

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

3⁹⁵

EXCLUSIVE!

LUKE DANIEL

MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER
BARES ALL!

HOUSTON

PICKS THEIR
MR. LEATHER

SO YOU WANT
TO OWN A
LEATHER
BAR?!

**DRUMMER
DADDIES**

**FETISH
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CLASSIFIEDS
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ISSUE 58



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

Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER



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GETTING OFF



Although always very supportive of the Chicago MR. LEATHER INTERNATIONAL contest and the exciting Leatherman convention it creates each spring, *DRUMMER* made some critical statements some time back about some past winners of the contests, more in the form of a question: Whatever became of them?

This year our contestant LUKE DANIEL won the grand prize, with JOHN PONCE, who was our MR. *DRUMMER* Northern California, coming in as second runner up. We ran coverage of the contest itself and a spread on our winners.

We know what became of John. He moved to Chicago. And Luke? Between his whirlwind tours on behalf of his titles, he has rescinded his own rule of not doing full nudes and has given us an exclusive with his first nudes since his baby pictures.

PUBLISHER JOHN H. EMBRY
GENERAL MANAGER MARIO SIMONE
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER JOHN W. ROWBERRY
EDITOR ROBERT PAYNE
PRODUCTION MANAGER JIM WIGLER
PRODUCTION PETER FOLEY
TYPESETTING THE PRINTED WORD
CIRCULATION L. CHARLES MASSARSKY
ACCOUNTING ART MEUNCH
READERS SERVICES RICK LEATHERS
BOB TAUB
LEGAL BROWN & FAULK
EDITORIAL CONSULTANT LIGHT FANTASTIC

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR FRANK HATFIELD
(415) 864-3456

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Terrance Sagan, Robert Payne, Larry Townsend, Aaron Travis, Frank O'Rourke, Charles Musgrave
PHOTOGRAPHERS: Robert Pruzan, Wolfgang, Rink, Terry Photo, Zeus, Target, Roy Dean, Reflex Studio, Gerhard Pohl, Victor Arimondi, Mike Arlen
ARTISTS: Cavello, Bill Ward, Matt, Musgrave, Etienne, Kent Robert

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MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

DRUMMER SEIZED

The last two issues of *Drummer* magazine have been seized by New Zealand customs, and I have included my suggestions for sending the magazine. Hopefully this will get around the customs problem. Once the laws in this country change, which should be this coming year, then I am sure we will not have the same problems.

Name and Address
withheld by request

FROM THE ASHES

I really enjoyed Robert Payne's article on cigar smokers (*Cigars and the Men Who Smoke Them*, *Drummer* 52), but what else would you expect from the hottest magazine going! Who was that hot man on the cover of Issue 52? Sure would like to see more of him!

S. Robeson
Jacksonville, FL

Editor's Note: We'd like to see more of him too. He was a contestant in the Mr. South of Market Contest and turned on the crowd when he lit up his Ritmeister Elite.

YES, DADDIES

I have really enjoyed very much your series on *Drummer Daddies*. It's nice to know that there's still someone who cares about the rest of us.

J.R.
Virginia

A EUROPEAN VIEW

To come to San Francisco, what a treat! After long, dull hours of flying from Europe to the land of liberty and freedom, after passing the degrading questions of immigration, even after passing the U.S. Customs unharmed (with half the suitcase filled with leather gear and fairly unexplainable items), I finally make it to my friend's house. Still fighting a 9-hour jet lag, I shave, shower, shit, and am ready to hit the bars for a welcome drink. The bars... that's where the surprise starts.

For Europeans, America is known as a country where people are very free and open-minded. Perhaps that's not true in San Francisco, or perhaps just not true for the men in the bars on Folsom Street. Dressed in full leather, chains, cockrings, hankies and what-have-you, they all look inviting. A European leatherman looks at American leathermen and thinks he understands who and what he is looking at— not so. The men standing around the bar are artfully arranged and in place, carefully posed mobile statues,

right down to their sunglasses (mirrored, at night, in a bar...)—the brim of the cap pulled down to the bridge of the nose (so that they can't see anyone who might look as good? who might care to get their attention?), legs spread exactly one-and-a-half feet apart, toes pointed to the outside, one thumb hooked into a belt, the other hand holding a bottle of beer. About the beer— always low-calorie so as not to upset the delicate balance of muscles attained after hours and hours of gymwork— the bottle is gripped around the neck by the fist, the bottom edge of the bottle might rest against the thigh. But even the act of drinking from the bottle is rehearsed, carefully, probably in the bathroom at home in front of the mirror— the elbow has to be raised to the level of the shoulder and the head has to be tilted back to get the liquid to pour into the mouth (without the cap falling off!).

If someone is talking to you (and only because you started the conversation) his response will probably be limited to single-word sentences like "Yeah" and "Oh, yeah" and "Hmmm," or a combination of the above. If you luck out and find someone who can actually verbalize a complete sentence, chances are each one will start with "If you know what I mean..." or "You know..." or "Hey, man..."— all of which really becomes boring after you've heard it three times.

But there is still hope. Better educated people tend to congregate around the pool table. That has to be true because they know one more phrase: "Good shot," which is said after every shot, regardless of how good or bad it might be. If you think I'm exaggerating, eavesdrop the next time you pass a pooltable.

Please don't take this as all bitterness about the men in bars. Some of the really hot men in San Francisco never even go into a bar, because they're already convinced that Prince Charming couldn't possibly be there. So they only go to bars when they are closing, taking up the same pose adopted by the men inside, only outside. When nothing happens, it's off to cruise the South of Market alleys. This can be done on foot or in a car, each of which has advantages. In a car you can stay nice and warm if it's cold outside; you can see the people walking up and down the alley, only it's difficult to start up an instant conversation with someone who is moving past you. If you're walking, then you can talk to other people who are walk-

ing, but you can't see very well into the cars that are cruising. And it can be very cold.

If the alley isn't productive, there is always the baths, the court of last resort on any evening. While everyone is waiting for Superman in the bars or in the alley, no one really cares who they get at the baths as long as he's got a cock or an asshole, or both. The art of conversation South of Market is definitely dead, but perhaps so is sincerity. It wasn't always that way. I've been here enough times to know. And this observation isn't limited to San Francisco; it would apply to a number of large American cities.

Name and Address
withheld by request

MORE CUTS

How about an article that shows a circumcision? You could have photos of the guy and his uncut dick, the operation, and what it looks like afterward. Maybe a first person account of a circumcision, and how sex felt for the first time after a circumcision. How about it?

R.O.K.

New Orleans, LA

DEAR DRUMMER

As I sit here in a small town in the south I wonder if you guys in big cities know how exciting and painful it is to read about the leather clubs and groups and all the things they do. Just the idea of going to a bathhouse that has a sling room with somebody in the sling is much more than I can expect to find on a Saturday night in this berg.

A leather bar? There's a truck stop a few miles out of town. But don't get your hopes up; this truck stop is more like a boardinghouse dining room than the kind you see on television or read about in porn stories. There isn't even a glory hole in the john; it only holds one and has a lock on the inside. The truckers who stop there are usually overweight and speeding like crazy (and I'm talking drugs, not driving).

Camden is a few miles from Luanne, and if you've never heard of either of these places then you can guess how remote leather life is from my day to day chores. Sure, I can get in my car and drive to Little Rock and spend the weekend and hope. And I can run an ad in *Drummer* and see if someone wants to vacation in rural America and hope that whoever answers isn't being chased by the Feds, or on drugs, or an axe-murderer. But nobody in his right mind wants to come here, not even for a blind

date with a horny hillbilly.

Why do I stay? Well, it's like this. I bought a house in Camden because my parents lived here and back when they were living I didn't know life would ever be like it is. There was no *Drummer*, no "leather lifestyle," no "gay community." There was just me and a few quick blow jobs in gas station restrooms. There was one or two buddies in high school who were willing to experiment because getting laid back then required a wedding band and a lot of I do's, I promise's, and I will's. Why didn't I leave when my parents died (they lived across the street) and I realized there was nothing for me here? I'm 45 years old. I've lived here almost all my life. How does a man my age just pick up and go when everything seems to indicate that I'm past the time when I can attract the kind of partner who appeals to me? And exactly where do I go?

I'm not dumb. I may not be sophisticated, but I know that in leather circles the kind of guys I like looking at and dream about are the kind of guys in demand. I'm not bad looking, but I'm no spring chicken, either. The idea of spending the rest of life just looking for someone and possibly never getting past first base seems to me no less depressing than my current situation.

One last thing. I raise chickens and rabbits, and I have a small business going that makes me a living. Is there much demand for chickens and rabbits South of Market?

I don't expect an answer. I really wanted to write to tell you how much *Drummer* has made my life liveable. I can strap on my cockring and flip through the pages of your magazine and be anyone, doing just what I want to do to someone else. But to all you guys that think living in a "ghetto" is terrible, try sleeping in my bed.

M Torres
Camden, AK

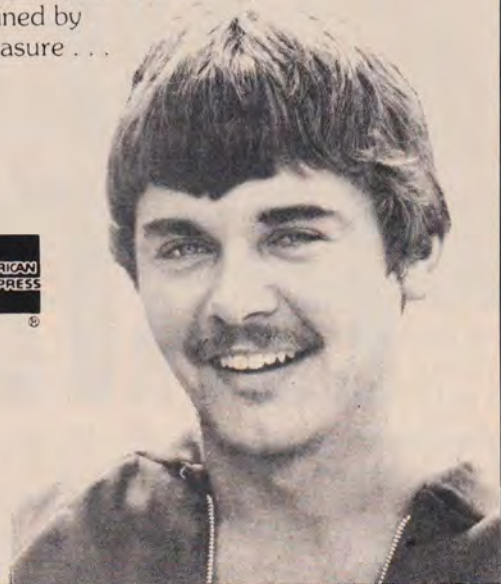
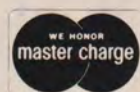
(Editor's Note: Some advice, wanted or not. Forty-five is hardly out of the running. Look at our very popular *Drummer Daddies* series for evidence. Even if the Daddy-Son scene isn't your bag, men your age are in demand. Run away from home. If you are unhappy, if you think there's more to life than you have, then sell your business, sell your house, pick a city that appeals to you—something at least as big as Houston, New Orleans, Miami, Washington DC, or even San Francisco or New York—and move there. Even if you kick the bucket at 60, the experiences of the next fifteen years are worth it. In the immortal words of Dr. Frank N. Furter, "Don't dream it—be it!")

(Continued on page 91)

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SO YOU WANT TO OWN A LEATHER BAR

GET A GOOD LOCATION

The days of being willing to travel all over the place to seek out a gay bar are over, gentle readers. And even a leather bar, once as scarce as a whore at a Baptist convention, in some cities can be found as convenient as a fast-food outlet. Tired old storefront bars that were entered by the back door are quaint, even historic, but definitely passe.

So far as locations in San Francisco go, the corner of Eleventh and Folsom had always appealed to me. The place, once named the *Leatherneck*, had had waiting lines to get in for one brief shining moment. Then the *Black & Blue* opened at Eighth and Howard and the fickle crowd went there. The *Leatherneck* remodeled, floundered and not much was heard from it after that. When the *Black & Blue* got in trouble with the ABC for allowing sex in the back areas, their license was suspended and their little house of cards fell. The *Boot Camp* had the same trouble at the same time and so did the *Ambush*. Suddenly the *Brig* (formerly *No Name*, then the *Bolt*) became the place to go. The *Leatherneck*, the *Boot Camp*, and the *Black & Blue* had all been beer bars. The *Brig* had a full liquor license and set the style for leather bars after that.

Eleventh and Folsom had changed hands and been rechristened the *Plunge* because of its big outdoor swimming pool, one of only two outdoor commercial pools in San Francisco. After that it was called *Dirty Sally's* (named, we assume, for one of the

owners, Joe Sally) and briefly before another demise, the *Stables*. It was closed until we came along.

There it sat: two barrooms, swimming pool, locker rooms, enough toilet and shower facilities to run a YMCA, fire pit, kitchen and an apartment of sorts up front. What more could any bar owner want?

I remember that July 4th mainly because my lover and I fought the whole day over the advisability of going into the bar business. Why in hell did I want a bar? Why do people climb mountains, for godsake? Ever since I can remember I had dreamed of owning a bar in San Francisco. Years before, a friend of mine, Bob Damron, had moved from Los Angeles to San Francisco, gone into the bar business there and prospered. At the time that seemed like the ultimate. And he didn't stop with one business, he had an interest in virtually a chain of restaurants and bars. I had been offered an interest in a Damron enterprise in Hollywood by one of his partners. I had turned it down and after the *Red Raven* opened on Melrose, I felt like the guy who turned down *Gone With The Wind* because nobody would ever go to see a Civil War picture. The *Raven* turned out to be the most successful gay bar in L.A.'s history and remained so until the L.A.P.D. finally (and illegally) closed it down at the insistence of a homophobic city council member. Now, sitting, waiting for me at the corner of Eleventh and Folsom was my dream, my mountain to conquer and

the only thing standing in the way was this disagreement with my lover who, it should be said, is seldom too wrong about many things. But, where angels fear to tread, I rushed in.

THERE IS NOTHING MORE POWERFUL THAN AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME

DRUMMER had been packing houses all over the country with DRUMMER parties, contests and promotions. The logical conclusion was: Why not try packing our own house? Even in Boston where there was no leather bar at the time, an entrepreneur had filled a disco with 1500 men and furnished us some of the hottest photographs for a no-leather town I had ever seen. Florida, both Miami and Key West, hardly heavy leather towns, had had similar results. We had four big parties for the magazine's anniversary in June and all but one had been packed to the rafters. The less-than-dazzling one had been in a big out-of-the-way place named the *Asylum*, which was for sale. In fact, that was the deciding factor that kept us from establishing its location at Eighth and Bryant as the Drummer Club, thank goodness. Someone else bought it and lost a bundle with a Polk Street type operation.

So, up came the idea of a Drummer Key Club. Simply expand the Leather Fraternity to include Key Club membership at no extra charge. Throw in the subscription, free classifieds and all the other Fraternity goodies they got

THE BAR BUSINESS ISN'T A SURE WAY TO SUCCESS AND SATISFACTION. JUST ASK THE MAN WHO OWNED ONE!



The above was from the DRUMMER party in Boston. Such energy and turnouts made the decision to have

DRUMMER'S own place for such activities almost inevitable. However, what knocked 'em dead in Boston seemed

not to even raise an eyebrow in San Francisco.

already, plus now a private club with pool at no extra cost—it was a natural! Hot diggity dog!

CLEAN UP THE JOINT AND GO TO WORK

My lover continued to shake his head, but ceased being so vocal about his objections. We took possession and I was handed enough keys to add to my chain to make me walk with a list to port (or is it starboard?). We inspected the property like a couple of lords of the manor. Not that we hadn't been in it before but now it was *ours*!

The inventory was distinguished mostly by the fact that there wasn't any, other than half a dozen bar stools and enough plastic tubing for soft drink guns to equip the Queen Mary. An illegal no-plumbing service bar in the second barroom did hold an old, but working, pink Westinghouse double-door refrigerator. And that is more than you could say for the big one in the kitchen. Its illness was terminal, as was the large restaurant range under an enormous hood. I opened the oven door, which promptly fell off into a pile of rust.

The place had been gutted. No sound system, not even speakers. A few token glasses which couldn't be used around the pool (now a brownish green with an oily layer of soot on top). The first thing I did was to get out the hose and water the dead and dying plants in the big compound. A few of them had survived. There was hope.

Somebody had to clean up the place for starters. Our photo editor recommended (no, suggested; 'recommended' is too strong a word) a fellow who needed a place to live (the beginning of a string of likely-situated employees) who, in our man's words,

was a bit strange, but needed work and was available. He appeared as if by magic and I came by a day or two later to see the results of his efforts. There weren't any. Our star employee was fixing up his little nest in the apartment and announced he would like to talk to me about 'his contract, before he got involved.'

"What kind of contract, Harry?" I said, patting him on the head. He whipped the document out. Neatly and laboriously lettered in pencil was his version of an agreement that would have done the AFL-CIO proud with some colorful clauses they couldn't have thought of in their wildest dreams.

"Very nice, Harry. But what have you been doing here for the past couple of days?"

"This," he said proudly, thrusting the note paper back at me. I told him I would really read his epistle but right now we were fighting a deadline. We went to a paint store and I bought every can of discontinued or mismixed paint they had. I even picked up a few gallons of intended colors and we went back and mixed them in two thirty-gallon cleaned-up garbage cans. The result was a triumph. It was exactly the shade of olive-drab doggy-do brownish-grey I wanted. I handed our man one of the virgin brushes and started him painting the high corrugated fence around the pool yard. Patting him on the head again, I complimented his stroke and left him. That evening I came by and he was back in his apartment, nestled on the bed listening to a tinny radio blaring static. He hardly had painted enough fence to get the brush wet. And upon examining the work, it looked as though it had been done with a broom.

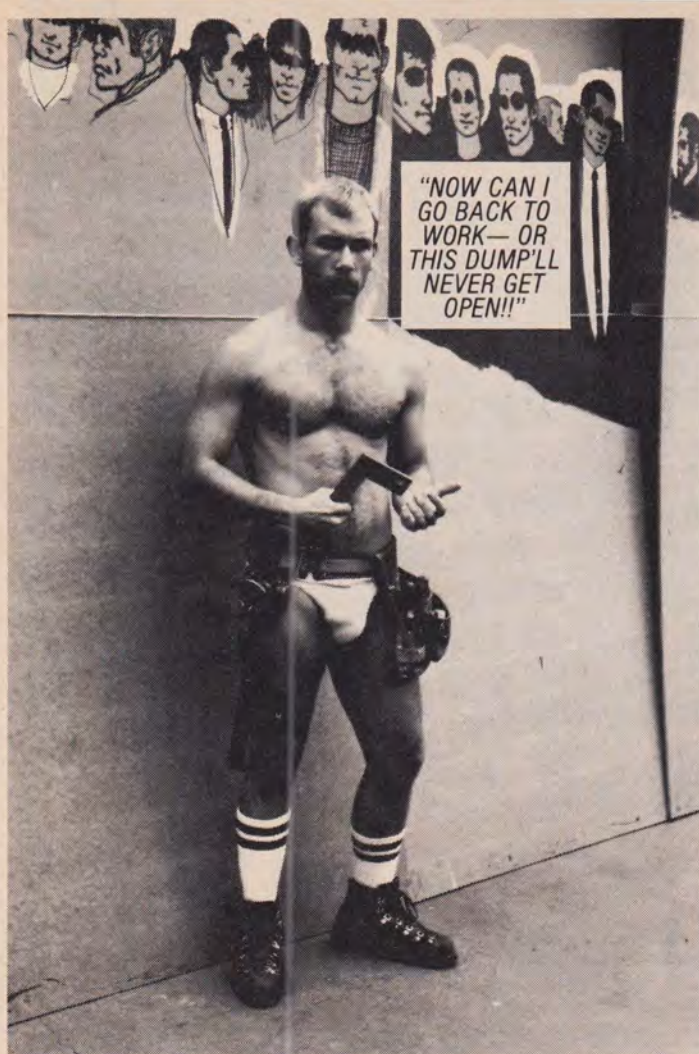
Harry wasn't interested in painting or cleaning or work, only his contract—

and possibly his retirement and pension. He stayed the night and I bade his goodbye the next morning. But I still feel sentimental about him. He was the first in a string of losers in the game of Getting The Place in Shape.

Next was a carpenter named Tuck or Chuck who had worked on the place before, in fact claimed to have worked on most of the bars in the area. He told us that the bar counter itself, almost a S.F. landmark, had to be replaced. The dimensions were wrong; it had to have redwood contact on the floor and different proportions. But it would only take two weeks. It took five and after he finally disappeared completely, it remained unfinished. Some days he wouldn't appear at all; some days he cut out at noon for lunch and never came back. It turned out he spent most of his time and all his money at nearby bars. Giving him an advance was a mistake, so was paying him. It merely insured we wouldn't be seeing him until his cash ran out.

It remained for Richard, a semi-recommended craftsman who liked guys but 'wasn't gay.' He wasn't emotionally too stable either, although his carpentry was superior to his predecessors. We arranged to pay him at the end of the project (after all, one learns as one goes along). He didn't finish his jobs either; perhaps the sight of the other workers running around half-nude (or occasionally bare-ass) was too much for him. He did, however, complete Tuck's bar.

Then came the electrician, a friend of one of the carpenters, who put in an overly-complicated lighting system, the most expensive he could find, and removed all the existing plugs for some strange reason. He stormed out when we requested he replace them. "You'll



*Workman poses before an uncompleted mural by Chuck Arnett. The mural became the background for a **DRUMMER** cover, so did the model on another cover several months later.*



The sign gets put up at the Key Club by a lifeguard. Key Club was private membership basis, bar was open to anyone of age with the price of a beer, but that message never successfully completely got across.

Photos by TERRY PHOTO

hear from me," he bellowed as he exited. But we never did.

There is a city code which demands that only a licensed electrician can install the 'clean line' which another city code requires for the pinball machines. We called a total of seventeen (17, count 'em) from the list in the yellow pages. Of these, five called back and only three actually showed up. We chose the gay one, who unfortunately had to take a short vacation before he could get to work on it. He vacationed until a new city code took effect that all pinballs had to have the Underwriter's Seal. Since none of them did, we couldn't get our permit stamped. The guy finally put in the clean line, which we never used when we finally did get the machines in.

BUSY HANDS ARE HAPPY HANDS

Then came a small blessing into our lives. One of our acquaintances called to tell me that his current slave (Number Seven, by name) was leaving and needed first a place to stay and then a job. He gave me a version of the fellow's

capabilities and I was delighted to have the manpower. Number Seven, whose name turned out to be Roger, had always attracted my prurient interests. My friend kept him near-naked around the house and stripped to the waist when they went to bars, which was about every night. He was quiet, seemed dedicated and well-enough trained. He had a good tight little body that was a pleasure to see working around the place. Roger came aboard and, after taking him home a few nights while my mate was in New York, I fed him, cleaned him up like a stray puppy and finally put him up in the late Harry's apartment. He was a good, if somewhat messy, worker and he ended up painting the whole place, inside and out. We paid him by the hour and, since he had nowhere else to go or anything to do, he tracked up a considerable paycheck each week. The club was coming into shape and, other than prodding the carpenters-of-the-week and getting Number Seven to bathe occasionally (his former master liked raunch), we were ready to open the pool before the

season completely petered out.

A local pool service came by, gave us some bad advice on getting the pool in shape and sent us a bill for a hundred bucks. Then, fortunately, we found Stan, who is gay, sharp and dedicated. He rebuilt the filter system after our employees had sucked up all the debris into it by vacuuming the pool while back-flushing. Stan redid the whole pool for about a thousand bucks and it became as crystal clear as it had ever been in all its existence. Stan, a big bear of a young man, along with his hunky lover, became regulars, devoting extra hours to their labor of love. I shall be grateful to them for a long time. The renovation of the pool machinery probably would have cost a lot more and been much more of a headache had it not been for their great attitude. Unfortunately, Stan had a tragic death in the family and had to move to another part of the state. It wasn't too long before the next batch of employees had fucked up the pool again and we were back to the local pool service.



A party in the back end of the second barroom. Men lined up to get tattooed (right), pierced (center) while a

hooded slave awaits his turn with the man and his razor. The area later became the largest in-bar leather shop

with an honest-to-god barber shop adjoining.

Photo by JIM MOSS

GET A GOOD MANAGER FOR YOUR BAR

I can honestly say that we never had a really competent manager; with a sliding scale of one to ten we, in our peak, never hit more than five. The first one got the place together and open, but knew nothing about leather bars, so we brought him back to the publishing office where he mismanaged that. The second quit because the job was too much for him, he said. He said it, not us. The next had alcohol (never hire an alcoholic— unless reformed— to work in a bar, dear hearts) and, I suspect, drug problems. He also had no concept how to buy.

One of the bar owners on Folsom called me to say that the price of Budweiser (the only thing gay men have been conditioned to drink) had gone up and would I go along with everyone else and raise the price of beer? The thing that ticked me off was that my manager hadn't even noticed for the past three months that we were paying more per case. We didn't raise the price (this conspiracy to set prices is highly illegal, of course) and continued selling the King of Beers for 85¢ while everyone else got a buck-five. But it made little difference;

the customers happily paid the \$1.05 elsewhere.

I would walk into the place and find perfect strangers on the payroll— the trick of the week. They lasted until the next semi-pretty face. Finally the manager himself withdrew.

One day I ran into a man who had been a bar amanger in Los Angeles who was up in The City looking for a position. Since I had never found him to be Mr. Warmth at his former place of employment, I told him I would think about it. Bob Damron snapped him up for his new leather bar a couple of blocks away from us and the place took off like a rocket. Mr. Warmth or not, the man is obviously doing a good job and I passed up another *Gone With The Wind*.

GIVE 'EM WHAT THEY WANT

Bullshit. Give them what they think they want. We were idealistically determined to make the Drummer Club the epitome of what the Leather Bar should be. Whatever I had liked in any place I had been, I was bound and determined it would be in my bar. Sexy Bartenders (we'll deal with that later), Reasonable Prices (we dealt with that), Plenty of Attractions? Try this:

Moderately priced best-name beers.

In addition to the grocery store brands we offered exotic imports and some powerhouse ales, all chilled to the perfect temperature in the best refrigeration that money could lease. Beer should be kept about five degrees colder than served, which it reaches when poured into the glass. Too-cold beer has no taste. A lot of the stuff available couldn't be had in most bars. So what. They ordered Bud, which hasn't much taste, Olympia, which has no taste and Light, which tastes like piss.

I found out from the pros years ago that Draught (draft) beer is the best. It doesn't have preservatives or gas like the bottled stuff and is fresh— in fact is as fragile as milk and will sour. But because, due to lack of packaging, it sells for less, most customers feel it is inferior to the higher bottled stuff. We offered both dark and light draft with big, generous glasses at moderate prices. So what.

And, remembering having to fight to get to the bowls of popcorn at the *Ramrod* during their busy time, I insisted on hot, fresh popcorn popped in our own movie house machine, probably better than you pay a buck seventy-five for at the theatre. Snacks and tidbits, on which there is almost no profit, were available



Photo: TERRY PHOTO



and were ultimately consumed mainly by the bartenders, human as they are.

Attractions, you say. On top of the bar Tuck (Chuck?) built a stage for exhibitions in beatings, bondage, beefcake and anything we could think of that we thought we could get away with. We had a cage, stocks, racks and all the furniture of better-equipped dungeons waiting and ready. There were even hooks around the place to park your slave, keeping him from getting underfoot during the evening. For the most part, they stayed unused, while down the street men packed themselves shoulder to shoulder and stared into space.

The new sound equipment arrived and the technicians came to install it. Two hundred watts per channel went through all the other apparatus to four nine-driver reflecting speakers in each corner of the main room to vibrate the fillings of one's teeth. Everyone insisted we play exactly what everyone else was playing and that we needed a live disc jockey to do it. It all sounded like pure washing-machine agitator rhythms, backing up young men with phoney southern accents and voices which had never changed. It seemed sort of like playing 'Chopsticks' on a cathedral organ. The first thing the employees did when the equipment was unpacked was to throw out all the warranties and the instruction books along with the packings. Occasionally I would sneak into the booth and play some full-orchestra stuff but only when the place was closed. It was always referred to as 'John's shit.' However, one night not too long ago at the *Eagle*, when some inspired dj put on the original cast recording of *Forty-Second Street*, the bartenders suddenly got on the bar and danced their way into the crowd's hearts. The thing made both history and the *Bay Area Reporter*. It vindicated my theories about the brainwashed music we played.

I remember well the afternoon of the Super Bowl, in which even gays were caught up since San Francisco, never having won anything in sports at any time, suddenly had a crack at the Big One. We showed the game on our giant 50" projection screen and I sat comfortably, drinking imported beer, eating hot, fresh free popcorn with the employees and not enough patrons to have a game of Monopoly. Meanwhile a couple of blocks away, literally hundreds of guys crowded around ten-inch black and white screens at our competitors' to watch the game.

(Top) Catching the rays by the pool. Although this member didn't take complete advantage of it, skinny dipping was usually the rule.

(Center) A master exercises his slave in the Club area. Boot licking is an art and practice makes perfect.

(Lower) It's skinny dipping time as this member lowers himself glingerly into the heated pool. San Francisco weather is not always conducive to outdoor dipping.

My favorite feature was the Barber Shop. A hunky, likeable out-of-work hair stylist came into our lives and so did an idea for his talents. We should have a Barber Shop where you could get a good haircut while the parade passed by. Or you could be a star and have a military crewcut, a body shave—including the most delicate parts. Our man was into all of it and loved to work stripped to the waist, broad chest shaved and erect nipples pierced. He called himself Sweeney Todd and we furnished the shop with everything my barber shop has, including the genuine big chrome and leather chair. Then we televised on closed-circuit television the ass-shaving and other things that went on so you needn't miss a thing. It even made Herb Caen's column.

There was also a boot boy with both a two-chair booth and a portable stand we chained to him. You could get your ass shaved, your boots licked, shined or made love to by a near-nude young man in chains, watch either your ass or a feature movie on the big screen, a whipping, branding or piercing demonstration on the bar stage, pick up someone at the bar and go to the private club next door, chain him up in the playroom, take a dip in the pool or sunbathe and sit around the firepit and roast your weinie. Unfortunately most of the time you would be the only one in the place, while everywhere else along Folsom they stood, packed like cattle, and looked bored.

We got Chuck Arnett to recreate his original mural from *The Toolbox*, the first leather bar in San Francisco, which was destroyed when they tore the building down. It took a lot of waiting and talking to get it done; however, Chuck finally came through with the original tracings. We set it up at the end of the pool but eventually it moved indoors to the back of the bar stage. It appeared as the background for the Christmas cover of *DRUMMER*. When we sold the place, it ended up in the trash, all two hundred square feet of it. Fortunately a friend of ours rescued it and we lent it to the new *Stables* on Folsom. So much for our exciting features.

START OFF WITH A BANG

Opening night came and we threw a big party. The place was full of light, sound and excitement. There were body shaving demonstrations, whipping demonstrations, Cliff Raven attended and did tattoos on request and Gauntlet flew in a beautiful man to pierce anything and anyone that needed piercing. It was a three-ring circus and I looked down from the balcony, watching the crowds and congratulating myself. My lover had relented and had personally prepared a monstrous buffet, not tidbits and chips but big, hearty hunks of beef and ham and turkey and cheeses, with hot sourdough garlic bread and fresh fruits and vegetables for munchies. There was even a bottomless bottled-water stand of Sangria from his family recipe. He was as excited as I and we felt we had

accomplished something. We watched all the beautiful men in their full leathers and out another window skinny-dipping in the heated pool, lining up to use the dungeon and play rooms and, speaking of lining up, the lines outside were longer than the place had seen when it was the *Leatherneck*.

