

# DRUMMER



AMERICA'S MACHO MAGAZINE IS STILL THE LEADER!

3<sup>95</sup>

## DRUMMER DADDIES

THE PHENOMENA  
OF OLDER MEN

## PERSONALS!

MORE THAN  
ANYBODY ELSE

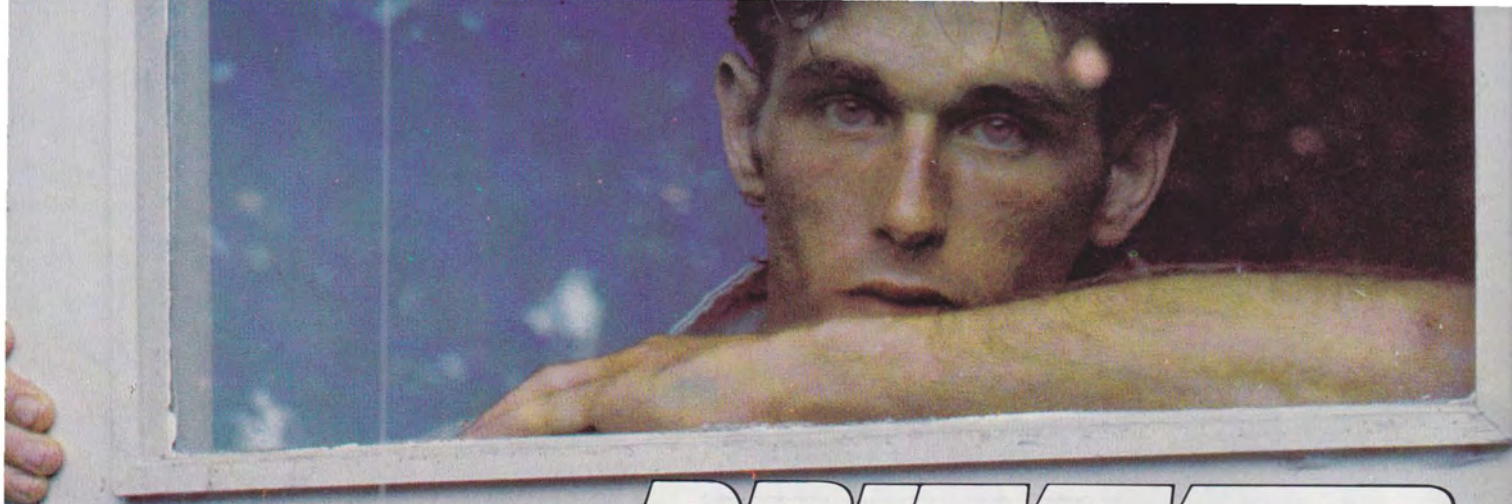
WHITE  
WATER  
FEVER

DEADLY  
KICKS

LEE  
RYDER  
TOMORROW'S  
'10½' SUPERSTAR

ISSUE 56





# ***DRUMMER***

**AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE**





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

Henry David Thoreau



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Summer blockbuster movie with HUGE starring one of the  
slickest polecats in the business, Lee Ryder.

DRUMMER, DRUMSTICKS, DRUMBEATS, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, TOUGH SHIT, GETTING OFF, LONDON LEATHER, LEATHER  
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## GETTING OFF

The Anniversary issue of DRUMMER  
was very well received indeed. You  
might even call it a sellout.

This issue has quite a few things going  
for it as well. More pictures, more fic-  
tion and more of the controversial kind  
of stuff you expect from DRUMMER.  
You can't be much more controversial  
than Strangulation and we put this arti-  
cal by an expert in at the last moment. To  
illustrate it, we were lucky enough to get  
one of the authentic photographs from  
Raw Graphics which were removed  
from their San Francisco showing  
because of their subject matter. There  
will be more in the new upcoming issue  
of MACH.

We just got back from a trip Back East,  
full of sights and sounds of what you  
guys are doing on the East Coast. We  
were amazed and delighted at the  
reception given us because we came  
from DRUMMER. It is not our maga-  
zine, it obviously is yours and you feel  
very possessive of it. We should have  
known that from the mail, but it is nice  
to meet you and hear it from you in  
person.

The DRUMMER Computer Bulletin  
Board is off and running. The off part  
refers to the time the damned thing is  
down and awaiting its turn at Compu-  
terland for an audience with the divine  
presence. But now that it is ON again,  
the messages would curl your hair, or  
remove it. Leather Fraternity members  
are being given their computer pass-  
words (remember the old secret dec-  
oder rings?) and are allowed into the  
inner sanctum to talk to one another or  
whatever. There is no charge for the  
service, just be brief and let the next guy  
in so you can see what he has to say. Try  
not to get gism on the keys of your com-  
puter, it makes them stick.

Hope you have ordered our *IN  
SEARCH OF OLDER MEN* before the  
price goes up. It is a phenomenon the  
likes of which we have not seen many  
times. The majority of the material has  
not appeared in DRUMMER and at the  
rate the stuff is coming in, stand by for  
*OLDER MEN II, SONS OF OLDER MEN*  
and *OLDER MEN GOES HAWAII* or  
worse.

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# MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

## SAN DIEGO LOADING ZONE

Just bought issue #54. A hot issue! After reading letters from other readers in it and past issues I've decided not to lay on my trip. However the blurb about the San Diego party at the Loading Zone was super hot! And I wonder if that's because the M's were M'S and the S's were S's and the photographs and write up made that quite clear. The point is I think a lot of us would like to see more work like that in your publication. In short when it at least looks real then it's easier to feel the excitement of it all. Pain and pleasure, agony and ecstasy... let's keep seeing and reading more about it... from top, to bottom.

Tom  
Palm Springs, CA

## FORESKINS

I would like to commend you on one of the best articles I have ever read in the June issue of *Drummer* written by Bud Berkeley, entitled "The History of Foreskins." This article was to me most informative, educational, and well-written by this well-informed gentleman. I would like to see more on this subject, and additional articles on the history of castration, which would be of interest to your readers also. Mr. Berkeley must have spent long hours on research to come up with such good and excellent material. Keep up the good work and the fine contents that appear in *Drummer*.

D.K.K., PhD  
St. Petersburg, FL

## DRUMMER IS ONE OF TWO

First of all, let me say that *Drummer* is one of the two hottest, most unpretentious gay male magazines published today, the other being *Straight to Hell* out of New York City (and a very different kettle of, uh, fish entirely). The letter by Terry DeLapp, Publisher of the *L.A. Star* (in issue 54) disgusted me. As a freelance writer, I've come to be appalled by the shit some people throw out in the name of "moral indignation." DeLapp's thinly-veiled threat to put economic pressure on *Drummer* for what he considers its degrading content is nothing more than sour grapes, in my opinion; how could it be anything else, with the kind of "literature" the *Star* prints? Yeah, "Captain Morgan" was too violent to stir my particular set of nuts, but I'll be damned before I'll sit by and watch a bunch of honest brothers have their Freedom of Press stomped on by a jealous competitor for "righteousness' sake." Nobody has to read this publication.

Not that you need defending. I can't imagine your audience getting smaller.



## SLAVE AUCTION

Being a Drummer Daddy, who also happens to be, by profession, a clergyperson I thought that you might just enjoy this enclosed photograph.

It seems that this is an annual event at St. Mark's Lutheran Church in the near northside of Minneapolis, Minnesota. Out of curiosity I attended this Youth Slave Auction. Some of the Youth were well worth the effort. Although there were only two or three who might have gotten off on really being slaves, or auctioned off in the right situation! I'm not sure that this photo is on the same level as the one which appeared in issue #54 on America's Favorite Pastime in the Tough Shit Department; but if

nothing else you might just get a chuckle out of it.

Also thank you for finally giving those of us who do not fit into the category of "boys" or that old favorite "Hot, hunky, handsome young stud" some long over-due recognition. Most of us are hot, hunky and varieties of handsome. The premium quality stamp says it all: "fully matured." The mind games and bullshit that some of us have had to put up with as we have matured is in some ways mitigated by the addition of the Drummer's Daddies department. Again thank you.

Faternally yours in leather,

M.W.

Your recent series on "Drummer Daddies" has kept me going for weeks. I've always been turned on by older guys, ever since I was a kid (I'm 31 now), and it's my fervent, heartfelt prayer that your feature will do a lot toward blasting the insane myth that the only men worth knowing are between the ages of 18 and 30. Any chance of "Daddies" being a regular feature?

Yours for a morally responsible America,

R.B.L.  
Key West, FL

## BOOT BADGE

I sure was surprised to see my letter in *Drummer* (Issue No. 54) on Boots. All I wanted to get across was that some of your readers, me included, think of leather boots as a badge of authority which almost always make the wearer a Master who is owed respect, and to whom we lovers of boots should be enslaved. Surprised and thank you.

Henry M.  
E. Hadden, CT

## CLEAN FORESKINS

In your History of Foreskin, Part I, you suggested that England's sons have "a high incidence" of phimosis. While we do have great foreskins (particularly the Scottish, note the kilts), I'd suggest the crummy hygiene in the 17th century was more responsible. Back then people got two baths in their lives, one when they were born and one when they died. That's a little heavy even for *Drummer* readers.

If you don't wash inside your foreskin, it will eventually get stuck to your head. This may be what the shakey-handed, but razor-happy, Arabs were discovering. I know from experience, because my father had to take me to our doctor when I was 15 to unstuck it. I'd gotten a little careless over a few months. The man used a flat-edged blunt probe and vaseline to free it— and it hurt!

My father was in the American Navy during WW II, and he told me that they performed "short-arm" inspections once a week. And if you had a foreskin,



they made you skin it back to see if it was clean. If it wasn't you got a warning, the second time the whole area was vigorously scrubbed with a stiff-bristle brush, and the third time you were sent to the ship's doctor for circumcision. Anyway, my father quickly decided a weekly washing was a good idea, and he suggested I start doing the same.

G.S.  
Chicago, IL

## TELEPHONE NUMBERS

I wish you would reconsider your policy not to run telephone numbers. When you printed mine, I got hundreds of calls and met many, many hot men (as opposed to the very few letters I've received over the years).

Most busy, hot guys simply will not write up to seven letters to find out they have absolutely nothing in common with someone else.

When a guy is horny, he wants to get together there and then and not wait for the post office. I've even missed an out-of-state trick who was in town because your forwarding his letter took longer than his entire vacation.

As an attorney I know there simply are no "legal problems" to publishing people's phones if they want them published. What is your reason?

If you change your mind, please publish my phone number with my ad. Thanks.

B.S.  
San Francisco, CA

*Ed: Beginning with this issue Drummer will publish verified phone numbers in personal classified ads. Please see the classified section for details.*

## FATHERS AND SONS

I enjoyed the articles which appeared in *Drummer* Issue 55 concerning dads. I have placed a classified ad and, to date, have had several interesting replies. I am mainly interested in contacting fathers and sons who have been having sex while the son was a teenager. I love to hear the details of teenage sex. I can recall my buddy and I showing each other our hard cocks and then getting into other things. I would be interested in hearing from some of those guys who are looking for a father image and someone to talk to and get it on with. Please provide more information concerning getting together with some of the guys who have written in about daddies and their boys.

L.C.  
Napa, CA

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UP TO 4 LINES (14 CHARACTERS PER LINE MAX) OF YOUR COPY  
May be worn G.I. style around the neck or shortened for cock ring I.D.

LINE ONE

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LINE THREE

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THE STUDSTORE

17 HARRIET/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

Send me \_\_\_\_\_ Dog Tags with the attached copy.  
Enclosed is \$\_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY, STATE, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

## READY TO JOIN

After reading my first copy of *Drummer*, aroused, I immediately, well almost immediately, grabbed pad and pen so I might issue this plea:

Please start my subscription to *Drummer*. Please send me all available information on services offered by the *Drummer* Leather Fraternity.

I am over twenty-one years of age and fully expect to receive information of a sexually explicit nature for sure.

S.B.  
Jupiter, FL

## BORN TO RAISE HELL

In *Drummer* Issue 54, page 15 you mention the video tape of *Born to Raise Hell*. You did not say what studio has this film available. Could you please let me know through whom this tape is available? Thank you.

M.G.  
New Orleans, LA

*Ed: The last word we had on this film (tape) was the company had gone bankrupt. Probably your best bet is to try your local adult/porn shop. Le Salon and The Trading Post of San Francisco both used to stock it. Good luck.*

*DRUMMER readers are invited to send their opinions and reactions to MALE-CALL c/o Alternate Publishing, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Keep it, if not clean, at least short.*

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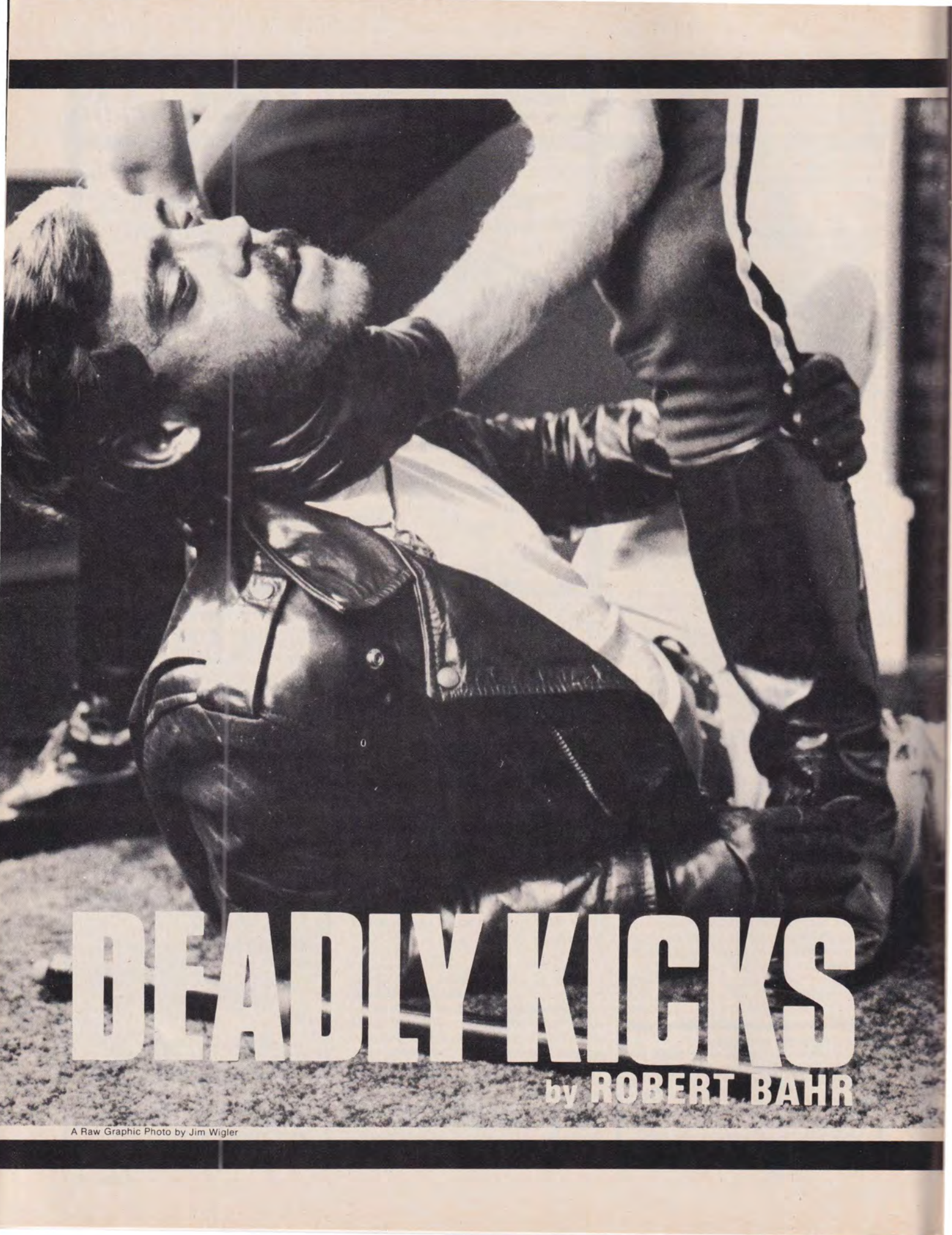
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# DEADLY KICKS

by ROBERT BAHR

A Raw Graphic Photo by Jim Wigler



The landlady found him in the bathtub, nude, strangled by a rope looped over the sliding shower door, then tied to his left wrist and ankle. Other ropes and chains encircled his body and neck, and a small rubber ball had been stuffed in his mouth, a gag tied over it. He was blindfolded and handcuffed.

Across his body, in lipstick, were written the words fuck, suck and other obscenities.

A sex murder? The authorities thought so at first. Then they made some discoveries: the shower door was locked from the inside—there was no way anyone could have locked it and then escaped. The apartment was cluttered with leather and rubber clothes, whips and chains. The victim had a collection of hundreds of sadomasochistic books and magazines, stories and pictures of men and women bound and gagged in bizarre positions.

The clincher was a list of exotic autoerotic practices the man had indulged in, a diary he'd kept in his own handwriting. Among the entries:

- Hot wax brushed on nipples and genitals
- Shaving the genitals
- Nipple rings, ears, nose and penis
- Collar suspended from ceiling
- Buttocks as pin cushion
- Tied by neck to a tree
- Legs spread, hands behind, woman sitting on slave's mouth
- Kissing and fucking the cunt

The death, authorities ruled, was neither a murder nor a suicide but an accidental autoerotic hanging, the result of a sexual experiment gone bad.

Roy Hazlewood of the FBI's Behavioral Science Unit says there are at least 500 autoerotic deaths a year in the United States and at least 300 of them result from accidental hangings. Hazelwood and his colleagues have uncovered 100 such cases—the largest number ever studied—and have learned that one in ten was originally classified as murder. Almost a third were mistakenly labeled deliberate suicide.

"They're just assholes," Ed tells me. "You have to take precautions, man—there ain't no thrill in being dead."

Ed is into bondage and leather. Not erotic hangings exactly. "It leaves bruises, and it causes too much pressure in the brain, might pop an artery," he says.

Ed prefers suffocation.

It wasn't hard meeting him. The bar was crowded, people were talking. The bartender, short, emaciated, in a leather bikini and collar, knew what I was after. He told me to buy Ed a drink.

I did.

"So what're you after?"

"You know anybody into hanging?"

He smiled. "You wanna get hanged?"

It was a dingy little room off Christopher Street. The king-sized mattress on the floor stretched almost wall to wall. At one end was a floor-to-ceiling mirror; at the other, about five feet above the pillow, hung a wire basket covered with clear plastic bag. Ed stands naked beside the basket facing the mirror.

"I added the mirror a few years ago," he says. "I like to watch me suffer."

Good looking, in his late 20's with a Warren Beatty body, he could have fucked every night in the week, if that was his thing. Instead, he lowered the basket and pulled the plastic tight around his throat.

"The basket keeps the bag out of my mouth, throat," he says. "Toward the end, when you're heaving for breath, it's easy to swallow the bag."

He's calm, breathing regularly.

"Some guys—they're assholes, I'm telling you—tie the bag around their neck. If they pass out before they get it off, that's it. You hold the bag, you pass out, you let it go, it's open."

After about a minute, his breathing grows labored. The moisture from his breath condenses on the bag. It's like seeing a face through a fog. With each breath, the muscles of his chest and abdomen contract more violently. His cock, flaccid until now, begins to lengthen. One hand is behind his back and the other at his throat, clutching the bag.

"Some guys actually have to think they're dying to get their rocks off," Ed gasps. "I don't need that. The fantasy's enough. This here's my failsafe system. I black out and go down, I fall right out of the basket."

He stops talking, stares wide-eyed at the image of himself in the mirror, sees his cock rise to rigidity, his balls tighten. The muscles of the abdomen heave in violent contractions. Through the fogged plastic, I see Ed's purple face.

His body trembles, he catches his breath, suspended between orgasm and unconsciousness. Then sperm flies, four long shots across the mattress. Ed sinks to his knees, drops his head to the mattress.

"Christ, nothing like it. Nothing, nothing like it," he mumbles to himself.

Among the cases uncovered by the FBI's Roy Hazelwood, the youngest was nine years old. In fact, most accidental sex hangings occur among teenagers and men in their early 20's, and Park Elliott Dietz,

## STRANGULATION IS THE ULTIMATE TURN ON/OFF!



assistant professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, estimates that one out of every ten hanging deaths among these young men is a result of sex play.

A typical case is the 13-year-old boy who left his home after supper to ride his bike. The next day he was found in a nearby woods hanging naked from a tree, the left half of his pubic hair trimmed away with scissors. Both feet were touching the ground, his knees flexed.

According to Warren Stearns, M.D., who has studied such cases, the victims are usually "fine young males, nearly all between the ages of 11 and 16, with a record of good health, good personality, good standing in the community, showing a good deal of leadership in their school life..."

According to Stearns, "They frequently take off their clothes, less frequently put on women's clothing; some tie themselves up, that is, tie their hands and feet together. The means are somewhat improvised—a chain, belt, suspenders, or other article of clothing, an old rope. Their feet or legs are often touching the ground."

"Hell, we're not trying to kill ourselves," Ron said. He is Ed's friend, a 39-year-old engineer, rich, married, active in community affairs.

"It's fun, that's all," he tells me with a laugh. "It's the greatest blast there is."

A few days earlier, Ed had told me that he'd looped a rubber hose around Ron's throat and strangled him to unconsciousness. "I should've dragged it out a little bit," Ed said. "He collapsed halfway through the orgasm. Didn't know till he woke up whether he was coming or going."

Ron is a typical erotic self-strangler. Two psychiatrists, Robert E. Litman and Charles Swearingen, put an ad in the *Los Angeles Free Press* to meet men like Ron and Ed, and nine guys responded. Like Ron, eight were employed, most professionally, and five insisted they were not emotionally unbalanced. Only three had considered suicide. They were normal guys who had plugged into a kinky sex kick—make-believe dying.

"Yeah, but why is it such a blast to get strangled—I mean, as opposed to joining the local orgy club, getting your nuts whipped, or if you'll pardon the mundane, fucking some beautiful 16-year-old?"

"It overwhelms you," Ron says, while Ed listens without expression. "In those few seconds before you black out, everything flows to your cock. The world, even life fades away, and the only thing left is a perfect orgasm."

At a recent symposium on auto-erotic deaths at the American Academy of Psychiatry and Law annual meeting in Philadelphia, Harvard's psychiatrist Dietz gave a scientific rationale for Ron's "perfect" orgasm. Strangling, said Dietz, might actually increase sexual arousal by producing cerebral hypoxia—oxygen starvation in the brain. A boy is wrestling with a friend, gets play-strangled, gets a hard-on. That night the kid experiments, strangles himself, comes.

A new discovery for the boy, but not for the species. Take for example this old English poem:

*In our town the other day  
They hanged a man to  
make him pay  
For having raped a little  
girl.  
As life departed from the  
churl  
The townfolk saw, with  
great dismay  
His organ rise in boldest  
way—  
A sign to all who stood  
around  
That pleasure e'en in  
death is found.*

DeSade too, writes of erotic self-hanging in his novel *Justine*: "I am as firmly persuaded as I can possibly be that this death (by the rope) is as at least sweeter than cruel.... it is in person I wish to be acquainted with the sensation.... By way of experience itself, I want to find out whether it is not very certain this asphyxiation impels, in the individual who undergoes it, the erectory nerve to provide an ejaculation."

To find out, DeSade's character stands naked on a stool, suspends himself by rope from the ceiling and kicks the stool out from under him while masturbating. An assistant exclaims, "Nothing but symptoms of pleasure ornament his countenance and at practically the same instant rapid jets of semen spring nigh to the vault."

When she cuts him down he's unconscious, but upon reviving, the self-strangler declares, "Oh, those sensations are not to be described; they transcend all one can possibly say."

Ed says he knows a couple of dozen guys like Ron. Some are his friends; he strangles them for free. Others pay—\$15 for a suffocation or strangling, \$25 or \$30 if they want the shit kicked out of them, too.

"But the ropes and leather crowd don't usually get into strangling, not unless I turn them on to it," he says. "And the stranglers aren't into pain. They're on another trip."

We're in a doughnut shop a few blocks from the bar. It's the last interview, and Ed has something he wants to say. Too many interruptions at the bar.

"It's not just what Ron said, not just the thrill, like you're shooting drugs and it makes sex better," he says.

He stares into his coffee cup like a fortune teller. "I told you before that there's no thrill in being dead. But—" He looks straight into my eyes and I can feel the heat inside him. "The kick, and Jesus it's a kick, is in dying."

It was Wilhelm Stehle who first argued that danger enhances sex drive. He writes of soldiers who jerk off ten times before storming a position. The ancients honored the relationship between sex and death by decorating their sarcophagi with phallic and vaginal symbols. And the French describe the ecstasy of orgasm as *la petite mort*—the little death.

A mother walked into her fourteen-year-old son's bedroom and found him jerking off, a rope tied around his neck and fastened to the headboard of the bed. He was blue-faced but conscious.

Psychiatrist John Edmondson talked with the boy later. Some years earlier, the boy said, a girlfriend had burst into his bedroom when he was naked and had thrown her arms around him. He got a hard-on, felt guilty about it, yet masturbated for the first time that day.

Jerking off made him feel even more guilty. Then his mother humiliated him for having pin-ups in his room. Overwhelmed with shame, he still couldn't stop masturbating. Instead he would punish himself for his pleasures. He painfully forced objects into his rectum. He jabbed a knife into his abdomen, although not through the skin. Only hard enough to bring pain. He was killing himself for the sin of being sexual.

Sometimes he would bury his face



in his pillow at the moment of ejaculation, "suffocating" himself. Eventually he tied a rope around his neck.

"It would seem that his feelings of guilt had led to a need to punish himself," says Dr. Edmondson.

Another boy Edmondson cites, a 14-year-old member of the Boys' Club, the Boy Scouts and a tough neighborhood gang, was known to be quick-tempered and no sissy. Yet, dressed in a skirt, high-heeled shoes, his legs tied together at the ankles, below the knees and above the knees, hands tucked into the skirt belt and silk stockings draped around him, a skirt stuffed in his blouse to create breasts, he punished himself for being queer by hanging by his neck from a tree in the woods, symbolically—and, by accident, literally—dying.

Get rid of the guilt, psychiatrist Edmondson decided, and you'll eliminate the hanging compulsion. In his first session with the 14-year-old boy whose mother had discovered him strangling himself, Edmondson told him the facts of life. Sex is good. Masturbation is normal. God wants us to fuck. It was His idea in the first place.

"Actually," says Edmondson, "these simple explanations appeared to have an initial effect, and rather more quickly than was expected...." After a few sessions, the kid told the doctor that he had found a girl, and that things had developed as God had intended. He felt no guilt, and there were no more self-hangings.

One of the most bizarre erotic strangulation suicides on record was described in detail by the victim. In a handwritten note found on the desk of a cheap hotel room, the 30-year-old man explained how he would kill himself:

"My body is carefully perfumed and powdered. The nylon slip I stole from the clothes line slips down and caresses me lovingly. Now I slip the taffeta dress over my head and pull it down over my body. The base makeup starts to change my face into feminine softness, no sign of a beard. It takes ten minutes to put the lipstick on right. Now emerald rings, more jewelry. Now my blond wig transforms me into a woman completely...."

"Shit, are you kidding?" I have just proposed to Ed that if we could just get rid of guilt, no one would ever practice another deadly sex kick. "The Dyaks slit their cocks from the head to the nuts—subincision—before they're allowed to fuck. The Skopts cut their nuts off, sometimes their cocks, too. I've seen guys get whipped to a bloody pulp, begging for it, before they'd let themselves have a good time. I swear to God, I got letters from four different guys asking me to cut their cocks off. I know a guy who made his lover blind him in one eye."

Ed is angry, his face red. "It's not just here, not just our society. There's a universal guilt. We hate ourselves for loving sex."

The anger subsides. His eyes brighten. "You know what I think?" he says. "I think it's been handed down genetically from the Garden of Eden. The apple is a symbol. The original sin was the contemplation of guilt."

Ed says once a guy is turned on to the deadly kicks, he'll keep doing it. Articles like this, telling of the hundreds of deaths each year won't stop them. Maybe it will help them play their games more safely, though. Here are the important points:

— As little as seven pounds of pressure on the common carotid artery will cut blood flow to the brain sufficiently to produce unconsciousness within seven seconds. Only in the last two seconds will you realize that you are

passing out. Should you be having an orgasm at that point, as is likely, it could be your last thrill. If hanging-suffocation is your scene, play with the fantasy, but stay as far away from unconsciousness as you can.

— Find someone to share the game with. Nonjudgmental professionals such as Harvard's Dr. Dietz consider this the most important safety factor. Some men rely on an understanding sex partner. Others pay a hooker, or another guy who is into the same game. The purpose isn't so much for sex interaction—erotic hanging is usually a solitary trip—as for safety. Should you pass out, your partner can promptly remove the rope or bag.

— If you must play alone, build safety precautions into the game. If a cord or bag can only be released while you remain conscious, you're running a serious risk of becoming a corpse.

