from one to the other. A coupla studs, for sure. Ike had been a quarterback at Ohio State, me own alma ma, and he and Jim had been together for about five years — as nearly perfect an S&M relationship as you could find, yet one which did not hinder either of them from laying a little on the side. Ike had a natural bent for things electric, and worked for an electronic company with transistors, alarms, and gadgets of all kinds. Jim was not talkative about his past, but somewhere along the line he had been used to authority. (Had he been a policeman? Mayor? Senator? Priest? President?) It showed in his stance, and it echoed in his voice when he wanted to use it: a kind of deep-throated resonance that seemed to issue from his whole body, not merely his throat and mouth, the kind of bass that could even set the chandelier tinkling or cause a sympathetic string in the piano to hum.

"What's for dessert?" I asked. There was always one at their place.

Ike looked at Jim and then chuckled. "Surprise," he said.

"What kind?"

"Your birthday present," Jim grinned. "It's in the playroom, downstairs. Ike and I are gonna work you over real nice. You'll enjoy it."

It was my turn to say "No way!" — and gruffly.

"Oh, yes you will, baby," Ike said, somewhat threateningly. He got up and stood over me, behind my chair. His football shoulders, his massive thighs, breathed out a kind of sensual maleness — and there was more than a little danger in his voice. Although I'm six feet tall and hefty enough, I felt a tangle with him might result in a black eye. For me, that is.

"Phil," Jim said, and the tone rolled through the room like the deepest diapason of a theater organ. "You've been a hustler now for how many — eight? ten? — years, and you've done everything in the book. You had a slave period with that black Adam and Mr. Bennett. Then there's the cops in your life and the studs in Rome. You've got a balanced mixture of S&M, and you've been M often enough. So you might as well relax and enjoy it."

"Hey, man!" I said. "I'm still hustling. I'm the boss-man . . . generally," I added, somewhat lamely. He was completely right, of course. I thought of the thousands of ways and times I'd let my body be used, abused . . . amused; of the tongues and cocks that had slipped over, between, under, around and into almost every aperture of my body, and the way my mouth and cock had done the same to others. Curiously, I felt that little flicker of submissiveness in me stir and quiver. My fantasy fled ahead to the end of the evening when, bruised and battered,

punctured and penetrated, drained of all my juices and filled up with those of others, I'd start for home feeling the satisfaction — both calming and euphoric — which always goes with a good fuck.

To top it all, I was horny that night. I could almost hear the dripping overflow of the nectar of my vesicles draining slowly into my bloodstream. It had been a good twenty hours since my last client. And I'd never been with Ike — that in itself was a temptation. Quarterbacks had a certain appeal . . . as long as they didn't wear pantyhose on TV commercials.

They were looking at me — one sardonic, one interested.

"Okay," I said, and managed a grin. Why had my heart suddenly started racing, and why did my armpits feel wet?

"This way," Ike said, and went into the kitchen.

My mouth was dry. "Follow him, slave," Jim ordered in that rolling bass.

Under the shelves in one of the kitchen alcoves, Ike bent to raise a trap door. The hole below was black and forbidding. "I thought you always went in through the garage," I said.

"Not always," Ike answered briefly. There was something satanic about his grin, and his big thick-veined hand massaged his crotch. The shape of the bulge extended down his right leg.

"Down you go. The ladder's on the side."

The square hole was dark and threatening. "I'll stumble. Why don't you go first and turn on the light?"

"You won't fall more than nine feet," Jim said. "Get going."

Hesitantly, fumbling and feeling for the rungs in the blackness, I eased myself down. When my head came even with the floor, Ike suddenly stuck his boot forward against my neck, pushing my head backwards against the far edge of the narrow opening. "Lick it, shithead!"

I did.

"You're ours," he said, releasing me after I'd wet the top of his motorcycle boot. "Now get the hell on down there."

I reached the bottom and stood in the darkness. There was sweat on my lip, salty, and on my forehead. I was nervous as hell. It had been a long, long time.

Leather-clad legs on the rungs, Ike's first, then the tight and shining encasements of the tall boots Jim wore. They came down swiftly and silently.

Ike turned on the lights. The playroom looked the same as it had the night I was babysitting for them with the five slaves. The chains and pulleys for the "flying" one hung from the ceiling. But the steel-ribbed cage had been moved to the corner, and Madame Barclay's black-leather padded bench — with the hole in the middle of it — was in the room's center. The thin tit-ring chains still dangled in the same place. The huge wall mirrors with their angled sidepieces had been arranged to focus on the bench. In the far corner of the room, covering a whole wall, were the toys and playthings: the tit-clamps, the whips (about thirty different kinds), specula to spread the asshole, the legirons and handcuffs and padlocks, the denim jacket with its thousand tacks pointing inward, an enema bag and



tube, leather cock-covers with points inside and out — all there. I ran my tongue over my dry lips.

Jim stood with his legs apart, glowering. He pointed to the enema tube.

"Strip! And then go clean out."

I was so nervous with *anticipando* by that time that I could hardly get my boots unbuckled, but I did, then peeled down my leather pants and took them off. Jim looked at them briefly.

"I see you wore your best pair," he said, "with zippers front and back."

"I-I was planning to go down to the bars on Folsom later," I said. Sheez, the mouth was dry.

"So were we," Jim said.

I took off my leather jacket and black tee shirt, and was naked. Ole Betsy, traitor that she was, had given away my excitement; she was half-hard and swinging from side to side as I moved. I took the enema equipment and went into the cold john and cleaned out with hot water. Then I went back.

The lights had been dimmed until the room was almost dark, and the mirror-ball was revolving, with the change-color spotlight on it. There was music on the stereo.

"Let's see," Jim asked casually, "you're a nut for classical music, ain'tcha?"

I nodded, feeling a strange urge to cover my cock and balls with my hands and stand like a wood nymph frightened by a goat-footed satyr. But I didn't.

"That's fine, then." He turned to a country-western station. "We'll do it to this, instead." He had an evil grin, the bastard.

"Sheeze," I muttered. "Don't you want me to have any enjoyment at all?"

"Oh, you won't hear anything after a while," Jim answered. "Up here, buddy." He swatted the bench. "Belly down and cock through the hole. We'll give you something simple."

I got up on the cold leather, shivering a little, and felt my cock and balls hanging free below. Ike was standing ready with chains and padlocks. He pulled my arms down and fastened them underneath the bench; then my ankles, too, at the far end, so that my asshole was widely stretched and fully exposed. Kneeling, he smeared some lubricant on my cock, fitted an Accu-Jac sheath on it and tied the sheath with a thin cord around the small of my back, so that it wouldn't fall off. The machine was not yet turned on.

Jim went to the rack of toys and selected a white whip, a cat-o-nine-tails. He brought it close to my face. It looked as if the handle, the whole thing including the tails, had been crocheted. "Came from Copenhagen," he said, dangling the heavy cords in front of me. "Called 'weveling,' done by some old Danish sailor." He trailed the cords up the crack of my ass, up my spine to the neck, then back down again. I quivered.

Almost to himself, he went on talking. "There's quite a technique with this. The surprise blow, the woodchopper's way... that's all out. We start gently —" and he raised the whip and let it fall of its own weight, feather-light it seemed, but I still jumped a little. "An easy beginning... one blow, and then a hundred, maybe

slowly getting stronger, maybe five hundred blows, maybe a thousand. And after that, we could go on forever — if your ass and my arm hold out. And each blow becomes a little orgasm, until you're in such a wild deep drunkenness that you might even pass out."

All the time he was speaking, I felt the slow rain of equally timed blows — still soft, still gentle — on the widespread cheeks of my ass. Gradually my body stopped quivering.

Meanwhile Ike had undressed and put his boots back on. I turned my eyes sideways to the mirror: there was the naked body of the quarterback, husky, massive; and the Master fully clothed, his arm rising and falling, governed by some silent metronome in his head.

Ike moved to the head of the bench and spread his legs wide. He grabbed my hair and pulled up on my head which hung partly over the edge. Then with his fingers at my lips, he separated them and slowly inserted his thumb.

"Suck it," he commanded.

I did, tightly with pressure. Then he drew it out, opened my lips again with two huge fingers, and slowly inserted his cock. His crotch smelled of motor oil and leather and the musky undertone of sweat. I tasted the faint marine flavor of the pearl his cock had put out and drew the cockhead deep inside. With his one hand still curled in my hair and the other under my chin, he started to fuck my mouth, his movements timed to the blows on my ass. Was I wrong, or had they started to fall harder? And had the metronome increased its speed?

Suddenly — I didn't see him do it — Jim flicked a switch and the Accu-Jac began its pumping. I felt the sheath slide up, then down; it fit me exactly. Everything was synchronized — machine, Ike's muscular hips, the blows of the cat.

Ike took his hand out of my hair but kept the one under my chin. I felt his thumb slide up my cheek, find one nostril and press it shut, and then the coolness of the metal cylinder he inserted in the other one. Amy! . . . and I breathed deeply.

When it hit me, sparks dazzled my eyes, and I felt my throat open completely. Ike's cock went clear down until the head passed through the rim. My hips started bucking, and the wild fantasy behind my close-shut eyes was that a cop in full uniform was underneath the bench, his gigantic cock angling upwards, entering my body where I had just grown another hole. And then as that fantasy dissolved into mist, through half-opened eyes I saw in the mirror another cop standing in the shadowed gloom, beating my ass with a nightstick, cap drawn down, a scowl on his face.

And that vision faded, merged, changed back into Jim with the white whip rising and falling — definitely faster now, harder — and yet I felt only the heat of the inner blood, the glow of the skin where the cords fell. The machine on my cock seemed to have slowed to half-speed, until with what remained of my working brain I realized it only seemed slower because the blows had so much increased in speed.

How long had it gone on? Fifteen

minutes, a half-hour? How many strokes? Five hundred . . . a thousand? Sweat ran down my ribs and puddled under my belly and chest against the leather.

At just that moment I felt Ike's cock begin to swell in my mouth, and the tempo of his plunging grew faster. The massive cockhead was passing the rim of my throat easily, back and forth. Ike locked both hands behind my head, grinding his muscular hips harder and harder against my face, his pelvic bone slamming against my forehead and nose — and then, with a mighty gasp, his legs trembling, he shot his load into my throat, deeply. It almost choked me. I counted the spurts and felt the gism sliding down. Then, still gasping, his thighs quivering, he collapsed on top of me, his face against my sweaty back, his cock still in my mouth, subsiding, the pressure of his body forcing my head downwards until the edge of the bench cut against my larynx and shut off my air. I twisted my head violently in order to breathe, and his weight lifted.

He slowly withdrew his cock. A long spider web-thin filament of gism stretched like a connecting thread of pearl from my lips to the head of his cock.

"Damn!" he said. "A good cock-sucker for a change."

At that moment Jim shut off the Accu-Jac, without altering the timing and force of the whip. I could hardly feel the blows now, no stinging and seemingly no interval at all between them, just the glowing heat radiating down my thighs and up my spine from the centerpoint of my buttocks.

Then something mysterious began to happen inside me. It was like the opening of a door, almost — a black door against a warm black current that flowed out from my groin over me, as if I were standing upright in a dark tunnel feeling the warm black rush of a mysterious fluid around my ankles, mounting, mounting with a kind of sucking sensation against my flesh, mounting up my body until it passed my waist, then my chest and armpits, finally closing completely over the top of my head. Cloudy pinpoints of light danced behind my eyelids. In that moment I grew again conscious of each blow of the cat; each one suddenly set up an intense spasm of pleasure in me, each blow was the start of a lightning-like ripple of . . . of *ecstasy* that flashed over my whole body, sank, wavered, flashed again. It seemed that I grew aware of each separate cell of all the billions in my body, and that each — in time with the whip — burst into a tiny prickle of light and spark of rapture, a billion small orgasms everywhere within me, growing, growing . . .

. . . until with a great hoarse cry from my throat, my whole body seemed to explode. The orgasm began, violent, intense; I felt the gism drain slowly (it seemed to start at the base of my skull and empty the spine downwards), and with it the warm black liquid sank gradually down around my body.

The whipping stopped. I think I must have lost consciousness for ten or twenty seconds, aware of a vast and hollow emptiness inside me, as if all my flesh and

*Continued on page 53*



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# ASTROLOGIC

**Virgo S:** (Aug. 22-Sept. 22): Watch your health this month. Get lots of rest, stock pile Vibramycin, and watch what you plop your prick into. Hepatitis is back in town . . . don't kiss rim queens.

**Virgo M:** You, too, should watch your health; a perverted slave is great, but a sick slave is like a vibrator without batteries.

**Libra S:** (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): In your search for Ms, don't set your goals too high. Cruelness in you does not come easy; it must be coaxed out by someone with drive and imagination . . . unless you have one of those frightful "Larry's Beer Special" hangovers.

**Libra M:** Get some shiny new black boots, preferably one size too small. Thom McAn's are especially humiliating.

**Scorpio S:** (Oct. 23-Nov. 21): You don't always have to be on top of everything. Relax, let yourself go. Try the bottom position for awhile. Or are you afraid you might learn to like it? The best historians are those who've lived through it.

**Scorpio M:** If the above advice is taken seriously, have a little game of racing your Master for the bottom position. "Winner Gets Fucked" is the name of the game.

**Sagittarius S:** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): Love is where you find it, and so are crimes against nature. Stay out of public parks in Florida and Texas and avoid Catholic Churches in New York City. Stick to consenting adult Ms, although there is a certain *je ne sais pas* thrill in those who won't consent.

**Sagittarius M:** Ignore all the above warnings. Drilling glory holes in confession boxes can carry the danger a step further.

**Capricorn S:** (Dec. 22-Jan. 20): If you seek a particularly heavy and memorable S&M experience, spend more time in pursuit of it. Don't get so involved with intellectual pastimes. Skip the opera altogether. Aida was a slave but there's more to life than classical fantasy.

**Capricorn M:** Go to the leather bars dressed as an Ethiopian princess.

**Aquarius S:** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19): This is a good time to try something new and sadistic. Release those pentup hostilities. Perform a sex change on someone's poodle.

**Aquarius M:** Go AWOL with a nasty Marine drill sergeant; or, what the hell, go AWOL with the entire fuckin' platoon.

**Pisces S:** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20): Being a dizzy Pisces can be so frustrating, constantly forgetting where you last laid your whip or the other tit clamp. Get organized. Find a slave who's a file clerk.

**Pisces M:** Organize your Rolladex index into "Masters" and "Slaves" ranging from "light" to "heavy" action. Color coding keys to correspond with handkerchief symbols can be added for those Ms who are versatile.

**Aries S:** (Mar. 21-Apr. 19): Start a chain letter. Have all the Ms you know send one to a passive friend. Within the year, your harem will include many more slaves . . . and a helluva lot of chains, too.

**Aries M:** Get your name on the chain letters going around. Do not send silverplated or 14 kt. gold chains: anything under five pounds' postage is not playing fair.

**Taurus S:** (Apr. 20-May 20): Cruising can be a bit frustrating this coming month. Best bets will be beaches and pools where you can see what you are getting ahead of time. Since Leatherfolk rarely wear tell-tale colored hankies with bikinis, count scars and bruises.

**Taurus M:** Cruising can be frustrating and even dangerous for you, too, this month. For best results stick to dark alleys in bad neighborhoods.

**Gemini S:** (May 21-June 21): Your hardheaded, dual personality and occasionally pushy ways will probably become more prominent during these summer months, resulting in irking and angering many people. Take advantage of it.

**Gemini M:** If your scintillating schizophrenia pisses off too many people this month, a throbbing fist may be just the therapy you need.

**Cancer S:** (June 22-July 21): Hot summer weather and dog day afternoons can keep a real man sweating. If you are right-handed, make sure your hankie is white before you wipe.

**Cancer M:** You are going to meet a tall, dark, handsome man with rippling, bronzed muscles, who will be wearing leather chaps over snug-fitting, torn, faded Levis, torso T-shirt, and scruffy engineer boots. He will try to sweep you off your feet with filthy propositions. Forget it — he's vice!



# LEO

## Leo S:

(July 22 - Aug. 21): Looking for romance this month? Be cool about it. Wearing your heart on your sleeve looks like hell, especially if you're wearing a leather jacket.

## Leo M:

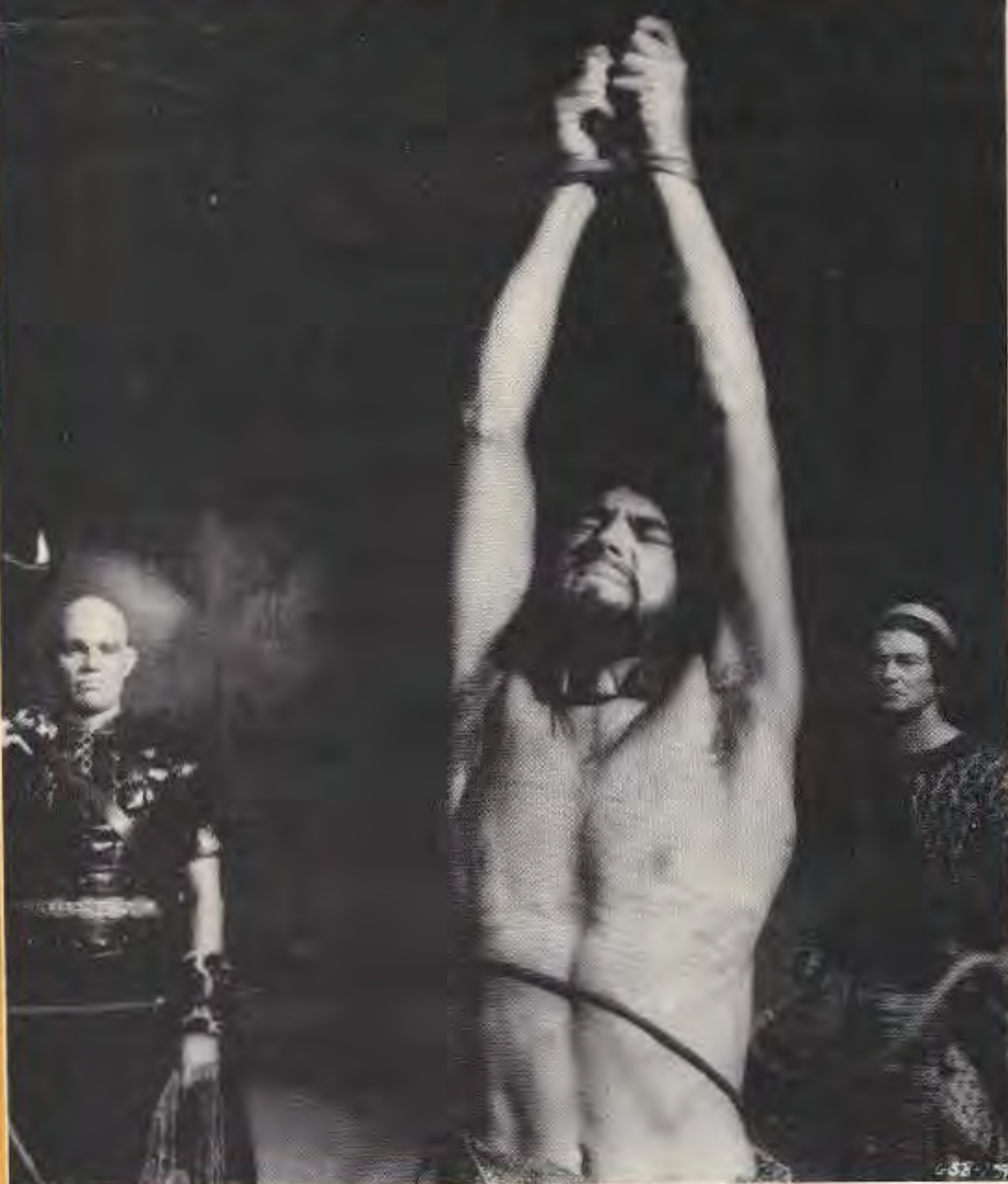
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allen eagles

*This is the first in a seven-part series on the subject of male torture in the movies. These articles have been adapted from a projected book on the history of screen sadism.*

It might be argued that the movies' most memorable glimpses of men under torture occur in, for want of a better term, "Biblical" surroundings. Into this category fall torture scenes from not only such religious epics as *The Ten Commandments* and *The Robe*, but also from *Revenge of the Gladiators*, *Duel of the Titans* and other sandal-and-spear dramas which may be short on theological content but long on such classical trappings as chariots, togas, pagan idols and bare-chested armies of sweaty male slaves writhing under the sting of the overseer's whip.

