AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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ISSUE 31

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SHAVE! MISTER?

DRUM COMICS DRUMSTICKS DRUMBEATS

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

Henry David Thoreau



MERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE **VOLUME 4**

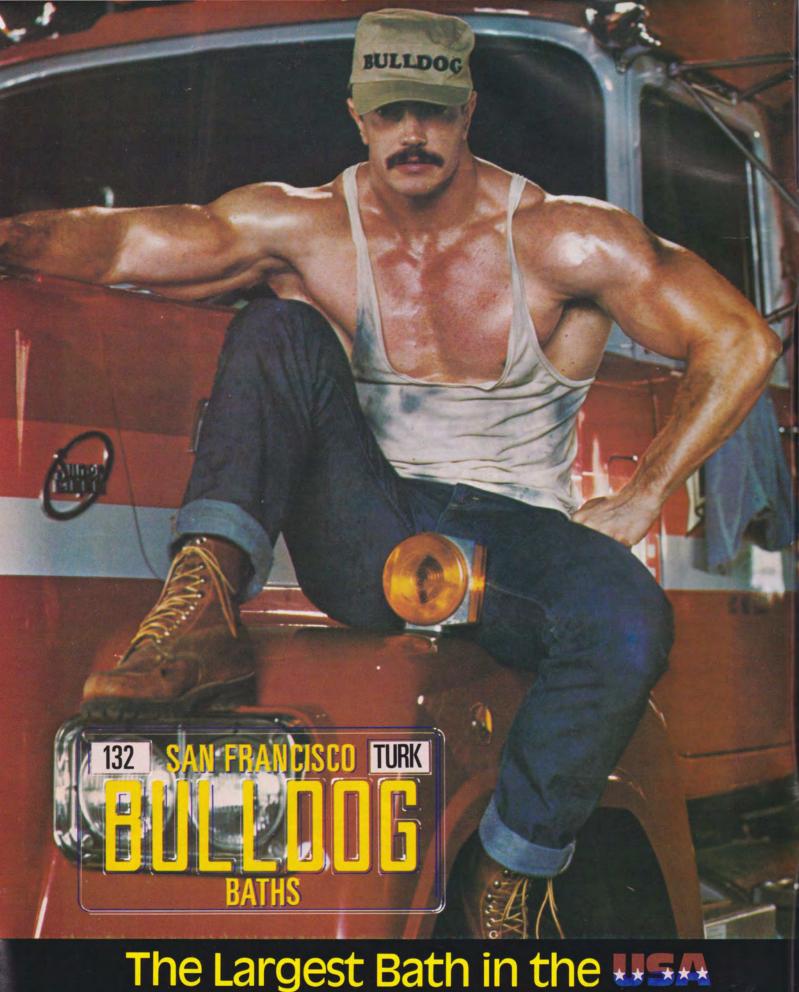
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AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE

AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE
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MALECALL/Dear Sir:

SO TELL ME

Drummer is the greatest! — as if you didn't know. I've every number since No. 1 except the one ordered herewith. And you have been *improving* on the "best." The new "tough guy" feature is great. So also the pix features like the Arena Slave Auction and the Drummer party. The fiction is great j/o stuff. But what happened to Huston Smith's "Trapped?" Issue 21 leaves the "hero" in a very hot/hard situation and is "To be continued." Issue 22 doesn't pick it up at all. Couldn't Mr. S. figure out how to end the story? That macho S was en route to super Macho M — or was he?

Keep them coming!

Ken S.F.

"Trapped" died suddenly from terminal diarrhea. — Ed.

ROSE POWER

I've always wanted to see for myself if Pete Rose really does smell like a man — especially after a game. That shot of him squeezing his crotch and looking bad-assed (IN PASSING, Issue 29) was enough to get me to shell-out for a sub-

scription. If someone could promise me Pete Rose, I'd move to Cincinnati!

Marc Dallas

A WET, DEVOTED FAN

I have never discovered a gay magazine, before picking up my first issue of Drummer, that kept my inner fantasies as well as my cock hot wild and hard longing for more. It was your issue 17. Since then I have been a devoted fan of Drummer. I even stood in the rain to wait for the delivery truck to unload so I could do the same. I purchased every issue up to 26, omitting one issue 20 which never seemed to arrive in New York City. Then on February 28th '79 my friend

Then on February 28th '79 my friend R.M., by the way who is a very hot man and should be pictured in your magazine, got me a subscription to Drummer. Then finally the last week in April I received my virgin issue 27 which I had two weeks before purchased.

Now I'm acting like a Tiger with two heads who can't shit. When the HELL will I get my next issue? Why is it on the stands before it is in my mail box?

I know with Drummer's issue 26 you welcomed in the New Year in Getting

Off. Well man I want to also - GET-IT-OFF.

Hot, hard with a cum stained jock I remain and remain and remain and . . .

Brooklyn, NY

OPEN WIDE, FUCKER!

As a long-time reader of Drummer and an "m," I get turned on by your magazine. A recent article hit one of my trips — medical exams. The article showed a back-room in S.F. — in a corner was a medical exam table. I imagined myself nude on that table, strapped on my back w/legs fastened in the stirrups — wideopen for anything — and everything.

Several requests. How about a guy being stripped, then strapped on a medical exam table, then getting cock/ball/ass exam and workover? Also, I am into shaving. How about a good series on a guy going to a barber and getting a full shave — everything including the head.

Finally, I am into c/b punishments – especially the balls. I would like photos or articles dealing w/NEW equipment or methods of c/b punishment, especially on the balls.

Bruce Philadelphia

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Just want to thank you for getting my subscription straightened out. The last few months have really been super especially the Mr. Benson story. Hope to see something in next few editions about short hair and shaving.

Keep up the good work.

R.D. Orlando, FL

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TICKLED SILLY

Have you ever published in any of your issues photos, drawings, articles or stories in which the act of tickling was an explicit part of the action? If such an issue exists and is available, I've enclosed

a M/O to cover the cost of mailing.
The other enclosure is to be considered as an illustrated letter and need not be returned. Just call it a slight (-?) case of fantasizing on my part!
The 'SASE'? - That's so you can re-

turn the M/O (with possibly a macho retort) in case all else fails, - OB - enclose a funky comment with the issue you send me! - Okay?

C.L.T. New York

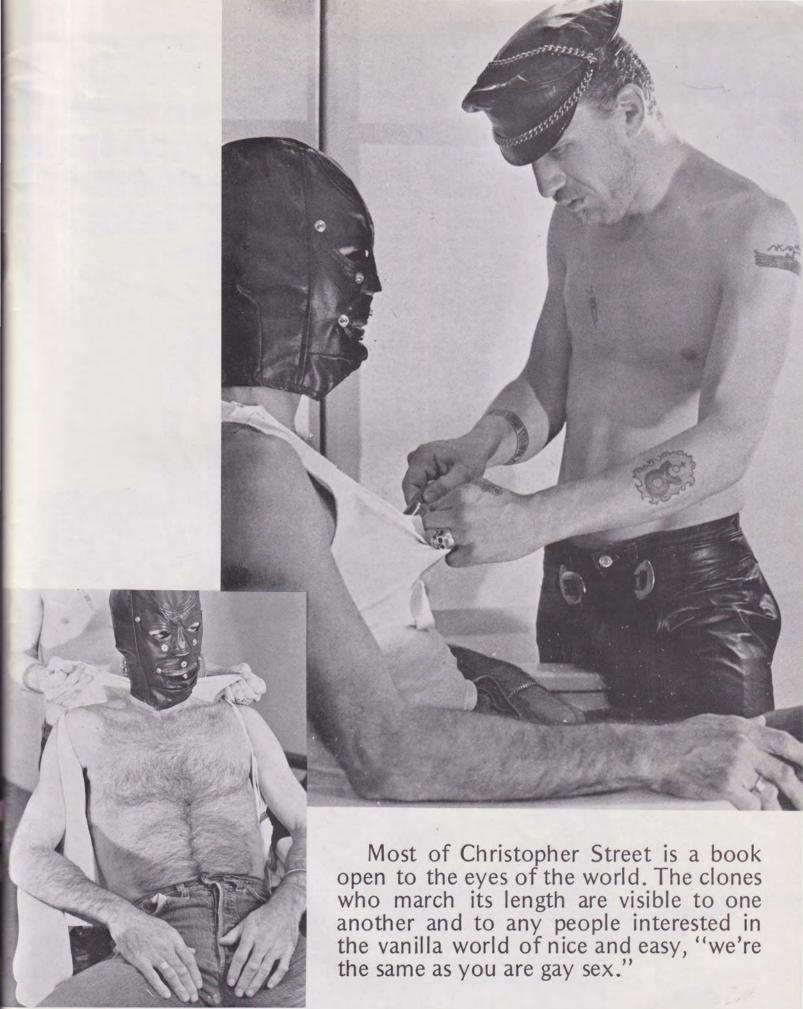


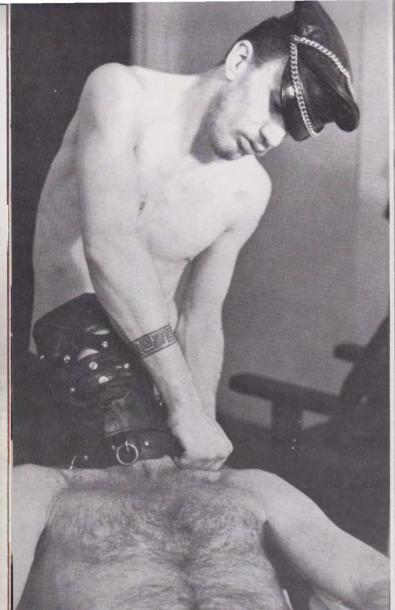
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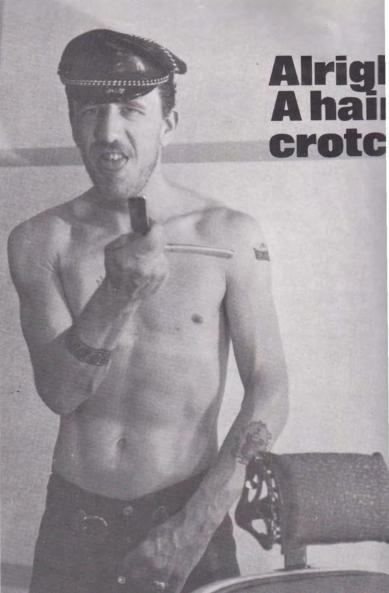
INSIDE A Four Star, N-Pated, Close Shave SULLEENEY TODD'S

By John Preston Phillip Beard Photos

DRUMMER 8









Mac, what will it be? ut, a shave, a close clip, or the 'House Special'?

The haunts of the leather world aren't on the avenue of mass-produced mass-marketed uniformity that has become the public face of gay life. The bars — the public spaces — are north or east of the Village nowadays. The "special" toy, leather and boot shops are on the side streets. Real leathermen aren't hiding, but they count on word of mouth to spread the news of their whereabouts.

High above the pavement, though, behind unmarked doors, there still are some places that are parts of that subculture devoted to hard mansex. Sweeney

Todd is one of them.

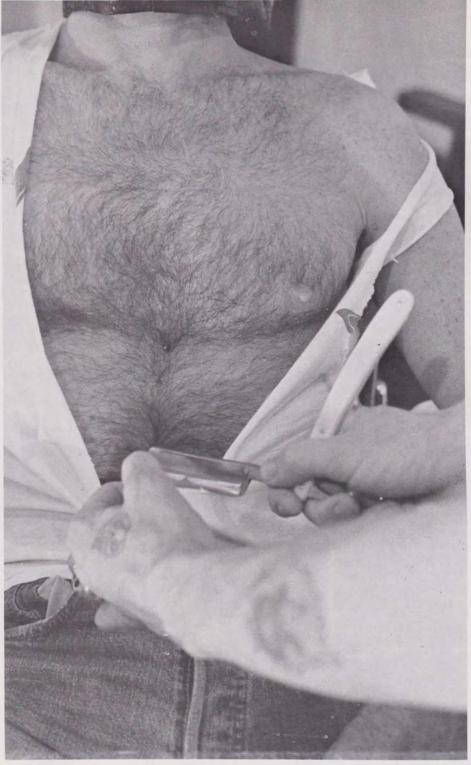
The plain red door at 183 Christopher Street, nearly to the waterfront, has no sign. When you open it, you face two long flights of dimly lit stairs before the entrance to the inner sanctum. The loud buzzer will give you entry but you have to choose to accept the invitation. No one just walks in here by chance. There are no accidental visitors here.

The barber will be lean and mean-looking. He'll probably be naked above the waist, displaying a circus of tatoos. Behind him will be an antique electric chair — the trademark of the shop.

Sweeney Todd is no pedestrian barber shop. To pay their rent and provide a service, they'll probably give you a normal hair cut during the day. And at night? At night, when heavy boots clump on pavement and inhuman screams pierce the air, Sweeney Todd is ready to provide its extra special services to those men doomed to lives as captives in New York's world of pain/pleasure.

It is by appointment only. (212) 242-3561









SHAVING / JACK PRESCOTT

It's the final act of ownership. It comes when one man has so completely taken over another that he has the freedom to act on whim or plan and alter the body being offered to him.

It is the final act of submission. It happens when a bottom is willing to be shorn of the animal signs of his masculinity; the very part of his body that ad-

vertised his manhood.

It produces a final vulnerability.
Those few strands of hair on your ass and your cock and balls are protection: protection from forces you can't control. When they're gone, you are left bared to the sight of any passing man.

It is the final signal of what you want.

It is the final signal of what you want. The hand going down your jeans in a backroom bar and finding nothing but smooth skin will know what you are and why you're there. The mean looking stud in the baths is going to look at your

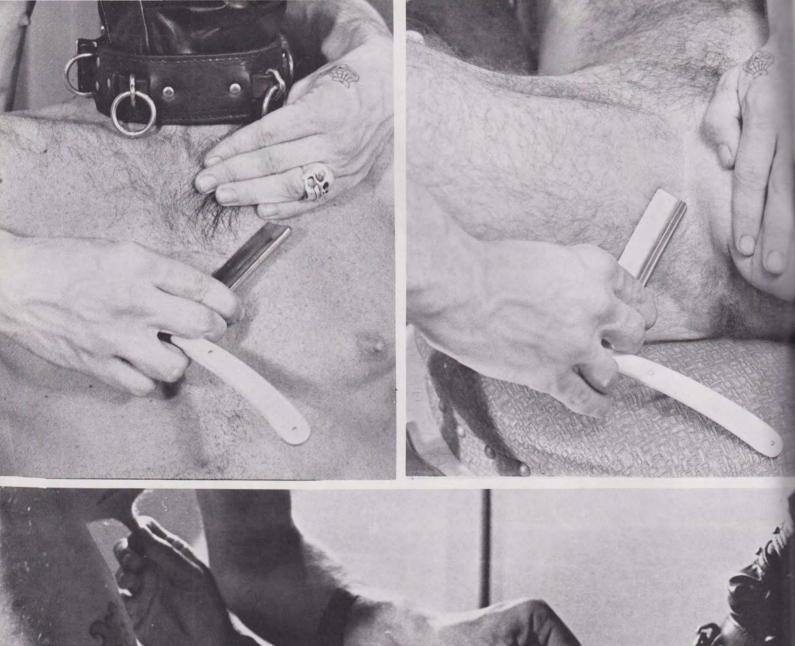
know that if he enters that cubicle he can take it all; there'll be no talk of limitations, there'll be no negotiation with a novice here.

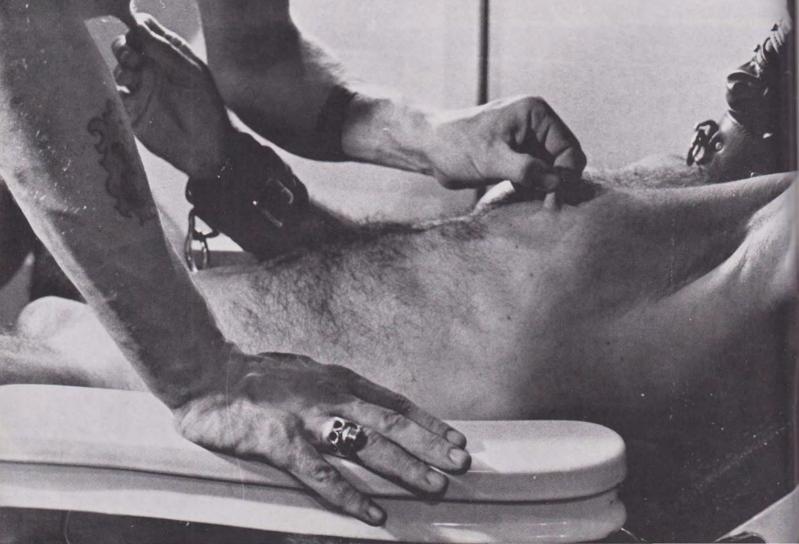
It speaks louder than pierced tits; it means more than a leather jacket; it announces more clearly than your presence in a leather bar.

He'll say, "I want to shave your whole body," and you'll have to make a decision. Are you ready for it all? But you've probably been working up to it. And it'll be a new experience. You're always













ready for a new experience. So you'll agree. "Take it off. Take it all off," just like in the TV commercial.

Men don't shave other men's bodies without a ritual. You'll have to go through that. Maybe he'll sit you in a bathtub to soak the hairs into softness. Maybe he'll strap you to a table. Maybe he'll have access to a barber's chair. Whatever, you'll be stripped naked. You'll spread your legs wide apart to let him in. You'll have your arms stretched backwards to accommodate his movements.

He'll probably start with your armpits. He'll start by spreading thick white foam all over that vulnerable part of your body; that one that will be right beside your face; the one where you'll be able to see him scrape away the thick clumps of hair right in front of your eyes. You'll be able to watch the sharp cold metal work its way up your inner arms. And you'll see the startling white skin when he's finished. You'll know that this was just the beginning, though.

He'll move to the other side of your

He'll move to the other side of your body and he'll repeat his actions on your other armpit. Your sweat will start to wash away the foam as the tension mounts and you begin to realize what's happening to you.

Your breath will come faster then. And you'll watch him spreading the soap over your chest. That hair that had first announced your manhood years ago is leaving you now.. The sharp metal tugs against the growing hairs. Your half-hidden tits come into naked focus. They've lost the shield that had kept them from his view, and had softened the blow of his touch. But it's gone now. The tits are standing alone on your chest, pushing up in all their nudity and sus-







ceptability.

The long, sharp edge of the razor makes its longest runs up your stomach. The few hairs speckling your torso are caught up in the smooth flow of the blade. There's nothing left now but your crotch and your ass. There's more foam. And he makes shorter, more frequent scrapes at your lower belly. The hair is tugging again now that it's become thick once more. You try to avoid looking at it. Try to avoid this part of the humiliation.

Then he stretches out your cock. You never realized just how much hair was there. It had always seemed to be a part of the rest of your crotch bush. But, he's stretched it out its full length and you see the long shafts growing out of your prick. You suck in your breath while he slices them away from your tool. The sweat comes more profusely now that he's there. You start to worry about his nicking you. You get very nervous.

Then he smiles right at you and takes your balls in his soapy hands. You can't help but whimper at the sight of the reflecting steel as he bends back over and starts shaving your sac. It really hurts for the first time as he squeezes your most tender parts in the firm grip of his hand while the barber's razor scrapes away, paying no attention to your barely audible noises.

Then he turns you over. This is the part he's been waiting for. This is the part that's going to turn him on the most. He sets you on your hands and knees and spreads apart your legs. You've never been so aware of your hole as you are this minute, with the soft indoors breeze brushing against your anus. The warm

DRUMMER 16



to keep you remembering what you've done; the humiliation of it all; the submission you agreed to; the use your body was put to. For weeks, there'll be stubble growing out of your crotch and your chest and your armpits. You'll stink from the sweat that won't be absorbed. You'll suffer from the constant discomfort, the itching, the catching of your short hairs on your clothing. But, most of all you'll be aware of your nude asshole. The hole that will scream its existence to you in messages stronger than you've ever received from it. That hole with no hair to protect its nerve endings will demand

to be filled. You'll walk around and there'll be nothing to soften the impact of the sensitive skin as it rubs against itself. The shaving hasn't answered your needs; it hasn't met your desires; it just creates more new ones, more intensely without protection.

SHAVING BOX

The leather props in this photo spread were provided by The Pleasure Chest. The Pleasure Chest, 20 West 20th Street, New York NY 10011.

foam is being applied again. His finger can't resist the lubrication and slips right into your tunnel. Your whimper turns to a moan when the finger explores your guts.

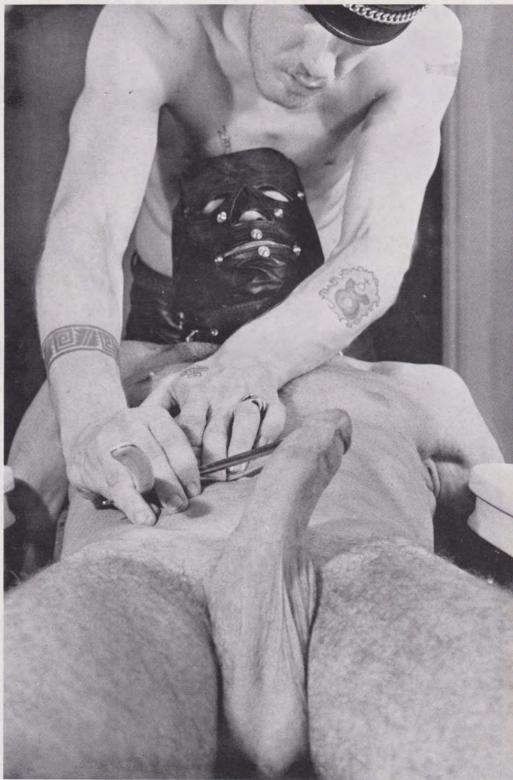
It had been humiliating when he had taken the hair from your crotch; it had been painful when he had manhandled your balls; but the feel of the steel against your hole is the most startling sensation yet. You suck in air as he makes minute moves of the razor against the most sensitive nerve endings of your body. You're sweating even more.

