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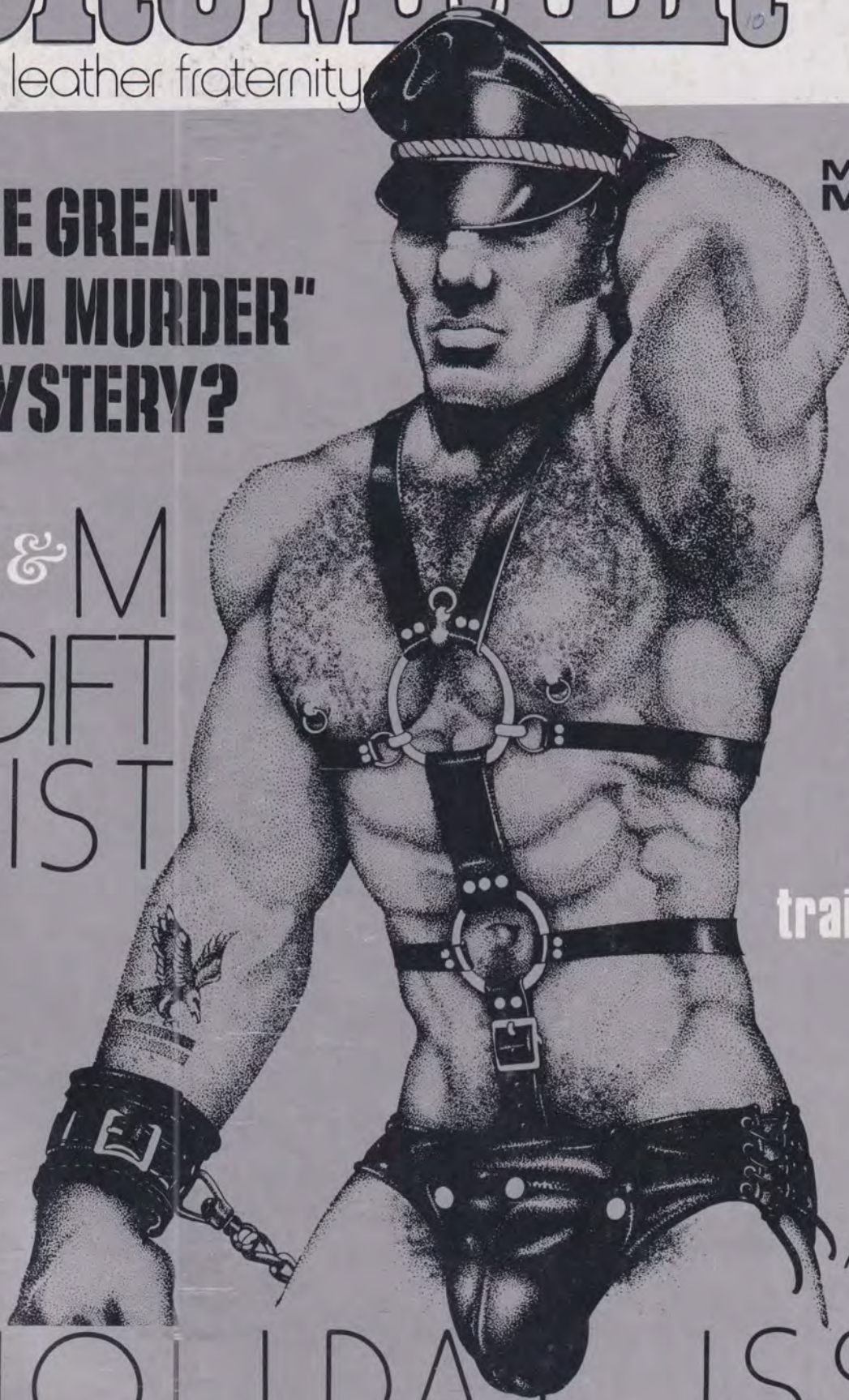
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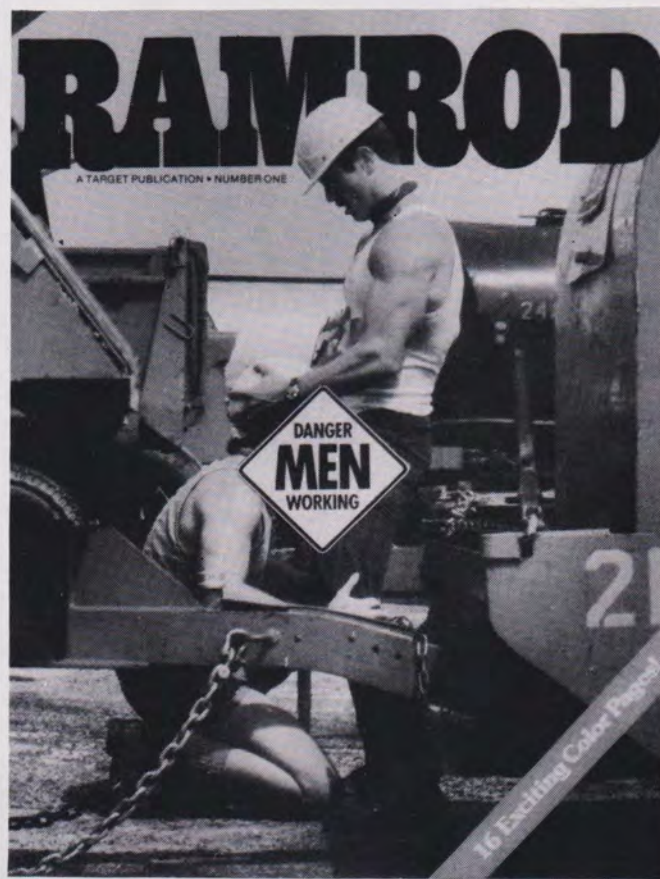
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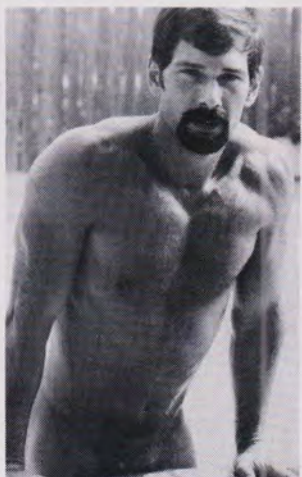
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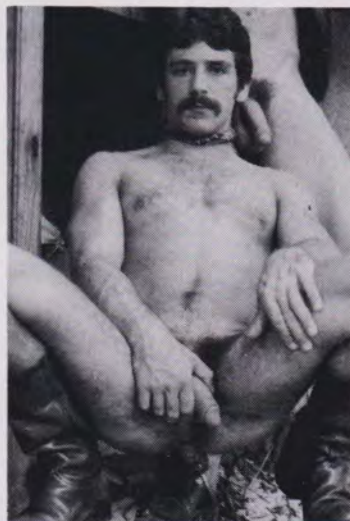
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CONTENTS FOR THE LEATHER LIFESTYLE MAGAZINE FOR THE ADULT LEATHERMAN

- 4 MALECALL / DEAR SIR:
- 6 WATER KING
An exciting new piece of fiction from Orlando Paris
- 10 MOVIE MAYHEM
Allen Eagles takes a look at, and shows us pictures of, torture techniques of the Arabs and Orientals
- 15 CROSS WORDS
S&M word play
- 17 LEATHERJOURNAL
Bernie Prock and Toby Bailey treat us to "S&M at the Baths"
- 18 DRUMBEATS
The lighter side of S&M
- 19 THE GREAT "S&M MURDER" MYSTERY?!
"Till Death Do Us Part," a frighteningly true account of love and suicide in Southern California . . . by John W. Rowberry and Rue Dyllon
- 23 GIFT LIST
Holiday suggestions for discriminating slaves and Masters
- 28 FIVE IN THE TRAINER'S ROOM
The explosive climax of Scott Masters' serial
- 31 THE LEATHER FRATERNITY
Leathermen for your leather lifestyle
- 35 THE ETIENNE PORTFOLIO
A pictorial visit with a master of gay male physique art
- 47 KING
Bill Ward's comic hero goes on a seafood binge
- 51 GOING DOWN
News of bike club activities down South
- 52 ASTROLOGIC SAGITTARIUS
The centaur sign, as conceived by Bishop

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

- 54 A VISIT FROM SLAVE NICK
Holiday humor by Ed Franklin
- 59 FAMOUS SADISTS IN HISTORY
Nero didn't really fiddle while Rome burned . . . but he made things plenty hot for his enemies
- 62 DRUMMER GOES TO THE TRADING POST PARTY
- 64 BOOK REPORT
Literary suggestions for Christmas giving
- 66 DRUMMER VIEWS THE FLICKS
- 70 EROTICDOTS
Have a friend give you a hand with this puzzler
- 71 THE RAMROD
A visit to Phoenix' only leather bar
- 72 THE LEATHER BAR SCENE
Where Leathermen meet to beat
- 76 IN PASSING

Cover art by Rex

DRUMMER

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MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

Tell Mr. Eagles that the "unidentified hero (getting) de-spreadeagled" (DRUMMER No. 8, page 25) is John Eriksson. Would you also thank Mr. Eagles for the picture of Lang Jeffries. I have liked Jeffries ever since he and Jim Davis did the first *Emergency*-type TV series back in the late '50s. I can only hope that Jeffries will be seen in other pictures of Mr. Eagles'.

I regret that Mr. Eagles missed using some stills from *Sadismo*. I know that there were several stills from the torture section of that film. I was able to get a couple, but not all of the best.

But most of all, thank Mr. Eagles for taking the time to research and write his articles and book.

Next, thank Mr. Payne for his illustrations from "Those Macho Mags" (Issue No. 7). It is obvious that his collection far, far exceeds mine. If it were only possible for Alternate Publishing and the publishers of those magazines to release those drawings in full color. I missed so many of those illustrations.

John
Oceanside, CA

HANKY PANKY

Seeing a matched pair of leather boys boogeying in a New York disco lately, each with a penny sewn in the dangling corner of his colored hanky to keep it swinging as he danced, reminded me how many of you, especially the rookies, have been taken in by this media hoax. An article on S&M in New York's *Village Voice* the summer of '75 started the current fad, and they're still laughing about it back in the pressroom. Now you can buy a hanky with the whole color code printed on it (in black on white). Or you can wear a bouquet of colored hankies in your jeans to show you're "into everything" (or nothing).

A handkerchief shows because a man wants to get it out of his pocket without taking off his gloves. That's all there is to it.

There is no instant conventional signal to guide you effortlessly to a suitable partner. Even a stone bottom man may wear his keys on the left because wearing them on the right exposes him to hassles from raw recruits, jokers and tourists. But watch his actions. A real bottom man in a bar stations himself respectfully out of a top man's way, but just within his reach. A bottom man into bondage, when he sees a man carrying the cuffs, has a knack of clenching his fists and turning up his wrists in front of him. A good top man needs only the fleeting gesture to know.

Is the man into fisting? Look at his hand, Dad, not at his hanky. Does he

remove one glove and show you his hand, nails clipped down to the quick, resting in the light on the bar counter? Then move in! He's your man.

Is the man really tuned into boots, or are his boots merely bar costume? Look at them, Dad. Maybe they're scuffed and greasy, down at the heel and well chewed. Or maybe they have the high, waxy shine that's saying something about spit and polish. If you can't tell by looking at them right now, are you really going to want to get right down on them later?

Or his leathers? Do they look like he pulls them off and hangs them up in the closet as soon as he's home, or are they lived in and fucked in?

Is the man into piss? If there isn't a wet patch on his Levis, stand downwind from him and breathe deep, Dad. Or wet your leg. But don't look for a yellow hanky.

Is he a uniform man who's in civies tonight? Can't you tell from his professional bearing, from his military haircut, or from the glint of a badge in his wallet?

DO IT, and you'll find a way to show it. And leave the hanky panky for the theatergoers' empty scenes and soulless charades.

A Trooper
New York, NY

PAINT POINTS

Just got my latest copy of DRUMMER and was fascinated with your article on body painting.

I am anxious to try it on my slave who, though not built as good as Val, offers plenty of hairless muscle as my "canvas."

The article left out details on the type of paint and instructions for removal, and I'd like to have this information.

Mike
Baton Route, LA

Ed note: Greasepaint was used on Val, but that has a tendency to smear and rub off. It's easily removed with baby oil. A more permanent medium is acrylic paint, but the masterpiece should not be left on too long, for such paint can clog the pores. Removal of acrylics is also relatively simple: a body brush in the shower does the trick.

HAZING FAZES FACULTY

A University of Texas honorary fraternity known as the "Texas Cowboys" has been placed on probation following a hazing ceremony which may have involved the application of electric cattle prods.

No one is talking after the campus newspaper, *The Daily Texan*, sent a photographer to spy on the initiation and acquired a photograph of two muscular

football-type jocks holding the cattle prods. The photograph was printed on the front page of the newspaper, forcing an investigation of the initiation by the UT Dean of Students.

The "Cowboys" boast a membership which includes members of the UT Longhorn football team, as well as the sons of many prominent Texans. Membership represents the cream of the crop of Texas manhood.

"Cowboys" alumni include former governors, U.S. Senators and leaders all over the state of Texas. Proof of membership is a UT brand burned into the chest of each.

Although hazing and the branding practices have been outlawed at the University of Texas for a number of years, enforcement has been passive as hazing is a traditional and generally accepted practice among the Texas fraternity system. University officials bemoan the fact that those subjected to the harsh initiation practices condone the custom through their failure to report abuses and by their apparent eagerness to subject the next class of initiates to the same treatment they have endured.

Mel
Austin, TX

FETISH FANS

I came across the July issue of DRUMMER and read the letter headed "Hates Crap, Loves Scat" from Don in Tucson.

I am also interested in the subject of scat, as well as spit, snot and Oral Frenching sweaty, smelly male feet and toes.

I'm especially interested in the spit fetish and guys who like to be spat upon.

Could you please include some articles on the spit and snot fetish, as well as more articles on feet and scat?

S.A.
Boston, MA

Keep up the good work! Yours is my favorite mag — have all issues. Especially liked the W/S and scat articles — more of the same, please!

How about a long reader questionnaire on sexual preferences, etc. with results in a future issue? Also would like to see more in-depth articles on leather bars around the country (like the Gold Coast article in the October issue).

Tony
San Francisco, CA

DRUMMER IMPROVING

DRUMMER is great! Each issue seems better than the last. The fiction is mostly top-notch — I particularly like Andros' stuff and photo series of leather stud types. What about a series on Brian of the Gold Coast whose pictures are on page 49 of Issue No. 9? Keep up the great work.

EKB
Boston, MA

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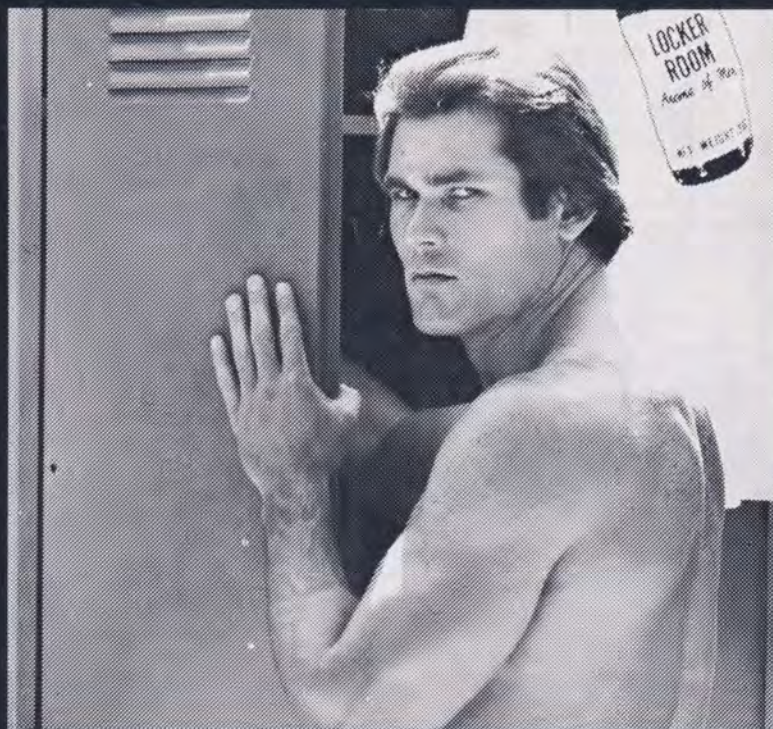
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STRAW

orlando paris

One time when we got to chatting about watersports, my friend Rex Vidor got me hard just hinting at the things he could do to a guy. He had, he said, a small boat docked in an out-of-the-way cove on Lake Pontchartrain. He invited me out, asking, "You remember Gary, don't you?"

I remembered Gary very well indeed. I remembered him as the hunky young blond stud who could come just at the thought of being owned and abused by Rex, the kid Rex had branded as his own. I have no idea who Gary is, what he does, or where he lives. For all I know he could be bound, gagged, and shackled to the foot of Rex's bed at this very minute. If he were, I know he'd be happy.

As for watersports, Rex would only say that if I thought it was simply a matter of a golden shower and perhaps a Fels-Naptha enema, I sure as hell had a lot to learn.

I had a little bit of trouble finding the cove, so by the time I had located the dock and the *Water King*, and chained my bike to a tree and gone to meet Rex, he welcomed me with an apology for having started without me.

The *Water King* turned out to be a 38-foot Trojan, no slouch of a craft by any means. It rode high in the water, so that as I stood on the rickety dock I had to look up at Rex standing over me. He wore boots, open-crotch leather pants and a leather vest. I could well understand why he docked in this God-forsaken cove. I had a slave's eye view of his massive cock and balls, the sight of which caused my own cock to surge, and I swear his lifted a bit as well. Lord knows, I stared hard enough.

"Come aboard," Rex said, "and get out of those clothes. I have a leather jock you can wear if you're the shy type."

I hoisted myself up onto the deck, offering my hand to Rex who took it and, by way of shaking it, hauled me on board.

"Welcome to the *Water King*," Rex said. I looked about, awed at the size of what Rex had referred to as a "small boat." What I saw, first, though, surprised me even more. There spread-eagled on the fantail, lashed naked and face down on the deck, lay Gary. His arms were stretched wide, each wrist fastened to a cleat with white nylon rope. His legs, spread wide, were also fastened by rope from his ankles to cleats. There was a slight slope of the deck towards the back, so that Gary's head was a few inches lower than his ass. The brand Rex had put on his cheek months before stood out raw, red, and angry.

Without even mentioning Gary, stepping over his left calf as if he didn't exist, Rex ushered me into the cabin and down a short flight of steps beside the pilot's station. "Galley," Rex said casually as if I saw galleys like this every day. He opened the refrigerator and took out two beers and opened them.

"Now, if you'll strip and get into this," he said, handing me the jock, "we can get started. I have a chore to do before we get under way." He vanished up the ladder.

I thanked him for the beer and began peeling off my clothes.

"By the way," Rex hollered back down, "save your piss." I took a good swallow of the beer and then, without thinking, held the leather jock to my nose. Sperm, salty sweat, piss; the lingering odors turned me on. I slipped into it before I got hard. It fit well and tight. I pulled up my balls to emphasize my basket, grinned at my reflection in a mirror, and hauled myself back up into the cabin and out on deck.

"Get yourself another beer whenever you want it," Rex told me, "and there are some ham and mustard sandwiches in the 'fridge if you get hungry. *They* should give you a thirst."

"Yeah," I said, smiling, "but what about pissing?"

"Use that bucket," Rex said, pointing to a large stainless pail lashed to one side of the bulkhead.

"O.K." Then I realized what Rex was about to do. He held a black hose in his hand, a little larger than the garden variety, with about five feet hanging free.

"Now," Rex said to Gary, "now, you miserable little fuck, I'm going to let your ass taste this. Let me know when you've had enough." With that Rex pulled his arm back and slashed the hose down onto the cheeks of Gary's ass. I could hear Gary's breath being sucked in, but he didn't say a word, and Rex let him have it again. Once more I noticed the scar of the branding, and it seemed to me that Rex was aiming for it. I could imagine its just healing over, or just scabbing, and Rex laying it open again to insure that the rugged scar, the scar of Rex's own personal brand, would last forever.

The brutal hose came down again and again, and finally Gary let out a moan. Rex stopped immediately. He ducked into the cabin and grabbed a couple of fingers of Crisco, then came back out and greased up a foot or so of the end of the hose.

"Open it up," he told me, and I squatted down between Gary's legs and spread the cheeks of his burning ass. With no gentleness at all, maybe even dangerously fast I thought, Rex shoved the hose into Gary.

"Keep it there," Rex ordered. He jumped off the boat onto the dock, where he gave the fresh water pipeline faucet a full turn.

"Shove his cheeks together," Rex shouted to me, and I did; for a full two minutes, no water escaped. Suddenly it back-flushed, and Rex told me to let go of Gary's ass. Water exploded out, bringing with it hunks of shit.

Rex came back aboard and began retrieving the shit and shoving it into Gary's mouth. He kept this up for at least ten minutes until the water from Gary's ass ran absolutely clean, and there was no more shit. I was learning fast.

Rex jumped back onto the dock, turned off the water faucet, and coiled



ILLUSTRATION by BILL WARD

the hose at the dock's end, pulling it out of Gary as if he were pulling it out of some drain where it had been wedged.

Gary was released from his bondage, but he didn't even have time to say hello or rub his sore ass; Rex hit him with a barrage of orders to get the *Water King* under way.

In the meantime, Rex had given me a couple of director's chairs to unfold and set up on the fantail while he went below for more beer.

We sat back in the chairs, and once free of the cove Rex ordered Gary up to the flying bridge. He stood there nude, in the hot wind and the broiling sun, steering the *Water King* with utter concentration. I had noticed that after the hosing, when he had been released, he'd had a rugged hard-on, and I noticed now, as he turned to watch a passing boat, that he was still hard as granite. A couple of hours up there and he would be broiled like a lobster. I wondered what a sun-burned cock would be like, and knew that Gary would probably be able to tell me at the end of this day.

Except for beer breaks, and there were lots of those, Rex kept Gary out on the bridge every minute of the morning. Both Rex and I pissed in the bucket often, and it was at least half full. But whenever Gary begged permission to piss, Rex told him to hold it. And drink more beer. Gary drank.

About noon Rex ordered Gary to head for shore, and he watched the fathometer in the cabin until we were in shallow enough water to anchor. Then he cut the engines and yelled at Gary to get his ass up forward and drop the anchor.

We sat back down in the director's chairs, and when Gary had secured the anchor he came back to us and slipped to his knees before Rex, begging him for permission to piss.

"Three more beers," was all Rex said, and obediently Gary went to the galley and returned with the cans of Jax. "Come here, close," Rex commanded, and Gary obeyed, standing only inches away from Rex's face. If he had started to go soft, that was before; now he grew rock-hard again.

Rex took a long swallow of his beer and then dug into the pocket of his leathers. Out came a coiled tube.

"Suck on the end of this if you want it lubricated; otherwise it goes in without." Gary sucked, or I guess licked would be a better word, the end of the Foley tubing, and then handed it back to Rex. "Hold your cock," Rex said. Then, not at all slowly, he began forcing the tube down Gary's cock. It went in further and further. Gary was gritting his teeth, but then suddenly, he seemed to relax. The tubing had penetrated his bladder and the pent-up piss was at last on its way out. Rex clamped the tube shut.

Rex then bound Gary's wrists behind him and refastened the nylon ropes around Gary's ankles, told him to lie down, and handed me one of the ropes. We hoisted Gary by his ankles to the roof of the cabin, over the doorway, his head about six inches above the deck.

Rex brought over the half-filled bucket of piss, yanked Gary's head up by his long blond hair, and then let it back

down into the bucket. We pulled on the ankle ropes until Gary hung just to his eyebrows in the piss; then we secured the ropes to cleats.

"We don't want to pollute the lake do we?" Rex asked. "I mean, before we swim, shouldn't we piss?"

Rex let loose a stream, aimed right at Gary's nostrils. The bucket filled another quarter inch. I let loose, too, at first away from Gary's face; but then, as I realized I was enjoying it, I, too, directed my stream at his nostrils. With the gentle rocking of the boat the piss was now sloshing into Gary's eyes, and he squinted them shut. Then, without warning, Rex released the clamp on the catheter, and Gary's own piss started pouring into the bucket.

"O.K., That'll hold him." He stripped and dove into the water. I shed my jock and plunged in after him. When I surfaced Rex told me he'd noticed I wasn't exactly turned off; he'd seen my hard-on. He was right.

We necked in the water, took turns going down on each other under water, and generally horseplayed around for 10 or 15 minutes. When we climbed up the stern ladder Gary was still hanging, of course, as we had left him, but the level of the piss was now over the base of his nose. He had struggled against the foot ropes and they had stretched a bit. To breathe, he had to lift his head up a fraction of an inch and breathe through his open mouth. Gary knew he hadn't had much time left.

Rex grabbed his hair and lifted his head and pulled the bucket from underneath. Then, admiring his slave spread-eagled upside-down, he very slowly pulled the catheter from his cock.

At that moment a sleek Chris-Craft came past, close alongside, and its passengers waved cheerily. They stopped waving suddenly, and Rex and I doubled up with laughter, imagining their horror at the sight they beheld.

Then we let Gary down, and Rex untied his wrists and told him to get us plates of cold chicken, potato salad and more beer. Without a word Gary hopped to it, served us, and then knelt at our feet.

"Want to come?" Rex asked me. Before I could answer he barked out the one word, "Suck!" and Gary was immediately down, all the way down, on me. I kept eating my lunch, hoping to drag it out: Gary was a real pro, but he kept eating, too, and it was not long before I had dropped him my load. Rex ordered him to get a cup then, and told him to start drinking the bucket. Rex was hard, and Gary had never stopped being hard, but I guessed Rex was saving his, and I doubted if Gary would be permitted to come at all. Gary dipped the cup in the bucket and started drinking.

When he had drunk every drop he could, six or seven cupfuls, he was commanded to drink another and another. He soon looked like he might puke, but he kept forcing it down.

