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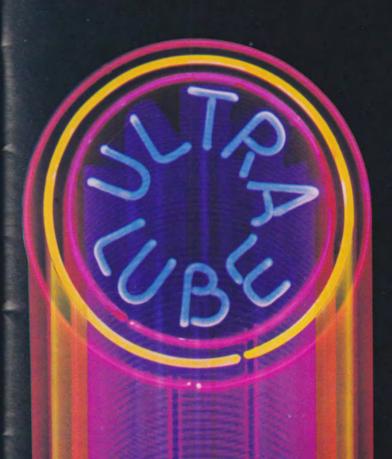
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REAL POLITICS

Drummer almost never asks you to do anything political, other than staying true to yourself; which is the most political act you can undertake. But something very important to all of us is going on, and it's imperative that you do some-

thing about it.

Senator Paul Tsongas (D-Mass.) has written a letter to all the Senators in Washington announcing his intention to introduce legislation that would ban discrimination in employment based on 'sexual orientation.' Any Senator can introduce a bill like this, although no one in the Senate has before. But to insure that the Senate passes such a bill, it needs support. Part of the reason Tsongas sent around his letter was to feel out his fellow Senators in hopes of picking up one or more co-sponsors. The more powerful the co-sponsors, the better the chances of passage by the full Senate.

Senator Alan Cranston (D-Calif.) is extremely important. He is the Majority Whip in the Senate and well-respected. In the past, Cranston has exhibited a genuine understanding of civil rights and the rights of gays. He already enjoys wide-spread gay support in his home state. Alan Cranston could easily become a cosponsor of Tsongas' Senate Bill, if you

give him a little nudge.

Write a letter, or a post card to: Senator Alan Cranston

229 Russell Senate Office Building Washington, DC 20510

Tell him you wish him to co-sponsor Senator Paul Tsongas' bill prohibiting discrimination based on sexual orientation. Because he is the Senate Majority Whip, he will be receptive to input from

every state.

There's no use waiting for someone to introduce a broad-based gay civil rights bill that will cover employment, housing, public facilities, etc. It isn't going to happen that way - at least not in the foreseeable future. Senator Tsongas' approach, to impliment a single aspect of gay civil rights legislation, is the most practical. If the bill passes, it will make it easier for future bills to amend the original legislation and broaden its impact.

Timing is very important. Tsongas needs a co-sponsor to introduce legislation in 1980. Californians should remember that Senator Cranston will be up for re-election in 1980. And while he is being clearly polled as the political favorite, now is the time to remind him

of his constituency.
One final note: Sign your name and address to your postcard or letter. When Cranston, or your own senator, or Tsongas gets up to explain how many people have voiced their support of such legislation, they have to deal with real numbers of individuals, not the number of unsigned notes they've received. If you can't sign your name, or if you are afraid of doing so; write anyway and explain how your own fear of discrimination makes revealing your identity impossible.

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

DRUMMER encourages readers to write about things they like in the magazine, things they don't like, and ideas for possible new features and articles. DRUMMER will print as many letters as it can, but sometimes letters must be edited for clarity and length. DRUM-MER will not publish letters without the name of the sender. However, on request, we will delete that information from the published letter.

UNBRIDLED ACCOLADES

DRUMMER continues to be the best gay publication around. It offers the hottest pictorials and fiction anywhere. Please continue to have more hot fiction pieces (especially like MR. BENSON and PRISON PUNK). Also, please have more raunchy photos and illustrations from Bill Ward, Domino and Tom of Finland.

Your latest annual, DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN, has to be your best one yet, even better than SON OF DRUM-MER. Especially the stories THE QUEER-HUNTER, TOOL PUSHER and PHONE PHUCK. I can't wait for the next one.

While I'm certain that Cavelo has been featured in other issues of DRUMMER, the annual was the first time I had ever

seen his work. It's GREAT!

Can you tell me more about him? I really do admire his work and want to find out how and where I can see more. If he can do that to Midnight Cowboy, just think what he could do to Deliverance, Cool Hand Luke, Bloodbrothers, or The Last Detail.

Lubbock, TX

(Editor's note: You can see a whole new series of Cavelo's work; this time with a sea-pirate theme, in the exclusive photoset available from ZEUS (see ad in this issue). Also, watch for the new magazine, MACH, which will have Cavelo's ROPED AND BRANDED protfolio. And, last but not least, DRUM-MER No. 35 will present his most ambitious project, a look at Oriental torture.)

JOCK STRAPS

Having been a subscriber to your magazine for a little over a year now and having also snapped up all the available back issues I could get my hands on, I decided it was high time I let you guys know just exactly what I think about DRUMMER. I think DRUMMER is fucking hot! It is the hottest fucking man's magazine on the news stands today and makes all the other so called macho publications look anemic.

When I get home from work and see that familiar envelope on my front steps The Publisher and Staff | I get my ass in the house as fast as I can. The magazine comes out of the envelope with maybe a fast glance at the cover and gets tossed on the bed. I strip bare ass naked, climb into a jockstrap, fix myself a good stiff drink and spread out.

The first time through a new issue of DRUMMER I lick ... I mean look ... at all the pictures. By the time I've done this my drink isn't the only thing that's stiff. I've got a beautiful hot roaring hard on! By now my jockstrap is usually off because it's so fucking tight my balls ache and it's time for drink number two, stiff enough to match my throbbing cock. I go back to page one and read every word on every page and, when I've finished, I've exploded all over the place and have a wonderful sticky mess to clean up. And that, guys, is what I think of DRUM-

After all that I hate like hell to lodge a complaint but I've got one. I'm really into jockstraps. I like 'em on me and I like 'em on other studs and I really get off on having hot sex wearing a jockstrap. Now, considering the type of publication you guys are putting out I don't think you have nearly enough pic-tures of hot, hunky guys in jocks. I think there should be at least three or four in every issue and I also think it would be super fucking hot if you devoted an entire issue to jockstraps and the dudes that wear them. How about it?

A few issues back a guy wrote in with nothing but praise for DRUMMER but lodged the same complaint I did. As I recall he ended his letter pleading for, "More jockstraps, more jockstraps, more jockstraps!" I couldn't agree with this guy more. Come on guys, let's get it on and print a lot more photos of hot studs stripped down and doing their thing in

jockstraps!

San Francisco, CA

FAMOUS SADISTS, POR FAVOUR

I agree with all the readers who write to tell you that you have a great maga-zine, but once in a while I find myself missing the series you used to do - the FAMOUS SADISTS and MORE MOVIE MAYHEM. Continuing pictorials, that is to say. If you have written all there is on the famous sadists in history - or if there just aren't any more sexy stills from those movies - I'll take your word for it; but, then, why not try something

Elm City, USA

(Editor's note: We have thought about a series to be called "Great Political Sadists in American History" but no one wanted to write about Nixon, Halderman, et all.)

More letters on page 63

DRUNING BR

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

Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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DRUMONOAR

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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HELLFIRE NFERNO by JOHN PRESTON with Anthony DeBlase

If there had been any doubt about *Inferno*, it ended at 9 pm on Friday night. Not that there had been much question. This was the eighth annual *Inferno*, the S&M event put on by the Chicago Hellfire Club. Over 225 men had gathered around the country to attend the weekend that had been whispered about in leather bars from coast to coast. They had come by invitation only; to get past the front gate some member of the club, or some trusted friend of the club, had to sponsor the guest. This was no come-one-come-all bike run. This was to be serious business.

It must have been the tension that so many men felt that let even the slightest question arise earlier on Friday. Or, maybe it was the setting. There seemed to be too much levity at the registration booth. The run site didn't help: it was an abandoned summer camp somewhere in Northern Illinois. The crowd seemed too friendly, too nonchalant, too frivolous. The setting seemed too light and airy and incongruous with the intention of the weekend. A cafeteria style dinner and a chatty cocktail hour didn't erase the impression. When would it really get going? And who were all these men?

The evening did get a start with a perfectly orchestrated Japanese bondage demonstration. Beautifully built men in striking costumes showed the oriental forms of bondage that had been in use for centuries and carefully, lovingly passed down to westerners. But, maybe it was too pretty. Maybe these men weren't going to produce anything more than what you got at a leather bar in New York or San Francisco on a Sunday afternoon: good socialization and a poor

chance at hot sex.

But, at 9 pm the Dungeon opened for the "top men's preview." Just that was a hint; just the idea that the equipment and the setting were so intricate that they needed to be previewed made it obvious that this playroom wasn't for kids. When the masters made their tour, their lingering doubts were swept away by the birthday cake for the Hellfire Club's 13th anniversary: a humpy, naked man, stretched to the limits of his body, his singed hairy torso topped with 13 votive candles, his balls captured in a heavy metal suspension that lifted his midsection into the air, his whole being vulnerable to their look, their touch, their use, their passion.

Inferno had begun.

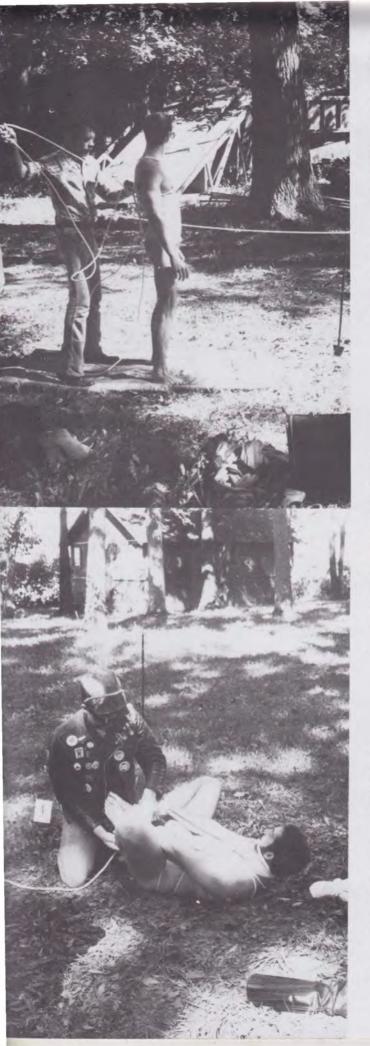
this level.

The run book had warned men to be ready, if they doubted its truth, they now had evidence that the opening statement was real: "We have assembled here to explore S&M, to enjoy those aspects each of us most appreciates, to explore further those that fascinate us, and to others." This was no bike run put on by some pseudo-Rotary Club with gay members, this was S&M.

The large room that became the Dungeon for the weekend was ready that Friday night, ready for the rough use and the violent display and sexuality that everyone had come for. But, the sex was too heavy to allow anarchy; there had to be rules, there had to be agreement before S&M could be allowed to happen at

"Double check interests before proceeding and immediately observe genuine requests to stop."





One naked bottom was strung by his wrists to a yoke hanging from the ceiling. His entire head was covered with a leather hood, no opening was left undone for his mouth or eyes. The tall, dark man who walked up to him had him at his mercy. There was no defense. His grasp at the slave's chest was perhaps too hard, too fast, too quick for the young man's experience. A firm hand on the top's shoulder belonged to someone more knowledgeable. "Go slower, work up to it, there's no reason to start there." And the dark man slows down his kneading of the exposed flesh, heightens the sensation, increases the mutual satisfaction. Hellfire Club members are spread through the crowd, soberly watching the action surrounding them. There is someone here for everyone, they know that, and they know that there is a great discrepancy in expertise. Their eyes are keenly watching to make sure no one goes too far,

unless the bottom is really willing.

"We know that all participants in an event such as this cannot be experts. We must all serve as our brother's keepers for his safety and our own. If you see an activity going on that you truly feel is dangerous or that is forced upon an unwilling bottom, please notify a Hellfire member at once."

On a stage at the other end of the room, a leather clad top is performing with his bottom. The show is attracting the desired audience. The bottom is bound to a whipping post, the top's belt is tracking lines of red welts down the length of his tall, muscular body. Suddenly, the restraints come off, the bottom collapses onto the floor, the top attaches leather cuffs to his wrists and ankles, securing the helpless slave in a kneeling position. He calls for Crisco and, when it arrives, greases up his long, sinewiny arm, preparing to fist his subject. Off to a side, another bottom is watching closely, his eyes giving off an intensity of desire that can't be ignored. "Some like one-on-one and others

"Some like one-on-one and others like group activities. If you want to join a scene already in progress, don't just butt in — but don't just go away either. Check with the top running the scene and join in or not as he says."

The top catches the looks coming from the sidelines, he evaluates the new figure, the tone of the muscles, the promise held in the pleading eyes. He nods, the second bottom nods, the top points his greased hand to his boots, the new slave rushes over and falls to his hands and knees, licking the leather while the top returns to the waiting, quivering asshole in front of him.

During that night, more S&M sex takes place in one room than many of these men have seen in the previous year. A heat of fisting, whipping, fucking takes over the air. But, this is no back-room bar where silent, dark, sex is limited to sucking and day-dreams; here there is noise, the cries of men who are living out fantasies that have drawn them hundreds of miles; here there is the noise of leather on flesh laid down as heavily as any man could dare try to take place; there







are the screams of pain/pleasure as surgical needles force their way through the sensitive skin of nipples longing for ownership; here is the sight, even, of blood as master and slave drive one another to newer, higher, levels than they might have thought possible. Here is S&M being practiced in its purest, most real form.

When Friday night is over, there is no longer hesitancy on anyone's part. *Inferno* has begun in earnest, and they know it. Even the breakfast room crackles with the energy of the reality of S&M this weekend as a slave, collared, stripped to the waist in the cool autumn air, eats his mashed eggs from a dog's dish on the floor, oblivious to the looks of interest — and envy — around him.

On Saturday, the daytime hours show another side of the seriousness of the weekend. There are demonstrations of devices and specialties that draw everyone to learn or teach in one of the most unique show-and-tell events ever held anywhere. Some of it purely showing off. There are bondage contests where esthetics are as important as hard-ons. There's an almost carnival air to a piss-drinking contest where a group of tops contribute their morning's output to a flavor judging by a self-selected group of bottoms. The Windy City Wrestling Club puts on a demonstration of their fun and games that really is the only thing the whole weekend that makes sense in the summer-camp surroundings.

But, some of it isn't just fun times for the participants. Some of these men have learned techniques and have found equipment that no one else really knows how to use. There are fantasies; the idea of putting the fantasies into reality is perhaps too harsh for most people. At an Electrical Devices Demonstration a naked demonstrating body is subjecting to increasing doses of shock as the differences in cattle prods are displayed by the reaction he makes to the touch on his genitals and chest. A hand generator's terminals are applied to his balls and ass and tits as the teacher begins slowly and then revs up the machine - the very same devices used on Algerian and Brazilian revolutionaires years before are now toys for the masters.

Later, an expert from California will demonstrate the different techniques for piercing tits and will show his own cock's many metal decorations to a priveleged few. And, then there will be a flogging demonstration.

The fantasy of the whip is one of the strongest in gay S&M. A willing victim is shackled to a saw-horse and his naked ass is used to show the effects of an incredible spectrum of leather, rope, wire and rubber blundgeons. The knowing teacher carefully lectures the assembled group on the need to know, to understand, the effects of what's being used on the human body. "Try it on your hand first!" he yells, slapping his open palm with a cat-o-nine tails. "And, never, ever, think that the human body can take this," he picks up a long, vicious bull-whip, snapping it expertly in the air. "This might be a great fantasy, but it has no use on the human body. It can maim!





There seems to be no limit to what can be dealt with at Inferno. There certainly is no limit that says the S&M demonstrations need to be purely physical - there is a psychological aspect to S&M that gets its full share. A military man, his rank and service a secret to the people who need to know, takes a bottom out from his audience and puts him through the rigors of training, showing the watching crowd the subtleties of each service's secrets. The wincing bottom shows the strain of standing at attention, learns the correct way to yell back "Sir, yes, Sir!" to every command, has his body and his mind humiliated in front of the whole crowd. "That's how we make 'em do what needs to be done," crows the instructor when he's finished.

The Saturday night cocktail hour is not frivolous. The drinking and the conversing have more to do with this second night's activities. Everyone in the camp has learned that the Dungeon has been changed. The Hellfire Club members have so much equipment at their disposal that they have removed all of last night's devices and have redone the torture room. The tops are hot with anticipation of the new areas they can explore. The bottoms are trying to decide what they can take. Can they really satisfy the leather man who's satring in the corner? They saw what that other top did last night, would he want to repeat himself with them? And, more, are they hoping

he will?

Outside, one solitary leather man waits. Soon, silently he is joined by two slaves, each gulping with fear/hope about his commands. They have been told to meet here an hour before the Dungeon will open. They can only suspect that they will serve as the starters for the evening - just as the other slave had been the birthday cake the night before. People watch from inside the party room as the two of them strip off their shirts and have hoods wrapped around their heads. The audience begins to understand more when the two pairs of hands are cuffed behind the slaves' backs. They wonder what is going to happen to the two men as they are led, bound, gagged, blindfolded over to the Dungeon an hour before it was supposed to be open.

Later, they will all know that the two slaves were brought into the room, each wordlessly led to a rack where they were spreadeagled. Their senses had been totally cut off. Their imaginations could barely anticipate the reality they were to encounter. At a motion from the top, off came their blindfolds, and in front of them were four men in leather, carefully, silently, purposely inspecting the bodies in the racks, getting ready to begin the second night of *Inferno*. If anyone in the neighboring building wondered what might be waiting that night, the yells that came from the Dungeon as leather hit flesh could only have intensified their

curiosity.

When you've gone to *Inferno*, there are certain things that have to happen to your mind. There are prejudices which have to disappear, whole areas of fantasy that are suddenly opened to you, fields of activity are within your grasp as you find a whole group of men willing, able, and





anxious to meet your most outrageous desires — or, at least, desires you had thought were outrageous.

There are men in other cities who are as heavily into S&M as the members of Hellfire, but they are not as organized, or as visible as the Chicago group. They exist as a quiet network, an underground at most. You could find them, your easiest entry probably would be calssified ads in a publication like Drummer. But, it's not easy. And, if you are really interested in S&M as a lifestyle, a way of sexual relating and physical knowledge, you are probably going to go through some frustrating times trying to find your man in even the most famous leather bars.

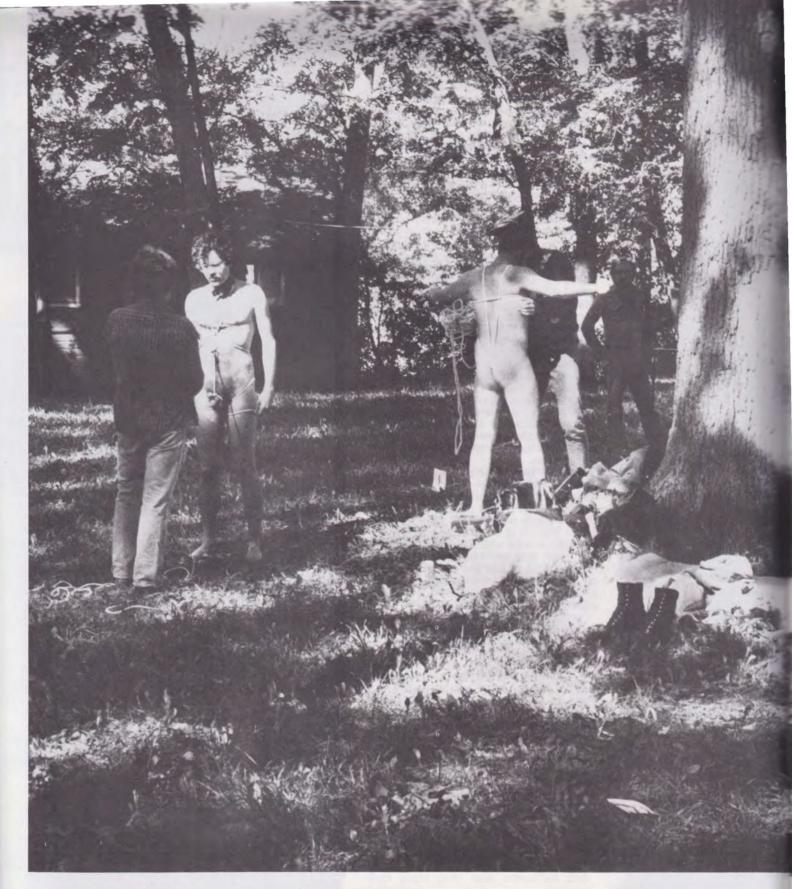
Hellfire exists mainly as a Chicago club. It was founded 13 years ago as a society of men who found S&M to be something to learn about, teach one another about, demonstrate. They wanted more than they could get picking up random tricks in bars. There were 13 original members. Now, there are over 20 Chicago based full members, they've acknowledged about another 20 Windy City men as their "Friends" and nearly 30 men in the rest of the country as their "Associate Members."

This is a time when leather has become a fashion and simple part of a clone costume on Castro or Christopher Streets. Bike clubs are often social groups that don't even care if their members own motorcycles.

Leather bars are written up in society columns and S&M has become chic. Possibly the only badge of a gay man who is seriously into S&M that's left is the Hellfire patch on the back of a leather/denim man. It is a seal of approval given carefully to men who have demonstrated not only interest, but also action in realms of S&M that are most often left to fantasy. The Hellfire Club is not interested in style; it is interested in substance.

Inferno is held in the first weeks of September every year. During the other months, the Club holds two meetings a month: one social and one business. Invitation to Inferno or to any of the other club activities is strictly by invitation only. If you seriously want to make contact with this group, a letter to Chicago Hellfire Club, Suite 804, Box C-40, 323 South Franklin, Chicago, IL 60606 is your only chance. Unless, of course, you already know a member — but don't realize it.





ORDEAL ON THE RACK: Subjecting a volunteer member to the give and take of this experience.

GETTING A CHARGE: A session con-

necting the Club's stimulating electrical apparatus to the lucky subject.
UNIFORMS: Their function with the

organization after being modeled from the nation's most sadistic police depart-

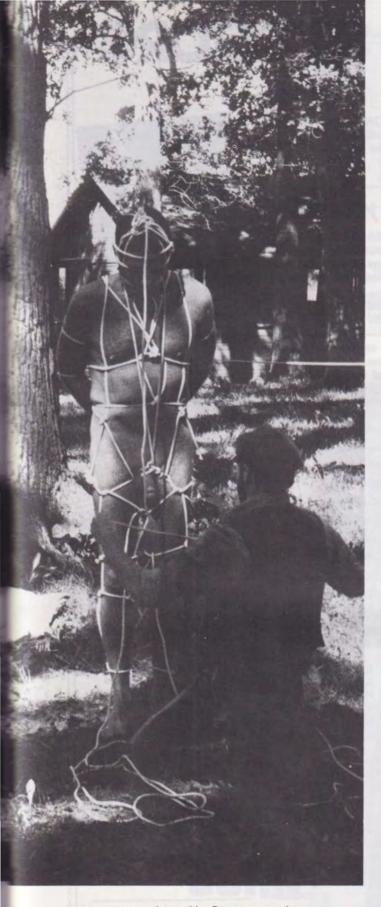
THE PRISON: Complete with authentic bars for holding subjects prior to their

PUNISHMENT: Bare-assed, out in the open for all to enjoy. Willing slaves,

begging for more.

THE MARINE DRILL SERGEANT: Putting a 'recruit' through his paces.

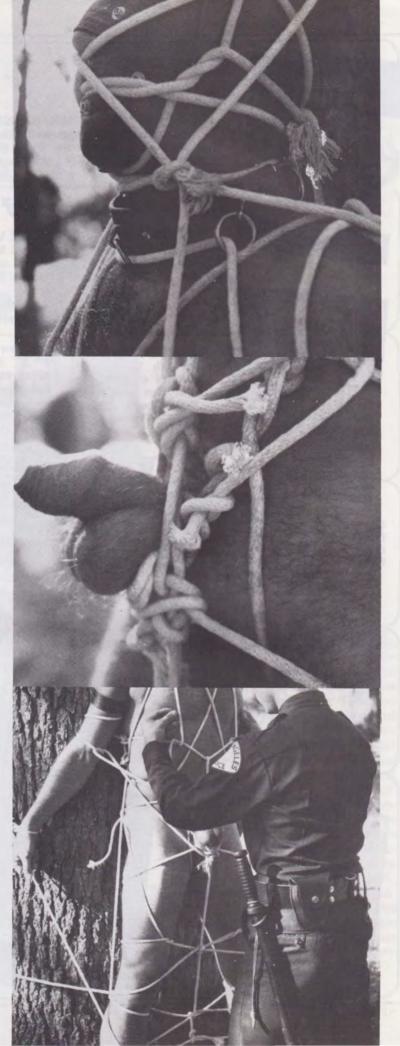
John Preston continues his report on the HELLFIRE CLUB in the next issue of DRUMMER. Besides expanding on the themes in part one and exposing several



new ones to boot, Mr. Preston examines the philosophy of the organization, the inter-workings of the group, and the social-interactions of the members.

