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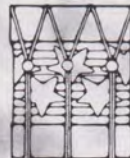
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DRUMMER

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

Henry David Thoreau



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COVER PHOTO: Bob and Val by
DAVID SPARROW PHOTOGRAPHY
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From the ZEUS collection

DRUMMER

AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE

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PUBLISHER JOHN H. EMBRY
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JACK FRITSCHER
ART DIRECTOR AL SHAPIRO
ADVERTISING MANAGER ROBERT PAUL DUNN
CIRCULATION MANAGER BILL CUSHING
ASSISTANT CIRCULATION MANAGER RICK PRINCE
ALTERNATE EDITOR JOHN ROWBERRY
NEW YORK ADVERTISING REP: JOHN PRESTON (212) 475-2583
CONTRIBUTING WRITERS PHIL ANDROS, ALLEN EAGLES,
JACK FRITSCHER, DR. RICHARD HAMILTON,
DAVID HURLES, A. JAY, KURT KREISLER,
ARNELL LARSEN, A.J. LAURENT, SCOTT MASTERS,
ROBERT OPEL, ORLANDO PARIS, JACK PRESCOTT,
JOHN PRESTON, ARISTIDE, FRANK O'ROURKE,
ROBERT PAYNE, J. TROJANSKI
CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD,
BOB CLAYTON, ROY DEAN, HANGING TREE RANCH,
BOB HEFFRON, J&R STUDIOS, KENSINGTON ROAD,
MEAN MACHINE, RICHARD MOORE, ROBERT OPEL,
PHANTOM STUDIOS, WAKEFIELD POOLE,
EFREN RAMIREZ, KIRBY SIRE'S, DAVID SPARROW,
JIM STEWART, TARGET STUDIOS, JOE TIFFENBACH,
BRUCE WERNER, ZEUS
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS ADAM, CHUCK ARNETT,
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DRUMMER 6

GETTING OFF

On this occasion of the fourth anniversary of DRUMMER, it falls to the publisher to Say Something. It usually follows that I should compare things as they were then with things as they are now. Or at least line up the Anniversary Issue with issue number one.

It was a brave little forty-page attempt which rolled out of the bindery in June of 1975. That first issue had to be farmed out to a surly printer down the street as our pressmen seemed incapable of making our reluctant presses print anything. Issues two through seven were printed on them however, and then we got out of the printing business forever, I hope. We took issue one around to the local newstands and sweettalked them into handling this new magazine which looked like nothing that anyone had ever tried before. To date everyone and his cousin had tried, with varying degrees of success, to do a gay version of Playboy. Then along comes this DRUMMER that didn't seem to be an imitation of anything.

Issue eight had our first four color cover showing Val Martin being body painted. It seems especially fitting that this anniversary issue should present Val. He was kind enough to come up to San Francisco with his friend Bouchard to pose for DRUMMER photographer David Sparrow.

The Leather Fraternity, which started the whole thing, has grown by leaps and bounds, producing its imitators as well. DRUMMER's "Unclassified" has gotten itself classified, more than tripled and become "Drumbeats" a few issues ago. Hopefully our members and readers have made hundreds of friends through those pages.

I personally have made many, many friends through these DRUMMER years, some in person, some through correspondence, some merely voices on the telephone. Having just come out of a lengthy seige in the hospital and an even lengthier one recuperating, I was amazed and pleased by the volume and the content of the messages of concern and friendship from many unexpected quarters. During this incapacitation, I became even prouder of the DRUMMER/ALTERNATE organization. Our people gave much of themselves and went above and beyond the call of duty to see that all went well. Some lucky gay publications attract

dedicated people who see their jobs as an important part of one of the sources of gay communication. There is an acute scarcity of communication in our national community.

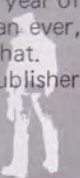
These last four years are filled with the whitened bones of publications that have bitten the dust for one reason or another. Even at their worst, they had something to say. The better ones will be sorely missed. As this issue goes to press comes news that GAYSWEEK has suspended publication. The BODY POLITIC in Canada is fighting for its life against the bookburners of that country. DRUMMER has readers in virtually every country in the world. Some of those readers brave their individual governments to even possess a gay publication. As the Chief Davis', Anity Bryants and John Briggs' descend back into their well-deserved oblivion, other opportunists in every county come forward.

With this issue DRUMMER begins a new distribution schedule and moves into its own building in the South of Market area in San Francisco. All mailing and shipping will be done direct from and by the DRUMMER offices for the first time.

We have a lot of people to thank for the past years. But probably uppermost on the list would be the DRUMMER reader, who, after all, is the one we do the whole thing for. Newstands report our readers to be the most loyal of any gay magazine. There are many places where standing reservations are left for the next issue. We have reports of back issues of DRUMMER bringing exorbitant prices. While the price structure of DRUMMER changes with this issue, it is due to printing and paper costs. We have continually filled DRUMMER with more pages of original copy, more fiction, photography and art than anyone else. To sell a magazine for 3.50 a copy and thirty dollars for a year's subscription, the value must be there, even in these inflated times.

DRUMMER continues to be one of the few gay-owned, gay-operated national publications and continues to enjoy the support and loyalty of its segment of the community. As we enter our fifth year of existence, bigger and stronger than ever, we can't ask for much more than that.

The Publisher



MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

FOOT IN MOUTH AND ...

I agree with E.W.'s letter in issue No. 27 (Turkish Tootsie Torture).

You promised to have foot fetish in your fetish of the month, but never really went past the leather/boot fetish.

I'd really love to see and read about feet, and I'd like to see photos of men using their tongues to lick the smelly bare feet of their friends and masters.

My slave has to lick my feet, and I make sure he is able to tell my stinking socks from his own, blindfolded. He knows I also get off on his own toes too, and that I get really angry when he doesn't smell natural.

Here in New York at the Mineshaft, there is a sign which clearly states that the only perfume or scents allowed are good old sweat. Come East, why don't you, and film a few scenes from the 'Shaft. (By the way, since you seem to know a little about the 'Shaft, then you should have been here when the Toilet was open. The 'Shaft is but a dull replica of that wonderful, now closed, palace. There anything went on. "Leave your clothes at the door and be a whore" was their motto.) I'd dig reading other people's remembrances of these places.

Most of all, I'd love to read about foot fetishes in the near future.

F.N.
New York City

TONGUE SERVICE

I recently wrote about the "Care and Training of the Male Slave" book that I paid for and didn't receive. Well, today I received the book in the mail.

I apologize for writing the letter. I have a knack for jumping the gun.

As a self-imposed penance I'm offering boot-licking and crotch kissing until my tongue falls out of my mouth. Collectable at your convenience, of course.

Gratefully, a satisfied reader.

J.M.
San Jose, CA

DYNAMITE DAN

I've never written a letter to a magazine before and never thought I would until Issue 27 hit the stands. I've been through many cities and many men but never have I come across a man like your hiking centerfold Dan. A fantasy of being out in the wild and finding something like that has given a whole new dimension to my backpacking days. A great body, superb pecs and tits and that hot face and throat just waiting to be explored. Excellent!

Secondly, I wish to thank you for choosing my picture to be among those on your first Tough Customer page in

issue 25. It was both an honor and a pleasure. Thank you.

Keep up the great work.

Dale
Connecticut

Boots, bondage, piss, pain, shaving and cigars — you are determined, it would seem, to root out and celebrate whatever turns your readers on. So I wonder if you have given a thought to gloves: the biker's heavy black gauntlet, hanging from an epaulet . . . the immaculate white index of the inspecting officer . . . the stretch and snap of a rubber surgical glove, pulled up to the elbow . . . the suppleness of kid, that fits like a second skin . . . the rough palm of a construction worker's glove, like the calluses underneath . . . the muffled sensation of a boxing glove, laced tightly over the wrist . . . the almost unbearable smoothness of velvet, as fingertips stroke a naked abdomen . . .

I confess to a certain thrill at the sight of a man in full leather placing his gloved hand on the leather-sheathed thigh of another. The hand moves up to the crotch, bulging in anticipation, and I feel it in my own. That anonymous hand, that force in the shape of a glove: it tightens around the balls as the penis swells . . .

Perhaps, in your encyclopedic files, you could find some photographs of gloves — and the men who use them.

I.M.
N.Y., NY

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT

I have reached my limits! I can take it no more! All those trips to the newsstand for Drummer, only to find none there, are more than I can bear. And worse, once I am there I will buy some other magazines I don't really want, just so the trip isn't a total waste. Does that make me an incurable M? Oh, sirs, I hope not.

But there is only one newsstand I know that *ever* has Drummer (in front of the bus station — where else? — and, no, I was *not* going to make the trip anyway). And usually they have every magazine except Drummer. Yes, I know pain is supposed to feel good, but the pain of coming home without Drummer doesn't — I would rather cum *with* Drummer.

So, please, sirs, send me subscription copies hot off the press. The pain of paying for a whole year at once is enough to make my checkbook hard, even tho it's only plastic leather.

And those guys at CMC Carnival in Issue 20 were enough to make *me* hard — and then some! Please, more hot hunks like that.

And, sirs, I know I don't deserve it, but please, please, try to do a feature (story *and* pictures) on David Hodo of Village People. *That* would keep me hard all month!

Thanks for the hottest mag around.

Bob
Illinois

(One David Hodo pic, cuming up! — Ed.)



PUNKY

I just finished reading Prison Punk: Part I in issue 27 five times. I have never considered myself a part of the S/M scene but man I sure would not hesitate to trade places with that prison punk. It almost makes me run out and get arrested.

I'm black and around 27 years old and I really tripped out on that wild scene. I can't wait until the next chapter.

Some of the other things I can't get off into, but I would like to see more prison sex.

I must hurry now and read it again and again.

Thomas
Houston, TX

LIGHT ON THE GRITTY

The photo spread of Jim Knight, in issue 28 represented what I'd like to see more of in DRUMMER. A definitely macho man who enjoys titwork, with a very well selected tattoo on a solid and muscular deltoid.

I'd like to read more fiction concerning bondage and nitty gritty S/M, but your recent issues seem light on the subject.

M.K.
San Francisco, CA

MORE LETTERS ON PAGE 76



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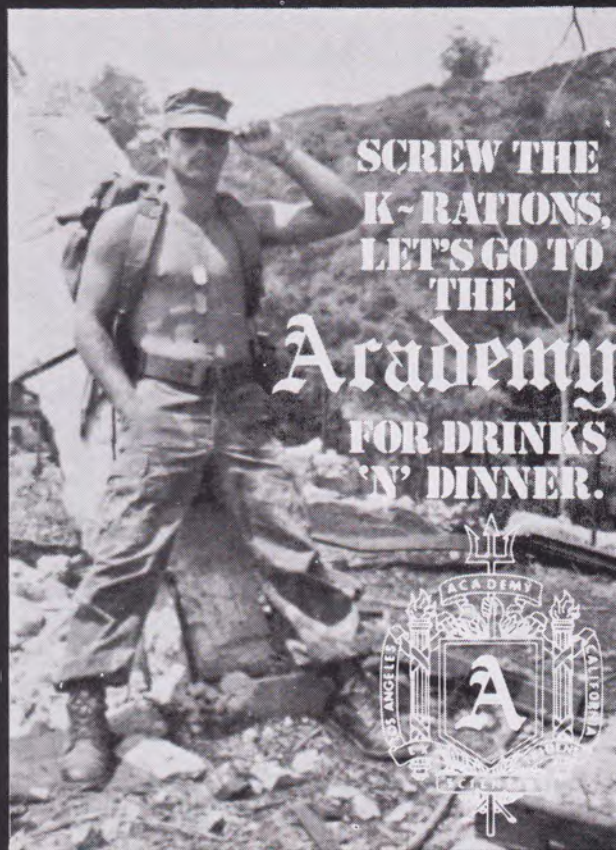


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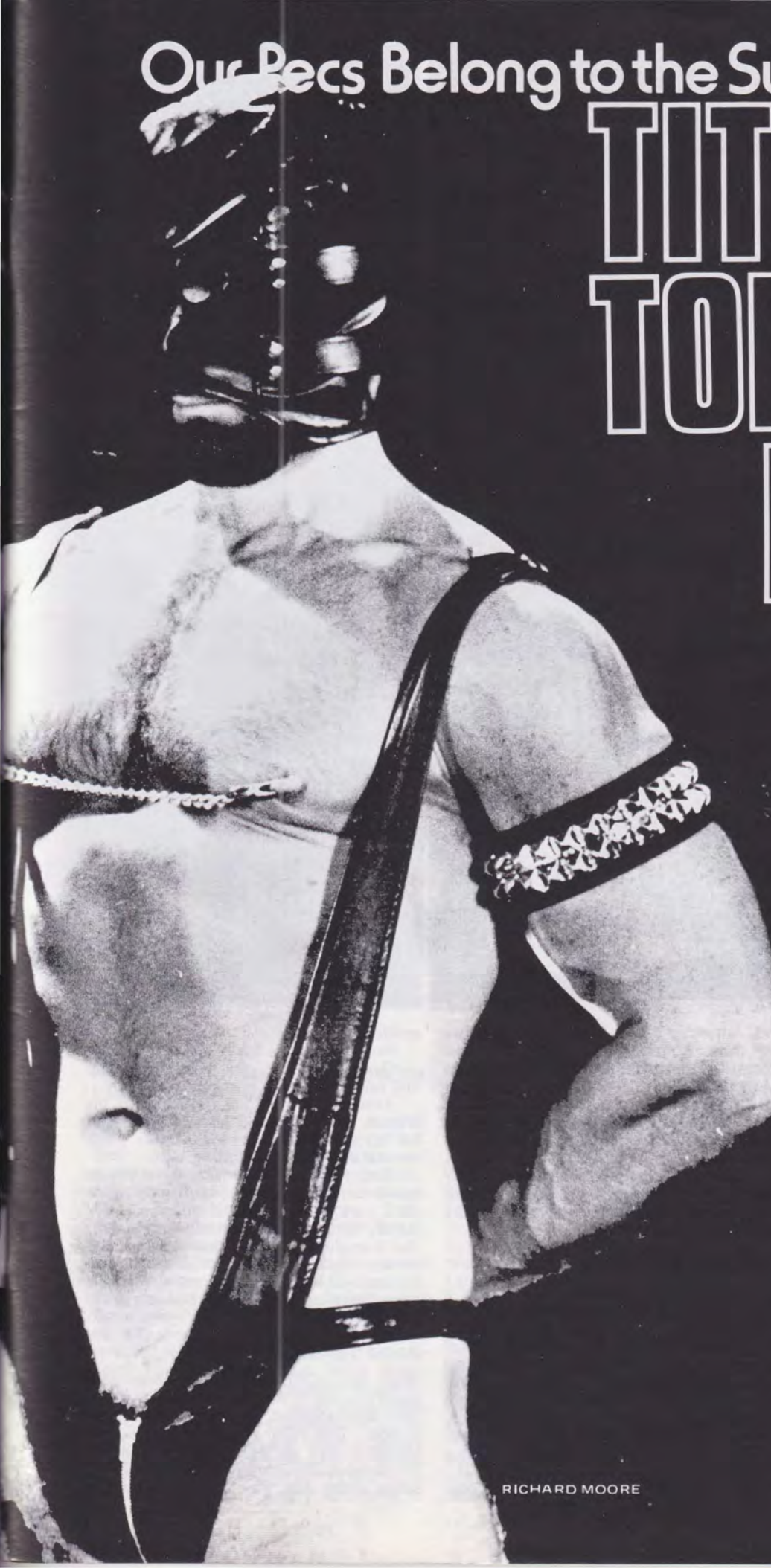
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TIT TORTURE BLUES

BY JACK FRITSCHER

Tits are the great underdiscovered underground pleasure of 20th-century foxes. Male tits are to male sex what fine tuning is to television. Dick and butt are primary erotic zones as obvious as the mouth for cocksucking. Man-sexuality, however, is a list as big as your fist of growing homosensual sophistications.

A nose can learn that a whiff of 'pit is headier than a hit of popper. A tongue can learn that a kiss down the throat can be quite continental, but rimming is a guy's best trend.

TITS: 2000

Good sex is more than the finesse of fine ass. Good sex is more than Genital Gymnastics. Good sex is discovery of the geography of the male body's erotic potential. Some guys turn-on naturally wherever they're touched. Other guys, still tainted with their parents' attitudes about the propriety of missionary sex, dismiss more adventurous sex as too kinky for them.

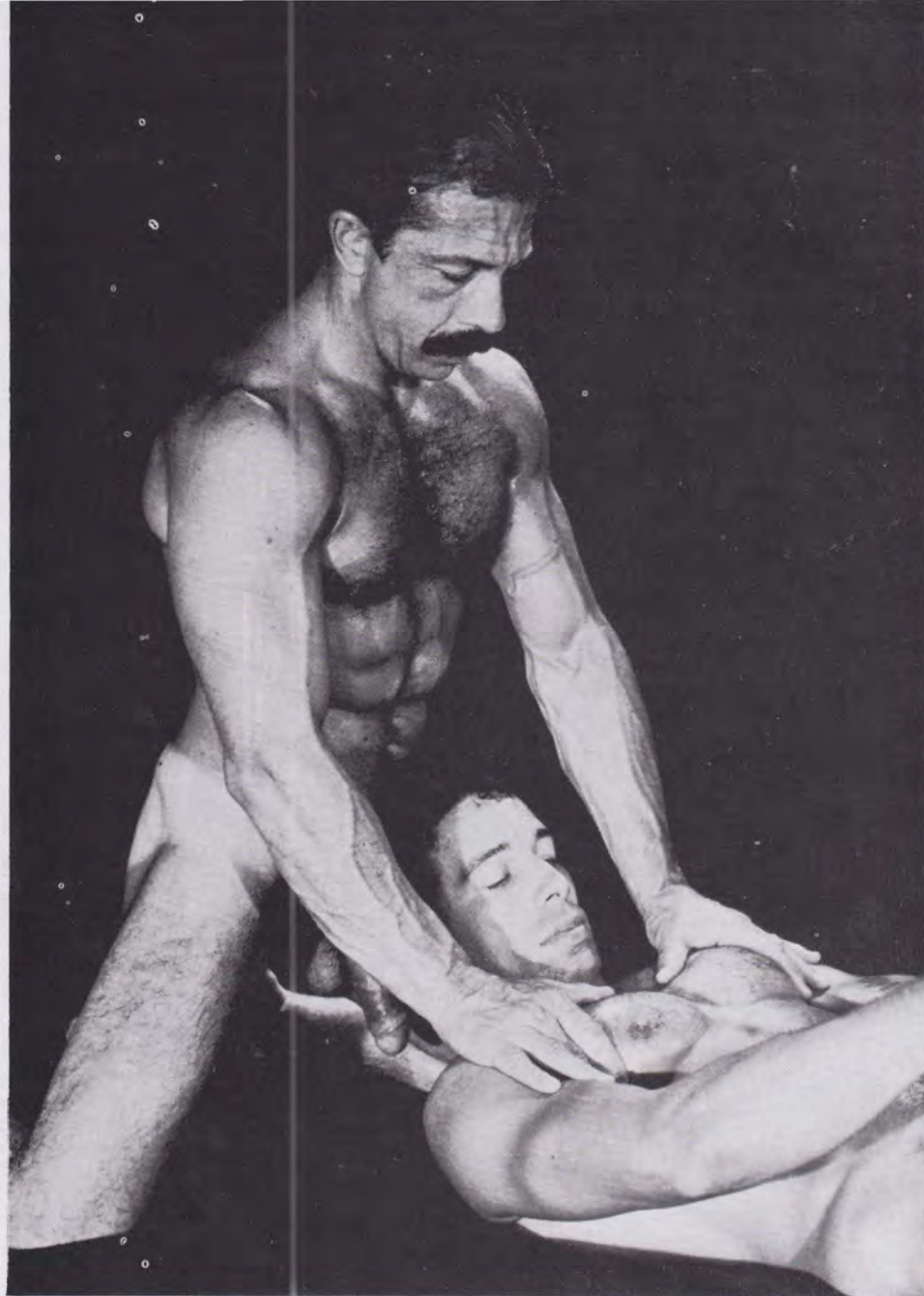
Their very giggles, as Freud diagnosed *ticklishness*, are a sign of sexual fear. Figure it out: humor more often than not deballs an erotic situation. Nothing, for instance, can empty a Back Room faster than two queens camping it up smack dab in the middle of all the other guys' heavy-duty manstough.

Some guys' manly sense of play leads them on their own into games beyond dick. Other guys, ripe for tutoring, have to be led down the very unprim, rosy path to Big Boy Secrets. That's a real male initiation rite of passage.

With the onset of the Eighties, homosexual men are moving from their First Coming Out (genital homosexuality) all the way to their Second Coming Out into total-body homosensuality.

And tits are the wave of the future.

RICHARD MOORE



ZEUS COLLECTION

MANLY CHESTS

"Blow in my ear and I'll follow you anywhere."

Twist a guy's tits and he'll follow you everywhere.

The mystique of the male chest is a natural history of masculinity's strength, bravery, endurance, and heart. *A Man Called Horse* popularized the Plains Indians' absolutely male rituals more psychologically significant than any ass-paddling by the Tejans fraternity at Texas A&M. The Amerindians, living by the code of what was *natural*, rather than what was *normal*, clue in us homosensualists, who much prefer to be natural rather than normal, that our chests belong to the Sun. (Perhaps, homomuscular men are more primal than their pussy-whipped heterocivilized brothers.)

As recently as this spring Amerindian compatriot of Marlon Brando, Russell Means, the hero of Wounded Knee, danced the Sun Vow Ritual as affirmative counterpoint to the deballing of the Nat-

ive American Male. Bodybuilders, many of them homomuscular *only*, in their formal posing presentations, always include a generous number of chest manifestations, and always to great applause. "Chest out! Stomach in!" Dialog delivered daily by every Daddy and DI on this undisciplined planet.

Men have long been measured by their barrel-chests, recently by their defined slabs of vascular pecs, and lately by the gauge and tread of their nipples.

TIT TRIANGULATION

Titwork is sophisticated shit — once a man makes all the connections. Connections are what homosensuality's all about. An athlete knows the cause-and-effect connections of how his physical systems interrelate. A Camp Pendleton Grunt knows that if his USMC jock is too tight his dick gets hard, bent, and attention. Discovery of dick, with its upfront demands, is easy as reaching from your nose to your hose. A baby boy can do it.

So how does an adult ear become

eroticized?

How do a man's tits get hot?

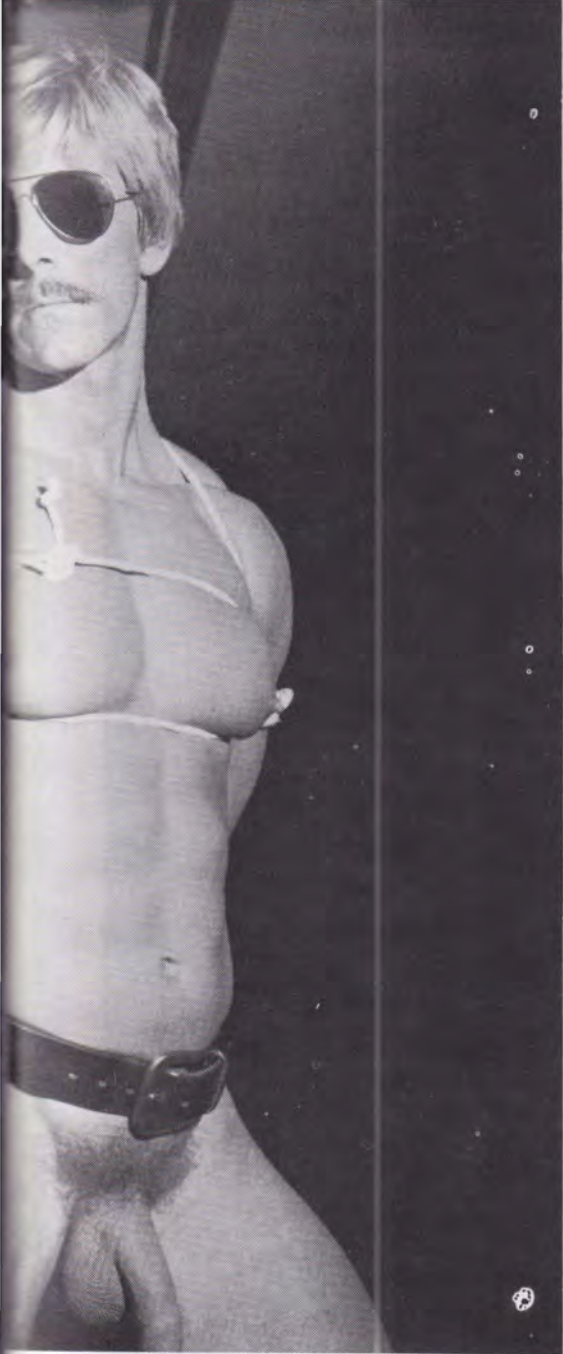
Question: How can a man graduate any one of his body parts up erotically?

Answer: With a little help from his friends, his head, and his hands, he can be tutored — and tooted — into some sensual consciousness raising.

Tits, for those men who have yet to spark contact with those magical male dials, can be educated, if not absolutely *wired*, into geometry's strongest form: the triangle. Once the brain synapses the connection between a man's two tits and his one dick, the energy matrix on his torso lights up like Debbie Boone's bank-book.

BASIC TRAINING

Basic sex is to sophisticated homosensuality what Army Basic Training is to the Sophisticated Training of a bodybuilder. This is no putdown of good old standbys like cocksucking and fucking. Homosensuality tends to savor all the stops along the way before getting to



PHILLIP BEARD

the usual shooting match.

HOW DO YOU SOLVE A PROBLEM LIKE YOUR ASSHOLE?

Consider asshole. Straight guys protect their butts the way women protect their tuna. Why? Straights, when not patting buns on athletic fields and courts, call each other, "Asshole!" All-Americans shout, "Up your ass!" To Mork, "Fuck you, asshole" must sound like the American way to say goodbye.

Myron/Myra Breckenridge drove straight into cowboy Rusty Godowsky's butt just like the Viet Cong fucked every American POW asshole in captivity. A military doctor, who happens to be gay, revealed recently that every POW coming home had VD up the ass. What better way to de-macho the downed American Fryboy than to have some little gook prick shoot a load of diseased cum up his butt in bondage. Not too much publicity on that number simply because the media figure that those heroic POWs have enough adjustment simply returning to

our runaway American culture. Apparently, TIME ain't gonna level with you about what's getting fucked the way DRUMMER will.

The homosensual point is that these POWs learned something through the use and abuse of their asses: either they hated it, or they hated themselves for liking it. What an ultimate and ironic Straight Macho betrayal: to have one of your own body parts tell your head that something you thought you could never relate to actually feels, well, not so bad, I guess, at all.

Many gay men, growing up with this straight-and-narrow attitude (and that's all it is: *attitude*) about male ass, have difficulty — even while listening to The Village People — learning the pleasure of getting plugged by a dick at the YMCA. What do they think the "A" stands for anyway?

Once, however, a man immigrates from the dark interior of America, he can more freely get plugged in the sweet, dark interior of himself. Consider this

progressive Coming Out: first, using your asshole as the Way *In*, as well as the Way *Out*, had to be gotten around. "Well, maybe I'll let you kiss it" becomes "tongue it" becomes "finger it" becomes "fuck it slow" becomes "fuck it hard" becomes "can you add a little dildo in it" becomes "got any bigger dildoes" becomes "douche it lightly" becomes "a four-quart enema" becomes "fist it" becomes "double fist it."

That's what happens to the simple joys of maidenhood!

Actually, that rising range is a man's REAL GRADUATION CEREMONY as he stakes out progressive ownership of the territory of his own body. Interesting, how the Terror of Penetration graduates up to an Absolute Appetite for Penetration!

TITS AND THE GREASY MECHANIC

Tits get hardons. That's the bottomline: three hardons are better than one.

Tits to the titillated are a hardon

difficult to live without once you've thrilled to the charge those two little fuckers can put out when played properly. Warning: once charged, they and you will need your tit fix. Nightly.

Titsports are habit-forming.

Since the Mondo-American male knows more about his car than he does about his body, this analog may illustrate the value of teaching a pair of old cogs new tricks.

Tits are to the dick and body what the positive and negative terminals on a Sears DIEHARD Battery are to a hot car. The right tit and the left tit are the plus and minus battery terminals providing the current necessary to ignite the gas to cause the controlled explosion within the cylinder, thereby driving the piston downward, causing the heart of the engine, the crankshaft, to turn its torquing power to the transmission through the driveshaft to the axles, thus causing the car to lay rubber from a standing start.

A guy can learn a lot about sex from fucking with a mechanic! (Especially in greasy, sweaty faded blue Big Ben coveralls; but that's another trip.)

MASTERS & JOHNSON

Tit response is one of the main differences between straights and gays. Gay men, generally not uptight about their bodies, and mouthier about exactly what they want, are willing to experiment more widely. The latest Masters and Johnson study codifies what we already know: homomascuine men dare to "go for it," dare to learn the physical connections worth learning, because they realize the multiple of pleasure they'll reap in return for their effort.

You might as well grab all the gusto. You might as well take possession of your body, because, as *A Chorus Line* testifies, "tits and ass won't get you jobs — unless they're yours."

BODYBUILDER PECS

Tits assure Affirmative Action. Oh yeah!

Ever notice a bodybuilder at the tubs? Notice how he holds back? Far from being stuck on himself, he's not even waiting for another bodybuilder necessarily. Chances are he maintains his own space because he's tired of Genital Chauvinists coming up and humping his muscular thighs like Cocker Spaniels. To them, his physique is unique; they come fast and leave him: used, abused, and bored. They may think they're original, kneeling in adoration, sucking his dick. But Mr. Physique has seen it all before.

Betcha he'll wanna getcha if you try a little man-to-man resuscitation. Forget his dick for the time being. Cup your hand around one of his Big Pecs. After all, he majors in bench presses to pump his pecs.

Get inside his sensual focus. Bodybuilders, who know their art, are sophisticated sensually way beyond dickcentricity. A man in heavy touch with working out his major body parts, carefully isolated for a week's split routine, knows something about sensuality that is sexuality *plus*. Arnold Schwarzenegger said in *Pumping Iron* that a good workout feels

as good as coming and coming and coming.

Scratch a bodybuilder's pecs and ten-to-one you'll find a Tit Man.

Begin to play "Chopsticks" to Chopin all over his chest. Either use thumb and forefinger of both hands, one pair to each nipple; or, if you've a handspan wider than an octave, you can with one hand play both his tits and use your other hand for further manipulation.

Very often, men who choose to express their masculinity through the medium of muscle are heavy duty sensualists. Too often, musclemen are sensually under-read.

TWO SINGULAR SENSATIONS

Man-to-man chest action, whether it's Tits-for-Two Mutuality, or whether its an S topping a Bottom's tits, ought to be an Olympic sport. You can, however, and should call "FOUL!" if, when you start rollerballing your partner's tits, his eyes go glassy, and his tongue lolls out, and he takes off to a passive galaxy Titwork is so hypnotically explosive it makes some guys hit bottom faster than the *Hindenburg*.

Ain't nothing worse than a sex partner who gets so laid back by your well orchestrated trip that he forgets you exist. You might as well be a dildo and he might as well call *Dial-a-Clamp*. Passivity of the partner too often comes with the territory of Titmania. Remind him that he also has hands and you also have tits and a fourhanded duet is often more fun than a piano solo.

Masters and Johnson ought to further their study: for the man who has done every S&M thing, and wants MORE, why is it that *Eine Kleine Tit Musik* dropkicks him into a capacity — if not a voracity, especially in a heavy S&M scene, to take more? Is it that mantits, tuned and torture-tested, triangulate to the testicles in a transcendent power grid?

TIT PAIN: A NEW DEFINITION

One very proper San Francisco man is so celebratorily into mutual tit play that he carries to the infamous South of the Slot whatever tit toys, beyond hands, that a man's mind can conjure. He is a Saint of Tit Torture. Clothes pins are child's play compared to his array of electrical alligator clamps, new surgical needles, and sterile X-acto blades whose neat little slices juice up so red and well under a pair of rubber snake-bite suction cups.

Some guys tentatively try one of his tit clamps on their finger and whine. They fail to realize the proper sophistication of this man's sensual titplay foreplay. He ain't no Chopper Charlie or Jack the Ripper. He can do to tits, and have done to his tits, manstough so severe that your head kicks out all the little protective tapes programmed into your head as a child about PAIN. Instead, his tit action teaches a man how to take possession of adult sensuality. He takes out the old protective tapes and puts in new ones to redefine the excruciatingly exquisite pressure.

Suddenly, his partners realize that what they had once too easily, and much

too quickly, defined as pain is really not pain, but is, in fact, simply heavy sensation. Pain is something different from heavy sensation. Heavy sensation causes no damage, no marks. Pain, as an S&M label in any scene, tits or not-tits, is confined to that upper level of heavy sensation where damage is done, where trauma happens to the body.

Nice guys don't cut off your nipples with the garden shears. That only happens in Liz Taylor movies scripted by Carson McCullers like *Reflections In a Golden Eye*.

TIT MOVIE MAYHEM

Films sneak in a lot of tit shit. In *Circle of Deception*, *Battle of Algiers*, and *State of Siege*, men's nipples are tortured in bondage with electrical clamps attached to a "Double E 8" Field Telephone that the uniformed interrogators crank up by the handle to send the shrieking voltage into the tied-up tits.

Film: *State of Siege*. Set: *An austere room*. CIA instructors have prepared a class in interrogation. Voiceover: "Torture can be a useful technique."

"Disciplined marine, army, and air force officers hurry down the hall toward the entrance to the room. The youngest, were it not for their distinctive uniforms, would look like noisy, carefree male students rushing to a class.

The vast room is flooded with a harsh white light. The officers take their places on benches arranged in a half-circle.

The hubbub ceases abruptly. The room falls silent. Four muscular, uniformed GUARDS bring in a blindfolded PRISONER. They lead him to the center of the semicircle, up to a sort of rack about two yards high. They go about stripping him as the room full of military personnel observes.

Staff officers from the three branches of the armed forces take their seats on a large platform facing the benches.

The PRISONER is naked. His body is young, lean, and athletic. His tan indicates he is a relatively fresh capture. The GUARDS lift him up and set him on the middle pole of the rack. They bend him over backward so as to tie his wrists and ankles together. And they leave him like that, his arched naked body strained and swaying, supported only by the middle pole of the rack, which catches him in the backs of his knees.

A MAN in civilian clothes approaches the subject PRISONER. He is carrying a black plastic box, about two feet long, eight inches high. Three plastic-coated wires, each about two yards long, stick out of the top. At the ends of the wires are metal triangle clamps of different sizes and thickness.

The Man lays the box down by the rack. He presses down a red button; suddenly the silence is broken by a shrill, insistent buzz. Close-ups of the intent young military faces observing this lesson in interrogation by torture. Calmly, patiently, meticulously, the MAN proceeds with his demonstration. He applies the electrodes, one by one, to the most sensitive parts of the PRISONER'S body.

His ears. Gums. Nostrils. *Nipples*. Genitals. Anus.



Swept over by the electrical charges, the young PRISONER'S body vibrates, stretches, contracts. His wrenching, partially gagged screams heighten the intensity in the young military faces eagerly studying the interrogation techniques."

Odd, how straight men ignore their own nipples in the bedroom and head straight for another man's tits in the interrogation chamber!

In *Walking Tall II*, gigantic Buford Pusser is held down by muscular rednecks who slash the bejesus out of his chest and nipples with their hunting knives. Gore Vidal's *Myra* novel has the world's shortest chapter. It consists of Myron waking up, shouting two sentences: "My tits are gone! My tits are gone!"

OUR PECS BELONG TO THE SUN

Frederic Remington's Own West describes the Blackfoot Sundance Ritual in which A Boy Called Pony becomes A Man Called Horse: "Gaily attired on-lookers watch with eager and sympathetic interest the tortured young braves who, betraying no sign of the pain they endure from the claws skewered through their chests, dance wildly, lifted time to time from the dirt floor to the roof of the wickiup by hemp ropes attached to the skewers. Songs of admiration and encouragement accompany the violent beating of the tomtom.

"The tortured young warrior is the epitome of the religion, the ambition and the heroic character of this Spartanlike people.

"The young aspirants, weakened by the previous fast, the peyote, and the ritual torture often fall faint and senseless to the ground; but they are pulled up by the bloody barbs through their chests, and they continue their sun dance until either their flesh tears loose or it is manifest that they can endure no more, in which case they are *honorably* cut loose . . . Each, after his release from torture, receives the attentions of his relatives, who have prepared a feast for him. In after-years, the Indian braves show the scars of their ordeal with all the pride that comes from their offering a boy's chest up to a piercing and bloody rite of passage into enduring manhood."

When a man's chest belongs to the Sun, he knows the vast difference between slavish masochism and manly nobility.

HARDWARE FOR A HARD LAY'S FRIGHT

Since the brain is the main sex organ, suggestion is a sex toy's best function. With tits, your best source beyond the convenience of bars and catalogs is cruising your favorite hardware store. Reaching into bins right next to the calloused-handed general contractor come in sweaty from the job to pick up a fitting he needs, you can come across everything you need to stage a tit scene.

Something can be said for the authenticity of real tools turned to real tit toys: clothes pins, for anybody but a beginner, are not worth bothering with, except for the fact that to have any really good scene, the principle is to start out slow and lead your partner into not only wanting more, but into *begging* for more.

Clothes pins are light enough to whet the appetite for some real play that leads up to scenes out of the Roman Martyrology where St. Agatha had her tits torn off with redhot pincers. (Ask any guy who grew up in a Catholic school where he got his S&M start!) Clothes pins' one drawback is their color: they remind some guys of mommy's wash. Easy antidote: daub them black with boot polish.

MAIL-ORDER TORTURE

Phillips and Fein, 166 West 21st Street, NYC 10011, produce, for those who prefer mail-order convenience, a brochure called *Tit-Torture: Fantasy and Function* (*A Catalog for All Degrees*). Their "tit clamp restraints have been created to provide the sensation of being secured *directly* by the nipples. When the subject is bound into various positions, the added discomfort produced by struggle, resistance, or movement of *any* kind, is a constant, active stimulation, no matter which end of the Alligators you're on." One virtue of tit clamps, whether used for heavy S&M or for sensual fun, is that each pair is like an extra pair of hands introduced to the scene.

TWO TO TANGLE

Pleasant man-to-man tit play can be arranged by connecting two pairs of Alligator clamps together and then, chest to chest with your partner, clamping his left tit to your right one and his right one to your left one, the four clamps connected by a foot of chain. You'll stay close to each other! He'll get a direct reading of your mutuality as you lean back, because the pressure on his tits is the same as the pull on yours. Not only are you and your buddy linked directly with tit-to-tit communication and energy, but your hands are also free to conjure magic faster than the eye can see.