I should point out that with the public bar and the private club, you could walk from one to another as a member and literally do whatever you wanted, legally, as long as the liquor laws were obeyed. Simply buy a closed six-pack and take it along. It was the only bar in town that had this feature, which had made successes, however illegally, of many others south of Market. The night was a beautiful triumph!

However, the following evening you could have shot a cannon through the place and not hit anyone. I couldn't believe it. And it went on and on like this for weeks. With a special promotion we'd pack the place, the next night(s) nothing.

Finally, it dawned on us that we had created a monster from the big advertising campaign. Everyone thought the place was a private club and was only open to non-members on party nights. We had to change the name and fast.

GIVE THE DOG A GOOD NAME AND HE'LL LIVE UP TO IT

We had a contest and from the hundreds of names (there were over 200 entries for "Manhole" alone) we chose DRUMMASTER as the new name for the bar. The fellow who suggested it got a complete leather outfit, from hat to boots, which he wore, I assume, to other people's bars. We left the Drummer Club name on the private area. Things picked up a bit, but not much. Booking a three-ring circus wouldn't have packed the place more than one night.

Then came the rumors. We naively didn't realize there might be resentment among the other bar owners south of Market. Thinking they would be as delighted as we to have as much new blood as possible in the area promoting and bring more people south of Market. After all, very few guys hang out in one bar all evening. Any at our place were sure to make the rounds if they had an ounce of red blood in them. We even had visions of joining a South of Market business association (there isn't any) and inter-bar promotions. Forget it. We were never even solicited for membership in the Tavern Guild. And one new bar on Seventh near Folsom, now itself defunct, was a veritable rumor mill. The bullshit coming out of there was unbelievable but that didn't make it any less vitriolic.

A leather shop in another Folsom bar refused to carry the magazine anymore because "You are charging \$60 to let people into your bar." We tried to convince him that this was pure science fiction but nothing could dissuade him. The result was that his customers went to the *Brig* or the *Ambush* to pick up their DRUMMERS.

FeBe's, the oldest existing leather bar around, which heretofore had been somewhat on the aloof side, became right neighborly and helpful. They were the only one to acknowledge our opening, sending one of their famous Michaelangelo "David in Leather" statues. When we chose our Mr. Drummer this year they gave a reception for the winners. Our competitors not only didn't like each other, they liked us even less. So much for gay business comradery.

FIGURE OUT THE PROBLEM AND FIX IT

Finally we attributed our lack of business to the lack of a full liquor license. After all, we had only inherited a beer and wine license. I am not a complete believer in this theory since I constantly see leather men lined up in liquor bars holding their bottles of beer. Be that as it may, we made arrangements to take on partners who were able to come up with said liquor license and felt that a heavy additional investment was necessary. We agreed and they posted notice as the law requires and we held our breath for the repercussions. There were no complaints from neighbors, competitors or reform groups. Only one anonymous one that was sent unsigned and was ignored by the ABC, as it richly deserved. One of the employees confided that Number Seven got stoned one night and claimed he had sent in the protest.

There comes a point in one's efforts when it becomes necessary to step back and take a look at what is going on and what has been accomplished. After a year of half-filled houses and incredible losses we began to come to some conclusions. First, that a membership arrangement for the club portion wouldn't work because more than half the members were not only out of town, but out of state. And local members were not using the facilities. The bar had to be completely disassociated from DRUMMER to finally get the point across that it was NOT A MEMBERSHIP arrangement.

While we were in Chicago for the Mr. International Leather contest, I had lunch with Chuck Renslow and offered him the right to put in a DRUMMER Key Club over his *Gold Coast* for permission to rename our place the *Gold Coast*. He was most gracious about it and by way of thanks we ran his bar's address with ours whenever we advertised. We came back and did a fast three-day remodeling job for the re-christening. Out went the dark grey brown paint for a new *Gold Coast* all-black. Up went scaffolding and some other hi-tech shit, including hard hats on the employees that we could bully into wearing them. There was

From a DRUMMER party in Los Angeles. One of the contestants for MR. DRUMMER SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA poses for photographer Rose de Castro.

Photo: ROSE DE CASTRO

"WHY DON'T YOU COCKSUCKERS STARE AT SOMEBODY ELSE FOR A CHANGE?"





"AND ONE TO GROW ON..."



"ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN PEE?"



"THEY USED COLD WATER CHEER ON ME, THEN THEY HUNG ME OUT TO DRY."

another big opening party. The bulk of the remodeling actually got done the last twenty-four hours. In fact the paint was still wet on the metal scaffolding (for which I had bought the wrong kind of paint) and we had to wrap the damned thing in plastic. We ran out of free draft beer about midnight. I found out as I noticed one huge leather number come roaring out of the bar as I was going back in. "No need to wait; they are out of beer," he announced to the waiting line. By the time I had worked my way to the bar it dawned on someone to substitute bottled beer for draft beer and the night was saved. We never had that large a crowd at one time again but business did pick up.

Finally came the holidays—our first Christmas and we went all out. One of the employees had been a decorator and was assigned to get us ready for our first Christmas. He sought out the florists' supply houses and the whole place was transformed into leafless tree branches covered with tiny white lights. Big bows of black satin with wreaths of dried plants were everywhere and the place was ablaze with lights and dildosized red candles. The effect was beautiful and masculine and the rooms were empty. I felt like I was witnessing the scene in the Charlie Chaplin movie in which the hero sits at his table in the Klondike, candles on the cake, paper hats and favors waiting, but nobody shows up. New Year's wasn't much better; in fact we went elsewhere to welcome the new year in. The bar and club were beginning to depress me. That night my lover, who had the good sense and strength of character to refrain from saying 'I told you so,' said we ought to change our ads to a USE IT OR LOSE IT theme. If the leather crowd wasn't going to support the damned place, then let's get rid of it. They could go somewhere else. Since that seemed to be exactly what they were doing, I thought it might not be a bad idea to run the ads, but we decided against telling them off.

TAKE YOUR LOSSES AND GO ON TO SOMETHING ELSE

Finally, as the place lost more and more momentum and the losses increased, we announced at one of the weekly meetings that we were going to close. There was a hue and cry from the gathered employees, so I backed down. It was another holiday season; I didn't have the heart to close up. About a week

(Top and Center) In the playroom, a master checks out his slave's ass in sling and out of it. Tubs were handy in the shower room for, not bathing, but golden shower enthusiasts.

(Left) Onstage a bottom gets the clothespin treatment in front of the cage. Later he was confined to while away the evening while his master enjoyed himself. The pins stayed on all evening.

before Christmas I walked into the bar to find that virtually none of those employees were even working. One had taken that season for a vacation, one had moved away and there were substitutes, roommates and boyfriends in their places. To keep it open at that expense when the people for whom it was intended were going elsewhere and for that matter, so were the employees, was futile. We closed and waited for the liquor license to go through.

As the weeks dragged on, it became apparent that our new partners did not have the same thing in mind for 11th and Folsom that we did. We agreed to disagree and finally I threw in the towel and we sold out. We had given it our best shot and it hadn't worked. No bar in the history of South of Market had ever had more facilities, more features or more to offer.

Down came the silver and black signs, the flags and the dreams. The new owners moved in with their workmen and removed the barbershop, the stage, the disc jockey booth, the second barroom, the fire pit, the projection screen, the playrooms, the mural and even the plants. Leather lost another space as tennis shoes and disco moved in. Which isn't to say that it shouldn't be that way. At least the new place is full of people and that is what it was for in the first place.

What a relief! The long hours, the constant fight to keep the place up and clean was over. The vandalism, the petty and not so petty thefts were behind us. In our case the chemistry was wrong somehow. For a magazine that men make reservations for in the bookstores and newsstands from coast to coast, the bar and club did no credit to the DRUMMER name. The physical place could never live up to what the magazine had created. The energy of the magazine was never manifested at the club or bar. Those resources were going down a lonesome hole. And it was really a side venture, almost like moonlighting. There was not the dedication or the talent one finds in the magazine.

Looking over the losses in money, time and energy, I can give you no formula, no set of rules to go by. The next time you are in a bar and are thinking of how much better you could do it, think also of what is necessary to provide that place for you to enjoy.

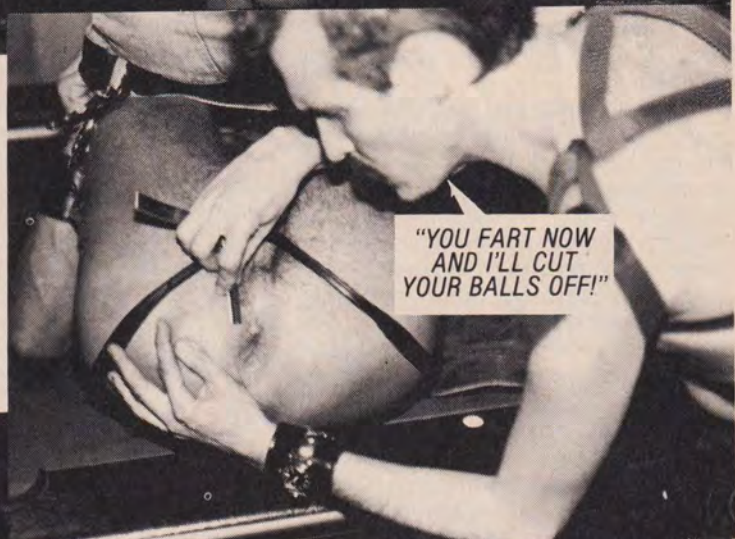
There were good times and considerable excitement in our brief career as bar owners. We met a lot of nice people, saw a lot of beautiful people and even enjoyed ourselves, however briefly. I figure that each glass of beer I had in the place must have cost me at least \$522.13. It is cheaper to go to somebody else's bar and pay retail.

— John H. Embry



A couple of local leathermen give the crowd a show with belts and discipline. The cooperative and receptive slaves showed their gratitude by submitting to the hot wax treatment afterward. Then on to the Compound area where it was possible (and legal) to strip them down for some real training.

(Center) Shave and a haircut, this time on the pool table. The barber is an expert and the result a thing of beauty.



happiness is something I want more than anything I have ever wanted before.

He asks for nothing except my very best, for he gives me only his best. When the day comes that I find a man to share my life with completely, he will have to be approved by my daddy, for my daddy is a real part of me.

LOVING, DOMINANT DAD WANTED

I've seen him from time to time, this Father I've sought for so long: an aging lion, battle-scarred but proud, magnificent, and in control. He is always older, weathered, clearly a man of mileage and experience, who's paid his dues and runs his life the way he wants. But even though he's left his youth behind, he's still got that "lean and hungry" look. The hair and beard are salt and pepper, but the eyes burn with an intensity no youth could understand. And, frankly, he does more for a worn pair of jeans and a tight t-shirt that any teenager could ever do. He's a loner, but perhaps... maybe... he's keeping his eye out for something, or someone.

I've seen the man I dream of from time to time, and in different places, but all the rest about him I can only imagine. We have yet to meet. I have been searching for this older man—a father, brother, master, instructor, lover—for a long, long time. My own father split the scene before I was even born. As a child and adolescent, many men tried to fill in as a father figure, but they were inept and easily gotten rid of. As an adult, I have sought a man who could dominate and control me, have even thought I'd found him, only to find myself dominating him.

If I do not belong to such a man, then I am no one and nothing. We have been told, over and over in the last decade, that we must learn to live for ourselves, "pull our own strings." I don't believe it. Such men as the one I'm searching for exist, but I may be too old by the time we finally meet. I am 28. This man, although he would have my complete devotion and loyalty, would not want me to devote myself to his housework. He knows there's too much intelligence for that. He would want me to grow and succeed, to make him proud. He would understand that, at 28, I have commitments and responsibilities—to myself, my job, to the gay community. I cannot dump them on a moment's notice to pursue the sender of a letter and a photograph.

And yet, and yet, won't I have to do exactly that to find the man I am seeking?

Here is how I picture him: 35-55, 6 feet

or taller, solid, hairy, beard, short hair or bald, swarthy appearing physically and verbally authoritative and tough. A natural leader, an outdoorsman, into healthy living, nature. Stable, responsible, trustworthy, active in the gay community. Oversexed, versatile, and yet a man whose heart is bigger—and more important—than his cock.

He is looking for a mature, masculine son in need of discipline and adventure. His young man must be capable of love, fidelity and honesty, with a decent build, educated, and longing for a real man, an older man. "Wear my collar," he will say, "and the world will be ours." The collar might be visible or not, but it will be real. He will be patient but demanding, respectful of limits but capable of expanding them. He wants a younger man willing to be dominated and raised properly, as well as cuddled at night. Physical age would not be as important as emotional attitude. It's not so much what this young man is or looks like, as what this older man will make of him.

"The ancient societies," commented poet Robert Bly in a recent issue of *New Age* magazine, "believed that a boy becomes a man only through ritual and effort—that he must be initiated into the world of men. It doesn't happen just because he eats Wheaties. And only men can do this work."

I want to belong. To him, and through him to the community of men. But when we meet, if we meet, there will be no further need to talk about my needs. Only his needs will matter.

I am seeking only one response, only one man, the right one. I've met more than enough men who thought they fit the description and didn't. But if he's out there and he wants me, I will give myself to him completely. I long to feel his strong arms around me, sharing deep kisses until the early morning hours.

Mike
Raleigh, NC

LEAVE DADDY? NEVER!

My Daddy-Master and I really enjoy the *Drummer's Daddies* section each issue, and he has commanded me to write to you about our relationship and ask if there are any others out there with such a unique situation.

At 55 years of age, my Daddy stands just over 5 feet tall and weighs just under 100 pounds: all tight, wiry and covered with hair. Daddy is the blackest of black men and is also endowed with equipment of mythical proportions, which looks very incongruous to the rest of his body. On the other hand, I am very light-skinned and blond, a white slave-son, 33 years old, stand 6'4", and have a muscular 190 lb. body. I have lived with

my Daddy for three years now; he took me home from a bar one night and I have been here ever since. He keeps me shaved from head to toe all year round, and naked all the time. When I first came here he put all my clothes away and I have never put them on again.

Daddy permits me to do all the household chores, which I gladly do to keep my Daddy happy. I take all my meals on the floor at his feet. My thirst is quenched by the liquids from his body, or from my own; Daddy sees that I get a good dose of vitamins daily, either in the form of cream from his cock or by eating out his ass.

Daddy works in a dirty, smelly factory all day and when he comes home I clean the dirt off his boots with my tongue, then my mouth gives his whole body a bath. Then I get to use my tongue as his toilet paper.

Sometimes, when I have been a bad boy, Daddy has to use a belt or whip on me to show his displeasure and his care. I have to stand at attention and take my whipping. I know this is good for me. Other times, when Daddy is angry about something I've done, he will use his huge cock as a whip across my face. Even though it sometimes bruises my face for a couple of days, I know Daddy loves me because afterward he smooths his thick cream over my face and lets it dry there.


Every Friday night my Daddy gives me a bath. He fills the tub with ice water and ice cubes, shoves some up my asshole, then scrubs me down with a stiff brush. To make sure I am really all clean inside, Daddy uses his hand to clean out my rectum. When I have been really good Daddy will go out and bring back some of his Black friends to play with me while he sits and watches. Next week Daddy is planning a real birthday party for me; he has invited six other Daddies and their boys to come over, and all the boys get to play 'Daddy' with me. Then I get to pick one of them to play my 'son' for two whole days.

I told my Daddy that what I really want for my birthday is to have my nose pierced and a chain attached to a ring in his ball sac, so that each night I could be chained to his crotch and give his cock the love and attention it deserves without danger of rolling away in the night.

Leave my Daddy? Never!

Daddy and I wonder if there are others out there with unique situations that might write to *Drummer*, like I have, and share their experiences. We are not interested in corresponding with anyone, but maybe you can publish letters from other Daddies and their sons who have unusual relationships. We look forward to reading about the oldest Daddy and the youngest son, too.

Daddy Amos/son Kevin



HOUSTON PICKS MR. LEATHER

Photos by Gregory Havlican

Thirteen men, each one a prime example of the kind of stud a city like Houston produces, entered the first *Mr. Houston Leatherman* contest. While that is enough in itself to generate interest for those of us who like to see men in leather, it's only the tip of the iceberg.

While Houston has a constantly growing leather community, it has, like the rest of the gay community in the vibrant city, only emerged in the last couple of years as a mecca to rival the bastions of New York and San Francisco. The low-key good ol' boy attitude most people equate with the South can be deceptive—while geographically on the same Gulf Coast that also houses cities like New Orleans, Mobile, and Ft.

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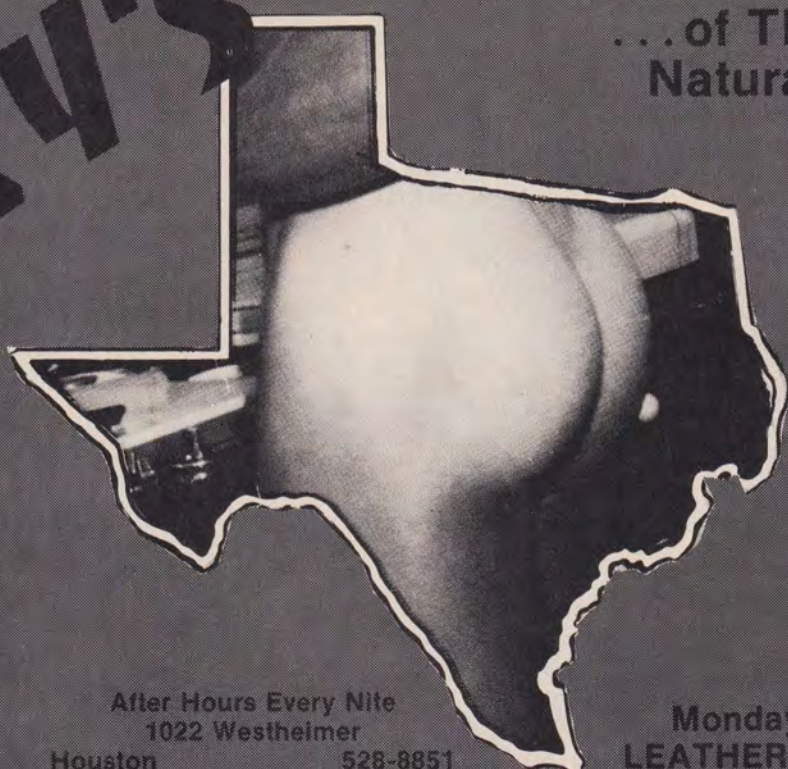
Lauderdale, Houston has always been best described as a 'growing town.' And like most pioneer places, somewhat more liberal than the older, set-in-their-ways metropolitan areas. Behind those

fetching smiles and off-handed manners, Houston men are very serious about creating a social environment that provides for them and visitors the same sense of place the big East and West

Coast cities already enjoy. And having come a little later to community organizing and spirit, Houston has been able to learn from other's mistakes and bypass a lot of dead-end routes in get-



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ting it all together. That makes for some surprises.

The Loading Dock, the leather bar that organized and hosted the Mr. Houston Leatherman contest, is owned by two lesbians, Denise and Mary, who had considered opening a women's bar before they purchased the one-year-old Loading Dock, though a men's leather bar would be more... of a challenge. And if they had any concerns that the men of Houston might not cotton to a leather bar owned by lesbians, those fears proved to be totally unfounded. The Loading Dock is the most popular leather bar in Houston.

The whole shebang began with a reception for the judges, sponsors and contestants at The Officer's Club, a section of the former Houston Country Club that has become one of the most active and popular gathering places for Houston's gay population. Besides giving the judges their first look at the contestants, the rules were gone over, everyone got informally introduced (Texans are very fond of introducing people) and Houston got its first look at Gunner Robinson, *Drummer's* centerfold and representative, who would be one of the judges.

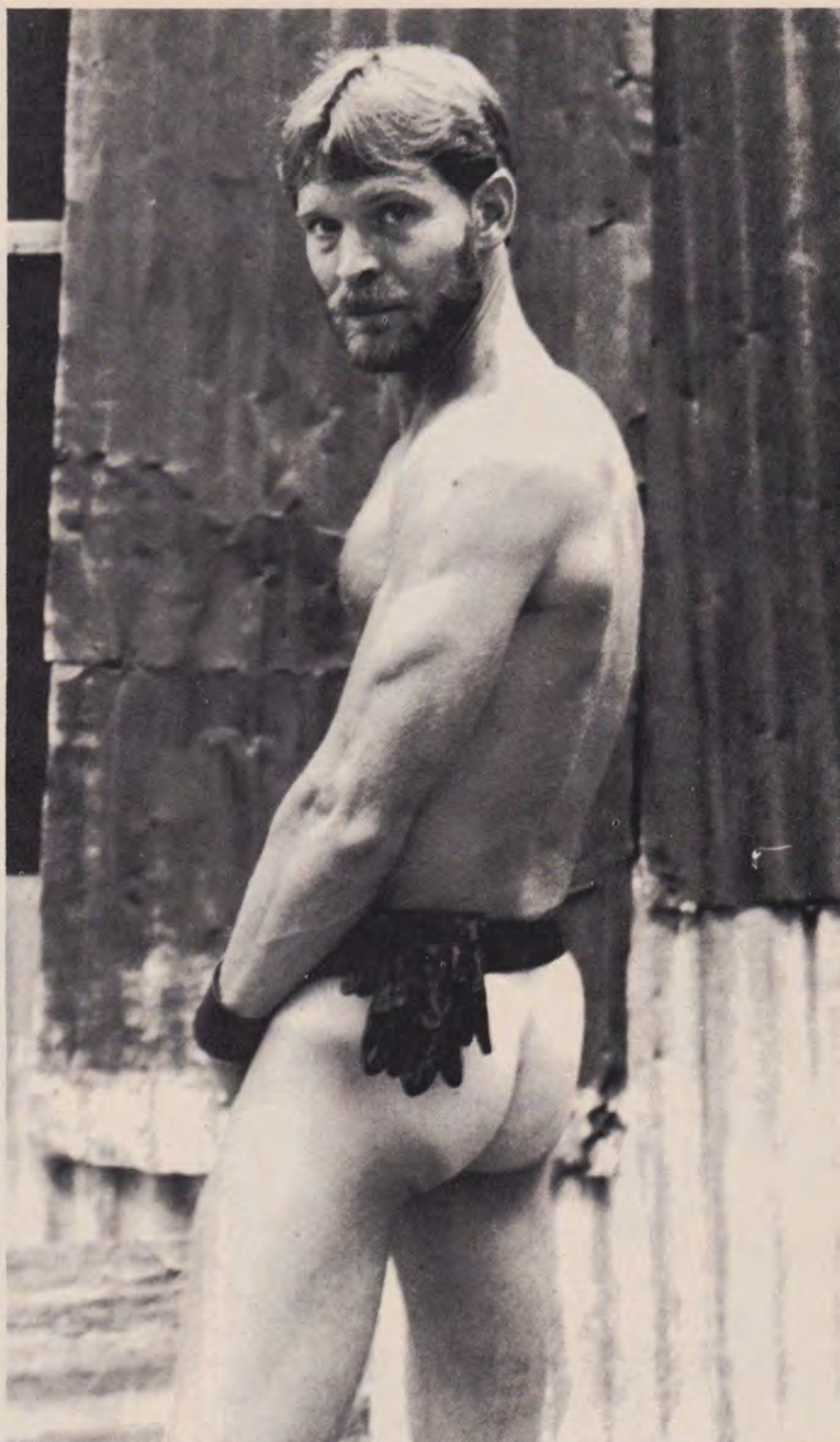
Another surprise, and a good example of where Houston keeps its head, was the announcement that the proceeds from the contest would go to two Houston organizations: The Kaposi Sarcoma Committee and the Houston Gay Political Caucus.

Then the affair shifted to Mary's, the oldest leather bar in Houston—and a place the likes of which could probably not exist elsewhere. If there is a gay utopia, Mary's is it. While it was the first bar in Houston in which the words "leather" and "SM" were ever spoken aloud, it is, at the same time, the hangout of every possible sexual preference on earth. That night the bar was hosting its own *Mr & Ms Mary's Contest* in the patio, a scene somewhere between Kraft-Ebbing and Hieronymus Bosch.

The next night was going to be the main event, the big roll of the dice for the first official Mr. Leatherman who would go on to represent Houston in the other big leather contests.

The Loading Dock is a warehouse. No flashing lights, no mylar banners, nothing but the words "Loading Dock" stenciled in white paint on the door. And it's still a warehouse when you get inside; huge twenty-foot concrete pillars hold up the ceiling.

The place was packed as the thirteen men went through their paces. Using Olympic scoring, each was judged for Overall Look, Physique, and Personality. While the judges were tallying their votes, the crowd, already hyped by the



Steven Meert, winner of the Mr. Houston Leatherman contest, sponsored by The Loading Dock. Photo by Gregory Havican.

contest and the contestants, got a leather accessory demonstration from Eagle Leathers.

Then the big announcements: Second Runner-up, John Chiasson, sponsored by The Drum; First Runner-up, Tom Cunningham, sponsored by The Box Office; and the winner, Steven Meert, sponsored by the half-amazed, half-teary-eyed owners of The Loading

Dock. Steven really got a round of the crowd's approval, as the blonde-haired, blue-eyed leatherman made his final walk down the runway.

When Steven was asked about his feeling as a leatherman, he said, "When we decide to put on the skin of another animal, it should look and feel as natural as our own skin." The audience and the judges agreed. So do we.

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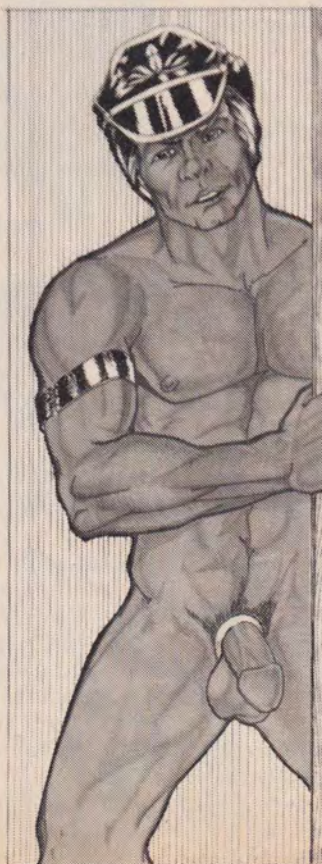
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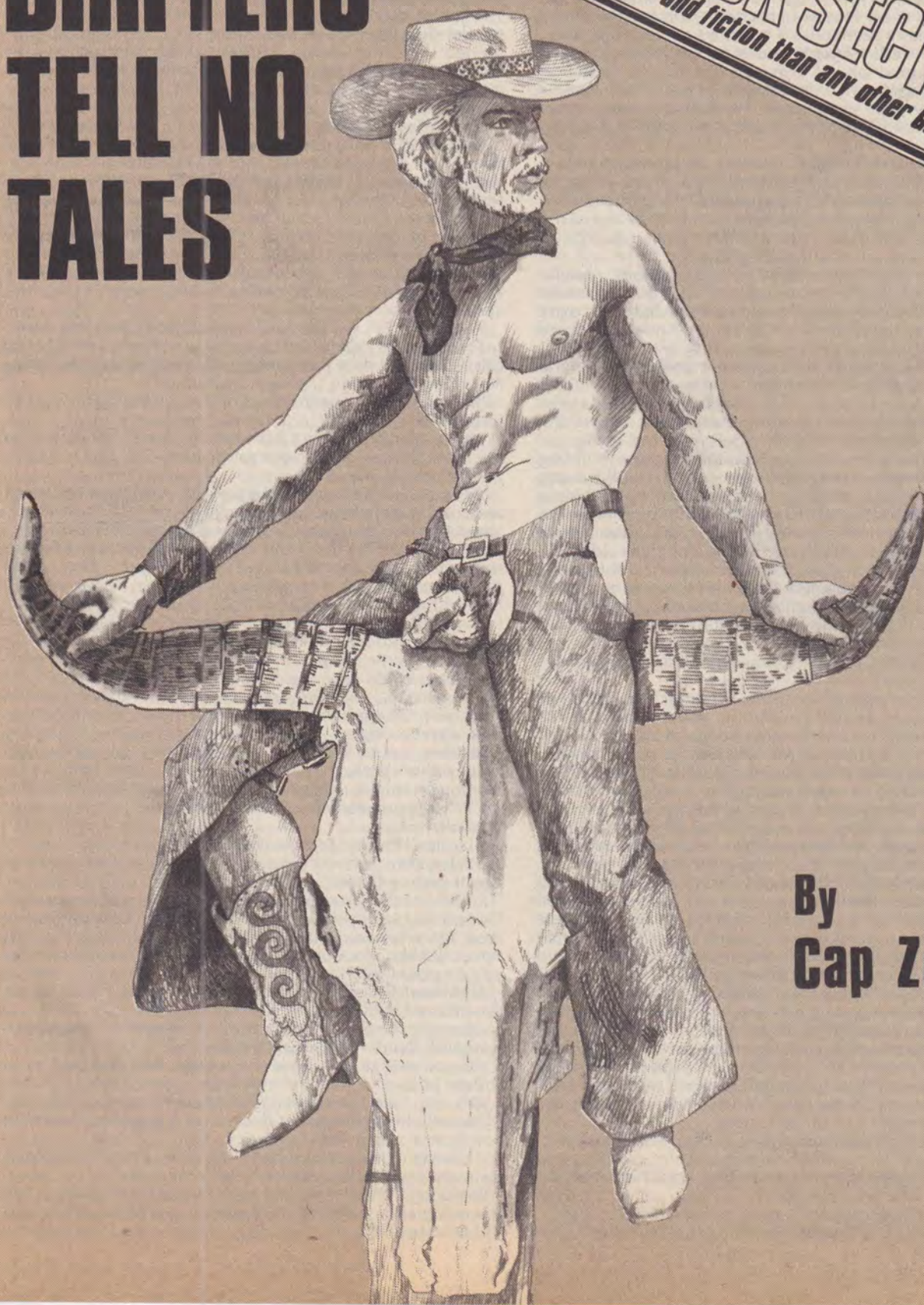
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By
Cap Zorkel

The strong gust of wind that hit the pickup was so sudden that Bill had to fight the wheel to stay on the road. The high wind that occasionally tore across the Wyoming plain was a fact of life he had learned to accept out here; sometimes it even inspired him—the fury and the raw energy of it resonated some deep force inside him.

