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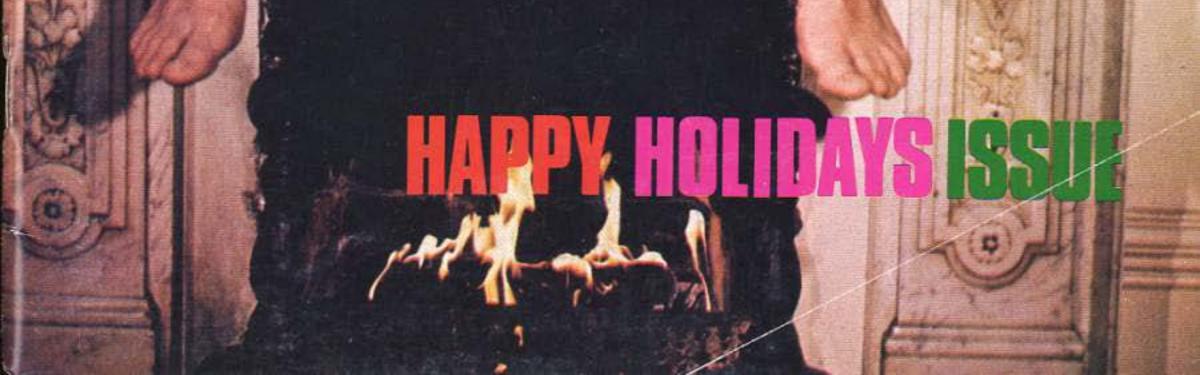
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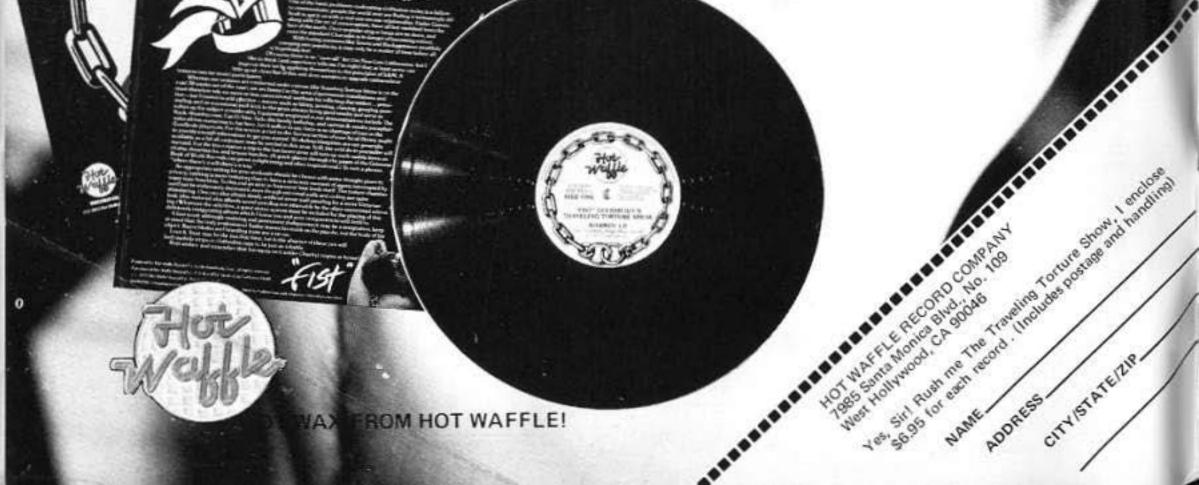
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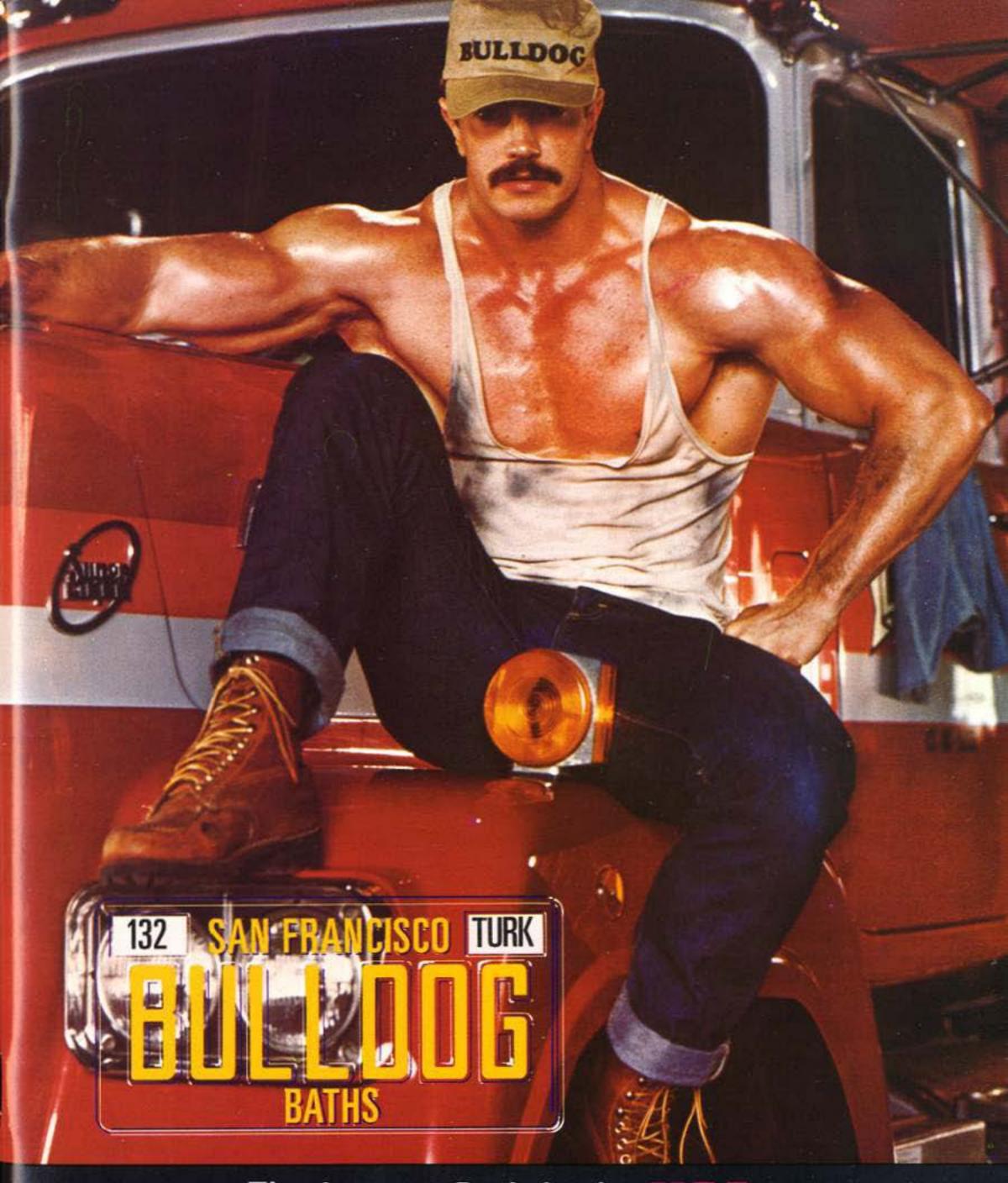


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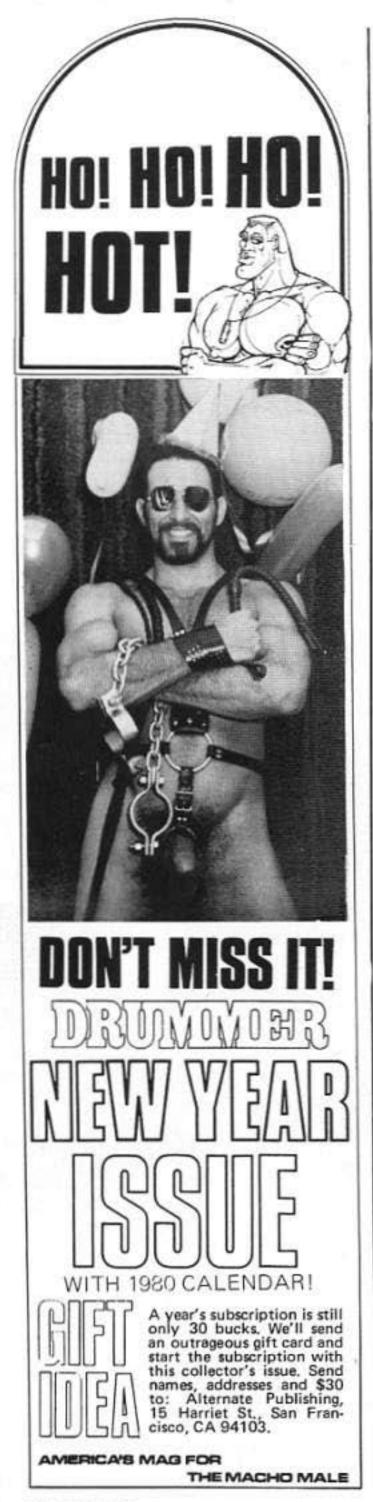


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MALECALL/Dear Sir:

REAL MEN

Thank you for providing such a satisfying magazine. DRUMMER is definitely a magazine for real men and for men who like real men.

I am a 30-year-old boot-licking, asskissing slave and because of your magazine I have been able to correspond and meet some of the hottest men I've ever known.

The kind of man who can make me crawl on all fours and beg for more is the kind of man who reads DRUMMER.

I would like to know if there are any clubs where a slave like myself can be trained as a dog is trained. I am really into being treated like a dog, wearing a dog collar and leash, sleeping on the floor, eating and drinking from a dog's bowl.

> Rover Box 85340 Los Angeles, CA 90071

DRUMMER RIDES IN

I just finished reading DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN for the third time and I don't know if I can go another round. Phone Phuck by Jack Prescott, Posedown by Jim Hardfield, and My Father My Lover by T.R. Witomski; they are all ball-blowing; just like reading the story of my life. Those writers are great!

my life. Those writers are great! Tell Jack Prescott there is a severe shortage of slaves in the Midwest. We know they are out there, but we need a clever Master's approach to flush them out. No pun intended.

All we have in the Midwest are Posing bars, Leather and Chiffon bars; and you won't find any slaves there. Perhaps he could suggest an identifier, like yellow caps.

Thanks for all the good, hard fun. I'm going out now to get my brains sucked out. Bo

Cleveland, Ohio

OUR TITS

They sore like an eagle. "Tit Tor-

SHAVE AND GRATEFUL

I would most humbly beg, Sirs, to be allowed to thank you for your most fabulous article "Inside Sweeney Todd's" in issue 31 of DRUMMER.

For months I have been hoping that you would run an article on the shaving of a slave and now you have done it. At this time I do not have a Master, and for me it was especially exciting to see such a hairy slave laid down in the barber chair and to be allowed to watch - however, vicariously, as he was turned into a proper slave. I have always maintained that a true slave should be shaved of all his body hair, and if at all possible he should also have his head shaved. Body hair is a sign of masculinity - and masterfulness, Sirs, and I was especially glad to see this particular slave, who has such an abundance loose his.

My only regret Sirs, in the article was that you did not show us the complete and final job in a full frontal of the shaved slave and you also did not show us this slave having his head shaved. Would you consider running another article on Master Sweeney Todd's work by showing this slave having his head done too?

Most humbly Sirs, I wish to thank you though for this article. How I wish that I had been the slave! Does Master Todd shave slaves who are not brought to him by their masters?

B.D.

Philadelphia, PA

LESS RIGHT WING

Perhaps you would consider refusing advertising from the American Nazi League. They are not the friends of gays; all rightists are our enemies. Even the new German candidate for the 1980 Chancellor elections, Franz Josef Straub. Once he said at a mass meeting when someone attacked him as a 'cold warrior' - "I'd rather be a cold warrior than a warm brother" (Lieber kalter Krieger als warmer Bruder). "Warm Brother" is one of the German expressions for gay, queer or fag. F.K.L. Meir

ture Blues" brought tears to our eyes. Bob and Mike

A SLAVE ... AND WHEN?

After becoming a slave to DRUM-MER and not being able to find it on my newsstand, I've decided to subscribe.

I have been reading DRUMMER on and off since the first issues; but have always been afraid of what it was I liked. Now I know what it is I like, and you've shown me.

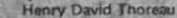
DRUMMER has reached the point of near-perfection. But when are you going to do an article on fist fucking?

> Mark Long Beach

Germany

(Editor's Note: Drummer does not accept advertising from any political organization that bases its philosophy on fascism. A long and better court case resulted from our past attitude that anyone had the right to believe in whatever they wishes; and that Drummer could not act as a censor. We no longer feel that way. We do not have an obligation to allow space to political sentiment that is dangerous, by practice or philosophy, to gays individually or as a whole. Why they would even want to advertise here is beyond our comprehension.)

"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."



VOLUME 4



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

57

GETTING OFF/MALE CALL

8 THE DIARY OF PRIVATE IVAN CURRY

6

A manuscript found in a footlocker. Ivan Curry obviously had a hard time keeping his mind on guard duty.

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DRUM Bill Ward keeps on keeping on with his randy, accident-prone, mouthful of a creation.

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77 MEN'S BAR/BATH SCENE Bigger and more pucked with information than ever before.

- 82 TOUGH TALES A new Drummer department that explores, each issue, a favorite tale from our readers.
- 86 IN PASSING The photo says it all.
 - Cover photo by Terry / S.F. Contents page photo: David Sparrow

HN H. EMBRY

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

AL D

ht 1979 b ublishing. All ne d. No part of this mu zine may be prior written riet Street, Sa nuscripts, arti-ansibility for rd monthly rep ned. Alternt through Drumm eal person, characters al Publishing a Fraternity lip is limited to adulta

RIVET'S WILL NESS An exclusive look at Western Man's hot new discovery.

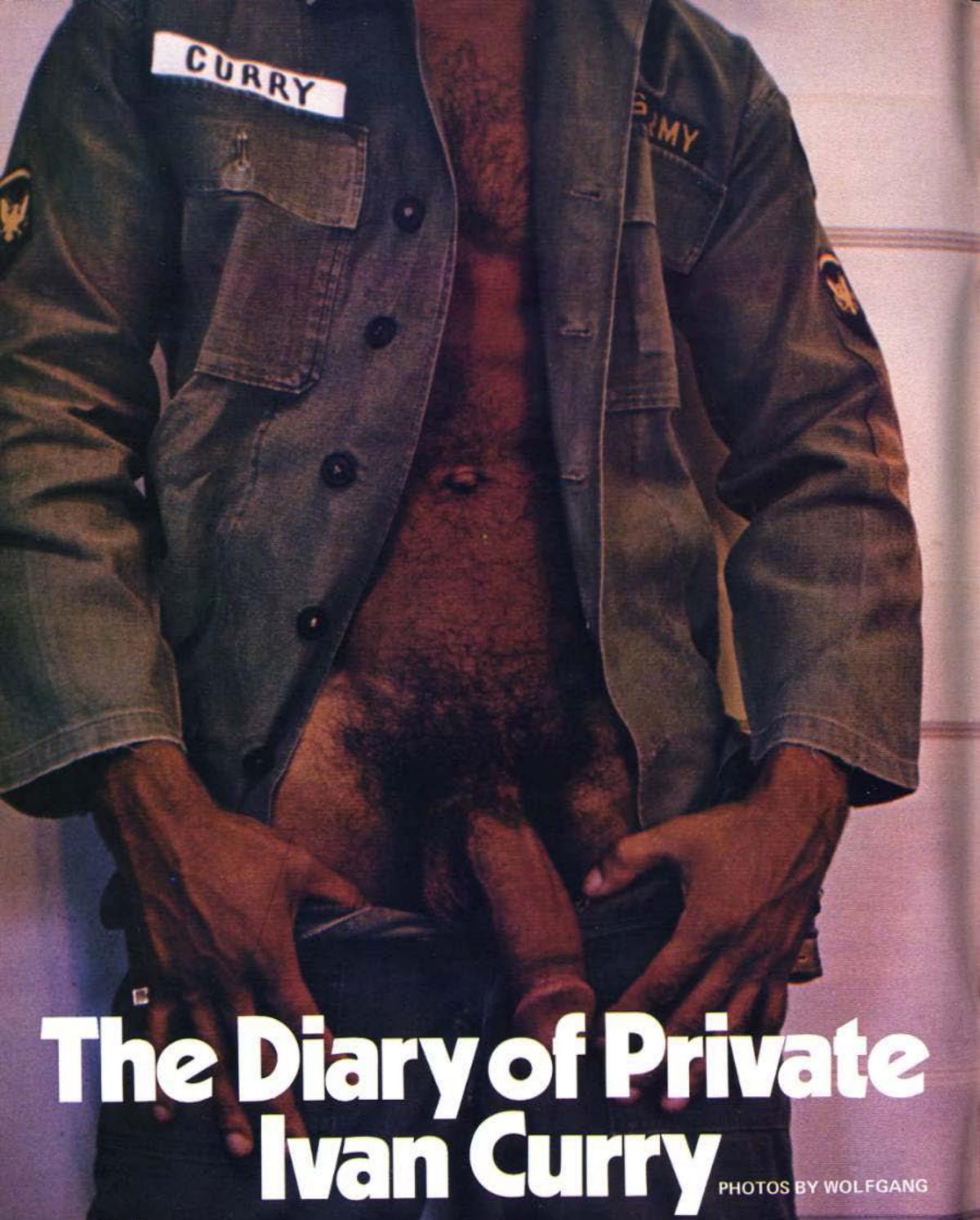
49 THREE BY THREE

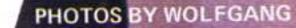
Drummer presents three new hard-edged writers; from the fantastic to the frightening. GENERAE MANAGER EDITOR ASSIGNMENT EDITOR ASSIGNMENT EDITOR ART DIRECTOR TYPESETTING ADVERTISING MANAGER NEW YORK REPRESENTATIVE NEW YORK REPRESENTATION ROAD, MENN MACHINE, WAKEN DEND POOLE, EFREN RAMERIZ, KIRBY SIRES, DAVID SPARROW, JIM STEWART, TARGET, JOE TIFFENBACH, WESTERN MAN, ZEUS, RINK, PHILIP BEARD, NORSK, TERRY S,F:

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OUR OUTRAGEOUS HOLIDAY ISSUE

PUBLISHER





2300 HRS Saturday

This is the worst fucking watch I've ever pulled! I've only seen one living per-son in the past seven hours and the fucker was a drunk-assed white boy who damn was a drunk-assed white boy who danni near got his punk ass shot off for not stopping and answering up when I told him to halt. Except for him and some loud-mouthed bullfrogs, this could damn well be a Tennessee swamp cemetery 'stead of an army base. I have never been in such a nothing-happenin' place in my life. This base ain't seen no action since the Japanese at-

seen no action since the Japanese at-tacked Pearl Harbor. Not that I'm com-plaining, mind you. It's just that these desolate watches, which I seem to pull more than my share of, can drive you up the fucken wall. Yeah, so I'm guarding this abandoned

radio equipment shack stuck at the ass-















end of the whole fucking base. This sucker hasn't been operational since Marconi invented the wireless. Shit, there ain't anything in that shack worth stealing, or fiddling with, or even looking at! But you know the army. Since they have the manpower they have guards posted at everyplace but the shithouses.

Oh man, what I wuldn't give for a fucken cup of coffee! Only an hour to go.

2400 HRS Saturday

Wouldn't you fucken know it. My

relief is that asshole drunk private that stumbled by here an hour ago. Has to be him, cause there ain't no one else in G Barracks 'cept him, and I know he's passed out cause when he went in he turned the light on in the shitter and it's still on. Even a U.S. Army shit doesn't take an hour.

And how am I going to get that stupid fucker out here so I can get off my watch-weary feet without abandoning my post? He's probably puked on himself. Five more minutes and I go get the turkey asshole, regulations or no regulations.

0100 HRS Sunday

Well, no sign he's gonna come rushing out here, apologizing and relieving me, so it looks like I'm going in after him.

He wasn't in the shitter after all so I walked into the barracks, turned the light on, and there he was passed out on the bunk. I give him a holler. He doesn't move. I think maybe he's died in his sleep, that'd be just my luck.

I walked over to his bunk and there he was, half-undressed, his hand holding onto his balls like a fucking pacifier. I





figure, fuck it! He ain't gettin up and the Russians ain't about to attack the radio shack tonight, so I'm gonna get my clothes off and hit the empty rack beside his.

Well, I'm stripping off my uniform and what happens, but one of his punkassed eyes open up. The one eye saw the size of my johnson and the other eye opens, then the mouth fell open; and I know the fucker's awake. His hand starts working in his jock like it was dinner time and I was steak.

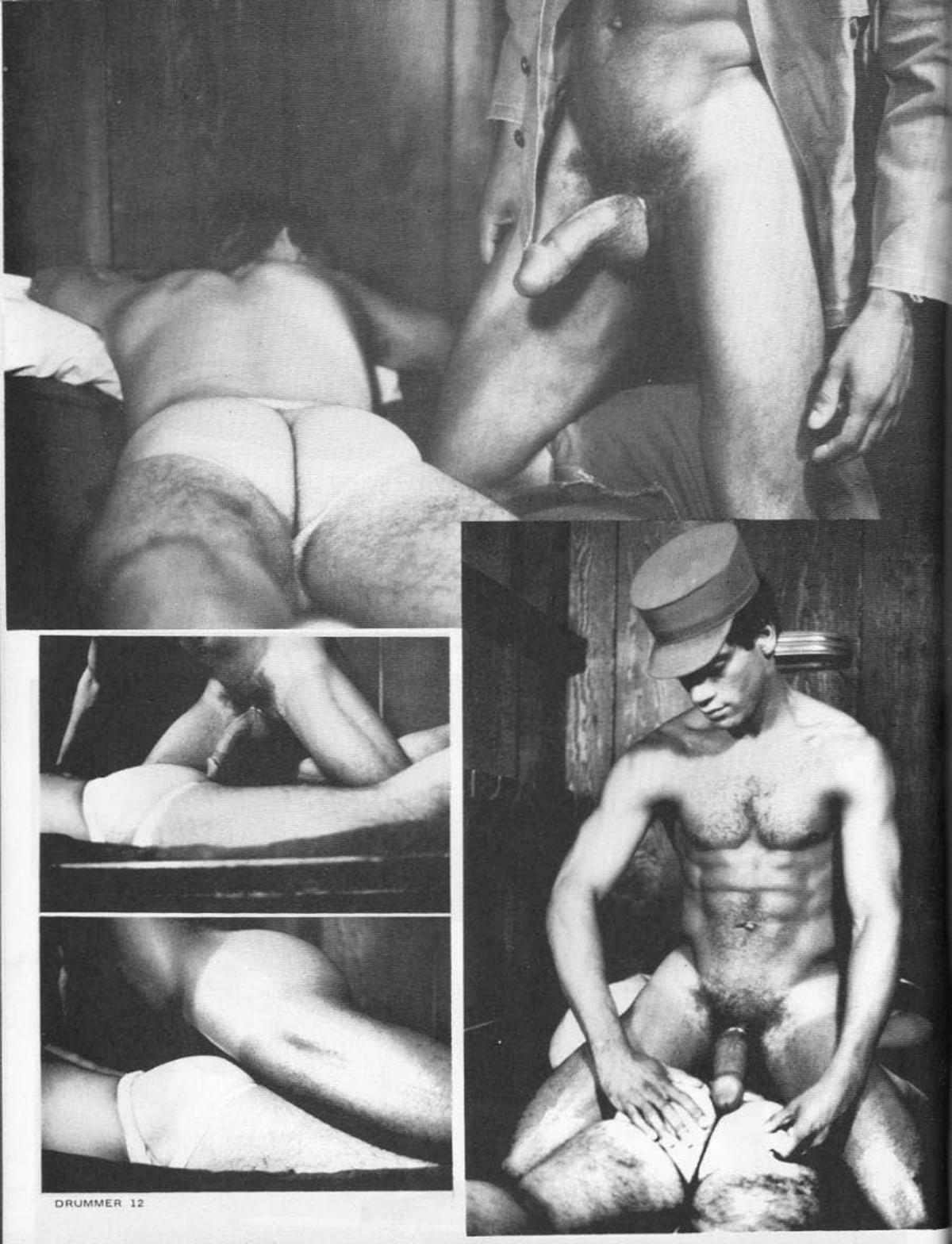
Well, I just keep on stripping, and watching this turkey watching my dick get harder and harder. Then sooner than you could say 'Private Ivan Curry report ing for duty, Sir,' he's done got his lips wrapped around the head, I'm shoving it down his throat, and he's just grinning and swallowin and sliding that slick throat up and down my polecock.

Well, it didn't take a crowbar to turn his jive-ass over, and when 1 saw those white cakes looking up at me I knew my dick was going to spend the next halfhour pounding asshole.

Well, this horny private buck's ass knew its business. Everytime I shoved my meat down its hole it jumped up to meet me. I kept getting close to shooting off in that hot box and kept backing off to make it last.

I figured this asshole had to sober up quick or I'd be back out there wearing down the concrete, so I pulled my john-





Well, I climbed off and looked down at that fuckin, grinnin passed-out fool.

0200 HRS Sunday

Man, it ain't no better. Ain't nobody broke into this obsolete radio shack, ain't nothing but the same fucking bullfrogs croaking, and the light is still on in the toilet in G Barracks, the punk soldier is still passed out deader than a rock, and here I am walking this concrete like it's my watch — only it's his fucking watch. This is still the quietest, most deserted part of the base and what I wouldn't give for a cup of coffee.

son out of his slimy asshole and flipped him over again. His mouth dropped open like a trap door and I sank my hot dick down his throat like a geological survey drill. He just slurped and sucked and swallowed. This was it. The come poured out like from an oil pump. He swallowed, grinned and kept on swallowing. I figured as much come as he had just drunk maybe wasn't enough to counter all the booze he might have had earlier, so maybe a load of piss would help flush him out. You'd a thought I was giving the boy a drink of his favorite whiskey from a firehose. I let go with that 8-hour bladder full and he soaked in every drop like a



blotter. And I could a swore he opened his mouth and said, 'More.'

Well, there wasn't anything to do but hunker down on that toilet face and let him go to work on my asshole. His mouth and tongue went to exploring and licking and sucking to beat the band. I'm just squatting there thinking, 'Now how do I break up this little midnight snack and tell the asshole he has to get out on the patrol?'

I thought his lips might have stopped moving, but frankly I was too spent to check and see. I should known this was gonna happen. Sometime back when he was making desert out of my ass the fucker shot off himself and passed back out. I'm sitting there, like the dummy I am, while he's snoring up my shit chute.





TERRY PHOTO

EMBASSY ASSAULT

BY ALEXANDER LE GRAND

Marine Corporal Bob Clinton was just pulling on his flak jacket when the enormous weight dropped from nowhere. He fell heavily to the hard stone paving of the embassy courtyard and fought to regain his senses. He looked up to see the towering figure of a Borodakian rebel standing contemptuously over him. The man had jumped him from a parapet above the sentry post. Bob wondered if this was part of a general surprise assault. He heard no gunfire or shouting from his fellow marine guards.

"Ha! So you are a prisoner, American marine. Do not hope for rescue from your comrades - my friends are taking care of them. I think they give little trouble if they so easy as you! Get up!"

The rangy blond corporal was assisted by a great tug of one of the guerrilla's massive arms, but he was not allowed to stand for long. The man, placing his huge hands on Bob's wide shoulders, forced the cowed marine down to his knees. Just for a moment Bob had gained an impression of his captor's size – he towered a head or more over the young American, who was himself over six feet tall. Though only twenty-two, the captured guard was combat experienced, but in this situation a wave of cold terror filled his guts, knotting the muscles of his flat, hard belly. The tension soon showed as a dark, spreading stain colored Bob's fatigue pants.

"Cowardly American pig! I see you piss in your pants. I show you now how a man, a Borodakian, piss!"

The kneeling marine watched in horrified fascination as the rebel unbuttoned the fly of his own tan uniform trousers and pulled out his enormously thick, uncut cock. It was not remarkable for its length, but the circumference startled Bob. The Borodakian smiled arrogantly as he pulled back the foreskin, revealing the great, bulbous head. The powerful amber stream shot forth with stunning pressure, catching Bob full in the face. Instinctively, he turned away, but the sneering giant only soaked the side of his face and neck. Rivulets of the man's huge reservoir of piss flowed down the shocked corporal's sinewy neck, wetting his broad chest and matting the golden fur that covered his armored pectorals.

The captor turned his hose-like organ on Bob's cornsilk blond hair, making burning streams run down over the handsome youngster's forehead and into his piercing blue eyes. Finally, grunting with relief, the giant forced Bob's jaws open with one vise-like hand and aimed his final spurts directly into the humiliated marine's mouth. He choked and gagged, but he had to swallow the searing liquid. The Borodakian laughed cruelly and shook some last drops over Bob's lips and jutting chin. As the rebel released his grip, the young guard's head sagged in resigned defeat. and his otherwise youngishly handsome face was aged and set off by a fiercely Turkish mustache. Behind it his teeth flashed white and menacing.

Without further comment the guerrilla began to fondle his soft, dripping prick, pulling the foreskin back and forth over the glistening head. Soon the fearsome organ was engorged, and it stood straight out from the Borodakian's fly, still short but frown even thicker, if that was possible. Bob's mouth dropped open in amazement, in spite of his anxiety.

"You see real cock before, American boy? I think you not see anything like this! Now, you suck! I know American marine boys big cocksuckers. You like suck each other? Now, you suck me!"

Kansas-born Bob Clinton recoiled from this ultimate, degrading act of submission, and in spite of his hopeless position. the tall guard shook his head decisively. The enraged giant put his enormous thumbs into the hollows of Bob's jaws and forced the vainly resisting mouth open. Quickly, Bob found himself gagging and choking on the huge piece of meat being force fed to him. The victorious, exulting rebel shoved himself in and out, groaning with obscene delight as he fucked the helpless American soldier's violated mouth. It was not long before the crisis overtook him, and Bob felt the offending organ swell and harden even more in his mouth. The halfmaddened guerrilla uttered gutteral cries as he delivered his thick, oozing load down Bob's throat. The volume was so great that the youngster couldn't swallow the alien, bitter seed fast enough. His mouth filled and trickles of creamy, rich semen appeared at the corners of his mouth and dribbled over his chin. Jellied strings of it descended to his chest.

Just as Bob was hoping to gain a little respite from his captor's assaults, the rebel popped his dripping penis from his mouth. Thankfully, the desperate corporal clamped his teeth together, trying to ease the ache in his jaw. Then, without warning, the man put two massively muscled arms around Bob's wide shoulders and stood the marine up again. His head was crushed against the rough, hairy chest and the bandoliers, and the man continued to increase a frighteningly powerful pressure. Bob had never felt such fearful strength in any man. The bearhug was released and the Borodakian leered down at his victim.

"Now, American boy, I like to see how much a man you are. Marines supposed to be very big men, no? I wish to see!"