Reaction to the publicity in this issue will decidedly be a factor in covering this exclusive and no-nonsense organization.

NEXT ISSUE - PART TWO





COCK SUCKING AS A METAPHOR

JOHN ROWBERRY on the subject of JOHN RECHY

photo by Tony Korody/Sygma



The first time I read Rushes, straight through in a single uninterrupted flow between dusk and midnight, I was convinced that while he had written a fine and powerful novel, John Rechy had not written the great work I expected. Coming a full two years after the devestatingly prophetic Sexual Outlaw; this eagerly awaited novel of real life seemed too pat, too effortless to induce a gay philoso-phical revolution. This subjective conclusion stemmed mainly from scant action and handful of characters; the single overwhelming literary device. We have learned to expect, even from philosophers in the twentieth century, massive revelations entwined in a myriad of symbolism and metaphors. We expect, because homosexuality crosses all boundaries, a philosophy that expands beyond the legacies of Sartre and Jung and Freud and the unceasing Masters and Johnson. We expect a laser didatic that devestates their exclusionary and at best, damning propositions. And perhaps because Rechy's own monumental City of Night was followed by smaller, quicker works, we expect that one day a heavyweight volume, something akin to Rand's Atlas Shrugged in stature, would be the feast Rechy had spent 16 years formulating.

The second time I read Rushes, a languid span of afternoon and evening a day before I was to confront the elusive author for a few hours' conversation, I began to detect an almost whispered undercurrent throughout the novel that spoke a much more intense anxiety. By the time I rereached the final chapter (itself perhaps his most profound and powerfully written) I realized how necessary the second, closer reading was to understanding what Rushes, and ultimately John Rechy, was about. What emerges is a straightforward dialetic that delineates in a concise manner the heart of our social ill. In a word, contempt.

PRAY BY NUMBERS -

. "Here at the Rushes all that counts is sexual power, and it radiates from between the legs, raw naked cock and sex; that's what rules here. And what the fuck? Outside it's another kind of power that reigns, Why should it be any different here?"

Chas/Rushes

Rushes, the bar, is typical of a growing number of bars in gay America. The natural child of the heterosexual pick-up bar (itself the natural child of the gay cruise bar), the Rushes is one of those barely maintained, probably heterosexual-owned levi-leather-western-macho bars where the action takes place outside, or in the alley, or across the street; but

the cruising happens within.

Officially, it may or may not have a dress code. The regular patrons, an assortment of cliques and a mass of transient unknowns, establish a flavor and reputation by their silent compliance with the unstated desires of each other: To conform to a masquerade of super-masculinity. Butch queens, cowboys, construction workers, grunts and privates, bikers; even the more esoteric uniform wearers. Occasionally a simple, shorthaired, semi-muscled torso rising out of

a fairly new pair of blue jeans.

There is a behavior code, equally unofficial. You talk to the people you know from the other world, and conversation is limited when it can be overheard. Conversation with strangers is a grunt, a nod; modified and refined to the ritual of sexual courtship that demands a look of non-interest as a calling card. Conversation is replaced with visible symbology: Keys, bandanas, cockrings, earrings, handcuffs — other ornaments that remove all but the final question:

You stand around, posturing your sexual inclination. Covertly, you read the signals from the clothing and accessories of the other men in the bar. Your strict rules of sexual conduct, a part of which

is to whom you will allow your eyes investigation, demand little or no verbal exploration. You never look directly at anyone unless you know them, or unless it is to visually dominate them. A psuedosexual domination, You walk deliberately to the various stations of the room: The bar. The toilet. The door. The cigarette machine. The pool table. You might nod at last night's or last week's trick — you may speak, chances are you won't.

Among your private coterie of intimate friends any conversation is allowed that does not, by its volume, disclose truths behind the mask of the sexual

stereotype you have assumed.

You might pass from a knot of friends to stand alone for a while in some remote corner of the nave. You might spend an entire evening among your own kind, letting only the occasional indirect glance ferret out possible sexual conquests. If you have made a fragile contact with another stranger, and if your inner sense tells you he will follow, you might leave a bar like the Rushes, unannounced, alone — waiting just beyond the door, on the street, where it is safe to solicit and proposition.

If you and the people you know and the people you might never know that frequent such a bar have followed all the proper rules of macho gay behavior, you will notice this: Beyond the ever-present crash of repetitive disco music that fills the space between the bodies in the bar, the only other human sound you are likely to hear is a hollow laughter errupting from unspecified mouths for brief

BONDAGE AND DEVICE

bursts.

"The former sissies have developed a rough, bruised beauty, as clearly homosexual as drag: contrived, studied. Unreal. Increasingly alike. Endore sees: There is a new conformity, a marked sameness among the men of this sexual army — not only in the uniform, the cut of the hair, the stance - not even in the strange laughter in common, no, it is in a look not quite etched into the faces - a new look of defiance and disdain, but aimed at their own; of hurt defiance, terrified disdain. With it there seems to be a vulnerable hostility. In groups men remark brutally, coarsely - like buyers at an auction - about others walking by alone, coarsely if approving, brutally if not. Yet in a second an unhealed scar is brushed among them, and angered pain bleeds out. The new masculinity is damned to bouts with the tenacious vulnerability. At recurrent moments especially when liquor slackens control, the forced rigidity snaps like the enig-matic break in the laughter. Poised tenuously, the hard pose tilts, falls, shatters.

Endore/Rushes

The Rushes, the bar, sits between semi-industrial buildings on New York's decaying waterfront. It is like an obscene magnet that attracts the unresisting chrome studs and buckles of sexual human moths. There are a series of pornographic panels painted around the cavernous bar, each illustrating a par-

ticular torture or cruelty that might be the bill of fare of anyone who enters on any particular night.

Into the Rushes, on the night of this book, a series of people, all who know each other in the other world, come to act out a ritualistic part of their existence. They are: Endore, a writer, who once cloaked himself in the guise of the leatherman and, having abandoned it still feels compelled to revisit, indeed, rejoin the burial ground of his sexuality. Chas, the high priest of leathermen, muscular, masculine, tough, hard - radiating nothing but pure sexual power. Bill, young, attractive, visually the clean-cut bottom who could as easily be the local disco superstar; and who comes to a bar like Rushes because he wants to possess sexually the images that he can not attain. Don, who is not even in the Rushes contention of competition, who faces rejection at baths, in discos, in back alleys - and who comes here because the humiliation of rejection is a surrogate lover. Martin, who comes to the Rushes out of the most honest impulse, his acknolwedged contempt for the men of the world of Rushes everywhere; more importantly out of his contempt for his homosexuality.

Martin does not come along alone. Into this nefarious sexual playground he



Where?

brings a woman, the most contemptable person here imaginable. The woman, Lyndy, comes only to indulge her hostility for men who would rather other men than her vision of herself. She is typical of a legion of women in such places; self-proclaimed decadents who wish, superficially, to be 'amazed' as a panacea for their other-world existence.

These people all know each other on the outside. In other places, in the reality of daylight, their conversations would be radically different. There might be a psuedo-honesty about them; a demisincerity conveyed in polite social or business gatherings. Here, where they are exercising individual demons, their banter is designed as scorn or to patronize; oc-

casionally both.

Against this backdrop the men of the Rushes move like robed attendants throughout the few hours they will spend doing a particular penance. And into this ritual herasy catalytic initiates enter. They are: Robert, who has been denied the coming out of a rural pasture with a lifelong chum for his first night in the Rushes. Tim, his brother, who routinely hustles in the street of the Rushes, unaware of Robert, unaware of . his own sexual excitement over the image of the man kneeling to blow him or the cleansing exchange of dollars for orgasm. Roxy, a transvestite, and her friend Elaine, a black woman - who have demanded sanctuary in the Rushes from a prowl of street punks, queer bashers, who loiter in the dark outside.



While the characters appear to make natural alliances, there are, in the final analysis, no alliances in the Rushes. Each is trapped in an attract/resist posture that neither alleviates nor destroys directly. Instead, each encounter, each night, deepens unhealable wounds until, inch by inch, humans are worn down into nubs of once bright illuminating candles. Only then, when all but the spark of life has been corrupted, can doomed men find some final vent.

When it comes, and while it utterly destroys some, it cleanses the undestroved: offers a possible resurrection to the remaining nubs of integrity.

Rushes becomes euthenics by crystallizing decades of learned gay social evolution into a single night. Drama imitates Life. Life that is the manifestation of ubiquitous self-contempt. It's a rigged device. The casual reader can come away feeling only the slightest iota of remorse. Unfortunately.

STRUCTURE AND DISCIPLINE

"So fucking superior to it all, Endore. Looking down on me because I'm into S&M. Openly. Man, remember that. And proudly. Openly and proudly, man. You deny it, Endore, but to sacrifice yourself to another — to accept that sacrifice — that is the greatest 'love', if you want to call it that. How much will you do for it . . . for love, huh? And how much will you demand of it?"

Chas/Rushes

After the publication of Numbers, in 1969, John Rechy ceased to give his audience the cheap thrill that gained him half his readers, the literary erection. As he began to demand more of himself as a writer, he began to demand the same of his audience. Two of his following books, This Day's Death and The Fourth Angel, would zero in on singular aspects of the life he was ultimately chronicling and attempt to pry into the readers own psyche via intimate analogies. The specters of adolescent sexual trauma and the power of the police over the homo-sexual man were themes slightly ahead of their time to a still awakening gay revolutionary movement. And while Rechy was writing tracts for that very movement, by the time he acknowledged it. in The Sexual Outlaw, the movement itself had taken a turn or two toward the worse.

The Sexual Outlaw was an easy book to denounce by the Responsible Gay Leaders of 1972. Its celebration of promiscuity, its absolute rejection of heterosexual standards being imposed on a willing gay population were battle cries that were answered with severe censure

and prolonged debate.

The daring literary prophet of the 1960s, who had, in City of Night, made the homosexual an identifiable personage, and almost elevated the hustler to folk-hero status - became the disposed corruptor of all that the new gay political right felt was achievable: marriages sanctioned by the state, jobs without fear or homophobic reprisal, the ability to ghettoize thousands of gay men and women in over-priced, under-maintained

apartment buildings, the luxury of an occasional invitation to a political fundraiser at election time by the progressive, liberal, heterosexual politician. Rechy, with his confrontation tactics of cocksucking as a metaphor for political disobedience was seen clearly as a threat, to be rooted out, exposed, denounced, repudiated.

He, who had a decade earlier been the password for a whole sea of still unpolitical homosexuals became anathema. The accord awarded him was as sparring partner for every self-appointed responsible gay leader who wanted to debate him on the merits of tea-room sex in a sexually integrated homo/hetero non-sexual society. The epithets hurled were these: cocksucker, hustler, parasite, corruptor, defiler, recruiter, radical, anarchist, fas-cist. Worse, betrayer. Betrayer of the great homosexual dream — to be straighter than straight. To be the very apple of every red-blooded American father's eye, to be the boy next door indistinguishable from the straight boy next door, perhaps even in the privacy of the bed-

With The Sexual Outlaw, Rechy defined his literary voice. The passion of City of Night was tempered with restraint. The physical rituality of Numbers became a literary structure of texture, sense, identity-transfer. The pure prose of his fiction became lyrical without dipping into the saccharinely poetic. The pacing, style, resolution were at their best. In fact, so subtle was the novel of The Sexual Outlaw that the protesters could only recall the one-shots of pure essay; forgetting completely the deli-cate thread that wove the whole book together.

With Rushes, he has defined those structures into a more complex, but even more rewarding achievement, the novel of perspectives. Each character carries with him or her a unique point of view to the whole, each sub-character drawn as the space between the major characters. The overall structure of Rushes is simple: the litany of the mass. Perspective and structure combine; neither would work

without the other.

Over this steel reinforced frame, Rechy drapes a delicate mood that both allows his characters to flourish and his structural device to contain both the novel and the dialetic. And while it is a hard-edged work, it is unquestionably

his finest writing.

Rechy has again written slightly ahead of the time. And like all good prophets, the vision of nihilism and death he paints is intended to prompt reasonable intellectual response from its viewers. But, because in Rushes he confronts many of the elements he only touched upon in his earlier work, a host of readers are prepared to reject out of hand even the prophecy of the fictionalist.

In Rushes, Rechy comes to the final confrontation between integrity and contempt; because for Rechy all gays are confronted at this crossroads. And because Rushes is intended as a warning, Rechy is telling the reader that the trend of gayism is devolutionary. You will recall from biology class what happens to a species that does not evolve.



At the same time Cal made his porn screen debut, I was a serious student of acting at the Art Institute of Chicago where visions of Hollywood danced in my head. After seeing Boys In The Sand there were also visions of Casey Donovan: so clean, sanguine, boyish. Looking back I realize that a porno star was one of my first positive role models.

Several years later, Joe and Sam Gage became a team, which resulted in a trilogy depicting the gay blue collar worker reveling in sexual emancipation. The star of these adventures, Richard Locke, brought another personality to screen: a dramatically dichotomous blend of muted macho and sexy softness. Unlike Cal's winsome boy, Richard emerged as a willful man. Playing with and against the stereotype that his swarthy and bearded appearance indicated, Locke is as comfortable on bottom as he is on top.

Another positive role model.

The films, Kansas City Trucking Co. and El Paso Wrecking Corp. made other breakthroughs. Cinematically, gained artistic momentum with each frame. Palatable storylines developed. Ethnic groups, men over forty, unpretty men without perfectly pumped pulchritude were glorified.

I am struck by the politics of pornography. These men - from pioneer Culver to folk hero Locke - personify on celluloid what we demand on our Tshirts, the human right of sex between consenting adults. Yet the genre of gay photography is looked upon as being trashy.

Translated literally this means that the films have been "of little worth" and implicates anyone involved as "a worth-

less person." Rubbish!

There have been many adjectives used to describe my career but the one that recurrs with dramatic frequency, like a dreaded nightmare, is trashy. It is a term I earned by taking off my clothes and shrieking obscenities in The Dirtiest Show In Town, writing a lurid paperback called The Happy Hustler, and spending most of *Tubestrip* handcuffed to a pool table, drenched in shaving creme with a jonquil up my ass.

But I'd never appeared in a porno movie. When Joe and Sam Gage asked me to contribute to the third entry of the triology, I immediately responded

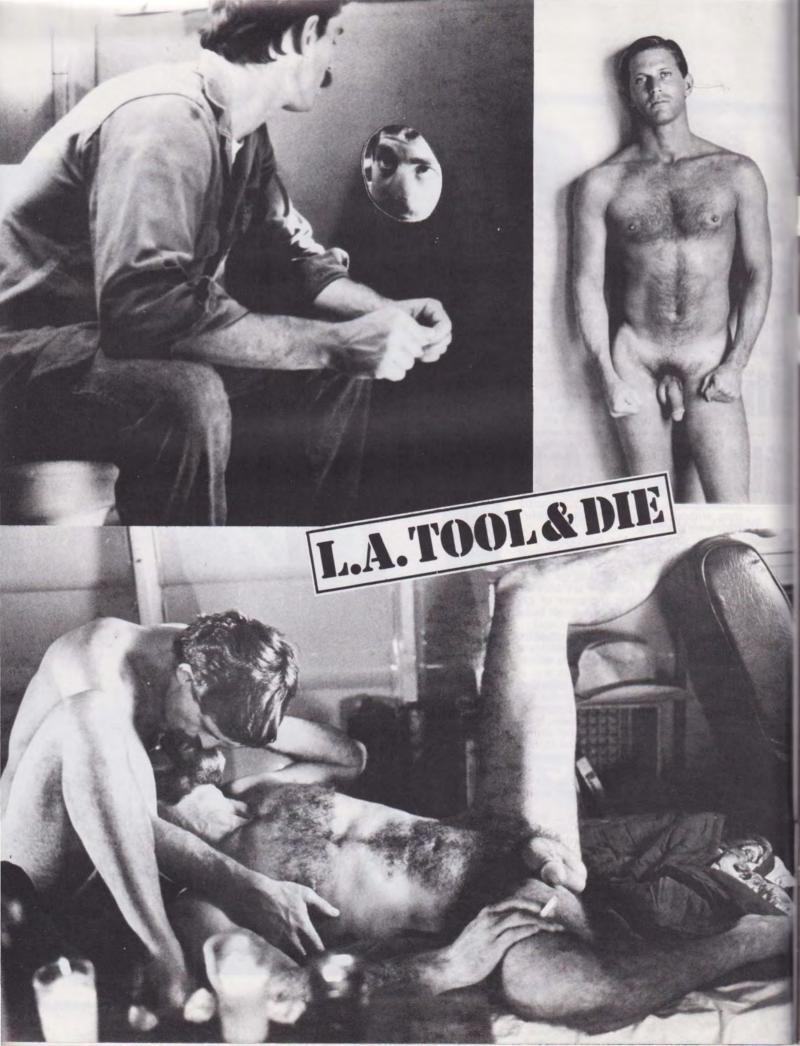
affirmatively.

The general reaction among my friends is that I've completely lost my mind. You can't afford to do porno. No one will ever take your acting career seriously. Haven't you done enough to wreck your career?

I've calmly answered, thanks to Ms. Kael, that I'm simply finding my way

through trash.







Part Six Of MR. BENSON



BY JACK PRESCOTT

Mr. Benson had never mentioned the party, I knew about it only from Rocco. We had assumed that I would be taken along. On Saturday, I kept waiting for Mr. Benson to say something. The later it got, the more excited I became - I thought Mr. Benson must be planning to spring it on me as part of a sex trip - and Mr. Benson's sex trips were always

Finally at about nine o'clock that night, he called me over. "You know by now that trust is the cornerstone to a good S&M relationship don't you? And you've learned to trust me, haven't you?" I nodded to both statements. "Go over to the coat closet and bring out the packages."



Puzzled, but still convinced this was all part of a scene, I went to the storage area and pulled out three bulky store packages. I took them over to where Mr. Benson stayed sitting. Open them."

I took off the three covers in rapid succession, my head swam in a wonderous wave of leather scent. The boxes were full of black skins. What was this? "Put them on, Jamie."

Leather! Mr. Benson had bought me leather, I ripped the clothes out of their containers and pulled on a pair of wonderfully tight pants that lifted my jockstraped crotch up into an enticing lump, I fell on the floor and struggled to pull the heavy engineer boots over my feet, and then back up again to slip on the black jacket, my chest skin contrasting with the ebony of the leather.
"There's more." I went through the paper packing material

and my hand found a leather motorcycle cap.

Mr. Benson was enjoying my enthusiasm. "Go look at yourself in the mirror." I bolted over to the full length glass Mr. Benson keeps in his room. The image was striking. I thought again about how much I had changed in the past few months. There I was, a black knight, just like the ones I used to chase. With one difference - from the right side of the leather pants and from the right shoulder of the jacket came a short, but heavy loop of chain. The symbols of my clothing were to be as permanent as the life I was leading.

Mr. Benson had followed me in and circled me, pulling at a band here, feeling the fit of the jacket there. "It's much better than I would have thought — it was a risk to have it

made without a fitting, but you look fine - just fine.

"Come back into the other room, I want to talk to you about something."

When we were back, I stood in front of him and listened

to his orders. My excitement quickly paled.

"You know what I just said about trust? Well, Jamie, I'm going to ask you to do something this weekend that involves a great deal of trust. Jamie, I'm going to give you some money. I want you to go away until Tuesday morning. Think of it as a vacation. Take a room in a nice hotel. Live off room service if you want. But, I don't want you here.

Who ever heard of a slave using room service? I didn't like the sound of this one bit. Suddenly clothes - so what if they were leather - and a ticket to leave. This had to have someting to do with that blond number the other night. But what could I say. No? What would happen if I rebelled and wouldn't leave. The answer flashed through my mind as quickly as the

question had: I would be thrown out.

I was in a jam. Trust, he said. He was the master. Why wasn't I trusting him? Was I deep down inside just another jealous fairy? I knew that that's what he'd think if I gave into the feelings inside me that wanted to resist.

"You want me to leave, right now?"
"Yes," Mr. Benson almost looked concerned. "Jamie, you just have to trust what I'm doing. I know best. Go on a holiday, have a good time, and come back on Tuesday."

I couldn't keep the tear from coming out the corner of one eye. I was jealous. And I knew, I just knew . . . this had to do with that model. But, I had little choice. And I tried to conjure up as much as I could of the emotions that had led me to this place — a slave standing in front of his master.

He gave me an absurdly large amount of money and rang for the elevator, "You'll understand when it's all done, Jamie," he said as the door opened on our floor. "Yes, sir." I mumbled

to him, and nodded a slight greeting to Tom.

As the cage went down the building, I turned to Tom, and asked "Do Mr. Benson's slaves ever get holidays, Tom?" The big black man smiled and said, "Boy, no slave of Mr. Benson ever had any time off I know of. You must be doing something right!" Or something very wrong, I thought to myself.

It had been weeks since I had been let out of the apartment. I hit Fifth Avenue and suddenly realized that I was free. Free to do anything I wanted. There had been no restrictions imposed, no taboos. I could go anywhere, say anthing, see anything. I paniced. I hadn't made those decisions for weeks. What was I going to do? Where was I going to go?

I needed a place to spend the night. My new life had taken over so completely, that I almost didn't notice peoples' stares at me as I walked down the Avenue. I had to stop for a minute to remember that a man in full black leather wasn't always an everyday occurrence. Where would I stay the night with this outfit? Shit, if I was going to be put out of my own home with a wad of money, I might as well enjoy it, I'd go to a hotel. A good hotel. But not in these clothes.

I thought for a minute, and then hurried over to Seventh Avenue, hoping the leather stores would still be open. I was lucky and found one. I was luckier to have had enough self

control to ignore the stares that had followed me cross town, The closer I got to Seventh Avenue, the more interested they became. I decided I had better stop at 7th - people would be more than just interested if I got too close to the River.

In the store, I found what I had wanted - a tan uniform shirt and a black leather tie. I took them off the rack of the store and put them on as I paid for them, using a small mirror on the counter to do the tie. It was still heavy leather, the clerk's interested glances kept me aware of that, but it would also probably get me past a few doormen. I was hoping that jaded New York would see the leather pants as chic, and be willing to acknowledge the tie as the necessary part of a pass-

I had been so anxious to get to the store before it closed and to find the right things there that I hadn't paid any attention to the other people in the shop. And I had only paid

the least possible attention to the clerk.

"That's a good look, kid." His voice was deep and laced with a slight accent, Italian? I took my gaze away from the mirror and turned to him. What a hunk. Deep black eyes, thick black hair, a rough shaved beard and a heavy moustache flowing down over his upper lip. The sleeves of his red flannel shirt were rolled up over hair covered forearms, heavy with muscle. I looked down and saw an impressive lump in his tight faded jeans, its size accentuated by clinging chaps and his character hinted at by a big link of metal holding keys on the left side of his waist.

It was a sharp jolt, I had been so concerned with Mr. Benson's strange behavior and then so worried about time, that I hadn't really prepared myself for this. Did I want it? Was I going to avoid it? What should I do? I blurted out a quick thanks to buy time, it only got me a long stare as his eyes went up and down my body, slowily sizing it up. "The store closes in about half an hour, want to meet me for a drink?"

I stuttered and stammered and finally answered with a shrug, "Sure." This was supposed to be a holiday.

I left quietly after he gave me the name of the nearest leather bar. My concerns about not going beyond Seventh Avenue into the men of the black leather night evaporated with the coming of a wave of sexthoughts. This was like the first night after I had met Mr. Benson and had tried to find a substitute when he had declared me unfit. I only hoped that this guy was going to be a more successful adventure than Larry and his gleaming white jockstrap and his fantasies of buddy fucking.

In the familiar bar, I got a drink and stood against the wall. I thought of how relieved I was not to have to go to places like this anymore. It was just another way that living with Mr. Benson had proven to be important to me, Going out an' looking for sex was something I no longer had to do. Well, to-

night, anyway, sex was coming looking for me.

After nearly two months' absence, the bar looked good to me. Even this early at night. The flannel and leather costumes were familiar. It was actually fun to watch them all and to think of each of them as they went through their moves to

circle and hunt one another.

I had been cocky before I met Mr. Benson, but I also know that my cockiness was a cover for a deeper sense of inadequacy. I hadn't really felt that I was attractive enough for all these men. But now, with the assurances of weeks of Mr. Benson and the tight grasp of the leather pants on my shaven crotch and the prospect of a stud coming to meet me soon, now I had more assurance. I didn't have to wonder if these men were looking at me. If Mr. Benson would look at me and keep me, then I was worth it. And the nude skin of my body moving against the cool surface of the leather made me more aware of my sex than I had ever before. I stood there in that bar that night and I knew I was hot.

