More pages of original artwork and fiction than any other Gay publication ISSUE 61



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



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Cover: The world of Richard Jorasch, sexy men in bondage. Opposite page: From Zeus, Merek Flint, all tied up for dinner.

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VOLUME 7/NUMBER 61/FEBRUARY 1983

BALLING OFF

We start the new year off with our 61st issue. The January (no. 60) doesn't count as it was released in December. It did count as the 11th issue for last year, which is a record for DRUMMER. This year our plans are much more ambitious: twelve issues of DRUMMER, twelve issues of the new MANIFEST, four issues of MACH, our DRUMMER Annual and a couple of Lucky Strike Extras, beginning with "VAL MARTIN BREAKS IN A HOUSE SLAVE" which is ready to go to press.

That's a heavy schedule for a group that has taken eight years to get its act together. There's no big new infux of capitol, no gangbuster distributor to hustle these issues around the country along with the syndicate "gay" magazines. Just you and us, kids.

Our advertisers help immensely. They want to talk to you so they pick DRUMMER and help pay the freight. The bars and shops along with the bookstores and newsstands that handle both DRUMMER and MANIFEST— alongside the myriad of publications all fighting for your attention and your dollar— are more help than you can realize. But the bottom line is the reader, the guy who buys our efforts, either on the stand or by subscription, that makes it all worthwhile.

We've come a long way, baby. In this age of computors and reader surveys, motivation studies and the worst economy since Eisenhower, DRUMMER keeps moving along, doing what it does best.

We are proud of this issue and will be prouder of the issues to come. Our now-modest price of \$3.95 is no longer outrageous; everybody is charging that these days. Some are charging a lot more but no one seems to pack in the quality and excitement that the people who write for, draw for and photograph for America's Magazine for The Macho Male.

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DRUMMER. DRUMSTICKS, DRUMBEATS, TOUGH CUSTO-MERS, TOUGH SHIT, GETTING OFF, LONDON LEATHER, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, DRUM, DRUMMER GUIDE TO GUIDES, DRUMMERART, FOR MEMBERS ONLY, MAN TO MAN, and IN PASSING are copyrighted names of departments appearing in DRUMMER. Copyright 1982 by ALTERNATE PUBLISHING.

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

BLACK LEATHER

Just a word of thanks for the fetish survey and of amplification of my response. The most important answer I've given is the request for more BLACK LEATHER. It seems to me that black leather is the essence of the lifestyle that Drummer stands for and tries to illustrate and report on. Specifically, I would really like to see more illustrations of real leather action. For example, the illustration of the strapping that accompanied the "So You Want to Own a Leather Bar" article was especially hotit showed real leathermen in a real scene. No posing, no models in costumes, only real men in black leather which they wear as part of their lifestyle. Along this line, one of the things that makes Luke Daniel so hot is the knowledge that he is a real leatherman, a guy you could run into in the bar some night dressed in the same leather he won his titles in. The pictures that accompanied the Inferno Articles have the same

It's hard to say what makes leather so special, but I know that when I wear my chaps, boots, cap and jacket I feel great and when I'm with other men wearing leather I feel even better. Maybe the best way to put it is that leather reminds us we're animals and helps free us to be

animals.

N.Y., N.Y.

XMAS IN JUNE

I enjoyed greatly the issue of Drummer with the insert of various leather goods available from all over to choose from. However, cannot help but let you know that if I wanted to give someone one of these items as a Christmas present, the magazine arrives usually about the middle of the month.

When dealing with mail orders, you must allow a good five weeks from the time you mail your order in, especially from the gulf coast region. We would have been better served had it arrived with the October or November mailing.

Did someone there fall asleep at the switch or were you not really intending for the Christmas giving market?

Regardless, the book offers a breath of fresh air to someone that is stuck in the south in the heart of the Bible Belt.

K.B. Muzzey Mobile, AL

(Editor's Note: The issue in question, Number 59, dated December 1982, came out in mid-November. When it hits various newsstands across the country has more to do with the national distributors and their schedules than

ours. We put that issue together in for the attention you have shown to October and, frankly, that's about as early in the year as we want to start thinking about Xmas. Having the December issue come out in November sits better with us than having Xmas material in the October or November issue. And look at the jump it gives you on next year!)

INSPIRATION

In a recent issue of Drummer there was notice of a new publication: House Slave. It was accompanied by a picture of a Master and a slave. Probably the best such picture I have ever seen.

The Master: He exudes strength, power and self-assuredness. His grip on the slave says that he is and will be in control. The expression on his face reveals power to dominate, at the same time saying "Trust me. I will protect

The Slave: He is naked as a slave should be, so that all parts of his body are available and accessible to the Master. He wears a slave collar to remind him of what he is. He is in chains, the symbol of his subjection, and he is at the beck and call of the Master. His face indicates that he is happy to be on his knees, naked before his Master. His face also reveals apprehension at what might be around the corner. Yet his face also responds to the trust initiated by his

It is said that a picture is worth a thousand words. This one is worth many thousand.

Congratulations to Drummer on the choice of that picture to accompany the

> J.B. Boston, MA

HAPPY ENDING

I would like to share with your readers why you and Drummer magazine have a very special meaning in my life.

In February of last year I answered one of the guys in "Conrap." At first it was merely a pen pal, but eventually the two of us realized that we were destined for each other.

Bobby and I have fought many battles with the people in position of authority in Ohio, including the governor. But we won! He has made parole and is on his way to me and his new home and our new life. We do not expect miracles, but we will have each other and that is the important thing.

Had it not been for your magazine, he and I would still be two lost souls. We thank you for Drummer magazine and

people in prison.

San Antonio, TX

A MAJOR COMPLAINT

In all the years that I have known about my sexual preference, I have become increasingly sickened, dissatisfied, even angry, with the segment of the population assumed by the known heterosexual world to be gay. In all reality, they are NOT gay! They are not even homosexual! And since they are not homosexual, they are giving the "straight" public a monstrous, unreal opinion of homosexuals.

The segment of which I speak is that group of men(?) who make public pests of themselves and are public menaces to the homosexuals. And, I swear, I have no name for them, except maybe "que-"fags," "sissies," or perverts. I can

only describe them: They generally "swish," and you know how that looks! They usually wear "shag" or girl-type hair-do's. They have that severe, grating, teen-age voice that makes your skin crawl. They do that weird thing with their tongue against their top teeth when they say their S's. They gossip. They call each other "tired old drag queen," and "whore," and "honey," and "Miss." They go to gay bars and slink up to the men, and the men tolerate them because every man ought to own at least one. They have "sisters," not lovers. They never have "man-to-man" relationships because they're not men. They usually assemble on street corners, or gather around the counter at the adult bookstore and watch the real men come in, and then stand there and whisper like girls.

The few friends they have are just like them, and their other "friends" are generally women, some as weird as they are. They generally work in kinky clothing stores, or in hairstyle shops, sometimes as waiters, and generally don't keep a job very long. They're never friendly, always arrogant, hateful, and selfcentered. Generally, everything they claim to have done is a wish and not a fact. They have no respect whatsoever for police officers, married women, their employer, or the general public. They are so clean and sweet-smelling they make you gag!

And these people are the ones most visible to the public and they are the reason the public hates homosexuals!!

Homosexuality is simply a sexual preference. And sex (ideally) is done behind bedroom doors. So why should anyone know what goes on behind someone's bedroom door, homosexually or heterosexually?

And I'm tired of these "nellie" queens

displaying their perverted shit to the public and calling themselves gay. They are NOT gay. They are narcissistic, exhibitionistic, pitiful accidents of nature. I am a MAN! And I enjoy having sex with another man. The anti-gay groups in this country have those ass-holes in their minds, not true homosexuals who make love and have their sex man-to-man in private. Those "sisters" have caused all the trouble, NOT groups like the Moral Majority.

And I personally thank publications like Drummer for portraying gays as MEN and not FREAKS! I hope you never waste a drop of your creative juices on anything but true Drummer material.

North Carolina

(Editor's Note: There is one basic flaw in your argument. You say that homosexuality is "simply a sexual preference, then you say that effeminate homosexuals are giving gay men a bad reputation. Obviously homosexuality is more than a matter of what goes on behind locked doors. A little history (because it's your history, too): In 1969 there was no Drummer magazine, no national fraternity of leathermen, no Mineshaft—little that resembles the leather community today. There was, however, a bar in the Village in New York that catered to the kind of "queens" you mention: street queens, drag queens, drug queens, cologne queens. The bar was called the Stonewall and those queens were the first American homosexuals to stand up to the police- the absolute metaphor of gay oppression—and say "No more!" They were the first homosexuals to fight back. Leathermen have a lot more in common with "queens" than it is perhaps comfortable to acknowledge. Both are pariahs of the great conservative tide of gays who are still filled with so much self-contempt that they refer to heterosexuals as "straights"— reiterating the propaganda that to be gay is to be bent. The danger in calling names is selfevident. "Narcissistic, exhibitionistic" are terms too easily slung against the leatherman. "The trouble" is not caused by people, but by abstract concepts that are implemented by people: bigotry, intolerance, fear. The same bigotry, intolerance and fear that permeates your letter. "Sex is done behind bedroom doors" sounds like you've been brainwashed. Try going around to all your "straight" neighbors and telling them that you're a god-fearing faggot that only sucks cock behind the "bedroom doors" and never wears make-up. Then see if they hate you for how you look or for what you are.)

PAC DRUM

I've always thought Drummer should develop a video game where a Master tries to see how many slaves he can shackle to the walls of his dungeon.

D.W.M. Los Angeles, CA

Get a Move or

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CANADA

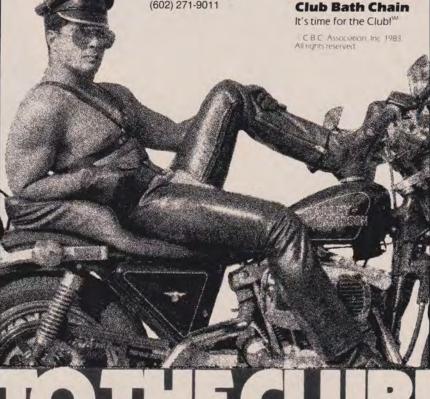
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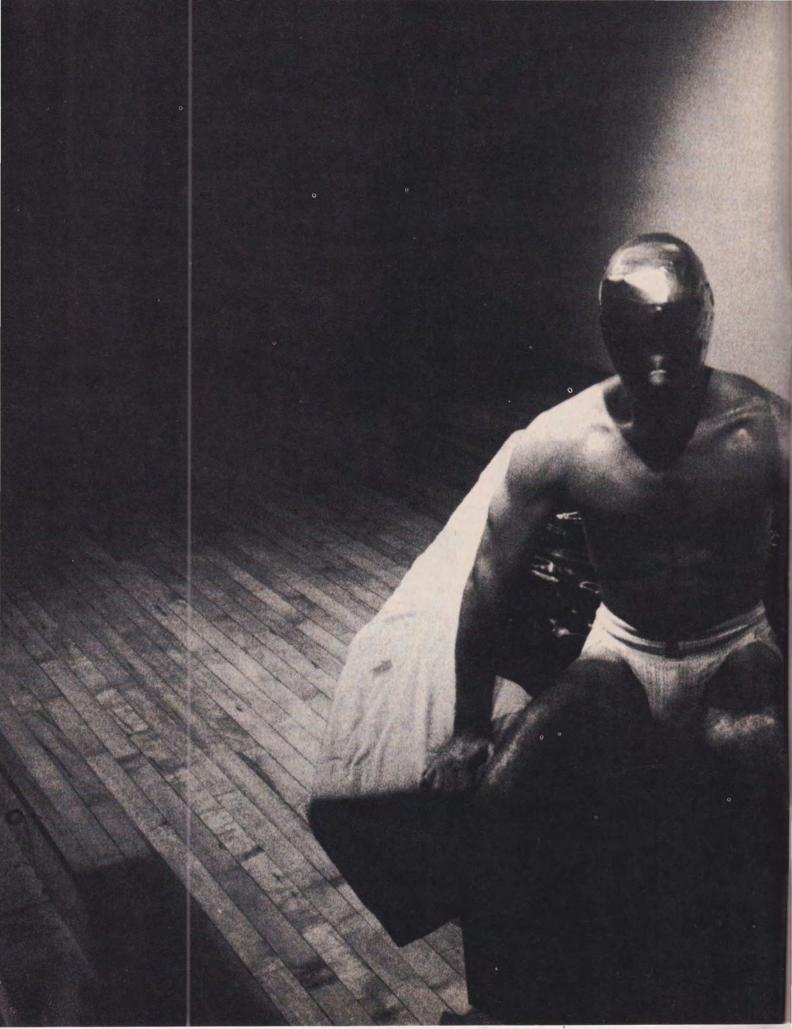
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Club Bath Chain







Mark I. Chester

My little boy buzzes my bell. His footsteps up three flights of stairs trip off memories that send me somersaulting back through intense physical and psychic experiences. He offers and I take and in my taking I give back to him. We meet on another plane, another reality. There is no yesterday, no tommorow, only life as we experience it second by second.

The camera has always been part of that intense interaction, a funny sort of orgasm. With film I mirror him back, I draw him out and out of our reality we create fantasy for ourselves and others. Jack-off fantasy for both the body and the mind. Intense. Obsessed. I wonder at the fear and fascination that these images set off in other people. I wonder at how far I have come from my midwest middleclass adolescence. . . .

He carries my duffel bag without my directing him to do so. He knows respect in action and attitude is far more important than a thousand shallow Yes, Sir's. So he offers me respect as a full time gift. In return I take him to places that no one else can. And so a piece of him belongs to me that no one else can

touch— no matter where he lives, no matter whom he lives with.

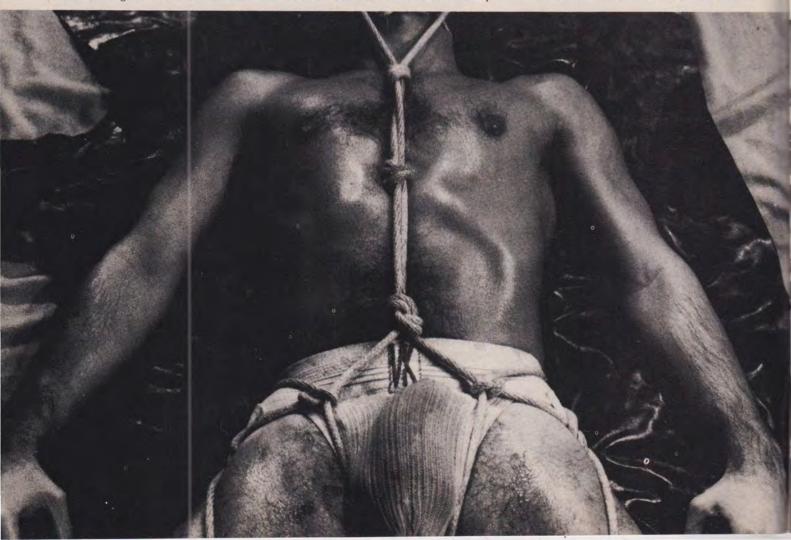
"He offers me respect as a full time gift. In return I take him to places that no one else can."

Some lessons he requests from me because he knows he needs them. Others I create. For this lesson we will perform a magic bondage ritual for a friend and two filmmakers. He turns on to my photographing him because the photographs come out of our shared sexual explorations. He is concerned that outside energy will affect his hard dick energy. I know that once we start the actual physical restraint I will be able to focus his energy through me. I also have faith in his dick. With a mind of its own, it tells me how good he feels.

It is just one more step in the training. One more exploration of the trust that has been built between us. In making himself vulnerable to me, he discovers how much I care for him and in return how deep his love for me is. Each time we play we stake out new territory. Sometimes it is physical. Sometimes I fuck his head. For me it is usually a combination of the two.

We set up and arrange our play space together. Bondage is not something that I do to him. It's an exploration that we embark upon together.

"Undress." I could have taken his



clothes away from him, but I didn't. The turn-on for me is to take what I want, because it all is freely given. My ropes are laid out like a sacrament and I flash on my ropes as ritual totems, embued with my energy. My magic is released through them; they are my hands, my energy, my way of touching and holding him all over, all at once.

And I like holding him and he likes to be held. Like complementary yin/yang we fold into each other's curves. He has strong ethnic good looks and a flush of dark hair which I stroke. I want him to feel me and know me through my hands. So I feed him some energy. Lightly stroking, the feel of his swaying and gently shivering feeds me the energy back. We focus our energy on one another and toss it back and forth, set up a current. Making him sit on the edge of the bed with his eyes closed, I oil and massage him: back, shoulder, head, tits and cock. First with my hands, then leather gloves, and then with a handheld vibrator.

We are dealing with layers of energy that are built one upon the next. Slowly,

"My magic is released through my ropes; they are my way of touching and holding him all over, all at once."

bit by bit, I want him to give himself over to me. The control is transferred, the balance shifts and he yields more and

more. In touching him, I can feel the tenseness in his muscles begin to float away. The pressure of job, bills and taxes slowly melt away and are left behind so that we can enter a new space together. His nipples— large and firm— his jockstrap bulging with increasing dick-are fair game for my play. Slowly I build the amount of stimulation that he soaks up. Squeezing, twisting, gently strokingbuilding up, pulling back just when his body begins to arch and tense, and then building up once again. I want to take him on a trip with me. To take him right to the edge of the cliff and dangle him over the edge. To see the look in his eyes: turn-on, terror, lust and desire. But for right now he is with me, right with me, step by step.

I want him to feel, not see and think, but just feel. I gently pull a stocking bandage over his head and, piece by piece, create a form-fitting hood for him out of duct tape. Sticky, silver, almost like something out of a sci-fi movie, the mask goes on him one piece at a time. As



each piece is fitted, I hear a slow moan the filming gently lick his body. Smells from him. Only part of the moan is physical; even more of it is the psychological realization of what he is giving up. His eyes are covered, his mouth is covered, tape runs in a line from under his chin to the top of his head making speech and movement of his mouth difficult. Only his nose sticks out from the silver mask. There isn't a rope on his body and yet there is nowhere for him to go. It is irreversible. By allowing his head to be contained, taped, controlled, boxed-in by me, he has given up his body and spirit to me. I like that. It reminds me of a novitiate in marriage to his godheadbut with pagan, dark, mysterious sparks of energy.

Like a blind man he feels his way to the center of the bed and lavs on his back on shiny black leather. He lays waiting expectantly and I let him lay for a while- heating up the leather, heating up my vision. And he is quite a vision- silver head, jockstrap, shitkicker lace-up hiking boots, and body glistening with mineral oil. His breathing is deep and strong with waves of stimulation coming over him- a heater roars from above and bright lights for

of leather: leather shoe grease used to shine the leather hide, mineral oildrift past his nose.

With his head like a mummy's I lean close and talk and whisper to him. "Relax, little boy. Let go. Sink down into the mattress as far as you can. Let it go. Let the tension flow down your body and out from your feet.'

I can see the remaining tensions released and I exhort him to listen to my voice, to focus on my energy, to look out into the darkness in front of his eyes as if it were a dark room and to be an explorer into the darkness.

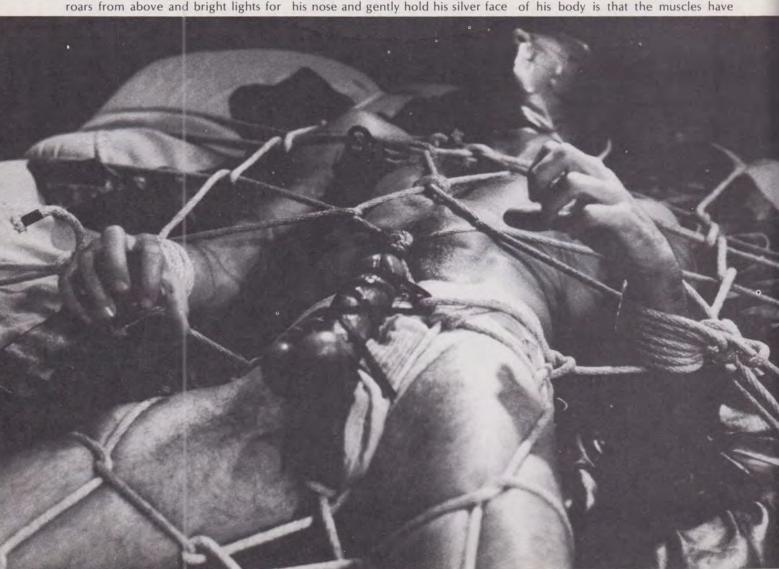
While I plug energy into his tits and his dick I hold my leather glove over his nose so that he can breathe in my smells with every breath. Slowly I tighten my hold over his one contact with the outside world and feel his nostrils under the smooth leather of my gloves.

"Breathe deep, little boy. Take me in." He breathes deeper and stronger. His arms are free and he could push my hands away, but instead he relaxes into my energy.

"Good, little one." I relax my hold on

and kiss him tenderly. I photograph him laying on the bed, alive, moving, feeling-really feeling. The click of the camera causes a series of low groans from my little boy. He can only imagine what he looks like, but he knows what he is feeling. If I can even come close to what is flowing through his body the pictures will be another chapter of dream fantasy for us to share with the

It is time to step up the stimulation so I take out my ropes and begin to lay lines of energy across his body, starting from screw-eyes in the floor down below the bed. I start in the middle of the rope and tie knots in different places down the double length. The ropes caress and curve under his thighs and then snake down his legs. Additional ropes come up from the sides of the bed. I pull them through the double line of rope running down my little boy's body and then back out to the sides of the bed. They create diamond shapes running down his chest and the ropes flowing out to the sides of the bed emphasize the natural mounds of his chest muscles and the ripples of his abdomen. Part of the turn-on for me





come from creating visual fantasies out of deserted gardens and years of dance training. Each additional line of rope across his body is another line of heat, maybe even hot ice.

At intervals I talk to him, whisper, exhort, flatter, jerk off verbally in his ear, weave dream fantasies as tangled and tight as the ropes that twist and wind around his wiry lean body. The web around him grows tighter and stronger. The lines of energy interlace back and forth so that every time he moves any part of his body he feels the pull somewhere else.

And I whisper through silver into his ear, "Move, little one, move for me. Let me see you move in your web." And then he begins to move. The ropes may look pretty to some but if they are not real, they do not hold. If they cannot secure what you want to treasure, they are no good. And so he moves.

Each time he moves he learns what range of motions he has left. Each step limits his motions a bit more and a bit more. That realization seems to engorge and harden his cock more and more until it looks like some ripe flower about to blossom. For me the erotic vision of him alive and moving in my ropes is a mental hard-on. It also teaches me where the bondage is working and

where it needs to be reinforced. It gives me the next step to be followed, the next line to be laid.

Up til now his cock has been struggling to get out of its jockstrap prison. It seems that everything I do simply makes it pulse and grow larger. So now I release it and watch it bounce and throb. I use a six foot leather cord, a gift from another bondge master, to tie up his dick and balls and weave back and forth between the rope on his body and his dick.

And now I am nailed to the wall. This is really a vision of someone obsessed and blessed as he moves in his ropework. This is not a spider's victim caught in a web, but the renaissance man who was squared in the circle to represent the natural form of the universe. If possible his dick gets harder and its color grows deeper. We are now on a path from which there is no retreat. And so I dangle him over the cliff- my hand the only thing keeping him from possible damage. I put alligator clips on his tits and use a hand vibrator on his restrained and tied dick. There is nothing that he can do but feel. And so every once in a while I take the clips off and put them back on with a snap to take him one step higher. I can tell by how he moves that smells and feelings, lines of fire that crisscross every part of his body from his head to his feet. A fire that grows hotter and hotter until he is consumed in the heat of its passion, like a star that explodes and becomes a black hole.