Finally, after a few long strokes on the mounds of your ass to catch any strays, he's finished. He's oblivious to your emotions. All he wants to do is stand back and drink in the vision of his handiwork: your naked, shaved body. His body.

You think about the hair on your arms and legs. Maybe, maybe he'll leave it. But he won't. It's going to go too. But, first, that naked puckered flesh knob of your ass is sticking out at him. He'll have to wait to finish the whole job. Not with that little circle of purple flesh luring him on. You hear the zipper and you try to relax your hole, tense from the sensations of the metal scraping against it.

His wide prick is pressing against you, and there's nothing left to stop it. There's nothing left to hold him back as he assaults your sphincter muscles. He enters hard, the smooth skin is almost producing its own lubricant. You lift up your haunches and meet him — the man who shaved your body.

If you're lucky he'll keep you shaved — or someone will. If you're not, it'll grow in. The in-between period is going





Now various leatherclad publications from abroad are flashing new gritty craphics. Artists never seen on these decadent shores before. Well . . . almost

Martin of Holland is one of these discoveries except he does have an edge over some of his fellow European/ Scandanavian craftsmen. His drawings have surfaced here and about in small underground monthlies. Martin's proficient hands and bizarre imagination have turned-on tub loads of loyal American customers with the heavy S/M, w/s, sewer-scat scenes he so fondly depicts. What M.O.H. might lack in technical expertise, he more than compensates for in his strong, guttural, off-the-shit-house-wall spontaneity.

Drummer, in its never-ending quest in bringing forth the raw and the undiscovered, presents Martin and his trips. A

true four-star toilet talent.

- A. Jay

And now, a few words from the artist:

My age: in my thirties. - Cancer. Started to draw purely as a hobby during my school days. It was then a means of concentration, getting hot, turning-on with my fantasies. This is still an important factor today. I never had any art schooling. I picked it all up by experience. It isn't my profession either, I have a full-time job that's got nothing to

do with drawing.

I became interested in the leather scene in the early 70-s, a date which coincided with the appearance of my first interesting drawings. My interest in slightly more bizarre scenes came a few years later. Others have tried but I was the first to draw scat scenes. I'm still the only one who is still drawing these. I'm one of the first and few who do piss scenes. I'm not into the heavier forms of S&M, but there should be no limit to an artist's imagination, so you will see I did a few very way-out scenes for your pleasure.

Most of my drawings are done in a combination of ink and pencil, sometimes colour pencil. Often I start a drawing without any real plan, and develop it gradually. People often ask how long it takes to finish a drawing: let me assure you I put hours and hours into it, and so does every artist. It may take a week or more to complete a single drawing.

I do not work from models, usually

not even from photographs. A perfect likeness is not my ideal, I put more "imagination-value" into a drawing. Often my drawings are a starting point for your fantasy. I don't always show the full action, often my characters are "about to plug in and out"!

I suppose my artwork has a distinctive European flavour. I don't draw the typical American props just because they would commercialize my drawing. I draw the types that I like. So you see maybe more blond long-haired guys than you would like. One reason also is that my work is not commissioned. I just do what I like, then ask if anyone else likes it.

If you do, you may soon have a chance to see more of it at my one-man show. Fey-Way in San Francisco will be

the place.





THE INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER CONTEST





THE ENVELOPE PLEEZ! THE WINNER IS ...

San Francisco's David Kloss



Mr. America looks like an asexuallamericanned boy compared to the sexually upfront All American Men of the Mr. International Leather competition.

Lats and Latitude for lots of Attitude: when these Leathermen do you like they do you when they do you, you know you've been done.

Ain't no way nobody gonna rain on a macho meat parade: well planned, and packaged better than a basket lunch, by Chicago's classic GOLD COAST bar (where us midwest boys knew to go to come out as interstellar men).

Gold Coaster hoster Chuck Renslow runs full upstairs/downstairs with manager Pat Batt backed up by MALE HIDE LEATHERS.

Together, the hottest twelve contestants this side of the Apostles, man-ifested themselves in hardassed leather, definition harnesses, and Pavlovian jockstraps.

Judging was by godlike Olympic methods: "Keep in mind that what you are judging is not necessarily the handsomest face or the most muscular body; but, rather, the man who best typifies The Ideal Leatherman. A man whose command presence and sense of self communicates that special quality we celebrate as 'Leather.'"

Medallions hung on adult manly chests. Not a missed congeniality in the lot, these men typify what the 1980's have in store: *The New Homomasculinity* calculated to blow the righteous socks off straights overdosed on stereofags.

Every man on stage was a winner, while The Mr. International Leather First Place went to DAVID KLOSS, sponsored by THE BRIG, San Francisco.

The other men, daring to put their pecs and ass on the world's toughest *Chorus Line*, were: Terry Hunter, Carol's Speakeasy, Chicago; Reg Simpson, RR, Miami; Donald Rahn, Foxhole, Denver; Stan Masterson, Landmark, Datona Beach, FL; Daan Jefferson, Gold Coast, Chicago; Jim Kazlik, Wreckroom, Milwaukee; Harry Shattuck, South Town Lumber Co., Denver; Bill Maggio, Harder Than Hell Productions, Chi; Jesse Capello, Cafe La Fitte in Exile/Coral Bar, New Orleans; Durk Dehner, American Uniform Association, L.A.; Bruce Wachholder, Touche, Chicago; David Kloss, Brigg, SF.

Jack Fritscher

PHOTOS BY MALE HIDE LEATHERS

THE WINNERS >

David Kloss, with (left to right) Pat Blatt, Manager of The Gold Coast; Jesse Capello, Second Runner-Up; Durk Dehner, First Runner-Up; and Chuck Renslow, producer of the Mr. International Leather Contest and owner of The Gold Coast.



Chuck Gockenmeyer, General Manager of Leatherman Inc. (New York); Robert Dunn, Advertising Director, Drummer Magazine; Dom Orejudos (Ettienne); Tom Gora, In Touch Magazine; Lou Thomas, Target Studios. PHOTO BY BUNKHOUSE PUBLISHING











(From top left, clockwise) Jesse Capello and Jim Kaslik; One of the fabulous staff of the sponsoring *Gold Coast* bar; Frank from *Male Hide Leathers*; Fashions from *Male Hide Leathers* presented during the contest; The winner, David Kloss, with Pat Batt, manager of *The Gold Coast*, and Robert Dunn of *Drummer*; One of the more relaxed moments backstage.



Of course, I had been to the Mineshaft before, but only once or twice. This was the heaviest leather bar in New York, the source of half the gossip of my old set of acquaintances. "You know what he did at the Mineshaft last night?" That was the normal prelude to a bar dish among the fluff queens. Tonight, I walked with a purpose up the stairs to the second floor entrance to be tested by Mr. Benson.

A week had dragged by since last I had seen him. I called

Monday to tell him my decision about the future. I told him clearly, even calmly, that I was offering myself as his slave; that I wanted to take the test he had prescribed to see if I could be good enough, obedient enough, sexy enough to pass his inspection. His response was hard and pointed. He had spent plenty of time setting his standards. There were things up with which Mr. Benson would not put!

They included my job. He explained carefully that he had no intention of dealing with someone running off to clerk at an insurance company when there were things to be done in the house. He gave me an option that I accepted: I wouldn't need the job if I went to live with him; I would have to trust him to provide for me. He suggested I take a week's vacation. If I went to live with Mr. Benson, it wouldn't matter if I returned, but the week would be a kind of second test. If I failed, I could leave his house and go back to my 9-5 ritual humiliation-for-pay.

I would also have to give up the apartment and my few goodies from Bloomies. Mr. Benson thought I had little

worth carting around.

So, I would have two tests: this Saturday night, and then a whole week, after which I would have to decide again if I was ready to make a commitment so intense that it would leave no

room for my friends and furniture.

The week of fantasy leading up to the climbing of these stairs bounced me through many conflicting thoughts about my trial. I looked forward to it sexually. I wanted to taste the piss flowing through Mr. Benson's long sensuous cock; I wanted to lick his good tasting pit sweat; I wanted to feel his fist glide up my ass again. But there was also fear. The last weekend had been the heaviest S&M trip I had ever endured. What if I couldn't take any more? What if I had only gone



Part Three Of

MR. BENSON

By Jack Prescott

Frida 7

I eased past him into the first room: the bar of the Mineshaft. The early crowd had begun to line the walls of the room. Leather, denim, and skin alternated in the rows of bodies out for early display. I had my orders. I went to the coat check and began my obedience number, just as Mr. Benson had ordered me.

The coat check at the Mineshaft is different than any other bar's in New York. They hardly limit themselves to customers' jackets. The man behind the counter hardly blinked as I stripped off my jacket, then my pants, my shirt, and, finally, even

my sneakers.

I think that the sneakers were the part that had bothered me the most. The Mineshaft was not a place where I felt like I wanted to have naked contact with the floor in any way. But, the orders had been explicit: at midnight I was to be standing in front of the fake wooden rail fence in the front bar, and I was to be wearing only a jockstrap.

Waiting for Mr. Benson.

The idea of the jockstrap didn't produce a second glance in a place so used to them; I mean a sign on the wall said that the Jockstrap League of America met here once a month. A couple cowboys admired what they called my "flat golden nipples." An "Indian" liked my body with its rounded pecs. One particularly mean looking state trooper started to come over, but a subtle shaking of my head staved him off. I leaned back against the fence and watched the game being played on the pool table: it was not pool.

The clock over the bar said that I had fifteen minutes to countdown. I debated a beer. I had been smart enough to put a couple bucks in my pouch. I was dry-mouthed with tension, waiting for a climax to a week of solitude with my thoughts, fears, and fantasies. I went over and got a Bud, ignoring the comments and the looks as I leaned mv bare ass over the counter to place my order. I took the good tasting suds back over

to the fence, and put a foot up on the first rung.

Waiting for Mr. Benson.

I kept wondering what form the test would take? Why the Mineshaft? There was only one answer to that question, Mr. Benson intended to make this test a public event. I had realized that from the beginning. My stomach felt light as I thought about all these eyes watching me now, and what they would be seeing when Mr. Benson arrived. I remembered my body sprawled on the floor, sucking his toes, licking his feet, his instep crushing down on my open jaws. Would I be doing that, here, tonight? With his boots? Which pair? What kind? Would I be polishing his boots with my tongue while he lashed at me with a belt? A riding crop? A whip?

I remembered the piss drinking, its golden flow down my throat. Would Mr. Benson repeat that here in the Mineshaft? Right in the front room? With all these people watching me

gulp down his manwater?

I remembered the other deeper and darker rooms in the joint. Through that corridor was the room with the sling. A black leather sheath suspended from the ceiling. I had seen men climb up and in and open their asses to some stud standing greasy-fisted in front of them, widening the groove of their pain-fucking cheeks, forcing their limbs into the body. Was Mr. Benson going to do that to me in front of all these men? Would he let them pinch and tug at my tits while he worked his fist in and out of my butt? Would he make me suck their alien cocks?

Beyond that was a dark room, the least lit in the place, where the game was cock sucking. Was Mr. Benson going to take me in there? Would I end up spending the whole evening licking these men's pricks, drinking their cum? Giving them all

the pleasure they wanted?

And downstairs: another dark room with walls slippery with ooze. Was Mr. Benson going to take me downstairs into that room and add my screams of pain to all the echoes of past beatings that had taken place there? Would they all gather around and watch him cut my backskin with deep lashes from a coiled leather snake?

The second room had a bathtub in the center. Was Mr. Benson going to put me in it? Tied? Was he going to let all the anonymous bodies piss onto me? Would he make me drink their gallons of urine? Would he pull me out of the place soaked, my hair carrying the stench of aggressive men?

Or the last room — another bar — would Mr. Benson drag me into the dim light on the stage in that last room? Would he auction me off to the highest bidder? Or the biggest cock? Force me to do his bidding with whatever man, god or troll,

climbed up on the stage with me?

The pouch of my jock strained against my pulsing dick as I cataloged the possible adventures. I should have known that Mr. Benson would have done none of them. After five years, I know now that Mr. Benson is too much of an elitist to let me be used and abused by anyone. But, then, there are his friends, and I was about to learn how much Mr. Benson valued friendships.

The crowd at the Mineshaft must be the most jaded in New York. There is almost nothing that they haven't seen take place right there in those six rooms and the two toilets. Every trip from rubber to wingtip shoes had been celebrated in its walls, but still there was a sudden quiet when The Presence came into the room. I hadn't been paying attention. I was too far gone into the fantasies of my evening to see It coming, but I had heard the silence. I looked up and saw him standing there, directly in front of me.

The black doorman from that first night.

He was wearing a very different type of uniform now then last week. He had on a black motorcycle cap. A tan uniform shirt with a black belt stretched across his chest. Then black leather britches, shiny with care, and exaggerated by a strip of white leather down each thigh.

I don't know if I had ever appreciated his emmensity before. His body towered over me, even higher than Mr. Benson; but he had none of Mr. Benson's propertoned lines, only menacing bulk in front of my face.

"Are you ready for Mr. Benson, boy?" I was speechless except for a nod: YES!

He reached up and attached a dog collar to my neck; its stiff leather felt comfortably uncomfortable from the start. Then he reached into his pockets and took out handcuffs. He joined my wrists behind my back. Then he pulled sharply on the leash and led me out down the stairs and into the waiting car. He just led me, naked and barefoot into the New York winter night.

No one in the bar dared say anything. They correctly assumed that I went willingly. And I was willing, but scared shitless. He shoved me onto the floor of the back seat of the new Mercedes, locked the door, strode to the front, and folded his bulk into the driver's seat. We sped off, driving, I don't know where, through the Village streets. It only took a few minutes actually, until he stopped and dragged my shivering bod out into the middle of a warehouse district I couldn't recognize. South of Canal Street? North of Chelsea? Who

He led me into one of the warehouse buildings through a door marked only with the smallest of signs "The Topmen."

I was suddenly right under a lightbulb. The black man chuckled and announced my arrival, "Mr. Benson, your new pet!"

As I gratefully warmed up in the well-heated room, and adjusted my eyes to the third-degree glare, I found seven men lounging around on old furniture, all holding beer cans, all dressed in the same black-and-tan leather outfits as my captor.

The best of them was Mr. Benson.

I was going to see the interior of this room often; I would end up here in Mr. Benson's club house many more nights than I could have predicted. This was where Mr. Benson liked to pass his rare social hours. There are seldom guests in the penthouse, and I had been correct when I had assumed that the visit to a bar where he had met me was a tactic. Mr. Benson, and the other Topmen, liked to spend their time together here in this ancient warehouse, far from the ears and cares of intruding, curious people.

Mr. Benson actually smiled as I looked at him across the room. I used to mistake actions like smiles from Mr. Benson to be things like welcomes. That was no welcome. Tom, the

doorman, had unthinkingly begun a new game.

Mr. Benson played it out. He strode over to me and put a hand on my neck; turning to the other Topmen, he said, "A pet, gentlemen. My new pet!"

They laughed uproariously.

"I had thought to introduce you to my new slave; but I think Tom is right. It's more accurate to think of this fine specimen of humanus slavus as a pet, one who, I am sure, will bring me many hours of pleasure and companionship."

His little speech was delivered with a great dramatic flair. The audience responded appropriately by applauding the Beyond that was a dark room, the least lit in the place, where the game was cock sucking. Was Mr. Benson going to take me in there? Would I end up spending the whole evening licking these men's pricks, drinking their cum? Giving them all the pleasure they wanted?

presentation.
"Mr. Benson," one called out over the applause, "What kind of pet is this?"

I looked up at the speaker, easily the most handsome of the group: blond, blue eyed, clean shaven with a squared frame that provided a fully muscled body. Yet, the swastika on his armband - the only extra decoration any of them wore

gave rise to the greatest reaction of fear.
"A pig, Benson, that's what he is, a pig!" The second one to contribute piped in; he was just as easily the least attractive; his Hindenberg body bulged incredulously against the smart

uniform that added to the others' military-sharp appearance.
"In that case, Porytko, he certainly would be willing to suck even your cock." Mr. Benson tugged hard on my leash and pulled me over to stand in front of the overweight giant. As I came closer, I realized that he wasn't really ugly. He had a different look: a Slavic bluntness that became macho goodlooking when it was more closely inspected. I was learning that masculine beauty was lots more than Hollywood Handsome! His bulk was also deceptive; his size had led me to think him fat, but the force was with him as he worked his arms to pull his fat uncut cock out of his pants. Its rigid hardness stuck straight in the air. Mr. Benson leaned down on my neck as the gargantuan Polack started his baiting call, "Come on, sooee, come on little piggy, show us how much you can eat." The crowd called out for more. I went to my knees and took the fat Polish sausage, its girth stretching the corners of my throat, and its fleshy length striking the back of my mouth. The stranger pulled on my ears and shoved his whole slavic prick into me, forcing me to gag with almost every stroke. My only luck that night was his exhibitionistic horniness at the idea of ramming himself down my helpless body; he shot a thick load of salty cum down my gullet. Intense. In record time. "Now, Porytko, who's the pig!" Mr. Benson exclaimed.

He watched me gulping down the hot ooze.

"Mr. Benson!" A squatly built bearded man, sitting next to the pole, siad: "I think the pig looks more like a cat, my-

self."
"Yeah, a cat!" The men toyed with me. With a heightening intensity, Mr. Benson asked the group, "And what is going to prove him a cat?"
"Well, Mr. Benson, I know that mine has a tongue that

won't stop going. Licks me everytime it feels good.

Mr. Benson jerked my neck up off the Polish cock, the sharp tug on the stiff collar forcing my face to look up into his. "Well, asshole, why aren't you licking me?" The humor left his face, he spit full down on me, the viscous fluid splat-tering over my nose and cheeks. "You don't like me as much as Mark's cat likes him?"

I was terrified by this new game. There was none of the quiet masterfulness I had seen in Mr. Benson before. None of the underflow of caring strength that had attracted me in the beginning. This was pure cruelty, I thought then. These men, their uniforms, ganging up on me. But the fear made me rub my face directly in Mr. Benson's crotch and start to lick at the bulge I knew was there. I wasn't going to fail! Neither him

"Mr. Benson," I couldn't see which one was speaking now, "My cat does more than lick, the poor thing's forever drinking out of a toilet bowl." That raised every man's high spirits. Mr. Benson played off the perfect new cue. He got me up onto my feet, my hands bond behind me threw me off balance as I struggled to keep up with the figure moving through applause

to a doorway across the room.

Luckily, the doorman's body broke my fall, and his strong arm helped me on the way as I went into the bathroom behind Mr. Benson. I was surprised when the lights went on and I saw the toilet. It was large - much too large for the clubhouse; it had two urinals, and two toilets. The walls and floors were immaculate white-and-black tile, freshly scrubbed. I was to see a lot more of this room in the future. The care they had put into it should have prepared me. One good toilet deserves another. It takes one to know one. And all that re-thinking tough stough!

I hadn't seen the signal Mr. Benson must have given the doorman who unlocked my handcuffs. The group had followed us into the large room and was forming a semi-circle. "Hey, Mr. Benson, wait a minute." The Pole spoke out as he stepped up to the toilet in front of where we were standing. He smiled broadly as he pulled out his dripping dick and immediately started to piss in the bowl. Thick yellow streams flowed into the clear water. It was all too apparent to me what was happening. I took a deep breath just as the hands behind me forced me down on my hands and knees and pushed my head toward the white porcelain.

My face entered the cold water while the chunk of a man above me was still pissing his hard out. He soaked my hair, piss ran down the sides of my face and into my mouth. They

ordered me from above to slurp up the toilet water.

The others, or at least some of them, joined in and within seconds, streams of hot piss flowed down my back into the bowl. The different colors of their piss mixing into the toilet bowl. My bowl now! I was not going to fail so early! I was going to show them. I was going to show Mr. Benson. I not only drank the water, I drank it greedily. Two weeks before I would have fainted at the thought of the stinking fluids, but now I sought them out. My tongue lapped the different streams down the white surface. I slurped noisely.

As the whole ordeal kept going, the pride in me matched my defiance. I was not going to let them win over me so easily. I was going to prove myself to Mr. Benson. I would find

manly nobility at the bottom.

When he finally pulled up on the leash, I was bloated. The stink of all the men filled my nose. The slurping had left trails of water and piss streaking down my chest, drenching

my elastic jockstrap.

There was a quieter sense to the laughter as they put their cocks back into the uniform pants. A cat? Okay, a cat! I remembered the first story and went back with my mouth to Mr. Benson's crotch, pulling my tongue over the slick, leather of his uniform, burying my nose in the full curve of his flesh. His hand petted the back of my head. "Hey, Mr. Benson."

"Now, what?" Mr. Benson was less raucous as he con-

tinued to pet me.

"Well, Mr. Benson, since this is sort of a universal kind of pet, why don't you show him? You know, like at those Madison Square Garden fancy dog shows?"

Laughter.

Without further words, Mr. Benson pulled up on the leash and led me back into the first room. The doorman pulled out a stand; it was the size of a small dining table. "Up, boy!" Mr.

Benson slammed his fist on its surface.

I climbed on and knelt up on my knees. Mr. Benson came to the side of the table as the group returned to their seats in obvious anticipation of this next primal act. Mr. Benson picked up some of his showmanship again, "Gentlemen, this fine specimen is blue-ribbon without doubt." He reached over and ran a hard hand down my side, emphasizing each point in his monolog. "Notice the smooth lines, the full chest, slimming into a tight waist, and filling out again into fine, rounded Whistles greeted his hand's progress around to my ass.

"Yeah, but Mr. Benson." It was the sturdy dark man again. "When you have an animal that has lines as fine as those, well, you would be doing something to bring them out. You know, they shouldn't be covered with all that un-

natural cloth."

