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DRUMMER

A man with a mustache, wearing a black leather biker helmet with a silver emblem on the front. He is shirtless, showing his muscular torso, and is wearing a black leather strap across his chest. He is also wearing black leather gloves and a black leather belt with a silver buckle. The background is dark and textured.

ISSUE 65

395

MR. DRUMMER '83
THEY'RE AT THE GATE

THE TRUCKER
& THE CYCLIST

ZEUS BEEF TRUST
TONY BRONTE

SWEDEN
LEATHERMEN

SPECIAL REPORT:
JOHN
PRESTON
SOME OF
US ARE
DYING

FICTION BONUS:

HANK MORGAN
THE LONG NIGHT

RICK LEATHERS
THE BEAST

C.L. WRIGHT
THE MAN

JARRED SCOTT
LUST

DRUMMER
DADDIES

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

Henry David Thoreau



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SOME OF US ARE DYING BY JOHN PRESTON

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Cover: Another hunk from the 1983 Mr. Southern California Drummer Contest (and this isn't even the winner!). Photo by Rose de Castro.

Opposite page: We don't know why Tony Bronte isn't in our Mr. Drummer Contest. We may have to create a category just for him! Photo by Zeus.

GETTING OFF

We want to draw your attention to the article that starts on page 18 of this issue, "Some of Us Are Dying," by John Preston. We'll wait for the mail to come in on this one; we already know that, unfortunately, a number of people are going to get on our case for printing anything that could infringe on the intense sexual communication that *Drummer* strives to bring you each issue. But Mr. Preston's perspective of the holocaust that threatens us all is one that needs to be in this magazine at this time. You can't arm yourself by simply closing your eyes.

Some updating is in order. Since Mr. Preston spoke these words—this is a transcript of a speech he gave to the Maine State Gay Association—there have been developments. Foremost, more people have died than indicated. That's important. Secondly, the President has made a big deal out of the fact that he allocated \$12 million for AIDS research. That's odious and despicable; especially when this piddling amount is spread over 1½ years. It's less than a crumb. Billions are to be spent on such 'worthwhile' projects as the MX missile and military aid to puppet dictatorships in other countries. The government's response to the AIDS crisis is one that can not be tolerated. And no one is going to change that response except us. That is our obligation, to ourselves, to the gay men who have already been killed by AIDS, and to the still-living AIDS victims. Research and cure is not our obligation, and we don't think that can be stressed strongly enough—it is clearly the duty of the federal government and all the means at its disposal.

Following Mr. Preston's article is a small file of information and suggestions. We urge you to read and consider it carefully. There is always more that can be known and more that can be done. We just want you to start somewhere... for your own sake.

—John W. Rowberry

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MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

BIG NIPS

For people who dig big nipples, your cover man for Issue No. 62 was fantastic! More, more, more of him, please! Get your photographer Jim Wigler to hone in on those tits and let's see them up-close!

One more thing—the rest of the model, hunk, et al, is hot, hot, hot! Will we be seeing more of him?

Name and address withheld on request

HOW TO...

I have been a subscriber to *Drummer* for the past three years and have always enjoyed your publication. It has really helped me get in touch with my true feelings and interests and developed my fantasies. Now I want some information.

I have been wanting to pierce my nipples and wear barbell studs or nipple retainers. The problem is that there is not a lot of information on 'do-it-yourself' piercing. In the past, you have been the source I have used to introduce myself to the leather world. So it seems very natural to make this request with the hopes that you will see fit to run an article very soon on the materials needed, advantages and dangers, etc., of wearing body jewelry.

Dorian
Terre Haute, IN

(Editor's Note: We're planning to almost meet your demand...we're working on a special book titled "Pierced, Shaved & Tattooed" which will cover every aspect of piercing except how to do it yourself. We just don't feel it is possible to put out the right kind of information on self-piercing in a book. The best piercing is that done by a professional—and we realize you may not live anywhere near one. There are two options that come readily to mind. Try to find a gay man that does commercial ear piercings—check out who is doing piercings in department stores and boutiques around you. If he looks cool, find out his name. Then call him on the phone and explain that you are interested in having your nipples pierced. If he doesn't hang up, he may be very interested in doing it. The other suggestion would be to locate tattoo artists who do commercial work. Call them up and ask if they also do any piercings. If they say yes, describe exactly what you want done. Make an appointment to meet the guy, and then make the decision based on how you feel about his demeanor and the condition of his tattoo shop. Piercings need to be performed with surgical attention to cleanliness. A third possibility is to hold off until you can take a vacation then head for New York, San Francisco or Los Angeles.)

CONDOM SENSE

I want to interest you and your readers in what might make a contribution to the health of gay men across the country. We are becoming more diseased and we need to take precautions with our sexual activity. The gay lifestyle is changing. One change that we could make that would not be too disruptive—and that enjoyers of porn can help support—is to use an already existing precaution, the condom.

Condoms are dismissed because gay men have no contraceptive needs. But that is only half their purpose. Condoms would prevent the exchange of semen during fucking. They would not be a panacea. They would not prevent diseases spread by kissing or contact with shit, like amebiasis and parasite infections or hepatitis. But they would certainly reduce the gonorrhea and syphilis among gay men, the consequent use of antibiotics, and possible damage to the immune system that could be linked with AIDS.

Rubbers are already a fetish with some men. If more of us experienced them as sexually exciting or at least as something rather regular in having sex with a variety of partners, they'd be more widely used.

The way to get them accepted is for porn stars to use them in their performance of sexual activity. Pornography among gay men is a major factor in the development of sexual tastes. What men jack off to influences what they feel. What men see in pornography is what they learn to do.

The way to get porn producers to begin showing regular sexual hygiene practices, like using rubbers as part of the regular paraphernalia we all have for sex, is for us to suggest it.

Toby Johnson
San Antonio, Texas

PRISON PAL

I want to thank you for your ConRap department. I have been writing a man whose ad was in the ConRap column. We have been writing to each other for over three months. You inspired me to write. We are establishing a foundation and upon his release we are going to be together.

J. Comfort
San Francisco, CA

CARDIAC ARREST

Wow! Your Issue Number 62 on policemen really copped the prize for some of your best work ever! It almost gave me cardiac arrest!

All right, enough bad puns, but I just wanted to thank you for a truly exciting issue. Cops have always been one of my favorite sexual fantasies, and Issue 62 gave me everything I wanted—and more!

A large share of the credit must go to your photographer, Jim Wigler, whose sizzling photography really made this issue a collector's item. His incredible cover—even the 'censored' version with the 'law and order issue' tag—was possibly the most arousing in *Drummer's* history (and thanks for publishing the uncensored version inside as well), and his work on "Meanwhile Down in the Basement of the Station House" was, in my prejudiced opinion (prejudiced because I'm so turned on by cops), one of the hottest photo spreads ever shown. I really must commend *Drummer* for publishing Jim Wigler's work. Issues are always superhot when they contain his pictures. He really seems to know how to capture erotica on film, how to depict a fantasy and make you feel you were there. I think maybe it's because he seems to enjoy what he's photographing, and the excitement becomes contagious. I hope you will continue to publish his work, because it is truly a turn-on!

I also wanted to thank you for your short story, "A Cop's Lament." I've been reading your magazine (and others) for years, and I can't ever remember a story that was such a turn-on for me. I've read it so often, I think I know it by heart, and just the thought of it makes me get hard! Your opening remarks in Issue 62, titled "Getting Off," discuss the attraction to cops and ask "Why emulate your persecutors?" But you forget—there's also a great deal of fun in humiliating your persecutors, as well—perhaps that's why "A Cop's Lament" is so hot.

And Etienne's illustration for "A Cop's Lament," with the teenagers manhandling a humpy officer and sticking a gun up the well-packed cheeks of his cop ass, was a turn-on in itself.

Once again, thanks for the great job! Keep up the good work, and remember to stick a cop or two in future issues.

Doug Wyett
Clawson, Michigan

BRAVO BONDAGE

"Bondage Confessions" by Mark I. Chester (*Drummer* No. 61) is the kind of story a man truly enjoys reading; this man definitely has his shit together.

Thanks, *Drummer*, for stirring my soul and making my cock hard at the same time.

Ken Dunlap
San Diego, CA

BLACK TOPS/BOTTOMS

You may have responded to Pedro in *Drummer* (Issue 64) too harshly about his "unscientific" research/observations about black-white relationships. As a black man with a stronger preference for certain Latins and Anglos, I do care about "who might be more dominant on a sexual level," as well as "who is plowing my ass at a particular moment."

My observation is that most blacks are cultivated to play dominant roles in sexual relationships with whites—regardless of gender or sexual preference/orientation. Much of this 'conditioning' comes from the media hype and images portrayed of blacks: as violent, as being super-endowed, as having super-sustaining powers, as... These stereotypes, myths, fantasies, and sometimes realities, have been with Americans since the first black set foot on these shores.

Observe any porno movie or publication; it is 90% predictable that if a black man is featured, he will be doing the fucking and playing the dominant role. We may be shown on our knees sucking a white cock, but the focus of the camera will be on the black cock being shoved down the throat or ass of a white partner.

As a 'switch-hitter' black man, I seldom find a white person inclined to perform as a top. In fact, if I communicate my desire to be fucked, most whites are turned off by the idea. Thus, I often turn to my black brothers for fulfillment of some of my fantasies and desires. Several years ago I got tired of playing/performing the 'stud' role and have since expanded my sexual expressions to include both active and passive roles. Wherein I enjoy fantasies that are heightened by porno props of movies and magazines, notably missing are encounters between blacks and blacks. Most of the fiction and fantasies I find in the media are aimed at fulfilling the desires of whites or those blacks/Latins who have a preference for whites.

I personally believe that limiting ourselves to any one sexual role or partner type is limiting in terms of potential sexual fulfillment. Yet I respect preferences, even when they are along the lines of gender, race, body type, or sexual roles. Wherein I am turned off by hardcore SM and B&D and feel—as well as fear—that some of the role-playing from these sexual activities spill into our everyday existence and relationships, I support the right of consenting adults to do their own thing.

Allen Scott
San Francisco, CA

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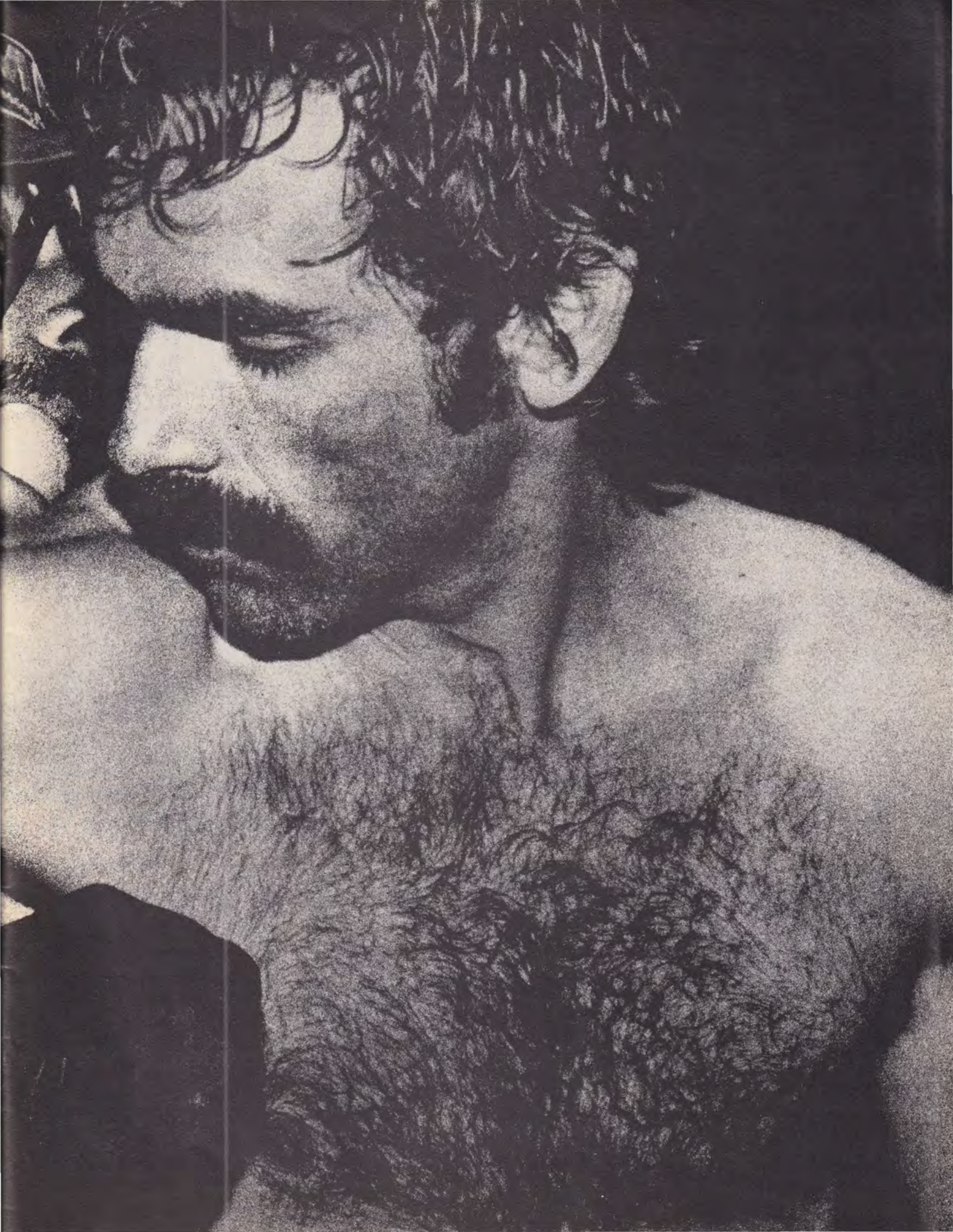
TO THE CLUB!

THE TRUCKER and THE CYCLIST

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY
taken at the COMPOUND

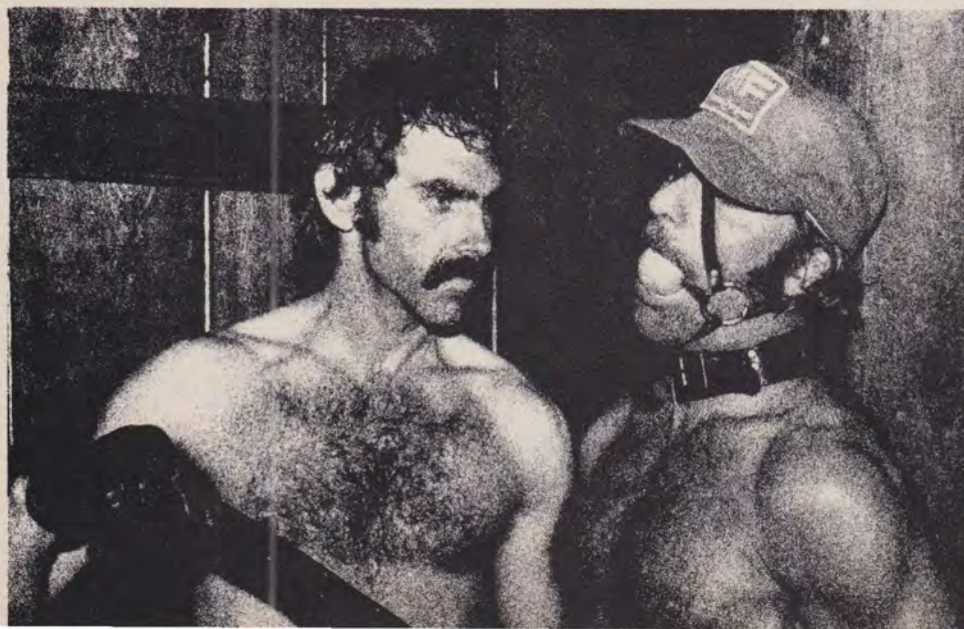
by **JIM WIGLER**
Bullshit by **ROBERT PAYNE**

A friend of ours, whom we'll call Mack to protect the guilty, called us the other day and wanted to use the old Quarters space. He didn't wait for us to ask why, just announced he had a trucker in tow





"I PICTURED HIM MAKING OUT WITH A WOMAN IN THE BACK OF THE CAB OF HIS



"Forget the broads, man—We got no use for your dick. You are a cock-sucker with a virgin ass. Your mouth is sealed, so let's see what else you got to take me with."

"He made a sound but we couldn't understand him. Probably just saying, 'Yes, Sir, thank you, Sir.' Probably."



TRUCK, A HEAVY—DUTY STUD, LOVER OF THE HIGHWAYS...

and needed a place to "work him over."

Since he is one of the craziest bike riders we have ever known, it made me curious as to where he found a trucker, but he simply announced he'd be right by, hung up, and I had to wait to see how much of the story he might be willing to part with.

He couldn't have called from far away, because he walked in very shortly, followed by a good looking redneck stud with the official trucker hat on that said "Massey Ferguson" on the front. Mack didn't bother introducing the guy, who stood in front of my desk with his eyes on the floor.

Mack pointed a thumb at his conquest and said, "My bike broke down and this asshole stopped to give me a lift. Cock-sucker was straight as a string 'til I got him down on his knees in the cab of his frigin'

truck. Man, he sure likes all the cock he can get." Mack was never subtle and always comes right to the point. Maybe that is what I like about him.

He reached around and grabbed the fellow by the seat of the pants. "Don't you, asshole?"

"Yes, Sir," the guy said quietly.

"I thought this turd could use a real workout. Somewhere where I'd have a little room. He drove all the way into town bare-assed, but I let him put his pants on to come in here."

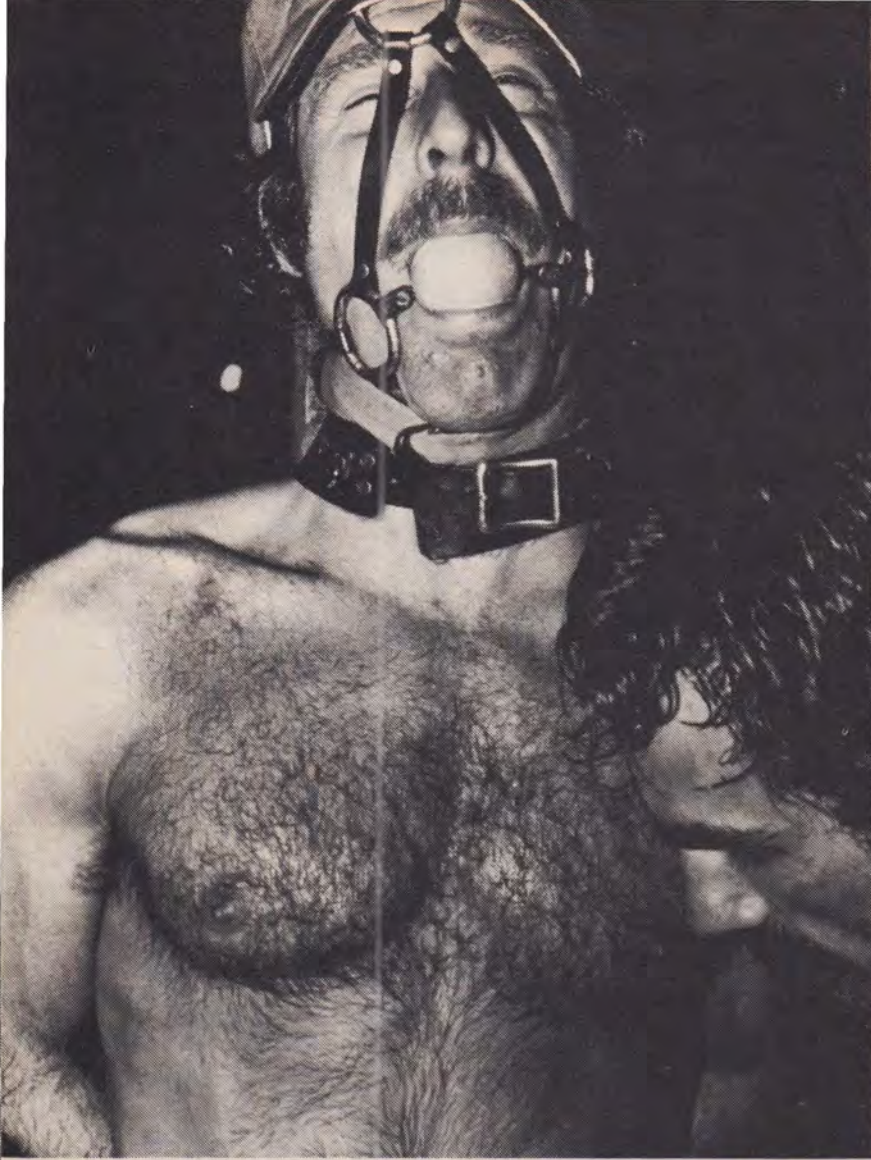
I thanked him for his courtesy and looked at the trucker a little more closely. He was barefoot! His pants was all that his Master had let him put back on. I handed Mack the keys to the front door of the Compound.

"How about letting us take pictures of your whole scene, Mack?"

Mack is an exhibitionist if ever there was one. He would have used Macy's front window if they would let him. "Sure. Don't bother me none. And Asshole hear hasn't got any objections, have you?" He belted the guy in the stomach. The trucker doubled over, out of wind. When he caught his breath, he murmured another, "Thank you, Sir."

We gave them a few minutes to get things going; I called in our photographer, who got his camera, flash, and a lot of film gathered up and off we went to the Compound. When we walked into what had been the main training room, the trucker was bare-assed naked and down on his knees.

"This straight motherfucker is a lousy cocksucker right now, but we'll see how fast he improves." Mack was right in the spirit of the Compound. The trucker,



"WHATEVER THRILL THE TRUCKER WAS GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS AFTERNOON



whatever his name, was strung up against the wall, had his considerable balls stretched and, when he became too noisy about it, got a ball gag in his mouth. He didn't like that either, but there wasn't much he could say about it. In fact, he didn't have much to say the rest of the afternoon and I'm sure his jaws were stretched sufficiently to accommodate Mack's demanding whanger later.

Mack discussed him as if he wasn't even present. "Sonofabitch comes on as this big butch trucker, talking about his old lady and his kids. I was beholden to him for picking me up and I offered to let him blow me," he said modestly.

"So how did you convince him he wanted to service you," I asked discreetly.

"I reached over, turned the keys in the ignition off, and put 'em in my jock," he said as if it were an everyday occurrence. "I just said, 'If you want these mothers, better start diggin', and use your tongue, not your hands.'"

"Easy as that?"

"Oh, it took a little more than that. But with the fuckin' semi stalled right in the middle of Highway 101, he did what was necessary." A self-satisfied smile. "Didn't



HE WAS GOING TO EARN IT" "I'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY..."

you, cocksucker?"

There was at least a nod and some guttural sounds out of the man stretched against the rough wooden wall. Without the benefit of the ball, it might have come out, "Yes Sir, thank you, Sir." At least Mack interpreted it that way.

"Is he a virgin?"

"He ain't no longer. His ass is pretty damn tight, though." Mack reached around and stuck a gloved finger in. There was an immediate reaction. "Hairy bastard, ain't he?"

The guy had a light blond hair covering down his front. His thick pecs had the same color hair surrounding large round nipples. He was sweating and the hair was plastered to his wet skin. I pictured him making out with a woman in the back of the cab of his truck. A heavy-duty stud, lover of the highways, hot and horny, delight of waitresses all along the way. Right now he was spread-eagle, arms fastened above his head, his nearly-perfect body waiting for another man to use it, enjoy it, make of it what he would. And there was nothing our hero could do or say about it. But it had been his choice initially; and the last choice he would be

making this evening.

Mack massaged his captive's meat and it became even harder. He grasped the balls and pulled them down. Their owner tried to go down with them and succeeded for the first few inches. Mack ran his expert hands over the fine, heavy thighs, the big calves and the even lightly-muscled feet. What a specimen. But then, Mack had had hundreds like this one. The novelty of this stud was that it preferred women, not men—and yet now was submissive enough to come begging for such abuse. I admired Mack's fire and verve, his unembarrassed offering of his considerable sex drive. Perhaps his new conquest had bitten off more than he could chew. But there was no sign of alarm or panic on the slave's part. The young fellow was proving himself a man in every sense of the word. You might even say he was somewhat enjoying it, however painful it might become.

Whatever thrill he might get out of this afternoon, the trucker was going to earn it. He was dropped back on his knees, the ball gag was taken off, along with his cap, and his head was pushed to the floor. He licked his master's boots, got Mack's balls

rubbed in his face, had the accompanying cock shoved down his throat and didn't dare pull away when Mack decided to empty his beer-filled bladder into this new slave. The only pulling away was done by Mack, who yanked the guy's head away from his cock to deliver a load of piss over his face, chest, and belly. Mack hooked his boot heel back of the trucker's neck, pushing the slave's face down to press it against the other boot.

"What are you going to do with him," I asked.

"Take him back to his rig. But I'm going to give him something to remember me by."

And, eventually, out they went. I can picture Mr. Middle America sitting at the wheel miles away, ass burning, cock hard, tits sore and humiliation written all over his face, staying away from the broads in the diners, either from some unfulfilled desire or a new sense of inadequacy, keeping his own counsel.

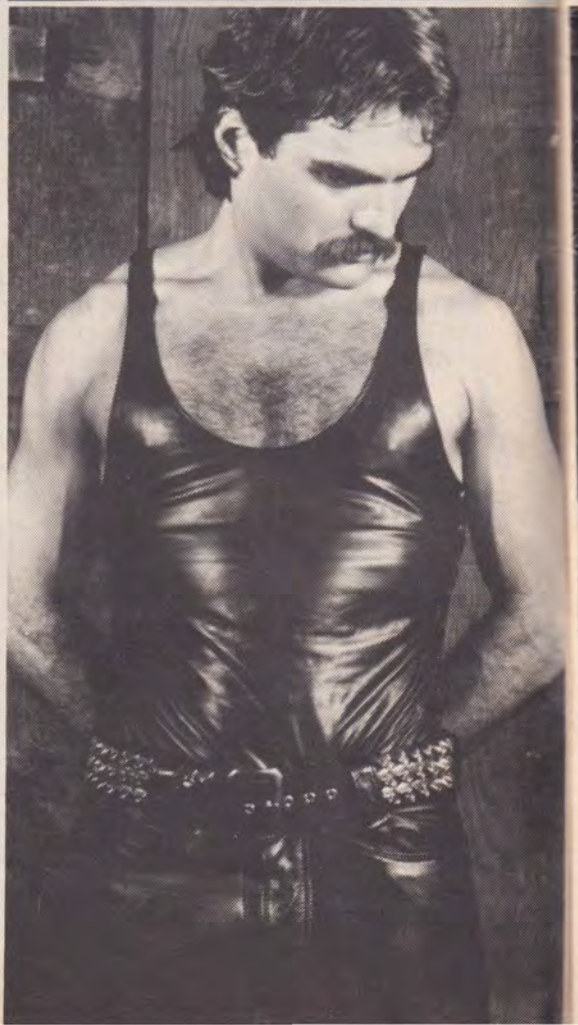
Maybe he'll meet someone else like Mack one of these days and continue his odyssey. I know he won't soon forget the afternoon he spent in the Compound. Nor will I. □

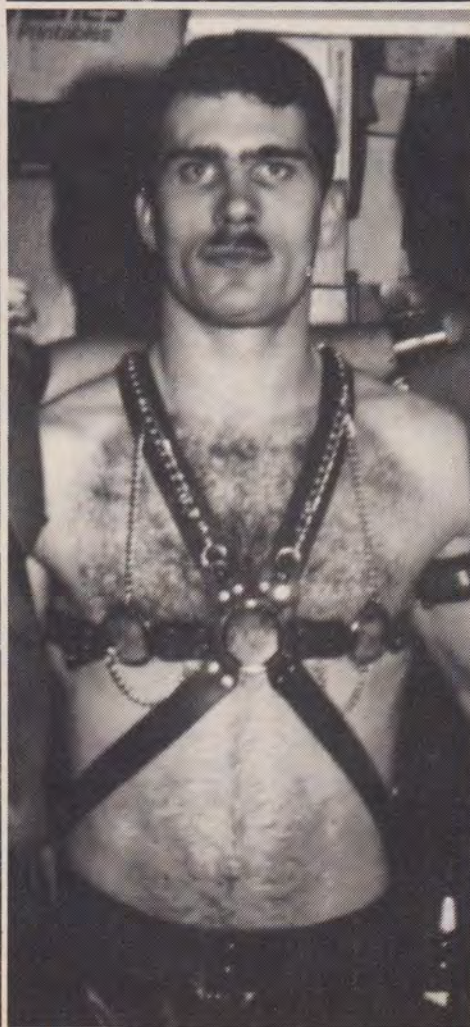


THEY'RE AT THE POST...