He is not the only one that has been affected by the passion. My breathing is just as high and for a moment I collapse and lay on and with him until our breathing comes down a step.

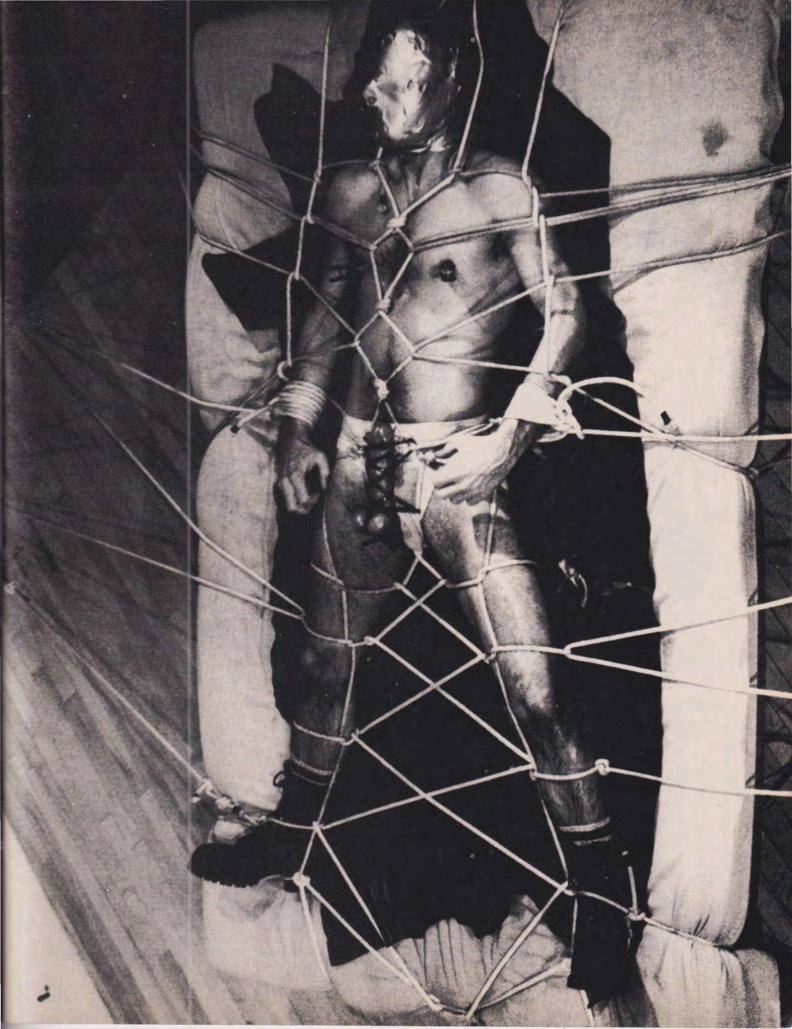
But this is not the end. The undoing is as important as the tying. The sighs that come from him as the lines of energy are loosened and released make my dick hard again and send me visions of our just-climaxed trip back through my mind. As each rope is taken off, it is re-rolled so that we end exactly where we started.

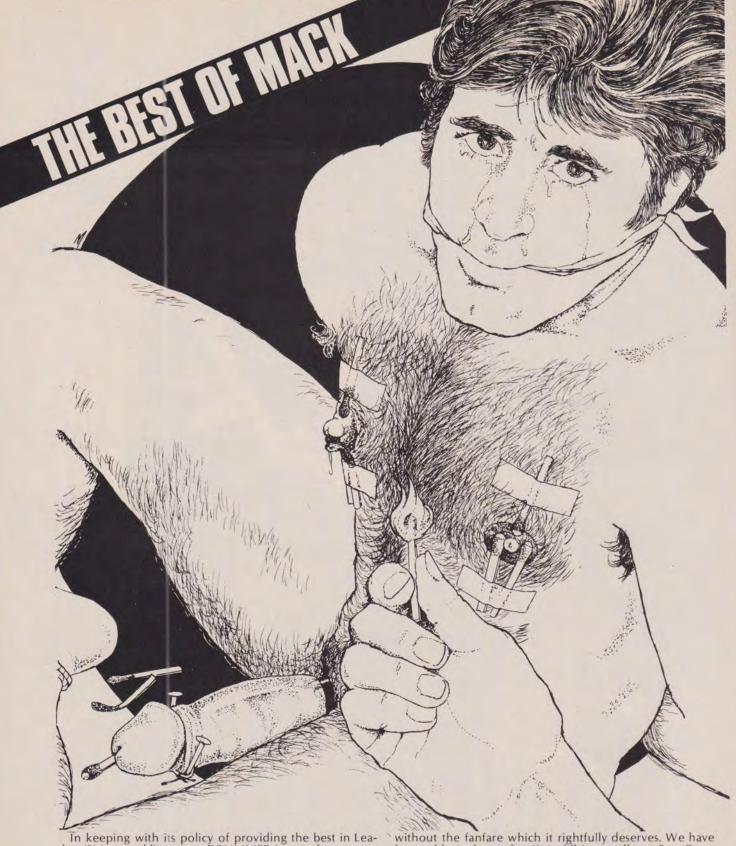
We are amazed and pleasured at the depths to which our relationship has developed. After a rest and talk, we pack and he again carries my gear for me.

"Thank you, Sir."

In the dark, exhausted, having taken not only his energy but my own energy right to the limit, I relive and visualize once again our exchange. And when my mind flips out on what we will explore next, our next lesson, I explode. The pictures that you see here are the result, the final climax of our trip.



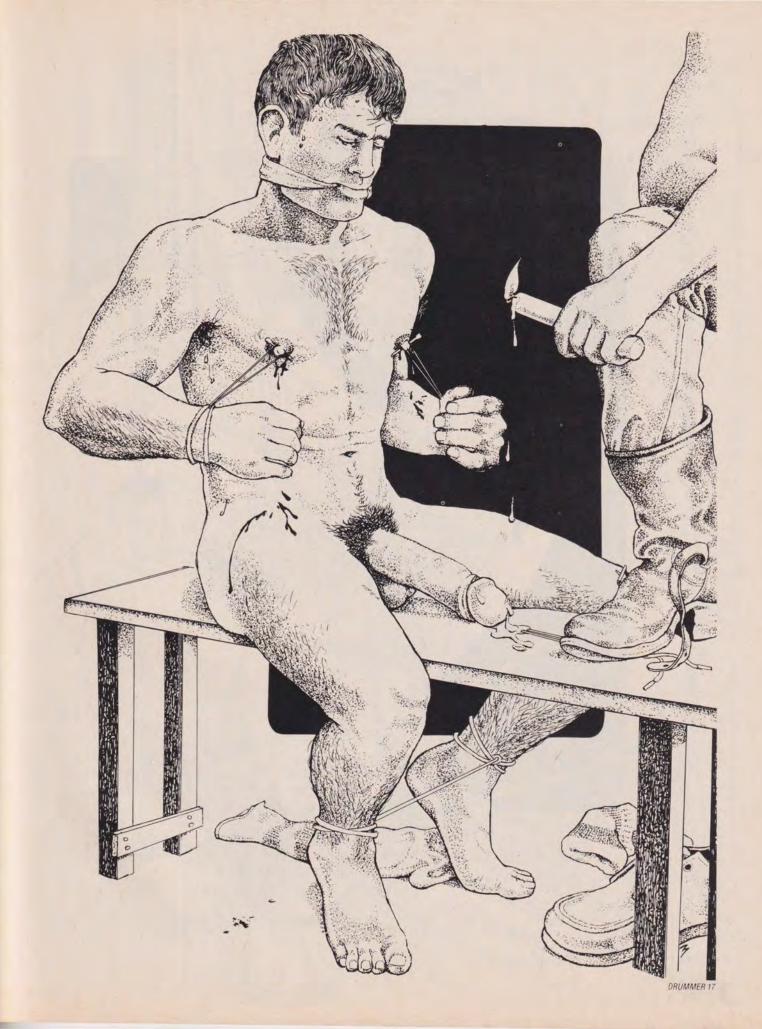




In keeping with its policy of providing the best in Leather/SM art and literature, DRUMMER is proud to present this small collection by Mack. Those of you who are familiar with the semi-private publications of Larry Townsend are probably already acquainted with this outstanding artist, who heretofore has written and drawn exclusively for the Townsend books. His work has never before been published in any widely distributed publication, thus making this another "first" for DRUMMER.

A somewhat mysterious figure, Mack has never revealed himself to his many fans, and his SM art has been done

without the fanfare which it rightfully deserves. We have been able to learn that "Mack" is actually an East Coast newspaperman whose other professional activities make it impossible for him to stand up and be counted. Although most of the books in which his work has previously appeared are now out of print, DRUMMER understands that Larry Townsend is about to release an anthology featuring a reprinted collection of Mack's drawings and stories, along with some new material just completed by the artist. For more information, contact: LT Publications, P.O. Box 302, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.



DUNGEON WORKS Grand Opening Special Offer





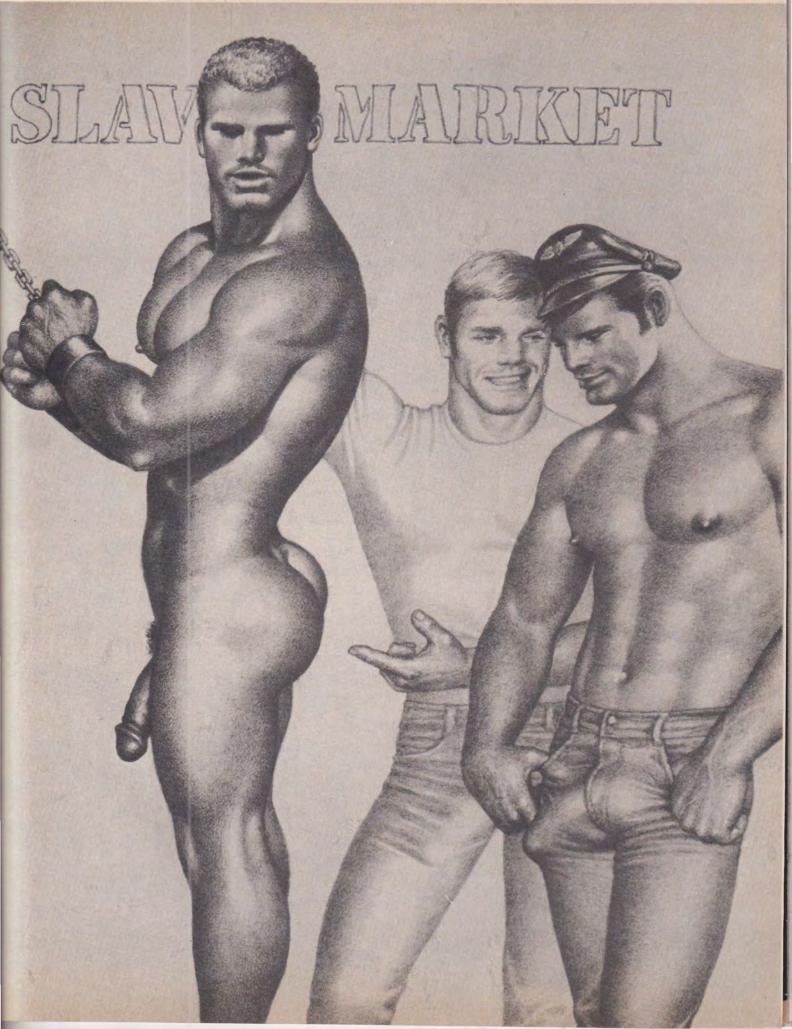
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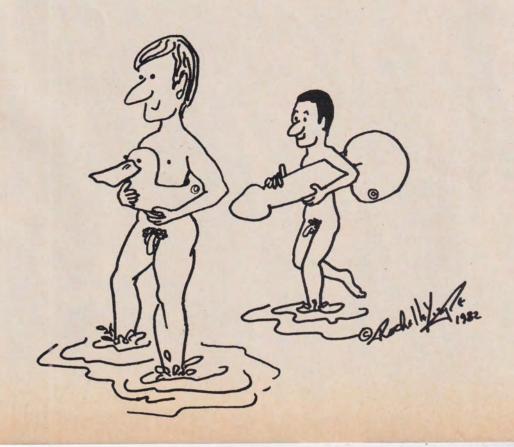
DRUMMER WORD SEARCH

This Word Search is like any other. Words can be forward, backward, vertical, horizontal or diagonal, but always in a straight line. They can also overlap. When completed, the unused letters form a message.

E	Α	G	N	1	K	C	1	L	N	N	Z	W	Н	Н	Α
В	L	0	W	J	0	В	S	Р	R	1	1	Н	U	U	P
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Н	S	S	S	E	Α	A	R	0	F	0	Α	E	٧	S	S
1	E	В	Α	R	E	Α	S	S	P	F	D	W	1	S	Α
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E	L	D	D	Α	P	A	R	E	M	М	U	R	D	S	S

	LASH
ABUSE	LEVI
ASSHOLE	LICKING
BAREASS	MACHO
BASTARD BLOWJOB	MASTER
BULLSHIT	NIPPLES
CRAWL	PADDLE PEE
DRUMMER	1
ENEMA	ROPE
ENEIVIA	SIR
FORESKIN	SUBMIT
FUCKER	SUCK
GOOSE	TITS
HUSTLE	UNDRESS
JACKOFF	WHIP
KISS	ZIPPER

WORD LIST



HIGHWAS by David Delacoe

It was a little later in the day than short, trim, blond-haired Doug Ellis thought it was before he reached the freeway turnoff advised in the letter he had on the seat beside him. Also there was always the possibility that this whole thing was just another wild goose chase, but he liked the sound of the ad in the gay men's mag and answered it. Too, it would give him a chance to try out his brand new sports car on a longer drive. He hoped it would all work out. He remembered vividly how the ad ran:

LIKE A DAY IN THE COUNTRY?

Tall rancher has barn for guys into discipline, Gr and Fr service. Photo with letter stating needs. Serious only. CS, Box 28, Santa Lara...

Being a city dweller all his 22 years, Doug often fancied having a friend in the country. He dug tall guys anyway, especially in Levis, boots and cowboy hats. Also police guys, but he never really wanted to think about them. They fascinated him, but he was really kind of afraid of them. Likewise, while he enjoyed the feel of a good belt and giving and receiving french service, he was a little reluctant to submit to greek. He felt he'd need a little training there.

Responding right away to "CS" in Santa Lara, he was delighted to get a reply about a week later from Chuck.

"You sound like an interesting guy, Doug," the letter read. "Since you mention you can get a day off, why not drive down next Wednesday arriving, say, around 1:30 or so? Turn off the San Diego Freeway when you see the Rancho Santa Lara sign and follow the road ten miles into town. It's a small place. Drive through town another eight miles till you come to my place. It's a mobile home parked under some trees. You can't miss it. It's red and white. I'll be around the property if not inside when you pull up. Looking forward... Chuck."

Leaving the letter open on the seat beside him, Doug's heart began to pound as he drove carefully along the hilly, tree-lined road to Santa Lara. He didn't think there were still such drives in Southern California. Soon he spotted the sign: SANTA LARA, Pop. 2,500, and before he noticed the reduced speed sign, he was almost racing along the main drag of the small, western-style town of wooden structures, small cottage-like houses and adobes. And, true to his luck, he observed a motorcycle cop sitting on his bike watching the incoming traffic. Doug felt certain he'd be pulled over. Cutting his speed, he proceeded slowly through the town, keeping a close watch on his rear-view mirror. Gratefully, he noticed the cop was not behind him. As he neared the exit of the town, he spotted an inviting cafe, in front of which were parked a few panel trucks, station wagons and a black and white patrol car. A tall officer in a tan uniform was leaning with his elbows on the window of the driver's side talking to the officer behind the wheel. As he drove by, Doug noticed they turned to look at him. He'd like to have stopped for a cold drink and sandwich, but noting by his watch that it was nearly 1:30, he decided to keep on going. Chuck's place was just a few miles out according to his letter.

No sooner in the town than out, he steered his way along the curvey, tree-lined road that led gradually into the approaching mountains. What beautiful country! he marveled, feeling in perfect harmony with the warm, cloudless world around him. In a wondrous lethargy, he spotted the red and white mobile home set a short distance back from the road and nestled under a stand of cedar trees. As he turned into the sandy driveway and drove toward the residence, he thought the place looked abandoned and a little run-down. There was a lean-to adjoining for a car and possibly a truck, but he saw no vehicle of any kind.

Stepping from his car, he called out: "Chuck? Anybody

home?"

Only the sound of the breeze in the fir trees above responded. He walked to the door of the trailer and knocked. No one replied. Deciding to look around, Doug locked his car and strolled around behind the mobile home where he found a rather well-worn path that led to a grassy clearing at the edge of which stood an old storm-weathered horse barn such as the had often seen in art exhibits by California painters.

"Chuck?" he called again. "Doug! From L.A.! Anybody home?"

Only a distant bird-call in the quiet of the afternoon replied. Fascinated and a little excited, Doug approached the barn and at the open entranceway, the door hanging precariously on only one hinge, he proceeded in. He could see at once that the structure hadn't been used for years, and looking out a broken window, saw a few horses grazing in the distance belonging, he presumed, to a neighboring ranch. Delighted but puzzled, he explored the ancient structure. Walking along the corridor of time-worn stalls, he came to a padlocked door. Through a crack in the wooden wall, he peered into what he guessed was once the tack room. He could see ropes, harness gear, an old saddle and assorted leather straps hanging from hooks on the wall. The padlock on the door looked fairly new.

Leaving the barn, he decided to return to the front of the property and knock again on the door of the trailer. Chuck might be sleeping. As he neared the front, he observed a small late model pickup truck parked behind the trailer, almost hidden from view in the shade of the overhanging trees. Suddenly, as he came around to the front again, he spotted a fellow looking in the raised window of his car.

"Hi!" he called out. "Are you Chuck?"

The sharp-looking, dark-haired fellow, about 30, sporting a trim dark beard and moustache and wearing a pair of motorcyclists's sunglasses, turned to look at him. "Ugh, yeah," he replied, approaching slowly.

"I called out before walking around your place," said

Doug. "I figured you might be out back.

The fellow, standing nearly six-foot-two, was wearing a sleeveless undershirt, dark green Levis with wide black belt and black boots. From the firmness of his shoulders and arms, Doug gathered he was a pretty strong guy who worked his body. He definitely liked what he saw.

"I had to go into town for awhile," the fellow replied, offering his hand. Doug enjoyed the firm handshake he

extended. "Glad you made it out okay."

"Oh, yeah, no trouble," said Doug. "Your instructions were nice and clear."

Chuck kept glancing around and finally, with a nod of his head, said: "Why don't you park your car behind the trailer in the shade where I put my truck? It gets pretty hot out there in the sun."

"Okay," said Doug. "Good idea," and going to his car, he started the engine and followed Chuck to a spot he indicated under the trees behind the trailer. Shutting off the motor and getting out of the car, he said, "Sure hope I didn't make it too late."

"Ugh-ugh," said Chuck. "Turned out just right. I have some cold beer in my truck if you'd like one. I stopped to get some on the way."

"Maybe later?" Doug suggested with a wink, admiring Chuck's trim body. "Might go real good then."

"No doubt!" Chuck answered with a shrug. "Shall we head out to the barn?"

"You're the host!" Doug agreed, following along.

"And the master," Chuck grinned. "I take it from your letter that's the way you understand it's to be."

"Yes, Sir!" Doug replied, placing a hand on Chuck's firm

shoulder. As they neared the barn, he added, "Your place doesn't look like it's being used."

"It's an old place that's been broken up," Chuck explained. "I don't know whether I'll sell it or develop it."

As they entered the ramshackle barn, Chuck led the way to the padlocked door. "This used to be the tack room," he said, inserting a key from a ring on his belt. Swinging the squeaky door open, he invited Doug to enter. "I use it as a sort of game room as you can see." He closed the door behind them.

As Doug looked around, he noticed other objects of paraphenalia hanging from hooks on the wall: chains, a collar, a leather hood, a studded leather paddle and an assortment of plain and studded belts. In the middle of the room stood a low wooden crate with a thick folded blanket nailed to the top of it, and in one corner stood what looked like a small milking stool.

"I guess there's no need for us to waste any time," Chuck said, pulling off his sleeveless undershirt and hanging it on a

hook near the door.

"I suppose not," Doug agreed willingly, kicking off his shoes and unbuckling his belt. Stepping out of his jeans, he eagerly hung them on an adjoining hook. Then, removing his shirt and tee shirt, he hung them up as well. Standing now in only his briefs, he looked at Chuck who was reaching into his fly and pulling out a long, hairy dick with a large uncut head. Chuck eyed it hungrily.

"Look pretty good to you?" Chuck asked throatily.

"Sure does!" Doug assured him, running his tongue along his lower lip.

"Then why don't you get your ass belly-down on that crate while I get that stool over there and let you suck on me?"

"Yes, sir!" Doug obeyed, crouching down on the blanketed crate with his legs bent at the hips and his knees on the floor.

"That's it," Chuck complimented, going over to the wall and taking something down. "You're looking good already." Returning to Doug, his cock hardening as it dangled out of his fly, Chuck snapped on a pair of leather constraints about Doug's wrists, and buckled them firmly together with a small leather strap. "Just a little bondage to increase the tension. Okay, Doug?" he asked.

Doug wasn't sure he wanted bondage quite so soon in the relationship but was agreeable just as he felt his upper legs being strapped to the sides of the crate. He hadn't noticed the leather restraints on the back of the crate when he first

came in.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "You really have me where you want me," he chuckled, a little nervously.

"It's for the discipline you're gonna get in a little while," Chuck teased. "You'll enjoy it more when I start swingin' that studded belt you see on the wall."

"I see it!" Doug responded. "I admired it the minute I came in."

Watching Chuck return to the wall, he noticed he took something else from a hook. He didn't know what it was. It looked like a comfort mothers give to babies to keep them content except it was much, much bigger. When Chuck came back, he stood behind Doug and pulled his briefs down.

"Hey!" Chuck laughed approvingly. "That's sure a sweet little white ass you got there, Doug. Bet you're still a virgin, or

damned near.'

Doug didn't want to admit he was a virgin. "I've sucked cock mostly," he answered, "and, of course, I like getting my ass whipped."

"Yeah, you kind of made that clear in your letter," Chuck reminded. "Seems you get a real hankerin' for the feel of a good belt!"

Suddenly, Doug felt Chuck's fingers spreading the cheeks of his ass and felt the tip of the hard, smooth instrument being

pushed into his rectum.

"What's that?" he asked, suddenly a little frantic. "I've never felt anything like that in my ass before."

It's a butt plug," Chuck replied. "It'll make your hole nice and big so you can enjoy a good fuck."

"Oh, my God!" Doug gasped, feeling his insides being stretched. "How big is it?"

"Pretty big!" Chuck replied, shoving it deeper into Chuck's rectum. "I think they make only one a little bigger."

Doug wasn't sure he liked the feel of the hard long intruder when suddenly it slipped beyond his sphincter muscle and held itself in place. He tried to force it out with the muscles of his anus, but the plug stayed fully inserted.

"Oh, man!" Doug choked. "I've never felt anything like

that before!"

"You haven't, ugh?" Chuck teased, strolling over to the corner to get the stool. For Doug's benefit, he bent over with his ass pointed at Doug, picked the stool up slowly and ambled back and set it down in front of Doug's head. Spreading his legs as he sat down, he began to pull on his long, hard penis. Anxiously Doug waited, studying the lips of the twitching moist head.

"Wouldn't you be more comfortable if you took your Levis

off?" Doug suggested.

