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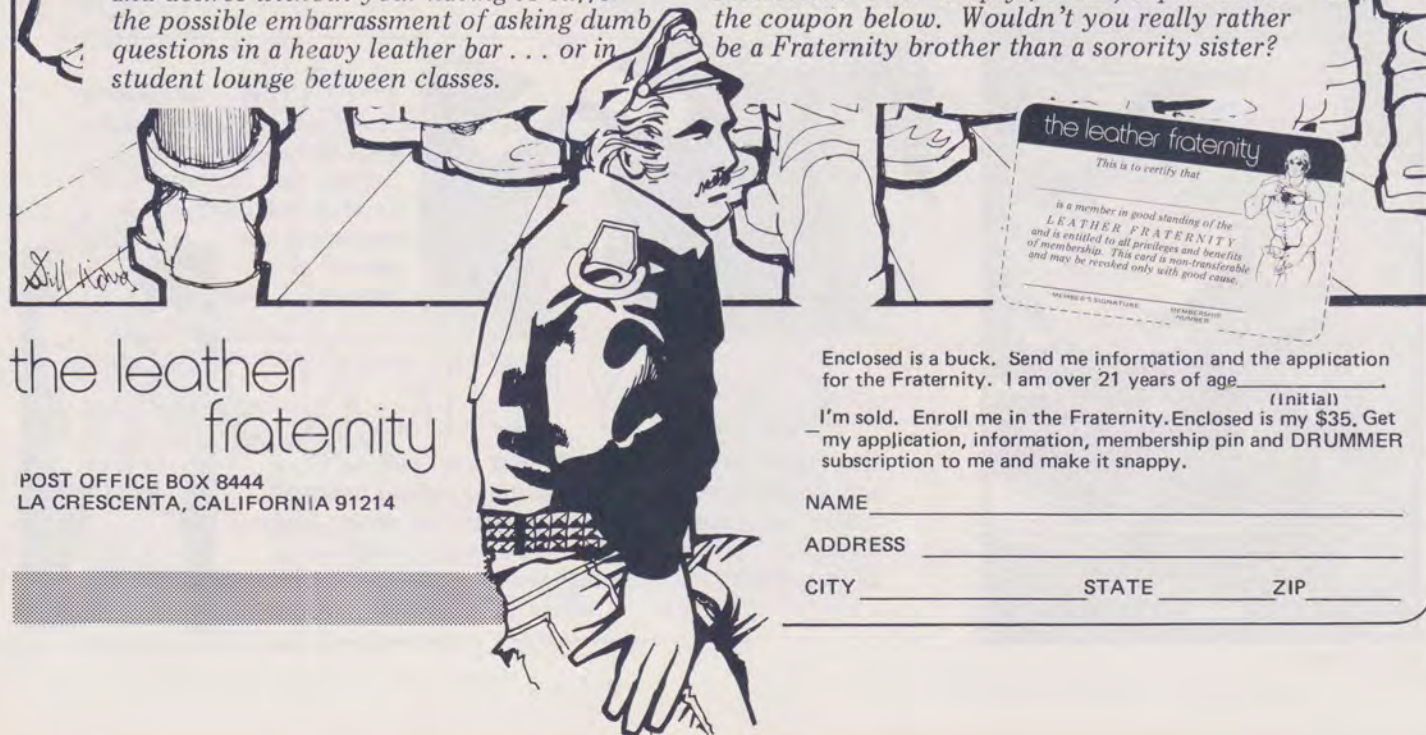
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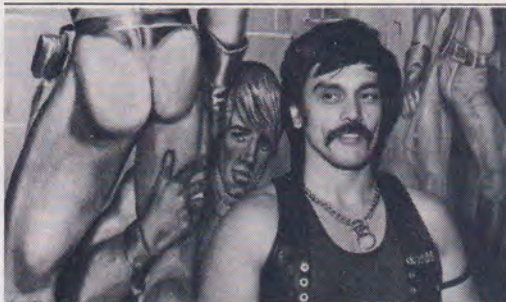
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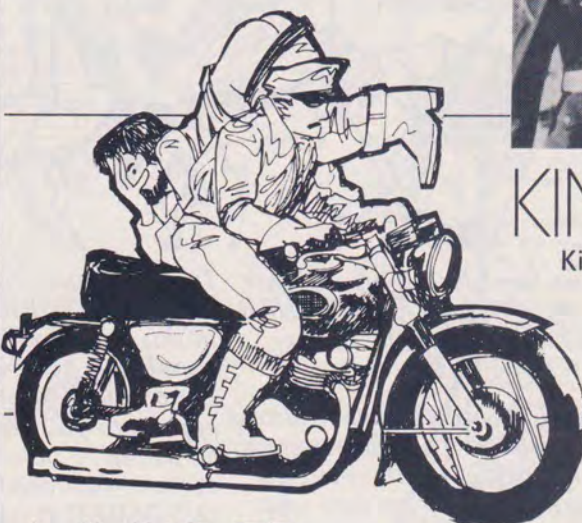


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DRUMMER

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*COVER: Gloria Hole of the Cycle Sluts,
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Getting Off

One of the most exciting features of this issue is the true report of the so-called "Orange County Torso Murders" (beginning on page 17). Although this falls into the category of "hard news" and is thus something of a departure for DRUMMER, we are running this series of articles for two reasons. One, it IS material relevant to the gay community at large . . . and, two, suspicion and investigation have, from time to time, focused on members of Los Angeles' Leather community. Indeed, even *Los Angeles* magazine MISreported that police involvement of the April 10 Slave Auction stemmed from the belief that the person or persons responsible for the "torso murders" would be present and playing at the event.

Part of the article may seem familiar to some of you. When DRUMMER and *Dateline* were still in bed together, I contracted for the series. Then when *Dateline* put on its clothes and went home, the feature went with them. Now that *Dateline* has gone belly up, DRUMMER was fortunate enough to make new arrangements for the series of articles to see the light of day.

Although the content is not S&M in the spirit of, say, "Five in the Trainer's Room," it is grisly enough . . . and even more so for its factualness. It's further interesting that both Los Angeles and Orange County police departments, which have been avoiding this case like the plague for years, have suddenly become re-interested . . . largely, we suspect, because our writers have been forced to do their own investigating and reporting. One LAPD representative has even stated that "Those people should never have released those facts to the community." It is certainly more than mere coincidence that the cops started to move only when our community apparently goosed 'em into action.

Other good stuff this month includes a special DRUMMER visit to Chicago to celebrate the Gold Coast's 15th Anniversary (page 48). Our reporter blew into, in, and out of the Windy City and is still recovering from the revelries. From what we understand, Chicago is still recovering from our reporter.

Robert Opel dropped in to see what's going on with the outrageous Cycle Sluts these days and begins his report in words and pictures on page 6.

Speaking of dropping in . . . apparently our change of address has gone through with Los Angeles' ubiquitous Administrative Vice Squad, for two of their number dropped in at our new offices recently. Officers Peters and Powell were here, flinging subpoenas about like rose petals to everyone in sight. "Peters" seems to be an especially apt name for one involved in the Slave Auction caper, as are "Bare" and "Gaily," two of the other swell fellows who were doing Davis' thing at great expense to local taxpayers. It must be noted that these visits always seem to occur after we've taken either Ad Vice's Lloyd Martin or "Crazy Ed" Davis to task in print for malperformance. The last raid on our offices took place a matter of hours after the issue which reported on police outrages at the Slave Auction (Issue No. 6). This most recent drop-in came about within seven days of DRUMMER No. 8 hitting the stands, No. 8 being the issue in which we blew the whistle on the deal made by the Deputy District Attorney with Super Snitch, a deal which allegedly resulted from pressure placed on the DA's office by Martin, Davis & Co. As their enemies' list grows, we'll keep you posted . . .

Meanwhile, keep doing it to the beat of DRUMMER!

— Jeanne Barney

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

DRUMMER WORTH ITS WEIGHT

I sent a letter indicating I hadn't received my copy of DRUMMER. Since then I have received it. An apology is in order. I'm sorry for writing. It was well worth the wait.

Jim
East Detroit, MI

FICTION FAN LEARNS ABOUT LEATHER

This is the first time that I have ever written to any publication, but I have enjoyed yours so much for over a year now that I just had to write.

I have been reading DRUMMER for a little over a year, since it first hit the stands, and I have all eight issues. Each time one comes out, I enjoy it a hundred times more than the last.

Issue No. 8 was great. Especially your sequel to "Babysitter" and your continuing saga of "Five in the Trainer's Room." They were both fabulous. I get really hard and horny just reading them. Please tell Scott Masters to finish his story so I can come already!

Your magazine is also very informative for me, because I have only been involved in the Leather scene for two years. You'll be happy to know that I've gained a lot of my knowledge from your magazine, as well as from a very patient, obedient and trusting slave who has taught me very much.

My only problem with DRUMMER is that I read it so quickly that I have a hard time waiting for the next issue. My praise goes to you.

Bill
Hollywood, CA

ON FIRE ISLAND

I stayed on Fire Island in one of those little bungalows with two friends, and indeed, we had a fantastic time. But the night I remember most of all was when Pete and Frank had gone into the city to visit some friends, leaving me alone in the house, dozing on the front porch and watching the activity on the beach not far away.

It was a very hot night, and I'd just gone indoors to get another can of beer from the fridge when I heard steps behind me. I looked round and there were three guys standing in the living room facing me — the one in the middle with a gun in his hand! I came to my senses with a jolt. I'd heard all about America and gangsters, etc., but had been lulled into thinking that this sort of thing just doesn't happen. I'd been having such a superb holiday. I thought of my money, in my room at the rear, of my travellers cheques, my wallet — I was struck somewhat speechless, as they indicated I should raise my hands — it was just like some crazy film.

They were a good looking little gang. Young and lean, two of them in jeans with tee shirts, the third, like me, in short shorts, long brown hairy legs sticking out. They weren't very communicative. With nods and jerks of their heads they ushered me into my bedroom having securely locked the door that led out to the terrace and the back door. They drew the curtains, turned on the light, ready for business.

What their business was, I didn't at that stage realize.

They told me to lie down on the bed, which had old-fashioned iron work at top and bottom, and with bits of rope they had brought with them, tied my wrists to each of the top posts. At this stage I think I asked them what they were after, and the answer I got was not the one I had expected. "Fun."

I wasn't sure it was going to be fun for me — they still looked quite sinister, and I was scared shitless. Two of them held one of my ankles each, and there I was, spread-eagled on the bed, helpless, and still dressed in my singlet and shorts. The third one stood at the side, and gently fondled the bulge in my shorts that indicated that I found the whole thing sexy, if scary. Who wouldn't? Then my heart missed a beat, as he pulled out a knife. I made sure that was my last moment, and muttered an insincere prayer, but as the blade approached me I felt it cutting — not me, but my shorts! Slice, slice, and from leg to waistband they were severed, and there I was in a waist-length vest and tight briefs (red, I remember) that were getting tighter by the minute. Slash, slash, and off came the singlet. The sides of my briefs were only about an inch, and one small cut each side released them. I was hopelessly naked and stretched out — my prick pointing the way to the sky.

They'd evidently done all this before, because there was a definite procedure about the whole thing — no discussion between them. The two holding my ankles raised my legs up and back so that my knees were level with my chest, and secured them at each side with more rope. I was trussed up like a chicken or something — feet waving in the air, back of knees tied at either side, and as exposed as any guy can be regarding his prick and balls, and of course, asshole — wide open and unobstructed.

The one with the gun put it away, went off into the bathroom and emerged with a bowl of warm soapy water and a flannel. They're sticklers for cleanliness, these Yanks. He sloshed around my nether portions with his soapy water, aided of course by his fingers until I was half crazy — at this stage I really started to enjoy it, though still a bit scared. Well, to cut a long story short, I was gang-

banged. They stripped at the same time, and I hardly knew where to look first. Gun guy had a small prick, but wow — thick as a chimney, and the other two had long long ones — one quite slim, the other a bit curved, all three circumcised as I am, and which I prefer. One of them left his tee shirt on, and one, when in the process of fucking me, had the other's finger up his arse. Sperm all over the place, and lots of gasping and laughter, even with me joining in.

The dirty trick they did to me, however, came at the end. They dressed and got ready to go, then rang the police to tip them off that I'd been attacked. Then they got out of there fast, but fast. So two minutes later, with screaming sirens, half the police force of Fire Island arrived to find me stickily happy with my balls in the air, naked as the day I was born, and knotted up by ropes to such an extent that it took long enough for them to release me for my prick to have erected all over again! Much amusement from the "pigs" I can assure you!

All in all I think it was worth the ruined shorts, briefs and vest!

Allan Bartlett

YOU WHO ARE WITHOUT SIN . . .

I bought my first copy of your magazine because of the tattooed man on the cover. You guys really outta be arrested! That fucking stuff is really filthy! You fucking preverts (sic) shouldn't even be allowed to live on the same planet with us

decent, law-abiding, God-fearing, tax-paying folks. And your magazine sucks, too!

A Concerned Citizen
Glendale, CA

DRUMMER TOO TAME?

I've been reading your magazine since it first came out and, for the most part, I enjoy it. But there's one thing that bothers me: you've got lots of meat in it, but no spice. Like, you've done fetish features on scat and W/S and fist fucking . . . but when are you going to do something *really* kinky, like wingtip shoes? There are millions of us out here who really get off on highly polished shoes. Have some soul, would you?

George Florsheim
New York City

More damn people have pointed out that picture and story you ran (Body Painting, Issue No. 8) than have done so on anything I have ever appeared in. I didn't need personal proof of DRUMMER's pulling power, but it is interesting to get it, nevertheless.

Everyone wants to see the painting on my body. Don't they think I bathe?

Val Martin
Hollywood, CA

MR. BOWMAN, MEET MR. GRANT

Your Centerfold Don Bowman has got to be the DRUMMERman of the Year.

The rest shape us as also-rans. Is he the same as Gordon Grant in the Colt ads?

Robert
Boston, MA

Ed. One and the same. More on Mr. Bowman/Grant soon.

GOING DUTCH

Sure you Americans have some problems with your sex laws. But here in Holland, our problems are far more severe. The Town Council of Voorschoten decided that a man and a woman may no longer be buried in the same grave. Two men or two women is alright, however.

John
Hoensbroek, Netherlands

ANDROS A TURN-ON

I have been reading Drummer since issue No. 1 and it's really hot!!! When are you going to have more of Phil Andros? ("Babysitter," No. 5 & "Many Happy Returns," No. 8.) His stories are a super turn-on. I'll be looking forward to more of the same.

J.C.
San Jose, CA

We welcome comments, both negative and positive, from our many readers. Keep those cards and letters coming in, folks!

SIX BUCKS



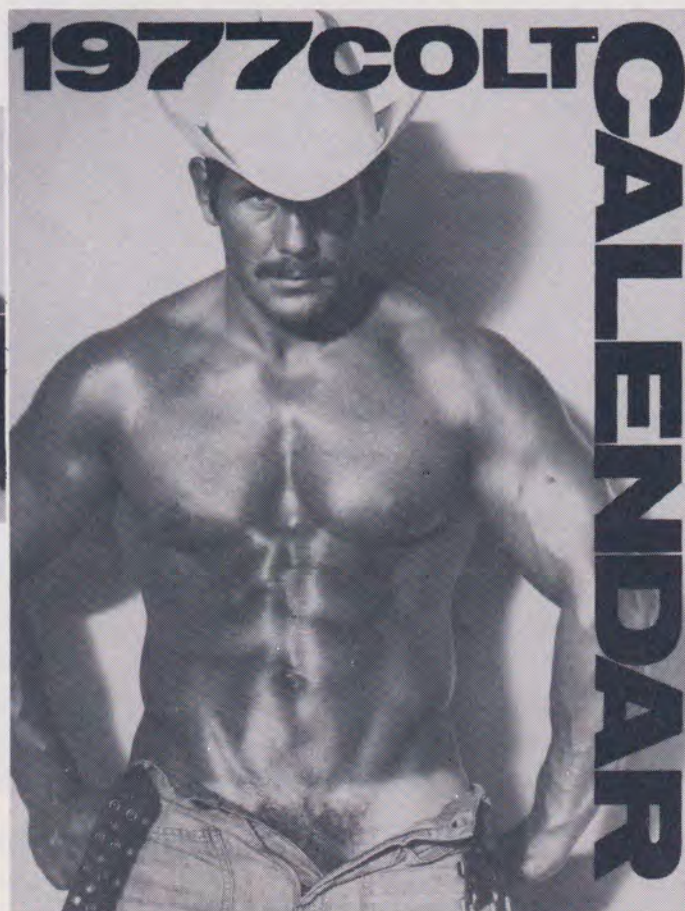
Pete Schramm, Ernie Langeberg, Toby, Greg Kolb, Al Parker, Clyde Wallace—how's that for openers? These super jocks plus seven more (including coverman Manfred Speer) make 1977 our best calendar yet! This never-seen-before collection will get you off every day to a good start. Makes a great gift idea too and at six bucks, the price is right. 1977 marks our tenth anniversary, so come begin our second decade with us: this is where the stars come out.

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"THE FAGS IS COMIN'! THE FAGS IS COMIN'! GOOD GOD! THEY IS HERE!"

WORDS & PICTURES by

BOB OPEL

Y, VERY LOVELY, VERY, VERY WONDERFUL ...

CYCLE SLUTS

(Michael Bales, a.k.a. Cycle Slut Mother Goddam, talks exclusively with DRUMMER's Bob Opel at the Whiskey a Go-Go in Hollywood, September 28, 1976.)

The most interesting aspect of the Cycle Sluts is that all of us were friends for years before we became business associates. We were friends *before* the Slut trip. Usually, when you involve yourself in a business, you are involving yourself with new people, so you have to go through an adjustment period: "I'm going to like this person; I don't like that one," and so on. We had already gone through all that.

The Sluts were an accident. It was nice that the trip could evolve from a group that was already a family and, I think, in all honesty, that the feeling is still with us. We spend a great deal of time together, and when we have time off, we split in different directions. But the time together is very productive. You're talking about ten gay people . . . egos, personal habits, traits . . . and when you're on the road together, you're very close. I think to have lasted as long as we have on a personal level and still feel as we do about each other is remarkable. Without exception, we are all still good friends.

How did the Cycle Sluts evolve? You said it was an accident.

Most of us lived in the same apartment building . . . the only castle on the block, built by Mary Pickford, actually. Kenny and John had decided to go the GGRC (Gay Girls Riding Club) Halloween costume ball two years ago. Both being Barbra Streisand fans, they'd flashed on Cycle Sluts, a reference from a line in her movie *The Owl and the Pussycat*, as a suitably tasteless trip around which to build some costumes for the two of them.

So we were at lunch one day, and they were telling me about this, and I got excited about it and asked if I could join them. So there were three of us. We ran posthaste to Frederick's of Hollywood and started playing with foundation garments. We had decided to use these with accoutrements of S and M; nail heads and spikes and chains and things like that. We got home to the Mary Pickford Arms and told a couple of others about it: one by one all of our friends decided to join us, and it became a pack.

There were four additional friends from San Francisco who flew down and joined us, so at the GGRC Ball there were 14. Those four went home. The ten of us that were here in L.A. are the ten still involved in the trip. That's what I meant by "accident," because the trip was just a Halloween costume thing. It had nothing to do with show business aspirations. So

when we started being approached by agents and managers, one of the things that scared us most was the truth — that we didn't sing and we didn't dance or act or play instruments, and we didn't really want to. What did these people feel they could do with us? And they felt as though there were an audaciousness, a bizarre factor, a freak aspect to the whole group. It would be riding on the coattails of the success of "The Rocky Horror Show."

All of us were intrigued with the idea. We're all Hollywood Babies, after all, so with stars in our eyes and real gut fear, we started pursuing the arduous task of learning how to dance and sing and move in unison. Then we signed with Artists Entertainment Complex, Inc. of New York, and at that time they handled Al Pacino and Bette Midler and Raquel Welch and Phyllis Diller and Jack Jones, so the reason we went with them was we felt if they could do what they were doing with the people they had — a rather heavy-duty clientele with the Cycle Sluts at the bottom of the list — we were heartened because there were some big guns there, and we thought they could help us, too. They hired a fulltime voice coach and drama coach and director and choreographer and they beat the shit out of us for the first six or seven months, teaching novices how to be entertainers.

When that happened, did the company front the funds to pay for all this?

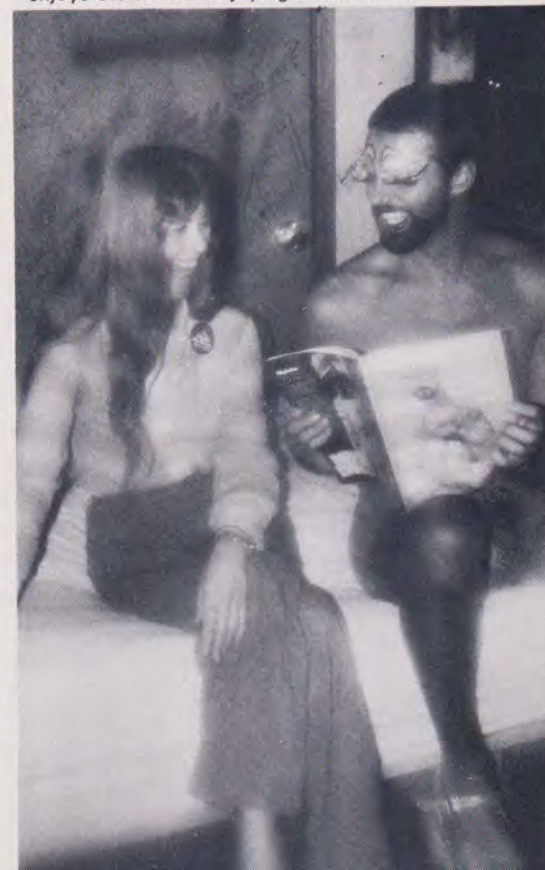
Yes. There was an initial investment, which rarely gets paid back, in excess of \$50,000, which is a great deal of money, particularly to us. We didn't have it, and we really didn't have the faith in ourselves to invest it in ourselves had we had it, so AEC invested that amount and more. Costumes became involved, buying material, music — all of this was way beyond us. I mean, that's a level of show business that we didn't even stop to contemplate. So all of it was taken care of for us, and because of their power in the show business industry, our first gig was at the Roxy on the Sunset Strip — and for an unknown group, drag queens at that, for a highly speculative act, that's a rather prestigious opening, which tickled us to death and on the other hand scared us to death. When we stepped on the stage of the Roxy, we had never been on a stage before.

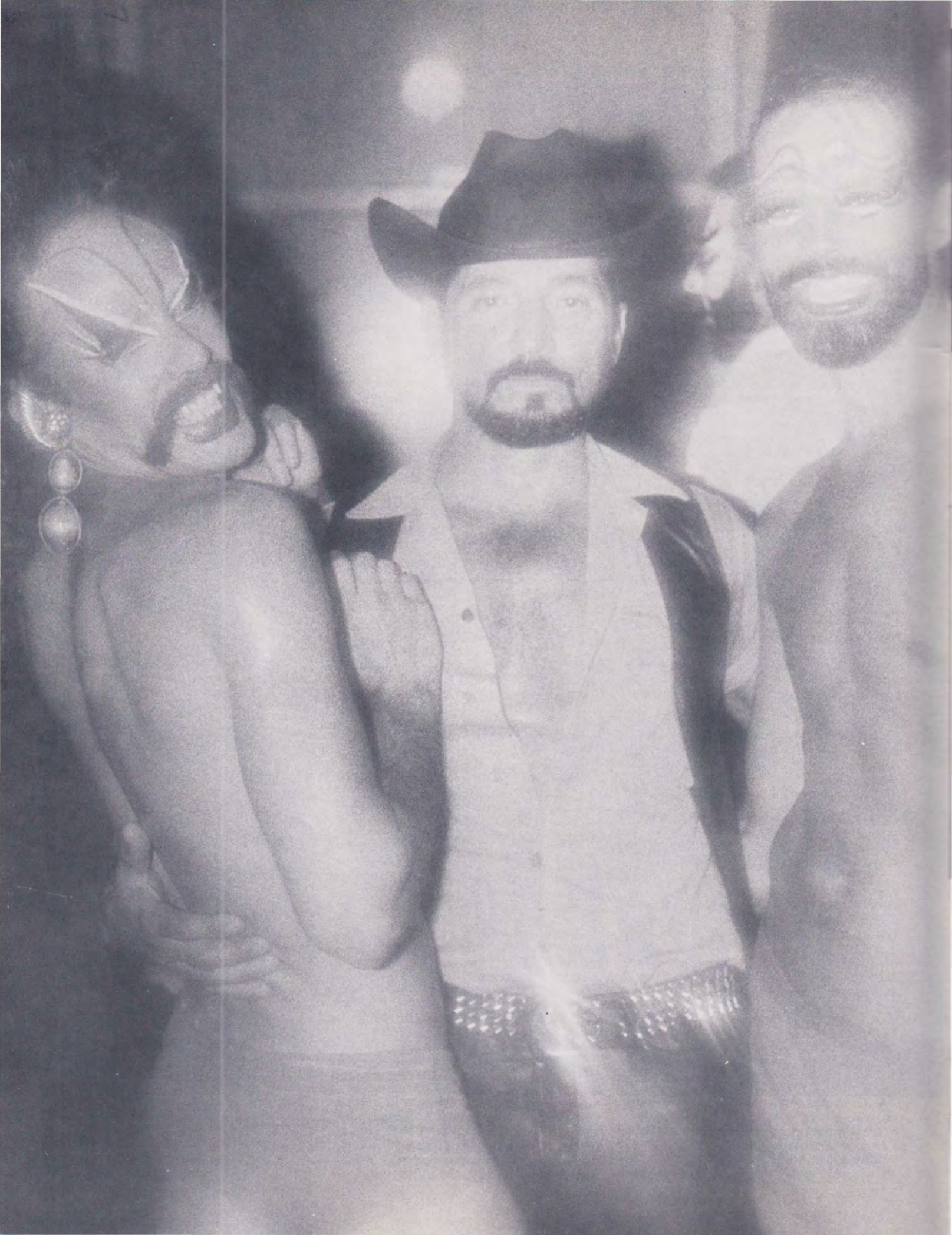
Was it terrifying?

It really was. Thank God for the gay community! The support was many-fold: support in numbers, support in feeling that your own were out there, support by legions of friends. I suspect that even if the Sluts didn't have anything to offer, the loyalty of the gay community would have seen us through the initial stages of



(Above and following page): Hunky Leatherman Val Martin camps with the Cycle Sluts. (Below): DRUMMER Editor Jeanne Barney enjoys Gloria Hole enjoying DRUMMER.







Have you been well received so far where you have appeared?

In England it was entirely possible that the audience loved us, but it was hard to know. They just don't respond like American audiences. They don't involve themselves, and what we really want is for the audience to involve itself in the act, which is why we prefer a cabaret environment to a theatre. In England we played in a theatre, and when you are sitting in a theatre seat there is a conduct that is expected of you that is not expected if you are sitting at a table where you can drink and bang your fists, stomp your feet, scream and yell and carry on like we do on the stage.

The British have a very conservative sense of humor, and the show is so American that it aches. When we got to London we altered our material so that the British might understand more; we inserted British colloquialisms in place of the ones we do here. They didn't like that. They came to see an American show, and they felt we were condescendingly changing the act so that they might understand it. When we felt this, we gave it to them 100% American from that point on. They didn't get it, but what they did get was American, and that's what they had paid their shillings to see. The reverse was true in Australia. They call themselves "Little America" there, and their sense of humor is very much like our own. Going from London to Sidney was a long way to go with the fear that they might not understand us. So we went for two weeks and stayed for nine, which is an indication of the understanding that generated the success for the show. We simply couldn't believe that they were getting off almost the same as an American audience!