The popularity of torture episodes in movies of this sort probably rests on a variety of circumstances. After all, torture performs a valuable function by quickly winning sympathy for its victims while building hatred for its practitioners. Since many Biblical movies involve the theme of religious persecution, it's only natural that screenwriters on these projects would devise scenes of pagan Roman soldiers or heathen Philistine priests breaking the bodies — but not the spirits — of brave Christian and Jewish males. Screenwriters might also detour their scripts into dungeons echoing with masculine screams simply to demonstrate the cruel and barbaric nature of the 'Ancient World.

Thus freed from the burden of having to "justify" on-screen torture, makers of Biblical movies can turn their attention to the actual staging of the torture itself, and in this process they're aided by a happy combination of factors. First of all, the remoteness of Biblical times from our own era, coupled with the great variety of cultures which once flourished around the Mediterranean Sea, provides a bizarre and imaginative array of pain-inflicting methods that can be used without disturbing the audience's sense of historical accuracy.

Secondly, the type of clothing once prevalent in the hot regions of the Ancient World usually means the male victim of Biblical torture will be dressed only in a loincloth — and near nudity, especially when it involves sweat-streaked skin, has always added great interest to scenes of screen sadism.

Skin and sweat are certainly in evidence when a group of troublesome male slaves are put to death in *The Last Days of Sodom and Gomorrah*, an Italian import released in 1963. By royal decree, the slaves are chained face-up along the rims of several enormous wheels which have been placed in the town square. As the wheels are turned, the helpless slaves find themselves being passed over a fire of such precise proportions that only the very tips of the flames lick out at the victims' blistered flesh. (Alas, the slaves' loincloths seem to be made of asbestos.) A large crowd has gathered to watch this barbeque, and they're likely to hear the screams of the slowly roasted slaves sounding far into the night.



Public punishment, brutal and agonizing enough to deter further crime, may also be witnessed in the latter half of *Moses*, a 1976 film adapted from an Italian television series. Burt Lancaster, in the title role, orders a father and his two grown sons stoned to death for working on the Sabbath. These three men, stripped to loincloths, are then bound accordingly to wooden posts, their hands tied securely above their heads. The victims' fellow Israelites gather up handfuls of stones from the dry Sinai soil and, after lining themselves up in front of the condemned men, they throw their jagged missiles at the victims — discreetly avoiding the groin area, of course. Within less than thirty seconds, the commandment-breaking father and his two hirsute sons have been reduced to bruised, slumping, blood-gashed figures. This scene is so realistically done, in fact, that one almost expects to hear the splintering and snapping of human bones.

Later in *Moses*, a worshiper of the Golden Calf suffers for his heresy by having molten gold poured down his throat.

Crucifixion, perhaps the most famous means of slow execution used in the Ancient World, has frequently been presented in Biblical movies. Because of the religious connotations involved in this form of death, however, film makers have generally treated it with the kind of cautious reverence which runs counter to sadistic effect. A number of religious epics, for example, have staged tableau-like depictions of the death of Christ; but even if one accepts the inaccuracies contained in these presentations, their "tasteful" quality still renders them weak and unconvincing. In fact, the chief interest in the crucifixion scenes from *The Robe*, both versions of *King of Kings*, *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, *The Gospel According to St. Matthew* and other such efforts lies not in the idealized image of Christ's final agonies, but in the torments suffered by the two thieves. Casting directors, anxious to strike a contrast with that aesthetic figure on the middle cross, tend to select burly, hairy-chested men for these parts — the "bad" thief, indeed, often qualifies as a paragon of toughness and virility. To set them further apart from the dying Christ, the two thieves usually aren't crucified in the traditional nails-through-the-hands-and-feet manner. Instead, they frequently hang from their crosses in twisted, almost grotesque positions, arms wrapped painfully around the crossbeam and legs either dangling free or tied loosely with ropes.

Though the movies have only hinted at the variety of crucifixion techniques, Christian martyrs can be seen dying on X-shaped crosses in *Fabiola* (1951), while in *Quo Vadis* (1951) Nero enlivens his Colosseum spectacles by having bonfires lit at the base of each Christian's cross. In *Quo Vadis* there's also a brief shot of St. Peter crucified in an upside-down position.

Roads lined with crucified men are shown in *The Greatest Story Ever Told* (1965) and following Roman victories over rebellious subjects in *Spartacus* (1960) and *Revenge of the Gladiators*

(1965). However, the impressive logistics of the crucifixion scenes in *Spartacus* fail to ease the disappointment at seeing all those dying heroes modestly protected by shoulder-to-thigh tunics. Perhaps someday the movies in retelling the story of *Spartacus*, will accurately show those defeated gladiators hanging naked from their crosses; and perhaps in the remake, those long-suffering men won't retain such perfect control over their bowels and bladders.

Other notable screen examples of tortuous public executions from the Biblical era occur in *Barabbas* (1962) and *My Son The Hero* (1963). In the former film, Vittorio Gassman plays an early convert to Christianity who must stand bare-chested and with arms outstretched against a wooden wall while a band of Roman archers uses him for target practice. In the latter (an Italian "quickie" dubbed into slang English), a black gladiator clad only in a loincloth meets death when two horsemen roll a heavy cylinder barbed with iron spikes over his prostrate and spreadeagled body.

Torture to obtain information, rather than to punish, may be found in both the actual records of Biblical times and in the movies made about these times. In MGM's silent version of *Ben-Hur*, for example, Romans try to wrest the secret of the Hur family wealth from one of the family's trusted stewards. They stretch this old man face-up on a horizontal rack and, to increase his torment, build a small fire beneath him so that the loinclothed victim must constantly arch his back to keep the flames from scorching his bare skin.

In the Italian remake of *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1960), those sadistic Romans try their interrogation techniques on a group of Christian men captured during a raid on a local catacomb and now imprisoned inside a straw-littered dungeon. While most of the tortures inflicted on these men seem uninspired — one Christian is flogged while others remain chained to the walls, awaiting a whip across the back or a branding iron on the chest — a high-ranking soldier visiting the dungeon adds an intriguing note by pointing to one stubborn prisoner and casually suggesting, "Start peeling his skin off. That always makes 'em talk."

Unfortunately, the makers of *The Last Days of Pompeii* don't allow their audience to witness the flaying process (possibly because of the difficulty of showing such mutilation on the screen), just as the makers of the 1953 *Salome* choose to keep their torture episode off-screen. In *Salome*, Charles Laughton as Herod waves a recalcitrant conspirator away to the dungeon with the words "Perhaps the rack will oil the hinges of your tongue."

But the rack, or something akin to it, fails to oil the hinges of Victor Mature's tongue in *The Robe* (1953). Caligula's soldiers try to extract information from this slave-turned-Christian by spread-eagling him face-up on a wooden table and then pressing heavy boards down across his bare torso. (These boards are hinged along one side of the table, and their lower surfaces are studded with metallic points.) To immobilize their



An unidentified hero gets de-spreadeagled in one of those sandal-and-spear imports from Italy. Note how his wrap-around loincloth gapes open in front.



Lang Jeffries looks suitably agonized while being flogged in *THE REVOLT OF THE SLAVES* (1961). The flogger, for once, seems fairly enthusiastic.

(Opposite) Edmund Purdom gets his bells rung in *THE PRODIGAL* (1955). Employing two floggers has the advantage of doubling the torture while saving film time.





Alan Steel has a pressing engagement in a 1965 comic-book movie called **HERCULES AGAINST THE MOONMEN**. This scene inspired the fashion for wide belts.



Gordon Scott displays his muscles and his teeth in another one of those Italian fantasies about Hercules and his various cronies.



This musclemen is either awaiting torture or posing for a deodorant commercial. The chains are left-overs from innumerable other sandal-and-spear productions.



A new method of meat-tenderizing is being tried out on an unwilling subject in 1963's most-forgettable movie, **MY SON THE HERO**. (below)

It's not clear what they're doing to him, but these two Romans are certainly getting a response from their victim in **THE CENTURION** (1962).





# The LEATHER FRATERNITY

BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER

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, CA 91214. Members of the FRATERNITY may contact other members whose listings 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.

As a continuing service to Fraternity members, new members will be denoted \*\*\*. That is, members whose listings did not appear in the last issue, and whose listings appear for the first time in this issue, will be so designated.

Please remember that you must be a member of The Leather Fraternity in order to answer ads or to run a free ad yourself. Now, good hunting!

## ALABAMA

**ANNISTON.** M. Gemini. 42. 5'9". 185. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Heavy bondage. No drugs. Box 358.

## ARIZONA

**PHOENIX.** S. Virgo. 52. 6'2". 180. White. 7". Experienced. Wants slave houseboy. Box 014Z.

**PHOENIX.** M. Virgo. 33. 6'. 155. White. Novice. Wants control and training from manly, respectful Master to 45. No heavy pain, fats, fems. Cut preferred. Box 231.

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

\*\*\***PHOENIX.** 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.

**TUCSON.** SM. Cancer. 5'10". 165. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks truly masculine partner to 40. No squares. Box 017X.

**TUCSON.** S. Virgo. 50. 5'10". 140. White. 6 1/2". 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. 5'9 1/4". 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

\*\*\***ALAMEDA.** SM. Gemini. 31. 6'. 185. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Heavy into oral, strapping, whipping action. Will switch roles for right person. No permanent relationship. Box 157.

**BURBANK.** M. Leo. 36. 6'. 165. White. 6 1/4". Novice. Willing and able to please sexy partner under 45. No serious pain or disfigurement, hard drugs, blacks. Box 050L.

\*\*\***BIGGS.** M. Cancer. 30. 6'. 185. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Needs humiliation. W/S, scat from understanding leather Master. Blacks preferred. No fats. Box 081E.

**BURBANK.** M. Leo. 36. 6'. 165. White. 6 1/4". Novice. Willing and able to please sexy partner under 45. No serious pain or disfigurement, hard drugs, blacks. Box 050L.

\*\*\***CAMARILLO.** MS. Aquarius. 51. 5'11". 171. White. Knowledgeable. Masculine, prefers slave role and needs punishment from partner over 35. Wallows in dirty sex but has limited tolerance for pain. Box 254S.

**CARLSBAD.** M. Leo. 43. 5'9 1/2". 175. White. 7 1/2". 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.

**CARMEL.** SM. Virgo. 21. 5'11". 145. White. 8 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Sexy dude wants to learn light S&M from well-endowed partner to 38. No blacks, Orientals, redheads. Box 241V.

**CLAREMONT.** SM. Virgo. 39. 5'10 1/2". 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. 5 3/4". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn from experienced Master under 30. Box 083.

**FRESNO.** M. Cancer. 42. 5'9". 175. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Eager and willing to please firm but compassionate Master. Deep Throat. No addicts, selfish people. Box 051D.

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

**GLENDAL.** M. Libra. 48. 5'10 1/2". 155. White. 6 3/4". Novice. Wants to serve gentle but demanding master into heavy bondage. Box 050D.

**GLENDAL.** 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. 5'10 1/2". 165. White. 7 1/4". Knowledgeable. Complete Bondage Slave for complete Bondage Master. Box 051H.

\*\*\***HOLLYWOOD.** S. Sagittarius. 30. 5'10". 150. White. 7". Old hand. Dominant, goodlooking dude digs husky, muscular, well-endowed partners to 39. Should be tall, dark-haired, white. Smooth chest preferred. Box 017J.

\*\*\***HOLLYWOOD.** MS. Gemini. 38. 6'. 165. White. 7". Novice. Blond, hot body, tight ass, extreme muscle control. Wants goodlooking man into role-switching who knows what he wants and how to get it! No fems, fats. Box 017Q.

**HOLLYWOOD.** S. Libra. 42. 6'1". 185. White. 7". Experienced to turn you on. Seeks husky, youngish slave to train completely. No heavy pain, a little love. No fems. Be humble. Box 071X.

**HOLLYWOOD.** S. Cancer. 32. 5'11". 170. White. 9". Old hand. S&M film superstar wants to dominate ultra masculine partner 30 to 50. No fems, fats. Box 185P.

\*\*\***HOLLYWOOD.** M. Pisces. 40. 5'6". 130. White. 5 1/2". Novice. Will give his all to Master who respects limits. No scat, shaving. Box 227.

**HOLLYWOOD.** MS. Taurus. 40. 5'9". 155. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Bodybuilder, muscular. Wants same. Box 311.

**HUNTINGTON BEACH.** S. Cancer. 34. 5'6". 130. White. 7 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Seeks similar M under 33 for mutual fulfillment of fantasies. No liars, fats. Box 294S.

**HUNTINGTON PARK.** M. Pisces. 35. 6'. 170. White. 6 1/2". Novice. No fems. Box 310.

**INDIO.** SM. Leo. 44. 5'10". 155. White. 6 1/4". Completely inexperienced. Will understand your needs. Box 243.

\*\*\***IRVINE.** SM. Cancer. 34. 6'3". 180. White. 9". Knowledgeable. Dominates with warmth, respect, affection; seeks same. Likes return affairs with white partner to 40. No blood, bruises, severe pain. Box 186P.

**LA PUENTE.** M. Gemini. 38. 5'9". 168. White. 7 1/2". Novice. Prefers under 45. Box 320.

**LA JOLLA.** MS. Virgo. 34. 5'11". 155. White. 6 1/2". 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.** M. Virgo, 24, 5'10", 130. White, 7". Novice. Domestic and submissive, will dedicate himself permanently to active, masculine partner over 30. Box 151.

**\*\*\*LOS ANGELES.** MS. Aquarius, 27, 6'1 1/2", 160. White, 5 1/2". Novice. Sensitive college student wants to expand limits in long-term relationship with intelligent, caring Master who drinks. Box 017W.

**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, 42, 6'1", 180. White, 6 1/2". Novice with strong desire to learn. Prefers masculine bodybuilder type with large cock. Box 050S.

**LOS ANGELES.** S. 33, 5'8", 140. White, 8 1/2". Old hand. Seeks experienced M under 31 with groovy body, tight ass. Box 060W.

**LOS ANGELES.** MS. Capricorn, 40, 5'9 1/2", 150. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced M also interested in working as associate S. Good body a must. Box 115.

**\*\*\*LOS ANGELES.** S. Libra, 40, 5'10", 155. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Attractive, imaginative Stud is good top man for obedient, uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, feds, fats. Loves sex! Box 133.

**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.** SM. Taurus, 29, 6'1", 195. White, 6 1/2". Sensual, imaginative novice seeks muscular partner to 37 with warmth and sense of humor. Box 189H.

**LOS ANGELES.** M. Virgo, 49, 5'10 1/2", 145. White, 6". Knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

**LOS ANGELES.** S. Libra, 37, 6'4", 200. White, 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will respect limits of husky, masculine slave with hairy chest. No feds, scat, heavy scenes. Must be discreet. Box 205M.

**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.

**LOS ANGELES.** M. Libra, 42, 5'6 1/2", 135. White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Follows orders well. No fats. Box 242.

**LOS ANGELES.** M. Capricorn, 53, 5'11 1/2", 210. White. Knowledgeable. Will adore and worship a noble beast of a Master up to 40 heavy into humiliation. No sobs. Box 347.

**\*\*\*LOS ANGELES.** M. Cancer, 34, 6', 170. White, 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Good headman will follow orders of experienced Master to 40. No feds, fats, drunks, dopers. Box 150.

**MALIBU.** SM. Leo, 32, 5'9", 139. White, 6 1/2". Novice. Leather wearing egotist wants to learn more about the scene from knowledgeable partner able to tolerate his ego and temper. No one-night stands. Sharing a must. Box 1850.

**MANHATTAN BEACH.** M. Capricorn, 42, 5'7", 38. 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 feds, dirt. Box 125P.

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

**MILL VALLEY.** M. Capricorn, 35, 5'11", 150. White, 8". Novice M. Knowledgeable S. Has intense desire to orally serve beer-drinker to 32 heavy into W/S. Must be cut. No fats, blacks, blahs. Box 023T.

**\*\*\*NORTH HOLLYWOOD.** M. Aries, 33, 5'6", 135. White, 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. Honest, totally obedient and faithful to macho Master into bikes, camping, outdoors. No fats, feds, over 45. Box 030.

**NORTH HOLLYWOOD.** S. Virgo, 38, 6', 155. White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will respect limits of partner to 35. Mexican, Asian preferred. No fats, phonies, redheads, over 6'. Box 188.

**\*\*\*NORTH HOLLYWOOD.** M. Virgo, 34, 5'9", 135. White, 6". Novice. Boot-lover has sincere desire to satisfy compatible partner into W/S. No feds, drugs, phonies. Box 188R.

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

**SACRAMENTO.** MS. Cancer, 39, 6'1", 225. White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prolonged bondage and training. Box 296A.

**\*\*\*SAN DIEGO.** SM. Virgo, 28, 5'7 1/2", 155. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Muscular, masculine biker seeks same to 50. Leather is his lifestyle, not a sexual diversion! No fats, drunks, heavy drugs. Box 020.

**SAN DIEGO.** M. Leo, 38, 6'3", 190. White, 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Enjoys bondage, being used. Partner should be near area and respect limits. Box 050K.

**SAN DIEGO.** SM. Virgo, 28, 5'7 1/2", 155. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Muscular, masculine biker seeks same to 50. Leather is his lifestyle, not a sexual diversion! No fats, drunks, heavy drugs. Box 020.

**SAN DIEGO.** S. Gemini, 43, 5'6", 160. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Bodybuilder seeks butch, sincere partner in good physical condition who knows how to serve. No fats, drugs, dirty types. Box 182V.

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

**\*\*\*SAN FRANCISCO.** M. Capricorn, 27, 5'7", 130. White, 6 1/2". Novice. Natural bottom man still learning after two years in the scene. Enjoys dominance, bondage with partner to 40 who respects limits. No fats, scat. Box 015.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Cancer, 38, 5'8", 130. Black, 5 1/2". Novice. Former M wishes to work out S fantasies with inexperienced partner born on the 21st of any month. Body hair a must. No feds, fats, blonds. Box 032.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** M. Gemini, 34, 5'10", 140. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Seeks S who is mentally and physically superior, not fat or over 39. Box 152.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** MS. Leo, 35, 6'1", 153. White. Novice. Scene is secondary to overall turn on. No feds, fats, heavy drugs. Box 075.