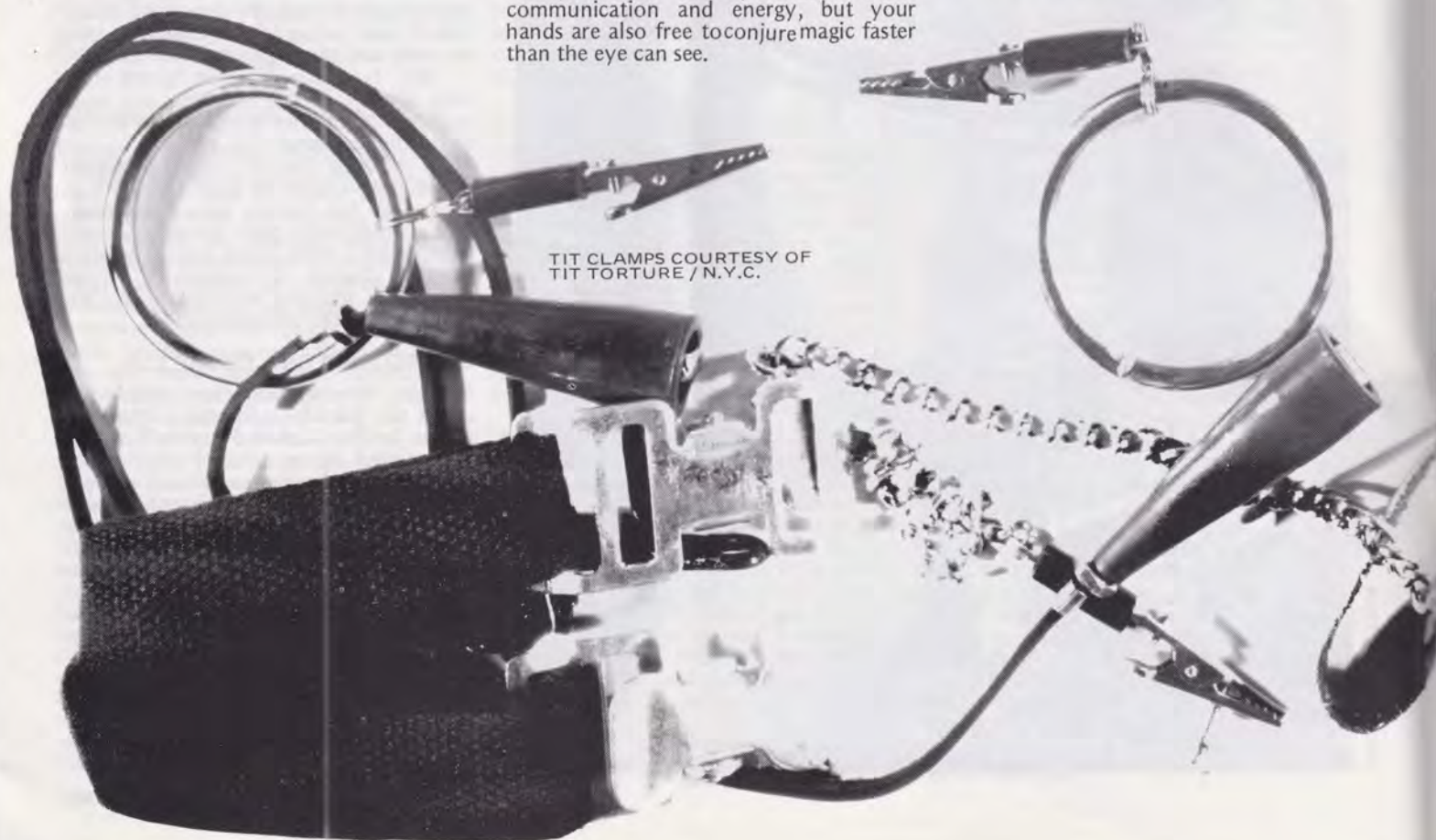
GUYS DO THIS TO EACH OTHER?

Phillips and Fein, besides wrist-to-ankle tit clamps, and tit-to-earlobe clamps, and magnetic tit clamps that add weight (as magnet after magnet is added), offer niceties such as the "Tit Whip," a seven-inch handle with 3½ inch leather thongs designed for concentrated application; and the "Nipple Whip" with flat rubber straps having hard spikey rubber points that leave "satisfying and exciting," but temporary, marks. For the Tit Freak who has everything, including a variety of gold rings for his pierced nipples, Phillips and Fein offer a Tit-Clamp silk-screened teeshirt. Sort of like wearing your "heart" on your sleeve!

PIERCED TO THE QUICK, QUICK!

Doug Malloy, the piercing expert of LA's Gauntlet Enterprises, says, "Piercing of the nipples is not really new. The proud Roman Centurions, Caesar's bodyguard, wore nipple rings as a sign of their virility and courage, and as a uniform accessory for securing their short capes. The practice was also quite common in the Victorian era to enhance the size and shape of the nipples. Today the lure of piercing is primarily a sexual one. It provides a mechanical 'tit'-ilation achieved by no other means. For many, especially men into bondage and discipline, and S&M scenes, tit piercing is a tremendous psychological turn-on."

Malloy recommends: "Where possible, piercing should be professionally done as placement determines the nipple's development, shape, and esthetic effect. While difficult to obtain unless one knows a sympathetic doctor, anesthetics are available for the faint-of-heart. Healing normally takes six to eight weeks and



TIT CLAMPS COURTESY OF
TIT TORTURE / N.Y.C.

is quickest where a retainer with straight post is used."

Malloy is a Master Piercer: nipples, navels, cock heads, and taints. (A *taint* is that stretch of skin between your balls and your asshole; it is called a *taint* because it t'ain't your balls and it t'ain't your ass.) But it can be effectively pierced and ringed. Malloy's informative and exciting catalog, "Body Piercing in Brief," is available from Gauntlet Enterprises, P.O. Box 3950, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

TIT BUDDIES: NYC FILTH

Fucking, sucking, and fisting are alltime favorites on the Sexual Top Ten. Titwork is next. The East Coast, longer than the West Coast, has enjoyed the pleasures of pecs. In SFO, when a man meets you he wants to shake your hand. A handshake is not so much an old American custom as it is taking the measure of a man. The Fist Cruisers care less about the size of your dick and more about the size of your glove. In NYC, the *Manhattan Hello* is "Tits and Pits": First you grab each others' nipples, and then one man or the other, or both, lifts an armpit for a quick sniffnlick.

TIT PRINCIPLE

Results are so underplayed and so hungry that to turn a man every which way including loose, all you have to go manfully to do is go manfully after his chest. If he follows you home, you can keep him.

INTERNATIONAL WRESTLING

In international Greco-Roman wrestling, "upper body techniques" score more points than a lot of diving for the legs. Globally in wrestling, Europeans easily



JOE TIFFENBACK



outclass American wrestlers because of their greater skill in what ABC-TV's WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS officially calls "Upper Body Techniques." Why leave it to the sensual Europeans? Sexually and sensually, titsports are an "upper body technique" worth the learning.

TITS FOR DAZE

Mantit training falls into educative classes. Tit response can be learned: self-taught or, better, tutored. You can roll your own, or enjoy a buddy-rub. Too many guys go for the kill too fast. What good are wrecked tits? Slow squeezing in the Big City will lay down more tread faster than apeline brutalization unless you happen to be into Neanderthal sex, which is also fun when the mood strikes.

With use, tits can grow hard like a dick and bigger like a bicep. Their connections are circulatory and muscular. In fact, among homomuscular men, big nipples have become a true sign of sensual adulthood.

Big nipples on a firm chest are definite status symbols.

Reach under a man's white cotton teeshirt. Run your hand up his furry, hard abdomen. Find the valley between the mounds of his pecs. Spread your hand like Van Cliburn stretching for the Big Octave. (Why do you think *Physique Pictorial* has for years given its hot models' measurements "nipple-to-nipple"? That's info for Tit Freaks!) If the mantits you touch grow hard and large like living leather, your touch can very definitely tell you all you need to know about the sundance in his butch eyes.

MAN2MAN QUARTERLY

Tits, Pits, Fists, Hard2Find Fetish Trips. Your sensual ad free with 1 yr. sub. \$5 check: MAN2MAN QUARTERLY, 115 Haight, Suite 2, SF 94102. Must state over 21.

NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS

W/M, 6'3", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs, cone shaped tits that never get enough, wants to meet/hear from heavy chested, big titted guys into long tit workout sessions. Live your nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine. Heavy titted torso friend available for threesomes. Box 451B.

TIT TORTURE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Guys who are turned on by tit torture . . . exchange experiences, fantasies. Bob Hughes, Box 333, Lyndhurst, NJ 07071.

NIPPLE FREAK

Wants to meet/correspond/exchange photos etc. with guys into their tits. Mine are big and always in need of hot workout. Into any kind of tit scene, hot to work over other guys nipples, and dirty talk. Box 20.

SAN FRANCISCO. Nipple action, w/m, 150 lbs., 32, seeks hot men with big tits for long tit work sessions, all scenes. Box 19.

ERECTION DEMOLITION

Expert, 30, seeks work, heavy tit play my specialty. Dark haired and hairy guys my turn on. Box 28.

A. JAY'S PECS O'TOOLE

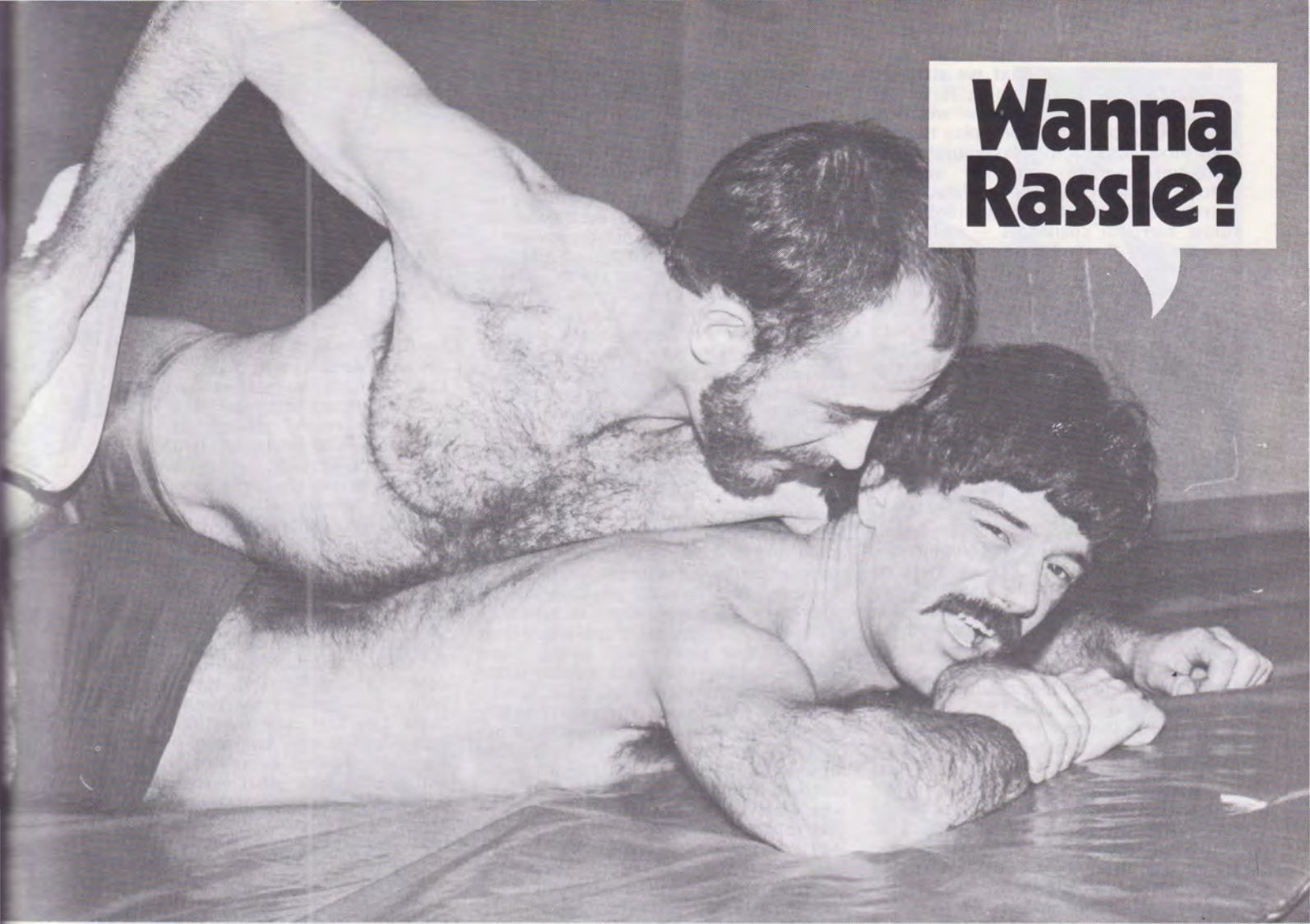
"Before all else," says Pecs O'Toole, A. Jay's chesty nipped Superhero, "whatcher lookin' for is hot mantits with good mileage and heavy tread!"

RED-HOT TITS

Oiled, tapered hulk, with close cropped head 'n' nuts, wants to clamp up and swap heavy fantasy scenes with other imaginative nipple/pec freaks. Your filthy/funky cassette tape gets mine! PECS, P.O. Box 11007, S.F., CA 94101.



Wanna Rattle?



The oldest sport in the world has recently become the hottest, fastest-growing sport in the macho gay community. Here's why.



Across the oil- and sweat-stained mat from me stands the hunkiest, hairiest man I've seen in years; rubbing his sinewy tattooed biceps, scratching through the thick black hair on his massive chest; he adjusts his straining cock inside his tight leather jock and tightens the laces in his black leather wrestling boots; I tuck the taut laces of my hood/mask up under the neck and secure the studded cockring around my hard cock; our strong hard bodies, soaked with oil, shine under the hot red lights. "All right, fuck-face!" he snarls, "let's rattle!"

There is something inside man — has always been something inside man — that draws him to wrestling as naturally as to breathing and eating. For earliest man, wrestling was a survival skill: the strongest and most agile outlived his predators and competitors. Despite Kubrick's 2007 contentions, man's first weapon was his body; wrestling, his first defense. So perhaps wrestling appeals to our first and strongest instinct — survival.

Or, if you believe that man has a natural inclination toward violence, then wrestling can be seen as the most direct outlet for that inclination. Catching a man's head in a vise-like headlock, squeezing the shit out of him with a body-scissors, driving your fist into his exposed ribcage, wrenching his neck with a full nelson — there is the attraction of doing violence to another strong man's body.

But no matter to what we attribute wrestling's appeal, one thing is a near certainty: none of us has *never* wrestled. From the unstructured horse-play tussling with other guys on the playground to the must-do-for-a-grade wrestling in high school; from the strictly regulated inter-mural meets on college teams to rough-house barroom challenges — each of us has wrestled at one time or another. And most of us enjoyed it. Some of us still do.

... we lock up collar-and-elbow, pushing and pulling, straining for position, testing each other's strength; I duck under his right arm, drop to one knee, hoist him onto my shoulder, and flip him over in a perfect fireman's carry; he hits the mat with a thud but rolls out of the way before I can pounce on top of him; in one lightning-quick movement, he is up on one knee, facing me, ready to tie up again...

As a sport, there is nothing easier to enjoy than wrestling. It is the simplest of sports, requiring no special equipment — no expensive gear, no hoops and nets, no protective padding and helmets. All you need is an opponent and enough space to throw him around — an uncluttered living room, the wrestling room at the YMCA, outside on the grass or the beach. Unlike the complicated, often indiscernible goals and strategies in, say, some team sports, the sole object of wrestling is to whip your opponent's ass by pinfall or by submission. And the unique reward of such a one-on-one man-to-man sort of competition is the combined potential for either sole blame or total acclaim: if you lose, you cannot blame lackluster teammates; if you win, you don't have to share the plaudits, the spoils.

This one-on-one nature of wrestling may well be the sport's strongest appeal to all men, gay or not. The pitting of one's strength, skill, agility, and endurance *directly* against another man's is as immediate, as elemental, and as rugged as competition can get.

While the above all applies equally to any kind of wrestling, from the tightly structured amateur/scholastic style to any number of rougher freestyle kinds of grappling, it all seems particularly true of the latter — the rough-house/freestyle wrestling. Even amateur/scholastic wrestling tends, for some of us, to become *too* structured, *too* restrictive; it becomes a far too rigid, imposed system of plotted and rehearsed maneuvering. The rougher, more primitive kinds of grappling seem much more basic, much truer to the combative function of wrestling: they replace restrictions with risks, replace systems with spontaneity. This freeing oneself from all restrictions — a return to instincts, an acceptance of basic inclinations — can produce an intense sensation of cathartic release for the combatants.

This wonderfully sensual catharsis in wrestling, in the enjoyment of a good hard-fought match with an aggressive, determined opponent, is particularly attractive to the macho gay crowd who wrestle. In the membership directories of the large gay wrestling clubs in the country, a vast majority of the hundreds of club members identify their wrestling preferences as "freestyle" or "pro" or "rough-house no-holds-barred." This

makes sense: a large part of being gay is the desire/need for unrestricted sensual contact with other men. And for many in the macho/leather/levi crowd, wrestling is a complete stripping — as it were — to the bone of their powers of sensuality.

... tying up with him and grinding our hard sweaty bodies into each other; he locks me in a bearhug, his large powerful arm crushing me tightly against his chest; the sweat runs down our chests, mingles with the slimy oil, and mats our thick coarse hair together; our hard cocks bang together and stab each other's groins; I grab a handful of hair, pull his head back, and pound my fist into his hard chest; when that fails to break his grip around my back, I drive my knee sharply into his low-hung balls...

Let's face it headlocks and hard cocks are an inseparable pair. Even all those professed straight boys in their polyester jersey singlets are known to throw good hard rods in matches (I've wrestled them and I've felt them). The primary reason for the erotic (sometimes) character of wrestling: the actual, physical man's-body-to-man's-body contact of wrestling is more intense and more prolonged than in any other sport. Legs tangle. Hard chests grind together. Back muscles strain and flare. Biceps harden and grow. Groins pound into taut asses. The sweat literally pours. Clenching an arm around your opponent's head in a headlock, or locking him in a scissors with your groins clamped together, or smashing your forearm down across the flared muscles of your opponent's back — or indeed, feeling a forearm pounded into your own back, or feeling two strong hairy arms clenched around your waist — these are all intensely sensual experiences. Often they are wonderfully erotic. For some, they are absolutely orgasmic.

Further, wrestling of any style affords a special fantasy-fulfillment trip to many men in the leathersex crowd: a *real* fight for *real* dominance; a chance to conquer and, in the truest sense of the word, *master* another man. Wrestling for position, to determine topman and bottom for a scene, "winner fucks loser," or whatever, can concretely reify the Master/Slave roles, especially for two aggressive men who both tend toward top. A man who has just conquered a worthy challenger, who has just earned "the victor's spoils," more fully understands — and deserves! — the role of Master; a man who has just submitted in three out of five hard-fought falls comes better to understand the meaning of real submission to another man, to his Master. The eventual top/Master receives tangible reward for having just demonstrated his superiority to one who has admitted his shit-face inferiority, and the bottom/slave more respectfully renders service to the man who has just earned the slave's service by whipping his ass. Wrestling for position thus adds another gruellingly sensual dimension to the mutual pleasures of S&M leathersex.

How much does wrestling's utility as a part of leathersex contribute to its rapid growth as the most popular, most widespread participatory sport among macho gay men? That's hard to say. But from the number of white terry cloth

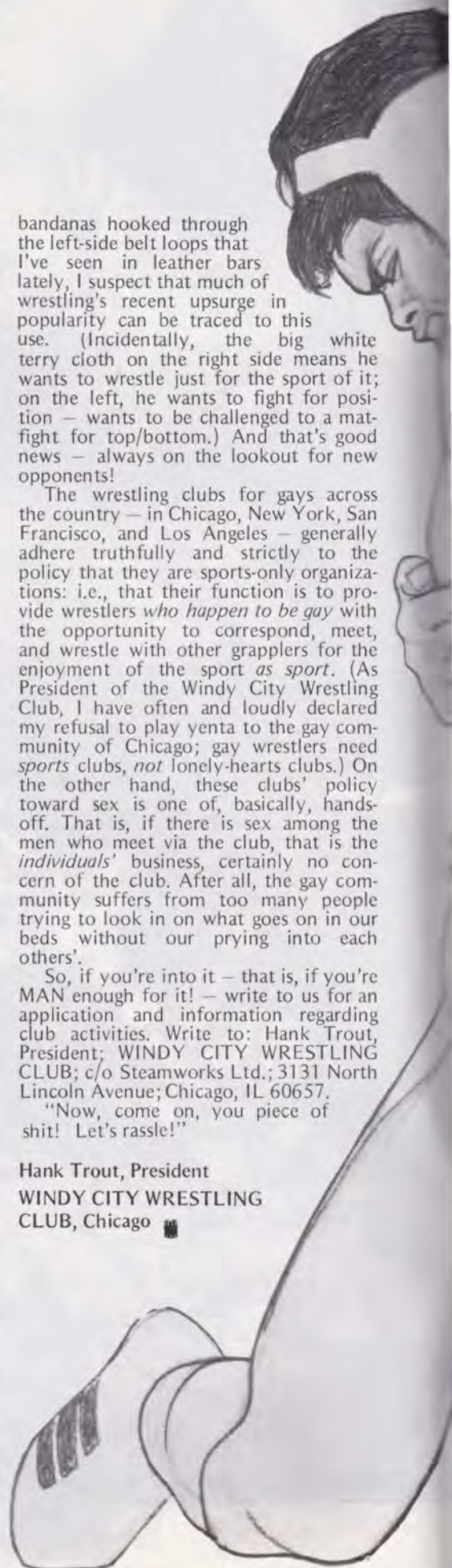
bandanas hooked through the left-side belt loops that I've seen in leather bars lately, I suspect that much of wrestling's recent upsurge in popularity can be traced to this use. (Incidentally, the big white terry cloth on the right side means he wants to wrestle just for the sport of it; on the left, he wants to fight for position — wants to be challenged to a mat-fight for top/bottom.) And that's good news — always on the lookout for new opponents!

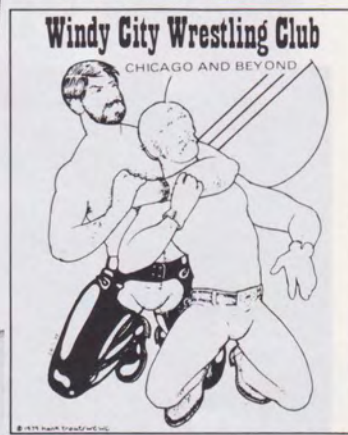
The wrestling clubs for gays across the country — in Chicago, New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles — generally adhere truthfully and strictly to the policy that they are sports-only organizations: i.e., that their function is to provide wrestlers *who happen to be gay* with the opportunity to correspond, meet, and wrestle with other grapplers for the enjoyment of the sport *as sport*. (As President of the Windy City Wrestling Club, I have often and loudly declared my refusal to play yenta to the gay community of Chicago; gay wrestlers need *sports* clubs, *not* lonely-hearts clubs.) On the other hand, these clubs' policy toward sex is one of, basically, hands-off. That is, if there is sex among the men who meet via the club, that is the *individuals'* business, certainly no concern of the club. After all, the gay community suffers from too many people trying to look in on what goes on in our beds without our prying into each others'.

So, if you're into it — that is, if you're MAN enough for it! — write to us for an application and information regarding club activities. Write to: Hank Trout, President; WINDY CITY WRESTLING CLUB; c/o Steamworks Ltd.; 3131 North Lincoln Avenue; Chicago, IL 60657.

"Now, come on, you piece of shit! Let's rattle!"

Hank Trout, President
WINDY CITY WRESTLING
CLUB, Chicago ■





MATT

DRAWING BY MATT

MEN UNDER STRESS MEDITATIONS ON

Manhattan. One Arthur Tress photograph is worth a thousand words; but meditations on Tress, like *Meditations on the Way of the Cross*, expose access to the secret world of masculinity at once dominant and submissive, esthetic and sexual, urban and urbane.

Tress' recent exhibition at New York's Robert Samuel Gallery hung as an insight into the night-time fantasy of *Male Apocalypse Now*. Tress is a man of distinction, a real big splendor, good to look at when so inclined. Eight hundred dollars: the complete Tress Portfolio. Robert Samuel Gallery, 795 Broadway, New York, NY 10003.

CODE 1: GIFTS OF NATURE

NYC. Subway under Sixth and Houston. Far above, horns honk. Plaster dust grinds into reluctant knees. Toes bend, hurt, slide back thru grit. Manvoice: soft, celebratory, commanding from outside frame of reference. "WORSHIP." Kneel. Bow slowly forward. Thick scent of manbucket rises to lowering face. Wet hands palm flat on crumbling floor. Screech-wheeling train roars past. Lost in the maze. Manhattan Minotaur. Love among the ruins. Total Genuflection. This room always cubed with dark men: tiled, wet; slam of black horseshoe seats against stained porcelain; streams of steaming tunnel dumps. Humid drips from fur-gray ceiling. Stalactite. All men gone now. But one: MANIMAL. Demolition. Terminal. LETTING GO. Finally free. Worship a man's essence. Eat and drink. For this is his Body. His worn leather boot, rich with woolsock sweat, remains planted firmly forever.

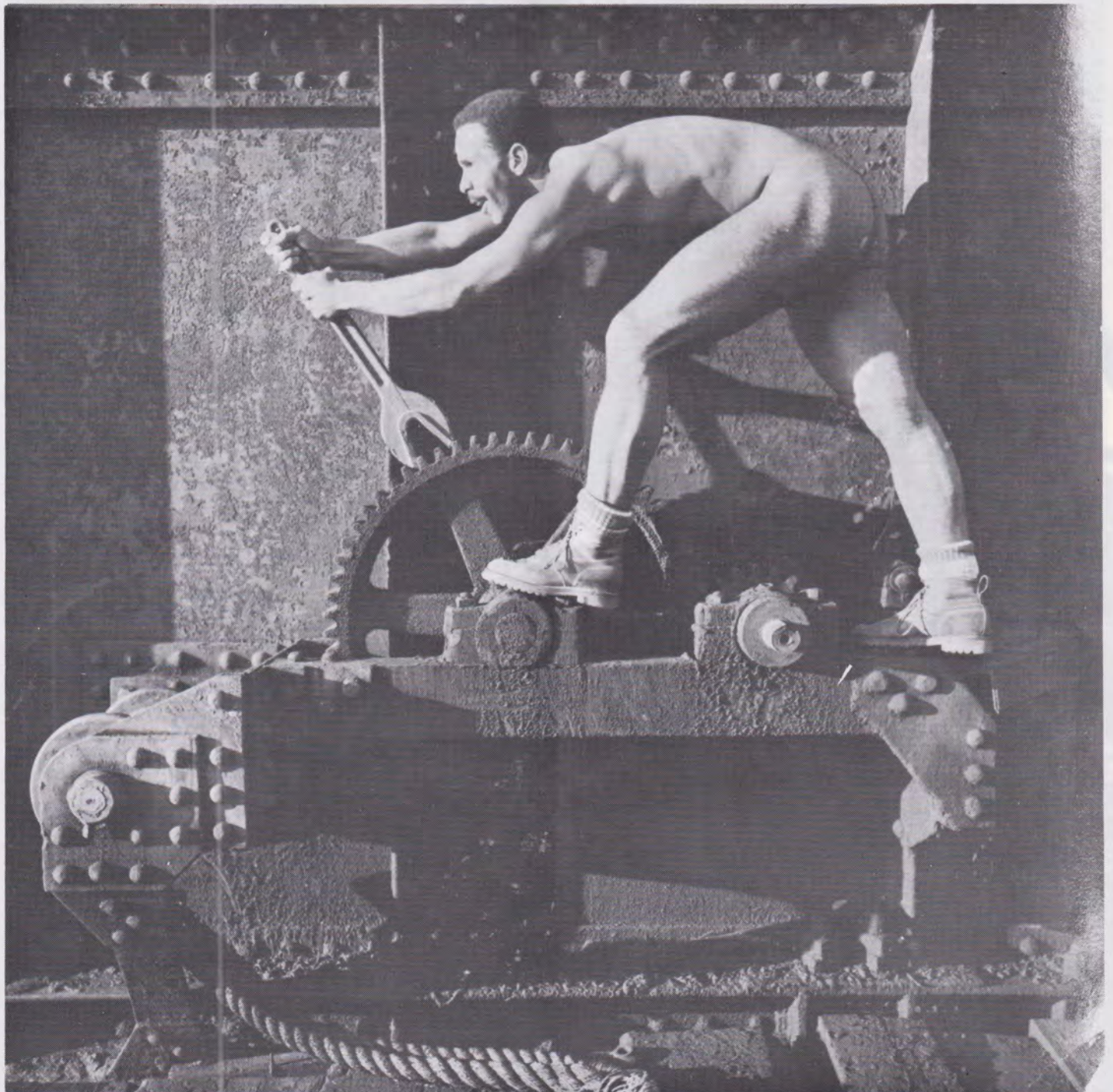


ARTHUR TRESS

BY JACK FRITSCHER

CODE 2: BLACK BOY

Delicious Black Boy. Chocolate-flavored Treat. Damn yummy. Satisfy tummy. Dark Midnight Special spreadin' everlovin' light from the Great Grinding Triangle buttressed, butt-Tressed, and footshod. Kinky. Hardhanded Tool Jockey. Frayed rope. Grease smell. Foolin' around, yeah, but meanin' Mean Machine. Tooth-cogs slipped by a moon from the darkside of the Man. Licks Hershey never knew.



MEN UNDER STRESS IN THE FIGHTING RA

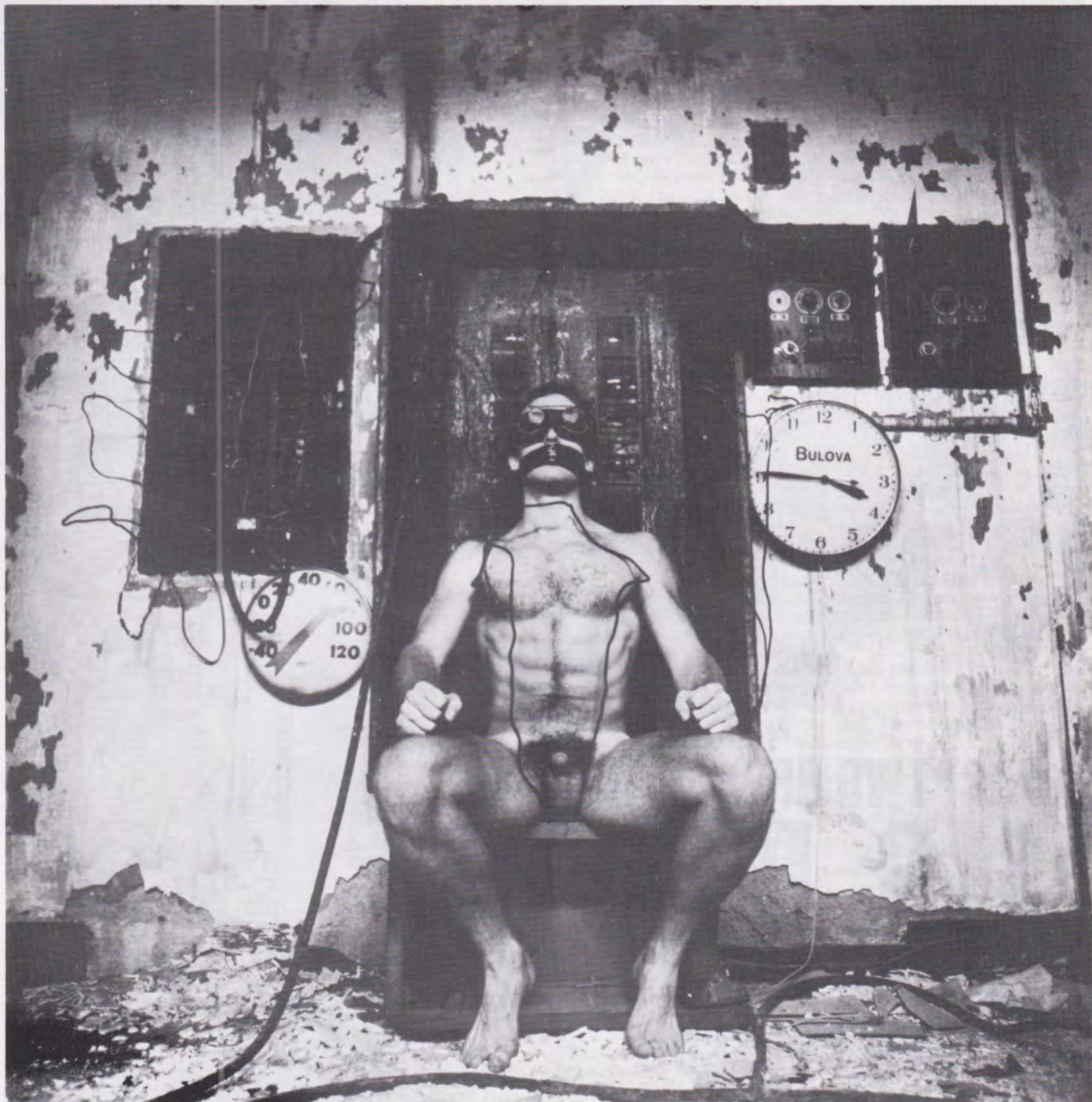
CODE 3: SEBASTIANE

Burnt-out, bound-up, slime-caked man, twisted, bent, pit-filth running wet, entrapped, snared, slings, arrows, outrageous fortune soldiers, beautiful matured man's face furrowed, mercenary warriors, heavy-booted executioners, stomp garbage, smoke, kick impatient shit, ignore agony well deserved, life-long shit, bearded crucichristus, get-it-over-with, lingering taste of cigar-fingers deepthroating, force-feeding battleworn crap, bloody uniform beating, gunsights, warriors' aiming eyes taking bead, warriors, harnessed, helmeted, eyes focussed, finally, full severe attention, aiming at the bound-up scum with the sentenced eyes, enduring eyes, the readiness before the aim and the fire, execution, an agony as now.



CODE 4: CONFESSION DE KAFKA CACA

Top Man, tough, needs topping: severe. A muscular, hairy hustler. Expansive dick. Expensive fists. Big feet. Will pay masculine men, 30 to 45. *Need man to get my attention and hold my interest.* Now. Former Paratrooper. Army Basic Training. Need Sophisticated Training. Now. Offbeat beatoff place. No calculated playroom decorated with toys. Real scene. Real man. Real price. Garage grease rack for grease-gun Firestone Radial trip. Abandoned loft or pier preferred. Gag, blindfold, wire me up. Your Big-Balled Voice holds me in the perfect obedience of ropeless bondage. Real workout torture. Exhibitionist into W/S, FF, TT, LA FILTH, rubber, leather, cigars, Aroma, sex, jox, pex, pits, catheters. Top me and worship me. You: sure of your male self. Me: all too able to turn the tables on you. No telephonies, and no one not understanding my mantra: Kafka rama, Hare rama, Kafka caca. If you get the pic, you get mine.



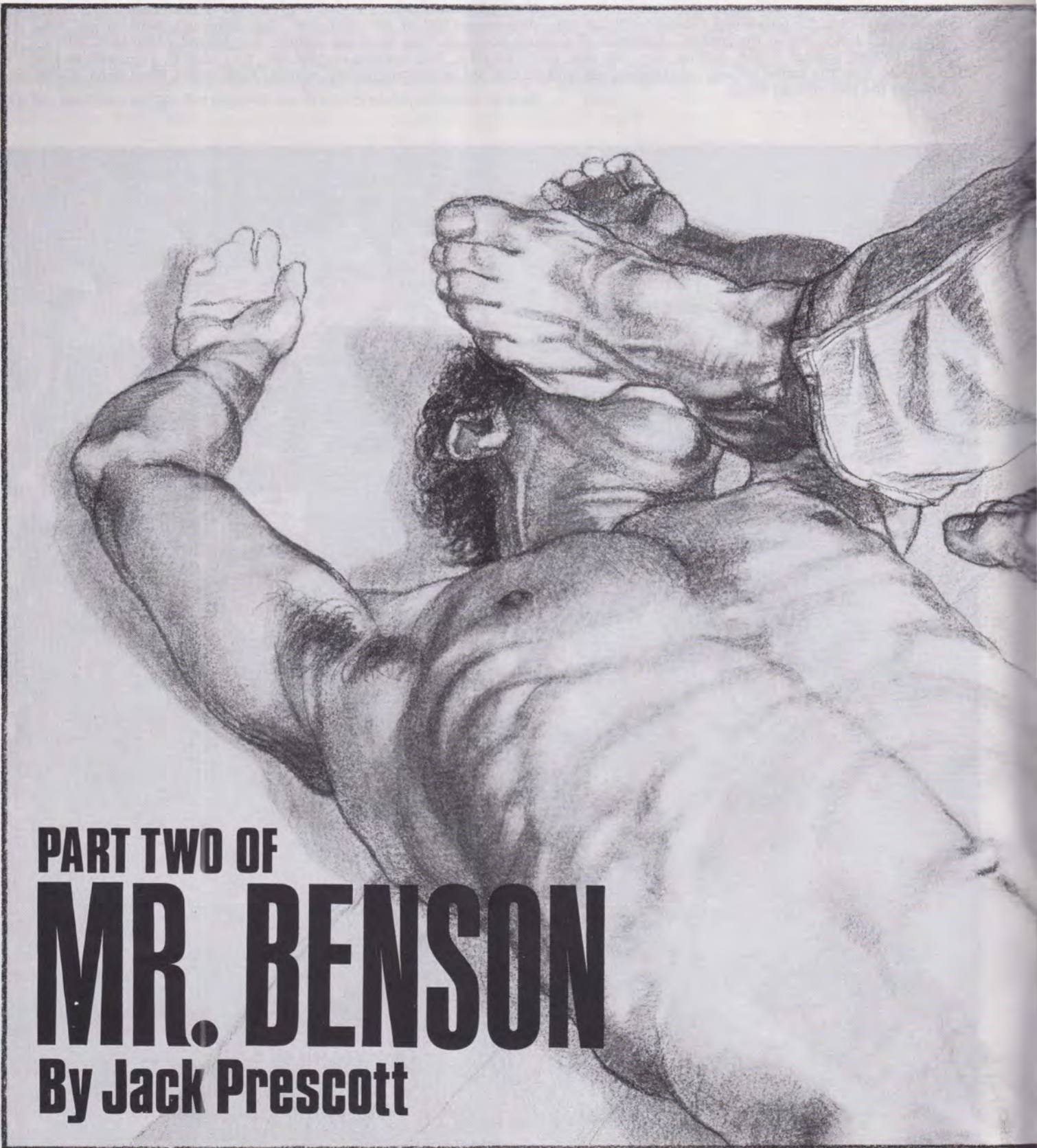
Mr. Benson kicked me awake the next morning. Not really hard or vicious, but enough so I knew it was a kick and not a nudge. My eyes opened to his wonderful balls hanging down over my face. Those beautiful nuts pressed toward my mouth like a double bucket ready to drop down a well.

Mr. Benson was not — repeat *not* — in a romantic mood. “Get up, asshole, I’m going to shower. You make breakfast: eggs, up; bacon, crisp; coffee, black. I eat in the dining room.”

Off he strode as I stretched against the downfilled bondage feel of my confining sleeping bag. My yawn helped me dis-

cover the tender spots on my ass where his belt had left the best of black and blue marks. Still, I felt good this morning! What I really wanted was to curl up in the sleeping bag and play with my piss hard, but Mr. Benson’s steaming shower reminded me that the kick in my side and the growled orders meant that last night’s roles weren’t forgotten. Yet. (Yet? Five years later they’re as rigid as that day!)

I jumped up and jaynaked headed into his enormous living room. I crossed islands of carpet towards the dining area. The kitchen was behind the door at the head of the bulky dark-



PART TWO OF MR. BENSON

By Jack Prescott

wood table. I pushed against the spring hinge into the midst of gleaming white and stainless steel.

A five minute hide-and-seek for utensils started the bacon frying, the toast, and coffee.

Now, five years later, I know it was a damn good thing I got that breakfast together fast. Mr. Benson's never been one to enjoy waiting, and his definition of a good mood in the morning means he's not actively glowering. I was too far from the bathroom to have heard the water turn off. I jumped when his voice boomed from the table, "Coffee!"



No explanation needed or offered. I found a mug and poured out the first cup that had dripped down into the pot. I pushed back through the door and found my new man wrapped in a heavy flannel bathrobe, already a few pages into the *Sunday Times*.

I put the coffee down beside him. His thick hair was wet and matted from the shower. His moustache looked more full than I had remembered against his smooth shaven skin. His clean fresh mansmell was one of the best highs I ever sniffed. Hardon!

Last night flashed before me: a real man who took what he wanted the way he wanted it, but who also showed pride and affection. My obvious hardon drove me back into the kitchen.

Five minutes later, I carried his breakfast through the door. He barely nodded. I placed it in front of him and left him silverware and refilled his cup. He only gave me less than grudging notice as he plowed through the sports page. I was foolish enough in those days to expect more. Now I appreciate what I do get when I get it.

When I came back to the table a third time, now carrying my own breakfast plate, I pulled out the chair to his right and began to sit when Mr. Benson said: "What th' hell are you doing?"

"Sir?" I almost shit.

"Don't dare plant your slave's ass in my home! On the floor, asswipe, remember your place! You eat on the floor!"

He pointed to the corner to his right. I took the plate and crawled over to the floor. Mr. Benson plays no games, no roles. Mr. Benson is totally Mr. Benson. I was not to use the furniture. His arm and pointing finger didn't relax until I had taken my assigned place. No games. I was getting clear on that!

My humiliation almost erased my appetite. I crouched with my plate on my lap and buried myself in a whole new series of emotions. Just a few minutes ago I had been happy to be cooking for my new man, proud of the body he had appreciated so much the night before, cocky of the muscles that had taken so much of his abuse, and anticipating an afternoon lounging around the house, hopefully having sex again.

Now I felt like shit.

The odor of body sweat almost tied in a sleeping bag all night, the pain of the welts covered with his cum and the stubble of a day's growth of beard joined with the shame of eating naked on the floor. Shit. Why didn't I leave right then. I was pissed at the motherfucker.