Moving forward and placing his hands about Doug's head, Chuck fed his cock into Doug's eager mouth. Hungrily, Doug licked and sucked the head as Chuck moved the shaft further and further into his mouth.

"I give the orders around here, slave," Chuck reminded.
"I'll take my pants off when and if I fuckin' well feel like it!
You just suck my dick, and suck it good, do you understand?"



Doug grunted acknowledgement, enjoying the command and savoring the warm firm flesh. Stiffening the tip of his tongue, he ran it up and down the underside of Chuck's dick.

"Ooooooh!" Chuck moaned. "I see you've found what you do best! You oughta be a pro. You could make yourself a lot of money. Maybe I oughta put you out to work for me."

Doug felt happy that he was satisfying his new master when, suddenly, Chuck began to surge his body back and forth, thrusting his cock swiftly in Doug's sensitive mouth. It seemed that Chuck was in a hurry to reach a climax. Doug attempted to lick and suck, but Chuck was pumping his cock furiously back and forth in Doug's mouth. The muscles of Doug's cheeks began to ache as the cock in his mouth became rigidly hard. Then, feeling Chuck's hands grip the sides of hs head, he felt his mouth begin to fill with warm smooth cum.

"Swallow it, slave!" Chuck ordered, and when Doug did so gladly, Chuck pulled his cock roughly out of Doug's mouth. Then, rising abruptly from the stool, Chuck reached into his pocket and pulled out a handkerchief.

"I guess that just about does it, faggot," he sneered, wiping his cock as he sauntered over to the hook where Doug had hung his jeans. Taking them off the hook, he proceeded to remove Doug's car keys and wallet. Putting the keys in his pocket, he let the jeans fall to the floor while he searched the wallet.

Shocked at what was happening, Doug struggled against the bonds that held him to the crate which, he noted, was bolted to the floor.

"Hey!" Chuck grinned gleefully. "Let's see here. You got nearly a hundred bucks here! Musta just got paid, ugh? Well, it's not much, but it's better than nothin'," and, taking the money out, he tossed the wallet to the floor and reached in his back pocket for his own. Slipping the hills inside he

concluded: "I'll probably get a few hundred more for that new little sports job you got parked behind the trailer," and, walking to the wall, he reached for his undershirt and took down a few of the pieces of paraphenalia hanging there. Then, turning with a grin, he said: "Enjoy that butt plug I got up your ass, faggot. It'll help make you feel like the big asshole you already are!"

As he left the room, Doug's heart sank with disbelief, and he felt like he wanted to bawl.

"FREEZE!" He heard a strong voice outside the door suddenly exclaim. "HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! DON'T MOVE! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!" A minute later Doug could hear the sound of handcuffs being opened and closed. "Okay," the voice ordered, "let's go inside."

When the door opened, Doug saw Chuck with his hands secured behind his back, followed by two men, one in a tan-colored uniform and the other in faded jeans and a cotton sportshirt. The shoulder patch on the uniformed officer read SANTA LARA POLICE.

"Against the wall," the uniformed officer ordered Chuck who obeyed with icy contempt.

"Take the keys out of his pocket and the money out of his wallet he just stole," said the officer in jeans, a tall, trim, brown-haired fellow, about 35. "In the meantime, I'll take care of the happy victim here." Taking a hunting knife from a case on his belt, he cut the leather constraints about Doug's wrists and legs. Feeling suddenly sick to his stomach, Doug was grateful the officer was gentle in removing the plug from his rectum.

"Okay," he said to Doug. "Pull up your briefs and put your clothes back on."

Standing up, Doug looked heartsick into the officer's clear blue eyes. "Am I under arrest, too?" he asked, his voice catching





"We'll see," replied the officer sharply. "We're going to expected, or wanted. take you to the station and see what the Chief says.'

Dressing quickly, Doug watched with a drying mouth as the officer reached behind him and took a pair of handcuffs from his belt. Submissively, Doug placed his hands behind his back but the officer secured his hands in front of him.

"Okay," he said, leading Doug by the upper arm. "Let's

go."

No one said a word as the four of them walked to the front of the property. When they reached Doug's car, the uniformed officer handed his plainclothes partner the keys to Doug's car and the money Chuck had stolen. Then he led Chuck to the black and white patrol car parked in the driveway.

Unlocking the door on the passenger's side, the plainclothes officer let Doug get in, then got behind the wheel on the driver's side and started the motor. "Nice little car you have here," he said, following the patrol car off the property and onto the country road.

"I got it just a month ago," Doug replied. "I thought I'd lost

"We'll talk about it at the station, okay?" the officer said. "In the meantime, what's your name?"

"Doug Ellis."

"And where are you from, Doug?" the officer asked.

"Los Angeles," Doug replied.

"And how old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"I'm Sergeant Johnson, Doug, Bill Johnson of the Santa Lara Police Department," the officer explained. "We're going to get along just fine."

Doug glanced at the handcuffs about his wrists and his head slumped to his chest. This wasn't at all what he

When they reached the small, single storied police and fire station on a side street off the main drag, Sgt. Johnson parked the car in the parking lot outside the door and dropped the keys in Doug's shirt pocket.

"It's not a very big place, is it?" Doug remarked, trying to

fight down the mounting fear inside him.

"It houses our police and fire departments," the sergeant explained. "We have a total of eight policemen: a chief, a sergeant, five patrolmen and one motor officer." Getting out of the car and opening the door on the passenger side, he said: "Let's go inside."

Led by the arm again, Doug walked with the sergeant into a small hallway off which opened a small office with three desks, some filing cabinets and a police radio. At the end of the short hallway stood open a heavy steel door leading into a room with two empty jail cells. Behind one of the desks, near the radio, sat a tall, heavy-set uniformed man with thinning reddish hair and grey-green eyes. Doug figured him to be a man in his early 40's.

"Chief," said the sergeant, leading Doug in. "I have here a young man by the name of Doug Ellis from L.A. who we found naked and bound in the barn at Danner's place just as suspect Charles Sloan was about to leave him robbed and abandoned.'

"Did George take Sloan to Carlton?" the Chief asked gruffly. "The judge is there today. We can have him arraigned at once."

"Yes, sir, he did," replied the sergeant. "Said he'd get Gonzales to ride with him."

"Okay, now, about this guy," said the Chief shortly. "Medford wants to write him a citation for exceeding the speed



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limit into town."

Doug wondered-if the motorcycle cop had seen him.

"Okay, Chief, said the sergeant, pulling up a chair for Doug

and himself. "How do you want to handle this?"

Leaning forward in his chair and folding his hands together on the desk before him, the Chief looked Doug squarely in the eyes. "Well, first of all, Mr. Ellis," he explained, "the reason you were not cited right away by Officer Medford is because we were waiting for you, or someone like you, to come into town. Seems this Sloan fellow ran an ad in one of the gay magazines, inviting unsuspecting gays to come out to what he inferred was his ranch. It's not his ranch. It's a piece of old ranch property that's currently in litigation. He's been using the barn to entertain, you might say, his visitors, during which time he's been pilfering their wallets and cars, known or unbeknown to them, certain they'd never complain to us about him. Well, one of them did, and we notice lately he's been more cagey. He's been almost impossible to catch because we never know what day he's going to have someone like you come out. So we posted Officer Medford at the entrance to town to watch for strange incoming cars. You looked like a likely suspect so we followed you out to the old Danner place.'

"We saw you looking around the place, Doug," the sergeant interposed, "then saw Sloan arrive. He drove by the place after spotting your car in the driveway, then turned around and came back, being certain to look around to see if anyone was watching. We had our patrol car hidden in the bushes and were watching him with binoculars. Then we saw you meet, and you moved your car to the back of the trailer beside his truck, out of sight. We guessed he was about to pull his last job, and followed you into the barn. If you recall, he even said he may get a few hundred dollars for your brand new car. He planned to leave you there because he figured

the game was up. We caught him just in time."

"Oh, brother!" Doug despaired. "Do I ever feel like a fool!

I'll sure be happy to pay that ticket."

"Could I see the Sloan file you have there, Chief?" the sergeant asked and, when the Chief handed him a manila folder, he opened it and read aloud: "Like a Day in the Country?' it says here. 'Tall rancher has barn for guys into discipline'." He thought a moment. "You know, Chief, I was just thinking. If we have this violation Medford hasn't cited Doug for yet, and the judge won't be in town till next week, seems a shame to have him drive all the way back to L.A., just to pay a fine when maybe we could work something out with him now.'

The Chief studied the sergeant quizically. "The issuing of a citation is really a form of discipline intended to teach the violator to be more cautious and considerate of others," he

explained.

'Right!" Johnson agreed. "Now Doug here is still a young fellow and wants, I'm sure, to keep his record clear. On the other hand, he certainly owes the law something.

"Yes, he does," the Chief nodded seriously "What do you

suggest, Sergeant?"

"Well, Chief," the sergeant offered, leaning back in his chair and slipping his thumbs behind the belt of his jeans, "we have an empty jail in there. If Doug has no objections to submitting himself to some old-fashioned country justice, maybe we could wrap this matter up to everyone's satisfaction."

Looking at Doug, the Chief inquired: "How do you feel about that, Mr. Ellis?"

Doug swallowed hard, finding it difficult to keep from looking away from the Chief's steady gaze. "Well, sir," he said, "after all you've done for me, I guess I not only deserve it, but would be grateful to you for it."

"All right then," the Chief replied, clapping his hands

together. "Why don't you go with Sergeant Johnson and I'll be along in a few minutes.

Getting up from his chair, the Sergeant placed a firm hand about the base of Doug's neck. "The prisoner will rise and come this way, please," he instructed and, as Doug did so, the sergeant led him out of the small administrative office and into the two-celled room at the end of the hall. Pulling the steel door closed behind them, he then unlocked the cuffs about Doug's wrists.

"I guess the cell on the right will do," he said, indicating for Doug to enter. "If you'll just slip out of all your clothes and hand them to me, I'll put them in the other one."

When Doug had done so, standing naked, he began to shiver. The sergeant entered the cell and was replacing the cuffs just as the steel door opened and a tall, burly motorcycle officer in boots, helmet and glasses strode in.

"HEY!" he shouted. "I'm told I'm just in time for the

execution."

"Meatface," Johnson exclaimed, "why aren't you out there fighting crime?"

"I radioed this one in for you, didn't !?" he guestioned,

pointing at Doug.

"Yeah, you did, and a good thing, too," Johnson answered. "We followed him out to Danner's place, and that creep had this little guy hogtied out in the barn and was makin' him suck him off." And looking at Doug, he added: "And while you were a little scared, you were trying to enjoy it, weren't you, Doug?"

'Oo-wee!" hooted the officer. "He likes to suck, does

he?"

"I was a little scared, all right," Doug admitted.

The motor officer removed his gloves and, leaning against the bars with one hand, slipped the other into the back pocket of his britches. With a grin, he said: "You got him to opt for a whippin', ugh? Mind if I watch?"

"Not gettin' a little kinky, are you, Meatface?" Johnson

asked, locking the cuffs around Doug's wrists.

"Naw!" retorted the towering officer. "Not me! There's nothin' wrong with me!"

The two men laughed. Presently the steel door opened again and the Chief, carrying a long leather strap with a handle, came in.

"Meatface," he ordered, "I want you to watch through that window in the door and let me know if anyone comes into the office. In the meantime, we're going to need another pair of cuffs."

"Right here!" the officer responded, handing the Chief a pair of cuffs from a leather case on his Sam Browne. Then he peered out the window of the heavy steel door.

The Chief handed them to Johnson through the bars.

"All clear!" the officer said.

"Okay, Doug," Johnson ordered, "I want you to lay across

the cot for me with your knees on the floor.'

Getting down on his knees, Doug spread his arms and chest across the width of the cot. When he was properly positioned, he felt the sergeant secure his ankles together with the other pair of restraints.

"All right, Sergeant," the Chief instructed, handing Johnson the strap. "You may now begin to discipline the

prisoner.'

'How many shall I give him, Chief?" the sergeant asked. "Oh, go easy on him for awhile," the Chief suggested, "then step it up. Let him worry a little. Remember, he's being punished, not entertained. We'll know when he's had enough.

"That's right," Johnson agreed, positioning himself behind Doug. "He's broken the law. He's here for a good police

whipping— not some fag woodshed fantasy!" "That's a mean-lookin' strap you got there," Meatface

DRUMMER 30

remarked. "Where the hell did you get that?"

"It's an old jail strap for disciplining incorrigibles," the Chief replied, standing with his legs apart, his arms folded across his chest. "Been around for years. Guess the last time we used it was on the two Langdon boys. Their old man couldn't handle them and-they got to vandalizin' the town one night. We brought them in here and told their dad we might have just the thing to straighten those kids out. Either that or we'd take them before the judge. He said: go ahead. I'll tell you, we used that strap on each of them and you've never seen two sweeter-dispositioned country boys around here since!"

"Oh, wow!" Doug moaned as they started to laugh and, shoving his face in the mattress of the cot, he braced himself just as the first swat of the heavy leather strap struck him full

across the bare behind.

"Hey! Ain't that a lovely sound?" Meatface asked as Doug felt the second across his thighs.

"Especialy when you know the prisoner has to endure it!"

the Chief replied.

Johnson swung the strap more sharply, first across one buttock, then the other. Doug began to gasp with pain. As Johnson strapped him harder across both buttocks, Doug's body bounced in reaction. Stepping up the tempo, Johnson lay the full width of the strap heavily onto his thighs. Doug's whole behind began to burn, and when the strap struck the same spot more than once, Doug couldn't help from crying out: "Oh, God, that hurts!" and dreading the next blow.

"Poor bastard!" Meatface exclaimed. "While I'm enjoying

this, I can't help feeling sorry for him."

"His choice," the Chief replied. "He could have seen the judge if he wanted to. He chose what he's getting."

"Bet he wishes he'd thought twice about answerin' that ad," the motor officer laughed.

"Maybe not," the Chief despaired. "This could be exactly

what he's wanted for a long, long time.'

Johnson paused to massage Doug's buttocks. The wide palm of his hand felt warm and soothing. "He's getting pretty raw, Chief," he said. "The skin of his butt is red hot. Think he's had enough?"

"Oh, give him five more," the Chief decided. "And make

them good ones!"

"Yes, sir!" Johnson replied, taking up the strap again.

Clutching his hands tightly together, Doug struggled to endure the painful blows.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE! "Oh, God!" he cried out, his whole body quivering.

FOUR! "Oh, wow!"

FIVE! "OH, PLEASE!" he sobbed. "PLEASE. NO MORE."

"I think we'll cut it there," the Chief said finally. "Give him back his clothes and leave him here awhile to think things over."

Returning the strap to him, Johnson bent over to unlock the cuffs about Doug's wrists and legs. Slowly and painfully, Doug rose to his feet and, running a hand over his sore behind, saw Meatface, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his britches, shaking his head.

"I sure gotta hand it to him, Chief," he winked, as the Chief unlocked the steel door to leave. "The little guy's got guts."

"He even surprised me!" the Chief admitted, and still shaking his head, Meatface followed him out of the jail.

Going into the other cell, Johnson tossed Doug his clothes. "Take your time getting dressed," he said. "Rest up awhile, You've had a bad day."

"Could have been worse, I guess, thanks to you," said

Doug.

Johnson slid the cell door shut. "Don't think too badly of

the Chief," he said. "He's a family man with kids of his own, and worries about how they'll turn out. But he doesn't dig queers. He felt you deserved something, yet hates to see a young guy with no priors get into trouble. And you can bet he checked you out before he came in here!" He approached the steel door. "I didn't know how he'd take my suggestion. I was frankly surprised when he did."

Reaching for his briefs, Doug said, "Would you tell him

thanks for me?"

"No," said Johnson. "You thank him yourself. He'd appreciate that."

"Okay," Doug agreed, "and thank you too, ugh?"

"My pleasure!" Johnson grinned broadly, unlocking the door. "Rest up a bit. We'll let you out in awhile."

Later, getting in his car, Doug drove cautiously out of town, finding his eyes wanting to search the roadside for maybe a farewell glimpse of Officer Medford. He was surprised how he felt about things now, especially cops. He could see they were not any one type or kind of man. Just plain people—good and bad, tolerant and intolerant, mean and kind, but unquestionably men of authority. He especially liked Meatface; we wondered what sort of man he really was.

Out of the town's limits, he increased his speed and, with a happy feeling about everything he experienced that day, he made a turn along the tree-lined road when he saw a motorcycle officer pull suddenly from a trail and straddle his bike in the middle of the road.

"Officer Medford," he called out, pulling up beside him and putting the motor in neutral gear. "Not another

violation?'

"Naw," the heavy-jowled policeman said, placing a gloved hand on the lowered window beside Doug. "Just wanted to say I hope there's no hard feelin's anywhere."

"None whatever!" Doug acknowledged, meeting the big

man's stare.

"Good!" he said, "'cause I'd kind of like you to feel you're welcome out here anytime."

"Well, I'll sure remember that," Doug replied. "Thanks

very much."

"I'd kind of like to take you up around the ridge trails as my bike buddy some weekend. Would you like that? And show you some of the back country. Some real pretty country back in the hills.

Doug shrugged with surprise. "Sounds great to me, Sir." "I don't work weekends," Medford said, "and love to bike hike in my biker's gear. There's a nice secluded spot I know of where... if you suddenly got a hankerin' for a feel of a steel studded belt, I could tie you down on the seat of my bike and work your ass for you. In return for a favor or two, of course. How does that strike you?"

"Wow! I'll go for that!" Doug exclaimed, excited by the

offer, "if it doesn't get us into trouble."

"No chance!" the officer assured. "Strictly private. Just you and me. I got a big, thick dick, by the way. Maybe I'll be able to open up that tight little ass of yours for you."

"I'm sure you could, sir!" Doug agreed. "Might be a little

painful at first, but I'm sure you could do it!"

"Not as painful as I could make that belt feel!" Medford warned, waving a gloved finger in front of Doug's nose.

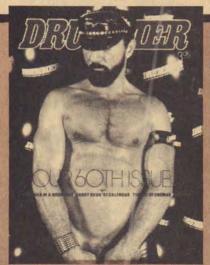
"Well, okay then," Doug agreed. "Whenever you say."

"How about this Saturday?" he suggested. "About noon? I'll be watchin' for you."

"I'll be here!" Doug promised. "Incidentally, what do you want me to call you?"

"Meatface," the motor officer replied, gunning his bike and pulling away. "Just Meatface."

"Well, I'll be darned!" Doug thought to himself a he sped down the highway.



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Three Bulls and the RUBBERMASTER

by Roger F. Mays

Roger F. Mays, better known as RFM, made an underground literary splash in the early 1970s when he self-published his Autobiography of a Masochist. Although crudely written, it was a stunning achievement, a soul-baring from a man who had come out to himself— and the world— as a masochist, recorded with raw honesty and passion. Roger F. Mays followed up with a second volume, which brought his life up to the point where he became one of the more controversial

sadists in Southern California.

Roger began a small publishing company, devoted to SM. His books were printed in small runs, often plagued with technical problems (the result of having to use small printers, because of the nature of the material, who could have given a shit about the quality of the work). Roger's followers were faithful, devouring each of his novels, anthologies, and collections. He was also the first gay business to offer credit. Because his sideline, large scale SM equipment, was one that required large cash outlays, Roger instituted a "pay-as-you-play" plan that often backfired.

Roger F. Mays had, above all, an undisciplined imagination. His novels would sometimes take on situations that defied logic; a perfect example is his Three Bulls trilogy, set in Europe and the Far East of the 1900s, but filled with historic inconsistencies. But his power of descriptive persuasion was

high, and his readers forgave him every mistake.

Roger F. Mays died in a car accident in late 1982, the last in his trilogy, Three Bulls Meet the Rubber Master, unpublished.

Roger was an original person. Drummer is pleased to present an excerpt from his final creation.

The story: Once upon a time, two soldiers of fortune, who were also fuck-buddies, ran into a startling adventure involving a missionary, his son, and the opium trade. The son, whom they rescued from a life of chastity, became their third alter-ego, and they became the Three Bulls of the title. In this adventure the three, and some friends, are vacationing at the villa of another sex-crazed character, Garmiskar. As with all these books, characters come and go at will; episodes are loosely constructed along a narrative line. Opium, again, rears its head— but for now the three studs and their host are enjoying the pleasures of bestiality and turn-of-the-century libertine life.

The three young men still working in the kitchen over the preparation of that evening's dinner were somewhat taken aback when the naked Pete entered and asked for a big pot in which to sterilize the catheters. While he waited for the water to boil, Pete fondled each of the three and, though there was a language barrier, each of them understood he had a standing date with Pete to be fucked. Pete felt himself quite the master of the situation and, though he'd just recently climaxed, his cock displayed no signs of it, remaining erect as it was appraised by the three cooks. One of them even went so far as to take hold of it and toy with it playfully.

While waiting for the catheters, Kurt dug out a black rubber suit from the luggage. It was a relatively small one that would fit your Edgar tightly. With Garmiskar's assistance, Edgar was outfitted in the rubber suit from head to foot, even to the testicle sack which was a separate piece that was placed on the genitals before the rubber codpiece.

As the hood was being pulled down over Edgar's head, Red spoke up. "Good Christ! Have you got one o' those things for me to wear?"

"Of course, Mr. McTeague," said Kurt. He dug around a bit more in the pile of rubber goodies and came out with the parts of a suit that would be big enough to fit the Scot. "But let Garmiskar help you into the thing, sir. He knows how to put on the rubber. If you're not careful, you can rip it."

Kurt put on his own codpiece, a brief of white rubber. Red noticed how the rubber pouch clung so sensuously to the man's male organs. After Edgar had been outfitted, Garmiskar helped with Red's outfitting, expertly pulling the rubber leggins up the Scot's thighs, and pulling down the shirt piece over the generous chest. Finally, the hood and codpiece were slipped on and Red began to feel the total control of the rubber, the skin-gripping tightness of it, the isolation of it, the total body massage of it. He squirmed. "Oh, God— this is fantastic!" he said.

"Now that you two are done up in the rubber," said Kurt, "embrace each other. See how it feels— you'll enjoy the sensation."

When Red and Edgar got into a tight hug together, Red said, "Boy o' mine— you never felt so good and hot before. Keeriste!" The rubber skins slipped and slid over each other and the two pouches were jammed together sensuously. Red and Edgar began to feel each other up, then, rubbing gloved hands up the cracks of each other's butts, tweaking the hard nipples which stood out under the rubber shirts, and fondling each other's genital sacks.

Pete returned from the kitchen with a long catheter that still steamed in the air, hung from a pair of tongs. Kurt went into the bathroom, scrubbed his hands carefully and, upon returning to the bedroom, took the catheter between his

fingers

The Rubbermaster kneeled in front of Edgar and pulled down the front of the rubber codpiece. The youth's prick sprang into the open air, the cock head wet and drippy with secretions that had begun to accumulate inside the tight rubber.

"Garmiskar," Kurt called out. "I think you'd best stand in back of Edgar and put a little restraint on him. Put his arms in back of him and hold them hard. I don't want him to squirm, when the catheter starts going in deep. Anyway, I think he'll enjoy it more if he is held in restraint."

Garmiskar, still naked, pulled Edgar's arms in back of him and gripped hard. He dug his dangling penis, still half-hard, into the crack of the rubber-covered butt. "There now—nice and comfortable. I'll hold him still, Kurt, while you work that

tube up his cock."

Kurt took Edgar's prick in the fingers of one hand, deftly prying open the pee hole with two fingers just enough to insert the tip of the catheter. Slowly, he began to work it into the boy's tube, pulling it out a bit, then inserting it further several times. When the relatively thick rubber tube passed slowly through the area of Edgar's seminal vesicles and his hard prostate gland, Edgar felt the unmistakable twinge of

pleasure-pain and struggled a bit but Garmiskar's grip was unbreakable. Edgar groaned, gritting his teeth under the rubber mask.