Are all of you now making your living exclusively as entertainers?

Yes. That was a decision hard for us to make in the beginning, because all of us were making our livings doing something else. The business is so highly speculative and undependable. I was the last one to let go — designing costumes was what I was doing — so I was on the fringe of show business already, but I was never interested in performing, and when the Slut trips ends, I won't be interested in performing after that. But there are a couple of us who have gotten the taste of bright lights and loud music and make

up, and they will probably involve themselves in show business. I consider this a simply incredible experience, but I would end it with this act.

So, one by one, we had to let go our positions. There was a teacher, one was an executive for Max Factor, there were a couple of hairdressers and decorators. Our vocations ran the gamut and, one by one, we had to commit ourselves exclusively to the Slut trip. When we first appeared, I was still working at my other job only because the Slut thing seemed like some terrific dream I was going to wake up from. It could have dropped at any given moment. It may drop tomorrow. I couldn't let go, but when we accepted an offer to go to Chicago — when you're gone you can't hang on to what you were cooking with at home, so I gave up my job. That was scary.

Now, when we're not working, we can be found in the unemployment lines. But work has been constant for us except for a couple of weeks here and there. We've been on the road since October of 1975. When you're away, it's hard to maintain a life at home — rent, car payments, etc. We've given up our vehicles. About half of us have given up our apartments. The road is a whole different world, and to try to hang on to the world at home just doesn't work.

This Halloween is the second anniversary of our act. We're going back to the GGRC Ball sort of as a homecoming exercise. We are the luckiest act ever to appear there. We really sprang right out of the gay community.

Has the act evolved any over these past two years?

Yes. Originally, I was dressed the same as the rest of the Sluts, but it became evident that there had to be some character who could be the bow on the package — the thread that worked its way through — an emcee of some sort. I'm the worst singer and dancer, so I was the logical choice. I'm very happy in the role. More so than trying to sing and dance, because there are some hot dancers and promising voices, so when it became evident that there should be a character like mine and we would have to hire one, I fell into the role.

DRUMMER PHOTOS by ROBERT OPEL

Do you see yourselves as "a bunch of drag queens"?

I don't see what we do as "drag" in the traditional sense. Obviously, there is "drag" because we wear female attire, but I think what is important to understand is that there is no attempt to disguise the fact that we are men. That is radically different from the traditional sense of drag. There are a couple of reasons for this. We didn't want it to be a "drag show" that would appeal to the gay community. We wanted it to be a gender-bender trip that the straight world would come to see out of curiosity and be entertained by and then help us along with attendance by word of mouth because they really got their money's worth.

Overall we don't consider ourselves "drag queens." We just love the idea of being able to pull everyone's leg in that kind of attire. The attire is meant to ridicule stereotypes that both men and women get stuck with. The hair-dos are an exaggeration of everything we hated in the 60s — the bubbles and the beehives and the mountainous hair styles. The clothing, the outfits, are extensions of sleaze, of what everyone whispers about being decadent.

If there is one single message involved in the whole trip, it is in taking away stereotypes and labels by holding them up to be ridiculous. There is no social redemption involved. We don't pretend to be singers or dancers. We're show people now, if only because we've done our act so many hundreds of times. We don't come on stage to deliver a heavy message. The only thing we really enjoy and hope for is that the audience has a good time — because *we* really do. If it helps people take a closer look at themselves — examine types — look at their fantasies, that's cool; but if they have been entertained, then we have done our job. If they have looked a little deeper and a little further and have recognized some symbolism in the costuming — if they can see where they were in 1960 — if they have gotten off on a fantasy which they might not entertain publicly — these are all little side trips that are frosting on the cake. And only the audience tastes it. We don't. All we taste is their good time.

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It had been a frustratingly empty week for the five athletes, habituated to the nightly torture sessions that made all the juices course so heatedly through their virile bodies. In that week, the association between Manuel Alvarez and Dicko Novak had intensified, though not to the white heat level generated by the sadistic scenes in the trainer's room. Moses Brown, as always, had remained a loner, but he masturbated with increased frequency, conjuring up a whole new set of fantasies.

Most surprising was what had evolved between Johnny Todd and Thaa Demos-thenes. Each the physical antithesis of the other, they had nevertheless become inseparable on campus, their united strength defying ridicule at the obvious affection they had for each other as, arms around shoulders, they roamed the high school's classrooms and corridors. There was constantly some kind of close physical contact between them: fingers, forearms, hips — rubbing, touching, teasing. Away from school, secreted in Johnny's dingy bedroom, they "studied" together every night, exploring outer reaches of the erotic possibilities between two healthy, hot young animals. Their needs were insatiable, their responses unrestrained.

The record-breaking blizzard had blown itself out the day following that last Friday night in the trainer's room. Bone-chilling, sub-zero temperatures and crisp blue skies characterized the entire week. Christmas, just a fortnight away, added to the sense of unknown expectancy pervading the atmosphere. Snow-covered decorations adorned the narrow Indiana streets, and gaily colored lights dappled the darkness as the five young jocks made their ways to the final, most challenging, session.

Moses was first to arrive, numbly certain in his heart of hearts that he would be chosen by the others to be one of the active participants in the evening's activities. He wondered which one of the remaining four would be his "partner," hoping it might be Thaa, so that he could exact his revenge for having been so unmercifully fucked by that well-hung Greek god. Three long days had dragged by before he had been able to take a shit without discomfort. But, on the other hand, he also wanted to get back at Dicko for hanging all those heavy weights from his balls.

Dicko and Manuel arrived next. They had been theorizing about what might be their "game plan" if the other three ganged up and selected *them* as the "performers" that night. Would they, for example, try to go easy on each other, and, if so, would that pitiless audience of three let them get away with it? But then, their private love-making had become increasingly more violent, and they had gone so far as to employ bondage scenes, finding it fired their sexual excitement to greater heights.

At last Johnny and Thaa made their entrance, arms loosely draped over each other's shoulders. They, too, had discussed what to do should *they* be the "chosen ones" and virtually decided to pull out all stops, having discovered that giving and receiving pain was integral to their intense physical relationship. As a

Scott Masters

FIVE IN THE TRAINER'S ROOM

Part Seven

matter of fact, it had developed that Johnny was more often than not on the receiving end, begging to be abused, crying out for punishment — demands that Thaa took exultant pleasure in fulfilling.

"How the fuck we gonna do this votin'?" Moses asked after all had exchanged greetings and were shuffling aimlessly, nervously, around the room.

"We gonna strip down first?" Johnny countered. There was a lethargic argument on whether it was really necessary for all five to be naked on this particular occasion, resolved when Moses threatened to pull out if they did not have at least the symbol of equality provided by universal nudity. So, all five went to their lockers, for the very last time, and hastily began stripping off their heavy winter things, hanging jackets and shirts on hooks, rolling up jeans on the shelf, tossing shoes and socks and shorts on the bottom. Once naked, they confronted each other again, all beginning to show unmistakable signs of arousal.

Johnny Todd took charge, his compact swimmer-type body moving with unconscious grace as he paced among them.

"O.K., so here's how we do it. Each fuckin' jock takes two pieces of paper, y'know? An' he writes his fuckin' choices on each one, see, an' we put 'em all in a fuckin' helmet, then count 'em up. Cool?"

All agreed it sounded like a reasonable solution, so Johnny distributed small scraps from a pad he had brought along for just that purpose. There was considerable borrowing back and forth of the only two pencils they had among them, and at one strained point Moses

muttered "How do you spell that fuckin' last name o' yours, again, Thaa?" Thaa glared at him a moment before answering to the effect that since there was only one "Thaa" among them, he couldn't see what real difference it made. Johnny passed his helmet around and all silently deposited little folded-up bits of paper into it, thereby dumbly sealing the immediate fates of two naked, throbbing football players.

No one wanted to make the move to pick them out and read off the names.

All five stood about self-consciously: Johnny and Thaa tight together; Manuel and Dicko just slightly further apart; and Moses, still off by himself, more certain than ever that his was the name that appeared most often on those pieces of paper resting in the helmet.

"Oh, shit!" Again it was Johnny who broke the impasse. "I'll read off the fuckin' names!"

He reached into his helmet, brought out the first slip of paper, and slowly opened it up. All eyes were focused on his long fingers.

"Number one is for — for 'Moses fuckin' Brown!'"

"Christ!" Moses swiveled abruptly toward a corner, his massive black shoulders and gleaming buttocks turned to the others. Now he felt he knew for sure that all the others had plotted against him; even, perhaps, from the very beginning.

Johnny plunged his hand into the helmet again.

"And here we have a vote for — " he paused, a brief expression of dismay crossing his features — "for 'Thaa'."

At his side, flank touching flank, he could feel Thaa stiffen. Manuel and Dicko shared a sigh of relief. But there were eight more votes to tally, and it could still be any one of them slated to endure what would surely be the most vigorous doses of torture that could possibly be meted out.

Johnny had smoothed-out the third vote.

"This here one's for — for me! It says 'Johnny Todd, ace asshole.'" He tried a smirk, but caught the pained look in Thaa's eye and went on to the next tabulation.

"Thaa," he read out, and all at once felt the sexy Greek move slightly away from him. "That . . . that makes two for Thaa, now."

Another dip into the helmet, another slow unfolding, another pause.

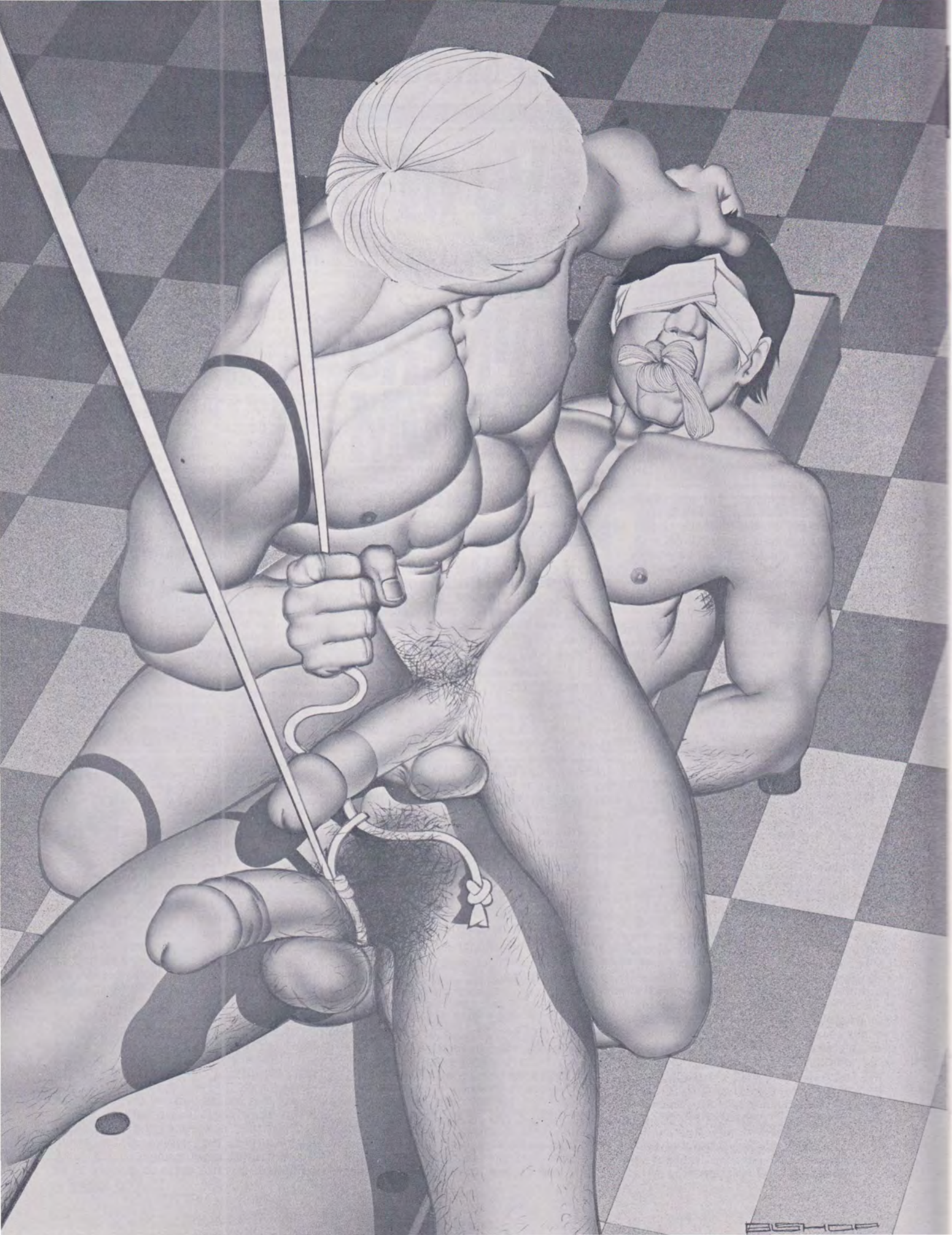
"All this fuckin' sheet says is 'the spic'. Gotta be you, Alvarez!"

Half the votes had now been counted, and the sweat of anticipation glistened on the naked bodies of the husky teen-agers. Five bare chests heaved from the suspense, five cocks were stiff, ten feet uneasily pawed the rough cement floor.

"Get on with the goddamn count," Moses growled.

"O.K., O.K., hold yer water!" Johnny reached in quickly and pulled out another paper. "Todd the turd," he read. "Hey, that makes two for me, too. What is this, some kinda fuckin' set-up?"

"Get the next one, the next one!" Dicko urged, the only stud for whom there was not as yet a single vote. Johnny complied, but not quite so quickly as he



had the last time. He carefully straightened out the scrap, then breathed a short sigh of relief.

"'Big black Moses Brown,'" he announced.

Convinced his fate was sealed, Moses dropped to a bench, straddling it, his long cock twitching. It only remained, now, to determine his adversary. Dicko, still with no votes, was pretty well out of it, and Manuel had only one so far. He figured, with just three votes left to be counted, "the one" would be either Johnny or Thaa, both also with two votes each. Christ, but he'd be glad when this night was over!

"Hey, what the hell!" Johnny's voice cut through his thoughts, "here's a vote for 'Dicko the Pricko'!"

Dicko clutched at Manuel. Still, it did not seem likely that with only two more votes to be counted, he was in the running. Possible, but not probable.

"And now, ladies and gents," Johnny elongated their misery, "for the next-to-last vote we have here —" but when he saw the name scrawled on the paper he stopped dead. Thaa snatched the paper from his hand and learned the reason for Johnny's reluctance.

"Holy shit, it's *me*! That's *three*! I'm gonna be one of 'em," he muttered.

"Yeah," Johnny breathed, searching his eyes. "Yeah. But you an' who? This fuckin' game could end up in a tie, and we'd hafta go through the whole shitty business all over again!"

"The last one! The last one! Get at it! Move yer ass!" the others shouted, suddenly impatient to get on with the main event, to see what new agonies they would witness, what fresh horrors observe.

"All right, all right, don't get yer bowels in an uproar!" Johnny yelled.

He reached into the helmet and brought out the final note. With a sideways glance at Thaa, he opened it. Moses got to his feet and moved closer into the group huddled around the blond boy. Manuel and Dicko watched, rapt. Only Thaa appeared unconcerned, a bit off to one side, psyching himself up to endure the torments ahead. But he knew, deep down, that the only thing that might even help make it endurable would be if his "partner" were —

"'Johnny Todd'!"

So there it was. The final two antagonists were to be the idealized all-American boy and the darkly handsome Greek, the two whose relationship during the past couple of weeks had deepened into something very much like love. These two were expected to inflict the maximum punishment and humiliation upon each other's vital young bodies over the next hour, alternating S and M roles at fifteen minute intervals. Would their relationship be strengthened or destroyed? That was the question. It added an extra dollop of spice to the whole proceedings.

Johnny and Thaa squared off, blue eyes probing deeply into brown, circumscribed cock straining toward uncircumscribed. Wordlessly, they reached out to shake hands in traditional macho fashion. But it didn't happen quite that way. Instead, they compulsively locked bodies in a tight embrace, open mouths fastened

together, tongues mutually caressing. Hands gripped bare buttocks and kneaded those tightly pliant mounds of flesh. Manuel and Dicko also grabbed for each other while Moses, with a sigh of relief, took hold of his own cock and began methodically to massage its great length.

Just as suddenly, Johnny and Thaa broke apart.

"I'll go first," Thaa said quietly. "How do you want me?"

Johnny turned away and swallowed violently several times. Then he turned back.

"Get yer fuckin' ass on that rubbin' table, face up!" he commanded harshly.

His deep blue eyes glittered enigmatically as Thaa stretched his finely muscled form atop the table, arms hanging idly over its sides, legs straddling its sweat-smooth surface. There was nothing especially original about the way Johnny secured him there, simply tying first the wrists together, then the ankles, underneath. Simple, perhaps, but nevertheless successfully imposing total immobilization of the naked athlete.

But the next step *was* an innovation. Johnny took a jockstrap from his locker, went over to the low sink, and thoroughly soaked it with his piss. Then he came back to Thaa, forced his mouth open by pressing down on the temporal mandibular joint, and stuffed the acrid, make-shift gag deep into the open throat. Thaa choked slightly, but his eyes never left Johnny's. Not, that is, until Johnny — unable, perhaps, to face the trust he read there — slapped a broad piece of adhesive tape over them.

Plunged into darkness, the taste of Johnny's piss filling his mouth, Thaa suddenly felt first two bare buttocks settle on his chest — the full weight of a familiar body resting there — and then, the unmistakable sensation of a noose being tightened around the base of his cock and balls. He was erect to the bursting point, and the pressure of that alien cord induced an ecstatic agony beyond description.

"Hey, Pricko," Johnny called out, "y' wanna toss the other end of this mother-fuckin' string over that pipe up there for me? I'm just too fuckin' comfortable to move my ass." Dicko Novak jumped up onto the table between Thaa's spread thighs, did as he had been asked, and jumped back down to Manuel's waiting side.

Squatting on Thaa's broad chest facing his crotch, Johnny gave the loose end of the cord that had been looped around the overhead pipe an experimental tug. The genitals snared on the other end shot upwards, and he heard a low moan in the throat behind him. Manuel and Dicko glanced at each other in momentary apprehension: serious damage could be done this night. But their eyes returned hypnotically to the imprisoned sex organs of their teammate. A slow smile spread across the dark face of Moses Brown.

"Start timin', I'm ready t' ride!"

"You're on!" Moses eagerly pressed the button on the stopwatch.

Johnny Todd again did the unexpected. He leaned over and brushed the newly uncapped tip of Thaa's cock with

his lips and tickled the tightened sac with the finger tips of his free hand. The veins in Thaa's throat stood out like cables and his head thrashed from side to side in a delirium of erotic pain. Manuel fell abruptly to his knees in front of Dicko, sucking into his mouth the tumescence waiting there. Moses started pumping himself more energetically.

Now Johnny whipped at Thaa's cockhead with his tongue, alternating oral worship of that prize with harder and harder jerks on the cord and vicious squeezes of the big balls crushed in his rough hand. The gurgling screams muffled in his victim/lover's throat had become barely recognizable as human, and his helpless body strained at the bonds that held it down, arching upward from the hips against the weight on its chest in a blinding need for immediate release.

Suddenly, the torturer/lover leaped to his feet and concentrated all his attention on the cord of castration itself. Slowly, very slowly, he pulled down on it, just a fraction of an inch at a time, until, at last, it was taut. Then he reached under the table and freed Thaa's ankles. The cord stretched tighter and tighter, and the screaming slave pushed his hips higher and higher in a madly desperate attempt to alleviate the relentless pressure. The cord cut deeply into his flesh as the entire weight of his lower body depended from one thin circle of skin, stretched as if to tear apart.

Only at that point did Johnny tie off the cord and again draw Thaa's still-rampant organ into his mouth, tonguing the slit and drawing its entire length through his puckered lips, up and down, again and again and again. Thaa was in a frenzy, instinctively thrusting, only to subject himself to the most excruciating of all possible agonies when he dropped back. In his darkness, gasping for breath, he ached to come, yet was physically prevented from that blessed deliverance.

"Time!" Moses announced, himself almost ready to come.

Manuel got back to his feet, and he and Dicko moved to help Johnny get Thaa untied. Johnny shoved them aside, however, and tenderly lowered Thaa to the table, undoing the noose and freeing his genitals. The cock stayed hard as steel; hard, even, as his own. He next retrieved the jockstrap and eased the tape from those dark eyes. They immediately fastened on his own, the look of trusting ardor even stronger, if possible, than it had been fifteen minutes before.

Finally he released the arms, and Thaa got unsteadily to his feet, holding onto him hungrily for support. What began as a simple hold turned into a passionate embrace. Johnny was relieved to find in that intimacy the unspoken forgiveness he craved. They held each other breathlessly, neither moving nor speaking. None of the others dared to interrupt.

It was Thaa who ultimately broke the silence.

"O.K., Johnny-boy. Looks like it's your turn, now."

to be concluded . . .



FAMOUS SADISTS IN HISTORY

GERONIMO



A diabolical streak of cruelty, combined with a blind desire for vengeance, made Apache chieftain Geronimo the most terrifying of all American Indians. His dreaded name became synonymous with bloodthirsty orgies of torture, killing and burning, converting the Mexican-American borderlands of the 1870s and 1880s into a state of panic that intimidated Mexicans, white settlers and U.S. Cavalrymen alike.

Apaches were born with revenge in their hearts. The Spanish forces of Coronado, in the 1540s, began rounding up the desert Indians to work their Mexican mines. Hundreds of strong young braves were captured, chained together, and driven south as slaves. Having the advantages of guns and armor over stone-tipped spears and arrows of the naked Indians, this was all-too-easily accomplished. But, as they saw their tribesmen tortured and enslaved, the Indians' hatred of all "invaders" hardened.

So they began raiding in return, and

before long became the most feared enemy of the Mexicans. By the time the first rugged frontiersmen came into the Southwest, Apache warriors themselves were equipped with stolen guns, ammunition and war ponies. In desperation, the Mexican government set bounties on Apache scalps (\$100 in gold for a male). This proved to be a worse mistake than the Spanish had committed when they took their first Apache slaves. Until then, the Apaches had never scalped their victims, but their hatred and anger now reached new heights: If the Mexicans were going to make torture and cruelty a part of warfare, the Apaches would show them the true meaning of the words.

Into this heritage was born in June, 1829, at a place on what is now the state line between Arizona and New Mexico, an Apache boy. He was a sleepy, quiet baby and his mother named him Gokliya, "He Who Yawns." It was not until years later, as the scourge of the Mexican border villages, that he would come to be

known as "Geronimo."

The training of an Apache boy was itself a kind of torture: learning to bear pain without complaint; never to give up, even when exhausted. He was expected to ignore weariness, heat, thirst, or agony. For example, he had to run miles under the blazing sun after having been given a mouthful of water which he was later required to spit out to prove he had not yielded to the temptation to swallow it.

Kept naked for the first nine or ten years of his life, the boy's bare feet and body were soon toughened by trotting endlessly over rocky ground, through gulches, thickets of thorn bush and beds of cactus, more often than not scratched by sharp rocks and thorns until he bled. Only after his first big animal kill was he awarded the headband, breechclout and moccasins that symbolized manhood.

Geronimo was in his mid-twenties when a surprise Mexican attack near Janos resulted in the brutal massacre of an estimated 500 Apaches. He and his

mother miraculously escaped, but hatred flared to a white heat in the young warrior's breast. Gathering the most vicious of the younger braves around him, he began the series of raids into Mexico that set the course of his future years as an outlaw and outcast.

Historian Ralph Moody tells us that "their thirst for blood and vengeance drove them on like a pack of rabid wolves. Torturing, killing, and burning, they raced from cabin to cabin all over the Apache homeland. Their war whoop made the nights hideous." Geronimo began to gain the fame he had always craved, and there was no limit to his drive and cruelty. With fewer than 40 followers he devastated south-central Arizona. Racing from ranch to ranch, no white person was spared. The cry of "Geronimo, Geronimo!" was the most horrifying sound in the area.

Torturing husky young captive enemies became a way of life for the early Indians, but they never tortured when angry, for at such a time they might kill them too soon. Bruce Grant claims "it was only when they were in good spirits and wanted to amuse themselves that they indulged in refined elements of torture and cruelty." Evidently, victims accordingly tried in every way to make their tormentors angry and thus bring their ordeal to a quicker completion.

Therefore, the other aspect of torturing was that it gave the victims a chance to show fortitude and bravery. "They would taunt their captors and appear to relish the most terrible pain to show their scorn," Grant reports. "While the Indian during his spare time would delight in thinking up novel and more horrible ways to torture any prisoner who fell into his hands — to make him cry out in pain — he would also discipline himself to stand all kinds of pain so that he might never show by a groan or expression that he suffered under torture."

In Edwin Tunis' *Indians*, this writer-illustrator speculates that Indians originally tortured only those prisoners "they deemed guilty of some outrage . . . But torture is habit-forming. The head of the prisoner was always kept covered with clay to protect his precious scalp. Tethered by a grapevine to a slave post . . . he shouted his war songs while slowly being scorched to death with torches of dry grass." Also, among the Apaches, a victim might be staked out on an ant hill, where he would suffer for days. Or he might be buried up to his neck in the ground. Sometimes victims were sewed up in green rawhide and left in the sun — the rawhide would gradually shrink and crush them to death. Running the gauntlet was a favorite method of torture as well.

From their very first moment of capture, prisoners were kept in a state of complete nudity. Then Geronimo would determine the mode of torture, deciding among his four favorite varieties: running the gauntlet, ordeal by fire at the stake, spread-eagling on an ant hill, and flogging. Cruelly ingenious, the Apaches — and Geronimo in particular — added to these basic techniques a wide number of variations and combinations.

An anonymous Cavalryman submitted

this summary: "In the course of my own patrols I had come upon the bodies of men who had been stripped and bound to trees and tortured to death by having burning splinters of pine thrust through and through them. I had found others who had had hands and feet burned slowly off before the final *coup de grace* had been administered; others who had been staked out alive on ant hills while burning coals had been dropped upon their naked bodies; still others who had been skinned alive, little by little, in narrow strips."

Here is a report of simultaneous subjection to the ants and flogging:

"When he came to, Marson felt as if all the fiends of hell were crawling up and down his backbone. He started to his feet, but couldn't move. He was naked, lying on his face. An Apache with a red headband squatted to the side. Marson felt movement over his face and tried to brush it off, but his hands were staked down.

"He saw the ants crawling over him from the hill beneath his belly. He felt their sharp pincers in his flesh, and suddenly he screamed. The screaming opened cuts in his tongue and filled his mouth with blood. He coughed it out, and lay there, panting. The sun came down on his back like a hot iron.

"The Apache took a knife from the deerskin pocket below his knee and went to work on Marson's back. Marson fainted when the Indian flayed off a piece of skin as big as his hand, and the ants began to crawl over it. When he regained consciousness, the Apache started in again, and Marson tried again to scream, but his tongue was too swollen. He felt the ants crawling into his raw flesh. A spasm of pain went through him, and he twisted against the rawhide ropes which only became tighter.

"Marson was a big man and he was hard. But not hard enough. The crags along the Rio Mayo rang with his screams for three days before the Apache finished with him . . ."