They are coming from all over: East, West, North and South to represent their areas and themselves at the big Drummer show in San Francisco, along with over a half-million other gay people to celebrate Gay Pride Week. In addition to the night at Trocadero Transfer, there is a reception at The Brig on Folsom Row and an after-the-event poolside party at The Oasis. There will be much pressing of the flesh; some of the contestants are bringing their own slaves, and those who don't will be assigned one to attend them during the evening. Coulter "Colt" Thomas, Mr. International Leather '83 will be there along with Luke Daniel, Mr. Drummer 1982/Mr. International Leather 1982. With over two thousand leathermen in attendance, it will be Leather's biggest night of the year.

Finalists: (clockwise from top) Bob Bulen (Mr. Pacific Northwest Drummer), George Moore (Mr. Midwest Drummer), Tim Creekmore (Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer), Steven Roberts (Mr. San Francisco Leather—Invitational Contestant), John Garger (Mr. East Coast Drummer), David Earl Lee (Mr. Southeast Drummer), Arthur Lopes (Mr. New England Drummer), Mark Siefker (Mr. Southern California Drummer2), Paul Manenti (Mr. Northern California Drummer), David LeBlanc (Mr. Southwest Drummer).





FORESKIN UPDATE

THE SARGE

There is a guy out there who really gets off clipping foreskins, and his name is Sarge. He thinks a lot of uncut men have

fantasies about being circumcised, and from the volume of his mail, he's probably right.

We asked Sarge to share some of his more unusual correspondence with us, and here it is:

CIRCUMCISION FANTASY

I am a twenty-two year old with an 8 inch cock, brown hair and green eyes. I have a fantasy about picking up a young hitchhiker who, after he is in my car, reaches over and gropes me. He pulls out my cock, plays with it, and asks if we can go someplace. I take him to my apartment. He ties me to the bed, plays with my foreskin: pulling, chewing, tearing—then tells me it has to go, shows me his cock, which is clipped, then pulls out a sharp razor and cuts off my foreskin.

TIGHT CUT

I need to be circumcised to make a man out of me. You see, I have a seven inch cock that many men would envy, except that it still has foreskin that covers it up when it's soft. My dad 'got it' in the military and used to tell me that the Army would make a man out of me, just as they had with him. When I was a boy, my dad would sometimes let me shower with him. I liked to sneak peaks at his big knob and rod, and would dream that someday I would have one just like it. I went off to college instead of the Army, and never got my official U.S. Army clip job.

When my big dick rises to a raging hard-on, the skin slides back to expose a fair-sized head with a large piss slit. And when I'm hard, I can barely push my skin over my high corona. Many men might think that I have the best of both worlds—a large uncut prick that exposes (converts) to a nicely knobbed rod. My only problem is that I want an all-American man-styled circumcised cock *all of the time!* When I show off my dick to other men, I want to flash a fully-exposed glans—soft or hard. I want the common experience of most men—having the foreskin clipped off. I want to be a circumcised man.

Of course, I have some favorite styles of cut cocks. I'd really like to be clipped so that a dark ring of scar tissue encircles my shaft, something to prove that I 'got it' just like my buddies. I realize that the 'ring boys' were probably branded by the Gomco clamp—something adult men rarely get to experience because of possible surgical complications. After I've been cut, I'm sure that my cock head will grow fatter so that I can show a big mushroom in my jock, jeans, or jockey shorts.



And I know that I'm asking for a lot more pain when I say that I want my frenum stripped along with the skin. I have to confess that what I really want is a clipped-tight cock that is taut when I'm erect, so that I have to rub and pull at my tight shaft skin and bare knob when I want to shoot my load. I also realize that I'll have to use a lot more lubrication after my clip job.

Speaking about loads, I'd like to be clipped while some of my circumcised buddies watch the operation. They could celebrate my circumcision by jerking off as it takes place.

KOSHER PIG

I am a Navy vet, married with three kids, and was almost circumcised while I was in the service by a drunk buddy who 'had his way' with me.

We both got drunk one night and he held a pair of manicure scissors up to my much redundant foreskin and talked about 'trimming' me. I can still see him playing with my cock through the open flaps of my 13-button tailored dress blues and it still gives me a hard-on to think about it.

Somehow, I've always felt I should be sliced, like it was my 'kismet'. I always seem to associate myself with pigs needing to be made kosher. My wife's been after me for years to get it 'tidied up'. So, I guess the time is getting inevitably near.

Actually, I'd like to have it done as part of a scene. I would like to get shitface

drink and have some guys relieve me of that big, ugly foreskin for once and for all. Only then will I feel kosher.

THE FLY COMES OUT

I have often fantasized about getting cut. In my fantasy, I have been bound, rendered immobile, beaten, verbally abused, hooded and gagged so that I was completely helpless, branded into slavery, and finally, as the climax of it all, was circumcised by my Master.

My dick is six inches long and has a tattoo of a rooster on it, plus a tattoo of a fly on the head. The fly is hidden from the world by my foreskin, so circumcision would bring it out of its closet.

UNCUT ROADSTERS

Adding to our tally of unclipped race car drivers, for all you Indy 500 fans, comes the following: Garry Bettenhausen, Larry Dickson, Caley Yarborough, Hank Butcher, Jack Thompson, and Ron Horton. If any of you guys are cut, would you please drop us a line, perhaps with a photo as evidence?

THE UNCUT DEAD

No, it's not a new movie by George Romero; it's the latest additions to the growing list of uncircumcised dead celebrities, compliments of the Uncircumcised Society of America (who should know about these things): Clark Gable, John F. Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, David Jannsen, Audie Murphy, Victor Mature,

Mario Lanza, Sal Mineo. Know any other famous uncut dead?

FORESKIN FUCKING

Hey, you guys, want to hear about my favorite way to dump my load? Too bad, I'm gonna tell you anyway!

I like to find a guy with a nice, juicy cut cock that has a big head and slip my foreskin over it (I have enough loose skin on my 8-incher to cover a good-sized cockhead if I pull the skin straight out), put a wide rubber band around it—you have to put the rubber band around your cock—or his cock—before you slip his head into your skin then slide the rubber band into place—that's real tight. Real tight. Then I can gently stroke my rod while I look at our connected cocks, and shoot my load all over his cockhead, which is trapped under my skin. It feels great!

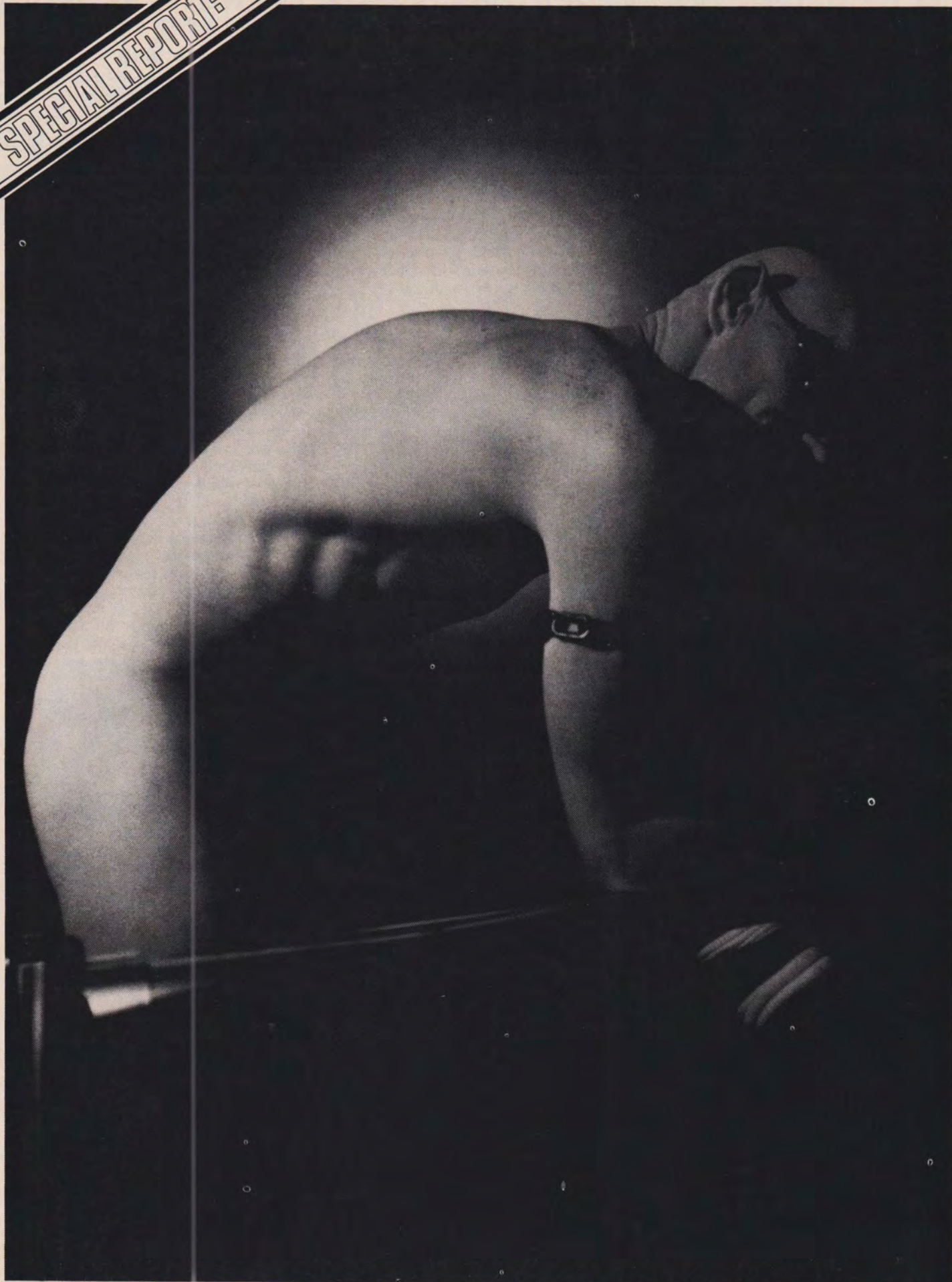
I also like to piss while my dick is strapped onto another guy's until the skin on my dick swells up real full. It looks like a pipe with a tulip bulb in the middle. The piss will force the rubber band off the foreskin—and the other guy gets a crotch full of my golden water.

I tried to do this a couple times with another uncut guy, but it doesn't work as well. And for a guy that is cut, it's usually the first time he's ever felt like he had a foreskin—when he feels mine covering his.

Buzz
New York, NY



SPECIAL REPORT:



Some Of Us Are Dying

by JOHN PRESTON

Ntosake Shange writes about the "havoc wrought on the souls of people who aren't supposed to exist." We gay people know that well.

We've each had to go through the same essential dynamic:

We discovered our sexuality in isolation.

We learned to hate our sexuality.

We lived with our self-hatred.

We discovered our sexuality as members of a heterosexual society—often in our own heterosexual family. There were no socially sanctioned lifestyles for us to fit into. The strength to defy what America called 'healthy' was difficult—at first impossible—for us to overcome.

This sexual identity that everyone else seemed to hate could only be hated by us ourselves. It was the dark inner secret that had to be hidden, had to be suppressed if we were to continue living.

The burden of strangling a part of ourselves inextricably led to a general sense of self-hatred. How could this being who had such a loathsome secret be anything but hideous? If we succeeded in any context it was always weighted by the onus that our success was that of a fraud. It was not the real us that people were appreciating, only that us that we allowed them to see.

These personal judgments were expanded to include others. Our special condemnation was reserved for other gay people. Especially those who dared to

exhibit the tell-tale characteristics we were so desperately trying not to show. Who is ever more vicious to a queen or a butch or a disco doll than a closeted homosexual?

If we were unable to break the pattern we had ended any hope for our lives. The person who hates his or her self cannot love. That person cannot form relationships. That person cannot help but smother in hypocrisy and loneliness; that person often can find relief only in drugs or alcohol or perhaps too inevitably in suicide.

How each of us found the courage and the strength to end that process of self-denial is beyond my ability to comprehend. How each of us refused to accept the havoc of society's condemnation is a victory of the soul equal to any other I know.

We usually term that salvation of self as coming out. But during my first months in Maine, on a winter night a few years ago in a house on the water not far from Portland, a group of gay men used a much better phrase.

After dinner eight of us sat in a circle. Calm in one another's acceptance we talked about our lives since we had come to our senses.

Coming to our senses was begun—or so it seemed from each of our stories—by saying 'no' to whatever it was that had kept us from self-affirmation. We decided that our souls were too valuable to be ruled by havoc. We, instead, insisted on

their wholeness and even beauty.

The conversation that night was full of hilarity. We were all asking one another how we could have been so foolish. Look at us now that we had gotten over it all. Rather than entering a world of murky shadows peopled by weird beings who would only cause hurt and pain, we were sitting together and enjoying one another.

Not everything was perfect. Striving for relationships was obviously going to be work rather than a romantically mystical happenstance. A community much like the one we found that evening was our prize, not a knight on a white charger. All in all, though, we agreed it wasn't a bad outcome.

The immensity of our personal struggles to come to our senses should be more than enough for any people to experience in a lifetime. But we also have had to learn that we do not exist in a vacuum.

Ten years ago a group of people met at the first Symposium here in Maine. I've talked to some of them and have listened to their stories about the fear and apprehension many of them felt at that first gathering. I certainly remember the same sensations when I went to my first gay meetings.

Those emotions passed for a while and a sense of exhilaration took over. Our coming out as a group—a communal coming to our senses—seemed the victory in and of itself.

We've learned that the world was not satisfied. It would not accept its defeat in its attempts to wreak havoc on our souls. It went on to do its ravaging on our lives.

The examples of the struggles we faced ranged from the intimately devastating to the publicly lethal.

Lesbian mothers were denied their children. Gay men were denied their careers. Families rejected their offspring. Communities exiled their citizens.

While we would love to luxuriate in our new found self-acceptance, our new communal bonds are too clear to us to allow us to ignore a basic fact: the hatred directed at gay people anywhere is directed at us ourselves as well. Just as we learned to hate gay people when we were closeted, so did we have to learn to love them when we came to our senses. We had to acknowledge their struggles as our own battles, their defeats as our own vanquishment. When a gay politician in San Francisco is assassinated, it is an act of violence against all of us. When a machine gun is fired into a bar in New York City, we are all the intended victims.

We don't have to leave Maine to find that violence. It's right here. It's on the beaches of Ogunquit and on the streets of Portland. All we have to do is listen to the members of the State House of Representatives when they liken our morality to that of barnyard animals while they debate a bill to grant us minimal civil rights and we know that the acts of violence are not random events. They are part and parcel of a pervasive hatred. A hatred directed at us.

While we hoped for happiness, we instead find ourselves forced to be defiant and always on alert. We have been compelled to take as heroes people who fought police at Stonewall and who marched on City Hall in San Francisco.

Anyone who has fought our personal struggle would understandably like to bask in an individuality that we have only now begun to savor.

We can't.

We can't because the world will not allow us the extravagance of a peaceful existence. We have been obliged to learn the full meaning of Hannah Arendt's words:

If you are attacked as a Jew, you have got to fight back as a Jew. You cannot say, "Excuse me, I am not a Jew, I am a human being."

We have not *chosen* to live our lives this way. We don't *want* to listen to the Right Wing describe us as animals. We don't *want* to wonder if the merchants of Ogunquit are talking about us when they say they don't want 'that kind' in their precious village. We don't *want* to have to constantly examine every candidate for every office to make sure we aren't electing officials who think we're slime.

But we must. We must, because it is a question of our survival and because our victories are too new and too fragile. We

must, because we cannot escape our connection with one another. Just as we have taken self-hatred and worked our magical alchemy to produce pride, so have we taken society's shunning of us as a group and transformed a hated population into a valued community.

It is vital that we all understand what has gone on in the past ten years. It's important that we understand our history and the context of our lives. It is even more essential today than a year ago. It is essential, because gay men are now facing a crisis of such proportions that we just may lose everything we have gained in the last decade. There is a new havoc being wrought on our souls and on our lives and we have got to face it squarely and intelligently and courageously.

The mysterious and frightening epidemic labeled AIDS is spreading an unprecedented panic across the country. It is making us scared of one another, suspicious of one another and it is leading us to make unforgivable judgments on one another.

AIDS is horrifying. Whatever you've heard about the disease, let me tell you this: it's worse. However confused you are about its origins, let me tell you this: the medical community knows nothing about it.

The only relevant fact about AIDS is this: gay men—for some unknown reason—are the most likely victims.

In their excitement and their well-founded need to alert all of us to the danger of AIDS the media and most of the gay leadership and medical establishment have all spoken to us with great agitation. They thought they had to scare the bejesus out of us to make us pay attention. They've done their job well. I don't know a single gay man who isn't aware of and actively concerned by this epidemic.

I don't intend to deal with the medical aspects of AIDS. Information is available elsewhere. I will tell you that you are fools if you don't educate yourselves about the disease.

Instead, I want to bring into balance a part of the effects of AIDS that's too often left out. I want to talk about the victims and how we treat them.

I want you to know that I cannot speak dispassionately about this subject. I've just returned from New York where I spent time with a former lover who was diagnosed as having AIDS a year ago. I am emotionally concerned for him and about the way the gay community and the medical establishment are responding to him.

In our panicked response to AIDS we have been all too quick to blame the victim for his disease. We want him to have done something wrong to deserve what's happened to him and to convince ourselves that it couldn't happen to us. We've also become desperate to find cause and effect at work in the face of the irrationality of AIDS. But there is no one single

statement anyone can make about AIDS that will stand up as a truth.

Do you think all AIDS victims were wildly promiscuous? You're wrong.

Do you think they all used drugs? You're wrong.

Do you think they all live in New York and San Francisco? You're wrong.

Do you think they were already unhealthy? You're wrong.

Do you think you are invulnerable because you aren't like them—whatever that means. You are very, very wrong.

Because many people do believe these easy generalizations there has been an obscene undercurrent of thought that the victims somehow are the cause of their own illness. No one deserves a probably terminal disease. No one seeks out an infection that might lead to a particularly virulent cancer.

It's true that most of the information available to us now is aimed at showing us how our lifestyles might increase our susceptibility to AIDS. We are told what not to do, or what to stop doing, or what to cut back on. All the wording makes it sound as though anyone who does contract AIDS has asked for it. This certainly isn't true of the men who are suffering the disease now. They hadn't this information years ago when they became infected.

People like Billy, my friend, lived their lives as best they could. They attempted as much integrity and—granted—enjoyment as they thought possible. Now they have AIDS. In our fear we want to deny their suffering. In the reportage that is given us by the media—gay and straight—we are usually told about their plight in the most academic and distanced terms. I want to personalize that for you and tell you just what's happening to Billy. He's actually quite lucky; he has not contracted one of the eighteen different opportunistic diseases which receive so much publicity. Rather, Billy is living without any protection at all against any infection he might encounter. What is he going through?

Billy's temperature has not dropped below 100 degrees in over a year.

He cannot go past 2:00 pm—on a good day—without needing to sleep because of his exhaustion.

A simple common cold will force him to stay flat on his back for two weeks.

Billy has been defiantly self-sufficient since his 17th birthday. Now, at age 31, he hasn't the energy to work, nor can he keep any coherent schedule because of the omnipresent possibility of becoming sick. Once a successful commercial artist, he now survives on welfare in New York City.

When he wakes, the first thing he has to do is to check all his body surfaces looking for topical infections. Any one of them might represent a terminal disease.

Billy has to face every day filled with this reality of death. There's no way he can avoid it. He belongs to an AIDS support

group. Ten or so men gather together regularly to talk and to nurture one another. In one week—one week—one member of Billy's support group died and three others were hospitalized.

Yet when I talked to him Billy looked me in the eye and told me: "I have decided to live." He has decided to fight.

What has anyone done to help him?

His friends, many of them, have deserted him. They are frightened of his disease and refuse to stay close to anyone whose death may be so imminent.

Gay groups have raised money for research about AIDS, but there is no fund, not even in New York, to help him with his day to day survival.

Only recently have any real numbers of gay men in the city been willing to go to the victims' houses and help them with the most elemental chores that they often can not perform themselves.

I want you to know what it's like to have AIDS and to listen to the medical establishment:

When Billy first recovered from the shock of hearing his diagnosis he decided to educate himself as much as he could. He went to a panel discussion where the first speaker gleefully described the research opportunities that AIDS presented as a "great moment for science." Imagine yourself sitting in an audience knowing you have a probably terminal disease and imagine hearing it described as a great moment for science.

One major problem with the medical response to AIDS is the quickness with which many people are misdiagnosed. At one point Billy was told, incorrectly, that he had Kaposi's Sarcoma, a particularly ugly cancer which kills its victims. After the doctor told him he had two months to live, the only comfort the doctor could give was to tell Billy he didn't have to pay for that office visit.

What Billy wanted during all this was someone to hold him—just once in a while. He wanted some physical contact. But whenever he told someone he had AIDS, or when he went to most of his friends who already knew, he was almost always shunned by them. In our ignorance we have lost our senses. In our fear we are losing the ability to remember that we have become a community that needs to care for its members. Our panic is leaving our most vulnerable members isolated and alone.

It goes on. It gets so bad that Billy can only laugh when he describes some of the ways people react to him.

But after a certain point, no one can laugh. Medical professionals hate to discover the limits of their omniscience. They cannot understand AIDS and it terrifies them. Many gay activists are horrified by the spectre of a disease spreading through the community. Some doctors and some gay men are calling for forced isolation of all gay men exhibiting symptoms of AIDS. If you want to be nice, you

call these leper colonies. If you want to be real, you call them concentration camps.

While men like Billy have to face a daily fight for their lives, they are also forced to react continually to the ignorance of the world around them. While they *should* be cared for by us, they have to watch and weigh our words to make sure that we are not going to abandon them utterly. That must stop.

We have every right and every obligation to examine every opportunity to combat this disease. We have no right to desert the men who have already contracted it. We have every obligation to demand that they get the best care, the most human convalescence and that they are treated with complete dignity. If we let ourselves or the medical establishment treat these men as though they are lepers with 'bad blood', then we are accepting a heinous definition of ourselves. Just as we could not allow the psychiatric establishment rule us 'sick', so can we not allow anyone to tell us that these men deserve their fate.

All the activities that you hear about have a very real and important place in the fight that's going on against AIDS. But I see some of them a little differently than you might. I want to tell you how I view them:

It is vital that we educate ourselves about AIDS. But usually the education is directed at telling you how to avoid it, even though no one knows any fool-proof way to do so. I want you to be educated, because I want each of us to have worked through the shit and fear before we have to deal with a friend or neighbor or lover when he comes down with the disease. The chances of there never being any native cases of AIDS in some states are rapidly becoming nil. We are not dealing with a question of "if"; we are dealing with a question of "when". And when it happens that some man in our community is diagnosed as having AIDS, I don't want that person to be treated as a leper, I do not want him to be shunted aside and ignored and feared by the rest of us. I want us to react to him in the best way we can. I want us to have already come to our senses about this disease and be able to respond as a compassionate community.

We do need to promote AIDS research. There is not a single question in my mind that we must do everything possible to find a cure. But every time you give to this cause I want you to ask why it's our burden to pay this cost. A short while ago I picked up a newspaper and read that the federal government had allocated less than \$250,000 for AIDS research. That same day President Reagan requested an additional \$110 million to fight a war in Central America.* How dare the government price our lives so cheaply! And how dare you let them! There is no excuse for

*Figures are as of May 1983.

any gay person not to write to every Senator and Member of the House and demand emergency funding for this crisis.

And before you talk about research, I want you to remember the human dimensions of this tragedy. The victims, most of whom were effective, hard-working, self-accepting gay men, now are paupers, dependent on Medicaid and welfare. We must care for them somehow.

Denying our connection with people who are facing death because of our own fear would make a mockery of our attempt at a communal existence. If we can stand up and declare ourselves proud to be gay, we must also show some substance in our gayness. Our lives have been testaments that we will not allow the world to trivialize us. We have insisted that being gay is more than a sexual act. We have demanded that the world—and we ourselves—see it as a way of being, of relating, of loving. Now, faced with a monumental crisis, we are being challenged as we've never been challenged before. We have to respond with righteous anger, careful caution, thorough preparation and, above all, with complete compassion.

We must be angry at the medical establishment that would reduce the suffering of gay men to an opportunity for exotic research. We are not curiosities. We are people who need dramatic response to a serious health crisis.

We must be angry at the political establishment that would try to buy off our health needs with token grants.

We must be cautious that we don't panic. We have to remember that we are facing an incomprehensible disease and we must not go off believing every untested theory or improbable hypothesis. We must be guarded against those people—gay or straight—who overtly or covertly suggest that this or any other disease is the appropriate result of our being gay.

We must prepare ourselves with as much knowledge as we can about AIDS and we must insist that our public health agencies, our government and our doctors and hospitals prepare themselves for the possibility of the disease showing up anywhere.

And we must be compassionate. Men who are sitting in this room or who will be sunning on a beach with you, men who'll stand beside you in a bar or dance with you may become victims. So might you, yourself. Your friends. Your lovers. Your brothers. When that happens these men are going to experience a havoc wrought on their souls unlike anything they have yet known. They are going to need your support and your caring.

They do not need your fear, your ignorance, your panic.

Billy looked me in the eye and told me he had decided to live. No one should have to fight that battle alone. □

DON'T JUST SIT THERE...

There are two fundamental necessities in our response to AIDS: educating ourselves and demanding action from the government. We must shoulder the burden of self-education; it is the responsibility of the government to provide the money and direction needed to find a cure for AIDS, KS, and other STD's (Sexually Transmitted Diseases). The federal government exists at our pleasure and is funded by our tax money; those two facts should not be forgotten.

EDUCATE YOURSELF...

There currently are a number of foundations and local projects that have focused on educating the public about AIDS or providing medical referrals. This is only a partial listing of organizations in larger cities (where the number of cases of AIDS is higher). Beyond these, it might be possible to locate other groups by calling local gay hotlines or gay health clinics.

National Coalition of Gay STD Services, Box 239, Milwaukee, WI 53201. Publishes *Guidelines for Healthful Gay Sex Activity* and a newsletter on STD projects and information.

National Gay Health Foundation, Box 834, Linden Hill, NY 11354. Publishes the *National Gay Health Directory*.

Center for Disease Control (Center for Prevention Services), Technical Information Service, 1600 Clifton Rd., Atlanta, GA 30333. The CDC has already published several book and booklets on all forms of STD's.

The Shanti Project, 890 Hayes Street, San Francisco, CA 94117. This is the model support project for AIDS victims and their loved ones. They provide free services on a wide variety of counseling, housing and special needs. (415) 558-9644.

AIDS/KS Research & Education Foundation, 470 Castro Street, No. 207, Box 3360, San Francisco, CA 94114. This organization, while based in and dealing primarily with Northern California, has a national hotline that can refer callers to information sources and clinics in their local area. The number is (415) 864-4376. The Foundation does medical referrals as well as provide printed information on AIDS, KS, and special brochures on symptoms that are not AIDS/KS-related.