**\*\*\*SAN FRANCISCO.** M. Libra, 34, 5'10", 148. White, 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will totally serve experienced Master under 40 who respects limits. Into FF, W/S, B&D, tit work. No feds, fats, phonies, scat. Box 139.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Leo, 34, 5'8", 150. White, 6". Knowledgeable, sincere, considerate, patient stud seeks sincere, submissive M under 40. No feds, fats, drags. Box 145.

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

**SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Aries, 55, 6', 182. White, 6 1/2". Old hand. Thirty-year S&M veteran seeks partner to 50 able to take moderate to severe whipping, some W/S. No role switching, fats, scat, FF, drugs. Box 187P.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Leo, 36, 5'8", 130. White, 8". Knowledgeable. Will totally control intelligent, masculine partner to 40 into all areas of sex. No feds, fats, drunks. Cut preferred. Box 229M.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** M. Leo, 37, 6', 150. White, 6". Novice. Masculine. Prefers educated, beefy, tall, dominant man into uniforms, law enforcement. Seeks submission but not abuse, mutual respect and affection, complimentary mate. Tattoos, mirrors, hairy, plus factors. Box 294Y.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** M. Aries, 40, 5'6 1/2", 135. White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks trusting, trustworthy S. No feds, fats, blacks, hippies. Box 295.

**\*\*\*SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Gemini, 31, 6'2", 195. White, 7". Novice. Offers physical, mental dominance to passive, masculine-appearing partner to 45. Must be cut. No feds, hippies, unemployed. Box 299.

**\*\*\*SAN FRANCISCO.** M. Cancer, 40, 5'11", 170. White, 7". Knowledgeable. The ultimate slave: shaved head and body; pierced tits and foreskin. Will do anything for right Master. Bearded preferred. Box 368.

**SAN MATEO.** MS. Libra, 33, 6', 170. White, 8 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular, older, more mature. Box 170.

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**\*\*\*SANTA ANA, S.** Leo, 38, 6'2", 185, White, 6". Novice. Considerate, straight-appearing. Seeks goodlooking, passive partner to 45. No feds, fats, blacks. Box 168M.

**SHERMAN OAKS, SM.** Libra, 35, 5'6", 130, White, 7". Novice. Seeks knowledgeable, understanding partner under 50 who respects limits. No feds. Box 1817.

**STANFORD, MS.** Virgo, 44, 5'7", 155, White, 7". Knowledgeable. Uninhibited, obedient, prefers locals under 40 but older S if skilled. Into anal action. No feds, fats, boozers. Box 206.

**TUSTIN, M.** Libra, 35, 5'7", 130, White, 7". Novice. Will give the right Master what he wants and needs. Must be under 46 and cut. No feds, hardcore. Box 216.

**WOODSIDE, SM.** Aries, 33, 6', 168, White, 7". Knowledgeable. Wants good leather sex on the Peninsula. No feds, balds, scat, over. Will switch roles with right person. Box 189.

## COLORADO

**AURORA, M.** Aquarius, 23, 5'8", 150, White, 5 1/2". 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.

**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.

**DENVER, M.** Libra, 30, 5'9 1/2", 195, White, 7". Novice. Seeks totally dominant Master to please and serve. Prefers non-smoker, light drinker, no drugs. Box 254.

**HENDERSON, S.** Aries, 32, 6'2", 190, White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Dominant, demanding dude seeks partner to 48 who does what he's told. No one dirty or non-masculine. Box 304L.

## CONNECTICUT

**GREENWICH, S.** Cancer, 46, 5'11", 160, White, 6". Knowledgeable. Has fine leather toys. Seeks butch, sincere partner who knows how to serve. No feds, feds, phonies. Box 051E.

**MILFORD, S.** Capricorn, 44, 5'10 1/2", 175, White, 7". Knowledgeable. Educated, experienced former police officer and champion motorcyclist seeks devoted, masculine M willing to be completely owned. Should be intelligent. No drugs, drunks, feds, fats, cheats. Box 309.

**MYSTIC, S.** Aries, 50s, 5'10", 175, White, 8". Old hand. Experienced top man will train sexually uninhibited, honest partner up to 50. No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, feds. Box 329.

**OLD SAYBROOK, M.** Capricorn, 36, 6'4", 200, White, 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will obey experienced Master with big cock and good body. Box 165L.

## DELAWARE

**DOVER, M.** Capricorn, 27, 6', 160, White, 6 1/4". Novice. Seeking very dominant and butch male into heavy leather. Bike score a plus. No feds, fats, weaklings. Box 051F.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

**WASHINGTON, SM.** Leo, 41, 5'10", 165, White, 6". Well informed novice. Dominant dude into S&M fantasies seeks mainly correspondence unless contact is discreet. Group experiences a turn on. No feds, fats, drugs, hippies, scat, brands. Box 017M.

**WASHINGTON, MS.** Capricorn, 39, 6'1", 170, White, 6 1/2". Novice. Extremely hunky, intelligent number enjoys pleasuring dominant, masculine partners to 45, preferably no one-night stands. No feds, fats, stupidity. Box 290L.

**WASHINGTON, SM.** Cancer, 32, 6', 165, White, 7 1/2". Novice. Wants good-looking well-built with sense of humor. Box 324.

## FLORIDA

**COCONUT GROVE, SM.** Virgo, 46, 5'8 1/2", 140, White, 7". Knowledgeable. Can relate to and assume both roles with discreet, intelligent partner under 6', over 30. No feds, feds, hirsute types. Oriental a plus. Box 079.

**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, 7 1/4". Knowledgeable. Tight ass. Needs masculine S, considerate of needs and limits. Will service Masters in area on business/vacation trips. Box 183P.

**\*\*\*FT. LAUDERDALE, SM.** Cancer, 31, 5'11", 140, White, 7". Knowledgeable. Great top man will satisfy levi-cowboy type over 25. Will switch roles with right partner. No feds, game playing. Uncut preferred. Box 065.

**FT. LAUDERDALE, M.** Libra, 44, 5'8", 155, White, 8 1/4". Novice. Prefers motorcycle police officer. No feds or fats. Box 200.

**\*\*\*GAINESVILLE, SM.** Gemini, 35, 6'1", 170, White, 7 1/2". Old hand. Intelligent, has deep and genuine interest in scene. Wishes to constantly broaden and deepen experiences with like partner to 45. No drunks, fats, curiosity seekers. Box 156X.



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**KISSIMMEE, SM.** Virgo, 53, 5'10 1/2", 150, White, 6". Completely inexperienced. Prefers partner under 40 into role switching. No drugs. Box 153.

**LAKE WORTH, SM.** Pisces, 36, 6'1", 175, White, 8". Old hand. Can endure much in either role and wants no nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No feds, amateurs. Box 1251.

**MIAMI, SM.** Scorpio, 35, 5'9 1/2", Knowledgeable. Heavy oral orientation and exhibitionism desired. Box 047.

**ORLANDO, S.** Libra, 25, 5'8", 145, White, 7". Knowledgeable. B&D. Firm but gentle. Prefers slave 18-35. Box 060C.

**SATELLITE BEACH, S.** Virgo, 47, 5'3 1/2", 175, White, 7". Knowledgeable. Will provide any experience desired with respect and understanding of limits. Reliable, trustworthy. No feds, feds, hard drugs. Box 199.

**ST. PETERSBURG BEACH, M.** Taurus, 42, 6', 222, White, 6". Novice. Passive with high pain threshold. Will serve a knowledgeable Master who respects limits. No heavy booze, drugs. Must be clean. Box 062L.

**TAMPA/ST. PETERSBURG, S.** Virgo, 36, 5'9", 160, 8 1/2". Knowledgeable. B&D. Slave must be straight appearing. No feds, fats. Box 126M.

## HAWAII

**KAPAA, KAUAI, M.** Aries, 37, 5'10", 155, White, 7 1/2". Novice. Total service to butch S, 30 to 50. Will relocate for right Master. No drugs, phonies, liars. Box 272.

## ILLINOIS

**BELLEVILLE, M.** Virgo, 29, 5'9", 140, White, 6 1/2". 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, 7 1/2". Completely inexperienced. No heavy stuff but willing to learn. Box 293.

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

**CHICAGO, M.** Cancer, 31, 6', 165, White, 6 1/2". 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, 6 1/2". Novice. S&M author wants to correspond with/meet others into S&M porn. Box 088E.

**CHICAGO, SM.** Aries, 28, 6'2", 165, White, 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Imaginative, adaptable dude into paddling, strapping, spanking with white partner to 40. No feds, fats, heavy S&M. Box 314.

**CHICAGO, S.** Leo, 34, 6', 270, White, 7". Novice. Willing to learn either role from versatile white partner to 35. No scat, W/S, liars. Box 206W.

**\*\*\*DUNDEE, SM.** Taurus, 50, 6', 220, White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Loves playing both roles with compatible, discreet partner who enjoys giving and receiving. No hustlers, troublemakers, dirty types. Box 294X.

**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, 10 1/2". Knowledgeable. Abusive, imaginative dude seeks intelligent, attractive partner. Early 20's preferred. No slob. Box 125H.

**SPRINGFIELD, MS.** Aries, 51, 5'8", 170, White, 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. Wants to meet muscular, hairy men for bondage, 30-50 preferred. Box 335.

**WHEATON, M.** Scorpio, 35, 5'10", 195, White, 8". Novice. Training and reducing to better serve and please you. Sir! Box 160.

**WHEELING, S.** Aries, 26, 6', 180, White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Demands and will reward respect and obedience from submissive partner to 35. Possible permanent relationship. No balds, fats, feds, TVs, drunks. Box 181P.

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



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## INDIANA

**\*\*\*INDIANAPOLIS.** SM. Taurus. 31. 5'6". 160. White. 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. Sincere, honest, interested in possible long term relationship. Partner must be discreet, over 21. Box 119.

**INDIANAPOLIS.** S. Virgo. 45. 6'3". 190. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Firm, understanding Master seeks clean, discreet, masculine partner anywhere in U.S. Must be under 35. Blond, uncut preferred. Box 180Q.

**INDIANAPOLIS.** S. Cancer. 46. 5'7". 144. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Firm, quiet master prefers well-educated, interesting slave. Will work out your fantasy. Box 303.

**VINCENNES.** S. Virgo. 32. 5'9 1/2". 149. White. 5 3/4". Knowledgeable. Prefers 24-33, full round buns and strong legs. College grad if possible. Box 186A.

## KENTUCKY

**COVINGTON.** S. Virgo. 35. 6'4". 190. White. 7 1/2". Old hand. Well-built stud into hot, sweaty pain trips, oil. Well-built, white only to 45. Box 153H.

**LEXINGTON.** S. Leo. 37. 6'1". 197. White. 7". Knowledgeable, understanding. Partner must be experienced, smaller, straight-appearing, educated, discreet, without conscience conflict in these and related matters, over 25. No feds, fats, dopers, suicides. Box 258.

## LOUISIANA

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

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

## MARYLAND

**ADELPHI/HYATTSVILLE.** M. Aquarius. 40. 6'6". 235. Black. 10". Novice. Bodybuilder seeks knowledgeable bodybuilder Master who respects limits and will train. Under 45, white preferred. Must have sincere understanding of Leathersex, S&M. Box 227L.

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

**FREDERICK.** S. Cancer. 30. 5'11". 160. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Understanding, respectful Master, uses anatomy/physiology/psychology training to further the scene. Demanding but not unreasonable. Seeks geographically close M over 23 into bondage. No feds, long hairs, drugs, blacks. Box 294V.

**\*\*\*HYATTSVILLE.** M. Cancer. 49. 172. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Good cocksucker for clean-cut white partner who can take it easy. Must be sober and discreet. Box 125L.

## 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.

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DOMINATION

**\*\*\*LEOMINSTER.** MS. Pisces. 38. 5'9 1/2". 160. White. 6". Completely inexperienced but imaginative. Understanding, into bondage. Seeks clean, intelligent partner. Box 185N.

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

**WELLESLEY HILLS.** M. Leo. 30. 5'11". 210. White. 6 1/4". Novice. Helpless, obedient Slave needs discreet, understanding Master up to 35. Must tolerate limits. No drugs. Box 192.

## MICHIGAN

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

**BERKLEY.** S. Virgo. 33. 5'6". 135. White. 8 1/2". Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient, experimental Slave. No balds, fats, dominants. Box 052D.

**\*\*\*FLINT.** SM. Aquarius. 34. 6'. 230. White. 6 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Discreet, will respect limits of compatible partner. Black preferred. No drugs, drunks. Box 051G5.

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

**LANSING.** MS. Gemini. 58. 5'10". 155. White. 5 3/4". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn both roles. Box 181M.

**MARQUETTE.** SM. Leo. 26. 6'1". 180. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Imaginative, semi-muscular. Seeks muscular, understanding, versatile partner into leather, western, uniforms. Box 008.

**RIVERVIEW.** M. Cancer. 26. 5'9 1/4". 165. Black. 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing, passive and eager to learn from dominant, take charge guy 30 to 50, 6' or over. Should be muscular. No passives. Box 044.

**TAYLOR.** MS. Capricorn. 24. 5'10". 165. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

## MINNESOTA

**MINNEAPOLIS.** M. Pisces. 38. 5'6". 138. White. 6 1/4". Novice. Enjoys golden showers from clean masculine men. Box 180L.

**\*\*\*ST. PAUL.** S. Cancer. 49. 5'11". 180. White. 5 1/2". Novice. Seeks cut partner with little or no body hair, large balls or only one ball, good ass. Box 373.

## MISSOURI

**COLUMBIA.** SM. Gemini. 25. 5'11". 165. White. 5 1/2". Novice. Leather/bondage enthusiast seeks straight-appearing partner who is discreet, will switch roles. Bikers, uniforms a plus. Wants contacts in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri. No feds, beards, blafants. Box 051M.

**\*\*\*ST. LOUIS.** M. Aquarius. 40. 6'2". 170. White. 8". Novice. Handsome, has the capacity to enjoy and the desire to please a discreet partner to 41. Prefers uncut. Box 003.

**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 feds. Box 230.

## NEBRASKA

**WAYNE.** M. Pisces. 34. 6'. 165. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Seeks not-too experienced cowboy type into bondage. Box 306.



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## NEVADA

**LAS VEGAS.** MS. Taurus. 32. 5'11 1/2". 170. White. 11". Novice. Prefers musclemen. No feds, long hair. Box 270.

## NEW JERSEY

**ATLANTIC CITY.** SM. Libra. 30. 5'9". 170. 6". Levelheaded, friendly O.J. Simpsons type bondage games enthusiast. Knowledgeable. Prefers athletic, hunky types. No feds, fats. Box 060R.

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

**LINCOLN PARK.** M. Capricorn. 52. 5'9 1/2". 159. White. 5 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Wants heavy nipple action, W/S from burly S up to 40. Group scenes a real turn-on. No fats, slenders, smalls. Box 135M.

**MORRISTOWN.** S. Scorpio. 36. 6'2". 180. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Dominant dude seeks self-supporting, true Slave who will obey all orders at all times. Under 32. Box 291.

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

## NEW MEXICO

**ALBUQUERQUE.** M. Leo. 43. 5'9". 165. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Will serve your big feet in either harness boots or tennis shoes. Box 165R.

**ALBUQUERQUE.** M. Taurus. 23. 5'6". 150. White. 7". Novice. Will obey relaxed, secure Master in all ways. Must have large endowment. Interest in sports, outdoors preferred. No turkeys. Box 375.

## NEW YORK

**\*\*\*ALBANY.** SM. Aries. 42. 5'8 1/2". 170. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn, will try everything with well-endowed leather partner who will train. No longhairs, feds. Leather is his lifestyle. Box 290R.

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

**BRONX.** M. Libra. 54. 5'11". 150. White. 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. Has need and capacity to serve butch Master into uniforms, boots, breeches, etc. Prefers over 44, 5'10". No fats, heavy pain/torture trips, FF. Box 017.



# Let's play "LET'S PRETEND"

Alright kids, let's have a little fantasy. Roy Dean has given us these photographs of his new model DON BOWMAN for our centerfold. The words are neither Roy's nor Don's—but let's see what you would say to a naked cowboy. Speak up!

I SAID  
**CLOSER!**

COME  
**CLOSER!**

**CLOSER!**





**That's better-  
now turn  
around-**



**O.K. Take  
off your hat!**





Off with  
the boots-  
and lie on  
your back-

Hurry up!



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**BROOKLYN.** S. Aquarius. 25. 6'3". 190. White. 6". Novice. Dominant dude seeks partner under 30 into Levis, wrestling, occasional role-switching. No fems, fats, blacks. Box 125F.

**CLAYTON.** SM. Aquarius. 28. 5'7 1/2". 160. White. 5 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn from attractive, open-minded, discreet dude. No fems, fats, scat. Box 292.

**FLUSHING.** SM. Taurus. 43. 5'8". 180. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Biker into Leather/Levi/Masculine scene seeks intelligent, butch partner. Will switch roles for right person. No fems, blacks. Box 052H.

**MT. VERNON.** SM. Leo. 40s. 6'. 175. White. Motorcycle and mounted police types in uniform only. Must be clean, masculine, no drugs or fats. Box 184D.

**\*\*\*NEW YORK.** S. Taurus. 35. 5'9". 155. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Super S gets off on satisfying hunky, very sexual partner through B&D, humiliation, etc. Should have good balls and ass. No fems. Box 056.

**NEW YORK.** M. Cancer. 38. 6'2". White. 6". Intermediate. Weightlifter with 46" chest, 34" waist wants to expand experiences with clean, masculine S over 5'5". Box 023.

**NEW YORK.** S. Gemini. 45. 6'4". 190. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Will dominate, control, train discreet, employed slave who lives alone. No fems, fats. Bodybuilder preferred, under 50. Box 061.

**NEW YORK.** S. Capricorn. 40. 5'10". 150. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Will humiliate and dominate partner with fetish for uniforms, breeches, boots. Fetishes and complete slavery a must. Box 068.

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

**NEW YORK.** M. Sagittarius. 31. 6'3". 165. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Macho M wants FF from bearded and/or moustached S to 45. No fats, fags. Box 071T.

**NEW YORK.** S. Pisces. 32. 5'8". 145. White. 6". Novice. Must be worshipped completely by imaginative M to 50. Will respect limits. Hairy a plus. No fats, Orientals. Box 086F.

**\*\*\*NEW YORK.** M. Sagittarius. 36. 5'7". 140. White. Bodybuilder seeks very thin black Master. Wants to be mentally dominated and humiliated into worshipping Master as Center of the Universe. Short and/or younger a plus. Box 220M.

**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.

**NEW YORK.** S. Taurus. 44. 6'. 170. White. 7". Novice. Seeks dark, hairy slave with large uncut cock. Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 153P.

**NEW YORK.** SM. Virgo. 26. 6'. 180. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Sober dude gets off on mutual enjoyment with over-sexed, level-headed partner under 55. No fems, youths. Box 168K.

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

**NEW YORK.** M. Libra. 48. 5'6". 180. White. 6". Novice. Will submit totally to patient, respectful, persistent Master into heavy S&M, C&B work, uniforms, whips. No scat, blacks, true brutality. Box 184G.

**\*\*\*NEW YORK.** S. Gemini. 45. 5'11". 150. White. Old hand. Skilled, well-known whip Master also into mutual Leathersex with boot and uniform buddy. Action wanted/guaranteed. No J/O phone calls, correspondence, fems, fats, heavy drinkers. Box 294.

**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. Libra. Mid-50s. 6'3". 165. White. 6". White-haired man of distinction will serve real male, any age, who fantasizes beating Daddy's ass, fucking his professor, pissing into his priest, making the boss suck his ass, etc. No fats or fanatics. Box 290X.