By then Rex and I had finished our luncheon, so Rex ordered him to take our plates to the galley and wash them, then to bring us some K.W. joints and some more beer. This done, Rex told Gary to

tie a long length of rope around each ankle, and after we had shared two Katherine Walkers (Gary was permitted that pleasure) we all went up to the bow. Slowly, measuring carefully, Rex tied each of Gary's ankle ropes to the lifeline stanchions on either side of the prow. Again he lashed Gary's wrists together behind his back. Next, he made Gary sit as far out on the prow as possible, facing toward us. Then, with one swift shove, he pushed Gary overboard.

Gary's fall was, of course, broken by the ropes, and he hung with his legs spread wide, in free air, a foot or two above the water, his cock and balls hanging out forward like some small but proud figurehead on an old-fashioned sailing vessel.

Rex and I pulled in the anchor, Rex hosing it off with a water hose connected to some below-deck pump. When the anchor was secured, Rex went aft and came back with the Crisco and again lubricated this, Gary's second hose of the day. "It won't hurt him to get rinsed out again," Rex said, and, leaning out over the edge of the prow, he shoved the end of the hose down into Gary's ass. I could just hear Gary's moans over the noise of the water, but then Rex disappeared and the engines came to life; we began to move, and I could hear nothing.

I went back aft.

Rex was standing now, proud, still nude, steering from the flying bridge, and from there he could look down at the feet of his slave. We proceeded very slowly at first to avoid any waves which might have sloshed over Gary's head, but occasionally he would speed up when he saw another boat. He would search the other craft with his binoculars; if he didn't like what he saw, he'd speed away. On the other hand, if he did like what he saw through the glasses, he would idle over toward them, displaying the trophy hanging from his prow. Two young men fishing from an outboard could have reached up with their fishing poles and whipped Gary's cock as we slowly passed them. Another kid, in a speedboat, kept circling us, swerving at the very last minute to throw up a dense wave of spray which covered Gary's body, drenching it over and over.

Eventually, though, we were alone on the water again — it seemed like the high seas — and Rex gradually increased our speed. Fortunately we had found an area of calm, and the pitch of the boat was so slight I doubted if even Gary's hair got dipped.

Rex locked the wheel and told me to join him. We went down the aft ladder and went around the cabin-walk up to the bow. The noise of the engines, the sound of the water rushing past his head, his own thoughts at that moment — all made it impossible for Gary to hear us.

"I'm going to keelhaul the worthless turd," Rex said. I must have looked puzzled. "There's nothing to it," he added. "I'll release one foot, you release the other at the same time. He'll drop into the water, and the fuckin' boat will run right over him. But we have to ease the slack out just right or he'll pull his legs together. The idea is to keep him

(Continued on page 54)

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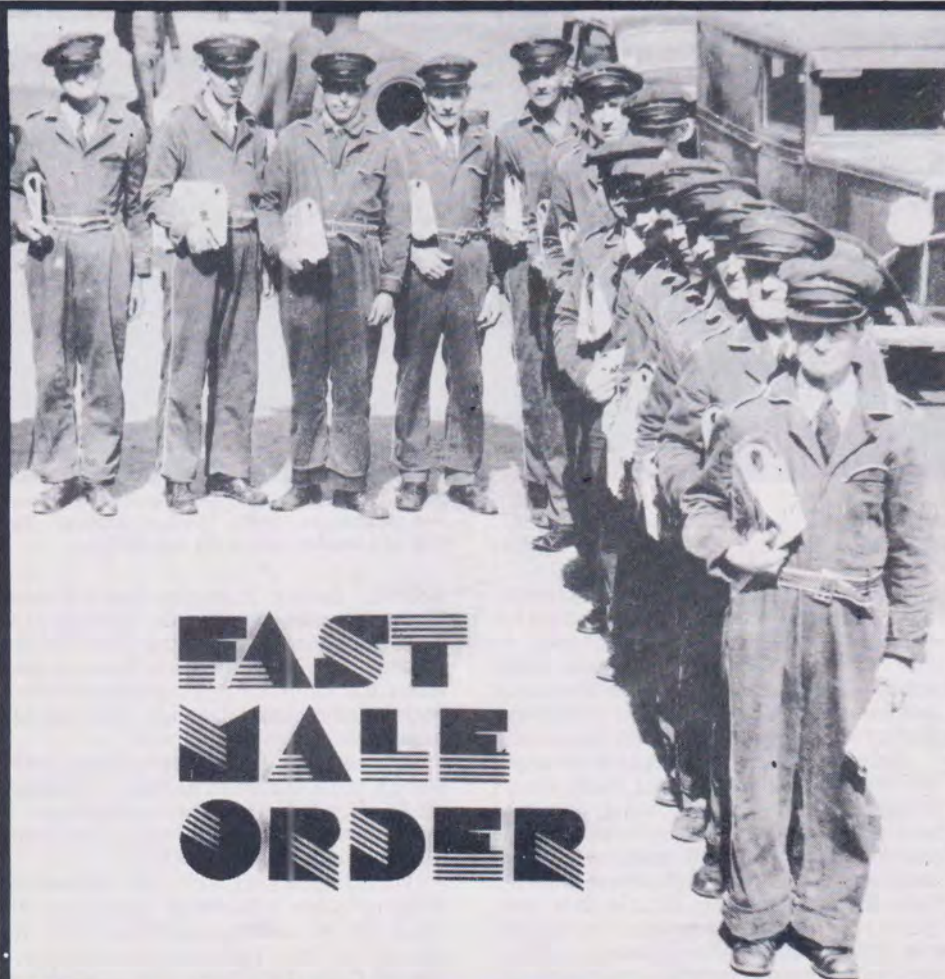
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TORTURES BY THE ARABS AND ORIENTALS

In MGM's 1932 production of *The Mask of Fu Manchu*, villainous Boris Karloff orders heroic Charles Starrett flogged as punishment for invading his Oriental domain. Accordingly, Starrett is dragged off to an underground chamber where a pair of burly black slaves, dressed only in loincloths, suspend him from the ceiling by means of chains clamped around his wrists. Although the twisting victim kicks vigorously at these tormentors, the two slaves soon succeed in ripping off Starrett's shirt, exposing his hairless and muscular chest to view. Then the slaves, one standing behind and one in front, uncoil their whips and proceed to flog the helpless man. Their long black whips snap back and forth with remark-

able speed and power, and Starrett's torso quickly becomes crisscrossed with a number of painful welts and bruises. In fact, so enthusiastically are these whips applied to Starrett's vulnerable body that within seconds the gallant American slumps down, unconscious in his bonds.

Several factors raise this episode above the standard set by most of Hollywood's flogging scenes. For one thing, the sight and sound of the victim's shirt being savagely torn from his body effectively establishes a mood of violence even before the first blow is struck. Secondly, Starrett's furious struggles — so unlike the passive acceptance shown by other victims of movie torture — significantly increase the vigor and force of the scene.

John Justin's about to be stretched, scorched, and skinned in 1940's *Thief of Baghdad*. Too bad he's rescued before the fun starts.

Thirdly, having a leather-covered stick thrust between the hero's teeth adds a note of authenticity to the proceedings. Finally, handsome Charles Starrett possesses the kind of rugged physique which both excites and challenges the sadistic mind.

(Starrett, a football star turned actor, was 28 years old when he made *The Mask of Fu Manchu*. He soon drifted into B westerns where he remained active until the early 1950s.)

The importance of *Fu Manchu*'s flogging scene, however, rests not so much in its sadistic qualities as in its depiction of Hollywood's attitudes toward Orientals, Arabs and other racial groups. For much of its history, Holly-

wood has chosen to picture these groups as being composed of hordes of wild-eyed barbarians led by haughty and tyrannical rulers who live in opulent though somewhat decadent surroundings. These bejeweled and effete dressed rulers love to devise ingenious ways of torturing the white soldiers, explorers and missionaries who fall into their exotic traps.

Charles Starrett, wearing the traditional hero's garb of pith helmet, jodhpurs and knee-high boots, clearly represents Hollywood's notion of the Western man whose refusal to submit to foreign domination and ability to triumph in the face of overwhelming odds mark him as morally superior to his dark-skinned enemies. Film-makers have often dramatized this racist notion by showing virile specimens of "Aryan" manhood being ruthlessly tortured by Arabian or Oriental villains, and while *The Mask of Fu Manchu* contains one of the best of these episodes, movie history can offer many more examples.

(For the record, *Fu Manchu* subjects three other members of its cast to Boris Karloff's lovingly conceived punishments. Lawrence Grant, for example, is spread-eagled under a constantly ringing bell which will eventually turn his brain into jelly. When Grant gasps out in thirst, Karloff obligingly pours salt water into his mouth. Later, Karloff's slaves tie Jean Hersholt between two spike-studded walls which gradually press together. Still later, these same slaves strap Lewis Stone to a device designed to slowly tilt its victim headfirst into a pool of hungry crocodiles. Both Hersholt and Stone manage to escape.)

Gary Cooper carries the "white man's burden" in one of Adolph Hitler's favorite movies, the 1935 *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. Cooper's rewarded for his efforts by an ungrateful Oriental potentate who inserts strips of burning bamboo under his prisoner's fingernails. Delightful as this torture might sound to sadists, it's presented on the screen with such admirable restraint — director Henry Hathaway chose to show the torture only through its reflection on a polished table-top — that the overall effect must be considered stylish but disappointing.

Cary Grant suffers a somewhat similar fate in George Stevens' 1939 production of *Gunga Din* when he's captured and tortured by a group of Hindu fanatics who wish to wring military secrets from him. They chain Grant to a pillar inside one of their temples and then, after ripping open the back of his uniform shirt, one of their numbers cuts through his skin with a series of well-aimed whiplashes. Needless to say, Grant remains defiantly silent during his ordeal, and he's soon rescued by his British comrades.

Tyrone Power, playing a follower of Marco Polo, must prove his bravery to a crowd of jeering barbarians in 1950's *The Black Rose* by walking a rope stretched tightly along an earthen ridge. Sharpened spikes have been imbedded on each side of this rope to punish clumsiness, but Power manages to avoid impalement by successfully navigating the course despite being taunted by his audience and sometimes even struck

across his bare torso with sacks of sand.

(Three years later, in *King of the Khyber Rifles*, Tyrone Power must watch helplessly as several of his British Army colleagues are tied to stakes and used as target practice by spear-throwing tribesmen.)

In *Escape to Burma* (1955), Robert Ryan falls into the hands of an Oriental sultan who erroneously blames him for the death of his son and heir. Two of the sultan's guards strip off Ryan's shirt before tying him between two pillars, and then a third one begins to flog him mercilessly across the back. (The whipping's merely a prelude to a beheading ceremony.) Soon Ryan's writhing under the lash, but as so often happens in the movies, the camera pulls away to another scene — this one showing Barbara Stanwyck pleading Ryan's innocence to the vengeful ruler while the sounds of the whipping can still be heard off-screen. Stanwyck's pleas finally sway the potentate, and there's a final shot of the weakened hero being released from his bonds as a jacket is thrown across his bleeding shoulders.

Though an accomplished actor, Robert Ryan's gaunt and 46-year-old physique does tend to reduce the visual impact of this scene. How much more satisfying it would be to have a bare-chested William Holden or Rock Hudson flexing his muscles and gritting his teeth in this piece of 1950s' sadism.

Those fiendish Orientals hang up their whips and take out their acupuncture needles in order to perform a bit of mayhem in a 1961 thriller called *Terror of the Tongs*. The victim in this case, a British sea captain searching Hong Kong for his daughter's murderers, finds himself held down in the back room of an opium den while an angry Tong member sticks a long needle into his chest, several inches below his right clavicle. According to one of the onlookers, this needle causes excruciating pain when it's scraped against a living bone and, sure enough, our hero — played by Geoffrey Toone — even moans a bit during his torture. Unfortunately, this torture takes up less than a minute of screen time; and to make matters worse, the modest Chinese don't even rip off the sea captain's shirt before forcing this hellish agony on him. Instead, they're content to simply open his shirt at the throat and lay bare the necessary area of skin.

The promised torture of a British soldier captured by warring Hindus in *The Temple of the White Elephants* never occurs — though there's a glimpse of him chained against a cave wall — but in the 1965 *Brigand of Kandahar*, the Hindus do get to flog the bare back of a young British officer whom they've tied by the wrists to part of a mill apparatus. Meanwhile, in the 1975 *Conduct Unbecoming*, a pair of British cavalrymen in India react with suitably shocked expressions when they see that one of their comrades-in-arms has had his "sex ripped away" by bloodthirsty Hindus on the field of battle. Not surprisingly, however, the victim's mutilated body is never shown on the screen.

Torture of members of the white race by members of the yellow race did not



Buster Crabbe gets his chest tickled and his armpit massaged in 1952's *King of the Congo*. His ordeal, of course, is only beginning.



Rudolph Valentino gets to assume one of his favorite masochistic poses in *Son of the Shiek* (1926). Next comes some vigorous chest-whipping.

end with the Victorian Age, according to most film-makers. For example, in *The Million Eyes of Su-Muru*, Shirley Eaton plays a modern Fu Manchu who takes hostage the American agent sent to spy on her and her dope-smuggling activities. Audiences are then treated to a scene in which Eaton whips this bare-chested agent across the back in a vain attempt to learn from him the names of the people to whom he reports.

George Nader, incidentally, plays the tortured agent, but while the sight of this man's naked torso lent sexual interest to such 1950s' movies as *Away All Boats* and *Monsoon*, his once-muscular physique looks sadly past its prime in *The Million Eyes of Su-Muru*. Chaining the 45-year-old Nader with his hands above his head for this flogging scene merely emphasizes the flabbiness of his biceps and stomach.

Not only does Ivan Rassimov come equipped with a pleasing physique in *The Man from Deep River* (1973), but he also shows off more of it than George Nader ever dared; and, unlike Nader in *Su-Muru*, he suffers far more at Oriental hands than a conventional whipping. Playing a modern-day adventurer in trouble with the law, Rassimov wanders northward from Bangkok along the Thai-Burmese border until he's taken

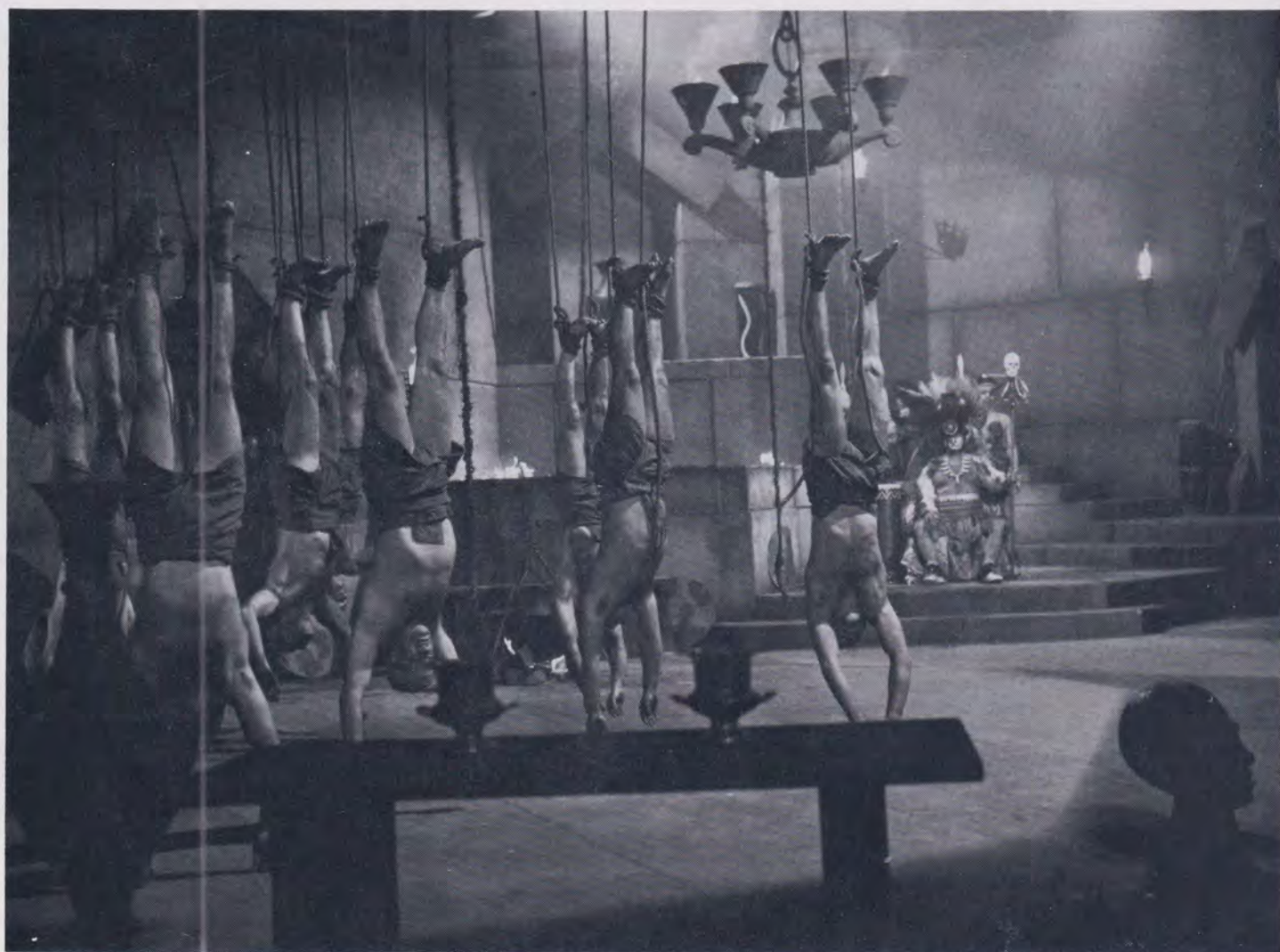
hostage by a primitive, superstitious tribe still practicing such barbaric customs as "initiation rites." To become a member of this jungle tribe, Rassimov must endure several days without water while staked out nearly naked under the burning sun. (It's assumed he must lie in his wastes — a situation which would surely attract clouds of stinging insects.) Then, their hostage still in a dazed condition, the tribesmen bind Rassimov with his arms outstretched against a rotating post housed inside of their huts. As Rassimov is slowly turned 'round and 'round like a shooting gallery target, his tormentors use their blowguns to riddle his torso with a barrage of poison-tipped darts. While the poison's not enough to kill him, each of the darts causes Rassimov obvious pain as it imbeds itself into his flesh. But, as might be expected, none of these darts find its way into that bulging area covered by the victim's scanty loincloth.

Although Hollywood's chauvinistic view of Orientals usually has found expression in scenes of sadistic Asians brutalizing courageous Americans and Europeans, movie-makers have occasionally constructed scenes in which Orientals torture members of their own race. (Often the victims of these tortures

turn out to be Asians with Western ideas or Western friends.) In *The Conqueror*, for example — a 1955 "epic" produced by none other than Howard Hughes — John Wayne as Genghis Khan falls into the clutches of an enemy army whose leaders command their prisoner to be yoked like an ox to a heavy cart. A soldier on horseback wielding a whip makes sure Wayne keeps the cart moving at a respectable pace.

For those who admire John Wayne's hulking physique, it should be pointed out here that Wayne doesn't flaunt much of his torso in *The Conqueror*. Instead, he wears one of those strap-over-the-shoulder garments which leaves bare just his left nipple.

Victor Mature, on the other hand, can usually be counted on to strip to the waist at least once during his movies, and the 1957 *Zarak* proves no exception to this policy. It seems that Mature, playing a bandit of sorts in 19th century India, must be punished for making advances toward his father's mistress. This punishment takes the form of a flogging carried out at the edge of the village where the bare-chested Mature is spread-eagled inside a wooden frame. Although staged in a routine manner, this whipping episode does afford the oppor-



Samson and the Seven Miracles of the World (1962) shows how your excess slaves can be pressed into service as ornamental fencing.

tunity to see one of the best bodies ever found on a Hollywood leading man.

Later in *Zarak*, the 40-year-old Mature must again suffer under the lash, this time because his banditry has offended members of a neighboring village. First, Mature's tormentors tie him, arms outstretched, to a low T-shaped post. Then one of them rips open the back of his white shirt and the flogging begins. Viewers expecting their hero to be rescued after an appropriate amount of anguish will be surprised to learn that the star of *Zarak* actually dies under torture, a rarity in the history of movies. Although several floggers are worn out in the process, and although the suffering victim remains defiantly erect during most of his ordeal, even massive Victor Mature weakens under repeated blows of the lash . . . finally slumping down in unconsciousness and then death.

Other examples of Asian-vs.-Asian torture pale in comparison with *Zarak's* whip orgies, but in the 1965 *Genghis Khan*, a nomad is pulled apart by four Tartar horses, and in *The Sand Pebbles* (1967), Steve McQueen watches in horror from the deck of his gunboat as his Chinese friend on shore suffers "the death of a thousand cuts." The friend, Mako, is suspended by his wrists inside a hastily erected tripod. Then his shirt's torn off and he's slashed over and over again by a gang of angry Chinese brandishing knives and swords. McQueen finally shoots Mako in order to put him out of his misery.

POWs from the Vietnam War may recognize that the manner in which a Cambodian chief ties up his native hostages in *Lord Jim* (1965) closely resembles the way in which the North Vietnamese bound some of their American prisoners.

Arabs, along with Orientals, also appear frequently in movies when swarthy villains are called upon to abuse their white captives. While many of these episodes of torture involve that romantic and adventuresome institution, the French Foreign Legion, virtually all of them foster the notion that Americans and Europeans are somehow as superior

to their Arabic adversaries as they are to their Asian foes.

In the 1936 *Under Two Flags*, for instance, Ronald Colman and his fellow legionnaires come across the sweat-soaked bodies of two former comrades buried up to their bare nipples in the scorching sands of the Sahara. The Arabs have left trays of food and jugs of water in plain sight of the dying men in order to increase the anguish of their final hours.

In *Ten Tall Men* (1951), the Arabs get to practice their pain-producing techniques on a brawny legionnaire played by Burt Lancaster. They bind Lancaster (stripped to the waist to reveal his splendid musculature) in a crucifixion pose inside one of their tents. Then they turn him over to their official torturer whose skills with hot branding irons are supposed to keep even the most gallant of men screaming for mercy all night.

Alas, Lancaster's spared this gruesome fate by one of those meddling screen heroines who doesn't like to see men suffer pain, mutilation and death. Thus, sadistically minded audiences are deprived of the chance to hear Burt Lancaster cry out in agony as red-hot irons are pressed against his well-tanned flesh.

Nehemiah Persoff plays the legionnaire who must suffer the Arabs' wrath in *Desert Legion* (1953). In this instance, the Arabs rely on the whip to tear vital military secrets out of their recalcitrant prisoner, but the soon-to-be-rescued Persoff remains silent as the whip crashes against his bare back.

The French soldier who's captured by the villainous emir, John Dehner, in *Timbuktu* (1959) doesn't have the luck to be saved in the proverbial nick of time. Instead, he's staked out shirtless on the ground while his Arab tormentor allows a poisonous spider to slowly crawl down a cord toward the victim's stomach. After the young soldier succumbs to a lethal dose of spider venom, Dehner complains that he died too easily and too quickly.

The 1965 remake of *She* includes a sequence in which handsome John Richardson, playing a British explorer, finds himself spread-eagled between two posts in the midst of a desert village.



No wonder Robin Hawdon looks disturbed in *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* (1970). A fire's just been lit between his brawny legs.

Apparently the hostile residents have doomed Richardson to some kind of blood sacrifice, but before the savage ceremony can begin, Richardson's British colleagues come charging to the rescue. Adding to the disappointment prompted by this convenient turn of events is the fact that well-built John Richardson keeps his shirt on during the entire ordeal — though it is unbuttoned far enough to display an impressive slice of hair-covered chest.

Arabic torture of white prisoners continues well into the 20th century if *The Lost Command* (1966) can be believed. This ambitious film about the Algerian War contains a brief shot of Anthony Quinn discovering the bodies of fellow French soldiers who've been mutilated and left to die by the side of a dirt road. However, *The Lost Command* carries with it the implication that these Arabic atrocities are matched by the French willingness to torture prisoners by applying repeated electric shocks to sensitive areas of their bodies.

Victor McLaglen inspects Gary Grant's mutilated back in 1939's *Gunga Din*. (Perhaps he's wondering why make-up men didn't do better.)

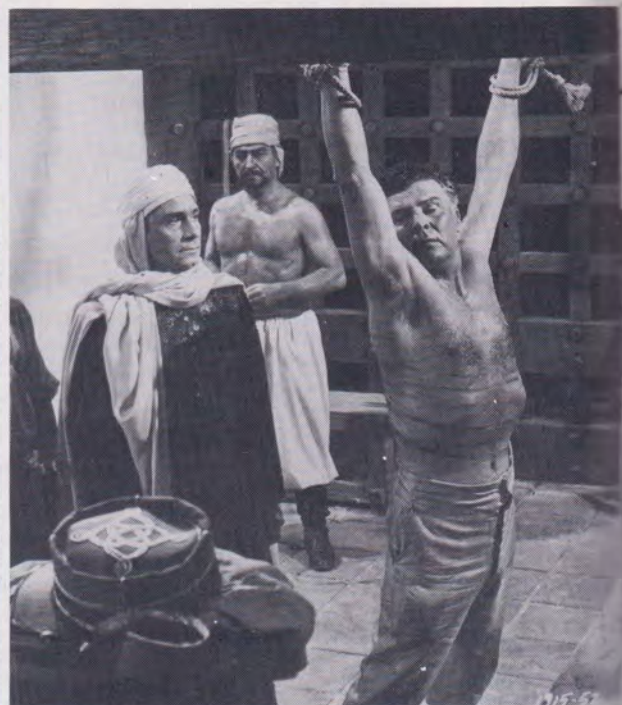


One of those "Take that, you Christian dog!" scenes from *The Saracen Blade* (1953). But shouldn't Ricardo Montalban's hands be cuffed around the post?