I know why I didn't leave. I have to confess. I know. I stayed because when the feelings were so intense, Mr. Benson parted his robe. He reached down and laxily scratched his crotch. His hand pulled away. His balls nestled back down on the chair. His cock drooped over them, hanging over the edge of the seat.

That was the main attraction: that masculine package of crotch with dark maned hair, protected by heavy hairy thighs. Taste. Touch. Smell. Five year's worth. Whenever I wonder why I've put up with this hardass bastard, I rerun memories of Mr. Benson's cock and balls.

I wolfed down my breakfast. What the hell! He wants me on the floor, I'll stay on the floor. I bussed my plate to the kitchen and cleared his place so he could spread out his papers. His coffee cup was empty. I decided if I was into this, I might as well do it to it; so I filled his cup for him.

He hardly grunted.

Standing over the sink, I realized for the first time just how enormous the apartment was. My whole flat would have fit into the large living room. And I thought, really for the first time, how wealthy he must be. Who was he?

After I had dried the last plate, I was at a loss. Shower? Dress? I tried to anticipate: what does a slave do without orders? That's what I was now, *a slave*. He had brought me to the pitch of saying the word myself last night; he had accepted me. So what now? What was this going to mean, being a man's slave, in a country that had taken away a man's right to be a slave. Fuck Abe Lincoln!

Finally I came to an inevitable conclusion: I obviously wasn't going to sit up at the table and read the paper; I hardly presumed to use his bathroom to take a shower; I wasn't supposed to dress. So, I went back into the dining room, haunched down in my corner, and damned my luck when I saw his robe had been pulled shut. I pulled my sleeping bag around my bruises and dozed, fully aware, like a puppy always aware of his master's feet.

Mr. Benson must have found that acceptable; when I opened my eyes, he was finishing the last section. Mr. Benson loves his *Sunday Times*, and I know now that takes at least an hour. When he had finished the last page, he pushed back his chair, threw his arms up and stretched. Only his spine touched the back of the chair and the tips of his toes pointed on the floor. This time when his robe pulled open, his whole hairy torso woke me to an instant hardon.

When manimal yawn was full stretched, he collapsed back into the seat. Scratching his balls, he smiled: "Come here, boy."

I jumped up beside him. He pulled my neck down, "Suck my pex."

I was amazed at his sudden acknowledgement that I existed. I've come to expect his sudden sexual energy. I bent over and took his heavy pec in my mouth and sucked smoothly. One hand held steady on my neck. The other pumped his own cock while he purred into my ear, "Nice, boy . . . that's right . . . suck on daddy's tit . . . use your tongue, boy . . ."

Did he mind when I reached up and took his muscle in my hand, pushed his heavy flesh up into my face and rubbed his thick hair against my skin? His pointed dark red nipple hardened against my rubbing tongue. I was almost, but not quite, forgetting his stiff rod being fisted only two feet from my mouth.

"Suck, man! Make Mr. Benson feel real good. Work for him, man. Make him cum, yeah. Make him shoot off his load in your slave belly while you suck his chest, man . . ."

His hand held harder against my neck. His abs tensed and began to heave, tight definition on his muscular belly. "Work it, asshole . . ." His voice commanded: "Suck me!" His fist was flying. A wad of cum shot out and slammed against my head, and another, and a third landed on his belly and sponged my cock. Then more poured out of his cock, down over his dark hair.

I stood, still bent over him, softly nibbling his pec. When his breathing became more regular again, he pushed my face down across his heavy belly: "Worship it. Lick it off."

My tongue cruised down the trail of body hair, sucking up the meat and cum, licking up the clear salty run off that had spurted foamy white only seconds ago. I knelt in complete adoration to close in on his softening cock and suck on his tight hair, cleaning it small strands at a time. I'd suck on clumps and tongue them up straight from his body where they'd stand with my wetness. Once again, I longed for his cock. I knew not to take it without permission.

Finally, he stood. "Good boy." He patted my head. "Go shower. I left a towel out for you, and a razor. Be quick. I have words for you."

I jumped up. My hardon bobbed up and down. No use to cover it. Only 24 hours ago I would have been embarrassed by a hardon, squeamish about how my body was used or exposed, but Mr. Benson already made me forget that fagshit! It was natural I should be naked, natural my body should be used this way by a man obviously superior to me. I bought the whole nine yards: Mr. Benson was my superior!

I thought about that under the warm shower. Everything in my background denied the idea that any one man was better than any other. But, I wondered about myself now; my bland middle class background obviously sucked when placed in the context of this man's lifestyle. Funny how superiority will tell even through leather and jeans. There was something obviously worshipful about Mr. Benson — more than the money. And, I realized for the first time, there was something obviously lacking in me.

The truth was in another time and another place, I would have in fact, in bondage, in torture, been this man's slave.

That thought came while I shaved. I fantasized about Mr. Benson the sheik and me the Arab boy whose life depended on my master's whim. My cock shot straight up against the cold porcelain sink.

I wiped the last shaving cream from my face. I had a vision of Mr. Benson the Norseman and me the English peasant he'd just kidnapped to take back to Vikingland for God only knew what nightmarish existence.

I was beating off by the time Mr. Benson had become a Turkish potentate and I was a captured yeoman from the crusaders' armies, standing in front of him while he decided whether or not to deball me into a eunuch. I shot straight in

the air when he decided, no, that he had harder ways to use me.

There I was, living in the east quarter of the twentieth century, debating the issue of slavery, naively touching issues and ideas that had toppled empires and torn apart countries. And I was arguing the losing side. The world sure was fucked. Still is.

But, I know now, there was something very serious about what was going on through my mind. I was seriously wondering about who I was in relationship to this man. There was nothing that had happened that led me to believe for a second that this was a potential "boyfriend" or a potential "lover" in any Christopher/Castro/Folsom sense that I had experienced. The differences were all in his favor. The only things I had going for me were a body he found attractive and a willingness to do something to make him happy. If I needed fantasies to justify the degradation and humiliation he would demand, then let it be. I was deciding that Mr. Benson was the man I wanted to love. If class and money and age were going to separate us, I would use my sexuality and a willingness to be powerless to overcome them. I would be a slave in order to love this man. Everything that had been programmed into me was, compared to Mr. Benson, just so much shit.

The real decision was made when I walked clean and refreshed into the main room and saw him. He couldn't have heard my bare feet and he didn't look up as I stood mesmerized in the doorway looking at a vision of manhood I thought was the most perfect I had ever imagined.

The marble fireplace burned real logs. Fire and heat and Mr. Benson dominated the room. Mr. Benson sat to the left in a brown leather chair with one leg casually thrown over an arm. He was reading a small, old looking bound book; the Brandenburg Concerti played on the stereo. He looked perfectly dressed in the thermal shirt and old faded jeans he had changed into, but he was perfect. The room, the setting, the fire joining one reading lamp against a grey New York winter afternoon sky, the clothes, and the posture that was no pose all had in common: perfect masculinity. Here was a man worthy of being my master.

I was torn between wanting to take all this in and wanting to demonstrate my emotions. The need to act took over. I went over to him and knelt on the floor, spreading my willingness to sacrifice before him. I reached my head over and lightly kissed his bare foot once, then again and again till I finally took the biggest toe into my mouth and lovingly sucked on it. Just like that; spread out, feeling the whole front side of my body on top of the rough wool, my head resting on its side on the floor sucking on the only part of my man's body that even began to fit my unworthy mouth.

I stared at his feet. They were large. The skin on the bottom was rough. Calloused. The top was perfect. Proportioned. I was so close I could trace the thick veins that matched the muscle vascularity of his cock. I traced the delicate lines of smaller blood vessels. I watched the throbbing of the artery just above his heel. I could count the hairs that grew thick over the top of his foot. Mr. Benson's foot! My master's foot!

After a few minutes, he pulled his toe away and rubbed the tips of all five toes back and forth across the slit of my open mouth, running the toe nails against my teeth.

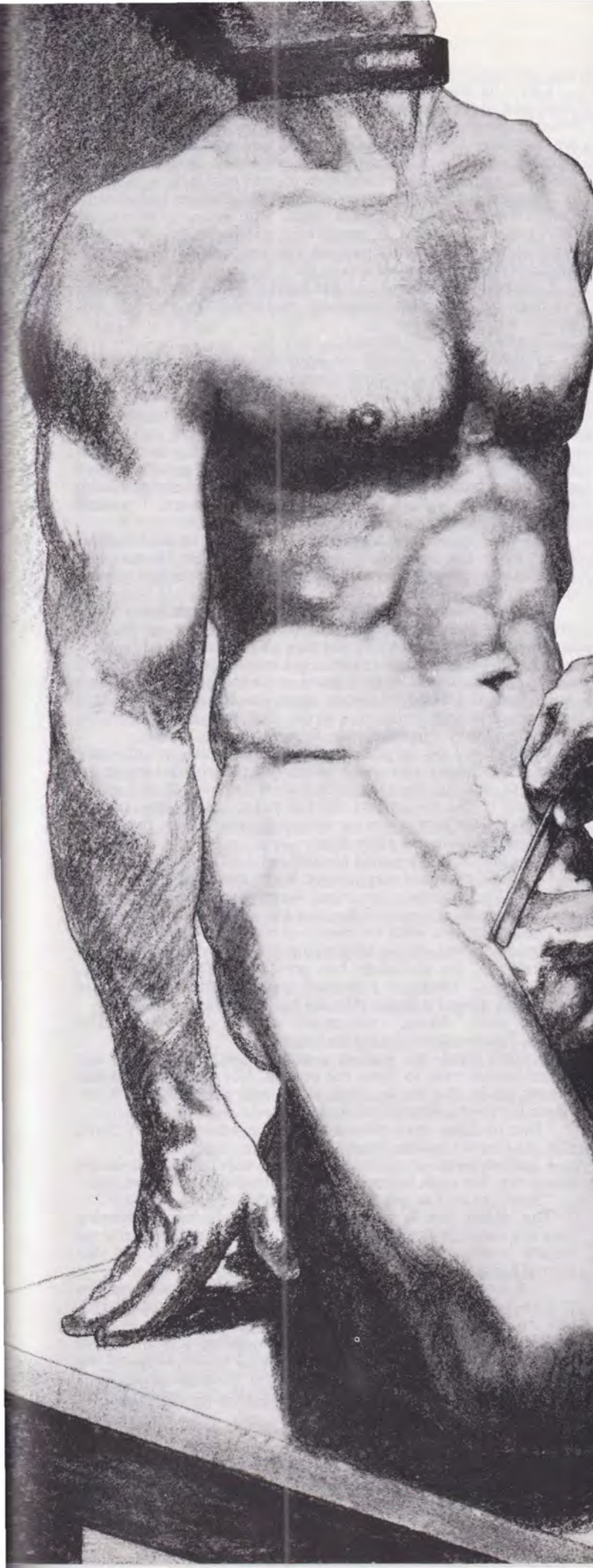
Then, slowly, he changed the pattern and brought the soles of his feet up and grated the worn skin against my lips. Each swing he would press down harder, forcing my mouth further open until my jaws were pried apart, my neck against the floor. He forced me to turn over on my back by subtly manipulating my head. My arms were spread over my head, my legs were angled open beneath my hard cock pulsating on my belly.

Mr. Benson's next words shocked me. He's kept me on my guard all these years, made me fear for changes in mood; he's thrown me with the unexpected. But I never suspected that this would come from him then: "You better go home now."

My eyes must have shown my bewilderment, but he added nothing more.

"Have I done something wrong, sir?"

"No, you haven't done anything wrong. I'm just not sure about you. And I'm not convinced you know about yourself. You see, boy, I'm not into playing a lot of games with some little disco doll who thinks he might be into S&M. If I'm going to bother investing a lot of time in one person, I want to know he's going to be worth my time; it's not enough that the one



gets off on it. You've wanted these experiences, but what are you going to give me back. You're not going to drain my energy."

My ears burnt with embarrassment over the *disco doll* phrase. Disco doll! Give him back? "What do you want, sir?"

"Everything. That's the point. Everything. I want control of the situation and of you. I want your body whenever I want it without any crap from your head. I want obedience, sex, loyalty, energy. I want a man here who has no allegiance to anything but me and my cock. You're not that man. You'd still be looking, probably. You'll get back to that attitude you had last night. You haven't the experience to know better yet. I'm not in the business of being a teacher."

My fantasies evaporated. He was putting me out. Just like that. Into the street. Back into the bars. I stayed on my back on the floor and looked him straight in the eye, "How can I prove myself to you? How can I show you that I do understand what you're saying, sir? That I do want to make a commitment to you?"

"Last night you taught me more than I had ever thought of knowing. You showed me what makes me happy. What I've been missing. I know it's only been one night, but one night can start everything. I'll gladly abandon any attitude I had to be with you on your own terms. I need to be with you. After you, everything else will be phony."

Something I had said, or how I had said it, had set Mr.

DRAWINGS BY BRICK

Benson off. He looked thoughtfully for a brief while and then finally responded, "I want you to go. Go home. Think. When you are very sure, call me. But know when you do call me — if you call me — that I'm going to put you through a test that will be your own version of hell. Know that if you call me, I'll expect unquestioning service from you. I'll expect you to be a slave. Not a trick. Not a lover. Not a person. Just a piece of ass wipe. My personal servant. No games. No breaks. No headaches. My pleasure. My timing. My rules."

I lay stock still, my cock so rigid from his words I thought I'd shoot right then and there. But Mr. Benson turned back to his book. I was no disco doll. I obeyed. I dressed. When I came back to him, he handed me a piece of paper. I took it and, determined to keep myself together, silently followed him to the elevator door and waited for the cage to arrive.

The operator was not the same man as the night before and he was mercifully silent on the way down. I needed quiet to sort out my thoughts about the glorious man I had just left. Was the one night all he had to offer? No, the control he had exerted this morning had shown more. Was he just being kind and letting me down easy by sending me home? No, he wouldn't have left the option of returning if I had failed the "audition." I had to treat him with trust. I knew that even five years ago, that to deal with Mr. Benson was to deal with trust and respect or none of it would work.

Call when sure, he had said. OK, I should have stopped at the first pay phone. The secrets Ma Bell knows! But I knew he wanted me to think and decide. All right, I'd do that. Especially about the threat of a test. The ad-lib belt marks on my ass showed me that a planned test by Mr. Benson would be nothing to take lightly. Was I really ready for that: was he worth *anything*? And was he really so special that it was worth never looking again for another man?

Just in time to answer my question, I walked right into the oncoming figure of Larry. I was so deep in thought I never had a chance to lessen my pace even a slight bit. Larry, the omnipresent flannel-shirt-levi stud in every bar in New York. Hulk-ing, tall Larry, now as always, in full uniform: construction boots, letter jacket, flannel shirt, and button-fly jeans with two buttons open to show a gleaming white jockstrap. The light brown moustache completed the image of every male impersonator on Christopher Street. But hot, at least hot enough for a slave. Larry. Whom I'd wanted everytime I'd seen him; who had always smiled, but never responded to me sexually.

"Look where the fuck you're going!"

"Sorry, Larry."

"Hey guy, almost didn't recognize you." He smiled and slapped my shoulder. Small talk. I tried to focus on him instead of Mr. Benson. Finally, it dawned on me that after a year of cruising him in the bars, Larry was now interested in me. A Godsend! A fucking Godsend! Here was my test. Here was, at least, irony! Would I turn on to Larry as I had to Mr. Benson?

I perked up, flashed my teeth back at his, slouching to show ass, nonchalantly opening my jacket to show bare skin under the brown leather. He liked that. A lot. The let's-fuck invitation to his apartment followed fast.

A good test. Good because Larry pretty soon had my attention. Good because I found myself impressed by this bargod. Maybe Mr. Benson was right, if I could change over so quickly, maybe I wasn't really ready. I think about the encounter of five years ago often. What if it had been different? I was only 25 then. What if I hadn't ended up with Mr. Benson?

But those are idle thoughts. I did end up with Mr. Benson. And I know now that Larry was a big part of the decision. He had my attention. But he couldn't hold my interest!

Mr. Benson lived at One Fifth Avenue; Larry lived in Chelsea. Back then, with my former gay values, they somehow balanced one another. Mr. Benson's independent lifestyle versus Larry's life as king of the gay ghetto. I couldn't long keep them on a par. As soon as I walked into Larry's cramped apartment. I knew he'd have been better off with the *Architectural Digest* faggotry. His furniture was supposed to look imported — from France, not Korea. The carpet was Korvettes; the prints were cliched repros of Gauguin, Utrillo, and Rembrandt. Poor Gauguin. Poor Utrillo! Poor Rembrandt! Poor Larry! Poor me! A man usually fucks in the same style as he lives.

Larry lit the obligatory joint. I sat on his couch. Larry chattered more than he conversed. He compounded his sin of interior decor: he liked all his shit. This, I was beginning to see was why I wasn't gay anymore! Gay was disco. Gay was interior decor! I was leaving gayness. I was into, purely, at least beginning to understand man-to-man relations.

I longed for Larry to start. I guess Mr. Benson had already taught me to let the topman begin. But when he started to light the second joint, I sensed his basic insecurity. My hand reached his crotch and popped the buttons to expose the whole of his oft-glimpsed jockstrap.

I cupped the mound and got hard thinking about burying my face in it, almost breathing my lifebreath through the sweaty web of his Bike.

"In the bedroom," he said.

I followed him through the door. Never judge a bed by its cover, out this was a Bloomie's window! I tossed myself on the bed trying to keep hard with thoughts of that wonderful jock in my mouth when Larry began to strip. Undress? Himself?

"You too."

I shrugged. I had only my jacket, jeans, socks, and embarrassing Adidas left after last night. I stripped quickly. Larry stood clad only in his jockstrap. He blew up his chest in pride and obviously waited for an appreciative remark. I wanted some nasty head cheese. Instead: *quel fromage!*

All the flannel and denim had costumed a pale hairless body. Firm but no muscle. No command bulk. He was like Superman in reverse. He was Clark Kent and I was just getting used to NOT being Lois Lane.

He came over and laid on top of me. His flesh was cool to my touch. He kissed me. His mouth felt strange on lips still tasting of the worship of Mr. Benson's tough calloused feet.

I tried. God knows I tried to get into the gay spirit of the whole gay ritual. We both wanted to be the bad little boys we never were. I ground my groin up to meet that jockstrap that now was his only redeeming virtue. But he missed badly. No offense to Larry. He wasn't Mr. Benson.

"What can I do for you, sir?" I had jerked my mouth away from his to finally spit those words out. Maybe if I could get him into digging his own jockstrap I could pull this off. I hardened to the thought of the full pouch and of him pissing through it, the warm shower spraying out through the fabric and running down my eager face.

"Not 'sir.'" Larry pulled himself up.

"None of that role-playing shit. We're *both* men."

God! Today there's too many ways to be gay. You need a fucking computer just to figure out the hanky code.

I soon realized what he meant as his lips came down to rejoin mine in one of his blubbery kisses. My cock drooped: the uniform, the jockstrap, him grinding away on top of me, but I bet . . . I bet . . . I reached down to his macho ass and tentatively poked a finger into the hidden hole.

The loud "Aaaaaa" was proof enough. No wonder The Village People played on his reel-to-reel!

I didn't need the sudden gymnastics as Larry rolled our joined bodies over to force me on top. Nor did I need his legs jerking up in the air to come down and clasp my waist between his thighs. Then his mouth started.

"Just buddies, man. Real buddies. Be a buddy, man. Stick it in. Fuck your buddy, man . . ."

I pulled away as violently as if I were drowning in his insecurity. My cock bobbed out from his thighs' clutches.

"Sorry, man. I've got to go to the john."

The oldest line in gaydom allowed me to escape panting into the toilet in the hallway. Inside, I closed the door and sat on the bowl and tried to collect my thoughts about this idol turned bottom and about my reactions.

A world of flannel clones living in Chelsea walk-ups. Was that the alternative to Mr. Benson? I think the deciding factor was my glancing over to the sink and seeing a bar of soap sitting there proudly wearing a Bloomingdale's "B." No Larry was no substitute for Mr. Benson. I tested him, and the former me, a little more by opening the medicine chest. Cans of hairspray and Brut deodorant and Macho cologne. Predictable.

By now my cock had shriveled. I quickly went into the bedroom and put on my clothes. Larry watched me while he smoked a Marlboro.

"So you are into all that top/bottom shit." I suddenly realized that this was really the first time he could have seen

the marks on the back of my body. He had probably figured it out without their witness though, given how I'd been reacting.

"Yeah, I guess so." I lied as I tied my sneakers. I had to go buy my boots at Stompers.

"Poor little fairy, doomed to look for a knight on a black charger for the rest of your life. Don't you know there are no real men in gay life?"

"No, I don't know that, Larry." I looked him right in the eye.

"There are only make believes. You take the hot, real thing, kid. And make yourself as happy as you can with that."

"I'm not willing to do that, Larry. I believe there are some men able enough to be men. I'm only 25. I'm going to keep on trying to give and trying to find someone man enough to take."

"Pretty young fool. Go ahead. You are young. Go ahead and try. None of us are going to blame you for trying. But we will all tell you we told you so when you come back. Remember *The Naked Civil Servant*. Crisp said, 'There is no tall dark man.'"

I didn't respond. I left. Quickly. Down the stairs and onto 8th Avenue. I wasn't fleeing. I was leaving behind a sad figure who tried to hide his own failings in criticism of me. I was also leaving behind what I had, before Mr. Benson, been headed for.

It was cold on the Avenue. I missed my teeshirt as the wind off the river blew in my jacket. I walked thoughtfully home to my own Chelsea apartment only a few blocks from Larry's. Loud disco music blared some welcome through the doorway. I nearly collapsed in a sigh.

"Oh, shit."

My roommate was listening to The Village People. They were everywhere! Larry gave me a chenille bedspread to match Mr. Benson's leather sheet, and my own roommate, cloned out of the likes of Larry, met the challenge of the Brandenburg Concerti with The Village People! The Gay lifestyle is a conspiracy.

I opened the door and walked through a cloud of marijuana. Jimmy and a trick sat ripped to the tits in the sparse living room. Our resources had mercifully kept us from any pretensions of style. At least, borderline poverty was honestly comfortable.

Funny. I liked Jimmy a lot in those days. I wanted to tell him everything about the evening. The hot man, the hot sex, the fantasy, the reality. At first, he and his friend stared at me through glazed eyes. They perked up at mention of the penthouse. Their wide-eyed interest in money turned sour when I described the sweet, sweet piss-drinking climax to my evening with Mr. Benson.

"I wish we gay people would stop degrading ourselves so," Jimmy said.

"It wasn't degrading, Jimmy. I mean, it was *him* I was drinking. It was a communion. It was his sacred water, man. His gift."

"You're sick," the tricksie chimed in. "How could you?"

"How'd it taste?" Jimmy owned up to a little more interest.

"I really don't want to hear about it," tricksie said. "Some things are best left to wharves and backrooms."

"Though it was penthouse piss," Jimmy said.

"The rich are always the most perverted. Look at Patty Hearst. Fucked by a nigger. Married to a cop. They can't deal with their power."

"Mr. Benson can!" I said.

"What his name?" Jimmy asked.

"Mr. Benson."

"His first name?"

I took out the paper with the telephone number. "Aristotle Benson," I read.

They laughed. I was struck by how apt it was: Aristotle, teacher of young men.

"Well if you want to be Ari's Jackie, sweetheart..."

I gave up and went into my own room, barely keeping the departure civil. I laid on my unmade bed and thought. I looked around at the disheveled room. The centerfolds from *Drummer* were the only wall decorations. My Christopher Street drag, really no better than Larry's, was the only clothing visible. I thought about the one suit hanging in the closet for work tomorrow. At a forcrissakes insurance company.

A picture of my family was on the bureau. Middleclass.

Middlewest. Middle-aged. Their life so different from mine that mileage was not the only distance.

Now suddenly, my gay "brothers" like Larry and Jimmy were leading lives as alienated as my family's.

Mr. Benson: The only person to kindle intensity in me in years was Mr. Benson.

I felt trapped. Sunday. Shades of *The Madness of Taby Bright!* What can you do at this time on a Sunday? The Ramrod! New York's favorite weekend leather bar would be hot even this early.

I jumped into full costume. A little heavier this time. Constructionboots. A black tee shirt. Less is more.

I grabbed a cab at the corner.

The Ramrod was as full of men as I had hoped. A veritable sea of black leather. Certainly here, I could find some men to match my Mr. Benson. I got a beer at the bar and looked around. Motorcycle cops and bodybuilders and fantasy men lounged through the room. Pick and choose!

Fuck Mr. Benson. I'd show him. He was right. I was still looking for Mr. Goodfuck.

My first mark was a man wearing more leather than the animal that had died for his skins. A heavy black moustache and a ring through his left ear projected such harshness and brute force that I no longer cared about Mr. Benson's natural command preserve. Here was something to kneel to. Man, I thought back then that I could have tasted his cock right there, standing there in the bar. I sucked down the beer, glared at his blunt face, saw a glance come my way from underneath the leather cap.

I went over beside him. Sweat. Welcome tension. My armpits ran as I thought about the loft I was sure he lived in. Chains suspended from exposed beams. I saw spotlights focused on my own flesh, naked and open to this he-man's fist. "Mary! What are you doing here! And in full drag!"

I was stunned when another full-dressed leather number came up to my prey and started to talk. Talk shop. And shop was the stock market. And then they talked about their children. Children? That had me thrown for a loop until I suddenly realized that their children were pedigreed dogs. I shoved through the crowd, desperate to leave before I found out that their children were poodles.

I went into the dark back. Not a real "Backroom," but a place where a group of hunky looking men could stand around and stare at one another and cruise the line shuffling slowly towards the urinals. I got my attitude together and hit the center of the room. I spread my legs and watched the piss line. Started to check their crotches. I hardened thinking about their golden shower flowing out into the bowls. Thinking about licking. Drinking. Fuck. Mr. Benson and his overwhelming self-assurance. No, I looked at the one in a black undershirt slouched against the wall as he waited his turn.

The Ramrod was no place to drink piss. But the basket on that number! I glared at his middle. I was so intent on mid-section that I was shocked when I did look up and saw him staring back at me. Hot, man. Here's one I could get it on with real good. I opened my mouth to show interest when suddenly it dawned on me. I had to stop for a minute and think. It couldn't be, but it was. There on his right side hung a set of heavy keys, and in the back right pocket a bright yellow hankerchief. Another bottom.

By now I was dejected. Weren't there any tops left in New York City?

I could try one more beer. See what else came in. I could, and I could end up doing that for every night this year. I was not going to meet another Mr. Benson on Sunday afternoon at the Ramrod. I never have figured out why he had been in the other bar in the first place. Why I had happened to run into him that one night. But it dawned on me that it would be many nights before I ever met him in a bar again. If I ever even met the likes of him in a bar again.

I sadly put down my bottle and wove my way through the crowd. Decisions had been made. It was time I put it on the line. My own inclinations that afternoon had been right. I would call Mr. Benson and tell him that now I knew that the only way for me to live, by night and by day, was as his one and only slave: tits, tongue, testicles, and toilet.

Whatever. I was ready.

Men need to worship other men.

Mr. Benson was to be my master.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

JAG-U-LATION
COMICS
PRESENTS
HARRY CHESSE
BY
A JAY
PART FIVE OF THE
**DAREDEVIL
DOLL GAPER**

AT THE FOUR-STAR CLIMAX OF OUR LAST HUM-
PING EPISODE, OUR THREE FUGG AGES WERE
INCHES AWAY FROM SIZZLING PERIL! THE SCENE
WAS THE BASEMENT OF GHOUL'S GYM IN VENICE,
CA. WHERE THE FUNKY AIR STINKS OF JOCK SWEAT AND
MILDEW. HARRY CHESSE AND RANCID AGNEW WERE
CAPTURED AND FORCED INTO RESTRAINING STOCKS
BY THE SADISTIC LEWD LEATHER. THE MERCILESS LEWD
HAD CLAMPED STEEL BANDS ON THEIR COCK 'N'
BALLS AND SHOVED THE END OF THE ATTACHED
CHAIN INTO AN OVEN OF RED-HOT COALS! OUR
SQUIRMING TWO-SOME WERE LEFT TO THEIR
OWN DEVICES AFTER LEWD RUSHED BACK TO HIS
DANK LAB TO CONTINUE HIS MYSTERIOUS 'EXPERIMENT'.

THEIR ONLY HOPE WAS MICKEY MUSCLE, WHO
WAS LAST SEEN INSIDE THE STOREROOM ONE
FLOOR AWAY AND WHO WAS ABOUT TO BE FORCE
FUCKED BY THE HORNY VAL VETTA...A.K.A. "THE
POLISH PISTON". VAL IS WORLD FAMOUS FOR
HIS HEAVY OVERHANG AND FOR HIS SUPER RIPE
HEADCHEESE. OUR TALE PICKS UP OUTSIDE
THE GRUNGY STOREROOM...



I HATE WISE-ASS PUNKS...
ESPECIALLY WHEN DEY
AIN'T IN ANY POSITION
EXCEPT TO COOPERATE!
SO SPREAD IT!!

OK, BIG BOY, PUSH YOUR
OVERHEATED POLISH CUKE
SOMEWHERE ELSE!
I HATE PUSHY
GENTILES!

I'M STARTING TO GET BAD VIBES
ABOUT HARRY AND RANCID I'LL CHECK
OUT THE DOWN-
STAIRS SPACE!

MOMENTS LATER

HEY BUDDY-
DON'T WASTE
THAT... I'M
PARCHED!

THIS LONG LOAD
WILL COOL
THINGS OFF!

HURRY MIC... THESE
CHAINS ARE ROASTING
OUR MEAT!

SIZZLE!

IF YOU CROSS
A ROOSTER WITH
YOU GET A
COCK THAT
STICKS TO THE
ROOF OF YOUR
MOUTH!



HOW DO YOU GUYS GET INTO SUCH HEAVY TRIPS?

IT'S NOT EASY!

KRIST...
MY DICK AND
NUTS ARE FUCK-
IN' SORE!



I HAVE A HOT, BURNING
HUNCH LEWD IS PLAYING
MAD DOCTOR DOWN
BELOW... AND AMYLL
ARMPITS IS NOT ENJOY-
ING THE RESULTS! LET'S
HIT IT....!!



AND AS OUR TRIO ROUNDS THE BEND BELOW...

HOW VERY
ANN-MARGRET!

ALL PERSONS
MUST BE
STRIPPED
SEARCHED
BEYOND THIS
POINT!

KEEP
OUT



WE'LL TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE!
GET SET... UNO, DOS, TRES...



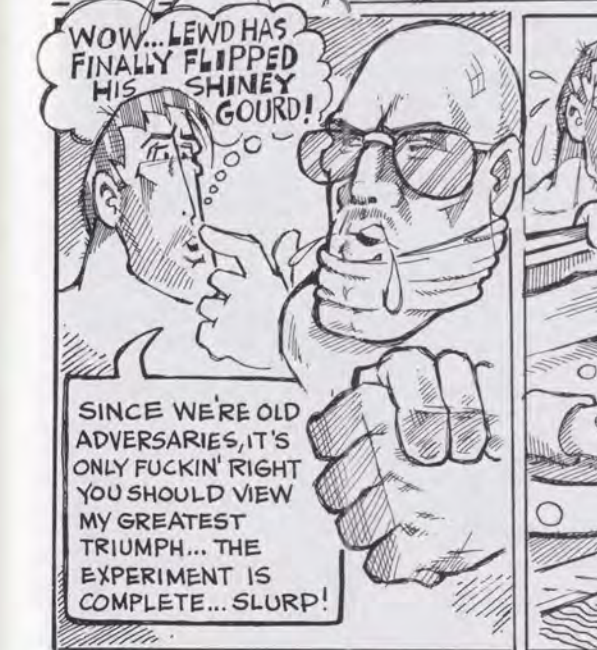
HOLY
PISS
STAINS!

WHAT
THE...?

GEEPS!



I WAS
EXPECT-
ING YOU
THREE



WOW... LEWD HAS
FINALLY FLIPPED
HIS SHINEY
GOURD!

SINCE WE'RE OLD
ADVERSARIES, IT'S
ONLY FUCKIN' RIGHT
YOU SHOULD VIEW
MY GREATEST
TRIUMPH... THE
EXPERIMENT IS
COMPLETE... SLURP!



HOLY TITS... IT'S AMYLL
ARMPITS (B.O. TO HIS
PALS) PICKLED!!



TO
BE
CONT.

P.C. LEATHERS

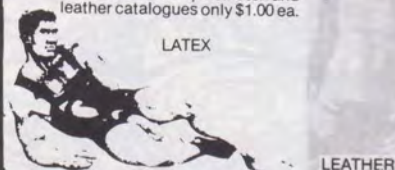
Presents

Hot Towels

Hot Teri Cloth Body Towels with yours or his favorite Ob-scene. Machine washable screened only \$7.00 ea. incl. post. and handling. Master, Slave, F. F., F. F., Orgy.



CATALOGUES
ALL new and complete latex and leather catalogues only \$1.00 ea.



P.C. LEATHERS 20 West 20 Street
New York, New York 10011

enclosed find \$_____ for _____ towels,
specify style — F. F./F. F. Orgy/Master/Slave
find \$1.00 ea. for catalogues, specify _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

ASTROCOCKLIC

GEMINI S: (May 21-June 20) Being a split personality can be quite trying for the Sadistic Twin. You're better at splitting *other* people's personalities.

GEMINI M: The only thing you need split is your humble asshole.

CANCER S: (June 21-July 22) Even a cruel, macho sadist can be influenced by Cancerian domesticity. This is a good time to consider finding an available masochist and settling down to a productive, quiet homelife of pain and torture.

CANCER M: Get a broom, tie a bandana (your choice of colors, of course!) around your head and become a domestic dungeon-scrubbing homebody.

LEO S: (July 23-Aug. 22) You'll probably meet a hot new someone in a butch bar under the strangest of circumstances . . . like looking down and finding your dick in his hungry mouth.

LEO M: If you meet a fascinating someone at a party, don't resist him as he has many hot, new things to teach you. After all, you never know when *you* may be called upon to make an S of yourself!

VIRGO S: (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) A new summer of warm water and hot romance in your future. Be prepared to take him to the ocean regularly to engage in salt water sports.

VIRGO M: Learn to float on your back while being pissed on from above by a lascivious lifeguard. If you go down, don't beg to be saved.

LIBRA S: (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Father's Day is just around the corner. Teach someone hunky to call you *Daddy*!

LIBRA M: Give your Master a Father's Day present he'll never forget . . . unruliness!

SCORPIO S: (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) Take a sea cruise for the summer . . . Be really mean and leave your M locked up at home.

SCORPIO M: While your Master is away having a good time without you, show your displeasure with him . . . piss in all his best boots!

SAGITTARIUS S: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) With summer approaching, send your favorite slave over to the local leather shop to pick up a new skin-tight leather bikini which displays your prime ass-et!

SAGITTARIUS M: Everytime your Master removes his leather trunks, just take a heady whiff of that inside smell. Once a month they should be carefully washed with your tongue.

CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Have you gotten into the new wrestling fad yet? Remember, you get to keep anything you break.

CAPRICORN M: Learn to wrestle while chained down. Well, of course, that makes it harder for you to win, but no one said it was going to be easy being an M.

AQUARIUS S: (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) Enterprising Aquarians make good businessmen (they'll try to make *anything*!). Consider opening a used clothing store with a gimmick: Don't wash the clothes first!

AQUARIUS M: Although you were born to serve, you don't make a good employee in used clothing stores as you have a tendency to eat the jockstraps.

PISCES S: (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Take a vacation trip by car. To solve the gas crisis, strap your slave across the gas tank and stuff him with beans so he can fart you across country.

PISCES M: Get a T-shirt that proclaims **BEANER POWER!** (Of course, there are areas of the country where that can get you beaten up!)

ARIES S: (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) If you're planning to go to the beach a lot, have your chest hair teased and curled. It makes your chest look bigger.

ARIES M: Have your Master shave your chest into a huge, proud, hairy M. Shit! If you got it, advertise it.

TAURUS S: (Apr. 20-May 20) Instead of some sweet-scented suntan oil, teach your slave to brown using hot wax.

TAURUS M: Get sodomized while sunbathing nude so you can really throw your Master a hot piece of ass.

—by Aristide

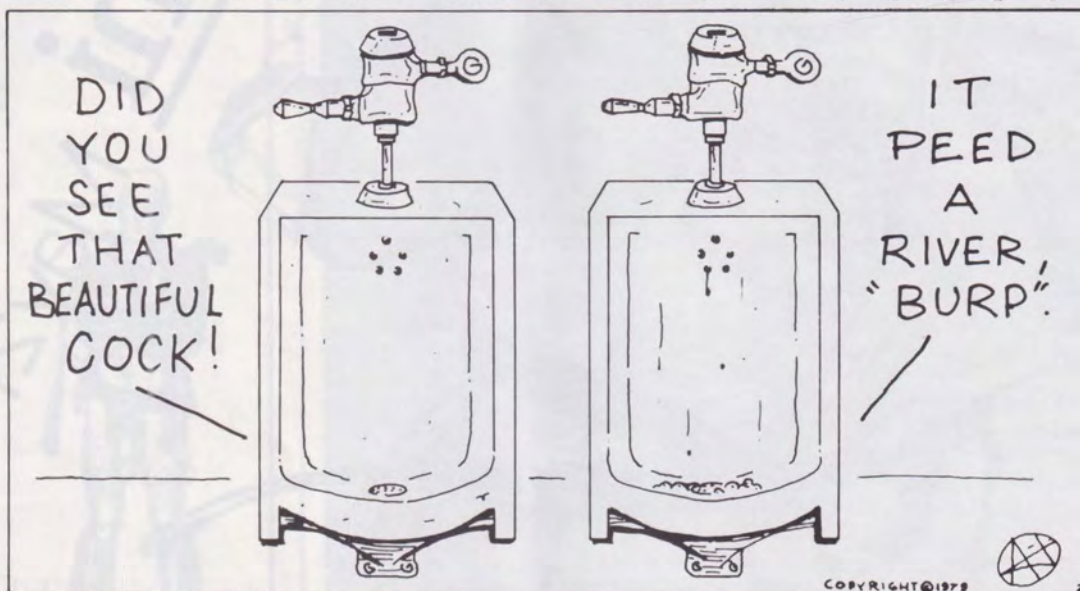
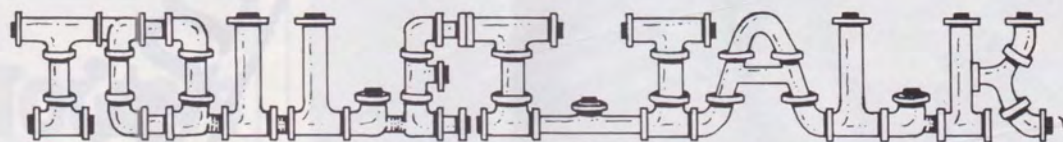
Gemini

May 21-June 20



DRAWING BY ADAM

DRUMSTICKS



A-JAQUE OTTIS

COPYRIGHT © 1978

NEW ORLEANS: Hot Lustful Bitch,
Well Trained Husband, German Shepard!
Seeks Fresh Meat In Uniform To Train.

JUNE 29 through JULY 1

CAFE LAFITTE IS THROWING A PARTY!
BE THERE!