Something else familiar started to go through my mind: I was starting to anticipate the man who had told me to meet him here. Just as I had spent so much time waiting for Mr. Benson that night in the Mineshaft, now I played out all my hopes and fears for the new man. What would his crotch be like? What would his prick be like? Cut? Long, loose foreskin? And his body hair, would it cover his ass as thickly as it obviously did his chest? And what would he want from me? What did he think when he saw someone like me covered in leather with a link of chain hanging down the right side?

I started to think more and more about the man and less

and less about Mr. Benson. That realization startled me. I felt that I was failing somehow. How could I forget Mr. Benson so easily? Did it mean I didn't care for him as much as I had thought?

The sudden appearance of the clerk swept away my idle thoughts. There he was, a heavy motorcycle jacket over his large body, the black of the jacket and the chaps highlighting even more the triangle of bulge in the denim clad crotch.

He waved a greeting and went straight over to the bar. Familiar tension shot through my body and I stood up, waiting for him to come over to me. What had I gotten myself into? I was surprised when he walked into the back when he had the beer can from the bartender. Was I supposed to follow? Or was he just making a fast trip to the john? I decided to wait. The tension started to produce a flow of sweat from my pits, the moisture heightened the odor of the leather.

Only a few months ago I wouldn't have known what this was about. I would have been insulted by a trick who so casually took me for granted. But, now I understood. The probability was that this guy was leaving me standing there on pur-

pose. Putting me in my place.
When he returned I flashed a smile at him and started to exchange greetings. There wasn't going to be a pleasant social exchange, though. He held out a second can of beer. I hadn't seen him buy two. I was thrown off by his cold stare, and by the beer. I took hold of the can and was shocked by an unexpected warmth coming from the metal. I looked up at him. "I like to get things settled as soon as possible," he said. "No reason to play games."

He leaned back against the wall and looked over the room, leaving me with the silent and secret humiliation of his piss in the can. I stood there, my head hanging down, letting the feelings sink in. Slavement. I drank from the new can, the fluid stung as it went down my throat. The acid flow burnt its way

into my stomach. Slavement, drinking piss.

His hand came over and groped at my ass, pulling me to him, my crotch was pressed against his leg, he was still looking out at the crowd, not even glancing at me. The hand went down inside the leather pants and grasped the shaven ass. The sudden contact with the nude skin finally got me a look from

"No novice, are you?"
"No, Sir."
"Kneel."

I went down on my knees. I didn't look up to see if any eyes followed my descent. My head had gone into the space created for it by Mr. Benson. I sipped more from the hot can.

A collar came around my neck. From where? How had he known to bring it? Or was he one of those men who always have one - just in case? The leather tightened around my throat, a leash at its end gave slight pressure to its grip.

It had all become so natural. To be there, displayed to the rest of the world. It had become part of me. I was once again waitinf for a man to decide what he was going to do with me.

The bar scene was only a prelude. I knew that. If this guy was putting that much work into setting a mood, there was no hope that the mood was all I was going to get. My crotch rose higher against the leather, filling with its own hopes and dreads about what was to follow.

When he had finished with his beer, the man was obviously ready to move on. He tugged at the leash and led me out of the bar. Even the Village, even the most gay part of New York, isn't ready for two leather studs walking the street with a leash joining them. At least not that early in the evening, But this man didn't care about the stares at him, and I knew that he liked the stares at me. They were building with the linger-

ing taste of piss in my mouth to put me where he wanted me. I was half hard as we went through the streets, the silent man walking ahead of me holding the promise of a new experience. I studied his body as it moved through the streets with a purposeful, masculine stride. He was taller than Mr. Benson, at least six two. He towered over me. His shoulders were broad, and his legs thick, their curved calves and thighs pressing against the chaps held a promise of firm muscles. His boots were rough with long wear; his leather wasn't new, it had been around for a while.

He suddenly stopped and I waited while he took the ring of keys off his belt and opened the door of a brick building that looked like it must have been converted to housing from industrial space. There were still no words. What would we

do when we entered his apartment? Should I complete the role I had accepted and kiss his boots like Mr. Benson would expect me to do? Or should I wait for him to command? Would I be asking for maybe more than I could handle if I gave him

that kind of indication?

We went up two flights of narrow stairs and I waited again while he opened locks. My sweat was flowing freely by now. The size of the man, the way he towered over me, the lack of any agreement before I followed him here, they all combined to make me wonder if I was doing something very, very wrong. I felt like a fool. No bottom should just silently follow a man who gives him a can of hot piss and who makes him kneel at the touch of nude flesh.

The door closed behind me with a loud slam. My choices were over. I may have been worried, but I wasn't worried enough to leave. The engorged cock in leather coating was

enough to leave. The engarged cook in ruling when my head should have been operating, ruling when my head should have been operating. Whack! A sharp slap hit me full in the face. "Just to keep you going." The smile he gave me was puzzling, the heat on my cheek burned. My cock filled to the breaking point, it was

owrried, and it loved being worried like this.

He left me standing in the doorway and went over to the other side of the loft space. It was large, almost as large as Mr. Benson's whole apartment. Even if it had been filled with furniture, the pieces would have been lost in the enormity of the room, but it wasn't. There were only a few sparse items: a chair, a desk and a large platform bed sitting in the middle of the area. He pulled out a drawer in the bed's base and took out a piece of leather. He came back over to me. Without warning there was a pair of handcuffs joining my wrists together behind me. And then the leather he carried came up and enveloped my face. There was suddenly no light, I was captured in a sea of darkness. I struggled for air, and finally a small slit opened in front of my nose for me to drag in enough oxygen to keep my consciousness. What had I gotten myself into?

The rest of that night was blindness. The whole scene was experienced physically. There were no clear sounds I could hear, there were never any words from the man whose name I didn't even know.

The leather hood was tightened after it had gone on. It must have had straps in the back. My prick grew rock hard with the excitement and danger. I still don't know all of what he did to me that night. I can only reconstruct parts of it.

I was taken away from the doorway into the middle of the space, I think it was the middle. The metal handcuffs came off and were replaced with leather cuffs on my wrists, I thought they must be like Mr. Benson's, but they were softer, there must have been some kind of lining. Slowly and gently and knowingly my clothes were removed. The sudden feeling of air flowing over my body while my head was encased with the blinding material accentuated the sense of nakedness. His hands ran quietly over my skin's surface, they traveled up and down my sides and around my legs. They paused to enjoy the slickness of my hairless ass and to pinch lightly and sharply at my tits, the knobs Mr. Benson had trained to respond to the lightest command. I know I moaned as his fingers kept turning the nipples, back and forth, both at the same time.

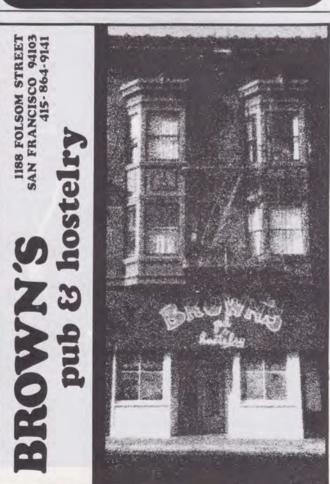
Then cuffs, again lined, went on my ankles. I was prepared for the bands on my wrists and those on my legs to be joined the way that Mr. Benson used them to bind me. But, the man left me standing there for a considerable length of time. Doing what? The bands of leather on my limbs and the still present collar outlined my vulnerability. The mask on my face and the denial of the sense of sight heightened my body awareness. My cock was so hard it touched no part of the rest of me and enjoyed its own flow of cooling air around its pro-

trusion.

When he came back, he started to manipulate my body, positioning it in a way that I couldn't understand. I was desperate to hear his words, but I couldn't have, even if he had spoken to me. The hoodwas as efficient a silencer as a blinder.

Then there was a shocking tub. Vague mechanical noises came through the hood. And I felt a surge of panic as my legs were pulled out from under me and my arms lifted higher above me. The machine jerked me off the floor, I thought I would have to fall flat on my face, but found the restraints supporting me. When the mechanics stopped I felt like I must have been at a 45 degree angle from the floor, my cock and balls hanging down away from my body, my eyes still unable





to tell me what the man was doing.

His hands had taken on a warm feeling as the cool air lowered my own temperature. They returned to me now, starting the soft investigation of theirs. They lingered again at my tits and worked at both of them. I relaxed a little with the knowledge that he must know what he was doing, and the lining of the leather bands holding me in midair as soft enough to lessen the pain that the job of holding my body could produce. I went into the sensation of his warmth against my nipples, his hands playing with them in an almost gentle way. The turn on increased as I let my mind stop worrying, and I experienced his quick command of my body.

He left my tits enraged with feeling, and the hands travelled down to my crotch. He cupped my balls in one of his palms, and with the other started to play with my cock. He applied an increasing amount of pressure to the vulnerable eggs in their sac. Slowly building up to produce a crushing sensation. The balls came together and rolled against one another in his grip. Waves of pain flowing out from them, punctuated by delightful feelings of warmth. My cock was building up to an early orgasm; and just then he stopped, leaving it to

wave in the air, leaving it desperate for release.

He walked away again. I think he must have, I couldn't sense his body being nearby. I could only feel the cool air

blowing between my stretched legs.

Then, he came back. He had grabbed my balls again and tied something around the base. It felt like leather. I thought at first it was only a cockring, but there must have been a great length of it, he kept winding it around and around my scrotum. Every loop I thought he was finished, that he had to be finished, that the sac couldn't stretch any further. When it was done, my balls were forced far away from my body by a thick swath of leather, the pressure was immense — and wonderful.

Another strand started to work its way up my cock. The line of leather wound around the shaft, from the base to just below the head, the tight strands pinched wherever there was a break for the skin to work its way out. I wanted to see! I knew that my cockhead would be full of trapped blood, I wanted to see the redness of the skin as it held back the built



up fluid.

Before I could think more about it, he was back. He started with my nipples once more. Turning them, softly twisting them back and forth. I moaned more and more loudly. Mr. Benson had turned them so well that they responded instantly to his touch, especially with the firm pressure pulling my balls down and keeping my prick so hard.

But, again the warm hands were replaced; cold metal pushed against the oversensitive nipples, gentle pressure built up as they were each attached to clamps that were adjusted

to a place just short of intense pain.

Now I was burning with my sex. My cock, my balls, my tits were all bound. Only my ankles and wrists had any other feel to them. I could sense him moving silently behind me. I thought he must be going to fuck me. I could feel him rub his leather against my naked legs. I tried to relax my anus to receive him.

Instead, there came a soft, almost kissing, touch of a belt or strap against my ass. A slow litany of blows started to run up and down each of my legs. They built in intensity. He would go all the way down to the bound ankles and climb up one leg, giving even, excruitiating taps to the tight ballsac, and linger over my ass, then travel down the other leg only to begin the journey again. Each time the leather travelled over my body, it picked up intensity with its touch.

My moans of pleasure greeted the first journey. They disappeared with the second, by the time he was finished I was shrieking with pain. The whole of my backside below my waist burnt with angry welts. Not one inch had been spared, the whole of me pulled against the restraints, fought to release my

body from this agony.

I could hardly hear my screams. The travelling belt brought out a new one every time it touched me. I had thought I had gone beyond pain with the sessions with Mr. Benson. But, I had never experienced anything like this. He must have beaten me with the belt for an hour. When that stopped, I pleaded with him to release me. I couldn't have heard his answer if he spoke one, but I felt his response.

He had moved. Now he began again with the soft strokes of the belt, this time moving over my back. Those first light touches weren't painful, at all. But I knew that this meant he was going to repeat the whole performance. I knew that that strip of leather was going to work over my back and my arms

just as it had my legs and ass.

By the time another hour had passed, I was reduced to sobbing uncontrollably. He had left my skin so hot and had worked it so much, that now even the touch of his soft hand

produced floods of horrendous pain.

This must have been what he had wanted. A body racked with pain and deep sobs. One totally at his mercy. I was hardly conscious of feeling him as his cock invaded my ass. My only concern was the touch of his hairy and prickled body against the red skin he had left on my backside.

He shoved into me. His body worked back and forth into my ass. The feeling of being fucked was hardly noticed in the whole of the agony of the beating I had received. Vaguely, I was aware when he shot. I could feel the pulsing of his cock as it hardened to pour his cum inside me. Again, I hoped it would

be over.

I wanted Mr. Benson! I wanted to be freed from this violence and savagery. This wasn't what I wanted! The darkness enveloped me and kept me from seeing him move around after he pulled roughly out of my hole. The fingers went back to my cock and balls. The warm palm again cupped the shaved skin. I stretched my body from the restraints, hopelessly trying to move it away from his cruel grasp. The pressure began to mount on my sac. The balls came together again and rolled against one another. The inside of the hood was wet with my tears as he kept squeezing and manipulating my testicles. Deep growls came up from inside me, the intense pain shifted from my backskin to my crotch. The power of the pain in my sac, the small orbs of sex trapped between leather and this man, consumed me.

And then blackness did come.

I had finally given in to the pain. I passed out. I don't know if he even noticed the slackening of my body, or if he cared. When I woke up, I was fully dressed. He had left me against the doorway to his apartment. The roughness of the new fabric of my shirt and the leather on my slacks rasped against the angry skin he had marked so savagely. My body was stiff

as I tried to stand, I could barely make it upright. I leaned against the brick wall and looked up at the lit window of the

apartment where I had been.

I had met a new kind of top — one who showed his concern and caring by leaving me unconscious in the street, covered with bruises. It wasn't an image I liked, A surge of anger went through me. The asshole hadn't even taken me away from his own building. He didn't care if I complained — to whom? What recourse did a slave have when he had been stupid enough to go home with any leather figure who ordered him to. The police? If I told the people at the store, they'd just laugh. It would probably only enhance his reputation.

Wearily, I checked and found the lump of money Mr. Ben-

son had given me, it was still in my pocket.

I wanted to go to bed. My muscles were sore from the exer-tion they had gone thorugh. They screamed in pain every time I tried to move them, I stumbled somehow to an avenue and hailed a taxi.

The driver looked strangely at me when I slowly put my pained body into the hack. "Where to, bub?"

Where to? A hotel. But which one? I felt the roll of cash in my pocket. Well, he had told me to have a good time. I certainly hadn't started off too well, but maybe I could make up

for that, "Take me to the Plaza."

I comforted myself somewhat as the cab sped uptown. The look on the driver's face when I gave him the name of New York's most lavish hotel had been worth the ride itself. I adjusted the tie the sadistic asshole had put on my neck, and smoothed my short hair down as the sights of midtown New York passed by me. We went through the theatre district and into the exhalted enclaves of the Upper East Side. And there, rising above Central Park on its own block was The Plaza. The best hotel in the city.

The reservation clerk tried to be suave. I'm sure that two things were on his mind - how did I get there and how could he get me out — fast. The looks of everyone in the lobby were aimed at my leather. The cap on my head was pushed back, I was holding the heavy jacket over one arm, but the bulging of the leather pants and the press of the uniform shirt were making their own statement. The pain of my skin, the mass of red welts I knew I was going to find there, didn't keep me from putting on a good show. I was going to keep my dignity in front of the pompous clerk and in my own mind.

Besides, however anxious he might have been to get rid of me, the appreciative glances from a couple of the Latin bell-

boys was more than sufficient compensation.

I had been smart enough to call from a pay booth at the corner - I wasn't going to be told there was no room. He claimed he was having trouble finding the reservation, but hopped to when I suggested I wait on one of the couches across the lobby. He did not want me lingering there.

A room was found and two of the bellboys nearly fought with one another to take me up to the floor. I smirked at their enthusiasm and almost forgot the ordeal I had been through until I let my backside brush against the car of the elevator.

The room was delightfully large and smelt of a fresh cleaning. I tipped the boy too much and went to the bathroom. It was huge, I needed to care for my body. I turned on the bath water and slowly stripped. When the tub was full, I lowered myself into the water, as hot as I had dared. The terrible stripes of red showed against my skin. I sighed deeply as the warmth began to relax the abused muscles. And I thought about the man I had just left and the man I wanted to go back

I thought a lot about the relationship I had with Mr. Benson and the trust that was involved. I had gone through a lot with him and for him. I had done things I had never dreamt I would do. I had been a willing and happy slave to that man. I had been strung up against a wall for his visual pleasure, I had endured his fist in my bowels and his cock in my face for countless hours. I gave all of it to him as a gift and as a sign of my humility and devotion.

This other men - the one without a name - had taken from me savagely. He had beaten me without purpose and had used my body only as he chose. The rape committed had been one-sided. I knew now that what little he had done that I had thought was pleasurable had been done only to make me tolerate more abuse from him.

I thought about S&M that night. The very idea that there could be rape in an S&M context was shocking, somehow. But it was obvious that there could be.

I thought about that bastard leaving me on a street - for how long? I didn't even really know. Mr. Benson wouldn't have done that to me.

What was important about Mr. Benson was becoming more

and more apparent.

When I finished the bath and stood in the heated, tiled room, drying myself I had a sudden need to do something for myself. I went, naked, into the bedroom and called room service. They weren't prepared for my order at that time of night, but they'd try.

A half hour later, a middle-aged waiter got a thrill when I opened the door and let him in with the delivery. I was still naked, with only a towel around my waist. I took the things and tipped him. Then I went into the bathroom and took off

the towel.

That night, my first night alone in years, I took the razor and shaved my body. Performing the dedication to Mr. Benson he had requested, but not stopping with my crotch and ass this time; I took off my chest hair and the hair under my arms. I was alone and there was no one there to know what I was doing and what it meant to me, but I knew that Mr. Benson would know when I saw him on Tuesday. I was making love to Mr. Benson, there in that bathroom by myself. I got hard watching the symbols of manhood cleaned from my skin. My cock jumped at the sight of myself lifting my arms to remove the hair there, the humiliating stance only intensifying the thrill of the action. And when it was all gone, when my small red tits stood out against a hairless background, I dried myself and went to bed. I got into the chool sheets and put a hand up to a sore nipple and with the other hand I started caressing my hard prick.

I thought about Mr. Benson and the devotion I felt to him. I thought about my love for him and his care for me. I thought about the life I was leading as his slave, and a quick, not-tobe-denied spurt of cum came shooting up, stinging the newly shaved skin on my stomach, wetting the sheets so I could sleep, thinking all the time about the presence of Mr. Benson.

TO BE CONTINUED



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ASTROLOG

CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Too many holiday parties? Too much punch? Plow into the new year with a trail of piss.

CAPRICORN M: Did your Master take you to holiday parties and you sang Auld Lang Syne luxuriating in the ladies' bidet? Tacky but

AQUARIUS S: (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) The beginning of the new year can be the beginning of a new you . . . as if the old one wasn't bad enough!

AQUARIUS M: A new you would certainly be an improvement: a more groveling, sniveling pain-maniac.

PISCES S: (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Did you remember to give your friends gifts they could use year after year, and did you tie them up before or after wrapping?

PISCES M: Doesn't it just drive you crazy, tied up immobile under a tree and have to watch those goddamn blinking lights twinkle on and off all night? A variation on the Chinese water-torture.

ARIES S: (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Didn't there seem to be more Christmas candles and ball ornaments? Look up your slave's ass ... you know what a horder he can be!

ARIES M: Don't throw away all those old holiday candles. Hot wax

torture is more exciting when done in a rainbow of colors.

TAURUS S: (Apr. 20-May 20) For the holidays did we "don we now our gay apparel"? In your case: motorcycle jacket, assless chaps, engineer boots, bike cap, gloves; all in black leather, of course.

TAURUS M: Your gay apparel probably consisted of dog collar, harness and a cock ring which kept falling off into the Wassail bowl.

GEMINI S: (May 21-June 20) If the '80s are anything like the '60s, prepare yourself now for up-coming toil, unrest and protests. In the meanwhile, fuck everybody you can!'

GEMINI M: Methinks that thou doth protest too much. More whip!

CANCER S: (June 21-July 22) Let's not forget to take year-end inventory: stocks, ropes, handcuffs, restraints, ball-stretchers ... gosh, it turns one on just reading down the stock list.

CANCER M: Did you give your ass to your Master for Christmas? . . . it's the gift that keeps on giving . . . including diseases and old jewelry. LEO S: (July 23-Aug. 22) In the beginning of this new decade, resolve to try the bottom position for awhile. If you like it, you're in trouble!

LEO M: Resolve to try the top position—for you, that'll be true torture! VIRGO s: (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Attempt to avoid bars, baths, and other places of ill-repute this month. The ass you save may be your own.

VIRGO M: Your asshole isn't worth saving, even if you do think it's still tight. Remember, the rim around the Grand Canyon is also rockhard.

LIBRA S: (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Try not to overwork yourself in the '80s. Too much sex can have its toll on you. But, for a fussy Libra, there is no such thing as "too much sex" . . . just too little quality sex.

LIBRA M: Too little sex to you means the electric cattle prod was too short to reach through the bars of your cage.

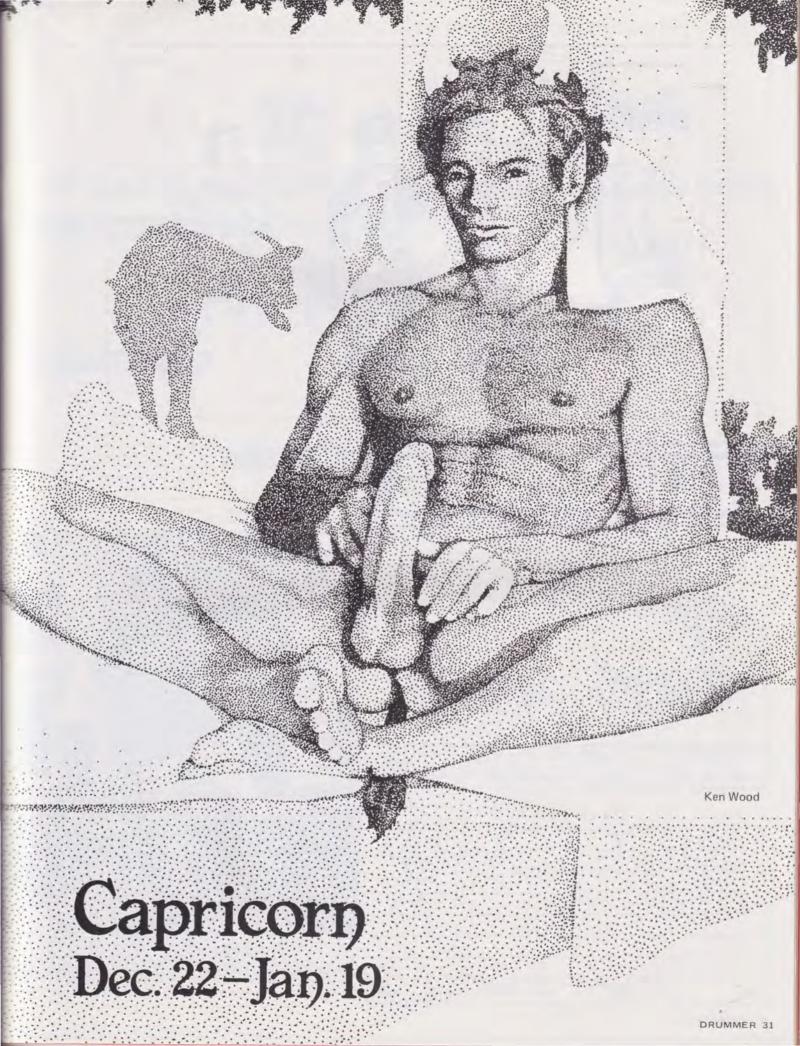
SCORPIO S: (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) Resolution time again. This year resolve to tear a few new assholes with vim and vigor . . . and lots of Crisco.

SCORPIO M: Why don't you just resolve to exist while your Master resolves your needs for you: like pain, humiliation, degradation; you

know, all those things you'd resolve for more of if it were up to you. SAGITTARIUS S: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) Be imaginative but authoritative this year. Declare yourself the Ayatollah of Leather.

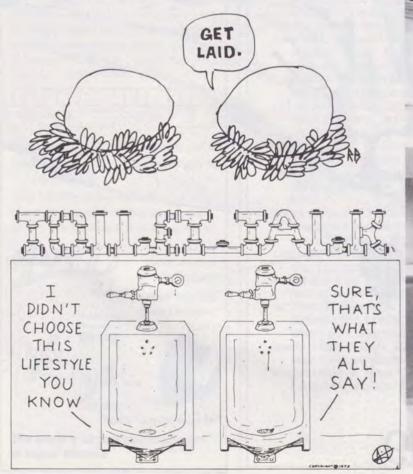
SAGITTARIUS M: Now if you'd been a hostage of the Iranians, we all know you wouldn't want to be released!