With this blunt statement, the giant grabbed Bob's fatigue shirt collar and ripped the material down the back, then tore the buttoned front in two and pulled the shredded garment from the tall, lean marine's torso. Bob stood in the merciless Borodakian sun, sweat running down his wide, sculptured chest with its covering of bright yellow clouds of hair. Next, the lust-crazed master tore the kid's fatigue pants down the fly, then down the seat and jerked the separated pantslegs up out of the terrified American's combat boots. Now the admirably built youngster stood completely naked before his captor except for the boots and a regulation marine jockstrap.

The rebel now removed his own boots and trousers, having carefully put his weapon against the courtyard wall. He was left wearing only a pistol belt and the crossed bandoliers. The great, thick pud rested in a wild nest of the blackest hair which swirled down his bulging thighs and into his crotch. Bob found himself wondering how hairy the guerrilla's asshole was. Only now could the marine assess the truly magnificent frame of his Borodakian master. Bob prided himself on his own hardmuscled development, but even in military gyms he had never

"Now, stupid American farmboy, I teach you about Borodak. You will see real liquid wealth of my country. Ha! Not the oil your country and the evil Great Sheikh steal from my people, but liquid of life!"

A new tremor of fear seized Bob's lean, muscular frame. He gazed up at his master and noted with increasing anxiety the huge man's imposing appearance. He wore only regulation army tans and combat boots. From the waist up he was naked, his immense chest covered only with crossed bandoliers of ammunition for his submachine gun and thick, swirling, black hair. The hair on his head was blue-black and not overly long,

encountered anything like the massive build and ferocious strength of this man.

Corporal Clinton had little time to reflect on what the giant had in store for him now. The jockstrap was ripped savagely from his loins and cast aside, revealing his long, circumcised prong, backed by lazily hanging balls and surrounded with a fiery golden bush. The rebel was fascinated with the sight and reached down to fondle and feel the lean young guard's organs. In spite of himself, Bob allowed the tingling sensations of the surprisingly light touch of the big hands get to him. The pendulous balls scrunched up to his body and his powerful cock reacted by lengthening and hardening until it was flat against his hairy belly, curving slightly to one side. The shaft was thick, but it tapered at the end to a somewhat narrow head. From the head clear liquid was already beginning to appear in a bright drop, which soon became a hanging thread of pre-cum.

"You are some man, American marine boy! I think you not have such big cock — so long! And so much hair — gold, like the sand of the desert! Lie down on ground!" The order was backed up when the rebel reached for his submachine gun. Bob quickly obeyed and was supine before his captor, his penis still fiercely engorged and twitching with anticipation.

The hulking guerrilla now knelt between Bob's long, outstretched legs and lifted them up until the thickly furred, wellsinewed calves were resting on his great shoulders. With an evil gleam in his black eyes, he stared into Bob's deeply blue ones, enjoying the marine's wide-eyed terror. Puzzled, Bob saw the man reach for a small sack attached to his gun belt. From it he extracted a small container into which he dipped his fingers generously. Carefully holding his machine gun between his legs, he lovingly greased the first six inches or so of the gleaming barrel.

"You afraid, marine boy? Other marine ever fuck your asshole? I bet marine cock not so hard as this! Ha!"

Bob squirmed vainly, but the master immobilized his legs in the iron grip of one bulging arm. With the other he slowly, carefully aimed the barrel into the crack of Bob's vulnerable ass.

"You worried I might not be so careful - maybe shoot out your guts? You not worry - I very careful."

The initial entrance of the barrel into the young soldier's puckered hole felt cool, almost soothing. Deeper and deeper the rebel probed, turning the gun slowly until it penetrated fully. It was only then that Bob realized that the coolness was only the beginning of a searing, burning sensation that originated deep in his ass. The grease! There was something in it that was causing the increasingly agonizing, fiery torture. The heat spread through the blond boy's guts and in spite of the pain, he felt a hot flush of pleasure inflaming his loins. As the dominator plunged the gun barrel into Bob's burning ass again and again, the increasingly excited prick pulsed and twitched, signaling the onset of a set of final convulsions that seized the hapless guard's rangy frame. The flame in his asshole united with an expanding, pressuring fireball deep in his

"Oh God, it's makin' me come! Aw shit! Please - don't stop! Fuck me! Oh gee . . . oh gee . . . I'm gonna . . . "

A grimace of supremely agonizing pleasure contorted Bob's handsome features as the climax overpowered him. The rebel watched with utter fascination as the marine gave himself up to the paralyzing orgasm. The gun barrel continued its pistoning. The former Kansas farmhand had never felt anything like the searing sweetness that moved up the shaft of his penis and finally engulfed the expanded cockhead. The first blast of semen was largely clear, the remainder of Bob's generous reservoir of pre-cum. This was followed by several long, arching shots of thick, white liquid that splattered his face and soaked his broad, heaving chest. Drops of cream nestled in the thick, golden hair that swirled over his pectoral muscles. The last of the violent tremors produced an ozzing, dribbling flow more like the rebel's own. The guerrilla had never witnessed such a display of masculine virility, and he groaned and crooned deep in his throat, amazed and transported. Able to restrain himself no longer, he extracted the barrel from Bob's violated ass and laid the gun aside. His head bowed between Bob's thighs as he released the corporal's legs. The marine was now flat on his back on the paving stones, his long limbs splayed out, his chest and belly glistening with the huge load he had just delivered on himself. For a moment, the giant closely inspected and felt Bob's still erect prick and fondled the big balls. Then, with a cry of irresistible desire the big Borodakian acquiesced to his own lust for the young American's alien magnificence. Beside himself, the rebel began a frantic process of lapping and licking every drop of Bob's generous offering. His attention was wholly given over to a mad thirst for the blond marine's seed. By raising his head slightly, Bob could just see the knife that hung in its leather sheath from the giant's gun belt. In one lightning movement, the shrewd, well-trained youngster grabbed the knife and plunged it to the hilt into the thick, muscular neck of his captor. With a contemptuous heave, the marine shoved the weight of the fallen giant's body off his chest and stood over it, shaking his head. "Damn if these Borodakians ain't nothin' but a bunch of cocksuckin' fags!"



TRENCH

BY STEVE BROWN

This jacking off in the car had to stop.

Everytime I took the car to the company shop, there would be a comment on the stained carpeting under the tape player. Shit, one of these idyllic afternoons of beating off while driving down a country lane, I'll probably be caught by the highway patrol.

What else is here to do in Muncie, Indiana? Muncie, home of the pumpkin festival . . . biggest thing in this part of the state. Pumpkins? All that I could think of was pumping.

I didn't care how well paid I was; my consuming fantasy on these long rides was my time in the Marines.

My buddies and myself had gotten our first leave of duty to Saigon. Filthy, decaying, stinking and somehow exciting Saigon. One by one the boys started passing out or were seduced

into one of the many brothels that catered to the desires of young servicemen. God, they were a hot looking group of men.

On the night before our leave, in anticipation of the sex to come the next day, the men had a circle jerk. Now this wasn't like high school days with two guys in gym class. This was about ten men on a steamy, muddy night, high out of their minds, beating off their full-size man cocks into a shallow trench they had dug. Damn, you get horny out in the middle of a crummy jungle surrounded by a bunch of guys in fatigues.

Gary had instigated this ritual and made the rules. He was a mean son of a bitch, six foot six not including his boots, and 290 pounds of muscle and nerve.

The heat in the jungle had forced us to remove our shirts, and some guys just wore their jocks, combat boots and gun belts. Gary yelled the orders: "Everyone around the trench and beat off." The idea wasn't just to cum but how long and how many times.

He whipped out his cock and in about two seconds it looked like a baseball bat. That's all the guys needed. Suddenly, ten cocks of varying hugeness starting going at it. All you could hear was the sound of balls slapping against thighs, and fast breathing.

Gary ordered the men one by one to cum. If they didn't or if they came before being told, no one wanted to find out what would happen, except me. He picked the men at random and pointed for them to shoot into the trench. They did. It was amazing the amount of cum a bunch of horny guys could accumulate when they put their minds to it.

Gary pointed at Dev, the guy next to me who was glistening in sweat with his jock around his knees. His cock had pleaded for relief the past five minutes.

He exploded into the earth hole, his smooth large-muscled ass quivering. "Again," barked Gary, and again he shot it out, the cum so hot it steamed even in the hot night.

Without Gary's acknolwedgement I started shooting, unable to control myself. The cum went into the hole and down my hand; some managed even to hit him across the trench.

"You God damn grunt. Get your fuckin' ass over here," Gary yelled. I got over quick. Then he laughed and told me to kneel, and gestured to the men to continue.

They all seemed like giants from my kneeling position. My nostrils were full of the smell of mud, sweat and cum. Gary pushed my head down to his boots and without a word – but more of a thought – told me to start licking.

God, they were at least size 14 and covered with mud and crap. The only lubrication my tongue got was from drips of sweat and cum from his dick. I thought I'd suffocate from the mud and smell when suddenly he started unloading his earlier beer consumption. The piss splashed his boots, and was almost a relief to my dried out tongue and lips.

When he finally finished his recycled beer on my face, he said, "Good job. Go clean up, and bring me a beer."

I was so fuckin' mad at that asshole; all I would think of was revenge. I went over to the stream and cooled off a bit. Then I went and got a beer for the asshole.

I drank half of it and pissed in the bottle to make it look full. He took a big swig of the piss-beer and just swallowed it without a word. He wouldn't have dared to admit he was drinking a grunt's piss. What did surprise me was that he seemed to like it.

The river had cooled me off a lot, mentally and physically.

cement pillows. As I went to lean on a statue amongst the crowd, my face fell on its crotch. It was Gary, and his hardon just about knocked out my front teeth.

Gary managed to bring me to by throwing me in a nearby fountain, and feigning drowning I pulled him in by his epaulets. From then on we were brothers.

I figured we should get our asses to this *maison publique* before we started getting it on in the fountain.

We arrived at what must have been one of the most beautiful homes in Saigon. Passing through the iron gate into the courtyard, we beheld the golden doors of *paradis*. Here, apparently, being American wasn't a deterrent.

The entry was even more imposing than the gate and courtyard. Chandeliers of sparkling crystal reflected off the black enamelled walls which were covered with erotic paintings.

The Lee brothers whispered something to Gary. He laughed and turned around to me to explain that the owners suspected I would prefer one of the rooms on the second floor, since many select pretty boys were there.

As we were led up the spiral staircase, one of the Lee brothers stopped Gary and pointed to the door on the first floor across from the entrance. For a moment he didn't react, then suddenly he asked out loud: "What the fuck am I going up there for? Shit, I'm not looking for pretty boys."

We watched him walk down the staircase, slowly at first, and then in his impatience he ran and banged on the door. It creaked open, he entered and it slammed shut. We heard the sound of his boots going down the steps and in a matter of seconds, we heard the barely distinctive male voice of Gary experiencing shock.

My expression was enough for the Lee brothers to explain that Gary had chosen to enter the "pit." Paradise has a pit, I laughed; then I ran down and went in. As I opened the door, I practically passed out from the steam and smell of sweat and dope. My eyes could barely believe what was happening in this basement.

As I came into the center of the room, there was Gary with his fatigues around his ankles, naked in the dimly lit room. His muscular meaty body could only be seen in outline.

At least five other guys were there in partially clad uniforms, all with their cocks hard, going at him like missiles ready to attack. And attack they did, from the front and back. Two guys were jamming his ass and he couldn't even scream as cocks were darting in and out of his mouth.

Half the guys started to cum, leaving Gary's body awash in shiny slick ooze. I had gotten hard fast and just as I came over, two guys grabbed him like a greased pig and managed to pin him down on his stomach. They rubbed their hands through the cum and greased up his ass. In a split second, one of them had half his arm up Gary's butt, and the other one had a half nelson around his neck.

The sight of his writhing muscled body and the heat in the room confused me. I didn't know where to cum or piss. I decided on the former, and shot right into his mouth. He didn't miss a drop as I held his head and fucked away at his face, and the cum wouldn't stop. Finally he started gagging and as the fist was pulled out, he screamed.

I quickly got between his legs and as he heaved uncontrollably for air, I went down on him. His cock was almost more than my mouth could take. The red and pink veins wrapped around it like vines on a tree trunk. The head was perfectly proportioned to the shaft, with balls that filled each of my hands. His mighty chest heaved, creating shadows over his tight muscled stomach as I ate more and more. Finally, like a fire hydrant, he shot all his stored up cum. I swallowed it in my mouth like fine wine until it was coming at such a fast pace I swallowed, and again filled up. He made a final heave of relief and put his arms under mine and pulled me up to his side. We smiled in mutual satisfaction without a word spoken. Warm jets of water bathed the dark cellar.

Now as I looked at him, I wished we could just be by ourselves in my van back in the states. He was built like two Marines forged together, with the face of a boy and sadomasochism glaring in his eyes.

Did I ever want to get back at the guy, but in such a different way: to give a good old-fashioned hard fuck to those beautiful big buns. To look and not be able to touch was torture worse than the piss in the face. I went to bed that night screwing the dirt under my blanket.

Saigon has got to be one of the most crowded cities on earth. We started out in one big bunch, but at last I managed to get away from the rest of the guys. Gary had split earlier in the day and I suspected to exactly where: the Lee brothers' brothel.

That fuckin' place had been notorious since the 20's. No matter how this particular war turned out, they would still be in business.

The evening's dope and whiskey suddenly hit me like

A voice came from the speakers giving the message that our time was up. It reminded me of an airline terminal, with the message given in at least four languages. We were the last to leave ...

God damn it, shit. I've done it again. I'm going to tape my cock down and wear mittens in the car. The floorboard and steering wheel are coated once again.

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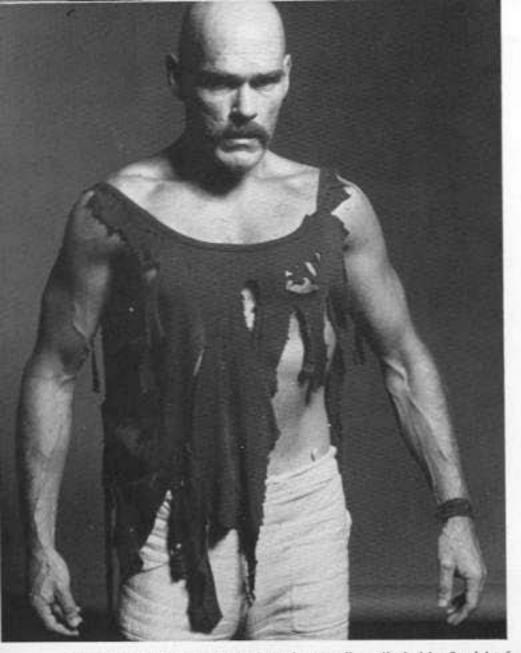
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HE'LL NEVER FORGET YOUR GIFT NOR YOU



 Δ Want to leave behind a very important part of yourself – or commemorate the world's greatest fuck? Try a cast-from-life plaster bas-relief of your (or his) throbbing anatomy. Instructions are almost obvious; but if the prospects seem too big an undertaking, check out Coleman's work at the Pleasure Chest in West Hollywood. All Pleasure Chest stores, however, stock the latest in T-shirts with a message; their exclusive / Took A Bite (of the Big Apple) and got V.D., But I Love You Still, N.Y., for those who feel compelled to do and tell. Training gear from The Trading Post in San Francisco includes the very popular leather hood (also good for secret identies) and the more revealing gag-hood with mouth stopper. Price and size vary; universal applications.





Battered T's are the newest look in sexually-radical chic. Straight from the mouth of the Allayatolla comes the fashion scoop of the year: these painfullooking 100% cotton T's are suitable for either mass-executions or internal revolts. Two styles, Bold or Brazen, \$12-\$15 respectfully. The last word in gutter elegance. Photographed by Donald Wm, Saban.



HOLIDAY FASHION PARADE

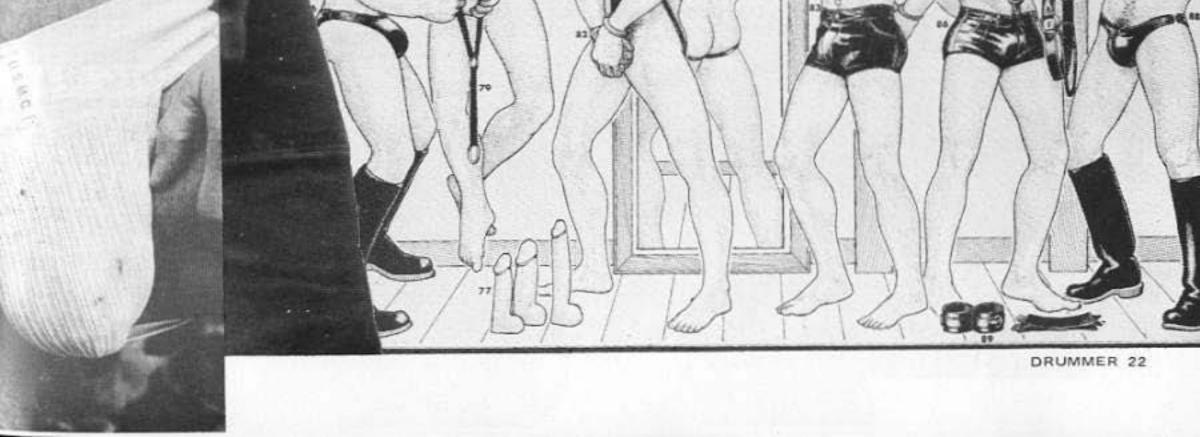
Should you be lucky enough to receive a new slave as a gift, deck him out in studded collar and matching wrist bands in black cowhide and chrome. The dressy heavy-weight leash completes the ensemble. They, along with the leather Canadian motorcycle cap and squaretoed boots (also black, of course) come from San Francisco's Leatherworld. Collar and wrist bands are \$22, leash runs about \$12.50. There are a number of sources for slaves.

For the man who has everything or has nothing at all — what could be better than an actual used Marine's jock strap (the jock strap is used, not necessarily the Marine). They are the genuine article and are available from Macjo Jock. Or, you can go to Camp Pendleton and get your own. ATTER

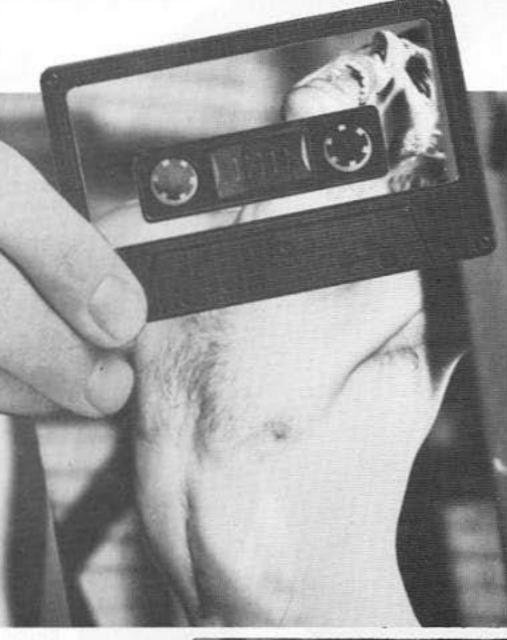
Stuck with the chore of dragging your slave around during the holidays because he can't be trusted alone at home? Stuff him into Leatherworld's oversized leather backpack. If the slave is a small enough twinkie, the black leather pack is a mere \$150. Larger slaves are well-accounted for in their snap harness (\$52.50), while you should be seen handling the leash in Leatherworld's Bar Vest (\$49.50) and leather jock (\$18.95). Sizes vary, according to a perfect fit but the message is one way; loud and clear.

Mr. S and his collection of English leather goodies are pictured in an erotically illustrated catalogue for \$3. Give one with a gift certificate in any amount and be assured the receiver will find just what he's looking for among Mr. S products. Available from either Mr. S in London or San Francisco.

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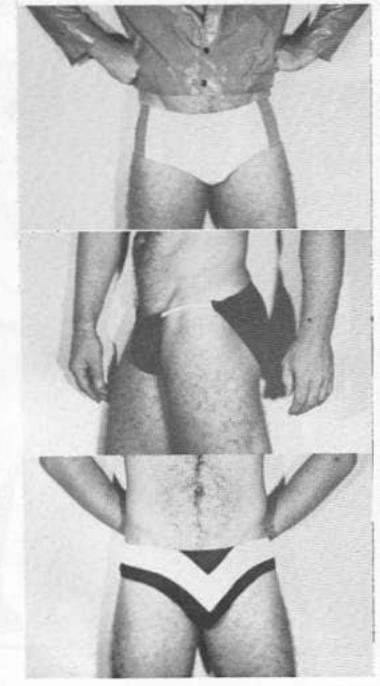






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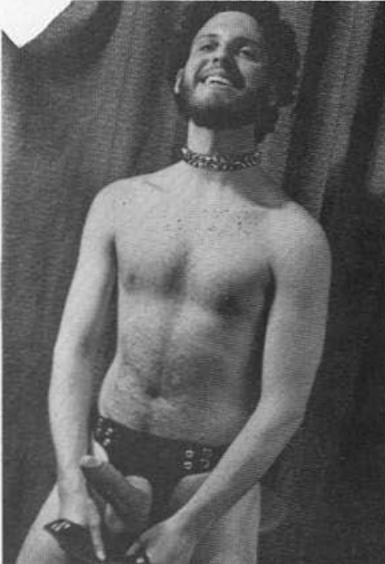
 Δ Jingle Balls (above left) is this years \$5 double-entendre from British Bulldog, and it stretches. Fist Goodbody's erotic and exciting Travelling Torture Show is available on cassette tape for a reasonable \$9.95 (from the Leather Emporium). It's high-tech rock while the Prince of Pain works over his hunky subject.



AH MEN, the Los Angeles men's store that grew to international reputation, still presents the newest in casual wear each year. Their color catalogue, available for \$1, highlights the hottest in both clothing and models.

Instant Erections. The master's jock comes with an unsnappable cod-piece to reveal the real thing. (\$52.50)

The chrome-studded collar gives any neck a special treatment. \$12.50 from Leatherworld.



Fifteen dollars will get you a year's subscription to STRAIGHT TO HELL; definitely not a coffeetable item; but he'll love you for it.

This Christmas / Hanukkah give STH to someone you love; next Christmas / Hanukkah you may not love him enough to.

Original drawings by The Hun, soon to be featured in the RFM Book, A Day At The Slave Market, are currently on exhibit at Folsom Street's Trading Post. You can own or give an original. If you can't swing that, give the book.

ALL STOCK HEITEDTED - SATURALTING QUARANTEED YES WE ANY THO WILLING TODAY

HOTTEST

CAVELO AND BONDAGE First causing a sensation in the pages

of DRUMMER, Cavelo's muscular men in bondage is now available as a photoset from Zeus and will soon be in the first all bondage art magazine. Eight 5x7 photos are \$6,75.

You can be the first on your block to read the stunning condusion of Jack Prescort's Mit. Bensen (currently being condited in DRUMMER). The original monutorial has been restored and is available from The Losther Emportum. Levishly Christiated with stawings by Brick created exclusively for Mit. Benson, 55,95

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THE ZEUS COLLECTION

VAL MARY STONE The hot see agazine from Zeur, Leather, Jegend, Yak Martin kidnaps sweaty, muscular constructionworker Leo Stone and forces him deep into his private prison for a heavy working over. But, there's a surprise twist in the end. Erotic muscle B&D at its best. Available in January 1980, 8%x11 inches, 52 pages, \$9. The fastest growing, and most talked about gay magazine is unquestionably The Alternate. Going beyond the usual and axpected material of mainstream gay magazinus. The Alternate brings summas after some seucofter contract of the some seuccontract of the source of the some seucseuce source of the source of the

Part Five Of MASTER BENSON BY JACK PRESCOTT

When Rocco returned to the kitchen, we continued comparing notes about our masters and our new lives. The booming voices from the other room would command the presence of one or the other of us occasionally – getting cups of coffee or refills in their brandy glasses. Rocco and I tried to piece their conversation together.

"Jamie, they're worried about the missing guys, I know it." He had just reported an exchange the two masters had been having about Porytko, the Polish Topman, and about how dumb he was. Rocco said that Mr. Benson had commented: "He's so stupid, he might be the one pulling this off."

Did Rocco agree? "No, Jamie, it can't be Porytko, these guys who disappear, they're all beautiful. Really good looking. They wouldn't go home with a slob like that." I pointed out that some men had strange taste. "No, Jamie, Proytko's out. It can't be him."



My mind was reeling from the new idea of real danger being associated with my slavery. "Rocco, why did you think it was Mr. Benson?"

"I didn't, Jamie, it's just that he's so handsome, and he used to pick up so many men, well, I just never knew. It's hard to figure out just who it would be, since they share so many slaves."

"They do?"

"Hasn't he given you to anyone yet?"

"No, he just talked about my being available."

"Well, they pass us around a lot. I'm afraid you'll have to get used to it. They have these rules, that everyone's slave is available to the others. I guess Mr. Benson's been keeping you at home for training, but if you're in the clubhouse, any one of them can use you."

I shuddered, remembering that one night I had gone there and had been branded.

"Especially if they just trick, they'll pass the man along to whoever wants someone. So, you can't tell just by who picks someone up. You have to know who saw them last. And we can't ask them!"

The other conversation was beyond our hearing:

"Brendan, it has to be Hans. There's no one else who would be capable. And, that bastard's so mean . . ."

"I know Mr. Benson, but how are we ever going to prove it? I'm worried. If the force ever comes into this, if they put all the pieces together, they'll find the Topmen and blow the whole thing. We have to take care of it ourselves. And, I'm concerned not just because of the club. Look, Mr. Benson, I'm a cop, and I'm proud of it, I'm withholding information from an investigation. Not only am I putting myself in jeopardy, I'm denying my pledges to the force. I've got to find out what's at the bottom of all this."

"Do you think it's murder?"

Brenden thought for a while, "I hope not, but we have to be prepared for it. It could be, If it's not, then where are all these men going? There've been twenty guys who've disappeared in two months. The investigators are so blinded by prejudice that they haven't seen the obvious pattern. But, I have. I know they've all been in leather bars when they were last seen. I know it, and I know that they all were last seen with members of our club. But, I can't trace them further unless I come out in the open with my information. I can't convince anybody with the circumstantial evidence I have now. And to accuse a club member without proof is going to be more difficult than to convince a jury. The guys like Hans, Mr. Benson. They think he's okay. Everyone is so into our concept of brotherhood that they'd defend him unless I had overwhelming proof."

"We could set someone up."

"I've thought of that, Mr. Benson, but we don't know anything about what happens . . . later. We don't know where he takes them, or what he does with them. I've tialed him many times. I've never seen him with one of the boys, and I've never seen him go anywhere but home to his apartment or over to Jersey City to his office. I can't let anyone take that chance."

"What about one of us?"

Brenden dismissed the idea, "Who's going to take one of us for bottoms?"

Just then, Jamie brought in a new bottle of brandy that Mr. Benson had ordered. The two men watched him so intently that Jamie thought they were going to pounce on him, and didn't know whether to stay or leave. When nothing was said, he went back into the kitchen.

"Rocco, they've gotten real strange now. They just stared at me without saying a word."

"They must have been waiting for you to leave, that's all, I tell you, Jamie, they're really worried about this."

"No, Brendan, I won't send Jamie into that without more information. We have to discover what happens. You say he never goes anywhere but home or to the office . . ." Mr. Benson pondered that for a while.

Mr. Benson closed the door after Rocco and Brendan had left. My mind wasn't allowed to linger on the strange tales of missing men. The brandy look on Mr. Benson's face had something different in mind for me.

"Go clean yourself out."

Even a couple of hours visiting with an old friend hadn't let me forget who I was to this man, my master. The cold glint in his eye showed me he hadn't forgotten either. "Yes, sir." the sake of belonging to something, someone. In order to belong to Mr. Benson.

The douching was part of one of our rituals. One of the set of actions that ground in the reality of my subservience. One of the ways Mr. Benson had devised to show both of us that I was ready and willing to do his bidding.

It didn't come as regularly as the polishing of his toilet, or the shaving of my body. But, it was more menacing. It was no slight social convention. It took our life together deeper into a reality of its own.

When the water came out of me as cleanly as it had gone in, I knew I was ready. I would wipe myself off and go into his bedroom where, as I knew he would be, Mr. Benson was waiting for me.

He was maked. He stood there, the hair over his cock and balls emphasized my own lack of covering. I was overcome by the sight of him. The chest, the full, muscled stomach, the arms promising such strength. Mr. Benson, my master, my man, the one for whom I would do anything. I went to him that night as I had others and knelt before my living idol. Waiting for him, barely able to restrain my self and my emotions.

"Take it, boy."

"I greeted the most welcome of commands with a lunge at the cock that had begun the whole thing. I took its uncut length into my mouth and sucked quickly and lustily at its salty shaft, delighting at the smell of the hair over the crotch. My hands went up and gently lifted the full hanging balls, their silky weight always a pleasure to me. My mind went through somersaults, thinking about Mr. Benson and the manhood of his that was pulsing down my throat. The pleasure was short lived. As soon as he was hard, Mr. Benson pulled back.

"Put on my chaps."

I got off from the floor and went over to the bed where the black leather waited for me. I picked up the covering and returned to him. First, I pulled the waistband around him and snapped the catches in the front. Then, back on my knees I tugged at the tight zipper. I struggled until it caught, first on one leg, then on the other. Then I slowly pulled each one down the width of his thighs and past his knees and over the bulge of his calves. I leaned back. Mr. Benson was one of those men who wore leather naturally. One of those studs that everyone else tries to be like. There was no facade about Mr. Benson when he had on his chaps. They were as natural a part of his being as the hair on his head.

My cock was standing straight out from my body as I looked up at him. I thought of gladiators in their uniforms, ready to go into battle. And there was Mr. Benson, clothed for the arena where he was about to take me, the slave boy, in front of the crowds.

"Get the grease."

I went to the night table and brought back the can of crisco. He put out his arm. I opened the container and pulled out a handful of the white lubricant. I started with his wrist, laying on a thick glob, and then spread it up and down the forearm, through the knuckles and over each of the fingers. I left a coating on every part of his arm up to his elbow. I rubbed it in until the warmth of his body melted the whiteness into a shining oil covering his skin. Mr. Benson was ready. It was my turn.

Mr. Benson liked offerings. He, like some ancient god, measured obedience by the size of sacrifice. Whenever something was to be done to me, Mr. Benson let me do as much of the preparation as possible. I knew it was time, and silently I went over to where the cuffs were kept. I came back and knelt once more in front of him. I put on the two wristcuffs, the hooks dangling from them. Then I reached down and fastened the ankle bands. I was ready. Mr. Benson took his ungreased hand and, with my help, snapped each of my wrists to one of my ankles. I was bound, and waiting for him. He gently pushed me over onto my back into a position where I was forced to spread my legs, the metal attaching each of my wrists to an ankle making me expose my asshole to him. My cock rubbed painfully against the tight pouch of the jockstrap he still kept on me.