Mr. Benson agreed and jerked down my jock to expose my half-hardon and my balls, pulled up with fear and excitement. A low moan of approval. Mr. Benson put up his hand to calm their dripping lust. "Now, of course, our good brother here is correct, there should be nothing to interfere with such obviously championship qualities." "But, Mr. Benson, he has hair."

"Never fear! You should certainly know that hair never lasts long in my household." New laughter clued me that the last's remark was a vow to Mr. Benson's own special tastes.

Obviously, the man gave Mr. Benson the opening for something he had planned all along. The black doorman brought over a simple bag: a doctor's black housecall case. Mr. Benson opened it on the table and placed the can of shaving cream, a deadly straight edge razor and a long, wide razor strop on the top. Accompanied by the appreciative noises of his audience, he went over to a nearby wall and attached the strop to a ring screwed directly into the brick. With his most dramatic gesture yet, he sharpened the straight edge with long graceful strokes. For my pleasure? The groups'? Or his own? Was this Reno Sweeney's or a terminal snuff scene from Sweeney Todd?

The appearance I was putting in on the table was almost a relief. Whether it was the sudden realization that this had more in common with a fraternity hazing than anything else, or whether it was the sudden surge of pride and resolve on my part, or whether it was the sudden pride in Mr. Benson's com-pliments on my body, I'm not sure. It may also have been the fascination with which I watched him sharpen the instrument on the strop. I couldn't help but anticipate what was coming. I certainly knew that my crotch fur was going to go. Was any more? I looked down on my chest and saw the few strands of hair that had been so proudly growing across to join my nipples. Before that moment, I don't think that I had ever really thought much of the hair under my armpits. Would that sweaty mat be sheared too?

Mr. Benson came back over. The room became quieter as the men sat back to savor this next act to the show. My cock started to fill. They didn't laugh at its growing hard, more they chuckled knowingly. A cool handful of stiff suds was rubbed over my cock and balls. Then in the clump of hair over them. The wave of foam went up to my navel. Expertly, smoothly, Mr. Benson touched the cold steel to the base of my cock and scraped up, taking with the metal edge almost all of my brown bush. He repeated the long strokes with slow, deliberate care until my crotch was almost totally stripped of covering.

Then, he grabbed my now fully hard prick and moved around to stand almost directly in front of me, pulling the sharpened edge down the length of my tool. Then he grasped my balls and stretched them to their limit; the steel, more rough now, cleaned off my double sac in shorter strokes. I was breathless as Mr. Benson peeled the covering from the delicate egg shapes. I dared take gulps of air only in between the runs of his steel on my flesh.

He stood aside when he had finished and wiped the blade almost carelessly on my flanks. A soft whistle came from the men in front of me as they looked over my totally sheared flesh.

." Mr. Benson smiled as he put down the antique shaver. He manipulated my body until I had turned away from the audience and then forced my head down on the wooden surface, leaving my ass sticking in the air. He pulled my legs apart at the knees, exposing my asshole to the group. I felt the foam being applied again, its sudden chill going up and down my crack. I clenched my fists as I prepared for the rasping metal against my delicate hole. At first I had my eyes closed, waiting. When I felt the steel hardness against my thin-skinned vulnerability, I pulled up on my butthole.

It was then that I saw it. In front of me, now that I had my face away from the table. Standing over in the corner of the room where I couldn't have noticed it before. I hardly paid any attention to the rest of the shaving. I barely heard the comments on the excellence of the job being done by Mr. Benson. The new sight gripped me with fear. Could I withstand that!? Would I be able to take it? I should have known that I would have no choice.

I have never found out if Mr. Benson or the others had noticed my noticing, or whether it was really planned that they would grab me. From beyond my sight, their hands reached out and took hold of my ankles and then my wrists. They pulled without questions; they stretched my body against the table, my waist cutting into its edge. Two of them must have sat on the floor in order to maintain the pressure on my legs. Two others I could see as they held my arms sharply against the corners of the top.

I could see Mr. Benson as he came back around the table, this time walking past me and over to the corner where he bent down to pick up the handle that rested over the edge of the brasier, its wood end protected from the hot coals that had

turned the metal edge red with heat.

There was no circus hint in Mr. Benson's voice now, "Men, this slave is mine. He's come here of his own will. He's agreed to be in my service. These games have been fun, but it's time we got down to the business of establishing ownership." He had walked around to the back of me. Cold sweat ran down my forehead. My guts wrenched. I turned my face over and opened my mouth to bite my arm. I would not scream.

Mr. Benson held the branding iron for all to see. Then he

lowered it below and behind my line of sight.

My butt sizzled. I smelled my body cooking, like so much meat. Tears streamed out of my eyes. A sigh of appreciation came from the men around me. I thought that I would faint from the rush of pain that tore through me, reaching out from my right buttock, now, forever, marked by Mr. Benson. They let go of me almost as soon as the act was over. I was so shocked with the glowing hurt, I stood there, bent over the table, grasping its edge even after they had released me.

A cool hand went over my ass, smoothing a salve of some kind, but shocking my skin over the wound. The sudden new wave of sensation jerked me upright. The black doorman was beside me, the strange medicine sending its smell into my nose. The sobs still heaved in my chest from my cries. I tried to hold them back, to regain myself. "Come here, boy, you aren't finished yet."

I closed my eyes in a sense close to desperation.

What more?

What more could he want?

The fire burned in my shank as I faced him.

There it was. The Source. Mr. Benson's hard cock out, celebrating my pain and marking. His heavy balls hung down over the snaps of his leather codpiece. I went over to him, wincing at every movement of my butt, dragging my right leg to try to keep it stiff, but giving up when I reached him and swallowing to ready myself for the quick rage of pain as I knelt and prayerfully took his beautiful cock in my mouth.

I knelt in communion with Mr. Benson like a religious fanatic who had journeyed to a shrine. My week of abstinence, my humiliation, my trial, all for this gorgeous manstick. This godstick. These ripe and full nuts hanging beneath my chin. I went mad with desire for his cock. Oblivious to my branded

butt, I chowed down on the pole in front of me.

Mr. Benson's cock.

His fabled virility poked down my throat, I worked my head and neck to feel his smooth surface against my inside.

Before long, his shaft began to swell with cum. The veins pushed against the outer layer of skin. I gulped further down at the early warning and when he shot, the precious juice pistoled straight into me, hardly any of it even into my mouth, the taste of this man - I can say it now - went straight to my soul!

Five years ago all that happened.

I have never been allowed to grow back my manhair. The scar on my buttock, of course, has cured to a fine mark. But, now, the sensation of that night seems so far away that I think it more pride than pain because it is Mr. Benson's mark on me:

a large B in a simple circle.

The night, that first night, was not over. But the branding brought a climax to my center-stage performance. Tom took me over to the doorway of the toilet when Mr. Benson's cock was finished with me. The enormous black reapplied my handcuffs and pushed me back down on my knees, reawakening the pain in my buttocks. The last joke of the evening came from the Polack, Porytko, who put a rough lettered sign around my neck: "Toilet." The Topmen went back to their drinking and smoking, ignoring me for a while except when they took the

I drank more piss that night than I had imagined doing in my fantasies at the Mineshaft. The sharp taste burnt in my mouth, relieved only by each new load that one of the club members brought over to me as the great amounts of beer flushed out his system. Twice, my own water flowed unnoticed onto the floor. It was the first time that I was able to watch these men in a group; I listened to them talk, trying to figure out who was who and what was going on, and trying to forget the brand that still sent shock waves through my body everytime I moved.

Tom, the black doorman, was obviously an attendant to Mr. Benson. Some sort of second lieutenant! There is no doubt from the way he acted that his presence was because of my new master. His huge size and the terror he would throw

in the eyes of anyone who saw his thickly sculptured African face was betrayed by the care he gave Mr. Benson's needs, and even mine. Tom was, after all, the man who applied the

salve to my wound that night.

If Tom were a stereotype in any way, the other black in the group was the opposite. From the conversation, even through my pain, I could tell that Brendan was a cop. I was startled by the thought of his tall stature in a deep blue uniform and was able to spend a lot of time wondering if it would look any better buttoned and zipped and strapped into the outift of New York's finest than it did in the Topmen's uni-

Brendan talked with a drawl that was almost Southern; probably, at some point it was, but its edge was cut with an academic ability that showed itself whenever he and Mr. Benson talked. They were obviously the most intelligent of the group, and they enjoyed that intelligence greatly. Often, it would seem that they would have to check their conversation or risk leaving the others, more brawn than brains, behind.

More often, Porytko, the Pole, would stop them before they had a chance to get too far. They never seemed to mind the good-natured hulk breaking in with a joke that too often seemed funny only to him. The big guy's deep laugh would fill the room often with self-congratulatory guffaws. He was easily the least sinister of the group. But he could spit a

hawker over twenty feet right on target!

The most sinister, by far, was the German they called Hans. The others used my mouth to piss in so casually that they just wanted to save themselves the walk into the toilet behind me. But, when Hans came over, he would reach down and take my tits between his fingernails. His vise-grip squeeze tortured my smooth brown nipples. My gasps of pain he muf-fled in the heavy uncut cock he shoved in my mouth; but, once, Mr. Benson stopped him with a sharp call when he was reaching down to scratch at my fresh brand. I had to prepare myself everytime that Hans stood to approach me, and let my tender nipples ready for the sharp action he sadistically loved to give them.

Mark, the man who had talked about the cat, was the most self-conscious of all, I thought. His attitude seemed a little too studied as he pulled up his belt everytime he approached me. His scowl seemed more put-on than the natural curl of the lip that Hans showed. And he seemed to have the least to say to the rest of the group. He seemed to want almost to

change places with me.

The two most talkative, really, and the two most unlikely - and the two who would have driven my old bar friends crazy with lust - turned out to be lovers. They were two matched Italians, both well over six-feet tall; both heavychested, hair pouring up over their collars, both rich with sweet smelling piss and tasty cocks. Their dark black mous-taches were full and regulation clipped on their olive faces. And the completion of the fantasy for all to acknowledge came out when they talked of the construction company they jointly owned, and the weights they jointly worked out with. Frank and Sal were strange partners, their demeanor was so obviously masculine and their conversation with the other men on sex showed they were both Topmen, but their manly affection for one another was somehow a natural part of their being together. I remember that that night I would think about being between them, their two sets of thick muscular thighs locked around me.

The topmen.

They were all in that group. I'd learn later that there were other bottoms that they owned. Some, though, like Mark, were loners; or like Hans, could never have expected anyone to stay around that long. Frank and Sal had little room left in their relationship for a third person to stay. And only Mr. Benson and Brendan had the strength to rule any one person as fully as Mr. Benson would rule me for the next five years.

The beer and the smoke got to them. My exhausted body lay over in the corner, but the agonies I had endured must have turned them on. The evening was drawing to a close as I watched an early morning light come in over the crack in the doorway; the Topmen would come in and take their pleasure

all, except thankfully, Hans.

Porytko, whose cum had already shot in me, was first and again the easiest as his thick cock shoved quickly back down in my throat again.

Brendan the cop was the biggest. At least in that depart-

ment he was still a stereotype. I was shocked when his huge tool had first been pulled out to piss up my ass. And, I was delighted to take on the task of trying to accommodate the member when he brought it again swollen with lust over to me. This time, my mouth. I chewed on his long, black foreskin as it passed through my teeth that first time. He had loved it. I marveled at the pinkness of the front of his prick when I had first seen it peek out from under the folds; the contrast was sharp against the dark shaftskin.

The sexiest, almost tender encounter, was when Frank and Sal came over together and used my face as a hole to fuck while they made out over me. Their sloppy kisses and hard "Do it, man" slaps left me with a raging hardon after first

one, then the other, had shot into me.

Mark. Mark strode over and drove into my mouth. He liked to talk dirty. His monolog describing my piss-drenched and cum-saturated body seemed more for his own turn-on than for me to even hear.

And Tom came over almost perfunctorily. He was almost chuckling as he stuck his stick in my bruised and bleeding

mouth.

Hans glowered from where he sat. Was he angry that Mr. Benson had stopped him from inflicting too much pain on me? Had Mr. Benson stopped him from going over this last time to join everyone else in climaxing the evening? Whatever, he left abruptly, saying he was off to the Mineshaft to see if there

were anyone worthwhile left for him.

The others took this as their cue and got up to leave. They departed one by one leaving the mess of beer cans and filled ashtrays. I remember I used to wonder who had the job of cleaning up. I wondered who had ever assembled this extraordinary group of Manhattan men. But the thoughts didn't go far. As soon as they had left me alone and stopped the continual flow of piss and cum into me, I had given in to a burden of fatigue and slumped down, the only thing even slowing my sliding into sleep immediately being the pain as my raw wound hit the floor. But I did sleep. Or pass out.

I didn't wake until we were standing in the elevator of Mr. Benson's apartment. Though I wasn't standing, I was in Tom's arms. The two faces smiling down at me, ignoring my stench.

Even with the draperies nearly closed, the sun streaked into Mr. Benson's apartment. I had almost no sense of time left. Only a relief to be home.

Home!

A sudden start! I understood that after only one night, this was home.

With the least possible aid from me, Tom lowered me into a warm and soothing bath. He dried my weak body and put on more of his strange smelling salve, covering it with a gauze bandage. The collar had left my neck stiff, the skin red from its rubbing. I chafed my wrists that showed deep red gashes where the steel handcuffs had bruised me down to the bone.

Mr. Benson played for real.

When my nude, nearly hairless body was dried, Tom took me into the living room. There, Mr. Benson waited. He had drunk and smoked noticeably less than the rest of the group. Now he sat in his favorite chair, stripped down to his leather britches, sipping an amber fluid out of a brandy glass. He smiled a welcome to the two of us, and waved as Tom deposited me and went wordlessly on his way. I sank onto the floor, sprawling once again at his feet, desperately tired and

hoping he wouldn't want more from me tonight.
"Well, boy, that wasn't really a test. I was sure you had firmly made up your mind." He paused while he sipped. "We'll

consider tonight a beginning to your training.

"Yes, sir." I could barely get the words out. Then, Mr. Benson, the tyrant of this night of nights, reached down and himself gathered my body into his arms. I wrapped one of my own arms around his shoulders and put my head against his chest. "Boy."

I looked up.

Mr. Benson bent his neck down and softly, but firmly, kissed my bruised lips.

That was all I remembered that night. When I woke up in my sleeping bag the next morning, I could only hope that his affection would be repeated.

Tough and tender, the kiss from Mr. Benson made me feel proud to be a man valued by another man.

To be continued . . .



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ASTROCOCKLIC

virgo s: (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Anything anal and kinky this month can be fun. Remember, the only thing wrong with fucking horses is you have to run around to the front to kiss them.

VIRGO M: Anal erotica can be fun for you, too, but remember to return all rings and wristwatches to their proper fists.

LIBRA S: (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Are you beginning to feel that you need balance in your life? Hang a queen by his nipples!

LIBRA M: Even a masochist should be wary of health worries. Be careful whom you rim this month; remember, farts can kill!

SCORPIO S: (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) If the Pharaoh of Egypt could hold the entire nation of Israel in bondage, certainly you can come up with something memorable for the upcoming Hebrew New Year.

something memorable for the upcoming Hebrew New Year.

scorpio M: Does the thought of bondage make your dainty little fingers drip with sweat? With luck, you'll find yourself up to your hemorrhoids in hemp by Labor Day.

hemorrhoids in hemp by Labor Day.

SAGITTARIUS S: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) End of summer means Dog Days.

Teach your slave to bark for it, but you'd better be careful where he tries to bury his bone.

SAGITTARIUS M: A dog collar might be just what you need to bring you into submission; although a flea collar would probably be much more utilitarian.

CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) As enterprising and efficient as you are, start a new fad: cloning slaves.

CAPRICORN M: If you're going to be cloned, learn to suffer through a marathon of Donna Summer's albums while tied to a rack.

AQUARIUS S: (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) Tattoo your slave's body all over with warning labels from the Pure Food and Drug Administration.

AQUARIUS M: Why do Aquarians always seem to be into watersports? Because they're smart, that's why!

PISCES S: (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Give your slaves the day off for Labor Day . . . but don't let them have it until Thanksgiving.

PISCES M: The only thing your Master will give you for Labor Day is labor pains from too much impregnation!

ARIES S: (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Take your harem of sadism-loving sickies out for a pre-autumn VD check-up. A sick slave is like a vibrator without batteries.

ARIES M: Start autumn off on a new foot. Perform a sex change on yourself. Use lots of amyl nitrite as an anesthetic.

TAURUS S: (Apr. 20-May 20) Does the thought of visual j/o turn you on? Have a Polaroid session with your harem of M's going through their paces. As a final act of sadism, send copies to their places of employment.

TAURUS M: If you like the visual trip, flash a Grey Line tour bus. If you're a real masochist, flash a police bus.

GEMINI S: (May 21-June 20) If you haven't found a summer romance by now, you'd better think about either speeding it up or jerking it off. GEMINI M: Being beaten off was never your trip. Being beaten up is.

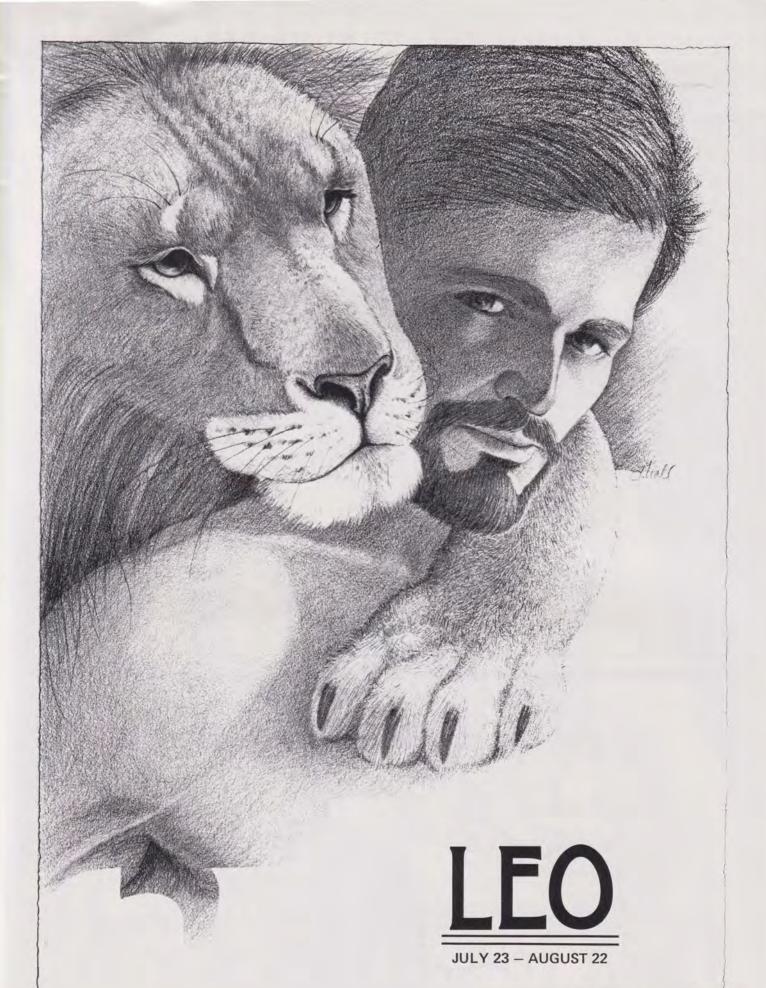
CANCER S: (June 21-July 22) The summer sun bearing down upon your naked chest always brings out the pent-up meanness in you. Add a heaping dash of tobasco sauce to your slave's suntan oil to really give his ass a summer glow.

CANCER M: If the weather gets too hot for you, have your understanding Master help you beat the summer heat with a total body shave.

LEO S: (July 23-Aug. 22) With the approach of back-to-school days, time to start teaching your favorite masochist a well-deserved lesson or two. A pointer across the nuts might do the trick.

LEO M: Speaking of school fun, why not have your Master bus you in full leather to a really tough neighborhood barrio.

—by Aristide



Lithograph drawing courtesy of Lion Pub, San Francisco, CA

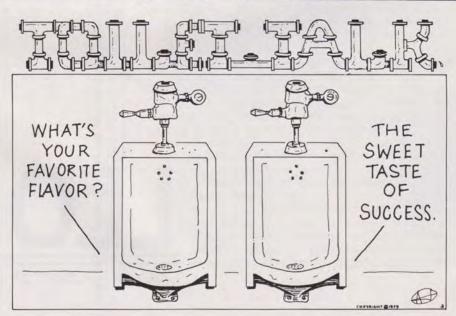
DRUMSTICKS



"Uniforms, handballing, watersports, contemporary graphics...god, Butch, what aren't you into?"

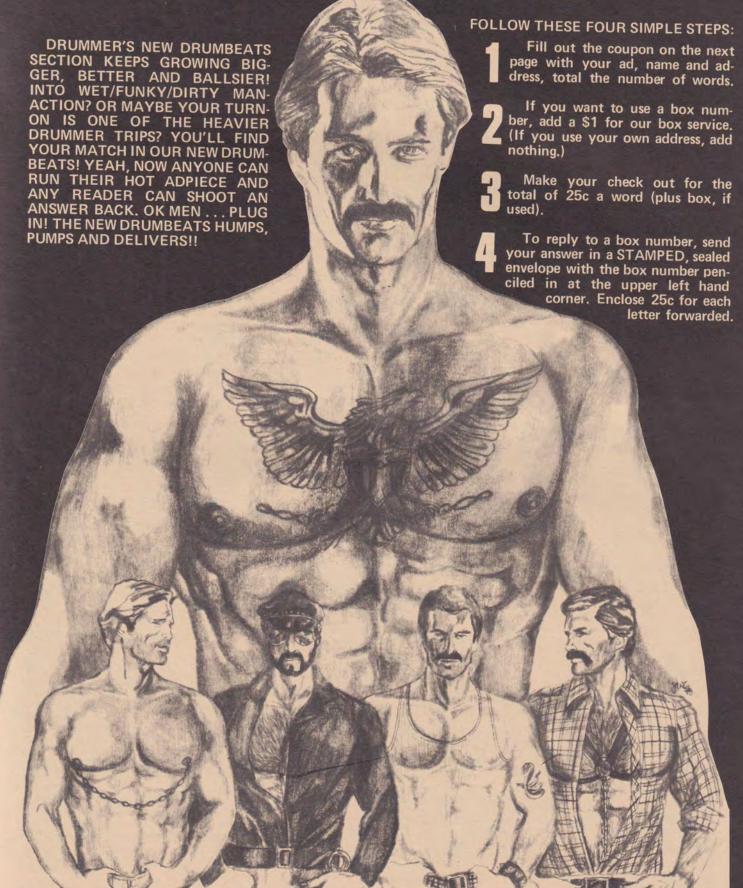


"Sure he's too Adidas and LaCoste. But ten inches and a



size nine glove . . .

