

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

More pages of original artwork and fiction than any other Gay publication

MR. DRUMMER CONTEST

MARDI GRAS FANTASIES

FOR MEMBERS ONLY

MINESHAFT BASH

CMC CARNIVAL

RUN NO MORE

SUBMISSION

STUD POKER

MAG

\$2.75

OUTRAGEOUS!

**SEVEN ARTISTS
MASTER & SLAVE
CALENDAR**

ISSUE 43

IT'S OUR FIRST --- ANNIVERSARY ---

AND WE'RE
HAVING A
HUGE
PARTY
AND YOU'RE
INVITED

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1981

ALL DAY / ALL NIGHT / NO COVER!

CONTINUOUS LIVE PERFORMANCES
AND VIDEO ENTERTAINMENT

742 NO. HIGHLAND AVE.
HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90038
(213)461-3501

SAT & SUN: 6:00 A.M. TO 2:00 A.M.
MON-FRI NOON TO 2:00 A.M.

GREG'S

BLUE DOT

New from the makers of **RUSH**

**HEAVY
DUTY**



**LIQUID
INCENSE** ®

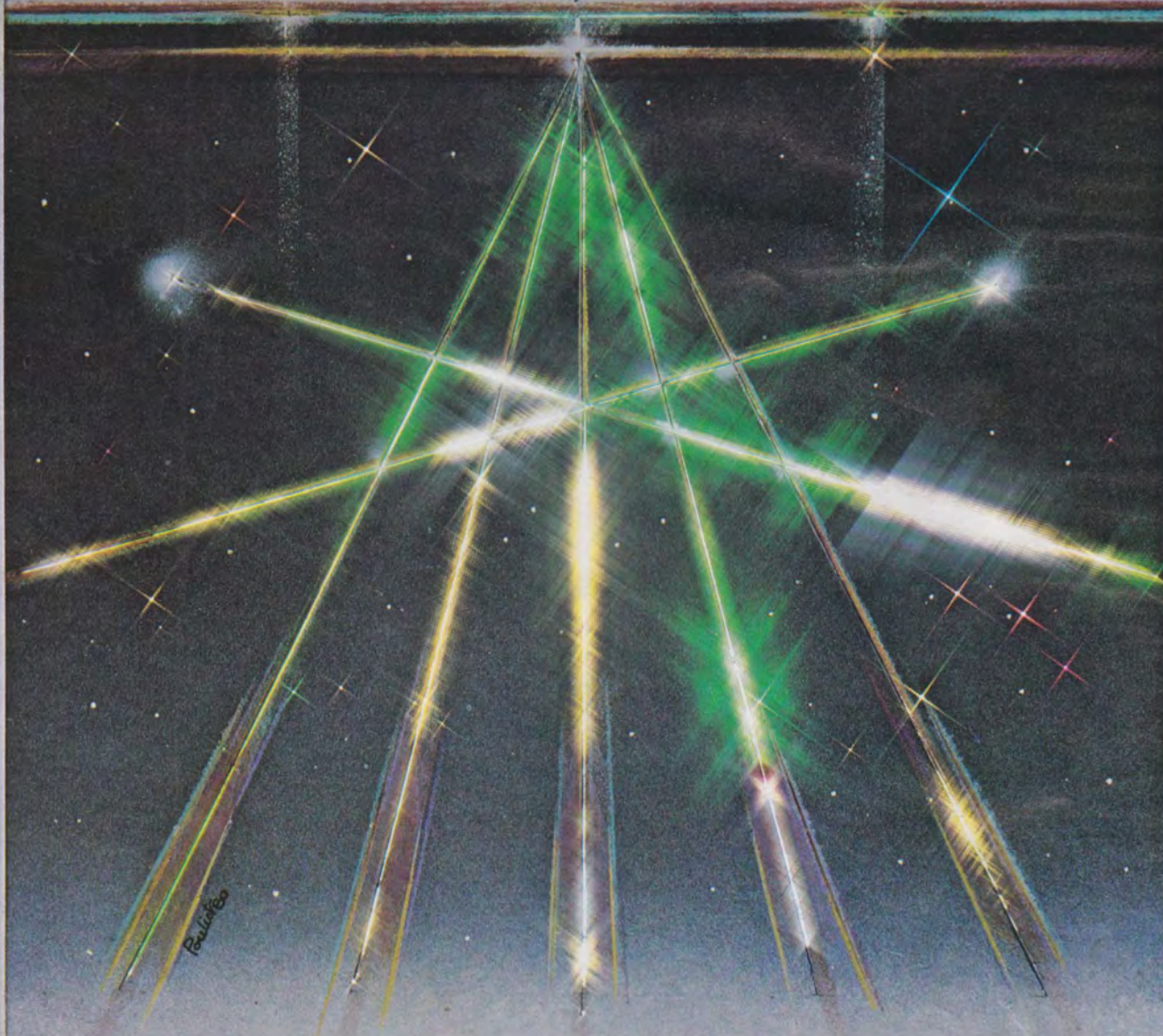


The product specially manufactured for Heavy Duty.

© 1980 Pacific Western Distributing Corp., San Francisco, CA

pipeline

"WHERE THE ENERGY FLOWS"

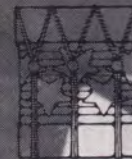


opening this winter
9 Lansdowne Street, Boston
(617) 536-0206

DRUMMER

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

Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5

43

6 GETTING OFF/MALECALL

8 MARDI GRAS:
MADNESS TAKES ITS TOLL
Once a year in New Orleans, thousands of men get their fantasies together for the ultimate act of public exhibitionism.

13 STUD POKER
Derek's back, and Drummer's got him, with one of the wildest card games in recent memory.

21 JAILHOUSE ROCKS
Cavelo's latest series is set in a Southern jail, where the law of the land is in the hands of the warden, and the guards, and sometimes the prisoners.

26 MEMBERS ONLY
Part 2 of Drummer's Guide to Specific Organizations — where you can find just what you want, just how you want it, with just the right person.

29 THE CMC CARNIVAL
The Woodstock of leather gatherings is held in San Francisco every year, and 1980 was no exception.

32 SUBMISSION/de Sana
Leslie East looks at Jimmy de Sana's stark visions of body functions.

37 RUN NO MORE
Chapter Three of Larry Townsend's classic S&M novel takes us deeper into the web of the action.

45 SLAVES AND MASTERS:
THE 1981 DRUMMER
CALENDAR
From the imaginations and hands of the top erotic artists comes Drummer's pull-out calendar for this year.

53 DRUMBEATS
Thousands of potential ideas for an evening, a week, or...

61 DRUM

63 TOUGH CUSTOMERS
Men on the loose...

67 MR. WESTERN DRUMMER
The first of Drummer's regional contests in search of the perfect master. You shoulda been there...

72 TOUGH SHIT
Remember the Black dude with the 17" dick? Well, meet his counterpart.

76 THE MINESHAFT
ANNIVERSARY
As can be expected, it was a no-holds-barred event. And no holes barred.

81 BOOKS

83 FILMS
Raging Bull, Robert DiNero, and hard times.

85 DRUMSTICKS

87 CONRAP

91 LEATHER NOTEBOOK

94 IN PASSING

Contents Photo by Yank

Cover Photo by Jim Moss

DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

Copyright 1981 by Alternate Publishing. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced in any form without prior written permission from the publisher. Published monthly by Alternate Publishing, 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. A stamped, self-addressed envelope must accompany all manuscripts, artwork or photographs that are to be returned. Alternate Publishing assumes no responsibility for manuscripts, photographs or artwork sent through the mail. Any similarity between characters appearing in Drummer fiction and any real person, unless identified by name, is purely coincidental. Inquiries concerning The Leather Fraternity should be addressed to Alternate Publishing at the indicated address only. Readership is limited to adults.

PUBLISHER JOHN H. EMBRY
EDITOR JOHN W. ROWBERRY
ART DIRECTOR KEN WOOD
PRODUCTION DEAN MALANUT
TYPESETTING MARJ ANDERSON
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR KARL STEWART

CONTRIBUTORS: JACK PRESCOTT, AARON TRAVIS, JASON KLEIN, ROBERT PAYNE, LARRY TOWNSEND, HANK TROUT, TERRANCE SAGAN, RON ENDERSBY

PHOTOGRAPHERS: TERRY SF, JIM MOSS, WOLFGANG, RINK, ROBERT PRUZAN, ZEUS, ROY DEAN, YANK, KENSINGTON ROAD, TARGET

ARTISTS: CAVELO, CHARLES R. MUSGRAVE, CHUCK ARNETT, MATT, HARRY BUSH, BILL WARD, DOMINO, ETIENNE, THE HUN, KEN WOOD, MACBETH, ADAM, ZACK, BRICK, OLAF, DENNIS KENNEDY, WEST, KEN ROBERTS

DRUMMER, DRUMSTICKS, DRUMBEATS, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, TOUGH SHIT, LEATHER-MAN'S NOTEBOOK, MAN TO MAN, ASTROLOGIC, IN PASSING, and DRUM are copyrighted names of departments appearing in DRUMMER MAGAZINE. Copyright 1980 by ALTERNATE PUBLISHING.

GETTING OFF

1984: THE COUNTDOWN BEGINS

While we pass into the second decade since the contemporary gay liberation movement began, we can indeed look back at a number of watermarks in our advancement as a class and a minority. But on the horizon, perhaps even closer than the horizon, looms the real threat of retreat and the possibility of unwarranted repression for most of the gay community in America.

We have recently seen our greatest enemy, the religious fundamentalists, rise to unprecedented levels of power. The seemingly overwhelming immediacy of an Anita Bryant pales by comparison to a grassroots movement that is as well organized and financed as these new harbingers of social temperance. They have brought into their self-proclaimed moral battle not only their hatred for all things gay, but their equal dislike for the liberal and progressive politics and policies that were our allies during the past decades.

The ascension to power by this new ruling class is all but complete. In two years time the christian movement plans to sweep out of political office the last vestiges of liberalism. But even before then we will have felt the blow of their terrible swift sword. Beyond political gains, they are intent on repealing all existing gay rights legislation (a feat we already know is very possible), and insuring that no new civil legislation for gays is enacted. Already they have been successful in the current Congress. They

intend to launch a program of repression against gays in a wide variety of areas: housing, employment, civil rights, and civil liberties.

There is some resistance to the new christian right wing, but isolated and, so far, ineffective. Because gays have failed to merge into a consistent voting social, or economic block, we are not enough in ourselves when battling the forces of the new power elite. Too many of our non-gay supporters are facing extinction at the hands of the new majority. The amount of energy and involvement that can be expected from the establishment-left will grow less with each passing year.

It isn't enough to convince ourselves into thinking that the new power brokers are a temporary kingdom that could vanish overnight; the trend of the majority of the country after the cultural explosions of the 1960's has been toward a new conservatism, and the fundamentalists have been waiting in the wings for decades to implement their holy crusade against all that challenges or disrupts the 'natural order of things'. Never mind that the latter is a subjective process open to various interpretations; we are talking about a well-organized coalition of church and business the likes of which haven't been seen since the great Dutch colonizations, or, going a bit further back, the Crusades.

The impact of even four years of an ultra-right-wing policy can set the gay rights movement back two hundred years. Long after the bible-bangers are gone there will be the laws and regulations, the judges, the policies etched in acid on the face of American life. It took almost 30 years just to wipe the taint of the McCarthy State Department purge off our image. This time the pendulum threatens to swing right off its axis.

What to do, what to do. Part of the problem we face today is that we have never done enough for our own good. We greeted each local law-change as a major political victory, while the new right collected another million signatures and another million dollars for their war chest. We celebrated each political endorsement as the crown that would guarantee the kings reign, and the new right gathered another million names and got another million pledges.

We treated the defeat of the Briggs Initiative as proof that justice would always prevail, and the new right bought another communications satellite and six new television stations. We cheered being granted a morning conversation with a White House aide as a significant concession and the new right bought six radio stations, four hospitals, and gathered another million names.

Then we divided ourselves over which

candidate we would grant our endorsement (and many of us never learned the lesson of the McGovern-no-win election) and the new right began calling in those pledges, and broadcasting on those television and radio stations, and contacting all those names and spending all those millions of dollars on billboards and newspaper ads and political placards and campaign brochures.

In a country with literally thousands of elected political positions, gays can claim three victories — not one higher than State Senate. And many gays voted for the correct religious fundamentalist candidates, and voted against open gay candidates for one reason or another.

What did we do, what have we done? And how serious is the threat? It's this serious:

The new christian right supports racism and class distinction, it supports the right to own hand guns (all the while claiming a constitutionality that does not exist.) It supports tax exemption for the church without following the separation of church and state doctrines that are clearly in the constitution. The new christian right is opposed to equal rights for racial and cultural minorities. It wishes, and has publicly announced its intention to violate the rights of privacy in one's home, the rights to lawful public assembly — and would deny the democratic participation of all citizens in matters of national policy.

The new christian right movement is, in few words, white ruling class elitism.

Sound a bit frenzied, a bit out of sync? Sound more like the scenario for 1984 than 1981?

We can, individually and collectively, continue to ignore the very vocal intentions of the new power structure in America. We can turn deaf ears to every atrocity, close blind eyes to the deterioration of our civil rights; to the violence against us; to the lack of legal redress — for as long as we are able. But that won't change it, not even after the new christian right itself fades off into the sunset. Besides, we will have faded first.

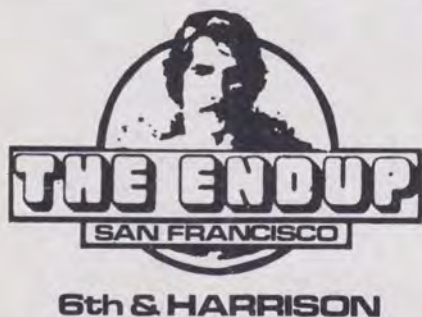
What we can do about it is this:

We can start over, because we are, in 1981, at ground zero. And we can start on a small scale, among an intimate circle of friends — learning that there are no differences between the leatherman and the clone that matter when both are threatened by the same enemy, there are no differences between gay men and gay women that matter when both face annihilation.

We can come to the quick realization that it is only through our mutual support, given completely and without question, that we have any strength. We have seen isolated incidents that have brought us together in moments of stress: Bryant, Briggs, the murder of Harvey Milk, the murder of two gay men in front of the Ramrod in New York — moments when our social fabric was torn by the homophobes and the moralists.

We can take a basic fundamental truth about community — that it only exists when united — and use that truth as the foundation for our continued existence. Otherwise, we are already lost.

— John W. Rowberry



MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

CHEERS AND GRIPES

Protest: Why no 'Tough Customers' in Issue 40??!!

Cheers: You dropped "gay" on the cover of Issue 40! I wrote you a letter protesting that silly, effeminate name for us a year or two ago — it took all this time!

Gripe: Issue 40, last sentence of Townsend's reply to Phil (*Leather Notebook*): "At the risk of being unkind, I would suggest that you get your leather-clad ass out of our bars until you're ready to use it appropriately." Leather is leather; S&M is S&M. The one does not automatically or always mean the other. If Townsend is to be sincerely helpful and correctly informative to a tyro-like Phil, then he should be more careful about being easily misinterpreted, even if he means to be humorous. Earnest men who are not knowledgeable about many of these things may not recognize humor of this kind.

Biker
Shavertown, PA

(Editor's Note: There was no 'Tough Customers' page in Issue 40 because none of our customers was tough enough that month to send us his photo! We can't print 'em if you don't send 'em in. By the way, have you sent us a photo for "TC...")

MORE ON ISSUE 40

I am a slave and I like your magazine, but I can't speak for everyone. Sir, I must respectfully criticize your Issue 40. If, as a slave, I came into your editorial office and complained, you would probably order me to the backroom, make me strip naked and give me ten lashes across my bare back; and I would understand your reaction — a criticism from an impudent slave to some Masters of journalism. But here is my experience with Issue 40.

Never have I received such a whipping from my Master, who is black, Sir, as I did last Friday night. I got in from work at about 9:30 and Master Rick yelled, "Get your ass in the garage!" I moved quickly to the garage, knowing that it meant a whipping for me because that is the only time I am to go to the garage where Master Rick keeps his motorcycle. I mentally reviewed what I may have done wrong that morning... I was baffled at the moment.

In the garage, Master Rick yelled "Strip!" I jumped to it so as to keep him from getting angrier. "Stretch your bare ass across the motorcycles!" he ordered, and I did. He handcuffed me and put on leg shackles, then went to the wall, chose a wide leather strap and brought it over to where I lay helpless.

"Slave, you like DRUMMER Magazine?" he asked. "Yes, Sir," I replied. "I hate it!" Master Rick responded.

He told me that in Issue 40 there were 33 full pages of photographs but all were of WHITE men; he had counted no black man in the publication. He sermonized that black men read this magazine and do want and pay for ads in "Drumbeats" — they want Masters, slaves, and/or lovers through this contact. He continued on how gays want no one to discriminate against them as to their preferences, but that DRUMMER has discriminated against blacks with no single "token" of a black in the male society presented in Issue 40. "Why?" Master yelled. "How come?" He is black; he was hurt; he wanted some black image given to readers of DRUMMER as fair to him and to his race. I couldn't help his frustration, Sir.

Sir, does DRUMMER also serve the black gay community? Can one out of ten black males be also gay. My bare ass is a symbol of a color issue — it is red because you have not seriously considered the black readers of DRUMMER.

My Master is not an extremist; his fierce whipping of me was a symbol of a problem of acceptance.

a slave
L.A. County, CA

ON THE OTHER HAND...

My Master has commanded me to write this letter to you, Sir, to congratulate you on Issue 40 of DRUMMER. Both my Master and I are very impressed with the "Erotic Portfolios" — my Master is also a photographer, Sir, and he commends you on recognizing and highlighting the talents of the photo-artists presented. We also both enjoyed the fantastic stories in that issue.

We applaud you, Sir, for showcasing the talents of important leather photo-artists and for maintaining the kind of wonderful raunch we expect from DRUMMER. Issue 40 is one of few magazines ever to acknowledge that leathermen have brains as well as cocks, and we thank you for the compliment, Sir.

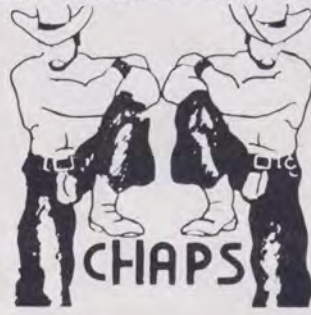
slave bill,
New Orleans, LA

(Editor's Note: Because of our intimate contact with the leather community, DRUMMER has known throughout its publishing history that our readers are bright, knowledgeable, informed men with the ability to appreciate more than just fucking and sucking — although we realize how much they appreciate good ole f and s, too. We feel we owe our readers both — stimulation for their minds as well as for their crotches. We hope to continue to bring you both because you deserve it.)

THE CRYPT
TOYS - LEATHER - FILMS - EROTICA
733 Fourth Ave.
San Diego
(714)231-4776
2222 Broadway
Denver
(303)825-7655
1310 East Union St.
Seattle
(206)325-3882



Eastside's most popular western/leather bar



1558 3rd Ave. (Between 87th & 88th) 427-8300

THE GREAT SEAL OF
THE INTERNATIONAL
LEATHER COMMUNITY
LONG BEACH



2020 EAST ARTESIA BLVD
213 423 9968



Touche Chicago

EAGLE



7864 SANTA MONICA — 213 / 654-3252
Los Angeles

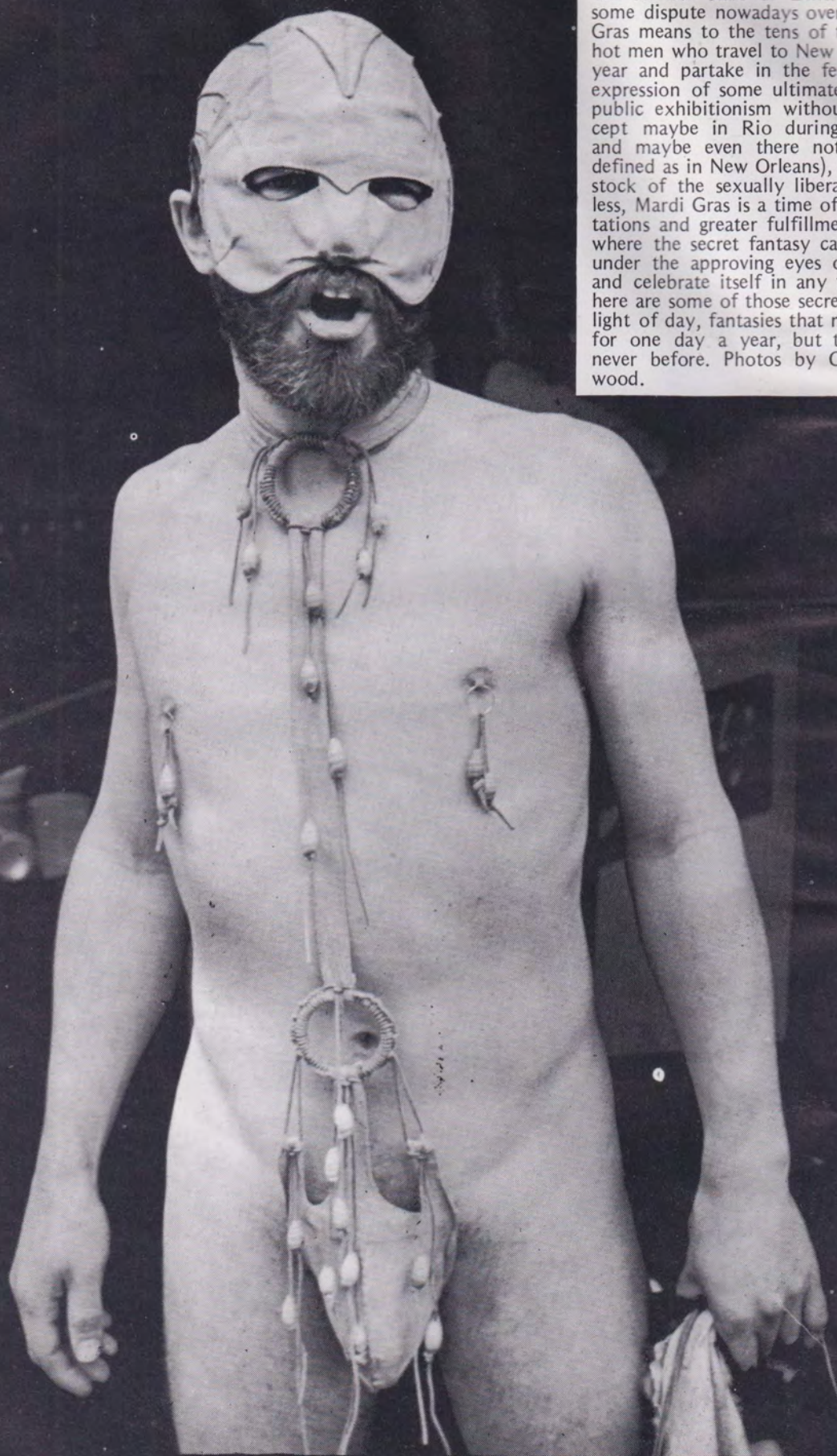


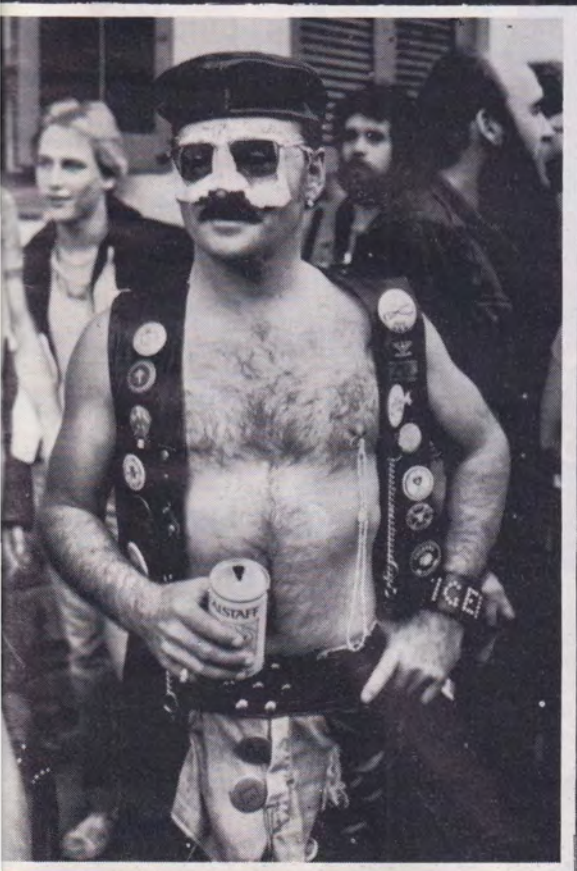


MARDI GRAS:

Madness Takes Its Toll

Mardi Gras used to be a religious celebration, the last day of madness before the somber start of Lent. But there's some dispute nowadays over what Mardi Gras means to the tens of thousands of hot men who travel to New Orleans each year and partake in the festivities. The expression of some ultimate fantasies, a public exhibitionism without equal (except maybe in Rio during Carnival — and maybe even there not as sexually defined as in New Orleans), or the Woodstock of the sexually liberated. Regardless, Mardi Gras is a time of great expectations and greater fulfillment — here is where the secret fantasy can take flight under the approving eyes of the public and celebrate itself in any fashion. And here are some of those secrets in the full light of day, fantasies that may live only for one day a year, but that live like never before. Photos by Charles Gatewood.







CAVELO

The Zeus Collection is particularly proud to offer for the first time in exclusive publication format the highly erotic muscle/bondage art of CAVELO. For years CAVELO's only visibility has been restricted to private collections. Recently his work has seen limited publication on the pages of Drummer magazine. His attention to historical detail with regard to implements, apparatus, and technique qualify his art technically accurate as well as erotic. Zeus invites you to travel into history and the art of bondage with CAVELO's impressions of The Inquisition, Uniformed Interrogation, How The West Was Won, When In Rome, Mutiny, and The Foreign Legion.

ZM-104 CAVELO PORTFOLIO \$8.50
48 pages - 8½ x 11
plus \$1.00 for first class postage/handling

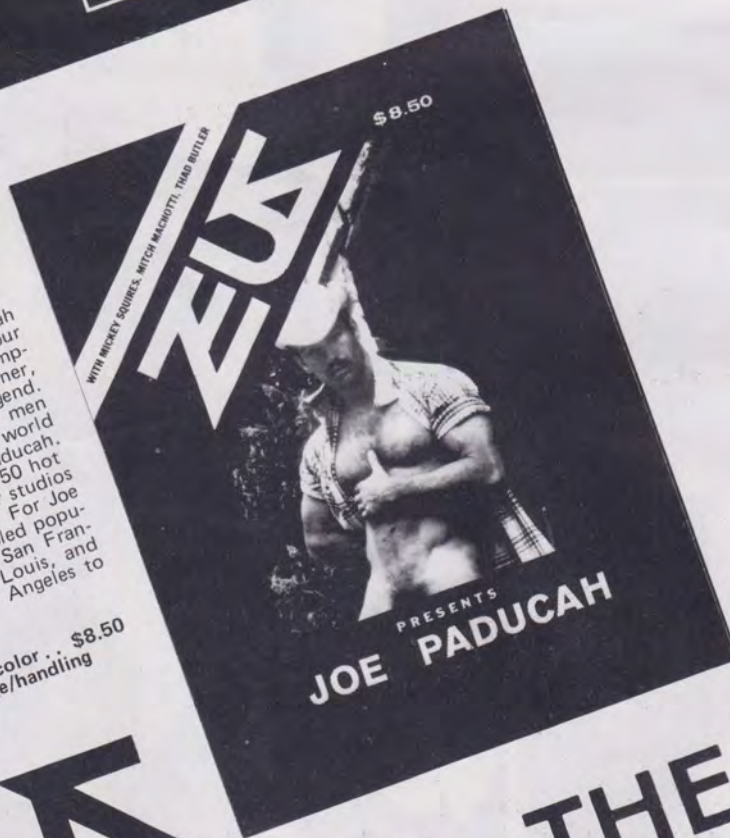


ZEUS

PADUCAH

When The Zeus Collection invited Joe Paducah from Kentucky to the west coast to be our entrant in Los Angeles' Super-men 80 competition, we knew we were sponsoring a legend, but we didn't know we were initiating a legend. In this land of spectacular bodies, few men have had the impact on the modeling world of masculine graphics as has Joe Paducah. After his Zeus victory over a field of 50 hot California men the rest of the major studios lined up for photographic sessions. For Joe Paducah's first magazine we assembled popular Zeus model Thad Butler from San Francisco, Mitch Machotti from St. Louis, and Colt's Mickey Squires from Los Angeles to complement our Super-man 80.

ZM-116 JOE PADUCAH \$8.50
48 pages 8½ x 11 - 16 pages of color
plus \$1.00 for first class postage/handling



ZEUS COLLECTION

BOX 64250 •



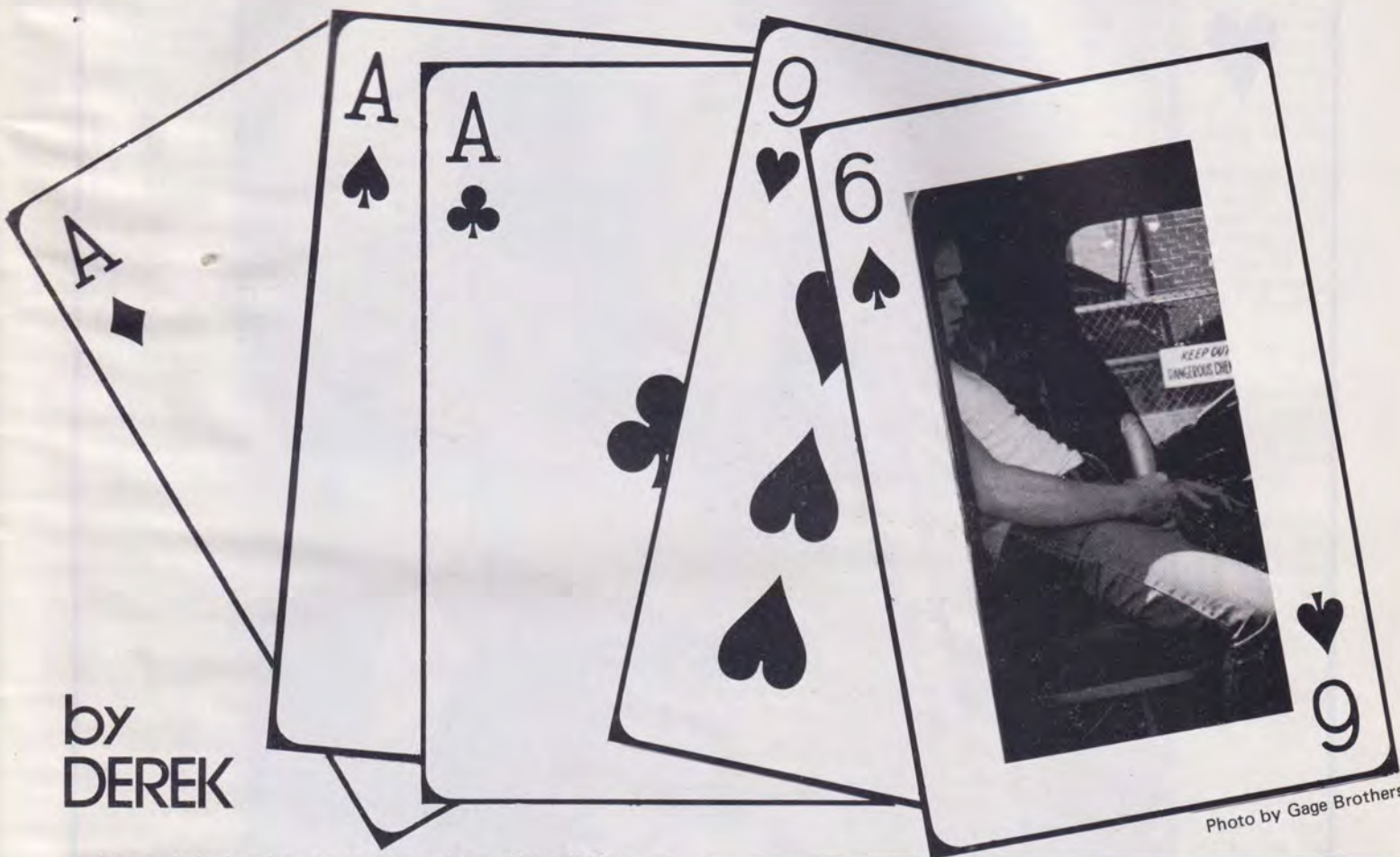
THE ZEUS

LOS ANGELES, CA 90064

PLEASE STATE THAT YOU ARE OVER 21. SEND \$2.00 FOR OUR LATEST BROCHURE



STUD POKER



by
DEREK

Photo by Gage Brothers

I knew it had to happen sooner or later. That ol' Chevy of mine was on 'er last legs, what with it needin' a tune-up and all, and the damn muffler nearly draggin' its prick on the pavement. She sounded like a World War II bomber when I drove off to my brother's house that Sunday morning, and that right there should have told me that I was in for trouble. But I didn't pay no mind. She sounded like that a lot lately.

So I had no one to blame but myself when I found me and that old clunker standin' there on the side of the highway — she a heap of steamin' metal and me with my thumb stuck out. Shit. I still had a couple of hundred miles to go, and it was already way past noon time. The Wyoming sun beat down on the back of my neck, and the dry wind from the plains burnt my face as I squinted back along that shiverin' stretch of black asphalt. I took my grimy t-shirt off and tied it to the car's antenna, just to let folks know that I was in trouble. And then I stood there in my faded dungarees and work boots, cursin' at the whole goddamn world and waitin' for a ride.

A couple of bastards pass me by. One is a station wagon with Mom and Dad and a load of bratty kids from someplace back east. I guess they never heard that out in these parts you're supposed to help a feller out when he's in trouble. Damn city dudes! Don't know their mouth from their asshole!

I'm gettin' real hot and tired out there. The sweat is running down my back and chest like I've been standin' in the rain. Only there ain't no rain. Not even a cloud for rain to hide in. I don't know why, but I start thinkin' about that kid they'd picked up down the road a bit. It was in last week's paper. He'd been hitch-hikin' near here, too, and he must have got picked up by some crazy dude 'cause they found him

standin' by the side of the road — bare-ass naked, flaggin' down a cop car. Now, you just don't do that unless somethin's wrong, y'know? Anyway, they never did get a story out of him. Whatever happened, either he didn't want to tell or he was too ashamed to. I get a stiffer in my jeans just thinkin' about it. Sure wish I had happened along that road before them cops!

I'm just about to give up hope when I spot this pick-up truck barrelin' down my way. He's comin' like a bat outta hell, but I ain't gonna let another cocksucker go by without pickin' me up. So I damn near stand in the middle of the road and wave my arms as he drives up. I know I must've looked like a crazy man out there, but I was gettin' desperate.

The pick-up slows to a stop. It's a beat up ol' job with a couple loads of hay piled in the back. But I don't care. Hell — a ride is a ride. I scoot around to the driver's side and stick my head up by the window.

"Well, now. What seems to be the trouble, boy?" says the driver.

I peer into the cab and see this big stud cowboy with a well-worn straw hat and sunglasses starin' back at me. His chest is bare as far as I can see, and sweat drips in little beads down his forehead. His hands, covered by dirty leather work gloves, are restin' on the wheel. Soggy blond curls peek from under the brim of his hat. He grins.

"My car's broke down," I say. "Can ya give me a lift?"

"Sure. Glad to oblige."

I'm beginnin' to think my luck is changin', y'know? I can't tell what his eyes are doing behind them dark glasses, but he

6♥



♠9

Photo by Target

just stares at me a few seconds, then jerks his head for me to hop inside. I run around to the other side and jump aboard. It feels good to get out of the sun, and for the first time I forget all about my stupid car. I'm much more interested in my driver.

The cowboy throws that old clunker into gear and takes off. I let the cool breeze from the window dry the sweat on my face and try not to look at the dude sittin' beside me. Don't want to be too obvious, y'know?

"Where you headed?" he asks.

"I'm goin' down to Brownsville."

"Brownsville? Hell, boy, that's a four hour drive from here!"

"I know," I say. "But you don't have to take me that far. Just get me to a gas station, and I can have my brother come to pick me up."

The cowboy don't say nothin'. I look over at him real easy-like, just to get a good look. Yep, he's stripped to the waist, wearin' just a pair of worn-out levis and some beat-up work chaps. His boots were beat up, too — and real pointy. He's built real lean and hard, like a man who does hard work but don't mind. *This is a real cowboy*, I think to myself. *Not one of them city dudes dressed up for a night out. Shit! He even smells like hay!* He turns and grins at me again.