I went off to the bathroom and set up the equipment. In a few minutes I was gushing warm liquid up my bowels, getting ready for Mr. Benson. I was thinking about him; he had taken over the ideas of the other people totally. When I was with Mr. Benson and paying attention to him, I had no room in my mind for any one or thing else.

I was thinking about how much I had changed. I looked down at the nugget hard nipples on my chest, at the expanded jockstrap covering my shaved crotch, and I felt the brand on my ass. Owned lock, stock and barrel by someone else. Irrevocably marked as chattel; a possession. And it was becoming increasingly clear to me that it had been my choice. That this was a man I had chosen all along the way, from the opening night in the bar to this act of cleaning out my body for his pleasure. I had decided to make myself over for Mr. Benson. To give up the day to day freedoms of a meaningless life for

The greased hand came down and warm, oily fingers started to massage the hole. I could almost count them as they spread open the circle of muscle. I quickened my breath as they shoved up against the sphincter. I moaned as the knuckles

followed, and bit my tongue, in the face of the wave of pain turning to pleasure as the widest part of his hand went into me, and then it was there, his whole hand deep inside me, pulling away at the very being and center of my body, grabbing my soul,

That immeasureable sensation of Mr. Benson holding on to the center of my bowels swept over me. I looked right at him, my mouth gapping open as he talked to me, "My good little ass-boy. My good little slave. Learning to take Mr. Benson every way he wants you."

The strong muscles of his arm pumped away at me, my stomach contracted against the force, my mind pushed back, trying to greet this man of men, trying to please Mr. Benson.

He was stroking away at his cock, the hard pole of manhood covered with the looseness of his foreskin. Mr. Benson, my master, whacking away at his own sex, pumping away at me. We never could last long at these scenes we both loved so much, and his white semen soon shot out over my body, my open mouth fighting to take the ooze, trying to eat the man who grabbed at my being with a hot fist shoved deep inside me.

My life with Mr. Benson took on a growing meaning with almost every passing day. I was more and more aware of how much I had given up to him and how much I was vulnerable to him for my existence. I had no job, I had no money of my own, I had no home of my own, I was totally dependent on him, and my mind was totally dependent on my trust of him.

'That's one of the things that makes the disappearance of these other guys so horrible, Jamie, S&M, whether it's the real thing that you and Mr. Benson do or the sex play thing that Brendan and I do, it's something that needs trust and demands care. These guys are all into leather. They've trusted someone and they've been taken advantage of at their moment of least defense." Rocco had become adamant the next Sunday that he came over with Brendan. "We've got to do something." "What can we do?"

"Jamie, they're our brothers. They're like us. They're taking the risk to live out their real selves. If we desert them, there's no hope for them."



"But, Rocco, what can we do? I'm kept here without any clothes. I haven't been let out of the apartment in over a month now. I couldn't do anything if I knew what it should

be." "There's a way, Jamie. Next week there's a Topmen party. come here twice now. That's going to be our first chance. After that, you're going to have to get him to take you more often. Here's what we're going to do . . . "

"Brendan, I tell you everytime I look at Jamie and think about that poor auy in the hands of someone who would mistreat him, it just sends me up the wall. What kind of pervert would play top and then kidnap a little guy like that. It's getting to me, Brendan, we have to do something. There's a party next weekend. That's going to be our chance.

Brendan nodded.

"Here's what we're going to do . . . "

I wasn't at all sure about Rocco's idea. But there was a possibility. I wasn't convinced I'd be able to go through with it, even after I knew that Mr. Benson would be taking me to the party, until Thursday night. What happened then made me want to do it, but for totally different reasons.

"Boy, we're going to have company at nine o'clock."

I looked up from the book I was reading in the corner and waited for Mr. Benson to explain. Brendan and Rocco had been the only guests up till then. "Come here, I want to talk to you about it.

Puzzled, I went over to Mr. Benson and rested my head against his outstretched hand. "Boy, there are some things that just shouldn't exist in slaves. Things like contentiousness, resistence, you know that, don't you, boy?"

"Yes, sir." My only acts that approached having fought back to Mr. Benson had been crying for mercy when he had strung me up to 'exercise' my tits.

"Boy, another trait that should be wiped out of a slave's mind is jealousy. A slave should never be jealous of his master. Once the two of them have made their contract, they should trust one another to live it out. Do you trust me, boy?"

I didn't like the drift of this conversation at all. I just looked up at him and slowly nodded an agreement I wasn't sure of.

"Boy, another bottom is going to come over here tonight. One master can easily take care of two slaves. There's no reason for one of them to feel like he's less than the other. I will not tolerate," those words were heavily emphasized, "jealousy between slaves. I want you to treat the new boy just as tenderly as you treat Rocco. Do you understand."

I knew I didn't like this conversation! My mind sped as I tried to take in what he was telling me. I voiced one predominate concern, "Is he going to live here?"

"No, boy," Mr. Benson smiled as warmly as I ever saw him smile to me. "You don't have to worry. He's a trick. Someone I've seen and I'm giving a little training to." His voice hardened. "If I wanted another slave to live here, I would have one. But, right now, this is just a one night stand."

I was relieved, a little.

"But, I expect you to make it a very pleasant one night stand for me. If you don't, your friend," he lifted up the riding crop I thought had been retired, "is going to have a few

words with you later. Now, go clean yourself out. I want you ready for whatever happens tonight."

I wasn't in the best mood as I douched, thinking about another bottom coming to see Mr. Benson. But, my time with Mr. Benson had already changed my head so much that my thoughts went rapidly from concern and worry to intrigue and excitement. Another slave? What would he be like? What was the sex going to be like? I started to get hot thinking of watching Mr. Benson taking care of another man.

By the time I was finished and went into the living room I was really turned on. I was ready for Mr. Benson's surprise evening plans. I found him waiting in the chair by the fireplace. He had put on his full Topmen uniform - leather pants, khhki shirt, smartly polished boots, cap. He was gorgeous and I was horny. I went over to him and knelt before his beloved figure, hoping that maybe I could entice him into a quick suck before the new guy arrived.

Mr. Benson had other ideas. He looked at his watch. I had to supress a sigh of disappointment as he led me to the familiar

hooks in the walls. He put on the cuffs and I found myself spreadeagle against the brick surface.

I didn't have to wait long, the doorbell rang and Mr. Benson, my master, went to answer it.

The door opened. Silence. The signals had all been prearranged, I guessed.

A man I recognized from pictures plastered all over magazine ads and billboards walked in wearing jeans and a flannel shirt and work boots. This man, blond, muscular, with piercing blue eyes and a moustache that was more famous than the Schweppes eye patch fell to his knees and kissed my master's boots, silently waiting for instructions.

Everything became much easier for me to take! My master was training one of New York's foremost models to be a slave. And I was going to watch. My crotch started to give its customary pulsing response.

"Stay on your knees and take off the boots and the shirt." Mr. Benson's voice had that quiet, thorough sound of authority I had become accustomed to but had only heard used on me. The tall blond man struggled with the uncomfortable position and pulled off his boots. His lips – luckily for him – kept moving on the slick surface of my master's leather while he blindly found the buttons of his shirt. He was still there, mouth on Mr. Benson's foot, when the shirt came off and only the tight blue jeans covered his body.

There was a thick covering of blond chest hair. I wondered if he were going to be able to keep it tonight. Or was Mr. Benson going to shave him? There was a growing lump in his jeans. Was Mr. Benson going to let him relieve that horrible pressure? What was Mr. Benson going to do?

I was surprised when he pulled a dog leash out of his pocket. I had worn one only the first night I went to the Topmen Club. Mr. Benson reached down and attached it to the kneeling Adonis' neck. He jerked up with the handle, "Up, but only on all fours." The blond complied. Mr. Benson led him over to where I was silently strung up.

"Look at this, slave. Here's what a well trained boy does for his master. Are you willing to try to be as good as this "Yes, sir." The blond's voice was low and respectable.

"This is your brother slave. He is a student who has gone the distance you are going to have to go. Does that excite you?"

"Yes, sir." The model could barely mumble the words. I remembered the terrifying feeling of admiting those desires for the first time. And the wonderous release of having been able to say them.

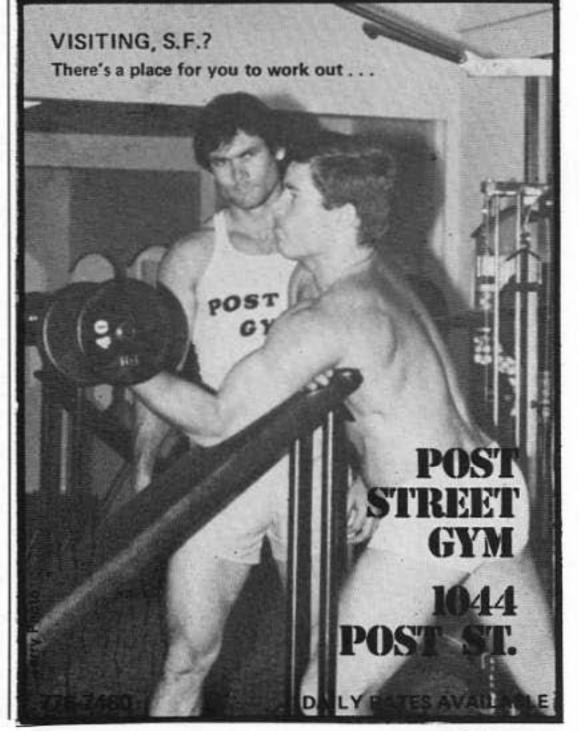
Mr. Benson's hand came to the strap of my jock and pulled it down to reveal the nude skin underneath it. "This is what happens to someone who becomes a slave. He must give up the symbols of his masculinity. Do you know you're beginning the path that will leave you like this? Wanting this? Needing this?"

The kneeling figure could barely be heard, "Yes, sir."

"Rub your face in this slave's crotch. You are the junior here. Show him the respect your superior deserves." Mr. Benson's pull on the leash was sharp and the face was suddenly buried in my groin, my now fully hard cock jutting out, desperate for the feel of his mouth. Never expecting the next words to come from Mr. Benson, "Suck it."

And then, for the first time since I had met Mr. Benson, someone's mouth closed over my hard prick. I fought to keep my orgasm back. Luckily, Mr. Benson meant this only as a ritual. I was relieved when he dragged that warm, moist opening away from me. I looked down at the nameless man, realizing that I had never dreamt of having my cock sucked by anyone that famous or beautiful.





Mr. Benson undid the hooks and I found myself supporting myself on stiff legs. "Kneel, boy."

I got on my knees and was facing the new man. Looking right in to his eyes and recognizing the combination of fear and anticipation that had been mine when I first met this master.

"Kiss him, boy." My lips went out and found the firm mouth of the blond, our eyes stayed open, the man didn't know how to respond. I acted blindly to Mr. Benson's commands, just as I had been ordered to.

"That's mighty pretty, boys. The good slave boys kissing one another nice and soft. Getting themselves ready for their man."

Mr. Benson's talking during sex always gave me clues about

the direction he was heading. And I could sense this one. My jockstrap was stuck down around my knees. I reveled in the strange feeling of the freedom of my prick as it pushed against the denim fabric of the pants in front of me.

"Stand up." Abruptly we both rose. "Jamie, take off your jockstrap and then remove his pants." There was that tone in Mr. Benson's voice letting me know that he was getting turned on. My jock fell off easily. I reached over and took the unbelted jeans and undid the zipper. I pushed them over his round hips and nearly jumped back with surprise as an enormous, and perfectly shaped circumcized cock leapt out at me. I nearly forgot myself and went down on it. But, I got hold and slid them off his calves, marveling at the softness of the down covering his legs from crotch to ankle. It was a golden coating, never thick enough to be described as "hairy," rore like a fuzz that mellowed the sharp definition of his legs.

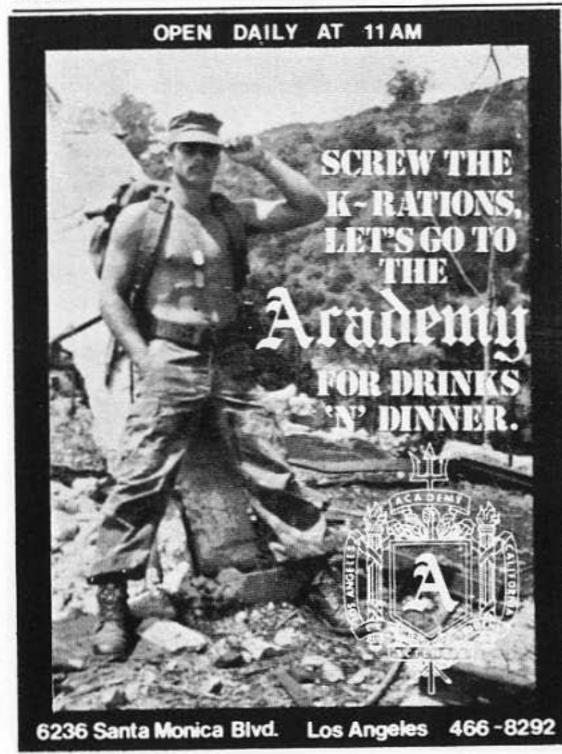
I was swept into the smell from his crotch. Mr. Benson hardly ever wore underpants, and this was another renewed delight – the odor of sweaty balls caught in cotton briefs. I had to bite back my tongue again before it acted on its own mind.

The model stepped out of the pile of clothing I left at his feet. Once again we were staring at one another, if anything, the intensity of his concern had increased.

"You are both my slaves. I expect you to respect that and me. You," he turned to the blond, "are the apprentice. This is an advanced student. I expect you to have respect for his learning. And you," he turned to me, "I expect you to help this initiate. I expect you both to work only for my satisfaction. Do you both understand?"

"Yes, sir." Our answers came in unison.

"Feel his shaved crotch. Take a good feel at the body of a slave." My skin tingled as the warm and unaccustomed hand came up and spread itself over my neglected balls, lifting them up as his palm slid over the smooth skin. I was going through new highs. And a new depth of pride overtook me. I was feeling the emotions of a soldier in an army as a new recruit looks on and sees the completeness of his training. Knowing, that if he can last it out, he too can qualify to wear the uniform.



The blond's eyes were wide with amazement at the strange feeling of a hairless body against his hands. "His ass too." The hand went under my crotch and felt my naked asshole, a finger pressed against the opening. The blond's cock, bigger even than Mr. Benson's, waved in the air before me; the feel of my body, and sight of my surrender as I spread open my legs to allow his entry, obviously affecting him.

"I want to see my boys get along well. On the floor!" The last sentence was a sudden command. We dropped down and automatically laid on our backs. "Your heads on each other's cock!" We scurried again and suddenly I was faced with the reality of that enormous prick with big hanging balls covered with that vague yellow fuzz. "Suck." I gobbled the thick piece down, almost immediately gagging on its girth, and on my greed. Again, the shocking sensation of someone else's throat taking my cock swept through my system.

I w s so taken by the reemersion into the smells of the sweaty crotch that I forgot what Mr. Benson might be doing until I felt his hands roughly joining mine behind the guy's waist with a pair of cuffs and a snap. I could hear him repeat the movement with the other man's hands and felt his arms tighten around me. The leash from his collar was brought down and fastened to my cuffs; something else came around my wrists and pulled up against my skin.

We were tied in that position! In no more than a minute I was trapped with that man's prick in my throat. What was Mr. Benson up to? I had enough experience with him to know that more was coming, and the quick firey pain across my ass let me know I was right. A belt? A paddle? A strap? He had them all. His legs straddled our joined bodies and from the sounds I knew he was going from my ass to the other slave's forcing each of us to shove our cocks down the back of the other's throat with each blow. The red warmth of my ass spread as the number of whacks mounted up. There were no words, just the muffled groans from each of us as the leather returned time and again to visit our quickly burning flesh.

Tears had formed in my eyes when Mr. Benson finally stopped. The gulps of the blond's throat pressing against my hard cock let me know his own cries were flowing too.

The rough hands of Mr. Benson untied us as quickly as they had bound us to one another. "Don't move." The order kept my mouth on the model's prick and my own shaft down his neck. Mr. Benson walked away from us. The sounds told me he was sitting on his favorite chair.

"Jamie, up on your knees." I gently pulled out of the man's mouth, leaving behind plenty of pre-cum and a desperate need to shoot. I lifted myself into a sitting position.

"You, on your hands and knees, back to Jamie." The other man was gently trying to get air into his lungs, fighting back the tears. He moved onto all fours and left me with a clear view of the mounds of his ass streaked with red welts and of the hole, sharply pink in contrast to the light yellow of his body and its covering.

"Jamie, your master is going to fuck that slave's asshole. He wants it nice and clean and wet. Get in there, boy, and clean that ass for your master."

I looked at the brilliant red stripes across the pale complexion. And at the puckered skin in the middle of the crevice between his cheeks. My hands went up and pushed aside the mounds, lifting the opening up to meet my mouth.

The taste of the sweat was clean, the hints of the asshole's own sweet flavor led me to push my tongue up and into him, licking the surfaces of the suddenly hairless membrane inside, slurping up spit to lubricate the circle of muscular flesh. 'My man's going to shove his prick up here!' My cock went hard as steel thinking about the meaty shaft poking into this warm, moist hole. Spit flowed out of my mouth, down the crack and around the ass, dripping off his tight balls now lifting themselves up into his body. Mr. Benson came around behind me and slapped an encouragement on my backside. "Get it good and wet, Jamie. Think of me while you do it. Think of the pleasure you're giving me by getting it ready." I dove further into his body than I would have thought possible, shoving aside the tight ring that dared to guard him from my master's want, I felt Mr. Benson's leather clad leg against my thigh, and then a new touch of warm skin when he took out his cock, hard and pulsing. "Get him ready for me, Jamie, get him good and ready." I felt Mr. Benson pulling on his dick, the foreskin moving up and down the length.

Another slap on my ass! "Move out, Jamie, I'm going to fuck this asshole."

I jumped out of the way as Mr. Benson stepped in closer and put the wide head up to the blond's pink muscle. The model tried to pull away. A sharp whack of Mr. Benson's hand on his ass brought him back to reality. "Stay up on your knees or I'll tie you up."

The thickly muscled legs moved back to meet Mr. Benson. I watched the beautiful tension on the arms as they pressed against the floor, holding up not only his own weight and my master's as well. I could see sweat collecting on his biceps as they bulged out from the strain, I watched the stomach muscles contract as they attempted to keep from faltering.

Unthinkingly, I moved over and ran my tongue to slop up the sweat, the salt taste making me want more. I kept at it with long, slow strokes. The model moaned in appreciation as I lapped up his fluid. I kept celebrating as the ridge of developed muscles hardened. "That's a good boy, Jamie, make him feel good. Make him glad he's got my prick inside him." Mr. Benson was gasping from the savage fucking he was giving the man. His whole body was slamming into the open, exposed figure before him, making him use every one of the strained muscles to defend himself against the onslaught.

"Get his prick!"

I went down on the floor on my back and slid beneath the grunting bodies as the walloping continued above me. The blond's cock was hard! The enormous stick swung in the air over me, I strained to lift my neck up to greet it. I drew it in, timing myself to meet one of Mr. Benson's thrusts.

"Jesus Christ!" The model exclaimed as the wide prickhead disappeared into my throat, shoving itself with a desperate need for release. The moans started to increase, the thrusts came more quickly. I could see the blond pushing harder back to meet Mr. Benson's pelvis as it slammed forward into him.

"Jesus Christ! Christ Jesus!" The man was screaming. Mr. Benson started to give the signaling shouts of impending joy, and there it was! A thick, gooey spurt of cum flowing down my throat. And another! Too much! It came out the side of my mouth and down my chin, no matter how quickly I tired to swallow, it flowed over my lips and onto my chest.

They stayed arched over me for minutes. The huge dick in my mouth barely had begun to deflate when Mr. Benson pulled out, his own wonderful cock suddenly popping into my view, coming down to press against the blond fuzzed balls in front of me, almost able to join the tool in my mouth.

Mr. Benson stood, "Get up."

The remark was meant for me. I came out from under the body of the model and stood beside him facing Mr. Benson. "Jamie, how'd you like a piece of this nice ripe ass?" I couldn't understand the question. "Do you want to fuck him?"

I looked down at the body straddling the floor. This man was one of the most desired males in New York City. He had the kind of body that existed only in ads for gyms. He stayed on his hands and knees with his head dangling submissively. "Yes, sir."

My answer was almost a whisper. "It's all nice and greased with my cum, boy, go ahead in." Mr. Benson sat on the couch on the other side of the blond's waiting body. My prick strained with its own weight as I went behind him and once again studied the beautiful ass. It was standing right up in the air, his legs had been spread apart by Mr. Benson's hammering, the balls, now relaxed after his orgasm, swung low away from his body with that fine blond hair covering. The red marks on his mounds still stood out in stark contrast to the pale skin. I took my hard shaft and poked at his hole, he moaned slightly, was it from pain or anticipation? I hadn't fucked anyone for months. It's hardly my forte. But, here it was, the chance to stick it into one of America's most beautiful men. The opening was wet, and I slid past the barely resisting ring of muscle. A loud gasp of air came from both of us. And I started pumping at the incredible warmth of his body, grabbing hold of the firm waist, watching the sharp triangles of muscle on his sides. "That's right, boy, fuck that slave's ass." Mr. Benson's hand came out and whacked an encouragement on my cheeks "Slam it in."

into my own orgasm quickly and violently. I shot my load deep inside his gorgeous ass, growling in victory, and receiving another hard whack from Mr. Benson.

I stayed inside him quietly. Amazed at myself for getting so hot over fucking someone and waiting for Mr. Benson to give a new order, I looked over at him, he was clothed in his uniform, the strong arms were crossed over his chest. Mr. Benson looked very pleased.

"Okay, Jamie, pull out of him and go shower. I want to talk to this slavemeat alone." My cock popped out of him, I jumped up and went into the shower room and quickly got under the warm and full flow of water. I felt foolish for my misgivings, however breif, of having a second Isave in the house. Now, it all seemed hot and wonderful and I wondered when it could happen again. I liked the idea of someone else listening to Mr. Benson talk about me: his number one slave it was an affirmation I appreciated receiving.

I remember that under that shower, I was as happy to be Mr. Benson's Isave as I ever would be.

When I returned to the living room, the blond was on his hands and knees – fully dressed this time, kissing Mr. Benson's feet. I must have missed the final command, because he got up and left without a word.

Mr. Benson and I stood at opposite ends of the room as the man put on a sheepskin jacket over his flannel shirt – it was a quick vision of a cigarette ad when the whole outfit was on – and then he left.

I looked over to Mr. Benson. "Come here, boy."

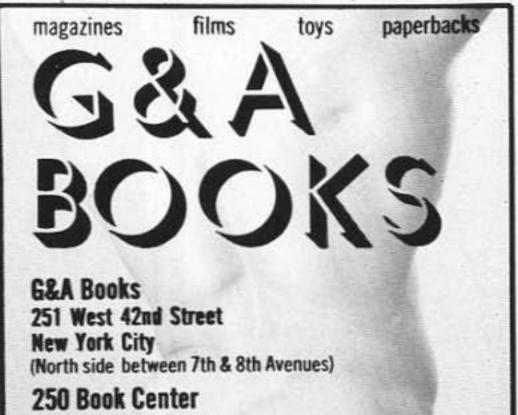
I went over to him and followed the order in his eye to drop to my knees. He reached over and took the back of my neck, pulling my face into his crotch, rubbing it against the leather covered bulge.

"You're a good boy, Jamie. You're learning very quickly. I like that. We'll have to find a way to reward you soon."

I put my arms around my master's legs and embraced him, thinking then that I needed no greater reward than that - to be with him.

I had no way of knowing what Mr. Benson had planned for me.

To be continued

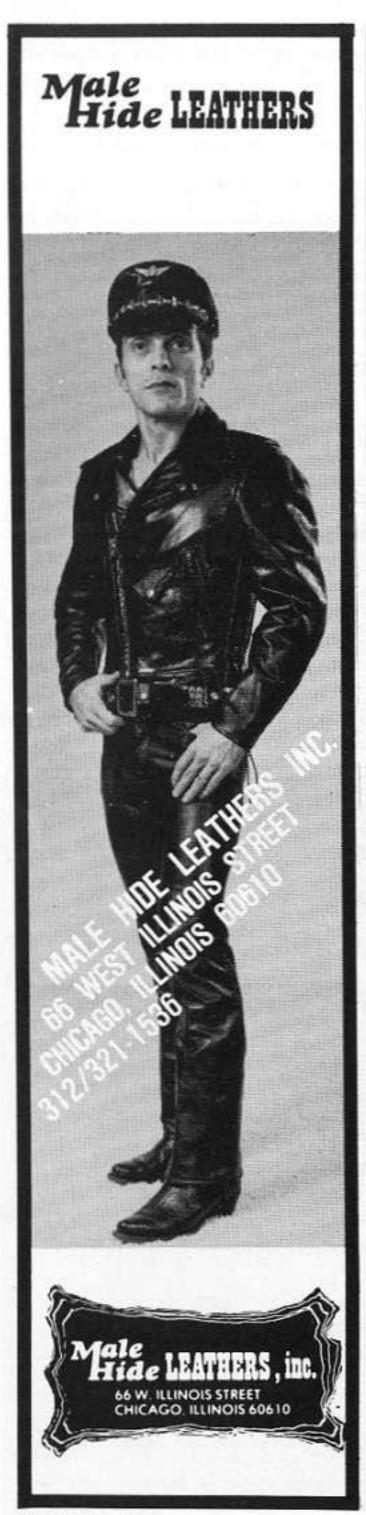


My pumping became harder, my thrusts came more quickly, the thought of the man's cum dripping out of my mouth while I watched Mr. Benson's prick grinding into him burst out

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ASTROLOGIC

- SAGITTARIUS S: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) Your creative ability brings much pleasure to others. Now, quick, make a fist and put a little pleasure up someone's ass.
- SAGITTARIUS M: Remember, pleasure is pain and pain is pleasure. If you can't remember that, have some eager Sagittarian S take pained pleasure in reminding you.
- CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Anyone for Winter Sports? That's like water sports except you make your slave lie down in a snow drift and piss ice cubes into his Perrier.
- CAPRICORN M: Just imagine how painful it is to piss square ice cubes out of a round pecker-hole! Just the thought of it turns your blood to kool-aide, doesn't it?
- AQUARIUS S: (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) All kind, sensitive Aquarians love animals. However, it's best you not let the local lawmen catch you loving them.
- AQUARIUS M: It's a good thing Aquarian S's like animals 'cause you're a real pig in desperate need of training. Dog collar, leash and cattle prod are the order of the day.
- PISCES S: (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) The sign of the fish—And for effect, how about a fish hook through your slave's nipples?
- PISCES M: Want to get hooked on a feeling? Find a cold storage unit and hang your ass on a meat rack . . . now, how does that feel?
- ARIES S: (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Stubborn, smelly, old goats such as you should consider a business venture, such as selling your smelly, old underwear to connoisseur masochists.

ARIES M: You're not a connoisseur; you're more like a common sewer!

TAURUS S: (Apr. 20-May 20) Those born under this cow sign often make the best bull-headed sadists. They also make the best bullshit!

- TAURUS M: And speaking of bullshit, wouldn't you like to find a big, mean farm boy who could make you roll naked through his pasture till you were coated like a giant Taurean turd?
- GEMINI S: (May 21-June 20) Consider that there are other kinds of sports beside "water sports." Wrestling is a good manly pastime. But being a split personality, you usually wind up wrestling with yourself most of the time ... and frequently losing.
- GEMINI M: Ever consider becoming a vegetarian? Get a pair of boxing gloves and give yourself a "cauliflower ear."
- CANCER S: (June 21-July 22) How can a home-body Moon Child such as yourself combine domesticity with B&D? Try tying your homemaker slave to a hot stove.
- CANCER M: Do you get a special thrill just hanging around the house all day? By your testicles?
- LEO S: (July 23-Aug. 22) Is your roar worse than your bite? Just remember that hot wax makes no noise (though your masochistic recipient may).
- LEO M: Don't you just love the delightful smells of late autumn . . . the odor of uncut cock mixed with sweaty leather on a chilly afternoon.

VIRGO S: (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) There's now frost on the pumpkin, so be

careful about butt-fucking cold bottoms. Frozen hemmorhoids are the icycles of the asshole.