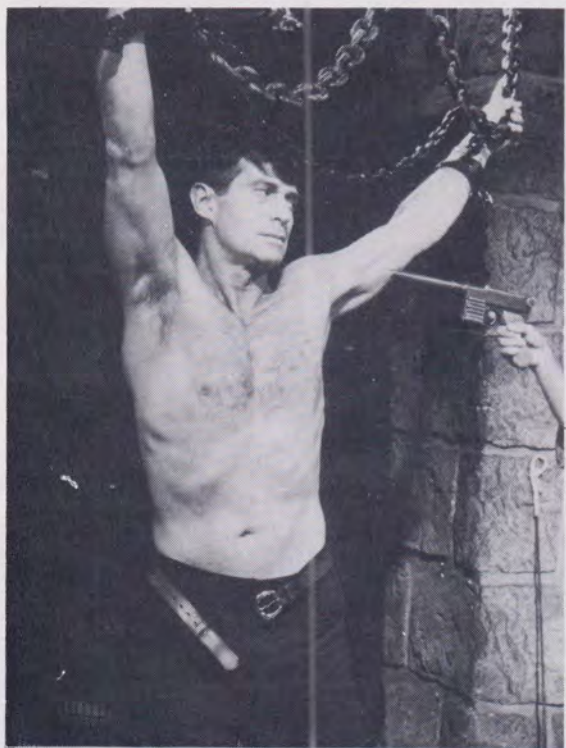




The natives in *The Sea Hound* (1947) hope these bent trees will pull Buster Crabbe in two, while Crabbe simply hopes his gunbelt doesn't slip any lower.



Not even Arab whips can wrest French military secrets from gallant legionnaire, Nehemiah Persoff. This scene's from a 1953 adventure, *Desert Legion*.



George Nader's unbuckled trousers hint at sexual tortures in *The Million Eyes of Su-Muru* (1967). All the action, however, remains above the waist.



Charles Starrett suffers a brutal double-lashing in *The Mask of Fu Manchu* (1932). Starrett's on-screen writhings help make this scene a classic.

The 1966 version of *Beau Geste* contains three separate examples of sadistic punishments, but unlike most movies about the French Foreign Legion, none of these punishments involve the Arab enemy. In the first example, Telly Savalas

as a vicious sergeant orders a flogging for Guy Stockwell as punishment for allegedly sending him a threatening letter. Fellow legionnaires reluctantly bind the shirtless Stockwell to a whipping post, his wrists tied together above his head, and

then one of them proceeds to administer a dozen lashes to the victim's bare back.

Savalas later has Stockwell's brother, Doug McClure, stripped to the waist and locked for hours inside a "sweat box" which is ventilated only by a small open-

ing near the victim's face. McClure's profuse perspiring inside the box, however, seems to owe more to make-up than to the temperature.

Finally, the insatiable sadist played by Telly Savalas orders a bare-chested Guy Stockwell buried to his neck in the desert sands for a sunrise-to-sunset ordeal of thirst and blistering flesh. Regrettably, this torture and the two preceding appear in such a cheaply made and poorly directed movie that their sadistic impact never approaches the level of realism.

Just as Orientals sometimes torture Orientals in the movies, so do Arabs sometimes torture fellow Arabs. In a 1963 "quickie" called *Captain Sinbad*, for example, rugged Guy Williams suffers a flogging in the court of a villainous sultan, but since Williams keeps his shirt on during the application of this torture, few viewers are likely to regard the sequence as a memorable one. In 1965's *The Sword of Ali Baba*, virile Peter Mann in the title role is spread-eagled in the town square to await some form of slow and painful execution, but he's saved by his men before the enemy can even get around to tearing off his shirt. In 1975's *The Wind and the Lion*, Candace Bergen discovers a bare-chested Arab played by Sean Connery hanging upside-down in the house of his Arabian foe.

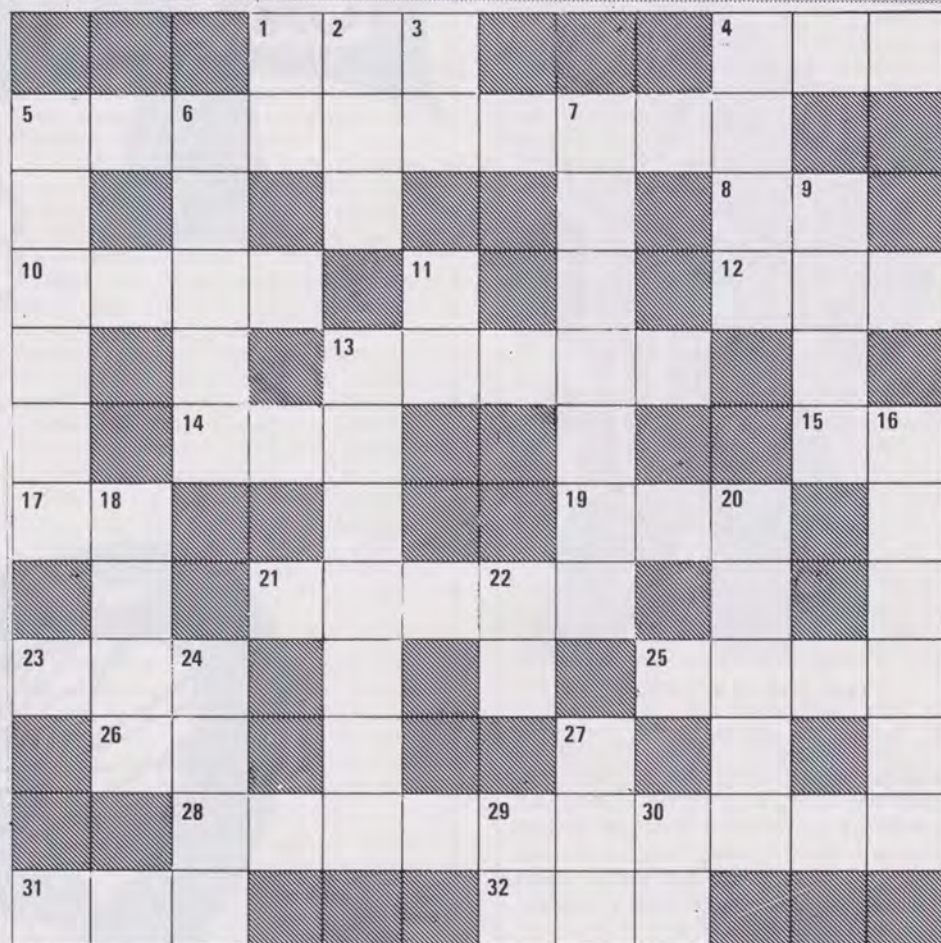
In concluding this brief and obviously incomplete discussion of those Arabic and Oriental tortures which appear in the movies, mention should be made of the suffering and pain often inflicted by exotic villains on that supreme example of white superiority: Tarzan. While many of Tarzan's ordeals could be touched on here, three examples seem to stand out a bit from the others. In the 1953 *Tarzan and the She-Devil*, a gang of ivory poachers captures hero Lex Barker, whose 6-foot, 4-inch physique soon winces under the blows of a whip. Bondage fans will recall the 1958 *Tarzan's Fight for Life* as the movie in which natives kidnap Gordon Scott, transport him up-river while spread-eagled between two canoes, and finally bind him inside a torchlit cave as food for a hungry lion.

Perhaps Jock Mahoney suffers the most effective Tarzan-torture in a 1963 adventure, *Tarzan's Three Challenges*. In order to prove his strength to a colony of skeptical Orientals, Mahoney must keep from being pulled apart by two water buffaloes. These Orientals tie each of Mahoney's wrists to a rope which is then threaded through a hole in a wooden post and attached to the yoke of a buffalo. The animals are whipped in opposite directions so that the brawny man in the famous loincloth is lifted off the ground and suspended between the two posts like a meaty wishbone about to be pulled in two.

However, not only does the tanned and sweaty Mahoney keep from having his arms snapped off at the sockets, he even succeeds in pulling the two water buffaloes back toward him — and in the process he creates a notable scene of the male body triumphing over an ordeal of pain.

In the next issue: Maritime tortures.

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LEATHER JOURNAL

S&M

AT THE BATHS

by Toby Bailey

and Bernie Prock



Men who are new to the leather scene are often unsure of where to seek out like-minded sex partners. To a certain extent S&M is where you find it, but some places are definitely more leather than others. Of course there are leather bars, bike clubs and S&M ads, but there's also a surprising amount of leathersex at the baths.

Many of the popular bathhouses decorate some area in a rugged fashion to provide an S&M atmosphere. There is rarely any elaborate equipment, but there are hooks, holes or beams which, with a little imagination, can be adapted for an S&M scene.

It never hurts to advertise your interest in S&M at the baths, and there are various ways of letting your preferences be known. Some are subtle, while others are not at all discreet.

Men who have pierced ears or tits are likely candidates for kinky sex. Cockring wearers are also possibilities for unconventional scenes. Young men who display their naked bodies openly to everyone's view are certainly exhibitionistic and often somewhat masochistic (caution: a few of these naked studs are aggressive Ss or swing both ways).

One M we know wanders around the baths in Levi cutoffs with a red handkerchief in his right rear pocket, seeking an FFA topman. Other times he unashamedly walks the dimly lit corridors wearing nothing but a cockring.

Some guys like a lot of rear action and find that they can attract someone to do it to them by lying bare-assed on the bed in their room with the door open. A can of Crisco or a bottle of amyl conspicuously placed may be an additional clue that the bare butt being displayed is available for a heavy workout.

A belt, large dildo, ropes or handcuffs in a room and noticeable to passersby encourages the approach of studs with similar interests. The presence of toys is a sure indication of S&M interests, but it still doesn't tell you *who* is to submit to the toys' use.

One wild number we saw recently at the baths took full advantage of a special opportunity to get into an S&M scene. On a previous occasion he had noted one room decorated like a jail cell. People could see into the room even if the door were closed because of a barred window facing in from the hallway.

Two iron rings, three feet apart, hung from the ceiling at the foot of the bed. The wall alongside the bed was mirrored. "Food for thought," the young stud apparently said to himself, for the next time he came prepared.

Once in the room, he removed some lengths of rope from his travel bag. Tying a length to each metal ring, he fashioned slipknots from the hanging ends. He slid another rope beneath the mattress, near the middle, then made slipknots at either side of the bed.

Placing a can of Crisco at the foot of the bed, he stripped, laying his Levis with right rear handkerchief next to the lubricant. So prepared he sat in the dimly lit room, stroking his throbbing cock in anticipation of the heavy scene he hoped for. The amazed expressions or

studied stares of men passing by added to his growing excitement.

A muscular, hunky, blond man peered through the door, walked down the hall and then leaned against the wall, observing with obvious but seemingly casual interest. After a few minutes he walked slowly but purposefully to the door, reached inside, and turned the reddish light to its brightest. Then he returned to his previous spot and continued to watch.

The muscular young M knelt on the bed in the center of the brightly lit cell, jacking off for the pleasure of the stud in the hall, and for all else to see. The S approached the doorway again, rubbing the swelling bulge in his jeans.

"Lie on your back and put your feet in the air," he commanded. As the willing M complied he put the young man's ankles through the slipknots hanging from the rings and tightened them. Next he tied the M's wrists to either side of the bed with the conveniently placed rope.

Standing at the foot of the bed, he unbuttoned his Levis and looked over his helpless sex slave, who lay bound with his legs spread and in the air. Men crowded against the barred windows and open doorway, fascinated and turned on by the unfolding spectacle.

The S pulled his long, thick shaft from his Levis and coated his cock and the M's asshole with Crisco. As he stroked his own huge rod he explored the young slave's asshole with his fingers, opening the way for the coming assault.

Lodging the top of his hard cock between the spread cheeks, he pushed the entire length of it inside the muscular ass. Slowly at first, then with increased tempo and force, he fucked the young bottom thoroughly. Ramming deep inside him he came, gasping from the overwhelming orgasm.

After removing his still-swollen shaft from the young M's butt and wiping off with a towel, he buttoned his Levis and then coated his right hand with Crisco. Continuing his domination of the now well-used asshole, he began to work his hand inside.

As voyeuristic bath-goers watched intently, the S fistfucked the helpless but ecstatic young M, jacking him off with his other hand. The young man came with the S's fist deep inside him, cum pouring from his cock.

The handsome S slowly removed his hand and cleaned up the grease and cum with a towel. Leaning over his charge he kissed him and asked, "Are you OK like this? If you want to go on I'll supervise the action." Noting the young man's compliance he looked over the group of men who were watching. "Who wants to work this ass over next?"

He motioned to a well-built stud whose big cock jutted under his towel. "Can I fistfuck him and then fuck him?" the eager newcomer asked. The blond S nodded, and the heavy action continued into the night as hand after cock after hand plunged into the ass of the helpless but willing slave.

Yes, kinky sex and S&M *can* be found at the baths. You just have to be imaginative and actively look for it.

DRUMBEATS



"Here he comes, with that tacky S&M routine again!"



**DRUMMER
BOOK SECTION**

THE GREAT "S/M MURDER" MYSTERY

THE GOLDEN STATE'S GAY VICTIMS

**MURDER IN
CALIFORNIA**

by John W. Rowberry & Rue Dyllon

PART III: Till Death Do Us Part

The tattoo of a black panther crawled up the outside of his right biceps, etched on during some forgotten revel when questions regarding his masculinity were important considerations.

On the left arm were two more examples of the needle's art: a small, spread-winged eagle, dominated by a larger figure, another panther, teeth bared in a snarl.

He sat on the unmade bed, cross-legged and naked. Relaxed, his beefy arms and chest were those of a bodybuilder, but his mind carried the picture of a cowboy with a lifetime of wrestling steers.

The golden hue of his smooth, hairless skin and the brief white demarcation circling his waist, however, erased the possibility that he was anything more than a civilized sun-worshipper. His fingernails were short and clean, his face only Palm Springs-weathered.

His thick, soft brown hair needed another trim to conform with his otherwise thoroughly masculine image.

Incongruous with his demeanor were his eyes and mouth, his great betrayers. Soft and forgiving, humble and accepting — they labeled him another kind of cowboy, one whose range was no wider than the pretense in a dimly lit bar.

In the early evening shadow another figure circled the room, weaving a net of tension through the lamplight. Occasionally moving toward the bed, the policeman strutted his half dress in silent menace. Discarded were the dark shirt and badge, but not yet the hard-billed cap or the taut trousers, and certainly not the official air of authority.

His cool eyes flashed on the silent, waiting, bedded man as if to enforce a leash that would prevent any sudden attempt to bolt away. The cowboy's eyes did not follow him.

The policeman's nude torso, as finely chiseled as the cowboy's was heavily built, rose pale from the wide shiny black belt around his waist. One hand was empty; the other held a .38 service revolver. It was cradled loosely in the curling fingers, fingers firmly protective of its cold casing but unsure of its potential.

The pacing, the glances, the accumulating minutes that smothered by their swelling number the soft sound of the clock — all built to a situation still unclear in both minds.

Finally the policeman strode to the bed's edge, and the empty hand circled to catch the back of the cowboy's head. Fingers snarled in the hair, tightened, pulled forward in a testing movement. The cowboy tensed but bent slightly, ready for either resistance or yielding.

For a moment the gun was tossed on the bed, the burning hand used to unfasten the belt cinch.

The cowboy watched, head slightly bowed, eyes absorbing the movements just inches away. He watched the waistband come unsnapped, the zipper ratchet slide smoothly down the fly. The fabric spread as if in slow motion, as if by itself.

He saw the fingers grope inside, freeing finally a semi-rigid organ and heavy testicles.

When the pressure resumed on the back of his head, he yielded forward, feeling his nose and lips forced into the waiting hair and flesh. A half-caught gasp was only partly to open his mouth and suck air into his shriveled lungs. It also measured his sexual tension, and he brushed his dry lips across the rapidly lengthening cock.

A hand lifted it, pointed it into the now-open mouth.

The policeman spread his free hand smoothly down the muscled back beneath him, arching forward to trail his fingers into the disappearing shadow of an ass. One fingertip found an opening, then another joined the probe.

For a moment the hand left but then returned. The cowboy felt a harder intrusion, sharp, cold.

The policeman forced the edge of the gun barrel into the dry, tight orifice, pushing until the bullet chambers met the

resistance of surrounding flesh.

The cowboy didn't pause from his silent oral manipulations when he heard the chamber being rotated. But the sound of the hammer clicking backward brought him to a tense, unmoving alert.

"Suck it, motherfucker, or I'll blow your ass apart!"

THE COWBOY

Tom Holland never existed. Gary Miller made him up.

Miller had long needed an identity to describe an image of himself. Not just a picture in his head, emphatically not an alter ego sharing equal billing. Tom Holland was more like a character Gary Miller could become.

It was not a professional name in the sense that writers and actors adopted them. But in another sense, it *became* Miller's profession, being this Tom Holland. In time, it also became an iron mask.

Tom Holland was probably born 30,000 feet above water midway between Hawaii and Los Angeles. The act of conception was nonphysical, and required only a single parent. But when he was born, when he took on existing physical form, Gary Miller began to die.

Tom Holland didn't come to Los Angeles to become a hustler. It was an already acquired profession, rooted in an adolescence spent as trade for visiting salesmen and truckers in small-town Missouri. The road to Los Angeles was strewn with experiences that yawed wildly between the cheapness of impersonal sex for a few wadded bills to the burning flight for

The policeman forced the edge of the gun barrel into the dry, tight orifice . . . "Suck it, motherfucker, or I'll blow your ass apart!"

redemption in the evangelical toils of Garner Ted Armstrong's Worldwide Church of God in Texas.

But the decision to become established as one of the movie capitol's best paid gentlemen of the evening would bind him forever. He had already learned that his sexual drives propelled him toward other men as masculine as, or more than, himself.

In the simple word of dollars and sense, however, he readily compromised.

By 1969, hustling for him had grown from a street corner lifestyle, where the next John and the next meal were a source of constant anxiety, to a more civilized condition. At his new level, a few phone calls and the right contacts could put a young man on the road to financial independence and the material rewards of the good life.

Of course, it was necessary to become visible to the best of the prospective clients. Holland pursued and obtained work as a model for nude magazines and soft-core photographs. His physique began to appear on calendars in leather and western bars. But it was when he broke into the pages of the top macho studio that the contacts became reality.

Sexually uninhibited, young, masculine, attractive: he was desired by more than could afford to have him. Holland was also intelligent, pleasant, and aware enough of the social graces to become a perfect escort for illustrious names in show business, people on both sides of the camera. His reputed list



of clients would invite skeptics for the sheer weight of the names.

The potential for legitimate exposure was nearly as potent a lure for Holland as were the big fees and the orbiting around famous figures. He was not immune to the itch to be one of those figures himself, and he had sufficient natural poise that a number of clients casually suggested that his potential should be developed.

He went so far as to assemble a professional photo portfolio and enroll in an acting school. But like many persons living in an artificial environment, Tom Holland was more skilled at strengthening his fantasies than in coping with reality.

He discarded potential securities in lieu of protecting the hard male role he had cast for himself. He became careful about his actions and associations. People who saw through his myth were either abandoned or relegated to a cool distance. His circle tightened as his image grew and began to consume the man behind it.

THE PATRON

There were a few others. One or two who understood the need of fuel for the myth, who played the game according to Holland's exacting rules, but who never forgot the pretense.

One of Holland's clients developed a more than passing interest in this midnight cowboy. He grew to love him for the Gary Miller he used to be in some forgotten, long-time past.

He played the game of pretend, but through the mask he comprehended the need and felt an honest compassion for the lost youth. He loved him, but did not possess him. Their relationship depended on unspoken agreement: that nothing be done to shatter the illusion.

When the patron grew beyond the will to use the heroic image of the striding cowboy as a sexual stimulus, he kept the understanding that Holland could not exist without it.

Finally, the patron provided Holland with an emotional refuge more valuable than cash or favors or potential for fame. Though the relationship never became exclusive, it created a space where Holland could soften his stance, if only for an instant, a space to bleed off the deadening pressures.

A space that ultimately wasn't enough for Tom Holland.

THE POLICEMAN

After Tom Holland first met Jim Gaugh, he commented that the slight man wasn't even his type. He couldn't explain their sudden rapport.

Gaugh wasn't unattractive. His trim moustache and dark hair accented a clean, youthful face. Though he wasn't the beefy, visually powerful figure of Holland, he did carry an air of authority and masterfulness that bridged the difference in their physical types.

Gaugh, on the other hand, felt the same sudden attraction to Holland that baited so many others.

The specific details of their first meeting are blurred in memory, like a camera view gone slightly out of focus. It is known that they met at the Gallery Room, where Gaugh had come to visit his friend, bartender David Likens.

Holland would probably not have noticed Gaugh. His gaze, selective toward his own ends, would have swept over the smaller figure of Gaugh without a pause. It is not known if Gaugh had ever seen Holland before, but considering his fetish for brute power and authority, it is likely that Holland's magazine layouts had attracted him to his guise as bike rider or leatherman.

The half-lit atmosphere of the bar gave Holland almost the appearance of a carved statue. The fabric of his shirt lay across massive pectoral muscles as snow would cover a rocky shelf, blanketing, but suggesting the clear definitions that lay beneath.

The image caught Gaugh's eye and fired his imagination.

Here was a reality he could never become himself. Here was a goal he could never reach. Obsessed with the male body, he had worked at his own development for long, arduous years. But he never had, never would, attain the level of muscularity that Holland wore so easily.

The next best thing would be to possess this perfect specimen of homosexual fantasy.

Gaugh positioned himself so that Holland could better notice him. He casually moved into Holland's line of vision, against the interior dividing wall, carefully arranging a pose. The curve of one shoulder touched the wall; farther down, a small area of hardened hip leaned gently. One hand shoved almost fully into a snug denim pocket; the other held a beer

He might have spun out a fertile crop of tough experiences . . . On a trip to the john together, he could have shown Holland his gun. Whatever the device of seduction, it worked.

bottle by the neck, letting it lie carelessly against his thigh.

His gaze seemed unfocused, unmoving, letting images pass his eyes without apparent notice. Maybe once he drew his vision directly across the object of his attention, taking the measure of his unattainability in that split second.

It is possible that Likens himself performed the introduction. He knew them both, had been spurned sexually by Holland, and expected nothing from the exchange of names between Holland and Gaugh.

Keeping his pose unruffled was a sheer exercise of will for Gaugh. Holland, by contrast, was scarcely interested or aware of what was happening. He accepted the offered hand, delivered terse answers to the obvious cruising questions about birthplace, current home, and the mundane observations of a bar exchange.

It was perhaps by sheer chance that Holland allowed a conversation to develop. Attribute it to lack of business, a flicker of kindness for someone destined for rejection. The truth is, not only did a conversation ensue, but Gaugh managed to intrigue the blase Holland into accepting an offer to accompany him home.

Possibly Gaugh told Holland he was an undercover policeman on a special assignment related to the Houston mass murders. Probably he did not tell him he had been living in La Jolla with a couple whose jewelry shop he managed, whose cash register he was tapping regularly. Gaugh was, after all, as protective of his fantasy image as was Holland.

He might have spun out a fertile crop of tough experiences, memorized from the pages of Dallas Barnes or Joe Wambaugh. On a trip to the john together, he could have shown Holland his gun. Whatever the device of seduction, it worked.

Later, everyone was amazed that the pedestrian Gaugh had not only landed the discriminating Holland, but had him jumping as well. No one was able to plumb the bizarre fascination Gaugh held over the cowboy. The closest they could come was attribution to the fetish of a gun symbol which Holland had felt more and more powerfully.

Their backgrounds were similar to a point. Gaugh, too, was from the midwest — Ohio — and had left home in search of a freer, more fulfilling lifestyle. Gaugh had never hustled at the same level as Holland, but he was not immune to a kept existence. It was a status he powerfully craved, more even than he craved power and sex.

Gaugh, like Holland, had assumed a role to cover his own

Continued on page 55



Our Christmas package is KELWAY POLLACK, Leather Fraternity entry (and runner-up) in the Hawk's Leather Sabbath contest.

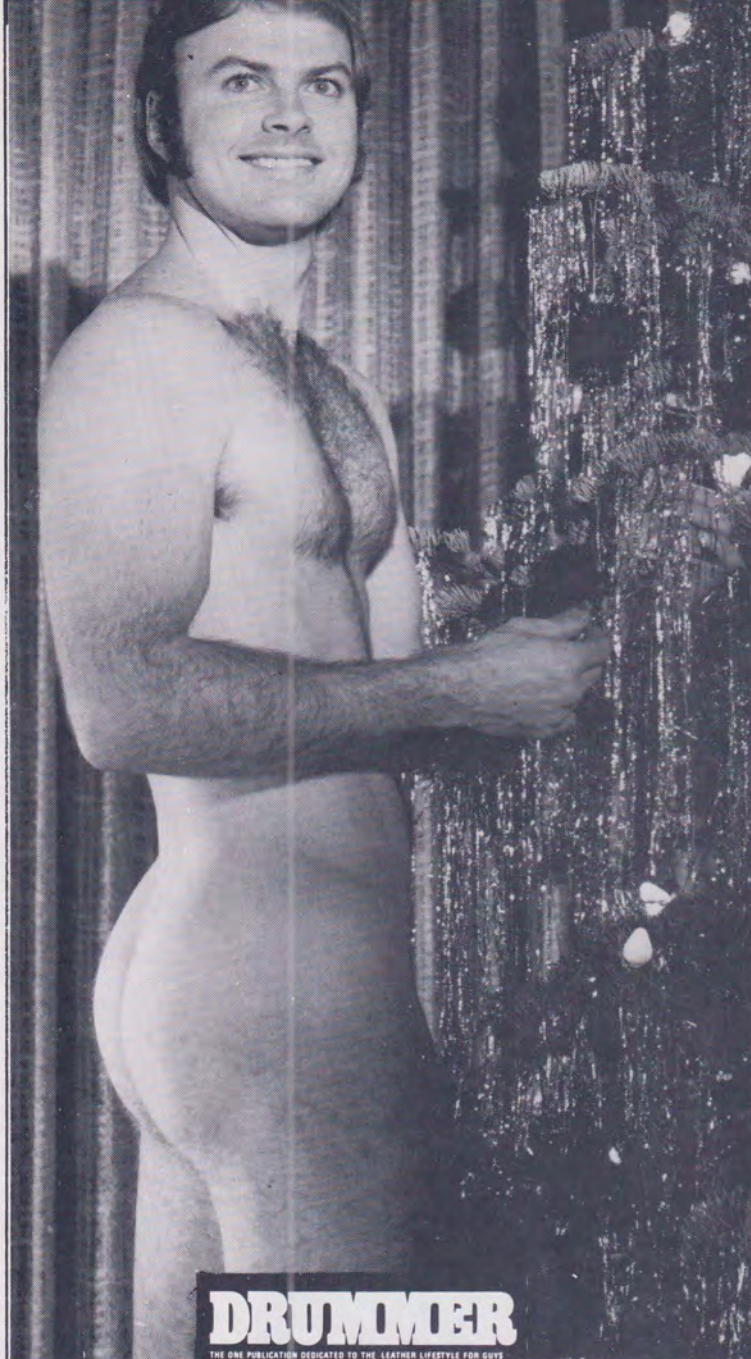
DRUMMER

GIFT LIST

OF SUGGESTIVE XMAS SUGGESTIONS

Photography by Kirby Sires





DRUMMER
THE ONE PUBLICATION DEDICATED TO THE LEATHER LIFESTYLE FOR GUYS

GIFT LIST



Get him a sling. Designed for total suspension, made of super heavy top grain harness leather, complete with leg straps and pillows. \$150 from the Trading Post in San Francisco.