National Gay Task Force, 80 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1601, New York, NY 10011. The NGTF has a national AIDS/KS hotline with information and referrals. The number is (800) 221-7044.

National VD Hotline, (800) 227-8922, provides referrals to local treatment centers for STD's.

Gay Men's Health Crisis, Box 274, 132

West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011. The Health Crisis has a hotline for local information and referrals. The number is (212) 685-4952.

Gay Men's Health Project, 74 Grove Street, Room 2RW, New York, NY 10014. The Health Project provides information and referral services. The number is (212) 691-6969.

KS Committee of Houston, Box 1155, 3317 Montrose, Houston, TX 77006. This is an information and referral service. The number is (713) 666-8251.

KNOW AIDS SYMPTOMS...

There are ten basic AIDS symptoms that occur in combinations in potential AIDS cases. The individual symptoms themselves could, if only one occurs, be the result of a completely unrelated disease. It is when multiple symptoms occur that the patient should become concerned about the possibility of AIDS.

Fever: A persistent fever of over 100° that lasts for weeks without explanation may be an AIDS symptom.

Weight Loss: Unexpected and fairly rapid weight loss of more than 10% of an individual's total body weight may be an AIDS symptom.

Lymph-Node Swelling: Swelling of the lymph nodes in areas other than the groin (ears, neck, under the chin, collarbone, armpits, elbow) that persists and seems to occur in a healthy body may be an AIDS symptom.

Fatigue: It has been noted that AIDS victims develop persistent, severe fatigue.

Diarrhea: When diarrhea lasts for more than a week, it is extremely advisable that one see a doctor.

Dry Cough/Shortness of Breath: A cough that does not produce any mucous discharge and shortness of breath during ordinary daily movements can be signs of pneumocystis, connected to AIDS.

Oral Thrush: A white material that develops inside the mouth, with the consistency of cottage cheese, and that can easily be scraped off, may be the yeast infection *Candida albicans*, a symptom of AIDS. If the infection spreads down the throat, it causes pain during swallowing.

Skin Lesions: The very visible lesions commonly referred to as KS are varied; usually painless purplish-brown spots that can turn up anywhere on the body. AIDS victims also develop painful herpes ulcers, usually on the mouth or rectum.

Night Sweats: AIDS victims develop severe night sweats, which on their own are a classic TB symptom.

Neurological Disorders: Problems with the nervous system have turned up in AIDS victims, including severe depres-

sions, memory loss, seizures, and hallucinations.

All of these individual symptoms can be the result of some other infection or disease; but, rather than assume that as the case, it is advisable to consult a doctor over any of these symptoms. A trip to a local public health clinic can make all the difference if you do not have a private doctor. However, the relationship of the symptom to the possibility of AIDS can only be determined if the doctor doing the diagnosis is considering AIDS when looking at your particular symptoms. Bring it up to the doctor by saying, "I have a physical disorder that is known to be a possible AIDS symptom." Silence leads to ignorance.

DON'T JUST SIT THERE...

All of the organizations listed above, except for the Center for Disease Control, exist on private donations for the most part. It is not your responsibility to provide the money for medical research. You already are, through taxation, but AIDS is particular to the gay men's community and it is your responsibility to yourself to help these organizations in their work. If you use any of these services, even to solicit information, consider some form of donation, a couple dollars—or even put in some time and energy in a local project connected with AIDS education and support services. If every gay man in the country sent one dollar to just one organization, then that particular group would not have to spend three-fourths of its time trying to raise money to continue operating. Think what that would mean if every gay man sent one dollar to each of the organizations listed here.

DO SOMETHING...

The burden of responsibility for finding a cure for AIDS and KS and all STD's rests with the federal government. This is the very medical health threat that federal government, and only it, can properly research and eradicate. And it is towards such ends that the federal government was created, to deal with issues that affect the entire population. It becomes too easy to think that Washington DC is some sort of corporate entity that has no responsibility to anything other than the whims of whoever is currently heading it. But that is simply not the case; and there are some things you can do to insure that the federal government remembers its role.

You can start by sending a note to the President stating that you will not tolerate the apathy of the federal government to the AIDS crisis. In a year when Mr. Reagan

has allocated billions of your tax dollars to the MX missile (another health crisis, but an invited one) and to supplying arms for the military dictatorships in Latin America, very little money is being directed towards finding the cause and a cure for AIDS. More money was spent, immediately, on Legionnaires' Disease than has been spent on AIDS since 1980. Yet AIDS has claimed more fatalities than both Legionnaires' Disease and Toxic Shock Syndrome combined. And the sobering truth is that 75% of those people diagnosed before 1982 with AIDS have died. Mortality predictions by the CDC for gay men with AIDS, currently, is 51%.* And,

*Jeanne Kassler, M.D.; *Gay Men's Health* (Harper & Row, Publishers; 1983). Available in both hardcover as well as paperback editions, this is the sanest book on STD's and AIDS available to the general reader. Highly recommended.

now that cases of AIDS are turning up in non-gay men and heterosexual women, this disease stands a very good chance of becoming a major international killer.

The address of the President is:
President Ronald Reagan
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, DC 20500

You can also write a post card to the Senators from your state, regardless of political party, and the members of the House of Representatives from your area. The same message: you will not tolerate the continued apathy towards the AIDS crisis. You might remind them that the people give power and the people take it away.

You can go further. Some mayors have responded to the AIDS crisis by allocating local funds for the AIDS education and support services. This has occurred in both

San Francisco and New York, two cities with large numbers of AIDS victims. AIDS has appeared in a growing number of medium-sized cities as well, and you can demand that your mayor earmark funds for AIDS services and education, that some provisions be made in the event that local AIDS victims need housing or special care facilities. All too often AIDS victims have been thrown out of their apartments by landlords or even roommates. And, of course, AIDS victims lose their income.

The most important thing to remember is that you are not requesting, or begging, or petitioning the government to become immediately and actively involved in the AIDS crisis: it is your right.

...AND STAY HEALTHY!



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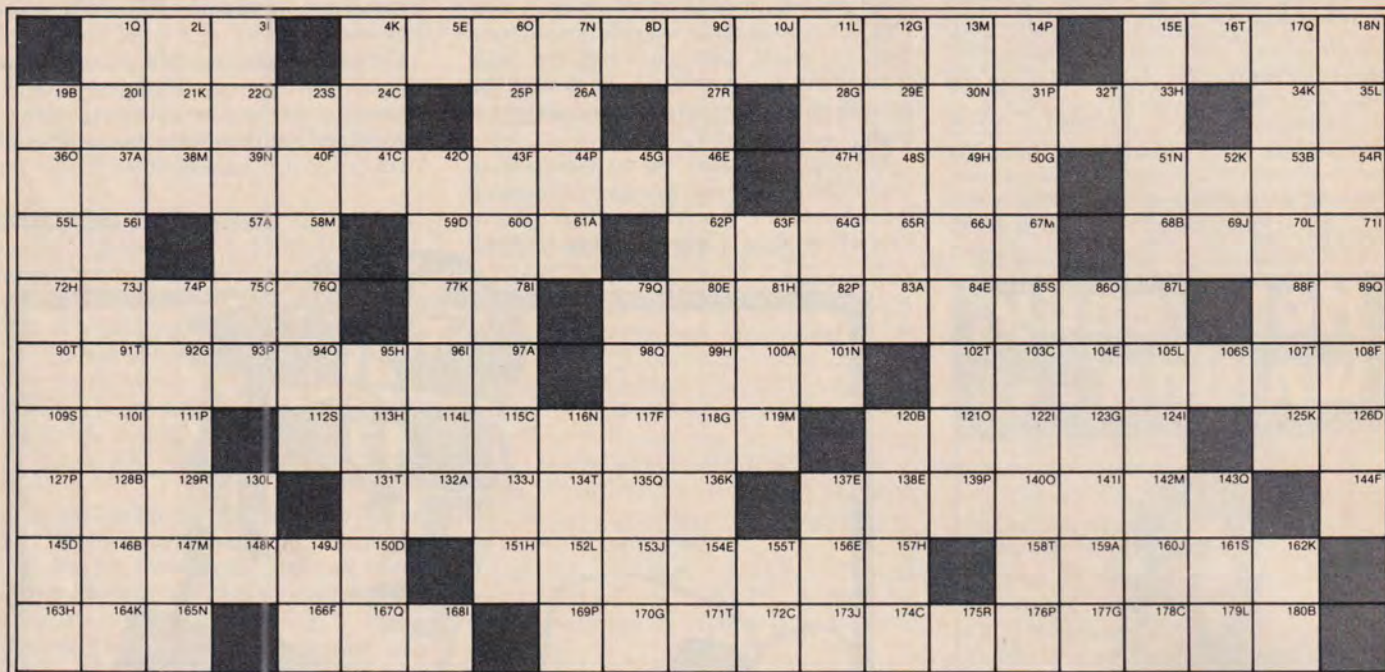
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DRUMSTICKS

DRUMMERCROSTIC

by Joel Hess



How to Solve: Answer the clues lettered A to T, entering the answers onto the numbered dashes. Then transfer the letters on the dashes to the squares with corresponding numbers in the grid. When completed, the grid will contain a quotation, read-

ing from left to right and top to bottom. Black squares indicate separations between words. The initial letters of the words in the word list will spell out the author and the source of the quotation, reading down the list.

(Solution on page 52)

CLUES

A. Residences connected by common walls (2 wds.)

83 37 100 159 57 132 26 97 61

B. Super queen?

128 53 120 146 68 180 19

C. Heavenly

75 174 24 103 9 172 41 115 178

D. Greets; salutes

59 145 8 126 150

E. Cole Porter tune for a masochist? (3 wds.)

46 84 138 5 29 137 15 154 156 80 104

F. Credulous

166 88 63 108 40 117 43 144

G. Condition resulting from exposure to high temperatures

50 92 170 64 28 118 45 12 123 177

H. Increases, e.g. in hostilities

47 151 49 99 33 163 72 95 113 81 157

I. Former Superman (2 wds.)

124 56 141 96 20 122 78 3 110 168 71

J. Detestable; hateful

160 69 73 10 153 66 133 173 149

K. Type of photographic reproduction

21 162 164 52 148 34 125 4 77 136

L. Garments for Marlon Brando?

11 55 179 35 105 130 2 70 114 152 87

M. Extremely; dreadfully

147 67 58 13 142 38 119

N. Clumsy oafs

116 39 7 51 18 30 165 101

O. Spontaneous acclamations

6 36 121 86 60 42 140 94

P. Indivisible (as an atomic particle)

31 74 82 176 93 14 25 62 139 44 169 127 111

Q. Son of Odysseus and Penelope

1 76 98 89 17 135 79 167 22 143

R. Shade-providing

65 54 27 175 129

S. Loss or impairment of memory

23 112 85 106 161 109 48

T. Kinky activities for Mark Spitz? (2 wds.)

134 32 171 155 91 131 90 16 102 158 107

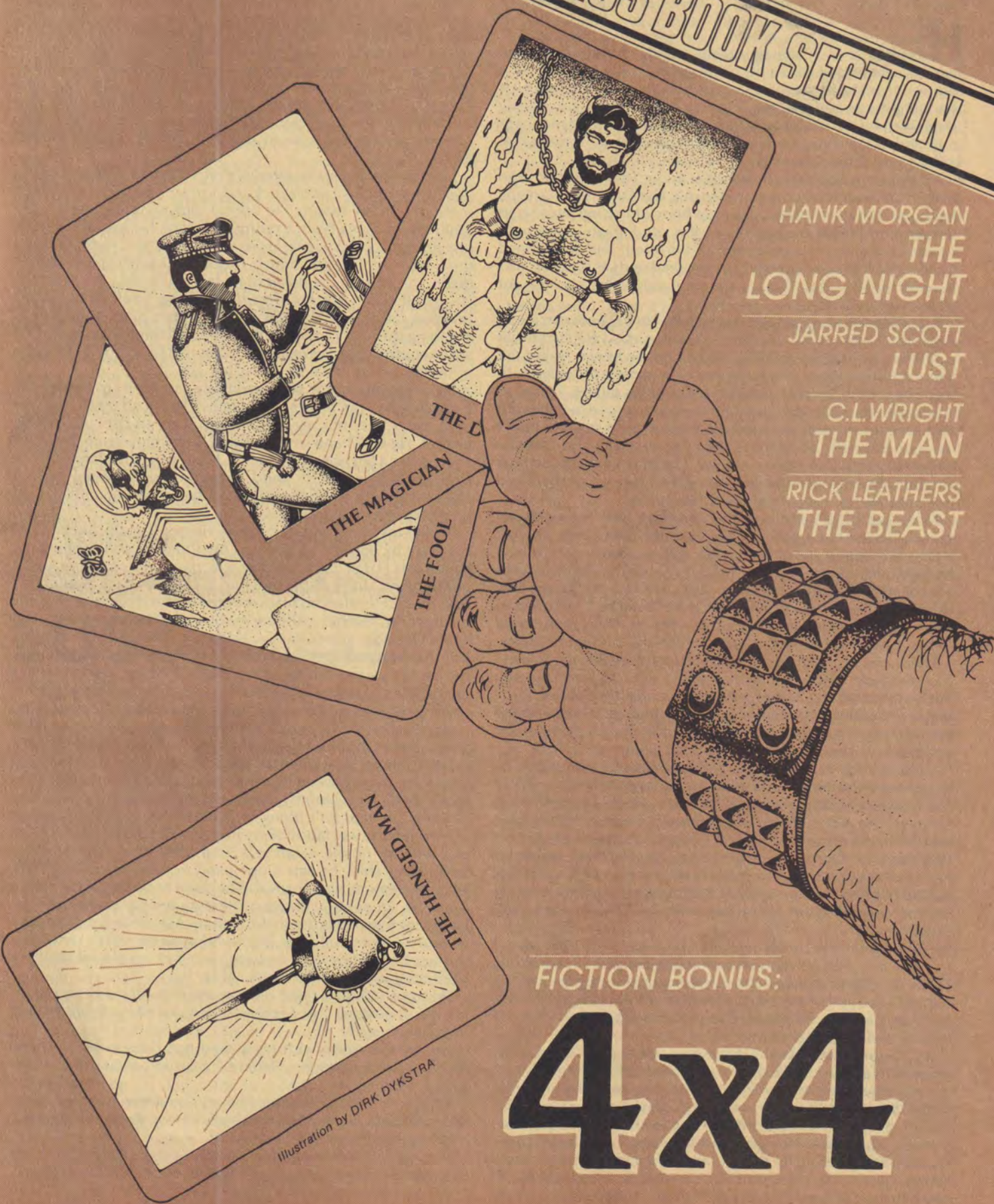
BONUS BOOK SECTION

HANK MORGAN
THE
LONG NIGHT

JARRED SCOTT
LUST

C.L. WRIGHT
THE MAN

RICK LEATHERS
THE BEAST



FICTION BONUS:

4x4

Illustration by DIRK DYKSTRA

THE MAN

by C.L. Wright

He stands there, leaning against the brick wall, one knee raised, arms folded across his chest, staring out into night. He is dressed from head to toe in gleaming leather. And though he is standing under a streetlight, I cannot see his face; it is deeply shadowed by the motorcycle cap he wears. I stand in the shadows and watch him. He is silent and unmoving, like a statue carved out of the finest black marble.

I'd gone out hoping to find such a vision. The men I had seen in the bars were actors compared to this. I had said no to so many advances that I had almost given up hope of finding anyone. In desperation I went to the area of the city known in the back rooms as the maze, a collection of burnt out and abandoned buildings. I had been prowling those dead ends and cul-de-sacs for over an hour with no luck and was ready to leave when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw him.

I stand in the shadows and watch him. He has not seen me. A slight rain begins to fall. He takes no notice of it. I watch the rain run down his leather-encased body. I notice how it makes the leather glisten. The only adornment he wears are the steel studs that cover both his crotch and the top of his gloves. I want to approach him, but I wait a few moments more. I can feel the cold rain soaking through my clothes. He stands so still. He hasn't moved a muscle in all the time I've been watching him. Does he know I'm here? I've made no noise. The only sounds I can hear are the faint ones made by rain hitting the broken pavement and the soft one made by my shallow breathing.

I step out of the shadows and approach him. He makes no acknowledgement. I walk closer. I can see his face now. His hair is closely cropped and a full mustache curves down each side of his hard-planned face. I cannot tell if he is looking at me; his eyes are covered by mirrored glasses. I am close enough to him now to see the rise and fall of his chest as he breathes. I run my eyes down his body. He wears nothing under his heavy motorcycle jacket. I can see his hard muscled chest and his erect nipples.

There is a tension in the air between us. It feels like the stillness you sense just before the approach of a summer storm. I reach out and touch him, sliding my hand down the front of his chest. I feel the coarse fur that covers him. I am shocked to feel, despite the cold rain that runs down it, his body is warm. I grow bolder and reach further. I caress the studded pouch.

Suddenly his hand flies up and grabs me by the hair. The quickness of his movement takes me by surprise. He bends my head back, not saying a word. He forces my body against his. Through the worn denim of my jeans I can feel his studded crotch dig into my tender flesh. I start to struggle, but I am helpless in his firm grip. He pulls harder and I fall limp against his hard body. I reach up and try to break his grip as the pain has started to bring tears to my eyes. But just as my hand touches his leather covered hand he releases me and I fall to my knees, breathless.

I look up and see he has resumed the position he held when I first saw him. Still no sound from his lips. He looks down at me. In the dim light I can see my prostrate form reflected back at me. I think I see a hint of a smile pass his face. I feel bold again. I move my face closer to his studded crotch and prepare to taste the leather and steel that cover him.

But before I can do this he moves. He straddles me as he presses his ass back against the wet brick wall behind him. I look up as he stares down at me, or rather past me at the ground. I follow his gaze and see he is looking at his boot. It glistens with drops of rain that have beaded up on the highly polished leather. I look up at him again but he doesn't acknowledge my questioning glance. My hands start caressing his booted feet. I run my hands up and down the slick leather and feel his hard calf muscles inside them. I kneel down so that his boots are right in

front of my face. I tentatively stick my tongue out and run it across the toe of one of them, not knowing for sure whether he will allow me to do this. All of my other advances have been rebuffed. I stop and wait to see if he will react. Nothing. I start licking his boots with greater effort. I lick up all the water that has fallen on them. It feels refreshingly cool. I caress his boots, running my tongue around the sole, tasting the grit lodged there.

I feel something warm splashing on my neck. I look up and see that he has uncovered his cock and is pissing on me. I try to catch some of it in my mouth. He stops. I look up questioningly. He looks down at his boot. I return to licking his boots. He starts pissing again. I feel his warm piss soaking my hair, running down the sides of my face and onto his boots. I lick up the piss that runs down, mixed with the flavor of his leather boots. I lick greedily. He is still silent. His indifference and the smell of the boots inflames me. I start chewing on the upper parts of his boots, grabbing the leather and the flesh beneath them with my teeth. I am so engrossed in servicing his boots that I don't hear the clank of metal against metal until it is too late.

He grabs one of my arms, painfully forcing it up behind my back. Before I can protest, he clamps a handcuff on it. I feel the cold metal bite into my tender flesh. I try to rise, wanting to protest. He backhands me. Stunned, I feel him clamp the other cuff on me. I am now at his mercy. I start to open my mouth but stop when he raises his hand, preparing to strike me again. I close my mouth and lower my head, surrendering to the fact of being bound to and by him.

I fall to my knees and start licking his boots again, but he kicks me away by placing his boot on my shoulder and pushing me backwards. I fall back on the wet pavement, looking up in puzzlement. I have displeased him. I lie on my back awaiting his next move. He raises his black-booted foot and places it securely on my chest, painfully pushing me down on my bound arms. The heel of his boot grinds into my skin as he raises the sole over my face. My tongue eagerly reaches out and tries to lick the bottom, but he has placed it beyond my reach. I lift my head as far as I can, striving to taste the leather. He teases me by lifting the sole of his boot higher, keeping it out of the reach of my tongue.

He reaches down and grabs the front of my shirt, roughly pulling me to my feet. He examines me, turning my face with the tip of his finger, first one way and then the other. He stops and grasps my chin between his thumb and forefinger, forcing me to look into his face. I briefly wonder if I meet his approval. He says nothing, perhaps he's trying to decide what to do with me.

Through the wet fabric of my shirt, I feel his other hand start to play with my nipple. I start to get hard. He stops. Grabbing the front of my shirt, he rips it open and exposes my naked flesh. Silently, he nods his approval as he starts to play with my nipple again. He squeezes it. Waves of pleasure and pain wash over me. I close my eyes and go with the feelings. He keeps increasing the pressure. I try to pull away, but his firm grip on my chin holds me to him. I open my eyes and see myself in his glasses writhing from the pain. I start to moan softly.

He stops squeezing and releases my chin. Perhaps my moaning has displeased him. I feel ashamed that I have failed again. I lower my head.

He reaches down with his gloved hand and raises my head with the tip of his finger. Relieved, I again look at myself in his eyes.

He places both of his hands on my shoulders and pushes me down towards his studded codpiece. I kneel there and gaze at it awaiting his instructions.

He again runs his hand across my cheek. I feel the warm smoothness of the leather brush against the stubble of my beard. I turn my head and kiss the palm of his glove. He closes his hand

into a fist and places it next to my cheek. I lower my head, sure that I have once again displeased him.

With his other hand he reaches down and unsnaps his studded codpiece. He teases me by holding it in place for a moment, while he caresses my cheek with his fist. He lets the codpiece drop and, for the first time, I see his huge cock standing erect before me. I see drops on the tip of it and lean over to taste them. I touch the tip of my tongue to his asshole. He tastes of cum and piss. The hot male aroma from his crotch arouses me. I feel my own cock straining against my jeans, begging to be freed. He must have sensed this as he raises one foot and plants it firmly on my crotch, pressing my cock down.

I go further and take the head of his cock into my mouth. Gently, I run my tongue around the head, savoring every bit of it. He still makes no sound. I do not know if he is pleased or not. He stands there as I go down on him, still caressing my cheek with his black gloved fist.

I take all of him into my mouth. He grabs my head and forces himself further down my throat. I gag. He ignores it and thrusts again. I try to pull back, afraid I may not be able to handle all of him, but just as afraid that he'll be displeased by my not doing so and pull out. I swallow, taking all of him into my throat. He grasps my head tighter and rapes my mouth. I relax. I accept the brutal manhandling of my body. I look forward to receiving his load. I feel the energy coursing through his body as he fucks my face. I feel he is about to come.

He pulls out. I reach blindly with my mouth, trying to bring his cock back inside me. He slaps me away. Is this a game, denying what I want most? I collapse on the ground, ablaze with fury. I lie there and wait to see what happens.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bandanna. He grabs me roughly by the hair and forces it into my mouth. I try to spit it out but he slaps me into submission. He takes a leather strap and fastens it around my head, preventing me from using my tongue to push the bandanna out. I look up at him, eyes with attentiveness. He pulls another bandanna out of his pocket and pours something on it. I smell the acrid odor of poppers. He presses it against my nose. I feel a warm rush pass over me. I feel light,

empty, as if I could float away.

He undoes my belt, opens my fly, roughly pulls my pants to my knees. He flips me over my stomach. I feel the wet cold pavement pressing against my chest. I feel something warm running down one side of my chest. I twist around to see. It's blood. I must've landed on a piece of broken glass or something.

Again he covers my nose with the popper-saturated bandanna. I feel the weight of his body on mine. I feel his cock pressing against my asshole. I feel him forcing his way in. I feel him fucking me. I try to scream but the gag prevents me. He gives me another whiff of the bandanna as I rise higher and higher on the sensations his cock gives me. I feel the tempo of his fucking increase. I know he is about to come. I feel as if I were leaving my body. I feel hot jets of come shoot up inside me. My ass is being filled with his fuck juice. I tighten the muscles of my ass, milking every last drop out of him. I feel the cold drops of rain burn as they hit my inflamed flesh. I hear his roar with pleasure as he continues to fuck my ass. I feel lightheaded.

I...

I wake up. I am still lying in the cold pavement with my pants down. The rain is still falling. I try to raise my head. He is gone; so are the cuffs. I look at my wrists and see the bruises they have left on my skin. I look around again; I see no one. Groggily I get to my feet and look down at my body. In the dark I can't see anything. I walk over to where he stood under the streetlight. I examine myself. The marks I bear, along with the warm ache I have in my ass, are the only things I have to know for sure he was even here. I pull my pants up and tuck the tatters of my shirt into them. I look over towards the end of the alley from where I first saw him. I see something lying on the ground. I walk over to it. It is a glove. I'm sure it's one of his. I painfully bend over and pick it up. I look up and see him. I walk closer and stop in shock. On the wall there is a poster advertising a leatherman contest at one of the bars. It's him. He leans against a brick wall, one knee up, arms folded across his chest, just as I first saw him. But the man on the poster wears only one glove. I look at the glove in my hand. They match. I look up at the face of the man in the poster. He smiles.

LUST

by Jared Scott

"Jesus Christ!" the owner of the anonymous ass cried out as I shoved my fat cock deeply, quickly home. The metal ring which was pierced through my cockhead slid easily over his smooth interior ass flesh. He had seen it before he took me on; it was his problem, not mine. Every time I felt the peculiar sensations of that ring shifting around on the end of my prick, I gritted my teeth, remembering how I'd acquired it, reasserting my desire for vengeance.

The MG hit a hole hidden in the grass, nearly throwing me out. I'd driven off the path and was cruising slowly across the open areas of the huge riverfront park, looking for a place where I could catch some rays in private.

Something flesh colored appeared through the trees as I carefully steered the car. A parting in the trees revealed a man lying on a blanket near the water in a fairly secluded clearing. I'd been watching him when my right tire fell into the hole.

I stopped the car and looked around. What the fuck, I thought, this place is as good as any other, although at that time I wasn't too pleased to have a neighbor quite so close. This was supposed to be my day in the sun. Each spring I endured the agony of lying in the sun for a few days to darken my skin just enough so people at the baths, or wherever, could see the outline of my bikini. I've always been turned on by those outlines, I guess because they seem to focus attention on all the good parts. So what the hell, if it turned me on to other guys, it should turn other guys on to me.

I dragged my blanket out of the trunk and found my own small clearing, hidden from passersby by trees and the car. I glanced over to my neighbor, barely visible through a row of trees separating our sites.

After spreading the blanket, I stripped off my clothes until all I wore was the skimpy bikini I'd sent away for a few years earlier. It was tiny and it was made of soft cotton, sort of like teeshirt cloth, and it showed me off quite well.

I lay down on my stomach at first, feeling the heat of the sun soak into my skin, wishing there were an easier way to do this so I could get the fuck home. I raised my head and rested it on my folded arms and caught another glance of the flesh just through the trees. I was becoming intrigued, wondering if maybe I should go over and strike up a meeting. The park wasn't a hang-out for the people who most interested me, so the guy probably was a raving hetero. Still...

After an hour I turned over, sweat now pouring off my body. I closed my eyes to the glare of the overhead sun, scratched my balls through the thin fabric, and promptly went to sleep. I don't know how long I slept, not long probably, because when I awoke with a start the sun was still overhead.

What had startled me was a nearby sound, or perhaps the sense of a presence. I sat up quickly to face the guy who had been in the clearing next to mine. He was kneeling on folded feet, staring inquisitively at me. I almost creamed.

Because of the distance when I'd first seen him, I hadn't been able to make out much, now though... shit! He was beautiful. I wish that said it all because I'm not great at describing people. Medium length blond hair, bright blue eyes, angular and hand-

some face and a body that either he or nature had worked on overtime. He wasn't real muscular, just solidly defined. Now that I was sitting, our eyes were level with each other. I washed mine up and down his smooth, dark, tight skin drinking in what I saw as quickly as I could, sure he'd get up and leave any second.