"All right, son," said Kurt. "Now we go in all the way. Get ready. Mr. McTeague, sir-will you get me a vase or an urn? The urine is going to start flowing in a moment.'

"Ain't that a sight, though, Dick?" sighed Pete. "Our boy

Edgar takin' the tube up his wee-wee?'

"Makes me hot for taking a tube myself," R.R. grinned lustily. "Tonight, maybe—let's hook up with one of the men and do a long piss-trade—Kurt brought 3 or 4 of the doubleheaded catheters.

'What the fuck's this piss-trade you guys are talkin'

about?" asked Red.

Richard explained. "One fellow pisses his bladder empty but his partner doesn't. Then, each guy inserts one end of the double-header up his cock hole and, eventually, into his bladder. What happens is that the guy with the load of piss streams it directly into the empty bladder of his buddythere's no control over it at all. The piss just keeps coming until pressure is equalized between the bladders. Then you pull the ends of the tubing out of the bladder, but leave the body of the tube inside the prick tube until one or the other feels a build-up of piss. When that happens, the two stick the thing in all the way again and trade more piss. You can stay hooked up all night like that and really build up a lot of pressure. Pete and I have done it - next morning we were so goddamn horny we practically ate each other up. Of course, you can't perform any direct sex act during the piss-trade, but you can kiss and fool around."

"By my great granddad's rotten haggis!" exclaimed Red, his prick pulsing under the rubber codpiece, evidently renewed in vigor even though he'd shot his wad hardly a half hour ago. "I never would have dreamned of such a thing."

"You'll be taking the trade soon enough, Red," warned Pete. "You'll have your choice of what brand of pee you wanna take- we got Turkish pee, Romanian pee, English-American pee, and Australian pee. And it's all hot!'

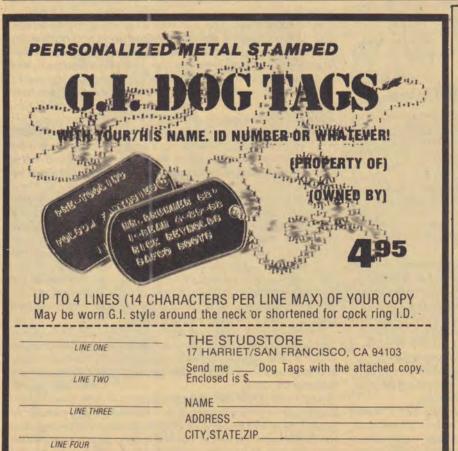
At that moment, they all heard the tinkle of urine draining into the Grecian urn Kurt was holding under the outside end of the catheter dangling obscenely from Edgar's cock mouth.

"Thar she blows," chuckled Pete. Kurt clamped his fingers tight on the end of the tube forcing the piss to stop. He released the tube and the urine began to drain again. Stop-go-stop-go. "You see, Scotsmanthe catheter can be used as a form of restraint, or even punishment, if one wants. You say you and your ward enjoy certain little games to heighten sexual arousal- tying his foreskin ring to a bed post while you whip him, and other such games. Now you can employ this, too- the catheter, either to enforce urination or to prevent it." Kurt reached over to his supplies and picked up a catheter clamp, snapping it onto the dangling tube. "With this, you have control over when Edgar urinates, how long he urinates, or whether he urinates at all."

"Fascinating," said Red, "but what keeps the tube from

sliding out?'

'Well, I'm holding it now, strictly for demonstration, but I have a cock cap of rubber which fits only over the head, meant to be used in conjunction with the catheter. The cap is tight and has a small nipple of rubber which fits into the urethral opening. The nipple is actually a short tube with an open end so that the catheter tube can be inserted full length. The friction of the nipple on the rubber tubing keeps



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the catheter from slipping out once it is fully inserted. But watch what else can be done with the catheter."

The Rubbermaster pulled the tube out of Edgar's cock a few inches and the flow of urine stopped. He then waggled it up and down and side to side— Edgar's cock was forced to follow each motion as if on a leash. Kurt then pinched the tube in his fingers and rubbed them back and forth making the catheter twist inside Edgar's urethra, first clockwise, then counter-clockwise. Edgar let out a hiss. "Now we are going in again," said Kurt, "to tap the rest of the urine." This time the flow was directed up into the air and Kurt opened his rubber-covered lips to take it. The stream was not forceful because Edgar had no control over how fast or slow it came— it was simply being drained out. Kurt let the open end of the tube rest on his tongue and the final drops drizzled down his throat. To finish, he sucked on the end of the catheter to pull out the last of it.

"Fresh young urine," he declared. "The wine of the body—sparkling golden wine."

He slowly pulled the tube out of Edgar's throbbing penis, snapping it like a whip and spraying a few drops of Edgar's piss onto the wall.

"When and if you do suck from the tube, gentlemen," the Rubbermaster said somewhat seriously, "you must use caution. Once the bladder is empty, suction could cause it to collapse like a deflated balloon. Likewise, you must never ever blow into a catheter you are drinking urine from. That could cause death. Understand?"

Edgar shivered at the idea that he, while letting his piss drain into Kurt's open mouth, might have been easily put to a painful death with only a slight puff of breath being blown up his urethra into his bladder. Garmiskar released Edgar and gave him a friendly nudge in the seat with his half-hard prod. "You want me to take care of your hard problem, my boy?"

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he asked.

"Ohhh, Gawd, yes." Edgar was almost beside himself with lust— the spanking, the fucking he'd taken, the rubber suit, the catheter and the piss, and the musky taste of Garmiskar's semen in his mouth all added up to a frenzy of sexual excitement he had never felt before.

Garmiskar kneeled before Edgar, grabbed the youth about the buttocks and rammed Edgar's cock into his mouth. The Turk's cheeks sunk inward as he applied hard suction and he rubbed his tongue furiously back and forth along the underside of Edgar's cock, titillating the "hot spot" under the frenum expertly and deliciously. Edgar went into wild orgasm within a minute, squirming and gasping as he fed the Turk his squirts. Garmiskar didn't lose a drop.

After removing his mouth from Edgar's drained cock with a juicy smack and a kiss of the lobes, Garmiskar stood up, grinned, and said, "What've you got to eat, McTeague? I'm hungry!"

TWO THE LONG, HARD, HOT SUMMER

June, 1900, droned on into summer, buzzy with bees in the gardens of the villa and scented with the perfumes of orange and lemon blossoms, The first crop of grapes was ripening on the vines and would be ready to be stomped into wine soon. The huge wooden grape vat in the back yard of the villa stood solidly on its four legs, covered over with canvas to keep out falling leaves and interested insects drawn to the yeasty sweet odor imbued into the wood inside. The visitors had peeked into it but were almost overcome by the alcoholic ripeness of the huge barrel.

Some of the local shepherds sometimes brought their sheep to crop the lawns of the villa. McTeague permitted this and would be given a young lamb to slaughter for the larder in trade from time to time. Peter, who had fucked sheep in Australia when he was in his early twenties and not yet teamed up with R.R. Strong, erected almost instinctively when he first saw the sheep.

"You never fucked a sheep, have ya, pardner?" he asked of

"I fucked a little heifer once. But never a sheep. I know you used to fuck 'em in the outback. Are they really that good?"

"Hot Damn!" said Pete. "Now I finally get to introduce you to somethin' new. You gotta get the females, Dick— the cunts. You never fuck a male sheep— a ram. Never. They only got one hole, for one thing, and it's always full of shit. Even the young ones get pretty goddam mad if you fuck 'em. They'll try to break your legs with a head-butt after... I know. So you only attack the females. And you only stick it in the cunt— not the asshole."

"OK, OK, I got ya, pardner. Let's go get us some hot sheep cunt. But, say— do virgin sheep have maidenheads?"

"I don't think so—none of the ones I screwed in the outback ever had a hymen that had to be popped."

Garmiskar, who was listening in on the horny conversation, said "Only human females have hymens, boys."

"Izzat right? How come?"

"Becaue God— or Allah— knows that only the human male can truly appreciate the sensation of breaking a cherry and de-virginizing a virgin. The hymen was made for the male to enjoy breaking into, and only a human male has the brains to realize that he likes this primary bit of donation, of pain and blood. But be off with you— go fuck your sheep."

Garmiskar, who was lazing away that particular day on a pillowed lounge under a collonade of the atrium, flopped his balls with one hand and snapped his fingers of the other hand at Oskar. Oskar was sitting naked in the pool of the fountain of Pan, delighting in the spray of the cool water cascading

over his back from the statue's pissing penis. Oskar knew what the snap of his master's fingers meant. He was to come to him and open his mouth. Either his master's penis was going to be introduced into his mouth or his master's testicles. Or maybe the Turk would flop over on his belly and splay his legs apart. That meant it was time for asshole duty.

As Oskar approached his master, he saw the giant move onto his left side and then onto his stomach, dangling his huge legs on either side of the chaise. The great hot butt was ready to be licked, kissed and sucked upon. Oskar climbed onto the chaise, kneeling between Garmiskar's spread thighs, stretched apart the muscular cheeks to expose the large hole, and dutifully scrunched his face into the crack, tongue lanced outwards to penetrate the hole. He knew this was going to occupy at least one hour for there was little that Garmiskar did not enjoy more than having his hole reamed by a mouth and licking tongue.

While Oskar did his asshole duty, Kurt walked into the atrium, took a brief look at the action, and sat down to read that morning's newspaper, delivered from Athens. "Hmmm— listen to this," he said. "The Athenian police think a slave auction is going to take place in the city soon." Kurt could read Greek, having taught himself that and many other languages during his twenty years in the monastery.

"Well! Shall we go get ourselves a couple? A girl? Two girls? Brides of lust? I'd love to watch that velvet wolf of yours going

up a young vagina.'

Kurt chuckled. "Someday you may, Turk. But I'm not especially interested in fornicating with a female. If I fathered any children, they might turn out to have inherited my father's lycanthropy. And that would not be good. I prefer to have my sex with men like you... who cannot be impregnated."

"I wonder," said Garmiskar, as his asshole was being sucked by Oskar, "if that might be the reason men like to get

together with men— to be with men— to fuck with men. Men do need to fuck— they are built that way, anatomically. The penis is meant to intrude itself into a... hole. But the hole doesn't have to be male or female— or even human. Witness Peter and Richard out there somewhere in the gardens fucking sheep."

"No," said Kurt, "it's much more complex than that. But let's not start analyzing things when we are enjoying ourselves so much." Kurt wore only his rubber hood., One of the Turk's huge black cigars was sticking out of one side of his mouth pierced through by Kurt's wolfish fang. "This cigar of yours, for instance. I just enjoy it, that is all— I don't spend time analyzing what it's made of or how it burns or smells like it does."

Sexual activity was indulged in at any time of the day or night by all of the men, usually at least twice a day but often enough three and four times. Nothing was forbidden. Although the two basic methods of anal or oral intercourse prevailed, the men never became bored. They used a great variety of positions, for one thing, and also relied on various of the rubber items for foreplay.

Usually, whichever of the men had decided to sleep together on a particular night would have sex of some sort before going to sleep and then again in the morning upon waking up. The rubber suits were worn frequently during sex with only the codpiece removed so that the partners could have easy access to each other's genitals and assholes. Often, one of the men would hear the smacking of a rubber paddle coming from one bedroom, and when the sound stopped, it would start up again in another bedroom. Garmiskar and Kurt used the paddles the most frequently on the asses of the others, they being the most dominant of the group, but it was not especially uncommon to see Richard or Peter pick up a







paddle and take Edgar or Oskar into a bedroom.

The novelty of having a portable peg boy on hand had started to wear off as the men all enjoyed the brutish nature of sex with each other. Oskar was still put to work, of course, but most nights he slept peacefully alone, his peg removed. He also was not used as much as a piss pot anymore because the men had all discovered the excitement of taking each other's urine down their throats or up their colons. The toilets were not used too frequently for urination because of this, only the indirect urination of expelling another man's piss from the asshole it had been pumped into. Usually, when someone had to take a leak, he could find another one of the men willing to take it.

After each morning's sexual sessions, the men would repair to the cozy dining area just off the kitchen and would be served breakfast by the three handsome houseboys. These young men were usually left to themselves for Red had stated they had much too much work to do to be indulging in sex. Nevertheless, all three had somehow found the time to "be with" one of the visitors and savor the different varieties of fucking styles and tastes of semen.

Breakfast was always fun. The room was small with a low ceiling and the round table with all the food and plates spread on it seemed to give it a family atmosphere. Breakfast had an aura of intense friendship about it as the men had to sit close enough together to touch arms and knees often, not to mention feeling each other under the table. Sometimes, when Edgar sat next to Garmiskar, he'd find that the seat of his chair had Garmiskar's hand resting on it, middle finger erect and standing up, ready to haver Edgar's asshole slip down onto it and remain there for the duration fo the meal. Edgar would close his eyes and smile as he slowly lowered himself onto the long thick finger and feel the broad tip wiggling and pressing on his prostate.

Except for Kurt, who always wore his rubber hood, rarely

did anyone wear anything— there was certainly no reason to for reasons of warmth. And since sex might be desired at any time, it was senseless to have to be constantly taking off clothes and then putting them back on. Kurt removed his hood in order to wash his face and hair, but always did so in private. It would be some time before he would share his horrible secret with even his closest friend, Garmiskar. Boots were worn outside, but only for protection. Red McTeague, however, if he had to spend any time out in the sun, had to dress completely to protect his sensitive skin from sunburn.

Sometimes the men would "dress" for dinner. They may as well have remained nude because this little bow to formality consisted of putting on a diaphanous Greek toga with a skirt so short it revealed more than it concealed. But the addition of a bit of skimpy see-through apparel did serve to titillate and arouse.

Except for breakfast, meals were eaten either in the atrium or in one of the parlors, depending on the weather. The afternoon meal was often picnic-style, partaken al fresco in one of the gardens amidst much sporting, laughter and general camaraderie. Wine corks were pulled out by the teeth and everybody would finish the fete galante with one of Garmiskar's monster cigars in his mouth.

Edgar became fascinated with Kurt's teeth, as had Garmiskar before him. When the two went off together for a session, foreplay always included some time given over to Edgar's licking of the teeth, especially the fang-like canines. Kurt's long snouty foreskin was also a source of delight for Edgar. He found it could be pulled out almost to two inches to form a tube— and the tube could be entered by finger, tongue, or even another penis. The brown velvet fur on Kurt's shaft grew all the way down to the pucker of the foreskin opening. Edgar loved taking the thing into his mouth and running his tongue up inside the foreskin tube to tickle the head and lick at the hidden pee-hole. When the true suction began, Edgar would



JOCKSTRAPS FOR

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push the foreskin back with his lips in order to release the great head for his salivary ministrations.

Once Edgar had been told by Garmiskar of the latter's experience during his first sexual encounter with Kurt, when Kurt had bitten Garmiskar on the neck and drawn blood during a particularly violent bout of anal intercourse while Garmiskar lay on his back, legs up in the air. Edgar pleaded with Kurt to do the same thing to him. But Kurt had sworn never to draw blood again during sex. He was afraid that the taste of blood might "do something" to him. However, he consented to giving the youth a "love bite" during the height of intercourse, a bite that would not break the skin—only bruise it a bit- and which would be planted just before climax began and remain on the neck until the last hard pump had been delivered. Edgar found it an ecstatic experience. He'd enjoyed the pure arousal of sexual domination before, but never quite like this - not with a huge man like the Rubbermaster applying it, with his mysterious rubberhooded face and his potentially dangerous fangs and his huge hairy penis. Edgar went into spasmodic orgasm the first time it was done and he thought to himself later that "this must be what it is like for a woman."

Though the men indulged in the sins of sloth, gluttony and lasciviousness to the extreme, they still exercised. Sometimes, this was taking a swim in the bay; other times, it was a foot race. They climbed the trees to pick oranges and lemons that were so sweet they were used for pancake dressing instead of the more usual syrup. They wrestled in mock play, performed push-ups and sit-ups, and always there was the best exercise of all— anal intercourse. Every muscle of the body was employed in ass-fucking, from the toes to the fingers— at least the way these males performed it.

Despite the inherent violence that usually ended a bout of anal intercourse, however, most matings were long, slow and tinged with romance. There was no rush to cum here, for there was never any need to hurry and "get it over with." Pleasure was strung out as far as it could be stretched. They enjoyed each other's maleness in foreplay and in the sex acts themselves. After a sex bout, the participants would nestle and snuggle, and trade spit, and speak in low voices of how much they'd enjoyed each other, and kiss with subdued

At the breakfast table, Pete and R.R. always sat next to each other and traded a few juicy smoothes before beginning to eat. Thusly, their intense friendship was renewed each morning, regardless of whom the two had slept with and had sex with the night before. Garmiskar was always included in the morning kiss, too.

"Why don't you kiss me like that in the mornings?" Edgar had asked of McTeague on one such morning.

'Shee-it! Kissing is for sex and for beddy-bye time—that other kind o' kissin' is a sissy-kiss.'

Garmiskar arched his left eyebrow at Red's put-down of the morning kissing ritual. "Indeed! Why you son-of-awhore!" The Turk grabbed Red's head in his hands and forced him to endure a long well-osculated lip-smacking spit-dripping kiss. When it was over and Garmiskar had unglued his wide open mouth from Red's, he said "Let's hear you tell me that that was a sissy-kiss, you red-headed turd! Now you give Edgar his morning smack!"

Without a word, but with a grin, Red walked over to where Edgar sat and planted a healthy smooth onto the youth's open and waiting mouth.

"Now, that's better," huffed Garmiskar.

As the idylic summer progressed, the men went on a number of one, two or three day excursions to visit places of historical or mythological interest. Greece was filled with such attractions as were the islands in the Aegean Sea. They DRUMMER 38

visited Delos on which the main attraction was a number of stone phalluses, all erect with their giant heads pointing to the sky, large spherical testicles at their base. Garmiskar suggested this perhaps was the source of Alharazed's inspiration for the phallic fountain back at the harem.

They visited Olympia, the site of the first Olympic Games which were played in the nude. North of the villa was explored mainly to see the site of the infamous Spartan military barracks which were now in ruins. Their guide told them how the extreme military discipline exacted upon the Spartan soldiers was relieved only by rampant sex amongst the troops. The very word "Spartan" had passed into the language to mean rigorous, exacting, deprived, solitary and disciplinary. The Spartans had been known to be a deadly fighting force in war, but were also quite heroic in bed with their male mates.

And everywhere, it seemed, were those fabulous statues of nude men, some in athletic endeavor and some merely a grandiose pose. Marble cocks and balls hung, all about like

"I wonder what those sculptors were thinking of while they chiseled those male organs out of the marble," mused Garmiskar.

"Probably the living models they were using," said R.R. "Why do so many of the statues seem to have such smallish organs, though?" asked Peter.

'Don't know, mate," replied R.R. "But let's face it. Our little group is bigger than average in the pouch department. You kinda get used to bigness as being average when you're around it so much."

Kurt accompanied the others on these little trips only because they had been able to obtain a Turkish yashmak for him to wear to conceal his rubber hood. The yashmak was simply a cloth head covering with a face veil attached. When fully in place, it revealed little but the eyes, thus Kurt could walk around amidst other tourists without appearing too curious. Nobody ever looked at him close enough to see the white rubber of the mask under the yashmak. Kurt was particularly interested in some of the ancient wall frescoes and painted urns- the naked men, warriors and athletes, depicted thereon all seemed to have exceptionally long foreskins, not unlike his own. Rarely in any Greek painting was a man to be seen with foreskin retracted. Only in the temples of phallic worship and in certain erotic paintings was a full blown erection to be seen with the head exposed.

On Thursday nights, Red, Edgar, Richard, Peter and Garmiskar went to the taverns. Kurt stayed at the villa with Oskar. Thursday was the day when Greek men traditionally went "out with the boys" and had freedom to enjoy the so-called "Greek Love." Even those who were married knew they could leave their wives at home that night to enjoy the ancient tradition.

When they first visited one of the all-male taverns, Garmiskar was surprised at the variety of types to be seen there. Older business men dressed in light linen suits rubbed shoulders with rowdy Greek fishermen; beautiful young Adonises consorted with swarthy farmers; American sailors stood pouch-to-pouch with dark-skinned Turkish soldiers, rubbing their covered male organs toghether as they conversed; young, inexperienced-looking boys sat rigid next to plumpish obviously rich men who whispered erotic things into the young ears as they lightly caressed the boys' cheeks with diamond-ringed fingers. And, of all things, there were men dancing! Dancing on a fair-sized dance floor while bouzouki music strummed from the background.

But what a strange dance, thought Garmiskar, as he watched with interest. The men were "attached" to each other only by a handkerchief held between each other's teeth. They were stooped over in a crouch, hands held behind their backs, and were pulling tightly on each end of the handkerchief, teeth clenched tight and bared in a semismile as they tromped out the dance steps. It was a rustic dance, totally male, and almost seemed like a battle of sortslike one man trying to pull the other end of the handkerchief out of his dance partner's teeth. As the men danced, they breathed faster and faster, hissing at each other, grunting, going faster and faster, stomping the floor with vigor. Garmiskar could see lust crackling betwen the men's eyes as they stared at each other almost unblinkingly.

"This is a mating dance, isn't it, Red?" the Turk asked after the group had been given a table and brought a flask of beer.

"Well, the way it's done here it is. Now watch what

happens when the dance is over.'

The music speeded up and the dancers circled each other like caged lions. Finally, when the bouzouki strummed out its last twang, the handkerchief was let go and the men stood up, laughing and poking at each other. They walked off, arms around each other, to a doorway covered by a velvet curtain. An attendant at the door dipped his finger into a jar sitting on the table where he sat and, after having received a drachma from one of the men, placed a large dollop of some sort of glistening substance on the outstretched middle finger of the man who had paid for it. The two went behind the curtain.

"You don't have to ask," said Red. "I already know what

you guys are wonderin' about."

"Then, do you mean they went in there to fuck?" asked

Pete, mouth hanging open.

"Uh-huh. There's about 15 or 20 curtained cubicles in that room, with cots in them." Red looked over at his ward, Edgar. "Have you ever counted how many cubicles there are in there, my boy?"

"No. Never have."

Peter gasped. "Jesus Christ—Richard! This is the innocent virgin we de-ringed hardly six months ago. And now he's goin' into the fuck-room every Thursday with complete strangers! Boy, Edgar- have you grown up in a hurry!'

"Once you get a taste of honey," grinned Edgar, "you always want more."

Because Oskar was too young to go to the taverns on Thursday nights, and Kurt obviously couldn't go with his rubber hood, the two stayed at the villa. When Thursday rolled around, Oskar would shiver in anticipation, knowing that he was going to be bedded by the Rubbermaster. Even when he was spanked by Kurt, Oskar knew it was strictly for sport and for arousal, and he would bend over eagerly for the sting of the paddle. The enforced molestations that would take place after were thrilling. Oskar felt that strange helpless feeling when he was alone in the villa with Kurt on Thursday nights— alone because the three servants did not stay at night but went to their own homes.

But that helpless feeling was very exciting and Oskar would go willingly with Kurt to the bedroom and take the molestations with relish. When Garmiskar and the others returned to the villa in the wee hours of the next morning, the Turk would usually find Oskar wrapped up tightly in Kurt's muscular arms and legs lying in a spoon position with Kurt's long penis shoved firmly into the boy's rectum. The youth's buttocks were usually well-reddened and several loads of Kurt's piss would be gurgling inside him, all of it pumped up the colon from the wolf penis that had stayed snug in the slot all night. Garmiskar wowuld gently unhook Oskar from the octopus-like hold, slip him off the wet cock of the Rubbermaster and quickly shove his middle finger into the pissdripping asshole to plug it until he could get Oskar to one of the toilets. There Oskar would strain and release one quart of hot yellow urine after another and, cramped though it was, he enjoyed it.