 VIRGO M: This winter may be so cold you'll have to put your dildoes and chains in the refrigerator just to warm them up enough for use.
LIBRA S: (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Are you into giving orders and military fantasies? Make your next sexcapade a slice of Apocalypse Now.
LIBRA M: His Master's Voice: The sound of dirty talk and barking orders

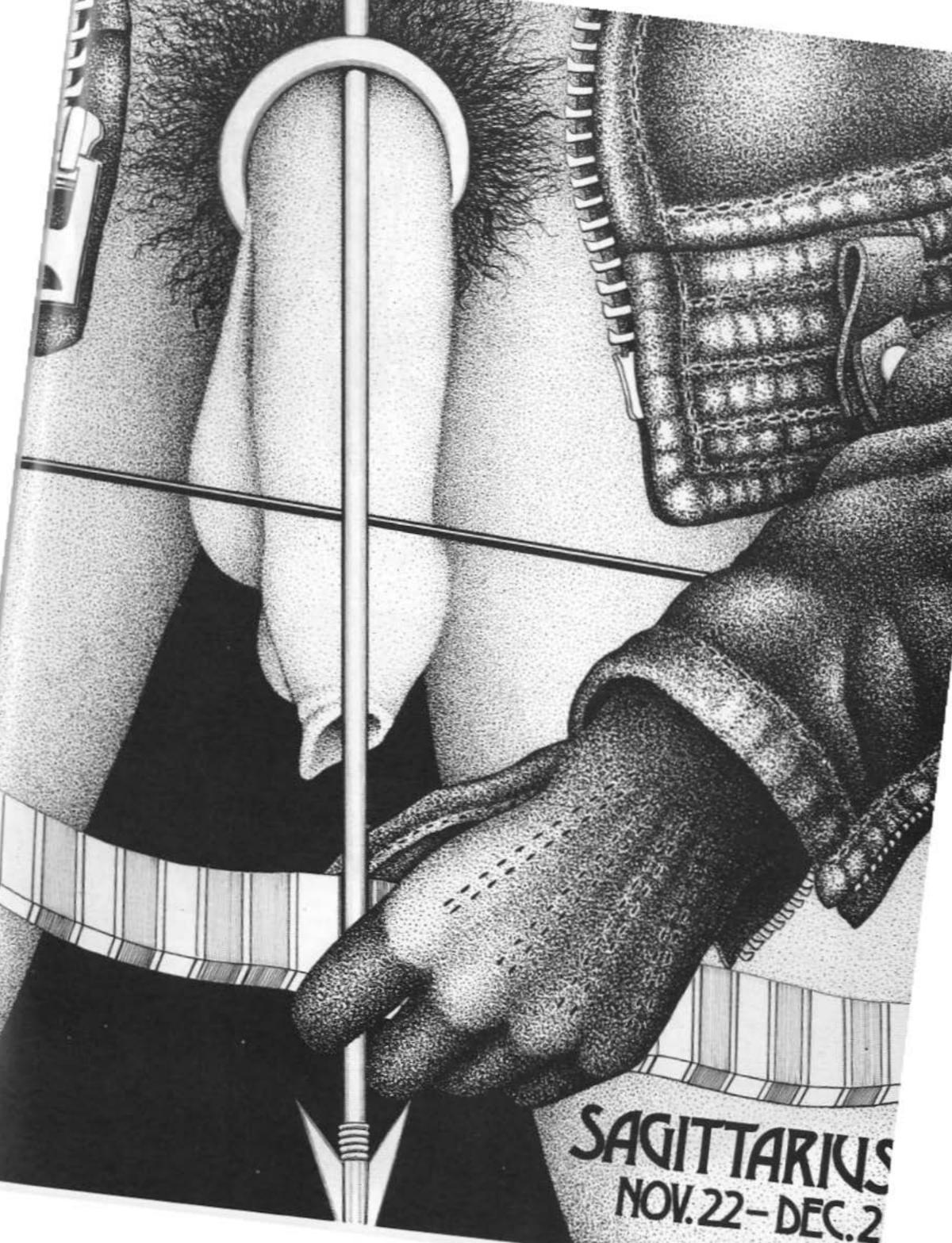
... music to your stereophonic ear-holes. scorpios: (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) End the year by shaving your slaves' public

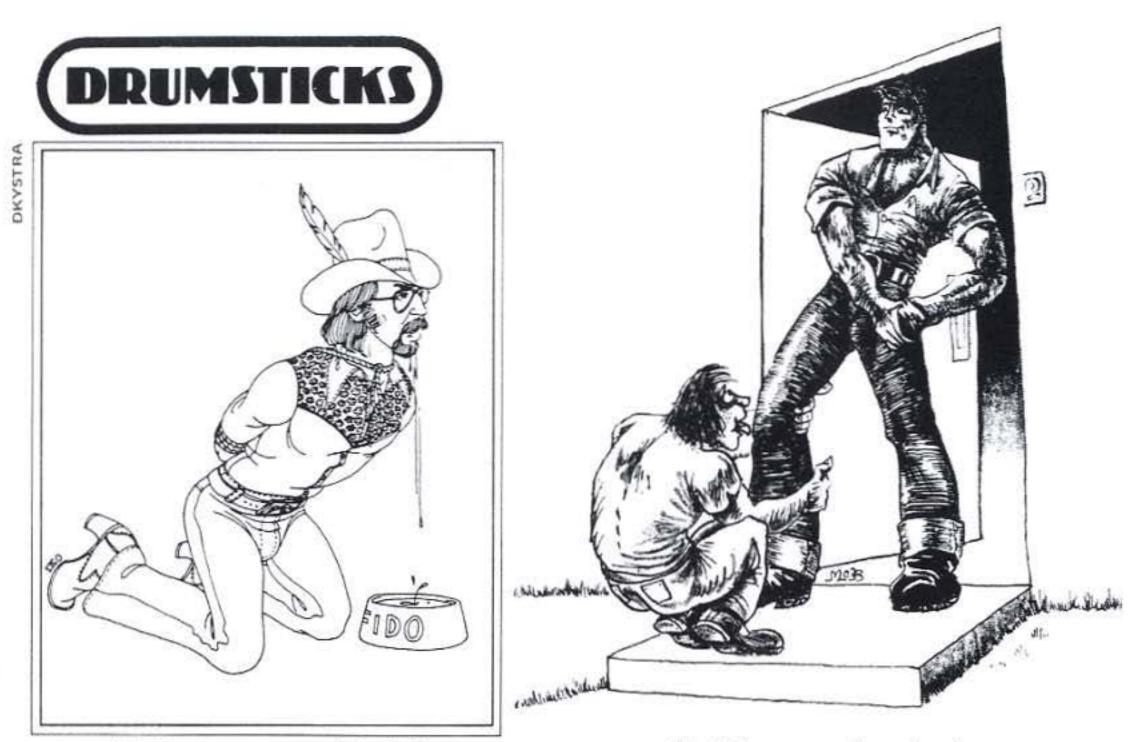
regions and dusting them severely with a good flea powder . . . the itch you save may be your own.

SCORPIO M: Should olde acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mine? In your case, yes.

-by Aristide

DENNIS KENNEDY





"The Gainsburgers are very juicy, sir."

"I'm licking my way thru college."

PHOTO: CHIDESTER

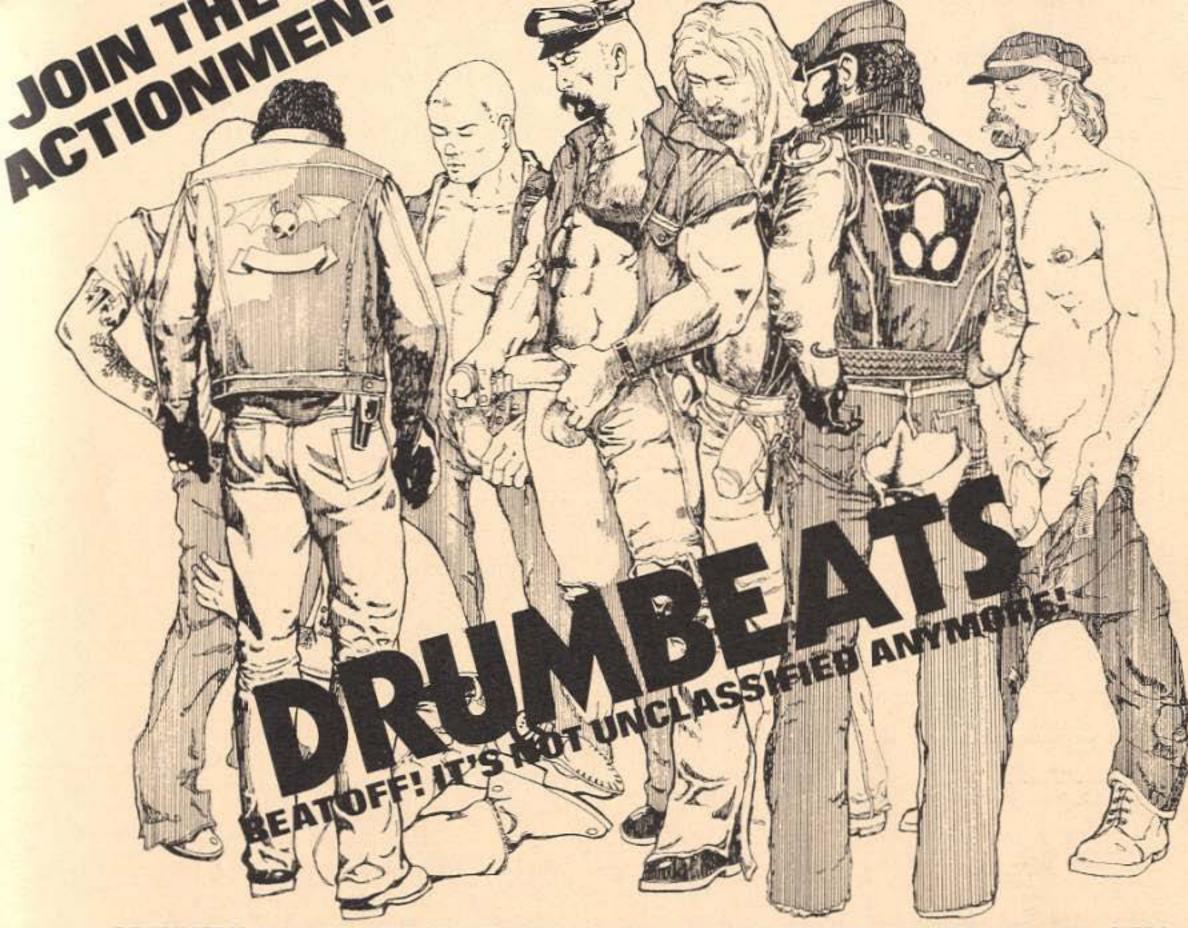
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ALABAMA

HANDSOME, funloving, levi/leather Harley rider, Taurus, 39, 5'10", 160 lbs., white, wishes to share fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish buddy to 50. Dig motorcycle riders, uniformed cycle cops, high boots, chaps, breeches, horses. Mustache/beard a turn on. Seeking permanent friendships. No fems, fats, drugs. Box 451A.

ARIZONA

LIVE-IN SLAVE & LOVER

Wanted by S, 6'2", blond, blue eyes, hairy, masculine, muscular, 43, with 6%" and huge bull balls. Slave/son/ lover should be 18-32, physically and psychologically capable 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 w/descriptive background. Be honest and save us both time. Must be willing to move to Phoenix. No photo, no reply. Hurry and become my property. Box 131.

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., 8%" uncut; if you are white, masculine, not overweight. Interested in shaving your crotch, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand, fist-fucking, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number and when you are available. Box 308B.

CALIFORNIA

WHERE IS MY DRUMMER?

A big, hard-ass slave for belting, riding, training, wanted by Black S, 30, 5'10", 165 lbs., 7", very hot. Seek muscular, chunky slave, solid with big thighs, big arms, and big ass. Lots of ass work, FF, belting, ball torture, collar, pumping iron, hot oil, affection, total belonging. Photo a must, Box 343. (CA)

Master with slave into all scenes, looking for same to share good times, etc. Call Bill (213) 661-3892. Also need second live-in slave, all areas. Bill B., 4110 Fountain Ave., No. 4, L.A., CA 90029.

LOS ANGELES, 45, 5'9", 165 lbs., 81/2" uncut, hairy, into light S&M, B&D, jocks, leather, FF (top); into under 45, almost any scene, will answer with phone and photo. Box 349.

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, Box 353.

HOT ATHLETIC MASTER Levi/leather man, 25, 5'10", 155 lbs., 7", seeks hot, wild-assed young white slave in need of total domination and discipline by a hot young Master who will make you worship, beg, and grovel at his feet. Fats and fems, fuck off. Photo and phone to: Box 130Y.

SPANKING MASTER

White male, 36, 5'6", 122 lbs., very Gr active, needs slim, smooth, Gr passive slave into spanking, bondage. Box 69994, Los Aneles, CA 90069.

LONG BEACH, 30, 6'3", 185 lbs., novice m seeks a man to show me the ropes. Have always been turned on by hot, masterful men but was afraid to try until now. Experienced only, please. Write: Box 3642, Long Beach, CA 90803.

CRUEL SAN DIEGO TOPMAN

29, blonde, hot, hung and mean, goodlooking. I am no respecter of limits, desire serious pain slaves only. Interested and experienced in all scenes. Send descriptive letter and photo detailing your heaviest scene to date (and heaviest unrealized fantasy). I can top it. Have group of buddies available. Write now! Mr. B., Box 8262, San Diego, CA 92102.

BIG DICKED SADIST

Straight, rugged, tattooed, ex-Navy dude; 5'8", 175 lbs., 29" waist, 44" chest, 17" arms, with 9" of thick, hot meat for some masculine, goodlooking cocksuckers' eager throat and ass. If you need a big dicked sadist to service and weekends are open, then drop a line with photo and details to Box 358.

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.

HOLLYWOOD LEATHER S, Capricorn/Aries, 38, 5'10", 165 Ibs., prefers masculine, muscular slave. B&D, obedience, wild sex. Permanent or occasional relationship. Send photo. Box 374. HAYWARD, S, muscular, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 8½" cut; looking for together, well-built bottoms with eagerness to please, masculine appearance, under 35. Into all scenes with responsive partners. Box 402.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 6'1", 175 Ibs., 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.

SIT ON MY FACE

Slim w/m, 23, goodlooking, loves to eat ass. Also into other scenes. If a hot tongue turns you on, write: George, Box 4297, San Francisco, CA 94101.

W/m, 39, 5'11", 165 lbs., hot, sexy, hairy, bearded, masculine animal with hot slave mouth and ass awaits orders, Sir. No Florida calls; will be in California end of '79. Robert, 2815 S. Miami Ave., Miami, FL 33129. (305) 858-4965.

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

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; 10pm to midnight. Answering machine other times. Write: Box 101SF.

UNCUT OR SHAVED?

Hot and uninhibited young dude, 29, uncut, 7", digs shaved crotches, excessive foreskin, private tattoos, heavy dildoe action, piss-filled rubbers, WS, and exhibitionists. Correspond with anyplace, get together in the Bay Area. Photos exchanged with collectors of similar interests. Am 6', 150 lbs., not yet shaved. Box 292.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, Eurasian, 41, 5'8", 150 lbs., 5", muscular, into heavy tit and ass action, FF, WS, etc. Versatile, imaginative; seeks muscular studs, 30-45, who dig getting as much as giving. No permanent damage. Box 312.

SHAVED CROTCHES IN L.A. Cute guy, 22, 11%", seeks other guys into shaved pubes. Your picture gets mine. Box 328.

WHITE MASTER

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

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

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

SAN DIEGO, 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 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable, experienced, discreet, masculine, goodlooking dude, well-equipped with toys, seeks slim, submissive partner to 26. Should be cleanshaven, clean-cut, Box 52G.

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.

LONG BEACH AREA uncuts wanted by blonde/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m. Dig hot, sweaty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 ok. Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510, Rick (213) 434-6554.

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.

Mature, masculine w/m, 47, 6'3", 225, virile, healthy, experienced, wants contact with men near my size, 30+ only. CB's, bikers, cowboys reply to: R.K., Box 905, Oakview, CA 93022.

SAN JOSE AREA, 32, 6', 190 lbs., 8", strong, masculine, moustache, clean-cut, wants contact with heavychested men over 6', over 200 lbs., over 30 years old, into domination, humiliation, nipple action, verbal abuse, j/o, fantasy, body worship, masculine affection. Write: Box 2057, Sunnyvale, CA 94087.

SAN DIEGO, SM, 47, 5'8'', 150 lbs., dig whipping scenes; enjoy giving it to guys who are really into it. Beginners ok, if really interested, safe, controlled, will trade-off with right guy. Box 344. HOT L.A. STUD BOTTOM W/m, 32, 6', good body and head, seeks together top w/m, 25-45, beard or mustache (a plus but not necessary). Into getting my hot ass fucked, eating your ass, WS and mutually satisfying trips. Could expand limits over period of time with right top. Photo. Box 377.

HOT LOOKING

Tall and muscular w/m, under 30, seeks same only for various sexual, athletic and cultural pursuits. Photo., Box 379.

HOLLYWOOD BLOND

32, 5'10", 148 lbs., considered hot looking. Seeking lean, butch, imaginative tops up to 45 to torture, pierce and humiliate my "little boy" dick. No fats, amateurs or curiosity seekers. Photo exchanged and/or returned. Box 340.

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. LOS ANGELES, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 155 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable, attractive, imaginative stud is good top man for obedient, uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, fems, fats. Love sex. Box 133.

L.A. FILTH

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

L.A. / VALLEY

Ms, 25, 5'8", 150 lbs., hairy, goodlooking, seeks same into leather, fulfilling fantasies, to expand and learn together. Cigars, spanking, bondage, fucking are turn-ons. No heavy S&M or scat. Box 334.

SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs., semi-muscular, 6%" cut, looking for masculine, aggressive men, 25-45, 5'8" or taller, under 200 lbs. Looking for men into trying new things. Box 256.

SLAVE

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

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

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 5'11". 130 lbs., white, 8", black hair, blue eyes, mustache, goodlooking, nonsmoker/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.

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

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

APO/SF, SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs., semi-muscular, short hair, return o the States in April '80, Looking for aggressive, masculine, 25-45, with SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 36, 5'11", willingness to try new things. No 175 lbs., European actor, Mediterfems, fats, Box 256.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 41, 5'8", 150 lbs., muscular, hairless, cut; seeks physical similar; turn on to muscles, rounded ass, solid pecs, FF, WS, titwork, whipping, into either role, can give and take. No fats, scat, heavy drugs, filth or permanent damage. Box 312.

TWO MUSCULAR FARMERS

Into group action with C&B, tit torture, piercing, catheters, enemas, heavy S&M, FF; with own isolated work room. Letter and photo gets ours. Can travel, Box 262, Like Oak, CA 95953.

LONG BEACH/LAGUNA Bronc available to all sadistic stallions. Heavy riding, full body service, torture. Animal, 32, 5'11", 29" waist, 7", hairy chest, hot ass and ready, Sir. Action only. Box 412.

LONG BEACH AREA uncuts wanted by blonde/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 150 lbs., 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m, Dig hot, sweaty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 lk. Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510.

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.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/L.A. White slave, 25, 6', 165 lbs., goodlooking 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.

OROVILLE, M, Cancer, 33, 6', 180, white, 6%", 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.

ranean, into kindness and intelligence. If you can handle that, I'm your type of man and you are mine. The rest will come by itself. Sex could be heavy or mild, but you must have the same desires to enjoy the good thing in life: giving ourselves to each other. No fems, or under 30. Box 167.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 29, 5'7"

S.F. ASS EATER Hot male eats ripe assholes. Sit on my face, you fucker. Box 316

AVALON, SM, Leo/Virgo cusp, 39, 5'11", 145 lbs., 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 dominant). Must have boat (live on island). Seek MC riders for summer runs, No body odor, bad teeth or soft bellies, Box 318V.

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 I wouldn't walk down the street with, Box 667C.

WOODLAND HILLS, M. Pisces, 40, 5'10", white, 165 lbs., 8", enjoys cock and ball action, cathers catheters, enemas, serious sex by controlling Master; 3-ways. Box 132M.

VENTURA, SM, 45, 6'3", 225 lbs., German, 7", seeks well-built men over 35, over 6' tall, in levis or leather, dominant or passive. Am versatile and willing to learn. Box 170.

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 disciplinary principles and total arrogance. This is serious and as real as fantasy allows. Applications requested for assistance as Guard/Drill Instructor. Stockade is a non-domestically associated punishment facility. Workouts only in prison uniforms or work garb. US*ALL, Dept. D, Box 972, Mountain View, CA 94042.

ORAL SLAVE

Fremont, 38, 6'3", black, 190 lbs., 7" uncut, gives total oral service; appreciates WS, dirty talk, namecalling, humiliation, verbal abuse, asshole licking. Looking for white, Latin or Asian into having a tall slave. Should be 18-45, masculine, leather/levi, Box 491F.

COLORADO

LEATHER TRAINING

By older, experienced leatherman to young novice; beginner or advanced, on temporary or lifetime-live in basis, Master will support efforts to achieve physical, career, educational and

FRIENDLY FILTH - NO PAIN

Very goodlooking, tall, slim, middle class, cultured Black guy wants white top man who wants a personal toilet, pig, friend, lover for unbelievable filth trips, Watch me eat the rich brown stuffing from your white meat. turkey ass. I'm 30, Gr passive. You must be tall, very goodlooking, moustached and under 35, Box 824, Hartford, CT.

GEMINI, 31, 5'11", 136 lbs., trim beard, aggressive, sexually dominant; would like to meet guys 26-40, slim to average builds; into light S&M, B&D, levis, boots, heavy Gr and Fr action. Replies from small guys especially welcome. Box 355.

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

S, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs., husky, hairy, 6" cut, masculine, firm; seeks cleancut slave, 18-35, white, slim or muscular, into bondage and discipline, toys, willing to serve and obey. Box 257.

DIST. OF COLUMBIA

TALL, SLIM LEATHERMAN 42, 6'1", white, uncut, accepting applications from slaves to eat cock, balls, ass, etc. Your intelligent Master knows how to appreciate a butch. hot-mouthed slave, Box 354

WASHINGTON, SM, Sag., 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., white, 10", knowledgeable, very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with mature, uninhibited partners, 45-50. No fems, fats, long hair or body odor. Box 84D.

WASHINGTON, slave, Sag., 54, 5'61/4", 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 beards, red heads, or hairy bodies. Box 227S.

FLORIDA

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS

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

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.

GLENDALE, SM, 5'11", 152 lbs., capped. Box 208. 8" uncut, Chinese/Polish, medium/ muscular build; into total anal sensu- LOS ANGELES, M, Virgo, 49, ality. Looking for men in shape, 8" or bigger, with small hands. No pain, edgeable, imaginative and obedient. body odor, stupidity. Box 65.

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.

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 handi-

5'10", 145 lbs., white, 6", knowl-Box 182.

leathersex goals! (303) 322-2713. Instructor c/o Mountain Men, Box 8887, Denver, CO 80218.

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

CONNECTICUT

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

MIAMI. Goodlooking, hot Latino, masculine, 23, 5'10", 145 lbs., lean body; is looking to meet men who are Gr active and into long sessions, WS, light to medium S&M, B&D, Photo with letters returned. Box 54-6069, Miami Beach, FL 33154.

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.

WANT THIRSTY HUNK MEN

For heavy WS, sweaty muscle licking, enemas, exhibitionism, mirrors, j/o; with this goodlooking narcissist, 40, 5'10'', 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Studs can sweat me down and use me at both ends. Submissives will stay down, drink and worship. Miami, Box 47.

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 can recieve. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr. Right. Box 59.

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.

COCOA BEACH, S. Capricorn, 59, 5'6", 155 lbs., white; knowledgeable, open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

HIALEAH, SM, Pisces, 32, 5'8", 165 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 28, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale, No fems, fats, long hairs. Box 9.

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

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA, S, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., crewcut, construction worker, into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Likes kinky scenes. Am masculine and hung. Need service from masculine, cock hungry, piss thirsty dudes, Limited travel ok, Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.

GEORGIA

Hot to learn sensual S&M. W/m, 29, 5'11", 155 lbs., wants clean, goodlooking, experienced guy into light S&M, bondage, fucking, FF and wrestling, H. Robertson, 98 Peachtree Pl., Warner Robins, GA 31093.

TRAVELING DOMINANT

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

ILLINOIS

SLAVE WANTED

Master looking for slave who will take care of my home. Will be kept naked and shaved, must be into light S&M, B&D, WS. Must like to jog, swim and bike. Under 35 and under 6'. Will help relocate. Send photo with letter. Box 314.

CRYSTAL LAKE, Sagittarius, 30, 198 lbs., 5'10'', 1/2 Oriental-1/2 Caucasian. Seeks companionship and friendship. I'm inexperienced, but willing to learn. A masculine stomach really turns me on. No fats or fems. Box 341.

WANTED: SLAVE

No week-ends, or overnights. For life of obedience and servitude. Age unimportant. 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 get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21– 35, obedient, and know his place. No fats, Box 181P.

CHICAGO, 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.

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, W/m, 31, 5'9", 150 lbs.,

CHICAGO, M, Aries, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable, enthusiastic and willing to try almost anything with level-headed partner in good physical condition. No fems, fats. Box 186Z.

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

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 3098.

BODYBUILDER

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

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 24, 6', 180 lbs., 6½" 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%" uncut, seeks willing, obedient, submissive slave, masculine, slender, under 35, preferrably uncut. Am understanding but forceful, Box 180Q.

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. Box 960.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS newcomer wants to meet tops who are into fists, WS, toys and games. I'm bottom, 36, well hung and submissive. Mark (504) 891-2986.

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.

MASSACHUSETTS

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

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

MICHIGAN

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

FARMINGTON, S, Virgo, 33, 5'6", 135 lbs., white, 8%", knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient, experimental slave. No balds, fats, dominants. Box 52D.

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.

I know you're out there! Cops, military, bikers and other leather types. If you like bondage in gear, I'm your man. Absolute discretion and confidence assured. Age, location unimportant. Can play either role. Eager to capture you or be bound by you, but have to hear from you first! Uniformed cops especially welcome. Let's hear from you! Box 378.

MAINE

SLAVE OR MASTER W/male, 43, 6'1", 165 lbs., into bondage, cock/ball/tit torture. Box 356.

HAWAII

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.

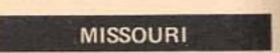
IDAHO

BOISE, SM, 44, 6', 158 lbs., uncut 7'', into spreadeagle suspension, submission; seeks tops or bottoms with light or no body hair, slim, interested in B&D. No fats, scat, hairy. Box 52F8. seeks slim Black master to 35, willing to teach me to serve in all things. Am into B&D, spanking, WS, and total oral service. R.G., Box 6348, Chicago, IL 60680.

BORN TO SERVE Need to worship big, muscular body; know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, 23, 5'8", 155 lbs., slender but muscular build. Prefer someone in their 30's, tall, at least 6', well-endowed, muscular, ruggedly goodlooking, hairychested if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Box 58. HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs., white, 7'', novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/ dislikes. Seeks similar into roleswitching. No fems, drunks. Box 130Z.

MONROE, 33, white, 6', 175 lbs., seeks w/m, 25-40. Am primarily m into father/son type discipline with bondage. Will assume S role for proper m. Box 332.

LOOKING FOR A MASTER? ADVERTISE IN DRUMBEATS



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

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

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M

Leather master will instruct you using strict monastic obedience, humiliation, discipline, penitence, poverty, labor, silence, cloister, devotion. You will learn sign language, have name changed, head shaved. If you pass the novitiate you will be professed Usque Ad Mortem. You cannot serve two masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss, not a pious meditation. Vocation to serve? Apply with aspirations and photo. Many are called but only one is chosen. Box 363.

ST. LOUIS, S, Leo, 31, 5'9", 210 lbs., 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.

NEBRASKA

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

NEVADA

NUDE BOXING

Las Vegas, w/m, 28, 6', 190 lbs., seeks macho men, 25-50. Big gloves necessary. Photo, facts, fantasies. Box 322.

NEW JERSEY

BELLEVILLE, 55, 5'10", 160 lbs., 7" cut, medium build, dominant S looking for ass-eaters, hot mouthed bottoms. No dope, drunks, fems. Box 403.

ATLANTIC CITY, bearded Taurus, Italian man, 29, 5'9", 140 lbs., 8" cut, seeks sincere men, my height or taller, with aggressive needs, who enjoy spending time with hotminded human being that has no hangups about pleasing you. Don't smoke or drink. Likes honest conversation and real times. Reply with photo and phone, will do the same. No fats or fags. Tom, No. 3E, 3 S. Iowa Ave., Atlantic City, NJ 08401. NJ/NYC, W/m, 5'11", 182 lbs., 6%", 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 21.

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.

NORTHERN JERSEY, W/m, 38, 6'2", 185 lbs., 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.

NEW YORK

MY TRIP

is into nipples, ass on my face, ball torture and FF. Am 38, 5'11", 155 lbs., medium, blond, mustached European with big nipples on tanned body with hairy legs and arms. Looking for a man who looks for men to trip with one another. If you are dark and hairy, good; but not a must. Box 342.

NEW YORK CITY/LONG ISLAND, M, 43, 5'10", white, hairy, bearded, 160 lbs., 6" cut, seeks S for discipline and obedience training. Overall good service. Dig tattoos, police types, USMC. Groove on uniforms. Into pubic shaving. Not yet FF but willing by right officer, and have limits expanded. Must have own place. Blacks, Latins, Orientals welcome. Box 3092, Grand Central Sta., New York, NY 10017.

ATTRACTIVE TALL MALE

Slender, 33, masculine; seeks big, thick cocks, 9" or more, for oral and j/o action in NYC area. No pain or anal. Photo and phone preferred. State measurements when replying. Box A-51, New York, NY 10019.

NJ/NYC, youthful disciplinarian, 34, good build, 5'7", into spanking other guys when needed. Firm hand. No

VERY STRICT

NYC Leather Master, 30, 6', 170 lbs., 7" cut, mustache, seeks real slave. You will live in full, firm discipline. My satisfaction is very difficult to earn. I'm willing to accept well-trained slaves or to train a novice. Attitude is all important. Write grovelling letter begging for interview. Be prepared for the total security of total surrender. Box 255.

NEW YORK, Aryan, 47, 5'8", Aries/ Taurus cusp, into motorcycles, boots, police uniforms, tattoos and S&M; interested in corresponding with stocky cigar smoking macho man, 40 plus. Box 285–Downstairs, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

DOMINATING NYC PHOTOGRAPHER

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

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.

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 worshiped in their leathers. Flicks, booze, poppers, jocks, dirty talk, and the aroma of leather turns me on. I want to learn about w/s, BD, enemas, fantasies and kinky scenes from bigcocked masters. No fats or fems. Will try most anything once. My tender white ass awaits your pleasure. Will answer all. Box 95.

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.

NYC Uniform man, MS, 30, 6', 150 lbs., w/m, 8", hot, moustache, into L/L, uniforms, cycles, boots, seeks tough, well-hung, muscular men who are versatile and can keep it up. Also into fantasies and 3 or more groups with the right people. Reply with photo and phone. Box 687E. NEW YORK, M, Sag., needs training. Am 36, 155 lbs., white, 8" uncut. J. Campbell, Box 28, Shirley, NY 11967.

MS, Leo, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs., 6¼", 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.

MS, 38, 5'10", 150 lbs., 6%" cut, into anal sex, FF on a reciprocal basis. Prefer Orientals, 30-45, trim. Am level headed and adventurous. Prefer slightly dominant partner. Box 63.

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

GREENWICH VILLAGE, 28, 6'2", 155 lbs., blonde bodybuilder, 10%", 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.

BROOKLYN, S, 6', 170 lbs., 30, muscular, 7" cut, Taurus looking for man, 18–40, with genuine attitude of servitude. Should be masculine, well built, mentally and emotionally flexible. Box 255.

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

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

QUEENS, 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 306.

HIGHSTOWN, M, 32, 5'8", 160 lbs., 7" cut. Blond 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.

JERSEY CITY, M, Libra, 34, 6', 163 lbs., white, 6%", novice. Have enjoyed light leather bondage and spanking while spreadeagle. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use me and let his friends use me, too. I'll serve as third to a Master and his slave. Can get into Manhattan easily. Box 101NJ. fats, fems, drugs. Box 368.

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

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.

GEMINI, 41, 6'3", slender, good body, 6", tattoo; seeks versatile partners. Am novice in both stances. Box 452A. 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 threesomes. Box 451B.

NOTICE:

Because of the difficulty involved with verifying home phone numbers, Drummer will no longer accept personal ads with phone numbers. LOOKING FOR A MASTER? ADVERTISE IN DRUMBEATS DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS! 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.

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

BROOKLYN, M, Aquarius, 33, 6', 170 lbs., white/Cherokee Indian, 7" uncut, knowledgeable. Smooth bodybuilder, talented, tight ass slave needs domineering Master to 40, over 6", hairy, into B&D. No roleswitching, scat, shaving. Box 122.

NEW MEXICO

Southeast New Mexico slave, 35, 6', 160 lbs., 6", ugly as sin, good body, needs truckers, bikers to fill hot mouth, hotter ass. Into piss, ass sucking, FF, bondage, whippings, tit/ cock and ball torture. I'm a piece of shit, so do your scene. One is ok, more is better. Box 372.