"Running the gauntlet" meant dashing, naked, hands fastened behind the back, between two long lines of Indians armed with clubs, tomahawks and other weapons. The object was to reach the end of the line alive. There was no way to protect oneself, and it is reported that women and children were especially vicious in aiming their blows "at the man's tenderest and most private parts." It was not unusual to force a captive to run the gauntlet eight or ten times, varying the weapons used on him for each running.

This, indeed, is what happened to the notorious Simon Kenton. While running the tortuous route for the eighth time, "he could do little more than stagger along. His feet dragged as he ran and it was in something of a haze that he felt the fire of the switches across his naked back and buttocks and legs. Hands still bound behind him, he collapsed unconscious at the end of the line.

"As soon as he came back to consciousness, he was once again forced to run the gauntlet. This time a new refinement was added. Indians who had guns fired loads of powder against his naked



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body as he staggered through the lines. His skin was burned black where powder has been blown into him. Blood gushed from a wound in his shoulder made from a large wadding. His head was gashed with tomahawk wounds. Miraculously, Simon still lived."

It might have been better had he not. For then, "his tied hands were fastened to a stake, over his head. A screaming squaw rammed a thick elm branch hard against his exposed parts. A white fire of agony shot through his groin. The frenzied mob began to dance around him, screaming imprecations. Long, rubbery switches made a crimson map of his naked flesh. Men's fists snapped his head from side to side. Women slapped him ferociously with the palms of their hands. Two women took turns running in from the dancing circle to kick him between the legs."

Next, released from the stake, and "still nude, he was staked in spread-eagled fashion on his back. A thong of rawhide attached each wrist and ankle securely to a stake pounded deep into the ground. In addition, a pole was laid across his neck and tied to each wrist. A rawhide halter was slipped around his neck and tied to a tree behind him in such a way that he could not even turn his head. And then the flies and ants came, attracted by the smell of blood.

"Women and children flitted about him, hurling ugly remarks and dropping handfuls of fiercely biting ants on his chest and groin. The little boys took great delight in standing with a foot on either side of his chest and urinating into his face. It was a night of absolute horror for Simon Kenton, and he got neither sleep nor rest. The manner in which he was bound made movement practically impossible and the hours from nightfall until dawn were one torment after another.

"First thing the next day, he was again tied to the stake and the warriors rushed toward him carrying flintlock rifles. Into the barrels they had poured extra-large quantities of gunpowder but no balls, and now they shot at him in turn. The grains of powder, saltpeter still burning, peppered his skin, some of it puncturing and continuing to burn just beneath the skin. More than 70 powder charges struck him everywhere from feet to neck, but the greater majority had been aimed at his groin, and when they were finished the end of his penis was black and shredded and still smoking." (DRUMMER is indebted to *The Frontiersman* for much of the foregoing eyewitness material.)

Geronimo and his band were particularly adept at creating ways of prolonging the agonies of burning at the stake. Herewith a contemporary description cited by Swanton in *An Early Account*, detailing both the preparations and the torture itself:

"The young prisoners are saved . . . and tied to the dreadful stake, one at a time. The victors first strip their miserable captives. Their punishment is always left to the women. Each of them prepares a long bundle of dry canes, or the heart of fat pitch-pine, and as the victims are led to the stake, the women and their

young ones beat them with these in a most barbarous manner.

"The victim's arms are fast pinioned, and a strong grapevine is tied around his neck, to the top of the war-pole, allowing him to track around, about fifteen yards. They fix some tough clay on his head, to secure the scalp from the blazing torches. Unspeakable pleasure now fills the exulting crowd of spectators. The suffering warrior however is not dismayed; with an exulting manly voice he sings the war song!

"The women make a furious onset with their burning torches; his pain is soon so excruciating, that he rushes out from the pole, kicking and biting. The circle immediately fills again; they attack him on every side — now he runs to the pole for shelter, but the flames pursue him. He is overpowered by numbers, and after some time the fire affects his tender parts. Then they pour over him a quantity of cold water, and allow him a proper time of respite, till his spirits recover, and he is capable of suffering new tortures.

"Then the like cruelties are repeated till he falls down, and happily becomes insensible of pain. Now they scalp him; dismember, and carry off all the exterior branches of the body (*pudendis non exceptis*), in shameful, and savage triumph."

A Cavalry lieutenant endured yet another variation of burning at the stake: "A stout pole had been cut and planted firmly in the ground. The lieutenant was lashed to this, his tattered clothes stripped away. A warrior came forward, holding a dozen pointed sticks that had been trimmed to the size of toothpicks. These he inserted into the naked white flesh, one by one. Four were placed in his chest, one under each arm, four in each cheek, and the remaining two in the depression beneath his lower lip.

"Turning away, he motioned for fire to be brought forward in a piece of rolled bark. Carefully he ignited the sticks. They burned slowly, and long before they reached their base the skin around each one was singed blue and finally black. The Apaches began to whoop. The tortured body did not move concertedly, but now and then flinched where one of the smoking needles bit deeply under the skin. But there was pain in his eyes, pain that was to be endured without rancor until at last there would be an end."

Another of Geronimo's "combinations" was of spread-eagling on the ground, and then applying fire. An Army scout who had observed the proceedings from afar without being able to do a thing to help, filed this report: "A number of traders were staked out. The Indians stripped them, and their arms and legs, stretched to the utmost, were fastened by thongs to pins driven into the ground. In this state, they were not only helpless but also motionless. All the men staked out met death in the same manner. The Indians built a small fire near a man's foot, and after it was 'cooked' proceeded to do the same to his other leg and arms. Finally they built a small fire on his naked breast and let it burn until the man was dead."

In another report, a Corporal Har-

ington was discovered naked, spread-eagled face up, on a short space of salt-flat. The young man's whole body had been burned, "every inch of skin below his neck had been burned off." Knives had also done "horrible things" to that charred body, "but, again, not deeply enough to kill. He'd been alive when they'd staked him out there, to stare straight up at the burning sun. Little sharpened stakes on either side of his face made sure that he could not turn his head to evade the downthrust of those broiling sun-rays. His eyelids had been cut off."

Finally, in one of the grisliest records, we learn of a young French Army private, Andre LeC., who, naked since capture ("his clothes had not been returned to him"), suffered his martyrdom on a wooden platform especially built for the occasion. His arms and legs were "stretched wide" and fastened to rings in the platform. Red hot coals were placed against the soles of his feet and against his body at intervals. He "writhed and groaned," but could not move away from the heat.

Then, "like wild animals," the children descended on him with clamshells in their hands. With these, "they pinched different parts of his body, particularly the most sensitive and personal, tearing out little bits of flesh." The pain was impossible to endure without screaming. But "the more he screamed, the more the Indians shouted and sang. Only when Andre fainted did they stop."

He was nursed back to health so that the torture could be repeated, again and again, until he was delirious. On the final day, they tied him to a stake, still unclothed, and heaped faggots around his feet. "Men stood around him, grinning and leering as they drew upon their pipes, and when each bowl was glowing, thrust his thumbs into it. Then his organ. Hysterically, he screamed and writhed, and the Indians sang and laughed, dancing around him. A lighted torch was thrust into the faggots and flames leaped up, burning the soles of his already mutilated feet." Such reports are endless, most of them eyewitnessed by other captives who later escaped their enslavement when Geronimo and his men were out raiding and they were left in charge of the squaws.

Force of numbers ultimately proved Geronimo's undoing, and he was rounded up by General Nelson A. Miles in 1886. Geronimo and his entire band were deported as prisoners of war, first to Florida, then to Alabama, and finally to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to the reservation there. Whenever he found a chance, he drowned his hatred in whiskey.

"In February, 1909, when he was nearly 80 years old, he drove with a horse and buggy from the Fort Sill Reservation to Lawton, Oklahoma. He carried with him a toy bow and arrows he had made, traded them for a bottle of whiskey and started back to the reservation," Moody relates. "Part way home, he fell from the buggy in a drunken stupor. It was a cold, rainy night, and he was not found for several hours."

A few days later he died of pneumonia, ungrieved and friendless.

DRUMMER BOOK SECTION

THE GREAT "S&M MURDER" MYSTERY ?!

by John W. Rowberry & Rue Dyllon

PART 1: DEAD WRONG

AFTER YEARS OF INDIFFERENCE, THE POLICE ARE MAKING MUCH OF THE "ORANGE COUNTY TORSO MURDERS"—ATTEMPTING TO LINK THEM TO HOUSTON OR S&M OR TO GAYS IN GENERAL. NOW, BETWEEN PRESS RELEASES, THEY ARE WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING SHORT OF COOPERATING WITH THE GAY COMMUNITY IN ORDER TO SOLVE THESE BRUTAL KILLINGS.

FEW GAY MURDERS ARE SOLVED. EVEN WHEN A MURDERER STRIKES AGAIN AND AGAIN, THERE OFTEN IS NO SATISFACTORY WRAP-UP OF THE CASE, NO ARREST, NO TRIAL, NO CONVICTION. AND NO CONFIDENCE IN THE COMMUNITY THAT THE DANGER HAS BEEN LESSENED OR CONTAINED.

Sex had been on Milt Cohen's mind all week. It wasn't that he couldn't do his job — hell, after so many years with the Los Angeles County Health Department, he could almost sleepwalk through his work. Sometimes that wasn't so good. It left too much time to think.

Milt Cohen wasn't young any more. Sixty was staring him in the face not too far down the road, and recent years had brought him ever closer to an awareness of his own mortality.

He was well-liked, true enough. He was considered good at his work. Though generally understood to be gay, neither his supervisors nor his co-workers gave him any shit about it. It was a harmless idiosyncrasy in a man who was otherwise seen as reliable, stable, conservative.

Among his friends, there was a little more knowledge of his personal life, but not a great deal. He was known to dabble a bit in S&M, and it was no secret that he got off on uniforms, especially when they clothed the young hard bodies of teenage soldiers.

It's a common hangup in gay men, especially among older individuals who sense the world passing them by more and more quickly. Milt Cohen came of age sexually when it was a sin, a crime and a sickness to be "that way." But he lived to see a world where young people took it naturally. Milt Cohen liked young people.

It gave him pleasure to cater to the wishes and whims of companions a third his age. They were, after all, the wave of the future. Theirs was the strength, the promise, the confidence of fulfilling all that his own youth had been without. When he smoothed his hands over their muscled, sunburned flesh, there was a gut-swelling thrill that pounded inside him. When he submitted to their desire for gratification, when he went down on their stiff organs, it was youth and strength and life itself that he sucked from their bodies.

Until June 12. Sex had been on Milt Cohen's mind all week. A few minor irritations on the job, a general malaise at the back of his mind — it would all wash away. He dressed and groomed himself carefully on Friday night, June 11. Part of the reason for his success in picking up young men was that he was always careful about his appearance.

The drive to Oceanside was familiar. He had made it many times. The Marines on leave from Camp Pendleton were favorite, fit subjects for his attention, his need. And, as on dozens of other occasions, when he returned to Los Angeles in the early Saturday morning hours, he had company that promised a stunning weekend.

Cohen was found Monday in his comfortable Hollywood apartment, his skull crunched by a heavy, blunt object. His missing auto was discovered scant hours later parked on the street in Oceanside. A police stakeout operating on the theory that someone might return to the car finally gave up and wrote it off.

There are no suspects in Cohen's death.

California gay men are murdered each year in astonishing numbers. Gay women don't seem to have the same susceptibility, a susceptibility that authorities believe stems from the looseness, the openness, the casual encounters that characterize the sex hunts of many gay males. The astonishing thing is not that gay men are murdered. In a state where thousands die violently at the hands of others each year, a proportionate share of murder victims could be expected.

What is astonishing is that so many gay men appear to meet their deaths as a direct result of the expression of their sexuality, or their attempt at expression.

Few gay murders are solved. Even when a murderer strikes again and again, there often is no satisfactory wrap-up of the case, no arrest, no trial, no conviction. And no confidence in the community that the danger has been lessened or contained. A prime example that seems to hold a morbid fascination for the Southern California gay community reaches back nearly four years, to another time of anticipation during the holiday season of 1972, as another year was sliding into limbo.

Christmas. It conjures different emotions, different significance in different people. A commercial, wallet-straining, party-throwing, boozing and bawdy time of year. Or a nostalgic, lonesome, depressing period when the homesickness felt may not even be for a place or time that has disappeared, but for an idea, a hope that was never fulfilled. For many, a time of promise.

For the religious, or those with traditional roots at least, there is the faint acknowledgement of commemorating the birthday of a Messiah — a promised hero who would lead the chosen people from ignorance and evil into a super-existence somewhere beyond comprehension.

One thousand nine hundred and seventy-two years after the traditional birthdate of the Christian savior, there appeared another kind of messiah in the megalopolitan wilderness of Southern California. He, like the earlier figure, would aim at bringing an end to pain and suffering, poverty, illness, despair. But unlike Christ, he didn't offer an infinite existence of joy and peace. His wasn't a reward of life after death. He offered death itself.

Christmas, 1972. Edward Daniel Moore was not very excited about his holiday situation. Twenty years old and far away from family and friends, the Camp Pendleton Marine was unresigned to the prospect of spending Christmas with his buddies in the barracks. It was a time to be loved and appreciated, to be shared, to be warm.

Anything would be better than the stark military environment. If he were lucky enough to find someone to commiserate with or, better yet, someone willing to share a holiday spirit — a friend or lover, even — it would lift his spirits. It was mid-morning when he left the post, determined to hitchhike to the Los

Angeles area, where prospects might not seem so grim.

The messiah rose early the same morning. He performed a morning ritual of careful shaving, showering, dressing and grooming, wrapped in a frame of mind similar to that of the young Marine. This day would be special not because of the presence of loved ones, but because it augured a customary holiday solitude. The prospect of being alone didn't disturb him; he'd grown used to it over the years. It was a state of mind he carried with him inside, even when he was surrounded by other people.

Still, the possibility of picking up companionship for the day — and the night — was attractive. The patterns of cruising were familiar to him, and he went through the motions with no apparent urgency. He shunned the well-known gay watering holes of Hollywood, turning his late-model car down the coast.

It could have been as far south as San Clemente or South Laguna that they met. Ed Moore had gotten only short-distance rides from people rushing through last-minute holiday errands. The holiday had started early, and long-distance travelers were well on their way by Sunday, Christmas eve.

The messiah's driving was deliberate, but without a geographic goal. He held to the main roads, calmly scanning the shoulders, open to possibilities. The request of Ed Moore's outstretched thumb brought him to a smooth stop. His eyes were satisfied with the compact, lean frame of the hitchhiker in jeans and T-shirt.

At first merely relieved that his stuttering efforts to get to the city and seek out some fun and company were again rolling, Ed settled back into the shotgun seat. The driver was companionable, engaging, not unattractive, and seemed to have a gift for comfortable small talk with strangers. Ed opened up easily.

He was eager for a sense of sharing with someone, and his own smile and open friendliness were an invitation. It took scant moments for the two to size each other up as objects of interest; it took few conversational probes to learn all that was necessary of each other's situation. Both were spending the day in search. Both were building an anticipation that this might be what they were looking for.

Small talk, questions and answers, jokes, laughter, easy feelings grew quickly. An invitation to companionship — dinner perhaps, television or a movie, maybe the promise of grass or mood-enhancing drugs, the implicit understanding of sexual availability.

To Ed, the chance meeting looked like an answer to his holiday need, a perfect answer to the question posed by his leaving the base. To his older host, the chance meeting had the perfection of fate.

As they pulled into the driveway of the messiah's house some time later, Ed was casual about revealing that he had a

**IT PROBABLY TOOK ONLY A MOMENT FOR EDWARD DANIEL MOORE TO DIE AFTER THE GARROT-
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HAD ED. THEY WOULD BE LINKED FOREVER BY THE ACT THEY HAD SHARED. IT HAD BEGUN.**

few days before having to report back to Pendleton. He was obviously open to an extended experience with this new-found friend, whose masculinity and reserve matched well his own liking for a male individualist.

The house was in a quiet setting, almost secluded from the hustle of cosmopolitan life. The messiah knew very few of his neighbors and was not interested in knowing any more of them. He had few visitors, and they were almost exclusively the gays he met in San Diego or Long Beach bars, sometimes from the L.A. leather strip places, frequently just hitchhikers. Like Ed.

The surroundings were appropriately simple, almost spartan. His wasn't a frilly life, romantic and sentimental, laden with mementoes. He worked, traveled a little, exercised a lot, knew how to hammer and nail, and occasionally added a slick magazine of hard, naked men to the smallish collection in his bedroom closet.

He was a loner. Certainly not a gay activist, his lifestyle was in fact not very gay at all. He didn't think of himself that way, he divorced his sexual leanings from any ideas of politics or bias. He was a man, that's all, with specific, uncompromising wants and tastes in other men.

He had no special awareness of himself as different until just recently, and the difference centered not on his sexuality, but on the destiny of his relationship to others. Whether from a growing, subtle awareness, or from a blinding revelation, the messiah adopted a purpose for his life. The conviction may have come in the throes of sexual climax; it may have been acted out immediately, or it may have laid like an uncomfortable, guilty secret for some time before its inevitability was clear.

Christmas, 1972 was the hinge, the pivot, and Ed Moore was the first.

Ed had a casual way, able to make himself and others feel relaxed in any situation. His laid-back attitude extended to the comfort he felt in his own sexuality, and the ease with which he acknowledged to himself that he wanted this man.

To move matters along, he asked if he could shower and freshen up. Stripping off his clothes turned them both on, but they remained cool about it until Ed emerged from the steamy bathroom, his body glowing from the fresh water and rough toweling. The messiah, controlled and confident, greeted the young guest with a smile and an open beer. Remaining fully dressed himself, he let his eyes tour the taut planes and lean contours of the Marine, who tousled his still-damp hair with a towel in one hand, while tipping the brew to his lips with the other.

Ed sat down in jockey shorts, continuing the easy conversation with his host. He was ready, and he knew the older man was ready from a glance at the man's groin, but he continued a while to tease subtly across the space of the living room, slouching down into a cushioned chair, letting his muscular legs fall wide, feeling

more than seeing his own penis stir and stretch and swell.

The cool and quiet appraisal of his body from the other man turned Ed on more and more, and when he rose at the invitation to share a joint on the leather sofa with his host, his erection was obvious. Another beer was opened, tasting colder, biting after the harshness of the marijuana. A second joint was shared as late afternoon passed into early evening, and winter darkness closed out the world.

The conversation had slowed, sometimes halted for long moments, and imperceptibly the messiah had come into control of the situation. It was the young Marine who was being teased now, taunted with the desire for his own sexual relief while the older man seemed to circle around it.

The host had gone so far as to unbutton his shirt, pull the tails out of his Levis and unbuckle, but he did not remove his belt or open his fly. He had watched the Marine drop his cupped hand casually over his own swollen groin in suggestion, but knew that the young man would eventually make the decisive move himself.

Having established his own strength and detachment, the messiah knew his disciple would reach out to him, come to him, appeal for his blessing, his favor, his teaching. Ed would slip down off the sofa, kneel before his host in supplication and desire, ready to serve. The messiah would be unmoving, letting the youth reach out, touch, explore what visible flesh presented itself, letting his need for consumption build.

Certainly the roles between them were cast by that point. It would be the messiah who decided what pleasures were to be met, and how.

Ed probably allowed himself to be tied willingly. There is nothing to suggest he was forced. It is positive that he was tied at the wrists, then at the ankles. Lying on the floor, or on the bed, hands bound behind his back, Ed was powerless when the messiah pulled his pants down around his knees and grabbed a fistful of the Marine's pubic hair.

Perhaps Ed made sounds of pain; perhaps not. But when the messiah took his captive's penis in his mouth and scraped his teeth down its stiff length, leaving angry scratches where the blood rose, the Marine must have flashed on the danger, the vulnerability of his position.

Perhaps he struggled to release his flesh from the bite. Surely when the messiah took the young boy's tender testicles in his mouth and clamped down on them in cannibalistic fury, Ed screamed. A sock shoved in his mouth was enough to silence, almost gag, him. The biting and scraping would continue until the Marine's once-proud organ was reduced to a shrinking, bleeding object.

The messiah turned the crying, choking body over and grabbed a fistful of ass, pulling, scratching, slapping, watching the

muscles react to the brutal manipulations. His fingers dug at the rectum, pulling at the soft tissue like an animal rooting for food, forcing their way into the cavity. Blood or excrement made him grab the other sock from the youth's shoes and stuff it into the opening.

It was becoming too difficult, too unrewarding, perhaps too soiling. It would have to be ended. Another piece of rope was looped around the boy's neck, now trembling and corded with fear. The skin pinched as the rope was drawn tight. Then the coughing and spitting began. A choking torrent of beer and stomach acid forced the sock from the young man's mouth, but he was beyond the ability to cry out. The messiah jerked on the rope in anger. The neck turned red, and blood began to exit from the twisted mouth of the victim.

It probably took only a moment for Edward Daniel Moore to die after the garrotting began. It must have seemed an eternity. For the messiah, it was time enough to produce a raging erection that he loosed from his pants and pulled at frantically with one hand while continuing to twist the rope in the other. It was soon over.

And it had begun.

The messiah had fulfilled his destiny as, in fact, had Ed. They would be linked forever by the act they had shared.

On Christmas night, as thousands gathered in churches and homes to renew their celebration in the Christian Messiah, the other was retracing his route, an unwieldy bundle wrapped in a sheet on the car seat beside him. His first thought was to leave the body on the shores of the ocean, returning man to his probable place of origin. But if the tide swept the body away, no one would know the messiah had come. To be acknowledged, the offering would have to be more visible.

The Seventh Avenue off-ramp of the 405 freeway was deserted. The messiah slowed, then stopped his car. Opening the passenger door, he had only to propel the body toward the roadside, holding onto the ends of the sheet. The young victim was found a day later, clothed in jeans and shirt, a stocking still lodged in his anus. Police would be able to identify him, but not his executioner.

The messiah would wait 40 days before he went in search of another disciple. He would have time to contemplate his actions. He would know of his first victim's discovery from television reports.

Unsure of the ultimate end of his mission, the messiah would follow the same pattern: an easy surrender of the victim to his executioner would make possible an exact duplication. The 18- to 20-year-old's body was discovered naked in the brush near the Terminal Island freeway exit in San Pedro.

Gays in the Long Beach area questioned by police and shown a photo of the victim indicated he looked familiar, but his identity would not be established. The

IT MAY BE SUSPECTED THAT THE THIRD RITUAL LEFT SOMETHING UNSATISFIED OR NAGGING IN THE EXECUTIONER'S MIND. UNLIKE THE EARLIER DEATHS, IT HAD BEEN FAR MORE ABUSIVE. THE DEMANDS OF THE FORCE INSIDE HIM REQUIRED THE MESSIAH TO ACT AGAIN WITH LITTLE PAUSE.

second death was February 5. It was more than two months before the third venture, and by that time the ritual had apparently gained new tenets, new twists to the covenant of death. The messiah, the angel of destiny, had grown in his needs, and the next disciple was to be found in a setting where the likelihood of attuned personalities was greater.

In a biker bar in the South Bay, he picked up a young man, probably underage. Dressed in a sleeveless, collarless Levi jacket and jeans, the youth apparently went willingly at the prospect of sexual excitement. He, too, was unidentifiable when police found his body April 14 in Huntington Beach though, again, Long Beach people who saw his picture indicated he was familiar in the area.

New to the pattern was a blow on the head — the disciple may have been less pliable, or had a change of mind at some point early in the game. No matter. Once subdued, he too was bound and gagged; but the violence done to his body, the mutilation, was heightened. Perhaps the messiah's fury was kindled by resistance.

The third victim, believed to be 16 to 20 years old, was stabbed repeatedly in the stomach and chest, and knife wounds were also found on his arms. Finally, he was castrated.

It may be suspected that the third ritual left something unsatisfied or nagging in the executioner's mind. Unlike the earlier deaths, it had been far more abusive. The demands of the death force inside him required the messiah to act again with little pause.

Victim four seemed to succumb to what had become a lust for total defilement of the human body. Eight days after discovery of the third crime, Los Angeles police began finding heavy gauge, green plastic bags in the vicinity of the Terminal Island freeway spur. One contained two arms from shoulder to wrist — no hands. Another held a right leg, severed from its body at the hip. A third contained a stubby torso, minus head and limbs.

That was April 22. It was another three days before the left leg was discovered behind a Sunset Beach gay bar. The following day the severed head was found in a load of waste paper at a Gardena recycling yard. A final bizarre fillip: the eyelids had been cut away.

Hands and genitals were never found, but authorities determined that the victim was again about 20 and had died of strangulation. Like the previous three, his identity remains a mystery.

Three months passed, and some authorities believe the first chain ended at that point. But a fifth body was found July 30 in an ice plant not far from where victim number one had been dumped. This time there was a positive identification — 20-year-old Ronnie Wiebe of Los Alamitos.

Not known to be gay, Wiebe had gone out drinking at the Sportsman on Friday night but left just before closing time. His car was found in the bar's parking lot the following Monday morning, the same day his clothed but mutilated body was discovered.

Examinations indicated he had been subjected to torture, and had suffered numerous cuts and scrapes before being strangled. A stocking was stuffed in his anus. Police believe he was killed elsewhere and brought to the ice house already dead.

The similarities to earlier crimes were too obvious. A copycat killer? Some details of the earlier killings were repeated, authorities said, even though they had not been publicly disclosed. Once more there was a respite, though, in the discovery of victims. If one executioner was responsible for all, he was either growing sated or was concealing his victims well.

It wasn't to last. Vincente Mestas, a 23-year-old Long Beach State student disappeared from his apartment December 26 after remarking to a roommate that it would be nice to spend part of the holiday break in the mountains. Both his car and motorcycle were left behind, and authorities believe that he probably went out only for an evening walk to the bluffs, a popular nighttime cruising area little more than three blocks from his apartment.

But his body was discovered many miles distant, in the foothills of the San Bernardino mountains, by hikers three days later. The retreat he had spoken of for relaxation had developed into a hellish, tortured death, almost a year to the day after the first murder.

Mestas' head was shaved, his penis and testicles battered by a rock, his intestines ruptured by the forced intrusion of a blunt weapon. He was cut extensively on his back and buttocks, and there were burns about his neck. His end came by strangulation, but the ritual continued: the murderer cut his nipples from his chest, then hacked off his hands and tied the bleeding stumps of his arms into plastic bags.

Did the messiah spend the next six months reliving, deliberating, meditating on his achievements? Did he analyze the turn his life had taken, trying to understand his brutal drives and compulsions? Did he find roots in his past, in his mind for the violence that exploded against apparently willing sexual partners? To this point, there is no disclosed evidence that he achieved any sexual climax in partnership with the victims. They were mere accessories to his passion, the objects of his ultimate conquest.

It was six months before a seventh victim was discovered, on June 2, 1974. Malcolm Little, a 20-year-old trucker from Selma, Alabama, who was visiting a brother in Long Beach, announced he was hitchhiking home after a long-distance argument with his girl friend

by telephone on May 27.

His brother set him out on the Garden Grove freeway near the San Diego freeway interchange, and he put his thumb up. His nude body was discovered tied between tree branches, his legs propped up and spread wide. The scene of his death was a deserted area near the Salton Sea in Imperial County. His murderer had apparently failed to achieve anal sex with him, and had furiously rammed the boy's ass with a tree branch, castrated and strangled him.

If the same killer was guilty in all these instances, it may be that the urge toward the act of sodomy was developing into a violent compulsion he could no longer resist or control. Twenty days later, an eighth victim was found, naked and strangled, dumped down a South Laguna hillside. There were bite marks on his penis and nipples, and he had been sodomized.