BEAT OFF! IT'S NOT UNCLASSIFIED ANYMORE! Drumbeats



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ALABAMA

HANDSOME, FUNLOVING LEVI/ LEATHER Harley Rider, Taurus, 39, 5'10", 160, white, wishes to share fantasies with masculine, creet, clean, unselfish buddy to 50. Digs motorcycle riders, uniformed cycle cops, high boots, chaps, breeches, horses. Mustache/beard a turn-on. Seeking permanent friendships. No fems, fats, drugs. Box 451A

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES -- Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., 8½" uncut if you are white, masculine and

not overweight. My interests are shaving your crotch smooth, pouring piss ing your crotch smooth, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand, FF and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, imaginative. You should include your phone number and times you are available. Box 2008

ARIZONA

PHOENIX, S, 30, wants punk slave to serve my hot, demanding cock. Must be uninhibited. Box 214.

PHOENIX, M, 29, good body, needs cowboy stud to break me in and ride me hard, Box 234.

FULL TIME LIVE-IN SLAVE—SON—LOVER
Phoenix S, 6'2", blonde, blue eyes, hairy, masculine, muscular, 43-year-old Master, Father, Lover with 6%" and huge bull balls, seeks M, 18—32, physically and psychologically caphled deliverships and expiring and expirately able of daily training and sex in all disciplines with complete submission. All financial needs met for right M. No fats, fems, family ties, hustlers or heavy drugs. Revealing photo with descriptive background. Must be willing to move to Phoenix, No photo, no reply, Hurry and become my property. Box 131.

CALIFORNIA

HEAVY HUNG STUD HEAVY HUNG STUD

Extremely masculine fucker, 28, 5'8", 175 lbs., of hard muscle, 29" waist, 44" chest, 17½" arms, very handsome, and 9" of thick, hot, juicy, uncut, smelly dick for your cocksucking mouth. If you want to service this ex-Navy, sadistic fucker; write with photo, phone and trip to: Box 298.

If raunchy sex, smelly pits, WS, leather, boots, jockstraps, dirty talk are your scene and you would enjoy sleeping close to a bearded w/m, 32 5'11", 155 lbs., get in touch immedi ately, In San Francisco, Box 199.

COLLEGE PLEDGE MASTER All California w/m, Aries, 22, 6', 195 lbs., blonde, blue eyes, hung, wants frat pledges for far-out kinky, peinful initiations. You should be masculine and muscular. Are you man enough? Detailed application with nude or jock photo and phone. Box 218.

S.F. AQUARIAN wants to meet men interested in raunch, WS, JO, correspondence and being hot face sitters. Call (415) 661-4646 or write: Box 221.

WANTED: MASTER OVER 50 San Francisco, M, 42, 9", needs older, stern Master to administer firm spanking. Looking for long, sincere relationship. Will travel. (415)

SM, Pisces, 49, 6'2", 230 lbs., voyeur and exhibitionist digs recycled beer, And exhibitions large reviews. FF, toys, nipple action, face-sitters. Prefer clean, husky, cut, mature studs. Race no hangup. No fems, skinnys, unwashed hairy bodies. Photo, phone, frank letter gets prompt reply. Box 196.

SAN FRANCISCO or North Bay. Aggressive, masculine BI, discreet, needs younger guy to train me as pet/slave. 42, 5'11", 170 lbs., thick.

M, Gemini, 28, 6', 160 lbs., white, 8", needs Leather, cod-piece pants, boots on man in leather who needs man for spanking, bondage, and to worship him. Have lust, passion for right leather man. If you own bike, I need you. Box 195.

BASIC & ADVANCED TRAINING BAY AREA

Experienced Master knows how to bring out the best in a man. If you're acceptable, you will be trained in the full spectrum of the leathersex slave. Serious only, my energy isn't for the fantasy world. Inexperienced guys considered. Send photo/phone and your experience level, Many are called, but few are chosen. Box 274.

REPORT TO COMMANDANT US*ALL STOCKADE
Aryan, 49, uncut, 6'2", 170 lbs. For submissions re: w/s, S&M, B&D, VA, humiliation, beating (caucasians only) under Military/SS/USMC discipled and total arrows. plinary principles and total arro-gance. This is serious and as real as

fantasy allows. Applications requested for assistance as Guard/Drill Instructor. Stockade is a non-domestically associated punishment fa-cility. Workouts only in prison uniforms or work garb. US*ALL, Dept. D., Box 972, Mountain View, CA 94042.

CRUEL MASTER DESIRED Cruel, sadistic w/m Master(s) with SS mentality/drives needed for heavy bondage, suspensions, stretching, whipping, flogging, colonics, torture. You set limits! Only mature, fully equipped need apply. Could you use me? Bay Area, NYC, European locations. Box 701E.

MASTER NEEDED

Los Angeles, M, 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., goodlooking, smooth, tight body, professional, intelligent, loving; looking for intelligent, caring Master who will use my body and share it with others. Will relocate for right Master. Box 280.

BLONDE, goodlooking, masculine, 5'10", 155 lbs., into young bottom, 5'10", 155 lbs., into Greek, spanking, dirty talk, titwork, C&B work, jocks, some body shaving. L.A. area, can travel for right guy. Visit S.F. in August. Box 277.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 5'5", 130 lbs., muscular, handsome, wants B&D and uninhibited leather action with a muscular Master who wants total service. Box 146.

S.F. BAY AREA, w/m, early 40s, 5'4", 130 lbs., straight appearance, interests include horseback riding, bicycling and hiking (motorcycles a possibility), turned on by horse and motorcycle types, would like to put some of his raunchy fantasies into reality action with compatable buddy or buddies, Box 175.

ORAL SLAVE
Fremont, 38, 6'3", Black, 190 lbs.,
7", uncut, gives total oral service,
appreciates w/s, dirty talk, name
calling, humiliation, verbal abuse,
licking asshole. Looking for White, Latin or Asian into having a tall slave, should be 18-45, leather/levi. Must be masculine. Box 491F.

Virgo, 45, LOS ANGELES M, Virgo, 49, 5'10½", 145 lbs., white, 6", know-ledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 42, 6'1", 165 lbs., white, 6", novice, willing and eager to learn complete submission, to suffer or cause suffering within limits with reliable partner to 45. No mutiliation, physical handicapped, Box 208,

VENTURA. SM. 45, 6'3", German. 7". Seeks well built, 35, over 6 feet, levi or leather domi-nant or passive. Am versatile and willing to learn, Box 170.

WOODLAND HILLS, M, Pisces, 40, 5'9½", white, 165 lbs., 8", enjoys C&B action, catheters, enemas, serious sex by controlling Master. 3-ways ok. Box 132M.

LOS ANGELES, S, 45, 5'6", 135 lbs., solid, muscular, masculine stud, 7" cut. Looking for masculine, slender or muscular man, under 55. White. Not interested in fucking anything that I wouldn't walk down the street with, Box 667C

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 6'1", 175 lbs., 6", handsome, hot, intelligent, built, athletic; seeks same in an S, 25-40. Into most scenes. Wants partner rough, strong, dominant in bed, kind and intelligent elsewhere. No fems, fats, fools, heavy drugs, brutality. Call (415) 647-6778. West Coast time is best, 8–10 pm. Ask for Joe, And keep trying, I'm worth it.

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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.

SANTA MONICA, W/m, 50, seeking someone into recycled beer, give and take. Box 286.

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,

AVALON. SM. Leo/Virgo cusp. 39. 5'11". 145. Latin. 7" uncut. An evil and imaginative mind dedicated to exploring my personal limits for mind-blowing orgasms, which I wish to share in either role (prefer dominate). Must have boat. Seek MC riders for summer runs. No body odor, bad teeth or soft bellies. Box 318V.

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, 26, 5'10", 140 lbs., white, seeks m's; Orientals, Philipinos, Asians, Europeans. Gabriel, 155 Turk St., No. 609, S.F., CA 94102.

PERMANENT SLAVERY
Tough, no-nonsense Master, 6'4",
210 lbs., 40, seeks mature slave
ready for permanent, final enslavement. Must be totally unattached,
financially independent, and in severe
need of surrendering both mind and
body. Must relocate to Southern
California. Box 265.

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.

HEY FUCKFACE!
Dig humiliation? Try to top me.
Filthy Italian hump. Photo gets
mine. Box 297.

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, uglys. 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

Hairy w/m seeks advanced bodybuilder who needs heavy body worship. Have weights for pumping and place to stay. Box 131, Oakland, CA 94604.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, Blonde, 24, 8" cut, would like to exchange scat photos of hot guys taking a dump. Would also like to suck on a big, hairy asshole. Photo please. Box 296.

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, Sherilton 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, goodlooking, 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.

L.A. SCATMAN, 45, 5'8", 160 lbs, bearded, hung, wants to be fed and covered by raunchy dudes. Mutual okay. Big heavy, dirty action and verbal abuse with uninhibited man. Box 271.

KIND MASTER WANTED
West Hollywood, 30, dark blonde, blue eyes, 5'7'', 130 lbs., cute with very good body, needs goodlooking young Master willing to train novice in WS, total body service and submission. No pain. Box 282.

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, adaptibility, 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.

PLEASE, SIR!
On my knees for right master. Need discipline and humiliation. Mike, Box 85340, Dept. S-1, Los Angeles, CA 90072.

L.A. TOILET Slave pig you have been seeking, Sir. Beat me, exhibit me, make me suffer your rage. (213) 664-7830.

SAN FRANCISCO, Muscular w/m, hairy, hunky, well endowed, uncut, 31, 5'9", 150 lbs, Must have receptive rear. Into spanking and tit work. Your photo gets mine. Box 5171, S.F., CA 94101.

S.F. GREASY BIKER
Greasy, filthy S&M biker, 29, greasy
brown beard/hair, 195 lbs., have
rigid frame, HD 74, dig colors, greasy
originals, leathers. Also into mutual
heavy S&M, tit/ass C&B work, piss,
poppers, heavy fantasy, pain, working out heavy S&M trips on each
other. Box 279.

OAKLAND, W/m, 36, promising bottom with willing ass needs Master to train him properly. Chuck (415) 482-4273.

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.

VENICE, M, 22, 6', 130 lbs., 6½" 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 fems, 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) around b 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. come. 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

LOS ANGELES, Eurasian-Chinese/ Polish, Cancer, 5'11", 151 lbs., like mellow scenes, hot bottom, FF, versatile. Not into dopers or gro-tesque freaks. Box 65.

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 domi-nant 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.

SOUTHERN CALIF. TRUCKER 38, 175 lbs., 6'2", requires the full time services of a young truck slave with serious desire to serve and learn trucking business. Only serious need reply. (714) 530-6778.

L.A. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer drinking, cigar smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank armpits, slimey asshole and with rank armpits, slimey assnole 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.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 32, 5'5", 135 lbs., handsome bodybuilder into visual j/o, B&D, titwork, shaving and mirrors with a muscular S. Photo necessary. Box 31316, S.F., CA

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'' and 43, 5'9", 12", into big dick, If you like big dick, your photo gets ours, or? Box 236.

UNCUT AND UNSHAVED? Hot and uninhibited young dude, uncut, digs shaved crotches, exces-sive or dirty foreskin, tattooed cock, heavy dildoe action, piss-filled ruband exhibitionists. Correspond with anyplace, get together in the Bay Area. Photo of any of the above gets mine. 28, 6', 150 lbs., not yet shaved. Box 292.

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, 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/ 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 mois-ten 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 inspiration spare." You 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.

SOUTHERN CALIF., 24, 6', 170 lbs., 8" cut, digs uncut cocks. Likes to chew on foreskin of dirty, raunchy meat. Would like to exchange photos of cocks with lots of skin. Box 293.

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.

BONDAGE BUDDY Seeks same for mutual fun. Vulnerable, knowledgeable, open to medium/heavy S&M, discipline, w/s, piercing. W/m, 6'1", 7" cut, moonchild. Box 48.

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, titwork. 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, subserveant and submissive, cut, subserveant 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.

OS ANGELES. S. Taurus, 45, 4", 210, white, 9", experienced teks 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

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 dominant who respects limits. Seek under 40, 5'10" and over, over 6" en-dowment, dressed in full leather. Box

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 exces-sive pain for force. Prefer the experienced. Box 318V2.

MAN RAUNCH Los Angeles, hot looking w/m, 28, built, hung, looking for hot, smelly, raunchy man sex. Dig sweat, piss, spit, snot, cheasy uncut cock, cum, oil, grease, rank pits, etc. Fist my ass, use my face. Must be built. Box 48141, L.A., CA 90048.

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 cut. Box 052G.

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.

LOS ANGELES, M. Pisces. 42, 6'2", 198 lbs., white, 7½", looking for a man for love and other things in this area. Box 11.

COLORADO

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

CONNECTICUT

WESTERN FANTASY Young, slender, white western stud seeking bottom guy, prefer shaved head, who can travel to New Haven area and service my body. Photo with letter receives reply and photo. Box

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. 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.

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

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.

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

DIST. 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

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.

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

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 part-ner, 45 to 50 preferred. No fems, fats, long hair, body odor. Box 084D.

WASHINGTON slave, Sagittarius, 54, 5'6'2", 168 lbs., white, 6". Relishes being subservient to decent, goodlooking Master who is sincere and has a sense of humor. Prefer cut, under 36, no beard, red heads, hairy bodies. Box 2275

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.

FLORIDA

DADE COUNTY, MIAMI, M, Libra, 5'8", 135, average, need re-training after 10 years. Prefer 6' or over, white, into training. No fems, fats, fakes. Send photo. Box 273.

HOT, goodlooking, heavily hung, white, 22, Sagittarius, good body, short dark hair, moustache: looking for hung, hunky, dominant father-type, 40–50. I am into levis, boots, leather, jocks, athletic socks, cigars, body hair, WS, bondage, a little physical discipline, much verbal abuse. Box 272.

MIAMI. Two guys looking for a third who is interested in a unique three-some. Honesty and the desire to be used by others in the same way you want to use them is all you need. Box 651038, Miami, FL 33165.

FT. LAUDERDALE AREA. This 41, 6'2", 180 lbs., 8", handsome, versatile stud with muscular build seeks other hunky, masculine dudes for top and/or bottom action including Gr., Fr., FF, WS, dildoes, and other adventures. Sling room. Box 288.

BROWNARD, W/m, 41, 5'10", 150 lbs., trim, novice, willing and eager. Seeks trainer into S&M, B&D, enemas, WS, tits, shaving, FF, toys, etc. No heavy scenes. No fats/drugs. Box 23191, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307

FT. LAUDERDALE. Give piss, humiliation, leather, shaved ass, cock & balls, rubber, enemas, asshole stuffing, exhibitionism, large toys to enlarge my asshole, cock and ball rings, butt plugs, prolonged sex. Box 302.

FT. LAUDERDALE. S, 43, 5'7½", 160 lbs., 7" cut, big balls and big hands looking for FF wide-receivers for three-ways with would-be slave. No scat or heavy pain trips. Demanding but considerate. Box 258.

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.

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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, 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. Part-ner should be well-built, over 28, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fems, 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 fems, ama-teurs. Box 1251.

JACKSONVILLE. M. 39, 6', 160 lbs., 7½", 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.

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 Moun-tain, GA 30086.

HAWAII

HAWAII MEN/VISITORS
Honolulu roommates: W/42, 6'4",
165 lbs., bearded and W/29, 5'9",
140 lbs., moustache. Both experienced, uninhibited tops and bottoms. Seek w/m animals, 18–35, for hot, heavy sessions with one or both. Into B&D, WS, C&B, torture, heavy ass & tit work, toys, light S&M, FF. No scat, freaks, uglies. Limits respected and expanded. Novices considered. Write: D&M, Box 25441, Honolulu, HI 96825. List details, address or arrival. Photo if possible. HAWAII MEN/VISITORS arrival. Photo if possible.

RETIRE FOR LIFE
ON YOUR 10" COCK
No b/s opportunity! Two hot w/m
(6', 180 lbs., 9") and (5'7", 130 lbs.,
7"), uncut and cut, need third for
permanent relationship. Will relocate you and provide any scene. You should be 18–30, hot, super hung, looking for a perfect life in a secluded paradise. Photo necessary. Occupant, Box 926, Kapaa, HI 96746.

HONOLULU, SM, 42, 6'4", slender, a hairy, 6" cut, big balls. Top willing to experience being bottom. Very masculine, expect same, 18–35, white, hung, clean. No fats, freaks, scat. Box 254.

CLASSIFIED ADS GET RESULTS! LOW RATES AND EASY FORMS

IDAHO

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

TRAVELING DOMINANT 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. Iso fats, fems, w/s, drugs, or heavy pain. Interested in possible vacation/ski buddies, Box 18.

ILLINOIS

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

Box 114. COMING TO CHICAGO? Send for free directory/guide. Write to: Metropolitan Business Associa-tion, 24 North Wabash Ave., Room

823, Chicago, IL 60602.

CHICAGO, SM, 39, 6'5", 230 lbs., 7", shaved head, good body, wants partners for FF, titwork, water sports, bondage, piercing. Partners should be tall, well built, butch, intelligent, interesting. Send frank letter detailing your experience and letter detailing your experience and what you want. Enclose photo if you want a reply. Apt. 3102, 1660 N. LaSalle, Chicago, IL 60614.

CHICAGO ORAL EXPERT Taurus, tall, slim, hairy, hung, uncut, wants buddy for long, wild fantasy sessions. Box 276.

BOBYBUILDER

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.

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

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

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

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. 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 fems, fats. Box 186Z.

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 spreadeagle so he can use me any way he wants. Expand my limits. Box 2008.

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

CHICAGO, Scorpio, 32, 5'10", 140 lbs., 7½" 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.

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, fems, hard drugs. Box 17R25.

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, 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, bairy lar, ruggedly goodlooking, hairy chested if possible. While I am al-ways extremely willing, he should re-spect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Box

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.

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 fems, fats, drugs. Send photo and phone. Box 2818.

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 body edgeable, 7" cut. Handsome builder knows how to give orders builder knows how to give orders knows how to get service, and know how to punish failure. Potentia slave should be submissive, 21-35 obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 181P.

BOX SERVICE AVAILABLE FOI YOUR CLASSIFIED AD

CHICAGO MASTER

Out-of-stater comes to Chicago oc-casionally looking for slim slaves over 18 into bondage, discipline, shaving, w/s, FF and S&M. Am 6'2", 8'y" 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, 14½" arms, hairy tattoo; new to S&M, into 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., 23,8" 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 sey drive and 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 demanding Page 1225 domination, Box 132F.

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 24, 6', 180 lbs., 6'' 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., 6'2" uncut, seeks willing, obedient, submissive slave, masculine, slender, under 35, preferrably uncut. Am understanding but forceful. Box 1800

IO WA

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., 6'2" cut, seeks Ms for hot, leather/levi 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, photo and phone, Box 246. Send

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. come. 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

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, streetwise. Have openings for slaves. No experience necessary. No fats or fems 80x 960 fems. Box 960.

COVINGTON W/m, 38, 6'4" 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. 5'9", 150 lbs. white 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.

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

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, gentleyet-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?

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, 5'10½", 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 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.

CAPE COD, Jeep freak into armadillong necks and catipusses. Like mile runs on sandy beaches, hot sun, cool surf. Golden Eagle, RFD 1, Box 87, E. Wareham, MA 02538.

MICHIGAN

TAYLOR. MS. Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165, white, 6½". Novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

FARMINGTON. S. Virgo. 33, 5'6". 135. White. 8'4". Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient ex-perimental slave. No balds, fats, dominants. Box 052D.

ANN ARBOR, SM, 39, 5'7", 165 lbs., 6" cut, semi-muscular, seeks adaptable partner, under 45, who is sensual as well as horney, 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,

TOUGH BEER DRINKING DUDES Master 30, slave 22. Master adminis-ters enema to disciplined slave before letting him deep throat cock. Slave begs to rim Master's hard ass, submits to bondage while Master cracks slave's butt with leather belt for hot and heavy fucking to follow, Slave works for his Master's hot piss. Occasionally get off with a third; must be masculine, young and dig servicing strong, hunky man. Photo gets ours. Gary Stevens, Box 8611, Detroit, MI 48224.

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

MINNESOTA

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

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.

Dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., uncut 8½", 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. 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.

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

BOX SERVICE AVAILABLE FOR YOUR CLASSIFIED AD 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 levis/leather. Turn on to big hands. Box 667D.

NEBRASKA

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

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BIG BOY NEEDS PUTTING DOWN Clean shaven, 25, 6'1", 175 lbs., 6'4" cut, good body; seeks big man with muscle for verbal and fantasy, body worship, piss games, stud service, groups. Photo and hot letter to: Hank, The Spruces, Whitefield, NH 03598.

NEW JERSEY

IN NEED OF FRIENDS? 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

EXHIBITIONISTS Bodybuilders, athletic jocks who are hung, clean shaven, with hard, defined, smooth bodies wanted by goodlooking w/m, 36, 5'11", 165 lbs, hung and uncut. Will give total body worship, oil massage, etc. Am into jocks, flicks, j/o, rimming, nipples, foreskin. Daytime best, dis-cretion assured. Passaic area. Box

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.

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

JERSEY CITY. M. Libra. 34. 6'. 163. White. 6''. 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.

