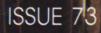
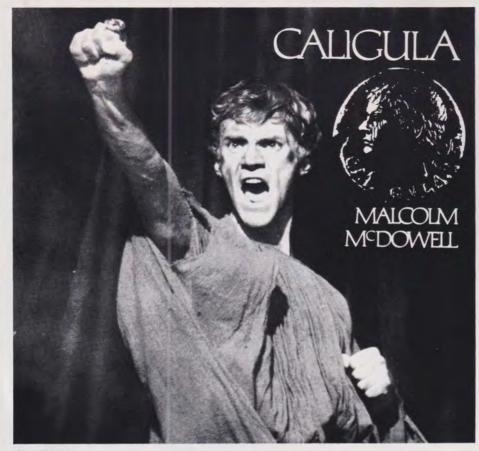


MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

MERICA'S



395



CALIGULA

At last, the most famous adult film ever made is available on video! Malcolm McDowell stars as the perverse emperor who shocked even the decadent Roman citizens of his time. This lavish, controversial epic was recently declared "not obscene" by the Supreme Court. This is the VHS/BETA 8995 original 2½-hour uncut version.



BEST OF TROPHY I An hour of highlights from Ebony Love, Cop in the Park, Challenger, Mark, Eureka Bound, Erection Set, Don't Fight It Kid, Truckstop, and Marine Furlough. VHS/BETA 3995



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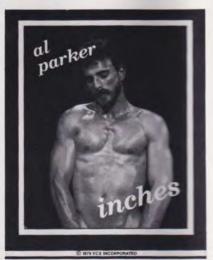




BORN TO RAISE HELL

The complete full-length version of one of the most infamous gay films in history. See for yourself the hair-taising action that made Val Martin a star. Not for the squeamish; if you want hard, relentless, uncensored action, you want Born To Raise Hell!

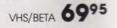
VHS/BETA 7995



AL PARKER - INCHES

Inches features the legendary Al Parker in one of his meatiest roles, as an up and coming photographer who fails in and out of love with a parade of hot and hung young models. Teamed with Bob Blount, Steve Taylor and Buck Stevens in a story of nonstop naked action, Parker shows the stuff that's made him a superstar.

Lusty and sexual, Inches is already a classic among contemporary gay films. This is the memorable production that set the standard for Al Parker's extraordinary career.





PLEASURE BEACH

Arthur J. Bressan Jr.'s first erotic gay film since Forbidden Letters is a torrid, romantic, steamy look at the world of lifeguards and surfers. Michael Christopher, Johnny Dawes, and Chris Burns head a hot, talented cast that know no limits in their search for satisfaction...and love.

VHS/BETA 6995

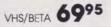




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If you like your meat in a navy wrapper, you'll have a field day with Seamen, four separate adventures in regulation whites. A cast of exciting unknowns fills out the bellbottom trousers in this hour of hard, driving, explosive action! From the people who brought you Marine Furlouah.



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There is nothing like the Chippendale Men, and there has never been an experience like MUSCLE MOTION, a unique video cassette created by the most famous male strippers in America. Structured as a series of aerobic exercises featuring one or more of the hot Chippendale Men, MUSCLE MOTION will put you through your paces as you watch these handsome, muscular, athletic guys work up one sweat after another. The single most erotic look at exercise ever filmed, MUSCLE MOTION will become the most watched cassette in your video library.

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(I am over 21 years of age)



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

Henry David Thoreau

6 MALECALL/DEAR SIR

8 BLUE COLLAR BLUES by Robert Payne

A slow day at the warehouse turns into a hot man-to-man encounter. Heavy equipment? These guys need a forklift to handle it!

18 LOOKING FOR BLUE COLLAR BUDDIES

Is your idea of a perfect afternoon hanging around a construction site, staring at the sweat and steel? Ever wish somebody would start a club where you could meet those working men? Well...

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And we've got it...

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- Cover and Opposite Page: There's more than one way to work up a good, healthy sweat. Photos by Close Up.

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I believe that if someone else has said it as well or better than I would have, let them say it. Here, with permission, is a condensed editorial from the *California Voice*:

When a bad reporter lands a job with a big city daily newspaper because he happens to be gay, he can carelessly and viciously turn on his community. Randy Shilts is a perfect example. His article in the *S.F. Cronicle* headlined "Sheriff Recruits in a Leather Bar" is his most irresponsible story to date—and Shilts is no stranger to irresponsible journalism.

S.F. Sheriff Mike Hennessey is making a courageous and commendable attempt to get more Asians, blacks and gays into the department. As part of this effort he decided to recruit at *Chaps*, a popular South of Market bar and chose Sunday afternoon because he was advised, correctly, that he could reach a large number of gays at that time.

The gay press gave the meeting at *Chaps* front page publicity and a large crowd showed up to meet the Sheriff and some of his gay deputies.

Shilts unfortunately also showed up to cover the event. Rather than describe the positive aspects it promoted, he decided to write his hostile point of view about what kind of men go to South of Market bars.

To describe *Chaps* as drawing patrons who "know a lot about punishment, if not about crime" and who "may have already seen their fair share of uniforms, restraints and dungeons," may strike Shilts and his editor as being frightfully clever.

Govenor Deukmejian's veto of AB-1 may be directly attributed to his impression of the gay stereotype perpetuated by sloppy, unthinking reporters like Shilts. His article was printed the day before the veto.

While Shilts deserves little less than to be run out of town on a rail, Sheriff Hennessey is to be commended for not repudiating his recruitment effort at Chaps.

San Francisco is a first class town with a world class Sheriff. It deserves better than a third rate reporter covering gay events for a second rate daily newspaper.

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MALECALL/Dear Sir:

GAY FIRST

Bravo for "Getting Off: Tell It To The Marines" in Drummer 71! Gay people must learn to "help their own first." As noble as it may be to donate to the many worthwhile mainstream charities, contribution-minded gays must remember that straights aren't exactly racing to their checkbooks to give money to organizations dedicated to AIDS research or to groups providing help to AIDS patients. And what about the Gay Games? You're not going to find Miller Beer, Snickers, and AT&T sponsoring them!

> T.R. Witomski Toms River, NJ

ON FIRE

The guy on the cover of Drummer 71 is exactly my type-but I'd like a look at him with his sunglasses off and his ass shown, and I wish there'd been a centerfold of him. What's his goddamned name? Age? He's so hot I can't keep my eyes off the page! Soooo Hot!!

Is he German? His cock is so beautiful! P.S. I love Drummer!

> Hal B. Sacramento, CA

(Editor's note: Calm down. Take a deep breath. His age is his business, but we can tell you that his name (as noted on the contents page of issue 71-sometimes it pays to read the fine print) is Elias, and his heritage is Lebanese. He'll soon be seen shaving a slave in Pierced, Shaved and Tattooed, and right now you can catch him in the Armed Forces salute that opens MACH 7.)

CANADIAN TRAINER

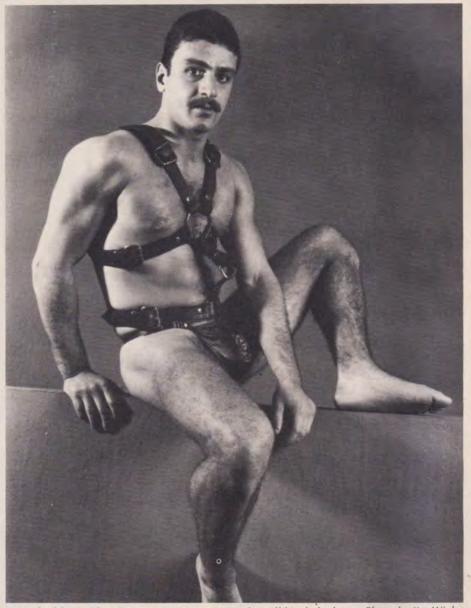
Greetings from the North. I received my copy of Drummer 71 today-it looks like another hot issue. I look forward to receiving my copies of Drummer as this part of the world can get boring at times. There certainly isn't much leather and heavy scenes around here, although I am doing my part to train a few faggots to serve a good man.

Keep up the good work. Drummer has certainly won a place in my heart and hand.

> Name Withheld Saskatoon, Saskatchewan Canada

SHOW SOME EMOTION

Since issue 2, I've seen cocks given full expression in Drummer; however, I'd like to see less blank expressions on the faces of Tops in action. They either look passive with their bottoms or as though they're working too hard to become excited as 6 DRUMMER



You asked for it: Elias, Drummer 71 coverman, takes off his dark glasses. Photo by Jim Wigler.

men giving/taking sexual pleasure.

And can you give us more photos of leathermen with their motorcycles? Not bikes brought indoors for photo sessions. Leather bikers look great in high boots and their full leathers-when you can find them. They sure look sexier than the men who wear leather to lure and pose in bars. A real leather-lover fetishist can detect a real leatherman a mile off. A real good photo article from the past was about the Foot Fraternity, also the rubbermen of NWRM. Those guys looked like they were fully involved with their boots and rubber.

All of Drummer is important to us. What would we do without it?!

> Name and Address Withheld by Request

LEBANESE INVASION

I am not the type to write letters to the editor; but your current issue (Drummer 71) leaves me no choice. Your cover model, Elias, is one of the hottest things I have ever seen in print. The cover alone was worth the purchase price. If this is the way they make their men in Lebanon, I hope they send their army over to patrol our streets. Mr. Elias can stuff my grapeleaves anytime he wants to.

R. Anderson Washington, D.C.

BLACK DADDIES

Where have all the hunky, black models and leather daddies gone?

I am a white guy who finds black men as attractive and desirable as white men. In all the gay magazines and studio brochures I have received and read. I have seen few, if any, black men. Even in the phonesex business, the selection of black men is scanty at best and sometimes nonexistent. Why is this so? I can't help but believe that there are many sexy black studs out there that would make for delicious viewing and fantasizing.

For example, in one past issue of Drummer there was a picture of Daddy Doug from Los Angeles. I enjoy your magazine thoroughly, and this black leather daddy's picture was so hot, it sizzled! And I believe that leather sex with him would be so incredibly intense and deeply satisfying that you would remember him all your life. Surely there are many more like him.

I would appreciate it if you could tell me which past issues of Drummer feature or contain black leather daddies. And is there a studio that specializes in black men?

D.B.

Michigan

(Editor's note: Most recently, we featured a hot black daddy in Drummer Daddies 2-and you'll probably want to take a look at the brand-new explicit photo magazine, Down White Boy!, which features not one, but two black stallions in leather. As for studios which specialize in this area, check out Sierra Domino.)

GIMME BONDAGE

About a year ago (Drummer 61) your centerfold portfolio was a number of photos from what was billed as Richard Jorasch's forthcoming book, San Francisco Bound. According to my Webster's Seventh New Collegiate, "forthcoming" means "being about to appear." As far as I can tell, it never appeared. Did I miss it? Did he forbid it being sold in Los Angeles? What's the story?

Also, about Mark I. Chester-this man's visions are hot! Has he published any books, portfolios, are his prints available by mail?

And while we're on the subject, to belabor the obvious, here's another vote for more bondage art and photos in your pages. Why the hell is there so little of this stuff available for gays? It's damn frustrating to walk into a porno shop and see a wall full of "straight" bondage mags and in the gay section, zip. You guys have been terrific, particularly the last year or so, and much thanks for that, but I'd like to see more. What can I say-I'm greedy. D.H.

Los Angeles, CA

(Editor's note: Hope you were around last issue, when we ran out of clothesline and rope. Unfortunately, we've lost track of Richard Jorasch, but you can write to Mark I. Chester at PO Box 42501, San Francisco, CA 94101.)

HEALTH WARNING

Re: Drummer 70, I do not know what percentage of your readers are interested in "scat" or actually engage in "scat." It's a big turn-off to me; and in the age of deaths from AIDS and complications from intestinal organisms-very dangerous. Maybe a health warning should be included with such stories ("Getting Rid of Tim" by Tona DeRosa).

Drummer is expensive to buy but has great fiction (usually!), great photos, and great ads. I guess I didn't scrutinize the issue enough before I bought it. I bought issue 70 because of the cover photo (that guy has pecs to kill for-hope to see more of Brutus), John Preston's story (always good!), and the ads, and Rex's calendar. The drawings for Drum in issue 70 looked forged! Did Bill Ward really draw them? They weren't up to his usual standard.

Thanks for reading all this. Hope my comments make some sense to you. You lucky guys get to live in S.F. while we get pelted with cold rain and snow back here in the frigid Northeast. And Boston only has one real leather bar-wish I could move out there!

> Charles Bedard Cambridge, MA

ASS YOU LIKE IT

I congratulate you on your choice of Brutus as coverman and D.I. on the Compound tapes. He is superhot, and I'm sure has even your toughest topmen readers ready to grovel at his feet. But despite the great photos in Drummer 70, you left something out-not a single shot of his macho ass! How about doing a spread (pun intended) or at least printing a single



Brutus, the Compound D.I., shows a new angle. Photo by Jim Wigler.

good, clear photo, of Brutus's manly cheeks, for all of us who'd like to get down on our knees, kiss his ass, rim his hole, suck on his butt, and let him sit on our faces!

Other than this slight, easily rectifiable omission on your part, you're doing a great job. Keep up the good work, and let's see some of Brutus's hot ass!

> Ron von Peregrin Detroit, Michigan

SEEING DOUBLE

That issue number 69 must have been so hot that your staff got the pages stuck together! In issue 71 you published in Malecall a "never before published" photo. Well, dig out a fresh copy of issue 69 and look on page 14, and you will find the same shot of that hairy hunk. So I hope to see more hot bondage pix the next issue.

RR

Santa Monica, CA (Editor's note: We plead no contest. You caught us with our pants down.)

THE PERFECT CIGAR

I am the local representative for Cigar Studs, a private membership organization for men who turn on to tobacco. The club is nationwide, with more than 50 members in San Francisco alone, and is comprised of gay and bisexual men who enjoy celebrating their masculinity with other macho men and good cigars.

The club has its own newsletter with contact ads, articles, fiction and erotica. We also have regular parties and outings for local members, visiting members and their guests.