He was Roger Dickerson, an 18-year-old Marine who had been last seen alive drinking with a couple of Marine buddies in a San Clemente bar on Friday, June 21. He told them just before leaving that he had gotten a ride into Los Angeles. It was apparently his last.

Number nine was Thomas Lee, 25, found strangled in a Long Beach oil field Saturday, August 3. He had been last seen by friends in a South Bay bar the previous night and reportedly left with a stranger in his late 30s, graying, the driver of a 1968 or '69 Chevelle.

Number ten was James Reeves, 19, who met his killer on the rebound from problems with his family and his lover. On Thursday, November 28, he had Thanksgiving dinner with friends at an event sponsored by Metropolitan Community Church at the Orange County Gay Community Center in Costa Mesa. He left alone after helping to clean up the dinner dishes.

His car was found abandoned the next day in Granada Park, part of the Belmont Shores area of Long Beach. Miles away, on a remote road near Irvine, his body was discovered, dressed only in a bloody T-shirt. Once again a branch had been shoved into the victim's rectum. The cause of death was listed as suffocation.

Newspaper reports stated incorrectly that Reeves had been anally assaulted with a surveyor's stake. The killer made them prophetic when he rammed just such a 1-by-3 inch stake into the anus of his eleventh victim, possibly after reading the erroneous accounts. Dead was 17-year-old John Leras, found nude in the surf near Sunset Beach on January 3, 1975.

The executioner again had struck near the anniversary of his series of crimes. But of the eight police jurisdictions that have become involved in the bizarre cases, there is little agreement on investigations, suspects, motivation, even whether the crimes are interrelated. All 11 have come to be known as the "Torso Murders,"

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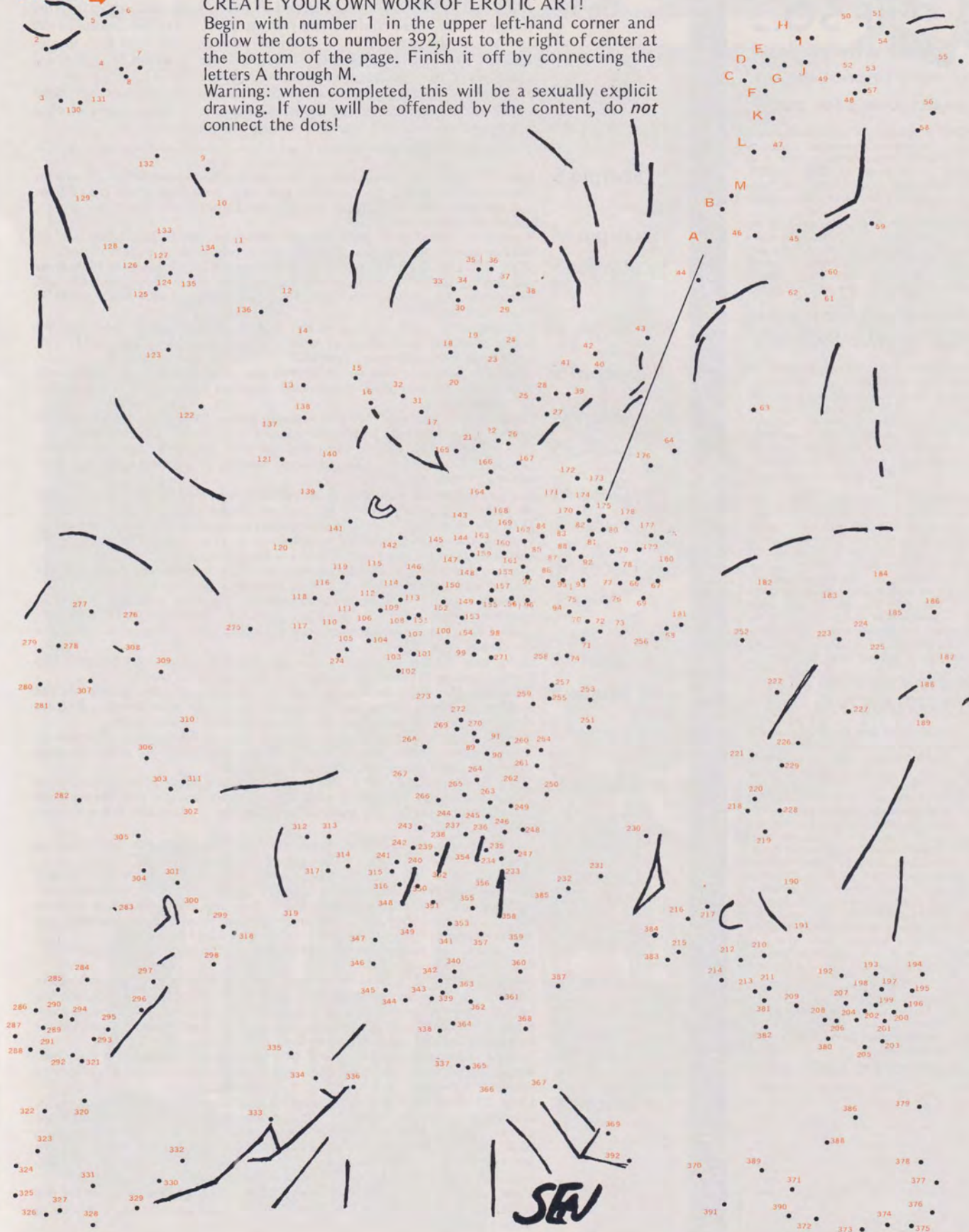
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MORE MOVIE MAYHEM!

allen eagles



Mighty Steve Reeves struggles to keep two wild horses from bisecting his muscular body in the 1960 import, *Goliath and the Barbarians*.

MEDIEVAL TORTURE 500 A.D. — 1450 A.D.

While torture flourished during that era we call the Middle Ages, movies haven't reflected this historic fact with any notable degree of frequency or accuracy. The primary reason for this gap in screen sadism probably lies in the relative lack of popularity of movies with medieval themes. Aside from a brief period of activity in the early 1950s, when MGM found success with *Ivanhoe* and *Knights of the Round Table*, filmmakers have generally avoided those centuries which lie between the fall of Rome and the rise of industrialism. When they do venture into this era, they frequently treat it romantically (as in the musical *Camelot*), humorously (as in Danny Kaye's *The Court Jester*), or as an excuse for high-spirited adventure (as in all those *Robin Hood* movies). Obviously, none of these approaches encourages the presentation of realistic torture sequences; and in those rare instances when such sequences do occur, their sadistic impact is often lessened by

bulky, head-to-toe medieval costumes.

Despite handicaps, however, a number of movies about the Middle Ages have succeeded in staging notable examples of men being deliberately subjected to intense pain. Many of these take place in that most intriguing of medieval locations — the castle dungeon. Here, enclosed by thick stone walls, protected by iron grates and illuminated by a row of burning torches, the castle sadist can try his techniques on a variety of male prisoners.

Back in a 1942 film version of Sabatini's *The Black Swan*, for example, villainous George Sanders stretches out heroic Tyrone Power on a wooden frame which stands at a slant inside Sanders' dungeon. A network of ropes connects the sides of this frame, and Power is spread-eagled face up on the resulting web like a ball about to be whacked by an enormous tennis racket.

Despite the advantages offered by this bondage position, Sanders doesn't brand, flog or skin his soon-to-be-rescued hero, being content merely to stretch him by means of ropes attaching his wrists to two rollers. This means that the chief attraction in *The Black Swan* is an opportunity to see handsome Tyrone Power's bare, sweaty, nearly hairless chest.

(Later in the movie, in one of those examples of "poetic justice," a fully-clothed George Sanders finds himself stretched out on this same frame.)

In the 1951 *Sword of Monte Cristo*, William Conrad, TV's *Cannon*, supervises the racking of a bare-chested man inside a military dungeon. (As in most such cases, the rack has been set at a slight slant in order to better display the suffering victim to the camera.) This racking, performed to wrest the secret of a lost treasure from the prisoner, proves unsuccessful — leading one to conclude that the third degree achieves more satisfactory results in real life than in the movies.

Sadism reaches a bloodier and more imaginative level in Roger Corman's 1961 version of *The Pit and the Pendulum*. The famous torture described in this story by Edgar Allan Poe involves strapping a man face up on a table which rests directly beneath a heavy blade. This blade is suspended from the high ceiling like a pendulum, and as it swings back and forth in ever-widening arcs, it moves slowly downward until it can slice across the chest of the helpless victim.

Needless to say, the horror of such a torture lies not so much in the actual cutting of flesh — dreadful though that is — but rather in those agonizing minutes of anticipation as the doomed man watches the blade swinging ever closer to his heart. Corman's movie proves quite effective in capturing the blood-freezing tension of these moments, especially in its use of that "swooshing" sound the blade makes every time it swings through the air. The climax, however, proves understandably disappointing when the victim is rescued a split-second before the final, fatal blade cut.

John Kerr plays the man on the table, but his frail physique and mild manner soften the sadistic aspects of the scene. A bolder, brawnier man might have made a more satisfying victim, particularly at that moment when the blade, in its next-to-the-last swing, slices across the front of the prisoner's shirt — cutting open the cloth and revealing a bare and vulnerable chest underneath. (Kerr's torso, however, is devoid of hair, and a hirsute chest in this instance would probably lessen the visual impact of the sequence. For some reason or other, cuts made on hairless flesh usually seem deeper and more painful than cuts made on hairy surfaces.)

While Dark Age dungeons may have come equipped with elaborate racks and those bizarre devices of torture envisioned by Edgar Allan Poe, their simpler items of sadism have not been entirely ignored by movies with medieval backgrounds. The dungeon sequence from *Swordsmen of Siena*, for example, makes effective use of that standard instrument of torture: the whip. In this 1962 import, one of the soldiers rebelling against a tyrannical Italian governor of the 16th century falls into the hands of his foe. Determined to make this captive reveal the names and plans of his fellow conspirators, the governor orders him taken to the torture chamber which is conveniently located in the palace basement. There, after binding together the prisoner's wrists to an overhead beam, one of the governor's loyal guards flogs his victim in an attempt to loosen his tongue. The attempt proves futile since the prisoner decides to die under torture rather than betray his comrades. (Heroes in supporting roles are allowed to suffer this gallant form of death. Heroes in lead roles must be rescued from the torturer before the pain proves fatal.)

Although the man with the whip in *Swordsmen of Siena* fails to strip his victim to the waist, this visual handicap is largely overcome by the way in which the lashes tear open the man's shirt. Not only does this tearing process reveal more and more of the prisoner's chest as the flogging continues, it also serves to dramatize the rending effect a well-handled whip can have on human flesh.

The year 1960 brought with it one of the screen's most memorable excursions into a medieval torture chamber. In a scene from an otherwise undistinguished import called *The Last of the Vikings*, Cameron Mitchell tries to free his captive brother from a slow death in the enemies' dungeon. Mitchell's efforts fail because these enemies have nailed his younger brother to an X-shaped cross, and Mitchell can't pull out these



Tyrone Power racks his brain in *The Black Swan* (1942), trying to figure out how to escape from a well-equipped torture chamber.



William Conrad in *The Sword of Monte Cristo* (1951) prepares to use his sword on a man whose tongue hasn't been loosened by the rack.



The Bloody Pit of Horror (1967) lives up to its name by demonstrating a drastic form of acupuncture on someone who's obviously not a willing patient.



A typical moment from the 1973 *Mark of the Devil* showing to what lengths medieval witch-hunters would go in their battle against the forces of evil.



Another highlight from *The Bloody Pit of Horror* (1967) — this one showing a caged man about to be lowered into a water-pit filled with piranha fish.



Just about the entire cast of *Goliath and the Barbarians* (1960) gathers to watch the local surgeon practice his cuts on a helpless Steve Reeves.

deeply imbedded nails with his bare hands.

(The by-now-unconscious brother has been nailed through the palms with large, square-headed spikes, but it isn't clear just how his feet might be affixed to the wood.)

Two factors elevate this scene to high levels of cinematic sadism: (1) the dark, brooding, pain-ridden atmosphere of the dungeon carries with it an almost tangible degree of menace, and (2) the victim's muscular body — stripped to the waist, glistening with sweat, and streaked with bright ribbons of blood down the arms — provides a sensuous contrast to the slimy, rough walls which surround it. Unlike those who cast the anemic John Kerr in *The Pit and the Pendulum*, the makers of *The Last of the Vikings* realize that an attractive, virile physique contributes significantly to the success of any male torture scene.

In *The Bloody Pit of Horror*, a low-budget shocker imported to this country in 1967, one man who's been spread-eagled face up on a table has his nearly naked body punctured by a cluster of descending knives. Another is locked inside a cage which is then immersed in a water pit filled with flesh-eating piranha fish. When the torture crew inside the dungeon finally pull the cage out of the churning water, only the victim's skeleton remains.

A touch of the Inquisition — a subject rich in sadistic material but a subject usually avoided by the movies for fear of arousing religious protests — can be found in the 1971 version of *Mary Queen of Scots*. It seems that Elizabeth I of England is so desperate to learn the plans of her cousin and rival that she orders one of Mary's captured priests to be tortured for this information. After a brief shot of the victim's chained feet, the camera pulls back to reveal the full figure of the priest being stretched on a vertical rack. He's obviously suffering great pain, and the grimy sweat on his bare chest and limbs helps convey some of the despair and wretchedness of the medieval dungeon.

Curiously enough, two men watching the priest being racked in the background agree that torture in this case is futile. They believe the priest will die before betraying his queen, and thus his torment has merely been arranged to satisfy Elizabeth's wishes.

A German dungeon haunted with vampires and stained with the blood of past victims serves as the setting for one of the screen's most realistic "branding" episodes. In this episode from *Jonathan*, a 1972 German movie set not in the Middle Ages but in the early 19th century, a young man who's exploring an old castle becomes a captive of the very vampires he's vowed to exterminate. These vampires chain the young man in spread-eagle fashion with his back against a dungeon wall, and then, after tearing open their prisoner's shirt, the vampires press a glowing-hot branding iron onto his bare chest.

Although this scene from *Jonathan* downplays that theatrical puff of smoke usually emanating from branded flesh, it retains its sadistic aura by emphasizing the slow, deliberate manner in which the vampires extend that heated brand toward their terrified victim's chest. (Jurgen Jung, who plays the "brandee" in *Jonathan*, has a torso which is thin, hairless, and relatively pale — factors which increase the shock value of seeing hot metal being pressed hard into his flesh. The scar resulting from such a brand also shows up better on a pale, hairless surface.)

Billed as "the first film rated V for violence," the 1973 *Mark of the Devil* includes a number of dungeon sequences in its story of a medieval witch hunt. Unfortunately, the cheapness of this money-grabbing production and the amateurish quality of its execution make laughable most of its attempts to create an orgy of torture chamber mayhem.

While those responsible for the film don't seem to realize that loud screams and fake blood often smother rather than enhance a sadistic mood, *Mark of the Devil* nevertheless does contain an example of an unusual torture once performed inside medieval dungeons. The witch hunters use this torture on a fully clothed young man who's seated on a large roller that bristles with a multitude of small, slanted spikes. As the interrogators turn this roller ever more rapidly, the spikes shred the buttocks of the young man, causing a flow of blood to seep through his clothes and onto the machine.

In a later episode from *Mark of the Devil*, the witch hunters place another male victim inside a rigid, metal, belt-like device which, when tightened, sends a sharpened point deeply and fatally into the victim's stomach.

A more recent visit to a dungeon occurs in this year's pirate adventure, *Swashbuckler*. While the keepers of this dungeon perform no actual tortures, we see a variety of pain instruments — racks, whipping posts, Iron Maidens, etc. — as well as a number of potential victims being held in chains.

By the end of the movie, these prisoners have revolted against the corrupt governor of their Caribbean island and have locked some of the governor's soldiers into the very torture devices from which they've recently escaped. (One young, uniformed soldier can be spotted in a corner, spread-eagled on an upward-slanting rack.)

Film-makers also permit brief glimpses into dungeons in such movies as the 1963 *Cartouche* in which two guards force a funnel down Jess Hahn's throat before filling him up with water; the 1964 *Masque of the Red Death* in which Jane Asher discovers a bare-chested man on a rack while exploring Vincent Price's palace; the 1964 *Long Ships* in which Arab Sidney Poitier pummels Viking Richard Widmark with a whip; the 1970 *Lady of Monza* in which an Inquisitor uses a thumb-screw on Antonio Sabato; and 1974's *The Three Musketeers* in which Charlton Heston as Cardinal Richelieu walks through an underground chamber where starving prisoners are kept in tiny iron cages suspended from the ceiling.

Despite the convenience and security offered by a castle dungeon, many medieval sadists chose other places in which to torture their victims. Movies have occasionally restaged such scenes, as in a 1948 "costumer" titled *The Black Arrow* which shows a burly, bare-chested yeoman being whipped across the back by a helmeted knight. To hold him steady, the knight binds his defiant victim to one of those traditional whipping posts, the sort made of an upright wooden pole crossed at shoulder level by another pole to which a man's outstretched arms can be strapped at the wrists.

(The relative obesity of the captive yeoman in *The Black Arrow* raises that frequently debated question as to whether flogging a heavy man causes more pain to the victim — and therefore more satisfaction to the victimizer — than flogging a thin man. Some feel that cutting a whip through the loose, jiggling flesh of a heavy man provides a uniquely sensuous experience, while others prefer to flog a thin man in order to feel the whip cutting closer and closer to the victim's bones.)

In *The Vikings* (1958), warrior Kirk Douglas orders slave Tony Curtis tied to a stake inside the shallow, cold waters of a tidal pool. As the tide comes in, it'll raise the water level to the slave's chin and, in the process, bring with it a wave of hungry, flesh-eating crabs. Curtis only suffers a few nips from the crabs' teeth and pincers, however, before being rescued from a slow and grisly death.

The Hundred Horsemen, another drop in that flood of Italian imports which washed over this country in the late '50s and early '60s, tells of a medieval revolt by Spanish peasants against their Moorish conquerors. In an attempt to smother this revolt, the Moors torture one of the rebellious Spaniards in his own town square. Stripped to his waist, the muscular young rebel hangs sweating by his wrists from an overhead beam while the Moors debate how to best elicit loud, prolonged screams from their victim. (They settle for jerking him up and down in a series of socket-wrenching movements.)

The plot to the 1960 *Goliath and the Barbarians* quickly becomes so muddled that it isn't quite clear just why heroic Steve Reeves must undergo a test of pain and endurance, but in any case, a horde of Dark Age nomads about to invade Italy decide to have two horses try to pull apart this bare-chested giant. They bind each of his wrists to stout ropes and then tie each rope to a strong, spirited stallion. Both horses are then whipped toward opposite directions so that Reeves' arms are nearly pulled out at the shoulders; somehow the strongman manages not only to keep the horses in check, but even succeeds in pulling them back a bit in their futile flights.

Reeves, a former Mr. World and Mr. Universe, looks marvelously sweaty and sinewy in this scene (made when he was 33 years old), and the effort of keeping those horses from pulling him apart like a wishbone emphasizes every cord of his powerful musculature.

Horses as agents of dismemberment achieve more success (from the torturers' point of view) in John Huston's 1969 film about Europe during the era of the Religious Wars: *A Walk with Love and Death*. During the course of this film, armored soldiers tie each of a rebellious peasant's limbs to a horse, and then — after spurring these four horses into frenzied gallops —



Steve Reeves as a rebel against the Czar tries to escape from a hospital bed before his enemies start to play "doctor" in *White Warrior* (1961).



The fire in this scene from *That Lady* (1955) indicates Gilbert Roland is about to be scorched as well as stretched by one of the royal sadists.



Don Harvey doesn't seem terribly perturbed by the lackluster lashing he receives in a largely forgotten 1952 swashbuckler called *Prince of Pirates*.



Vincent Price (left) tries open-heart surgery on John Kerr (right) in the most famous moment from the 1961 version of *The Pit and the Pendulum*.

they watch with amusement as the man is ripped to pieces.

(The scene's not nearly as gory as it sounds, though Huston does include a shot of a bloodied leg bouncing along behind a runaway stallion. In general, however, *A Walk with Love and Death* and other movies with drawing-and-quartering sequences merely prove that film-makers aren't yet ready to show their audiences a persuasive reenactment of this form of medieval execution. Anyone watching *A Walk with Love and Death*, for example, might well assume that drawing-and-quartering provided the victim with a relatively quick end to his suffering. The facts simply don't support this notion. Someday a movie may reflect the reality that a victim of drawing-and-quartering often suffered hours and hours of incredible torment . . . that fresh teams of horses often had to be brought in to replace their exhausted predecessors . . . and that deep cuts sometimes had to be made across the victim's thigh and shoulder joints before his legs and arms could be yanked off his torso.)

For those without access to teams of charging horses or floods of flesh-eating crabs, there's always the opportunity to inflict pain through the lashes of a stout whip. In the 1962 production of *Taras Bulba*, for instance, Tony Curtis and Pedro Armendariz, Jr. must be punished for their misbehavior at a school for young Russian noblemen of the 15th century. After removing their shirts, the two miscreants bend down over a wooden table and silently endure the thrashing administered across their bare backs by a stern and unrelenting schoolmaster.

Though it's a minor moment in an undistinguished movie, this scene from *Taras Bulba* offers food for thought on the subject of men who experience pain together. Curtis and Armendariz exchange glances and grins throughout their mutual flogging, and this punishment seems to strengthen their already firm bonds of friendship.

As the title character in the much-neglected *Alfred the Great* (1969), David Hemmings orders one of his noblemen to be whipped in full view of the assembled court as punishment for his insubordination. The nobleman, stripped to the waist and bound to a wooden post, suffers his pain and indignity in

silence, but in another part of this movie, the soundtrack echoes with the screams of men in torment. It seems a Danish pirate has invaded Alfred's kingdom, and to instill fear into his enemies, this pirate mounts a number of captured soldiers onto tall poles arranged in a circle inside his military headquarters. The pirate then watches as preparations are made to roast these half-naked men alive by means of bonfires set at the base of each pole. (This scene did not appear on the network telecast of *Alfred the Great* which ran several years after the release of the movie. Networks and independent stations frequently delete torture episodes from their film libraries whenever there's a new wave of protest over violence on television.)

Finally, in *The Devils* (1971) we have one of the screen's most graphic reenactments of one of the Middle Ages' most ghastly forms of execution: burning at the stake. Convicted of witchcraft and heresy by an ecclesiastical court, Oliver Reed is bound to a wooden post and surrounded by bundles of tree branches. Although the executioner has promised to strangle Reed before the fire is lit, he can't make his way through the stacks of wood in time, so Reed is roasted alive while the camera records the way the skin on his face darkens and blisters under the scorching heat.

Before he suffers this flaming death, however, Reed has his legs locked into vises and then splintered when wedges are driven into these vises. There's also talk of puncturing his left testicle with a needle as a means of "proving" his allegiance to Satan, but alas, nothing comes of this intriguing proposal.

Needless to say, this article has discussed only a few examples of how the movies have attempted to show medieval tortures to their audiences. Many readers may well recall other examples, such as the scene of a man being racked in the 1938 Ronald Colman adventure, *If I Were King*.

In any case, the movies — despite their limitations and imperfections — clearly remain the easiest way for us to experience something of the pain and perversity of the torture chamber of the Middle Ages.

In the next issue: Movie tortures of the Arabs and Orientals.

The LEATHER FRATERNITY

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ALABAMA

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

ARIZONA

PHOENIX. S. Virgo. 53. 6'2". 180. White. 7". Experienced. Willing and able to train slave over 35 for permanent relationship. Box 014Z.

* * * **PHOENIX.** S. Leo. 37. 6'2". 180. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Seeks masculine slave to 40. Should be imaginative, versatile. No blood, fats. Box 017Z.

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. 6½". Knowledgeable. Seeks truly masculine partner to 40. No squares. Box 017X.

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

ARKANSAS

FORT SMITH. S. Leo. 28. 5'9½". 130. White. 8". Knowledgeable, sensible, selfish, arrogant S wants true M, experienced and sensual. Must be small and cut. No fems, role-switchers, parasites, permanent relationships. Box 135.

CALIFORNIA

ALAMEDA. SM. Gemini. 31. 6'. 185. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Heavy into oral, strapping, whipping action. Will switch roles for right person. No permanent relationship. Box 157.

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

BURBANK. M. Leo. 36. 6'. 165. White. 6½". 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. 5'9½". 175. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Seeks person 35 to 50 who is experienced, enthusiastic, discreet and respects limits. Box 225.

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

CARMEL. SM. Virgo. 21. 5'11". 145. White. 8½". 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. 5'10½". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks sincere, honest, experienced partner. No fems, TVs, hustlers. Box 500.

* * * **CLOVIS.** SM. Capricorn. 38. 6'2". 190. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Seeks well-developed, masculine slave to 50 with some body hair. No dirt, drugs, heavy drinkers. Box 185G.

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

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

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.

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

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

HAWAIIAN GARDENS. M. Pisces. 37. 5'10½". 165. White. 7¾". 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. 5½". Novice. Will give his all to Master who respects limits. No scat, shaving. Box 227.

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

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

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

LONG BEACH. 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. 6'1½". 160. White. 5½". 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. 6½". Novice with strong desire to learn. Prefers masculine bodybuilder type with large cock. Box 050S.

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

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

LOS ANGELES. S. 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. 6½". Sensual, imaginative novice seeks muscular partner to 37 with warmth and sense of humor. Box 180H.

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

LOS ANGELES. S. Libra. 37. 6'4". 200. White. 7½". 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. M. Capricorn. 53. 5'11½". 210. White. Knowledgeable. Will adore and worship a noble beast of a Master up to 40 heavy into humiliation. No slob. Box 347.

LOS ANGELES. M. Cancer. 34. 6'. 170. White. 7½". 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. 6½". 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". 138. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Small, slim with firm ass wants verbal humiliation and training from stern Master. Box 048A.

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

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

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, blabs. Box 023T.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. M. Aries. 33. 5'6". 135. White. 5½". 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. 6½". 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.

* * * **OAKVIEW.** SM. Capricorn. 44. 6'3". 225. White. 6½". Novice. Virile and versatile, wishes to enjoy sex to the highest possible degree with muscular, mature partner 30-50. No drugs, skinnies. Box 170.

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

* * * **PASADENA.** S. Taurus. 29. 5'11". 180. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Tattooed biker wants M who can be prepared for whatever is commanded. Must be masculine, into Levis and Leather. Box 182Z.

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. 6½". Knowledgeable. Prolonged bondage and training. Box 296A.

SAN DIEGO. SM. Virgo. 28. 5'7½". 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. 7½". Knowledgeable. Enjoys bondage, being used. Partner should be near area and respect limits. Box 050K.

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.

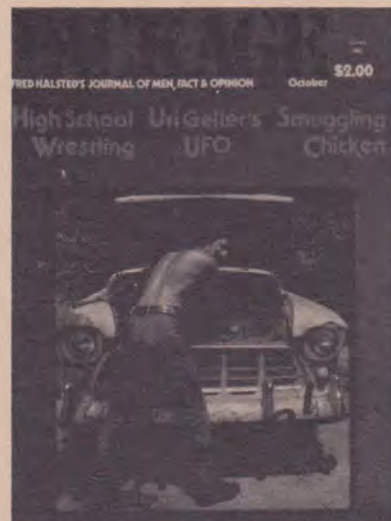
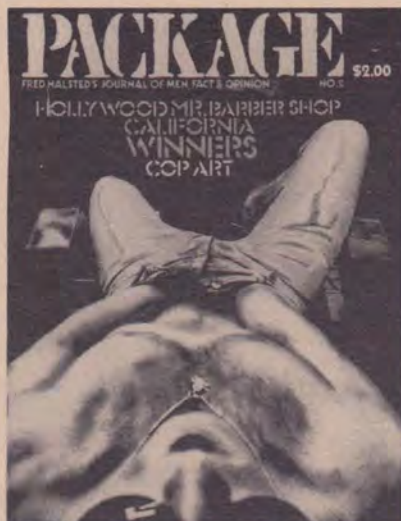
SAN FERNANDO. M. Cancer. 37. 5'11". 185. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Chains, tattoos, grease. Box 201.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Capricorn. 27. 5'7". 130. White. 6½". 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. 5½". 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. 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. 7½". 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.