OHIO

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10", 155 Ibs., white, 6%", novice. French active, Greek passive, wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No fats, heavy S&M, or B.O. Box 17V.

AKRON, MS, Gemini, 43, 6'1", 195 lbs., white, 6%", knowledgeable. Into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would switch roles with right partner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers, drug users or 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.

OKLAHOMA

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.

OK CITY, S, 6'2", 195 lbs., 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.

OREGON

PORTLAND, S, 32, 5'5", 170 lbs., semi-muscular, hairy, 7%" cut, deW/m, 30, 6%", 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.

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.

PHILADELPHIA, S, 41, 6'3", 165 lbs., 7" cut, sensitive to the limits and desires of a slave who is clean, unmarked, 20–45, in good physical shape, with low hanging balls. Box 294V25.

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

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

HARRISBURG, M, 160 lbs., 28, white slave looking for master, 21-45, no fakes, fats, fems, ugly. Into WS, B&D, jock straps, torn pants, verbal humiliation, public worship. Make me your dog with collar and leash. I will obey or else. Will travel to NY, Phil., Balt., and Washington. Box 362.

PHILADELPHIA, S, Virgo/Scorpio, 42, 5'7", 160 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable. Italian stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his boots, leather and chains. Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, WS, chains, bike and western, leather, toys. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 52.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Cancer, 40, 6'2", 210 lbs., white, 7"; learning fast. Masculine weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist, wants to expand experiences with clean, experienced, masculine S. Box 23.

WILKES BARRE, S. Cancer, 41,

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5'11", 140 lbs., white, 8". Completely inexperienced but willing to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 52F.

PHILADELPHIA, S. Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable. Masculine S seeks M under 35, into S&M, B&D, WS, oil, leather, levis. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209.

PUERTO RICO

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

SOUTH CAROLINA

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

TENNESSEE

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

TEXAS

DALLAS, Leo and Aquarius, both 8%", completely inexperienced, prefers someone to explore our unknown 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 you hot men. Photo appreciated. Box 266.

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.

AUSTIN, w/m, 23, muscular, 5'11",

SLAVE WANTED

Permanent, obedient, loyal, devoted. Serious persons only. Send recent photo. No drugs. Box 381.

RETIRED TEXAN

Free to travel USA. Interests include, but not limited to: leather and rubber clothing and footwear and related items. MG police uniform (breeches and boots). Also into mild S&M. Most anxious to correspond with and possibly meet other individuals with similar interests regardless of geographical location of current residence. Box 401.

VIRGINIA

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 tops, it takes quite a man to get me to bottom, and then not for very long. Box 294V50.

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 lbs., 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, leather/levis, truckers, horses, WS, 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.

WASHINGTON

TACOMA, SM, Capricorn, 37, 6'3", 190 lbs., white, 7", novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prevers bike owner. No fems, fats. Box 185G2.

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

WISCONSIN

MANITOWOC, WS, Leo, 34, 5'6". 150 lbs., white: into sucking, fuck-

manding. Like to hear slaves beg, but respect limits. Masculine dudes, tattooed, muscular, or at least not fat, that want discipline in leather or levis, write: Box 241.

NOVICE SLAVE

45, 5'5", 110 lbs., 7" uncut, gives total tongue service to dominant master, needs humiliation, WS; into asshole licking, body worship, will serve your commands. Dig kinky sex, leather, rubber, levis, tattoos. Write with photo and dirty letter, will do same. Box 348.

IF IT'S WORTH FINDING YOU'LL FIND IT FASTER IN DRUMMER'S DRUMBEATS

DRUMMER 38

6', 170 lbs., white, 12''. Experienced military disciplinarian with rural stockade. 20 years military experience; 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 55.

LOOKING FOR A MASTER? ADVERTISE IN DRUMBEATS

NOTICE:

Because of the difficulty involved with verifying home phone numbers, Drummer will no longer accept personal ads with phone numbers. 175 Ibs., 8', wants instruction in mansex, S&M, B&D, WS, leather, military, etc. All scenes considered. Travel to San Antonio, Dallas, Shreveport. Photo and phone with letter gets mine. Box 364.

FORT WORTH, w/m, 6" cut, seeks brief encounter of all dimensions. Send photo and letter for prompt reply. Box 371,

HOUSTON, 28, 5'10", 165 lbs., novice, butch slave seeking hairy jock master to turn on. Into jock clothing, bondage, piss, uniforms, leather, rubber, etc. How can I serve you? Wilson, Box 37333, Houston, TX 77036. ing, WS, jockstraps, leather and the great outdoors. Looking for buddies with beard or moustache interested in same. Photo appreciated. Box 345. (WI)

MILWAUKEE, MS, Capricorn, 42, 6'4'', 210 lbs., white, 6'', knowledgeable. 15 years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner, 25–60. No fats. Box 294V85.

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius, 28, 5'7", 150 lbs., white, 7", novice. Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 62K.

KENOSHA

Goodlooking, honest, discrete, young guy with good S/m experiences, wants sexual (and maybe social, and preferably lasting) relationships with men interested in S/m type sex. I prefer being the "m." I would really dig being spanked or talked dirty to, in an experienced leather man's sexy car, who made me swallow his beer piss, while he smoked a big cigar, with the windows closed, farting, and etc. I also can make a good "S" for the right guy. My "m" must be new to S/m type gay sex. He must be very eager to try S&M, appreciative and desirable. I will give tender, careful treatments, usually in leather, respecting limits, but B&D and light pain will be required from start. All nearby and sincere letters will be answered. No permanent marks, heavy pain, drugs, disco types, or guys who just want to write letters and not meet each other. Bill H., P.O. Box 383, Kenosha, WI 53141.

WATERTOWN, S, Libra, 27, 6', 175 lbs., white, 7", novice will satisfy needs of mutually honest, understanding partner. Into WS, B&D, humiliation, public exhibitionism. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130W.

CONTACT

BONDAGE

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

Want to buy photographs of guys with clean shaven pubic area. Sample with offer/price appreciated. Box 350. (Advertiser is in Holland.)

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

MANLY, BRAVE, TRUE and loyal subjects sought by private king. Absolutely serious replies only. Box 357.

EMBARRASSING INITIATIONS Humiliating hazings. Send a detailed account of an initiation (yours or someone else's) and receive two detailed accounts in return. John, Box 30353, Cleveland, OH 44130.

DISABLED?

I'm interested in meeting amputated

S/M, w/m, wants to correspond with guys into scat, enemas, piss, pain, bondage, shaving; to exchange fantasies, ideas, drawings, photos. I'm into it, turned on. All races, ages. Let's get in touch and talk serious and dirty. Ted Stevens, Downstairs, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

FOOTMEN

Club for men into male feet, socks, shoes, boots, etc. Send name, age to: Footman, Box 741-D, New York, NY 10004.

MAIL ORDER

RAW MEAT

A.Jay, creator of Drummer's super comic hero, "Harry Chess" offers six funky drawings in his portfolio RAW MEAT. A. Jay's big guys perform hot solo trips with their sweaty equipment for your private enjoyment, Hurry . . . this set is almost sold out! Only \$9 (price includes first class postage and manhandling.) Send check or M.O. to Powerhouse Productions, P.O. Box 11007, San Francisco, CA 94101. Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery. All orders must state you are over 21. (15 Harriet, SF 94103)

DRAWINGS BY REX

Detailed scenes of raunchy male sex! Hot action books, photo-sets and posters by Rex, one of the top erotic artists of our time. \$3.00 gets you four 8x10 samples plus full info on how to obtain more. Checks made payable to DRAWINGS BY REX and sent to: 960 Folsom St., S.F., CA 94107.

CATALOGUE

S&M tapes and photos. Singles, duals, threesomes; light, medium, heavy. Live, uncensored sessions. \$3. Tri-Wood Creations, Box 3372, Providence, RI 02909.

EROTIC ALL MALE VIDEO MOVIES

For Beta and VHS formats. Buy quantity, get 1 free. Special selections. Quick Delivery. Top quality originals, NO DUPES! Color, sound, $1 - 1\frac{1}{2}$ hour long. Over 100 to choose from. Send \$1 for catalogues, we'll apply to purchase.

WE GIVE GOOD VIDEO Guaranteed! Associated Video, Dept. ALT, 1614 Victory Blvd., No. 107, Glendale, CA 91201.

18" BLACK LOGGER BOOTS Lace up to top, thick leather construction, Super Lug or Spike soles available. Any size or width, many styles available. Write to: Jim, Box 23764, San Jose, CA 95123. Include 25c for mailing list.

JOCK MEN

Hairy, well-built hardhat into leather/ animal games has a funky, smelly, ripe collection of jockstraps for your private scenes. Each stain tells a hot S/M story! The fuckers are only \$7 each. Sent in a heavy drip-proof bag. Pete Powers, Box 11007, S.F., CA 94101. Sent either damp or crusty.

MAIL ORDER NOTICE

The California laws now reads that anyone conducting a mail order 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 correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

VERY GAY GREETINGS

A new and exciting line of very gay greeting cards – the hottest and most exciting variety available. Not at all for the very easily offended. 12 different all-occasion cards on heavy coated card stock with envelopes for \$4.95 postpaid. The Emporium, 1730 Divisadero, S.F., CA 94115.

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

FOOTBALL

This is it! Candid movie of real football players in football cage. See jocks shedding uniforms, take leads and shower. It's real. No fake! Other films in Super 8-55' color are: Marines-Navy, Swimmers, Gymnasts, Nude Surfers, Lifeguards, Wrestlers, Glory Hole. Each film is \$25. Sets of 3X5 color photographs are \$25. Set of 50 photographs, including stills from films for \$50. Free information with order. Extra information for \$2. Sign if over 21. TAURUS PRODUCTIONS, Box 3312, Santa Monica, CA 90403.

FREE ACTION CATALOG Box 1392D, Phoenix, AZ 85001

S&M PORN FOR SALE

Porn collection for sale. Professional, commercial material. Personal collection. Must sell. Legit offer. Wirte for info. Box 319.

BIG DICKED SADIST

Straight, rugged, handsome, hardmuscled, Marlboro-smoking, tattooed ex-Navy fucker with huge, fat, uncut prick will instruct you in all areas of submission, humiliation and man worship. If you are in need of discretion, and are masculine, and need proper instruction from a supermasculine bastard, then call Dallas (213) 399-1423. Will travel.

HOT SF LEATHERMASTER

Trains slaves, Live your S&M, B&D fantasies, Call for rates, etc. Jim (415) 648-5276.

CHICAGO S&M TOPMEN

Use our 1000 sq feet of fully-equipped playroom. Complete with cell, slings, chains, suspension gear, leather, toys, racks, environment, etc. Your fantasies created. Slaves trained. Custody. Bondage. Any scene. Limits respected/expanded. Safe. Discreet. Will travel, Call Top Men (312) 525-3341 after 5pm (Chicago time).

MR. NUDE APOLLO

Champion bodybuilder. Have muscular buns with dimples. Send \$5. for my private, erotic photo set and letter detailing my modeling sessions. Can travel. Dick, 54 W. Randolph, Suite 606F7, Chicago, IL 60601.

MODEL FOR HIRE

Dick, 25, masculine, handsome, defined and endowed. Virile action male. All scenes considered. Will travel. Dick (312) 648-9577.

OUTRAGEOUS NYC MODEL

24, available, can travel, moderate fees. Photoset: \$12.00. Books, films, magazines, novelties. Catalogue: \$1.00 plus SASE. Marc Sanders, 247 E. 81st, New York, NY 10028. (212) 288-4970.

BODYBUILDER MODEL

Frank. An hour or a night of heavy give and take. Hung and hunky. (415) 552-5323

SERVICE

HOW MUCH MONEY DO YOU HAVE LAYING AROUND IN ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE?

We are not a collection agency. In the first place they can charge you 40% to 50% of what they collect, if anything. We'll do it for only 1/3. No cost to you until you receive your money. Let me work for you with personalized service to turn your dead beats into life. San Francisco Bay Area specialist. Turn your collection troubles over to me personally for fast results. Call me now at (415) 355-7984.

friend. I'm German, 24, blonde, goodlooking, Replies by Air Mail. Box 361.

DIRTY FIGHTERS Turn on to hitting where it hurts. Ball wrestling. Exchange experiences. Meet. Club. Box 370.

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 dominant white Masters in USA, Canada, England, Germany, Sweden and Australia. Box 288. S&M, B&D, WS, FETISHES Find one who shares your interests. Read SMADS. Send \$2 for sample copy. State over 21. SMADS, Box 712, New York, NY 10011. (100 Bank, 5A)

SUPER HEAVY J/O STORIES S&M, B&D, Leather, WS, Cruising, Goldenshowers, Scat: S6 each; 3/\$15; 5/\$20. Specify preference. GUACAN IMPORTING, 323 S. Franklin, Suite 804/G-84, Chicago, IL 60606.

MODELS

MASTER OF LEATHER

Handsome, dominant top, 32, 6', 165 lbs., blonde, hairy chested, endowed, enjoys bottoms for bondage, humiliation, WS, enemas, C&B and titwork, FF, shaving, dildoes, toys and more in mirrored gameroom. Totally equipped. Novices considered, limits respected. Call Don (415) 863-6401. Master David, 28, 6', 175 lbs., hairy, hung thick (S.F.'s thickest) for 3 ways. Photo sets also for sale. Goodlooking, 5'4", 130 lbs., trim black beard, short hair, 26 years old, into hair cutting. \$15. Paco (212) 243-1786. Write: 30 Perry St., 1-F, New York, NY 10014.

NOTICE:

Because of the difficulty involved with verifying home phone numbers, Drummer will no longer accept personal ads with phone numbers.

EMAGRAPHIC EROTICS Rent-A-Projectionist (415) 648-3817 Serve visual hors d'oeuvers at your next party

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY Gay Switchboard of New York (212) 777-1800 - 3 PM-Midnight Information/Rap

> CIRCA GALLERY Walnut Grove Center 9026 Tampa Avenue Northridge, CA 91324 (213) 993-7774

MISCELLANEOUS

DUNGEON FOR RENT to private groups or individuals who would like to meet one or more of our models. Contact Male Fantasy. Beginners walcome. Models wanted. (212) 426-7356.

CANADA

MONTREAL, young French guy looking for intelligent older man, 1 would like to try to serve, obey, be lightly punished or bound; but only in a relevant and free relationship. Box 351.

VANCOUVER, Taurus Master, 32. seeks willing bottom slave for good times. B&D, FF. Photo and phone assures reply. Novices welcome, Box 373.

STUDS SERVICED Have pad. (604) 921-7721

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 slave. No fats, fems, scat. Applicants should be willing to experiment with mild S&M, B&D, WS, and toys. Box 238.

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.

FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 31c per ½ ounce. Letters without correct postage will be returned.

DENMARK

HOT DANISH LEATHER

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

ENGLAND

SM, 45, 5'11", 14 stone, 6"; im-

aginative; looking for willingness, No

VISITING LONDON?

Visit THE FESTIVAL CLUB, Lon-

don's oldest and friendliest gay club.

Make it your London base. Open

11 am til 3 pm and 5:30 pm til

midnight. The Festival Club, 2

Brydges Place, St. Martin's Lane,

London WC2. Phone 01-836-1436.

LONDON, Leather guy, 6'2", 170

Ibs., white, 7", very active, strictly

top. Wants to meet groovy, muscular

slaves who know how to serve a real

master. Am into most scenes. 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

wet blankets. Box 359.

Write for information.

first, Box 665B.

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.

MUNICH, SM, 37, 189 cm., 83 kg., 15 cm uncut, muscular; looking for men with beards or moustache, in leather or uniform, over 30, who are masculine, able to command or take commands. No fats, fems, unclean. Box 270.

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.

KOREA

ARMY SERGEANT

who exercises real discipline daily and knows methods of interrogation wants to meet/correspond with like-minded individuals. What I give out I can also take. Box 256.

MONACO

SOUTH OF FRANCE Enema expert wanted with discipline, methods and humiliation for slave. Call 93-50-91-81. Write Box 96.

SWEDEN

MUST BE REALLY MALE

M, 30, can assume either role; interested in a real man. Tends to be passive. Into levis, leather, cowboys. Into sex toys. Can travel, Willing to correspond with other Masters and TAMPA, S, 29, 6'4", 175 lbs., 61/2". slaves, Box 228M.

SAN FRANCISCO, White male, 34, seeks Master to 45 who knows how to fuck ass and who likes his ass sucked. Will service Master and slave or two Master buddies, Single Masters fine also. I am into heavy ass worship for Masters and turned on by eating fucked slave ass. Also love smelly, cheesy cock and sweaty ass, Into dildoes, chaps, rubbers, smells, dirty jocks but especially Master's asshole. 8&D but no pain, please. Sir, let me lubricate your cock with my mouth, lubricate your slave's ass, and lick you both clean. Or, Master, let me service you front and rear with my mouth and hot fuckhole. No obese, but small beerbelly, raunch okay. Sorry, Sir, daytime only, some evenings. Box 408.

LOS ANGELES. Daytime Office Manager is willing to work evenings, for inexpensive one bedroom or studio apartment. I do have good references, Prefer West Hollywood. Box 409.

MANHATTAN, Muscular blond Master, 25, 6', moving to New York, seeks young slaves for hot sessions, Send photo and letter. Box 410.

MASTER NEEDED!

M, 22, 6'3", 145 lbs., 7"; needs to be trained and/or owned. Into everything except scat and FF. These may be considered, D.M., 2535 N. Prospect, Apt. 313, Milwaukee, WI 53211.

NYC ASSHOLES

Hot, hung virtuoso, 30, seeks adventurous assholes with aware heads. Into everything. Am tireless with special guys willing to show farout hole. Show and tell me about yourself, Let's do it!, Box 411,

PHOTOGRAPHER

With fetish for spit-shined boots, military shoes, and Marine Corps. uniforms would like to exchange interesting photos. Box 413.

HUMILIATION

Japanese-American top man, 35, 5'4", 125 lbs., masculine, not macho/ hung; seeks tall, butch w/m with solid athletic body, who needs hard cock up his ass and to be used by smaller guy. B&D, light S&M, WS, Post-cum reassurance and affection. Box 209, New York, NY 10028.

Combination slave and younger brother wanted into domination, B&D,

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.

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE, M, 42, 6'3", 190 lbs., 7" cut, seeks topmen, 25-45, hung, macho, well built, Am willing to experiment, but my limits should be respected. Box 268.

IF IT'S WORTH FINDING YOU'LL FIND IT FASTER IN DRUMMER'S DRUMBEATS

NOTICE:

Because of the difficulty involved with verifying home phone numbers, Drummer will no longer accept personal ads with phone numbers.

My Master commands me to place this ad: Horny pig, German slavedog, 30, 6'1", 170 lbs., 7"; to lend to bearded (not a must) dog trainers who will force his fetered possession to wear dog collar and chain for exceptional licking jobs. Further training needed: piss on his hide and fuck his dog hole; you will get a whimpering, will-less object. Try to expand his m limits. Anywhere in U.S. and Europe. D.W. Hecht, Erikastr. 145, D-2000 Hamburg 20, West Germany.

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

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. Telephone in advance. (022) 31-91-76.

spankings and more. Must be masculine, slim, goodlooking and desire to please. Limits respected, novices okay. Your knowledgeable older brother/Master will get you prepared and take you on a personally guided tour of fantasyland you'll like. It could last for life. Box 414.

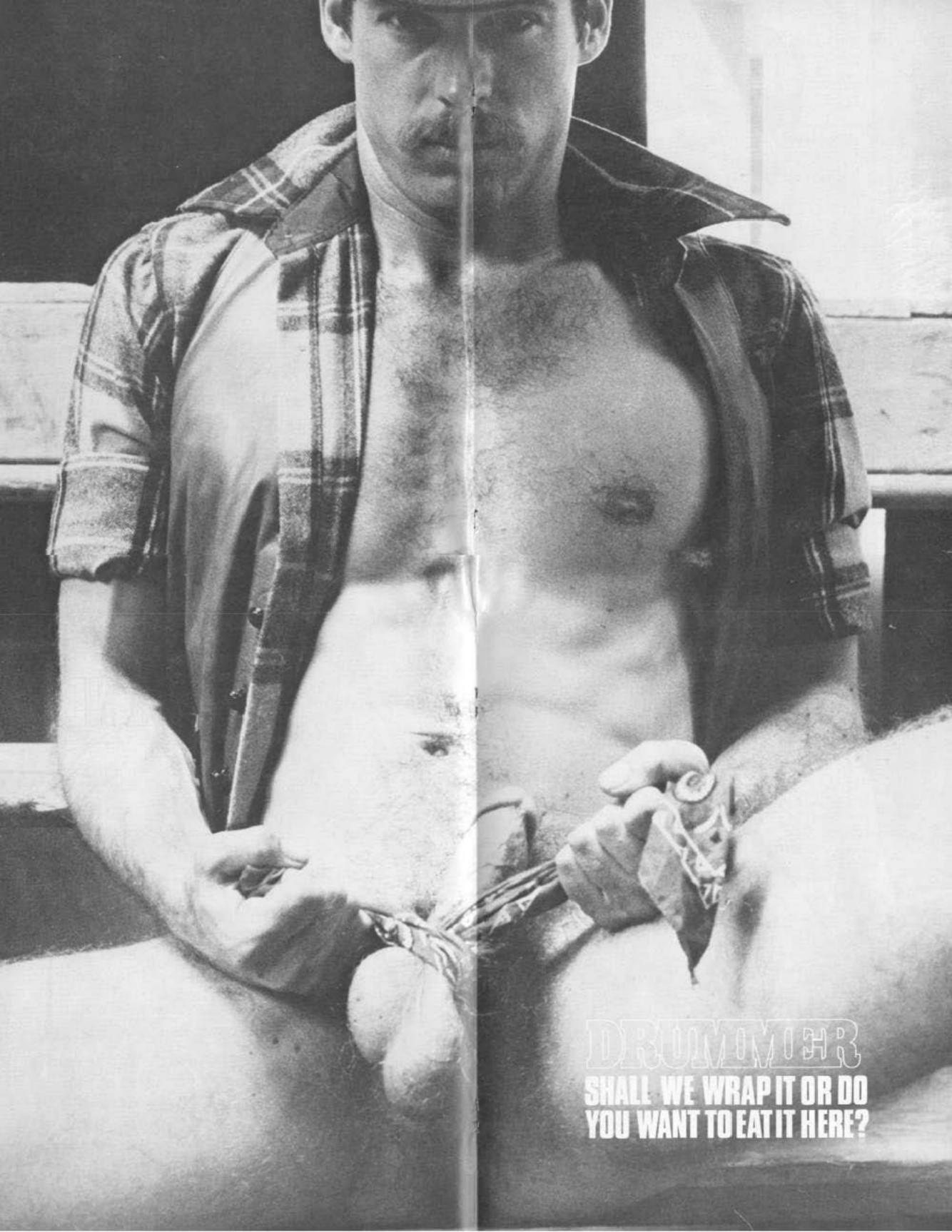
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When Western Man showed DRUMMER their latest discovery, WILL NESS, destined to highlight their new magazine, RIVET, we knew the renaissance man was here. This Dutch-Scottish Scorpio is one of the finest examples of 5'10" to ever fill a jock strap. Just ask him what turns him on, Go on, just ask him.



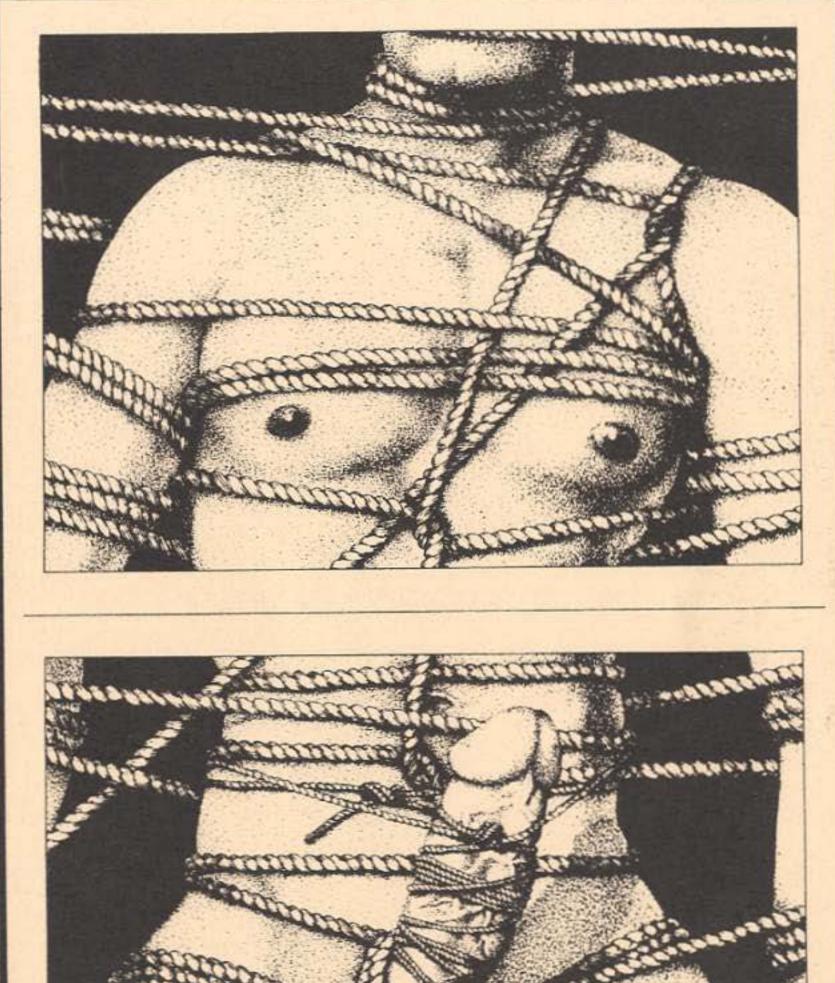








LOHO NO 0



U 500



Steel by Aaron Travis

Johnny is hung. Big cock on a blond boy's big body. Oily cock gurgles in his shafting hand. Takes his pulse, two fingers and a thumb squeeze the head. Slit splits open, leaks a thread of gluey spittle.

Don is victim. Lies belly-down on a beam of wood, hands and feet tied to ends. Dark and naked – grown up Botticelli boy. Nipples lie taut on firm stretched pecs, pierced by a ring of Chinese needles, tips around the aureoles. Two tits, twenty needles. One needle in the center of each tit, inserted half an inch into the tiny hole. Don moans as the pins sway (ever so slightly) in the rustling air from ceiling fan. Like the potted palms sway, ever so slightly, in the heavy dense rays from the low skylight. Solarium/Greenhouse/Rumpus Room.

Don's cock hard. Hangs thorugh hole in wood. Harder than hard – nuts and shaft strangled by steel collar. One cock, two balls, thirty needles. Fat cock bristles, bulbous porcupine worm pork tube, boiled salami radiating steel. Pincushion ball sack. Needles draw pain out of flesh, like conductors, expand the sensory area of Don's genitals out to the blunt ends of the needles.

No needle in slit. Thin plastic tube there, takes shallow dip then up to Don's mouth, taped shut. From bladder to mouth, closed loop. Yellow bubbles in tube. Keeps Don guenched.

Deep alien slither, then Don's cock is empty.

Catheter gone. Tape ripped off lips. Don hisses. Golden froth from red hole.

Johnny straddles the beam. Huge thighs hug the polished wood - cock juts out like a taproot.

"Gonna suck it now. Fuck your mouth." Slow drawl, Houston boy. Used to ask to have his hting sucked. Some said no. Learned to tell them. All said yes then. All.

Don looks up. Golden face blue eyes hover far away, fixed above mountain shoulders. The fan blades whirl slowly around Johnny's head, makes him look like some crazy flying manmachine (supermen can fly), some cyborg, perfect golden man made by hungry queer conglomerate. Huge arms huge chest.



Stomach like tightly twisted steel cables covered by taut flesh, rubber one side silk the other. Perfect symmetry centers eyes on body's perfect center: huge cock.

Johnny slaps his face. Double slap: right left right left. Slapped Don's ass to ready it for a fuck. Slaps his face to loosen it for a fuck. Slaps til Don's face swings with the blows, neck limp, throat loose and ready.

Lifts the head by the curly black hair. Mouth hangs slack. More golden froth. Head in. Mouth opens wider, effort. One shove. All the way in. All the way. Don's throat bulges out of his neck like the thick tube bulges on the underbelly of his hard cock. Throat stuffed with Johnny's long and hard. Cock pulses. Don feels the pulse in his throat. Hardly aware that Johnny is pissing.

Cock out to head in mouth. Let him taste it. Let piss fill his mouth. Let it run yellow over his red lips swollen and limp like novacaine flesh splash to the floor. Cock back in: let him feel the pulse.

More needles called for. Ten needles for Don's twisted underthroat. Just a prick, they snag, stand straight out like teeth from a hairbrush. Cock fucks throat. In/Out. The needles on Don's throat undulate, bunch up and brush one another, spring up straight again in rolling waves.

A tape recorder on the floor plays back sounds from earlier in the session. Sharp gasps as steel nettled Don's cock. Loud whimpers when the needles entered his nipples. Sharp smacking of palm against hard sweaty assflesh. Then fuck sounds: liquid pumping, Don begging — "Oh God yes oh God yes oh God . . . " words mesh, devolve into grunts at 4/4 time.

Don has a clit in his throat, like Linda Lovecock, a hard knotty surface deep inside that responds like a prostate. Only Big Johnny's long and thick can reach it. Johnny's power tube snarling and twisting in his wet mouth hole. Great pleasure. Also pain. Don moans on the tape recorder. Neck stings in ten places like bites of metal ants. Ten needle points form a cellular grid of pain: this cell damaged, calls an SOS to surrounding cells. Needles craftily spaced so their sensory epicenters overlap, form solid grid of pain. Needles in tits, needle grid covers cock and balls. Johnny in throat – all things balanced.

Loud plop from the tape recorder as Johnny's cock leaves Don's ass. Don's voice: "You gonna fuck my throat now Johnny? Please fuck my throat." A slap, heavy groans, a hiss, tearing sound – athletic tape – then silence. That was when the catheter went in both ends.

Johnny grunts. Cock feels good. Real Good. Every time Don gags feels like a greasy fist clutching, begging. Johnny lives for his big cock. So does Don. So do others. They're hard at home alone now thinking hard of Johnny hard. A grid of desire over the city, a hundred points radiating desire, infecting men who have never seen him with lust for Johnny. They hit the streets, looking for Johnny. Anxiously feel up handsome blond stud boys in dark corners – no, that's not Johnny.

Johnny lives for Real Good. Real thing pounds the clit in Don's throat. Don's pleasure mounting. Must restore balance – force orgasm *in spite* of pain. More needles. Three in upper lip, three in lower. They twist in Johnny's pubic hair as he fucks, catch a little against his balls. Hurts Don more than Johnny.