Garmiskar would then spray the boy's asshole clean on the

bidet and carry him back to his own bedroom. Naturally, since the Turk had fucked away his power two or three times that night in the fuck room of the tavern, Oskar would be able to sleep. His master's prick needed rest on Friday mornings. It wouldn't be until around noon that Garmiskar would want his cock attended to again.

The other four flipped coins as to which one would crawl into bed with Kurt for the rest of the night and wake up to a hard fucking the next morning. Statistically, it should have come out fairly even that Edgar, Red, Pete and R.R. would each share about the same amount of Friday mornings taking the wolf cock. But, for some strange accident of probability, Edgar usually got the final toss that decided who Kurt was going to wake up with. And with glee he'd run into the rubberman's bedroom, strip quickly, and slide into bed next to the huge hairy man, snuggling himself into a spoon position with the great penis nestled into the crack of his butt. It would stay there, clenched lovingly between the buttocks until waking, and then in it would go, first to release a load of urine and then, in a long slow fuck, to pump in the thick white semen.

Hercule Adopoulous proved to be so charming and versatile on those Thursdays when the men horned it up at the tavern, they decided to invite him to the villa for longer sessions. The young man was more than willing and by August had learned each of the men's favorite positions for fucking and knew exactly what methods of sucking cock each preferred for the highest enjoyment. Like everyone else, Hercule was totally fascinated by Kurt and his hairy penis. He and Edgar teamed up several times to work on Kurt dually one licking the balls while the other supped on the anus, eventually working around to the cock itself, each taking turns at sucking on it. When the cum began to spout, both young men got their fair share, tangling tongues together on the squirting head to gather up as much as they could. The semen that was unavoidably missed was dutifully slurped up as it drizzled down the velvet prick and accumulated into a small pool in the cleft of the testicles.

When Hercule stayed overnight at the villa, taking one load of semen after another, one of the men would take him home in the horse-drawn carriage. On the way back to Sparta, whoever the driver was would hie the horse into a dark grove of trees, pull out his prick and have Hercule go down on it one last time. One such morning, when it was Richard's turn to take the youth back home, Hercule brought up the subject of the rumored slave auction that was going to take place in

"How do you know about that" asked R.R. with some surprise.

"Through my papa," Hercule said. "He wants to buy a young girl— a virgin. To have more babies."

"Where's your own mama?"

"Oh, she ran off with an American sailor when I was six. I only had papa after that. He initiated me, you know."

'You mean ...?'

"Right. I got it up the ass the first time when I was ten. And pretty soon in the mouth. You wondered how come I could suck two nuts so easily at the same time? Well, pop's got two big ones. And I've been taking both for years.

'Well! I'd like to meet your dad. Is it all right?"

"Sure- when we get home you come in for coffee. But first, don't you want to drive the carriage into the grove? For a suck?"

"Oh, of course. I almost forgot."

Once under the dark branches of the tall trees, Richard unbuttoned his fly and drew out his cock, waggling it back and forth in order to stiffen it. Once it was ready for sucking, he said, "OK, Hercule, my boy - once more with feeling. Hercule opened his mouth and went down.

Dear Larry,

I have always been turned on by big, loose hanging balls, and am interested in some advice on how to achieve that with my own. I have large balls and my ballsack (sic) is big enough to allow them to hang low and loose at times, like after a hot sauna. My question is how to get them to hang low and loose permanently. Will continued use of a ball stretcher do it without damage to my balls? Are there others who have found methods that work? One other question: Do balls change size from time to time or is it just my imagination?

D.M. Ohio

Dear D.M.,

Your question is similar to one I answered a few issues back, but in the interim I have had the chance to speak to a couple of guys who are very much into heavy ball play, including the stretching procedure. These men advise that the balls can definitely be stretched so as to cause them to hang permanently deeper, but it may take three or four years to really accomplish it. It is done by wearing a ball stretcher almost constantly, including both day and night, taking it off only for bathing. However, it is important to have someone working with you who can custom fit the stretchers and increase the size (length) in small, gradual steps. It is also of paramount importance that the stretcher not be so tight as to restrict circulation, while at the same time being tight enough to cause a gentle downward thrust on the balls. I was shown the evidence of their success, including "before" pictures to compare with the (then) present state of the subject: balls. In the most extreme case, the guy had gained enough additional length in his sac and internal plumbing that he could stuff his nuts up his ass, where they would remain while he got fucked. Apparently quite a sensual thrill!

As to your question about the balls changing size... yes, they do as a function of external temperature and sexual arousal, among other factors. However, the size of the testicles themselves will not change as much as you think they do. It is the thickness of the sac, the connecting vessels, etc. which will often vary a great deal, and give the impression that the balls are either bigger or smaller.

Dear Sir:

My buddy and I are interested in piercing each other (tits, dick). We were wondering if you could inform us as to the pros and cons of such piercing. Also, is it possible to carry out a piercing scene in the privacy of home without damage or danger to ourselves? I have had my DRUMMER 40

THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK by Larry Townsend

ear pierced with a sterile needle and ice cube. Would the tit/dick piercing basically be the same type of procedure? Is it possible for you to give us step by step directions? If not, please suggest to us where we could obtain the proper information and equipment.

Mickey New York

Dear Mickey.

I notice that Drummer did quite a piece on piercing in their January issue, so your questions may already have been answered. However, let me emphasize the most salient points. With proper care for sterile conditions, it is possible to engage in a "do it yourself" piercing. It is possible, but certainly not advisable. The purpose of a permanent piercing is not only for its cosmetic effect (like the ear), but to create a heightened sensuality. To do this, the hole must be made in exactly the right place. Even if you figure out where these areas are, it takes more skill that the average guy has to drive the needle through the tissues, into the desired location. You must use the proper equipment, and the proper implant— items which are made specifically for the purpose. Depending on your individual pain threshhold, the ice might not be sufficient anesthetic-not that I am adverse to a guy's potential enjoyment of pain, but in a piercing situation it is important that the subject not jerk away at the critical moment. Drop a note to: Gauntlet Enterprises, 8720 Santa Monica Blvd., LA 90069.

Dear Larry,

Re: your column in Drummer #56, Castrated. My age is 55. I had very small nuts, which were removed and replaced with gel-filled plastic implants. I receive 800 m.g. testostrone solution (hormone) every thirty days. Anyone in this condition should have his blood hormone checked regularly, and get the appropriate injections. I am still sexually active, beat off when I don't get out. No trouble with hard ons, although in the beginning the doctor was not giving me enough hormone. I now have my own kit and give myself the shots when I need them. Incidentally, I watched the doctor remove my left nut, also circumcize me. All very interesting. (I had a spinal infection). I made a belt buckle with my foreskin inside, and I wear this to the clubs. For general reference:

Semen is lost only if the prostate is removed; sperm is lost with the testicles. My body will turn to dust, but my plastic nuts will remain with the bones. Hope I've been of some help.

Wisconsin

Dear Ed,

Thanks for sharing your first hand knowledge with us. (I had a little trouble reading your handwriting, so hope it came out as you intended.) Remember the words if the immortal bard (Julius Caesar; Act III) "The evil men do lives after them, The good is oft interred with their bones."

Dear Larry,

Since the age of 15, I have realized that I was a natural M. I read books about the slave trade and always wished that I could have been one, and it was not long after this that the desire to become a eunuch presented itself. That was 14 years ago, and hardly a day goes by without my intense sense of longing for my eventual castration. Could you please help find me a Master who would be only too pleased to demand this of me? I will travel to any country... USA, Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Japan... anywhere, as long as my ultimate goal is forthcoming. If my Master requires a castrato, which means clean cut (both penis and testicles) then this I am prepared to do, as to me the honour of becoming a eunuch is something I have awaited 14 years, and after all this time I know that for me it is not the wrong decision. If you know of any "S" who would reach his goal by demanding this of me, could you please inform him of my details and I will do whatever he asks of me. I look forward to your reply, hoping that someone, somewhere, requires me to follow this ancient custom.

A.B. England

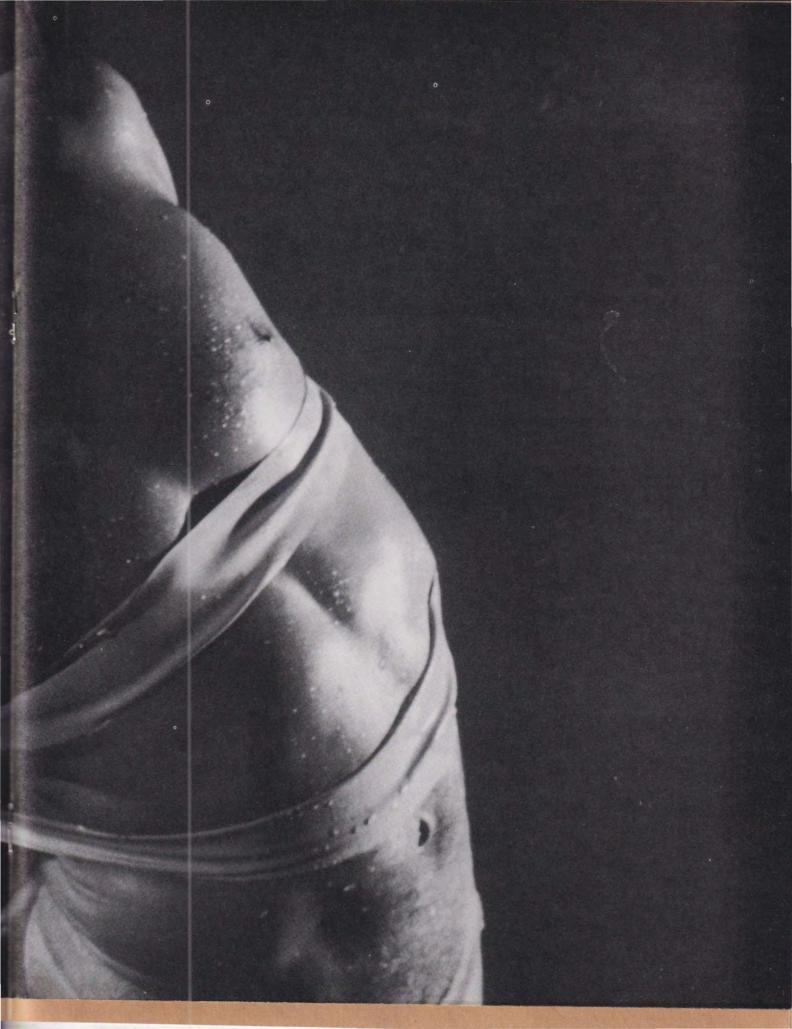
Dear A.B.

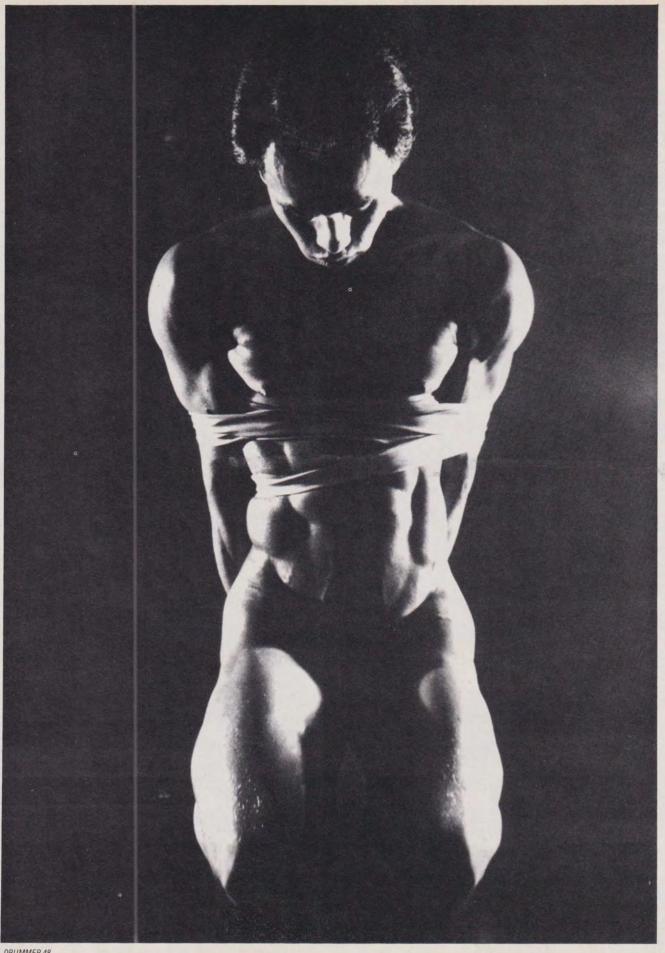
Although I answered you directly, advising further consideration, I've reproduced your letter for the benefit of the *Drummer* readership, and will pass along whatever advice I receive. Whichever way it goes, I hope you end up happy and satisfied. And just in passing, the *castrati* only lost their balls in all but rare occasions. It was done to preserve the boy sopano voice (from "Dark Ages" to mid-1800's).

To pose a question or contribute a pearl from your own collected wisdom, drop a note to: Larry Townsend, c/o DRUMMER, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103. If you get too verbose, we may cut your letter down, but we'll try to preserve your original intent and to answer whatever question you ask.

SAN
FRANCISCO
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Richard Jorasch







DRUMMER 48

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Holding out for the right scene? Tell the Sarge all about it. Send description, photo (not necessary) and circumcision fantasy. All get replies; the chosen get clipped. Box 3433.

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WILD, HI-BOOTED COUPLE

In late forties. He, passive slave, bi TV, loves Bondage, S/M, leather, all except scat or FF. She, dominant leather & boot gal. Very broadminded, ans all who send photo. We travel, will visit San Francisco this winter. Need good contacts then to show us or tell us the sights. Box No. 3522

GDLKG W/STUD

26, 5'5", hairy, hung, hot. Seeks top into training: physical, toilet, fighting. humiliation, submission. Willing to relocate & travel. Prefer rural setting stables, outhouse. Joe, Box 3506.

HOT ESCORT AVAILABLE!

44" chest, 32" waist, 5'8", hairy body, golden brown hair, trim beard, blue green eyes, very versatile, into body-building, into most scenes, very knowledgable. Fly me anywhere, for a weekend, you won't regret it. Call Bill, 303-440-4782. M-F, 10am-5pm.

> DRUMMER #59!! **DRUMMER #59!!**

Will the model whose photo appears on page 90 of this issue (You Asked For It) please contact the undersigned. Rea-son? Obvious+. Thanks. Box 4033, NYC 10017

PIPE SMOKER WANTED

Tall, slim, goodlooking guy 32 mainly fr. active, gr. passive, is seeking a dominant, active, friend to share the pleasure of pipe smoking. Also consider anything these pages. Will be visiting USA in '83 and would like you to show me your town. Will pay all my own expenses. Pls. write, Jim Anderson, Box 2122, G.P.O., Sydney, NSW 2001, Australia

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.

ALABAMA

TWO BUDDIES

36 & 41, interested in action. Anything and everything. Well equipped dungeon. Call or write. Butch Brasher, P.O.

Box 20453, Birmingham, Ala. 35216. (205) 979-3909

ALASKA

нот воттом

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping backpacking. Would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs, 42, br/br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call (907) 283-4879.

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVE

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs, 81/2" uncut if you are white, masculine and not overweight. My interests are shaving your crotch smooth, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand, S&M, FF and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, imaginative. You should include your phone number and times you are available. Box 308B

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

LEATHER BIKER TOP WANTED

I'm into heavy leather, leather bond-age, and need to get into a heavy leather scene with a leatherman and or leather scene with a leatherman and or biker. Must wear full leather, as I do. I am WM, 29, 5'8", 152 lbs., and am bearded. Tall shiny leather boots, gloves and a beard a plus. Write to: Chris West, 1900 Eddy Street, No. 11, San Francisco, CA 94115. No fems, Blacks or heavy S&M.

PRIME CONTACT
Veteran of two wars: NAM (SOG) and South of Market (Leather Bar hustler). X-BB, hot WM, 39, 6'1", 190 lbs, uncut, experienced. Gets excited over S&M. straining muscles and sweat. Requires

physical grace, mental agility and emotional stability. If you're looking for a mutually satisfying-enduring relationship, this is the rare opportunity for the right hunk. Box 3130.

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

ARMY SERGEANT
San Francisco. WM 32, 5'11", beard, moustache, former Army Sergeant; enjoys hot times, Leather, Levi, Uniforms, fantasies, WS, FF(top), toys, JO. Phone No. exchanged, etc. Even enjoys light play & cuddling. No Fats or Fems. Prefer WM within SF area, 21—40. If you wish to make an attempt on a Fantasy, drop a note with photo (if available). tasy, 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

HEAT- QUEER

37, 6', 190 lbs. 6" cut Your queer slave worships leather, heat, shit in sick scenes for your pleasure. Train me to be your Queer. Serious but 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.

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 threshhold and a sense of adventure, call Don. (415) 864-5566 or (707) 869-0243 from 10am to 8pm

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

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& MANIFEST. I am enclosing \$_

Now, get busy!

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

> SAN FRANCISCO **RUSSIAN RIVER**

SM. C&BT. To tie and chew on. Don't forget T/T. Versatile. Your photo gets mine. All answered. Box 3442.

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 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.

BONDAGE AS A WAY OF LIFE DEDICATED BONDAGE SLAVE NEEDS BONDAGE MASTER who is serious about the ownership and control of all functions of bondage slave with cages, ventilated burial, suspension, immobilization, mummification, isolation, sensory deprivation, and manipulation using leather, steel, rubber, plastic, rope, hoods, gags. Slave is professional male—40, 145, 5'10"— San Francisco. Box 3428

TOUGH LATIN WEIGHTLIFTER Wants to get you "musclemen" and no others in complete bondage to tie your balls and cock after bounding your tits and slowly make you come whip your ass and rippled stomach until you

come again. If you are "it" reply to PO Box 5401 Oakland, CA 94605. Send a photo if handy

DAD WANTS YOUNG BB

Successful exec. comp BB, 35, living in seeks relationship w/yng, masc BB 18-25. Photo & phone # to: Box 1753, Burlingame, CA 94010.

> **DAD WANTS YOUNG** BODYBUILDER

Successful executive, amateur bodybuilder (BB) 36. Living in S.F. near Nautilus gym seeks relationship with young BB 18+. Photo please to: Jim Duke, P.O. Box 99683, San Francisco,

DOMINATE TOPMAN

Wants obedient bottom. I am WM, 38, 167 lbs., bearded, moustache, bald on top. You must have physical bility for a mutually satisfying-enduring relationship. A strong active imagination & curiosity. *No drugs*. Let-ter and photo. Gary, P.O. Box 773, Peta-luma, CA 94953. grace, mental agility & emotional sta-

SOME PEOPLE SAY

That I am a devil. I think I am an angel of my kind. Write me telling me how kinky you can get and let's get together to have fun. Later on we'll get into more serious things, of course. Hurry up! There are too many things around the cosmos for us to pick up. Me: WM, 40 5'11", 175. You: I hope you have a good mind. Box 3441

NICELY ENDOWED

Discreet, virile versatile Daddy invites Daddy's Boys- 18 to 38- to get in touch. Have equipment toys etc. to make a get together mutually rewarding. Your letter with recent picture gets mine in return. Interested??? Box 3495.

UNIFORMS

Dutch/German-American, 31, 6'2", 170 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair, hot. Looking for men interested in police & military uniforms esp. German, jockstraps & tall polished boots. Respond only if you are hot looking & sexy & willing to submit to & worship a true Aryan-Nordic type. Picture is a must. RST, Apt. #2, 437 29th St., S.F., CA 94131.

LEATHER BOTTOM WANTED

Young Asian Top seeks WM bottom in full black leather. Whipping, shaving, mutual TT. No drugs. Prefer smoker, moustache, 35+. Sir, Box 1632. No photo, no reply.

2 6H STUDS 4 HOT 3RDS

2 9's N2 most scenes. No hvy S&M/scat. Moustache, LL, VA, B&D, TOYS R A+. S Bay area. We R hot— U better B 2! Box 3484.

UNIFORM LEATHER

FATHER WANTED! Goodlooking son, Jap. 27, 5'6" 120 lbs seeks goodlooking muscular white over 35. Prefer no S/M. Send photo. Box 3483.

W/M 40 WITH BEARD

Looking for partners in mutual action for any scene particularly interested in C/B. T/T, FF. Attitude and willingness to experiment more important than looks. Box 3106.

FACESITTERS/MASTERS

German urinal-pig 31/6'1"/190 lbs, wants to make his fantasies real with a real S.F. TOP. I'm willing to spend a whole week of my life, day and night, SIR. Also available for Privat-Clubs and I'm willing to work for my Master, SIR. Please send me the date, I will come to S.F., SIR. Don't forget overseas airmail postage. Box 3461.

27, 6' W/M

Seeks w/m slaves into W/S, B/D, C&B/tit torture. Must be totally into serving this cut, hairy chested master. Will explore all your limits (and then some). Send photo and detailed application. Beginners needing training will be considered. Box 3525.

31, WHITE, BLONDE

Green eyes, 61", 7" cut. I like big men both body and cock. Into light S/M some FFA. Enjoy being dominated by one or more studs, prefer to be bottom. I am exceptionally good looking and built well. I am in S. Francisco quite often, want to here from together men who like a warm affectionate guy who loves sex. Leather, western a real plus. You must be clean and healthy. Drugs OK. Box 3526.

ASIAN TOUNGE

Will rim your dirty asshole, lick your sweaty feet, cock, balls, pits, etc. Recycled beer, V/A, LITE S/M, B/D, Me 5'10" 150 6"— You trim/muscular W/M to 40. No heavy pain. Box 3516.

> SF-HEAVY CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Administered to cocksuckers by leather/uniform WM, 37, 6', 185, Can take mine like a man when necessary. Box 3509

> SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER

San Francisco native, discreet-even intelligent, experienced in S&M. Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Safe (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant "role"— I am sadistic, dominant, and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566.



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UNCENSORED VIDEO

My buddy and I will record your trip on color, sound video. Our place or yours. Call for details M-F 621-6220 Al or John.

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, let-ter to P.O. Box 5906, S.F., CA 94101.

HOT LEATHER TOP

Wanted to kidnap this bottom and take him to a dungeon where he places the bottom in complete bondage. Bottom is 32, W/M, 5'7", 7" cut, hot body. Write to Box 32616, San Jose, CA 95152.

USN CORPSMAN

goodlooking, hot. Likes to give big ENEMAS to hot, young men. Spanking optional. Goodlooking, tite butts only. Tom, 2051 Market, Box 102, SF, CA

SAILORS, MARINES

Blond hair, blue eyes, good looking guy, good sense of humor, would like to hear from you. Suite 296, PO Box 15068, S.F. CA 94115.

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, 795 Buena Vista West #4, San Francisco, CA 94117.

COMMING OUT

W/M, 28, 6'1", 150#, blnd/brw, 8" cut inexperienced, sensitive, loving, constantly horney, shy, conservative, apple-pie artist type seeking similar outgoing, young man into gentleness, loving, non-kinky trips. Into new music, camping, hiking, etc. Call TOM (415) 824-3712 or write Tom, Box 3291, S.F., CA 94119.