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* * * **SAN FRANCISCO.** MS. Scorpio. 31. 6'1". 165. White. 6¼". Novice. Obedient, trusting, willing to experience within limits. Would consider S role only under direction of experienced S. No heavy S&M, fems, fats, over 45. Box 084.

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

* * * **SAN FRANCISCO.** SM. Taurus. 28. 6'. 160. White. 6½". Novice. Attractive stud seeks understanding partner to 40. Prefers someone to learn with or someone who will teach well. No fats, ego trips, fems. Box 180S.

* * * **SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Virgo. 38. 6'2". 175. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Severe and intense in sadistic, heavy scenes. Into black leather breeches, high boots, bikes. Partner must be into ritual, bondage, leather worship. No fems, fats. Box 184F.

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. 6½". 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 fems, fats, drunks. Cut preferred. Box 229M.

* * * **SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Aries. 32. 5'6½". 148. White. 6½". Old hand. Fair but dominant Master seeks obedient, trustworthy slave ready to serve completely without question. No crybabies, pretend slaves, drugs. Box 290T.

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

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. S. Gemini. 31. 6'2". 195. White. 7". Novice. Offers physical, mental dominance to passive, masculine-appearing partner to 45. Must be cut. No fems, 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. 8½". Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular, older, more mature. Box 170.

SANTA ANA. S. Leo. 38. 6'2". 185. White. 6". Novice. Considerate, straight-appearing. Seeks goodlooking, passive partner to 45. No fems, 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 fats. Box 181T.

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 fems, 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 fats, hardcore. Box 216.

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

COLORADO

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

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. 5'9½". 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. 6½". 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 fats, fems, phonies. Box 051E.

MILFORD. S. Capricorn. 44. 5'10½". 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, fems, 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, fems. Box 329.

OLD SAYBROOK. M. Capricorn. 36. 6'4". 200. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Will obey experienced Master with big cock and good body. Box 165L.

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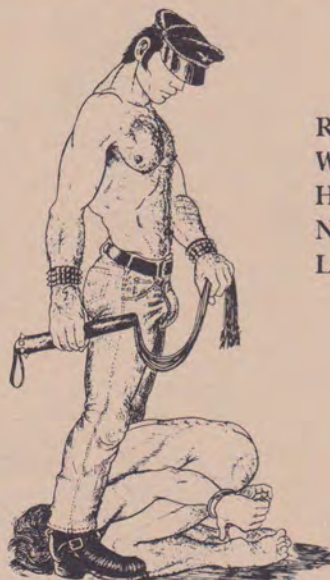
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DELAWARE

DOVER. M. Capricorn. 27. 6'. 160. White. 6½". Novice. Seeking very dominant and butch male into heavy leather. Bike score a plus. No fems, 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 fems, fats, drugs, hippies, scat, brands. Box 017M.

WASHINGTON. MS. Capricorn. 39. 6'1". 170. White. 6½". Novice. Extremely hunky, intelligent number enjoys pleasuring dominant, masculine partners to 45, preferably no one-night stands. No fems, fats, stupidity. Box 290L.

FLORIDA

COCONUT GROVE. SM. Virgo. 46. 5'9½". 140. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Can relate to and assume both roles with discreet, intelligent partner under 6', over 30. No fats, fems, hirsute types. Oriental a plus. Box 079.

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 fats, game-playing. Uncut preferred. Box 065.

FT. LAUDERDALE. M. Libra. 44. 5'8". 155. White. 8½". Novice. Prefers motorcycle police officer. No fems or fats. Box 200.

GAINESVILLE. SM. Gemini. 35. 6'1". 170. White. 7½". 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.

JACKSONVILLE. SM. Libra. 26. 5'11". 155. White. 6". Novice. Attractive, masculine, highly sexed dude wishes to expand experiences with tolerant partner to 45 respectful of limits. No fems, fats, ego trippers. Box 051A.

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JACKSONVILLE. S. Sagittarius. 46. 6'. 150. White. Novice. Thorough, patient, respectful of limits and tolerance. First and foremost a foot fetishist. No fats, gross personalities. Slender, sexy feet a plus. Box 159.

KISSIMMEE. SM. Virgo. 53. 5'10½". 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 fems, amateurs. Box 1251.

MIAMI. SM. Scorpio. 35. 5'9½". 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 18-25. Box 060C.

SATELLITE BEACH. S. Virgo. 47. 6'3½". 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Will provide any experience desired with respect and understanding of limits. Reliable, trustworthy. No fats, fems, 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.

HAWAII

KAPAA, KAUAI. M. Aries. 37. 5'10". 155. White. 7½". Novice. Total service to butch S, 30 to 50. Will relocate for right Master. No drugs, phonies, liars. Box 272.

ILLINOIS

ALTON. S. Capricorn. 35. 6'. 170. White. Knowledgeable. Versatile, muscular, hunky Stud seeks partner to 35. Should be clean-cut, no fats. Box 159M.

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

CHICAGO. MS. Cancer. 31. 6'. 162. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Intelligent, respects limits, will do anything with/for intelligent, understanding partner to 50. No selfish, uncaring, unfeeling. Box 010.

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.

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

CHICAGO. SM. Scorpio. 38. 5'11". 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Adaptable, experimental. Partner must be interested in mutual pleasure. Big balls, hairy chests a plus. Box 181S.

CHICAGO. SM. Aries. 28. 6'2". 165. White. 7½". Knowledgeable, imaginative, adaptable dude into paddling, strapping, spanking with white partner to 40. No fems, 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. 6½". Knowledgeable. Loves playing both roles with compatible, discreet partner who enjoys giving and receiving. No hustlers, trouble-makers, dirty types. Box 294X.

MAYWOOD. S. Gemini. 45. 5'11". 190. White. 8½". Completely inexperienced. Seeks clean, discreet partner. Box 142.

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

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

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

WHEATON. 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. 6½". Knowledgeable. Demands and will reward respect and obedience from submissive partner to 35. Possible permanent relationship. No balds, fats, fems, TVs, drunks. Box 181P.

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

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS. SM. Taurus. 31. 5'6". 160. White. 5½". 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. 6½". Novice. Firm, understanding Master seeks clean, discreet, masculine partner anywhere in U.S. Must be under 35. Blond, uncut preferred. Box 180Q.

KENTUCKY

COVINGTON. S. Virgo. 35. 6'4". 190. White. 7½". 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 fems, 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.

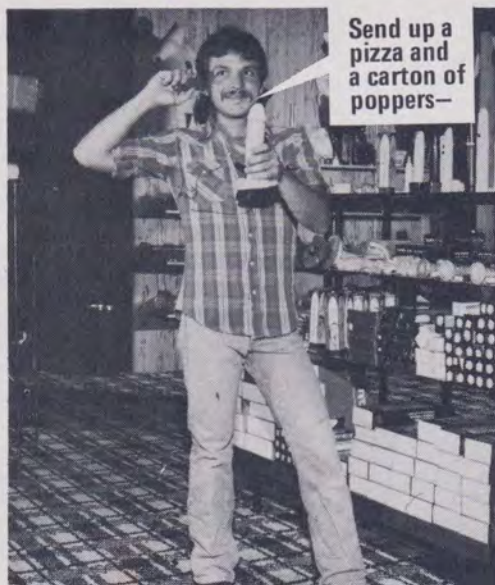
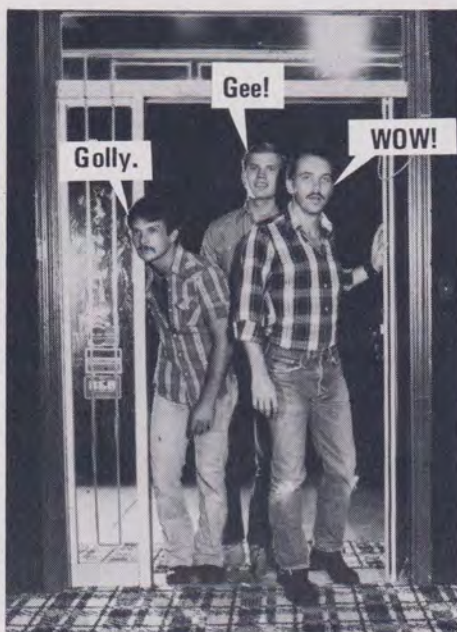
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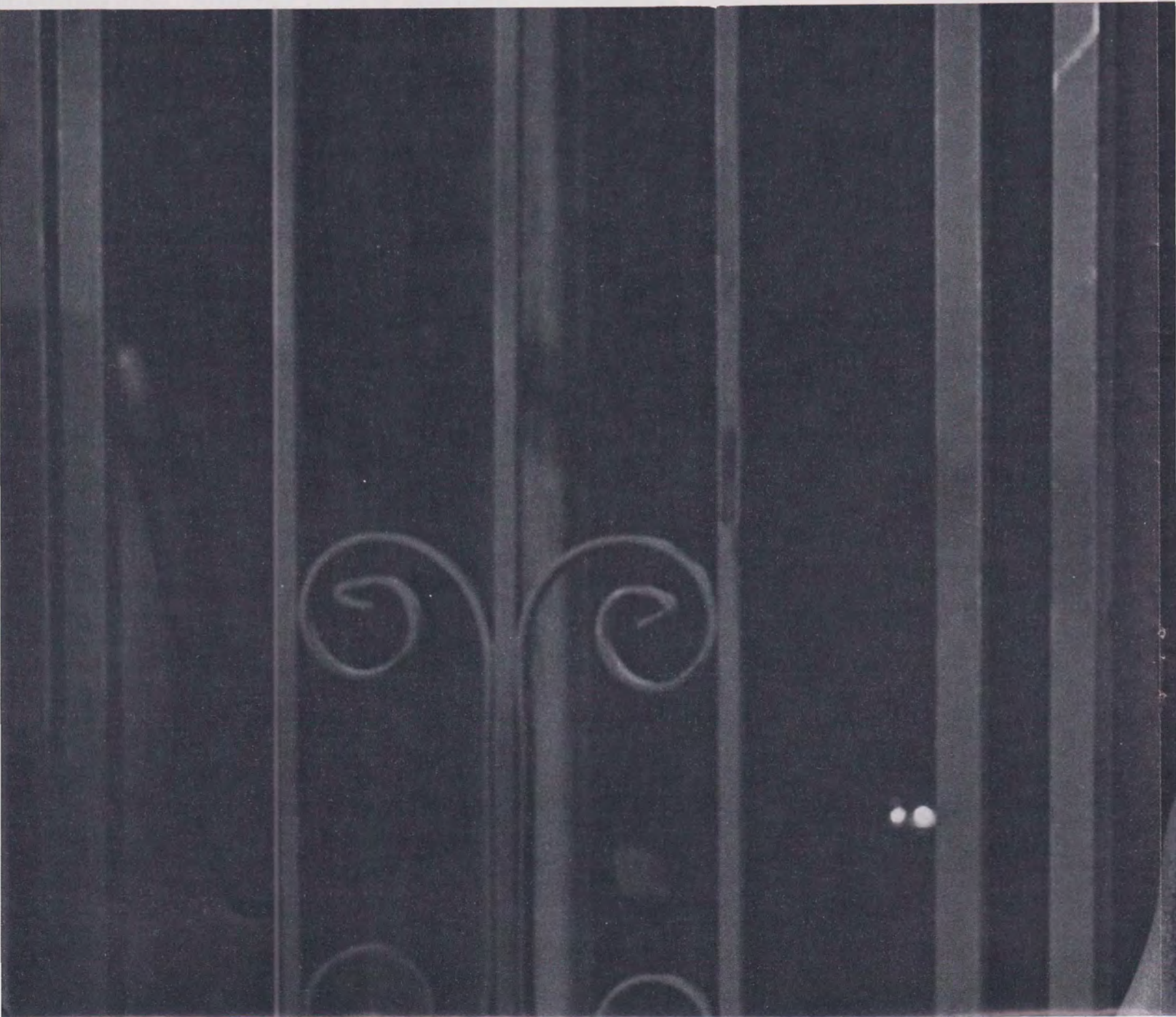
ADELPHI/HYATTSVILLE. M. Aquarius. 40. 6'6". 235. Black. 10". Novice. Bodybuilder seeks knowledgeable bodybuilder Master who respects limits and will train. Under 45, white preferred. Must have sincere understanding of Leathersex, S&M. Box 227L.

Dear Diary

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED I WAS TURNED LOOSE AT THE PLEASURE CHEST with nobody there but a couple of buddies. It seemed so real even in black and white, but with all that leather, who needs color? There we were, standing at the front door which was wide open, all the lights were on and some rock music was playing over the sound system. I dreamed that we walked in, even without our Maidenform bras...

Photography by DAVE SANDS; Story and Dialogue by ROBERT PAYNE. Starring KEN, GEORGE, BOB and ROCKY with props, settings and electricity courtesy of THE PLEASURE CHEST in West Los Angeles. Beer furnished by DRUMMER's petty cash fund.

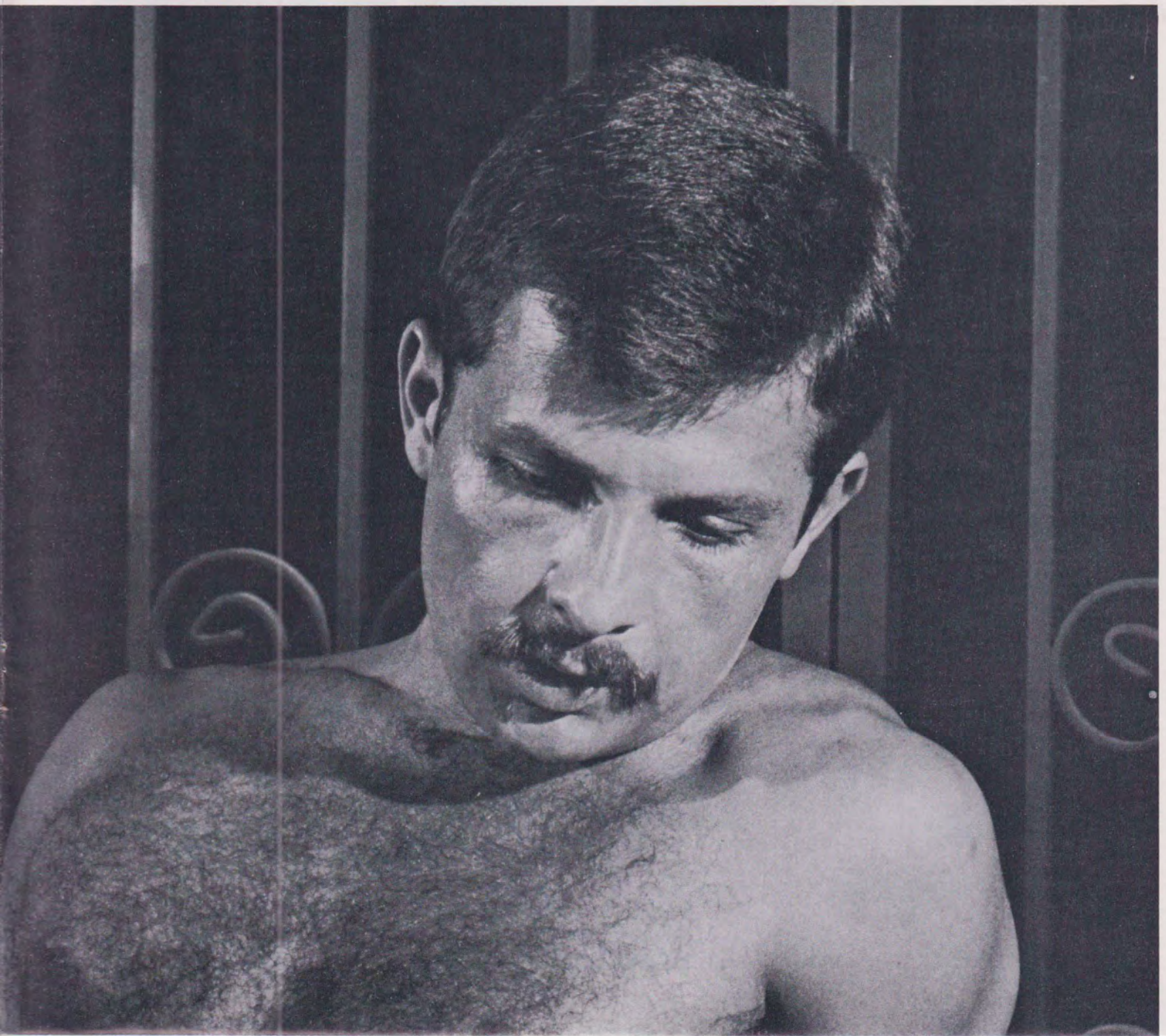






n that note I woke up, dear Diary, no worse for wear, other than I seem to ache all over, and boy, are my tits sore.

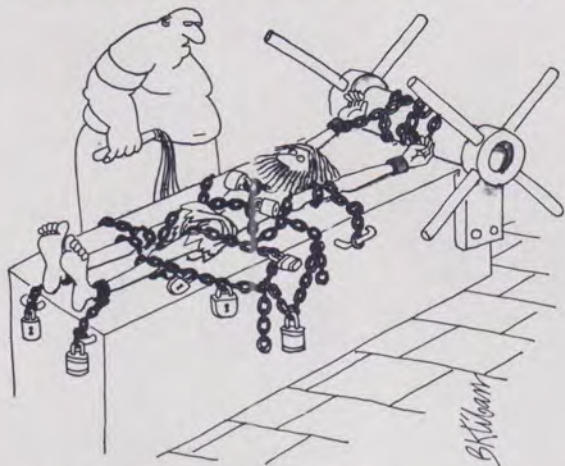
"Anyway, if you are ever in the Pleasure Chest and happen to see me in a corner waiting for my dream to resume, bend over and say 'Hello,' at least."







DRUM BEATS



"Don't tell me you have to pee again!"



"You two still arguing over who's going to be the 'S' tonight?"



"Sure, I'm into warm beer with you, Butch. Just as soon as I heat some up."



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

FREDERICK. S. Cancer. 30. 5'11". 160. White. 6½". 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 fems, 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.

SILVER SPRINGS. MS. Taurus. 50. 5'5". 170. White. 7½". Completely inexperienced. Likes hard but gentle sex with partner into Greek. Partner should be well-endowed and know how to use what he's got. No drunks, drugs. Box 121.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOYLSTON. M. Virgo. 26. 5'9". 160. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Must be humiliated and forced into total submission by masculine, dominant partner to 45. Should be cut, geographically convenient. No fems, heavy masochism. Box 005.

LEOMINSTER. MS. Pisces. 38. 5'9½". 160. White. 6". Completely inexperienced but imaginative. Understanding, into bondage. Seeks clean, intelligent partner. Box 185N.

SANDSFIELD. 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. 6½". 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. 8½". Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient experimental Slave. No balds, fats, dominants. Box 052D.

FLINT. SM. Aquarius. 34. 6'. 230. White. 6½". Completely inexperienced. Discreet, will respect limits of compatible partner. Black preferred. No drugs, drunks. Box 051GS.

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

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. 5'9¼". 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. 6½". 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. 6½". Novice. Enjoys golden showers from clean masculine men. Box 180L.

ST. PAUL. S. Cancer. 49. 5'11". 180. White. 5½". 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. 5½". 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 fems, beards, blattants. Box 051M.

KANSAS CITY. S. Aries. 36. 5'11". 190. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Intelligent, imaginative. Seeks candidates interested in a total involvement who are truly submissive and enjoy pain, humiliation, discipline. Travels frequently to Omaha, Minneapolis, San Francisco, D.C., Dallas, Houston, Detroit, Atlanta, Denver, New Orleans, St. Louis, Salt Lake City. No one insincere, indiscreet. Box 230P.

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.

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

NEBRASKA

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

NEW JERSEY

LINCOLN PARK. M. Capricorn. 52. 5'9½". 159. White. 5½". 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. 6½". Novice. Dominant dude seeks self-supporting, true Slave who will obey all orders at all times. Under 32. Box 291.

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

* * * **NEW EGYPT.** SM. Cancer. 21. 6'4". 150. White. 10½". Knowledgeable. Has played both roles, eager and curious to learn what he may have missed with knowledgeable, imaginative partner to 40. Must be masculine in appearance, actions. No glasses, acne, body odor, small endowments. Box 120.

NEW MEXICO

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. 5'9½". 170. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn, will try everything with well-endowed leather partner who will train. No longhairs, fems. 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. 5½". 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.

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. 5'7½". 160. White. 5½". Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn from attractive, open-minded, discreet dude. No fems, fats, scat. Box 292.

* * * **COPIAGUE.** SM. Scorpio. 47. 5'10". 165. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Attractive, congenial, trustworthy, enjoys both roles. Partner must be attractive, trustworthy, clean, under 50, cut. No uncouth, hairy types in poor physical shape. Box 183.

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.

* * * **GREENWICH VILLAGE.** M. Gemini. 25. 6'. 150. White. 7". Novice. Actor/playwright believes in worship of the male body. Partner must be highly intelligent, liberal, under 40, well-endowed. Box 302.

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. 7½". Knowledgeable. Macho M wants FF from bearded and/or moustached S to 45. No fats, fags. Box 071T.

DRUMMER 42

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. 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. 5'10½". 140. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Will serve, obey, and satisfy completely a truly masculine Master. Prefers clean shaven shorthairs. 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. 5½". 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.

NORTH CAROLINA

GARNER. SM. Cancer. 43. 6'1½". 195. White. 8½". 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.

OHIO

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

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. 6½". Knowledgeable. Seeks stable, cut partner under 31. No fems, fats, hippies. Box 304.

COLUMBUS. S. Virgo. 37. 5'9". 183. White. 6½". Novice. Satisfaction guaranteed to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

DAYTON. SM. Virgo. 30. 5'7½". 185. White. 6½". Experienced. Eager to share scene and friendship with honest, intelligent partner under 40. No hard drugs, fems, fats. Box 123.

MASSILLON. M. Libra. 35. 6'1¼". 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. 6'1½". 150. White. 7". Novice. Leather boot fetishist seeks partner 35 to 50. No torture. Box 070P.

PERRYSBURG. M. Cancer. 39. 5'9". 150. White. 7½". 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. 6½". 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. 5½". 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. 5'7½". 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. 5'10½". 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.

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, anyl. Send photo and phone number. Box 209.

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.

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

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

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 fems, fats, 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 fats, 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 fats, 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 fems, 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 fats. Must be masculine appearing, acting. Box 049.

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

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

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, fats. 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. 8½". Completely inexperienced. Wants to meet someone to help him teach his lover total obedience. No fats. 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 fats, 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. 6'11½". 185. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Adaptable, sincere, open-minded, honest, seeks same to 55 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 fems, fats. Box 185G.

WISCONSIN

WATERTOWN. S. Libra. 27. 6'. 175. White. 7". Novice. Will satisfy needs of mutually honest, understanding partner. Into W/S, B&D, humiliation, public exhibition. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130W.

AUSTRALIA

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

CANADA

EDMONTON, ALBERTA. M. Scorpio. 32. 5'8". 168. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Hunky dude needs leather and male superiority from experienced, goodlooking bodybuilder type to 40 willing to train. No violence, fats, insensitive, unclear. Box 308.

PORT ALBERNI, BRITISH COLUMBIA. M. Pisces. 42. 5'7". 142. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced and obedient, willing to service and please Leather Master. Into B&D, W/S. Black a real turn-on. No fems, fats. Box 048L.

WEST VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA. SM. Warlock host offers vacation accommodations in totally dedicated S&M home to masculine male stallions, any race, and their Slaves. Box 011.

DOWNSVIEW, ONTARIO. SM. Capricorn. 25. 5'8". 135. White. 7". Will do anything to or for a real motorcycle cop, MP, state trooper or cowboy type. White, clean, non-smoker preferred. No drugs. Box 285.

OTTAWA, ONTARIO. MS. Aquarius. 27. 5'11". 165. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Prefers Master into heavy bondage, tit work, etc. Box 070X.

OTTAWA, ONTARIO. SM. Aquarius. 40. 5'11". 175. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. Prefers considerate, intelligent, bodybuilder type over 25. Box 024.

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

TORONTO, ONTARIO. M. Libra. 31. 5'8". 145. White. 6½". Novice. Intelligent, flexible, obedient, strong libido. Wishes to learn from mentally/physically dominant, hunky masculine partner to 45. Box 163.

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

TORONTO, ONTARIO. M. Leo. 37. 5'10". 156. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Enjoys being completely dominated by aggressive, stocky S over 30. No fems, scat. Box 157T.

LACHINE, QUEBEC. M. Virgo. 48. 5'7". 158. White. 7". Old hand. Intense boot fetishist will worship in all ways masculine boot Master to 50. No fems. Must wear boots of any type! Box 053.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC. M. Capricorn. 27. 5'8". 130. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Wants sadistic Master(s) to expand limits. Into S&M, scat, W/S, TT, toys, drugs, beer, poppers. Muscles in tight leather and group scenes a real turn-on. Often visits U.S. Box 157N.

ENGLAND

ISLE OF MAN. M. Sagittarius. 52. 6'. 214. White. 5½". Novice. Turned on by bondage, boxing gloves, hoods, rubber, W/S. Seeks firm, trusting non-butth Master. Eager to try new toys, positions, grease, poppers, chain bondage. Box 152T.

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

LONDON. S. Pisces. 36. 6'2". 179. White. 9½". Knowledgeable. Hunky Eurasian into FF, W/S, bondage, seeks clean partner 24 to 30. Should be muscular, hairy. Tattoos a turn-on. Box 071B.

LONDON. S. Aquarius. 47. 5'9½". 175. White. 7". Old hand. Must be able to meet partner with similar enjoyment of the S&M experience. Occasionally travels to New York, Maryland, D.C., California. No scat. Box 149.

LONDON. SM. Scorpio. 30. 6'. 180. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Has strong, dominant character required of S; needs to learn M role. Wants slim, muscular, smooth-bodied partner to 25. Box 228.

HOLLAND

THE HAGUE. SM. Pisces. 31. 5'11½". 145. White. 9½". Knowledgeable. Into whipping, B&D, FF, W/S, enemas. Possible permanent relationship with masculine partner. Will visit USA in October. Box 295M.

WEST GERMANY

FRANKFURT. MS. Leo. 32. 6'. 175. White. 9". Knowledgeable. American abroad will service Slaves/Masters passing through. Gang fuck can be arranged. No fems, fats. Under 40 only. Limits respected. Box 185K.