"You ain't going to find no gas station open today, pal. Not out here, anyway. They've all closed till tomorrow."

"Damn!" I cuss. "You're right. I forgot. Well, it's probably a good thing my car broke down anyway. I would of never made it all the way without a fill up anyhow."

We ride along without talking for a few miles. I can see that cowboy lookin' over at me from time to time. And damn — it was beginnin' to turn me on. Why doesn't he say something?

"What's your name, boy," he asks suddenly.

"Harley."

"Mine's Bill. Tell you what, Harley. You live around here?"

"Well, sort of. I've been stayin' at my uncle's place back down the road, but I want to get down to my brother's place this weekend. He says he's got a mechanic job for me in his garage."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty," I say. "Why?"

"Just wondering. I've got some beer back there behind the seat if you want one. Wanted to make sure I wasn't molesting a minor or nothin'!" He laughs. "Help yourself. And get me one while you're at it. I'm drier than a witch's tit."

I get up on my knees and reach behind the seat. There's two cans of Coors, slightly warm, but the way my mouth tastes I couldn't care less. I open both with a *whoosh* that soaks my chest in beer suds. I hand a can to Bill and wipe myself off.

"Don't bother," he says. "Looks good."

Damn — I was really gettin' stiff now, y'know? I mean, what does this guy want me to do? Take it out and start beatin' it right in front of him? He downs half that can of beer and wipes his mouth with the back of his work glove.

"Now, like I was saying, Harley, since you're not going too far today, why don't you spend the night at my place. Then tomorrow, I can drive you into town and you can call your brother."

I drink some of my beer, too. "You live around here?"

"Yep, not too far. Me and my buddy have a little ranch over in those hills over there. Nothing much, but cozy. You're welcome to stay if you want."

He looks at me and this time I can tell that his eyes are runnin' all down my body — from my face to the tips of my work shoes. There's a big bulge in the open space between his chaps which wasn't there before. I pretend to think it over.

"Hey," he says. "You look mighty hot in them jeans. Why don't you shuck 'em off."

I look him right in the eye. *Alright, cowboy*, I think. *You asked for it.*

I begin untynin' my boots. I take my good ol' time, too. That cowboy can hardly keep his eyes on the road while I dump my boots on the floor and undo my zipper. I put my beer on the dashboard and slowly slide them dungarees down my hips, bein' real careful not to let my hard prick pop out until the last minute. When it does, it slaps up against my

belly with a loud thwack.

"Mmmmm," Bill sighs. "Looks real nice, boy. Keep going." He takes another swig of beer.

I pull them jeans down off my legs and throw them over the seat. Then I spread my legs, fetch my beer off the dash, and while drinkin' it with one hand I start playin' with my big pecker with the other. I got a nice one, if I do say so myself. And when it's all stiff with the big blue veins stickin' out all along the shaft, it's a sight to behold. My balls hang down all the way to the seat, too, 'cause of the heat. They're big and hairy, and right now I can feel the load of cum swishin' around inside. The breeze from the window feels real good on my body.

"That's real good, man," Bill says. "Real good. Why don't you reach over here and take mine out of my pants for me, too?"

I put the beer down again, then lean over and undo the buckle on the cowboy's belt. I'm excited as hell to see what he has inside them pants. I rip open the fly and haul out his big piece of manmeat. Bill lifts himself up off the seat a bit to help me out. I drive my hand in deeper and pull out his big blond nuts, too. His dick was pretty near as big as mine — nice and long, with a goosey pink head that oozed drops of prick-juice.

"Yeah," he moans. "Suck it, Harley. Let me see you jerk yourself off while you suck on my dick."

I am more than happy to oblige. I drop my head down on that beautiful prick and swallow it whole. My nose is buried in his damn crotch fur, and I can smell the sweat and leather of his chaps all at once. He lifts his hips and rams that fucker down my throat.

"That's it, baby. All the way."

I begin suckin' that tool like I'm starvin'. He reaches down with one hand and grabs my swingin' dick in his gloved fist. The smooth material feels so damn good on my hot rod that I think I'm gonna shoot my load then and there. I let him play with it all he wants as I work my tongue around his own throbbing shaft.

"Wait a second," he says.

I lift my head. Bill takes his can of beer off the dash and pours what's left of it all over his cock. It bubbles down around his crotch and soaks his jeans. He throws the can on the floor and grabs the back of my head again.

"Now, baby," he grins. "Clean it off real nice."

I lick all that sweet-tastin' beer off his cock while he jags me off with his other hand. I lap my tongue around his balls, chewin' on them real hard to get all the beer off. Then I stick my nose and mouth down below his ball sac, lickin' at the musky crack that leads to his asshole. The cowboy moans and puts his foot down harder on the gas pedal. I feel that ol' pick-up jump down the road as he pumps my dick harder with his fist. I get back to his dick, takin' the whole thing in my mouth and workin' it like there was no tomorrow.

Bill goes wild. He starts hootin' and bumpin' his ass, forcin' that cock down my throat like a wild bronc. I choke on it some, but keep up with my suckin'. I know he's comin'. There we are, zoomin' down the highway on the edge of shootin' our nuts all over that fuckin' cab.

"Take it, man!" Bill yells. I taste an explosion of heavy jism in my mouth as his dick lets loose with a gush. It mixes with the beer and tastes real sweet, y'know? I keep on drinkin' his cum as he shoots again and again. Man, I swear the fucker is never gonna quit. I can't take the feelin' no more. My own cock lets go with a spurt of ball juice that covers his glove with a sticky white mess. We both just keep on cummin' and cummin'. The fuckin' smell of sweat and leather and jism in that truck was enough to make you high.

When we've both shot our balls dry, I sit up with a big grin on my face, wipe the last drops of the cowboy's hot load off my lips, and fetch my beer off the dash.

"Ahh, man," I say, lettin' the cool breeze blow across my body once more. "That sure tasted good!"

The cowboy pats my bare thigh with his hand. "Well, Harley, you sure as hell are a good cocksucker. Now how about it? Are you gonna spend the night at my place or not?"

"Maybe. You say you live with your buddy on a ranch?"

"Yep. Not a ranch, really. Just a small place in the hills with plenty of free space all around. No nosy neighbors."

"Who's your buddy?"

"My buddy? His name's Jack. He's working down on the

new highway. I was just heading down there now to pick him up. I work on the cattle ranch back on the other side of town. We only got this here pick-up to get around in."

"What's he like?" I lay my head out the window like some dog and let the wind brush across my face.

"Jack? Oh, he's OK. Big dude. Don't say much. But I'm sure you'll like him." The cowboy gave me a sly wink. "So, what do you say?"

I think about spendin' the night with this hot fucker and his buddy and all of a sudden the urge to start a new job goes out the window.

"Okay," I say. "It's a deal."

We drive on down the road for a while, shootin' the shit and finishin' up the last of the beer. I'm still sittin' there buck naked and it feels real good. The cowboy can't keep his eyes off my pecker. I think to myself that next time it is goin' down his throat.

We soon come to where they are buildin' the new highway. Bill tells me to put my pants back on.

"The crew might think it a little funny to see a naked stud in my pick-up," he laughs.

I'm finishin' dressin' just when he pulls off the main drag and barrels down a dirt sideroad that leads toward the construction site. We stop in front of a fence and wait as men come passin' through the gate. They all look tired and sweaty. I watch them leave and try to guess which one is Jack. I catch sight of this burly fucker, well over six feet tall, dark and hairy, with faded levis, dirt-covered work boots, and a silver hard hat. He's carryin' a silver lunch pail and blue work shirt in his fist. He comes out the gate, looks around, and spots the pick-up. He walks in our direction.

"There he is," Bill says.

Well, I think, *I've done made myself quite a deal this time!* The big man swaggers over to the truck and opens the door. I don't think he sees me until he starts to get in. I scoot over. Jack just looks at Bill, then at me.

"Who's this?" he demands in a deep, gravelly voice.

"Get in, stupid," Bill says. "This here's Harley. I'll tell you all about it on the way."

Jack looks at me again, but he doesn't smile. He just jumps

up into the cab and slams the door. He doesn't say another word as the cowboy starts off back the way we'd come.

We're back on the main highway again before anyone says a thing. I'm squashed between the cowboy and the burly construction worker. My legs are rubbin' up against Jack's as we bounce along.

"Harley's going to spend the night with us," Bill finally says.

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. His car broke down, and he can't get to where he's going today. So I offered him a place to sleep."

"Fine." Jack reaches around behind the seat. The cowboy was right. He doesn't say much.

"Shit," Jack snorts. "What did ya do? Drink all the fuckin' beer!"

"Sorry," Bill says. "We were thirsty."

The big man scowls at me. "I bet you were. You could of at least saved one for me. Dammit, I'm dry!"

"Oh, quit your bellyaching. We'll get some more when we stop to eat." Bill turned to me. "You hungry, Harley?"

"Yeah."

"Good. There's a great little diner up the road a piece. We'll stop there before going home."

We ride on to the diner without talking. I begin to think that maybe I didn't do the right thing. I mean, there seems to be somethin' going on between these two that I can't quite figure out. Can't really put my finger on it, y'know! But there is somethin'.

We stop at Rosie's place, a little greasy spoon by the side of the highway with a shitload of trucks parked out front. Bill orders cheeseburgers, fries and beer for all of us. After a couple of mugs of brew, Jack begins to loosen up a bit. When he goes off to the pisser, I ask Bill if he is always that unfriendly.

"Unfriendly? Nah, that's just Jack's way of going about things. He's okay."

"Look," I say, "if you two are havin' some kinda fight..."

"Hey, listen. I told you, everything's fine. Alright?" Bill wolfs down the last of his burger.

I nibble my fries. "But he don't seem to like the idea of

happy
hog tying
toe sucking
pig piling
face fucking
piss drinking
fist eating
mud wallowing
slave swatting
ass stuffing
snot swapping
wax dripping
cheese cleaning
shit sharing
welt raising
armpit licking
butt plugging
spit slinging
dog collaring
master worshiping
name calling
drool lapping
crotch begging
tit torturing
belly eating
face sitting
nuts twisting
enema forcing
foreskin pulling
cum swallowing
from the pigs in the bushes meeting bar
3720 north halsted, chicago.

FOLSOM ST. HOTEL



Don't get tied to Expensive Room Charges, when all you want is a place to hang your cuffs
\$12.00 per night

1082 Folsom St., San Francisco 415/552-3390

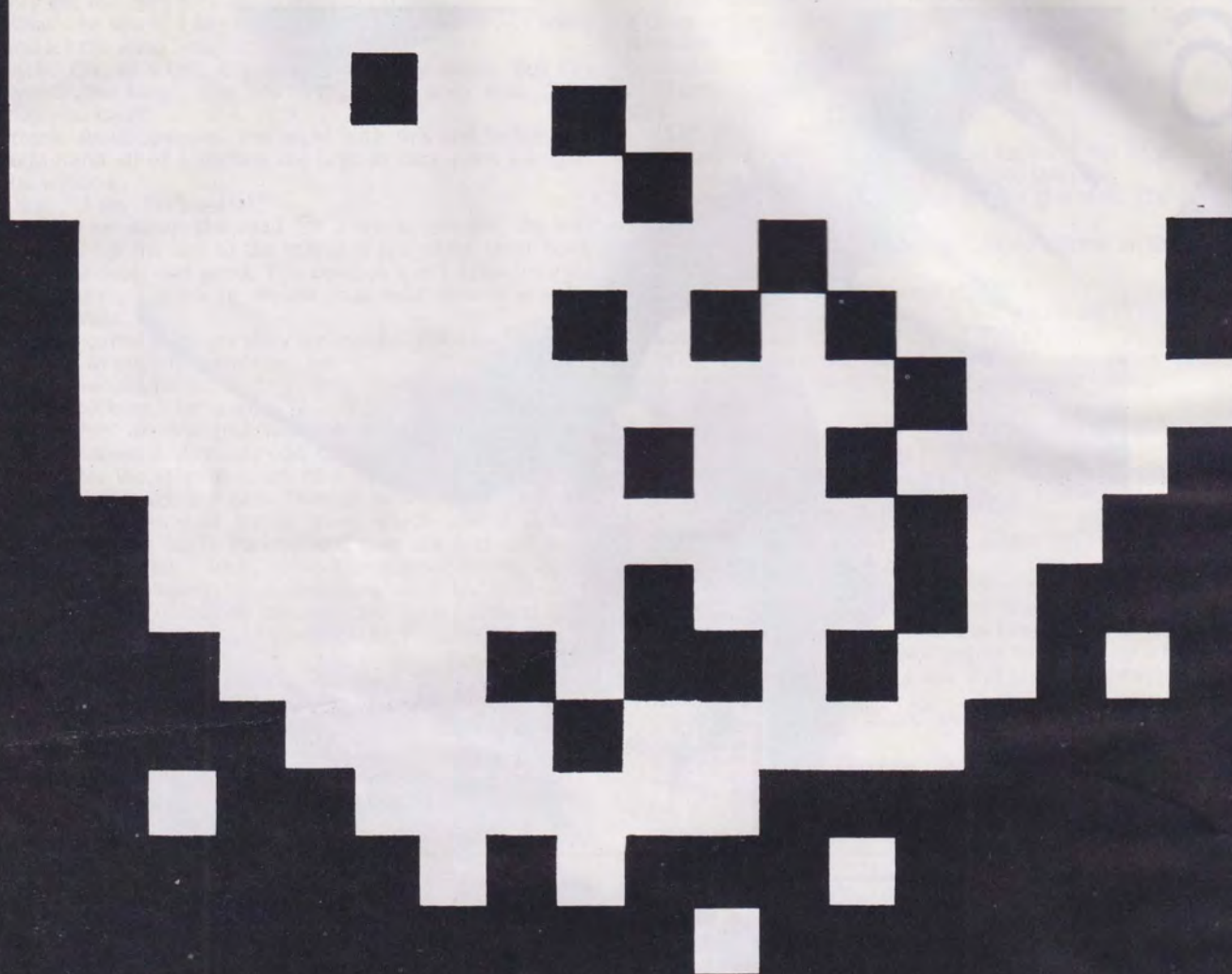
6



9

Photo by Target

THE NAME SAYS IT ALL.



SOLID [©]

AROMA

PAT. PEND.

AVAILABLE NOW

**ORDER DIRECT FROM THE SOURCE AND SAVE
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
3 BOTTLES \$20 + 1.50 HANDLING**

Bi BENNETT
INNOVATIONS

P.O. BOX 69610
WEST HOLLYWOOD CA
90069

me stayin' over."

"Sure he does. I know what he thinks. You just relax. We'll have a real good time tonight, you'll see."

Jack comes back and we finish our supper. The big construction worker does seem to be in a better mood now that he's had some food and beer. I remember how my daddy used to say that a full belly would tame the meanest bull. We pay our bill, stop next door at the package store for a case of Coors, then head off out of town.

It's gettin' dark by now. I don't know this part of the state too well, so I soon lose track of where we are. We drink some more beers in the truck, and soon I'm feelin' real good. The stars come out, too — bright little points of fire in a black velvet sky.

We ride along for quite a while on some bumpy back roads. I've been talkin' a blue streak — it always happens when I get high on beer — when I realize that we haven't seen another livin' soul for miles. It sure is deserted out here. Suddenly Bill takes a sharp turn through some steep canyons and gullies which twist and turn up the mountainside. About a half a mile up, we make another sharp turn, and there sits this little cabin snug up against the cliff. Bill pulls up in front and shuts the engine off.

"Home, sweet home," he says.

Jack and the cowboy hop out of the truck, and I follow. The moon is up by now, too, and it's the only light you can see.

"Grab the beer, kid," Jack grunts at me. "Might as well earn your keep."

He follows Bill toward the cabin while I lug the case of beer out of the back of the pick-up. I follow them up the three or four stairs to the rough wooden porch. It has plain old two-by-fours for railin's. Jack unlocks the door and we go inside.

It's nothin' much to look at. A small living room, kitchen, one small bunkroom, and a shower. Bill disappears into the john, and Jack plops down on the couch, pointing toward the fridge.

"Put 'em in there, kid," he says. "And bring me one while you're at it."

I put the beer away and take one to Jack. I get one for myself, too. I sit in a chair beside the couch as Bill comes back from the john. He grabs himself a beer, too, then came over to join us.

"Well, now, what you say we play a little poker?" he says.

Jack takes a big fat cigar from his work shirt pocket and lights it up. "Sounds good to me. What about you, kid? You play poker?"

"Yeah," I say. "Some. But I ain't got much money on me. I was goin' to get a job down in Brownsville tomorrow at my brother's place and..."

"Yeah, yeah," Jack snorts. "We've heard all about it already. So shut up. It don't matter, though. We don't play for much. Just a little fun before hitting the sack."

"Okay," I say. "I'm game."

"I bet you are."

The cowboy and he get up and go over to the kitchen table. Bill fetches a deck of cards from a drawer while I join them. There's just one light in the room — right above the table. We sit down and start playin'.

I must've had five more beers or so as the night wore on. I really lose count. So do my hosts. We're all pretty drunk, and playin' cards is gettin' kinda hard, y'know? But I'm havin' fun. Everytime Bill beats Jack, the burly construction worker lets loose a string of cusses that would've made a sailor blush. I'm tryin' not to laugh, but it is funny. Jack keeps puffin' away on them cigars of his and we play on.

It's dealer's choice all night. I only have a few bucks on me, like I said, and I run out of that real quick. But it's alright. Better than payin' for a motel.

On the other hand, I'm gettin' a little antsy to see some real action. When it's Bill's deal again, he suggests strip poker. I grin. I ain't played that since I was a kid, when me and my cousin used to strip naked out behind the barn and play with each other's "weenies." Know what I mean? Like, the cards was just an excuse for pullin' our tools. Anyway, I told him I could dig it. Maybe that will get things rollin'.

We play a couple of hands until most of our clothes are lyin' in a heap on the floor. I'm not doin' so good. I'm down to just my t-shirt. Bill's lost everything but his boots and chaps — he'd put them back on after takin' off his jeans. He's

still wearin' his cowboy hat, too. Jack says that don't count. They have an argument over it. Jack wins.

The big construction worker also sheds his trousers early on. Now he's got on only his grimy undershirt and work boots with thick wool socks. I'm gettin' the terminal hornies, what with seein' those two sexy dudes with their peckers swingin' over the edge of their chairs. Bill's big blond balls are hangin' down real low against the leather chaps. My mouth is waterin' just to get another taste of that beautiful piece of fuckmeat. Jack has a big joint, too. It's all dark and thick and uncut, with a bush of black hair all around the base. His legs are real hairy, too. More black fur covers his beefy legs from crotch to ankles. I'm really up for some hot action, y'know? I want to get this card playin' over with!

Next time it's Jack's turn, he shuffles them cards slowly, puffin' big clouds of blue smoke outta the side of his mouth.

"I'm tired of this," he says.

Bill leans on the table. "Well, what's it gonna be then, stud? Old Maid?"

"Eat shit!" the construction worker snorts.

Bill and I laugh. I take another hit of beer.

"Okay," the cowboy says. "What about you, Harley?"

"Huh?"

"The man here wants to play 'Eat Shit.' You know that one?"

"Oh," I say through a beer haze. "No. Never heard of it."

Jack takes the cigar from beneath his bushy moustache and points it at me. "It's real easy, kid. Five card draw. Low man eats shit. Got it?"

I stare at him blankly. All that beer's made me woosy. *He can't be serious*, I think. I look at Bill. He's grinnin' again.

"What's the matter, Harley? Where's your balls, man? Don't you want to bet on the chance to see that gorilla over there with a turd in his fucking mouth?"

"Shut the fuck up!" Jack barks. Then he turns back to me. "What about it, kid? Put up or shut up?"

I'm thinking *what in the hell have I got myself into?* But I know I can't really back out now. The look on Jack's face tells me that *I better play or else*. Suddenly I feel very cold in my belly.

"Alright," I say faintly.

"Good." Jack sticks the cigar back into his mouth and shuffles the cards. He deals. I watch them cards as they come at me one by one. I pick 'em up. My stomach is one big knot as I spread 'em and take a look.

Nothin'! One ace, and the rest crap. My poor dick goes limp between my legs.

"How many?" Jack demands.

Bill takes two.

"Four," I say, and my voice cracks. I see a smirk on Jack's face in the dim light.

"Dealer takes two."

I pick up my cards. Two more aces! I can't believe it. *Three aces is good enough to get me off the hook*, I think. Now I don't feel so queasy anymore.

"Call," the dealer says.

The cowboy puts his cards on the table. "Two pair. Jacks and queens."

Jack looks at me. I breath a sigh of relief and show my hand.

"Three aces," I say triumphantly.

Jack puts his down, too. He has three tens. I look at Bill. I expect him to be frownin', but instead he's wearin' that same broad-toothed grin he always has.

"Looks like you lost, boy," he says, shakin' his head.

"No," I protest. "I got you beat. Him too."

Jack leans back in his chair. I can see that monster fuck-pole of his stickin' up in the air all hard and stiff. "Oh, I guess we forgot to tell you, boy. In 'Eat Shit' aces aren't worth nothing."

"But I still beat Bill here."

"Nope." He puffs on that cigar and blows a stream of foul-smellin' smoke in my eyes. "Them's the rules. You lost."

It got very quiet all of a sudden. Somethin' inside me tells me to get up and run. And that's exactly what I do. I bolt outta that chair so fast it goes flyin' across the room. But the construction worker and the cowboy are right on my tail. I only make it halfway to the door before I'm tackled. Jack and I fall to the floor in a heap.

"NO, you can't!!" I holler.

Jack pushes my face against the wood floor. "Come on, kid. A man don't renge on his bets around here!"

We fight in a sweaty tangle on the floor, but with all that beer and stuff I can't put up much of a scrap. Jack is a helluva lot stronger than I am, too. And there's two of them, remember. I'm pinned on my belly with my hands behind my back when I feel a strap bein' wrapped around my wrists. They pick me up off the floor and shove me towards the door.

I'm cryin' now, y'know? The tears is mixed with the dirty sweat on my face. "No, please! You can't do this! Let me go!"

The two of 'em shove me out that screen door and onto the porch. Jack and the cowboy untie my wrists, bend me over the two-by-four railin' and stretch my arms out along it. Then they fasten me down by my wrists again. Bill ties another strap around my upper arms, too, just to keep me down tight. My chin's hangin' over the railin', and my bare butt is stickin' out behind.

"NO!! HELP!!" I holler. I'm panicked now, understand? I'm hopin' that someone might hear me, but I know in my gut that there ain't another soul around for miles.

"Ain't no sense hollerin' like that, boy," Jack growls. "Nobody's gonna hear you anyway. Just shut up and take it like a man, or I'm gonna have to get real mean." He slaps my exposed hind-quarters hard with his hand. I shut up. "That's better."

The burly construction worker jumps down off the porch and stands in the grass with his back towards me. The spotlight from the cabin lights him up as he bends over, showin' me his hard, tanned ass with its furry crevice and puckered brown hole. He bends his knees slightly and rests his huge forearms on his thighs. I hear him give a few low, animal grunts and wiggle his butt in my direction.

"Don't look now, kid," says the cowboy. "But here comes lunch!"

I watch with a sinkin' feelin' in my guts as the big man's asshole puckers up a few times, then opens slowly as the brown tip of a turd begins to stick out. I'm squirming at the ropes around my arms, but it ain't no use. The long shit-cigar slides out of Jack's asshole and falls with a plop to the ground. It's at least six inches long. Then another one oozes outta that hairy hole. Then a third. The smell of shit rises up to my nose. I gag.

"Don't worry, kid," the cowboy says, patten' me on the ass. "There'll be plenty to wash it down with."

He's finished his can of beer, and now he holds it under his cock, shakes that hose a couple of times, and lets loose with a gush of piss. The force of his spray makes it splash all over, wettin' my hair and back as he fills the can to the brim. He puts that can overflowin' with fresh, warm cowboy piss on the railin' beside me where I can keep an eye on it.

Sweat, piss, and tears is runnin' down my face now. Jack finally stands up, straddlin' the pile of turds in the grass. His face is level with mine. He grabs me by the hair and yanks my head up.

"Alright, boy," he snarls. "EAT SHIT!"

I struggle some more as the big man reaches down and grabs a long piece of shit. He raises it to my lips. The odor is all around me, fillin' my nose and makin' my head spin.

"OPEN UP!"

I don't.

"Strap his ass, Bill," he orders. "The kid's gotta learn some manners."

Bill whips off his belt and starts to smack my bare ass while Jack keeps on pullin' me up by the hair. The sound of that hard leather on my naked flesh echoes through the woods. But I hold on until the tears is streamin' outta my eyes. Finally I can't stand it no more. My ass is on fire, and I think the top of my head is gonna come off.

"NO! OH, GOD!!! PLEASE!! NO!!!" I holler.

But when he sees me open my mouth, Jack just shoves it in. There I am, chokin' on a mouthful of the big man's shit. My stomach wretches, but some of it goes down anyway. Like, I can't believe it. I'm swallowin' Jack's shit! The cowboy keeps up his strappin' while Jack reaches down for another turd.

"EAT IT, KID." He shoves another handful in my mouth. "EAT MY SHIT!"

"Yeah," Bill laughs. "Eat my buddy's turds, kid." He gives my ass an extra-hard thwack.

My senses are numb. The taste in my mouth isn't as bad as I'd expected, and it was a helluva lot better than my burnin' ass. I don't resist no more as Jack feeds me all of it, pushin' it way down my throat with his rough fingers. He wipes his hand across my face and looks up at the cowboy.

"Give me that can of piss."

Bill quits his strappin' and hands it over. The construction worker lifts my head by the hair again and pours the warm piss in my mouth.

"Drink it, boy," he says. "Drink it all down like a good puppy."

I taste the pungent piss as it washes over my teeth and tongue, then I get to drinkin' it eagerly, washin' away the taste of shit from my mouth. Like someone dyin' of thirst, I down the whole can without stoppin' as Jack just keeps on pourin' it in.

"Hey, Bill," he laughs. "Look at that. The boy likes your piss. Why don't you fill'er up again for the little fucker?"

"Yeah," the cowboy says. He takes the can from his buddy and sticks it under his drippin' cock. "He likes piss almost as much as eatin' shit, eh?"

He fills it up again, and once more Jack makes me drink the whole thing down to the bottom. When my belly's bloated with shit and piss, Bill throws the can into the yard and climbs back on the porch.

I couldn't believe it, but I suddenly realize that my cock is as hard as a fuckin' flagpole. My tormentors didn't miss this, though.

"What do you say we fuck his ass," Jack says.

Bill slaps his stiff shaft against my bare asscheeks. "Yeah. Sounds like a good idea to me."

And they did. With just a little spit on their cocks, the two men take turns pluggin' my asshole. They are both moanin' and groanin', and I know that I could cum if they just so much as touch my cock. After Bill unloads his juice inside my guts, Jack takes his place. The feel of his huge, hot fucker up my butt was incredible. I can feel his fat balls slappin' up against mine. He fucks me long and hard, and just when I feel him comin' in my ass, he reaches down and grabs ahold of my dick. I let loose with a yell and a gush of jism that shoots halfway across the yard. Jack pulls on my dick until I drain my balls in his fist, then pulls out.

"Yep," he says. "The boy's got the makings of a real cowpoke. What do you say we give him a rest a bit?"

They leave me alone and go back into the cabin. I stay there on the porch, pantin' and shakin' like crazy. They're gone a real long time, too. But I can hear groans and hard slappin' sounds comin' from inside. I guess that they are doin' an instant replay all by themselves.

While they were busy, I managed little by little to work them ropes loose. I was scared shitless that they were gonna come back out at any minute. But they didn't. I listened for awhile, and it got real quiet. I figured they decided to catch a few Z's while I waited here outside. When I heard loud snorin', I slipped my hands free from the ropes and took off into the woods like a deer with a pack of hounds at his heels.

I must have run a long time. I didn't give a fuck that I was naked — my t-shirt was lost in the fight on the floor. Hell, I just wanted to get outta there as fast as I could. I stopped only once, to puke in the bushes. But I just got a drink from a nearby stream and kept on going.

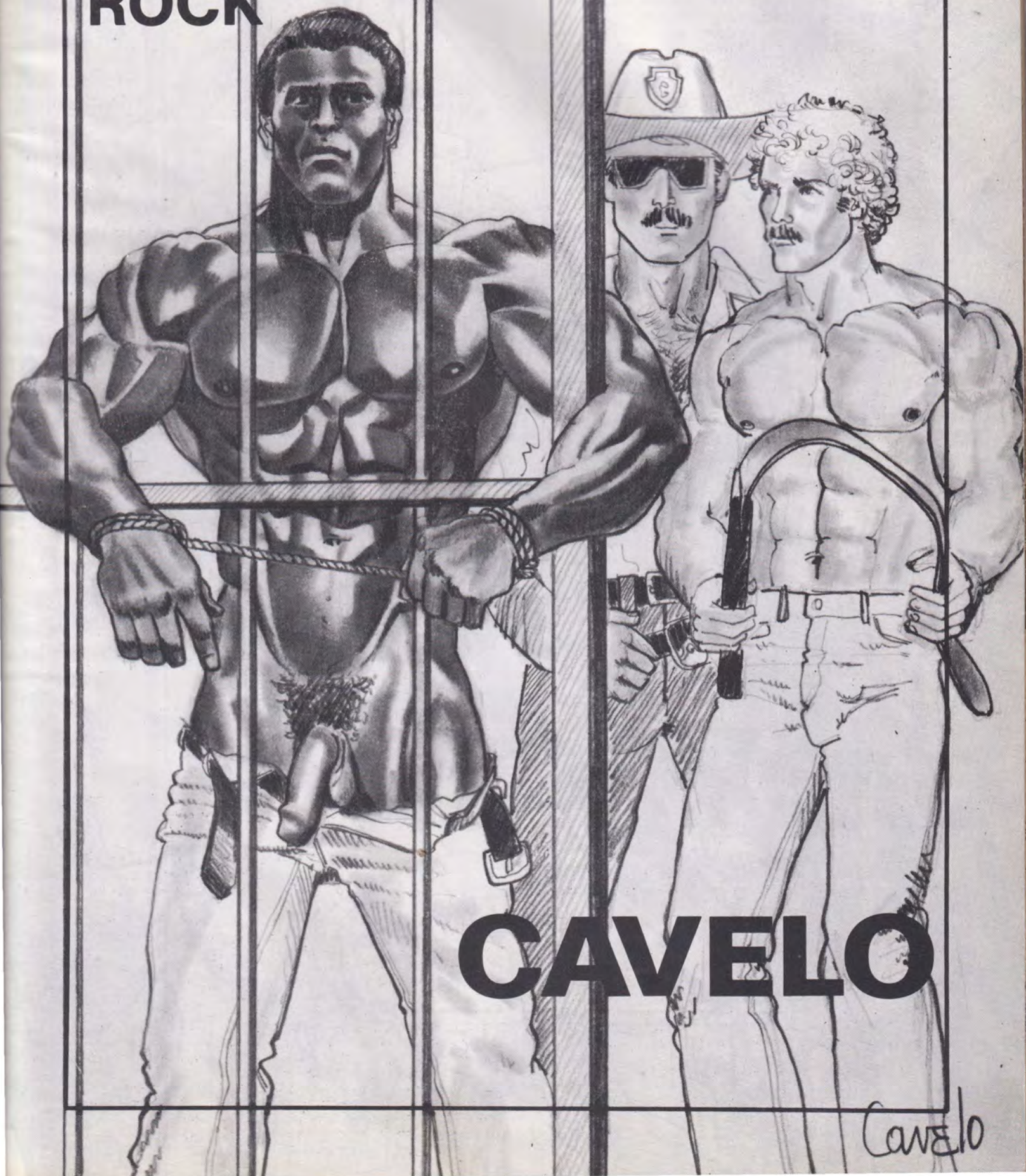
I don't remember how long I ran, but when I finally began to get real tired it was already gettin' light out. I kept goin' for a while longer, not really sure where I was headin', but just as the sun began to peek over the hills I came to a highway.

I didn't know quite what to do. I mean, there I was — stark-assed naked by the side of the road. Suddenly I remembered that other hitch-hiker, the one they'd found a few days back. I couldn't help it — I laughed out loud. No, I thought, *I probably won't tell anyone what happened, either.* It would be just too damned embarrassing.

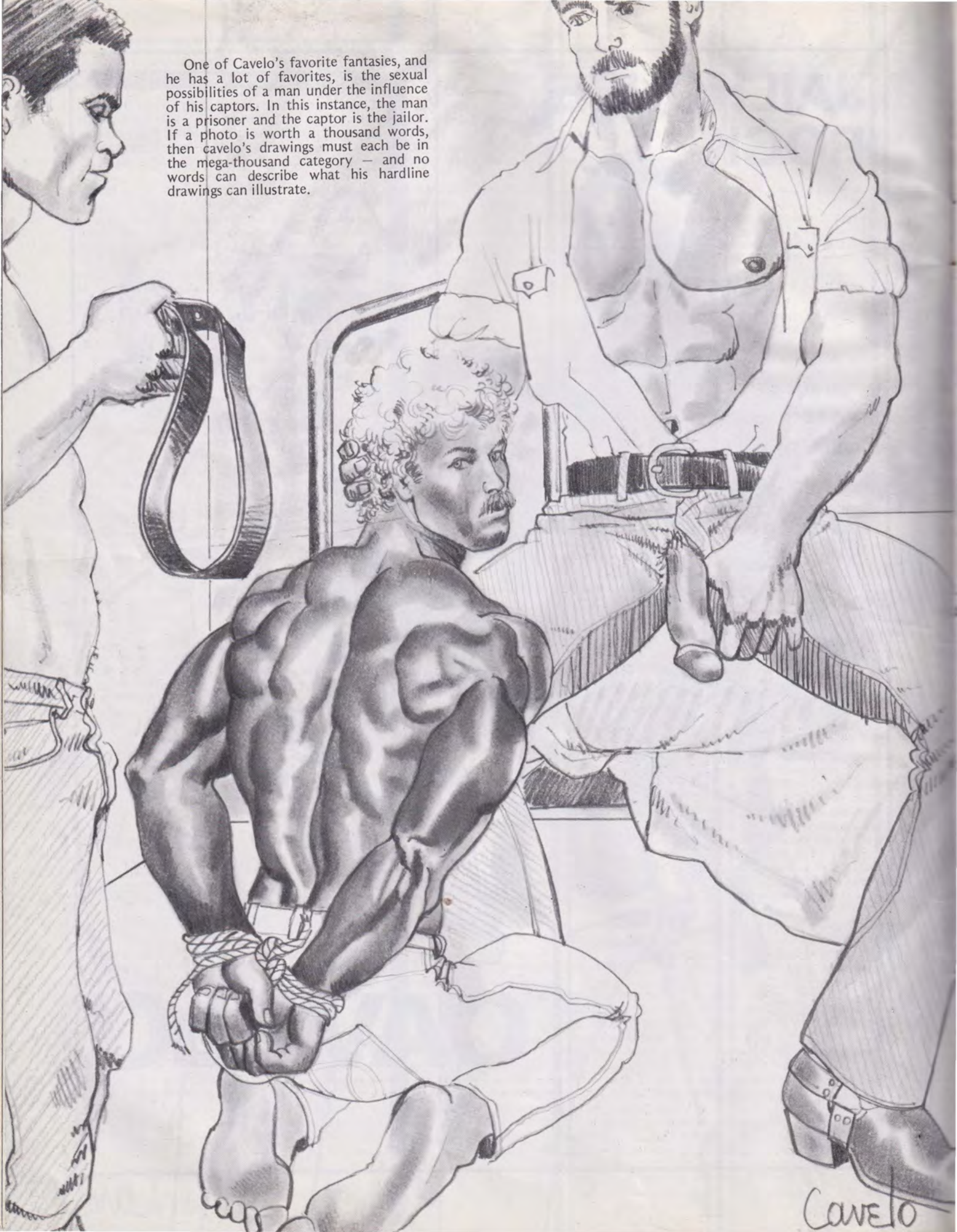
But what the hell. I had to get somewhere, even if just back to my car. I let a couple of cars go by before I got my courage up. Then I spot this truck comin' down the road. A big semi. Well, I think to myself, *these guys have probably seen everything anyway.* So I jumped up outta the ditch and, standing there in my birthday suit, I stuck out my thumb.

