

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

A full-page photograph of a muscular man, Mark I. Chester, in a bondage pose. He is shirtless, wearing a black collar and wrist cuffs, and is restrained by thick black straps across his chest and waist. He is smiling slightly and looking down. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

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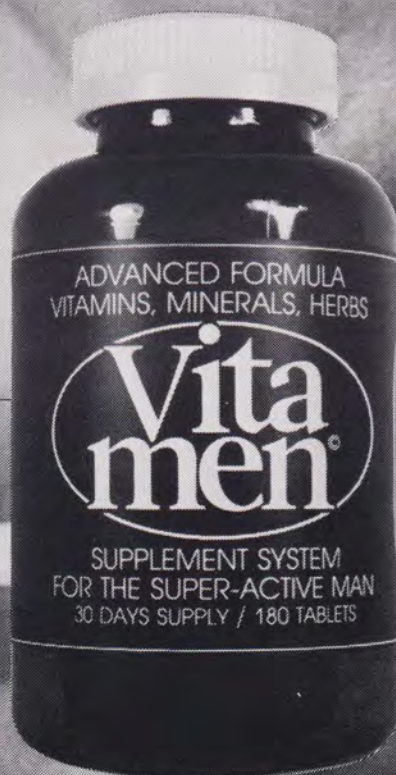
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ISSUE 64

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DRUMMER



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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

Henry David Thoreau



- 6 MALECALL/DEAR SIR** Got something on your chest?
- 8 MEN IN RUBBER** Leather, rope and chain are not the only bondage materials; the only coverings for hot SM action, as Mark I. Chester shows in this exclusive look at the world of men in rubber.
- 17 ONE MASTER, MANY SLAVES** If you think having a stable of slaves to do your bidding is a lifestyle you deserve, let Dirk Dykstra lead you through the maze of setting up your stable—and keeping it up!
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Beyond leather, rope, chains and rubber lies spandex, a material with a different feel and effect. Michael Endicott-Ross investigates the major commercial source of the newest dungeon addition.
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- 45 THE SEARCH CONTINUES...MR. DRUMMER 1983**
Just a few examples of the men who are winning regional titles in the search for Mr. Drummer 1983, and who will all gather in San Francisco in June for the year's biggest leather event!
- MR. DRUMMER 1983—THE REX POSTER**
A Drummer bonus, the Rex poster for the 1983 Mr. Drummer Contest! Put this on your dungeon wall and watch the steam rise!
- 53 DRUMBEATS** The biggest, hottest, butchest collection of leathermen anywhere in the world, and all waiting to hear what turns you on. If he's not here, he's not anywhere.
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Joe Tiffenbach looks at the Mr. Drummer prelims.

Cover: From the 1983 Mr. Southern California Drummer Contest, just a small slice of the beefcake; photo by Rose de Castro.

Opposite page: Wayward cowboy, shackled and ready; photo by Jim Wigler.

GETTING OFF

The writing in the bar guide *Gay Chicago* is best left to the listings of the attractions of that city. For reasons known only to those involved, they chose to attack *DRUMMER* foresquare during the Mr. International Leather weekend with a little piece entitled "Dangerous Drums." While it never made its point, it did raise a few issues that we shall use this space to answer. If we chose to ignore *Gay Chicago's* diatribe, I wouldn't have anything for this column.

DRUMMER is accused of presenting "fisting and many sexual activities in impossible, dangerous and lethal ways." I can't remember our ever presenting anything on fisting. And graphics like (Chicago) artist Etienne's "Car Wash" drawings are obviously tongue-in-cheek. We do give our readers considerable credit for intelligence. (Across the page from their article is a scantily-clad leatherman riding a giant boomerang, advertising "The World's Strongest Nitrite." Let's hope none of *Gay Chicago's* readers try it—the boomerang we mean, not the nitrite.)

DRUMMER is also accused of bringing "pretense, chic and rudeness" to the leather scene. Our treatment of Chicago is "rude and distorted" when we haven't ignored Chicago. "And if you ignore Chicago, you ignore leather. Period," whatever that means.

Our issue 38 is accused of wrongfully listing two bars as being leather. We are at issue 64, kids; that was years ago and we got that information from someone in Chicago.

"This year they won't even enter the Mr. International Leather show. The Mr. Drummer hasn't been chosen yet." The Mr. Drummer was in the show; he is Luke Daniels and made the final presentation. Contestant #28 was Mr. No. Calif. Drummer Paul Manetti. Our finals contest will be held June 24 to celebrate our 8th anniversary. That's why.

DRUMMER has been a strong supporter of the Chicago contest since the beginning. It has given more space and more coverage to it than anyone else including *Gay Chicago*. We did a Chicago section two years ago in spite of *Gay Chicago* forbidding our/their ad rep to work on it. *DRUMMER's* publisher personally attended this year's show to show our support.

We ran a statement here a year ago saying that anyone finding fault with our Chicago coverage was looking for it. *Gay Chicago* is right about someone being out of step, but it sure as hell ain't *DRUMMER*.

John H. Embry

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MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

IN AFRICA...

Please allow me to take this opportunity to say a great thanks for producing a magazine which is very much appreciated here, even if it only reaches us from time to time. I am sure that in the USA no magazine travels through as many hands as does a copy of *Drummer* in Africa.

The specific issue I have now will go to Zambia, where there are leather brothers anxiously awaiting it. They are in the same political situation as we are in South Africa. *Drummer* is something dangerous for us to possess. I say this because we have had one of our friends recently face prosecution when four issues were found in his house. He was fined US\$600 and only last month escaped being deported, a threat that had been hanging over his head since he was arrested. It is a criminal offense in this country to possess sexually explicit material (usually called porn).

Name Withheld
by request

(Editor's Note: Makes you feel like counting your blessings, right? We'd rather that this letter would make you more angry than grateful, and we think it speaks directly to those leathermen who insist that they are just 'doing their thing,' and are not at all political. We've always maintained that just by virtue of being gay, one is engaged in civil disobedience; leathermen are real radicals.)

BLACK AND WHITE

Drummer is my favorite magazine. About a year and a half ago, *Drum* seems to have become a wimp who leads a very uninteresting life. It used to take a hell of a man to ride him, now I'll bet my sister could. What happened?

Being a honky top, I have several interracial (black/white) friends as couples. Of all these couples, only one revolves around the white as top. In fact, the blacks are not only the tops in all the other relationships, but in better physical shape. I have been curious about the relationships between blacks and whites in the leather community and recently conducted my own unscientific survey. I travelled the disco circuit, sometimes in leather, sometimes not, in Ft. Lauderdale, Miami, and Tampa. This experiment lasted seven months and involved thirty-two black men of various descriptions. Out of this whole group, twenty-six opted for the dominant role. This despite the fact that over half of the men

knew in advance that I was a top. The twenty-six pushed for their preference and "booted me out," having no sex rather than turn their bottoms up for me.

To the best of your knowledge, has there ever been a sound comparison done on establishing who is more dominant, blacks or whites?

Pedro T.
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

(Editor's Note: We disagree about Drum, especially in light of the revelation that he slept with his father. Perhaps his sexuality is evolving, but I think the men who manage to conquer him are more dynamic than sisterly. About blacks and whites, while your research (very unscientific) is interesting, we don't think anyone cares who might be more dominant on a sexual level. Who is plowing your ass at a particular moment in time is who is more dominant. While whites have an economic and social domination over blacks in America, to establish a broadbased sense of domination—which is about as permanent as the lifespan of a fruitfly to begin with—is racist, regardless of who winds up with the label. It's about as meaningful as another old adage we've heard; slaves don't have to be hung, and Masters seldom are.)

SUMMER SHAVE

It is disturbing that a magazine such as *Drummer* has provided such a limited amount of space, either pictorially or descriptively, to the higher sexual experience of body shaving. I have read your magazine for months hoping to explicitly see or hear of others who participate in this stimulating experience. I, for one, decided a year ago to denude myself of the furry carpeting that covered most of my body. My 9½" piece of meat raised to attention even before I began covering my entire body with thick lather and remained fully engorged for the 1½ hour duration it took to slowly and carefully shave away the abundance of hair that has hidden my body since puberty. As the last stroke of the razor completed this hair razing job, my body was, at long last, seen in its original hairless state. My hirsuteness has returned now though I make it a practice to regularly bring furry friends home and either forcibly or with their consent shave them clean. With summer rapidly approaching, let's see some of your hairiest men preparing for a total tanning season by showing

before, during, and after photos and descriptions of a complete body shave!

David M.
Manhattan

BY THE WAY, JIM...

I enjoy each of your publications and want to make sure that none of my subscriptions expires. By the way, I am very pleased that you've added Jim Wigler to your staff. I think he is an excellent photographer and I've enjoyed his work over, and over, and over again. Keep up the good work.

J.M.
San Jose, CA

CENSORSHIP AT DRUMMER!

Next time, brave and rowdy men of *Drummer*, rather than the silly crude censoring of Tom of Finland in Issue No. 62's centerfold, why not skip the whole damned thing?

I can hardly wait for Issue No. 63, which will likely include a Tom of Finland coloring book suitable for Sunday School use. Tom deserves better, you usually do better, and I've never liked cock teasing.

P. Nicholas
Los Angeles, CA

(Editor's Note: Ouch! Take one of these: A half a loaf is better than none. If you don't like the laws, change 'em! Wait until you see the Rex centerfold in this issue. We just don't know what else to tell you—except that we like the idea of a Tom of Finland 'bible Stories,' unsanitized.)

HIS MASTER'S BALLS

Your magazine keeps me sane. It is one of two that my Master lets me have when he goes away for a while. He allows me to get off on the photos and stories.

There are many pictures of men in *Drummer* that remind me of my Master—with huge cocks, long fore-skins, hairy chests, and always in leather. But, Sirs, there is one thing that is disappointing. I am sorry to criticize, but my Master said he didn't think you would be upset.

The thing that is different between the men in *Drummer* and my Master is the balls. My Master has big balls, and they hang very low. I just go wild over the sight of his big balls hanging down below the head of his cock. When he is completely soft, they hang down at least six inches. When he sits down, they rest on the chair. When he stands up and spreads his legs, they swing in the air.

Please, Sirs, can't you find men with oig, low-hanging balls? Everyone has a big cock these days, so how about some real big balls?

Hank
Boston, MA

HOT COPS

I just finished reading your April issue (*Drummer* No. 62) and it's your best yet! Especially the letter ("Drummer Dad-dies") from that guy's son describing the way his dad punished him in the woodshed. If you ask me, I think that guy got just what he deserved.

Name and Address
Withheld on request

IN THE HEAD...

Okay, you guys. Let's get with it and tell us all about the use of catheters. It is clear that they must be sterilized before they can enter the body, but what else is there to know? Can you tell us where to get catheters and how to insert them so that they will do the most good and the least harm? How about doing a feature on this subject with lots of photos?

Preston
Indianapolis, IN

(Editor's Note: Your wish is our command, or you're psychic... we're working on a real explicit photo feature on catheters; watch for it.)

OFFICER! OH, OFFICER!

How could you possibly put such an unbelievable hunk on your cover (*Drummer* No. 62) and also on page four, and then not identify him?

If he's my neighborhood cop, I'd suck those nipples for hours. In 15 years, I have never seen such nipples!

How about more of him with more leather shots? How about an article on tit torture using him as the model?

Back to fondling mine and jacking off!

Jim
Columbus, OH

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TO THE CLUB!



MEN IN RUBBER:

THE NEW WORLD RUBBERMEN'S CLUB

by Mark I. Chester

Too many hours spent in a dark room with funny smelling chemicals. I dream about photographs in my sleep. Too much work, too many bills, and too many friends sick and dying. I feel ripe for the rubber room. At times like this I try to dig deep. Back through my turn-ons, back into the well from which spring my hard-ons. I send a wish out into the universe— help me open a new door, find a new pathway.

The answer is a weekend party to be held in Santee, California (just outside of San Diego) by the New World Rubberman's Club. I chuckle as I go through airport security. The young woman doesn't quite know what to make of my backpack as she searches it— camera, film, a small quirt and neoprene strips. She wants to ask, but doesn't dare. She is afraid of the answer she might get.

Somewhere between San Francisco and San Diego and clouds and water I drift off into images of men and bars and leather and bikes. Visual heat, mental jerk-off. The bars teeming with men

dripping in leather and metal is enough to make me go lust-blind. Ritual dances to a thundering beat. This is porno book heaven. I could jack off just looking at the men.

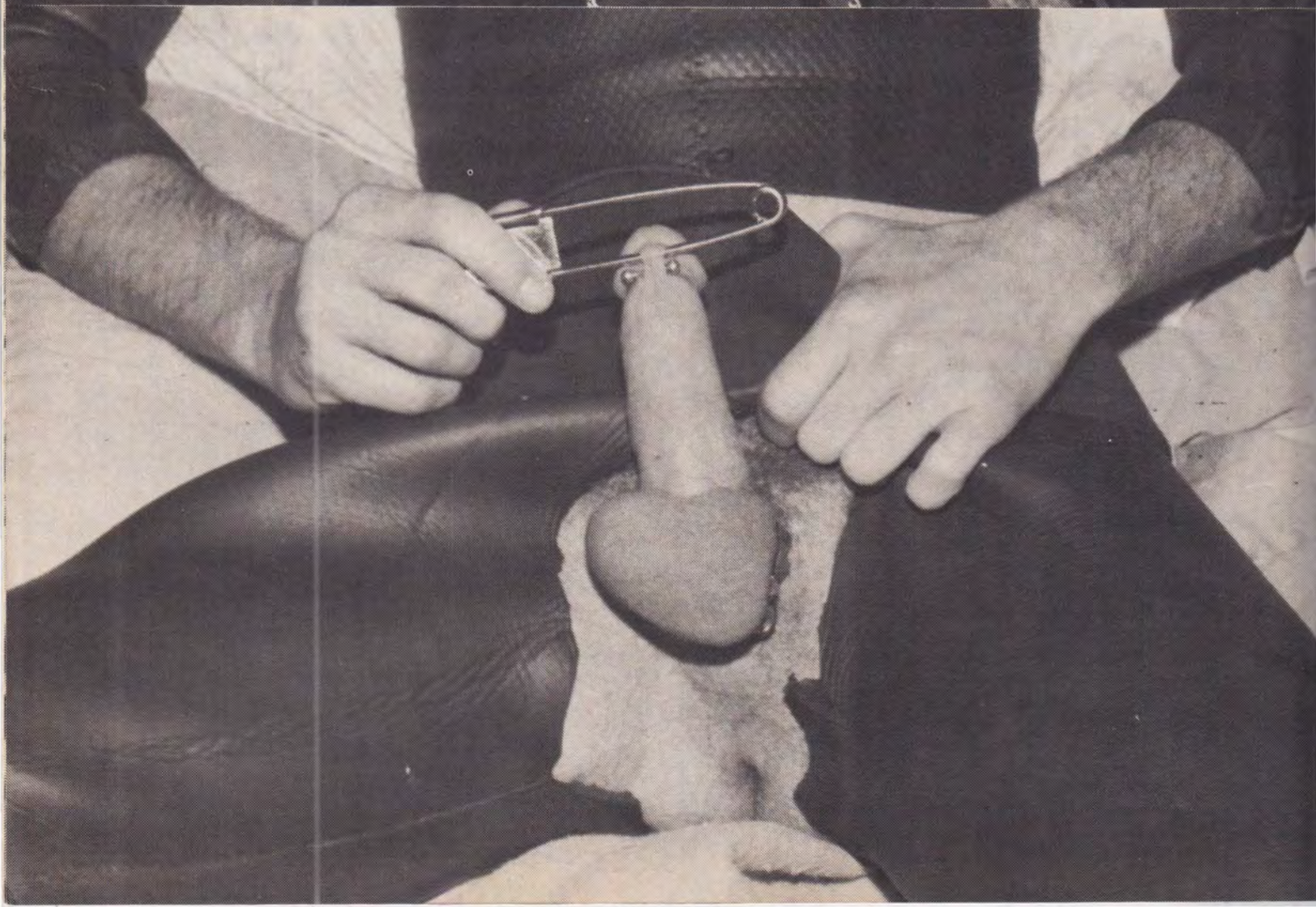
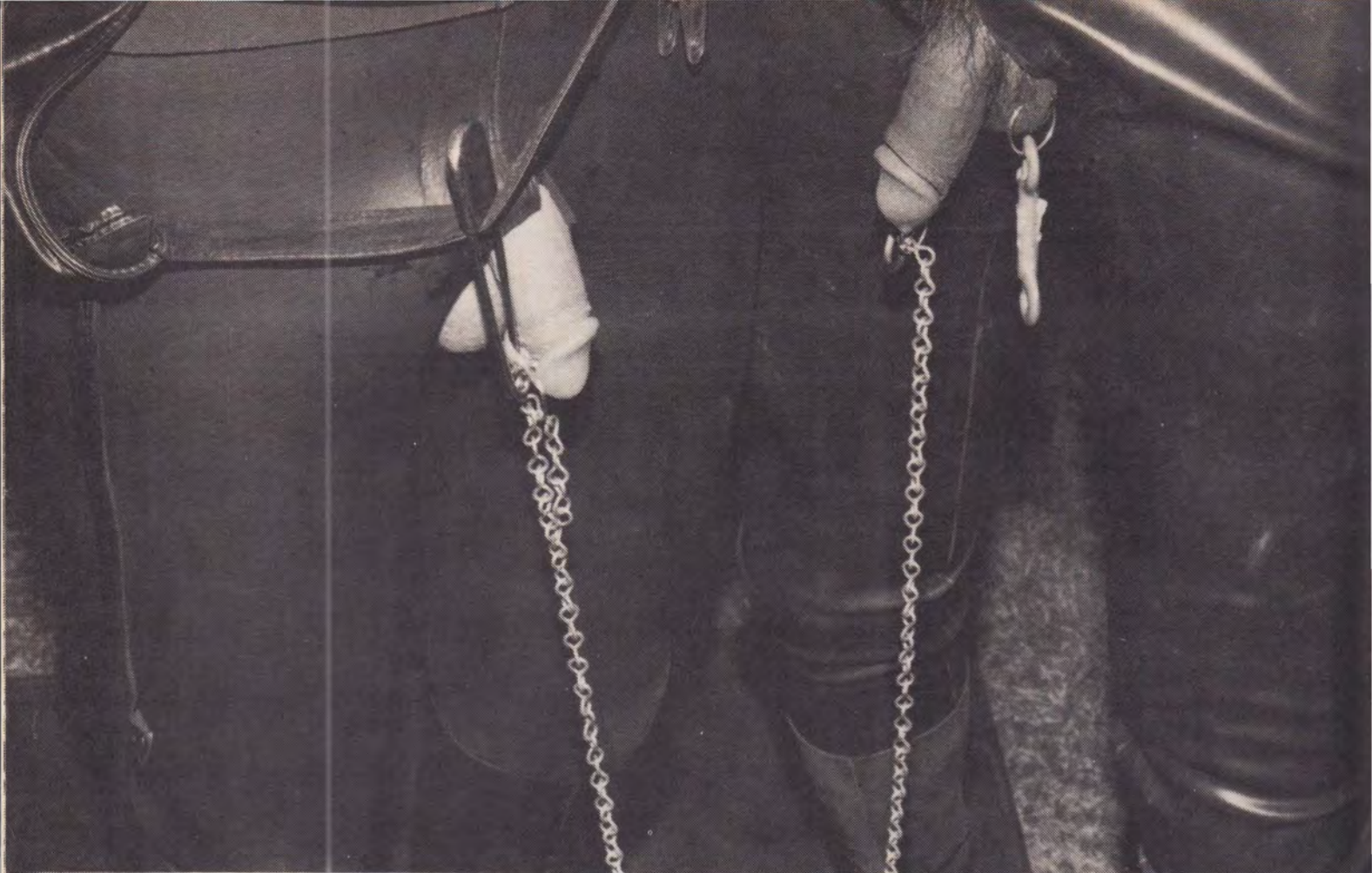
And yet a certain amount of the mystery and mystique has gone out of the journey into darkness. The cult, the secret society, the brotherhood of sexual outlaws, has now been absorbed by the crush of gay men redefining and revisualizing their self image. Changing has been an important growing step for them, but it does make it hard to tell those who *do* from those who just want to *look* like they do.

Rubber maintains the sense of a cult fetish that leather has lost. When you see someone in rubber you know that they are really into the trip. No question about fads or signals. I remember David standing in the middle of the SF Eagle, in a sea of hot men in leather, in his rubber sailor suit. Cap, tie, shirt, bell bottoms and boots— all in gleaming rubber. A shining beacon— not hotter, but maybe

a bird of paradise in a field of American Beauty roses. People came up and wanted to touch him, were drawn to him but were afraid to reach out and make contact. I heard comments about him and his sailor suit for weeks. The obsessiveness and beauty of his trip drew me in.

Getting off the plane I discover that I am in uniform nirvana. Each sailor that I see makes me flash on David in his rubber. Their close cropped haircuts make my crotch tingle. David and I wait for another club member that he has never met before. We try to pick him out of the crowd, but he finds us first. "I just knew," he says with a glint in his eyes. We were obvious, at least to someone in the know.

The range of people attending the weekend is broad— from well experienced to shy novices. Some come loaded with a variety of gear and others just bring themselves. The playroom is chock full of rubber gear and desire is the only key to its use. This is a time for



play, exploration and fun. The only barrier is our willingness to be open. For a number of men, this party will be a coming out; our first chance to explore rubber's sensuality and sexuality with other people intensely into rubber. Up until now it has been just fantasy or auto-erotic play behind closed doors—away from lovers and friends who do not understand. This is time to acknowledge our fantasies and feelings and enjoy.

I choose a tunic of thin dark latex, sort of a rubber lederhosen. The act of dressing in rubber follows a ritualistic script. The garment is laid out with care, prepared with talcum powder and slowly pulled on and carefully positioned on the body. I feel supported by the tunic, contained by some alien smooth coolness. I expect it to cut down on what my skin senses, but instead find that my skin has become hyper-sensitized. Just the touch of a hand sends tingles, shock waves of pleasure, up and down my body.

It is a distinct feeling from wearing clothing that covers the body. The tunic becomes part of my body, strong yet flexible. There is something terribly sexy about a garment that is skintight, that reveals as it covers. (I am lost in momentary thoughts about muscled bodies being dipped in a vat of latex—latex that covers yet reveals every line and ridge of

their bodies.) I set off to explore.

The playroom, filled with rubber and toys, is balanced out by a lot of visual stimuli—magazines, photo albums and video tapes. In some ways this stimuli is as important as any of the toys. The need is strong to look at pictures of other men in their rubber. Acknowledging them helps stimulate and reinforce our self image. It is "okay" to feel good in the way that we want to feel good. Such an easy lesson. Sometimes it replays tapes

"My sweat has glued the rubber to my body and taking it off is like being flayed alive. Not removing a covering, but stripping off a part of yourself."

of other gatherings. Much of the time it is creating new tapes of this weekend, not only for the future, but as a sort of instant replay; soaking up the visuals—taking them in as fuel for thought and play.

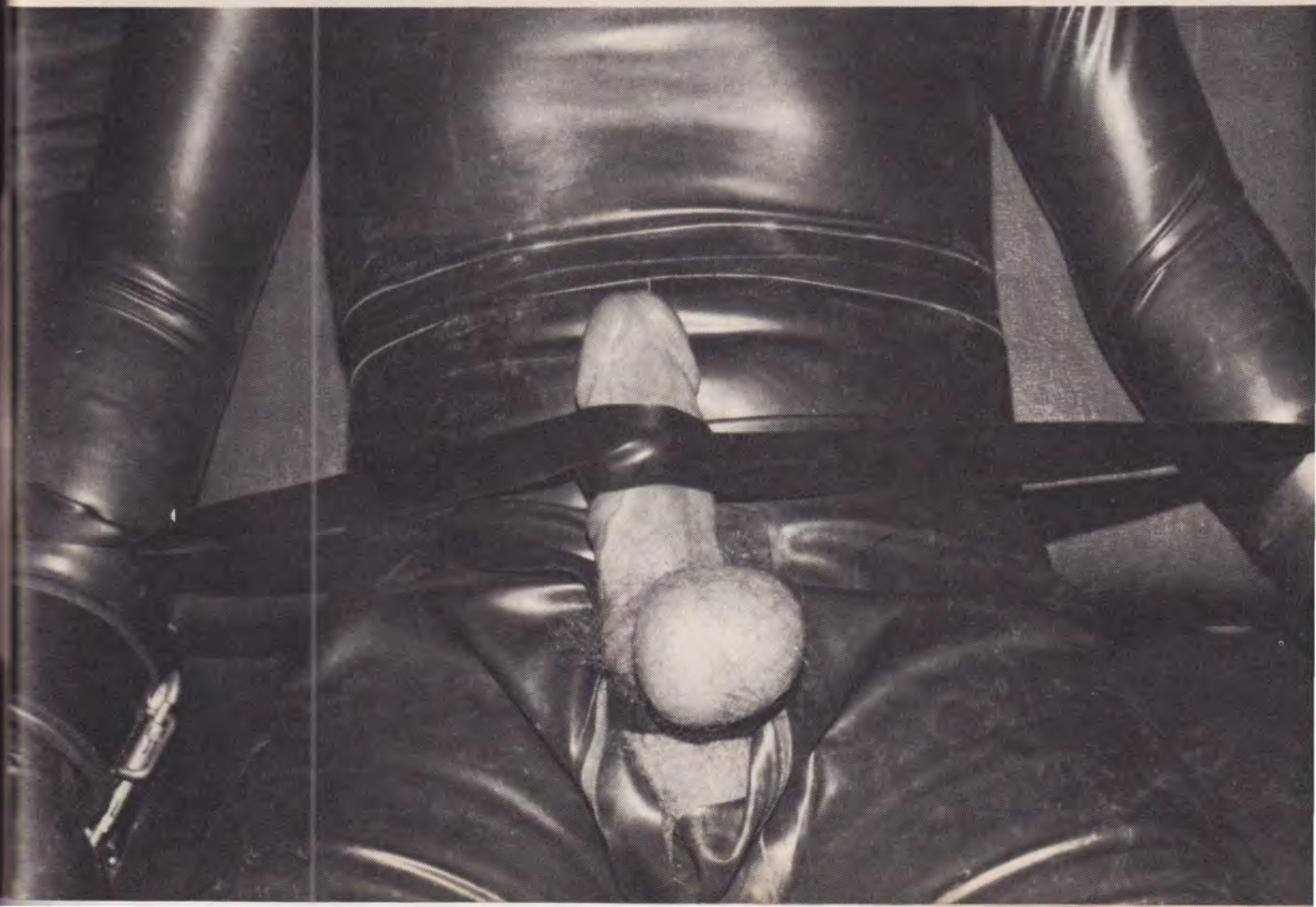
Although the weekend focuses on rubber, the strong interconnection between rubber and leather is obvious. European magazines such as *Toy* and *Mister SM* display rubber and leather as dimensions of the same energy. The pictures and stories in these magazines

speak to the sensuality, the smell and sense of wearing both rubber and leather. For the club members, the turn-ons appear complementary; rubber and leather are sometimes mixed for play and show. The photo albums and video tapes are clear indications of the visual fantasy—and turn on space—of men into both rubber and leather.

But black leather fantasy seems to be fixated on two extremely potent images—the outlaw biker and authoritarian figures in uniform. While the imagery is fertile fantasy, it leaves limited room for individuality and creativity. Rubber on the other hand seems to have an endless number of images from which to draw. Part of the difference may be that black leather imagery comes out of our day-to-day experiences while rubber touches spots and ideas that are beyond our normal expectations, sometimes firmly locked in fantasy and day dreams.

There is something other-worldly and fantastic about rubber. Deep sea divers, hip boots, long rubber gloves, bizarre protective garments, pilots, space suits, space travel and science fiction. Where leather tends to focus my fantasies down to identifiable stories, rubber seems to open up new territories, giving me flashes and sparks of the unknown and unseen.

Throughout the weekend I soak up







intense fantasies and wonderous imagery. At some point the realities of some rubber experiences are so incredible that it is hard to separate the realities from the fantasies.

Fantasy: Sucking off a pilot while he is flying a plane. This has led to all kind of dreams of space ships and sex in outer space: Michael Rennie and *The Day the Earth Stood Still*.

Reality: Playing underwater with a man into diving and wet suits. Remaining underwater for long stretches with oxygen tanks. Belts with weights around wrists, ankles and waist creating a type of underwater bondage. The breathing tube is pulled out of his mouth and he is sucked off underwater. Unable to move or breathe of his own free will.

Reality: Man in red latex devil suit looking for partners to enter world of SM sex and fantasy.

Fantasy: Lloyd Bridges and *Sea Hunt*— again and again and...

Fantasy: Sex with a sea creature, or animal, or maybe half-man half-animal. Sex with a merman and images from a myriad of B horror movies.

Reality: Mud wrestling or mud play. Being kids again and splashing around in the wet and cool mud. Mud thrown like snowballs and packed on the suits. Falling face down in the mud and coming up with faces caked like a primordial creature that has just crawled out of the

swamp to live on the land. Flashes of *Creature from the Black Lagoon*.

Reality: Sneaking into the local fire station as a child to check out and sniff the firemen's boots and clothing. Too young to jack off, but close.

Fantasy: Men in rubber suits with gas masks and tubes flowing in and out of their bodies— medical fantasies that are extreme beyond extreme.

Reality: Being inducted into secret games of manhood by an older man. Playing with rubber gloves. A finger

"...black leather fantasy seems to be fixated on two extremely potent images: the outlaw biker and authoritarian figures in uniform."

against the prostate until a hard-on results, then being jacked off with the rubber gloves. More games. Somehow knowing that these games are special, unique experiences.

Fantasy: Creatures from another world, men from outer space. Transforming ourselves, mutating into something else. Past. Future. Lost on a sea of desire.


I do not want to take my tunic off. My sweat has glued the rubber to my body and taking it off is like being played alive.

Not removing a covering, but stripping off a part of yourself. No wonder rubber freaks become obsessed and involved with gear. I think about the early Christian martyrs, their faces lost in spiritual devotion, being slowly played. I am not injured, but I am left with a haunting sense of loss.

A whole new world has been opened up to me and it will take me a long time to process everything that I have experienced and explored this weekend. It has been a healing. It has brought me back to center. By losing myself in fantasy and feelings I have been able to return home and deal anew with the realities that I live with day by day. Energy from the weekend remains with me and has begun to seep out in photo play and jerk off, mixing with my own sense of dream fantasy. A couple of fun images remain with me and brighten my days. Listening to a man in a wet suit play piano. The best was a man in full rubber gear cleaning up the kitchen. I guess no matter how hot the scene, someone must still do the dishes. □

The New World Rubberman's Club was started in 1979 and now has an international membership of 145 people. For information and application form write: New World Rubberman's Club, 10926 Sunset Trail, Santee, CA 92071.





WHO
WILL
THE
NEXT
MR. DRUMMER
BE?


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THE BIG ONE THIS YEAR WILL OCCUR ON FRIDAY, JUNE 24 FROM 9:00 UNTIL DAWN. Title holders from all over the country will converge on San Francisco to compete for the MR. DRUMMER '83 title. The winners will receive almost \$10,000 in prizes, including an all-expense trip to OKTOBERFEST in Germany to represent all of us.

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**JUNE 11, 1983
10:00 P.M.**

*Registration
Deadline:
June 1, 1983*

*Registration
Fee: \$15.00*

*Gunner Robinson
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Drummer 1983

**A MAN'S WORLD
2402 ST. CLAIR AVE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO**

Photo by
Jim Wigler

ONE MASTER, MANY SLAVES

Text and Illustration by Dirk Dykstra

"Welcome to the dungeons of the island of Baron Von Felder. You will be Slave Number 57!" The tall, bearded man in the black leather harness led Karl, handcuffed, down the stone passageway. The flaming torches set into the dripping walls at intervals made amber gleams in the sweating, muscular body of his sinister captor. Karl's naked flesh goosepimpled with fear. They both came to a stop before a stout oaken door, one of many, reinforced with wrought iron straps and set with a tiny barred window at eye level.

"This is your cell," the jailer barked. "You will share it with Slaves Number 32 and Number 98." Taking a key from his broad, studded belt, the dark man opened the heavy door, revealing a small, windowless chamber with dirty straw on the floor. Light from the passageway flickered against the back wall, displaying two men chained spread-eagled to iron eyebolts in the stonework. One was a tall, blond man wearing heavily abused sailor's dress whites. His clothes were torn at strategic spots, revealing smooth golden skin streaked with reddish souvenirs of a recent whipping across his stomach and thighs. His tight bellbottoms displayed a

tempting bulge at the crotch. He was gagged with a leather bit strapped tightly into his mouth, and he slumped in his iron cuffs, either asleep or half-conscious.

The other prisoner was a shorter, dark-haired man with a ball-gag and blindfold strapped on. He wore the remains of a military policeman's uniform, a dark thatch of chest hair showing through large rents in the shirt. His skin also bore evidence of a recent bout of whipping. The man stirred slightly, moaning around his gag, then slumped into unconsciousness.