**NEW YORK.** M. Pisces. 33. 5'7". 135. White. 6". Novice. Craves domination, restraint, rough treatment from handsome, knowledgeable Master under 40. No heavy drugs, drunks. Box 370.

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

**\*\*\*WOODMERE.** S. Cancer. 55. 5'9". 180. White. 5 1/2". Novice. Has vast leather equipment collection to turn on a biker M into Leathersex. Visiting California September-October, wants to meet slave. No drugs, fems, drunks, role-switching, FF, B&D. Box 147.

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## NORTH CAROLINA

**GARNER.** 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. Into rough sex, W/S, the raunchier the better. Hairy chest and tattoos a real turn on. No scat. 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.

**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.** S. Cancer. 29. 5'11". 180. White. 7". Novice. Will please and respect limits of swarthy, muscular partner. Must be clean. Hairy preferred. No fems. Box 197.

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

**COLUMBUS.** S. Virgo. 37. 5'9". 183. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Satisfaction guaranteed to since, straight appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

**DAYTON.** SM. Virgo. 30. 5'7 1/2". 185. White. 6 1/2". Experienced. 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.

**MASSILLON.** M. Libra. 35. 6'1 1/4". 215. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Willing to serve and eager to please clean, well-muscled Master to 45. No filth, hard drugs. Box 165P.

**MIDDLETOWN.** M. Gemini. 44. 6'1 1/2". 150. White. 7". Novice. Leather boot fetishist seeks partner 35 to 50. No torture. Box 070P.

**PERRYSBURG.** M. Cancer. 39. 5'9". 150. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Into golden showers. Prefers police, leather, cowboy types. No fats, fags, blacks, under 8". Box 385.

## OREGON

**PORTLAND.** S. Scorpio. 32. 6'. 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Looking for young, true slave willing to serve and be owned fully for life. Must be uncut and hung. Box 064.

**PORTLAND.** S. Pisces. 43. 6'1". 145. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Trustworthy. Wants Slave for prolonged B&D for head and body training. Beginner OK. No fems, fats, dopers, quickies. Box 187J.

## PENNSYLVANIA

**BUCKS COUNTY.** M. Taurus. 48. 6'. 145. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Wants relationship with clean, intelligent man with leather tastes. No hardcore S&M, drugs, fats, blacks. Box 252C.

**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. 5 1/2". Eager to learn from attractive, open minded, discreet dude. No fems, fats, scat. Box 194.

**\*\*\*LANCASTER.** MS. Scorpio. 36. 6'. 185. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn both roles and Leatherscene from knowledgeable, understanding partner to 45 who respects limits. No skinnies, fats. Must be cut. Box 076.

**MAIN LINE PHILADELPHIA.** MS. Leo. 47. 5'7 1/2". 145. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks sincere, straight-appearing Master, 27 to 50. No fats or blacks. Moustaches a real turn-on. Box 296G.

**\*\*\*PHILADELPHIA.** M. Libra. 49. 5'10 1/2". 140. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 052F.

**PHILADELPHIA.** SM. Pisces. 49. 5'11". 175. White. Will train Slave to worship Master's leather and naked body. No dopers. Box 088T.



**\*\*\*PITTSBURGH.** M. Virgo. 60. 6'. 165. White. 7½". Old hand. Thirty years' experience in first class servitude. Not into heavy S&M but can provide young slaves for Masters' stronger desires. Box 205G.

**PHILADELPHIA.** M. Aries. 25. 6'. 160. White. 6½". Military scene. Must be honest, intelligent. No crazies, scat, drugs. Box 125J.

**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.

**\*\*\*PHILADELPHIA.** S. Aquarius. 46. 5'9". 165. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Masculine S seeks M under 35 into B&D, oil, leather, Levis, amyl. Send photo and phone number. Box 209.

**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 feds, feds, beards. Box 211.

**WAYNE.** MS. Leo. 47. 5'7¼". 145. White. 7". Semi-knowledgeable. Willing to learn more from sincere, straight appearing, respectful Master 30 to 50. Moustaches a turn-on. No feds, feds, blacks. Box 296G.

**WEST CHESTER.** SM Taurus. 30. 5'4". 130. White. 5½". Novice. Respectful, honest, helpful Master seeks solid, clean, affectionate partner to 35. Must be cut. Hairy chest, tattoos a turn-on. No feds, Virgos, heavy drugs, drinkers. Box 318.

**YORK.** M. Cancer. 28. 5'8". 220. White. Will completely serve S to 35 who will dominate verbally, mentally, physically. Prefers someone nearby into verbal humiliation, slave and dog training. Box 184H.

## RHODE ISLAND

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

## SOUTH DAKOTA

**SIOUX FALLS.** M. Gemini. 27. 5'9". 150. White. 7". Novice. Submissive, aims to please. Seeking dominant partner or cowboy type to 30. No feds, passives. Box 263.

## TENNESSEE

**\*\*\*CHATTANOOGA.** SM. Pisces. 45. 5'10½". 200. White. 7". Old hand. Versatile. Into enemas, creative bondage and toys with genuine, honest partner to 55. Box 134.

**COLLIERVILLE.** 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.** SM. Scorpio. 30. 5'10½". 155. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Enthusiastic, imaginative, wishes to learn from partner willing to teach. Under 36. Box 187X.

**\*\*\*SIGNAL MOUNTAIN.** SM. Aquarius. 55. 6'5". 230. White. 5". Old hand. Seeks a true masochist who wants and needs to feel pain to limits. No drugs, drunks, blacks, chicken. Box 218.

## TEXAS

**\*\*\*AUSTIN.** M. Aries. 30. 6'1". 155. White. 6½". Buckin' bronco needs horny, endowed, trim, muscular, Levi jock stud to 25 to ride long and hard and provide instruction in muscle worship and body service. Box 294V9.

**DALLAS.** S. Aries. 42. 5'8". 130. White. 7½". Old hand. Handsome stud respects limits. No feds. 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 feds, feds, hippies. Box 137.

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

**FORT WORTH.** M. Leo. 50. 6'1". 150. White. Completely inexperienced. Wishes to be of use to and provide enjoyment for partner who will help him to realize his fantasies. No fat or indiscreet persons. Box 252D.

**HOUSTON.** M. Cancer. 42. 6'. 145. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Orally oriented, really digs W/S, FF with partner who respects limits. Will submit to any painless scene and turn on to a Master into painless bondage. Age unimportant. Box 183F.

**\*\*\*HOUSTON.** M. Leo. 35. 5'10". 155. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Wishes to please a skillful, positive Master and expand experience. Can switch for right person. No permanent relationships, feds. Box 161.

**SAN ANTONIO.** M. Aries. 31. 5'10". 160. White. 6". Novice. Enjoys sex with and domination by a real stud to 40. Must be well-endowed, over 6' tall. No drugs. Box 296J.

**SAN ANTONIO.** S. Virgo. 40. 6'2". 186. White. 8¼". Completely inexperienced. Wants to meet someone to help him teach his lover total obedience. No feds. Box 450.

## VIRGINIA

**ARLINGTON.** S. Capricorn. 30. 6'. 155. White. 8". Knowledgeable. True top man seeks honest, discreet, passive partner into definite pain trip. Muscular, hairy if possible. Spends summers in Wildwood, New Jersey. No feds, hard drugs. Box 047L.

**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. Libra. 32. 6'1½". 185. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Adaptable, sincere, open-minded, honest, seeks same to SS for possible permanent relationship. Law enforcement types a turn-on. Must be able to travel. No blacks, drunks, heavy drugs, one-way types. Box 125N.

**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 feds, feds. Box 185G.

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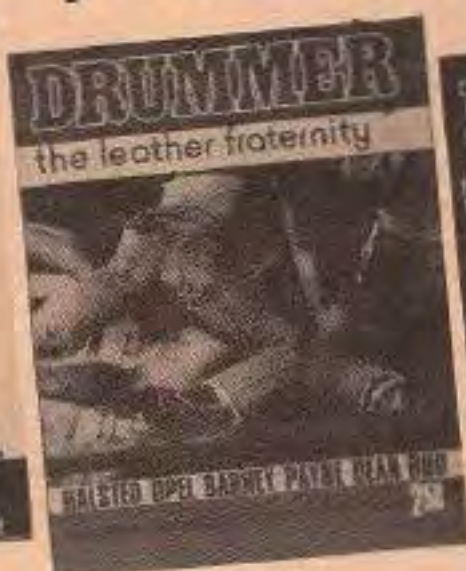
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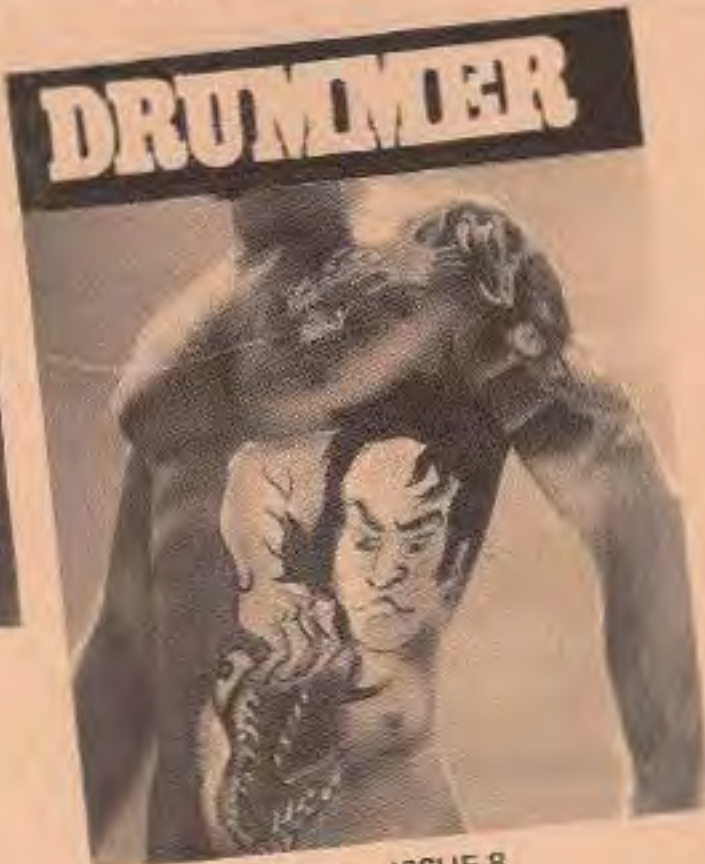
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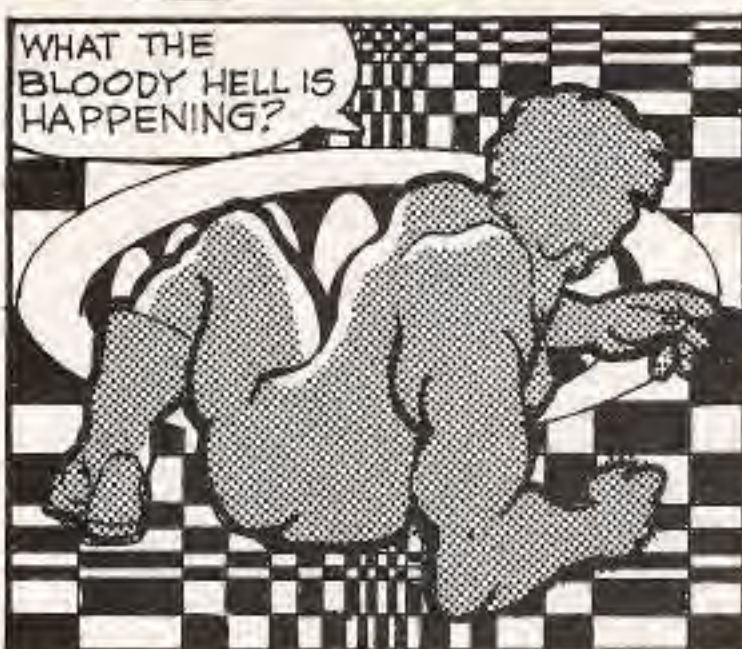




KING FOUND HIMSELF ABDUCTED BY SOME ALIEN CREATURES AND DUMPED INTO THEIR SPACE CRAFT. KING'S ANGER WAS SOON AROUSED AND IN AN EFFORT TO PLACATE HIM, THE ALIEN'S BEGAN TO SEARCH HIS MIND FOR AN IMAGE THAT WOULD PLEASE HIM. THEY PLAN TO TRANSFORM THEMSELVES INTO THAT IMAGE AND CONFRONT HIM.

Bul





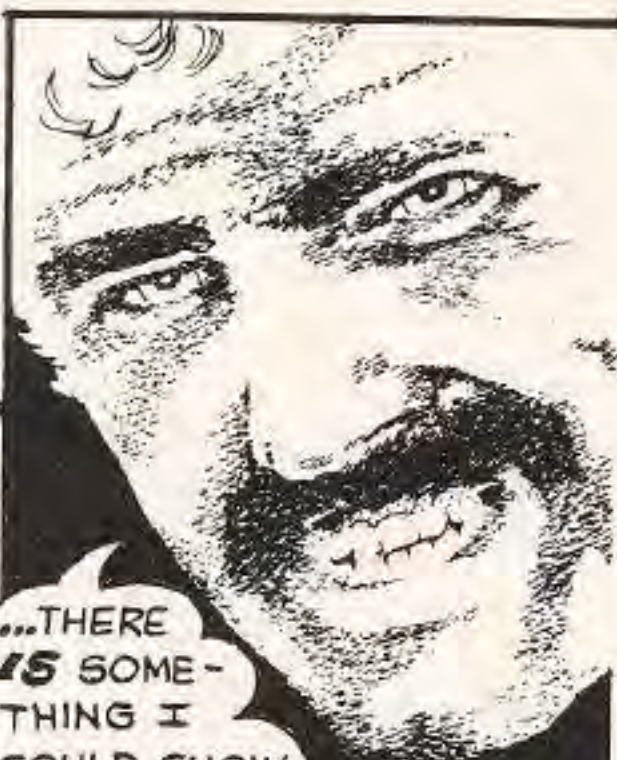




RIGHT...  
EXPLANATIONS...  
WHAT'S GOING ON?  
WHO ARE YOU?  
WHERE IN HELL  
AM I?  
ONE MOMENT I'M  
RIDING MY BIKE  
... THE NEXT  
THING I KNOW  
I'M HIJACKED...

SORRY,  
EARTHMAN...WE  
MEAN NO HARM.  
WE WISH TO  
LEARN OF YOUR  
CULTURE, YOUR  
WAY OF LIFE..  
THERE IS MUCH WE  
WOULD KNOW.

...THERE  
**IS** SOME-  
THING I  
COULD SHOW  
YOU LADS.. A  
SORT OF EAKTHY  
CUSTOM...



WOW...  
HOW ABOUT  
THAT!

VERY STRANGE  
CUSTOM THE EARTH  
MAN PERFORMED...  
RATHER  
PAINFUL I  
THOUGHT  
INITIAL  
PROBLEM  
HE EXPLAINED  
IT WOULD  
HAVE BECOME  
EASIER.

WELL  
I RATHER  
LIKED  
IT!





# EROS

## EROS, THE MEANING OF MY LIFE

The headmaster turned the book around this way and that and examined it from all sides. It didn't take him long to grasp the dimensions of the disaster.

"Robert Payne! Robert Payne!" he screamed wrathfully to the rest of those present. His anger choked his breathing; his face was purple with rage. Finally he regained his self-control and turning toward me asked, "What kind of book is this, you depraved child, and where did you find it? Was this the so-called homework that worried you so much? Answer me. Now!"

So saying, he waved the infamous book under my nose. Defiantly, I turned my back on him. The others just stood there as if rooted to the floor, gasping at the scene. If I had been alone with the headmaster, I would have found impudent excuses and answered him boldly and brazenly. But the shaming reprimand in the presence of my teacher and my smirking classmates, this public disgrace, threw me completely. Tears welled up in my eyes and I remained in my corner, burning with shame and in a state of utter confusion.

"Talk up! Answer! Where did you find this? I'll give you the lashing you deserve right here in front of everybody!"

The threat of the rod on my naked backside was not the worst threat that loomed before me. Face to face with the headmaster alone I had humbly submitted to the most violent floggings. But now, as an older boy of twelve, I defended myself against a public flogging. He realized the reason for my refusal to submit and gave me an icy stare. Then his eyes glinted with fury and, in a sudden movement, he tore out a handful of pages from the disreputable book. He turned to my teacher and declared in a tone of great resolve, not without a touch of hypocrisy: "This has to stop, once and for all. If we don't take energetic steps now, we'll have worse trouble later. And this one here is more trouble than all the others put together."

"It's true. The others don't give you half the trouble that this devilish Steven does," my teacher agreed. "I believe he deserves a thorough ass-warming — right here and now. But I shouldn't be the one to do it."

"Why not? After all, you *are* his teacher, aren't you?"

"Indeed, but I'm *only* his teacher. You, after all, are the headmaster of this military academy. And I can't punish him because I'm not angry enough. You can punish him in my presence, though. That will shame him all the more and take some of the arrogance out of him. Whip his behind to shreds..."

The dinner bell rang at that very moment, and the whole group left for the dining room on the floor below. Only I remained in my corner, in defiance of them all. The headmaster was the last to leave; at the threshold he turned around to me once more, declaring in a very severe and preemptory tone: "As punishment you will not eat with us today. You will remain in your room until I come back. Is that clear? Don't drive me to extremes, or I'll let you have here and now what you certainly can expect later."

Shame welled up in me. I felt my face

glowing like a red-hot coal. I could only stammer contritely: "Oh, please, Sir; please forgive me just this once..."

He came over to me and tried to bend me under his left arm. But he quickly realized that my resistance blocked him from carrying out his obvious intention. When I broke free of his grip, he released me and slapped me resoundingly several times on both cheeks as hard as he could, temporarily deafening and blinding me. I reeled back under the blow, half dazed, sobbing, and inwardly seething. The headmaster took advantage of the moment to leave the room.

Hastily, I hurled myself at the door in an attempt to hold him back, but he was already outside and had locked me in the room, turning the key in the lock twice. Full of anger and shame, my senses in a tumult, I threw myself on the bed. Through my brain raced the wildest thoughts of revenge against David who had forced the book on me. I imagined myself flogging his naked backside to shreds, and this image suffused my whole being with pleasurable sensations.

Little by little, however, a deep depression came over me. I arose from my bed and went out to the balcony, where I sank into a wicker chair. The fresh air cooled my brain and cheeks. I could hear the loud conversation from the dining room, which lay directly under my room. I leaned over the side of the balcony and saw that the window was open. I heard the headmaster saying:

"It's absolutely impossible to get on peacefully with Steven. Who owns the book, who lent it to him?"

My teacher's voice followed through the open window. Instead of trying to answer the rhetorical question, however, he struck a warning note: "You mustn't hesitate for an instant to use the rod unsparingly, and sooner or later the pupils themselves will be thankful to you for it. Mere words, tossed out like bubbles in the air, have no effect on them... A good ass-warming helps them remember warnings better than anything else..."

This exchange was followed by complete silence; the noonday stillness was broken only by the clink of the cutlery and the clatter of dishes. My anger reached a pitch of absolute fury. I was hungry, sleepy, and utterly exhausted...