Should you see a shrink? Sure, if you think you're actually suicidal. If it's strictly the fantasy that you're in to, though, you might spend big bucks just to find out that you're normal. Rollo May writes in his classic *Love & Will*, "The relationship between death and love is surely clear in the sex act. Every kind of mythology relates the act to dying, and every therapist comes to see the relationship clearly through his parents. It is not by accident that the orgasm often appears symbolically as death and rebirth."

Psychoanalyst Abraham Maslow once wondered whether we could ever know passionate sex if we were sure we would never die. □

"Standing on a chair in the clothes closet, I screw two hooks-eyes into the door moulding. Next I tie the keys to three padlocks in a string and hang them on a clothes pole at eye level. I put the pair of panties in my mouth that have been soaked in water. Now I pull a stocking down over my head and secure it around my neck with a choker replacing the wig."

Pulling the door closed, he stares into the total darkness, his blood pounding furiously.

"Measuring very carefully, I make ready the open lock and end of the chain. I stand on the very top of the chair. Now I strike a match but I am so nervous it goes out. The next one will do the job though. Quivering with excitement, I just stand and

swish the lovely skirts about my legs, I know what I am going to do next. I'm really terrified by sadistic thrill. It is 9:35 Sunday night and in three minutes I will be dead. I strike the match, reach down and set fire to the gossamer edge of the black nylon slip. Quickly I wrap the chain around my wrists and snap the padlock firmly. In a frenzy of passion, I kick the chair over and my body is spasming at the end of the chain noose. I come wildly, madly. The pain is intense as my clothes start burning my legs. My eyes bulge and I try to reach the keys, knowing I have finally found the courage to end a horrible nightmare life dangerously."

The man died precisely as he planned.



# IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN

# DRUMMER'S DADDIES



SEND PIX. INFO TO ROBERT PAYNE/DRUMMER/15 HARRIET ST./SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103



## DENVER DRUMMER DADDY

Please accept this picture of myself— a Denver Daddy. Use it if you wish in your Drummer's Daddies section. Also, I've heard that *Drummer* may be doing a book on Daddies. If there is anything I can do to help, I'd be glad to try. Let me know. Most guys here know who I am.

L.M.  
Denver, CO

## YESTERDAY/TODAY/TOMORROW

This is my first letter to *Drummer*, and I have to tell you issue #54 was the best ever. Why? Because of the full-page color Daddy Picture of D. Thompson and I for one think he deserves a picture layout in a future issue. It also proves that us Daddies are still virile & can hold our own. I've been in and around S.F. for the past 20 years, and before that I got into the leather scene in Chicago through Dom, Chuck & Cliff when they all lived on Wells St and we were trying back then to get a leather bar and fraternity started. Well, we all know the success story, from the Kris Studios back then to the present Gold Coast in Chicago.

So you young Studs, back then we were the movers & the pushers, and today we are mature, virile, know where we are at and still sought after because of our experience and background. So let's have more Daddy photos along with the young studs of today that will be the future hot Daddies of tomorrow.

55 and on top of things,

H.D.  
Petaluma, CA

## DADDY/MASTER/SLAVE/SON

He has answered my ad, he wants to be Daddy's slave boy. And now he arrives in all his submissive flesh, knocking at my door about to enter a world of surrender to a Daddy-Master's will. I unlock the door to find his warm, innocent exterior clothed to please his Daddy, just as I had ordered him. Blue-jeaned, shirt open in the front, boots and leather jacket, as ordered. As quickly as I take in the tantalizing sight of his garb, I am entertaining pre-cum thoughts of that ravishingly youthful boy-body stripped, ready for violation and abuse. He has a hungry, yearning look— enough to melt a Daddy's heart and boil his nut-sac. My mancock can't bear the sexual torment churning in my balls and he is quickly made to strip before me, which he does with obedience. A promising start.

I am ready to tap his fantasies, to unlock his deep-seated need to belong. I examine his body, play with his cock, fondle his big nuts and tits. He is told that he must obey and at my first order, he bends over to reveal the target of my sexual assault, the prize man-



## DADDY NEEDS A DADDY

Daddy needs Daddy, uncut, 8¾, must have a hard, firm, receptive butt. A versatile man.

K.D.N.  
San Francisco.

## DADDY'S BOY

I hope you'll consider running the following in your "Drummer Daddies" section, if only as an additional encouragement to the Daddies of the world (and their slaving would-be sons). I also enclose a letter for D.L. of L.A., CA. Could you forward?

I'm one "son" who's always been a Daddy's boy. While other high-school guys were drooling over (and on) their fresh-faced teammates, I had the hots for the coaches and teachers, particularly if they had beards, and particularly if they were intelligent, strong-minded sons of bitches. My directness and intensity tended to put people off; I know what I want: a guy older than my 31 years who knows what to do with a big, hairy, bearded, hotnipped, tight-assed, furry-beer-bellied, sharp-minded and wildly loyal permanently lovin' and obedient "son." Somebody out there has to be more than just playacting the leader. That somebody can contact me.





I am enclosing photos of myself for publication in your magazine *Drummer*. I'm hot to be pleased as well as pleasing my partner. My ass needs opening and my cock needs sucking. What is your pleasure?

J.H.

Brooklyn, NY

## WANTS A BEARDED DADDY

In response to your Daddies ad in *Drummer* 53, here is my first attempt at finding a son.

Texas Daddy needs muscular, goodlooking, obedient, loving son to train, discipline, show off, and love. Applicants should be under 35 and sincere. Daddy is 40, muscular, blond, bearded, and very dominant psychologically and physically. Daddy will help relocate son and train with spankings, humiliation, light bondage, diapers, some leather, watersports, also other select disciplines.

Thanks for the offer and keep up the good work.

B.T.

Dallas, TX

hole surrounded by firm, fleshy boy cheeks. His mouth is commanded to arrive at his Dad's man-tool. He sucks at the head and is taught to take it all in his throat, choking in his eagerness, gagging on the generous Daddy-sperm that erupts inside him. The collar goes on, the leash is attached. He calls me Daddy all through the night. With further discipline and training, the man-slave is taught to kiss Daddy's boots and lick his old man's ass. This is no overnight fuck. I have found my slave-son at last!

I answered his ad in a gay tabloid.

The ultimate Daddy-Master, boy-fantasy. The young, the masculine, the fresh, the eager, the willing slave-son every Daddy fantasizes owning for himself.

He called me on a Wednesday night and by Thursday I couldn't get enough of his hot stuff. We spoke for hours and he sounded so hot, so *right* for this Daddy. I stroked my meat as he spoke of his fantasies. We spoke of everything, comfortable and easy. I'd wind up by jacking my meat as he fed my fantasy to a hot load. He was hot to cum, but I tested his respect by not letting him shoot until his Daddy gave the command. He knows now he must ask permission. The conversations often got intense and the minute we hung up, we wanted to call each other back. A Daddy needs his boy-slave. The boy is hot for Daddy's dick. I need to cum in his mouth and fill his ass, to teach him to kneel, beg and pleasure.

He sends me letters of slaveboy submission and I retaliate with letters of command and fatherly control. He is in Colorado, I am in Jersey, but our closeness has since narrowed as close as the boy next door (who isn't much of a number, anyway).

Soon he will arrive as I want him. Subservient with collar and leash, exposed and willing to learn. I drool with anticipation at his lack of experience and I covet his energy for training.

What sets him apart from other Daddy-boys is his unspoiled attitude to make a Daddy-Master feel like a conqueror. We will consummate our union when I put my seed in him and with time mold him, shape him and train him to my satisfaction and pleasure. The slave-son I always wanted and needed.

Appropriately, almost deliberately, I will summon him to arrive before me on Father's Day. But sorry, *Drummer* Daddies. Slave-sons can only have one Daddy-Master. However, you are most welcome to the boy next door.

Daddy-Master George, N.J.  
slave-son Leigh (Colorado)

Thank you, sir.

R.L.

Key West, FL

## LOOKING FOR A FATHER FIGURE

Wouldn't you think that a choirboy blonde who is as submissive and masochistic as they come, would have no trouble finding a Master? I have looked for a man, not a queen; for a king, in fact, for three years now. I came close once, with Steve.

Bars, discos, and porno theaters in NYC were my cruising grounds and I was looking for only one qualifier, a bearded man who was attractive and attracted to me. When I saw Steve, my cock knew this was a man who could be father and brother to me, who could instruct me and discipline me as I needed. He said he'd been looking for someone like me.

My ass, opened only a few times, was pushed and prodded and fucked hard by Steve many times that night. I have never met a man, a real man who could cum 5 or 6 times like that. And I tried not to disappoint him, cumming whenever he jerked me off.

I was in heaven when he asked for my telephone number, and each month for nearly a year we spent a weekend together. He expanded my limits and pushed my stamina to the breaking point—fucking, sucking and rimming. He forced me to realize the connection between my tits, balls, and cock with his fingernails and teeth. Meanwhile, my own private fantasies grew.

He in his army uniform, me spreadeagled on the bed as he used me as an ashtray for his cigar. Or smoking and reading the paper while sitting on my face. Or whipping me until I cried, red welts all over my ass—and then apologizing by fucking me.

It was too good to last. When I confided my desires, he was astonished. He wasn't into S&M, he said. He wouldn't fulfil a role he'd already assumed, in my view, of a benevolent, kind and sadistic master. Although we had one or two meetings since, they've lost the magic they once had. I'm still waiting for his call for me to be a full-time slave/whipping boy/ashtray. When and if he calls, I will go; I'd drop everything because he marked me as his own when we first met.

I'm still looking for a father figure like Steve, with my interests and magic. Maybe this will help. Thank you, *Drummer*.

T.S.

Hartford, CT

**BOY! DID WE EVER HEAR FROM DRUMMER DADDIES AS WELL AS GUYS LOOKING FOR ONE. THESE ARE FOR REAL—ARE YOU? WRITE TO ROBERT PAYNE NOW! SEND YOUR PICTURE AND/OR STORY. YOUR MAIL RESPONSE WILL BE FORWARDED.**







# A HISTORY OF FORESKIN

by Bud Berkeley



Circumcision is an erotic fantasy for many uncut men. The Uncircumcised Society of America (USA) finds that 15% of its letters are from uncut men who have wild fantasies about being forcibly de-foreskinned. A mere clinical job is not what they're seeking. There are even rumors of a "Foreskins Anonymous" that plays a monthly game of Russian roulette, with the winner getting his circumcision rape fantasy realized as part of the entertainment. In foreskin-plentiful Europe, gay and straight S/M groups circumcise men for sexual pleasure.

Men circumcised in infancy may wonder what could possibly be erotic about circumcision. Anthropologist Felix Bryke studied primitive cultures and came up with this theory: "All males want to retract their foreskin and keep them retracted. It is a basic erotic urge. As a result, consciously or unconsciously, all men want to be circumcised." Circumcision's eroticism is further born out by the Nubians of Upper Egypt who get full erections under their desert robes when discussing their tribal puberty rites. Even more graphic from an American army officer stationed in the Philippines years ago: "I spent Sunday after



noons clipping the dicks of teenagers. It was the custom of barrio Philipinos to circumcise their kids *en masse* during big backyard festivals. After years of American military presence, they wanted Americans to do the honors instead of their traditional herb doctors, who did their customary lousy jobs. I'd have male relatives hovering over my shoulders trying to get a better look at the dick I was peeling and more than once I was jabbed in the back of the neck by a stiff peter."

Not all USA letter-writers found circumcision erotic. Some found it distasteful or intimidating. Reactions to circumcision varied widely. Generally, men who chose to be circumcised, either due to peer pressure or erotic fantasy, liked the results and continued to find the fantasy persisting! Men who were circumcised to correct phimosis also liked the results and found the subject erotic.

Uncircumcised men fell into two anatomical categories. Men with long foreskins— whose foreskins extended beyond the glans and cascaded to a pointed tip or rosette— were inclined to eroticize their prepuce; part of that eroticization was the possibility of cutting it off. Men with short foreskins— foreskins which merely draped over the corona, were less likely to eroticize their prepuce and gave little thought to circumcision.

Men forced into circumcision by parents, aggressive doctors, the military or lovers, generally reacted unfavorably to the results— from "I guess it's alright" to suicidal. Men who were circumcised at birth generally found the subject "boring," or "What's the point in talking about it?" or "Change the subject!" One group of neonatally circumcised men did find the subject to be erotic, however; men who ended up with "slop jobs"— vestiges of foreskin which they had eroticized. Most circumcised men wrote to the USA, having no interest whatsoever in circumcision, investigating the possibility of foreskin restoration. Blaming their circumcision on a wide variety of complaints (mostly relating to the feeling of being castrated), these men were convinced that their only cure was to obtain a foreskin. Most of them complained that doctors refused to understand their desire, became belligerent and sometimes suggested they be "committed." One determined young college student wrote, "If the early Greeks could put foreskins on Israelite athletes, then an American doctor can put one on me!"

Foreskin restoration is almost as old an operation as circumcision. Yes, athletes from Israel and Phoenicia, competing in the Olympic Games in ancient Greece, did seek surgeons who could put foreskins on their denuded penises. The Games, played in the nude, had mostly Greek spectators and the Greeks considered it terribly vulgar to display the glans-penis in public. Greek athletes (take another look at their vases) tied strings around their foreskin tips to ensure that their offensive glans couldn't peek through. Jewish elders, horrified to find their young men returning from the Games complete with foreskins, started the oft-heard hue and cry about the "Hellinization of our youths!" Later, during the time of Emperor Tiberius (14-37 AD), the Roman physician Celsus wrote a paper describing his method of restoration, starting it with "...if the glans is bare and the man wishes for the look of the thing to be covered, that can be done... but more easily in a boy than in a man; in one whom the defect is natural, than in one who after the custom of certain races has been circumcised; and in one who has the glans small and the adjacent skin rather ample, while the penis itself is shorter, rather than in one whom the conditions are contrary."

Today, in America, there are five known physicians who are experienced at foreskin restoration. Several methods are now in use, the choice of which is determined by the patient's anatomy (the amount of skin left on his circumcised penis). In cases where a lot of skin remains and some amount of it can be pushed over the glans, a regular regimen of stretching can lengthen the skin. In some such cases, the implant of a platinum ring under the remaining skin can expedite the procedure, stretching the skin and ring over the head and tightening the ring with finger pressure to hold the skin in place. In a few weeks, the skin stretches into place and the ring can be removed. The final step is to cut a diamond-

shaped piece from the top of the opening and then sew the edges together. For cases of less remaining skin on the penis, the Z-plasty method is another way to undo circumcision. It consists of making several Z-shaped incisions in the skin of the shaft and sewing them back together with the long sides in apposition to the short sides of the "Z" so that the tube of skin is lengthened, though somewhat narrower. For even less skin to work with, there is the "Jack Penn" operation. In this procedure, the skin of the shaft is cut loose at the base of the penis with a circular incision and inverted over the head in what is called a "degloving." The inverted skin forms the inner lining of the new foreskin, with the outer layer formed from a split-thickness graft taken from a relatively hairless area of the body. For the man who ended up with a good ole All-American clipcock, tightly circumcised with almost no skin to work with, there is the scrotal implant technique (the most commonly used method of restoration). This requires several operations. A cuff of skin is cut loose from the shaft-skin, enough to cover the glans. The penis is then implanted in the scrotum; it is sewn into a slit made in the scrotal skin



and an opening left for urination. The penis is left in the scrotum for several months to allow the skin to heal and a new blood and nerve supply to develop. Only partial erections are possible at this stage as the penis is bound by the scrotal skin, but orgasms are possible even with that constraint. Later, the new foreskin is cut loose in one or more stages. Such a procedure can cost up to ten thousand dollars. In most cases, where psychological damage due to circumcision can be proved or where unhealed nerve endings on the penis due to circumcision are found, medical insurance policies pick up the tab. Does it work? Yes, according to several USA correspondents who have new foreskins; the glans becomes moist and warm and picks up some added sensitivity. Even smegma is produced under the new skins. One foreskin recipient writes, "I always had pain with my orgasms; I thought it was normal. They found damaged nerves on my penis resulting from my neonatal circumcision. I had no idea what a real orgasm was like... until I had one with an uncircumcised penis. My orgasms now simply blow me away!"



The USA's biggest discovery, and possibly its biggest accomplishment, was that suddenly uncircumcised men started to bring their foreskins out of the closet. They started to fight back, fighting to retain foreskins. For the first time explicit literature started to explore the possible uses of the prepuce in foreplay. *Playgirl*, once foreskin-shy in its choice of centerfolds, now presented at least one or two foreskin-draped models in each magazine. In May, 1981, *Playgirl* ran an article by David Thomson ("Hi, I'm Joe's Penis") in which the author admitted, "Your writer is not circumcised, so it is necessary for me to slip back the foreskin— itself a thing of wonder and the source of nearly endless play and amusement for others." One couple wrote to the USA that using his foreskin to cup over various parts of her body provided them with exquisite pleasures. One woman wrote, "Personally, I did that the uncircumcised man penetrates more smoothly and with less friction." And now that foreskins are "in," some men are pleasing their admirers by lengthening and loosening their already long prepuces. Some do it by stuffing cotton balls under the foreskin daily. One man stuffs it with BB pellets. The foreskin can be safely taped closed, keeping such contents locked inside, with the use of Dermicel surgical tape. Other men place weights around their foreskin tips, such as rubber washers. One group of men meet in Southern California regularly for a session of mutual stretching. The situation in America today is, according to Dr. Morgan, much like in New Guinea where most of the tribes circumcise but "... a discerning minority does not find favor with the operation. These (few) men deliberately stretch their foreskin by dangling weights on it, for to them a pendulous prepuce is a thing of beauty and a joy forever!"



Photos by Joe Tiffenbach

#### IV. COMING TO GRIPS WITH THE FORESKIN

Our history of the shortened American foreskin has stressed the cultural and erotic causal factors in this nation's preoccupation with infant circumcision. We have also reviewed the emotional reactions to the act of circumcision, and that of being circumcised, through the eyes, mostly, of USA correspondents. We have referred only briefly to the various medical "excuses" which have gone in and out of fashion. It is certainly unfair to say that all medical circumcision is performed by "crypto-perverts," at least on a conscious level, or that some circumcisions are not medically indicated. The medical factors in circumcision, both pro and con, are the subjects of endless reports and articles published in medical journals throughout the English-speaking world. Most of the reports favor one side of the question only and, more importantly, they discuss the penis only in clinical terms. The average parent, studying the conflicting "medical findings" on the subject, would certainly become confused and, most probably, revert to the family "inheritance" as to whether or not to circumcise their newborn son. The average man reading these clinical reports, never having had medical

problems with his penis (circumcised or uncircumcised), would have a hard time seeing himself in those articles because his only meaningful relationship with his genitals is one of eroticism. However, we must bridge the gap between "cultural circumcision" and "medical circumcision" by reviewing the "excuses" to determine where they stand now in the early 80's. And we must come to grips with the old "medical myths" about the foreskin itself. Let's take a look:

**1. Masturbation.** Anti-masturbation has been relegated to the lunatic fringe. Obviously, depriving a boy of his foreskin doesn't stop him from masturbating— although it probably makes it more difficult. Body lubricant manufacturers owe a huge debt to the puritanical doctors of earlier decades. Many sex counselors are now convinced that masturbation can be beneficial, especially for the very young or the elderly when sex partners are not easily contacted. And, for the middle-aged, one urologist claims that regular masturbation keeps the foreskin loose and healthy if other forms of sexual activity are not available.

**2. VD.** The recent VD epidemic among the nation's almost totally circumcised youth makes this 1918 theory look ridiculous. One doctor wrote to the USA, "Anyone who understands the diseases involved knows that susceptibility and precautions are exactly the same for all men and the presence or absence of a foreskin makes no difference." However, during the recent debate in Canada over the inclusion of circumcision payments in their national health plan, the Canadian military presented statistics showing a higher incidence of VD among uncircumcised soldiers. Needless to say, some of those French-Canadian foreskins are going to come off in boot camp!



#### 3. Infant Circumcision Preferable to Later Military Circumcision.

Yes, if they don't get it in the maternity ward they still might get it in the Army— and do, according to the reported experiences of several recent recruits. Many people would be surprised to learn of the military's advocacy of circumcision. Many men served undisturbed with foreskins and came out intact; others were hassled but their foreskins survived. Many young men, joining up right out of high school and being away from home for the first time, undoubtedly chose to take advantage of free military circumcision. Others made it elective after some peer pressure or after a few embarrassing remarks during short-arm inspection. But it is the men who were targeted for circumcision, and many men who served in the medical corps, who are the witnesses to this century's great military de-prepuceing campaigns. Why were only certain men so targeted? Supposedly, if combat/health situations were stable, only men with phimosis and/or redundant foreskins were detailed for a cock-style change. And what is a redundant foreskin? A long one— it can be so long it flops, but if it extends beyond the urethra opening it is taboo. How many men have long, floppy foreskins? A recent



survey of West German Army recruits, studying the incidence of smegma among the various types of penises, gives us a clue. The survey included 3,000 men between the ages of 18-20 and categorized them into five penis-types: (A) no foreskin, (B) short foreskin, (C) long foreskin, (D) tight foreskin, long or short, and (E) phimosis.

Out of the 3,000 young Germans, only 256 were in Group A (no foreskins) and of those ¼ had been circumcised (probably because of infant phimosis), ½ had such short foreskins that they had long since fallen behind the corona permanently and in ¼ of the cases it was impossible to determine whether or not they had been circumcised. Group B (short foreskins) had 1258 men, or 41.9%. Group C (long foreskins) had 1236 men, or 40.8%. Group D (tight foreskins) had only 181 men; 6.0%. Group E (phimosis) only 82 or 2.8%. So, assuming that this lineup of Germans, mostly in their natural state, is more or less an indication of Mother Nature's penis-type distribution, the military would have been after the 40.8% redundant ones, 6% tight ones and 2.8% phimosed, leaving the remaining 50% uncircumcised. I wonder what's so bad about floppy foreskin. Smegma?

**4. Infant Circumcision Preferable To Adult Circumcision If It Becomes Medically Indicated.** The coming of laser beam circumcision, coupled with the fact that anaesthetics are still seldom used in infant circumcision, promises to completely reverse this "excuse." Yes, there are problems (severe phimosis, balanitis, etc.) for which adult circumcision is indicated, but their incidence is low. The "natural childbirth" activists are striving hard to educate young parents that infant circumcision can be dangerous and it hurts. On the other hand, if laser beam circumcision can be used on the infant, even that argument might be reversed.

**5. Penile Cancer.** Quoting from *Circumcision*, an article by Thomas E. Reichelderfer, MD, and Juan R. Ferga, MD (from "Care of the Well Baby," 1968, J.B. Lippincott, publisher), "In Britain, in 1946, one child in 6,000 under the age of 5 died as a result of circumcision. If the same results were applied to the US, approximately 153 such deaths might be expected annually. In 1962, there were 232 deaths from penile cancer in the US, 0.2% of all cancer deaths. To circumcise all males at birth can hardly be justified solely on the basis of preventing such an uncommon disease, especially when the penis can, with little effort, be easily visualized, and precancerous lesions can thus be detected." The report concludes that ¼ of the penile-cancer cases come from American minority groups, representing only 10% of the male population, among whom hygienic habits have not been ideal. It also concludes that, since penile cancer is rare on circumcised penises, both circumcision and good hygiene are effective in combating penile cancer. Dr. Morgan writes, "In those countries which do not practice circumcision, and in which acquaintance with soap and water is more than casual, the incidence of penile cancer is either no different from, or in some instances is actually less than, the incidence in the US. Although penile cancer is exceptionally rare in circumcised subjects in America, Europe and Australia, it is seen not uncommonly in Japanese Muslims, notwithstanding their denuded state." Best advice here is to keep soaping and keep a close look at your own penis, advice which most men don't need.

**6. Cervicle Cancer.** During the 50's and 60's it appeared that the curtains were finally coming down on foreskins when a study of American Jewish women indicated they had almost no incidence of cervicle cancer. Later, a hardly noticed report confirmed that this cancer was almost unknown among Amish women also—and their men were totally uncircumcised. More recently, a World Health Organization report confirmed that at least three nations had a smaller incidence than the United States (mostly circumcised): Sweden (uncircumcised), Finland (uncircumcised), and The Netherlands (uncircumcised). Today, it is more or less agreed that carcinogenics other than foreskins are involved with cervicle cancer.

**7. Phimosis.** Very few adults are seriously phimosed, and for those with mere tight foreskins there is a wonderful therapy awaiting—s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g. An regular regimen of stretching tight foreskins by the doctor, his nurse, a parent (the

father does it in some European cultures) or a lover can do wonders. For even tighter foreskins, there is the "dorsal slit;" it leaves the foreskin widened and the glans covered. Yes, there are cases of phimosis which, according to even the most avid anti-circumcisionist doctors, indicate total circumcision. But the practice of circumcising all infants just to prevent a future phimosis problem is reviewed by Drs. Reichelderfer and Ferga ("Care of the Well Baby"). "Circumcision should be examined in its relationship to the embryological development of the penis and the subsequent growth and development of the child. The first evidence of sexual differentiation is found in the embryo of crown rump length of 40mm. (9 weeks) when the glans can be differentiated from the shaft. The beginnings of the prepuce, a low ridge of epithelial cells, appears as a kind of hood on the dorsum of the bud of the penis. This gradually becomes well marked as its folds continue ventrally to approach the urethral opening. When at 70mm. crown rump (13 weeks), the folds of the foreskin can be recognized as they appear to be flowing over the dorsum of the glans. The prepuce develops more rapidly than the underlying mesoderm which is differentiating into cavernous tissue. At 100mm. crown rump length (15 weeks), the glans is nearly covered by the enveloping prepuce. Histologically, the glans is adherent to the prepuce by a layer of epithelial cells. When the crown rump length of 170 (21 weeks) is reached, the glans is entirely covered by the prepuce, and pearl-like squamous cells can be seen in the area between the glans and the prepuce. At term, these epithelial nets begin to degenerate and form the preputial space. This is complete in most cases by the fifth year. If an attempt is made to separate the prepuce from the



glans at birth by running a probe around the potential preputial space, numerous raw bleeding areas are encountered where the connecting tissues have been torn. Healing then takes place by fibrosis, leaving an adherent foreskin. Phimosis is normal in the newly born infant. Most pediatricians believe that the prepuce should be left alone until it may be retracted over the glans after the preputial space has formed at the age of 3-4 years. The child should then be taught to wash his penis... (although) there is no reason why he should keep it as clean as, say, his neck."

**8. Hygiene.** Soap! Of course, this "excuse" does deserve more comment than just "soap," but soap does solve the problem. Smegma, the mysterious white substance which collects under the foreskin, has been considered a culprit of many evils—from bad smells to cancer. Many a GI, caught with smegma when ordered to "scat back" during a short-arm inspection, was ordered to the post circumciser. Many a teenager, having trouble keeping up with his production of the stuff between showers, has been sent to the family doctor because he "refuses to keep himself clean." Is smegma dirt? Do all uncircumcised men have it at all times? Ask any uncir-



cumcised man who scrubs daily, smegma is a natural body secretion and not the result of personal neglect. It also collects more rapidly at times and at other times it isn't there at all. The previously mentioned survey of German Army recruits found smegma on only 11.8% of Group G (short foreskins), 23.4% of Group C (long foreskins), 35% of Group D (tight foreskins), and, of course, 0% of Group A (no foreskins). They couldn't get inside Group E's foreskins to determine the presence of smegma. What on earth did Mother Nature have in mind when she invented smegma? The French know! Connoisseurs of aroma, the French use musk oil as a base for many of their perfumes. And from whence comes musk oil? From the preputial glands of the musk ox and other animals. Yes, many of the world's more civilized cultures, as well as the more primitive, understand that the aroma of smegma is one of nature's aphrodisiacs. It is the ultimate male aroma—contrived to attract the female. However, no matter how sweet it might be, smegma can turn sour. Washing out the foreskin with soap is the answer and, as one USA correspondent claimed, "Soaping it out is such a pleasure!"



**9. Homosexuality.** Thomas Szasz, MD ("The Manufacture of Madness") writes that the homosexual has replaced the masturbator as our social scapegoat. Nevertheless, the nation's body of psychologists have officially designated homosexuality not to be an illness. Therefore, all discussions about "causes and cures" of homosexuality are more emotional than scientific and, like anti-masturbation, belong with the lunatic fringe. However, the USA did discover some interesting facts about how circumcision has affected male sexuality—whatever the label. Several men, embarrassed about being uncircumcised among circumcised fellow-students, avoided sports and thus the school showers and, as a result, have lived their lives with the stigma of being considered effeminate. An ever larger number of correspondents, neonatally circumcised, reported that they were fascinated by other men's foreskins, in most cases their only sexual interest in their own gender. One 15-year-old boy wrote, "I am on the swimming team and whenever we are showering with visiting teams the first thing I notice is whether or not the other athletes have a foreskin. I really can't explain why it is so important for me to look at foreskins." Another man, a very successful businessman with four children wrote, "I take every opportunity at public places to observe whether or not a man still has a foreskin. If he does have one I stare; I can't help it!" And, with our history, we have certainly recognized the homosexual component in compulsive circumcision. As one ex-Navy doctor revealed to the USA, "I was an aggressive circumciser during my tour in South Vietnam and confronted many patients with the prospect of circumcision. At first, most of the men rejected my offer. Then, with the pretext of giving them an examination and after a little rough handling, they would develop erections. After a roll or two of the foreskin, they would start breathing heavy and then it was easy to get them to sign the circumcision release." Why are men curious about each other? Why must they be like each other? Why must they want other men to be like themselves? The fact is the human being is one of nature's most gregarious animals—and most curious. An old adage from the East is profound in its human implications; "All women are not pleasing to the eyes and all men are not the same size."