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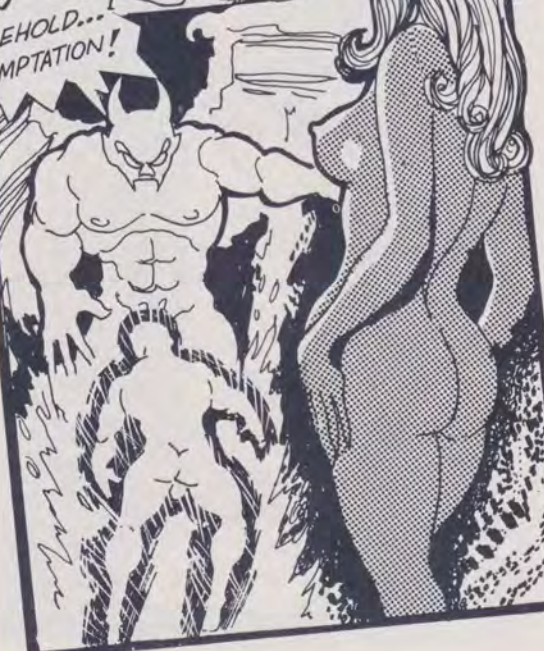


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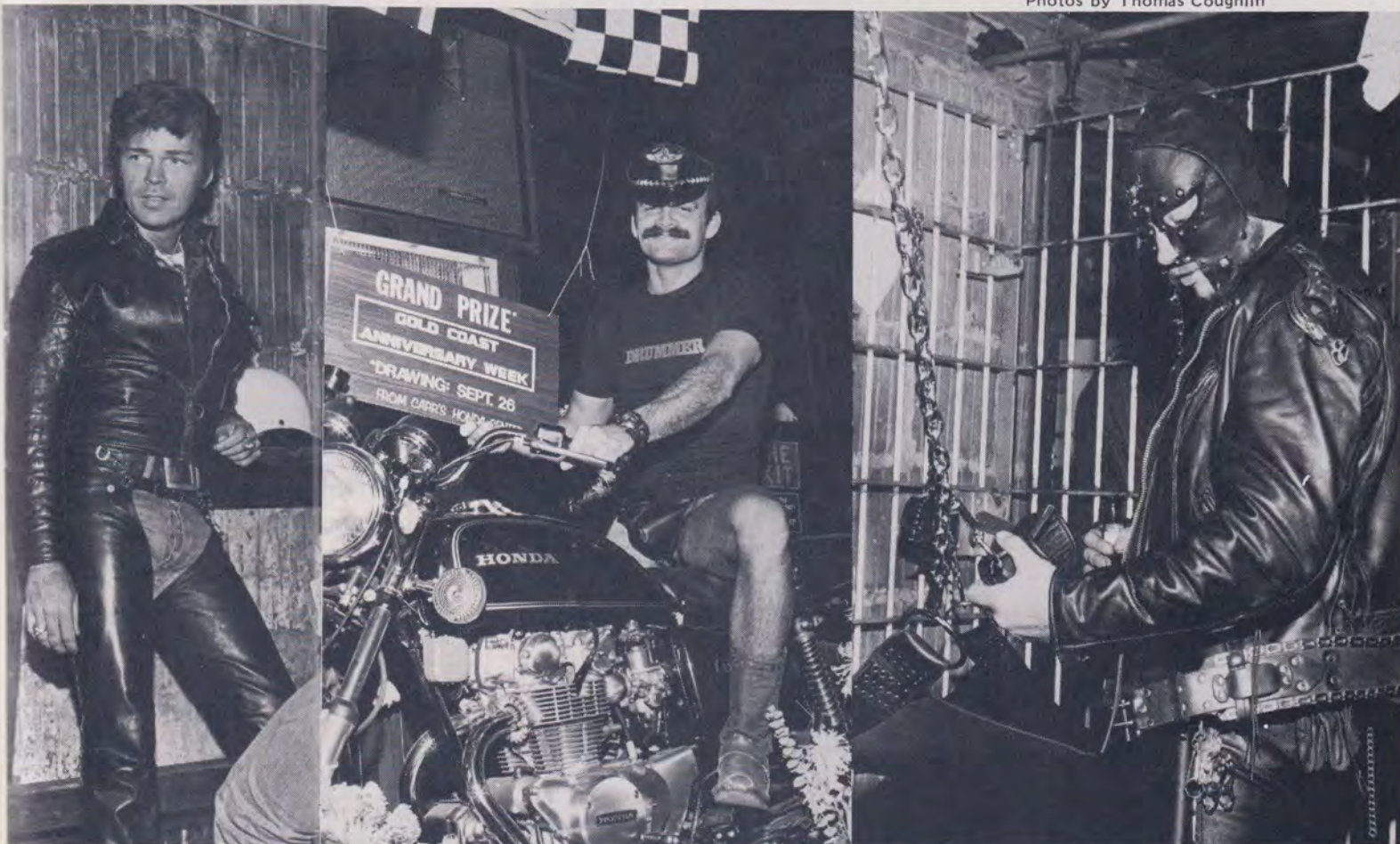
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DRUMMER GOES TO THE

Gold Coast

15th ANNIVERSARY WEEK

Photos by Thomas Coughlin



(Left): Brian, hunky Gold Coast regular, always stands at the counter where a bronze plaque with his name on it reserves his place. (Center): Bill Maggio, Mr. Club Chicago, will compete against

other semi-finalists in the Mr. Club Bath International '76 contest to be held in Chicago, November 27 and 28. (Right): Gerald displays some of the wares of his Michigan firm, Walrus Motorcycle Gear.

If it's good, it's worth waiting for . . . even for 15 years. And that's exactly what Chicago's Gold Coast did . . . wait 15 years before celebrating its "leather" anniversary with a full week of contests, buffets, beer busts, drawings, a leather/western fashion show, plus a lavish banquet at the Sheraton Hotel (they may never be the same) and a show of daredevil motorcycle stunts by the Death Riders. Finally the climactic day arrived . . . Sunday, September 26th.

Weather: humid and raining. Inside the Gold Coast, hot sweaty bodies packed shoulder to shoulder, crotch to crotch . . . frequent naked torsos intermingled with leather vests and jackets, gleaming under the dim red lights. The entire atmosphere reeking of male and leather odors . . . a perfect setting for the final events of the Gold Coast's 15th Anniversary.

When Chuck Renslow, co-owner of the club, came to the stage he was given a rousing round of applause by the appreciative crowd, as was Bob Maddox, hard-working manager of the Gold Coast. Tension and suspense mounted as the winning ticket for the Grand Prize, a Honda motorcycle, was pulled by DRUMMER rep, Don Beavers. The winner . . . Gregory from Dearborn, Michigan. He climbed astride his newly won prize, his handsome face beaming as he felt the powerful machine between his denim-covered thighs. He was doused with champagne to christen the bike, then manhandled and congratulated by the seemingly endless line of leather dudes. No one present will not soon forget the celebration.

The lights were then dimmed and the outrageous *Rocky Horror Picture Show* began. As the sinister, ambivalently sexed

hero of the movie chased the hunky b'nd musclemans across the screen, the crowd responded with cheers, whistles and cat-calls. Every whiplash elicited roars of approval from the hot and horny leathersmen, reminiscent of the games of ancient Rome when the spectators called for blood.

The crowd was heavy leather and levi, with several western Marlboro types thrown in, like the two dudes from the ranch in Wyoming. They were healthy and husky and straight from the haystacks. There was the Army cadet from West Point who, although training to be an officer, was revelling in an opposite role: saying "Yes, Sir!" to an M.P.-helmeted stud. Also in the crowd were numerous lumberjacks, a couple of construction workers in hard hats and lots of jocks in general.



Gold Coast manager Bob Maddox (right) christens Honda winner Gregory with champagne as owner Chuck Renslow looks on.



Frank (left), whose cock adorns the DRUMMER poster, and Bob Maddox show off the goodies at the Leather Cell.

THE GOLD COAST PARTY



Photos by Thomas Coughlin



Steve and Geno make sure that Mark

Speaking of jocks, a treat for horny eyes are the Gold Coast's bartenders, each one hunky in his own special way. Like Nashville Frank, lithe, young and solid, speaking with a soft Southern drawl. Or Kelly, the good-looking blond with the Big City know-it-all-and-does-it-all look in his eyes. Or Damien, the image of a tall lanky plowboy with levis strategically torn to display hard, masculine ass at its finest. Or Tom, the Italian type, one of the runner-ups in the Mr. Club Chicago contest. That's a pretty good range for any bar, but there's even more to choose from: Tony, Les, Steve (the heavy Ss were intrigued by his recent appendix scar) and, last but not least, Frank. All were there serving the Gold Coast fans willingly and eagerly.

As if there weren't enough erotic visual stimulation going with the crowd, the bartenders and the hunky actors in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, the giant over-life-size macho figures towering over the crowd definitely lent themselves to all sorts of erotic fantasy trips. The murals, which have been reproduced into posters, calendars and T-shirts, were created by resident artist Dom (also known professionally as Etienne and Stephen) and have helped spread the word of this swinging Chicago bar. Many of his ads for the Gold Coast are now considered classics.



Secure in the sling.

Cell blocks go on auction block

By James Keenan

It'll be an unusual auction Saturday morning when the Town of Normal bids itself a lot of surplus baggage.

Of course, the usual file cabinets and office chairs will be sold to the highest bidder.

And there will be a down window air conditioner, an aid addressing machine, an intercom system, an aid telephone set, a camera, a tape recorder and a water fountain.

But, there also will be a Sea-Gone machine that the Parks and Recreation Department no longer wants or needs.

There will be a wall-size aerial photograph of Normal taken in 1971 or 1972.

And, last but not least, the council has declared the police department's jail cells to be surplus equipment, since the department and most other city departments have moved into the new city hall.

The cells, said Walter Clark, administrative assistant to the chief, are 4 1/2 feet wide, 8 feet deep and 7 1/2 feet high. And nobody at the police department has even a fair idea of what they are good for anymore.

"Our oldest patrolman says they were there when he got here," said Clark.

That dates them back about 18 years. Chief Richard McGure put the date back even a couple of years more. He said they were in police headquarters when it was located on Deardorf Street about 20 years ago.

Then they were moved to the police station when it was located on College Avenue.

Now they were installed in the police station when it occupied the Fairview Building off North Main Street.

And now they are in pieces, awaiting sale and a new home.

By the way, it will require more than a couple of strong backs to cart them off. Nobody who is acquainted with the cells, which once served as the brig on an old Navy vessel, has even a notion as to how much they weigh.



Cell sale

Disassembled jail cells will be on the auction block Saturday as the Town of Normal sells off some of its surplus equipment. (Paraglyph photo)

They do know, however, that an administrative aide in the city government and a Paraglyph photographer could not lift a single panel.



Karl feeds his Master, Rob, then gains his own sustenance by licking Rob's boots clean.

Downstairs is an area which seems to scream for release, another level of masculine leather tripping. It used to be at street level, but when the city raised the street, they forced it to submit to the basement. Dungeon murals, iron bars, secret corners and little rooms with cell doors behind whose bars eerie scenes with manacled, chained mannequins, provide further prods to the imagination . . . this is the PIT, one of the Gold Coast's most popular features.

Avoiding the makeshift and lightweight, the Gold Coast features an honest-to-goodness, massive, heavy barred prison cell purchased in an police auction in a neighboring city. Complete with sling, the cell offers a place for the dudes to congregate and shoot the shit or check out the display of leather goods, toys, clothes, movies and magazines. This adult goods store is run by bunkmates Frank and Bob, who are completely attuned to the needs and wishes of the leather/S&M/levi community. They also run Male Hide Leathers, a clothing store around the corner of the Gold Coast. Many have seen Frank, but probably didn't know it; it's his cock which Target Studios shot for the DRUMMER poster. Nice!

It seems that all good things must come to an end, and it was with great reluctance



Geno slings up another slave while Paul, a visitor from Australia, watches from outside the cell block.

that the crowd disbursed from the anniversary celebration. One thing is sure: they carried away a lot of hot memories.

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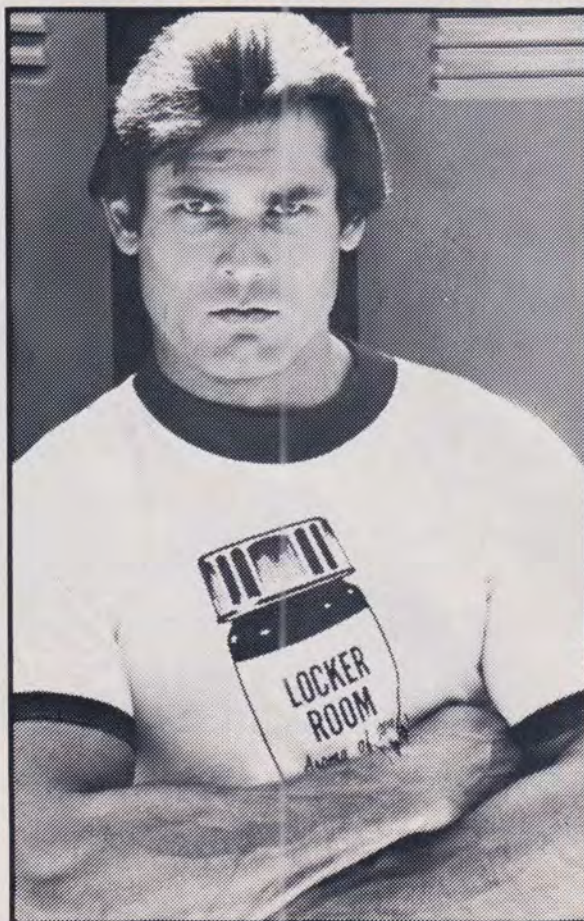
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WITH MISINFORMATION RAMPANT, PERSONS IN THE COMMUNITY WHO MIGHT WISH TO ASSIST ARE DISCOURAGED BY A MAZE OF CONFLICT AND A WALL OF RESISTANCE BY AUTHORITIES. THE LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN CHARACTERIZED AS HOSTILE BY THOSE TRYING TO HELP.

Continued from Page 20

though not all were cut up. All have been referred to as the "Orange County Murders," though several occurred elsewhere.

And the authorities are growing increasingly reluctant to talk about the crimes. While at first apparently willing and anxious to enlist help from the gay community in finding and tracking down leads, an atmosphere of suspicion and notable lack of cooperation have shriveled that approach.

There have been additional deaths in the past 18 months, and some law enforcement sources speak darkly of 15 to 18 unsolved and possibly related murders. But both Orange County and Los Angeles County sheriffs and police departments have backed away from discussing any details of the crimes, or the investigations which have been conducted. Most of the files gather dust.

Even the details recited here are not known to be totally reliable or accurate, since they are compiled from other reports as the crimes occurred, and from summaries which have appeared in several gay publications previously. Within any given published report, discrepancies have sometimes been apparent, and authorities have so far declined to sit down with responsible people in the gay community and confirm or deny aspects of the cases which by now have become ragged with rumor.

With misinformation rampant, persons

in the community who might wish to assist are discouraged by a maze of conflict and a wall of resistance by authorities. District attorney offices in both counties have declined to talk about the cases, and Los Angeles Police Department detectives have been characterized as hostile by persons trying to help.

But the rumor mill grinds on. It is said that the LAPD is currently most active in the case. It is said that Los Angeles leather bar owners have been intensively questioned, as have operators of businesses which supply the clothing and "toy" fetishes of S&M practitioners.

It is said that the unsolved murder series is at the root of the continuing police attention that is directed at gay bars in Hollywood and Rampart police divisions which cater to leather and S&M fancies. There are even reliable indications that the infamous Mark IV bath house raid, in which a task force of more than 100 Los Angeles officers swept up a charity "slave auction" in April, was an outgrowth over suspicions that were rooted in the murder cases.

It is said that suspicion has touched on well-known professional people who are tied up in the gay business conglomerates which own and operate bars, baths, discos, even publishing ventures.

It is said that a local actor, a gay man who graduated from prostitute to pimp to procurer and finally to business associate in some high deals involving local

clubs, was a prime suspect before his own disappearance and death.

It is said that on two occasions authorities thought they had the goods on a suspect who might have been the killer, and who had carelessly permitted other victims to escape. But the potential victims, the would-be witnesses, all seemed to disappear or lose their memories before a case could be constructed and charges brought.

The "messiah" angle is itself no more than a theoretical projection based on psychological conjecturing. No one knows the truth of the last hours of Ed Moore except his killer, and the narrative presented here is only one of many possible actualities.

The entire series of incidents (and there may well be others which either have not come to light or in which the victims escaped) raises many more questions than there are answers, and the questions seem to draw investigators into a more and more tangled web of interconnections.

At present, all 11 murders, like the unrelated death of Milt Cohen and numerous other gay victims, remain unsolved. To explore all of them is impossible in print, but pursuing a few of the byways may give gay people an idea of the dangers they face, and the way in which law enforcement affects them.

PART 2: THE MAN WHO DIED 4 TIMES

His body is found in Texas. It is some distance off the freeway and only partially clothed. It is apparent to authorities that death was as much a result of exposure to the unrelenting Texas sun, the harsh winter wind, the dust-dry scrub that he tried to crawl through in order to find help — as much those as the knife wound deep in his chest.

The stabbing alone would have been fatal, eventually. No doubt there. But perhaps if he had been found earlier, if he had not been so far from the hum of civilization flowing down the freeway, if he had not chosen to play out his sexual scene in the shadows of a willowy oasis off the road . . .

He might have been found alive. He might have identified his killer. He might have given a description of the car he had been driving, the car that was never reported missing or stolen, the car that was never found. He might even have lived somehow, rushed to intensive care in a not-too-distant hospital.

But no. There the body lay, where its last strength had dragged it, halfway up the dusty pair of tire furrows that led from the isolated clump of weathered willow to the dirty gravel access road, a

mile from where it turned off the secondary highway which was Perry's exit from the freeway.

His exit from life.

His smart, French-cut jeans are tangled around his lower legs. His buttery Frye boots are scraped and scuffed and heavy with blown dust. His back is burnt red beneath the same grime. His Western-yoked linen shirt with the quilted design on the shoulders lies behind him, under the trees — but his chest and belly, his arms and face . . .

The dried blood that spread from the wound, the sweat from exertion toward reaching help, the sweat of death, the bits of rock and twigs that clawed his body as he tried to move, all dried with the gritty wind into a mask that coats the face and torso, that hides the handsomeness, betrays the once-hard, proudly attractive body.

The speculation of authorities is curt, unembroidered. It is likely, they say, that the victim was stabbed by a stranger, probably a hitchhiker to whom he had given a ride before letting him know that he would demand a sexual favor in payment. There was human excrement on the victim's penis, sperm traces in the

ducts.

There was little sign of a prolonged struggle, so it is likely the sex-play took place quietly, if reluctantly. The subsequent attack was most likely a sudden turning, revenge in the moment of ecstatic vulnerability.

For Perry Paulding, an ironic accident.

* * *

Going home was a good idea. Back in Oklahoma, Perry Paulding was a minor celebrity. Not that he was recognized on the streets, or talked about in the clubs or under hair dryers. He wasn't a star to the general public, but he was known.

He had been mentioned more than once in the *Tulsa Tribune*, for accomplishments at college, for minor league theater efforts, finally, his mother had told him, for his "making it" in Hollywood, his big breaks on the silver screen. Even the *Oklahoma Journal* had carried a piece about the local boy making good — just a few paragraphs, to be sure, but in the *Oklahoma City Paper*!

That was nearly five years ago, in 1971. A lot of water had gone over the dam since then. His reputation and stature had grown in Hollywood, but not in the way

PERRY PAULDING DID NOT HAVE THE OUTRAGEOUSLY HANDSOME LOOKS THAT MIGHT EARN HIM A SECOND GLANCE FROM AGENTS OR PRODUCERS. WHAT HE DID HAVE WAS A DETERMINATION, A SEXY BODY, A CONFIDENT PRESENCE AND BEDROOM EYES. ESPECIALLY THE BEDROOM EYES.

he had once dreamed. Not in the way his mother thought. Far from the way his father had once hoped, when there was still the possibility that Perry might have some sort of medical career.

Perry was a long way down the road from that now, but his family need never know. At any rate, he thought as the late-model car ate up the miles beneath him, that was something he preferred to put out of his mind for the present. That was why he had left L.A., why he was now rushing through the parched New Mexico wastelands, rushing toward Texas, toward Oklahoma, toward home.

A rest for a few weeks would do him good. He needed to let things settle back in the city. Tempers had been running high in the powerful circles Perry had joined. More to the point, it was becoming harder and harder to dodge the questions, the official inquiries, the investigations over little things that could too easily lead to big things.

Cooling off would be good for everyone, Perry thought. I might even leave the whole situation behind. Hell, I don't need that scene. I could always go back to New York — pick up my acting career, or maybe even go back to school. Mom would like that.

In his daydreaming, Perry saw himself auditioning for a Broadway show — and making it. Not as a star right off, of course. Perhaps first as a walk-on, or even an understudy. He could imagine filling in for the other actor after sudden illness, and knocking the critics dead.

He could imagine reading his name in the *Times*, in the *New Yorker*, in the *Village Voice*. He could imagine it though he had never read any of them before. He could see himself commanding a table in a swank restaurant, shopping for expensive clothes on Fifth Avenue, supervising the decoration of a new apartment off Central Park.

Now that he was into it, he could imagine himself in *After Dark*, photographed in the Hamptons at a summer party, or on Fire Island.

(His mind brushed aside the reality that he knew nothing about the Hamptons, that he had been at Cherry Grove on Fire Island only once, and then as a paid companion, a boy-on-a-leash whose assignment it was to let everyone envy his master's taste first, then submit to a gang orgy that frightened and thrilled him all at once — thrilled him *because* it frightened him.)

It was apparently irrelevant, or forgotten in Perry's daydreaming, that he hadn't really liked New York at all. While he was studying medical technology there, he had hated the city, its extremes of heat and cold, its dirt and disintegration. He had even, at first, hated the openness with which sex was pursued, the openness that made his Tulsa background quiver with dread and a simultaneous longing for abandon.

He had found the Village, and then the Village found him. He had found his sex-

uality but not really come to terms with it. He had learned for the first time that he need never be completely down and out, so long as he groomed himself well and feigned response to those who found his youth desirable.

But he didn't want to be commanded. He wanted the reins in his own hands. New York was too big; too many people with too much knowledge, too much of a head start on Perry. He was out of his element, unable, this time, to adjust.

Back in Oklahoma, his schooling completed and his days occupied by work at the Hillcrest Hospital Laboratories, Perry began to feel the outlines of what New York had taught him. He began once again to be restless. He began to covet his high school show business dream. And he began to stir with the desire for sexual power.

That was a seed that New York had planted. Speeding east from Tucumcari, plunging across the state line into Texas, marked by a stone plinth bearing a welcome, Perry began to feel horny.

Reactions slowed by the fog of his thoughts, Perry was half a mile down U.S. 66 past the solitary figure with its upraised thumb before he ground the car to a halt, jammed the shift lever into reverse, and spun gravel as he backed along the shoulder to meet the lanky hitchhiker who was running up behind.

Thrusting open the passenger door with his best professional smile, Perry watched appreciatively as the youth wrestled a military green duffel bag into the back seat. The pick-up ducked his suntanned head of short-cropped blond hair into the front, dropped narrow hips into the bucket seat, and shrugged the strain from his shoulders.

Perry's brain hardly noted the quick, smiling exchange of names and travel goals with the stranger. It was fastened instead on the deep breath heaved by the man's muscled chest, a breath that swelled taut under the snug white tee shirt and began a swelling in Perry as well.

This, Perry gloated, could very well be my lucky day.

* * *

His body is found in Utah. A pair of heads, vagabonds in their custom van, stopped along the highway between Salt Lake City and Provo to eat some lunch and roll a joint. Random exploring off the road brought them across a dry stream bed. The body is there.

Fully clothed, neat, strangled. There is no sign of a struggle, no disarrangement, no wounds, nothing telltale to be scraped from beneath the victim's fingernails. He evidently knew his attackers and was taken by surprise.

Because of the way the body reclines, and because of the absence of marks where it might have been dragged, authorities assume that he was murdered elsewhere, then carried here by at least two persons. The victim is six feet tall, black hair, blue eyes, nicely built, around 30.

A premeditated assault. Determined.

As if it were fated, an inevitable outcome of the life and deeds of the parties involved. Not an act of passion, but possibly of preservation. A necessary execution born of the desperation felt in threatened men.

For Perry Paulding, a dramatic role reversal.

Los Angeles was getting too hot. Too many things were happening too fast. Perry could scarcely remember these days when the living was easy, fun, exciting. When the future stood open before him like a gently rising road, with gardens and golden light at the top.

Now the road seemed to lead down into the rocks, grow narrower each day between dangers that were closing in, opposing forces that could, either one, destroy him. Was that a chasm yawning ahead? Were there no side roads leading away?

Perry's dreams were troubled, to say the least. He had good reason to be ill at ease. But it had all happened so gradually. It had all seemed so right at the time, so easy. Before the nagging fear had come the sense of power, of control, of invincibility. His life, though far different from anything he had imagined as a youngster or a college student, had had a sense of destiny about it.

It was the life that belonged to him by choice, and he had little awareness that the real controls were in the hands of others. Seen through the prism of passing years, even his distant show business splash was bent out of the shape of reality, as if Perry had created it himself.

It had, in fact, fallen on him by a quirk. He had come to Los Angeles, to the glamour capitol of the world, with less than the usual credentials for "making it." A thousand other would-be stars could claim more experience, more training, more actual credits in high school and college drama, community theatre. His was no exceptional voice, no stunning talent.

He did not even have the outrageously handsome looks that might earn him a second glance from agents or producers. What he did have was determination, a sexy body, a confident presence, and bedroom eyes.

Especially bedroom eyes.

That single feature was probably what tipped the balance for Perry to win him his first significant movie role. He had made the rounds like the other hopefuls, had gotten a composite of photos shot and printed, had circulated his credentials, such as they were.

The composite was standard cliché Hollywood. Besides the handsome, smiling portrait, full size on the front, there were three smaller photos on the reverse — one showing a collegiate Perry Paulding in sweater and slacks, sport coat slung across one shoulder. The second showed Perry hunkered down behind a six-shooter, his good looks topped by a cowboy hat. The third showed Perry where he really thought it all was at: in brief

CASTING COUCH RUMORS WERE WELL-KNOWN TO PERRY, AND HE WASN'T ABOVE TRYING TO CATCH THE EYE OF A CLOSETY INDUSTRY INSIDER BY SHOWING A LOT OF SKIN. HE FOUND HIMSELF UNSUITED TO WORKING HIS WAY INTO STARDOM BETWEEN THE SHEETS—HE FOUND IT TOO PASSIVE.

swimming trunks, his muscles frozen into a physique pose.

Casting couch rumors were well-known to Perry, and he wasn't above trying to catch the eye of a closety industry insider by showing a lot of skin.

But the hundreds of photos he sent around and the dozens of auditions he stood in were getting him nowhere fast. Until Mae West "discovered" him.

The legendary actress planned the casting stunt partly for the publicity it would receive, partly because Mae had always liked being surrounded in public by sexy younger men. Announcements of production for *Myra Breckenridge* had already garnered a lion's share of press. It was, after all, a Gore Vidal best seller, and controversial in print. On the screen? It would be Rex Reed's first movie, Raquel Welch's first comedy, and the return of the artful Ms. West to the cameras.

* Hand-picking the young actor to play her chauffeur was a trivial point, but Mae was not to be denied. It was another good gimmick, anyway.

Along with the press, the handsome hopefuls were lined up nervously to await the glance from the *grande dame* that would mean, perhaps, the great break. The young men smiled, addressed the platinum personage in royal court tones, moved with all the finishing school *soigne* they could muster.

And then her glance fell into his bedroom eyes, and it was all over. She nodded and flashed the famous smile. He murmured a suave "thank you" and managed a genteel bow, but inside Perry was shouting with abandon. He had done it: HE had done it!