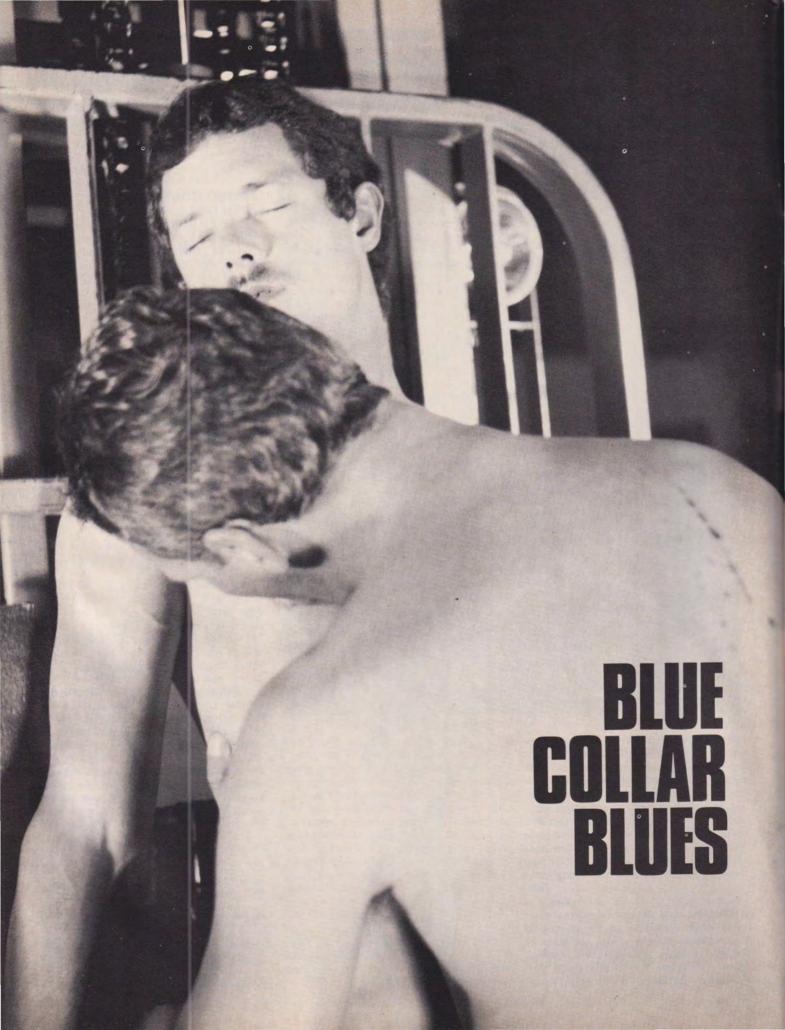
We have advertised Cigar Studs in Drummer's "Drumbeats" for quite some time and have been pleased with the audience we've reached over the years. I am writing you in the hope that we will see more coverage for cigar men in upcoming issues. In Drummer 22, "Cigar Blues" was an excellent article, not only interestingly written, but with some of the hottest photos we've seen. It is very refreshing to see photos of all types of hot men (gay/straight) rather than the very posed pretty-boy shots used in most other gay publications. We hope to see more articles about cigars and the men who smoke them; speaking for the membership of Cigar Studs, I know it will be greatly appreciated.

> Ron Jenks San Francisco

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DRUMMER, DRUMSTICKS, DRUMBEATS, DRUM, TOUGH CUS-TOMERS, TOUGH SHIT, DRUMMEDIA, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, DRUMMER GUIDE TO GUIDES, DRUMMERART, FOR MEMBERS ONLY, MAN TO MAN CLASSIFIEDS, GETTING OFF and IN PASS-ING are copyrighted names of departments appearing in DRUMMER. Copyright 1984 by Alternate Publishing.



"HELLO MAN. MEET YOUR NEW BOSS!"

Being a blue collar worker in a big warehouse isn't all coffee breaks and union benefits. Between paydays there is a lot of heavy work as well as getting in good with the foreman.

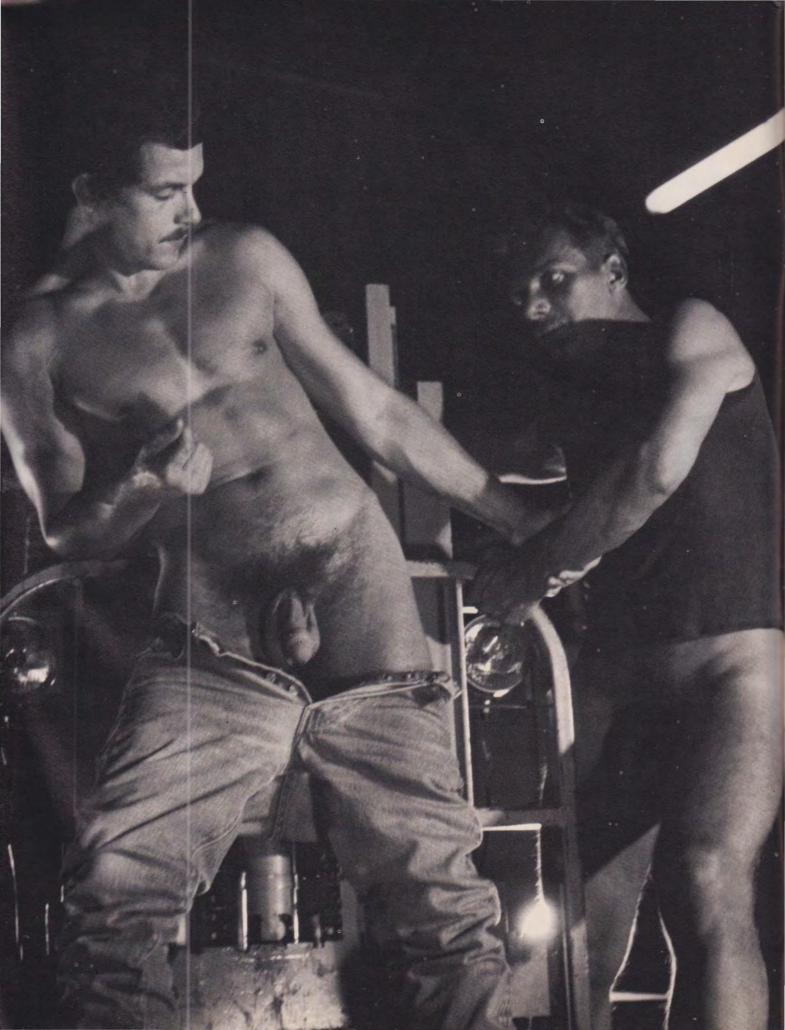
The new guy on the job can count on a breaking in period. If he isn't in a position to deal it out, he must prove he can take it.

In our little situation, the first thing to come off is the blue collar itself and the shirt that went with it. Then the Osgosh work pants so the boss can check their wearer out completely. It takes a little persuasion and a thinlydisguised threat or two, but in very little time and some electrifying sessions, the new punk is broken in, begins to know when to go down on his knees or on his back. All of which should make everyone concerned happy. And the foreman isn't the only one who has to be satisfied, of course. If the new worker has had no prior experience, he may be somewhat surprised to find his new boss sitting on his face. Intimacy such as nose-topubic-hair should not lead to a lack of respect. After all, brown-nosing one's boss is not exactly new and it is practiced in every level, among truck drivers, forklift operators and even longshoremen.

It can take much more than a strong back and big biceps to make it in the blue collar world. A tight ass and a full crotch never hurt anyone's chances at the big time.

It is our particular opinion, to which you have to agree we are entitled, that Marlon Brando would never have had anywhere near all that trouble in "On The Waterfront"

PHOTOS BY CLOSE UP ARBITRATION BY ROBERT PAYNE





if he had been just a little more cooperative with his betters. Having that girl around was bad enough for one thing, and not everyone is turned on by mobster types, of course. Perhaps he was more into a good beating now and then, which, as we recall, he got more than his share of. Maybe yes, maybe no.

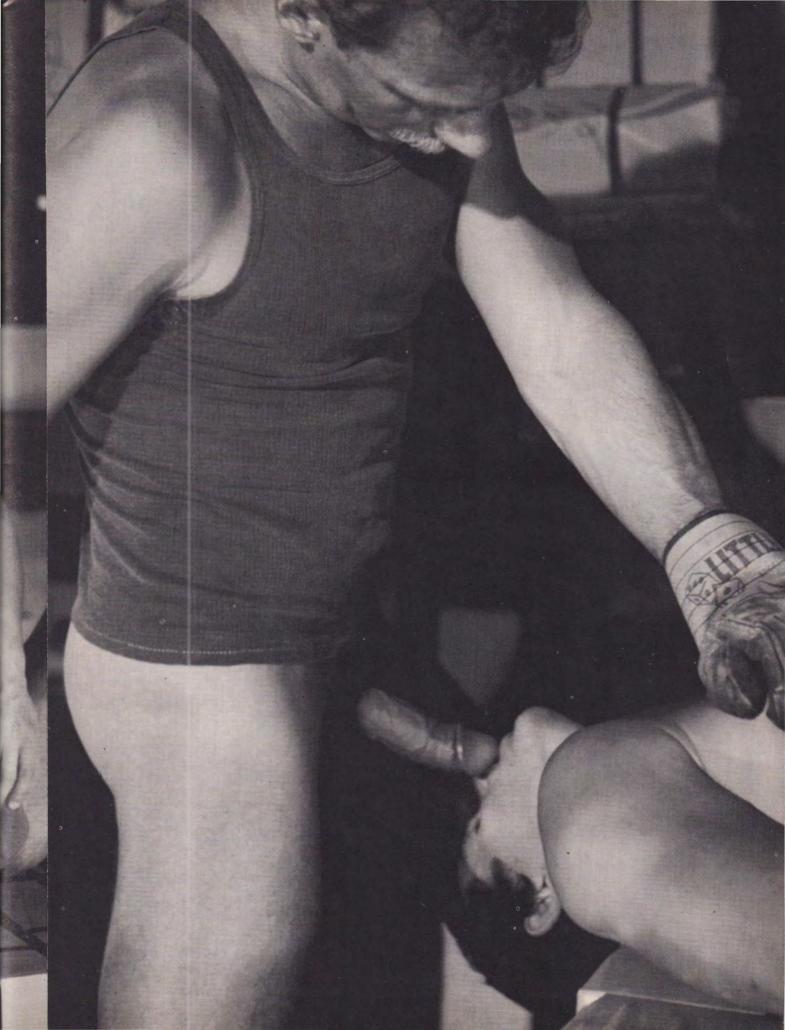
Our pair of clean cut, hunky and oversexed blue collar workers were happy to show you what can happen the first day on the job. Usually after the initial breaking-in, such activities are limited to lunch hours, breaks, overtime, back-area afternooners, and special favors that carry their own reward.

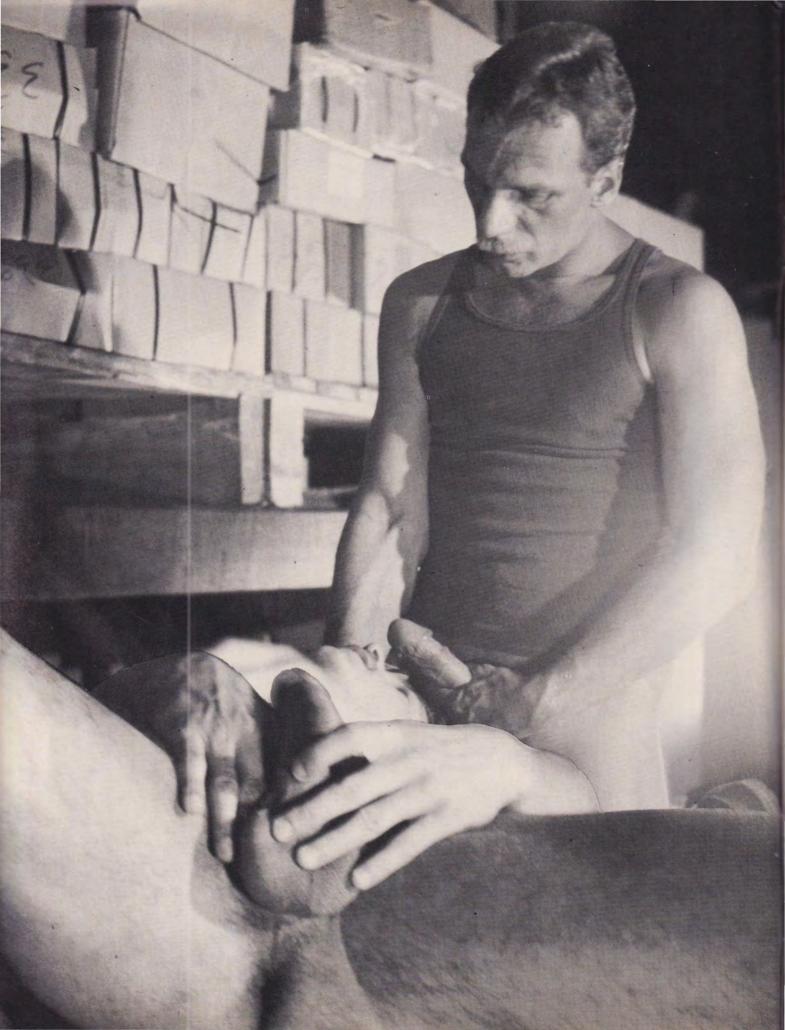
But when you consider union scale, benefits, a friendly pat on the ass or a simple every-other-day rape seems less sexual harrassment and more like rewards for good job performance. So when your mother buttonholes you and takes you by your blue collar to throw you out the door, telling you to "get a job," forget the typing and computer programming. Go down to the warehouse district in your t-shirt and jeans.

Build up your muscles and your social security. Show your new foreman what you've got—and what you can do with it.

It will pay off, my son.



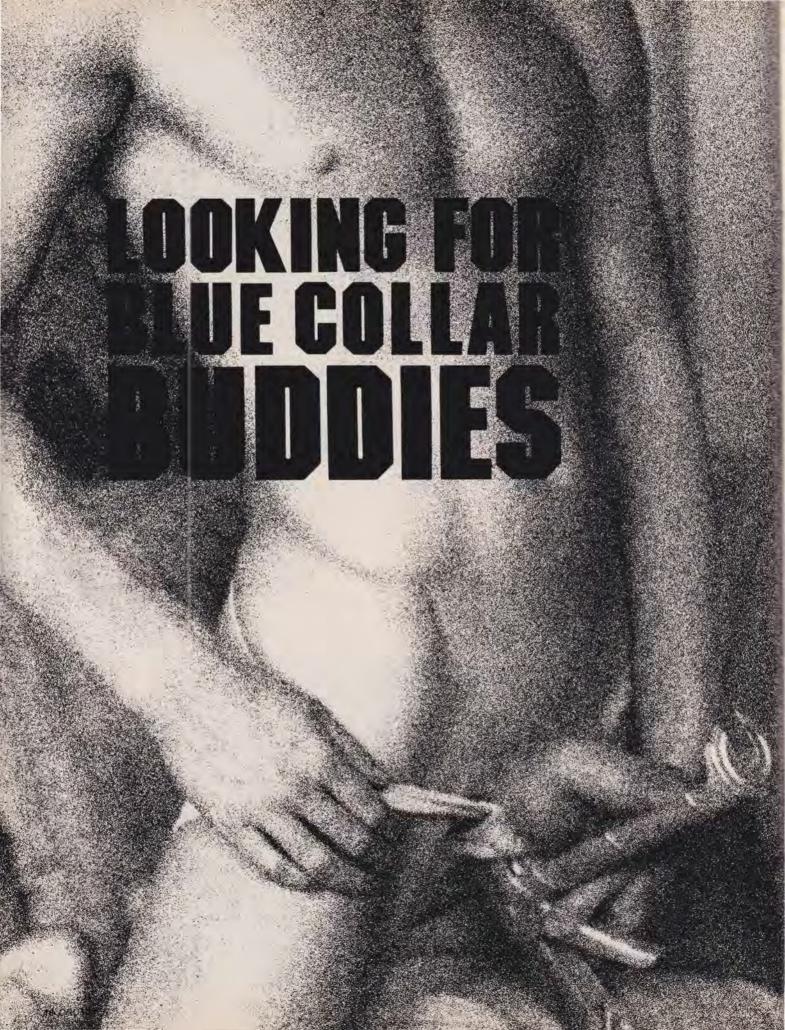












There's something about a hard working man—the sweat, the muscles, the attitude. Give us the real thing, any day. And we mean the *real* thing. Remember when the Village People were the hottest act in the country? The phony Indian, the would-be leatherman, the fake construction worker dressed up in levis, flannel shirt and hard hat? Sure, they served their purpose—innocent, pasteurized role models for teenagers, and all that—but who could get turned on by some dancer dressed up like a construction worker? No way.

So where do you meet these guys? If you're a blue collar worker yourself, you find them where your paycheck is, on the job, right beside you every day. The camaraderie, the dirty jokes, a shower in the company locker room, a beer after work. Maybe a couple more beers. Maybe come over to my place for a while, unwind, listen to some Willie Nelson. You horny? Yeah, me too...