But today he was having a good time playing with it. The steering on the old truck was stiff and leaning into it against the wind blasts gave his arms a pretty good workout. Not that he really needed it. Working on the ranch with Jack had toughened up every muscle in his body (and loosened up a couple, too, he thought with a grin). Yep, he looked damn good for 32—hard stomach, round biceps, tight calves, all well proportioned on his five-nine frame. His firm butt bounced up and down in the bench seat every time he hit a small bump or hole in the road. Well, he'd make sure he continued to keep his body in shape; he wanted Jack to stay interested.

"Whoa!" His reverie was broken by the approach of several huge tumbleweeds about to cross the highway in front of him. "Ride 'em, Cowboy!" he whooped, dodging between them as in some oversize slalom race. Cresting the top of the hill he saw the little town where he was headed to pick up some groceries and fence-mending supplies.

Sure wasn't much of a place: two gas stations, general store, grain and feed store, couple of saloons. And seven churches. Well, luckily when he and Jack needed some extra excitement they drove down to Cheyenne. And two or three times a year they got to Denver where they really pigged out on the men. The pickup rolled to a stop in front of the general store. Bill jumped out of the cab, slammed the door, and pulled the list from his jeans. This shouldn't take too long, he thought as he surveyed the items. Maybe I'll stop in the saloon across the street for a beer before I head back.

He glanced up at the old weathered wood frame building just in time to see the swinging doors burst open and a young man come flying out, landing unceremoniously on his ass in the street. A small cloud of fine Wyoming dust began to settle back on him as the doors opened again and the unmistakable form of Sheriff 'Shorty' Biggs stomped out onto the sidewalk.

"Now you listen to me, kid. You been causin' trouble in this county ever since you came into it. Ever time I turn around you're drunk and pickin' a fight with somebody. I don't know where you got that big chip on your shoulder, but you better get rid of it or..."

"Yeah, well FUCK YOU!" spouted the kid, starting to get up.

In three strides that were surprisingly quick for a man of Sheriff Biggs' size, he had crossed the intervening distance between them and landed the pointed toe of his boot briskly in the crack of the kid's ass, sending him sprawling again.

Ouch! thought Bill. I'll bet he felt that one. Bill was finding this whole scene to be very amusing and, well alright, somewhat erotic; this big man was putting this hot young stud in his place. Well, dig it! He was marveling at his good timing in arriving at precisely the right moment to see what was probably the most exciting thing to happen in town all week.

"We're peacelovin' folks here," Shorty continued, "and we got no use for rowdies like you. I can see that soon I'm gonna have to throw you in county jail. It ain't worth the cost to the taxpayers to feed you and watch you, specially since you're outta state. So you just pick up your pack and move on, understand? You be outta this county by sundown. And if I hear of any more ruckus from you I am gonna lock you up. But believe me, I'm gonna make sure the charge is more'n enough to send you off to the State Pen, 'cause we ain't paying your room and board. Now you got that, boy?"

The kid was standing in the middle of the street, dusting off his shirt and showing as much belligerence as he could. To the Sheriff's question he spat, "Yeah." Bill could see the edges of his mouth curl up in a sneer.

"The answer I'm lookin' for, boy, is 'Yes, Sir.'"

"I said, 'Yeah.'"

The Sheriff had only taken one stride toward him when the kid suddenly blurted, "Yes, Sir."

"I can't hear you, boy..."

Louder this time: "Yes Sir!"

"I still can't hear you..."

Furiously he screamed, "YES SIR!!!"

That's obviously a 'Yes Sir' with an implied 'You Son of a Bitch' thought Bill. Since the show appeared to be over he went into the store to get his supplies and start loading up the truck.

After downing a couple of beers in the saloon, Bill was ready to head back down the highway toward the ranch that he and his lover Jack had maintained for the last two years. The job as caretakers of a remote ranch had given them a special dependence on each other that had really strengthened their relationship. Alone together with no one for miles to interfere, their sexual scenes had reached some very intense peaks that continued to have deep meaning for them.

The sun was moving down in the sky, but there was still plenty of light left; the gusty wind had become an easy breeze, transforming the day into the kind that made Wyoming so special. Bill started the old truck down Main Street toward the highway.

Passing the city limits sign he saw a lone figure standing on the edge of the road hitchhiking. Taking his foot off the gas a minute he squinted to get a better look. Is he hot? Shit! It's that young stud who got his ass kicked by the Sheriff! On a snap decision he slammed on the brakes, screeching to a halt about three feet from the guy.

"Howdy!" Bill reached over and pushed open the door.

Throwing his pack in the back, the guy climbed up into the cab. "Thanks. I didn't think anybody was going to ever stop. Not many people go through this dump."

"It's not a big tourist attraction, no. What's your name? Mine's Bill."

"Pete. Glad to meet ya." He looked like he'd cleaned up since his famous street scene with Shorty. He reached over and offered his hand.

Bill grabbed his hand and squeezed it firmly. Yeah. Nice and solid and meaty. Jesus! He was really a good looking stud, about six foot tall, blond hair cut fairly short. Bill was favorably impressed by the bicep that popped up out of his tee shirt when they shook hands. Bill held on for that subtle moment too long that men who are into men tend to do. The heat of that flesh, the blue of Pete's eyes, the light smell of sweat in the cab, the warmth of the afternoon sun all were combining into the effect of a heavy hit of poppers. Bill could almost feel little drops of perspiration break out across his forehead, could feel the juices starting to squirt into his blood. Shit! Take it easy, boy. You're gonna attack this man right here. He would have too, except that he didn't feel that Pete was reacting as strongly as he was. He wasn't getting any bad vibes, but he didn't seem to be getting any encouragement either. Well, these country people often seem to be coming on to you, when all along they're just being friendly.

"Where you headed?" Bill was grateful it didn't come out a croak.

"I guess I'm going to Denver."

"What's in Denver? You don't seem especially excited about getting there."

"Well, nothing really. But I got to go somewhere, and Denver's a big city with jobs. I was living at home until a few days ago when my old man kicked me out. Son of a bitch never did like me. Couldn't wait for my eighteenth birthday so's he could get rid of me."

Eighteen? Kee-rist, what have I picked up? "What about your Mom? What did she say?"

"Not much. She lives on another farm with her second husband. Don't hardly ever see her."

"If you're eighteen, how did you get into that bar?"

Pete jumped. "How did you know I was in a bar?"

Oh, shit. I didn't mean to tell him I saw him earlier. Oh well. "Uh, well, I heard the Sheriff was mad at some guy for being rowdy in the saloon today."

"I thought this truck looked familiar. You were there when he manhandled me, weren't you?"

Well, yeah. But he was on your case about picking fights, not underage, wasn't he? Why have you been getting into fights lately?"

"Cause people are always giving me shit. Nobody ever does anything nice for me. So fuck 'em. If that pig sheriff had known I was under 21 he would have really given me a hard time. After what I been through, I want a little goddam drink, you think that'd be all right, wouldn't you? Hell no, somebody's always giving me some shit about something."

"I gave you a ride, didn't I? So sometimes..."

"So now you're gonna give me some shit, just cause I got a lift for a couple of miles. I wish for one damn time..."

Jeez, this guy has a short fuse. "Hey, wait. WAIT a minute, will you? I was only going to say that I gave you a ride when no one else would stop, and so sometimes someone does do something nice for you, hey?"

Pause. "Sorry. I really appreciate your picking me up."

Bill drove along in silence for a few minutes, enjoying the beauty of the fading day. It was so peaceful out here, at least when the wind wasn't whipping you, trying to tear off your clothes. He kind of liked this kid. In spite of his quick temper, there was something about him. Besides the fact that he was very good looking. Bill figured he probably could use a good meal. Hoping he wasn't sticking his neck out too far, he decided to go with the feeling.

"Pete, I don't know if you're short on cash, but my partner and I could use an extra hand around the ranch for a few days doing odd jobs. mostly mending fences. You could pick up a few extra bucks to make the trip to Denver easier. Interested?"

Pete turned and locked eyes with Bill for a long moment, his face changing through several different expressions in quick succession. "Why, that'd be great. I... yeah, thanks."

Jack's initial reservation's about Pete's presence on the ranch began to be replaced by acceptance over the next three days. He was a good worker and he was nice to have around to look at, especially in the warm afternoons when he took off his shirt in the sun. His upper torso was smooth and the muscle definition was real good. They didn't see much of each other, though, since everyone had his job to do, and Pete's kept him out repairing fences almost all day. Meals were pleasant enough, though Pete didn't talk much about himself other than what he had already told Bill in the truck that first day. He seemed calmer, and there weren't any blowups of temper so far. But he didn't open up either.

Since Jack and Bill shared the foreman's small shack, they put Pete up in the larger bunkhouse, which seemed even larger than normal with only one man using it. But because of the arrangement, it wasn't possible to get to that level of intimacy (sexual or otherwise) that men who sleep together in the same room often share. Jack was satisfied that it was just as well, since he wasn't sure he wanted Pete to know the details of his relationship with Bill. Jack had a healthy respect for the unpredictability of young men; he didn't want any trouble. If the boy wanted to open up, that might be another story, but for now he was satisfied to let things ride.

Having Pete around had the unexpected additional effect of really spicing up Jack and Bill's bedtime play. The stimulation from the occasional glimpse of Pete's tight ass bending over to pick up some tools, or hairy armpits as he reached up to get some nails off the shelf served to keep them conscious of male bodies all day. It was especially hot the night after they had seen him step naked out of the shower. Both Jack and Bill had 'accidentally' arrived at the bunkhouse lavatory one morning at exactly the right moment. They momentarily feasted their eyes on Pete's strong, muscular legs with a real nice thick dick hanging down between them, which he immediately covered over with a towel as soon as they came in. Jack washed his hands and Bill urinated in an attempt to cover up their real reason for being there. Jack handled himself real well, trying not to let his lust show, and he would have been successful too, if Pete hadn't bent over to pick up the shampoo and his towel hadn't slipped off that smooth round muscled butt. In swinging around so fast to catch a glimpse of THAT, he ran head first into the door. Bill was so turned on by Pete's perfectly formed feet and toes that he went out behind the barn a few minutes later and jerked off while the memory was still fresh. That night had been one of Bill and Jack's more memorable ones, and the next day, if

Pete had noticed Bill's sore red nipples or bow-legged walk, he didn't comment on it.

Friday morning John came by to trade some of his corn for some of the ranch's hay. John had owned a smaller neighboring ranch for many years, and he was the only gay friend Jack and Bill had for hundreds of miles. The first day he had come by he had quickly guessed they were lovers, and immediately brought it out in the open in the unabashed and sometimes disconcerting way that rural westerners have of touching on the personal matters of others. Although he had let his body go to waste from too much food and booze, he did have a heart of gold and the boys were always happy to see him. Jack and Bill were standing out by the corral when he drove up.

After a few minutes of shooting the breeze, the boys went back to work, and John went into the barn to start loading up some bales. After about twenty minutes Bill and Jack heard some shouting and cursing from the barn, and John came walking toward them holding his handkerchief to his nose, which on closer inspection was bleeding profusely.

"John! What the hell happened? You all right?"

"Oh, shit, Jack. I guess I fucked with your friend in there."

"What do you mean? With Pete?" Jack helped steady John, who was wobbling just a little.

"Yeah. Well, I figured a good looking stud hanging around this ranch with two hot guys like you would naturally be gay. So I patted him on the ass and asked him if he'd like a mean blow job. Shit, I was just being friendly."

Jack gave Bill a sharp glance. "Then what happened?"

"He starts calling me a fag and a queer and punching me. When I moved my hands to protect my belly, he hits me in the face and knocks me down."

Bill ran over to the water trough, wet his handkerchief, and brought it back and helped clean up John's face. "Gosh, John, I'm so sorry this happened. I should have warned you about Pete. He's a young drifter with a short temper that I picked up hitchhiking. You gonna be OK?"

"Yeah, I guess. I got nobody to blame but myself. Shouldn't be so pushy."

They walked John to his truck and, after he had driven away, Jack turned and faced Bill. Uh, oh, thought Bill. Now I'm going to get a ration for bringing him here. But Jack's words sent a bolt of sexual excitement charging through his whole body.

In a solemn tone Jack said, "I think it's time we taught Pete how to behave like a gentleman, don't you? Maybe his old man never cared enough to teach him some manners, but I think he needs that real bad. And I think we're just the men to do it."

Nothing was said about the incident at the noon meal. Bill and Jack spoke of light matters, and then they all went back to work. About three Pete came in from the fence detail for some more nails. He hung his shirt up on the fencepost and strode over to the john. Jack was standing by the barn door watching the smooth rippling of Pete's back as he moved animal-like across the main yard. Pete had a light coat of sweat that caused the warm afternoon sun to glisten from his skin as he walked. The beginning of a smile was just starting to form on Jack's lips as he thought of how well used Pete's little butthole was going to be.

Jack was a big fellow, about the same height as Pete, but a lot more filled out, the body of a mature man. With dark complexion and black hair, he was boldly handsome, and the years at the gym had given him firm arms and pecs. The years in the leather scene had caused the prominent nipples on those pecs and the depth of the look in his eyes. He and Bill made quite a pair.

When he saw Pete coming back across the yard, Jack called out, "Hey Pete. Give a hand, will you?". then went into the barn.

As Pete strode into the warm shade inside the barn he saw Jack halfway up the ladder to the loft.

"Up here!" Jack said. He kept on going and didn't look back.

Pete followed him up onto the loft to the 'Tack Room.' It was an enclosed area with walls made of hay bales stacked ten

feet high. The floor was rough wood planking, and the ceiling was the old weathered wood of the barn's sloping roof. Leather harnesses and straps for the horses hung from hooks stuck into the hay walls. A table in the center of the room was formed of more bales covered with a tarp. Bill was ten feet up, on top of the wall. Jack was standing below Bill on a single bale used as a stepstool.

"Let's get this crate down. It's not real heavy, but it's bulky."

Pete stepped up on the bale next to Jack, and they both reached their arms up to the top of the wall where Bill was looking down.

This is it! thought Bill. In a lightning swift motion, Jack grabbed each of Pete's forearms and slammed them hard against the wall of hay, holding them there. Pete's wrists extended just beyond the top of the wall.

"Hey! HEY! What the hell's going on? Let go of me! Let GO of me!"

Bill slipped handcuffs over Pete's wrists just as smooth as a pro. He then threw his hands in the air and jumped back. When Jack saw this sign he also let go and jumped down to the floor. When Pete tried to lower his arms he discovered the cuffs were attached to a chain hooked to the roof. He knew he was in trouble. He was standing there on a bale in just his boots and jeans, with his hands securely fastened above him.

"Hey. What are you doing this to me for? Hey, c'mon. What's the deal? WHAT'S HAPPENING?"

Pete struggled fiercely, straining his arms and applying his weight against the bonds holding him. They held. When he tried to climb the wall, Bill jumped up on the bale next to him and grabbed both his legs in a bear hug, twisting him around to face Jack, holding him firmly. Jack stood there with his arms crossed over his bare chest, looking him right in the eye.

"I hear tales that you're always bringing violence wherever you go. Why is this? You come and share the peace of this place, and then you disturb it with your violence. John's approach to you today was clumsy, but he was offering to do something nice for you. Your explosion of hatred was unwarranted. Apparently your father never took the time to spend with you to show you why this is so, but it is a lesson you need to learn. So Bill and I are going to take on your father's neglected responsibility, because your action today demands an answer. The three of us are going to work out your problem right here and now."

"Hey, c'mon you guys." His voice was starting to pick up the trace of a plea. Then more bravely. "Hey, the law don't let people do these things. You better let me go or you'll be in big trouble. I'll..."

Bill laughed. "I know for a fact that you've burned all your bridges with the police. Shorty Biggs doesn't want to hear from you again. We're out here all by ourselves with no one to bother us, and we're going to handle this our way." Holding Pete's calves tightly with his right arm, Bill ran his free hand up between Pete's knees, tracing the hard muscled legs up to the large bulge at the crotch. He gave it a firm squeeze. Bill found himself being very aroused.

"Hey, jeez, you mean you guys are queers, too? Oh jeez. Hey, what are you gonna do to me?" Bill was enjoying holding Pete's body so close and tight, under control, as Pete began to get worked up. Bill could feel nervous tremors passing through Pete's body. Bill's ample cock was standing up rock hard.

Jack came up and grabbed one of Pete's legs and held it firmly. Bill lifted Pete's other leg up and pulled the boot off, covering his face with the top of it and inhaling deeply. The warm humid musky smell of Pete's foot sweat mingled with leather caused such a rush of excitement that Bill was almost reeling. Bill grabbed Pete's foot and began to peel the white cotton sock over his heel and off over those beautiful straight, thick toes. He squeezed Pete's foot, separating the toes, kneading it, memorizing the feel. He had been looking forward to licking Pete's feet ever since he had jerked off following the shower encounter. Then he held Pete's foot down while Jack pulled off the other boot and sock.

Bill wrapped both his arms around Pete's ankles and buried his face in the top of Pete's feet, licking, sucking, and contin-

uing to breathe in as much as his lungs could hold. Bill was getting really high by this time, as much from hyper-ventilating as from Pete's smell and the anticipation of what was about to happen.

While Bill held Pete's ankles firmly and the chain above held his arms extended over his head, Jack stepped up behind Pete and wrapped his strong arms around Pete's torso, holding him in a tight embrace. Pete was so stunned by what was happening to him that he couldn't speak, but his trembling and shallow breathing were evidence to Jack of the fear and emotional confusion he was feeling. Jack was thoroughly enjoying holding his captive, and he began running his open palms over Pete's smooth muscled chest and stomach. He spoke quietly in Pete's ear. "We're going to have to teach you a little lesson, Pete. You behaved badly today, and you are going to be punished for it."

"Wha... What are you going to do?" Pete's voice was dry and cracked.

Still holding Pete tightly from behind, Jack replied, "When I misbehaved as a boy, my dad used to give my butt a good whipping. I think that's just what you need." Pete's breath sucked in sharply. Starting from the armpits, Jack slid his hands slowly and deliberately down Pete's side until his thumbs were resting just inside the top of Pete's jeans.

"Let's just help you out of these pants. You won't be needing them for awhile." His thumbs slid around Pete's waist to the front, where he began slowly unbuttoning the fly, prolonging the excitement and suspense. He peeled the jeans down over Pete's round cheeks, carefully leaving his thin white cotton jockey shorts in place, down over the strong hairy legs. Bill lifted up each of Pete's knees in turn and pulled the pant leg off. Then Jack and Bill stepped down from the single bale Pete was standing on and surveyed their prize. There was Pete, looking very helpless and vulnerable in just his shorts. Pete just stared at them, his eyes wide open in disbelief.

"C'mon, Bill," said Jack, "Let's move this bale." The two men began pushing the bale that Pete was standing on out of the way. When Pete got to the end of it, Jack caught him as Bill gave one final heave that put the bale several feet away. Jack then let Pete's legs down toward the floor, which he couldn't quite reach, except by standing on his toes. His face was pressed up against the wall of hay and, if he tried to stand flat, the cuffs would bite into his wrists. The only way to take pressure off them was to stand on the ends of his toes. Jack had done a good job of measuring. To make things worse, one bale in the wall Pete was facing was not flush, but was sticking out about a foot, right at Pete's crotch level. This forced his buttocks to stick out invitingly.

All of them were sweating by this time, less from the mild heat than the intensity of the situation. Bill had stripped off his pants and boots and was standing there in his socks with a roaring hardon, staring at Pete's bound body and stroking his meat. Jack reached down to his waist and pulled the wide black leather belt free with one swift motion, evoking a shudder from Bill, who was getting extremely worked up. Jack walked over to Pete, laid the belt over his shoulder, and began rubbing his hand gently over Pete's butt through his shorts. Smoothly and caressingly Jack petted the round firmness. Then he spoke.

"This thin layer of material is the only protection your ass has from that strap, isn't it, Pete? It isn't much protection, either, is it?" With a grin, Jack looped his thumbs in the elastic band of the shorts. And he slowly and deliberately began to lower the shorts over the round orbs of Pete's beautiful meaty ass, until they were down around his thighs. "And now you don't have any protection at all, do you? Your butt is open and exposed and ready to be whipped. And it's going to be whipped very well. You know that, don't you?"

Pete's only response was a shudder and a quiet whimper. Jack now ran his hand over the smooth bare skin of that magnificent ass, building up the suspense. Jack's cock was so stiff in his jeans that it ached; Bill had a dazed look on his face, his hard dick held tightly in his hand.

"Well now, Pete, we're ready to begin. You let me know when you're ready to be sorry for your behavior and want to make amends." With that he stepped back, pulled the belt

from its resting place on Pete's shoulder, wrapped the buckle end around his palm, and began laying on strokes on Pete's bare butt. At the first one, Pete yelped, then went through several trying not to make any sound. Jack confined his aim to Pete's buttocks and upper back thighs; he wanted Pete to concentrate his awareness on his ass. The strokes were applied with evenness without a break—one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three.

Pete's attempts at silence disintegrated and he began to holler and dance around on his toes, squirming, and futilely trying to get out of range. As the whipping progressed, Jack began to use more pressure and swing harder until he was swinging with the full force of his man's body, bicep bulging. Each time the strap bit, an angry red welt sprang up on Pete's buttocks and thighs. By now his ass was criss-crossed with red, and he was openly crying, all reservations of pride completely gone.

"Oh, please, I'm sorry! Please, don't... Yeow!... please don't hit me any... Ow!... more. I didn't mean to... Ow!... hurt your friend. Oh PLEASE!!!! No more! I'll do anything you say, just don't..."

Jack was hitting hard, but he was carefully gauging where Pete's head was, and he was getting just the reaction he wanted. Without breaking his stroke, he said, "Bill, I heard the man say he was sorry and would do anything we say, didn't you?" He continued laying it on heavy for a few minutes more, ignoring all pleas until Pete completely lapsed into bawling. Then it was over.

Pete hung there, limp, sobbing, his entire body covered with sweat. Jack walked over to him, kicking a wooden box as he went. He put his strong arms around Pete's waist and hoisted him up, pushing the box under him, taking the strain off his legs and arms. Then he stepped up onto the box, facing Pete, and he put both arms around him, pressing their bodies together, and he held him tight while the wracking sobs began to subside. Bill came up from behind, stepped up, and pressed his body against Pete's backside, throwing his arms around them both and holding on to Jack. The three of them stood there for several minutes, Pete wrapped in warm man-flesh.

Jack was the first to speak. "Now that you've been punished for the act, I think it's time you offered something as amends. Bill, release the chain." Bill climbed to the top of the wall and released the chain from the hook in the sloping roof of the barn. As Pete's arms came down and the blood rushed back into them, he screamed and fell to his knees on the floor. Jack stepped down, picked up the end of the chain and started walking to the middle of the room, dragging Pete with him. He manhandled him up and over the tarp-covered 'table' in the center of the room, then leaned over and attached the chain to another hook in the floor. Pete was now standing on the floor, bent over the table, with his hands going down the other side.

Bill went up behind Pete, attached a leather strap to each ankle, ran it through an eyehook to the left and right of the table, then began to pull. As he pulled, Pete's legs were forced to spread until his little red butthole was exposed for all to see. He was now in perfect position for a good fucking. His head and his ass were at just the right level for the men to slide their cocks in; his cock and balls hung limply down, also exposed.

By this time Pete had recovered enough to speak. "Please let me go. You punished me already. I don't deserve no more beatings."

Jack replied, "You must not have heard me. I said your punishment was over, now it's time to make amends. We think you should offer something appropriate to counter-balance the deed and show your sincerity."

"I dunno what you mean."

Jack continued, "Since your last outburst was directed at a man who wanted to suck you off, I think it's appropriate that you turn around and suck a man off."

"Hey, wait a minute, for chrissakes, I ain't no fag. Hey!" About this time Bill had gotten down between Pete's spread legs and began sucking on his long thick cock, grabbing both nuts in his hand and pulling and squeezing on them. Pete was mortified to be getting a hardon, but then Bill was a pretty

good cocksucker.

Jack stood in front of Pete's field of vision and began to take off his jeans and boots. Jack's cock was BIG. There was just no way around it. It had brought a tear to many a man's eye in the past. And right now it was standing up rigid hard very close to Pete's face.

"Now, Pete, I want you to show me how sincere you are about being sorry for hurting John. I want you to put this dick in your mouth and suck on it, make love to it, make it feel good." He took Pete's helpless head in his big hands, brushing the tip of his cock against Pete's lips. Pete tried to turn away, tried to keep his lips closed as tightly as he could. "Pete, you're not cooperating. Does this mean you haven't learned your lesson yet? I'll be happy to start the whipping all over again. Is that what you want?"

Suddenly Pete's resistance was gone. He gave up in helpless resignation. His ass was on fire, Bill was licking up and down the shaft of his meat, keeping it very hard, and suddenly Jack's big dick was in his mouth. Jack looked down and smiled. Pete suddenly started to really get into it, slurping and sucking, taking as much down his throat as he could. Jack held Pete firmly by the ears with his strong hands. "That's the way, boy. You're doing real good. Now just open up a little more, that's it." Jack suddenly shoved another two long inches into Pete's throat, making him gag, out for just a second, then plowed back in deep. No hurry, just a nice long fucking of a hot young stud. Nice.

Bill was having a great time sucking Pete's thick shaft; at one point he had it all the way down his throat, with Pete's hairy balls inside his mouth at the same time. Bill's own cock had been hard from the moment the cuffs had gone on. At one point he wondered if he would get gangrene from being hard so long, but later decided it didn't matter, it was worth it. He finally moved around facing Pete's beautiful and very red ass, looking over it into the eyes of Jack. They locked eyes in an incredible peak moment of togetherness, understanding, and raw sexuality. Then Bill turned his attention to Pete's asshole. It was so sweet having him like this. Bill could hardly believe it was happening. There, right, there, just six inches away from his nose, was one of the most beautiful asses and buttholes he had ever seen. He put his nose close and took a first tentative whiff. WOW! Without further ado he had his tongue on that little red anus, lapping, sucking, chewing. Pete began to squirm with the unexpected sensations. Bill's hands kept stroking Pete's cock and balls, not letting the arousal fade. Pete's buns were so hot from the whipping that they almost burned Bill's face. He continued lapping, lapping, lapping at Pete's hole like a dog.

Jack, observing Bill's activity from his commanding vantage point, suddenly pulled his cock out of Pete's mouth. He grabbed Pete by the hair and pulled his head back to look him in the eye. He smiled. This was the supreme moment he had been waiting for. He was anxious to see the look on the boy's face.

"Pete boy, you know what 'cornhole' means?"

Pete's face curled up in a spectacular combination of horror and fear. "Oh, no. Oh, please no. You wouldn't do that. You're too big. You'll rip me open. Please! I did what you said. Please don't make me do that. PLEASE!"

At this moment Bill began to force his tongue as deep inside Pete's butt as he could. He put his hands on each of the red hot buns and began pushing them to the side, stretching and exposing more of that incredible little hole to his wet tongue.

Jack just kept smiling at Pete's anguished face. "I'm afraid so, boy. I'm going to bury this big thick piece of meat all the way up your tight little butt. And then I am going to pull it out and push it back in, pull it out and push it back in. I'm going to fuck your ass and fuck your ass as long as I want, and there's no one here to stop it, is there?" Jack squatted down so his face was inches from Pete's. He stared into Pete's eyes with a searching, questioning look. "You aren't afraid, are you?" Pete was obviously terrified. "Well, there's no need to be afraid, because you're going to like it. All you have to do is accept it, and it'll go real easy. If you fight it, you may get ripped open, but you'll have nobody to blame but yourself. If you relax and accept the situation, Bill and I will make you

feel real good." Jack stood up and walked proudly, cock jutting out magnificently, back to where Bill was slurping away at Pete's ass.

As Jack walked around, Bill turned on his knees and began slurping and sucking on the huge cock of the man he loved. This man had gotten him high so many times, and *this* time was going to go in his permanent memory book. Jack stood there, stroking Bill's hair with one hand, petting Pete's red, raw butt with the other. Pete looked so good in that position, legs firmly spread and secured, ass red-hot to the touch, and that little virgin anus just hanging there waiting to be penetrated. As Jack pulled his cock out of Bill's mouth, Bill jumped back under Pete and started working on his cock again. It came right back to full hardness. It occurred to Bill that there was something about this Pete was liking.

Jack reached under the tarp and pulled out the can of grease he had put there earlier. He stuck two fingers in and applied them to Pete's rectum. Pete immediately tightened up at the touch. "Relax, Pete. Relax if you don't want to get ripped apart. I'm not going to hurt you if you accept me." He continued to gently knead and stretch Pete, then slipped in one finger to about the knuckle, pulling, stretching. Pete's ass was tight as imaginable, but Jack was making progress. He continued talking to Pete in soothing tones as he stretched and pulled. Soon he had two fingers in and could see that he was well on the way.

Jack grabbed a handful of grease and rubbed it down the long shaft of his hard cock. This was going to be so sweet! There was Pete bent over, his beautiful hairy legs securely tied apart, his ass red and glowing, and that perfect little hole all shiny and inviting from the grease job. Jack put the thick bulbous end of his dick right against Pete's buttock. He could feel Pete trembling. "OK, Pete, just accept it. Here it comes." He placed one hand on each of Pete's buns and pushed them aside as he applied an easy pressure to his cockhead. Slowly, ever so slowly, he continued to push and stretch until the tip was in and Pete's anus tightened back down around the shaft. Pete let out a loud gasp and began shaking.

"Easy does it, boy. Calm down. It's OK." Pete's asshole was so tight around Jack's cock that it almost hurt. Jack placed one hand on each side of Pete's pelvis and then, assured of leverage, began to feed the boy some mancock. When he reached the second sphincter, he hit a block. It was tight as a drum. By rocking back and forth on his toes and applying more pressure Jack was able to pass through. Pete's whole body suddenly let go and relaxed; the change was dramatic. All the air he had been holding in his lungs came out in a rush, and he began breathing deeply. Jack felt a release of tension inside Pete, and now it was easy to fuck him. He continued feeding that big pipe up Pete's ass until it was all the way in and his sensitive balls were touching the hot skin of Pete's red butt.

Bill had decided he had gone to heaven. He was on his knees between Pete's legs licking and sucking Pete's balls and thick shaft, while watching a closeup of his lover's beautiful dick enter the helpless boy. He was pleased and somewhat amazed that he had been able to keep Pete's cock up throughout the whole penetration. Pete ought to be turned on! He was, in Bill's opinion, in a very lucky position to be getting all this attention from two hot men!