Hollywood didn't exactly fall at his feet. He joined the Screen Actors Guild, and managed to glean another small part in Francis Ford Coppola's *Godfather*, but Perry saw himself most of the time standing still while the world spun 'round him.

He did, to be sure, attract considerable attention when he made the rounds of L.A. gay bars. There acting was a way of life, with plenty of roles to be played, openings to be filled, on a long-running nightly basis.

Determined to crack the glamour world one way or another, Perry took advantage of introductions, climbed over acquaintances, and put himself on the string of one of the West Coast's most famous "madams," an entrepreneur whose clients were rumored to include a sizeable number of filmdom's movers and shakers.

But Perry found himself unsuited to working his way into stardom between the sheets—he found it too passive. His own sexual inclination for younger partners, and his ease in acquiring them, soon made him more valuable as a procurer of talent for the madam's business.

Perry wasn't long in establishing a reputation as the best recruiting agent in Hollywood. He worked an operation out

of Laurel Canyon when his first connection turned stale, then jumped to a liaison with a powerful attorney who dabbled in gay cases.

But the boys he picked up were beginning to give Perry a less savory reputation still. He was frequently accused of maltreating the sex partners he seduced out of *The Outer Limits*, *Gino's* and *The Diamond Horseshoe*. Usually the complaints were made quietly, almost fearfully, to the madam, or the attorney, or a patron or confidante outside the high-powered call boy whirl.

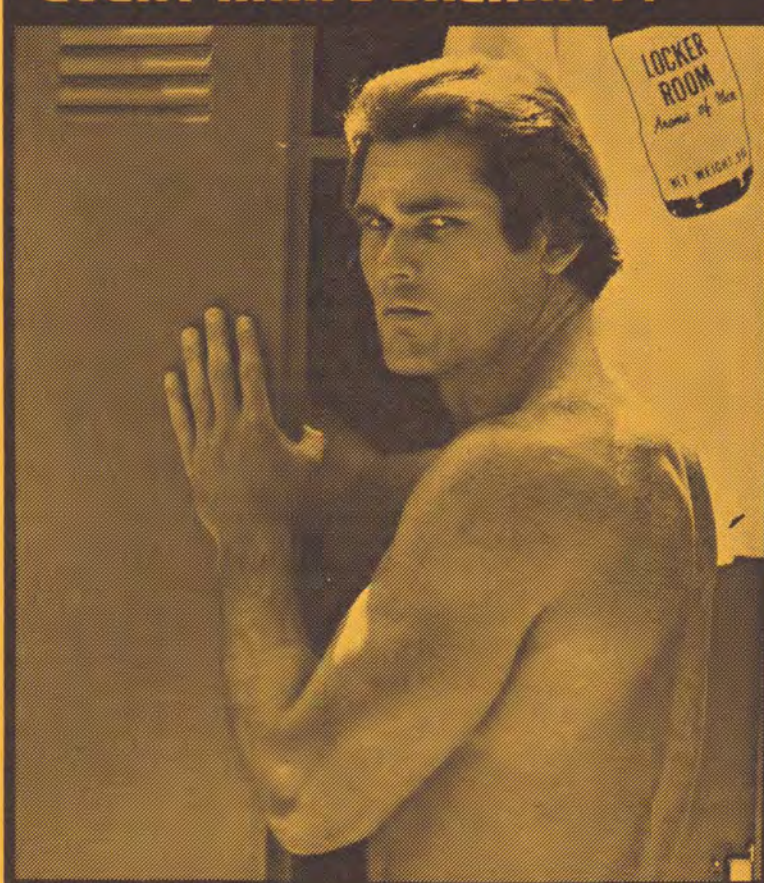
Perry was chastened, warned, threatened. His professional caliber connections leaned on him, hard. They were, after all,

in no hurry to attract attention to themselves, and any official suspicion that fell on Paulding would almost certainly spread to them.

Perry responded with his own retaliations. He learned the techniques of tying his victim's tongues with fear. He became more brutal, more demanding of his sexual partners, while wriggling closer inside the circles of power that dealt in pornography, publishing, night clubs and gay businesses.

But his *modus operandi* was far from foolproof, and eventually law enforcement turned a magnifying glass toward Paulding. No charges were brought, however—some say because witnesses had a

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PERRY HAD MORE AMBITION THAN SMARTS. HIS MOUTH WORKED FASTER THAN HIS SENSE OF DANGER. HE PUSHED TOO HARD, PLAYED TOO LOOSE. HE BECAME A MAN IN A HURRY TO DIE.



way of disappearing.

The gay grapevine carried reports of at least two of them fleeing to Utah — one a former employee at The Diamond Horseshoe, the other a youngman Paulding picked up in the South Bay area. Perry may well have felt a compulsion to visit Salt Lake City, to check on things for himself.

* * *

His body is found in Oklahoma. Again the locale is a dry river bed, but this time the victim is shot in the head, at close range, gangland style. His ankles and knees are bound together; his wrists are tied behind his back. His eyes are blindfolded.

Authorities speculate on a Mafia-connected execution. Tulsa and Oklahoma City both have their share of underground rivalry. But the victim is not known to organized crime investigators. There is no apparent motive. Both local police and FBI are puzzled.

Perry Paulding is merely dead.

* * *

Pimping, pandering and prostitution were easy steps up the shady web that lurks behind significant parts of the gay business community in Los Angeles and elsewhere across the country: Boston, Atlanta, Miami, Houston.

Much as the political leadership chooses to ignore it, much as the legitimate businessmen protest their distance from it, it can hardly be denied that arson, thuggery, blackmail, protection rackets — perhaps murder — are becoming more and more evident in games where the dollar stakes are high, and competition fierce as any jungle.

It was that world in which Perry Paulding became a "gofer," a runner for the big boys. He was malleable enough to obey orders almost to the letter, not question the morality of his instructions, nor consider refusing his superiors.

He was hungry enough to feed on the close associations he built, the loyalties he demonstrated, the pliability he proved. Just to watch the exchanges of money and power behind the scenes, to be identified with the rich and influential, was bread and honey to him.

To be given a part to play of his own, to understudy his own real life *Godfather* script, was meat and dessert. Per-

haps he should have been satisfied with that. No doubt he could have developed his own safe niche, an unobtrusive style in which he could grow and prosper — maybe even one day graduate to one of the "big boys" himself.

But Perry had more ambition than he had smarts. His mouth worked faster than his sense of danger. He pushed too hard, played too loose. He drew too much attention, made too much noise. He jabbed the needle, rocked the boat, threw the naked challenge once too often.

Perry Paulding became a man in a hurry to die.

* * *

His body is found in Arizona. He had checked into a Phoenix motel, and waited there. The men who came to visit him, ostensibly to talk, were known to him — he admitted them without question.

Perhaps he had agreed to come to Phoenix because the matter was impressed on him as of the utmost immediacy and importance. Perhaps he was lured by the prospect of windfall financial gain or a powerful promotion. Perhaps he was given to understand that he had no choice.

He was accustomed to mysterious meetings in out of the way places. Phoenix was no more out of the way for Perry than Las Vegas, Reno, San Diego, San Francisco, Salt Lake City or Atlanta. It was no more odd than some other locations his work had taken him to.

The other men in the motel room do not have names or faces. Higher-ups, henchmen, hit men — it only matters that they were not unknown to Perry, and that their meeting did not raise a suspicion from him.

Perry Patrick Paulding did not leave the motel room with his visitors. His body was found draped across the bed the next day, a fork stabbing his neck.

Perry Patrick Paulding — medical technologist, actor, sexual privateer and would-be power broker — had reached the end of his script.

It is ironic and puzzling that the local rumor mill in Los Angeles gave Paulding four different violent deaths before he was finally consigned to the ground. Irony because Perry was to the end an actor, upstaging one and all to try and make his part as big as possible. Puzzling, because each one of the "scripts" is believable, given the character Paulding chose to be.

The rumors, in fact, sound like the projections of persons who have been robbed of the reality of revenge, and have fallen instead on the expedient of wishful thinking — "killing" their oppressor in the way they might most desire his end.

The bulletin of the Screen Actors Guild noted only that Perry Patrick Paulding died on January 11, 1976, and was survived by his mother and a brother, both in Oklahoma.

(Next month: extensions of the tangled web.)

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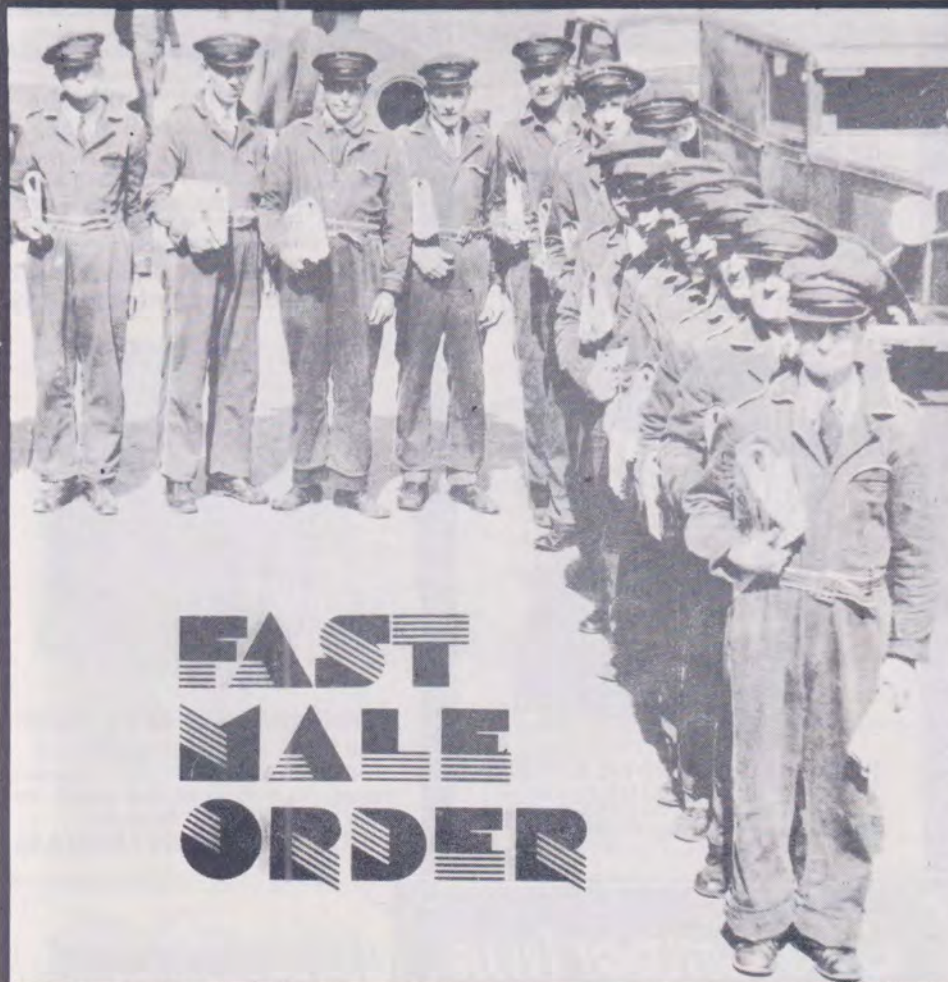
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DRUMMER views the Flicks

Shadow of the Hawk

It is an unhappy Jan-Michael Vincent who gloomily presides over the shenanigans in John Kemeny's production of *Shadow of the Hawk* (a would-be suspense-adventure with a soupcon of the supernatural), and his unhappiness is understandable.

Jan is the first to admit his need as an actor for the firm guidance of a strong and understanding director. It is, in fact, the main reason he eschews television. Well, soon after this current opus began shooting on location in and around Vancouver, word trickled down to Hollywood that the project was in trouble — Jack Smight had supervised pre-production details, then Darryl Duke did some directing, and finally George McCowan (who gets director's credit) tried to pull the thing out of the fire. Meanwhile, writers also proliferated; no less than four are given official credit for story and screenplay.

To compound his unhappiness, Jan is tired. Very simply put, this non-stop movie-making has got to stop. After *Buster and Billie* it was *White Line Fever*, then *Baby Blue Marine*, *Shadow of the Hawk*, *Vigilante Force* (now in post-production) and *Damnation Alley*, a sci-fi film with George Peppard and Dominique Sanda currently in front of the cameras. All of this is much too much a burden for an actor of limited scope whose name appears in lonely grandeur above the title.

Fortunately, in *Shadow of the Hawk* he has strong support. Chief Dan George contributes enormous strength and warmth as Jan's medicine man grandfather, determined that this materialistic half-breed grandson of his, whom he calls "Little Hawk," accept tribal responsibilities to combat "the evil around us" and save the tribe from a centuries-old voodoo-like curse of vengeance.

The inevitable female tagalong, a freelance writer supposedly on the trail of a "human interest" story (but who never so much as makes a single note or tape), is nicely played by Marilyn Hassett, an attractive and interesting young actress. No need to report that after an obligatorily initial hostility at having her join his Odysseus-like quest, Jan falls madly in love with her.

Improbably established at the opening as a successful coat-and-tie cocktail-circuit businessman, Jan suddenly be-

comes all physical and outdoorsy as the curious trio tries to track down the source of the "black medicine" through some of the most gorgeous scenery ever filmed. In the course of events, he successfully wrestles a huge grizzly, a pack of wolves, and has, on the edge of a cliff (where else?), an all-too-brief violent encounter with a hunky, hawk-like adversary dressed in a leather mini-tunic. Jan, of course, wins.

Exciting and inventive camera work salvages such familiar episodes as the runaway, brakeless car careening down a hill (ah, well, even Hitchcock couldn't resist this sure-fire breath-stopping bit in *Family Plot*) and the traversing of a disintegrating suspension bridge as it sways dizzily over a deep gorge. Best effect of all is a scene in which a speeding car crashes into an *invisible* wall our friendly medicine man has conjured up across the highway. We see this startling event intercut between head-on and side views, and it is most incredibly realized.

On the other side of the coin is the neglect of those involved to specify at the outset just *where* all of this is taking place, not to mention *when*. Jan sports his customary 1960s haircut (although the hair itself varies from a glinty auburn to jet black), and the clothes in the city scenes have a 1960s mod look. The cars, however, are of a much more recent vintage. The point is that we *need* these guidelines in order to accept all the nonsense that follows.

After brief opening scenes in swimming trunks at a pool and in bed (topless), Jan is excessively overdressed until a climactic episode in a cave where, stripped to the loins and stretched out on an altar-like rock, he is initiated by Chief Dan George — to the accompaniment of much chanting, drumming and drug-induced hallucinations — into receiving the "powers" that enable him to triumph over the evil haunting them all. Unfortunately, Jan's conversion from scoffer to believer was never explained.

Too slow a pace leaves us too much time to question: What made him change? What type of film really is this? Its uncertain tone wavers between realistic melodrama and spiritualistic mystery, with reverberations not unlike those of late night movie Mexican vampire flicks.

— Ed Franklin

SWASHBUCKLER

If you have ever fantasized having a bare-chested Beau Bridges completely at your mercy (or, for that matter, *being* a bare-chested Beau Bridges at someone *else's* mercy), Universal's *Swashbuckler* is for you. Ditto, if the most realistic torture dungeon ever put on film might turn you on. And one further ditto should basket-watch be your thing. If, however, you wish to revel in the nostalgia of early Errol Flynn/Tyrone Power/Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. epics, stay home with a dog-eared Raphael Sabatini and do your own fantasizing.

But let's start at the beginning.

Under the opening credits are period maps of the Caribbean, ultimately zeroing in on Jamaica. The legend "1718" appears. Joan Addison's music is appropriately Korn(y)gold. We then focus on a pair of shackled black ankles, and pan up to discover James Earl Jones, a gold earring glittering in his left ear lobe, being led to the gallows. Commanding the execution party is bumbling, bewigged, blue-eyed Beau Bridges as the foppish Major Folly (!).

Cut to cove as galleon heaves into view, its stripped-to-the-waist, modishly integrated crew led by Robert Shaw (as the gallant Captain Ned Lynch), clad in a kind of cerise jump suit cut to the navel. He laughs a lot and bounds about a lot and slapstickily brings off Jones' in-the-nick-of-time rescue. Oh yes, the name of his ship — featured in full many a close-up — is the "Blarney Cock."

Cut to Jamaica's villainous Governor Lord Durant, peevishly played by Peter Boyle. We find him in a pool-size marble bathtub, four black weightlifter-types doing his hair and nails (all twenty) while a curly-headed teen-age putto (Mark Baker) languorously plays the lute. This sulkily pretty boy, in constant attendance to Boyle throughout the film, never says a word, whether gleefully applying sharp talons to the aforementioned bare chest of Bridges or joining his master in the bath. He would have been much more at home in Fellini's *Satyricon*.

The Peter Boyle character is further rounded-out in a scene where he is practicing fencing on his black lackeys, hacking away and viciously cutting each one in turn, when he takes a moment to sigh wistfully "I have so little time for the pleasures in life!" Later, having forced Bridges to submit to the talon massage,

his justification is that "suffering becomes all mankind, but is especially attractive on the face of the young."

Plotwise, forget Jeremy Bloom's screenplay. Shaw is enlisted reluctantly to abet a plot to overthrow Boyle, and it ain't easy. His enlistor is Genevieve Bujold, possessor of the sexiest upper lip since Gene Tierney didn't get murdered in *Laura*. But watch out for this archetype of the castrating female: when she isn't brandishing a knife at Bridges' crotch, threatening to "cut them off," she's using her foot to disable a would-be seducer in the very same spot.

James Goldstone has directed to achieve a maximum of mayhem, derring-do and swordplay, the lengthy climactic showdown between our protagonist and antagonist — employing a succession of foils, sabres, and broadswords, in and out of room after room of the governor's elegant mansion — being especially effective, if derivative (candles are inevitably sliced through and the shadow effect from *The Adventures of Robin Hood* with Flynn and Rathbone, under Fred Caven's expert tutelage, is slavishly copied).

Special mention is warranted that extremely atmospheric dungeon set, the best playroom of its kind (on or off the screen) this reviewer has ever seen. It's complete with hanging cages, a variety of stocks, a rack, a wheel, etc. and inhabited by humans who seem actually to have suffered *there* rather than in the outer office at Central Casting.

Robert Shaw is too soft and whitish looking to be a character who spends most of his time at sea in the sun, and lacks the darkly handsome flash and dash of Flynn or Power. His best moments are in a scene about halfway through the film in which he and Jones seem to be trying to out-basket one another. I called it a tie.

Lost among those present are the usually imposing Geoffrey Holder, and Avery Schreiber (minus his Doritos). It is Beau Bridges, granted a role written to provide opportunities for scene-stealing, who proves himself the best actor of the lot. He provides most of the laughs, at least those which are not just cheap shots, and leaves you wishing — a substantial accomplishment — that his part were larger.

— E.F.



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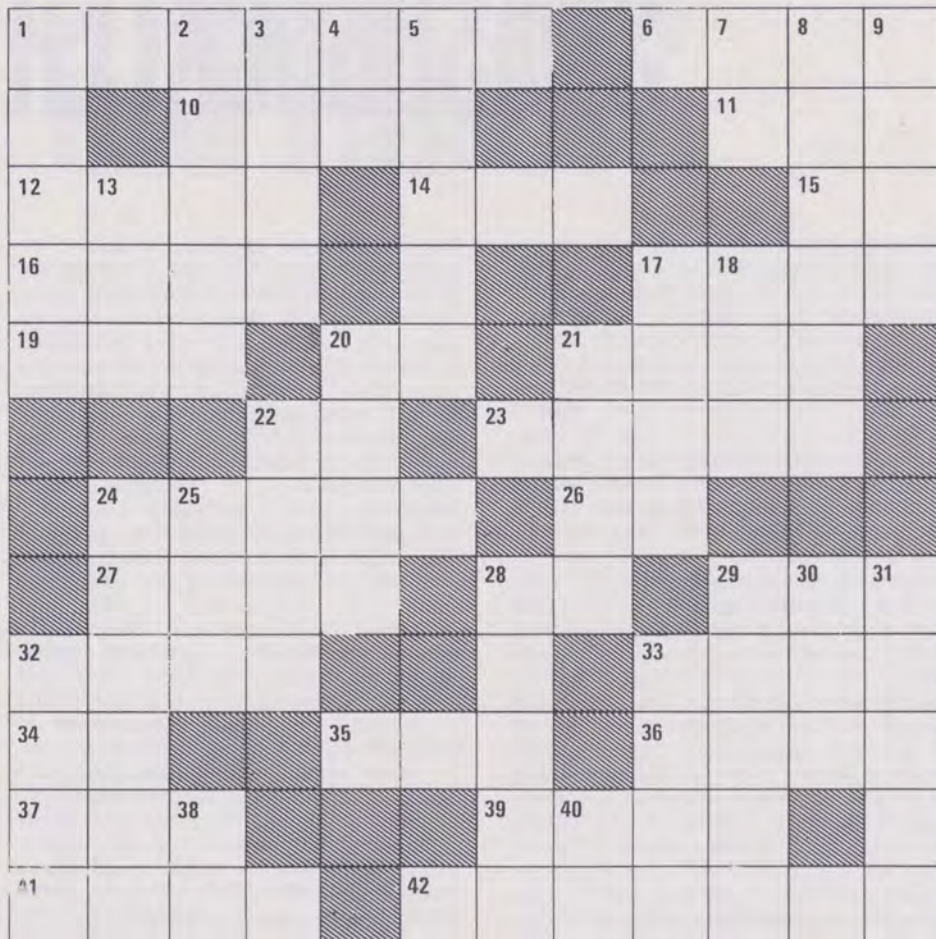
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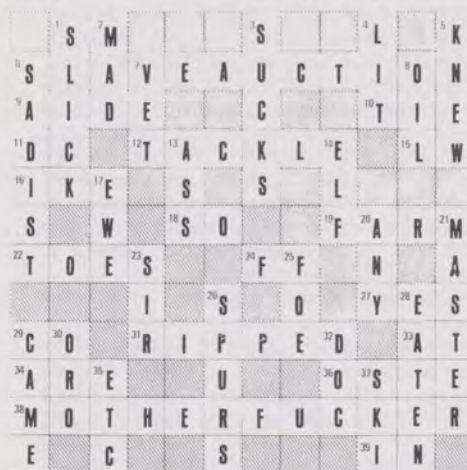
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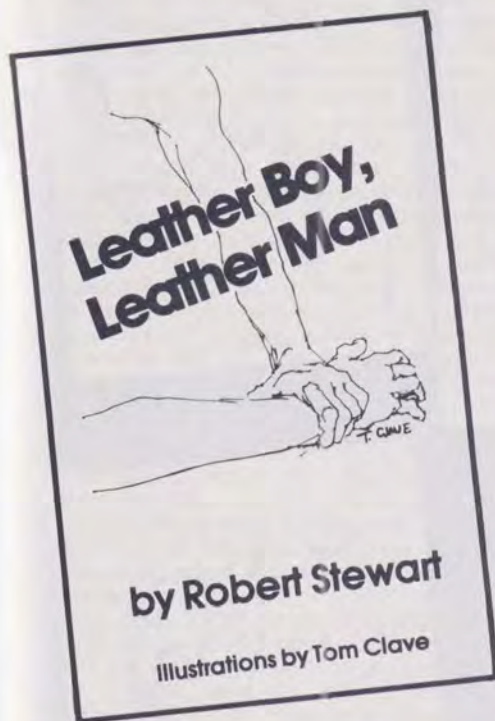
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25 Month (abbr)
28 Group
29 Measure
30 Raw Metal
31 ----- On Sunday
32 Broad
33 A Short Act
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ANSWERS FOR LAST ISSUE'S PUZZLE



BOOK REPORT



LEATHER BOY, LEATHER MAN by Robert Stewart. Denim Publications Co., P.O. Box 31445, San Francisco, California 94131, paperback, 120 pages, \$3.75, illustrations by Tom Clave.

Most leather scene gays come out twice. This brief, romantic, realistic novel is about a stud from Texas who made both journeys at the same time . . .

Coming out as a gay loosely resembles the tribal rites by which boys in primitive societies are initiated into the mysteries of manhood. But tribal ritual is planned and carried out by the entire tribe, or by a male fraternity. Gay coming out is an accidental voyage of discovery, with no guarantee that the initiate will learn what he needs to know and no protection against lessons he isn't ready for. Whether he makes the journey alone or with support and love depends not on tribal theory as to how such things ought to be done, but on pure accident as to where and how he happens on his gayness and on that of others.

The leather scene has evolved partly as a way to re-ritualize that rite of passage, tying it back to the affirmation of masculinity which gay coming out often rejects. Not all of the leather scene or

leather literature suggests the organic unity of tribal consciousness — so deeply ingrained is individualism in us, and so much is it a part of our image of masculinity. But it is notable that leather purists turn away from the image — even in this story — of the loner cowboy toward that of the gang cyclist . . .

Instead of the free soaring fantasy of some S&M novels, this is cool and realistic, describing the sex fully without being quite a porn story and describing the scene accurately without being a mere travelogue or documentary. If the dialogue is sometimes a bit wooden, it conforms to the image of how gay men ought to talk about heavy sex.

Mike Anderson, raised by his mother, had not seen his father (now ten years dead) or his half brother since Mike was four, and his mother didn't even want to talk about them. Suddenly, after graduating from high school, the husky youth is invited to spend the summer on his older brother's California ranch . . .

The train ride has him worrying over his shyness with dates and his excitement at seeing the other guys nude in the gym. Will Jeff think him queer? Will they even recognize one another, or have anything in common?

Dressed equally butch, and looking fairly alike, they do recognize one another. "Goddam," Jeff says, "I expected a boy I might not even recognize. I got a stud."

The wooing proceeds without hitch, gentle but firm. Mike is a virgin, but when Jeff takes him, Mike is clearly willing, which fairly well sums up the rest of the story as Jeff initiates Mike into a progression of S&M scenes. A bit of resistance might have made for stronger drama, but for all their masculinity and need for ritual pain, these men are lovers, not fighters.

The story has power of a different kind. Strong with subterranean meaning even though it does not lean on symbolism and does not preach, it is another gospel of the leather life, to stand on a par with the works of Townsend, Carney, Vanden and Lambert, while taking a clearly distinct view from each of those. It certainly is more matter-of-fact and less defensive than those predecessors.

Those who are looking for hot breathing sex may be disappointed, but the sex scenes are very good, underplayed in a masculine way much like Clave's ten fine line sketches that set the tone for the several chapters.

Jim Kepner

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BESTIALITY



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Old Pals

(Ed Note: DRUMMER recognizes that bestiality is still highly illegal in most, if not all, of the United States. As such, we are not endorsing the practice. We are simply presenting this article to illustrate further that there are many forms of sexual release, each one a natural act to its practioners.)

Bestiality: sex involving humans and animals, with or without regard for the animals' interest. It is against the law. As with all human behavior, the conditions in the individual mind determine the range and intensity of experiences; as with all sexual behavior, other minds judge and speculate through their own ignorance and frustrations. The outraged

cries against sex with "defenseless creatures" are pushed through tense throats of constipated, girdled, neurotic, prudent Americans everywhere — determined to save us all from everyone else. Should they follow the horror of a single beef cow or frying chicken on its way to their tables, their concern for a few supposedly "sexually misused" animals could be seen as nothing short of ridiculous.

My investigation of bestiality for DRUMMER exposed me to what must be a common and grinding problem for animal-lovers: Those who were not involved in the scene thought me perverted, taking unnecessary risks to my health and freedom, while those already involved were terrified of exposure, bad press, or just another rip-off thrill-seeker.