Maybe you're not blue collar. Maybe you just like blue collar men. If you're into the scene, you probably know the places—the right bars (watch your step, though)...that truckstop out on Route 99...that dirty bookstore where the construction crew downtown hangs out, looking to get their rocks off and knowing it's always a sure bet. "Shit, man, who gives a damn anyway? I'll do it with guys. I've had some good fuckin' times with other guys. Don't make any difference to me either way..."

Then there's this club. Every scene's got a club these days—men with interests in common like to get together. This one, Blue Collar Buddies, is fairly new, started up just last year. The man in charge is an expert on the subject at hand—got stories that'll burn your ears off. He was the inspiration, in fact, for this issue's special look at the mystique of the Blue Collar Men. We asked him for a statement. Here it is, straight from the source:



Who are blue collar workers? construction workers painters printers janitors plumbers farmers policemen firemen truck drivers bus drivers cowboys security guards lumberiacks fishermen carpenters bouncers autobody workers mechanics pilots servicemen masons gardeners electricians

Terry Photo

butchers race drivers telephone linemen garbage collectors foremen shipping clerks produce vendors park rangers maintenance men gas station attendants dock workers

—or any of the various occupations that involve manual labor and do not require a conventional suit and tie.

I have always been more physically attracted to sexy, masculine, blue collar workers, as opposed to the perfumed executive type. There's nothing as exciting as watching a hot, handsome, welltanned, hairy, muscular construction worker, shoulders propped up against a building, eating his lunch...or watching his massive arms and hands when he's

"Blue Collar Lunch," photo by Lembo





working the street with his drill, stopping now and then to wipe the beads of manly sweat off his brow.

Blue collar workers, as a whole, are masculine and virile and exude sexuality. I find it much more erotic to make it with a trucker in the back of his truck, than with a businessman in a flashy, sterile hotel room. I also prefer soiled uniforms to Brooks Brothers suits!

Having noticed ads in various gay publications for different clubs, i.e. hairy men, uncut men, leathermen, foot frat, short men, etc., I thought it might be a good idea to start a national contact club for hot BLUE COLLAR BUDDIES. And it was no surprise when letters and ads began pouring in from all over the USA, especially from curious bi-guys, who all seem to agree that when it comes to getting good head—nothing satisfies a man like a man! Several gay blue collar workers wrote: "It's about time someone started a club for non-professional gays."

I even began a hot correspondence with a French Canadian lumberjack who has nine tattoos, a thick 11" uncut cock, and a hairy body, into wrestling, boxing, and heavy man-to-man fucking...

Interested? Blue Collar Buddies is open to gay and bisexual men, twenty-one or older—blue collar men, or men who *like* .blue collar men. The club publishes a quarterly newsletter, with original art and photos, hot stories (including true-life tales), personal ads, etc. Membership /subscription is ten bucks a year. Wanna know more? Drop a line to Live-Oak Press, PO Box 99444, San Francisco, CA 94109.

As the newsletter says, "Meet the MEN who work HARD and love HARD..."

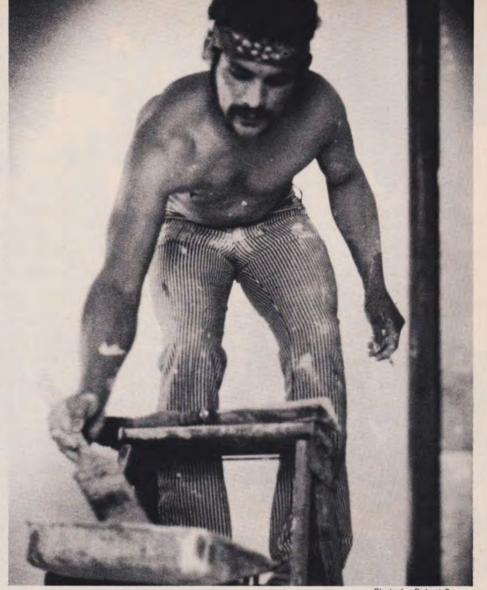


Photo by Robert Pruzan

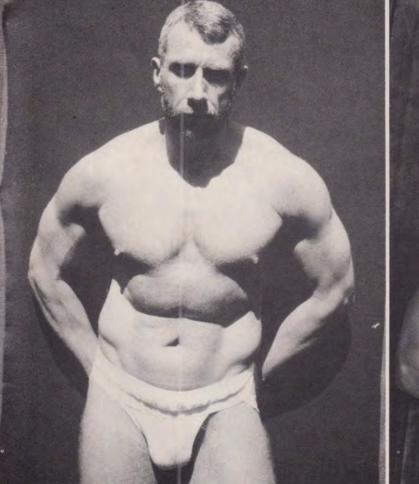


YOUASKED FOR IT.

YOU GOT IT!

Would you settle an argument? I say the first issue of DRUMMER had a drawing that you used for some time as the magazine's symbol. I don't know the artist but he used to do centerfolds for you. My friend says I am crazy, DRUMMER has never run artwork on its covers. Who is right? P.L. Milwaukee, Wisconsin You are mostly. Issue one had a drawing by Bud which was used as The Leather Fraternity symbol until the present one by Bill Ward. DRUMMER ran artwork on covers of Issues 5 (Chuck Arnett), 6 (Bill Ward), 10 (Rex), 15 (A. Jay), 16 (Ron Henry) and 49 (Vallejo). Bud indeed did considerable artwork for us but, to our knowledge, is seldom published.





You ran a magnificent hulk as a DRUMMER Daddy photographed at the Compound. We never saw him again. What are you going to do about it?

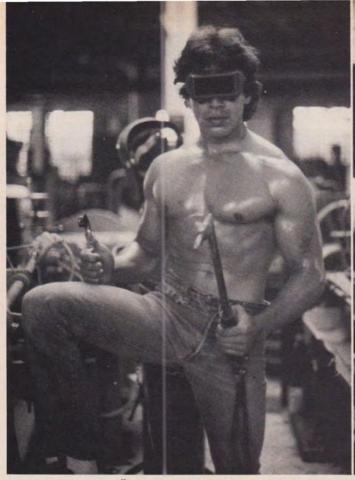
A.O. Seattle, Washington

What can we do but give him to you again in all his beefy beauty. He will appear again in DRUMMER DADDIES 3.

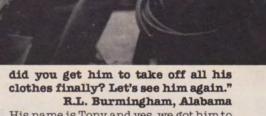
"You ran a head mask made of steel on a cover one Christmas. It had a young slave I would like to see more of. Do you have any other shots of your man in the iron mask?"

G.W. Phoenix, Arizona

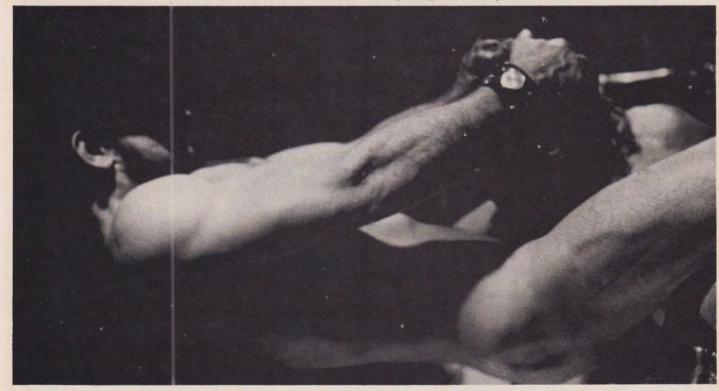
The mask was made by Fetters on loan from the Pleasure Chest. The slave was on loan from a friend of DRUMMER. We never knew his name.



"So you are going to do a Blue Collar issue. It's about time. My favorite DRUMMER blue collar man was the welder you ran in your Los Angeles issue. He was hot. I can't remember,



His name is Tony and yes, we got him to drop his pants finally.



and whatever became of him?

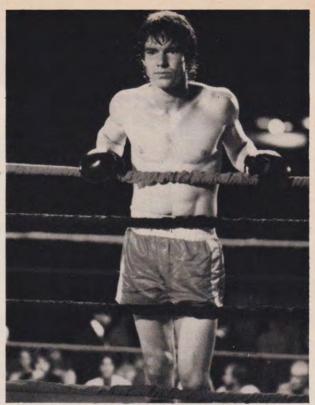
Who was the original Mr. DRUMMER Martin who represented us at the C.M.C. Carnival contest. On his first (of ten) C.T. Chicago, Illinois appearances, he threw his jockstrap to The original Mr. DRUMMER was Val the screaming audience. On his final

appearance, he forced the winner down to his knees and made him blow him. Val is very much around, lives in Los Angeles and is as outrageous as ever.□

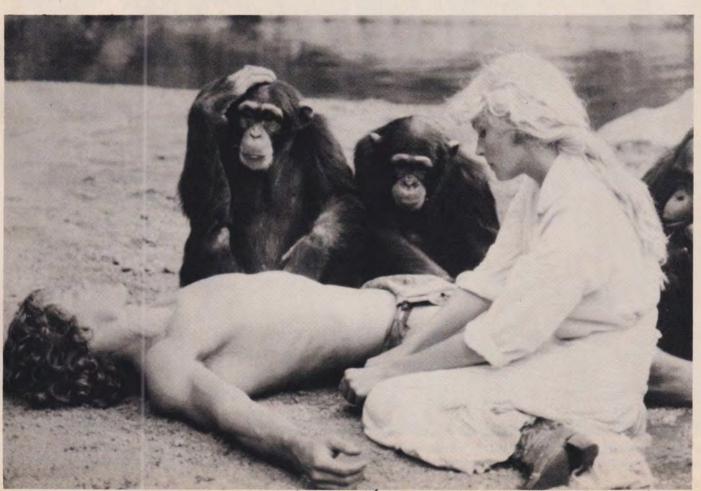




"I don't know him either, but he says he met you at the baths last Friday."



"Frankly, Mr. Cosell, I got into this business because I'm into wearing mittens and satin bloomers."



"Yes children, I know it's humiliating, but he is your real father."

Three Down & Dirty Stories by Three Hot New Writers!



Hey buddy, wanna hear some raunchy stories?

Yeah, like the time a good buddy of mine got caught in a closed garage with this grease monkey named Gary—that guy turned out to be one mean fuckin' son of a bitch...

Or how about the one about Rudy, that crazy Armenian timberjack—didn't even know how to beat his meat till this other friend of mine...well, you'll find out.

And of course there's always my buddies the pressmen, those guys who put out the morning paper. One time they actually screwed on a chopper going down the highway! Well, work hard, play hard, that's what I always say.

So why don't you grab a Bud, loosen your bootlaces, settle back on the sofa...maybe break open some axle grease ...then turn the page and get started. Who knows? Maybe something'll come up...



It was hot as all fuckin' hell that afternoon. I'd been trying to hitch my way out Route 80 without much luck. Spent most of the time just standing off the road shoulder and sweating a lot. My shirt got soaked, so I took it off. Even my jeans were turning dark blue with sweat, but I couldn't strip them down out in the open.

I finally had to give up standing there and started to walk. My thighs were so slick with sweat that I got a hard-on from the rubbing when I walked. It took my mind off things for a while, that is until I hit the bottom of this hill. Dead ahead lay the steepest damn climb I'd seen this highway take yet, and I knew I couldn't handle it.

I leaned back against this tree and started pullin' at my cock. It seemed like the only thing to do, and it felt great. I was about to whip it out and really start beating off when I heard this motorcycle coming up the hill behind me. Just my fuckin' luck, I thought, 'cause bikers almost never stop to give you a lift.

The engine roared louder, and the bike got closer, till finally I saw it crest the hill. It was a mother-fuckin' beautiful Harley. I couldn't see the rider too clearly, but I figured he was some kind of nut. It was about 100 degrees out and he had on this heavy black leather jacket. I stuck my thumb out for the hell of it, but just as I figured, he went right past me and about halfway up the hill. Then the bike stopped dead. The guy set his boots down on the highway and turned around.

"Come on, fucker," he yelled. So I ran like hell to catch up with him.

As I got closer, I could see him better. He was about 30, with one of the hardest, hottest faces I'd ever seen. It looked like he hadn't shaved in a while, and sweat was drippin' off his chin onto his tight bare pecs. Even his black leather jacket seemed to sweat. He turned around and eyed me up and down in the rearview mirror.

"You willin' to work for a ride, buddy?" he barked into the rearview without facing me. At that point, I would've shoveled cow shit in a hurricane for a ride.

"Sure," I said, "What kind of work?"

by **Dink Rivers**

He didn't answer me, just kick-started the bike and yelled "Get on!" over the sound of the engine. I jumped and straddled the back of the wide leather seat, too tired to think twice.

He took off so fast I almost fell off, and had to grab around his waist to stay on. He didn't seem to mind, so I left my hands where they were even after I got my balance back. I was goin' out of my fuckin' mind, with my arms tight around this mean-assed biker stud. The wind whipping around my head couldn't block out the smell of hot sweat and leather. I tried hard to keep my cock under control. Fought hard not to let my crotch rub up against his ass, 'cause I knew that would be too much to handle. So I had to tighten my thighs against the seat to keep from slipping. I figured if he found out that I was gettin' off on him, he'd throw me the hell off without stopping.

Things were okay until we hit two huge potholes in a row. My crotch wedged in tighter and tighter against his blue-jeaned ass, and my cock, all lubed with sweat inside my jeans, popped a bone the size of the Harley's tail pipe. He'd have to have been dead not to notice it, and I figured that's what I'd be pretty soondead. Then I caught his eye in the rearview. He still looked mean as hell, but he was smiling.

"Grab it," he yelled. "Go ahead." "Grab what?"

"My crotch."

I couldn't believe it. He knew I had popped a boner and he didn't care. In fact, he was ordering me to grab his. I moved my left hand down from his waist to his cock. It was already rockhard and stretching to get out of his jeans. The jeans were all slick with grease-I couldn't figure out why. My hand slipped real easy all along his oiled, denim-covered dick. Then I saw that there was oil all over his levis, splattered all down his thighs and legs. Some had spilled onto his boots, making the dirty leather shine like it was spit-polished.

I got hotter and hotter. The sweat from my chest glued me to the back of his leather jacket. The grease on his ass was lubing up my crotch. He was calm the whole time, kept on riding like a pro. I was just about to shoot when he turned real sharp off the DRUMMER 27

highway and onto a darkened back road.

It was about 9 p.m. when we finally pulled into an Exxon station. I figured that my new buddy (I still didn't know his name) was just stoppin' for gas, but he drove over to the side of the station and parked the bike.

"Wait here," was all he said, getting off and walking inside. I got off too, lit a cigarette, and waited. Whatever this guy had in mind, I figured it was probably worth hanging around for.

Then I heard him yelling at somebody inside the garage: "Fuck you, Bobby. I'm only an hour late."

"I know, I'm only bustin' your balls," replied this guy Bobby as he walked out of the garage. Bobby stood about six-foot-two, with arms that clocked in at at least 17 inches, sticking out from the dirty guinea-T he was wearing.

"How ya doin'?" He nodded to me. I nodded back, taking him in. He had thick, straight black hair, slicked back '50s style. The dirty white undershirt was tucked into a pair of black slacks so tight that I could see the outline of his dick traveling down the inside of his left leg.

"Don't forget to lock up," he hollered back into the garage, "and not before 11 o'clock, shitface."

So that was it, my biker friend worked here pumpin' gas. I thought then that the work he told me I'd have to do might be helpin' out with the customers. I thought wrong.