-by Aristide





DRUMSTICKS





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HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL TWO BITS A WO

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

Goodlooking, sincere, secure, dominant Master, semi-retired, pro-athlete seeks clean, discreet, masculine lock/ slave to relocate for permanent obedience. Must be in 20s, over 6' smooth, muscular body, short, dark hair. Clean cut good looks a must. Also submissive to long, heavy sex and intelligent to relate to good life outside of bed. Novice okay. Box 426 Ron

I want to share my slave's hot ass and willing mouth with a stud tough enough to help me train him properly and teach him respect. Box 913.

LIVE-IN SLAVE & LOVER

Wanted by S, 6'2", blond, blue eyes, hairy, masculine, muscular, 43, with 6½" 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" 81/2" 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 boos. Am experienced. respectful of limits, and imaginative, You should include phone number and when you are available. Box 308B

Mid-South executive is interested in being dominated for a change. Athletic, hairy blondes preferred. Compensation plans available. Box 462

CALIFORNIA

FIRST TIMERS

5'11", 150 lbs., wants new Master. slaves with good body, ready to sur-San Francisco -Oakland areas. Write frank letter with photo, include address, phone, availability. Bxo 429

HAYWARD, S, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 81/2" cut, muscular, goodlooking, looking for attractive, well built guys who are versatile and responsive. No fats, fems, flabby, older, out of shape. Should have good build and be into leather, levis or uniforms. Box 402.

YESSIR

Wanted: White, dominant, older, hairy, leather master; father type, wants a 24-year-old, white, goodlooking son/slave who needs light to medium S&M. Sincere only. Jim, Box 4509, San Francisco, CA 94101 SACRAMENTO AREA, w/m, 27, 5'8", 150 lbs., 6", needs a real man

M, 36, 5'10", 140 lbs., 7" cut, needs spanking, while total French service to 18—30. J.S., 861 Ellis, No. 3501, S.F., CA 94109.

with moustache who wants his boots. socks, feet, crotch, ass, and armpits cleaned by my tongue. If you're handsome and ahiry, it's already hot and wet for you, Box 458.

NICE JEWISH BOY

26 and depraved, seeks cigar smoking, raunchy assed redneck, biker, cop, etc. for piss, shit, snot and spit. Slap the fuck out of me with a rolled-up magazine. Large beer gut welcome. All answered, L.A./SFV. Box 442.

Seek leather/uniform S, a hike in the mountains, a symphony . . . 35 to 50. Am w/m, 41, 6', 160 lbs., imaginative, Box 461,

HOT L.A. BLACKMAN Master, 31, 5'8', 8" cut, 135 lbs., needs total slave who is willing to learn, benefit and serve this Master. Uninhibited stud into having a fulltime Master or novice willing to learn, Box 927.

HOT, HARD AND HAIRY San Francisco, SM, 32, 5'10", lbs., 7", seeks uninhibited dudes sweaty man action, no holds barred. Into S&M, B&D, raunchy levis, jock straps, WS and heavy workouts. Photos answered first. Box 940.

SHAVED SLAVE

Experienced, mature, available for heavy public workouts. Prefer servicgroups. Send orders to: Box 36433 Los Angeles CA 90036

S.F. ASS EATER Hot male eats ripe assholes. Sit on my face, you fucker! Box 931.

LONG BEACH, 33, 5'8", 175 lbs., M/A, 7" uncut, leather, levi, novice, clean cut professional seeking same, willing to learn from discrete, sensibut firm partners who equipped with toys for B&D, S&M, role playing, Respect limits, digs leather and levis. No drugs, fems or scat. Box 929.

HEY YOU . . . FUCKFAR WANNA WRESTLE? FUCKFACE

Hot w/m, 27, 6', 190 lbs., in good shape, looking for same. All styles and scenes. No puffs or scat. Box 906

STRICTLY TOP

Black, muscular, 32, 5'7", 165 lbs., will dominate strictly masculine, well defined white asses. Am into leather, light B&D, WS, mirrors, etc. Southern bred and couples especially welcome. Will answer all descriptive letters Box 910

LOS ANGELES, 47, 5'11", 175 lbs., horny hound digs mutual raunchy rutting, tireless tool dressing, deep ditch drilling, water hole drinking and wild scatting. Days? Great! No photo, no answer. Box 911.

WHERE IS MY DRUMMER?

He is a big muscular rugged beefy chunky man, with hard ass for belting, submissive for training, strong ridding; football jock, bodybuilder, wrestler type, Into leather. needs to belong. Active and passive. I.m thigh and ass man, Black S, 30, 5'10", 165 lbs., bodybuilder Leo, dig hasselling ass, ball torture, oil rub, affection. Want lover. Photo a must. Box 343

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AD COPY (Please Print Legibly)

LOS ANGELES, Bearded w/m, 25, wants hot men to sit on my face. Also into fists, WS, tits. Looking for tops as well as buddies for mutual scenes Box 912

LOS ANGELES, M, 32, 5'5", 132 lbs., chiseled face, hunky, solid muscles, wants B&D, S&M, leather action with a muscular master into good bodies, Box 428.

BONDAGE MASTER W/m, 50's, 140 lbs., 5'7", slim, well built, imaginative, will rope slim, muscular guys; sensual trip, light S&M. Menlo Park area. Box 915.

CIGAR SMOKERS & TOBACCO CHEWERS

This Taurus cigar smoker and tobacco chewer would like to hear from others. Your photo will get mine. The right macho man will receive a very special bonus! Box 916.

SLAVE WANTED

SFO/South Bay, two hot men (33, 5'11", 155 lbs., 8%" and 33, 6', with 7") require obedience of young, masculine slave. Must be into submission, lite S&M, heavy B&D, FF and heavy tit work. Applications accepted, photo a must. Box 917.

EROTIC TATTOOS

Hot young photographer working on collection of erotic, lewd, sexy, private, obscene, unusual, strange, weird, indecent tattoos would like to see and photograph yours for posterity. Identity remains undisclosed.
Only interested in the artwork itself. Especially would like to meet
men with genital decorations, Photos and/or gratitude in return. Northern California area, Box 171.

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.

SF VALLEY/L.A. MASTER 24, hairy, 5'8", 140 lbs., trim body, seeks slave, 18-25, with hard, smooth or shaved body for disci-pline and bare-ass spankings. No heavy S&M, WS or scat. Write, you won't be sorry (until I make you sorry). Box 950.

FULL LEATHER

S leaning towards M role, shaved head, beard, dressed in full leather seeks total involvement with intelligent SM who can switch roles. Must respect limits. Box 136H.

SLAVE SAN FRANCISCO BOX 943

ORANGE COUNTY, M, 40's, 6', 155 lbs., Taurus, 7½" uncut, will service well built, hung, butch dudes to 50, WS and light S&M. Have movies and toys. Box 933.

SAN FRANCISCO, Leather S&M, bearded, bodybuilder, stud, 30, 6'1", hairy 42" chest, 31" waist, needs masculine slaves, possible lover rela-tionship if sexual lifestyle and inner self compatible. Cigar smoking, hard, tough master will bind, whip, spit, piss, gag and fuck your rimmed ass with tit action — be subserviant and worship. No fems, fats, scat. Box 922

TOUGH CUSTOMER
Sweat and grease Harley rider wants
mutual S&M, leather, etc. Leather
Ed, 4892 Mariatt, Mira Loma, CA
91752. See Tough Customers in
this issue for photo.

HAYWARD, S, muscular, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 8'," cut; looking for together, well-built bottoms with eagerness to please, masculine appearance, under 35. Into all scenes with responsive partners. Box 402.

S.F. BAY AREA, is your scene bon-dage? If so, that's what I'm looking for. Write with photos to: Box 19065, Oakland, CA 94619.

LOS ANGELES, nipple action, w/m, 132 lbs., 5'5'', muscular, seeks hunky tops with muscular pecs for piggy tit work sessions. All scenes. Box

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 fantary allows. Applications requestions requestions reques fantasy allows. Applications reques-ted 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.

LOS ANGELES, Master, 30, 5'8", 140 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, moustache. Into ass action, FF. WS, leather, S&M, shaving, toys; all as top man, not versatile. Slaves must be obedient, submissive, but masculing good hards great according to the control of the c line, good body, great ass. Also want to hear from other Masters from all over with ideas and 3-ways. Photo demanded with letter and phone number. Box 417.

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

UNCUT OR SHAVED? 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. 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.

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

ULTRA HEAVY C&B TORTURE I have absolutely no limits whatso-ever and if you do they must be very high to be respected. White, male, 34, 5'11", 170 lbs., 7" cut. Would like to buy or swap photos of ultra cock and ball torture and meet guys into same. Send detailed letter with phone, nude photo to Mr. Gelding, Box 416.

MONTEREY AREA Wellbuilt, hairy father/older brother in 40s needs younger, smooth, trim son/brother to be spanked and loved. Box 419.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, hot, trim, 34, masculine, seeks same for leather-sex and leather bondage. Send photo, phone, Box 449.

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

TOP/BOTTOM

Seeks top/bottom for scenes center-ing around cock and ball torture, particularly circumcision fantasies, cluck, feet, sweat, scat. Turned on by hairy asses, week old sweat sox, and clones. Paul, Suite 27, 553 Haight St., S.F., CA 94117.

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

Light S&M? Handsome, hairy w/m, 27, 6%", a/p, would like to meet/correspond with other newcomers for mutual experimentation. Have pierced tits, some toys. Photo gets mine. D.R., 55 Sutter St., Suite 20, S.F., CA 94104.

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 fancture. tasy to make role playing enjoyable and exciting. No drugs, heavy drink-ing, heavy pain, scat, or inexperience. Box 163.

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

LOS ANGELES, M, Virgo, 49, 5'10", 145 lbs., white, 6" know-ledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

WOODLAND HILLS, M, Pisces, 40, 5'10", white, 165 lbs., 8", enjoys cock and ball action, 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 ve satile and willing to learn. Box 170.

ORAL SALVE
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 491 F.

FRESNO, w/m, 38, Cancer, 5'10", 150 lbs. Like mellow scenes, top or bottom FF, erotic enemas, exploring fantasy. No great hangups about age, race, etc; but not into chicken, dopers or grotesque freaks. Box

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

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

Inexperienced, goodlooking body builder, 27, 125 lbs., 5'7", see patient, together and attractive guide 18–25, for good times. Box 445.

OAKLAND, M, novice, 54, 517
125 lbs., semi-muscular build, hair, 6" uncut, looking for hairy manual of 50, white, with good build into training a willing novice. Mutual respect important, Looking for varied experiences. Box 16.

OROVILLE, M, Cancer, 33, 6', 180 lbs., w/m, 6%", knowledgeable, need leather Master for life. I love leather and need kinky scenes, mild S&M S&D, WS, scat fantasies, humilistion. I must serve my Master leather and boots. Am goodlooking masculine, and need training. I amopen and loose for the right Master Fantasy mixed with a little reality. Please, Sir, I need you bad. Box 81E

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.

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.

Newcomer, w/m, 34, 6', 165 lbs. brown/green, uncut, newly pierced tits, hairy chest, quiet, shy, passive; likes jocks (large collection), toys let. Tired of work on self, seek masculine athletic type, hairy topman for discontinuous control of the control of the self. discussion, correspondence and/or mutual experiment re: possibilities. Photo good, not required. Nick, STE/20, 55 Sutter, S.F., CA 94104.

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 comi-nant Master. I am a novice with a lot to learn. Box 67.

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

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 ok. Rick, Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510.

DOMINANT LEATHER BODY-BUILDER wanted to tame leather slave, 38, 5'9", 140 lbs., into oil, WS, S&M, bondage. Heavy FF (width: 3 hands, depth to elbows). Have large toys. Box 949.

DALY CITY, M, 39, 5'6", 135 lbs., hot, perceptive, goodlooking, bald-ing, cocksucking, asslicking, submis-sive wants dominant, masculine men who are arrogant and fulfilled with active role. Leather and uncut especially welcome. Box 425.

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.

for hiking, backpacking, bicycling. Me: white, masculine, hunky, hairy, goodlooking, moustache, black hair, green eyes, 38, bright. You: over 30, masculine, interested in outdoors. No bullshit, Write with description of self and interests. Box 424.

Ms, 25, 5'8", 150 lbs., hairy, good-looking, 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, 6½" cut, looking for masculine, aggressive men, 25-45, 5'8" or taller, under 200 lbs, Looking for men into trying new things. Box 256.

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

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.

LOS ANGELES, bottom man, white, needs use, abuse, humiliation, asseating, raunch, cocksucking, piss drinking, ass and face fucking. Will worship your stud body. Am 43, 6', 170 lbs., uncut. Box 953.

L.A. FILTH

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

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 41, 7" 5'10". Previous experience as an S 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.

TITS AND ASS LOS ANGELES, w/m, 40s, hairy body, shaved head wants bun warmers and warmees. Heavy spanking, TT, enemas and more. Long, recip-rocal sessions leading to expanded limits for both of us. Box 957.

WRESTLING/BOXING Or down to earth real fight. You name the stakes and terms. Winner take all. Loser gives all. No holds barred contest to the final submission. I'm 5'9", 150 lbs., 20 years old and ready for action. Are you man enough? Prove it! John, Box 6154, San Bernardino, CA 92412.

DIEGO, SM, 39, 6'3", 190 3" cut, has well-equipped game for scenes with Masters or SAN lbs., 8" room for slaves, from novice to well-experi-enced. 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 clean-shaverr, clean-cut. Box 52G.

MARLBORO MAN West Coast rancher, w/m, 40's, 5'11", handsome, virile weightlifter jogs, thick 9" pistol needs frequent firings. Topman seeks strong, hairy bottom men to 40. Leather, FF, WS, B&D, etc. You name it, I set limits. Travel Midwest, East Coast, Europe & Asia. Send complete letter, photo and phone. I will call for in-depth description of body and how I intend to manhandle you. If we get together, your ass won't forget it. Sex slave discipline will be enforced. TAIL members, cul-tural interests a definite plus. No fats, fems, heavy drugs. Time needed for reply. Patient men rewarded amply. Box 100/Downstairs, 166 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10011

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 FRANCISCO, S, 34, 5'6", 165 lbs., well muscled bodybuilder stud seeks slave, novice or experienced, for hot oral action. Also into j/o, B&D, mild S&M. Looking for young stud with tight muscles who needs domination by kind and intelligent master. Box 444.

KINKY, FILTHY HOT 31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who en-joy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or 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, out-door scenes, exhibitionist. Active door scenes, exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162.

GLENDALE, SM, 38, 5'11", 152 lbs., 8" uncut, Chinese/Polish, medium/muscular build; into total anal sensuality. Looking for men in shape, 8" or bigger, with small hands. No pain, body odor, stupidity. Box 65.

LOS ANGELES, w/m, 140 lbs., 5'11", blond, digs toilet sex, top or bottom. Box 438.

HANDSOME YOUNG SLAVE 23, 6', 169 lbs., 7", Anglo, muscular, blond, blue eyes and butch. Clean sane, and unjaded. Sir, I'm into all forms of domination and power exchange. Looking for a proud, muscular, macho Master to faithfully love and serve permanently. Box 184, Redwood City, CA 94062. Your photo promptly returned.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 29, 5'7" 130 lbs., 7" cut, handsome, masculine, completely uninhibited, raunchy dude can wield a whip as well as tak 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, 26, 5'11", 130 lbs., white, 8", black hair, blue eyes, mustache, goodlooking, nonsmoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full time biker/leatherman who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculine leather topman, under 45, to fulfill my degires to learn serve. 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.

OUTDOORSMEN WANTED

Am seeking SF Bay area companions 33, 5'10", 145 lbs., seeks horny 5&M fantasies realized with attraction for hiking, backpacking, bicycling, greaser types for wild times and tive, muscular dude into levis, boots, Me: white, masculine, hunky, hairy, fantasies. Box 954.

HOT GREASER

MY SCENE OR YOURS

S&M fantasies realized with attractive, muscular dude into levis, boots, leather, S&M bondage, w/s. When tive, 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

WANTED: FATHER
Over 50. San Francisco M, 43, 9",
needs older, stern father to administer firm spanking. Looking for
long, sincere relationship. Will travel.

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

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 heavy drugs, fil damage. Box 312.

APO/SF, SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs., semi-muscular, short hair, return to the States in April '80. Looking for agressive, masculine, 25–45, with willingness to try new things. No fems, fats. Box 256.

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.

COLORADO

Slave needs master with boots, leather and button-fly levis to wor-ship. Rush, B&D, humiliation. Box 18595, Denver, CO 80210.

Will write to all goodlooking, wellbuilt guys wearing leather pants, jackets, high top boots. Ed Moyer, Box 616, Silverton, CO 81433. Include photo.

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 leathersex goals! Instructor c/o Mountain Men, Box 8887, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT

HARTFORD, Master and slave, 30, hairy, hung and uncut seeking goodlooking hot studs into leather, uniforms, etc. for action in their dungeon. Bikers, cops, construction workers, truckers, toys and cigars. No nerds need apply. Box 433.

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

SOUTHERN CONNECTICUT Dominant S, knowledgeable, seeks M for B/D, C&B, FF, Fr., Gr., T/L, TT. Other S needed to exchange slaves. Box 437.

W/m, S, 39, 6'3", 200 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, wants compliant m's, any race up to 50 years old for heavy games. Must be into leather, B&D, C&B and tit torture, WS, FF, Piercing. Have complete Toy Chest and will travel. Must have own place in tri-state area (NY, NJ, or CT). All photos get answer. Box 932.

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

GREENWICH, S, 5'11", 160 lbs., Cancer, Leather master seeks mascu-line 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.

PUTNAM, MS, Libra, 29, 5'8", 135. White, inexperienced. Clean and experimental, seeking introduction to leathersex/bondage from sensible, discreet partner to 40. Box 101CT.

DIST. OF COLUMBIA

Well built, 5'9", 50 lbs., white male, scat and piss receiver; needs tall, well built, macho, giver. Prefer over 6'2", 20-45. My mouth is your toilet. Box 457.

HORSEX

After we sucked and jerked off the horse's huge cock, the Mounty and I fucked beneath his horse in a hot shower of piss and cum. Box 944.

ATTENTION ATHLETES ATTENTION ATHLETES
All High School, College, Olympic
and Professional jocks. If you want
to score with a hot versatile w/m,
30, 6'3", 180 lbs., send your vital
statistics to: John K., 1221 Mass Ave
NW, No. 322, Washington, DC
20005. No fakes. Discretion assured, if necessary. Travel occasionally,

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, 5'6'2", 168 lbs., white, 6". Relishes being subservient to decent, goodlooking Master who is sincere and has a sense of humor. Prefer cut, under 36, no beards, or red heads, or hairy bodies. Box 227S.

FLORIDA

All S types: If you've got the balls to compete with a 28-year-old, 5'10" 160 lb. hunk for dominance, write. Rough, mean and lean stallion will conquer only other dominants my age. No overweight sissies need write. You're not tough enough, but I am! Okay, assholes, write! Box 11624, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308.

PRETTYBOY COCKSUCKER 32, short, sincere, wants straights or bis. Likes male odors, no pain. Barry Ross, 19821 S.W. 114th Ave., Miami,

LAKEWOOD/CENTRAL, w/m, 31, 5'10", 155 lbs., 8" cut, into levis, leather, WS, uncut, boots a real turn on. Inexperienced but tend toward M role, Looking for same, 25-35. Possible permanent relationship. No scat, fems, fats or heavy pain. Box

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED To be owned by attractive, 35 year old. Must mentally and physically be passive, Want to own him as my property. For more info, write to: Box 914.

FT. LAUDERDALE AREA. This 41, 6'2", 180 lb., 8", handsome, versa-tile stud with muscular build seeks other hunky, masculine dudes for top and/or bottom action including Gr., Fr., FF, WS, dildoes, and other ad-ventures. Sling room. Box 288. Tit fantasy my specialty. Exchange photos, notes, fantasy. Have toys and will travel for heavy tit and nipple work, Box 435.

MIAMI, passive, macho w/m, 30, 150 lbs., 5'9", brown/boue, turned on by military uniforms, cops, leading to the copy leading t ther, levis, jocks, hard hats, etc. No scat. Will answer all. Photo gets mine. Mike, 2815 S. Miami Ave., Miami, FL 33129.

NOVICE CHALLENGES S ONLY 27, bodybuilder, 5'10", 165 lbs., 7½", wants cock fight with doms, same or younger. Have ridden sissies, same or younger. Have ridden sissies, now need challenge from another S that thinks he's King Shit. Spank, wrestle, slap, verbal, piss; until one lean stallion defeats and rides. Think you're the stallion? Prove it or lay for a real stallion in his leather. P.T., Box 11624-Coral Ridge, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308.

WANT THIRSTY HUNK MEN For heavy WS, sweaty muscle licking, enemas, exhibitionism, mirrors, j/o; with this 40, 5'10". 16 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 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 receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr. Right. Box 59.

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. Part ner 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, 5'7", 140 lbs., crewcut, construction worker, into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. likes kinky Dikes, 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.

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

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddies 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.

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.

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS

GEORGIA

Muscular, masculine, macho ex-ma-rine construction worker, hobby 35 mm photography, seeks correspondence and photo exchange with other muscular, masculine, macho males. Not interested in fats, fems, or Polaroids. All answered that send photo, Box 443.

AUGUSTA, MS, 37, 5'11", 150 lbs. 6", slim, short-haired hot man needs imaginative partners for wild seswith Sessions. Bondage, humiliation, shaving, WS, FF, nipple action, etc. Ready for heavy action. Box 920.

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 PI., Warner Robins, GA 31093.

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 B&D. No fats, scat, hairy. Box

TRAVELING DOMINANT S, 36, 5'11", 200 lbs., husky, 7" cut. looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for trust-worthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage; am always horny. No fats, fems, WS, drugs or heavy pain. In-terested in possible vacation/ski bud-dies. Box 18.

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO, Libra, 5'11", mushroom head, w/m, hairy, and hunky, into most things and will try anything once (except scat and FF). Enjoy WS, titwork, piercing, bondage. Your photo and frank letter of what you enjoy will get answer. Box 938.

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.

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 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, hairy-chested if possible. While I am always extremely willing he should respect extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Box

SLAVE WANTED Mater looking for slave who will take care of my home. Will be kept naked and shaved, msul be kept and the 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.

MASTER LOOKING FOR SLAVE Who will take care of my home. Will No weekends, or overnights. For life be kept naked and shaved. Must be of obedience and servitude. Againto light S&M, B&D, WS. Must unimportant. Into all scenes except like to jog, swim, and bike. 18–35 scat. Box 665F. be kept naked and shaved. Must be into light S&M, B&D, WS. Must like to jog, swim, and bike. 18–35 and under 6'. Will help relocate. Send photo with letter, Box 314.

SPRINGFIELD, S, 54, 5'8", 160 lbs., looking for slave, 21-50, white only. Am experienced, respectful of limits; but can be either extremely sadistic or gentle, based on slaves endurance. Must be clean. Box 382.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 48, 5'11", 170 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable, turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually-booted sessions. Master wears rubber boots for rubber slaves, leather boots for leather slaves. Limits respected; no hard drugs. Bert, 2423 Ridgeway Ave., Evanston, IL 60201.

CHICAGO, very goodlooking masculine guy, early 30s, blond, very well endowed, super body, looking for men, wild scenes, slaves invited. Only above-average men. No fats, fems. Detailed letter, photo, phone. Box

BLACK SLAVE
6', 175 lbs., nice build, looking for hot white master who likes his raunchy, smelly asshole eaten out. Am also into FF, WS, dildoes and spanking, possibly scat. Clifford, 833 West Gunnison, Chicago, IL 60640

CHICAGO, 30, 6'1", 185 lbs., very muscular S, dominant and knowled-geable, 7" cut. Handsome bodygeable, 7" cut. Handsome body-builder knows how to give orders, get service and punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, obedient, know his place, 21–35. No fats, fems. Include photo and phone in response. Box 418.

CHICAGO, M. 6'2", white, 185 lbs., athlete who likes to wear tight levis, athlete who likes to wear tight levis, leather jacket, western boots, 27, new to S&M scene, needs experienced young master into leather/levis/boots for obedience training. Insterested in spanking, whipping, enemas, dildoes but no FF, scot or permanent marks. Prefer master who can wield a bullwhip or horsewhip. B.H., Box 209, Carlington Hts., 1L 60004.