NYC OR NEW JERSEY
W/m, 25, 6', 130 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, moustache, smooth, 7's" cut, attractive novice. Wish to learn with novice M or from experienced S. Must be 18—30, attractive. Photo and letter get same. Box 151, Dumont, NJ 07628.

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, j/o, piercing, enemas, spreadeagle bondage, outdoors, jeeps, young tight white bodies. Also correspond with tops and bottoms countrywide. Photos returned and appreciated. Box

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 tor-ture . . . exchange experiences, fantasies. Bob Hughes, Box 333, Lyndhurst, NJ 07071.

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. No scat. Photo and letter gets mine. Can travel Northeast, Box 230.

NEW YORK

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.

MANHATTAN, 37, M, 5'11", Leo, married, seeks mature, compassionate top man to dominate a dominant personality. I've a decent build, hairy body, big cock; would like similar. Not into heavy B&D or scat. Would like interesting person to develop with, Box 305.

NYC, 29, 6', 170 lbs., 7½", dirty blonde, very well built, tattooed, athlete stud wants tough men for action. Like sports, leather, contact sex. Can get into anything with the right man. Masculine dudes who want another hot man write with photo for answer. Now. Box 278.

MANHATTAN, M, 30, 6'1", 170 lbs., seeks Master/Father, 40-50, for bondage, WS, spitting, titwork, shaving. No scat, no FF. Photo and phone, please. Box 287. LAZY REBEL

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

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, oc-casional 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.

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.

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. 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.

HOT SLAVE AVAILABLE to butch men for your fantasy. LB No. 37, 470 Second Ave., NYC, NY

QUEENS, NYC, mature M, Scorpio, bottom man, 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy OUEENS, NYC, mature M, Scorpio, bottom man, 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy body, bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy titwork, FF, WS, scat. Jock straps, hairy bodies, black beards, stocky builds turn me on. No role switching or skinny blondes. Box 3'06. or skinny blondes, Box 306.

SYRACUSE, Master, 34, 150 lbs., blonde, seeks slaves into mild-tomedium scenes. Have equipment plus experience in all areas of S&M, including piss and scat. Also interested in meeting others for group action in all areas of gay sex. Box 747, Syracuse, NY 13201.

MANHATTAN, passive beginner, w/m, 28, tall, thin, handsome, seeks bodybuilder to worship; a man who will wrap his muscular arms and powerful legs around me. Box 295.

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. EX-MARINE

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

MS, Leo, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs., 61/2", 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. letter with photo preferred.

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

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 muscle-man. Also seeking a versatile man as a lover to build a stable homelife.

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.

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 NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS W/M, 6'3", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs, cone shapped 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 threatments. 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.

MASCULINE GERONTOPHILE Libra, 6'3", 60, slender, will do any-thing 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.

MY CABIN IN THE WOODS 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 big-cocked 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, seet Rev 27. scat. Box 27.

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. Boy 404BNY 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 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.

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

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.

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.

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

SILICONE

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

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.

NEW YORK. M. Aquarius, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking, cleancut novice seeks macho, goodyerbal abuse, humiliation and w/s-from masculine, cleancut 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", whatever he wants. Am 38, 5'9", 6'%" uncut. You should be over 35, into leather/levis, hung, and looking for the one person to settle down with. Box 665E.

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 groups with the right people. Re with photo and phone. Box 687E.

BROOKLYN. M. Aquarius. 33. 6'. 170. White. Cherokee Indian. 7'4'' 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

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.

FRESH MEADOWS. M. 34. 175. Taurus. White. 6". Uncut. Seek mature, adult, macho male with head together. Levi legither. conhead together. Levi, leather, con-struction. 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, enced in water sports, C&B work, tit work, ass worship, sloopy 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 0707

OHIO

50's FREAK Remember how low tough hunks wore 501's and baggy dress pants? W/m, 39, 5'11", 150 lbs., seeks same. Any scene possible. Only macho need apply. Photo and phone gets mine. All answered. Send hot, funky letter.

COLUMBUS. SM. Taurus. 25. 5'9". 183. White, 6½". Novice, satisfaction guaranteed to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

CLEVELAND Boots and Leather Master, trim, 155 lbs., white, 7½", wants oral slave, father-son relationship, full time. CLASSIFIED ADS GET RESULTS!

SM. 25, 5'9", 150 lbs., 7" cut, is experienced in both roles, have worked out with real pros. Am compas-sionate 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. MS. Aries, 46. 5'10". 155. White. 6½". 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'/''. 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.

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.

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.

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.

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. Box 667B.

W/M, 30, 6½", 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, 7½" cut, demaiding. Like to hear slaves beg, 7" cut, novice is absolutely willing but respect limits. Masculine dudes, to learn to please. Looking for domtattooed, 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. 6½" 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.

PENNSYLVANIA

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, fems or heavy S&M. Box 83.

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.

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER requires slaves, 18-40, under 6'. Haye 90 acre farm, house with cellar/dungeon. Hot, heavy scenes. No fats, fems. Want real submissive men. Send photo & application to: Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068. Or respectful call to (412) 274-8354.

JOCK WRESTLER 6'1", 155 lbs., 8", wants short dude into hard combat. Fight to submission in oil. Levis, leather, ropes, any gear. Challenge you to ball-wrestling, bondage, handicap bouts, bunkhouse, pro, collegiate or your rules. Wrestle me for top spot, winner take all (like your ass, punk). Travel. Got the balls for stiff workout on the mat? Box 285.

SLAVE SOUGHT
N.E. PA. S, 32, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular, 8", strict, masculine, handsome S seeks permanent, muscular slave. Photo a must. Get on your knees and write! Box 307.

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.

PHILADELPHIA. M. Libra. 49. 5′, 10½″, 140, white, 8″. Completely inexperienced, Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 052F.

PHILADELPHIA. 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.

PHILADELPHIA. M. Libra. 49, 5'10'4", 140. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 052F.

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

> MORE DRUMBEATS ON PAGE 53

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA. S. Virgo/Scorpio. 42. 5'7". 160. White. 7". Knowl-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.

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN, All dudes interested in animal fantasy, leather, levis, trim-ming, spanking, WS; phone (809) 722-3631. Will be visiting Miami and NYC in August. Am 5'11", light brown, 148 lbs., all man.

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 Rev 164 learn, Box 164.

LIBRA, 28, Indian-Latin, 5'8", 150 lbs., goodlooking bodybuilder into levis and leather, travels to NYC and will visit San Francisco, would like LIBRA, 28, Indian-Latin, 5'8", to meet masculine, hung men, 21—50, for hot scenes; and who give verbal abuse, tit play, humiliation. No pain, no heavy S&M. Will correspond with guys from anywhere. No fats, no fems. Box 299.

SOUTH CAROLINA

M, 24, 66 kg, 178 cm, white, into whippings with belts, welts, tit torture, verbal abuse, bondage, manacles, shackles, gags, piss, enemas, sucking, getting fucked, leather, levis, boots and uniforms. Seeks correspondence and/or meetings with domestings with domesting with with with the with with the with the with the with the with the witness with the with the with the with the with the with the with pondence and/or meetings with dominant white Masters in USA, Canada, England, Germany, Sweden and Australia. Box 288.

TEXAS

DALLAS, Leo and Aquarius, both 8½", completely inexperienced, pre-fers someone to explore our un-known fantasies. Prefer hot, horny, masculine, outdoor type, no heavy action; new to this but willing to try anything once. Race no problem. No scat/dope. Want to hear from all hot men. Photo appreciated. you hot Box 266.

BAYTOWN, Married Bi, w/m, 6', 180 lbs., 6''' uncut, large balls, seeks diversion with intelligent, straight-looking male who also loves cock/ass. Must be discreet. No heavy stuff, fats, fems or drugs. Box 3285, Baytown, TX 77520.

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.

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, 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.

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

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

PERMANENT SLAVE AVAILABLE M, 24, 5'10", 160 lbs., needs brutal Master to enforce permanent slavery. Torture, brainwashing, piercing, shaw ing, 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

TENNESSEE

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

VIRGINIA

TWO D.C. AREA GUYS in their 20's want to watch (only) real S&M scenes. The hotter the scene, the harder we j/o. Box 304.

SM (S preferred) 29, 5'6", 142 lbs., muscular, 8" cut, seeks short-haired, cleancut, 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 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. 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, ther, levis, boots, jocks, bodybuilder, dirty, WS, seeks same, mutual only.

WASHINGTON

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

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 uni-forms and leather for permanent re-lationship on West Coast. Box 233.

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

WISCONSIN

WATERTOWN, S. Libra, 27, 6', 175, White, 7". Novice, Will satisfy needs of mutually honest, under-standing 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.

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.

MILWAUKEE. MA. Capricorn. 42. 6'4½". 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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TAYLOR OF SAN FRANCISCO has a special new catalog of Leather and Uniform and related items. \$2 applicable to first purchase. Taylor of San Francisco, Dept D., 768 Clementina St., San Francisco, CA

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that will rip you apart. You'll call me
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MAIL ORDER NOTICE The California laws now reads that anyone conducting a business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers: this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers: the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that corres-pondence be sent to the listed box number.

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BONDAGE SM SUBMISSION CONTROLLED BEHAVIOR Written & Illustrated, free directions and lessons. Sir R.M., Box 1103, Los Angeles, CA 90068

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TAGGED, RIPE JOCKSTRAPS Hairy hardhat with tight hard bod, beard, mean thick meat, has a wet sackload of smelly jocks for sale. Each has a tagged history so spell out how stained you want the fucker! I have a few superaw/superipe/superipped straps for amylrags and or mouth gags. If you also want to wrap your damp meat 'n' balls in it, state size. \$10 EACH, LATS LONNIGAN, BOX 11007, S.F., CA 94101. Comes in a plain driproof bag.

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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.

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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.

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

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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 cutts really turn me on. No fats, fems or drugs. Box 2810.

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

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.

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.

MELBOURNE 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

CANADA

Master, 32, experienced, wants permanent slave for bondage, shaving, total mind control. Incoude photo. Box 289.

S, 45, 5'11", 150 lbs., slender, blonde, hairy, 8" cut, stern disciplinarian, but considerate and respects limits. Seeks 18–40, slender, under 5'10" prefer uncut, should be adventurous and willing to learn with the assistance of my personal with the assistance of my personal slave. No fats, fems, scat. Applicants should be willing to experiment with mild S&M, B&D, WS, and toys. Box 238.

TORONTO MASTER wall-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. TORONTO MASTER

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 491P

> STUDS SERVICED Have pad. (604) 921-7721

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 re-spected. Master willing to travel. Send grovelling letter with descrip-tion and phone number, photo if possible. No fats or fems. Box 216.

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", 6%", 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, goodlooking with average build. For inspection and interview, reply with recent photo and frank letter. No games or freaks. All serious answered. Box 667E.

DENMARK

COPENHAGEN. 2 hot Danish studs, 37 and 38, are looking for new friends who go in for more than just i/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 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 CONDON 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. VISITING LONDON? 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.

MALAYSIA

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

MONACO

SOUTH OF FRANCE Enema expert wanted with discipline, 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.

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.

GENEVA, Bottom, 36, Fr. act, Gr. pass, tall, slim, accommodations (sex, bed and breakfast) for top men on their way through Geneva. Tele-phone in advance. (022) 31-91-76.

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)

WEST GERMANY
German S, 42, 5'6", 140 lbs., masculine, bearded, hung and uncut, seeks active, masculine slaves, 18—50, into S&M, humiliation and far-out, kinky sex. Visit USA twice a year. Gameroom and equipment are awaiting visitors to Germany. Send photo. Box 206.

WEST GERMANY
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 overeas 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 fems, fats, please. Box 134.

JUNE German M, 35, 150 lbs., masculine, muscular, comes to California, West Coast, Arizona, Utah, Idaho in June. Wants to go back branded, shaved tattooed by his owner after two weeks or longer of total slavery on S&M farm, or after turned into a 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 extreme scenes. Write: George Gerber, Postfach 290232, 5000 Koeln 1, West Germany.

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 fems. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 121.

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

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CONTACT

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Cowboys, Bodybuilders, S&M's and
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GAY TITLES SOUGHT I am looking for a trilogy of books entitled THE AGENT, THE AGENCY and a third volume by Meltzner (?), any edition. State condition and price. Box 1000.

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LATE ARRIVALS

CIGAR SMOKER NYC, 6'1", 190 lbs., 33, short beard, moustache. Interested in meeting other cigar smokers or guys into cigars. Club possible. Box 244.

LOS ANGELES AREA. Two Masters: 5'7", 155 lbs., 35 and 6', 160 lbs., 29. Accepting applications for lbs., 29. Accepting applications for slave, 18–35. We are bikers/leathermen. Experience not necessary, we will train. No j/o letters or one-nighters. Serious only. Recent photo required with letter detailing qualifications. Rev. 698 cations, Box 688.

SOAK ME DOWN!

Piss slave, late 40's, slightly over-weight, digs dirty talk and belt whip-pings while being used for a toilet. All degrading offers welcomed. (213) 767-9211, Mondays, or Wednesday through Fridays, 12–1 pm only.

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

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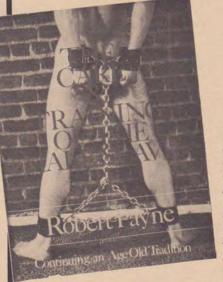
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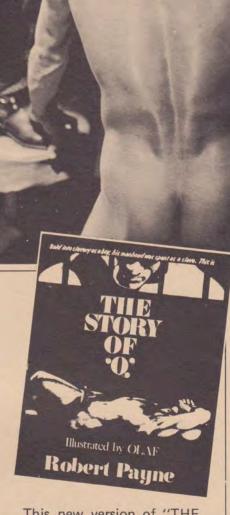
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PRISON PUNK

BY FRANK O'ROURKE Part Five

There were two more sessions with the mystery man. Unlike the first experience, the guy first used my mouth and I discovered that he had a long and fat cock. Searching the knob of his cock with my tongue told me that he was uncut. He never face fucked me and I almost felt that he might be apologizing for making use of my body

It was on his last visit that he drove his cock up my ass. He stroked my cock as he fucked me with short strokes, it was only while he came close to coming that the driving cock became more forceful. As his cock grew in my ass, preparatory to coming, my ass gripped the shaft with force. As he came he let out a cry and I knew who my assailant was Mr. Long, the cellhouse bull.

Shortly after this encounter, Long was transferred to San Quentin as a sergeant, I never mentioned to my Master that I knew who the mysterious trick had been.

tion Center in order to facilitate his transition from a maximum security institution to the streets, since the camp was minimum custody

I had expected that he would be more careful of our having sex since if we got caught fucking he might lose his parole date. The opposite became true. He didn't seem to have enough of me. His cock was constantly either in my ass or in my mouth. One thing changed, he stopped selling my body, keeping it for himself.

The night before he was transferred, he really threw a royal fuck into me. After we had cleaned up, he lay back on my bunk while I brewed some coffee for us.

"You know, Jim, I could have gotten a good price for you. There were a lot of dudes who wanted your ass, but I decided to let you make up your mind what you wanted to do."
"Yes, sir," I murmured.

"You know a lot of guys in here get institutionalized. They just ean't make it on the streets and I don't want that to happen to you. You've been a good slave to me, but I want you to be able to kick back and decide what you want to do with your life. You can't do that when someone owns you." He paused a moment, "Anyhow there isn't anybody here who figure could handle you properly. I don't want to see you ruined."

"Thank you, sir?

"I'm going back to San Francisco when I get out. You can usually find me at the Brig on Friday and Saturday nights. If you're interested I'd like to see you."

I handed him his coffee and he moved aside to let me sit

next to him. We sipped our coffee and exchanged/small talk. Jerry was never able to keep his hands off of me and he stroked my naked thigh as he talked. I hadn't gotten off when he fucked me so my cock got rigid, pleading for relief which I knew it wouldn't get.

Jerry got up and took a leak and told me to stretch out on the bunk. I finished my coffee and lay back. He sat next to me slowly sipping his coffee. His left hand gripped my hard cock and squeezed it, painfully, which caused it to get harder if that was possible. Without any warning, Jerry filled his mouth with hot coffee and took my cock into his mouth. The hot coffee in his mouth elicited a groan of passion from my lips. Without thinking, I grabbed Jerry's head and started fucking his face as he struggled to gulp the coffee down. It wasn't until afterwards that I realized he made no effort to stop me.

I thrust my hard probe deeper and deeper into his throat. At times I held the engorged head in the pulsating throat. I could not hold off any longer as the cheeks of my ass began their gripping in the final act which discharged spurt after spurt of come into demanding throat. Easing my grip, I allowed the head to rest inside of the mouth while Jerry sucked

The relationship between Jerry and me through the next every drop out of my cock until it became limp in his mouth.

couple of years assumed a new dimension, we became lovers.

The Master/slave roles did not change, but V knew that he knew that this was not solely due to having my cock sucked. loved me, even though he never really said it. My body was still available to any guy who had the price for it.

When Jerry appeared before the April parole board, he was granted a parole and was transferred to the Sierra Conversagiance? Why did he have to leave me?

It was almost as if he guessed what I was thinking "Don't

It was almost as if he guessed what I was thinking. "Don't

worry, baby, we'll be back together again."
"I hope so," I sighed. It was probably the first time that I had forgotten to call him sir or Master.

"Maybe you should get a job in industries so you can make some money for the streets." He paused and I could see that he was reluctant to bring up the point. "I talked to my boss today and he's willing to give you my job if you want it. All you have to do is go over and see him. You could continue the poker games and make some bread that way."
"I'll think about it."

"I still think Industries is the best bet."

After we had gone to bed, I couldn't sleep and I thought about the future. Jerry was right about prison. Too many guys had found a home here and I wasn't coming back. Period.

I got the job the next day and began my own plans for the future. I continued to run the poker games and took my cut of the pot. This cut gave me enough canteen for my own needs Sure, a lot of guys were hitting me up, but while I was with Jerry my body had filled out and no one was dumb enough to figure that he could pressure me into sex.

The funny thing was that not everyone was after my ass. Some dudes who were considered straight and people never figured they played around were trying to get at my cock be-cause I had a reputation of being a "good con" who knew how to keep his mouth shut. At first I played both top and bottom for cigarettes until the day I met Bob Butler. The guy was tall, blond haired and good looking. His contempt for fags was notorious throughout the prison system.

One Friday afternoon the game had broken up and Butler came into the office. The front door of the building was closed and we were all alone. I sat at my desk while he sat on

"I'm going to ask you something, Jim, and it has to stay

between you and me. If I ever get wind you ever said anything about it, I'll kill you."

His tone of voice wasn't necessarily threatening, but I knew

that he was serious.

What was it, I wondered. "Have you ever known me to talk out of line?'

"No," continued Butler.

"Well, what is it?"

"You promise not to say anything?"
"Of course," I said, a tinge of irritation entering my voice "Well," he began, taking a deep breath, "I want to suck your cock." that he would even consider me ratting on anybody.

"You're fucking kidding me," I couldn't have been more surprised by his proposition. "I don't know," I slowly con-

Now that he had made the plunge, Butler decided to go whole hog, "Man, I've seen you in the shower and I've seen that beautiful cock of yours and I dream about it at night. Look, I know you don't do anything for nothing. I don't have much bread and I need it for my canteen, but my sister will send you the bread.

leaned back in my chair and contemplated this slender dude and I rubbed my crotch which I knew was driving him

frantic. "It'll cost you twenty-five bucks."

"Man, it'll be in your account next week. I'll have my

sister mail it here right away.

"No," I said, "not here. I'll give you the address of a friend of mine and he'll deposit it in my Wells Fargo account.'

'It's a fucking deal, man.

I reached over and gave him the address of a friend of mine who was a social worker and as naive as they came. knew that I could rely on him to deposit the money. As I wrote the note, Butler was fumbling with the buttons of my fly and reaching into my shorts to try to get a grip on my hardening cock. After Jerry left I started wearing shorts because I couldn't see any reason getting a report now for not wearing my undershorts.

I unbuckled my belt and let my pants and shorts down and proffered my hard dong to this son-of-a-bitch who thought all

fags should be shot.

Cautiously, Butler took the head of my cock in his mouth. His teeth grated on my cock. "Watch those teeth, motherfucker. Just run your tongue around the head, then take the shaft as far as you can and as it comes out of your mouth suck it hard." I could tell that he was going to turn into a pretty good cocksucker with a little experience. At twenty

five bucks a throw I was willing to teach him.

Slowly, I urged him to take more and more of my cock into his mouth. I didn't want to panic this neophyte by grabbing his head and face fucking him, but I could see that it would take more than this one blow job to open his throat where he could take my cock all the way to my balls. Already tears were coursing from Butler's eyes and his nose snuffled in an effort to breathe through the mucous that was flowing freely from it. My balls boiled and my legs stiffened as I began squeezing my prostate, preparatory to unloading my come into his mouth. As the first spurt ejeculated from the head, I grabbed the back of his head to hold the cock in his mouth. He fought, almost demonically, to free himself since he obviously had not counted on swallowing my come. From the bobbing of his adam's apple some of it got down, but he manged to get away from my hands and he escaped out the door into the yard. I grabbed a rag and wiped off the come that was oozing out.

A few moments later he returned. "Man, I'm sorry, but I

just couldn't swallow it."
"You will in time," I predicted because I was sure that he would be back as evidenced by the hard cock lodged in his

I thought possibly he would ask me to reciprocate, but he merely told me that the money would be at my friend's in a

few days and he left the building.

The Butler incident made me realize that sex could be pretty profitable even in prison. There was only one modification in the program, as I saw it, the money would have to be paid in advance. As soon as my friend told me that he had received the money, I would make the appointment for a session. My standard rate for a session would be twenty-five dollars. If I was the top it would cost that amount for each time I busted my nuts; if I was the bottom, it would be

twenty-five bucks for a blow job and thirty bucks for my ass. If all the dude wanted was to be fist fucked, and I didn't see anyone wanting that, it would be twenty-five bucks.