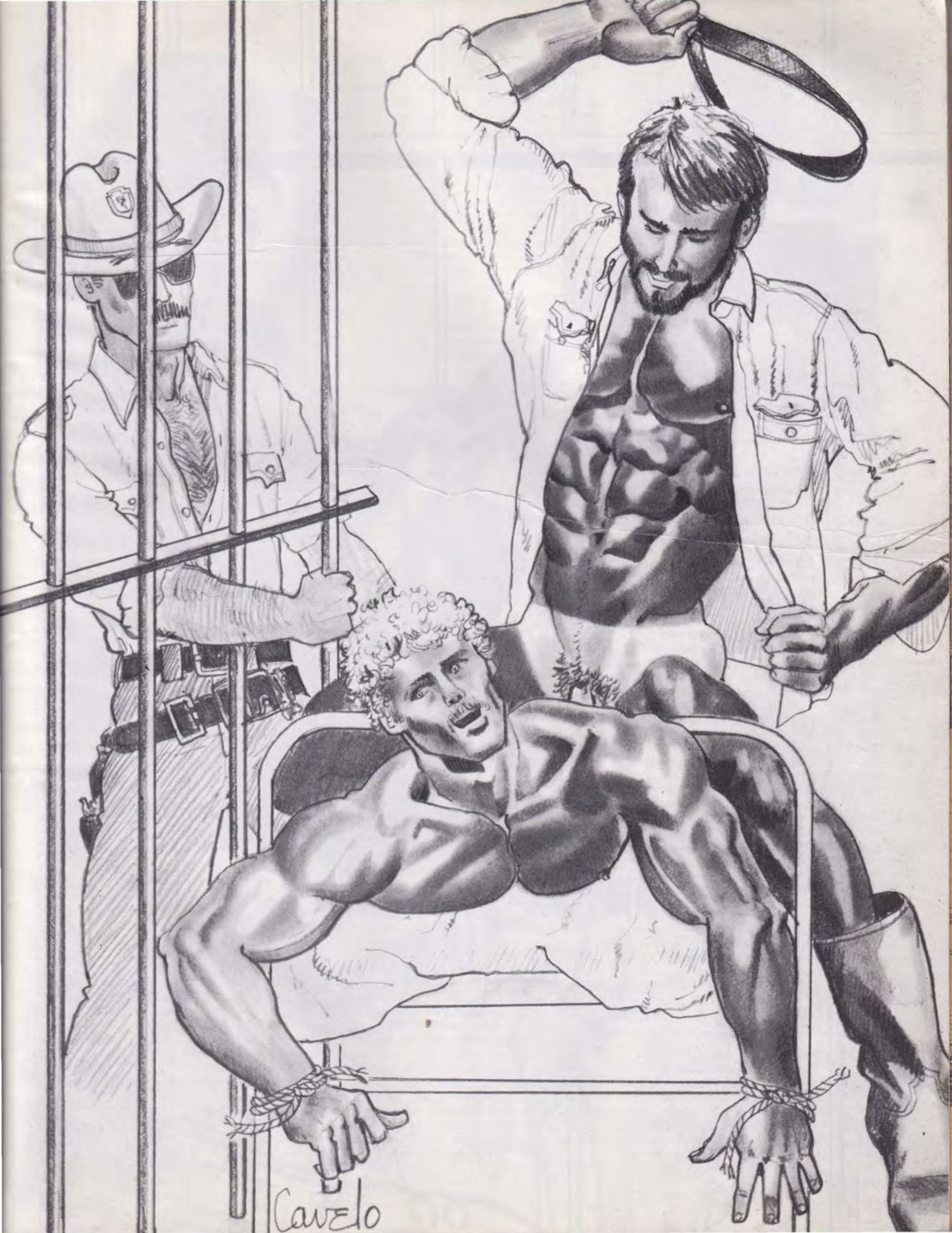
The truck comes roarin' past, and I don't think he's gonna stop. Then I smiled as I hear the squeal of airbrakes stop. Then I smile as I hear the squeal of airbrakes.

JAILHOUSE ROCK

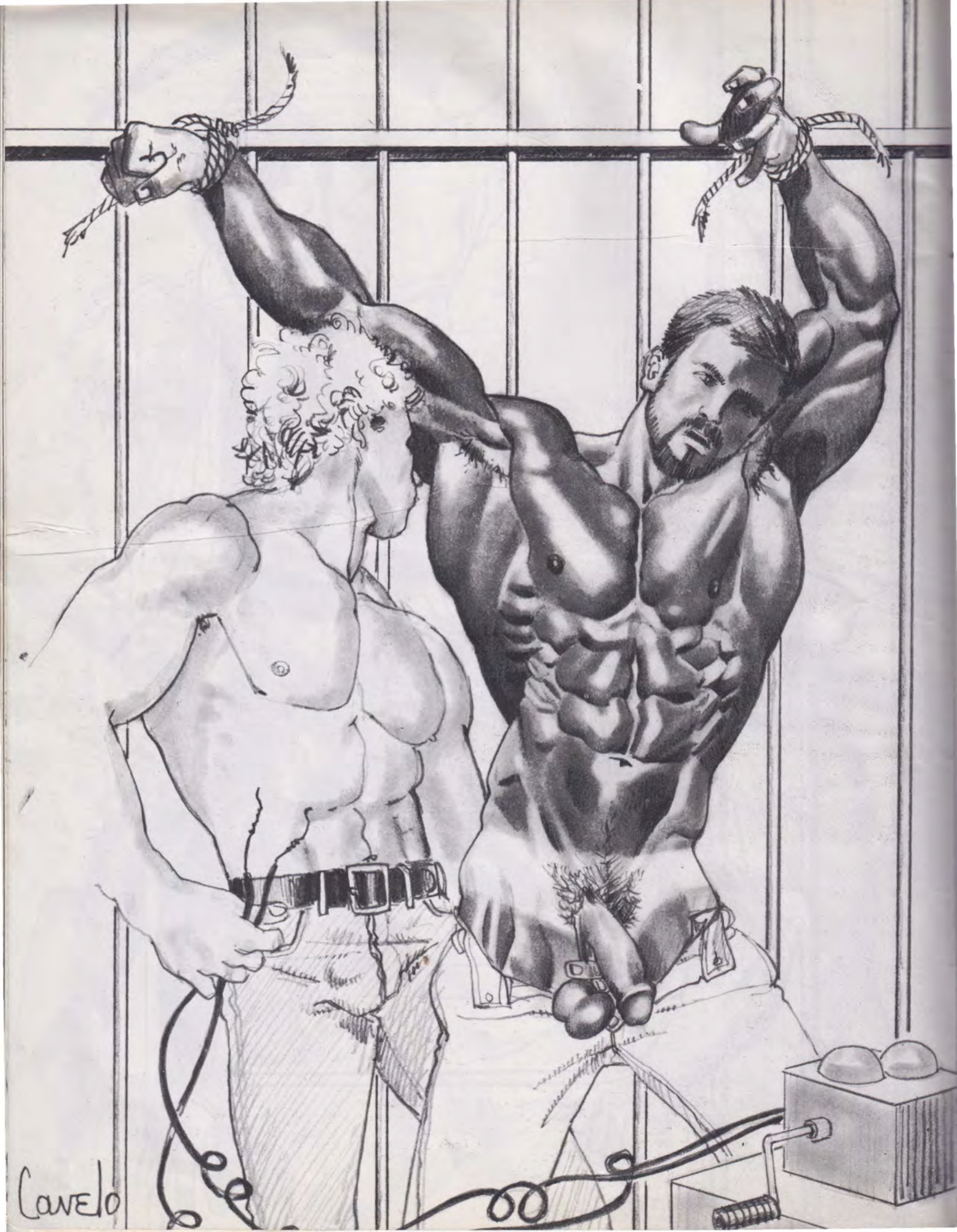


One of Cavelo's favorite fantasies, and he has a lot of favorites, is the sexual possibilities of a man under the influence of his captors. In this instance, the man is a prisoner and the captor is the jailor. If a photo is worth a thousand words, then Cavelo's drawings must each be in the mega-thousand category — and no words can describe what his hardline drawings can illustrate.





Cavello



Cavello



NO HOLES BARRED

If you're one of the Tops around who have gotten tired of the complacent bottom who just rolls over and takes anything you feel like dishing out, then maybe CHALLENGE is for you.

CHALLENGE is a Chicago-based national contact/correspondence club for Tops (only) whose particular sexual trip is based on muscle-to-muscle competition with other studs, the kind of man who gets off on "a challenge of manhood . . . with another topman who has the guts and muscle to back it up." CHALLENGE members are into all sorts of man-to-man contests — wrestling (from light-hearted horsing around to *real* no-bullshit fighting), boxing, and more overtly sexual contests and encounters such as cum-shooting contests, fucking endurance sessions, oiling sessions, nude workouts, and hundreds of other

"sports." Unlike the many wrestling clubs across the country, CHALLENGE is definitely a sex-oriented contact club.

Membership gets the CHALLENGE stud a complete listing of other members. The listings are usually quite lengthy, giving the member's vital statistics, address and (usually) phone number, and a rundown of what the dude is into. Each member writes his own listing (no codes are used), so there's no question as to what the man is looking for. Membership list updates are mailed monthly with the club's newsletter, which also features fiction, news items, and photos of club members. Yearly dues are charged.

For more information and an application, contact CHALLENGE, Box C-25, 323 South Franklin No. 804, Chicago, IL 60606. But be prepared to encounter some mean, nasty-talkin' Topmen when you join!



Illustration by KEN WOOD

THE WET LOOK

Now into its fourth year of operation, the "WS" Correspondence Club boasts a membership of more than three hundred men who are, obviously enough, into water sports. More than 25% of the membership live in the San Francisco/Bay area, but the club also lists a number of members from England, Europe, and Australia.

The "WS" Correspondence Club mails out a bulletin every three months listing all new members who have joined since the previous bulletin. Members write their own listing (the samples we saw were very detailed and inviting) and may choose either to use their names, addresses, and phone numbers, or to make use of the club's code. Letters to members with coded listings are mailed to the club and forwarded at no charge.

If you are seriously into water sports and golden showers, you can obtain more information and an application to the "WS" Correspondence Club by contacting Tom Boire at 1874 Union Street, San Francisco, CA 94123.



SHINE, MISTER?

Footman is another New York-based specific correspondence club. This group is slightly over two years old and boasts about 250 members. Like RFA, Footman issues six newsletters a year, each running about twenty pages of actual members' listings. There are both real readers' adventures concerning feet and shoe scenes and a serialized fiction story, "Jonathan Plantigrade," episodes of which are run occasionally.

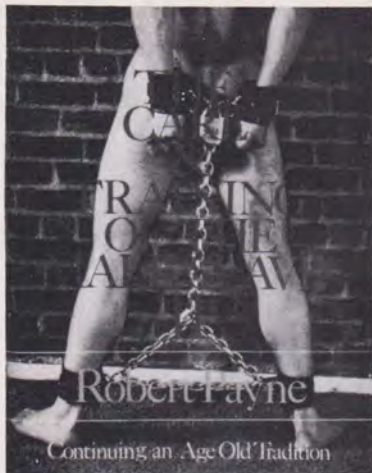
A section of each issue of Footman is devoted to information on places where foot and shoe action is either part of the local scene or easily available. Readers and members provide tips on which bars, baths, and gathering places offer the best contact rewards. A section also has members offering rare or unusual footwear for sale and/or trade, or offers to buy exotic shoes and other footgear. Suggestions about cruising, contact, and approach are often part of the fare.

Footman charges a yearly membership fee, and most ads are coded. A forwarding fee is charged for answering coded ads. Members are given personal listings, which are very detailed and specific, for the term of their membership.

The organization is international, with the usual predominance of Coast city members. Neither Footman nor RFA hosts gatherings, nor are their newsletters illustrated.

Footman can be contacted for an application and information by writing to: Footman, Box 741, New York City, NY 10274.

ERRATUM: In the first part of MEMBERS ONLY which appeared in Issue 41 of DRUMMER, we inadvertently listed an incorrect Zip Code in the address for SMADS, the bi-monthly contact newsletter. We offer our apologies to both SMADS and our readers. The correct address is SMADS, P.O. Box 712, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113.



THE CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE: VOLUME 2

A beautiful big second edition of his best seller. Exploring the S&M relationship with magnificent new art and photography, plus pages and pages of collectors' items. 64 pages in all. 8 1/2" x 11".

9⁹⁵



THE SUPER HERO YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

Bigger than a speeding locomotive, faster than a tall building, able to keep it up all night with a single Vitamin E capsule! Harry Chess and Micky and all their friends in the first complete collection of their raunchy adventures, and with a full color centerfold!

7⁹⁵



ROY DEAN'S NUDES

A massive and color-filled collection of Roy Dean's most popular models, each more muscular and powerful than the next. If you like your men built like mountains, this is for you!

9⁹⁵



THE ART OF BILL WARD

England's premiere macho artist and his gallery of super hunks in the first complete adventures of DRUM and KING, plus never before seen examples of his hot, hairy, hard-on art.

5⁹⁵



SEXTOOL

The explosive film by Fred Halsted is now a book, filled to overflowing with images that made Sextool one of the most famous of the early S&M films.

9⁹⁵



MR. BENSON

The book that started a publishing controversy, and the hottest S&M lover story you'll ever read!

5⁹⁵



"BORN TO RAISE HELL"

Wildest S&M scenes on film starting with the rape in a Leather bar, the shaving of a slave's entire body and the retribution of the two cops with their victim in the park.

9⁹⁵

EVERYTHING FROM THE STUDSTORE IS GUARANTEED!



FIST GOODBODY'S TRAVELING TORTURE SHOW

The sounds of pain and pleasure in one of the most original rock albums ever recorded. You'll be caught breathless as the Prince of Pain turns you on to heavy handed music and macho sensuality.

Stereo.

6⁹⁵

Not your common garden variety LP record album, this delicious sound treat features "Fist" Goodbody, Prince of Pain, doing what he does best to one of his hunky studs. You'll hear it, but you'll find it hard to believe. And "Fist" does it every night! A SOUND EXPERIENCE you will want to experience again and again, alone, with a friend or to accompany a scene. (Buy a few - this is one gift worth giving!)



THE STORY OF Q

Robert Payne's retelling of the famous chateau adventures with lavish and lustful illustrations by Olaf, including a massive fold-out centerfold. The most erotic adventure story ever written!

6⁹⁵

The BEST of and the WORST of DRUMMER



THE ANNUALS

THE BEST & WORST OF DRUMMER

The first Drummer annual with original material never seen in the pages of Drummer.

5⁹⁵

DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN!

A Drummer annual filled with hot fiction, erotic illustrations, and some of the roughest stuff in print.

5⁹⁵

DRUMMER MARCHES ON!

The newest Drummer annual in an oversized format with all original material and a definite military perspective.

5⁹⁵

STUDSTORE If it turns you on, we've got it.

1500 FOLSOM SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

Enclosed is \$ _____, please send me the items indicated on this coupon. I have included 50c postage per item ordered. I am over 21 years of age.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Send me the following items: _____

Charge my ☐ Mastercharge ☐ Visa Number _____



The California Motorcycle Club's annual carnival is, if nothing else, the world's largest leatherbar. Men travel to San Francisco from all over the world for this annual fall event, creating a Woodstock of chrome, denim and leather. The event, which raises money for various leather and gay organizations (including the Gay Freedom Day Parade and the CMC operating funds) has become so well known that this year it became the jewel in a four-day weekend of South of Market festivities.

At the Carnival itself, which was held in a three-story former taxi barn, over one hundred leather-orientated organizations and businesses hosted booths; and the carnival had both a country-western and a rock band to play for the thousands of men who attended.

The one-day leatherfest lasts from noon until dark, when most of the attendees either head for their favorite watering hole to party out the night, or tuck a new slave under their arm and make the party a private one.

CMC CARNIVAL



carry along clocks

These custom clocks go with you wherever you go...no matter how you go—airplane, car, bus, truck, motorcycle. Mount them at any angle. On steering column, dashboard, handlebar, gearshift, windshield, helmet—anywhere! They stay put! Use in kitchen, bathroom, garage, near the oven. Practical no matter where you are. Model CC-7 shows the time, seconds, day of week, month & year. Battery lasts up to two years! A great giftgiving idea! Wonderful for cars and motorcycles. 1 1/4" Dia.



Order Form

William & Knowles Enterprises
263 Linden, San Francisco, Ca. 94102

Quan. & Model

CC-5 CC-7
\$20 \$30

Yes, please send me clock(s) in colors as indicated. Enclosed find ☐ Check ☐ Cash, or ☐ Money Order for \$_____

Red Name: _____

Yellow Address: _____

Black Apt. _____

Brown City: _____

Beige State: _____

White Zip: _____

Orange

Lt. Blue

Dk. Blue

ADD \$3.00 FOR SERVICE AND HANDLING.



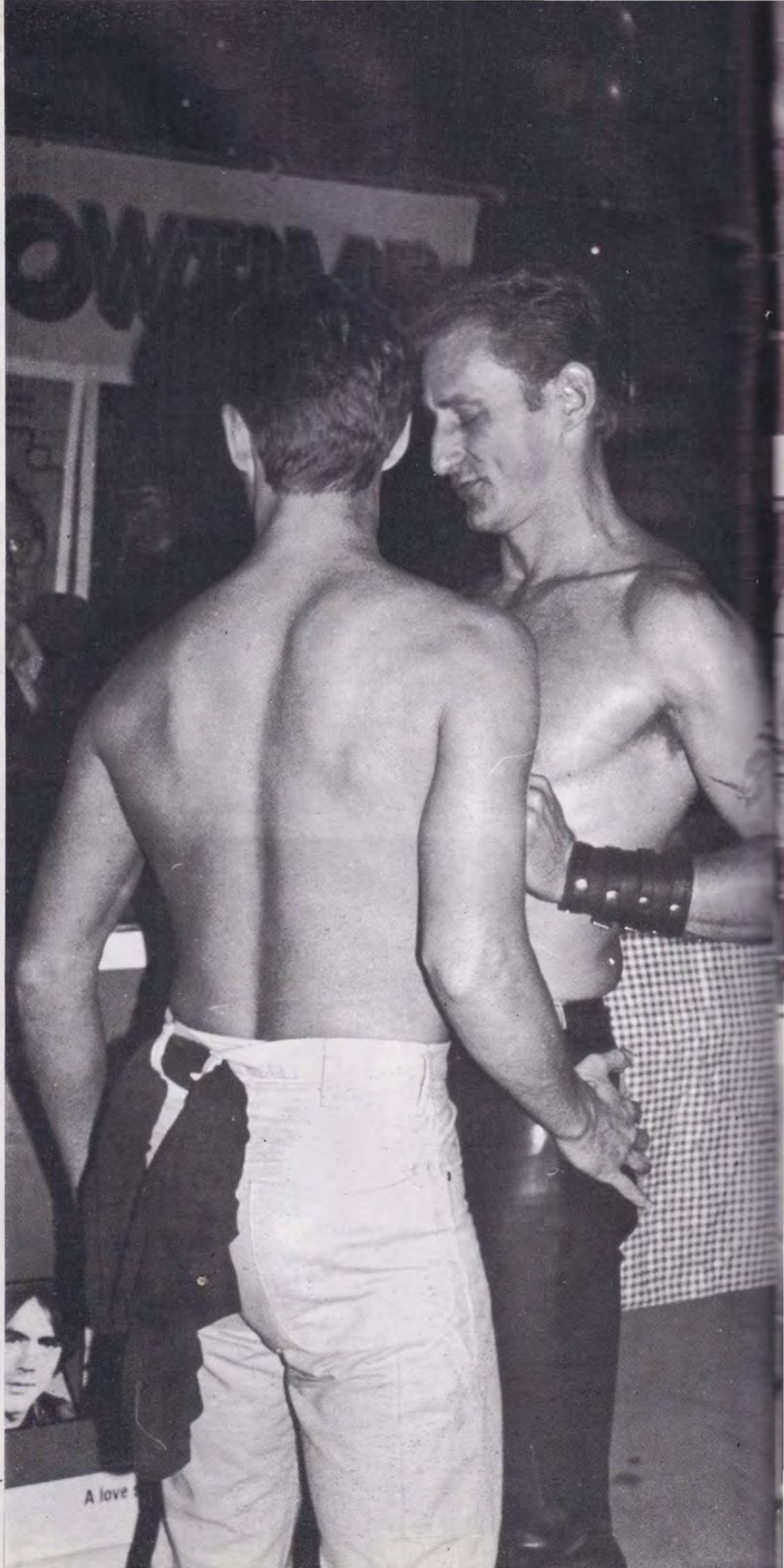
Gauntlet

*Jewelry for
exotic piercings*



8720 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90069
Phone (213) 652-2385

Send \$2.00 for our illustrated brochure.





All photos by ROY ARMSTRONG



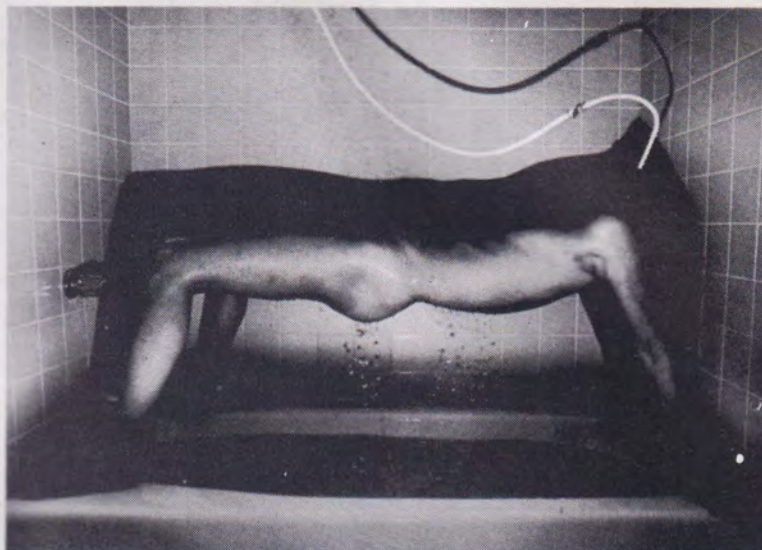
It's been described as the Leather United Nations, because of the number of European leathermen who travel to the West Coast for this event. And the highlight is the naming of each year's Mr. CMC; a contest conducted by the crowd themselves through dime-votes (the contestants circulate through the crowd with huge glass jars and audience members can vote by dropping change in the jars — more funds that the CMC uses for the various organizations involved in the fund-raising). The 1980 winner was a hot, hunky, very popular leatherman named Johy Hyer, who was sponsored by The Trench — a South of Market favorite place with very specific ideas about how to have a good time.

The cavernous building looked like a Leather United Nations, with hundreds and hundreds of motorcycles lining the sidewalk. But that is just as it should be, since San Francisco was the first home of the other U.N.

submission

photoeroticism
by
JIMMY DESANA





An extraordinary show took place recently on New York's 57th Street, the highway of high art in the Big Apple.

57th Street is usually reserved for those who have made it. And usually one of the prices for having made it is being nice. A 57th Street artist doesn't show his sexuality, or anyone else's for that matter. He limits himself to only the most tasteful of female nudes —

by

LESLIE

EAST

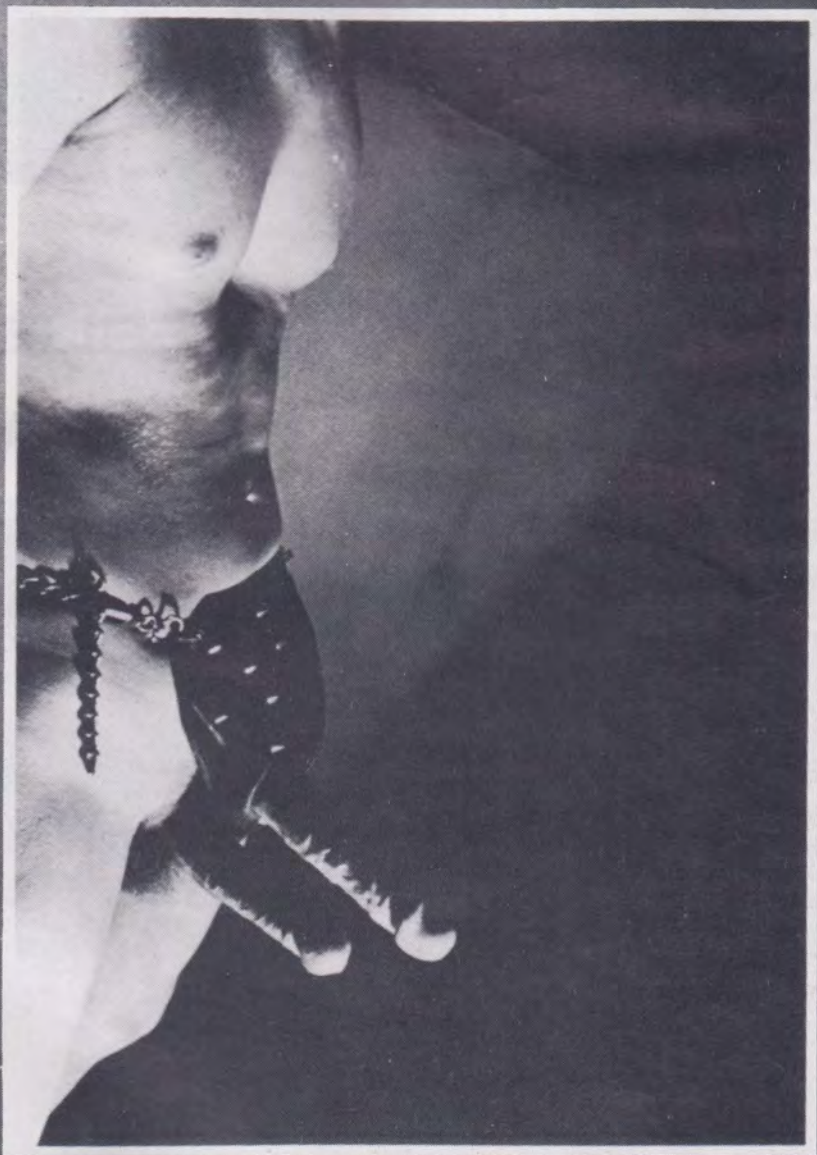
if that.

Homosexuality is usually reason for expulsion from the area. Depict cock-sucking or fucking between two men and you're sent off to the Village or SoHo for life.

57th Street is the height, and you only reach it by playing by the rules.

Jimmy De Sana doesn't play by the rules. His camera has been trained on the







most rule-breaking areas of human life and experience. It's a concession to his technical brilliance that even 57th Street has to acknowledge him and everything his camera has caught — shit, piss, bondage.

The work that Jimmy de Sana showed at the prestigious Stefanotti Galleries in New York this winter has been captured in a remarkable volume, *Submission*.

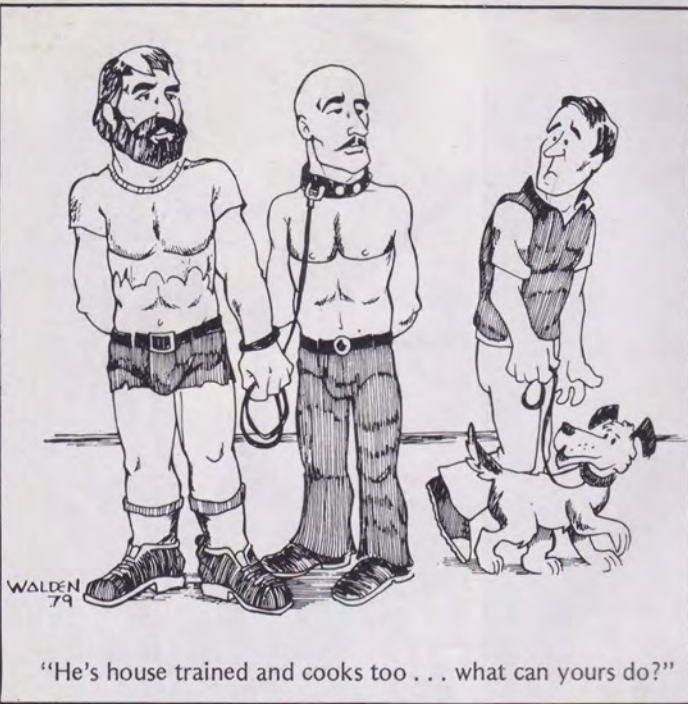
The book, complete with *de rigueur* introduction by William Burroughs, who mouths insanities about S&M, is one of the most stunning collections of sado-masochistic art ever produced.

Ever so slightly bisexual, the main theme of *Submission*, is the sexuality of the bound, degraded male figure. Burroughs chooses to label it all as the inability of all of us to find a liberated

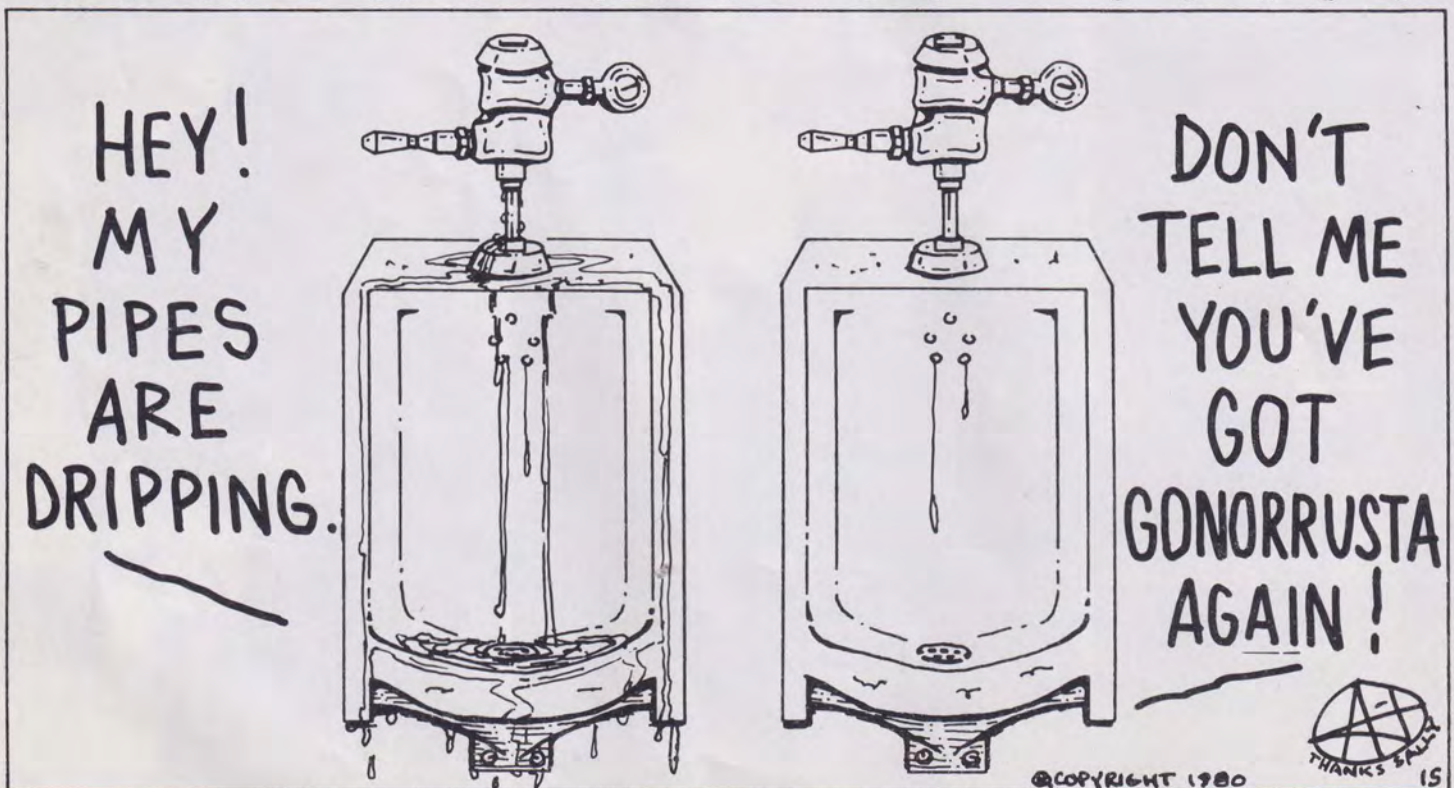
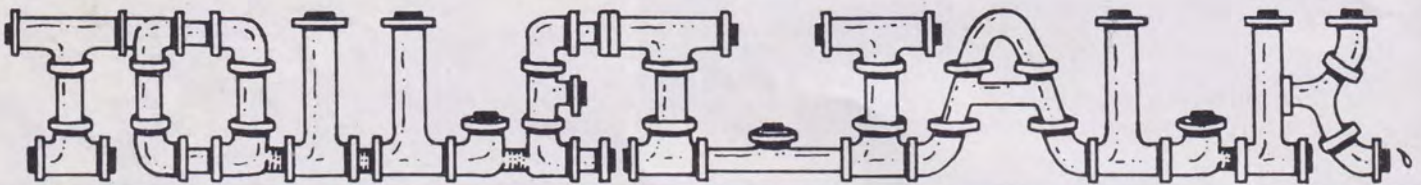
form of sex. You may choose to see it as the very act of liberation as you look at the photographs of men leaning up to swallow piss or bending over to release the pent up force of a douche.

In any case, *Submission* is a terribly powerful book. You can get a copy of it for \$12.95 by sending your check to: Stefanotti, 30 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019.





DRUMSTICKS



RUN NO MORE

CHAPTER 3

By
LARRY
TOWNSEND

UNTIL WE OPENED THE DOOR OF THE BLACK-ROOM and peered into the darkened corridor, we had no way of knowing what time of day it was. The pair of skinheads had left us at least two hours before, and there had been no sound . . . no thumps or bumps or squeals of furniture being dragged across the floor . . . nothing but silence for most of that interim. Knowing that Charlie had been alone when I arrived, we were assuming the gang must have established a pattern in their systematic looting of the house. If we were right, there would be one man left inside during the day, the rest departing sometime before dawn. We had been able to hear some movement in the house for several hours prior to Charlie's last appearance, and from this we gauged the intervening period to have been the final hours of darkness. The two thugs had come down to entertain themselves after completing their labors, after the rest of their band had departed with the night's haul.

We were disappointed to find the house in total darkness. Fearfully, we stepped out into the hallway and listened.

"I can't hear a thing," Jim whispered.

"Do you think they might all have left?" I asked.

"I doubt it." His voice was still distorted by his swollen lips and jaw, but fresh waves of

Illustration by KEN WOOD

energy now motivated both of us. In the blackness, where I couldn't make out even the outline of his body, Jim's tone seemed almost strident.

As we continued forward, padding barefoot down the hall, I kept one hand on the wall to guide us; the other gripped the solid flesh of my companion's upper arm. This contact formed my only bridge to reality; the rest might well have been a dream, a terrible nightmare in which I wandered naked through the darkened maze of imagined hell. Feeling my way through the pitch blackness, I still sensed the emptiness of the space around us. The subtle whispers of our breathing seemed to echo back, bouncing off the bare walls and floors . . . places where there had previously been drapes and carpets, furnishings to absorb the sound.

We passed through the doorway connecting the main downstairs hall and the corridor off which the servants' quarters and blackroom opened. There had been a heavy Oriental runner down the entire length. Even this was gone, leaving just the lint from its pad to mark the area it had covered. Jim moved his arm, momentarily disengaging my hand. I felt his fingers touch my own, and without a second thought I grasped them. We proceeded toward the foot of the stairs, hand-in-hand, like Hansel and Gretel approaching the witch's house of candy.

"If anyone's still here, he must be upstairs," Jim whispered.

We started up, again moving across bare boards where there had previously been heavy carpet. "They've really cleaned the place out!" I muttered.

"Wait a second," Jim replied. He let go of my hand and moved back the way he'd come. Once he reached the bottom of the staircase I couldn't hear him any longer. The entire house was so dark I had been unable to see him when he was right beside me; now, I felt alone . . . more naked than naked as I awaited his return in puzzled anticipation. At length I heard a rattling near the front door. A moment later Jim was back at my side, fumbling for my hand in the blackness. Finding it, he shoved a stick of some kind against my palm. "They hadn't taken the umbrella stand," he whispered. "That's a walking stick, in case you're wondering."

"Have you got one, too?" I asked.

He emitted a soft, short chuckle. "I've got the umbrella," he replied.

"Shit! Just like a pair of old ladies!" I whispered back. The tension was gathering in my throat, trying to transform itself into a tickling laugh. Somehow it communicated itself to Jim, and by the time we reached the top we were both trying to hold back the giggles. I felt his hand slide across my naked flank until his fingers closed in gentle warmth about my cock. "Not too much like an old lady," he muttered.

Hysterical laughter was close to bubbling out of me, but it froze as I spied a crack of light under the door to Bert's bedroom. My Adam's apple became a lump of emotion-charged anxiety, seeming to throb with every beat of my heart, making internal rasps as the blood forced itself through constricted vesicles. We paused outside the door, listening for some sign of movement on the other side.