I was suddenly awakened from my drowsiness by the rattle of the key in the door. Blinking, I recognized the silhouette of the headmaster. He was standing in front of me, holding a long birch rod. The entire academy population, students and faculty, followed behind him, like a pack of sensation-seekers. Their faces mirrored that singular prurience which I myself felt at the prospect of witnessing a flogging.

The headmaster came up to me without uttering a word and grabbed me firmly by the wrists. With a jerk, he tore me away from the chair and boldly swung me to the center of the room, whereupon he said in an icy command: "Unzip your trousers and lay face down and straight across the bed. Out with your naked behind. I'll give it the whipping it deserves because of your shameful deed!"

His wicked words plunged me into an abyss of shame. I also realized that any



resistance would be useless, since I deserved the thrashing and therefore had to submit to the commands of the headmaster. Trembling, I tried to work the zipper on my military trousers. The headmaster waited in front of me impatiently, the birch rod poised in readiness to strike, accompanying the mute scene with utterances that deepened and intensified my shame.

Finally, I was able to work the zipper. I undid it, and my trousers and undershorts rolled down to my ankles. Then I bent over the edge of the bed and lifted the tails of my shirt high above my arched behind, exposing it fully to the view of all those present. The headmaster came to my side and after raising the shirt still higher, he began to swing the rod viciously.

*Swish! Huit! Swish! Huit! Huit!* soughed the thin birch branches as they landed on my exposed buttocks. Each blow seared my flesh like a hot iron, and the wild sensation of pain first elicited plaintive whimpers from me. Although I squirmed and twisted like a snake and kicked wildly in all directions, I could not ward off this hail of hissing blows as they fell mercilessly on my tender backside. I burst into a terrifying scream and rolled up into a ball in a desperate effort to defend myself.

My teacher spontaneously rushed to help the headmaster. He grabbed me around the waist and his powerful arms easily bent me into a position which inflected my body in the correct angle. Then, in a state of great excitement, he belabored my already burning buttocks with his strong hand.

Under his crackling blows I began to scream, to kick about again, and to defend myself with all my might. He released me only after his rage subsided. I slumped to the floor and rolled on the carpet. I rubbed my sore buttocks, without thinking of the indecent spectacle I was offering the onlookers in view of my wild despair and confusion. It was the most terrible birching I had ever received. Never in my life had I ever received a similar sound thrashing, in double portion to boot.

"Get up now and pull up your trousers, Steven. I hope you will take good note of this," said the headmaster in a soothing tone of voice. I got up dizzily and felt my backside; it was heavy and swollen, like a red-hot ball. I pulled up my shorts and trousers with a feeble motion and arranged my clothes properly. My teacher came up to me, and in a pacifying tone of voice he admonished me emphatically: "This should teach you a lesson, young man. You have been very severely punished, but eventually you will see that your superiors have acted correctly. And now, try to mend your ways."

Overcome, I took a few steps toward the headmaster, threw my arms around his neck, and hid my face against the army shirt that covered his strong, broad chest. I sobbed heart-rendingly. He loosened himself from my embrace, patted me fleetingly on the cheek, and left the room with the others.

Once I was alone I fell prey to an extraordinary sensual excitement. A tickling stimulus in my penis threw me

into a turmoil. Again, I unzipped and pulled down my clothing, threw myself on the bed, and spread my legs. I daydreamed wonderfully about David's stark-naked ass being flogged as never before . . . Fancy conjured up the most voluptuous images of a birching . . . My fingers unconsciously played with the head of my cock, drifted lightly over my balls, then clenched firmly the now-engorged shaft. Soon, my consciousness was buried under an avalanche of voluptuousness.

The next day in class, the teacher pointed at David and branded him as an evildoer. He took the Robert Payne book from his desk and tacked it up on the wall . . .

David, who was thirteen at the time, had not only lent the book to me but had secretly removed it from the headmaster's own private collection! When the teacher called him to account for it, David flatly denied it and named as the real culprit another chap who had nothing at all to do with the matter. After reaching the end of his patience, the teacher announced that David was to be punished before the whole class.

During this announcement all eyes in the classroom fell on David, whose handsome young face reddened with shame. He bowed his head with a saintliness that was hypocritical sham, because I saw that under his lengthy sighs he was winking at me and striving mightily to suppress an outburst of mocking laughter. He believed that I had betrayed him. I was in a state of wild excitement and trembled all over with a lustful craving for a look at his naked behind.

At the close of the lesson the teacher pulled from his desk a fresh birch rod, obviously prepared in advance, summoned David to stand before him, adjusted a chair, and then ordered him to kneel on the seat. In a trice poor David's trousers were down and his rotund buttocks revealed to view. David remained in this position for several minutes, exposed to the scrutiny of all his classmates. He had a tanned, well-formed ass, almost classic in its lines, and just as I had envisioned it in my fantasies. David contracted the beautiful buttocks so close together that the dividing line almost disappeared, and he began to sob bitterly.

As the teacher's rod swished on the smooth, brown rotundities, David grew desperate and began to scream so loud that the nerves of all the onlookers quivered with excitement. His screams ring in my ears to this very day: "Forgive me . . . Master, please forgive me! . . . ooh . . . ooh . . . ohohoh . . . I won't do it . . . again . . . ooooo . . . forgive me . . . ooooooooo."

His act of contrition, however, had come too late because the teacher now took no notice of his screams, so engrossed was he in his task. Unflinchingly, he landed spirited blows on the repentant sinner's scarlet red behind . . . *Swish!* . . . *Swish!* . . . *Swish!* . . . His flogged bottom danced and hopped according to this beat time, now expanding and contracting, now spreading the hams apart, now protruding toward the class and pulling itself in, only to meet again with the pitiless birch.

## A New Look at the Old Masters

As if in a frenzy, the teacher counted, loud and slow, the blows that he landed, so slow indeed that he always counted two blows for one. He lashed David's red-hot and welt-covered buttocks pitilessly and vigorously without pause and his frenzy seemed to know no bounds.

Finally the procedure was over.

The teacher looked as though he were drunk and he was breathing heavily. David rose to his feet with feeble movements, replaced his school uniform, and rushed, unnoticed, out of the room. I, however, had enjoyed this punishment scene.

It had a terrific impact on me and sent me into raptures. Even long after I fed upon the remembered voluptuousness of the scene. I clearly saw the glowing, welted, dancing, buttocks. I distinctly heard David's moaning in my ears, and with this vision in mind I developed a raging, pulsating erection.

At this moment, of course, it is not possible for me to report each incident during my childhood. I only know that, the older I grew, the more intensely I felt that I was no longer able to separate my sensual excitements from the corporal punishment administered to stark-naked behinds, my own and others. I no longer distinguish between pleasure and pain. I feel only the mad sexual excitement which grows from second to second during such a scene. Without indulging in ambiguous thoughts or reveries, I seek only the sensation of pain, which alone brings me to the thrill of pleasure . . . the pleasure of suffering and making others suffer. I perceive that there is no contradiction between pleasure and cruelty, but that both are fused into one, like body and soul.

By Edith Cadivec  
loosely adapted by Jeanne Barney



# LEATHER JOURNAL



## On Jacking Off

Masturbation is one of the least discussed areas of human sexuality. The Leatherman, like any man, sometimes enjoys self-stimulation. Masturbation, like S&M sex, offers the opportunity for complete control of erotic input. The surroundings, circumstances, characteristics of the sex partner(s) and duration of the scene are all controlled by the imagination of the masturbator.

Many different erotic fantasies and techniques are possible in masturbation, depending on each person's preferences. Masturbation, self-stimulation, or jacking off (as it is commonly known) may only be a method of sexual relief for some men. For others, it may be part of an erotic S&M scene or an area of solitary and intense sexual stimulation.

Some men in the S&M world find a partner who enjoys mutual masturbation. Others may find as much satisfaction creating fantasies of exotic persons, places and situations in which they are involved. Still other men, in S&M fantasy, may imagine the ideal sex partner as they jack off.

Fantasy and technique, toys and surroundings, are as important in jack off scenes as they are in any other S&M trip. They may be as simple or as complex as the imagination of the masturbator.

There are many variations of fantasy: rape, exhibitionism, erotic slave, etc. No one knows as well as oneself what fantasies, sensations and techniques please one the most. The masturbator has the advantages of immediate feedback to tell him which imagined scenes, jack off strokes and other sensations add the most to the turn-on.

Toys can also be an important part of jacking off. The use of clamps on the nipples or a dildo inserted in the anus can be a tremendous turn-on in terms of physical sensation and as an aid to fantasy during self-stimulation of the genitals. Mirrors can be a visual aid to erotic stimulation just as photographs or films can be stimulating aids for mastur-

by Toby Bailey and Bernie Prock



bation fantasies. Lighting, music, provocative clothing, moderate use of certain drugs and alcohol can help set the mood for a totally gratifying evening.

#### MYTHS THAT MAR MASTURBATION

The first great myth of masturbation is that it is "bad" or "wrong." The various traditional reasons for this belief are quite incorrect. All of the taboos against masturbation are based on the belief that masturbation is immoral and, so, must necessarily have detrimental physical, emotional and intellectual effects.

The original proscription in our culture is based on the Old Testament story of Onan, who spilled his seed (sperm) on the ground, rather than having intercourse with his dead brother's wife as Judaic law commanded. Jacking off was seen as a wasting of the sperm which could be used to multiply the numbers of the Nation of Israel.

Masturbation, like homosexuality, has historically been condemned as contrary to the proliferation of the nuclear family, religious group or nation.

In accordance with these moral values the early giants of the psychology of sex saw masturbation as a cause of insanity, physical deterioration and moral turpitude. The noted sexologist, Krafft-Ebing believed masturbation was a cause of "perversion," or a sign of congenital deterioration of the nervous system. Psychoanalytic thinkers contended that excessive masturbation interfered with the "normal" desires for heterosexual intercourse.

In recent years, many psychologists have come to believe that sexual object choice is learned and that adult masturbation is not only natural but healthy. Contemporary sex therapists now regard masturbation as a vital part of self-awareness, a prerequisite for fulfilling interpersonal sex, and rewarding in itself. Masturbation techniques are a part of sexual therapy in the treatment of such sexual problems as impotence, difficulty in ejaculation, and premature ejaculation.

#### LETTING GO

The second great mistruth about masturbation is also derived from the social values of an industrial society. It is that jacking off is only a method of relieving oneself from the urgent need for ejaculation. In truth, the main reason that people masturbate is that it's pleasurable.

We live in a production-oriented society where sex is conceived as having a specific work goal. Men are expected to have sex with women to produce offspring. The proof of this intention is the production of an ejaculation. As a result, many men disregard the potential pleasures of "foreplay" in their haste to achieve the more transitory, but socially preferred, sensation of ejaculation.

The gay Leatherman, unlike many other men, is well aware that the sensations of stimulation before ejaculation are incredibly enjoyable and gratifying in themselves. He knows that the prolonged and intense stimulation causes even more intense ejaculations. He realizes that masturbation, alone or during a scene with someone else, is only one of many means of obtaining satisfying sexual self-fulfillment.



"THERE IS ONE THING TO BE SAID FOR MASTURBATION...  
AT LEAST YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK YOUR BEST."

MICHAEL\* "Boys In The Band"



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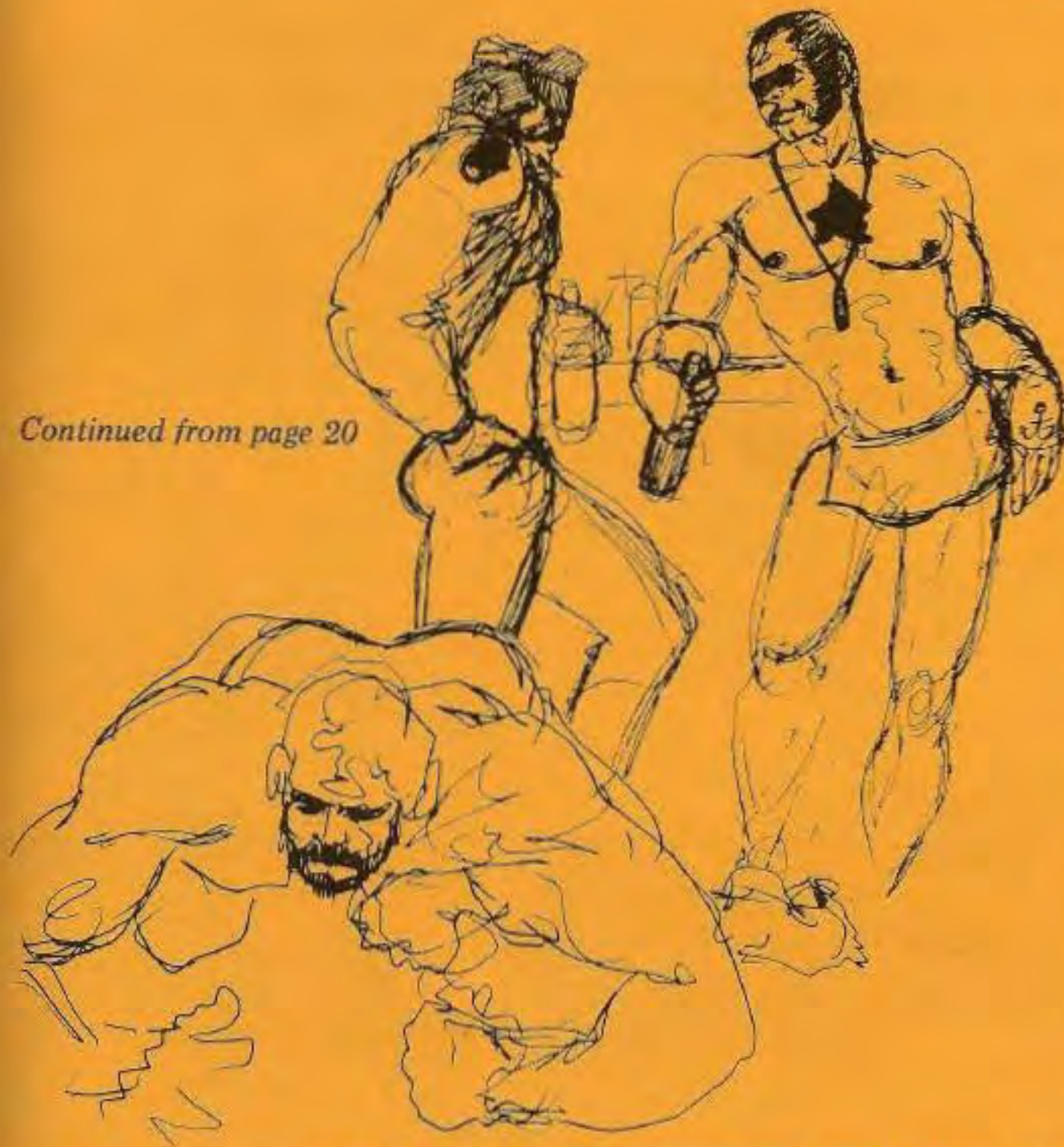
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Continued from page 20



bones had been dissolved and sucked out through my cockhead. My body cried out to be filled again.

I opened my eyes and looked into the mirror just in time to see Jim lower himself against me, with codpiece off but still in full leather, cock jutting forth, his body up on straightened arms. I felt his cockhead press against my asshole, opened and heated by the whipping. And he slid his great cock into me, filling that emptiness I felt. I snuggled down against the leather-covered bench, almost like a baby, until I realized that as a good hustler I had to do my part. I began to raise my ass to meet his measured slow thrusts and to use the old clamp-and-clutch against his cock.

His breathing told me that the whipping had excited him too. It did not take him long. Ike fitted the amy! to his nostril and then to mine. When it hit, dazingly, Jim started his quick punishing thrusts, deep into me, and like a bronco I thrust back hard against him. In the mirror I glimpsed Ike standing, arms folded on his chest, grinning. Then Jim gasped, and cried loudly "Oh, fuck!" and I felt his cock throbbing with his orgasm, the small splattering violence of his spurtings inside me.

\* \* \*

"Sheez," I said, sitting on the end of the bench, still naked.

"Enjoy?" asked Jim, putting himself together. Ike was already back in his leathers.

"In all my happily wasted life," I said, "nuthin' like it ever." I reached around and felt my ass. From top to bottom, the

cheeks were welted in hard ridges. The flesh was hot. "Damn! I didn't know you'd whipped me that hard!"

Jim grinned. "I said you wouldn't realize it." He looked at each hipside on me. "Very little blood. I changed positions so the tip-ends wouldn't wreck just one side of you."

"Well, that's half of your birthday present," Ike said.

I raised an eyebrow.

"Ike's got a little gadget," Jim half explained. "Get dressed and we'll show you."

"What the A-all could you do that would be as good as what you did?" I growled. But I struggled into my leather pants and pulled on my boots, then my black tee shirt. I reached for my codpiece, to snap it on.

"Not yet," Jim said, staying my hand.

Ike was arranging something that looked like a small leather pouch, to which was attached about eight feet of thin black cable. On the other end was a small flat box about two inches square with a knob in the center.

"Hey, what's goin' on here?"

Jim pushed me back against the bench. "Lean there, ole buddy," he said. "You'll love this. Open the top buttons."

"I done had enough for one evening," I grumbled. But I did as he said.

"Not so," Jim said. He approached with the leather pouch, to the top of which and along side was fastened a metal ring, the sort of schoolboy ring that opens and shuts.

"Hold still now." He began to fit the pouch over my balls. I saw two bright

metal points at the neck of it and some thin copper mesh inside. Then he had tucked my balls into it, tied the drawstring, and snapped the ring shut over the top of my cock at the root, like an ordinary cockring. He ran the wire up my belly, fastened the two buttons, and handed me my leather codpiece.

"Snap it on," he told me.

"Just what the A-all is happenin'?" I asked.

Ike was grinning like a gargoyle, very evil.

"We call it a tingler," Jim chuckled.

Ike turned the knob, a very little bit.

"Shee-it!" I hollered. A strong tingling coursed through my balls, up and over the base of my cock. "Ow-w!"

Ike turned the knob back slightly. The pain — or was it pain? — was reduced to a kind of gentle singing sensation that felt like a vibrating violin string when you touch it, not unpleasant at all.

"Good grief," I said.

Ike waved the box. "Imagine," he said. "All that from a nine-volt battery." He handed it to me. "Wanta try it to see how much you can stand?"

Something new . . . I took the box and gingerly turned the knob. The singing turned into a throbbing, and in a kind of daredevil mood I turned the knob a full quarter-inch to the right.

And promptly doubled over with a yowl. It felt as if someone had kicked me in the nuts, and not playfully. I turned the knob back quickly.

"O-o-oh!" I said, holding my balls. "Get this gahdamned thing offa me."

Ike grabbed the box. "Not just yet, shithead. We are now going out to the bars."

"Tied up like this?" I hollered. "No way —"

He turned the knob, and over I went again. I was pale and sweating when the attack stopped.

"Y'see," Ike said, "if I really turned it on full, it'd knock you out completely. So you want to come along peaceful and do what we say?" The feeling was back to the tingling, almost a tickling, and enjoyable enough to make ole Betsy stir in her nest.

I had very little choice. "Okay," I said grudgingly. "But you keep that damned thing low."

"Don't try to boss," Jim said, taking the box from Ike. "As long as you do what we say, you'll be all right. Okay?"

"I've changed my mind," I said suddenly, reaching for my codpiece. Another wrenching jolt. "Sheez!" I said, sweating. "Okay, I reckon I'll have to go along." My mind began to race ahead, wondering how to get the pouch off. Or cut the wire . . .