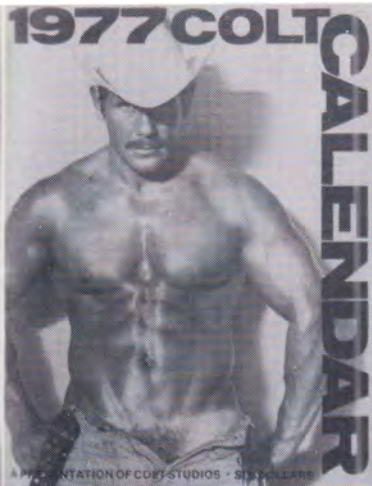
How about a jock with a cock tube? A whole new fetish for \$7.50. Or a muscle vest of soft Cabretta leather, designed for minimum coverage, maximum effect; \$25. Both from James of San Francisco.



Put him in a gold lame mini bikini with a pouch; for him to fill. From That Look in Hollywood. \$12.

Keep him stocks instead of bonds. From the Dungeon on Folsom. Top is the Pilgrim style for \$225. Below are the Concord and Plymouth stocks for \$30. Bottom is the Salem Stock at \$125. Beautifully finished and solid for years of abuse.





How about a calendar. Two of the top ones are from Colt Studios and Target Studios, both in New York City. Both are six dollars each and both are breathtaking.



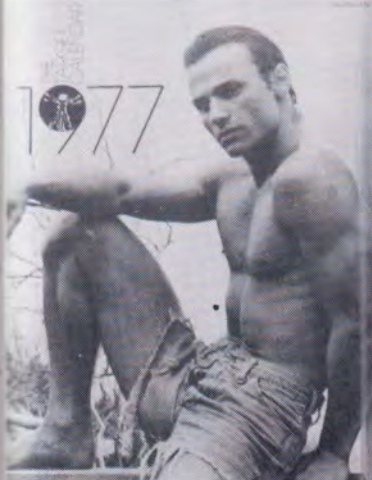
Male Hide Leathers presents the Lumberjack look with a 22" Gunfighter lined vest for \$50. Tapered western style flannel shirt in assorted plaids for \$15. 16" black leather loggers with nickel hooks and eyelets and logger heel \$50.



Leather and link pouch to fill for either master or slave. Somewhat a see-through item of soft leather, it is metallic enough that you can't get through the airport security check with it on. About \$30 from Marquis de Suede in New York. Below is a soft leather air force style jacket with snap on collar and fleece lining. From the Leather Emporium at \$125.



Wrangler Tit Clamps and Western Harness with studs are from the Hanging Tree Ranch in San Diego. Western style S&M in brown leather. Send \$3 for color brochure of a whole new world of western goodies.



If this tank top were leather, you couldn't do it in the shower with it on. It just looks like wet leather, is really nylon and is available from the Emporium in Los Angeles. Soap is optional.



Regulation police shirt is tailored from poplin. Shoulder straps, badge tab, flap pockets make it authentic as hell. \$16

in short sleeves and \$18 in long. From the Trading Post in San Francisco.



For beginners the slave's denuded pubic area is courtesy of House of St. James. Permanent hair removal is described elsewhere in this issue. The electrolysis was easy enough. Convincing our model was the hard part.

Diamonds are forever and a diamond stud earring for your stud will help the relationship last forever. A 10 pt. diamond in 14K or white gold, set with full cut is \$35 each or \$65 a pair. In 5 points they are \$20 each. From Jess Hanson Jewelry in downtown Los Angeles.

Soft black leather vest with matching open front and rear bikini. From the Pleasure Chest, the vest is around \$25, the bikini with side thongs is the same price. For the Leatherlike wet-look nylon version of the same bikini (for water sports), the Emporium has it for \$14 including thongs.

Studded wrist and/or cock rings are around \$5 in most Leather shops and the matching studded collar on the slave's thigh goes for around \$15. Studded leather Crisco can cover is \$6 at the Pleasure Chest and the Crisco varies in price at the A & P. Black leather watchband is \$5 most everywhere as is the cock and ball harness. Effect is somewhat akin to having your equipment held with a firm hand constantly.

Above are leg shackles in black leather and chrome chain. Matching wrist shackles are on the opposite page. Both are adjustable with the

Wrist shackles going at \$30 and the Ankle versions for two dollars more from the Pleasure Chest.

Herbal Life stimulant capsules should help insure a lively holiday. They are available in two sizes in Boutique shops at \$15 for a month's supply. "Stud," the Wilmont version has herbs like Sarsaparilla Root and Kola Nut and Damiana Leaves. 60 capsules for \$9. Power packed!

Cock Candles are four and six dollars and are for burning, not insertion.

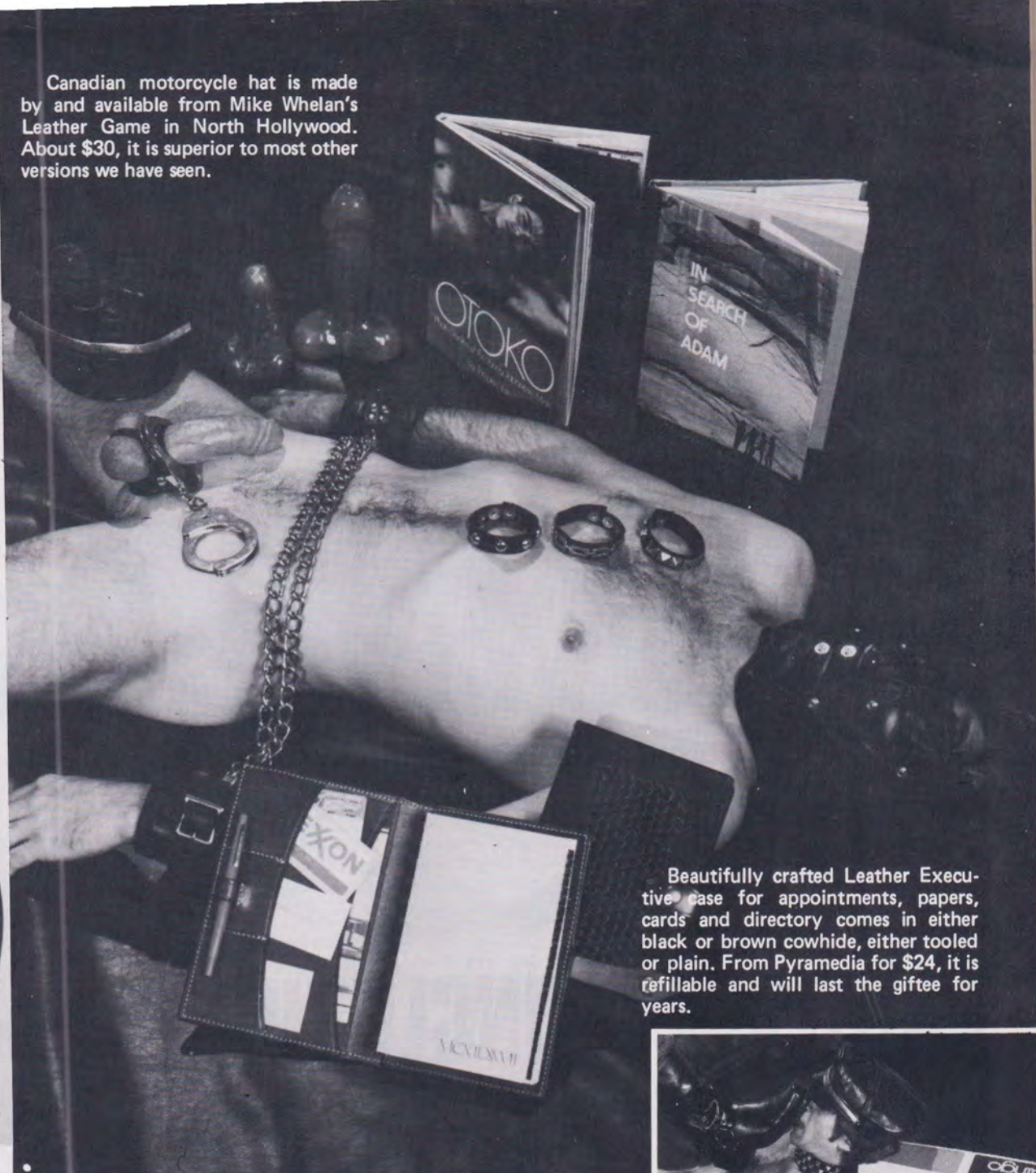
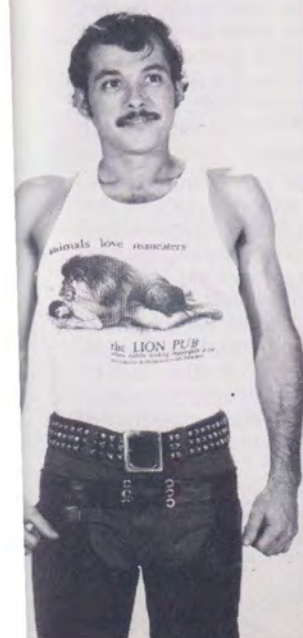
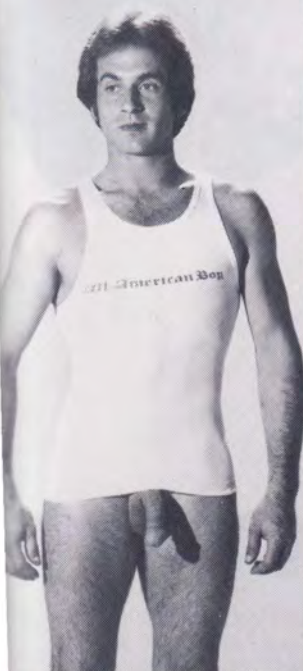
Rho Delta's coffee table books are "Otoko" and Roy Dean's new "In Search of Adam" and are \$15 and \$21 respectively. The chromed steel police handcuffs should cost you around \$10. Make sure you get two keys.

The slave's hood is soft leather, laced up the back. It has detachable blind for the eyes and mouthpiece plug. \$65 at the Pleasure Chest.

Dingo boots in western style black leather with saddle ring are around \$30, depending on where you buy them. Squared toes are in, pointy ones are out.



Canadian motorcycle hat is made by and available from Mike Whelan's Leather Game in North Hollywood. About \$30, it is superior to most other versions we have seen.



Beautifully crafted Leather Executive case for appointments, papers, cards and directory comes in either black or brown cowhide, either tooled or plain. From Pyramedia for \$24, it is refillable and will last the gift for years.

Our mini T-Shirt festival features the One Way bar in Los Angeles, The Lion Pub and the All-American Boy in San Francisco. The latter two are also available as the tank tops shown. Shirts are \$5 and undershirt style is a dollar less. More fun than collecting matchbooks from your favorite hang-outs.

Chaps on Lion Pub model are by Melrose Leather Shop in Los Angeles. They are made to measure, are open in front and back naturally, to be worn over your levis or just over you. Priced at \$65.

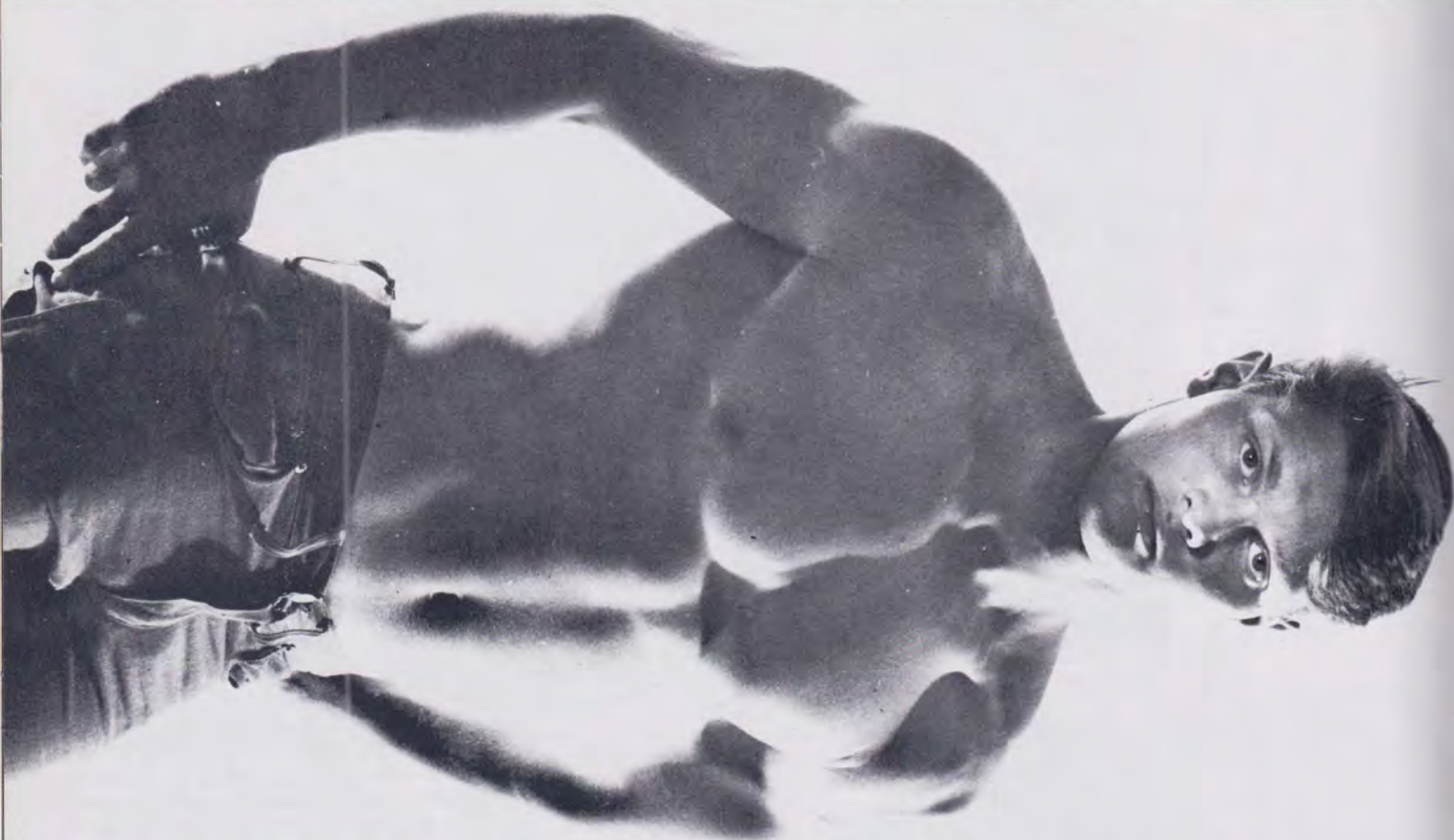
Not shown, but recommended: Sterling silver 'barbed wire' cock ring. Self-punishing stimulation in style by the Leather Indian in Houston. Matching sterling collar is available.



Continuous loop gold nipple rings in nickel, dime and quarter sizes are superior in quality and appearance to the jewelry store kind. In three gauge weights, they average \$30 each or \$50 a pair. A hot gift.

Put away that Monopoly game and switch to "Gay STrip-Down." Designed for from two to six horny guys, it is guaranteed to end up with everyone nude and worse. \$11 by Fun Mates.

five in the trainer's room



PART VIII—CONCLUSION

SCOTT

For the first time in his seventeen years, Johnny Todd, the blond and blue-eyed left tackle, fixed all of his being — senses to spirit — on the sacrificial act of total submission. Ignoring the glint behind Dicko's eyes, Manuel's penetrating stare and Moses' heavy-lidded noncommittal glance, he turned directly to Thaa. He knew, without knowing he knew, that the unqualified surrender of his body was the least of his capitulation. More important, he was giving his heart, his soul, his very will.

Unconsciously, he brought his naked young swimmer's body to military attention and heard himself saying "O.K., I'm ready. How do yuh want me —?" adding, automatically, in a voice that was barely audible — "Sir."

The others looked up in surprise. Over a four-year period they had called each other many things, but never in all that time had they used the word "Sir" except to their tyrannical coach. What startled them even more than the use of the word itself was how natural and appropriate it seemed at this moment in time, addressed

to the arrogant Thaa Demosthenes by the worshipful Johnny Todd, his bare body rigid, sweat-shiny, but as yet untouched this evening.

"Belly down on the bench, asshole!" Thaa bellowed, "an' cross yer fuckin' wrists underneath it!" Johnny complied instantly, stretching out on the hard wooden surface in acquiescent embrace.

He felt his wrists being strapped together and fastened securely to the leg of the narrow bench. Hands roughly spread his thighs wide, so that his knees nearly touched the floor. A long piece of tape was knotted around his right thigh, just above the knee, then pulled under the bench, its other end similarly fixed to the left thigh, opening wide the cheeks of his ass. His ankles were joined and anchored to the back leg of the bench. Finally, one strap was wound around his waist and the bench, and another at his neck. He was totally immobilized, able to move only fingers and toes.

Thaa stepped back and surveyed his handiwork with lustful excitement. The helplessly spread-eagled teen-age flesh

beneath his gaze was utterly still: vulnerable, inviting, awaiting. His eyes were drawn as by a magnet to the exposed anus. His cock hardened and lifted. His breath quickened. He longed to mount that prostrate form, to grind his mounded pectorals into the broad planes of that muscular back, to plunge his prick up to its base into that tight asshole again and again. But that would have to wait. Right now he had other plans.

The eyes of Dicko and Manuel were likewise drawn to the single focus of their football-playing colleague's shit chute, but their hands were endlessly engaged in exploring each other: pinching at stiffened nipples, invading navels, pulling at semi-erect cocks. And Moses Brown, stop watch ready in one hand, idly maintained his enormous hard-on with the other. Though expressionless, his eyes, too, were focused on Johnny Todd's gleaming white buns, the finely haired crevice split open to his view.

Satisfied that all was in readiness, Thaa went to the janitor's closet and brought out the coil of green plastic hose

was an agony unrelieved by passion. While narrower than his lover's cock, the nozzle seemed interminably longer and of an uncompromising rigidity. Even so, the pressure on his prostate produced the inevitable reaction and his own cock began to throb as it stretched its length along the bench top.

Preparations complete, Thaa0 called for the timing to start.

He dashed to the sink and gave both the hot and cold water faucets a full turn, then ran back to the bench where he settled himself in the small of Johnny's back, facing his target. Reaching out, he grasped the dial at the base of the nozzle that controlled the pressure of the spray and moved it to the "Fine" mark.

Johnny jerked convulsively in his bonds as he felt the stream of lukewarm water splattering the interior wall of his large bowel, but he found the initial discomfort to be less intense than he had feared. As the seconds ticked by, however, and the liquid coursed deeper and deeper into his body, the discomfort grew proportionally, and he began to squirm under the torturer's weight on his back. Thaa0 clamped down more heavily to limit this squirming and gave the bare buttocks a hefty slap with his free hand. With the other, he increased the setting on the nozzle from "Fine" to "Medium."

The effect was devastatingly immediate. Johnny lurched and screamed, the impact like a sudden blast in his lower gut. Distracted from their mutual preoccupation, Manuel and Dicko stared in horrified fascination at the writhing body and distorted features of their teammate, his screams now subsiding into a whimpering kind of groan. Moses glanced apprehensively at the stop watch, the fifteen minutes were scarcely half over.

Compounding Johnny's excruciating agony now was the irresistible urge to evacuate his overflowing bowels, an urgency painfully frustrated by the plugging effect of the hose. He tasted a bitter bile in the back of his throat, and sweat ran from every pore as he gasped an endless series of "Omigod! Omigod! Omigod!" Thaa0's response was to flick the control dial to "Full" and to bounce up and down on the midsection of his body, dropping the dial in order to use both hands to rain a constant barrage of stinging slaps on the naked buttocks of his prisoner.

"Time!" shouted Moses.

Slowly, reluctantly, Thaa0 got up. Dicko had immediately turned off the faucets, and Manuel pulled the nozzle from its berth. Water trickled from the orifice, slightly reddened with blood. Moses helped Dicko and Manuel release the pain-racked body as Thaa0 drew quietly to one side, himself now an on-looker. The instant he was freed, Johnny Todd made a mad dash to the Boys' Room, squatting gratefully to relieve himself of what seemed like gallons and gallons of water.

He sat there for nearly the entire fifteen minutes of the "half time" break, emerging with a dark scowl when told he had only a few minutes left during which to make the preparations for his final turn as Master. These were unusually simple, involving nothing more than the

assembling of three long strips of the one-inch nylon straps and a few squares of adhesive tape. Thaa0 regarded this warily, but could no longer meet Johnny's expressionless gaze.

There was an awkward pause, as no one seemed to know what to do next.

"Ain'tcha gonna get the fuckin' Greek tied up?" Moses finally asked.

"No," Johnny answered. "Just have the motherfucker stand with his back to me, his hands behind him. Then start yer timin'."

Thaa0 hesitantly assumed the required position, his brain a confusion of uncertainties. Dicko and Manuel, curiosity overcoming concupiscence, edged in closer.

"Gimme room, gimme room, y' turds," Johnny ordered. "O.K., are yuh timin'?"

"Get goin'," Moses replied. "He's all yours."

From behind Thaa0's trembling nudity, Johnny took three squares of adhesive tape and slapped them over his slave's eyes and mouth. Then, grabbing the wrists which Thaa0 had obediently crossed behind his back, he began winding one of the long strips of nylon tape around them. Cinching the tie between those wrists, he next started working upward separately on each arm, up to the shoulder and down again, wrapping the tapes as tightly as he could.

Sweat beaded the young Greek god's forehead and ran in rivulets down his naked sides from silkily haired armpits. He longed to turn around and face his tormentor, to look into his amazingly blue eyes and whisper "Anything, Johnny-boy. Anything. Y' can do anything at all to me. Anything y' want to. It's O.K. Let's just show these bastards you 'n' me can give or take anything. Anything!" But he stood obediently in place, awaiting the outcome of this strange session.

Suddenly, Johnny lifted Thaa0's helpless body and threw it face down on the same bench that had just been the site of his own agony. He threw one foot over it and settled his bare buttocks on those of his slave, staring down at the taped wrists and arms. Now, starting at those wrists, he began methodically wrapping the long tape around both arms simultaneously, gradually working upwards, pulling the tape tight with all the considerable strength at his command.

The higher he wrapped, the more unbearable became the pain Thaa0 experienced. When the mummifying process reached his elbows, Thaa0 had the sensation that his left shoulder was about to slip out of its socket. He saw bright lights and his ears rang. He shrieked. Manuel and Dicko stepped in to stop Johnny, but that ear-splitting scream had been enough. He tied off the tape and got up, turning his attention to Thaa0's legs.

With another long piece of tape he bound the ankles together; then, bending the knees, twisted the other end around Thaa0's throat and brought it back to the ankles, pulling it as taut as possible before tying it off. This increased the pressure on Thaa0's aching shoulders, but if he tried to ease the pressure by forcing his head forward, he risked strangling him-

MASTERS

that was used to wash down the shower room walls and floor. He screwed one end onto the faucet above the sink and approached Johnny with the other, fingering its long nozzle lewdly. His now-obvious intention caused the others to freeze into inactivity, struck once more with the frightening possibility that real and permanent injury could well be inflicted this night.

Apparently unaware of his peers' concern, Thaa0 straddled the bench behind his victim's butt and carefully placed the nozzle of the hose against the fringed slit. Slowly he began inserting it into that silently protesting opening, millimeter by millimeter, mildly surprised at the power of its resistance and the strength needed to overcome that resistance. But he was determined to ram it far enough into Johnny's body so that the violated sphincter could not voluntarily force it out again.

The victim himself heard a low, throaty moan and recognized it belatedly as his own. Although he had allowed himself, in the throes of ecstasy during the week, to be fucked by Thaa0, this

self. He was having difficulty breathing as it was, and his hoarse attempts to fill his lungs rasped on the nerves of the spectators.

After what seemed an eternity, "Time!" was called and Thaaos relieved of his bonds. When he got up from the bench, the others were astonished to see that he had a mammoth hard-on. But Dicko remembered reading somewhere that when men are hanged they frequently get erections and even ejaculate at the moment of ultimate and violent suffocation. It was this fact, he recalled, that led in the Middle Ages to the origin of the phrase "well-hung."

Thaaos massaged his arms vigorously to restore the circulation, seemingly unconscious of his aroused state. His mind, rather, was completely preoccupied with his plans for what would be the very final sadistic love act of the entire trainer's room proceedings. All he needed for this were two short lengths of tape and the long metal handle of the push broom from the janitor's closet.

"I'm gonna need some help settin' this prick up, you guys," Thaaos announced at the end of the five-minute break.

He went to Johnny and grabbed his hands. It only took one short piece of tape to bind the overlapping wrists together in front of the passive victim, but that slight physical contact was all that was necessary to bring the slave's cock jerking up stiff to match that of the master. The two hot tools touched and crossed like swords on a Spanish wall, drawing additional vigor from the inadvertent caressing.

"O.K., piss-face, enough o' that shit," Thaaos snarled, slapping brutally at Johnny's familiar organ. "Now I wantcha t' squat on that there rubbin' table, pull yer knees up 'n' slip yer arms over 'em so that yer wrists and ankles are together, dig?"

Johnny obeyed silently and suffered his wrists to be strapped to his ankles in that position, wondering what could be in store, surprised that this method of bondage caused him absolutely no discomfort whatsoever. Manuel and Dicko exchanged questioning looks, and even the usually placid brow of Moses Brown was furrowed in bewilderment. They had been in breathless anticipation all the entire past week for only *this*?