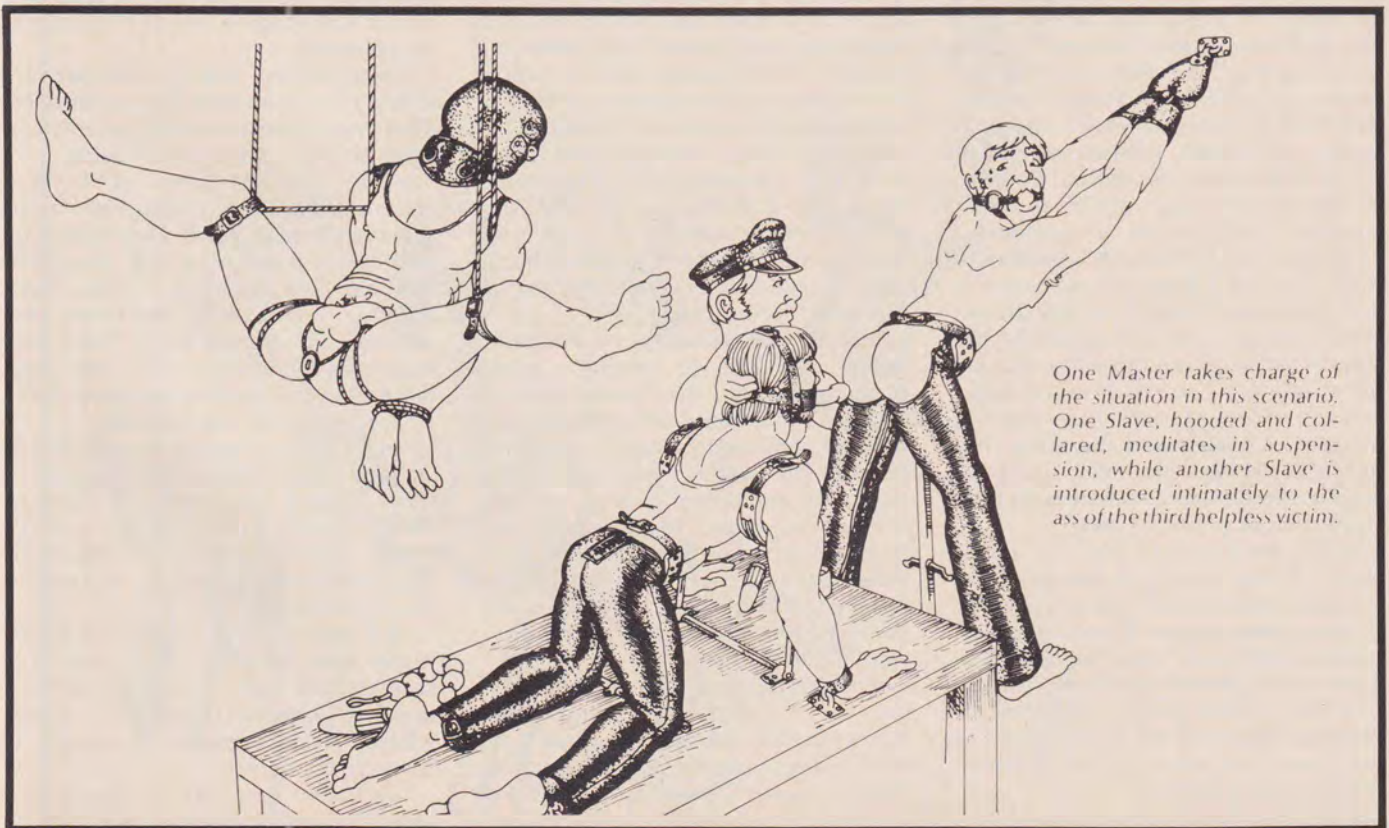
The jailer laughed, a deep, husky, mirthless chuckle. "These two have earned their rest tonight! They served this morning as the Baron's sextools, and you should know that the Baron does not use his property lightly!" Karl's skin chilled with terror...

Many of us have read (or written!) cheap paperback porno novels that began more or less in this vein. The premise is straightforward: a powerful ruthless Master of substantial, albeit unidentifiable, means runs a colony of

Slaves, exploiting their helpless and generally unwilling bodies without mercy. This little empire can take the form of a ranch somewhere in the Southwest, run by a powerfully-built cowboy, a prison with a ruthless warden, a castle or an island under the domination of a deposed Baron, as in the example, or just an insatiable sadist running his own kingdom somewhere in the bowels of the cold city.

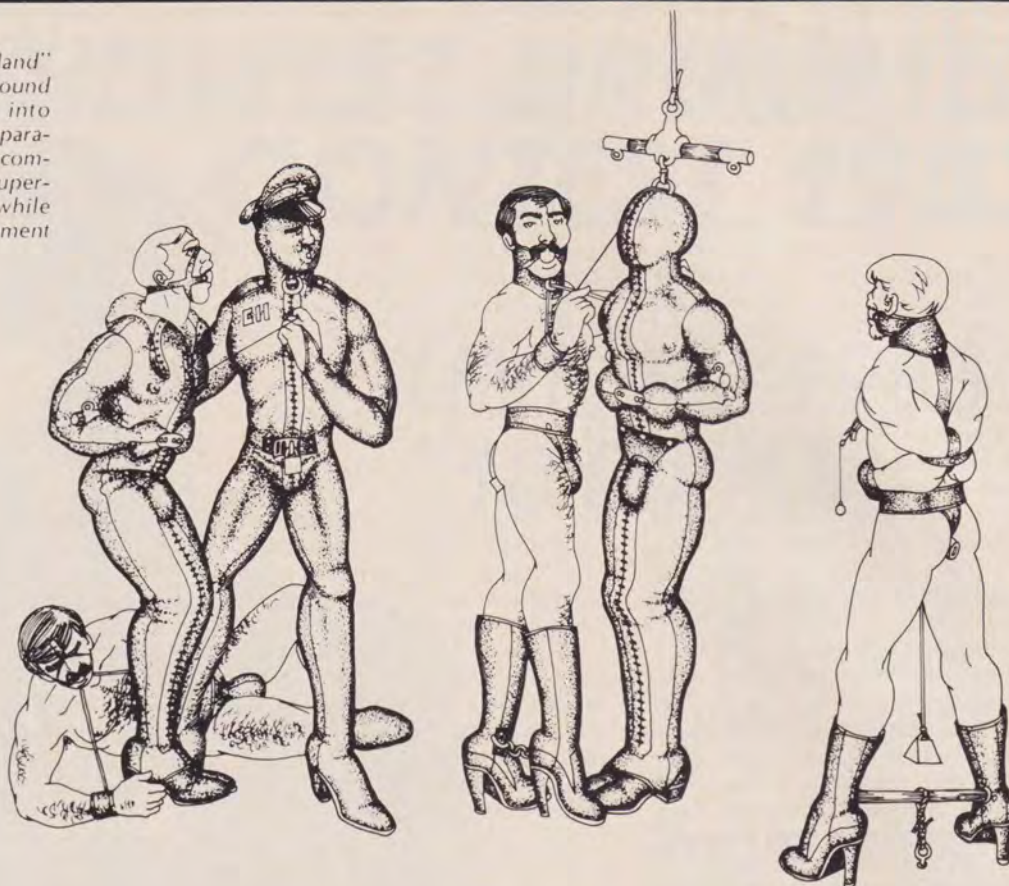
These books invariably sell well, and it's easy to see why. The premise is exciting. For a Topman, the fantasy of being the absolute dictator of a whole group of handsome, hunky Slaves who will satisfy his every perverse whim is overwhelmingly appealing. To be served hand, foot and cock is a dream worthy of the most depraved Roman emperor.

For a man entertaining fantasies of being dominated, the pleasurable humiliation of being controlled and used can be heightened considerably when it is not only viewed by others, but actually shared by other hot men undergoing the same cruel treatment. And what better way to affirm the power of one's Master, than to experience his total control over a stable of fellow Slaves?



One Master takes charge of the situation in this scenario. One Slave, hooded and collared, meditates in suspension, while another Slave is introduced intimately to the ass of the third helpless victim.

In a scene typical of "Island" fantasies, two lightly-bound Slaves lace victims into Leather body suits in preparation for suspension. A completely leatherbound supervisory Slave assists, while another Slave in punishment bondage observes.



It's a fascinating fantasy, one that many of us have shared. Can it become reality? It can, and it often has.

The first question that comes to many men's minds when looking at stable ownership in a practical light is "Why not one Slave, many Masters?" To be blunt about it, there simply aren't a large number of competent Masters around who have the necessary technique and maturity to handle the responsibility of stable ownership. The ratio of Bottoms to Tops in some cities can be as unbalanced as 50 to 1, and the competition for good Tops can be fierce. It is unusual in such cases for a Slave to have a monogamous Master, and it simply makes sense that in such circumstances the Slave must accustom himself to sharing his Master with others. In some cases, two or more Masters may share a number of Slaves, and the Slave may then actually have more than one Master. But simple stable membership for a Slave is more often the case.

In my own experience, I've maintained stables varying in number from two to as many as twelve, and have come to have a deep appreciation of the pleasures and pains of such responsibility. Although it can often be a fantasy made concrete, it can as easily become a veritable nightmare of logistics, conflicts and unexpected expenses, some of which will be addressed here.

I don't want to underplay the advan-

tages, though. My specialty in the dungeon is bondage, for instance, and the most baroque bondage concepts can be executed through the use of more than one Slave at a time. The positions that a single male body can be tied into are numerous and varied, but twice the number of arms, legs, asses and cocks can make an almost endless number of interesting arrangements possible. As shown in a couple of the accompanying illustrations, one enjoyable pastime can be to strap a double-headed dildo gag into one man's mouth and "assist" him in using it on another man's vulnerable ass. This gives a whole new dimension to the term "face-fucking!"

Outside the bedroom or dungeon, other advantages to owning a stable become evident. The house is kept cleaner, for instance, when there are a number of Slaves to share the domestic chores. The leathers are kept better oiled, the equipment cleaner, and the Master can expect to be more pampered in general. Also if one of your Slaves is a lousy cook, there is always the chance that you'll have better luck with your second choice, relegating dishwashing to the first one.

If one Slave becomes unavailable sexually for some reason, perhaps a small injury (careless, careless!) or a cold or flu from being underdressed all the time, there is always a backup Slave for use. And of course, a wider choice of avail-

able bodies makes for more sexual variety.

In terms of one's public image, nothing I know of can enhance a Top's reputation more than being seen at a bar or Run leading two or three Slaves on leashes.

For a Bottom, being a member of a stable can be a rewarding experience. There is a distinct sense of security and kinship that comes from being in a "family" of fellow Slaves, all of whom share a dedication to one special master.

If the Slaves in a stable are ranked by number, as is my technique, then Slave Number 2 is expected to obey Slave Number 1 and so on down the line, although of course all of them ultimately serve the Master. Still, being the Slave of a Slave can be an ultimate experience in sensual degradation.

Any Top considering establishing a stable is going to have to take a hard look at some practical considerations before making a commitment to such a responsibility. Life is real, life is earnest, and fantasies can be difficult to translate into cold reality.

First and foremost, financial arrangements must be set up. A household of several men costs money to support, and that money has to come from somewhere. These financial arrangements can take many forms.

I've known a couple of masters who arranged to be supported financially by

their Slaves. Each Slave held his own job down, signing his paychecks over to his master immediately on payday. The Master stayed home, handling the household budget and allotting each Slave a small allowance. In this way, he had plenty of free time and energy to devote to keeping his stable content and satisfied. This worked out for these men, because the Masters were not particularly career-oriented men, and they didn't get housebound too easily. For most men, however, I suspect that this setup would quickly become intolerably dull and frustrating.

Another more common arrangement is for everyone in the household, including the Master, to hold jobs, and everyone to contribute a fair share of the rent, food bills and assorted expenses. In some cases the Slaves maintain their own finances; in others, the extra money went into savings accounts maintained by the Master for his stable.

In either of these arrangements, the Master should take care to establish some sort of trust fund for his Slaves out of their earnings, so that, should the arrangement come to an end, the Slave will have something more than just fond memories to show for his years of service.

In any case, under absolutely no circumstances should a Master be expected to financially support more

than one Slave at a time. The cost can be debilitating. To earn enough cash to support a household of Slaves would tire the Master too much for him to be able to derive much pleasure from his property. And he would most likely end up with a stable of very frustrated and horny men!

On the other hand, if you really are an independently wealthy Baron who happens to own an island, then this article may not apply to you.

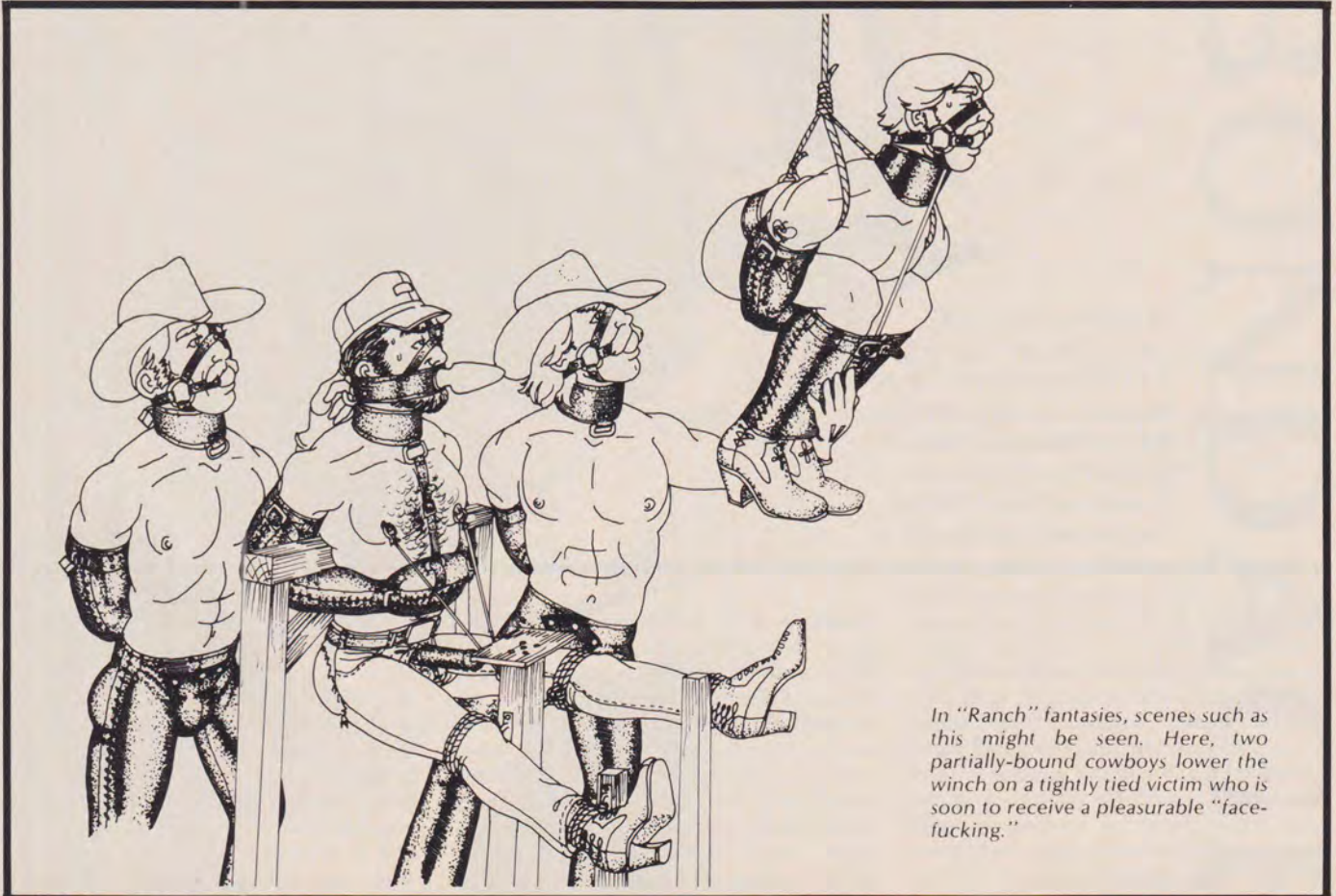
An even more serious issue is jealousy and rivalry among the members of your stable. Everyone has his insecurities, and even a grown man realizing his ultimate sexual fantasies in the role of a Slave may at times find himself entertaining feelings of envy or jealousy should another member of the stable seem to be getting more attention. This is only human.

I have a technique I use to handle mild cases of this, which I call "dynamic tension." I will first bind the arms of the rival Slaves and lock them into leg stretcher bars that are bolted to the floor. Each of these bars has a eyebolt in the center. Once firmly locked in, each Slave is either collared or clipped into tit clamps, depending upon the severity of the treatment required. I then attach a rope of chain to one of the collars or sets of tit clamps, string it through the other Slave's eyebolt at the floor, and then attach it to the other Slave's balls after tightening it enough to force the first

Slave into a bent-over position. Then I reverse the arrangement for the second Slave. Each man is then forced to stand for however long I deem fit, uncomfortably bent over at the waist. If he tries to straighten up, he pulls on the other man's balls, which would result in instant reprisal. This situation, which I sometimes augment with whippings, spankings, or assorted treatments with dildoes, butt-plugs and such, forces the two Slaves to cooperate.

This technique, however, only works with the milder cases of rivalry. Stronger feelings of jealousy can easily erupt into major conflicts unless the Master is on his toes and gets everyone to talk out his feelings. It takes a lot of psychological know-how to handle a stable of complex individuals, and intuition and compassion are called for. Because of the complexity of the relationships involved, I've found personally that a stable of three or four Slaves is all I can handle comfortably. You may have more stamina than I do, though.

Speaking of stamina, any Master contemplating a stable should also consider the demands that will be placed on his sexual endurance. Performance pressure is nothing new to an experienced master, who is used to running around tightening straps, locking locks, tying knots and busily trying to choreograph a successful session. But the logistical challenges increase geometrically with



In "Ranch" fantasies, scenes such as this might be seen. Here, two partially-bound cowboys lower the winch on a tightly tied victim who is soon to receive a pleasurable "face-fucking."



The Baron Von Felder beds one of his Slaves for the night in a leather suspension harness. For a reward, he adds a vibrating electric strap-in dildo.

the number of Slaves a Master owns. Unless the Master is a virtual sexual dynamo, with little else on his mind, he will probably be able to satisfy only one or two Slaves a night, if that. Some serious scheduling problems will have to be dealt with. If the Master is into bondage, he will also have to grapple with the expense of owning enough bondage equipment to keep each Slave sufficiently encumbered.

The Baron Von Felder owned an

island, and he had a castle with dungeons and jailers. Most of us, living on more modest incomes, can't make that claim. Although owning a stable of beautiful, hunky men can be a pleasure and a thing of joy, it is also a grave responsibility. Take time to look into the issues of finances, living quarters, and understandings about sexual expectations, sharing with friends, and group performances. Consider what you are realistically capable of handling, and go

slowly in your "collection" to avoid biting off more than you can chew. And above all, remember that, although they may be your Slaves, they are complex individuals with expectations and limitations of their own. They have a right to be satisfied and content, and a good Master will always take his Slave's needs into account. If you use common sense and an uncommon amount of intuition and wisdom, you may someday be able to boast of your own stable! □

SPANDEX BONDAGE

"He told me it was going to be like skin, as if I were bound in a second skin... he said it would almost be like having my foreskin pulled over my head, down my shoulders, over my hips, all the way to my toes..."





Left: The body bag and the hood connected. Above: The body skin; rings on the hand-ends allow it to become a straight-jacket. Below: The body bag with hood in a different arrangement, and with an additional hood used as a hand/wrist restraint. Photo by Close Up Productions.



BY MICHAEL ENDICOTT-ROSS

"See that bag on the floor? Stand with your feet together in the center of it, cocksucker!"

I walked over, my ass still stinging from the paddle, and planted my bare feet over the flat patch of black material. He reached down and pulled the slick, smooth fabric over my naked body until it reached my neck. It was like I was standing in a black duffle bag of sensuous feeling.

He took small padlocks and attached two rings, one that was on the front of the sack, one on the back, together. He did the same thing on the other side. Now only my neck and head were free from the bag, the rest of my snug, but not too tightly confined, body in the bag.

He took a smaller piece and pulled it over my head. I could breathe, hear, smell, but I could not see—and I didn't dare speak. I felt a leather collar, one he had used countless times on my neck, circle the fabric that hung down under my chin. As it locked in place, the fabric of the material of this strange hood fitted itself to the features of my face, much closer than the bag covering my body.

I imagined I was a butterfly, no... a larva not yet a butterfly, in a cocoon of thick, warm silk... waiting.

Unlike rubber or latex, spandex,

while a manmade material, breathes. You probably remember it from the skimpy swim suits of the 1970s or the still-popular European briefs for men. Spandex stretches in both horizontal and vertical directions, allowing for a flat piece to wrap around and mold itself to any shape.

The body bag shown here, which was designed by the John Floyd company, is a good example of how creatively spandex can be used in bondage scenes.

The body bag is designed to cover as much of the wearer as is considered necessary: from the toes to the waist, up to the armpits (with the arms free), over the shoulders, or over the head, completely encasing the wearer.

A second variety of the bag, the body skin, has built-in arm pieces with rings at each end, so that the material can be used as a combination body bag/strait-jacket. Ropes can be attached to the rings and tied around the body, or attached to corresponding rings mounted in the wall, a door frame, or anywhere your imagination takes you.

A hood made of spandex covers the head down to the neck like the better leather hoods, and inhibits conversation as well as sight. It does not, unlike leather, affect breathing. A gag can be used inside or outside the hood, depending on whether the gag just covers the mouth or goes between the teeth.

John Floyd constructed the spandex hood and body bag so that, while each piece can be used on its own, they would be compatible if used together. Built-in rings allow the two pieces to be connected.

Spandex is such a durable material that it can be used for encased suspension; however, while the material is strong any constructed device is only as strong as its weakest seams. Because products like the body bag and body skin have seams, weight can play an important factor—and just think how stupid you'd feel if you laced up your favorite slave in a body bag, looped it over a cross-beam in your playroom, only to have it come apart at the seams and find him spilling out on the floor. But someone encased in a body bag and left to stew in a sling won't be so stubborn in the morning.

There is another consideration. While spandex breathes, even a cotton rag stuffed in someone's mouth shouldn't be left unattended over long periods. Check on anyone *completely* enclosed in a body bag on a regular basis.

Spandex is also a material that takes well to color and can be found in shiny black as well as a plastic-looking white and any color in between. If you're interested in the John Floyd spandex constructions, you can write to them for information: John Floyd Productions, Box 5296, N. Hollywood, CA 91616. □



THE DUNGEON

A hidden-phrase crossword puzzle

by Joel Hess

DIRECTIONS

The diagram shown is a regular crossword puzzle with the center section obscured (the Dungeon). Solve as you would a regular crossword, filling in the missing squares of the center section as required. When you have completed the puzzle, you should be able to discover what's hidden in the Dungeon.

(Answer on page 92)

CLUES

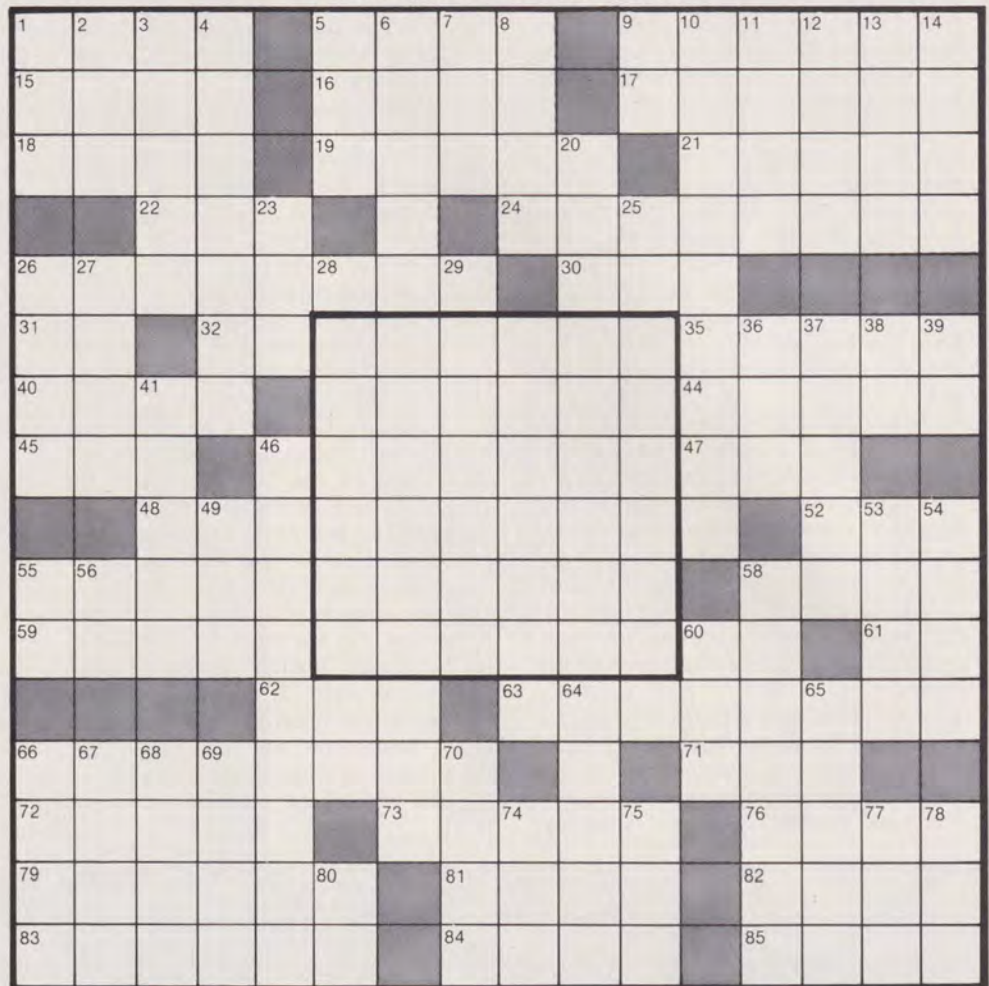
Across

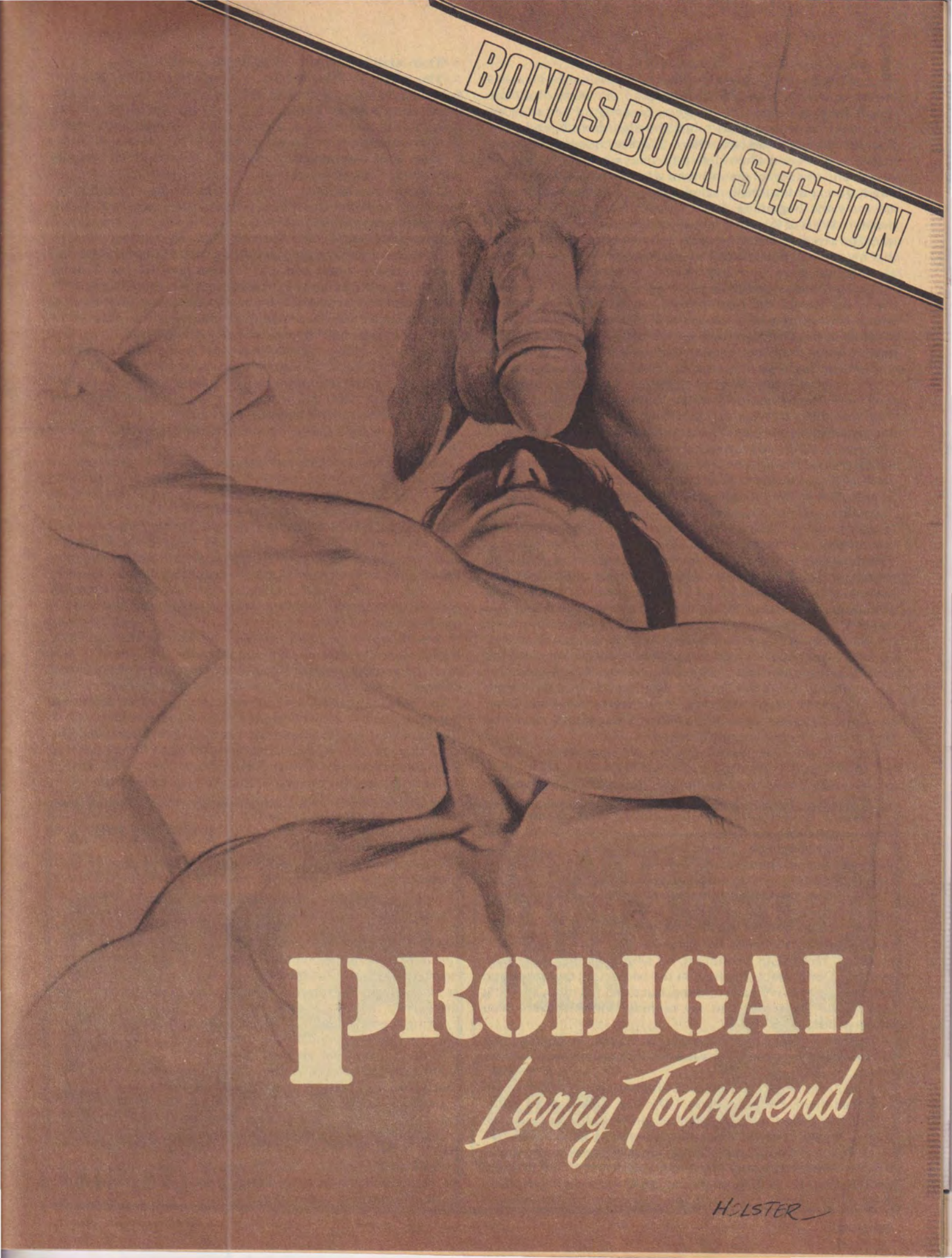
1. American playwright
5. Scat-lover's delight
9. 20th Century school of painting
15. Average
16. Adhesive strip
17. Camper's need
18. Itchy critter
19. Future queen?
21. Spatial
22. What every boy needs
24. Gym apparatus for idiots?
26. Chubby and innocent
30. Income booster
31. Behold!
32. Former Portuguese colony
33. Heavily spiced
35. Lecherous
40. In addition
42. Work strenuously
44. Tube or sanctum
45. Princess' partner
46. Scanty
47. Place with cages
48. ____ Two
50. Poetic before
52. Coke companion
55. Mentally deranged
58. *American Gigolo* star
59. Oleo
60. Mr. Hirt
61. Jimmy's state
62. Grand auto theft

63. Tried to be like
66. Ft. Ticonderoga victor
71. Cooler for 52-Across
72. Eastern
73. Kind of cheese
76. Involved with
79. Jog the memory
81. Pennsylvania city
82. Jacob's sibling
83. School compositions
84. Running competition
85. Landlord's due

Down

1. Big business abbr.
2. Conjunction
3. Student's worry
4. Restriction on shipping
5. Standard
6. Suspected AIDS source
7. International Phonetic Alphabet
8. Lean toward
9. Like
10. Pierce with a sword
11. Plant with medicinal value
12. Canadian Indian
13. Pertaining to the ass
14. Family of young stars?
20. Stern and forbidding
23. Dyad
25. Liberated woman's appellation
26. Illness not to be applauded?
27. Ass or mouth
28. 100= 1600 in this
29. Mortification
34. Where (Ital.)
36. One (Sp.)
37. Make sounds while sleeping
38. Laudamus ____
39. 52 wks.
41. Libidinous gent
43. Southeast Asian native
46. Kurt Weill locality
49. Electrocardiogram
51. Ruthenium symbol
53. Craving
54. Fermented honey drink
55. Afternoon
56. Neighbor of N.A.
57. Letter after bee
58. Pleistocene mass
60. The Greatest
64. Antidote for the savage breast
65. Temporal indication
66. Unclothed
67. Applications
68. Licks the ass
69. Greek earth goddess
70. Pitcher
74. Mr. Gershwin
75. Envisions
77. Key West objective?
78. Passe
80. Daylight savings





BONUS BOOK SECTION

PRODIGAL

Larry Townsend

HOLSTER

It took me an hour to decide what to do. Even then I was in a terrible quandry. Here I had discovered the body of a close friend hanging dead in his dungeon basement. I had seen my son having an SM scene with him the night before, and while Ron didn't know I had been there, I had been seen by a neighbor walking his dog when I left. Both of us were involved, like it or not, and this sort of involvement wasn't going to do either of us any good professionally, scholastically... whatever. And that was only the beginning. What if one of us were accused of murder? What if Ron had actually committed the crime? The question terrified me. Of course, I didn't believe for a minute that my son had deliberately killed Chuck. Still, it would not be an easy kind of accident to explain to the police.

But there was a good chance that no one knew Ron had been there. His Toyota had been parked way back in the shadows, where I would not have seen it had I not been looking for it. With any luck I could keep my son out of it entirely. Nor would I have to admit that I had been in the house earlier. I could have stopped by for whatever reason, found the place apparently empty, and left—which was when the old man with his dog had seen me—then come back in the morning. I wondered if the cops would buy it. What excuse, I thought, what excuse could I have had for stopping by at midnight? That was the one big hole in my story. Why had I stopped by last night, left, then returned today? It would have to be a good reason, something more than a casual “I was in the area and decided to drop in.”