- Bobby strode over to a black '79 Camaro that gleamed in the sharp light of the gas station's arc lamp. He walked slowly, his legs swingin' wide. I could hear every click his cowboy boots made on the blacktop. He reached the car, opened the door and sat down sideways—half in, half out the Camaro. He reached into the back seat and pulled out a clean white shirt. I watched while he pulled the dirty undershirt up over his head and tossed it in the back. I couldn't help staring at his hairless pecs, smooth and hard as two rounded rocks. He must have been about 24 or 25, and he looked good.

After slipping the new shirt on, Bobby swung his legs into the car and shut the door. He started combing his hair back, looking in the rearview mirror. I was afraid he'd see me staring, but he was too fuckin' caught up in slicking his hair to notice anything. Throwing the comb down, he reached over and grabbed a cigar that was lying on the dashboard. I watched him unwrap it, twirl it slowly between his fingers and hold it up to his mouth. There's something about watching a cocky young guy enjoy a cigar that always makes my nuts bust. Something about the way a straight guy turns into a cocksucker before your eyes, licking the butt end carefully, savoring the bite of the tobacco on his tongue. Bobby lit the cigar and started the car. The biker who'd picked me up walked out of the garage.

Bobby rolled down the car window. "I'm going out fuckin' now," he yelled. The biker just laughed. "You wanna go for some beers later, Gar," Bobby said, "after you get off?" Garwell at least now I knew the biker's name: Gary.

"Aren't you gonna be with Debbie?" the biker asked him.

"Sure," Bobby replied, "but that's not gonna take all night. You know her. So how about later?" Gary told him to forget it; after work he was just going to lock up and head home. Bobby called him an asshole and chomped down hard on his cigar as he peeled the Camaro out of the station.

When he was gone, Gary turned and stared at me. "Get the fuck over here," he barked. As I walked toward him, my stomach tensed up. This man was hot, but he also seemed dangerous. When I got to where he stood, he kicked my ass with his heavy black engineer boot—knocking me into the dark garage. Before I could get my balance, I felt him reach around my neck, putting me in a headlock. He slammed me up against a concrete wall and pinned my neck to it with one hand. I could feel his greasy thighs pressing into my crotch.

"What are you, boy?" he yelled in my face like some crazed drill instructor. I knew what he wanted to hear, and I knew what he wanted me to do.

"A cocksucker!" I yelled back at him. "A fuckin' cocksucker." "Good," he growled. "That'll do for starters." He stared straight and hard into my eyes for a minute and then broke the silence. "You sure you're ready for this, cocksucker?" 28 DRUMMER I didn't say anything right away, and then I lost my chance. His free right fist swung into my gut and I fell to my knees. I was shaking like crazy now, but he saw that, and pressed his oilsoaked crotch into my face to calm me down. His crotch smelled of stale piss, motor oil, and sweat. I breathed it all in, deep. His cock was hard again, like it had been when we were on the bike earlier. I opened my mouth and started sucking at it right through the his levis. Gary stood there, over me. I couldn't see him, but I could hear him moan.

Suddenly he grabbed my hair and pulled me to my feet. Once again, I found myself staring into the steel blue of his eyes.

"I wanna toughen you up, kid." He spoke low and breathy, like at any time he could fuck me or kill me, and to him it wouldn't matter much which. "You want that?"

I was scared shitless, but I wanted his dick, wanted his greasy, sweaty crotch bad. "You know it, man."

"Good," he said. "Later we're gonna find out just how much you can take. But right now I've got to get to work." He grabbed me by the shoulders and turned me around to face the wall. I felt my hands pulled behind me. He tied them tightly together with something that felt like a rubber cord—I found out later it was an old fan belt.

"I don't want customers seeing you hanging around. There's not supposed to be anybody here when I'm on the job." He pushed me forward through a side door that led from the garage to the office.

The white neon office light was blinding. There was a big beat-up old desk shoved against the front wall. He pulled out the desk chair and shoved me down into the small space.

"I want you to stay down there till I'm through."

As I crouched against the dirty gray metal, Gary sat down in the swivel chair and swung his boots up on the desk. I had a bird's-eye view of the crack where his jeans split his ass cheeks. It was humiliating, but I got the biggest stinking hard-on of my life.

It wasn't long before I heard the bell that meant some car had pulled into the station. Gary took his time getting up to go out. "Don't move," he said as he left, "and don't make any noise."

I couldn't see anything from under the desk, just a supply shelf with some Bardol cans, so I listened real hard. Couldn't hear much either. Some guy grunted, "Ten dollars regular." Gary didn't say a word. There was the sound of metal connecting with metal as the gas pump nozzle hit the car's tank. Then the pump dislodging. The car starting up. Gary's heavy boots heading back toward the office.

He came in and stood dead in front of where I was crouched. I noticed then that he had real bodybuilder's legs, sharp contours stretching the jeans tight around his thighs. He was rustling in his pocket. I heard him pull out a cigarette, light a match, and inhale deep. He sat down in the chair and pulled his left foot up on his right knee, putting his dirty black boot a couple of inches from my face...

Guys' boots have gotten me really hot ever since I was in high school. I remember, I was goin' out with this pretty wild girl for a while, Kathleen. She used to give me blow jobs in the local movie theatre, didn't give a shit who saw her. Kathleen had an older brother named Sean, who was about six feet of pure mick muscle. Sean was 24 then, and there was always a different 16 or 17-year-old girl sitting in his car waiting to get broken in. He never worked at any job that I knew about, but once when Kathy and I were hangin' around his apartment, I saw a gun.

Sean was a bastard to most people, but for some reason he liked me. One thing Sean knew was cars. He could've been a crack mechanic, if he'd felt like workin'. Sometimes he'd give me a hand fixing up my Mustang. This one time, my flywheel went and I didn't know shit about transmissions, so Sean came to the rescue. My folks didn't have a garage, so we had to work out in the open driveway. That wouldn't have been so bad, except as soon as we got the car jacked up, it started pourin' rain. "Fuck it," Sean said, "we'll work on it anyway."

We had to tear apart the whole transmission just to get at the damn flywheel. My part of the job was to hold the driveshaft and bellhousing steady, while Sean replaced the wheel. For almost two hours I was lyin' on my back with rain drippin' down, and Sean's size-10 black Frye harness boots stuck in my face. The drive shaft was sitting right on my crotch and I was going crazy with the sweaty smell of his wet boots in my face, and the feel of my cock pinned beneath that hot metal rod.

I almost didn't hear him when he gave the order: "Hold on to my feet," he told me. I almost shit. Could he be reading my mind? If he could, I figured Kathy would be in for a surprise— BOYFRIEND SHOT WITH BROTHER'S GUN. "Hold onto my feet," he said again. "I need more leverage to pull this sucker out."

"Like this?" I asked as I took hold of both his boots in my hands.

"Yeah," he answered. "Grab my boots. You gotta hold on tight. If I slip, this thing could hurt us both pretty bad and the car won't be worth shit.

I thought I'd shoot the second I touched the smooth black leather of those boots I'd been sniffin' for hours. But it was a couple of minutes later, while I was straining to hold them steady and he was kickin' around for a better grip, that my cock silently exploded into my jockey shorts. I had been fuckin' his sister for two years, but those two hours with Sean and his boots were worth a whole lot more...

All that thinking about Sean was gettin' me real boot-hungry, and I moved my face a little closer to Gary's big black ones. He must have felt me move, 'cause he shouted, "What the fuck are you doin' down there?"

"It's your boots, man," I told him, "they're in my face." His foot immediately shot out and pinned my neck to the back of the desk.

"Listen asshole, I've seen you eyeballin' those shitkickers all day. Now get over here and take a real close look at them." He withdrew his boot, and brought it back up across his other knee. I didn't need another order. I stuck my face out from under the desk. Gary laughed and grabbed the back of my head, shoving me down hard. The fuckin' boot was filthy. On top of the dirt, motor oil, and old boot polish caked up on it, he must have spilled some gasoline from the last car. I breathed in and got high off the combined smells. I felt him squeeze the toe of his boot right up against my mouth, and I guessed that that was his signal to start licking. I lapped at the dirty leather, and rubbed my face in it. Then I ran my tongue all around the welt.

Gary started gettin' real interested at this point. I sucked at the tops some more, pressing hard so I could feel his sweaty foot beneath the leather. That's when I noticed Gary pulling at his crotch. I was proud to be getting this hard guy's dick excited. I took the whole toe of the boot into my mouth, and gave it a blow-job, just like it was a cock. He was moaning and telling me to deepthroat his boot. With my hands tied behind me, it was gettin' hard to keep my balance, and I fell forward, driving the boot all the way into my mouth. Gary pulled the boot out when he saw me choking, and placed the bottom of it against my face.

"Now lick the fuckin' sole clean," he demanded. Starting with the heel, I licked every inch. When I finished, he put his foot down.

"Buddy, you are low, really low," he told me. From then until closing, 1 stayed under the desk, sniffing at his boots—and cleaning them off every time he came back from filling up another car.

At about 10:30, Gary started packing the place up. Cash in the small safe, credit card receipts in the lock box—he did it all pretty fast. By 11 the pumps were closed and the outside lights off. I heard him roll down the two garage doors and that was it—just him and me, locked in the gas station.

He called for me to come into the garage. I managed to get out from under the desk, but standing up was a problem. I must've been taking too long, because Gary came into the office and hauled me up by the back of my shirt. I headed into the garage fast.

It was pretty dark with the garage doors closed. A single dim light hung in the back over the tool table. While I looked around, Gary untied my hands. He spun me around and caught me off guard with a slap to the face.

"One rule, asshole." He slapped me again. "The minute you tell me to stop, I stop." He was switching off now, slapping me



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first with his left hand, then with his right. "But if you tell me to stop, that's it. You're finished." He kept up the beating and I had to back off. He followed me and his goddamn hands kept hitting

"You say stop-no more cock. You walk." By this time, he had me backed up against the wall. My face was red. It stung. My dick stung too, like it was on fire from his blows.

"One more thing," he said, slapping me again, "I like a man to take his punishment quietly." That brought the hardest slap yet. "No screamin', you got that?"

"Yes, Sir," I answered. I had been ducking, trying to avoid the slaps, but now I stood up straight and stuck my face out for more. I wanted him to see that I would go any distance. He was surprised but pleased, and let go with a final barrage that knocked me silly.

When he finished, he grabbed me and brought us nose to nose. "You're okay, buddy, he said, looking me straight in the eye. "You're tough and I appreciate that. We're gonna have a great time.'

My chest was heaving from the beating. I was completely out of breath. Gary stepped back and hopped up on the hood of a car that was in for repairs. He unbuttoned his levis and hauled out an enormous cock. I wanted that cock so bad my mouth was aching, but I didn't move. Not until he finally said: "Go ahead, you earned it." I blew it slowly, moving it in and out of my mouth. It tasted good, it smelled good, and I knew that I'd do anything for the guy that was feeding it to me.

After only a couple of minutes, Gary pulled out and stuck his dick back into his levis.

"You need a break, buddy," he said. He was right. "You want a beer?"

"Yeah."

He went to a refrigerator on the far side of the garage. It was dingy white, with greasy handprints all over it. Gary pulled out two bottles of Bud and threw one over to me. I caught it, twisted off the cap, and drank about half the bottle in one gulp.

Across the garage, Gary pulled a joint from his jacket pocket, placed it between his lips, and lit it. I chugged the rest of my beer and watched him smoke.

"You scared?" he called out. I looked around at the locked doors, the heavy metal tools lying around, and Gary standing there in the almost-dark.

"Yeah," I answered, "a little."

"Good. Get over here."

I walked around the old Buick that stood between us. He offered me the joint.

"Finish it," he commanded. The dope took hold pretty fast. When I finished, he told me to take off my shirt. I threw it behind him, on the refrigerator.

"Lie down," he said, "on your belly."

I dropped to my hands and knees and then lowered myself slowly onto the concrete. There was motor oil and grease all over the place. Gary's boot stomped down on my back, knocking the wind out of me. He kept grinding down on my back, pinning my chest to the floor. It was like a tease and a torture. The pressure and the grease felt great on my pecs, but the grit and rough concrete rubbed them raw.

He told me to stand up. I did and he went right for my nipples. They were already sore, but he pinched and pulled at them till they ached like hell. I had to bite my lip to keep from yelling. He had told me to keep quiet, and I wasn't going to pussy out on him

Finally, he let go and walked over to the workbench. He came back with a set of jumper cables and made sure that I got a good look at them. They had red and black rubber grips and sawtoothed clamps. This was gonna hurt like a motherfucker.

"I'm clamping these onto your pecs, asshole," he said. "You can take them off any time you want. But if they come off before I tell you to-that's it.'

He opened both clamps and bit them into my chest at the same time. I gasped and bent forward with the pain.

"Stand up straight!" he ordered.

I did. And then I wanted to show him, to prove that I could 30 DRUMMER

take it. So I flexed my pecs. The cables bounced and the jagged heads bit in even deeper.

"Yeah, man," Gary encouraged me, "flex 'em some more." And I did. I even started grooving on the pain. Getting off on the feeling of that metal eating into the meat of my chest. My cock had been hard since I was down humping the floor. Now I just about shot in my jeans. Gary must have noticed, 'cause he told me I could pull it out.

It felt good to have my dick free. I stroked it and flexed my pecs at the same time.

"Yeah, man," Gary moaned, "beat your meat!"

He slipped off his leather jacket while he watched me. His chest was fuckin' massive. He grabbed the other end of the cables and clamped them down on his own pecs. Then he flexed, like some wild-ass bodybuilder going through a posing routine. I dropped to my knees to watch. Here was one of the hottest studs I'd ever seen, showin' me that he could take exactly what he dished out. Like a football coach who puts himself through the team's program-just so you know he's for real. I got hypnotized watching Gary pop out his chest, so hypnotized that I nearly forgot the biting sensation in my own.

I stood up. I could see that his pecs were starting to bleed a little from the strain. I bent forward to lick his chest. First lapping up the trickle of blood, then lightly licking all around the clamp. Gary pulled out his cock and we both beat off like crazy. I lost control and shot-shot so high it splattered both our chests with come.

Then something hit me.

I went out cold.

When I woke up, my arms were secured high over my head. Tied together by a chain attached to a hoist in the ceiling. Gary was leaning against the Buick, smoking a cigarette.

"It's about fuckin' time you came to," he barked across the room. He threw down his cigarette, walked over and took my chin in his hand. "I didn't tell you to shoot, did I?"

"No, Sir."

"Then why did you do it?"

"I couldn't help..." Before I could finish, he drew back and sunk a right to my gut.

"For the next ten minutes, you're gonna be my punchin' bag, fucker.

He assumed a boxer's stance in front of me and started jabbing, lightly at first, at my chest and upper arms. The blows were completely unpredictable. There was no chance to avoid them, so I learned to like them. Waited to hear the sound of bare knuckle connecting with muscle. He stepped up the pace, dancing around. Hitting to the left, then to the right. Then eight rapid-fire punches to my right arm, directly on the bicep. I was getting out of breath, but he was just getting started.

A light suddenly came on in the outside office, and Gary stopped dead. I saw a tall, broad shadow in the doorway. It was Bobby.

"What the fuck's goin' on here, Gar?" Bobby asked. "I

thought this guy was a friend of yours." "He's a goddamn cocksucker," Gary replied. Bobby moved closer, but slowly, like he wasn't real sure if he should.

"So rough him up a little, I'll help ya, but don't string him up like that. It's weird, man."

"He likes it."

"What!'

"Yeah, he likes getin' hit too," Gary told him, slamming into my side. "Tell him how much you like it, shithole."

"Yes, Sir," I shouted, "I love it, Sir."