**10. Circumcised Penis Is Prettier.** This "excuse" can't be argued. Beauty, being in the eye of the beholder, is a conditioned response. At the turn of the century, all penises, no matter the style, were considered ugly. To recall a famous

quote from an English doctor of those times when asked if he enjoyed his profession, "My only regret is that I am repeatedly called upon to gaze at God's most hideous creation, the male genitalia." No wonder they were chopping up English prepuces! Today a new medical attitude can be found. One urologist writes, "We must not forget that the penis is a cosmetic organ." Another physician, "What was in boyhood a mere utilitarian appendage suddenly becomes, to the flowering youth, a wondrous avenue of social communication." *Times have changed!*

Why has this shortened foreskin history made little mention of, of all people, the American Jews? Most Americans immediately associate circumcision with the Jews and, conversely, give little thought to the Moslems except for anger over oil prices, etc. Historically, the Sword of Islam has played a major role in the Anglo-Saxon lineage of American clinical circumcision. High Islam contributed immensely to a Europe just awakening from the Dark Ages; contributing fine art and architecture, tile, printed fabric, the clean-shaven face for the male and, also for the male, the concept of the circumcised penis. Many of these contributions entered Europe with the returning Crusaders, knights who in some cases had joined secret societies emulating the occult initiation rites of the Fatimid rulers of Egypt—one such rite being ritual circumcision. The Jews also contributed to European culture but, as far as religious practice is concerned, one major distinction can be made between the two Semitic religions: Judaism is not prone to proselytism while Islam is aggressively so afflicted. The Jews have seldom proselytized circumcision except in cases where an uncircumcised man marries one of their women. The Sword of Islam, as we have seen, has turned more than one Unbeliever into a "believer." In recent decades, Islam has had little influence in Europe and almost none in America, while Jewish influence has been extensive. It is easy to assume that most Jewish doctors would proselytize circumcision. The USA found no evidence of Jewish "conspiracy" to influence hospitals, the military, etc. Indeed, many modern Rabbis decry profane circumcision, feeling it to be the reserve of the sacred. The USA received a large membership from Jewish men and found that these men were, in many cases, more able to openly discuss the subject of circumcision than their circumcised Christian brothers and many of them were against infant circumcision. In any case, the influence of Jewish doctors would be slight compared to that of the turn-of-the-century Protestant-puritanical medical inquisitors whose anti-masturbation fanaticism was the major force in shaping and fashioning the All-American clipcock.

Is there a future for the American foreskin? Well, while medical "excuses" come and go and are mostly worn out, the real causes of circumcision are still around. Men still want to "retract," to "break in" virgins, to be like one another. The intrigues of "initiation" remain; "boys will be boys" remains. So do puritanical grandmothers. It's all "natural." And the penis loves attention! The penis is the "name of the game" in the sport of manhood and it will always respond to personal adoration, to the attention given by a lover's warm "feel", a masturbator's hot fist—and to the cold blade of the circumciser. What is changing in American society is a more open approach to the penis, a more honest approach to circumcision. And this new attitude will, perhaps, cause the penis to be subjected to less brutality. As the 21st century approaches, perhaps each man will have the opportunity to decide for himself the choice of his cock-style. Whichever style he chooses, one thing is certain—his penis will remain eternally fascinating. □

#### PRESENTED BY THE UNCIRCUMCISED SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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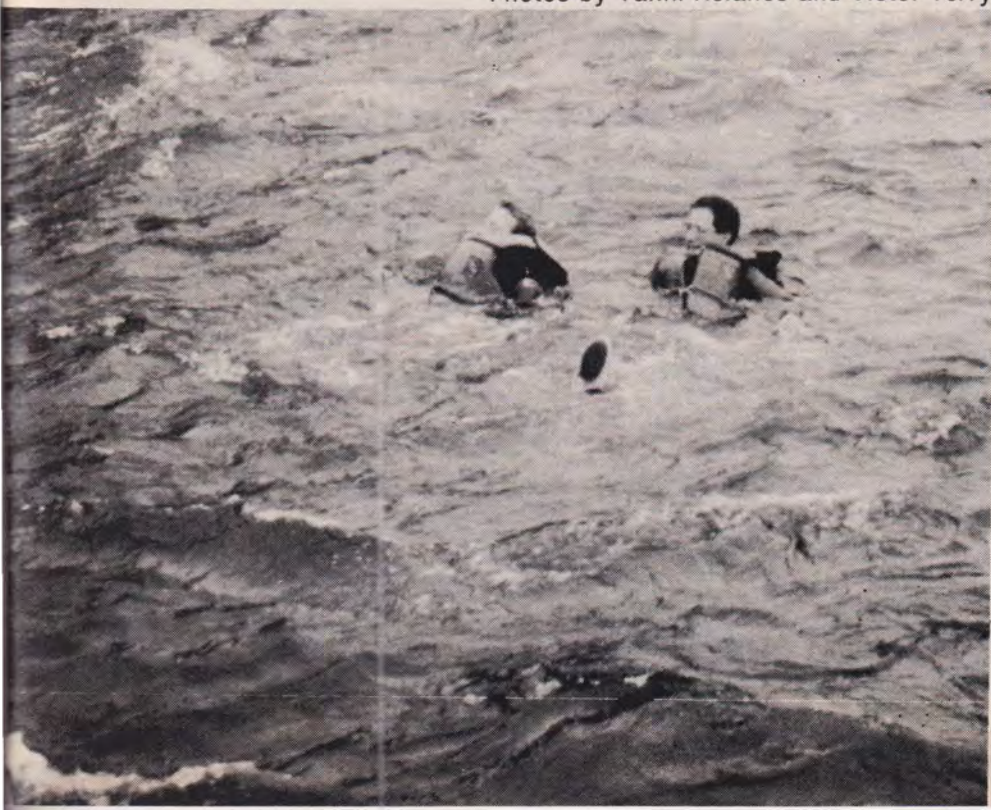




# WHITEWATER RUN '82

By **VICTOR TERRY**

Photos by Yanni Helanos and Victor Terry



Early Friday evening, a naked man lay on the rack on his back, spreadeagled, straining against the leather straps that bound his wrists and ankles to the wooden surface, his muscles knotting and relaxing. His head was encased in a black leather hood, only two holes over his nostrils allowing contact with the world outside his leather cocoon. Sweat matted the dark hair that grew on his chest and belly and in his armpits, curled around the base of his prick and hid the big balls in their sac, covered his sturdy thighs and ass. The racked bottom tested his bonds again, and flinched as a strap was tightened against his thighs, flattening his pelvis against the hard surface. His cock and balls shifted between his thighs with a life of their own. The slave lay still, quivering, grunting, as the hands of his Top caressed his tight bonded body, tweaked his nipples and pulled his balls.



The slave moaned into the soft leather darkness as he felt the slippery wet shaving cream spurt into his exposed armpits, as he felt fingers rub the pungent cream, coating his skin and the luxuriant dark hair. He tensed as he felt the shiny sharp steel against his skin, scraping, removing the dark hair from his damp defenseless armpits. His cock thickened, lengthened across his thigh, crawled till it pointed toward his face. When the hot cream spurted against the hair on his pecs and belly, he moaned, and was reassured when he heard his Top murmur into his hooded ear. The razor cleaned his firm arched pecs, skirted his tender nipples. He moaned when the cream coated the hair of his belly and his groin, covering the jungle of dark hair around his cock and on his thighs and his tenderized balls; he gasped and twisted; he held still only when his Top's voice ordered him to. Hands took hold of his stiff erect cock, pointing the dripping head toward the



ceiling, and the sharp blade slid over his belly and around his dark shaft; hands took hold of his balls and pulled them to the bottom of their sac, and the blade was there, too. He whimpered inside the hood as the hairs of his manhood were taken away at his Master's whim. When the shaver finished, the bottom trussed on the rack was hairless from the neck down. The shaver reached, and the slave yelled, twisted, groaned, as the stinging rubbing alcohol splashed against his naked freshly shaved skin, drenching his tender balls which had been made more tender by his Top's previous attentions. The slave's throbbing cock never lost its hardness.

He was turned over and reshackled, and the cream spurted against his hairy ass, into the crack. Hands parted his cheeks, exposing the hairy crack and the defenseless pink pucker ringed with dark hair. The blade shaved there, too.

Free of all body hair, the Top led his still-hooded bottom by his hairless balls into another room where he shackled the quivering willing man to yet another rack. The Top took the whip dangling from his left hip, and soon the slave was screaming into his hood as the whip lashed across his freshly-shaved tender pinkening flesh, concentrating on the firm melon cheeks of his slave, making sure the slave would not sit comfortably at the buffet supper that night.

The Pocono Warriors' Whitewater Weekend of 1982 was underway.

Two days later, at the final brunch of the run, one of the guests, another bottom, said: "Don't change a thing! You're doing everything right!" His face was red, but not so red as his ass which had been freshly whipped before brunch. His comment was endorsed by his fellow brunchers who consisted of 182 hot men representing 35 clubs and GDIs, coming from as far away as France and Germany. The Pocono Warriors had concluded another Whitewater Weekend, but many of these men would now drive to the farm owned by one of the



Warriors where, that same Sunday afternoon, they would enjoy a cookout, a pool, and the amenities of the S/M barn with suspension equipment, racks, and kindred delights.

Every spring in the Pocono Mountains in eastern Pennsylvania, the Pocono Warriors, an AMCC-affiliated organization, host a run which has been called, with good reason, "the most S/M-oriented run on the East Coast." The run proves the Warriors' founders' idea that good hot men can combine sex, athletics, socializing, S/M: a diversity of good times. For Whitewater (which is just one of the Warriors' runs), the Warriors take

over an entire motel, install racks and bath tubs and whipping frames and bondage tables, install mood lighting and music, install an unobtrusive but effective system of safety checks. For one weekend from Friday evening to Sunday afternoon the Warriors host men who are serious in their dedication to S/M and the enjoyment of their fellows. On Saturday most of the men—about 150 in 1982—don wet suits and grab paddles and climb into buoyant rubber rafts and shoot down the rolling whitewater rapids in a gorge of one of Pennsylvania's turbulent rivers, which is why the Warriors call their run the Whitewater Weekend. Depending on which gorge is rafted and how high the water is, the rafting trip takes from five to eight hours. The 1982 rafting covered 9.6 miles of whitewater in about five hours. The rafting gives a natural high that lasts for weeks and, if a guest did nothing more all weekend, provides reason for joining the run. The rapids are fast, tricky, deceptive, wet—no one finishes dry. Some raft crews are made up of good buddies, some of Masters and slaves; the slaves paddle for their Masters and at the motel the Masters paddle their slaves.

In 1982 the Warriors set up nine specialty rooms in the motel. The Porn Palace showed gay porn movies; next to it the Hospitality Room offered soda and beer as well as guys who were looking for action or who wanted to talk about the action they'd just had. The Underground, the Whitewater Weekend branch of the Underground leather store in New York City's Greenwich Village, sold dildoes, leather goods, and various toys.

Needles and Pins was the room for piercings of cock, sac, perineum, tits, what have you. Temporary piercings or permanent. All piercings were done by or done under the supervision of the New York representative of Gauntlet of Los Angeles. A sizable number of men took advantage of the piercer's exper-





tise and proudly displayed their new rings. Across the hall in the Grease Pit, cans of Crisco and slings made it clear that this was the fist-fucking area. The slings got a lot of use and the Crisco got used up. This area was home away from home for some on the run; they virtually lived and slept in the slings. Enthusiasts kept the slings busy, the fisters concentrating on entering and plunging deep, the fistees, moaning and sighing happily, working their sphincter muscles, clenching and relaxing around the invading fists and wrists and arms. One memorable sight was one of the Frenchmen fisting a man from Philadelphia, plunging in and out of the tight hole while the ass muscles tightened and relaxed, until the fisteer asked the Frenchman not to move, he would fuck himself on the arm, and he did, coming to two ejaculations all over his belly with no one at all touching his cock, before he allowed the Frenchman to withdraw his arm from the still eager hot hole.

In addition to shaving, the Wax Emporium was the place to use catheters and wax. At one point, a bottom was shackled to the rack in the Emporium, blindfolded, and left to await his fate. When finally his Top approached him, he was tense and quivering. Before the Top had finished, the bottom was screaming with pleasure. The Top began by lightly running a small brush with stiff bristles over the tense belly and nipples of the bottom, over his stiffening cock and sensitive balls. The bottom writhed and whimpered, moaning and laughing. The brush, heavier now, relentlessly tormented the bottom's nipples and belly, making the skin a bright pink. When the brush went into the bottom's armpits, the moans became screams of "Please, please, please." And when the bottom's nipples were bright red and erect, the Top from a great height poured wax drop by drop from a lighted candle, each drop hitting a different area of skin so the bottom did not know where the next drop of red-hot fire would strike



him. He writhed and twisted and sighed in pleasure, his skin splotted with wax, and the Top lowered the candle slowly, slowly, till it was only a few inches above the red taut skin of the begging bottom, begging for "More, please, Sir, more, more, oh, oh, oh, aaahhh, thank you, Sir."

While the bottom was being coated with hot wax, across the room on another rack lay another bottom, a tube up his cock. He was being catheterized, his voluntary bodily function of pissing or retaining his piss being taken away from him. One of New York's top catheter administrators was in charge here, sterilizing, cleaning, inserting the sterile instruments into willing cocks, and frequently a cock would get hard as it felt the stiff tube penetrate deeper and deeper until finally it reached the bladder and the bottom lost all voluntary control, pissing or not at the will of the administrator. The piss was gathered into a bucket, but frequently some thirsty man would bend over the control-less cock and swallow and swallow, drinking his fill of piss until the bottom was empty.

More piss men gathered in the Water Works, the water sports room, set up with the aid of the Golden Shower Association (the GSA also gave away free golden shower posters, proclaiming the brotherhood of white water and golden water). A tub was set up in the room, and it was occupied by anyone who wanted to bathe in piss, to drink piss, to become a golden shower friend. Masters brought their slaves here, and some slaves brought their Masters. Some entered the piss world for the first time; some were long-time habitués of the piss world. Some were there for punishment; some were there for punishing. The smell of piss filled the room and reached the hallway.

The Laboratory appealed to a devoted group. Electricity! The Top in charge, who writes on restraints and enforced bondage for *DungeonMaster*, brought his plentiful supply of handcuffs, military shackles, and kindred instruments, but the Laboratory was primarily the place where one could enjoy the pleasures and the torments of the cattle prod, the relaxacizor, the magneto-Tucker Telephone. Pulsing surges of energy coursing from point to point, relaxing, jolting, bringing screams of torment and of pleasure, making men match themselves against the machine, daring the Top to make it higher, harder, higher, harder, daring themselves to see how much they can take. And they did. And they could!

The last specialty room was the Warrior Dungeon. The equipment in the Dungeon, in fact, all the racks and frames were made by Dom Enterprises, a firm specializing in such dungeon equipment, the firm owned and operated by a member of the Warriors. One of the whipping racks was donated to the Warriors by the Gay Male S/M Activists (GMSMA) in New York City, and the GMSMA initials are proudly emblazoned on the side of the rack. In the Dungeon were a stretch rack, an upright slave frame, a cross, a rotating rack, most





in use most of the time. Here stood Masters with their slaves, blindfolded or hooded or not, waiting their turns on the sturdy equipment, waiting, watching, learning from those who went before. Here stood bottoms, hoping a Master would put them on the rack. Here were novices introduced for the first time to the rack. Here were experienced bottoms enjoying yet again the pleasure of being stretched or suspended spreadeagled. Here were crowds of curious onlookers, those who weren't into this scene at all but who liked to watch, to experience vicariously the torments of the lash, of the cat, of the stretched muscles, to vicariously share in the twists and turns of the bottoms, in the sound of leather against bare flesh, in the screams of delight and pain, in the cries of "Yes, Sir, thank you, Sir, may I have another, Sir!"

But not all S/M activities, or any other activities, were limited to the specialty rooms. Walking down the hall, if one listened carefully, one could hear the sounds of begging pleading slaves, hear the sounds of leather against flesh, the sounds of chains constraining muscles. Some doors were left open, inviting one to enter. Through the open doors, one could see men in embraces, men sucking and being sucked, men fucking and being fucked, men tormenting and being tormented, giving and receiving pleasure and pain. Clothespins, whips, bondage, tit clamps, hands on flesh, orgies—the open doors invited one in and the invitations were accepted.

Yes, if someone on the run did not find an activity to suit his fancy, he probably did not look.

For relaxing, a country-and-western band provided a "Go-Down," and one of the Warriors, ably assisted by others and supported by a fine pianist, presented an all-original cabaret of S/M songs. And at intervals various northeastern clubs sponsored parties, donating the liquor, and here one could socially mix and mingle and cruise and contact. Wine for the final banquet was donated by the 247 Bar of Philadelphia. The Whitewater Weekend was an S/M weekend of comradeships newly made and/or further cemented.

At the final brunch on Sunday, the Warriors' president, who had skillfully overseen the run's operations, awarded plaques of appreciation and trophies: Mr. Yellowwater for the best bottom on the run, and Mr. Whitewater for the man who best exemplified the spirit of the run, and these two winners could not have been more worthy. And after the final trophy was given the bottom said, "Warriors, don't change a thing. You're doing everything right." Another man said, "I had a hell of a time. My ass'll be sore for a week. Where do I sign up for next year?" Applause and cheers echoed him.

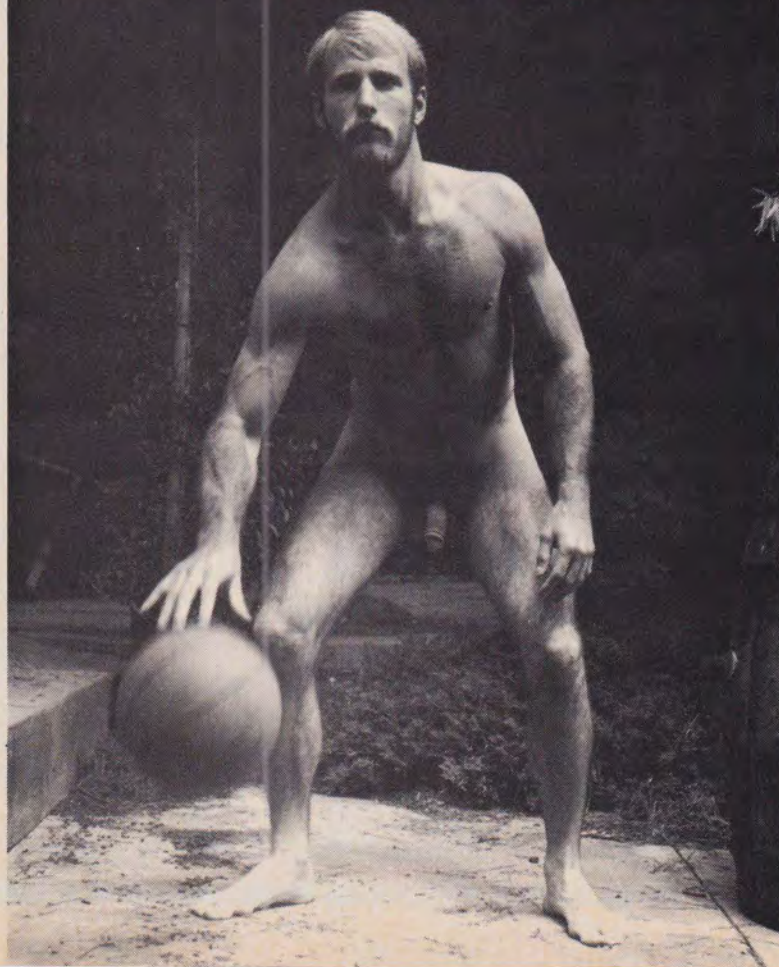
For information about future Whitewater Weekends, contact the Pocono Warriors at P.O. Box 381, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18501. □







# GAY OLYMPICS



**S**ports fans, pack your bags! The place to be this Fall is San Francisco for the first Gay Olympic Games—a historic and very visual feast of manflesh engaged in athletic competition.

Beginning on August 28th and ending on September 5th, this amazing international competition was organized by Dr. Tom Waddell, who was on the U.S. Olympic team for the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City. Waddell has worked some long and hard hours organizing this week-long celebration of gays and athletics, and the payoff promises to be unforgettable.

Like the Olympics on which it is patterned, the Gay Olympic Games will be divided into various categories of athletic competition, including Basketball, Billiards, Bowling, Boxing, Cycling, Golf, Marathon, Physique, Powerlifting, Rugby, Soccer, Softball, Swimming and Diving, Tennis, Track and Field, Volleyball, and Wrestling. Nearly all the individual categories have achieved sanctions by the various amateur athletic associations, so this is going to be more than a bunch of guys getting together for a few rounds of hit and miss sports—this is going to be the real thing.

Athletes from all over the world have already registered for this first Gay Olympic Games, and the famous city—which is playing host to the events—is gearing up for an onslaught of both athletes and spectators. It is going to be one week when a good part of the world will have its eyes on San Francisco and the wealth of openly gay athletes in competition.

Opening day ceremonies include the lighting of the symbolic Olympic torch, which will have been carried cross country by 2000 runners. The torch was lighted in Greenwich Village in honor of the Stonewall Riots and will be carried into the stadium to light a brazier that will burn throughout the week-long events. The international athletes will parade into the stadium and the Games will begin.

Each event is being held at a specific, qualified location in the city. Olympic scoring and timekeeping will be used. The closing ceremonies occur on September 5th, after all the individual winners have been named.

Besides the Games themselves, a number of Olympic-related and inspired events will occur in the city at the same time, including a super-spectacular multi-media three-day event at the Galleria Design Center featuring a number of former Mr. Universe winners.

Complete information about the Games is available by writing to: Gay Olympic Games, Box 14874, San Francisco, CA 94114.

If you've always wanted to see the Olympics first-hand, or if you've been waiting for the day when gay athletes could compete openly in international competition, the San Francisco at the end of August is the place to be. □



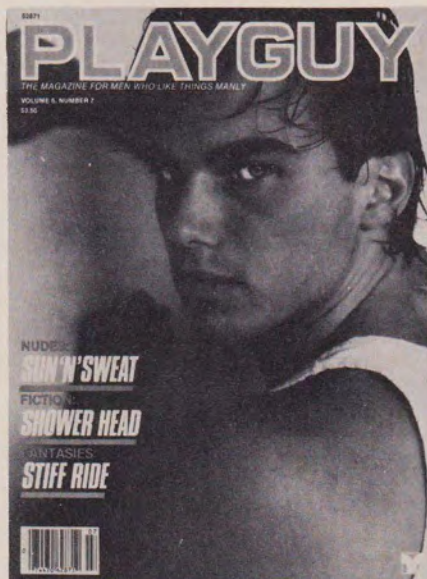
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# KICKBOXER

by MAKO

part 2





Bobby was a pretty sight as he fought for balance while perched somewhat sideways across the toilet: his ass sunken into the bowl since the seat was up, his one leg braced up against the sink, the other wedged against the wall, toes clutching for purchase, ankle braced behind the roll of toilet paper. His smooth torso and rippled stomach were beaded with sweat down to the mounds of shaving cream lathered up about his crotch. His cock strained to be even harder; already it was purple with congestion.

He watched in fascination as I stropped the straight razor, smiling down at him. I was hard again. My cock hung out from my kimono and I wanted to use him hard and long but it was more important to own him, to be worthy of this good slave. He was owned by his desire; I had to be stronger than mine.

"Haven't used this in a while," I remarked off-handedly. "Course, doesn't really matter, anything cut off won't make you less of a lay. Be inconvenient to get another young cow for milking of course."

Bobby only chewed his lower lip, then groaned as I pulled his cock out of the way. His lower belly gave way evenly under the slow scraping of the razor and emerged pink and clean as if purified of old sins, old mistakes. I played with his cock to the timing of my razor, smiling as he tried to control his breathing so he wouldn't shake and cause a mistake, but he was losing himself in his excitement. His eyes were on the shaved areas and he was getting further and further into the scene, ever nuder, ever a strip more humiliated, more possessed.

He moaned as I let his cock flop down into the suds,

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*"Spread for me, punk!" Sam yelled and then was quiet. He let me wait in pain, sun burning on my back, all spread out. I could feel the dust blow up with my breaths, the pain in my joints, nausea in my gut and I wanted distraction.*

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flecking foam up with its thud. I hooked a leg and spread him more, stretched his scrotum and scraped it clean, worked round his asshole and stuck a finger in it to locate the target.

When I stood up he looked as fresh as an eleven year old though his cock seemed even longer without its roots being half-buried in hair. There were flecks of soap and curly hairs lying here and there on his taut belly.

"Pretty sight," I told him. "But such a mess; need something to clean you off."

Bobby looked up at my cock hanging towards him, its shadow long on his belly, and said nothing though his eyes showed acceptance of what was going to come. I had to set my mood for the scene, recede from the bathroom, ascend up to Mount Olympus and look down at the pretty mortal so far below, so parched, so accepting of any blessing I might bestow. He wanted it, I wanted to give it, and the heavens opened.

My urine splashed down upon him, splashed against him and fanned up into his face and my walls. My hot yellow piss eroded away the remaining cream, perfumed the air, marked my territory. The flow soon stopped. I leant forward and opening his mouth for me, he accepted the last drops gratefully.

"Clean up this mess," I told him. "Then get your pretty ass into my bedroom."

"Yes, Sir," he answered meekly, easing off the toilet seat and crawling to the cabinet beneath the sink where the Lysol, bucket and sponges were kept.

Five minutes later he crawled in and waited by my bed. I sat on it a minute playing with his hair like I would toy with a

good pointing dog, then patted the bed beside me.

"Up, boy!" I commanded. "Up and into the pillow."

He hopped up and flopped over, threw his legs up and out behind his head, bracing himself against the pillow. His cock was hard, gravity pulled it down for his eager mouth, a worthwhile target as I knew so well.

"Concentrate on your breathing," I commanded in a whisper, licking my own lip, watching his muscles slowly ease and his center of gravity, his cock, sink bit by bit towards his mouth.

He licked his lips and jutted his jaw for it as it sunk, as his lithe dancer's muscles gave way, but it stopped just an inch from him; the circle was not quite complete. His cock shook as he tried to thrust it home. A translucent drop of precome rolled free and hung in a mucous thread, then fell into his mouth. He swallowed it with a gulp betraying how much more he wanted.

"Your breathing," I reminded him.

He tried to relax but it wasn't going to happen without my help. I eased the tip of my middle finger to his ass hole, circled it slowly, pushing him down as my finger slid in to full depth. His cock dipped and he lunged for it like a trout after a fly and caught it by its head.

I had to laugh, he looked so cute with his eyes all squinted down and his jaws set so resolutely to hold the cock lest it escape. I fucked him with the finger, watching him strain to keep his hold on the cock as I slid my finger out, then accept more cock as I pushed down, his lips bunching out from his tongue or sinking as he sucked.

I screwed the ear plug in, poured myself the last of the tea, readjusted my kimono, and sat watching him; giving him time to get lost; to give up anticipation and just feel.

I sat maybe five minutes and then walked to the freezer and took out the rubber mold I had cast over a six inch dildo and now used to freeze water into ice-cocks. I pulled the mold off and found only a few imperfections in the ice which I smoothed out with the heat of my hand, coating the cock with water as I took it to Bobby.

He didn't sense me, lay in his ropes, his breathing at a steady pace. I shared the feeling with him, remembering the constant stimulation of waiting expectantly, every nerve seeking the stimulation to come: pain or pleasure, hot or cold, sweet or bitter? No wonder his cock was still hard, its tip wet; as was mine.

I pulled his cheeks further apart and forced the ice in; he jerked from it, the chair hopping once, his ass shaking. The dildo still protruded a bit, I forced it flush with my index finger and tied it in with a kimono sash; parting his buttocks with it; tying it in.

He was pretty that way. Sweat was already breaking out along his backbone and he was gasping for breath around the gag. I went and fried up some shrimp and rice; held the plate under his nose so he knew I was eating. Bobby was thinking only on the cold, trying to think it into ending. Food didn't matter in the world he was locked into.

I read the paper, ate my dinner and took my time, fondling myself, watching him, content to let the session draw on. When it felt right to do so I walked to him, slapped him slowly to watch him bounce, fondled him fully hard again, and rubbed my cock along his crack. He pushed back for me, using me to forget the ice, seizing upon me to free him, begging me with what little freedom he had to take him fully and I smiled contentedly in owning him.

Then I yanked the gag out and, as he gasped for breath, untied the sash, slapped his ass and caught the oblong office ejected. The six inch dildo was now about the size of my thumb. I popped it into his mouth.

"Hold it, slave." I ordered and then laughed in remembering the earplugs. I watched him for a few moments, turning his face up behind the blindfold, seeking me out. I took out the earplugs.