With a knowing smirk, Thaaos picked up the heavy broom handle and thrust it through the space between Johnny's bent knees and elbows. He had to angle it slightly to make it fit across the space between the rows of lockers on either side of the table.

"All right, you turds," he called out, "getcher asses over here and grab the ends o' this bar. That's it. Good. Now let's lift it up — easy, y' asshole! — and set those ends on the top shelves of those lockers across from each other. Great! Howzat?" Johnny Todd was suspended about six feet above the grimy floor, unable to make the slightest movement, feet pointing upwards, head hanging down at the exact level of Thaaos's crotch.

"Now start yer timer!"

"Gotcha!" Moses pressed the button.

Manuel and Dicko, behind the hanging torso, found themselves once again staring at the All-American boy's unprotected bare ass, this time the twin cheeks pressed close together by the nature of his bondage. They ducked under the bar and moved to the other side, noting the way Johnny's mouth hung open, the wondering look in those blue eyes, how his blond hair dropped straight downward.

Then Thaaos moved in, aiming his ramrod-stiff tool directly into that open mouth, reaching up and around to grab Johnny's two ass-mounds in his hands. Encouraged by the choking sounds deep in the prisoner's throat, feeling at the tip of his penis the frantic agitation there, he began a rhythmic thrusting, jaw set and eyes glazed. Dicko and Manuel, aroused beyond all caution, fell to the floor at Thaaos's feet in the classic "69" position, drawing each other's cocks into their hungry mouths. Moses pressed close against Thaaos's naked back, his engorged prick rubbing between the cheeks of the Greek's ass.

Helpless and gagging, Johnny tried to adjust to the huge intruder pushing ever deeper into the back of his throat. An urge to vomit was proving well-nigh irresistible. The psychic pain was joined by physical pain as he felt Thaaos's long fingers plunging mercilessly into his anus, probing and stretching that still-tender membrane. He would have cried out his terror had it been anatomically possible.

Thaaos picked up the tempo of his pelvic thrusts, his balls bouncing against Johnny's nose, humping ever deeper with his cock and pressing ever deeper his fingers into the asshole, as if his goal were to achieve a meeting of the two somewhere within the shuddering body at his mercy. Utterly rapt in their own face-fucking, the entwined figures at his feet likewise pushed and sucked more rapidly. And behind him, Moses had snared his thick black prick between those white buttocks and was jouncing up and down, reveling in the velvet pressure against ultra-sensitive nerve ends, feeling the ecstatic moment of release coming closer and closer.

Also about to come, Thaaos increased his pumping to a frantic pace, thrilled by the gurgling protests trapped in Johnny's throat. The tightened velum rubbing the underside of his shaft was exquisite lubricity. A tingling sensation pervaded his entire body; he was further titillated by the grunts and groans indicating the imminent ejaculations of Manuel and Dicko and the heavy breaths of Moses Brown on the back of his neck.

Then, with an uninhibited whoop, he let his gism spirit forth. He threw his head back as Johnny's lips convulsively milked him dry. His passionate cry provided the impetus for the final thrusts of Manuel and Dicko, and they, too, immediately let loose their loads into each other's waiting throats, clinging together with spasms of delight. And, not to be outdone, Moses reached his orgasm, silencing Thaaos's backside with his cum. He completely forgot, having — if ever so briefly — lost his feeling of alienation, to call "Time!"

Later, in the shower, the raucous horseplay of the five young athletes was like that after winning a game from their most hated rival, like that of two weeks before when they first embarked upon their dark odyssey. They were not even vaguely aware that their exuberant spirits masked much deeper feelings of discovery and regret. It was the last time all five would shower together, and they lingered selfishly over their unique camaraderie.

Once dressed, they were very quiet again. Their muttered partings were a devastating anticlimax to the two weeks of incredible intimacy. In pairs — Johnny and Thaaos, Manuel and Dicko — and alone, Moses Brown, they left the trainer's room for the last time, passing silently into the icy pre-Christmas night.

* * * * *

And what became of those five high school football stars? Had their experiments and experiences in the special world of S and M changed them in any way?

It is interesting to learn that, of the five, only Moses Brown remained in football. He went on to become a college All-American and a top draft choice of a newly franchised Canadian pro team. There he was first named Rookie-of-the-Year, with many other awards to follow. He married and fathered three children. His macho image was so firmly established that no comments were heard when he and the team's quarterback, a swinging bachelor who was his roommate on the road, stayed behind in the locker room long after the rest had left.

Manuel Alvarez and Dicko Novak never saw each other again after graduation. Manuel went to a small southwestern college, where he was exposed to a whole community of fellow Chicanos for the first time. He remained there, going into social work and dealing with the rehabilitation of young male parolees. He especially enjoyed organizing them into various kinds of athletic teams, and his participation in their shower room antics was regarded with nothing but respect. He never married.

Dicko dropped out of college and wandered aimlessly around the country for several years, long-haired and bearded: one of the original beatniks. He was eventually drawn, as were so many of his peers, into the love and drug culture of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district in the 1960s, and garnered quite a reputation for balling anything on two legs. Often, his sexual partners complained that he was too rough in his love-making. He died of an overdose at the age of 31.

To no one's surprise, Thaaos Demosthenes *did* become a movie and TV actor, known to a world of admirers as "Rad Bolton," a teen-age idol who never seemed to age. Insiders knew that his Tudor-type mansion in the Hollywood Hills contained one of the most elaborately equipped "playrooms" in the country. Outsiders only knew that although he dated every starlet in town, he never settled down with just one. His only real companion, from whom he was inseparable, was his private secretary — a blue-eyed blond by the name of Johnny Todd.

The LEATHER FRATERNITY

BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER

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

As a continuing service to Fraternity members, new members will be denoted ***. That is, members whose listings did not appear in the last issue, and whose listings appear for the first time in this issue, will be so designated. Please remember that you must be a member of The Leather Fraternity in order to answer ads or to run a free ad yourself. Now, good hunting!

ALABAMA

ANNISTON. M. Gemini. 42. 5'9". 185. White. 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. 5'9¼". 130. White. 8". Knowledgeable, sensible, selfish, arrogant S wants true M, experienced and sensuous. Must be small and cut. No fems, role-switchers, parasites, permanent relationships. Box 135.

CALIFORNIA

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. 5'9¼". 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. 5½". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn from experienced Master under 30. Box 083.

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

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

GLENDAL. M. Libra. 48. 5'10½". 155. White. 6½". Novice. Wants to serve gentle but demanding master into heavy bondage. Box 050D.

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

HAWAIIAN GARDENS. M. Pisces. 37. 5'10½". 165. White. 7¼". 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.

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

*** **LONG BEACH.** M. Virgo. 29. 5'10". 150. White. 8". Old hand. Hot and ready to serve totally experienced, good-looking, muscular Master to 35 into heavy action. No shit, shaving, fems, fats. Box 078.

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. 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, fems, fats. Loves sex! Box 133.

LOS ANGELES. M. Taurus. 28. 5'5". 130. Oriental. 4½". Knowledgeable. Good, obedient slave seeks gentle, white Master to 45. Box 166.

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

LOS ANGELES. 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. 34. 5'10". 165. White. 6". Novice. Attractive, intelligent, masculine. Likes raunchy sex with funky, rough, dominant partner to 45. Spit, blacks, hairy bodies, moustaches real turn-ons. Box 181.

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

LOS ANGELES. M. Sagittarius, Moon in Scorpio. 34. 6'3". 180. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks experienced Masters who are into bondage and can meet the challenge of a big man. Box 185Z.

LOS ANGELES. S. Libra. 37. 6'4". 200. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Will respect limits of husky, masculine slave with hairy chest. No fems, scat, heavy scenes. Must be discreet. Box 205M.

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

LOS ANGELES. SM. Taurus. 30. 5'11". 155. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Heavy action man with right partner who is sure of himself and knows what he wants, what he likes and what the scene will be. Box 301.

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 fems, 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, blahs. 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, fems, over 45. Box 030.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. M. Virgo. 48. 5'8". 145. White. 6". Old hand. Intelligent, well-educated. Seeks Master to 52 into mouth-fucking, ass-worship, rimming, bondage, humiliation. No scat, piercing, fats, TVs. Box 060H.

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 fems, 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 fems, 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.

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, fems. Box 276.

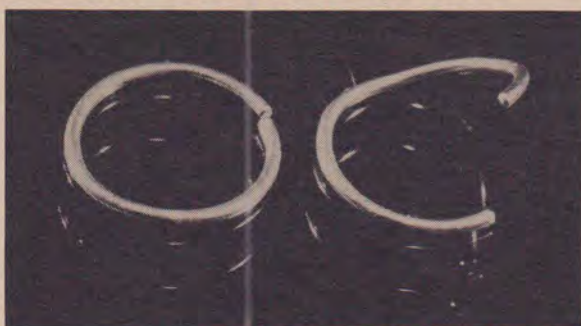
SACRAMENTO. MS. Cancer. 39. 6'1". 225. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Prolonged bondage and training. Box 296A.

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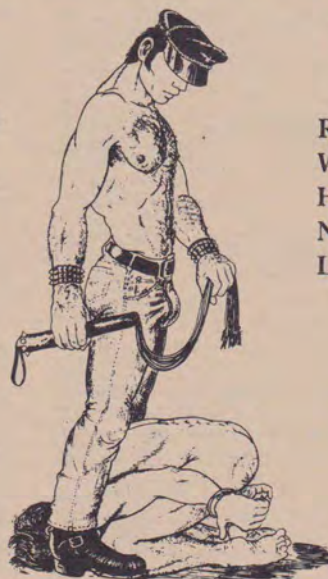
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SAN DIEGO. SM. Virgo. 28. 5'7½". 155. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Muscular, masculine biker seeks same to 50. Leather is his lifestyle, not a sexual diversion! No fats, drunks, heavy drugs. Box 020.

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 fems, fats, blonds. Box 032.

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

SAN FRANCISCO. MS. Scorpio. 31. 6'1". 165. White. 6½". 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. 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 fems, fats, phonies, scat. Box 139.

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Leo. 34. 5'8". 150. White. 6". Knowledgeable, sincere, considerate, patient stud seeks sincere, submissive M under 40. No 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. 6½". 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.

***** STUDIO CITY.** MS. Scorpio. 32. 5'7½". 160. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. Seeks understanding partner who wants a relationship out of bed as well as in. No blacks, dirty bodies. Box 294Z.

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

***** COLORADO SPRINGS.** M. Sagittarius. 21. 6'3". 170. White. 6½". Completely inexperienced. Will be subservient to a clean, masculine partner willing to start out easy and does not want a total commitment. Box 090.

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* * * **DENVER**. M. Aquarius. 24. 5'8". 150. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. Sincere leather lover digs police scene. Wants to get into prolonged total bondage, dog and toilet training. Willing to experiment and correspond. Box 110.

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

DENVER. 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.

* * * **NEW HAVEN**. MS. Gemini. 23. 5'11". 145. White. 6". Novice. Has sincere desire to learn both roles from knowledgeable partner to 35. No drugs, freaks, redheads. Box 1680.

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

DELAWARE

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

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON. 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.

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.

* * * **MIAMI**. M. Aries. 48. 5'9½". 155. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Will submit to and serve rugged, masculine partner to 50. Funky, hairy, sweaty a turn-on. Blacks, straights preferred but not necessary. No fems. Box 059.

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.

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.

* * * **LANSING**. M. Taurus. 32. 5'10". 155. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Into leathersex with masculine partner over 30 who is REALLY the Master. No long hair, fems. Box 294V15.

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 slob. Box 125H.

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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, feds, 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 feds, fats, dopers, suicides. Box 258.

LOUISIANA

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

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

MARYLAND

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

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

FREDERICK, S. Cancer. 30. 5'11". 160. White. 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 feds, long hairs, drugs, blacks. Box 294V.

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

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 feds, heavy masochism. Box 005.

BOSTON, SM. Scorpio. 47. 6'. 170. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Hunky, experienced, imaginative stud seeks partner to 50 into W/S, B&D, preferably with suitable facilities and equipment. Box 067.

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.

DETROIT, SM. Scorpio. 34. 5'10". 155. White. 6½". Cut. Reasonable Master with equipped house; bondage, S&M a must. Box 340B.

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.

MARQUETTE, MS. Aries. 25. 6'1". 168. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Virgin ass. Will obey good teacher who is a real man and straight in appearance. No feds, drugs. Box 188F.

RIVERVIEW, M. Cancer. 26. 5'9½". 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.

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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. 6¾". 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. 31. 5'9". 210. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience; will punish any infraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be to late 40s. Box 245.

MONTANA

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

NEBRASKA

WAYNE. M. Pisces. 34. 6'. 165. White. 6¾". 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.

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.** MS. Aries. 42. 5'8½". 170. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Very masculine. Wants to meet/respond with white, masculine L/L guys to 45. Loves to suck, be fucked and to please partner. Digs clean cut, moustache, large endowment. Box 290R.

DRUMMER 44

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. Taurus. 46. 6'. 175. White. 9". Novice. Seeks masculine partner into golden showers, beating, chains, humiliation. Box 059G.

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.

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.** S. Scorpio. 45. 5'10". 173. White. Knowledgeable. Trustworthy, will respect limits of slim, well-built partner under 50. No fats, TVs, scat. Box 220.

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.** SM. Capricorn. 21. 5'8½". 120. White. 6½". Completely inexperienced. Seeks masculine, straight-acting, straight-appearing partner to 40. No fems. Box 262.

* * * **NEW YORK.** M. Taurus. 36. 5'9". 145. White. 6". Novice. Seeking masculine partner with large, thick cock or someone into FF. No fats. Body hair a plus. Box 282.

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. 29. 5'10½". 140. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Will serve, obey and satisfy completely a truly masculine Master. Digs uniforms, rough, macho image. 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.** Leo. 47. 5'8". 150. White. 6½". Pain, S&M not necessary to sexual activity but strongly attracted to the heavy masculine overtones of the scene. Box 312.

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.

* * * **CLEVELAND.** SM. Sagittarius. 30. 5'11". 165. White. 6". Novice. Good-looking, masculine dude wants to learn both roles from novice or patient, knowledgeable, clean partner to 40. No drugs, blacks. Box 052E.

* * * **COLUMBUS.** MS. Libra. 26. 5'11½". 165. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Wishes to learn from intelligent, masculine partner to 35 who will respect limits. No violence, mutilation, fems. Box 132T.

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, feds, fats. Box 123.

MASSILLON. M. Libra. 35. 6'1½". 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 feds, fags, blacks, under 8". Box 385.

* * * **TOLEDO.** M. Cancer. 40. 5'9". 150. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Into golden showers. Good-looking policeman type preferred. No feds, fats, over 50. 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 feds, 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 feds, 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 feds 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 feds, fats, beards. Box 211.

WAYNE. MS. Leo. 47. 5'7½". 145. White. 7". Semi-knowledgeable. Willing to learn more from sincere, straight-appearing, respectful Master 30 to 50. Moustaches a turn-on. No feds, 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 feds, Virgos, heavy drugs, drinkers. Box 318.

* * * **WILKES-BARRE.** S. Cancer. 40. 6'. 170. White. 12". Old hand. Extensive military experience, specialist in military/penal discipline and training, builds torture equipment to order. Seeks masculine partners interested in fantasy scenes or totally satisfying the Master's needs. Will train willing beginners. No feds, fats. Box 055.

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

RHODE ISLAND

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

SOUTH DAKOTA

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

TENNESSEE

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

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

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

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

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

TEXAS

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

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

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

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

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

* * * **HOUSTON.** SM. Cancer. 42. 6'. 145. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Seeks partner who is over-sexed, respectful, into FF and W/S and is orally oriented. No heavy pain. Willing to switch roles. 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 feds. Box 450.

VIRGINIA

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

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

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

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE. MS. Libra. 32. 6'11½". 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. Libra. 52. 5'10". 240. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Virgin ass. Sincere, genuine, honest. Friendship more important than sex. No limits, no turn-offs. Box 181X.

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

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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.** S. Cancer. 30. 5'6". 130. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Level-headed, imaginative, will respect limits of dude heavy into ass work. No role-switching. Box 131.

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.

* * * **MONTREAL, QUEBEC.** M. Virgo. 28. 5'7". 150. White. 7". Old hand. Docile boot-slave and expert boot-licker will lick your boots clean, French kiss, suck, mouth massage and polish them to a high gloss. Boots are made to be licked and sucked constantly by boot-slaves on the big, sweaty, smelly feet of cycle cops, firemen, SS boot-Masters, bikers, spurred rodeo cowboys, fisherman, road and construction workers. Keep a slave plenty busy. Put his tongue and mouth to work on your Masterful boots and those of your friends and working companions. Try me and see the results. 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.

* * * **MONTREAL, QUEBEC.** S. Aries. 30. 5'11". 160. White. 9". Old hand. Will respect and expand limits of willing slave to 40 who like pain, games, B&D. No fems, fats. Box 318T.

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

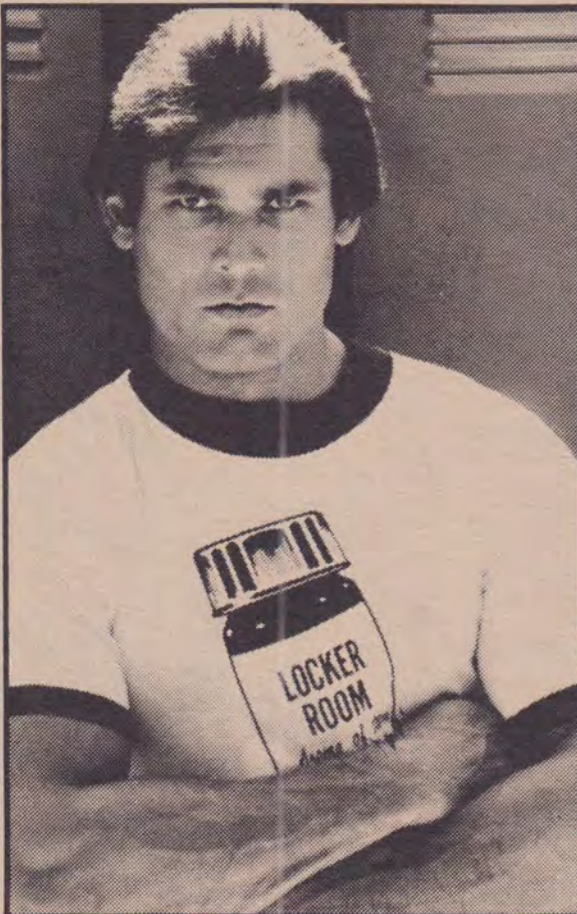
* * * **THE HAGUE.** SM. Pisces. 31. 5'11½". 145. White. 9½". Knowledgeable. Into whipping, B&D, FF, W/S, enemas. Possible permanent relationship with masculine partner. Visits USA twice a year. Box 295M.

SWEDEN

* * * **SOLNA.** M. Cancer. 30. 5'8½". 132. White. 6½". Novice. Seeks knowledgeable, masculine partner to 45. Can switch but prefers M role. Box 228M.

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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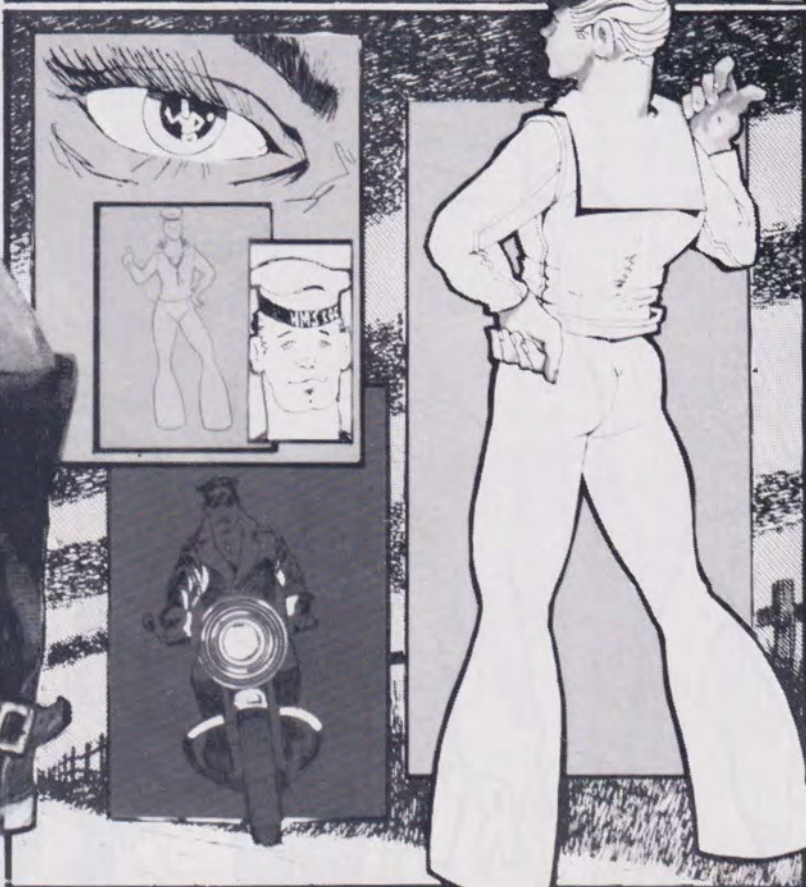
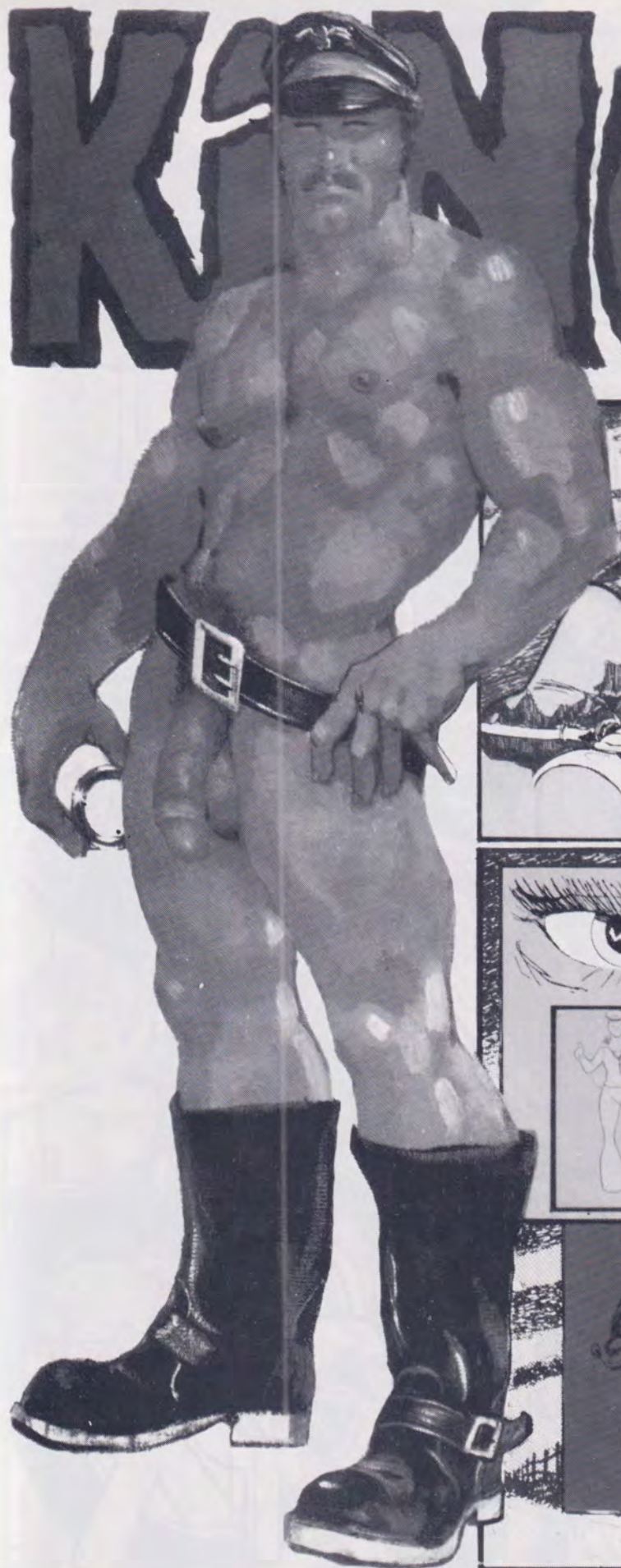
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MISTER-I DON'T
KNOW HOW TO
THANK YOU

OK, KID,
HOP ON!

OH, I'LL
THINK OF
SOMETHING...

OH, LOR'. WE'RE TOO LATE... THE NIGHT GUARD ARE ON DUTY!

I'LL GET YOU IN. HANG ON

I'LL GET YOU IN, HANG ON

WOT THE F...



SHIT! I'VE
LOST MY
PASSENGER

I HAD BETTER
GET OUT OF
HERE...



WHERE'S THE
BLOODY WAY
OUT?



BASH



B.C.

MY LUCK HAS
CHANGED...I'VE
HIT THE
JACKPOT!



RIGHT,
LADS...



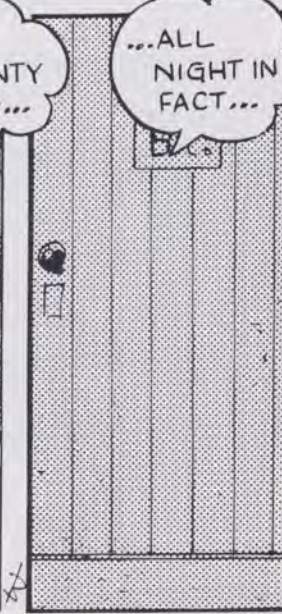
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...DON'T
ALL RUSH
AT ONCE...



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OF TIME...