"Holy shit," Bobby said.

"He'll do anything I tell him," Gary said, pausing, "and anything that you tell him." Bobby just stood there like he couldn't believe it.

"You want a piece of this?" Gary challenged him.

"I don't know, buddy," Bobby hesitated. "I'm a little too drunk to do much fighting."

'That's okay. Here, help me get him down." The two of them' lowered the hoist and Gary unlocked the chain from around my

wrists. Bobby moved away a little. He looked kind of nervous.

Gary told him to relax, and told me to get them both some beer. I went to the refrigerator, got them each a Bud, and waited for instructions.

"Watch this," Gary laughed. "Get down and lick his boots." I knelt and buried my face deep in Bobby's shiny black Frye boots. The same ones I'd watch take every step across the station lot earlier that night. I heard Bobby say, "Don't make him do that."

"Man, don't be crazy. He loves it."

"Yeah?"

"He'll have wet dreams about your big stud boots for weeks." Bobby laughed nervously. "No shit."

"You wanna get high?" Gary asked.

"I don't know, I'd better get going."

"Come on man, do a little dope. We can have some real fun with this cocksucker." Bobby didn't say anything, but I heard a match light and the sound of him drawing on a joint, so I figured he was gonna hang around. I did my part, making love to his boot with my tongue and my face. He must've gotten a bootshine just before his date, 'cause they had the sharp smell of newly polished leather. Even if Bobby had tried to leave, he would've found me draggin' ass after him.

"You wanna see something?" Gary asked him after they finished the joint.

"Sure," Bobby answered, getting into the whole thing now. Gary had him jump up on the trunk of the Buick. That left Bobby with his boot propped up on the back bumper. Then Gary told me to repeat the boot trick that I'd shown him in the office. This time it was easier to get more of the boot in my mouth. The tapered toe slipped in real nice and soon I had swallowed it almost down to the instep. I could taste the sole and feel his foot squirming inside the boot in my mouth.

"Where did you find this guy?" Bobby asked, while I gave his boot a blow-job. "Where did you find this fuckin' pig?"

Gary laughed hard. "Man, this is nothing. Wait till you see some of the crazy shit I can make him do."

"Oh, yeah?" Bobby was really hooked now. "Like what?" I heard Gary whispering something, but I couldn't make anything out from down on the floor. Suddenly Bobby yelled, "Bullshit! No guy in the world would do that!"

"He'll do it, I tell ya."

"Fifty bucks says you're full of it."

"Deal." Gary took the bet, and I had a pretty good idea that he'd win. "Get up, asshole," he said to me. Bobby walked out of the garage and into the office. When we got to the door, Bobby had the phone in his hand.

"What are you doin'?" Gary asked him cautiously.

"I'm gonna call Haynes and invest that fifty bucks in some Thai stick."

"You fuck!" Gary punched the phone out of his hand and the two of them cracked up. "Come on," he said, "let's do this thing now." They led me outside and around to the back of the station. It had been air-conditioned inside, and the heat hit hard.

Bobby pulled out a key and unlocked the men's room door. he shoved me in, then told Gary he was going back to get some beer. Gary switched on the light. Everything was white, except for the grey-green doors on the two stalls that stood at the back of the room. There were two stand-up urinals to the right, and two sinks to the left.

Gary led me to the middle of the room and grabbed me by the neck.

"I want you to do me proud, cocksucker." I was concentrating so much on what he said that I didn't see him draw back his right fist. It connected, and I doubled over. "If you don't, you're dead meat."

Bobby came in carrying a six-pack and sat it on the sink. He handed a bottle to Gary and cracked one open for himself. The two of them were really high. I could tell by the clumsy way they downed their beers. Gary pushed me back up against the wall with the urinals. He started to say something to me, but stopped. He turned to Bobby. "No," he said, "you tell him."

Bobby walked over to me. He didn't put a hand on me. Just stood about two inches from my face. I could smell the beer and pot on his breath. "My buddy says that you'll drink piss. I say he's full of shit." He belched and I got a blast of cigar fumes and Italian food in my face. "What do you say?"

I didn't say anything. I would've paid this guy a hundred bucks for the privilege of drinking his piss—but I wasn't gonna tell him that.

"See," he told Gary. "He won't do it." He chugged the rest of his Bud and went for another. Gary came over and punched me again. I fell into the cold, slick urinal.

"Open your mouth," he ordered me. I didn't. He slapped me. Hard. I kept it shut. He slapped me again, harder. He attacked with slap after slap, until I couldn't take it anymore and opened my mouth. Gary told Bobby to come closer. He took a swig of beer and unbuttoned the fly of his levis.

"Come on," he told Bobby, "pull yours out." Silently, Bobby unzipped his pants and hauled out a beautiful 8-incher. I sat back in the urinal and looked up at the two big dicks, and the two fuckin' hot men, and waited. Gary ordered me to pull out my own cock, so Bobby could see how much I was getting into things. Bobby was surprised when he saw my boner standing straight up.

"Hell, he can't wait for it," he said.

"Well give it to him." Gary let loose with a stream of piss that hit the back of the urinal, and then my face before he aimed it directly into my mouth. Bobby started out with a trickle that landed on my crotch, then exploded a jet of steaming piss dead center in the back of my throat. I opened my mouth as wide as I could.

"Look at him!" Bobby yelled, pissing harder. "He's really doin' it, he's really drinking my fuckin' dirty pisswater!"

The two of them had been drinking a lot, and the streams kept flying. I drank as much as I could, as fast as I could, but some of the stinking yellow liquid overflowed and cascaded down my chest and onto my cock. I couldn't hold out anymore and started beating off like crazy. Gary finished pissing and started beating his meat too. Bobby kept his water running, but looked over at Gary.

"What are you doin'?"

"Man, look at that pig, he's soaked with our piss. I'm gonna shoot my load all over his face."

Bobby stopped pissing and started pumping. The three of us were stroking our cocks like men possessed. Gary, who had started first, shot first. All over my face, just like he promised. Bobby must have been carrying a week's worth of load, 'cause when he shot it came in four huge spurts. One soaked my hair, another hit my face, and two of them landed on top of the pool of piss in my mouth. I couldn't hold out. I shot, and my come arched back and splattered my chest. I was soaked in come and I was breathing like I'd just run a marathon. I closed my eyes.

The rest of the night was more beer, more dope, and more loads of piss and come while the two of them traded me back and forth. Around four in the morning, Bobby started to sober up. He took off real quick, like he suddenly realized what he had gotten into.

That was okay with Gary. He told me that he'd been waiting to fuck me all night, but he didn't want to do that with his buddy around. So he tossed he over the hood of the Buick and raped the hell out of my ass...

It was dawn when I finally climbed back on Gary's bike.

I'd rinsed off as best I could using the bathroom sink. My ass was full of come. My belly full of piss. Gary drove me to a diner just off Route 80. He handed me fifty bucks when I stepped down off the bike.

"Here," he said, "it's yours." He kick-started the bike and peeled out of the parking lot.

I went inside the diner, where it was nice and cool. I ordered a breakfast special—two eggs scrambled, bacon, toast, fries, orange juice and coffee. I looked out the window a while, and then checked out the selections on the juke box...



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tight and hairy with short curly ones that crept back under his balls and up his asscrack and just peeked out above his cheeks. He reminded me of my uncles in that way, and it was one of the things that turned me on to him, but my uncles were bigger men, and they had straight dicks. Rudy had a seven-incher that curved to the right. You had to be at right angles to him to swallow the fucker, and if I was getting fucked by it, I'd lie on my side, he'd lift one of my legs, straddle the other and poke it to me that way...that is, if I wanted to feel that fat rammer massaging my prostate, and I sure as shit did.

We used to cut together, and at noon break we'd throw each other a fuck. Knowing Rudy was a wham-bam-thank-youasshole fucker, I had to do all the foreplay for both of us. I'd pull his drawers down, bend him over a fallen treetrunk, spread those round cheeks, and get my face in there. I'd lick and lap and suck and chew and fuck my tongue in that puckered Armenian hole till I wanted a rammer up my ass as bad as he did. Then I'd soak down his dick and my chute with spit and let him stick it to me. About twenty good pumps and I'd feel his hot load shooting up my butt. As soon as he caught his breath, I'd turn him back over the log, stuff my nine-incher into his wet, warm asshole and give him a nice leisurely fuck.

One Monday morning I was so fucking hot, I didn't think I'd last till noon without my dick shattering in my pants. I couldn't look at Rudy's bulging crotch or his round fuck-me ass without my rammer actually aching. I started telling Rudy about a heavy hour-long jack-off session I'd given myself Saturday night.

He said, "You know, I can't jerk off."

I didn't know what to say. I was shocked. It was like having a man you've been running marathons with turn to you suddenly and say, "You know, I can't walk."

I later figured out that the reason Rudy couldn't jack off was because he'd never had to. His older brothers were fucking him before he could come. And as soon as he could come, he was fucking his brothers. Unlike me, who had a good six months of jerking off before I started gang-fucking with my dad and uncles, Rudy had no sexual memory of masturbation. To him, jacking off was sex by default rather than a legitimate sexual experience of its own. And apparently he'd never had to go too long without an accomodating asshole close at hand. Also, Rudy was lacking in imagination.

It was painful after that to look at Rudy. It was like looking at a man who was less than complete, who had been deprived of some vital organ or something. To me, living without being able to whack off was missing one of life's great glories.

I decided I had to remedy Rudy's handicap. I took him to my cabin for a long weekend and set up a series of lectures and training exercises. I explained that he had to think of his cock as a separate personality, like a stud who could give him pleasure. I told him he should make dates with it, talk to it, tease it, promise it a good time and, when it was ready, tell it to go fuck itself until it was begging to get off.

I tied him to a post with only one arm free and put on some 8mm stag flicks. I sucked his fat nuts and crooked dick to the point of coming, and then I quit.

"Beat that fucker, Rudy, beat that fucker off! Shoot that load all over your fist, you horny fuck, you!"

He blasted his first solo hand job all over my face and chest. His eyes lit up like he'd just solved his first algebra problem. I gave him a standing ovation, and we split a couple of beers.

But we had a whole weekend to really cement his transition to a solo artist. I kept his dick so hot and on the edge he couldn't keep his hands off it. I force-marched him with a butt-plug up his ass. I reamed his ass with dildos till his prostate was a pulp. I circled his shaft with cockrings. I spread his nuts with ballstretchers. I strapped and wrapped his scrotum till the skin on his cock was so taut, all he had to do was stroke the underside of his dick with one finger to send a wad of come flying across the cabin. His tits and nipples were so sensitive from clips and clothespins, a fingernail across one would raise that crooked dick of his right up to his belly.

Rudy was a great student. By the end of the weekend, you'd 36 DRUMMER

think he'd discovered America!

When people gravitate to each other, it's sometimes not until later that they realize they have a basic mutual characteristic. Now, as I said, I'm a bit of a loner, but it turns out Rudy was downright antisocial. It seems the only need he ever had of people was that they had warm, wet places for him to stick his dick. Now that I had taught him how to whack it off, he had no need of people whatsoever.

He was pulling on that bent shaft every chance he got. There was no stopping him. At noon break I'd have to go looking for him. I'd find him spread out behind a tree with his shirt open and his pants down, pinching his nipples with one hand and pulling on his bent prong with the other.

One day he said, "Take your dick out, Manny. Let me whack it off for you."

I figured that was an improvement at least—including a second party in his whack sessions. But all he wanted was a fist full of my jism he could use to stroke his shaft. He didn't give a shit about me or my dick.

Rudy's wasn't the only piece of ass at the camp, and there were a couple of guys just waiting for the okay to stuff my butt, but to tell the truth, I'd grown accustomed to the taste of Rudy's ass and the feel of that Armenian boomerang sliding down my throat or jabbing into my prostate. I decided to read him out one noontime when I found him whacking it behind a tree.

"Listen, Rudy, you know I think whacking off is great. Otherwise I wouldn't have taught you how, right? But whacking off isn't ALL there is. In fact, ONLY whacking off just ain't healthy. It's bad for you." I got heavy. "Man is a social animal by nature, and sex is one of the great mediums of social interaction. People should get off TOGETHER... at least some of the time. So what do you say to cutting down on your jerking off to every other day, and every OTHER day you and I will get back to throwing each other a fuck noontime. What do you say?"

He didn't say anything for a while. I figured he was weighing the wisdom of what I said. He was looking up at the sky and pounding his meat. Then he said:

"I'm sorry, Manny. I wasn't listening. I was thinking of how it would be to whack off at the top of that pine over there. What did you say?"

"Nothing, Rudy. Forget it. Fuckin' forget it."

That Friday, Rudy asked me to meet him after work and help him with some stuff in his pickup before he drove down the mountain to his cabin. At the truck he stripped down to nothing but his workshirt. He put on a cockring and a ball-stretcher. He had me attach the ball-stretcher to the accelerator with a nylon cord. Then he put an alligator clip on each tit and had me attach one to the brake and one to the clutch. I didn't believe what I was doing.

He says, "Manny, there's a butt-plug and some grease in the glove compartment. Grease it up, and stick it up my ass, will you?"

His dick was resting hard as crystal against the steering wheel and oozing like a bastard.

I said, "Rudy, we won't need grease. I'm gonna rim your ass goodbye because you're never gonna make it down this fuckin' mountain alive."

I pushed the cab seat back as far as it would go and managed to wedge my head in between his ass and the seat. I started licking and poking at his asshole with my tongue, chewing on the coarse, black curlies long enough so I wouldn't need a flossing on the enamels for a week. His asshole's really trying to fuck my tongue now.

"Rudy, that butt-plug would slide home easy on a nice assful of Portuguese come."

"No, Man, you'll make me shoot, and I been saving this load all day. Just slam me the butt-plug."

There was no way Rudy could get the plug out of the compartment without unstringing himself.

"I won't fuck it hard, Rudy, and I'll get it off in twenty seconds. I swear. Besides, no fuck, no butt-plug."

What could he do? I squeezed myself between him and the

seat. I took his shirt off so he was bullocky bare-assed. I spread his cheeks, put the head of my dick right on his wet, soft sphincter and let him slide down on it inch by inch till his cheeks were sitting on my hips and my nuts could feel the spit around his asshole. I put my head back and closed my eyes. I jiggled the clamps on his tits and barely moved my dick around in his ass. I felt him leaning forward and push his ass back like he was trying to squeeze another inch out of my dick. I actually had the sensation of flight...until I opened my eyes and discovered the cocksucker had released the brake and we were moving down the side of the mountain!

"You crazy Armenian shithead, what are you doing?"

He slammed the cab door shut, turned the motor over and threw it into second gear.

"Shut up, you Portugee dickhead, you're in for the fuck of your life!"

"The LAST fuck of my life!"

"The last should be the best. That's an old Armenian proverb."

He was speeding!

"Holy shit, what are you speeding for!"

"When I accelerate, it pulls on my balls."

"Slow the fuck down! I'll pull your friggin' balls for you!"

I'm tall enough that I can see over his shoulder and catch every hairbreadth turn he's making. I'm scared shitless. But I'm HOT! The pickup is bouncing on that rocky, dirt road and slamming my dick into him one second, and the next second his asshole is slamming down around my shaft, grinding his ass into my pelvis. Well, holyfuck, if I'm going to go, I might just as well start grooving on the terror of it.

Rudy must have sensed it because he says, "That's it, Man, relax. Your dick is riding in the luckiest asshole Armenians have ever produced."

We're just about a half mile from his cabin when I can't hold it any longer. I start to feel my prostate quiver. I pull his ass tight up against my hips so the bouncing and slamming is replaced by a powerful, violent vibration.