I put the word out discreetly to some guys I could trust and whom I knew were hot for my body. Jack, the guy who had owed Jerry money and whom I fucked in payment of that debt, had been after me to have another session was also apprised. I didn't figure that he'd pay, but somehow he managed to get the bread and he was the first guy I fisted.

Jerry had left me his precious supply of amyl and I had used it sparingly. Nevertheless, it was fast becoming in short supply. I knew that I could only replenish it by getting some bull to bring it in to me as Long had brought it to Jerry to

pay for my body.

There was a pig, and I use the term advisedly, named Lieutenant Sweet who had the hots for me. He was an overweight bastard who made it a point to always talk to me. He would come over to the office at least a couple of days a week and stand in front of me, asking me how I was getting along while pointedly caressing his groin. I was smart enough to realize that I should neither report him, nor laugh in his porcine face.

I resigned myself to trying to use him as a mule for those things, including amyl, which the state of California in its

narrow perspective refused to furnish me.

One day he came in and I spoke very friendly to him. I pointedly eyeballed his crotch. During the conversation I asked him if he had ever used amyl while having sex with his wife. Bringing up a screw's wife in a conversation is fraught with danger and could land me in the hole, but Sweet merely said that he hadn't had sex with his wife in years. I could see that talk about sex was arousing him, at least I thought it was even though I couldn't discover any real sign from his crotch. named a brand which I found particularly effective and be moaned the lack of availability of my favorite amyl in the walls of Folsom.

Sure enough the next Friday morning, the obscene pig showed up, letting himself into the building with his key, and laid six bottles of the stuff on the edge of my desk as if he were bringing a priceless treasure which it was in Folsom. I looked at the bottles for a moment and scooped them up and

shoved them in the side drawer of my desk.

No sense fucking around and being coy, I thought. "What'll

it be, Loot?"
"A blow iob," he responded just as tersely

I got up from behind the desk and knelt before this flabby bastard and unzipped his pants. I searched with my fingers for his cock and was beginning to panic because I couldn't find it. Then I got it. It must have been under two inches in size and had the diameter of a pencil. My gorge rose in my throat and I thought I was going to blow the whole thing by puking. It wasn't the size of the cock, it was the fact that this fat assed bastard with his stinking crotch added insult to injury by not having a cock that was really suckable. Without any preface I plunged that grotesquere into my mouth and sucked for all I was worth, hoping to bring it off as soon as possible. My gag reflexes came into play as I tried to keep the vomit from erupting. You wouldn't believe it but that sorry excuse for a man thought that his tiny protuberance was plunging down my throat and that was why I was gagging. It had only one salutary effect, the gagging brought him off quicker. I have never refused to swallow a load of come since I first had sex with Chuck, but as his weak stream of sperm ejeculated into my mouth, I held it there.

He pulled out of my mouth and sought my chair. He looked like he was going to have a coronary right then and there. His face was flushed and sweat beaded his brow. I rushed into the back office and spit the vile tasting goo from my mouth into a waste basket. It was so vile I was sure that it would eat the paint off of the waste basket. When I returned to my office, I could see that Sweet had regained some of his composure. In fact the mother fucker was preening like a twenty year old stud who had shoved his cock into a virgin's

"How was it for you?"
"Oh, just great," I lied. "You're one hell of a man." I stopped at that point, because I knew that if I went any further it would be a repeat offer for another bout. I'd go to the fucking hole before I let that bastard stick his poor excuse for a cock into me again.

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Do you know that bastard actually strutted out of the building like a peacock, or rather I should have said like a peahen. Well, I decided, I would not come anywhere near the office on the ways my boss was off unless I had someone with me. As events proved, this was unnecessary because Sweet had a massive coronary that afternoon and I wonder if our little session was a contributing factor. Shortly after his release from the hospital, he was given a disability retirement.

Now fist fucking is an art. I have never been on the receiving end though God knows Jerry threatened it enough times. Jerry would speak of fist fucking and wax poetic about it. He told me about one night at the Catacombs in San Francisco where he had met a young dude who was pretty famous in town for having one of the tightest assholes as far as a cock was concerned, but this young man could absorb an entire

arm up his ass - yes, to the armpit.

One night Jerry started playing with the fellow as he lay in a swing. The sphincter snapped at Jerry's fingers in a playful manner, urging them to explore more of the warm depths. Jerry got half of his arm up the guy's ass in the first thrust. Pulling out to the knuckles, he drove his fist back in until he had half of his bicep into the warm, sucking hole. A stranger stood by Jerry in nothing but a studded leather harness, watching Jerry work away at the ass, stroking his cock. Jerry could see that the guy lifted iron and he asked the fist fuckee if it was all right if the other guy joined him to double fist him. The guy was delighted at the suggestion. The stranger reached for the Crisco can on the floor and proceeded to grease his right arm, all the way to the armpit.

Jerry removed his arm to where the base of his hand appeared outside of the ring. The other man slid his hand along the palm until he forced the hand through the tight hole. Inside of the moist, greasy chamber the stranger made a fist and Jerry circled the new fist with his own hand, thus making a huge bludgeon which assailed the fuckee's prostate and began its journey while the two fuckers stood hard cock to hard cock. The tight hole inhibited a rapid passage up the passage, so another guy forced an inhaler up the fuckee's nose to try to release the pressure of the sphincter. It had its gradual effect and they found that they could drive deeper and deeper. As they withdrew to the entry chamber after a particularly deep drive, the fuckee let out a scream as his hard cock spewed load after load of come all over himself and those guys who stood by his head. The stranger eased his hand out, but Jerry wasn't through with him.

Jerry moved closer to the sling and eased his own cock into the asshole and gripped it with his captured fist. Holding the cock inside of the hold, Jerry began jacking off. The knuckles of his fist brutalized the fuckee's prostate as he whipped his cock in short thrusts. As the tempo increased, the man in the sling tried to escape from the assault, but not too hard. As Jerry began to come, so did his victim; Jerry poured his load into the wet hot ass while the other one shot and shot until

it would appear that he would never stop.

After Jerry carefully pulled his cock and hand from the chamber of joy, the dude untangled himself from the sling and kissed Jerry, telling him that it had been the wildest scene he had ever experienced.

It was late one Thursday afternoon. I had just finished filing some letters I had typed earlier. Jack, the dude who had owed Jerry a gambling debt, came to the office door and asked if Iwould come outside.

On the steps of the building, he stood with his buddy, Pete, and he looked a bit hesitant, but he managed to ask his question. "You booked up tomorrow?"

"Yeah," I told him. "I've got a bunch of customers in the

morning and the poker game is in the afternoon. What's on your mind?"

He seemed unable to get it out, so Pete, a black-haired, well-tanned, muscular dude broke the silence. "Look, man, you don't know me, but I owe you some kind of debt of gratitude. Me and Jack have been cellies for a long fucking time, man. There ain't been nothing shaking between us, other than we both occupied the cell space. He come home one night and, man, was he fucked up in his head. He didn't know whether to shit or go blind. He was all for killing you and Jerry." He looked over at Jack whose expression didn't tell me anything at all. "Well, it takes me until after lock up to get it out of him. He tells me you boned him. Well, I figure that's sure as shit grounds for wasting someone, but there's

something in his voice that don't ring true with me. I questions the asshole some more and I kind of glom on to the fact that it ain't getting his cherry busted that's fucking with his gourd, but the fact that he had to give up the round brown. Well, to make a long story short, this is my punk and I been screwing the shit out of him."

"So, what's the problem," I asked.

"Well, I'll shoot a straight stick with you, man, because I know you can keep your mouth shut. You see, I used to be married, but when I come to the joint my ole lady's done left me. I got tired of whipping my dummy, so it started out where this punk started hauling my ashes for me." I could see thae

that this next one was coming out hard for him.

Hoping to help him, I said, "So, you fell in love with him."

"It ain't just that, man, I've copped his joint a few times,

even though I ain't let him butt fuck me yet."
"There isn't anything wrong with that."
"Yeah, yeah, I know that. Still and all he's my old lady and

I what to do more with him."
"What's the problem, man?"
"I want to fist fuck him, but I'm kind of scared to because I don't want to hurt him. After all the punk's mine so I got to look out for him. You're the only dude in the joint who I know I can go to."

"It'll cost you street money - cash."

"No sweat, man. I've got bread in a bank outside. Money the fucking slut I was married to never even knew about. How much?"

hesitated for a moment, but I could tell both of these dudes were hot to try out the fisting. "It'll cost you thirty-

five bucks.

They both looked elated at the idea, "I got a special visit tomorrow and I'll get the money transferred next week. How about next Friday morning?'

"You're on man."

"What do we bring," asked Pete.

"Just your bod's. Oh, yeah," I said to Pete. "Cut your nails real short and file the rest of them down. Also, make sure that you wash them real good before you come over. Also, have Jack douche out real clean. I don't care to work in a shitty asshole.

"It's a deal," Pete extended his hand and I returned the

hard grip.

As I watched them walk off, you would think that I had given both of them a parole the way they were horsing around.

The Monday before my date with Pete and Jack's asshole, I made my appearance before the Community Release Board for consideration of parole. Although I was a first time loser and would probably make a parole from another institution; my being in Folsom would tend to add time to my term in prison. Of course, 'hope springs eternal' and I am no different than anyone else. I knew deep in my heart that I wouldn't be paroled, but I could always hope.

It was a long weekend and I knew that it would be a longer week to come because no one found out the parole results until the following Friday. Monday morning I was scheduled for an appearance about ten o'clock in the administration building. Around 9:30 I headed into the Five Building Gate and went by number two dining room into Two Building. At the end of the cellhouse were three doorways - one into Number Three cellhouse, one to the institution hospital and one into the administration building. A guard from inside of the admin building came out with a clipboard and called off about five names, I answered up when he called, "West." We went through the grille door and up a few stairs to two benches which occupied opposite walls inside of another set of locked gates. There were only a couple of guys on the benches. Four panels were operating separately

Usually, when a group of guys are sitting together waiting, like for the hospital line, they'll shoot the breeze or horse around, but these guys were in no mood for fun and games. This was serious shit. Some of them were sitting there with completely blank minds in almost a comatose state, while others were trying to figure out how to flim flam the board members into a parole, while even those who felt they hadn't a

chance in hell of being paroled grasped at straws.

It wasn't too long before the guard with the clip board called, "James West." Christ, these bastards have never used my full name since I've been here, it was usually my last name or my prison number. I wiped the wet palms of my hands on

my levis as the guard unlocked the grille. After he had locked it, he escorted me to the end of the hall and opened a door and stood aside to let me pass. He closed the door behind me and I found myself in a room with only three chairs and two men sitting behind a long table. One of the men directed me to take a seat opposite him while the other one ignored me as he flipped through my jacket, or institutional file.

"How are you doing, Mr. West."
"Fine, sir," I answered. They had me at a distinct advantage since they knew what was in my jacket and I even didn't know their names.

"Do you know why you are here?" "Yes, sir, for parole consideration."

The other man who had not yet looked up, slammed my jacket on the table between himself and his associate. He pulled off his glasses and looked directly at me. His eyes burned into me as he growled, "Are you a goddam fag?"

Both Chuck and Jerry had told me a long time ago that if that question was ever thrown at me in a board hearing to deny it like hell, because to admit that I was gay would prolong my time in prison. I couldn't decide whether the board member would have attacked me if I said yes, or whether he would have just puked all over me. Maybe, he wasn't sure.

In quieter tones, but with a bit of a cutting edge in his voice, the other member interpreted, "Mr. Brown is asking

are you a homosexual?"
"No, sir," I said with a tinge of vehemence.

"You look like a faggot to me. I can tell them, they all look alike. You look like you might be one of them Castro clones.

Now, I didn't know what the hell he was talking about - a Castro clone! What the fuck was that?

"If you'll look at my jacket, you'll see I was dating girls when I was outside.'

"T'ain't no nevermind to that," growled Brown. "I seen too

many prison punks in my days."

The other member picked up my jacket and started to turn

the pages.
"Where you planning to go to when you get out, that is if you ever get out?"

"San Francisco, sir. That's my home."

Slamming his hand on the table, Brown barked with a smug look on his mug, "San Francisco! Why that's "Fag City, U.S.A." I knew you was a goddam faggot. Get out of my goddam sight before I kick you out.

I got up from my chair, realizing that these people weren't here to listen to me. They wanted to pour abuse on guys who had no recourse against them. They knew that if I came over the table at them, the prison officials would beat me simple and bury me under the hole. I slammed the door after me and headed down the hall to the grille.

The guard acted surprised to see me back so soon. "That was sure a short one, West." As he started to unlock the gate, the telephone rang and he answered it. All he said was "Yes,

sir." A well-trained flunky.
"They want you back," he said to me. As he walked me down the hall, he commented, "They ain't never done that before. Look's good, son." If I had a father like that I'd either slit his throat or my own.

After the door closed behind me again, Brown looked up and smiled. "Sit down, Mr. West," he said in a pleasant voice. Warily I resumed the seat, not sure just what I was in for.

Brown just grinned at me as his associate began, "We've just re-examined your jacket and we found a 120 report from Mr. Long. As you know Mr. Long transferred to San Quentin

as a sergeant. He has written a glowing report about you." Leaning forward in his seat, Brown said, "You know I've known Mr. Long since he was a little tyke. His pa and me have been old friends for years. No better Christian men! You cain't fool Long, he's like his pa, he can spot a fag or a phoney a mile away. And like his pa he cain't stand either one of ahem.

I almost grinned as I remembered Long's fingers rubbing over my naked body while I was hooded in the office and his

stroking my hard cock.

The other man took it up. "Well, we prejudged you because we saw that you were living with Charles Lambert who is a notorious aggressive homosexual, a wolf. Under Department of Correction regulations Folsom is where we try to keep all the aggressive homosexuals. We try not to send passive ones here. You can imagine what we thought when we saw you were Lambert's cellmate. I might tell you that he has been discovered in perverted sexual positions with the effeminate homosexuals we have in Vacaville. If it wasn't the fact that he needs extensive therapy, he'd be back here tomorrow.

"Enough of that faggot. We don't want to make this young man sick to his stomach. I'm sure he's seen enough perversion in this prison to disgust him without us talking about it."
"Does that mean I am still being considered for parole," I

asked, tentatively.

"What do you plan to do when you get out?"
"Well, sir," answering Brown, "I had a few years of college and I wanted to do some accounting."

"Do you have a place to stay?"

"No, sir."

"Do you have any money?"

"Well, besides the money I get from the institution when I'm released, which I believe is one hundred dollars, I have saved up in a bank outside a bit over five thousand dollars."
"Five thousand dollars," exclaimed Brown's associate. "Is

that stolen money?"

"No, sir," I exclaimed. "I worked my ass off for that

"God," exclaimed Brown. "Nothing wrong with working your butt off to better yourself, especially if you enjoy the work." He smiled at me and I was afraid for a minute that he might know what I was alluding to.

I was surprised at Brown's next words because I thought that if I had a chance for parole he would want to go into details on my proposed plans, but instead he waid, "Well, thank you, Mr. West. Keep your nose clean and you'll hear

I thanked them in turn and left the room. I was disheartened because if they were going to grant a parole they would

have wanted considerably more information.

The tension of the few moments had been great. I was so angry that they might be denying me a parole on the basis of my possibly being gay that I headed for one cellhouse to shower and go to my cell.

Upon entering the cellhouse, I asked the bull to unlock my door and leave it open so I could shower. I explained that I had just come back from the board hearing. He asked me what I thought my chances were and I said that I didn't know.

A new man was in the shower. The guy had come off of fish row the week before. He was tall and muscular with a blonde crew cut, something you didn't see many guys wearing today. I undressed and left my clothing and towel on the bench in front of the shower.

"Hi, my name's Willy."

"I'm Jim."
"Oh, I know who you are, man."

I was in no mood to explore the meaning of those words. I sweated out his long cock which he was soaping up in a very loving manner. Fuck, I thought, I'm not going to be paroled, so I might as well see if this guy plays around.
"You want to trick," I asked.
"What do you mean?"

"You want your cock sucked or do you want to plug me up my ass?"
"Man, you are direct. How much's it going to cost me?"

"This is a freebie. The next one will cost you."
"Well, I'll tell you," he said as he moved over next to me, "I like to get comfortable when I'm in the saddle so how about some head for now.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Wait a minute, I'll get a point

man to watch out for the bull."

"You stay where you're at. My cellie is in and we live a couple of cells down. I'll put him out to point for us."

soaped up a bit as he went around the corner. The water was nice and warm. I played with my own cock, it got as hard as a rock. I knew that if I whipped it a few times I'd come.

As the guys came back around the corner I could see that his cock was almost completely hard in anticipation. He stood next to me and reached over and played with my cock.

"Don't misunderstand me. I ain't gay, one piece of flesh is like another and if this pleasures you then I want to get you hot enough to give me a number one blow job."





I pushed his hand away and knelt before him. I licked his wet, hairy balls, nipping the sac which evoked a moan from Willy. "Suck it, baby," he directed, but I was playing it my way. He was neither my master nor a paying customer, so I was going to enjoy myself. He tried to direct the head of his

cock toward my mouth but I again knocked his hand away.

Looking up at him, I growled, "We do this my way, or we

quit right now. "O.K., man."

"Now, turn around and grab your ankles."
"You got to be kidding. I told you I ain't no queer."

"Do as I say, I'm not going to fuck you. I just want to suck on your ass."

Ain't no one ever done that before," he mumbled as he

turned around and bent over.

The cheek of his ass were taut, but I spread them aside and looked at his pink cluster of flesh. I ran my tongue up and down the crack of his ass, then I centered on his puckered hole. Gently, I licked at the hole. I could feel the hole loosen up as the tip of my tongue teased it. My tongue worked its way into the taut sphincter and by now he was moaning and trying to grind his asshole into my mouth. My tongue darted in and out, swirling around the pucker. My fingers pried the crevice wide allowing more penetration for my tongue. I could sense that he was playing with his cock and I didn't mean to. lose that load of come.

Turning him around I took his long, fat cock into my mouth and swallowed it down my throat until I had my face buried in his pubic ha. . He grabbed my head and tried to face

fuck me. I pulled myself loose.

"My way or no way," I growled.

I knew that I wouldn't be able to prolong the sucking because he was so close to busting, but I planned to enjoy even the short time. I swirl I my tongue around his cock head. Taking only half of his cock into my mouth, I exerted tremendous pressure on as I pulled it out, allowing my teeth to lightly abrade the head. His whole body tensed and he let out a half-scream as his come burst into my mouth. I had not been playing with my own cock, but the moment was so fraught with tension that it shot its own load against Willy's leg. I savored the come as if it was a fine wine. You could tell that he hadn't been in prison too long because there was a sweetness to his come, so unlike the acrid taste of long-time

After I finished showering, I went to my cell to catch some sleep. It was not until the next morning that I discovered that I had a new cell partner. I had had the cell to myself since Jerry had been paroled. I came in from work and saw some of the items I had strewn on the empty top bunk lying on mine. A bedroll with a few sparse belongings were on the top shelf in the back of the cell, but there was no sign of my new cellie.

In a short time a mean looking son-of-a-bitch came into the cell. He merely grunted when he saw me stretched out on my bunk. I nodded in response to his unfriendly greeting. He proceeded to make his bunk and I couldn't help but notice that he had a healthy looking basket, but I promised myself right then not to get involved with him.

At court time we both stood at the bars. He looked at me ewis and he grudgingly said, "My name's Tom Cox." "Jim sidewin responded. Nothing else was said. We went our own West. upper and then to shower. ways

A er lockup, he asked me a question as he started to get on

his bed, "You a rag?"
"What's it to you," I retorted in some heat.

I guess he had been expecting me to cop aces and deuces with him, but he certainly hadn't expected a tiger. My adrenalin was pumping fast and furious and after the parole session was ready to mix it up with someone, since I now knew that I wouldn't be paroled.

The guy withdrew a pace and put his hands up in front of him, "Hey, man, I don't want no trouble. I apologize, 'cause

what you do ain't none of my business."

The rest of the night he stayed on his bunk and I remained on mine, reading. The only time either one of us got up was to use the john.

The rest of the week was the same as it had always been work, sleep, eat, shit, read and maybe get a little head, or give up a little.

Friday morning, bright and early, an eager duo showed up at the office - Pete and Jack. The three of us stripped down naked. Pete had a fantastic cock as had Jack. It's funny but I hadn't remembered lack's cock from the last session, but,

then, I wasn't interested in his endowment.
"Did you clean out," I asked Jack.
"Right after breakfast," answered Pete, "I took him back to the shower and shoved that hose they use to wash down the showers and shoved it up his keester and turned on the water. I kept it going until it ran pure and clean."

"Well, let me tell you that the first time may take all morning, because I don't believe in rushing this, especially since it's the first time Jack's been fisted."

"Yeah, I figure that hole of his has got to be loosened up a lot. I really poured the meat to him last night and this morn-

ing.

I could see as Pete spoke that his long, fat tool was getting harder and I laughed, "You've got a hell of a wanger there, but it doesn't come anywhere near the circumference of your wrist and arm.'

"Why don't we both butt fuck him to loosen him up?" "You mean both of us shove our cocks in his ass at the

same time?

"That's impossible."

I showed him how we could lie on the floor and join our cocks together and let Jack squat on them. Pete was really turned on to the idea, so we did it. Where I had expected Jack to ease himself down on the two cocks, once he got the heads inside of himself, he plunged them into himself. This dude was really turned on by pain and I knew that being fisted would present him with a tremendous high. As a result of this knowledge, I was able to get my hand into him easier although lack and some amyl sped the process. After I explained to Pete how to do it, he took over. We arranged ourselves during Pete's trial run so I was sucking Pete's cock and Jack was sucking mine. As Pete's knuckles were working on Jack's prostate, Pete could tell that Jack was about to come, so he placed his mouth over Jack's cock and caught the bursting spunk, gagging in the process which made me wonder if this was the first time he had done this.

Two very happy gusy left me. I had the poker game that afternoon and a couple of tricks scheduled - one who topped

me and one whom I topped.