901 Bourbon, N.O., LA — (504) 525-6729

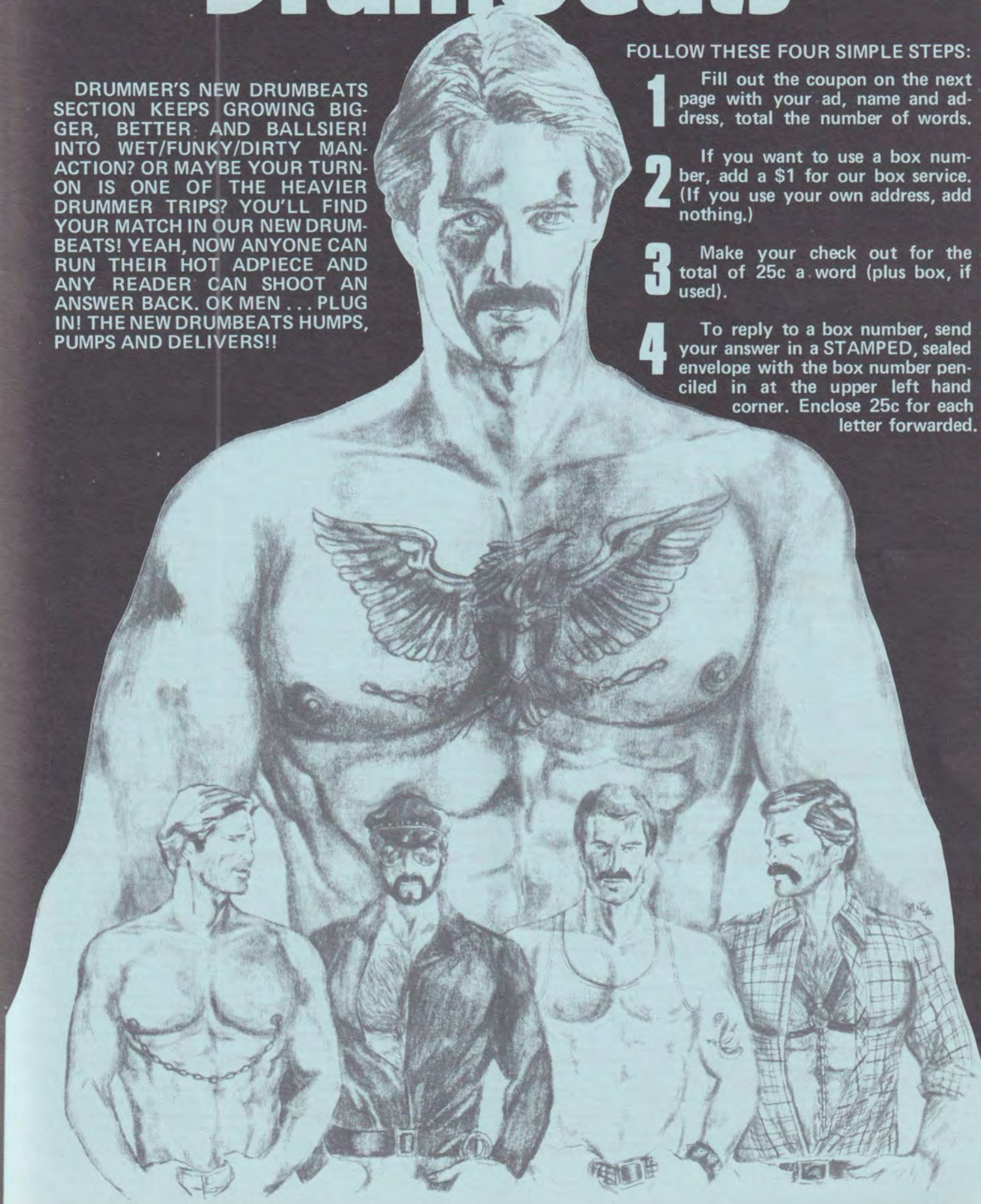
BEAT OFF! IT'S NOT UNCLASSIFIED ANYMORE!

Drumbeats

DRUMMER'S NEW DRUMBEATS SECTION KEEPS GROWING BIGGER, BETTER AND BALLSIER! INTO WET/FUNKY/DIRTY MAN-ACTION? OR MAYBE YOUR TURN-ON IS ONE OF THE HEAVIER DRUMMER TRIPS? YOU'LL FIND YOUR MATCH IN OUR NEW DRUMBEATS! YEAH, NOW ANYONE CAN RUN THEIR HOT ADPIECE AND ANY READER CAN SHOOT AN ANSWER BACK. OK MEN... PLUG IN! THE NEW DRUMBEATS HUMPS, PUMPS AND DELIVERS!!

FOLLOW THESE FOUR SIMPLE STEPS:

- 1** Fill out the coupon on the next page with your ad, name and address, total the number of words.
- 2** If you want to use a box number, add a \$1 for our box service. (If you use your own address, add nothing.)
- 3** Make your check out for the total of 25c a word (plus box, if used).
- 4** To reply to a box number, send your answer in a STAMPED, sealed envelope with the box number penciled in at the upper left hand corner. Enclose 25c for each letter forwarded.



Total \$ _____

Two construction workers, 6', 155 lbs., 9½" and 5'9", 135 lbs., 12". We are into big dick and hard sex. If you are interested and have large dick and balls, your photo will receive ours. And? Box 247.

LEATHER, UNIFORMS, MUSCLE
Dude w/camera wants to document these scenes. Solo, groups, activities, etc. Chas. (415) 474-3135.

GENERAL RANCH HAND
Needed to work 500 Ac ranch/farm. Must be hairy, active, looking for father figure. I'm 50, 5'10", 190 lbs. All scenes possible. Photo and phone. Box 24.

KINKY FILTHY HOT
31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both simultaneously. Into S&M, B/D, W/S, scat. Leather, wet and raunchy Levis and jock straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 5'11", 130 lbs., white, 8" cut, black hair, blue eyes, mustache, goodlooking non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full-time biker/leatherman who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculine leather topman (under 45) to fulfill my desires to learn, serve, respect and love a man who is secure with his position; a real man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, fats, or fems. Photo please, Sir. Box 117.

OAKLAND, M, novice, 54, 5'7", 125 lbs., semi-muscular build, hairy, 6" uncut, looking for hairy man under 50, white, with good build, into training a willing novice. Mutual respect important. Looking for varied experiences. Box 16.

BODYBUILDER
Well-muscled stud, 5'10", 200 lbs., wants other very muscular dudes or super-tall types for wild times. Photo appreciated. Box 108.

FRESNO, CA. W/M 38, Cancer, 5'10", 150 lbs. TAIL member 1891. Like mellow scenes, top or bottom, FFA, erotic enemas, exploring fantasies. No great hangups about age, race, etc, but am not "into" teenie-boppers, excessive dopers or grotesque freaks. Box CAY103.

LOS ANGELES, S. Aquarius, 22, 5'11", 150. White, 6½". Knowledgeable. Tough, hot looking Levi/leather boss gets total service from submissive, wild-assed, hungry bootlickers. If they work for it, they'll get his Levis and all the sweaty meat, grease and piss in 'em. Put yourself in real good hands. Box 294V8.

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.

SAN DIEGO/LOS ANBELES, M, 46, 5'9½", 180 lbs., 7" cut, pierced. Leather, Levi, Prisoner-type slave. Into S&M, B/D, tit/cock/ball torture, suspension, enemas, ball stretching, shaving, seeks stern Master over 35 for evening/weekend training. Box 129.

S.F. BONDAGE ANIMAL
Smooth, slender body to shave, piss on, torture, abuse, public humiliation. Hoods, masks, prolonged bondage, suspension. Box 13.

SAN FRANCISCO S
29, 5'8", Leo, 155 lbs., built and sadistic, into giving excruciating genital pain to other bodybuilders. No marks, damage, just real pain. (415) 864-5566.

ORIENTAL MASTER
San Francisco, S, 34, 5'9", 140. Oriental, 7". Hot looking in full leather, like dirty talk, giving tit work, but also well-educated, sane, inward. Wants goodlooking, masculine, white M in chaps for sex and intelligent conversation afterwards. Photo. Box SFL210.

MONTEREY AREA
MS, well built, 40s, w/m desires to meet clean, dominant, hairy, discreet w/m who is macho for getting it on. No young, fems or druggies. Box 98.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nipple action, w/m, 150 lbs., 32, seeks hot men with big tits for long tit work sessions, all scenes. Box 19.

SAN FRANCISCO, 29, 5'8", 160 lbs., dominant and experienced bodybuilder, 42" chest, 29" waist, solid, handsome, and together; into restraints, unusual equipment, w/s, genital S&M. Genuine bodybuilders and goodlooking men into sexual/sensual pain on the chest and nuts, call (415) 864-5566. 10 am to 10 pm West Coast time only.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 26, 5'9", 150 lbs., white, goodlooking, masculine, boyish novice needs hairy, muscular Master, strong and decent enough to make me respect and obey him. I have a tight ass, follow orders, like outdoor sports. Might take on more than one. Box 22.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY / L.A. White slave, 25, 6', 165 lbs., good-looking Scandinavian, 7" cut, needs master who is willing to train me properly. Already into light S&M, bondage, leather, jock straps, wrestling, w/s, outdoor scenes, uniforms. Whatever else you desire, but no heavy pain or scat. Prefer master with hard body and beard or mustache; but not necessarily. Box 127.

SCAT PHOTOS WANTED
Goodlooking S, 43, will buy explicit scat pics of bare-assed humpy men. Shorts or pants, fine too. Also just plain ol' open assholes. Possible letter exchange with your photo. Into all low-down raunch scenes except S&M. Box 93.

WANTED: A MASTER
who owns a motorcycle, is into camping outdoors, B/D, S&M. Should be over 6 feet tall, white, and 21-50 years old. Will obey orders good. Box 91.

To apply in THE TOILET, a private phone club, send an SASE with \$1 to: John, 433 Douglass St., S.F., CA 94114.

INTO ELDERLY
San Francisco M, 5'10", 173 lbs., 38, uncut, hairy, into infantilism, spanking, whips, humiliation, verbal abuse, slapping, boots, C&B work, enemas, smoking, kinky scenes. Wishes to fulfill fantasies with masculine, dominant, arrogant and experienced S/Daddy/Master to 80. Discretion assured. Permanent relationship possible. Photo gets mine. No role switching, fems or phonies. Retired policemen welcome. I have a bad report card. Box 26.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cancer, 36, 5'10", 130 lbs., white, bearded bottom for rim/scat. Beard or mustache a must. No age or race restrictions. Horst (415) 821-7762, 10 pm to midnight. Answering machine other times. Or write: Box 101SF.

TWO MASTERS
6'1", 170 lbs., 26 and 6'2", 165 lbs., 46; accepting applications for slave, build proportionate to height. Experience not as important as submissive state of mind. If you KNOW you were born to serve, write NOW. No j/o letters, one-nighters. Serious only. Box 76.

EAST BAY NEWCOMER
WM, 36, 6'1", 185 lbs, uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, full trim beard, weekend athlete. Good collection of tools with a private place to share some give and take sessions. Not into heavy scenes... yet! Looking for another guy who is tired of working on himself and ready to expand his interests by working out with a hot Aquarian. Photo gets mine. Box 165.

USE MY MOUTH & ASS
30, masculine, blond, 5'9", 145 lbs., into very tight pants, want hot verbal funk. Not a slave, but close. You need it, you got it. Will drink, lick, smell, work out. I give it too. Use me. No fakes, fats, fems, uglies. Ring me after 9:30 pm, real late is cool. (213) 663-6713. Rigg. Write: Box 145.

LOS ANGELES, SM, Capricorn, 45, 5'11", 175 lbs., 6", raunchy guy digs it dirty, top or bottom. Mutual sucking, fucking, pissing, shitting. No FF or fat. No photo, no answer. Box 143

JOCK STRAPS
Wrestling in oil, athletic gear, sweat turn you on? Hot, 28-year-old, Southern California dude wants to get together with you and show off in a straining jock strap. Will exchange ripe jocks and photos with all. Must really get off on locker room sex. Travel U.S., mostly New York, West Coast, Germany, Portugal. R.M. Box 1993, Newport Beach, CA 92663.

SAN FRANCISCO, 28, 5'11", 150 lbs., goodlooking, uncut 7", into uncomplicated one-night-stands. Seek similar, prefer uncut, 30-45, turn-on to Asians, Latins, who dig fucking, heavy oral sex, w/s. Can assume either role, depending on partner. No scat, drugs, pain. Box 171.

LAGUNA, S. Aquarius, 36, 6'4", ex-jock, 210 lbs., seeks generous, mature slave who appreciates a heavy-duty, experienced, discreet master. Your scene combined with mine to let you freak out. Advanced or beginners. Tough but safe. Equipped. Peter (714) 494-4871.

OROVILLE, M, Cancer, 33, 6', 180, white, 6½", knowledgeable. Needs leather Master for life. I love leather and need kinky scenes, mild S&M, B&D, am into w/s, scat fantasies, humiliation. I must serve my Master in leather and boots. I am considered goodlooking, masculine, and need training. I am open and loose for the right man-Master. Fantasies mixed with a little reality is where I am. Please, Master, I need you bad. Box 81E.

MY SCENE OR YOURS
S&M fantasies realized with attractive, muscular dude into levis, boots, leather, S&M, bondage, w/s. When a body needs a body to learn the how and why. Photo please. Box 115.

SAN DIEGO MOUNTAINS
White, 39, 5'8", 170 lbs., masculine, hairy chest, beard, into horses, the land, running, masculine men who share my distaste for bars, games and typical gay head trips. Lee, Sheril-ton Valley Rd., Descanso, CA 92016.

MONTEREY PENINSULA
Hunky 40s, ready to serve. You call the shots by writing: Box 4413, Carmel, CA 93921.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 5'11", 130 lbs., white, 8", black hair, blue eyes, mustache, good-looking, non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full time biker/leather man who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculine leather topman, under 45, to fulfill my desires to learn, serve, respect and love a man who is secure with his position. A real man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, fats, or fems. Photo please, Sir. Cal, Box 85113, L.A., CA 90028.

FRAZIER PARK, M. Taurus, 40, 5'11", 155 lbs. white, 7½", novice, hot, handsome, masculine bottom seeks sensitive, masculine, hunky old hand heavy into ass play. Should have expertise with respect to limits. No fems, fats, pain for its own sake. Box 865.

NAKED SPANKINGS IN L.A.
True novice M, 23, 5'9", 140 lbs., 6" cut, beard, wants the paddle, etc. from clean guys about same age. Make me squirm and serve. No FF, blood. Send details. Smith, Box 7306, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

MATURE, MASCULINE W/M, 47, 6'3", 225, virile, healthy, experienced, wants contact with men near my size. 30+ only. CB's, bikers, cowboys reply to: R.K., Box 905, Oakway, CA 93022.

S, w/m, 28, 6', 165 lbs., tanned and very handsome, 7½", seeks 30-plus senior slaves with oversized worked-on nipples, to worship and serve my cock and ass, drink piss, massage my body. Candidates will have services of junior slave to prepare them to serve me and tongue clean us both afterwards. Recent full-front photo required with letter detailing qualifications. Box 138

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 29, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, handsome, masculine, completely uninhibited, raunchy dude can wield a whip as well as take it. Exhibitionist enjoys bizzare without hangups, expects same. Not into FF, clean freaks, dishonest types. Digs w/s, B&D, S&M. Box 162.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, Novice with intelligence, adaptability, perception, into a variety of scenes looking for partners, white, to 40, taller than myself, who are equipped with enough fantasy toys to make role playing enjoyable and exciting. No drugs, heavy drinking, heavy pain, scat, or inexperience. Box 163.

LOS ANGELES, W/m, 27, 5'11", 155 lbs., 8", very goodlooking bottom with hot, deep hole looking for built leather/levis studs for hot, sweaty action. Looking for muscular, sweaty, smelly tops into FF, w/s, S&M, rough action. Into smelly armpits, oil, grease. Looks not important, body and attitude are. Bob, Box 48141, L.A., CA 90048.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 32, 5'3", 130 lbs., muscular, very goodlooking and intelligent. Need a muscular master to work on my worked-on nipples. Leather, B&D, tattoos a plus. Photo. Box 31316, S.F., CA 94131.

SAN FRANCISCO, S, 26, 5'10", 140 lbs., seeks m's. Gabriel, 155 Turk, No. 609, S.F., CA 94102. (415) 441-2602.

LOS ANGELES, M, 33, 5'10", 150 lbs., black hair/brown eyes, trim beard, dominant looking and acting. Hot dude, new to California, needs trim, goodlooking sex-master, 25-35, to bring me to my knees. Photo & letter to: Robb, Box 3089, 256 S. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

MONTEREY AREA, 46, w/m, seeks hairy, macho w/m, 30-60, who is clean and sane for man-to-man relations. Box 60.

SLAVE

Am obedient, respectful, semi-muscular, hairless body, 6' cut; into serving my master and his desires with my complete attention. Will learn new things, will strive to please. Box 35.

VENICE, M, 22, 6', 130 lbs., 6 1/2" cut, seeks Master, 21-35, to train me to do his bidding. Am novice but willing, need master with patience. Box 74.

MONTEREY AREA, Goodlooking w/m, 49, seeks hirsute (bald is great) dominant w/m into B&D or light S&M and leather. Size unimportant, prefer cut. No feds, scat, drugs or heavy stuff. Any age around or over 40. Your photo gets mine. Box 212.

TORRANCE, 6'9" tall stud will stuff your peach-fuzzed, tight, young ass and teach you to suck a 7" around bun spreader. Tim (213) 371-7426.

Young slave, slim and smooth, 21-26, sought by handsome "Marlboro" type Master, 42. Spanking, bondage, humiliation, light S&M. Inexperienced ok. All fetishes welcome. Asians and Latins especially welcome. Box 207.

SAN FRANCISCO, S, 28, seeks real slaves into a variety of scenes, especially with cigars. Am hot, tattooed, pierced and hung. Photo in issue No. 27, page 76. Barry. Box 243.

WHIPMASTER

Heavy whip fetishist will buy/sell/trade or correspond/meet others with same interest. Have leather, uniforms, boots, blackroom, and over 80 whips. Pete Fiske, 941 Church, S.F., CA 94114.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 42, 9", needs stern master to administer firm spanking. Will treat you with tender loving care. (415) 776-2438.

ERECTION DEMOLITION

Expert, 30, seeks work. Heavy tit play my specialty. Dark haired and hairy guys my turn on. Box 28.

LOS ANGELES, M, 53, 5'8", 173 lbs., Gemini, 6" cut, well used ass, into the smell and taste of leather, desires to be controlled by a dominant Master. I am a novice with a lot to learn. Box 67.

LOS ANGELES, M, 33, 5'10", 180 lbs., white, seeks husky, hairy, beer-drinker for w/s. Box 44.

NOVICE SLAVE

Black male slave, 24, 5'9", needs understanding Master, 30-50, preferably over 6'. Must be dominate and forceful for me to serve and obey. Box 54.

PLEASE, SIR

Wanted: white, hairy, leather Master, 35-60, to teach and love inexperienced white, 5'9", 155 lbs., 24 year-old, average looking slave. No games. Sincere only. Thank you, Sir Jim, Box 4509, San Francisco, CA 94101.

L.A. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer drinking, cigar smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank armpits, slimey asshole and a cruddy uncut cock wears greasy, rotten, stinking boots, socks, jocks, t-shirts, levis and leather. Digs spitting, pissing, shitting, pukeing, sweating and farting and gets off with chains, tires, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers and oil. Box 294V8.

WILLING ASS/EAGER MOUTH White, 21, 6'2", 170 lbs., 7" cut, versatile. Matt (714) 893-2190.

SAN FRANCISCO. Leather Master, 44, 6', 170 lbs., wants lasting slave/buddy to 40 for VA, light B&D. Box 237.

PASADENA, 2 construction workers: 26, 6', 155 lbs., 9 1/2" and 43, 5'9", 12", into big dick. If you like big dick, your photo gets ours, or? Box 236.

SS SLAVE

24, worships authentic Aryan commandants and future Masters. Beatings, verbal abuse, humiliations, scat. Make me beg for mercy. Photo and instructions to: Box 27755, Los Angeles, CA 90027.

TOP LEATHERMAN WANTED

Bottom, w/m, 26, bearded, into leathersex and leather bondage. Must wear leather. Photo, please. Chris, Box 14316, S.F., CA 94114.

FUNKY LEVIS

L.A. dude, 30, 6'2", 175 lbs., sexy, gets off on up-front crotch sex in super tight dripping levis, jocks, bikinis. Dig boots, leather, beer, WS, spit, sweat, exhibitionism, tit work, raunchy j/o. No fats, puffs. Box 224.

THE ART OF S&M

You're a well bit, hung, masc artist who wants to not only be Master of your canvas but also Master of a drk haired, masc, well bit poet (5'10", 147 lbs., 30, Libra) "As an artist, you wanted a subject / One, who would always keep you erect / A strong, lean model; bare / who would sit perfectly still . . . / tied to a chair / or one which would kneel / with tongue poised like a paint brush / wet, steady, ready to stroke / And moisten his Master / With tender artful care / And never once fret or choke / but take it all, each ball, / each pubic hair / and give you Artist, Oh Master / inspiration / And then some to spare." Your subject is ready. Send self portrait to: Poet c/o, 256 S. Robertson, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

HANDSOME STUDENT

Seeks philanthropists to complete doctorate. Am 25. Box 32.

SAN FRANCISCO, 33, 5'8", 150 lbs., bearded, oral obedience, tit-work, rimming, humiliation, verbal abuse, jockstraps, begging; either role. No pain or bondage. Box 64, 537 Jones, S.F., CA 94102.

HOLLYWOOD, S, Gemini, 55, 5'9", 155, white, 7", novice, will give hard spanking to buns with or without restraint. Like a stern father. I have good hands, paddles and other toys. 375B.

WHITE MASTER, 23, 5'10", 150, 7" cut, seeks goodlooking, young, serious slave with desire to serve, learn and obey. I am a clever, energetic Master who knows how to use you effectively. Box 130Y.

HAYWARD, M. Capricorn, 39, 6'3", 190, 7". Black. Wants to meet white, Latin or Asian masculine man, 18-45, for total oral service, body worship, humiliation, verbal abuse, w/s, tit-work. Face sitters preferred. Photo and frank letter will get prompt reply. Box 104UC.

S, 5'10", 150 lbs., 23, 7", cut, looking for white M to 29, goodlooking, submissive, cut, subservient and masculine. Southern California area. Must be smooth, not hairy, not into playing games. Must follow orders. Box 130Y.

GRANADA HILLS, white, 21, novice slave seeks understanding Master to train me right. Box 174.

LEATHERSEX WANTED

M, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking slave, firm, sweaty, smooth body, seeking hot young stud for total service. Box 158.

CAUCASIAN MALE, 45, 6', 194 lbs., Los Angeles, enjoys laying leather on back asses. Limits nearly respected. Box 155.

LOS ANGELES, S, Taurus, 45, 6'4", 210, white, 9", experienced seeks slaves for a week in the woods. Bike run. California. Box CAB202.

NORTH BAY AREA

W/m, 52, 6'2", 185. If you are the same and love motorcycles, leather uniforms, horses and saddles, tall polished boots and britches, spurs and chrome, then lets ride off together. No freaks, please. Must be very straight appearing and discretion an absolute must. Photo please, either mounted or unmounted. Box 308A.

LOS ANGELES, M, Aries, 38, 6', 145, 7", clean cut, well built, into kinky scenes, tit, cock and ball torture, temporary piercing, music, playroom; seeks virile, masculine S, big balled, older OK. Box LAP301.

SAN FRANCISCO, S/M, 41, 7", 5'10". Previous experience as an S, but leaning toward M role. Prefer a dominant who respects limits. Seek under 40, 5'10" and over, over 6" endowment, dressed in full leather. Box 136H.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cancer, 36, 5'10", 130. White. Bearded bottom for rim and/or scat. Beard or mustache a must. No age or race restrictions. Horst (415) 282-8550, 10 pm to midnight. Other times answering machine. Write: Box 101SF.

LOS ANGELES, SM, 40, 6', 190 lbs., 8" uncut, experienced Master or slave with cabin in the mountains for outdoors scenes. Have had excellent training in both roles. Am gentle but firm, respect limits. Not into excessive pain for force. Prefer the experienced. Box 318V2.

FORESKIN LOVER

Libra, 35, 6'2", 165 lbs., 9" cut, white, goodlooking, seeks big uncut cocks with lots of foreskin. I dig sucking, playing, and worshipping what you've got. No age or race hangups. Enjoy amyl. Have fantasy about playing with huge animals. Write: R.A.W., Box 11772, Palo Alto, CA 94306.

SAN DIEGO AREA

SM, 39, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, has well equipped game room for scenes with Masters or slaves, from novice to well-experienced. Have toys and know how to use them. Should be over 25, clean, in leather or levis. Box 667F.

OAKLAND, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 175, white, 7". Knowledgeable, experienced, discreet, masculine, goodlooking dude, well equipped with toys seeks slim, submissive partner to 26. Should be clean shaven, clean cut. Box 052G.

ATTENTION SLAVES

Dominant, goodlooking w/m body-builder, 29, seeks goodlooking, smooth-bodies, well-built slave, 18-28. Light S&M, B&D, spanking. Novice ok. Write now, slave! Photo to: Mac, Box 162, San Pablo, CA 94806.

**CLASSIFIED ADS GET RESULTS!
LOW RATES AND EASY FORMS**

RIVERSIDE AREA, 40, 6', 180 lbs., hard 7", soft belly, sexy face, short nails, wants slender bottoms, especially FF, under 45. Also dig watching exhibitionists do their thing. Box 10.

LOS ANGELES, M, Pisces, 42, 6'2", 198 lbs., white, 7 1/2", looking for a man for love and other things in this area. Box 11.

COLORADO

COMING TO COLORADO

Black leather, holstered, booted guy, 30, coming in May needs date with full leather guy, preferably with Sam Browne belt and black rubber boots. No S&M or B&D. J. Hewell, Box 26526, S.F., CA 94126.

Will write to all goodlooking, good built guys wearing leather pants, jackets, high-top boots. Ed Moyer, Box 66, Silverton, CO 81433. Include photo.

I need a job on a working cowboy ranch or farm. I wear high boots, chaps, leather pants, jacket, hat. Ed Moyer, Box 616, Silverton, CO 81433.

CONNECTICUT

BRIDGEPORT/NYC, S, 29, ex-US-MC, wants slaves, 21-35, for military discipline. (203) 366-3574; 7-10 pm. All scenes considered.

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

PERRIER LOVER

New Haven, w/m, 28, 5'11", 135 lbs., cut, seeks slave, 21-45, into w/s. My hose is ready to burst. Box 178.

STAMFORD AREA

Would like to meet guys for sex and friends in the nearby area. Must have your own place. Call Anthony (203) 325-2364.

GREENWICH, S, 5'11", 160 lbs., Cancer, leather master seeks masculine slaves who need B/D, S&M, W/S, and tit work. Heavy leather scene but respect limits. Macho sex partners must know how to serve in Gr and Fr action. Box 51E.

YOUNG BLONDE

Guy likes to get it in tight butt hole. If you are 8 inches or more and dig Fr, I am your guy. Photo if possible, gets mine. Box 701A.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON, DC AREA, M, 38, 5'11", 170. White. 6". Handsome, masculine, muscular, lean. Run. Work-out. Interested similar type S, 25-45. Box DCS101.

HAZING-INITIATION-TORTURE Enthusiast appreciates real-life experiences where guys use other guys for hot-cock sport. Fraternities, military, reform school, athletic teams. Swap your true accounts for descriptions of other studs' hot times. John Barton, 735 Eleventh St. NW, Washington, DC 20001.

WASHINGTON, DC., S, 36, 5'10", 140 lbs., hung, masculine, wants M under 35, needing training in WS, B&D, light S&M. You must take orders and be ready to serve. Submit letter of application detailing qualifications and desires. Box 263.

SATANIC MASTER

Forming GAY devil worship coven. Much filth, fucking and evil shit. Write, sending nude, erotic photo & phone. High Priest, Box 21066, Washington, DC 20009.

WASHINGTON. SM. Sagittarius. 33. 5'7". 130. White. 10". Knowledgeable. Very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with mature, uninhibited partner, 45 to 50 preferred. No feds, fats, long hair, body odor. Box 084D.

WASHINGTON slave, Sagittarius, 54, 5'6", 168 lbs., white, 6". Relishes being subservient to decent, good-looking Master who is sincere and has a sense of humor. Prefer cut, under 36, no beard, red heads, hairy bodies. Box 227S.

DC AREA, M, 38, 5'11", 155 lbs., masculine, muscular, lean. "Q" type slave for similar S. Box 215.

FLORIDA

TAMPA, S, 23, 5'11", 150 lbs., white, will soundly spank naughty boys (18-35) bare bottoms until you promise to behave. Box 1582, Tampa, FL 33601.

FT. LAUDERDALE W/M, 37, 6'2", 175 lbs., if you love to get spanked, send photo and phone. Box 69.

HAIRY MACHO MEN

If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough masters, write me and tell me what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and will receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rim, Fr. and Gr. with Mr. Right. Box 59.

DADE COUNTY, FLORIDA

Clean, sexy, very attractive GW, masculine, 29, wants to explore business through young white couple(s) /group. Prefer F (18-28), M (21-38), firm body, together heads, attractive, professional, discreet, friendly, fun. No drugs, smokers, BO, bad teeth, etc. Nice, modern perverts only. Will exchange returnable photos with serious prospects. Box 1122, Hialeah, FL 33011.

TOUGH HUNK MEN

sought to get down and worship this goodlooking blonde/blue-eyed Narcissist, 39, 5'10", 160, muscles; into heavy piss games, muscle licking, mirrors, fantasy, enemas. Want studs only or masculine slaves. Miami area. Box 47.

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS

SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddies into police and military scenes. Butch studs only with boot, uniform fetish need apply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion assured. Uniformed photo and phone. Box 201FLW.

HANDSOME & DOMINANT

Muscular male, white, Libra, extremely safe and sane, turns on with light-medium S&M, B&D with the right submissive w/m, 18-25. Box 22671, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33335.

HEAVY HAIRY MEN

When in South Florida call (305) 324-5754 for a good slave. Men over 25, hairy, muscular, macho only need call.

COCOA BEACH. S. Capricorn. 59. 5'6". 155. White. Knowledgeable. Open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

JACKSONVILLE. M. 39, 6', 160 lbs., 7 1/2", white, seeks masculine dude, 25-50, for kinky scenes, j/o, piss, scat fantasies, dirty talk, enemas, tit work, in and out of levis, jocks. Photo and frank letter for reply. Box 405C.

M, 5'10", 155 lbs., 50, 8" cut, tight but well-used ass, seeks 25-50 hairy, macho, funky, rugged man under 200 lbs., into levis, leather, uniforms, funky sex, w/s, sweat, being pleased by a man who can please. No skinnies or pretty boys. Box 59.

FT. LAUDERDALE male really turned on by Movie Mayhem series wants to meet or correspond with persons similarly turned on. Box 97.

NORTH PALM BEACH, M, 26, 6'5", 195 lbs., 7", white, seeks dominant master to keep me in line. Discreet and masculine. I will serve willingly. S&M, B&D, w/s, boots, humiliation, all ok. Please, Sir, I need a good spanking. Box 142.

HIALEAH. SM. Pisces. 32, 5'8", 165, white, 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 28, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No feds, fats, long hairs. Box 009.

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

ST. PETERSBURG, S. Virgo, 28, 6'4", 170, white, 6 1/2", intelligent professional wants younger partner into rough sex. Dominates with affection. Seeks mutual satisfaction. Must act masculine, be lean, handsome. Relationship possible for sensitive person. Box 179.

GEORGIA

BODYBUILDER

seeks firm-bodied, macho males for correspondence, photo and cum-filled bikini exchange. I am turned on to all kinks with firm, macho males. Mike, Box 658, Stone Mountain, GA 30086.

IDAHO

BOISE. SM. 44, 6', 158, uncut 7". Into spreadeagle, suspension submission seeks tops or bottoms with lite or no body hair, slim, interested in B&D. No fats, scat, hairy. Box 052F8.

TRAVELING DOMINANT

S, 36, 5'11", 200 lbs., husky, 7" cut, looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for trustworthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage, am always horny. No fats, feds, w/s, drugs, or heavy pain. Interested in possible vacation/ski buddies. Box 18.

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO, M, 26, 5'11", 165 lbs., 6 1/2", novice seeks intro to B&D, w/s, light S&M, Gr., Fr., w/aroma, 25-35. Gregg Yarbrough, 1525 W. Estes, Chicago, IL 60626.

CHICAGO WEEKENDER

Masc. 36, worn levis, jock, 7", leather, versatile, many scenes, any age. Box 40.

SLAVE

White male slave, 26, needs experienced master, 30-50, heavy prolonged bondage, rope, leather, gags, masks, mummification, w/s, servitude, spanking, heavy mental trip to develop training in Chicago Area. Box 114.

CHICAGO, w/m, 36, would like to try S&M. Want to meet a Master who could teach me a few things. (312) 477-9336.

HIGH BOOTS

Is my big turnon. Also breeches, leather and uniforms. W/m, 37, 148 lbs., seeks others with same interests for mutual fantasy, fun and friendship. Write: Box M-14, 323 S. Franklin, Suite 804, Chicago, IL 60606.

BODYBUILDER

S, versatile, hunky Capricorn into various scenes. Wants loving slave for admiration and sexual fulfillment. Rewards for good service. Am 6', 180 lbs., located in the St. Louis area (Alton, IL). Box 159M.

DES PLAINES, J.D.: Saw you in Drummer 28! I'm 24, blonde, with well-defined swimmer's body. Write and I promise you won't be disappointed! Your address gets my photo. Box 232.

WRESTLING STUDS

Young scrapper, 29, turns on to trunks and boots, jocks and singlets, old jockey shorts, or plain naked aggression. Rough and tumble, no holds barred matches, pro fantasy matches, or sweaty locker room beer brawls with big or small dudes. Turn on to submitting to a young punk or beating a cocky giant. Mail your challenge and describe your scenes. Will swap jocks, jockey shorts, photos with all. Box 8397, Chicago, IL 60680.

WANTED: SALVE

No week-end, or overnights. For life of obedience and servitude. Age important. Into all scenes except scat. Call collect (312) 743-4505, giving operator your name as slave, or write Box 665F.

DO YOU WANT TO BE OWNED?

Then I may want you for my personal slave. Send name, address, photo & details, or call Mark (312) 642-0902. You will serve, travel, and lead a luxurious lifestyle with me. Box 5788, Chicago, IL 60680.

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 181P.

PASSIVE W/M, 47, 5'7", 150 lbs., seeks RIGHT male to service (no master, just buddy). Am into horses, saddles, chaps, boots, trooper uniforms, jock straps. You need not have all interests, 50% or better, please write. I seek beer drinking, cigar smoking, foot mouthed dude 45 or older into getting rimmed, spitting & pissing, farting, shitting, pukeing, and spanking. If you are a bodybuilder, any age, and desire to be watched and admired by non-athletic guy, write, John, Box A3200, Chicago, IL 60690.

CHICAGO, Scorpio, 32, 5'10" 140 lbs., 7 1/2" uncut, white, completely inexperienced. Willing to try anything with the right person. Has intense desire to orally serve beer drinker heavily into w/s who wants a man-to-man relationship with warm, affectionate partner. Should be well built with body hair. Box 160.

ALTON. S. Capricorn, 35, 6', 170 lbs., white, knowledgeable, versatile, muscular, hunky stud seeks partner to 35. Should be clean-cut, no fats. Box 159M.

CHICAGO. M, 6'3", 175 lbs., 23, 8" cut, semi-muscular, goodlooking, brown hair/eyes, seeks muscular, short haired, white Masters over 6', over 8" in leather, levis. Can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obedience. Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority. Box 309B.

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 181P.

CHICAGO. M. Aries, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable. Enthusiastic and willing to try almost everything with levelheaded partner in good physical condition. No feds, fats. Box 186Z.

EVANSTON. S. Scorpio. 46, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. Turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually booted sessions. Respect limits, no fats, feds, hard drugs. Box 17R25.

SLAVE OR MASTER?

Chicago, Virgo, 30, 5'10", 160 lbs., blue eyes, hairy chest, give/take fucking, bondage, light S&M. Clean cut seeks same for one week mad, passionate love affair. No feds, fats, drugs. Send photo and phone. Box 281B.

McHENRY. M. 25, 5'8". 155. 7". Seeks muscular, rugged, masculine Master who will expect obedience and reward worship. I know I was born to serve. Box 058.

CHICAGO, w/m, 36, 6'3", 220 lbs., uncut, short goatee, levis and boots. I like to french and lick husky, bearded, clean studs, 25-45. Must be very masculine. Big, soft belly a plus. Open to other scenes if not too kinky. No skinnies or young. Absolute discretion assured. Photo and phone. Box 144.

BORN TO SERVE

Need to worship big, muscular body, know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, 23, 5'8", 155, slender but muscular build. Prefer someone in their 30s, tall, at least 6', well endowed, muscular, ruggedly goodlooking, hairy chested if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Box 58.

CHICAGO AREA

22, 5'10", 180 lbs., straight acting, appearing, shy novice needs gradual but firm training in bondage and submission from dominant, level-headed discreet top to 40. No scat, shaving. Photo appreciated. Write: Box 156.

Chicago, M. 23, 6'3", 180 lbs., 8" cut, athletic, lean, muscular, handsome, into B&D, S&M, levis, leather, heavy Gr and Fr action, needs rugged Master who wants me spread-eagle so he can use me any way he wants. Expand my limits. Box 309B.

CHICAGO, W/M, 33, 6', 155 lbs., looking for action, especially fucking and bondage. Send photo and phone to: Box 113.

CHICAGO MASTER

Out-of-stater comes to Chicago occasionally looking for slim slaves over 18 into bondage, discipline, shaving, w/s, FF and S&M. Am 6'2", 8 1/2" uncut, respect limits, imaginative, dominant, experienced. Replies should include phone number for get-together when I am in Chicago and available to work you over. Box 308B.

W/M SEEKS LONGJOHN/unionsuit guys into B&D, humiliation, in boys underwear. Jay H., 450 Briar No. 8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

CHICAGO. SM, Aries, 26, 5'6", 147 lbs., white, 6", butch body-builder, 40" chest, 14 1/2" arms, hairy chest, tattoo; new to S&M, into levis, boots, wrestling, seeks muscular, butch studs into leather, levis, cigars, wrestling. Am aggressive, tend to dominate and attracted to same. Will switch roles if you're man enough to get me on bottom. Send photo & phone to: Jim, Box T-24, 323 S. Franklin Blvd., No. 804, Chicago, IL 60606.

CHICAGO. M, 6'3", 175 lbs., 23 1/2" cut, semi-muscular, goodlooking, brown hair/eyes, seeks muscular, short haired, white Masters over 6', over 8" in leather, levis. Can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obedience. Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority. Box 309B.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS, w/m, 29, 5'10", 155 lbs., bearded, Honda 750 owner seeks dominant biker or other strong, masculine types with love of leather, levis, boots. Light S&M, w/s possible. No drugs, non-smoker preferred. Box 405A.

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INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS. S, Libra, 35, 6', 150, white, 7", old hand. Very demanding but considerate Master, heavy into S&M, bondage, humiliation with mature, dependable true slave to 45. No chickens, beginners or those unable to follow complete domination. Box 132F.

INDIANAPOLIS. M, 24, 6', 180 lbs., 6 1/2" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is in bondage and pain. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men, 21-40, no fats. Box 73.

INDIANAPOLIS. S, 48, 6'3", 195 lbs., 6 1/2" uncut, seeks willing, obedient, submissive slave, masculine, slender, under 35, preferably uncut. Am understanding but forceful. Box 180Q.

IOWA

EASTERN IOWA, Novice M, w/m, 29, 5'7", 130 lbs., would like to meet and serve leather & levi masters in area. Nice build, into taking care of all master's sexual needs, w/s, B/D, scat, S&M; if limits respected. Box 89.

EASTERN IOWA

S, 34, white, handsome, 6'1", 200 lbs., 6 1/2" cut, seeks Ms for hot, leather/levis sessions in the woods and in my camper. Submit to bondage on trees, spreadeagle on ground, WS, B&D, S&M. Limits respected, but I demand service constantly. Send photo and phone. Box 246.

KANSAS

HAYS. M. Aries, 33, 6'5", 200, white, 7", good body, hairy, bearded, boot and leather lover, knowledgeable, seeks big, hairy master, 25-45, into leather, levis, w/s, B&D, jocks and boots. No heavy S&M, FF, or fems. Bikers, policemen, truckers, travelers on 170 Hwy welcome. Box 375K.

TULSA-KANSAS CITY

Goodlooking, levi, white bottom-man moving to area in Fall. Seeks white topman, secure in who he is. Prefer uncut, trim, freewheeling. Box 376T.

M, passive beginner, 36, w/m, 5'10", 160 lbs. Box 223.

KENTUCKY

BEST BET BI

46 year old w/m, topman, bi, has 18 year old mostly straight roommate, also topman, both very strict, street-wise. Have openings for slaves. No experience necessary. No fats or fems. Box 960.

COVINGTON W/m, 38, 6'4", 180 lbs., muscular, hot top ready to work you over. Into sweat, muscles, BO, pain, spit, piss, scat, hoods, leather, jocks, light to heavy scenes. D.H., 412 E. 2, Covington, KY 41011.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS. S. Virgo, 30, 5'9", 150 lbs., white, needs Master who is patient and willing to teach novice. Enjoy leather, tit action. Write. Must be discreet. Send name and phone number, photo if possible. Box 666B.

HARVEY. SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs., white, 7", novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dislikes. Seeks similar into role-switching. No fems, drunks. Box 130Z.

NEW ORLEANS. White, 22, 6'1", 150 lbs., student, total novice needs master for training. Responsible, masculine men, please. 6207 Perrier, N.O., LA 70118.