"Maybe one of us should phone the police before we take a chance on getting caught again," I suggested.

"We can't," Jim answered.

"I don't see . . ."

"The blackroom!" he hissed. "How are we going to explain it? Where have they been holding us? No, we've got to take them by ourselves . . . get some other help."

I was standing directly in front of the doorknob, and I felt Jim's hand slide across my belly as he reached for it. "Ready?" he asked.

I nodded; then, realizing he couldn't see me, I whispered, "Ready!"

Jim turned the handle and eased the door open. I blinked for a moment in the comparative brightness, but a quick glance gave the entire picture. Charlie was sprawled across Bert's big bed, his mouth open in sleep. He was breathing so heavily I wondered that we hadn't been able to hear him from outside. The skinhead was alone, apparently sleeping off the effects of his drunk. Unlike the lower level, all the furniture was about as I remembered it . . . just two or three pictures missing from the walls. "They haven't finished with the upstairs," Jim remarked grimly. He moved across the area toward the bed. Charlie was dead to the world.

Jim looked back and forth, between me and the sleeping figure. I almost wanted to laugh again, because he was absently leaning on the folded umbrella, for all the world like a proper

gentleman . . . but naked, his sexuality displayed in dark silhouette against the aura from the bedside lamp.

"Why don't you run down and get a pair of handcuffs," he suggested. "Once we awake him we're apt to have a fight on our hands, and neither of us is going to be at his best."

I obeyed without argument, racing through the darkened house, snatching up two sets of irons from the blackroom, returning faster than I should and stumbling as I remounted the stairs. The noise should have awakened the dead. But Charlie was exactly as he had been, when I puffed back into the room. We stood at the foot of the bed, staring down at his powerful form. Just the trip down and back had left me winded, and I knew Jim was in worse shape than I. Subduing Charlie was suddenly more of a project than I had previously considered it.

Jim shrugged. "Well, nothing ventured, nothing gained," he said. He moved to one side of the bed; I took the other.

Again we paused, exchanging glances. I held the irons in rediness. Jim nodded and took hold of Charlie's shoulder. The sleeping hulk grunted and tried to press more firmly onto the mattress. I climbed onto the bed and between us we managed to roll Charlie onto his belly. He groaned and jerked his head up, off the pillow. By then, Jim had maneuvered his wrists together behind his back and I snapped the cuff onto one of them. "Wot the fuck . . .!" He started to come fully to his senses, but between the two of us we forced his wrists back together and I wrestled the second cuff into place.

It was another couple of seconds before Charlie realized what had happened. He reared up, roaring like a wounded bull. There had been no time to set the handcuffs, so Charlie's violent response now made them tighten more firmly about his wrists. Jim and I were unable to hold him during this. We merely jumped backward, to stand on either side of the bed. Charlie had flipped onto his back, his arms pinioned beneath him as he glared and shouted at us. But he wasn't calling for help, which assured us we had been right. Charlie had been left alone in the house.

He was trying to roll off the bed, to get to his feet. Without the use of his hands, his own weight was making him sink into the mattress, and he almost fell when one booted foot became tangled in the spread. He was on his side, shoulders hanging over the edge when he paused, seeming to accept the sudden reversal of his situation. He had tried to get up on Jim's side, and the smaller man shoved him back onto the surface. He brandished his umbrella, poking the steel up against the center of Charlie's gut. He pressed down until most of the shaft had disappeared into the depression of cloth.

"Hold still!" he said sharply. "Hold, or I'll drive it right through you." There was a satisfied gleam in Jim's eye, but his tortured lips were unable to form a smile.

Charlie remained where he was, rolling his head from side to side, glowering at each of us in turn. His anger was giving way to fear; his expression became sullen, reflecting a dejected acceptance of defeat.

Jim reached across, passing the handle of the umbrella to me. "Think you can manage him?" he asked. "I'll call one of our friends."

"Go ahead," I told him. "I'll keep the son of a bitch in place!" I purposely shoved down on the shaft, making the point sink more deeply into Charlie's belly. The big skinhead grunted in pained response, but he refused me the satisfaction of any greater display. "Fuckin' gristlehead!" I muttered. I was staring down at him and Charlie locked his gaze with mine. He was an animal, I thought, a powerful, sexual animal! I noted the deep, Aegean blue of his eyes, aware for the first time of the almost delicate symmetry of his features. He was very Nordic, really, his blond hair clipped so close to the skull that its effect was all but lost. Except for his muscular bulk, he was almost pretty.

Jim had moved around the bed and I heard him pick up the telephone from the nightstand behind me. I glanced back at him and he nodded, indicating that the instrument was working. The clock beside the phone showed 4:15. *Darkness before the dawn*, I thought. The drapes were drawn across the windows, and outside the city was asleep. So was the man who answered Jim's call, apparently, as my companion spent several seconds apologizing.

" . . . but if you could get over here, Hal, I'd really appreciate it," he said. "We've had some very serious trouble . . . No, I'd rather you saw for yourself . . . Right! Bring Jeff . . . yes, by all means bring him with you."

He hung up and looked back at me. "Hell of an hour to be knocking someone up," he muttered. He tried to grin, aware of the diverse meanings; then he looked down at Charlie with a hard expression of distaste. "Let's get the big man downstairs," he said grimly.

For a moment, I thought Charlie was going to put up another struggle. He seemed to shrink away from Jim's hand when my companion reached for his shoulder. Instead, he heaved himself upright and stood docilely beside the bed. With one of us on either side, his hands pinioned securely behind him, Charlie accompanied us to the blackroom without further resistance. His attitude was decidedly apprehensive, however, and I think the ramifications of his sudden change in fortune were only now penetrating his sluggish brain. Jim and I were still stark naked. While Charlie was dressed in jeans, workshirt and boots. This may have added some elements of incongruity. I could feel the heavy muscle tremble within my grip as I held his shoulder and guided the big skinhead toward the rear of the house.

"What should we do with him?" asked Jim as we shoved our captive into the room.

"It does stink in here," I said. "Think we ought to put the fucker to work?"

"We'd have to change his cuffs," Jim replied thoughtfully. He stood with one hand cupped about his swollen lips, elbow braced in the palm of the other. "Big bastard . . . can't take a chance on his getting loose."

"Get over there!" I said, giving Charlie a shove toward the chain he had previously used to hold me in the collar. He almost fell, sliding on the slimy floor. The length of chain touched his shoulder, suspended from its steel ring in the ceiling. He was so much taller than I, it was possible to wrap the links around his neck and secure them with a padlock. I did this and looked back at Jim. "Got the key?" I asked, nodding toward Charlie's handcuffs.

The skinhead now stood as he had forced me to do, his body stretched upward, head canted slightly to one side. Jim hesitated a moment before responding to my question. His eyes gleamed maliciously, and his battered lips twisted into a parody of a smile. "I think he ought to be nude, don't you?" he suggested.

"Good idea," I agreed.

Jim stepped up to the prisoner and quickly unbuckled his belt, shoving the jeans down to bind about his ankles. "That'll help encumber him . . . should he get any ideas," added my companion.

Jim handed me the key and I unlocked the cuff on one of Charlie's wrists, stepping back quickly in case he decided to make a grab for me.

"No need to be afraid of him," said Jim. He struck Charlie in the stomach with a length of chain. "Get that shirt off!" he snapped.

Slowly, our captive started to obey. The chain was so taut about his neck he had already been forced to balance himself with his heels an inch or so off the floor. His face was turning red from the pressure around his throat. I think he wanted to protest, but he sensed the futility of it in the light of all he'd done to us. Jim landed another telling blow, and Charlie's hands began moving more rapidly to unfasten the buttons of his shirt.

The blue workshirt fluttered to the floor, and Charlie stood in bound, naked submission. Except for the tangle of jeans about his ankles he was completely nude . . . majestic power contained, reminding me of Michelangelo's half-finished slaves, trying to extricate their massive frames from the solid stone. Despite the skinhead's submissive attitude, I was wary. "Get your hands in front of you and lock that cuff in place," I told him.

He seemed to hesitate, as if this command had interfered with some plan he'd been formulating for escape. I struck him sharply across the ass with a studded leather strap. "Move!" I shouted at him.

Grudgingly, he brought his hands together in front and locked his free hand into the empty cuff that dangled from the other. He groaned as the ratches clicked into place, but otherwise said nothing. Jim walked around him, giving Charlie a wide berth as if still fearful lest the skinhead make a sudden grab for him. Standing against the giant's naked backside, he wrapped a length of chain about the big man's waist, joining it in front with a padlock. I had moved around to face them, and I stood with a heavy wooden cudgel in my hand as I

watched. Jim took hold of the links that joined the captive's wrists and hooked the padlock through them before securing it. Once the hasp snapped shut, Charlie was bound in much the way I had been . . . except that he had little freedom to move his arms.

Jim unlocked the chain around the skinhead's neck. "Why don't you take care of him?" he suggested. "I'd like to clean up and . . . survey the damage." His fingers touched his battered face, exploring the areas of puffy swelling.

I would actually rather have gone with him, but the idea of putting Charlie through his paces was also appealing to me. I agreed and soon had the powerful prisoner mopping out the mess on the blackroom floor. Bert had an electric cattle prod among his collections, and I used this to assure Charlie's rapid compliance whenever I instructed him. I only had to touch the rod to his ass a couple of times to convince him it was better to obey. Completely naked, with no covering of any sort to protect his flesh, bound as securely as he was, there was no question or alternative to his performance.

I leaned back against the rack as he worked, trying to form some reasonable explanation for all that had happened. This man had allowed himself to be brought to my uncle's house as an S&M trick . . . a hustler, if I'd understood Jim correctly. Obviously, he had cased the place and later returned with his fellow thugs to loot it. What bothered me was their timing. Jim indicated it had been over a month since he'd brought Charlie home. Why had they waited until Bert was out of town? Had that been intentional? "What were you looking for?" I asked abruptly.

Charlie looked at me with a peculiar expression . . . fear mingled with surprise or . . . what? I couldn't quite decipher it, but he displayed a degree of anxiety that I hadn't observed before. Whether it was fear of his impending punishment — that alone — or something more, I couldn't tell. I repeated my question, this time in a louder, more demanding tone.

"Nothin' in particular," he answered softly.

I shoved the metal prod against his side and pressed the button. Charlie screamed at the pain and tried to back away. His feet slipped on the wet floor and he fell into a half crouch against the wall. He was cringing, trying to shield his face, unable to move his arms to sustain his balance or effectively cover any part of him.

I stood up and advanced toward him, brandishing the prod for another poke. "You haven't answered me," I said.

"Please!" he begged. "I don't know nothin'! Honest, Guv, I don't!" He looked at me like a beaten cur, his quaking flesh cringing back from the blunt nozzle of the prod. "Please!" he shrieked again.

His protests had dropped to a panicky whine when I touched the contact to his hip. He bolted frantically, this time going completely off balance. Without the use of his arms he couldn't catch himself and he fell flat on his face. My contempt was turning to anger, a fury which fed on my own humiliation and near exhaustion. None of the normal, civilized restraints remained to hold me back. I wrestled Charlie onto his back and I shoved the prod into his crotch, slamming it into the crevice between his legs so it battered his balls. His cock, always heavy and powerful like the rest of him when he'd had me in restraints, was now a withered lump against the moist, blond hairs. It seemed to cringe like the rest of his body, contracted inside the loose hood of foreskin.

"I want to know what you fuckers were looking for!" I demanded.

"Jewels," he gasped. "Please, now, Guv! Don't burn me with that thing! Please!"

"Then tell me what I want to know," I insisted. "You weren't after any jewels!" I pressed harder on the rod, flattening his balls. I flicked the button to give him a hint of current.

Charlie screamed and flopped helplessly on the slippery floor. "I swears it; I swears it! All I know is these coves, they comes ter me and they tells me yer Uncle Bertie is a very rich man. I should go . . . go do me thing with 'im. I was ter look about so's I knows me way about the place. They tells me 'e's a gem collector and if I plays the game with 'em I'll get me share."

I had continued to shove the prod deeply into his crotch, but I didn't give him any more current. Charlie had been talking faster and his voice had risen an octave in pitch. He was either telling the truth, or he was more afraid of the unknown consequences than he was of my electric shock. Al-



TRIANGLE LOUNGE

▲

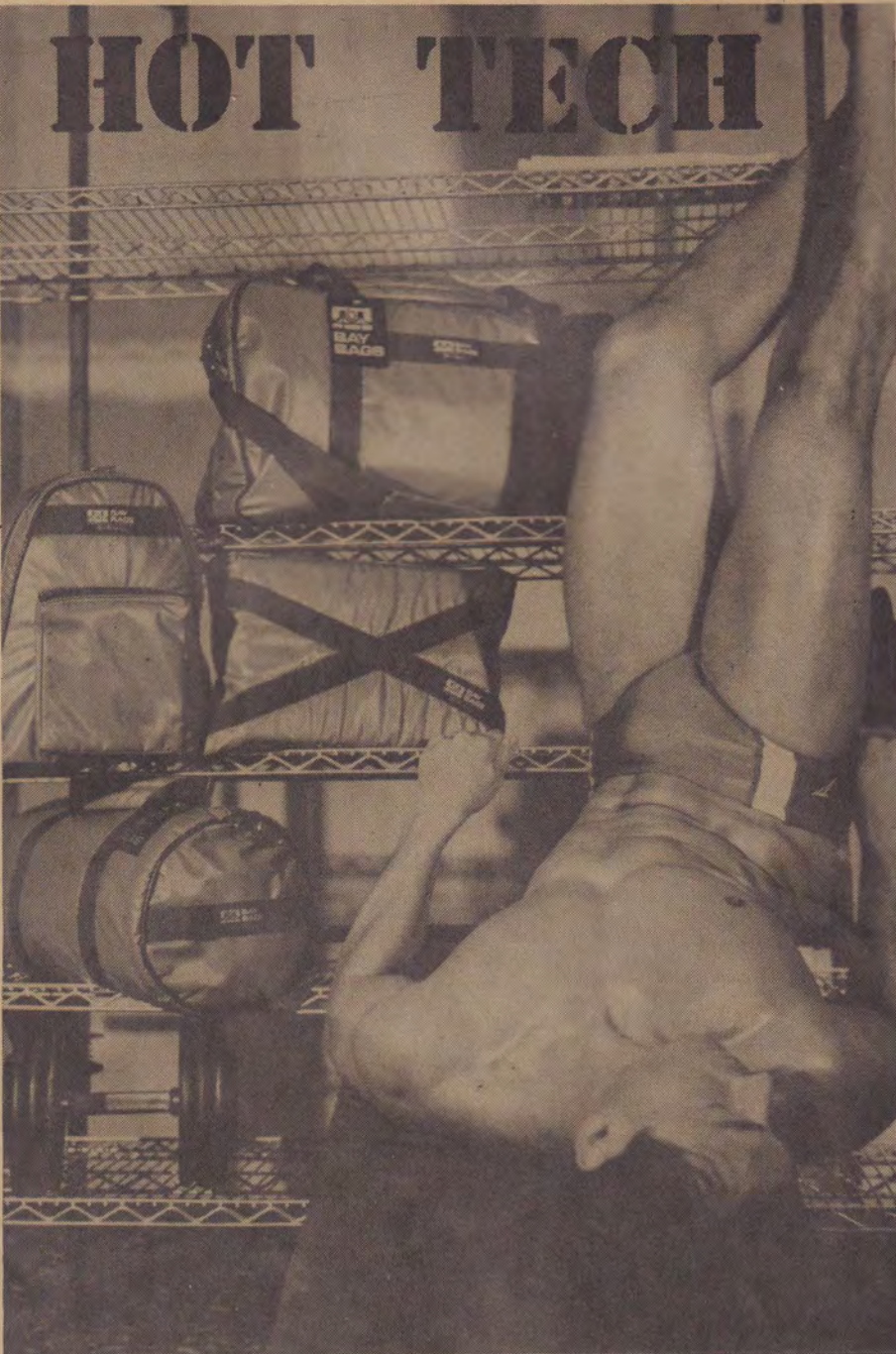
2036 Broadway
Denver, Colorado
303/534-9226



THE BARRACKS.
56 Widmer Street
Toronto, Canada
(416) 366-1292



HOT TECH



BAY BAGS

AT
HEADLINES

549 CASTRO - SAN FRANCISCO - 1217 POLK

Terry Photo

though I continued to question him, I was never able to make him vary his story.

Hal and Jeff arrived about an hour after Jim had called them, and I heard the houseman answer their ring. When he led them back to the blackroom I had Charlie on his knees, threatening to shove the cattle prod up his ass as he frantically scrubbed at the remaining grime. Jim was dressed in a dark suit, his face cleaned up and patched here and there with band-aids and strips of tape. The two new arrivals were men I had met on my previous trip, and despite the circumstances they both seemed amused at my situation with the skinhead. Jeff, the younger of the pair, made a remark about my endowment which reminded me of my nakedness and battered condition. It also made me aware of the semi-hardness of my cock. Putting the big man through his paces had provided this side-effect without my realizing it.

"I told you he'd turn out to be S," added Hal.

Jeff sighed wistfully. "Yes, you did, didn't you?"

"Why don't you get cleaned up?" Jim suggested. "We can take over with this bastard." He nudged Charlie with his toe, and the naked captive looked at me with an almost pathetic plea in his eyes. *Looking at me with the same irrational hope I placed in him*, I thought. Seeing me hesitate, Jim glanced knowingly at his companions, the suggestion of a twinkle in his eyes. "Of course, there's no rush if there's something else you'd like taken care of." He was looking at my crotch, intermittently flicking his gaze toward Charlie's kneeling figure.

In retrospect, my reactions were rather interesting. I could see that Charlie was more than willing to service me, though his motivation may have been more a desire to delay my departure than any display of lust. My erection had gained another modicum of tumescence, despite my being a little embarrassed to find myself the object of Jeff's and Hal's amused attention. It would have been a fitting act of retribution, I supposed, to force the muscular captive to kneel at my feet and swing on me. I think it was mostly because I knew he wanted it that I decided not to let it happen. It was the act of ultimate sadism when I turned my back on him and left the room.

I paused at the door, long enough to tell the others of my interrogation. I took a final look at Charlie, still on his knees in the center of the blackroom. "Better luck next time, shit-head!" His crestfallen expression was more rewarding at that moment than anything else I could have done.

We had left Hal and Jeff to look after Bert's house, and were on a flight to Munich shortly before noon. "Hal has enough connections at the Yard, we should get it looked into without too many embarrassing questions," Jim told me.

Although I felt a little guilty leaving in the middle of it all, I had to admit a sense of relief not to be queried by the police. I was more surprised at the obvious urgency that drove Jim into making such a hasty departure. "Bert wanted us to come immediately that you arrived," he expalined. "That's all I know, but he was most insistent."

It was a beautiful flight, though I kept dozing off and missed most of the scenery. I didn't come fully awake until the stewardess came around telling everyone to fasten seat belts. We were approaching the Munich airport, descending through the clear crisp air of alpine winter. The sun blazed in reflected brilliance against the fields of white, while towering mountains in the distance cast back the golden blaze of approaching sunset. There was no fog or haze such as I was used to seeing over any American city, just the wisps of black-gray smoke from several hundred chimneys as the aircraft circled the suburbs and dropped toward the runway.

Great mounds of snow had been piled about the field, but the central area had been cleared and we landed with no more than the usual maneuverings . . . We were processed through customs with the usual quick Teutonic efficiency. I changed some Traveler's Checks in the lobby, while Jim collected our baggage. I met him at the curb outside the terminal and was surprised to find him haggling in fluent German with a cab driver. They finally agreed on a figure, and we were on our way to the village. There had been a snow storm the day before, the driver told us; but according to the latest news reports, even the mountain roads were now open.

It was dark long before we reached our destination, and I was glad that Jim had provided me with a heavy fleece-lined coat from my uncle's closet. Strangely enough, the thieves had not taken any clothing or much of anything else from the

upper floors. The downstairs had been stripped bare, with most of the paneling pulled from the walls in the den and main salon. Jim dozed during the trip, but I have never been able to sleep in a car. Instead, I kept thinking about all that had happened, trying to put my finger on the explanation. There had to be a reason for the peculiar set of circumstances, and several times I felt close to the elusive key. In my drowsy state of mind, several implausible colutions presented themselves and at one point I had constructed a tremendous complex of international conspiracies and farfetched, high level protagonists. Later these seemed so foolish, I was glad Jim had fallen asleep and hadn't been able to hear them.

We passed through the village, where the influx of skiers kept the inns and taverns alive with lights and the sounds of festivities. I directed the driver onto the road that led to Alfred's cottage and awakened Jim a few minutes before we arrived. Lights showed in the front windows, indicating the old man was still up. I hoped my uncle would be with him. Directly behind the caretaker's home, the dark gray wall of the castle blotted out the reflected light of moon and stars. Snow was piled in drifts along the top, but the vertical stones seemed black and lifeless, casting an ominous pall over the smaller building.

Alfred must have heard the cab drive up. He came out to help us with our bags, showing no emotion — neither surprise nor pleasure — at our arrival. I couldn't be sure if it was a quirk of memory, or if the few intervening months had really left their mark on Alfred. He seemed much older and more haggard than I remembered him, certainly more subdued in speech and manner. Once inside, he welcomed us with a forced joviality and ushered us into the kitchen. We were soon huddled around the table with steaming mugs of hot chocolate in our hands. Like so many German houses, the caretaker's cottage was heated by small coal stoves, built into the walls of each individual room. The kitchen was the warmest place, but even here one had a tendency to hover as closely as possible to the stove.

"Your uncle is in the castle," Alfred explained. "He went up several hours ago with Kurt and the others."

"Maybe we should join them," I suggested. I was anxious to see Bert, disappointed that he was not in the cottage to meet us. Still, despite my eagerness to learn the reason for all the mysterious urgency, I was really on the verge of exhaustion and secretly relieved when Alfred suggested it might be better not to interrupt what the others were doing.

"What are they doing?" Jim asked.

Alfred regarded us apprehensively, uncomfortable at the prospect of having to explain. "I . . . know it will seem foolish to you," he faltered, "but . . . the truth of it is . . . we are having . . . troubles . . ."

"We already know that much," I said impatiently.

Alfred shrugged, his wrinkled face twisting into a grimace. The watery blue eyes stared out through the folds of leather skin, halo of white hair disordered from the stocking cap he had worn outside. "As you can see," he continued, "I am here alone. I have let the housekeeper go until we get things settled. The outsiders have stopped bothering us so much, but . . ."

"You're hedging, Alfred," I insisted. "What's all the mystery?"

The old man sighed. "It's . . . the ghost," he replied unhappily.

"Oh, shit!" I wanted to laugh, but his strained expression held me back. "You can't seriously tell me this is all some silly superstitious crap like that!"

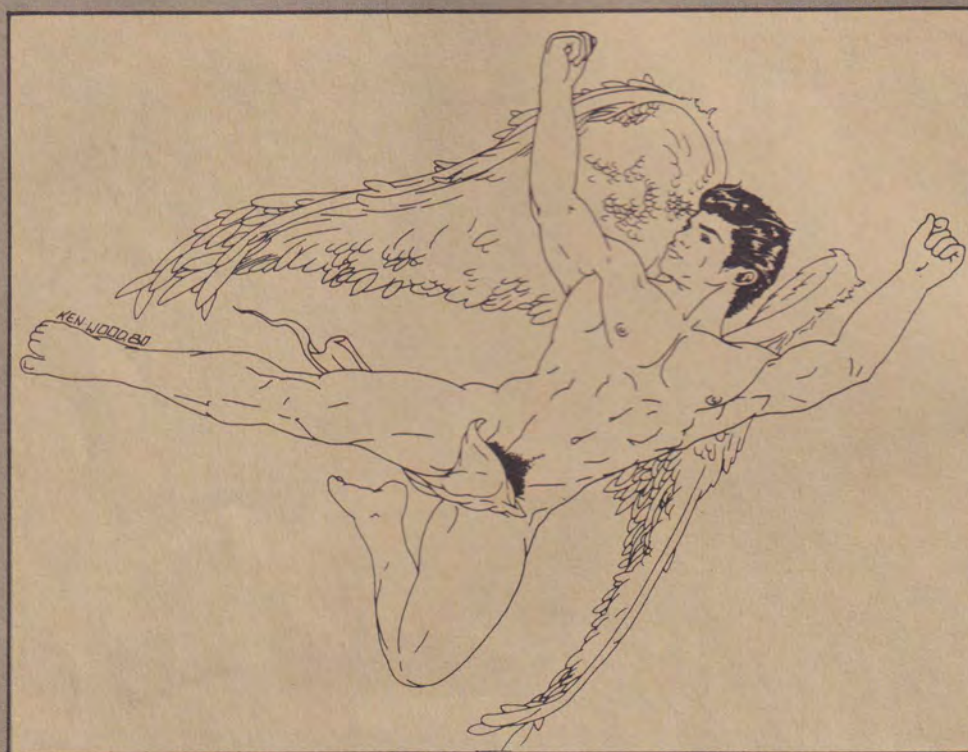
"It is not so silly," he answered evenly. "I know, there are many who laugh at the idea, but we have had much trouble. And we have not been able to keep it all . . . amongst ourselves."

"Alfred, that's the most ridiculous thing I've heard yet," I began. "After all the shit we've been through . . ."

Jim waved me off, responding to the old man's pained expression. "We have just had a very peculiar experience in London," he said, and he proceeded to relate the details of our run-in with the thugs. "I doubt it has any connection," Jim concluded, "but it's left both of us . . . depleted."

Alfred nodded sagely. He had remained in place during Jim's entire recital, merely acknowledging his understanding by an occasional grunt or motion of his head. He now stood up and refilled our mugs, placing a platter of cheese and meat on the table. He took some rolls from the warming oven and

SUPERIOR PRODUCTS.



GLIDE INDUSTRIES presents a whole new line of special products for Active Men

LIVING LEATHER AROMA

Not just a popper! Special secret process to enhance the fragrance of leather. Because we are fond of saddles, boots and leathers. A complete trip, high and turned on to the leather scent.

BUTCH BUBBLES

Phosphate free, biodegradable shampoo made from natural ingredients that assure low pH. The super lathering of this almond scented shampoo means you use less at an already low cost.

HUNKY HAIR

One of the most versatile conditioners developed, designed to use every day. Economical, too.

SLIP AND SLIDE

The Ultimate Lubricant, Available for the first time. All the advantages of modern chemistry at work. Others talk about it, we have it. A body lotion/lubricant that aids in fulfilling your sensual pleasures. NON-STAINING, SLIP & SLIDE, RINSE AWAY WITH JUST WATER.

SUN SCREAMER

Sun tanning and massage oil, with the best screener available, and a little more. CAUTION: May cause drowsiness.

STUD SNUFF

Our newest product, an incredible creation! Glow powder, sold as a nose talc. Guaranteed to make more than just your nose tingle.

GLIDE PRODUCTS
311 CALIFORNIA ST. SUITE 700
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94104
(415) 392-2635



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ I am over 21 (sign) _____

PHONE — Shipped same day C.O.D.

MONEY ORDER — Shipped same day

CHECKS — Allow 4—6 weeks delivery

- ☐ Check
☐ Money Order

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Quantity	Product	Size	Price	Total
	Slip & Slide	2 oz.	\$1.50	
		8 oz.	5.00	
	Living Leather Aroma	2 dram	5.00	
		5 dram	7.50	
	Butch Bubbles	8 oz.	3.00	
	Hunky Hair	8 oz.	5.00	
	Sun Screamer	8 oz.	5.00	
	Stud Snuff	1 gram	5.00	
		5 grams	25.00	

Money Back Guaranteed! No Minimum Required!

Add 6½% sales tax

set a knife and plate in front of each of us. "You must eat," he said absently. "I will try to tell you what has happened here. I know you will not wish to believe, but the way it happened . . ." He shrugged again. "Well, judge for yourselves." In essence, Alfred rendered the following account:

It began near the end of the tourist season . . . this being extended a little longer than usual due to the number of Americans who came on late September and October vacations. Something your airlines are promoting, I think. The days were already growing shorter, and the first snows had fallen. Still, we were conducting the daily tours . . . one in the morning, one in the afternoon. We also had several of our people coming to the village and using the castle at night. This was possible, you see, because I had to keep the fires burning and the place was not so cold. We had a special allowance for additional fuel.

It was during one of these times that the . . . ghost first appeared. Our subject that evening was a young man from the German army, a most attractive fellow, but a newcomer and quite unsure of himself. Kurt and a few of the others had taken him to the dungeon, and I was in my usual place above them, watching from the opening where I could not be seen. They had used the central block, the stone table in the middle of the floor. It was just cold enough that they had covered the surface with deerskin. They had instructed the young soldier to remove his uniform, and they had strapped him down on his back.

To progress this far had taken quite some time and patience, reassuring the subject and overcoming his apprehensions. In the end, he submitted . . . as they nearly always do, and the others had begun to work upon him, slowly at first, building toward a fully rounded session as time progressed. He was an extraordinary subject, too, highly responsive once he accepted the situation, straining at his bonds and crying out even when the pain was minimal. His body was nearly hairless, which had caused Kurt to use hot wax on him . . . a most effective stimulus, as I'm certain you can appreciate. The young soldier had come to us by reference, so he was no stranger to the rituals and was soon performing well. His

penis was full and erect, giving every indication of acceptance and enjoyment.

Usually, Kurt would place a hood on his subject when using the wax, but for some reason he failed to do it this night. The young man had a clear view, whenever he chose to look, of the entire ceiling and the west wall of the chamber. When it happened, all of the others — including myself — were looking at the soldier.

The entire chamber was quite dark. The only light came from the hearth and from the three or four candles placed about the room. The flames always make the shadows shift, grow large and small, darker and lighter. Also, the subject was being worked upon by the others, which could have created a confusion of form and motion. As best I could observe from my place above them, one of the masters seized the subject's genitals and must have caused some pain when he did it. The young man twisted, started to cry out as he raised his head off the stone. Then he tensed and seemed to freeze, staring at a spot near the bottom of the stairs . . . the stone steps that lead down from the main floor. At first, no one bothered to follow the young man's gaze, and Kurt later told me he thought the soldier was experiencing one of those emotional . . . "highs," as you call them.

Then the subject cried out, and it was not a sound which any of us had ever heard from a participant before. It was an expression of fear that had its roots in no physical source. "What is it?" he was shouting. "What is it?"

Everyone turned, and there . . . at the foot of the stairs, was the apparition! It was a dark and shadowy thing, a man by all appearances, dressed in the robe of a monk. The form, the ghost . . . whatever it was . . . it stood there, silently watching the men. Kurt — I believe it was Kurt — called a challenge, asking what he wanted. But even in these first moments it was clear the thing was not a mortal man. The outline of the steps showed behind him . . . through him. As we watched, he turned slowly and began to walk toward the staircase. Two of the men ran after him, and one was actually able to touch him before he faded . . . simply vanished into the shadows.

The spot was cold, he told us later, chill as if an icy mist surrounded the specter. That is all he was able to say, but

magazines

films

toys

paperbacks

G & A BOOKS

Courageous Book, Inc.
250 West 42nd Street
New York City

G & A Books
251 West 42nd Street
New York City

250 Book Center
250 West 42nd Street
New York City

"One of the few New York porn stores you can be seen entering without horrible embarrassment"

— The Village Voice

"New York's only semi-respectable X-rated book shop"

— Time Magazine

In San Francisco

The Hotel El Dorado

A Hotel in The Tradition of
The European Pensione

On your next visit to San Francisco, experience one of the City's newest pleasures—a stay at the tastefully restored Hotel El Dorado. We offer easy access to the Downtown, Polk, Castro and Folsom districts. Comfortable and secure, you are reminded of



a warm European pensione. Fresh coffee is served just outside your door. Our modest rates include a continental breakfast each morning. Off-street parking is available. Treat yourself to the Hotel El Dorado. Call or write for reservations.

Rates begin at \$19⁵⁰

150 Ninth Street, San Francisco, CA 94103 • (415) 552-4660

the experience had ruined the exchange. The subject was badly frightened, the more so when he realized it had not been a trick contrived by his masters. He returned to the village that night, and afterward we searched to find some explanation. We could not, and the entire affair might have ended except for two subsequent occurrences.

First, the soldier — at least we assume it was the soldier — sent an unsigned letter to the Landkreis administrator . . . what you call the county seat, I believe. In this note, much information was given in addition to reporting the ghost. Of course, the local Waschmeister is an old friend of mine, and I was able to dissuade him from making more than a perfunctory investigation. After a few days, the police detectives went away.

It was almost the last tour of the season, when the night came early and the castle was dark before the afternoon visitors had left. I was conducting them through myself, and we had just completed our viewing of the dungeons. This is the last part of the tour, if you will recall. We were ready to go upstairs and leave, when the ghost appeared again! It seemed to emerge from the wall on one side of the steps. It stopped, turned and looked at us, and continued toward the opposite side. One of the men ran forward . . . the only person to move, because the rest were shocked to immobility. This man claims he touched the figure, and he also reported feeling the chill. Then the apparition was gone, and the tourists were bubbling like a flock of school children.

There was no way to prevent the story from getting out. Der Spiegel picked it up, as did several others. There was no official investigation, because no government official would admit to a belief in ghosts. But I soon had a series of curious people coming to my door, some of them with letters of introduction or recommendation from high-ranking men in the Bavarian government. I could not refuse them entry. None of them found any explanation for the ghost, but the attention being focused upon the castle made it impossible to use it for our purposes. Between Christmas and Advent, the furor lessened and I hoped it would all be forgotten. It was not. In January, the exorcists and the representatives of several occult societies came back. And worse, there were rumors of

an impending change of policy. Two different firms were interested in opening concessions on the castle grounds, and one of them offered to bear the expense of keeping the place open all year.

If any of these things came to pass, it would have removed me and would have ended any future use of the castle by our people. When the threat of such became manifest, I summoned your uncle. It is imperative, you see, that we discover the cause and that we rid ourselves of . . . whatever it is haunting the castle.

"Is that what Bert is trying to do tonight?" asked Jim.

"Yes," Alfred replied. "He is there with Kurt and a man named Edgar Harris — a countryman of yours." He nodded in my direction. "Mr. Harris is a noted expert on the supernatural. He has unmasked many hoaxes, and . . . he is also one of our people."

"You mean . . . like they're holding a seance?" I scoffed.

Alfred shrugged, pursing his lips. "Not exactly," he said. "Still, we could disturb the . . . process . . ."

I looked across at Jim, who was sitting closest to the stove. He was having trouble keeping his eyes open and I wasn't in much better shape myself. "So we wait till morning," I agreed.

"That would be best," said Alfred softly.

The old caretaker had already placed Jim's and my bags in the same room I had used on my last visit . . . a room with one, fairly sizable bed. With a mumbled "good night" to Alfred, Jim and I withdrew, leaving the door ajar. Although the room was very cold, and I was brought to momentary wakefulness by the chill, this quickly faded as I slid beneath the quilted coverlet and felt the warmth of Jim's naked body press against me. Both of us were trembling in response to the low temperature, which overwhelmed the momentary excitement I felt as I touched him. I would have questioned Jim on his opinion of Alfred's account, but my friend's head lolled against my shoulder and I knew by his deep, even breathing that he had fallen asleep.

(Continued Next Issue)

LOVE LEASE

SEASONS
GREETINGS

HAPPY
NEW YEAR



MATTHEW
AND BUDDY
OF
GLENDALE
CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO, w/m, 32, slim, trim beard, 6'2", 160 lbs., m but can be versatile, new to scene, willing to learn. Into dudes who take care of their bodies; enjoy light S&M, B&D, some WS, 3-ways, and have lots of fantasies. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Box B10.

BIG RIG TRUCKERS

Young man wants to learn trucking business from cross-country big rig owner/operator. I'm intelligent, hardworking, obedient, lean & strong, 24, 6'6", 210 lbs. I'm serious; please reply only if you are. I live in So. Cal. but am willing to relocate. Box A66.

Hirsute voyeur, 28, interested in your latest exhibition. All scenes. Dan, 55 Sutter No. 20, S.F., CA 94104.

MASTER NEEDED

Santa Barbara/Ventura, m, 27, 6'0", 145 lbs., needs training by knowledgeable Master. You expand limits for obedient, slim, smooth body that is Yours to use, Sir. Box A67

LOS ANGELES, m, hot young animal—w/m, 25, 6'1", 155 lbs., wants wild leather/levis stud to take this punk to the limit in S&M, B&D, wax, cuffs, collars, and heavy Gr. Come work this punk's ass. Box 997.

LOS ANGELES SLAVE, 43, 6', 165 lbs., with large c/b's digs receiving c/bT work, S&M, leather/levis, etc., Box A68.