It dawned on me suddenly. I had the perfect excuse! I dug out my wallet and poked into the back compartment. I had two tickets, given to me by a friend at work, for a vocal recital in Pasadena. I checked the date. They were for this evening. Clutching the two pieces of cardboard in my hand, I hurried upstairs and into Chuck's den. Using a handkerchief, I opened a drawer in his desk and found a stack of envelopes. Carefully lifting one out, I wrote on it: “Chuck. These are the tickets you wanted. Hope you enjoy the show. Alan.”

I checked out the front window. No one was on the street. Quickly I opened the door and popped my envelope into the mail box. I returned to the den and sat at the desk for another few moments, going over my plan once more in my mind before picking up the telephone. I dialed the lawyer who had been friends with both Chuck and me. When I heard his voice come on the line, I heaved a sigh of relief.

“Gus,” I said, “I’ve just made a terrible discovery.”

“You’ve got the crabs,” he retorted lightly.

“No, baby, I’m serious,” I returned. “I’m at Chuck’s house and I just found him dead.”

“Dead?” replied the lawyer, incredulity clear in his tone. “Are you sure he’s dead?”

“Yes, he’s hanging by a chain in his basement... some sort of dungeon he had there. I came by to see why his line had been busy all morning... had a pair of tickets...”

“You mean he committed suicide? Did you find a note?” He sounded confused, obviously shocked.

“No,” I said. “And I don’t think it was suicide, an accident maybe, accident in some sex game he was into.”

“Okay, look,” Gus continued, his whole manner more controlled. “Don’t touch anything in the room. Call the police and tell them just what you’ve told me, but don’t tell them anything else until I get there. You say *nothing* until I’m there. You understand?”

“You mean they’ll suspect me?” I returned, the genuine fear creeping into my voice, as the insides of my gut tightened into a knot.

“You never know,” Gus replied. “It’s best to play it safe. Go on now, call them. I’m on my way.” The line clicked dead.

I quickly dialed my own number, praying that Ron was still there. “Hello?” His voice sounded sleepy.

“Ron, this is Dad,” I said. “Look, kid, I want you to do something without asking any questions. I want you to get dressed, get into your car, and leave the house. Go to a movie, or take a drive to San Diego. Go to the zoo. Just get out of the house.”

“Dad, what’s... why... what’s going on?”

“I’m at Chuck’s,” I told him. “I came over to bring him some tickets, and I found him dead. I know you were here last night. Don’t ask me how I know; I just do. I’ve called Gus, and I’m going to call the police as soon as I hang up with you. I don’t want you talking with anyone until...”

“Dad, what are you talking about? Chuck’s dead? How? What happened?”

“I found him hanging by his neck in the basement. I don’t know any more than that. Please, just do as I tell you. I don’t want you getting involved.”

“Involved? Dad, I don’t see why you want me to...”

“Ron, just listen to me,” I replied firmly. “I know you were here last night. Again, it doesn’t matter how I know. When I report this to the police they may suspect me, and if they do they might come to the house. I don’t want you there. I want you to have a talk with Gus before the police interview you. Now that’s all I can tell you right this second. Do as I tell you.”

There was a long silence before he finally agreed. “Okay, Dad,” he said softly. “I’ll do as you say.”

“And if someone does get to you before I put you together with Gus, you don’t know anything. Right? You don’t know Chuck is dead; I didn’t call you. Nothing.”

“Okay,” he said softly, almost in a whisper. “Okay and... thanks, dad.”

He hung up and I dialed the operator, and asked for the police.

Like many people who have never had any extensive experience with the cops, I was not prepared for their brusque, accusatory manner. Fortunately, Gus arrived before the homicide detectives, although after the first black and white. Without him I think I might have been in serious trouble. The one aspect of the situation I had not considered, but which the detectives picked up on immediately was my assumption that the body in the basement was Chuck’s.

“He was hooded and naked,” said the older of the two. “How could you be so sure he was your friend?”

“It seems to me a perfectly logical assumption,” Gus answered for me.

The older detective nodded, giving the impression that he was not completely convinced. He was a somewhat rumpled man in his mid to late forties, dressed in a tan wash-and-wear suit, the kind that was never supposed to wrinkle, although he had succeeded in doing exactly that. His salt and pepper hair needed a good trim, and his uneven yellow teeth completed the somewhat tawdry picture. But he had achieved a degree of fame, or at least notoriety, for his successful handling of several difficult “celebrity” cases. His name was Alexander Duggen. Lt. Duggen, as he introduced himself.

The second detective was younger, not bad looking, with blond curly hair, light gray eyes, and built like a college fullback. Despite his large frame, he was considerably better tailored than his superior, wearing gray slacks and a dark blue sports jacket with a crisp white shirt and striped “old school” tie. He was obviously the bad daddy in their usual good-guy/bad-guy routine. I had the impression that he would have been very much at home doing traffic duty as a motorcycle cop. He was introduced as Detective Nicholson. James T. Nicholson, as I later discovered.

Fixing me with his accusing glare, he asked, “Did you know that the victim was engaged in these sado-masochistic games?”

“I don’t know that he was,” I replied.

He gave me a sardonic grin. “With all that crap in the basement, you really doubt he was involved in it?”

I shrugged. “I’m sorry,” I said. “I hadn’t ever seen that before this morning. But to answer your question, no, I didn’t know.”

“This morning?” he snapped back, picking up on my misstatement. “I thought you made the discovery after noon.”

“Officer Nicholson,” Gus intervened, “Mr. Layton told you he discovered the body at about twelve-thirty or forty. That’s pretty close to being morning.”

"But you did know he was a homo," continued the detective. "I don't think Mr. Layton needs to answer that," replied Gus quickly. "So far there has been no evidence to establish the deceased's sexual orientation. There are many heterosexuals involved in these, er, practices."

"Well, someone worked him over very heavily," added Lt. Duggen. "From my past experiences in these cases I would expect to find him involved with a male partner."

The interrogation went on for about two hours, before Gus managed to convince them that I was a stable citizen, well known and with deep roots in the community. I was unlikely to run off into the night, and would be available for further questioning as required. Grudgingly, the policemen agreed and I was allowed to leave. No mention was ever made of Ron.

"I think you could use a drink," said Gus, once we were outside. "I'd also like a chance to talk to you."

We went to a bar some distance from Chuck's house, and sat in a corner booth. "I think you'd better tell me the whole story," said Gus.

"With full attorney-client privilege?"

"Of course, that goes without saying," he replied, regarding me curiously.

"There's a lot more to it than meets the eye," I told him, and I then recounted the whole story, omitting nothing.

Gus had not interrupted me as I spoke, and when I finished he sat thinking for several minutes. We had finished our second drink by then, and the waitress came over to see if we wanted a refill. Gus ordered a third round with an absent "Okay," and a wave of his hand. When the girl had withdrawn, he sighed and looked straight into my eyes. "So you think Ron may have killed him," he stated flatly.

"If he did, I'm sure it was an accident," I replied.

"To you and me it's an accident," he said solemnly. "To the law it's negligent homicide... at best."

"Of course, the cops don't even know he was there," I suggested hopefully.

Gus spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness and exhaled with a deprecating chuckle. "It's only a matter of time before they discover that he was there, and they already know that you were around there after midnight. No, I'd say at the moment we're skating on very thin ice."

"What if Ron didn't do it?"

"Then who did?" he returned sharply. "Alan, you've got to face the facts. If you didn't do it, then Ron must have."

"Why are you so sure they're going to discover he was there?"

Gus stared into his drink, as if collecting his thoughts, rather

like a teacher about to explain some difficult concept to a less than gifted student. "Generally speaking," he said, "the police are lazy and not too bright. When it comes to a run of the mill mugging or burglary, even rapes and robberies, they usually only solve the crime if they catch the guy red-handed, or by luck because he keeps committing the acts and eventually slips up. But the homicide boys are a little different breed of cat. They've got a lot more on the ball, and they're not as pressed for time. They'll also go by the book, and the first thing the book tells them to do is interview all the neighbors. If one of them saw Ron or his Toyota at that house last night, they're going to be down on you like a swarm of bees. And that's going to put you on the spot, my friend, because you lied to them."

"They'll never know I went into the house last night," I insisted. "I admitted going in the morning, so any fingerprints I left..."

"But if your son's car was seen parked in that driveway, how are you going to explain not recognizing it? And what about his fingerprints? They're probably all over that... that dungeon, and maybe all over the house upstairs. All they have to do is connect him to you and that's the ball game."

It was my turn to sigh and lean back in helplessness. "So what's our next move?" I asked.

"The next move is theirs," he told me. "They'll check around for a day or two, maybe wait for the autopsy results, then they'll be back to see you. In the meanwhile, we'd better get a lawyer for Ron."

"What's wrong with you?" I asked.

"I'm representing you. You and your son may have conflicting interests. It would be better for him to have his own counsel."

After leaving Gus, I was understandably depressed and confused. It was hard for me to think of Ron as responsible for Chuck's death, yet there hardly seemed any other possibility. But, remote as these possibilities might be, I must have considered them all before I reached the house, considered them and rejected them. The phone was ringing when I arrived.

"Dad, I've been calling every fifteen minutes, waiting for you to get back! What's happened?"

"It's all over for the moment," I told him. "I think you'd better come home so we can talk."

"Do they know, I mean, have they arrested anyone?"

"No, it hasn't gotten to that point yet," I told him. "Just come home and I'll tell you the whole thing."

"I'm on my way," he said.

He must not have been far, because I heard his Toyota pull into the driveway less than ten minutes later. I had already

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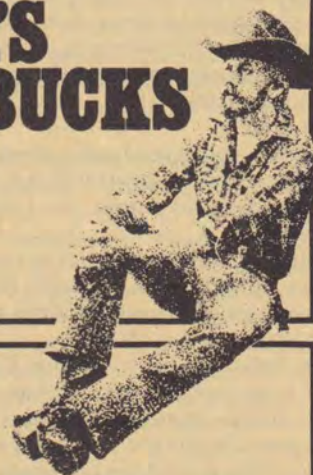


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poured myself another drink and was feeling the effects. Somehow it failed to blunt the pain, but it certainly made everything seem a little softer. I made a drink for Ron and handed it to him when he joined me. For the first time I saw anxiety on his features, and his usually carefree attitude had turned to one of genuine concern. Worry—an emotion I think must have been foreign to his nature up to this point in his life.

"Jesus, Dad, you don't know what you've just put me through. I've been waiting all day to find out. I almost went by Chuck's house, but you said not to, so I've been sitting on the beach, just below a telephone booth, waiting for you to get home."

"The first thing I have to know," I told him, "is whether Chuck was okay when you left him last night."

"Sure he was. He saw me to the door and was still standing there when I backed out of the driveway."

"Then how did he get himself hanged in his basement?" I paused to regard my son's sober features. "Could he have had someone else coming over? Gone out and picked someone up? Or could someone else have been in the house all along?"

Ron was shaking his head to my questions. "I know there wasn't anyone else there," he said with certainty. "And I can't imagine that he'd have gone out again. It was after 3 AM, well after, when I left."

Ron had finished his drink and got up to make himself another. As I watched him pour the vodka into his glass, I almost said something about the amount, but held back. He wasn't going any place. The worst that could happen was that he'd fall asleep in his own living room. But I could already see the effects of his first drink, and I was certainly feeling the amount I'd consumed—something out of the ordinary for me, since I never was much for booze.

"So," I continued, picking up my questioning, "you can't think of any reason why Chuck might have gone out after you left?"

Ron was shaking his head in answer. "No," he said thoughtfully, "except..."

"Except what?"

He shrugged. "Well, except that I didn't let him cum, that's all."

"So he might have gone out to get his rocks off?"

"I suppose he might, but it doesn't seem likely," Ron replied.

"No, it doesn't," I agreed. I leaned back with a sigh. "No, at the moment I seem to be the prime suspect."

"Oh, no! Dad, how can that be? You're not... I mean, you didn't have anything to do with him that way."

"I did a couple of years ago," I answered evenly.

That seemed to take him back. "I knew you were friends, but I just didn't think about you guys having sex together."

It had been difficult for him to form the words, and he now leaned forward in his chair, regarding me with a blank stare, his mind obviously far away. It had been the first open statement between us, acknowledging my interest in men. It was several minutes before I gathered the courage to continue.

"You realized," I said softly, "you realized I swung that way, didn't you?"

"I knew you must have gotten it on with other guys sometimes," he said. "I figured that from the night you had Chuck and Gus over for dinner. But I didn't think you were into the leather stuff."

"I'm not, I answered quickly, too quickly. "Or I guess I should say I've never tried it, not with Chuck or anyone else."

It was his turn to pause before answering me. "But you mean you turn on to the idea?"

The vodka was really drawing back the curtains, I thought, but better now, just between us, than with Nicholson boring in with his accusatory interrogations, and that other asshole sitting back and pretending to restrain him when he went too far. "I guess it was you who placed the first seeds in my mind," I told him, "that day when I caught you in the garage."

I could see the color rise in his face, but he forced himself to keep an even expression. "I didn't think that shook you up," he replied almost in a whisper. "You never let on, never told Mom,

or..."

"But I never forgot it either," I told him.

We talked for a long while then, drank and talked as we never had before. Whether it was only the alcohol or a combination of alcohol and the need for a catharsis in this turbulent moment, I'm not really sure. But I confessed my feelings to Ron, and he came back with some astounding revelations of his own—his lifelong attraction to me, among others. The room had grown completely dark by the time he dropped this one on me.

"But you know, Dad, I've always had... I guess you'd call it a 'crush' on you, still have it. I really have never been attracted to guys my own age. I've always dug older men. Like Chuck."

"You've done a good job of hiding the fact since you've been back here," I said, almost bitterly, and immediately regretted the admission, which came out sounding like an accusation.

He looked at me curiously. At least it seemed that way in the darkness. The only light was from the streetlamp outside, and it cast a very faint aura across his features. "Did you want me to act some other way?" he asked.

I didn't answer him for a moment. If he had posed the same question yesterday, I would have known exactly what to say. Under the circumstances, almost anything I might say would be inappropriate—so too the desires that lay just beneath the surface of expression, desires which in anyone else's eyes would have to be seen as outrageous. But I was really far beyond any usual state of control: alcohol, the sudden new feeling of closeness with my son. "Come here," I said at length.

Ron hesitated a moment as if he too realized that we were at a crucial point in our relationship. Finally he eased himself up out of his chair and crossed to mine. He stood in front of me, not quite steady on his feet, swaying slightly and looking down at me in the semidarkness. Without saying another word, I reached out and unbuckled his belt, pulled the button loose on his jeans and shoved them down his legs. I ran my hands over the velvet skin, aware of the light golden hairs on his legs, although I was unable to see them. I grasped his hips, stroked his buttocks and through the shadowy darkness I could see his cock begin to rise up, lifting away from his body.

Again I hesitated before pushing on to a further intimacy, to the full commitment I had dreamed about for years. I slipped forward in my easy chair, my knees touching his legs and pushing him back a step. I knelt before him on the floor and took his gradually swelling dick between my lips, tongued the crown beneath the thick foreskin, then sucked it fully down my throat. His hands suddenly grasped the back of my head as his dick swelled into me, expanding and growing harder until I had to force the bulk of it past my palate, gagging on its bulk, sucking him as if my life depended on it. I could hear him speaking to me, hot and aroused by my actions, yet appalled at the same time.

"Dad, Jesus, Dad... please... shouldn't be doing this, not right here, not now... oh man... oh, man, you don't know how that feels!" But gradually his tone changed as his own desire mounted, as his passions began to boil. "You want it, man. You want it like I want it, like I've been thinking about it, like I'm going to give it to you. Remember how you used to stripe my ass when I got in trouble? Remember that? How you used to take me down to the basement and whip the shit out of me with a leather belt? Remember that, Dad? Remember?"

Abruptly he pulled away, shoved me back from him and slapped his dick back and forth across my face. "We're both drunk right now," he said, "and maybe we won't be proud of ourselves tomorrow, but right now I'm as hot as you are and I'm going to show you what my fantasies have been, now that I know you're as turned on to me as I am to you. You came to try it, Daddy?" he asked, his voice suddenly grown harsh.

I suspected his intentions, and even in my intoxication I felt a stab of fear. But he was alluding to the very things I had dreamed about, had jacked off to almost since the day he'd moved away from me. Far back in my brain's recesses, however, remained the warning fear, the unresolved question of what had happened between him and Chuck. If Ron had really been

responsible for his death, an accident though it undoubtedly was, might he not make the same mistakes with me? For a moment this mental suggestion froze me in place, but in the next instant he'd jammed his cock back into my throat, making me choke on it, pressing my face against the coarse hair above his crotch. Passion and blind desire overwhelmed me. All I could think about was the physical exchange we were about to enjoy, the fulfillment of fantasized images I'd conjured up over all those months.

When he finally pulled free of me and stood back a pace, my head was spinning. I wanted to inject some word of caution. I wanted to proceed, but I also wanted to retreat. Whether it was fear or just some residual modicum of... of what? Of decency? Of all my social conditioning? I didn't know. I couldn't think clearly, couldn't think at all, beyond the terrible lust that swelled inside me.

"Do you want to do it?" Ron demanded, his voice coming down sharply from the darkness above my head. "Tell me, Daddy. I'll leave the final choice up to you. Want me to do what I've been wanting for as long as I can remember? You game to try it?"

I wanted to tell him I'd been wrong to start this, that I'd made a mistake and we should forget it ever got this far. But of course I couldn't; I didn't. He was as hot as I; we'd gone well beyond any point of graceful retreat. Besides, the action he was suggesting was the ultimate for me as well. There was no way I could have told him "no." Instead, I remained on my knees until he told me to get up. When he told me to strip, I obeyed without question, finally standing naked in the darkened living room, waiting for my son to tell me what to do.

"Now when you did this to me, you never had the imagination to tie my hands," he said, turning away from me and rummaging through the wastebasket. "Seems to me I remember... yeah, here it is." He fished out a tangle of heavy cord that had been on a package we received a few days before. He started trying to unravel it, glancing up at me after several minutes. "Turn around, Daddy, and put your hands behind your back. I'm going to show you how you could have made it so much better than it was, how you could have made it a real scene for the both of us, something we could both have looked back on as a dad and his lad getting together in the good old woodshed tradition." He jerked at my wrists, wrapping the cord around them and securing them together as I went through such a paroxysm of excitement I thought for a moment I was going to keel over.

He turned me back to face him, still holding a piece of twine in his hands. Taking hold of my cock and balls, he quickly looped the cord around the base of both, tied it with a long trailing end to form a leash. Holding the other end of this, he began to lead me toward the cellar door. In his other hand he carried my belt, which he had removed from my pile of discarded clothing.

"You weren't very neat when you took your clothes off," he said. "In fact you were pretty messy about it. You're going to get punished for that, and for a lot of other things, for letting me go off to the East Coast with Mom and for not putting up a fight to keep me with you when both of us were hot for each other, when you were drooling to sink your dick into my little boy ass." He yanked on the lead, forcing me to jerk forward, almost colliding with him.

He led me down the stairs, pulling on the leash around my balls, talking all the while about the punishment he was going to inflict. The old stacks of magazines which had been his whipping post as a kid were no longer there, but I had piled some cartons in a nearby area. He led me to these, stepped back and pushed me up against them. The upper box was about even with my waist. He pushed me over it, waited until my weight had come down on top of the stack, then pulled my legs apart so as to leave me unbalanced if I tried to stand.

"Now, Daddy," he said, "let's see how it feels to be whipped by your own kid." And the first stroke fell across my butt. The impact was sharp but not overly painful. Actually it felt warm a moment afterward, and I could sense the rush of excitement within my lower body. My cock, already half-hard, responded

immediately. Waves of excitement swept through my entire being. The second blow was like the first, placed a little higher. He was good at this, skillful, using the belt to stimulate as well as punish. I remember wondering how long he had been playing these games. But that was the last and only logical cognition as his blows began to fall more rapidly and their strength increased gradually, not hurried, and the warmth began to build. My body responded to the punishment, and my mind began to form the images he undoubtedly wished to create. There was no obvious explanation of the heightened sensuality, yet it was there, an integral part of the sensation. Even when he began to strike me harder, causing a steady, mounting level of pain, my mind and body accepted it and the negatives became immersed in the unending tide of sexual excitement.

Near the end the pain became quite intense, my ass glowing with the heat generated by his strokes, already feeling stiff, dry. I had been moaning in the throes of a pain-pleasure trip that I had heretofore never even imagined, thrilling to the sensation while at the same time starting to shift myself against the cardboard as I tried to avoid them.

"Hurts, doesn't it, buddy?" Ron whispered in my ear. "Hurts, but it hurts good, doesn't it?" His hot breath tingled against the side of my face, over my ear, sending a warm shiver down my spine. He dropped the belt and fell on me, pressing his body hard against mine.

"Remember the night of the big storm, Daddy, when you let me sleep in your bed? Remember how I lay against your back with my prick poking into you? Did you know I really wanted to give it to you then? Did you know I wanted to shove my dick up your tight, hot ass even then, when I hadn't even learned to jack off yet?" He pushed down hard with his hands against my shoulders, lifting his lower body slightly above my naked butt. I could feel the tip of his cock playing itself along the crack of my ass. My fingers twisted against themselves, wanting to reach out and grab the flashy projection. I touched the skin of my cheeks, surprised at the glow of warmth emanating from them.

"And that last time you brought me down here to whip my butt," he continued. "Do you remember that? Did you know I wanted to feel your dick up my ass that time? Did you even suspect how I felt about you, Daddy? Did you know I went to my room and jacked off for almost an hour afterwards? Do you know how many times I've been with other guys and closed my eyes and pretended it was you? Giving or getting it, it didn't really matter." His tone had grown softer, and I realized there was a catch in his voice.

He lifted free of me, and I eased myself over, almost past the edge of the cartons, having to right myself as I pressed my back against the cardboard and looked up into his face. The single bare light bulb was almost directly behind his head, obscuring most of his expression, but I could see enough to know that his words had been affecting him even more strongly than they had me. As I watched him silently, he bent toward me, bringing his body down on top of mine, his arms slipping around me. Without warning, his lips came down on mine, and his tongue drove between my teeth.

Perhaps it was the amount of alcohol I'd consumed, but I think it was something more that made me respond as I did. Having perceived the break in his facade, the crack in this pretended hardness, I felt a renewal of my own strength. I had submitted to him, taken whatever he chose to give without protest. Now he was asking for something else. His lips parted from mine and his mouth began a wet descent across my body. He worked first at the nipples, teasing them, biting lightly at the tips, sucking them into his mouth and working his tongue about the aurora, sending sparks of sensation down my body into my balls, making me twist against the loops of twine binding my wrists together. He licked the trail of hair down the center of my belly, over the muscle ridges, onto my cock which lay half hard across one thigh. He touched the tip with his tongue, worked it under the foreskin and gripped the outer edge with his teeth.

At the initial touch I sprang to life, soaring hard in seconds, until he gagged on the length when he tried to take it all. He

took hold of my balls and twisted them to the side as his face drove desperately into my groin. I pushed back at him, feeling the hot slickness as he choked and coughed up phlegm to further lubricate the shaft. Then his fingers were behind my back, working at the knot, releasing my hands. As the coils loosened and finally parted I felt the leather belt being pressed onto one palm, fingers closing mine about it while those lips kept sliding down and back along the length of my dick.

I eased myself up until I stood over him. I was none too steady on my feet, having to grasp his head to help support me. I was dizzy, both from the booze and from the emotional depletion of strength. I watched the top of his head, hair tossed and tangled by the motion of my hands against it. I guided his lips along my shaft, felt the pressure building in my balls as he worked desperately to take the full length down his throat. The flap of leather belt dangled uselessly from my fingers, riding against the muscles of his jaw. I was very close and knew I could not hold out for long if I permitted those exquisite sensations to continue.

Gently I backed him off, forcing him to release me while my body bent double in the effort to suppress a climax. I felt the surge continue, hold, and finally recede as he knelt before me, the tip of his tongue occasionally flicking out to touch the slick, brightly gleaming cockhead. I pulled him up finally, forcing him to stand. He wobbled unsteadily, almost fell as I grabbed him about the waist and maneuvered him onto the cartons. He sagged against them, allowing the weight of his upper body to fall across over the far side, lifting his ass and leaving his feet to dangle just above the floor.

I pushed my hand against the small of his back, holding him down as I played the leather back and forth across his skin. I could see the surface contract, forming goose bumps while a nervous reaction sent a quivering tremor across one cheek. I shifted my position, coming more to the side. I lifted the doubled strap, brought it down smartly against both cheeks, heard his sharp intake of breath, then struck him once again. I worked the entire surface of his butt, down onto the thighs, up and across the sides of his waist. I could see his cock projecting downward, pressed wetly against the cardboard, his balls in their silky nest drawn tightly into the apex of his legs.

I had ceased to drive my arm against his body. Instead it fingered the crown of my own dick, working to maintain its full potential while I pummeled his ass with the leather strap. Finally, as I felt the surging lust rise higher in my nuts, I dropped the belt and lay my body on top of his, fingers seeking his asshole, guiding my cock to the entrance, and gently sliding it in. I felt him shudder, press harder against me, shift slightly to ease my passage as I plunged fully, deeply into him. I sank into the frantic heat that surrounded my cock, that pressed against my groin, radiating the heat I had caused by my strapping of him. My arms encircled his upper body and I lay against him, hardly moving, afraid I'd shoot and end it all. I licked at his ear, chewed gently on the lobe until he turned his face more toward me and I slid slightly to the side, allowing my lips to contact his. Our mouths locked in total exchange as the desperate tide rose within my balls, and I released the rush of semen deep inside him.

I lay atop him for a long time, feeling my cock grow slowly softer, then recover to release another load before it finally permitted the lust to fall away, and I slipped free of his grasping sphincter. I stood unsteadily behind him, watching the finely toned muscles of his back as he braced his arms against the cartons, lifting free and turning to face me. We kissed again, long and deep, before he went smoothly onto his knees before me, flicked my cockhead with his tongue and looked up at me across the length of my body. I could see one hand playing along the length of his shaft and realized that he had not achieved release. Slowly he eased his body down against the dusty cement, wriggled himself between my legs, and lay supine beneath me. He looked up at me, a silent pleading that left me momentarily at a loss.

"I bet you've got a little piss in there, haven't you?" he suggested. His gaze never broke from mine until he saw the comprehension play across my face: the uncertainty, followed by an

initial rejection of the idea, then a gradual, grudging acceptance as the thought penetrated the foggy recesses of my brain and finally blossomed into agreement, desire. I played the loose skin down and back, milking my cock as Ron lay beneath me, both hands in his groin, working his cock with one, grasping his balls and twisting them with the other. I felt the first trickle of piss, saw him writhe in response as it fell upon him, felt the increased motion of his forearm against the side of my leg. Another dribble, followed by a short spurt, then a steady stream as I played the fluid across his chest, onto his face, soaking his hair. He opened his mouth to take it and I filled the cavity, watching it swirl between his lips, overflow and spread across the floor. His body suddenly tightened and the motion of his arm grew more frantic, harder, and I knew he was shooting his own load while the final drops of piss fell upon him. The dark waves of drunkenness and receding emotion began to cloud my vision and my thoughts. I leaned back to grasp the cartons for support.

I was awakened by a streak of sunlight through a poor join of the heavy bedroom drapes. I had been too far gone the night before to set them properly. I wanted to move, but Ron's body lay warmly against me, half on top of my chest, one leg thrown over mine, an arm across my throat. His face was pressed into the recess of my neck, and his deep regular breathing sent a steady series of warm sensations across my skin. I could feel the pressure of his genitals against my loins, the undirected response of my own cock as I came more fully awake. He moved then, grasping me more tightly, pulling himself further onto me as he awakened. I turned my head and our lips touched, the deep musky taste from the night before lingering on both of us.

He kissed me lightly, then eased away from me, his skin sticking to mine, giving off a faint odor of urine. He laughed and slipped out of bed, standing for a moment to stretch, his slender body arching, flexing, his long thick cock flapping against his thighs as he headed for the bathroom. I sighed and tried to bring my mind into focus, as a sequence of disjointed thoughts flooded through my consciousness. I'd slept with my son, engaged in a sexual exchange with him that few people would understand or appreciate. Yet we had forged a bond between us that went far beyond the physical. I had slept with him in sexual intimacy, sharing the same bed where he had been conceived, where his mother had once slept with me in the same intimacy. A strange concept. I groaned. It was too much to handle in my present depleted state.

I heard the toilet flush, and a few moments later the shower went on. I forced myself to sit on the side of the bed, allowing the pressures within my body to equalize before I tried to stand. Then I shuffled toward the bathroom door.

It was Sunday, and the neighborhood was quiet. Even the traffic on the street was lighter than usual. Neither Ron nor I felt like getting dressed. We were both responding to the new relationship we had achieved and could have thoroughly enjoyed had it not been for the spectre of doom that hung over us. We drank a couple of bloody Marys which helped dispell the aftereffects of our previous night's excesses. Later we retired to my big bed, where we lay entwined and dozed through most of the afternoon. Only once did we broach the subject that remained just below the surface of our thoughts.

"Dad, tell me just one thing," he asked softly. "It really won't matter. Between us, I mean, but well, you didn't see Chuck after I left him, did you?"

"No," I assured him. And I closed my eyes on the verge of sleep, yet conscious enough to wonder at his question. Somehow I had never dispelled the lingering assumption that Ron might really, accidentally, have caused the nightmare scene I had discovered. yet he continued to assure me that my friend had been alone when he left the house. If that were true, what had actually happened? I had no answer, but Ron's question convinced me he had to have been telling the truth. And if that were the case, he had been more honest with me than I had been with him.

Still later, after we were both awake and had finally gotten

dressed, I told him exactly what I had done, how I had entered the house and witnessed a portion of their scene. He took my confession quietly, without any apparent embarrassment or discomfort. Instead he waited until I had finished, then came to me and knelt between my knees where I sat in the deep arm chair. "That only proves how strongly you felt," he said. "It shows how concerned you..."

His sentence was interrupted by a heavy hand knocking on the door. Both of us started at the unexpected intrusion. I looked out through the peep hole before opening the door and saw that it was Nicholson, apparently alone. "Here it comes," I said over my shoulder, and I pulled the door open.

The homicide detective entered, coming into the entry way with an aggressive stride, almost as if he had forced his way into the house. I introduced him to Ron, but not before I caught a glimmer of understanding in the policeman's eyes. He must have assumed I had a young guy living with me, because his expression changed completely when he was informed that Ron was my son.

I tried to be cordial to him and to act as relaxed as possible. However there was no way to avoid the feeling that I was the quarry, he the hunter—a perception his attitude only served to enhance. He sat in one of the easy chairs in the living room, completely dominating the space. Dressed in a pair of black doubleknit slacks and a light blue polo shirt, his heavily muscled body was displayed to its fullest. "I just have a few more questions I'd like to ask you," he said to me, shifting his gaze toward Ron, in what I took to be an unspoken suggestion that I might want to ask my son to leave.

"Okay," I said, "although my attorney says I've told you just about everything there is to tell." I ignored his silent allusion to Ron.

"You sure you want your son to hear all this?" he asked pointedly.

"We have no secrets from each other," I returned flatly.

He nodded, his attitude indicating that he fully understood. Then his accusative glare focused on me, and he began going over the statements I had made to him. He used no notes, but seemed able to recall everything from memory. He was harsh, his questions spoken sharply, keeping me constantly on edge. Gus had told me not to let this happen, but there wasn't really any way I could avoid it, not without appearing to evade the officer's lawful inquiry, to be afraid that telling the truth would expose me as being guilty. Nicholson was obviously a past master at creating this response in other people, and I felt completely trapped. However I answered exactly as I had the day before, and he did not enter into any of the areas—such as Ron's car in the drive—where I would have been in trouble trying to answer him. My contrived combination of truth and fiction held together, and as we spoke I had the definite impression that he was only going through these motions to shake my story, if he could, or... There was something just under the surface of his harsh demeanor that I couldn't quite place, but I could not suppress the idea that his interrogation was somehow superficial, that he had come here expecting something other than what he'd found. Ron's presence obviously disconcerted him, but I didn't know why.

Finally, after nearly an hour and a half of verbal sparring, he stood up and thanked me for my cooperation, thanked me in a way that actually said, "I don't believe a word you've told me, but I've done all I can for the moment."

"I'll probably be in touch with you in a day or so," he told me as we stood in the open doorway. "The boss has put a 'rush' on the autopsy so we should have the preliminary results tomorrow."

With that he left, lumbering across our front lawn to his unmarked police car. The essence of him lingered in the room. As if to dispell it, Ron picked up the cushion from the chair where the big detective had been sitting and shook it to erase the depression left by his heavy body.

"What a miserable son of a bitch!" he remarked. "The guy's a real mean one."

"I can't understand what he was trying to accomplish," I said. "He didn't ask me a single question I hadn't already answered."

"I didn't like the way he kept looking at me," Ron added. "There was something about, I don't know, about the guy's whole attitude. And why was he dressed that way? I thought cops were supposed to come around either in uniform or in a suit. Why was he wearing that 'come and get me' outfit?"

"If you've got it, flaunt it," I replied, laughing.