NEW ORELANS, w/m, 30, 5'9", 145, 6", novice, eager to learn from muscular, honest, clean, hung, gentle-yet-firm partner. Box 701B.

BATON ROUGE, S, Leo, 28, 5'10", 170 lbs., white, 8", knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying slave's real desires. Must be at least 8", masculine. Box 47W.

LAFAYETTE, couple: Aries, 28, 5'10", 170 lbs., white, 7" and Cancer, 20, 5'6", 135 lbs., white, 9". Group scenes. Clean, discreet, masculine, jocks. What's your scene? 101LAR.

MARYLAND

WEEKEND SLAVE

Couple (S: 32, 160 lbs., 5'11" and M: 32, 150 lbs., 6') need services of a weekend slave into w/s, lite B&D, S&M. Applications accepted, photos a must. Box 147.

W/m, 26, 5'10 1/2", 170 lbs., with hot mouth and ass. To worship, obey, serve masculine, muscular, understanding Master. Box 33.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON, Virgo, bottom, 30, 6'2", uncut 8", needs hunky white master for B&D, light S&M, submission. I'm a novice but can spot a bull-shitter across the room. Photo gets reply. Box 149.

BOSTON, M, inexperienced, 5'10", 165 lbs., will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Can follow orders and would like to meet someone who has teaching ability, stays in firm control. No fats, especially no fems. Box 192.

REAL SLAVE

27, 6', 160 lbs., blond, goodlooking, seeks serious master to own me as property to work, beat, abuse for his pleasure. Send orders, photo. Will relocate for right master. Serious only. Box 249.

BOSTON, 2 guys, 30s, S: 5'9", 150 lbs., into leather, rubber, w/s, etc. M: 6', 165 lbs., into rubber infantilism, w/s, and serving beer drinkers. Both masculine, virile, slim and like threesomes with other S who enjoys giving w/s and receiving head. Box 101MAP.

MICHIGAN

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

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

SM - 26. Scorpio, 7", 6'1", 230. Adaptable to many situations. Willing and able to please. Box 101MIM.

ANN ARBOR, SM, 39, 5'7", 165 lbs., 6" cut, semi-muscular, seeks adaptable partner, under 45, who is sensual as well as horny, not afraid to give and take alike. Into levi/leather. No pain, dirt, fats, or emotional problems. Box 204.

Thumb-area professional, interested in all things. Has head together and willing. Discretion and confidence assured. All answered. Box 87.

MINNESOTA

DOMINANT MAN, 40, 5'11", 168 lbs., wants passive man for bondage. Age, race, looks, location doesn't matter. I love big tits and hairless bodies. Muscles and trim a must. No fats, heavy drugs or drunks. Box 169B.

SLAVE

W/M, 30s, eager to meet, serve, fit 18-35 w/m Master. I'll do most anything short of real pain. Possibility of friendship. Especially want to give extended attention to all of your body, including feet, ass, etc. Box 3111, St. Paul, MN 55165.

MINNEAPOLIS SLAVE

28, 5'7", 145 lbs., blonde hair, hazel eyes, looking for Master. Would like hairy chest. Will serve you totally. Like big cocks, into FF, WS, B&D, toys. Box 211.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY. M. Virgo, 23, 5'4", 130 lbs., white, 6", honest, good-looking slave needs discipline/affection from dominant Master. Dig muscles, big hands, boots. Must be sincere, secure, experienced. Box 667D.

ST. LOUIS/KANSAS CITY

Dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., uncut 8 1/2", seeks receptive slaves when I travel to your area. Am aggressive, experienced, imaginative, respectful of limits. Into S&M, B&D, w/s, shaving, FF, etc. You should be over 18, receptive, white, slender and masculine. You should include your phone number in your reply. Will call when I am nearby and available. Box 308B.

ST. LOUIS, SM, 43, 6', 160 lbs., 7" uncut, beard, novice, into either role. Looking for masculine dudes, 21-45, prefer hairy chest and uncut. No fats, fems, or scat. Dig top role, into WS, cock worship. Box 64.

KANSAS CITY, want relationship with muscular, hairy white man, mustache/beard, 21-40. I'm 26, 6'2", with swimmer's build. No S&M, FF, fems. I'm quiet and willing to give. Send photo and phone number if possible. Very discreet. Box 235.

YOUNG NOVICE

23, 5'4", 130 lbs., 6" cut, looking for muscular, straight-looking, rugged man to be my Master, buddy, lover. Am clean cut, honest, quiet, intelligent and submissive. No drugs or scat. Should be 30-45, good build, hung and into levi/leather. Turn on to big hands. Box 667D.

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.

**BOX SERVICE AVAILABLE
FOR YOUR CLASSIFIED AD**

NEW JERSEY

GAY

IN NEED OF FRIENDS?

The Egyptian, a private club, offers a relaxed ambience which includes plush surroundings conducive to conversation, as well as a dignified alternative in which men may privately rendezvous. For additional information call (201) 295-4900.

TRULY AN OASIS LOCATED IN CENTRAL NEW JERSEY

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY. W/M, 38, 6'2", 185, hairy, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, fems or phonies. Box 291.

HIGHSTOWN. M, 32, 5'8", 160, 7" cut. Blonde hunk seeks being controlled. Prefer Master in total leather. Seeks butch looking cut dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well. Box 201NJ.

SOUTH JERSEY. Experienced M, hot, masculine, 27, 6'3", 170 lbs., 7", w/m, with tattoos and full trim beard. Seeks experienced, masculine, muscular Master over 6' to work on my arrogance. Head trips as well as hot and heavy physical trips. Into Levi, leather, uniforms with light to heavy S&M, B&D, WS, VA, TT, FF, sweat, forced tattooing or other kink. Masculine men under 40 only. No scat. Photo and letter gets mine. Can travel Northeast. Box 230.

BOUND AND GAGGED

MS, 30, 5'9", 175 lbs., 7" cut, muscular, masculine, handsome, black, athlete, experienced, enjoys safe, sane, erotic bondage games. No pain, no racial hangups. Sanitary, intelligent, imaginative, digs top or bottom kidnap bondage sex scenes with solid-built athletic types. Phone available. Box 213.

MASTER'S STABLE

Has two openings, including No. 1. Tryouts for experienced or promising slaves. I want it, you do it. Am 38, 5'10", 145 lbs., 6" uncut. Box 252.

TIT TORTURE

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Guys who are turned on by tit torture . . . exchange experiences, fantasies. Bob Hughes, Box 333, Lyndhurst, NJ 07071.

BELLVILLE. W/M, 5'9", 170 lbs., 24, dirty blonde hair, very muscular guy, wants same w/m's only, between 18-33. I have 16" arms, 44" chest. Usually top man into some leather, S&M, body worship, etc. What's your scene? I am straight looking & acting, construction worker, and am looking for a man like myself. No bullshit. I like sports, cars and motorcycles. I hate discos, opera and the so-called fine arts. I am not a typical gay, so if you are, you can fuck off. If you think we'll hit it off, write: Box 299, Bellville, NJ 07109.

Hot men do hang out in the forests and mountains of Sussex County, Northern NJ. In bad weather, saunas and fireplaces go full steam. In good weather we visit Long Beach Island above Atlantic City. If you enjoy smoke, music, photography, and hot versatile sex with two goodlooking lovers, send photo and letter to: Bob & Pete, 42 Alpine Trail, Sparta, NJ 07871.

JERSEY CITY. M. Libra, 34, 6', 163. White, 6½". Novice. Have enjoyed light leather bondage & spanking while spreadeagle. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use me any way he wants & let his friends use me too. I'll serve as third to Master and slave. Can get into Manhattan easily. Box 101NJ.

Slave turns on to cigar smokers. Am 29, 5'9", 155 lbs., 7". Enjoy men in uniform, boots, rubber and other kinky scenes. Will give special attention to cops, truckers, guards. Expand my limits. All replies answered. Your photo gets mine. Travel East and West Coasts. My pleasure to serve macho men and cigars. D. Schimdt, Box 209, S. Plainfield, NJ 07080.

SOUTH CENTRAL. SM, w/m, 42, 6'1", 154 lbs., 7½" uncut, experienced, seeks same. Can pick up on partners needs and supply them. Should be same age, masculine or muscular, med or well-endowed. No fats, fems, scat, drunks, or younger looking than about 40. Prefer white, no facial hair. Box 15.

NJ/NYC. w/m, 5'11", 182 lbs., 6½", 40, topman experimenting with bottom role. Into jocks, toys, oil, i/o, piercing, enemas, spreadeagle bondage, outdoors, jeeps, young tight white bodies. Also correspond with tops and bottoms countrywide. Photos returned and appreciated. Box 21.

NEW YORK

GEMINI. 41, 6'3", slender, good body, 6" tattoo; seeks versatile partners. Am novice in both stances. Box 452A.

W/m slave, 35, Capricorn, into heavy, prolonged leather bondage, harnesses, masks, strait-jackets, rubber, bandages, etc. Into enemas. Looking for together guy who is also affectionate. Into total bondage lifestyle. Am 5'10", 155 lbs. Box 107.

LAZY REBEL

Needs boot camp training. Details when properly demanded. Box 12

Scat taker seeks scat giver. Any age, any race. I am white, 47, 6'2", 170 lbs., average goodlooks. Not into S&M or any kind of fixed role-playing. Let's just be friends and have some fun. Beer gut ok, but no fats, please. Box 238. Downstairs, 166 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

MY CABIN IN THE WOODS

or your pad, which ever you prefer. 37, 6'2", 160 lbs., 5½" cut, and new to the leather scene seeks hung, rugged studs who like to be worshipped in their leathers. Flicks, booze, poppers, jocks, dirty talk, and the aroma of leather turns me on. I want to learn about w/s, BD, enemas, fantasies and kinky scenes from bigcocked masters. No fats or fems. Will try most anything once. My tender white ass awaits your pleasure. Will answer all. Box 95.

NYC. 38, 5'10", 160 lbs., white, 7", dark hirsute, mustached, seeks intense asshole sex (FF inclusive) with intelligent, aggressive Orientals, 35 to 45. Dig long scenes from both sides. Reciprocal, adventurous, looking to break ground. No fems, fats, fakes, scat. Box 27.

NYC MASTER. 31, 5'7", 135 lbs., 6½" cut, goodlooking, seeks dog slave to get down and worship. Must have obedient mouth and hole. No fats, fems. No into heavy S&M. Box 94.

New York M. Sag., needing training. Am 36, 155 lbs., white, 8" uncut, J.M.C., Box 28, Shirlet, NY 11967.

FORESKIN STRETCHING

Cock torture, foreskin chewed. Trim beard, 6', 195 lbs., 49. NYC suburbs. Box 90.

NIPPLE FREAK

Wants to meet/correspond/exchange photos etc. with guys into their tits. Mine are big and always in need of hot workout. Into any kind of tit scene, hot to work over other guys nipples, and dirty talk. Box 20.

SPREADEAGLE

NYC Macho master. 5'10", 172 lbs., 47, wants good bodies slave devotee of spreadeagle position. Will explore and expand limits. Particular attention given to stomach, navel, tits, cock, balls and ass. Am knowledgeable and know you must enjoy for me to enjoy. Box 42.

UTICA, NY. White, 44, 5'11", fat 9", new to area, good top man, occasional bottom, mild S&M, very masculine and straight looking, want to meet people in area. Not into bars. Over 40 oday if slim. Blacks, Hispanics, humpy whites, truckdrivers travelling through. Have own place. Box 30.

BODYBUILDER

Young butch white bodybuilder, 6', seeks butch, hung Blacks, Latins, very hot Whites. MW, Downstairs, 166 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

TRAINING NEEDED

W/m, 33, 5'8", 158 lbs., medium build, 6" cut, novice M seeks understanding Master to bring out ability to serve. Willing, obedient. Not into scat or public humiliation. Hope for tall, white man over 20. Box 80.

MS. 38, 5'10", 150 lbs., 6½" cut, into anal sex, FF on a reciprocal basis. Prefer Orientals, 30-45, trim. Am level headed and adventurous. Prefer slightly dominant partner. Box 63.

ROCHESTER. If you are into wild three-ways where anything goes, 2 horny guys are waiting for you. Box 203.

GROOVY ITALIAN SLAVE

5'9", 165 lbs., 27, seeks dominant, chunky, beer-bellied brutes, 5'8" to 5'11", 180 to 230 lbs., who enjoy dominating a butch dog-collared slave for a trip and a half. Write: Box 3058, Church St. Sta., New York, NY 10008.

MANHATTAN. handsome, Black, 30, 5'9", 8", 150 lbs., hairy, rugged gym artist, Gr/Fr active/passive; wants well built, hung, masculine bottom man, any race, 21-45, especially with hairy ass/back, warmth and intelligence. Sould enjoy the sting of caring palms, titwork, piss, FF. Clean. Photo. Box 242.

You are: Hot, handsome, dominating stud who wants to be serviced leisurely and expertly by a hot, butch w/guy, 24, 5'7", 140 lbs., moustache, brown hair, smooth defined body. You are imaginative, intelligent, passionate and very New York. Fantasy, WS, etc., are ok. No pain, freaks, heavy S&M. Send photo, interests to: Marc, Box 5E, New York, NY 10011.

EX-MARINE

Early 40s, making up for lost time. Looking for macho guys into leather, boots, sweaty jocks and socks, athletic gear, to ignite popper fantasies. Bottoms welcome. Send photo and phone. Box 248.

INEXPERIENCED

W/m, 28, 5'6", 135 lbs., 7½", seeks patient, well-hung Master to teach me the finer arts of S&M. Any age. No fats or fems. Photo & phone for fast reply. Tom, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

MS. Leo, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs., 6½", hot, goodlooking, masculine, bearded, muscular guy; warm and intelligent, wants to give himself to a together, well-hung stud. Fill my mouth and ass with your cock, hand and piss, clamp my tits. Into most scenes, but no heavy pain. Box 405E.

MANHATTAN. Hot, hunky, hairy slave ready and on my knees for my Master's pleasure. Am cocksucking, boot licking, piss drinking, 27-year old, ready to expand my few limits. Please. Sir, your letter gets phone number. Goodlooking, semi-novice who worships men. Box 43.

Wants white, funky dominant. You look good and have mouthwatering smell, taste for oral, loving slave who is white, handsome, 46, intelligent. Ballys letter with photo preferred. Box 260.

NEW YORK, SM. 41, 6'3", 175 lbs., handsome muscular masculine Irish-English man, novice to S&M, can adapt to either role, 6" cut, seeks manly partners not hung up on acting out fantasy; changeable, adventurous. Should be over 30, taller than 5'10", and not fat. Box 452A.

MANHATTAN

25, 5'9", 140 lbs., very handsome, into boxing and serious contest quality bodybuilding, seeks level-headed guys into same. Want to take boxing lessons from a boxing muscleman. Also seeking a versatile man as a lover to build a stable homelife. Box 154.

LEATHERMASTER

Albany, 32, 5'8½", 165 lbs., 7", hairy; seeks eager slave with hot mouth and ass. Respect limits. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. Bill C., 163 Jay St., Albany, NY 12210.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. 28, 6'2", 155 lbs., blonde bodybuilder, 10½" thick and uncut. Fantastic pecs, super buns, seeks similar or anything hot and dirty from 18-45. Twist my tits, fist my ass, scat my mouth and then piss all over me. Leather, levis, groups, wet and willing. Insatiable and without any limits. Your photo gets mine, plus anything else you may want. Box 118.

NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS

W/M, 6'3", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs, cone shaped tits that never get enough, wants to meet/hear from heavy chested, big titted guys into long tit workout sessions. Live your nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine. Heavy titted torso friend available for threesomes. Box 451B.

NYC/NJ. Libra, 22, 5'10", 150 lbs., 7", seeking a macho leather topman for regular hot sessions. Like B&D, smoke, amyl. Clean. Photo preferred. Box 190.

MASCUINE GERONTOPHILE Libra, 6'3", 60, slender, will do anything for the masculine male who is turned on my my type. Box 290X.

HOT NY STUD BOTTOM

W/m, 30, 6', good body and head, seeks together top w/m, 25-45, beard or mustache a plus but not necessary. Into FF, w/s, tit work, some B&D with right top. Aware heads appreciated. Could expand limits over a period of time with right top. Box 148.

HOT W/M TRAVELING TO BOISE, Memphis, Minneapolis and Cincinnati, 33, 6'1", 175 lbs., what do you want? Need? J.P., 26 Second Ave., ZAF, N.Y., NY 10003.

WOODBURY, LONG ISLAND, SM, Taurus, 43, 5'9", 172. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Trustworthy, responsible, intelligent, creative and fully aware of risks and dangers. Wishes to fulfill M fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish partner to 48. No fems, fats, freaks, fakes. Box 185R.

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

HOT SLAVE

Goodlooking, white, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., needs total domination and discipline by rugged leather master who will make me worship, beg and grovel at his feet. I dig all kinky scenes, B&D, w/s, tit play, shaving, etc. Send photo & phone number to: Al, Box 1116, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022.

SILICONE

Want to hear from men into silicone injections for huge meat. Exchange ideas and photos. Can travel. Box 405F.

SIT ON MY FACE

You big burly guys or short stockys, plant your hunky levi/leather asses on my ass-eating face and let my talented tongue/mouth do the rest. I'm attractive, butch, 49, 185 lbs., 6", and dig servicing rugged guys. The more rugged you are the further I'll go. Manly affection, too. Nipple action, you name it! Pecs, muscles, tattoos, facial/body hair, even bald guys are turn ons. Call (212) 684-3582.

VISUAL J/O

Is visual j/o with hot, handsome, muscular stud your trip? Reply with photo to: Box 43, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018.

UNIFORM LEATHERMASTER

Trim, 40, requires guy who understands submission and service as virtues and is prepared and anxious to bare his ass and bend his back in my service out of strength, not weakness, in a world that is soft and undisciplined. Box 451T.

SUPER HEAVY S&M

Way out and wild S&M given to hot, young slave by brutal, well-equipped Master. Real m's send photo, age, experience to: Box 12-R, c/o Room 418, 152 West 42nd St., NYC, NY 10036.

NYC UNIFORM MAN, MS, 30, 6', 150 lbs., w/m, 8", hot, moustache, into L/L, uniforms, cycles, boots, seeks tough, well-hung, muscular men who are versatile and can keep it up. Also into fantasies and 3 or more groups with the right people. Reply with photo and phone. Box 687E.

DOMINATING NYC PHOTOGRAPHER

wants young, clean-cut, good body, jock type to submit to imaginatively posed photo sessions. Pay or photos possible. Send age, photo to: Box 574-R, Downstairs, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

NYC, w/m, 36, 5'8", 150 lbs., eager to worship, obey, serve understanding Master. Please respect and expand my limits. Prefer knowledgeable, well-built w/m to 47. Also, Westchester County and Southern CT. Box 759, 166 West 21st St., N.Y., NY 10011.

M. 45, 6', digs dirt or any kind of group or single, day, weekend or longer, scatological scenes in dungeon, cage, car repair shop, pig pen, horse or cow stable, or what have you. FF, w/s, S&M, ball action, secure but loose restraints for B&D, tit and balls. Black or white, any age over 21. Like to have pictures taken. Picture furnished. Box 405B.

BUFFALO, W/M, 25, 5'9", 185, 7" uncut, into leather, inexperienced in S&M but interested in pain and giving it. Looking for levi wearer/leather lover, 21-35, into S&M and discretion. Box 404BNY.

MANHATTAN, Mature Black Scorpio seeks mature, white, French active, not-fat slave — my portable glory hole, my personal toilet, my private cunt. Box 451R.

NASSAU COUNTY, SM, Taurus, 45, 5'9", 172, 6" uncut. White. Knowledgeable. Imaginative in either role. Seeks serious, macho leather/levi partner to 48 with reasonable endurance, into S&M, spreadeagle bondage, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded. No fems, fats, fakes. Box 185R.

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.

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN

Fishermen, sewermen, etc. Hip-booted, gasmasked w/m, 25, 5'7", seeks you for heavy j/o, piss and friendship. Must own and truly love heavy black rubber hipboots, waders, raingear, even innertubes. Let's hose each other with water or piss, slosh in the rain, or slog through the mud. Call (212) 662-0447.

WANTED: Young gays over 18. I'm goodlooking, Italian, married, 29, 6', 170, hung. Daytime, your place only. Box 154, Westchester Sta., Bronx, NY 10461.

CIGAR SMOKING STUD, bearded, tattoo, 37, 6', 170, 8", into uniforms, leather, boots, w/s, S&M, FF, all far out scenes. Playroom. Want to meet same type. Send photo. Can Travel. Box 451C.

PARIS/NEW YORK

SM, very handsome blond German, 34, 5'9", well-built, masculine in full leather, is moving to NYC and seeks interesting leather studs in NY area; and all over the USA. I'm quite active, but also like to submit, but only to butch studs. Interested in bondage, humiliation, submission and other fantasies. If you are real and down to earth, then you won't be disappointed at all. Enjoy uninhibited, hot leather sessions. Photo and detailed letter, if possible. Box 140.

NEW YORK, 45, M. 5'8", blond, dig macho male any age, levi, leather, tattoos, motorcycles. Write: Box 285 Downstairs, 166 West 21 St., New York, NY 10011.

MANHATTAN, trim guy, 44, 5'7", average equipment, gentle, reliable, clean, intelligent, needs Greek passive for tender times. Age ok, no bad trips. R.H., Box 245, N.Y., NY 10016.

BROOKLYN, M. Aquarius, 33, 6', 170. White. Cherokee Indian. 7 1/2" uncut. Knowledgeable. Smooth, body-building, talented, tight ass, slave needs domineering Master to 40 over 6", hairy, hung, into B&D. No role-switching, scat, shaving. Box 122.

GYM JOCK

Gym sock jock wants to rent Levi j/o buddy. Send photo. Box 414, 166 W. 21 St., NYC, NY 10011.

NEW YORK, M. Aquarius, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking, clean-cut novice seeks macho, good-looking, dominant partners. Likes verbal abuse, humiliation and w/s from masculine, clean-cut top men, 25-50. No hard S&M or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn on. Box 220K.

ITALIAN NOVICE

Passive beginner is looking for the right man to make me sexually into whatever he wants. Am 38, 5'9", 6 1/2" uncut. You should be over 35, into leather/levis, hung, and looking for the one person to settle down with. Box 665E.

FRESH MEADOWS, M. 34, 175. Taurus. White, 6". Uncut. Seek mature, adult, macho male with head together. Levi, leather, construction. I can take orders. Blonde, blue-eyed German seeks anything but drag. Box 052H.

MATURE SCATMAN

wants masculine, unwashed partners, 35-55. Average looks, build. Uninhibited leatherman. Fully experienced in water sports, C&B work, tit work, ass worship, sloppy animal action. Freaky penpals welcome. Trade smelly jockstraps & photos. In Manhattan. Box 281A.

NEW YORK, M. Aquarius, 38, 5'8", 145, white, 7", masculine and obedient but needing training and discipline from rugged master over 40 who believes in keeping his slave naked and spreadeagle and ready to service him and his buddies. Box 070T.

OHIO

SM, 25, 5'9", 150 lbs., 7" cut, is experienced in both roles, have worked out with real pros. Am compassionate and mature during scenes and expect the same. Not interested in uncut, bearded, very hairy, over 30, fat or fems. Mental stability important. Box 300.

CLEVELAND, experienced, L/L, Aries, SM, 5'10", 150 lbs., 6", masculine, seeks partner into light S&M, B&D, FF, C&B play, TLC. Play both roles and expect partner to also. Let me fulfill your fantasy. Will travel. Have movies and much equipment. Box 251.

CLEVELAND, SM, 35, 6', 186 lbs., muscular/husky build, inexperienced but tend towards S role, seeks 26-35, up to 6", white, under 200 lbs., at least 6" for further experimentation. Box 665H.

COLUMBUS, SM, Taurus, 25, 5'9", 183. White, 6 1/2". Novice, satisfaction guaranteed to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

WARREN

Double your fun. Couple seeking friendship with other couples or singles. 27, 5'11", 155 lbs., med. build with 7" and 33 5'8", 160 lbs., med. build with 7 1/2". Send photo. 879 Dover, Warren, OH 44485.

PRISONER, 28, blond hair/blue eyes, 6'1", 180 lbs., wants meaningful correspondence. George E. Hakaim, No. 141-671, Box 5500, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

BOX SERVICE AVAILABLE FOR YOUR CLASSIFIED AD

CLEVELAND

Boots and Leather Master, trim, 155 lbs., white, 7 1/2", wants oral slave, father-son relationship, full time. Box 99.

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10", 155. White, 6 1/2". Novice. French active, Greek passive. Wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No fats, heavy S&M, B.O. Box 017V.

AKRON, MS, Gemini, 43, 6'1", 195. White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would switch roles with right partner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers or drug users, hippies. Box 187L.

MS, 27, 6', 165 lbs., swimmer. Eager to play games, wrestle, to be captured and bound: spreadeagle, suspension, total B&D. Box 21192, Cleveland, OH 44121.

OKLAHOMA

TRAVELING MASTER, 32, 6'2", Solid 195, 8". Gets to Baton Rouge, Shreveport, Dallas, Houston, Austin, Albuquerque, Little Rock and Oklahoma City. Seeks willing slave with magic mouth and hot ass. Into sweaty jocks. Box 20772, Oklahoma City, OK 73156.

OK CITY S. 6'2". 32, 195, 8" cut, I give orders and expect obedience or punishment prevails. Looking for over 25, under 6'2" with average endowment; perhaps in jock strap and chaps. Box 1010K.

OKLAHOMA CITY SLAVE

W/m, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., novice, seeks butch masters to service with my hot mouth and ass. Make me crawl, beg, obey and worship you. (405) 634-4886.

STILLWATER, SM, 36, 5'9", 180 lbs., 8" uncut, ex-police officers looking for other officers, ex-officers, those into uniforms as a lifestyle. No fats, drugs, fems, scat. Discreet. Box 45.

OREGON

PORTLAND, 31, 5'5", 165 lbs., dark and hairy, 7", wants to meet hunky truckers, troopers, cowboys, construction workers, body builders into leather, levis, w/s, Fr., tattoos, beards & hair a turn-on. Send photo, address; answer with same. No overly fat, fems, fakes, drugs or blacks. Box 667B.

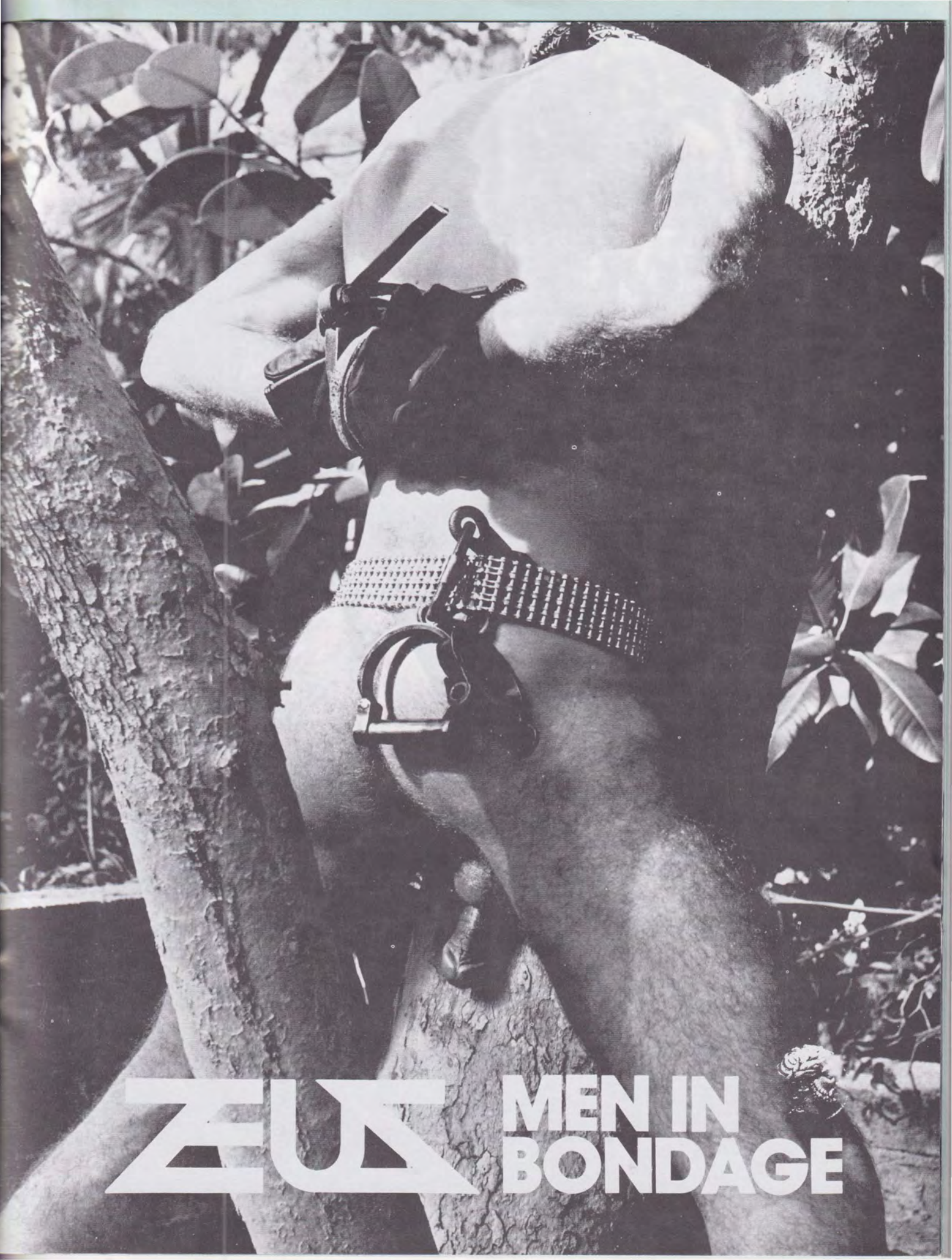
W/M, 30, 6 1/2", wants to correspond with and meet raunchy studs. Into piss, spit, uniforms, dirty talk, smoke, amyl, jocks, oil, urinals and far out sex. Send photo with dirty letter. Box 309A.

PORTLAND, S, 32, 5'5", 170 lbs., semi-muscular, hairy, 7 1/2" cut, demanding. Like to hear slaves beg, but respect limits. Masculine dudes, tattooed, muscular, or at least not fat, that want discipline in leather or levis, write: Box 241.

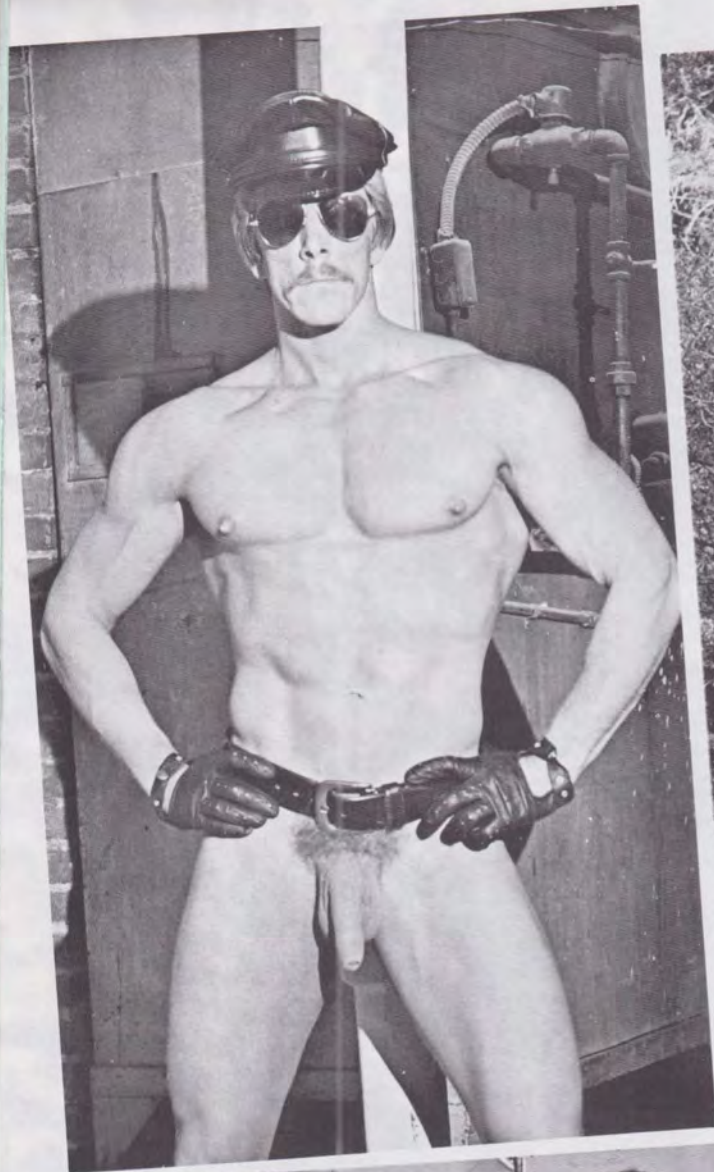
PORTLAND, SM, 28, 160 lbs., 7", intelligent, dominant novice seeks orally orientated bondage partner into S&M. Submit letter and photo to: Box 217.

My 5'6", 150 lb. 6 1/2" isn't glamorous but it is a functional work of art. Clean, oils, sweat, amyl, mind trips. Top, bottom, auto, FF. Hot to learn sensual S&M. Box 225.

MORE DRUMBEATS ON PAGE 53



EL MEN IN
BONDAGE





ZEUS MEN IN BONDAGE

Bondage can be a physical discipline trip, part of an SM trip, or (sometimes) best of all — bondage is the esthetic *securing* of a man. Like living sculpture.

Looking very secured and open to whatever nastiness might feel "esthetic," these Olympic champions from ZEUS seem secure enough for some Decathlon endurance stough.

A really good man is never too hard to bind. Ropes make a guy not only meditative and expectant, but sweaty, open-pitted, and lickable!

You don't need Martini and Rossi to make any one of these guys say YES. But a hit of popper could be downright upright.

ZEUS is a new, bright, and sexy sixshooter, fresh and worthy of authentic men's hardon attention. To get at ZEUS, try *HARD!*



PENNSYLVANIA

HARRISBURG, MS, 31, 5'6", trim 140 lbs., moustache, masculine, goodlooking, intelligent and discreet, seeks dominant, masculine master, 23-39, into feet, boots, B&D, light S&M, WS, L&L. Travel Northeast. Photo appreciated, will return. R.T., Box 332, Harrisburg, PA 17108.

SM, 50, 5'11", experienced. Prefer dominant, like FF, leather, roughing it with respect to my limits. Will try anything within limits. Like dildoes of all sorts for pleasure. No fems. Rough, hairy, tough, well-built are real turn on. Box 222.

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

PHILADELPHIA. S. Virgo/Scorpio. 42. 5'7". 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Italian, stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his leather, chains and boots. Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, W/S, chains, bike and western leather toys. Send letter of submission, with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 052.

KINGSTON, M. 30, 6'1", 180 lbs., medium build, hairy chest, big balls, 7" cut, novice is absolutely willing to learn to please. Looking for dominant Master who is into leather, is masculine. Box 119.

PHILADELPHIA. M. Cancer. 40. 6'2". 210. White. 7". Intermediate but learning fast. Masculine weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist wants to expand experiences with experienced, clean, masculine S. Box 023.

WILKES BARRE. S. Cancer, 41, 6', 170, white, 12". Old hand, military disciplinarian with rural stockade, 20 years military exp., seeks prisoners from beginners to experienced for penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fems, fats. Box 055.

BOXING INSTRUCTIONS

I'm 27, 6'3", 185 lbs., looking for a guy who is good with his fists and could dig teaching a beginner the ropes. Into both ring and street fighting. Man-to-man workouts, 10-14 oz. gloves, occasional bare-knuckle bouts. L/L wrestling, weight training cool also. If you're under 30, level-headed, but get into playing rough once in a while, I think we should talk. No pansies or pretenders. VA, MD, PA. Box 10Q1, York, PA 17405.

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

PHILADELPHIA. S. Aquarius. 46. 5'9". 165. White. 7". Knowledgeable, masculine S seeks M under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, oil, leather, levis, amyl. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209.

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE, w/m, 30, submissive, novice, desires clean, white male to teach me to serve a loving master. Prefers a dominate who respects limits. No heavy stuff. Willing to learn. Box 164.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUBMISSIVE w/m, 23, 147 lbs., 5'10", brown hair/eyes, wants to serve white MASTERS, 30-50, into S&M, B&D, w/s, leather, levis, uniforms and boots. Am Gr passive, Fr active. C.J. Bridwell, Box 1143, Taylors, SC 29687.

TEXAS

HOUSTON, 29, 5'6", 130 lbs., seeks raunchy action, w/s, scat, animals, sweat, diapers, etc. Travels. Box 77.

COWBOY MASTER

W/m, 23, 6'1", 180 lbs., seeks slaves 18-35, for B&D, W/S, boot worship, and light S&M. Send photo and letter for prompt reply. Box 183.

PERMANENT SLAVE AVAILABLE M, 24, 5'10", 160 lbs., needs brutal Master to enforce permanent slavery. Torture, brainwashing, piercing, shaving, permanent bondage, w/s, scat; all needed, Sir! I need to be shown my proper place in life, at your feet, worshipping your boots. Photo and letter will get prompt reply. Box 451V.

Sensible, attractive, mid-30's couple open for meetings with singles, couples who swing. No S&M, only attractive, versatile, sincere need respond. Travelers, bi-gay, welcome. Your photo gets ours. Box 36243, Dallas, TX 75235.

DALLAS, Virgo, 35, 5'8", 151 lbs., 7" seeks Black with uncut or blind meat over 7" for water sports. Am masculine, muscular, hunky. Photo requested of you pissing. Will travel. Box 180.

Dallasite desires initiation into S&M and B&D. No heavy scenes. Box 8.

FT WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 190 lbs., 7" uncut, German Aquarius is looking for either slave or Master. Either should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 059D.

DALLAS, SM, 31, w/m, 6'2", 165 lbs., attractive, masculine and intelligent, seeks others into S&M, B/D. Send descriptive letter to: Boxholder, Box 36061, Dallas, TX 75235.

TENNESSEE

NASHVILLE, S, 39, 6', 150 lbs., 8" uncut, masculine stud looking for well-built, masculine dude who isn't into games, or limitations. Into man-to-man action. No bullshitters, drunks, drugs or fat. Box 61.

VIRGINIA

SM (S preferred) 29, 5'6", 142 lbs., muscular, 8" cut, seeks short-haired, clean-cut, muscular M who is masculine and knows how to follow orders. Am demanding, forceful - but know when to pull back, respect limits. While I am attracted to other tops, it takes quite a man to get me to bottom, and then not for very long. Box 294V50.

FALLS CHURCH AREA, M, 35, 5'9", 150 lbs., novice slave, brown eyes/hair, looking for hairy, masculine, dominant male to serve. Dig piss, dirty talk, uniforms, cops, construction workers. Box 262.

LYNCHBURG, MS, 31, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" cut, knowledgeable, looking for someone willing to take time in

training, 20-35, white, masculine, no fats or dirt. Box 139.

RICHMOND, S. Leo, 45, 6'1", 175, white, 8" cut, brown hair/blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, cigars, L/L, truckers, horses, w/s, j/o, light S&M, boot lover. Business necessitates travel entire U.S. Replies with photo and phone get mine. Box 5501, Richmond, VA 23220.

VERMONT

NEW YORK/VERMONT, 41, leather, levis, boots, jocks, bodybuilder, dirty, WS, seeks same, mutual only. Box 250.

WASHINGTON

TACOMA, SM, completely inexperienced, 7", uncut, 5'10", 240 lbs. Box 181X.

TACOMA, SM, Capricorn. 37. 6'2 1/2", 190. White. 7". Novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No fems, fats. Box 185G2.

PHOTO EXCHANGE

23, 5'9", 145 lbs., raunchy, obscenity. Exchange foul polaroids, etc, with anyone, anywhere. Box 137.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA W/S W/m, 5'4", 135 lbs., 49, seeks younger masculine types into piss scenes. Wet levis, boots, Fr active, one way or mutual. No fats, fems or drugs. Box 105.

CENTRAL WASHINGTON

MS, 26, 5'5", 150 lbs. Into B&D, S&M, WS, humiliation. Special interest in leather, chains and pain. Want to serve/please a master; explore different scenes and my own limits. Willing to get together with others and experiment on mutual needs. Box 198.

Want fellow Harley rider into uniforms and leather for permanent relationship on West Coast. Box 233.

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.

WISCONSIN READERS, all this is new to you but reading about it has got you hot and hard? Want to learn more about different scenes as well as about yourself? If you are willing to learn and obey, I am willing to instruct. Box 173.