His suit was similar to mine in cut... that is, tiny... but the fabric was thin nylon and it left nothing to the imagination. He had a basket on him that made me do a double-take, and that takes some doing. His long, fat cock was perfectly outlined by the thin cloth and he wore it sideways so it snaked from his groin around toward his cavernous asscheek. His balls, alone, filled the pouch of the suit to overflowing.

My own equipment responded to the call and, as I sat before him, the pliant fabric of my suit did nothing to hide my interest, but at that point I didn't give a shit.

"You startled me," I said, continuing to give him the once-over.

He said nothing, but continued staring at me with sort of a perplexed expression on his face, as if he didn't understand me or didn't understand something. Weird.

Then, slowly, he reached out his arm and touched my chest with his hand, slowly, casually rubbing his strong hand across my chest. Adrenalin shot through me.

"Yeah, you're right," I said. "Who needs talk?" I leaned back, allowing him to continue exploring my torso. He reached his other hand forward and began running a finger across my face as if he was tracing it in his mind: still the same strange expression on his face. His finger found my lips and gently forced them apart and probed my mouth. I sucked on the digit hungrily, my hard-on now threatening to tear through the suit. I noticed that his own monster hadn't changed its expression; but then maybe it was one of those cocks which don't change their appearance that much, soft or hard.

He forced another finger into my mouth and watched with interest as I sucked on both of them.

Then, abruptly, both hands were laid on my shoulders and he began a gentle exploration down my chest with both hands, outlining my tits and the contour of my pecs. He encircled my biceps with his hands, then finally began feeling my abdomen.

I was going wild. His hand wandered lower until he found the thin line of crotch hair emerging above the waist of the suit. He felt the wiry hair delicately, as if he were touching a flower. Then he slipped both hands under the suit and wrapped one around my throbbing shaft.

"Hold it!" I said, jumping back, and looking around at the same time. "I love what you're doing, but we gotta find some place else. Too many people... too many cops."

He rose then, effortlessly on beautifully defined legs, and turned, his twin asscheeks aimed breathtakingly my way, and proceeded to walk back toward his own niche in the park. Needless to say, I was confused. I rose to follow, not caring that my cock was jutting out before me covered in what had now become a tent with the center pole threatening to break through any second.

"Hey!" I called after him as I followed him. "I didn't mean to piss you off, you know, but a few precautions don't hurt anything. We'll find a place."

He ignored me and continued walking. I caught up with him, noticing that he stood an inch or so taller than me. He didn't seem to notice that I was next to him, but continued walking purposefully toward his blanket.

Ignoring me completely, he lay on his back on his blanket, his beautiful body glistening in the bright sunlight, his lips slightly parted, revealing perfect teeth. He looked up at me as I stood over him and, staring into my eyes, casually reached his hands down to his suit and, raising his ass, pulled them completely off, tossing them off the blanket.

My mouth dropped open, I'm sure. Freed, the cock was even more impressive than it had been when it was thinly veiled. His balls didn't hang between his thighs, they lay on the blanket between them! He was wearing a gold metal cockring and a gold ring through his cockhead, emerging out either side as if his

shaft were a hitching post. He reached down and grabbed his balls; with his eyes on mine, he began twisting the ample sac over and over until the huge nuts looked like two lemons in a bag.

I'm not usually at a loss for what to do, but I was then. I looked around nervously expecting to see the park cops headed our way with a bevy of outraged citizens right behind them; but miraculously there was no one in sight. I sank to my knees and slowly began running my own hands across his own smooth, hard flesh, stopping at each nipple to pay them their due. He moaned as I squeezed and massaged each sensitive, dark tit until he squirmed beneath me. His freakish cock, looking too big for much other than admiring, rose ponderously, powerfully, until it lay rigidly on his abdomen, its strange ring giving it the appearance that it had somehow freed itself from something... that it was now free, but had once been captive.

I allowed one hand to continue working over his tits as he moaned and writhed under me. I lowered my other hand until it found the massive shaft. I palmed it, hefting it, trying to convince myself it was truly as big as it looked, that it wasn't an illusion. I carefully fingered the ring, then slipped a finger through it and pulled outward; the massive organ rose off his stomach and I suddenly had a feeling of absolute power over him and his manhood.

He continued squirming under me, even as I played with his cock, tugging on the ring. I reached down and cupped his heavy rocks, squeezing and massaging them in an attempt to comprehend their size. By this time I'd completely forgotten where we were and I quickly slipped off my own suit to free my pent-up equipment.

My cock sprang up and slapped against my stomach. As if the sound of the slap were a signal, he sat up then knelt before me, his face buried in my lap. Expertly he began washing my cock with his tongue until I thought I'd go nuts. Then carefully he took the cockhead into his mouth and maddeningly, slowly, pushed his face down on my own not-so-small shaft until, with one continuous, smooth gulp, he completely took it into his mouth and throat. I felt his well-practiced throat muscles begin to work squeezing and massaging my flesh deep, while his hands were busy with one of my tits and my balls. I couldn't speak, couldn't breathe, my entire being was sitting on the highest high I'd ever experienced.

His throat and cheek muscles continued their work until finally, with an unavoidable cry of release, I spewed my juices deeply into him. Charge after charge pumped out of my cock and into his throat. My body was wracked with spasms of electric energy and his mouth remained hooked into me as if he were drawing sustenance from my shaft. I looked down to see him gulping my jism hungrily and I wondered how he could have gone so long without breathing. Just then, though, he did uncouple and let my still rock-hard prick slide out of his mouth.

As soon as I was released I fell back onto the grass and lay there panting. I'm an expert at coming, or so I'd thought, but for some reason this experience was greater than any I'd ever had before. As I lay there, the sun glowing redly through my closed eyelids, I realized I needed to hire this kid or buy him or steal him or something: life wouldn't be the same without his talents.

I finally opened my eyes: he was gone.

Shit! I thought to myself, he was a fuckin' dream. I sat up, feeling vulnerable again, buck-assed naked in the clearing. I reached for my suit and noticed, some distance away in the trees, his familiar naked ass walking away. Forgetting the suit, I ran after him. As I entered the woods and began pushing my way through the underbrush, trying to avoid thorny branches, I discovered, although I may have succeeded in hardening my body over the years, my feet were as tender as a baby's.

I pushed on, keeping an eye on his ass as if it were a beacon. I must have looked like a fucking fool walking gingerly through the scrub-littered woods. I was gaining on him. He was walking slowly, purposefully. I noticed that he was carrying a small canvas gym bag with him and wondered what he was up to.

He had stopped near a huge white tree.

"Whatcha up to?" I called ahead. He turned slowly toward me without answering and waited for me, the bag hanging in one hand. His face was expressionless as I approached. I finally stumbled up next to him into the very small clearing that surrounded the huge tree. He set the bag down, unzipped it and pulled out a length of rawhide. Again without speaking, he took one of my hands and expertly tied one end of the heavy cord around it. My cock rose in anticipation of what could be a heavy scene.

For some reason I didn't feel like saying anything. It was as if we were beginning a ritual which shouldn't be disturbed by conversation.

He led me to the base of the tree and pulled the tethered arm back around the trunk, walking around it himself. Appearing on the other side, he tied my other hand so that I was securely fastened. He stooped and tied my ankles together and then to the tree as well. Throughout all of this my cock remained in the horizontal, although his own monster swung down heavily, slapping against his muscular thighs as he moved, the gold rings catching the sunlight and reflecting sparks of light around the area.

He reached into the bag and withdrew a cock-gag and casually, surely forced it into my mouth and buckled it.

He then withdrew a heavy leather cord with a turnbuckle on each end. He produced a heavy metal fixture which turned out to be a ball harness. He knelt and fastened the device on my balls, forcing them into a tight knot. He fastened an identical device around his own pendulous sac of nuts. He secured each end of the cord onto a ring in each of our harnesses so that we were now united by our balls.

Next he produced an instrument which looked something like pliers. He approached me with it and for the first time I felt the whisperings of fear enter my mind. As he approached, as if in slow motion, it suddenly occurred to me how strangely he had acted throughout the afternoon: his utter silence, his dispassionate look, his peculiar and eerie come-on to me. But it was too late to think about anything other than the sinister looking implement in his hand.

I felt his hand grasp my still-rigid cock. He was going about his task mechanically, never looking me in the eyes. In the next instant, pain seared through my cockhead and radiated throughout my body. I felt my knees weaken and my stomach turn: I was panicked because I didn't know what he had done and I feared the worst. I screamed silently into the gag.

I finally managed to look down just in time to see him slip a gold ring, similar to his, through the holes he had punched in my cockhead. His hands were sticky red with blood and blood ran down my balls and thighs in thin rivulets. He bent the ring into shape then screwed the joining nut fast and walked back to the bag.

My cock, despite its injury, despite the blood which continued to flow from it, remained perversely erect, the gold ring emerging from either side of the cockhead, the joining nut hanging low toward the ground.

I struggled against the bonds which held me, but they had been expertly tied. I looked toward him to see him rooting in the bag again. This time he pulled out a huge butt plug with a metal

ring attached to its outside. He lubricated it and knelt before me. He unceremoniously shoved my balls to one side and in a sudden thrust forced the monster into my tight, unprepared ass. I screamed again feeling as if my hole had been torn apart by the invasion.

He returned to the bag, bent over and grunted slightly and I saw a steel ring emerge from his own asshole. He reached under himself and snapped the end of a leather cord onto the ass ring, another onto his cockhead ring and approached me. He fastened the appropriate rings onto my built-in fasteners so that we were now connected by the ass, balls and cockhead. My knees were shaking in anticipation of what he would do next.

He stood and faced me, his eyes penetrating mine. Then the most frightening thing happened: he smiled. He continued smiling as he backed away from me. The ten-foot tethers were soon drawn up off the ground, stretched painfully between us: my newly-damaged cock throbbed. He bent down and placed a stick at the place where we stood, then turned and walked back to me.

He faced me, the strange smile still on his lips.

"So long," he said, almost inaudibly, and turned away. He knelt in front of me and took a runner's starting stance after gathering the three cords and running them between his legs.

Like a ton of bricks, his fatalistic intentions became immediately apparent to me. I screamed again, pleading with him to stop; I don't know if he even heard my muffled pleas because by the time I'd started yelling he was half way across the clearing.

I gritted my teeth awaiting the inevitable, waiting to have my cock and balls torn off, to have my asshole ripped out: I knew I was about to die and, in that split second, attempted to figure out why.

Through wide open, horror-filled eyes, I saw the cords lift off the ground preparatory to jerking tight and destroying both of us.

I admit it, I closed my eyes in that last split second and waited. What was so fucking peculiar though, was that my anticipation was a mixed one: part of it was terror; the other part was raw lust. I was simultaneously scared shitless and more sexually turned on than I'd ever been.

I waited for the snap.

It never came.

After an impossibly long time, I opened my eyes. He was standing directly in front of me, smiling widely, nearly laughing. The vacant look in his face had been replaced by a look of intelligence and amusement.

When he saw the shocked expression in my eyes, he did laugh, uproariously, as he went about the process of disconnecting our tethers.

He was still chuckling as he loaded the various gadgets into the gym bag and began walking away, leaving me tied to the huge white tree.

I was found later that day by a foul-mouthed old man who muttered words like 'pervert' and 'queer' as he untied me, his dog sniffing my ass all the while.

I'm still looking for the guy. I still wear his ring to remind me of that afternoon. I've planned our reunion carefully, down to the last detail. It will be one he'll never forget.

THE LONG NIGHT

by Hank Morgan

Even an experienced M gets nervous on his way to a new Master, and I'm no different. As soon as I receive my orders, the butterflies begin churning. On the day I'm directed to present myself, they start doing somersaults.

It had been a long bus ride from San Francisco to the foothills. Really only about three hours; but, with my nerves peaking, I felt like I'd been on the bus the whole day. The Spider had told me to bring only the clothes I was wearing. I had nothing to read, nothing to do but think about my orders and wonder if this time

I might have bitten off more than I could chew.

I'd answered one of those "Slave Wanted" ads in *Drummer*. The advertiser said he played only for keeps. No limits would be accepted. A slave must trust his Master to judge what's best for him. Further, once the slave presented himself, he would only be able to leave when his Master was tired of him, and that his slavery would last for at least a month, maybe longer.

For me, this was where fantasy would meet reality. And I didn't really know which would win. I'd always felt the need to become a real slave, under the control of a true Master.

Sure, I've been through plenty all-night sessions. And, once in a while, if the Master was good, I would agree to stay the weekend. But most Masters I had met were really only playing a role. In most cases, I, the submissive bottom, took charge. I set the limits. I controlled the abuse I was taking. I guided the Top to satisfy my needs. And I left when I felt like it.

I knew that wasn't going to be the case this time. And I wondered if I could hack the training and control that the Spider had warned me I would suffer. So, when I got off the bus, and didn't see the Spider's black van with a silver web on the side, as he had described it, I was kind of relieved. Maybe this guy was just a letter freak. The idea of getting back to the city didn't seem that bad. I felt like I'd gotten a reprieve.

Five minutes later, as my relief was turning to anger at the fuckoff who had both wasted my time and built up my hopes, the Spider's van pulled into the parking lot and stopped on the far side, away from all the other cars. "Well," I thought, "Here goes nothing," and, as my stomach dropped out of my asshole, I slowly crossed the parking lot. I tried to see inside the cab, but the windows were tinted. All I saw was my reflection.

As I opened the side door of the van, I knew that once I closed it behind me, I was making my last independent decision for quite a while, maybe forever. I was giving myself over to the Spider, and he had made it obvious that I wouldn't be able to pull the same sort of crap with him that I had with other Masters.

After sliding the door shut, I realized that there were no inside handles, just a solid steel wall behind the driver's seat. The only way I was going to get out of the van was when someone let me out.

The Spider had instructed me to read the notice taped on the wall of the van. It said to open the storage compartment, strip, and put on what I found there.

Inside the locker was a dirty burlap potato sack, a hood with a padlock neck clasp, and a pair each of handcuffs and leg irons. I took off my clothes and—coughing from the dust and what I hoped was just dried dirt—pulled on the burlap bag. It had a neck opening and arm holes, and hung loosely to about the middle of my knees. It also itched like hell. I had a feeling that the longer I wore it, the worse it would get.

Next, I snapped on the leg irons. They were really more like fetters. They were separated by only a couple of links, making kicking, or even walking, just about impossible. Then, realizing that once I had the hood on I'd have a hard time finding the handcuffs, I fastened one of the cuffs around my left wrist.

I wasn't too excited about the hood. There were no eye, nose or mouth holes. Each side had a few small air holes punched in about where the ears would be. As I was putting it on, I hoped the air holes would be enough to breathe. The only thing I could see was black—no light at all. I was able to get enough air, but I had to work for it.

I locked the padlock at the back of the hood, and started to close the other handcuff around my right wrist.

For the first time, the Spider spoke. "Not in the front, asshole, behind your back."

I jumped, banging my head on the top of the van. If the Spider looked as mean as his voice sounded, I was in a shitload of trouble. There was no way out. Hooded and fettered as I was, if I didn't fasten the cuffs behind my back, the Spider would have no trouble doing it for me.

As soon as the cuffs were properly locked, the side door of the van opened. The Spider climbed in, closed the door, pushed me down on my stomach, and, after double locking the handcuffs, checked to make sure I had the hood and leg irons on tightly. I was completely helpless.

"You're really a dumb shit," he said. "For all you know I might be a psycho. If I am, what are you going to do about it? The only way you'll know for sure is when I tire of you. Will you walk away, or be carried away?"

"I'll give you your rules when we get to my ranch. For now, just keep your fuckin' mouth shut. When we get to my place, I want to find you just the way you are now. Don't move a fuckin' inch." With that, the door slammed shut. I heard the Spider

climb into the cab of the van. He started up, and away we went.

If you haven't spent at least a couple of hours, chained hand and foot, wearing nothing but an old burlap bag, and bouncing on the bottom of a van on the dirt roads of the foothills, you don't know what pain is all about. The Spider must have aimed for every pothole in the county. By the time the truck pulled to a stop, I knew I was covered with bruises. And the Spider hadn't even started on me.

The door of the cab opened and slammed shut. Then there were footsteps going away from the van. The Spider evidently realized I wasn't going anywhere and I guess he had better things to do.

I soon found out that the only thing worse than bouncing around on the floor of a van going over dirt roads, is lying in the same van, under a 95° sun, slowly baking away. Sweat and burlap don't mix.

After what must have been at least another hour, I heard footsteps approach and the door of the van open. Without saying a word, the Spider reached in, grabbed my leg irons, and pulled me about half way out of the coach. I felt a powerful pair of arms go around my waist, tighten, and lift me up over one shoulder. Considering I'm 6'1" and weigh in at 175 pounds, it was obvious the Spider was no slouch. He had picked me up like a sack of flour.

I felt myself being carried into a building which I later learned was a converted work shed behind the main house. The Spider dropped me, rather unceremoniously, onto the straw-covered floor. He refastened the handcuffs in front of me, locked a hook around them, and used a winch to hoist me up until I was straining to stand on my toes. Then, after fastening padded restraints on both my ankles, he undid the leg irons.

Next, he spread-eagled my legs so that only my toes were able to touch the ground. I was sure that either the cuffs were going to cut through my wrists, or my arms were going to be pulled out of their sockets. Two hard facts sunk in. It hurt like hell, and I was at the Spider's mercy.

"Okay," the Spider said. "You're here because I need a ranch hand. I learned a long time ago that there was no need to go out and hire someone—not with San Francisco full of assholes like you who'll work just for the chance to lick the sweat off my ass. Besides, in case you haven't noticed, I get my rocks off pushing people around. I like to be begged for mercy, and I've got the feeling you're going to do a lot of begging."

As he was talking, he moved around behind my back. He put his arm on my shoulder, adding his weight to the strain against my wrists, put his mouth next to my ear, and, in a soft, but more frightening tone, went on. I felt his body against mine, his hot breath blowing in my ear. I could tell just how good of shape he was in; he was rock solid, and had to be a couple of inches taller than me, 6'3" at least.

"Now that I've got your attention," the Spider said, "I reckon it's about time you learned the rules. Forget them once, my belt's going to be blood red. We won't even talk about a second time."

As the Spider talked, he punctuated each phrase by tugging against my shoulder. Every time I groaned, he pushed harder. I got the message fast and kept quiet, even though by then I was hurting pretty bad.

"Rule number one is that you're a slave, no more, maybe less. You'll always be kept in chains or some other kind of restraint. You'll talk only when I tell you to. You'll eat, drink, piss and shit only when I say it's okay. You'll always keep your head bent down. I catch you looking at me, I'll kick your ass twice around the ranch. You're here as long as I want you. I own your ass. But when and if I kick you out, it'll be for good."

"Rule number two is that there aren't any other rules. As far as I'm concerned, you've got about as much value as the potatoes that came in the sack you're wearing. Screw up, and I'll beat the shit out of you. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir," I yelled. Instantly, the Spider punched me in the kidney. "Fuck," I cried, "what the hell was that for?"

"Look, you fucking asshole, we're not playing any slave and

master games. So knock off that 'yes Sir' crap. A simple 'yeah' will do just fine.

"Now, I'm going to take off your hood. Remember, keep your eyes down. Look in my face, and your back's going to be a new shade of red."

I lowered my head as the Spider unlocked the hood. Even though the shed was just dimly lit, it took a couple of minutes for my eyes to get used to the light. The first thing that came into focus was a cell about 6' by 4'. The floor was covered with straw, and the only furniture was a wooden bucket in the corner. The bars on the front were authentic. It was a real cell.

"Yup, that's home sweet home. It may not look like much, but after a day of ranch work and an evening under my boots, it'll seem like the Plaza Hotel."

The Spider was still standing behind me as he talked, so I couldn't get a look at him. I felt the hoist holding my arms slacken a bit, and was able to regain my footing. "Now," the Spider said, "I'm going to take off the cuffs and ankle restraints. I want you to stand absolutely still."

I didn't realize how weak I was until he removed the cuffs. All of a sudden my legs turned to rubber, and I collapsed to my knees. The Spider gave me a solid kick in the ass and said, "You move when I tell you to. But, as long as you're on your knees, we'll put your mouth to work."

On the ground, with my head bowed, I couldn't see very much of the Spider as he crossed in front of me. What I saw, though, was hot. He had on a pair of black combat boots, well shined, but covered with a layer of dust. He was wearing a pair of black 101's, and they fit his legs like a glove.

By straining my eyes, I could see a bulge starting about halfway up his right thigh. It drew my eyes like a magnet, and I raised my head to stare directly into his crotch. The resultant punch to the side of my head was worth it. God, he was hung!

However, a respect for pain prevailed. I lowered my head and stared at his boots. "Start licking, asshole. We'll give you a taste of our good farming soil." As I began on his boots, the Spider locked a wide leather collar around my neck. He fastened a chain to it. When I finally finished both boots, he gave the chain a tug, and pulled my head up so I was staring directly into his crotch.

"If your mouth wasn't so fucking full of dirt, I'd let you take a swing on what I've got inside. But I guess I gotta wash it out first." With that the Spider whipped out one of the biggest pieces of meat I'd ever seen, and aimed it at my face.

"Open wide, asshole. I've got some mouthwash for you. Spill a drop, and you'll be licking it off the floor." Then the Spider let loose with a stream of piss—straight into my mouth. I kept drinking it down, half gulping and half gagging. After what seemed like a half hour, the flow eased. I hadn't spilled a drop.

BEAST

by Rick Leathers

The after-theatre crowd was settling down for a late dinner at Cliff House when their attention was caught by a ball of fire that swept down from the sky and exploded into boiling mists just beyond Seal Rocks. Meteor? Missile? Airplane? UFO? "Someone call the police!"

A raccoon overturning rocks, searching for crabs in the moonlight at Land's End, paused to watch a dark object nearing the beach. It ran for the cover of the bushes as a shiny, black man-shape waded, stumbled from the water. It didn't hang around to learn more.

Briefly stretching to his full seven-foot height, the creature scanned the beach and hillside for signs of danger before sitting down on a log and permitting his breathing to slow and relax. He didn't seem to notice the chilled night breeze that dried the water from his body. His smooth, supple, hairless skin covered massive slabs of muscle that spoke of heavy gravities and rugged climates. Rich brown iris, surrounded by the gold of old ivory,

"Not bad, punk. Hope you like my piss, cause you're gonna be drinking it for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I guess you've earned a taste of the cock it came out of. Get it hard for me, sucker."

Somehow, by straining, I was able to get my mouth around the head of his cock. I was going to give him one of my fancy blowjobs, but the Spider had other ideas. He grabbed me by the ears and started driving his cock further and further down my throat.

I tried to pull away, but he wouldn't let me. He was choking me on his fucking cock, and I couldn't do anything about it. I'd never been really face fucked before and I was gagging from the size and constant pressure. The more I struggled for air, the harder he drove. Then, just when I was about to pass out, he pulled his dripping cock out of my mouth.

"Just an appetizer, asshole. You'll get the full course this evening. Now lock these on," he said, throwing a connected set of hand and legs irons at me. "These and that burlap sack are gonna be your uniform from now on."

Once I got the irons on, the Spider grabbed my collar and pulled me to my feet. He dragged me to the cell, and, using the chain attached to my collar, padlocked me to a bolt about six inches off the floor. I could lie down or crouch on my hands and knees. But there was no way I could sit up, much less stand.

"Make yourself comfy, asshole. We've got a long night coming up."

It's been four months now, and that long night hasn't ended. The Spider concedes I'm the best ranch hand he's ever had. But I'm still just a slave. He always keeps me in my irons and burlap sack. I've been pierced, branded, and he makes me shave totally every day. My diet consists of all the piss I want, and any scraps left over from his table. Every time I screw up, I get a session with his bull whip. He face fucks me in the morning, has me working the ranch all day.

In the evening we usually retire to the shed, where he reminds me who's Master. He's had me build a complete dungeon set-up, with crosses, a stretching rack, a whipping post, and, his favorite, a pulley suspension system. He calls them my stations, and we work our way through them. It hurts like hell, but that's what the Spider demands.

I usually end up on the suspension system, ass up. The Spider has gotten my asshole stretched so he can fuck me dry. It takes a while. But with him driving into me, totally suspended, swinging back to him, he finally shoots his load.

Four months ago, on my way to meet the Spider, I had wondered if one's fantasy could ever become a reality. Well, mine has. The Spider has made me an honest slave. I'm sure he cares about me, but he doesn't show it. I'm a slave. Not a friend. Not a ranch hand. Just a slave.

gave his eyes a startling power, in contrast with the shiny, black skin. His yawn exposed sharp, white teeth and a pointed tongue.

He rose suddenly and began working his way up the hill. Some decision had been made, for his path was direct and sure. As he faded into the dark trees, police sirens could be heard near Cliff House.

"You goddamned asshole! Why did you have to act like that in front of my friends?"

"Hey, lay off! You promised that we would be alone tonight. Why do we always have to wind up in some fuckin' bar?"

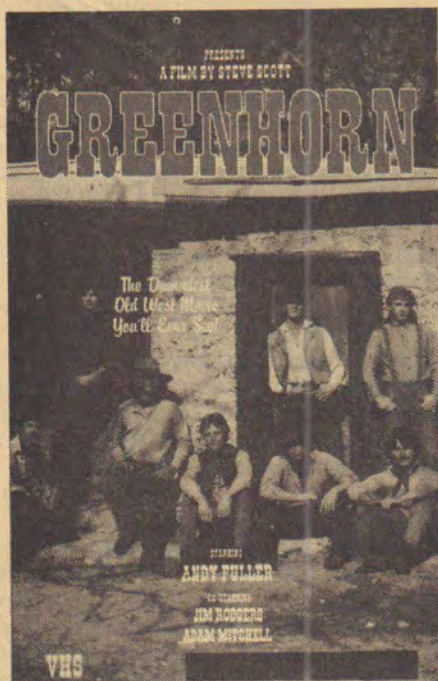
"Oh, fuck off!"

"I'd like to see my lover at least once in a while without every burnt-out bar queen in San Francisco leering at us."

"Shit! You see me every fuckin' night at home, Ernie! What the hell do you want?"

"Weeknights after work, you're too tired to fuck, too tired to talk, too tired to do anything but get stoned and watch TV. I thought that we could at least act like lovers on the weekends."

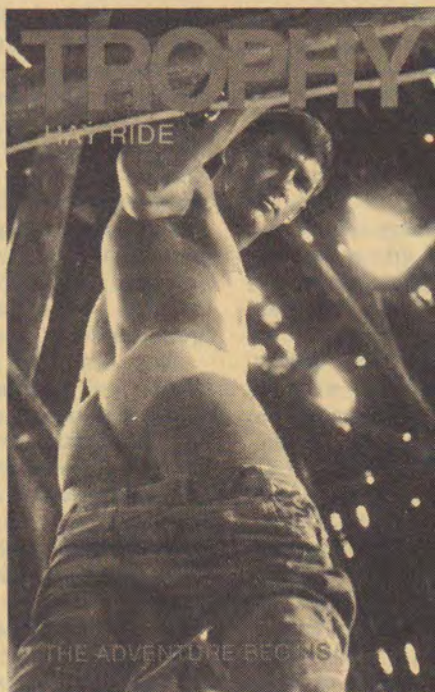
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GREENHORN

Steve Scott's historic and bawdy adventure set in the late 1800's and peopled with a ranch full of hot young studs with lust on their minds. A full-length theatrical motion picture starring Andy Fuller, Jim Rodgers, Adam Mitchell and a half-dozen other superb specimens of the wild west.