Ike seemed to read my thoughts. "Not so, buddy. We'll be right beside you. And that's a shielded cable inside tough plastic. You can't break it unless you've got a pair of wirecutters with you."

Well, there comes a time in every life when you have to give in. So I did — for the moment.

We left the playroom through the garage, pausing to turn on all the burglar alarms, and left the square dark house behind, walking down the cobblestones



of Pink Alley. I was between them, and Jim carried the slack wire in one hand. My balls sang to me with every step.

The night was cool. Some low fog scuttled across the building tops, and the golden lights on Market Street were hazy through the mist. Their car was under the overpass.

"Get in the back seat," Jim said. I did. They got in front.

I lay back against the leather and found that I enjoyed the tingling. It was like someone taking both your balls into his mouth and then humming. "Hey," I said as we turned a corner. "Turn it up just a cunt-hair, will yuh?"

Jim did. "That about right?" he asked.

"Yup," I said. It was dandy. The tingle seemed slowly to radiate from my balls, reaching up into my groin on both sides, and sinking down through the flesh until I felt it in my prostate. At the same time, the sharper tingling that came from the metal ring at the root acted on pore ole Betsy, and she came alive into her very satisfying pulpy half-hard state. It was such a novel sensation that my hand strayed down to massage the codpiece, and I even thought idly how much I'd like to jack off right then and there.

But the car stopped in front of Jim's favorite bar on Folsom, and we got out.

"It'll be packed tonight," Ike said.

"Just what we want," Jim said.

"Now what the A-all you got planned?" I growled.

"You'll see," Jim said.

Inside, a compound madness — noise and smells and loud voices and jukebox music; the flash of light on leather, bulging biceps and baskets. The place was jammed, six deep around the bar; the corners were full. Chains rattled, colored bandanas hung out of pockets, boots scuffed in the sawdust. There was the smell of stale beer, the sharp dirty-foot smell of amyl, cigarette smoke, faintly acid orders of urine and sickish deodorant, the smell of sweat and gasoline and motor oil — but riding triumphantly over all else, the heavy sensual odor of leather, warmed by the bodies beneath it until its exciting sexual odor was stronger than all the other smells. Tall guys and short guys, old and young, bald and hairy, hunky and thin... they all wore it.

The racket was so loud that you could hardly hear a damned thing anyone said. The jukebox was screaming with acid rock. A few sullen wallflowers lurked along the sides, silent, but everyone else seemed to be drunk and loud and happy.

"Make for the bar!" Jim hollered in Ike's ear, and Ike put his football shoulders to the crowd. Little by little we edged, shoved, pushed our way through. A few hands found my basket as we moved, while others slid along my ass. And just as we neared the bar we turned lucky — a group of four left, and Ike made a forward plunge into the hole, turning around triumphantly.

"Y'see?" he shouted, and just for sheer joy notched the knob another millimeter, so that my yell was as loud as his, except I hollered.

"Hold it down there, buddy!"

He grinned, and my friendly stimulating tingle was back.

Then there was a bottle of beer in my hand, and one in Ike's.

Jim suddenly appeared beside us, and grabbed my shoulder. "Don't turn around," he said into the porch of my ear, "and don't act as if anything unusual were happening." And then to Ike: "Gimme the stuff."

There was a flicker of white as Ike slid something into Jim's hand, and Jim's hand in turn disappeared behind me. I started to look around, and got a jolt in the nuts that bent me over.

"I told you not to turn," Jim said. His handgrip on my shoulder almost hurt.

Someone was standing behind me, and the pressure of his body against mine was not an accident. I felt an arm — a big one — slide under my leather jacket and around my waist, and at the same time felt the unmistakable small tug at the top of my back zipper.

It happened very quickly — the zipper was down, my asshole exposed. I made a violent wrenching movement and dislodged Jim's grip.

"For Chrissake!" I hollered at him. "Not here!"

My reward was the sharpest thunderbolt in the balls that I had yet had. It doubled me clear over, below the bar level. I dropped the bottle of beer. It crashed against the floor and broke. No one seemed to notice. And then there was Jim's voice in my ear:

"Another move like that and we'll knock you out! Now stand up! And don't look around!"

Gasping for breath, holding my nuts, my eyes smarting with involuntary tears, I stood up. The guy behind me, whoever he was, whatever he looked like, had not let go of me — and now I was pressed closer than ever to him. I felt his unseen fingers smoothing some lubricant (that white flicker passing from Jim's hand?) into the crack of my ass, felt his big fingers searching for the celestial gate and finding it, leaving more smoothness there. Jim put another bottle of beer into my hand.

"Drink it. Act like nothing's happening."

Somewhat unsteadily, conscious of a heavier tingling in my balls, aware of my cock erecting furiously within the strapped-down confines of the leather codpiece, I took a long pull at the bottle. And then — in the midst of that roaring crowd, with bodies pressed close against me (hiding it all, I hoped) — I felt the head of the guy's cock enter my still-burning ass. It slipped in easily enough; there was a slow thrust, deeper and deeper, until the unknown bastard — or benefactor — had it all in.

I knew that he was taller than I was; I could feel the air from his nostrils against the top of my right ear. His other hand slid around my rib cage, and he started pumping...

Jim had one arm on my shoulder as if we were having a friendly discussion, but from the little movements, I could tell he was giving the fucker behind me a whiff of amyl. And then quite naturally he draped his hand around my neck, reached over and stuck the inhaler into my own

nose. I reached up automatically with my free hand to close my other nostril; if I really had to be raped in public, I might as well get all the enjoyment I could out of it.

I caught a glimpse of myself in the bar mirror, but couldn't see the guy behind me — his head was lowered and his motorcycle cap hid his face. But I saw my own face turn scarlet from the amyl. The room swam and dissolved, and the cock in my ass worked piston-fast. The tingle in my balls, the amyl, the plugging from behind — all got to me. I reached blindly







down for Jim's cock, grabbed it fiercely and felt its hard length behind the leather.

And then with a hoarse grunt, gasping, my fucker let go his load, shooting over and over, the pulsations of his cock diminishing slowly. I felt weak. The tingling of my cock and balls was reduced a little. The guy pulled his cock out swiftly. I felt him close the zipper, and I leaned my elbow on the bar-edge to steady my shaking arm.

"Jaysus," I said.

Ike's grin turned into a deep laugh, and Jim laughed too.

"Now you can look around."

I did. But in all the sweaty, restless, noisy crowd I could see no one whom I could identify. Or rather, I saw a dozen tall ones, and any one of them could have screwed me.

"And don't try to take it off or you really will get the shit shocked out of you. The knob's gotta be turned all the way off before it's removed."

We left Jim at the bar, and made it to the head. One guy was just coming out, and I went in. The stench was so heavy you could almost see it as a yellow fog. I bolted the door, pulling on the wire until I had enough inside to convince Ike I was on the throne. Then I took out the clippers, and about a foot away from my waist forced the wire through the narrow slot of the nail clippers.

This took a little thinking. From what I knew of electronics, there couldn't possibly be enough voltage from a nine-volt battery to shock me — the spark gap or transistor had to be in the control box. But just to be safe, I pulled out the bottom of my tee shirt, grabbed the nail-clip with it, and snipped through the cable. The tingle disappeared. Then I carefully tied the two ends together in a knot I could easily untie.

That done, I leaned my battered and welted ass against the washbowl and smoked a cigarette.

When I came out Ike looked at the wire, and did not see the knot. "Still on?" he asked, and twisted the knob slightly.

I yowled and bent over, grabbing my nuts.

"Okay," he said. "Now that the world's greatest hustler has been fucked in front of all his loyal fans, let's go."

Through the smoky haze he signalled to Jim. We all three left together.

A taxi pulled up to the curb and three guys got out. With a quick tug on the knot I untied it and turned to them as I climbed into the cab.

"So long," I said, grinning. "It's been fun."

Through the back window of the cab I saw them standing, astonished, at the curb.

\* \* \*

As it had happened once before, at the end of my affair with Adam and Bennett, I passed a very curious period of time for the next coupla weeks, a period of reaching out for something — a feeling of incompleteness and emptiness. I was restless and vaguely dissatisfied, and once I dreamed of a white whip reddening at the ends.

But finally, coming back to my house in Berkeley one evening, I knew what it was. I changed into my leathers and went to San Francisco, through the clinging wetness of the night fog, up the golden necklace of Market Street to the square dark house on Pink Alley. On that other night, I had stood looking up the stairs for a long moment before I pressed the bell. Now I waited again. And finally I pushed the button.

Haloed by the weak light at the top of the stairs behind the iron gate, the perspective making him loom large and threatening, Jim appeared and stood with legs apart, fists doubled on his hips.

"Hullo," I said. I extended my hand, holding the little black leather pouch. "I've got something which belongs to you."

Jim opened the iron gate. "Come in," he said. "I knew you'd be back."

I looked at Jim and Ike. "You two," I said, "are a coupla emerald-studded, platinum-plated bastards, and some day I'll get even."

"Aw, g'wan," Ike said. "You loved it. Better'n a glory hole."

"At any rate," I said, "I gotta take a crap."

"Wait'll we get home," Jim said.

"No way. Can't." I reached in my jacket pocket for my cigarettes — and my fingers closed on a fingernail clipper! Carefully, like any competent actor, I kept a poker face.

"Okay," Ike said. He put his beer down on the bar. "They've got a 'one only' rule about the can in this place..."

"Too bad they can't stop the hanky-panky at the main bar," I said sardonically.

"Yeah," Ike went on. "I'll stand beside the guard at the door. The wire oughta reach. And listen — don't piss on the pouch or you'll short-circuit it..."

"And go up in flames?" I asked.



# BOOK REPORT



**PASS THE POISON SEPARATELY** by Oswald Blakeston. Catalyst Press, 315 Blantyre Ave., Scarborough, Ontario, Canada, 1976, paperback, 60 pages, \$2.95.

Although Oswald Blakeston is fairly unknown to American gays, their Canadian counterparts have been reading and lauding him for years. Rightly a figure of whom to be proud, his poetry and short stories have appeared in a wide variety of Canadian journals and his books, mostly limited to small press editions, seem to enjoy ample distribution.

It is of singular importance that Blakeston be introduced to American gays with the publication of *Pass The Poison Separately*. This new work is quite simply his best, and is one of the best gay novels to be published in the last five years.

It is aptly subtitled: A mystery. The protagonist, John Smith, one day finds himself walking into a strange environment when he automatically and immediately begins to lose control over his destiny. Sent on a tour arranged by an over-powering matron who claims knowledge of his family, Smith descends into a maelstrom that rivals Sartre and Camus in device. He can neither afford nor appreciate his journey; intuitively he knows that he is powerless to resist.

En route he meets and becomes involved with a Greek hustler that first attracts then repulses him, finally trapping Smith in a bizarre and compromising situation. Payment or honest gesture at once becomes the same; Smith gives the hustler a family ring, not as much as a reward but as an offering. The affair is aborted.

When he reaches his destination he realizes that the mysterious island is a

resort of the most ingenious design where any desire, any caprice, can become a reality for the duration of the stay.

The author's genius lies in the ultimate conflict. Fantasy and reality begin merging as we realize Smith has brought his desire to the foreground by his very presence. Unable to pay for the tour, realized by the island officials to be a fraud (it seems his deposit with the matron of the first encounter was never deposited), the keepers of this dreamland demand his punishment for tricking them.

The line between reality and non-reality is a thin one indeed; Blakeston draws it exceptionally thin, resulting in minute breaks that at first are unnoticeable then develop into gaps of alarming dimension.

It is no easy task, what Blakeston has achieved in his brief but flawless novella. Fusing the rigid disciplines of poetry to the absolute freedom inherent in fiction is in itself to arrive at something of a precedent. But to go beyond and instill a gay sensibility that at once overshadows the work as it is ultimately consumed by it requires a grasp of the dynamics of gayness seldom witnessed and less often recorded.

In a marriage of Lawrence Durrell and Harold Pinter, this legitimate offspring had defined symbols that, multifaceted, give levels and depths to the most straightforward of statements. Not to say that the whole comes off more a roadmap than a narrative; Blakeston writes in the easiest of styles, he merely tells us the truth about certain events and reactions in our/Smith's life.

It is in the premise of a telling truth that the infinite is opened.

— John W. Rowberry

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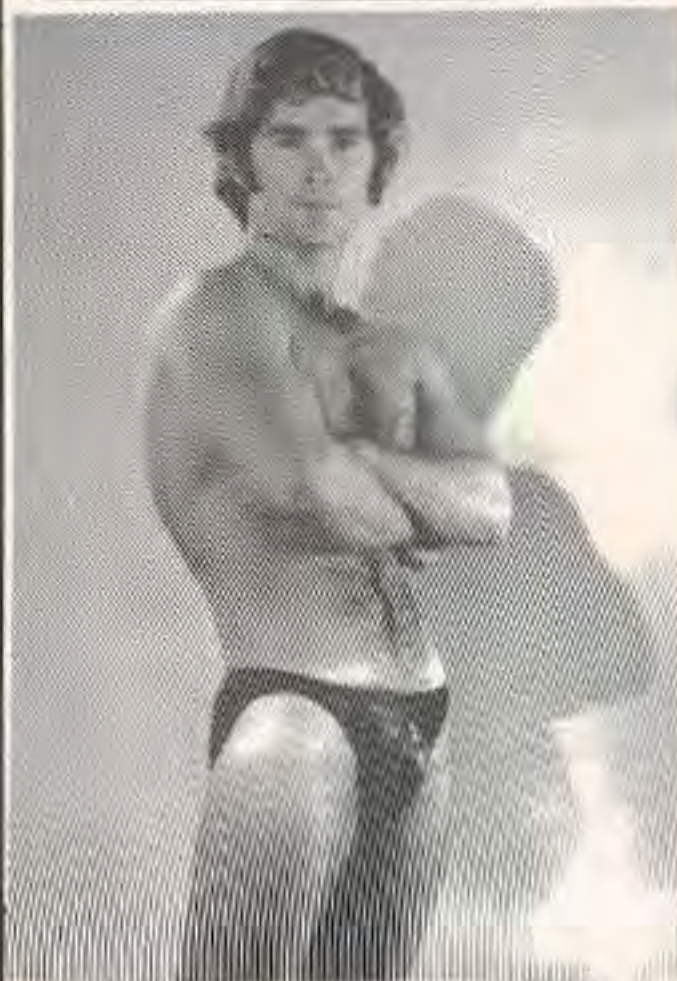
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## DRUMMER PREviews the Flicks

*Kansas City Trucking Co.*, set for fall release in theatres across the country, has been called the "*Gone With the Wind* of gay porno movies" by Jack Wrangler, one of the film's co-stars. Indeed, early reports indicate that *KCTC* was made with a professionalism generally lacking in gay male porn. Director Joe Gage and Pro-

ducer Sam Gage further added that the film, shot on the road throughout the Southwest, was made on one of the largest budgets ever allotted a hardcore feature.

When one thinks of making a fuck flick, one considers all sorts of problems which might arise . . . or NOT arise, as

the case may be: Will there be enough cum shots? Will the star go soft in front of the camera? Will he even be able to get it UP in front of the camera? Will there be too much penetration? Not *enough* penetration? All of the above, none of the above, or one from Column A and one from Column B?







It is to the credit, and professionalism, of the filmmakers that such problems were non-existent. (In fact, if the success of a gay porn pic is measured by the number of cum shots, *KCTC* is a smash... all, hands down.) The greatest problem encountered was the heat (yeah, it's a hot flick, but we're talking about the temperature). When they were shooting on the Mojave, it got up to 120° and the film melted in the cameras. One of the actors passed out and had to be revived with cold water... which, incidentally, did nothing to dampen his ardor.

Nor were the rest of the cast let-downs. According to the Gages, "Jack (Wrangler) is a new kind of film actor. He's up to the demands of playing a part and, at the same time, he can handle the sex, a real pro. There were a couple of dozen guys working on this, and Jack was right in there getting things stirred up. Everybody on the set was into making this movie good and hot."

Also helping to make the movie "good and hot" is a new process called *SurrounduSound*. The utilization in *KCTC* added considerably to the time and money expended on the film, but it gets the viewer into the on-screen action in a way that regular sound does not.

All in all, everything seems to be up-to-date in *Kansas City Trucking Co.*!

(Facing page) Well-equipped STEVE BOYD strikes somewhat the same pose on two different locations. Below is the bunkhouse set and above is the business end of the truck — where Steve checks out his equipment.

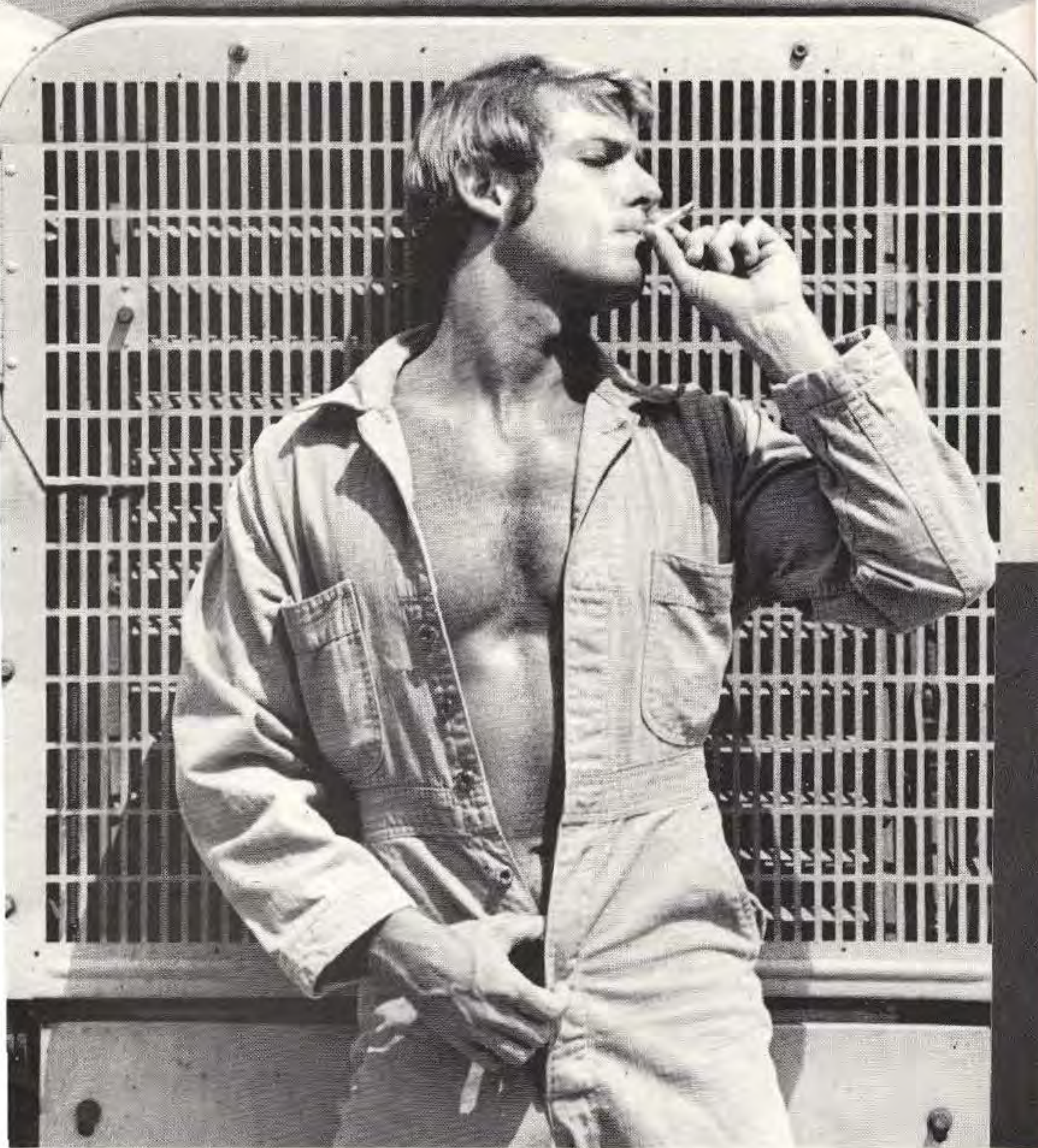
(Above) DUFF PAXTON in the light shirt and BUD JASPER in the dark one, do a little equipment checking themselves before starting out on the road. All systems seem to be GO and they head for the desert.