Jack began to step up his strokes, pulling his cock right out to the end, teasing Pete's buttock, then slamming it all the way deep until Pete was totally impaled. At the moment of maximum penetration, Pete would tense and rise up in an attempt to escape the invader, but of course his ankle restraints kept him from going much further than up on his toes. Jack would then move forward so Pete couldn't get back down and simply stop, holding maximum depth, enjoying the boy's straining muscles. Then he'd pull it out to the tip, playing, teasing, and then the hard slam again. Later Jack moved into continuous long hard thrusts, ramming and ramming, working the boy's ass real good. He was getting pretty hot by this time and decided they should all come.

"Now Pete, you're gonna be real lucky, because Bill is going to let you suck him off. He's going to come in your mouth, too, and I want you to swallow every drop. If you spill

any, I'll have to whip you again for not obeying. Understand?" Pete nodded.

Bill got up and walked around to Pete's head, leaned over and looked into his eyes. He sure was handsome! "I'll bet your mouth is real dry about this time, huh, Pete?" Pete nodded. "Well, this will help." Bill gently took Pete's head in his hands and covered Pete's mouth with his, exploring Pete's lips with his tongue. Pete started to protest, but suddenly was responding to the kiss passionately, not only allowing Bill's tongue in his mouth, but thrusting his tongue into Bill. After a moment, Bill pulled back and said, "You know, we really do like you." He then stood up, stroked his hard cock so that Pete could see it, and then put it into Pete's unresisting mouth. He began to fuck Pete's throat with a fury.

Jack had reached down and grabbed Pete's cock when Bill got up. He wasn't about to let Pete get soft. He greased his hand up and began stroking Pete's thick dick with one hand; the other was squeezing and tugging on the heavy hairy balls. It worked. Pete stayed good and hard, his cock sometimes throbbing a little thicker and harder for just a moment. When Bill started fucking Pete's mouth, Jack resumed the heavy reaming of Pete's butt, pounding harder and harder with all the strength of his powerful legs driving the steely rod to the limits. He was jacking Pete off faster and faster now, the tempo picking up with the increased ass-fucking speed.

Bill reached under Pete, found his nipples, and began pinching and tugging on them, rolling them between his fingers, digging his nails lightly into them. Pete was moaning and almost crying, writhing on the table under the onslaught of two hard dicks working both ends, rough fingers manhandling his sensitive genitals and nipples. Bill glanced up to see Jack staring at him. With an intense jolt they locked eyes, held for a moment, held for an eternity a vision into the depths of the other's soul, a merging, swirling, fusion of passion-compassion-caring, a profound knowing-trusting-understanding, a certainty of deep encompassing love at the base of their being. A shock wave passed over the three of them, started by Pete who began thrashing on the table violently, straining powerfully at his bonds, and yelling as loud as he could with a throat full of meat. As Jack's hand suddenly became full of warm thick slippery cream, he realized in a flash that Pete was coming! That was all he needed: a pounding drumbeat throb began welling up from within, releasing in a repeating explosion of light, color, and heat as spurt after spurt after spurt shot into the warm sheath of Pete's insides. Bill saw Jack's face pass through an instantaneous succession of devil-angel-man-boy-ecstasy; when Jack rolled his eyes up into his head, Bill knew this was it. He simply let go the hold that he had set up inside to keep him from ejaculating too soon, and the floodgates blew out. His entire body went into spasms, pouring load after load down Pete's throat, his knees shaking so hard he could hardly stand up. Pete was actively sucking as hard as he could, draining Bill's heavy balls. Bill collapsed over Pete, burying his face in the small of Pete's back, holding onto him and kissing him again and again. From Pete's other end, Jack lay over both of them with his head resting on Bill's sweaty back, stroking the bodies of both his men.

After a few minutes they had regained their breath; Jack and Bill got up and put their jeans and boots back on. Jack stood by as Bill released the handcuffs on Pete in case there was trouble. There wasn't. Pete did not speak or look at them. Keeping his eyes on the floor, he put his clothes on, then climbed down the ladder and walked out of the barn.

Dinner came and went; Pete didn't show up. When he still had not returned by breakfast, Jack checked the bunkhouse to see if his gear was still there. His pack was lying on the floor, and the bed had not been slept in.

They usually worked a light load on Saturday, and they didn't leave the main yard all day in case Pete came back. After dark they retired to their quarters, feeling a little on edge wondering about Pete. Bill stripped to his shorts and lay down on the bed to read a book he had picked up at the general store. Jack sat down at the table in the middle of the room, turned on the lamp, and began catching up on some

paperwork. After about an hour, Jack saw the light in the bunkhouse go on through the window.

"Looks like our friend has come home."

Bill hopped up and ran to the window, peering out at an angle to avoid being seen. The bunkhouse light went off again, and by the moonlight a solitary figure could be seen walking across the yard. "He's headed this way, Jack. He's carrying his pack, and he doesn't look like he's armed."

"Well, that's a relief. Let's try to look casual, huh?"

"Right." Bill lay down on the bed and pretended to be reading. There was a quiet knock on the door.

"Come in."

Pete walked in slowly, holding his pack in one hand. He looked a little worn down; his clothes were wrinkled and stained. His face showed confusion, uncertainty; he seemed distant. He stopped a few feet away from the table where Jack was sitting. When he spoke his voice was quiet and sad. "I came to get my pay."

Jack replied, "You OK?"

"Yeah."

"You were outside all last night?"

"Yeah. In the box canyon. Wanted to think."

Jack opened the drawer of the table and pulled out a roll of bills. He tossed it on the table. "You worked hard for this pay, and you earned it. I admire a man who takes pride in doing a good job. You'll find a little extra bonus in there, too. It'll cover your bus fare to Denver, if that's where you want to go."

Pete reached over and picked up the roll, stared at it for a moment, then stuffed it into his jeans. He looked up at Jack, turned his gaze on Bill, started to say something, but finally stared at the table top without speaking.

Bill sat up on the edge of the bed. "It's kind of dark for hitting the road. You can stay in your bunk tonight, and after breakfast I'll drive you out to the main highway to catch the bus."

Pete seemed to want to say something, but couldn't get it out. He shuffled his feet on the wood floor, cleared his throat, but ended up still staring hypnotically at the table top.

"Pete." Jack spoke in a confident, fatherly voice. Pete looked up and was caught by Jack's eyes. "Pete, there's a lot of work on this ranch, even operating at the reduced level we do. Bill and I can't really handle it all by ourselves. We need an honest hard working man to help out."

Pete looks surprised, Bill thought. Hell, I'm surprised! I wonder how long Jack's been thinking about this?

Jack continued, "I've been examining the finances here." He gestured at the paperwork on the table. "And I think we have barely enough to hire a fulltime hand. The pay isn't much, but the food is good and the bunkhouse is warm. We'd like you to stay."

Pete seemed to be struggling with some emotion or indecision deep inside; his eyes were shiny, as if he were about to cry. Finally he found enough voice to say, "I, uh... nobody ever wanted me before."

"I think we should be clear on job responsibilities, though, Pete." Jack put the papers in the drawer and closed it. "I'll need your services on the range, and sometimes I'll want your services in our bed. And of course, anytime you do anything wrong, you will be whipped until I am satisfied. Are we in agreement?"

Pete licked his lips and shifted his weight to his other foot. "Yes."

Jack looked at him sternly. "That's 'Yes, Sir' from now on. Got it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"OK, we want you in our bed tonight. Strip down to your shorts and stand at attention. You will perform any and all acts commanded, and you will be made to come at least three times before morning. Is that clear?"

"Yes, SIR!"

□

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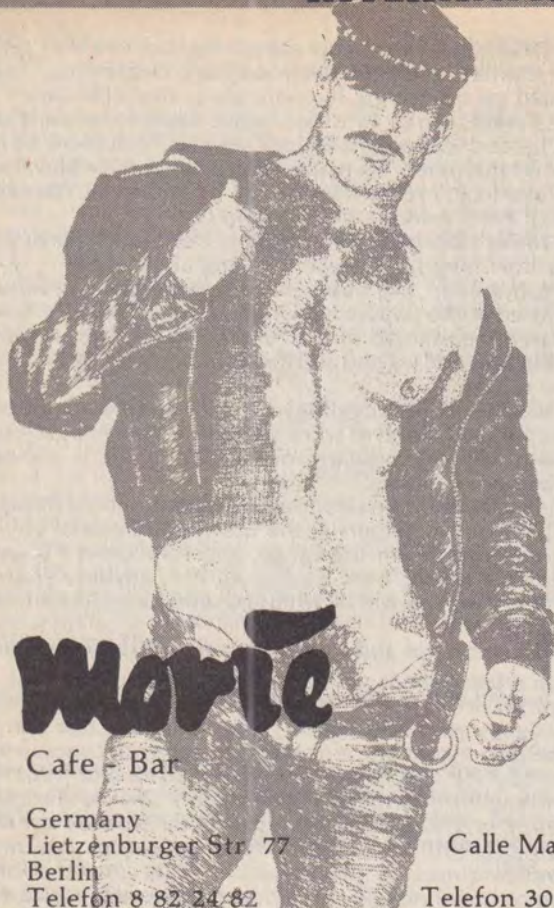
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Dear Larry,
I know that you're hot into musical background in the blackroom scene, so maybe you can give me some advice. I've recently moved, and I'm in the process of setting up everything all over again. In my old locale, I used an 8-track tape as the heart of my sound system, and under the old conditions it was perfectly satisfactory. Now, being inspired by my more spacious surroundings, I'm trying to re-do my system, and I suddenly realize that 8-track is on the way out. It's even getting difficult to find blank tapes, let alone equipment. But I want something that's going to run as long as I leave it on, not something that I have to stop and fiddle with when the tape runs out. What are you using these days?

Frank, Baltimore

Dear Frank,
I have to admit I'm still on 8-track, but I have also observed the coming changes. Because I recently got a new van, I went through the sound installation hassle for it and eliminated the 8-track I had been using in the old one. I installed a Kenwood system, with an auto-reverse cassette deck. This works the same as the 8-track, in that it will go on a continuous loop until you stop it. Since my van is always the "second blackroom," the solution seems applicable. Just find an auto-reverse deck that has the continuous feature, and you've got it made. Then you can have the pleasure of re-recording all your favorites onto the new format. Be careful in selecting your tape deck, however, because some of them have an automatic stop after playing the second side of the tape, and you can't override it.

Dear Larry,
I am blessed (or cursed) with a pair of exceptionally large, deep-hanging balls. I have to admit that they are my pride and joy, except that in a scene my Top always wants to strap them up and hang things on them. In addition to being large, my nuts are also extremely sensitive. I try to set this as one of my limits, but hardly anyone believes that a pair of balls as big as mine can be so touchy. What should I do?

Well-hung, Seattle

Dear Well,
Everybody has sensitive balls. It's a matter of getting used to having them manipulated. I suggest you try a few stretching sessions on your own, until you can take a proper degree of pressure, etc. The problem is more in your head than in your nuts.

Dear Larry,
I am a slave and have been for a long time, but I am fairly successful in my work, so have my own house and a well equipped dungeon. There are several Masters who come to work me over regularly (one at a time), but two of them always insist on bringing their own equipment. They arrive at my door with their bags of toys, and hardly ever touch

THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

any of the wonderful things I've bought to have used on me, and that I really want them to use. I've discussed this with both Tops, and each of them has told me basically the same thing; they work better with their own equipment and prefer to use it. If I don't like it, tough shit. Who's right?

slave, Washington, D.C.

Dear bottom,
I'm addressing you thus because you are not a slave, however much you would like to think of yourself as having attained that status. A slave does as his Master commands, and he does not bitch or snivel or equivocate. He certainly does not try to tell his Master what to do or how to do it. Even a good bottom will accept the guidance of his Top and respect his wishes when it comes to such decisions as these. But an unencumbered bottom does have the choice of going with the guy or not. Since this appears to be your true status, I would say to either accept your Top's decision, or find another guy to work you over.

Dear Larry,
This is probably a question with no real answer, but if anyone can advise me, I expect it would be you. I'm just short of forty and have been playing SM games for a number of years. I'm usually Top, but my real urges are for the other side. I go through elaborate JO rituals, tying myself up and jacking off. But when I get into a session with another guy as S, I find myself unable to take the things he wants to do to me, and it always turns out to be an abortive exchange. I really want to be bottom, at least some of the time; I just can't seem to bring myself into a proper frame of mind when the situation actually presents itself. Is this something unusual, or does it happen to a lot of people? I don't really think it is the sort of problem I can bring to a therapist, although I have thought about doing it. What can I do?

Frustrated, Los Angeles

Dear Frustrated,
I suspect that your problem is far more common than most of us realize. The elaborate JO fantasies build up a conditioned set of desired activities that your casual Top can not perceive unless you tell him, and that really isn't the way to do it. It disrupts the role situation, and he isn't there just to fulfill your fantasies,

anyway. There are also many things you can imagine in a JO session that are going to feel a good deal different in reality. There are several ways you might try to solve the dilemma: 1) If you can find the right guy, you might try training your own Top. This takes a bit of skill and imagination, but it sometimes works out. 2) You could make a real effort to submit once or twice, and actually go through a scene with the idea, "I can take it, whatever he gives to me." This might break the ice, especially if you start reflecting back on the scene in your subsequent JO sessions. 3) You might try a mild tranquilizer or small amount of one of the popular relaxants, again just to break the ice. A little grass and amyl can sometimes carry the day.

The whole problem is in your mental set, and this is where the manipulation has to take place. Of course, there are gay sex therapists in Los Angeles and one of them might help you. If you want it badly enough, you are going to keep trying until you find the answer.

Dear Larry,
A couple of years ago I bought a Beta-max, and started looking for tapes with some real Drummer action, with some of the types of activities that really turn me on: heavy SM action, Greek action from beginning to end without film being wasted on story, tapes with mature men instead of teenagers, prison rapes, gang rapes, negro masters. I've never been able to find what I want. Most of the commercially produced films (tapes) are far short of the written material currently available—in Drummer and elsewhere. Can you put me on to some source that I may have missed?

Pete, CT

Dear Pete,
By and large, the film makers are guided by commercial considerations, tempered by the limits of the law—or at least the standards imposed by those who enforce the laws. The most recent trend has been toward more elaborate productions, including some sort of story line, location shots, and costumes if the action is supposed to take place other than in contemporary USA. This seems to be the reverse of the action you want, but it is apparently the type of film that attracts the largest audience. By depicting a variety of sexual activities, the film makers are also trying to be all things to all viewers—again, to satisfy the market. I'm afraid you're a victim of the times, a little like the handyman who wants to build something unique for his home or some special interest. If Sears doesn't sell the parts he needs, they are going to be difficult or impossible to find. As to the film contents falling short of the action described in written accounts, you must realize that, whereas we are quite free to write whatever we wish, the self-appointed guardians of public morality would never stand for photographic depictions of this behavior.



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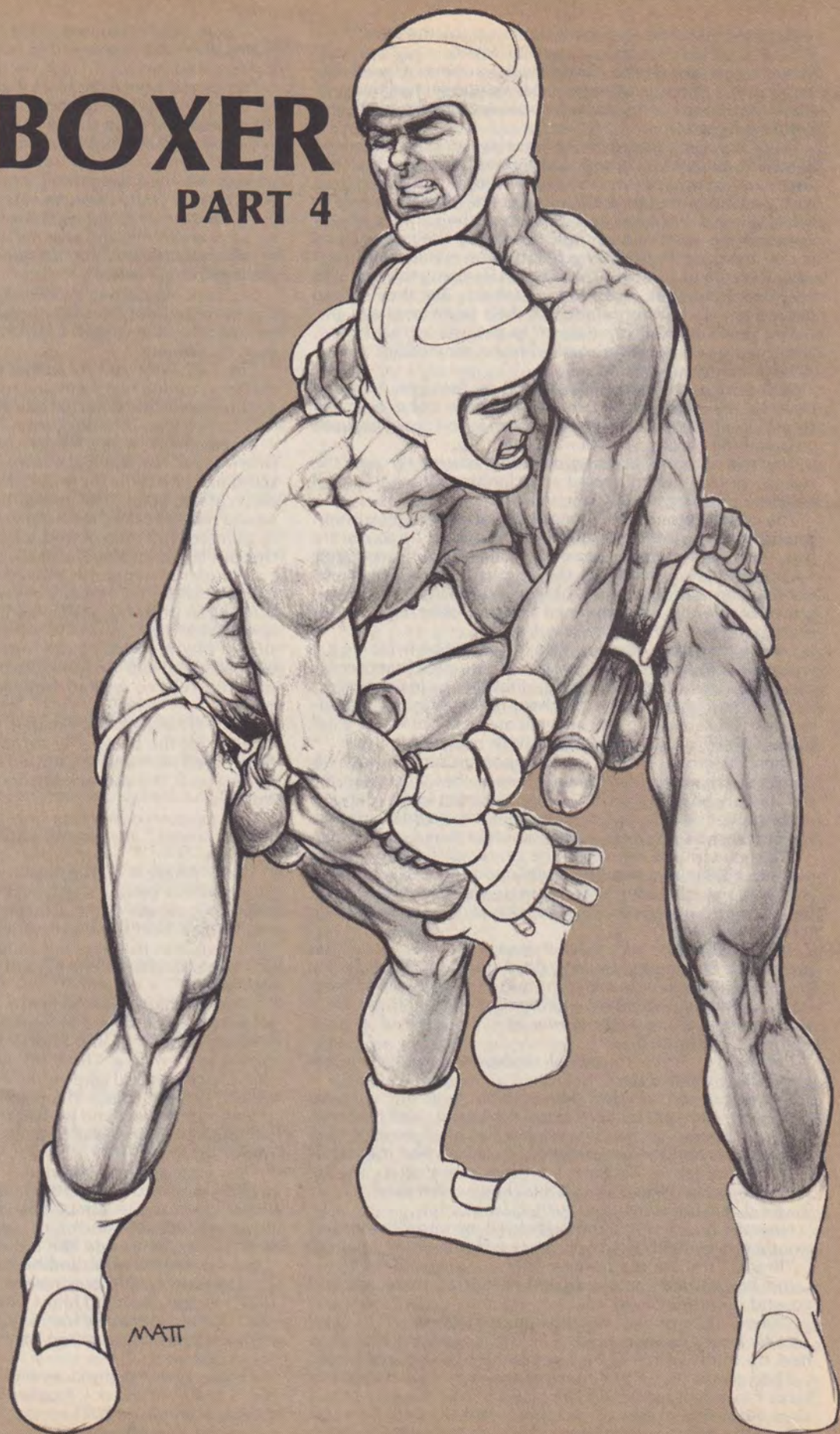
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KICKBOXER

by MAKO

PART 4



Fight night came and the gymnasium of the local high school was filled even before I arrived. My team had the boys' locker area which smelled, like all locker rooms, of sweat, wet wool, urine, semen and cement. My opponent had the girls' side which I took as an omen. You always look for such signs before a fight.

It was a good atmosphere to warm up in. I shadowboxed lightly to build up a good warm sweat and watched our amateurs come back from the ring, some strutting from their wins, some whining from their losses. They weren't aware of it but, as they stripped and showered, the winners always assumed the positions of tops: accenting their chests and cocks, hands to hips, staring others down while the losers took the role of passives: showing ass, running tongue over lips, dropping their eyes before others. But they'd have denied any such interpretation to their body language.

The Sensei himself came down to get me, a great honor, and I could see he was pleased with the promotion.

"Five minutes," he told me.

Seth knelt and checked the tape on my foot gear, then the tape to my *gi* bottoms. He dropped the robe over my shoulders and popped the mouthpiece in so I could get used to breathing through it. Then we went up.

There is nothing like entering a ring, passing through the sweaty, smoky, yelling crowd and climbing above them, all the time thinking of only one thought—to destroy.

The crowd gets noisier. You look at your opponent without seeing him. You let your seconds pull your robe off so you are a muscular half-nude in a sea of fat. You sneer with arrogance and pace like an animal at the end of a leash. There was Sensei, whom I fought for; there was only one other in this crowd of two thousand that had a chance of beating me this night and I was sure I'd destroy him.

I was high with it, dancing with it, sucking on it, loving it. I wished I were nude so the crowd could be even hungrier for me. I knew most of the mouths at ringside would open to my hard on in invitation. The cup held my cock in, the ridiculously small karate cup that allowed my kicks but which a full impact blow would drive halfway into my groin.

Then the crowd gasped as my opponent came in with his handlers. He was a black giant, three inches taller than my 6'2", twenty pounds heavier, glaring out from under his hood as if drugged. It was quite a scene with the crowd giving way for him and his handlers bouncing around and screaming.

We met with the referee in the center of the ring. I don't get into glaring and snorting at my opponent but it's part of the ritual so we stood nose to nose. He was thick and muscular; I hoped he was either slow or stupid. We sneered as we touched gloves.

Then back to the corner for the wave of crowd noise that pulls back and leaves the ring dead quiet for the bell. My second said nothing but knelt to watch my opponent. Seth nodded towards the crowd and I saw John sitting there. I was bouncing, laughing at the purity of it, the high of it, but I snarled with the bell.

The fight is seven rounds of shadows from which a few good shots stand clear.

The first round was slow. He came out huge and ugly, his kicks slow. One got in mostly unblocked and filled my lungs with searing air. His hands were fast but he threw magnum single blows and seemed surprised to always find me standing with my jab in his face. I hit him more often, mostly nuisance wheelkicks that he blocked with raised leg or lowered arm, although he flinched from a few.

Near the end of the round he swirled me into a corner and smothered me with what was more wrestling than boxing.

"Break," I heard the referee call.

But the bastard thumbed even harder at my biceps and ground his cup into my ass.

"I love white punk," he growled into my ear.

"You knock it down to get it," I challenged and brought a heel up to the inside of his knee to help the referee break.

The second round was more of the same: my hooks and kicks a constant factor, his big blows always dangerous and always drawing a grunt from the crowd. I swept him just before the bell. He went down like a cat. My foot was just in front of his face.

"Lick it, boy," I taunted. Then I laughed as I easily avoided the hammer fist that sounded hollowly on the canvas where my foot had been.

The crowd booed the black but the referee had heard me.

"Cut the shit!" he warned.

I bowed and went to my corner.

The next three rounds failed to establish either of us as in control. I won the point war because he all but abandoned kicking. He tried to smother, curse, insult, and wear me out. Sometimes I could hook and step aside but more and more I'd get in one shot and he'd slam his shoulder into me, wrap his arms about me, and give me his weight and suggestions as to what he planned for my pink asshole until the referee managed to part us.

My back was aching and my right collar bone was bruised from his shoulder slams. My breathing didn't slow and in the corner after five rounds I looked across the ring and knew he'd be coming.

The bell rang and he came like a locomotive. I played matador, hitting him from side to side and spinning off. It was a dance with death, terror half-hidden in my gut as I kept a half step, a slip, or a duck away.

He caught me with a hook I never saw and everything went slow-mo, all the way back to the rope which told me I was standing as he came for my ass. He hooked, elbowed, upper-cut, cursed, spat; if anything had been dead on target it would have knocked me from my small bit of reality. He blew it, grunted, and then butted, a horrible crashing jolt of a butt that put me to my knees and covered my face in sticky blood.

The referee stepped in, moved him back to a corner as cups of ice crashed in. I fought my way up slowly, sickeningly, wanting to throw up and throw in the whole damn thing but never with my Master and slaves watching. I stood on one side of the ring holding the rope, my opponent across from me dancing like a kid having to piss in his eagerness to get at me. The referee walked from judge to judge taking away points.

The bell rang with us like that. It would have been humorous but for the blood. My corner lacked a good cut man so they wiped with a towel, stuffed it with vaseline, and held an ice bag on it. We also lacked a doctor, so the fight wasn't to be stopped.

I sat exhausted, wanting only to give a good account.

"Last round," my second said, almost begging me to just hang on.

That's where I was at, hanging on, winning on penalty points for his butting and lack of kicks. I didn't try and guess points but penalty points are a big margin and I had won a few rounds and held some even. I wanted to just survive, not to fall down, not to puke, not to look bad. Suddenly a strong pair of hands clasped the back of my neck, manipulating for a moment.

"I'm watching," was all Sensei said before walking back to his seat with his wife and fourteen year old son.

It was a touch of life. I stood and the crowd cheered. My crowd and my ring. The black hopped up too and I saw his thigh buckle. It had taken quite a beating in blocking and low kicks; I felt the touch of a plan through the cobwebs.

The buzzer went and we began dancing; the bell rang and we touched gloves, glaring at each other, agreeing to let this round decide it.

"For your ass!" he growled.

I hit him in the sore thigh right off, a good illegal leg extension that just about popped his mouthpiece. Then I fought cleanly: left hook kick, right hand, double hook, right kick, from side to side like a shark with the crowd yelling.

But he was no punk and hit back with wide punches, any one of which could put me out. I was bleeding again but it didn't matter. I wanted him. I would win on points in this gym but I wanted him at my feet. Snarling spit through the hole in my mouthpiece I came on; he met me punch for punch, his lip curled up.

He was blocking my kicks with his lead arm now, saving his leg. I was waiting as I fought, like a lion facing a buffalo, careful of its power but knowing I'd kill if the opening came. I faked the roundhouse and a big arm sweep came as I re-chambered my leg, drooling at the sight of his ribs, slamming

home the front thrust searching for liver.

His eyes went to saucers, both knees buckles, and he lurched forward into my hook, but the animal didn't fall. He took my hooks, my right, and hung on; I kept tearing at him, driven by fear of the bell but hitting elbows, forearms, and top of head. I was going full animal and then it seemed as if the Sensei were in the ring watching with a half smile as I lost control in the moment of victory.

I stopped flailing, stepped back, saw the opening and dropped him with a short, sweet, ridgehand. Even then he didn't go out, just sat there staring up as I leaned over him to give him some of my blood.

I took the hike to the far corner and saw him trying to get up. But his legs were gone. I saw him glaring at me, hating me, and I grabbed my cup in the last of my anger.

Then the referee raised my hand, my crowd went mad, my corner went mad, and I realized how close a thing it had been.

They patched me up with butterfly bandages and I sat in a towel signing autographs for kids and got treated like a long lost friend by old men. Everyone likes to share in victory. Seth sat around worrying about me like a puppy with a sick owner. I was half afraid he'd start licking at me, so I sent him home. Slowly the others followed and finally I was alone in the locker room, savoring the quiet and exhaustion of it.

I was hoping Sensei might come in, come down into my den of concrete and water. But he didn't and I finally packed up my bag to leave.

Almost all the cars were out of the parking lot when I got out. I thought the two remaining belonged to the janitors until I saw a dome light come on and my former opponent crunching across the gravel towards me. I leaned on the hood, vainly trying to feel tough but I wanted no more of this bastard.

He stopped and looked at me for a moment.

"Nobody ever gave me more work than I could handle," he told me.

"It was a hard paycheck," I returned, wondering what the hell he wanted.

He looked down at his feet, hesitated, sighed, and then let it out.

"We had a bet," he said.

"Get in," I told him.

He tried the passenger side, which was locked, and he stood waiting, as if he were my guest or something.

"The bed," I ordered savagely. I climbed in, started the truck, and spun off through the gravel without looking to see if he were ready.

I drove fast out into the country and cut about all over the area to confuse him before pulling over by a cornfield only half a mile from the school. I took my toy bag from under the seat, climbed out to the runningboard and into the back.

He was on his back, wedged in against the cab and his pants crotch was bulging with his cock.

"Strip, boy!" I commanded.

"Yes, Master," he whispered and began to unbutton his shirt, his fingers trembling.

I slapped him and my hand went numb against his face. I'd have to find other parts of his body to strike or something harder to hit with.

"Massah?" I prompted, feeling damn arrogant and mean. He wanted a scene and I was going to give him a heavy scene from the past. But I was ready to pick and stick if he rejected the game and rose up in anger. The bed of the truck was no ring and I wasn't sure I could take him on the street.

He hesitated, looking down at the truckbed, settling in his mind what he would take.

"Yes, Massah!" he said, his voice breaking.

He took off his clothes, revealing the magnificent physique I had not had time to admire before. His thick cock bobbing before him, reminding me of how costly defeat would have been, made victory all the sweeter.

I cuffed his hands behind him, put an eyeless hood over his head and pushed him down. I took his wallet and keys before kicking the rest of his clothes out onto the road.

Then I climbed into the cab, pulled my jeans apart to free my cock and played with it as I drove for the dojo, high on the decadence of owning another human being for as long as I was arrogant enough. I swerved to hit potholes and bumps to make him thump around in the back. I drove on the shoulder to hear the limbs scrape and whish above him and sped up on the straights to let the wind increase over his nude body. All too soon I was at the dojo and spun the truck around with the tailgate to the door.

It was late but the patrol car was used to seeing my truck about at all hours, so it was just a matter of hopping into the back, attaching a cock and ball harness and leash, using my key to open the door and dragging him inside.

I took off the hood and handcuffs and made him stand on a weightbench as I walked around him, examining him, playing out the fantasy of buying him.

"Strong looking slave," I said out loud, walking around him. "Really a fine animal. Bend forward, boy, and let us check the tightness of your plumbing. Admirable. Tight and secure, yet able to accommodate four fingers without a whimper. Real corncob clean. Show me your teeth. Clean my fingers, long and soft, a bit of shit by the nail. That's a good boy."

"Now for your breeding equipment. Work on it. Show me you're not diseased."

"Yes, Massah!" he grunted, getting into it, his hand at work on his cock but not overdoing it.

"Crawl to the ring," I commanded. "Into the middle, ass up, legs spread, face to canvas and arms to either side."

He assumed the position and waited, totally vulnerable, as I selected a leather skip rope and came slowly towards him, making the rope sing as I whipped it about.

It hit with a crack, rebounded and then whipped down again with another stinging crack. He couldn't help giving way before it, untied as he was, and I chased him about the ring as welts appeared and my forearm ached, as the first oozing blood came, until finally he fell down onto his belly sobbing.

"No more," he cried, forgetting how big and bad he was.

"Please. No more, Massah!"

I stood over him, the shadow of my cock upon him, and let the skip rope fall onto him as I dropped my pants.

"The fields will toughen you," I promised. "You begged with that tongue, now pleasure me with it and maybe I won't beat you for a bit."

I kicked him and he rolled onto his bloody back. His eyes grew and his tongue came out as I squatted over him and his cock rose from his belly twice, drooling precum into a pool on his belly.

His tongue found my asshole quickly, rimmed me soft and tickling and then probed into me, lapped about within me. I rocked upon his face, staring down at my taut body, playing with my nipples, digging the contrast of my light tan to his ebony, watching his huger cock bob in excitement, getting down on my cock, wondering at the power of mere touch, the depth of my desire to come.

I heard him gasping for breath beneath me but I was too close to coming to think of him. It was what he was there for. My gut contracted above his tongue and I watched the cuts in my thighs tighten and I cursed as the cum came out. I sighed and gave him air as I pumped the last drops out white and pearly on his black belly.