CHICAGO MASTER Out-of-stater comes to Chicago oc-casionally looking for slim slaves over 18 into bondage, discipline, shaving, w/s, FF and S&M. Am 6'2", 8½" uncut, respect limits, imaginative, dominant, experienced dominant, experienced. Replies should include phone number for gettogether when I am in Chicago and available to work you over. Box 3088

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

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowled-geable, 7" cut. Handsome bodygeable, 7" cut. Handsome body-builder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Po-tential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and 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.

WANTED: SLAVE

CHICAGO, M, 6'3", 175 lbs., 23 8 cut, semi-muscular, goodlooking brown hair/eyes, seeks muscular, shot 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.

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.

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

INDIANA

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

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

INDIANAPOLIS, S, 48, 6'3", 195 lbs., 61/2" uncut, seeks willing, obedient, submissive slave, masculine, slender, under 35, preferably uncut. Am understanding but forceful. Box 1800

KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE Lexington, S, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs., experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. Must have firm body and have your head on. If you are ready, write now. Box 986, Lexington, KY 40588.

BEST BET BI

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

LOUISIANA

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.

Master and his dog wanted by bot-tom in New Orleans, Box 422.

Wanted: Slave type for discipline to limits by master, 34. Box 50964, New Orleans, LA 70150.

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

LAFAYETTE, couple: Aries, 38, 5'10", 170 lbs., white, 7" and Cancer, 20, 5'6", 135 lbs., white, 9". Group scenes. Clean, discreet, masculine, jocks. What's your scene? 101LAR.

-ARVEY SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs., novice. Firm but gentle, Designation of partner's likes/dis-ses Seeks similar into role-switch-ses No fems, drunks, Box 130Z.

MARYLAND

MORE AREA, M, novice 180 lbs., 6" cut, seeks sincere edgeable master to bring out to serve. Am willing, obedient, deager to learn. Some US travel. moerstanding,

WEEKEND SLAVE aple (S: 32, 160 lbs, 5'11" and 32, 150 lbs, 6') need services of a skend slave into w/s, lite B&D, Applicantions accepted, photos must Box 147

MASSACHUSETTS

PROVINCETOWN, M, 35, 5'10", 140 lbs., white, good body, hot ass, seeks strong, silent, aggressive 'Marl-boro' man, with beard or moustache, over 32. Leather, levis and hung are a plus; but most important is a brain. Use it to turn me on mentally and physically. Often in Boston and New York. No B&D, scat, raunch or dummies. Send photo. Box 447.

UNIFORMS

Fetish for military spit-shined shoes and uniforms, would like to exchange photos of homemade bondage, tor-ture and especially executions. If you are hanged, a real plus. Box 952.

MR. BENSON, WHERE ARE YOU? P-Town M, 29, 5'10", 160 lbs., 6" uncut, flexible, eager and intelligent novice seeks to leave fantasies and one-nighters under your total owner-ship. Sir. Take me across the boundary into the pain/pleasure of masochism like Mr. Benson taught his slave. Give me a chance to turn this body and mind into that of a complete slave. I need to serve a real master. I'm on my knees, Sir, and re-spectfully request a photo. Will re-locate. Box 935.

BOSTON, S. Aries, 42, 5'10", 150 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. Seeks partner over 18 for strict discipline and prolonged bondage. Same size or smaller, smooth body. Must submit to public shaving and being owned. WASPS welcomed; discretion as-sured, long-term relationship pos-sible. Box 253.

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

CAPE COD, Jeep freak into 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, white, 25, 5'11", 150 lbs., seeks S into bondage, toys, S&M, w/s, whips, face fucking. No scat, FF, shaving. Havy into bondage. Box 102MAN.

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 some-one who has teaching ability, stays in firm control. No fats, especially no fems. Box 192.

WHATTHEHELLISDRUMBEATS? THE BIGGEST COLLECTION OF SURE THINGS TWO BITS CAN BUY!

MICHIGAN

You made my summer. Come to my place next year. The whip's on me. Love, Morgan

HOT MASTER SEEKS SLAVE PERMANENT LIVE-IN LOVER
To give wild S&M, B&D action to w/m, 35, 6', hung, uncut, big balls, hairy. Wants 18—30, into bondage, humiliation, dildoes, toys, stretching, parking within in the second control of the contr spanking, whipping, wine enemas, water sports, FF, shaving, ball torture, wild, kinky scenes, Must have hungry mouth and hot tongue for front and rear action. Well-equipped play room with special equipment and mirrored walls. Must be butch, well built, smooth body and have strong sex drive. Send resume and photo to: Dick, 5286 Millwheel Dr., Flint, MI 48507.

WANTED: SEX SLAVE White or Black, 18–35, and well hung, by two masters into Fr and Gr, A/P, WS, B&D. Send nude photo, age, address and phone number. Box 423.

DETROIT AREA, W6M, 40's, 6', 165 lbs., digs boots, levis, leather, jockstraps. Seeks guy over 35 with similar interests. No fats, fems, or S&M. Your photo gets mine. Box

ANN ARBOR, Two FF-ers (27 and 35) welcome others in scene to write when in area. Serious FF only. Box

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.

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

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

MINNESOTA

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

MPLS SADIST 39,145 lbs., well hung, gives cock and ball torture. Must be over 30, not fat or married. Box 1088, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

MISSOURI

ST LOUIS AREA, 28, 5'11", 165 Is LOUIS AREA, 28, 511", 16b lbs., masculine, goodlooking, well built, affectionate novice. Respectable and discrete. Seeking well built, dominant, masculine partner. Possible relationship. Personal character important. Photo. Visit Chicago often. Box 171, O'Fallon, IL 62269.

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

ST. LOUIS, S, Leo, 31, 5'9", 210 lbs., white. 6", knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience; will punish any infraction with pain. Partner any infraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful ap-pearance, can be to late 40s. Box

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

ST. LOUIS/KANSAS CITY Dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., uncut 8½", seeks receptive slaves when I travel to your area. Am ag-185 lbs gressive, experienced, imaginative, respectful of limits. Into S&M, B&D, w/s, shaving, FF, etc. You should be over 18, receptive, white, slender and masculine. You should include your phone number in your reply Will call when I am nearby and available. Box 308B.

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

NEBRASKA

OMAHA, S, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., entering scene. Looking for clean-cut 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

RENO, hot w/m, 35, top or bottom, seeks same, 25-45. Likes levis, hardhats, jocks, hairy chest, j/o, ws.Write: Capricorn, Box 7354, Reno, NV 89510.

NEW MEXICO

Two men in their fourties would like to meet bikers and others passing through Albuquerque who are into leather, levis and boots. Only those with their heads together and into drugs need respond. Box 459.

WANTED: YOUNG MAN TO SHARE Comfortable apartment in Albuquer-que with older man. Two bedrooms and two baths and splendid view of the mountains. Rent very reasonable, split expenses. Box 939.

NEW JERSEY

M needs to serve strong, dominant (prefer uniformed) who likes to work on large breasts and nipples. Will con-sider being shaved. Can travel. Box 2365, Trenton, NJ 08609.

ORAL SALVE Morris County, w/m, 40, complete service. Box 233, Mendham, NJ

NEW JERSEY/NYC BIKERS New Jersey's premier motorbike club has openings for limited number of bikers (minimum 350cc) from area. Also, sincere, masculine non-drivers who dig bikes. Year round schedule. Close-knit, harmonious fraternity Write: Box 326, Summit, NY 07901. fraternity

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

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS

NJ/NY, Captain on early retirement, 55, 5'10", 150 lbs., 7" cut thick, misses congenial sailors and docile, servile cabin boys. Would like to meat retired semen. Will break down or break in docile, servile cabin boys depending on what is kneeded. Write to your captain and get in close touch. No fats, fems, drunks or dop-ers. Fred Holmes, Box 302, Bellville, NJ 07109.

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

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 201N.I.

SOUTH JERSEY, S, 43, 6'2", masculine, cut, endowed nicely, requires oral servitude, much cocksucking from young, cut, serious slaves. Titwork, face fucking, verbal abuse and discipline. Tall, patient, but firm. Live in/out with a natural, easygoing topman. Answer with photo, cocksucker. No fats, fems, drugs. Box 946.

TRENTON, M, 50, 5'9", 160 lbs., 6" uncut, with obedient mouth, tongue and asshole begs to please knowledgeable, clean and imaginative knowledgeable, clean and imaginative S who dominates completely, including pain and abuse, with safety and mutual satisfaction. I submit to B&D, suspension, C&B and tit torture, whips and paddles, WS, enemas; but no head shaving, scat, injury or permanent markings. Box 415.

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.

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

SOUTH CENTRAL, SM, w/m, 42, 6'1", 154 lbs., 7%" uncut, experienced, seeks same. Can pick up on partner's 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.

NEW YORK

WANTED: SADIST

Hot, masculine guy needs to be abused by men over 35 who demand unconditional service. verbal abuse, floggings, shaving, toilet, ashtray, shoeshine, bondage, Westchestray, shoeshine, bondage. West ter, Putnam and Conn. Box 460.

MANHATTAN, w/m, 24, 5'8", 145 lbs., inexperienced, seeks other guy around same age for school-type punishment (give and receive), paddle, etc., and light woodshed discipline. Box 463

THE AUTHOR OF MR. BENSON Invites you to submit your applica-tion as one of his slaves. You will be expected to humbly submit to his physical and phychological demands. Your explicit letter must be accompanied by a photo. Jack Prescott, Box 465. NYC Master, 29, with slave, 35, wants masters and slaves for military and other B&D scenes. Box 204, New York, NY 10028.

CONTORTIONIST

Needs NYC muscular trainer to stretch my tight but ultra-limber body to its limits, and a little beyond. I'm 31, 150 lbs., 5'11". Totally shaved body, hot legs, like long fisting sessions and longer stretching; prefer splits and tight backbends. Phone and photo appreciated, gets same. Box 441.

BUFFALO, w/m, 25, 6', 160 lbs., 6'k", blond, blue eyes, beginner, but very willing to learn from the right Master. Color does not matter. Send explicit orders and I will follow. Box 455.

DOMINATING NYC PHOTOGRAPHER wants young, clean cut, good body, jock type to submit to imaginatively

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

SUPER HEAVY S&M Way out and wild S&M given to hot young slave by brutal, well-equipped Master. Real m's send photo, age, experience to: 12-R, c/o Room 603, 147 West 42nd St., NYC, NY 10036.

W/m, tall, attractive, 30s, moustache, uncut, looking for hot sex, WS, FF (top), verbal, whatever. Box 489.

Hot, handsome, SM, German, leather stud, 35, 5'8", masculine, well built, flexible, seeks real action with attractive Jeatherman. Lets find out how far this can take us. Send photo.

Fairly trim, white, 59, desires man 50 to 65 to share my home. Complete privacy, when desired, in separate apt. One who enjoys toys with himself as I do. We could reciprocate. It will be interesting. Box 948.

BOOT AND ASS LICKER
Has ass for heavy strapping, body for bondage, sex and whatever, Ideal is Tough Customer Cliff in No. 27, but all served. JABEZ, Box 320, New York, NY 10017.

FIST PAL WANTED Manhattan, top/bottom stud in his mid-30s, 5'9½", 153 lbs., 7", hot Irish-American moustached face on a good, hairy body with fanciful brains and hands, will service equally versatile assman, 20–45. Light to moderate heavy action. Fist fuckers only. Box 421.

NYC, w/m, 5'8", 27, masculine, stocky build, bearded, will submit to bondage and mild S&M. Want limits expanded by man who has his head in the right place, Box 440.

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, whichever 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.

HORNY ALL THE TIME Masculine, hot, 26, 5'4", 145 lbs., 6", big pecs; seeks guys to fuck, 18-35 only. Frank Cabe, 30 Perry St., 1F, New York, NY 10014.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, S, Taurus, 46, 5'9", 172 lbs., 6" uncut, white, experienced, trustworthy, imaginative master seeks serious macho leather/levi partner to 48 with reasonable endurance, into S&M, spreadeagle bondage, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded. No fems, fats, fakes. Send approriately submissive reply. Box 185R

NYC HUNG STUD Handsome, w/m, 38, 6', 160 lbs., raunchy, sweaty sex. Well built, 18– 35 only. Box 904.

CONSTRUCTION BOSS Renovating house, needs weekend slaves, serious only. Resume, photo required. Sex optional. NYC masters: bring slaves. Box 905.

BUFFALO, 32, w/m, into S&M, bondage, boots, WS and exchanges. Want to meet local studs. Top or bottom. Box 921.

TOTAL SLAVE
Experienced, 34, 165, 5'11", will obey, serve, worship young, hot, satanic leather master. Kinky action. Photos exchanged. Al, Box 1116, FDR Sta., New York, NY 10022.

ALBANY, couple, 30, 6'1", 190 lbs., 7" and 38, 6', 170 lbs., 8"; seek others into levi/leather B&D. All answered. C. Johnson. 323 Delaware Ave., Delmar, NY 12054.

NYC/NJ, 31, 5'10", 155 lbs., bad boy needs spanking, verbal abuse, and hard Greek action from white stud, 18-45. Awaits abusive letter with your orders, Sir. Univorms, jocks, fantasies a turn on; not into pain. Box 907.

MANHATTAN, white, 22, 5'10", 145 lbs., moustache, submissive, seeks topman w/moustache in 30's. Especially into cowboys, truckers, sucking hot levi crotches, jocks, boots, WS, B&D. Scenes involving pain must be mixed equally with affection, and not seen as a sign of weakness. No FF, scat, inexperienced. Box 909.

NYC CUT MAN Seeks uncut friends for raunchy, funky fun, Box 918.

Passive beginner is looking for the right man to make me sexually into whatever he wants. Am 38, 5'9", 6'4" uncut. You should be over 35, into leather/levis, hung, and looking for the one person to settle down with. Box 665E.

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

MS, Leo, 31, 5'9½", 165 lbs., 6½" cut. Hot looking, masculine, bearded, muscular guy, warm & intelligent, wants to give himself to a together, well-hung stud. Fill my mouth & ass with your cock, hand and piss, calmp my tits. Into most scenes, but no heavy pain. Box 405E.

SILICONE
Masculine, hot man interested in connecting with siliconed men, Don't write if you haven't had it done. Exchange information, ideas, photos. Can travel. Box 405F.

NEW YORK, M, Sag., needs training. Am 36, 155 lbs., white, 8" uncut. J. Campbell, Box 28, Shirley, NY 11967.

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.

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.

MANHATTAN, 31, 5'8", V-muscular, hot pecs, heavy tit-work/torture/games. Leather, S&M, seek same. Box 930.

MANHATTAN, versatile salve, 24, 6'2", 170 lbs., 7", into serving masters, 25–40, who are knowledgeable and creative. Photos. Box 945.

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

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

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.

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.

MS, Leo, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs., 6½", hot, goodlooking, masculine, comeded, 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 405F

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.

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.

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

BROOKLYN, S, 6', 170 lbs., 50, 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.

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 otp 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.

MANHATTAN, 37, 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 role-switching, scat, shaving. Box 122.

SYRACUSE, Master, 34, 5'11", 145 lbs., blond, seeking slaves into heavy S&M, bondage, water, scat, piercing, whippings, wax, shaving, etc. Either in Syracuse or my place in NYC. Possible live-in relationship. Not for the novice. Box 2874, Syracuse, NY 13220.

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

NORTH DAKOTA

BALLBUSTERS/JOCKSTRAPPERS White athlete, 24, goodlooking, into GT, C&B, S&M, B&D, bulgy jockstraps/frunks, photo freak, travels US in truck, wants to meet, experiment, trade far out ideas, photos, inventions, fantasy, jocks, etc. Have big balls and like same. Box 464.

OHIO

CLEVELAND, SM, 140 lbs., 5'8", w/m, 30, well built, into leather boots. Seeks boot buddies for mutually satisfying sessions. Level-headed only, please. Correspondence okay. Box 432.

COLUMBUS, SM, Virgo, 40, 5'9", 183 lbs., white, 6½", leather/levis. Satisfaction to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

Frye boots, large collection, trade, buy, sell, worn by young stud. For more information, write: Box 456.

DRUMBEATS: MORE AD FOR LESS MONEY

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10", 155 lbs., white, 6½", novice. French active, Greek passive, wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No tats, heavy S&M, or B.O. Box 17V.

AKRON, MS, Gemini, 43, 6'1" 195 lbs., white, 6½", 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 drugs, fems, scat. Discreet.

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

Near Eugene, butch, 6', 165 lbs., 38, hairy, brown/blue, beard, weekend jock. Looking for another guy ready to explore give and take. Good men welcome. Photo gets mine. Box 447.

W/m, 30, 6½", wants to correspond with and meet raunchy studs. Into piss, spit, uniforms, dirty talk, smoke, amyl, jocks, oil, urinals and far out sex. Send photo with dirty letter. Box 309A.

PORTLAND, S, 32, 5'5", 170 lbs., semi-muscular, hairy, 7½" cut, demanding. Like to hear slaves beg, but respect limits. Masculine dudes, tat-tooed, muscular, or at least not fat, that want discipline in leather or levis, write: Box 241.

PENNSYLVANIA

CRUEL WHITE MASTER NEEDED Philadelphia, novice slave, 23, Italian, 5'8", hairy, masculine, goodlooking, needs sadistic master, 35–65, cigar needs sadistic master, 35–65, cigar smoking, booted in full black leather, who is gentle at times, for bondage, beatings, WS, torture, lunger baths, etc. Only mature, level-headed need apply. Turn on to big, tall, heavy, bearded men. No fems, drugs, shave and places Sir Boy ing, scat. Photo please, Sir. Box 25073, Philadelphia, PA 19147.

PHILADELPHIA, slave, 34, seeks experienced, real Master. Interests includes prolonged bondage, submission and exploration of limits. A photo and phone number would be appreciated. Box 446.

PHILADELPHIA, w/m, 28, 6', 160 lbs., blonde, muscular, 8". New to FF; looking for someone to show me how to take it. Also into shaving. Box 919.

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 humilion public warehis, Make 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

of South Central, PA, from Drummer 31 – your letter is a real turn on. Want to meet/hear from you. Very discrete, Box 958.

HARRISBURG, M, 160 lbs., 28, white slave looking for master, 21—45, no fakes, fats, fems, uglys. Into WS, B&D, jock straps, torn pants. 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 go to NY, Philadelphia, Baltimore or DC.

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

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

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.

Pittsburgh, M, 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, Virgo/Scorpio, 42, 5'7", 160 lbs., white, 7"; know-ledgeable, Italian stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to underand hairy, experienced to under-stand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his boots, leather and chians. 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.

Libra, 45, 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", knowled-geable. 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.

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, 6', 170 lbs., white, 12". Experienced military disciplinarian with rural 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

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.

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SOUTH CAROLINA

M, 24, 66 kg, 178 cm, white, into whippings with belts, welts, tit torture, verbal abuse, bondage, manacles, shackles, gags, piss, enemas, sucking, getting fucked, leather, levis, bootter, levis, protections and uniforms. boots and uniforms. Seeks cor-respondence and/or meetings with boots dominant white Masters in USA, Canada, England, Germany, Sweden and Australia, Box 687C.

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 manto-man action. No bullshitters, drunks, drugs or fat. Box 61.

TEXAS

DALLAS, Cycle rider, 5'9%", 160 lbs., seeks others into police uniforms, breeches, boots and leather. Real police officers (cycle especially) assured discretion, Possible relationship. No fats or fems, Outfitting photos exchanged. Box 434.

DALLAS, w/m, 43, 6'1", 165 lbs., loves to service hot studs who just love to lay back, have their cock sucked, and ass rimmed, and talk to me dirty. Also have X-rated video tapes for you to watch while I service you until you are pleased. Please send nude photo with letter. Box

DALLAS, attractive Virgo, 32, 7½" uncut, 6'3", 180 lbs., seeks short, hot young men from out of town. Descriptive letter with photo answered immediately. Box 19172, Dallas, TX 75219.

SAN ANTONIO, w/m, 29, military guy, wants master for discipline. Into B&D, WS and much more, Prefer young military guys but others, 18—35 okay. If there is a young stud out there, please let me serve you, Sir. Will correspond with young service guys anywhere. Can travel. Photo please. Box 941.

HOUSTON. Serious slave wanted for total obedience and servitude by patient but firm master, 35. On your knees and write to Box 903.

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

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.

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

DALLAS Leo and Aquarius both DALLAS, Leo and Aquarius, both 8½", 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 Box 266. hot men. Photo appreciated.

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VIRGINIA

D.C. AREA, M, 39, 5'11", 185 lbs., needs hot master, prefer uncut, nine-plus, to fill my hot ass while working on my tits. Also into WS. Box 439.

RAUNCHY FACE SITTERS

Arlington, toilet w/m, 35, moustache, hairy, wants raunchy, smelly scat scenes, mutual or you on top. Smelly arm pits, cheesy cock, good body odor all are turn-ons. Also, phone j/o with exhibitionists and scat guys. Would like to take some good scat photos. Can be generous. No fems. Box 937.

FAIRFAX COUNTY, w/m, 28, 6′, 210 lbs., submissive, available for bondage, Fr action, tounge service, etc. Need dominant, hairy w/m to 35. Single or groups. Teach me to serve you. Box 908.

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, so that a distribution. 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 when rides them ciners leasther/lusis. 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

SEATTLE AREA, FF top and/or bottom looking for good times. Loving fist, trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys. Into uniforms, sports (if you know what I mean); am hot for truckers, cowboys and leathermen. Am 5'11", 170 lbs., husky, 9" uncut. Box 698.

S&M | FATHERMAN Seattle, into hot, gutteral sex. Lean, smooth chested, goodlooking, masculine w/m, Cancer, 40, 6', 140 lbs., good body, blond, blue eyes, tit rings, uncut 7" cock w/Prince Albert ring, wants top or bottom men into leather. ring, wants top or bottom men into leather, B&D, harnesses, belts, whips, piss, FF, rimming, dildoes, tit and C&B torture, catheters, hoods, gags, hot wax, sweat, etc. I want your ass to feel real good while you are strung up or spreadeagle. "The asshale is the opening to a man's body." Write only if you are coming to Seattle, Box 951.

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

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

WISCONSIN

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

DRUMMER 39

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.

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MISCELLANEOUS

DRUMMER NUMBER ONE Collector wants this first issue to complete collection. Must be complete copy in very good to excellent condition. State condition and price. Other rare gay publications sought and available. Write for information, wants, terms, Box 430.

WRITE A HOT ONE Get a hot one back! Dig dirty letters, MC, S&M, GS, BD. Tell me what you get off to. Clay. Box 928.

AUSTRALIA

SYDNEY, Masculine ex-life saver, 40, 6'4", 180 lbs., 9", experienced topman, visiting USA and Canada in June/August 80, wants to contact big, hunky men into S&M, B&D, WS. Not interested in posturing leather guesses. Also visitors to leather queens. Also, visitors to Aussie as above should contact me. Have toys and the best meat in town. H.J., 5 Palmer Lane, East Sydney, N.S.W., Australia 2010.

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.

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

AUSSIE GUY

28, hot, heavy hung, digs sweat, grease, muscles, tattoos, dirty action in run down old toilets, in quiet parks, etc. J/O, poppers, beer piss, scat on hot days/nights in trucker/ construction worker hangouts. Correspond with same on US/Australian experiences. Stogies, cigs, smoker, beer drinker wants same; maybe meet in filthy shithouse some day. Dig j/o letters. Box 961A. (Include overseas airmail postage with reply to this ad.)

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BOOK SHILL

EVIDENCE by Mark Lewerenz

DRUMMER 49

INADMISSABLE EVIDENCE

KLEINSHMIDT TAPES Transcription Vol. 9, No. 2 - Tony Accotto

First Interview

Look here, Dr. K. I ain't no faggot, I never was no faggot and I ain't never gonna be a faggot despite whatever happened and to be perfectly frank wit you which is what you said I should be, I think all this is dumb and ain't gonna work

Thanks for the cassette. Not that I couldn't write it if I wanted but it's just normal a guy would talk better than he writes. You said I should tell the other shrinks and the parole guy just the facts so here's what I want to say: I ain't no queer or no faggot. I just like to have a good friend, you know, somebody to work out with, maybe wrestle or somethin' but

just a friend see . . . no queer thing.

Here's the formal statement like you said I should have. Dear Dr. Kleinshmidt, panel and parole officer. I ain't, I'm not a homosexual and I ain't no murderer either 'cause a murderer is when you kill somebody 'cause you want their money or somethin' which ain't what I did cause what I did was total self-defense. I am making this tape despite the fact you have my statement downtown because Dr. Kleinshmidt says it could help me get out sooner.