KENOSHA

Goodlooking varsity soccer playing student wants older, masculine father-type man in my area. My fantasies include long spanking scenes with stimulating Dad in a big leather chair. Prefer lasting relationships. I will answer all replies. Bill H., Box 383, Kenosha, WI 53141.

S seeking Japanese college students willing to exchange language lessons for sessions. Box 172.

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius. 28. 5'7". 150. White. 7". Novice. Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 062K.

MILWAUKEE, MA. Capricorn. 42. 6'4 1/2". 210. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Fifteen years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner 25-60. No fats. Box 294V85.

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Hot, hairy leather stud, into flexing and wrestling, is selling his bag of ripe, rancid jockstraps. All are well broken-in and are heavily stained with sweat, piss, cum, oil and amyl. Just right for those private posing sessions... or when you need a special mouth gag or handy amyl inhaler. \$6 each. Sent in heavy insulated envelope. P.P., P.O. Box 11007, S.F., CA 94101.

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Gets new 20 page catalogue of live, uncensored male S&M tapes and photos. Tri-Wood Creations, Box 3372, Providence, RI 02909.

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This is it! Candid movie of real football players in football cage. See jocks shedding uniforms, take leaks and shower. It's real. No fake! Other films in Super 8-55' color are: Marines-Navy, Swimmers, Gymnasts, Nude Surfers, Lifeguards, Wrestlers, Glory Hole. Each film is \$25. Sets of 3x5 color photographs are \$25. Set of 50 photographs, including stills from films for \$50. Free information with order. Extra information for \$2. Sign if over 21. TAURUS PRODUCTIONS, Box 3312, Santa Monica, CA 90403.

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NUDE BEACHES: Complete maps and detailed information only \$3. **NUDE RESORTS:** nation wide listings, revealing guide only \$5. USA & Canada. Both: \$7, air mailed. Personal checks accepted. GEODETICS, Box 3382-D, Station B, Calgary, CANADA T2M 4M1.

INITIATION!

Hear young Mark get paddled on his bare butt by his fraternity brothers. Quality C-60 cassette, airmailed in brown wrapper, only \$10. VISA, BankAmericard, check. Geodetics, Box 3382-S, Station B, Calgary, Canada T2M 4M1.

DISCIPLINE TAPES

Hear naked young guys get severely beaten with the paddle, the tawse, the strap, even the whip. Free brochure airmailed in plain envelope. Geodetics, Box 3382-S, Station B, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2M 4M1.

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Nude, tied young guys. Hear them cry, beg and whimper under the strap, the paddle, even the whip. Untouched tape, only \$10. Air mailed in plain wrapper. VISA, BankAmericard, check. Geodetics, Box 3382-S, Station B, Calgary, Canada T2M 4M1

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\$25. Filmed in a surfer's men's room, through a real glory hole with hidden movie camera. Was risky to film. See those hunky rods spurt their golden showers! Other films in S8 color, 55', are: Lockerroom, Nude Surfers, Marines-Navy, Nude Beaches, Lifeguards, etc. \$25. each. Order: Baron Von Fresin, 12311 Dorothy, L.A., CA 90049. Sign if 21! More information, send \$1.

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Small Press, autographed, and First Edition gay books. Illustrated catalogue \$1; refundable with first purchase. Cover To Cover, 308 Eureka, S.F., CA 94114.

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JOCKSTRAPS

worn by construction workers and gymnasts: \$3. each. Raunchy: \$5. each. Please add \$1. for postage and handling to: Marty, 5947 Carlton Way No. 8, Hollywood, CA 90028.

AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE/SOUTH AUSTRALIA MS, Taurus, 38, 6½", 5'10", 156 lbs., novice, digs leather, boots, bikes, needs to be gently but firmly instructed in the art of servicing well-built, hairy master to 50. Collar, chains and cuffs really turn me on. No fats, fems or drugs. Box 281C. (Include airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

GOODLOOKING AUSTRALIAN

guy, 37, 5'10" 155 lbs., white, Taurus, digs cycle riders, uniformed cycle cops, high boots, breeches, leather. A real cop or CHP a bonus. Must dig breeches and boots. Your photo gets mine. Box 120 (Please include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

ADELAIDE/SOUTH AUSTRALIA MS, Aries, 36, slim, experienced and versatile with well-equipped slave room, would like to contact guys visiting Adelaide. Accommodations available. Box 194. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

Well-built, athletic Aussie guy into S&M, visiting America later this year, seeking accommodation in S.F., L.A., N.Y. and Chicago. All replies answered. Box 264. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

MELBOURNE

S, 38, 5'10", 150 lbs., and M, 30, 5'10", 155 lbs., knowledgeable, into leather and wild 3-ways. Oral S&M, B/D, FF, W/S, tits, smoke, etc. Fully equipped game room. Visiting USA June/July. Photo appreciated. Box 14. (Please include overseas air mail postage with replies to this ad.)

CANADA

TORONTO MASTER

wants well-built athlete or body-builder for lifetime slave. You are a docile, obedient "Q" as in "The Story of Q" longing for a permanent, secure life as a piece of property. To be used, abused, branded, pierced and worked as I choose is your only desire. Your Master is young, goodlooking with average build. For inspection and interview, reply with recent photo and frank letter. No games or freaks. All serious answered. Box 667E.

CANADIAN DISCIPLINARIAN seeks father/son relationship. Confused? Get straightened out! (604) 921-7721. Anytime.

SM, 39, 5'11", 6" uncut, inexperienced but very willing to learn. Into leather, levi and cowboy fantasies. Am versatile and willing to assume either role with proper instruction. Box 491D.

MONTREAL

S, 32, 6', dark hair, into heavy and long sessions of S&M, pain, humiliation, bondage, cropping, catheters, tit-cock-ball work; at home or in public. Will cross, stretch, and expand but respect limits of willing and respectful M's. Box 123.

OTTAWA Master wants slaves in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto region who get off on leather, levis, boots. Into bondage, discipline, piss, humiliation and good fucking. Limits respected. Master willing to travel. Send grovelling letter with description and phone number, photo if possible. No fats or fems. Box 216.

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OCCULT

Witchcraft, Black Magic, Slave of Satan seeks earthly Masters, cultists. Vacancy for initiates, live-in or out. (604) 921-7721.

TORONTO, masculine w/m, Aquarius, strictly top, 6'3", 180 lbs., 34 balding, moustache, seeking masculine, muscular younger men for occasional sex. Send photo, fantasies, wishes. Also interested in mail from non-Torontonians for j/o exchanges. Box 7307, Station A, Toronto, Canada M5W 1X9.

TORONTO. M, 25, 150 lbs., 5'7", 6½", slave into anything but scat. Travel extensively in Canada and USA (both coasts). Special interests: FF, W/S, Leather, levis, S&M, B&D. Write with orders. Box 38.

TORONTO MASTER

wants well-built athlete or body-builder for lifetime slave. You are a docile, obedient "Q" as in "The Story of Q" longing for a permanent, secure life as a piece of property. To be used, abused, branded, pierced and worked as I choose is your only desire. Your Master is young, good-looking with average build. For inspection and interview, reply with recent photo and frank letter. No games or freaks. All serious answered. Box 667E.

S&M Deviates, masculine male accommodations, Vancouver. Gas plentiful. Studs serviced. Ring (604) 921-7721.

DENMARK

COPENHAGEN. 2 hot Danish studs, 37 and 38, are looking for new friends who go in for more than just j/o scenes. Live action in our home or on our visits to the U.S. We are both versatile, have good builds, have 7" and 8" to work with. We are also interested in exchanging material with other guys who also have good collections of photos and drawings concerning S&M. We have our own darkroom for developing and copying. Box 665C. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

HOT DANISH LEATHER

Masculine guy, hung and hairy, 34, 6'2", in full leather and tall boots, welcomes the visit of hot leather guys from all over the world. Am versatile and into many scenes, anxious to extend present limits and enter new scenes. Let's have a fucking good time and let the smell of leather and . . . arouse us to wild experiences. Send hot/detailed letter with photo to: Mogens S. Kruse, 2 Vestervang, DK-8000 Aarhus C, DENMARK.

ENGLAND

LONDON LEATHER GUY

6'2", 170 lbs., white, 7" cock, very active, strictly top, wants to meet groovy, muscular slaves who know how to serve a real Master. I am into most scenes and really enjoy man-to-man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees. Send a photo and I will send mine. If you are a real slave, I can guarantee you the real thing. Letters with photos answered first. Box 665B. (Include overseas airmail postage with reply to be forwarded.)

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Visit THE FESTIVAL CLUB, London's oldest and most friendly gay club. Make it your London base. Open 11 am-3pm and 5:30pm til midnight. The Festival Club, 2 Brydges Place, St. Martin's Lane, London WC2. Phone 01-836-1436.

Turned on slave, 27, 6' and booted, wants real masters to 40, into all scenes. Travel USA and Europe constantly. Please, Sir, write me your intentions and instructions. Real thing. No freaks. Box 124. (Please include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad)

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Handsome ex-Cavalryman, 40, 6', into leather, rubber, uniforms, w/s, B&D; will show you London. Write w/photo: Bernie Welch, c/o B.M. Cavalryman, London WC1V 6XX, ENGLAND.

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ORIENTAL, 29, 5'5", 145 lbs., 6" uncut, virgin ass, inexperienced but willing, seeks hung, muscular bodybuilder studs (25-40) for correspondence, lasting relationship, gay experiences and possible meeting. Write with photos (nude preferred) to: John Lee, Post Office, Mukah, Sarawak, Malaysia.

MONACO

SOUTH OF FRANCE

Enema expert wanted with discipline, methods and humiliation for slave. Call 93-50-91-81. Write Box 96. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

POLAND

POLAND

Young gay man, 24, would like to exchange correspondence with gay Americans. Angelo Hoszonski, Wariszanska 15/6, 44-100 Gilwice, Poland.

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN

All dudes interested in W/S, Leather, levis, fucking, rimming, spanking, animals, fantasy, phone: (809) 722-3631. Will be visiting Miami and New York during May '79.

SWEDEN

MUST BE REALLY MALE

30-year-old M can assume either role; interested in the real man. Tends to be passive. Into levis, leather, cowboys. Into sex toys. Can travel. Willing to correspond with other Masters and slaves. Box 228M. (Include Overseas Airmail postage with response to this ad.)

SWITZERLAND

BODYBUILDER

Leather stud, 27, into heavy chests and big pecs, muscular asses; would like to see photos of American bodybuilders into leather straps, jocks and heavy action. Anreas Buhlmann, Nordstrasse 59, 8006 Zurich CH, Switzerland.

WEST GERMANY

WEST GERMAN

Dutchman, young looking 40, living in West Germany, seeks dominating, slim partner to 30 for lasting relationship. Possible living together. Box WG901. (Include Overseas Airmail postal rate with reply for forwarding)

JUNE

German M, 35, 150 lbs., masculine, muscular, comes to California, West Coast, Arizona, Utah, Idaho in June. Wants to go back branded, shaved and tattooed by his owner after two weeks or longer of total slavery on S&M farm, or after turned into a pig, chained in a stable next to the animals. Also dog training by Master or group. Or prisoner in cell or cage. Like public humiliation. Only real, extreme scenes. Write: George Gerber, Postfach 290232, 5000 Koeln 1, West Germany.

WEST GERMAN

Dutch guy, 30, blonde, 6'2", hairy, long legs, coming to the States in April and September, wants to meet and correspond with Black Master. Into licking, sucking, w/s, getting

fucked, etc. Box 106. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

BERLIN, SM, 33, 6'2", white 7" uncut, experienced, tending toward S role, but can switch for right guy. Travels to the USA several times a year. Want to meet/correspond with interesting men into leather, levis, uniforms and toys. Also want to meet guys with game rooms in L.A., S.F. areas. Write detailed letter with photos. Age and endowment not important, but no feds, fats, please. Box 134. (Please include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

WEST GERMANY, Brutaler Sadist, 54, 1, 78m schlank, militarist in uniform, leder etc sucht 100% sklavens/rekruten moeglichkeit in drilllichzeug, stiefel, etc. Rasierter kopf, oder kurzhaarig fur dauerzucht in bauernhaus, etc. Ganzfotozuschrift NUR in deutsch in uniform wird erwartet: H. Grallert, D-3101 Scharnhorst 1-Nr. 5A.

COLOGNE, SM, 45, 6', white, 7" uncut, into either role, experienced and convincing, masculine, slender and muscular, tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent, masculine, wear leather naturally. Should be my age or younger, not fat, no feds. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 121. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

CONTACT

HOT & HORNEY?

Let us put you in touch with the guys you want to meet! All types! Nationwide. Free information. Friends Unlimited, Box 3961-CE, N. Hollywood, CA 91609.

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INCEST

A serious examination of this universal taboo is underway. If you have been involved in an incestuous relationship, and would be willing to fill out a questionnaire, please send your name and address to: John, Box 14623, San Francisco, CA 94114. Absolute and complete privacy respected. If you would be available for interview, please indicate.

INTERCHAIN

International club for men into leather, levis, uniforms and bodybuilding. For information, write: Box 410, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

LONG BEACH

Need a second address for your private mail? Let's show you how it works. Phone: (213) 426-8790. Write: M&M, Box 7305, Long Beach, CA 90807. In business 10 years.

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SHAVED/LEATHER/NUDE

Hot guys pose nude, in leather and shaved of all pubic hair. Catalog and 4 sample photos: \$6. State over 21 years of age. PROSTAR STUDIOS, Box 6963, Burbank, CA 91510. (2140 Hlywd Way).

OMAHA, S, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., entering scene. Looking for clean-cut, white M to 30 who is good-looking, muscular, smooth body, masculine and enjoys being dominated. Prefer novice. Start with light B&D and grow together. I'm respectable and discreet, you must be same. Personal character important. No drugs, fats, feds or dirty need apply. Box 231.

BUTCH OF CALIFORNIA

Drawings of men in action for men of action. For information, write: Box 410, 166 West 21st Street, New York, NY 10011.

PITTSBURGH, S, 43, 6', 180 lbs., semi-muscular, 7" uncut, big balls, 8 years in USMC, into discipline, looking for masculine man, under 40, white, in leather or levis, who understands submission and service. Into face and ass fucking. No fats, feds or heavy S&M. Box 83.

NEED AN AGENT?

We represent gay writers, artists, and photographers. Fifteen years of sales. One time agency fee, payable with submission of first batch of material: \$35. D. Mullenix Assoc., 4210 North University, Peoria, IL 61614.

GERMAN POLICE BOOTS

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18" Official German Police Boots, double sole and heel, comfortable, sizes 7-12, 50 sold - 30 left, 14" reconditioned at \$45. Flyer from: Peter Fiske, 941 Church, S.F., CA 94114.

SWIMMERS OR WRESTLERS

40 photos of young (adult) macho male Swimmers (semi-nude) or Wrestlers (over half are action close-ups) for only \$6. Both sets, only \$9. Order from: Leland Wiegert, Jr., Box 2474-DM, Rolling Hills Estates, CA 90274. (Photos are black and white, vary in size to 6"x8"). Satisfaction guaranteed or money back!

TITLES WANTED

Am looking for editions of James Barr's QUANTREFOIL and AN OCCASIONAL MAN, also a gay novel called SAM, author unknown, and a gay porn novel titled DOWN BOY, author unknown. Send condition, edition, and price to Box 1000.

MODELS

BOCA RATON, FLORIDA

Face Peeling & Make up artist will model for you. 34, 5'10", 148 lbs., 31" waist. Must write for phone number. Rates: \$35 per hour. I promise you will come out looking like you enjoyed yourself while on your trip. Box 75.

YOUNG NAKED

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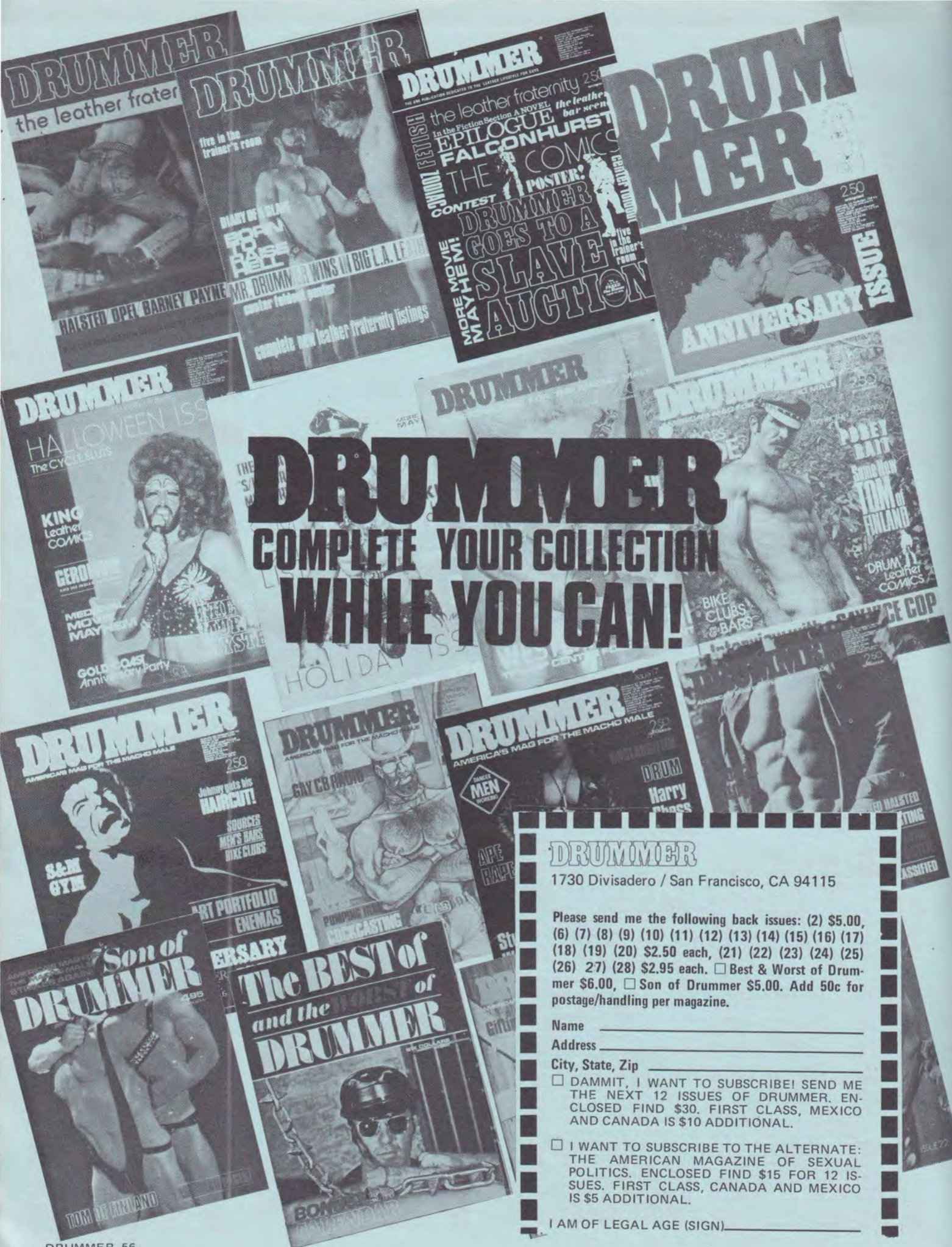
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PART FOUR OF PRISON PUNK

BY
FRANK O'ROUKE

The death of Tillie the Toilet left a lot of the convicts angry and frustrated. Tillie was responsible for keeping many men in Folsom Prison happy and Country Boy had destroyed all of that. Every Saturday of every week of the year, Tillie fasted, living only on come. There were those that remarked that her weekly diet of come was making her a little pudgy. Early every Saturday morning men would casually line up outside of the year's recreation shack waiting for her to arrive. Each man carried a pack of cigarettes with him to pay Tillie for her blow job. She often commented, "You can only do so much for God and country!" The guys knew there was nothing fancy about Tillie, in fact she insisted that the cocks already be hard before they shoved them into her vacuum working mouth.

One of her regular customers was a tall, Sioux who referred to her as "Iron Jaws." Now, these same men would have to catch as catch can, beat their meat, or try to bargain with Jerry to use me. Many, in fact too damn many, chose the latter course.

For a time Chuck Lambert teetered between life and death. He eventually came out of it all right, but he was transferred to the Medical Facility at Vacaville for therapy. Before he left, Jerry went to the prison hospital and saw him. I only heard about it later. Jerry had money transferred to Chuck's account, I never found out how much. This was slave money ... Jerry bought me, thus sealing my fate with him.

During this time there was an almost subtle change in Jerry's attitude toward me. Where in the past I had been nothing but a come receptacle, he evidenced a little care for me, but he still considered me a fuck machine, something to make him money and something to pour his never ceasing loads of come into.

Jerry's boss went to the hospital with a heart attack shortly after I started living with him and they only brought a parson in on Sundays so there was never anyone over in the Chapel except Jerry. The doors were kept locked but Jerry still had his key. Jerry had made me give up my job in the cellhouse clothing shack so I remained unemployed, either spending my time on the yard, in Jerry's office, or in our cell.

I slept in late one morning when the tiertender woke me up.

"Jerry just told me to tell you to get up, take a shower and clean out. He wants you over the chapel office."

"Thanks," I murmured.

I stretched my sore body under the covers. I expected my ass to be sore, but, surprise, it wasn't. Jerry had had me in bondage the night before and after he had fucked me, he brought out a raw hotdog. After he had spread toothpaste all over the surface of the wiener, he had shoved it up my ass. I barely felt it when it went in but I became more and more aware of its existence as the toothpaste began to give off a burning sensation. My ass had been on fire, I twisted and turned in my bondage, hoping that I would dislodge the flaming spear that was searing my guts. My whole body broke out in sweat. I couldn't control my moaning so Jerry shoved a pair of sweaty socks in my mouth. After I thought that I could not bear the pain anymore, Jerry grabbed by hard cock in his hand and started to jack me off, using mentholated vaseline for lubricant. Now, it became a contest between my ass and my cock as to which would burn up the quickest. I felt my balls draw up in their sac, a prelude to busting. As I came closer to getting off, my ass muscles, involuntarily, tightened which only aggravated the fire it contained. I screamed through my gag, as I shot an incredible spurt of semen which geysered past my head. Some of the come landed on the bars while particles rained on the tier outside of the cell. Only then did Jerry untie me, taking the gag out of my mouth.

"Hit the crapper and get rid of the hotdog."

It took only one push from my rectal muscles to drop the hotdog with a large plop into the toilet bowl. Very quickly the pain in my cock and ass abated. Afterwards Jerry explained that the toothpaste would do no tissue damage.

I got out of bed, put on my levis, grabbed a towel and a short plastic hose from the back shelf which I used to give myself enemas. The cellhouse was quiet since everyone was at work and headed down the tier for the showers. After I had douched, I started washing off. The tiertender who had let me out came around the end of the cellblock and without a word to me he stripped off all of his clothing and got into the shower with me.

His body was very lean and as he turned to face me, my eyes automatically dropped to his crotch. I had the shock of my life. I had never seen a prick which must have been fifteen inches long with a circumference the size of my wrist. The monstrous cockhead actually slapped against the tops of his knees. The fucking bastard was deformed!

"Jerry told me to tell you to fix me up."

Jesus, I thought, what can I do with that thing, except bark at it.

The lanky guy stepped under the shower with me. I couldn't help wanting to grab hold of his cock to assure myself it was real. I grabbed hold of it at its base and it felt heavy in my hand. The dude began caressing my body, running his

**"DON'T TENSE UP ON ME, FUCKER, OR I WILL TEAR YOU APART.
JUST RELAX. YOU CAN TAKE A HELL OF A LOT MORE
THAN WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU."**

hands down my back to the cheeks of my ass. Oh, fucking no, my mind screamed, I won't do it; the motherfucker will kill me.

"Get on your knees, babe. Put your hands behind you."

As I looked down at the monstrous head, I knew that I would never be able to get my mouth around the gigantic bulbous head. He started a slow stream of piss which struck me in the crotch and he started to direct the piss hose up and down my body. I had never been pissed on before but I found it particularly stimulating. The full force of the stream of piss was aimed at my face. I squeezed my eyes shut and automatically opened my mouth where he directed the final stream. Most of the piss dribbled down my chin but I managed to swallow some of it.

After the stream slowed, he directed the cockhead toward my mouth and I licked it, trying to get the head in my mouth, but I was unsuccessful. Again, I had the urge to start barking at this monster before me but I was sure that he wouldn't appreciate this bit of levity and he might beat my ass. As I kissed the shaft and stroked the fleshy rope, he took a bar of soap and started to lather the length of his cock, stroking away.

"Start sucking on my balls," he directed. I worked my tongue over his average sized balls, but I kept my eyes on the improbable tool he was working on so zealously. Still, the cock showed no sign of hardening and I wondered if he would be able to get off. I shifted my hands to his legs and I could feel the tension of the dude trying to bring himself off. I found myself silently encouraging him.

It was then that I saw the most incredible sight of my life. The fleshy pipe began to take a life of its own. It began to grow, both in length and circumference. The dude brought his second hand into play. The first one continued to stroke rapidly from about six inches from the cockhead, each stroke abrading the cock head. The circumference was becoming so great that neither hand could completely encompass the shaft. The second hand operated at the base of the long shaft supporting the cock with shorter strokes while lifting what would be an impossible weight. The dude began grunting and he let out a short scream as a very short spurt erupted from the head, dropping to the floor while subsequent orgasms merely oozed from the head. I was surprised that there had even been a spurt considering how far the semen had to travel, but the monster must have easily grown to eighteen inches. Leaning against the wall panting, the tiertender's cock very rapidly lost its hardness. It could not have been fully erect more than a minute.

"Thanks, babe," the man said as he washed off quickly and left me.

I couldn't help feeling sorry for the guy and wished that I could have done more for him. I'd seen big cocks before, but this one made even Jerry's prong look like a toothpick.

I washed off, went back to the cell and got dressed. Jerry made me wear tight levis and tight shirts which left nothing to anyone's imagination. As I left the cellhouse, I saw Mr. Long eyeballing me, but he merely turned his back to me.

When I entered Jerry's office after he had let me into the building, I found a stranger sitting at the desk. I had never seen this convict before. He must have transferred in, or he came out of Four Building (the segregation-disciplinary unit), or hole. He had black hair which was accentuated by a fantastic untan. I couldn't see his eyes because he wore reflector sunglasses. The desk hid his form but his arms bulged in the denim shirt and it was all muscle I was sure.

"So this's your punk," said the man, the words coming out of his full lips with a slow southern drawl.

"How do you like him?"

"Well," he drawled, "I can't see too much."

"Strip," Jerry ordered me.

At first I used to blush when Chuck Lambert told me to take off my clothing, but I had now become accustomed to it since I was naked all of the time in the cell.

After I took off my clothing, I assumed the natural position of a slave — my hands gripped together behind me with my head bowed. I could see the new guy get up from his seat.

My eyes locked on to the bulging crotch which seemed to promise a great deal. He walked behind me and I felt caloused hands brushing my back and stroking my buttocks. His fingers spread the cheeks of my ass, seeking my hole.

"Assume the position," growled Jerry.

I bent over at the waist and grabbed my ankles. Now, my asshole was completely exposed. Large fingers probed at the hole until one pushed its way into my ass.

"Nice and tight, man. You ever fisted him?"

"Not yet, but pretty soon."

The dude removed his finger and pressed up against me as he reached around to tweak my teats. I could feel the swelling crotch pressed against my backside. My own cock began to acquire a life of its own and start a slow uncontrollable rise until it stood at full attention.

"Remember that Marine we picked up at the Boot Camp?"

"I sure do. Boy, did he turn out to be a hot number. Claimed he hated cock and before we were through with him, he couldn't get enough."

"How about using your punk for the double scene, like we had with the Marine?"

From where I stood, I could see my master's cock rising over some past memory.

"Well, let's do it!"

I watched my master quickly discard every piece of clothing he had. He went to a cabinet and brought out a jar of vaseline and a blanket. He spread the blanket on the linoleum floor and laid flat on the floor. I couldn't figure out what Jerry was up to, but I watched him flip the cover from the jar. Reaching inside he grabbed a handful of the grease and spread it all over his cock.

"O.K., asshole, get over here. Stand over me. No, motherfucker, with your back to me. Now impale that keester on my prong. Squat right down right to my balls."

I tried to take the huge cock slowly, but Jerry was ready for that, he grabbed my hips and lifted his own, thus driving the iron hard cock to the hilt. I stayed down on it as I tried to catch my breath from the driving force.

Now, I saw the stranger. He was taller than Jerry, had a broad chest, well-defined arms and an unbelievably narrow waist. He had removed all but his pants, watching Jerry's impalement of my tender ass. He slowly unbuttoned the levis and started to ease them down his hips. His cock got caught in the fabric and he had to reach inside to set it free. A steel ring encircled his cock and balls, enhancing its size and maleness. It might have been a little longer than Jerry's. The circumference was the same. The difference lie in the head of the cock. Jerry's cockhead was larger than the shaft while this guy's was pointed like a spear.

All during the strip act, I was keenly aware of Jerry's pulsing cock in my ass. I moved slowly up and down on it. I could see a bit of a problem, on the one hand I would have to move up and down on Jerry's cock while sucking this guy's prong. The first puzzler was when I watched him reach down for the vaseline. I don't dig the taste of vaseline while I'm sucking a cock, but this must have been his kinky trick.

"Knock off the fucking around. Sit on my cock," directed Jerry, "and stretch your legs along mine."

I had trouble maintaining my balance, but it didn't seem to bother Jerry, because he pulled me back on his chest and circled my chest with his arms.

The new man knelt between our legs and took my legs, placing them on his shoulders. It can't be done, I felt boggled about what seemed to be about to happen. They were going to double fuck me! They'll rip me apart. I knew that the combined cocks were equal in diameter together with that of the tiertender's fourteen inches, even if they lacked the length.

"Don't tense up on me, fucker, or I will tear you apart. Just relax. You can take a hell of a lot more than we're going to give you."

Jerry also felt my muscles tense around his cock. He would usually dig that action, but not now. He slapped me along the side of my face. "Don't shame me fuckhead, loosen up that ass or I'll drive my fist up your ass to my armpit."

I felt the head force its way past the sphincter. The muscles eased to accommodate the growing pressure. The dude scooted up closer as more and more inches joined Jerry's cock in the warm sanctuary of my ass. In an unbelievably short time I felt the pubic hair abrading the fleshy area below my balls. He was all the way in. My God, I had two gigantic cocks all the way up my ass. Talk about fulfillment!

Now, each man began his own thrust. It felt like two pistons driving in and out. My cock dripped semen into my navel. Jerry used his hips to drive his cock in and out, bouncing his ass up and down on the floor. While the only contact the dude made on my body was in my chute. As the tempo built up, Jerry began torturing my teats, twisting, squeezing and pulling them, and adding another dimension to my own experience.

I felt my balls begin to surge with a load that was demanding release. The muscles in my ass gripped the cocks like a vise which was producing a growing urgency in each man. As I began to shoot my load, some of it hitting Jerry in the face, I pumped more and more come and the very violence of fulfilling myself, brought these two men off. My ass quickly filled with burst after burst of driving come until I felt a dampness on the cheeks of my ass which said that some of it was dribbling out.

The guy got up and reached for this T-shirt to wipe his cock off. "No, Bob, let the asshole do it."

There had been a oneness between the three of us, in what I felt was not just physical, but Jerry, who must have felt some of what I did, would not let up and was letting me know that I wasn't an equal; he was reaffirming to all of us that I was his slave. As I slid off of the remaining cock, I felt a bubbly sensation as more come dribbled out.

I knelt before, e-r-r Bob, was that it? I took his greasy cock into my mouth. I could taste my ass, but I was rewarded with a little dribble of come that was still in the shaft. It tasted good. I licked and sucked until Bob pushed my head away. "You're getting that thing hard again. I know you'd like to suck it, but only when I'm ready. Get over there and clean your master off."

As I knelt over Jerry, licking the bit of cold dome from his stomach and laving his softened cock, Bob began playing with my sore asshole, but I didn't dare to move away from his hand.

"Brother, you are missing a great bet here. He's tight as a virgin's cunt, but he's got great muscles. I could feel it while I was in him. With a bit of time, he could take your whole arm, man."

Why the fuck didn't he drop the subject. Jerry had made no mention of fist fucking since Chuck Lambert had been stabbed. This guy was obviously a good friend of Chuck's and just might influence him to try fisting me. I had asked around and dudes told me that it wasn't any bull, they claimed to have seen guys take a fist, a forearm all the way up to the armpit. It, frankly, scared the shit out of me. I knew that I'd never be able to hold my guts in after that, if I was lucky enough to have guts after that assault. I had never revolted against Jerry, even when he forced me to have sex with guys who smelled, were fat, and had disgusting looking cocks, but this might well be the straw that would destroy our relationship.

Inwardly, I sighed a sigh of relief when Jerry made no comment and Bob didn't pursue the subject.

"Get into the shower and clean yourself. I've got a special customer for you this afternoon."

I left the two men as they were lighting up cigarettes, preparatory to getting dressed. My asshole was sore from the abuse and I hoped the "customer" only wanted some head.

When I returned to the office stark naked, Bob was sitting on the edge of the desk while Jerry sat in the desk chair with his legs stretched out before him. I stood before the two men. Bob reached over and took my balls in his hand, bouncing them up and down which was a bit painful since they had always been tender. Then, he grabbed the sack and forced my balls straight down, almost making me bend my knees to ease the growing discomfort.

Jerry paid no attention to what his friend was doing as he addressed me. "This afternoon's customer is special. You'll be naked, hooded and on your knees when he arrives. He won't talk to you, but I want you to let him do whatever he wants to you. I won't be in the room. He won't damage you. He's assured me of that." Although the pain in my balls was getting

almost unbearable and I tried to concentrate on what Jerry was telling me, I was also aware that my spent cock was coming to life.

"This guy's important to me, so give him something he won't forget and will want more of. Understand?" Bob had become aware of my hardening cock, he dropped my balls and with his middle finger he flicked my cockhead with full force. My "yes, sir" came out with a scream. Both men laughed at my response. "Get your clothes on, punk," Jerry said.

We went to lunch. I could see some of the undercover faggots eyeballing the two hunky dudes I was with. You could have something like these guys, I thought, if you had the balls to be yourselves. They were bigger punks than I, because they crept around sucking a cock here and a cock there, under the delusion that no one knew they were gay.

After we had eaten, Bob and I walked around the yard together while Jerry went to his office to set up for this afternoon's session. I wondered why this particular trick was so important and why I was not to see him.

"What's so special about this guy, sir?"

"If Jerry wanted you to know, he would have told you. Let me just say, it's very important to us."

The 'us' caught my interest. What was going on between Jerry and Bob. It seemed that my mind was full of questions and no one was willing to give me any answers. I guess in time I would find out. Bob was fairly uncommunicative as he paced next to me with his hands thrust deeply in his pocket.

He turned and looked at me. "You know I've got a feeling that you're going to be the best slave I ever met. I sort of envy your master. If he ever wants to sell you, I'll buy you."

"Forget it, man," said a voice behind us and we found Jerry had caught up with us. "Let's get going the trick will be in the office in a half an hour and we want to be set up. He can't stay long. He just wants a taste of you."

As if I was being escorted by guards of my own, we headed across the yard to the chapel. When we entered the office, I saw the hood lying on the desk. On a shelf by the desk was the jar of vaseline and a wide belt that Jerry used to work my ass and back over with. In expectation of the next hour my cock leaped in my levis. "Get naked," was all that was said to me.

"What do you know about this dude, Jerry," Bob asked.

"Nothing, man. I didn't even know he played this shit. I always thought he was straight. I don't know if he's really kinky or just doing a bit of slumming."

"Assume the position," Bob ordered me as he reached over for the vaseline. My ass was so sore from the double fucking, I was afraid that Bob was going to fuck me before the "customer" got here. Instead, he worked large gobs of vaseline up my shit chute. "I don't want the fucker to try and dry fuck the kid and ruin the merchandise."

"Good idea," my master commented.

As I stood up, Jerry started fitting the hood over my head. Its only opening were at the nose and mouth, the latter could be zipped shut. There were no openings for the eyes and ears. After he had it fitted to my head, Jerry began lacing the back tightly while Bob checked the nosepiece to make sure that I would not be able to see out by looking down my nose through the air hole. As Jerry fit a wide leather slave collar around my neck, thus securing the base of the hood, I felt Bob working on my cock and balls with a cold piece of metal. I almost recoiled, remembering the night that Jerry had me spreadeagle in the cell with the hood on me and he had laid an ice-cold knife on the base of my balls and was telling me that he was castrating me. You can bet I believed him. Now, I realized as Bob forced one testicle after another through a narrow opening that he was placing a metal ring such as he wore on him. My hard cock presented him with a slight problem which he immediately solved by forcing it to bend so it made its way through the ring. After he adjusted at the base of my manhood, I felt as if my cock had never been harder. I didn't know at the time that I would always wear that cock ring as long as I was with Jerry.

"How big is the guy's cock," asked Bob.

"How the fuck would I know, I ain't never seen the dude naked."

He must live in another cellhouse, I thought. There was a knock on the door leading out to the yard. Jerry left the office.

"It's probably the trick, so you'd better get on your knees in the slave's position."

I knelt on the cold linoleum, clasping my hands behind me and bowing my head as far as the wide slave collar would permit me. I heard Jerry approach the door, murmuring to someone. Bob must have walked out because I heard the office door close and complete silence settled on the room, even though I sensed that someone was in here with me. My heart beat in my chest with a deep sense of apprehension. Who was this guy and what was he going to do to me, I wondered. Jerry had made it very clear that I was to obey him in everything.

The clank of keys being placed on the desk shattered the quiet. This sound was followed by a muffled sigh. The chair creaked and I heard one shoe drop to the floor, then the other. Clothes were coming off. Quiet again filled the room. The first contact almost caused me to leap, because it was so unexpected. A hand had reached down and gently, almost hesitantly, stroked my hard cock. Hands gripped me at my armpits and helped me to my feet.

Soft hands directed my own arms to my side. Then my legs were positioned apart. Silence fell on the room again for a couple of minutes, I expected at any moment this peace would be broken by some violent action. Fingers began caressing my hooded head, then across the contours of my shoulders with just feathery wisps of feeling. Lightly, he brushed the hairs which encircled the corona of my hard, pointed teats. This was an entirely new sensation to me. It was driving me nuts. How long was he going to play around before he really got down to the action, I puzzled.

The tortuous route continued down my stomach to my pubic hair. Almost imperceptibly, he stirred the brush, but did not touch my jutting, craving cock. Only the hair roots around my balls and in my groin were aware of the passage of the tantalizing fingers. The air in the hood was getting close and I knew I was sweating more than I ever had before. Now the hands were at my legs in their cruel, uncompromising passage. Now the course started up the back of the legs toward my buttocks. Surely this was his goal and he was planning to make his assault on that tender zone. Anything would be better than the hell these fingers were now taking me through. Fuck me, beat me, do something to me, my mind screamed, but for God's sake please stop this teasing. I felt as if I would lose my mind if he kept it up.

He got closer and closer to my ass. I wanted to bend over and offer him my hot chamber, but I was too well trained by now to take any initiative on my own. For the first time I felt his hot breath in the crack of my ass, but no real effort was made to probe my hole. Do something, please, I mentally begged as tears coursed down my cheeks, but stop this.

All at once I felt that he had left my immediate vicinity and must have been looking at me. I stood hands at my side and my cock dripping in full erection. At least he had stopped torturing me with those damn hands of his. Then the sound of clothing filled the room and I knew that he was getting dressed. The last sound I heard before he walked out of the office was the raking of the keys along the surface of the desk.

I just stood there shaking. I felt the draft as the outside door was opened to let the guy out. Footsteps came into the room.

"Man what's wrong?" I recognized the muffled voice of Jerry.

"Why he's shaking like a leaf and sweating like a pig."

Hands removed the slave collar and quickly unlaced the hood. The room's air felt chilly. My face was wet and my hair matted.

"I don't see no marks on you. What the fuck happened?"

After I had told him the entire scene, he exchanged looks with Bob.

Bob spoke up, "Either this guy is a novice, or he's one of the most sophisticated top men I've ever heard of. I've tried that scene but I lack the finesse or touch to bring it off. I guess my bag is rough, raunchy sex."

"You know when I let him out the door, he told me that he wanted to have you again. He also gave me these." My master pulled three bottles of clear liquid from his pocket. I had no idea what they were but I could see Bob's eyes light up.

"How about trying one of them out. I've already got the punk greased up," said Bob as he started to unbutton his shirt.