I stood off him and my thoughts were elsewhere. My head was aching and I wanted to be home. This slave had seduced me from home. He was damn ugly compared to Seth. He crawled up half exhausted as I yanked him out and into the truck by his leash.

I drove straight back into the country and stopped about two hundred yards down the road from his clothes. I took a pair of nunchucks from under the seat, the wallet and keys from the glove compartment, and I climbed into the bed to stand above him, my cock out.

He lay looking at me, waiting. I held back, sneering down, forcing myself back up to the high of the moment when I had put him down. None had done it before. I had done it and he knew the bottom now. I savored owning him, then absolved him in a good healthy stream of my piss.

His hand went to that polearm of a cock and he came: massive, thick, grunting.

"Damn," he sighed, laying back sure that the scene was over.

But it wasn't quite finished. I tossed his wallet and keys out onto the shoulder.

"Out!" I ordered.

"What?" he demanded, anger rising in his eyes, hands gesturing at his nakedness. "Like this?"

"Your clothes are around here somewhere," I told him. "Out!"

He started for me but I clipped him with the nunchucks and he rolled away from it, out into the ditch where he retrieved wallet and keys.

"Motherfucking bastard!" he cursed as I drove off.

I laughed. He had a fifty-fifty chance of choosing the direction his clothes lay in. He'd find them after daylight anyway, though the road became awfully busy around then. It had been his bet, made when I was hurt and he was expecting to win.

"Fuck him," I said out loud, but my mind was on fucking Seth.

It was a hard drive home, everything was catching up to me: the hard fight, a headache bad enough to be from a concussion, a long hard scene with some guilt thrown in and, perhaps, missing Bobby. I was relieved when I skidded into my parking place. I felt the hours upon me as I walked into the house. I didn't notice anything, kind of walked in bent over, trying to hold my head together.

I stood stupidly staring at Seth as he hung from the ringbolts in the supporting beam: nude, chained, and gagged. I saw his eyes trying to warn me but it was like my nervous system was short circuited. I couldn't complete anything.

The yell, as they burst upon me, hurt as much as anything they did later on. I may have gotten a shot or two of my own in but they laid a heavy hurting on me. I was down quick, my

sense of scent swamped by beer, cigarettes, denim, piss and sweat. My body collapsed under heavy bodies pressing, crushing, twisting, yanking at any vulnerable spots, and my thoughts were kept from collecting by the broken rhythm of fists and boots thudding into me as various of those present got angry enough to hit me.

The bastards were good, real careful not to take me out, letting me feel it. They had me gasping, struggling now and again without the pause I needed to marshal my forces and take it.

"Enough!" a voice bellowed.

One or two more blows came in as afterthoughts; those holding me down kept to their places while two grabbed me by the hair and arched my head up so I could see the speaker. I could see his boots best, expensive riding boots. His pants were less clear, his hairy belly even less, and I could barely make out his face so high above me.

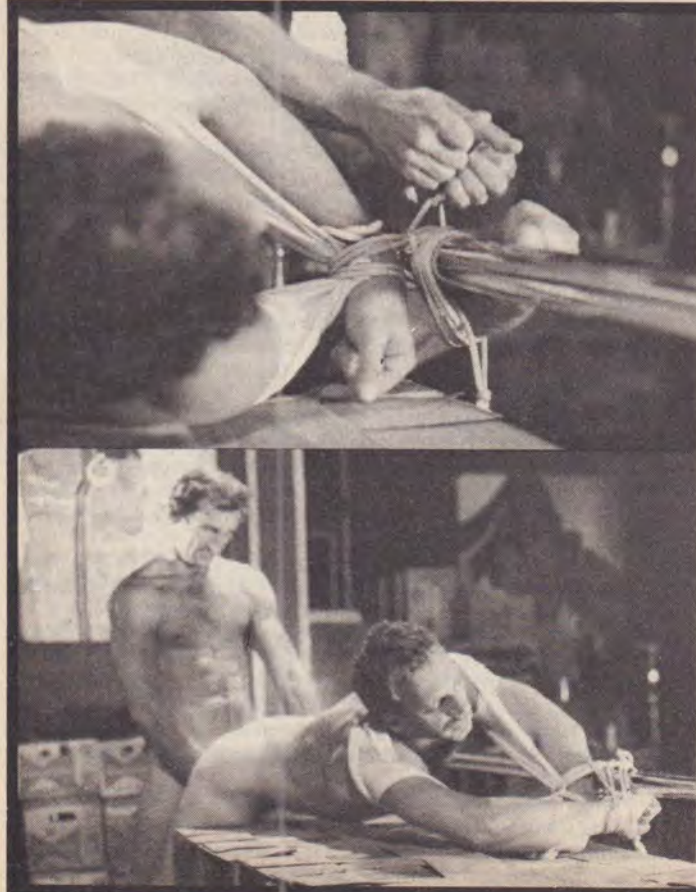
"Hi, asshole," he greeted me, kneeling down. "Tried to save your ass, but my pals figured we owed you a first class treatment."

He was Jimmy Blue, a real psychopath I had done a favor for way back in high school and he felt a kind of loyalty to me. I didn't trust Jimmy Blue, didn't even like him, but he was my only chance of reaching morning. I hoped he had that big .45 on him and didn't get bored with the scene and ride off.

Jimmy Blue stood and walked to my armchair, sat and motioned the others on. But I was together now: body, mind, and spirit. It was obviously not time to strike so I'd endure. I drew out of body, shut down my mind, withdrew into my spirit to wait.

Dimly I heard a zipper opening, sensed the men standing over my body, the excitement of the others and then the piss soaked down on me, smelling strongly, raising laughs and fumbings among the crowd but requiring nothing of me.

Those on my legs twisted me over and the piss fell on my face, blinding me, choking me, but soon ending. I carefully shook my eyes clear and looked up. It was the biker from the alley, a can of beer in one hand, the other arm in a grime-covered sling.



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"Remember me?" he yelled. "That punk paid, now you're going to pay." He wriggled his cock and a drop fell, fell like a bit of a prism in slow motion until it burst wet upon my cheek.

I heard a blade click open. The biker nodded and the crowd about me set to stripping me, tugging, yanking and cutting, so my clothing gave way like mouthful of meat. The blade cut my thigh and I looked in surprise at the bright strip of blood.

I was soon nude on the cool linoleum. It even felt good to be vulnerable before all those eyes. I had every excuse not to fight. They had my body, I was resolved to allow them no more.

They took Seth down. He hit the floor with a thud and lay still. They had obviously taken him damn far. They took the cuffs from him and put them on me, yanked me up by hair and balls and tied me spreadeagled into place.

The one-armed man pulled his belt free. Jimmy Blue laughed.

"He just fought seven rounds, you just stomped him, and you expect him to feel a belt?" he asked.

"No, bastard!" the biker yelled back. Bikers are always yelling. "But it'll feel good to me!"

Then Whack! Whack! Whack! The belt was worked from knees to shoulders. The blows came too fast to differentiate and, though none was as powerful as a jab, they bit into me. The bastard was getting into it, really laying into me. But he was losing the other bikers.

They were drinking beer. One or two were kind of fumbling with Seth, seeing if he lived, looking kind of uncomfortable. I was regretting my time with the Black. They must have been here for some time, using Seth between them.

"Come on, man," one of them said. "This kid don't look good."

The belt hit the floor behind me.

"I've been waiting for this!" the Biker yelled. "You leave if you want, but I'm taking this ass!"

"Plenty of time," Jimmy Blue sniffed. "Nobody's coming by."

I felt hands on my ass, squeezing, probing, spreading, and I wanted it.

"Yeah, punk," the beer breath spoke into my ear. "Now let's get to it."

I felt it at me. He forced it in hard, not all the way, not one deep shove, but in until I felt it, then again, just a bit more pain, until he was in. He paused triumphant.

"Fuck him, Rod!" one of the bikers cheered.

"Break him open!" another joined in.

The atmosphere had changed again; they were getting into it. One of the bikers pulled Seth to him; his skin squeaking across the linoleum. The bastard soon had Seth pulled upside down and was fucking the senseless ass.

Anger rose in me. I couldn't quite empty myself of it. I looked at Jimmy Blue; he looked back cold. He was the smart one, the leader. He figured he owed me and was paying me back.

Rod kept at it, pushing into me, his fat belly humping against me, until I felt him come.

He pulled out, walked around me, sneered at me and slapped me hard three times.

One by one the bikers left. Jimmy Blue went last and stopped in front of me.

"Best leave these parts," he advised. "Cause now we're even."

His eyes were as cold as a snake's. I heard the bikes roar off from the side yard where they had been hidden.

Seth had been faking some. He moved towards me now, but I could see he was on queer street. He found my leg and kind of crawled up me, hung about my neck with one arm. He managed to get my right arm free and then he just hung there.

I had an arm free of the chain but had to use it to hold Seth up. He was lost in the fog.

"Okay, punk," I growled at him. "Get to your place!"

He looked at me questioningly from the fog and slowly worked his way to his knees. When he was solid there, face into my crotch, arms behind my thighs, I unclipped my left

arm and then my feet. I picked Seth up and carried him upstairs.

I had Seth cleaned up, wrapped in a comforter and in bed within the hour. I had taken aspirin and Jack Daniels until the pains could be ignored and the shotgun was loaded.

It was 4am but I called anyway.

"Yeah?" the voice answered.

"Sam," I said. "This is Mako."

"Mother fucker!" the voice came back. "You crazy?"

"I want some people gone," I told him.

"We can talk," he said less sleepily.

"I'll drop by in the morning," I told him.

There was a lot to do but I went to sleep, Seth's head in my lap, the shotgun in my hands.

"Lots of fights in Florida," was my last thought.

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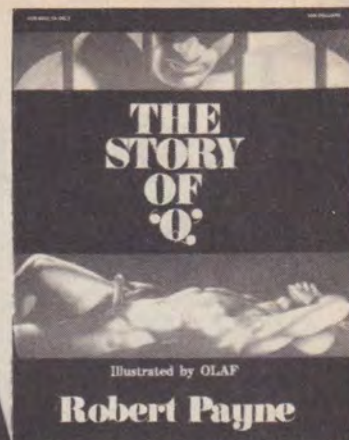
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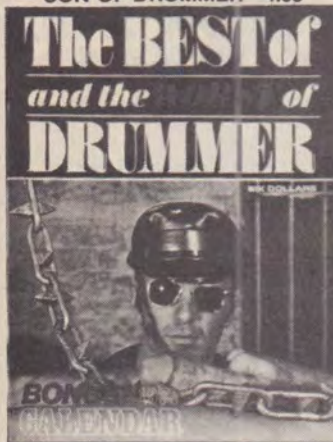
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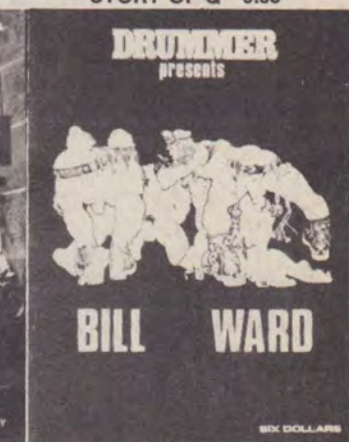
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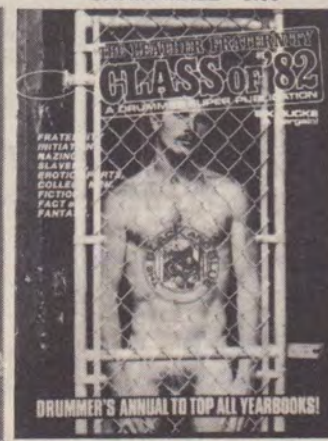
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☐ 2116 (1 1/4" x 1 3/4") ☐ 2117 (1 3/4" x 2")
☐ 2118 (2" x 2") Two attached, \$ 8.95
☐ 2119 Gates of Hell \$12.95
☐ 2125 1 1/4" Cock Ring \$ 1.00
☐ 2126 1 1/2" Cock Ring \$ 1.00
☐ 2127 1 3/4" Cock Ring \$ 1.00
☐ 2128 2" Cock Ring \$ 1.00
☐ 2129 Leather Cock Ring \$ 3.95
☐ 2130 Studded Cock Ring \$ 6.95
☐ 2131 Jeweled Cock Ring \$ 9.95

Add \$2.00 for postage & handling & required sales tax.

Enclosed is \$ _____ in ☐ Check ☐ M.O. or Charge to ☐ Visa ☐ MC
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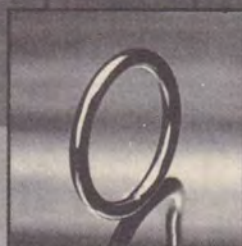
I am of legal age (signature) _____



DUAL COCK RING
 (1" x 1 1/4") 2117 (1 3/4" x 2")
 (1 1/4" x 1 1/2") 2118 (2" x 2")
 (1 1/4" x 1 3/4") \$8.95



GATES OF HELL
 2119 \$12.95



SINGLE COCK RING
 2125 (1 1/4") 2126 (1 1/2")
 2127 (1 3/4") 2128 (2")
 \$1.00



LEATHER COCK RING
 2129 \$3.95



STUDED COCK RING
 2130 \$6.95



JEWELLED COCK RING
 2131 \$9.95

GET INTO OUR GEAR! You've another side to your midnight, your wilder side that wants more than boogie-oogie and polite lovemaking in the dark. It's when you want sex to the fullest, sex with a mixture of mystery and surprise. It's for this "you" that our leather G-E-A-R was made.

Here are the jocks, belts, collars and cock rings that are to be worn and relished when you want to go beyond the usual. Come experiment. Our G-E-A-R will make your hot fantasies even hotter realities and spark sensations you've yet to feel. This is a MALE ORDER! Cut out the mail order form and send it to Studstore, 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

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.

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.

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.

LUVPEACESEX FROM BUDDY AND MATTHEW!

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.

MASC. BI W/M WANTS SAME

Box 722, Campbell, CA 95009

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.

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.

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, Box 3321.

TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS

W/M, 27, 5'4", small endowed, 150# (and losing) looking for youthful looking types who are into pure tenderness and gentleness. I love that kind of action—do you? Please write and include SASE w/pic, likes, dislikes, stats, hobbies to: T.P.G., Box 4396, Mt. View, CA 94040. Ages 18-36. No pain, drugs. Hairy and slender types.

MEDICAL SADIST

Accepting slaves for heavy C/B torture, colonics, needlework. No scene too bizarre! Submit your body now for the ultimate experience. Exchanges with other medics, interns, sadists sharing similar goals welcomed. Travel extensively! Phone, Photo required. Box 3284.

PHONE SEX, (415) Ego-Trip

FACESITTER

BM, 5'10", 140 lbs, 32 yrs. w. rim chair seeks r/f bottoms. W. Jones, 1139 Market St. Rm 144, San Francisco 94103.

YOUNG MASTER WANTED

Cleashaven w/male 30 seeks young master to serve. Watersports? Hot letter to: Occupant P.O. Box 4077, San Francisco, CA 94101.

HANDSOME SON/SLAVE

Needing real love and domination from caring wm, 58, 5'8", 150 lbs. Daddy-Master. All scenes considered for relationship orientated sincere son/slave. Box 3293.

Cruise by Phone, (415) Ego-Trip

SAN FRANCISCO SHY

Very masculine/handsome WM, 30 needs dominant emotional mentor for private on-going relationship. Intelligence, imagination, and sensitivity a must. Write Box 3295.

EASY INSTRUCTIONS DYNAMITE RESULTS!

LOOKING FOR SONS

W/M 37 5'10" 185 7" cut, looking for hot young sons who need discipline. Love: uncut cock, dirty white jockey shorts, w/s, being serviced and rimmed, spanking and fucking tight young son's ass. Box 3274.

OLDER MAN WANTS

Young men to 25, GWM 56 Seeking Young, Goodlooking muscular men who prefer an older mature and stable man for correspondence and a possible meaningful relationship. Like to hug, cuddle, kiss and suck beautiful firm bodies. Any race but must be clean, no fats, fems, S/M, B/D, drugs, kinky sex, violence, etc. Will answer all letters from those who are honest, sincere, and want a good relationship. Please send photograph if possible (Does not have to be nude, but in swim suit or shirtless to show your body). Box 3278.

DADDY'S BOY 21

Looking for Big Daddys w/beards whos into uniforms leather, cigars. I'm 21 5'9" #125 brn/green. (See Issue #56 Tough Customers) Barry (415) 775-6165, P.O. Box 4244, S.F., CA 94101.

NIPPLE ACTION S.F.

Serious weight lifter seeks other men for mutual tit play. WM, 34, 5'8", 155 lbs. Versatile, into all leather sex scenes: FF, WS, CB, BD, oil. No scat. Photo requested. Will travel. Box 3279.

SF TOP LEATHERMAN

Desires real motorcycle CHP for hot fuck session. No phonies need apply. will accept only the real thing. I am W/M 32, 6'1" good build. If you think you can deliver send photo and letter. Box 3280.

WHO & WHERE ARE YOU?

Newcomer needs to contact SADISTIC lawmen, militarymen, cowboys, leather and rubbermen for intense action in your fully equipped dungeon: cross, rack definite assets. Heavy bondage, whipping scenes, c/b torture. Serious only! Foto-phone requested. Box 3283.

33 Y/O DOG/SLAVE

Sks knowledgeable experienced, intel., caring leather Master-owner to 45 who is interested in keeping this animal kenneled & tagged as dog for life. Into heavy B&D. No games or curiosity seekers. Serious only. Ken, 5400 O'Farrell #306, S.F., CA 94102. 415-775-9120.

OVER 40

Someone near my age 65 must also be lonely. Active French passive Greek. Like try other gentle lovemaking—love watching mirror action lasting or occasional relationship—Will come by Greyhound from Napa area. Will contribute for cost of visit. Write for more info-photo—Love and be loved—Hurry don't miss out. Box 3297.

HOSTAGE AVAILABLE

Clean cut, handsome, young diplomat could be captured and held hostage, sexually tortured, by fanatic Iranian. Photo and phone gets same. Box 2034.

THE CONNECTION

The Bay Area's Exciting New Gay Play Line, (415) Ego-Trip.

SFO AREA SHARP S

Fifties, 5'11" 150 wants well-built M stud for good times. Frank letter, photo and phone. Box 3318.

HORSES, LARGE DOGS, FARM ANIMALS

Hot, pierced, uncut, W/M, 32, experienced, wants to meet large dog-horse-farm animal owners and trainers. I enjoy top/bottom in ALL RAUNCHY-KINKY SCENES, including fucking, sucking, getting fucked-fisted and eating out your cum-filled hole(s). Also into leather, S&M, B&D, c&b/tit torture, piss, gang bangs, toys, unwiped/unwashed assholes/foreskins, headcheese, scumbags and more but especially want to meet other animal owner/trainers. I am tall, masculine, good looking w/moustache. Travel often. Photo-phone appreciated. P.O. Box 255562, Sacramento, CA 95825.

LEATHER-UNIFORMS

Pull on your SKINTIGHT black leather police gloves, light up a cigar, kick back and let this hot guy work on your nightstick, SIR! Jim, Box 3319, (415) 673-1284.

ARE YOU INTO BONDAGE

Cock & Ball Torture, and are uncut (cut is O.K. though) then I can take care of your needs. Write in detail with photo to Box 19065 Oakland, CA 94619.

TRY OUR NEW CONFERENCE

Meat Someone New, THE CONNECTION, (415) Ego-Trip

MUSCULAR, 26

C/B, ballpain medium to rough. Also cockfighting: wrestling, lockerroom, boxing. 415-552-5719 Kevin.

LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist. Into light to heavy S&M, bondage, face-sitting, raunch, tit, cock & ball torture, piercing. But your trip, your way. Travel. Am 41, 5'11", 150". Versatile. Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 5906, S.F., CA 94101.

HOT BOTTOM

With hungry asshole into fucking FF W/S, seeks studs for servicing. I'm 5'11", 165 lbs 29 yr Your photo gets mine. Box 3324.

HOT, HANDSOME, HEALTHY

Master, 5'11", brown-blond curly hair, smooth body, 29, 161 pounds, seeks younger, healthy, submissive, bootlicking slave into total domination, humiliation, S&M, bondage, water sports, for permanent servitude. Will

make your fantasies come true. One week trail period. All replies answered. John, Box 8141, Stockton, CA 95208.

WRITER SEEKS YOUNG MAN

With his head together. I am basically dominant and am looking for a permanent relationship. Roles are not important. I have been Master to a slave, Daddy to a son and just honest sex. No relationship can be built in a bed or black room. If you are serious, contact me. I can be very versatile. Frank. (415) 861-3183.

ROPES

Hot, horny, well put-together Libran, 35, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom/top. Photo brings photo. Tightropes, 270 States Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

TOUGH HORSEMAN-BISEXUAL

6'2", 175, 28, rawhide cowboy w/horse into brawling and stunts would like to meet same with horse/s age 20-30 for riding, packing, and outdoor action. Have trailer will travel. Photo exchange. No kink. Box 3334.

HOT LOVER WANTED

Don, Box 421196, S.F., CA 94142.

DOMINANT BODYBUILDER

32, 5'8", 160 lbs, 29" waist, 40" chest, sadistic but sane, into intense testicle pressure, bondage, titwork and unusual equipment. If you are a bodybuilder with a high pain threshold and a sense of adventure, call Don, (415) 864-5566 or (707) 869-0243 from 10am to 8pm only.

MILITARY MEN

I want to make contact with men currently in the military (USMC especially). Tops, bottoms, buddies. Write Rick, P.O. 3291, S.F., CA 94119.

DADDY'S BOY/LOVER

My name is Chuck and I'm looking for a Daddy/Lover who is 30 to 40 years old, a man who has the maturity, confidence and desire to take over a son. I need a man who can teach me obedience and respect while he is always aware of my needs. This special man must be able to generate my boyish love. I'm 31, 5'7", 130 lbs. I am good-looking and have a hot, trim body which needs to be fulfilled by a Daddy. You must be hot looking and have your head together. Please send letter and recent photo to Box 3263.

TALL LEATHERMEN

Hot tall leatherman 39, 6'3", 190, wants to get it on with other hot looking tall leathermen. Box 3359.

W/M 54, TRIM, GRAY

Endowed, virile, versatile, loving—invites Black or white males of same stripe to send contact info to: Will, Box 163, 44 Monterey Bl., S.F., CA 94131.

SERIOUS MASTERS & SLAVES

Applications available for masters and boys for secluded and extensive training in S&M as it should be lived. Write now for your application and tell us why you should be sent one. Serious only. P.O. Box 2371, San Francisco, CA 94611.

BEARDED W/M CARPENTER

30, 5'10", 175#, wants w/m bears with big balls, big bellies, and big asses. Affectionate and playful into most scenes except drugs and scat. Heavy ball work and fisting a plus. Photo gets mine in return. Skinny sissy's need not apply. 555 Clayton #28, S.F. 94117. 621-1770.

EXTRA HUNG

Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra-thick? If you've been told, "it's too big," and you know that it IS a whopper, if you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., ex-porno actor, hunky, gdlky, hot ass, insatiable appetite. And if you're a young, super-hung horny dude, into fucking a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a pic. I'm for real, man. J.M., P.O. Box 99688, San Francisco, CA 94109.

TWO LEATHERMEN S.F.

B/m top W/m bottom wants to meet others into light/heavy action. Letter and photo gets same. Box 3368.

SF—ORAL EXPERT C/B/T/A

Hungry, uncut. Needs insatiable buddy over 30. Box 3370.

BALLET DANCERS

Want to meet cute young guys who enjoy wearing ballet tights. Am w/m, 33, 5'10", 145 lbs. Slim, smooth, sensual. Into many scenes and fantasies. Box 3369.

UP-COUNTRY TOPMAN

If you've got the balls to bend over and take it, I've got the dirty mind and hard leather to give it to you. For ball-bustin' ass-whipping man-sex, write GARY PO Box 773, Petaluma, CA 94953.

STERN FATHER

W/m, 59, suspends wayward sons (18+, any race) by heels for appropriate discipline. SF Bay Area. Box 3372.

G/L W MALE, 29

6', 150 into B/D would like to hear from other G/L guys 21-45 into same & switching roles. Send photo & letter to Box 3379.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog—30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.—seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Write Box 3179.

TOTAL SLAVE

Burbank Slave Danny will submit to bondage, whipping, piercing, armpits and tits, shaving, photography for parties, groups or one Master. Phone (213) 846-9486, Danny Payne, 241 East Alameda Ave., Burbank, CA 91502.

GERMAN SLAVEDOG

32, 6'1", 175 lbs., 7". Totally submissive and available for Master and/or groups for your total pleasure. Your slavedog is often in Ca. and New Orleans and needs a lot of training. Into tits, piss, and fucking. Box 101.

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.

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.

COCK/BALL TORTURE

LA stud 6'165 sks master for S/M & torture of long, thick uncut C/B's. Box 3220.

DEEP ARM FISTING

W/m, 32, 5'10", 165 lbs. Men who can take it up to my hairy tattooed arm and elbow. Put your pig butt in my sling and let Daddy do the rest. No requirements other than a hot well used and greedy butt. My butt can take the same. Photo and phone. Box 3232.

GOOD/BAD GUY

Indoors or Outdoors; strip poker/clothes burning or Power RIP wrestling. No extra clothes allowed. C/B kicking and power wrestling into submission (FR-GR-Heavy W/S-Scat-Photography-kept naked and going home in ripped to shreds clothes or jockstrap or naked.) No clean up privileges. KEN, W/M, 5'8", 160. Box 1021, Orange, CA 92667. Also dominate-aggressive HE-MEN or JOCKS not chicken into some of above and all MUD WRESTLERS. Sincere only. Extra wild regular longterm relationships wanted.

TWO MASTERS, 32 & 39

Need live-in slave for total obedience. Experienced into B&D, S&M, Whipping, Shaving, TT, or eager to be trained. Our fully equipped playroom is waiting for you. Send detailed application with photo-phone to Box 3277.

VER STUD

6', 160, long, thick uncut. Write: "Marlboro," 11325 Blix, N. Hlywd, CA 91602.

BALL BUSTER WANTED

WM, 6d lkg, 34, swimmer/body builder, blonde, 15+ arms, 6'3", 185 lbs., champion stallion. Spring round-up fantasy, real thing. M.D. preferred. Not slave, defiant. Needs breaking, fixing, Terry, POB 74895, LA 90004.

GANG BANG

Goodlooking masc dude wants several hot studs to ride his ass for all night session. Mustach only. Your photo gets same. Mike, 714 737-0677.

SLAVE WANTED

By experienced leatherman, 145 lbs, 5'10", 28, blonde, good looking. Willing to train right man. Respectful of limits. SM, BD, CB, WS. Respond with letter and photo to Hank P.O. Box 60124 Bakersfield, CA 93386.

MUSCLES & PECS

Very muscular BB, 39, seeks other BB jocks for wild times & hot tit work. Have great bod & big pecs. You should too! Box 3311.

HOT TOP

Seeks bottoms into bondage & C.B.T. in my well-equipped workroom. George. 714-848-9801.

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE!

MATURE EXPERIENCED MASTER

Into heavy scenes accepting young slaves for bondage and disciplinary training. State experience and requirements. Box 3317.

WANTED: BIG HUNGRY ASS

Slim, firm, nice looking w/m, 25, 6', hung, bald-crewcut, clnshvn, seeks strong, stocky, bearded, raunchy, w/m facesitter 29-35. (213) 665-6700.

SAN DIEGO BOOTLICKING SLAVE

WM, 22, needs master in leather or levis to worship right down to his boots. Must be able to train this novice slave & expand my limits. Will relocate for right master. Box 3330.

LA MASTER/DADDY

WM, 46, 5'11", 175 lbs, full beard, looking for son/slave into all scenes who is stable and knows what it's about and where it's at. Reply to Box 3333.

ATTR W/M 27

Sks imaginative men (25-45) into hot kinky scenes. Gr p but ? 3.4, etc ways OK!! Send pix, ideas, interests j/o ltrs to: Greg, Box 5575, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413.

TOTAL BONDAGE SLAVE

Hot, 28, goodlooking bondage slave-dog needs serious bondage master for total control. Slave will submit to all restraints, medium to heavy. Travel. Boxholder, P.O. Box 29444, Los Angeles, CA 90092.

MIDGETS/DWARFS

W/M 32 6'2" 160 FF Bottom wants compact top man to give me your all. Box 3346.

TITILLATING TEDDY BEAR

Devours 21-40 yr old athletic blt men only. I'm hairy, 6', 35, 230# cut, masc & fun. Enjoy action, people, windsurf, bicycling, affection, dancing, theater, etc. L.A. & Orange Counties. BLue, 195 Claremont #123DM, Long Beach, CA 90803.

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.

BIG TIT ASIANI!

Los Angeles, 5'6", 135 lbs, trim, smooth & firm & built seeks hairy, muscular white male for mutual tit torture. No scat, ff or fem. Must respect my limits. Send photo to Box 3355.

34; EUROPEAN SLAVE (UNCUT)

Looking well-hung masters. No age limits. I'm Gr pass, Fr act. into SM, boots, dildos, spank, pain. (213) 851-5556.

HOT-HORNEY-HAIRY-HUNKY HUNG

L.A. Area 48, 5'9", 179 lb, br hair, blue eyes, 8 1/2 uncut, into light S&M, B&D, jocks, leather, ws, tit, tic, ff, jo, fantasy trips. Open to new scenes, will answer with phone & photo. Wanted—experienced top leather man into light S&M & bondage for learning experience. Box 3363.

MASTER 42 SEEKS SLAVE

Under 35. No brutality, no fantasy and no bullshit. Slave will serve Master, period. Permanent and live-in. Zak (213) 763-5852.

BEARDED, LATE 30'S

6'3", 205 lbs, 8", Tom of Finland-like, ALL-LEATHER Daddy wants guys similarly endowed who are into black leather jackets and chaps, 501 Levis, shiny engineers and macho-fantasy attitude. If you get into a lather over leather—write! Box 3364.

LOS ANGELES W/M

47, 6', 180 lbs, HAS OPEN HOLE, needs heavy dildo and ENEMA ACTION. CAN BE MUTUAL. Box 3366.

LOS ANGELES HANDBALLERS

Seeking hot buddies into mutual fisting action. W/M, 5'9", 150#, 25, dark hair, moustache seeks strong, together, imaginative men into levi, leather, dildoes, drugs, deep arms and uninhibited ass action, mutual pleasure. Let's open them both up. Photo/phone answered first. Box 3365.

HOT 27, WM, 6'2"

Blonde Leatherman wants to meet other young men who dig, feel, and smell of leather (must own leather) I like cruising bars, dancing dressed in leather, and having good times. No smokers preferred. (714) 636-3495. No j/o calls please.