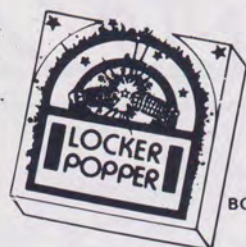


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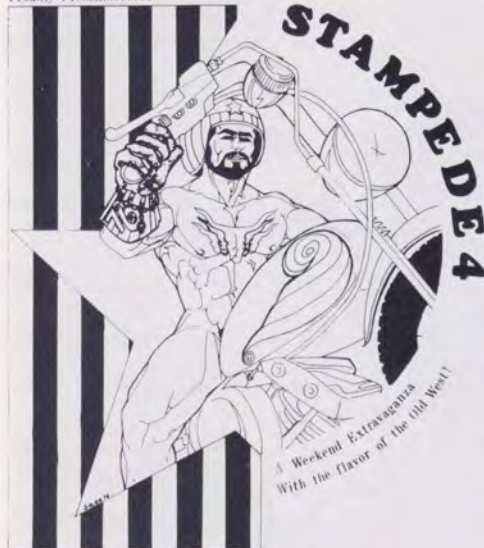
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God knows Florida, with its heat and humidity, is a helluvan area in which to wear leather, but it is probably the fastest growing state in the country in that respect, as more and more dudes here are turning to this macho scene.

There are now eight clubs dedicated to the L/L scene: the BROTHERS M.C. in Jacksonville; the ADVENTURERS in Seminole; the B.A.L.L. M.C. in Tampa/St. Pete; the VIPERS M.C. and the CONQUISTADORS in Orlando; the BROTHERHOOD OF MAN in West Palm Beach; THE COLTS OF FT. LAUDERDALE, in Ft. Lauderdale; the SUNRAYS M.C. in North Miami; and the THEBANS M.C. in Miami.

Besides the clubs, there are many GDIs who support these clubs as well as the bars which seem to come and go like anywhere else.

Florida Week 1977 will be coming up soon. It's a fantastic week in February (ten days, actually), beginning with THEBANSUN '77 in Miami and ending with HAVE A BALL '77 in Tampa. Between the runs the COLTS, BROTHERHOOD OF MAN and CONQUISTADORS will have a party, cookout, and/or orgy in true L/L style every night. If you plan to

be in this area during that time, contact one of the clubs.

If you're not into the club scene, you'll want to hit some of the bars that cater to L/L dudes... but don't expect a New York or San Francisco atmosphere. Some of the better clubs are THE BROTHERS in Jacksonville, the STABLE in the PARLIAMENT HOUSE in Orlando, the DOUBLE R and the RACK in Miami, TACKY'S (just what it sounds like) in Ft. Lauderdale, and the TOOLROOM at the WAREHOUSE in Coral Gables.

The LAUDERDALE BEACH HOTEL is under new ownership and management and is catering to many different lifestyles, including L/L dudes. A bar named THE BODY SHOP is part of this complex. Give it a try!

Denim is more practical in Florida but with the growing interest in leather (both black and brown), you'll want to bring all your gear and toys with you when you visit. If you're a member of THE LEATHER FRATERNITY, be certain to let us know... we'll roll out the black leather carpet for you!

By the way, contrary to any rumors, Crisco is available in Florida!

by Lee Albert

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ASTROLOGIC

The astrological illustration this month for SAGITTARIUS was done in airbrush for DRUMMER by BISHOP. We are happy to present this artist, long known nationally for his detailing of the pleasures of S&M and B&D.

- Sagittarius S:** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): Cruising leather bars may be a bit touch-'n-go with November election time. Best bets for satisfaction is beating it at home.
- Sagittarius M:** Find a Sagittarius S who's looking for something to beat at home. Hold open house.

- Capricorn S:** (Dec. 22-Jan. 20): Your natural drive can lead to many esoteric encounters. Tattoo a Grandma Moses print on your slave's belly.

- Capricorn M:** Get into art to please your Master. Learn to design creative torture instruments.

- Aquarius S:** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19): Be imaginative out of your realm. Cross-pollinate. Piss on a Pisces.

- Aquarius M:** Tried a super humiliation trip lately? Get into sniffing transsexual undies or a Lesbian's boxer shorts.

- Pisces S:** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20): Satisfaction may be asking for too much, but temporary relief will probably be found strapped spread-eagled to the back of a bike. Take the plunge.

- Pisces M:** Explore new worlds and meet aggressive new people. If all else fails, look for an Aquarian S who drinks beer.

- Aries S:** (Mar. 21-Apr. 19): Begin insulating your dungeon now for the winter. Hot wax may inflame your slave's heart, but it won't warm a cold cell.

- Aries M:** Be a good slave. Get your Master a new winter coat and lots of cheap, drippy candles.

- Taurus S:** (Apr. 20-May 20): A new addition to your harem may be just around the corner. Check old toys for wear, tear, stress and blood.

- Taurus M:** A fine time to be charitable. An ass like yours belongs to the world. Give 'til it hurts.

- Gemini S:** (May 21-June 21): Allow your zeal and enthusiasm to run rampant. Take it out on anyone you come in contact with, physically or mentally. Run amok!

- Gemini M:** Stop concentrating on single endeavors. Be universal in your outlook. If it swings, sit on it; if it swings at you, roll with the punches.

- Cancer S:** (June 22-July 21): Your innate domesticity works well in a Betty Crocker kitchen, but in a dirty dungeon it comes off short . . . unless you use Bar-B-Que sauce with your branding iron.

- Cancer M:** It's OK for you to be domestic and servile. A good slave should be kept barefoot and impregnated.

- Leo S:** (July 22-Aug. 21) With Thanksgiving coming up, invite some friends over for an erotic turkey stuffing party. Provide lots of Crisco.

- Leo M:** Get a feather boa and learn to gobble.

- Virgo S:** (Aug. 22-Sep. 22): An ever-present danger of germs this month. Develop athlete's foot and get off watching your slave's mouth rot.

- Virgo M:** Watch what you stick into your body the next couple of weeks. Anything over 12 inches can be hazardous to your health. Shit . . . live dangerously!

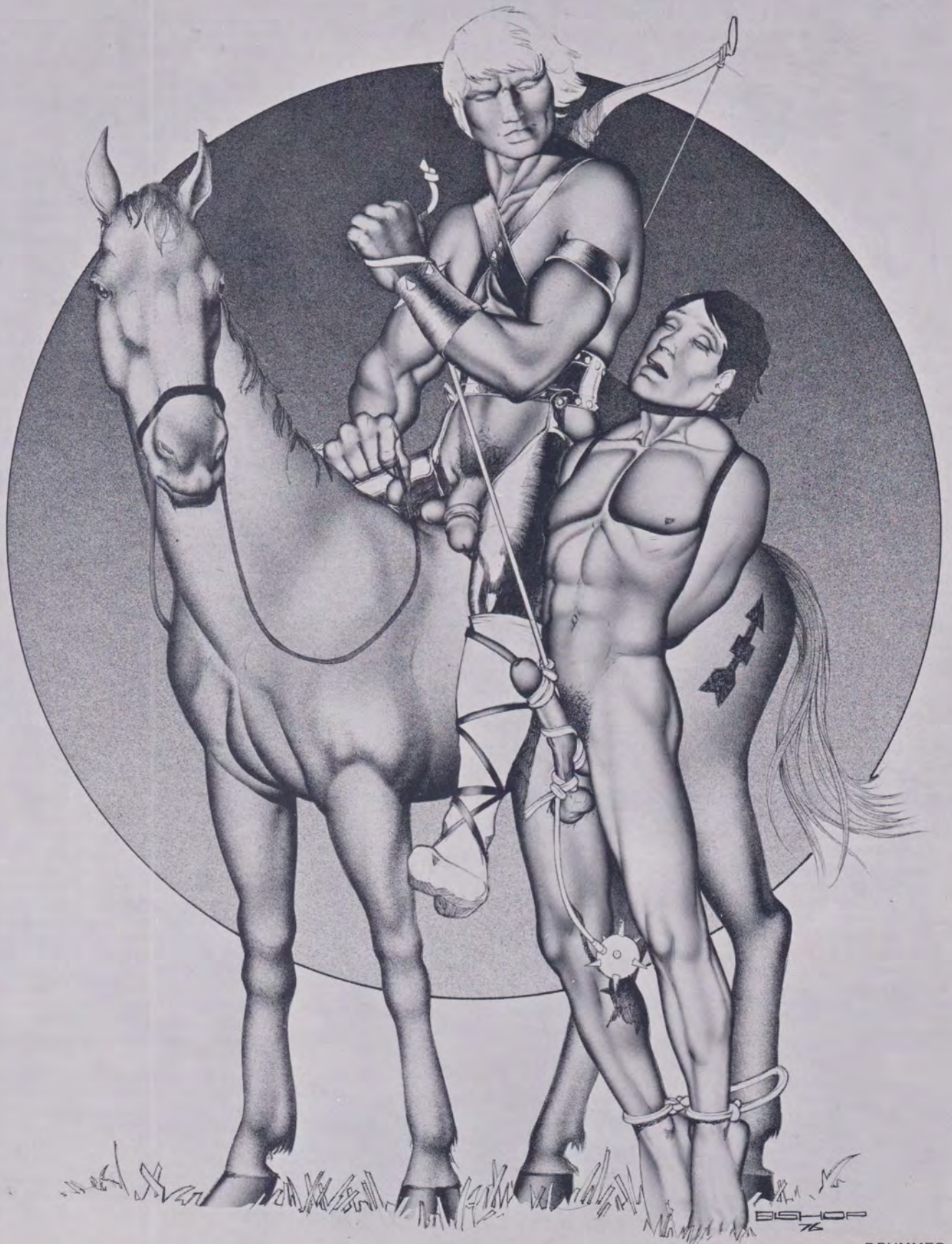
- Libra S:** (Sep. 23-Oct. 22): Fall cleaning is in order. Throw out all those rusty chains, melted candles, old Crisco cans and used slaves.

- Libra M:** One day before the November election, put "No on 14" stickers all over your car and drive through East Los Angeles.

- Scorpio S:** (Oct. 23-Nov. 21): Check out that hot little M you've had your eye on for some time now. With your usual determination, you can have him eating out of your boot in no time.

- Scorpio M:** If you don't belong to anyone yet, maybe it's your attitude. Develop a positive outlook and see how fast someone will try to break you down.

SAGITTARIUS



A Visit from Slave Nicholas



'Twas the night before Christmas, and
all through the house
Resounded the "Salome" of
Herr Richard Strauss;
The harness was hung in the playroom
with care
In hopes that slave Nicholas soon
would be there!
I (Master) was ready, my whips tipped
with lead,
While visions of discipline
danced in my head.
In brass-studded leather,
from my boots to my cap,
I oiled ev'ry chain and greased ev'ry strap.
Then out on the street there
arose a wild clatter
Announcing the bike of my night's
subject matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
And peered through the bars after
op'ning the sash:
When what to my glittering eyes
should appear,
On his chrome and black chopper,
with a six-pack of beer,
But a hunky young driver,
all asshole and prick;
I knew, without doubt, 'twas my
muscular Nick!

So I drew in my head, and was turning
around,
When into my room he came
with a bound.
He wore a torn T-shirt (was naked of foot),
With tattered blue cut-offs
all covered with soot;
A bundle of "toys" was strapped to his
back,
And he very obediently called for
his claue.

As rapid as faggots our brothers all came,
And Nick submissively savoured each
name:
"Yes, Jeannie! Yes, Robert! Yes, Joey
and Freddie!
On Wrangler! On Martin! On Masters,
I'm ready!
To the cold soundproof room
at the end of the hall:
Now lash away, lash away, lash away all!"

He kept his eyes lowered, and knelt,
stationary,
Awaiting the orders to offer his cherry;
A wink of my eye and a twist of my head
Soon gave him to know he had
nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word,
but went straight to his work,
Stripped off all his clothes,
then turned with a jerk.
He then donned the harness,
with supposed repose —
(Except for his cock, which steadily rose).

He was hung like a horse, my bondage-
mad elf,
And I drooled when I saw it,
in spite of myself.
I sprang to his flanks with a dominant
whistle
And took a firm grip of his vulnerable
gristle;
Then I heard him confess,
as my fancies took flight,
"Happy Christmas to you, Sir.
I'm yours for all night!"

by Ed Franklin
(with no apologies to Clement C. Moore)

split wide open until the boat has passed
over him."

"The propellers!" I shrieked. "Rex,
the goddamn propellers will chew him
to pieces!" Rex ignored me.

"Now, when I say 'go,' yank on the
loose end of the rope. The knot will slip,
and then just play it out gradually. Then
we'll go back aft, letting him go a little
bit ahead of us. O.K.?"

"Rex," I shouted, "the propellers!"

"Ready? Go!"

I pulled on the rope and immediately
felt it tearing through my hand as Gary
dropped into the water, free of the hose,
and was dragged under the boat. As best I
could, I held the rope out and away from
the boat, praying his nuts were not at
that moment being chewed to bits by a
propeller. The boat moved through the
water fast, and the rope was soon trailing
astern.

"Let go!" Rex yelled at me, and I let
go. The rope slackened and then was
drawn up tight at the stern. The same
had happened on Rex's side of the boat.
There, spread-eagled face down on the
water, about 30 feet behind us, Gary's
body followed along.

Rex jumped into the cabin and shut
down the engines, and as soon as he came
back out onto the fantail we started to
haul Gary's body in. I was horrified by
what we might find at the end of the
lines, but as his body was dragged nearer I
could see signs of struggling and I knew
that he was, at least, alive. When he was
pulled up close, the boat was about dead
in the water, and Rex leaped into the
lake, cut Gary's wrists free with one
swipe of a knife, and shoved him over to
the stern ladder. Gary grabbed on and
slowly pulled himself up from the water.
Rex was right behind him, shoving
Gary's ass up with the palm of his hand.

What really knocked me out was that
Gary came back aboard with one fan-
tastic hard-on. Exhausted, he fell to the
deck and rolled over on his back. Rex,
too, came up out of the water with an
incredible hard-on. He stood, his legs
spread, over Gary's inert body. I handed
him a beer as he had asked, and he stood
now, head tilted back drinking. At that
moment, untouched, he shot his load.
The sperm flew from his cock in great
spurts, landing all over Gary's wet body;
thick, white globules of it landing on
Gary's chest, his face, his belly and then,
as though deliberately aimed, a shot
landed right on Gary's rock-hard cock
and dripped down onto his balls.

Without moving a muscle other than
those that spasmed, Gary, too, shot and
his sperm flew up onto his chest, his
face, into his hair, and beyond his head
onto the deck.

Rex handed me his beer and threw his
body onto Gary's.

I went back up to the prow and sat,
nursing Rex's beer and thinking about
those damn propellers while the *Water
King* drifted aimlessly.

Fifteen or 20 minutes later Rex and
Gary joined me.

"I had guards put on the propellers,"
Rex said. "Sorry I forgot to tell you
guys."

Continued from page 22

basic emotional insecurities. For himself he selected the status of policeman, arbiter of human fate, judge, jury and, in his most explicit fantasies, executioner.

When they met, Gaugh was dividing his time between two benefactors. An interior decorator was serving as a stepping stone beyond the suddenly washed-out nest in La Jolla. Suffering under mysterious financial reverses, the jewelry shop owners were forced to give up their attentive manager and then closed the business entirely.

THE UNIFORM FREAK

Gaugh's badge, the uniform he occasionally wore, the gun, the car, the house in Pasadena that was being remodeled, the ready pocket money — all that Gaugh had to offer except his own body were due to the person providing most of his existence: the uniform freak.

Although the decorator and the uniform freak were ignorant of each other, it would scarcely have mattered if they knew. Gaugh was ready to dump the former, and the latter wouldn't care much at that stage.

Supporting Gaugh was a minor matter for the fetishist, a business investor and behind-the-scenes contributor to political and liberationist causes. Having Gaugh as a toy, with his uniformed style and looks, was a source of sexual amusement.

He allowed whatever indulgences his paramour required — he was not interested himself in forming an exclusive attachment. His interest in the younger man stemmed almost exclusively from their shared fascination with the garb and role of the police officer that Gaugh played so well.

Still, Gaugh was careful not to let his dual lives overlap. No longer capable or interested in fending for himself, Gaugh was a captive of the fetishist's lavish providence, even while he played out his own dream of authority and power.

He knew how much freedom he was granted, and Gaugh saw Holland as the ultimate conquest. Captive that he was, and content in his subsidiary, dependent role, Gaugh nevertheless needed to exercise his own fantasies of control. Holland was ripe.

The seduction was apparently perfect. Holland had lived a lifetime of standing, legs spread for adoring mouths. Without a trace of reluctance, he submitted to Gaugh's direction of their sexual encounters.

So enamoured did he become of the pseudopoliceman and his gun that he all but abandoned his former concepts of his own sexual self-superiority for the rules and demands that Gaugh forced on him. His conduct, his sexuality, his destiny were all placed in the ready hands of his new master.

It may have been the first time Holland felt the prospect of anything that he might consider "love." It was certainly the last.

THE CRISIS

The uniform freak required little of Gaugh in the beginning. When his kept boy's dalliance with Holland began to appear threatening, however, he started to pull in the string, forcing Gaugh to make a decision about his alliances.

Ultimately, he made demands on Gaugh's time and attention that negated any possible outside liaisons. Feeling the effects of his personal power over the young man confirmed, the fetishist decided that a full denouncement and final rejection of the pretender would be a satisfying conclusion of the affair.

It is not known for certain how Holland discovered that Jim Gaugh was an imposter. The masquerade had been perfect to the point of mass deception. Gaugh's undercover police identity was the only one known to most persons — the truth rested with just three or four people in Los Angeles circles.

When Holland learned the truth, he felt humiliated. He immediately went to the Pasadena residence and pounded hard and angry fists on the door. When the uniform freak answered,

Holland demanded to see Gaugh.

The reply was spat back like venom from a snake. Gaugh didn't want to see him; not tonight, not ever. Jim was through with him — go away, don't ever return.

Holland was horrified. He had expected an explanation, not a rejection. His figure of powerful male dominance shrank to pleading for a word with Gaugh. The older man, swollen with his unexpected power in the situation, called Gaugh to the door.

"Tell him. Tell him you never want to see him again. Tell him you've chosen me. Tell him you're through with him," he commanded his servant.

"It's true." Gaugh showed no emotion in his answer, but his comedown from the pinnacle of authority image was complete in the apparent submission to another's order.

Holland felt the most betrayed of his entire life. He saw his identity, his carefully constructed characterization, his willingly assumed relationship, his very existence, all disintegrating. He had allowed himself to backslide. He had dropped his guard and let someone else take over his destiny.

In his own eyes, he had become so much less than a man that a sense of absolute dejection flashed swiftly to rage. He swung a crazed fist at Gaugh's head, but the contact was slight. It took only a split second for the uniform freak to slam the door in Tom Holland's face.

Consider for a moment the import of that scene. Holland was near extinction, having already failed twice in life.

First he had thrown himself into religion with an unhealthy fanaticism. He had hoped somehow to earn admission to Ambassador College and the inner circle of Garner Ted Armstrong's select disciples through the well-disciplined and physically demanding work he had done for them in Texas. But because of some unnamed scandal he was expelled from the Worldwide Church of God, left disillusioned about the course of his life and his value to anyone else.

When he first began hustling, back when he was still Gary Miller, he had earned quick success. One of his more influential clients set the boy up in a manner he had never dreamed possible. All was well until another client carried him off to Hawaii, only to drop him there, stranded, penniless, locked out of the hotel room.

Through the interest of another hustler, Miller had decided to return to the Coast and try his trade again. They came to Los Angeles together, found an apartment, and began the high-powered pursuit of tricks that could lead them back up the ladder.

But whatever bloom might have started with the association did not last long. Never lovers, it became more and more

In his own eyes, he had become so much less than a man that a sense of absolute dejection flashed swiftly to rage . . . it took only a split second for the uniform freak to slam the door in Tom Holland's face.

difficult to remain friends. Lying, backbiting and trick-stealing grew out of their jealousies.

When a former East Coast client reappeared on the scene with the offer of a million-dollar deal, Holland decided to grab for it and strike out on his own. But once more a client disappeared.

Before he met Gaugh, Holland had managed to settle into a successful but emotionally barren existence. The life span of a hustling career is customarily short: age, looks, energy, appeal — all conspire to reduce success to perhaps ten years.

But it was the emptiness that most threatened Holland.

He learned that almost everyone wanted him for the non-real person that Gary Miller had become. With the exception of his faithful patron, Holland found himself in an emotional wasteland.

He had placed too much of the real, subconscious person in Jim Gaugh's hands. He had succumbed to the need to be protected, cared for and directed, in whatever guise. He had let need rule reason. To discover that Gaugh was not his tower of strength, was scarcely even his needing peer, was the final demeaning implosion of his self.

It was more than he could handle. Gary Miller went home and blew his brains out.

THE BARTENDER

The affair had consumed itself in only nine months. On June 28, 1973, Gary Miller as Tom Holland ended his part in the web when he took his own life. Jim Gaugh had opened a new door in Holland's life, and Jim Gaugh had closed it irrevocably that night in Pasadena.

When Holland died, his friends were shocked and puzzled. How could such a minor thing, like Gaugh's betrayal, cause him to take such a drastic step? How could a Gary Miller, a *Tom Holland*, have felt a Jim Gaugh was worth that?

There was no more answer, no more understanding for that than there had ever been for the attraction between them.

At the funeral, grieving mourners were again amazed. The bier was surrounded with huge floral displays from some of the most noted names in California, from senators and studio heads, from Academy Award actors, directors and writers. The body was to be shipped home for its final consignment to earth.

Oddly, it was Gaugh who collected the cards from the

The victim had been beaten, cut, shaved and burned (the cause of death) over a period of hours.

floral tributes, saying he would be sure proper acknowledgments were sent.

Death makes strange alliances, and Miller's was no exception. Gaugh and Miller's earlier patron began consoling each other over their mutual loss. Both had claimed to love him, in their insufficient ways. Both vowed to keep his memory alive.

Months later, Gaugh "lost" another friend. David Likens, the bartender who had brought him together with Holland, was discovered in a stupor, sitting on the sofa in his own living room with the charred body of a dead man stretched out at his feet.

The victim had been beaten, cut, shaved and burned (the cause of death) over a period of hours. The visitor who discovered this gory scene quickly called a well-known civil rights attorney who specialized in gay cases.

The attorney advised that the authorities be called immediately, and he promised to meet them at the police station. When David Likens was questioned, he would reply only with his name, age and address. To the attorney he steadfastly claimed innocence of the crime.

Since the case didn't fall into the attorney's specialized area of practice, he suggested another counsel. To the second lawyer Likens again claimed no part in the horrible

torture and death. The attorney reportedly advised him that the evidence would be difficult to shake; the district attorney was confident a conviction would be returned by any sort of jury.

His reluctant advice to Likens: plead guilty for a reduction in the charge. Likens considered, then decided to accept the advice.

In April, 1974, David Likens pleaded guilty to manslaughter. In prison, to his friends, in letters home, he repeatedly claimed his innocence. But he offered no explanation for the crime.

THE MAD REVEL

Two months later — and nearly a year to the day after Holland's suicide — a friend set out with Jim Gaugh on a com-

The dead man, Gaugh, had knelt before the officers who had come to arrest him, seized a service revolver, put the barrel to his head and fired. The last name on his lips was Tom Holland.

pulsive, and well-documented, terminal journey.

The evening's revels included visits to bar after bar in the Long Beach area. After dropping a tab of acid, Gaugh and his cohort decided to don their LAPD uniforms and visit San Diego, perhaps in hopes of picking up some unsuspecting gay and terrorizing him, perhaps just to be seen in their impersonation of peace officers in a gay bar.

Somehow they managed to arrive in San Diego without intervention. Already stoned and becoming disoriented in their actions and decisions, a few more beers brought them close to the critical level. Finally, in what can only be viewed as a wanton desire for self-destruction, they added more drugs to their already violated blood streams.

They keeled over in a crowded bar.

Fearful of the possible consequences, the bar owner immediately called both police and ambulance. The two imposters, their true identities still unrevealed, were carted out of the establishment, assumed to be authentic police brothers by the San Diego officers, and taken to the nearest hospital.

San Diego authorities placed a discreet call to Los Angeles to inform Parker Center bigwigs that two of their boys had overdone it in their jurisdiction. Would they wish to retrieve them quietly and spare any possibility of scandal for either department?

Los Angeles officials were concerned and cordial. They immediately dispatched several of their own to transport the errant officers back to Parker Center.

But at the hospital, checking over the personal effects and IDs of the patients in the privacy of administration offices, the real officers learned the truth. Calling the discovery back to their commanding officer, the rescue team was ordered to arrest and transport the fake police back to Los Angeles in irons.

The attending physician, who was out of the room at the time, did not believe the policemen's story that one of the men had grabbed a police gun and killed himself rather than face arrest. He called for an investigation, which was later taken up by the Grand Jury.

Ultimately, the police were ruled to be without fault. The dead man, Gaugh, had knelt before the officers who had come to arrest him, seized a service revolver, put the barrel to his head and fired. The last name on his lips was Tom Holland.

THE LETTER

A particular paranoid fantasy of both Gaugh and the uniform freak who kept him was that someday they might need a place to hide. Anticipation of race riots, attack from a foreign power, or the ultimate police state harassment may all have fed their fears.

At any rate, arrangements had been made. A secret, remote location had been prepared for their retreat from the ills and dangers of society. Provisions had been laid up, along with necessary tools for survival in a world gone mad.

They had a further agreement: that if either of them should disappear for an unusually long period of time, or should die mysteriously, the other was to go to the secret sanctuary to await the return of the missing partner or to seek out a message.

Jim Gaugh's officially labeled suicide was sufficiently mysterious to prompt a visit by his mentor to the hideaway. There he found a letter which, when revealed, added the final bizarre twist to the events of two years.

Gaugh had left a combination suicide note-confession. The letter told his intention to take his life on the anniversary of Tom Holland's own suicide. He had waited a year to add meaning and pathos to the act he planned. He could not face life without the dynamic Holland, the letter said, and wished to join him wherever he waited beyond the grave.

He missed the timetable by just six days.

The remainder of the letter contained a confession of the murder for which David Likens languished in prison. It held no explanation, however, of how the frame-up had been achieved, or how Likens came to be sitting over the corpse on the living room floor with no recollection of anything but his insistent innocence.

When the uniform freak took Gaugh's letter to the authorities, they dismissed it as a grandstand play on Gaugh's part to clear his friend, having already decided to end his own misery. They discarded any serious consideration of the confession's possible truth, though it would bolster in small part Likens' unwavering claims. Likewise the possibility of a new trial for Likens was brushed off.