When I got back to the cell, just before count, I found a plain white envelope on my bed. I knew it was the Community Board's action of the previous Monday. I left it there as I washed up.

Tom came into the cell just at lockup time. We had become wary friends during the week and I knew in time that I'd be



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able to live with him on probably good terms. He saw the envelope on the bed. "I see you got your results, what did it

say."
"I haven't opened it yet." "Why the fuck not?

"I already know what it says, 'Parole Denied'."

"Man, you might have gotten a date, even if it's a year or eighteen months away. You ought to look."

"Man," I was a bit exasperated at his attitude, "if you're so

interested, you open it.'

As I washed the soap off of my face, I heard the envelope being ripped open. As I dried off, Tom handed me the sheet of paper he had just finished reading without any expression on his face.

Taking it from him, I read it. There was only one typed word on the decision line, "Discharged." The word had me mesmerized and the clangor of the count bell broke the spell. I

looked up and Tom was grinning at me.

"You lucky son-of-a-bitch, you haven't got any tail on you. You don't have to report to any parole officer. Man when you walk out of this fucking joint next week, you're a free man, you can do what you want and you can go wherever you want

to."
"When does this mean I'll get out?" I still couldn't believe

what I read.

"Well, I figure it'll be the middle of next week. The joint'll start processing the release, but they have to wait for the official discharge papers from Sacramento.'

I can go and do what I want to?

"There ain't many discharges given here in Folsom. It's usually given to guys who have served all of their time because every year they've been denied paroles for being such fuck ups.

That night, Tom and I talked about the parole. This wasn't Tom's first time in the joint, but he had just come from the streets, so he could talk of the freeworld with a good deal of

authority.

"The great thing about your discharge is you don't have to deal with a chickenshit parole officer who's looking for a chance to throw you back in the slammer for some petty

"Yeah, not that I plan to get mixed up in any more criminal things. I just don't like some sorry motherfucker breathing down my back.

The weekend passed in sort of a haze. Tom and I became really good friends. I wondered at times if I wasn't being a

pain in the ass about talking of the streets so much.

Tuesday evening, I was told by the cellhouse sergeant that I would be leaving the next morning. Tom and I stayed up late

I could tell that Tom wanted to ask me something and he

finally got it out.

"Do you have a girl friend out there?"

"I used to, but not anymore.

"Well, San Francisco's loaded with beautiful broads and a goodlooking guy like you won't have any trouble getting all the pussy he wants.'

"Forget it, Tom, that's not where my head's at. Two guys in this joint broke me into S&M and that's where my head is at. In fact, I really feel repelled by the idea of having anything to do with a broad, sexually, again.

Man, you really got turned out in the joint."

"I'm a prison punk, but not for all of the wrong reasons. I didn't do it for canteen, or for protection, although Chuck Lambert might have thought those were the reasons. I guess I was a latent homosexual and the intense masculinity of the place just showed me where I really belong. Doing time was a bad enough scene, but it did one good thing for me, It helped me understand who I really was."

"Well, they'll be getting you up early and we might not have a chance to talk, so I'll wish you a lot of luck."

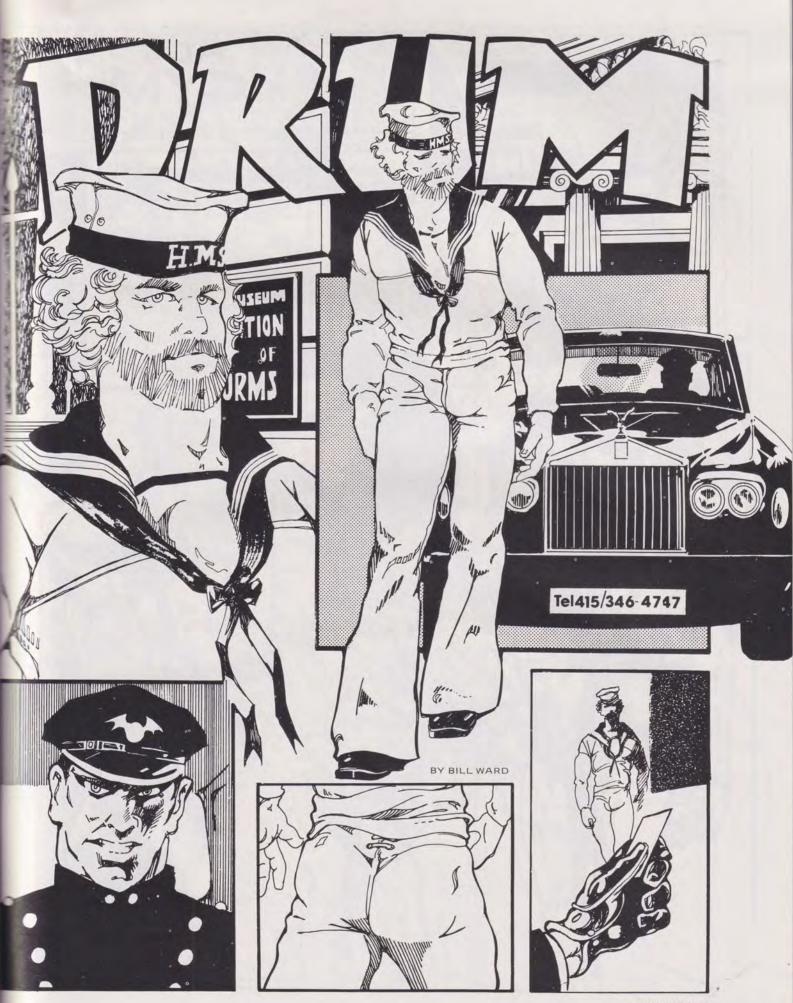
"Thanks, Tom, and I hope everything works out for you." "I'll do a year or two for the parole violation and then I'll go back to L.A."

I rolled over and started to drop over when I heard Tom murmur, "Those dudes in San Francisco don't know what's being turned out on them tomorrow. Those leather guys are going to go bananas when they see you."

I smiled to myself as I dropped off to sleep.

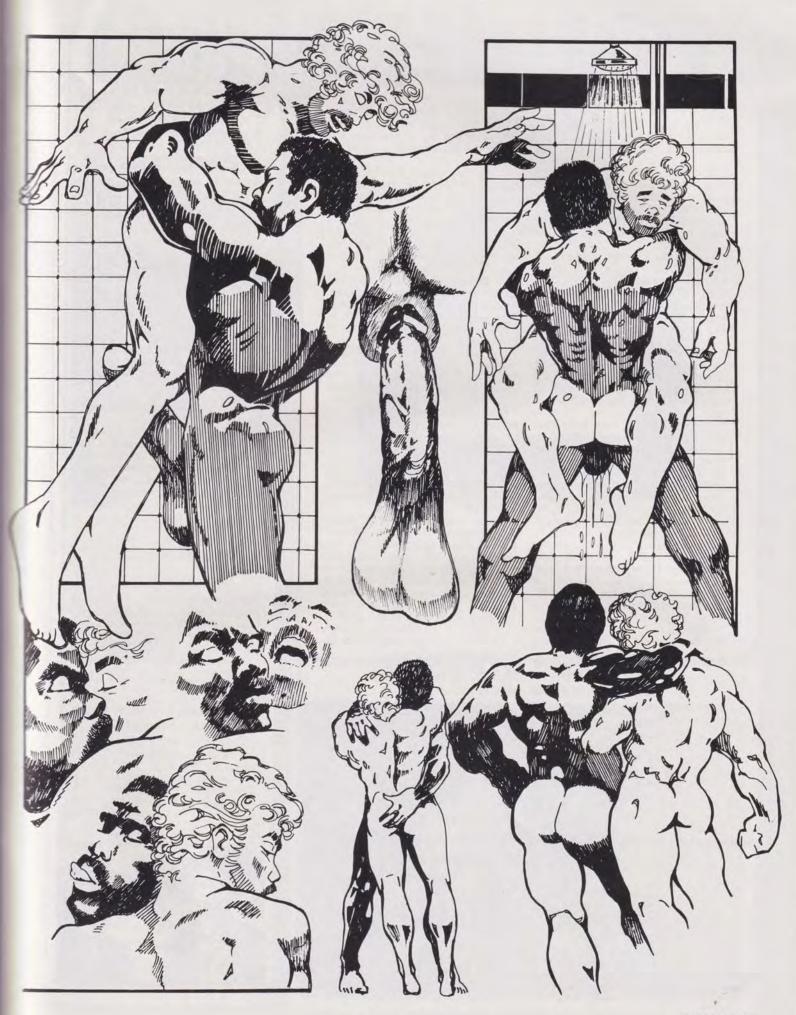
TO BE CONTINUED





DRUMMER 61





TOUGH SHIT!

HOLY HOLE!

What kind of people have anal intercourse? Little seems to be written about the subject.

I am married, for the second time, to a Catholic man. He says priests condone anal intercourse for couples as a way of avoiding pregnancy. I say the priest can have it, and him too, if he insists.

— A.M.

I went to a prison program for young offenders, the kind where you are lectured by convicts. They kept talking about how we would be raped the first night we were imprisoned. What happens when a boy is raped?

I have long known that the anal area is eroticized; but at our first attempt at intercourse it was very painful, so we postponed that for a later date. What is the story?

These excerpts, from both men and women, speak for themselves.

Tissue in the vicinity of the anus tends to be highly sensitive for most people. For many, the opening itself is eroticized, but for most, anal involvement is limited to digital stimulation.

It is true that some heterosexual couples use anal intercourse to avoid unwanted pregnancy — in the absence of other acceptable contraception. Others pursue the practice because either the man or woman or both enjoy it as an acceptable variation in their sexual lives.

Statistics do not indicate that this practice is limited to any one group; indeed, it seems as common among the upper class and affluent as among the uneducated and poor, the non-religious as well as the religious.

Of all individuals showing up in a physician's office for help in dislodging an object from the rectum, 90 percent are male, most of them heterosexual.

Reportedly only a small percentage of lesbian activity involves the anus, but fingers and objects may also be utilized.

Approximately 50 percent (many would argue a much larger proportion) of homosexual males practice penile-anal intercourse — along with many other kinds of stimulation.

In cases of homosexual rape, as in heterosexual rape, any orifice of the body may be attacked. The mouth and the anus are most commonly the objects of such attacks. I refer to this because rape of any person has little to do with sex per se and much to do with unresolved anger and hatred.

To what extent does anal penetration, as a part of voluntary sexual expression among adults, cause problems such as infections and pain?

Often professionals warn about trichomoniasis, if vaginal contact follows anal penetration. To the contrary, it has been confirmed that the colon and the vagina harbor completely different strains of trichomonads, and that thedse parasites do not cross over from one part of the body to the other.

Of Men and Women By Aaron Rutledge

HOLY TROJANS!

Denver — The Federal Drug Administration seized more than 1000 condoms it claims are defective because they are full of holes. Some of the defective items may

Some of the defective items may already be on the market, an FDA spokesman in Denver said, "but we don't have the manpower to run into every drugstore in the country."

The spokesman said seven cartons of leaky condoms confiscated Monday from a local distributor were apparently part of a shipment of defective contraceptives manufactured by Youngs Rubber Corp., Trenton, J.J.

FDA agents in Newark had issued an alert after finding defective condoms during an inspection at the Youngs plant. The FDA said it stepped in after the manufacturer refused to recall the Lubricated Trojan-Enz condoms.

A complaint filed Monday in Denver U.S. District Court claimed the condoms were "misbranded" because "the label statement 'one of the best aids in the prevention of pregnancy and venereal disease' is false and misleading as applied to a product containing holes."

United Press

YOUR WATER PISTOL IS LEAKING

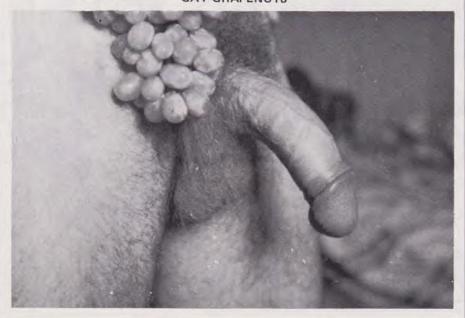
HANK BURCHARD writing in the Sporting Green: "Getting acquainted with a new shotgun is a little like making love." The theory that hunters see their weapons as an extension of their manhood looks better all the time.

IT'S THE ONLY GAYS IN TOWN

MARTIN, GA — For the third consecutive year, a gay pride banner has been strung across the main street of this small north Georgia community of some 300 people. The banner reading "Gay Pride Refuses to Hide," was presumably put up by the town's two gay citizens.



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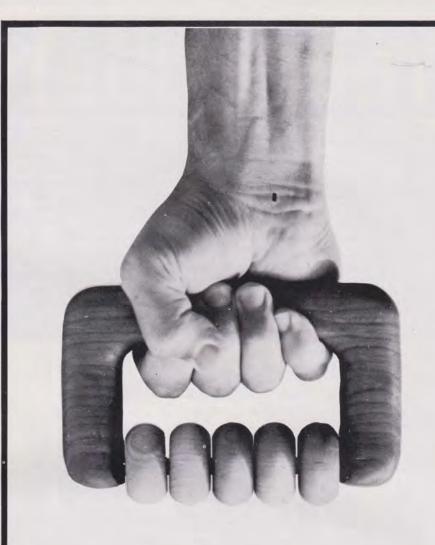
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Also include some pert pertinent info: what you like to do, prefer to have done, or otherwise play with after the lights go down low.

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 envelope '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



GERHARD / HAMBURG, GERMANY



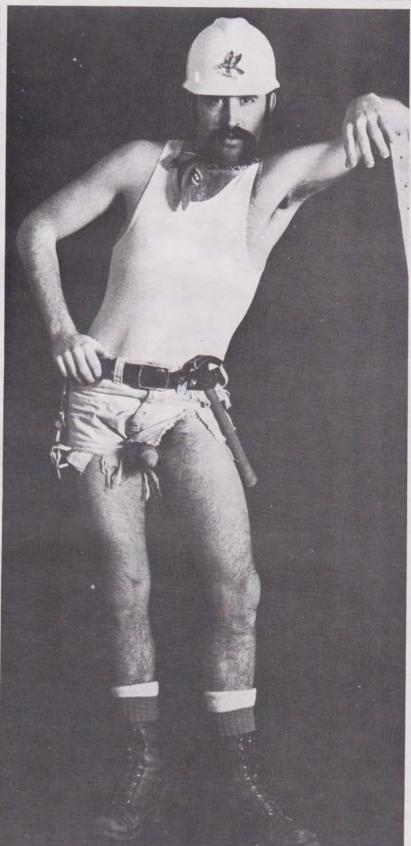
JACK / PHIL., PA.



SKIP ENGLISH, an experienced hot trainer from Montreal displays his man size, uncut dick and chewie buns.





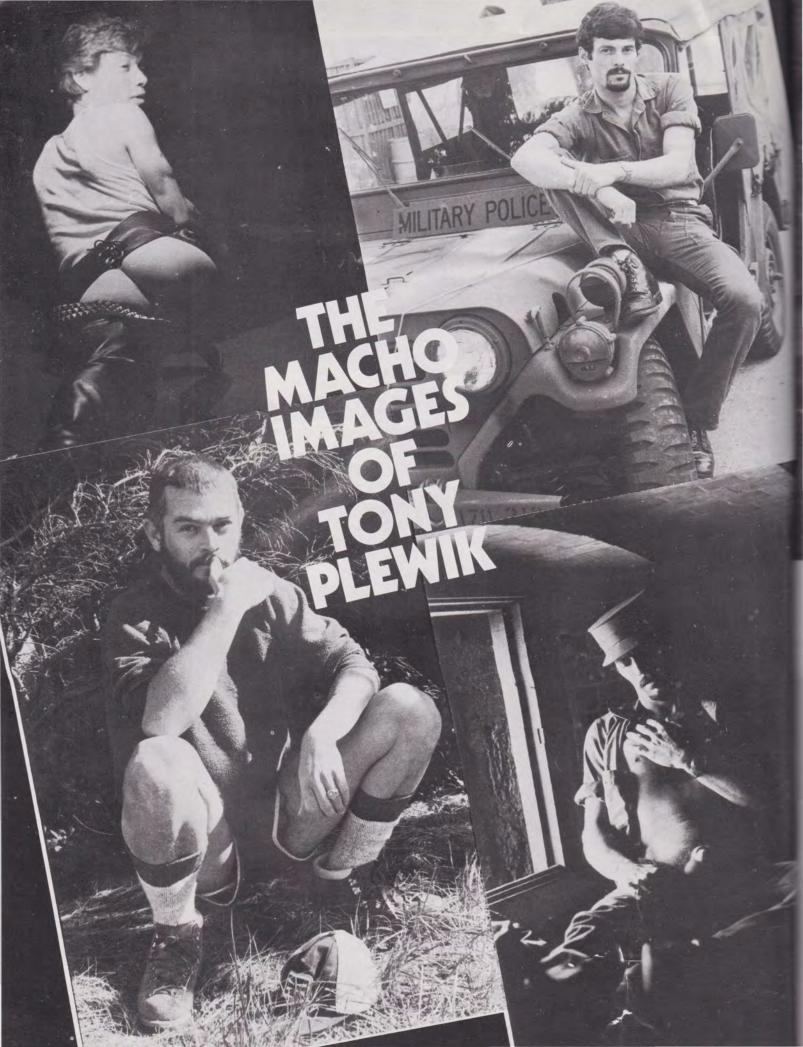


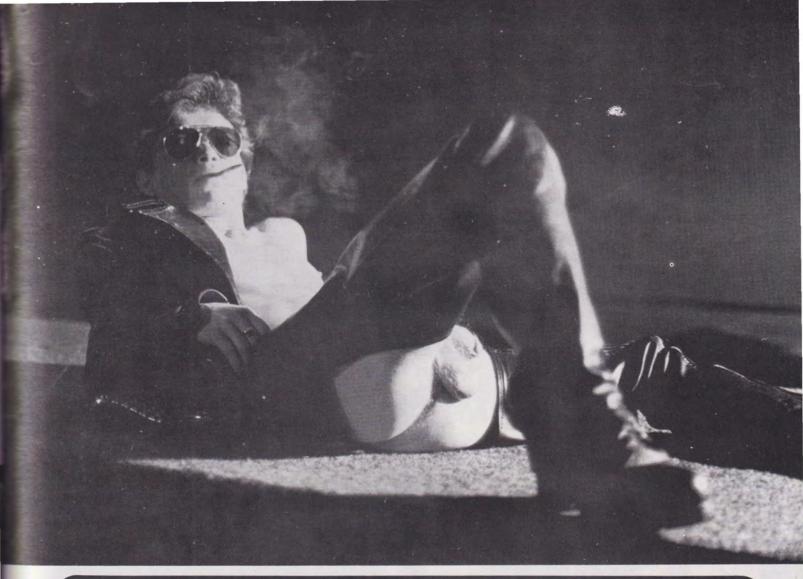
It gets awfully lonely here in the mountains of Virginia. Would like to meet other bikers.

KEN Rt. 4 – Box 351 Lexington, VA 24450 (703) 463-4960 Frenchman, 27, with dark brown eyes, hair, large macho mustache, 5'8", 150 lbs., 7" meat wants contact with construction, western and leather men.

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DRUMMER 67





TONY PLEWIK

HOME: San Francisco

AGE: Older than chicken, younger than beef:

good veal

PROFESSION: Photojournalist

HOBBIES: San Franfreelancing portfolios, ad-

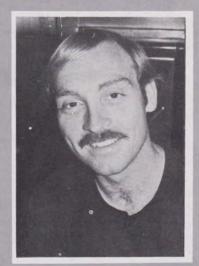
vertising, and good stough

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Danny Lyon's CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD (Lyon's photographic book was shot in six Texas Correctional Institutions: young/booted/cigar guards on horseback; tattooed cons; weight pens; wet shower rooms; strip searches; sweat; furry blond forearms resting on iron bars of isolation cages. Lyon's photo-essay masterpiece shows Men as the Ultimate Experimental Animals.)

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Stayin' Alive in a hot town's summer in the City

QUOTE: "The Amerinidians were wrong. The camera doesn't steal a man's soul, it simply measures his degree of aliveness. If a man

Drummer DO-ER'S Profile



photographs as if his soul has been stolen, he had too little energy for the camera to record. He was dead before he was shot.

Shooting a variety of men is a high pleasure. For me and for them. Especially when a high-energy man is willing to play out for my camera his secret fantasies and upfront realities.

I search for the LOOK a man projects and try to freeze his male mystique into the authenticity of a single frame, handy at midnight.

Men who are photographed — I shy away from professional modelles — tell me they receive high energy returns on sharing their faces, bodies, and trips with any man in the world who wants to pick up their photos to get off. That makes my work PLAY!"

PROFILE: Shy, lowkey, intense, but eager in a quiet way to pop-shoot men (the way we are now) by focussing his lens on male texture, tone, and tension.

- Jack Fritscher



TONY PLEWIK'S MACHO IMAGE







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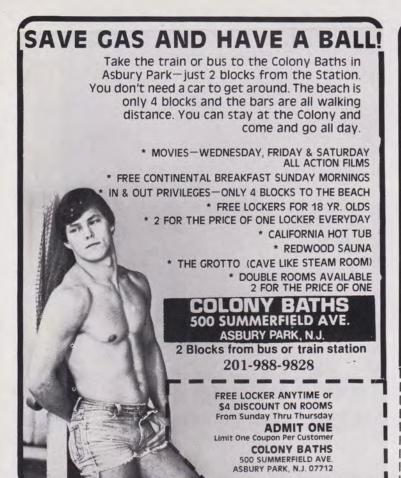




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NAME ADDRESS



MORE LETTERS

Continued from page 7

WHAT DID YOU DO ON THE POLICE FORCE, DAD?

Since my wife died several years ago, my son and I have been living together. I'm 36 and a cop; he's now 16, and we've always had a wonderful relationship with each other.