(Below) Cameraman NICK ELLIOT and soundman GLENN NATHAN strip to the waist in the 120° heat on location. PAXTON and JASPER stay clothed and swelter, at least for the moment.





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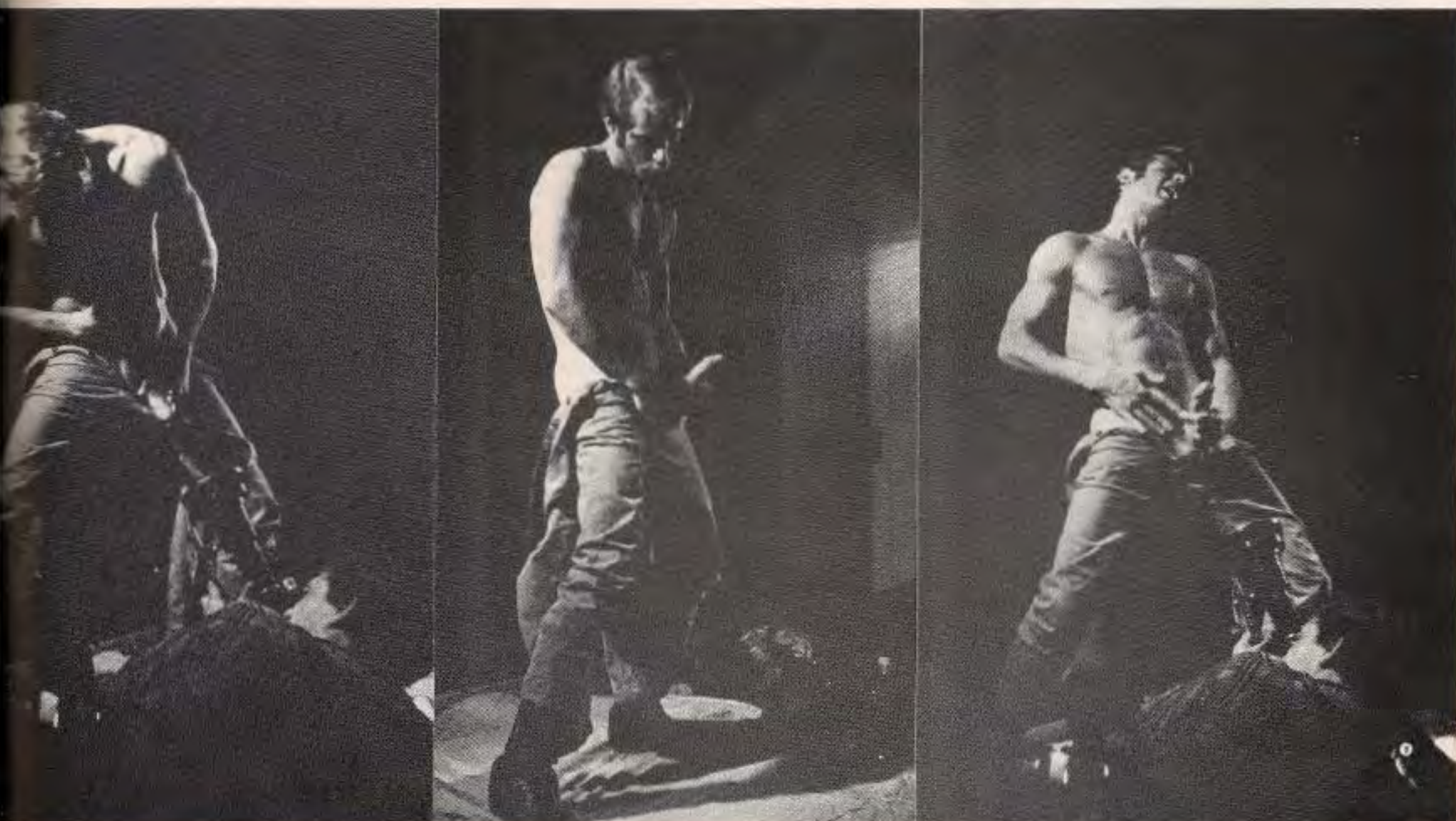


# on the set of *Kansas City Trucking co.*



In the bunkhouse sequence, star JACK WRANGLER leads the group in an auto-eroticism session known in some circles as a Circle Jerk. Our star gets carried away as the cameraman takes it all in. All in a day's work.

In the astonishing climax above, Jack gives his all to show biz and the audience. Self stimulation is fairly common to lonely truckers, and in spite of the hunky company, old habits are hard to break. The rest had to fend for themselves.







# DRUMMER views the Flicks

## DRUM

"It scalds. It shocks. It whips. It bleeds. It lusts." So insinuates the ad copy for *Drum* in the most blatantly misleading publicity campaign since that for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Let's just examine those titillating promises:

**Scalds?** They must have been thinking about that notorious boiling alive scene in the film's predecessor, *Mandingo*. Absolutely no such bizarre culinary treat occurs in *Drum*.

**Shocks?** Depends upon one's shock-tolerance level, I guess, but dirty words and bare female breasts, of whatever color, no longer make this critic gasp. The only shocking thing I could find about it all was Producer Ralph B. Serpe's assumption that anyone would pay good hard-earned money to view such tripe.

**Whips?** Well, there is one underlit scene of a mild paddling on the inverted bare bottoms of co-stars Ken Norton and Yaphet Kotto (or, more likely, their color-coordinated doubles — intercut frontal views being strictly from the tits up.)

**Bleeds?** Some ersatz red stuff does get squirted about in a couple of free-for-all fights between the aforementioned Norton and Kotto, one of which is staged on a sea of horseshit in a stable. And lots of people are gorily slaughtered during the predictable confrontation that serves as the picture's climax. But, again, nothing to compare with *Mandingo*.

**Lusts?** I don't know whether it counts or not, but I certainly lusted after the carefully oiled brown torso of former professional pugilist Ken Norton, in the title role. So, come to think of it, did several males and females in the flick.

Otherwise, *Drum* might be subtitled "A Festival of Cliches." Count 'em.

Cliche No. 1: adorable pickaninnies chasing merrily after the white folks arriving by coach for a party in that big, southern, colonial style (what else?) mansion.

Cliche No. 2: the lovable ol' collud mammy, overweight and overwrought, originally stereotyped by Hattie McDaniel in *Gone With the Wind*.

Cliche No. 3: the rejected ingenue flinging herself face down on the bed to sob her heart out.

Cliche No. 4: the warm and understanding Madame of the local whorehouse.

Cliche No. 5: the violent uprising of weaponless slaves against white men's guns.

Cliche No. 6: the burning of that elegant mansion at the end of the film.

Cliche No. 7: that ultimate of cliches (*hommage a Truffaut*), the freeze-frame

finish of our protagonist in bewildered flight.

I see I'm mixing cliches with stereotypes, but in this mishmash of a production it is difficult to distinguish between the two. Only the very broad outlines of Kyle Onstott's phenomenally popular book are followed, and everyone connected with it ought to be ashamed of himself. (In the case of Warren Oates as Hammond Maxwell, Master of Falconhurst, doing a bad imitation of a second-rate impersonator doing Warren Oates, the embarrassment shows. He even seems uncomfortable in the most natural act of taking a piss behind a tree.)

Apparently under the delusion that nothing succeeds like excess, we are subjected to rape and pillage, carnage and blood, all carelessly spaced out between non-violent scenes of desultory pacing, advancing a plot padded with sequence after sequence of almost non sequiturish meaninglessness. It is an unsavory mix of the worst of late 19th century melodrama and early Elizabethan revenge tragedy, but lacking the luridly lush language of either. (Screenwriter Norman Wexler reaches his verbal peak with such exclamations as "Drum, stop this fisticuffing!")

The music of Charlie Smalls is occasionally effective, especially in the moody blues that underscores the opening credits. Narration, under a live slave market scene featuring acres and acres of black flesh, informs us that we are in New Orleans, and that it is 20 years later (than *Mandingo*). This allows Ken Norton to pull a kind of Valentino and play his own son.

Scattered throughout are brief moments of lesbianism, male homosexuality, miscegenation and implied castration (we deduce from the close-up of facial agony and the accompanying screams that this is what *Drum* is doing, subscreen, to the villain, by hand). Castration, in fact, is virtually the film's subsidiary theme, incessantly threatened, and, during an elegant dinner party, graphically described for the edification of all the nice ladies and gentlemen.

Euphemisms abound. The penis is referred to on various occasions as "snake," "tassel" and "thing," while testicles are "balls," "nuts" or, of all things, "knockers." I only note this because there is so much footage involved with groping (offscreen, as opposed, one last time, to *Mandingo*), mostly of the redoubtable Norton. But Kotto also gets his "thing" womanhandled.

Perpetrator of all these gropes is Oates' daughter, Miss Sophie (played by — are



# DRUMMER views the Flicks

you ready? — an actress named Rain-beaux Smith), a nasty nymphet-type. All she really proves is that the screen hasn't had a decent teen-age bitch since Bonita Granville tried to do in Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon. Lost in the turgid proceedings are such noteworthy talents as Pam Grier, Riona Lewis and Paula Kelly. As Calinda, Drum's true love, Brenda Sykes does manage some little touch of warmth in an otherwise icy and disjointed exercise.

But that sculpted, wasp-waisted form of Ken Norton steals the overlong show. Whether groped, goosed, seduced, nearly castrated, assaulted, homosexually caressed, paddled, dressed or undressed, he maintains a stoic demeanor that denotes either total lack of talent or the patience of Job. I prefer to think the latter.

P.S. The L.A.P.D. will be surprised to learn that it was not they, but Yaphet Kotto who, after being freed by Norton, really freed the slaves.

— Ed Franklin

## LIFEGUARD

The concerns of aging are unhappily familiar to a large number of gays. It is also the concern of *Lifeguard*, a Ted Mann-Daniel Petrie Production from Paramount Pictures, with hunky Sam Elliott in the title role. It's an interesting film, but not totally successful. For Director Petrie, in his preoccupation with surface authenticity, has too often sacrificed inner truth.

Elliott plays Rick Carlson, an over-30 Los Angeles County lifeguard facing the problem of whether to continue in this idyllic occupation or accept a twice-as-remunerative job as a car salesman. At stake are the love of his new-found ex-high school girlfriend (breathily played by elegant Anne Archer) and the respect of his stereotypical parents. Dad puts it on the line: "I know what money can do. Without it, you're lost. Dead." Son: "I'm doin' what I wanna do!"

The traumatic fifteenth reunion of his high school class provides the catalyst. Here our non-hero confronts the successes of his peers, receives the offer of the sales job ("You're not going to stay

at the beach the rest of your life, are you?"), and reunites with his former love, now divorced and successfully operating an art gallery. This whole sequence, which could (nay, *should*) have been as insightful as the wedding party in *Good-bye, Columbus*, is only one example of lost opportunities in the movie.

Everything is visually true, the film having been shot almost exclusively on location, largely at Paddle Board Cove and other L.A. County beaches at the end of Santa Monica Bay. Debuting screenwriter Ron Koslow has constructed a neatly organized package, marked by breezy dialog. (Speaking of which, "ass-hole" must be the new *In* word around these parts, having been joyously bandied about in the last five films I've taken in. Curious.)

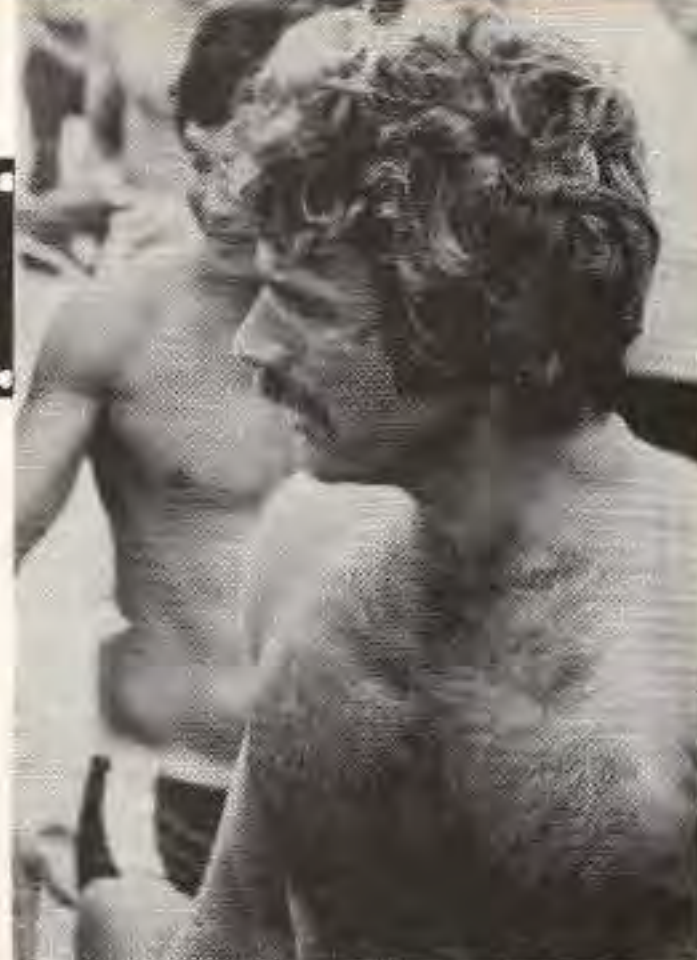
It is also beautifully peopled, with hordes of lifeguards and teen-aged beach types, the most flesh on display in a single film since "Muscle Beach Party." Elliott's college boy rookie assistant is played with self-conscious ah-shucks exuberance by attractive Parker Stevenson, and there is a charming performance by vulnerable young Kathleen Quinlan as a teeny-bopper with a crush on Elliott. She gets what she wants, too, but only once.

Two editors seem to have been at odds on the final print, for the on-screen product lurches crazily between too leisurely a pace and excessively choppy, restless camera work. But I have to admit that it also contains, near the end, one of those nice long lap dissolves that are so rare in these days of jump cuts — and makes a point, to boot. The sometimes abrasive music fails in its obvious attempt to duplicate the effect of *The Graduate* score.

Back to actor Elliott, on whose abilities the film ultimately depends. First of all, you'll love just looking at him, a kind of Burt Reynolds with brains and the kind of body Robert Conrad would have if he'd ever grown up. But beyond that, if you really need more, his maturing lifeguard rings absolutely true. When, discussing higher education with his young assistant, he says his own advanced degree is a B.S. — "Bored Shitless" — you believe. More to the point, you accept his final decision as inevitable. (Incidentally, although opportunities abound, no male flesh is seen below the waist. Only female. Is this what makes a PG rating possible? Oh, wow.)

And, in case you've become sensitive to such things, be assured that there is not a shark in sight.

— Ed Franklin





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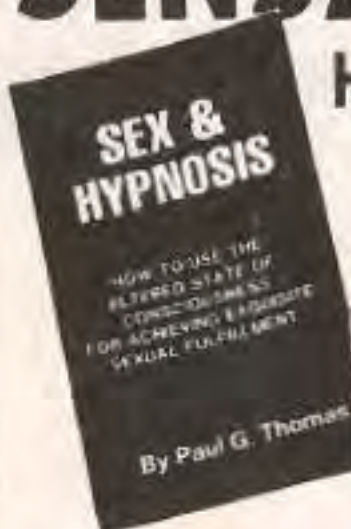
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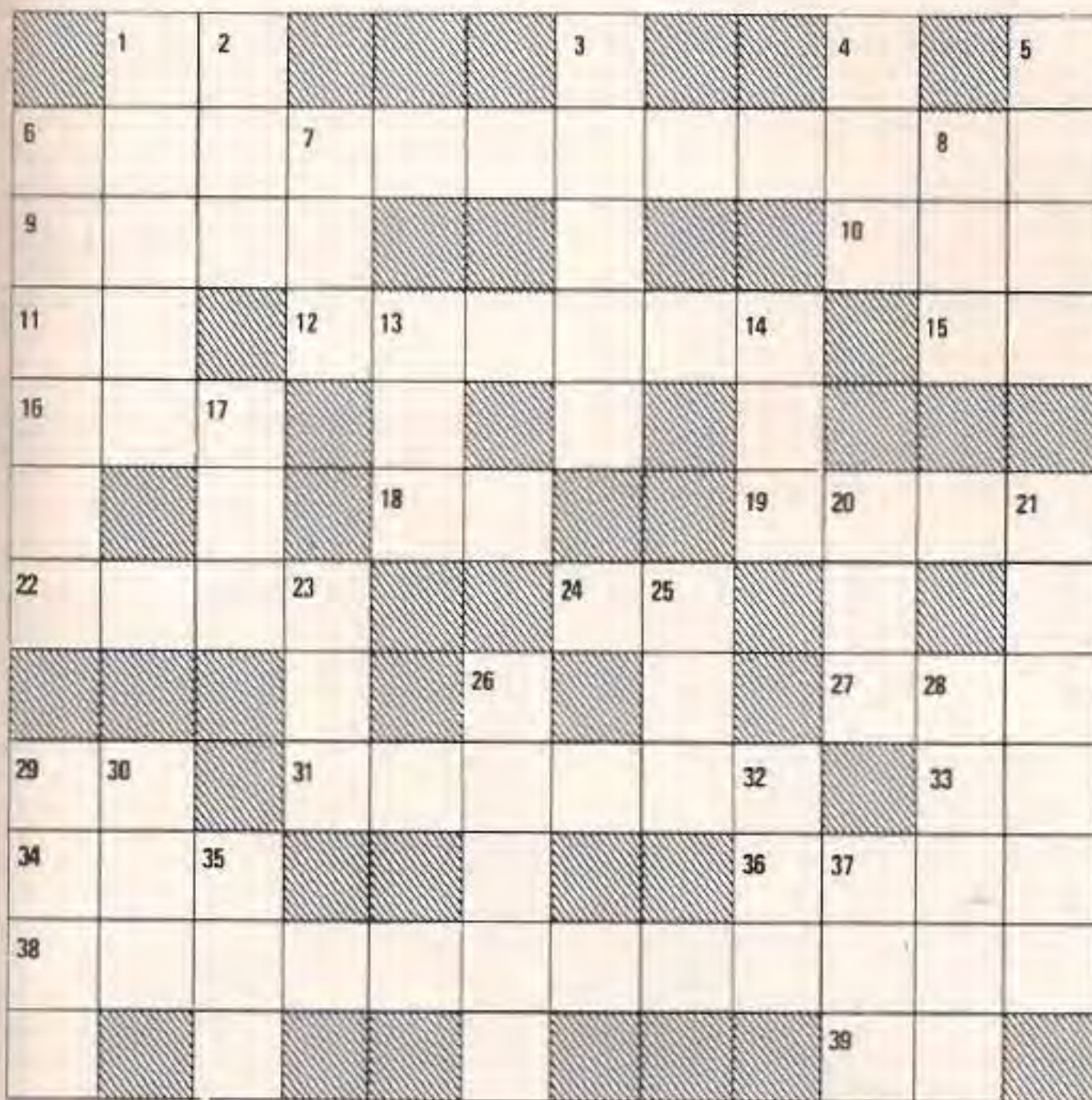
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# CROSS WORDS

DRUMMER has its own crossword puzzle department starting with this issue. Answers appear along with your new puzzle next issue. Hurry, you only have a month!