"Hold it slave," I whispered. "Don't suck it." He nodded meekly.

I slid a second finger in and he was able to gobble in more and more cock with the increased pressure, grunting and slobbering his pleas until he had it all. He was in heaven, slobbering and sucking, panting and trembling. His ass con-



stricted about my finger and soon, all too soon, he tensed all over and shot.

He was too spent even to uncoil. I had to grab a leg and flip him out straight. He lay breathing heavily, a drop of white on his lips, his eyes worshipping me. He smiled and bent to lick the two fingers that had been up his ass, sucked on them a few minutes until I pulled them out.

"Fine show," I told him. "Maybe I'll tattoo 25¢ on your ass and let you perform for three minutes each time someone shoves a quarter up your ass."

He giggled at that, knowing me too well.

"You'll have to work on your endurance," I told him.

"I'll practice every chance you give me, Sir," he promised with a grin.

"Get into your jock and socks," I told him. "Then come down and dance for me."

I went down, feeling very good, lit a few candles and turned off the lights so the downstairs was full of waves and shadows.

Bobby came down after a bit, put his folded kimono on a foot stool, smiled at me and posed for a moment looking very sensual in a dance strap that cupped his cock and balls but left the ass free, thick socks from ankles to knees that set off his finely tapered legs, and his brown collar held in place by the lock only I had the key for. Bobby turned to the stereo, bent to start his record as I watched his ass, then turned back.

He stood at ease as the introduction started, looking calmly at me and beyond me, beautifully half-hidden by the shadows of the room. A faun in heavy growth. The music built to the first crescendo and he began as easily as a breeze through wheat, as lithe as a leopard. He danced for me and for himself, before masters past and future. He presented himself without fear of failure, letting others do the judgement, bravely showing what he was.

As I watched, caught up in his art and in my pride at owning him, the feeling came over me that he'd soon be gone. He had progressed beyond all but the finest. His next audition would sweep him upwards with the growing power of a wave. He was beyond his fear, into art.

But for now he was mine. The music stopped and Bobby with it. I stalked forward to take him again.

I dropped Bobby off at the dance academy the next morning and, instead of gunning away, sat in the parking lot and watched him walk inside. He felt something too; he stopped at the door and turned. We met eyes for a few moments and then he went inside.

Any regrets I had were lost in the drive to Slick Sam's and my attempts to steel myself for the workout to come. Sam is a local legend, mini-legend actually, since only fighters know about him. Sam knows absolutely shit about boxing, couldn't care less, but Sam is the best trainer available to anyone not on a pro sports team.

You don't go to Slick Sam's to knock off a few pounds or to look good in tennis whites; you go to Sam if you're faced with a seven to twelve round fight against a man just as alley-mean as you are, knowing that if you get through Slick Sam's, no man alive can out-heart you.

Traffic was light so I made good time from town out into the country. The pickup was rattling but rolling, and the sun was already hot. I powerslid the pickup into his lane and bounced through his property, by the woods, across the fields and pulled up by his barn. There was a large stone house but Sam chose to live in an obscenely pink trailer he had pulled in by the barn.

I stripped down in the driveway, throwing my clothes into the cab of the pickup. Sam only allowed jock, socks and shoes, so my skin was hard and tanned from his training. Sam had come from Thailand with the rangers he fought with and never acknowledged North American winters. Besides, as he put it, "I like Yankee ass."

I hit the horn when I was in cup and jock and began to work out. The fight was close so there'd be no kicking of poles or fighting his sticks, mostly what Sam called gut work—obstacle runs, stretching, bag work.

Sam came out of his trailer home after about four minutes and took a piss. He was in the boxer shorts and sandals he wore as a uniform and carried his teakwood wand as he

always did. He came toward me slapping his thigh with the twenty-inch stick, smiling deceptively, chewing on the cocoa leaves he always chewed. He was no more than five two, maybe a hundred and twenty pounds but it was all sinew, all wrapped over and about itself until it was as coiled and deadly as a snake. His body was olive, he never tanned deeper, olive but for the white of many scars.

Sam loved to fight. He'd disappear periodically and I'd know he was off killing people, then he'd be back with half an acquired accent, half killing me.

I pulled myself up as tall and as hard as I could, assumed his inspection position with my legs slightly spread and my hands braced behind my head and waited. He sauntered around me, chewing those leaves.

"Big soft Yankee," he said gleefully. "Jolly big arse."

He brought that teakwood smashing down on my ass. Knowing it was coming didn't break the surprise; I caught my breath and waited. Sam snorted, walked about me and brought it hard into my gut. It smacked like a side kick but my gut was hard and I took it.

Sam frowned at that, grabbed my gut and twisted at it, trying to get more than the half-inch he could yank out. He changed tactics and yanked on my nipples, twisting them, pulling on them. I grit teeth at him, rose on my toes, hated his slimy yellow guts, but I did not give him what he wanted. We were eye to eye, he looking for the cry of pain, me with testicles contracting and denying. But I did grow hard, despite the cup.

Sam laughed triumphantly. "Big Yankee, big cocksucker. Eh?"

"Leaves you out," I snarled.

Sam just laughed and went back to thigh tapping and leaf chewing for a few moments. Then he pointed his stick at the gravel. "Better stretch that white ass."

I sat on the ground and worked my legs out to either side, the gravel biting into my thighs, my hands working down my calves as I tried to pull myself forward into the sumo stretch.

"Further," Sam barked, kicking first one of my heels, then

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*I slid a second finger in and he was able to gobble in more and more cock with the increased pressure, grunting and slobbering his pleas until he had it all. He was in heaven, slobbering and sucking, panting and trembling.*

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the other, as I pulled and groaned and tried to work my way on down, my legs almost at right angles. I tried to collapse forward into the dust.

I got myself halfway on my own and stalled, my guts aching, only half able to clear my lungs, having trouble relaxing.

"Lazy punk!" Sam yelled, hitting me with his stick, pounding even more breath from me but I did sink some away from the pain.

"Spread for me, punk!" Sam yelled and then was quiet. He let me wait in pain, sun burning my back, all spread out. I could feel the dust blow up with my breaths, the pain in my joints, nausea in my gut and I wanted distraction.

I barely felt his foot upon my shoulder, pushing me down until I was just above the dirt and then, with guts wrenching, I felt my last tightness give way and I was finally in the dirt.

Sam hopped on my back and squatted there triumphantly, his stick tapping my ass, probing my hole.

"Thai boy do that like this." Sam laughed and snapped his fingers. "And they like cock. But they don't spread out in such extravagance." He laughed and hopped off.

I heard him crunching through the gravel, heard my truck door open, and knew he was going through my bag looking



*I could have been an Aztec sacrifice, walking nude up those pyramid steps, breaking the clay pipes, smiling at the masses waiting to see my heart beat once or twice in the clean air, leaving them struck facing the death they feared to give.*

for equipment.

"Up!" he demanded. "Up!"

It was painful just thinking of moving. I managed to push my torso up with my arms and then slowly pull my legs back in front of me, feeling sprung out of joint but knowing from experience that it was merely a lack of development of antagonistic muscles that kept me from springing up as easily as Sam could have done.

Sam stood smiling at my pain; the little bastard was really big on pain, other's pain. Then he circled back once more and Slam! Bam! brought that damn stick of his across my ass. He grab yanked at my jock and a hunk of skin; my supporter fell away.

"Great," I thought. "Eight bucks gone."

Sam sprung about me, dropping into a low monkey stance and grabbed my balls, yanking them down, turning them.

I knew he was enjoying my facial contractions, working on me to force out a grunt or other sign of weakness. I worked just as hard to keep calm, put the pain away and fake a smile just as I'd put a man out in the ring by giving him no sign of his own success. Maybe I succeeded some. Sam seemed disappointed.

"Nice balls for a boy," Sam teased. "Shame if you didn't run fast enough to keep from losing them."

He attached a ball harness to them, and pulled it tight, yanking out a few hairs that got in its way. He yanked harder,

trying for the last eyelet, forcing me up onto my toes and in a triumphant instant achieved both the last hole and my grunt.

"Awful tight, eh?" Sam laughed, clipping the lead on and tugging at my balls.

They were straining against the harness, tight and clearly defined, already sore. I knew I'd have to run the course quickly.

Sam yanked the leash and we were off running, out across the plowed field, hopping and jumping the plow rows, my long legs keeping me even with Sam's quickness. The ground was soft and manured. I slipped often, slid into the shit, rolled towards Sam to save tension on the leash, tripped him when I could, crawled up and ran again, but Sam went down too and he'd release the leash and I'd pull ahead until he caught up and grabbed at the leash until he had me again.

I had a slight lead until we broke from the field into the brushy hillside leading down to the creek. The brush scraped and slapped at me, rocks hidden by undergrowth bit through my sneakers, ground briars caught at my ankles, nettle exploded my body into fire but none of it mattered as much as trying to keep ahead of Sam who ran effortlessly through the heavy growth. Sam was at my shoulder already. I knew he was teasing me, chuckling to himself, waiting for the moment.

I ran harder, looking for the creek, thinking I might make it this day when he suddenly dashed ahead like a rabbit and

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pulled the leash downward as I was in half-leap over a fallen sapling. I crumpled in pain, my foot caught in the branches and I went ass over head down over and over then off the bank and splashing into the stream.

I lay panting, hoping I still had my balls, not daring to reach down but counting on Sam to have released the leash. The sky was reddened by my pain. Only the water continued and when it washed enough of my sweat and pain away my eyes unclenched and I saw Slick Sam half-crouched between the two rocks that formed the sluiceway that was washing me.

He was a dim figure, half enrobed in the mist of the water and my reeling mind. His cock looked enormous, foreshortened somehow as if it hung halfway to me. The piss took hellishly long to fall and I lay wondering at it until his laughter came through, reminding me that it wasn't over.

"Dumb Yankee Shit!" he teased. "Fat elephant in the brush!"

I took more piss, blinked as if hurt as I tested my muscle groups, then rolled and slapped one leg off a rock and started upstream. I heard a slight splash and his laugh and realized that he was coming. The leash dug slightly behind me; my thighs ached but I drove them through the stream, determined to win the race this time, to enjoy the five-minute rest that winning would grant instead of spending the time on my knees trying to catch my breath around Sam's thrusting cock.

I only had to stay ahead of Sam on the hill to use my weight to knock him down and then beat him across the hayfield. But Sam was gaining.

I got to the gym late that night having fallen asleep after getting back from Sam's and then taking Bobby out to celebrate the news that he had been invited to audition for a New York company. I had expected Bobby to be sad but he was elated, eager like a hunting dog at leash, ready to be after the quarry.

Returning home he sensed my pain. We sat and watched television and then he rimmed me, quietly, insistently, until he had me writhing on the floor and finally I came, without my cock being touched.

It was ten-thirty by the time I looked at the clock and I had an hour workout to go. Bobby wanted to come but I forbade it. He had to devote himself to this trial as devotedly as I would to mine.

The dojo was quiet, inhabited only by me and nondescript spirits from karate's past. I gave up my selfishness in its shadows. I locked the door, turned on a few lights and stretched out, then took a skip rope and jumped into the ring. It whirled around me, faster and faster, a never-ending circle as I began to smile out towards where a crowd might be partitioned by the ropes, yelling for blood.

I could have been an Aztec sacrifice, walking nude up those pyramid steps, breaking the clay pipes, smiling at the masses waiting to see my heart beat once or twice in the clean air, leaving them stuck facing the death they feared to give.

The rope skipped around, whirling above, tapping the canvas below as I sneered my contempt for the mass of humanity. "Take their boys, take their ass, take their heart," I thought in time to the rope. "And make them smile."

I was feeling up, feeling good, covered with scratches from the brush, good aches from stretching, welts from that damn stick. All tanned, all hardened. Beyond the bastards, straight assed physical with no need for excuses.

"Lean and mean. Lean and mean." I skipped to it.

Then Wham! Bam! A cycle screamed up the dojo. Someone ran, someone yelled and I was through the ropes and across the dojo, stopping at the wall rack only long enough to grab a pair of sai, real sai with tempered points all around. I twirled them. They were short for me but well balanced. I was ready for anything but a gun.

I slipped out the front door and into a shadow. There was only one chopper, half on its side as if someone got off fast. Everything was quiet. I thought of the back door but kept still, being a good predator instead of a flighty grasseater.

Something drew my attention to the left; sound or scent I could not tell, but one either trusts one's senses or doesn't. I slid along the building. There was an access alley between the

radio store and the A&P. I approached it carefully.

I only feared the arrival of more bikes; my neighborhood had several gangs involved in cooking and selling crank, a high stakes game over shit with plenty of people ending up floating about in the muck of the marshes near the airport. I knew members of the gangs. They bet on me and acted like we were great friends; this was my territory so I could survive anything personal, but if it was money, I knew I would likely take a barrel or two of buckshot.

I heard them now: one getting it, one giving it nice and slow. Sounded like mostly the thuds of body shots.

I rounded the corner and saw them, a big-gutted biker in vest and jeans half-held up by a harley drive chain. He was kneeling over a skinny kid he held by the remains of t-shirt ripped away but for the collar and rolled up to it to make a handhold.

"Uncle wants you home," the biker whispered, then hit the kid in the gut. The kid half-choked on puke. "You're not through entertaining."

The kid kind of hung there, saw me coming, blinked as if afraid to hope I was really there. It was the kid I had showed the dojo to. The biker turned to me with a grunt of rage and swung at me, but I clipped his elbow with the sai and shoved both of them into his throat, the sharp points of the guard prodding him back to the wall. His red eyes bugged. He looked down and grew quiet.

"This ain't your shit," he protested.

"My territory," I corrected. Judging him, he wasn't a punk, wasn't scared.

"My people won't like this," he warned. He was in colors.

"Leave the kid and get out," I told him. "Tell Snowman Mako says it was personal." I stepped back and flipped the sais up behind my arms.

The biker stood, clutching his throat with his left hand, pretending to catch his breath but his eyes were judging distances, trying to make out my weapons. His right hand was edging toward his belt.

"Look, Man," he said, pushing his left hand out to me, judging the distance. "This kid's guardian sent me! I'm in the right."

He drew a knife and thrust. I deflected with the left sai, caught his forearm in the right and brought the handle point of the left up into his armpit. The knife clattered to the ground. There was a pop of ligament or joint, and the biker went down.

"Go on," I told him, the sais back in hiding.

He staggered up and walked off, his right arm hanging limply. He paused to study my face.

"You'll remember me," I promised him. I followed him, watched him get on the bike and gun away, smiled at the finger he shot at me.

The kid was propped against the wall, reeling as if seasick. I noticed a nipple ring half chewed into his left bud for the first time and the welts from a belt. He saw me looking and cried, not from pain but from the embarrassment. He cried and tried to rip the clamp off. I had to grab his wrist and unscrew the bit of brass.

"You're alive," I told him. "Past is dust, future mist, today we live."

He just cried.

"Course," I noted, "If we're to stay alive, we'd best get out of this alley."

I supported him to the truck, put him in the cab and ran inside to return the sais, get dressed, make a phone call and lock up.

Then I was in the cab, felt my nunchuka and travel bag under the seat and the kid's weight and warmth on my shoulder.

"Where we going?" he asked, weakly.

"To call on your uncle," I told him.

He looked as if I had just spit down his throat.

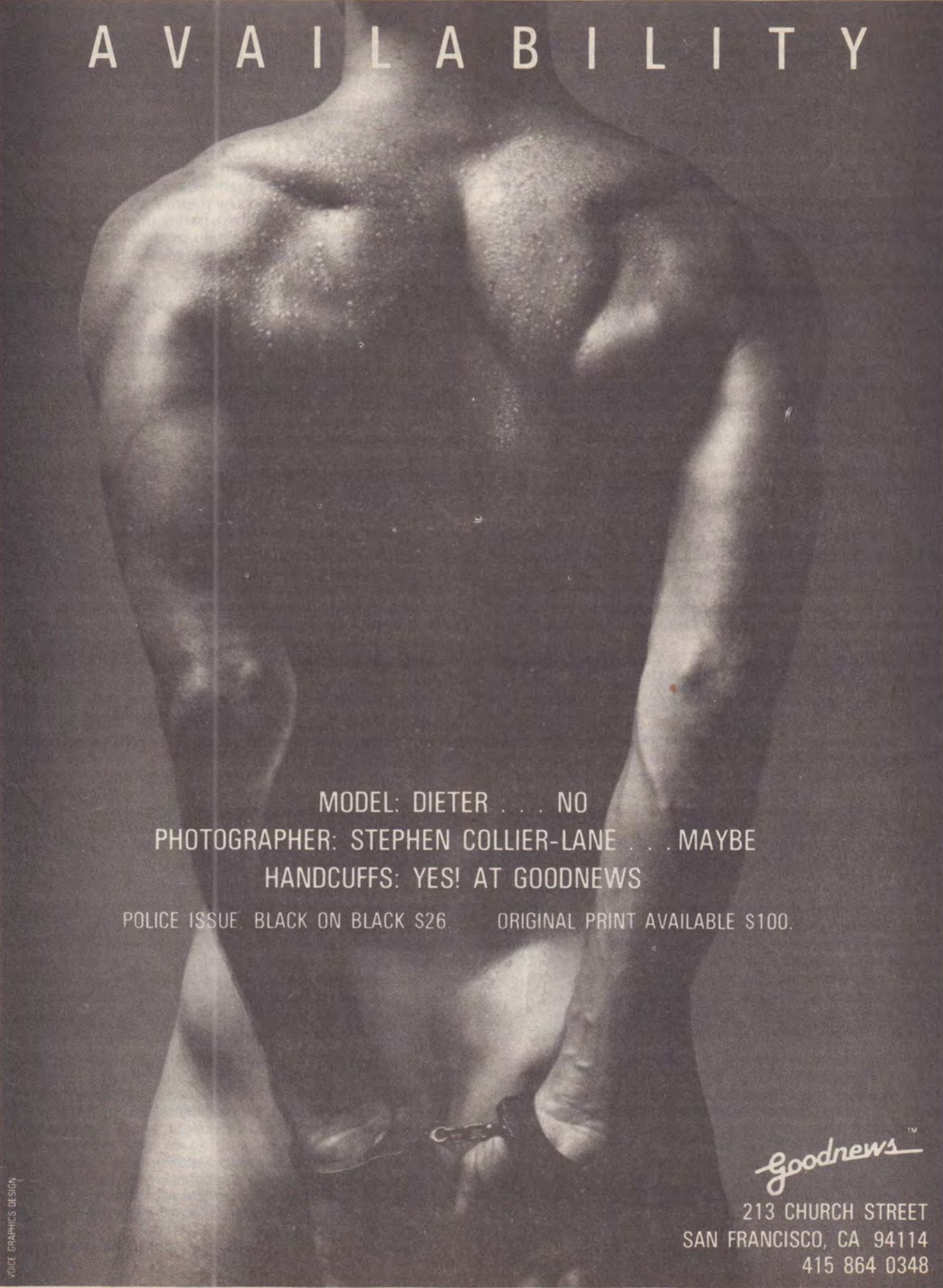
"Got to get him into the past," I told the kid and hit the gas. "Which way?"

The kid chewed on his fears a few minutes and then told me.

TO BE CONTINUED



# A V A I L A B I L I T Y



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Dear Larry,

i am writing this letter to you without my Master's permission, so i may get my ass whipped for it, but i don't know who else to ask about this problem. i have been a slave for almost two years, living with my Master in his house. For the first year and a half everything was just fantastic. We had sex several times a week, and i was in chains or restrained one way or another most of the time. my Master never made me do most of the other things a lot of slaves are required to do, such as sleeping on the floor or eating out of a dog dish. i always slept in his bed, with him, and ate at the table when he did. i always called him by his first name, and was just part of the group when we entertained, although i usually did most of the clean up afterward. (He always did the cooking, because i wasn't good at it.) Now, he has told me he doesn't want me to work at an outside job any more, although i have been at the same place since about two years before we met, and if i quit it is going to cost me not just the loss of income, but the possibility of continuing my career. Do you consider this a legitimate demand for him to make of me? i know i'm just supposed to be a good slave and do as i'm told, but it's hard to see six years of college and four years of job security go down the drain. We're not getting along all that well right now.

East coast slave

Dear east,

For openers, your relationship (as described in the portion of your letter I have room to reprint, plus those I cannot) indicates to me that you are more of a live-in M than a slave. It also sounds as if the hot affair has cooled down considerably, and your Master's attempt to reinstate your relationship by forcing you into total financial dependence does not guarantee any improvement. If he had required this of you when things were going well, I might have reacted differently. The very fact of your writing me indicates your own recognition of the degenerating relationship. Since he never really enslaved you when he had the chance to prove he was doing it because he really wanted you, I suggest you follow your instincts and keep your job. Your relationship is pretty shaky, at best. If this destroys it, better now while you can support yourself than to end up out on the street anyway and have to go on the dole at the same time.

Dear Larry,

May I ask your advice about a harness for my slave? I met him a number of months ago, and although we live 250 miles apart, we get together as often as we can. I would like to place a permanent mark on him, but he is too beautiful to be branded or even tattoo'd. Instead, I would like to lock a metal harness of some kind around the base of his cock and balls, but I don't know what sort to get. I want it tight enough that he can't remove it, but do not want to do him any injury. I've thought about piercing his cock, and we may do that later on. Have

# THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

you any suggestions for a device I can lock onto him, and still be able to remove later? I'm afraid of those tiny padlocks, since I'm sure they would rust in place.

Top, Boston

Dear Top,

You are really asking the impossible. There is no way to lock anything around the base of the cock and balls permanently, which is going to be tight enough not to come off and, at the same time, loose enough not to pose a potential hazard. The hinged iron shackles now on the market would stay on permanently, but they are lined (which makes them impossible to remove without unlocking) and this material would not stand up to indefinite wear—showers, sweat, etc. I am sure that someone is going to write to tell me he has worn—whatever—for years and years, and can't get it off. But unless you want to take a chance of placing something on him that risks physical problems, I wouldn't do it. Your best answer is a piercing—a nice Prince Albert or a frenum ring. I have seen a couple of nice chain jobs, welded around the neck, but maybe that isn't what you want.

Dear Larry,

I have been very turned on to the idea of impalement for a long time, and I really want to try it. I have read lots of historical accounts of Mongolian and Russian impalements where the prisoner is staked out, standing up with a pointed wooden shaft up his ass, anchored firmly in the ground. I would use a blunt end, of course, but I really want it done. The problem is, I can't find anyone willing to do it for me. Do you think it's really that dangerous? I mean, I can take a fist; don't you think I should be able to take a blunt pole? What advice can you give me?

Hot to try it, Milwaukee

Dear Hot,  
Don't!

Dear Larry,

I am a shut-in, confined to a wheel-chair since I had a motorcycle accident several years ago. During this time, I have struck up correspondence with a lot of

SM guys all over the world, and consider a lot of them to be my friends. I have had two guys, now, who have written me long letters telling me all about their sexual exploits, but who also claim to have been castrated. They write as if they were just as hot as ever, but I don't understand how they can be if they really have had their balls cut off. Do you have any information on this? I really don't want to question them any more than I have, because they seem almost hostile at any suggestion of doubt on my part.

(Name withheld)

Dear Shut-in,

Your letter poses an interesting question. Castration is supposed to turn it all off, as witness the time-honored Arabic custom of castrating their harem guards. However, even from this source there are stories of the guards still being able to obtain erections and to service the girls, although they were unable to impregnate them. I know of mercifully few people in our contemporary society who have lost their testicles through accident or disease (cancer, usually), and with them the sexual urgings have remained fairly strong if they take the appropriate hormones. With a pair of artificial nuts sewn in place, they can go through the motions and experience a lot of the sensations. But it's not the same, they tell me. Even with the shots, the prostate (if not removed along with the testicles) is going to shrink down to nothing. In other words, the sexual drive is eventually going to decline—but it does for a lot of men as they grow older, anyway. I'd also add that I've received a few of these letters myself, and I've always taken them as 10% fact, 90% fantasy, but there is always going to be the exception to prove the rule.

Dear Larry,

I belong to an organization of gay leather guys, and we are having a big furor over whether or not we should march in full leather in the Gay Pride parade. I don't think it is going to win us any brownie points with the people who don't like us to start with, or turn any opinions around to see us doing this, any more than drag queens make themselves any more acceptable by swishing around in public with their make-up and wigs and dresses. How do you feel about this?

Activist, NYC

Dear Activist,

Since this will probably get published well after the parade is over, I've written you personally. However, just for the benefit of those others who are interested, I tend to agree with you. I don't think the public display of leather is going to make the bigots love us. However, marching in the Gay Pride parade does show our community's support for the rest of them. I think it's a matter of private conscience. I certainly would not make it a compulsory participation in order to retain membership in the group, but if some of the guys want to do it, more power to them





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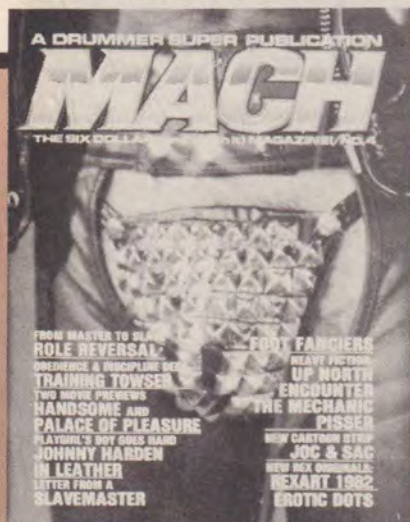
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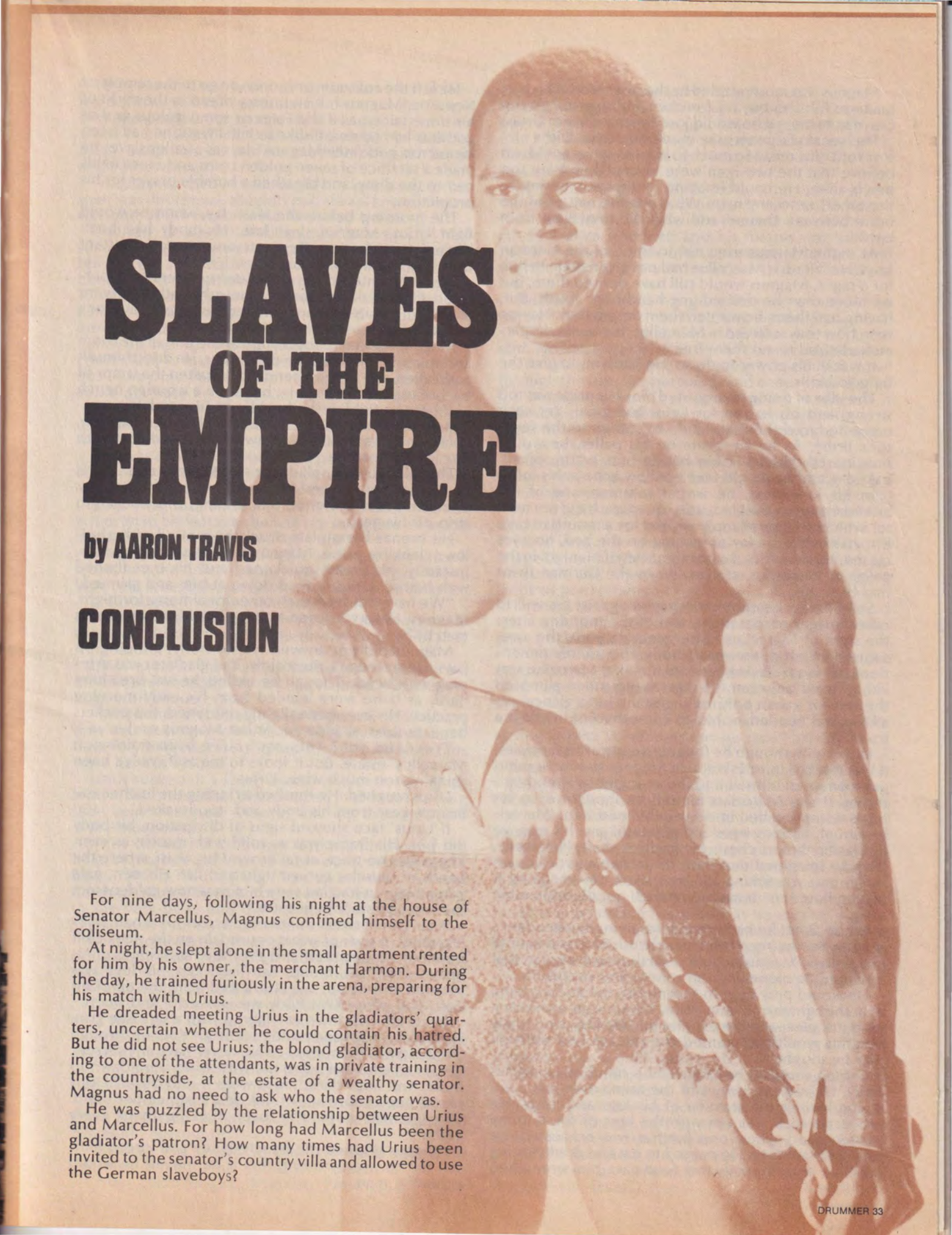
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# SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE

by AARON TRAVIS

## CONCLUSION

For nine days, following his night at the house of Senator Marcellus, Magnus confined himself to the coliseum.