Johnny feels teeth on his shaft. Slaps Don's face, hard. Cockflesh on throatflesh, teeth have no place, sharp calcified tumors in Don's fuckhole mouth. Should pull them out, make it smooth as his asshole, take a slick ride. But the animal needs

32 pages of male-to-male personal ads — with the ads up front and dynamite interviews, fantasy fiction, and erotic art in the back! A 40-word ad is \$5. Dirty talk is encouraged — direct addresses only, no codes. You can run your photo and phone at a \$1 additional charge for each. We're 25,000 strong in bookstores coast-to-coast. Send us your ad, or send \$2 for the current issue, mailed 1st class in a plain brown wrapper. Do it! MALEBOX / 54 West Randolph / Suite 606 C 2 / Chicago IL 60601 them to survive.

Ready now. Big Johnny swells longer, thicker. Ready for orgasm. Cock sings. Cellular grid of pure pleasure wrapped around thick meat. Now!

Control: out a little, let him taste it. Let him swallow, Swallowing makes the neck needles dance. Let it run white slag over the pins in his lips. In again, deep – feels so good – let him take the pulse with his throat. Hit the spot, one last time. Don jerks. His cock bobs like a porcupine wand. The tube on the bottom of his cock ripples needles like his throat ripples neck needles. Graphs, marking mass movement.

White slag spits out, slaps on floor with faint rain sound, mixes with stray piss on the floor.

Johnny's voice on the tape recorder: "Gonna suck it now. Fuck your mouth." Then slapping sounds.

Johnny meat softens in his mouth, softly pulses. Lives for cock. Lives for Real Good.

Ride by Charles Arnold

I knew it was going to be all right when the first guy pulled off the road and said he had to take a leak. He was big and good looking just like some of them I had seen in my collection, and he stood just beyond the hood of the car so I could almost see him, and he definitely was fantastic. I couldn't help getting an erection, and I was sure he kept spying at me from the corner of his eye, but I didn't do anything because I wasn't sure. It looked like he was shaking it off for a long time before returning, and by that time I had to piss too, but I was too embarrassed to say anything, so we just drove off and got back on the highway.

"So you're headin' west," he said, straightening his tie and pulling the knot tighter, while he lit a cigarette.

"Trying," I sort of muttered, because I was still real excited and didn't want to stutter, so I didn't say too much.

"Frisco or Hollywood?" he laughed, and I said "Hollywood," and he laughed even harder because Hollywood was a million miles away and somehow just couldn't happen. "You gonna be a star?"

I just smiled and didn't answer, because that's exactly what I was going to be, but I didn't want him to tell me any different like the rest of them.

"You know what they say," he said after a long while as the wheat blew like slow motion in the wind and the sun got big and red. "It's not who you know"

"But if you're good."

"Hell, everybody's good," he said. "You just gotta know who to be good to.'

"You mean the big ones," I said, meaning the producers, but he grinned "yeah" grabbing hold of his crotch with his hand and sort of fiddling with it, and then I knew he was looking at me, and it wasn't out of the corner of his eye anymore. He was staring straight without a flinch as we just missed a big semi and went swerving into a ditch with the dust blowing around us, and the cinders popping, and us bumping around sideways before we finally came to a full rest up against a clump of bushes. Jees, I thought. That was a close one.

"You all right?"

"Yeah, I think so," and we both breathed heavy before we could pull ourselves together to laugh about it.

"I think maybe I owe you one," he said. "Why don't you let me put you up for the night. That'll be for almost getting _ you killed."

"You don't have to if"

"I want to," he said, and that was all there was to it. It was my first night out in the "big, cold world," and already I had a place to stay and someone who I thought was going to be really nice to me.

It was sterile clean, but I don't remember the town, and we ate downstairs in the hotel restaurant. I ate chicken, and he had a big steak that was soft and pink, and I knew he liked it because he took big bites, and I watched the way he chewed it with a lot of gusto, and it must have felt good and tasted good.

I couldn't get over how big he was, not bulky, but big eyes and a large mouth, and his hands were twice as huge as mine, and when he grabbed my leg one time, just fooling around, he could wrap his fingers all the way until they almost touched.

"You ever been with a man before?" he said out of the clear blue sky, and I said "no" and knew I was all shades of crimson red. I wish he hadn't said it.

up against the tank like someone threw a wad of cream with all their might. He really had a lot of determination, and I thought that was hot, but that was all I ever saw - and I saw that only once.

"You ready to go up?" he said, and I just nodded and there we were in the elevator with my heart pounding a mile a minute. He knew I was scared, and I think that made him feel good, but he did come over close and very briefly put his arm around my shoulder as if to tell me not to worry. That was nice, and of course it helped. A warm arm always helps.

The room was lit from the neon sign outside, and everything looked sort of blue or grey. He draped his jacket across the chair and took his tie off with a lot of care and hung that up too. I was shaking as I fumbled at my shoelaces and naturally made a knot which took some awkward minutes for me to bite out.

"Christ, I smell like a pig," he said when he got down to his shorts and undershirt. "You want me to take a shower or what?"

"I don't know. You don't have to," because I wanted to be polite, but he thought I should smell him closer just to see. He was so nice that I truly felt very grateful.

I smelled his chest, but he said, "No. Here," and raised his arm and firmly pushed my face into that warm hollow with the thick mat of hair brushing against my nose and lips. It smelled strong and safe and wonderful, and my dick got hard in nothing flat, and I wasn't afraid at all anymore.

"Whaddya think?" he said. "Should I wash?"

I could hardly breathe before he let me out to answer, and I just shook my head and smiled. After that, he knew he didn't have to worry about me, so he sat down on the chair and lit a cigarette.

"So you never been with a man."

"No."

"You are now, you know."

"Uh-huh."

"Scared?"

"No."

"Good," he said. "Come here. I got something else for you to smell, just to make sure."

He was beautiful sitting in that chair with his shorts and undershirt on. His legs were thick and hairy, and his arms much bigger than they seemed in his suit. He must've done something special to get the muscles he had, because you couldn't look like that driving around in a car all day.

I stood in front of him, and his eyes just stared into mine like I was his brother, and I understood that we were, even though I had never been with anyone like him before, but I knew what he was thinking as if it was some natural thing that I had always known.

"Why don't you kneel down here," he said, pointing to the carpet with his foot directly in front of him.

Then he spread his legs so that I could almost see in that space between his shorts and leg, but it was dark and all in shadow, but he pulled me gently by the hair into that dark secret so that I could smell the warmth again, only stronger and warmer and much more wonderful, if such a thing could be.

"Whaddya think?" he said. "How does that smell? Too much?"

"Like heaven," I breathed, and I didn't want to ever move again for the rest of my life.

"Yeah," he said, and finished his cigarette while I sniffed around at what it was like to be with a real man who knew how to handle somebody like me. It wasn't any kind of game that all the guys used to joke about, but something real and powerful, and better than anything else I could think of do-

"How come?"

"I don't know."

"We're gonna share the room," he went on, forking in another big mouthful. He belched once and put his napkin to his lips. "That doesn't mean you gotta worry, but you sure as hell are a pretty lookin' kid. Those bastards are gonna eat you alive out there. You gotta take care of yourself."

"Oh, I'm all right," I said. "I'm not a kid," and I wasn't. was twenty - almost twenty one.

He grinned and leaned back in his chair and put his fingers inside his pants a little and shook his head, and I knew what he was thinking, because maybe, all right, I was young, but I wasn't a fool.

One time I saw this frind of mine, Bobby, jerking off in his dingy bathroom. I watched him through the window, and I still think he knew I was there, but we never talked about it, and when he shot his load across the toilet, it just splattered

.

"A lot of dudes don't like it down there," he said, "but I knew you would. I watched you when I was pissing, and I saw a hungry little piggy sittin' in my car."

"I was afraid.

"Yeah, well, I'll get you outta that in about one minute," and he stood up almost knocking me over and strode off to the bathroom.

"How'd you like your supper?" he shouted. The light went on but the door stayed open.

"Great," I said. "I appreciate it. Really."

"Whaddy gonna do for it?"

"Well, you know," I said, and I felt the stammer coming

back.

"I can't hear you!" he shouted.

"What do you want?" I asked, taking a few steps toward the open door.

"I just wanna get off," he said, "like I never got off before. Think you can handle it? Think you can do that for me?"

"I don't know. I . . . "

"Whyn't you come in here a minute," he said, and my heart started pounding again, and I could hardly breathe.

"Are you all right?" I asked. It was such a stupid question.

"I wanna show you somethin'."

I stepped into the brightness of the bathroom, and there he was standing over the toilet with his cock in his hand, looking down at it like he wanted to piss. All the things I said about his size were nothing compared to the beauty of his cock. It was brown and heavy and full of veins and arteries that yearned to burst through the flesh. I reeled back against the sink in astounded ecstacy, and he laughed because he knew how surprised and delighted I was. Cocks, in retrospect, were always secondary to the rest, but with him, that first time with my first man, it was perfection raised to the level of magnificence. It was a dream although it pulsed with life.

"That's what you've been sniffing around for," he coaxed. "I didn't know."

"Well, now you do. A little puppy dog for his bone."

All of a sudden, a bright stream of urine shot into the toilet and splattered against the sides, and then stopped. He glanced at me briefly, and then it happened again only for a moment longer, and then a third time as I stood mesmerized in ecstatic awe.

"What the fuck," he finally said. "Do you want it or not?" and before I knew it, I was drinking the wine he was drinking when he was sitting across from me at the supper earlier.

"Yeah," was all he said as the endless fountain poured the nectar down my throat like warm tea on a winter night. "Yeah," and I drank until my stomach bloated and he was through shaking the last few drops across my face and smiling warmly in exchange with mine. "Yeah," and I knew the joy of a man.

He stood at the window and he was naked, while I waited on the bed, thin and shivering in expectation, waiting forr whatever next to happen. Silhoutted against the blue neon, his body was that of a god, a Greek Olympiad contestant, chiseled stone, but then he moved and his eyes caught the light, and he was truly there and not a statue or an apparition at all. I waited while he let me wait knowing the anticipation was supreme.

His ass was a perfect arch, the word is callipygous, supported by muscular thighs and bulging calves, as he stood staring down into the street while I gazed in admiration, beginning to stroke myself, because there was no way that I could help it. He turned, and in the shadow, I saw his huge appendage begin to swell as he came closer to the bed, and I was more than ready. As he walked, it slowly swung from side to side and expanding with each step, as if some choreographer had preordained the movement in some madly erotic ballet.

"You're gonna like this," he said standing over me, "because I know exactly what you want. I'm gonna give you everything, and you're gonna feel good, and you're gonna thank me for it, because there ain't no bullshit gonna come down here tonight. Now, lay back and get yourself comfortable, because I gotta lot of cum I wanna feed the hungry boy," and I layed back and almost fainted for a minute before I caught myself as he climbed on top and made himself at home. When someone small, such as myself, lies beneath a man such as I have just described, there is an inescapable sense of dominion and submission, strength and weakness, power and inheritance, and in that night in that town which I've forgotten, that sense was magnified ten fold by the newness and totality of the moment. I was subjected to the potency of a creation beyond two people, for in my mind on that very first night, was the upmost longing to be beautiful and desired and to please. It was that innate grasping for perfection. Quietly, I felt his hardness slide slowly up between my legs as it poised for just a moment before entering into my ass, which I thought of as pink and eager, as it slid slowly with just the slightest force deeper into me, and he whispered softly, "It's in," and I knew it was just the beginning, as I was slowly forced to open wider to accept it all, and still there was

some more, as he wanted me to take it all, and I wanted nothing more than to have the whole enormous thing shoved up inside, and as he pushed his final thrust, I screamed out in the most exquisite pain I had ever felt, and the man was totally inside of me, his cock pushing up and up, his arms like granite pulling me deeper into who he was, so his chest heaved in massive gasps against my own, and his mouth found mine to enter, and I knew that single moment of oneness when two are one. "Yes," I gasped, and I gasped over, "yes," again and "yes," and deeper and with all his strength, he took me as a man to pleasure him and to give me everything that I could ever want. He pumped me and he pushed me and he held me, and he breathed his heavy breathing in my ear and told me, "Yeah, this is what we're here for," and I felt the crumpled sheets stuck and moist beneath us, and everything was hotter than the summer.

"Wait!" and he suddenly stopped, and everything spun around as all sensation slowly drained to where it was when first he had his dick upon my ass between my legs. "Wait," and I said "why?" and he said, "Because I want to see it. I want to remember. Yes," and he breathed heavily for a moment catching his breath, as he slowly pulled it out from my ever grateful ass.

I could see him clearly, as he sat, his massive chest sweating and glistening in the neon glow, heaving, breathing, his mouth emitting short and panting breaths. And then he smiled again, just like the first time, the smile that made me feel we understood each other and there was nothing anywhere that could interfere. I watched him, and of course, I loved him.

"Prop your head," he said. "Get a pillow," and I did, and he knelt up between my legs, and his cock shone like a rainslicked tower in the blue-grey light. He grabbed it firmly with his hand and began to stroke it just for me, and my eyes went from that to his and back, and I knew joyously that thing about to happen as I had waited all my life for just that time.

"For you," he said, as he worked the waiting cum from the sack of weighty balls. "I'm gonna do this one for you. Everything I've eaten — everything I've touched is just for you tonight. How much, little boy, do you want my load of cum?" and I said, "More than anything," and he said, "Yeah, and that's why I'm gonna give it to you," and by the time he said the final word, I saw it start to shoot, and watched in awe as streams and spurts of hot liquid wine shot across my chest to find their mark against my face. Not once, but twice, then twice again, and then another, until my face was hot and soaked with him, and beyond all measure, my load had reached miraculously to the walls beyond and dripped like streaks of rain down the darkened face of the television screen. I saw nothing but a blurry vision of a beautiful man knelt before me in a slump of total satisfaction and contentment.

"Yes," I said, and I said it over, for that's my favorite word, and he smiled that smile that I have come to know and love, and he said, "yes," and that was all.

The night passed quickly, and the words of course could not come close to what it was, and I finally made it to Hollywood, but I never became a star, except for once, in that town that I can't remember somewhere deep among the wheat fields when I was almost twenty one.

The Barge by David Mitchell

I arrived at the boathouse at dusk. Four men in worn clothing looked up as I entered. Though fully dressed, their bodies were nakedly apparent through second-skin fittings of shirts, vests, levis. Their combined sexuality affected my breathing. I was forced to take short, quick gasps of air through my mouth.

Without words, a sweet-smelling cigarette was offered. It tore into my nostrils, raced like simultaneous, violent eruptions to my sex and head. After several deep drags, an aftertaste like cum lingering in my mouth, I relaxed into tingling anticipation.

From across light and darkness, in and out of stage-like spots, an albino-skinned, white-haired man advanced. Smiling, he placed a finger at the edges of my teeth. Biting gingerly, I ran my tongue over his nail, into his palm. Unbottoning my shirt, his fingers curled playfully around the hair on my chest. Four pairs of eyes warmed me, like mid-August sun (or bonfires on midnight beaches).

From behind, a savage-looking Negro placed gentle hands on my nipples, causing them to harden. The fair, large-muscled satyrman tickle/kissed my eyelids, ears, the corners of my mouth. The tip of my tongue, like a rattle snake's, darted quickly into a pool of cupped saliva.

Outline of enormous cock pressing against my ass, huge hands unbuckled, unzipped, let drop the gossamer-weight trousers I wore. I was naked.

Two in front, two behind, they marched me to a large black barge. Placing me in the center, they pushed off for an undisclosed destination. Their presence (their eyes) produced a body hard-on. Tip to toe, I pulsed with the caged blood of a gigantic erection.

One of the four, a man with fantasy proportions – chest, waist, outline of cock – gave me an order. "Play with your-self," he said.

Turned on by the words, my choice situation, I ran my tongue over my bicep. I loved the fresh sweat, the highly peppered taste like active cum. Sniffing an arm pit, I touched rough pubic-like hairs with the tip of my tongue. I caressed my tits, made them salute the rugged, square men who watched with liquid eyes.

Sharing the beauties of my cock, I traced purple-blue veins, explored in detail the head, piss lips, slipped back the tough, twistable, inches-long foreskin.

Squeezing balls into prominence through tingles of exquisite pain, I said, "Jump, Cock. Jump." Standing, I shared the picture: pre-cum oozed from piss lips, spread to cover the Head of Creation, dripped to splatter at my feet. Catching drops on my fingertips, I anointed myself. Like a connoisseur I tested the aroma, the taste of the one-of-a-kind vintage. Fingers covered with manhood, I forced them up the romantick, cock-hungry dark chocolate-flavored valley of my ass.

Was ever anyone as lucky as 1? I wondered.

In a gazebo on spacious lamp-lighted lawns, I was refreshed with cool vanilla waters sprayed from atomizers, left to dry by indiscreet winds.

I must have slept.

When I awoke, no one was about. In the distance, the twinkling of quiet blue lights. Curious, I started toward them. Trying the door of an old weather-beaten mansion, I found it open. With an unexpectedly long sigh, I turned the knob and entered.

It was like stumbling into paradise. Or innocence. In a large room, men were free to be themselves. "This is me," each seemed to say. (Some of them, the lucky ones like my-self, were naked.)

My hand cupped around my cock, I took in the sights, I wandered through hallways, into rooms, out-of-the-way passages, into a tall stuffy attic, onto open courtyards, to tents at the beach (the sound of waves). Everywhere, men were fucking men. Men kissed men; they showered together, washed their bodies, or a buddy's, a stranger's. Taking turns – active and passive, being totally male – they fucked, were fucked, sucked, were sucked. I was surrounded with cocks, balls, assholes; strong handshakes, deep beautiful voices, smiles, farts, kisses and laughter. As I passed a darkened room, a voice called out. "Come here!" Cautiously approaching, a quiver in my bowels, my body was pulled into one totally clothed.

hungry fingers unbottonted his fly. His cock, his pubic hair were moist with sweat. "I want to cum on you. Want you to cum on me."

"Yes, yes."

I had it out. "Beautiful cock . . . like hard rubber, like a hose between your legs. Put it . . . Put it on my stomach, on my tits, my face. Let me smell it. I want to taste it!" On my knees, my hands caressing mighty thighs, buttocks, I took his cock in my mouth. His balls were huge. Under them, through the sac, I could feel cock roots twisting into his groin.

"Hey. What the fuck's goin' on in there?"

Frightened, I jumped up. Someone snapped on a light.

A giant of a man, through unzipped leather, pulled somewhat violently at the fattest, juciest cock I had ever seen. His hand, large as it was, could not encompass it.

"You, baby, are going to get fucked," the bearded man said.

"I don't know"

"You have no choice." The words thrilled me.

"I'll open you up, get you started for that big one of his."

I thought nothing could be better than the fuck the bearded one gave me (the pain in my ass, the memory of it in my mind remained long after he left). But then, the giant led me by the neck to a dust-covered room with ancient ominous odors.

"Get on the floor."

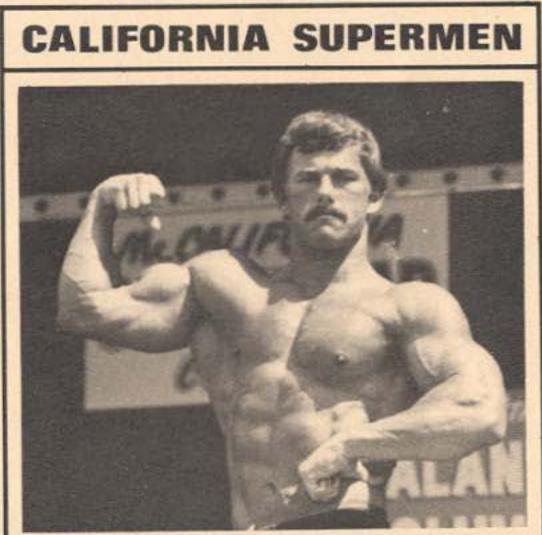
Timidly I lay on my stomach, breathing deeply the strangely familiar air.

Using my ankles, he twisted me to my back. My legs wrapped around his head, his baseball bat dangled at my hole. His cock was incredible – the size, shape, the brutal beauty of it. My ass said, I can't, but I will. Reaching back, animal to animal, I grabbed it. It was rough, like splintered driftwood. (From so many fuckings, I thought.)

Half a can of Crisco around, in my asshole, and the stallion cock began to force its way inside.

"Relax . . . asshole," the man cooed in my ear. "You want it. You know you do. Guys like you love this stuff."

Continued on page 56



"You're so easy to love," the bearded man said. "So easy."

I felt safe and protected.

He toyed with my tits, my cock. "I'm old enough to be your father," he laughed.

"I don't know about that . . .

"I'm sure of it." Fingers tickled my asshole. Kisses, caresses. Endless gentle pinches, squeezes. How wonderful, I thought. This man receives pleasure, doing what gives me so much pleasure. Sweet kisses, sweet.

"Hold me!"

"I'm here,"

"Your hair, your beard, your strong, iron body . . ." My

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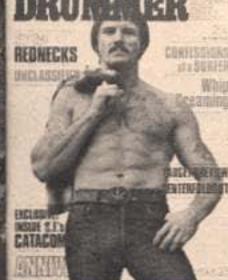
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Guys like me, I thought. How about you?

Violently he shoved in; I screamed out. Pain? Pleasure? What?

"Easy," he said. "Easy."

Covering my eyes with my hands, I said, "Please . . . I can't."

Not moving, he coaxed, whispered, kissed everything but my lips.

With a fantastic effort I squirmed from his grasp, quickly got on top. I wanted that cock badly. Needed it. Would have it. I sat on it, felt myself stretch to impossible proportions. Because I was doing it, because I had taken over, because I trusted myself, I got it – all of it – inside me.

It fit like a glove; filled every fucking centimeter. It was an expert inside massage, where it really counts. I could taste it, feel it fucking brain cells . . .

Another quick surprising maneuver, and I was inside him! Tight asshole, the memory of married men. As he squirmed into me, with piston precision, the smell of scortched, satisfied flesh reached the inner circle of my consciousness.

Giant explosions later, I stood above him, pissed on him. Like a happy puppy, he lapped it up, kissed my cock, my balls, pulled me down to gently kiss my lips ...

Walking dazed along a deserted outdoor path, I encountered a fantastic young man (black hair, green eyes, white skin, hairless muscled body). A shy aggressiveness could be seen just behind his eyes. He wanted, but was afraid to suggest ... except with his eyes.

My hands dug savagely into firm young buttocks. Their beauty demanded bruises, scratches, bites. Around his asshole, the hair had the consistency of fine wire. The hole was a pulsing perculator; outside edges were rough inside, hot quicksilver!

Awakened, bold now, he placed me on my back (sand on my body, waves in my mind). On his knees, he lowered himself (as I had minutes ago) to sit on cock. His ass was hungry, starving, alive, burning. He lived there, in his ass. Wanted cock there. Always and forever – and more. More and more hard cock. He worked at it, for it. Gave back pleasure as he captured it from the cocks he must have.

Squeezing his legs, bringing them together at the knees, his asshole widened, elongated. Closing my eyes, writhing, screaming, I fucked man-cunt, my arms reaching up to squeeze his tits, his cock (enormous for one so slight).

Sand made its way into my asshole, bit like insects at my back, my underarms, around my cock. Placing teeth on his lips, 1 bit hard, drawing blood. Screams of joy as he rubbed spit and blood over our bodies.

After a time, I allowed him to walk me to the shore, bathe away with cool ocean water the last traces of the lust we had shared.

With an amused, somewhat coy look over his shoulder, a twinkle in his (beautiful green) eyes, he muttered, "So long," and disappeared.

Totally exhausted, I stumbled into an underground cell. Hoping to rest, to sleep, to collect the thoughts insanely careening through my mind, I was unable to do so.

The four men of the barge, the Club Members (my sponsors) waited for me there.

They positioned my body. While one sucked my cock, another ate my ass. A third worked over my tits and the last (the beautiful albino) kissed, bruised, drew blood from my once-more hungry lips.

I lost my equilibrium. Cocks fucking my ass and mouth, I reached out to find others waiting. Dildos. A fist covered with lubricant . . .

Sperm ran over my chest, down my legs, dripped from my ass. I saw (or invisioned) an army of waiting soldiers – beautiful clothed men, their cocks jumping from unzippered crotches.

Hours later, years, a lifetime, I found myself again on the barge. One hand dangled in sperm-like waters.

"Are we going back?" I asked.

"We don't go back," one of the men answered. "We go on." Good, I thought. Good. Yes. Leave frightened minds, gossiping tongues. Yes. Go on. Yes. Further and further into it.

Yes!

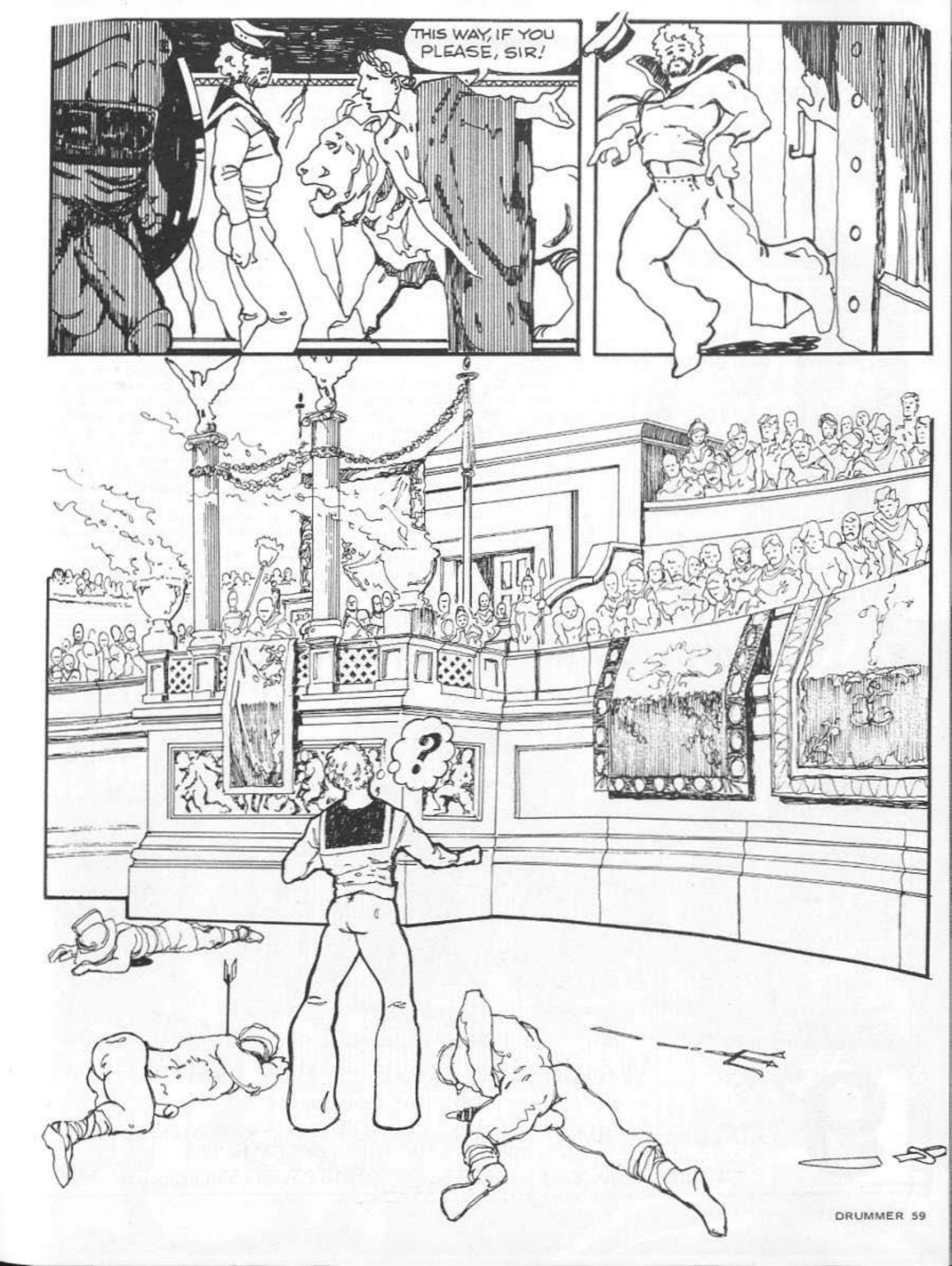


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DRUMMER Reads The Books

Kiss of the Spider Woman by Manuel Puig, Knoph, 1979, 282 pages, hardcover, \$8.95

It's no wonder Manuel Puig lives in New York. The Argentina he describes in his fourth novel is populated by spiders. They dwell in the highest political offices; where their piercing tentacles reach throughout the country. They inhabit every corner, alley, and desolation row of the seedy cities and the flat, grassland pampas.

They don the uniform of the fascist regime and embrace their power and guns like the Black Widow embraces her mate before she devours him.

Their webs, the machines of intelligence, cover the landscape with taunt contemporary communication; intrigue, betrayal, gossip, inuendo, accusation.

What makes Puig an exception is that he has been able to create admirable characters amid this moribund landscape.

There are only two characters in Kiss of the Spider Woman, and the entire book is their conversations together while awaiting release from an Argentina jail.

Molina is a sometimes window-dresser, a homosexual, arrested for 'child molestation' and sentenced to eight years in prison. He is as stereotypical as can possibly be imagined. He refers to himself in the feminine, he is fey, self-denigrating, trapped in a severe and self-imposed world of masculine (read: strong) and fragile. His character is detailed to bring a slight distaste, especially to post-liberation gays; and a good deal of pity. But the implication is clear that the reader's pity makes the character even weaker. His weakness is ultimately all-important.

Molina's cell companion is the prototype of the young Marxist revolutionary. He is quiet (read: masculine), severe (read: masculine), filled with revolutionary dogma. He is as used, by Puig, as is the pitiful Molina.

Against this background of social outcasts; because to the state they are both anathema, Puig adds the almost strychnine device of his own fascination with elaborate movie plots from the 1930s. Molina spends much of his and Valentin's time recalling, in tedious detail, the many romantic films he has seen in the past. The rest of the time, Valentin reads basic Marxist propoganda.

As the conversations develop and we begin to feel the characters flesh out; the grind of the films being recited tear at the novel's flow. Then, suddenly; a new device is introduced: clinical footnotes taken from medical journals that describe and analyze homosexuality itself. Sud-

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denly we are trapped between the conversations, the descriptions of the films, and the cold, methodical destruction of what little humanity Molina has been allowed.

It becomes chilling and inescapable.

Molina is called away to the Warden's office. He is told he will be released early if he will cooperate with the authorities in capturing the rest of Valentin's revolutionary group. We don't know if the answer is yes, in betrayal; or yes in a betrayal of the authorities. We do know that he leads them on in order to secure extra food for himself and Valentin.