MAN-TO-MAN

You've got what I wan!! I've got what you need! "Even Daddies need Daddies." That's where I fit. Do you? My name is Chuck, I'm 32 years old, 5'7' 135 lbs. with brown eyes, hair and

moustache. Am considered very hand-some, with a hot body to match. You, 30-40 years old, big, strong and hot! With a mature mind, able to relate to a caring man. Relationship? Yes!! you've got the headspace to handle a combination, little boy/daddy all wrapped up in one package, and are ready to handle the full meaning of a man-to-man relationship, then please send a recent photo and letter today! Only, hot; sincere responses will be answered. Box 3263. See Drummer #57 page #78 for my recent photo.

A.H. BIRTHDAY PARTY

April 20th. Interested men please contct Box 3492

SAN FRANCISCO BOOTS

I live, sleep, eat and love to fuck with black leather boots. The heavier and the taller the better. I am a demanding and very goodlooking bootmaster; and I expect my boots to be well serviced. Am especially into loggers and engi-neer boots. Will also gladly accept your new and worn boots for wearing! If you wish to serve me or maybe be served contact me. Photos with reply receive same. Box 3491.

STUDS

I am goodlooking, with great bod, and I am hot to wrestle. John, P.O. Box 4193, Modesto, Calif 95350.

GOODLOOKING DADDY & BOY Daddy 33, 6'7½", 180#— Boy, 26, 6', 150#. Want to meet other Daddies and boys. We are into three ways or separate. Into FF, W/S, TT, spanking. Send letter w/photo (if poss) to Dwayne & Steve. 470 Castro #3394, San Fran-cisco, CA 94114. All letters answered.

LEATHER-UNIFORMS

Hot guy looking for leather/uniform jack-off buddy. Must be into gloves, boots and cigars. Jim (415) 673-1284.

MASTER 30 6'1", 180 lbs, 8" uncut, dark, bearded, butch, demands new, permanent, trim, obedient, loyal slave 18-21. Must be eager to serve one man for life. Lots of sex and loving home for the slave that begs for it. Call Sir (415) 861-3125. No collect or JO calls.

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, jellobellied 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.

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (213) 846-9486.

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.

TORRANCE

6 ft 9 in, 42 yr old stud active fr & gr, FF. Call only 213-371-7426 after 7 p.m. over nites too.

W/M 29

Sks together guys for friends and action. Send picture to: Ed, Box 5242, Hunt Bch, CA 92646.

SAN DIEGO TOP

6'3" — 40 — 190 into all scenes — com-plete game room — B/D S/M W/S FFA Leather Hoods- wax tits- etc. 619-

BIG FURRY "BEAR"

Burly "blue-collar" type W/M (6'1"-232-33) trim beard, thinning hair; broad hairy shoulders, chest, and back; pliable beer belly; cut 6½"; nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot unin-hibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust, fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times. Stoney @ (213) 666-3206 (Silverlake)/Box 10643, Glen-dale, CA 91209.

WANNA PLAY HANDBALL?

Let's trim our nails- sit on a hosegrab some Crisco and plow each other into ecstasy. I'm W/m. 5'8", 145#, good-looking and masculine. P.O. Box 8942,

(signature)

Anaheim, CA 92802. Photo will be returned if you want.

DADDY SEEKS SON

seeks obedient clean son(21+), versatile, athletic, stable, a cut above average. Photo, phone answered first. no fems, fats, drugs. Box

HORNY-WHITE-HOT

Seeks studs into fucking-rimming-sucking. Dildoes-S&M. W/S, Poppers-prolonged ass hole play-versatile (top-bottom) AM, 46, 180 lbs-6' tallbeard-moustache-Give uniforms, good bottom service! Box 3520.

NOVICE ITALIAN 28

5'11", 165 looking for hung top to intre-duce me into: SM, BD, dildoes, FF, spanking, Box 3518.

EX-NAVY DAD

41, 6', 160 accepting applications from recruits. If you've been in military, U know what boot camp or basic training was like, or what training camp is like for football squad. Send letter of application with photo, brief background, physical data, age, and why U think you should be considered by this ex-Navy dad. Photo is a must! Box 3496.

COPS, SHERIFF, CHP

(Real only) married/single, w/28-45, heavy balls/uncut real plus. Share my fantasy of sucking you off in your squad car or station locker room. W/m, 34, 5'6" good looking and deep throat, commanding but flexible. Phone/picture to box 42, Long Beach, CA 90801. Discression assured.

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

LATINS

Versatile horny Italian digs servicing gdlkg latinos and thick cocked guys 18 to 26 especially Spanish, Porto Ricians and Mexicans. Tony 876-2089.

TRAINING:
Trainer: W/M, 37, 5'8", 150 lbs., brn eyes & hair, hunky & hairy— seeks 18 to 40 yr. old. Trainees: Into B&D, FF, W/S; toys; sling; dildoes; etc.—
Respond with Itr & pic. (gets same) to: Trainer P.O. Box 8463, Palm Springs, CA



☐ I am at least 21 years of age

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VERY HOT MAN

Wants hard deep fucking from very hot men. #151, 3963 Wilshire, LA 90010.

HOT RAUNCHY PLAYFUL

W/M, 30, 58", 130, goodlooking & trim, pierced tits, hairy chest, moustache and stubble beard, works out. Seeking hot raunchy sessions with guys 18-40 into fucking, sucking, fisting, piss, J/O, spit, armpits, Crisco, hot wax, tit-play, amyl, fun drugs, toys, greasy jock-straps, wet briefs, tight faded levi 501's, ass-play, torn underwear, levi-/leather, sweat, fantasies. Prefer bottom, but top/tradeoff also. Rough scenes or playful good times. Man-toman, 3-ways or groups. Write w/photo if possible: BOX 121, 13624 SHERMAN WAY, VAN NUYS, CA 91405. Yeah! Hot fun!

WANTED

WHITE MACHO BOOTLICKER Hot hung, horny, B/M, 39, 6', 170 lbs., wants his boots/soxs/feet worshipped by handsome, muscular W/M slavedog (Italians an A-Plus) w/moustache. dark, swarthy, masculine features Prefer animal w/thick, uncut meat huge nuts, big-booted feet. Goal: longterm, stable relationship with S/M sub text, w/stress laid on boots/soxs/feet. Slavedog must submit to collar/leash. surrender its doghole to be ruthlessly fucked, deliver up its cock/balls to be bound and tortured, serve as full-time bootdog/piss-toilet. Write grovelling letter w/photo. P.O. Box 4672, Los Angeles, California 90051-2672

MASTER WANTED

W/M; 27, 5'7", 145 seeks master for training and service. Into B&D, S&M, C&B and Tit Torture. Have experience. Box 12181, La Crescenta, Calif 91214.

W/M 26

6', Goodlooking, seeks hot dads, W/S VA, 3-ways; uncuts a plus. 213/656-

COLORADO

WANTED:

Slender well-built, well hung little stud— slave/boy for dominant, asshole, bastard. I am into bodybuilding, leather, and most scenes will respect your limits, but I will expand them. You will have to earn my respect. With the right person I have been known to be labeled an S/M teddy bear. I am all man and love to fuck hard

and deep. If you can't take it don't answer this ad. If you are man enough to have a hard core reality: Send photo. phone, and descriptive letter. Anyone visiting the Denver area: is welcome to try me on for size. I am always ready Get off your ass and write now. Box

CONNECTICUT

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.

CUTE, SMOOTH, WHITE

Humpy body slave, 34, with youthful buns and firm pecs, needs mature sadist physician for high times. Body shaving; nipple enlargement and tor-ture; multiple erotic piercings; unique enemas; heavy anal play; dildoes, toys, deep FF, also into wearing sexy lingerie and rope bondage. FFA tops most welcome. Box 3512

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THIRSTY

MD-DC-VA. M, Cancer, 6', 35, 168 lbs. blond/blue, moustache, sensuous, thirsty, independent, straightappearing, 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,

BEEFY BODYBUILDER

New to DC seeks same. Handsome hung, FF, top/bottom, 28, 44"c, 30" waist, big tits, legs, open minded. Write Shannon, Box 3539

FLORIDA

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 abota. I will really to several letter. with photo. I will reply to every letter.

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.

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.

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.

ATTRACTIVE, BEARDED MASTER 36, seeks crotch, piss slaves, who enjoy humiliation, being used. Travel widely. Box 10274, Tallahassee, FL

BOOT SLAVE

Are there any real men out there? I need a man with construction boots to grind my tits and ass. A real man who knows how to handle a boot slave and put me at the mercy of his construction boots.

UNCUT A PLUS

All letters with photos answered. Fla, Ga, Ala only please. Send to Boxholder, P.O. Box 9001, Cocoa, Fla 32922.

HOT DRUMMER DADDY

S/M levi/leather, yng 40, 5'10", faithful, loving, intelligent, mature, professional, financially secure needs son-/lover to 35 to serve/share warm home, sexual fulfillment, life's good things, secure toetherness. Novice OK. Write with photo/phone Harry, PO Box 562132, Miami, Fla 33156.

GEORGIA

-BREECHES AND BOOTS-

Seeking lean, submissive partner who wears English riding clothing and has a fettish 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 body-builder Master for all kinds of hot action scenes. A letter of application must include photo, qualifications and physical data. Rewards for excellent service, and limits respected. No fems or drugs. Macon. Box 3076.

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.

HOT, HORNY WHITE MALE Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others

into fucking, fisting, rimming, sucking, dildoes, S&M, W/S, poppers, Levis, leather, boots. Am 27, 150 lbs, 5ft10in. with short brown hair, brown eyes, beard, moustache. No fats, fems, blacks. Bridwell, Box 12348, Atlanta, GA 30355-2348.

ILLINOIS

ENEMA/ASS SLAVES
2 Masters seek hot "naughty boys" under 30 to completely surrender their ass. You must be willing to submit to

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total complete submission, bondage humiliation and to accept spankings diapers, shaving and all forms of Gr/Fi 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 (handsm, blond, blue, hung, uncut). Photos are essential. Novices OK. P.O.B. 6262, Chicago, IL 60680.

W/M 43. 6', 170 Looking for slim slave, 20-35. Earn the privalege of sleeping with me this winter. B-D total body service. Box 3538.

W/M, 5'10", 180, Into tight Rubber, Leather, Levis, Hoods, Restraints, Anything Kinky but sane— mad-doctor, bondage, S/M, CBT torture, FF, and anything else that feels good. No scat, heavy whipping, filth or heavy drugs. Prefer steady or ongoing relationship with well adjusted dominant 25+, any race but Asians a big plus. I can be top in mutual scene but really a bottom that needs regular work to extend limits. slave unless you change that. Box 3505.

CHGO. DRUMMER DAD

W/M, 39, 5'10", 170, bearded, goodlooking, professional, intelligent; seeks young guys for hot sessions. Into leather but no heavy S/M. Firm but gentle. Box 3500.

IOWA

32 YRS 6' TALL 8"

Anything but extreme pain— love humiliation W/S-TT Open to anything when you get me hot—Travel IA, and surrounding states—Chicago once a month— love verbal abuse. P.O.B. 8334, Des Moines, IA 50306.

KANSAS

WM 28, 6', 180 Short brown hair/beard, stuck in NE Kansas, seeks contacts anywhere. Prefer over 30, hairy, heavyset. Like rubber and uniforms but you need not. Please no married, slim, clean-shaven, demented. Box 3517

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

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.

ROPE BONDAGE

28. 6'1", 170- Goodlooking, loves rope bondage seeks meeting and or correspondence with men (18-35) who enjoy rope bondage. Box 3514.

MARYLAND

HARDWARE FANTASIES

Did you ever have a screwdriver handle up your ass? No power tools. Drummer Box 3530 or msg on Computer POB

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

DC/MD/VA. WM 38, 5'11", 170. Well-built, lean/muscular. Serve similar Master. B/D, whipping, your erotic pleasure. Box 3519.

COCK SUCKER

Orally services and worships muscular w/men to 45. Let me please you sir and reward me with a nice load. Barnes, Box 703, Laurel, MD 20810.

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.

C&B PAIN

B&D for 18-23 slaves. Call (617) 256-2968.

MEAN GRIZZLY BEAR

Hairy, masculine man wants scenes with hairy, masculine men. I'm big & bearded, 29, 6'3", 195 lbs, looking to rough house with butch guys: bootlicking, bondage, verbal abuse, spit whips, face-slapping, stomach-punching creative humiliation. Can top or bottom. I turn on to hairy chests, forearms, hands, asses, feet & pits. Photo & phone please. After the scene I can be real sweet, but during the scene I'm mean as hell. Box 3471. New England-New York.

BEARD

Wanted: Black, brown, blond or gray

beard to inspect playful ass. Must be 25+, good imagination & experience in dildos, tits, aroma, WS & some FF. Prospective TOP will find bearded, 35, 6', together willing partner, with equally good imagination, for extended fuckbuddie evenings. Greater Boston area preferred. Box 3537.

BIG NIPPLES

Boston, gdlkg M, 24, 6'1", 165 lbs-needs titwork; also into W/S, leather, dildos, and poppers. Call (617) 437-

> LUVPEACESEX FROM **BUDDY AND MATTHEW!**

> > **HOT, WM, 23**

Tall, thin, muscular, hung, goodlooking likes big cock and titwork looking for one or more big tops to use me. Can travel. Box 3515.

MICHIGAN

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 atti-tude, 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.

WEST MICHIGAN

W/M, 5'9½", 158 lbs, 35, br/bl beard, hairy— into It S&M, WS mainly top looking for hot smooth masculine bot-toms 20-35 for hot times and possible relationship. Photo a must. Box 61, Ferrysburg, MI 49409.

Love to Masterbate! I'll take all my clothes off so you can

watch me as I do it just for you!!! 6 Snapshots\$1.00 18 More\$2.00

8mm Home Movie\$5.00 LESLYE, Box 61, Dept. 6571 Glendale, CA 91209

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Date (M/C)

NOTE! Accurate measurements are important Measure penis while erect from begin of shaft

(topside) to the tip of the head. Write measurement in inches here:_ Measure around the shaft (circumference) circumterence

near the base - snug fit NOT pulled tight. Write circumference in inches here

signature (sign your name as it appears on credit card.)

I'm fast for my age and I love to tongue it 'til it shoots all in my mouth. I've got some polaroids of me and my "cream" guys. And can get more. Just tell me what makes you cum!

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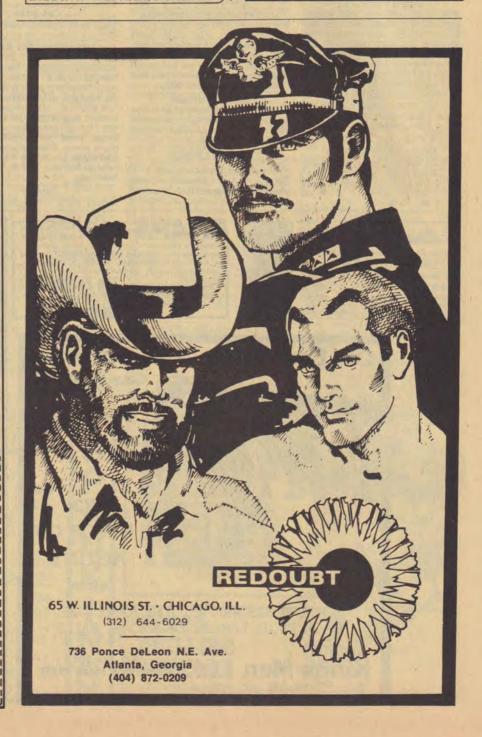
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-

1

NAME (print) -

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.

TWIN CITIES MASTER

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

TOTAL SLAVE
31, 195#, 5'11", blue eyed blond wishes
to be owned by sane sadistic master.
Leather, levis, boots, jocks, whips are all part of my training. Henry, P. 70096, St. Paul, MN 55107-0096. P.O. Box

WANTED- DOMINANT HAIRY Man into BD/SM to use, cuddle this 5'6' 160 lb blond mustached man. LAND, P.O. Box 3232, St. Paul, MN 55165.

LIVE IN SLAVE/SON Gdlkg W/M 22 blnd/blue 6'11/2" 160 nds attract, Master(s)/Daddy(s) 30-50 supply rm./bd. while I supply every want/need. Sm. exp. willing to be trained. Photo, letter describing scene. All considered. Box 3531

MISSOURI

NAKED, CHAINED, SHAVED

Kansas City. Tattooed S, 45, 6'2", mus-cular 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.

SOUTH K.C.—BELTON WM 42 M (looks 32) 5'8" 160lb big balls novice smooth, brown hair, red beard, needs biker master/friend to explore B&D leather uniforms oil tt Gr a/p jo toys. Like to cuddle and kiss. Wants to learn bb. open mind no scat dishonesty fem. picture and phone no. Box 3521.

BARE BACK WHIPPING

W/M, 31, 6'2", 190# interested in receiving or giving the lash. Safe limits mutual needs. P.O. Box 5311 K.C., MO

MILITARY TRAINING

3 Military Drill instructors will administer discipine, physical training, cell confinement, & prolonged immobile restraint in a realistic military atmos-phere for weekend or week long ses-

sions. Safe, sane, discreet and monitored confinement for Boot Camp, Stockade, or POW training. Mummification, sensory deprivation, controlled breathing situations also available, Individual or buddy system entry. No FF, Scat, Drugs. Fee required, Referen-ces available. Address Serious Inquiries to: Training Center Information, P.O. Box 672, Bridgeton, MO 63044. All replies answered. (314-867-7233)

MONTANA

21, LONELY

6' 180 lb military type, moustache seek-ing hairy daddy to teach me and expand my limits gently roughly with a strap or toy. No fats or fems. Box 3504.

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

NORTHERN JERSEY W/m, 43. 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

W/M 43 5'8" 140 LBS

Wishes to correspond with/meet others into haircuts-shaves, S&M, B&D, TT etc. Details & photo please. Box 3497.

TATTOOED DIRTY BIKER

BLACKWOOD Heavy tattooed biker seeks other serious bikers (local area only) who live in and worship engineer boots, filthy dirty torn levis or full leather and enjoy riding together fol-lowed by a prolonged J/O session where we exchange each other's cum and piss on our levis and boots. Local bikers only. P.O. Box 284, Blackwood, New Jersey 08012. (Send letter & Photo)

HUSKY W/M NOVICE

Seek experienced leatherman. PO Box 422, Saddle Brook, NJ 07662.

CENTRAL NEW JERSEY

W/M, 35, 5'7", 140 lbs bottom seeks gr act top into W/S, enemas, spankings, humiliation, degradation, etc., etc. Box 74, East Brunswick, N.J. 08816.

NEW YORK

WAY OUT S&M

Given to hot body, young, experienced or beginner M by well-equipped, levelheaded 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,

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

EASYRIDER/OUTLAW BIKER

Aryan Daddy on Lowrider wants to build relationship and biker-oriented business on west coast with righteous scooter tramp with Harley, into outlaw leather lifestyle. Fly kite and photo: Boxholder, PO Box 23164, Rochester, NY 14692

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Issue 51

Issue 54

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

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

MASCULINE 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 atti-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

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.

(212)672-1010 TOP/INSATIABLE

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

HUNG LIKE A HORSE? Hot, hndsm 28 W/m lkng for super hung studs. If you have enuf to satisfy me, I will satisfy you. Pic/ph# to: Box 519, DMS, 132 W. 24th, N.Y., N.Y. 10011.

W/M 36 145 LBS

With little experience seeks Master to train body and mind for His pleasure and enjoyment. Will consider permanent slavery. Prefer tall no nonsense Master to help reach fulfillment as obedient slave. Box 3432

DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS MEET RIGHT HERE!

MEN OVER 40

Age and strength deserve respect. WM, 28, 5'4", 135, dk hr, brd, hry, musc, new to NYC, inexp but enth, sks WM 40+ top/master, brd, hry, (pref) musc for reg trng sessions. Spend 20 cents and 10 minutes. I'm worth it. Box 3344

DADDY SEEKS SON

GWM seeks obedient clean cut son (21+), versatile, athletic, stable, a cut above average. Photo, phone, answered first. No fems, fats, drugs. Box

MOTORCYCLE LEATHERMAN et'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.

SPITOON BOOTWIPE URINAL

Drooling deviate dog grovels for fag-cigar-smokin', beer-drinkin', baitin' straight men: ex-con toilet slurps copsnot, trucker-feet, biker-butt for public humiliation: retarded dude is Daddy's queer-boy forever. Am real tough, real dirty, real hung short lean blond w/stash. Filthy letter w/pix gets same, Sir! First ad. NYC Metro. Box 3535.

FRENCH SLAVE

Wanted with superb technique, caring devotion, and long-sessions stamina. Describe yourself, include phone number, pic helps. Murray Hill Box 140, New York, NY 10156.

SKIN TIGHT PANTS

Exhibitionism, heavy J.O., drugs, booze, kinky scenes, blacks preferred! (212) 974-1176.

WANT NICE NYC TOP

W/M, 35, 5'8", 130, looking for a topman interested in possible long term relationship. Not into pain or heavy scenes but I love sucking cock and being fucked by a dominant but caring man. I'm slim, attractive, in good shape, dark hair (very long on top), bearded. You must be 25-40, in good shape and masculine. Photo please. Box 3513.

YOUNG, HOT, HAIRY

Need scat from real men. Can reciprocate. My place. Box 3510

GERMAN (TOP) 39 5'11" 156 lbs and English (both) 40 6'3" 168 lbs leather booted men visiting N.Y. Summer 1983. Want contact with others for piss, dirty arsehole licking, punishment. Slaves apply with photo. Photo with other letters also appreciated. Our photos in return and pls. enclose overseas postage. Box 3524.

W/S

There isn't anything about piss that doesn't turn me on. Hot bottom, 30, white, 5'10", 150, hairy, lift weights, looking for hot tops for wet fun. Photo please. Box 3507

TESTICLES

Experienced ballman, WM, 6'3", 175 lbs, NYC, wants to meet/correspond with others into giving/receiving heavy nut action. Box 3508

MUSCULAR ALL-AMERICAN

6 ft, 165, 27 tight BB seeks same to 35 for muscle scenes, wrestling, rough sex. Be musc like me, or don't bother. Box 182, Cooper Station, NYC 10276.

BOXING

Gloves/fantasies/fetish/body pun-ching/SM roles/w/m, 26, 5'10", 145, seeks NYC sim. weight. unconcerned about body, looks, only action. Own gloves a plus. Your fantasies? Box 3503.

NY-BONDSERVICE

Handsome forthright Aryan older brother, Bondage addict, gives or takes prolonged restraint/correctional discipline, using serious equipment in provocative surroundings. Fantasies realised with imaginative integrity. Photo ABSOLUTELY necessary & reciprocated by BONDSMAN, PO Box 663, N.Y., N.Y. 10156.

CAPITOL DISTRICT

W/M, 62, 6', 190# Aquarian into most scenes. What would you like to do? Pleasant location & well equipped room with movies. Big cock and ass to FF. Call Larry at 518-674-2479 anytime before 10 pm.

SON/SLAVE

ITALIAN DAD WANTS hot, slim, very boyish young punk needing training domination by sadistic dad 32 5'10 140#, 8" thick uncut cock. Must have high pain threshhold for submissive humiliation, S/M, B/D, CBT, spankingwipping. Call (212) 475-7811

ONE HOUR FROM ALBANY

Or Peekskill, or Danbury, or the Cats-kills. Kinky, anything goes— almost. Over 40, Pls. Box 3494.

SO BIG IT HURTS?

Uninhibited bottom, W/M, 39, 6'2", 185#, masc, hot tight rear, will completely satisy x-hung Gr a top. Anything goes so long as I get it in the end. Looks, age unimportant; size and thickness a challenge and turn-on. Write Martin: Box M170, 134 W. 32nd St., Suite 602-A, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

NORTH CAROLINA

LEATHER HOT & TIGHT

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 wre serious but afraid. ALL of you STILL seek a master! And I still seek a slave. for obedience, total commitment, pun-ishment (when needed), and love (when earned). I am DEADLY SERIOUS! And so are YOU! Now DO something about it! Call Randy (704) 324-1465, or write to 1305 11th Avenue, S.E., Box 24, Hickory, NC 28601.