"Rudy, I'm gonna shoot!"

He lets out a terrific moan, and I can tell the vibration is beating the hell out of his prostate against my dick.

"Let it fuckin' fly," he says.

Just as my come starts surging into his ass, he explodes. It's like I'm watching my own come shoot right through his belly. Three fast, heavy squirts right in a row, and they land right on the inside of the windshield. The Armenian's most likely blind in heat anyway, so what the fuck difference does it make that he can't see out the fuckin' windshield! And we're going faster! His foot's back on the accelerator, pulling on his nuts. The fourth shot of come hits the steering wheel. Now his hands are slipping and sliding on the come-coated wheel, and who knows how the shit we haven't flown off the friggin' mountain already.

"Brake the fucker," I yell in his ear, "brake the fucker!"

And he's still moanin' like a fuckin' virgin in his first orgasm. I pull his leg off the gas and slam my foot on the brake. I hear the alligator clip bounce on the metal floor of the cab. It must have torn his tit coming off. I grab him around the neck to keep him from slamming into the windshield, and we grind to a halt.

We go limp with exhaustion. We're drained. Not just our fuck juices. We're drained of everything: energy, emotion, consciousness even, I think, for a couple of minutes. Then my dick goes limp in that lucky Armenian asshole, and my come is sliding back down onto my nuts. I take a deep breath and lift Rudy's hairy ass from around my dick and hear a little squish as it slips out.

When I open the cab to squirm out from under his weight, I look down about sixty feet into sheer disaster. I move my ass the other way along the seat and get out on the far side.

"Fucking fantastic!" I hear Rudy say, collapsed over the steering wheel...

I just kept walking. I was weak. My knees were shaking. My entire body trembled a bit in the aftermath of the terror, the exhilaration and the orgasm. It took me almost two hours to hike

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it to my cabin. I walked in, collapsed on the sack and slept till daybreak.

My pickup was still up at the camp, so I had to be out on the road early Monday morning to be sure to catch a ride with someone. At the camp I went into the head to take a piss. I opened the door, and there was Rudy, his pants down around his ankles, his shirt open, pullin' on his meat.

"Shit," I said, "I've created a monster," and shut the door. "Manny!"

I opened the door again.

"You pissed off, Man?"

"You almost fuckin' killed us Friday night, you know that?" "I'm sorry, Manny. Honest."

"Sorry!" I said. "Did you learn anything? That's the fuckin' point.

"Yes, I did," he said. "I should have had my nuts tied to the brake instead of the accelerator, and my prick strapped to my gut so I'd shoot over my chest instead of on the windshield.'

"You're a fuckin' lost cause, Rudy.'

"Do me a favor, Manny. Teach me what you know about trapping. Your dad and uncles were the best, you said.'

"Why? So you can be free of everybody, and live like a hermit pullin' on your prick for the rest of your life? No!"

"You are pissed off, ain't you? Come here and let me suck you off."

"Who do you think you're kidding, you fuckin' angling con artist? You don't give a shit about anybody else's dick. You're too busy with your own. Look at you.'

"Come on, take it out. Take it out of your pants. I want to see it. Show me that hot, uncut Portuguese whopper that bashed the shit out of my marble bumpin' down the fuckin' mountain Friday night. Let me see it. I want to suck it off."

He moves his left hand to his dick, opens my fly with his right and pulls out my semi-hard.

"Oh, yeah," he says, "what a fuckin' beauty."

He pinches the foreskin closed over the head of my dick and closes his teeth lightly on the flap locking my dick inside. That really starts to get me hard. The skin is fully stretched now, and my dick is backing up into my gut. Rudy lets go with his teeth, and the head of my pecker pops out of the skin and into his mouth.

But the selfish fucker doesn't give me any head. He just nurses on my dick like it was a tit while he beats his meat. I grab his head in my palms and start fucking his wet, bearded hole. Frig him! I shove my fucker all the way down and piston-fuck his throat, slamming his head into my gut. I feel the juice movin' up, shoot three heavy wads down his gullet, pull out and drop the rest of the load over his beard and chest.

I turn to leave.

"Manny!"

I turn back.

"That was great."

"Fuckin' liar.'

"Will you teach me trappin'?"

"No."

"Manny!"

"What, for Crissake?"

A pause. Then he looks me in the eye.

"You always wanted to pisser me, didn't you?"

I want to say "No," but he knows he's got my attention now. I look at him sitting there practically bare-assed, squeezing his rammer, my come smeared on his beard and chest. I try to sound casual.

"Yeah. So what?"

"Okay. Pisser me. Piss on my nuts and dick while I whack it." "And your gut."

"Okay."

"And your tits."

"And my tits."

"And your beard."

A pause. "And my beard. Then will you teach me to trap?" "And your mouth."

Another pause. "The last squirt. Can you tell when you're down to your last squirt?"

"I can tell when I'm down to my last cc, for Crissake. But you're getting more than a squirt, or no fuckin' deal."

A long pause. "Eight ounces then."

"Fuck you. That's not even a pilsner. A measley mouthful." "A pint then, and that's it!"

"Deal."

If I could paint, I'd paint a picture of his face. He knows he's made a real good deal, but his feeling of triumph can't erase the apprehension written there. "Okay, Manny. Pisser me."

I point my dick at his hand and let go with an easy stream. The piss hits his hand and the head of his dick. He's watching it, fascinated, and I can see as he whacks he likes the warm, wet feel of it. Then I drill his nuts with a hard jet. He shifts his ass forward on the can and pulls his dick to his belly so his nuts will be an easier target for me. He's diggin' this, too. I aim the stream at his naval.

"Some more on my nuts, Manny."

I go back to his nuts for a few seconds, then up his torso to his belly and his tits. His right tit is still raw from the alligator clip Friday night. I drill it. He starts spreading the piss over his body with his free hand. I can see he's surprised by his own reaction.

I move the piss to his come-covered beard, and it makes little waterfalls washing down onto his chest. I stop. He looks at me. He's hot as a bonfire. That's good. He's curious now, and willing. And I've got a lot more than a pint left if he wants it.

I can see his eyes glaze and know he's on the edge of a shoot. My dick's dangling in front of his mouth. I reach down and squeeze his nipples. He jerks like I touched them with branding irons. He looks from my eyes to my dick like a starving whore.

I say, "You like it, pal, don't you?"

"It's hot, man.'

"Lick your lips, Rudy. Lick your beard."

His tongue comes out and licks in some of the piss and leftover come.

"How's that taste, pal?"

"Hot, man. It's hot."

I take his free hand. It's still wet with piss. I separate the middle finger and stick it in his mouth. He sucks it dry.

"You like the taste, pal? It came from the same hole that shot a load down your throat just now, the same hole that shot a load up your beautiful, horny ass Friday night. I'm gonna put that pisshole in your mouth now, Rudy. I'm gonna give you a little taste right from the pisshole, okay, pal?"

"Yeah, man. Give it to me." He's breathless. He opens his mouth.

I've got a semi-hard again. I lay my prick on his tongue. He's like a baby who's never been fed before.

"Close your mouth on it, Rudy. I'm gonna give you a little." He closes his mouth around my prick and looks in my eyes like

I'm about to save his life. I let go a shot and a half, and he swallows it right off the bat.

"How was that, pal?"

He nods, my dick still in his mouth.

"Not so fast this time, pal. I'm gonna give you about twice what I gave you before. Take your time. Hold it in your mouth a while. Taste it. Roll it around on your tongue, in your cheeks, then swallow it slow."

I give him about three ounces of piss. I watch him savor it. His eyelids close. I'm squeezing his nipples. His fist is moving faster on his dick. He swallows. He's in fuckin' heaven. He starts mouthing my dick like he's trying to suck more piss out of it. He opens his eyes and looks at me, asking. I let it move down the canal slow and easy. As soon as it hits his tongue, he closes his eyes again. I've got him now. He's mine. He wants it. He'll drink every last drop of piss I can feed him.

I can feel him whackin' faster now. He starts to shoot his load. I let the piss fo go full stream. He's shootin' and moanin' and suckin' down piss and lovin' it like a fuckin' wino.

Rudy's discovered America again.

guess if I told you I fucked my motorcycle buddy while going close to 100 mph down the road one night, you wouldn't believe it. But it's true. Really. Let me start at the beginning.

I'm a pressman, run the big press that prints the daily newspaper every day. It's hot and heavy work, and I like it. Been doing it for some years now. We all work nights, coming in around 5 p.m. to get out the morning rag.

This one night I came on, there was a new guy on the job, in his mid-twenties I guessed, tall and lanky, legs like steel-coiled springs; the way he moved was quick, powerful, like a just-about grown panther. He'd be a black panther since he had fairly long, shiny black hair, a full head of it, and thick, curly black hair on his arms. His cleanshaven jaw showed a heavy five o'clock shadow. His upper arms bulged real good, not pumped-up, pretty-boy muscles, but firm, long, work muscles; they were like steel cables under the skin of his forearms. All this I observed in the first five minutes, as the foreman took him around showing him the place and introducing him to the men. He had a firm shake. His eyes hesitated a moment as they looked into mine.

I thought *Uh-oh*, but said nothing, going on about my work. We were about to run off some special advertising section to be stuffed inside the regular paper. But his image stuck in my mind much of that night. I was pretty sure mine was flashing around in his thoughts at least some of the time. I sure hoped so. Me? Oh, I'm early thirties, divorced, ex-Marine; played a little football, saw a little action in Nam. Got a kid, with his mom on the Coast. She took him there when we split. I knew I liked to fuck with guys when I got married. Liked to fuck with girls, too, especially her. But she...well, never mind. It's not important. What's important is for a man to do what he's got to do to have a good life, get his rocks off, have some fun.

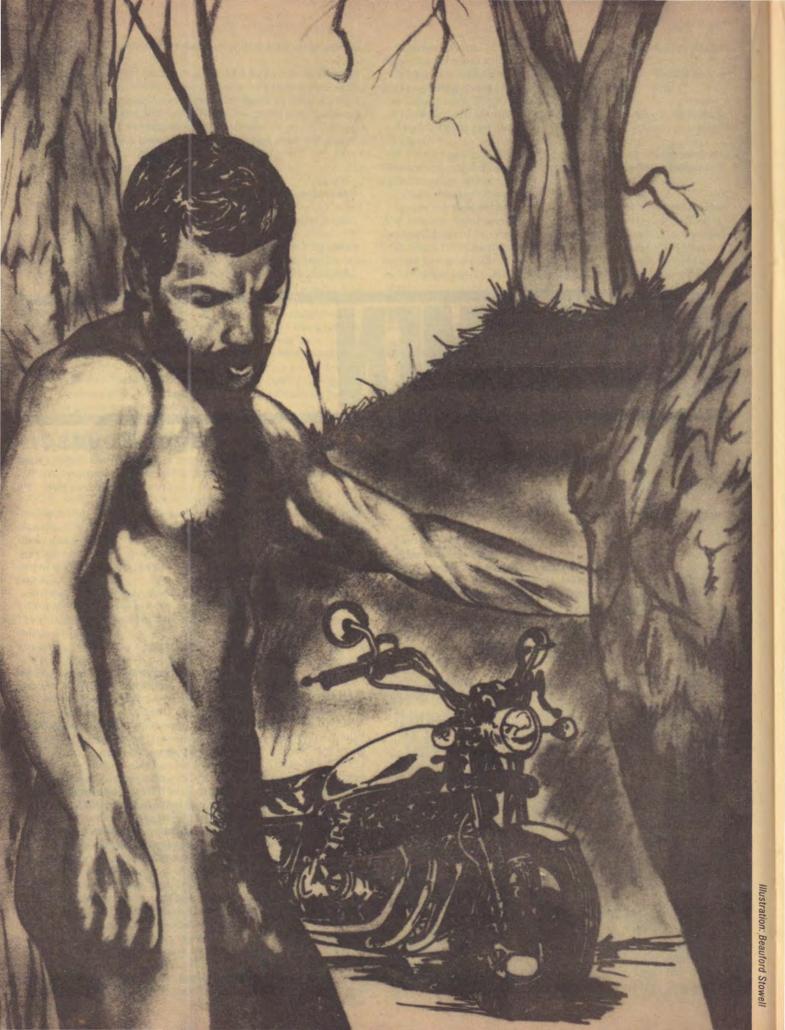
by Roger Tuveso

Things go well for me as long as I can ride my bike, get a little beer and smoke and some contact with a real man when I want it. There's a lot of fun a fella can have if he knows where to look.

I had J.W. (that was the new guy's name, James William) beat a little in the body size department. Outweighed him, and taller by an inch or two. That's not so important so long as you can take care of yourself, and I can, and I was sure he could, too.

Anyway, that night we all did out work, as usual, and the paper got out as usual, and pretty soon it was time to quit and go wash up—change out of the ink-soaked dark green work pants and shirts furnished by the paper, out of their safety shoes and safety goggles. Close up the old locker and split.

I wish I could tell you a hairy, cock-raising tale about J.W. and me in the locker room or shower, but I can't. I didn't know where his locker was and I only saw him a split-second in the shower, down at the far end. He looked real good, that's for sure. Just about like I'd imagined. Hot, soapy water running down his hairy, young body, head thrown back, washing his



hair. One of his hands, all soaped up, slipped down quick as a wink and brushed between the cheeks of his ass. I felt the soft end of my cigar flake off in my mouth when he did that—I'd bitten it in two. I turned to spit it out, and he was gone when I looked back.

Oh, I wish I could tell you we met up at the back door that night, but we didn't. I can truthfully say I went home with a rod as hard as iron in my briefs and lay there and cursed it as I nursed a beer in front of the TV.

I was right glad to get back to work the next night and see old J.W., see if he was as hot a guy the next time around as he'd seemed that first night. He was, every bit. And the next night and the next, too. At the end of the week I was going about my business, locking my locker and heading out to the parking lot, when I saw it. The big Jap bike was parked next to mine under the tree. They were both 1000 cc engines, but mine's a Germanmade shaft-drive. This was chain driven. And who should come sauntering out towards it but old J.W. himself.

We nodded, said something about 'cycles, then fastened the chin straps to our helmets and cranked up. All he said was, "You know anywhere good to ride?"

I nodded, stomped down on the starter, and we headed down the interstate south of town, taking the first exit and crossing over the river bridge to get on the River Road. I like to ride there late at night. It's just farms and fields. The farmers go to bed early and it's real quiet and peaceful.

This was a real nice summer night. The breeze felt good in my face. We took it easy, going two abreast down the dark deserted road for about ten or twelve miles, just cooling out after work. The moon was out full but there were some clouds, so the light kept changing from real bright to real dark. Every once in a while I'd see a wild animal at the edge of the road, eyes reflecting our headlights.

We came to a long, straight stretch of road beside the river and I signaled to J.W. to open her up. We zipped on up to 80 or so real quick, and it was fine. But I didn't want to push it, so I dropped back. Pretty soon he did, too.

I knew a quiet little roadside cafe bar where bikers sometimes go, called The Cabin—good country and western music on the jukebox and not too many folks late at night; I thought we'd stop by there and get a brew. We were riding side by side down the blacktop when we crossed the state line.

I signaled J.W. to slow down, then hit my turn signal and coasted off on a dirt road, passing under some high-voltage power lines. We pulled up in the parking lot of The Cabin and got off, locking our machines. There were only a few cars and one other cycle in the lot.

Pushing the squeaking screen door open, I led the way inside across the bare wood floor, past the jukebox and cigarette machines, and up to the bar where I ordered two beers. The bartender, a young, hunky blond kid, stopped washing glasses long enough to smile and set 'em up and take the money. J.W. followed me over to a booth and we sat down facing each other. Like I said, he was a good-looking stud and easy to be with, so we just kind of sat there, sucking at our beers and enjoying the quiet. I said, "You been in this area long?"