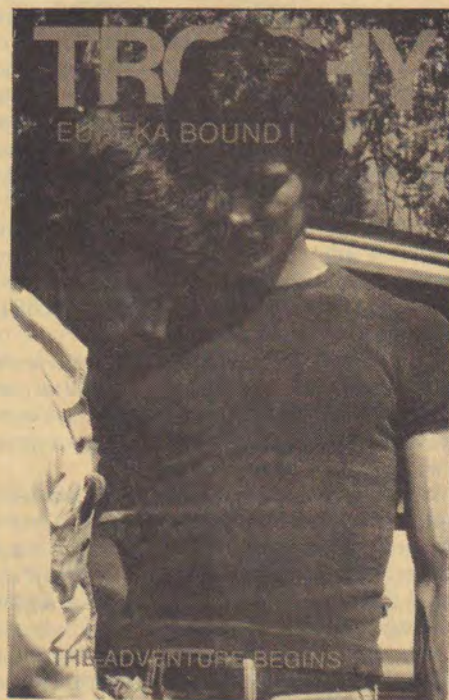
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HAYRIDE (TROPHY 3)

Laid out in the back of a truck, Barry, the owner of a Northern California ranch, cools his throat with a beer. It's been a long hot season for all the men, especially for Bob, the new kid. Nighttime finds Bob too excited to sleep and Barry too horny. Hot sex on the ranch takes over. The four other features on this action packed video tape are: *The Life-guard*, *The Handyman*, *Everything Works*, and the super-hot *Bruno & Shane*.

VHS/BETA **89⁹⁵**



EUREKA BOUND (TROPHY 5)

Michael and Phillip spend their week-ends going to the river and looking for hunky hitchhikers on the way. When they spot Steve by the side of the road, the bulge in his pants looks promising, but when his whopper cock meets their eyes, it's an afternoon of huge dick and hot action. The two other features on this dynamite video tape are: *Fuckin' Farm-hand* and *The Homecoming*.

VHS/BETA **89⁹⁵**

BUCKSHOT



A summer day, a pick-up truck and two hot and hard-core studs come together in this sizzling action packed movie. Starring MIKE DAVIS and LLOYD KASPER. Running time approx. 10 minutes.



MIKE DAVIS AND JOSH, the bricklayers, are getting in a little extra work and play on the weekends when WENFNER, the architect, comes by to check on the blueprints. Running time approx. 10 minutes.



A wild throwaway develops after JOSH picks up on his date and discovers PAT and TERRY in the middle of making. The action is non-stop and well to wit. Running time approx. 10 minutes.



This action film brings together two real pants in a come-to-bedtime session that's hard to top your list of favorites. AL PARKER and TONY are the big stars. Running time approx. 10 minutes.

BUCKSHOT

Some of the mightiest stars of porn come together for four separate adventures: *Drive Shaft* features Lloyd Kasper and Mike Davis; *Best Laid Plans* shows Mike Davis, Josh, and Werner pounding new foundations; *Saturday Afternoon Fever* shows what happens to Pat and Terry when Josh forces himself between them; *Chute* brings you a duo of epic proportions: Al Parker and Toby.

VHS/BETA **89⁹⁵**

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EXPLOSION

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BULLET VIDEO PAC 1

Kyle Hazard gets invited aboard Rod Mitchell's *Houseboat* and Mitchell gets more than a mouthful as Hazard strips him and works him over. Filmed in the Everglades (bet you don't even notice the scenery!). Nick, home alone one afternoon, digs out some photos he took of himself in a barn, and then you find out why this film is called *Take Ten*, twice! Blonde, uncut Barry walks into a horny leatherman *On The Beach*, and the leatherman gets a real surprise when Barry whips out his tool and starts demanding some service. Rod Mitchell is soaking up some rays when Jeremy Brent passes by on his hike in the woods, and *When Strangers Meet*, especially strangers with hot crotches, they become friends real fast!

VHS/BETA 89⁹⁵



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!

VHS/BETA 79⁹⁵



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*.

VHS/BETA 79⁹⁵

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"Listen, you better get your slant-eyed act together quick. You're damn lucky to have me at all. There ain't many white men who'd shack up with a Jap-Hawaiian in the first place. You got all these hula-skirt fantasies rolling around in your head and life just ain't that way! If you ever cause another scene like you did tonight, you're goin' to find your goddamned ass out on the sidewalk and the front door locked. You got that, Jap?"

"Jesus, Ben, I just want to feel you love me."

"You fuckin' mushy son-of-a-..."

Ben never got to finish his sentence. A black, leathery arm reached into the window of the parked car and broke his neck. Ernie watched, stunned, as the arm crossed over and hit him. He briefly saw Ben's body being dragged from the car as he slipped into unconsciousness.

Ernie felt himself being shaken awake. It was still dark outside, but he had no idea how long he had been out. His immediate worry was the black giant who was shaking him. The creature held his neck firmly with one huge hand and caressed his body with the other. Ernie's emotions were in chaos. He had just watched his lover killed, but in some ways that was easier than living with him alive. Now a *thing* had him and didn't show too much sign of letting him go.

Years of street cruising naturally drew Ernie's attention to the beast's crotch. The huge, black, leathery cock lay fat and soft along the car seat. Fourteen, maybe fifteen inches soft. Shee-it! Ernie reached over and stroked it. The creature responded immediately. He pushed Ernie under the steering wheel and signaled for him to drive. The young human was too confused to register that this thing could recognize a car's function and Ernie's ability to operate it. As the car headed south towards the Castro, Ernie reached over and fondled the beast's huge genitals. The log-like cock was beginning to rise in response to the human's attention when the Beast pushed his hand away and began stroking the back of Ernie's neck. This was the first real affection that the young bodybuilder had received in memory and it was beginning to override his fear.

"Who... what are you?"

The creature blinked, but made no response.

"Ah, I guess it's my place for the night. You don't look like you live around here."

Ernie pulled the car into the drive in front of the Victorian where he and Ben had shared a first floor flat. There was something very San Franciscan about going home with your lover's killer. Had Ernie lived anywhere else, he would probably have gone berserk.

While Ernie tried to hold his hand still enough to unlock the front door, an older man looking out of his window across the street commented to his lover of 30 years, "Well, Floyd, it has finally happened. That sweet, little Ernie has picked up a trick and is cheating on Ben. Looks like a big leather number. He must have been down on Folsom. These youngsters just don't know how to make a relationship last. Back when we were first..."

The stocky young islander locked the door behind them while Beast wandered through the house, looking into closets and cabinets. He seemed especially interested in the stereo equipment and was pleased when Ernie put a tape of electronic music on. Ernie guessed that he was pleased. He wasn't sure just how to tell. This whole thing was a mind-fucker: Why wasn't he running like hell for help? He was alone in his home with a thing that had just killed his lover, and he kind of liked the big bastard.

Just watching Beast (as Ernie had begun to call the creature) move was giving the kid a hard-on. Huge, solid muscles covered with warm, black leather-skin made Beast a fantasy out of left-handed fiction. He walked up to Ernie and made a low, rumbling sound in his throat.

"Uh... could you say that in English?" Gulp.

Beast began pulling at the young man's clothes.

"Oh, you want me to strip. Well... ah, sure. I mean, why not?"

As Ernie tossed his boots, jeans and sweatshirt in the corner, Beast felt and caressed his body.

"Oh, wow. Ah... I don't guess I need to tell you that I, ah... don't have any limits. Just do what you want."

Beast picked Ernie up and carried him to the mattress on the bedroom floor, where he usually slept. The powerful, black fingers pinched and pulled at his tits and ball sac. Ernie got both hands around the huge organ and stroked it toward a log-like erection. The smell of the creature's groin was like something on the edge of every wet dream Ernie had ever had. After a few futile attempts to get the great, rounded cone-shaped head into his mouth, the smaller human settled for licking and nibbling along the shaft and corona. Thick ropes of lubricant oozed from the hole in the alien dick's tip. Ernie lapped the goo up and noticed a rise in his own body temperature as he did so.

When Ben had taken to smoking more and more dope, his erections had gotten fewer and fewer. In order to maintain his image as a top, he had trained Ernie to accept a fist up his ass. Ernie's own form of sex-rush came from pleasing a man and he had been uncomfortable just lying back in a sling and being fisted. Sure, it had felt good. But he wanted to serve Ben, not be serviced, and he had the constant fear of his colon being damaged. Tonight, though, as Beast held his ankles together back over his head and centered the point of his arm-sized black leather cock against the kid's asshole Ernie was damned glad he could take a man to the elbow. Otherwise, he would probably be torn in half.

The gooey lube that dripped from the dick coated his ass and the head slid in with hardly any pain at all. Was the lube a muscle relaxant? Before Ernie could even consider this possibility, twenty inches of giant Beast meat slid past his rectum and rearranged his guts... and it felt great! The hunky little bottom had to work hard not to spray the room with his own sperm. Then the creature flexed the muscles of his arm and started hip-thrusting, deep and slow. A thousand orgasms exploded in Ernie's head and it just kept getting better. It was like the ultimate bottom trip because he had no way to manipulate or control this top at all. He was totally a piece of fuck-meat, to be used and enjoyed.

Beast pumped and groaned out his alien lust while explosions of pure energy seared Ernie's brain and asshole. At one point, Beast spread the young man's golden legs and held him by his cock and balls as he pistoned the welcoming hole. Ernie's cock spasmed and jerked time and again. He was totally depleted of sperm, but the pleasure-pressure in his ass just kept getting better. He reached up to pull and finger roll the thumb-sized nipples of the smooth, rounded pecs. Beast slapped his face back and forth a few times, but it seemed to be a sign of affection, at least Ernie took it that way. The kid needed rough treatment and didn't get it very often.

Ernie never even felt Beast's orgasm erupt along the length of his intestines. He had passed out long before from emotional exhaustion and sheer animal-pleasure overload. As the shock waves of his climax subsided, Beast twisted Ernie's limp form around so that he could hold the sleeping human against his chest with his giant organ still planted up his butt. Dawn was just beginning to color the sky over Oakland as Beast closed his eyes on a night that had been as strange and disturbing to him as it had to the humans he had encountered.

"Hey, Venelli, what ya' got this time?" The sweating detective turned to see a reporter who had covered many of his cases in the past, walking toward him.

"Shit, Banda, how do you guys get the word so fast? We only found the body an hour ago."

"Looks like another gay mugging that got out of hand," the reporter commented.

"How do you know he's gay?"

"Well, there's a bottle of amyl right by your foot, an engineer boot over there in the grass and that looks like either a leather cock ring or wrist band beside it. Just a lucky guess."

"Yeah, well there's more to it than that. I'm going to have to ask you to keep a lid on this for awhile." The detective mopped his brow with a Kleenex and looked over at the blanket-covered



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DRUMMER 35

corpse.

"Come on, lieutenant. What's going on?"

"Promise not to write anything until I give the okay? I want you to keep your ears open around the newsroom. There is something freaky here."

"All right, all right! What's so weird about this killing?"

The plainclothesman paused, took a deep breath and said, "The body was half eaten and we found eighteen inch long humanoid footprints."

"Holy shit! What's loose in the city now?"

Beast awoke, taking a long, slow two-quart piss up Ernie's ass. The kid loved it and snuggled back for more. He didn't care if he drowned in piss or got split in half by the log inside his gut. Having Beast treat him like a pet was the greatest thing that had ever happened to him. He just lay back and waited for direction. He didn't have to be responsible for anything.

The flow of piss stopped and it felt like a python was crawling over Ernie's prostate as Beast pulled his cock out of the kid's stretched and filled fuck-chute. Just as the corona of the cone-shaped head cleared his outside sphincter, Beast rolled over on top of Ernie's back and shoved the whole thing back into him. Piss was leaking out all over the mattress and Ernie was crushed beneath the monster's weight as the black leather hips pounded out an other-worldly lust inside the young man. All Ernie could do was moan and orgasm. The pleasure was too great to permit him to think.

By mid-morning, Ernie had washed down Beast and himself in the shower and had found what kind of food the thing liked... fresh, red, raw meat. He added a trip to the meat market to his list of things to do today. Saturday was his big shopping and errand day and Beast seemed to be more interested in the stereo equipment than in him at the moment.

Ernie walked over and stroked the monster's chest and said, "Ah, listen, Beast, sir. I need to go out and do some shopping. I'll be back later."

Beast merely cuffed his jaw lightly and then went back to his examination of the stereo.

As Ernie closed the car door and placed the key in the ignition, he felt a strange twinge of sadness as he saw Ben's wallet on the floor. Beast must have tossed it there. He took the cash from the wallet and pushed the leather folder under the seat. That was all past now. Ernie was living in a dream.

He bought a newspaper outside the market and was surprised that no mention was made of Beast or Ben. "Well, gosh, it followed me home. I guess I can keep it."

When Ernie got home with his groceries, he found his stereo all over the living room floor. It wasn't torn up, exactly, just dismantled and rearranged. Beast was lying down in the bedroom resting and motioned for Ernie to come to him. He lazily tore the clothes off his new pet's body and began licking and sucking the sweat from Ernie's smooth golden skin. Ernie was in ecstasy and loved the fact that he had no idea what Beast would do next. It briefly occurred to him that the thing might kill or maim him, but it somehow felt right to be under this leather giant's control. The pleasure from the long, red, pointed tongue was too great for him to hold any thought for long and when it wiggled up his ass, Ernie became a brainless pleasure machine.

After uncounted orgasms, Ernie lay exhausted and trembling while Beast returned to his electronic work in the living room.

"Newsroom, Carlson speaking."

"Yeah, this is Lieutenant Venelli, S.F.P.D. I'd like to talk with Jeff Banda."

"Hold on for a sec and I'll get him."

Placing his hand over the receiver, the reporter yelled, "Hey, Banda, pick up on four."

"Banda here, who's this?"

"Venelli. Listen, have you heard anything about this incident out near Land's End?"

"Not a peep. Did you find out who this guy was or anything about him?"

"Nothing yet. No record of fingerprints. Of course, there were only three fingers left on the body and no thumbs to check with D.M.V. We're sending some photos around to the gay bars, but you know how much those fags like to talk to cops."

"Well, that's your own damned fault. You guys shouldn't pick on the gays so much."

"Fuck off! It's only been one day. We'll turn up something. Keep in touch."

"Sure thing. 'Bye."

Dusk in San Francisco is a faerie tale experience. The air turns cool and blue and the city seems to float in a myth. Ernie stumbled out of bed and wandered into the bathroom to take a piss. While he felt the golden stream gushing from his cock and gurgling into the bowl, he heard some weird sounds coming from the living room. After shaking the last drops off his fat little cock, he walked toward the sounds. He stopped in the doorway and came fully awake. Beast had reassembled the stereo and added in the microwave, the digital clock and one of the telephones. He was making odd, growling noises into the phone receiver and, at one point, Ernie thought he heard an answer from one of the speakers. After a while, Beast seemed satisfied with whatever he had done. He walked over to Ernie and hugged him close to his body. The kid melted. This monster from the black, wet dream was showing him more affection and attention than the hunky little islander had known in his entire life. He understood why some guys had deaf-mute lovers. He couldn't talk to Beast, but the big bastard sure could communicate.

Beast released Ernie when he heard the phone ringing. Ernie left reluctantly to answer it.

"Hello."

"This is Lieutenant Venelli, S.F.P.D. Is this the residence of Ben Patterson?"

"Yeah, Ben's my lover."

"Ah, uh... is Mr. Patterson there?"

"Naw. He hasn't been home for a couple of days. We had a fight and he walked out."

"Was it a physical fight?"

"Naw. He didn't hit me or nothin'. He just got pissed and walked out. He's done it before."

"Uh huh. I'd like to come over tomorrow and ask you some questions. Will you be home around noon?"

"Ah, sure. Is anything wrong?"

"Just routine questions. See you at noon."

"Hey, Beast. We've gotta get you out of here. The cops are coming out tomorrow. Shit. Where can I hide you?"

Beast seemed to catch the urgency in Ernie's voice and helped when the kid started pushing the electronic mess on the floor behind the couch. Ernie found a large piece of soft leather and cut out a crude pair of shorts for Beast. He laced up the sides and crotch with thongs and fitted them on him.

"It's dark outside, babe. Let's get you into the car and out of this neighborhood."

He had already called to reserve a room at the one place in San Francisco where a seven-foot tall, heavily muscled, black leather skinned, twenty-inch cocked, non-human would not seem out of place—The Slot. It was a hotel, a bath house, a fuck-hole, a pit. It was the place Ernie sneaked off to when he needed the rough treatment he couldn't get from Ben.

The clerk at the check-in window freaked when he saw Beast. Ernie whispered to him, "It's a costume. He's a politician and can't afford to be recognized. I called for a room. My name is Ilipipi, Ernie Ilipipi."

When Ernie handed him the money for a room and a fat joint of sensamilla, the kid seemed ready to accept anything. Beast followed his human pet up to the second floor. Ernie shut the door of the room and removed the improvised leather shorts from Beast.

"Well, babe... welcome to fuck-city. You can do just about anything you want to the guys you meet here. Just don't leave this building, okay?"

Beast had been licking his lips for the last few minutes, so Ernie got some raw meat from the ice-chest he had brought along. The meat was gone in three gulps and the alien seemed suddenly restless.

"Come on. I'll give you a tour of the place."

With Beast right behind him, Ernie locked the room door and began examining the occupants of the halls along the two floors. In one room, a slender young man, barely out of his teens, was obviously tripping on high-octane acid. He took one look at Beast and blew away. The next room sported a sling, occupied by a masturbating bodybuilder who was fingering his rectum. Ernie recognized him as a bartender at The Nail. With his reputation for liking two fists at once, Ernie figured he could handle Beast's giant cock.

"Hey, is this Halloween?" Even bartenders can be surprised.

Ernie stroked the man's huge pecs and said, "Just lie back and enjoy it. He'll make your asshole feel real good."

Beast slid into muscleman's butt in one, long Crisco'd lunge. The bartender fought down the cramps in his gut and the impending orgasm in his groin with all his might. Beast just grasped the chains on the sling and slung his victim back and forth along the length of his ram. All the impaled human knew was that he was having the wildest sex of his life and he prayed that it would never end.

Ernie figured it would be safe to check out the rest of the building while Beast was playing on the swing.

In the hallway, Ernie saw Frank, an older man whose shaved head, strange sense of humor and talent with a whip had made him one of the most feared and desired tops on Folsom. Ernie knelt at Frank's feet and laid his cheek on the older man's boot. "Sir, please, sir, I need pain, sir."

Frank reached down and patted the muscle-boy's head as he would a puppy. "Just follow me, kid. I've got some real nice screams for you."

At The Slot, Frank always took the end room with its built-in equipment. He liked to use his full range of gear when he whipped ass. He pushed Ernie to his knees, after he locked the door, and slipped a leather hood over the younger man's head. The tight, soft hide molded to his skull, while Frank snapped the eye covers and mouth plug into place. Ernie was trembling as his head adjusted to its sightless, leather-smelling, gagged, sweaty prison.

Frank pulled the kid to his feet and tied his wrists to rings set in the ceiling. Something cool and soft hit Ernie's groin, then a scraping sensation. His crotch was being shaved. Ernie could feel the long even strokes of the straight razor as it removed the wiry, black hairs from his genitals. Frank was famed for his even style. No nicks, no scrapes, no accidents. Just a smooth even trip that got heavier and heavier.

When the last of the shaving cream had been wiped from Ernie's now hairless groin, Frank patted rubbing alcohol over the freshly razored skin. Ernie danced on his tiptoes as the cold stinging registered in his brain.

Frank had picked up a new toy on a recent trip to Houston and this seemed to be just the bottom to try it out on. A simple leather jockstrap may seem harmless enough, but when it is lined with half-inch needle spikes, it can bring true agony. Ernie could feel his mind relaxing to accept the pain as Frank crushed the spikes into his shaved crotch and adjusted the straps that would hold it on tight. This was what Ernie wanted; to have a man hurt him, pay total attention to him, control him and use him.

Now Frank was ready for his whip; a heavy, leather cat-o-nine-tails with twenty inch straps was just the right size to use in a small area. It gave the whipper room for a full swing, without losing control of exactly where it would land. The first lash caught Ernie across the right shoulder. From there, Frank systematically covered the heavily-muscled backside with red welts from neck to knees. By the twentieth lash, Ernie was moaning; by the fiftieth, he was screaming. His mind was a red blur of pure sex-pain and his hard, throbbing cock was working itself into the



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spikes of the leather jock for even more. This is what Ernie lived for; beyond all boredom, beyond all doubt, blinding pain made him know that he was totally alive.

Tossing the sweat-soaked cat into the corner, Frank grasped a three foot bamboo rod about the diameter of his little finger. It sang through the air as he turned Ernie's butt cheeks to hamburger. The kid was whimpering in a kind of mindless ecstasy now. The red blur of his inner vision was that of a sacrificial animal being tortured upon the stone.

Ernie was so engrossed in the pain that he didn't know exactly when the topman rammed his dick up the islander's ass. It was unlubricated and the stabbing pain in his gut matched the fire in his skin. Ernie shoved his butt back for more. Frank was near to his own climax when the kid arched his own back and filled the spiked jock with blood-flecked cum. As Frank's dick exploded deep in Ernie's colon, the hunky islander was slipping into unconsciousness. Even out cold, Ernie Ilipipi was a happy man.

When he awoke hours later, the room was empty. Ernie stood under the cold water in the shower for an eternity to wash the ache out of his flesh.

By 11:30 the next morning, Ernie had left Beast sleeping peacefully in his room at The Slot, come home, and straightened out his apartment. Lieutenant Venelli rang the doorbell at precisely noon.

"Hi. C'mon in."

"Ah, do you and Patterson live here alone?"

"Yeah."

"Has he contacted you since I called?"

"No, not a word."

"Do you mind if I look around?"

"Well, I... ah..."

Venelli began poking around the apartment without waiting for an answer. He came up short when he found the electronic chaos behind the couch.

"What the fuck is all this?"

"Ah... Ben liked to play with gadgets."

"Okay, I know you're hiding something. Spill it. What the hell is going on here?" The lieutenant was just trying to frighten Ernie into saying something that might be useful in solving this case. Ernie didn't know that and panicked. He bolted into the kitchen and out the back door. The frightened young man was half way down the alley when Venelli pulled out his gun and yelled, "Stop, or I'll shoot!"

The gun discharged harmlessly into the air as a black, clawed hand crushed the cop's neck. Ernie looked back in time to see him die. He spun around and raced back to where Beast was standing over the fallen body.

"Oh, fuck. I've got to get you out of here, babe. Cops don't like things like that. How the hell did you find your way back here, anyway?"

Ernie was tugging on Beast's arm when he heard an odd, crackling sound above him. A large, dark object was slowly descending toward them. Beast pulled the kid against his chest and rumbled low in his throat as the pick-up-truck-sized craft stopped a few feet from the ground. An oval door slid open and Beast walked on board. Ernie could hear police sirens rapidly approaching. Beast turned in the doorway and looked Ernie in the eye. He slowly reached out his hands to the trembling young human. Ernie didn't even bother to think. He ran to his new Master and leaped through the door as the craft took off, straight upward. The kid was too busy snuggling in Beast's arms to care where they were going. He was just happy to have found a place where he belonged.

Beast stroked the back of Ernie's head, then slid his hand around the young human's throat and broke his neck cleanly at the shoulders. As the alien craft leveled out and began its homeward journey, Beast sunk his teeth into Ernie's still-warm flesh and relaxed to enjoy his in-flight dinner.

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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

Larry,

I enclose a photo. In addition to one side of my face being disfigured by a birth defect, I'm also quite skinny (a condition I prefer in other people), and due to a natural (not dietary-produced) deficiency I have a blotchy complexion on my chest and back. In short, I'm hardly a 'cutie'.

Although 'lookism' is supposed to reign supreme, I do manage to trick (not enough), but never in my preferred role/scene—Greek passive in bondage. The men who want to trick want me as Top, or as bottom limited to French, no bondage. I find this strange, because my ass is in far better shape than the rest of me.

I can't see why Tops should object to my admittedly un-hot looks in this one respect and not the others. Comments? Ideas?

Tony, Alberta

Dear Tony,

Admittedly, your face is not your fortune, but as in the case of almost anyone who does not qualify as a Colt model there always seems to be 'someone out there' who is going to respond positively to the very qualities that you perceive as a turn-off for others. Many guys who are not able to attract the partners they want strictly on the bases of their physical attributes are able to do so by letting other guys get to know them well enough to respond to the person within the shell, rather than just the exterior flesh. It's easier said than done, of course, but if any guy begins to perceive his sex partner as more than 'a piece of meat for the evening', he also tends to relate better to that other person's needs. I really don't know what else to suggest to you, but from your letter you seem to have a good mind, and that could prove your salvation. I don't mean to give you a bullshit answer, but as I'm sure you already know, yours is not an easy problem to solve.

Dear Larry,

I've been into leather SM for a year and a half. There's no part of a good Topman's body I won't lick, suck, eat, or worship. I

love ranch. I enjoy having a big fist fill my asshole almost as much as I like being strapped until my ass is bloody. I'm very good looking with a trim, strong body (weightlifting). When I go out cruising I'm dressed in tight black leather. Once I'm in a bar, I usually have no problem finding a good scene, and I've been told I'm a good bottom by any standards. The problem is that I'm a woman, not 'straight' or 'gay', but just a person who is into hot leather SM action—the kind you can only find with gay leather guys. I try not to intrude where I'm not wanted, but I'm friendly and responsive to anyone I meet, and I've got a lot of hot leather friends who take me into places where women are not usually allowed.

I would really like to get into places like the Mineshaft (NY), The Brig (SF), or to be included on something like the Hellfire Inferno run. Can you tell me: 1) how I might go about doing this? 2) what my legal rights to be allowed into a leatherbar might be? 3) could I join something like FFA?

I'm sure your first reaction is to say 'no', but give me the benefit of the doubt. I've paid some pretty heavy dues, so to speak. I'm not a dyke or a 'fag hag', looking to turn some guy around. I really like you guys and what you do, and genuinely want to be a part of it.

(name withheld)

Dear Female Friend,

Although you originally requested that I not use your letter in this column, I wrote you back and you agreed that I could. I do this mainly because I would like comments from readers. I know that my initial reaction was negative, but I then had some second thoughts when I considered the situation from your standpoint. I really can feel for you. I know several women who are more or less in a position similar to yours, and because I know them, I feel differently about them than I would if I were in a leatherbar and happened to glance up to find an unknown woman standing next to me. I have tried to decide how I would feel if I went to Inferno and found a woman there. Since you are obviously a very special case, I'm going to withhold any more of my opinions and let the readers respond. What do you think, guys?

Dear Sir,

I am not sure if you can help me directly or not. I have a project in mind, and would like some guidance. I want to make a reasonably believable dog costume for a man; i.e., by adding such items as fur, paws, tail, snout, to make him as close as possible to a dog. I want to do this to allow the enactment of an SM theme, with a guy who really wants to play the part of a canine in training.

Trainer, San Francisco

Dear Trainer,

Yours appears to be the case where the mind, rather than the physical being, is

going to play the more important role in establishing the fantasy. You run the risk of making a burlesque of your scene if you get too deeply involved in this type of costume. I do recall hearing a very amusing story of a guy who was bound, blindfolded, and turned into a werewolf on a night of the full moon—this with the cooperation of an old English sheepdog, a pair of shears, and a bottle of Elmer's glue. However, the story is amusing rather than sensuous, at least in retrospect. In your case, the costume is going to be more effective from the standpoint of the Top (who can see it) rather than the bottom, who is only going to feel the effects of the accoutrements. But if you're determined to try it, I think the loose fur and glue is going to be more effective than something which is going to totally enclose the body.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write to him via *Drummer*. If you wish a private response, include a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.)