At night, he slept alone in the small apartment rented for him by his owner, the merchant Harmon. During the day, he trained furiously in the arena, preparing for his match with Urius.

He dreaded meeting Urius in the gladiators' quarters, uncertain whether he could contain his hatred. But he did not see Urius; the blond gladiator, according to one of the attendants, was in private training in the countryside, at the estate of a wealthy senator. Magnus had no need to ask who the senator was.

He was puzzled by the relationship between Urius and Marcellus. For how long had Marcellus been the gladiator's patron? How many times had Urius been invited to the senator's country villa and allowed to use the German slaveboys?



Magnus was most puzzled by the offer Marcellus had made to him: to buy his freedom and to give him the German twins—if he would lose the match with Urius.

The senator's generosity made no sense. Did a victory for Urius mean so much to him? Magnus could not believe that the two men were lovers; they were too much alike. He could imagine neither submitting to the other, or to any man. What was the nature of the bond between them—and what did they want from him?

At night, Magnus tried not to think of the German boys. He failed. If Marcellus had not given them to him for a night, Magnus would still have desired them, but no more than he desired any handsome youth. But, having had them, he wanted them desperately. Having seen how they suffered in Marcellus' hands, he desperately desired to set them free.

It was in his power to do so. He had only to give the fight to Urius.

The idea of doing so disgusted him. His pride was too strong, and his hatred for Urius too great. Yet each night he faced the temptation to submit to the senator's bribe. As he lay alone on his pallet, he would imagine Eskrill and Erskin beside him, warm, pliant, naked—and he would feel a hollow ache in his loins.

In his loneliness, he would summon one of the attendants from the gladiators' quarters. It did not matter which. Magnus simply wished for a mouth to take his shaft while he lay unmoving on the bed, his eyes closed, his mind filled with memories of his night in the cellar of Marcellus' stables, when the German twins had been his.

Sometimes, his thoughts strayed against his will to other images of that night, and of the morning after: the sight of Marcellus in his general's garb, the awesome strength of the man's body, the unholy dimensions of his sex. Erskin had told him that Marcellus was like a horse between the legs. Magnus had glimpsed the senator's shaft only for an instant, but a glance was all that was needed for him to know that Erskin told the truth.

Each night, though he fought to control his fantasies, it was not Erskin or Eskrill that Magnus saw in his mind as he emptied himself into the anonymous attendant's throat. It was Marcellus himself he thought of as his orgasm approached and overwhelmed him: Marcellus' cruel, flashing eyes and powerful jaw, his massive limbs and broad chest, his godlike shaft. Helplessly, Magnus imagined that shaft thrust like a sword down his throat, wrenching his jaws apart. He imagined it inside him, his bowels impaled on its impossible length.

When at last he had spent himself in the attendant's mouth, he was freed from these irresistible and hateful imaginings. Magnus would send the slave away so that he could be alone with his misery and confusion.

He would pray then to Morpheus, the god of sleep, and though the divinity took his time in answering Magnus' plea, and the candles burned low, eventually Magnus would be granted the release into oblivion that he sought.

During the day, he emptied his mind by taxing his body. He ran the circuit of the arena over and over, strengthening the stamina of his legs and lungs. He practiced each weapon with the best of the training masters, and when one partner was exhausted, he called for another. He paused to eat and drink, tasting nothing, knowing only that food gave him strength to continue.

He left the coliseum only once, to go to the temple of Neptune. Magnus felt an uneasy dread in the midst of his uncertainty, as if the Fates or some jealous god or goddess had taken a dislike to him. Neptune had been his patron god since Magnus' days as a galley slave; he made a sacrifice of seven golden coins and a lock of his hair to the diety, and breathed a humble prayer for his protection.

The morning before the feast day, when he would fight Urius, Magnus slept late. His body had been honed to perfection. Rest was now more important than practice and exertion.

When he entered the gladiators' quarters to be outfitted for the day's training, the other athletes were already in the arena. The chamber was empty, save for a few attendants.

Magnus walked to the trough at the end of the room and splashed his face with cold water. He dried himself and called one of the attendants to fasten the straps of his breastplate. That done, he sat on a wooden bench and bent to tighten the buckles of his sandals.

It was then that Urius entered the chamber. His long, golden hair was matted with sweat, his legs dusted with dirt from the arena.

The tall, muscular gladiator saw Magnus and smiled faintly. He approached the bench where Magnus sat, unaware of his presence. Still smiling, Urius began to strip off his gear.

His bronze breastplate struck the ground with a hollow, clanking noise. Magnus started and looked up. Instantly, his breath quickened and his eyes flashed with hatred. Urius looked down at him and grinned.

"We have not seen each other for almost a fortnight, Magnus. Have you been training hard for tomorrow's match?"

Magnus did not answer. He sat stiffly, grinding his jaws. He stared at Urius coldly. The gladiator was dripping with sweat. Though he smiled, he was breathing hard, as if he were winded from his early morning practice. His eyes were slightly reddened, the pockets beneath them shadowed. At last Magnus spoke.

"Yes. And you? They say you've been training at Marcellus' estate. But it looks to me as if you've been drinking too much wine, Urius."

Urius laughed. He finished stripping the leather and bronze gear from his body and stood naked.

If Urius' face showed signs of dissipation, his body did not. His frame was as solid with muscle as ever. There was no trace of fat around his waist, where the bands of muscles curved tight and flat. His skin, pale when Magnus had last seen him, was now golden from the sun and smooth as satin.

A curtain of sweat shimmered across his broad, hairless chest; a river of sweat poured down the sleek cleft between his pectorals and over the hard ridges of his belly. The dark blond hair between his legs was frazzled and damp; sweat dripped from the tip of his staff. The odor of his body was powerful and sharp.

Urius looked down at Magnus with a sarcastic grin. He licked his lips and nodded slowly. "You see through me, Magnus. From you I could never have any secrets. Yes, Marcellus has plied me with wine from dawn to dusk. And after dark, more wine—and boys." Urius raised one eyebrow. "I think you'll remember them. The German boys. I've been fucking them every night."

Magnus gripped the bench tightly and forced himself not to rise, knowing that if he moved he would strike the man.



Urius seemed not to notice his tension. He was staring downward in fascination at his own crotch. His sex, always partially erect, hung outward and down from his groin, heavy and thick. Urius ran his fingertips over the blunt, bulbous head, and watched the pale shaft fatten and rise in the air.

Magnus watched as well, unable to look away. Urius' shaft was enormous. Magnus had always known that; it was one of the reasons that he hated Urius.

But now, he was not feeling anger, or even envy, but something else. He was not certain what it was he felt, but it kept him staring at the shaft that now stood hugely erect only inches from his face.

Magnus had never seen the thing so close. The long white staff was as smooth and hard as porcelain, unmarked by veins. It was incredibly thick. Urius held it tightly in his fist, yet his fingers and thumb did not come close to touching. The thing was as long as Magnus' forearm. Three grasping hands, or even four, could not have encompassed its length.

The dark blond hair nestled as its base was smooth as cornsilk, beaded with sweat. The sack that hung below was like a fist gloved in satin between Urius' thighs.

Magnus could hardly believe it possible that any man could carry something so big between his legs. And Marcellus was just as large, or larger—so Erskin had said, so Magnus had seen, briefly, with his own eyes. But even in his fantasies he had not imagined a shaft so large. The reality of it shocked him.

Urius kneaded the staff with his fist, drawing fresh blood into the tube, making it swell even larger. A long blue vein rose to the surface and pulsed in visible jerks.

Urius spoke in a low, sweet voice.

"Yes, I fucked them both, every day. I fucked them in the ass. I fucked them in the throat. And when they were bad—"

Urius gripped his shaft at the base and cupped his other hand beneath the rod. He slapped it against his palm with a loud crack.

"When they were bad, I beat them with it. They say they hate this thing in my hand. They say it hurts them. But every time they worshipped it, their own little shafts were hard as wood."

Urius sucked in a sharp breath and drew his hands away. The long stalk of flesh bobbed in the air. The long blue vein throbbed. Magnus' darting eyes followed every movement.

Urius circled his forefinger and thumb around the head of his shaft and stroked downward, midway to the base. "Erskin," he sighed, "can take it only to here, down his throat. But his brother—" He moved his hand to the very base, and then circled the balls as well. "Erskin can swallow it all, every bit."

Urius pointed the huge staff downward, so that it pointed directly at Magnus' face. He stepped closer, waving the staff gently from side to side. His voice was low and husky, almost a whisper.

"Put your lips where theirs have been. Kiss it. Kiss the very tip. Kiss it for me, Magnus."

Magnus held his breath. His heart seemed to have stopped beating. His head moved forward in tiny jerks, as if his body tried in vain to supply the resistance that had vanished from his mind.

He narrowed his eyes, but never took them from the shaft. He parted his lips and pressed his mouth against the blunt, curving tip.

The flesh was smooth as glass and warm against his lips. Above him, Urius sighed with pleasure.

"Now your tongue, Magnus. Press your tongue

against the slit. I have something for you."

Magnus did as he was told, without thinking. The opening parted, and the tip of his tongue actually slid into the hole. A discharge of semen, warm and slick, flowed over his tongue and into his mouth. The taste was musky and sweet.

Magnus groaned. He licked at the opening and mouthed the hard knob of flesh. He opened his mouth wide, until he was able to take the entire crown inside. His lips were stretched and his mouth was full. His hands moved of their own accord to his crotch, and pressed against his own erection through layers of leather.

Suddenly the flesh was gone from his mouth. Urius slapped his face with it. The thing was heavy as lead.

"Tomorrow I'll let you do more than kiss it," Urius said. His voice was hard as steel. "Tomorrow, after I've beaten you in the arena, I'm going to make you crawl through the dirt, on your hands and knees like a dog, to the emperor's box. Then you're going to worship it with your mouth, for every man and woman in Rome to see. And after you've sucked it, you're going to beg me to fuck you."

Magnus blinked and shook his head, dazed as if waking from a deep slumber. His cheek stung where Urius had struck him.

As the gladiator spoke, Magnus looked up at his face. Urius' lips were curled into a malicious grin.

For a long moment, Magnus was paralyzed by the image Urius had planted in his mind. He saw himself on his hands and knees, whimpering, broken, begging Urius to pierce him.

Then his senses returned. His skin grew hot. His head spun with confusion and fury. He lashed out blindly, and struck Urius across the thigh.

The blow would have knocked any other man to the ground. Urius only stumbled to the side, then regained his balance. He threw back his head and laughed.

Magnus looked wildly about the room. There were only two attendants in the quarters, but both were staring at him. When they saw his face, their smiles of amusement vanished.

Magnus rose and ran shaking from the room.

He walked, legs trembling, down the long winding corridor to his apartment. He tore off his gear. His own shaft was still erect. He touched it, then drew his hand away as if the pleasure of his touch had stung him.

He pulled on a coarse woolen tunic and left the coliseum, responding to the casual greetings of each gladiator he passed in the hallways with a forward stare and a cold silence. He did not hear their greetings; the blood was pounding too loudly in his ears.

He walked aimlessly through the narrow, winding streets until he found himself in the great marketplace. The square was thronged with merchants and tourists who had arrived early for the great feast day and the spectacle in the coliseum.

Magnus lost himself in the crowd, hoping he would not be recognized. The humble tunic he wore might be disguise enough. Everyone knew that the greatest of gladiators could easily afford silk.

The press of the crowd only increased his agitation. It was solitude he needed. The strange welter of emotions inside him demanded silence. He tried to find his way to the temple of Neptune, but was lost in the crowd. The cries of the hawkers and the raucous laughter of the gamblers numbed his mind. His thoughts were broken and without direction, as if he were stricken with fever.



Suddenly he collided with another body. He stepped aside and would have walked on without a word; then he saw the boy he had stumbled into. The fever flared inside his skull.

It was the slaveboy Eskrill, the shaven pet of the senator Marcellus. For an instant the boy's blue eyes met his, then Eskrill bowed his head. He blushed from the smooth dome of his head down to his neck and shoulders.

The boy was almost naked. He wore, as always, the golden bracelets around his throat and wrists. A loin-cloth of white silk was wrapped about his hips, pulled so low that the smoothly shaven plate of muscle below his navel was bare.

His flesh was oiled, and more deeply tanned than when Magnus had last seen him. He was still shaven everywhere, even to his eyebrows, but Marcellus had not stopped there in tampering with his slave.

The tips of the boy's nipples had been pierced by golden rings. A thin chain of gold was draped across his chest, suspended from ring to ring. His body was unmarked, except for an angry red welt across the side of his face, extending from his chin to his temple.

"What are you doing here?" Magnus whispered.

The boy answered but still did not look at him. He was ashamed of the mark on his face and the rings which pierced his nipples.

"Marcellus brought me with him. He took Urius to the coliseum, and then he brought me here. He is somewhere in the market. He told me to wait for him, here."

At last the boy looked up. "Magnus, he told us of the offer he made you. Will you take it? Will you lose the match?"

It was now Magnus who looked away. "No," he said.

The boy's eyes filled with tears. "Then will you take me now? Help me escape. I don't know where I am in the city, and I can't go anywhere like this." He put his hands over his face so that Magnus would not see the tears.

"No!" Magnus said in a hoarse whisper. "Never speak of such a thing. Never even think of it! There is no escape for a slave in Rome. They would capture you within a day, and they would kill you. They would kill anyone who helped you. They would probably kill your brother as well."

The boy slumped his shoulders and lowered his head. "Then there is no hope. Erskin had said there might be, but he was wrong. Give me a knife, Magnus. Do you have a knife? Give it to me!"

The boy looked up. His jaw was square, his face resolved. Then he saw something beyond Magnus' shoulder, and the fire in his eyes turned to alarm.

Magnus did not have to turn to see who it was that had approached. He heard Marcellus' voice, and felt the senator's hand on his shoulder.

"Magnus! I was about to bring Eskrill to the coliseum to visit you. We have business to discuss—or could you have forgotten? Perhaps you've changed your mind."

Magnus violently shook the man's hand from his shoulder. He did not dare to speak. He did not dare to touch the man. An insult or a blow could cost him his life.

He could not even look at Marcellus. That would have been most dangerous of all. He thought of what had happened with Urius only moments before, and knew that he must escape from Marcellus. Magnus bolted into the crowd.

He heard the senator's booming voice behind him.

"You are a fool, gladiator!" Then he was swallowed by the throng.

Every face seemed to accuse him. Every eye seemed to penetrate his mind and to see the secret of what he had done with Urius, to know how deeply he was tempted to submit to Marcellus' will.

He found solace at last, not at Neptune's altar, but in a tavern called the Drowned Man.

His master Harmon owned the tavern. The place was favored by sailors and merchants come up to the city from the harbors at Ostia. Magnus had spent much time there, after Harmon had elevated him from galley slave to household stud. Since he had become a gladiator, he had not returned to the Drowned Man. Entering it now, he could almost smell the sea.

He had been a galley slave for three years. His life had been less happy then, and certainly less free. But it had been simpler. He had known nothing then of doubt and corruption.

The tavern was almost deserted. The day was sunny, and most of the sailors who might have been there had chosen the open air of the festive city over the airless dimness that reigned inside the Drowned Man.

He took a table to himself in a shadowed corner, again hoping he would not be recognized. The last thing he desired was to talk with a stranger about the next day's match.

A buxom woman with painted lips and eyes brought him red wine. She was a Greek, with broad hips and masses of inky black hair. Normally, Magnus might have done more than notice her. On another occasion, he might have solved his depression by pressing a coin into her hand and telling her to meet him upstairs in the windowless room. He had used that room countless times when Harmon's clumsy fingers and fumbling lips became too absurd for him to bear. But now she was as insubstantial to him as a ghost.

He had just finished his second cup of wine when a tall, bearded man rose from a table across the room and approached him.

The man wore a well-cut tunic of linen, white with an embroidered border of blue and green. He was not a common sailor. He looked familiar.

His voice was familiar as well. "Are you sure you should be drinking, Magnus? I hear that you're to fight tomorrow."

"Talloc!" Magnus said, recognizing the man at last. "Why didn't you join me when I first came in? I didn't recognize you, not with the fine clothes and the beard."

"I recognized you, Magnus. But from the look on your face, I thought you might wish to be alone."

Magnus frowned. Then he smiled faintly. He was beginning to feel the wine.

"I did. But not with such fine company at hand. Join me. And tell me where you've been these last years. It's obvious you've come up in the world."

Talloc had been a fellow galley slave on Harmon's ship. He was a few years younger than Magnus. When Magnus had rowed beside him, they had been mere boys; Talloc had not even had a beard.

Since then, Talloc had been sold twice, and had finally managed to buy his freedom. Magnus did not ask where he had gotten the money to do so—he suspected Talloc must have stolen it, or blackmailed his last owner. Now Talloc was a shipowner himself. He was quite willing to talk about where he had gotten the funds to begin his business.

"A wealthy Greek widow in Alexandria," he



explained. "She says that my eyes make her melt." Talloc laughed. "And I don't have to ask what's become of you. Everyone from Spain to Syria has heard of Magnus the gladiator. So screwing Harmon's ass paid off for you—and screwing Hypatia has paid off for me. The way of the world, Magnus!"

"Yes. Still, I think I envy you, Talloc."

"You, to whom every door in Rome—including the door to every bedroom—is always open?"

"You're a free man, Talloc."

"But they must pay you well for what you do. Don't gladiators who've done as well as you usually end up buying their freedom?"

"I've saved very little," Magnus sighed. "I've squandered most of it. Luxuries, clothes, a chariot. Living like a wealthy man when I'm no more than a slave. Perhaps in a year or two I could have enough gold to buy myself from Harmon. If I haven't been killed in the arena first."

"Is that what worries you—tomorrow's match? You know, I've never seen you fight, only heard of you—though I'll be seeing you tomorrow, since we don't sail until the day after. But they say that Magnus in the ring is like a lion, a man without fear."

"Perhaps they lie," Magnus said. "But it is more than that, Talloc. More than gold, and death, and slavery that oppresses me now."

"You are weary of your life." Talloc's face was somber.

"I think I am."

"Well, for the gods' sake, don't become a Christian. That's what seems to happen to people, when they become as glum as you. Then they stay glum, and talk about nothing but death and suffering. They're bad medicine, bad for the Empire. Believe me, I know. My wife has been harboring a whole coven of them in Alexandria. They smell like pigs, and eat like them too, and they're totally worthless. My wife wants to give them our money. They say she'll be punished after she dies if she doesn't hand over the gold. Imagine such a thing! It's witchcraft. Oriental witchcraft."

Magnus grimaced at the idea of himself joining a cult. "Don't worry, Talloc. Neptune has always protected me, and I am loyal to him."

Talloc sipped his wine and became pensive. "Perhaps it was Neptune who watched over you when we were slaves together, Magnus, but it was you who protected me, I haven't forgotten what you did for me in the old days. You saved my life, not once but three times. The pirates off Chinos—yes, you remember, you're smiling now. What a fight that was! And the time the ship caught fire a few miles out of Antioch, and you ripped my chains from the deck. I would have been burned alive."

Talloc lowered his voice. "And the time the galley master beat me because I wouldn't sleep with him. You tried to stop him, and took twenty lashes yourself. I think the pain would have killed me if it had gone on much longer. That, especially, I haven't forgotten."

Magnus' smile vanished. The memory of that cruel punishment made him think of the German twins, and their lives with Marcellus. He remembered how the galley master used to fuck him, and he thought of Urius' rod in his mouth.

"Magnus," Talloc said gravely, "if there is ever anything I can do to repay you—any favor, great or small, ask it of me. If there is anything I can do now—ask me."

Magnus shook his head. "No, you can't help. But someday, perhaps, I'll need a friend, and I'll remember

you. Talloc, you are a good man." Magnus smiled ruefully. "An opportunist, perhaps, but who is not? I've met few good men lately. I have moved among evil men. I'm glad I came here, and saw you again. I'm glad that you've prospered."

The serving woman came to refill his cup, but Magnus covered it with his hand. "I have to go now, Talloc. You're right. I don't need this wine. And I want to visit the temple of Neptune, before the feast-day tourists take it over completely. Besides," he grinned, "the way the serving woman has been watching you, I don't think you'll lack for company after I'm gone."

The weather for the feast day was perfect. The sky was cloudless. The sun was bright but mild.

Magnus stayed alone in his apartment long after the games and races began. He did not wish to see Urius more than he had to, or to be bothered by Marcellus. A night without sex or dreams had readied him for the fight.

He waited until an hour before the match before he left his room and walked to the athletes' quarters.

A few of the other gladiators smiled at him oddly—the attendants had told of his weakness on the previous day, or more likely Urius had boasted of it and pointed to the slaves as witnesses—but no one was brash enough to taunt him.

Magnus limbered his muscles and summoned an attendant to massage him and help him dress. As he was honing his blade, only minutes before the match, a well-groomed, middle-aged eunuch—he looked like a cleric—approached him and thrust a rolled parchment before his face.

"What is that?" Magnus growled, tempted to strike the servant for his insolence. Then he saw that the cleric wore a collar of gold, and knew that he had come from Marcellus.

"Can you read?" the eunuch asked in a reedy voice. "No."

"Then I am instructed to read this aloud to you." The eunuch unrolled the parchment and cleared his throat. "The message reads: *My offer stands. Do you accept? If you do, any mark will do.*"

The eunuch offered him a wax pencil.

Magnus took the parchment and glanced at the odd markings. He did not take the pencil. Instead, he crumpled the paper into a ball and spat on it.

"Take this back to your master," he said.

Magnus returned his attention to his whetstone and sword.

He did not see the eunuch turn toward Urius and raise one finger.

He did not see the smile on Urius' face, or the vial of thick blue liquid that Urius took from a pouch beside his feet.

Urius uncorked the vial. Careful not to breathe its fumes or to let the liquid touch his flesh, he poured the viscous contents onto a cloth, then smeared it over the points of his trident. The liquid quickly dried and became invisible.

The match began well. Urius' long debauch in the countryside had slowed his reflexes, and Magnus quickly scored a number of superficial wounds to the gladiator's legs and arms. Such blows, early on, were usually prophetic of the victory to come.

Urius finally managed to strike him. Even so, it was only a glancing and insubstantial blow. Urius did not lunge with the trident, but swung it like a scythe. The



glistening, razor-like points grazed Magnus' belly. Three thin marks were left across the skin, barely deep enough to draw blood.

The wounds stung, but were easily forgotten in the excitement on the fight. After a moment they ceased to sting altogether, and instead became strangely numb.

Later, Magnus realized that his entire belly had grown cold. The coldness spread to his chest and groin. As the sensation reached into his limbs, a wave of nausea coursed through him, and his stomach began to cramp.

He continued to fight. Soon it was impossible for him to land a blow against Urius. It was the best that he could do to fend off the jabbing trident and the net that seemed always to hover over his head, waiting to snare him.

Soon, he could not do even that. Urius began to strike blows against him. The blows were glancing, the wounds small, but wherever the trident cut him the feeling disappeared from his flesh.

Magnus began to feel what he had not felt in the arena since his earliest days as a gladiator: panic. A sluggish surge of fear, colder than the numbness in his chest and limbs, eddied through him.

Urius was laughing at him from behind the helmet he wore. Magnus could hear the words, but could not understand them. The numbness had spread to his brain.

Then there was a loud clanging noise, like brazen gates crashing shut, and Magnus' sword was wrenched from his hand.

Something struck his chest, and then the net was everywhere around him. The chafing cords pulled painfully tight against his face and throat. His arms were locked to his sides. His ankles were drawn together and he fell upon his hip.

A blow at his groin rolled him onto his back. Urius' foot was upon his chest, crushing him. The blond gladiator was a giant above him. Urius lifted his trident and aimed it at Magnus' throat.

The roar of the crowd was deafening, hysterical, hostile. Magnus rolled his eyes upward and strained to see the Imperial box.

He saw Marcellus there, sitting at the emperor's left, whispering into the old man's ear. The emperor nodded and raised his fist.

Magnus could not make out the signal. The crowd was angry, hissing. Magnus writhed in pain and felt his bowels grow loose. He looked up and saw the trident descending.

It landed in the sand beside his face. The judgement had been thumbs-up.

Two Nubians, wearing golden collars around their throats, came to drag him from the arena. The crowd continued to scream and jeer; many a betting man's fortune had been lost that day.

The Nubians dragged him close to the wall. Men and women leaned over the railing to spit down at him and curse.

They pulled him into the passageway that led to the athletes' quarters. The gladiators were huddled together. Their faces were blank with shock. Those who had been closest to Magnus turned their heads away in shame. How could he have fought so poorly?

Harmon was there. He was behaving like a madman, screaming and tearing his hair. He kicked Magnus in the belly as the Nubians dragged him by.

They pulled him past the gladiators' quarters and outside the coliseum. They lifted him like a heavy sack

and dropped him into a waiting litter. The curtains were dropped, sealing him from view.

The litter jerked and began to move. Magnus lost consciousness.

He dreamed. His dreams were nightmares. He dreamed that Urius had made good his threat to publicly debase him after the fight. Magnus saw himself naked in the arena, crawling on his hands and knees after Urius and the giant shaft. The crowd was not jeering, but laughing.

He looked up and saw Neptune, huge in the sky above, waving a vast trident covered with seaweed. Magnus lifted his arms and cried out to the god—then saw that it was not Neptune looming above him. It was Marcellus.

The litter lurched and came to a halt. Magnus woke. Still, he could hardly tell his dreams from the reality of the cool evening.

The Nubians lifted him from the litter. Urius' net was left tight around him, but his legs were cut free. The black slaves held his arms and pulled him, stumbling, into the portico of a great marble house.

The busts that lined the hallway were familiar. Grim, unsmiling faces—he was in Marcellus' house.

Why?

He was led into the atrium. The illumination from the skylight was growing dim, but there was light enough for him to take in the scene in an instant.

Urius was there. He stood naked, wet from the bath. Below him, Erskin was on his knees, crouching low between the gladiator's thighs. His hands were twisted behind his back and tied to his ankles. His mouth was stuffed with Urius' balls.

The gladiator's head was thrown back, his lips parted. He held the shaft in both hands, squeezing and stroking it.

Urius lowered his face as Magnus was brought in. He bared his teeth and hissed with pleasure.

Erskin turned his head as much as he could. He saw Magnus, and blushed. His cheeks bulged, his chin was glossy with spit. His penis was stiff, pointing upwards from his groin like a handle. He shut his eyes tightly.

Nearby, Marcellus lay naked on a low divan. He wore the pectoral of golden coins across his hairy chest. Cushions were propped beneath his head and shoulders. In one hand he held a short, stiff tongue of leather.

Eskrill was standing over him, facing him. His legs were spread wide to straddle the divan. His hands were lashed together and bound to the chain that connected his nipples, so that he could not lower his arms. His ass was impaled on Marcellus' shaft.

He was raising and lowering his ass, riding the thick mallet of flesh. He rose up till the mouth of his ass gripped the crown, then forced his body downward until his cheeks rested on his master's thighs and the huge shaft was swallowed in his bowels.

Eskrill was covered with sweat. Every muscle in his lean, hairless body was tense. The veins in his neck and forehead stood out like cords from the strain of the ordeal. His face was bright red. His mouth was open wide, drooling saliva. His eyes were shut.

He grunted and moaned continuously. His short, slender shaft was hard as stone. It slapped against his belly and thighs as he rode Marcellus' iron.

Beneath him, his master was played on the divan like a big cat lazing in the sun. Marcellus' eyes were half-open, dreamy with pleasure. His lips were pursed. Occasionally he lifted his crop and struck the boy's



thigh to speed the fucking.

Marcellus reached for Eskrill's balls and squeezed them tightly. He pulled the boy's staff downward and stopped its jerking. He looked at the rod of flesh for a moment, then raised the crop and struck the head of Eskrill's penis.

The boy sobbed loudly. He shuddered, then fucked himself more frantically on his master's shaft.

Marcellus stretched and grunted with pleasure. He struck the boy's penis again.

The senator turned his head and looked at Magnus. His eyes raked over the gladiator's body. Marcellus was drunk with ecstasy and power. The look in his eyes made Magnus cringe.

"Take him to the stables," Marcellus grunted hoarsely. "We'll use him later."

Magnus was led through the big house, into the open air, through a wooden doorway. He smelled dung and hay, and knew where he was. A bolt was pushed back, a heavy door swung open, and he was flung down a long stone stairway.

Magnus was awakened by two jets of fetid water striking his forehead and cheeks. His captors were urinating on his face.

He opened his eyes, then blinked them shut as a spray of piss was aimed at his brow. His head was pulled up by a fist in his hair. Fingers of iron forced him to open his jaws. Against his gurgling protests, two streams poured into his mouth. He choked on the hot liquid, then began to swallow.

Slowly, as his belly became swollen with piss, Magnus realized his position. He was in the cellar of Marcellus' stables, the very room where he had used the German slaves ten days before. He was bound on his hands and knees on the low block of wood beside the flaming brazier.

Even as they continued to piss, they began to use his mouth. Something huge and smooth pressed against his lips and pushed his jaws apart. It slid heavily over his tongue and pummelled the back of his throat—then his throat was pierced. The hard shaft was in his neck. He felt the ridge of the crown against the membranes of his throat.