Ron laughed too and came up to me, placed his arms around my shoulders and looked me in the eyes. "I just want you to know one thing, Dad. If they come back at you again, I'm going to tell them that I was the one who was with Chuck. I'm not going to let them..."

"No," I said firmly. "You're out of it, and I want you to stay out of it. You've got your whole life ahead of you. This thing could ruin you, even if they just tab you as gay. You'll never be able to get a security clearance or teach or do any number of other things that you might not even imagine you're going to want to do."

"But what if he comes back and accuses you of murder?"

"He won't," I said, expressing more confidence than I felt. "If he does," I added a moment later, "well, that's what lawyers are for."

Although we tried to pretend otherwise, Nicholson's visit had left us both in a state of internal turmoil. I think too that the threat of a potential accusation had deadened both of us to the impact of Chuck's death. Although to Ron he had been a fairly new acquaintance, albeit a sexual partner, he had been a good deal more than that to me. It was growing dark again, but this time I put on a light as we sat talking about a great many things: my memories of Chuck, what I should say when I called his parents to offer condolences, Ron's account of his experiences while living with his mother—in short, many of the facets in each of our lives which had heretofore been excluded in our discussions with one another.

By bedtime we had achieved a level of understanding that had evaded us before. That much Nicholson had unwittingly done for us. Ron slept with me again, as he would continue to do, and despite the lingering uncertainties we both had a good night's rest, entwined in a sexual aura that never quite found its physical expression.

In the morning I went to work as usual, although I was preoccupied and found it difficult to concentrate on the mundane problems that crossed my desk. Ron had his classes, and I had cautioned him to stay away from the house until I would be there. I didn't want to take any chances on his running into Nicholson when I was away. I called Gus to tell him about the detective's visit, but the lawyer was in court and did not return my call until later in the afternoon. He wasn't happy about the cop's visit, but after I recounted the conversation he agreed that I hadn't done myself any harm. While we spoke, he had his secretary call someone he knew in the coroner's office to find out about the autopsy.

"That's interesting," he said, after the girl reported back to him. "they had the preliminary report yesterday, and unless something else turns up it looks like they're going to call it suicide or 'accidental death, not at the hands of another.'"

"I don't understand," I said.

"I'm not sure I do either," Gus replied. "That's all I can get for the moment. I'll let you know as soon as we're able to get more information."

"But that Nicholson asshole must have known this when he came by yesterday," I said.

"I don't see how he could not have known," Gus told me. "Strange, but I'd still be carefull of him."

Ron arrived home a few minutes after I did, and it was obvious from the moment he stepped through the door that he was in a very distracted state of mind, worse than I had been. I related my conversation with Gus to him, and this seemed to take the edge off his anxiety. He also suggested the proper solution to the puzzle.

"I didn't let him cum, so after I left he strung himself up and beat off," he reasoned. "Somehow he ended up hanging himself, maybe too tight a neck band when he took a hit of amyl or even the effects of some other drug."

"Had you guys been dropping pills or something?" I asked.

"No, at least I hadn't," he assured me. "But Chuck might have taken something without telling me. I know he was ready for a much heavier scene than we had the first time, so he could have been on acid or MDA or something."

"And that bastard Nicholson knew it when he was here last night," I added.

"I told you he was looking for some action," Ron replied. We were standing in the kitchen, each of us leaning back against the counter top. He moved closer to me, cupping his hand over my crotch. "And he didn't know I was going to be here. He was hot for your box, Daddy."

"That's pure fantasy," I said, laughing and caressing his hand. I could feel my response to his touch, and he certainly had to sense the growing hardness as well.

"Maybe," he replied. "Maybe because I'm so turned onto it I can't imagine anyone else not being the same." His fingers played across the denim. "Why don't we really make some use of this?" he added, increasing his pressure and bringing me fully hard.

I wanted to do as he suggested, but in the back of my mind there remained the lingering anxiety, anxiety in general over the unresolved situation with the police, but specifically I was afraid to get involved in a real scene with bondage and all, when one or more of the detectives might suddenly appear at our door.

"Why don't we wait a little while, just to be sure we don't have any unexpected visitors," I said.

Ron slowly stopped his motion against my groin and looked at me with concern in his expression. "If they've resolved it, why would anyone come by here?" he asked.

I shrugged. "Maybe for the reason you suggested," I said lightly. "Maybe Old Dad has turned 'em on to a point where they can't resist."

Ron joined me in a drink, very light this time, and we went into the living room to watch the evening news. As the usual prattle, interspersed with an inevitable series of inane commercials, flashed softly in the background, both of us were involved in our own thoughts, and the sexual aura that surrounded us was too distracting for either of us to pay much attention. Ron was slumped in his chair, legs stretched out in front of him, feet wide spread. Finally he looked across at me. "How long do you think we ought to wait for one of these clowns to show up?" he asked.

"Patience," I said.

A few minutes later Ron responded to the sound of a car driving up outside. He looked out through the drapes and nodded back to me over his shoulder. "You were right," he said. "Nicholson."

"By himself?"

"Yeah."

"How's he dressed?" I asked.

"Levi's, cowboy shirt, boots."

The doorbell sounded, and Ron stood grinning by the window. "Which of us does the honors?" he asked. I motioned him on with a wave of my hand and slumped back in my own chair, curious as to the big detective's intentions.

The man came through the doorway, seeming to fill the entry hall with his bulk. I made no move to rise and greet him, merely remained where I was and called out to him. "Come on in. Sit down. What are you going to hassle us over tonight?"

He came into the room, purposely using his great size as an intimidation as he stepped close to my chair. "We have been conducting a murder investigation," he said pointedly.

"I don't think you're conducting one right now," I told him, "and I have my doubts you were doing that yesterday."

"You're pretty cocky for a suspect," he snapped back.

"I don't think he is a suspect," Ron answered for me. "In fact, I don't think he was a suspect when you came by here with all your bullshit yesterday."

Nicholson turned to look at him, probably going into his "impaled-on-the-eyes" routine, but Ron didn't respond. Instead he sat back in the chair where he had been before the big detective's arrival and resumed his slumped, nonchalant, sexy posture. "Why don't you cut the crap and tell us what you really have on your mind," he added. At this he casually dropped his hand atop his crotch and adjusted his cock.

The homicide detective seemed to have been caught offguard and stood uncertainly for a minute or so before perching his big frame on the edge of a straightbacked chair. "Okay," he agreed. "I guess you've got me. I didn't mean to create any unnecessary anxiety..."

"The hell you didn't," Ron snapped. "You meant to create every bit of anxiety you could."

"Okay." He held up his hands defensively. "Okay, I admit I've been playing a game with you. But I wasn't trying to do any harm. I..."

"Why don't you just tell us what you did intend to do," I suggested. "Just start from the beginning and give us the whole story."

"Well, first off, this is an unofficial visit. I'm not here to arrest anyone, and I'm not even going to ask any questions, except to satisfy my own curiosity. I don't know how much you know already. Your lawyer's a guy with a lot of friends in the right places, so he might have tipped you off as to what's going on. Anyway, we know your friend wasn't murdered. He killed himself, apparently by accident." His eyes flicked from one to the other of us, his tongue tracing a pattern across his lower lip.

"I don't understand," I said, deliberately playing dumb to encourage his explanation.

"We were able to settle it, as far as the official records are concerned. The coroner who handled the case, well, like me he's been around these things before, and he recognized the signs. Same as I did, even when we first interviewed you. We know your friend had a heavy SM session with someone, and the guy left. The victim had been the bottom in the scene, not much doubt about that. And the way I see it, the way both me and the coroner see it, the, er, Top didn't let the guy cum. After he'd left, Mr. Meisser went back into his dungeon, tied himself up, and jacked off. He was standing up with that chain around his neck, using amyl, with some restrictions to his breathing because of the hood. What with that and the amyl and a couple of other drugs, he passed out and hanged himself. There may be some evidence of a heart attack by the time they finish the autopsy, but that won't make any difference in the final outcome. That's basically what I came here to tell you. Thought I owed it to you, after the hard time I gave you yesterday."

As he spoke, he continued to shift his gaze between Ron and me. Soon his conversation slowed, as if he was preoccupied with other thoughts. Now that he was silent, I offered him a drink and to my surprise he accepted. "Off duty, you see," he reminded me.

Taking a sip from his glass, he set it down and leaned forward in his chair. "You know," he began, "it might be just the light in here. But you two guys look so much alike, I guess I should have realized the moment I saw you that you were related."

"There's still something you'd like to know though, isn't there?" asked Ron suddenly.

"Yeah," he admitted. "Yes, there is. But it's only for my own satisfaction," he added quickly. "I'm sure that one of you was with him earlier in the evening. I don't have a set of Ron's fingerprints, but I'm sure that if I did..."

"The idea turns you on?" suggested Ron.

I put out an arm and started to say something to restrain him, but the policeman waved me off. "It's an interesting thought," he said. At this he leaned back in the chair, allowing his legs to separate. There was no mistaking the bulge in the man's groin, the type of display that Chuck had been fond of calling "a jockey short basket."

The display was not lost on me and certainly not on Ron, who shot me a quick grinning glance. "Did you find the situation interesting?" he teased.

The bigger man nodded, took another sip from his glass, and swallowed hard. "Yeah, I did," he admitted.

I wanted to caution Ron to keep his mouth shut, not to trust this guy even if he did claim to have closed the case and to have exonerated anyone who might have been under suspicion. But Ron was anything but cautious. By nature he was aggressive, always had been, and he now pushed what he saw as an advantage. "What if I admitted that I'd worked him over?" he asked.

The big man grinned and made a soft hissing laugh. "I'd say you were pretty good. For a kid," he replied.

"Good in what way?" I interjected, hoping to restrain Ron's further admissions.

"You know," said Nicholson, fixing me with his steely gaze. "There's an old line from Gilbert and Sullivan. *H.M.S. Pinafore*, I think. *When a felon's not engaged in his employment. Remember that? His capacity for innocent enjoyment is just as great as any honest man.* Well, it applies to cops too. Get the picture?"

"I'm not sure I do," I replied, although I was certainly beginning to get a glimmer.

"Let's put it this way," he continued. "I'm not assigned to these sex cases by accident. I'm not sure what the Department knows or suspects, but they always put me on them, because they know I understand what's going on. I find it possible to 'empathize,' as they say, with people who get into these kinky activities."

"And you wouldn't mind a little of that action yourself. Is that it?" asked Ron.

The big man shrugged. "It isn't exactly what I had in mind when I first came by, but then I hadn't seen this father and son team." He looked directly into Ron's eyes, then dropped his gaze to the crotch, where I could see a stirring of response to the cop's obvious interest.

"And I've never had a chance to whip a cop's ass," Ron replied evenly.

I felt my heart sink as I listened to him. If the bastard was playing a game with us, some game beyond the obvious, Ron was going for it hook, line and sinker. On the other hand, if the guy was really as horny as he pretended to be, I wasn't eager to take him up on it. I didn't like him, certainly didn't trust him and, to admit the truth, I was more than a little afraid of him. Besides, having just discovered my son, I wasn't at all sure I wanted to share him, not just at this moment and not with this bruiser of a cop who had done his best to work me over the coals for the better part of two days.

I glanced at Ron, who was looking directly at me, a deliberately stern expression on his face. "What do you think, Dad? Feel up to putting a cop through his paces?"

"I think he's a phony," I answered harshly.

"There's only one way to find out," Ron told me. He looked over at the big cop, who now reclined as best he could in the narrow chair, sipping at his drink. "If he got his big ass out of that chair and showed us what he had to offer, maybe we could make up our minds."

For a moment the two of them— my slender innocent-looking son and the big muscular cop— sat staring, almost glaring at each other. Then slowly Nicholson unwound from his chair, stood up and carefully placed his drink on the side table. Without further comment he began to unbutton his shirt. With an almost practiced motion, he removed it. In my mind's eye, or rather ear, I could hear the strains of "The Stripper" as he performed his disrobing act in the center of my living room. And I disliked him even more intensely during those moments than I had while being subjected to his "tough cop" routine on the previous two days. This was partially a response to his hypocrisy— treating me as a felony suspect largely because of my presumed interest in the very activities he obviously found so attractive himself.

My feelings were also tinged with jealousy, I suppose, because of my perception that Ron was attracted to him. However, as the cop's heavily muscled body revealed itself through the departing layers of clothing, my son caught my eye and winked at me

behind the other's back. He had a mischievous expression on his face as well, and I took this as an attempt to alert me to some nefarious plan.

The big cop got down to his jockey shorts, having placed his other clothes in a neat pile on a chair, and stood in the center of the room. He looked from one to the other of us, made a nervous adjustment of his elastic waistband, then stood with his arms at his side, eyes toward the floor. Among the items in his pile of discarded clothing were his gun and handcuffs. Ron stood up, walked to the towering figure and placed himself directly in front. When the cop glanced up, Ron motioned with one finger for him to resume his supplicating posture, head hanging forward, eyes down. He then worked a moment on the big red-brown nipples, pinching them with his fingers until they stood out in little peaks against the hairy, powerfully muscled chest. Ron let up after a minute or two, took a firm grip on each of the man's wrists, and leaned into him, positioning the hands together behind the big man's back. Once he let go, the cop retained the position.

Ron moved toward the pile of clothes, leaving me with a momentarily unobstructed view of his subject. The man was even more heavily built than I had been able to ascertain, observing him clothed. His chest was massive, as were his arms and legs. The muscles were hard and well defined with a heavy growth of hair down the entire front of his body. Standing as he was, more or less centered against a lighted table lamp, he displayed a hairy halo all across his shoulders and down the upper portions of his arms. His waist was tapered and a few years before, he probably would have had exquisitely defined abdominals. As it was, I could see the softening around his middle with just the beginning of a paunch. Within the jockeys, I could see the outline of arousal, but the dick was curved downward over his balls, and it was difficult to assess what treasures might lie within the tightly fitted pouch.

Ron returned with the cuffs and quickly snapped them onto the big cop's wrists. As he did this, there was a perceptible rise within the captive's shorts and a sharp intake of breath when the second cuff clicked into place.

"From what Dad tells me— and from what I have seen— you've been a real asshole through this investigation," Ron said, still standing behind the bigger man, who made no immediate response to the comment. "A real asshole," Ron continued, "an asshole who deserves to get punished."

"Yes, sir," whispered the captive.

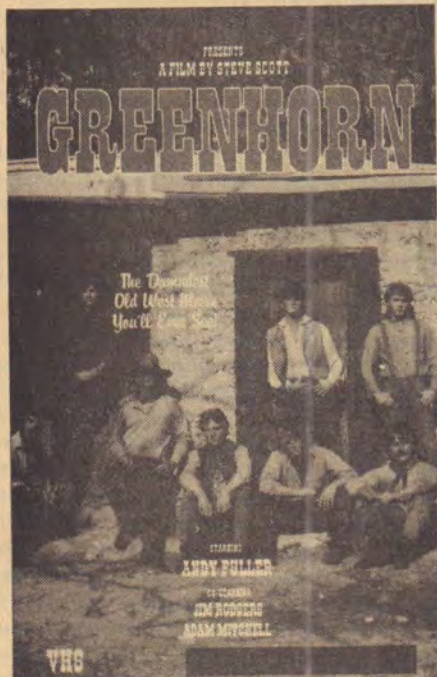
"Yeah, you're going to get punished all right," Ron told him. He looked around the man's shoulder, grinning at me and nodding. "You're going to get the worst punishment an asshole slave can get!"

The big man shuddered, obviously expecting Ron to strike him or take some other decisive action. Instead my son came calmly around to the cop's front and snatched at the jockey shorts. He tore them partially off, but they were fairly new and the elastic waistband resisted him. He yanked again with all his strength, almost toppling the handcuffed figure before the elastic gave and tore away in his hand. The big cop now stood completely naked except for his handcuffs. The contents of the pouch proved to be slightly disappointing, a seemingly smaller than average circumcised cock with fairly large balls drawn up tightly against the base of his shaft. He was not fully erect however, and the first gleam of sweat was shining through the heavy pelt on his chest.

"Dad, keep an eye on this asshole, will you? I've got a couple of things up in my room that might be just right for him." With that he gave the captive's cockhead a flip with his finger and hurried out of the room.

Ron had been gone for two or three minutes when the big cop spoke to me in a muttered undertone, never shifting his gaze from the floor. "You gonna let the boy run the show, buddy? I thought you'd be the boss of the outfit..." He continued on in the same vein, his dick responding to his words, growing steely hard and straining at an oblique angle toward the ceiling— stubby, but much thicker than I had realized.

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BULLET VIDEO PAC 2

Bruno and Rod Mitchell working out and working each other over in *In and Out*. Bull Dozier stops building his deck in *Satisfaction* to soak in the hot tub and get a load off; Tony Busso, hiding in *The Basement*, gets off watching superhunk Pete Bronsky strip down and take his pounding problem in hand; Chuck Samson imagines his own *Pool Party* when blond and muscular Don Scott comes to clean the pool and stays to come. Plus a random selection of hot outtakes!

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BULLET VIDEO PAC 3

Drew Burton and Tom act out some exciting games in *Fantasy Time*; Tim Kramer slips aboard Kyle Hazard's boat under Kyle's power in *Sailor Beware*; Will Seegers, Peter Bolt and John Colby are Cowboys with more than tumbleweeds on their minds; Dan Donovan shows you what a hot young man can do when he's left alone at home in *Danny Boy*.

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For a few seconds I wasn't sure how to answer him, then realized that it really made little difference. So what if I didn't know the expected routine in this type of SM situation? The man had submitted, submitted to both of us and, since Ron seemed to know better how to handle it, I was leaving it to him. Finally I cut off the flow of words. "I don't remember anyone giving you permission to speak, asshole," I said firmly. "I've heard enough of you over the last two days."

He stopped muttering and Ron returned to the room. He carried a doctor's "black bag" in his hand from which he immediately produced two five-foot lengths of rope. With these he deftly fashioned a knotted harness about the base of the hard bouncing cock; his efforts produced a glint of fluid in the pisshole. He used the second rope to fashion a lead around the captive's neck. "Ready to go downstairs, Dad?" he asked.

I stood up in silent assent, following as he led the cop toward the door to the cellar stairs. As I watched them go, moving a few paces ahead of me, I felt the first real stirring of excitement, partially as a result of the present incongruous situation, but more in recall of being led this way myself with my hands bound behind me and a rope wound tightly around my balls.

Ron clicked on the light and led the cop down the steep wooden steps. I followed behind, noting as the glare from the unshielded bulb caught his rear, that a few faint scars remained on the captive's back and ass from some previous exchange. As Ron proceeded to string him up by the neck to an overhead pipe, I heard the cop begin in the same soft monotone he had used in speaking to me earlier: "You really got me now, man, haven't you? I always like to get it on with guys I've hassled, 'cause it makes 'em all the meaner when they punish me. You're gonna give it to me good for that, aren't you, man?"

"If you don't shut up, I'm going to gag you," Ron replied. "In fact maybe that's not such a bad idea." With that he took the remnants of the big man's shorts from the black bag, where he had placed them, and stuffed the tattered wad into his captive's mouth. He then secured it in place with a narrow leather strap. "That should keep you quiet," he added. Then he stood back and laughed, gesturing for me to join him.

Side by side we stood facing the cop, who now displayed a suggestion of anxiety about his eyes, the only part of his face capable of showing anything. "You know, Daddy, 'they' tell me that the cruellest thing you can do to a masochist is to do nothing, especially when he's tied up and can't do anything to help himself. You ever heard that?" He grinned sardonically in my direction.

Not really sure what he meant, I agreed with him, imitating his smile as I looked up at the big bound man with the gag stuffed in his mouth. I guess we presented a strangely exciting picture to him, both more lightly built than he, very similar in body proportions— in short, real father-son look-alikes. Nicholson stared at us, helpless to do any more than this.

"You know," Ron began, "he really had his nerve, coming to us and just assuming we'd be intersted in him, when he's just made a complete asshole out of himself in giving you a hard time, and when he's horning in on us just when we've gotten to know each other."

I agreed and picked up on his cue. "You're right," I said. "But he might not understand that. Maybe we should show him just how well we get on together without some over-muscled cock-sucker intruding on us."

Ron looked at me sharply, apparently not expecting me to suggest this. His eyes held mine for a moment before he nodded and quickly turned to me, wrapped his arms around my upper body and pressed a full hot kiss on my lips. We held there for a long time, tongues exploring each other's mouths, bodies firmly joined, oblivious to the interloper who watched in silent misery.

Gradually, slowly, Ron released his grasp, his fingers working their way between us to unfasten the buttons on my shirt. He unbuckled my belt, the buttons on my Levi's, and shoved them part way down my legs. He went to his knees in front of me and dabbled his tongue several times against the head of my dick. I was already half hard, and this contact brought me up imme-

diately. Ron then teased the foreskin, sliding his tongue under it, continuing to work at the crown and leaving the full length of cock in plain view of the prisoner. I'm sure he did this deliberately, allowing him a full appreciation of the pleasures denied him before sliding his lips down the shaft and swallowing the cockhead deeply in his throat.

He was driving me into a frantic state of excitement, bringing me too soon to the verge of climax before he finally broke off and stood up to face me. Leaning close to my ear, he whispered, "Maybe you should give me another taste of the good old-fashioned woodshed. Like you used to when I was a bad kid. I'm sure Bozo there would get off on it— or be sorry he couldn't get off."

I stood back from him. "Let's get some of these clothes off," I said. Ron started to strip, and I struggled out of my own things, surprised that I had remained completely hard despite the exhibitionistic display. I had always been much more self-conscious than Ron and was secretly pleased that my body had not clenched up in front of our helpless observer.

I could hear a couple of appreciative groans from Nicholson as Ron bared himself, displaying the firm slender musculature beneath gleaming velvet skin. I noticed that he purposely kept himself positioned so that the front of his body was concealed from the prisoner. Only when he had completely stripped did he turn to give the big cop a glimpse of his well-defined chest and abdominals, the heavy, tumescent arch of darker colored cock against the light golden tan on his thighs. There was a deep muffled moan from the captive as his eyes took in the sight.

Ron came toward me, naked except for the boots he had slipped back onto his feet. In his left hand he held the leather belt he had pulled from the waist of his jeans. Going down on his knees, head hanging forward in supplication, he held the leather strap up to me. I took it in one hand, tossed his hair with the other and stood silent for a moment, not sure exactly how to handle the situation. I didn't know how much of Ron's behavior was actually desire to submit and how much was being done for the benefit of our manacled guest. Either way, I decided, I just go through the actions and see how it works out.

I reached down and took hold of Ron's upper arm, half lifting him and guiding him in the direction of the cartons piled on the floor across the room. He obeyed my directions, moving to the boxes and leaning over them. His milky white ass was upturned toward me; his legs stretched down with the toes barely touching the floor. His arms hung loosely over the far side. I hefted the belt in my hands, doubling it and testing the flexibility.

Glancing over my shoulder at the prisoner, I could see him straining against the bands of his own handcuffs. At least I could see the flexing of his arm and shoulder muscles, the tension in his legs, as his fat bloated pecker slumped slightly as if to express his disappointment at being ostracized from our game. The sight of him inspired me; I guess, so I began "talking it up," saying the things that seemed appropriate and which, strangely enough, affected me as well as the others and served to increase the already heated cravings in my balls.

"You've really done it this time, you little shit," I said. "If you ever deserved to be punished, it's now. Bringing this big asshole in here to watch. Well, I'll give him something to look at! I'm going to tan your hide like it's never been tanned before." I landed one fairly substantial blow across the right cheek, observing the outline turn white, then blush red even before I struck a second time. Between the wide spread of his thighs I could see Ron's cock stiffen until it was pressing hard against the cardboard, and every contact with the belt brought a groan or a sharp intake of breath, far more response than I used to produce when he was a kid and really getting punished. I wondered how much of this was for the benefit of our observer, how much might be a real response to his punishment. I was striking him harder, even from the start, than I ever had when he was a kid, gradually increasing the strength of my blows until I substantially exceeded the whipping I had given him two nights before when my excessive consumption of alcohol might have excused it.

It doesn't matter, I thought. I let him have a few more strokes, trying to land the blows in a slightly different place each time. As his ass and upper thighs began to glow a fairly even pinkish red, I gave him a couple of final, really heavy strokes. My cock was so hard I could feel the ache all up through my guts, and his firm rounded ass was too much for me to resist. I dropped the leather strap and threw myself on top of him, dry fucking him between the legs, as he drew them more tightly together to accommodate me. I could feel the fantastic sensation of heat against my groin, the leather heat from his well-whipped butt. I wanted nothing more than to penetrate his body right then and there, to unload the desperate churning in one great climax.

But I knew he didn't want that, not yet. I restrained myself with some difficulty, forcing the tide of lust to recede. Slowly I forced myself to lift away from him, my skin sticking to his ass as if to protest my withdrawal, my cock still bursting with desire as I pulled it free from the grip of his legs. Just as I came back to a standing position, the gas furnace across the way came on; the light "Boom" of igniting fuel seemed to punctuate the end of this opening phase.

Ron slid down from the stack of cartons, his hair disheveled, his skin creased from being pressed against the rough edges. To my surprise I noted a moisture about his eyes, as if he had been silently weeping in response to the pain I'd caused him. He looked at me with an expression I'd never seen on his face before. Respect? Thankfulness? I wasn't sure, maybe devotion or love. He went onto his knees again, bowing his head to me, his hands groping blindly for my crotch, touching my cock and drawing it to him. He rubbed the crown across his forehead, then against his cheeks and nose. He kissed it and tongued the cockhead, fully exposed now, as the foreskin had retracted to form a loose collar behind the wide flaring knob.

For the moment I had forgotten about Nicholson, who now intruded upon my consciousness by a series of muffled attempts to speak. He was almost squealing in his efforts to be heard and, glancing up, I could see that his hairy body was drenched in sweat. His face had gotten very red. Afraid he might be choking on the noose, I patted Ron's head and pulled away from him, going across to Nicholson and checking the tension on his neck bond. Although it was firmly in place, it did not seem to be cutting into his flesh. His efforts were obviously motivated by something else. I glanced over at Ron, who nodded. I unbuckled the strap that held the gag in place.

Nicholson gasped, swallowed hard, and licked his lips. "Thank you," he muttered. "But please, listen to me for a minute. I know you guys have reason to be pissed off at me; some of what I did was on purpose to make you, well, more ready to do what I wanted you to do. But I've got to tell you, it was me who got you off the hook. I was the one who understood what had happened, convinced the lieutenant, talked to the coroner about it, persuaded them to write it off as an accident."

As the big prisoner's words flooded out in a harsh tumble, I noted from the corner of my eye that Ron had taken the torn pair of shorts. Holding them against his crotch, he was in the process of pissing on them. I grinned to myself as I returned my overt attention to Nicholson. "...haven't even filed my final report, but I don't intend to mention either of you, at least as anything more than incidental. I..." Ron shoved the well-soaked rag into his mouth, cutting off the flow of words right in the middle of the big man's crudely-veiled threat.

"Let's see if a little piss will make that gag fit better," he laughed, fingers working the leather strap into place. Nicholson's head was tilted back and his whole body strained against the unwanted restraint. When my son stepped away, the big cop glared at him in helpless fury.

"I think that overstuffed asshole was actually threatening us, even now," said Ron. "Notice how he had to tell us he hadn't finished his final report? Wanted us to realize he could still put something unpleasant into the record. Well, I've got a cure for that!" Fumbling in his bag again, he came up with a small Polaroid camera. He took a couple of shots, holding them up for the big captive to see. "Wonder what old Lieutenant What's-his-

name would think of these," he said, laughing as Nicholson sputtered against the piss-soaked gag.

"You know, Daddy, back in my old JO days when I was a kid and used to enjoy tying myself up when I was alone in the house for a few hours, I had a special little game I used to play. I'd strip myself naked and set the kitchen timer to ding after three or four minutes. Then I'd go into a room and I'd start picking up various objects. Whatever I had in my hands when the bell sounded was the thing I'd have to find some kinky use for." He rummaged in his bag again, coming up with a small white bottle. "That's how I discovered this." He held the bottle out to me.

I wasn't sure what it was until I got close enough to read the label. "Nail polish?" I asked.

"Yeah," he replied, hardly able to suppress his glee. "This can be real nasty stuff, stings like hell when you put it on some, ah, sensitive area." He looked up at Nicholson, who glared in impatient fury at his smaller tormentor. "Yeah, I used to enjoy painting the head of my dick with it, then leaving it on. See, being uncircumcised I could cover it up with my foreskin and even go to school like that. All through gym class and everything else, no one would know that I'd gilded the old tulip. I used to pretend that you'd done it to me as punishment, humiliation."

"My God, Ron, didn't it hurt you, cause a rash or something?" I was so taken offguard by his account, I wasn't sure how to react.

"Yeah, one brand did give me some trouble. But most of them just get kind of crinkly after awhile, maybe start to flake off a little if you leave it on for a day or so. But I liked the idea of having something on the head of my dick that I'd be embarrassed as hell to have anyone see, but nobody knowing it was there except me."

Still laughing to himself, he unscrewed the cap, took hold of Nicholson's dick, and began to massage the head. The big detective had gone soft during our conversation, but Ron's ministrations now brought him up again. The wide stubby tool projected outward before he finished, the crown a gleaming cupola against the palm of my son's hand. Holding the shaft firmly, he began slowly to coat the cockhead with the bright crimson lacquer. It must have stung like hell, because the big prisoner squealed and squirmed in his desperate efforts to avoid contact with the little brush. But Ron held him in place and painted the entire crown a bright cherry red. By the time he finished, the big cop had nearly exhausted himself by his desperate attempts to avoid the inevitable.

Ron stood up, taking a hard grasp on one of the prisoner's nipples. "Now, asshole," he said sweetly, "I'm going to take a couple more pictures, then Daddy and I are going to enjoy ourselves. If I hear any more noise out of you, I may have to paint your tits to match your dick. You get the picture?" He grinned as the big cop rolled his eyes and blubbered something against the gag.

I walked over to stand beside my son, draping one arm across his shoulders as both of us stood looking at the sorry spectacle of the big, hairy, tightly-bound cop with his ridiculous red tassel. I was actually beginning to feel a little sorry for him, and I had to admit that I did find his big muscular body a turn-on as he struggled against his bonds. At the moment he was fighting back tears in his eyes, but whether this was from the pain or a result of his impotent fury, I couldn't tell.

"What do you think, Daddy?" asked Ron.

"I think I'd enjoy watching you use some of those other toys you have in the bag," I replied honestly. "Why not give me a demonstration on how some of them are used. You've got a perfect subject here. Willing too, I'd bet."

"Not a bad idea, except I hate to do anything this asshole's going to enjoy. But maybe you're right, the quality of mercy and all that, plus a little on-the-job training."

I could see an expression of relief or appreciation in Nicholson's eyes. "Yeah," I added. "Let's share the wealth with the deserving poor." I clasped my son hard against my chest, realizing how true it was for both of us. Nicholson, the poor slob, might enjoy the attentions he'd receive. But the real pleasure was ours to enjoy for a long time to come. □

CONRAP

In April I received a letter which needs to be shared with you and is pretty self-explanatory. The writer asked that his name not be given out to protect himself and his new lover. He is a San Franciscan.

"It's too bad that 'lack of interest' in the 'Conrap' column means that it will only appear on an irregular basis. Does that mean that our leather brothers find J/O fantasy stories more important, more meaningful, than actual, living people? The column has always intrigued me, and it took a while for me to write someone. I had no expectations—I simply decided to say 'hello.' But as a result, I now have what a lot of you dudes out there just dream about: a young, handsome man full of so much spirit, so much love, so much personal integrity. All he needed was someone willing to make a difference, give him some honesty and guidance. I'm sponsoring his parole—he'll be released in about five months—and he will be coming to live with me. The rest of the details are none of your business, but you can bet your ass I'd urge you and others to 'reach out and touch someone.' But be careful—you might find that it means more than just a J/O story. Making a difference means that something different is happening—to you."

Being careful in another light is the subject of this next part before I list the names of the men looking for someone out there. Rip-off artists and conmen are always looking to take advantage of people's good intentions. If you ever feel unsure of a person's intentions, one group keeps a pretty extensive file on rip-offs and you can contact them for information: The Prometheus Foundation, Box 12954, Pittsburgh, PA 15241. We do list people whom we discover later are nothing more than men looking to use others; two of these are:

David Freier #21281, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360

David Sidener #17175, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Both of these men are bad news, according to writers to this column. In the case of Sidener, the letters about his exploitations are fairly extensive.

PRISONERS

Winton Rogers #10647-OS, Box 58, McCain, NC 28361. G/W Top looking for correspondent which may lead to serious relationship.

Bobby A. Bryant #024399, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. Black, inside since 1969, wants correspondence.

Isaiah Joseph #45515, Parchman, MS 38738. G/W, 27, blond/blue eyed, 175#, 6'1", gets out soon, looking for sincere relationship, race unimportant.

Steven Goss #072186, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. G/W, 19, looking for a long time relationship with an older man from 35 to 60.

Sammy Davis Dotty #015342, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. Lonely man needs someone to correspond with.

Terry Evans #169-827, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. Lonely inmate in need of correspondent.

R. David Heiney #067877, Box 747, Death Row, Starke, FL 32091. Is 37 (looks 27), 6'3", 185 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, attended Kent State, likes music, books and writing. Seeks correspondence.