"No, just came up to take this job. I been working south of here."

"Living by yourself?"

"At the Y right now. It's all right, I guess, till I find something better." J.W. got up and paid for two more beers and brought 'em over. His dungarees fit him real good—tight across his slender ass as he walked over to the bar, folded and bulged in their faded softness at the front when he came back.

I was pretty sure he was picking up on my staring, but I figured what the hell, might, as well look. He put his pelvis right up against the table before he set the beers down and I could almost see his cock like I'd seen it in the shower, but not quite, since it was just under the denim held up by what had to be some tight briefs. My heart was beating a little faster. He was wellhung, I remembered. Sometimes a strong, strapping young guy can get cheated in the dick department. Not this one. J.W. was over-endowed if anything. Well, I'd see. In a little while I called out to the bartender to give us a couple of shots of whiskey with another round of beers, just to move things on a bit, and we got to talking motorcycles.

Next thing I knew, we were back outside, mounting up and spinning out of the lot onto the highway. We would have been racing back up the highway if this possum hadn't run right out in front of my wheel before I got up any speed—sent me flying, and I ended up over in a hayfield about ten feet away from my machine. I was okay, but the gas line was busted; the whole tank was leaking out. J.W. was kneeling beside me, asking if I was all right and feeling my legs and arms to see if anything was broken. Nothing was, but his touch felt awful good.

We hid my machine over in a clump of pines and J.W. said, "Come on. I'll give you a ride on a real motorcycle.".

I got on behind him, my crotch right up against his ass, and we started down the highway. J.W. picked up speed and I held on to him tight. He felt hard and strong. And something was going on with his ass. J.W. was getting real hot down there, right in front of my dick, which had been stiff a good long while now. We passed the turn-off road to The Cabin, kept going down the River Road until we reached a rest stop with a view of the river. As he brought the cycle to a stop I glanced down and saw a couple of used condoms lying on the blacktop.

"Looks like some guy's been getting himself a little ass here," I said.

"Sure looks that way," J.W. said, not moving. I'd loosened my hold on his body when he started slowing down, so now my hands were around his waist.

Suddenly I slipped them under his knit shirt and up over his leather belt, feeling his firm belly and going straight for his nipples. I pinched 'em hard. J.W. reared back against my chest and pushed his haunches even harder against my groin. I'd been right all along. At that instant I knew what I wanted.

"Stand up, J.W."

He stood. Still seated behind him, I undid his buckle and pants, sliding them down over his hairy, taut thighs. Taking out my pocket knife, I cut a good sized slit in the ass of the jeans and then I cut his briefs clean off him, throwing them down by the condoms. Then I pulled his dungarees back up, buckling them and whipping out my meat, still as big and hard as it had been for the past hour. I spit in my hand and rubbed it on my red hot cocktip.

"Now, crank her up," I told him, "and sit back real slow." J.W. did as he was told, giving the starter a mighty whomp, revving up the engine. Then he sank down backwards real easy so my cock got in through the slit in the jeans. J.W. breathed through his teeth a couple of times and then sat right back down on top of my cock, just like I wanted him to.

As we pulled slowly out of the rest area, we crossed a drain and water run-off, which caused a couple of great bounces, sending him sliding up and down on my pole. I was in heaven. One of my old dreams come true—riding down the highway on a big fucking bike, fucking a hot young biker! We could have gone anywhere. All anyone could see, unless they looked awful close (and we weren't about to give no one that chance), was a rough young biker sitting with his tough, slightly older buddy close behind him, real close. I went back to the nipple work as we picked up speed. I didn't think I'd be falling off this bike, the way his ass was sucking in my cock. He could hold me on by his own ass power! Oh, he liked the tit work a lot. And then I strayed one hand down over his crotch and kept it there as long as we were riding in the dark.

His big cock was stiff and hard, too. I took it out to give it some night air, then covered it with my hands and used it to steer him. When I wanted him to turn right, I twisted his stick over to the right. J.W. caught on at once. Left meant left, pointing it down meant slow down, up meant accelerate.

I was having a good old time operating the whole shebang from where I was. Every bump or ripple in the road vibrated through my cock in his ass. I wondered what final sensation would send me into shooting. Crossing three sets of railroad DRUMMER 41



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tracks up by the bridge did it.

I pressed down on J.W.'s joystick. He obediently brought the cycle to a halt. We were under the bridge. I jerked him off a little. That's all it took. He came all over my hands, great globs of hot white cream. I wiped most of it on the pine needles of a nearby tree. Then I pushed his big dick way over to the left until the cycle had turned half-circle and we were headed back to The Cabin. I pulled it up against his tight, hard belly and we were flying down the highway; then I tucked it neatly back inside his jeans, leaving the red head somewhere around his hairy navel.

We pulled up on the dark side of the cafe bar, where I zipped up his pants. J.W. rose, my half-hard dick slowly slipping from his hole, all slick and sticky. I wiped it on the side of his levis. He laughed. J.W. seemed to feel great, too, and not to give a damn about going back in the bar with come on his levis and maybe just a little bit of cheek showing through the slit, since his briefs lav back by the river.

The Cabin was a lot busier now. The bar was leather jacket to leather jacket. A few denim jackets were shooting pool at one table. A couple of T-shirted guys dropped quarters in the jukebox, looking up when we walked in, especially noticing I.W., a new face and body, checking him out. We got beers and headed to the backroom, pushing the hanging chains apart as we entered the dark area. Bodies were clumped together in twos and threes back there. From time to time little cries of passion or pain filled the black air.

I felt J.W.'s presence right in front of me. I grabbed that presence against me. He came, willing enough, matching my hardness thigh to thigh. I slipped a finger back between his ass cheeks. He was still wet and hot with my come and his sweat. I took my time figerfucking him. We pressed out mouths together. He tasted good.

Next to us some guy had his face against another guy's rear end. The one getting eaten held his hands up on the wall over his head, bracing himself and moaning low. A well-built, short guy who looked very young was carrying his rolled up jeans under his arm; he came over and sat down right beside us, naked. He just seemed to want to be in our company, nothing more. I gave J.W. a couple of fingers, then three. He stiffened, straightening up. I caught on. Okay, just checking, just wanting to hold his interest. Somebody was geting strapped over in the corner. We could hear the leather against the naked butt. That always gets to me real quick. The whipper was muttering curses and dirty talk at his victim. I guess J.W. got my drift.

Quick as a flash he had my jeans down, his belt out, my stomach bent over a hitching post they have back there. Whap, the belt bit into my flesh. "You scum," he hissed at me. My dick was straight out. The nude young boy crawled over in front of me

"No." I cried.

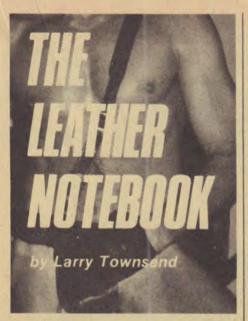
"Let him have it," J.W. ordered in a mean voice. The naked boy sucked me off as the belt reddened by butt. J.W. really laid into me.

I felt my back arching and knew I was coming, maybe like I'd never come before. For the second time within that hour I poured my juice into a dark, open space, this time hearing a scream and then realizing it had come from me.

We had another beer and then J.W. gave me a ride home. I didn't have to ask him in. He followed my every step. We took off our clothes and stepped into the shower together-I finally saw him full and up close in all his masculine beauty. We dried each other off and lay down on my bed.

There was one more thing I wanted that night. Nestled against his chest hair, I licked both nipples, then left a stream of saliva down to his navel. Just below it I encountered my goal, my dream. The hot, firm, rounded edge of his cockhead flared out at least half an inch from his rod. I circled it with my lips and tongue, and went around every millimeter. Then I licked the shaft. Sounds from up at the head of the bed told me I was doing it right ...

We slept against each other until late morning-then it was time to go fix the fuel line on my cycle. **I**



Dear Larry.

I read with interest your response to R or NYC about men into diapers. I'd like to advise you on a couple of points: First, our smaller group of "loners" is becoming less lonely, since this condition stemmed largely from fear of ridicule-a less likely condition as guys become aware of others who share their interests. In addition to Drummer, other major publications have also run articles on the subject. There are now a number of clubs and outlets catering to our interests, a couple being: Diaper Pail Society (DPF), 55 Sutter #457, San Francisco CA 94104 (membership club); Lil' Wrangler Enterprises, 484 Lake Park Ave #36, Oakland CA 94610 (paraphernalia supplier).

Generally, there are three catagories of diaper lovers: guys into watersports who have discovered the warm convenience of diapers and plastic pants vs. wet clammy jeans; men whose fantasies relate to a total regression to an infantile, "baby" state; daddies/diaper boys, i.e., guys into milder forms of SM who use the diaper as a form of punishment/humliation. The largest number of guys probably fall into this latter category.

C.T., Washington, D.C.

Dear C.T.,

Thanks for sharing your expertise with us. I know you were the one who invented the diaper "hankie code" as a tongue-in-cheek remark in an earlier Drummer article, but I have seen a couple of guys actually using it. Maybe your scene is even more popular than you realize.

Dear Sir.

I am 34 years old, and I met a great guy. Started going out with him and things were (are) going well except that he likes his tits squeezed, and he trys to pat my butt. You see, I love SM; I have leather. I was wondering if I should get tit clamps for him, also start playing (lightly) some | my position? I don't want to lose my Mas-

scenes with him? Or should I just wait and see. His fantasy is to get fucked by a guy (me) in chaps.

Dizzy in Leather (NYC)

Dear Dizzy.

What's your problem? If you're into leather, and if you like SM, why do you even hesitate? It sounds to me as if you've found exactly what many of our readers are breaking their asses to find. And if his "patting your butt" means he'd like to use those clamps on you... well, why not just ride the whirlwind?

Dear Larry,

I need to know something. Why is it that you (and Drummer) don't mention NYC clubs and other leather-related activities in this area? You mention San Francisco clubs and bars, even clubs in the South. I am a club member, and while admire your efforts and those of Drummer-in fact I wish there were more of you around-I don't understand why you neglect us.

Ron S, NYC

Dear Ron,

You must have missed a couple of issues, because I've certainly had things to say about GMSMA, The Mineshaft, etc. I've also seen articles in Drummer that covered NYC events. However, you must remember that in my case, I respond to letters I receive, and don't determine where they come from. Drummer, being an international magazine, has to cover events all over the world. If you really want more exposure in your area, why not make sure the editors know about them far enough ahead to arrange for coverage? We are, of course, based on the West Coast, and have to depend on our friends and correspondents to tip us off about the hot and interesting activities in their locales.

Dear Mr. Townsend:

With the permission of my Master I am writing for your advice. My Master thinks that I should be totally shaved. We have a good relationship and I have never refused him anything he wanted to do to me or use me for, except on this one issue. I have an extremely hairy body. My Master is not particularly hairy, and he believes that slaves should not be permitted hair on their bodies, which he maintains is the sign of a Master. I do not believe that hair means anything except that is the way I am. He wants to take me to a Master Barber, where I will be totally shaved, even my head. Afterward, my Master wants to keep my body clean (of hair).

I have tried to be a good slave, and want to please my Master. However, I don't agree with him that I need to be shaved. What advice would you give to a slave in ter, but I don't want to lose my hair, either.

Hairy, but Sincere

Dear Hairy.

You write, claiming to be a slave; yet your mental attitude is not in keeping with that title. A slave obeys his Master, even when he doesn't want to obey. He doesn't whine: he doesn't protest; and he certainly doesn't argue. If you're just an M, playing at being a slave, that's a different story. That is the fundamental choice you have to make.

Dear Larry,

I know that catheters up to FR30 are regularly sold by various specialty stores and mail order businesses. But I recently read an article that indicated they go up to FR45. Is it possible for the usual suppliers to get them in this size, or is it a restricted item? I'd also like to know if they are made without a hole in the business end, or at least with a smaller hole, but still with a hollow tube. Of course, I can't find any kind of catheter on the home market. R.J., England

Dear R.J.,

To properly answer your question, let's first take a quick look at the definition of the word "catheter." The term applies to any flexible or solid tube used to draw fluids from any part of the body. The FR numbers are merely the French system. by which the diameter of the catheter is measured in metric increments. The regular latex catheters, sold by most businesses that cater to the "kink" market, go from FR8 (the smallest) to FR52. However, somewhere along the line (usually somewhere in the 20's), the suppliers and manufacturers change the nomenclature in their catalogues from "urinary catheter" to "rectal tube." Yet the shape of the item is the same, or almost the same. It simply has a larger length and diameter as the numbers get bigger. Since an FR30 catheter is about as big around as your little finger, there aren't many dicks that can accommodate it, and most medical catalogues label it as a rectal tube (or rectal catheter).

To specifically answer your questions: Yes, FR45 is available, but most places don't carry it, because it's "in the middle" vis-a-vis urinary/rectal use. I've never seen a catheter without a hole at either end, but then it wouldn't be a catheter. would it? The size of the holes will vary from one manufacturer to the other, but if you're going to get this specific you'd better make friends with a surgical supplier, who has the time and interest in finding your exact desire.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.)