Not that jail's that bad 'cause it ain't. The thing I hate is you don't get to see your family or nothin' like that. Or chicks either. But, hell, I do alright here 'cause I'm trying my very best to be a model prisoner and despite I was wrongly accused of a crime I didn't commit I am going to do my duty and then

get out and be a benefit to society.

The plain and simple facts are I was at a party where I became intoxicated which I probably shouldn't have done and then I was molested by a man seven years older than me and in self-defense I fought him off and he died by accident.

Second Interview

Dr. K says if I tell the truth I could maybe get into the shop and eventually even have gym privileges which I would really like as I am devoted to keeping my body fit and I would like to have a occupation. Thing is, that ain't how it works here. Like they say it's not who you know but who you blow that counts — you got to have connections which I think I got so I ain't doin' this to try to get nothin' from you guys.

Obvious I ain't gonna say on tape who my connections are but I used to have a business on the street — a supply industry you could call it. I used to supply certain commodities for people which didn't have the balls to get them themselves. Which is how I met that Allen faggot and how all this got

started and how I got in here.

But that ain't what you wanta hear first. Number one it says "Are you a homosexual and how do you feel about homosexuals?" No I ain't which is what I said last time and you goddamn better remember that. How I feel about them is they should all get fucked. I mean, I ain't no biggot or nothin'. I used to really hate 'em when I was a kid and I'd just be walking around in Central Park or ridin' the subway and they'd always be lookin' at your balls or makin' those fuckin' eyes at you or somethin'. Besides which, everybody in Bronx thinks they should be killed anyway which means I got a very liberal attitude about it which is what happens to you when you get on the street and have to deal with all kinds of customers. In fact I got to admit that homosexuals used to supply a main part of my business when I dealed in the Village which is why I moved back to the park 'cause they expect you to hang around with them sociallywhich I wasn't gonna do.

Number two. Hell yes I would describe myself as a lady's man. First broad I ever fucked I was only thirteen. I thought I was in love but I learned quick women is out after your money and them hot young girls only get you in trouble. But, just like every normal guy I love to fuck 'em which is, as I say, only normal and I got to say I'm really a soft touch too. Which is probably why women go wild for me 'cause I spend so much money on 'em and also I'm very good looking to women.

Dr. K. says give a physical description. I am six four, o.k., six three, two hundred right on the dot and in quite good shape which could be better if I get to use the gym like you promised. I have a very hard body with a stiff, flat stomach, huge biceps and thick pecs and lotsa hair on my chest and cock. Which you might as well know is big. I got at least ten inches — maybe nine — but it's big and thick and juicy and my balls are about as heavy as they can get bein' without chicks here for so long but still I ain't gonna let no faggot get it so you can just fuck off about that 'cause that's all I'm gonna say on that subject.

Ain't no way I'm gonna answer number four, five and six. I don't deal drugs. I ain't never met none of them guys listed in number five and anyway I ain't no squeeler. No I never had no sex with a queer before that night which was a acci-

dent like I said,

I can't even believe the next questions. What the fuck do you think I think about my mom and dad and my, what the fuck word is this, my si . . . siblin's? Whatever that is. What the fuck you ask that for? I'm like anybody else. This really sucks, I can't believe you drag my family into it.

You sit there on your goddamn fat asses in your Connecticut cottages or wherever and you got the goddamn gall to ask what a normal guy thinks about his ma on the same question sheet you askin' about queers and stuff. Well fuck

Yeah. FUCK YOU! If you think I'm gonna put in my own words what happened you can take this tape and shove it up your ass. You got a lot of damn gall.

Third Interview

Well . . . I wasn't gonna do this no more but Dr. Kleinshmidt was in yesterday and explained how this was gonna help me. He says to me, he says "you're gonna be here seven years at least so you might as well try to get along with me." But he did get me into shop so I guess I'll try. Only 'cause he was nice about it though, not 'cause I think it'll help any.

Dr. K. said to stick to facts and just tell what happened and don't answer the questions you think are dirty or some-

thin' so I ain't gonna.

I first met this Allen guy 'cause of my business. He started comin' around and buyin' from different people all the time and it was obvious he wasn't satisfied with their stuff. That's one thing I always done. I always had only good stuff, man. So he'd come around Thursday, Friday and buy some stuff. Maybe he'd be back on Monday or Tuesday, you know. Anyway, I got to be his regular dealer and we got to socialize some. We'd sit there and smoke a joint maybe. One or two. Usually I don't do that shit - I just drink and don't even do that in the park, which is why I ain't never been in before - except for that car thing which was a frame.

But we'd smoke a couple joints and maybe talk business and, you know, talk girls or cars or somethin'. He was like this very, kinda attractive guy see. I mean, I told you I like to have a friend and, despite he was smaller than me - what - maybe five eleven, six foot, one eighty, one ninety — he was a real man. No muscle dude or nothin' but built ok ya know and

wimp or nothin'.

So one day he says do I work out? And I say yes and so he says maybe sometime we should work out together. So I shrugged. I mean, he was o.k. but I couldn't figure why he'd be interested — I mean he had money, right? I wear two, may-be three pairs of jeans, a t-shirt and a leather jacket when it gets cold but this dude has all these designer levis and shirts and scarves and boots and leather coats and vests and sometimes he comes in a Porsche . . . I mean I just figure he has to have some kind of angle or somethin', right? But, I went to work out with him anyway. Just one time.

But it was cool ya know. No, really. It was o.k. We got to doin' that a lot of times. We would just work out together and then, well listen . . . we didn't even shower together. We used to work out in the afternoon and I had to work in the park at night so I'd stay and take a shower by myself and he'd just get

dressed and go home. All very normal, I got to go 'cause the tape is runnin' out and I'm spossed to go to dinner soon anyway.

Fourth Inverview

The doc says he thinks I'm "evading the truth." Nice phrase Doc! I punched guys out for callin me a liar. But I know you're tryin' to help and all. But to be honest about the work outs — it really was all very straight. I mean, I got nothin' to be ashamed of . . . uh. Sometimes he would . . . uh . . . give these, like shows.

He would flex his biceps at me, and then kind of pivot and let me get a back view. Then he'd stretch his right leg. Then his left leg. Then he'd peak his pecs at me - peak and relax and peak - you know, like some kind of Mr. America contest which he said maybe he was trainin' for. But he couldn'ta

made it. I mean, he just wasn't that big.

I was a hell of a lot bigger but I was gettin' kind of thick around the gut 'cause I was always layin' around with the ladies instead of workin' out all the time so I said, what the

hell, I'll work out with him.

And then, like I said, we started giving these shows for each other. Nothin' faggy about it - just two guys buildin' up. Sometimes we measured each other's arms and legs and stuff. No feelin' around or stuff like that - just we'd measure how much my waist was shrinkin' or how much his biceps was swelled after he'd worked out and, you know, once in a while he'd pat my ass or make a pass at my cock or somethin'. It was just in fun and I'd yell at him or somethin' and then maybe we'd start to wrestle around.

All very innocent. Just like we'd get into it and he wasn't so bad as you might think bein' a lot smaller than me and all. Usually I pinned him but still he'd put up a hell of a fight and once he pinned me — well a couple times he pinned me but it was only 'cause I didn't care so I let him for the hell of it.

But then he started sayin' stuff like did I want to go party with him or did I want to come up to his apartment. I mean, what was I gonna do? He obvious wasn't no queer and, well, I was gettin' used to all that money. I mean — don't think he ever gave me money, but, well . .

See, Allen was a very busy guy all the time and he didn't have time to do all the things that needed gettin' done - like buyin' food or washin' the car or stuff. So he'd just give me some money and I'd go out and take care of business for him and when I came back he'd tell me to keep the change. Which got to be a good amount, ya know, especially after I realized I

was gonna get to keep it.

So then it was like I was doin' his shit work all the time which was really o.k. and a hell of a lot easier than workin' in the park so I kind of laid off there except for really big customers and I sort of moved into his apartment. But I don't want you thinkin' there was anything to that 'cause there wasn't. We each had a seperate bedroom and I hardly ever even saw him 'cause I was always bringin' up ladies and everything and I had a regular lady except she turned out to be shit too - she don't ever come here to see me.

Fifth Interview

Shit! What a weekend we had here! Some guys tried to break out and, just for the record, I want it on tape I didn't even know about it ahead of time. I been tryin' really hard to keep Dr. K. happy and he even said I would get to use the gym next week.

Look, I'll be honest. I kind of like Dr. K. Not in no faggy way but, for a shrink, he's o.k. He even said maybe we'll work out together sometime. Which I coubt 'cause he'd have to do it here and there really are some damn tough customers here. A guy fistfucked a nineteen year old the other day. The kid just wanted to suck him but he kept faggin' up to this big bl... but I guess I better not say who it was. Anyway, the kid's in the infirmary. Got his ass fixed a whole lot better than he planned on I guess.

Anyway, the story: The Doc's on my case again about "evading the truth." Sometimes I'm surprised what he knows which is also why I kind of like him. He really is smart even if he don't know how a jail works. And I guess he does have pull.

Anyway – the part about us havin' seperate bedrooms wasn't exactly true. What I meant was that it seemed like we

had seperate bedrooms 'cause lots of nights he didn't even come home or I didn't come home or else if we both did . . .

And as far as girls go - it is true I had a girl up once, no two times but the second time Allen caught me and that didn't

go down so good with him.

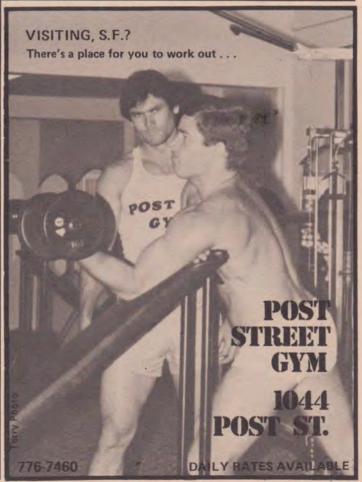
What the fuck, I might as well tell you that once in a while, not a lot, but, you know how horny you get when you're drunk? I mean really drunk? Well, sometimes we'd both get that horny and we'd . . . uh . . . we'd jack off and stuff. No hig deal.

lust that I'd be workin' out or somethin' and Allen would be measuring my thighs or ... or you know. And I'd get sorta hard and then he sorta would get hard too and, I'd laugh at him and call him queer and he'd laugh and we'd wrestle and kind of jab and pull at each other and - well we just got very rough with each other tryin' not to get really hard so the

other guy would see but ...
Well, one time he yanked at my shorts and they kinda tore away and so he could see, well, I mean it was obvious and so I tore at his and . . . look, he was a very good looking guy, right? And I was real tired anyway so I just kinda laid there instead of tryin' to make sure he was pinned and he just started suckin' on my cock which, it's kind of funny I know, but it didn't seem odd right then. And anyway I just, well it felt good ya know, and so I was just layin' there and, see this funny thing is that lots of times when I cum I have to piss right afterwards and I was just sort of cumin' and I just started pissin' and . . . God it was wierd! I mean . . . it seemed real normal for him to suck me but then he started drinkin' . . . uh . . . Shit! This is really disgusting. Why do I have to tell you this stuff? I don't see what good knowin' about this stuff is gonna do to get me out. And when do I get to use the gym?

Sixth Interview

I guit doin' the tapes for a month 'cause it was really makin' me think I was maybe soundin' like a fag but Dr. K. says that what we was doin' felt natural and good so it was, and I got to admit that's what I always thought. I'll tell you



the truth Doc. I wouldn'ta started doin' these again except you worked out with me that time. I told you I had a good body, right?

Are you really gonna let other people hear this stuff? Somehow I kind of doubt it 'cause all these sexy parts don't seem . . uh . . . don't seem quite professional, ya know? I mean, I was kind of surprised, you bein' married and havin' kids and all.

Anyway – here's the details you asked for. Allen had a huge cock. No two ways about it. I told you mine was like nine and a half inches but his was really huge. And shit - it felt good. I liked to hold it with one hand and rub his balls with the other. Or comb the hair on his chest with a thick hard brush. Really, I got so bad the he'd just be comin' in the front door and I'd have my hand inside his pants. Especially when he wore leather.

And it felt good - damn good. But what I really loved was his hot, tight ass. It just feels good shovin' in there and then kinda stirrin' up the fudge, ya know what I mean, and you just kind of slip it back and forth and, like had this way of layin' on the mats sideways and I'd come up behind him and put the old half-nelson on him only layin' down see, and then I'd kinda slip it in sometimes, usually real gentle but once in a while I'd just jam it home and he'd scream and God it felt good! Squirming and sliding and . . . But after that things just

got wierder.
See . . . I guess he'd been into this for a long time and he liked being the one on the bottom but he liked to break young guys in — I mean I found out later he was seven years older than me but he really didn't look it.

But it just got wierder all the time, I mean I kind of got into the sort of worship but where he was on his knees in front of me and it always gave me this big power rush to piss on him but after a while he started calling me honey and queer and stuff . . . I really hate that shit! And one day I got really mad and kinda slapped at him but, you know I liked living there and I kinda liked throwin' a fuck into him now and then but . . . I mean . . . I'm really not . . . violent or

Anyway I started to hit him and he just kept callin' me those names and I guess I got sort of nuts and started beatin'

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him with my fists and I kinda forgot what was goin' on and then I guess I passed out or somethin'. Anyway when I came to, there was blood on the bed and I was real scared but then the door banged open and he came in carryin' a beer for me and he'd taken a shower and put some bandages over his left eye and everything was cool.

So then I figured out that he didn't really think I was queer — that he knew that callin' me that stuff was gonna get me hot and mad so when I knew that, I wasn't really mad 'cause I knew he wasn't serious, but I pretended to be mad ... if you know what I mean. Does that make sense?

Anyway, that's when we started with the leather and the cigarettes and stuff. And when he started takin' me to the

bars. Listen Doc, if I do all the stuff you want, are you sure I'll get outa here sooner? Can I really work out in that little place by myself? I gotta quit now for a while . . . I'm gettin' kind of tired of this.

Seventh Interview

Alright Doc. Gotcha! No more personal references and stick to the facts.

The facts are Allen started taking me to these bars, see. And these bars were full of regular guys — except they were queer! I kid you not Doc. Guys built like me — better! Shit, I won't lie to you. These places were packed with truck-driver types. And cowboys and motorcycle dudes. Everything, man, and I was scared if ya wanna know the truth. All this leather and chains and guys cussin' each other and pissin' in beer cans and drinkin' it and - shit! It was very strange.

They had these rooms you couldn't see nothin' and here'd be these guys suckin' each other's tits and cocks and even fuckin'. I mean I thought Allen was practically the only regular guy in the world liked to get fucked and suddenly a whole room full of cowboys gettin' it up the ass. Very wierd.

But to be honest it was kinda nice too. What I like is I like to stand there drinkin' a beer and leaning against the hard brick wall wearing my leather jacket and pants but with both zippers open. And then I like somebody, I don't even give a fuck who, to come along and just start rubbin' on my tits and playin' with the hair on my chest and then just when he really starts gettin' into it I like to take his head and shove it down make him kneel in front of me, that's what I like. Worship me,

Then I like to have him suck it until I'm standin' there biting my lip so I don't come, just holdin' back right? And then when I can't take it anymore I just lift up my boot and he takes his lips off my thick juicy cock and I just kind of kick him and he moves on and I just stand there waitin' for it

to go down a little before the next guy comes over.

Then when I'm ready again I got to piss so the next guy comes over I just let it go, ya know. Funny as hell if that wasn't what he was expecting. I like to force 'em to take it, ya know, then I let 'em suck me again.

Shit I'm hard talkin' like this. I got a cell mate now, Doc. Didja know that? He's hard too. You are too fucker, I can see it. You don't think I'm comin' to you do ya? . . . well, get the

fuck over here then if you want to suck it.

There that's a hell of a . . . wait a minute . . . let me . . . uh . . . let me just shut this damn thing off.

Eighth Interview

Sorry about that Doc. Back to facts. Look, I really didn't mean to make you mad . . . I just forgot the thing was on. Shit! I couldn't believe the way you carried on when you heard it. Well, he's gone and I'm alone again. But - I know. No personal references.

The facts are that that Friday night we were both plowed completely loaded. I don't remember where we were or who we were with – just that when we got home there was a whole bunch of guys from those queer bars. There were like ten or twelve other people and it's just a frame to blame it on me.

Your're right about the burns. But I wasn't the only one who put them there. Allen was really into that and there was at least two other guys doin' it. It just sorta started innocent like. We was smokin' and then some guys started puttin' out their cigarettes against his arm and stuff and then later singeing his cock hair. And tits.

When I first knew him tit clamps were good enough but then it got to be stickin' pins in 'em - and those gold earing things. Then even knives. I stuck him once or twice and even cut him but you got to know he'd been doin' that shit for months and he liked it. That's the important part. He liked it! And if he was maybe a little more burned than usual it was only 'cause we was all so stoned and stuff.

You said you don't understand how if I wasn't queer I would get into that. Well . . . hey! Don't knock it till you've tried it. I saw your eyes light up when you heard that last tape. And hell . . . this cell ain't that small. What . . . all of a sudden I don't have no cell mate and then you're sittin' next

to me and rubbin' your leg against mine and all that shit.

And as for bein' personal doc . . . I ain't never thought you wanted this for no panel. You want this sos you can take it home and beat off to the sound of my voice. Don't give me that shit about personal stuff – why not mention the showers in that private gym? Or why the fuck shouldn't I say anything about you makin' me take that soap and . . .

You loved sucking my cock didn't you? You loved raking your fingers through my chest hairs and having me pinch your ears and your tits. And how about that licking my boots shit? That was a nice twist. You in your grey suit and argyle socks

on your knees drinking my piss and licking my feet.

But you're scared ain't you Doc? You're scared the other shrinks'll find out. Find out you're a pervert homo faggot. You're scared your wife in New Jersey or wherever the hell it is will find out, scared your little kiddies are gonna come home from their precious little parochial school and find out their daddy likes to suck cock and drink piss and have his ass fucked.

Ain't you scared Doc? YOU HEAR ME DOC? YOU MO-THERFUCKIN' BASTARD, DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU AIN'T FOOLIN' ME DOC. I AIN'T THE SICK ONE, DOC!

How dare you ask me how I could get into it. I didn't get into it - that faggot Allen got into it. And you goddamn it. You got into it too. And only me get's stuck with the blame for it. You're pushin' too hard Doc. You're pushin' a real man Doc, not no queer. You can only go so far. That's what Allen

Sure you found the burns and sure he was bleedin' when you found him. He had it comin' Doc. He'd already sucked me

three times and he wouldn't let me alone.

You like them words Doc? Suck? And Fuck? And Cock? You like that Doc? Imagine this then. He was on his knees in front of me drinking the sweat off my balls, being covered with my piss and even though I'd just come I was still hard and he was suckin' me and callin' me honey and queer bait and all that shit and I warned him, I said, Allen don't say that shit in front of all these people. And all them queers sitting there laughin' and thinkin' I was just like them . . . so I hit him and I kept hittin' him and I couldn't stop and those other guys started hittin' too.

There was that guy with the red baseball cap and the beer gut that started whippin' him. I never whipped him. Never. It was that guy caused the welts on his ass and chest. Fact I passed out after I cum and I come to for a minute and the guy with the cap had just shit on him and he was eatin' it and lovin' it too. Underline that in your goddamn report Doc!

LOVIN' IT!

Fuck man, I told you I cum three times and I just didn't want no more of it. I ain't no religious freak or nothin' but I . . . I just felt . . . dirty. I hated it. I hated him and his goddamn money and the things he wanted me to do all the time. I HATED IT DO YOU HEAR ME COCKS IT AND I HATED HIM! And then he pushed me too far

I was passed out. Fuck, man, I was just sleepin' and I woke up and he had me completely nude and tied up and I went fuckin' wild. He was tryin' to fuck me! ME! DO YOU HEAR ME DOC? HE WAS TRYIN' TO FUCK ME! The fuckin' asshole thought I'd go along with that shit but I was terrafied. I mean I was really scared. I just never was into that at all and . . . well, the asshole hadn't tied the bonds very tight and I was really crazy and I found his titty knife that he liked so much and

HE HAD HIS COCK IN MY ASS — DO YOU HEAR ME? There wasn't nothin' else I could do. I cut the ropes and started beating him with them. I kicked him with my boots and started hittin' him and I was cryin' because I wanted to be his friend and not kill him but I had to kill him and I was hittin' on him as hard as I could and he was just lovin' it. And I was gettin' more and more angry because he was lovin' it but I was also getting harder and harder and all those other guys was just watching and cheering and I took that chain and broke every tooth in his jaw and suddenly he knew I wasn't playin'. He knew he'd gone too far and he started fightin'

Which wasn't no good because like I told you I was bigger than him. So I picked him up and threw him at the wall tryin' not to kill him just to knock him out so he'd leave me alone but really none of that happened. Really I was just so drunk I kind of fell on him when I tried to pick him up and I wanted real bad for him to suck me but I was afraid he'd bite it so I just shoved it in his ass and when he started bleeding it only made me want it more and I had one arm around his neck like we always did the half nelson and the knife was in my other hand and I guess I just got carried away is all. But those others was just watching and cheering and now it's supposed to be all my fault. It was just self-defense is all.

Look - I was cryin' 'cause I was tryin' to cum and tryin' not to kill him but Christ! HE HAD HIS COCK IN MY ASS! And really I just wanted to be friends and I was cuttin' on his tits without even knowin' it and choking him at the same time

Fuck, I can't remember. I just can't remember. I remember, kinda I remember he was sorta blue and there was all this

blood but I was just too drunk and .

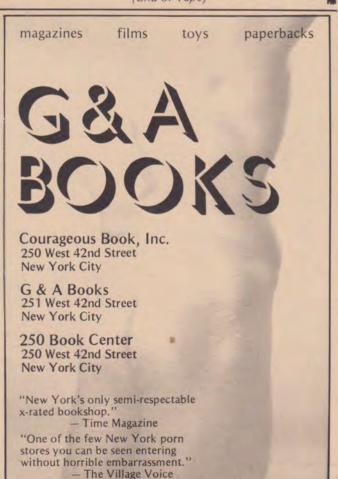
Christ Doc! You got to understand . . . You got to see . . . He was tryin' to fuck me. ME! Doc. Me . . . Look. It was self-defense. He tried . . . Listen, I ain't no faggot Doc. I'm sorry about those things I said about you. I really liked you a lot and I liked the time in the cell and the gym. And . .

Doc . . . listen. You got to believe me. See, the thing is, I really ain't no faggot and I ain't no murderer. All I ever wanted was to have a good friend, you know . . . somebody to work out with maybe . . . or wrestle or somethin' but just

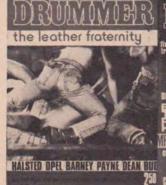
a friend, see ...

Doc, you gotta believe me. See, it's like all I wanted . . .

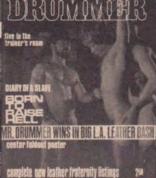
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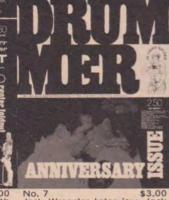
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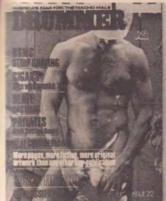


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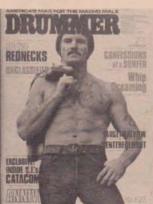
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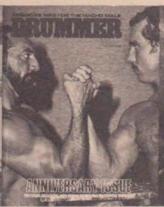


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LONDON, Leather guy, 6'2", 170 lbs., white, 7", very active, strictly top. Wants to meet groovy, muscular slaves who know how to serve a real master. Am into most scenes. Enjoy man-to-man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on 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

Middlesex, 37, 5'10", 145 lbs., 7" cut, medium build, short hair, masculine, seeks same, over 30, imaginative, into leather/uniforms or levis, hung. Am into good S&M, bondage, fisting, whipping, dildoes. Box 383.

Get Into THE 164 8th St San Francisco 861-4517 1200 Hrs Dally Uniform - Leather - Levis UNCUT MEN WANTED TUESDAY NIGHTS

WEST GERMANY

My Master commands me to place My Master commands me to place this ad: Horny pig, German slavedog, 30, 6'10", 170 lbs., 7", to lend to mearded (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 wimpering, 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.

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, suckin fucked, etc. Box 106. sucking, w/s, getting

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.

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.

BERLIN, SM, 33, 6'2", white. 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., areas. Write detailed letter with photos. Age and endowment not important, but no fems, fats, please.