The shaft was wrenched from his mouth. Before he could catch his breath, another, even larger, took its place. Over and over they took turns fucking his throat.

Marcellus spoke above him, gasping with pleasure. "Enough for now!"

The shaft that had been fucking his throat withdrew, pulling with it a heavy mass of spit from deep in his gullet. The fist in his hair released him. His chin dropped to his chest. His neck was sore and aching, bruised from within.

A hand, hard as stone, slapped his face. "Look up, slave. Look at the favor of the gods."

Magnus weakly lifted his head. Two enormous, swollen shafts were pointed at his face. Both were wet and shiny, covered with masses of his own spit.

The one closest to his face—the one that had been fucking him when the ordeal abruptly ended—was perfectly formed, smooth and unblemished like a thick mallet carved from ivory. The flesh was white with blushes of pink, the color of cream and roses. Urius' shaft.

Magnus gazed up at the perfect beam of flesh, and beyond, at Urius' belly, flat and hard as a shield, and his pectorals, which rose from his chest like carved plates of crystal. A string of semen suddenly emerged from

the tip of Urius' shaft and hung suspended. Magnus wet his lips, remembering how the man's semen had tasted on his tongue the day before. He blushed with shame, knowing he wanted to taste it again.

Magnus shut his eyes. It was the drug still poisoning his veins, he told himself. That was how they had overcome him. That was how he had managed to endure what they had just done to him. That was why his own staff was hard—he could feel the crown jabbing his belly.

Marcellus slapped his face. "I told you to look."

Magnus' ears were ringing. His cheek burned as if it had been branded. He opened his eyes and gasped.

It was a different shaft now that hovered before his face, even bigger than Urius'—just as long, and immensely thicker. The flesh was thin, almost translucent, scored with twisting, pulsing veins. Marcellus' shaft was dark and bloated with blood, glistening with spit, obscenely ugly, like a living organ taken throbbing from within his body.

Magnus stared at the shaft in awe and suppressed a sob. He could hardly believe that he had been forced to take the thing all the way to the balls. It had been like a fist rammed down his throat. He could still feel it inside him.

The shaft moved toward him. Magnus groaned and tried to turn his face away as the blunt crown touched his lips.

"Good. He still has plenty of spirit left."

Marcellus wrenched his head back, forcing Magnus to stare upward. Beyond the net of golden coins spangled across Marcellus' broad chest, Magnus saw the man's face. Marcellus stared back at him. His eyes were grim, without pity.

"I have waited for this a very long time, gladiator. Since I first saw you. This has been my fantasy. To have you here, like this—bound and naked, helpless. To own you like an animal. To be your master, slave."

Magnus tried to speak. His throat was bent and so battered and weak that he could hardly form the words.

"How?" he said. The word gurgled in his throat. "How?"

The corner of Marcellus' mouth curled into a smile. "Your master Harmon—your former master—has suffered a very bad year. Did you not know? Ships looted and lost, warehouses lost to fire. Accidents—of course. Catastrophe after catastrophe, until you were the only paying investment he had left.

"Harmon was forced to borrow heavily. I generously offered to help him. Then the time came to collect, and I told him my price. You. He did not want to lose you; he stalled for time. He wagered most of what he had left on your victory today. Now I have collected the debt. You are mine, Magnus."

Magnus shook his head in horror, and tried to speak again. "The boys," he croaked.

"Eskrill and Erskin? In the house; the eunuchs are bathing them. Did you ever think I would really let you have them? They were only bait. I wanted you to lose that fight of your own accord. I wanted you to know, every time I fucked you, that you yourself were responsible for what had happened. You refused to cooperate, and for that you'll be punished. But it's all the same, in the end. You're mine."

"What—what are you going to do?"

"The same thing I've done with the German slaves. You've seen them. You've heard their stories. I'm going to break you, Magnus. With *this*!"



Marcellus forced Magnus to bow his head, and waved his shaft below his face.

"Never," Magnus whispered. "Never!"

"Never? Tonight, Magnus. And believe me, you won't be the same man after it's been up your ass. I've seen it happen too often before. Boys, eunuchs, soldiers, slaves—it doesn't matter. Once it's been inside you, it's all you'll be able to think about."

Marcellus took his fist from Magnus' hair and stepped back. "Look at it. You already know it's true."

Magnus stared at the man's shaft. A part of him recoiled in horror. But his own shaft was hard, and there was a sudden sensation of warmth in his bowels, a loosening, a readiness to submit.

"Do you want me to fuck you? It won't hurt you as badly, if you say the words."

Magnus looked at Marcellus, invincible above him. He looked at Urius, standing beside the man, smiling crookedly as he pulled on his shaft and dribbled semen onto the floor.

Magnus opened his mouth to speak. Then he saw a movement in the darkness behind the two men—a flash of steel, catching the firelight.

Urius smiled, and began to laugh softly. Marcellus joined him—then both men opened their mouths wide in the same instant. They screamed.

They roared with pain and stiffened. They jerked and writhed, then staggered forward, falling against Magnus' body, clutching him.

Even as they collapsed to the floor, Erskin and Eskrill continued to stab them. Each boy held a dagger red with blood. The bright blades swung up and down, flashing in the firelight. Marcellus and Urius writhed and shuddered each time the blades descended.

At last the boys rose from the floor. The two men no longer moved, no longer even writhed.

"What have you done?" Magnus cried. "What in Hades have you done?" His own flesh was warm and wet where the men's blood had splattered against him.

The boys freed him from his bonds. They did not speak until Magnus was standing.

"You said we would die if we tried to escape," Erskin said. "Perhaps we will. But at least we have tried. And it will not be Marcellus or his friend who puts us to death." The boy spoke the words solemnly, without passion. In his own mind, at least, he was no longer a slave. He was a prince again.

Magnus stared at the bodies crumpled on the floor. "For this they will kill every slave in the household."

"Then they will kill you as well," Erskin said. "Help us."

"You fools!" Magnus raised his hand in anger. Then he saw the madness in the boys' eyes and the daggers in their hands. He backed away, and sat on the floor, trying to think. A sense of fate, black and cold, blanketed his mind. In the space of a few hours, his life had been shattered. Now his life was as good as over. His life as Marcellus' slave would have been torment, but the tortures he faced now would end in death. They would crucify him, along with the boys. The crowd who had cheered him in the arena would come to pelt him with dung, and to watch the carrion birds consume his entrails.

"How did you come here?" he asked in a dull voice. "He said the eunuchs were bathing you."

"They are dead," Eskrill said. "At the bottom of the pool."

"You drowned them?" Magnus was shocked, remembering the two young eunuchs, so pliant and

harmless. Eskrill and his brother were warriors after all, and barbarians. Marcellus had pushed them too far. Would Magnus have had the courage to do the same? He thought of the unwilling excitement he had felt for the past hour, and wondered if he could have killed for his freedom.

He shook his head wearily, and looked again at the two corpses. It had happened so suddenly; it still seemed unreal. "Where did you think you could escape to?"

"To the north. To our homeland."

"Impossible," Magnus said bitterly.

Then he thought of his chance meeting of the previous day, and the blackness lifted from his spirit. The chance was small, almost nonexistent. Still, as long as there was hope at all, he could do better than wait in the cellar to be discovered and killed.

He rose to his feet. The boys looked at him curiously, knowing that something unseen had occurred to change his mood.

"How soon will their bodies be discovered?" he asked. "Tonight?"

Erskin shook his head. "No one interrupts Marcellus when he is at his pleasure. No one will enter this room until they are certain that something has happened. Tomorrow at noon, perhaps. Perhaps even later."

"What is the hour now?"

"Midnight."

"Then we may have just enough time, if we take the fastest horses in the stable. If Talloc will take us. If we are not recognized on the way. Find some way to remove the bracelets from your throats and wrists, but save them; we will need the gold. Go into the house and find whatever valuables you can, small things that we can carry, rings and such. And cloaks and tunics, the kind of clothing travellers wear. I'll go with you, to help you bring the eunuchs' bodies here, where they won't be found."

"Where are we going?"

"To your homeland, boys."

"And you will help us? You're going there too?"

"There is nowhere in the Empire I can go. For the rest of my life, I will be an exile."

"Our father is a great man. He will reward you, Magnus—"

"Enough of that. Up the stairs."

"But where—"

"I have a friend, a shipowner who sails from Ostia at dawn, for the east, Byzantium. From there, we might be able to travel north and cross Sarmatia, into the northern forests. If we reach his ship in time. If he will help us. If one of his sailors does not betray us, for a bounty. There will be doubt and danger every moment."

Suddenly Magnus was struck by dread and froze. Then he saw the boys' faces. They were frightened too, and they were looking to him for courage.

He took Erskin's face in his hands, and kissed him. The boy squeezed him tightly.

Magnus broke away, and turned to Eskrill. He touched the boy's face and ran his fingers over the welt that stretched from his temple to his chin.

Magnus' throat tightened. He had to take a deep breath before he could speak. "Go on," he whispered hoarsely.

The boys bounded up the steep stairway, taking two steps at a time. Magnus began to follow, then paused. He turned and looked for a long time at the two bodies which lay unmoving beside the fire. Then he turned back, and ascended the stairs.



# EXPOSE OF DRUMMER'S PUBLIC OPINION POLL



Photo by RAW GRAPHICS

We have been accused of not being very poll-conscious at DRUMMER. That is simply not so. They asked us how we know what will turn on our readers for sure. We are very sensitive to your reaction to our stuff and just to prove it to you, we sent Reflex Studio to our editor's office as we were testing the reaction to our new poster (which you can get to in a minute by risking fingertips and nails, removing the staples and folding it out) on one of the guys in the Shipping Department.

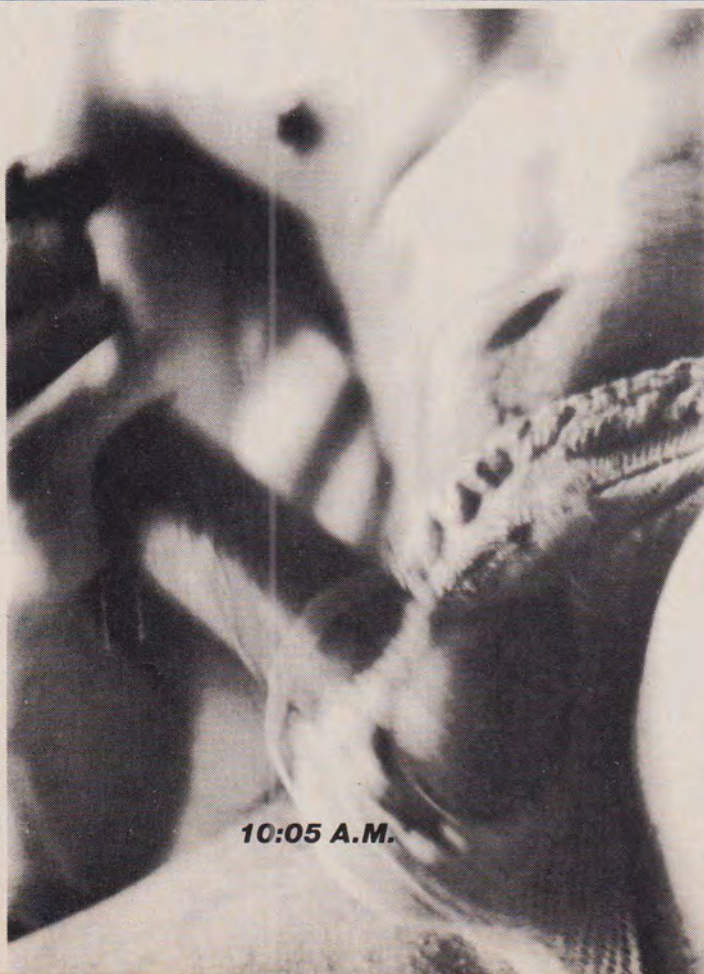




10:00 A.M.



10:01 A.M.

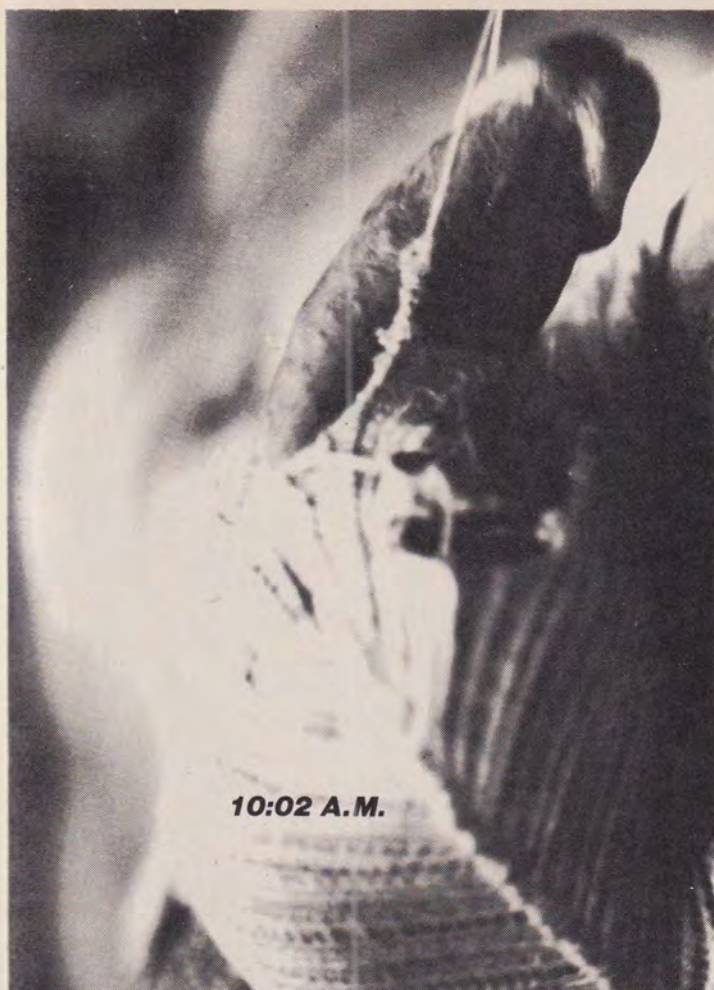


10:05 A.M.



10:07 A.M.

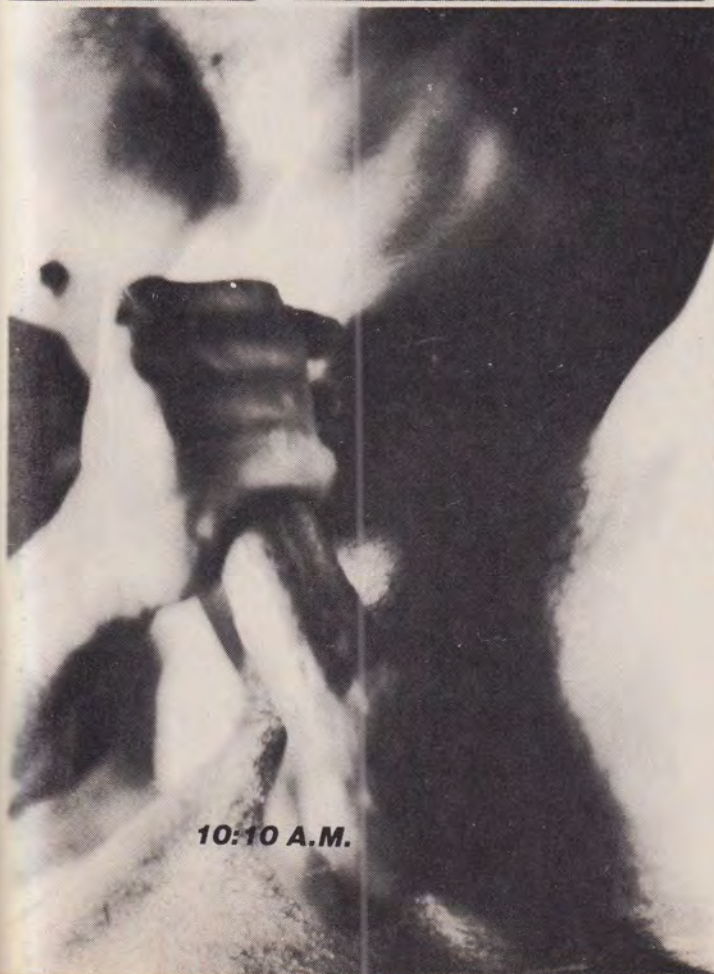




**10:02 A.M.**



**10:03 A.M.**



**10:10 A.M.**

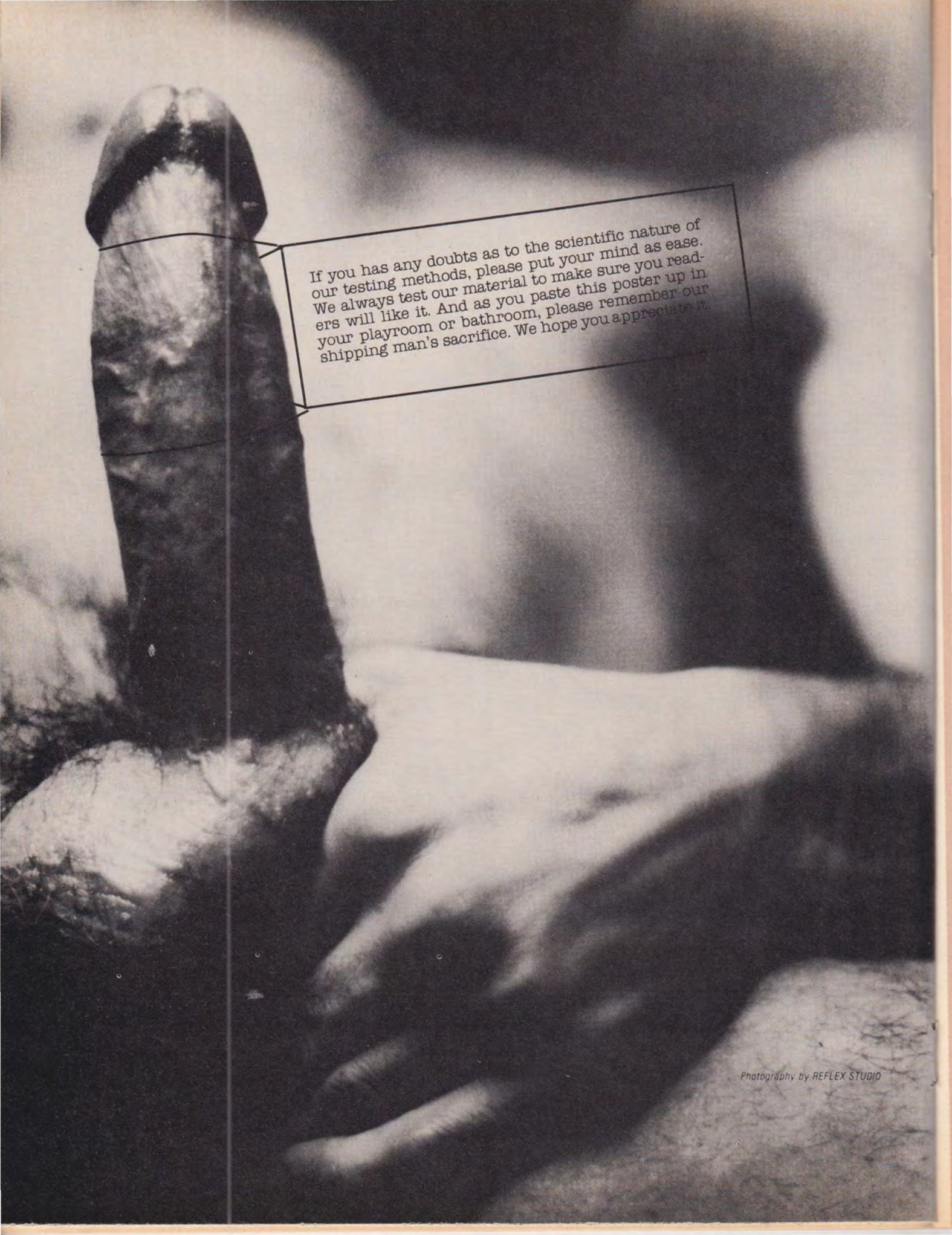


**10:15 A.M.**

Our procedure is simple: we unchain the subject, bring him out where we can observe him, pull down his pants and watch what happens when he is exposed to a specific piece of fiction (we have to go to another department for this, since the subject has to be able to read), or artwork or photography.

Our man in Shipping, as you can see, wholeheartedly approved of the new DRUMMER poster by Raw Graphics. In fact, he didn't cool down for quite some time. We finally had to ask him to beat off so he wouldn't be walking around the warehouse the rest of the day with a boner (it makes it difficult for the other employees).





If you has any doubts as to the scientific nature of our testing methods, please put your mind as ease. We always test our material to make sure you readers will like it. And as you paste this poster up in your playroom or bathroom, please remember our shipping man's sacrifice. We hope you appreciate it.

Photography by REFLEX STUDIO



# DRUMBEATS

HOT MAN-TO-MAN TO CONTACT FOR A COOL 35c A WORD!



## ARIZONA

### SLAVE

5'10", 160 lbs., bottom. Seek master with strong hand and experience. Would request descriptive letter and photo. Box 3236.

## NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

### FACE SITTER

BM face sitter seeks r/f slaves. W. Jones, 1139 Market St., Rm. 144, San Francisco, CA 94103.

### INTELLIGENT?

Handsome? Non-monogamous? Interesting? Me, too. Hairy, muscular, beard, 6'3", bottom man, 26, 185, Berkeley. Send photo, letter. Box M22.

### HOT HUNKY

San Francisco area. Well-put-together, pierced and tattooed M, new to area, 38, 6'3", 195 lbs., br/bl, moustache, cut 6 1/2", with heavy experience looking for serious Leather Master any race, 25-50. Uncut meat a real plus. C&BT, WS, whips, ass work and a lot more just for openers. This animal into damn near anything with your pleasure his center focus. Have complete Leather and toy collection waiting for you. No fats or fems. All photos get mine and immediate reply. Box 1283.

### S.F. AREA UNCUTS

Brown hair/eyes, bearded, UNCUT, nicely proportioned, WM, 32, 5'10", 170, looking for UNCUT MEN. Hairy w/beer gut! Into heavy cock with big hairy legs spread wide, with uncut thick cock, hanging balls, hairy ass for servicing. Answer with photo for HOT reply. P.O. Box 14098, S.F., CA 94114.

### LEATHER BIKER TOP WANTED

I'm into heavy leather, leather bondage, and need to get into a heavy leather scene with a leatherman and or biker. Must wear full leather, as I do. I am WM, 29, 5'8", 152 lbs., and am bearded. Tall shiny leather boots, gloves and a beard a plus. Write to:

Chris West, 1900 Eddy Street, No. 11, San Francisco, CA 94115. No fems, Blacks or heavy S&M.

### PRIME CONTACT

Veteran of two wars: NAM (SOG) and South of Market (Leather Bar hustler). X-BB, hot WM, 39, 6'1", 190 lbs, uncut, experienced. Gets excited over S&M, straining muscles and sweat. Requires physical grace, mental agility and emotional stability. If you're looking for a mutually satisfying-enduring relationship, this is the rare opportunity for the right hunk. Box 3130.

### YOUNG RUBBER FREAK

Horny young stud wants your cum-filled used condoms. Also dig hot JO letters and nude pics. Will answer all with details. Roy, 2225 Woodside Lane, Apt. 2, Sacramento, CA 95825.

### WANTED: TOTAL SLAVE

No holds barred. Must relocate to Marin Co. Daddy's boy O.K. Photo must for answer. Me: 6'3", 180 lbs, handsome, young 47. No drugs. Box 3189.

### WS WEEKEND ORGY

Hot, hung, horny, handsome WM, 32, wants same for hot weekends at Russian River cabin. Dick. Box 3144.

### OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

## TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

### MASCULINE STUD WANTED

Marshall. Uncut Capricorn, 43, 6'3", 200 lbs. Wants masculine stud willing to give his body for our mutual satisfaction, learning and pleasure. Details, photo, phone, please. Box 1646.

### GOODLOOKING LEATHERMAN

Castro Valley, S. 36, 6', 160 lbs., good-looking Leatherman seeks M, for Leather Action, obedience, outdoor-bike scenes, bondage. (415) 582-1162 or reply Box 1582.

### SAN FRANCISCO FIST ACTION

Seeking buddies for mutual fist fucking and piss drinking. I'm 5'10", 170 lbs, moustached Chicano hunk with 7 1/2" endowment and a strong active imagination and curiosity. Dig Leather, levis, beer, non-smokers, dildoes, drugs. I'm also a 31 year old Cancer. It would help tremendously if you're into ancient religion-earth-sex-magic, and pagan arts. I come more from compassion than from heavy humiliation, photos answered first. Box 1445.

### BALL BUDDIES

San Francisco W/M, 34, 6'2", 160 lbs. Bald, medium brown beard, light blond moustache, hairy, into ball torture, weights, vices, slapping, hitting, punching, mutual play seeks same. Box 1514.

### NEW RECRUIT

San Francisco 27, WM, 5'9", 158 lbs, beard. Needs to learn how to achieve what have been only fantasies, an "apprenticeship" to an experienced or not so experienced Master and his slave would be a great start on this journey. I deserve to be humiliated for my inexperience which will only intensify my need to serve. Box 1633.

### S.F.—SAN JOSE

Goodlooking Asian seeks WM leatherman, 35 to 45, moustache, short, slim, gentle, for mutual tit work and body contact. No drugs. Leathermen only, please. Letter with photo gets reply. Box 1632.

### ATTENTION FIGHTING MEN

Hot stud, 22, blond/blue, hairy, 185 lbs., 31" waist, 46" chest, digs oil, jocks, sweat, leather, photos, JO and all challenges. No holds barred, submission, pro fantasy, heavy body contact, freestyle, stud vs stud, muscle against muscle. Let's go for it! Box 2092.

### ARMY SERGEANT

San Francisco. WM 32, 5'11", beard, moustache, former Army Sergeant; enjoys hot times, Leather, Levi, Uniforms, fantasies, WS, FF(top), toys, JO, Phone No. exchanged, etc. Even enjoys light play & cuddling. No Fats or Fems. Prefer WM within SF area, 21—40. If you wish to make an attempt on a Fantasy, drop a note with photo (if available; photo returned upon request), include a description of yourself & a phone number &/or address for response, to Box A98 (c/o Drummer) or 470 Castro Street, Ste 207-3025, SF 94114.

### CASTRATION

Seeks info from MD, other, on effect of castration on mature male. Also exchange accounts, history, fiction, etc. Box 3020.

### HOT—HEAT—QUEER

36, 6', 185 lbs. w/m 6" cut Your queer slave worships leather, shit, heat in sick scenes for your pleasure. Train me to be your Queer. Limited travel. Bill, 1359 Highway 70, Oroville, CA 95965.

### BOOTS

### THE TALLER THE BETTER

San Francisco. This hunky black-leather motorcycle riding stud looking for guys who think they're good enough to serve my boots and me. Have this insatiable desire for boots and the man that wears them. Just can't get enough of them, esp. black engineer and logger boots—taller the better. I'm 31, and goodlooking, honest. If you're man enough and serious enough to get down with my boots or make me get down with yours, drop me a line. Box 1504.

Answering a Drumbeat ad is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast. So observe them or else. Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. Put your return address on the envelope if you want the letter returned should there be some problem with delivery. Put proper postage on the envelope. Include 25c for each letter you want forwarded. Put the whole thing (sealed letter and fee) in another envelope addressed to Drummer. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

## DRUMMER

15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103

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### HOT SAN FRANCISCO LEATHERMASTER

32, 6', 165 lbs., will train slave(s) in complete subservience. Will guide right slave from bootlicking to shaving, to whipping, to piercing, to branding. Be prepared to give yourself without thought. Box 1455.

### VERY GOODLOOKING WEIGHT LIFTER

San Francisco, M, 30, 6'1", 42" chest, 30" waist, 7". Very goodlooking. Masculine. Jogger-Weight lifter build. Needs piss, shit, spit, VA, C&B/T from other goodlooking bodybuilders. Mr. Right gets it all. Fats, fems, phonies, average looks/builds—don't waste my time. Box 1534.

### DEEP THROAT EXPERT SERVICEMAN

Wants to pig-out on exceptionally well-hung males who dig a talented sword swallower. Good looking/body will travel for right piece of meat. Write Rogers, 495 Ellis St. #9, SF, CA 94102.

### BONDAGE/DISCIPLINE

W/m seeks buddy for mutual fun. Bottom or top OK. Box 3196.

### MASC. BI W/M WANTS SAME

Box 722, Campbell, CA 95009

### LEATHER TOP, 37

Seeks obedient bottoms for total service. If you think you can please this man—do it. All scenes—my choice, your limits. Novices OK if willing to try. Also seek correspondence from tops and bottoms in other states as I am planning a bike trip around the country. Box 3212.

### GOODLOOKING BONDAGE SLAVE

6', 160 lbs., w/m, 33, 7" cut, seeks leather, bodybuilder master for bondage, discipline, suspension, hoods, cages, toys, shaving. No fist fucking or scat. Write: Boxholder, 584 Castro Street, Suite 233, San Francisco, CA 94114. Telephone number gets immediate response.

### IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE!

### ANIMAL TRAINER WANTED

By wild mustang unruly dog needs to be broken, harnessed, ridden hard, trained to obey, perform by man enough to do it. Animal: white, masculine, hunky, very goodlooking, brown, green, 5'8", 150. Trainer: masculine only. Photo a must with reply, gets mine in return. Box 3227.

### WANTED: TOTAL SLAVE

By 45 year old Master. Absolutely no limits honored. Must include photo & phone. Novices considered. Must relocate to Marin Co., CA. Box 2042.

### PROF W/M, 29

5'10", brn/brn, hairy, 215 seeks w/m 25-38, passive, no-smoke, drugs, alcohol. Get high on each other. Box 3238.

### HOT PIPE, CIGAR SMOKERS

Also big dick daddies. If your thing is perfect service on your hot dick, let me worship it. Have a 6' TV screen with hot tapes. Castro/Market. Box 3245.

### WHIPS

S.F. Master, w/m, 6', 174 lbs, 30 yrs old, looking for slaves into cigarettes, all kinds of whips, stocks, leather, levi, rope & chains. No drugs. If you have cigarette & whip fetish, send detailed letter, photo, phone. Jack, 7330 Thorn-ton Ave, Box 30, Newark, CA 94560.

### CENTRAL COAST

W/m, 33, 6'4", bearded leatherman into tit and ass work, seeks same. Box 1048, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406.

### I WANT A MAN

Who will give me the blind obedience and loyalty of a military guardsman. Under 28, proud of his masculinity,

hard muscled, tough, highly sexed and ready. No body hair, no limits, no negotiations. Call Rick (415) 824-5918 after 7pm.

### IN SEARCH OF PAPA

S.F. boy, 5'7", 135 lb, is real hot and ready for his papa. Willing to learn to respect and obey. Papa, please send me a recent photo and I promise to answer. Box 3263.

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

### HEAVY?

Guys wanted over 300#, 18 to 35, by handsome blond, 6'2", 185, 32, Box 2035, 256 S. Robertson, Bev. Hills, CA 90211.

### DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS MEET RIGHT HERE!

### BIG FAT PIG

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I'm 5'10", 155 lbs., with hot, hard, throbbing 7" that needs to be sucked. Write to: David Carnes, Box 2700, Huntington Beach, CA 92647.

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### WANT REAL MASTER

North Hollywood. Wanted: WM, 25-40, into motorcycles, camping, backpacking, S&M, Bondage, discipline. Am white, 130 lb slave in search of a REAL MASTER to obey entirely and worship completely. Box 1515.

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### TWO LEATHER MASTERS

Venice Area 2 WM's, 31, 5'11", 185 lbs., blond/blue and 27, 5'7", 125 lbs., blond/blue. Looking for WM slaves to serve, limits respected, novices welcome. Must be 18-35 into B&D, S&M, whipping, WS. Send photo and description. Box 1594.

### SOUTH BAY SLAVE

WM, 25, 6'0", slim, novice, blonde, smooth, needs to be collared by special Master. Torture, tits, C&B, bondage and ? Reply Sir: P.O. Box 7000-81, Rolling Hills, CA 90274.

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Seeks other big muscle dudes. Into chains, whips, tits, sweat. Box 3596, L.A., CA 90028.

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Mature man offers B&D, W/S, humiliation, V.A., service as mad doctor, whipping, spanking, et al. Box 3262.

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### OVERSEXED DADDY

Blonde, hairy, bearded. German descent, Daddy, 34, 5'8", 175. Into motorcycles, most scenes and the outdoors. Stable, active in the gay community, versatile and oversexed. Wants manly, well-built, well-hung, devoted son: trained or trainable. Physical age is not as important as emotional attitude. I respect limits but am good at expanding your limits. I am patient but very demanding. If you are willing to be dominated and raised properly, as well as cuddled at night, write your qualifications and send a picture. Box 3132.

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### LOVE TO FUCK YOU

I love to fuck you guys 18-35, JO. I live alone, if you'd like to meet me. Weekends go to bed nude. 6'2", 200, 8". I'm good and hot. Box 3037.

## IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE FIRST!

## MOTORCYCLE LEATHER MASTER

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### LOYAL SLAVE

Tampa Bay Area. Level-headed L/L slave, WM, 29, 5'6", crewcut, moustache, beard, hairy chest. Into moderate S&M, FF, hot wax, VA, recycled beer shot down my throat, body shaving, head trips, and almost everything else. I'd like to eat your pits and suck the spit out of your mouth. Put me in a collar, cuffs, restraints, a hood. Sir, I will submit to and serve you, a real master, 30-40, hairy, and who will take the time to train me in your ways and to develop my trust in you so to take me to levels far beyond the limits I have. A well-equipped gameroom would be a plus. Sir, for your trust and respect you gain my complete loyalty and unquestioned obedience. Sir, I want you to be proud of me as your slave. Please write with photo. I will reply to every letter. Box 1522.

### WM BOTTOM

Orlando—31, 150, attractive, educated, stable, good cock, wants masculine, discrete, stable, clean top, 30-50, for possible permanent relationship. Not into pain. Box 3032.

### BODYBUILDER, BIKER

35, interested in sex with any Drummer readers. Wet and dirty, dirty talk and fantasies, clothes. Top/mutual. Am versatile and appreciate same, but no FF. Travel widely. Photo, phone preferred. P.O. Box 10274, Tallahassee, FL 32302.

### HOUSEBOY SLAVE NEEDED

MIAMI. 2 w/m's desire a live-in houseboy slave, aged 18-24 that is ready to devote both mind and body totally to capable masters. Total commitment and loss of freedom demanded. No heavy SM, but must be willing to go full force on B/D and loving care. Write with photo (nude), application and phone number and address. Race not important. Box 3211.

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Goodlooking, well-built male seeks aggressive, no-nonsense cops who know how to feed cock, kick ass, and earn respect. Not interested in phonies or play acting. Real cops only. Box 009.

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58 with affair 28 require slave under 30 clean shaven to live in— look after house nude, chained with playroom for long sessions. No heavy SM but total commitment no scat but bondage w/s enemas fun and total obedient service. Photo a must. Box 3233.

### KEY WEST

W/m, 5'5", 125 lbs. 32, 38 1/2 chest, 27 1/2 waist brown/green seeking lean bottom slave/houseboy w/s, heavy FF, interested B/D. Reply w/photo. Box 4118, Key West FLA. 33040. Visitors welcome.

### MIAMI VERSATILE

W/m, 35, 5'10", 160 lbs, hairy chest, muscular build, 30" waist, construction worker, does some traveling— wants men 30 or older for mutual satisfaction. Into WS, TT, CBT, FF, scat, & open to new scenes. Your photo gets mine. Box 3248.

### IRANIAN— ARABIC OR LATINOS

All Amer. stallion wants only stallions to compete for top. Sleek, lean, musc 5'10 1/2", 162 lb, 28, goodlk, 7 1/2", moust. Answer if your tough, goodlk, young, love comp or fightin (any style), and want to see if your more stallion than me (very doubtful). True stallion kicks ass, spansks, fucks & makes woman out of loser. Lets see just how much "woman" you boys are while I slide up your ass. Box 11624 Fort Lauderdale, FL 33308. Heres your chance to dominate— lets see ya "try" babe.

### MIAMI SLAVE

W/m, 37, 5'6", 130 lbs seeks dominant, intelligent master naturally inspiring worship and capable of expanding limits in S&M, C&B/T, T/T, WS, FF, bondage, piercing. Box 3252.

### B/M CANCER

30, 5'7", muscular 163 lbs, beard, moustache, uncut, hairy body, stable, and intelligent. Looking for true and sane masculine white man (30-40) to expand my knowledge of L/L world. Wants to know my full limits. Into levis, leather, boots, cigars, aroma, camping, fishing, and chess. And love to rim white asses. But looking for more than just fascination. Send letter and photo and will receive mine. Box 3260.

## IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE FIRST!

## GEORGIA

### ATLANTA AREA MS

WM, 35, 6', into B&D, S&M, C&B, whips, toys, Fr a/p, Gr a/p, 501 levis, VN army boots, and heavy ball work. No FF, scat, damage. Phone a must. Box 3003.



### —BREECHES AND BOOTS—

Seeking lean, submissive partner who wears English riding clothing and has a fetish for tall, tight, polished boots. I am booted and breeched top, white, 60, 6 feet, 165 pounds. Into leather, light S&M, motorcycling, boot worship, uniforms and wearing riding clothing in public with similarly clad partner. Your photo gets mine. Near Chattanooga. Box 3155.

### HOT HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, rimming, sucking, dildoes, S&M, W/S, poppers, Levis, leather, boots. Am 27, 150 lbs., 5 ft 10 in. with short brown hair, brown eyes, beard, moustache. No fats, fems, blacks. Bridwell, Box 12348, Atlanta, GA 30355-2348.

### YOUNG SLAVES OR HUNKY MEN

May apply to a muscular real body-builder Master for all kinds of hot action scenes. A letter of application must include photo, qualifications and physical data. Rewards for excellent service, and limits respected. No fems or drugs. Macon. Box 3076.

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Licking bodies, boots, feet, armpits, ass. V/A, spit, toilet games, humiliation, asswipe service. If you're hot—especially muscular types or stocky ex-football player types, potbellies, or big bodies fine, I'll go top, bottom, or mutual. Ideas? Midwest and both coasts. Goodlooking man, masculine voice, 36, 6', 160. Box B64.

### LONG JOHNS

WM, 32, seeks young guys into union suit and long john underwear scenes. JWH, 450 Briar Place, #8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

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#### NOT MASTER

But the man who will control every aspect of your existence. I am fire & wind and savage. The entire spectrum of nature is mine to command. You accept and I shall command. Address your please to David, Box 3186.

#### HOT BOTTOM

With hungry asshole into fucking FF dildoe rimming, seeks studs looking for total body service cum and piss up my butt. I'm 5'7", 126 lbs. Box 3202.

#### W/M SLENDER SLAVE

D/b hair mustach 40 wants white master 25 to 38 w/good build. Tie me spread eagle. Face fuck and fuck me for hours. Into light T/T also CB/T. Looking for perament relationship w/right master. Hot Italian/blue eyed blond/clean trim bearded mucho/rugged cowboy/construction hunk/my choices but have your head and act together. Into loving and caring. Have my act and head together. Willing to relocate for right man. Calif/or/South West. Box 3205.

#### MAKE MY SUFFERING INTENSE

W/m, 30, 6'6", 340 lbs., seek a Master, preferably mid 20's to early 40's to submit my body to for pain and punishment. Am especially into flogging, C&B

torture, tit work and anal abuse. Sir, make my suffering intense. Help me to expand my limits as you work me over and subject my body to your tortures. Please, no scat. Please respond, with phone number if possible, to Mike Conway, 924 West Belmont, Box 26, Chicago, Illinois 60657.

#### CHICAGO SLAVE

Wants heavy S&M, B&D, W/S. Good-looking, 38, 6', 165 lbs. Box 3226.

#### MACHO ATTITUDE/VOICE ONLY

Hunky, bearded, 30, 6 ft., 170, w/m wants you to show/teach me your exaggerated macho swagger/attitude/actions. Mutual stud to stud verbal exchange. Tell me how manly you are you football player daddy/buddy/brother. Tattoos, cigars, muscle to muscle, J/O, W/S, rough play. I'm top or mutual domination only. Chicago. Box 3234.

#### ENEMA/ASS SLAVES

2 Masters seek hot "naughty boys" under 30 to completely surrender their ass. You must be willing to submit to total complete submission, bondage, humiliation and to accept spankings, diapers, shaving and all forms of Gr/Fr demanded of you. And lots of old fashioned soapy enemas that will make you squirm, beg, cry. First-timers and novice welcome—limits respected. Send explicit application with photo for prompt reply. Box 3237.

#### CHICAGO MASTER SEEKS SLAVES

To discipline. S&M, B&D, FF, W/S. Handsome, 37, 6', 170 lbs, 9" uncut. Box 3226.

### INDIANA

#### HEAVY BALL WORK

Indianapolis. M, 26, 6', 180, 6 1/2" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is heavy ball work. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men, 21-45. No fats, fems, drugs, WS or scat. Box 1549.

#### SLIM BLACK MASTER

Now taking applications from w/m slaves dogs 18-30. Novices preferred. P.O. Box 122, Terre Haute, IN 47802.

#### INDIANAPOLIS W DAD

Over 40, 5'10", 150 into about anything but scat or heavy pain with much to offer looking for masculine mature son, any race, must work and earn keep, must have head together. Send full qualifications & limits. Reply to all, picture gets first. Possibly help relocate. Box 3255.

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#### LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS

New Orleans. WM, 35, Leather, Police Uniforms, boots, B&D, S&M. Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of Leather, High black boots, Full police uniform and gear. I seek a few discreet men into the same. Occasionally travel. Box 1579. If you wrote before and got no answer, please write again. Mixup with mail.

#### FISTS

Latin, 35, 160, 6'1", mustache, brown hair, eyes, masculine into fists, greek, a/p, jockstraps, ass shaving, group sex. Juan Murillo, 641 Congress St., New Orleans. LA 70117.

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Hi, I'm David. Take matters in hand & let's get off together. **CALL NOW (213) 464-5301** My friends and I are waiting. M/C, VISA or send \$25 to **DAVID Suite #606** 1765 North Highland Ave. Hollywood, Calif. 90028

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## MARYLAND

### NOVICE

Baltimore Area. M, 5'11", 180, 6" cut, seeks sincere, understanding, experienced and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some U.S. travel. Box 128.

### HUNG AND FIRM MASTER

Baltimore-Annapolis Area. S, 38, 5'10", 170, bearded, hung, goodlooking, firm but understanding. Seeks slaves for long sexual sessions in equipped den. All scenes, other tops welcome to share slaves. Letters with photos get answered. Box 1410.

### SLAVE/2 LEGGED DOG HOUSEBOY

Wanted by Md. MASTER. Inexperience OK. Place your self in my capable hands for a day, a week, a lifetime. Advise your training and reasons for seeking position send picture and complete information immediately. Box 3240.

### MD AREA—DC—BALTIMORE

White male slave needs master to worship and to serve. Prefers large, muscular, older types who know what they want and will take it. Available weekends and vacations. Send photo. Box 3247.

### SLAVE/HOUSEBOY WANTED

W/m 35 seeks w/m 18-30 to serve demanding master. Serious only apply w/photo. Box 3253.

## MASSACHUSETTS

### BONDAGE SLAVE

WM, 65, is looking for a young master, 23-35, with 8" or more of uncut cock to

service. Am French active and Greek passive. No drugs, FF, S&M or pain, just bondage. Plymouth Area, but am retired, can travel anywhere AMTRACK goes. Your nude photo gets mine. Box 2025.

### RAUNCHY PIGS NEEDED

Raunchy, hot, foul-mouthed, cigar-smoking, perverted, gross filth freak digs same into long, mutual, unwashed, raunchy-sex trips. Digs lots of mud, grease, oil, sweat, spit, snot, farts, piss, shit, dirty enemas, aroma, cigars, cigarettes, beer, rubber, denim, leather, chains, toys, super-filthy talk, sucking fucking, some S&M, tit, ball & cock torture. All filthy fantasies excite me and would like to try them all. I am bearded w/m, 37, 5'10", good looking, 7" and very wild. Raunchy letter, photo & phone gets same. Central Mass. Box 3209.

### BOSTON WM SLAVE

29, uncut, hairy, experienced in piss, self torture seeks master into heavy piss, bondage, ball torture, catheter, enema, sweat, armpits, forced cock-sucking, boots, SM. Not into fist-fucking. Box 3246.

### MARTHA'S VINEYARD

W/m, 32, 6'1", 165 lbs, warm, sane, and hung, with prof. training in law and landscape architecture seeks attractive, masculine L/L men with sense of humor, an easy smile, and know the value of TLC. Carnal interests include kissing and cuddling, Gr a/p, Fr a/p, FF (top or bottom), smoke, aroma, toys, and a desire to explore the deeper aspects of lust and trust. Seek penpal friends, fuck buddies, and permanent partnership with right guy. Write: Box 993, Oak Bluffs, MA 02557.

## MICHIGAN

### DETROIT AREA 4-H MAN

Hot, handsome, horny, hairy. 5'10", 145, dark brown hair, dark moustache. Into most scenes, willing to experiment and try new ones with well-endowed men. Box 3142.

### SIR

Potential slave needs exp. master who, having gained my trust, will lead me to new experiences; wish to be taught to serve and obey by dominant, but understanding, master/daddy (in attitude, not necessarily in age). Your response is respectfully requested by: W. Michigan w/m, uncut, 30, 5'9", 165 lbs., beard and moustache. Box 3203.

### BONDAGE—FF—PISS

Detroit Area w/m, 32, 5'9", 170 lbs bottom seeks top into all above, plus your desires. Uniforms a big plus. My tits need work almost as much as my cock, balls and ass. Tie me up and I'm yours to please. Your photo gets mine, Sir. Box 3258.

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## MINNESOTA

### W/M, 30, 6'2", 170

Seeks hairy men for mutual worship of cock, ball, armpit, asshole and piss. Real men send photo. Bill, P.O. Box 9514, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

### ALL BIKERS AND COPS

Well built and hard cocks! Fuck my tight fag ass, for your pleasure, Sir. Box 3162.

### MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

TWIN CITY MASTER, 39, white, seeks permanent slave/houseboy who needs

to be owned. Prefer young (however all considered), trim or muscular, clean, obedient, submissive and ready for slavery in mind. Novice okay, will train. If you know you were meant to be a slave, write submissive, groveling letter now and don't forget to include a photo. Box 3251.

## MISSOURI

### NAKED, CHAINED, SHAVED

Kansas City. Tattooed S, 45, 6'2", muscular 185, 7", wants slender man-slave 20-30 to be kept naked, chained and shaved for total and permanent S&M lifestyle. Apply with photo. Box 3129.

### LEATHER & RUBBER MASTER

5'8", 145 lbs, will initiate and develop trim young guy into Bondage & Discipline, toys, some pain, lots of affection, give it a try you won't be sorry. Tell me about yourself in a letter and send your picture, especially ST. LOUIS AREA. Box 3190.

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## NEBRASKA

### 24-YEAR-OLD

GWM, looking for hot young guys 18-24 for good time. Omaha-Council Bluffs, Lincoln, Sioux City. Send photo. Pen pals write too. Tim, 3032 S. 19th St. #A, Omaha, NE 68108. HURRY.

### HANDSOME S

W/M, 42, 6'1", 170 lbs, body builder, uncut, hairybody, quiet, natural, down to earth. Easy going but demanding and experienced no-nonsense type of Master or/Dad, but one who under-

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## NEVADA

### SLAVE BOY WANTED

Master seeking full time applications for slave boy. Will serve as a master sees fit. Into B&D, C&B, tit work, WS, etc. Master has complete training facilities to handle any slave. Slaves apply with photo (mandatory). Master is 32, 5'11", handsome. Reply to Box 1821.

### LOOKING FOR MASTER

Reno. Sir: Looking for master in Reno area to train slave for service and worship. Prefer bodybuilder with definite need to dominate. Am willing to expand limits to man who is capable of leading a slave into WS, TT, B&D, etc. Slave is 5'11", 158, brown/blue, 30, semi-muscular with good figure. You are handsome and kind of a man who should be served. Photo a must, yours will get mine. Thank you SIR for your TIME. Box 1387.

## NEW JERSEY

### WANTED

NY-NJ masculine (except in bed) w/m 42 yrs 170 lb, light hair, blue eyes. Looking for a well hung black topman who will appreciate good head and a nice white ass. No S/M B/D W/S F/F. Box 3201.

### BERGEN COUNTY

Smooth w/m 40, 6', 168 lbs, masculine. Light SM, bondage, hot wax. Could lead

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But firm face-fucking realman needs the services of an obedient cocksucker and slaveboy. Submit to ass play, tit-work, VA, spankings, bootlicking and asscleaning. Novices fine but photo and letter of submission a must. (Your sentences start with "Sir.") Also want to hear from other masters into sharing slaves and threeways. 46, 6'2" tall, 180. Nicely hung (cut). NJ/all areas. Box 3254.

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Formation of Discipline Club considered. Serious interest ideas welcome. Questionnaire avail. Box 3257.

## NEW MEXICO

### ANYONE OUT THERE

Not into SM, etc., but love to make it in all leather, feel touch, smell. Well, let's meet. I am WM, 33, 5'11", 180 lbs, hairy, have jacket, gloves, boots. Box 3192.

## NEW YORK

### ROUGH HOUSE & RAUNCH

Buddy wanted for hot, wet, rugged contact in and out of sweaty Jocks. Especially UNCUTS. Send Photo: P.O. Box 1328, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017.

### YOUR SERVICE MY PLEASURE

Greenwich Village. M, 43, 5'6", 145, 5 1/2" Cut, WM, warm, intelligent, level-headed bottom seeks imaginative, experienced, caring Macho L/L partner to help me discover and expand my limits. No Fats, Fems or fakes. Sensuality a plus. Box 1392.

## WAY OUT S&M

Given to hot body, young, experienced or beginner M by well-equipped, level-headed Master. Send photo, age, height, weight to: Box 12R, c/o Room 603, 147 West 42nd St., NYC 10036.

### HUGE ENDOWMENT?

Dirty blond, gd-lkng, 25, 5'8", 145, interested in handsome, athletic, hugely hung german, british, and latin topmen who are aggressive, verbal, and can keep their monster meat rock hard for hours. If it looks like a FIREHOSE, and you're proud of it, we should meet. Your pic, measurements, and phone get mine. Box 49, 132 W 24th St., NYC 10011.

### ALL-AMERICAN BODYBUILDER

30, 5'10", 155#, 15 1/2" a, 43" c. Sandy hair, green eyes, smooth body. Seeks generous, submissive slaves— any area. Suck my thick cut dick, worship my muscles. Photos available. Mike Delaney, Box 585, Palisades, NY 10964.

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Black nylon slave bitch. Smooth skinned hot tits w/m 6 ft 185 late forties has heels hose panties etc. for horny masters into leather, rubber, uniforms, hoods, raunchy jockstraps, underwear. Likes long sessions into B/D, WS, sucking, rimming, getting fucked, hot talk, j/o. Ammyl etc: Polaroids. Mid Sept 82, N.York City. Make my vacation one to remember. All answered, can switch. California, L.A. area. Box 3187.

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## DOMINANT MUSCULAR MALE, 28

Seeks submissives 18-30 into bondage, tit torture, etc. Send shirtless photo and interests. Box 3200.

### MUSCLE MASTERS

NYC GWM, Novice Master, 30, 5'6", 130, thick 8" cut, seeks other virile, well-hung disciplinarians to help train GWM, 25, 6'2", 190, 7" cut, beefcake, bondage slave. Dungeon equipment a plus. Dual submission possible with super humpy studs. Photo/phone gets ours. Box 3197.

### SLAVE LOOKING FOR MASTER

To wrestle him, putting him in all types of submission holds, chokes, bondage, fucking. Slim guy, looking large hunk. Photo please. Box 3210.

### EXPERIENCED ONLY

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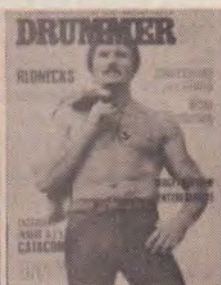
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### SON WANTED

To dominate-use-abuse this hot leather raunch loving slave dad— totally. Photo/reply: Al, P.O. Box 1116, F.D.R. Sta, NYC, NY 10150.

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### TOTAL SLAVES WANTED

Greenwich Village. Experienced S, W/m, 48, 5'9", 175 lbs. uncut, shaved head, strong Leather Master seeks slaves (novice to well-trained) for long, hot sessions. Must have endurance, crave punishment in chains. Medium to heavy S/M, B/D, etc. No scat. My motto: sane S/M; intense, not brutal; erotic, not reckless; firm but affectionate. If your head is right, write appropriate letter now. No feds, fats, takes. Box 185R.

### ATTENTION SLAVES

Manhattan Master, 36, 6'4", 190 lbs with slave, 32, 6'3", 170 lbs. Both are muscular, blonde and attractive. You are also muscular and attractive and need to be trained and owned as a second slave. Applications without detailed resume and photo will not be considered. Box 673.

### NAM VET

See ad under Models— New York

### 200#+ BODYBUILDER SLAVE

Sought by 190# bodybuilder master in New York City. Super strong hunk with 50" chest and 19" arms wanted to take care of master who will provide live in situation. Good times for both. Send letter with recent photo. Box 3261.

### WANTS YOUNG/OR IN SHAPE MASTER

W/m, 29, 5'11", 150 lbs, 7" cut, tight, musc., hot, handsome, short beard, straight acting, but enjoys role as slave into verbal abuse, humiliation, degradation, body worship, spit, piss & cum. Chicky, 444 Hudson St. Suite 427, N.Y., N.Y. 10014.

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Harley, boots and leather. Must be capable of total physical and mental submission. I demand much— give what you deserve. Engineer boots a must. I travel East Coast often. Apply now with photo/phone. Tops, I'm willing to share my boys— are you? I am white, 40, 195, w/8", into B/D, W/S, F/F, dildos, spanking. Write MSgt Rick, Rt 2, Box 137, LaGrange, NC 28551. Call (919) 778-3166.

### OHIO

#### CLEVELAND

29, 5'11", 150 lbs, hairy. I need a leather topman to expand my ass to its limits. WS, FF, TT, scat, possible piercing. No photo needed. I will surpass your expectations. Please include phone # in your answer for quickest response. Box 3156.

#### SLEAZY ASS SEX

Masculine, Hung, blond, blue, mustache, hairy ass and legs, smooth torso, 5'8", 150, 38, exhibitionism, piss enemas, rim, mouth cum, animals, scat, body worship, poppers, shaving, toys, jackson, uniforms, ANYTHING... Uh-huh. Photo/phone but lookin' for action! Box 3224.

#### WAYWARD SON

Needs Dad for discipline and correction of bad habits. Son is 5'6", 130 lbs, with thick thighs and chunky butt. Dad should have firm hand, big tits, and patience. W/m under 50, no fats. Box 3230.

#### EXPERIENCED MASTER

55, taking applications for slave training and S/M pleasures. Limits respected and expanded. Photo and phone a must. P. Pereire, PO Box 2252, North Canton, OH 44720.

### HOT YOUNG MASTER

Seeks slaves for workouts. Columbus. Box 3185.

### IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE

### OREGON

#### HOT MEN WANTED

Portland S, 34, 5'6", 175, muscular, dark comp., Black/brown, beard & moustache. Looking for Hot, horny, construction worker, cowboys, truckers, troopers, cycle cops, mounted cops, firemen, who are not overly thin but have some hot meat on their bones, but not grossly fat. If you're into fucking, sucking, sweat, piss, jock straps, levis, leather and domination, beard, hair, tattoos, cut or uncut, you may contact me with a letter and photo (MUST BE NUDE) showing off your assets. No blks, feds, dopers, heavy drinkers. Box 1584.

#### MASTER 40, 6'4", 190#

Grants permission to W/M suck-slaves 21-36 to submit application for permanent live-in training— B/D, CB&TT, used and abused for amusement. Facts and photo to Sir, P.O. Box 3241, Portland, Oregon 97208.

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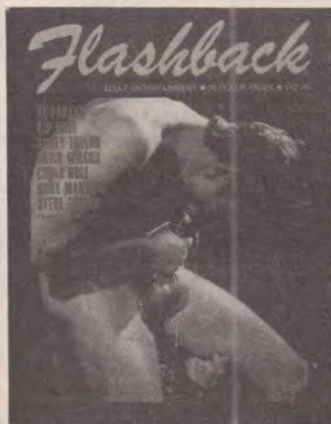
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### HUMBLE SLAVE

With talented mouth & ass needs true master. Box 3229.

### TENNESSEE

30, 5'10", 150 lbs, 7", hairy, seeks trim MAN to 40 for long, hard sex. Leather, levis, boots, beard a plus. Will travel. Photo (returned) and phone to Box 3249.

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

### PLAYMATES OR PENPALS

Graham. 28, 5'9", 140. Bottom needs playmate(s) or pen pal(s). Interests: WS, FF, C&B, B&D, and Toys. One good picture deserves another. Box 1440.

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## TORONTO

WM, 29, 5'8", 148 lbs. Can give or receive. TT and CB are real fuse burners. BD and FF are my fantasies. Seeks other well hung stud for hot action. Box 3218.