NORTH DAKOTA

RANCH/RODEO COWBOY

24, WM Cowboy, 150, 5'9", needs another Cowboy for leather action. Brn, Blue eyed Cowboy into all Cowboy gear including chaps, boots, spurs, gloves, levis, hats & rubbing leather clad crotches. Versatile, ready for any action with another Cowboy Only. Cowboys reply to C.R., Box 87, Mandan, North Dakota 58554.

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.

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.

BIKER SEEKS OTHERS
Into FF, WS, bondage, piercing, catheters, genitorture or other SM scenes.
No scat. Age no barrier. Am top and bottom. Prefer partners who can switch roles. Can travel eastern US. Box 3527

WANTED:

Bodybuilders, jocks, wrestlers, mus-clemen and all athletic (work-out-spa) type men. Must be goodlooking & well-built body (only) with masculine legs. Age 18-27, for Cleveland, Ohio Male, age 34. Call (216) 476-2956 4:30-10:30

STRICT STEP-DAD

38 gives hard bare ass tannings with paddle and strap. Letter and photo to: Mr Holm - 26241 Lakeshore - #1954 -Euclid, Ohio 44132

STARTING PRIVATE NUDE

Photo collection. Looking for mature men 25-45. Send or pose in person. Box

OKLAHOMA

OK CITY DADDY

45, 170 lbs., 5'10", muscular, wants sub-missive 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.

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.

RODEO COWBOY

W, 5'10", 150 lbs, 25 yo, goodlooking, good body, seeks other cowboys to get it off in new tight fitten' 501 Levis, big silver buckles, leather chaps, and hot spurred cowboy boots. Cowboys, lets get together and rub leather, jeans, and boots. Need my tight buldging crotch took care of. Photos in riggen will get mine. Box 3115.

OREGON

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.

SLENDER-MUSCULAR BOTTOM 39, Seeks Portland topman into physical fitness, healthy living. Box 3501.

BOOT FREAK

Into leather & tight levis. Harley riding biker, WM 6' 195, late 40's seeks hot men into Gr & Fr a/p, body worship. No drugs or S&M, limits respected. Tall booted visitors welcomed as riding buddy, leather daddy seeker, or me & Harley will find you. Box 3532.

FF S/M B/D W/S
Top or bottom. 38, 180, 6' tired of half-ass action. Your scene, go for it. Box

PORTLAND BOTTOM

Slender, muscular, 39, seeks topman into enemas, dildos, FF, bondage. Box

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.

PHILA.-HARRIS.-BALT.

Hot, sexy, quality top, 34, good-looking, level headed, 43" ch, 32" w, 5'11" SOLID. Seeks special submissive bottom, 20-35 into S&M, B&D, C&BT, etc. yet together enough to accept my respect and affection. Photos appreciated. Box 3476.

PGH, WIDE OPEN HOLES

Serviced on toilet, farts a turn on from big guys. Me: 30, 5'11", 165, 7" good looking, discreet, send letter and photo. Box 3529.

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

REAL MASTER

Needed for heavy bondage, total control, weekend confinement, and discipline. Slave is 35, untamed, able to travel to Master's location. Please send orders with phone & photo to POBox 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

RHODE ISLAND

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

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUBMISSIVE NOVICE SLAVE WM, 23, needs dominant young WM master to serve. Charleston area. Box 3499

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

TEXAS

DALLAS THIRSTY AND HOT

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

LEATHER IN EXILE

W/M, 29, 5'11", 175 lbs, is more than ready for hot action. 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.

SLAVE(S) SON? LOVER?

Dominant, versatile, educated professional, w/m 47, 5'11", 175# accepting You must be mature, applications. 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

TIGHT LEVIS AND LEATHER

W 5'10" 150 lbs, 25 yo, good body, seeks others into tight fitten' Levis or black leather pants, boots and cycle jacket Lets get together and rub leather til its hot. Have cycle to travel. Photo in leather gets mine. Bx 3115.

FRUSTRATED?

Let's fulfill desires. Torrid, steamy enounters sought by very versatile experienced Texan with generous endowment. All scenes considered imagination a plus. Special turn-ons: lots of body hair, biceps, beards, bristly unshaven whiskers rubbed on my swollen cock head. Fantasies discussed and enacted. Let's try for an atmosphere of mutual respect and satisfaction. No idly curious or time wasters. Replies w/photos receive same. Box 3523

HOUSTON SLAVE

W/M, 27, 5'10", 130 lbs., br/br moustache, submissive, eager seeks to learn from experienced leathermaster willing to train novice slave in leathersex Please reply with photo, SIR! Dan, P.O. Box 22423, Houston, TX 77227.

HOUSTON G/W/M

38 attractive F/ap seeks just an average nice guy for buddy and companion, looks and body unimportant. No kinky types. Photo please. Occupant 148, P.O. Box 42999, Houston, Texas 77042

SON SEEKS MOIST DADDY

GWM, 32, 5'11", 170 lbs, handsome, well-built seeks Daddy 25-50, hung, built, handsome, hopefully uncut & cigar smoker for love, hot sex, attention. Son likes to be fucked, W/S. C/B, needs toilet training, tits. Daddy, please send letter with photo and your worn jock. Your response gets same JDD, PO Box 191122, Dallas, TX 75219

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., 9½" 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.

WISCONSIN

JOCK BOTTOM

Milwaukee. Lean, eager novice seeks training from athletic, straight looking coach. Box 3536

INTELLIGENT MEN

MILWAUKEE/RACINE AREA: 35, 150 lbs, 5'8", 6", blond, blue eyed, moustached, Levi/Western/Leatherman French A/P, Greek A/P. Rainmaker Rimming, Tits & toys. Write if you're 35-45, butch looking, black hair, dark eyes, 5'8" or taller. Interests; Bars/all types; travel; movies; food; music; baseball. Uniform cops/firemen a turnon. Discretion assured. Box 3528

CANADA

WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK

I like a man who enjoys his work. One who smiles as he trusses me up with tubing, wires, hole stuffers and the like. He whistles when testing weights on my tit rings. Hums as the fluids pass in and out of the butt plug. And winks at me, all strung up, encased from head to foot, knowing that maybe later he's going to get it too! W/m, 5'8", 160, 7" cut. Need I say more? Box 1577

VERSATILE M

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

CALGARY M

24, 6', 160 lbs, smooth musc body seeking S into bondage discipline/humiliation, w/s, and whips. Have limited experience but am eager to learn. Box-holder Box 274, Station T. Calgary T2H

TORONTO

Super-skinny but want to be a stud-top? 21-36? Into hand-given ball torture and forcing a tied-spread guy (early 30s, thin but masculine) to service you? I'm yours! (No heavy SM, WS) Bondage me, grab my nuts, twist, face fuck me, twist my nuts again harder, then plow my ass. Repeat as desired. Box 3533.

TORONTO

Playfully yours, Rodney. (416) 922-8484.

I'M 27 YEARS OLD

Good looking, great body, super hung 101/2" want to meet only real "hot" guys for sharing sex with my hunky roommate. Will answer letters with hot photos and will send pic of the 2 of us. Box

BEARDED DADDY/MASTER

36, 180 lbs, 6', taking applications from sons/slaves. You will be trained to service and worship your daddy/master in many ways. Limits respected but also expanded. Send application with photos. Prairies preferred. Box 3493.

FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per 1/2 ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

ANDORRA

GLOVES! GLOVES!

Leather glove fanatic seeks correspondence with others. All letters answered immediately. Those with photos including properly covered hands given priority. Box 3477.

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE

Know anybody here? Dominating, raunchy, macho topmen in leather, levi's and jockstraps wanted for kinky times with a submissive bottom 45, 6'3 and 190 lbs who is into bondage, ws, tit, ass and c&b play. Box 3332

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

GERMANY

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES Wanted by experienced male 42, 5'11", 160, looking for pigs into mutual and Tit work, piss, snot, scat, puke,

enemas, sweat, beer and trips. Also have a lot of rubber and leather gear. Like oil, mud, grease, catheter, foot and boots fetish. Interested in world wide contacts. Box 3285.

SOUTH GERMANY

Two hot extra hung studs, 29, 180 lbs, and 44, 170 lbs, into three ways with good looking mature (30-50) bearded versatile masculine men. Box 3165.

ITALY

ACTIVE SLAVE

Italian, 38, real sportsman, brown hair, green eyes, muscular, macho type desires to service muscular master. I'm into heavy training, whips, FF, C&B and tit torture. Like to receive verbal abuse Prefer bodybuilder, but mainly interested in right psychological approach. Travel in USA. Hospitality in Milan. Answer with photo. Box 2020.

MODELS NORTHERN CAL

BONDAGE MASTER

Discrete, intelligent and intense top seeks to develop long term relationwith experienced and/or RESPECTFUL and interested trainees Extended training session in sensual restraint, sensory isolation, heavy bondage and breath control, rope, belts, rubber bandages, duct tape and some very unusual gear. References and pix available. \$100. minimum. Apply with detailed letter and photo: Mark Chester/ POB 42501/ SF, CA 94101 (415-621-6294, noon to 10p.m. ONLY

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

PHONE SEX!! (714) 494-4871 VISA/MC

MODELS

Drummer staff photo-Jim Wigler, grapher, is looking for leather/uniform men willing to model. (415) 864-3456 or (415) 673-1284

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6 ft 9 in 42 yr old stud active Fr & Gr, FF in call only. 213-371-7426 after 7p.m.over nites too.

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MODELS

Jim Wigler, Drummer staff photo-grapher, is looking for leather/uniform Jim Wigler, men willing to model. (415) 864-3456 or (415) 673-1284

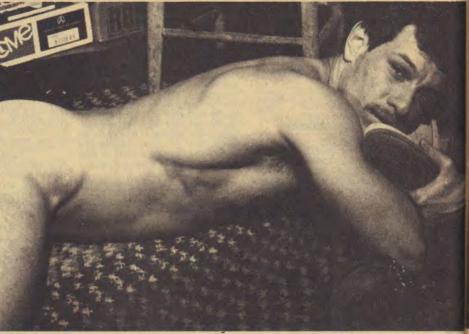
HAVE ONE OF OUR STARS

J. BRIAN'S

FLASHBACKS

This theatre-length (two hours) film has 15 hot men and has six chapters. The action-filled Jock Strap Contest at the End Up Bar in San Francisco begins the story as we go through flashbacks with each of the entrants. An excellent film with the J. Brian touch. A must for any collection! Two full hours. Retail \$149.

\$125





FOUR IN ONE!

MARINE FURLOUGH

PAPERBOY & MR. EGAN

MAJOR

MIKE SAVAGE AND THE WOODSMAN

With super-hung Gary Boyd as a Marine who checks into a Tokyo hotel with his buddy. Along with the room-service waiter they entertain one another and even you and me!

Mr. Egan takes on the paperboy and the results have proven to be one of Brentwood's best selling films. You will want to take on the paperboy too and Mr. Egan. Major is good looking, masculine, athletic, well-built, friendly, bright, super hung and a definite turn on. But let him show you himself.

Super hung Mike Savage meets a handsome, hunky young woodsman in this rugged sexual adventure. Mike's huge cock and powerful body are no easy match for the good looking woodsman, but it is Mike Savage who is the conqueror in the end. One Hour/Retail \$70.

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WINNER'S CIRCLE

Leave the football field with the players and go into the locker room. A full team of beautiful hunks stripped and hot, grab-assing and messing around until it turns into a full fledged orgy. These athletes are hung, hot and horney. One of Brentwood's finest films! One hour. Retail \$70.

\$65





TROPHY I

This group of films includes our hunky Marine in a fantasy come true. Never before in video tape, these films from the Trophy series are filled with beautiful men. You'll keep asking yourself, "Where do they find these bodies?" 60 Minutes /\$70 Retail.

\$65



TROPHYII

A group of films to turn you on includ-ing "Ebony Love," the story of the black telephone installer and the customer. The black man is hung enough and agile enough to blow himself, which is worth the price of admission. A bargain at any price. 75 Minutes /\$70 Retail.

\$65



INCLUDES 5 BIG HITS:

BIGGEST I EVER HAD SAVAGE

TRUCK STOP

These five films star Rod and Joe, two truck driving black studs and a cowboy, Eric, an outstanding young athlete; Major and his buddies Tom and Don; Gary Boyd and Mike Savage and Dino, who takes them both on. From the Brentwood collection of outstanding action productions.

EXCHANGE PRIVILEGE! You aren't happy? Want to try another? Send it back w/\$5 and just tell us what you want!

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 □ INCEST/BROTHER LOVE

Enclosed is \$_____ Check, Money Order or Charge it to my

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ADDRESS_ CITY, STATE, ZIP_

I am over 21 years of age _____ Signature

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DRUMMER ENTERS THE COMPUTER AGE WITH YOUR OWN COMPUTER BULLETIN BOARD! It's FREE and available to any and all DRUMMER readers! If you are a LEATHER FRATERNITY member, you will be sent a special code to get you on to additional levels of the computer circuit for the hottest discipline questionnaire you have ever been subjected to. Simply call (415) 552-7671 to connect your computer with the LEATHER FRATERNITY computer. The instructions will flash on your screen but keep both hands on the keyboard!

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First, a twelve-issue

subscription to DRUMMER FIRST CLASS (that's \$55 right there). Twelve insertions of your ad in Drumbeats (One per issue, naturally. That's about another \$50 or \$60 depending on how wordy you are). You get free mail forwarding, Box number if you wish. and the passwords into the inner realm of the DRUMMER computer program. Ocassionally you even get a newsletter of what is happening around the coutry. It is quite a deal and if you aren't quite sold yet, send a buck (applicable if you join) for our brochure to THE LEATHER FRATERNITY 15 Harriet Street, CA 94103.







Tough Shit

"YOUNG LIONS BE BRAVE TONIGHT..."

While most soccer fan clubs in Germany are composed of young boy-scout types, the members of the fan club Lowen (Lions) of the Hamburg soccer team have even less in common with the other fan clubs than age difference. The Lions average age is 28, about 10 years higher than most other clubs. Fifty of their sixty members have been arrested for one thing or another. Nearly all are heavily tattooed and have broken teeth from fights with each other, the police, and other gangs. For the Lions to ride public transportation in Hamburg, they need a police escort. In an interview with Der Spiegel some of the fan club members professed that they'd rather be fucking a guy in the ass then even watching their home team score.

The Lions are currently under investigation in the death of a 17-year-old boy from the Bremen fan club, who was killed during a game in Hamburg.



Members of the Lions on a subway guarded by the police.

The Hamburg Lions being interviewed in their clubhouse.



DRUMMER 68

CHRIST IN BONDAGE

Frederick Zugibe, a New York medical examiner, has just published the results of 30 years research into the historical crucifixion of Jesus Christ, *The Cross and the Shroud*.

Zugibe pieced together a detailed picture of what he and his theologian collegues believe happened to Christ during the last hours before his death. While his research is partly based on the infamous Shroud of Turin, believed to have been Christ's burial cloth, he also conducted experiments using 31-year-

old men. He hung his volunteers from a 92" by 78" cross with leather gauntlets for their hands and a belt for their ankles.

"Jesus was reduced (after his beating in the Garden of Gethsemane) to a bleeding, mangled mass of welts and swellings, in traumatic shock, no longer able to stand, and craving water," Zugibe says.

He later was beaten with reeds and forced to wear a crown of thorns. While carrying his 50-pound cross to Golgotha, he suffered severe loss of body



fluids in the midday heat. By the time of his crucifixion, "Christ's robes were literally glued to his body" by blood from his wounds.

To study the effects of being suspended from a cross, Zugibe used volunteers. The volunteers showed an increase in pain, psychological feelings, sweating, respiratory stress and muscle twitchings after seven to eight minutes. (These guys must have been real wimps... only seven to eight minutes!)

"A striking observation noted in all suspended volunteers was that the body did not touch the cross except in the shoulder region where there was very slight contact," Zugibe wrote.

The result was a position with the head arched backward against the upright vertical section of the cross to relieve the strain on the shoulders.



A lion in action



Lions and skin heads in Hamburg.

1040 Federal Income Tax Form Department of the Infernal Reserve Service	19,82
Par Income	Your Social Security Number
How much money did you make last year?	
2. Send it in	

HISTORY MARCHES ON

Ben Franklin, as a young man, was a member of the Hell Fire Club in Europe and participated, probably as a spectator, at several SM sessions.

FALWELL PREACHES SM

"Too many people never really see the price that is exacted from those who follow the Nazarene. To call Jesus 'Lord' implies that He has the headship of your life, that you are committed as a bondslave to Him. We should not make that kind of commitment lightly."





FOLSOM



FOLSOM



(continued from page 79)

lift, a few runs. We hit a couple of the shops. Grabbed a bite to eat. Then back to the motel early.

Playfully, we got into the shower together. I soaped his back and enjoyed rubbing his limbs, but I nearly jumped when he touched my cock. I tried to stay cool as his hands explored my body. With cocks standing erect, we hugged and kissed under the spray of warm water. Towelling dry, we chatted about watching TV and having a drink, then bed early.

I threw my sheepskin over a chair and fixed a drink while Johnny turned on the tube and "putzed" around on the bed with my leather jacket. He carressed it, smelled it, and wrapped it around himself, distracting me. Finally I looked at him and held out my big sheepskin. He slipped naked from the bed and walked straight into my outheld coat. Without a word, he stood at attention between my legs, facing the inside. I closed it around him and ran the zip up the back. I tied the sleeves and the belt, sealing him in my confines. Then I tied his ankles together and pulled the furry hood up over his face. I closed it around the back of his head and bound it tight. I lifted him up and carried him to the bed. My cock was hard and my balls aching while I opened just enough to expose his little ass. He tightened the cheeks as my tongue sought out his hole. Then I squeezed him in my arms, with one hand firmly over his face, and slowly guided my cock partway in— far enough to come in him.

Throughout the week, we spent less time in the snow and more in leather and bondage. That was five years ago. Now he lives with me and shares my bed and leathers. I tie him up almost every night. Sometimes I find him on the bed in a sheepskin blanket, just waiting for daddy to wrap him up, and sometimes on weekends, I don't let him out for 24 hours.

L.D. New York

GOT A MESSAGE FOR DADDY? Send your letter and photo to: Daddies, Drummer, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco,

CA 94103.



"BIKER' \$85

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

The Puritan Ethic has been laid to rest in New England! What the fuck am I talking about, you wonder? THE HARBOR MASTERS— Great name for what promises to be a great group of men. They are forming a leather/levi club in Portland, Maine, and their aim is "to work for the betterment of quality of life through service and through example."



They invite other clubs to exchange any mailings or newsletters they might have with them. They will reciprocate. The mailing address is: The Harbor Master, P.O. Box 10117, Portland, ME 04101. One of the founders, John (*Mr. Benson*) Preston invites visitors to Portland to drop in at Cycles Bar, 59 Center Street, where the members will be hanging out.

Sometimes I manage to blow it and I did with the MILITIA M.C. of Chesapeake, Virginia. They sent a letter in October and it got buried on my desk. I just found it. The Club was established in 1977 and was foundering when a group of guys pitched in and saved it. The diehards saw the importance of what they were doing and they had a lot to offer to men of like minds. They have flown their colors in Amsterdam and at the 1980 Oktoberfest. An important connection for them was the California CMC who have been supportive. They welcome advice and assistance from other clubs and would appreciate news and information on runs of other clubs. They can be reached at: Militia M.C., P.O. Box 13443, Chesapeake, VA 23325. Drop them a line and give them all the support you can. Also, you guys in the Chesapeake area should look into the club. They can probably do a lot to change your whole outlook with the camaraderie they have to offer you.

If you want more details on these events, contact the Pacific Northwest Conference of Clubs, P.O. Box 5178, Vancouver, British Columbia, CANADA V6B 4B2. Get involved with them if you live in the area.

Get your calendar out and jot these facts down. They are important! These sanctioned events were received from the Pacific Northwest Conference of

Clubs:

KNIGHTS OF MALTA-JET CHAPTER (Seattle) 11th Anniversary, May 27, 28, 29.

KNIGHTS OF MALTA-CASCADE CHAPTER (Portland) 2d Anniversary, June 10, 11, 12.

ZODIAC (Vancouver, BC) 10th Stampede, July 2, 3, 4.

KNIGHTS OF MALTA-EMPIRE CHAP-TER (Spokane) 3d Anniversary, July 15, 16, 17



Well, the scumbags managed to come out of the woodwork again and they screwed up the Denver KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE's Winterfist. The event was postponed until a later date, so keep an eye out on this column. They have promised to let me know when they will be in action again. Hopefully, they can get their own clubhouse which will knock out this kind of harassment.

GATEWAY M.C. is planning a Mr. Leather Missouri contest. It is in the workings, so we can hope to hear from them in the near future.

The Ohio Connection has come through again. He sent me the Ohio Conference of Clubs newsletter. My particular thanks to the secretary. Some of the noteworthy items:

TOWER CITY CORPS (Cleveland) 1st Anniversary Feb. 11-13.

SELECTMEN (Detroit) Truck Stop 83, Feb. 26-27.

CONDUCTORS (Nashville) 1st Anniversary, March 25-27.

CENTURIONS (Columbus) "All Ohio Club Night" Sometime in March. If you need more information, contact the clubs listed or the Ohio Conference

the clubs listed or the Ohio Conference of Clubs, 3569 Erie Avenue, #2, Cincinnati, OH 45208.

It has taken a while to get some of you (Continued on page 74)



Rick Cline- a piece of prime meat



WHY HAVEN'T WE HEARD FROM YOU?



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IF YOU ARE SERIOUS ABOUT COCK

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Also it creates greater potency by increasing the blood supply, which also enables the circumference to expand so drastically.

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Brochure - \$8.95 - refundable if machine is purchased. MARK IV, Dept D 25108 B. Marguerite Pkwy.—B-45 Mission Viejo, CA 92692

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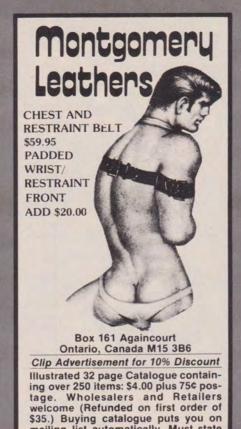
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DRUMMER SHOPPER

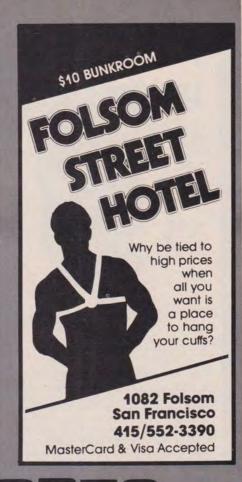
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FOR RESERVATIONS CALL OR WRITE: •22 Edgerly Road Boston, MA 02115 (617) 267-2262 (Continued from page 71)

guys off of your duffs, but the clubs are starting to come through.

Starting with this column, I am no longer going to sign the piece Frank Hatfield because some of you guys figure that since I am the ad man for DRUMMER it looks like I am trying to hustle business, so I will use my pen name— Frank O'Rourke. This way there can be no question of my commitment to the clubs, to the leather scene, and to S/M. For the dudes who know me, there can be no doubt that I am committed. The job is one thing, and the leather lifestyle is a cat of another color. If you have any comments, let me know. It's your column. I just write it.

A good example of what I am talking about is a letter I got from some guy who calls himself Howard in Hartford, who is touting the opening of a bar in Hartford. He didn't say, but I wonder if this might not have been in his mind since he addressed his letter to the Leather Bulletin Board.