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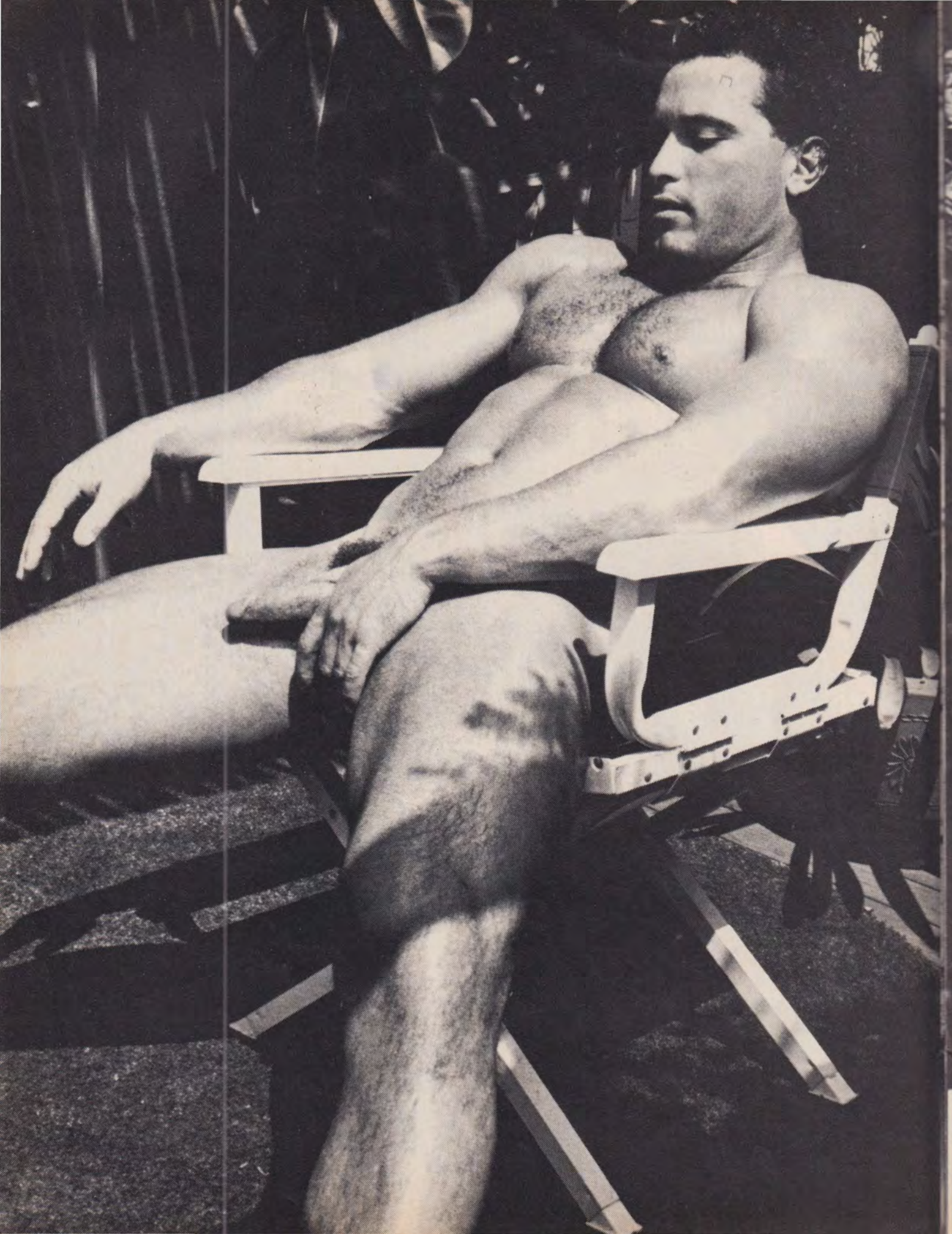
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DRUMMER

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Name _____

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!

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.

EASY INSTRUCTIONS DYNAMITE RESULTS!

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.

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.

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.

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

FLEXING AND SHOWING

Off your muscles in bondage while another body builder 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.

PATRON FRIEND SOUGHT

Gay male writer looking for assistance by altruistic type. Worrying about money and writing do not mix; between you and I, the romantic notion of the struggling writer is a nice illusion but is not fun to live. If you can help, and think that you might want too, please let me know. Discretion is important. I am friendly, considerate, talented, sincere, discret. Ron, P.O. Box 22036, San Francisco, CA. 94122.

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, 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.

LEATHER/ UNIFORM J.O.

Hot guy looking for leather/ uniform J.O. buddy. Must be into gloves and boots. Relationship desired with right guy. Call Jim (415)673-1284.

SOUTH BAY AREA

White male, 27, 6', 165 needs fantasies turned into realities. I need a leather bondage Master who will take control and guide me through moderate to heavy B/D, V/A, boots, gloves, police uniforms, hoods, and light to moderate S/M. Serious training needed. If possible, send photo. Box 3711.

I'M LOOKING

For a long term relationship with a macho muscular slave into oil—sweat—kink—chains. 5'9", 175, 45. Phone (415)944-9984.

BOTTOM

GWM, 27, 6', 165 LBS, short brown hair, slim build: respectfully requests to be used by dominant Top(s). Into: B/D, W/S, VA, T/T, C/B, Hoods, getting fucked at both ends. Please send instructions/ description. (Vallejo/ Bay Area). Box 3577.

WANTED: TOTAL SLAVE

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

THREE RING CIRCUS

2 lovers seek playmate. We want a laid-back, head-together, nice-n-easy, goodtime buddy who likes to ball all night and get crisco on his hands. Send photo and phone to Box 3732.

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

Biker Stud is interviewing other blond, hairless, sweaty bottoms. If you measure-up I'll toss you to my big

GREYSTONE



8033 SUNSET BOULEVARD, SUITE #440.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90046

also you are over 21



EAGLE

LEATHERS

DALLAS · AUSTIN · HOUSTON

EAGLE LEATHERS 4013 PRESCOTT
DALLAS TEXAS 75219 214-528-1527

gorilla buddy (he's big and mean). Send photo and descriptive letter to Box 1536.

WHITE SLAVE SEEKS BLACK MASTER

Or reverse: scat, water sports, spanking, total oral, verbal abuse. Funky letter gets reply & appointment. Box 3735.

SEX SLAVE AVAILABLE

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

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.

33, WHITE MALE, 180

Seeks life as dog with leathered master owner. Into heavy B&D, punishment. Sk to be collared, caged, mind controlled, kenneled, used, tagged & kept as dog for life. Never again treated as human. Perm only. Must be able to handle animal safely & sanely. No games. "Kai" c/o 540 — O'Farrell 306, S.F., CA 94102. (415) 775-9120. Relocateable.

AFFECTIONATE SLAVE

WM wants strong caring master 35-45. Am yng 40, 5'7", 130 LBS, trim. Enjoy TT, leather, VA, humil and body worship. Not into hvy drugs, FFA or raunch. Reply Box 3734.

BIG HOT TITS SF

W/M, 36, 150, 6ft, 7 1/2 cut, w/huge over-size nipples, into sucking off hard greasy cocks, working over hot tits and balls w/clamps, weights, videos,

tapes, mirrors, letters, photos exchanged. Box 3700.

J/O—TRUE STUD ART

Hot handsome hung young dude, 29, 6', 165, short dark blonde hair, moustache, thick 8" handrod and heavy slung sack. Into other studs who enjoy themselves. Photo a must: 2269 Market, #333, San Francisco, CA 94114. Don't disappoint me— it will be your loss!

PHONE SEX

Connecting gay men together around the world. A really unique experience. (415) 346-8747.

LIKES PISS IN SAN FRANCISCO

29, 6'2" 170 LBS Bottom with smooth swimmers build, into W/S armpits, jocks. I want piss from hot masculine tops 21-35 with moustache or beard. I provide beer; you return it warm and tasty! Paul 415-863-9397.

SAN FRANCISCO BONDAGE CLUB

Safe and sane group scenes. SFBC, 1800 Market St. #107 San Francisco CA 94102.

BLACK WEIGHTLIFTER

29, 155 lb, muscular, medium build, primarily TOP, but versatile. Looking for well muscled white male 25-35. Most scenes considered except scat and W/S. Reply with photo or detailed description. Mike 80 Terra Vista #11, San Francisco, Ca 94115.

HUNKY BODYBUILDER

Into tits, pees, and nipples. W/M, 33, with big muscular torso— 44" chest, 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. & Sept. '83. P.O. Box 8362, Chicago, IL 60680. (312) 785-2352.

BONDAGE AS A WAY OF LIFE

Dedicated Bondage Slave requires bondage master who is serious about the ownership and control of all functions of slave with any and all forms of devices and apparatus. Slave is serious and willing to contribute full effort and resources to a successful lifestyle— have extensive collection of toys and devices. Slave 5'10" 145# 41 yrs. Box Holder, Box 14154, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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.

SAN DIEGO TOP

6'3"— 40— 190 into all scenes— complete game room— B/D S/M W/S FFA. Leather Hoods— wax tits— etc. 619-420-8967.

BIG FURRY "BEAR"

Burly "blue-collar" type W/M (6'1"-232-33) trim beard, thinning hair; broad hairy shoulders, chest, and back; pliable beer belly; cut 6 1/2"; nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot uninhibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust, fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times. Stoney @ (213) 666-3206 (Silverlake)/Box 10643, Glendale, CA 91209.

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 jockstraps, 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, moustache 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.

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

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.

ANY REAL ACTION

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.

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.

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, clean-cut, 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.

DEMAND THE BEST!



Always Tan and Trim has refined the art of indoor tanning for those people who demand the best and get it! Entering our 5th year, we have defined tanning and trimming for those who have been unfamiliar with these new techniques.

Ask about our complimentary offers. Limited offer...10 passive exercise visits for only \$139.00.

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always trim

550B castro street, san francisco, ca 626-8505
279 newbury street, boston, mass 236-4363
3101 n. fed. hwy. ft. lauderdale, fla 566-6404

We proudly offer a 10% discount to members of the International David Society
Photo by Joe Altman



979 FOLSOM / SAN FRANCISCO
(415) 543-3276

SOLUTION

(from page 24)

The promiscuous homosexual is a sexual revolutionary. Each moment of his outlaw existence he confronts repressive laws, repressive "morality." Parks, alleys, subway tunnels, garages, streets — these are the battlefields.

(John) Rechy, *The Sexual Outlaw*

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| A. ROW HOUSES | K. XEROGRAPHY |
| B. EMPRESS | L. UNDERSHIRTS |
| C. CELESTIAL | M. AWFULLY |
| D. HAILS | N. LUMMOXES |
| E. YOU'RE THE TOP | O. OVATIONS |
| F. TRUSTING | P. UNFISSIONABLE |
| G. HEATSTROKE | Q. TELEMACHUS |
| H. ESCALATIONS | R. LEAFY |
| I. STEVE REEVES | S. AMNESIA |
| J. EXECRABLE | T. WATER SPORTS |

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 mediterranean/ latins a plus. Box 3658.

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Open to all his desires. Age, race unimportant. May relocate for proper Sir. Photo Appreciated. All answered. Box 3656.

S.L.O. AREA

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

MASTER WANTED

Into heavy B—D, Shaving, motorcyles, domination, outdoors; slave offers himself completely. Box 3613.

EXPERIENCED KENNEL MASTER

Seeks raw human animal for training. Object: obedience loyalty development. Will consider all breeds from street mutt to pedigreed hunk. Must have strong healthy constitution, spirit and basic intelligence. Not for fantasy seekers or hopeless wrecks. If you are a man who realizes that his greatest worth is as an animal who must have firm direction tempered with warmth understanding and necessary discipline; then this could be your chance to finally realize your full potential. Your responsibilities will be few: chiefly, house security and companionship. Your opportunities limited only by your will. The San Diego area will be home. Keep in mind that the best animals have good intuition; so follow your instincts. Submit photo address and phone. Box 3581.

SLAVE DANNY

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

WANTED LEATHER BIKE MASTER

Into motorcycles, shaving, branding, B—D, Heavy Discipline, humiliation, tits, whips, chains, cigars, into outdoors. Master 5'8 or taller, 140 or heavier, 25 years or older, White, Photo requested, slave offers himself entirely. Box 3631.

PROFESSIONAL BEHAVIORAL TRAINER

With extensive experience as a topman

offers S/M counseling, training, instruction, and experience. Mental and/ or physical. Write Box 3692.

WANTED VERY HANDSOME MASTER

By very goodlooking 33 year old, 5'11", 165 lb. athletic, nice body, defined slave. Your hot, very handsome, muscular, master. Between 25 to 35 years old, around 6' or taller. Hairy chested a plus. I'm somewhat in-experienced, but willing to learn. I'm ready for your pleasure, to be stripped naked, chained, ready for S/M, B and D, whips, suspension, TT, CBT, Ass torture, etc. No scat or W/S. No drugs or drunks. Am aware of current diseases, and am looking for a permanent master. Letter with photo to JIM, P.O. Box 20599, Long Beach, CA 90801. If your not real handsome, don't bother.

HOT HANDSOME HANDBALLER

Climb on top and get inside of this insatiable 5'9", 26, 160# dark hair, moustached man with deep wide hungry hole. Seeks similar together hot trim fisting buddies for mutual plowing and stuffing each other, into good times, flexible roles expanding limits. Photo— phone Box 3716.

USED JOCKS/SHORTS/LEVIS

Worn by Heavily Hung Studs plus pics. Send S.A.S.E. to: Box 5191 El Monte, CA 91734.

MASOCHIST

Wants to serve Sadistic Tops in Uniform. Boots cleaned. 213-913-3819.

BONDAGE FREAK

Seeks experts. Hot, 28, hairy hung bodybuilder bottom wants hot bondage scenes, shaving trips. (213)848-2066.

HORNY DADDY

Handsome 40's slim tight hard strict. Want bottom to use. Must be willing obedient physically clean & healthy. Cuffs— jocks, tit-work, Lt. bondage. Limits discussed and respected. 714-499-1751.

I LOOKING FOR

A sincere w/m 19-30. Photo appreciated. Paul Loner, 1869 Morton Ave. Los Angeles, CA 90026.

STAMPS AND SLAVES

Are the world's most popular collecting hobbies. As investments, few things have increased more dramatically in price in the last decade. Two Leathermen interested in both would like to hear from others worldwide. P.O. Box #20304, Long Beach, CA 90801.

YNG BLND STUD— BL EYES

Hung big, trim bod, bi—sks 3-some

w/male & female couple. Photo/ ph. Box 1293, Reseda, CA 91335.

HOT HAIRY HUNG 6'2", 185, 39
Bearded dude into uninhibited prolonged man action, fucking, sucking, verbal abuse, fantasy, uniforms, jocks, exhibitionism, voyeurism, mirrors, toys, will do most anything. Send picture with descriptive letter, will answer all. Do it now! No age, size, race hang-ups. #549, 177-F Riverside Dr., Newport Beach CA 92663.

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

36 5'10 1/2 180 lbs— love all types of bondage both ways. Call Paul (805)966-6019. Santa Barbara from 6-10 P.M.

LUVPEACESEX FROM BUDDY AND MATTHEW!

BODYBUILDER, 5'10", 195 LBS.
Seeks other musclemen. Box 3596 L.A. CA 90028.

EX-MARINE/ COACH

6' 175, hairy, br/bl, mustache High School Coach looking for older (45-65) MEN, ex-coaches, jocks, military career men a plus. Dig man to man action with hairy, tattoo, cigar and pipe smoking ex-jocks who still enjoy the world of sports. Pick-up your clipboard and send this hot coach your game plan. Your photo gets mine. COACH: 3208 Cahuenga Blvd., West #8 L.A., CA 90068.

MODESTO MASTER

Peter S. Your letter answering ad about Desert Training Ranch had no return address. Pls write again. HEXA—D—RANCH, P.O. BOX 6269 TORRANCE, CA 90504.

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.

COLORADO

HOT ESCORT AVAILABLE

5'8", 44" Chest, 32" Waist, Blonde Hair and Beard, Hairy Body, German—Cherokee Descent. Into Weightlifting, S/M, B/D, T/T, Water Sports, Electricity, And Most Scenes. Very Versatile. Have Lived Most of My Fantasies But Perhaps I Can Help You Live Out Yours. Fly Me Anywhere For A Weekend Of Imaginative Adventure. Call Days Only Mon-Fri, 10-5, Ask For Bill, (303) 440-4782. You Won't Regret It.

CONNECTICUT

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER MASTER

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.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

MASTER WANTED

To enjoy BD, leather, rubber, and piss. Me— 25, 6'2", 180. You— over 30, hairy, preferably uncut and looking for a goodtime w/ no commitment. Write P.O. Box #1165, Washington DC 20008.

HANDBALL DEVOTEE

170 lbs solid muscle, 5'10", 38, dark, bearded. InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity, and self-acceptance. Am my own man and not captive of any role. Years of residence in Berlin, Paris and Stockholm have given me European flexibility. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr, Gr, titwork and like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Sound interesting? Balls in your court. Box 3712.

FLORIDA

FT. LAUDERDALE MASCULINE

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

FT. LAUDERDALE

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

ATTRACTIVE, BEARDED MASTER
36, seeks crotch, piss slaves, who enjoy humiliation, being used. Travel widely. Box 10274, Tallahassee, FL 32302.

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, CBT, WS, GrA, FrP, Respect lth, 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.

CENTRAL FL— 6'4" 175#

55 yrs. Best service to horny men on I—75 So of Ocala. Light TT & CBT— No fats— any age or race. Box 3704.

HOT UNINHIBITED MIAMI FLA

Levi-leather s/m daddy, yn, 40, 140, 5'10", professional, stable, secure, intelligent loving dude seeks son, lover, friend, 25-40, intelligent, honest, sincere, to share life's good things and to mutually dedicate our lives to the ultimate self realization, gratification & happiness. Write Box 3723.

HOT

W/M, 31, athletic seeks BB, cops, truckers, linemen, construction. 305-523-5368. Let's talk.

GEORGIA

—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.

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.

ATLANTA S. CANCE

25, 5'10", 170, White, 7", requires young obedient body slave. Must have good body and mind. 1338 Mc Lendon Ave. #2, (404) 525-7749.

HORNY WM, 32, 155 LBS

5'11", Blue eyes, black hair needs good fuck. Light S&M, dildoes, enemas, aroma, three-ways. Versatile French/Greek, rimming, FF, tit & ass play. Seeks like minded. Photo appreciated. H. Roberts, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093.

MATURE SEEKS TOP 25-40

For daytime service in Atlanta. P.O. Box 54064, 30308.

MUSCULAR MASCULINE MATURE

Discreet married bisexual with fantasies for discreet meeting with same type C.M.M. Box 1472 Lilburn Georgia 30247.

40% TOP, 60% BOTTOM

Boots, whips, heavy tit/ ass work. P/P. TLC. Wild. 42, 6'2", 172. Seeks lean compatriots All scenes. Fulfill phantasies. Multiple orgasms. Pix/ details: Betje-man, P.O. Box 27528, Atlanta GA 30327.

IDAHO

DAD (TAURUS)

W/M— 48— 6'4" 185 LB— Seeks Lean— 18-25 son/ slaveboy— loveing, lasting relationship write your expectations & photo— R.R. Field P.O. Box 1358— Priest River, Idaho— 83856.

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Very hot leather top, 26, seeks other tops or bottoms into leather. I dig the looks, smell, and feel of leather. Can be versatile. Dig chaps, levis, boots, etc. Illinois and surrounding states. Photo necessary with letter. Box 3713.

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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. Hairy muscles a special turnon. Train me, guide me, lead me to new levels through trust & respect, not violence or humiliation. Include photo/phone. Your place. Box 3338.

NEW YORK CITY BOTTOM

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

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NEW YORK CITY

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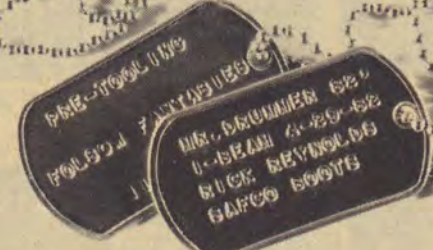


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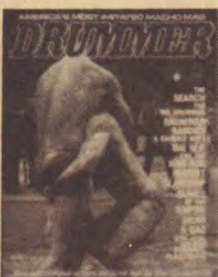
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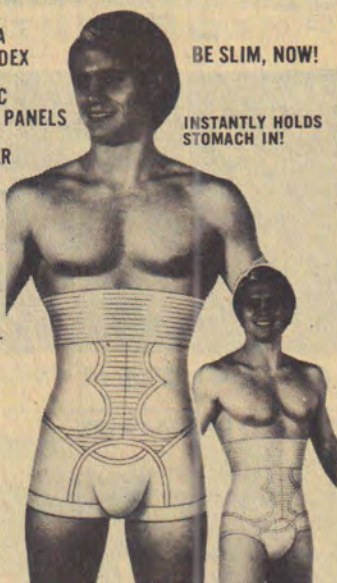
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Overweight, cigarette smoking bondage toman to teach this 45 yr old 5'5", 155 LB novice. No FF scat piss or drugs. Box 3717.

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Who dont wash too often are welcome to visit me in N.Y.C. I'm handsome clean-shaven 35. Also like pain. T/Torture scat WS. Send photo. Letter Phone Box 3718.

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38 WM 5'5" 145# uncut. Needs help learning joys of C&B, Bondage, wine enemas, catheters, hot wax, ass play. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Have extensive leather, toy, collection, boot hoist, suspension harness. Waiting for right teacher with hairy chest well built to age 45. Your photo and phone gets mine. Box 3705.

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Loves to wallow in filth except B&D. Taurus, 35, 5'9", 140 lbs, visiting states 1984. Visitors to Sydney welcome. Write Barry Lowe, Box 635, G.P.O. Sydney, NSW Australia.

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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.

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41, likes the hot smell of a man. Hairy bottoms, raunchy arm pits, smelly ass. Let's rim, suck, piss, kiss and fuck 'till it all tastes and smells the same. Your

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SUBMISSIVE MALE

30, white, 5'8", 185 lbs, attractive, professional, wants to give total French Service to dominant, attractive men, 18-? Also want to experience new things— golden showers, body worship, verbal abuse, some light B/D; rimming & maybe passive Greek & piss drinking. No pain, scat, or S/M. Take time to train me for occasional meetings & I wont disapoint you. Willing to be once a week houseboy & body slave. P.O. Box 8474 Canton, Ohio 44709. No fats. All races & colors. Love very young & BB.

EXPERIENCED, INTELLIGENT SLAVE

W/M, 45, 5'8", 140 LBS, trim, attractive body seeks dominant master to administer bondage, spanking, C/B/T/T, golden showers, your scene, your way. Box 216, Toledo Ohio 43695.

OHIO— WEST PA. & NY

Interested in lengthy bondage, immobilization with leather, rope, fetters— type restraints; TT, whipping, pain are great, but not scat, FF, heavy drugs, or permanent damage. Top, bottom, or switch. I'm big & ugly: 6'1", 290, 35; Your seriousness & maturity more important than youth or looks— But they're ok too. Box 3708.

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.

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.

PITTSBURGH AND TRI—STATE

Slave wanted. I'm 28 6'4" 220# Body Builder. Must be athletic and willing to follow orders write to CR P.O. Box 55 Glenshaw PA 15116.

HOT TOUGH YOUNG M

6'2", 170 lbs, 27 yrs, 8½", very athletic needs to be trained by demanding hard master into domination, endless fucking, ass play-toys, B&D, light S&M, huge cocks- very deep throat. Expand my limits as you see fit— Sir. J.B. 100 Denniston St. Apt.#12 Pittsburgh, PA 15206.

SOUTH CAROLINA

CHARLESTON, WM, 23, 5'8", 130 Inexperienced bottom seeks dominant top. Box 3719.

TENNESSEE

DADDY, W.M., 42, 5'6", 8"

Smooth body. Looking for son any age or race who knows how to satisfy his Dad. Expect job & life outside the home, but must know his place at home. Will train beginners. Proper letter & photo gets same. Box 3710.

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. Box 3115.

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.

HOUSTON SLAVE

Seeking dominant master to fulfill fantasies. Into light S&M, B&D, WS, shaving, VA, raunch & humiliation. My experience limited. Start me out your way! Am 24, 5'5", brown/brown, thin, moustache. Box 3714.

LUBBOCK. BIKES AND LEATHER Buddies looking for mutual friends for riding or hot sessions. We're a top and a bottom. Both married, safe, and discrete. No B.S. from us and expect same. Your scene or ours. Blackroom available. Box 3727.

DALLAS— KINKY TOP

Nice looking— 45— white only. No feds or fats— discreet— super clean-marrieds— beginners welcomed— intrigue— imagination— satisfaction— respect limits— photo— prompt reply Box 3706.

LONELY W/M

Needs dominant lover to reinitiate almost virgin ass. Am new to scene but interested in experiencing rubber, leather, mild B&D, mild spanking, some slave training. Like to wear womens clothes; Please some one answer this add my ass is hot for action. 6'1½" light brown hair, blue eyes, 230#, goodlooking. Box 3707.

HOUSTON EX—COP

Seeks dominant leather / uniform top to expand my limits in B&D, S&M. I am W/M 28, 5'11", 185, Hairy. No fats, fems, blacks, scat. Have full Police Gear; Photo appreciated. Box 3702.

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Experienced mature W/LeatherDaddy/ Master taking applications for w/submissive obedient son slave who is experienced, or is willing to expand his limits in b/d, w/s, s/m, fr/a, Gr/p, etc. who is able and desires to satisfy my big fat 8½" tool. An m who is able to please his Master/ Daddy in work as well as in play. Will consider a permanent live-in relationship for the successful applicant who will not only benefit from the training and discipline but also receive my respect and affection. Box 3697.

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Looking for a new toy to play with. Both 36, both mean as hell. We work together, separately, and we alternate to handle the most recalcitrant of slaves. Into bondage, whipping, spanking, piss, verbal abuse, and exploration of all fantasies. Master Larry: 6'2", b/b. 175 lbs., good body. Master Michael: 5'6", b/b. 145 lbs., 9½" and thick. Applications will be accepted from Real slaves who can handle total domination and complete control of mind and body. Don't answer unless you mean it. You will be used, abused and trained and if you get it right you might find permanence with us. Application must contain a recent photo, vital statistics, experience resume, and phone number. Send to: MASTER Larry, P.O. Box 1104, Sandy, Utah 84091.

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

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Younger under 150 lbs only, both ways. For: exhib porno sex games B/D W/S FR J/O Body shv No: GR scat FF pierce. PP ok write DICK P.O. Box 11336 Alex VA 22312.

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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.

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5'7", 140 lbs uncut, 40, bd/ moustache. Into utter humiliation, all raunch, ws, enemas, shit, armpits, feet, snot, FF, shaving, B/D, toys, etc. Need punishment. Phone (604)255-1076.

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Mature bisexual, hung like a horse, looking for afternoon delights. Are you out there hot lips? Box 3733.

5'5", 145, 31

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WISCONSIN

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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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SLAVE NEEDED

27 yr old Master, 6'0" 195 lbs— Muscular, is seeking a young slave boy. Slave must be slim or hunky, smooth chested, baby faced and prefer slave younger than master. Slave should be totally obedient & ready for B&D, TT CB/T; & whippings. Upper half nude picture requested, nude picture preferred. Master is level headed. Box 3607.

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Raunchy hot looking men, 34, 5'6", 145#, moustache, and 31, 5'11", 145, beard, into fucking, fisting, rimming, bondage, tits, wax, piss, whipping, looking for one or more men into some or all of the above. Box 3722.

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

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

ENGLAND

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Bodybuilder (26, slim, muscular) likes riding in greasy levis, colours and bondage including buttplug. Wants heavy bondage, oil, enemas, weekend or military training, pain-barrier weight-training. Swap photos/ jo letters or (better) meet. Box 3695.

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WEST GERMANY

WANTED:

Black-leather boots/ full leather-gear/ rubber and dirty scenes like shit & piss, by bottom german boy, visiting U.S. 9/83 (35, 6', 180) Let me worship your turds & boots No FF & whipping. Wolf Seifert, P.O. Box 210664, Berlin 21 (D1000-21) West— Germany— No photo, no reply.