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

KOREA

ARMY SARGEANT who exercises real discipline daily and knows methods of interroga-tion 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 disci-pline methods and humiliation for slave. Call 93-50-91-81. Write Box 96

SWEDEN

Guy 29, 6', 185 lbs., muscular, hung, blond, blue eyes, goodlooking, I am 50% M and 50% S, depending on partner and situation. Dig up to heavy S&M scenes, bondage, whips, chains, harness, dildoes, masks, gags, titwork, cock and ball torture, wrestling and fighting; but there are no musts as to how the scene should be. You should be 18-40, but no phonies, fems or first-timers. Please answer with photo. Box 431.

MUST BE REALLY MALE M, 30, can assume either role; inter-ested in a real man. Tends to be pas-offices of Alternate Publishing.

sive. Into levis, leather, cowboys. Into sex toys. Can travel. Willing to correspond with other Masters and slaves. Box 228M.

SWITZERLAND

33, 170 lbs., 6', brown hair, love chaps, jockstraps, leather, levis, fucking, FF, etc. Active and passive. Travel to the USA in 1980. Looking for macho stud (21–40). Like visitors in Zurich, also. Letter with photo to: P.O. Box 3025, CH-8023 Zurich, Switzerland.

ZURICH, 40, 5'6", 145 lbs., into dirty sex, oil, WS, cigars. Travel often in USA, seek raunchy dudes. No heavy S&M. Like short, husky guys. Box 936.

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,

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.

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SAN DIEGO, hot man into eating rank, slimey, ripe assholes or bean fats. Box 475.

> NY TOILET SLAVE Box 469

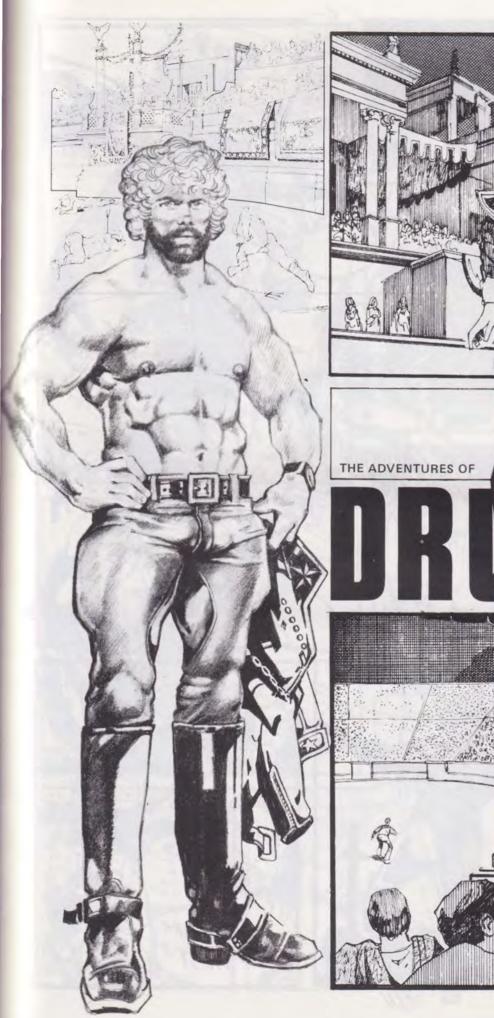
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Anyone knowing the whereabouts of FLOYD LAWRENCE, AUTHOR of "DOWN BOY" please contact me at 415-864-3472. Robert Payne.

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SHIT! 17'S FOR REAL ... IT'S NO MAKE BELIEVE ... ROMAN GAMES IN

> I'M NEVER GONNA TRUST ANYONE DRIVING A ROLLS-ROYCE AFTER THIS ...

BY BILL WARD







DRUMMER Reads The Books

Pushing Ink: The Fine Art of Tattooing by Spider Webb with Marco Vassi, photographs by Charles Gatewood and Spider Webb; Fireside Books (Simon and Schuster); oversized paperback, 190 pgs.; 1979; \$8.95.

MARK OF THE MAN

Spider Webb is one of three extraordinary tattoo artists who have had a great effect on the current resurgence of interest in the art of body decoration. The other two, Cliff Raven and Lyle Tuttle, are equally treated in Spider Webb's interesting, informative, and very erotic book, *Pushing Ink: The Fine Art* of Tattooing.

Pushing Ink really covers the genre with authority. History, technique, variety and sexual overtones of tattoos are all explored with the expertise of someone who knows what he's talking about.

The tattoo is at the same time a very private and very public decoration. Unless removed, it lasts as long as the wearer. And it varies as much as the variety of people who submit to the tattooer's peedle

rattooer's needle.

Pushing Ink illustrates, in both black and white and in color, hundreds of tattoos; from the simple jailhouse type to the complex bodycoverings that are identified with circus sideshows. There are tattoos on the familiar places; arms, biceps, shoulders; and an amazing assortment of not-so-common places; the cheeks of the ass, the thigh, the genitals, the head; in fact, any and everywhere the needle can reach.

The symbology ranges from the standard "Mom" and "Love" to delicate but powerful Oriental and Eastern motifs; original creations, fantasy, highly-erotic portraits. From the X made famous by Charles Manson and his followers to the psuedo-religious samauri body decorations. The latter are probably the most viscually rewarding of the images.

Basic information about tattoos is in abundance. From practical medical questions to the more important psychological ramifications of this form of body art

All in all, it's the most complete, authoritive, and accessible account of the often misunderstood and highly mysterious art form.

Charles Musgrave



The Body Decorated by Victoria Ebin; Thames and Hudson; 1979; paperback; \$6.95

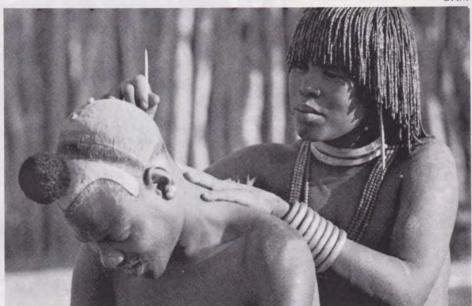
The only complaint about Ebin's look at the ancestral origins of body decorating is that it's too brief. And while there are over 100 photographs in both color and black and white, there could have been more. The whole project could have been bigger, even higher-priced.

What is there is wonderful stuff. Good

research, accessible writing, a serious but non-academic approach, and an ingenious blend of preserved art and modern pho-

By the time you get to the last page, and the last photograph, you find yourself looking at a social evolution in the most personal of art forms, and seeing, in the last photograph, what is really the sum of that evolution. But it's an introduction, the interested reader is left to search out the brief bibliography at the end looking for that elusive 'more.'

CRM



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LETTERS Continued from page 6

OPERACYCLE

You might be interested in knowing this, it's the gospel. Being a member of the THEBANS MC of Miami; to show our versatility, two of our hunkiest and most sought-after bikers go biking and on runs with their radios tuned to the opera. They are both opera and classical music fiends.

As for me, I went ape over your shaving issue (DRUMMER NO. 31). Some more pictures, please, but a full view from top to bottom, before and after. That asshole picture still has me turned on. I check it daily.

Name and Address Withheld On Request

SHAVING & MR. BENSON

DRUMMER is great, especially the shaving article (No. 32). Could we see more about shaving; shaved crotches, methods, etc? Also, I hope Mr. Benson lasts a long time, it is a grand story. Is there any chance I could become Mr. Benson's slave?

Enrico Switzerland

(Editor's Note: Get in line, applica-tions for service to Mr. Benson are piling up. As for closer shaved crotches, watch in the next few issues.)

PROLONGED JACKING OFF

Your latest, DRUMMER RIDES A-GAIN! was fantastic. The Bound And Gagged photos were great - let's have more photos like that. Also, I really liked, but really freaked-out on Cavelo's Men. Wet dreams and prolonged jacking-off is right! Give us more of his stuff; lots more.

Looking forward to your next special. Your Loyal Subject in Vancouver, B.C.

HOT CHOCOLATE

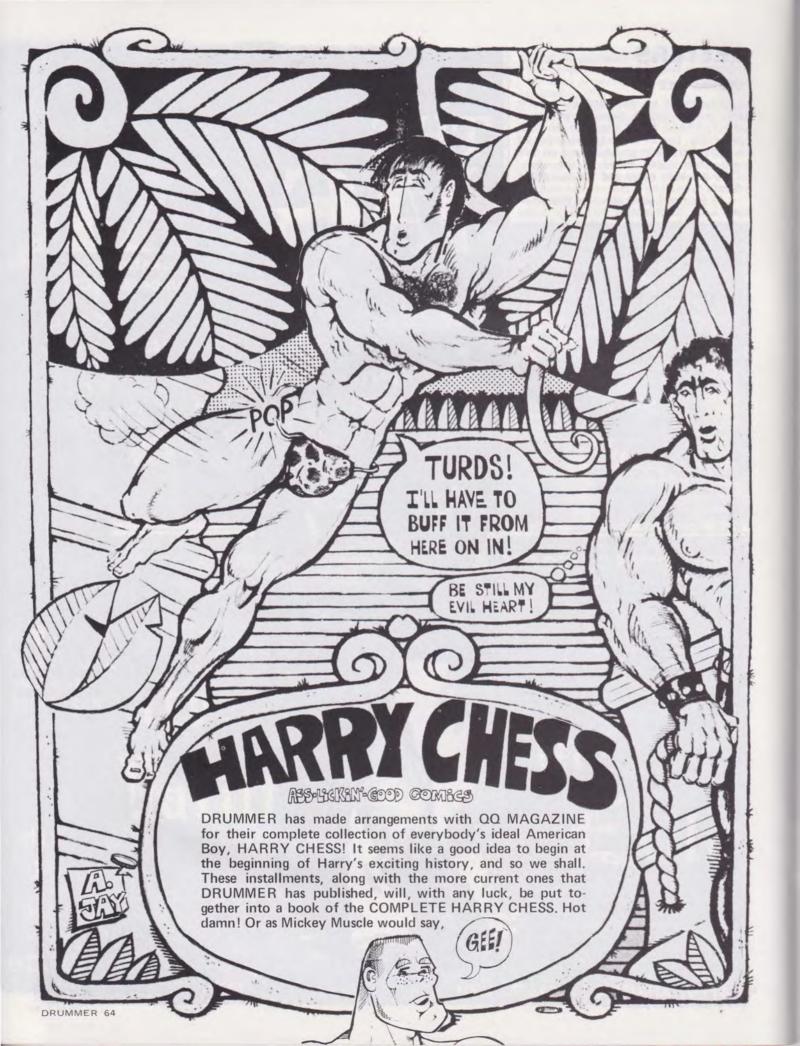
I've just finished re-reading issue 31 for the fifth time, and it's hot. But I want to add my protest to Mr. T.G. of Hartford, Ct (Barefoot Beef). Beach feet are no turn-on (what else do you wear at the beach — Florsheims?). I'd like to see some healthy stud's feet and read about the aroma of his man-feet. Tell our brother in Canada who wrote in issue 31 that there are other men who share his tastes, and more and more studs are discovering this pleasure too.

I'm constantly expanding my horizons, and I'd love to see new articles on

C&B, water sports, sniff 'n' lick.
Also, let's add a little equal opportunity to some Black dudes in your magazine. I've had a Black lover for the past two years, and we both read your magazine. You had a short piece with some chocolate in your centerfold last issue, and I'd like to see that man stripped, with his legs spread wide, and his cheeks showing. As your readership expands, you're taking in new people who'd like to see everything that turns them on. Come on, add a little dark meat to the banquet.

New York City





The Super Adventures

MY PLACE.

OR YOURS?

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MYSTERIOUS HI-JACKING OF HUMPY, YOUNG TOUGHS FROM THE HAIGHT-RASHBERRY SECTION OF SAN FRANSISCO ...HUMM? THE NUDE UNCONSCIOUS BOYS WOULD arry Chess! BE DISCOVERED DAYS LATER ON A DESERTED ROAD, OR ON AN ISOLATED BEACH-WITH GHASTLY EVIDENCE THAT VERY NAUGHTY THINGS HAD BEEN DONE TO THEIR BODIES! AND ALWAYS-A MOTORCYCLE WOULD BE TATOODED ON THEIR CENSORED! GASP! THIS RASH OF TOUGH-SNATCHING PLAGUED THE S.F. POLICE. WHO COULD THEY TURN TO ...?

THE CIA WOULDN'T TOUCH IT. J. EDGARAND HIS BOYS (1) THOUGHT IT TOO DANGEROUS. THE GIRL SCOUTS WERE BUSY.

SO NATURALLY, IT HAD TO BE HARRY CHESS...THAT WEALTHY, YOUNG BACHELOR-ABOUT-TOWN...THE CRUSADING EDITOR-PUBLISHER OF "WANG" (THE PHYSIQUE MAG WITH A DIFFERENCE!) H.C. IS IN REALITY SECRET-SUPER AGENT #2 FOR EU.G.G.* THE SEGRET-SUPER PROTECTIVE FORCE OF THE MOTTOMACHINE SOCIETY (... AND WE ALL KNOW WHO THEY ARE!)

HARRY, FUGG'S* TOP SECRET-SUPER AGENT, AND HIS YOUNG, MUSCULAR ASSISTANT AND CONFIDANT — THE LOVELY MICKEY MUSCLE ARE CONSTANTLY BATTLING THE EVIL FORCES OF THE EROTIC, AND THE NASTY - WHEREVER THE HETEROS FEAR TO TREAD — AND WHEREVER SUPER DANGER, AND CREAMY INTRIGUE CALL!



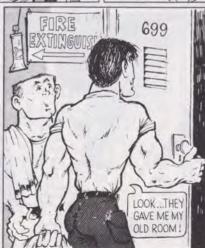






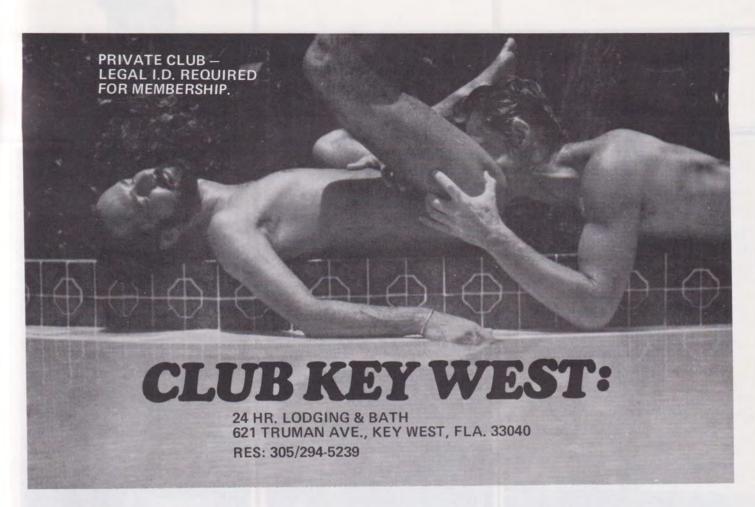


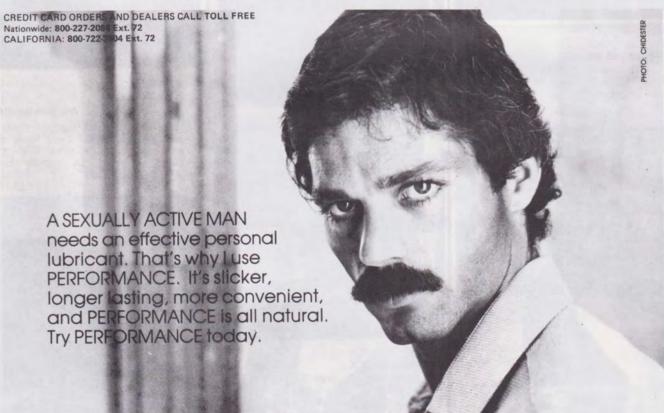












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TOUGH GUSTOMERS



BILL St. Louis, MO (above and below) Bill can be reached c/o SSC, Box 11244, St. Louis, MO 63105.

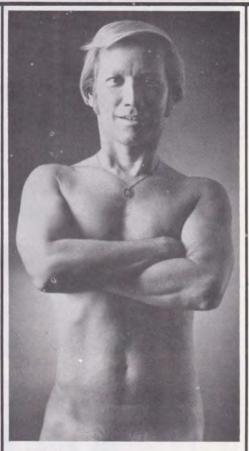


Drummer's Tough Customers are just what their name implies, ready and willing, but hard to plase tops and bottoms. And there's nothing as upfront as a Drummer man, right? That's why these studs are here, to show you what they've got and to see if you're man enough to handle it. Want to join them? Let's see what you've got, stud. Send your photos to: Tough Customers, c/o Drummer, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103. If it's good enough, you'll see it here.

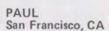


JIM Grapevine, TX

I'm in my mid-30s, 6', 165 lbs., have 7" of solid hunky meat. Love the outdoors, into all scenes — but JO is my specialty. Am bodybuilder and model. Can travel. Jim Peters, Box 286, Grapevine, TX 76051.



STAN New York City



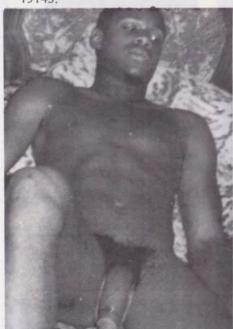




RICK Boston, MA

AL Philadelphia, PA

Man enough to take and give, are you? Love white ass, dig hot sex. Will write all hot guys who send photo. Al Johnson, 5850 Hadfield St., Philadelphia, PA





ED

Mira Loma, CA
Leather Ed, 4892 Marlatt, Mira
Loma, CA 91752. See Drumbeats
ad in this issue.



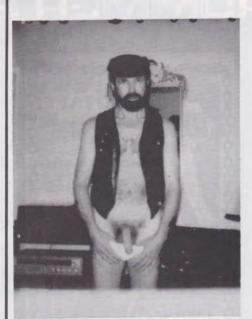
I'm into leather, motorcycles, horses, oil wrestling, bodybuilding. Heinz Swoboda, Postfach 500104, 405 Munchengladbach 5, West Germany.



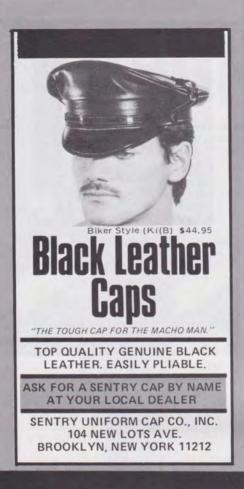


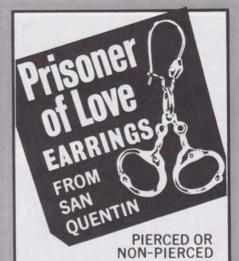
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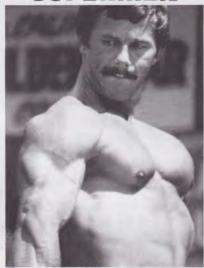
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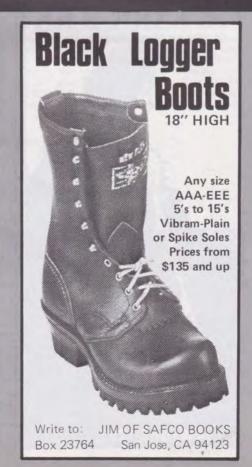
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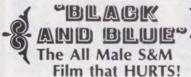


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TOUGH



Texas Truckstop

Somehow, I had landed in El Paso. Texas, but fortunately for me I had Bob Dameron's Address Book. A little out-of-date, but so is El Paso. Thumbing through the pages of hot action places, I came upon El Paso's contribution: two gay bars and a "mixed" hotel bar. Not bad. Wonder what kinky sex West-Texans would get into? I could always get my rocks off, blow jobs were easy to come by. What I was looking for did not have a category. All I knew was it had to be different.

And that is exactly what I told the bartender after two or three drinks and watching the nellie Mexicans do their

local camping.

The bartender suggested I drive out US 55, north into New Mexico, about forty miles; stop alongside the two-lane road; put the hood up on my car; take my shirt off, and wait for a trucker. This was their code for "come and get it while it's hot."

I had a few more drinks, gave a hohum glance around the bar and went out to my car, getting a hard-on from an-

ticipation.

It was not much trouble finding the highway. It took off across the desert like a ribbon. Lonely, glistening in the moonlight. It disappeared over the horizon without another car in sight.

I drove about forty miles and pulled

off the road.

The time was about 10 pm or later. Somehow I had managed to lose track. The night was crystal clear and refreshingly cool. There were a billion stars in the sky and in the distance the lone yelp of a coyote.

After putting the hood up, I stripped completely to feel the cooling breeze through my legs. I was getting hornier just by fantisizing what might happen. My nuts began to groan.

The road was so straight and level, it looked unreal in the moonlight. I could see the glow of El Paso in the southern skies and forty miles in the other direction: nothing but haunting darkness.

Out of the southern glow grew a tiny dot of light. It seemed hovered on the horizon for hours. The silence gave way to a vibration, which turned into a distant roar. The light had a bounce to it, and by shifting my glance, I could see a yellow glow. This meant a trucker for sure.

Pulling on my Levi's, I kept staring at the light. The closer it got the more it bounced. This guy was going full throttle. The roar filled the night stillness while seperate leadlights appeared framed in yellow. Just as he shot past me, I leaned over the fender of my car.

The wake of wind nearly blew me into the engine as little tornadoes curled down the shoulders of the road. I started to shake just from the force that had in-

vaded the calm.

About fifty yards down the road, he slammed on his airbrakes and fishtailed to a stop. I could hear his door slam and footsteps approaching out of the dust, leaving behind a well-lit and running truck.

He was tall, about six feet, and slim. His cowboy hat shadowed his face but he walked as if he knew he was hot. Without hesitating he leaned under the hood beside me with his arm around my waist. A man's face turned to me and said, "Horney? Let's get it on, I ain't got much time."

As I grabbed his crotch, his mouth lunged at mine and his hands darted at my ass and hard cock. A bottle of amyl appeared out of nowhere and the desert air turned tropical. We were nude in no

time.

As the lights thundered off into the night, I stood in the middle of the road, straddling the center line, naked, wet, swollen cock, loose ass, whisker-burned body and a smile on my face.

- Robert Baker

TALES

Sunstina

Last summer I was bored as hell one warm afternoon and decided to do something about it. I always love to expose my body as often as possible and this time I decided to do it not far from my apartment. What I really like to do is expose my cock to the sun in hopes that it will tan and darken the skin.

This particular afternoon I put on a pair of cut-offs then walked the few blocks to the neighborhood park where a group of about 10 studs were playing basketball. It was hot as hell outside, and none of them wore anything more than gym shorts and gym shoes. They were doing a lot of running around, their bodies were glistening with sweat. I was really getting excited by the thought of those muscular pumped-up bodies across the way from where I was sitting.

I had sat down on the grass behind a large boulder and could easily see over the top, without being seen. However, had any one of them come very close, he could have easily looked over the boulder at my exposed crotch. I could sit and stroke my hard cock while looking at

those animals.

I sat in the midday sun, my body sweating and my cock bone hard. I had let it slip out from the bottom of my cutoffs, along with my balls, and was soaking up the burning sun on this tender area of flesh.

The sound of the basketball thumping against the concrete court over and over and over again lulled me into sleep; with my cock jumping and landing on the ground with each thump of the basketball. I closed my eyes and drifted off, thinking about the taste of those sweaty torsos.

I felt a sharp tingle on the head of my swollen cock, not a great pain, but a constant sensation. I looked down and saw about a dozen red ants climbing over my phallus, crawling into the piss slit of my cockhead; their tiny stingers dipping into the red flesh of my dick. They were making my cock even harder, combining the sharp sting with the heat of the sun. Soon, I was in a state of frenzy.

I sat and watched the come start oozing out of my cockhead. The ants were exciting me to the point that I was coming without even touching my

cock.

I slipped my cock, ants and all, back into my shorts and laid back to sleep

while the sun was setting.

When I got home, I slipped off my shorts and looked at the damage the ants had done to my cock. It was all red and swollen like it never had been before. And it stayed that way, and half-hard, for two days.





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DRUMMER'S Party at the Bulldog baths

Drummer won't attach its name to just anything, so when the owners of the Bulldog Baths invited us to sponsor their opening night party, we had to go check the place out and make sure it lived up to the Drummer image. And you could tell it did as soon as you stepped through the door.