Eli Kasler #168140, Box 69, London OH 43140. Bi, 31, 155 lbs., 5'7", Capricorn, brown hair, blue eyes, is enrolled in college program.

Derek A. Johnson #157-691, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. Seeks correspondence.

Rickey Buckles #084809, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. G/B, 6'2", 190 lbs., sexy black eyes, curly black hair, loves all kinds of sex, wants someone to write him.

Bobby King #002613, Box 1100-1430, Avon Park, FL 33825. Wants correspondence.

Jimmy Richardson #060072, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. Is 28, 6'1", brown hair, blue eyes, likes country music. Please write.

Holden B.D. Williams #156-142, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. Is 26 without family or friends.

Steven W. Johnson #155865, Box 2000, Rte #3, Hagerstown, MD 21740-9539. B/W, 5'8", 180 lbs, blond hair, blue eyes, weightlifter, jogger, born 8/3/57, wants correspondence.

William Gibson #15086, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. G/W, 22, 5'10", 170 lbs., brown hair, hazel/blue eyes. Lonely "hot boy" needs a friend to love and be loved by.

Stephen D. Hamer #49679, c/o Skyline Correctional Center, Box 999, Canon City, CO 81212. Interested in gay and bi correspondence. 33, Scorpio, Sicilian, auburn hair, blue eyes, 5'8", 150 lbs. (Editor's note: This man is very goodlooking and is serving time for a white collar offense. He is sensitive, extremely intelligent, and would have a lot to offer any serious correspondents.)

Warren Williams #064962, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. Black, 5'11", 185 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, humorous, needs love.

Gary E. Alvord #041482, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. White, 36, 6'1", 180 lbs. Enjoys sports, cycles, skiing, scuba diving. Is into philosophy, the psyche and anything educational. Needs people to write.

Ahmad Abdul Majid #075878, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. Former cosmetologist, 5'7", 140 lbs., vegetarian and health nut, into bodybuilding, chess, cooking and cultural events. Race unimportant.

Jackie Grayson #44515, C/25. Parchman MS 38738. G/W, 25, brown hair, blue eyes, 150 lbs. Prison rape victim. Needs caring correspondents.

Prentis Richardson (No # given), Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. Is 28, Libra, 5'8", 170 lbs., very hairy. Is into art, Kung-fu, is lonely. Race unimportant.

Thomas P. Williamson #164-853, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. G/W, 5'8", 155 lbs., sandy brown hair, green eyes, chest 43, arms 16. This guy is 25 and lonely, needs correspondence badly.

Harry Mungin (No # given), Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. G/W, 22, 6', 175 lbs. Will be released 2/84. Sexual interests Greek & French. Needs a friend.

James Wesley Dyer #A-072652, Box 1500, Cross City, FL 32628. Has been inside since 1977, needs correspondence.

Larry Lanzone #291856, Route 2, Jester III, Richmond, TX 77469. G/W, 24, 5'9", 120 lbs., 7", red headed, hazel eyes. Seeks correspondence.

John R. Clark #166-017, Box 57, Marion OH 43302. Is 27, 5'9", 180 lbs., black hair, blue eyes, Capricorn. Enjoys outdoors, music poetry, horses. Wants correspondents.

Johnny Johnson #009095, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. Is 5'11", 190 lbs., gay, S/M, Greek & French. Looking for correspondents.

Preston Shands, Jr. #051870, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. G/B, 26, 6'2", 157 lbs., black hair, brown eyes. Lifer needs correspondents.

— Jay Bates

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"...IN THE LIFE"

by ROBERT STENGE



We were somewhere in upstate New York or Pennsylvania—Pennsylvania, I figured, because I knew those muffled sounds were the tunnel, and it carried us west from New York City. But even when the car stopped and the fat man led me across the yard to a small shed, he made me keep the blindfold on.

Then he said, "You can take it off. Take everything off."

Even then, I think I could have backed out. They hadn't forced me to do anything. They'd even paid me in advance—the \$500 was in an envelope in my suitcase.

Actually, the ad was Kenny's idea. I'd met him the day I arrived from Iowa, on Eighth Avenue right outside the Port Authority bus terminal. He wore tight red shorts and an *I Love New York* T-shirt that strained against his chest. Wavy brown hair framed a beautiful Latin face. He handed me a tourist information pamphlet.

"New to the city?" He had a boyish, eager voice.

"How'd you know?"

He laughed. "You're too clean-cut for New York. Have a place to stay?"

When I told him no, he asked how much money I had and when I said \$50 he laughed again. "Got a job?"

"No."

He handed me a card. "That's a furnished room next to my apartment," he said. "I keep it for friends from out of town. You can stay there tonight—only tonight. If I were you, I'd go job hunting—now."

Sure. Just go out and get a job. Everybody in New York needs a 21-year-old hick that can run a plow, milk cows and shovel horseshit. I thought I'd get manual labor, but a couple million guys had made it to the unemployment lines ahead of me, looking for the same jobs. I didn't have a chance.

That night I found Kenny's apartment. It was on the upper east side, a few blocks from the East River, a classy neighborhood. The room was actually a studio apartment, big and expensive-looking, with paintings of naked men all over the wall.

They weren't those classic Greek types leaning against pedestals or sitting around forest ponds, but modern stuff, poking their cocks out, cupping their balls, their mouths open and eyes hungry. I never saw a place like that in my life. It was a turn-on.

The air-conditioner wasn't working right, and the room was stuffy. I stripped down to my skin, took a quick shower, scrubbed my balls and cock, beat my meat a little, just enough to make it stand up.

Later, I picked up all the clothes I'd thrown all around the room and opened the closet door.

Except, it wasn't a closet. It was the door to Kenny's room. I must've looked like a real ass standing there naked with my clothes in my hand, my cock on the rise and me just staring at him with my mouth open. He was naked himself, sitting in the bed with a book in his lap.

"I'm sorry, I thought..." I started to say.

I heard that kiddish, eager laugh of his.

"Gotta put a lock on that door one of these days," he said.

"That's one of the problems with that room—it has no closets. And the air-conditioner doesn't work. How about a beer?"

He got up and headed for the refrigerator, his cock rising.

He opened the refrigerator door and bent over to show off the sexiest ass I ever saw, tight but chunky, cheeks that curved tight around and carried your eyes like arrows to his sac. The hair there was lighter than on his head, and curlier.

When he returned with the beer, I tried to look casual, but my cock had grown from four inches to nine, and if I'd have bent over I'd have poked a hole through my navel.

"You got a beautiful body," he said cheerfully. "That's an incredible dick."

He handed me a can of beer, took a sip from the other, put it on the table and knelt in front of me. For a while he just held my cock and balls in his hand and studied them. It was like he was trying to memorize the way they looked.

Then I felt his hair brush my legs and his wet tongue touch my nuts, just the tip, lightly touching, tickling. He lapped the back of the sac, and I shuddered and moaned.

He smiled at me, and then his tongue was on the underside of my cock, lightly touching again, making it jump in rhythm with my pulse. He put it in his mouth, rolling the head around from cheek to cheek, bathing it in his spit. I dropped my head against the wall, closed my eyes and let him go to it.

It was like he could read my mind. Three times he brought me so close my gut ached with wanting to come. Maybe he tasted the first juices, or could tell by its hardness or the way it twitched. Anyway, he always stopped, sliding his lips over the shaft and back to the balls, nibbling on them, taking them in his mouth until I stopped panting. Then back on the cock, swallowing it again.

He knew what he was doing. After awhile, although I was still hot as hell, the cockhead wasn't so sensitive.

"Now maybe you won't come so fast," he told me. He stood and faced the mirror behind the bed, bent over my cock and slid it into his ass.

In the mirror, I could see my hands on his cock, the head jutting way above my fingers. Hard and meaty, it pulsed in my grip.

He leaned back and I could see my cock going in and out of him as he moved. I'd never seen myself fuck before, and it was a hell of a trip. I spread my legs and watched my nuts pull tight against my ass. I watched my fingers trace his tight abdomen, play with his pubic hair, while my other hand stroked his cock.

He moaned. I caressed his nuts, tugging gently, and he started to buck on my cock. In a few seconds we came together, his cum shooting all over his chest. Then we relaxed, my hands on his belly. I watched my sperm run out of him and down the sides of my prick.

The next day I got up early, bought a newspaper and started looking for a job. That afternoon I actually got blisters on my feet walking—the new shoes didn't fit like farm boots. And when I dragged myself back to the apartment that night, I was ten dollars poorer—food's expensive in New York—and still unemployed.

That's when Kenny suggested the ad.

"What have you got to lose?" he said. "You can always say no. But I know lots of people who run ads like that, and it's always worked out."

"What the hell could I do in a day that would be worth \$500?"

He laughed. "I know you're from the boondocks, but even you ought to know that a body like that—a cock like that—is worth money. Maybe for movies, for instance."

First, I thought the idea was crazy. Why would somebody pay me \$500 for a fuck? Then I went through some kind of morals thing—what would Mom say? But fucking's fucking. What the hell's the difference if some guy's there with a camera?

In fact, it would be a blast to do it, I decided. Guys all over the country getting hot watching your cock in action.

So the next morning I called the ad into the *Village Voice*, and that night the guy called me.

He had a lousy voice. It reminded me of a washing machine. But he was up-front, told me what he had in mind right over the phone.

"I got some people like certain kind of entertainment, you know what I mean? We need a stud that can take a little light S and M and knows how to fuck."

"S and M?"

"Yeah, you know—you get tied up, cracked a few times with a whip. Nothing heavy, no pain to speak of. Just illusion. It's the fucking they want to see."

"I'm not interested." I was ready to hang up. What the hell did I need with this weird stuff?

"Five hundred in cash in advance," the guy said. "You get it before we leave. Two hours out of the city, two hours on the floor, two hours back and that's it. Shit, don't worry about the S and M thing—you won't even need a band-aid. Hell, I don't even know if I can use you. Depends on your looks and build. Let me come over, take a look at you and we'll talk maybe."

I gave him the address and he was at the place in forty-five minutes. He was short, round and bald in his fifties.

Kenny watched me undress in front of him. He examined me the way we size up a bull back in Iowa, ran his hand over my rump, felt the weight of my cock and balls. If he'd held them another half second I'd have knocked his teeth out.

But he stepped back and smiled, showing a row of crooked teeth.

"He belong to you?" he asked Kenny.

"Just a friend."

"He fuck good?"

"With meat like that— you kidding? The best!"

"Let's see him in action," he said, leering.

"Forget it," Ken told him in sudden anger. "I'm not the show biz type."

So we had a deal, and two days later, about supertime, he was at the door and handed me the five hundred. I put the money in my suitcase, locked it, and slid it under the bed in my room.

"He'll be back around one," the fat guy told Ken.

"I'll wait up," Ken said softly.

It was a silver limousine and I had the whole back seat to myself complete with stereo music and champagne on ice. I drank it from the bottle, conveniently placed between my legs, where I could find it blindfolded.

"Ain't you undressed yet?" the fat man yelled.

"I'm ready."

He opened the door and led me across the grassy yard toward the barn. Right then I felt really naked. With every step my nuts and cock slapped against my legs. I felt the breeze on my ass cheeks and the grass under my feet.

The fat man opened the barn door and I stepped in. At first I heard voices, but now everything became quiet.

Bright lights hung from the center rafters, and beneath them was a long, narrow, padded table. The floor was covered with straw, and on three sides of the table, about ten feet from it, benches that rose like bleachers in an arena. They were full of men. In the dim light, I could see every eye in the place on me.

I saw a few cocks poking out of zippers. hands were massaging them.

"Here, take a few swallows— it'll relax you," the fat man said, handing me a bottle. It must have been pure alcohol. It kicked the shit out of me going down, but it did the job. In the next thirty seconds I got warm inside. I felt peaceful, like everything was just a little make-believe. It was a little like looking in the mirror and watching myself fuck Ken.

I took a deep breath, felt the skin stretch across my chest. I sucked in my gut and stuck out my cock. Fifty or a hundred guys were staring at it— I could see them, feel them getting hot over my body. We were all fucking together, growing together, and my cock just started getting hard.

"Now go on out and lay down on that table, on your back," the fat man said. "The leather boy'll do the rest."

So I walked across the straw, the bright lights gleaming off my sweating body, and lay back on the cool leather. For a while nothing happened. I just spread my legs and lay there, and the room filled with whispers.

Then he was standing there, tall in thick-heeled shoes, hooded in black leather, his whole body in tight black leather, even his hands. He rubbed his gloved fingers over my legs, spreading them wider, bent down.

I felt the leather straps tighten against each ankle. He moved to each wrist and fastened it.

It might have been that alcohol or whatever the hell it was; I'm about as passive as a mad bull most of the time. Yet, all I did was try to flex my arms and, when I knew the straps had me, I just lay there like in a dream.

The fat man was suddenly standing next to me. "Here we have a nice clean farm boy," he told the crowd, and pinched my tit hard. "Look at that sausage on him!"

The leather boy took my cock in his hand and slapped it back and forth against my belly, and then squeezed it hard and held it up for the crowd to examine.

"He could fuck cows with a cock like that!" the man said.

THE ENEMA AS AN EROTIC ART by David Barton-Jay



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...t through the
eedy," came an announcer
y," "Well," said the young, dark, attract
ry, very well." I listened for signs of what they
it heard no clue. Something was happening with the f
my ass. They weren't changing its fucking position, but they were
doing something to it. I didn't move. I didn't risk making a sound. I
terrified. Suddenly someone said, "Okay, let'er go." That's all I heard
Then there was silence. For a few seconds I didn't know what was going
on. I didn't feel anything happen, but then, taken by complete surprise, I
was able to identify the torture. They were giving me an enema! Jesus
Christ, I thought, an ENEMA! The second thing I thought was that I wasn't
going to be able to hold it. I felt the water gush into me. It was hot. I
wanted to yell, but didn't. No one in the ambulance was saying a word.
Suddenly, as suddenly as the siren, still blaring through the streets, I felt
Not a sound except that of the siren, still blaring through the streets. I felt
a strange fullness in my ass, but got used to it. For a fraction of a second
I thought it felt good—like getting fucked. I was about to enjoy the
... have it forestalled with more water. The pleasant
... quickly to torture again. Then, just as I
... my attendant. Again, the water
... pulling my hair
... rowel. I

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"Probably does."

The leather boy put it in his mouth, sliding up and down, sucking the blood into it, making it hard. He reached under the table, showed the audience a cock ring, slipped it around the base of the shaft, tightening it.

His leather fingers kneaded my balls. The tongue lapped the cockhead.

Here and there in the audience I could hear moans. It got to me, knowing everybody was staring at my cock, feeling my heat, my excitement. I could feel the blood pounding in my head.

The leather boy felt the throbbing under my nuts and pressed the blood up past the cock ring, making the cockhead swell and glisten bright red. The veins bulged.

He held it upright for the audience. From the shadows I heard guys moaning.

Now he reached under the table again and found a thin leather strap. I felt him playing with my balls, tugging at them, then tightening the strap around them. He strapped a rope to the belt and pulled it back, moving out of sight. I figured he was tying it to a ring or something on the floor.

He pulled it tighter. My balls started aching and I slid as low as I could on the table. He kept tightening, stretching them out until I couldn't slide any lower and I thought he was trying to tear my nuts off, and I tried to yell but I couldn't make the sound come out.

Then the fat man pulled a handle out of the table and cranked it. My ass started rising. The pressure on my balls became a screaming ache and my cock lifted off my belly as the skin pulled tighter until it stuck straight into the air.

The crazy thing was—it didn't matter. Not the pain. Not the fear. It was like I was in the audience, looking down at myself, seeing the muscles of my body stretched, the skin tight over my ribs, my chest heaving with each breath.

And every eye in the place, even my eyes, focused on that raging cock, now blue and purple from the blood trapped in it. Every mind concentrating on nothing but that cock.

"Now let him have it, kid." The fat man's voice was husky with excitement.

The leather boy took a whip from underneath the table, stepped back. A hush fell over the crowd. He uncoiled it, raised his arm and struck.

The whip landed on my stomach, cutting the skin from side to side across my navel. My ass bounced two inches off the table, ripping the skin at my balls. My cock jerked around like a marionette.

He raised his arm again. When he stopped, my whole body was numb and pain didn't mean anything anymore. My chest and belly were a mass of thin, bloody welts.

"All right guys," the fat man said.

They started coming from the benches and formed a line behind me. One guy stood near my face, bent and kissed me, pushing his tongue into my mouth. One kicked off his shorts and rubbed his hard dick over a bloody welt in my ribs. Then he straddled me, spread wide his ass and rammed my cock into him.

He started bucking hard, while some other guy went down on his cock. Every move felt like it was ripping my nuts off. I opened my mouth to scream, but some young stud slammed his cock down my throat. I closed my lips around it and forgot about everything.

I was in some kind of delirium then. The next hour was a mingling of cocks and balls all over me, orgasms, cum bursting up through the cock ring and splashing on my belly, hands, flesh prodding my ass, flesh in my throat. Lights blazing, screaming, cum all over my body, lips sucking toes and fingers, pain, more cum, bursting orgasms. A razor, blood.

I don't know how long I slept. I don't know how they got me into that room next to Kenny's, unless they told the doorman I'd been drunk out of my mind. I awoke with the morning sun blazing in my eyes. The clothes I'd worn lay neatly folded on the chair.

For a long while I lay there trying to get the best of the throbbing agony in my head. Finally I looked down at my chest. The welts had almost disappeared and the blood had been washed away. But the hair on my chest and around my cock had been shaved away.

I knew how it must have ended, what they'd done. Slowly I reached for the spot where my balls had been.

I got lightheaded with relief. The only pain was where the strap had cut into the scrotal skin. It was still sore.

After half an hour I got up. I called to Kenny. He didn't answer. I opened the door to his room.

It was empty. All the furniture was gone, even the mirror behind the bed.

I turned back into my room, pulled the suitcase from under the bed and unlocked it. The envelope with the money was still there. I walked back into the vacant apartment.

A large manila envelope with my name on it leaned against the wall where the mirror had been. I reached inside and found a smaller envelope, opened it. There was a note:

"We moved out last night, and new tenants are due today. Management asks you to vacate by noon.

"You do excellent work— please accept the bonus enclosed.

"The other is something to remember me by, until I see your next ad. Much love and thank you for everything. Kenny."

With the note was another two hundred dollars, and at the bottom of the manila envelope, rolled up into a tight little ball, were the long black gloves of the leather boy. □

PILZNER

A LITTLE SOUTH OF MARKET 225 CHURCH SAN FRANCISCO



The Zeus cameras have been allowed to photograph for the first time this year's INFERNO XI, the Chicago Hellfire Club's annual S & M run. Only The Zeus Collection takes you and your fantasies to the world's most exclusive S & M organization's secret rites where 200 hot, international leathermen demonstrated for Zeus what they do better than anyone else.

ZM-200 INFERNO MAGAZINE
48 pages 8½ x 11 \$8.50
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The Zeus Collection's TONY BRONTE magazine presents three of the hottest, hardest musclemen to steam up our pages. Featuring a true Italian stallion Tony Bronte in the briefest of leather, western gear, and rock hard muscle sweat. Joining Tony on this issue's pages are equally hot Jason Steele and Ryder Knight, hard-up and ready for any scene.



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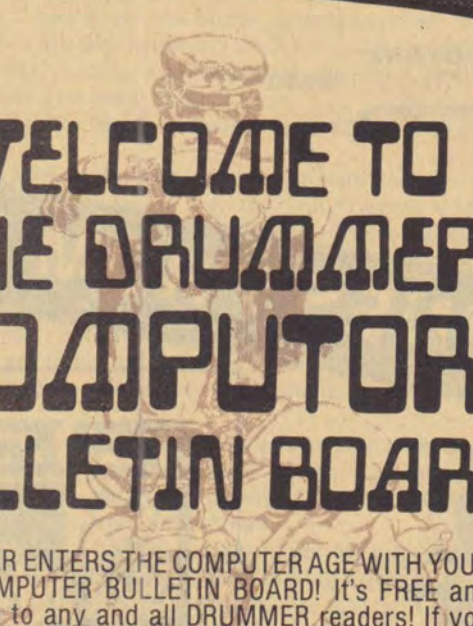


ZM-124 Merek Flint
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SEND \$2.00 FOR OUR LATEST BROCHURES - PLEASE STATE THAT YOU ARE OVER 21



WELCOME TO THE DRUMMER COMPUTER BULLETIN BOARD

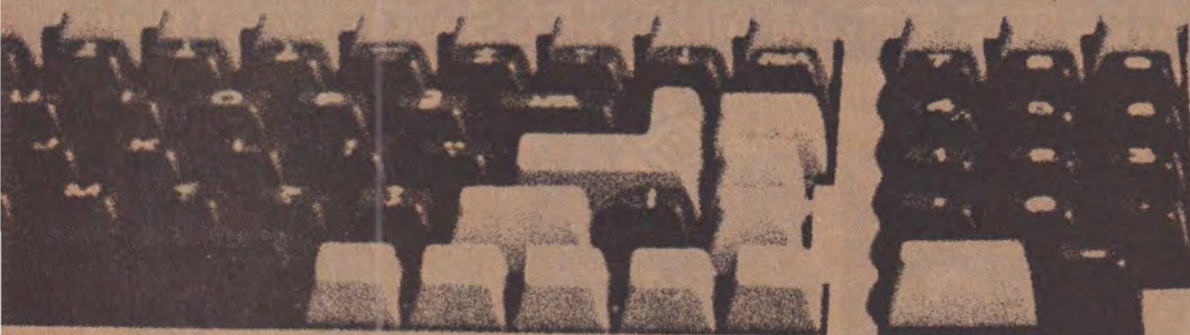
DRUMMER ENTERS THE COMPUTER AGE WITH YOUR OWN COMPUTER BULLETIN BOARD! It's FREE and available to any and all DRUMMER readers! If you are a LEATHER FRATERNITY member, you will be sent a special code to get you on to additional levels of the computer circuit for the hottest discipline questionnaire you 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!

WHAT DO YOU GET FOR YOUR SEVENTY-FIVE BUCKS WHEN YOU JOIN THE LEATHER FRATERNITY?

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. Occasionally you even get a newsletter of what is happening around the country.

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, San Francisco, CA 94103.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY



THE BEAT GOES ON...

L.A. may be touted as the 'dream factory' of the world, but it just might be the 'winner factory' as well— witness the 1983 Mr. Southern California Drummer Contest, where every contestant was a winner by just about every possible definition of the word.

But L.A. has a history of producing winners: and last year gave us the 1982 Mr. International Leather and the 1982 Mr. Drummer, Luke Daniel. This year? Well, the competition is awful stiff! We're talking about the competition in Los Angeles. When these men take their place on other stages in other cities, it sure makes Southern California look like the winners' factory.

Greg's Blue Dot, the best possible place in Los Angeles to hold a contest of any kind, has been the home of the Mr.

PHOTOS BY ROSE DE CASTRO

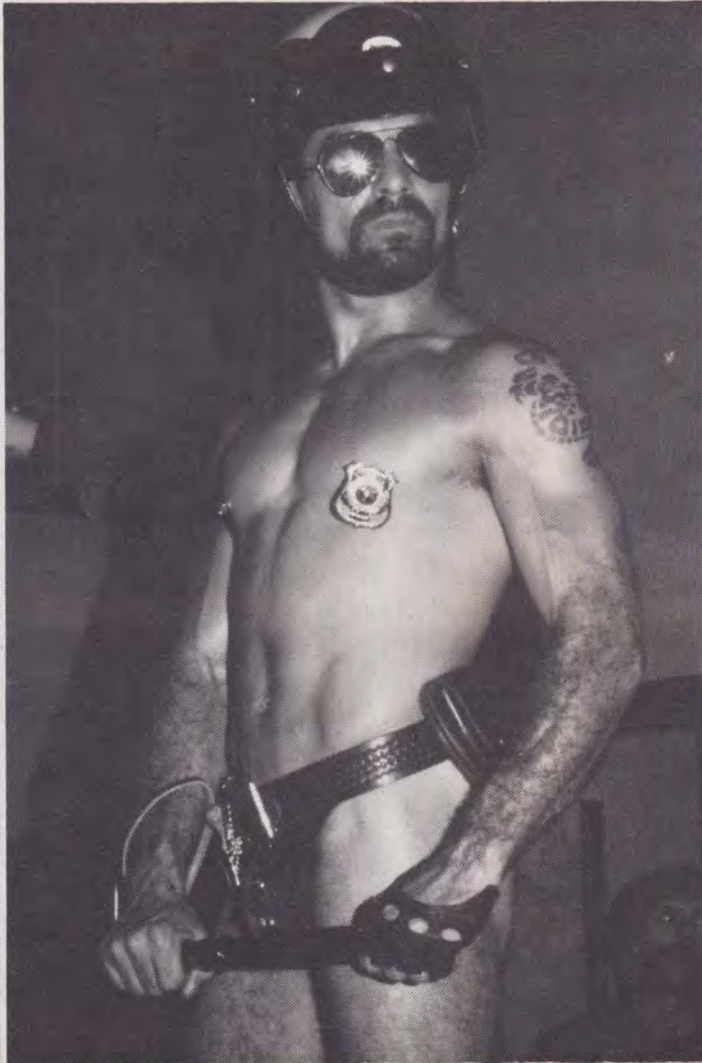
Southern California Drummer Contest for two years running, and this year, just like last, they have come up with more award-winning men than you might expect could even live in one place at one time.

April 15th saw Greg's Blue Dot packed to the rafters as the city and the contestants counted down for this year's Mr. Drummer representative. But if you think April is the cruelest month, then you've never been to Greg's when shiny leather and chrome was matched with muscular pecs and washboard stomachs— the audience wasn't the slightest bit indisposed as a couple score men kept stripping down to less and less as the evening progressed. By the time it came down to picking just one Mr.

Southern California Drummer, the whole process loomed harder than picking just one piece of candy out of a shop full.

But manage, somehow, they did. Second Runner-up Kraus and First Runner-up Paul (see centerfold) only took a numerical back seat to the winner, Mark (see page 52), who got an extra special bear hug from both 1982 Mr. Drummer Luke Daniel and Super-Drummerman Val Martin.

It seems L.A. has sent a message to San Francisco, where Mark will compete in the finals on June 24th against the other regional title winners for the 1983 Mr. Drummer crown. The message: Just wait until you men in The City see what kind of stud the 'dream factory' can produce! We heard you, loud and clear!

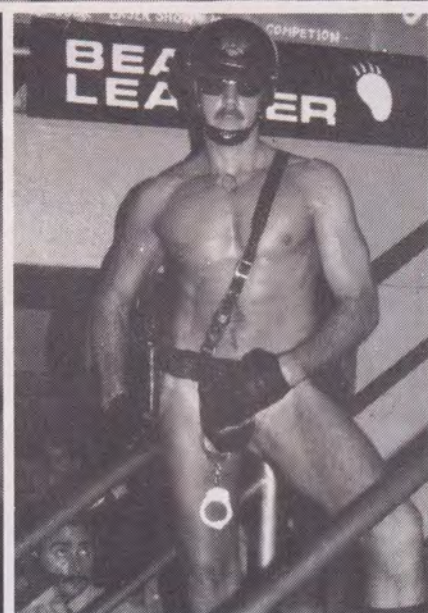
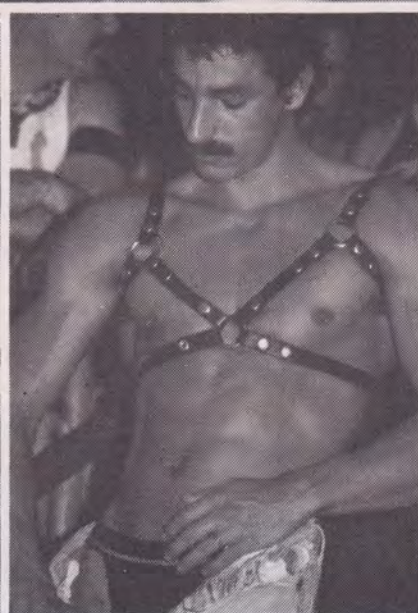


their publications.

Signature

& MANIFEST. I am enclosing \$

now, get busy!



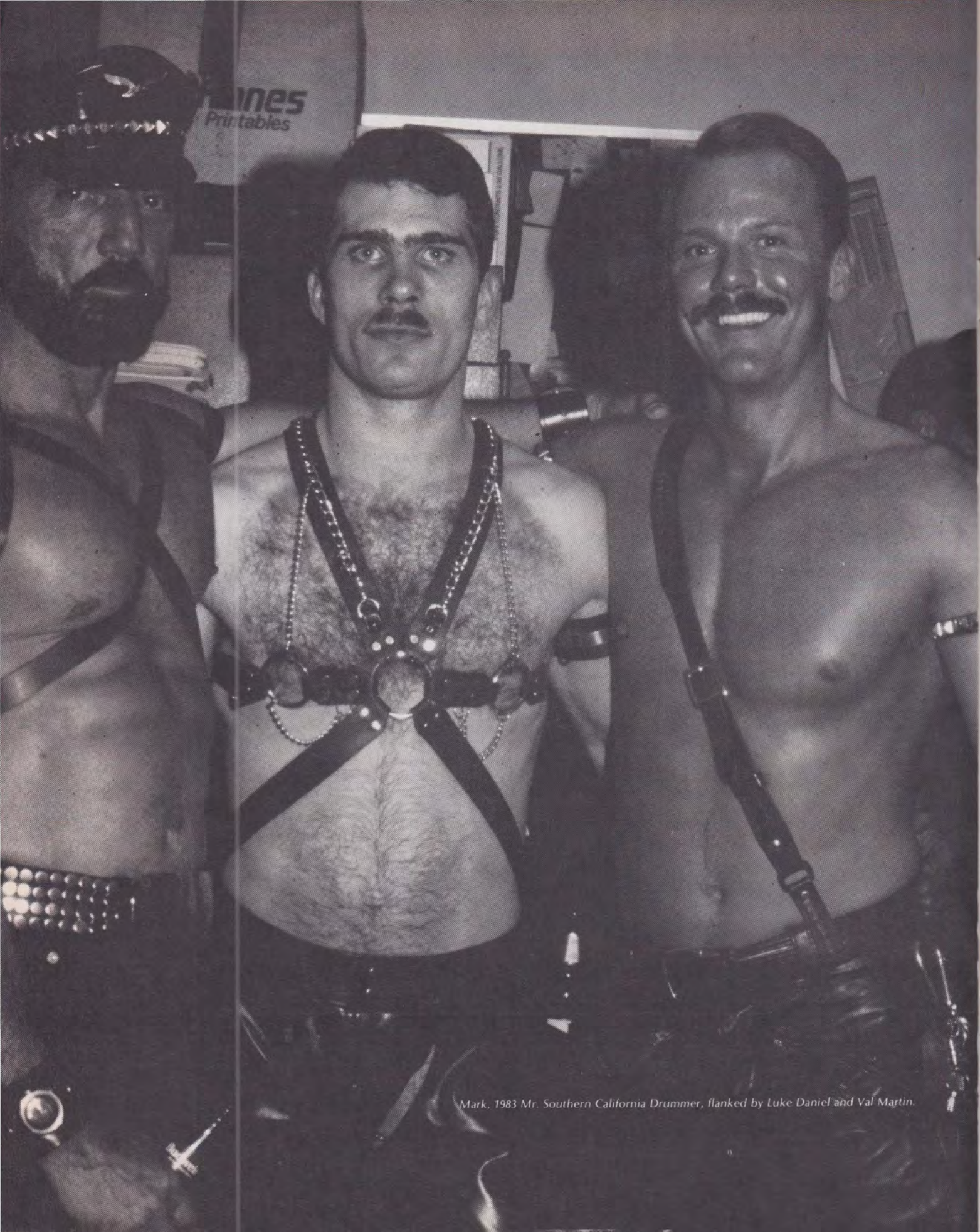


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Signature



Mark, 1983 Mr. Southern California Drummer, flanked by Luke Daniel and Val Martin.

DRUMBEATS

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

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MANIFEST
TOO FOR
FOUR-BITS!



HOW ABOUT AN EVEN BIGGER BARGAIN?!

WE'LL PICK UP YOUR AD
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FOR ONLY 15¢ A WORD MORE
50¢ A WORD
FOR BOTH!

NATIONWIDE

MODELS

Drummer is looking for leather/uniform men willing to model. (415) 864-3456.

STILL UNCUT?

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.

UTAH COWBOY

Has boots, shoes, sneakers, socks, photos of booted dudes, misc. for sale. Sell/trade your own; Free listing. Send 60¢ in stamps for info to P.O. Box 2153, Salt Lake City, UT 84110 (1795 main).

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

39 year old M, successful professional man, just breaking into the scene, seeks contact with individuals, groups, clubs, organizations in the mainstream of the national and/or international S/M community for an introduction into the life style. Box 3675.

GERMAN SLAVE

Smooth skinned M, 25, from Munich stateside summer 83 looking for spanking S without beard. Box 3667.

ARIZONA

GENITORTURE/ BONDAGE

W/M 40, bearded, hairy, uncut, seeks

W/M under 35 for action or discussion. Photos, fantasies exchanged nationwide or call (602)244-1131 after 6:00 P.M. Box 3681.