SANTA CRUZ: Hot novice m wants to service cut blondes. B&D, TT, leather, toys, shaving. I am w/m, 30, 5'11", 150 lbs., handsome, cut, brown hair, blue eyes, horny, serious, playful, and versatile. Box B75.

S.F. LEATHERMASTER, 38, 6'5", 185 lbs., 6-1/2" uncut, black hair, moustache, wants slave with beard or moustache who does a good blow job, rimming, and licking crotch & balls for life of obedience and servitude, into B&D, TT, CBT, MD (mad doctors), witchcraft, leather and rubber. FF optional. No scat or WS. Live-in a possibility for the right person. No overnights, fats, fems, olds. Send pic to Box A44.

I LIKE LEATHER!

I also like Levis, boots, and ?? Am 5'9", well-built, male Asian. An emperor does not expect to repeat an order; neither do I. If you are a guy interested in the S&M scene and like leather, too, let's get together. Send a recent picture of yourself and a small introduction. Box A51.

GERONTOPHILES, et al: Corrupt, early 50s, articulate tongue, kind but ruthless, even if I care. Knowledge of autohypnosis and sex. Send photo. No fats or hardcore drugs. Can you rise to the occasion? Box A52.

Arrogant, smelly, abusive Master (W, 32, 5'11", 186 lbs., beard) and his personal slave-dog and toilet (W, 32, 5'9", 180 lbs., beard) invite meetings and correspondence with pigs, latrines, Tops, bottoms, voyeurs, exhibitionists, and adventurous animals to explore all extremes. Box A65.

BLACK MAN, 40, 5'7", 128 lbs., looking for man 21 to ?? to train to my specifications. Should be 5'6" to 6', 120 to 180 lbs., into kink & raunch & capable of blind obedience. Body should be in good shape; age, race & endowment unimportant. Uncuts with big feet have preference. Require recent photo with letter detailing your capabilities. Box 852.

SLAVE OR MASTER?

Looking for stud to 55 who knows his place, can assume either role for the right man. Must be willing to commit himself to permanent relationship. P. O. Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94103.

SAN DIEGO MEN!

Two men, 38 and 39, seek contact with other men into fucking, fisting, WS, jack-off, jockstraps, leather, and funky wear. Couples preferred. No fats, fems. No non-smokers! Box 895.

LOS ANGELES: I dig licking your big balls and swallowing your hot cum. Am 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., 7", neat bod. Will fulfill any fantasy. Box 975.

DRUMMER 54

EX-RANCH HAND loves horsemen, cowboys, troopers, and deputy sheriffs with full discretion. Corrals, stalls, barns, tack rooms, saddles, rawhide, and ropes turn me on. Greater S.F. Bay/Monterey Bay area. Willing to travel California & neighboring states. Need stockade detention, stake-out, immobilization. Over 32 years. If you are in authority, write with photo to Box 832.

LOS ANGELES, MS, w/m, 34, 5'7", smooth, slim body, 125 lbs., intelligent goodlooking m looking for intelligent S. I need to serve my man and expect to eventually have only his limitations for my own. I also need to be me to serve you properly. Box 280.

S.F. PENINSULA — Goodlooking, young m in 40s, white, top man, 5'9", 155 lbs., cut, seeks goodlooking, well-built, masculine w/m, 27-40, for intense asshole sex (including FF). Will also fuck your face, use abusive language, and experiment in water sports. Prefer men into snow skiing or other constructive interests. Could consider as a roommate. Photo preferred. Reply to Box A50.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 33, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, goodlooking, hard-edged Libran into Top/bottom trade-offs or one-way clashes with serious leathermen intent on hot bondage and belt sessions; bodies in leather and toys in hand, we'll put tits, cock and ass to their proper use. Skip the bullshit, forget the scat, tune in to the head and the body and let's explore. Photo brings photo. Reply to DRUMMER Box A56 or write c/o Jay, 795 Buena Vista West No. 4, S.F., CA 94117.

S.F. LEATHER STUD

Big Master wants your tight ass & body for my sadistic pleasure. White, 31, 6'1", 29" waist, 42" chest, 180 lbs., hairy muscular body, bearded/tattooed. Masculine slaves into S&M, leather and being fucked who know their worthlessness and how to please, only need respond. Must have facial hair and handsome looks (no pretties). Into piss, hot wax, B&D, pain, TT, boots & cigars. Respect limits if good. No fats, fems, novices, and must have leather. Box A57.

SAN DIEGO, Top, 40, 6'3", 195 lbs., into all scenes — tits, w/s, FFA. Have full equipment. Will train novices. Box A70.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, 41, 5'9", 140 lbs., experienced in bondage, FF, WS, boots, S&M. Respectful of limits, willing to experiment. Fully equipped game room. Box 239.

SAN FRANCISCO: Master, w, 25, 5'11", 180 lbs., visiting Frisco next summer. Want to meet willing slave into prolonged bondage, rope, mild S&M, C&B restraint. Young, trim, goodlooking slave to show me the city by day and at night to submit to bondage. NO drugs, fats, fem, scat. If too much body hair, it will have to come off. Send photo. Box 683.

WANTED! BIG MATURE TITS!

P. O. Box 69, Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240.

UNCUT DADDY WANTED

Goodlooking young bottom, 29, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7" uncut, looking for uncut, hairy-chested, hairy daddy with definite ideas about ruthless asshole-plugging, water sports and prolonged cocksucking. Belt in hand gets instant respect. Photo gets photo and phone number. San Francisco only. Box B79.

KINKY FILTHY HOT

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

TWO MUSCULAR TITMEN

into giving and receiving tit-training, nipple enlargement, stretching, piercing, FF, genital torture, and other scenes considered. Private, isolated training room available. Your letter and photo get ours. Farmers, Box 262, Live Oak, CA 95953.

HOT MUSCULAR DUDE, 37, wants to get it on with other well-built men who are into B&D, leather, asses, tit work, and rough action. Box A64.

PALM SPRINGS, M, 34, 6'2", 180 lbs., desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Levis/leather a turn-on. Box 902.

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

SAN FRANCISCO, goodlooking uncut stud. Seeks dominant butch uniformed lawman, cycle cop, leatherman, SS or Gestapo types for head trips, discipline, submission, mad doctor, C&B, witchcraft and a few other outrageous far-out things that we will talk about. Aroma, etc. No one who doesn't know where his head is. Please, Sir. Box 167.

SIR! w/m slave, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7" cut, trim beard and moustache seeks Master for serious training. Am obedient, respectful, quick learner, goodlooking, masculine and need to be brought to my knees in service. Bob, 256 South Robertson No. 3089, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Can travel.

W/m, masculine, husky hunk, 49, 6'3", 235 lbs., virile, experienced, wants macho studs near my size, 30-plus only. Into tit play, body contact. One-on-one possible. California bodybuilders, cowboys, leathermen, etc., reply to Box 170.

HOLLYWOOD, m, 44, 5'6-1/2", 130 lbs., willing to try anything with the right Master. Prefer w/m, 35-55 in leather, levis, jockstrap. Box 392.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER to work you over. Hairy, bearded, crew-cut erotic painter into total oral/anal play. Solid 210-lbs. ex-coach expects obedience, digs worship. 6-1/2" cut, blue eyes, 5'10" sexual athlete, 52, wants macho partners who know how to serve. Only mentally & emotionally stable jocks seeking total involvement need apply. Relationship, including role-switching, possible with right MAN. Strong preference for hairy, red-headed, tattooed truckers and bikers looking for good hot times South of Market. Mellow scenes possible too. Enjoy men of all ages. Willing to train novice. Respect limits but am firm. Push as far as partner's experience permits. For inspection and interview, reply with frank letter and recent photo. Box 493.

SAN FRANCISCO HOT S, 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., 8-1/2", looking for young intelligent macho bootlicking cocksucking slave into tit torture, B&D, FF, WS, or anything else I order. Applications will be considered with photo. Ken, Box 695.

CHAIN ME UP

for the weekend. Don't let me see your face. Shave my head before you hood me. Cover my shaved, belt-marked body with piss and hot wax. Give me nothing to eat but piss and cum (maybe even my own). I need imaginative Master who respects my limits. San Francisco, 44, 6', 170 lbs., w/m. Box 640.

SAN FRANCISCO, m, 5'5-1/2", 140 lbs., 40, new to leatherworld, seeks w/m, 25-40, to show the way. Must respect limits; no scat, shaving or piercing. Box 783.

SUPER-HOT goodlooking, hung young stud seeks other S studs for challenges in top position. Travel to SF, NYC, and Chicago often. I am a Master who is into other Masters. Men who can handle competition are welcome. 26, 6', 165 lbs., dark blonde, moustache, 8" cut. For the hottest, try the hottest. Box 674.

L.A. FILTH

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

OROVILLE, 34, 6', 180 lbs., brown/brown, looking for Master who loves leather as I do: feel, smell, taste, sight. I need humiliation, WS, hot j/o, feel, smell of warm/hot leather, scat and piss. I need the right man. W. R. Fiedler, Rt 2 Box 2498, Oroville, CA 95965.

Selective Sadist Requires Muscular Masochist. Object: mutual satisfaction. Me: w/m, 38, 6'1", 190 lbs., 8" uncut, inventive. You: ready for new adventures. Photo helps. Box 817.

ARIZONA STUD travels for hot scenes. 8', blk/brn, bearded, crew-cut, hung, w/m, 30s, 165 lbs. Seeks topmen to mete out heavy, bizarre punishment, meatotomy and other C/B/T as well as other semi-ultimate trips, including deep FF and the rest of your individual desires. The best practitioner will eventually get it all. Reply with phone, please, to: Boxholder, PO Box 26042, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

SLAVE DANNY

Los Angeles Area, I am more beautiful in bondage than in freedom, and I will submit to tortures, piercing, shaving, photography to you, Sir, or to groups. I need a Master to be pleased with and proud of me. Box 35.

HAYWARD, S, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 8-1/2" 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.

SAN FRANCISCO. Hot bearded man, 39, 5'9", 6-1/2", 160 lbs., cut, white, into bodybuilding, backpacking and disco. Enjoy leather, military and western attitude. Sexual interests include cock and body worship, oil, movies, j/o, enemas, rimming, WS, sweat, spit, toys, rope art, occasional FF and B&D (novice but interested). No scat and limited pain mixed equally with affection. Prefer slightly dominant, adventurous but level-headed partner(s). No fats or fems. Answer with photo for HOT reply. Box 784.

THE RULE IS: Do as you're told or else. S, 45, 6'3", 170 lbs., requires hairy and/or pierced m, 20-50. Box 679.

HOT & READY IN L.A.

Scandinavian man, 33, versatile (very), good body, goodlooking. Enjoy 3-ways and groups also. Levis, leather, jocks, grease, outdoor scenes. Good men and good sex get same. Box 853.

HAIRY HUNKY HUNG

L.A. Area: 46, 5'9", 179 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 8-1/2" uncut. Into light S&M, B&D, jocks, leather, WS, TT, FF, J/O, fantasy trips. Open to most new scenes. Will answer with phone and photo. Box 349.

S.F. "EXTRA-HUNG"

Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra-thick? If you've ever been told "it's too big", and you know that it IS a whopper, if you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., ex-porno actor, hunky goodlooking, hot ass, insatiable appetite. And if you're a young, super-hung horny dude, into fucking a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF), write with a pic. I'm for real, man. Box 100.

PIGS WANTED

San Francisco: Two hot pig farmers, both w/m. S: 37, 5'8", 140 lbs., 7" cut. M: 40, 5'11", 155 lbs., 8" cut. Have sty, toys, FFA, WS, enemas, tits, ass-eating and other games. Photo gets photo. Write Troy, Box 31701, S.F., CA 94131. No scat.

THREWAYS/ROUPSEX

San Francisco: Obedient slave and his hunky Master looking for hot levi/leather studs into threways and groupsex. Well-equipped toy chest. No heavy drugs. Your photo gets ours. Box 876.

S.F. BLACK LEATHER/BOOTS

Masculine S, w/m, 34, 5'11", 185 lbs., dressed in full leather, looks hot and smells good. If you are a slender w/m under 34, like good music, a firm hand, a hard cock, have a job, then get on your fucking knees and write. Don't expect a long reply from me; I want to meet you, instead. Absolutely no flabs, fems, stupid or hard drugs. Box 854.

Whipping Sessions wanted with leather/uniform men. Have experience both as bound cocksucking slave and as booted heavy whip-wielder. I am uncut, thick cock for heavy sucking. Age 36, 175 lbs., 6', bearded. Box 841.

S/M, hot, handsome, experienced leather Master seeks together man to serve me as slave and MC buddy rider. I am w/m, 28, 5'11", 130 lbs., black hair, mustache, blue eyes, 8" cut, double LEO with insatiable sex drive. You are w/m, 24-45, goodlooking, 5'5" to 5'11", hot hungry ass for long hot sessions, willing, loyal, submissive nature, trim beard and mustache preferred. Must be employed or financially independent. The kind of slave I want I can tie down to the seat of my motorcycle and warm his ass with my belt and fill his hole with Masterjuice and then fuck the hell out of his asshole with my hot experienced hands. Think you can serve a real Master? Then submit a respectful letter of experience with photo and phone to Sir Calvin Martin, P. O. Box 1481, San Francisco, CA 94101. Limits respected.

LOS ANGELES, m, w/m, 34, 5'7", smooth, slim, good body, 125 lbs., intelligent, goodlooking m looking for intelligent S. I need to serve my man and expect eventually only the limitations my Master has for me. Especially like to service others for you, I need to be me to properly serve you. Box 280.

Applications for full-time, live-in slave now being accepted. I am a 30-year-old independent contractor, bodybuilder, dominant and sadistic. You are 20-30, submissive, honest, not afraid of hard work, long hours, and heavy pain when deserved. You tow the line and I'll treat you right. Mail photo, list of experience, and sincere request to: 955 Oak Street, San Francisco, CA 94117.

SAN FRANCISCO w/m, 41, 6', 170 lbs., wants action, not talk. FF (top), whipping, fucking, sucking, heavy titwork. Box 677.

HAIRY GUY into raunchy jock straps, WS, and heavy leather. Digs having his crotch licked and his boots pissed on. Am 6', 155 lbs., 8", white, 32. Photo in jock strap and leather jacket a must. Box 967.

WHAT IS RUBBER? Rubber shirt, rubber pants with dildo, rubber face mask, catheters. Let's rubber together and see. W/m, 37, looking for anyone interested in above. Box A42.

WANTED: 50+ SLAVE(S)

Must have insatiable appetite for throat and ass abuse. Hoods, dildoes, light S&M. Prefer big, husky subservients. Handsome 30-yr-old leather stud demands first-class servicing. Send picture, qualifications, telephone number, and availability to come to Palm Springs area. P. O. Box 69, Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240.

WANTED!

Slave to receive mild B&D, torture, from former high school educator. Any age, any size ok. German & Swedish types desired! Wrestlers ok. Box A35.

WHIPPED ASS IS BETTER

Cabin boy type available for hot, hard whip and prong duty. W/m, 50, No S, no limits. Will report to your quarters with uniform, toys. Seaman Ken, 495 Ellis St. No. 3351, San Francisco, CA 94102.

LATRINE DUTY

San Francisco bottom, 36, 6'3", 165 lbs., 8-1/2" uncut, looking for white beergut leather Master for toilet initiation. Use me as a latrine, piss-soaked jocks sucked dry, also into levis and leather, bondage, shaving, recycled beer from cheesy uncut cocks. Box 562.

NORWALK S looking for 18-30 who is willing to serve and can take what I dish out. I am 23, 5'6", 125 lbs. Box 706.

OAKLAND: Need your cock and balls bound and tortured? I am the one who can do it for you. Write with details and photo to Box 19065, Oakland, CA 94619.

HARDASS UNRULY CANINE MUTT WANTED

with thick, uncut cockmeat, hot-boiling, low-hangin', cum-filled nuts by Black honcho lustin' to collar/leash, break/train as bootdog toilet slave animal. Need boot/cock-hungry, piss-thirsty maverick hunk. Submit to C/B torture, crotch shaving, humiliation. White bootdog ONLY who needs/wants to be hogtied/roped by its slave animal nuts and ridden hard needs write. Photo/phone for prompt reply. Box 988.

S/M SAN FRANCISCO

Looking for biker or leatherman for permanent relationship. P. O. Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101.

TITS AND ASS

Los Angeles: 40s, stocky hairy body, shaved head, wants bun warmers and warmees for long, reciprocal spanking, tit-punching, enemas, and more. Prefer mature, clean non-smokers who'd rather do it than talk about it, want to expand limits for both of us. Box 709.

SAN FRANCISCO—SM, 41, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 8" cut, looking for some heavy scenes. Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. If you're a man, work me over. S&M, B&D, new ideas. Dork, 625 Post Street No. 549, San Francisco, CA 94109.

LOS ANGELES, m, bright, goodlooking, 25, 5'11", 147 lbs., enjoys giving pleasure, being totally dominated by INTELLIGENT, strong, stern topmen familiar with positive character-forming side of leathersex. Don't write unless you're able to gain control and keep it. In return, receive my respect, devotion, hero worship, and full rights to my body. Box B80.

BIG WIDE OPEN ASSHOLES WANTED

L.A. w/m, 31, 5'11", 165 lbs., wants men with hot assholes into FF, huge dildoes, punch fucking, able to withstand several hours of heavy ass play. Serious men only, no J/O. Box 811.

ORANGE COUNTY

Hot Hung Leather Studs who want to bring Hot blond, blue eyed cowboy to his knees send Photo, Details. Box 1264

PALM SPRINGS, S&M, B&D, WS, with w/m, 30, 6', 150 lbs., Blonde Top with good body, will switch roles for right man. Will travel S. Cal. Phone a must. Photo appreciated. Box 1262.

White Male Animal Slave

LOS ANGELES: to be trained and broken as workhorse, need a demanding male master or masters with facilities to use him as such on occasional weekends leading to permanency. To be stabled, bitted, harnessed and worked under reins and whip. Mature Submissive to all Demands. Box 1263.

MAKE ME A CONVERT

SF Bay Area—27 white, blond/blue, new to leather scene, like to watch the action. Let me watch you make it work. Box A47

LOS ANGELES, M, Hot young animal—w/m, 25, 6'1", 155 lbs. Wants wild leather/levis stud to take this punk to the limit in S/M, B/D, Wax, Cuffs, Collars, and Heavy GR. Come work this punk's ass. Box 997.

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

L.A. for C/B punishment, generous entertainment executive, 31, seeks young looking (18-25) live-in friend. Free room and board in excellent neighborhood, other benefits in exchange for light housekeeping, must enjoy having your nuts punished (within limits) and street fight fantasies. Must be very attractive, athletic build. Unlimited opportunity for right guy in a caring, stable environment. Send photo/phone. Box 1276.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, wants submissive slave to yoke B/D torture, C/B torture. Master is 6'3", 200 lbs., 42, German-Irish descent. Size 11 feet, strong, handsome. Can be stern father to son. Slave of Nordic or Celtic descent desired. Wrestlers, swimmers, weight lifters desired. Master will respect all of your limits. No marks. You can trust Master. Box 1279.

DADDY'S BOY

SAN FRANCISCO: S/M, 21 young stud wants to be kept by kinky Daddy for fun & profit. Anything goes. Box 1278

UNCIRCUMCISED LONGSKINS ONLY!

This passive w/m, 40, 180 lbs., 5'10", in wheelchair seeks uncut cheesy gents who are firm and assertive and know how to make this submissive passive. Whimp accept your golden showers, gldn/ckl, ck/bl, worship & beg for more. Robby P.O. Box 1627, Garden Grove, CA 92642.

S.F. AREA STUD

w/m 27, 5'8", blond/blue, looking to give security to youth (under 35). Submit your body and share your spirits. You need what I give you. My style will suit you whatever you need. Adventurous and daring apply. Box A-47.

LOS ANGELES, M, goodlooking, 25, 5'11", 147 lbs., enjoys giving pleasure being totally dominated by intelligent, strong stern topman familiar with positive character-forming side of leather sex. Don't write unless you're able to gain control and keep it. In return receive my respect, devotion hero worship and full rights to my body. Box 1272.

WANTED: 50+ SLAVE(S)

must have insatiable appetite for throat and ass abuse. Hoods, dildoes, light S&M. Prefer big, husky subservients. Handsome 30 yr. old Leather stud, demands first class servicing. Send picture, qualifications, telephone number and availability to come to Palm Springs area. P.O. Box 69, Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240.

SANTA CRUZ, Hot novice M wants to service cut blondes. B&D, TT, Leather Toys, Shavings. I am a W/M, 30, 5'11", 150 lbs., Handsome, Cut, BR/BLU, Horny, Serious, Playful and Versatile. Box 1260.

HIRSUTE VOYEUR

28, Interested in your latest exhibition. All Scenes. Dan, 55 Sutter No. 20, San Francisco, CA 94104.

Horseplay, Wrestling, & Slapstick, Rough House w/lubes of all kinds, oils, grease, mud, shaving & Whipping Cream, Food Stuff, etc. Mess around 2/goodlooking w/m, 29, 6'2", 180 lbs., Weight-lifter, Masculine, Straight appearing. L.A. Long-Haired, Box type: Trade Pix. Box 1258.

W/M, 29, 5'10", 155 lbs., Beard. Varied interests. FR. a/p. Seeks horny friends for gentle action and more. Write (with photo): B.Jox 5247, Berkeley, CA 94705.

INTO SHAVING?

Hot Studbarber, 33, 5'10", 145 lbs. Topman will give you that shave you've fantasized about. Also into enema, FF. Details to: P.O. Box 591, Long Beach, CA 90801

COLORADO

Goodlooking, athletic Colorado Cowboy, 25, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks macho cigar-smoker. I've got a hairy butt that needs you. Box 542.

Goodlooking, intelligent, imaginative w/m, 33, 6'2", 170 lbs., blond. Interested in meeting slender, goodlooking men into kinky hot times. Novices welcome. No scat or heavy pain. Turn fantasy into reality—write descriptive letter to H.M., P.O. Box 18520, Denver, CO 80218.

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 18876, Denver, CO 80218.

BOULDER, goodlooking, athletic, Colorado cowboy 25, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks Macho cigar smoker. I've got a hairy butt that needs you. Box 542.

DENVER, Goodlooking, intelligent, imaginative W/M, 33, 6'2", 170 lbs., blond. Interested in meetin slender goodlooking men into Kinky hot times. Novice welcome. No scat or heavy pain. Turn fantasy into reality—Write descriptive letter to H.M., P.O. Box 18520, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT

SLAVE, white, 40, masculine, good head, 5'11", 142 lbs., uncut 7-1/2", clean-shaven, seeks experienced, masculine, not-bad-looking, white Master, 38-45, with brains and firm but considerate manner. Into levis, leather, boots, lean builds, 6" to 8" or so, B&D, light S&M. Slight experience FF and WS. No heavy pain, drugs, drinking, fems, overweights, scat or lasting damage. Photo (face only is ok) appreciated and exchanged. Box 680.

CONNECTICUT MASTER, 27, hot and horny, seeks submissive guy(s) to service my slave and me. Box B39.

LOOKING FOR A "QUIET FIRE"

Apprentice w/m, 27, with a need to learn, seeks masculine teacher, to share adventures in both passive and dominant fantasies. C'mon! Box A91.

RASSLIN'

Young, hot, muscular stud, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeks jocks for rasslin'. Box B28.

STAMFORD S with bull whip requires total obedience. Have 9-1/2" to forcefeed your mouth and ass. Only interested in real men over 20. Box 579.

M, young 40, white, 143 lbs., masculine, 7-1/2", sandy red hair (short, front thinning), blue-gray eyes, British/Gerran/Swedish blood, decent looks, rational, intelligent and at ease in the straight world, offers self for unhurried sessions of light (at first) S&M, B&D, tit- and ass-work and high-plane sharing with: Experienced Master, similar age and height preferred, not paunchy, masculine, attractive looks, alert mind, seeking partner to train as a slave. Must be able to relate beyond the sack and cellar as well. Mutual trust/respect vital. Like trim body and beard, communicative eyes, leather, levis, boots, toys, wax, control before abuse, spanking/belt-ing, groups; and enjoy most arts, swimming, walking, skiing, good conversation, cooking, good design, and travel. Intermediate, need training, expanding, and affection. Limits unknown but no real damage please. Other NOs: Heavy drugs/drinking, gems, overweights, manic sadists, scat, extreme pain, snobs without reason. Ultimate goal: unselfish devotion; in privacy, your slave; in public, a worthy companion. Live temporarily in central CT but in NYC a lot. Your letter and photo (if possible) bring mine. Sir. Box 680.

SM, 45, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, well-used ass; looking for tall, well-built, well-hung studs. Box 965.

DIST OF COLUMBIA

NEED TO BE CONTROLLED?

S, 6', 51, 185 lbs., will train slave any age with good body, firm buns. Masculine looks a must. Box 704.

MD, DC, VA AREAS

Two Bodybuilders—S, 6'1", 172 lbs., 36, 7-1/2"; m, 6'1", 175 lbs., 32, 8"—both very well built. Into S&M, bondage, discipline, heavy tit work, hot masculine guys. Interested in one-on-one, three-ways, or groups. Reply with photo if possible and phone. Box 36.

BONDAGE VICTIM

Smooth, slender body to shave, piss on, pierce, torture, abuse, humiliate in public, experiments in total control. Mummification, suspension, catheters, enemas. Box B32.

WASHINGTON DC AREA, m, 38, 5'11", 160 lbs., 30" waist, white, 6", runner/weightlifter. Well-built, lean, muscular. Interested in similar S for erotic S&M, B&D. Box 215.

WASHINGTON DC AREA w/m, 50, 5'11", 175 lbs., bl/bl, seeks w/m partner 25-40 with facility for B&D, enemas. Can travel Washington-New York. No fats, drugs, scat. Photo requested. P. O. Box 23867, Washington DC 20024.

FLORIDA

FACE-SITTER NEEDED by blonde dog slave. No scat. Prefer dominant guys with hairy asses. Please, Master, please. Box B87.

Show off your tough hard body with this goodlooking raunch man. Into workout mates, mirror J/O, piss worship, sweat. Heavy dildo and enema action sought and given. Tender young guys expertly taught how to be men. I'm 42, 5'10", 160 lbs., blond/blue. Write with photo to Box 47.

HOT PARADISE ADVENTURES

Uncut 8" SM, transplanted San Franciscan, offers hot Key West action to qualified visitors. Hard-bodied, hard-headed, hard-playing 35-year-old welcomes other adventurous studs into exploring and actualizing our mutual fantasies. I'm attractive, intelligent, responsible, muscular and mustached; it takes the same to turn me on. Blonds, big tits, interest in bondage, S&M, CB and tit torture, FF are plusses, but less important than a hot body and sense of adventure. Planning a visit to paradise? Reply (with photo if possible) to Box 792.

SW FLORIDA: S, Top, leather biker stud, 39, 5'7", 140 lbs., crew-cut, construction worker, heavy-hung, digs masculine only humpy service buddies for long hot leather sessions. No fats, old men, etc. You get my attention if you are into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Am dominant and aggressive, sane and sensible. Respect limits. Limited travel ok. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.

FT. LAUDERDALE: Masculine, imaginative, dominant Master seeks together studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M, C&B/T, piercing, shaving, for 3-way with in-house slave. Can administer heavy discipline but no permanent damage or scat. Demanding but considerate. Am 45, 165 lbs., 7" cut with big balls and big hands. Box 258.

Want to eat from your dog bowl and feel your riding crop. If you have uncut thick cock, hanging balls, a hairy ass for me to eat from, and you are very strict in your demands, please contact me. I am 39, 5'10", 148 lbs., 9" uncut. Box 735.

FT. LAUDERDALE: Part-time slave wanted by Scorpio, trim, athletic. Bondage, discipline, humiliation, paddling. Novice or experienced. Must have firm body, smooth ass, very little body hair. Must be intelligent, discreet, youthful. No fats, feds, phonies. Send detailed, honest letter with photo and phone number to Box 881.

SLAVES NEEDED. Box 2266DCS, Daytona, FL 32015.

SM, Pisces, 36, 5'8", 165 lbs., well-built, white, 6", knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, big, no fats, feds. Box 009.

MOTORCYCLE COPS

Muscular hairy stud, 6', 165 lbs., wants to correspond with motorcycle cops and other MEN into same. Only boot/breech/uniform enthusiasts into disciplined scenes need reply. Discretion assured. Box 111F.

Attractive, stable, intelligent man, mid 20s, white, has been exploring sado-masochism several years; wants similar man to mid 30s for honest continuing weekend explorations. Must have come to an understanding that mutual exploration, support, respect, and care are requisite to building the trust and love central to any real sado-masochistic encounter. Not looking for one fantasy fuck. Honest only with a sense of humor should reply. Confidential and expects the same. Central/South Florida. Prefer Top/bottom man. Box A37.

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.

Masochist/slave, 6'2", 160 lbs., into cock, ball, and tit torture, humiliation, bondage, hot wax, piss, discipline (verbal) and other abuse, force-feeding my mouth and asshole, seeks usage by two Miami cigar-smoking Top Men between the ages of 35 and 45. Box B86.

TALLAHASSEE, w/m, 24, 5'9", 165 lbs., wants to be trained to serve a Master's needs. L/L, uniforms, harnesses. Box 474.

RED-NECK FIGHTER

Muscular young gladiator slave into all types of fighting, wrestling, boxing, etc. Tough, well-built fighters send challenges, photos to: Bud "Maciste" Becher, c/o 5260 N.E. 6th Avenue No. B, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334.

MIAMI/FT. LAUDERDALE, m, 5'10", 165 lbs., 38, tattooed, seeks further training in leather, boots, bondage from tall, slim S. Reply with photo gets mine. Box 4878, West Hollywood, FL 33023.

TAMPA AREA: 37, 5'7", 150 lbs., brown hair & beard, experienced, no role play, S&M, FF, WS. Objective: hot, kinky, wild sex. 30-50, body hair a plus, experience a must. No fats, feds. MEN only reply. Note with photo to Box B40.

SARASOTA AREA, Gemini, 39, 6', 170 lbs., 9". I have a lean hard smooth-shaven body. Am into enemas, rimming, active and passive French and Greek. Will play m to proper S who respects limits. Box B41.

MASOCHIST/SLAVE

6'2", 160 lbs., into cock & ball and tit torture, humiliation, bondage, hot wax, piss discipline, verbal and other abuse. Force feeding my mouth and asshole. Seeks usage by two Miami cigar smoking Top Men between the ages of 35-45. Box 1265.

FACE SITTERS NEEDED

by blond dog slave. No scat, prefer dominant guys with hairy asses. PLEASE MASTER PLEASE. Box 1266.

S/W FLA-S-TOP, Leather biker stud, 39, 5'7", 140 lbs., crew-cut, construction worker, heavy-hung, digs masc. only. Service buddies for long hot leather sessions. No fats, old men, etc., you set my attention if you are into leather levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc., AM DOM & a-gress, sane & sensible. Respect limits. Limited travel o.k. Submit qualification and photo to Box 315.

MIAMI, w/m, 42, 5'10", 160 lbs., blind/blu. Show off your tough hard body with this goodlooking raunch man. Into workout mates, mirror JO, Piss worship, sweat. Heavy dildo and enema action sought and given. Tender young guys expertly taught how to be men. Write 1/photo Box 47.

GEORGIA

G/W/M, Pisces, 26, 140 lbs., 6' tall, 9" cut, brown/blue, hairy, muscular, moustache, goodlooking. Light S&M, FF, dildoes, enemas, active FR/GR, three-ways, versatile. Seeks like-minded G/W/M 26-40. Write to Qamir, 1336 Piedmont Avenue, Atlanta, GA 30309.

ATLANTA MS, Aquarius, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., white, good body, level head, experienced. Looking for men over 25 into B&D, suspension, tit workouts and similar action. Able to take charge, but prefer not to. Respect for limits assumed, expansion by mutual consent. Box 714.

ILLINOIS

HOT RAUNCHY SEX

Bondage, fantasy, face-sitting, uniforms, piss, shit, sweat, pain, humiliation, leather, levis, smelly jocks, uninhibited sex. W/M, 35, 6', 160 lbs., good face/body/voice, always top but might switch or do mutual pig/pain scene with right man. From torture to toilets, boot camp to drunken buddies, it's all good. Let's explore. Travel U.S. Box B64.

CHICAGO: Males interested in developing boxing skills and sparring. I have boxing gloves. Write Ronald Miller, 3636 West Diversey, Chicago, IL 60647.

W/M, 31, 5'11", seeks men into B&D and humiliation. Men in underwear especially and longjohns. JWH, 450 Briar Place No. 8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

CHICAGO: w/m, 38, S, 6'3", 180 lbs., 8", seeks friends/slaves 30 or over in good physical condition with level head. Box 894.

WANTED: Writer needs input for story-tellin. Der Fledermaus says my fiction lacks authenticity—so tell me the S&M "do's" and "don't's". Brian O'Hara, 4321 West 95th Street, Oak Lawn, IL 60453.

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 418.

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 slave's 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 drugs. Bert, 2423 Ridgeway Avenue, Evanston, IL 60201.

MASTER LOOKING FOR SLAVE

Who will take care of my home. Will be kept naked and shaved. Must be into light S&M, B&D, WS. Must like to jog, swim, and bike. 18-35 and under 6'. Will help relocate. Send photo with letter. Box 314.

CHICAGO MALES, interested in developing boxing skills and sparring. I have boxing gloves. Call (312) 278-7421 or write: Ronald Miller, 3636 W. Diversey, Chicago, IL 60647.

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 49, 5'10", 170 lbs., 6-1/2", white, inexperienced. Will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable Master to bring out the best in me. Will try anything once. Can travel to surrounding states. No blood and no scat. Photo, please. Box 833.

EVANSVILLE, W/M, 30, 5'11", 175 lbs., Bearded and Hairy. Seeking big-muscled men into flexing. Body Massage and body contact. Box 1254.

IOWA

IOWA MASTER, 6', lean, white, seeks permanent slave for complete physical and mental training, naked bondage and submission. Must be lean or muscular, hairless in body, and ready for slavery in mind. Send photo, application, and phone to Box 979.

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.

If you are into kinky sex, write P.O. Box 23107, Lexington, Kentucky 40523

LOUISIANA

MONROE, 33, 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.

MAINE

Have a fantasy? Want it to come true? Two bearded dudes from northern Maine woods into all scenes: groups, FF, WS, J/O, tit and ball torture, bondage, voyeurism, smokes and aroma; ready for hot, kinky action. Come visit, write or call. Your photo gets ours. *Les Quebecois sont surtout les bienvenus!* Box 796.

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE AREA, m, novice, 5'11", 180 lbs., 6" cut, seeks sincere, understanding, experienced and knowledgeable Master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some US travel. Box 128.

BALTIMORE or Washington DC area. SM (either role), into L/L, WS, CBT/T, B&D, strap, FFA, no scat. Apply with picture stating desires. Frequent visitor to Chicago, L.A., S.F. Box 855.

HAGERSTOWN: W/m, 35, 6'1", 170 lbs., bodybuilder looking for other masculine well-built bodies. Must be totally male. Box 36.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON: Hairy hot guy, mid 30s, bearded, 5'9", 153 lbs., looking for men under 35 experienced in one or all of the following: WS, tit torture, mild S&M or B&D. Box 840.

CAPE COD, S, 52, 6', Taurus, 200 lbs., well-muscled, uncut, into B&D, WS, shaving, FF, and all kinds of anal entry, enemas, and other sports. Seeks white slave, 18-40, totally submissive, for prolonged long-term service. No drugs, fats, or feds. Must be able to endure moderate to heavy pain, ball torture, tit piercing, prolonged immobilization, butt abuse, body whipping. No crybabies, softies, or thrill-seekers need apply. I am looking for a serious slave who craves punishment, abuse, humiliation, and expects nothing but pain, torment, and discomfort in return. Box 790.

BOSTON: Bearded w/m, mid-30s, versatile and imaginative, 5'9", 155 lbs., uncut, hairy body; turned on by tit work, WS, ass work, and foot-licking. Seeks men of same interests. Willing to expand. Box 840.

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN, 46, 5'99", 160 lbs., seeks L/L partners over 25. Beards or moustaches a plus. Box 721.

REAL SLAVE

M, 29 Goodlooking, needs serious handsome MASTER desiring to own a slave/dog as his property, and for his pleasure. Box 1256.

MICHIGAN

T-N-T TITS, NAVELS, TOES

35-yr-old, white, 5'8", 140 lbs., versatile topman. A sucker for sexy pex, navels, toes. Horny for jocks, truckers, .hunky dudes. Write P.O. Box 2332, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

MASTER understands your needs. Time for talk and time for action. Thumb area professional. Michigan. Tom Proctor, Box 104, Cass City, MI 48726.