BALTIC BATTLE 6— One of the great leather events in Europe will take place in Stockholm, Sweden, this year. The event is from May 20-23, 1983, and everyone interested should contact Baltic Battle 6, SLM-Stockholm, Box 9239, S-10273 Stockholm, Sweden. They try to provide accomodations for visitors, but it is not always possible... the application date is given preference. They can get you hotel space (prices from \$20 single and \$28 double, breakfast included). The US dollar has a far better exchange rate than in 1976 when it was \$3.95 to the Kroner—today it is \$7.50).

The organizer of the Baltic Battle particularly invites all Americans and Canadians for the big meet. This is one event you should seriously consider going to. If you can't make it this year, then next year's event is almost a must.

In the next issue, I will discuss a couple of publications that you should consider reading since it represents what I think is some of the better material in S/M

LATE ENTRY: The Drum in Houston had its Prime Choice contest and one of the contestants, Rick Cline, is definitely prime choice in anybody's book (see photo). Thanks to Danny Villa, a prime piece himself. Why weren't you in the contest, Danny? You'd have won hands down.

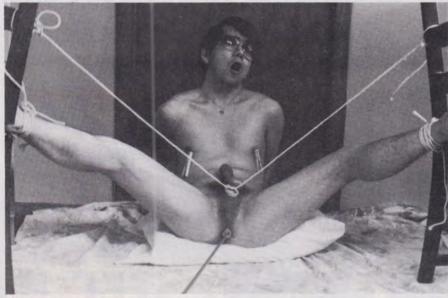
Until next time, Keep the Faith!
— Frank O'Rourke

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Worship my muscles, suck my thick cut dick. I'm 30, 5'10", 155 lbs., sandy hair, green eyes, 44" chest, 16" arms, hung thick. Like to get serviced, so step up and let me fuck your face. Mike Delaney, Box 585, Palisades, NY 10964.

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Send your photo and signature to: Tough Customers, Drummer, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103.



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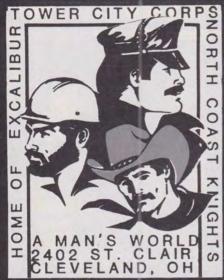
Slave Danny only watches the *Tonight Show* if his Master commands it; otherwise he's hanging around having pipe dreams. Your pipe is what he's dreaming about. Shaved, pierced, and occasionally to be found with a candle up his ass. Inquire locally.

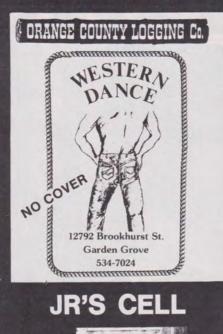


NEW YORK TITS

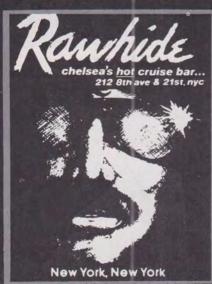
This tit stud would like to hear from other big-nippled tit men (pierced or not) who are into long, hot & heavy sessions of tit-tugging and tit-sucking. Send your detailed j/o letter and picture(s) to: Max, T.C. 1053. Also interested in piss, if that's your thing.

DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS









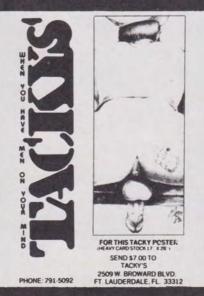


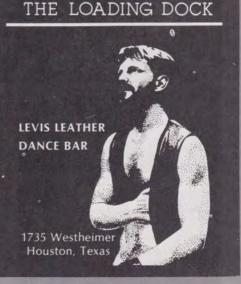


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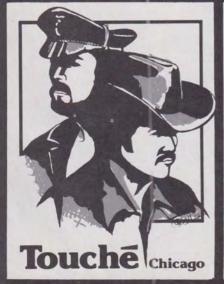


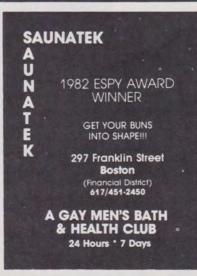


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DRUMURIS DALDER SHEEN

DAD'S LOVE POLE

I read the special issue Drummer Daddies and I couldn't believe my eyes! I was so pleased to read the many encounters guys have had with their real dads. I thought I was a freak or something for the wonderful relationship my own dad and I had. Mom died when I was very young and dad took over looking after me. When I look back, that was also the beginning of my sexual and slave training.

He was always a dominating man and a perfectionist. A few years after mom died, dad told me I had to start sleeping with him. I would have to take care of his "love pole" as he called it, when it became hard during the night. I realized why dad called it his love pole because in no time I loved taking care of it and drinking every drop of its sweet cream.

He was a man who really loved to be touched and have his whole body worshipped. I touched every part of him with my hands except his cock, balls and ass—these had to be worshipped by my mouth and tongue.

I had to massage him every day, wash him in the shower, and dry his body afterwards. Then I would be rewarded with either his piss or his cum. If I had been exceptionally good, I was allowed to lick and suck his love pole and balls and asshole. Then, I would get to drink his cum.

I was trained to be his lover, cook, houseboy, servant and sex slave. Although he never whipped me or spanked me, he dominated me completely. I was shaved completely except for my head. When I was at home I only wore a jock strap.

When dad came home from work it was my job to completely undress him. I also had to have his clothes laid out for him every morning. And everything had to be neatly pressed and waiting. My punishment, if I did anything wrong, was to be denied his cock and balls. I wasn't allowed to touch him or come near him all day, or for as long as he said. I would have to eat my food off a dish on the floor in another room, and I would have to sleep on the floor at the foot of his bed. When he showered, if I was being punished, I had to sit on the floor in the bathroom and watch, but not touch him.

The longest period of punishment I remember lasted five days, and I thought I was going to go crazy.



DRUMMER 78

Dad is gone now; he was killed in a car accident.

He taught me to serve and serve well. I am lost and need another daddy. He can be from 35 to 50 years old, but must love having his body worshipped and having his love pole and balls and ass licked and sucked often. I do not need to be punished, so I am not interested in a dad who is into heavy S&M.

Mike Michigan

DADDY IS A WIMP

I have a real father, but he is and always has been a wimp. I never wanted to be like him and don't plan to. He and I are at such entirely opposite poles that we can barely tolerate each other. My idea of a Daddy/Master is a confidante, a big brother, a teacher, a disciplinarian and a Master.

I need and desire not only to be a slave to my Master, but his son and lover too. My first thought would be for my Master/Daddy's happiness. I am 23, white, 6'2", 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes, and am currently in college. I've heard that a slave can't have both a Master and a career, so I am willing to make my Master my career if that's what the future holds.

I have been a slave, a lover, and a diapered son to three different men, but what I need is one man willing to share his life with mine and make me his son. I am willing to relocate, because a good man, Daddy, Master is hard to find.

Bobby Texas

OREGON DAD

Is there a son out there who wants a 39-year-old Daddy? I am 5'6" tall, 130 lbs., slim build.

I am looking for a son who wants to be loved as well as disciplined. Who can take care of his Daddy's needs. Who can be a real son, and a real man at the same time.

> R.D.T. Box 4491 Portland, OR 97208

THE SLEEPING BAG

What a turn-on (and what a relief) to read others' fathers-sons stories. I guess we all feel pretty secretive when it's for real, but I'll share mine in hopes of reading more:

My son was under eighteen when I asked if I could have him for a week to go off on a ski trip. We were both so excited (I only get him one weekend a month and sometimes we miss that). I packed the car with everything I could think of for a deep winter trip; I put in a big down sleeping bag, sheepskins, and some of my leathers.

After we had stopped for supper on the way up to the mountains, I changed into my leathers and spread the sleeping



See Drummer Classifieds New York #673

bag out on the front seat. He took off his shoes and made himself comfortable with his head in my lap. By the time we got to the motel, he was sound asleep. I checked in, parked by our room in the back, then just carried him in, in the bag, and laid him on the bed while I carried in all our gear.

I locked the door and pulled the drapes shut. Then I decided I should undress Johnny before I unpacked. Without thinking, I removed all of his clothes and found myself looking at his small, naked bod and wondering if he would ever grow to my 6'1" size. I was amused to notice his dreaming cock standing at attention. Rather than put him in bed, I just closed him back up in my huge Arctic bag, fixed myself a drink, then went about the unpacking.

As I undressed for bed, I looked at my boy and thought how soon he'd be a man and be sharing a motel with someone else—perhaps another man? I

didn't want to lose him- not just yet. I went to my bag and brought some of my equipment to the bed. Quietly and softly, I gathered the enormous down closer to his small body and secured it in place with black leather straps. I eased each belt under and around, then pulled it tight. At the mummy hood, I gently kissed him, then closed it around his face. Leaving only his mouth and nose exposed, I bound it in place with a soft cord of leather which crossed over his eyes, mouth and neck. Then I eased just the head of my aching meat into the sweet mouth and let him taste where he'd come from. I lay in the bed and held him 'til I dropped off to sleep, but before morning I loosened the bondage and slipped him out of the bag. I wondered what- if anything- he'd remember.

We had a terrific day on the slopes: a lesson, playing in the snow, lunch, ski (continued on page 70)

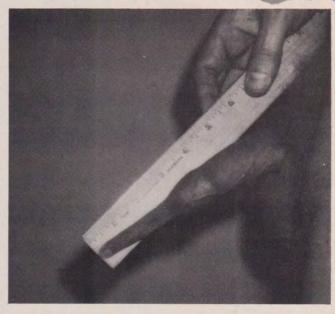
ontinued on page 70

FORESKIN UPDATE

LONGEST FORESKIN CONTEST

"Nearly two inches" was the longest foreskin we found in a natural state; however, some guys were able to stretch their foreskins up to three inches past the head of their dicks. Here are some of the more interesting entries, gift from *Drummer*. including what has to be our favorite, a









DRUMMER 80



DEUTSCHSKIN

A German reader writes: "I have a good and long foreskin and besides playing with it myself, I like to have others chew, clamp, massage, stretch, suck and hang weights on it. I measured it at 2 cm when it was soft, past the head. On my last trip to the USA I met a man who

could not get enough of it. He worked on my cock and foreskin until it was swollen. He stretched the skin, held it up and filled it with beer, then drank it out. He covered his nose with my foreskin so he could smell it while he licked my balls."



TATTOED SKIN

A reader writes: "I have a tattoo on my foreskin that you might find interesting, but I don't have a photo of it to send you. Back when I was in the Navy, some buddies and I decided one drunken night to get tattooed. The other guys got simple shit like "Mom" or "Death Before Dishonor" on their arms, but I got something really different— and the tatooer, who must have been gay, really dug my creation— a black widow spider on my foreskin.

"When I told him what I wanted, he smiled— my buddies blanched— and said that it would take some doing, but it could be done. He pulled on my skin and got my dick half-hard, then he put a silver dollar under my foreskin over my cockhead. He said he would have to be real careful not to go through the skin. When he started working in the design, I got a steel-hard erection and thought I was going to cum before he was half-finished. My buddies just looked on in complete disbelief— but not one of them said anything or looked away.

"For the next couple weeks, I became the Army base scandal, and perfect strangers would try to get a look at my spider when I was in the shower or latrine.

"Since then, a lot of tricks have freaked out when I dropped my pants, and one guy refused to suck it— but only one. I'd be interested in hearing from other *Drummer* readers who had tattoos on their foreskins or dicks."

So would we.

U.S.A.

A number of people have written asking the same question: is there an organization for uncut guys, and, although we have mentioned it in the past, it bears repeating. The Uncircumcised Society of America, known as the USA, founded by Bud Berkeley, who wrote the three-part "History of Circumcision" for *Drummer*, has been around a long time. You can write to The USA, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126 for information on their organization, or with specific questions about foreskins or their lack.

FAMOUS FORESKINS

From the continuing files of The Uncircumcised Society of America (and other sources) come the following famous foreskins.

Musicians: John Lennon (*Two Virgins* album cover), John Davidson, Little Richard (who cares?), Mick Jagger, Mario Lanza, Johnny Cash, The Smothers Brothers, Robert Goulet, Elton John. Football players: Lance Rentzel, Roosevelt Greer, Frank Gifford.

Infamous others: Tom Snyder, Andy Warhol, Hugh Heffner, Jack Dempsey.

TOUGH TALES

PISSED-IN LEVIS

I had gone to Stingers, our one active bar here. It was about 11:30 pm and I had looked around for awhile with nothing positive happening. I had seen these three guys standing together earlier and assumed that they were together. The thing I noticed was that the shorter one had a wet spot on his crotch. At first I wasn't sure if it was a wet spot or just a faded spot, but as the time passed it dried up, so it was a wet spot. Probably just didn't shake it enough after he went. Of the three standing together, two really were hot hunky numbers. They both were in levis and had on black t-shirts. The one with the wet spot had a black bandana around his head as a sweat band. I walked over to a doorway where one of the guys was standing. He turned and said hi. We talked for a few minutes and I said "I believe in the direct approach, not playing games, and I would really like to make it with you. You are the hottest thing in this bar tonight."

He said, "I like that approach myself; we were just saying that you were a hot looking man."

I had on jeans, cowboy boots, a western shirt and, as usual, my yellow bandana in the left back pocket.

He introduced himself. His name was Ken and he said that his friend was Jeff. He said they were not lovers, just friends, but that they were a team that night.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing, two of them! We talked for a time more and I said something about had they noticed my yellow hankie. Ken said that they had, but had to ask what it meant. As it turned out they liked water sports, or at least what they had tried. I asked if the black bandana meant that they were into S&M. Ken said no but that they liked things that were kinky.

Well, when he said kinky, that was my cue to try to get them into my scene. I said I really turned on to kinky things and that my biggest turn on was to find a guy who would piss in his levis.

Ken said, "No problem. When do you want it?"

I said, "Well, I don't suppose I could get you to do it right here and now, could I?"

Ken said, "Let me have another beer and we'll see."

In a few minutes, Ken suggested that we walk over to a darker area of the bar and my heart began to beat faster with anticipation of a wet crotch.

We got Jeff and wandered back to a dark corner. I was so excited I didn't think I would be able to stand it, two hot guys in wet levis.

As we stood there, Ken began to drink his beer then took my hand and pressed it up against his crotch. Within seconds I began to feel the warm wetness as it spread over his balls and began to run down his leg. He must have gone for several minutes, because the floor under us was soaked also. I almost came in my levis right there. Jeff was getting off too, because when I groped him he was dry, but hard as a rock.

We decided to leave and go up to my house. Ken drove his car and Jeff rode with me.

As soon as we got in the car Jeff said that he had to pee real bad. I said that I wasn't stopping now and that he would have to hold it until we got home. He



said he didn't think he could. I told him if he didn't I would punish him when we got home for wetting his pants.

About halfway home he let go and wet his pants, saying he couldn't help it. I said, "OK, just wait until we get home and you'll be sorry."

As I pulled into the garage, I still couldn't believe I had two hunky guys with me, both of whom had pissed in their levis.

I turned down the covers of the bed. As you might guess, I have a plastic mattress cover on my bed at all times. Thank god I did because we were hardly in bed when Jeff rolled over on top of me and began to piss in his levis again. It was

too much and I came in an earth-shattering climax.

I rested for a minute or two with my cock still up Jeff's ass and cut loose with a bladder full of hot piss. I told him he better not lose a drop of it either. I pulled out and went and got a heavy night diaper and youth-sized plastic pants. I pinned on his diaper and pulled the plastic pants up over them, and told him he was on his own.

Ken was really getting off on it all and said that he wanted it too. We were lying there having a joint when Jeff said "I can't hold it" and Ken and I both put our hands on the seat of Jeff's plastic pants and felt him fill the seat of his diapers

heaven, his warm piss soaking through his jeans onto and into mine. When he finished we were lyng in a pool of hot piss and were both soaked.

Ken had a problem at first pissing lying down, but Jeff had no problem at all.

We all were groping each other's wet levis and all getting hard. I wanted to fuck Jeff first, as he was so turned on and begging for it. I pulled his soaked levis down to his knees and put my rock hard cock up his ass. I had lowered my jeans just enough to make it comfortable and as I fucked his young ass I could feel the wet denim slapping his hot buns. As we fucked, Ken got over us and cut loose with a strong hot stream of piss. That was

with the piss enema I had given him earlier. It turned Ken on so much that he climaxed.

He said that he had never climaxed without touching it before, but he shot a load over us both when Jeff let his enema go in his diapers.

We finished the joint and got back to messing around. This time Ken and I started getting it on. Ken said that he didn't think he could get hard again but had no trouble when I put my hard cock up his ass and began to pump him. He got hard instantly and said, "I've got to piss something fierce." I reached around under him and took hold of his cock and said, "Piss, baby."

In a few seconds and a few more

strokes, he let go with a river of hot piss that brought me to another wild climax. As I pushed and strained, Ken climaxed into the wet sheets.

Ken wanted me to give him a piss enema too, but try as I might I just couldn't piss again right then. I told him that he could have diapers and plastic pants like Jeff if he wanted. He put his thumb in his mouth and nodded yes.

I got out another heavy night diaper and another pair of plastic pants and proceeded to put Ken into them just like Jeff. While I was diapering Ken, he reached over and felt Jeff's crotch and said, "You're wetter than you were a while ago; did you wet more in your diapers?"

Jeff looked sheepish and said, "Yes, I guess so." I fucking loved it; he was wetting on his own.

We decided to take a break then and have another beer. I couldn't believe it; there sat two hunky guys on my bed both in diapers and plastic pants, one with his diapers full and three pair of wet levis in a pile on the floor.

As we sat there having a beer, Ken got this real contented look on his face. I reached over to feel his bottom and he had let go with a load in his diapers. Jeff knew what he had done and stood up on his knees, unpinned one side of his diaper, put his cock inside Ken's diapers, and let go with a stream of his piss, and said, "Now you are wet, too."

I asked them if they would like to shower and clean up; they did and I put all the wet things in the washer.

After showering, I said that I liked to sleep in diapers and plastic pants as it kept you from having to get up and piss during the night. They said that it sounded like a real turn on and wanted to also. Ken said that he would have a hard on all night, he liked it so much. Jeff just smiled.

After getting the entire bed changed and fresh sheets put on, I diapered them both, and myself, and we all fell asleep very quickly.

I woke up first the next morning and couldn't resist checking out my two babies and, much to my pleasure, they were both wet; Jeff was actually soaked to the point his diapers had leaked a little.

Jeff admitted that he was a bed wetter. When he had had a lot of beer to drink like last night, he always worried about spending the night with a trick because he usually wet the bed, and was very happy when I suggested that they sleep in diapers and plastic pants. Ken's comment was, "It sure is nice not to have to get up." He said it with a gleam in his eye. They both asked where to get them, and said that we would get together soon.

DRUMONOHOW

THE SCI-FI CLOSET

Robert Silverberg has written a wealth of science fiction and fantasy and stands among the most prolific writers in the genre. His latest excursion into the realm of magic is The Book of Skulls (Bantam Books, 1983, 208 pgs, 2.95), in which four college students travel to a remote western location to find a cult that possesses the secret of eternal life. From the beginning, one of the four college students is openly homosexual and the interaction of the four 'typical' young men is every bit as rewarding as Silverberg's dark mystery itself. Written in all four voices, we see how each of the men feels about himself, the guest, and his companions. Superimposed on this quartet of true confessions is the eerie and deadly search that the students already know will require one of them to give his life so that only two of them will live forever. Don't think for a minute that you can second guess this one. Silverberg has one surprise after another in store for his characters and the reader.

A science fiction novel from Australia shoud perk up the ears. A country that has produced two film directors with a flair for sci-fi (Nicholas Roeg and Peter Weir) could issue a novelist with an original approach. David Ireland's A Woman of the Future is a damn good beginning for a whole wave of new fiction. Centered around the life of Alethea Hunt, child of the privileged class in the Australia of the future, the book takes us through eighteen years, from the womb to an epic and exhilarating transformation from homo sapien to... ? Along the way, Ireland paints a future that, while sterile and uninviting, is nonetheless captivating and fresh.

Every once is a while it's good to pick up a non-fiction science book and get reintroduced to the real world. It also years. makes science fiction reading more pleaurable when you understand some HAL'S BACK! of the theories novelists are using in Chances are that you've at least seen of men, in and out of posing straps, their work, at least those based on contemporary scientific thought. Heinz R. Pagels' The Cosmic Code (Bantam Books, 1983, 352 pgs, 4.50) is a thoroughly readable guide to quantum physics. While Pagels traces the quantum theory from its humble, if auspicious, beginnings in ancient Greece, he big 'whatever happened' questions: male physique quietly and elegantly. does it in a lucid, swift, easily compre- What happened to the astronaut who tery novel than a text book. Pagels goes pened to the monolith, and What hap-DRIIMMER 84



Physique

from scientific fact (circa Einstein) through exotic concepts like leptons, surprises, and 2010 is full of them, Clark gadrons and quarks; he keeps the has pulled off a dazzling sequel that reader informed, interested, and finally should, but probably won't, also be a convinced that his theory, that quantum film. In fact, 2010 may be just the physics is the language of the universe, beginning.... is right on target.

Another Matthew Swain sci-fi detec- THE VARIOUS PAST tive story has been published, The Odds Are Murder by Mike McQuay (Bantam might not ring a bell, but this extracentury, Swain is as hard-boiled as the praised by other poets for the last fifty classic private dicks of the Mike years. Murdock died in Mexico in 1981, Hammer genre and an easy read.

another revival, always deservedly so; entries, part of an unfinished novel, and the anticipated film project, Something Wicked This Way Comes, has seen the for some profound meaning. The Disstart of what will be the reissue of nearly all of Bradbury's clasic sci-fi works. Starting off the pack is The Machineries of dock's satirical sense of life around him Joy (Bantam Books, 1983, 256 pgs, 2.75), a is a joy. (Gay Sunshine Press, 1982, 112 collection of delightful machinetechnology oriented short stories that have been out of print for quite a few

Stanley Kubrick's film 2001: A Space AMG has become legendary in contem-Odyssey a couple of times, and perhaps even read Arthur C. Clarke's book, written while the film was being made. Well, for a whole generation of Halfans, good news. 2010: Odyssey Two (Del Rey/Ballantine, 1982, 292 pgs) answers the three well as color, traces four decades of hended style that reads more like a mys- fell into the black monolith, What hap- 18.95).

pened to Hal the computer.

Suffice to say, without giving away any

Royal Murdock is a name that just Books, 1983, 192 pgs, 2.50). Set in the 21st ordinary gay poet and writer has been and Gay Sunshine Press has just released Ray Bradbury is undergoing yet a collection of his poetry, journal copious notes about a life spent looking robing is a small look at a great talent, but it is also a very satisfying look. Murpgs, 5.95).

Physique is a much different, but not too much different, look at the past, an anthology of images from the Athletic Model Guild between 1940 and today. The oldest surviving publisher of photos porary gay history as the dream factory. All the important court cases that spawned the current nude age were fought by AMG decades ago. This oversized paperback, in black and white as (Gay Sunshine Press, 1982, 96 pages,

- Charles R. Musgrave

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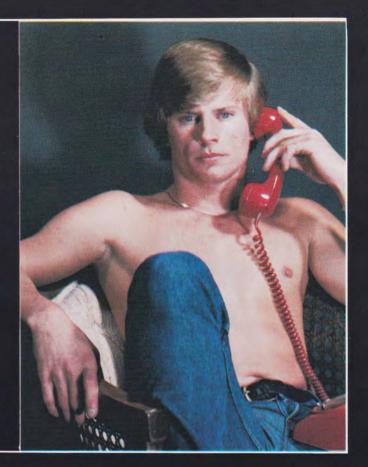
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