BONDAGE GAMES

Married but watch guys? Gay dreams but straight? Businessman needing some private afternoons? Naked male, bound, gagged, sensuously tormented and used, a turnon? Same here! W/M, 35, 5'7", 140 lbs., desires safe, discreet bondage sessions w/ Phx-Metro area W/M, 28-40, similar build, clean, straight appearing, hairy-chest/ belly. Must play top and bottom. No experience preferred. Ropes, chains, gags, blindfolds, oral, greek play, light Tit/ T and C & B/ T okay. No S & M, whips, shaving, drugs, fems. Send letter w/ photo. Box 3670.

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVE

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs, 8 1/2" 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 3088

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

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.

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.

DOMINANT BODYBUILDER

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

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 yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a pic. I'm for real, man. J.M., P.O. Box 99688, San Francisco, CA 94109.

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.

UNIFORMS

Dutch/German-American, 32, 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.

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.

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 Private-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.

DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS MEET RIGHT HERE!

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.

Answering a Drumbeat ad is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast. So observe them or else. Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. Put your return address on the envelope if you want the letter returned should there be some problem with delivery. Put proper postage on the envelope. Include 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.

DRUMMER

15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103

Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state and federal laws. No advertising accepted from persons under 21 years of age. Alternate Publishing will not knowingly accept fraudulent, obscene, offensive or questionable advertising.

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Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

I declare that I am over 21 years of age and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Alternate Publishing is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any person I contact through their publications.

Signature _____

AD COPY (Please Print Legibly)

My ad is _____ words @ ☐ 35¢ DRUMMER ☐ 50¢ both DRUMMER & MANIFEST. I am enclosing \$_____. Now, get busy!

LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE

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

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.

BELTS AND LAUGHTER

Are you a hunky bottom man, under 35 and in shape, who can handle rough sex and masculine affection in equal amounts? Do you want a together buddy who can make decisions, plow your ass, and share good times? Description w/photo and phone to Box 3598.

FLEXING AND SHOWING

Off your muscles in bondage while another bodybuilder teases and sensually torments you until you come, again and again. From mild to heavy. Your limits respected. Colt types preferred. Write to P.O. Box 5401, Oakland, CA 94605.

BAY AREA: BOTTOM/ SLAVE

6', 165 lbs, WM. Looking for dominant, masculine Top/ Master. Into B/D, W/S, want to experience more. Request instructions with photo/ description. Box 3577.

MALE SEEKS MALE LOVER

With stocky muscular thick thighs and large developed tits, into girdles, corsets, nylons. I am sincere and discrete. Send picture and phone number to 537 Jones, #5136, S.F., CA 94102.

GAY WHITE MALE SEEKING C&B TORTURE

31, cute, 5'11", mustache, blonde hair blue eyes. 160lbs, workout at gym. I am

new to this, and shy! Would like to hear from similar, responsible guys who respect limits. Would like to hear from both S's and M's, young, couples, inexperienced or experienced o.k.. If interested send information about yourself and what you like, fantasies, toys, etc, picture if possible, and phone number and address to: Occupant, P.O. Box 14413, S.F., CA. 94114.

MASTER WANTED

By 25 yrs. old, 5'11", 155# hunky, grey eyed, blond. I'm looking for a master, 25-40 yrs. old, to take control and build me in mind, body, and spirit. I have finally realized my place is to be in total servitude as the property of a master. I'm into L/L, B/D, FF, W/S, and ready to have my limits expanded. I'm serious on giving my total being to the master. Sir if you're serious about your life, please write me. W/photo. Box 3628.

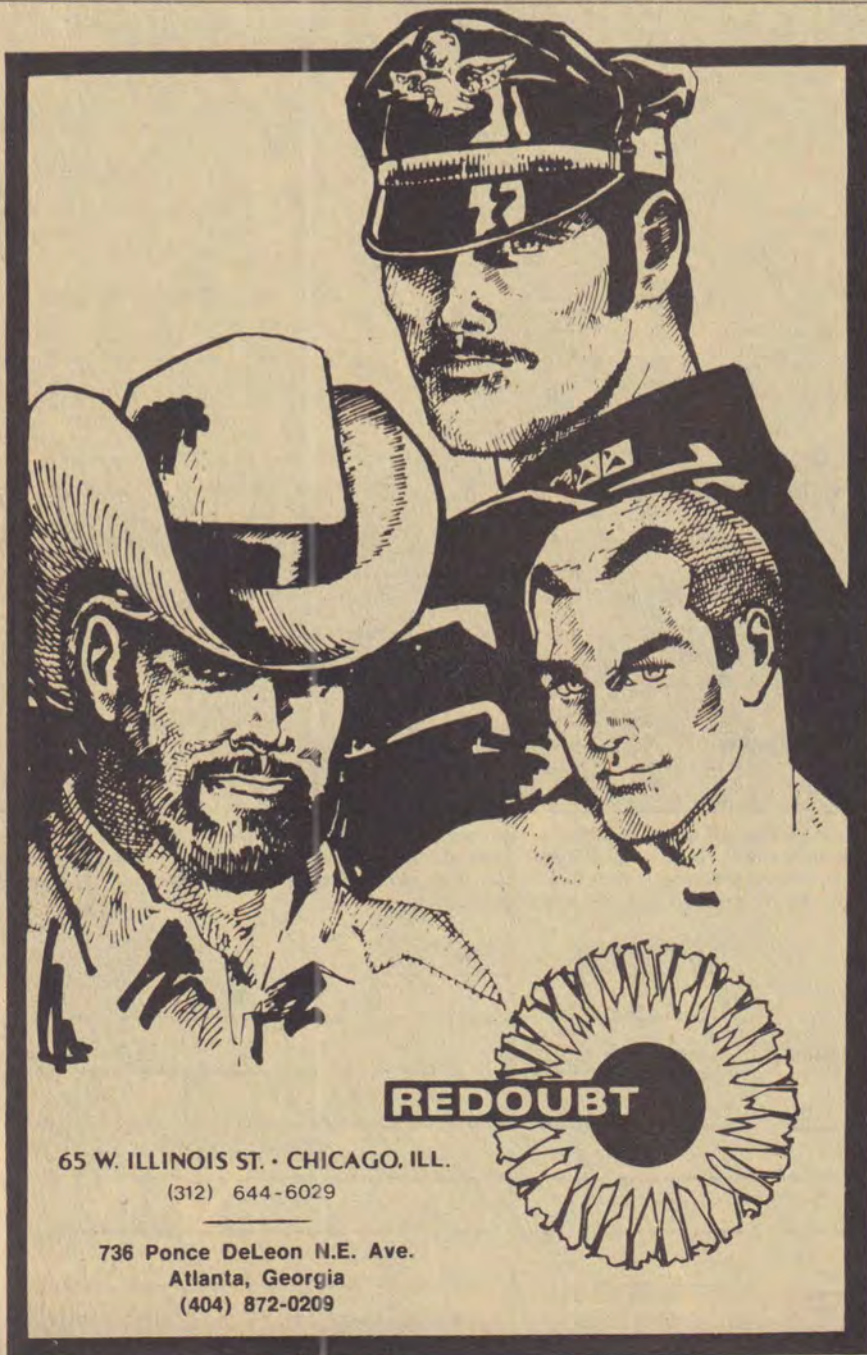
HOT COCK +

I'm 32, 150#, 5'10", hirsute, muscular w/br. hair, moust. & beard, tit-ring &

tattoo; usually top but welcome other tops one-to-one or? Experienced in all scenes esp. VA, TT, Humiliation, FF (top) cigars, and leather. You are together GWM 22 to 40, flexible and willing to expt. w/both new & old scenes for max. pleasure. No blood or IV drugs. Your photo gets mine. Barry Byford 495 Ellis #2892 SF CA 94102.

SEXUAL ABUSIVE MASTER W/SLAVE—DOG

Wants 3rd and/ or 4th. I am a (G.L.) masculine Master (37). I own a Butch Sicilian son/ slave-dog (35). Though he is still in training, I have taken control over his mind instilling in him a great desire & need to serve, respect, obey & worship his Master's commands, leather boots, man-crotch & man-ass. He now works at proving he has two hungry holes that are total pussy. I am looking for another master buddy who owns a boy so we may together expand on the powerful mental dominance, degradation, verbal humiliation,



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Hi, I'm David
Take matters in hand
& let's get off together.
CALL NOW (213) 464-5301
My friends and I are waiting
M/C, VISA or send \$25. to
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We Accept
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bondage & sexual abuse of my/ our slave pussy. Other Masters invited—other slaves submit respectful letter. Only serious replies w/photo will merit this experience. Box 3615.

UNIFORMS—FANTASIES

5'8", 135, 32. Looking for tall, trim men who know how to be tough cops (CHP, LAPD, SFPD, etc.), GIs, rangers, etc. Also interested in fantasies where you act like a tough young punk, Southerner, redneck, convict, straight kid, etc. I like disguises; changes of character, voice, accent. No heavy S/M; heavy verbal scenes are OK. P.O. Box 14622 SF, CA 94114.

SCAT LOVER

Goodlooking, professional, 37, slim and hot. Loves mutual scat scenes. Interested in settling down and eating ass. No one nighters. Box 3638.

COCK TORTURE

Wanted by hot bottom, 5'3", 38, 140#. Also need heavy tit torture and fist fucking by experienced top. Prefer man of my age or older. Relationship possible. Send photo and phone number with reply. Mitch, P.O. Box 5276, San Francisco, CA 94101.

HUNKY BODYBUILDER

Into tits, pecs, and nipples. W/M, 16" arms, large thighs and huge calves—Seeks macho men with and into same for mutual workout. J/O, hot sweat and pleasurable times. Also into LL, athletic gear, jock straps and wrestling. Travels often—in Calif. Aug. 7 Sept. '83. P.O. Box 8362, Chicago, IL 60680. (312) 785-2352.

DOWN TO EARTH LEATHERMAN

Seeks regular partner for healthy, thoughtful, fun and caring responsible relationship including leather, uniforms, fantasy as well as loving & sharing travel, river, outdoors, dancing, camping, rafting. No bar, bath, cigarettes. I'm 40 yrs., trim, 6'1", 165, prof. (MSW). Prefer funloving

masc, trim, thick endowed buddy with mous. likes to give & get with hot man at (415) 648-9070. S.F.

ASSHOLE OBSESSION

W/M, 26, nice body, hot ass with big shaved hole wants to get together with hot uninhibited men for creative assplay. Can be TOP or BOTTOM. FF, dildoes, spanking, toys, stuffing, air, face sitting. Let's open 'em up. Photo appreciated. 55 Sutter St. #662, San Francisco, CA.

SEX SLAVE AVAILABLE

To super hung masters cops military into huge insertion toys enemas whips gags non stop fucking. (415) 861-0349 x261.

DOMINATE FACESITTERS

Enthusiastic Ass Worship offered by hungry bottom. Have rim seat. Other activities your option. W/M 33/ 5'3"/ 170. Box 3672.

WM, 32, WANTS REAL

Goodlooking SF man to shave my head & maybe keep it shaved. Photo gets mine. Box 3668.

EXTREMELY TICKLISH

I need to be bound and subjected to merciless torture tickling; feet, armpits, legs, balls, ass—everywhere. Reduce me to hysteria. Also enjoy the active role. J/O correspondence welcome. P.O. Box 99246 Stockton, CA 95209. Some travel. My sensitive body is yours!

SACRAMENTO, CA

Relationships aren't made in a day. If you like dating send interests, photo, phone: 30308 Q Street, 95816. Blonde, tan, 5'11", 160#, 30's.

THIS DADDY IS LOOKING

For a SON who can give a lot of affection and is looking for a perm DADDY and in return receive my love, care and correct discipline. This DADDY is looking for a SON to wear only a t-shirt, white socks, tennis, jockstrap.

Your DADDY'S interest are dancing, porno, movies and very hot action. DADDY answers only those with a photo. Box 3665.

MAN WITH HOT MOUTH

Wants to meet same to lick sweaty tits, balls, cock. Will drink your piss and run tongue up your brown hole. Write DICK c/o 584 Castro St. #179, San Francisco, CA 94114.

ROGER

We met April 30 at the Cauldron. Traded your warm Oly for my cold Bud. I need more. Contact the Native Born Queer at Box 3661.

ASIAN MASTER

Young, Handsome, Bright GWM seeks Asian Master in black leather. Tolerate my limits and I'll honor your restraints. Photo and instructions to Box 421083 SF 94142.

HEALTHY, CUDDLY, LITERATE

Traveled, versatile, strong, witty, serious, fit GWM 24 seeks similar Asian, White or Latin for friendship/relationship. You: 20-30, Intelligent, Cuddly, sensual, fit and healthy. No drugs, fats, or whiskers. Descriptive letter with photo if possible to P.O. Box 421083, San Francisco, 94142.

FF, WS, S&M,— SLAVE/ BOTTOM

Wanted San Francisco area; Biker seeks slave/ bottom with interests like mine. Certain limits respected; I am 6', Bl/ Blue/ Moustache. You are well into servicing every trip I order you to undertake. You must be a settled individual. Address letter to Sir Bob; Box 3659.

HORSES AND LEATHER

German officer-type, 38, 6'1", black beard, mostly in breeches and tall boots, coming to the West once annually, is looking for a leatherbuddy, who is willing to share my interests (horses, uniforms, mountaineering, but also intellectual subjects) and who is

keen on boot worship whips, spurs, drill and total obedience, but also some kindness if deserved. Detailed applications with photo a must. Box 3683.

MAN-TO-MAN

You've got what I want! 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 handsome, 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! If 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. (415) 334-4124.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BIG FAT PIG

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

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.

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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' tall-beard-moustache-Give uniforms, good bottom service! Box 3520.

HOT RAUNCHY PLAYFUL

W/M, 30, 5'8", 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-strap, 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-to-man, 3-ways or groups. Write w/photo if possible: BOX 121, 13624 SHERMAN WAY, VAN NUYS, CA 91405. Yeah! Hot fun!

YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER

26 yrs old, 5'6", 130 lbs, Brown hair, green-gray eyes, mustache and nice body—Seeks: slaves(s) who need to be owned for life. Also will review requests from slave(s) who seek less

permanent service. Forward detailed letter, w/photo to: Lord Stephen, Box 352, Garden Grove, CA 92642-0352.

DESERT TRAINING RANCH

Near Barstow 3+ hours from L.A. being developed. Tops/ bottoms, what are your needs, equipment, preferences, ideas? Playroom in a boxcar, underground rooms. Hard labor now for sons, slaves, bottoms. HEXA-D RANCH, Box 6269, Torrance, CA 90504.

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6'/165 sks master for S/M & torture of big uncut C/B's. Box 5191; El Monte, CA 91734.

USED JOCKS/SHORTS

Etc., from heavily hung studs. Write/ send SASE to: Box 5191, El Monte, CA 91734.

MASTER

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Opening for G.W.M. 18-28 slave— to live in complete bondage, chains, jock-strap, sleep in cell— send history of self and photo. P.O. Box 1048, San Diego, CA 92112.

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From dudes who know what the hell they can, and will put out and take. Really know about M/S, B/D, W/S, B/P, Toys, Hoods, Rimming, Potty seat, Humil., and ?????? Let's match 90% for hot action. BLACKS get 1st place, HAIRY W/M, CHICANOS, come in 2nd, with PHOTO get quick reply, responsibility gives all one. No age or size hang up, lets do it, ads are for it. Box 3647.

FANTASIES FULFILLED

Hot bottom. What turns you on? Let's do it. Into most hot wet raunchy scenes. W/M, 47, trim 158 lbs. moustache, brn eyes; brn hair. Ringed: frenum, guiche. Smoke & aroma. Any

race. Masculine only. Phone Bill, (213)876-5911.

PROFESSIONAL BEHAVIORAL TRAINER

With extensive experience as a topman offers S/M counseling, training, instruction, and experience. Mental and/ or physical. Call (213) 222-6337. Six to midnight. Ask for K.O.

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VHS cassettes with others in the inland empire. Call (714) 875-7088.

SUBMISSIVE HUNK

Topmen especially blacks, talk dirty to me and give me orders. I will do whatever you say. Attractive white body-builder. Bruce (213) 461-1236.

HOT VERSATILE FFA

Goodlooking hand baller W/M, 26, 5'9", 160# with hot receptive ass and talented fists seeks men with same for high times and hot sessions. Box 3680.

IF YOU'RE TIRED OF GAMES

& casual one-nighters & consider yourself a romanticist at heart. If you're interested in a long-term monogamous relationship and are turned-on by long passionate make-out sessions & lots of sensual tongue action. If you're in tune to sharing good times. If you're prof, financially secure, masc, gdlkg, 29-40 & take pride in your looks. If you're Gr act, hung long & extra thick with large pendulous globes, then I want you! I'm Latin, male, gdlkg, moust, 36, 160, 5'10", brn hair & eyes. If interested, send photo & phone to Jim Vasquez, P.O. Box 1165, Glendora, CA 91740.

HOUSEBOY/ SLAVE WANTED

By 2GWM. 52, 5'7", 140, 7" uncut; 44, 5'4", 135, 6" cut; Both Trim, Muscular, masculine. You must be Trim, cleancut,

obedient and want urinal training, discipline, muscle control training. Full time, permanent, own room. Photo & letter to: Hose, Box 7305, Long Beach, CA 90807.

LOS ANGELES, 35, 5'9", 155

Blond hair, blue eyes, beard. Into ass action, F.F., W.S., leather, S & M, shaving, toys, as top only. Slaves must be obedient, masculine, good body, great ass. Also want to hear from other Masters all over for ideas 3 ways. Photo demanded with letter and phone number. Box 3669.

W/M ATTRACTIVE

Handsome, 24, 5'2" 98 lbs., lonely. Looking for someone my own age, height. Permanent relationship. Send photo. Paula Loner 1869 Morton Ave., Los Angeles CA 90026.

HOT MASTER

TAKING APPLICATIONS

For slave(s). Temporary or permanent servitude considered by hot, 29 yr old, 5'9", 145 pound, blond/ blue eyed, dominant professional. Looks are important but knowing your place and staying there makes the difference. Limits considered but a slave's duty is to satisfy his master. Masculine mediteranean/ latins a plus. Box 3658.

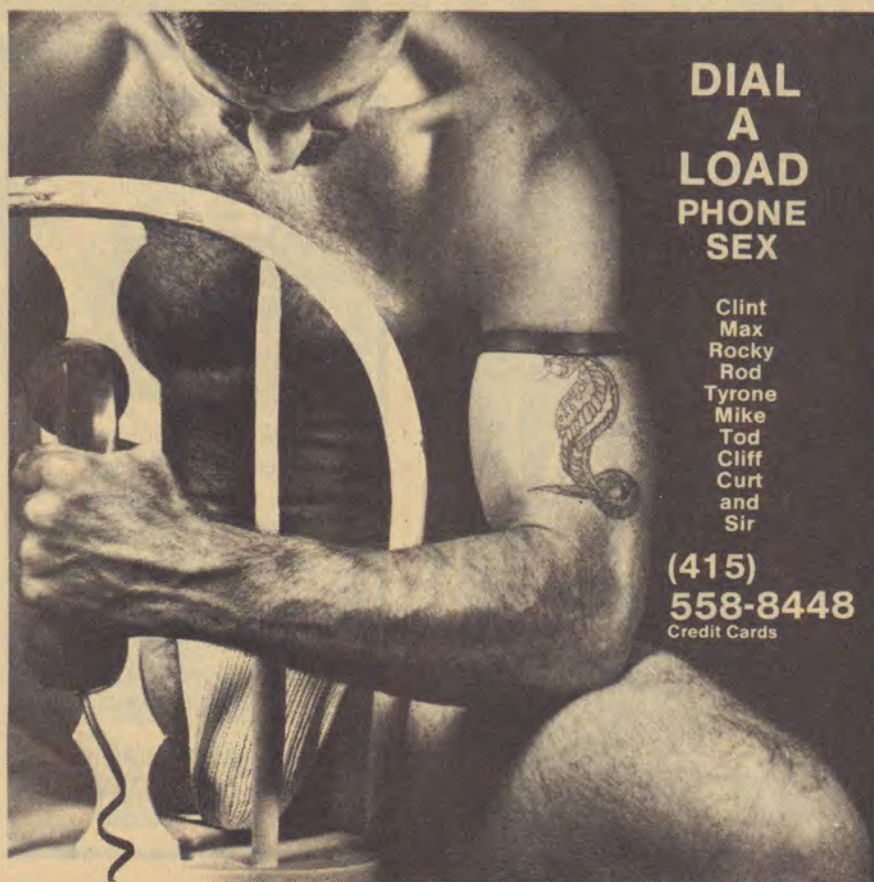
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SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

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S.L.O. AREA

Young Asian Leatherman seeks friendship (more?) with full leather WM. Box 1632.

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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.

WM, 35, 6'1", 180

BL/BL, 7½ cut; MASC; A/P Fr/Gr. Desires sgl or multi-party mtgs w/MASC Wm, 30-50, 6', in good physical shape; hairy/uncut—neither mandatory; prefer outdoor, western, trucker, construction types. No S/M or B/D; just REAL sex w/REAL men. Eventual mtgs desired but correspondents welcome. WRITE: Occupant, 102 Whalehead Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335.

I'M A THIN, (147 LBS)

5'8" Mature "Daddie" into all scenes. Interested in males to 40 yrs of age. Box 3652.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

MUSCULAR BONDAGE SLAVE

GWM, 33, experienced, serious, hot—seeks trim bondmaster with experience, equipment, imagination for regular sessions. P.O. Box 32261 Washington DC 20007.

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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 32302.

SLAVES

Applications for available slaves for extensive training in S&M by professional model and bodybuilder master. Applications must include photo, qualifications and reason for consideration. No feds, drugs, or fakes. POB 601155, N.Miami Beach, FL. 33160.

WANTED: SLAVE/ LOVER

M:wh, un36, some exper lthrsx, slim or musc, could re-locate, educ, mature. S:Wh, 40, educ, finan secure, 6'3", BB, Handsome, completely masc & dom, has Full lthr & equip, boots, toys for it to hvy S&M, B&D, VA, C&BT, WS, Gr, Fr/P, Respect lim, but we'll expand them. M:describe self & exper, phone#, recent photos, turn-ons & offs, any limits to S:Answer w/more info & specs, my pics, Plan me your area/ you visit S:Fla. Mr. Sir, Box 11816, Ft. Laud., Fla.33339.

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

BIG BLACK BEEF

Wanted by bearded, 165 lbs., 5'10", white slave who needs hot sweaty funky sex with black men. WS, B&D, S&M, oral and rear with rugged, tough numbers. Box 2059.

MAN UNDER 35

With smooth firm body wanted by handsome, athletic 30 year old profession. Prefer submissive blonds but can be top/ bottom with right partner. Include phone number and photo, if possible. P.O. Box 331387, Coconut Grove, Florida, 33133.

SMALL TRIM LEATHER MASTER

Seeks slaves. Must be clean, discreet, "together." Into bondage, toys, fantasies, humiliation, paddling. Body-builders, football players—fantasy dominance by smaller man? Daddy's boy—looking for Daddy? Nice ass a must! Phone and photo. P.O. Box 7136, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

DAD NEEDS BUDDY TOILET PIG

Seeking applications from slave stud which needs training and toilet sex 30-40 for permanent position and relationship willing novice OK. Into sex in woods — piss — B/D — titwork — shaving — out house sex - leather sex — attitude most important for S/M lifestyle with me. So get down and write to me. Send recent photo and phone # answer mandatory. I'm 41 5'10 158 lbs hairy bodybuilder, Italian black & grey hair. R.C.V. P.O. Box 2265 Delray Beach Florida 33445.

G.W MAN 57 YRS— 180 LBS

Grey hair. Likes to give and especially be given large 3—4 OT. enema & give and take FF. After being forcibly cleaned out. Would like to meet like minded men over 40 yrs. Any raceOK—No heavy booze or dope. — P.O. Box 630 St. Petersburg Fla. 33731.

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25, 5'10", 170, White, 7", requires young obedient body slave. Must have good

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—BREECHES AND BOOTS—

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

YOUNG SLAVES OR HUNKY MEN

May apply to a muscular real 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 total complete submission, bondage,

humiliation and to accept spankings, diapers, shaving and all forms of Gr/Fr demanded of you. And lots of old fashioned soapy enemas that will make you squirm, beg, cry. First-timers and novice welcome— limits respected. Send explicit application with photo for prompt reply. Box 3237.

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

GERMAN MASTER

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

LONGJOHN GUYS WANTED

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

KISS MY ASS, FAG

Well-built athletic guy, 26, wants to piss on you (maybe more), dominate and humiliate you publicly (bars, bookstores, group scenes). Write a groveling letter and I might throw you a fuck. Box 3640.

WANTED: MAN

Who can mix red hanky (I'm top and bottom), black hanky (I'm bottom), yellow hanky (I'm top and bottom), and some brown hanky (I'm new but interested) with the result being an enjoyable evening or weekend. Me: 30, 5'9, 165, 7". You: 25 or older, and hot. Brian Kaye, 5726 N. Kenmore, Chicago 60660.

HOT LEATHERMAN INTO RAUNCH
36, 6', 150 wants to feed on your ass and shit, cock and piss. Can go mutual. Brad (312) 337 0512.

CHICAGO AREA

Professional blonde WM 6'1", 50, 180 seeks tall handsome leather top under 40 will compensate if nec send photo phone# to Box 3673.

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18-22 wanted by two hot men, 22 and 36, both 6' 160, for bareass spanking, light wrestling, stink ass and piss games. Horny letter and photo: P.O. Box 1063 Muncie, IN 47305.

PISS DRINKING SLAVE/ DOG

Sought by slim Black Master. Goal-permanent relationship. P.O. Box 122, Terre Haute 47808.

KANSAS

N.E. KANSAS & K.C. AREA

WM 36 5'11" 185 Beard, mostly bottom, Gr, Fr, humiliation. No pain, scat, FF, WS. Box 23031, KC. MO 64141.

KENTUCKY

A FULL MEASURE

Of pleasure. P.O. Box 2077, Lexington, Kentucky 40594.

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.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOUSEBOY/VALET WANTED

GWM's 18-21 only, into total domination call LJ (617) 256-2968.

SO. SHORE AREA

2 GWM (30 & 40) Fr— A&P, Gr— A&P Into smoke, scent, mild S&M, VA, jocks,

briefs. Seek 3 or 4 some to expand limits— pref bottoms to 50. Tel no. a must. Any weekend campers out there. Box 3688.

B&D BOY SPANKING

Step dad 43 disciplines step sons if you need your bottom warmed write. Hand Paddle Strap. Box 3677.

W/M SEEKS RAUNCHY UNCUT MEN

Into being serviced by a hot willing mouth. Call pig at (617) 367-8246.

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.

MISSOURI

NAKED, CHAINED, SHAVED

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

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cation, sensory deprivation, controlled breathing situations also available. Individual or buddy system entry. No FF, Scat, Drugs. Fee required. References available. Address Serious Inquiries to: Training Center Information, P.O. Box 672, Bridgeton, MO 63044. All replies answered. (314-867-7233)

TOPS WANTED

Age race no problem wish to try being bottom. Almost virgin terr. Please sirs give me a chance. Thank You. Box 3660.

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.

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TOTAL SLAVES WANTED

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

ATTENTION SLAVES

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

MASCULINE LEATHER HOLE

Very handsome Leo BB, 26, 6'6", 205#, blond, smooth. Big hungry butt, throat for long, exploring sessions. FF, leather, titwork, piss, toys, S&M, many things if approached with right attitude. You: hot, experienced, together.

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.

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.

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.

MOTORCYCLE LEATHERMAN

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

SPITTOON BOOTWIPE URINAL

Drooling deviate dog grovels for beer drinkin', cigar-smokin', ass-kickin', straight men: ex-con toilet slurps cop-snot, 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.

MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Masculine, bearded, master 33, 6', 160 lbs, with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, trim, and under 35. Reply with Photo and Phone #. J. Miller, 156 Wall St. Kingston, NY 12401.

NEW YORK CITY

I am 33, 5'7", 140 lbs, brown hair and brown eyes, submissive bottom man, into most scenes except heavy pain, scat and F/F. Seek top man, 30-40. Box 3373.

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

(Zeus publ. bondage— coercion scenes) Seek athletic/ masc./ musc. B.B.'s into elaborate verbal, rough, man-to-man B&D, leading to your cock/ balls/ tits/ ass being chained,

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HOT PISS SLAVE

W/M, 32, 5'8", 160 lbs, muscular, seeks uncut piss master. Also bondage. Novice to S/M: no heavy pain, must respect limits Hungry ass into toys. No SCAT, heavy SM. Reply with photo (required) + description of your fantasies. Box 3564.

CIGARS

Cigar smoking tops wanted. Box 3885 Hartford CT 06103.

CLASSY B&D NYC/WORLDWIDE

Be stylish. Assume Correctional Custody of an intelligent, attractive, adult, Anglo-Saxon, pukka batman who'll stand at attention when not confined and securely restrained. Strict discipline and expert training will widen my horizons and heighten your satisfaction. Sir, Tie me, try me. Appointments open for preliminary interrogation, plus imposition of nonjudicial punishment (Article 15 UCMJ) at Office Hours. Box 3092.

TRIM ATHLETIC BOTTOMS

Are required to strip down to their tight nylon briefs for examination prior to disciplinary lessons by quiet slim 5'11"

W/M 37 who trains you how to serve his pleasure and earn his respect. Box 3611.

BEAR SKS BONDAGE SLAVE

46, 6', 205 lb, bearded—wants handsome muscular to 35 leather badboy to serve & worship & be owned via manipulation, control, safe—sane sm/ bd/ va. NO scat, ff, drugs, bars, non-promiscuous healthy only. health crisis concerned. total monogamous loyalty. super educated professionally successful only. your obedience/ servitude will be rewarded with rare tenderness & special friendship. your fantasy in my safe haven. photo + detailed letter box #3663.

LONG ISLAND/ QUEENS

WM, 46, 6', 195, Discreet educated professional with dominant fantasies seeks WM with submissive fantasies for mutual beginners' exploration. Box 3678.

RAUNCH/ HUMILIATION

37, 6', 150, 6" Bottom (sometimes top) for: Deep rim, shave, w/s, belts, BD, TT, electricity. Active for: FF, stuffing. Interested in new and unusual. Travels NYC, Toronto from Rochester. box 3684.

LONG ISLAND

Lean, muscular, hung, 35, 5'11", 155, hungry for action, seeks spanking buddy to punish my ass. Bondage possible. No fats/ drugs. P.O. Box 181, Hewlett, N.Y. 11557.

EXHIBITIONIST

Well/ built 32, 5'8, 140, slim, u/c 7, smooth boyish ass, wants to be forced stripped, looked over, manhandled, verb humil, kinky undies, tits play, spkings, pub. exposure, pictures, films and J/O—Box 3664.

DISCIPLINED MUSCLE BOY

18-25. Handsome, smooth skinned, smooth shaven, cut, healthy, versatile, intelligent, gentle, sought by handsome, muscular, athletic, masculine, aggressive, successful, considerate, Briton, 36 Boot measurements, photograph, 'Phone. R.C.V. P.O. Box 269 NY 10185.

SEVERE, EXPERIENCED MASTER

Sought to apply electric genitorture to cock, balls and tits attached to 6', 170-pound, mid-40s scumbag and toilet. Box 3666.

DELICIOUSLY HAIRY!!

Hirsute BiWM, 36, into body hair, auto-felatio, incest. Box 1945-M, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

BUFFALO NY 28 6' 170

Brown/brn into leather/ levi, piercing light S/M seeks permanent relationship with same. Box#3674.

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W/M 39 5'10" 165

Into meeting total leather strong dad type who can train me into total rigid leather bondage lifestyle on a permanent basis or eves after work or w/e. Box 3653.

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English discipline + Bondage Give or take light to heavy. By butch male bitch into wearing hose heels nylon leather uniforms. Chaps boots has big tits for hot action + ass and tounge for crotch and ass eating likes raunchy shorts hoods long J/O Talk sessions. W/M 50 190 6 FT Travel Calif. JRB P.O. Box 5811 Santa Barbara CA, 93108.

NORTH CAROLINA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

There are many men who want to be a slave, but cannot find the guts to do so. Most of you who have called or written wasted my time. Some of you were serious but lazy. Some of you were serious but afraid. ALL of you STILL seek a master! And I still seek a slave ...for obedience, total commitment, punishment (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.

COUNTRY BOY

29 6'1" 185 lbs. Blonde/ Blue, tattoos. Marine looking into leather and hot sex. Seeks 18 to 35 masculine looking men, uncut preferred not a must. Send photo for response PO Box 338 Pine Level, N.C. 27568.