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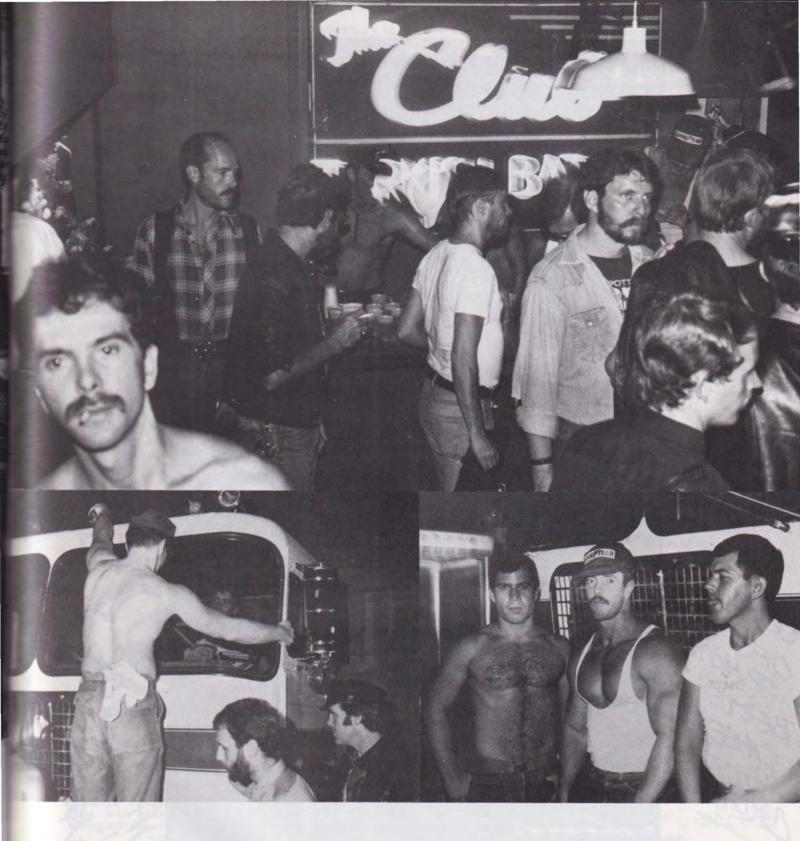
Bulldog is strictly mansex with men in a man's environment. From the truckdriver to the prison guard, from the construction hardhat to the street cop; the motif of the Bulldog brings them all to life.

For once, someone has designed a bath house for the macho man's fantasies, a place where they can be played out (or lived through) enhanced by the surroundings instead of despite them.

Physically, its four floors are laid out

to grab the senses and direct them toward the proper channel. You enter on the second floor, confronted by the headlights of a semi-rig when you walk in the door.

Below you, and reaching up to the second level, is a two story prison tier that is so incredibly real (real cells, real bars, real toilets, real day-room atmosphere) that when you see a guard standing on the second tier looking down on you, you're ready to kneel down and



get prison-punked.

A mid-level features the Bulldog version of a hot back room bar, complete with pool table, murals, a flashing neon sign, and a giant video screen that shows a steady stream of sports films. Below that is the Bulldog restaurant where proper nourishment is available at all hours. Yet another truck cab glares its head-lights into the glass doors of the restaurant, which by this point, visually, is more a truck stop.

There is an abundance of toilets (the private kind) with extraordinary graffiti and artwork, all created by New York artist Brooks Jones, designed to repre-sent four decades of sexual erotica. Jones also created the amazing murals throughout the Bulldog; each seemingly alive tableaus emenating from the shadows. In a lot of the private rooms, Jones has created glory holes that can be easily mistaken for the real thing (I did, and the super hung cock tasted amazingly like

wood).

On any night, The Bulldog is home of some of the hottest studs and most willing slaves in San Francisco. And Drummer's opening party for the Bulldog, pictured on these pages, included the hottest of the hot.

It's worth planefare to San Francisco, no matter where you live.

Chris Nobel

CROP CROP S'X 96 Parmet Druga. Druga.

CENTER OF HOTO BELTER CROTCH



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





ERAMROD SAN FRANCISCO



1225 FOLSOM STREET

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.

ARIZONA

PHOENIX AND THE ST

Connection	4211 N. /th St.
Nu-Towne Saloon .	5002 E. Van Buren
Ramrod	395 N. Black Canyon Rd.
Swim & Sea Athletic	Club. 2822 E. Van Buren

CALIFORNIA

ALAMEDA Alameda Steam Baths . 1001 Santa Clara Ave.

ARCADIA (off 210 Pway) Longbranch Saloon . . . 131½ E. Huntington

RED LANTERN 4618 E. Belmont Ave.

GARDEN GROVE

IRON SPUR 11086 Garden Grove Blvd. SADDLE CLUB . . 8192 Garden Grove Blvd.

LONG BEACH
MIKE'S CORRAL . 2020 Artesian Mr. Cherry
STALLION 5823 No. Atlantic Blvd.

LOS ANGELES / HOLLYWOOD

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

PALM SPRINGS/CATHEDRAL CITY
Dave's Villa Caprice (motel & spa) 67-670 Carey
An Old Friend (motel) 1830 Racquet Club Rd.
Party Room 67-977 Hwy. 111

PALO ALTO

Bachelor Quarters (baths) . 1934 University Av. Whiskey Gulch Saloon 1951 E. University Ave.

SKYLARK 917 Inland Center Dr.

SAN DIEGO

SAN JOSE

COLORADO

DENIVER

Ball Park (baths)					107 So. Broadway
Den					5110 W. Colfax
Fox Hole		•	2	9:	36 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 11 20 'O' St. S.E.
EAGLE 904 9th St. N.W.
Loule's Spartan Lounge ... 305 9th St. N.W.
Olympic Baths 1405 H St. N.W.
69th Precinct (baths) ... 70001 Blair Rd. N.W.

FLORIDA

DAYTONA BEACH Landmark 615 Main St.

FT. LAUDERDALE
The Everglades Bar . . . 1931 So, Federal Hwy,
Gym Health Club 901 S.W. 27th Ave.
Tacky's 2509 W. Broward Blvd.

Phoenix 2069 Phoenix at 11th

KEY WEST

MIAMI

ORLANDO

Parliament House (complex) 410 N. Orange Blossom Trail

TAMPA

SPURS..... 2201 15th St.

Dude County 520 Forrest Hill Blvd. Men's Country Bar 506 25th St. Town Pump 205 Datura

GEORGIA

ATLANTA

. 551 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE 1080 Peachtree

HAWAII

HONOLULU / (Downtown)
Question Mark 43 S. Beretania

WAIKIKI

ILLINOIS

MR. B'S CLUB 606 State Line

IOWA

DES MOINES Country Cove 203 - 4th

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS
Body Works (baths) 303 N. Senate Ave.
Club Indianapolis Baths 341 N. Capital

KANSAS

WICHITA Cattlemen's Assoc., Ltd. 1534 Ida

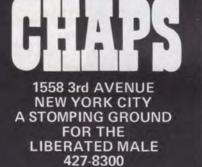
KENTUCKY

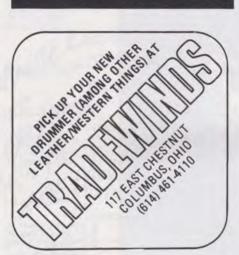
LOUISVILLE Badlands Territory 116 E. Main St.

Men's Bar/Bath Scene (

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









LOUISIANA

	11	N	E١	N	C	R	L	E	A	N	S
Camp Baths .											512 Gravier
Canal Baths .											738 N. Rampart
Corral Bar											. 901 Bourbon
Golden Lanter	rn										1289 Royal St.
Round Up								٠			. 819 St. Louis
The Stake Out		*					٠				940 Conti
Tiger Lounge											. 940 Burgundy
II'S WEST .											820 N. Rampart

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE Club East Baths 1105 Cathedral

MASSACHUSETTS

PROVINCETOWN

BARS: Atlantic House (Macho Rm.) . 4-6 Masonic Pl. The Cellar (Crown & Anchor Inn) 247 Commercial St. **GUEST HOUSES:**

GUEST HOUSES:
The Captain & His Ship . 164 Commercial St.
Fisherman's Cove . 145-7 Commercial St.
Haven House . 12 Carver St.
Heritage House . 7 Center St.
Sea Drift Inn . 80 Bradford St.
Georges Inn . . 9 Court St.
Victoria House . 5 Standish St.

SPRINGFIELD Quarry (below the Pub) 382 Dwight St.

MICHIGAN

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS

Big Daddy's (baths) 3 N. 7th
Happy Hour 408 Hennepin
Locker Room Health Club . . 315 1st Ave. N.

MISSOURI

STLOUIS

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

NEBRASKA

. . . . 516 S. 16th

NEVADA

NEW JERSEY

ASBURY PARK
COLONY BATHS . . . 500 Summerfield Ave.

ATLANTIC CITY (SEASONAL)
Ramrod (above Lark Inn) 174 S. New York

BRICKTOWN

The Egyptian Baths 1714 Hwy. 88

CAMDEN
Club Camden Baths 1498 Broadway

NEW YORK

BUFFALO
Club Buffalo Baths 44 Almeda (amherst)
Villa Capri 926 Main st Allan

FIRE ISLAND — CHERRY GROVE/PINES
"Meat Rack" — Outdoor Action Area

Sea Shack Cherry Grove

FLUSHING

Northern Men's Sauna . 137-08 Northern Ave.

MANHATTAN

NORTH CAROLINA

CHARLOTTE

Club South Baths of Charlotte
1708 South Blvd.
New Brass Rail . . . 3513 W. Wilkinson Blvd.
Original Brass Rail 105 W. Morehead

OHIO

CLEVELAND
Club Steam Baths 1448 W. 32nd St.
Club Cleveland II Baths 1293 W. 9th
LEATHER STALLION . 2203 St. Claire Ave.

COLUMBUS
The Loft . . . 622 S. High St. (above The Grotto)
Tradewinds II 117 E. Chestnut

OKLAHOMA

OREGON

PENNSYLVANIA

PITTSBURGH Rathskellar 1226 Herron Ave. Schume's Liberty Baths . . . 917 Liberty Ave.

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN Lion of St. Mark's Baths 205 Calle Luna

Men's Bar/Bath Scene '80

WESTERN / LEATHER / MACH	O / WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO / W	/ESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO
Main Street Bar	Barracks, Ltd. (baths)	HAMBURG Chaps Bar
AMARILLO The Old Plantation 1005 No. Filmore St.	VANCOUVER	HOLLAND
Private Cellar	The Garden	AMSTERDAM Argos Bar
The Crews Inn	WINNIPEG The Office (baths) 1060 Main St. DENMARK	de Spijker Bar
The Locker 1804 No. Harwood FT. WORTH	COPENHAGEN SLM Kobenhaven (private) Schacksgade 9	Cosmo Bar Schledamse Singel
651 Club	ENGLAND	ROERMOND Bar Sjinderhannes Swalmerstraat 42
HOUSTON	LIVERPOOL	NEW ZEALAND
Brass River Bottom . 2400 Brazos Locker . 1732 Westheimer Mary's . 1022 Westheimer Montrose Mining Co. . 805 Pacific	The Gazebo Duke Street	AUCKLAND
Mary's 1022 Westhelmer Montrose Mining Co 805 Pacific	The Coleherne 261 Old Brompton Rd. Festival Club 2 Brydges Place	Bistro Bar (Great Northern Motel Bottom of Queen St. Empire Tavern Victoria St. West/Nelson St.
Exile	FINLAND	Jaunesse Doree (sauna) 945 New Morth Rd. Mt. Albert
Silver Phoenix 302 Avondale at Mason	HELSINKI	Victoria Spa (sauna) 64 Victoria St. West
Warehouse Lounge 2404 Marshal	Redway Restaurant (Second Floor) Kirjatyontekijankatu 10B	British Hotel Bar Port Lyttleton
VIRGINIA	FRANCE	Dorian Society (private) Call 794-796 or 799-493 Passport Lounge (Cantabrian Hotel)
Paddock Tayern 125 W. Plume St.	Le Keller	Manchester St.
WASHINGTON	GERMANY	WELLINGTON Royal Oak Hotel Bars Cuba Street Sud Sauna Baths 116 Wakefield St.
SEATTLE 2402 Let Aug	KOLN	Sud Sauna Baths 116 Wakefield St. SCOTLAND
Dave's Baths	Platzabbeck 22 Matthiasstrasse BERLIN	EDINBURGH
Zodiac Club Baths 1117 Pike St.	Knolle Bar Bundesalle 48	Kenilworth Bar Rose Street
WISCONSIN	6	M.
Man Hole 207 So. Washington	COUNTRY ROCK I	OR COUNTRY BOYS
MILWAUKEE Club Milwaukee Baths 704-A W. Wisconsin On Broadway Health Club . 158 N. Broadway WRECK ROOM	FILL UP!	
AUSTRALIA	BEER	
ADELAIDE Pulteney 431 (Sauna Club) 431 Pulteney	WINE	
BRISBANE 179 Club (baths) 179 Edward St.		THARITA
MELBOURNE Caufield Sauna 1 482D Glenhuntly Rd. Caufield Sauna 2		
Spa-Guy (baths) 553 Victoria St. PERTH		
Male Sauna Club		al services
Barracks Bar Flinders St. Barrel Inn 12—14 Challis Ave. Potts Point Club Baths 109 Oxford St. Kens Karate Club (baths) Kensington King Steam (bath/sauna) 127 King St. No. 80 (coffee shop below/game rooms upstairs) Little Oxford St. near Taylor Square	T ST	STORE STORE
King Steam (bath/sauna)	DE BOOK OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR	STREET STREET
The Roman Bath	25	STREET
BRUSSELLS LJ Bar 42 rue de la Grand Ile		
CANADA	128-3	
MONTREAL Continental Montreal (baths) 456 La Gauchetiere Rud's 1250 Stanley	18.7	CHOW DOWN!
Bud's	24 hours	CHILI PIZZA DAILY SPECIAL SALAD SOUPS STEAK LUNCH
TORONTO The Barn (L&D) Church & Granby Sts. Ruddy's Backroom Bar (behind Crispins)	683 CLEMENTINA STREET	A distribution of the state of
Ruddy's Backroom Bar (behind Crispins) 64 Gerrard	OOD OFFINENTIAN STREET	621-HEAD
07 0311010		DRUMMER 79



TIME MAGAZINE Bias, Please!

Although gays have made the cover of Time Magazine on three separate occasions (the latest when Time decided it was perfectly alright to be gay); their advertising department takes a dim view of even the most ambiguous pro-gay advertising. Alive! Magazine, a Florida-based gay lifestyles publica-tion submitted a nondescript subscription ad only to be turned down without explanation by a Ms. Jane Griffith, who is on the 'Copy Acceptance Committee.

In light of the above incident, Drummer has decided not to advertise in full-color on the back cover of *Time Magazine* for the

next year.

NORMAL S&M

A 23-year-old student died naked and bound with rope at his flat in Maida Vale, an inquest heard recently. Returning a verdict of ac-cidental death, coroner Mr. Gavin Thurston said, "This is a very frequent happening, particularly with more intelligent young men, and this was a very intelligent young man doing well in his profession. It was an absolutely typical sexual masochistic incident and does not suggest any abnormality.

Paddington Mercury

MIZ LILLIAN REGRETS

Lillian Carter, the president's mother, attended a fund-raising benefit held in swank Beverly Hills for the Los Angeles Gay Community Services Center. When Lillian stepped out of her limousine at the function site, reporters asked her if she was embarrassed.

"No, of course not. Of what?"

She was told that the affair was to

raise money for gay organizations. Her "No, not at all" was followed by a quick, "Is that what it is?"



FESTIVAL WHIPPING

in Rawalpindi, 10,000 of them gathered two prisoners whom had been given life for a public whipping of 27 men who had sentences by the religious courts. broken various Islamic laws, ranging from think of doing on a Saturday night.

men were naked. They were chained to post. A good time was had by all.

Pakistanians love a carnival, Recently pillories and caning was administered by

Spectators booed the cries of the drinking liquor to patronizing whore- flogged men, which were amplified to the houses. Islamic law forbids both, along crowd by way of microphones attached with just about anything else you can to the pillories near to the prisoner's think of doing on a Saturday night.

One man, who accepted his The prisoners were brought to a huge beating without uttering a sound, was arena decorated with bright ballons and cheered by the onlookers when he paper streamers and the obligatory raised his chained hands in a victory persian' rugs. Except for white briefs, the salute while being led from the whipping

S.F. Chronicle



SORRY, GUYS

Why bother with a jock strap when your side has lost the pennant? Wally Bruno, sans strap, comforts team players after the Alouettes lost the Grey Cup Final to the Edmonton Eskimos in Canada's 1979 NFL season. It may not be the first time footballer Bruno has waved his bouncers in his teammates faces, but it was the first time the Canadian press printed a photograph usually reserved for the cutting room floor. And this from a country that bans DRUMMER as being obscene. Talk about fat asses.

photo from La Presse

SPANKER GETS IT IN THE END

PITTSBURGH - A former bank manager who admitted spanking delinquent loan customers was sentenced yesterday to three years in prison for misappropriating more than \$88,000 in bank funds.

U.S. District Judge Paul Simmons sentenced David Rhodes, 38, former manager of a Beaver County branch of Century National Bank.

Rhodes, a Baden, Pa., resident, said he administered spankings in his office as punishment to more than 50 men who were delinquent on loan payments.

"I never had any trouble with them afterwards," said Rhodes.

But Rhodes told the court he was forced to make eight unrecorded loans totalling \$88,268 when six of those who were spanked threatened to report his actions to his superiors.

One of the six, none of whom has been charged, demanded more money or "he was going to make it out as a homosexual activity," Rhodes told Simmons.

If your card doesn't offer you 1400 rooms, on 64 floors, with 30 steamrooms, 25 saunas, 24 whirlpools, and 8 swimming pools, then you haven't got THE CARD...



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CLUB BALTIMORE
Md (301) 837-6529
CLUB BUSTON
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III (312) 337-0080
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CLUB DAYTON
Ohio (513) 898-4233

CLUB DETROIT
Mich (313) 875-5536
CLUB HARTFORD
Conn (203) 289-8318
CLUB HONOLULU
HI (808) 922-1304
CLUB HOUSTON
Texas (713) 659-4998
CLUB INDIANAPOLIS
Ind (317) 635-5796
CLUB JACKSONVILLE
Fia (904) 398-7451
CLUB KANSAS CITY
Mo (816) 561-4664

CLUB KEY WEST
24 hr. Motel Accomds
Fla (305) 294-5239
CLUB LOS ANGELES
Ca (213) 663-5858
CLUB MIAMI
Fla (305) 448-2214
CLUB MILWAUKEE
Wisc (414) 276-0246
CLUB MINNEAPOLIS
MINN (612) 332-4581
CLUB NEWARK
NJ (201) 484-4848

CLUB NEW HAVEN
—opening soon—
CLUB NEW ORLEANS
L3 (504) 581-2402
CLUB NEW YORK
NY (212) 673-3283
CLUB PHILADELPHIA
Pa (215) 735-9568
CLUB PHOENIX
Ariz (602) 271-9011
CLUB PITTSBURGH
Pa (412) 566-1222
CLUB PROVIDENCE
RI (401) 274-0298

CLUB ST. LOUIS
Mo (314) 533-3666
CLUB SAN FRANCISCO
C2 (415) 392-3582
CLUB TAMPA
Fia (813) 223-5181
CLUB TOLEDO
Ohio (419) 246-3391
CLUB TOLEDO
CLUB WASHINGTON DC
DC (202) 488-7317

CLUB LONDON
Ontario (519) 438-2625
CLUB TORONTO
Ontario (416) 366-2859

ONRAP

"I asked a man in prison how he got there and he said he had stolen a pair of shoes. I told him that if he had stolen a railroad, he would be a U.S. Senator."

Mother Mary Jones (1830-1930, Socialist organizer)

GAY MAGAZINE TRIAL

The U.S. District Court in Washington D.C. will hear a suit filed on behalf of prisoners by the National Gay Task Force and three individual gay publications. The suit seeks to prevent the U.S. Bureau of Prisons from banning gay material in federal institutions. While the outcome of the suit will have no effect on state prisons, it will set a precedent that could easily lead to removing bans against gay publications on the state level. The District Court has scheduled to hear the suit in 1980,

PRISON FIRE

The Gaycon Newsletter reported in its October issue that the Federal Government settled out of court to the families of five prisoners killed in a fire at the federal prison in Danbury, Connecticut. However, the government made it clear that they would assume no blame for the fire, in which another 71 prisoners were injured. The prison officials claim an arsonist was to blame, while prisoners testified that the fire was the result of faulty wiring. Guards could have saved the lives of the five dead men by unlocking an emergency door. Instead, they made sure everyone was locked in before calling the Fire Department. That caused 80 men to be trapped in a burning cellblock. But security was maintained, the prison guards noted.

PRICE TAGS

What does prison cost? Besides the obvious cost of building and staffing and maintaining a prison, what does it cost in terms of the effects of prison on a man or woman's psyche? What kind of physical costs are involved?

Then, what is the pro-rated individual cost of maintaining all prisons to the free world taxpayer? What final percentage of your dollar winds up in the prison structure — in the concept of a prison's existence?

It's an ongoing cost, and an inflationary one at that. Just like eggs and milk and gas, prison maintenance increases day by day, year by year.

The heart of the matter might not be the prison, per se; but the very concept of federal institutions. If taxpayers had a checklist on which they indicated how and what percentage of their tax money was to be spent; what condition do you think prisons and nursing homes and community clinics would find themselves?

Most people don't really care about prison conditions until they or someone close to them becomes an inmate. In a

humanitarian society (and there is debate if we are one) the outrage should be permanent, ongoing, cathartic. Yet there has been little real social reaction to prison conditions.

In fact, there may exist a segment of society that views the prison structure as a viable social framework for mass society. Experimental housing programs have tottered dangerously close to the prison in design and planning. Institutional living, be it military school, the military itself, communal living: all reflect the bottom line of the prison organization. Curious stuff.

THE RIGHTS OF PRISONERS

The ACLU has revised and reprinted their handbook on the rights of prisoners. The cost is \$1.50 (postpaid). Order from: American Civil Liberties Union, 22 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016. The ACLU will send copies of the handbook free to prisoners, so if you already have a prison correspondent, you should let him know about the handbook.

PRISONERS

Scorpio, 26, 5'6", 135 lbs., brown hair and eyes, gets no mail, has no family. Donald McBenge, Box Walla Walla, WA 99362. 520-263643,

I'm 33, 5'7", 168 lbs., brown hair and hazel eyes. I like country & western music, horseback riding, fishing, hunting, camping and traveling. Gerald Lupinski, No. 137-158, Box 5500, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

I am a 28 year old male from San Francisco. Frederic W. Barber (B96750), Box 2000 (M-163), Vacaville, CA 95688.

A friend that I work out with told me about ConRap. I am a 30 year old Black man, 6', good solid build, brown eyes. I am honest and caring and am looking for correspondence that could turn into friendship. William Boar Boatwright, No. 78A-3364, Box 367-Merle Cooper, Dannemora, NY 12929.

I am 28, 6'2", 170 lbs., and bi. I enjoy the outdoors and mellow lovers. B.P. Harbaugh No. 2139, 57547-A Quad, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

I am 38, 5'11", 150 lbs., like music and reading. William Concannon No. 23997-175, Box 888, F-Unit, Ashland, KY 41101.

I am 36, 6'2", 175 lbs., a college-grad, healthy, friendly, former school teacher. Richard L. Allen, Box 5500-148-620, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

I am 21, 5'9", 170 lbs., white, good-looking with a fairly muscular body. I would like correspondence and will be getting out soon. Joseph Seibert No. 09111, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

LETTERS Continued from page 63

WE DIDN'T WRITE THIS LETTER. HONEST!

I first read your great magazine about a year ago, however I made the gross mistake of lending it out and never seeing it again. I'm not taking that kind of chance

again, and am subscribing.

The year that I had to do without DRUMMER was rotten, as far as finding anything worthwhile to read. I suffered through MANDATE, which sucks, but not the way I like my sucking. And BLUEBOY belongs in a women's beauty parlor, is anyplace at all - that piece of shit really sucks. There isn't anything on the market that even comes close to DRUMMER.

> M.G. Tampa, Florida







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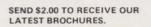








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ALTERNATE PUBLISHING 15 Harries St. F. S. O. IV. ATELLIS

"If it Fits, Print It"

The Hollywood Times

THE WEATHER

Cool at Catalina Balmy in Basin Sultry on Sunset

VOL. MCMLXXIX....No. 1

@1979

HOLLYWOOD, MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1922

40 Cents past Pasadena 25 CENTS

HOT FLASH HITS HOLLYWOOD!

IN TENT INCENSE TOO INTENSE?

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."



To get your RUSH Liquid Incense or Sensual Body Lubricant by mail order, see our coupon on page33 of this issue.