While this exchange had been going on my cock had begun

drooping, but it began to grow again in expectation of correcting the taunting of my earlier "customer."

"How'll we do it?" asked Bob.

"Let's lay him across the top of the desk on his stomach. That way we can use both ends. I'll start in his mouth and maybe we can switch around."

Without any prelude Bob rammed his cock to the hilt up my ass as Jerry jammed his prong down my throat. I would have loved at that point to have swallowed his cock, his balls and all of him. Then an acrid odor assailed my nostrils. After a few moments Jerry pulled his cock out of my mouth and pressed the open bottle under my nose as he depressed one nostril. "Inhale deeply," he commanded. I obeyed his order and he switched the bottle to the other nostril.

Within seconds the hair on the nape of my neck seemed to rise. All my nerve endings came alive while my brain seemed to be centered in my cock, my balls, my ass and my total sexuality. In my mind these two men could do anything to me and it wouldn't be too much. My ass twitched and slammed back to meet Bob's drives which were also increasing in tempo and violence while Jerry seemed determined to reach farther and farther down my throat in his demands for satiation.

They switched positions and now Bob whose cock was somewhat longer than Bob's was punishing my throat muscles. Another whiff of the liquid was thrust under my nose. I thought that I would take off and soar with these two cocks into dimensions I had never experienced before.

Although neither guy had touched my cock and I knew better than to try beating off, I felt my balls achieving their own release as my prostate was being mauled by Jerry's cock-head. Although the few cock books I had seen spoke of simultaneous orgasms as if they were quite common, I knew for a fact that it wasn't so, but I felt that at this moment we would all unload at the very same second. It didn't happen. Bob poured come down my throat in a seemingly unending stream while Jerry grunted behind me. Then I felt the come erupt from my cock, I felt like it would never stop, in fact I would have guessed that the actual semen had stopped but Jerry's prodding of my prostate caused me to continue to feeling of coming. Jerry slapped my buttocks with his bare hand so forcefully that I involuntarily tightened down on his cock which was the final act to bring him off.

All three of us fell to the floor in a welter of arms and legs, each dude kissing me while they kissed each other. I felt so damn contented. I was just too spent to try to puzzle out what they had given me to sniff which produced such a heightened sexual awareness. I wondered if Jerry would give me anymore, because I wished that I had had some of it in some of Jerry's more sadistic scenes.

Two weeks would elapse before I had my next session with the mystery man. During that period a new dimension of sexuality entered my life, it was something I would have to ponder for a long time to come. Two guys who owed Jerry a considerable amount of cigarettes were unable to pay their debts. They were obviously frightened by the potential violence that could accrue from not being able to pay. I knew that Jerry had more cigarettes than he could ever use. Some of them he had stashed around the chapel area, some were being kept by friends, while the bulk of them were out on a two for three loan basis — two cartons loaned for three in return.

One evening after we had had a particularly satisfying round of sex, Jerry and I lie side by side on my lower bunk, both of us naked. "You know Tommie and Jack are never going to pay me off," began Jerry. "I don't want to hurt those dudes but I can't let them get away with not paying me off. They'll go around mouthing off about me being a weak motherfucker and then I'm bound to have more trouble with everyone who owes me."

"What're you going to do, sir?"

"Well, you know we've been together for a long time now and you've given me a lot of pleasure, even though you still have a lot to learn. I've been thinking about letting you use them."

"Use them?"

"Yeah, use them as your slaves."

"They might balk at that."

"Tommie won't since he fucked around on Folsom Street when he was out as a weekend slave. And Jack's smart enough to know that it's a lot fucking easier to get screwed instead of having a shiv planted in him or having to lock up in protec-

tive custody."

I had never fucked a man before and although I loved getting cock and some of Jerry's customers had sucked me off, I wasn't sure that I could handle the more aggressive role.

My thoughts were interrupted by Jerry's gruff voice. "One thing, asshole, you don't give up any head or ass to these two. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dudes pay for that."

One afternoon I was standing by the handball court, watching a game in play when Bob came up to me.

"Jim, Jerry wants you over in his office right away."

I walked across the yard with Bob. I sighed in resignation, because I knew that Jerry and Bob were going to screw me or Jerry had a customer waiting.

Jerry must have been watching through a crack in the door because the solid wooden door swung open just as we arrived. The door to Jerry's office was closed.

After closing the door, Jerry turned to me. "Jack's in the office waiting for you. We aren't going in with you because the dude may act kind of skittish with me and Bob watching. Leave the office door open so we can hear and if it gets too hairy we'll be right in."

I wanted to protest that I wasn't ready, but I knew that it wouldn't do me any good.

"Just put yourself in my place. Be firm with the motherfucker, don't let him bamboozle you. If you screw up, I'll make you live to regret it. Now get your ass in there."

With a sigh of resignation, I opened the office door and stepped inside, leaving the door open behind me. I found Jack sitting at the desk, smoking a cigarette, obviously very nervous. The front door made a slamming sound as if Bob and Jerry had left.

Jack was a weightlifter. In fact he refused various jobs so he could spend most of his time working out. His hair was cut in an outmoded crew cut. His features were clean and although he was a bit shorter than I he outweighed me by ten or more pounds — all muscle.

Taking a deep mental sigh, I spoke for the first time. "Douse that cigarette asshole and get on your feet."

Anger flared in Jack's eyes and I thought, Oh, shit, I've done it now, but I refused to stop, probably because I knew that Bob and Jerry were just outside the door. "You hard of hearing, motherfucker, kill the butt and get on your feet."

Jack must have realized that the slamming door was just a ploy and my master and his buddy were lurking just outside of the door. He shook his shoulders in resignation, put out the cigarette and got to his feet.

"Now, strip off buck naked."

Unhesitatingly, Jack began to remove his clothing, his narcissism coming into play. As I searched the cabinet for things to use, I saw him looking at me to see what reaction his body was evoking from me. The shoes and socks went first, followed by the shirt. The removal of the latter brought into view a finely chiseled, highly developed chest and arms. The chest was completely hairless which only accentuated the muscle development. Like a fucking strip teaser, he slowly opened his belt and unbuttoned his fly. I could see that he was wearing boxer shorts underneath. The pants fell from his narrow waist and hips to the floor. I found some leather cuffs that we had used in the cell the night before with a variety of chains and a bottle of amyl. I knew that before I was through this dude was going to need the amyl.

As I stood, I realized that I had a raging hard on. I didn't say anything about the fact that he had made no effort to drop his shorts.

I strapped the cuffs to his wrist, but not without a bit of lip from Jack. "What the fuck's this for?"

"Don't argue, just let me do my thing." After I had buckled them on, I swung them behind him and quickly fastened them together with a small chain. Standing at his side, I wrapped and buckled a slave collar around his thick neck, making sure that the collar's metal ring was centered behind him. Strictly on a guess basis, I grabbed another chain and stood behind Jack. Pretending to adjust the cuffs and moving his arms up and down to see if he was all right, I quietly clipped one end of the chain to the slave collar with one hand while I continued to flex his elbows. Bringing his arms way up his back, I

clipped the other end of the chain. Now, I had him.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing," Jack asked as he whirled around. I was ready for him and I knew that even though he was tied up his legs could be dangerous, so as he turned I kned him in the groin which caused him to scream and fall to the floor with his legs drawn up.

"We are going to do this easy or hard. It's all up to you." I let him lie there as I got undressed. As I dropped my levis, his moaning had stopped. I reached over to Jack's pants and removed a wide leather belt, doubling it I slammed it against his upturned ass. "You've guessed by now that Bob and Jerry are outside. Do you want to make it a four way, or do you want to settle for me?"

He didn't answer me, so I whacked him again, this time across his back. "Answer me."

"Yeah, yeah. Just don't hit me anymore, man."

"Yeah, what?"

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"When you talk to me, punk, you call me 'sir' or 'master.' Now let's hear it."

"Yes, sir."

"Good. You're learning. Get on your feet." I reached down and helped him up. Behind the books on a shelf, I found a gut slitter, a knife of about eight inches in length with a sharp point and a sharper edge.

When Jack spotted the knife, he started copping aces and deuces. "Please, sir, please, master. I'll do anything you say." A nervous sweat broke out on his face while his handsome countenance was contorted with real fear.

Grabbing the elastic band of his undershorts with one hand, I cut the band with the knife in my right hand. Then, I ripped the shorts from his body. He stood naked in front of me with his cock and balls shrunken in real fear of what might be coming next.

Laying the knife on a shelf by my side within easy reach, I ran my hands over his naked body. Moistening my finger tips with my tongue I rubbed them over his tits, trying to tease them to a point. As the point emerged slowly within the surrounding corona. As they came to a point, I tweaked them with my finger tips, pulling and twisting them while Jack tried to pull away from me as he winced in pain. I rubbed the palm of my hand over his washboard stomach. The skin was so thin I could feel nothing but the hard muscles under the surface. I ran my fingers through the lush vegetation of his pubic hair. I grabbed his cock in my hand and stroked it gently. Within a few moments it grew harder in my teasing gentle hand. A groan of ecstasy came from Jack's lips, "Oh, suck it." I grabbed his balls, twisting and squeezing them, which caused Jack to scream out in pain.

"You're here to give me pleasure, asshole," I said as I twisted his balls, lending emphasis to my words.

Leaning against the shelf where I had laid the belt and knife, I forced Jack to his knees in front of me. My cock was erect and demanding attention. Pre-cum was forming on the head and I was determined that none of it would be wasted. "Stick out your tongue and lick the come from my cock-head."

Jack made no move to comply with my command, so I grabbed the belt and laid it across his back. Still he refused to obey me, so I shoved his head to the floor, placing my foot on the slave collar to hold him in position. His white hairless ass offered itself to my belt and I guess I took out my frustration and anger because I began to beat it hard. Crisscross patterns of red and blue were beginning to appear. Jack pleaded and screamed at me; his curses turned to "Master" . . . this and "Master" . . . that, but I paid no attention to him because I was enjoying the beating. In fact I felt myself being carried away by it, so I stopped.

Pulling Jack back to his knees, I saw the tears coursing down his cheeks. I think if he had been free at that moment he would have gladly killed me. Yet, I could see in his eyes a strange light that made me wonder if I might not have touched a dark recess of his mind of which he was not even aware. Surprisingly, his cock was hard and this sort of lent confirmation to my supposition.

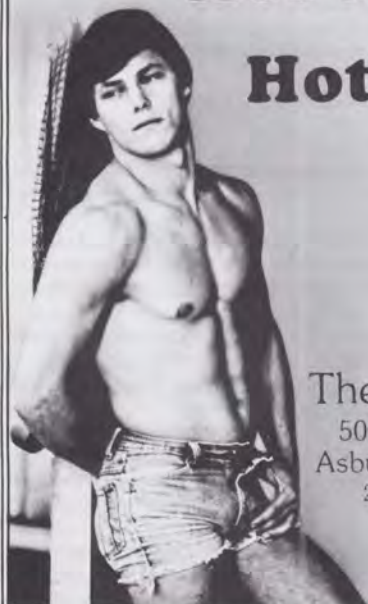
"Now, are you ready to act right?"

"Yes, sir." His tongue flicked out and caught some of the pre-cum that was drooling from my cock. I slapped him in the

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face, pushing him away from my cock. "You suck when I tell you. You only do what I tell you and you don't give me any shit when I tell you to do something."

"Yes, sir."

"You ever sucked a cock before?"

"Fuck no," he retorted, only incidentally remembering to add "sir."

"Well, you're about to. If I feel your fucking teeth, I'm really going to beat your ass and if you try to bite me I slit your throat from ear to ear. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," he whispered.

"Now, run your tongue all over the head, get it good and wet. Open your mouth and start sucking on the shaft. As you come up off of the shaft put all the pressure you can on it without letting me feel your teeth." Christ, he's good, I thought, as the hot mouth took more and more of my cock. Could he be lying about never having sucked a cock. I laid the belt on the shelf and grabbed his head in my two hands beginning to fuck his face. I pulled his head against my groin and I felt my cock enter his throat which caused him to choke; I brought it out and drove it in again, holding it down in his throat. I knew that he was starving for air so I released him and fucked his mouth furiously. As my balls began to boil, I decided to try out his asshole. I pulled free from his satisfying mouth and jerked him to his feet. I was in a state of frenzy. I shoved him over to the edge of the desk, grabbing the belt and aml. Furiously, I shoved him over the edge.

"Please, sir, don't beat me again."

I didn't even bother to respond. I reached into one of the side drawers and found a small jar of vaseline and scooped out a handful and greased my throbbing cock. I knew if I massaged it very long it would burst in my hand, so I grabbed the chain between his wrists to keep him in position and felt for his asshole. It was then that Jack realized what was going to happen. "No. No." His voice grew in panic. "Ain't no one going to fuck me. I'll suck you off, but not my ass."

Without any thought I grabbed the belt and started whipping an already red ass. I laid each stroke on harder and harder until Jack begged me to stop that he'd do anything I wanted.

Without a pause I dropped the belt, positioned my cock and began pushing it into the tight hole. The head finally broke through the sphincter. "Take it out. Please take it out. It's tearing me up. I can't take it."

"Shut your fucking mouth and take it like a man. If you relax your muscles it'll start getting good to you."

"Please, sir, I can't take it." Sobs were erupting from his lips as I felt the shaft work its way into the tight hole. Finally, I had it all in, my groin came into contact with the still hot cheeks of his ass and I laid across his body savoring the thrill of having my cock all the way up his ass and the sensuous warmth of the hole and the cheeks of his ass. I unscrewed the bottle of aml and shoved it under his nose. "Take a deep whiff. It'll make it more enjoyable for you." Jack sniffed hard at the bottle until I removed it from his nose and transferred it to mine. I took several long pulls at the bottle and recapped it. I began to take long strokes and I could feel that the muscles were beginning to lose their tension. Man, I thought, my first asshole. It's great! I built up the tempo as I felt my cockhead begin to swell in preparation to busting my nuts. I grabbed his hips in my hands and drove harder and more furiously, only evoking a grunt each time I drove the shaft into the hot hole. My legs shook and the muscles in my ass quivered as I felt my load begin its ultimate goal of filling Jack's ass. Burst after burst filled his ass and I could swear at the end Jack reciprocated by meeting my last drive. I fell over his body as I tried to catch my breath as my cock grew softer in his asshole. I pulled out and stood back from my victim. Using his tattered shorts, I wiped off my greasy, shit stained cock. I got quickly dressed while Jack slowly eased himself up from the desk. I removed his restraints and merely told him to get dressed. He never said a word, or even looked at me. I was too spent to try to have an after-sex conversation. Now that he was free, I wanted him out of there as quickly as possible. He dressed, shoving the torn shorts into his back pocket, and left the room.

I went out of the office to find Bob and Jerry and it was only then that I discovered that they must indeed have left and gone to the yard when I heard the door slam before Jack and I got started.

TO BE CONTINUED



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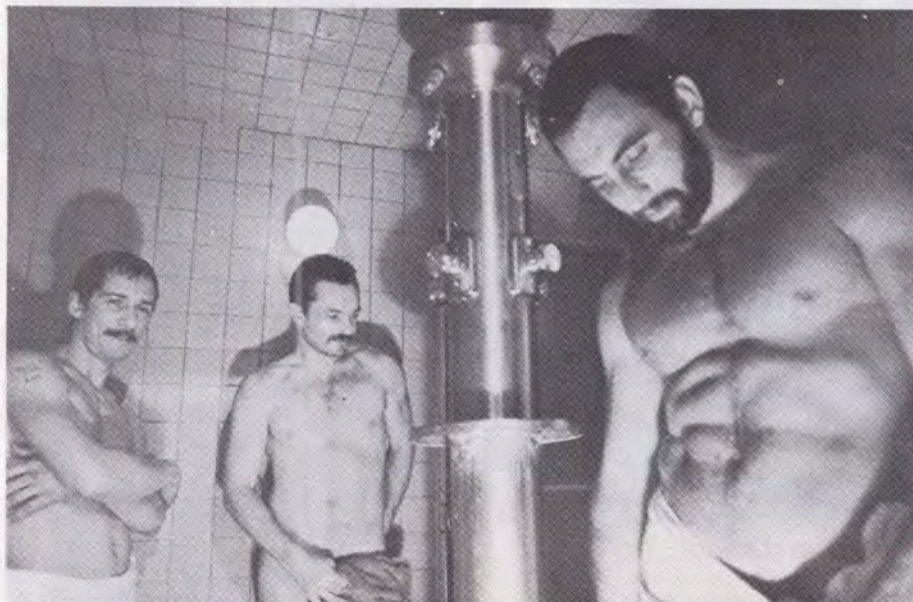
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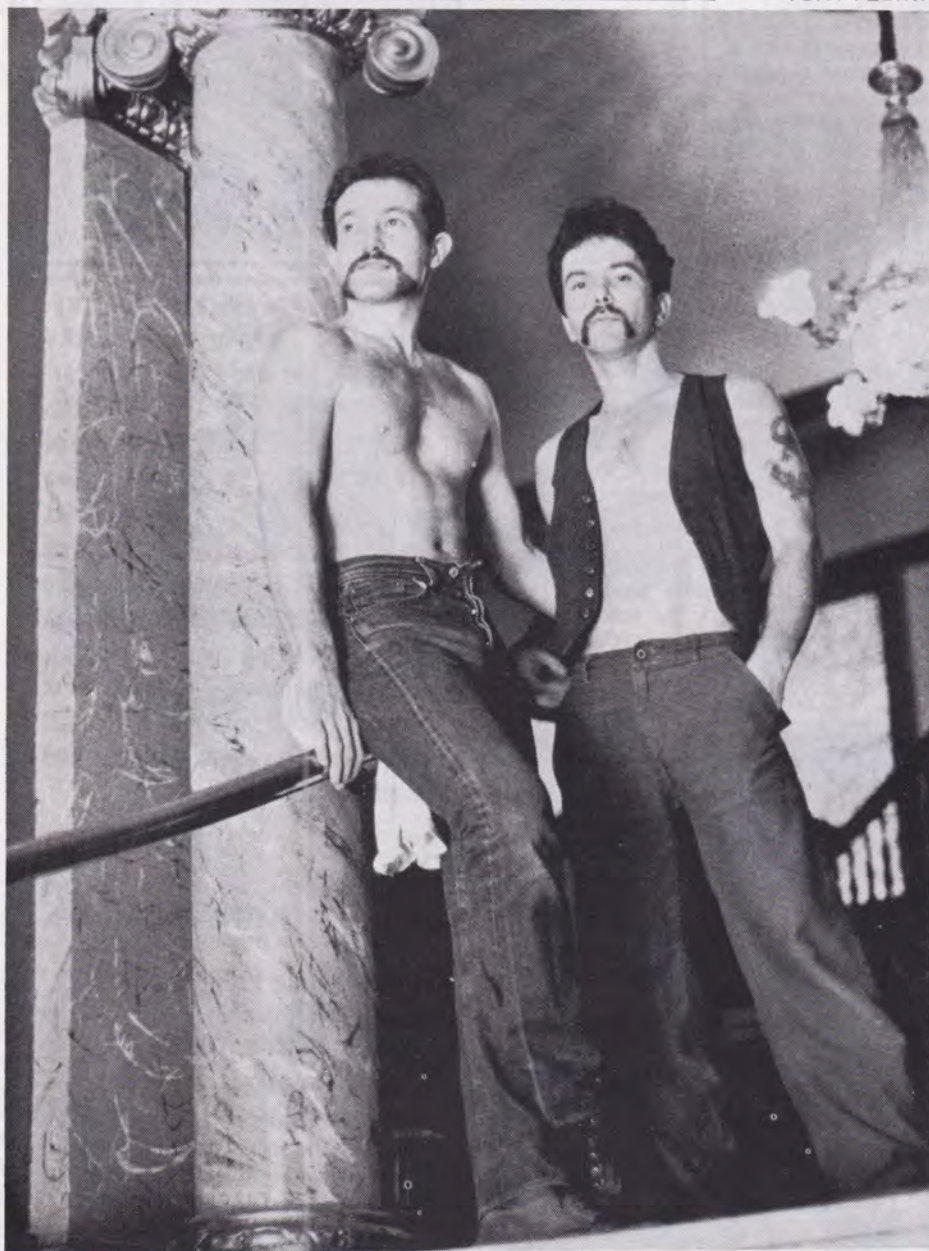
The rooms are furnished like, well, rooms. You might bring along whatever aMENities you feel you need to sling it, fling it, or tie it down. You might also brush up your Berlitz because of the many hungry Europeans shopping for choice cuts of American prime meat. In how many languages can you say yes!

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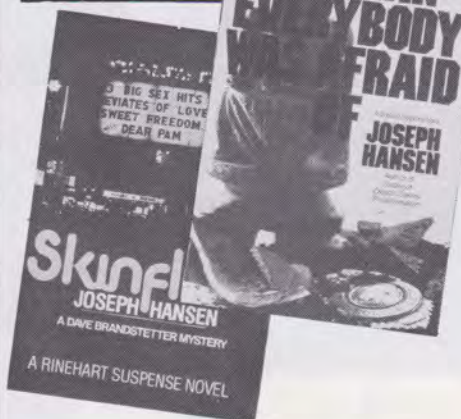
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Books



AFTERMIDNIGHT, Michael Grumley, Scribner's, \$8.95.

After Midnight, the hard lines of society blur; the artist finds privacy and quiet, the economic needs of a family force people into moonlighting, the hustlers and the prostitutes hit the streets, the topsy-turvy world of Las Vegas continues its inverted cycle.

Michael Grumley, author of *Hard Corps*, continues his look at the dark side of America with this new volume of interviews and vignettes. It's a fine work of an author who has a proven ability to see into all aspects of life that deviate from the Protestant ethic. This isn't jerk off material, but you'll enjoy the writing and the realistic portrayal of the hard, masculine world of the night people.

SLAVE TRADE, Herbert Dold, Arbor House, \$8.95.

The title and plot of *Slave Trade* are enough to make you run for the bedroom in anticipation of one of the hottest j/o sessions of your life. Sorry. It's a good book, but not for that reason.

Sid Kasdan is a broken down, unlicensed private eye whose wife has just left him. Living in their Bernal Heights section of San Francisco in a house that enslaves him in memories and is the witness to his inability to cope, Sid is suddenly given an assignment that will pay more money than he ever dared hope. But the assignment has its problems: Sid is to transport young Haitian boys to American and European buyers.

The boys have been trained in a special school in Port-au-Prince; they have jumped at this chance to escape the brutal poverty of Haiti. They know where they're going and why. "Slaves" yes; but willing ones. A little too willing for Sid.

In a fit of desperation over his own plight and his own guilt, he goes back to Las Vegas where he had dropped off one of the most attractive of the boys and kidnaps him into "freedom." The young man has no illusions though: "Does a

friend lead me . . . without telling me what he wants from my risk? Ah, you take risk, too. But for some reason it pleases you. I come along like your slave, Meester Kasdan, I just come along with you because you please to trade me for something else you want."

This novel is a philosophical look at the give and take of freedom, and the kinds of slavery that a materialistic society places on men who would try to be free.

THE MAN EVERYBODY WAS AFRAID OF, and **SKINFLICKS**. Joseph Hansen, Rinehart Suspense Novels, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$7.95 each.

Someday, I hope, American gay men are going to wake up and go out to buy a book that doesn't have a thing to do with disco dancing or Fire Island. They're going to go out and try to find a book by an author who understands what happens in their day to day life — not in the Pines or in SoHo lofts. When they do, they're going to find David Brandstetter waiting for them.

Brandstetter is the hero of Joseph Hansen's five detective novels. He's a private eye who worked for an insurance company as a claims investigator until his father died, and his employer wasn't willing to have a faggot on the payroll. It had been okay while the old man was alive, he just happened to have owned the company, though.

Brandstetter is a *man* in the tradition of California private eyes; the *London Times* says he's the only spiritual descendent of Dashiell Hammet worth the name. Always on the look out to do right and to get laid, Brandstetter deals daily with the double sets of values that America tries to get away with: the religious fanatic who likes pictures of little, little girls; the up-holder of law and order who just happens to have a very lucrative smuggling operation on the side. Brandstetter can't stand double dealing, and he lets no one get away with it: not even himself.

The Man Everybody Was Afraid Of is the current title available in this series. David has to come to the rescue of a gay activist who's charged with the murder of a Chief Davis like character. Of course he does. And, of course, he gets laid — very tastefully.

Skinflcks is coming out August/September. Look for it. Dave gets a chance to deal with religious nuts — and to get laid, tastefully. Anita Bryant may not have been one of the characters, but she obviously provided the inspiration for this book which lays bare the hypocrisy of the right wing church establishment.

These are fine detective novels. They're also fine, fine books. There's excitement, adventure, intrigue and some of the best and most sensitive descriptions of gay life — its problems and its victories — that have been written to date. Give yourself over to a couple nights with David Brandstetter; you'll enjoy his masculine company.

— John Preston

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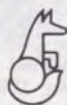
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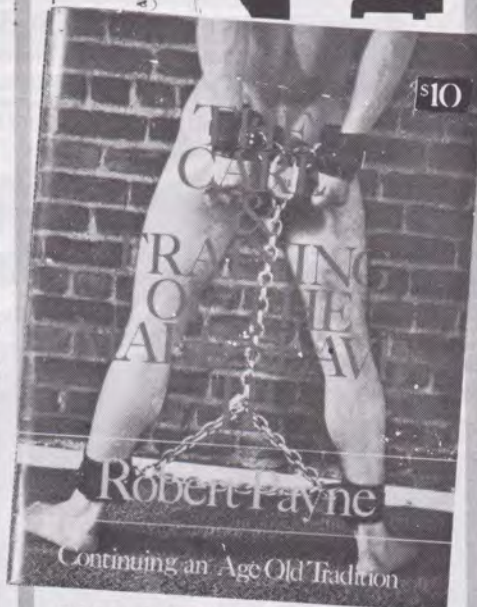
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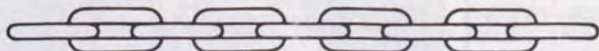
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The RURALS MC and INTERCHAIN would like to thank everyone who has made our trip to America such a wonderful success and which has given us a lasting memory.

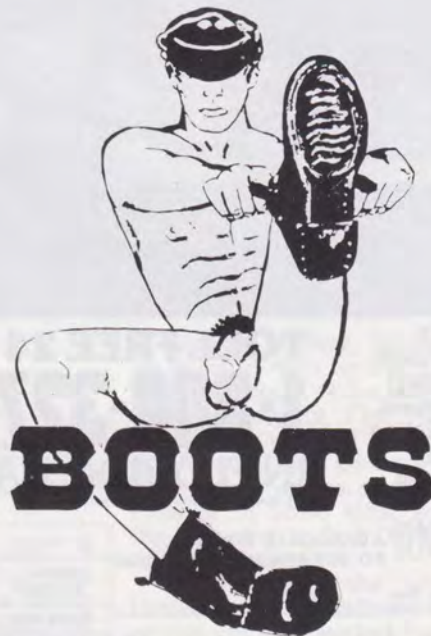
Thanks to our New York friends: OSSI Guest House, Mineshaft, Artie, Stan, Frank, Nino and all our Interchain brothers in the United States; Thanks to our San Francisco friends: all the motorcycle clubs, the Federal Hotel and Alexis; Thanks to our Los Angeles friends: all the Southern California clubs, Pat Savino and the Coral Sands Motel, all the bars in Hollywood, West Hollywood and the San Fernando Valley; And our very special thanks to Marc and Bill of Boots, without whom none of this would have happened.

On behalf of all of our members,
 WILLIAM, LEO and DENNIS



INTERCHAIN

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DRUM

BY BILL WARD







TOUGH SHIT!

HOW RELAXED CAN STRAIGHTS GET?

Simi Valley in LA is the bedroom community housing for most of the LAPD cops and their blonde beehived wives who all sell a little real estate on the side.

Now Simi Valley has a new house for sale since a Navy officer and his wife may have been the first Americans to slowly cook to death in an overheated hot tub.

Obviously, missionary sex leads to harder stuff like missionary stew.

Medical sources said there had been no previous reports of such deaths in hot tubs that are spreading like Three-Mile Island across the nation.

The science editor of the American Medical Association News, Frank Chapel, said he had never heard of deaths caused by hot tubs before. Chapel usually hears quickly about unusual, offbeat, and mondo sicko causes of death.

The steamy Simi Valley couple had simmered in their crock pot hot tub in water over 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Both, the modest will be comforted, were wearing bathing suits. One hopes they were of stretch material as it took the next-door neighbors over a day to find out if the couple had become soup yet.

The deputy coroner said that the couple apparently relaxed in the spa, fell asleep, passed into comas, and died of hyperpyrexia — similar to the cause of death in persons who suffer sunstroke and who are then used as balloon floats in the Macy's Parade.

The woman involved was not the Simi Valley lady who last year put her freshly bathed poodle to dry — just for a couple of minutes — in the microwave.

The poodle exploded.

Simi Valley is a strange part of LA. They do things differently there.

room stepped back from the death chair and a black hooded executioner threw the switch, that sent the first jolt of electricity at 10:12 a.m.

The first surge *singed the skin on his right calf, sending smoke into the death chamber. He clenched his left fist, then his hands began to curl and blacken.* Spengelink received two more jolts of electricity.

State Rep. Andy Johnson of Jacksonville, one of 12 official witnesses who watched the execution along with reporters through a glass window, said: "There is no need for it. It is un-Christian. It is barbaric. We saw a man sizzled today, and if you leaned forward and looked close you could see that he sizzled and sizzled again... the man didn't die instantly."

He had been condemned for killing a fellow drifter with a criminal record, Joseph Syzmankiewicz, in a Tallahassee motel room in 1973. Spengelink, a fugitive from a California prison at the time, had picked up his victim as a *hitchhiker* and claimed he killed him after Syzmankiewicz forced him at gunpoint to submit to a *homosexual act*, robbed him, and forced him to play Russian Roulette.

ELECTRIC LEATHER BONDAGE EXECUTION

STARKE, FLA. — Convicted murderer, John Spengelink was put to death in Florida's oak electric chair clenching his left fist as 2,250 volts of electricity shot through his body.

Spengelink, 30, whose death warrant was signed by Florida Gov. Bob Graham, was executed in a drab beige death chamber measuring about 12 by 20 feet, at the Florida State Prison.

The execution, which was to have begun promptly at 10 a.m., was inexplicably delayed until 10:11, when the venetian blinds separating official and media witnesses from the electric chair were opened, showing *Spengelink already strapped in the huge death chair.*

He was wearing a white gown rolled up at the sleeves and blue pants. A towel was placed under his chin.

A leather harness was placed around his head, over his chin, arms and chest. His legs and ankles were secured to the chair with wide leather straps.

He was fastened so securely in the head harness that he could not open his mouth and stared impassively at the 32 persons who witnessed the execution on the other side of the glass partition.

About a minute after the blinds were drawn so that the 32 could witness execution, *a black hood was lowered over Spengelink's face.* Several attendants inside the death

BLOODY MARYS AT ELEPHANT WALK

SAN FRANCISCO — In a long night of looting, burning and chants for vengeance, more than five thousand demonstrators, many of them gay, rampaged through Civic Center and nearby neighborhoods in a violent protest of the manslaughter verdict against ex-cop Dan White who killed SF Mayor Moscone and gay SF Supervisor Harvey Milk.

It began as a quiet march of shocked and grieved gays from Castro and Market Street at about 7 p.m. But the mood quickly became disorganized and chaotic as demonstrators arrived at City Hall and night fell.

For four hours, Civic Center Plaza was a virtual battlefield, lit by the eerie, smoky fires of trash barrels. Waves of police, dressed in riot gear and swinging batons, tried again and again to drive demonstrators away from the besieged City Hall and out of the plaza where four burning cop cars went up in outraged flames.

They finally succeeded shortly after midnight, driving bands of demonstrators back to the Castro where the police made very bloody Marys at the Elephant Walk.

Cops can twirl batons on patrons under a table faster than the most flaming queen can twirl a college marching band up his butt.

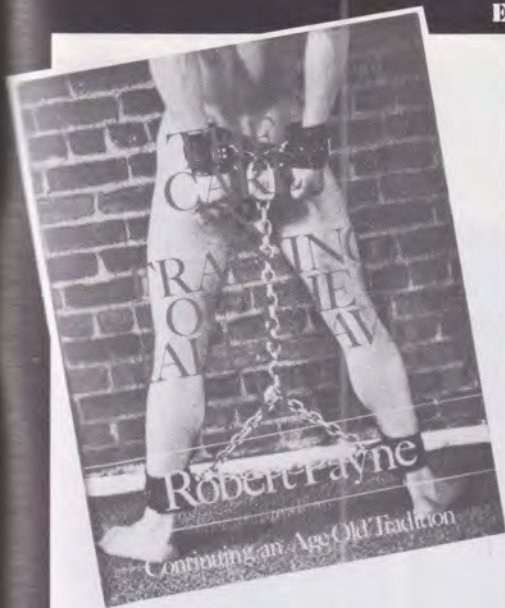
Guess whose mad as hell and not going to take it anymore?

CASTRONAUTS UNITE!



INSIDE SAN QUENTIN

"Ain't nobody gets rehabilitated here" is inmates' motto at the California high-security prison. Documentary about life behind its bars, as seen by inmates, guards and warden, was filmed during one of the prison's more violent periods, when three murders a week was the average. June 25th at 9:30, Channel 9/KQED/S.F.



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SEXTOOL

The name says it all! Images from Fred Halsted's powerhouse film of macho sex Masters. Not recommended for the easily excited. Limited availability.

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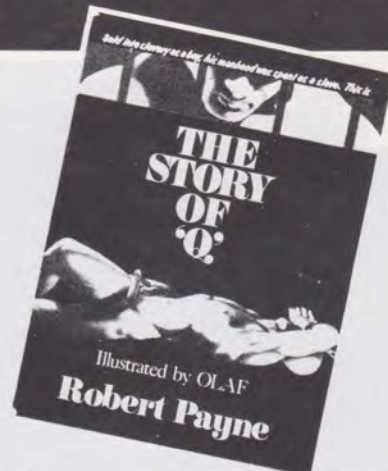
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This new version of "THE STORY OF 'Q'" has been rewritten, re-edited and was two full years in the making. The illustrations by Olaf, took much of that time. At the book's center is a four-page foldout, presumably for framing. Graphically, it is a beautiful effort and stands muscular head-and-shoulders above most of its contemporary genre.

"THE STORY OF Q" is 8½"x11", 61 pages on heavy book stock. Slick cover with all original illustrations by Olaf. Cover price is \$10.

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TOUGH CUSTOMERS

KeeRIST! If youse guys are gonna send us your hot picture for publication, at least include your FACE. Who wants to look at a disconnected cock? DRUMMER is a magazine, not a glory hole.

Also include some pert pertinent info: what you like to do, prefer to have done, or otherwise play with after the lights go down low.

If anything in DRUMMER is out of the closet, certainly it's our TOUGH CUSTOMERS section. IF YA DO IT, BE PROUD OF IT! This is almost the Eighties, doncha know!

So dump your pics or greasy Polaroids and letters into an evenlope 'n' send the fuckers to: Tough Customers, c/o Drummer, 1730 Divisadero, San Francisco, CA 94115.

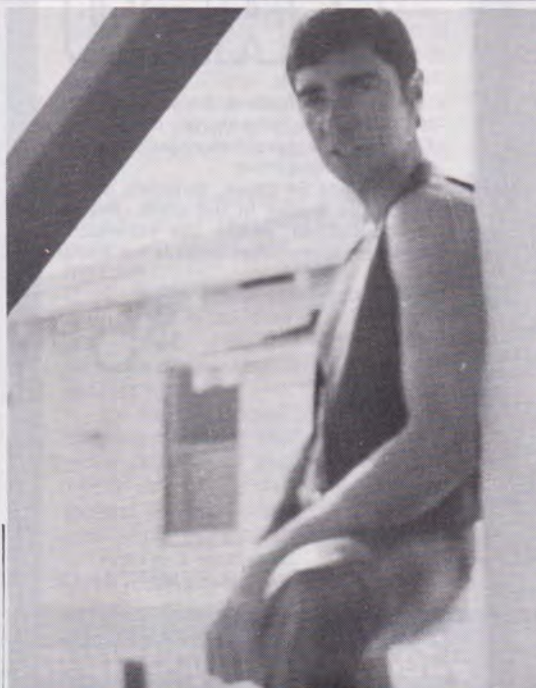
If youse guys wanna get some hot replies from our horny, raunchy readers include your full mailing address. If you're not into raunchy mail 'n' males, indicate that youse DON'T wanna have your address printed.

Editor



Hang around slave, heavy tit work, total B&D. Need complete discipline by rugged leather, bearded master who will make me worship, beg and grovel at his feet. Kinky scenes, shaving etc. Let's get together. PLEASE, SIR! KEN (301) 760-1151 M-F 9-3.

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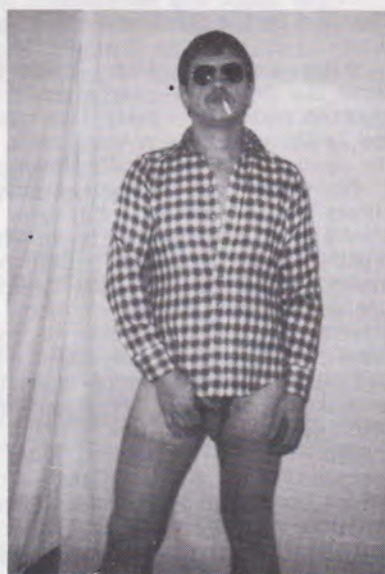
PETE
HARTFORD, CONN.



BILL
MILWAUKEE, WISC.



Slave Danny, a bartender at L.A.'s JOCKS TRAP, shows his shaved stuff for any wandering Masters that might want to drop in and twink his tit.

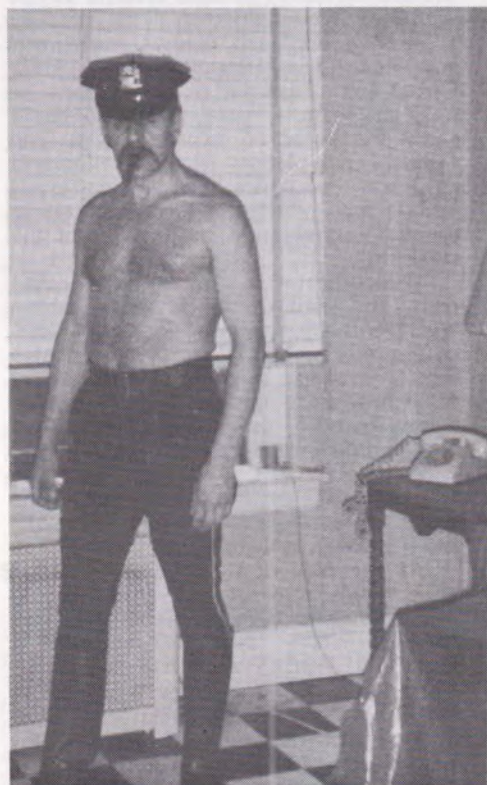


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LETTERS

Continued from page 7

CANADIAN CAPERS

I am not writing to tell you about the political status of the group I represent but to tell you of the reception Drummer has received up here. Vancouver, on the whole, is a very sexually conservative town. Fist fucking is viewed with a distant horror and water sports is water skiing and other innocent pastimes. (Actually, all this is far from being without disadvantage; the worst that can happen here is not being tied up and branded, but having the partner fall asleep!)

I had thought that when the issues of Drummer started arriving the cries of "pervert" and "deviate" from my gay peers on campus would become much louder.

Quite the reverse happened. Even the most conservative gays have labelled Drummer as "interesting" or "different" rather than some other less neutral words. "S&M Gym" seems to be everyone's favourite. Having a subscription to Drummer has created a lot of interest off campus as well. Canada has heavy censorship of magazines. British Columbia has an even more puritanical government. Vancouver's mayor and city council want all "pornography" (including such tame items as Playboy) out of the city. As a result, Drummer is not available here. Neither is any publication that shows either of the two great Canadian no-nos: an erect penis or two men in direct contact. If one goes to a porno movie here one quickly learns that straights make love by lying on top of each other and gays don't exist. The only way to obtain Drummer is by first class mail, which offer exchange costs \$50 p.a., outside the range of most people.

I trust that Drummer shall continue to be of the same calibre and that I won't be disappointed in the Alternate.

I would send you a picture of myself but I'm not sure that a Japanese motorcycle that sounds like a sewing machine (but out-accelerates any German or American machine) is macho enough.

D.O.
University of B.C.
Vancouver, B.C.