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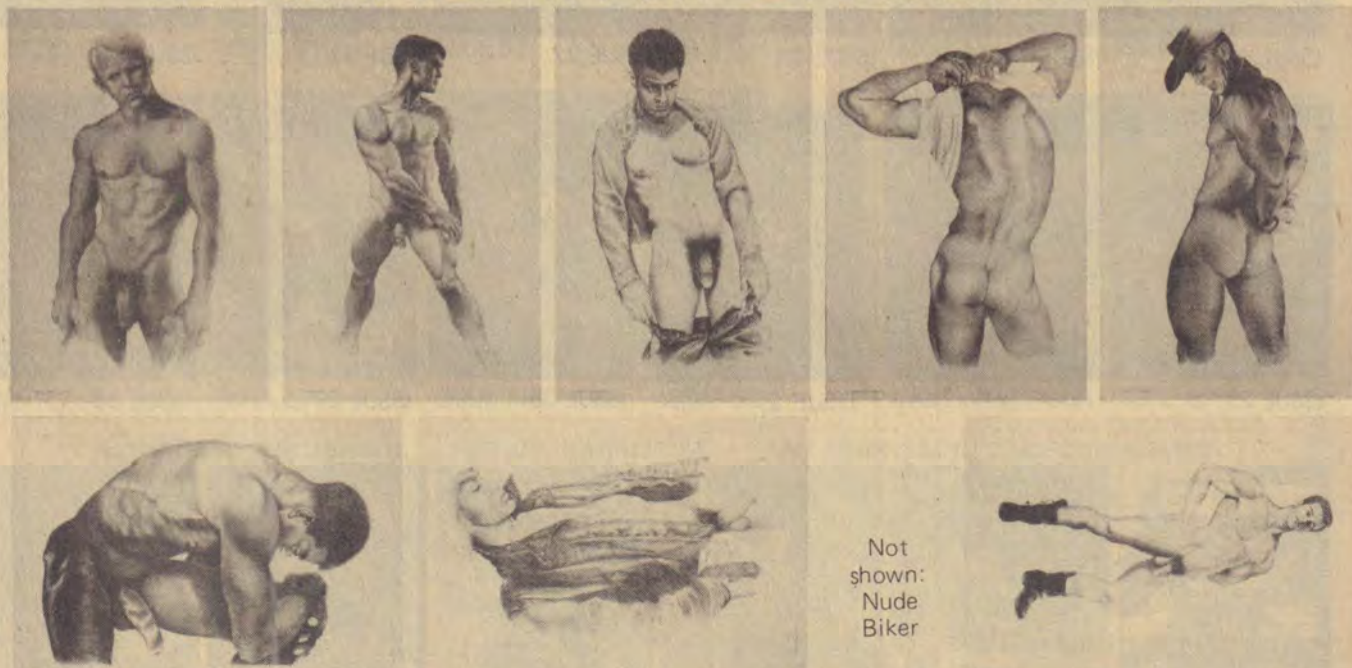
Requires your total adoration and submission under sweat drenched muscles; you want to serve, to be owned, to be held under your master's will; Black, Gray, Blue, Red, Yellow, and more are possible—Yield to the power that surrounds you; no questions once begun, you must be clear, you know what you must have. Apply. GWBBM, Box 3654.

NORTH DAKOTA

RANCH/RODEO COWBOY

24, W/M 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.

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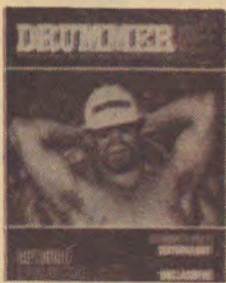
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OHIO

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.

CINCINNATI

LEATHERMAN/ MOTORCYCLIST

41, likes the hot smell of a man. Hairy bodies, raunchy arm pits, smelly ass. Let's rim, suck, piss, kiss and fuck till it all tastes and smells the same. Your photo gets mine. P.O. Box 41326 Cinti., Ohio 45241.

DOMINANT MALE

50, White, seeks younger 35-40 men interested in anal exercises shaving & other clean sex. No drugs or freaks. Also like nudism & other outdoor activities, general companionship. Descretion a must. Photo, phone, north central Ohio location Box# 3655.

WT M 33 165 5-11 BR BLUE

Looking for hot houseboy 18-25 for weekends. Write with photo to

Mike
P.O. Box 41403
Sharonville, Ohio
45241.

MUTUAL RAUNCH

Tits, ass, B&D: sane, safe, healthy lifestyle in/ out of playroom. No games only rough and ready sex with tender mercies. Me: masculine, goodlooking, bearded w/m, 31, 5'8", chunky, healthy. You: the same but I'm open to all types. No fems, smokers. I'll stretch you out, you'll string me up, exploring to exhaustion. Then cuddle and sleep. Photo P.O.B. 3578 Cincinnati OH, 45201.

N.E. OHIO CLEVELAND AREA DADDY

Trim, muscular, blonde, mustache, leather daddy wants son (35-50) to give love and security. Will train and break all your bad habits. Give phone no. Will answer all letters. Box 3679.

EXPAND LIMITS TOGETHER

My tight hot ass needs top hung do it and more. W/M 39 180 Black hair Brown eyes. Phone Box 09251 Cleveland, Ohio 44109.

OKLAHOMA

OK CITY DADDY

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

RODEO COWBOY

W, 5'10", 150 lbs, 25 yo, goodlooking, good body, seeks other cowboys to get it off in tight fittin' 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 bulging crotch took care of. Photos in riggen will get mine. Box 3115.

WANTED SLAVE

Tulsa Leathermaster wants slim slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected. Phone Rod at (918)665-1885 or reply with photo to P.O. Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74155. No phone jackoff.

LEATHER COP AND COWBOY
Wants to stick his tight black leather gloves down your throat while you lick the spit from his big fat cigar and earn his police leather, tall motorcycle boots and 357 mag. Truckers, cowboys, and bikers welcome. Attitude towards leather more important than looks. Box 3690.

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 important. Master is hunky WM 5'10", 155. Photo mandatory with detailed application. Box 3302.

DOMINATE MALE

6', 175#, seeks trim w/m for B/D S/M. Interest important, not experience. Photo. Box 3612.

PENNSYLVANIA

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 P.O. Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

BOOT LICKING SLAVE

Needs to be owned by leather master 25-45 yrs. Let me serve you. Sir willing to relocate anywhere. No FF or scat. Paul Anderson P.O. Box 30822 Phila, PA 19103.

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste, and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft., 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, to-swingin' balls, and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no bull-shit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 0061.

TEXAS

DALLAS THIRSTY AND HOT

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

SLAVE(S) SON? LOVER?

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

TIGHT LEVIS AND LEATHER

W 5'10" 150 lbs, 25 yo, good body, seeks others into tight fittin' 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.



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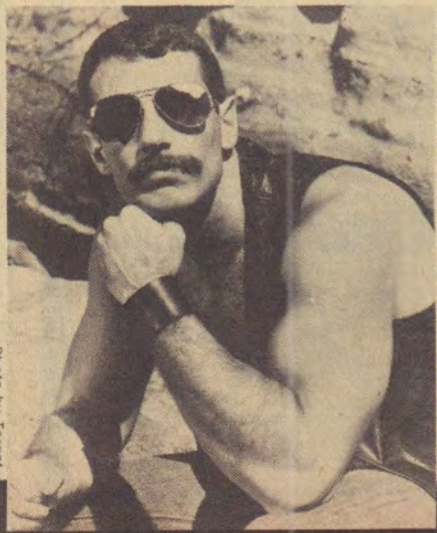


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SON SEEKS MOIST DADDY

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.

HOUSTON PUPIL

Seeks dominate teacher, master to take me into my proper world of S/M B/D W/S submission, servitude, humiliation into body shaving, leather sincere and dedicated 40's 5'7" 140" Box 3671.

DIAPER DISCIPLINE DADDY

Wetting boys write Daddy soon with picture and background of wetting and diaper training since childhood. Muscular, dominant Daddy will train and diaper you. Daddy insists diaper son service him when needed. Daddy has green eyes, blond hair and mustache. Box 3676.

YOUNG NEW BODYBUILDER

Dad, older brother? Son, younger brother. College student needs benefactor SE New Mexico. Generosity, concern, friendship rewarded. Athletic, stable, discreet. Summers included. Al K., Box 41, Weir, TX 78674.

UTAH

TWO HOT HORNY TOPMEN

Looking for a new toy to play with. Both 36, both mean as hell. We work together, separately, and we alternate to handle the most recalcitrant of slaves. Into bondage, whipping, spanking, piss, verbal abuse, and exploration of all fantasies. Master Larry: 6'2", b/b, 175 lbs., good body. Master Michael:

5'6", b/b, 145 lbs., 9 1/2" and thick. Applications will be accepted from Real slaves who can handle total domination and complete control of mind and body. Don't answer unless you mean it. You will be used, abused and trained and if you get it right you might find permanence with us. Application must contain a recent photo, vital statistics, experience resume, and phone number. Send to: MASTER Larry, P.O. Box 1104, Sandy, Utah 84091.

NOVICE BOTTOM

21 5'10" blonde/ blue into Leather, bondage, boots and gloves seeks Top 21—35 into same. No scat, FF, Heavy pain. Photo please Pat (801)-967-3128.

VIRGINIA

BLONDE, BLUE-EYED VIRGINIA FARMER

In good shape (5'10", 150 lbs) wants to share bikes, leather, bondage & affection w/ soul brother. Box 3685.

HENRY COUNTY AREA

GWM WANTS FUN FRIENDSHIPS. Box 3691.

WASHINGTON

LEATHER SON SLAVE

Seeks leather Daddy into leather, uniforms, boots, SM, CBTA Torture and taking care of Daddy. I'm WM, 35, 6", 170#, bearded bodybuilder. Rewarded with friendship and cuddling would be nice. Send letter with photo to Box 3487.

BUSH APE

Want to meet and willing to share hand built riverfront cabin in secluded valley 25 miles from nearest town. No electricity or running water. Sexual needs range from TLC to heavy S/M (Paddles, whips, suspension, TT, CBT, grease,

mud, outdoor scenes). I'm 35, 6", 150 Lbs, gdlkg, slender build, Hairy, Raunchy, tattoos, Long Hair and Bushy Beard. Moneys Scarce but if your into sharing Rugged Country Living, straight bars, Country Music, Playing Cards, Outdoor Work, or Wild SEX we might be able to get together. Photo & Phone Number get Response. Bob P.O. Box 2062, Port Angeles, Washington 98362.

WISCONSIN

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 turn-on. Discretion assured. Box 3528.

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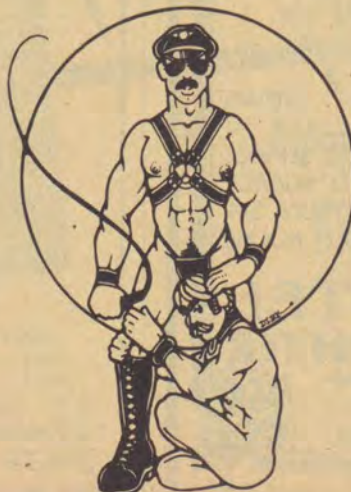
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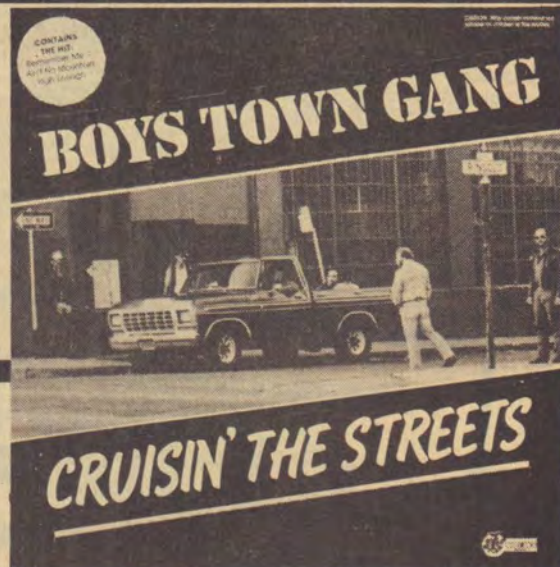
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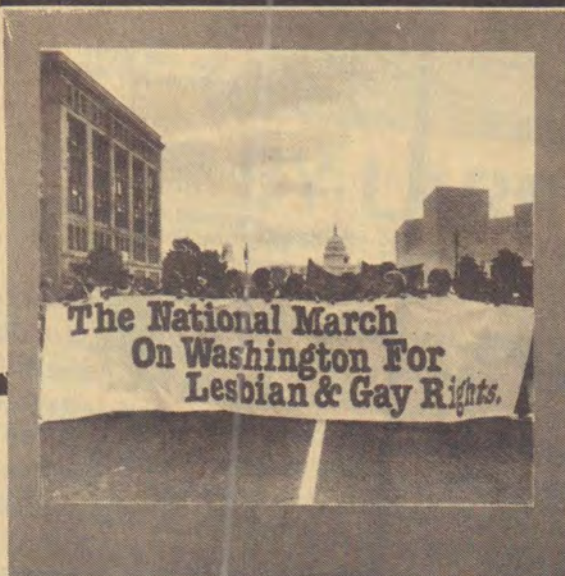
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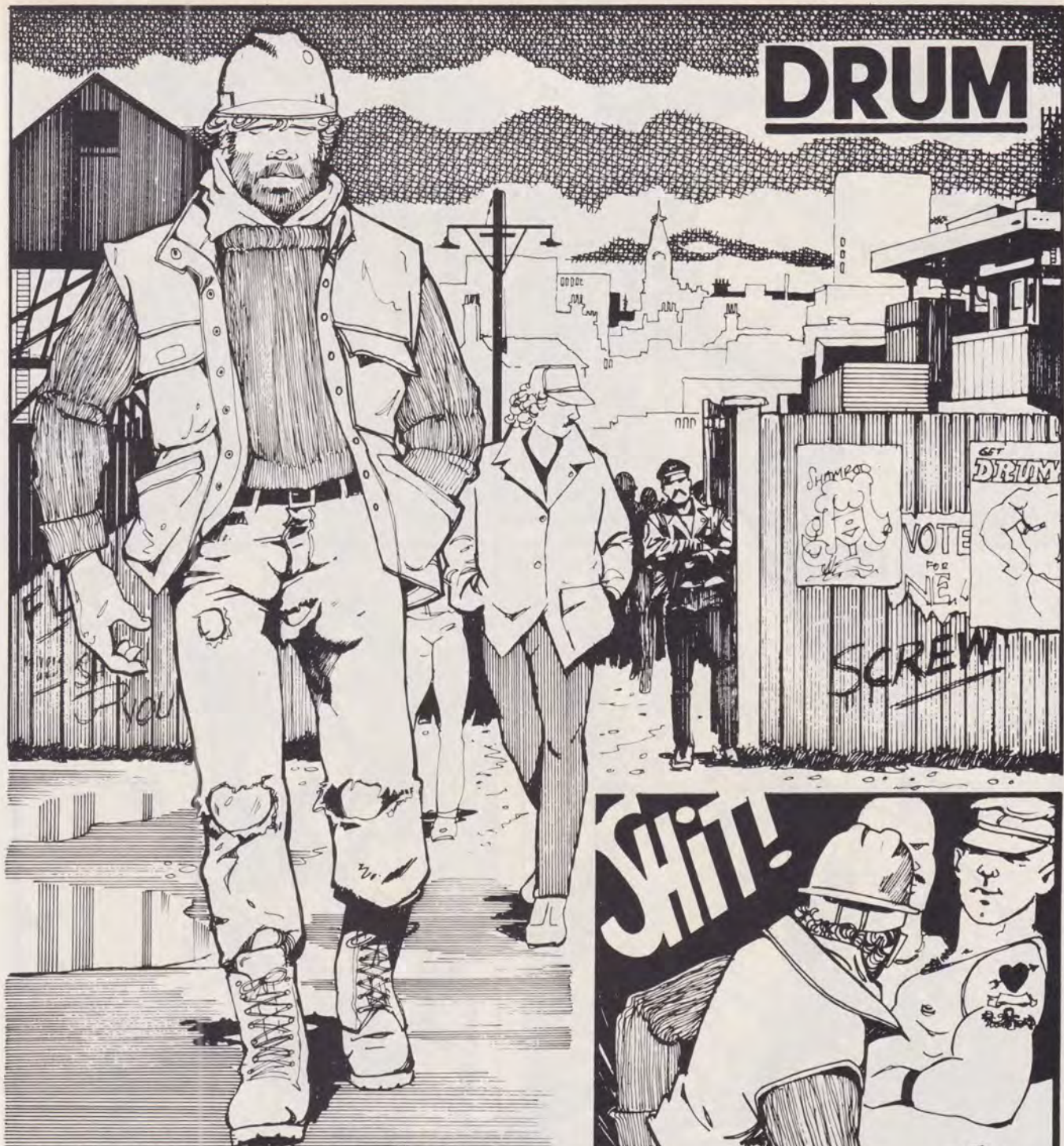
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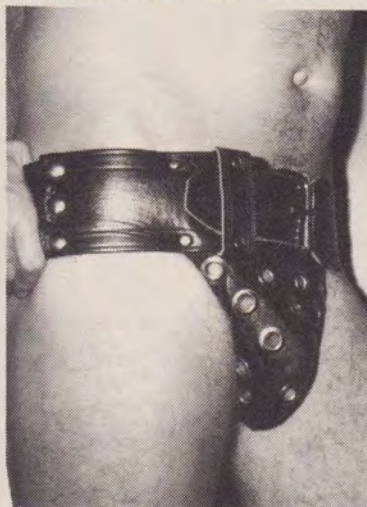


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age 40 who are into bondage and discipline fantasies. T.C. No. 1069.



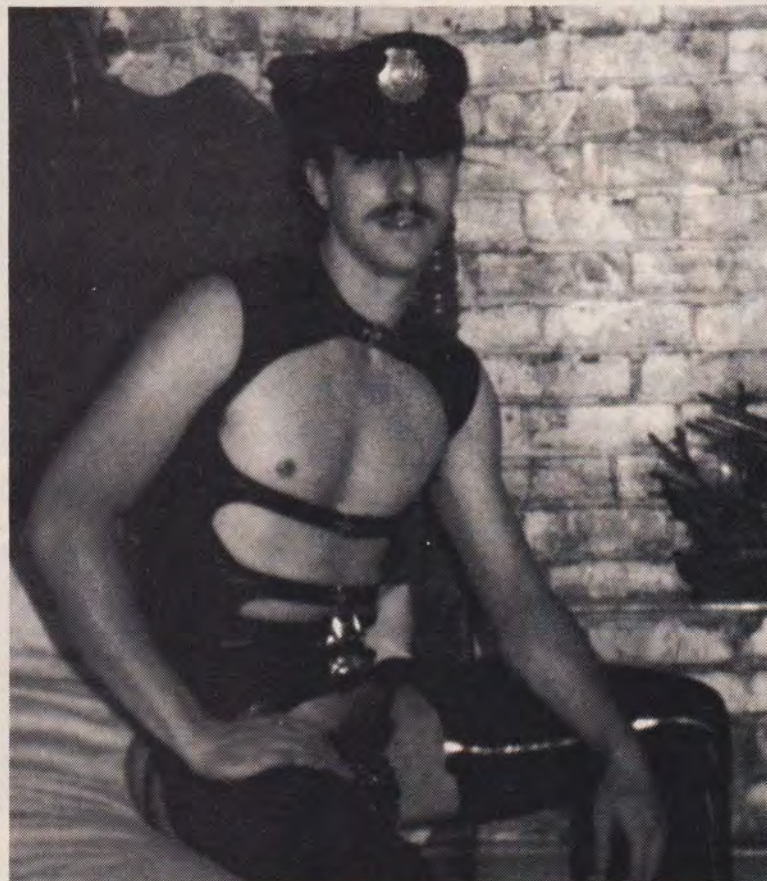
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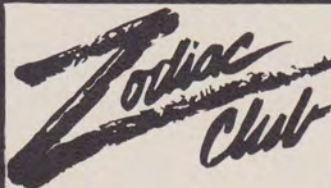
If you have some intense ideas about what you'd like to do to this young Canadian stud, let him know. He's ready and willing to take on just about everything. T.C. No. 1068.

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DRUMMEDIA MOVIES

QUERELLE: EROTIC PURGATIVES

"Any minority shown as flawless and faultless, that's where fascism begins."

—Ranier Fassbinder

"If Ranier were alive today, he would be reveling in the scandal."

—Dieter Schidor

Any science fiction fanatic ought to recognize the physical atmosphere infusing *Querelle* with lurid light and color—autumn without promise; ochres, umbers, russets and old gold, sepia tones under a gigantic jaundiced twilight sun—the shades of a doomed planet.

This is the world of *Querelle de Brest*: the imagination of Jean Genet, novelist, dramatist, poet, thief, absurdist, genius trickster, atheist, homosexual... filtered through the illusions and private meditations of Ranier Werner Fassbinder, filmmaker, actor, anarchist, genius, ditto, etc. Both outlaw gods, observing and interpreting from the inside out.

The figures are dwarfed by the set, colored by it, bisected by its sensual, perilous shadows, illuminated against the background of the ship, *Vengeur*, the whorehouse/bar, *La Ferie*, and the wharf hideaways. It is the presence of *Querelle* (Brad Davis), the muscular young sailor, who breathes life into them, whose masculinity feeds them, and whose reflection of their desires for him is the only thing that matters.

Lt. Seblon (Franco Nero) fills a tape recorder with his passion for the sailor: "*Querelle* appears so beautiful and so pure that I enjoy attributing all manner of crimes to him." The "crimes" are recorded by the ever-watchful officer, to be used as evidence for Seblon's reward rather than *Querelle*'s punishment, an inversion of justice. At each step, *Querelle* frees himself further from the bondage of a conventional society characterized by moral repression and hypocrisy—from his brother, Robert (Hanno Poschl); Robert's mistress and owner of *La Ferie*, Madame Lysiane (Jeanne Moreau); her husband/manager Nono (Gunther Kaufman); his drug-smuggling partner, Vic (Dieter Schidor); the queer police inspector, Mario (Burkhard Briest); the construction worker, Gil (Poschl again); even Gil's innocent boy lover, Roger (Laurent Malet). Within this circle of self-involvement, *Querelle* liberates himself from sin by the committing of it.

He cheats at dice, gambling on a test of his masculinity—it's his ass against



Nono's cock. He loses/wins, is fucked, and finds he is the stronger, not for enduring but for enjoying it. (30 seconds of this scene comprise the sole cut of the film, edited entirely to Fassbinder's satisfaction, for the distributor's "R" rating; it is still coherent despite an instant's loss of smoothness.)

A near-fatal duel with his twin, Robert—as much a seductive mating dance as a death struggle—frees *Querelle* from jealousy and competition; he has stolen his brother's woman, denied him brotherhood in its place.

In a devastating scene of somber clarity, Vic offers his naked back to *Querelle* and masturbates, dying in silence when the sailor's knife strikes, sacrificing his share of the opium money and his life to equal purpose, murder and profit having equivalent weights. *Querelle* begins to refine his masculinity, redefine his freedom and power. To cover his tracks, he allows himself to be seduced by the leather cop, Mario, submitting to the sex he will later distinguish from other forms of eroticism ("To make love, one has to give up passivity.") It is Gil who has committed the conventional murder—out of fear, passion, hatred, pride. In his guilt, as much as his infatuation for *Querelle*, he will take on another man's crime and compound it, implicating Robert to complete the purification of *Querelle*'s love.

"Women are banished," reads the title card, "and men find out the woman in each other." Lysiane's needs and desires exist in isolation from the men around her; she cannot even reflect them, being rendered invisible. As her beloved *Querelle* is sanctified by theft, murder, deceit, duplicity and betrayal, she, Cassandra-like, portends tragedy: "Your brother," she interprets the Tarot

for Robert, "is in danger of finding himself." Later, she will tell him the cards say he has no brother; throughout, she sings the Oscar Wilde line, here a threat implicit in homosexuality: "Each man kills the thing he loves."

Querelle at its heights—and there are many—is a catharsis, a moral purgative joyfully and beautifully flushing out the pain and poisons of an otherwise doomed planet. It is Fassbinder's last gift to us and not one to be taken lightly.

—Penni Kimmel

REAL MEN DON'T WATCH OPERA

Hans-Jurgen Syberberg's five-hour film of Richard Wagner's testament to redemption from sin, *Parsifal*, has become, after decades of failure, the first opera film that transcends the pretensions of opera itself. Franco Zeffirelli's *La Traviata*, which is being released at the same time, attempts to transcend the stigma of opera and become the first cross-over opera film; it fails. But there is more here than just the operas these two noted filmmakers selected—which might seem to be the obvious reason for the success of one and failure of the other.

La Traviata is a bread-and-butter opera, the kind of work opera companies can always count on to bring in the crowds. It stands with the melodramas of *Madame Butterfly* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*, a soap opera that is easily followed and contains melodies easily remembered. *Parsifal*, on the other hand, is a hard-edged score, a complex and seemingly unfathomable story (in a contemporary sense) that requires devotion from the audience as well as from the singers. To sing Wagner well is an achievement; to follow him on the

stage is an equal achievement. Wagner is, in a word, difficult.

La Traviata is a tale of love denied. The plot, drawn from *The Lady of the Camelias*, has been reworked countless times in almost every medium. It is set and speaks to an age that is hardly a simple one, self-denial as a manifestation of absolute love. It is the kind of work that ends with the heroine's death—unfulfilled.

Parsifal, on the other hand, is, while equally a historic relic, one that sets an abstract as its premise: redemption from sin through love. While it is a religious allegory in Wagner's hands, it is a theme, at its foundation, more palatable. A non-heroic figure becomes heroic through a cataclysmic ordeal. It is the stuff of Homer and history. But *Parsifal* can fail on the stage as easily as *Traviata* can succeed.

Part of the overwhelming difference between these two films lies with their directors. Syberberg, only known in America through a handful of screenings of his ten hour opus, *Our Hitler: A Film From Germany*, is quite likely the world's most completely innovative filmmaker. Grasping, yet abandoning, all of film theory and practice, Syberberg attempts, and succeeds, in each of his projects, to fuse together everything living until it is impossible to separate opera (even in his non-opera films) from theatre from cinema from art from television from sculpture. His work can be taken as *anything*. The staggering length of his films (the shortest is four hours, the longest is fourteen) is not a cinematic device, but, in each instance, the necessary span of time required to compress Syberberg's universe into a ball and roll it through the theatre. It must bounce off the walls a number of times before it settles down somewhere slightly off center. In the case of *Parsifal*, it is amazing that he managed it in only five hours, because here the compression takes on an astonishingly epic proportion. We are not just seeing Wagner's Good Friday opera; we are seeing Richard Wagner himself, Ludwig of Bavaria, Germany, God, history, humanity, the final battle between the forces of good and the forces of evil, all neatly stacked in niches of Wagner's and Syberberg's imaginations.

Parsifal takes place, for the most part, inside Wagner's head. Literally. And by opening Wagner's brain to the light of the camera, Syberberg is allowed to make any number of assumptions, draw unreliable conclusions about the psyche of the composer and the message of the opera.

But more than anything else, *Parsifal* is wrapped up in Wagner's idealism and torment. What should have been the ultimate example of Christian charity—again, the unheroic figure offering his life to save the spear of the crucifixion

from evil hands—becomes the ultimate parable of suppression and denial, echoing Wagner's inability to cope with his own human failings and his morose perception of human sexuality. If the images appear Hitlerian, it is intentional—in Wagner and Hitler was the same devouring beast. They are perhaps the best examples of Janus in modern times. Two faces, each a clear unbreakable beam of light: one manifest in destruction, the other in creating out of the void.

When Parsifal, who has performed this herculean task, is rewarded at the end, it is an indefinable prize, one based in the most abstract of premises, the most intangible—that he is redeemed. But instead of the glorious swelling that accompanies the crowning of a much-loved monarch or the exhausting victory of a physical accomplishment, Wagner's music and the film turn unmistakably sad. Divine grace is, after all, a saddening state.

Syberberg's *Parsifal* is dubbed, the singing not always originating with the actors. But this is the very state of the art in dubbing, and the effect is mesmerizing. The German director also has Parsifal change sex during the film. At the great moment of personal crisis in the second act when he is faced with the temptation of the flesh—a condition rooted in Wagner's own sexual neurosis, the male Parsifal is replaced by a female version who becomes the instrument through which we hear the same tenor's voice continue the score. Later, both Parsifals are on the screen at the

same time, singing with one voice. It is a gamble that pays off. But it is merely symptomatic of Syberberg's willingness to chance everything in his bid to offer a unique perspective of what we thought we already had down pat.

Zeffirelli returned to the glittering world of the past for his *La Traviata* and, although the voices (Plácido Domingo and Teresa Stratas) are two of the finest in the world for his major characters, the Italian director seems to have forgotten his own innovations in films like *Romeo and Juliet* and *Endless Love*, opting for something that indeed does not take place on stage, but never manages to escape looking staged. Syberberg didn't even bother; in *Parsifal* nothing is real and therefore everything takes on its own reality.

If you have no tolerance for opera, then by all means see *Parsifal*; Syberberg has no tolerance for tradition either.

— John W. Rowberry

THIS FOOL WAGNER

In Syberberg's surrealist imagery of Wagner's *Parsifal*, a compendium laden with brilliance and authority, the film and the opera begin to merge. The invisible theatre Wagner himself longed for is attained. *Parsifal* is now the wholly spectral experience, unblemished by the "vulgarity" of the "real" confines of the stage. The endless swarms of chromaticism and Syberberg's imagery combine into a luxurious operatic experience. The production and the opera have become a singular work of art.



The Hunger: Ageless David Bowie and ageless Catherine Deneuve play eternal lovers about to face their first devastating wrinkle in MGM's latest addition to modern horror-cum-science fiction. Having lived for centuries, Deneuve seeks a steady supply of a rather unconventional rejuvenator while she tries to keep Bowie from turning into an old gray stallion. Susan Sarandon fills out the ultimate ménage à trois in a cross between Cat People and Daughters of Darkness.

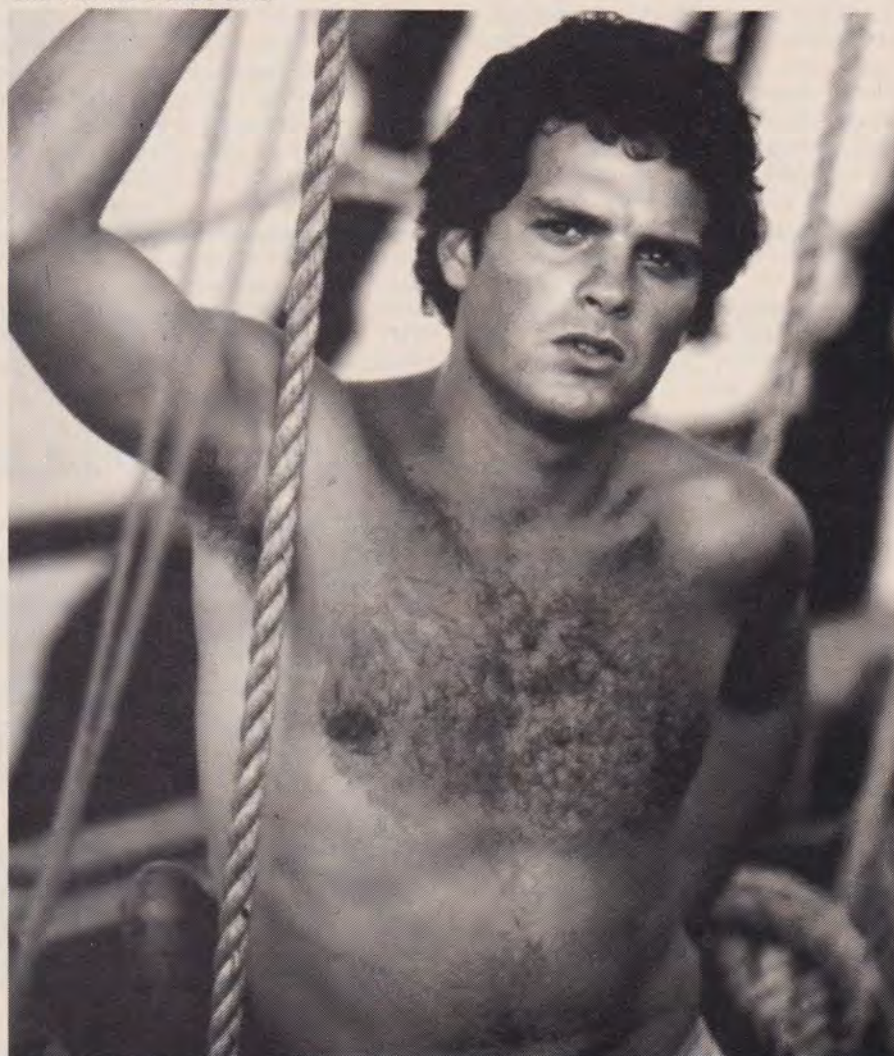
Silhouetted against this staggering concept is the character of Kundry, sung brilliantly by Yvonne Minton. Longing for extinction, Kundry is seen yearning for the death of Romanticism, the death of 19th century Romantic Insanity. This redemption through death is what *Parsifal* is all about, and through Kundry's redemption we find salvation for music. Indeed, there would be no modern music were it not for *Parsifal*. There would be no Debussy, no Ravel, no Stravinsky, no Mahler, no Strauss. This fool Wagner, with nothing to say, this fool who looks with bewilderment upon the unveiling of the Grail is nothing less than what modern music has come to.