I believe those who did give me time

and confide in me were pleased by my acceptance of them and their stories; I was pleased by their acceptance. The one thing which kept recurring through all the histories and fantasies and present involvements was the GRADUAL transference of trust and sexual gratification to the various animals, not surprisingly an important point in the development of commitment to all relationships.

What follows is distilled from hours of interviews. Most of it happened to one man, now in his 40s, living east of L.A. on a few acres and quietly sharing life with his non-human lovers. In rewriting his story, I have changed various details to protect his identity and make it readable, entertaining and informative enough to provide an insight into him and his scene.

I was 13 when my parents were killed and the ranch was bought at auction by my uncle. Grudgingly, he let me stay on, providing a severe list of rules and chores to be kept. His soft, punkish kid, Paul, was given my room, and I was given a cot within a small shed back of the chicken coop. I enjoyed the privacy and gladly spent what time I could alone there. Another advantage was that the privy was in the chickenyard, too, so on cold, wet nights I hadn't far to walk. I was taken out of school and spent 10 to 12 hours a day learning the care of the stock and yard animals, gradually assuming all the feeding and slopping. They all became my pets and friends — Paul was off at school most days and seldom even talked to me whenever he was around. The stove I fixed up in my room was cozy. I had five of mom's quilts for color and warmth and a little lamp I'd use on the sly 'cuz Uncle didn't want me wastin' the kerosene. I found black cloth to pull over the tiny shed's windows and kept with the readin' my mom had done with me.

One night as spring came in and I neared 14, I turned off my light, climbed in bed and was startled by a ruckus in the chickenyard. Jumping up to the window, I peeked out and saw Paul. The moonlight showed his teen-age body, baby fat dissolving and tightening here and there into a man's sculptured muscle. The pale body was naked, and fuzzy light brown hair ranged lightly along the nipples and chest dropped in a thin line to his belly-button then grandly spread down over his abdomen to his cock. He held a chicken between his legs and was violently flexing his legs and stomach. The chicken struggled madly, Paul jerked and shuddered, then dropped the hen to the ground. I saw his dick, dark with what was blood or chicken shit, fat and about eight inches long with a foreskin that began to swallow the softening shaft. He slipped on his trousers, took away the dead chicken, and I laid back in wonder. The next three nights in a row the boy did the same thing, and each night I watched. On the third night he killed three chickens, and as he left I began worrying about the effects of these raids on the hen population! If he kept on like this, his dad would soon begin to notice something, and I would be blamed unless evidence of a predator was found. For much less reason I had been severely beaten by Uncle, and I didn't need any schooling to predict the hiding this would bring. The next night I waited for Paul to catch his hen, then I cleared my throat and hoarsely whispered to him from where I stood in the shadow of the outhouse.

He sat the bird down and strolled casually over to me without bothering to pick up his pants. My knees began to quiver, so to stall the confrontation I asked him into my shed to talk. He came in, sat for a minute, then abruptly got up and peered out the window. It was obvious what I had been able to see. He gave a long whistle, then turned to me with a glare of anger and suspicion. The look paralyzed me with fear, and I sat staring as he walked over to where I sat dressed only in jeans; my eyes dropped with the movement of his hand, as it cupped the

fat, unwashed prick, and piss gushed out in a strong acrid yellow stream and filled my mouth before I could close it and oiled my face and hair and body as I fell to the floor and tried to roll away. He laughed and pinned me to the floor, grabbed some rope, threw me bound onto the bed, and fastened me face up with hands tied to the headboard, legs hobbled. He took a dirty sock from my boot and shoved it in my mouth and left. When he came back in he knelt over my chest, rubbed that smelly cheesy cock in my face, then shoved the chicken he held onto his hard meat with a snapping and loud "thomp." He edged up on my face and I watched his snug balls whack against the chicken's ass while the terrified bird scratched my cheeks into a stinging pain. My blood mixed with its blood. I wanted to see Paul suffer like that. He tired of the bird, so he threw it down and lifted my legs over my head. It was my turn to feel the chicken's terror, and the battering began on my sensitive dry butt. Soon he had busted his way inside, the sock muffled my screams, and he pumped like he wanted to tear me inside out. I couldn't breathe, my heart felt like it would burst, my back ached, and my hands and feet were numbed by the ropes that cut off circulation. Paul groaned and gasped, turned my feet down to the left side of the bed, adjusted his thrust position, leaned down and took my right nipple in his mouth and set his teeth deeper into my tender flesh with every bucking and heightening jab of his long, complete orgasm. I felt him flood my butt. Then I passed out.

The next morning I woke with sore, aching muscles and a burning on my face and chest. My ass felt packed with broken bottles. A soft knock on my door and Paul came in. He carried some breakfast, set it on the bedstand, and poured hot water into a basin. He left without a word. I washed the wounds, ate, and did my chores; the family was gone for the day, so no questions were asked, and for the moment I relaxed into routine.

Over the next year, until Paul was 17 and killed by lightening on a pack trip, my daily routine changed little, but my nights became a hell of Paul's constant abuses and tortures. He branded me "C/S" for "cocksucker" on the left side of my chest. He would take horse shit and hay and roll me in the mixture, my skin burning from the acids. He would stuff me in the outhouse hole then piss and shit on me in my horror of that dark and spidery place. He would tie me down and beat me with fists, belts, sticks, and occasionally a branch of poison oak or stinging nettles. As I turned 14, my cock had lengthened drastically. Soft hairs had sprouted in my armpits and along the crevice of my ass and around the base of the 9-inch shaft. Paul would tie it and beat it and pour Red-Hot over it, telling me what a freak I was and how no girl could get fucked by it if it grew anymore. Once he put honey under the foreskin and watched as ants crawled excitedly over my crotch in their delirium of discovery. I was not sorry when he was killed.

With Paul dead, Uncle became more dependent on me; there were no other

children and the ranch couldn't support a hired hand. I was more than happy with his offer of a small salary and a fixing up of my shed. I wanted nothing to do with anyone. I'd had enough of Paul to last forever, and most folks in town or who came to visit seemed just as mean as he'd been, so who needs 'em?

I got myself a Labrador-Shepherd puppy and he was a good enough friend. Uncle gave me a horse, an Appaloosa mare I named Rye, and I settled into age 15 with a grown-up lifestyle unfettered with any responsibilities except to myself and my chores. My dick slid up to 11 inches, and I got to enjoying the private stroking off when I was alone in the barn or on the range or under covers at night. The wet cum dried sticky and smelled like clean soap; I liked it matted in my crack and pubic hairs, gummy along my thighs and slick balls, and I'd rub it all over my chest as fertilizer in the design I'd hoped the hair would grow. (It didn't work . . .) I cleverly called my puppy "Dog," and the name fit him pretty nicely. He loved to pile into my bed, and he thought that jism was specially whipped for him, 'cuz he'd lick it off and then tongue my cock and ass for more. His pink, hot cock would stretch along his black belly, and he'd place his paws on my chest and lick me if I'd jerk him off. His cum was thick and plentiful and he'd lap it all up, too. One night I got real hot (I'd helped the bull mount cows all week, plunging my fist up others' cunts with handfuls of his sperm). As we settled into bed, Dog straddled my face and began licking my cock. Playfully, I opened my mouth and licked his dick. The hooked head began its push out of the folded skin, the balls swung in their taut little bag, and I filled my mouth with dog dick and tongued and sucked until the hardon and knot were really swelling. I reached over for my Butch wax and rubbed my asshole with it (stretching the now hairy buttocks with my fingers and hands). I lifted my legs and laid back in ecstasy as the rough tongue dug deeper into my bowels, his wet, cold nose teasing my heavy balls. He brought the tongue up my sweating crotch, along the stiff cock, nuzzled and lapped at the sweat along the abdomen and to my chest and then he started in. I was totally uncomfortable so I eased him back, flipped to my knees and stuck my ass out. He climbed on my back and began the rapid punching entry. Even so, he was not as rough as Paul had liked to be, and I had an ass bulging with a hot humping dog that made love to my writhing twat, strong strokes of masterful manipulation that caused all my thoughts to turn to colors while he shot a hot fast injection that instantly filled, calmed and lubricated my hungry hole. Suddenly Dog began withdrawing, pulling the knot through my clamped muscles. I pushed and contracted involuntarily, my head reeling with more brilliant flashes of color. Incredible gaps appeared between breaths and heartbeats. My head dropped with dizziness. My balls burst within, and from the base of the asshole a slow heavy electric pain rose to the swollen head of my 11 inches. I screamed silently while watching spurt after spurt of slow motion

juice splash on the sheet and form beautiful thick white pools under me. As his cock pulled free I arched my ass high in the air, stretched my legs and neck, then folded down into the cum I had thrown over my bed. I came down so that the right side of my face would rest in the largest pool and opened my mouth and stuck my tongue in the bitter stuff while Dog happily licked it from all around, including his own from my sore ass. The long scraping tongue seemed to be gently pushing my flesh back into shape, and I fell asleep to the rhythmic lapping and rimming.

Dog and I were inseparable. When I turned 16, Uncle gave me a rugged pack saddle and outfitted me for the range. At the end of the summer I was to round up the herd and be in charge of the rounders for the drive home! I got so keyed up by the prospect of all that, that I became impatient to get out and use the new gear and ride the mountains alone. I asked if I could take my mare, Rye, and ride out a few days just to spend some time by myself looking and wonderin'. I was surprised and proud when the old man agreed.

Dog and Rye and I looked back on the tiny house and outbuildings from the top of Miner's Ridge, then I yelled wildly and rode Rye hard across the ridge and up into the grand meadows. Poor Dog about ran his legs off that first few miles through the wilderness, but I soon got some sense and took pity on the poor guy and slowed Rye to an easy walk northeast into Colorado's San Juan mountains. We traveled two days before I came on a place I wanted to sit and stare at a few days: a cold waterfall crashed into a deep pool from a narrow black rock canyon, then the river roared down a wooded valley and cascaded onto a plain way below.

We settled there: a rubdown and grazing for Rye, a squirrel for Dog, a fire and supper for me. Uncle had gave me some Pall Malls in my vittles, so I cupped my hands around the tin coffee cup and inhaled the dizzying cigarette while Dog and I watched the blue blackness overtake the unspoiled grandeur. We sat quietly to the rising of a nearly full moon, the oranges of the fire playing on the firs and browns of the earth, trees and Rye. Her grey became an orange background for large freckled bursts of browns and spot-shadows. I fed the fire, stripped and stretched on top of the bedroll with Dog. My cock was now almost 13 inches long, and my legs were thick and fuzzy with hair. So were my balls, and I had almost as much pubic hair as Paul had boasted, although the hair on my chest only ringed my large dark tits and patched above the breastbone. We began our sexual ritual with my tonguing his cock and balls and ass, and he licked my ass and face. Getting fucked by Dog out here in the woods seemed even more erotic and special, and the cum poured out of me. I felt like an empty canvas water bag when we had finished the passionate love-making, and I laid there relaxing to the familiar licking and nuzzling.

Suddenly, Dog turned and growled, baring his teeth and snarling at some-

thing across the fire. I grabbed at my pants and gun and yelled, "Who's there?" It struck me as a dumb question if the WHO was an IT... Both Dog and I were frozen with fear. A tall, relaxed figure became visible over the flames — cigarette in mouth and eyes that bounced the firelight back into me with a confident stare. He casually strolled closer, leading his horse, and gently reproached Dog for his cowardly growling. He looked at me and said, "Son, if that pistol's loaded, put 'er away. They can make some bad holes, and the noise might scare me." He winked, told me he'd seen the fire and asked if he could set a spell.

I put the revolver down, jerkily put on my jeans and tried all the while to think of what to say. I started to introduce myself, but he cut in that names weren't much use on the trail, so he'd just call me "Son," and I could just call him. He laughed at my confusion, then asked for a cup of coffee. I poured some, but he tossed it with a spit and a loud laugh. He got water from the stream, then showed me how to use the cold water to settle grounds and explained that stones would keep the pot warm without boiling it down to paste. His coffee was a lot better. He led me into a long, drawn out conversation about his amblings, and as the fire died I fell asleep forgetting to find out if the cowboy had seen our sex.

Morning pried into my bedroll along with the steams of coffee and bacon in the air. My visitor had fixed me breakfast, and I sat in awe as I ate: it was delicious! My cooking had provided cremated beans, various solid states of coffee, and biscuits consisting of melted goo surrounded by white hot concrete! We had easy conversation, and he proved a real drifter. I couldn't see his horse, so he explained my mare *estaba berraca*, so he had tied his stallion back in the trees to avoid trouble. A long, awkward silence followed as I wondered if he was thinking about me and Dog. He started to speak several times, then shuffled and averted his gaze. Finally, he blurted out in his clumsy deep baritone: "I seen you and your dog by the fire last night, and I felt real bad about comin' in on ya jest then, but it weren't apurpose — so's anyhow, I liked what I saw and you kin jes' relax — okay, kid?"

I was relieved, but wanted to change the subject *fast*, so I asked what he was goin' to do today? He wondered what I had planned, and we discussed the chances of us doin' something together since neither had any special destination. The cowboy laid back and stretched in the morning sun with the remark that he was "takin' no medicines" so he would stay a spell if it was okay with me... It was. He was a real character: coarse, clumsy, easy, free.

We hiked over to check on his horse, a handsome Appaloosa stud. He was a magnificent animal: strong, beautiful grey dapplings over white and muddy backgrounds. I could only rave about the glorious beast, brushing him and caressing his beautiful mane, back, shoulders and flanks. His noble face was classic. Then the idea hit me: could he put his stallion to stud with Rye? I promised not to sell the colt, but to raise it and personally

care for it: it would be a perfect beauty!

He reached under the stud's belly and rolled the balls forward so I could see them better. I'd never closely examined horse balls, and they were unbelievably handsome and huge! I wondered how much cum *they* must make. He rolled the cock into his hands and pulled hard wax from a few folds, talking to the horse: "Ya got a big dong, don't ya boy? Don't know if I should call you 'balls' or 'cock,' ya got lots of both. Here, Mister, let me pull some of the wax offa there. Better? Ah, a little shy in front of my buddy, today, boy. C'mon. Cock, no need to get jealous; let's see that pretty cockhead, stick it out there. Need your ass scratched? How about some rubbin' along that belly? Fatso! Nice cock, huh, son?"

I had been staring at the lengthening meat and reached out and hefted the great balls in my hands. My own cock got rock hard along my leg, and I could see a formidable bulge in the other man's jeans, too. He took out his bandana and walked over to Rye and rubbed her, neck to cunt. She got real jittery as he wiped his handkerchief around her hole. Then he quit and walked the stallion over, covering his face with the sticky juice on the bandana. The horse dick dropped practically to the ground in a raging bright pink hardon. The initial nuzzling and biting and kicking terrified me, but the cowboy took his clothes off (revealing a stringy, hairy, efficient body with a wang that swung heavily in days of sweat and trail dust), and he worked his forearm into the mare while coaxing the stud into a good position and then helped guide the long pole in. When they began to fuck, he came over to my bedroll and we watched the handsome stallion flex his muscles over the passive female — I wondered aloud how she could be so calm while taking all that! After the cowboy pointed out how hard his stud was biting her neck, I figured I'd have been still too! Within a few minutes the cowboy yelled for me to strip down and come help. We clamored over just as the shaft pulled free with a loud POP. The stud romped a few feet away; the cowboy took me behind Rye, talking quietly to her, and he had me insert my hand — the suction was intense, but not so intense as the HEAT! All the juices and smells got me hot. I pulled my hand out, then the cowboy ordered me to rub my dick with the slime. I hesitated, so he laughed and plunged his arm in for a few seconds then pulled it out, sticky and shiny, and smeared his huge tool, his balls and his chest. He rubbed his fingers lightly under my nose and across my lips, his body hair matted and shiny with juice and sweat. He calmed Rye again and I stuck my hand in again and shyly rubbed it against my softening cock, wanting to imitate my new buddy but a little unsure. Next the man asked me if I'd ever seen up a horse's pussy? I said "No," of course. (I hadn't.) "Could you?" (I doubted this very much.) He winked at me, then assured me that anything that could take a cock the size that had screwed her would be a pretty big opening, so it stood to reason, didn't it, that you'd be able to look up it, 'specially after it'd just been cracked

open by a good fuck. I carefully looked under the tail of the horse, but other than the usual surface back there, there wasn't any special view up her, but the cowboy told me "It ain't quite THAT easy." "First," he said, "you need a light, 'cuz there ain't no natural light inside, and second, you need the horse tied up so's she can't kick the Bee-Jesus outta ya." I had to admit he really was an expert!

Carefully we lashed some logs in an "L" around a close trio of Aspen, then he tied Rye so that her tail stuck above the low logs behind her. The morning sun was getting pretty high in the sky and shone squarely on her ass. Then, the cowboy lifted the tail away and showed me where to look. There was the lips, he said, you just put two fingers from each hand in there and gently pull it apart and lean up for an inspection of her insides. Cautiously, I put my fingers in and pulled her open and stepped closer. Still couldn't see, so the cowboy urged me closer, as the sun would soon be out of position. Now, just a few inches from it — I was going to say, "Nope, still nothin'," when the cowboy's hand gripped the back of my head and buried my face in the sweet sticky hole between my hands. I tried to pull away, Rye tried to buck and kick at the surprise; the cowboy and the makeshift corral held us together. Before I panicked for air, he let my face back, pulled me to his salty, dusty, juice-matted body and held me tight. My hardon hit his leg and he ran his fingers through my hair. When I looked up at his thin, rough face he smiled and kissed me full on the mouth. I felt his rod push hard against my belly, and I floated as he held me in that deep wet kiss. He asked if it would be okay with me if *he* fucked her?

We made a pile of stones, and he mounted her ass while I calmed her from the side. She stood easy while he slammed an incredibly thick 11-incher in and out. He got down, dripping and rock hard, and told me to try her. I was crazy with excitement from the smells and tastes and jumped into position. Slowly the head of my prick entered the hot, juicy lips and the hole seemed to suck it right in, balls and all! I'd pull out hard, then let her pull me in. WHOOPEE! Then the stranger told me to stop short of shooting: he wanted to show me more. I pulled out and stood behind Rye. The cowboy stood in front and asked me to eat her pussy and treat her to a good time for a while. I put my fingers in, some liquid ran down, and my cowboy talked to me saying to tongue it real nice and feel her up with my mouth. I shut my eyes tight then pressed my face into the hot crevice. The slime smothered my skin and my tongue darted out along the smooth runny membrane. I came up for air; the cowboy ambled behind me and shoved his roarin' stiff pole up my ass — and while he fucked, he kept urging softly, "Eat that pussy, son, eat all that Cock's load, drink it, boy, c'mon, swallow. . ." My balls and cock rocked with a flash of pain, and the man pumped a full load of his cum up my butt while mine streamed over the logs and ground under me. I pulled back and blinked; my eyes stung and scared me and I tried

frantically to wipe them clear; I cried out in fear. Instantly, the cowboy grabbed me, ran over to the pool and threw me in. He got his hanky and waded in where I splashed the cold in my face; he took hold of me and pinned my arms. He rinsed the bandana and washed my face and eyes, soothing me with his voice. After he was sure I was okay, he playfully moved the knee that was supporting me and dunked me, causing me to lose my balance. I grabbed him for support and my hand found his giant cock, withered by the freezing water to a shriveled handful. I laughed at the joke of it, so he barked the wisecrack that he couldn't even *find* mine, it had probably turned inside out, then grabbed me and carried me to the bank and over to his bedroll. There he tossed me down and began "lookin' for" my peter, tickling the shit out of me in the pretend search. The more I kicked and hollered, the more he lay over me to stop my wriggling defense. His chest was still dusty and matted with horse secretions, and as he continued pressing it in my face I wanted more and more to lick and taste it. Suddenly he wrapped his arm around my neck and closed my face into his smelly wet hairy armpit and promised he would quit tickling if I would lick him all over, starting there. The salty dank smells and taste brought an instant hard to me, and he milked my long meat as I lapped sweat and dirt from his entire body ending with the sweat on his back down to the hairy patch above his hips and crack. He rolled me onto my back. As Dog watched, the cowboy sat on my chicken face and

pulled the cheeks apart, telling me to rim it just like I had the horse. There was sweat and cheese, and in the line of hair framing the hole were little hard trapped pieces of shit the cowboy wanted scraped off by my teeth. I tongued and pulled and sucked. The build-up in my groin started again, and as I moaned the cowboy suddenly stood up, turned and pissed in my face! I sat right up, shocked and hurt. We sat down together, naked on the bedroll, and he lit us cigarettes. The stallion gamboled over and the cowboy stood to pet him. I walked over, trying to act nonchalant as this super-hung naked man nimbly moved around preparing "something." His eyes sparkled.

He gently stroked the stud, rubbed his flanks, belly, balls and withdrawn cock. He asked me to come closer, then pulled his skin over his own hard hanging meat and told me to suck it. I kneeled, but could just get a few inches into my mouth, so he ordered me to stick my tongue out and he curled the cheesy foreskin onto the tongue, pulling it on and off my tongue while his other hand worked the horse cock. The smell of his crotch along with the sight of his wiry hairy body made me crazy. He stood spread-legged, balls swinging hairy and smelly in their thick fleshy bag, and slowly turned while I sucked the skin and dripping end of his massive sex, until I found myself under the stallion. The strong hands transferred my mouth to the stud. The wax and drying female juices and oozing cockhead were electrifying. As he softly encouraged me, I filled my hands and mouth with the horse flesh,



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balls and sack. The 18 inches I had begun licking grew to what seemed 3 or 4 feet . . I was guided behind the horse and could see his balls hanging huge in front of his short-haired, giantly muscled ass. The cowboy lifted my mouth to the hole and I greedily put my tongue into the crater of the ass and licked. The muscles flexed, the membranes loosened, and into my opened mouth dumped a faceful of green straw-tasting pungent horse shit!

The cowboy wiped my face with his bandana, then pushed me to the ass again. I cleaned the mess around the rim, but inside there was just a sweet taste, nothing solid, so I relaxed and sucked. Meantime, behind me the drifter worked the horse manure into my buttock and then started inserting his cock again. I thought he would split my head open before he stopped pushing in, but then he carefully bounced it out an inch or so and then back in, swinging the balls against mine, telling me to open my shit tube and push the dick back out if I could. He began piling into my bowels like a crazy man, bucking like he would kill me! I pulled off the horse's ass and screamed, trying to get away, but the more I fought the harder he threw it to me and the tighter he held on. He yelled an agonizing whoop, shoved it up into what felt like my chest cavity, then slowed down until we stood quietly, breathing like we would pass out, and me stuck between his legs on his cock.

He pulled it out and told me to get Cock to cum, now that we'd got him excited, so he stood there advising as I worked my ass off pulling on that long rod. Finally I was too exhausted to continue, so the cowboy took over. I laid on the dirt under the horse and his owner quietly mumbled and cooed to the handsome stallion until he tried to jump and kick, splattering a bucket of wax-hot bitter sperm all over me, my face and chest and belly and cock. My hair was soaked and the cowboy said "keep licking as it pours," then he wiped his hand over my tool, knelt down and worked his mouth on my genitals, cock and balls. I screamed and fought as he went on sucking through my climax, dragging me all the while from under the horse. I lay rolling on my back in the dust, the stranger continued to pull at me with his mouth. I was totally delirious, saturated with horse shit and cum and juice and hair and raw, earthy smells unlike anything anywhere.

The rest of that week sped by: We spent it relaxing in the hot sex of the studding of my mare, the drifter's introduction to Dog and my ritual, and confiding in one another our mutual disappointment with folks and their crap. We parted in full knowledge of what joys we shared in love with our animals, and we were assured of its rightness.

When he didn't show up for the appointed roundup job I'd offered, I had to smile in understanding. We were both loners, drifters digging our own style and content to be that way. When it gets down to it, he gave me the balls to think for myself, and the years that have followed have been proof that that is the only way to find yourself and your happiness.

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To the best of DRUMMER'S knowledge, all of these 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 Leather action is.

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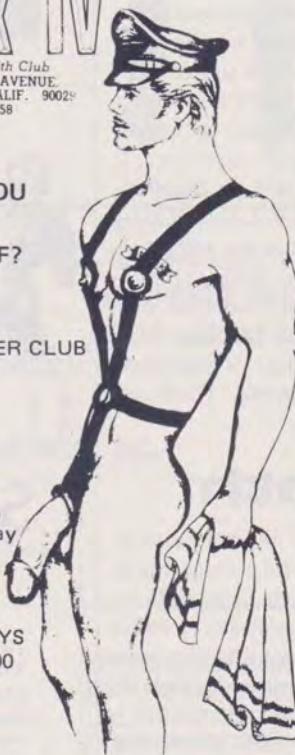
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IN PASSING

Blueboy's Boo-boo

Blueboy's September/October issue, just out, has created quite a stir in a number of circles — almost all of it has been negative, except perhaps with the law enforcement set, who have reportedly been elated at the blood-and-guts approach mislabeled "S&M" by *Blueboy*. After all, they told everybody so, and here it is not only in black and white, but deadly living color.

This publication, out of Miami, has made great strides in circulation, appearance and national acceptance. It even has some "straight" advertisers. Its pages are lush with color, arty as hell, and they have come as close as anyone to the oft aimed at ideal of a "gay *Playboy*."

With the success of *DRUMMER*, many of our contemporaries have dabbled in getting into the Leather act, with varying results. What prompted *Blueboy* to venture into an area it was completely unqualified for is anybody's guess. But the result is disastrous. Four pages of a suicide in a bathtub, with the blood going down the drain. A simulated (we assume) corpse may be somebody's idea of S&M, but it isn't ours. There are glittering razor blades slicing nipples and a penis made into a candle via an inserted lighted match. Ektachrome blood (probably watery ketchup) runs over an apple atop a bald head and down a bikinied back. There are some interesting shots of somebody's dungeon entitled "Black Rooms" and some mystifying ones of a female torso trying on a jock strap and a male pushing either a pane of broken glass or a saw into *his* jock. The feature article on "S&M 1976" is written by a woman who starts off by admitting she knew nothing about the subject.

We have no intention of starting a rhubarb with *Blueboy*, a publication we have admired from time to time. But we feel its publishers have done Leather people everywhere a disservice. If there is little understanding of Leather or S&M by *Blueboy*, there is even less by the laworder set that is constantly sniping at the Gay Community. Nor is there much desire for enlightenment or communication by many homophobic police administrations. A campy bomb like this can really set them off and running. May we respectfully suggest topics to *Blueboy* other than this one. *DRUMMER* promises to steer clear of seascapes, travelogues, fashion shows and the *avante garde*. There are plenty of subjects to go around.

Dateline's Death

Dateline Magazine, we are sorry to report, did not make it past the first issue. The idea of a national gay newsmagazine is a good one and *Dateline* received many advance subscriptions and much interest. Unfortunately something went awry, and it is unlikely that a second issue will be forthcoming. We have purchased their series about the California murders from its authors. It begins in this issue of *DRUMMER*.

We will try to make some arrangements to fulfill *Dateline's* subscription obligations in our launching of what we should have done in the first place, our own national NewsMagazine. The format of the new publication is on the boards and the results will come out after the first of the year. Its name is one that shouldn't surprise too many.

It will be called *THE ALTERNATE*, and it will be all ours!

DRUMMER

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Several of the back issues of *DRUMMER* have been reprinted and we still have a few of the others in stock. All are limited and when these are gone, that's it. The copies above are available right now for \$3 a-piece, which covers postage, too. Meanwhile, *DRUMMER* gets bigger and better, and is now monthly. Get aboard so you won't miss future issues. Only \$20 a year. Sent to you promptly in unlabeled envelopes.

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