WHERE'S POWAY?

Lkng for friends & fun in N. Cnty. W/m, 26, 5'7", 135#, hot hard & uncut. Into: hot action, fun & friendship. Charlie, 14226 Match Point Dr., Poway, CA 92064.

LOS ANGELES. HOT W/M

30, 5'9", 160, TOP, into C/B/T, Bondage, Shave, weights, Piercing, Whippings, No Turn back, No Babies, Fats or Fems, send recent Foto and Phone. Box 3367.

CREATIVE SEX. HOLLYWOOD

W/m hunky breaded 42, 5'7", 165, ff, LL, ws. Creative sex. Let's not worry over top or bottom. If your head is in the same place, drop a line and picture if possible. Also phone and your creative ideas. Box 3375.

IRANIAN, ARABIC, SPANISH, MEXICAN

Tough white Italian stallion wants to wrestle or fight to see who rides who's ass! 5'10 1/2", 28, BB, sandy hair, brn eyes, 165 lbs, muscular & dominant. Lets see how tough you dudes are! Winner rides the beaten stallions ass. Loser is no more than a girl! P.O. Box 11624 Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308.

HOT TOUGH HANDSOME M

6'1", 27 years, 175 lbs, 8", athletic. Needs to be trained and dominated, taught how to serve by hard experienced master. Leather, cowboy, levi, etc. Genuine only. Photo. Box 3040.

COLORADO

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.

TOTAL SLAVE

Goodlooking and hung with boots and leathers. Totally submissive and available to leather master. Everything goes B/D, & S/M & C/BT. No scat. Write or call Billy (303) 456-0722.

CONNECTICUT

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.

PISS DRINKER, FUCKEE

BELTEE, COCKSUCKER AWAITS YOUR ORDERS. DECENT BODY, YOUNG. Boxholder—CHK Box 10462, West Hartford, CT 06110.

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER MASTER

Greenwich. Experienced seeks partners who want and need S&M, B&D, TT, C&BT, Gr/Fr, WS, Domination and other Leather actions including Leather toys. Send me your applications. Limits respected. Leather Tops & Cowboys welcome to share. Box 1531.

MOTORCYCLE LEATHERMAN

Let's have leather sex on and off our bikes. Slaves invited if you can take B&D, C&BT, TT, SM, WS, etc. Novice will be trained. Men from areas of NY, CT, NJ, MASS. Write me with details and photo. Box 3035.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THIRSTY

MD-DC-VA. M. Cancer, 6', 35, 168 lbs., blond/blue, moustache, sensuous, thirsty, independent, straight-appearing, looking for experienced, creative, hung, hard-bodied tops, 30-45. Recycled beer, repeat shooters, long sessions, leather, body worship and sweat are turnons; fat, fakes, fems, skinnies, pretty boys, heavy drugs, pain, blood and shit are turnoffs. Not looking for an Adonis or one fantastic fuck, but for men to serve, experiment with, and expand limits with over time. Deeper relationship possible, not likely, but willing to try. Told I'm good-looking, hot, but you decide. Recent photo and letter gets recent photo and response. Your photo returned. Sir, please write: Box 50602, Washington, DC 20004.

FLORIDA

STALLION VS STALLION

Ft. Lauderdale. Wrestle, cock-fight, spank, ver., Leather, Piss, just fine. You/us. Me the Fuck, Goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs. 5'10½", 7½" cock, BB wants ridin' the hole of another proud beatin' Stallion. Espanol, arrogant young dudes at Box 11624, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308. Bang Balls and I'll show you what a girl you are.

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.

SADISTIC COPS ONLY

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.

ORLANDO BOTTOM

White 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.

IRANIAN—ARABIC OR LATINOS

All Amer. stallion wants only stallions to compete for top. Sleek, lean, musc 5'10½", 162 lb, 28, goodlk, 7½", must. 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. Herses your chance to dominate—lets see ya "try" babe.

NOVICE

W/M T/S M/A Seeks same. Box 1058, Winter Park, Florida 32790.

BI W/M SIG. 60(45)

6½" CUT 5'9½ 200 lbs. Large Build. Would Like To Become A Member In A St. Pete Or Tampa Club Specialist In C-B-T- And Greek Fun No Jokers Or Drug Addicts. For Add. Info. Write. D.K.K. 535 37th. So. St. Pete Fla 33711, Or Phone (813) 327-8529 After 9:00 P.M.

GENEROUS OLDER MAN WANTED

By GWM, 35, 6', 200 lb. If you are 45-70, attractive, educated, and would enjoy occasional or regular meetings for French, Greek and good conversation with a sharp young guy, write today. Complete discretion guaranteed. Meet in Tampa Bay area or some travel. Special interest in professional married, or novices who require absolute discretion. Box 3309.

FEET

W/M, 29, 150#, passive, seeks studs who will humiliate me, make me lick the sweat off his feet and spit on my face. Willing to try other scenes. Box 3313.

AMERICAN INDIAN/IRISH

Male, 35, inexperienced but would like to try gentle Greek action from Black, Latin, or Arab guy in Tampa Bay area. Also willing to try a gang bang or other group action. Tell me about yourself. Box 3310.

BONDAGE

I'm seeking studs who would enjoy disciplining my lover in my presence. He is 28, 5'8", 155#, into bondage. Box 3314.

DEMANDING PERMANENT HOME

For full time novice slave young slender anxious Send photo details needs phone. Box 3325.

STATE OF FLORIDA

W/M, 21, seeks w/ms, 18-22, for friendship, sex (French only). Must be discreet, straight acting, appearing. NO DRUGS, SMOKING, DRINKING. WEST PALM BEACH AREA ONLY. Box 3326.

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FT. LAUDERDALE MASCULINE
Imaginative, dominant Master seeks together bottom studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M, C&B/T, piercing, shaving, etc., for 3-way with in-house slave. Can administer heavy discipline, but limits are respected. No permanent damage. Demanding but considerate. Photo and mailing address: a must, phone optional. Am 47, 165 lbs, 7" cut with big balls and big hands. FF is optional, but am a special delight for wide receivers. Box 258.

TRUSTWORTHY, GENTLE
L/L Master for B/D & fun. I'm 26, WM, tall, handsome, swimmers build. If you are a masculine, muscular man under 40 send photo and letter. No fats, fems, drugs. Only discreet and serious. Martin, P.O. Box 455, Miami, FL 33143.

SINCERE, YOUTHFUL
Goodlooking, built gwm looking for master/father. Must be mature masculine man in 30's. Must be stable & sensitive as well as dominant. Prefer clean bodybuilder types. Laughter & equality are essential. Martin, P.O. Box 455, Miami, FL 33143.

INTO ENEMAS?
Want to correspond & meet hot numbers. I'm w/m 33, 5'6", 138, mostly enema receiver, good bottom, also gr/pass, tits, spanking. Will travel So. Fla. during X-mas holidays. Write to P.O. Box 446, Stn "A", Longueuil, Prov Quebec, Canada J4H 3Z2.

HOUSEBOY SLAVE
Miami Beach W/M 48 (looks 38) 6'4" 195 lbs looking for a straight looking live-in houseboy slave under 28. Must be masculine, hard body, tough, no body hairs, great ass. Likes to be fucked, verbal abuse, rough sex. No heavy

S/M. Total commitment mind and body to Master-Daddy. Total loss of freedom demanded. Must obey and open to new things. Lots of TLC. No Fats, Fems or Dopers. Only serious candidate write meaningful letter, send photos and phone number. Relocation expense for right boy. Don't apply if you don't qualify or you don't want a lasting relationship. Write: Steve, Box 8386, Miami Beach, FL 33119.

FT. LAUDERDALE
Masculine, stable, good looking top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training." Reasonable limits respected. Applicant will include photo and phone in letter of application. Jake, Box 130051, 2260 NW 68th Ave, Sunrise, FL 33313.

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.

MS, WM, 36, 6'
Into B&D, S&M, C&B, whips, toys, boots, Fr A/P, Gr A/P, 69, susp, 501 levis, and ball work. No FF, scat, WS, drugs, damage. Phone a must. Travel. Box 3276.

ATLANTA PISSLAVE WANTED
36, 6'1", 175 lbs, uncut, blond, muscular wants to subject well built B or W, 21-35, to his raunchy imagination, who will suck his cum/piss soaked jock dry. W/s. light s/m, j/o, leather, fatigues. All photos get mine, phonenumber must. Box 3315.

-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.

YOUNG SLAVES OR HUNKY MEN
May apply to a muscular real bodybuilder 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.

ATHENS W/M
6'1", 180 red hair/beard, bodybuilder (42c-32w) seeks muscular totem (not masters) for hot action. Ltr and foto gets mine. Roy, 124 Mulberry St., Athens, GA 30601.

SLEAZY ACTION - AUGUSTA, GA
6 ft, 150 lbs, short cropped hair, moustache, good body. Hot man needs good involved session with same. B&D, V.A., W.S., whipping, shaving, top or bottom. Box 3345.

COMPETITION BODYBUILDER
Seeks mate. 6'2", 200#, 20" arms, 48" chest, 35. Turn your life over to me and together we transcend the ordinary. Box 3371.

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HAWAII

WARM DISCREET ORIENTAL
31, wks-out, wishes w/m friends 18-35 anywhere, 5'7", 135 lbs. Box 4191, Honolulu, HI 96813.

ILLINOIS

LONG JOHNS

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

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.

GERMAN MASTER

Hairy men in need of discipline apply to tough but caring German (handsome, blond, blue, hung, uncut). Photos are essential. Novices OK. P.O. B. 6262, Chicago, IL 60680.

CHICAGO MASTER, 29

Wh, 6'2", 185 lbs, macho athlete wearing tight levis, cycle jacket & cowboy boots w/spurs, gives obedience training to inexperienced young studs 21-30. Send photo and letter. Box 3287.

CHICAGO WHITE, 35

5'6", 145 lbs, 7" thick and cut. Wants other hot MEN for extended multi-scene action: armpits, cock, balls and hairy asshole worship, jocks, J/O, piss, fist-ing, ball work and photo sessions. Body hair a plus. Out-of-town/state and trainees welcome. Letter with photos and qualifications gets same—pronto. Box 3305.

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LONG JOHN GUYS WANTED
For layers, hum, B&D. JWH, 450 Briar #8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

S&M MASTER
Accepting novice trainees. If you are under 6', +160 lbs & 18-35, apply by letter w/recent photo to: R. Smrt, Suite 134-8827, Ogden Ave., Brookfield, IL 60513.

HOT COUPLE, 32
New to scene. Top 6'1", 165. Bottom 5'9", 155. Want to meet singles and couples into bondage, humiliation, WS, etc. P.O. Box 10309, Chicago 60610.

54-5'8"-160-WHITE-ARIES
Experienced Top - Respectful of Limits - Can be gentle or extremely sadistic based on slaves endurance. Like bondage, flogging, c/b and nipple work. Body hair a plus. Photo gets prompt reply. Box 3380.

**DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS
MEET RIGHT HERE!**

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.

MARION, IND, S&M M&S
W/M water sports, B/D, C/B, enemas some scat, tit work, rubber, smelly jocks hot wax. Also willing to try other things for the mutual enjoyment of both. Also would like to make friends for mutual good times with at least an understanding of above. Also need houseboy to live and work as slave. Have house or barn for play, some equipment. Also can travel to near areas. P.O. Box 485, Marion, Indiana 46952.

IOWA

EASTERN IOWA
Goodlooking young slave, 21, 6'0", 160 lbs. In need of a dominant man to enslave me. Prefer master over 40 but any age alright. I will be used and abused but am not into brutality. Race and size unimportant. Box 3304.

KANSAS

SOCKS - FEET
W/M, 43, 5'10", 155 seeks guy to mid-40's for intimate friendship and sharing. Just broke up with lover of eight years. I'm into j/o and enjoy the masculine aroma of a guy's socked feet. Occupant, Box 2462, S.M., KS 66201.

WM, 28, 6', 180
Into rubber, beards, balds, bellies. Desperately horny in the Emerald City. Box 3294.

LOUISIANA

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.

HUNKY UNCUT 28
Novice into bondage, moderate S&M, T.T., rimming, body worship, seeks master for initiation into leather world, piss, fisting, ball work. Must be built and respect limits—huge tits and balls a plus. Box 3286.

SHORT CHUBBY SLAVE WANTED
By Master, 49, 5'10", 145#, 6" uncut, Gr. act. Limits. You must be good looking. Apply P.O. Box 70182, New Orleans, LA 70172.

MAINE

MATURE MASCULINE
Stud, 27, short, dark hair, beard, and moustache, hairy muscular body seeks sim men to explore all aspects of B&D-S&M. Exp masters welcome. Will travel. Pic a must. Box 3344.

SM SADISTIC MASTER
40, seeks young masculine gwm masochist slaves for pain pleasure endurance B&D sex etc. No fats, old, or drugs, Box 65, Kittery, ME 03904.

MARYLAND

WANTED SLAVE/HOUSEBOY
By Dominant MASTER put your self in my hands for a possible lifetime send picture and full particulars why should I consider you. Master Stanley E 30-2600 Insulator Drive Baltimore Maryland 21230.

WM, 35, HANDSOME
Well-built, hung, needs non-live-in man for service and be served if deserving. Have good lifestyle but very straight image. You must be a male hunk to apply. Will treat you extremely well if you can earn it. No fucking around, I'm worth it. Only with photo answered. No well-knowns or hustlers. Box 30305, Bethesda, MD 20814. Local only.

BOOTS - LEATHER
W/M, 35, 140 lbs—Love to Service Boots & Leather, will worship high boots and the men who wear them—Verbal Humiliation—Bondage—Some S/M—I am man enough to spit shine your boots—A picture and letter will get me there. Box 3308.

WHITE 55 BOTTOM
Looking for a top. Race or etc. no problem. No pain or FF or scat all else go or dope or drink. Love sex am bottom only. Box 3327.

WANTED
White male, clean, smooth with a healthy desire for daily sex, to serve two aggressive w/m's. Position can be permanent live-in. You must be under 5'9", 18-28, obedient. Send photo w/your letter of application to DWS, 6011 Chesworth Rd., Catonsville, MD 21228.

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.

I PHOTOGRAPH AND COLLECT
Spit-shined military boots & shoes and USMC uniforms. Would like to find a good buddy to swap interests & photos & pos. meet for photo sessions. Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187.

GWM 40'S SEEKS MASTER
W/S, B/D gldn showers shaving piercing. P.O. Box 563, Boston, MA 02146.

WANTED
Big thick-dicked daddy, w/m, good shape, over 34, virile, who can train a w/m in a blue collar job—am strong, virile, thick, honest, ready to work and learn any trade-type work that pays union scale. I am Irish/Ital, 27, short, humpy, hung, eager to please boy look-

ing for an older exper. man to train and look out for me. Serious only, no fats, fems, alcoholics, or heavy drugs. Will relocate. Box 3383.

NIPPLE FREAK - HOT NIPPLES
Wants to correspond/exchange photos/meet with guys into tits. Mine are really huge and always in need of a hot workout. Send letter and picture of your tits, from anywhere and I will do the same. Also interested in nipple enlargement techniques. Let's exchange photos/ideas. Box 3301.

HOUSEBOY/VALET/SLAVE
GWM 18-23. Will trade home for service. S&M, B&D, C&B, TT. Also canoeing back packing, cycling, tennis, photography. Letter with picture, phone to JL, Box 124, N. Chelmsford, MA 01863.

LIVE-IN SLAVE 18-22
Into C&B pain. Call (617) 256-2968.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT
Stepdad 43 6'1" 170 will spank disobedient sons 18+. Box 3350.

COCK/BALL/ASS/TORTURE
W/M, 30, 5'8", 135 lbs, br/br moustache wants hot cock, ball asshole work. Into weights, whips, cigars, cigarettes, wax, dildoes, piss, farts, shit. Willing to explore. Photo, phone gets same. Box 3358.

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.

ROCHESTER MASTER
White, 5'10", 170 lbs., 8", master with well equipped dungeon, seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into SM, B&D, WS, and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road, South Rochester, MI 48063.

SLAVEBOYS
To serve athletic W/M, 27, into C&B, B&D and Tits. Photo & Phone, if possible to Rick, Box 15342, Detroit, MI 48215.

MUSCULAR BEARDED LEATHER MAN
Southeastern Michigan. Into total leather, boots, jockstraps. Dig long leather play, jo, Fr a/p. Photo a must. Box 3290.

SMOOTH SKINNED
5'7" w/m with solid body interested in good times. Into levi and leather scenes, considerate and versatile, cut and cum a lot. Your pleasure or mine. Enclose photo if available. P.O. Box 7502, Ann Arbor 48107.

BONDAGE MASTER
Into heavy tit and cock & ball work. Send your qualifications to my Drummer box number if you can take it. Box 3374.

DETROIT LEATHER COUPLE
S—34, 140, 70" and MS—25, 190, 75", seek singles or groups (20-40) for SM, TT, B&D, WS sessions. We are looking for partner(s) who can satisfy our needs in individual or group sessions.

We are into hot times and good man-sex. No fats or fems. Send photo and phone. Box 3377.

WANTED: A BLACK MAN 18-45
Topman (hung only need reply) to fuck a good looking 25 Y/O black passive bottomman. Call after 6pm. 313-863-8598 Ask for Dee.

WANTED METRO DETROIT:
A couple friendly, dominant, trim, in-shape studs, any size, to split me. Married, single guys to 45 must like 3-ways, watching, being watched and sharing asshole. All must like to fuck, suck, get sucked, and j/o. I'm 30, br/bl, 5'9", 140#, nice body, 6" cut, attractive and I love cock. Frontal nude photos get mine and reply. Box 3352.

MINNESOTA

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.

SLIGHT, YOUNG SLAVE WANTED
Two masters rural Minn. No F.F. or scat; otherwise you will have domination and pain to your limits; respect and concern as you earn and deserve it. Write now to: J&L, Box 605, Battle Lake, MN 56515.

TWIN CITIES MASTER
42—6'1"—160 seeks bottoms for S&M tit torture C&B torture—leather, hoods, gags, whips, chims etc. Limits respected. Box 3298.

SUBMISSIVE MUSCULAR
Young w/m 44" chest, 30" waist into uniforms muscle sex lite S&M, leather-levis seeks dominant bodybuilders muscular athletes for masters Photo, muscles required Can travel Box 3323.

BLAST THOSE ABS
Wanted! Exercise buff for rigorous abdominal workouts, with or without punishments. Let's push our guts to their limits, get mean with those abs! Me: 34, short. You: ready for gut-wrenching workouts. P.O. Box 1093, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

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.

HOT M
6'1", 39, 165, can go either way but prefer bottom. Fists, hard belts, clean out assholes. You name it, you get it. Occupant, P.O. Box 27872, St. Louis, MO 63141.

ERIE JOHN
One, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Once again you've made the summer hot. Two, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Your Kerouac loves you. More please, Sir. Thank you, Sir.

NEBRASKA

OMAHA AREA
42, 5'7", 145 lbs., nice build. Looking for top man. Into 50/50 relationship, sharing time & pleasure. Must be aggressive lover. Not into pain, but love & companionship. Long term relationship desired. Privacy & financial independence a must. Send photo & letter. Box 3291.

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.

NEW JERSEY

NO. JERSEY

W/M, 47, 5'11", 185. Frantic for constant sex with hot top man into verbal abuse, heavy fucking and sucking, rimming, oil, titwork, porno, feet, dildoes, poppers, leather. No pain or bondage but insatiable! Box 3273.

DARK HANDSOME NOVICE

Dark GWM 30/57 135 lbs wants men into leather, uniforms, or bodybuilding. Handsome novice wants to fulfill fantasies. Must have own place. No heavy scenes. Photo exchange. POB 32, Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

BANG OF THE MONTH CLUB

Forming for tops 30-45 to fulfill those long pent up fantasies. I'm a Paul Neuman type 5'8" 145 lbs thick 8" cut. Handsome studs bottom on a rotating basis. Box 3282.

IT HURTS SO GOOD

When you use my body for your pleasure! Mature, Discreet partner for hot French, Greek, TT/C&BT, BB worship, Mutual FF with WM 40, 5'8", 160. No drugs, scat, fats, marks. P.O. Box 69, Belle Mead, NJ 08502.

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

S&M, 25

5'7", 160, 6 1/2" cut seeks fuck buddy into S&M, piss B&D Bodybuilding, Beer drinking, J/O Big Nipples and big cock. Photo & phone # Sir. Box 3300.

W/M, 30'S

Wishes to correspond with others into haircuts-shaves. Details & photo please. Box 3335.

TOP 35, BOTTOM 32

WM's into French, Greek, tits, S&M, whips, 501 levis, boots, amyl, smoke, seek others 18-35 into same. Help service top or train bottom. Photo appreciated. Box 3337.

NORTHERN JERSEY

W/m, 38, 6'2", 185 lbs, hairy, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, fems, or phonies. Box 291.

NEW MEXICO

SANTA FE W/M

35, 135, bearded, some experience, begs to be bootdog suckslave for muscular, hairy, big-cocked stud who wants to fuck and fist my tight ass. Seek friendship too. Box 3316.

WANTED

Hot handsome teacher to break in young slim college virgin. Will try Greek, French. Send photo. Everybody answered. Write to: Chris High, P.O. Box 1793, Lovington, NM 88260.

NEW YORK

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.

LI-NY BONDAGE STOCKADE

Correctional facilities for disciplining young aspiring Bondage Slaves. A strict but decent Custodian supervises caged confinement & woodland exposures, employing Pillory, Strait-jacket, fetters, etc. Body shaving, prolonged restraint, humiliation imposed. Also unpleasant chastisement when necessary for behavior control. Heavy S&M, pain, FF, Scat NOT approved. Prisoner's limits & responses, both mental & physical, closely monitored. Mutual trust, respect encouraged. Long term slavery considered. Photo necessary, sent with honest dignified application to: The Warden, 335 W. 11, NYC 10014, NY.

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 fems, fats, fakes. 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.

GOOD-LOOKING BLOND

35, 5'5", 130 lbs, clean-cut guy likes to receive V/A and to service Marboro studs. Not into heavy S/M, Scat or F/F, but everything else goes, including W/S from machos. Dig big guys and cigar smokers. Box 3299.

HAIRY CHESTS

White male, 27, 190 lbs, red-brown hair and beard, masculine, thick 8 inches, wishes to meet hairy-chested males for mutual hot action. Any age or race. Send description and photo: Box 138, New York, New York 10458.

NYC BODY SLAVE WANTED

Your primary duty will be to serve your Master with head, heart, mouth & asshole. Some bondage & pain—C/B&T Torture, needles, catheters, electricity, etc. FF preferred but not essential or first. 30-45 yrs, under 5'11", over 170 lbs. Photo essential. Detailed letters with phone # will receive first consideration. No fems or skinnies. P.O. Box 131, M.H. Sta., NYC 10156.

MEDICAL SCENE ENEMAS GIVEN
COMPLETE physical exam leads to intense repeated enema treatments. Lots of nozzles, tubes, etc. Expect THOROUGH rectal examination. Restraint may be required. ME: 31, 5'10", 150 lbs, gwm, moustache. YOU: young, clean, handsome. Prefer Hispanic, Arabic, Italian but all considered. Reply with any type photo (required) and description of your fantasy. No fats, femmes, oldies. Box 3328.

GWM WANTS ACCESS

With black master to stables M/c vicinity for heavy sex involving horse scat, golden shower. Provider may participate. Box 3331.

BUFFALO MASTER

GWM 37, seeks submissive leather slave to serve. Must be goodlooking 18-39. No phone jerks, no bullshit no fems. Discretion. Call evenings 7-9 (716) 876-2641.

BLACK MAN WANTED

Age 20-60, to "train" white honkey (32, 6'2", 170#, firm build, gd-iking) in discipline, humiliation, dominance. Give me a lesson in Black Power, Sir! No fems. Send descrip, letter; photo if poss. Box 3339.

MASCULINE LEATHER HOLE

Very handsome Leo BB, 26, 6'6", 205#, blond, smooth. Big hungry butt, throat for long, exploring sessions. FF, leather, titwork, piss, toys, S&M, many things if approached with right attitude. You: hot, experienced, together. Hairy muscles a special turnon. Train me, guide me, lead me to new levels through trust & respect, not violence or humiliation. Include photo/phone. Your place. Box 3338.

WANTED FFA TOP - NYC

Horny, attractive, WM, 45, slim, 145 lbs, 6'1", brown hair & eyes, moustache needs to be fisted on regular basis; prefer long-term, permanent relationship. Expert leather bottom with hot hole who likes two fists often. Also light S&M, dildoes, WS, tit play. Versatile French-Greek a/p. Interests include opera, ballet, theatre, travel & sex. Please answer with phone no.; photo appreciated. Bob. Box 3340.

EXHIBITIONIST NUDE SERVANT

Waiter 32, u/c, slim, athletic, cute smooth ass, wants to be in servitude in leash and dog collar (groups OK). Seeks prolonged restraint, caged confinement, pillory, degradation, shaving, public exposure, interrogations, verbal humiliation. No hvy pain. Box 3343.

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.

LONG ISLAND WM

Educated, professional, 46, 6', 195, with dominant fantasies. Seeks WM with submissive fantasies for mutual beginner's exploration. Box 3347.

ATHLETIC BUDDY

26, 5'9", 155 Italian, dark features, enjoy a straight lifestyle, sports, etc. Seeks masc. guys down to earth, with some rough edges get along with blue collar guys well, like, stocky, heavy guys, straight appearance & lifestyle most important. Travel. John, PO 478, Wheatly Heights, NY 11798.

SUBMISSIVE BIKER SEEKS HOT TOP

W/M, 28, 5'10", 155 lbs. Bottom craves public humiliation, body worship, prolonged bondage/restraint, and caged confinement. With an empathetic master, total servitude in biker's leather, uniforms, or naked if possible. I desire a master who likes good times and intelligent companionship—I would hope that this will provide the context for mutual trust, respect, and affection in which my limits may be expanded. Send photo, descriptions of personality and interests to: Box F5, Suite 325, 799 Broadway, New York, NY 10003.

KYRIE ELEISON!

GWM, 30, hot, blonde, smooth, muscled. Years for big BB/wl/jock-cw types who are clear about their racial superiority and enjoy the homage due them from lesser men. This worthless slave strives with whole heart, mind, body and soul to provide the worship, reverence and pleasure which is the natural birthright of your ultramasculine godliness. Especially proficient at oral catholic ritual groveling before my lord. Incense, candles, manimal relics, I/I vestments, flagellation, obscene litanies, smoky religious liturgies to cleanse, annoy and excite your sacred body and blood; dark martyr submission to the whims of your virile divinity. You know who you are. Sons of Zeus, Apollo, Hercules. Come let me adore you. Box 3351.

N.Y. BONDAGE BOTTOM

For sailors or cops in uniform. W/M, 35, 5'11", 170 lbs. (212) 263-6385 pm.

WHITE DADDY/BLACK SON

Austere though loving "Roman Senator" seeks longest son. Daddy is mature, bearded, graying, autocratic but just. 5'7" trim, 150#. Responsive, responsible, intelligent son is 20-30, lean, brownskin. Daddy gets allegiance, son gets firm hand on firm ass. Send photo. Come along home, boy. It's time for bed. Box 3353.

TOP NEEDS BOTTOM

To provide outlet for sadistic energies. 34, 6'5" Masculine, Muscular S. seeks hunky, hung m for extensive c/bt, tt, ff, etc. Photo and phone with letter of submission will be offered to Masters Company II, P.O. Box 460, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10111.

INTO MY ASS

Kiss it, lick it, suck it, eat it, fuck it, fist it! NYC. Box 3354.

NYC NOVICE NEEDS TRAINING

Submissive GWM, 39, 6'6", 130#, brown eyes, hair, mous, masculine, good looking with hot body and insatiable buns wants humpy u/40 patient master. Most scenes considered except scat or heavy pain. Your photo gets mine. Box 3361.

NEW YORK CITY BOTTOM

W/m, 5'7", 135 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, moustache, hairy. Hot ass, wants to be bound & fucked. Also into B/D, W/S, shaving, spanking, light S/M, enemas, polaroids, toys. Seeks patient & understanding topman to each and help me expand my limits. Must be 25-40, good body, attractive. Photo & phone appreciated. Box 3373.

SWEATY STUD SEEKS PIG

Hairy levi, leather, jock, 35, 5'10", 160, into 1 to 1, rough action, spit, piss, teats, c/s, wants hot muscular pig who can teach what he can take. No scat. Photo. Dick Berg, 132 W. 24 St., NYC 10011.

NINE PLUS?

I'll deal with all of it! Masculine, Muscular, 34, 6'5", 230# Expert will provide Exceptional oral stimulation. Photo with measurements and phone to BEN, P.O. Box 460, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10111.

W/M, 6/160/BRO/BRO

You now know all you need to know about this insatiable top, who's always looking for true bottoms, short of talk, but long on their capability to absorb both unlimited verbal & physical abuse. Having worn both the green of the army, as well as the blue of the navy, will obviously give preference to former members of the military and/or

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married slob, who realize it is their preordained destiny in life to receive cock, as oppose to giving it. Box 3381.

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Warm piss drunk & given, tit action & wax torture. JO. Loud FF, WS, S&M. Two NC dudes hot for the tourist trade. Mid-thirties, goodlooking opposites; smooth/hairy. His face in your ass. Your cock in mine. My hand in yours. Playroom for serious hunks. Bathroom for yellow dogs. Basement for few. Visit the mountains, visit the Worlds Fair. Visit us. Box 1823.

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

There are many men who want to be a slave, but cannot find the guts to do so. Most of you who have called or written wasted my time. Some of you were serious but lazy. Some of you were serious but afraid. All of you still seek a master! I still seek a slave, for love, obedience, punishment, and total commitment. I am *deadly serious*! And so are you! Now do something about it! Call Randy— 704-324-1465 or write 1305 11th Ave., S.E., Box 24, Hickory, N.C. 28601.

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Rough leather duds into piss, bondage, ass holing, you name it! Team work or solos. Fuck room/toys available. Heavy leather, tit torture and abuse. Most always tops, but will satisfy any true together top. Until it hurts so good... motherfuckers. A'ville, N.C. Box 3336.

NORTH DAKOTA

F-M AREA

Need a commanding master for a worthless slave who needs training and discipline on a regular basis; responds well to strap, enemas and other forms of pain. Please respond to Rob Jensen, Box 454, Fargo, ND 58107.

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.

SEEK LOCAL FRIENDS

Columbus SM, 34, 6', 180 lbs., 7", Aries, experienced. Seeks local friends under 30. I'm dominant, into bondage, tit work, clamps, and cock & balls. Have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo to: Box 20422, Columbus, OH 43220.

CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER

Hot, W/m med student-bodybuilder, 29, new in Cleveland, proud, masculine, muscled, hung and very dominant; seeks hot, masculine, bottom man or couples for friendship, long sweaty workouts, and possible permanent relationship. Photo-phone-limits to: SIR, P.O. Box 16416, Cleveland, OH 44116.

STRICT STEPDA

38, 6', 185 has strap and paddle for son who needs love and bare ass tannings. Letter and photo to Mr. Holm, 26241 Lakeshore #1954, Euclid, OH 44132.

SLAVE WANTED

Goodlooking master wants bottom for action. Box 5862, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.

OKLAHOMA

OK CITY DADDY

45, 170 lbs., 5'10", muscular, wants submissive Daddy's boys into hot scenes. SM, B&D, WS, shaving, and all other scenes considered. You name it, you get it. Phone-Photo to Box 2099.

"BLACK LEATHER" COWBOY

Rugged handsome WM 25, 150, need to rub my hot leather buldging crotch next to some other leather clad cowboy stud. Bury your face in my tight fitting leather pants or work my tight 501's Levis buttons open with your mouth while I'm wearing my chaps, jacket, and spurred cowboy boots. Let's rub leather. Photo gets mine with leather on. No nudes. Box 3115.

WANTED SLAVE

Tulsa Leathermaster 35 - 140 needs slim slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected. Phone Rod at (918) 665-1885. No phone j/o.

OREGON

NEED SPANKING?

Your naked ass redened, glowing, sensitive. Asshole, cock, balls ready for this male's use and abuse. Box 3222.

WANT ARRANGEMENT

With macho Salem stud, 20-35, to service his cock regularly. Box 3223.

BIG MAN

TOP, 40, Good looking, hairy, bearded, 6'1", 225 lbs, muscular will work your ass, cock, balls, nipples & entire body & mind. Into B&D, TT, W/S, FF. Recent photo with reply to: Pete, P.O. Box 42476, Portland, Oregon 97242.

SLAVE WANTED

Master has private 40 acre mountain forest with comfortable home, very well equipped barn training room and stone walled dirt floor dungeon. Slave will live in leather, uniform, and naked;

be trained and built in body, mind and spirit. Prefer well defined, smooth body but right attitude and learning capability is more important. Master is hunky WM 5'10", 155. Photo mandatory with detailed application. Box 3302.

PENNSYLVANIA

WEIGHT LIFTER

Philadelphia, MS, Cancer, 43, 6'2", 210, white, 7" cock. Masculine Weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist. Leather/levi motorcyclist. Bondage and other good times with masculine partners desired. Box 23.

YOU CAN NOW LIST YOUR PHONE NUMBER \$1 VERIFICATION!

WILKES BARRE S

Cancer, 45, 6', 170 pounds, white. 27 years military service, wants prisoners for steel bondage, hard labor in chains, interrogations. Scene is of primary importance. Limits observed. Beginners trained. No feds or feds. Box 055.

MUSC BLACK TOPMAN WANTED

By attr easy-going guy, 35, for steady, poss perm situation. Descrip to: Box 2063, Phila, PA 19103.

BONDAGE

Young M looking for young S in Pgh. 23, handsome, 6'1", slim build, loves bondage. Tie my hands, ankles— you're in command. B&D, TT, S&M but no heavy pain, scat or FF. Box 3348.

GOT THE GUTS TO SUBMIT

To a straight-razor shave in bondage? Respectful requests for appointments (including frontal nude polaroid) will be considered. Philadelphia area. Box 3378.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SERVICE FOR LEATHER MASTERS

G/W/M, 27, 5'10", 180 lbs, hunky, 7" uncut, into S&M, B&D, T/T, C/B/T, W/S, verbal abuse, and hot time with leather MEN, especially bikers. Especially like chaps, boots, gloves, and hoods. Can go top, but prefer bottom. Box 3342.

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure— through trust— of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste, and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6 ft; 150 lbs; 42 yrs.; greying black hair, beard, and mustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7 inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, lo-swingin' balls, and other natural

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delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no bull-shit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 61.

TEXAS

EAGER TO LEARN

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.

DALLAS THIRSTY AND HOT

43, 5'8", 150. Heavy piss, raunchy socks, and tit action. Photo required and exchanged. Box 3045.

CORPUS CHRISTI

Novice slave wants to learn more. W/m, 5'8", 140 lbs needs outdoor type big, masculine, hung top man. Age 35-50. Photo and phone gets same, teach me more. I am ready to please! Box 3272.

WOOD PADDLE WHIPPINGS

Dallas. Goodlooking W/M, 32, 5'10", 155, looking for men who are into either giving or receiving licks with wood paddles. Only those who are into good school-type whippings should respond. Box 3136.

LEATHER IN EXILE

W/M, 29, 5'11", 175 lbs, is more than ready for hot acton. I've been in the country too long and need hot leathermen to remind me about W/S, TT, B&D, fantasy trips and more. Willing and waiting in the pine trees of East Texas. P.O. Box 453, Queen City, TX 75525.

I'M LOOKING FOR A HANDSOME Submissive slave to train. Be prepared to give yourself totally if selected. Respond with letter and photo to Sir Box 141362 Dallas, TX 75214.

BOUND AND GAGGED

Bondage slave seeks Master who is serious about total ownership and continual domination. Handsome bottom needs confinement under hand of skillful top: suspension, sensory deprivation, mummification, and immobilization in tight leather, rubber, plastic, rope, hoods, gags, plugs, harness. Your slave is a hairy WM, 29, 134 lbs., 5'11". Box 13262, Houston, TX 77219.

TWO MATURE W/M

One uncut, interested in three-way in Lubbock, TX. No S&M or leather. Photo & phone. Lots of sucking. Both 40+. Box 3322.

DALLAS BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

WM, 5'6", 140, 31 needs to serve. Into S/M, B/D, FF, TT, WS—almost anything. 9801 Walnut #A114 Dallas 75243. 214-669-8034.

SPANKING

Gentleman, 58, wishes to contact young men 18-40 who need parental type spankings and paddlings. Write: Occupant, Box 10, Rockwall, TX 75087.

LOVES MATURE HAIRIES

Goodlooking 6', 200#, BB seeks hairy & superhairy mature men—stocky-heavy builds. Beards/bald a plus. Correspond/meet. Your explicit photo gets mine. Box 3349.

SLAVE(S) SON? LOVER?

Dominant, versatile, educated professional, w/m 47, 5'11", 175# accepting applications. You must be mature, masculine, well-proportioned, willing to serve. Any race or age. No drugs or drunks. NOVICE OK—will be trained—limits respected, expanded? Send pic with needs, desires, uses, work, etc. Hdqtrs—Houston. Naked servitude? Permanent live-in possible, or I can travel. MASTER BUD. Also, opening for a master. Box 3329.

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CHOKING

Gut punching, cutting, shaving, piercing, piss, snot, spit. Versatile, experimental, kinky, intelligent. (713) 524-4559.

I LOVE SEX

W/M 39, 5'10", 160, 7". Mostly Men enjoy Hair, muscles, big cocks love to drink beer from hot dick, and get fucked hard. Will do anything for the right stud. Box 3362.

PISS—R/F—FOOT SLAVE

Italian/Nautilus. Clean-Shaven ONLY. Dog Denny (713) 524-7629.

UTAH

TWO HOT HORNY TOPMEN

Looking for a new toy to play with. Both 36, both mean as hell. We work together, separately, and we alternate to handle the most recalcitrant of slaves. Into bondage, whipping, spanking, piss, verbal abuse, and exploration of all fantasies. Master Larry: 6'2", b/b, 175 lbs., good body. Master Michael: 5'6", b/b, 145 lbs., 9 1/2" and thick. Applications will be accepted from Real slaves who can handle total domination and complete control of mind and body. Don't answer unless you mean it. You will be used, abused and trained and if you get it right you might find permanence with us. Application must contain a recent photo, vital statistics, experience resume, and phone number. Send to: MASTER Larry, P.O. Box 1104, Sandy, Utah 84091.

VIRGINIA

BLOND, BLUE-EYED FARMER

5'10", 160 lb, in good physical shape wants a muscular/spirited dude who's into leather/levis/boots & bondage (all kinds). Let's see who captures who—for 2 hours or 2 weeks. Sweaty outdoor chain-gang labor, a turn-on. Box 3292.

DEMANDING DAD

35 W/M 6' 235 blue-blond; wants smooth masculine well-built Daddy's boy who is able to be taught and trained how to be a good son. If you are willing to be dominated and raised properly including barebottom spanking and woodshed discipline when needed, then write your sincere letter of request complete with phone number and proper photo's. Permanent relationship with right individual. Who knows, perhaps this will be the last decision you ever have to make as you experience your hearts desire to be the devoted son you've always needed and longed to be. Box 3303.

DC AREA

W/M, 40, 6', 170, 7", well built and very experienced will take and return heavy strapping, fucking, C&B, and tit work. Only for serious and level headed partners interested in two way classic hard action. Age is not a limit but partners will be lean with high endurance. Photo required which gets mine in return. Box 3341.

WISCONSIN

FANTASIES TO REALITY

Madison Master. Achieve what has been your fantasies so far in a completely totally furnished dungeon; your fantasy is mine to make a reality. Will respect all physical & psychological limits. Set-up for long weekend encounter sessions (out-of-towners). Masters who are into masters, who can handle competition are also welcome. Applications are also being taken for two slaves wanted by GWM, goodlooking, 40's, 156, 6'2", brown/blue, w/trim beard/moustache and 7" cut. Reply w/frank ltr/photo/phone. Only the very serious and dedicated need to reply to Box 3034.

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

BOOTS UP TO CROTCH

WM Booted Biker 30, 5'7", 135, Harley & BMW owner, non-smoker, It drinker. Into 501 levis-leather-boots—all hvy & high heeled: logger, lineman, jump, engineer, cowboy and studs so attired. No drugs, scat, FF, raunchy crotches, underwear. Strt appr'g stud into soft side of lthr. Am voyeuristic—want to watch SM, maybe participate later. Like outdoor sex, gangbangs, discreet exhibitionism: in holey jeans or cutoffs w/o underwear. Need info on all boot mfrs that will make boots up to crotch. Anyone w/ a pair of hvy lace-up or pull-on bootpans or boots? Lkg 4 lthr-levis-booted biker buddy. Possible relationship. Will correspd, all ansrd, ltrs w/photos first. Box 3356.

SLAVES FOR MY HAREM

Serious, well educated slaves need apply. Any age over 18, any race. Send a complete description of your body, a photo in a swimming suit. It will be returned if not excepted. Limits respected and expanded. Send all replies to: Mr. Ron, P.O.B. 15104, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53215.

WYOMING

TRAVELERS - HOT ASS

29, 6', 150 lbs, w/m, 7" cut loves to service big or x-thick meat, 18-thirties. Call Sam in Laramie. 307-721-8033. No j/o calls.

NATIONWIDE

BIG HANDS, FEET AND BALLS

6'5", 195 lb., 8", 39, mustache. Faithful, level headed, intelligent, open minded, caring. Enjoy being top. Looking for a relationship with an equal or superior. Most scenes, light to heavy, especially all kinds of anal entry, heavy FF, JO, tit, genital work, leather, metal, rope, bondage, suspension, encasement, motorcycles, weight lifting. Can travel. Lets take each other all the way. Phone, photo, letter, gets same. Box 3307.

ENGLISH KICKBOXING

COMBAT SLAVE

29, 5'11", 145 lbs training to undertake any full combat fights and workouts ordered and arranged by his master. Seek to contact other gladiator slaves in training. Also respectfully any combat master or bout promoter prepared to advise on my future training and battle hardening program in preparation for a full US fighting tour in early 1983. Box 3320.

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Men to serve God in religious community (Catholic-Orthodox tradition). Ex-priests & religious welcomed. Hispanic-bilingual candidates also needed. Monastery, P.O. Box 82128, San Diego, CA 92138.

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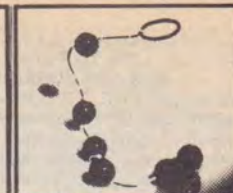
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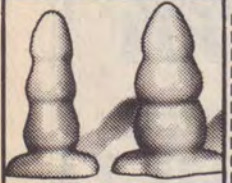
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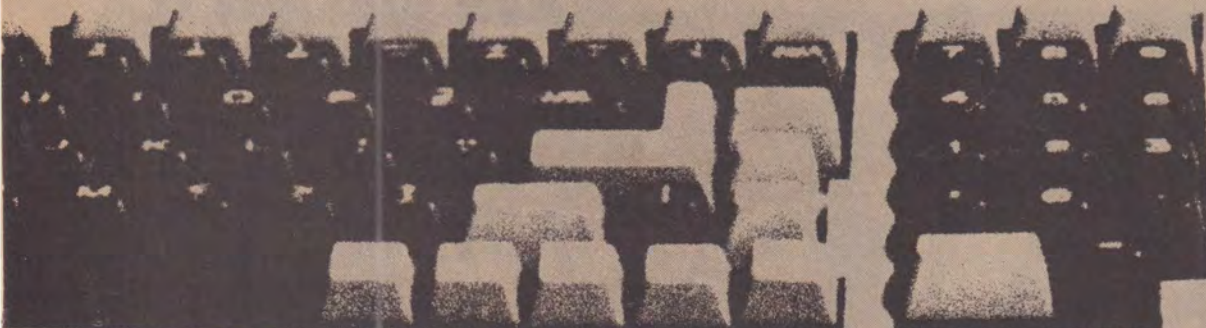
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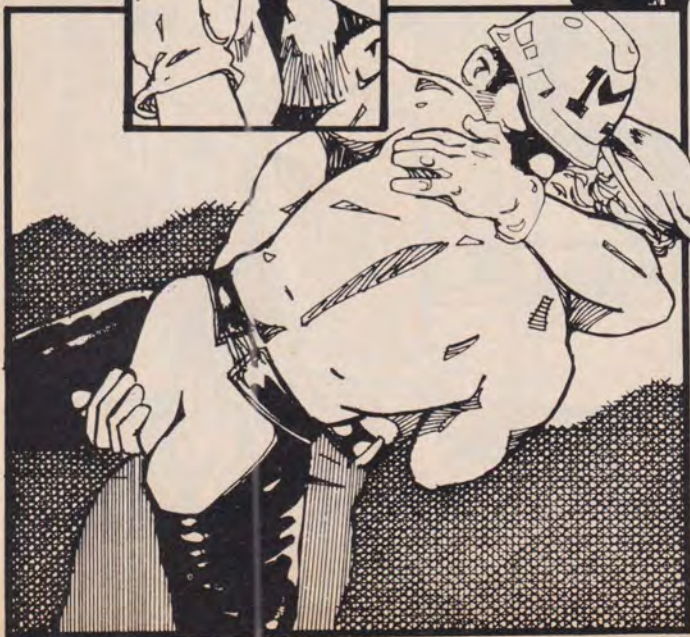
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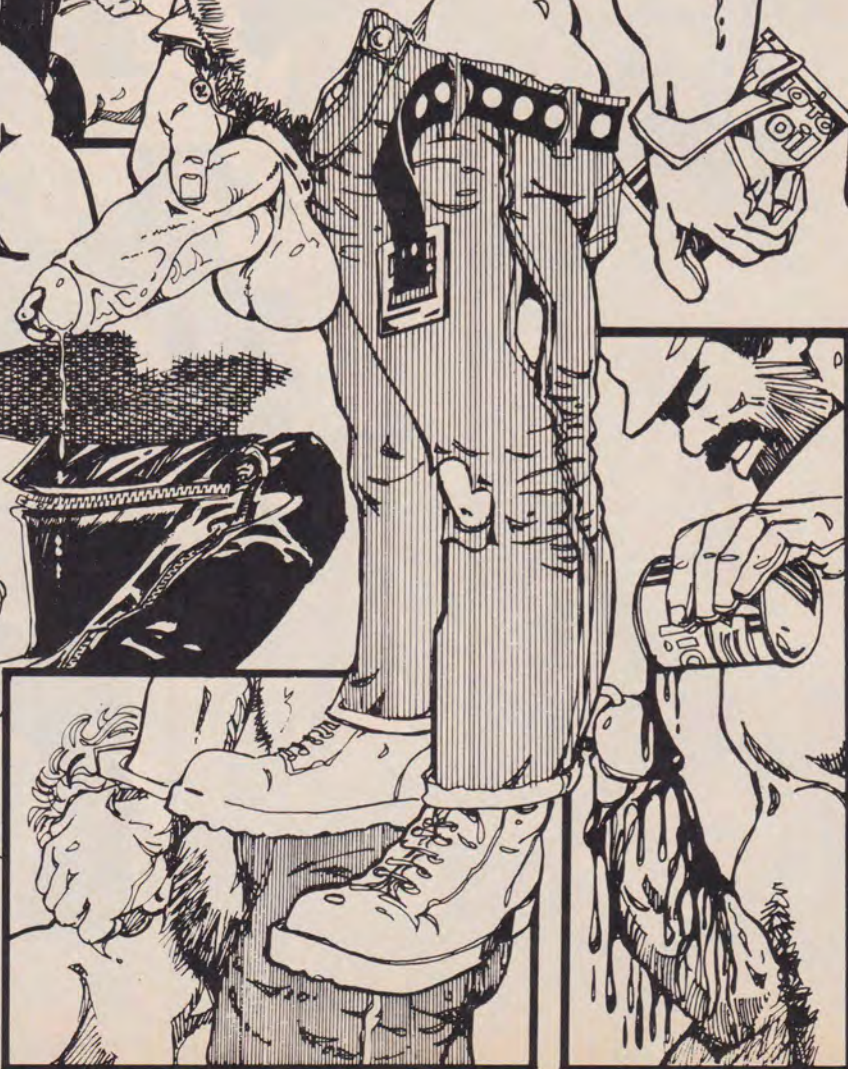
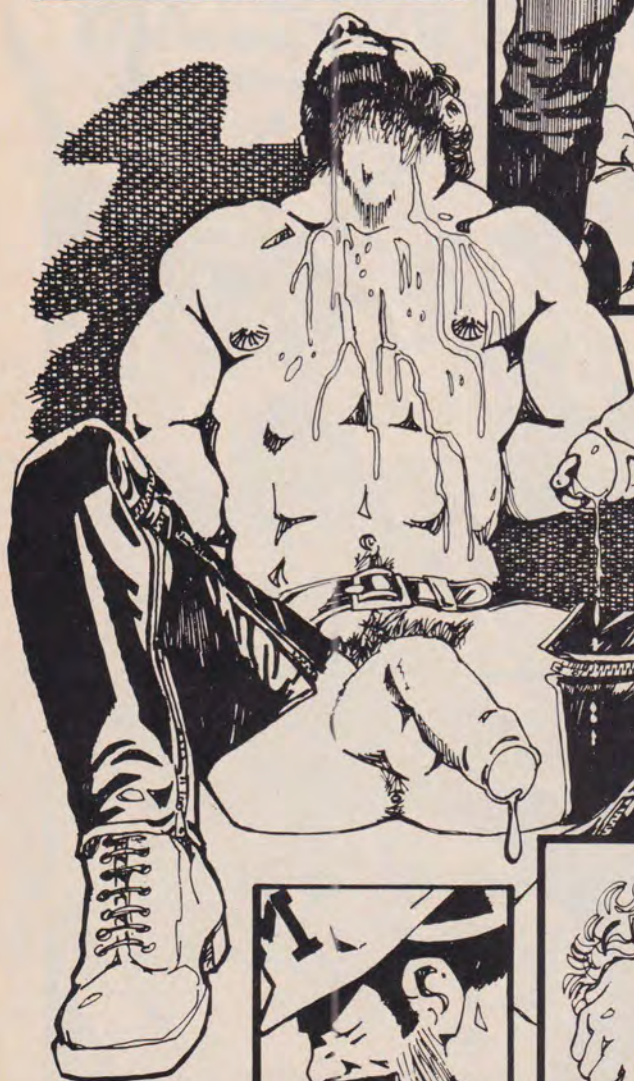
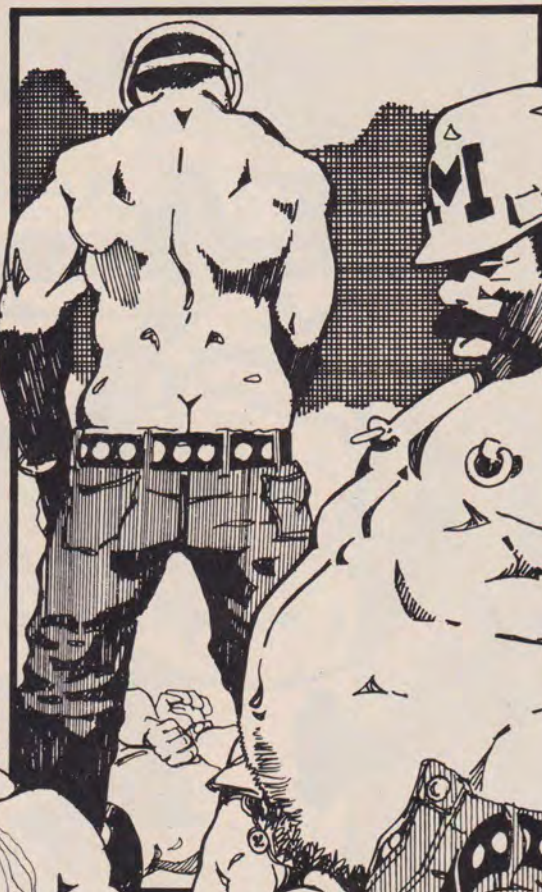
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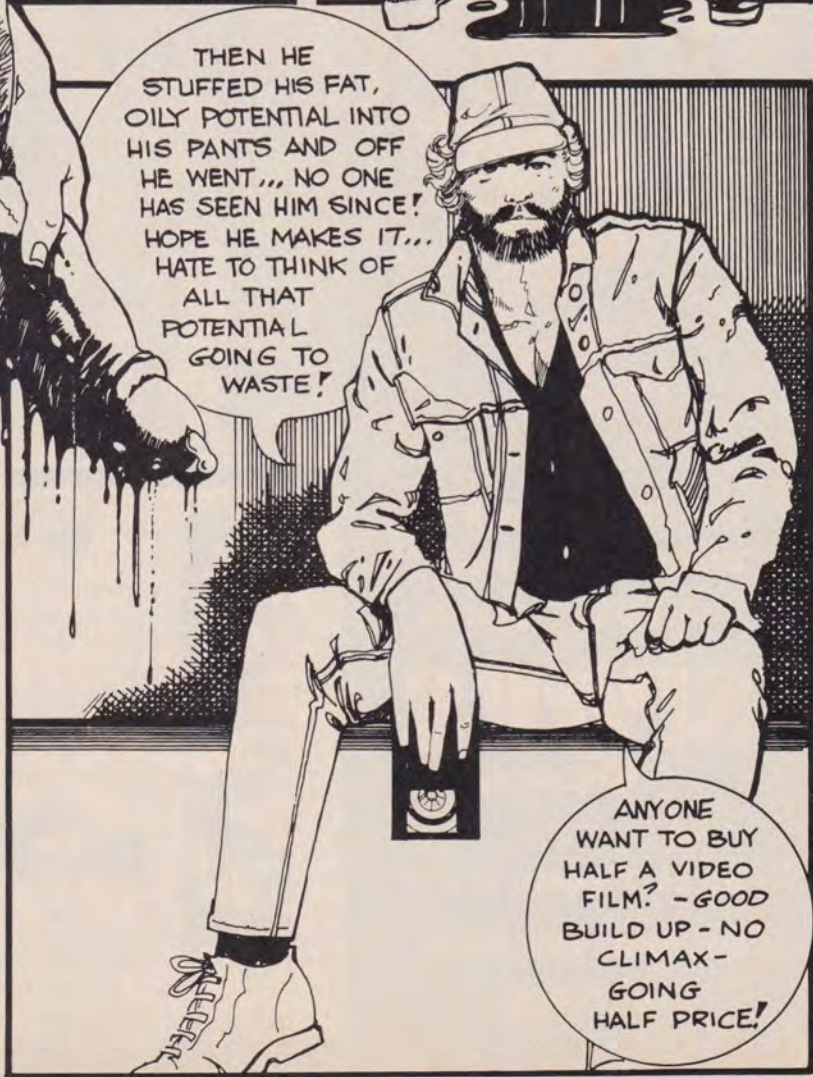


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DRUMMEDIA MOVIES

O THAT SHAKESPEAREAN RAG!

Paul Mazursky has a knack for finding the interesting contrast between people who only seem to share everything in common. While he has exercised a growing fondness for a slightly cynical view of relationships rife with contradiction (*Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*, *Harry and Tonto*) he has also delved into emotional evolution on a slightly-grand scale with recent films *Willie & Phil* and *An Unmarried Woman*. But all that has come before only hints at what Mazursky is capable of achieving in his very loose version of William Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. In Mazursky's *Tempest*, all the stops have been pulled out as sweet madness is married to practical consideration in a wedding attended by the fates, the furies, and the elements.

Tempest is the story, cinematically approached from a number of directions, of Phillip, a successful architect who realizes he no longer likes his life. That includes his profession, which mainly consists of designing flashy gambling casinos; his boss, a modern-dress mobster with the finesse of a Sherman tank; his wife, a great beauty of the Broadway stage who is so bored with her life that she is willing to go for a comeback at the very moment hubby is due for a breakdown; his cat; and his apartment, which he designed. Phillip is disillusioned, disenchanted, and finally—when he finds out that his wife is having an affair with his boss—disengaged. He takes his daughter, Miranda, and flees to Greece to find his 'soul'.

Alonzo, his gangster boss, only wants him to be reasonable. Having fallen madly in love with Phillip's wife, Antonia, he can't understand why the building-maker doesn't just calm down and come back to work. Besides, Antonia wants her daughter back. When Alonzo and Antonia catch up with Phillip in Athens, it's the confrontation between the forces of innocence and the forces of worldliness. Phillip flees again, this time with a new piece of baggage: Aretha, a not-very-talented cabaret singer who has, herself, already been through a number of ill-fated relationships. A near-deserted island (occupied by a lone goat-tender, Kalibanos) becomes home for the exiles, a home that is also paradise, sanctuary and finally hell.

Fate doesn't give Phillip a chance; while yachting through the Greek isles a year later, Alonzo and company—which now includes Freddy, his son by a previous marriage—come near the island. When Phillip sees them he summons up a great and terrible storm (that's right, folks, Phillip has power over the elements). He also saves the shipwrecked lot and in the final scene everyone gets what he or she wants—more or less.

stream audiences can appreciate and understand.

Tempest is a real actors' film in the sense that John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands (Phillip and Antonia) play their parts with an inherent sense of theatre. They lead the cast in understanding a merger between theatre and film, and somewhere in the middle lies Shakespeare's comedy.

Don McAlpine's camera work is breathtaking and relentless. Mazursky



Raul Julia plays the lone resident of a Greek island who tends his goats and watches his Sony Trinitron in Paul Mazursky's modern comedy, *Tempest*.

That's a linear description of a film that is anything but linear. One of the delights of *Tempest* is how cleverly Mazursky has constructed this complex and intriguing comic romance, starting somewhere near the end and then weaving his way back and forth, filling out the characters and plot in cohesive segments, without ever tipping the hand of the final payoff. Another delight is the audacity of evoking a semi-surrealistic *mise en scene* to an altogether realistic set of characters and circumstance. Another contrast in a film that is the epitome of social and cinematic contrasts. Without ever going off the deep end, Mazursky makes his characters into symbols and demi-gods, never losing sight of the film's aim to create a romantic comedy that main-

has managed to meld all his cards—the script, the cast, the scenery—into a provocative and daring enterprise which is, all at once, exhilarating, intelligent, and extremely witty. This is going to be one of the most original films you'll see this year.

SEX, DEATH, ROCK & ROLL

You've probably heard some of Pink Floyd's 13-million seller album *The Wall* even if you don't realize it. One cut in particular, "Another Brick in the Wall, Part II," has been playing fairly steadily in discos and on the radio since it was released in 1980. With its fearless and haunting lyrics, "We don't need no education... we don't need no mind control," it fairly well sums up the current



Bob Geldorf is Pink, the quintessential burnt-out rocker in Alan Parker's dark vision, *The Wall*, based on the Pink Floyd album.

rift between the establishment and the counter-culture. While generation gaps are a historical constant, in these times they have assumed their most deadly guise. The nihilistic metaphors of punk and new wave seem to signal the apocalypse long touted in doomsday science fiction.

In *The Wall*, Alan Parker's film of the Pink Floyd album and concert performance piece the group used on tour, that metaphor is at its most morose, at its very heart of darkness. It is surely the most depressing film ever made.

The Wall covers ground that has been trod upon by the likes of Anthony Burgess (*A Clockwork Orange*), The Who (*Tommy*), and even Ranier Werner Fassbinder (*In a Year With 13 Moons*) with varying degrees of intensity. Like the future of Burgess, the world of rocker Pink, the central character in this nearly-dialogueless film, is a world hell-bent on self-destruction. Its symbols are man-
 est in looting, violence, escapism, sex, drugs, blind faith. Like *Tommy*, Pink is ultimately a messianic figure created from the heart of his environment. *The Wall* deals with alienation from society, as did *13 Moons*, but with a vengeance. Pink's alienation—which is the sole underlying factor to his character—is absolute, a prime example of stagnation equals death. But in *The Wall* everything equals death: a mother's love, education, individuality, sex, affection, adoration, even rock and roll. Pink is a pebble dropped down a well so dark and deep that all he can do is sink straight to the bottom, never to emerge. What *The Wall* does is show us the descent in vivid, unnerving, uncompromised, excessive detail. And if Parker knows how the pebble even got into the well in the first place, he has traded that revelation for ninety-nine minutes of anguish.

Pink, played to a mesmerizing exactness by Bob Geldorf (lead singer for the

Boomtown Rats), is a rock star at the end of his rope; as another Englishman said, a burnt-out case. When the film begins he is only one step away from oblivion. As the film unfolds and as he sinks to unimaginable depths of depression and self-contempt, the memories, dreams and fears from which his life is created become darker and more dangerous—merging and overlapping to the point of obfuscation. At rock bottom he is transformed into a neo-Hitlerian commander with absolute power over his equally destructive and moronic followers. It is a concert in hell.

The Wall is Alan Parker's best film, a work of brilliance that lingers hauntingly long past the time you spend watching it. Its horror and nihilistic overtones notwithstanding, it strives for and reaches a unique plateau of cinematic experience, a film in a class all its own.