So it ended. Both lovers slain by their own hands, the unwitting matchmaker in jail for murder, the patron and the uniform freak left mournful widowers, the numerous friends still puzzled by the twists life had dealt Jim Gaugh and Gary Miller.

They met and they died in California — but their marriage had been consummated in hell.

(Next issue: The background that nourishes the web.)

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FAMOUS SADISTS IN HISTORY



NERO THE CRUEL

Roman historian Suetonius reports that when, on December 15, 37 A.D., a son was born to Gnaeus Domitius and his lusty wife, Agrippina, the coldly realistic father wryly observed that any child born of that particular union "was bound to have a detestable nature and become a public danger." In later years to take the name "Nero," the strawberry blond, blue-eyed newborn was hastily farmed out to an aunt (Domitia Lepida) who anticly chose a barber and a dancer to be his tutors. Then, at 11 adopted by Emperor Claudius, he was put under the tutelage of Senator Annaeus Seneca. Almost immediately, that Greek-oriented philosopher discerned that his pre-pubescent charge gave signs of having "a naturally cruel heart."

Proclaimed Emperor at the age of 16 (54 A.D.), Nero was more interested in art, drama and athletics than in ruling an empire. Reflecting Seneca's dominating Greek influence, he inaugurated the "Neronia," a festival of competitions in music, gymnastics and horsemanship. He learned to worship all Greek culture and particularly loved to visit that fabled country where he could let his hair — normally set in careful rows of curls — grow long and hang down his back.

Of average height and "pretty rather than handsome" (according to Suetonius), Nero surrounded himself with muscular gladiators, knights and other youths, "easy to recognize by their bushy hair, splendid dress, the absence of rings on their left hands, (and) much adorned with jingling bracelets and medallions." In the *Annals* of Tacitus, these "comrades" are described as always "men in their prime

and remarkable for their strength." He rewarded "favorite" musicians and gladiators with lavish homes and estates, shod his mules in silver, and never wore the same clothes twice. His favorite costume for "giving audiences" was an exhibitionistically unbelted silk dressing gown, slippers and a scarf. (We are not advised on which side the scarf was worn.)

Second only to the delights of the dungeon and arena was Nero's passion for the theatre. He played the lyre (lute, harp, cittern — depending on which translator you read) and undertook all "the usual exercises" for strengthening and developing the voice, such as lying on his back with a slab of lead on his chest and the constant use of enemas and emetics to keep down his weight. He shocked Roman society by making personal appearances in operatic tragedies, more often than not in drag, portraying heroines and goddesses. Especially shocking was one well-documented ballet performance, *The Minotaur*, by Nero's "beloved Greek youths," at the climax of which one dancer, disguised as the bull, literally "mounted" the dancer playing Pasiphae.

One of Nero's own most memorable performances, his second homosexual marriage, is told by Tacitus at length and embroidered upon by Waltari: "... on an open stage, he (Nero) had himself dressed as a bride. He was led to the bridal bed by Pythagorus, a handsome slave in bridegroom's costume. Whimpering with terror, Nero allowed him to untie the two knots in his girdle and, virtually undressed, they finally sank onto the bed in each other's arms. Nero imitated a terri-

fied maiden's whimpers and squeals. Both he and Pythagorus carried out their roles so skillfully that it looked as if they had practiced the scene beforehand." Tacitus concludes his review of the bizarre occasion thusly: "... everything was plainly visible which, when a woman weds, darkness hides."

He played the reverse role at his first homosexual marriage, having fallen in love with an "indecently beautiful youth" by the name of Sporus. First castrating the boy, Nero gave him a medicine which an Alexandrine physician prescribed to stop the growth of hair on his chin, to enlarge his breasts and, in general, to develop his aphrodisiac characteristics. He then, according to Suetonius, "went through a wedding ceremony with him — dowry, bridal veil and all — which the whole Court attended; then brought him home and treated him as a wife. Dressed him in the fine clothes normally worn by an Empress, took him everywhere, kissing him amorously now and then." (Nero also married heterosexually, for he considered himself a bisexual "as are all male gods.")

"Homosexuality," declares Will Durant, "was stimulated by contact with Greece and Asia" in those times. Many rich men paid a talent (the equivalent of \$3,600 in 1944!) for a male favorite, and Cato complained that a pretty boy cost more than a farm. The average price of a slave was \$400 (again, 1944 currency), and some Romans had as many as 20,000. Friedlander tells us that "there was a special slave market at Rome where one might buy legless, armless, or three-eyed men, giants, dwarfs, or hermaphrodites."

FAMOUS SADISTS IN HISTORY



Illustrations by Stephen
Available through Target Studios.

Let us now delineate some of those "exquisite cruelties." The younger Christians were all forced to strip, and tailors and shoemakers sewed them into animal skins. Then they were driven into the arena, where starving wild dogs were set upon them and "worried" them until they expired. Posts were erected along the park roads and pools of Nero's personal gardens. Naked Christians were chained or nailed to them, smeared with pitch and wax and "set afire to serve as nightly illumination when daylight has expired" (Tacitus). They burned "with screams of pain and a spreading suffocating stench, writhing and struggling..."

Still others were nailed to crosses, a process described in detail herewith: "The customary method was to lay the victim, after stripping from his body every vestige of clothing, flat on the ground, face upwards, with his neck resting on the cross-beam and his arms stretched outwards along its length. Each hand was secured to the wooden beam by means of a large nail driven through the palm. Sometimes, additionally, and on other occasions, alternatively, his arms were bound to the cross-piece with rope. The next step was to lift the beam, with its human burden, and fix it securely to the upright, either with long stout nails or rope, in such a position that the victim's feet were well above the ground. Then a nail was driven through each foot into the post."

Examples of Nero's variety in the uses of torture are listed in an angry passage

Small wonder power soon utterly corrupted Nero and "he sank lower and lower into vice, losing all sense of decency and morality."

Nero's intense streak of cruelty was never far beneath the surface. With his "comrades" he loved to cruise the back streets of Rome after dark, forcing young street boys to "perform lewd acts" with him, to "attack men on their way home from dinner, stab them if they resisted his advances, and then drop their bodies down the sewers; reveling in seducing freeborn boys." The stern, moralistic Tacitus sums him up as having "not omitted a single abomination which could heighten his depravity."

But it took the Christians to inspire his most inventive acts of cruelty. Although he was away at Antium in 64 A.D. when the great fire that devoured 10 of Rome's 14 sections was started, rumors of his involvement caused him to fix upon the Christians as scapegoats. He staged the first persecution at Vatican Hill near the Circus. "They (the Christians) were put to death with exquisite cruelty," Tacitus relates, "to glut the rage and cruelty of one man (Nero) only." In his proselytizing, biased and unreliable (*i.e.* perpetuating that "fiddle fable") *Book of Martyrs*, Fox manages verisimilitude only with his statement that "Nero even refined upon cruelty, and contrived all manner of punishments for the Christians that the most infernal imagination could design." In this effort, he was aided by that "brutal, shameless, savage, lowborn, coarse, sadistic pederast — the Sicillian, Tigellinus.

of Seneca's *Essay on Anger*, in which he described "the wooden racks and other instruments of torture, the dungeons and other jails, the fires built around imprisoned bodies in a pit, the many kinds of chains, the varied punishments, the tearing of limbs, the branding of foreheads, the forcing to sit naked on a chair of red-hot iron and being roasted..."

Continuing the inventory, Eusebius writes that Christian men were flogged "until the flesh hung from their bones, or their flesh was scraped to the bone with shells; salt or vinegar was poured upon their sounds; the flesh was cut off bit by bit and fed to waiting animals... some victims had their fingers pierced with sharp reeds under the nails; some had their eyes gouged out; some were suspended by a hand or a foot; some had molten lead poured down their throats; some were beaten to death with clubs; some were torn apart by being tied to the momentarily bent branches of trees."

The dungeons of the Praetorium, where Tigellinus reigned supreme and Nero was a frequent kibitzer, was the setting for the use of such devices as red-hot irons and iron claws. Here naked victims were bound with leather straps to bloodstained stone benches to undergo their ordeals. Scourging with lashes of lead-tipped whip-thongs was standard practice and the bleeding prisoners were then marched naked through the streets of Rome, targets for dung-throwing citizenry, as an object lesson in the perils of disobedience. A further refinement in the dungeons can be found in Dio Cassius' *History of Rome*, in which he

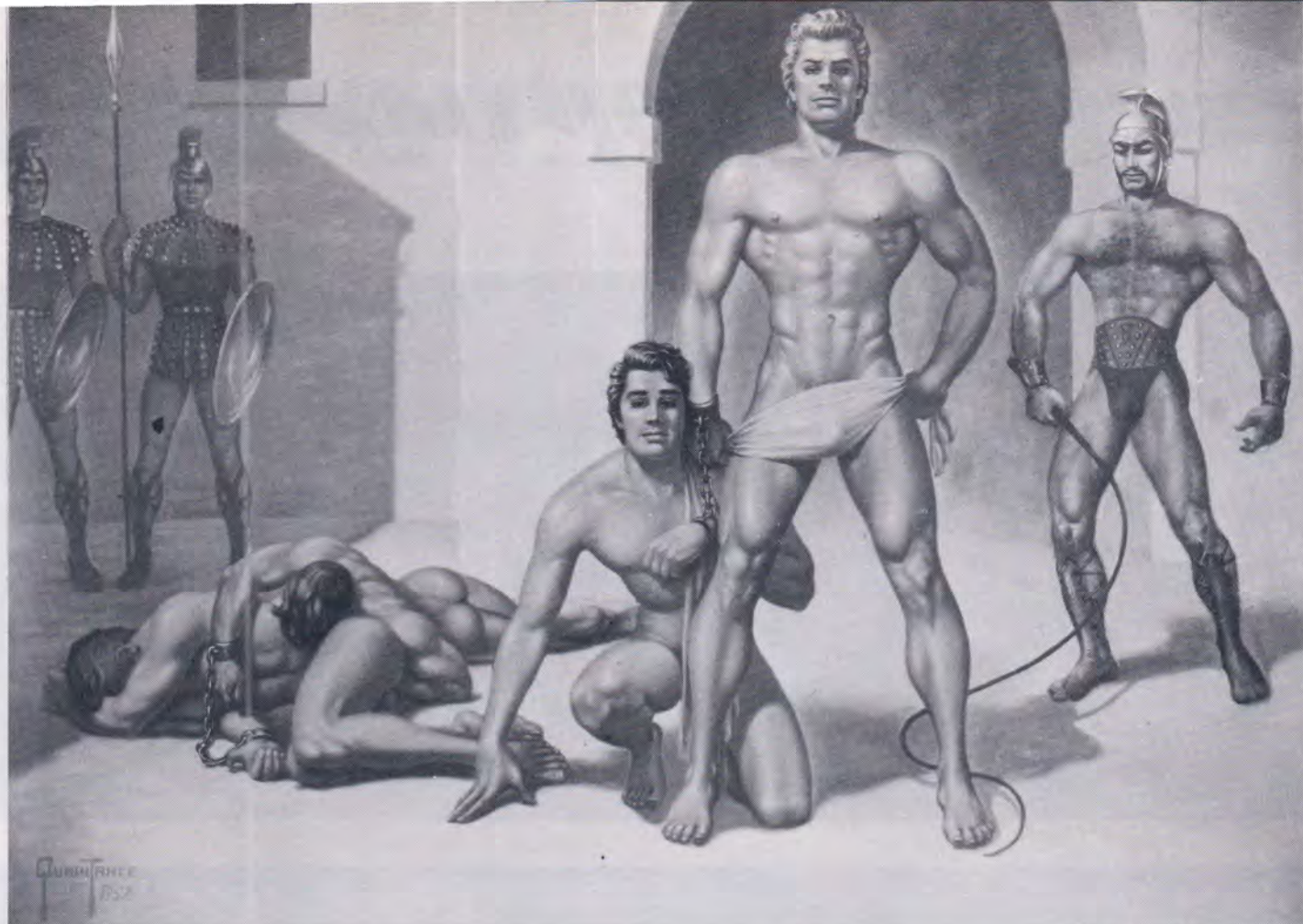


Illustration by Quaintance

describes how men suspected of sedition were tortured by having "fire inserted into their private parts."

As a practitioner of "every kind of obscenity," Nero was far from content to be an idle bystander at these sessions. Returning to Suetonius, we learn of one "novel game" he invented: "Nero would have himself 'released' from a den, dressed as a wild animal, and then attack the private parts of naked men who stood bound to stakes." He was also eager, it is said, "to get hold of a certain Egyptian — a sort of ogre who would eat raw flesh and practically anything else he was given — and watch him tear men to pieces and devour them." He also favored punishment "in the ancient style," which meant that the executioners "stripped their victim naked, thrust his head into a wooden fork, and then flogged him to death with sticks." In addition, he would have naked victims tied to posts in his garden, then let loose a lion which would come "rushing toward the posts, its tail thrashing . . . It rose on its hind legs to claw at the naked victims and sniffed at their sex organs."

Theodore's *Ecclesiastical History*, portraying the martyrdom of St. Benjamin (who — masochistically? — ridiculed the "standard tortures" to which he was being submitted), reports he inspired his tormentor to the point that "the command was given for a reed to be pushed into his genital member, the which reed being drawn out and pushed in again to cause him inexpressible torments. Afterward the savage tyrant orders a stout rod, thick and extremely rough by reason of

branches that stuck out all over it, to be inserted up his fundament."

Detailed first person accounts of torture by Nero and/or Tigellinus, whether by observers or victims, are virtually non-existent, but there does exist one semi-fictionalized account, obviously researched well enough to be a valid part of this report. It described the torture of *The Gladiator*, Faljan, in an attempt by Tigellinus and his assistant, the eunuch Urstine, to make him confess of improprieties with Nero's wife:

"Urstine seized the hot pincers. Four soldiers advanced and took hold of Faljan. They ripped off his tunic, threw him to the floor, kept him there. The eunuch applied the pincers to Faljan's chest, smoke and the odor of burnt flesh rising up, but no sound issuing from the gladiator.

"Urstine burned him elsewhere, sometimes at random, sometimes making what he called the pattern of a little springtime flower, each burn a petal and many contiguous burns for the stem. Tigellinus watches intently with his yellow flat eyes.

"Try the pins."

"Urstine caught up the iron pins and fell to jabbing them in Faljan's chest and arms and neck. Blood flowed, but the gladiator only said,

"You waste your time. I am accustomed to such tickling."

"Tigellinus cried out, 'That's it! Give him the feathers!'

"The soldiers took rope and bound Faljan's ankles together, sat on them, and removed his sandals . . . Urstine took a pair of peacock feathers and sat down

cross-legged, facing the soles of the gladiator's feet. He began to tickle them, gently, delicately. Cramps began to seize upon his feet. He attempted to move his legs, but the cords and the weight of the soldiers rendered this impossible. He began to laugh shrilly . . . his laughter became a series of staccato choking moans . . . he was gasping now, unable to get his breath . . . he swooned away. They slapped him in the face with wet rags until he opened his eyes.

"Urstine threw down his peacock feathers in disgust. 'There is only one thing left,' he said with bright eyes; 'and that is to alter him.'

"You see, Faljan," cried Tigellinus cheerfully; 'I can do nothing with this detestable eunuch. Being himself no longer a man, he wants everybody else to share his fate . . . Will you confess?'

"There is nothing to confess,' Faljan muttered.

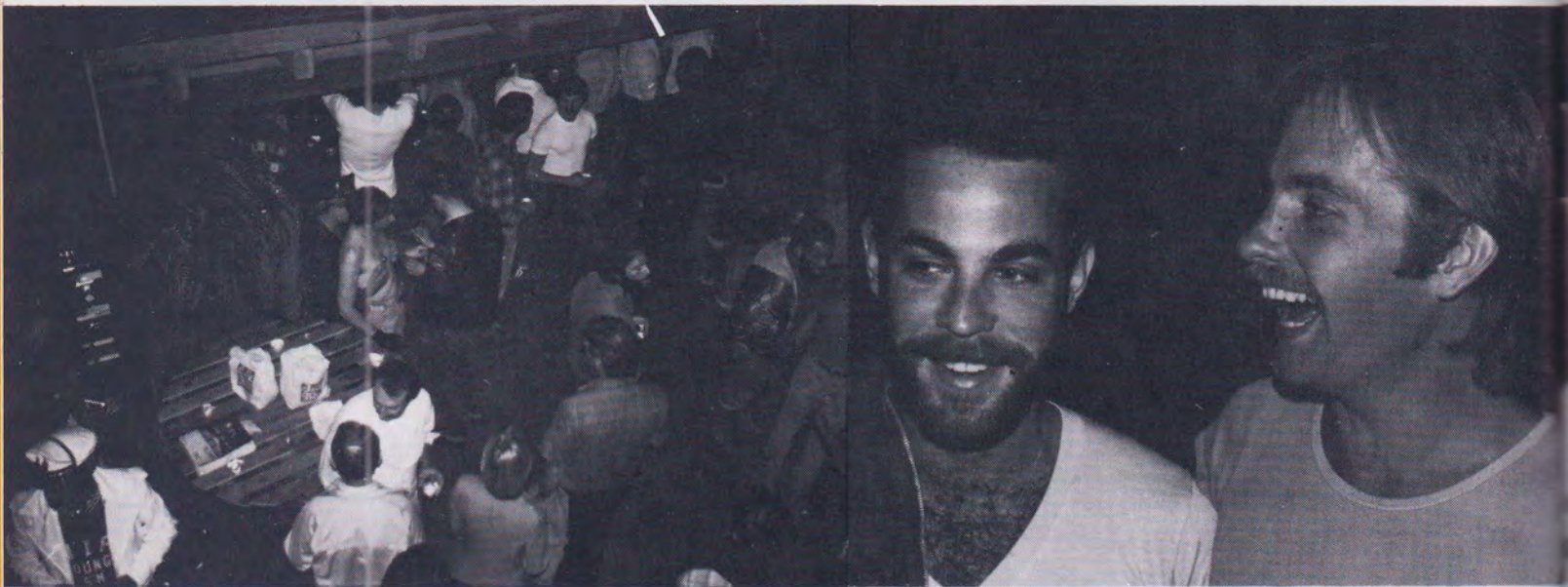
"Urstine began to whet the bronze knife, a soldier ripped off Faljan's breech-clout. The gladiator lay stark naked, breathing hard yet still obstinate . . ."

In the ways of fiction, our hero is saved at the last moment. In the meanwhile, we have been treated to an accurate rendering of what, from all reports, must have been a most common scene in Nero's dungeons.

Universally loathed, Nero faced a series of uprisings with which he could not cope and so was compelled to commit suicide in 68 A.D., his last words being "What an artist the world is losing!"

He was 30 years old.

DRUMMER GOES TO THE TRADING

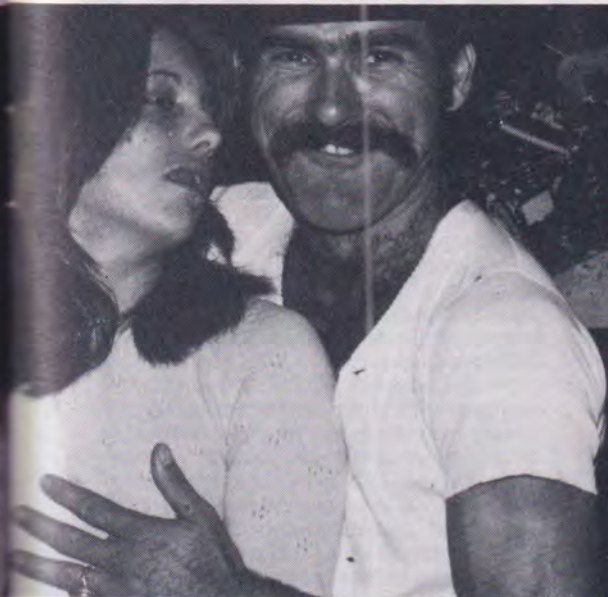


The Trading Post on Folsom Street in San Francisco ain't exactly Sears and Roebuck. Still, walking in the front door of one of the featured targets of Time magazine's "Porno Plague" cover story, with its feeling of wood, ferns, carpets and lots of light and space, hardly prepared one for what was taking place in the back rooms. To liven up a very lively place, the management of the Trading Post hired "Country Pron," A Bay Area country-rock band, "rising," in its own words, "faster than a 14 year old boy on

his first date."

A sharp eye as you make your way towards the back of the number one leather department store might put you on the alert that . . . well, the unexpected should not be too unexpected. It kind of starts off like a store in a snazzy new shopping center — shelves full of blue jeans, western shirts and cowboy hats. But then you're sort of working your way through boots, leather jackets, rolling papers and pipes, and finally, into some of the items the store is reknowned for:

NG POST PARTY

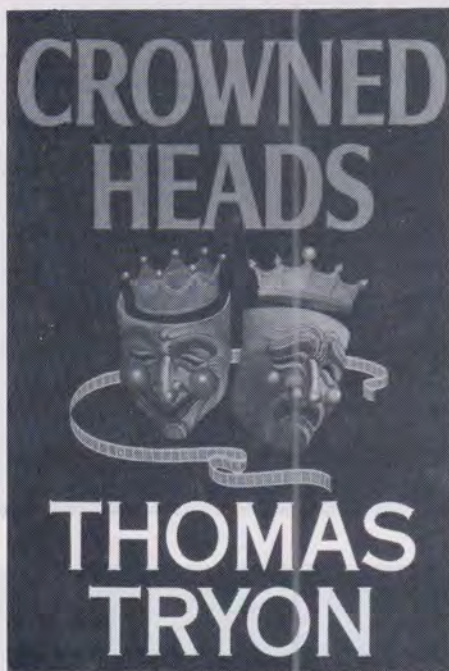


whips, paddles, leather jock straps, body harnesses, fancy lubricants, wrestling masks, dildoes, pornography for days, cans of Crisco, bondage equipment, and finally, a roomful of "Abused Furniture": cages, shackles, stocks, restrainers. If this doesn't hint that you might expect a different sort of band at this party, then perhaps the bathrooms labelled 'retentive,' with a door, and "exhibitionist," sans door, would give it away. If not, entry into a locked room marked "Longdong Club," would quickly, even vis-

cerally, inform even the most naive that something was a trifle different about this anniversary party than one for, say, Abercrombe and Fitch. However, this was not exactly an easily shocked audience, people lolling around on various states of leather undress, other wearing every conceivable costume from evening dress to leather straps, not a small number with pierced noses and/or nipples. "Country Porn" ran through six or seven numbers before the crowd, getting a little drunk and a

little loose on the free-flowing champagne, began to turn on to the music. The crowd, realizing this was their kind of music, began to dance and sing along. All in all, Nick O'Demus had a big blowout, as did the about-400 people who showed up, as did Frank Morrison the genially hunky general manager. Said Frank after it was all over, "Where but in San Francisco could you throw a bash like this one?" Where indeed. And in San Francisco, where else but the Trading Post?

Books for



CROWNED HEADS by Thomas Tryon. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 201 East 50th, New York, New York 10022, 1976, hard-cover, 399 Pages, \$8.95.

Hunky Thomas Tryon's fourth novel, *Crowned Heads*, is a right fair read, several notches above the level of pool-side fluff, yet not quite up to being the enduring classic one suspects the writer had in mind. Its 399 pages of extremely small typeface will be a source of dismay to those fans conditioned to the coiled spring tension of his tighter books (notably *The Other*), but even more readers may be put off by its perjorative hint of *roman a clef*, this device being rather in disrepute at the moment thanks to Jacqueline, Sprio, John, *et al*.

There are four, count 'em, four uneasy "crowned heads" to be considered, each representative of the synthetic royalty created by "The Industry" in Hollywood, C.A. These four once all appeared together in a movie, but that is the coincidental extent of their interrelationships and has little or nothing to do with their current conflicts and crises.

Tryon has chosen here the structure of a four-part classical symphony as his basic design, assigning to each of the major characters his or her own self-contained movement. A kind of Coda then ties up the loose ends and provides a platform from which the major themes are recapitulated by a "good-looking" novelist who has been popping in and out of the proceedings all along, like a full moon on

a clouded night.

The First Movement's subject is exotic Fedora, an ageless, foreign-born film goddess reminiscent of Greta Garbo. Following a slowish Introduction, the piece develops into a briskly Allegro detective caper, intent on discovering the unspeakable mystery locked in the heart of the reclusive actress and her bizarre entourage. Our omniscient writer-type, after misleading us down several spurious garden paths, dropping false hints and serving up red herrings, ultimately clears things up. Turns out to be a case of mistaken identity, but with a truly extraordinary switch.

A word or two is in order about this novel-writing character, fictitiously named Barry Detweiler. I don't think you'll take to him, but I do think you were meant to. For my taste, he tends to be altogether too archly "in," too smugly "with it" (*i.e.* in Paris *il faut* refer to the "Boul Mich"), too drearily a name-dropper in the mode of one of those derivative show tunes by Comden and Green.

As required, three themes are introduced into this First Movement, each of special pertinence to gay readers. Theme A is the matter of identity ("It is foolish to try to be something one is not!" laments Fedora in a rare moment of clarity); Theme B wrestles with the follies of vanity; and subordinate Theme C confronts the problems of deceit ("Small deceptions are easier than large truths." is just one sample of the shallow philosophies propounded). Author Tryon proceeds to expose himself, from that blunted point, as one of our lesser epigrammists: "One does not pay attention to what critics say. It would be like feeding the hand that bites you." (Come to think of it, *that* one also contrives to mix a metaphor.)

Lorna Doone (*sic*), a B moom pitcha actress who literally embodies at least three of the less savory manias (nympho-, klepto- and pyro-, the latter-day Marx brothers) is the focus of the Second Movement, your anticipated Adagio. In flight from her own impersonal blackbirds of misery, she had landed in a tacky Mexican resort "several hundred miles southeast of the tip of Baja California."