ROCHESTER, S, 41, 5'10", 160 lbs., white, 8", firm Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices. Into S&M, B&D, WS, and more. Write: Robert, 1030 Adams Road South, Rochester, MI 48063.

DETROIT. Muscular rower, 33, wants to fuck the daylight out of you Colts, 18-25 preferred. Must have intense desire to be ridden long and hard. Take instruction in swallowing this gift to its root. Interest in jocks, tank suits, good smoke, outdoor action, piss, all a plus. Have hunky young buddy, 22. Photo a must; gets mine. Box 899.

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

SOUTHFIELD, 46, 6', 160 lbs., German S, muscular, 7" uncut; seeks novice who would be interested in exploring and growing; with limits respected. No drugs, fats, fems. Hairless body, tight physique a plus. Box 468.

WHY NOT TURN ME ON?

FLINT, MICH. W/M, 44, 6', slim, mature fox wants to meet new friends. Meeting of minds could lead to meeting of bodies. Sensible guy, slim body and bare chest is my turn on. Photo and phone gets speedy reply. Ron, P.O. Box 130, Holly, Mich. 48442.

LEATHER, Bondage, Boots, Uniform. Lover needs a dominant man. Box 1255.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN

FLEXIBLE MASTER seeks adaptable partner into weekend bondage and discipline sessions in wilderness setting. Limits respected. Confidentiality assured and expected. All replies considered. Box 152.

MINNESOTA

TOILET FACE-SITTING

Minneapolis, SM, Taurus, 31, 5'11", 7", bearded bottom for piss & scat. I love leather and kinky scenes, looking for filth freak. Into shaving, light S&M, B&D, tit work. Can also go top. Write Al, Box 476, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

MPLS. Would like to meet men who like to fuck, are into bondage. Cowboys, truckers, all MEN who are well-hung and know what they want. No fats. Box 825.

MASTER WANTED

Minneapolis: White, 25-year-old, handsome, masculine slave, 5'11", 150 lbs., light brown hair, green eyes, dark beard—hot & horny. 7-1/2", Leo. I am ready serve white 28-40 years stud. I would prefer only tall, dark, hairy, muscular Masters. Beards, moustaches, and big manly tool a plus. Let me serve you and worship you, obey you and love you. I dig all leather (gear & scenes) and am into body worship, j/o, dirty talk, posing, oil, cockrings, jocks, all boots & gym gear. I beg you—Please, Sir, help—this hot, wanting slave find an owner. Letters to Box 560.

WANTED:

UNCUT WHITE TOP MAN

40-70. Grizzled, masculine white cocksucker must live with, worship and suck; one tough, straight non-reciprocating, obscene fuckin' son of a bitch. Full time, cowboys, farmers, lawmen, hard hats, others welcome. Like boots, levis, leather, piss, THICK Peckers, clean assholes. Will relocate. Photo/Phone. Bo 1261.

WANTED:

UNCUT WHITE TOPMAN

40-70. Grizzled, masculine, white cocksucker must live with, worship, and suck one tough, straight, non-reciprocating, obscene fuckin' son-of-a-bitch. Full-time. Cowboys, farmers, lawmen, hard hats, others, all welcome. Like boots, levis, leather, piss, thick peckers, clean assholes. Will relocate. Photo, phone to Box B72.

W/Male, 43, 6'1", 165 lbs., seeks slave or prisoner who needs tit, cock & ball torture. Box 356.

MISSOURI

Young slaves may apply to versatile 6' bodybuilder (180 lbs.) for servitude, stating qualifications, along with photo. Various scenes possible and reward given for excellent service. Located in St. Louis area. Box 159M.

ST. LOUIS: w/m, 6'1", 165 lbs., 8" uncut, very hairy all over, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive yet quiet, straight-acting and appearing, seeks other hairy masculine dudes into mutual give and take, working over cock, tits, balls, assholes with uniforms, jocks. No scat or shaving. Any age, eager to explore. Box 886.

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M

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

NEBRASKA

Age from 21 to 60, some leather, some verbal abuse, modeling scene. Box B30.

Cornhusker maverick needs tamin'. 5'4", leather/levi, ornerier than hell, like my sex rough and hard, need a good Master. If you think you're man enough to break me, write Box 496.

NEW JERSEY

MORRISTOWN, S, 41, 6'2", 190 lbs., white, 7" cut, hairy body. Quiet, natural, down-to-earth, not into game playing, mental or fantasy trips. Easy-going but demanding and experienced no-nonsense type of Master but one who understands the value of TLC. Seeks the services of a good slave, especially oral, 20s to 30s, for weekends or possible permanent live-in relationship. Enjoy giving light workouts to a good body but will respect limits at all times. Willing to train novice. No drugs, fats, fems. Box 520.

Older Gemini Master seeks over 40 for S&M, B&D, .work, spanking, etc. It should be piss-drinker, submissive and obedient who knows its place. Box B83.

CENTRAL JERSEY, w/m, 39, 6 ft., 175 lbs., tattooed, bodybuilder, leather stud, Harley rider with fifteen years experience as sadist with private game room wants to hear from willing slaves ages 25-40; limits respected and expanded. No reply without picture, which gets mine. Write to P.O. Box 13, Frenchtown, NJ 08825.

OLDER GEMINI MASTER

seeks slave over 40 for S/M, B&D, Tit work, spanking, etc. It should be piss drinker—submissive and obedient who knows its place. Box 1267.

NEW YORK

TATTOOED & PIERCED, 43, 6'3", 165 lbs., interested in open, masculine w/m, 30-50, not heavily into booze or drugs. Box 452.

SLAVE REQUIRED

to delve into exploration of lowly self by being for his Master. Master, 29, white, 5'8", 150 lbs., interviewing for those who know their place and needs. Letter of respect and photo to Box 831.

HOT SCAT

Hung hot dude looking for hungry mouth-to eat hot scat from my asshole. Macho topman—into everything—your tits and ass—FF, leather, WS, etc. See earlier ad "Marlboro Man", DRUMMER No. 34. I need your bearded mouth sucking my dirty hole clean. Write graphic letter. Letters with photo answered. Travel USA and overseas often. Box B76.

NYC—FF receiver, w/m, 28, 5'4", 110 lbs., 7", needs scenes with 30s leather/FFA Master into calibrated pain, B&D, shaving, toys, drugs, photos, groups. Throw my ass in your sling. Box B68.

BOXING/BODYBUILDING

Into boxing fantasies and bodybuilding? NYC, 24, 5'10", 140 lbs., handsome novice in both seeks level-headed guy into the gloves, manly odors, flexing, muscle-worship. I'm into versatile, possessive, protective men of all sizes who really dig a good fight. Box A96.

FUCK YOU & YOUR GIRL

Hunky western bi digs hot kinky sex with your girl while you watch—or while she watches my 9" fat cock fuck your ass—into everything—Hot Topman. Write with photo—anywhere USA and overseas possible. Box 100 Downstairs, 132 West 24 Street, NYC, NY 10011.

NEW YORK CITY, goodlooking, stable guy, 33, Leo, 5'11", 150 lbs., wants to meet men wearing high, soft leather cavalier boots, lace-up moccasins, or pro wrestling boots. Will also buy your sweaty socks. Am sensual, exotic, and passive. Box B81.

ROCHESTER—Two horny guys want to service a man any way he wants. Box B45.

DISCIPLE SLAVE—SERVES,

worships Satanic Leathermaster. Photo: Al, Box 1116 FDR, N.Y.C., NY 10150.

ATTENTION all hunky, smooth-skinned, collegiate-type bottoms: opportunity to serve and submit to my hot, football super-jock Master while I watch and worship. Expect heavy bondage, light S&M. Send respectful letter detailing your description, experience, and limits, if any. Photo preferred. Southern Connecticut location. Box 831.

NEW YORK, 36, Aquarius, blond, blue-eyed, goodlooking (clean-cut but not effeminate), w/m, desires to service, relieve, and please macho MASTER/Clint Eastwood types. Not into heavy S&M or FF, but like to receive verbal abuse, WS, and service dominant honchos who want service and relief. Turned on by leather, shoes, boots, cigars, and male swagger. Willing to learn more about pleasing macho types. All letters welcome and answered promptly, ages 23 to 50. Box 220-K.

ABUSE—Young stud, 23, rock-hard, well-defined body, is seeking to be tamed. Hot, wet, uninhibited action, if you're Man enough, sir. B&D, leather, S&M, WS, few limits with right man. I know how to please, sir. Let's get it on. Photo appreciated. Box B44.

UNIFORMED CIGAR SMOKER

N.Y.C. Hot stud in uniform or full leather, 37, 6', 175 lbs., thick 8" cut, short blonde hair, beard. Heavy cigar smoker. 1" nipples, tattoo, into fantasy scenes with well-hung men interested in boots, uniforms, motorcycle cops, S.S., toilet, FF, dildoes. Write with photo. Box 984.

WRESTLERS—LEVIS—S&M

Mean, tough, vicious, ruthless stud, 29, w/m, 6'2", wants to hear from same type dudes, all ages. Into no-holds-barred fighting, kicking, punching, and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc. Exchange info, ideas, or meet. Box 804.

PUPPY SEEKS BULLDOG

Hot Italian, 28, 5'9", 175 solid lbs., seeks beer-bellied brutes who enjoy a butch dog-collared slave. Seek stocky, chunky, 5'7" to 5'10", 180 to 225 lbs., dominants who groove on service. Write with photo—returned—to P.O. Box 3058 Church Street P.O., NYC, NY 10008.

WELL-SHAPED ASSES, TITS, BALLS

trained by hot, hairy-chested, handsome traveling Master (39, 6'3", 175 lbs., 8") on well-equipped rack. WS, FFA, whip and needlework A-OK! Submit humble letter with photo, phone, limits to Boxholder, Box 1465, NYC, NY 10150.

MANHATTAN, S, 35, 6'4", blonde. Have 6'3" muscular slave, 30. Am accepting applications for second slave. Must submit to heavy S&M, B&D, and video taping. If you are young, muscular, and attractive, send photo with qualifications at once. Box 673.

NYC FOOT SLAVE, 26, 6'1", 180 lbs., br/br, very attractive, masculine and friendly, Gr A/P. Fr A/P, wishes to meet together, large-footed foot Master to explore ultimate depths of foot service, scenes, fantasies, feelings, intimacy, and beyond. Please write Box 304, 201 Varick St., NYC, NY 10014.

SILICONE 8x8

Hot uniform and leather man has had it done! Interested in connecting with other siliconed studs. Don't answer if you haven't had it done. Exchange information, ideas, photos. Box 405F.

SEX-AGENARIANI

Libra, m, 6'3", 170 lbs., mid-60s, white-haired, blue-eyed man of distinction type, would serve muscular masculine male of any age or race, who enjoys imaginative games with older man. Will do almost anything for right partner. Box 290X.

PIGGY RAUNCH

Versatile NYC Chelsea w/m, Scorpion, 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, for uninhibited scenes. Heavy ass play (FF), L/L, WS, scat, jocks, sweat, oil, shaving, tits, c/b torture, boots, and socks with real creative men into role switching. Willing to explore new realms. No overweights or fats. Beards a plus. Include photo and scene. Box 703.

WRESTLERS—FIGHTERS

29, 6'2", 190 lbs., w/m, Topman wants to meet submissive young dudes into no-holds-barred, L/L, jock, wrestling. Also want to hear from other Tops into same. Box 804A.

BUFFALO, w/m, 42, 6'1-1/2", 175 lbs., uniforms, leather, levis. Novice, but wants to learn. Will answer all, travel. Box 715.

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 appropriately submissive reply. Box 185R.

SUPER HEAVY S&M

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

BUFFALO, w/m, 27, 5'9", 185 lbs., 7" uncut, SM, Aquarian, seeks knowledgeable Master into L/L, who is respectful of limits. Am into S&M, B&D, etc. Master in tight leather, tall polished boots and into bikes are sure turn-on. Are you ready to train me. Send photo and phone for prompt reply. Box 404BNY.

NEW YORK CITY, Goodlooking, stable guy, 33, lea, 5'11", 150 lbs., wants to meet men wearing high soft leather cavalier boots, lace up moccasins, or pro wrestler boots. Will also buy your sweaty socks. Am sensual, exotic and passive. Box 1271.

HOT SCAT

Hung hot dude looking for hungry mouth to eat hot scat from my asshole. Macho topman—into everything—your tits and ass. FF, Leather, WS, ect. See earlier ad "Marlboro Man" Drummer No. 34. I need your bearded mouth sucking my dirty hole clean. Write graphic letter. Letter with photo answered. Travel USA and Overseas often. DOWNSTAIRS, Box 100, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

FUCK YOUR GIRL & YOU

Hunky western bi digs hot kinky sex with your girl while you watch—or while she watches my 9" fat cock fuck your ass—into everything—hot topman. Write with photo—anywhere USA and overseas possible. Box 100, Downstairs, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

NYC. FF RECEIVER, W/M, 28, 5'4", 110 lbs., 7", needs scenes with 30's Leather. FFA Master into calibrated pain, B&D, shaving, toys, drugs, photos, groups. Throw my ass in your sling. Box 1269.

WELL SHAPED ASSES, TITS, BALLS

trained by hot, hairy, chested, Handsome Traveling Master (39, 6'3", 175 lbs., 8") On well-equipped rack. WS, FF, Whip and needle work AOK! submit humble letter with photo, phone, limits to: Box Holder, Box 1465, NYC, 10150.

OHIO

When in AKRON, cum and see me. Send photo. No fats or drugs. Box B36.

CLEVELAND, MS, 28, 6', 170 lbs., swimmer's build. Did you like playing Cowboys and Indians as a kid? I still do—I'm into wrestling, being captured and tied up to please my captor. If you like games, write to Box 21192, Cleveland, OH 44121.

CINCINNATI, MS/SM, Pisces, 28, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", novice. Intelligent, seeks mutual satisfaction with friend/brother/lover 18-40 into light S&M, no fats, fems. Box A79.

CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER

Hot young white Master, 23, new to Cleveland, 6', 165 lbs., 8", exceptional mind, meat, looks, body, would like to meet hot, USDA prime slaves and/or other Masters in Cleveland area. Write with photo and phone and limits to SIR, P.O. Box 16416, Cleveland, OH 44116.

BOOTLOVER, 27, 5'7", 137 lbs., looking for neat guy into Frye Boots that wants me to lick them and cum on them. Box 151.

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10", 155 lbs., white, 6-1/2", novice. French active, Greek passive. Wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No fats, heavy S&M, or B.O. Box 17V.

DAYTON, S, 35, 5'11", 155 lbs., looking for part-time slave/houseboy. Pay considered for the right guy who is as willing to work as play. Goodlooking, demanding, considerate Master; the slave should have average looks, be under 30, and into the head trip as well as the physical. Box 678.

COLUMBUS, SM, Virgo, 40, 5'9", 183 lbs., white, 6-1/2"; biker, leather/levis, mutual satisfaction for macho, sincere, straight-appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

OKLAHOMA

OKLA CITY: SM, white, 43, 170 lbs., 5'10", good muscles, seeks willing hot men to 45 eager to experiment. All scenes considered with limits respected. Am eager to learn and to teach. Prefer top but can be willing bottom. Beginners welcome. Discreet. No fats. Reply with photo to Box A53.

STILLWATER, 38, 5'9", 190 lbs., uncut, ex-police looking for other officers and ex-officers into policing, police leathers, uniforms, hoopers, and cycle cops as a lifestyle. No fakes, overly fat, fems, or drugs. Discreet. Box 885

MOUTH JOCK

A unique trip: Let your big soft cock and balls be strapped into my sensuous mouth pouch! Hunky cowboy, 33, 6'2", solid body, 7-1/2", loose balls, into western wear, military, police uniforms, athletes, seeks men with sdimilar interests. Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154.

OREGON

PORTLAND BOTTOM, slender, bearded, cuddler, 37, seeks artistic topman, sensualist, creative, into knots, oil, many trips. Box B77.

W/M, 40, 6'0", 180 lbs., 8", into bondage, cock/ball/tit torture. Box A58.

PORTLAND bottom seeks dominant, aggressive top. Dig ass-beating, humiliation, piss, rimming, toys, titwork, kinky scenes. Am 31, 6'2", 185 lbs., goodlooking. Box 624.

PORTLAND BOTTOM, Slender, Bearded, Cuddler, 37, seeks artistic Topman, Sensualist, Creative, into knots, oil, many trips. Box 1259.

PENNSYLVANIA

Initiate me into the ritual of your fantasy. String me up in bondage, pierce me, flog me, torture me, torture my tits/cock/balls, fill my ass, piss in my face, let me suck your sweaty pits and worship your body—your cock, balls, tits, ass, feet. I am 6'1", 160 lbs., lean, with trimmed beard and moustache. Respect my limits while you expand them. Not into scat. Box A72.

TRUCKERS, RANCHERS, FARMERS and all Levied employers (35 to 45), white Philadelphia dude want to actually work for Real Men who can enjoy Total "Super" Service! I will do light labor, cook, clean, or do paperwork. I enjoy worshipping manly bodies and work Levis. Relocation and live-in for 24-hr duties OK. Box B43.

PHILADELPHIA, S, 27, 6'5", 215 lbs., seeks obedient slave for ass action, boot worship, and plenty of cock. Novice ok, but must be willing to expand limits. Submissive letter and photo a must. Box A80.

PROPERTY SOUGHT AS SLAVE

N.E. PA: Strict S, 34, 6'1", 210 lbs., muscular, goodlooking, 8" cut, seeks slave who understands the reality that you were born to suffer for and serve your owner. Require young, masculine, solid m to submit mind and body to training that will drive you toward perfection as a service instrument. I am imaginative and know how to get results. Soon your main concern will change from things like when you'll be allowed another ejaculation to the driving need to know you are pleasing me. Letter begging for application, revealing photo, descriptive background. Feel the absolute security of total control as my naked, obedient property. Box B42.

PHILADELPHIA, S, Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable Master requires white slave under 35 into S&M, B&D, WS, VA, enemas, tit work. Novice acceptable. Limits respected/expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo, & phone to P.O. Box 11095, Philadelphia, PA 19141 or to DRUMMER Box 209.

PHILADELPHIA, S, Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs., white, 7". Knowledgeable Master requires white slave under 35 into S/M, B/D, W/S, VA, Enemas, Tit work. Novice acceptable. Limit Respected/Expanded. Apply with Respectful letter, photo and phone number to P.O. Box 11095 Philadelphia, PA 19141

Black—35, Very goodlooking, 5'11", 170 lbs., educated, well built. Into friendship, french passive, Greek-Super active. All replies answered. No S&M, Queens, Drugs, kinky or fats. Write with details. Box 1275

PITTSBURGH, S, 44, w/m, 6', 185 lbs., hairy chest, 7" uncut. 8-year USMC. Into B&D, leather, levis. Wants masculine stud who understands submission and service, willing to give his body for my pleasure. Box 83.

FOOT SERVICE

I know how to please. 5'6", 32, 140 lbs., w/m, will worship your feet/boots. Moustache a plus, beards OK. Box 705.

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER

45, 5'8", 155 lbs., cigar smoker, full leather, requires submissive slaves under 6'. Fully equipped dungeon. Hot, heavy scenes. Want real submissive men, no phonies, fats, fems. Young novices considered for permanent servitude training. You are ordered to send photo and letter of submission to Master Boots, Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068.

HARRISBURG, m, 160 lbs., 28, white slave looking for Master, 21-45, no fakes, fats, fems, uglies. Into WS, B&D, jock straps, torn pants, verbal humiliation, public worship. Make me your dog with collar and leash. I will obey or else. Will go to NY, Philadelphia, Baltimore or DC. Box 959.

SCRANTON, m, Gemini, white, 47, 5'6", 154 lbs., 6", intelligent novice seeks understanding, affectionate Master (any age) who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous and pretty solid. Any race okay. Box 964.

RHODE ISLAND

M, 23, 5'11", good looks, 190 lbs., beefy, Italian, hairy, interested in meeting cigar-smoking S daddy type with interests in leather, heavy belts and boots, jock straps, bikes. Pic a must, cops a plus, no douchebags. Box B34.

SOUTH CAROLINA

M, 25, white, 5'10", 145 lbs., into fucking and fist-fucking (receiving), piss, S&M (whipping, tit & ball torture), bondage (spread-eagling, gags), domination, verbal abuse, leather, levis, boots. Seeks meetings/correspondence with aggressive Tops/Masters in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. Box 288.

TENNESSEE

Long, lean bi-sex stud digs other shit-together men who know what they like and have balls enough to ask for it. Am tired of quick sex and bullshit. Dig old-fashioned hands-on man-to-man sex. When two men respect, trust, and are comfortable with each other, anything is possible. A man should give me what a woman cannot: man-smells, man-tastes, and good deep man-sounds. Like it long and slow with an honest buddy who knows he needs his mind and soul fucked more than his body. It's plain good to proudly share what you have with a man worthy of it. Prefer uncut, like me, with long-hanging balls. If 41 years, 6 feet, 155 lbs., 7-1/2", greying black hair, beard, and mustache sound good to you, get in touch. Am planning a Coast trip the summer of '81. Box 61.

TEXAS

FT. WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 195 lbs., 7" uncut, German Aquarius is looking for slave. Should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots, and leather. Not into FF, scat, WS. Box 059D.

HUNKY ORIENTAL, 27, seeks a slave or Master into piercing, bondage, ball play and more. Must be muscular and hairy. Send photo. Box 864.

TEXAS RASSLERS: Okay, you cocksuckin' bastards—supposed to be so goddamned bad-assed tough! See my "Winner Takes All" ad under California this issue—if you've got the balls for it, send challenges, photos!

HOUSTON MASTER, 45, w/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., gentle but firm, accepting applications. Slave, you must be masculine, well-proportioned, obedient, willing to serve. Inexperience OK, you will be trained. Reasonable limits respected. Write sincere, confidential letter. Ask what questions you have NOW. Include photo. Permanent live-in possible. I can travel. Box 633.

COWBOY MASTER

W/m, 24, 170 lbs., looking for slaves into heavy B&D, WS, C/B, boot worship or anything else I order. Application with photo will be considered. Box A17.

DALLAS: 41 and out for kinky fun. Top guy, 5'8", 130 lbs., nice looking. No scat, no fems, but lots of C/B, tit, and ass play; spankings' bondage; and WS. Enclose photo. 18 to 45 white only. Box 987.

AUSTIN: W/m, 36, 5'8", 145 lbs., bearded. Into cut/uncut, light S&M, L/L, jockstraps, gym shorts, FF, ball fucking, dildoes, total ass involvement. No fats, fems, scat, blood, torture, or marks. Can be Top, bottom, mutual. Photo/phone gets immediate reply. Box 751.

DALLAS. 5'8", 150 lbs., 27 years old, likes to be wrestled down, roped and gagged by muscular captor for total tight prolonged bondage and forced to submit. Can reverse roles. Box 734.

DALLAS: COMPLETE MASTER

36, 6', 165 lbs., sensational fist fucker, insatiable big cock, flexible feet for unusual ass play, seeks slaves who are serious about their role and want a lifetime in S&M. Box 476.

EAGER TO LEARN

Houston Area w/m, 32, 5'9", 150 lbs., willing to do anything for someone who will teach and train. Like moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy chests and legs. Box 386.

LUBBOCK, S, 35, 5'9", 135 lbs., trim and muscular. Wants to meet novice M's, 18-25 who wants to explore and expand their fantasies in bondage, W/S, spankings or your special kinks. Totally safe and discrete and expect same. You must be slender, intelligent and act like a man. Prefer married guys and stable types. Box 1280.

DALLAS/FT. WORTH. Spankings given or received by UTA student w/m, 27, with strap paddle or cane. Send descriptive letter & photo if poss. Box 1257.

VIRGINIA

Virginia: SM, can be both. 26, 5'10", 170 lbs., well-built, good looks. Clean-cut. Levis, boots, action, B&D. Limits respected. Photo/phone to Box B38.

WASHINGTON

CIGAR SMOKERS

Hot muscular leather man, 32, who smokes and gets turned on to cigars wants contact with men of same interest. Will be starting an organization for cigar smokers soon. P. O. Box 20604, Seattle, WA 98102.

Leather & Boot loving Macho-Man seeks like-minded muscular stud for permanent relationship. I'm 36, handsome. Beards a plus. Please send photo. Box 882.

YAKIMA, leather & boot loving macho man, seeks like-minded muscular stud for permanent relationship. I'm 36, Handsome, bearded a plus. Please send photo. Box 1268.

RASSLIN'

6'2", 188 lbs., lookin' for some athletic competition in Seattle. Collegiate, pro, submission, no-holds-barred: I'll take ya on. Only serious, sweaty jocks need reply. Let's go a few rounds and get down! Box 815.

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.

WEST VIRGINIA

HARPERS FERRY: 32, 6', 160 lbs., 10" cut. Looking for w/m, 18-35, muscular and hairless preferred, nice ass, who wants his tits worked over. Box 736.

BODYBUILDER SLAVE WANTED

21-40, must be into B&D, light S&M, hairless & masculine. Picture a must. Levis, boots, leather, chaps. Steve Belschner, Rt. 1 Box 284C, Harpers Ferry, WV 25425.

WISCONSIN

MILWAUKEE, m, 5'9-1/2", 145 lbs., white, hairy chest, novice needs instruction in B&D, WS, S&M, etc. from Master who will show me my limits and respect them and teach me my role. No heavy drugs, fats, fems, scat. Photo greatly appreciated. Box 837.

MILWAUKEE: W/m, 28, 6'1", 170 lbs., 10", seeking Master/Lover relationship with w/m 18-29 years old. Must be patient and understanding as I am new to this scene. Will answer all with frank letter. State your demands and send with photo to Box 973.

WYOMING

Looking for a macho partner with 9" to 12" who wants to retire to the country. Spend a week or a lifetime riding, fishing, camping and screwing. Will take care of all needs. Send photo and frank letter to Box A43.

CONTACT

Hot, hunky cowboy, blue eyes, beard, wants to start a dildo club. Interested dudes drop me a line. State sizes and interests. Box B78.

TOPMAN STUDS ONLY

If you're a hot rugged TopStud with the guts, balls, and muscles to back it up, check out CHALLENGE—the club for Topmen Studs only who are into man-to-man struggle and sex competition—wrestling, boxing, fighting, cum-shootin' contests, S&M endurance, and any other Stud vs. Stud face-offs. See "Members Only: Part 2" in DRUMMER 42. Send \$1 for info and application to CHALLENGE, Box C-25, 323 South Franklin No. 804, Chicago, IL 60606. If you're Stud enough!

Looking for anything pertaining to Gladiators, like bronze statues, paintings, drawings, books, articles, etc., with possibility to purchase same and also interested in meeting other dudes with interest in the greatest S&M bastards in history, the gladiators of Rome. Also photo collector of tattooed studs. Box 992.

THE 15 ASSOCIATION, INC. is San Francisco's private men's S&M fraternity. Clubhouse with two dungeons for all members. Regular S&M scenes held. Info & membership application for \$2.00 and SASE to: The 15, P.O. Box 99688, San Francisco, CA 94109.

Tall, handsome blond man, 30, seeks at least two weeks' total cell, cage or out-house confinement by rural Easterner into abuse and heavy sexual service. Available for delivery in January. Send photo and phone with details to Box B69. Serious only.

B.F.D. of Mankato, MN—Please let us know where you are. Write Box 356.

GRANTS FOR GAY ARTISTS

Brochure on source information. Send SASE to WIAL, P.O. Box 9005, Washington DC 20003.

"THE TOILET"

\$1 Flushes an Application
\$3 Flushes a Tissue Sample
\$10 Flushes a Full Roll

with or without your own listing. Write: John H., 433 Douglass Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

The nationwide club for men into giving and/or receiving enemas. Send name, age to: Elegant Extracts, Box 449-D, NYC, NY 10014.

REAR FRENCHMEN OF AMERICA

The Nationwide/International Organization for men into rear French. Send name, age to: RFA, Box 537, NYC, NY 10011.

INTERCHAIN

For Men of Leather,

Levis, S&M, Bodybuilding. For information write: Box 410, 132 West 24 Street, NYC, NY 10011. Answer Now!

OBEDIENT PISS BOY

Australian Master has piss slave available for discipline, training. Slave (35, 6'3", 11 stone) visiting USA 1981. Would make good toilet to black or white Master requiring full body service, arse cleaning, etc. Box 983. (Include postage for foreign mail.)

FOOTMAN

The Nataionwide/International Organization for men into feet, socks, boots, etc. Send name, age to: Footman, Box 741-D, New York, NY 10004.

Correspond with and meet guys who are super-endowed. Join my CLUB SEVEN/ELEVEN, America's largest correspondence club for the gay and bisexual male. Write for complete details. Sam Harrison, Box 1049-AP, Sun Valley, CA 91352.

MAIL ORDER

MAIL ORDER NOTICE

The California laws now read that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers: this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers: the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

WRESTLING FILMS

FOR SALE: Pro Wrestling Color Movies. Send S.A.S.E. to Bill Eisenberg, 1335 East 48 Street, Brooklyn, NY 11234.

NEW EDITION TATTOO MANUAL for artists by Dr. Lemes, 83 pps. Postpaid \$30. Hotline Temporary tattoo ink, \$15 per packet, offer void where prohibited by law. Hotline, LTD. Dept. D, 6615 Franklin Ave., Suite 211, Hollywood, CA 90028

MASTERFUL AND MACHO, Cigar smoking cowboy. JColorado's one and only Big Hunk in 3"x5" color captioned photos. Six for \$5.00. Send to: Big Hunk, Box 307-D, Boulder, Colorado 80306.

EROTIC NOTE CARDS

Sample card/envelope and brochure \$1.00. State over 21, H.S.A. & G. Dept. DR, P.O. Box 50160, Washington DC 20004 (930 F Street N.W., No. 300).

J-REE's sepia & color SERIGRAPHS, from \$9. Other Arts. Catalogues: \$5. Catalogue & sample: \$9 (Sleeping Youth/Mustachioed Adonis). BASEMENT: Box 2266DCA (222 Magnolia), Daytona, FL 32015.

DIRTY JOCKSTRAPS FOR SALE

Hard, hairy hardhat has a ripe sackload of his stinkin', stained, oily straps for sale! All guaranteed wearable! These nasty fuckers are also perfect moth gags for uncooperative slaves! Only \$9 each. Sent PPD in a heavy-duty bag. Pet, Box 11007, S.F., CA 94101.

PROPER EXPOSURE

is pleased to announce the second set of art cards in Charles R. Musgrave's "Genitals" series. Four oversized folded art cards (8 1/2 x 5 1/2) with envelopes. One dozen assorted cards postpaid is ten dollars. Also: Nuki's "The Egg & He," a mini art book of this extraordinary photographer's erotic images is available for \$1.50 postpaid. You may order either from Proper Exposure, 246 Clinton Park, San Francisco, CA 94103.

HOT, HORNY, HUNKY, HUNG

Two 18 year old high school wrestlers work up a sweat in hard Greek and French action. Large color pix. Three for \$6; seven for \$12. BJU, 1263 South Beach Street No. 1114-M, Daytona Beach, FL 32014.

KINGS MEN LTD.

1981 Bondage Catalogue—Fully Illustrated—Over 40 Pages—Just Issued. Box 304, Cambridge, MA 02139 (6 Rigelow St.)

If you would like to pick up the phone and have a hot young dude entertain you, get a copy of my SPECIAL BULLETIN. Describes over 250 male models and male escort services in 34 cities. Many are Colt, Blueboy, Target models who will be glad to pose for you for a fee. Phone numbers given for every listing. List updated monthly. For your copy, send \$5 to: Sam Harrison, 641 North Myers, Burbank, CA 91506.

EROTICA

Cards, posters, reproductions and limited edition art books that showcase exceptional gay erotica. To be put on our mailing list send three dollars to: PROPER EXPOSURE, 246 Clinton Park, San Francisco, CA 94103.

MODELS

CALIFORNIA—NUDE BODY SERVICE by attr. cauc bodybuilder 5'8", muscled 180 lbs., 30's, short haircut, clean shaven, Big cut knob, developed rear. Your choice Massage, films, fun. Private Santa Monica apt or your place. 9 am-11 pm. TOM (213) 393-2149

SERVICES

EMPLOYMENT

\$180 per week part-time at home. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages; experience unnecessary. Call 1-716-845-5670 (Extension 4070).

GET YOUR BEARINGS.

Are you new to NYC's leather/S&M scene? You have a friend in New York. I'm 28, 5'4", 110 lbs., slim build & hung. Maximize your fun & fantasy as I show you the NYC I know and write about for national gay magazines. Escorted adventure from \$69. HAMP (212) 636-0235.

GAY S&M SUPPORT ORG.

forming in NYC. Contacts, socials, forums, more for men into domination & submission, fantasies, etc. Brian (212) 243-3332 after 6:00 p.m.

FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 31¢ per 1/2 ounce. Letters without correct postage will be returned.

AUSTRIA

AUSTRIAN, blond w/m, 35, 6'2", BB into Leather, Jeans, cowboy boots, visiting LA, Texas, Miami, and NY coming January. Looks for similar types into genital torture, tits, FF, catheters, W/S, etc. Your photo gets mine. Walther EDLAUER, Joann Strauss-Gasse 23/8, A-1040 VIENNA, Austria.

AUSTRALIA

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

SOUTH AUSTRALIA, M, 46, 180 lbs., 7 1/2" uncut, extremely obedient. May I serve you? Box 720.

CANADA

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

SLAVE REQUIRED

Put your body and mind in my experienced hands and I will make all the decisions regarding both for your period of servitude. I insist on complete surrender in bondage to my will. You provide me with humble service and I will give you the respect that service deserves. Learn what true freedom is by losing it to me for our mutual satisfaction. All applicants will be considered on the basis of information supplied in first letter. Master is 5'9", 35, 140 lb., bearded and short hair. Box 1281.

W/M, 35, 5'10", 160 lbs., blond, slim build, into mild S&M, B&D, wishes to meet with 18-25 small or medium build, living in London/Ontario area. Phone and photo answer. Pete, P.O. Box 1962 Stn. A, London, Ontario, CANADA N6A 5J4.

TORONTO, m, Pisces, 5'10", 155 lbs., 40, blue eyes, uncut, wishes to meet dominant S, 25-55, who is versatile, respectful of limits, sense of humour. M has moderate experience, versatile, and into leather, toys, boots, greek a/p, WS, bondage, discipline. Have some experience as S. No fats, fems, drugs, scat. Box B19.

MONTREAL Oral slave, 48, white, 5'9", 165 lbs., gives complete mouth and tongue service to macho under 35. Also into worshipping, WS, face-sitting, feet, V.A., humiliations, punishments, exposure. Robert. Box 974.

ONTARIO, 26, 140 lbs., 5'8", 6 1/2" cut, semi-muscular M looks for muscular, or well built masculine men under 40, well-hung, white or Black. Have real desire to serve, have my asshole used. Box 473.

ENGLAND

Filth-Loving Slave

39, 5'9", 140 lbs., looking for Master to make him gravel in oil, grease, mud, filth, etc. in chains. Box A95

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 first. Box 665B.

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.

OXFORD, Knowledgeable M, 37, 5'10", 160 lbs., into leather, rubber, denim. Has good tongue ready to please a master. Box 723.

LONDON AND YORKSHIRE, S, 5'9 1/2", 50, 180 lbs., would like to meet visitors to Britain. Very experienced master. Box 557.

London, M, 40, 5'9", 150 lbs., 5 1/2" uncut, into WS, leather, rubber, combat gear, seeks dominant to 45, strict, but respectful of limits. Box 630.

LONDON BEGINNER

W/m, 32, 6'0", 165 lbs., looking for partner in leather or denim. Willing to try almost anything. Box 716.

SM, 45, 5'11", 6" cut; imaginative, wide range of interests, willingness. Box 359.

FRANCE

PARIS, SM, Virgo, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., white bodybuilder, masculine, biker, short hair, moustache, into leather, levis, and boots. Experienced with playroom, well-equipped with toys, mirrors, sling. Seeks partner SM no fat, to 50, or master into W/S, B&D, FF, whips, titwork, boots or working shoes, chains, providing some torture or pain. Must be masculine, into levis or leather, respectful of limits. Travel every year to the States (CA, NY). Will answer every letter. Box 884.



Robert's Directory 81

The **WHERE-TO-FIND-IT** guide for those hard-to-find items that you won't find in the ordinary yellow page books!

Special emphasis on items of interest to the gay and bisexual male, including where to get those man-to-man action films, video tapes, photos, mags, etc.!