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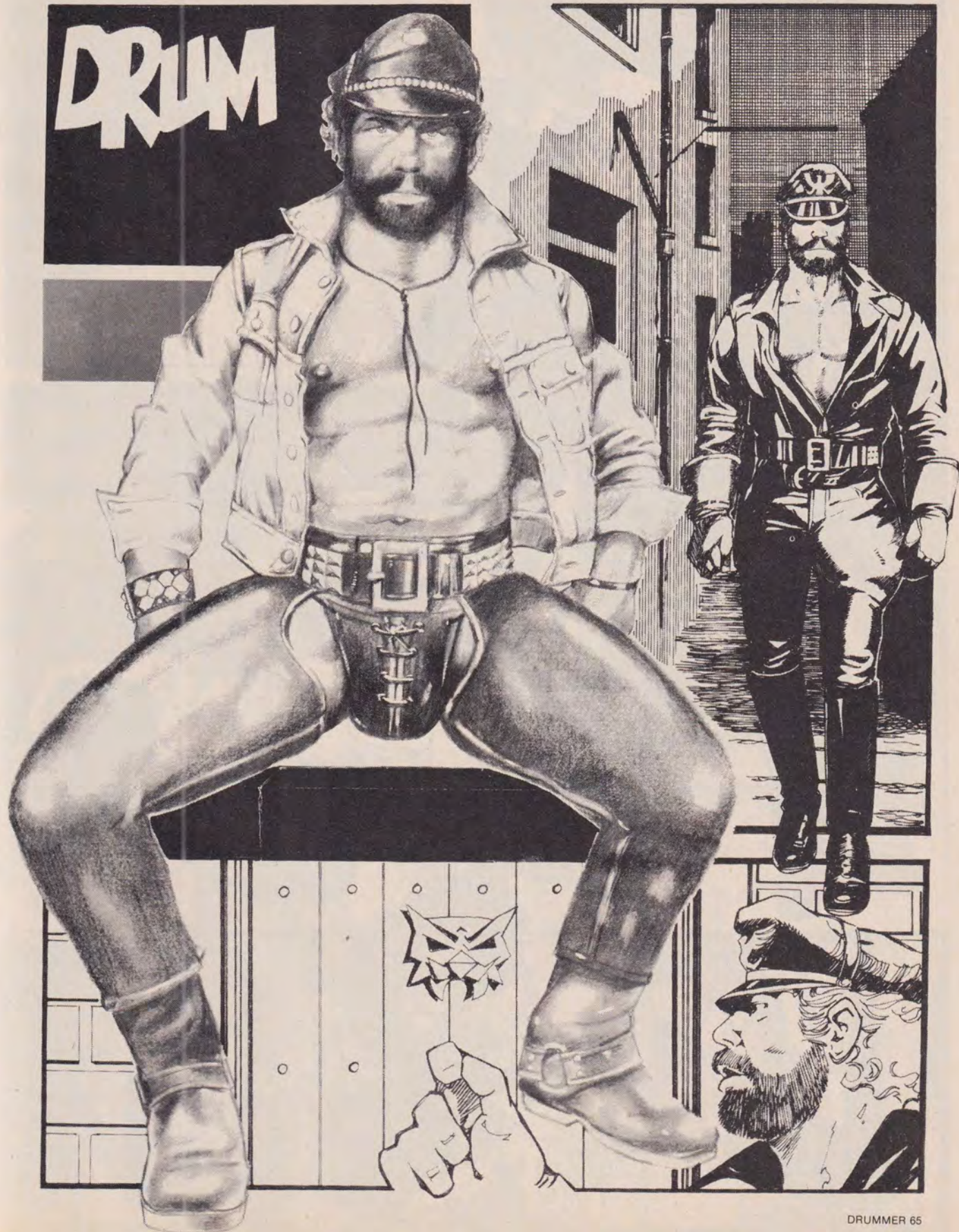
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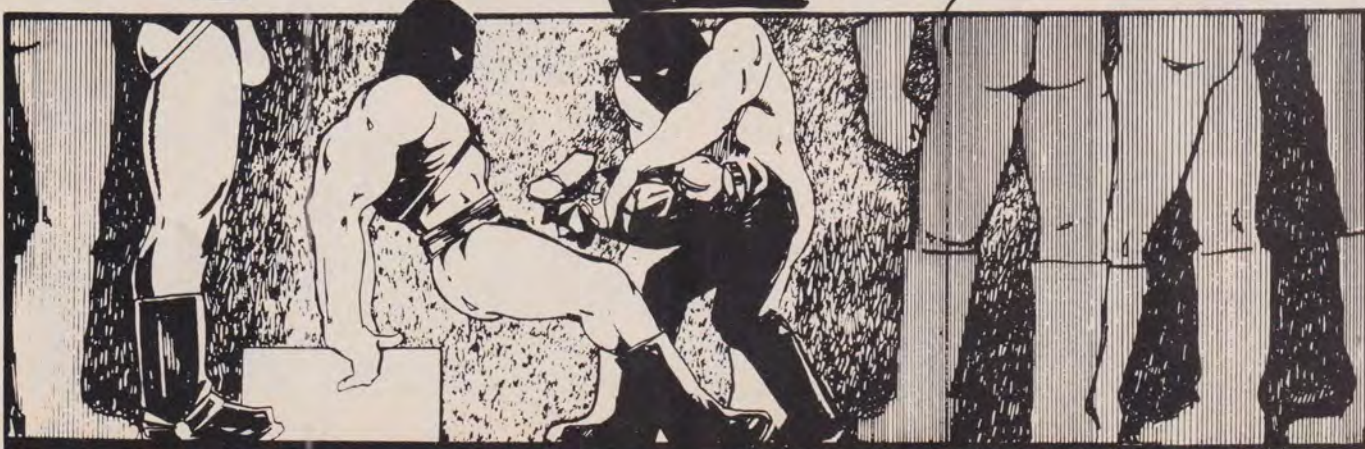
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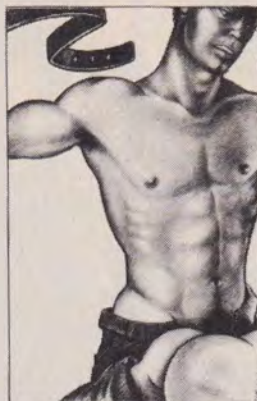
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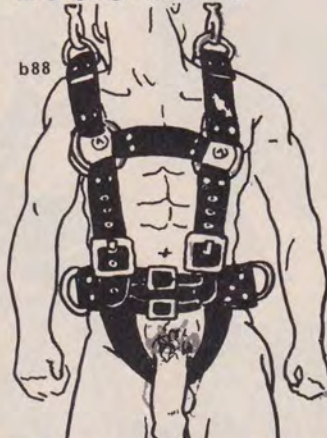
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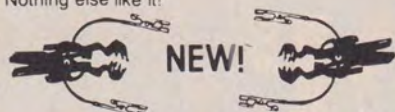
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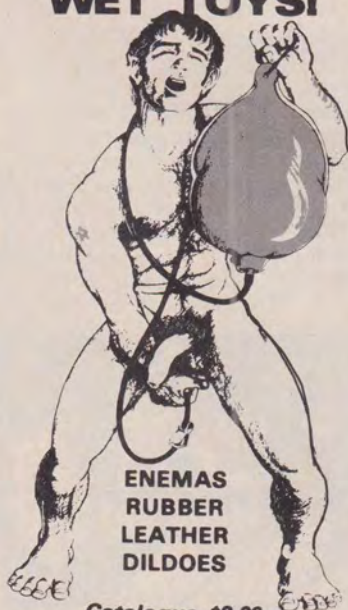
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Jerry Boggs, 82117, Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051

Roger Fleischer, #161-439, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001

Emmette Mitchell, Box C-22649, Represa, CA 95671

Ben Brewer, #94994, P.O. Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501

Cliff Neeley, #00855-018, Box PMB, Talladega, AL 351160

Michael P. LaMadline, #038696/Room 13-3113, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091

Frederick Copley, #158-297, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001

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Howard Arnold, #160-145, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140

William McKinley, #160-664, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001

Raymond R. Grant, #162-260, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069

David L. VanDusen, #073800, P.O. Box 1100, Slot 1549, Avon Park, FL 33825

Richard Joe Kidd, B-72191-H270, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696

Ronald Bob Dixon, #16733, P.O. Box 607-NNCC-Unit 2, Carson City, NV 89701

Rocky Cave, 205412-4, Box B, Anamosa, IA 52205

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Todd D. Johnson, #160-096, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001. □

That's it for this time. I just took over the column and you wouldn't believe the mail, but I guess you would by looking at all of these names. Give some one a few words; you'll be a better person for it.

— Jay Bates

## CELLNOTE

Rumor has it that Dillinger had a cock big enough to choke a bull elephant. Besides his criminal exploits, Dillinger was known to tear many a hole up. A folk hero to many people who saw his passing as the loss of a big time gangster, I am sure that his bed partners felt a deeper loss.



The late John Dillinger on a slab at the Chicago morgue in 1934. Could this famous photo have inspired the legend?



## LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

Well, here we are again. Got a letter from the Zodiacs, B.C., of Vancouver, British Columbia, with a group of pretty hot pix. On April 24, 1982, leather men from Portland, Seattle and Vancouver met at John Barley's in Vancouver for the first Pacific Northwest Mr. Leather. These men represented almost every leather/levi and uniform club and leather bar in the region. The judges (six in number) came from the Tri-City clubs and were really put to it since the contenders made it hard to pick the finalist. Mike McDade was finally selected as 1982 Pacific Northwest's Mr. Leather. Take a look at Mike and tell me that the judges weren't great authorities on leather and macho flesh. Congratulations, Mike, may your reign in 1982 serve the interests of your leather brethren as well as your own. Incidentally, the proceeds from the big event were donated to the Vancouver Gay Community Centre Building Fund. Right on!

San Francisco seems to always do their thing with great gusto and zip. If you're going to throw a party don't do it by half-measures. I was thrown for a loop (only for a second, though) by the heading on an announcement—The First Ladies United: The First Ladies United of the Barbary Coasters, California Motor Club, The Constantines, The Form, S.F.G.D.I., The Golden Gate Troopers, The Inter Club Fund, Man of the Year, Phoenix, and the Warlocks are having a social event. Sounds more like a heavy, heavy convention! They are planning a barbecue-beer bash with Special Events, Awards, and a souvenir button for a five-dollar donation. The release further states that "this is the first social event that the first ladies of San Francisco have had in several years and promises to be very unique." Right on! So, when does it all come down? Sunday, August 8th from 3 to 6 in the afternoon at the S.F. Eagle. Don't forget your five bucks. This sort of event will bring everyone out and it should. For strangers to San Francisco, I might point out that, although the date, August 8th, sounds hot and sweltry elsewhere, it will most likely be cool, if not downright chilly, great weather for leather gear. San Fran-

cisco gets a taste of near-hot weather in September and sometimes October. So if any of you leathermen are planning to be in Baghdad-by-the-Bay in early August, be sure to pack your leathers and we'll be looking for you south of Market at the Ladies' bash.

I just naturally grouse and growl about things, so you've got to expect it. It's possible that many of you don't know about this column yet, or you might not be having any of your events yet, so there's no sense contacting me.

Hans of SLM-Stockholm wrote a warm and helpful letter. SLM? Scandinavian Leather Men, of course. I figured everyone knew that. As I said before, I want to get more and



more material on our foreign brothers. The leather fraternity is a small select group of men who are not limited by locality, language or any other differences. Another good example of this was a note from Pierre Coulombe of Montreal who expressed interest in *Drummer* putting together a page on Montreal so leather men in Montreal on vacation will know where to go for whatever action they might be looking for.

I don't think this is a bad idea and will follow up on it. If you guys think that there is enough action and places to go in your communities, then we might do a page on you.

Dialogue is essential for a column of this type, unless you are looking for a purely boring gossip sheet. Get your acts together and let me hear it.

— Frank Hatfield

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# DRUM MEDIA MOVIES

## SEX REARS ITS LOVELY HEAD

It seems to have crept by us upon water, that particular music that sex makes when extrapolated in the cinema. With the explicitness of *Caligula* and the hysteria of *Deep Throat* now firmly planted in the past, sex as a subject has become subjected to a variety of treatments and sensibilities.

Arnaldo Jabor's *Eu Te Amo* (I Love You) is a minor cultural revolution with South American machismo at stake. Usually Brazilian films that take it off look and sound like the Italian sex comedies of the 1970s; the notable exceptions are the films of Jabor and a few others. While Jabor's *All Nudity Shall Be Punished* sprang from similar coming-to-terms-with-desire sensibilities as his Italian counterparts, it went just beyond the pale with its cross section of Freudian inspired characters—to the film's advantage. Another Brazilian gem that translated well to North American audiences, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*, while not by Jabor, seemed to come from the same 'new' school. Even the internal *Bye Bye Brazil* was on the right track in offering a face to South American sentiments tempered by a new mass consciousness of what it means to be a stereotype in the modern world; all these films attempt to humanize what has til now been so many greasers chasing after ladies of, often, a foreign class. *Eu Te Amo* is about as far from *Flying Down to Rio* as the earth is from the moon. Yet all these films sprang from a single historic truth, *Black Orpheus*, the original sex-goddess-as-earth-mother Brazilian film. So, along with this new cultural look at themselves—because this is what the Brazilian cinema has been doing since *Orpheus*—Brazilian filmmakers have also been taking a look at their testicles and wondering what makes them work. It isn't a preoccupation with sex as a visual stimulus (as was largely the case with the Italians) but a preoccupation with sexual politics and what meaning learned sexuality has on inherent sexuality; a renunciation of the old catholic guilt syndrome where the men got drunk before and after sex.

If Jabor has drawn a comparison from the North American world, then it is



more from the stage of Edward Albee than the style of Linda Lovelace; *Eu Te Amo* is more like an explicit *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* than it is a Latino *Deep Throat*. And while Jabor pulls few punches in showing the audience just what kind of sexual catharsis his characters are going through, he manages, unlike pornographic films in general, to keep the explicitness and the narrative line integrated. This is about as close to that rare coupling of explicit sex and plot as you can get (witness the other achievers: *Taxi Zum Kilo* and *In the Realm of the Senses*). Or as close as we have so far seen achieved (witness the failures: *Caligula* and *Montenegro*).

Also, Jabor doesn't feel inclined to stick to just the biologically mixed sexual experience; his *All Nudity* has a surprise ending involving a gay man and in

*Amo* his male protagonist experiments with a multi-layered psychosis during a daring scene in which he fellates a pre-operative transsexual. If Jabor is showing us the coming of age of real Brazilians, then there's hope that South America might actually make it out of the stone age in our lifetimes.

Shuji Terayama, on the other hand, would rather make the connection between art and sex through facade. His *The Fruits of Passion*, while a visually stunning film, doesn't advance beyond the level established by his countryman Oshima in his two controversial films *In the Realm of the Senses* and *Empire of Passion* (and I wonder if Terayama doesn't invite comparison to Oshima by titling his films to sound like *Empire*). Allegedly based on Pauline Reage's *Return to the Chateau*, *Fruits of Passion* is an exercise in historical decadance







Top left: A Roman guard begins to put the new slave through his paces while (above) a Roman general puts another slave through

his in *Centurions of Rome*. Bottom left: In *Eu Te Amo*, it's still sexual warfare and conquest, only the sexes are different.

that relies heavily on intellectual literary values. We are not seeing a new Japanese sensibility in a film that comes from, somewhat, a French novel, has a leading German actor (Klaus Kinski) and a French actress (Isabelle Illiers) and is set in China during the Boxer Rebellion. But what we are seeing is explicit sex hung on a cinematic style born right out of the French New Wave of decades past.

The original *Story of O* film, by French director Georges Bataille, failed to capture the eroticism of the book almost completely. That film, in which there was no explicit sex and even little nudity, depended heavily on the reputation of the novel (not to mention the explosiveness of the subject matter) to provide an emotional and sexual catharsis. *Fruits of Passion*, which has what could have been the benefit of explicit sexual-

ity, also failed to capture the highly-charged eroticism that made both books literary works of art.

*Centurions of Rome* has been hyped to the point of overkill as the most lavish, most expensive explicit gay film ever made. \$200,000 was spent to bring an original screenplay about two peasants enslaved to a depraved Roman emperor to the screen. And the sum, for a film of the genre in which *Centurions* belongs, is a substantial one. If Frank Ripploh could create a masterpiece like *Taxi Zum Klo* for a mere \$50,000—*Centurions* should have been able to realize itself with four times the money. Whatever it does, this film does *not* lift itself by the bootstraps to the top of the porno pile, much less come in on a plateau anywhere near the non-porno genre. Even as a porno film it is lacking; the sex is just this side of downright dull.

But because *Centurions* is your basic pig's ear, no amount of money would have made it into a silk purse. And that doesn't make *Taxi* an anomaly; Ripploh's film follows a contemporary trend of incorporating explicit sex into material where the sex is of inherent importance to the development of either the characters or the plot, or both. You don't necessarily leave the film remembering it because of its sex scenes, but because the sex scenes were a valid facet of the story.

Sexuality is a decent subject for films. Like the best Neil Simon comedy, they can entertain; like the best Les Blank documentary, they can inform. And somewhere between the two, films can exist with inherent sexual subject matter that both captivates and makes an important social statement.

—John W. Rowberry



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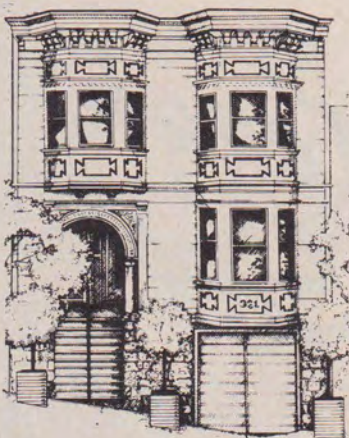
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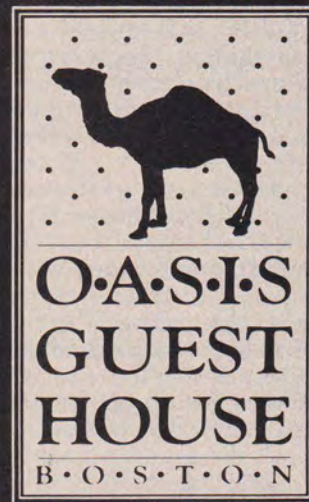
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## UNDERWEAR CHECK

An irate former Marine, billed by the Veterans Administration for a \$354.93 overpayment they had made him on his G.I. Bill loan, sent the government agency a check for the amount written on the ass-end of a pair of his BVDs. The VA described the item as: "A pair of Hanes jockey shorts, size 30. They're 100 percent cotton and machine washable. They've got a black border around the waist, casually stitched."

On the seat of the shorts was the outline of a check, over 8 inches long and four inches wide, made out to the VA for the amount. When the VA took the shorts to the bank to cash them, the bank officers agreed that they would— after they stopped laughing. However, the California bank on which the shorts were drawn, refused.

A VA spokesman said, "I think he was unhappy that he had to pay it. I think this was symbolic of his unhappiness." Cute, but a note was enclosed with the brief check that obviously must have stated exactly how the former Marine felt about the bill— because the VA is unwilling to disclose the contents of the note. They are very concerned, however, that this will inspire other former military personnel to make payments to the VA office in unique and unusual manners.

## BIG BALLS FROM SPACE

If you're looking for a painful, dangerous way to have your testicles enlarged, take a tip from the firemen who work at Cape Canaveral loading toxic fuel aboard the various space rockets— it turns out that monomethylhydrazine, a colorless fluid used in rocket fuel, caused the men's testicles to swell. How big are they? No one is saying, but all the firemen requested new pants in much larger sizes.

A space agency doctor tested the testicles of the infested men and sent them back to work. No cause for alarm because the chemical has never been noted to make balls bigger. What had been noted in the past, however, was that exposure did lead to complications in the blood, kidneys and liver. The OSHA is looking into (or should we say upon) the matter, but refused to make any comments.



## PLASTIC LEATHERMEN?

Nearly, because the newest shortage to be fostered on the public is a total lack of metal zippers for black leather jackets. No, there are no hidden reserves of the industrial-type zippers hidden away in Iran waiting for the market to go up; they just are not being made anymore. Look for the all new nylon zippers on this fall's black leather jackets. Then cry, Virginia, cry.



## KILROY WAS HERE, TOO

This has to be the biggest priapi in America (thicker than the Washington Monument at the head)— the symbol of the Knoxville World's Fair, fashioned after the cock of a Tennessee man who was called "Old Mushroom Dick" by his close friends. The square balls are obviously a concession to the space age, and the scant bushes at the base are some mad environmentalist's idea of nature's pubic hair. It can be seen, and ridden, daily.

## A EUNUCH SITUATION

Eunuchs (castrated males) still exist in the world, although they no longer serve as harem attendants. It is estimated that today there are about 3500 hijras, or eunuchs, in Bombay, India. As recently as 10 years ago in Afghanistan, castrated boys sometimes were traded for horses and cattle to serve as sexual slaves. And in the 1950s in Scandinavia, 250 males were castrated— mostly for criminal acts, but some merely for being "troublesome." The Nazis sexually butchered scores of "undesirable" men, including homosexuals and the retarded.

Indian and Pakistani hijras are initiated at a young age and



become eunuchs during an 11-day ritual. On each of the first 10 days, a priest asks the initiate, "Do you want to become a eunuch?" to which the boy answers "yes." At dawn on the last day, the boy is held by four eunuchs, drenched with cold water and mildly anesthetized, then suffers the excision of his genitals. Some die. Hijras wear women's clothes and display feminine mannerisms. They work as prostitutes and entertainers celebrating births and marriages for money. When hijras die, they are escorted upright to the graveyard in the middle of the night, to keep the death as private as the life had been in the hijra community.





### STOP PISSING IN THE MOSEL!

That's what we think he was telling, anyway. Maybe he caught them playing with each other in the wine cellar. Regardless, this is the label of Krover Nacttarsch (a white wine) and it just goes to show that if you bare your ass to a German, he'll spank it.



### CROCODILES FEAST ON ZAMBIANS

Crocodiles eat 30 villagers a month on the shores of Lake Mweru Wantipa near the Zaire border, according to the Zambia Daily Mail.

The government-owned newspaper said villagers were complaining that the government wasn't providing adequate protection.

Titus Kabwe, the government's district secretary in the lake region, said, "The lake is infested with so many human-hunting reptiles. Villagers are dragged into the lake by crocodiles from as far away as one-third of a mile from the shores of the lake."

Kabwe told the newspaper that government wildlife officials concentrated on killing young crocodiles because they are worth more money.

"But the unfortunate thing," a game department official said, "is that it is the old crocodiles which attack people."

### NAVY ENDS SALE OF HORSE MEAT

Prodded by senators from cattle-producing states and citing poor sales, the Navy plans to yank horse meat off commissary shelves in three New England states, ending a four-month experiment.

Sales of 4596 pounds of the horse meat during that period did not justify continuing to stock it, the Navy said.

Privately, though, officers said criticisms from Senators Lloyd Bentsen, D-Texas, and John Melcher, D-Mont., both from cattle-producing states, had more to do with the decision than poor sales.



In letters to Navy Secretary John F. Lehman, Jr., the senators complained of inhumane treatment some horses received before being slaughtered for the food, and said the horse meat sales harmed the already troubled cattle industry.

"I was extremely disappointed to learn that the Navy commissaries now offer horse meat for sale in competition with American beef," Bentsen wrote. "For the past two years prior to this January, cattle have been selling for less than their cost of production. Consumer consumption of beef has been declining."

President Ronald J. Corn of Chevalean Foods of Hartford, Conn., which distributed the frozen horse meat, blamed the influence of Bentsen and Melcher for the demise of the commissary sales.

"We felt we need the credibility of the Navy to show the American people that horse meat is a delicious, saleable item," Corn said. "I believe this whole thing, frankly, is to put us out of business."





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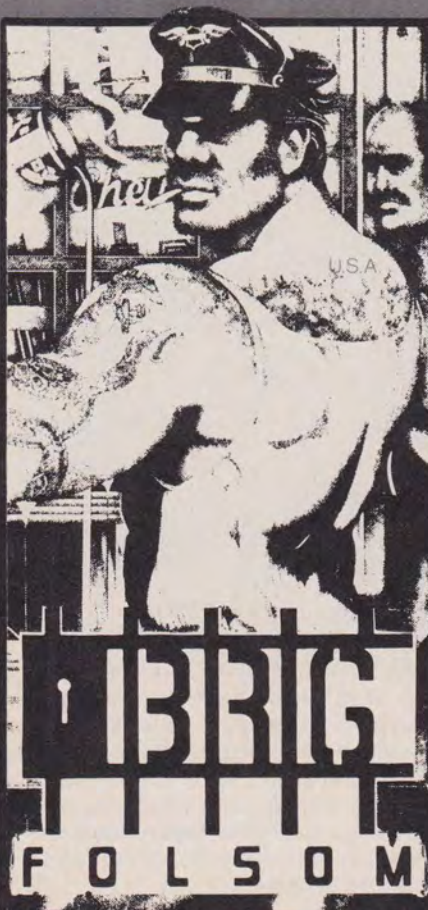


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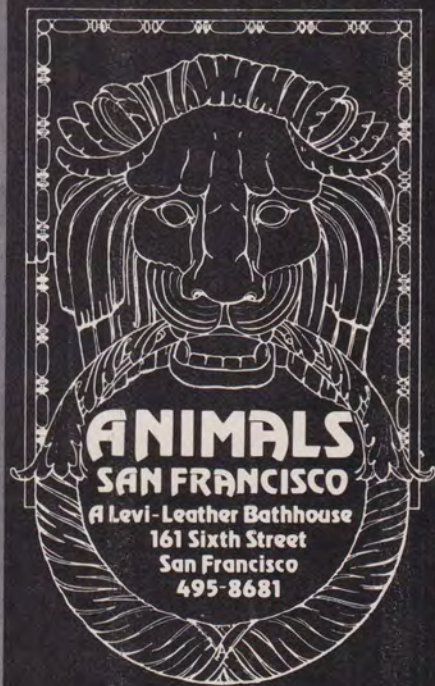
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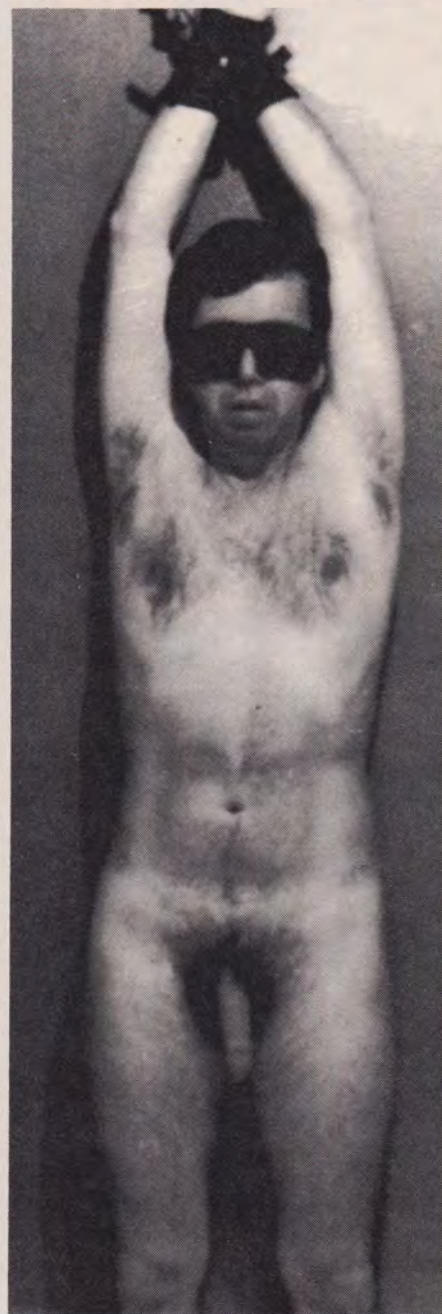
If you got it, flaunt it. And who knows, it may turn someone on. A good, clear black and white photo showing off your stuff can get you in if the stuff is hot and the way you show it off is imaginative. Send your best shot to Tough Customers-/Drummer, 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. No photo can be returned.



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# TOUGH



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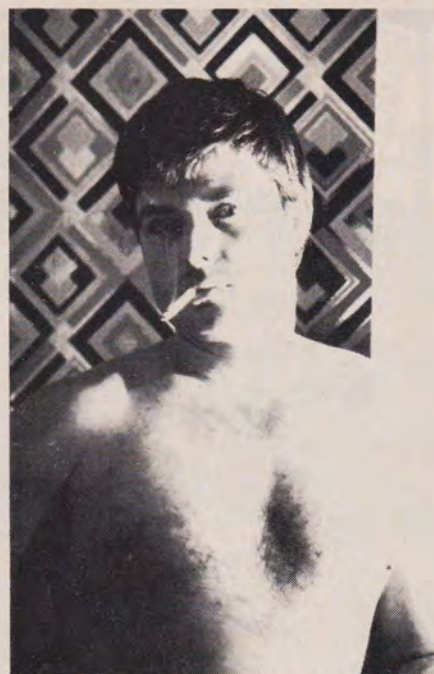
My Master has ordered this worthless ass dog slave to write the Masters at *Drummer*, Sir, and enclose the two pictures of this worthless ass dog slave, Sir. Sir, my Master thinks that you, Sir, might want this worthless ass dog slave for your Tough Customer section, Sir.

My Master keeps me shaved, Sir, for his enjoyment, Sir. Sir, this worthless ass dog slave must also make itself available anytime to anyone who my Master wants, Sir. Sir, this worthless ass dog slave enjoys serving its Master by servicing my Master, drinking his piss, wearing my Master's chains, and eating from a dog dish on the floor to please my Master, Sir.

Sir, this worthless ass dog slave hopes, Sir, that its worthless ass hide is good enough to be displayed to your readers, Sir.

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