The unavoidable happens. Valentin responds to the loss of his free-world sex life by a single journey into homosex with Molina. It is perhaps the most original, most realistic recounting of such an experience you will ever read. While it is restrained, it is explicit. One night becomes a ritual, broken now by the

TAIN

trips back and forth to and from the Warden, the stalls, the indecision, the conversations, and the tireless recitation of films.

Valentin becomes deathly ill; Molina nurses, feeds, cares for him until he is stronger. Strangely, it is not the sex they have shared that casts their roles, although the sexuality of the characters define the roles; but the environment of which they are products. Molina cleans and bathes Valentin because he should be kept strong; Molina himself weak. And while Molina realizes he is the actual holder of power over his revolutionary cellmate, he abdicates that power willingly.

This is no love story, but a tragedy, much like the films Molina describes. The events that occur after Molina is released are contained in a conclusive police report at the end of the book. Itself almost a parody of the elaborate film plots; each movement, each action is duly noted, times entered; all part of the official record.

The end is both unexpected and devestating – jarring to the concept of stereotypes and predictability.

Manuel Puig already had an international reputation for his earlier novels, Betrayed by Rita Hayworth, Heartbreak Tango, and The Buenos Aires Affair. With Kiss of the Spider Woman he has not only tackled an almost impossible situation but he has written about it with daring, wit, and tremendous style. No wonder Kiss of the Spider Woman has been banned in Argentina. C.R.M.



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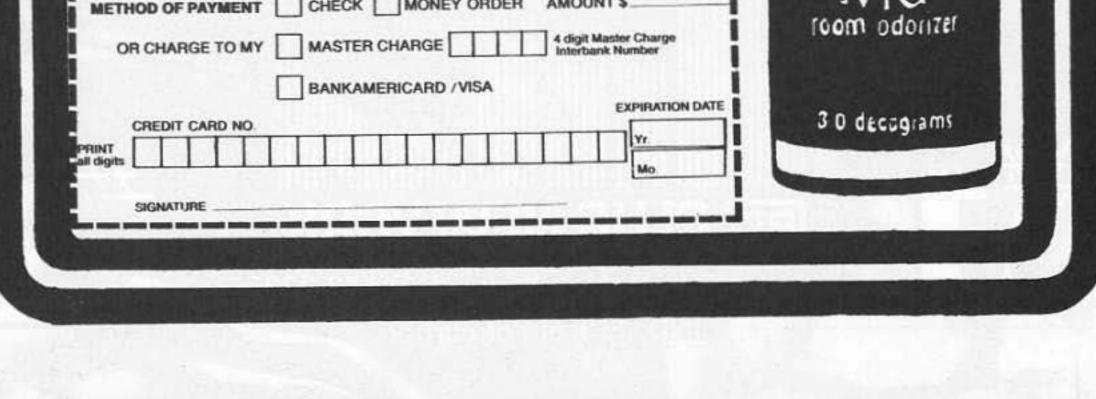
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Apocalypsie Now

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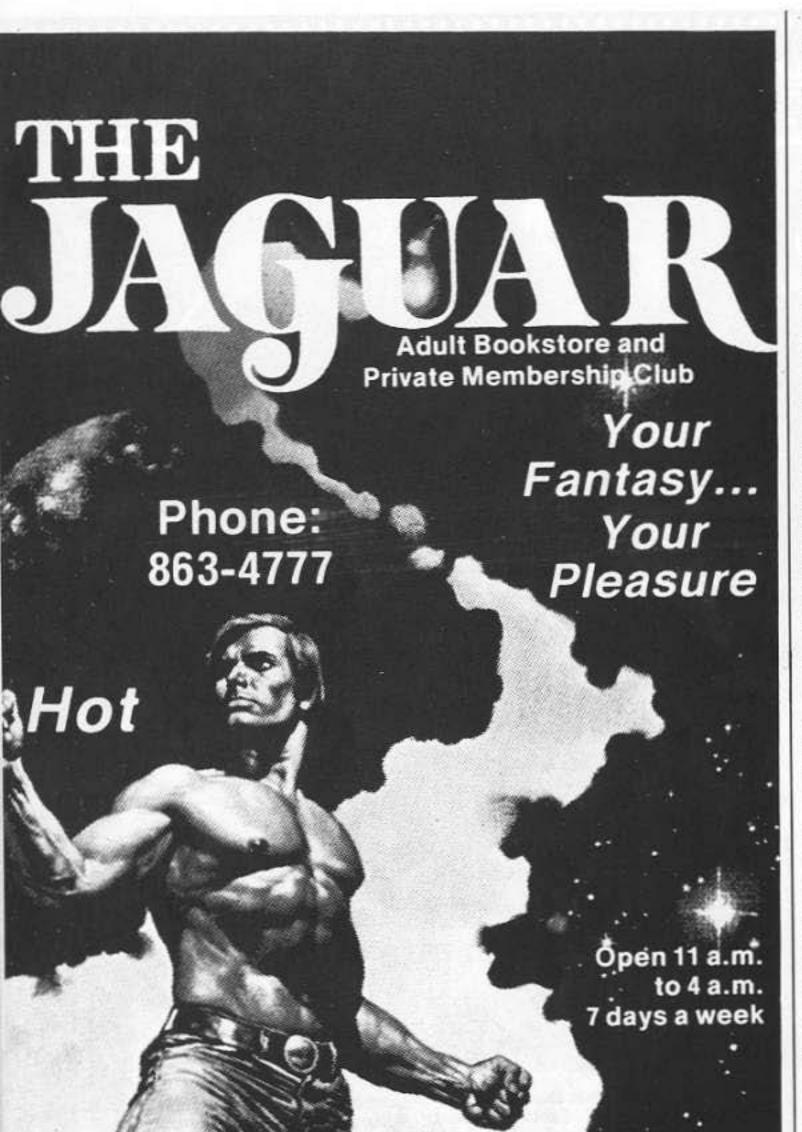
"The most important thing I wanted to do in the making of Apocalypse Now was to create a film experience that would give its audience a sense of the horror, the madness, the sensuousness, and the moral dilemma of the Viet Nam war." the human condition that allows war.

When we first see Captain Willard (Martin Sheen), he is caught in a nightmare montage of identity revelation that is part and parcel of Coppola's sentiments about Viet Nam, save for the character's personal raison d'etre; which raises the film's fundamental questions. He is caught in an existential trap, his method of operation is to carry out tasks unquestioningly; assuming no personal responsibility for the morality of the tasks. There is but a moment's pause when he is informed that his new mission will be to kill an American Colonel who has fallen from grace with the Viet Nam warmongers. Colonel Kurtz and Captain Willard are hardly the expected antithesis of conventional conflict. In Kurtz (Mar-Ion Brando), Willard sees a reflection of himself through a defining prism. We can never be sure if this is just another mission, or an intended catharsis for Captain Willard; but we know from Coppola's notes that the actual film became a catharsis for the filmmaker.

Colonel Kurtz is to be terminated because he has taken his troops into Cambodia and established an isolated psuedogovernment with the cooperation of Montagnard natives. His methods of extermination were praised by the military complex before this independent action, and are now condemned as the work of a lunatic. Repeatedly Kurtz is referred to as insane, mad, gone over the edge. Captain Willard is a killer, pure and simple. The hesitation over killing a fellow American somehow vanishes early on; and later surfaces as an overwhelming need to confront Kurtz, to know the man who has taken the art of war to its most logical conclusion. Most of the film is occupied with the

If the parameter of Francis Ford Coppola's intention in *Apocalypse Now* was to recreate the sense of horror, madness, morality and sensuousity of Viet Nam, he achieved it in the first five minutes of the film. The ultimate act of violation war represents, the violation of the earth, has never been more eloquently stated in the American cinema.

Having established this opening metaphor that defies refinement, Coppola is left to exercise an exploration into the universal didactic about the nature of



boat trip upriver to where Kurtz is alleged to be encamped. The mise-en-scene fills a background of specific Viet Nam images. The style is severity; extremes – which fill out both the character of Willard and the still unseen character of Kurtz.

Ironically, the most violent scenes in Apocalypse Now underscore, but never eclipse, the inescapable heart of the film: Man is not inherently good.

When Willard locates Colonel Kurtz, it is in an almost surrealistic setting; the lush and decaying Cambodia jungle palaces, the painted Montagnard natives, a war photographer (Dennis Hopper) that has fallen under Kurtz's sway as an agitated somnambulist. An earlier assassin, Colby (Scott Glenn) stands like a mesmerized centurion; his fingers tapping out an extreme unction on the stock of his rifle.

It is more than a dream. Coppola advances the sense of a descent into a nether-region throughout the film; almost pendanticly. The final visions go beyond the realm of expressionistic cinema; probably Coppola's most important cinematic contribution. Indeed, he has managed to recreate a personal vision that, rather than move beyond established techniques, approaches the question of realization from an entirely different perspective.

Coppola slows the pace when Willard meets Kurtz. The last half hour moves like a funeral dirge; the metaphor speaks for the intention. Painted in whitewash on the face of an ancient Cambodian stone wall we see the film's title; the end at hand is a final, permanent, irreconciable conclusion. The premise is resolved before the camera shuts off.

The images of Colonel Kurtz, pointedly reminiscent of Buddah, are assumed, in a subjective and stylized manner, by Willard. When he kills Kurtz, and the montage reiteriates with the ritual slaughter of a cow by the Montgnard, we are seeing the most devestating universal axiom. The transformed image of Willard, painted, errie, obscured by ritual smoke, hauntingly shadowed by ritual fire – descending the steps of Kurtz's temple into the messiah-awaiting natives – underscores Coppola's vision of all authority.

The camera continues. In an unexpected conclusion (unexpected because every frame in the last few minutes is in itself a conclusion) Willard starts back on the river. Although in traditional senses it is a positive ending (as opposed to a resolution), it does not shake the doom of the film's didactic. Coppola has taught his audience too well. We have seen the darkness of man's heart in a way we have managed to avoid time out of mind. A sense of rejection for the entire film stems from personal rejection of the film's core. Had Coppola set this allegory only slightly in the future, audiences would have praised its visionary approach. We know, in our heart of hearts that we can always change the future. By using a time reference in the immediate past, Coppola leaves us without hope because we know just as well that we can never alter the past. -IWR





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BLADDER CRISIS IN BRITAIN

A new "British disease" has been diagnosed. Britains, it appears, either cannot or will not control their bladders when they go for a swim,

"As a nation, we pee into our swimming pools on a vast scale. You would not believe the scale," reported David Smith, who is in charge of a big London pool.

The issue made headlines after pool authorities in northern England were criticized for considering putting a dye into the water which turn an embarrassing red on contact with urine.

It is said that the dye is used in West German pubic swimming pools.

An official from a local swimming club expressed doubt whether the dye would act as a deterant. If anything, it might encourage people to pee in the pool.

"They would see who could make the best pattern in the water or the longest red trail."

- Reuters



BOOK BURNING IN CANADA

QUEBEC - The District of Sherbrooke Official Morality Legislator, Mr. D. Fredette, has banned the importing of DRUMMER: The Magazine for the Macho Male. In his decision, the well-known and despised Fredette concluded, "Cette revue etant jugee comme indecente et immorale en vertu des dispositions prohibitives du numero tarifaire 99201-I, l'importation en est par consequent interdite." Mr. Fredette was not willing, however, to return copies of DRUMMER to the publisher. He also declined to communicate in English. The ban on Drummer follows similar bans on Christopher Street, Hustler, Penthouse, certain cos-metics, clothing and furniture - all of which had previously been judged obscene.

STIFF SENTENCES

From the Soviet Union comes news of a new kind of torture, reports the October issue of *Oui*.

At the infamous Lubyanka prison, dissidents allegedly are injected with a solution that induces huge, long-lasting erections in five minutes. When the erection finally subsides, the prisoner receives another shot, and so on, and so on.

GAMECOCK REPORTS TOILET SEX (or) What I Learned in School Today

Several men have been sexually propositioned by other men in the bathrooms of the Russell House University Union and the Thomas Cooper Library forcing the administration in both buildings to take action to stop the harassment."

Thus begins the page 4 story in a recent issue of GAMECOCK, the student newspaper of the University of South Carolina.

But before we go any further, let us just add that the 'cock' is the official symbol of the USC, with various rooster incarnations appearing everywhere on campus. That might explain how the rash of uncontrolable assaults began in the first place.

A sophmore, Phil, informed the student newspaper how he was just quietly sitting on the shitter in one of the restrooms, pants around his ankles, stroking . . . er, minding his own business, when he noticed someone was watching him through a crack in the stall door.

"I started yelling at him and chased him, but he got away." Obviously Phil had to finish off his toilet alone.

Other reports came streaming in to the GAMECOCK offices; all first names, no descriptions. The administrators decided it was time for action, and had all the offensive doors removed from the stalls. Things have quieted down (obviously everyone can see now with the doors removed). Another student related how three guys watched him urinate. He did not disclose, however, if it made his dick hard — or if all the piss made its way into the urinal.



ROUGH TRADE

G. Harrold Carswell, a former United States Circuit Court of Appeals judge and nominee to the Supreme Court, was beaten by a young man he had invited to his hotel room, according to Atlanta police.

Carswell first reported the incident as a robbery, but police found his wallet when searching the hotel room. The assailant was described as having curly hair and a beard. Carswell had picked him up at a skating rink in the hotel.

You might remember Carswell as Richard Nixon's nominee for the Supreme Court in 1970. He was rejected by the Senate.

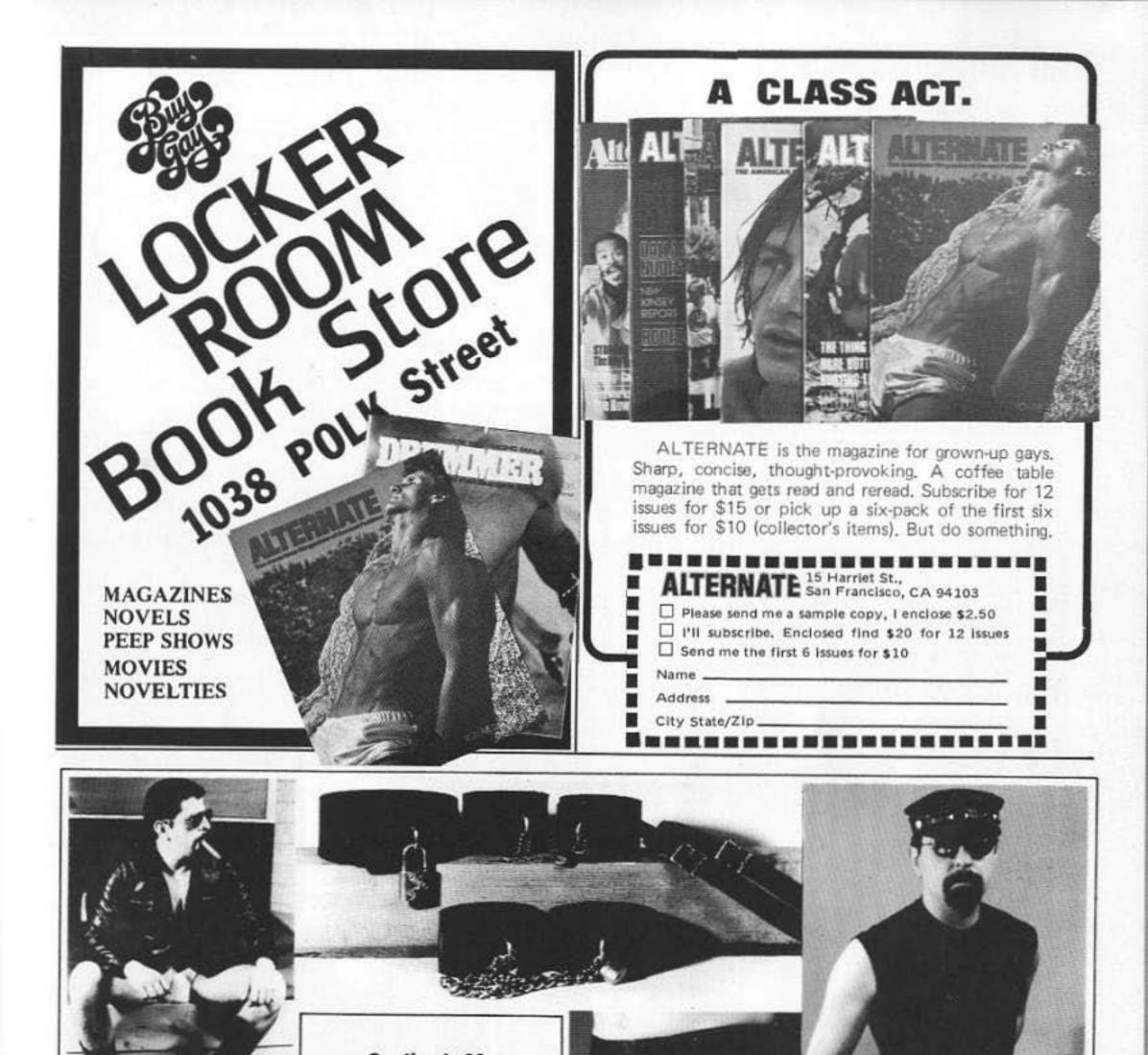
In 1976, Carswell was arrested for groping a vice officer in Tallahassee. He was convicted of battery, however.

MONKEY BUSINESS

Six marauding monkeys in Durban, South Africa, were being sought by police for the attempted kidnapping of two children who were abducted on the porch of their suburban home. "Each of my sons was being dragged by a monkey on each arm. I screamed at them, but they continued to pull the kids across the porch," the mother told officials. Vigilante groups have taken to shooting the monkeys on sight in the African town, where bands of roving monkeys pick the fruit off the trees and eat dog food left out of doors.

The newspaper also ran a photograph of the bathroom stalls, complete with legs and shoes.

There has been no word of a ransom note, however.



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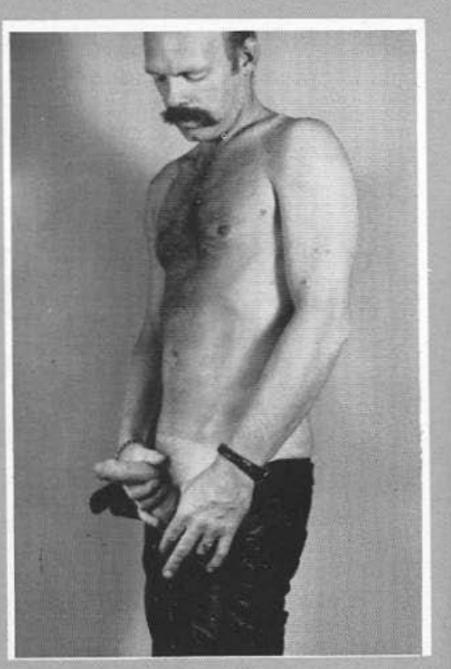
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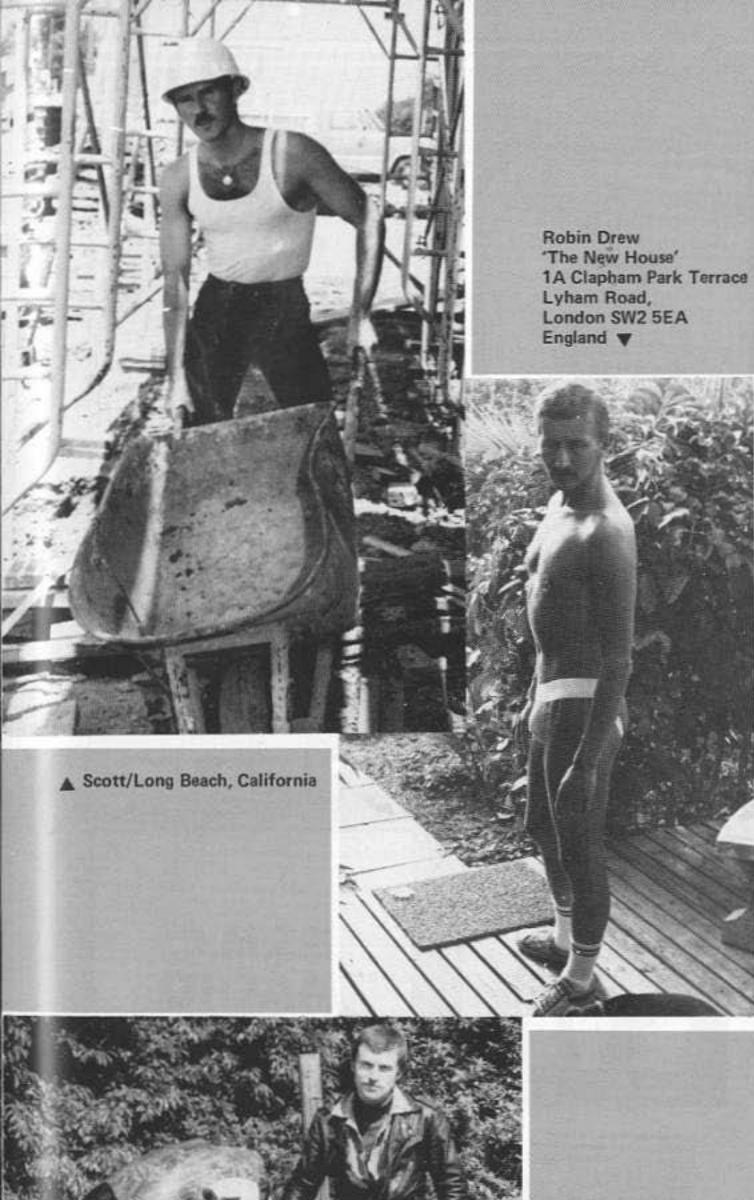
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"The overcrowding of prisoners is not necessary; it is deliberate. Because of laws, the state can easily increase or decrease its rate of arrests and prosecutions at will. It is deliberate because overcrowding is an excuse for justifying greater appropriations and the building of more prisons. It is deliberate because it perpetuates a bureaucracy which benefits its careerist members."

Bob Canney/a Florida prisoner

The crowding of prisons indeed adds dimension to the inhumanity of prisons. Unlike the stereotype small town jail with a single weekend drunk and a deputy to guard him, increasingly prison populations reach small town populations in the thousands and tens of thousands. Prison institutions in larger cities, or serving large counties, can reach staggering inmate body counts: 25,000, 50,000; the limit is unconsiderable.

A catch-22 situation. Prison officials cry for more prison construction. With larger prison facilities, more arrestees make it to confinement. There is no escape clause that allows for dismantling prison space. When a prison facility is replaced with another, it is larger. There has never been a case of a new prison built to house less (much less the same number) inmates than its predecessor.

No one has charted the percentage of increase in prison size over the last decade. The scale would stagger the imagination. In certain periods of time, like the 1960s, a larger percentage of the public is arrested, sentenced, imprisoned.

These special social phenomenon (the civil disobedience to the Viet Nam war, etc.) last only a certain time. You would logically expect that once the protest was over, the number of arrested persons would decrease.

Not so. There has been a steady increase in prison populations since the turn of the century. Which means if you remove the arrests of the 1960 political ctivists as a 'crime,' you have, in effect, a doubling of criminals in a decade.

While sexual laws are being stricken

GAY LIFE IN PRISON

Bill Smith, who served a two year sentence for passing a questionable check, has written a book about the experience of a gay man in prison for the first time. *Cruel and Unusual Punishment* is expected to be published this fall by Viking Press. If you'd like to be advised of the book's availability, you may write directly to the author: Bill Smith, 4201 Victory Parkway, No. 304, Cincinnati, OH 45229.

SOCIETY OF NATURE

The Society is a group of gay men living near San Rafael, California that offer housing and employment to prisoners close to being discharged. Reintegration into mainstream society is one of the hardest factors facing the prisoner. The Society is nature-oriented, concerned with agriculture, crafts and art. Information about their group is available from: Society of Nature, Box 3771, San Rafael, CA 94902.

GAYCON NEWSLETTER

Ronald Endersby publishes this newsletter aimed at gay prisoners and those interested in prison reform. The newsletter is published monthly; contains news, letters from prisoners, photos and artwork, and establishes correspondence between free world men and gay prisoners. Subscription rates are \$5 for 12 issues. The newsletter is sent free to prisoners. Gaycon also maintains stock of published work on gay prisoners and prison reform. Information is available from: Gaycon Press Newsletter, 216 Eddy St., No. 203, S.F., CA 94102.

PRISONERS

It is usually effortless to write to a prisoner, it only requires a small amount of your time, a few stamps, and some understanding. Just because a man is in prison, that doesn't necessarily make him any less valuable a person. In the case of



gay men, a lot of prisoners are there because they are gay. And a lot of nefarious people never go to prison.

When you write to a prisoner be honest about your intention. If you get off just writing letters, you will probably find a lot of grateful guys willing to read them. Time passes slowly on the inside.

If you are looking for a relationship that might have some other expression than words on paper, use your head. Prisoners, by the nature of their removal from society, are emotionally vulnerable.

If you don't want any kind of involvement, not even just correspondence, you might consider sending a Christmas card, or a post card signed "a friend."

I am 18, 5'9", 165 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes. I like riding horses; I raced motorcycles before prison. There is no one here to talk to about being gay, and I would like someone to write to/become friends with. Bill Dyer, Box 520-216940, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

I am currently an inmate at the New Mexico State Prison but will be transfered to California in October. Philip Caristo B.B.S., No. 26321, Box 1059, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

I am 24, 6', 150 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes. I am interested in horses, camping, reading and correspondence. (Prison regulation: If you wish to send the inmate postage with which to reply to you, it must be an embossed stamped envelope only.) Billy Crawford, No. 139-924, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.



from the books in state after state, affording another certain percentage in arrest decrease; the prison population has steadily increased.

With drug law reform; the same contradiction holds true.

Why are prison inmates as a population still increasing? Where is this growing population coming from? Bob Canney, in his 1976 *Come Unity* article touched on the nerve of the situation: The state can increase the number of prisoners at will. The state has the power to make anyone a prisoner; regardless of the laws under which it operates.

Prison growth will cease when that power ceases to exist. Mark and many others.

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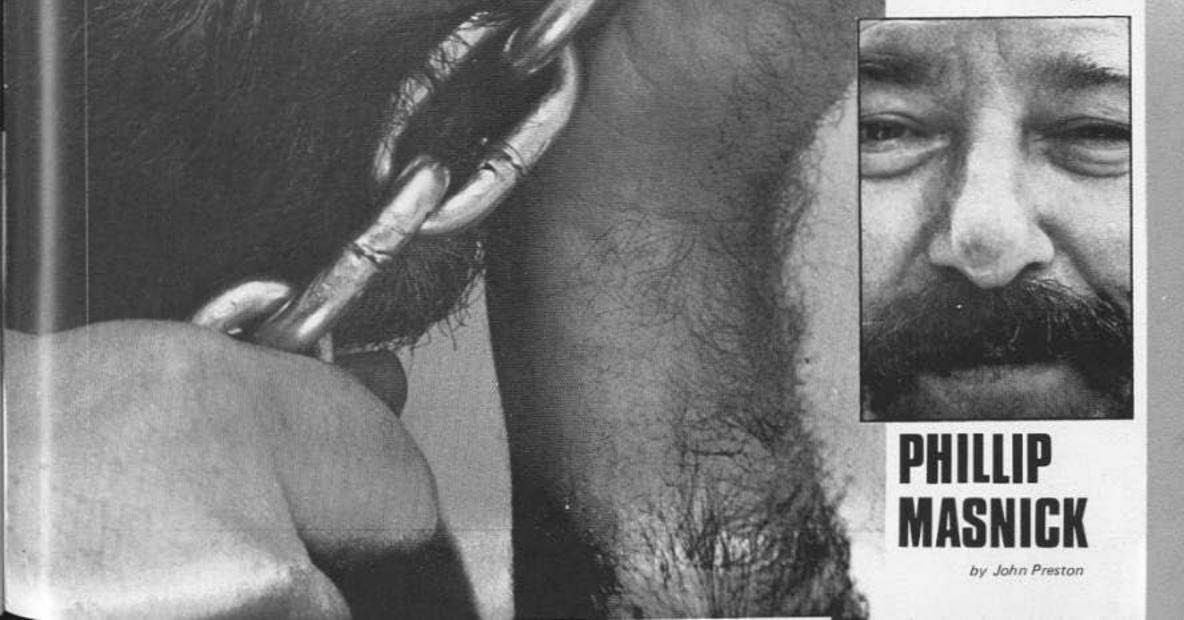
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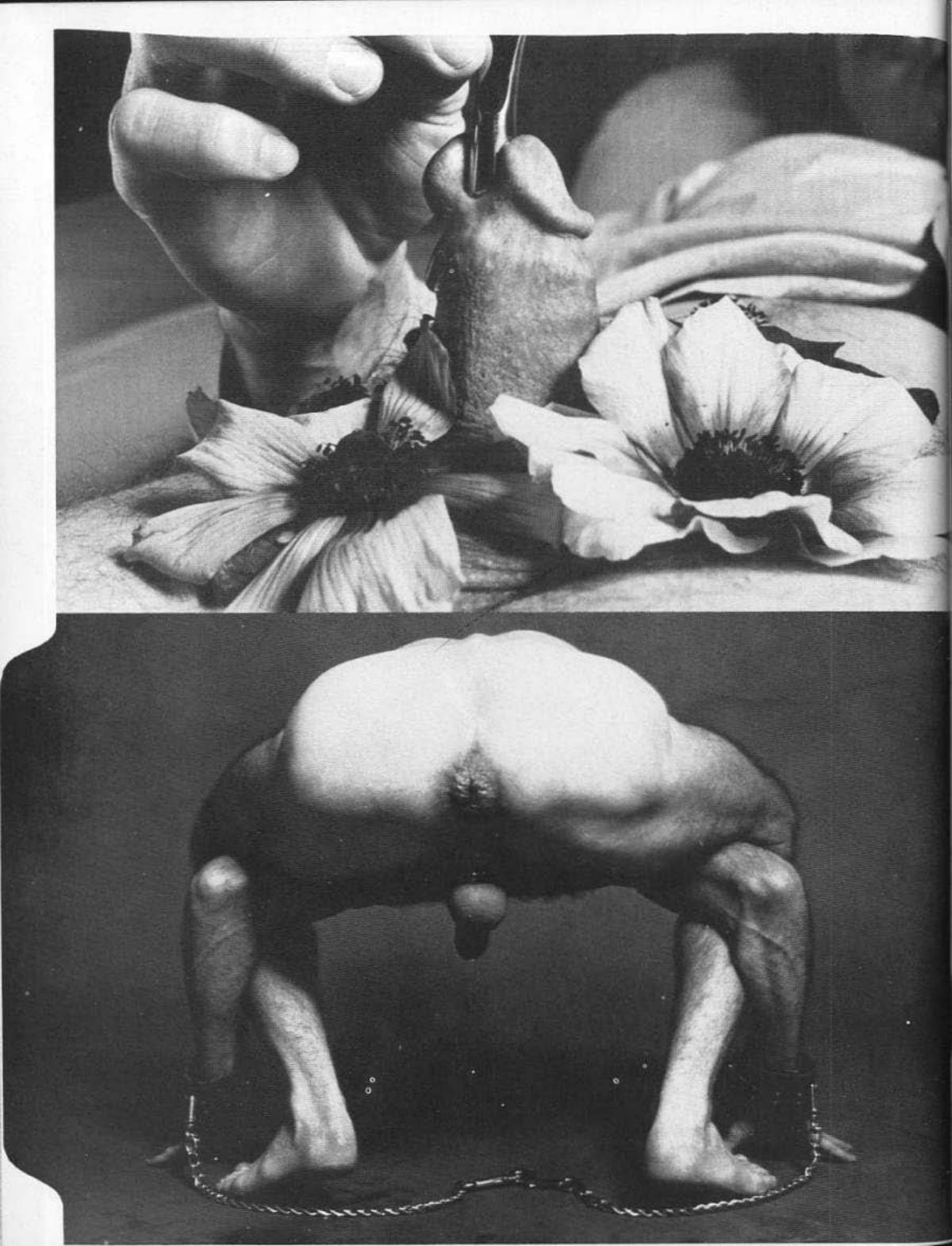


GALA HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTFOLIO

In 1973 Philip Masnick opened one of the most startling shows in New York art gallery history. The show was so shocking, even to the self-styled revolutionaires of SoHo, that it was closed within 24 hours. The closing – or censorship, as many would have called it – produced a flurry of controversy and debate. What was the function of the artist in society? On what basis should a piece of art be judged? Quality of the artist's work or the content the artist chose?