## ACROSS

- 1 Sadomasochism
- 6 Leather Frat Bargain Basement
- 9 Military Officer Assisting Superior
- 10 Bind
- 11 Opposite of AC
- 12 Football Maneuver
- 15 Lawrence Welk
- 16 Nixon's Old Boss
- 18 Therefore
- 19 John Boy's Home
- 22 Foot Fetish Delight
- 24 Future Farmers
- 27 Affirmative
- 29 Commanding Officer
- 31 Torn Apart
- 33 Precise Place In Space
- 34 Follows Q
- 36 Bone (Greek)
- 38 Straight Incest
- 39 Plugged \_\_\_\_\_

## DOWN

- 1 Sleek, Smooth
- 2 Crazy
- 3 Draws Into The Mouth
- 4 Fired Up (i.e. Cigarette)
- 5 Recognized
- 6 Marquis de Sade
- 7 Ex G.I. (abbr)
- 8 Lubricate
- 13 Buns
- 14 Fairy
- 17 Ram's Victim
- 20 Whichever
- 21 Slave's Better Half
- 23 Slave's First Word
- 25 Enemy
- 26 Cowboy's Trade Marker
- 28 Devoured
- 29 Shot One's Load
- 30 Gold (Spanish)
- 32 What's Up \_\_\_\_\_
- 35 And So Forth
- 37 Water Sport

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## ALABAMA

### DOTHAN

The Upstairs ..... 314 N. Foster

## ARIZONA

### PHOENIX

No Towne Saloon ..... Van Buren near 48th  
Ramrod ..... 395 N. Black Canyon Rd.  
Wild Willie's ..... 1622 Grand

## CALIFORNIA

### ARCADIA [off 210 Fwy]

Long Branch ..... 131 1/2 E. Huntington Dr.

### GARDEN GROVE

Saddle Club ..... 8192 Garden Grove  
The Iron Spur ..... 11086 Garden Grove

## LOS ANGELES/HOLLYWOOD

Bunkhouse ..... 4519 Santa Monica  
Detour ..... 1087 Manzanita  
1170 ..... 1170 N. Western Ave.  
Griff's ..... 5574 Melrose Ave.  
Headquarters ..... 1941 Hyperion Ave.  
Jaguar ..... 7511 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Larry's ..... 5414 Melrose Ave.  
One Way ..... 612 N. Hoover  
Outcast ..... 4223 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Rusty Nail ..... 7994 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Silver Dollar Saloon ..... 4356 Sunset Blvd.  
Stud ..... 4216 Melrose Ave.

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Chaps 'n Boots ..... 12136 Magnolia  
Driveshaft ..... 13751 Victory Blvd.  
Farmhouse ..... 12319 Ventura Blvd.  
Frank's Buckaroo Inn ..... 902 Hollywood Way  
The Signal ..... 10522 Burbank Blvd.  
Hayloft ..... 11818 Ventura Blvd.

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Mike's Corral ..... 2020 Artesia Blvd.  
Stallion ..... 5823 N. Atlantic Ave.

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Party Room ..... 67-977 Highway 111

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## THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

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### MPS. P'S

If they gave awards for longevity, Mrs. P's would certainly be in the running. Seemingly constructed about the same time as Tara, Mrs. P's has undergone a transformation into a very distinct and wonderfully inventive leather/western bar and, as such, is the only example of the genre in all Atlanta.

But when a bar is as good as this, you really don't need much more than one. First of all, it's actually attached to a hotel called the Ponce de Leon and — wait for it — it's on Ponce de Leon street! It's pretty close to downtown Atlanta and within walking distance of that area if you are a) without wheels, b) without cabfare, and c) very brave.

Inside, Mrs. P herself has gone crazy with unfinished wood. There are two-by-four railings all over a quarter of the bar, and they make nice little conversation pits but are just a trifle high to prop up a foot on and not pinch your balls in the process. Perhaps they were built for John, one of Mrs. P's tall super-hunky bartenders!

Actually, there are five separate parts to Mrs. P's. First is the area with the railings, which also features two gigantic wagon wheels and scuttles full of boiled peanuts (a nice touch, and they're really quite good). Then there's a patio and another room with a toy store filled with the usual range of cock rings, tee shirts, dildoes, and other items — sold only as novelties, of course. Fourth is a game room with a juke box and a half-dozen pinball machines. It also catches some of the overflow when things get really crowded in the rest of the place.

The actual bar is a distinct area unto itself. The night I was there, slides of a recently held run were being shown on the wall. It was interesting and fun to see the people in the pictures and then be able to pick them out of the crowd.

So what's the scene like at Mrs. P's? Rather peppy, really. As mentioned, being the only game in town for the Leather Fraternity, anybody so oriented winds up there. People may drift in and out during the evening (Atlanta bars stay open until 4 a.m., until 3 a.m. on Saturdays and are closed Sundays), but most stick around toward closing time. There doesn't seem to be any super-heavy leather, but there are plenty of tight Levi's and colored hankies and swinging keys, the majority of them found on really good-looking dudes.

If you thought Southern hospitality was a myth, you're wrong. There's some initial shyness, but break down the barriers and you've suddenly got a roomful of friends.

Did I have a good time? Well, I can't wait to go back — what does that tell you?

Have you ever noticed that the same people, dressed the same way, give off different vibes in different places? For example, take the Eagle's Nest and the Spike, two Leather/Levi bars located within a half-block of each other on New York's docks.

### THE SPIKE

Now, the Eagle's Nest is a *very* heavy place — you know immediately it's a no-nonsense bar. Muted conversations, lots of standing around and not much smiling. But follow the crowd (and it's not hard as there's a virtual groove worn in the sidewalk) down to the Spike, and the ambience is immediately and entirely different.

Maybe it's the physical space the Spike offers, the large open areas broken up only by clusters of people around the cock-high benches. There's a light, airy atmosphere that's entirely missing from that other place. And it's a mobile bar. People walk around, look, cruise, flirt, ignore and even gawk. But they seldom stand still. Right away you notice that here folks smile a lot . . . and they actually talk to one another!

Understand that the Spike isn't a clubby bar, although clubs do meet there. And neither is it a loner bar for the desperate cruiser, although there are those too. It's a bar that wears like your leather jacket or your Levi vest — the more you use it, the better it feels and the more natural it appears.

The Spike is owned by an educated man named Lenny, a fraternity brother who obviously enjoys his work. He makes the Spike a living, pulsating, orgasmic thing. The inside is hardly unique — there are a few posters and one display case, but nothing that would stand out to make it a stereotypical butch bar. There's disco dancing on Tuesday nights (for the Mattachine Society) and there're movies, good or good-and-campy, on Sunday and Monday nights. The Spike holds club nights alternately with the Eagle's Nest, and its annual Halloween blowout is a traditional New York event. The major decor of the bar is some of the hunkiest people in the world: actors, models and the most choice butch guys from the six million bodies that live in and around New York.

For sure, no matter what you're into, you'll be able to find it here. You'll see guys with so much metal on them . . . chains, handcuffs, keys and what have you . . . that you'd need a five-pound magnet just to get them home. People here aren't ashamed of their particular trips, so you'll see various colored hankies in lots of right-hand pockets and quite a few guys wearing their keys on the right. It's an honest place with an honest clientele. It's not a raunchy bar, and there's no back room. Some groovy dude you've met at the Spike is much more inclined to rap with you over a cold beer than paw you to death in a dimly lit corner.

There are two serving counters in operation on weekends, which should give you some idea of the size of the crowd . . . and it gets *really* crowded on weekends. But the more crowded it becomes, the friendlier it seems to be.

It's that kind of place.

— Paul Edwards



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Stockade ..... 700 N. Wells St.

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Sporters ..... 228 Cambridge

### PROVINCETOWN

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Pit ..... 1014 Oak

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Bob Martin's Bar ..... 201 S. 20th

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Cockpit ..... 131 Moore  
Pack Trail Inn ..... Pine Hills

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### OMAHA

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Boofs & Saddle ..... 76 Christopher St.  
Candle ..... 309 Amsterdam Ave.  
Eagle's Nest ..... 21st St. at 11th Ave.  
Fedora's ..... 239 W. 4th St.  
Nine Plus ..... 138 11th Ave. at 18th St.  
Ramp ..... 11th Ave. at 18th St.  
Ramrod ..... 394 West St.  
Rawhide ..... West, foot of Christopher St.  
Spike Bar ..... 11th Ave. at 20th St.  
Strap ..... 18th St. at 10th Ave.  
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### QUEENS

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### NORTH CAROLINA

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The Capital Corral ..... 313 W. Hargett St.

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Satan's Inferno ..... 351 W. Market

### CLEVELAND

Lower Landing ..... 1012 Sumner Court  
Leather Stallion ..... 2203 St. Clair  
Zanzibar ..... 1630 Payne Ave.

### ROCKBRIDGE

Summit Lodge ..... Route 1, Box 296

### TOLEDO

Scenic Bar ..... 702 Monroe  
Open Closet ..... 3310 Fecor Rd. at Central



# BAR SCENE

LEATHER/WESTERN/LEATHER/WESTERN/LEATHER/WESTERN/LEATHER/WE

## OREGON

### PORTLAND

Dahl & Penne's ..... 604 S.W. Second  
Other Inn ..... 242 S.W. Alder

## PENNSYLVANIA

### NEW HOPE

Cartwheel Inn ..... 1 Mile West on 202

### PHILADELPHIA

Allegro ..... 1412 Spruce St.  
Cell Block ..... 206 S. Camac  
Men's Room ..... 256 S. 12th St.  
Pitts ..... 211 S. Quince  
Post ..... 1705 Chancellor  
Westbury Hotel Bar ..... 217 S. 17th St.  
247 Bar ..... 247 S. 17th St.

### PITTSBURGH

Edison Hotel Bar ..... 135 Ninth  
Rathskellar ..... 1226 Herron Ave.

## TENNESSEE

### MEMPHIS

Entree Nult ..... 265 S. Cleveland

### NASHVILLE

Jungle Lounge ..... 715 Commerce

## TEXAS

### DALLAS

Sun Dance Kid ..... 4025 Maple  
Terry's Ranch ..... 4117 Maple

### FORT WORTH

Rawhide ..... 4016 White Settlement Rd.

### HOUSTON

Barn ..... 710 Pacific  
Defour ..... 1504 Westheimer  
Exile ..... 1011 Bell

Filling Station ..... 1801 Richmond  
Lazy J ..... 302 Tuam  
Levi ..... 2400 Brazos  
Locker ..... 1732 Westheimer  
Loft ..... 2909 S. Main  
Mary's ..... 1022 Westheimer

## WASHINGTON

### SEATTLE

Chalet ..... 1135 Rainier  
Dylan's ..... 1224 Howell  
Johnny's Handlebar ..... 2018 First

## WISCONSIN

### MILWAUKEE

Wreck Room ..... 266 E. Erie

## WYOMING

### CHEYENNE

Sam's Place ..... 1600 Central Ave.

## CANADA

### MONTREAL, P.Q.

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

### TORONTO, ONTARIO

Barracks ..... 56 Widmer St.  
Colonial ..... 203 Yonge St.

### VANCOUVER, B.C.

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 keep us all informed of where the action is.



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# IN PASSING

## DEADLINE FOR DATELINE

To celebrate our first year of publication as a National Leather Magazine (DRUMMER had been an entertainment mag and a newspaper in years past), we decided to come out with a second publication. It was a good idea, too: DATELINE, a gay news magazine with a network of news sources across the country to tell you what is happening, where and in depth. Lord knows, it is an idea whose time has come.

So after gearing up to put out the publication, we started putting it together and a funny thing happened along the way. The new magazine ended up in someone else's backyard and DRUMMER has gone its separate way. Their first issue is out and the second on its way. It isn't what we had in mind and while we cannot take much credit for it, neither will we accept blame. We wish DATELINE well, as it is sorely needed by the national gay community. We hope its appearance and content will improve with each succeeding issue. However, don't send us your DATELINE subscriptions. There is an entirely different company.

The new DRUMMER offices are mentioned elsewhere in this issue. The Anniversary issue of DRUMMER (No. 7) entirely sold out, there are no more unless we reprint. And this is our first four-color cover. DRUMMER marches on!

## EXORCISM



WITH APOLOGIES TO R. COBB

## SLAVE AUCTION BUST PROGRESS REPORT

Anyone who (1) underestimates Los Angeles Police Chief Edward M. Davis or (2) expects simple law enforcement attitudes from him is in for a rude awakening. The highly political chief is capable of a great many things that are above and beyond the call of duty. Davis is playing for much bigger stakes than merely being the highest paid municipal employee around, or even the most expensive lawman in the country (around \$10,000 more a year than the late, unlamented J. Edgar Hoover). His constant, if not consistent, media-oriented statements are aimed at keeping him in the voter's eye . . . even though voting for the police chief is a luxury Los Angeles taxpayers do not enjoy, no matter what the office or the department may cost them.

After his attacking the gay "Slave Auction" fundraiser last April with everything but medium-to-heavy Sherman tanks and nearly twice the manpower he publicly claimed, the Chief was amazed by the flack from not only the gay community but from the non-gay community as well. The L.A.P.D. effort to "free the slaves" made headlines internationally, re-establishing Los Angeles as the Cornball Capital for yet another year. Then, when the up-for-election D.A. appointee charged only a token four cases out of the forty arrests, and the City Attorney refused to touch any of them, the L.A.P.D. public relations powerhouse had to pull Davis' fat out of the fire.

The preliminary hearing for the four remaining "Slave Auction" defendants was postponed for two months, ostensibly because one of the hundred-and-some arresting officers was on vacation. In the meantime, Davis' henchman, Lloyd Martin of Administrative Vice, continued "surveillance"

(definition: tapping phones, nocturnal non-warrant visits, following anyone who stops by your office), desperately trying to gather evidence on a non-crime.

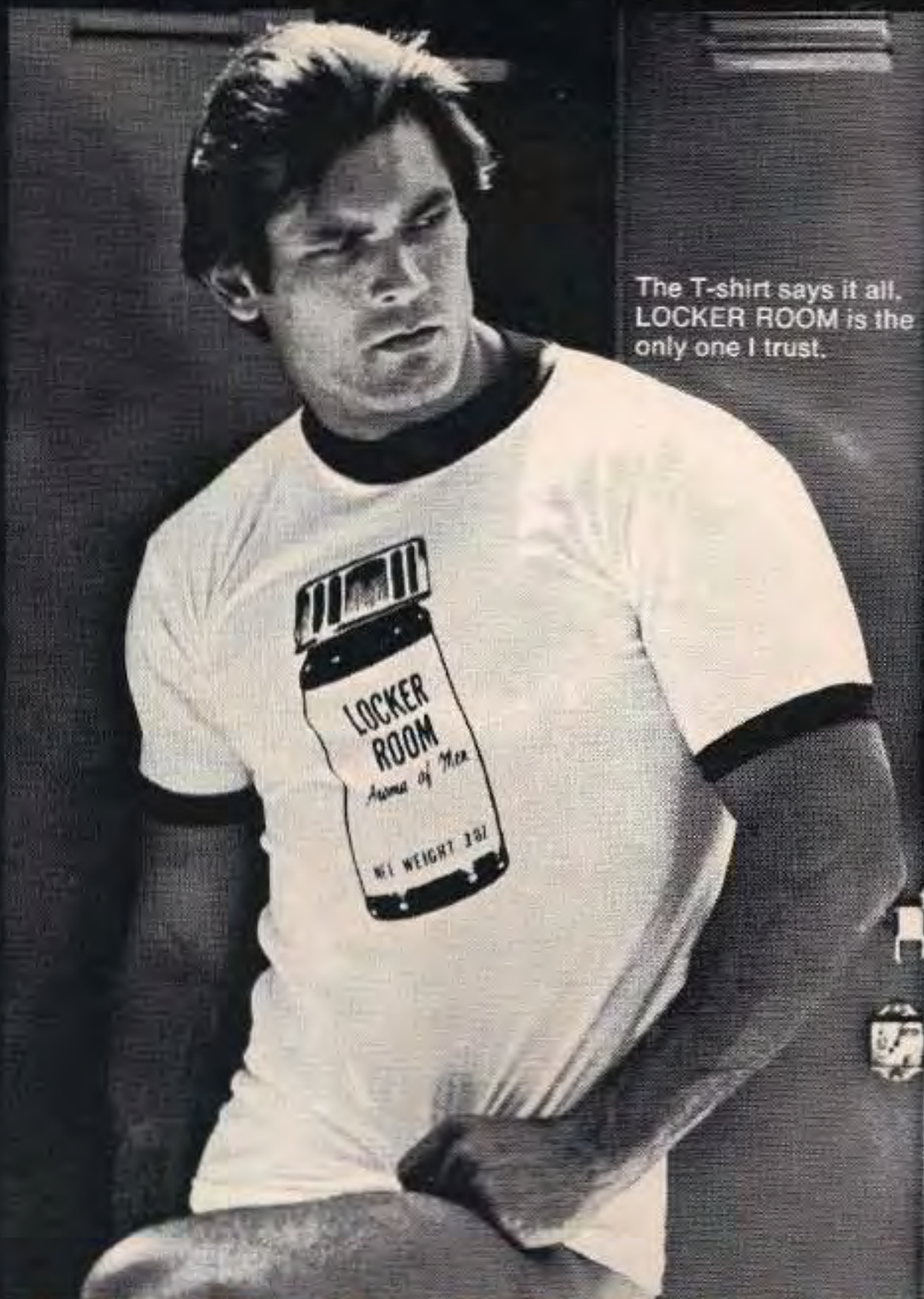
Martin hit pay dirt in one Norman Lewis, against whom the L.A.P.D. had a number of counts pending, including the eventual charge against the four: Pandering. The feared L.A. Secret Police has evidently bullied the District Attorney's office into using a thirty-odd page statement forced out of Lewis, who says all of the things his tormentors want to hear. Between these paragraphs of science fiction, Deputy D.A. Robert Jorgensen is heard coaching Lewis and reassuring him that nothing he says will be used against him. Ever.

The trend, while hardly new, is frighteningly clear, if anyone opposes Davis: blackmail some poor son-of-a-bitch, that the cops really have something on, into giving manufactured testimony, at least to bind over the victims for trial. While anyone with Lewis' record and reputation wouldn't be taken seriously in a trial itself, the "evidence" might float long enough to insure that there would be one. In this case, and with the numbers of persons involved, court costs would possibly surpass even the Patty Hearst affair.

You can chalk another one up for ol' Ed, too. Cost Plus Printing, the gay printing plant that has received all the attention of late from Lloyd Martin and friends, finally closed its doors. The only commercial accounts remaining after the police harassment were a few die-hard gay organizations and Metropolitan Community Church, for whom Cost Plus printed their monthly magazine, "In Unity." A clear victory of matter over mind.



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