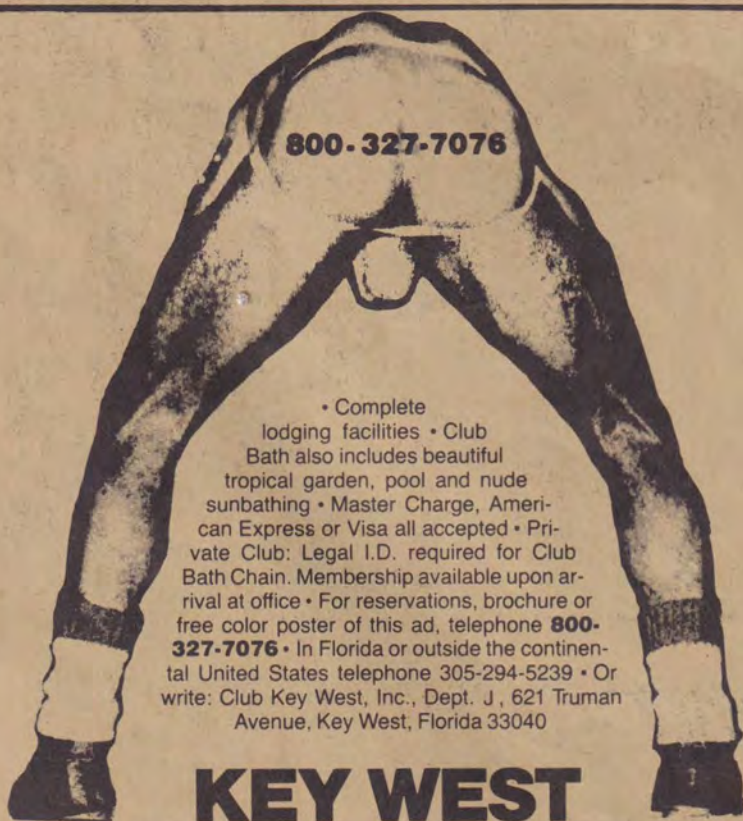
If there is something special you are looking for or if you just enjoy receiving hot illustrated brochures, get **Robert's DIRECTORY 81**. Tells how much the photographer, studio, or other source charges for catalogs, brochures, etc.

All persons or firms listed in this directory will do **business by mail**. You could fill your mailbox for weeks with some mighty interesting material by writing off to all the listings!

Over 30 general categories, including places that will develop and print or make copies of those special films or photos, **plus** sources of erotic toys and machines, leather items, nude movie-tv star photos, **plus** erotic male art and sculpture, **plus** all-male correspondence and dating and model services, **plus** gay travel clubs and services, gay publications and organizations, etc., etc.

Many of these sources do not advertise and are very hard to find. **ALSO...** Robert will be glad to make a special no-charge search for items not listed. Special coupon for this purpose in the back of the directory.

Revised quarterly, latest issue has over 400 listings. To get your copy, tear out this ad and mail with \$5.00 to: Sam Harrison, 641 North Myers, Suite 301, Burbank CA 91506.



• Complete lodging facilities • Club Bath also includes beautiful tropical garden, pool and nude sunbathing • Master Charge, American Express or Visa all accepted • Private Club: Legal I.D. required for Club Bath Chain. Membership available upon arrival at office • For reservations, brochure or free color poster of this ad, telephone **800-327-7076** • In Florida or outside the continental United States telephone 305-294-5239 • Or write: Club Key West, Inc., Dept. J, 621 Truman Avenue, Key West, Florida 33040

KEY WEST CLUB BATHS & LODGE



CLUB LODGE & BATH

GERMANY

COLOGNE, SM, 45, 6', white, 7" uncut, into either role, experienced and convincing, masculine, slender and muscular, tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent, masculine, wear leather naturally. Should be my age or younger, not fat, no fems. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 112.

German SM, 34, 6'2", uncut, experienced, wants to meet men on both coasts into leather, levis, toys and games. No hangups about age, race or endowment. Also want to share slaves with Masters, use and abuse them. Also interested in exchanging ideas, etc. Write with details and photo. Box 134.

HOLLAND

HOLLAND, hot hunk, 31, 6'3", 190 lbs., 10" uncut, with hard gym body into hot sex, face fucking, titplay, CB, WS, FF, toys, anything wild. Will visit USA over Xmas and look for a good time with hard bodied dudes from 18-35 who really like to take it. Levis, leather, groups. No fems, fats, or skinnies. Box 889.

LUXEMBOURG

Novice needs training. W/m, 33, 183 cm., 75 kg., prefers beards, moustaches, country life. Box 629.

SWEDEN

YOUNG SCOTSMAN, 25, m, 6'1", 175 lbs., 8", handsome, muscular, athletic needs to be dominated and trained by another similar stud (leather, levi, cowboy, etc.). Write for future contact. Photo, please. Box A78

Malmo, S, 41, 6'1", 70 kg. 7 1/2" uncut, hard and demanding top seeks slaves who want to be completely controlled. No games, the real thing only. No fats, fems, limitations. Box 477.

STOCKHOLM BEGINNER wants muscular trainer. Am 23, 5'10", blond, 200 lbs., 6" uncut. Box 556.

CONTACTS

Young, goodlooking Swiss gay man, 29, would like to meet and correspond with handsome muscular bodybuilder. Will be visiting Chicago, NYC, L.A., San Francisco during July and August 1981. Who will be my guide? Many interests. Write with photo. I like 'em big and brawny. Box B35.

S&M, B&D, WS, FETISHES find one who shares your interest. Read SMADS. Send \$2.50 for sample copy. State over 21. Box 712 New York, NY 10113 (100 Bank, 5A).

LATE ARRIVALS

CA **PERM. SLAVES WANTED BY** Goodlooking San Francisco Master, 33, 6', 158 lbs., seeks slaves from around U.S. for FF, W/S & B/D. Heavy tit work, must be 25-45, willing to take orders very well. Have complete playroom. Send for application with a detailed letter/photo. Serious only. Write Mr. Bill, Box 1350

OHIO

HOT HORNY MASTER

Goodlooking, heavy set Master, 30, seeks slaves under 35, for training and punishment. Limits respected and expanded.

CONN

26, 6', 170, br/br beard seeks introduction, guidance to rubber scenes. Prefer older, bearded, paunchy, avuncular. Correspondents only, okay. Complete discretion. Box 1310

CA

SADO-MASOCHISTS QUESTIONNAIRE 101 desires with a 1001 trips in handy booklet form for easy reference. \$3 (2 for \$5) A TASTE OF LEATHER 960 Folsom San Francisco 94107



BY BILL WARD







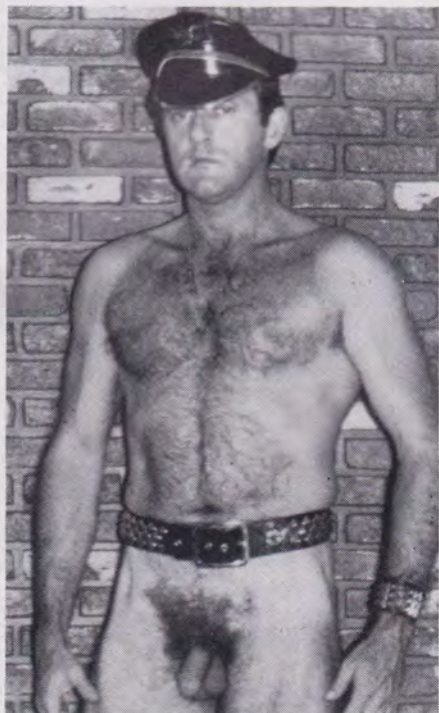


1981 INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER CONTEST®

May 8 thru 10, 1981

**CONTACT:
THE GOLD COAST
501 N. CLARK STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60610
(312) 266-6329**

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



WRESTLER AND TOP

Dan, of Hagerstown, Maryland, wants you to see what a wrestler, top, bodybuilder looks like stripped for action.



RED-NECK FIGHTER

Bud of Florida calls himself a "gladiator slave." If you're interested in clashing swords with him, see his ad in current "Drumbeats."

Drummer's Tough Customers are just what the name implies, ready and willing — but hard to please 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? Then let's see what you've got, stud. Send your black and white photos to: Tough Customers, c/o Drummer, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103. If it's good enough, you'll see it here. Photos cannot be returned.



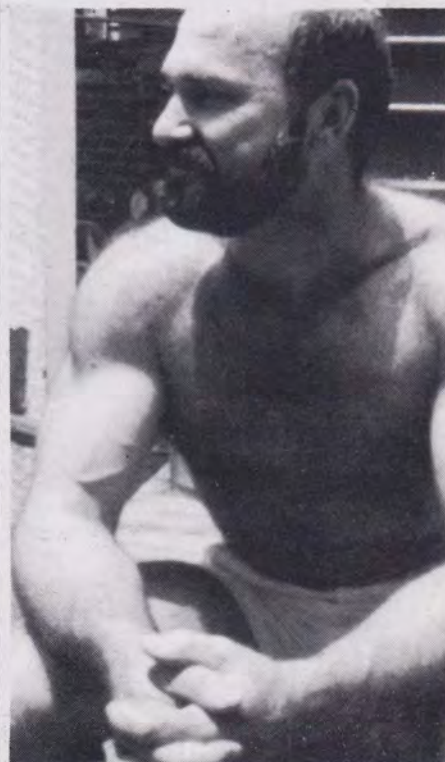
PERMISSION TO PEE, SIR?

No, it's not a remake of "The Exorcist," it's an invitation to sweaty, raunchy sex and, of course, water sports. Write R.C., Apt. D-21 Taylor Bldg., 3810 Executive Ave., Alexandria, VA 22305.



JIM/NEW ORLEANS

The hair-covered muscles on this dude come from three years of pumping iron. And from pumping his lover, standing. Sorry, men, no address on this one.



DRUMMER KEY CLUB

It's about time that we had a club of our own. And not just a club, but the kind of place that the fun-seeking sensualist in you has been searching for. There are a lot of things you could join — Discos, Encounter Clubs, Glory-Hole Clubs — the DRUMMER KEY CLUB is none of these. We have taken the concept of a place where OUR people can enjoy themselves: well-fun, friendly, exciting and inexpensive and come up with a concept you can't resist. Memberships in many places can cost you anywhere from a few to thousands of dollars and about all you get is the privilege of paying five to fifteen dollars at the door for admission. People like to associate with their own kind and are usually charged considerable for that right. Ours is a different concept. We are expanding the Leather Fraternity, including all its privileges and benefits, and adding a great new Club to use. Our first will be in San Francisco, where we are. Cost stays the same — \$60 — which is less than most Disco memberships.

What do you get for your sixty bucks?

☐ DRUMMER SUBSCRIPTION.

Twelve issues of the hottest magazine around. If you already subscribe, we'll add a year to your present subscription. That's \$40 worth right there. Pick up your free copy of DRUMMER at the club or we'll mail it to you.

☐ CLASSIFIED ADS.

Twelve inserts in DRUMMER no less. Included.

☐ MAIL BOX AND FORWARDING SERVICE.

No charge for forwarding your mail to your box number.

☐ LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERSHIP

with full privileges.

YOUR DRUMMER CLUB KEY with full guest privileges.

☐ THE DRUMMER KEY CLUB will be open

momentarily in the Heart of the Folsom-South of Market area with POOL and recreational facilities.

☐ YOUR CREDIT CARDS — VISA and MASTERCARD are welcome. Limited Check Cashing with your membership.

Enjoy the DRUMMER KEY CLUB and all its benefits and make this coming year one to remember. Now,

more than ever, you should have a Leather Fraternity membership and DRUMMER CLUB key.

Hurry! Charter memberships at this price must be limited.

Get your ass in gear.

DRUMMER KEY CLUBS / LEATHER FRATERNITY
15 Harriet Street / San Francisco, CA 94103

I surrender. Here is my \$60. Get my membership kit, my subscription and other goodies going and make it snappy! I am 21 years of age or better. (signature) _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

☐ Charge it to my

☐ VISA

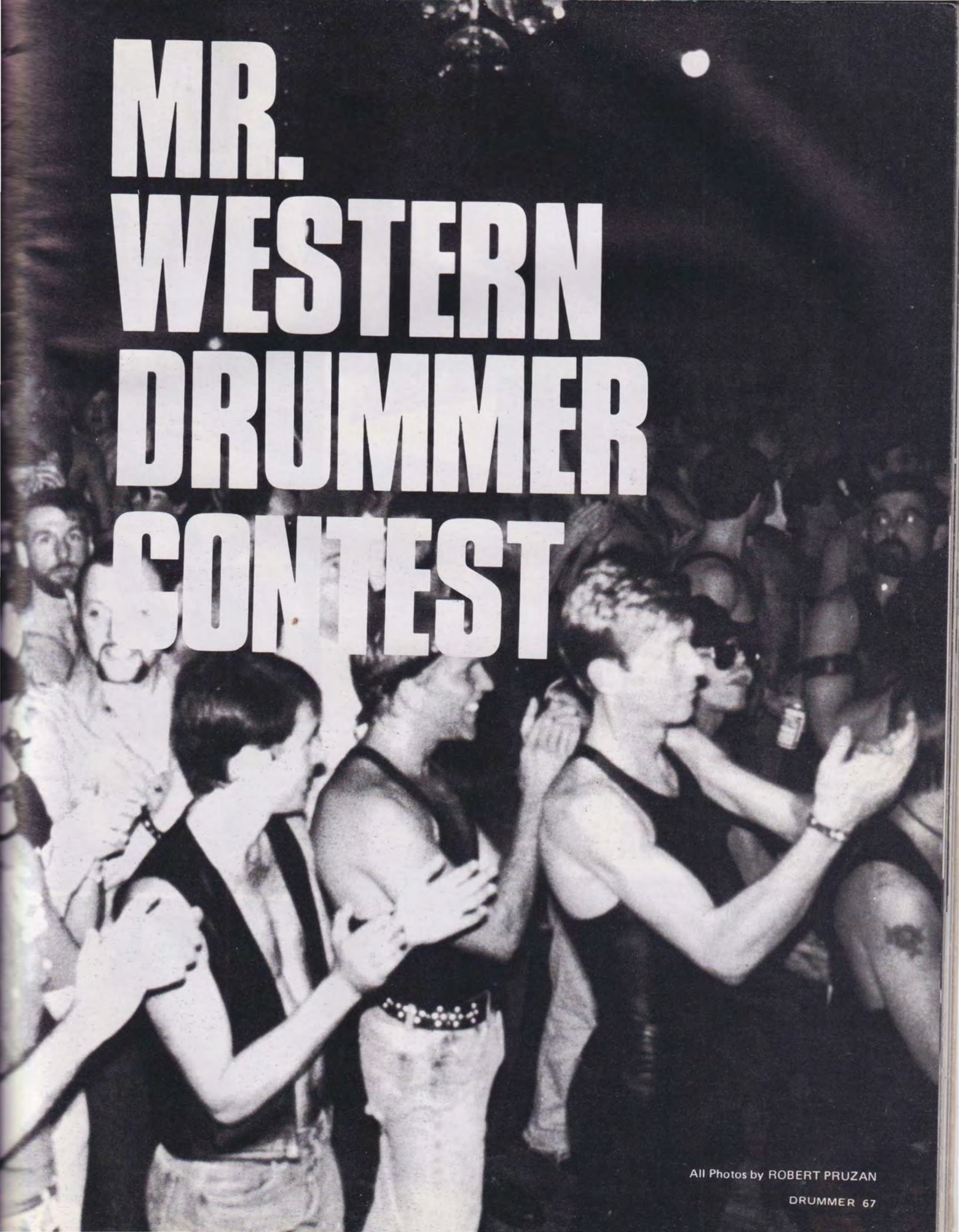
☐ MASTERCARD

Card Number _____

Expiration date _____

ELEVENTH and FOLSOM, SAN FRANCISCO

MR. WESTERN DRUMMER CONTEST



All Photos by ROBERT PRUZAN

DRUMMER 67

DEAN





The TEXAS LONGHORN

Photographs by Rupert Daines

MOBY'S DICK

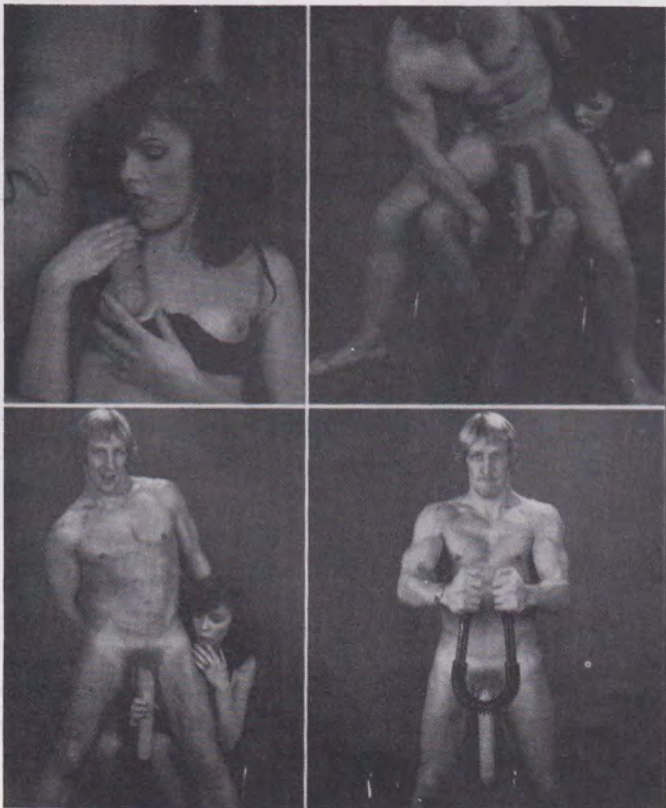
The folks at Club International, the mag that brought you "Long Dong Silver," the Black man with the "immeasurable cock" (see DRUMMER Issue 40, "Tough Shit"), have now unleashed their "Great White Hope" in one "Texas Longhorn himself: *Moby Dick!*" in Vol. 4, Issue 4. Moby's Dick measures some 17½" long. Club

International swears, as they did in the case of Mr. Silver, that the photos of Mr. Dick are authentic and unretouched.

Roger Cook, Editor of CI, promises that Vol. 4 Issue 5 will also feature Moby Dick in another "Sex Freak Exclusive" entitled "How to Blow Yourself." Cook also promises that in the same

issue, the article we have all breathlessly awaited, as CI unveils "our favorite Hermaphrodite in a full-color portfolio of confused sexuality."

DRUMMER readers who would like to demonstrate for us the art of auto-felatio should contact the Editor. Hemophrodites need not apply.



At 1961 the totally sublimated spirit of intimacy the only White Threat to our Ultimate Cockmaster Long Dong Silver. We present the Texas Longhorn himself: Moby Dick! With a 17½" member going on 17½ this champion of the yacowth developer has finally agreed to an exclusive deal with Club International.

We are featuring Moby on film tapes showing him in full color, with action. This highly original material is only available here, and in our same magazine Club, and will rank with the Long Dong Silver film as the ultimate in collector's items. The coupon below will assure swift delivery.

Ventures Products Inc. Dept. 0701
P.O. Box 1400 Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301

Subscription: Send in \$10.00 to receive three tapes in the next three days. I have indicated below which of the following tapes I wish to receive. I understand the \$10.00 will be refunded to me if I do not wish to receive any of the tapes. I have enclosed \$10.00 for each tape. I will be refunded the \$10.00 if I do not wish to receive any of the tapes. I have enclosed \$10.00 for each tape. I will be refunded the \$10.00 if I do not wish to receive any of the tapes.

Long Dong Silver: \$10.00 per tape (3 tapes) \$30.00
Moby Dick: \$10.00 per tape (3 tapes) \$30.00

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Signature: _____ Date: _____

THE Woods

A New Gay Resort on the River

Watch for our Opening



16681 Armstrongwoods Road
Guerneville, CA 95446
(707) 869-3991



RESIDENTIAL
AND
INVESTMENT
BROKERAGE

Thursday / Friday / Saturday

15250 River Road
Guerneville, CA 95446
707-869-0616
Home 887-9517

BUD KRAMER



**RAINBOW
CATTLE COMPANY**

PINS • POOL • LIQUOR

Downtown Guerneville
OPEN 6 AM DAILY

RUSSIAN RIVER IS RUSSIAN RIVER IS RUSSIAN RIVER IS RUSSIAN RIVER IS RUSSIAN RIVER IS RUSSIAN RIVER IS RUSSIAN RIVER

Overcome the pressure of the city. Escape to Highlands, relax and unwind.

Snuggle at fireside, soak in the hot tub surrounded by redwoods, brush up on your game of pool or backgammon, touch nature with all of your senses.

Bring your teddy or find one here.



(707) 869-0333

P.O. BOX 346 GUERNEVILLE, CA. 95446



**Russian
River
Lodge**

Cabins, Rooms,
Campsites,
Pool and Lounge

7871 River Road (at Wohler Rd.)
Forestville, CA 95438
(707) 887-1524

★ GAY MAPS ★

Full Color Street Maps of America's Major Gay Cities

- Where the Hot Spots Are
- How To Get To Them Using Public & Private Transportation
- Complete descriptive listings of

- ★ Bars
- ★ Baths
- ★ Restaurants
- ★ Discos

Color-coded for quick reference

Send \$4.95 for each guide map

Cities available are:

- New York
- San Francisco
- Los Angeles
- Atlanta
- Washington D.C.
- Montreal
- Boston
- Chicago
- Houston

to: Go Maps, Dept.
250 W. 57th St.
Suite 224
NYC 10019

Send \$4.95 for each guide map. Be sure to indicate cities desired. Enclosed is \$ _____.
Send me the following maps: _____

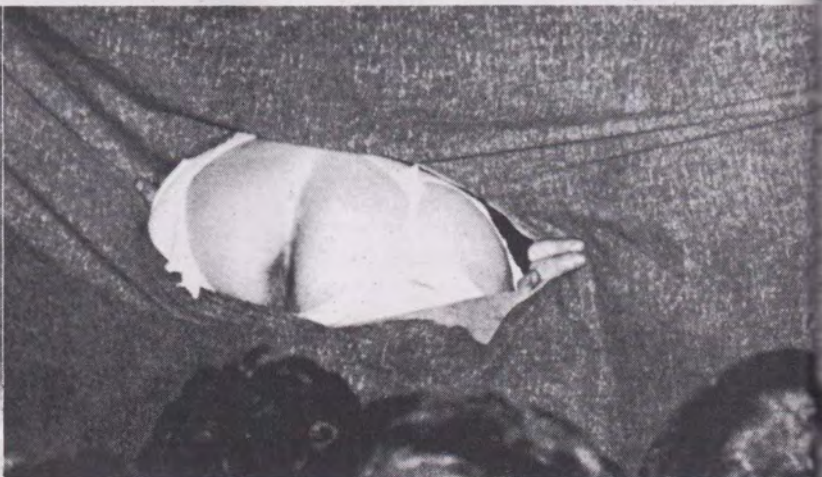
Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____
Go Maps, 250 W. 57th St. Suite 224, NYC 10019

MINESHAFT



by John Preston

Photos by Alex





The name has a magic to it. American tourists abroad report meeting people and having it be the first question. One friend told me about the German fellow he once met in Berlin. He could speak only two phrases of English: "You wanna fuck?" and "Tell about the Mineshaft."

When a gay bar is popular, it usually means that a mass of publicity highlights a place; often that leads to the in-group of straights in the city to invade it, automatically eliminating its special qualities. Or else, all the wrong people come and turn a nice drinking spot in the neighborhood into a much too chic cocktail lounge. Somehow it does seem that great popularity or notoriety doesn't serve a gay bar well.

But the Mineshaft has held its place

as the premier sleaze bar in the country for four years now. It's done it with only word of mouth communications for advertising. It's done it without having so much as a sign out front at its location at Washington and Little West Twelfth Streets in the middle of New York's meat packing district. And it's done it well.

There may be discos that are larger than the 'shaft, but there are no other bars in Manhattan as large as it is. Two stories plus roof of an industrial building. When you first walk in you enter at the second level. It's misleading. At first you think you're just standing in any leather bar — it's a bit sleazier, a bit hotter, and you can sense a certain tension in the air that other places only hope to have. But...

It's not until you notice the half-naked and jock-strapped men that you really understand that the 'shaft is that different. It's common, encouraged practice to check any — or all — of your clothes when you arrive. The sweating bodies and the collared necks are what really tell you how heavy this place can be.

The fact of the matter is that the first room you enter is only the beginning of a complex of two bars, seven other rooms, and plenty of corners and corridors. The 'Shaft is a sexual Disneyland with space and with action to meet all the requirements of all your perversions.

The men who go to the Mineshaft regularly are a special crew — a *very* special crew. They tolerate the visitors and



the suburbanities from Jersey and the tourists from Dayton. They'll gladly give any of those guys the "special" experience they're looking for — a dunk in a bathtub full of piss, a chance to lick boots, a belting across virgin-to-pain asses. But they're happiest with one another. They form one of the unique communities in gay New York.

So, when it's time to celebrate the 'Shaft's anniversary, the army of lovers in the night sheds its black leather anonymity and turns up the lights and has a birthday party that would have delighted the Marquis de Sade.

The Mineshaft birthday party is an annual event in the New York underworld. Wally, the manager of the 'Shaft and a believer in the best of times, always spends plenty of time and money setting it up. A party like this one can't be contained in a single evening. A full week is always put aside. The contests, the games, the demonstrations are all carefully planned and the participants heartily recruited.

The event has become such a highspot for sleazy New York that it's reached the

point where people's travel plans are made around it. No one who values his dirty jock strap would think of leaving town during the birthday celebration.

Wally carefully divides the days of the week to make sure everyone gets his special act in. This year he opened with "Asses for Action." Imagine, if you can, a crowd of cheering men standing around a stage, swilling beer and studying a blanket that's tied from the ceiling. The only hint of what's to come is a slit cut in the fabric. Then, one by one, the contestants stick their hairy — or shaved — asses through the slit to be judged purely and solely on the merits of their sex chutes.

The next thing is an event dear to Wally's heart: "The School for Lower Education." This year members of Chicago's Hellfire Club, those S&M afficianados who bring you the unspeakable Inferno, gave the lessons — the course was Slave Whipping 101.

The fetish that comes closest to the Mineshaft speciality came next. Piss is as natural as beer drinking at the 'Shaft. There seems to be a group consensus that

it would be a crime to waste a drop of manhood's finest in a toilet. If it's good enough to come out of your prick, it's good enough to go down someone's throat.

If piss is the favortie fetish, jockstraps are the most stylish mode of dress. And it's only right that the 'Shaft put a jock strap contest into the week's events. There were prizes for the wettest, the dirtiest, the cleanest, you name it. Wally himself sat on the stage and helped with the — uh, — judging.

When you have a group of men who are as sex-obsessed as the Mineshaft regulars, you know you have a group of men who are admirers of foreskin. Believe it. Those guys can smell an uncut dick from clear across the piss soaked bar room. And that special feature of nature clearly called for its own celebration. Any uncut man got in for free — and got a free drink — mainly to make sure there'd be enough flappy coverings waving in the night air for everyone's use.

There are certain subgroups of men who use the 'Shaft regularly. Leather and



uniforms are two of the groups that certainly had to have moments of their own. There probably were more cops in the 'Shaft on uniform night than there were in the precinct house that evening. And Leather night produced some of the heaviest public S&M you could possibly have asked for.

The Mineshaft doesn't really get going until eleven at night usually. (Sunday's an early exception to the rule.) The anniversary events were all held at a time of night that wouldn't interfere with the usual flow of sexual activities. In fact, they were held to enhance the usual ambience. Can you imagine what happened to the swirling crowd of hungry men who arrived on Friday night expecting the usual weekend crowd and instead found the remnant of the lea-

ther party stalking the place?

It sometimes seems strange to find a party going on in a place like this where you really only expect sleaze and little, if any talk. But party they did. The real break in atmosphere — the time when everything was just plain fun — came with the body painting contest. There was Wally giving out paint and sending the contestants off to do their creations. The winner — you should have known — was someone who ended up having a pair of chaps and a vest painted onto a totally nude form.

And if you're going to party, you have to have a cake, right? What kind of cake could you have for a group like the Shaft regulars? A man. Spread out over a wooden table with the anniversary candles dripping over his naked torso and,

for the final effect, a single birthday candle stuck up his cock.

The 'Shaft is back to usual now. The sleazy action is heating up the enormous space and the waves of men are rolling in from all over the city and all over the country. All the events of the party are being recreated by the guys who don't need an excuse to whip a slave, piss on a servant, suck off a Master. But Wally — Wally's planning next year already. He's got this thing about the 'Shaft's birthday party. Every one of the anniversaries has to be better than the last.

If you plan to be in New York next October, I'd make sure I had an up-to-date membership if I were you. If you're not at the Mineshaft birthday party, you're going to have a hard time getting laid.

DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS

A PRIVATE MEMBERSHIP CLUB
1808 MARKET ST - SAN FRANCISCO
Phone 863-4488 - Open 6 pm till 6 am
BRING YOUR OWN BEER

VISIT OUR NEW
SLING ROOM



1808
CLUB

Uniforms Requested
Enlisted Men Welcome



(213) 760-9563

MON. THRU THURS. 2000 to 0200 HOURS
FRI. 2000 to 0400 HOURS
SAT. 1400 to 0400 HOURS
SUN. & HOLIDAYS 1400 to 0200 HOURS
DONALD CRESPINEL - C.O.

TALK OF THE TOWN
ADULT BOOK & DEPARTMENT STORE
FOR THE PERFECT
ADULT

GIFT IN TOYS FOR BOYS!



PLUS

MAGS, FILMS, VIDEO, LEATHER, & BOOKS.

25¢ Movie Arcade

OPEN 24 HOURS

2232 E. Charleston Blvd.,
Corner of Eastern and Charleston

LAS VEGAS (702) 384-4962



MONDAY
Buck a Pitcher

TUESDAY
Free Pool 6 P.M. to closing \$1.00.
All the draft you can drink
9 P.M. to Midnight

SUNDAY
Open at 6 A.M.

(213) 423-9772
5873 Atlantic, Long Beach



Open 1200 Hrs. Daily
Uniform - Leather - Levis
NOW OPEN SAT. & SUN. 6 A.M.
UNCUT MEN WANTED
TUESDAY NIGHTS

Get Into
THE
TRENCH

164 8th St.
San Francisco
861-4517

ATLANTA'S
NEWEST MEN'S BAR



TEXAS
DRILLING COMPANY

1026 1/2 N. Highland Ave. NE

Atlanta, GA 404/885-9122

SEASON'S GREETINGS

**FIND YOUR
LIMITS**



\$1 OFF WITH THIS AD

OPEN 24 HRS.
MASTER CARD/VISA

HANDBALL
express

(415) 543-5263
975 Harrison San Francisco, CA



LUBY'S GAME ROOM
174 Valencia Street
San Francisco
(415) 552-POOL

Hours: Noon till Midnight Sun.-Thurs.
Noon till 2 A.M. Fri. & Sat.

Annual Fee: \$10.00

THE
JAGUAR
Adult Bookstore and
Private Membership Club

Your
Fantasy...
Your
Pleasure

4052 18th Street
(Just off Castro Street)
San Francisco
Phone: 863-4777

Open 11 a.m.
to 4 a.m. -
7 days a week



DRUMMER'S BOOKS

THE PAINFUL PARTS

The great difficulty I had with my college professors was their inability to integrate the academic knowledge they thought was so important with the realities of my daily existence. History, my major, was an important source of information for me, it's true; but they kept trying to make the events of the past more isolated, less relevant, less instructive as I went through my life and looked for guideposts.

An amazing and highly unfortunate series of events has accompanied the writing of this book column this month. I read two of the most stunning pieces of contemporary history I've found in the past decades and was ready to write the usual, chatty reviews that you've become used to. But in the middle of the process, eight men were shot in Greenwich Village. Two of them died. I knew them all. And I, who usually have a terrible time finding books or any form of literature that could help me understand such a torturous event, am left having to have to describe for you two volumes that in fact place this insane act in perspective.

If we treat the Ramrod shootings as isolated events that have no connections to our history, we are doing the men who died and who were wounded a great disservice. The hatred that was directed towards them was no momentary insanity. It was the centuries-long expression of western civilization's deeply ingrained fear and loathing of homosexuality.

John Boswell's *Christianity, Homosexuality and Social Intolerance* is a massive work published by the University of Chicago Press. It has received the kind of academic reviews that scholars dream about. Its \$27.00 price tag may put you off, but don't let either the serious reputation or the hefty price deter you. This is a remarkably well-written book that examines one of the most pernicious historical processes in Western Europe — the stigmatization and prosecution of gay people in the name of God and country.

It's easy in these times of est and the Me Generation to think that the intolerance that the society has directed toward us is a new phenomenon. It is comforting to think that the hatred we experience in our day-to-day lives is the expression of a few ignorant, albeit intolerant, red-necks.

It's not true.

And the strength of Boswell's book is his ability to trace through medieval days to modern time the ways and means of society's need to turn us into the hated. The volume is sobering. It does inform your daily life. You should read it.

The second book that's so very important is one published by the small Alyson Press of Boston. They have



young Austrian who spent six years in a Nazi concentration camp. The crime he committed was homosexuality. The proof? A photograph of him with his arm around his lover's shoulder.

One of the theses of Boswell's book is that the society has erased a long and important history of gay people from the record. We do not know who our poets were because when the gay poems were translated into English, the pronouns were altered to fit the heterosexual norm. We do not know who our heroes were because the history books changed the identity of their lovers from men to women. The day-to-day homosexuality of the Roman Empire and Republic were only recorded as the perversions of the upper classes.

All of that is damaging. But probably nothing in recent times is as enraging as the erasure of the experience of tens of thousands of homosexuals in the Nazi labor and death camps.

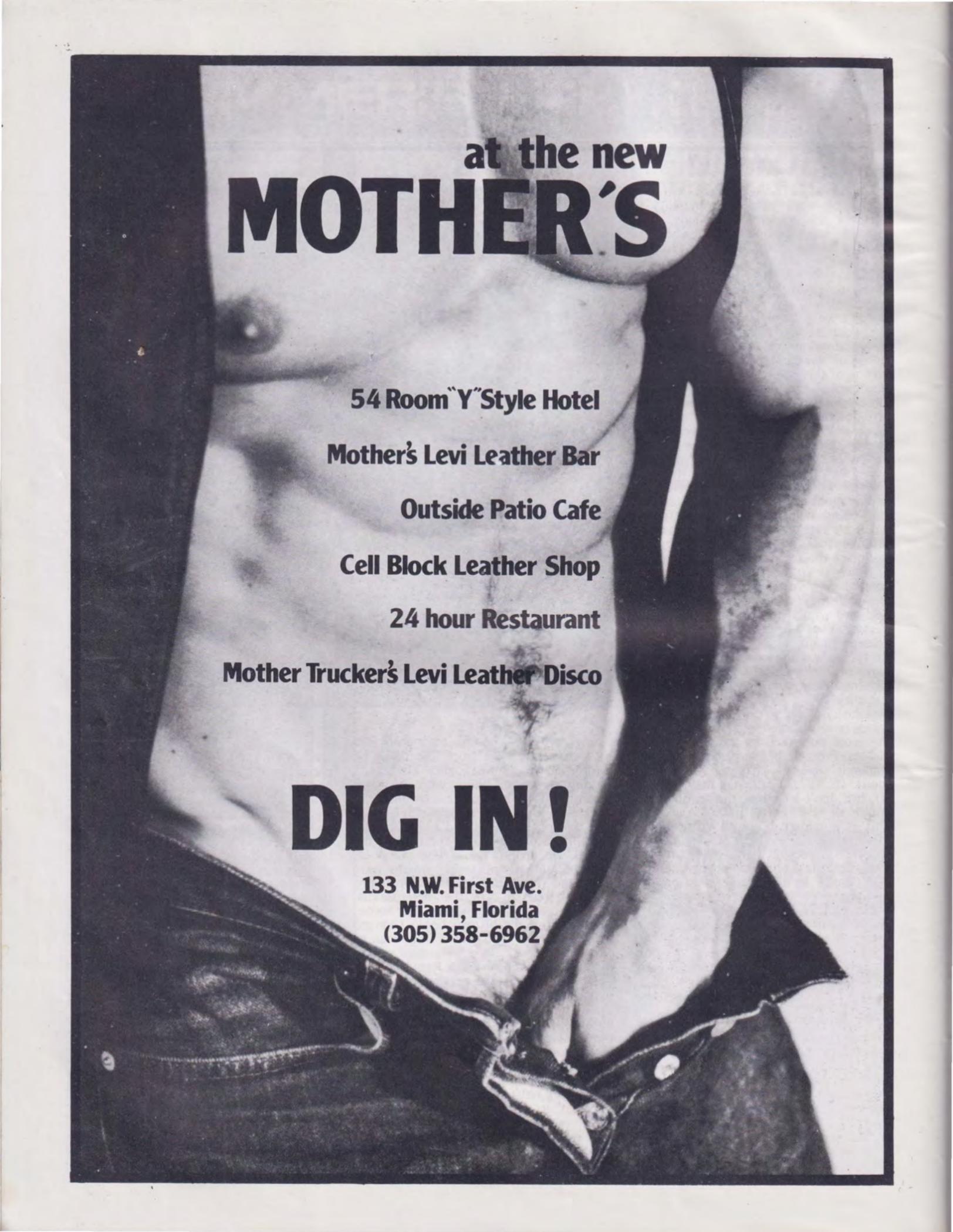
The Man With the Pink Triangle is not a well-written book, the translation is rough at points, but it finally brings to the reader the reality of the horror of our lives in this century. The play, *Bent*, which has been published by Avon Books, is another document. The dramatic intensity of *Bent* revealed much of

the same pain and suffering that *The Men With the Pink Triangle* does, but there is something about the very roughness of this book's style that is shocking. There is a lack of expression that makes the pain even more painful.