The debate smoldered for years. The questions, of course, were never answered. Then, in 1979, the year that finds New York with no less than four art galleries specializing in homoerotic art, the show is back on. The invitations were sent out by Foto Galery, 492 Broome Street, New York. Foto isn't even one of the gay

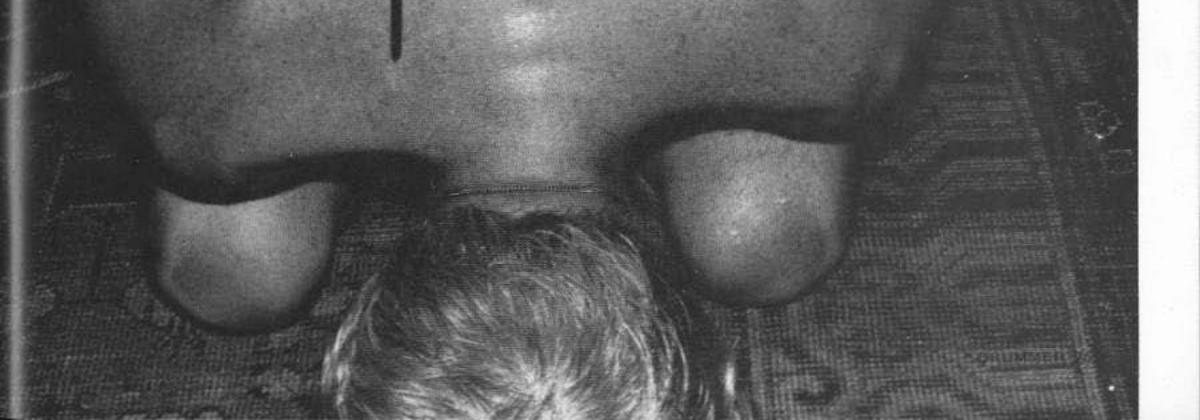




galleries, and one has to think that Masnick wanted it that way: he wanted to have a "straight" gallery redeem his pride and his place in the galaxy of SoHo art. It wouldn't have been enough for him to have had the show in a gay gallery.

gallery. This show still is guaranteed to shock those who aren't used to the heaviest images of gay S&M. Shots of one man sitting on a fist, pissing into the air; or of men pierced; or of men in rubber.

in rubber. The Robert Samuel Gallery (795 Broadway, New York, NY 10003) began showing Masnick's work in a September '79 group show.









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975 Harrison SF'S HAND BALL EXPRESS 543-5263 Statement Statements Statement 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.



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CALIFORNIA

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PALM SPRINGS/CATHEDRAL CITY

PALO ALTO
Bachelor Quarters (baths) , 1934 University Av. Whiskey Gulch Saloon 1951 E. University Ave.
SAN BERNARDINO
SKYLARK 917 Inland Center Dr. SAN DIEGO
BEE JAYS
THE HOLE
Shadows 6035 Fairmount Ext.
SAN FRANCISCO
AMBUSH
BACK STREET & CO
THE BROTHEL HOTEL 1500 Sutter
The Brig
CHAINS (private) . 8th at Howard (side entr.) The Club San Francisco 330 Ritch St. Cornholes/Folsom St. Club (private)
1369 Folsom
Dave's Baths 100 Broadway
FEBE'S 1501 Folsom
527 Club
1808 Club (private)
Glory Hole (private club)
Hand Ball Express (baths) 975 Harrison
Hang-Out
I-Beam (disco)
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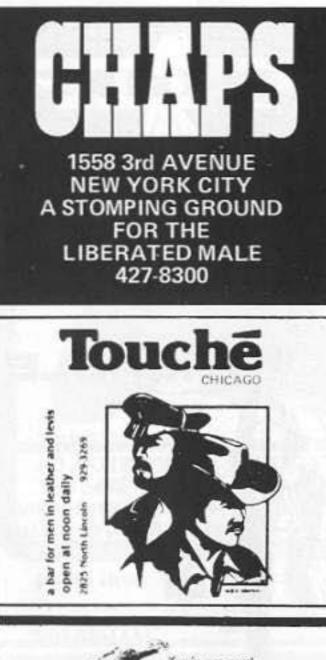
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OUT CAST 4219 Santa Monica Blvd.
RUSTY NAIL 7994 Santa Monica Blvd.
Silver Saddle Spa (baths) 4356 Sunset Blvd.
SPIKE BAR 7746 Santa Monica Blvd.
Stud 4216 Melrose Ave.
2006 Bar 2006 N. Figueroa St.
Wranglers 1941 Hyperion
YMAC
LOS ANGELES / VALLEY
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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Men's Bar/ Bath Scené '79"

WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO / WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO / WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO





The Jaguar (pr	iv	at	te	}			2	ļ,	J		J	4052 18th St.
												1157 Post
Midnight Sun			5		2	2	5					506 Castro
Moby Dick .												4049 18th St.
Plunge Inn	2	1	2	-		4						11th at Folsom
RAMROD						4						1255 Folsom
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THE TRENCH	U	u	n	ife	or	m	i b	a	r)	2	2	164 8th St.
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Watering Hole												6th at Folsom

SAN JOSE

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COLORADO

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

CONNECTICUT NEW MILFORD

The Answer Cafe Route 7 (off 184)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Club East II						20 'O' St. S.E.
EAGLE			2	1	21	904 9th St. N.W.
Louie's Spartan	Lour	nge				305 9th St. N.W.
Olympic Baths					1	. 1405 H St. N.W.
69th Precinct (b	aths)		÷	7(00	01 Blair Rd. N.W.

FLORIDA

DAYTONA BEACH	
andmark 615 Main S	t.
FT. LAUDERDALE	
The Everglades Bar 1931 So. Federal Hwy Sym Health Club 901 S.W. 27th Av Tacky's	e.
Phoenix	th
Big Ruby's Inn (hotel) 409 Smith Lar	18
CLUB KEY WEST 671 Truman Av	
Clubhouse (baths)	e.
Pirates Den (baths) 112 E. Miami Av ORLANDO	

ILLINOIS CALUMET CITY

MR, B'S CLUB 606 State Line CHICAGO
Barracks (baths)
Glory Hole
Man's World North (baths)
Steamworks Ltd. (baths) 3131 N.Lincoln

IOWA

DES MOINES

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

	N	E	w	C) F	٢L	.E	A	N	S
Camp Baths										512 Gravier
Canal Baths										738 N, Rampart
Corral Bar			2			2			2	. 901 Bourbon
Golden Lantern	١.							١.	Ļ.	1289 Royal St.
										. 819 St. Louis
										940 Conti
										. 940 Burgundy
										820 N. Rampart

MARYLAND

MASSACHUSETTS BOSTON

Club Boston Baths		4 La Grange
Chaps	1	25 Huntington Ave.
THE BOSTON EAGLE		88 Queensberry St.
Herbie's Ramrod	.,	. 1254 Boylston St.

PROVINCETOWN

BARS: Atlantic House (Macho Room) . 4-6 Masonic PI.



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DRUMMER 78

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SPURS								2	2201 15th St
WEST									
Dude County				5	20)	Fo	r	rest Hill Blvd.
Man's Country Bar						2		1	506 25th St.
Town Pump									. 205 Datura

410 N. Orange Blossom Trail

Parliament House (complex)

GEORGIA

HAWAII HONOLULU / (Downtown)

Question Mark 43 S. Beretania

WAIKIKI

Blowhole	2	4	2	١.	124 Kapahulu
Club Honolulu (baths) .		2	2		. 2270 Kuhio
Cocktail Center	2		2	4	435 Atkinson
The Steam Works (baths)	-				307 Lewers St.

The Cellar	(Crown &	Anchor	inn) .	247 Com-
				mercial St.
GUEST H	OUSES:			

SPRINGFIELD

Quarry (below the Pub) 382 Dwight St.

MICHIGAN

Club Detroit Baths		. 7646 Woodward Ave.
INTERCHANGE .		1501 Holden
Stephen's Saloon .		17436 Woodward Ave.

Men's Bar/Bath Scene '79

WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO / WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO / WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO

MINNEAPOLIS

MISSOURI KANSAS CITY

ST. LOUIS

Gateway	Saloon	(in Bol	Martin's	Bar complex)
Club St.	Louis B	aths	600 W	201 S. 20th Kingshighway
Stadium				. 201 S. 20th

NEBRASKA OMAHA

Diamond Bar 516 S. 16th

NEVADA

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Las Vegas Sp	a	()	ba	stl	hs	1	2	11	13	0	S	. Casino Ctr. Bl.
												410 Paradise Rd.
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Club Baths	2							2		1	÷.	1030 W. 2nd St.
Trapp								œ.	÷.		4	5201 W, 4th St.

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COLOR	VY BATHS	. 500 Summerrield Ave.	
	ATLANTIC CI	TY (SEASONAL)	
Long Cold Street Street		No. 1997 The second	

Ramrod (above Lark Inn) . . 174 S. New York BRICKTOWN

The Egyptian Baths 1714 Hwy. 88 CAMDEN Club Camden Baths 1498 Broadway

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BUFFALO
Club Buffalo Baths 44 Almeda (Amherst) Villa Capri
Sea Shack Cherry Grove
MANHATTAN
Badlands
Barbary Coast
Beacon Baths
Boot Hill 317 Amsterdam at 75th St.
Boots and Saddle
Broadway Arms Baths 218 W. 49th St.
Cell Block
Chaps 1558 3rd Ave. at 87th St.
The Club Baths
Crossroads
Dakota
Den
Eagle's Nest 142 11th Ave. at 20th St.
Eastside Sauna 227 E. 56th St.
Glory Hole (private club) 139 11th Ave.
Half Breed 168 Amsterdam at 68th St.
International Stud 733 Greenwich St. Kellers
Kellers
Main Man 305 Columbus Ave. at 74th St.
Man's Country
Mineshaft (private club) 832 Washington St.
Ramrod
Sauna Baths
Spike
St. Marks Baths 6 St. Marks Place
Ty's 114 Christopher St.
Wall Street Sauna 1 Maiden Lane
Wildwood 308 Columbus Ave. at 74th St.

ROCHESTER

Adonis Sauna		÷.			4		. 92 North St.
Bachelor Forum	2	2	1	2	2		1065 E. Main
Roman Sauna Baths	4	÷				2	109 North St.

NORTH CAROLINA

CHARLOTTE

Club South Baths of Charlotte 1708 South Blud

	1700 300111 0140.
New Brass Rail	3513 W. Wilkinson Blvd.
Original Brass Rail	105 W, Morehead

OHIO

AKRON

Club Akron 1339 E. Market	
Stagecoach Inn	
CINCINNATI	
Badland's Territory	
Club Steam Baths 1448 W. 32nd St.	
Club Cleveland II Baths 1293 W. 9th	
LEATHER STALLION . 2203 St. Claire Ave. COLUMBUS	
The Loft 622 S. High St. (above The Grotto)	
Tradewinds II	
TOLEDO	
Club Toledo Baths 1122 Monroe St.	
THE RUSTLER SALOON . 4023 Monroe St.	

OKLAHOMA CITY

		-	 -			-	 			
Colorados	4			-	-	-		1	3	201 N. May Ave.
Circa	2	2		4				2		2201 N.W. 39th
Crew's Inn										2721 N. Walker

OREGON

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The Old Plantation				1	00	05	No	. Filmore St.
Private Cellar	A	U	ST	11	۷.		12	21 W. 6th St.
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The Crews Inn				1	2	3	220	N. Fitzhugh
Sundance Kid								
Tex's Ranch								
Wild Crowd Saloon								
Throckmorton Mini								

The Locker 1804 No. Harwood
FT, WORTH
651 Club 651 S. Jennings
The Corral 621 Hemphill
HOUSTON
Brazos River Bottom
Locker 1732 Westheimer
Mary's 1022 Westheimer
Montrose Mining Co 805 Pacific

Men's Bar/Bath Scene '79

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VIRGINIA

WASHINGTON

WISCONSIN GREEN BAY

CANADA

Continental Montreal (baths)

Contraction of the second second second second second	456 La Gauchetiere
Bud's	1250 Stanley
Dominion Square Tavern .	1243 Metcalfe
	201 de la Commune
	St. Catherine St. E.

TORONTO

Parkside Tavern										530 Yonge St.
Roman Sauna .										
Terminus Baths	ä		ï	ş		2	2	4	2	600 Bay
					:0					
The Garden	ŝ	3		5	2			5	2	1233 Hornby

> Check Playpen So./or Shaggy Horse WINNIPEG

The Office (baths) 1060 Main St.

HOLLAND

Argos Bar	Warmoesstraat 95
Cafe Flore	Kerkstraat 4
de Spijker Bar	Kerkstraat 4
	. Egelantierstraat 246
Hotel Anco	. O.Z. Voorburgwal 55
Hotel Orfeo	. Leidsekruisstraat 14
	Weteringschans 273
Viking Club	Reguliersdwarsstraat 17

SWEDEN

STOCKHOLM

SLM Stockholm (private bikers' club) Gasgrand 2B, Old Toy

AUSTRALIA

Pulteney 431 (Sauna Club) . . . 431 Pulteney BRISBANE

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No. 80 (coffee shop below/game room	
Little Oxford St. near Ta	ylor Square
The Roman Bath	250 Pitt St.
Signal Bar Crown St. n	ear William
253 (bath) 253 Oxford St. E	

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND

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of Queen St.
Empire Tavern Victoria St, West/Nelson St,
Jeunesse Doree (sauna) 945 New North Rd.
Mt, Albert
Victoria Spa (sauna) 64 Victoria St. West CHRIST CHURCH
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Passport Lounge (Cantabrian Hotel)
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> I figure I'm not the only one hooked on those broad-shouldered, bull-necked, hung studs in blue serge. And while cops rate gays as number two on their hate list (number one is 'cop killers'), most enjoy getting their official joints copped along with various other acts of respectful body worship.

> I've had hot sex with two young studs who later joined the force. When I was a sophomore in high school, I spent many nights with a senior at his house jacking each other off in his bedroom. He went straight from high school jock to motorcycle cop. The first time I saw him in his uniform I reminded him of the mutual good times we had shared. He didn't hesitate in asking me to join him at a nearby gas station john.

> I sat on the toilet and unbuckled his black leather gun belt, unsnapping and unzipping his riding breeches, pulling down his white boxer shorts, exposing his jock cup. He told me that motorcycle cops wear crotch cups to protect their baby factories from damage when bumps in the road slam their machine seat into their ass. And because an arrestee will readily try to slam a foot into a cop's nuts while being busted.

> I thought he just wanted another hand job, but this stud had graduated from more than police academy. He grabbed my mouth and rammed his already-hard pole in it to the hilt. It was the first time I had ever sucked a dick; so I quickly choked and backed-off. Finally, I got the swing of it and went to work working that police stick. My first load of cop come was thick, sweet and plentiful.

> It was the last time I was to chew on that particular pole. I later saw him off duty, his wife and kids in tow, his hard stud body gone pear-shaped and soft. I didn't bother to speak. It was on a trip to Chicago that I ran it into my second available cop. This blond giant was a former Mr. Chicago and Mr. Illinois. At the time, there were two well-known 'physique' magazines being published in Chicago: Demi-Gods and The Young Physique. I recognized the blond officer from ads in the magazines for 8mm movies. The publisher of these magazines did his recruiting in a gym above a restaurant on Van Buren, which used to be in The Loop. I saw this stud working out there, saw him with a group of businessmen in the street-level restaurant, and saw him on the elevated trains. I got an instant boner each time.



glance, and the look on my face. He just smiled a knowing smile and gave me a wink. It turned into a few highly memorable hours in my room at the Larson YMCA. But it wasn't until my second visit to the city, and my second tryst with the giant, that I found out he was on the Chicago Police force. It wound up being a two-time trussle with those oversized nuts and that short fat cock that grew and grew into a throbbing pole of official dick. My last vision of him is this: He was standing nude except for his boots, gloves and helmet; his hard and thick cock jutting straight out from his crotch.

Everytime I see a uniformed cop I make a quick glance at their blue serge crotch; sometimes it pays off. Since the cop can't second guess (at least not with the conviction necessary to sway a jury) what you're looking at (or for); either he'll give you a scowl - usually with a muttering under the breath - or a laugh, and maybe a more substantial invitation.

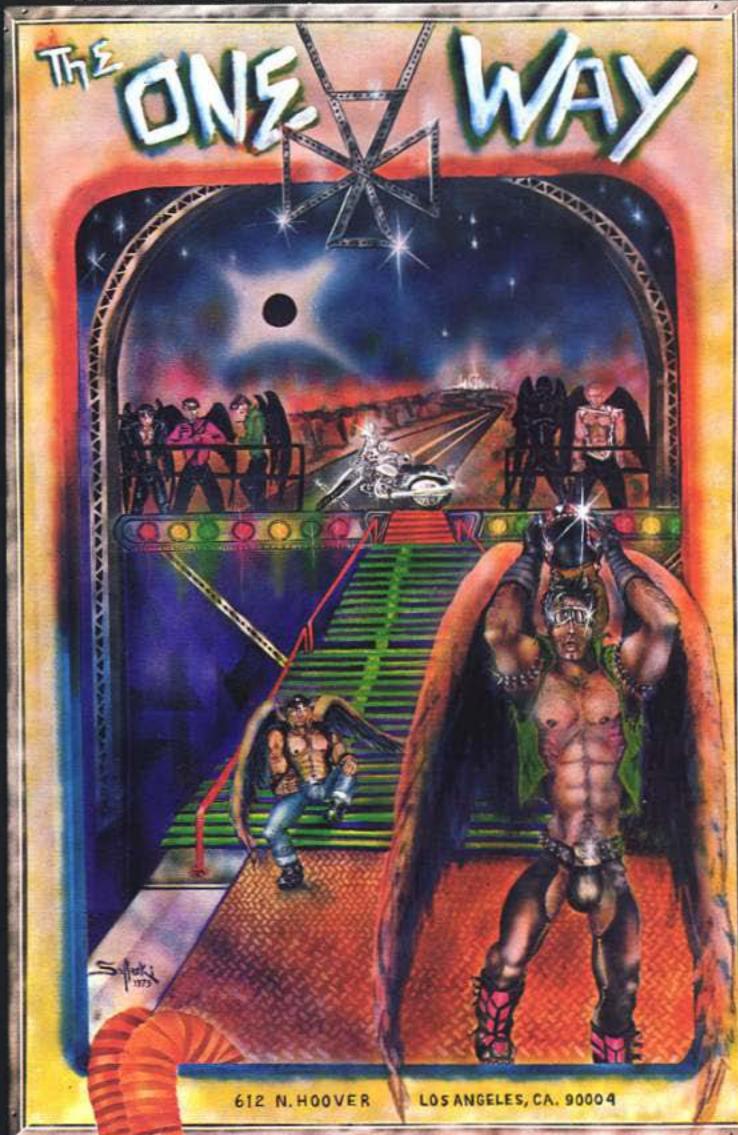
A lot of officers work out at Cleveland's Central YMCA during their lunch hours, or after work. My membership there has more than once repaid itself. My favorite local peace officer is a muscular older cop who strips off his gym shorts and does deep knee squats in just his jock strap. His thighs are so huge, he couldn't possibly work out in his shorts. When I saw him in the shower, the first time, he didn't seem to notice my fascination with the way he soaped and rinsed out his long, thick foreskin. The next time I saw him head for the shower, hanging his jockstrap on the peg with his towel outside the shower door, I decided it was time for a little crime. He probably has no idea where his sweaty jock strap went; and even less idea what I've been using it for. - F.C.



Finally he noticed the direction of my



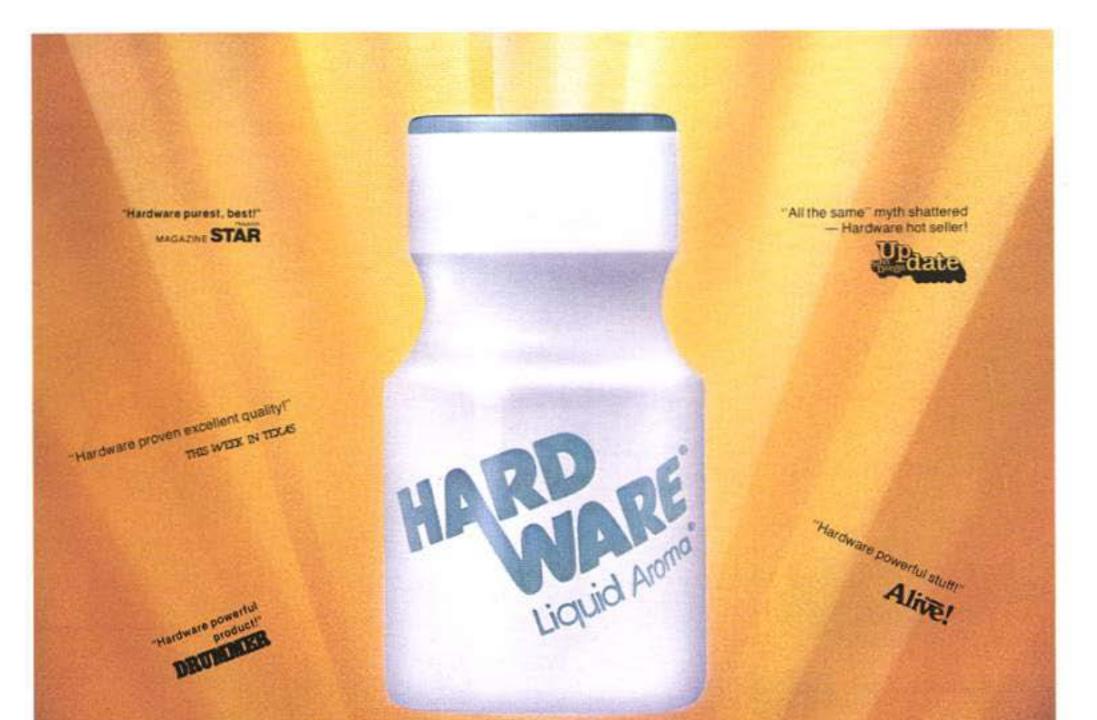




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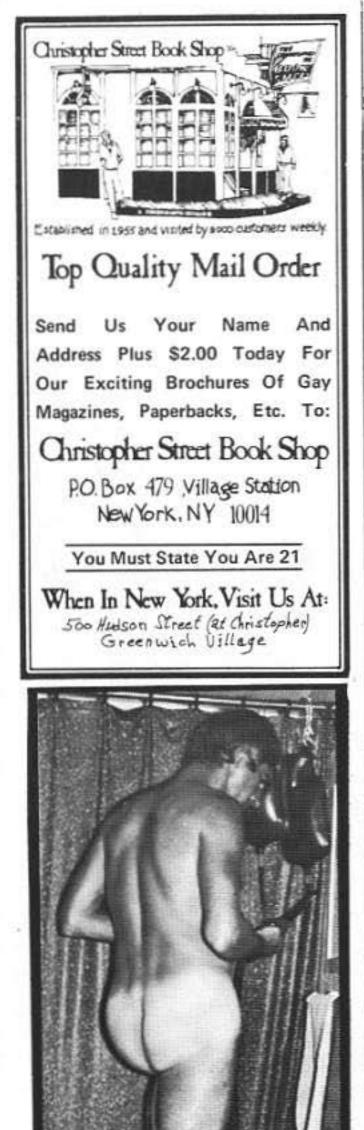
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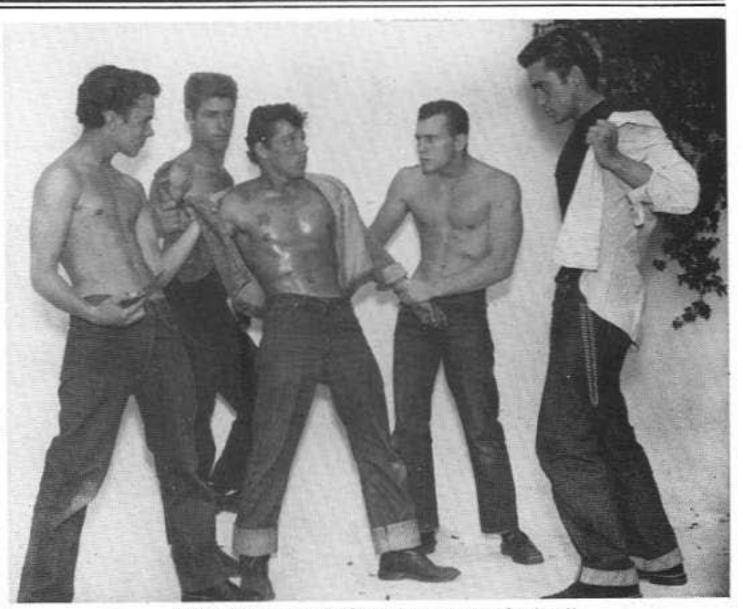
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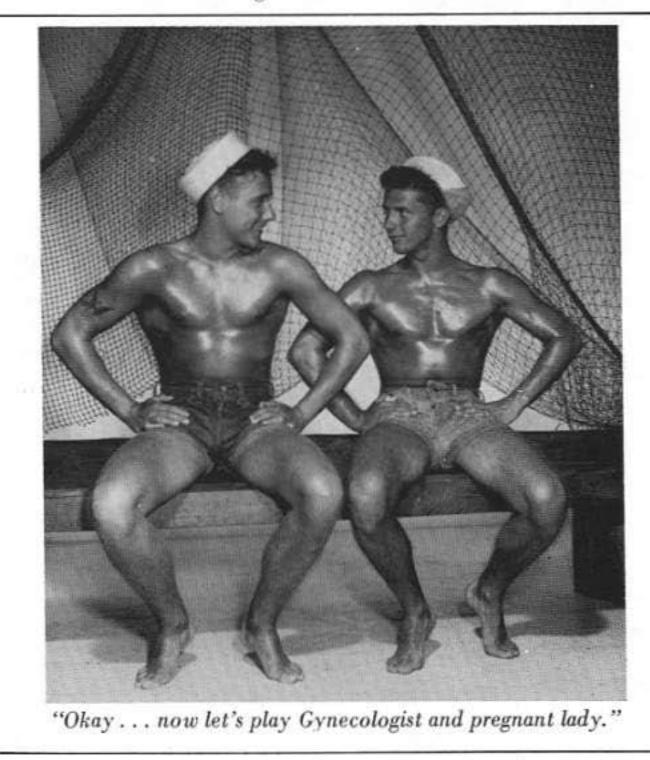
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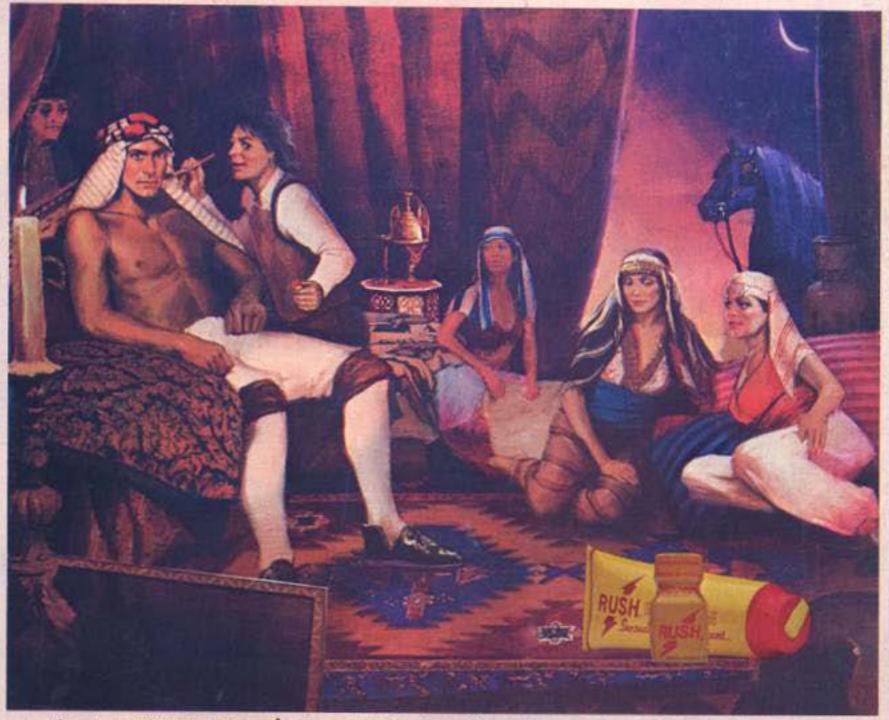
Rudy Rates RUSH a Rave

HOLLYWOOD, Monday, June 1– They're saying it was "heat prostration", but insiders know better! Production on Desert Song, Valentino's latest hysterical heart-throb for Cinegram Studios, had to be suspended last week. According to a studio press agent, it was due to "adverse weather in the Mojave". Temperatures rose rapidly all right, but it was a different sort of sunstroke.

According to our confidential source, it seems that The Sheik arrived late one evening for a moonlight desert take. The Great Lover impatiently told the production crew to "Get a rush on". One prankish makeup man promptly uncorked a bottle of RUSH Liquid Incense[®] and spread it around the set. Rudy was supposed to begin the scene by giving some sultry starlets the air, but what came next was definitely not in the script!

The entire cast and crew put in for overnight overtime. The tent was in tatters, and even the pillows were plastered. It's too bad they never got around to putting film in the cameras!

What effect will this have on future production? No further comment was available from Cinegram. When cornered in the studio cafeteria, Rudy only smiled and said: "I'm glad I didn't come early. We'll have to get more RUSH for the next take."



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