GANDHI

We still have something of a wait, but Richard Attenborough's film biography of Mahatma Gandhi has all the earmarks of being well worth the 20 years it has taken the English actor to realize this project. Attenborough directs unknown Ben Kingsley in the title role of *Gandhi*, with Candice Bergen playing legendary photographer Margaret Bourke-White, Martin Sheen as a journalist who follows Gandhi's political rise, Edward Fox, John Gielgud, Trevor Howard and John Mills supplying the royal and official British presence in India during Gandhi's life. The film will premiere around Christmas in a few American cities, but not have its general release until two months later.

Filmed entirely on location, the film has already generated world interest, not only for Attenborough's sensitive and honest treatment of the Indian leader, but for the impact it is expected *Gandhi* will have on a whole new generation of politically aware filmgoers.

Ravi Shankar, best remembered for his extraordinary contributions to the 1970s counter-culture music scene, composed the original score for the film.

NO GIORGIO

Luciano Pavarotti's film debut in *Yes, Giorgio* is nothing to write home about. The plot is meaningless, Pavarotti's acting childish, and the moments of singing nothing a good recording couldn't provide. It's not *That Midnight Kiss*, but it may be the kiss of death for opera films. There are some offensive 'fag' stereotypes swishing around the San Francisco segments, but it's just one of many, many cheap shots.

John W. Rowberry



HOMOSEXUAL SPIES

It could be argued that the last great outlaw image in contemporary culture has been the image of the spy: clandestine, identity-less, a dark and powerful chess piece in games of international intrigue the depth of which escapes mere mortals. After 'crimes', both major and minor, including the occasional murder of another secret agent or a foreign official, are associated with spies. His environment is international; the pseudo-political jet setter with a Walther PK .44 strapped to his chest. The spy moved through the landscape of WWII and the Cold War and the last decades a silent and virile manifestation of the civilized beast.

But it could be that in this post-Viet Nam, post-Watergate, post-Allen Dulles age, the secret agent has lost some of his standing; a more threatening— and, therefore, more intriguing— symbol emerging from the cloak and dagger genre: the double-agent.

While the number of double agents to have been found out since WWII are but a handful, their notoriety is legend. Douglas Sutherland, for all his other faults, charts the lives of England's great cause celebre, the Anthony Blunt affair, in his revised book, *The Great Betrayal* (Penguin; 1982; paperback; 174 pgs; 4.95).

In 1979 Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher publicly spoke Sir Anthony Blunt's name in connection with the already-infamous 'fourth man' scandal that had rocked the British intelligence community for the past decade. This revelation would not only cap the greatest spy story in history, but nearly rip apart the delicate fabric of the interna-

tional espionage network.

Sir Anthony Blunt, knighted by the Queen in 1956, held three elite positions with the Royal Family, as Surveyor of the Queen's art collection, as well as of the King's, and as Director of the Courtauld Institute. He had been awarded the French medal of honor, and had served as a special envoy to Germany for the King of England. His entire career had been one of prestige and privilege. The revelation, while it had not come as a surprise to some people in the intelligence community, was one that could not easily be dismissed nor readily explained away. Sir Anthony Blunt had betrayed his country to the Soviet Union.

Blunt was the fourth and final person named in a complex and sometimes unbelievable case that involved other well-heeled, ruling class figures. Kim Philby, like Blunt, was from England's upper class. He attended a respected school, became a journalist, worked as an agent for MI6, headed a special section that operated against the Soviet Union in Europe, was a liaison for the CIA, and headed the MI6 bureau in Turkey. Guy Burgess also attended one of the best schools, Eaton, and worked for the BBC, the War Office, the British Embassy, represented the United Kingdom to the CIA, and worked in the News Department of the Foreign Office. Donald Maclean worked for the Foreign Office in London, the British Embassy in Washington and Paris, served as Secretary of the Atomic Energy Committee, was Head of Chancery in Cairo, and was head of the American Department of the Foreign Office.

All four men were tied to the very top of the Embassy/Foreign Office superstructure of British intelligence. All four were agents for the Soviet Union during and after WWII. Three of the four defected to the Soviet Union before they were formally charged with espionage; only Sir Anthony Blunt, who may have had the smallest of the four roles, stayed behind to face the music.

Two, possibly three, of them were homosexual. Guy Burgess, after he defected to the Soviet Union in 1955, lived openly with his Russian lover, Toyla, in Moscow, until his natural death in 1963.

Sutherland does not really know why this quartet of England's finest stock embraced Communism and worked against the best interest of the English empire. And he does not have fond, much less objective, feelings about homosexuals. His lack of tolerance for and understanding of homosexuality drips off the page, accounting, perhaps, for a few of his strange skips in logic and reason. However, he has managed to gather together all the concrete facts about the four men and their odyssey in betrayal, and spliced between the polemic is the most fascinating espionage story you are ever likely to read.

But fiction can be as interesting as truth, witness *Family Trade* by James Carroll (Little, Brown Co.; 1982)— here the idea of a homosexual double agent is played to its best advantage; not only is the double agent a heroic character, but a great deal of the ideological rationale behind political defection is drawn out in a sane, non-sensational manner. *Family Trade*, probably the finest novel of political intrigue since the great age of Ian Fleming, develops through its rich characterizations a romantic and heroic foundation for defection. The book's protagonist, to Donald Sutherland's way of thinking, is no less odious than Blunt, Burgess, Maclean or Philby— yet by the end of *Family Trade* the reader is less on the side of one or another political philosophy than he is on the side of the individual characters who make up this spider web of intrigue. It reduces the grand design of espionage to a more universal set of personal moral dictates.

Sutherland, representing the approach of the historian to espionage, succeeds in making his case. Carroll, acting as the myth-making novelist, succeeds equally.

Charles Musgrave

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FRESHMAN TOILET TRAINING

Students at West Delaware High School who go to the toilet during class are being required by some teachers to wear toilet seats around their necks or carry rolls of toilet paper. The teachers think that too many students are raising their hands to go to the john during class, and they are banking on being able to embarrass the students enough by making them wear toilet seats around their necks that they'll do their pissing and shitting *between* classes. None of the parents of the students in the Manchester, Iowa school district have complained. None of the students have complained, either.



THE SHIT LIST

The name *really* says it all, a quarterly little magazine for men into scat. No beating around the bush here, *The Shit List* contains ads from tops, bottoms, and mutual scat fans (along with a dose of water sports, FF, etc) and a few first person accounts of how readers got into the scene (or what they got out of the scene). Information on *The Shit List* is discreetly sent from: Number Two, 2408 Second Ave, San Diego, CA 92101.



DE-PANTING ARNOLD

On a German television talk show recently host Joachim Fuchsberger asked Arnold Schwarzenegger, who was in the country promoting the European release of *Conan*, if the bodybuilder would take off his shirt

CLASSIFIED AD DEPT.

From the pages of *Der Tagesspiegel* comes this little gem, which read as follows: *Conservative family is looking for a nice and goodlooking girl, either employed or a student, who could take care of our son, age 19, 183 cm tall, well educated; and get him out of homosexual influence groups. Financial help will be offered. Replies to: XD562/Der Tagesspiegel, Postfach, 1000 Berlin 30, West Germany. Oh come on, what this boy really needs is a new home!*

NUCLEAR POSTAGE

The U.S. Postal Service has just told a congressional committee that it has just drafted a 400-page plan for delivering mail after an atomic war in America. The plan includes distribution of special change-of-address cards and a system for catching up with citizens who, in the excitement, may have forgotten to pay their income taxes.

QUOTE-OF-THE-MONTH DEPT.

"The difference between the Republican Party and the Democratic Party is like the difference between having syphilis and gonorrhea."

— Robin Tyler

and flex his famous muscles for the TV viewers. Arnold smiled and replied, "I have been asked so many times during the last 14 years to take off my shirt. I wish someone would ask me to take off my pants." Joachim didn't respond to Arnold's challenge, but it has been reported that a sudden hush could be heard all over Germany. Arnold later stripped off his shirt and pumped a few biceps. Moral: You only get what you're man enough to ask for.

HELP THE MORAL MAJORITY

From *Impact* in New Orleans comes this advice on how to help the Moral Majority spend all the money they have collected in their campaign to subvert the civil liberties of U.S. citizens: Call them on their toll-free line (800-446-5000) and have a nice, leisurely conversation. Not only must the MM pay for the use of the toll-free number, but they are also paying the salaries of those upstanding Christian women who answer the phone. While you're at it, order a copy of their free book, *The Keys to Daily Living*. And order some copies for your friends; just tell them that you have some friends that would benefit by receiving the book. When it arrives, take out the postage-paid envelope in the book and write them a note telling them what you think about the book. The MM will have to pay the post office First Class postage rates for each of the envelopes it receives. Want other tips on how to help the MM spend their money? Check out the *Freedom From Religion Newsletter*, available from: Box 750, Madison, WI 53701.

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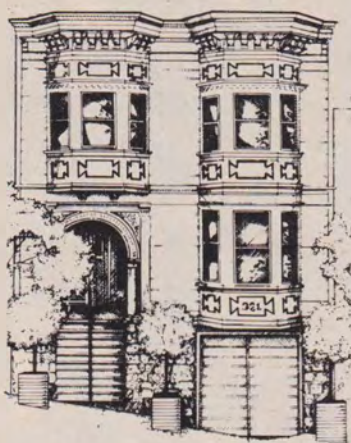
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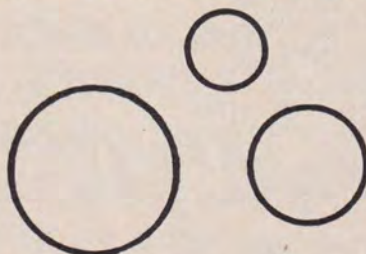
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CONRAP

I've been asked why we don't give descriptive details on each con; well, it can't be done with the space available. You wouldn't believe the flood of mail that comes in. From the letters I read, I am not sure that they even know what Drummer is and the type of readership we have. Gay seems to be the governing reason. I have, however, not included letters from guys who have indicated that they were not gay. Why waste your postage! If you are looking for straights, you can better find them in other publications. Well, this is it for this time!

Again, I want to state that DRUMMER accepts no responsibility for the character of any of the men on this list, but I do feel that if you are interested, they are worth exploring.

Cliff Putnam, 245211, P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362

Douglas Conley, 166-969, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140

John Goler, 154-595, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140

Bill Tootle, 165-842, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140

Robert Buckner, 165-024, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140

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Doug Melson, No Prison Number Given, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699

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Joel Cocrel, 159-276, P.O. Box 45699,

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Thomas C. Walker, 123651, P.O. Box 1427, Chesapeake, VA 23320

Edward Engle, 380989, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083

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LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



The new look is here! The Stables on Folsom Street in San Francisco will be featuring the photography of one of this city's true artistic geniuses—Jim Wigler. You can see it from October 6 through November 9. To get a taste of Jim's work take a look at the last issue of DRUMMER. Jim takes all leather lovers beyond the banally-accepted level of the hot leather man to a plateau of crotch-stirring fantasy. Gunner Robinson (DRUMMER 57 cover) is featured in the pictures as the ultimate top. Jim and Gunner have formed RAW Graphics to market the pictures. Expect to hear the fluffs again cry out about the violence. The owners of The Sables have shown they have the balls not to be put off by the screeching, weak nellies.

More San Francisco. Chuck Slaton and his partners are planning to have their new watering hole, Chaps, open by Halloween. I stopped by there today and it was one big empty hole. It promises to give the more established places South of Market a lot of competition. Time will tell and good luck, guys.

Leather in Australia! You don't believe it? Well, you'd fucking better. Take a look at the photo on this page from a disco in Sydney, The Midnight Shift, submitted by David Bestchi. I love it!

Pacific Northwest Conference of Clubs formed. Got a letter from Geoff Mains of PNWCC and he tells me that a number of leather/levi clubs have gotten together to form the conference—Black Rose Leather/Levi Club (Portland,

OR), Knights of Malta, Cascade Chapter (Portland, OR), Knights of Malta, Jet Chapter (Seattle, WA), Knights of Malta, Empire Chapter (Spokane, WA), and the Zodiac Fraternal Society (Vancouver, BC). If anyone is interested, just write them at P.O. Box 5178, Vancouver, British Columbia V6B 4B2, Canada. Should be a hot winter in the Pacific Northwest!

Mr. Houston Leather 1982. Steven Meert won the contest against some pretty stiff competition. He deserved it. If you don't believe me, take a look at the man in this issue. The Loading Dock plans to enter him in the 1983 Mr. International Leather contest in Chicago. Denise and Mary, owners of The Loading Dock, are a pair of gutsy ladies, and it looks like they have come up with a big winner!

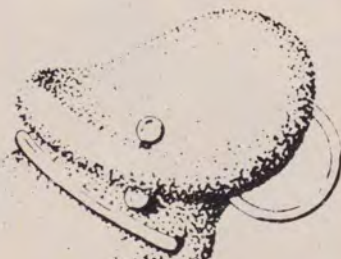
More San Francisco. Care and responsibility are the hallmarks of any leather, S/M scene. Just recently, a well-respected top was picked up by two leather men in the south of Market. Before the top knew what was happening, they shot a load of crank into him. He was kept captive for two days of intense drugging and S/M. They dumped him back on Folsom with deep slashes on his legs, and his arms and legs looked like a pin cushion. For my part this is pretty fucking irresponsible. Sure, I can be pretty damn fatalistic and say you take your chances, but my point is, do you have to? You can't expect to know everyone you have a scene with, but you damn sure can expect that he is not going to damage you!

New Orleans Update. A new club, dedicated to the principles of sado-masochism and leather, has been organized; *deSade and Men* is the name. It is not a motorcycle club or leather/levi organization in the generally accepted sense, although they intend to support those clubs in the spirit of brotherhood. The club has 24 founding members and it meets the third Sunday of every month at 3pm at the Filling Station, formerly known as The Closet. If you are interested in becoming a full member or an out-of-town associate member, write *deSade & Men*, P.O. Box 71426, New Orleans, LA 70172.

Munich, Oktoberfest 1983. Let's hear some grunts and groans out there! Our dates are tentatively set for the biggest invasion of leathermen into Europe next year. Sept. 24 through Oct. 3, 1983. Fifty, yes 50, hot leather men will be going with Mr. Drummer 1983 to Munich, West Germany, for nine big days of tours and action. So, get your shit together, save the bucks and the vacation time. The Germans may have to close their borders when the word gets out and all the leathermen in other European countries know we are on our way.

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EPILOGUE ON

BUD BERKELEY WAS SWAMPED WITH MAIL FROM HIS SERIES



Again I want to thank you for publishing my "History of Foreskin." You did a superb job of it!

Also, as a result of the announcement in issue #55 about the USA Newsletter, I have been SWAMPED with correspondence from your readers. Unfortunately, the announcement was a little premature as I have not yet been able to resume publishing the newsletter. I am answering every inquiry coming from your readers with a personal letter explaining the USA situation— and I am getting a great feedback. I have photocopied a few of the responses and enclosed them for your possible interest. Through such correspondence I gather my material. I certainly appreciate your listing my PO Box number as I am sure you seldom do that for your writers.

As a result of the Drummer article, it looks as if I am finally going to get the USA Newsletter rolling again. At least, there has been some interest on the part of some small publishers in Southern California. As a result, Joe Tiffenbach is driving up to visit me for a few days discussing possibilities. Besides the newsletter, Joe and I have long discussed a collaboration on a book about foreskin action using the personal stories I have collected.

I have also enclosed a few letters coming from your readers and my response to them. I know this type of material is not quite in line with your general editorial policy but, judging from my correspondence, your readers might enjoy it.

As one guy wrote, "It really took balls for Drummer to publish an article on foreskins." Thanks again.

Bud Berkeley
PO Box 26011
San Francisco 94126

I am a 19 year old gay guy living in a small Mid-western town and I'm the only one here who still has a foreskin. All my male friends talk about uncircumcised penis and how "gross" it is. I felt so terrible I would think twice about having sex. For the last two years I've thought about being circumcised, so much to the point of frustration. When I first flipped through Drummer Magazine and saw your article I said, "I have to read this!" When I finished reading it I had second thoughts about circumci-

FORESKINS

IN DRUMMER. HERE ARE SOME OF HIS REPLIES

sion. Please tell me how the gay community in San Francisco feels about foreskins. Please reply quickly.

Dear 19,
Hey, whoa! Hold it kid! Unless you have a medical problem with your teenage foreskin stay away from the circumciser and point it this way (to San Francisco, New York, Chicago, or etc.). Out here there are a lot of cocks of all varieties readily available and, like so many things in life, those that are rare and hard-to-find are CHOICE. Believe me, a 19 year old American foreskin is rare and hard-to-find and a lot of dudes out here don't consider your uncut penis to be "gross" but instead for them it is CHOICE MEAT! Get the hell out of town, at least for a weekend, and take your foreskin someplace where it will find out what it's like to be appreciated. After that, little buddy, you'll REALLY have second thoughts about circumcision.

The Valentine is a symbol for the testicles? You have shattered my innocence. How can I possibly send my grandmother a valentine card again? How did Valentine's Day get hung up with balls, anyway?

Dear Innocent,

First, what your grandmother doesn't know won't hurt her. Your valentine card will always represent to her your testament of love. The Valentine as a symbol of the male genitals can be found in the Egyptian Book of the Dead. The key to the use of the symbol in modern times in the word "testament." It is a testimony, or witness, of affection. The word "testimony" comes from the Latin word "testis"—witness. The Latin word itself came from ancient Arabic and is derived from the time-honored custom of desert people to "bear witness" by placing hands on the scrotum (instead of the Koran, Bible, etc.). It is a great honor to have one's cock and balls "witnessed." The romance of desert life is enhanced when two nomadic tribes cross paths. They greet each other by a mutual inspection of their genitals, palms gently cupping the balls. While the testicles are being caressed, keen Arab eyes are scrutinizing the penis. They know each other by their circumcisions. Each tribe has its own tool and its own results. An Arab can spot an imposter penis in a

second! And, pity the poor imposter who gets discovered with a foreskin! Your grandmother doesn't need to know all this.

I have a one inch overhang. How can I add another inch to it?

Dear Overhang,

Easy. The foreskin is made for stretching. After all, it has to accommodate the rise and fall of the glans. Some skins are more easily stretched than others and the looser ones are the easiest. With an inch overhang I'll bet yours is good and loose and used to action. Another inch on it might be possible. I can think of six possible ways to do it:

1) Cotton balls. After bathing in the morning put some oil on your glans and then, bringing your foreskin forward, stuff as many cotton balls inside it as you can. Cotton balls are sterile so they are safe and oil keeps the glans from chafing in case you get too dry in there. You will find that you can get more and more cotton balls inside each day. If necessary, you can tape your foreskin shut with Dermicel surgical tape, keeping the cotton locked in. It will feel great, as if your cock is floating in air. Keep the cotton in there until the next piss.

2) Manual stretching. Cut your thumbnails (ouch!) and push your thumbs inside both sides of the foreskin and merely pull your thumbs apart. Gradually, your tolerance will get "wider" (stretching doesn't need to hurt—unless you want it to). Solo stretching might get stale so find a friend with good thumbs and strong biceps.

3) The Donald Duck. The chromium gadget, sold in medical supply houses as a "Vaginal Speculum" and in porno shops as an ass spreader, is exactly what some doctors use to stretch out tight foreskins on kids. It works! With a strong grip on the handle it will stretch out the sex-skin like you wouldn't believe! One variation for its use is to lock it into a wide position with the foreskin wide out over the duck-bills and then, with Dermicel tape, tape the instrument to your foreskin. It will act as a weight as well as a stretcher. Wear it while cleaning the house in the nude on Saturday morning and you'll have all the extra skin you need for Saturday night. Just make sure you don't catch the handle on something, however, unless you

have self-circumcision on your mind.

4) Rubber washers. Find a washer with a hole that is just the right size to pull your foreskin tip through—and let it dangle there. It's a comfortable and effective weight. It's also easy to pull off when you need to take a leak.

5) Teeth. This method usually requires the help of a second person. Grab your cock at its base and push all the skin up front that you can get there. That gives your friend plenty of skin to suck up as he lets it stretch out along his set of molars. Then let him gently chew (I don't mean bite—although some uncuts ARE into biting!). Chewing foreskin gets addictive! Most foreskins love it IF it is done right and they gradually relax and stretch themselves out reaching for the tonsils.

6) Beating-off. Yes, masturbation is Mother Nature's way of keeping the foreskin long and loose and healthy. So do your homework!

In your "history" article you mentioned the aphrodisiac Ma'ajoon. I am into aphrodisiacs but that is a new one to me. What is it? Do you know about Euphorbia? I understand that Arabs use that also. I bought a Euphorbia plant and smeared the sap on my cock but it burnt me so bad my cock peeled. Where can I get the same Euphorbia that the Arabs use?

Dear Peeled,

Ma'ajoon is mentioned in the notes of Richard Burton's translation of the Arabian Nights. It is made up (according to historian Allen Edwardes) of hemp, milk, melted butter, poppy seeds, datura (a plant yielding atropine and other drugs) and sugar. Yes, STAY AWAY from our local species of Euphorbia. Euphorbia is a large genus of plants (which includes the poinsettia) whose milk-like sap is toxic to the skin. Yes, Euphorbia is used in North Africa as an aphrodisiac, but evidently there is a species growing along the southern Sahara which is not quite as toxic, but when smeared on the glans causes the penis to swell to grotesque proportions. The "lucky" recipient of Euphorbia abandons himself to wild masturbation, but cannot relieve his irritated penis for hours! According to Edwardes, roaming bands of marauding Arabs called "The Ghouls" are known to amuse themselves by smear-

ing the substance on the penises of their captives. They strip them, stake one leg to the desert floor and then relax to enjoy watching their "play-things" beat the living hell out of their cocks. They especially enjoy watching captured Europeans because their foreskins often rip and peel off, the blood supply probably cut off by the super-engorged glans. Being good Moslems, the Ghouls are always happy to assist Allah with another convert. Euphorbia has been available in certain Mid-Eastern bathhouses, but it is usually refused to the uncut adventurer.

My new roommate is uncut and my friends, all of whom are cut, are crazy to see his cock. How can I handle this situation discreetly?

Dear Roommate,

Several years ago I received a letter from a fellow who wanted to show off his uncut roommate. He invited his friends to a cocktail party. He stuffed the hors d'oeuvre, liver pate, into his roommate's foreskin. It was very convenient because all the roommate had to do was circulate among the sitting guests and they could eat the pate without having to bend over coffee tables. Very discreet!

The Navy circumcised my dick eight years ago. I asked for it. I was a cook, but they gave me "shitty duty" because of my "dirty dick." Circumcision was suggested so I went for it. Frankly, I like the results. Blow jobs are better with the foreskin out of the way and now I am really enjoying anal sex! But it is really true that jerking-off isn't nearly as good without a foreskin, that's for sure. What I really miss is the smell of my uncut cock! I have become a "cheese-hound." I am hungry for uncuts with raunchy cocks. The problem is that most uncut guys keep themselves too clean. Jockey shorts that have been next to a raunchy dick for a week drive me crazy, but where can I find them?

Dear Dirty,

It is true that most uncut gays resent the notion that just because they have a foreskin their penis is raunchy. Most of us uncut Americans have had cleanliness blasted into our heads to the point that we automatically scrub out our foreskins in the shower without thinking. Besides, most gays are sexually active and get plenty of service and that keeps the works clean too. Wearing underwear for a week is not too conducive to good relations at work, either. Have you tried the truck stops? I understand some of those 18-

wheelers who haven't seen their wives for a week and have kept their hands off their fat foreskins are particularly ripe— sitting there in their jockey shorts mile after mile. Hmmm!

Thank you for your Drummer article. I think there is nothing more beautiful, or masculine, than a fully covered penis. I recently visited The Netherlands with the expectations of having a foreskin feast. It was glorious but I was somewhat disappointed by seeing a large number of Dutchmen wearing their foreskins retracted behind the glans. Is this common among uncuts?

Dear Feast,

Yes, until recently, many uncuts tried to hide their foreskins while in public— at least, here in America. I suppose the Dutchmen do it because they think it is sexy that way. Remember in my article I mentioned Felix Bryke who theorized that retracting the foreskin and keeping it retracted was a basic erotic urge in all men. The problem is that it takes a certain combination of anatomy to be able to keep the foreskin pushed back: fat glans and a reasonably tight foreskin. Most uncuts couldn't keep it back if they tried! I would think that if penis fashion trends continue in the present direction, those Dutchmen will soon do some adjusting down there and give up the pushed-back look for the droop. Droop and flop are in!

I found your "History of Foreskin" fascinating. You are right to expose the erotic factors in the practice of circumcision. I think that circumcision and castration come from the same sado-masochistic urges. Is there any evidence of this in your research?

Dear Fascinating,

Yes, most unfortunately. There is a file in a famous San Francisco psychology institute labeled "Vietnamese Circumcision." The file contains case histories of treatment some Vietnam vets are receiving to help them adjust to life without a penis. It seems that more than a few Americans, captured and under interrogation, refused to talk even though their manhood was being threatened— or else they talked but the penis was sliced off anyway. What does a poor guy do in this situation when he doesn't have the information they are seeking in the first place? The point I am making in mentioning "Vietnam Circumcisions" is that in this case psychologists actually labeled cases of castration (of phallicide; phallectomy?) as "circumcision." They should know!



LETTERS

(Continued from page 7)

GOOD NEWS/BAD NEWS

For years I have been aware of *Drummer* but for the most part just read an occasional issue. However, with the publication of Bud Berkeley's excellent articles ("The History of Circumcision," *Drummer* 54, 55, 56) I have become an avid fan of your magazine and intend to read every issue.

I followed through on one of the classified ads in *Drumbeats* and met the guy who placed the ad. It completely surpassed my wildest hopes. Since we are getting together on a regular basis, this could very well be a turning point in my life. The biggest surprise is that this could mean I have a new Daddy—incidentally, several years my junior.

However, I also sent a letter of application (and the required fee) to another classified ad, Maverick Alliance. It has been a very, very long time—and I have never heard from them.

But thanks for getting me started on something I am now very interested in.

H.M.

Hollywood, CA

(Editor's Note: We try our damndest to make sure that all advertisers can deliver

on just what they promise. The laws regarding mail order business (anything that is exchanged through the mail for money) say that a company must advise a buyer if there is going to be a delay in delivery. The suggested waiting period is 4-6 weeks before you start complaining. Also the law in some states regarding mail order advertising stipulates that any business using a post office box or remailing service must, we repeat, must disclose the address at which the actual business is being conducted in all advertising. An up-front business would have no problem with that stipulation. Readers that have problems with any mail order advertisers in *Drummer* are urged to let us know about it.)

HOLY SHIT!

In *Drummer* issue 48 you had an article on pissing ("When Golden Showers Come Your Way") with pictures of guys pissing. It was a real turn-on, I liked it a lot. You should do an article on shit. I would love to see a turd slide out of a guy's asshole. Your whole magazine is great.

H.H.

Orlando, FL

(Editor's Note: Try this issue's Tough Shit on for starters.)

MR. LEATHER - SAN DIEGO

The Loading Zone in San Diego is sponsoring the Mr. Leather-San Diego Contest on October 30th. The winner will represent San Diego and The Loading Zone in the 1983 Mr. International Leather Contest in Chicago. He will also win \$150 and a trophy, plus other prizes. The judges will be last year's winner, Dave McDaniels; 1982 Mr. International Leather and 1982 Mr. *Drummer*, Luke Daniel, and Gunner Robinson from *Drummer Magazine*. *Drummer* will cover the event and bring you the results in the November issue.

ERRATA

We regret that in the last issue of *Drummer* we failed to note that the opening photograph for C.D. Arnold's play *Delivery* was taken by Mark Chester.

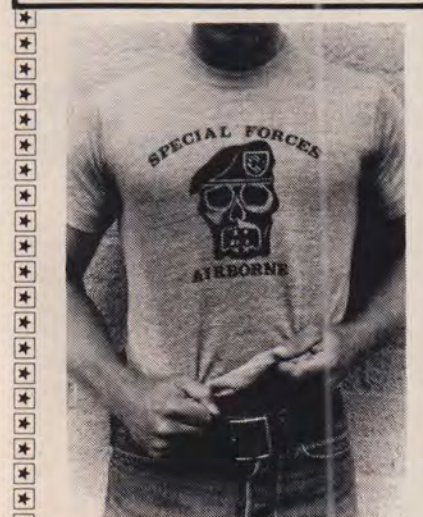
OBIT

Hans Fahrenruck, the publisher and editor of *Disziplin*, a German magazine devoted to exploring S&M, died in late August of cancer. Herr Fahrenruck was most responsible for furthering an understanding of S&M in Germany, where magazines like *Drummer* are difficult to obtain. His publication was well-read and well-respected among the German S&M and leather community.



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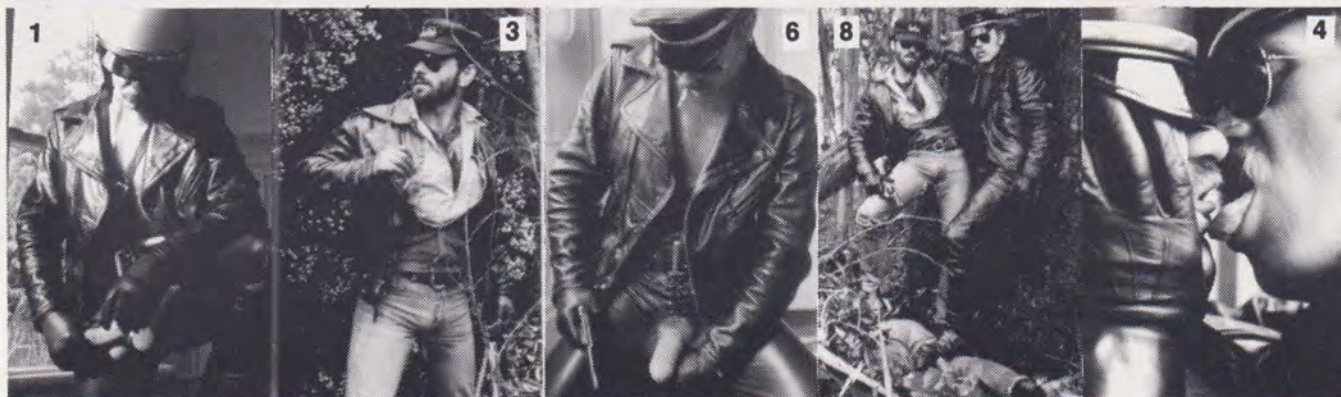
Locker Room activities backstage at the Gay Olympics. Swimmers help each other out, or in, or whatever.

Photo by COLSTEN YOUNG





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