ITALY

ACTIVE SLAVE

Italian, 39 real sportsman, brown hair, geen eyes, muscular, macho type desire to service muscular master. I'm into heavy training whips, tit torture, F.F. verbal abuse etc. Prefer bodybuilder. Travel in USA. Hospitality in Milan. Interchain member. Photo required which gets mine in return. Write to: PATENTE MI 2804738J — FERMO POSTA CORDUSIO — MILANO ITALY

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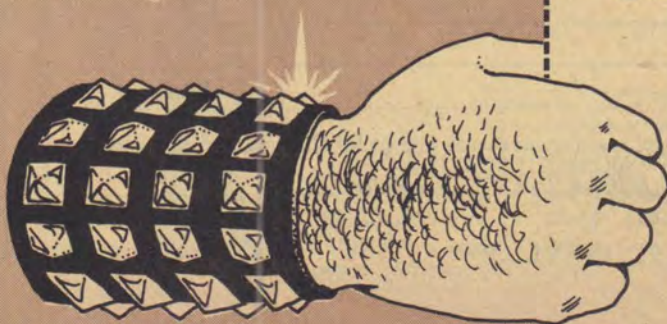
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DRUMMER DADDIES

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DADDY TRADED ME OFF

There are a lot of ways a young man can find himself fatherless. I hope my story will inspire some of the lucky guys who have dads to work extra hard to keep them.

First, I'd better tell you about my dad. He's everything I could want: 6'2", Italian, 45 years old (I am 22), muscular (we both work out together), with a hairy chest that smells sweet when it is full of sweat, a hairy stomach, a thick bush around his uncut cock (which is a very thick 8" when hard), big balls, and very strong, muscular legs. Dad even has a hairy asshole, which tastes as sweet as his chest smells when it works up its own sweat.

We lived in a small town in central California, and my dad ran a small business. Every morning I drove him to work and every evening I went and picked him up. During the day I did chores around the house. I would fix dinner on the nights when we ate at home, and wait on him hand and foot.

After dinner I would wait on him mouth and ass. Dad liked for me to sit on the floor at his feet while he ate dinner. He would usually strip down to the bare skin, and I would do little things like suck on his toes, lick his feet, his calves, his thighs, sometimes his balls, while he ate. I could never suck his cock—although once in a while he would let me clean the head of his dick off with my tongue while he slowly, quietly ate the meal I had prepared for him.

After dinner, while I cleaned the table and did the dishes, dad would read his mail or the newspaper or watch the news on television. When I was finished in the kitchen, I would go and sit at his feet, wherever he was. I would bring him a beer, and continue to worship his hairy legs and feet while he watched television. If dad had to take a piss, he'd tap me on the head—our pre-arranged signal—and I would open my mouth and drink his stream, then go back to licking his feet.

Sometimes the routine would vary, but most days it was the same.

jock strap pushing the electric mower—I wasn't embarrassed, and I noticed him check out my ass. Then they went into the barn and I went on with my work.

A few minutes later, dad called me. I shut off the mower, walked over to the barn and looked in. They were both standing there facing the door. They were about the same height, but standing together they looked like night and day. My dad told me to come in. I did. The contractor, Dale, was watching me and grinning.

I stood in front of them. Dad looked me in the eyes and told me to get on my knees. I dropped down. Dad unzipped his slacks and hauled out his soft, fat cock. He didn't have to give me any further instructions. I leaned over and took it in my mouth. I started sucking, it started getting hard and I could hear the contractor whistle under his breath. Then dad stepped back, his rock hard cock standing straight out. He glanced at the contractor, who looked kinda nervous, and then hesitantly unzipped his jeans and fished out his own dick, which was cut, not too long (it was already getting hard) and not too thick. I leaned over and took it in my mouth and started sucking. It sprang to life and he started moaning. In no time, he shot his load; about three spurts, then started softening again. He let out a "Whew!" and looked over to my dad.

Dad told me to turn around and grab my ankles, which I did, knowing exactly what he was going to do. He rammed his sausage-cock up my butt in one stroke, grabbed me by the waist, and started pounding my ass. I closed my eyes and enjoyed. In a few minutes (dad was really hot to trot that afternoon) he unloaded and pulled out. Immediately, I felt the contractor replace him, his cock once again hard. He wasn't as big and didn't have the same powerful strokes of my dad. And it took him much longer to get off the second time. When he finally came (I had been sucking dad's cock the whole time), it

the door to my room open. Dad came in and sat down on the edge of my bed. He quietly said that I must never refuse to do anything he told me to do again. I agreed, and promised faithfully. I was ready to start crying again. Then he told me that he had called Dale and suggested that I only do service for one month. I started crying for real, I was so happy dad had arranged to make it easier on me; I silently vowed to be extra-special-good to him forever. Then he told me the rest: one month, every night. In fact, I would go and stay with Dale, starting tomorrow morning, for a solid month. And he went on to explain that he had told Dale I would do anything—anything—I was told, no matter what. I stopped crying. My eyes popped open, completely dry. I couldn't believe my ears.

And dad sent me to sleep, saying he hoped I would learn my lesson from this, never tell your dad no. Never. I never did again.

Chuck

ALL THAT IS NECESSARY

I am 25 years old and have beautiful black hair over 75% of my body—of which I am very proud. I enjoy balling men over 35 years of age, men who are capable of getting from me just what they want, who know how to satisfy themselves with my mouth, ass, and my unquestionable obedience.

It has been nearly five years since I had a man who was capable of making me want to shine his boots every day, licked and polished every night. I'm looking for another man like that. A man who knows that at home he is the king and I am there for his bidding, but who would allow me a social life.

I'd like to find a dad who would be willing to invest the time in me to insure that one day I would be just the right dad for my own boy.

L.P.S.

New Orleans, LA

A SON/SLAVE'S REAL DUTIES

Some masters may think that a slave should stay at home and take care of his place. Well, I think that's wrong. A slave, or a son, should hold down a job and have his paycheck for his allowance. Why should he have to give up all his efforts? Sometimes he has to put up with some real jerks.

I know that I am a slave, and would make a good son—but the master I find, or the father, will have a man on his hands who knows how to say "No."

If I'm told to do something I don't think is the best thing to do, we'll discuss it, or I won't do it.

When you have talents (I can work on plumbing, am a carpenter, do house painting, can fix cars, and have

Don't think that we never talked. We talked about whatever was important, and he told me things to do, gave me instructions, planned my chores and responsibilities, whatever.

We never had sex in bed. In fact, we didn't even sleep in the same room. I had to get up an hour before him to fix coffee and start breakfast, then go wake him up. I had my own room, just like a servant—or a son.

When dad wanted to use my mouth or ass to get off, he never told me before hand. Sometimes he would just grab me while I was sitting on the floor, and cram his cock into my mouth, and holding both sides of my head, fuck my throat while he sat on the sofa watching television. When he came, I slowly and carefully licked his dick off, making sure all the cum was inside me and not dripping down his balls or the sofa.

Sometimes, well, only a few times, he made me stand up and bend over the table while he was eating dinner and he would ram his cock up my ass, fucking me until he shot his load. Afterwards, I was supposed to kneel down in the dining room and clean his dick off, making sure that when he sat back down in the dining room chair that there was nothing dripping off his dick. I kept my ass cleaned out and greased all the time; I really never knew when I might get it.

One day he came into my bathroom while I was taking a shit and shoved his hard cock in my mouth. I sucked it for a while, letting him pile-drive it down my throat. He stepped back and raised me up by the armpits, and told me to turn around and bend over. He shoved my head in the toilet and rammed his meat up my shitty ass, plowing it and getting it off in record time. He pulled his dick out, spun me around, and made me clean the shit and come off of his fat rod, then walked out.

So, you can see that my dad took what he wanted, when he wanted it, with no concern about how I felt. And I have to admit the constant surprise kept me excited. I came every time he fucked me, and I could beat off in my room or when I was alone without any fear of discipline. Dad once told me he didn't want me walking around with sore balls, to get off as best I could, as long as I was always ready for him when he wanted me.

This is how he traded me off one day. I was mowing the lawn—a chore I really liked and did about twice as often as it was necessary. Dad came home with a contractor who was going to turn a barn-like building at the back of our property into a guest house. The contractor was just the opposite of my dad: blonde, about 25 or so, dressed in a cowboy shirt that was unbuttoned all the way to his waist, real sun-bleached hair, hairless chest. Dad brought him around to the back, where I was mowing the grass, and introduced him. His name was Dale. Real California ex-surfer type. He grinned at me in my

was with a thunderous outcry and much shaking in his legs.

My dad told me to get back to the lawn, so I did.

That night had told me that the contractor, with whom he had arranged some other work for someone else in the past, had asked him about me—it was no secret I sucked cock, but that's another story—and confessed to dad that he had always wanted to try getting it on with a man. I was mildly amused to hear I was his first, but making it with straight guys had stopped turning me on years ago.

Dad asked me if the guy was good, meaning if I enjoyed sucking his cock and getting fucked by him, and I admitted that while he was hot-looking, he was sexually nowhere; probably because of his inexperience with other guys. Besides, I was spoiled by dad's thick, demanding meat. The contractor just didn't measure up. Dad said that was too bad, because the contractor had already offered to cut a couple hundred dollars off the conversion job if I could be lent to him once a week for the next two months—I think he has asked if I could be sent around on Friday nights for a couple hours. Dad said he agreed.

I was furious. Not that I minded making it with the guy in front of my dad; that was something he arranged once in a while and it was generally no problem. But this guy just didn't turn me on, and I resented the prospect of trotting over to get his nuts off for the agreed-upon eight nights. So, I refused.

Dad didn't say anything. In fact, he walked out of the living room. I thought he was so mad he were going to go to bed and think about some way to punish my disobedience. Wrong. In a few minutes, he came back in the room with a thick leather belt, studded with chrome pyramids. It was the belt from his leather riding gear (we used to have a motorcycle, but that, too, is another story). Now it's important to realize that dad had only used a belt on my ass once, and more as a sexual ploy than a punishment. I never received beltings as punishment.

He told me to bend over the footstool, and I was too nervous to refuse. He stood beside me and came crashing down on my ass with that belt with a blow that immediately broke the skin. I screamed and jumped up. He grabbed me by the hair and slammed me back down on the stool, ass high. Another swat with the belt and I thought my ass was on fire. I screamed again, but I dug my fingers into the carpet and stayed there. One more swat and he was finished. So was I. I was crying, begging, pleading. He just stood there, looking at me. Finally, he told me to clean myself up and go to bed. I did.

I also thought that it was over. Wrong again. When I was under the covers with the lights out, desperately trying to go to sleep to block out the pain in my ass, I heard

electrical experience) you should be able to use them. And I have been with the best Service Masters, so I know my work is good. Why should I have to give it up as a slave?

Sexually, I'm obedient and good—so I've been told. I can suck cock and get fucked with the best of them. If you're into color codes, mine are: yellow, gray, robin egg blue—all on the right. I'm 21, 6'3", 240 lbs., brown hair, mustache, with 8 inches.

Think you want to try on a slave/son with a mind of his own? If you spot a green sticker that says Rebel Knight on the back of an AMC bike, you've found me.

R.F.C.
Hayward, CA



FROM DADDY'S SCRAPBOOK

Our East Coast Daddy thinks a photograph is worth a thousand words. If you want to jot down a thousand words (or more) to him, direct your attention to: Daddy Robert/New Jersey.



DRUMMEDIA

BOOKS

QUEENS RULE

To more than a few people, John Preston's second book, *Franny The Queen of Provincetown* (Alyson Publications, trade paperback, 1983) is going to come as a complete and total surprise. I mean, after *Mr. Benson*, who would suspect that Mr. Preston had such a book in him—yearning to be free?

Franny is what could politely be called an old world queen, born of the stereotypical Eisenhower era, trapped in a netherworld of gender mis-identification, seemingly destined to live life between bar raids and social scorn.

But make no mistake, *Franny* is not the story of a pathetic pre-liberation gay man trying to pass himself off as a demi-woman. Instead, Mr. Preston has found a convincing way to delineate much of what 'liberation' is all about. *Franny*, is a strikingly original testimonial to greatness of character that might remind more than a few of us where we came from.

Franny travels not only through specific times and places (the beginnings of the modern gay liberation movement, the emerging 'resorts' of newly-liberated gay men) but through personas—a character evolving until, by the brief book's end, we are in the presence of what can only be described as a whole person, for better or for worse. It is the kind of theme that Andrew Hollern and Larry Kramer used as the foundation of their well-known books, but here it works: quickly, quietly, exceedingly well. John Preston has suddenly shown a leap of growth of a novelist.

—John W. Rowberry

DAN WHITE REDUX

There's been much talk about the fact that Dan White, convicted killer of San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and openly gay Supervisor Harvey Milk is a prime target for assassination himself, probably by a gay man or a sympathetic group, on his release from prison. Daniel Curzon's newest novel, *From Violent Men* (IGNA Books, 1983, paperback, 8.95) takes on the fictional challenge of such a proposition and executes it brilliantly; creating a mesmerizing portrait of White through the events and people that surround such a revenge killing. But the big treat is Curzon's recreation of Dan White's wife, here called Debra Ellen Short, probably his most vibrant fictional character.

Curzon fans will cheer this one, and still manage to find themselves outwitted at nearly every turn as the plot snakes its way over the hills of the famous city.



—Randy West's *Jim Always Carries a Knife* from *The Blue Book*

AMERICAN SHUNGA

Brad Benedict is no slouch when it comes to making graphic impacts; his card company 'Paper Moon' changed the face of greeting cards forever a few years back, and his previous books, as an editor, *Fame, Love, Phonographics* have shown him to have a keen eye for what is graphically interesting. But his coup, without a doubt, is *The Blue Book* (Indigo Books/American Showcase), an oversized paper-

back filled with 176 erotic illustrations by well-known contemporary artists. Sort of a who's who of modern sexual fetishes.

There is everything here from the sedate to the sublime and the saucy, with a heavy dash of homoeroticism throughout. Completely in color, *The Blue Book* is a no-holds-barred excursion through some (often) amazing sexual fantasies.

—Charles R. Musgrave

DRUMMEDIA VIDEO

QUITE SIMPLY, THE BEST

Only one word describes *An Evening With Quentin Crisp*: extraordinary. Viewers who have seen the sterling BBC production of his autobiography, *The Naked Civil Servant*, will greet this live video tape of his theatrical appearances like a conversation with a dear, dear old friend. And the single element that raised Quentin's autobiography to such dazzling heights, his wit, is what infuses *An Evening*.

Quite simply, after he is introduced by John Hurt, who played Quentin in the BBC production, Crisp walks out on stage and starts talking. He talks for about 90 minutes; occasionally crossing to sit in a chair, stand by a picture, advance on the audience. He has a lot to say: about living one's life as one wishes, inventing oneself, becoming what you are in the most direct manner.

An Evening With Quentin Crisp; 1982; Family Home Entertainment Company; color; 91 minutes; no price listed; VHS/Beta.

He talks about fashion, and society, and history, and politics. He talks about himself and how he broke free from the peculiar oppression of pre- and post-war England. He talks about America, and television, and fame.

And he talks about doing the dishes; all wrapped up in some grand cosmological design that is the heart of simply learning to be yourself. And it's joyously funny, because Quentin has developed a uniquely clarified vision of the world.

The second half of the evening is spent in intimate exchange with the audience; first through a series of written questions that he answers, then one-on-one as people stand up and put him to the test. He passes with flying colors and dashing style.

Oh, yes, Quentin talks about style—straight from the heritage of another iconoclastic Englishman, Oscar Wilde, but made more pressingly immediate via Crisp's first-person analysis.

An Evening With Quentin Crisp is, given the marvel of being preserved on video tape, an evening you can and will enjoy again and again and again.

SPANKING, ANYONE?

If you're into bare hand or paddle spanking, then you might find some deeper meaning to the two short films packaged together by Man's Hand Films as *Smoking Jocks/Urban Cowboy*. But if you like a little more sexual explicitness in your viewing, you're going to find this fare much too tame.

In *Urban Cowboy*, the film (a film to video transfer in which you can hear the camera motor running) opens with a slender young man lying face down and bare ass on a beach. Someone comes in the room (Joe Littel) and starts lugging props around. The young man turns over, gets up—one voyeuristic look at his genitals—then starts to get dressed (!) while a semi-conversation goes on between him (Paul) and Joe. You get the feeling you are watching a film-within-a-film; Paul is putting on cowboy drag and Joe is setting up the lights.

Urban Cowboy/Smoking Jocks; Man's Hand Films, 416 N. Ardmore Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90004; 1983; color; 30 minutes; \$60.00; VHS/Beta.

Paul, as he puts on his belt, pops it against Joe's blue-jeaned ass. That seems to be just where this film is going, because Joe grabs him, says something along the lines of "So, you want play rough, huh?" and turns him over his knee to give him a good spanking. And I mean a *good* spanking, with lots of loud slapping.

I think I would have been more interested (after three or four minutes of spanking, what else is there to say?) if Joe had stripped off Paul's jeans and fucked him silly; but he doesn't. What he *does* is let him go, then grab him again and give him a second spanking. Then the two guys face the camera and produce paddles with their names on them and introduce themselves.

Smoking Jocks starts off a little differently. Two jock-types in teeshirts and running shorts are working out on the roof of a building with their coach (an unnamed knockout we can only hope will reappear on the scene under someone else's direction). The coach tells them to keep up their exercises while he takes a leak... or something. When he splits, the two jocks, Paul and David, kick back and light up a

joint. After the longest pot-smoking scene in recorded history, the coach comes back on the roof and sees them puffing away. Guess what? That's right! He grabs the first one, then the other, wrestles them to the ground, and gives them a firm thrashing. He even pulls down their pants, and we get to watch their white little asses turn a rosy red.

Admonishing them for smoking dope, he goes from one to the other a second time until he has made them promise they will never do it again—at least not in his class.

When the trio line up *their* paddles with their names on them, the two jocks grab the coach, pull down his sweatpants, and spank *his* ass, laughing all the time.

Now I know why this video cassette is only thirty minutes long; that's about all one can bare of this routine. No sex, little nudity, simplistic plot outlines, average acting, average production values, the drone of the cameras... well, it adds up to an insular look at a sexual specific that does nothing to entice the uninitiated. Given the content presented in the two short pieces, as sexual titillation, it doesn't.

A DAY IN THE LIFE

Imagine, if you will, the following situation: an oversexed young man moves into a new apartment in the Castro section of San Francisco. He doesn't have much more than the basics: a mattress and bedding, a lamp, some cushions, bamboo shades, personal effects. The building he has moved into has a reputation for attracting hot young men on the loose; probably one of the major reasons he moved there—along with the decorator walls and hand-painted murals.

A housewarming is in order: he calls two of his recent tricks (who do not know each other) and invites them over for a visit on the first day of occupancy. Somehow you know these guys are not coming over for casseroles.



—from *Boys Will Be Boys*

When the guests show up, you realize this host has diverse tastes: one is a classic clone, tall, slender, young, short brown hair, jeans, teeshirt—the other slightly more exotic (but still in the clone mold), dark-haired, maybe Latin (maybe not), Lacoste shirt and jeans. The only place to sit is on the mattress, which they do, and the top topic of conversation is the most recent sexual encounter each has had, which they tell their host and each other all about in unblushing, technicolor detail.

The host is just a little South-of-Market: tall, hairy, slender, tattoos, dressed in black jeans, engineer's boots. While the others tell of their sexual conquests (this tape could have been called *A Trio of White Gays Sitting Around Talking—But Not for Long*), he rubs his crotch, nods, throws in an occasional comment, and generally plays host *a la* the city and the time and the situation.

Boys Will Be Boys; DLP; 584 Castro, Suite 222, San Francisco, CA 94114; 1983; color; 60 minutes; \$44.00; VHS/Beta.

This conversation becomes hot, then mesmerizing, as you watch distinct personalities unfold. One of the guys (the tall one) tells how he sucked off some super-hung stud in the front seat of his car while parked on Castro Street. The other guy (the dark one) tells how he got his ass plowed in the public restroom in Golden Gate Park while walking his dog—and his mother—one Sunday afternoon. It doesn't take long to realize that you just might be listening to real life—and it is to the credit of the two narrators that they create extremely lifelike personas.

But this afternoon is only part conversation—the tales of daily life turn the tellers and the listeners on in sure, steady degrees. A stroke here, a caress

there; we discover what sexual fetishes, and which sexual acts, these men have in common. Tall clone: "He had this huge uncut dick." Dark clone: "I'm crazy about uncut dicks." Tall clone: "Yeah, me too. And he had such a great foreskin."

You know they're going to take their clothes off, and you start to hope they'll keep talking *after* they strip for action.

These boys, naked, are equally desirable, if for different reasons. The tall clone turns out to have a horse-sized cock, low-hanging balls (which are shaved) and an asshole that can talk to you, all mounted on a sleek, hairless body. The dark clone, with his hairy chest and thick crotch-bush, sports an always-hard and admirably thick cock. The host, the tallest of the trio, is of the same slender proportions,

adequately hung—his attributes lie elsewhere.

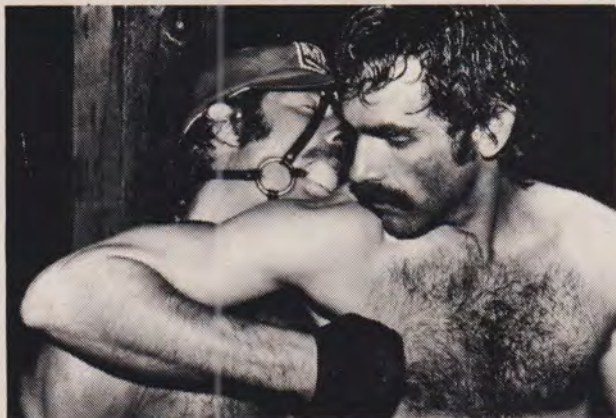
These guys suck and fuck in the most fluid, organic motions; completely natural, totally involved with each other. Their versatility seems endless—and, like the earlier conversation, looks carved from real life. And that gives *Boys Will Be Boys* an air of authenticity similar to looking through someone's bedroom window.

This is a direct video, not a film transfer, and the medium is used to its best advantages. On your television screen it has a familiar look, with clean lighting and good camera angles. And if you like the idea of watching the boys next door carry on for an hour one afternoon, you're really going to like *Boys Will Be Boys*.

—John W. Rowberry



Jim Wigler Photography



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LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

June, can September be very far? The next Inferno is upon us. The top meet of SM men in the United States will be happening on the weekend of September 9. The Chicago Hellfire Club puts it on annually and members from all over gather for the big event. It is an 'invitation only' affair. In a time when everyone is particularly concerned and aware of his health, the Hellfire Club is the safest, sanest gathering of men across the country. I plan to make it there this year and I will be looking forward to meeting you there.

July 15-17 is BASTILLE I. The dates are right, but it isn't Paris, but that other city of French-Cajun culture, New Orleans. It's the First Anniversary bash for *de Sade & Men*. Like any club, *de Sade & Men* had growing pains, but they have become a strong club. They deserve everyone's support. The weekend bash will have a raffle which will benefit AIDS. The cost is \$40 in advance or \$45 at the door. They have hotel accommodations arranged for out-of-towners, the cost is based on the kind wanted. Write or send your check to: BASTILLE I, Box 71426, New Orleans, LA 70172.

We have talked about SM clubs and activities. Well, you hairy dudes out there, this is for you. I just heard of the Hirsute Club, which is directed toward the hairy guy and those who love hairy men. It's being formed here in San Francisco, so if you're interested drop them a line at: Box 11514, San Francisco, CA 94101.



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The Rodeo Riders sent me a brochure about their formation. They are essentially a Western/Levi group who have membership in The Leather/Levi Clubs of the Mid-America Conference. They do not bar leather/Levi men from the club, but their orientation is more to western/Levi. You cannot have been a member of any other club in the last six months to become a member. Currently, they have six full members and 12 associate members. They promise to give me material on any future events they might have coming up. Interested? Write: Rodeo Riders, Inc., 3518 North Bosworth, Chicago, IL 60657. They do not discriminate in word or action with regard to "race, religion, national origin, sex or sexual preference."

Another New Orleans item has reached me. The Lancer M.C. is planning its Sixth Anniversary party on Thanksgiving weekend, Nov. 26-28. There will be a follow-up announcement as I get more information. Here is a chance to plan for their big party. For more details contact: Lancers M.C., Box 54175, New Orleans, LA 70151. This is a chance to sample some good Southern meat. How many places can you go for Thanksgiving and have the opportunity to plug or eat the bird and finally sit down and talk to him? More on this later.



Lancers M.C.

The Bulletin Board is pretty sparse this time. It is both of our faults. Yours for not sending me more material.

More on the regional contests in Search of Mr. Drummer 1983. As you are no doubt aware the regions were extended to Portland, ME; Portland, OR; Denver; Philadelphia; Baltimore; Washington; Cleveland; Houston and Atlanta, as well as Northern and Southern California. Well, it seems that other locations are expressing interest, like New York; Chesapeake, VA; Ft. Lauderdale and Detroit for next year. If you are interested in have a regional contest for Mr. Drummer 1984, let me hear from you.

Keep the faith and keep your wicks clean!

—Frank Hatfield

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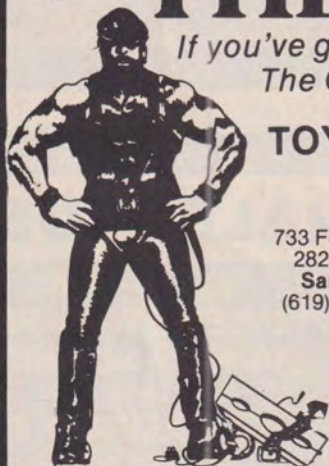
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DRUMMEDIA MOVIES

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT BOY

*It was six men of Hindostan,
To learning much inclined;
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind).*

After screening the rushes on a documentary on child abuse (the film within the film), one student viewer runs out of the room retching, while another removes his emotions by critiquing its street-interview style, and a colleague, taking refuge in irony, asks, "Why couldn't you do a nice anti-war film?" None of them—the audience within the audience—can really deal with it, and no one, outside his professional capacities, really wants to.

In our increasingly complex nouveau-tech age, oversimplification is becoming the key to every door. The self-styled civilized Western world, with its abhorrence of abstraction, escalates its attempts to reduce natural impulses to rigid, compartmentalized formulae. The evil in medieval is transformed, intact, to the politically incorrect or the socially unhealthy. What happens then when an iconoclastic independent filmmaker like Arthur J. Bressan, Jr. (*Passing Strangers*, *Gay USA*, *Forbidden Letters*) takes hold of a few popular enlightened premises and rubs them up against each other till the equations fall apart? What happens when the conventional tools can't (and usually don't) pry open the vicious cycle of child abuse? If gay is okay, and children's sexuality and self-determination are proven, where is the freedom to practice? What's the dividing line between exposing truth and exploiting the examples, between selfishness and self-protection, gratification and love, the effective placebo and the cure?

The line is thin to the point of invisibility in Arthur J. Bressan's new film, *Abuse*, whipping back and forth across the screen like the sparkling end of a high-power cable torn loose in a windstorm. It arouses an almost superstitious terror. The pat answers simply are not there, but the hidden questions are, in abundance, and the flailing disconnected lines come together in a tangled blur.

Abuse has all the elements of an inductive thriller, and the effect of a Rorschach test. We know who dunnit—the culprits are caught in the act in harrowing vignettes all the truer for their fictionalization. We see how and when and where 14-year old Thomas Carrol is being systematically abused—on his body, in his mind—by his parents, together and separately. Suspense builds around the calmly menacing advances of mom-'n'-pop; the boy's expectations, his anticipa-

tion vying with attempts to get away. As with the best mystery, we never quite know why all this has happened, and the results are unpredictable. The intimate close-in camera work and the documentary film style gives it just enough distance to keep it from unbearability as the statistics are laid on in war-news objectivity: "in a year, 4,000 deaths, 65,000 sexual assaults, 200,000 beatings... and that's just the tip of the iceberg." The first audience reaction is simple—within and without the film—somebody, do something!