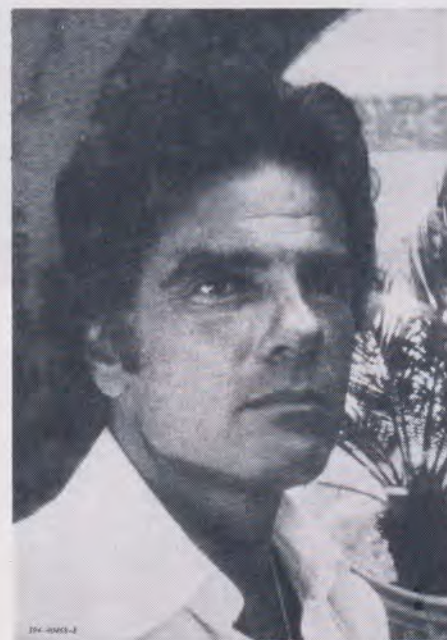
Here she conspicuously interacts with a ship's company of fools, becoming particularly attracted (as who wouldn't?) to one Emiliano, a flamenco dancer *cum* beachboy, arousingly described as "like a sea god . . . his skin was brown and shining, he had a perfect body, a torso like a piece of Roman armor . . . dark, glossy blue-black hair." Emiliano's eyes and teeth also, alternately, flash.

Well, now, you can't really blame a girl for going a bit bonkers over this

idealized piece of male meat, but, more's the pity, our Lorna is given to extremes. Unexpectedly rebuffed, she progressively takes up: cigarettes (French), coco locos (Mexican), drugs (International) and an entire itinerant tennis team (All-American). It is finally to die. Which Lorna does, pages upon pages later, in a cathartic act of mawkish symbolism that would bring a blush to the Teutonic cheeks of Gerhart Hauptmann. Anyhow, Doone is done.

A Scherzo-like Third Movement, vivacious, with sharp and unexpected contrasts, introduces us next to Bobbitt, a once-idolized child star, now at limbo in his mid-30s. This is a dark fable of innocence lost, innocence regained. Bobbitt himself at the outset asserts, Peter Pan-like, "I don't want to grow up." Compensatorily, he has become a kind of Pied Piper, entrancing to little children, perching atop Alice's mushroom in Central Park . . . passing the hat.

"The Industry" plays its all-too-familiar villian role: "They tried to keep him a child, so he stayed a child . . . he lived in a make-believe world for so long, and he had clung to that make-believe." Slavishly true to show biz formula, Bobbitt makes a mandatory comeback, counterpointed with the smarmiest sentimentalism since the Glad Girl thanked God for her crutches: "There's the trick, the whole world holding hands, and never letting go. . . We must love one



TOM TRYON

Christmas Giving

another."

Presto-like, the Fourth Movement is a horror story that surges at a relentless pace from the opening line ("A girl shrieks") to a harrowing climactic drama of unparalleled violence and sadism. It pinions the Willie Marsh (read Clifton Webb), for decades an international symbol of elegance and wit, now brooding and alone in his West Hollywood hilltop mansion. "He does not like thinking of what loneliness compels in people, what deeds it brings them to, what fear it breeds." So much for foreshadowing.

Willie's fragile world is shattered by the breaking in upon it of two boys and a girl straight out of post-graduate Manson family. "Vague currents of emotions swirled through the room, intangible feelings . . . there was complicity." The chilling events that follow are a ghastly realization of every elderly queen's most persistent nightmare.

His beloved possessions brutally desecrated, Willie himself is literally and graphically crucified in his own chapel: "It's Gethsemane time, gang" his tormentor leers, swishing "the draperies which had been stripped from Willie's body, leaving him naked." That vulnerable body is used as a target for a game of darts ("a dart flew, striking Willie above the groin"); hot wax is dripped on it; lighter fluid is ignited against it ("they seemed to revel in his screams"); and, well, you know the scene.

Also included is the first explicitly homosexual passage in this handsome writer/actor's *oeuvre*, albeit, in the manner of pre-Myra Breckinbridge Vidal, softcore:

" . . . thick arms were thrown back over the head, tanned skin and a band of flesh untouched by the sun . . . over it, kneeling between the spread legs, was the curve of a back. It moved, too. It settled closer, the back tensing. He heard the low animal cries, muttered obscenities . . . a hand, palm up, the fingers spreading, stiffening, clenching, opening again. The head rolled to one side. Murmurs, whispers, cries. Two of them . . ."

So much for pornography.

Of four movements, then, we have: one very good, one on the verge of good, one fair, and one just plain silly. Not too awfully bad — at least as good an average as Bruckner ever managed to score. And, as with his symphonies, this Tryon opus will most probably be very successful. For all the same wrong reasons.

— Ed Franklin

What Happened
to Good Queen Bess
Her Last Night at the
Cosmopolitan Baths?

SUPERSTAR MURDER?

A Prose Flick

by John Paul Hudson and Warren Wexler

SUPERSTAR MURDER?, A PROSE FLICK by John Paul Hudson and Warren Wexler, Grove Press, 1976, 352 pages, hardbound, \$10.95. Limited Author's Edition, autographed, available at \$8.95 postpaid from Insider Press, Box 439, Ansonia Station, New York, 10023.

That debonaire young man-about-the-country, the ol' "Gay Insider" himself, gives us here a smackeroo who's-got-the-body-mystery that's massive and suspenseful. En route we also get an insightful tour of gay New York, mostly as seen from the bowels of that famed gay bath which launched the career of a certain famed singer. That certain singer, here called Bess Mittman, like several other characters in this sweeping panorama, will be instantly recognizable to most regular readers of the gay press.

It isn't new for gay stories to take time out for a cook's tour of the gay scene — arguing contending philosophies of gay liberation or of S&M, stopping off for the annual baseball game between the gays and the cops, etc. — but it is unusual to do that without leaving the main plot lines hanging on a nearby fence. Hudson keeps his well-tangled plot line in skillful order and presents a vast array of characters — many of whom are not what they first seem — moving through their paces without losing credibility, and without confusion.

Spot (we learn early on that Spot is a dog's name) is a husky blond beachboy type picked up in the Islands by Brock Rugoff, bisexual owner-impresario of the Cosmo Baths. Spot is assigned the plush but not easy job of keeping Brock's son away from the faggots downstairs, but as the story opens, Spot is himself sent down to fill in for another handsome blond, just dismissed as Bess Mittman's bodyguard.

We learn that Spot is a fugitive, that he



is handsome but not dumb (no one in the baths takes him for a dog, although one or two scenes go dog-fashion) and that, by the end of the first chapter, he has found the body — which later proves disconcertingly elusive.

The interplay between "Edgar Ball," columnist for the *Village Vision*, a paper despised by nearly every character in the story, and gay liberationist-film buff Guido Discostanzo is most intriguing, though awfully hard on Ball, drawn from life in everything but appearance and vitriolic in all other details. Guido becomes Spot's Virgil in the tour of hell, and he is as charming on these pages as is his real-life counterpart.

The sex scenes are not heavy and conform to the notion more popular on the East than the West Coast, that to be really gay means turning one's back on sharp homosexual-heterosexual preferences.

The story turns on Bess Mittman's supposedly last celebrity appearance at the Baths she loathes and where she has to pretend that she just loves "her people." Her entourage is shot through with jealousy and antagonism, and when Spot discovers her body after the performance, he can't get anybody to believe that she is dead. But he has no trouble at all finding potential suspects, and, above all, he is in no position to go to the police.



Were it not for Guido and a grandmother, one of those aristocratic matriarchs of the peace movement, he would run and forget the whole thing; but he stays on and becomes more entangled, more mystified and, while he is at it, comes out.

A fine, fun story building up to a good climax, but with two final twists at the end which may not satisfy everybody.

— Jim Kepner

DRUMMER 65


MARATHON MAN



Marathon Man, as a piece of film, is nearly as tortured as its human protagonist, the "marathon man" himself. That now-notorious scene in which Laurence Olivier tries to extract information from Dustin Hoffman, literally by the application of his dentist's drill, had caused audiences to upchuck (also literally) in the aisles during preliminary screenings. Now that the original celluloid has been submitted to the agonies of at least 100 cuts, queasy viewers are able to make it almost all the way to the rest rooms before losing their cookies.

Hoffman's cinematic path to that periodontal confrontation is equally as tortuous as the pain inflicted upon him once he arrives there. Having read William Goldman's novel, from which the author adapted his own screenplay, I can perhaps be of some help in unraveling that tangled skein — but I make no guarantee. (It is unlikely that anyone coming "fresh" to the movie would be able to make any real sense of its implied ramifications and inferred resonances.)

Yes, this Paramount release has more loose ends than a cat-o'-nine-tails factory; but the *major* plot line finally does, serendipitously, unwind itself. We begin with the Olivier character, a sadistic ex-Nazi (Christian Szell), who amassed a fortune during the palmy days of German concentration camps by extorting gold (preferably in the form of teeth, and directly from the donor's mouth) and diamonds from hapless Jews in return for promises to save them from those cozy gas ovens.



Now living in luxurious Uruguay on his drill-gotten gains, he must consider leaving for Manhattan when his brother, prime guardian of the diamonds — hidden in a safe deposit box there — is accidentally incinerated in a car accident. Cagily mistrusting his regular couple of couriers, the wily Sir Laurence concludes he must check the loot in person. Those tough couriers, incidentally, are icily enacted by a most talented twosome: Roy Scheider (stripped to the waist in one exercise sequence, as if anyone cared) and William ("Kennedy") Devane.

Anyhow, cut to New York and focus on Dustin Hoffman (Babe Levy), a Columbia graduate student (bit of an in-joke there, kids) whose father had been coerced into committing suicide during

the McCarthy era. Hoffman has this mysterious girl friend (Marthe Keller as a foxy spy), and also finds time to run around the Central Park reservoir a lot, favoring the punishment of the gruelling marathon event. Well, we had to explain the title, didn't we?

Now, then. It seems Babe's brother (a plenitude of siblings here) is associated with Olivier, a passing fancy for which he gets his reward early on, dying in Hoffman's arms from a nice, deep gash across his stomach. Once so inadvertently involved, our hero, some hour or so of running time later, finds himself in that near-fatal dentist's chair, subjected to the probings of Olivier's merciless drill in a bloodily graphic attempt to induce from him information he ironically doesn't happen to have.

Along the way to this meeting we have been exposed to some marvelous location cinematography (by Academy Award winner Conrad Hall) in Paris, Los Angeles and, of course, New York. Jim Clark's editing and Michael Small's scoring are of the calibre to be expected from this all-around classy effort. After all, Paramount's own (former) fair-haired boy, Robert Evans, produced (in association with Sidney Beckerman) and another Academy Award winner, John Schlesinger, directed — tensely. Speaking of Academy Awards, let's not overlook the fact that writer Goldman also snagged an Oscar for his original *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* screenplay. And, finally, how about all those awards and honors gleaned by our stars?

Ah, yes, the STARS! Those two do, indeed, prove themselves exactly that. The ailing Olivier has lavished on his characterization the same meticulous care he gave in the past to an *Oedipus* or a *Long Day's Journey into Night*. As for Hoffman, it is as well-rounded a performance as he has yet given, up to and including a lengthy sequence that features his bare buttocks (not bad, either).

When all has been said and violently done, however, it must be admitted that not even the involvement of all those award-winning skills are able to compensate for all those unresolved convolutions of plot. Even the film's inordinant length (124 minutes) cannot succeed in solving that particular — and basic — problem.

— Ed Franklin

DRUMMER views the Flicks

Kansas City Trucking Co.

There are eight major male roles in *Kansas City Trucking Co.*, six undress extras, and one gratuitous female (Maria Reina) whose sole function is to imply at the outset that Joe, a rookie truck driver, is basically heterosexual. He is about to leave her, after showering a la Jon Voight in *Midnight Cowboy*, to go off tandem-trucking on a run: "three days to L.A., three days back." Lacking the prophetic insight of Cassandra, she comments "How boring!"

I can guarantee that a voyeuristic audience of healthy homosexuals will definitely *not* be bored unstiff by the on-screen activities of the lovingly photographed 70 minutes that follow. Every potential sexual linking between two or more males, both in fact and fancy, is gloriously recorded for posterity in this maiden Joe Gage film from all possible (and some seemingly impossible) angles. Result: an unofficial tally of one cum shot each three-and-a-half minutes — yet all mechanical, unleavened by even the slightest pinch of human warmth or affection.

The narrative thread tenuously holding these stimulating encounters together is the developing relationship between driver Richard Locke and the young greenhorn during the three-day (and night) trip in their huge White Freight Liner two-axle cab-over. Admirably constructed, the rising action (sic) toward an obligatory confrontation at their ultimate truck stop contrives to sustain, without sacrificing a sense of forward movement (either geographical or psychological), a series of irrelevant but steamy sex scenes along the way.

As driver Hank, black-bearded Locke satisfactorily embodies the image of a big butch trucker, heavy-lidded Robert Mitchum eyes glinting with sexual challenge as he urges his youthful colleague in the cab to masturbate over a *Playboy* centerfold. And Steve Boyd, playing the ambiguous Joe, accurately suggests the knowing vulnerability of the successful call boy-next-door. He is additionally blessed with one of the most beautifully mammoth cocks in the business.

On their first day out from Kansas City, these original two pass a jeep (actually a VW "Thing") driven by Dane Tremmel who, in turn, does *not* pass hitchhiking back-packer Skip Sheppard, your standard sexy blond type. These latter two soon pull off into an idyllic copse and proceed to masturbate simultaneously. Motivation here is, at best, ephemeral, but an angle through the windshield of Sheppard shooting his load directly at the camera is effective, if familiarly so.

Driving through some magnificently photographed desert scenery on the second day out, Locke glances down

from the heights of his rig into a passing Mercedes convertible at Duff Paxton and Bud Jasper who, by the merest chance, are playing with each other. A quickly glimpsed nude form in the window of a roadside shack distracts the lads from their mutual involvement, and they stop to get a better look.

Or whatever.

Well, that nude form turns out to be "desert rat" Kurt Williams, a hunk of a man who would stop traffic anywhere. The mathematical challenges of a three-way are inevitably investigated and conquered in a variety of fascinating ways, and the memory, as we return to the road with Locke and Boyd, lingers on. We would like to have seen more of Williams. To say nothing of the extremely attractive Paxton.

But it is the charismatic image of Jack Wrangler that, Laura-like, pervades this film. As the Kansas City truck dispatcher, he was first seen in the garage at the beginning of the film jacking-off in a jock-strap (or is that jocking-off in a Jack-strap?). He and Locke then got it on together, observed enigmatically by the late-arriving Boyd. It is Wrangler, not surprisingly, who becomes Boyd's *idée fixe*. Whenever in the course of the trip the kid drops into a fitful sleep, the erotic athletics of Wrangler rise up on-screen from his subconscious. It is a casting masterstroke, as are virtually all the actors in this thoroughly high class film.

High class, yes. But not quite the earth-shattering "crossover" movie of its producer's extravagant claims. Writing and directing (Joe Gage), photography (Nick Elliot), scoring (Al Steinman) and sound (Glen Nathan's exciting "SurrounduSound") are all nearly first-rate. However, a certain sameness of activity sets in. It is predominantly oralistic and onanistic — if you're a dedicated ass man, you might be mildly disappointed — with the exception of a brilliant, mass golden shower sequence that is just this side of farce: a good part of the high budget must have gone for beer *that* day!

The lens-at-ground-level snake's-eye view of spurting cocks is an overdone camera angle, although one must admit that this device will gratify size queens. Point is, given the equipment of the performers, such distortion causes something of a visual redundancy. Another visual flaw is the lack of an immediately identifiable cue to help us distinguish between flashback and fantasy: i.e. did Boyd *really* make out with Wrangler, or is it just wishful thinking? Does it even matter?

In compensation, there are strokes (!) of visual brilliance: at the moment of truth between Boyd and Locke, Boyd's



slow-motion strip, for example, is in no way lessened in terms of suspense by the fact that we have already seen him completely nude; or a bunk bed scene featuring, full screen, only the cock and balls of an unknown "guest star" hanging through the upper bunk, while the head and tongue of Locke, below, brings them to orgasm; or pouring beer on a cock and then licking off its glistening sheen.

The promise is here of better things to come (no pun intended), and we look forward to producer Sam Gage's future efforts.

— E.F.

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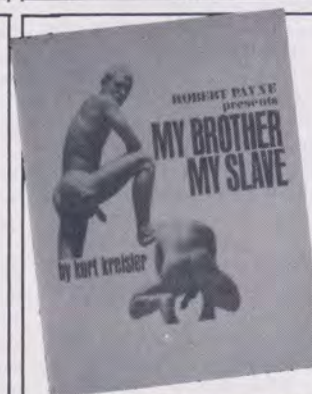
The Story of 'Q'

THE
STORY
OF
'Q'

by
ROBERT
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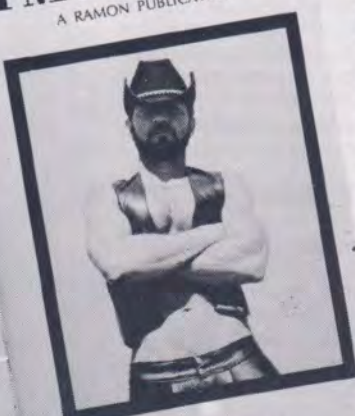
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by Carl Ripoli

IMPACT 1

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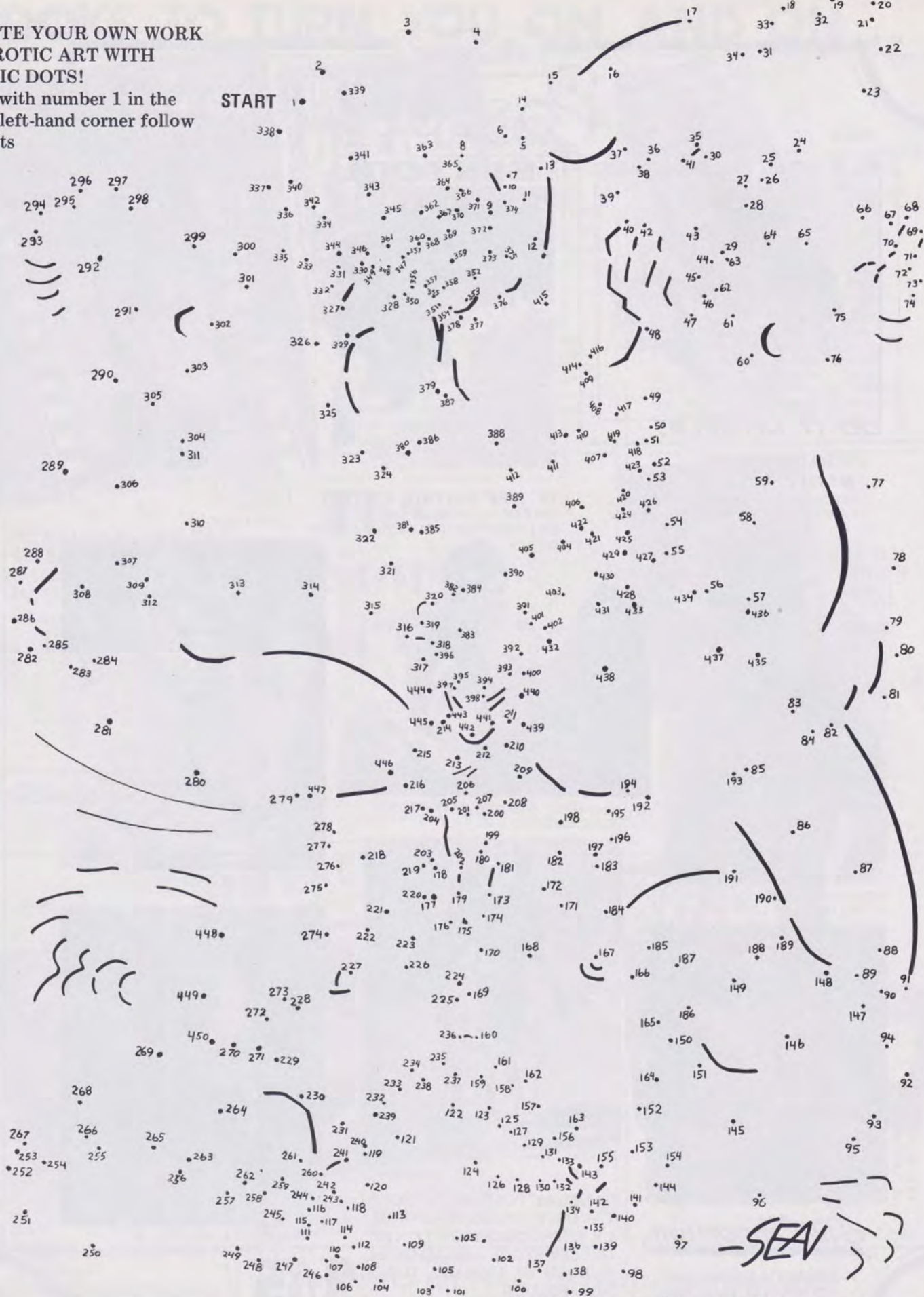
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THE / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATH

The RAMROD

By Mal Bernstein

Photos by Bill Irwin and Mal Bernstein

The Ramrod Bar in Phoenix, which recently celebrated its fifth anniversary, is a Stud bar with a capital S. The men inside are real men, and the massive chains hanging from the heavily beamed ceiling are not there just for decoration. At times like a wall-to-wall orgy room, some super-hot leather studs might be chaining a slave upside down on one of the two racks . . . or there may be two or three hunky dudes in full action on the edge of the pool table.

The only totally gay, totally leather bar in the entire state of Arizona — and the only bar in the area known to sponsor bike runs — the Ramrod has gained full support from the Sons of Apollo Motorcycle Club. Members' motorcycles are lined up in front of the bar; helmets hang on racks around the top of the bar over each stool. Besides the bike bunch are some of the hunkiest cowboys imaginable, visitors from nearby ranches, usually wearing skintight Levis, western boots and shirts, and always cowboy hats on the backs of their heads. Their "cowboy Cadillacs," pickup trucks with ropes hanging from the rear, are parked close to their buddies' bikes.

Once your eyes adjust to the near pitch-darkness of the interior, and providing that you can take your eyes off of

the male scenery, you'll notice plaques, trophies and certificates attesting to the visits of motorcycle club members from such places as Frankfurt, Germany and Australia. The christening plaque of The Sons of Apollo, too, hangs on the Ramrod's wall, the names of members' bikes set on a copper plate.

A bike christening is an event not to be missed! The new member sits on his bike, inside the bar, while old members christen the two with ice water, champagne and beer, some of it recycled direct from a member's own tap.

The hunkiness of the patrons is matched only by that of the leather-clad bartenders. And they're cooperative . . . Need some handcuffs? Want to use the stocks? Borrow some toys? Ask and ye shall receive!

The same goes for the grabass and groping. People go to the Ramrod ready for real action, and real action is what they get. On one recent occasion, two slaves were hung upside down from the racks while yet another, held against the bar for safe-keeping, was being treated to a few dozen lashes from an extra-wide leather belt, carefully wielded by his Master.

Although the bar is fully air conditioned against the heat of the outside (often reaching 110° or more during the summer), nothing can protect you from the heat of the atmosphere inside. The Ramrod is, without a doubt, a hot bar offering light and heavy pleasures, as well as a large assortment of proud and hunky Masters willing, able and available for those who need training!



THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

THE / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATH

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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CALIFORNIA

ARCADIA (off 210 Fwy)

Long Branch 131½ E. Huntington Dr.

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SADDLE CLUB 8192 Garden Grove

The Iron Spur 11066 Garden Grove

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BUNKHOUSE 4519 Santa Monica

DETOUR 1087 Manzanita

1170 1170 N. Western Ave.

Griff's 5574 Melrose Ave.

HEADQUARTERS 1941 Hyperion Ave.

Jaguar 7511 Santa Monica Blvd.

LARRY'S 5414 Melrose Ave.

ONE WAY 612 N. Hoover

OUTCAST 4223 Santa Monica Blvd.

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FARMHOUSE 12319 Ventura Blvd.

Frank's Buckaroo Inn 902 Hollywood Way

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HAYLOFT 11818 Ventura Blvd.

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Mike's Corral 2020 Artesia Blvd.

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WATERBURY

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THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

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Fedora's 239 W. 4th St.
Frankenstein 45 Green St.
Nine Plus 138 11th Ave. at 18th St.
Ramp 11th Ave. at 18th St.
Ramrod 394 West St.
Rawhide West, foot of Christopher St.
Spike Bar 11th Ave. at 20th St.
Strap 18th St. at 10th Ave.
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Edison Hotel Bar 135 Ninth
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TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS

Entree Nuit 265 S. Cleveland

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Jungle Lounge 715 Commerce

TEXAS

DALLAS

Sun Dance Kid 4025 Maple

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Barn 710 Pacific

Detour 1504 Westheimer

Exile 1011 Ball

Filling Station 1801 Richmond

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With the advent of the holiday season, particularly Christmas, people will open their hearts and their pocketbooks to aid various causes. It has always been so. This is the season for giving — of both one's time and resources — to others. That is as it should be. And the causes are standing by, understandably, waiting.

In most major cities there are Santa Clauses of all shapes and sizes, and Mission Belles of the same description, soliciting on busy street corners. There are office collections for "Toys for Tots" and "Feed the Needy" appeals. All well and good.

However, there are also millions of people who make up the general public which can contribute to and support these causes, while among gay people, there is only the Gay Community itself to turn to. Many gay social organizations try to ingratiate themselves and their groups by going all out for establishment causes. The motives are good, but is a poor use of resources. Blacks call it "Uncle Tomming."

For our lifestyle there are gay community centers and gay churches, gay task forces and gay legal aid organizations. If you don't have one in your area, give of your time to help get one started. Or contribute to one already in existence, one that is working to change laws and attitudes (and law enforcement) to better your life and that of your brothers.

Speaking of ways of life, the holiday season is a commercial one; let's face it. In your giving, try to buy from (reputable) gay businesses instead of some of the "straight" ones that are constantly fighting gays. Try boycotting the chain or department store that discriminates in hiring or lets its restrooms be used as entrapment courses for the local vice cops. And let the management know about it. DRUMMER isn't hurting for subscriptions, but there are gay publications out there that need your support to help carry the message that life for gays can be right and good, or at least better. Give a subscription or two to support that message and to keep it coming for the new year.

For gays, there should be no charities but gay charities. There is nobody out there to support those causes but gays themselves. Do it for a brother you don't even know, who will be needing your help. You might be on to the real meaning of the season.

DRUMMER is not in any way connected with the late Dateline magazine, although in the planning stages it was to have been our publication. Inquiries concerning subscriptions should be directed to: Publisher Dennis Lind, 7710 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90044. Although this is Data Boy Magazine's address, it has no connection with Dateline either.

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