INITIATIONS — ALIVE & WELL

Every year — thousands of young studs undergo initiations — into fraternities, athletic clubs, neighborhood gangs, and even Volunteer Fireman houses. Since the members are sworn to silence — there are few pictures and no stories in the school year book or student newspaper — but many of the ceremonies are like a Rex booklet.

A few years ago, I was an associate instructor at a small Junior College in Montana. As student advisor I had a first hand look at the annual A Club initiation.

If any of the students were gay — it was well hidden — most were cowboy and ranch hand types, just out of the local high-schools — main interests are —

Drinking — Fucking — and Hunting.

The 22 pledges were the top athletes on campus — if they became members, they could wear the A Club sweater — and in that small town — that sweater was the key to a fabulous sex life with the local girls.

There is a decided method in the Initiation procedure — it was to make all these vigorous studs agree to anything that was ordered.

After weeks of washing cars — shining boots and other chores — no one would drop out of Hell Week for then all the previous work would be wasted, and the quitter would be a laughing stock.

On the 1st night of Hell Week — the pledges were taken two at a time — naked and blindfolded — into the gym — where they had to convince the student jury that they really wanted to join the Club — to prove their obedience — each pledge was ordered to shave off half — only half — of his beard and mustache — and so they did to the great amusement of the jury.

Afterwards, they were all told to assume the position — and given a really vigorous paddling — every face was beet red, with most eyes running tears — all the young rumps were really glowing.

No pledge was allowed to miss any classes during the week — but every night they had to report to the gym, where a nightly lottery was held — each pledge becoming the slave for that evening to one of the Club members — some were given exercises to do till they dropped — some pledges were literally paddled black and blue, as the A members laughed and mimicked their tears — spray-painting the balls and dicks was routine.

One night — *Tobasco Sauce* was sprayed on balls and up assholes — it feels cooling for about 30 minutes — then the hot pepper in the sauce gets to work — and the howls and curses could be heard so far away — that to prevent any outsiders coming in to investigate — the loudest groaners were gagged.

Saturday was Hell Day — the 6 team captains were ordered to report early for "special treatment" — the other pledges were to report that afternoon with their paddles tied around their necks, a green nail polish on their fingernails and toenails.

All through this Hell Week many pledges threatened to quit — all complained when every night the 4 guys with the biggest dicks were brutally paddled on their burning butts by the same Club members — But no one quit — all stayed on — and most figured that the worst was over — only one night left.

Stripped of everything, except the paddle hanging around their necks — their wrists tied behind their backs with boot laces — the pledges were ordered to sing the school fight song as they faced the gym wall.

When they were given the order to "about face" — I wish that I had a camera to record the looks of Total Shock and Stunned Surprise.

For standing in front of them were the 6 Team Captains — shaved totally hairless from head to toe — with the school colors — green & gold — painted in stripes on their shaved heads and each ball also

a different school color.

The captains were grinning at the other pledges — who — after the first shock — were howling with laughter — but many were also trying to pull off their wrist bonds — when it looked like one football player might succeed — a pair of handcuffs were snapped on his wrists — after that — the pledges could only wait for whatever was to come — but most were obviously panicky — as a few had pony tail hair — but all had well styled hair, with long side-burns — all spent a lot of time in front of a mirror with a blow dryer and brush, before leaving for a date — even the Cowboys had longish hair — no one had a crew cut.

Then the paddles were removed from their necks and each pledge was made to push a tomato with his nose down a long corridor — as his ass was given a blistering final paddling.

When all were in the locker room — they were told to stand in what looked like a boxing ring, lined with a lumpy blue rug — this was their final test —

In front of the ring were 6 cakes of ice — behind each ice block was one of the hairless team captains — with a battery powered hair clipper.

The 16 pledges standing in the ring were told that the last man to leave the ring would keep his hair — that the first 8 men to leave the ring would be forced to sit on the ice as their heads were shaved bald — also all their pubic hair would be clipped clean — that the next 4 pledges to leave the ring would be given Mohawk haircuts as they sat on the ice, but only their balls would then be shaved — they could keep the rest of their pubic hair, and the next 3 to leave would keep all their pubic hair, but be given any type of haircut that the barbers would decide — the school letters being a favorite design — the survivor would keep all his hair.

As the confused pledges heard this warning — the current in the Electric Carpet was turned on.

Once again — only a camera could show the surprised expressions on the faces of the pledges — they yelled and cursed as they danced on the electric rug — in a few minutes — 3 of them either jumped out or were pushed out of the small ring.

The current was shut off so all could enjoy the sight of the 3, one of whom was the football player with the handcuffed wrists, being dragged to the ice blocks — as the laughing barbers turned the 3 heads into hairless melons — it took 5 men to hold the football player as his balls and dick were shaved.

And so it went — till only 1 guy was left — he was on the Swim team — and never wore shoes at home — his soles were as tough as leather.

As the pledges were being shaved — their bonds were cut off — and beer was poured over their shaved heads and down their throats — as now they were A CLUB MEMBERS they had passed the Initiation — and were now welcomed as equals by the senior club members.

A few nights later, at a banquet, the new members received their Sweaters — and all apparently felt that it was worth it.

About a week later — the Swimmer who had kept his hair, went out for a drinking party with friends who had lost theirs — and when he woke up the next morning with a super hangover — his hair was piled on the desk — for Montana cowboys believe in equality.

Within a few weeks — the hair was growing back fast on the shaved heads — the new A Sweater men were fucking some new girls — the hunting season opened up — and not much at all was said by anyone about the Initiation.

I went on to another school to teach — but I hear that the A Club is still active — and probably still having initiations.

This is only one small school — but these scenes are repeated thousands of times in colleges and highschools — but rarely talked about.

Last year, I was at the Univ. of Nevada in Reno — and was assured by a student leader that there was no hazing or initiations of any sort at the school — I mentioned that some schools still had such customs, especially with the sports teams — to which the student said that of course the college Baseball Team still had its initiation — his roommate was on the team — and a few weeks before had returned with his head shaved baby-ass smooth — and he and his shorn teammates then had to run down a hill near the Sorority Houses, wearing only sneakers — as his team-mates blew their car horns, so that the girls would get a good view — And so it goes at nearly every school — but unless you probe into it — no one will admit that initiations still exist.

Suggestion:

Let your readers write in as to what schools still have initiations and hazings including the time of year, and if they can be seen — some have them quite openly — on the main campus.

Others are in secret — or at least not advertised.

One of the Southwest colleges had and maybe still has a Paddle Club — where the public can go for meals — but where any new member can be publicly paddled by an older member. Often, when a pledge would bring in his parents or girlfriend, he would be asked to assume the position and before the eyes of his guests — be paddled — if any of your readers knows where this club is — please print it.

This letter is far too long — but it's all true — and the subject of initiations is a genuine Turn-On for anyone who reads your excellent magazine.

Carl
Great Falls, Montana

SUGGESTION BOX:

I have been reading your magazine for several months now and would like to give you my reactions and suggestions.

First of all, I agree completely with Hans of SF that handcuffs would add much to many of your photos and articles. They are such an integral part of the S's wardrobe and such a way of life for the M. How about more photos using them?

Could you publish your requirements for manuscripts for your fiction sections? I would like to try writing, either fictional or true accounts, but need some specifics.

Your photos, models and fictional sections are generally good. I have only one complaint. So many of your photos including bondage are just not realistic. It looks like the M could get free without difficulty. Mine don't — why do yours look so unconquered?

Are you allowed to show 14-20 year-olds in bondage, even if they are clothed? Are you allowed to show people in bondage being involved in REAL sex, or is that a no-no too?

How about some comic strips a la Harry Chess but with photos of real people?

Love the drawings in No. 27 pages 33 and 35. But why must they always be drawings?

I'll continue to buy your mag, but would like to see some of the above suggestions adopted or explained. Meanwhile, I let my M finish his job and then chain him to bed for the night.

M.S.
Lebanon, PA

WHAT A PAYNE

I read "Obedience School," the excerpt from Robert Payne's *Care and Training of the Male Slave II*. I would very much like to buy the book. Could you tell me the publisher and address where I may purchase it. Also, please notify me of your next issue of Drummer and how I may subscribe to it.

I think Robert Payne is a great writer and would like to buy his book. Thank you.

J.M.
Ohio

PRISON PEN-PAL

I'm writing you in request for Pen Pals. Please allow me to explain myself and the situation I'm in. I was sentenced to prison Aug. 26, 1971. During my stay in prison, I have only received about 25 letters and no visits at all. I can only say from my incarceration, a person never knows loneliness until they have experienced it. Loneliness is very unbearable when you do not have any communication with the outside world. I would appreciate a letter from anyone who will

write. It would certainly bring sunshine and happiness into my lonely life. Let me thank you for taking your most precious valuable time to read my letter. Any reconsideration from this matter will be highly appreciated.

Age 37, 6½ ft. tall, 170 lbs. Race — Black. Nice build, solid muscular, hair: black, long afro, eyes: light brown, thick moustache — neat. Twins/Gemini. I have many interests.

Joseph Lee Lewis
No. 133018
C.C.I. 15802 State Route 104
P.O. Box 5500
Chillicothe, Ohio 45601

TWO SQUIDS TO GO . . . HOLD THE MAYO!

I've been reading and enjoying your magazine for quite a while and get off on it. Here's something I discovered which may be fun for others:

When making a dish with squid take a large body (removing inners, spine, etc.) and stick your cock into the resulting sheath after warming it in warm water. You'll develop all sorts of techniques and it feels like a slimeo come-filled asshole — even looks and sounds like it when your stiff cock starts to wear away the membranes on the inside.

For an extra hot session, put several drops of Tabasco into the sheath. The possibilities are left to others — duos are my next project.

Afterwards you throw the squid into your cooking pot and serve it to your next stud for dinner.

Ripe plums (large kind), pappas and mangos are good lubricants and make great rimming.

Keep it up.

C.B.
New York

UP YOURS, TIGER

I have for the first time read your magazine issue number 26. I have found that issue a very interesting and enjoyable experience. You cater to the style that I like.

I train circus animals for performing and travel the U.S. each year.

I intend to purchase Drummer repeatedly. Keep up the great mag.

J.M.C.
Miami

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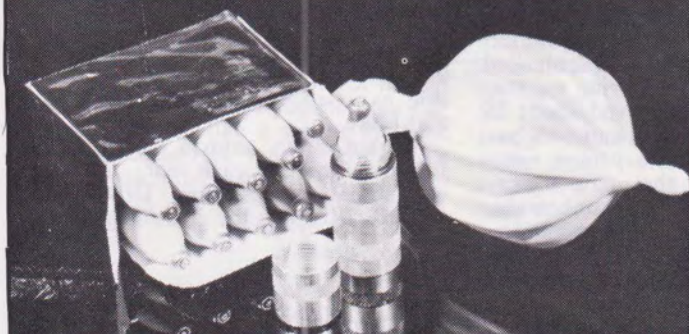
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Left:
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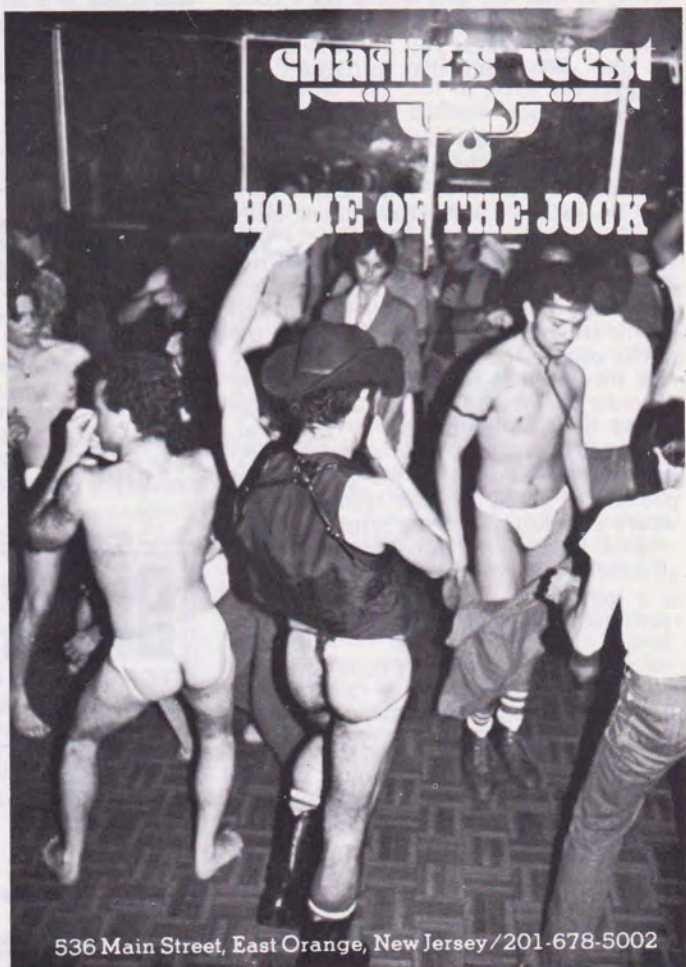
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BY JOHN PRESTON

JOCKSTRAP TANLINES, OILED TORSOS, WATERSPORTS, AND MILES OF DUNE ACTION. ALL FOR THE GRATIFICATION OF THE HOT DRUMMERMAN.



Faced with a decision about where to go on vacation, most men into leather and heavy sex limit ourselves to cities: Who wouldn't want to spend their time in San Francisco or New York? The other option seems to be to plan your trip around an understanding that you'll probably have to leave your leather at home.

No more, Macho Man! Provincetown is more than happy to welcome you and your life style for your summer relaxation and enjoyment.

Provincetown isn't always cheap, what resort is? But, it certainly is reasonable. To get there, you have to have a car and drive to the end of Cape Cod — add three hours to your estimate of a drive to Boston. Or you can fly. Provincetown-Boston Airline provides convenient service between the two cities. If you can fly, do, parking is *very* difficult in P-town. There is a special connecting fare between most cities; make sure you request it from your travel agent. For schedules and information, the Provincetown-Boston Airline number is 617/487-0240. Almost every guesthouse will meet your plane if you tell them your arrival time. Otherwise, the pilot will order you a cab during your flight over. (P-B Airline flies modern Cessnas or ancient DC-3's.)

You *can* get to P-town by bus from Boston, New York or Providence. You can get schedule information by calling 617/487-9007.

There is also a boat — a pretty, but hardly convenient way to get there. It'll be loaded with straight tourists, but if that's your pleasure; the Provincetown Cruise Ship leaves Boston's Long Wharf at 9:30 am; it arrives in Provincetown at 1 pm. The return departs P-town at 3:15 and arrives at 6:45. Call 617/487-1741 for information.

The Provincetown Business Guild, an organization of businesses which deal most with the gay tourists, has a brochure available for the asking. Write them at Box 421, Provincetown, MA 02657 or call 617/487-2313.

Almost any of the businesses in P-town welcome the leather trade. With surprisingly open arms. But, there are, of course, those places we know about that are even more willing to identify themselves with the special needs of the *Drummer* reader:

GUESTHOUSES

The usual arrangement for a stay in P-town is to rent a room in a guesthouse.

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The place is full of them. (There are hotels, like the *Dunes Motel*, Bradford Street Extension (617/487-1956) where you can get a room and bath and all the motel nicities if you want.) There's a set way that most guesthouses operate: You get a clean, though probably small, room and share a bath. Each house will supply coffee and probably rolls or donuts in the morning; every guest is invited to buy a bottle and leave it in a communal bar marked with his name. At 6 or so, every house has a cocktail party: it's a perfect place to find a trick for later on or, at least, meet a dinner companion. The many guesthouses of P-town will welcome you, but here are the places that we know you will be comfortable:

The Captain and His Ship, 164 Commercial St., 617/487-9794. A very pretty house owned and operated by a gay man and his lover; the man just was elected to the Provincetown Board of Selectman, by the way.

Fisherman's Cove, 145-7 Commercial St., 617/487-1997. Has apartments for rent as well as a few rooms.

Haven House, 12 Carver Street, 617/487-3031. One of the friendliest guesthouses. It is also one of the few with a swimming pool.

Heritage House, 7 Center St., 617/487-3692. A new guesthouse that is making an all out effort to attract a leather clientele.

Sea Drift Inn, 80 Bradford St., 617/487-3686. The leather guesthouse, famous among members of East Coast bikeclubs. This one, as are most of the others, is always booked in advance. Never, ever, arrive in P-town without a reservation. Especially on a holiday weekend.

George's Inn, 9 Court Street, (617) 487-9005 is a cozy, convenient guesthouse with a congenial staff. Not hardcore, but comfortable.

(All these guesthouses are year round businesses. If they're booked up, the owners will be glad to help you find another place to stay.)

RESTAURANTS

Food is one of the delights of a visit to Provincetown. If you're into seafood, get ready for a real treat. This place is an actual, honest-to-God fishing port. You'll be in nirvana. To those of you who are from outside New England, fried clams may sound something less than appealing, but swallow your pride and your memories of Howard Johnson meals and have them here. There are also many Italian, Portuguese and French/Continental restaurants. The best bet is to ask the proprietor of your guesthouse. He'll give you the best information current; most guesthouses, in fact, keep a copy of menus of the town's eateries in their sitting room, so you can pick and choose the type and price of food you want. (One of the rules of running a guesthouse in P-town is that you must keep your clients eating well if you want them to return. The recommendations you get are very likely to be on target.)

Still, there are some places that we can recommend after having tried them ourselves:

The Clambake, 247 Commercial St. Excellent, reasonable food with an accent

on seafood and possibly the best fried clams on Cape Cod.

The Hideaway, 229 Commercial St. There probably isn't a real "leather" restaurant in Provincetown, but the two gay women who own the *Hideaway* make this one of the most comfortable places if you want to wear full leather to dinner. They're very careful about their help — and they read *Drummer* just to keep up (You must make a reservation here.)

Ocean's Inn, 386 Commercial St., adds a touch of elegance, if you're into it, to Cape dining. Very theatrical. And very, very good.

BRUNCH

We seem to have turned this into our own special meal. And it works especially well in a summer resort where people thrive on brunch before the beach and dinner late at night. All three of the already mentioned places have fine brunches; here are some other recommendations:

Cafe Edwige, 333 Commercial Street. Very popular. Get there early.

Poor Richard's Buttery, 432 Commercial St., has an outpost in Key West.

Post Office Cafe and Restaurant, 303 Commercial St., for quick, but good and large meals.

BARS

There are more gay bars in Provincetown during the summer months than there are in Boston. We couldn't list them all here, but why bother, you're probably interested in only two of them:

Atlantic House, 4-6 Masonic Place. This is the granddaddy of them all. There are three bars in the complex: a disco, a little bar with fireplace and one of the best jukeboxes on the East Coast, and the *Macho Room* — the name says it all.

The Cellar, in the *Crown and Anchor Motor Inn*, 247 Commercial Street. This is a new effort to create a heavy leather bar in a complex that includes the only gay bar open all year round — the Backroom.

BEACHES

The whole coastline of Cape Cod is a beach, ocean or bay-side. But, *The beach*, is Herring Cove. Anyone can tell you how to get there. It's a long walk, an easy ride, from the village. Herring Cove provides you with one of the most interesting miniatures of society you'll ever want to see: at the parking lot, if you turn right, you go into Straightland, overrun with families with children, to the left, you have to walk through a forest of lesbians before you start seeing groups of gay men. As you continue, the men become bigger, butcher and more interesting. You start with them in groups in bathing suits, start finding them single, then they've gotten down to jockstraps after a while, then nude, then nude with cock rings, and then — then you've arrived at the dunes. Vast stretches of wastelands stretch out from the end of the beach. If you thought that park sex was hot in your home town, you've never seen anything like the sex that the leather clad, sweat soaked men get into in the sand.



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THE LAW

There were some bad news reports coming out of Provincetown last year, hysterical news about busts. Bullshit. There was one occasion when the State Police did bust a local gay bar that had pushed the Yankee sensibilities too far by opening a back room. (It may be the only time in history that someone was actually charged with: "Assault and battery with a deadly weapon: A Black Leather belt").

In the dunes, the National Seashore Rangers (very hot men) may ask you to "move along," but basically, they patrol very infrequently and their new boss has ordered them to stop giving out citations for nude sunbathing.

One of the hottest of the many gay-owned businesses in P-town is George Powers' Designer Dock at 344 Commercial St. You must make it a stop on your trip to the Cape. You'll find gold and silver goods a cut above the quality you're used to.

One of the special attractions in the store is a series of finely detailed models of motorcycles done in solid sterling (not silverplate).

The large one stands about four inches, and makes up for its height with a whopping \$1850.00 price tag. The smaller models are a more reasonable \$65.00. All are exclusive imports from Italy and represent well-known manufacturers' cycles. (Here, the large model is a Moto Guzzi; the smaller ones are Harleys.)

George also has a selection of erotic silverwork that he would be delighted to show to Drummer readers!

In town, the atmosphere of the bars and a few friendly words from your guesthouse proprietor will tell you the limits of acceptable behavior. Essentially, it's the more freed-up than any big Eastern city, except New York.

Your guesthouse, by the way, at least those we've mentioned, will not be in the least concerned if you trick in. If your trick ends up staying for too long they'll tell you before it gets to be a problem.

The drinking age in Massachusetts is now 20. *Watch out.* This is one place where the state and local police won't give an inch: do not buy booze if you're a minor or for someone who might be a minor.

The local police have one other area that they've been harsh about: Do *not* smoke dope on the town streets. In your guesthouse, on the beach, fine. But not in a bar or on the street. For some reason it's become an issue with them. And Massachusetts has strict penalties. Why bother risking it?

If you go in for nocturnal activities, take the time to go out to the dunes. They'll be there, and there'll be privacy there. If you let carnal need get in the way of common sense and try to duck into the bushes in the village proper, you'll be in trouble. All the land in town is private property, and any land owner, gay or straight, will call the cops if you're messing with the lawn or flower gardens.

Use a minimum of discretion in P-town and you'll have a maximum good time.

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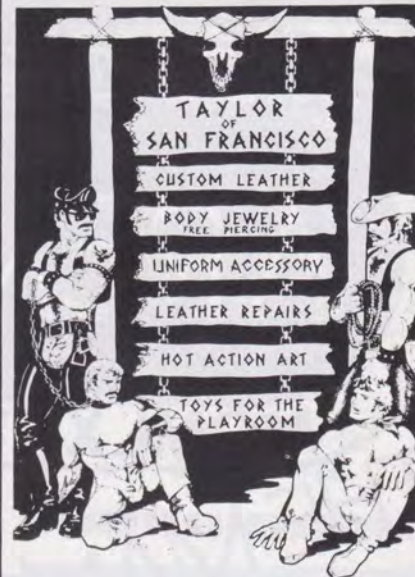
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When we celebrate the home we have found in this city, we also celebrate the tremendous value we derive in our lives from the diversity that IS San Francisco.

This year marks the 10th anniversary of the Stonewall Rebellion, the beginning of the end of second-class citizenship for gay men and women everywhere.

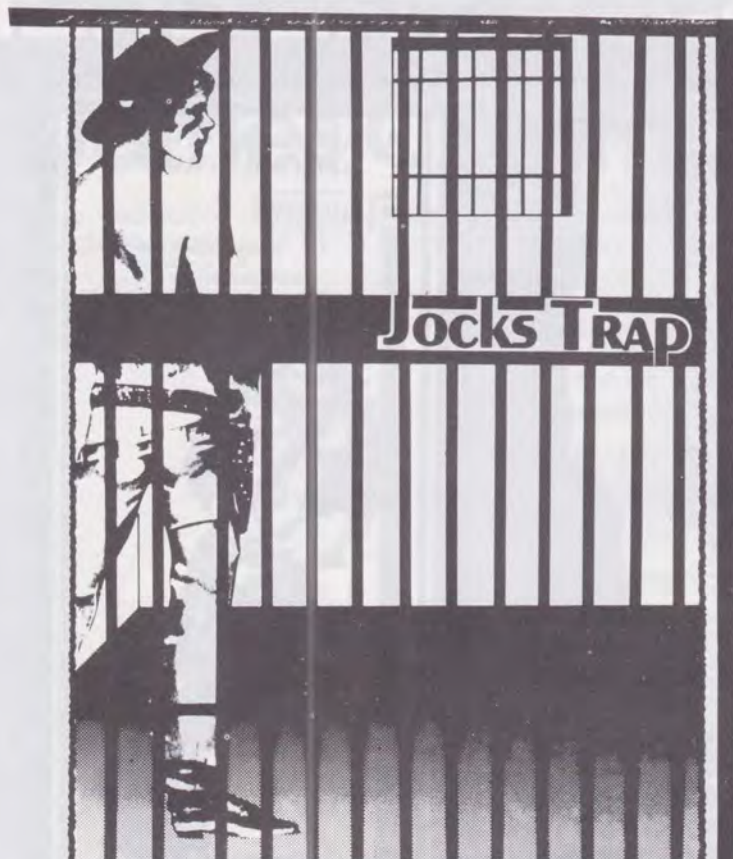
We will march to support gay men and women here, and throughout the world, who look to this event, more than any other, as evidence that our numbers are plentiful and that our movement is strong.

We will march to remind local politicians, in this election year, that votes are not to be won at our expense, and that harassment of any part of our community will be met with the resistance of our entire community.

We will all be there, celebrating the joy and full self-expression we experience in our sexuality ... celebrating our cultural contributions ... celebrating with music, color, sun, and dancing in the streets.

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We have gone to many sources in preparing this comprehensive DRUMMER guide, but most of our info came from you, our faithful readers. So we'd greatly appreciate hearing from you about any openings, closings, changes or moves in your area. Remember, an up-to-date listing only benefits you. Our big goal for 1980 is a DRUMMER WORLD GUIDE . . . so send those letters.

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IRON SPUR 11086 Garden Grove Blvd.
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STALLION 5823 No. Atlantic Blvd.

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Basic Plumbing (private club) 725 N. Fairfax
Blue Parrot 8851 Santa Monica
Corral Club (private) 3744 Cahuenga Blvd.
Detour 1089 Manzanita Nr. Sunset Jct.
Eagle 7864 Santa Monica Blvd.
8709 Club Baths (private) 8709 W. 3rd St.
Eleven-Seventy Club 1170 No. Western Ave.
FALCON'S LAIR 742 No. Highland
Hyperion Baths 2114 Hyperion
The 1800 Club 1800 Hyperion, Silverlake
Jocks Trap 5459 Hollywood Blvd.
The Los Angeles Tool Co. (private)
7610 Santa Monica Blvd.

Manhandler 2692 So. La Cienega
Melrose Baths 7269 Melrose Ave.
Meat Rack 4621 Santa Monica Blvd.
Pure Trash 1903 Hyperion Ave.
ONE WAY 612 No. Hoover
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RUSTY NAIL 7994 Santa Monica Blvd.
Silver Saddle Spa (baths) 4356 Sunset Blvd.
SPIKE BAR 7746 Santa Monica Blvd.
Stud 4216 Melrose Ave.
2006 Bar 2006 N. Figueroa St.
Wranglers 1941 Hyperion
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Black Knight 10932 Burbank Blvd.
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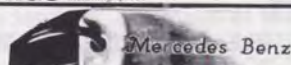


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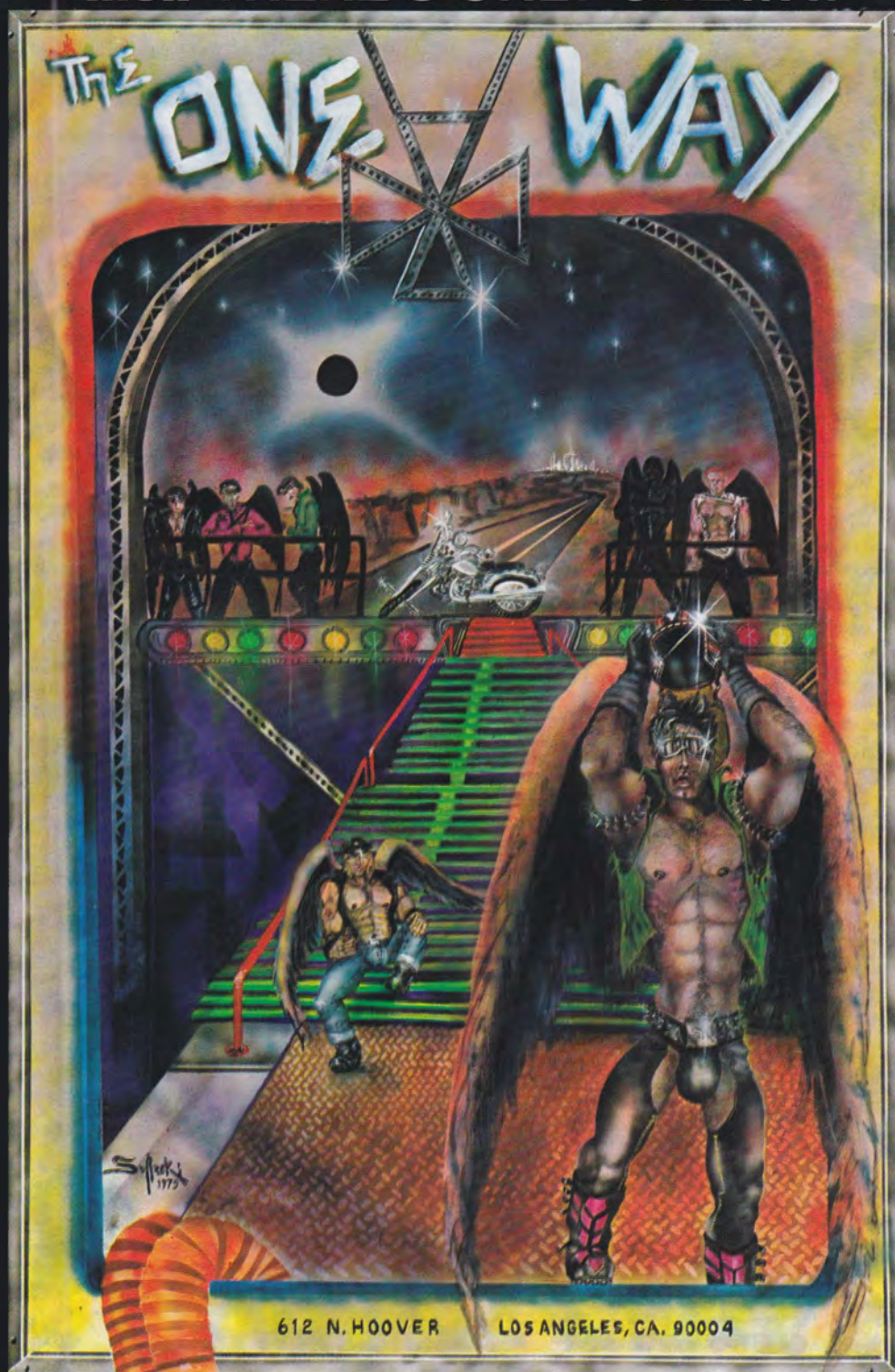
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

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Dave's Villa Caprice (motel & spa) 67-670 Carey
An Old Friend (motel) 1830 Racquet Club Rd.
Party Room 67-977 Hwy. 111

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The Hut 2581 University Ave.
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ARENA 399 9th at Harrison
Badlands 4121 18th St.
THE BLACK & BLUE 8th at Howard
THE BROTHOL HOTEL 1500 Sutter
The Brig 1347 Folsom
BOOT CAMP 1010 Bryant
The Club San Francisco 330 Ritch St.
Cornholes (private club) 1369 Folsom
Dave's Baths 100 Broadway
FEBE'S 1501 Folsom
527 Club 527 Bryant
1808 Club (private) 1808 Market
The Galleon 718 14th St.
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Hand Ball Express (baths) 975 Harrison
I-Beam (disco) 1748 Haight
The Jaguar (private) 4052 18th St.
Liberty Baths 1157 Post
Midnight Sun 506 Castro
Moby Dick 4049 18th St.
Nightshift (private club) 205 6th St.
RAMROD 1255 Folsom
The Slot (baths) 979 Folsom St.
Sutro Bathhouse (bisexual) 1015 Folsom
THE TRENCH (uniform bar) . . . 164 8th St.
21st Street Baths 3244 21st St.
Watering Hole 6th at Folsom

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Renegades 393 Stockton
641 Club 641 Stockton
Watergarden (baths) 1010 The Alameda

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Man's Country Bar 506 25th St.
Town Pump 205 Datura

GEORGIA

ATLANTA

P's 551 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE

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HONOLULU / (Downtown)

Question Mark 43 S. Beretania

WAIKIKI

Blowhole 124 Kapahulu
Club Honolulu (baths) 2270 Kuhio
Cocktail Center 435 Atkinson
The Steam Works (baths) 307 Lewers St.

ILLINOIS

CALUMET CITY

MR. B'S CLUB 606 State Line

CHICAGO

Barracks (baths) 506 No. Clark St.
GOLD COAST 501 No. Clark St.
Redoubt 65 W. Illinois
Steamworks Ltd. (baths) 3131 N. Lincoln
Touche' 2825 No. Lincoln
Man's World North (baths) 4740 N. Western Ave.
Steamworks Ltd. (baths) 3131 N. Lincoln

IOWA

DES MOINES

Country Cove 203 - 4th

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS

Body Works (baths) 303 N. Senate Ave.
Club Indianapolis Baths 341 N. Capital

KANSAS

WICHITA

Cattlemen's Assoc., Ltd. 1534 Ida

KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE

Badlands Territory 116 E. Main St.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS

Camp Baths 512 Gravier
Canal Baths 738 N. Rampart
Corral Bar 901 Bourbon
Golden Lantern 1289 Royal St.
Round Up 819 St. Louis
The Stake Out 940 Conti
Tiger Lounge 940 Burgundy
T.J.'s West 820 N. Rampart

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE

Club East Baths 1105 Cathedral

Gallery 1735 Maryland
Studio (adjoins Gallery) 1735 Maryland

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON

Club Boston Baths 4 La Grange
Chaps 25 Huntington Ave.
THE BOSTON EAGLE 88 Queensberry St.
Herbie's Ramrod 1254 Boylston St.

PROVINCETOWN

Atlantic House Hotel Bar Masonic Alley
The Captain and His Ship (Guesthouse)
164 Commercial St.

Ranch Guest House 198 Commercial St.
Sea Drift Inn 80 Bradford St.

SPRINGFIELD

Quarry (below the Pub) 382 Dwight St.

MICHIGAN

DETROIT

Club Detroit Baths 7646 Woodward Ave.
INTERCHANGE 1501 Holden
Stephen's Saloon 17436 Woodward Ave.

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS

Big Daddy's (baths) 3 N. 7th
Happy Hour 408 Hennepin
Locker Room Health Club 315 1st Ave. N.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY

Bunkhouse (baths) 3109 Main St.
Round Up 701 W. 12th

ST. LOUIS

Gateway Saloon (in Bob Martin's Bar complex)
201 S. 20th
Club St. Louis Baths 600 W. Kingshighway
Stadium Baths 201 S. 20th

NEBRASKA

OMAHA

Diamond Bar 516 S. 16th

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS

Las Vegas Spa (baths) 1130 S. Casino Ctr. Bl.
Other Place 5410 Paradise Rd.
Sixteen-Ten 1610 E. Charleston Blvd.

RENO

Club Baths 1030 W. 2nd St.
Trapp 5201 W. 4th St.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY (SEASONAL)

Ramrod (above Lark Inn) 174 S. New York

BRICKTOWN

The Egyptian Baths 1714 Hwy. 88

CAMDEN

Club Camden Baths 1498 Broadway

NEW YORK

BUFFALO

Club Buffalo Baths 44 Alameda (Amherst)
Villa Capri 926 Main at Allan
FIRE ISLAND - CHERRY GROVE/PINES
"Meat Rack" - Outdoor Action Area

Sea Shack Cherry Grove

MANHATTAN

Badlands 388 West St. at Christopher
Barbary Coast 64 7th Ave.
Beacon Baths 227 E. 45th St.
Boot Hill 317 Amsterdam at 75th St.
Boots and Saddle 76 Christopher
Broadway Arms Baths 218 W. 49th St.
Cell Block 372 West 11th St.
Chaps 1558 3rd Ave. at 87th St.
The Club Baths 24 1st Ave.

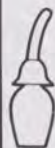
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Eastside Sauna 227 E. 56th St.
Glory Hole (private club) 139 11th Ave.
Half Breed 168 Amsterdam at 68th St.
International Stud 733 Greenwich St.
Kellers 384 West St. at Barrow
Main Man 305 Columbus Ave. at 74th St.
Man's Country 28 W. 15th St.
Mineshaft (private club) 832 Washington St.
Ramrod 394 West St.
Sauna Baths 300 W. 58th St.
Spike 120 11th Ave. at 20th St.
The Stallion 277 Bleeker St. at Jones
St. Marks Baths 6 St. Marks Place
The Strap 18th St. at 10th Ave.
Ty's 114 Christopher St.
Wall Street Sauna 1 Maiden Lane
Wildwood 308 Columbus Ave. at 74th St.

ROCHESTER

Adonis Sauna 92 North St.
Bachelor Forum 1065 E. Main
Roman Sauna Baths 109 North St.

NORTH CAROLINA

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Club South Baths of Charlotte 1708 South Blvd.
New Brass Rail 3513 W. Wilkinson Blvd.
Original Brass Rail 105 W. Morehead

RALEIGH

The Mousetrap 1622 Glenwood Ave.

OHIO

CINCINNATI

Badland's Territory 419 Plum St.

CLEVELAND

Club Steam Baths 1448 W. 32nd St.
Club Cleveland II Baths 1293 W. 9th
LEATHER STALLION 2203 St. Claire Ave.

COLUMBUS

The Loft 622 S. High St. (above The Grotto)
Tradewinds II 117 E. Chestnut

TOLEDO

Club Toledo Baths 1122 Monroe St.
Lenny's Other Side 3330 Secor Rd.
THE RUSTLER SALOON 4023 Monroe St.
San Francisco Sunbaths 3330 Secor Rd.

OREGON

PORTLAND

Club Continental 531 S.W. Park Ave.
Dahl & Penne 604 S.W. 2nd
Majestic Hotel & Club Baths 303 S.W. 12th Av.
Other Inn 242 S.W. Adler
Olympic Baths 531 S.W. 12th St.
Tavern ('Half Moon') 122 S.W. Yamhill

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Cell Block 206 So. Camac
247/Corral 247 S. 17th St.
Post 1705 Chancery
Westbury Bar 271 So. 15th St.

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Schume's Liberty Baths 917 Liberty Ave.

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San Francisco Inn 263 Calle San Francisco
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Sundance Kid 4025 Maple
Tex's Ranch 4117 Maple
Wild Crowd Saloon 2515 N. Fitzhugh
Throckmorton Mining Co. 3014 Throckmorton
Metro Baths 3116 Live Oak
The Locker 1804 No. Harwood

FT. WORTH

651 Club 651 S. Jennings
The Corral 621 Hemphill

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Locker 1732 Westheimer
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JOHNNY'S HANDLEBAR 2018 1st Ave.
MARSHALL'S OFFICE 1224 Howell
Zodiac Club Baths 1117 Pike St.

WISCONSIN

GREEN BAY

Man Hole 207 So. Washington

MILWAUKEE

Club Milwaukee Baths 704-A W. Wisconsin
On Broadway Health Club 158 N. Broadway
WRECK ROOM 266 E. Erie

CANADA

MONTREAL

Continental Montreal (baths) 456 La Gauchetiere

Bud's 1250 Stanley
Dominion Square Tavern 1243 Metcalfe
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Monarch Cafe 164 St. Catherine St. E.

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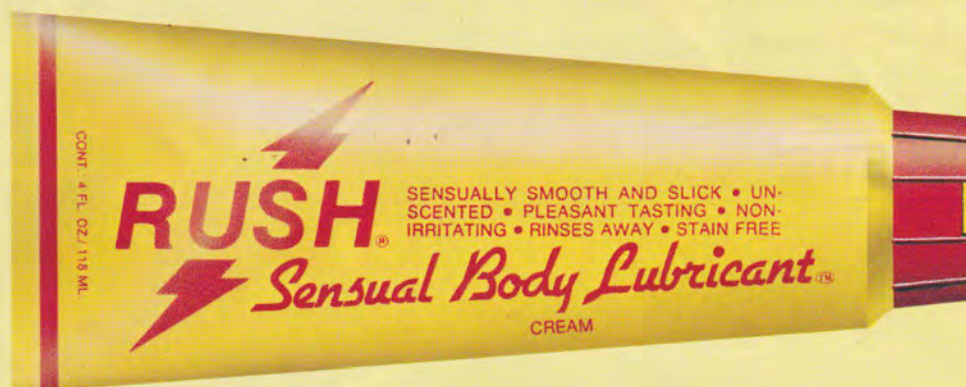
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