About 1 year ago, he found out that I was gay, and into bondage. It took a couple of weeks of relative silence, and I wasn't sure how he was going to adjust. Then we went on a camping trip and got around to talking about it. He didn't seem to understand what was so exciting about my lifestyle, so I told him I'd show him if he wanted.

Reluctantly he said okay, so we started off with some bondage and discipline. I hardly had the ropes tied before he had a roaring hard-on. He spent the rest of the night spreadeagled - and I gave him a pretty rough going over. We each exploded 4 times.

Since then, our relationship is better than ever, and he keeps coming back for more. We lift every other day, and jog 3 or 4 times a week. He spends almost every night in my handcuffs, and our sessions are becoming more and more involved. And we're both regular readers of Drummer - the greatest mag. of its kind on the market.

Well, I'd better get him down - he's been suspended in the attic for 36 hours cuffed to a ceiling beam, ankles tied to hooks in the floor, a heavy weight suspended from his balls, a come-soaked jock as a gag - and I'm sure he's about ready for another jolt from the telephone generator.

Keep up the good work.

A proud father and a pleased S, D.B. South-central PA

TOE-BURGERS

I love you but right now I feel like twisting your balls with a heavy chain, you promised a fetish of the month on FEET at the end of 78 (issue 24) and you have not delivered yet.

I love sweaty smelly huge feet on a well built hunk of a man. I have a lean (BB) tight 6', 170 lbs. body and know how to use it. My fat cock is my own and I only use it to fuck a face or an ass when they are super or when they beg for it properly. Otherwise I like to put my fist up a tight ass while sucking on big moist sour-smelling toes. I also groove on crawling into a bed where a hunk is sleeping with his wet socks on. I slowly smell and taste the socks, take them off, come over his big feet and lick my own man-juice mixed with his sweat.

ACT NOW - I want to hear about other men who share my taste for FEET! Canada

Check out Drummer No. 29, Dummy.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JACK!

Jack, you're off base when you call all bar guys "male impersonators" and it's about time someone set you straight. This is 1979, Maybe 20 years ago a guy like myself would not of come out but I am old now. Yeah a real live hard hat construction man out in the N.Y. gay jungle. If you think it's bullshit look for me some night in the Mineshaft or better yet, search the rising towers of Jersey. You'll have me and damn it I Jersey. You'll have me and damn it I know I'm not the only one so give us real men a break. When you call us all middle class fags you might get a big surprise some day and meet a REAL man which from the sound of your mag's editorials you are really in need of one.

(Unsigned) N.J.

You must read like Evelyn Wood. I live it up to write it down. Call me. You're listing. I'm listed.

THE HEAVY HORNIES

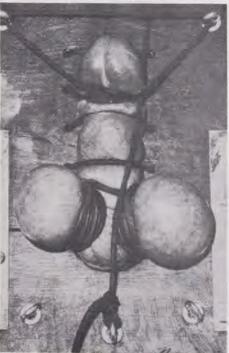
Your magazine is by all odds the sexiest, wildest, heman magazine published anywhere in the USA. I have written to several guys who advertised in DRUMMER and have never been disappointed. As an ex-Marine, I dig real men. And all of your guys are exactly that all men. Red hot sexy animals in bed, just like me, where anything and every-

thing goes, from spunk to sweat to piss and to shit. That is real livin', man!

I clipped out the picture that I am enclosing in this note. Why? Because that is exactly the way I want my cock and balls to be bound and tartured. Christ. balls to be bound and tortured. Christ. what heaven! If you have any ideas about who would be willing and able and eager to do this for my basket, I sure would like to know.

Oh sure, I sound like a nut. But I really ain't a nut. I'm just a super horny stud!

San Francisco, CA



BAREFOOT BEEF

Thanks for the article on barefeet.

Page 13 was quite erotic and stimulating but the collage by Algis J. Nakas on page 12 was horrible. A cop out, I'm into street feet not beach feet. I want to see barefoot street walkers, college students, etc. I want to see their feet from different angles. the heel. Dry feet. Not top shots of beach feet. What a

Hartford, CT

TITS AND ROCKS

I get so hot when I read your hot magazine. In one issue a few months ago, some guy asked you when you were going to write a story on how to get your rocks off by just tit work.

You said at that time, you were going to do this soon in one of your coming

issues. I have not seen it yet.

I hope you print this soon. I just can't believe one can get his rocks off by just tit work. I went two weeks without j/o so I would be really hot. Then I played with my tits, put clothespins on them, put shaving cream on them, and I could not get off. I would like to know how this is done. Please don't use my name. Thank you.

San Jose, CA

Our big anniversary special in the last DRUMMER must have flamed-up those hot coals. - Ed.

DON'T WRAP IT ... I'LL EAT IT HERE!

Association of Beef and Beefcakes Porterhouse Errol Flynn T-Bone Arnold Schwarzenegger Errol Flynn Round Steak Victor Mature Flank Steak Clint Walker Short Ribs Alan Ladd Club Steak Burt Lancaster More photos of Tarzan Lex Barker!

D.M. S.F., CA

MORE LETTERS ON PAGE 87



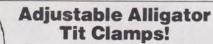
MEN'S BAR SCENE PURE TRASH PUT A LITTLE TRASH IN YOUR LIFE, BUT MAKE IT . BAR OPEN LOS ANGELES 1903 HYPERION INVITATION ONLY TO A TRASH PARTY. PURE TRASH. - R.P.D. Hanging, hard and pumping out to discofuck on the gym set. An indoor playground for fantasies born back in schoolyards. Sweat, socks, jocks, boots and beer. Greasy, hot, wet men on both floors. Dicks, pecs and ass between corrugated metal on the walls. Crawl up and down the stairs over all of the same. The mass in the bathtubbed room makes no lines and uses no real toilets. The beer flows, flows and flows. All the way through. Recycled to a glowing yellow. Good to the last drop. Silverlake never had it so bad. Don Storr puts it together. The men work it out between each other. Or in. Pure Trash is a bar. Worth the getting there. Consider yourself invited. DRUMMER 74



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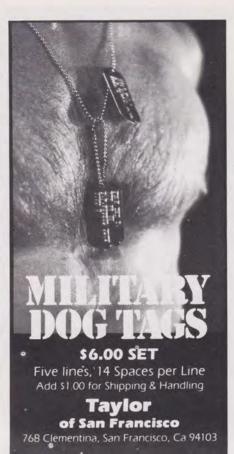
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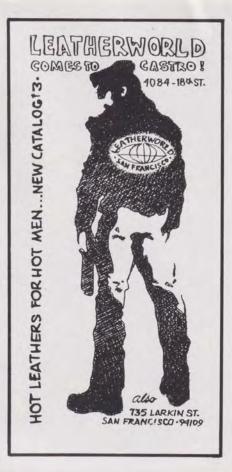
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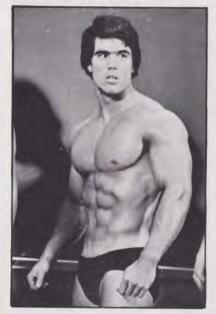






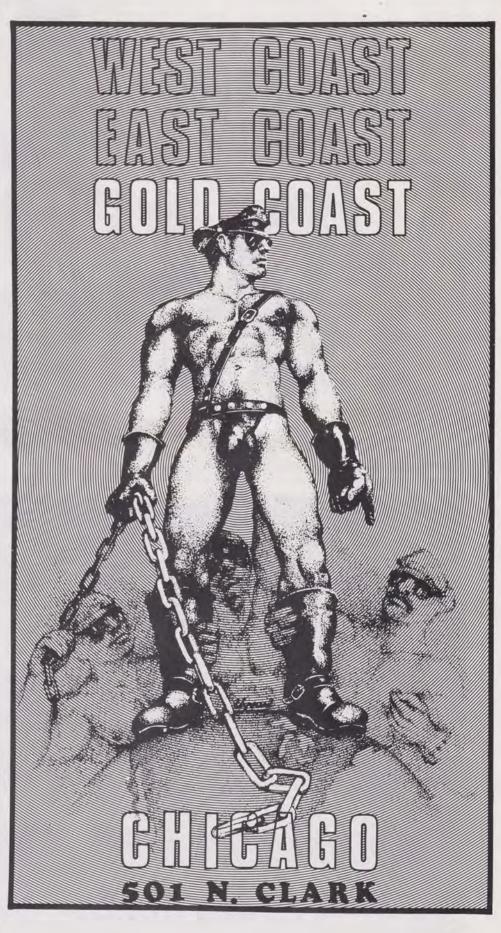


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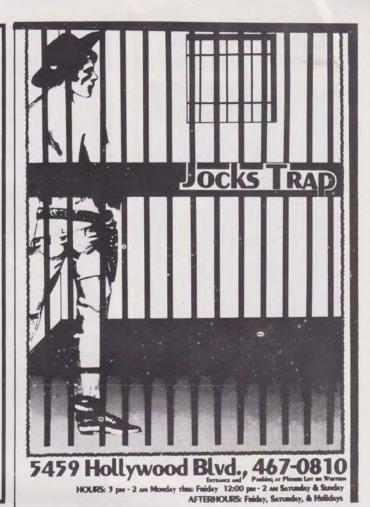


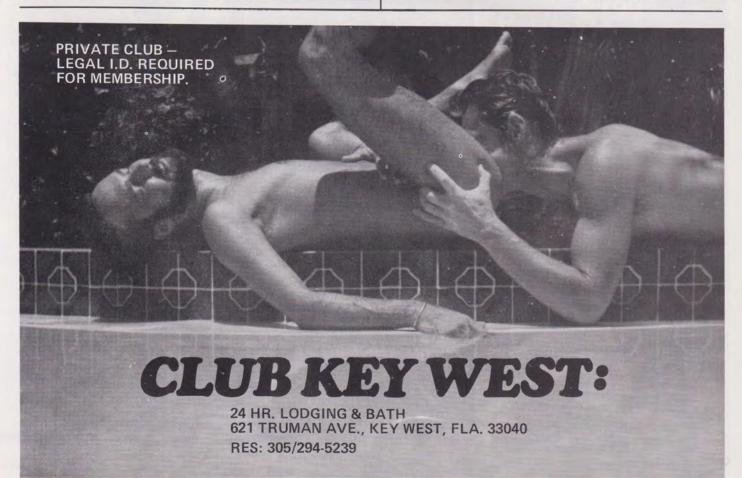
IN CHICAGO, IT'S

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a bar for men in leather and levis open at noon daily 2825 North Lincoln 929-3269







LETTERS Continued from Page 73

SLAPPING ASS... OR FINDING TRUE S/M ACTION IN AUSTIN

Your centerfold in issue 29 is hot! It's the best I've ever seen, like your magazine. I'm sick of those fluff publications.

For the past 10 months, I've been getting more and more involved in the S&M scene. It was from reading issues of Drummer, that turned me onto the scene. I'm forever in your debt.

Drummer keeps on getting better,

and these days that's rare.

T.W. Austin, TX

BOXING BUFF

I've just gotten through reading "Golden Gloves" in Drummer 29, and I have a hardon like you wouldn't believe! It reminded me of how much the leather fraternity needs boxing stories, both fiction and non-fiction, in your magazine. It also reminded me that boxing is just as much an S and M activity as wrestling is.

Boxing is the ultimate conquer-orsubmit, macho sport. It evokes memories of when men used the sport of boxing as an honorable and noble means of display-

ing their masculinity.

Several gay magazines are already doing articles on boxing in clubs around the country, like the "Mineshaft," in New York. I hope in the future your mag will show more pictures of boxers in action, like in issue 29, because there has already been an overemphasis on wrestlers in Drummer. I'm sure there is an equal percentage of your readers that wouldn't mind seeing pictures of guys in gloves, headgear, and shorts or longpants, "mixing it up" in a ring.

How about it, men? What could be more "macho" than boxing?! And how about letting your readers in on specific clubs (gay, of course) that feature boxing,

around the country.

M.A.A. Las Vegas, NV

Any takers? - Ed.

BIG CHUNKS WITH PITS

I'm writing you about two subjects that you fail to give any real attention to and they are

1. ARMPITS:

A. The descriptions of the various kinds of odors that are emitted from the

body.

B. Pictures showing nude men together smelling each other's armpits with their faces buried in the hairy pits of the upraised arms such as when they are wrestling, making love or an S&M scene,

2. WRESTLING

A. Decent physique types such as the super-heavy weight types that range from a minimum of 300 lbs. to 700 lbs. and up, such as the McGuire twins who are 700 lbs. plus and are in the Guiness Book of World Records as being the world's strongest twins. Antonio the Great - world's strongest man - 6'4", 600 lbs. Others include: Haystacks Calhoun, Crusher Blackwell, Dusty Rhodes, Man Mountain Mike, Gorilla Monsoon, etc.

These are all well known wrestlers who are physique types that make them worthy to be called real men - not the cadaverous, skinny, ugly, scrawny zombies you depict from cover to cover that are so-called macho types. What a laugh. Why I could kill most of them with a wad of spit at 10 paces. I weigh 450 lbs, and stand 6'1" and proud of it which makes me far superior to those pieces of shit you call men. Only fat powerful men are worthy to be called men whereas the other types are still working on their nipples! Fuck 'em!

So if you call your mag a real men's mag you will include the powerful fat types along with the others just to make a comparison between the superior and the inferior types you know what I mean! Your readers will have little trouble determining that the fat powerful types are overwhelmingly superior to the zombies that you think are such hot shit. Your readers will finally realize how they have been ripped off on the physique types represented which is something no S&M type like myself appreciates - especi-

ally when you are a sadist. So if you're ballsy enough to publish the stuff you do then you should print this letter so your readers can make up their own minds as to what should be in your mag. So how about it? Are you gutsy enough? So get on with it - unless you're too chicken shit to try out the only winning formula for a successful

> Sam (Chubby) Daniels L.A., CA

ARTS AND CRAFTS

I was gonna pitch this bit of my handiwork but I figured someone over there could get off on it.

Pardon the dogeared condition. It

served its usefulness.

Congrats on a dynamite issue 29. Fritscher 'Foot Loose' was a real mind blower (or should say "foot blower"). When is that dude coming out with a book? (Fritscher's serious side is right on target too.)
"Mr. Benson" and "Prison Punk"

were macho hot also. Keep writin' 'em

like that, boys.

(By the way, how about featuring some donkey-dicked black masters. I think your publication could use some color in b&w.)

Best wishes for a long, hot summer. D.L. Norwalk, CT

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

It was good to see your article on the Society of Janus in Issue 27 of Drummer. Overall, it was an informative and wellwritten article. There was however, one error which stood out that really should be corrected in print. Samois, the San Francisco Bay Area's Lesbian Feminist S/M Support Group, is an independent organization, which does not have, and never has had any official connection with the Society of Janus. There is some overlap of membership and this may have been partly responsible for the error. Several of Samois' founding members were and still are members of Janus. Apparently, even within Janus there is some confusion about this matter and we have also contacted them in an effort to clarify things.

So we would like for you to print this clarification on your letters pages. Thank

VOU.

Red

Blue

Mustard

Orange

Samois P.O. Box 2364 Berkeley, CA 94702

The Samois sent Drummer this hankerchief color code for Lesbians. - Ed.

COLOR LEFT SIDE Fist Fucker Dark Blue Gives anal sex Light Blue Gives oral sex Robbins Egg

showers

Wants anal sex Wants oral sex Light S/M, top

Gives golden Yellow Green Olive Drab Uniforms/

Military, top White Likes Novices, Chickenhawk

White Lace Top Does Bondage Grav

Brown Top, Heavy Black S/M & Whipping

Purple Maroon

Lavender Pink

Light S/M, btm. Food fetish, top Food fetish, btm. Anything goes,t. Anything goes,b. Wants golden

RIGHT SIDE

Fist Fuckee

showers Hustler, Selling Hustler, Buying Uniforms/ Military, btm. Novice (or Virgin)

Victorian Scene Victorian Scene Bottom Wants to be put in bondage

Shit Scenes, Top Shit Scenes, Btm. Bottom, Heavy S/M & Whipping Piercer Likes Menstrat-Piercee Is Menstrating

ing Women Group sex, top Group sex, btm. Breast fondler Breast fondlee

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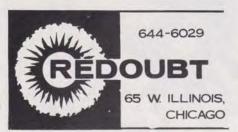
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Above. Trooper Style Left: Baseball Style

Men's Bar/Bath Scene '79

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1038 Polk St./San Francisco 474-5156 O.K. guys, here is our revised 1979 listing of saloons, bunks and tubs where you'll uncover DRUMMER men. No need to drop those bucks for those expensive "guides." It's all here!

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.

ARIZONA PHOENIX

Dale's Graduate 23 W. University Blvd. Toole Box 347 E. Toole Ave.

CALIFORNIA

Alameda Steam Baths . 1001 Santa Clara Ave. ARCADIA (off 210 F'way) Longbranch Saloon . . . 131½ E. Huntington

FRESNO
RED LANTERN 4618 E. Belmont Ave.

GARDEN GROVE
IRON SPUR 11086 Garden Grove Blvd.
SADDLE CLUB . . 8192 Garden Grove Blvd.
LONG BEACH

MIKE'S CORRAL . 2020 Artesian Mr. Cherry STALLION 5823 No. Atlantic Blvd. LOS ANGELES/HOLLYWOOD

Boots . . . 12319 Ventura Blvd., Studio City Black Knight 10932 Burbank Blvd. Drive Shaft 13751 Victory Blvd., N.Hollywood Glens Turkish Baths 4653 Lankershim Bl., N.H. Hayloft . . 11818 Ventura Blvd., Studio City Mag . . 12/36 Magnolia Blvd., N. Hollywood Roman Holiday Baths . . 11435 Victory Blvd. The Serpent 8 Club Baths 4109 W. Burbank Bl. The Signal 10522 Burbank Blvd., N.Hollywood

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SAN FRANCISCO	
AMBUSH	

1369 Folsom

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR
Dave's Baths 100 Broadway FEBE'S 1501 Folsom 527 Club .527 Bryant 1808 Club (private) 1808 Market The Galleon 718 14th St.
The Galleon
The Jaguar (private)
Moby Dick
Midnight Sun 506 Castro Moby Dick 4049 18th St. Nightshift (private club) 205 6th St. RAMROD
SAN JOSE Renegades
SANTA BARBARA
Truck Olde
COLORADO
Ball Park (baths) 107 So. Broadway Den 5110 W. Colfax
Ball Park (baths) 107 So. Broadway Den 5110 W. Colfax Fox Hole 2936 Fox, off 20th St. 1942 Club 1942 Broadway Triangle Lounge 2036 Broadway
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The Answer Cafe Route 7 (off 184)
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Big Ruby's Inn (hotel) 409 Smith Lane Southwind Motel 1321 Simonton St. MIAMI
Clubhouse (baths)
Parliament House (complex)
SPURS
Dude County
GEORGIA ATLANTA
P's

. 1080 Peachtree

HAWAII

HONOLULU / (Downtown)

Question Mark 43 S. Beretania

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Blowhole
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Barracks (baths)
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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
Club East Baths
MASSACHUSETTS BOSTON
Club Boston Baths 4 La Grange Chaps 25 Huntington Ave. THE BOSTON EAGLE 88 Queensberry St. Herbie's Ramrod
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GUEST HOUSES: The Captain and His Ship . 164 Commercial St.

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Quarry (below the Pub) 382 Dwight St.

Fisherman's Cove 145-7 Commercial St. Haven House 12 Carver St.

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7 Center St.

Men's Bar/Bath Scene '79

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Glory Hole (private club) 139 11th Ave. Half Breed 168 Amsterdam at 68th St.	San Francisco Inn 263 Calle San Francisco	HOLLAND
International Stud 733 Greenwich St, Kellers 384 West St, at Barrow	Ten Twenty Club . 1020A Ashford (Condado)	AMSTERDAM Argos Bar Warmoesstraat 95
Main Man 305 Columbus Ave. at 74th St. Man's Country 28 W. 15th St.	TEXAS AMARILLO	Cafe Flore Kerkstraat 4
Mineshaft (private club) 832 Washington St. Ramrod	The Old Plantation . , 1005 No. Filmore St.	de Spijker Bar Kerkstraat 4 Egelantier Nite Sauna Egelantierstraat 246
Sauna Baths 300 W. 58th St.	Private Cellar	Hotel Anco O.Z. Voorburgwal 55 Hotel Orfeo Leidsekruisstraat 14
Spike	The Crews Inn 3220 N. Fitzhugh	Rob (leather/toy shop) Weteringschans 273 Viking Club Reguliersdwarsstraat 17
St. Marks Baths 6 St. Marks Place The Strap 18th St. at 10th Ave.	Sundance Kid	SWEDEN
Ty's	Wild Crowd Saloon 2515 N. Fitzhugh Throckmorton Mining Co 3014 Throckmorton	STOCKHOLM SLM Stockholm (private bikers' club)
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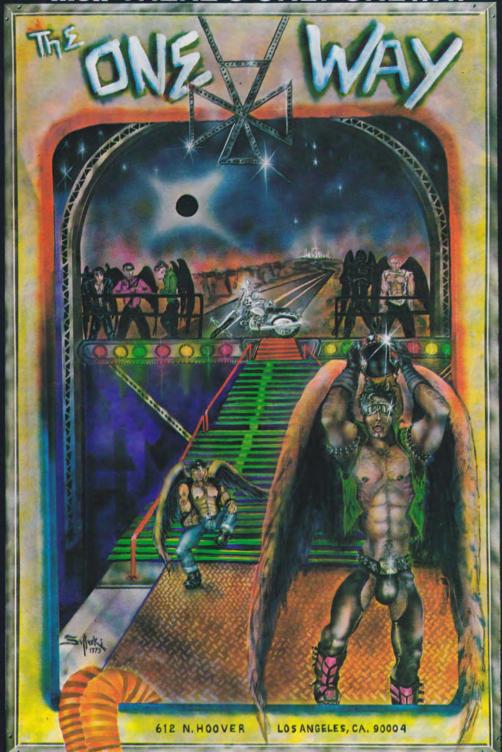
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