The execution of *Parsifal*'s score by Armin Jordan and the Monte Carlo Philharmonic is lucid and suffused with ethereal transparency. Reiner Goldberg's *Parsifal*, Wolfgang Schone's *Amfortas* and Robert Lloyd's *Gurnemanz* are as good as any recorded, but it is with Yvonne Minton's performance that we are stunned. Behold Kundry, this half-hysterical abomination, and behold how she is chosen by Wagner to avert music itself. The desperate magnetism created in this character by Yvonne Minton is overwhelming. Through Act II, Syberberg lets Kundry breathe the pure Wagnerian breath ordinarily compressed only within our minds. Through Syberberg and Minton, misery finds redemption.

— Jim Wigler



Still Smokin': Cheech and Chong's sixth film centers around, you guessed it, still more drugs. This time the outlandish outlaw duo are mistaken for Dolly Parton and Burt Reynolds at a film festival in Amsterdam. The Paramount release includes a twenty-minute segment that was filmed live in concert before The Netherlands's most frantic C&C fans, and which also marks the first time the space cadets have performed on stage in nearly five years. Dolly/Chong is the one with the blonde curls.



Yellowbeard: Martin Hewitt, the centerpiece of *Endless Love*, makes a comeback in Orion's summer opus, *Yellowbeard*. Everybody and his best friend are in this movie, but odds are when Martin's on the screen you won't remember your name, much less what you're watching. Captain Blood never had it so good.

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The MSC Hamburg is having its 10th Leathermeeting in Hamburg, Germany, from August 12-14 at the famous Bauernhaus with its surrounding forest. Hundreds of American and European men have made it a yearly event to attend. The Chaps bar will have a welcome party on Friday night. Saturday will be a daytime bike run, an art exhibition, dinner, sauna-party. In the evening will be the main party with a guest star, movies, disco, and you name it. Leatherbars are open all night so you can keep futsying around until brunch on Sunday morning. Private and hotel accommodations available. Write: MSC-Hamburg, Postfach 7683, D-2000 Hamburg 19, West Germany. A hot summer's weekend with a group of hot and horny men.

San Francisco's Old Fashioned Independent Bike Run for gay and lesbian bikers will meet on Monday, May 30th, at the Safeway parking lot at Market and Church Street at 9:00 a.m. The run will be a three-hour ride to Monterey. Bring your lunch, potables, and enjoy a day together. For information write: Torah and/or Shishi, 584 Castro Street, Box 158, San Francisco, CA 94114.

The Open Road Riders of Chicagoland, a co-sexual organization for gay men and lesbians, is looking for more lesbian bikers. If you are in the vicinity and know of any women who might be interested have them contact: ORROC, Box 14033, Chicago, IL 60614. I should point out that it is not a sex or leather/leather club; it is strictly a biker club.

FIST—Yes, it's an FFA club, but it's a good deal more. This club was formed in Chicago a year and a half ago and it already has over 200 members. Male Hide Leathers donated them their colors in solid leather and they can be found in The Gold Coast where they meet every month. They also have a bimonthly party. What makes this club different from other so-called sex clubs? They actively support local gay clubs, gave the Gay Pride Band \$500 and had a

benefit for the Gay Bowling Team. If you're interested in hot and hunky men with big arms and luscious bottoms who have a sense of camaraderie, then this must be the place for you. Interested? Contact: FIST, 1109 Bryn Mawr, Chicago, IL 60660.



The Cleveland Connection strikes again! He tells me that the Ohio Conference of Clubs will meet in Dayton on June 25-26. The Flight Two Run will be hosted by the Griffins; it will be their summer meeting. The entrance fee through June 1 will be \$35 and after that date \$40. Many of the guys will be putting up at the Holiday Inn, so, if you decide to sack out there, be sure to let the desk clerk know so he'll put you on the top two floors with others attending the run. If you're interested, contact: THE GRIFFINS, Box 181, Dayton, OH 45402.

Another item from the Cleveland Connection. One of his hangouts, A Man's World, held its Mr. Ohio Leather 1983 contest in March. He didn't

remember the date. The contest winner was Will Cheeks, while Steve, the hot bearded man, was first runner up and Tom was second runner up. Will Cheeks has gone on the Chicago to try for the Mr. International Leather 1983 title.

Speaking of contests, the Mr. Drummer 1983 contest is almost with us. By the time this magazine reaches you, only two regional contests will still have to be run: A Man's World in Cleveland and The Texas Drilling Company in Atlanta. Then it all happens in San Francisco on the weekend of June 24th.

About *Drummer's* Oktoberfest trip in September, I have received over 40 inquiries from interested guys. Remember, there will only be 52 places available for the trip.

By the next issue, I am hoping to have pictures and material on this year's Whitewater Run. The Pocono Warriors are looking for a great weekend and it may well turn out to be the biggest run ever. Keith Hayman of Houston vacillated about making it to the run, but he, like so many others, is going to make it because he just can't miss what is one of the stellar events of the year.

GOLDEN FLEECE RUN XII (you can find their ad elsewhere in the magazine) is the biggest event in Denver of the summer season. I have touted it in a previous column. The leather community in the Denver area is really getting its shit together. There is a lot of growth in the entire gay community and the leather dudes are in the forefront of this



growth. In the upcoming year I expect to see great things emerging from Denver. We all hear of Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Los Angeles and Houston, but I have a feeling that Denver, in its own way, will become a strong and viable leader in gay and leather affairs.

AIDS in making a lot of us look at ourselves and our lifestyles. We have seen our brothers stricken by this specter. The results of this assault on the health and wellbeing on the gay community are only now emerging. "Monogamy" is on everybody's lips, but I feel that is an immediate reaction and gives us a clue as to people's thinking. I don't expect the community to become monogamous, because it is not in the human beast, but I do expect a greater care and discrimination in the selection of partners. The bathhouses are feeling the pressure and are trying to adjust to it. In the SM community there is an obvious effort for guys to limit their circle of partners to regulars. Also the scene which has no sexual contact is being touted. Hard drugs are beginning to fall by the way, which I believe is a good sign since it has no business in an SM scene. There is no question that AIDS will be the greatest disaster for our community in the 1980's, but something can be salvaged from it if we take better care of ourselves and know who we screw around with.

Again, I need material for this column at least 60 days before you have your event. Try to get it into me on a timely basis and if I have any questions, I will contact you.



Miami— The Thebans M.C. will be providing a monthly event for the biker and leather/ levi crowd in South Florida this summer. They will be holding their Tenth Anniversary celebration August 5-7 in Miami. They are now accepting registration to the August blast. Cost is \$60 with housing accommodations for two nights: \$35 for locals. The deadline for registration is July 1, 1983. The address is: Thebans, M.C., Box 331273, Miami, FL 33133. South Florida is on the move, so if you plan to be in the neighborhood in August, sign up for one hell of a time. If you live in South Florida, check the Thebans out; they will undoubtedly have a lot to offer you and you may be able to contribute something of yourself to them.

MSC RHEIN-MAIN FRANKFURT



7. BAUERNHOF PARTY



17.-20.
JUNI
1982

We started with Germany, so I will end this column with another German leather party. The MSC Rhein-Main-Frankfurt is having their 7th Bauernhof-party June 17-20 in Frankfurt. I apologize for my inability to translate the program, but I could make out two words, Boots and Sauna, which I find to be fraught with all sorts of visions of leather and bodies. They make a great mixture for any party. Interested? Contact: Horst Pupke, Mulheimer Strasse 10, 6000 Frankfurt 61, West Germany. This event was not listed in the ECMC calendar that I published earlier.

—Frank O'Rourke

Nobody Does Tits Better! (or in as many ways!) After 5 Years of intensive tit work on all you hot and humpy Hunks, we're coming up for air only long enough to say a very heartfelt "thanks!"

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DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of OLDER MEN

HOW DADDY TRAINED ME

Someone showed me a copy of *Drummer* a couple of weeks ago and I read about *Drummer Daddies*. So I want to share with you about my special daddy.

I only get to be with my daddy every week or so, so every time is a special time. Very often, he plans something fun for us to do—a rock concert or play, or he plans a picnic. Sometimes he takes me away, like a weekend in Palm Springs or Tahoe. Almost always, there is some special surprise for me, whether it's a trip or an event or just a new toy for us to play with. And he sends me notes or cards ahead of time, teasing about the surprise he has for me.

When the time comes for us to be alone, I help my daddy while he gets into his leather. The sight of him standing over me all in black really makes me squirm, and I beg him to let me lick him all over. Then he makes me tell him all the naughty things I've done since we were last together so he can judge if I need to have some discipline (sometimes I make up things). He is a wonderfully gentle man, but he's very strict with me, too, and he wants me to be very clean before I give him pleasure and getting rid of the bad vibes I have in my head and my behavior is the first part of his cleaning me out before we play.

Sometimes he orders me to drop my pants and assume the position, and he gives my butt a good spanking right then and there. Sometimes he makes me suck his cock or lick his balls while he's doing it. One time he made me polish his boots while he spanked me. Sometimes he waits to administer my punishment until later—I never know, and it is part of the suspense and excitement of being with him.

When my head is clean, my daddy undresses me down to my white jockey shorts, takes me into the bathroom and closes the door. In there, where we are totally private and alone, he slowly strips them away to make me completely naked for him. I am always

that way, or sometimes we pretend that he's caught me masturbating into the toilet and makes me finish off in front of him. One time when we were playing on a big slippery sheet with warm mineral oil, he got my ass up in the air and just poured the oil up inside me through a big plastic funnel. Wow, what a feeling!

When we were fooling around with the jockey shorts, he fucked me right through the little hole in the seat, and we love to pretend that we're in the company of others while I sit on my daddy's hot leather lap—with only the two of us knowing that his cock is outside his pants and up inside me all the time.

I like to watch my daddy's face when he comes in me. It is as though the whole world is coming to a climax. I can see fire in his eyes and there've been times I've whispered my own kind of dirty talk that made him so crazy that he had a double orgasm. At that moment, I know that my daddy is truly mine, and that I have given him the great pleasure he deserves.

Sometimes it is getting light outside by the time my daddy is through playing with my body, and he bathes me very carefully and then we get into his hot tub and let the jets and bubbles toss us around in the water. My daddy always has something fun for us to eat then, and we drift off to sleep in his big, comfortable bed, snuggling close. If he lets me wear my flannel pajama bottoms, sometimes in the morning he pulls them down to my knees and fucks me again. My daddy can fuck me anytime he wants to.

I love my daddy and my daddy loves me, and even when I'm away from him I have a wonderful glow thinking about what the next visit will be like.

My daddy feels very strongly about privacy, so please don't use my real name or he'll give me a real hard spanking.

Come to think of it, do use my real name!

Tommy



DADDY IN UNIFORM

I'm a daddy/master who likes being served by a slave son who knows he's worthless and who desires only to please me to the fullest. I'm 43 years old, 5'6", and weigh 145 lbs. I'm into FF, SM, C&BT, TT, water sports, cigars and uniforms. If you're the kind of man who can be the kind of son I want, get ahold of me.

Daddy Ron

DADDY CAN MAKE ME HARD

I have been wanting to write to "Drummer Daddies" for a long time. I am also in search of an older man to become my daddy.

I am 24 years old, 150 lbs., 6'2", blond hair and blue eyes and a moustache. I have very little hair on my body.

I am looking for a man 35 years old or older who is in good physical shape (and who has a mind that is in good shape), a dad who knows what he wants in a son and expects to get it.

I am looking for a real man who wants a real man for a son. A dad who will put my mind and body in training, who will give me a daily schedule of workouts, and help make my body rock hard.

I want to touch my Dad's body, to appreciate his maleness, to rub his back, to run his bathwater, and to wash him.

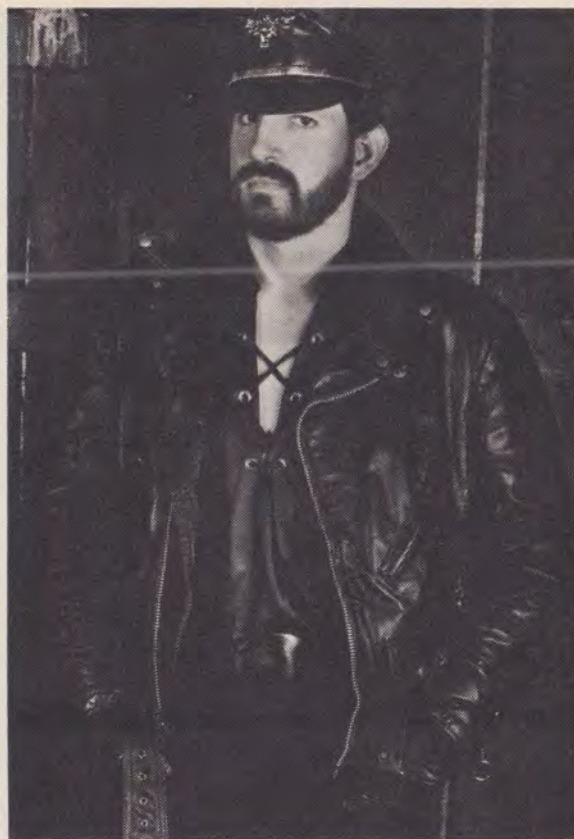
very excited about this, because I know it is time to take my enema. If we use the long hose from the shower, he gives it to me right on the toilet, but often he has me fill his big, 3-quart enema bag and hang it up so it's ready when he wants to really fill me up. He has a variety of hoses and nozzles and even a bardex which he pumps up inside me until I think I'll burst. We decide together which nozzle to use, and he puts towels down on the floor for me. And then he tells me what position to get in so that making me take my enema will be the most exciting for him. Sometimes he puts me on my back so I can look up and see the bag empty into me; now and then he places me on my left side with my right leg drawn up. My favorite is on my knees with my face on the floor and my bottom stuck way up in the air.

He lubricates my hole very slowly and carefully and talks real dirty to me while he eases the nozzle in. When he's sure I'm comfortable, he lets the water go and it drives me crazy to feel it gurgling up in my belly. Mostly, he stops the flow if it begins to hurt and I ask him to, though sometimes he makes me take it until I cry and beg him to shut it off. He strokes my tummy and talks to me about where the water is going and how nice and clean it's going to make me up inside where we'll play later. He tells me how much water I've taken, and sometimes when I'm very full, he slips the nozzle out and puts his big cock in there to stir up the hot soapy water. The feeling just makes me want to let go, but I hold onto my daddy's dick with all the strength in my asshole (if any spills, he makes me clean it, so I am very careful). Just recently, one time, he made me leave my jockey shorts on and gave me an enema right through a little hole he cut in the seat with a razor blade. The feeling just blew me away! And if I've been very bad, he shaves me so I am completely smooth and defenseless and all the guys in the showers at school will jazz me about it.

We spend a long time getting me cleaned out, then we set the stage together in the bedroom—funsheet, candles, toys and the right music.

And when we do lie down together, my daddy and me, I am completely clean for him to play with however he chooses. He has amazing stamina, my daddy does, and he eats my clean shaved little butt hole and fucks me for hours. Sometimes he ties me up and puts the real strong nipple clamps on me and fucks me real hard as my punishment, and I cry. In between, he plays with toys in my ass, and almost always he reaches up inside me with his hand and fills me up until I feel real piggy and grunt on my daddy's arm.

We play with many toys and head games. He will handcuff one wrist to my balls and make me jack off



SAN FRANCISCO DADDY

Gentle but firm Daddy is now accepting applications for a son. Age is unimportant, but must be good-looking, submissive without being passive, and willing to undergo stringent training in bondage, discipline, light S&M, and whatever Daddy may deem proper.

Son must be level-headed, drug-free, intelligent and aware of the loving aspects of a Daddy's care.

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Experience is not important, but son should be serious about his commitment to his Daddy. Limitations are respected, but Daddy knows what he wants and expects to get it!

All applications should be properly worded and accompanied by a clear and honest photo. Applications not meeting these requirements will not be answered.

Apply to Daddy Leo, San Francisco.

I want to earn my daddy's respect and trust and I want to obey him. One day he will look at me and be glad I'm his son.

I have many talents, ambitions, and abilities. I need an older man that wants me for what I could be—with his help and guidance.

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And when we came together on a sexual level, man to man, older man to younger man, father to son—then I would feel proudest to be his son.

David
Washington, D.C.



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If you send daddy a photo, he'll write to you. No photo, no answer.

Daddy Lee
San Francisco

DRUMMEDIA VIDEO

THE NEW BREED, INDEED!

Falcon, clearly dominating the ever-growing gay erotica video market, might well opt at any point to rest on its laurels. With the largest backlog of material featuring the widest variety of men and the greatest number of porn's superstars already on file (or rather, film)—if anyone could slow down production and not feel the effects, it would be Falcon. But, then again, they didn't get where they are by standing still.

The New Breed (Video Pac 32) is just the latest innovation for this constantly changing company, an anthology video which includes a bonus piece—and an impressive selection of previews—all of which look like the work of a new director with a new emphasis, as well as the introduction of two new Falcon discoveries, one of whom is destined for Mount Olympus.

The emphasis in *The New Breed* is on masculine young men with powerhouse bodies and acute awareness of their sexuality; or to be as blunt as possible, these guys have it and know not only how to use it, but how to make it fresh, exciting, and memorable.

The New Breed opens with sleek, blond Kris Bjorn, muscular Bill Henson and masculine Bill Harlen in a complex, heart-pounding three-way titled *Malibu*. The beach resort this segment is named after was never this exciting, rest assured.

Henson is jogging on the beach, not that jogging looks to add a single slice more of definition to an already flawless body with deeply-edged abdominal cuts and hairless slab pecs. Bill Harlen, equally muscular and trim, spots him, watches him, and goes for it. But Harlen isn't looking for a quickie on the beach; we already know superhung Kris Bjorn is home fucking the bejesus out of his pillow, waiting for his roommate to bring home some... lunch.

Henson, confronted with Bjorn and his whopper waiting on the bed, is a little hesitant. But Kris Bjorn could charm the medflies off a fruit tree and slinks up to the superstud's crotch with the finesse of a black widow spider ready for the kill. Henson can't resist Bjorn's hands and mouth, and just falls into it as the blond works him from the front and Harlen strokes him from behind, whispering sweet, but strictly hardcore, endearments in his ear.

When these three men get stripped down to serious sucking and fucking, you know you are in the company of maneaters; there's no hesitation now as both Henson and Harlen try to deep-throat Bjorn's excessively long and thick

cock. Every combination and position under the sun later and we've still not seen more than three-fourths of it disappear in either eager mouth. Bjorn has ideas of his own and turns both he-men over, eats out their asses, and starts to plow into them, first one at a time, then, in a very cleverly constructed human pyramid, dicks them almost simultaneously.

Malibu is twice as long as the normal video loop, about 30 minutes, and by the time each of these hot young men has unloaded—one way or another—you're exhausted. But the trio doesn't disappear with the last climax; it's off to the shower where they soap up and clean off the accumulated cock and ass juices—a nice touch and a good chance

to see the really dynamite physiques of Bill Henson and Bill Harlen again (without rewinding the tape and starting over).

The second segment, *Stud for Hire*, while another look at the hot-young-man-with-a-hard-on-calls-hustler-from-The-Advocate genre, has enough new twists to make the familiar porn theme exceptionally exciting. Wes Cole (good sized cock, decent body, blond) is the hot young man thumbing through the Models/ Masseurs listing while he strokes himself through his jeans, and Jeff Porter (tall, very well built, and... wait for it, bigger than Kris Bjorn) is the stud who makes house calls. Cole wastes no time when Porter shows up at the door and in a matter of seconds has the



—from the *Malibu* section of *New Breed*

giant, baby-faced hustler standing beside the bed while he unbuttons his pants and pulls out *la grande chorizo*. If your mouth falls open when you see Porter's equipment, rest assured that Cole's mouth also falls open and goes for it. This time you won't see any more than half of Porter's rod disappear as the young blond tries every position he can think of to get more of it down his throat. Porter just gets harder and harder and bigger, and finally flips Cole over to pile drive his heavily-veined ten inches into the young man's willing, but stretched-to-its-limit ass. Porter fucks him every which way but loose and, when he's ready to shoot his load, he makes sure that Cole gets a heavy taste of it.

Cole cleverly slides the superstud's BVD's under the bed while the hustler is getting dressed, pays him, then watches him walk out the door. You've got to believe that Porter is used to having his shorts hoovered by now. Cole digs them out when he is alone and dumps his own pent-up juices into them. Briefs to

remember.

When the title segment, *The New Breed*, comes on you might wonder why Video Pac 32 wasn't called *Malibu* or even *Stud for Hire*, both of which have been exceptional mini-features. Well, hold on to your hats, partners, because *The New Breed* features Falcon's latest discovery, Tex. Those of you who think Matt Dillon is something to cream over are in for a big treat. Tex, half-Indian, dark, hairless, his tight, compact muscular body chisled by Frederick Remington, is enough to make you want to take up cattle rustling.

Tony Calhoun, a nice-looking young man but the plain-jane of this video pac, is out in the low country camping amid some boulders and scrub brush. He thinks he's the only human being in a fifty mile radius, and he acts like it—stripping down and stroking his cock under the desert sun. But along comes Tex, out for no good. Tex spots him, gets boiling balls, and descends on the young camper without as much as a howdy-do. But just so the young city-

slicker won't panic, Tex makes the first move and goes down on Calhoun's swollen, but slightly nervous, cock. That's all it takes to make Calhoun relax and give Tex the leeway to strip off and butt-fuck like the uprising of the Shawnee Nation.

What could have been an ordinary outdoor ass-pounding is the highlight of Video Pac 32; Tex, not a physical giant, not hung like the proverbial horse, is nonetheless the hottest package of sex appeal to come down the pike in many a moon.

FALCON'S VIDEO STARTER

Falcon has created a special library designed for the newcomer to porn who has just purchased his first video player. Composed of five separate full-length features from Falcon's extensive library, the Video Starter Pac 1 includes, in either Beta or VHS format, *The Other Side of Aspen*, *Johnny Harden & The Champs*, *Against The Rules*, *Style*, and *Huge*. Unlike most discount video tape deals, Falcon's Video Starter Pac includes some brand new titles as well as some of their best selling titles. The superstars of explicit films: Casey Donovan, Al Parker, Dick Fisk, Sky Dawson, Josh Kincaid, Leo Ford, Todd Baron, Tim Kramer, and their newest discovery, Lee Ryder, highlight the five individual cassettes. There is a catch, however. You must send in a proof of purchase of your video recorder (a Xerox will do). The list price for the cassettes in the Video Starter Pac 1 is \$497.50, but the big deal is that Falcon is selling this mini-library for \$250.00 and will include a \$10 rebate coupon towards a future purchase. Information on the Video Starter Pac 1 is available from: Falcon, Box 750, San Francisco, CA 94101. You must be 21 years of age to order anything from Falcon, and you must include that as a signed statement. And, as is their policy, this offer is not available to residents of Texas or Tennessee.

But there's more; Ben Henson does a solo jack off in *Brief*, a fantasy built around a very well-known print ad for Calvin Klein white jockey shorts. Henson shows off every square inch of his magnificent physique in this brief segment, which is lovingly composed and filmed. Video Pac 32 also contains a long segment of trailers for other Falcon Video pacs, starting with number 2 and working through about 20 of their collections of diverse subjects and stars.

This is also one of the first Falcon videos to contain dialogue tracks as well as music, and the music has been much improved from what you usually hear in anthology videos. All in all, *The New Breed* is most likely Falcon's best video cassette and marks a real advance over the current market fare.

—John W. Rowberry



—from the title section of *New Breed*



Coulter "Colt" Thomas,
1983 Mr. International Leather.
Sponsor: Officers Club/Houston

... MEANWHILE, IN CHICAGO

Chicago brought it off again. In spite of pre-event rumors and complaints of a lack of communication with the contest's hierarchy, International Mr. Leather was chosen and crowned to a standing room audience, right on schedule the first weekend in May. Forty-four smiling, muscular hopeful contestants for the title lined up to be eliminated to a more manageable twenty-five.

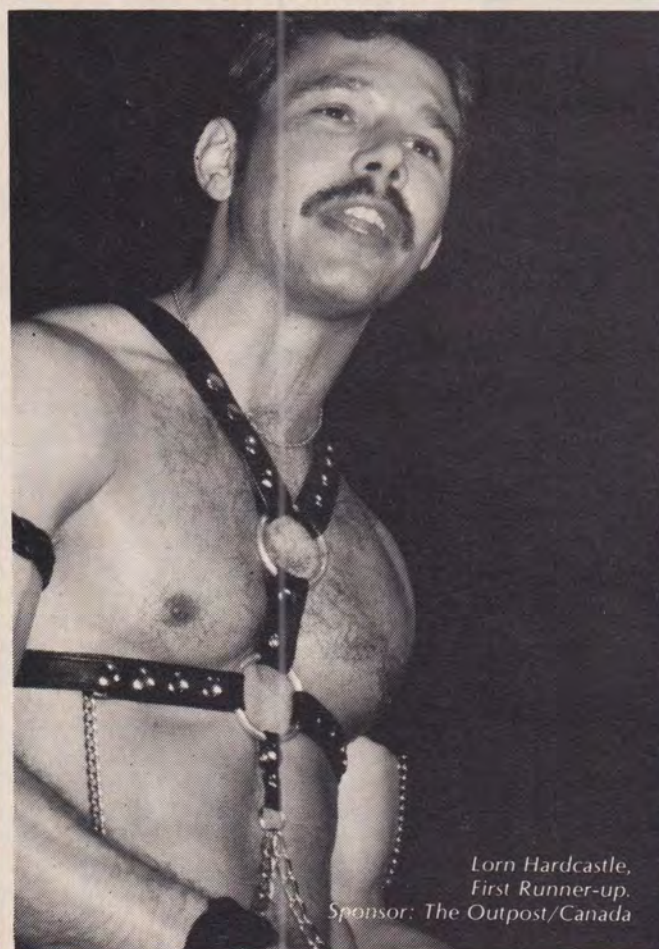
The Park West was sold out; the show, while overly long, had few of the customary delays for this type of affair. Herb & Potato were again emcees and had the sharpest and best-delivered material of their careers. Recording artist Sara Dash was exceptional, a rock band named *Stranded* was ear-shattering and the Chicago Gay Men's Chorus sang with a color guard of the Chicago Conference of Clubs.

Judges were artists Tom of Finland and Etienne, columnists Mr. Marcus (*The Voice*, San Francisco) and Frank McGowan (*Philadelphia Gay News*), Rev. Troy Perry of MCC, Falcon honcho Dennis Forbes and 1982 Mr. Leather Luke Daniel.

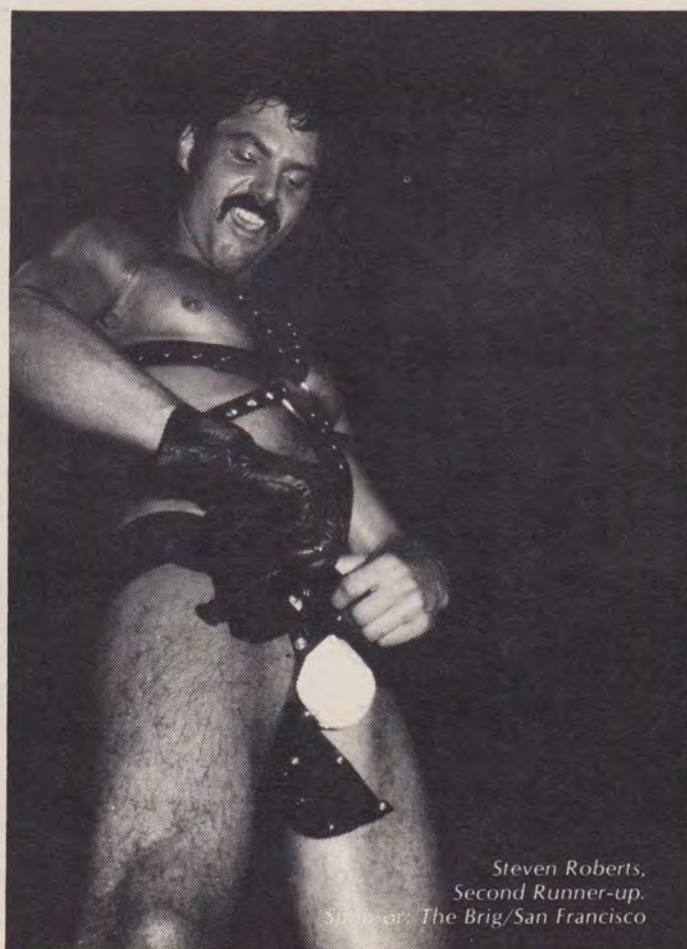
Other important events of the big Chicago weekend included a reception for judges, candidates and the press, a Sunday afternoon cookout at Touche's, and a penthouse cocktail party given by John Wertman of Detroit's Interchange and hosted by Mr. Marcus. The final event was the *Black and Blue Ball* at sponsor Chuck Renslow's Man's Country.

Mr. Drummer/International Leather Luke Daniel presented the trophy to Coulter "Colt" Thomas of Texas. First Runner-up was Lorn Hardcastle of Canada and Second Runner-up was *Drummer* model Steven Roberts of San Francisco.

Congratulations are in order for Renslow and Associates and all in all it was a big night, as well as a very successful one for leather in Chicago!



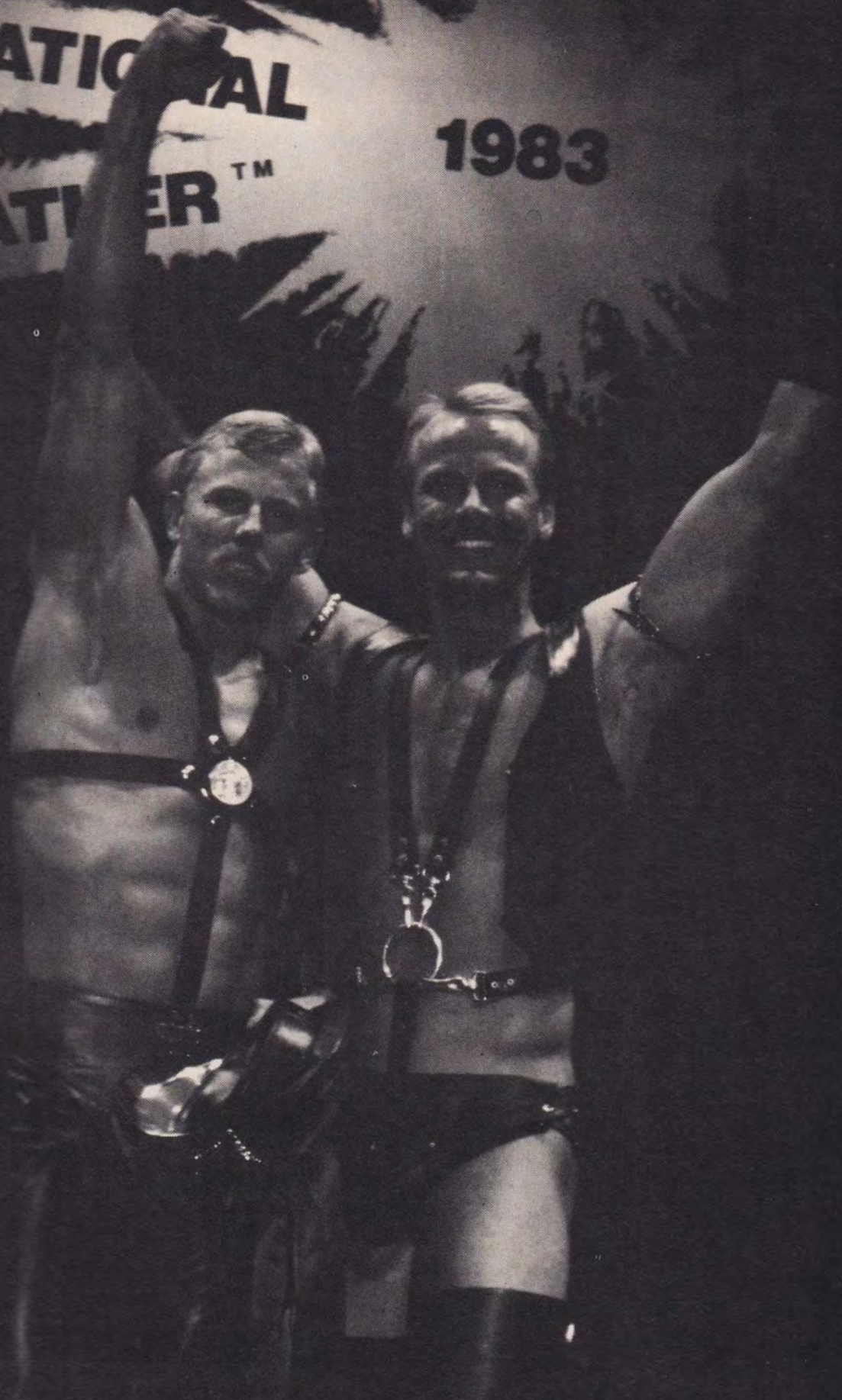
Lorn Hardcastle,
First Runner-up.
Sponsor: The Outpost/Canada



Steven Roberts,
Second Runner-up.
Sponsor: The Brig/San Francisco

INTERNATIONAL
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International Mr. Leathers 1983 (Colt Thomas) and 1982 (Luke Daniel) smile for Drummer cameraperson Rose de Castro.

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