The somebody is designated as Larry Porter, 32-year-old Master's candidate, determined to get Thomas' story into his film (no one has ever shot an abused child 'in the process,' so to speak, before—there are ramifications ranging from taste to legality), but not expecting to become personally involved. After all, he's the detached observer, the angel. Larry is surrounded and buoyed up by 'experts'—the Institute's department, a friend on the

busywork done in dealing with the pain and often permanent damage, to little or no effect. At the mid-level is a tarnished image of knight errantry—the wishful thinking of Everyman. Larry is no god, his motivations are often highly suspect and his helpability quotient low. One of the most anxious moments in the film is the ease with which Thomas draws his older lover/ saviour into the abuse cycle, and Larry, inexperienced, momentarily rises to the bait. The fact that Larry is gay-go-lucky (traditionally, including among gays, an unstable base for a lasting relationship) does not bode well for a permanent solution. All may not live happily, even if gaily, ever after.

Yet, most awesome, the effect of *Abuse* and its questionable solutions operates on a gut, universal level that belies its unhappy messages (apart from the welcome comic relief that surfaces at the odd moment). It is not nature, but society, that abhors a vacuum—blanket judgements



hospital staff, social workers, lawyers, a whole system at his disposal. His is just another role in that system—he clips celluloid; they shuffle papers and debate theories—until Thomas homes in on him. At 14, the child/ boy/ man knows his own gayness, recognized Larry's... and the plot thickens.

The abuse cycle sets up life patterns of violence and support. "You take the pain to get to the pleasure." Watching Thomas break out of the cycle with Larry's help is mixed pain-and-pleasure itself.

There are multiple messages. On top, *Abuse* is a shocker, delineating myths of sexuality, family configurations, D&S behavior, the 'help' professions—and exploding them graphically on-screen. Next to the battering itself, the most disturbing scenes uncover all the patch-up

have been made to fill it, and rules, laws and rituals. When these rational, systematized answers fail, human beings still operate protectively out of expediency, without error of differentness or fear of failure. As with the blind men who had a grand time mis-defining the various parts of the beast they'd got hold of, the elephant remained, ineffably, *The Elephant*, self-identified, like it or not.

*That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.*

Bressan's film has been picked up by Promovision (the distributors that recognized the quality and box-office quantity in *Taxi Zum Klo*) after being praised and summarily rejected by 32 others. Keep a (non-blind) eye out for it.

—Penni Kimmel
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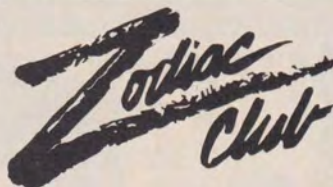
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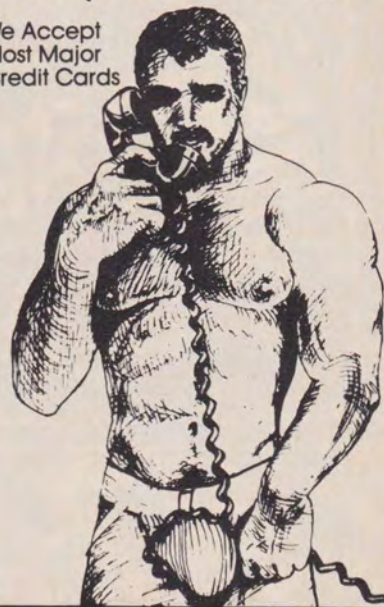
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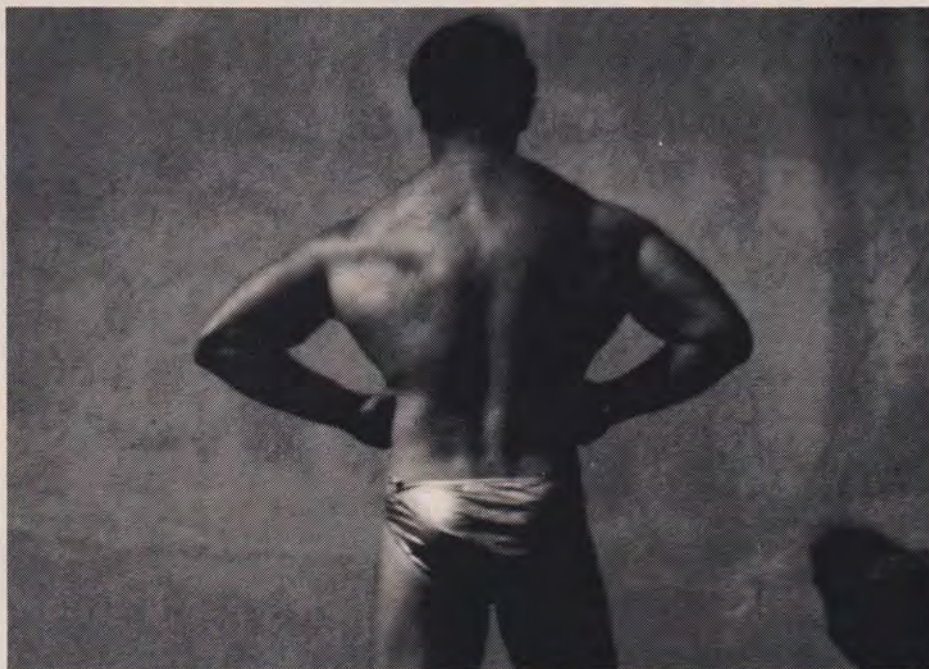
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Sweden för Leathermen

Had it with attitude? Fed up with clones? Tired of images, facades, manipulation? Try the Swedes. They're for real.

First impressions of Sweden can be deceptive. It looks like a richer, cleaner, better organized version of America. And it's all of that, in fact. Only after you've been here a while will you begin noticing the differences. A few examples. Allen Ginsberg, former guru of the Flower Children but still going strong, was in Stockholm recently reading his poetry and discussing literary influences on him (he once sucked off a man who had sucked off a man who had sucked off Walt Whitman). An earnest gay journalist

asked for his support in the struggle of Swedish gays against ruthless persecution. Ginsberg, a Jew, political maverick and survivor of the homophobic America of the '40s and '50s, expressed concern and asked for details. He was told that the City Recreation Department absolutely insisted on occasionally trimming the bushes in Stockholm's parks. Ginsberg was not impressed.

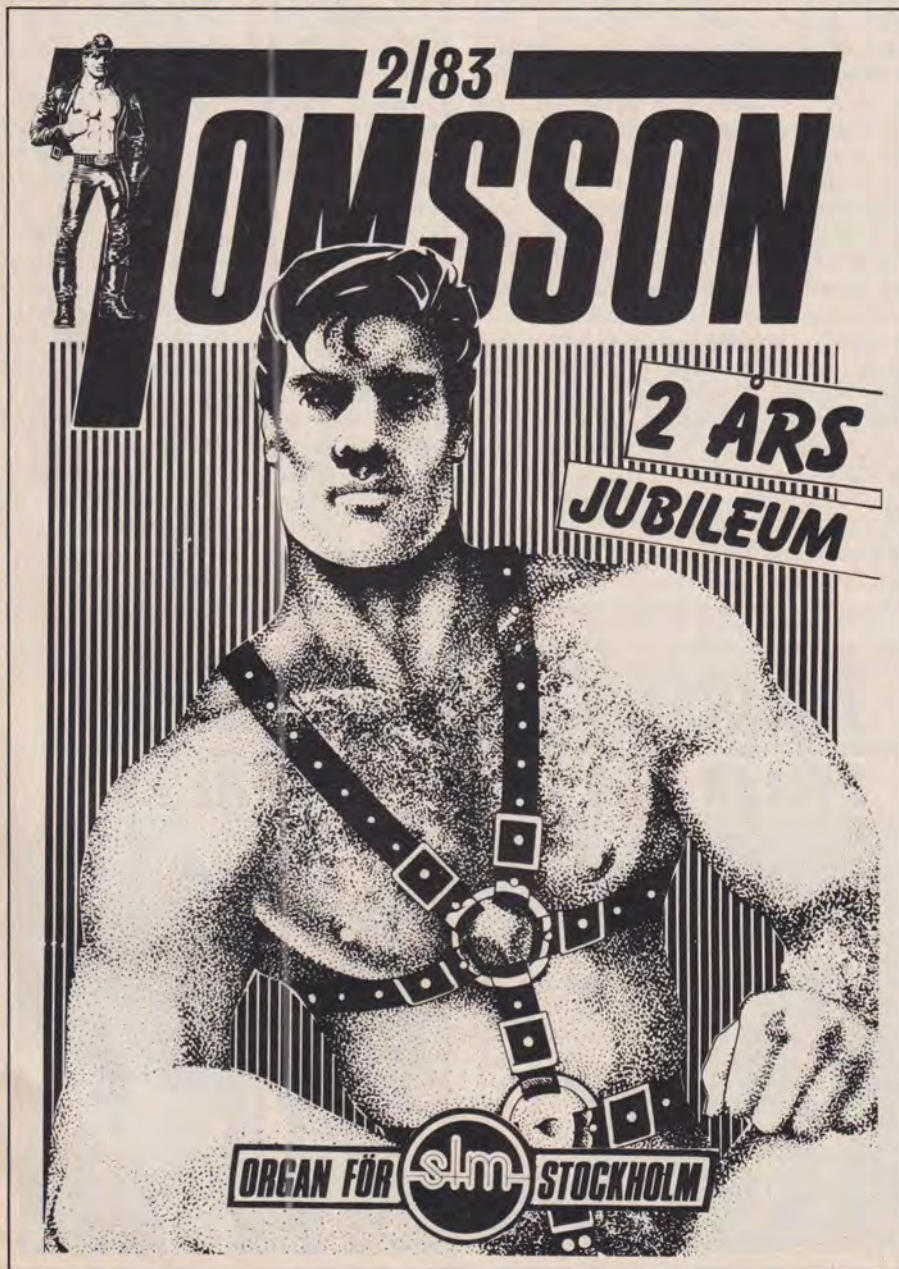
Or take something that happened to Scandinavian Leather Men - Stockholm (SLM) a while back. SLM is a bonafide, non-profit club owned and run by its approximately 250 members. It has premises in the Old Town of Stockholm

which wander through the bowels of a series of medieval buildings. Its vaulted cellar corridors include a back-room maze equipped with sling, chains, restraints, the works. For one short period SLM had a little trouble with some envious skinheads. A complaint was lodged with the police and the following night a pair of cops came by to investigate the damage. Typically for Sweden, one was a woman. She inspected the facilities, commented favorably on the quality of the gay porno being shown on the club video, and left saying that any organization as obviously well-run as SLM deserved the best possible support from the authorities. There was no further trouble from the skinheads.

So how did Sweden turn out this way? At the beginning of the century, Swedes were a dirt-poor people, 90% of whom lived on isolated farms trying to scratch out a living plowing granite in a climate comparable to Alaska's. No wonder their primary export then was people. Stringy, weather-beaten, tough pioneers who built ranches and farms all over Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington and Oregon.

Today there are eight million Swedes spread thinly over a country twice the size of West Germany and not much smaller than France. Sweden is now one of the most highly industrialized states in the world with per capita income and average standard of living well above America's. The Swedes may spend their working days building Volvos, Saabs, Hasselblads and precision technical instruments but no Swede ever feels far from his rural roots. This tradition of having to work hard under rugged conditions has made them as a nation among the hardest and most handsome peoples of the world. They're not all tall, rangy, blond with brilliant blue eyes (although a great many are). Some are short, dark, bearded with high slavic cheekbones and glances that pierce to the core. Almost all are lean, solid, athletic and extraordinarily healthy. Oddly enough, all this applies almost as much to the women as the men. Sweden could have invented the term unisex.

And that's something which is important to gay men. There has never been a battle of the sexes in Sweden. The reason for this can be traced back to all those centuries of growing up on isolated farms where everyone, man, woman and child, had to work his ass off to keep from starving to death. The result, for better or worse, was that the Swedes as a whole, both male and female, became thoroughly 'masculine'—cool, controlled,



rational, logical. Women in Sweden are as tough as men, expect to be treated as equals—and are. A good-looking guy is as likely to be openly and explicitly cruised on the street by a woman as another guy. One of the results of this relative lack of role differentiation is that Swedish men aren't constantly trying to prove how manly they are—it comes naturally and is taken for granted. This lack of polarization is evident in bed. Few Swedish gays are hung up on top/bottom, active/passive. This flexibility even extends to the gender of the partner. It is not unusual for a Swedish 'gay', after ten or fifteen years of trying everything in the book, to decide he wants kids and to settle down with a woman who doesn't mind that his 'Friday night out with the boys' is not going to be devoted to poker. The card game, that is. Nor is it strange for a hunky kid in a group sex situation to gladly take it up his ass while plugging his own girl. A touch of the 'other' adds spice and breaks the monotony for everyone, no matter where the basic preference may lie. The fact that Swedish men don't feel under constant pressure to prove themselves accounts in large part for that refreshing lack of pretense you encounter here.

As everyone knows, the Swedes were leaders in the sexual liberation movement that first hit the rest of us in the '60s. That was really just another aspect of a society which leaped directly from the 12th to the 21st centuries. Even in the priest-ridden Sweden of the 19th century, people never actually married until the woman could prove she was capable of producing a crop of needed field-hands. Part of the peaceful revolution which almost overnight converted Sweden from that backward farm country to the computer's promised land included a nearly universal rejection of religion; but the relaxed attitude of any farmer to the mechanics of sex survived into industrial Sweden. A few eccentrics and romantics still get married, but most Swedes today, from Cabinet Minister to welders, from teenagers to their grandparents, live in relationships which in most other societies would be considered unorthodox, if not illegal. Few care whom you live with or consider it worth the trouble to wonder what you do in bed together. Pairs, whether straight or gay, are of course common but groups of three, four, five and up in any imaginable combination of gender, orientation and relationship can be encountered. Under these circumstances, the total lack of discrimination in employment, housing or whatever is by no means just grudging obedience to a law passed by a handful of liberals. It just doesn't occur to most Swedes to put each other down because of anything having to do with sex. Hardly anyone feel threatened by anyone else's version of sexuality. To each his own. You can sleep with sheep as long as you don't make too much of a racket and wake the

neighbors.

But the beauty of Sweden doesn't end with the people. The Swedish love of nature has meant that the air and water—even in the middle of major cities—are among the cleanest in the world. Stockholm looks like a jungle in the summer and you can pick wild blueberries and raspberries a ten-minute hike from the center of town. Summer. Well, you can't talk about summer without starting with the fact that winter is long and dark up here. Not necessarily cold—New York and Boston will certainly have lower temperatures and possibly more snow than Stockholm. In the dead of winter a Swede faces a day which is pitch black at 9:00 a.m. and dark again at 3:00 p.m. They get through December by celebrating Christmas for a solid month. The lights, candles and torches everywhere certainly help.

But then in May, June, July and August comes the other side of the coin and Sweden becomes one of the most beautiful places on the planet. The Swedes blossom and shed the thick ski jackets that have been hiding those lean, hard bodies all winter. Around Mid-Summer Day it will never really get dark, the sun will sink just below the horizon and dusk will blend into dawn. You can work on your tan at 2:00 in the morning. Naturally, even in the middle of Stockholm, in the nude. Those old farmers conceived, birthed, and raised a dozen kids in a two-room farmhouse. Privacy never caught on in Sweden (try and hide your age when your social security number—used for everything—includes your date of birth). Stockholm is a city of islands and one of the central ones is mile-long, wooded and hilly Langholmen. It is all a park and half of it is nude, mixed but mainly gay. If you happen to get horny, no one—including the indomitable, 80-year-old aunt striding past on her afternoon constitutional—cares what you do in the

bushes. It's not hard to picture how lush those notorious bushes can become after week after week of sun 23 hours a day. So there you are, dry crystal-clear air, temperatures in the high 70's and low 80's, cool, clean blue waters lapping on the rocks, hundreds of sailing boats sliding by, acres of hunky, available guys—all in the middle of a thriving capital city.

Not that Stockholm is all of Sweden. If, like most Swedes, you're an outdoorsman, the country can offer tens of thousands of square miles of virgin forest, thousands of lakes, rivers galore, and a seemingly endless coastline. And it's suddenly become—after last year's drastic devaluation and the strengthening of the dollar—one of the least expensive countries in Europe for an American to visit.

Of course, Sweden is not without its problems. There are endless debates on when precisely does womb-to-tomb social security kill initiative. How do you keep economic planning from sinking into bureaucratic rigor mortis? At what point does a passion for equality destroy individuality? But none of these questions need disturb a visitor. More serious is the Swedes' obsession with alcohol. They treat it the way Anglo-Saxons classically treated sex: something you needed but were ashamed of needing. Standing in line at a state liquor monopoly store is precisely like going into a 42nd Street porno shop. No one meets anyone else's eye and a deathly silence reigns, broken only by customers furtively confiding their desires to stony-faced clerks. The Swedish Parliament devotes more time to debating the strength and accessibility of beer, wine and liquor than it does to national defense. A few years ago, 3.2 beer was banned as inevitably leading to the corruption of the morals of the nation's youth. The most effective measure used against alcohol is taxation. Can you imagine paying \$25 for a bottle of Scotch in a retail store? A can of export

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beer in a restaurant or bar with no pretensions of providing any form of entertainment can easily set you back \$3.00. Is all this heavy artillery justified by the Swedes' actual drinking habits? Some doubt it. Measured in terms of pure alcohol (to compensate for differences in national drinking habits), Sweden ranks well after the U.S. and Britain and at half the annual per capita consumption of France and Italy. In fact there are some two dozen countries in the Western world which consume more than Sweden does. Just like the Anglo-Saxon sex tabu, this is a survival from another era which has long since outlived its original purpose—but is enforced with no less vigor. Times were so tough in Sweden during the 19th century that the only way the average peasant or worker could get through life (and the only way the tiny elite could avoid a potential revolt) was by drowning their troubles in cheap aquavit. A century later, a prosperous and comfortable Sweden is still suffering the consequences of attitudes formed in that period. Not that the average Swede couldn't use the occasional relaxing glass. Swedes place a very high premium on emotional control and remarkable changes in personality often take place after only the most moderate consumption.

For a gay, the most obvious impact is on public social life. These barriers of price and tradition prevent anything resembling the bar/cafe/pub circuits found elsewhere in Europe and North America from growing up. Stockholm, with a population of a million and a half has never been able to support a single bar open to a gay clientele more than a few nights a week. If you keep moving, you can find something to do most evenings, but it's not easy and certainly not cheap. As in London, the really hot action is going on in private homes and playrooms.

For a reader of *Drummer*, the best introduction to these circles in unquestionably SLM. From there it's just a matter of picking your scene (fisting, SM, B&D, WS and everything through plain old fucking are all well represented among its members). SLM is open and enthusiastically welcomes visitors on Fridays during the summer and Fridays and Saturdays the rest of the year from 10:00 at night until 2:00 in the morning. The address if Gasgrand 28 and the club telephone answerer (80/20-00-41) gives tips in English on the Stockholm leather/levi scene when the club is closed.

Finally, the highpoint of the year for leathermen is SLM's famous *Baltic Battle* over the three-day Whitsun/Pingst weekend (usually the last one in May). For detailed information, write to: SLM, Box 9239, S-102 STOCKHOLM. It's a trip unlike any you've ever been on before. Try it. But bring your own bottle.

-Robert Nichols

ÅLL THE HÖT SPÖTS IN STOCKHOLM

Here's a brief guide to names and places, hotels and bars, cinemas, discos, and other assorted facilities (we would never tell you where *not* to go!). Information is correct as of this issue of *Drummer*, and while things change, they do not change as quickly in Scandinavia as they do in other countries; so you can figure everything mentioned here is still in operation. A very good sourcebook for information is *Gay Scandinavia 1983* published by COQ Denmark; if you are planning a trip there, we suggest you write for information about obtaining a copy (COQ, Box 30, DK-4300 Holbaek, Denmark).

BARS & RESTAURANTS (See article for difference, or lack of)

Alexander Cafe, Jakobsbergsgatan 7. Closed on Mondays and Tuesdays; very popular gay restaurant (by day) and cafe (by night).

Blaa Gasen, Karlavagen 28. Gay-owned posh restaurant that specializes in fish dishes.

Heinz Pub, Hornsgatan 90. Very popular and intimate bar, 99% gay.

Restaurant Tim, Timmermansgatan 35. Intimate and popular gay restaurant.

Club Timmy, Timmermansgatan 24. Operated by RFSL (national Swedish gay organization), popular, intimate, always crowded. Membership required. Thursdays: Women only.

HOTELS

Karlkvist Gay Pension, Norrbackgatan 8. Centrally located gay hotel in which guests get their own door keys. Well run and maintained.

Hotell Bema, Upplandsgatan 13. Not completely gay, but nice and very popular with European gay travelers.

SAUNAS & CLUBS

Video Pan, Hantverkargatan 49. Club with video lounges, back rooms, private cubicles.

Viking Sauna, Sigtunagatan 12. The largest sauna in Scandinavia, very popular, very well known, extremely well maintained.

Vasa Solarium, St. Eriksgatan 13. Mixed gay and non-gay sauna with showers, solarium, lounge, etc.

Gay Kino, St. Eriksgatan 13. One of Stockholm's better known gay movie houses, located at the same address as the Vasa.

WALKING THE STREETS...

Outdoor cruising is very popular in the *Kungsträdgården* (garden means 'park') in the summer. But not to be missed are the nude beaches: *Langholmspatken*, *Brunnsviken*, and *Svatdsjö Strand*. Ask for directions. The sections of Stockholm with porno shops, *Klara Norra Kyrkogatan* and *Gamla Brogatan* are worth walking, to be sure; however, these are also the best known areas for hustlers (prostitution is not illegal in Sweden), so keep in mind that the blond hunk on the corner could be and probably is only renting out his charms.

ELSEWHERE...

There are other cities in Sweden besides Stockholm. Gothenburg, which has a branch of SLM (write to them at: Box 31220, 400 32 Gothenburg, Sweden to see what's going on during the time you'll be in the country), as well as a popular gay sauna (*Boys Sauna Club*, Tredie Langgatan 30) and a popular restaurant/disco/entertainment complex (*Bacchus*, Bellmannsgatan 7-9; membership optional).

Malmo, which is a major ferry-port for the Sweden-Denmark commuters, sports one very popular gay bar and nightclub (*4:en*, Snapperupsgatan 4) and one arcade (*Video-Arkaden*, Norregatan 12) as well as some popular outdoor cruising areas.

BEST TIME...

Obviously summer when the weather is closer to what you, as an American, can tolerate (if you're an Alaskan, go anytime). Gay Lib Week, the Swedish equivalent to our June Parades, is from August 15-21 in 1983. While the actual dates vary from year to year, it is always held in August.

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B3 (Niacin)	50 mg	250%
B5 (pantothenic acid)	150 mg	1500%
B6 (pyridoxine)	100mg	5000%
B10 (para-amino benzoic acid) ...	100 mg	***
B12 (cobalamin concentrate) ...	200 mcg	3333%
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Biotin	100 mcg	333%
Choline (bitartrate)	200 mg	***
Inositol	125 mg	***
Gota Kola	25 mg	***
Ginseng	25 mg	***
Vitamin C	1000 mg	1667%
Bioflavinoids	200 mg	***
Rutin	75 mg	***
Vitamin E (d-alpha tocopherol)	400IU	1333%
Octacosanol	250 mcg	***
Calcium (Amino acid chelate) ...	500 mg	50%
Magnesium (Amino acid chelate) .	350 mg	87%
Silica	500 mcg	***
Vanadium	75 mcg	***

POTENCY %RDA

Vitamin D3	1000IU	25%
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Iron (Amino acid chelate)	20 mg	111%
Potassium aspartate	55 mg	***
Selenium	150 mcg	***
Molybdenum	50 mcg	***
GTF Chromium	200 mcg	***
Zinc (Amino acid chelate)	100 mg	667%
Copper (Amino acid chelate)	2 mg	100%
Manganese	20 mg	***
Prostate tissue	50 mg	***
Thymus	10 mg	***
Adrenal	50 mg	***
L-Lysine	750 mg	***
L-Phenylalanine	25 mg	***
L-Glutamine	25 mg	***
L-Ornithine	25 mg	***
L-Tyrosine	25 mg	***
Saw palmetto	150 mg	***
Sarsaparilla	50 mg	***
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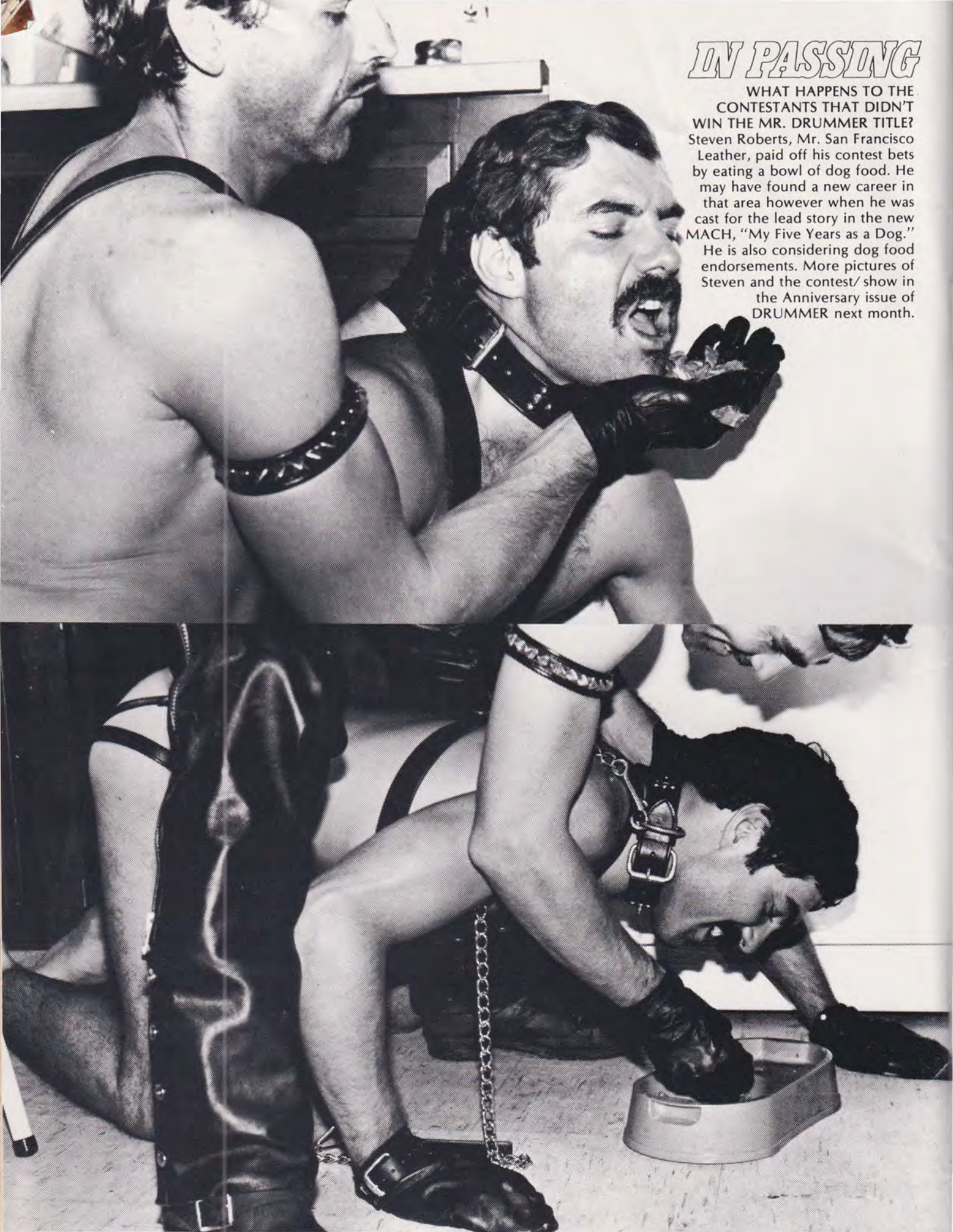
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