Probably the most moving and maddening section of the book is the man's telling about his final release from Dachau and his trip home to Vienna where he discovers that he will not be compensated by the Allies for any of the time he has spent in the camps. Since he was a homosexual, the Nazis had "legitimately" imprisoned him for "criminal acts."

What we are experiencing today, and what those eight men experienced on the streets and in the bars of New York on November 18, is not the isolated madness of the moment. It is certainly not indicative of any trivia in the way the gay world relates to the straight world. It is all part of a deadly earnest process that has been going on for centuries. If you will not have your own life be trivialized, if you will not allow the suffering of a growing list of our martyrs to be trivialized, you must inform yourself about the meaning of gayness as it has evolved. These two books are important steps in that direction.

— John Preston

A black and white photograph of a person's torso, wearing a dark leather jacket with the top button undone. The person's arms are crossed over their chest. The background is dark and textured.

at the new
MOTHER'S

54 Room "Y" Style Hotel

Mother's Levi Leather Bar

Outside Patio Cafe

Cell Block Leather Shop

24 hour Restaurant

Mother Trucker's Levi Leather Disco

DIG IN !

**133 N.W. First Ave.
Miami, Florida
(305) 358-6962**

DRUMMER views the Flicks

THE LEGACY OF BRUTALITY

Moments after it begins, Martin Scorsese's *Raging Bull* ceases to be a film about prizefighters. Based on Jack La Motta's autobiography of the same name, Scorsese uses the vehicle of an inside look at professional boxing to create a film about unbridled violence. *Raging Bull* is violent, although perhaps not in the way you might expect.

Jake La Motta was the son of an immigrant, and was raised in the slums of the Bronx, like thousands of other immigrants' sons. For him and his peers, and even for their children — even today — the slums and physical violence are personified by the Bronx. It stands to reason that this is an optimum place for a fighter to emerge. But even if all the finest boxers in the world came from the Bronx, it could not be excused. What a climate of violence creates in individuals is a deep-seated paranoia that manifests itself in every facet of existence. Violence creates more than itself; it is father to rage, fear, guilt, self-loathing. A lifetime

steeped in such an environment creates a whole generation of destructive attitude and ritual.

That's where Jake La Motta came from, and that's how he got the way he is. From the constant inner-family bickerings and abuse to peer pressure to be rougher and tougher, to the professional heroics of exaltation through sanctioned acts of violence. It's a straight line, seldom redeemable.

La Motta is a human being, and therefore a likely victim to all else that befalls human beings. Were he a rock, he could probably withstand a century of having his head pounded without much, if any, wear. If he were a tree, of a certain variety — like a Birch — he might give and bend and while seemingly beyond hope, still manage to grow. But La Motta is a human being, and human beings were never designed to be used as punching bags.

La Motta isn't any kind of heroic character. He is sexually insecure, emotionally off-balance, uneducated, locked into a ritualization of machismo that is

nihilistic. His psyche is tempered with a need to make confession and a desire for self-destruction. So it comes as no surprise that he beats his wife, abuses his brother — his best friend — and is suspicious of most people and most things most of the time. The coterie that escorts him through his life are even more a paradox, and probably no more so than La Motta himself; this son of violence.

Martin Scorsese is one of a handful of contemporary directors that are so completely involved in the process of filmmaking that their work takes on specific characteristics audiences quickly identify and either embrace or reject. After the appeal of films like *Mean Streets*, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, and *Taxi Driver* — filmgoers knew that Scorsese was a dark, mysterious, serious film auteur. Certain elements of filmmaking and expression became the expected. Then projects like *New York, New York* and *The Last Waltz* appealed to a different set of filmgoers, some of whom trooped back to see his more personal films. Between these two vastly different sets of entertainment, Scorsese had already established his creative use of editing in films like *Woodstock* and *Elvis On Tour*. So *Raging Bull* promises a number of different things to different people. It's all there.

Just as the audience quickly realizes there is much more here than the story of a boxer, and just as the 'more' overshadows the premise; so too is the viewer left with an almost uncomfortable feeling that he is watching something other than a film. While it's hard to pin down just what that something might be; it resembles more an intimate observation than anything else; a space between the characters and the narrative line that the camera has brought us to — an internal perspective. Much more subtle than the point-of-view cinema one might expect, where the audience can empathise with a central character and suffer the experience of *Raging Bull* through that lens — in this case the audience is allowed to sample all the motivations, and is never sided with any of the characters. What that makes for Jake La Motta is an audience that can experience his internal anguish without feeling empathy or remorse. La Motta is an unpleasant man, no one you can enrich your life with by knowing. To know him intimately is to abandon all but the sheerest sub-conscious concern. If anything, without hating Jake La Motta, you wind up not caring what happens to him, convinced that whatever happens is deserved. But like the mythical automobile accident, streets painted with blood, you cannot look away. You cannot detach yourself *that* much.

Without making Jake La Motta a villain, Scorsese has managed to make him over as honestly as a laboratory clone.





La Motta made his way to the top, although a crusade of people attempted to prevent him from having a championship bout. Maybe they thought he didn't deserve a chance to go the distance — and maybe he didn't deserve it. But just as his childhood, and the man he became, were the direct products of his environment; so intervening were the fates over his career. Almost by chance he wins the title then loses it in a fight that it has been alleged was fixed. La Motta, regardless of his innocence, helped to give boxing a bad rep. And that might just turn out to have been his big contribution.

La Motta didn't disappear after he lost his first defending match. He was a wealthy man, and he was a man geared toward the American Dream of the late 1950's. Cars, houses, women, night clubs — everything; with the fates at bay until one thing, a senseless oversight in his nightclub involving a minor, took it all away in the twinkling of an eye.

As circumstantial as his boxing career had been, as predestined as his environment had been — so was his fall from grace. Yet here too lacks the heroic myth. La Motta didn't rise above it all at the eleventh hour and emerge victorious. He pounded his head against the stone walls of a Florida jail as if to question the furies: Why me?

And it wasn't the great cataclysm, his trial for serving a minor. He went on to launch a career as a stand-up comic, and after the film ends its own narrative line, La Motta got work in films themselves, and at some point wrote *Raging Bull*.

Jake La Motta is still alive, which puts the filmmaker and the audience in an interesting, if equally uncomfortable situation. To have made *Raging Bull* and to see it is to pass judgement on the life of Jake La Motta. And if *Raging Bull* is his soul's explosion of catharsis — then you have to ask yourself: What kind of man is he now?

Raging Bull offers still more than a superb examination of a man who may not have had a grand design and never became a hero. For Scorsese, it is the tool by which he explores as many imaginative ways as possible to exploit the arts and crafts of telling a story through the film medium. It is as if Scorsese carefully put behind him all the lessons of filmmaking and set out to expand on them frame by frame, cut by cut. It is a tightly woven chord of refined and reconsidered style and process. Movement and sound are used to their maximum; angle and perspective underscores and reiterates mood and movement. You cannot escape the manipulation of the medium, because Scorsese is a grand manipulator and can effectively replace the narrative line with the structure and execution of exposed film stock. The use of black and white is, here, at its finest contemporary advantage. From the first ghostly images of La Motta, in a stepped-down speed, moving in the ring like a great penned buffalo to the final fading images of the character's settling into the abyss of mediocrity, Scorsese takes you on a private journey through the psyche of the unsaved.

— John W. Rowberry



CASTRO STATION 456 Castro SAN FRANCISCO
A Leather/Levi Bar

VISITING SAN FRANCISCO?

STAY AT CALIFORNIA'S **LARGEST**
EXCLUSIVELY ALL MALE GAY HOTEL



BAR
SECURITY
TELEPHONES
COFFEE SHOP
STEAMROOM
GREAT LOCATION

VIEWS
COLOR TV
FULL SERVICE
TRAVEL SERVICE
RATES FROM \$14
WORKOUT ROOM

BROTHEL HOTEL FIFTEEN HUNDRED SUTTER

(AT GOUGH) SAN FRANCISCO 94109 (415) 775-6969

VISA & MASTER CHARGE ACCEPTED



Bodybuilding Photography Terry Photo

Exclusively available in San Francisco at The Magazine, 839 Larkin
Send \$5 for sample photo set \$10 for Photo Set no. 1
plus \$1.50 handling; CA residents add 6% tax

TERRY PHOTO, BOX 31241, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94131

WRECK

MILWAUKEE
266 EAST ERIE STREET
(414) 273-6900

SACRAMENTO
925 20TH STREET
(916) 443-1181

Independently Owned and Operated



CONRAP

FEDERAL PRISONS ALLOW GAY PUBLICATIONS FOR INMATE

The U.S. Bureau of Prisons, which oversees all federal penal institutions in this country, has agreed to amend its longstanding practice of forbidding prisoners access to gay and lesbian publications. On October 21, Judge Barrington Parker of the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia signed a judgment in which he approved a settlement between the parties in the case of NGTF, et al, vs. Carlson. That suit joined as plaintiffs the National Gay Task Force, GAY COMMUNITY NEWS, OFF OUR BACKS, and the Inside-Outside Collective, and was filed against Norman Carlson in his capacity as Director of the Bureau. The settlement amended existing regulations by setting forth guidelines for use by all wardens at individual institutions.

It will now be the Bureau's practice to allow wardens to prohibit the circulation of explicitly sexual materials of a homosexual nature if they "pose a threat to the recipient." (It is interesting to note that prison mailrooms are staffed by guards and prison administration members — not inmates — therefore, how could receiving gay literature constitute a physical threat to gay inmates?) However, where such materials are of a literary, scholarly or general social value, they can be admitted despite explicit sexual content. Excluded from the category of sexually explicit homosexual materials, and thus allowed entry into federal prisons, are publications of a news or information type — including those which cover the activities of gay rights organizations or gay religious groups.

It should be noted that the terms of the agreement do not affect existing policies in state jails and prisons, some of which prohibit access to gay publications. Hopefully, the federal Bureau's new policy will set an example that state institutions may choose to follow.

The suit and its subsequent settlement were the results of the efforts of the Lambda Legal Defense Fund, a public interest law firm based in New York City.

GAYCON PRESS NEWSLETTER

Gaycon Press Newsletter contains prison news, poetry and general information of interest to gay prisoners and free persons interested in the plight of gays in prison. The newsletter is sent free to prisoners. \$6.00 per year (12 issues) for non-prisoners. Donations of gay literature and postage stamps — to be sent to prisoners — are always needed. Send your check or money order to: GAYCON PRESS NEWSLETTER, Ronald Endersby — Editor, 20 12th Street, No. 326, San Francisco CA 94103.

PRISONERS UNION

The Prisoners Union is a non-profit organization of convicts, ex-convicts and others interested in improving the conditions of those housed in the California State prisons. The organization started in 1971 and has worked in California since that time towards three goals: 1) the achievement of uniform and equitable sentencing laws; 2) the restoration of civil and human rights to prisoners; and 3) the payment of fair wages for work done, safe working conditions and compensation for injuries that are work-related. If you are interested in the work of this organization write to them at: PRISONERS UNION, 1315 18th Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.

"CAPITAL PUNISHMENT MEANS THEM WITHOUT THE CAPITAL GET THE PUNISHMENT."

PRISONER PEN PALS

G/B/M, 23, 5'11", 147 lbs., masculine, straight acting, gentle and affectionate looking for friendship and possible relationship and lover with hairy and intelligent gay dude from Los Angeles or San Francisco area. Zachary King, 053716, POB 007, Zephyrhills, FL 33599.

Gay prisoner — 30 yrs. old, 5'11", 169 lbs., blue eyes and long brown hair looking for the right gay male to write to. I am into sports of all types. Getting out on parole in July and need someone to guide me in the right direction, when released. John Pearson, Box B-76788, Tamal, CA 94974.

Horace M. Pope, 033822, POB 221, Raiford, FL 32083 would like to hear from other gay brothers. Interested in meeting anyone of any race.

Hot stud at Walla Walla (Washington State Penitentiary) anxious to get it on with other gays. I am 25, gay, and versatile. Dennis Daschofsky, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362. Please include stamps when writing.

Inmate 5'10", 155 lbs., hazel eyes and blonde hair and a great tan wants to write to free people. I am 28 years old nad have been gay since the age of 8. Put down by my family and need someone to reach out to. David Johnson, PMB No. 84970 CBB, Angola, LA 70712.

George Tolbert, No. 142-112, Box 69, London Correctional Institute, London, OH 43140. I am a first-time offender in need of the therapeutic touch of communication with caring people. Will answer all who care enough to write.

Gay prisoner locked up in the Denver County Jail would like to hear from the outside gay world. James Lowe, Denver County Jail, POB 1108, Denver, CO 80201.

I'm 34 years old and have been gay for 25 of them. I have 3½ years of college and like horseback riding, swimming and reading. Let's write. Clifford P. Gaines, No. 139443, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Lonely prisoner looking for pen pals of any color, sex, religion. I am 25, white, bi-sexual, 6'1", 170 lbs., blonde hair and blue eyes. My interests are sports, art, motorcycles and trying to get out of prison. Randy Orick, 142376, Box 779, Marquette, MI 49855.

Men in prison are dangerous because they are threatened with sophisticated forms of extinction in the hands of simple minded wage earners who claim they are only doing their duty or just following orders as five or six of them wrestle you to the floor to stick a needle in your arm or ass.

— Howard Lung-prisoner
NEPA NEWS, March 1974.

LARRY TOWNSEND

Author of the Leatherman's Handbook

Offers the most complete and dependable mail order service for the leather-SM-oriented man.



BOOKS

MAGAZINES

TOYS in leather,
latex, etc.

OTHER SPECIALTIES

For info and catalogues, send \$2 (refundable on first order) and 21 statement to:

Larry Townsend, P.O. Box 302,
Beverly Hills, CA 90213

—525 N. Laurel, LA 90048—

WESTERN style TOYS from
HANGIN' TREE LEATHER
MODELED by our COWHANDS!



"COWBOYS ride longer & harder in
HANGIN' TREE LEATHER!"

LEATHER 'TOYS' 200' film. . \$15
(HR) JUMBO COLOR ILLUSTRATED
PRINTED CATALOG. . \$3

ALSO AVAILABLE— 8mm COLOR!

**"BLACK
AND BLUE"**
The All Male S&M
Film that HURTS!

REEL 1—STRUNG UP WESTERN STYLE!

REEL 2—DUNGEON BONDAGE!

REEL 3—BILL HARRISON'S W/S
& LEATHER GAMES!

1 REEL/\$39—2 REELS/\$69—3 REELS/\$99
Must state 21!

HANGIN' TREE RANCH.

Box 548d Monterey CA 93940

SPECIAL LOW PRICE



genuine
used
**BRITISH
POLICE
handcuffs**

\$29

(incl. post)



After twenty years active service these
top quality 'cuffs have just been traded
in by a British county police force . . .
and they're as good as new.

These are collectors items — heavy duty
Old Pattern Cuffs cast in steel — and
chrome plated better than they do it
today — and they come to you at
30% less than our normal 'list price'
for same model when new. One key per
pair.

STOCKS ARE LIMITED

Each piece has been checked
over by the original
manufacturer before
coming to: —

fetters

895 Broadway NY NY 10003.

Strictly Mail Order Only

FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE

OF REPRODUCTION MANACLES,
RESTRAINTS AND "HOUDINIANS"

\$2

THE NEW

**Popper
Topper**

\$4.95
COMPLETE

**ODORIZER
ECONOMIZER**

INCLUDING LEAKPROOF
REUSABLE BOTTLE
NEW GASKET SEAL
WITH LOOP FOR HANGING



Spill Proof Cap
Easy Open & Close
Conserves Product

I enclose \$_____ for _____ units, at
\$4.95 each, postage included. Send checks
or money orders to POPPER TOPPER, P.O.
Box 414142, Miami Beach, Florida 33141.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Money Back Guarantee

WINTER SHOPPER THE DRUMMER

ILLUSTRATED Story Book \$5.

A Science-Fiction Sex Fantasy:

"ONCE
UPON A
LEATHER WORLD"



By
Russ O Frisco.

Postage and Handling \$1.00

A TASTE OF LEATHER
960 FOLSOM STREET
SAN FRANCISCO 94107
Catalog \$3.00

SLEEZE ROCK!



One Sir, Thank You Sir
folsom street
in a sling
the whip song
warm wet feeling
this guy's the limit
sleeze attack
rings

LP Disc \$7.95

By Canya Phuckem
and Howe

MORE BEST PRODUCTIONS
146 Langton St.
San Francisco, CA 94103

Send name, address, zip code and check
or money order for \$7.95 to:

MORE BEST RECORDS
146 Langton St.
San Francisco, CA 94103

Allow
4—6 weeks
delivery

**Black Logger
Boots**
18" HIGH



Any size
AAA-EEE
5's to 15's
Vibram-Plain
or Spike Soles
Prices from
\$135 and up

Write to: JIM OF SAFCO BOOTS
Box 23764 San Jose, CA 95123
1426 Saratoga Ave.



B255 C/B BONDAGE PANEL

MONTGOMERY LEATHERS

Box 161, Agincourt, Ontario
Canada M1S 3B6

Illustrated Catalogue \$3.50 plus 75¢
postage. (Refunded on first order of
\$35.00).

VISA - CHARGE - MASTERCHARGE

For the man
who has been...

**SOUTH^o
MARKET**



SAN FRANCISCO

poster size: 26"x20", uncensored

by KENT

Send: \$8.00 + \$1.50 postage to -

GG Productions
P.O. Box 4186
San Francisco, CA 94101

State you are 21 yrs. old

278 A Shipley St.

BEFORE

you buy chaps,
send \$1 (US) for
more details
about

SUPER CHAPS

The chaps
that **put**
the zipper
on the
OUT
side!

ORIGINATED
and developed by

THE

LEATHERMAKER

5720 Melrose Ave.
Los Angeles, CA.

90038

Be sure to
MENTION THIS AD



SHOPPER THE DRUMMER SHOP

RICH & FAMOUS



14 Kt Gold "FFA" Ear Ring
gift boxed \$19.95 ea.

14 Kt Gold "S&M" Ear Rings
gift boxed \$29.95 pr.

White or Yellow Gold Available

Rich & Famous
229 Seventh Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____
M.C. or VISA Card No. _____
Signature _____

JOCKEY ★
★ **JAC-PAC** ★
★ *Lesco* ★

★ **SHOWER BIDET** ★
★ **POPPER TOPPER** ★

★ **SHOTT BROS.** ★

★ **SENTRY** ★

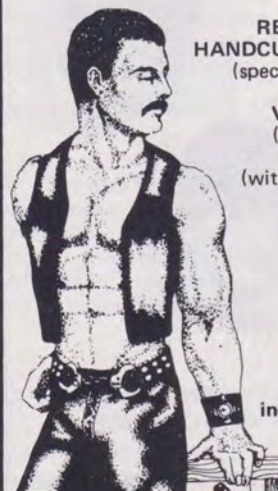
Performance ★
★ **ELBOW GREASE** ★

FAMOUS NAMES PLUS THE
BEST SERVICE IN TOWN!



IN CASTRO: 4084 18th ST.
DOWNTOWN: 735 LARKIN

MR. S PRODUCTS



BELT WITH
REMOVEABLE
HANDCUFFS: \$27.00
(specify waist size)

VEST: \$63.25
(with pockets)
\$57.75
(without pockets)

All prices
include shipping

Send for our hot leather catalogue
\$3.00 refundable w/order

227 Seventh Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

There's No Escape from

DOUBLE TROUBLE

TIT CLAMPS!

\$16.

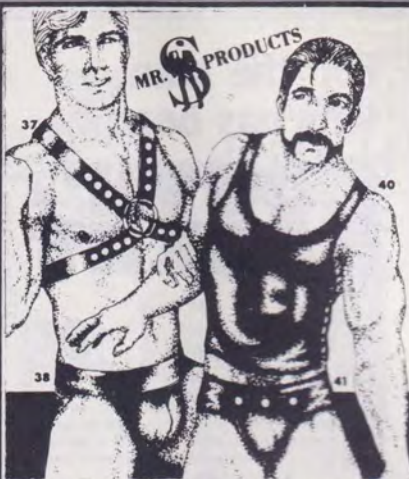


Alligators maul from one direction . . . crocodiles zero in from another!

Together, they EAT HIM UP ALIVE!

A turn of the screw makes these cold-blooded brutes FULLY ADJUSTABLE. (Removable vinyl tips included)

Send \$16. to
R. Phillips 166 W. 21st St. N.Y. 10011
Send \$1. for Tit Torture Catalog, illustrated



- 37. ADJUSTABLE HALF-HARNESS \$33.50
- 38. LEATHER JOCKSTRAP (Indicate low-rise waist measurement) \$27.50
- 40. LEATHER LACE-UP TANK TOP (Indicate chest and waist measurement) \$65.00
- 41. LEATHER CODPIECE LACE-UP BRIEF (Indicate waist and hip measurement) \$35.00

227 Seventh Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

10% postage/handling
6% tax CA residents



IT WORKS!

\$15.00 PER BOTTLE
\$100.00 PER 1/4 OZ.
...AND WORTH IT!

at most head shops & adult book stores
or send money orders to:

HEAVEN SCENT, INC
2232 E. Charleston Blvd.

Las Vegas, NV 89104 (702) 384-4962
Sold for use as incense only

Dealer Inquires Invited.

MMER SHOPPER THE DRUMMER

Black Leather Caps

BIKER STYLE
-- K1



BASEBALL STYLE -- K2

TOP QUALITY GENUINE BLACK LEATHER. EASILY PLIABLE.

ASK FOR A SENTRY CAP BY NAME
AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER

SENTRY UNIFORM CAP CO., INC.
104 NEW LOTS AVE.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11212



City printers

INSTANT PRINTING

1182 Folsom Street
San Francisco, CA
94103
415-552-4950

When you cruise the Russian River,

GET OFF AT GUERNEVILLE STATION



"Moustache Rides \$1.00"
and Screwing Pigs

These 'double-take' tees are 50% cotton, 50% polyester. S M L XL **\$8.75 each**
Add \$2 postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax.

GUERNEVILLE STATION
PO Box 65, Guerneville Park,
California 95446
VISA - MASTERCARD
SEND FOR
THE CATALOGUE

THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

This isn't so much a question as a request for some kind of insightful "thought-sharing." I'm a man in my mid-thirties, into the SM scene for 15 years or so, and now a fairly heavy but sensible M — that is, I enjoy a good B&D scene without the FF or scat that's become so popular with the newcomers. I have found several topmen whom I can go to periodically, and who can "do it" for me. However, I recently discovered that one of these tops — a guy I consider about the best — has been making it regularly as bottom with a young guy whom I can only describe as a "jerk." This kid is about 25, skinny although not otherwise bad looking, physically awkward and so stupid that he's into one scrape after another because people take advantage of him — so stupid, in fact, that he thinks he's a near genius.

Assuming that he must have something to offer, I made the scene with him myself and found that he is just as incompetent as I was afraid he would be. He was unable to secure me without my helping him; he fumbled with anything mechanical; and his "sex talk" was such nonsense it almost made me laugh. His one strong point was in knowing how to use a belt, but even here he was not imaginative enough to use it on anything but my ass. I can't understand this. The topman I'm talking about could get pretty near whatever he wanted. Why in the hell would he settle for this?

Please no name
or location

Dear No Name:

Interesting! As "they" say, there is no accounting for taste, so without knowing your top I can only make a couple of educated guesses. There is the possibility that your "top" likes to get his ass whipped once in a while, but doesn't want it to go much further. With the "jerk" he is probably able to control the action even if he manages to get himself restrained, and this gives him all the bottom action he needs. Another possibility is simply that his scene is humiliation — and what could be more

humiliating than to be mastered by a jerk? The trick, I assume, would be to convince said jerk that he is really a hot top, then submit to him in the full knowledge that you have delivered yourself into the hands of a man who could never command your respect without the bonds you have allowed him to place on you. Once said jerk tumbles to the game, of course, the jig is up.

Dear Larry;

Is it true that there is now a shot you can get to prevent hepatitis?

Active in Florida

Dear Active:

There have been newspaper articles recently about a new vaccine that is being tested in San Francisco. At the moment it is still in this testing stage, and unless it is approved for use during the interim between my writing these words and *Drummer's* publication of same, the answer to your question is: "No, but hopefully soon." (There are still the old gamma globulin shots, but these are only marginally effective, and as my doctor put it, "will help you resist infection, and tend to make it a lighter case if you do get it.")

Dear Larry,

For several years now I have wanted to buy a good pair of motorcycle chaps, but I live in an area where there aren't any good leather shops. I'm a little afraid to order them by mail, because I want them to fit properly. Do you have any suggestions?

Phil in Oklahoma

Dear Phil,

I don't know much about leather suppliers in your area, but I do know about the problems of getting mailorder leathers to fit properly. However, you might drop a line to one of the better leathersmiths and see what they can suggest. This must be a problem they have all the time, and if you communicate directly with the guy who makes the chaps you may find that he has the answer worked out via some clever measuring formula. I'd prefer not to recommend anyone by name, but you'll find several leathersmiths advertising in any issue of *Drummer*. Even if they must be sent back and forth a couple of times before they're just right, you may find it worth the effort.

Dear Larry,

You have been telling us how hot the leather scene is in Europe, particularly in Munich. Well, I want to tell you, I made it to the Oktoberfest and leather party this year, and when I went into one of the orgy rooms there was a woman there! Do you call that hot?

Traveler from NYC

Dear Traveler,

As they say in Germany (in German, of course) "other lands, other customs." It seems to have become quite the "thing" for a European leather club to have a female mascot. I've met several of them (socially, not sexually) and found them to be very interesting people

— nice gals, usually into SM, who like to make it with gay men. Although I have to admit that the idea of sex with a woman does not turn me on, some guys seem to like the idea of "changing their luck" once in a while. I can't really say that I disapprove, because it's none of my business if someone else digs it. I would also like to clarify my previous statements about the "hot leather scene in Europe." I did not mean to imply that it is hotter or wilder than it is in the US — major cities, that is. It isn't, and many Europeans come to NY, LA, or SF to enjoy our greener pastures. What I meant to imply was that there is a leather scene in several European cities, particularly in Germany, and that it *can* be good . . . not necessarily better. After all, it only takes one, doesn't it?

Dear Larry —

I see that you often write "S&M," while others say "S/M" or "SM." What's the difference, if any?

A loyal fan in D.C.

Dear Loyal Fan —

"S&M" is the older form, and we may gradually be evolving toward the more concise "SM." To me, though, there is a difference. S&M means "sadism and masochism." SM would imply sadomasochism. I happen to believe that there is a dichotomy, in that we are often one or the other, but seldom both at once. It's a fine line, however, and I don't really believe it would be worth an argument.

Dear Larry —

This is not to move ahead of the Dean of Dominance, but to submit that there is an area of erotic pain that may have been overlooked. I refer to the skin directly beneath the pubes (i.e., the hairy shield above the cock and balls). Good instruments for the operation are: a heavy common 12-inch ruler, for spanking — or a pair of 4-inch steel battery clamps, for application at points to either side of center. Since the part of the anatomy which we are concerned with is called *The Pubes*, we could call this activity P/P (pubes punishment), unless there is already a name in the jargon. P/P is complimentary to spanking the buns, though it is a lesser event.

An M

Dear M —

I think you've said it. Especially after a good shave, it's certainly something to be explored. Incidentally, I have never been known as the Dean, etc. The title given me many years ago by the *Los Angeles Free Press* was "High Priest of S&M," but even that has been distorted by the vicious tongues of our detractors.

IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION YOU WOULD LIKE LARRY TO ANSWER OR A COMMENT YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADDRESS TO HIM, PLEASE SEND YOUR CORRESPONDENCE TO: LARRY TOWNSEND, C/O DRUMMER, 15 HARRIET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103. WE WILL TRY NOT TO EDIT YOUR THOUGHTS TO ALTER YOUR INTENDED MEANING, BUT WE MAY CONDENSE YOUR LETTER TO MEET OUR SPACE REQUIREMENTS.

DRUMMER'S RESORTS

Very
San Francisco

GOUGH HAYES HOTEL

Visiting San Francisco
is the liveliest art of all. . .

Conveniently located near
the Performing Arts Center
in the heart of **The City** . . .
and central to the hottest streets. . .
CASTRO, POLK and FOLSOM!

Sauna • Sunroof • Restaurant • Lounges
Workout Room • Phones and T.V.
Rates from \$18.00 • Visa/MC



The Gough Hayes Hotel
417 Gough St. San Francisco 94102
(415) 431-9131

The comfort and hospitality of a beautifully restored Victorian mansion await you. Located near the Castro and Folsom areas in San Francisco's "sunbelt," we offer a rooftop sundeck, solar-heated hot tub Jacuzzi and a unique "tanning room." Large guest rooms feature wet bars or kitchens and European-style shared baths with complimentary continental breakfast served in our traditional double parlor. The Inn's friendly staff will assist you in finding what you want in San Francisco.

The Inn San Francisco
943 South Van Ness Avenue
San Francisco 94110
Telephone 415/641-0188
Send for our brochure.

WATER SKIING
SUN BATHING
FISHING
BOATING
SWIMMING



12037 HIGHWAY 20 CLEAR LAKE OAKS

WRITE OR CALL FOR RESERVATIONS
P.O. BOX 455
CLEAR LAKE OAKS, CA 95423
(707) 998-9933
OR
(707) 998-1415

SOUTHWIND MOTEL



305 296-2215

1321 SIMONTON STREET
KEY WEST, FLORIDA 33040

BIG RUBY'S INN

A greenhouse in the heart of old town
400 SMITH LANE KEY WEST FL. 33040

"WHERE
HOT MEN
COME
TOGETHER"



Private Baths & Refrigerators
Tropical Pool, waterfall & gardens
Complimentary continental breakfast
Airport transportation

FRIENDLY AND EXCITING!!!
Your hosts: David Lynn • Bruno Granovetter
(305) 298-2323

PALM CANYON INN

1466 North Palm Canyon Drive
Palm Springs, California 92262
(714) 325-5092



AFFORDABLE
DELUXE ACCOMMODATIONS
FOR DISCRIMINATING MEN
RESTAURANT • BEER & WINE BAR
POOLSIDE & ROOM SERVICE
JR. OLYMPIC POOL • HUGE SPA
FRIDGE • COLOR TV
DIRECT-DIAL PHONES
YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN



A Golden Odyssey International
Corporation Hotel

Get into GEAR

THE SEX TOOLS FOR MALE PLAY

2108

2134

2100

2102

2110

2139

2103

1386

2104

2105

2106

2107

2109

2111

2140

2141

2142

2143

2138

2135

SEND ME THE FOLLOWING GEAR:

- ☐ 1386 Inhaler\$ 9.95
- ☐ 2100 Dog Collar (sm.)\$19.95
- ☐ 2101 Dog Collar (lg.)\$24.95
- ☐ 2102 Waist Belt\$49.95
- ☐ 2103 Leather Restraint\$ 9.95
- ☐ 2104 Dog Leash\$12.95
- ☐ 2105 Wrist Restraints\$34.95
- ☐ 2106 Ankle Restraints\$35.95
- ☐ 2107 Leather Lace (per foot) .\$. 1.25

- ☐ 2108 Link Chain (per foot) ...\$ 3.00
- ☐ 2109 Chain Restraint\$12.95
- ☐ 2110 Bolt Snap\$ 3.95
- ☐ 2111 Butt Plug Harness\$39.95
- ☐ 2134 Leather Mask\$14.95
- ☐ 2135 Nipple Restraints\$14.95
- ☐ 2138 Leather Jock\$21.95
- ☐ 2139 Studded Jock\$29.95
- ☐ 2140 Studded Paddle\$39.95
- ☐ 2141 Studded Fur Paddle ...\$39.95
- ☐ 2142 Pliable Leather Paddle \$29.95
- ☐ 2143 Rigid Leather Paddle .\$. \$34.95

- DUAL COCK RINGS**\$ 8.95
- ☐ 2114 (1" x 1 1/4") ☐ 2115 (1 1/4" x 1 1/2")
- ☐ 2116 (1 1/4" x 1 3/4") ☐ 2117 (1 3/4" x 2")
- ☐ 2118 (2" x 2") Two attached, \$ 8.95
- ☐ 2119 Gates of Hell\$12.95
- ☐ 2125 1 1/4" Cock Ring\$ 1.00
- ☐ 2126 1 1/2" Cock Ring\$ 1.00
- ☐ 2127 1 3/4" Cock Ring\$ 1.00
- ☐ 2128 2" Cock Ring\$ 1.00
- ☐ 2129 Leather Cock Ring\$ 3.95
- ☐ 2130 Studded Cock Ring\$ 6.95
- ☐ 2131 Jeweled Cock Ring\$ 9.95

Add \$2.00 for postage & handling & required sales tax.

Enclosed is \$ _____ in ☐ Check ☐ M.O. or Charge to ☐ Visa ☐ MC

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I am of legal age (signature) _____



DUAL COCK RING
2114 (1" x 1 1/4") 2117 (1 3/4" x 2")
2115 (1 1/4" x 1 1/2") 2118 (2" x 2")
2116 (1 1/4" x 1 3/4") \$8.95



GATES OF HELL
2119 \$12.95



SINGLE COCK RING
2125 (1 1/4") 2126 (1 1/2")
2127 (1 3/4") 2128 (2")
..... \$1.00



LEATHER COCK RING
2129 \$3.95



STUDED COCK RING
2130 \$6.95



JEWEL COCK RING
2131 \$9.95

GET INTO OUR GEAR! You've another side to your midnight, your wilder side that wants more than boogie-oogie and polite lovemaking in the dark. It's when you want sex to the fullest, sex with a mixture of mystery and surprise. It's for this "you" that our leather G-E-A-R was made.

Here are the jocks, belts, collars and cock rings that are to be worn and relished when you want to go beyond the usual. Come experiment. Our G-E-A-R will make your hot fantasies even hotter realities and spark sensations you've yet to feel. This is a MALE ORDER! Cut out the mail order coupon!



The doors of the Ramrod in New York, where an assassin pumped over seventy shots into the bar. Candles and flowers were left during a protest march of 2000 in memory of George Wenz and Vernon Koenig who were killed by a 38-year-old ex-Transit Police Officer, who said he did it because he hates homosexuals.

FANTASY BY BULLET

1828 W. Alabama
Houston, Texas 70098
(713) 526-8081

Available at all Progressive Bars,
Baths, Bookstores, and Emporiums



YOU'LL FEEL THE POWER WHEN YOU "SHOOT" THE BULLET

BULLET
P.O. Box 3513 / Department A 8012 / Houston, Texas 77001

☐ \$6.00 each ☐ \$10 for 2 bottles
Add \$1.00 for handling. Texas Residents add 6% Sales Tax.

TOTAL _____
☐ Check or Money Order Enclosed.
Your order will be shipped immediately!



Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
I certify I am over 21 years _____
(signature)

Internationally Proclaimed The Most
Powerful Aroma Ever Produced

HARDWARE

Liquid Aroma[®]



It's not called the world's most
powerful aroma for nothing!

Dealer
Inquiries
Invited

Call Toll Free
800-428-4433

available at retail outlets around the world. 24 hr. telephone orders accepted with your Mastercharge or Visa — (317) 635-2696

Payment Enclosed: Check ☐ Money Order ☐

Money orders and credit cards
receive same day service.

Charge my: Visa ☐ Master Charge ☐

INSERT CARD NUMBER BELOW

INTERBANK NO.	EXP. DATE
------------------	-----------

MUST ACCOMPANY M.C.

HARDWARE (\$6.00 a bottle, 2 for \$10.00) \$

Signature

MAIL ORDER CUSTOMERS

GREAT LAKES PRODUCTS, INC.
P.O. BOX 44288, FED. STATION
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA 46244

DM

☐ I certify that I am over 21

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

the undisputed manufacturers of the World's Most Powerful Aroma.