DRUMMER 43



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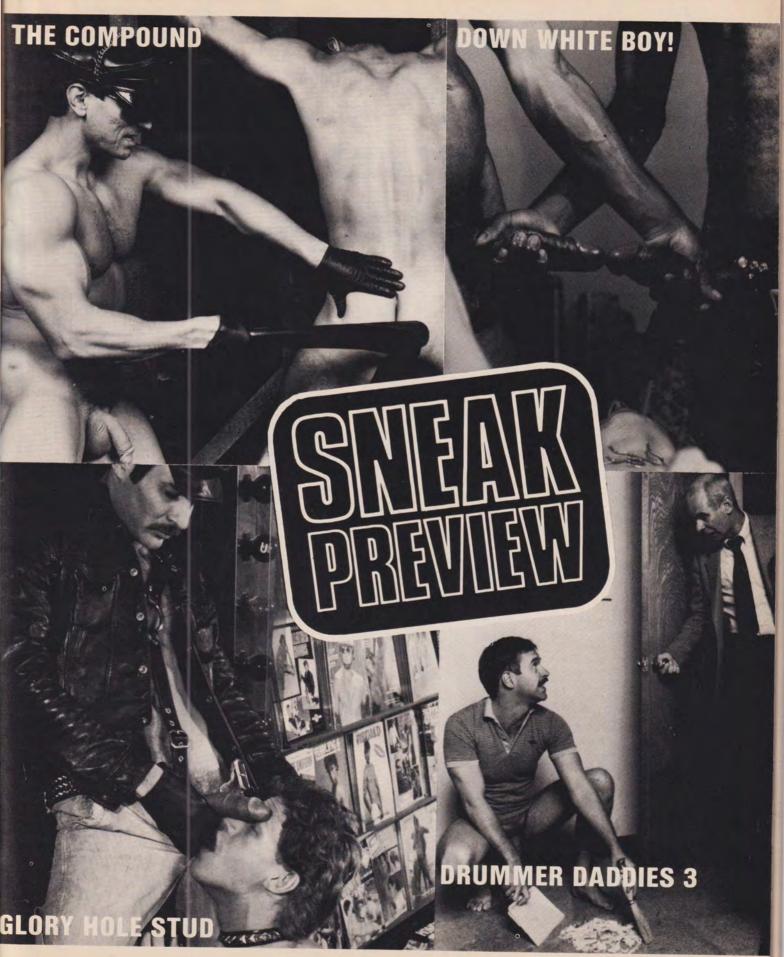
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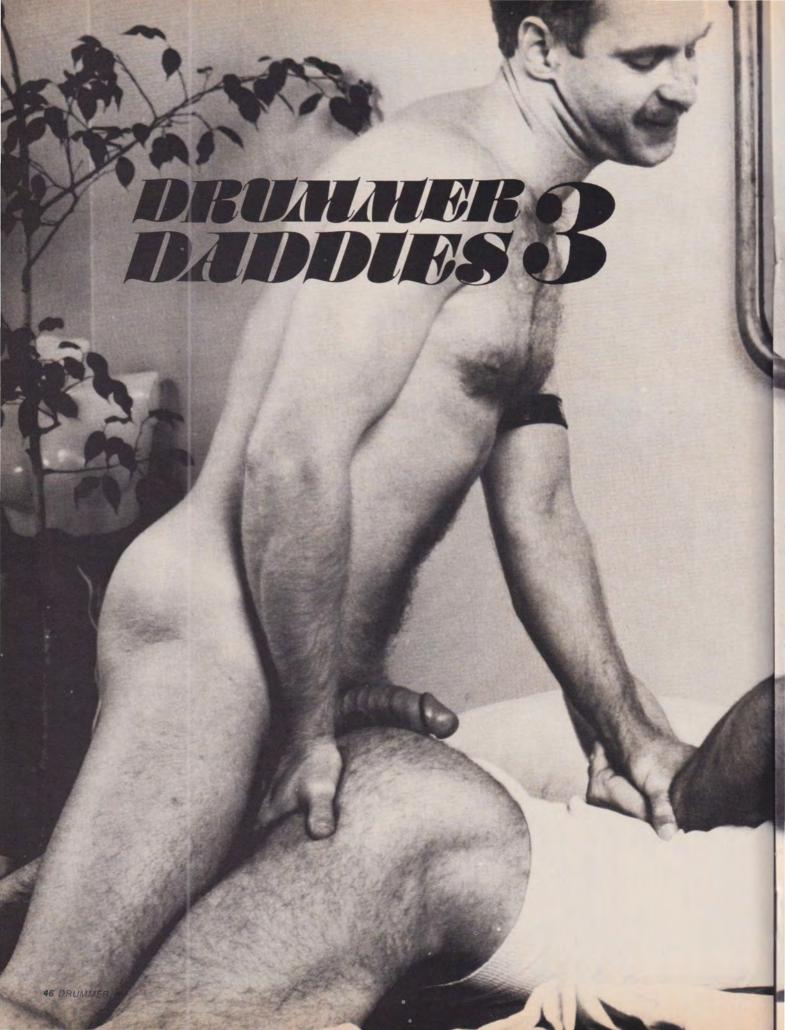
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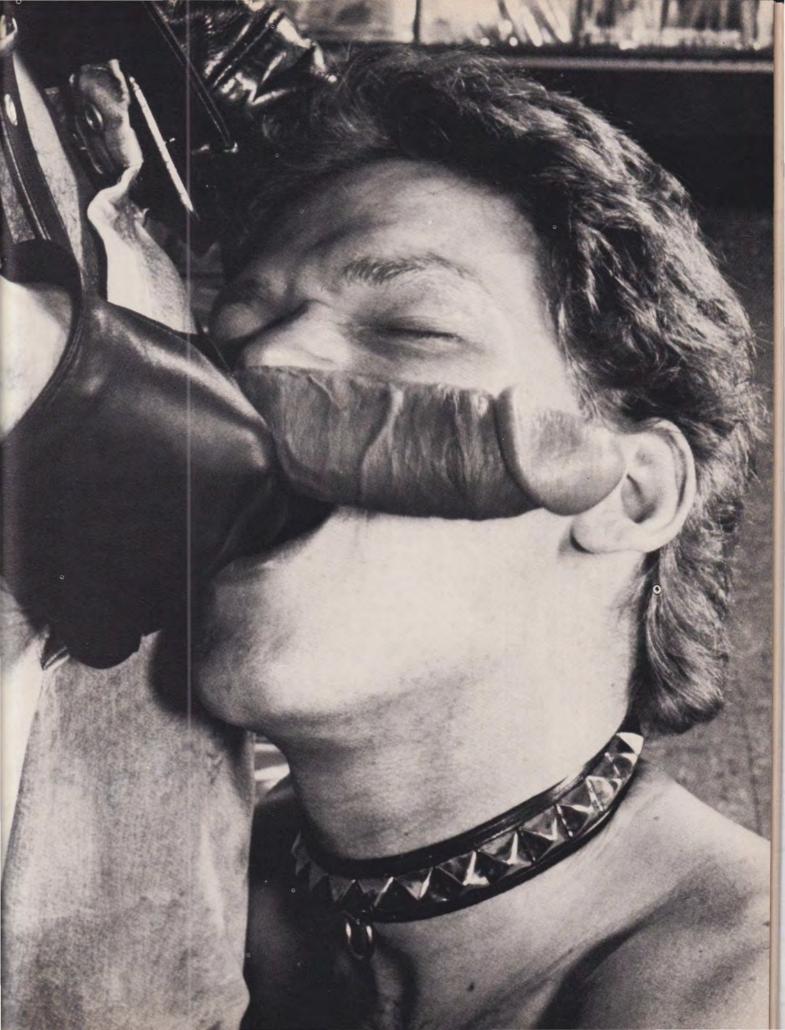
DRUMMER DADDIES 3, we suppose, could be called "Sons of DRUMMER DADDIES"—and may well be if Robert Payne has his say. A collection of all-new pictures and experiences from all over on the biggest phenomenon of the '80s. Nothing DRUMMER has ever done has produced more mail or had a bigger reaction. The first DRUMMER DADDIES, along with DRUMMER DADDIES 2, were complete sell-outs with only remainder returns still available. Care to submit your case history? \$6 cover, pre-publication price \$4.95.



GLORY HOLE STUD

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AN AFTERNOON AT THE PLEASURE PALACE fulfills a fantasy or two for most of us. Two well-hung hunks have an encounter among the movie machines and the video games at the dirty book store. With pornstar Ed Wiley and Chris, who won "The Biggest Dick in San Francisco" award, the results are electrifying. Ed puts Scott through his paces and finds there is very little that the young hung blond won't do for him. Photography by Jim Wigler, dialogue by Robert Payne. \$8 cover, pre-publication price \$5.95.





THE COMPOUND has been longer in the compiling than any project we have ever done. All of the material from The Quarters had to be redone with new material and new people. As an established discipline training establishment, The Compound has seen many recruits well turned-out. It features Brutus as head D.I., whose recording of The Compound Tape Interrogation has proven to be a runaway best seller. It will make a better man of you. \$8 cover, pre-publication price \$5.95.

(act

Photo by JIM WIGLER

DOWN WHITE BOY!

DOWN, WHITE BOY! was previewed in the last issue of DRUMMER and is now available. With photography by MaleExpress, it depicts a blond surfer who agrees to be a slave to two black bucks, partially to atone to himself for the doings of all their ancestors over a century before. He serves and serves and serves, and you will come and come and come. \$8 cover. HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50¢ PER WORD!

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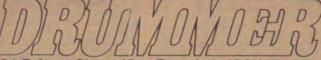
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membership-newsletter send SASE for info. Box 3902

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MASC W/M WANTS SAME

Military, cops-cycle/mounted/trooper, athletes, cowboys, truckers, airlines, linemen, outdoorsmen...teens-? uniforms...no rough/dirty...Jack, (803)736-2213.

QUEBEC CITY, CANADA WM, 34, 5'8" 170 lbs wants to make friends in Central-U.S.A. and on the West Coast where I'll bike in '84. Interested in SM, cBT, TT, boots, BD, ass-play. Mainly M looking for top friend. Also interested in contacts with same from N.E.-U.S.A. and Canada. Box 3984

ANIMAL SUITS Animal costume, transformation scenes (not beastiality). Am I the only one? Serious only, please. Box 3988.

ALABAMA

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

In Mobile, AL. We want to show you some Southern Hospitality that General Grant never saw. Two Real Men. Both 36; one blonde/ blue, beard and a hefty 8" uncut solid log sticking out from his 6'2" frame; The other 6'1" 170 LB fur ball with brown/ brown, equipped with a loaded uncut cock. We are looking for Southern Men and visitors to the south who are into being men and playing hard. We've had enough of the southern belles at the local bars. If you're fat or fem or don't qualify as a real man, don't waste our time. If you think you're man enough for our brand of hospitality, get your shit together and write us a letter with a hot photo (returnable) of yourself. Box 3754.

BOTTOM SEEKS TOPMAN

(Daddy) 21-45 To take charge of the situation verbally and physically. Me: Prof., Bik, 40, 5'11", 148 lbs, masculine; discretion expected and received, P.O. Box 1772, Montgomery, AL 36104.

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

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

I am using a telephone number in my ad. Lunderstand that this number must be verified. by DRUMMER. I have added \$1.00 to ad price for phone verification

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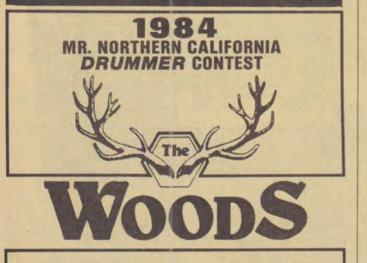


For the man that knows what he wants !!



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FRIDAY-SUNDAY

APR 27-29

Winner will compete in San Francisco in the 1984 **MR. DRUMMER** contest

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW

THE WOODS

Russian River Resort 707-867-0111 16881 Armstrong Woods Road Guerneville, CA 95446

ARIZONA

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (19-35) Dude for 3-way action. Top or bottom. We have private black room. Box-holder, Box 9484, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

STUD HOUSE BOY WANTED 2 GWM's (35 & 45) need a hot houseboy during the day! At night you must be a butch top (25-45). Daytime you do the chores, at night you order what you WANT! Almost any scene acceptable except scat. We have a large ranchexcept scat. We have a large ranch-house in Arizona with toys, sling, spa, movies etc. Room and board plus salary for right MAN. Transprtation costs to ranch will be reimbursed. If you are serious and interested call (602)384-4701 or write with picture and qualifications to S & J Enterprises, RR. 1, Box 749B-Wilcox, Arizona 85643.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA 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.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

In LEANER PRATERNITY Is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen expe-rience and appreciate. Age, locale, nationality, top, bottom, versatile not important—dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Perumare Subscription frae classified Drummer Subscription, free classified ads, dicounts on purchases and more! Send SASE for a confidential applica-tion The Leather Fraternity 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107.

SAN FRANCISCO **RUSSIAN RIVER**

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

GWM WANTED YOU 25-35, at least 5'10". Not fatbut not skinny either. Goodlooking, facial hair a must. I am 26, 5'10", Blonde hair and blue eyes with moustache. Muscular body. lam interested in a relationship. Your photo gets mine. I am not a size queen but I have been impressed. I just don't like little dicks. Box 4013.

JIM WIGLER DRUMMER STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER WILL PHOTOGRAPH YOUR LEATHER/ UNIFORM FANTASY! 415-673-1284

SEXUAL ABUSIVE MASTER

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, bon-dage & 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.

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 possi-ble, 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.

BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS See "Organizations.

HOT 30 YR. OLD TATTOOED Blond, blue-eyed leather boy, 5'11", slender, very handsome, boyish. Seeks young (21-30) good-looking, clean-shaven masculine gay or bi buddy-punk, biker, or surfer type for sex and companionship, possible on-going relationship, Can be gentle and/or wild: Light S&M, bondage, leather, lov-ing. No fats fems, losers or clones need ing. No fats, fems, losers or clones need apply. Photo a must. Box 3925.

YOUR FAVORITE HOLE

IS MOVING! To 1145 Folsom Street approx. 4-1-84. The Watering Hole.

W/M, 37, 6', SLENDER Good looking, bottom, seeks heavily muscled daddy 25-45. Into It. TT/, B/D, W/S. Let me worship your sweaty mus-cles. Use your muscles on me. Outdoor scenes? Ric, 1632 J, #3, Eureka, CA 95501

TWO LOOKING FOR TWO SF BAY AREA Or four...#1 S, 40, 130, 5'4". #2 MS, 30, 180, 6'1". Both w, hot w/o attitude and like rough sex & old standards. No hangups about sex except fear of AIDS. We want to form a 4 or 6 way closed sex partnership with 1 or 2 stable couples. You should be: GWM under 50, in good shape, healthy, not looking for a lover. Into hot sex and able to keep closed partnership commitment. If interested lets meet & look one another over. Write Box 3937.

TALL MELLOW TOP

Wants an easy going, independant Buddy with a healthy hairless body and a hot fuckable ass. Photo, letter, and phone to Box 3767

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1536.

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 to, please let me know. Discretions is important I am know. Discretion is important. I am friendly, considerate, talented, sincere, discret. Steve, 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 & W/Dr. hair, moust. & beard, tit-ring & tatoo; 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.

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.

RECENTLY DIVORCED

Seeking buddies (1 or more) for mutual enjoyment in expanding my experience in fucking, light S&M, B&D, WS, toys, dildoes, polaroids, playrooms, & fan-tasy scenes. Not into scat, heavy pain. Pack with phote to Pay 3703 Reply with photo to Box 3797

GOODLOOKING W/M

Seeks trim blue collar workers into uni-forms & leather. Jim (415)673-1284.

21 YR. OLD, 5'7" 160LB Bodybuilder seeks older (25-35) top man to exercise light B/D & preliminary S/M techniques. Must be good looking and masculine. Box 3944

SEX MANIAC

Insatiable tool needs daily servicing Looking for hot holes-which part of the body doesn't matter. Must be good at one end or the other. Sex Maniac is 5'11", 155 lbs, br/br with 8½" of thick, hard meat. Can be kinky if the mood strikes. Reply Box 3917.

VIDEOPORNFREAK

With tastes that run from the bizarre to the downright disgusting wants to correspond and possibly swap with other videopornfreaks, either format, with similar, or more extreme tastes. Interested in amateur as well as under-the-counter material. Write first. Box 3963.

GWMAN 30+ WANTED

Tired of bars—usual artificial men— Seeking meaningful relationship! I'm willing to give T.L.C. to the right man who is honest, trustworthy, sensitive. Into all music especially classical and fun times. I'm W/M 32 Blue eyes, hung-versital. Box 3923.

VERSATILE WRITER

Into SM and you name it, seeks man under 45 with good body. No JO phone-calls. 861-3183.

PHONE J/O

6', 165 lbs. W/M needs verbal abuse and hot J/O phone calls between 11 P.M.-6 A.M. only. Dick, (415)626-1385.

WM, 45, 6', 275 LBS., 71/2", UNCUT Genuine, very exp. masochist seeks genuine exp. sadist for mutual satis-faction. Your power, domination and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp. in heavy bondage and whipping. Piercing, CBT_TT_waterscene, body CBT, TT, watersports, body worship, total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what it can give in true sado-masochistic pleasure. Poss. perm. relationship. Box 3875

HOT LONELY BOTTOM W/M late 40 seeks gentel hot topman with hot rod. In only Alh. Area. Box 3857

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS Age 35-50, wanted by W/Masculine Bottom, 34, 6'1", 195, into T/T, CBT, W/S+. Photo & phone gets immediate phone response. All letters answered. No fems. Box 3874.

W/M, 34, NOVICE Seeks bearded Master into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one niters. Prefer hirsuite, baldish, anally oriented, 38 55. Seek man whose life reflects and merits self respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863-9756.

31, White Male, 160

Looking for correspondence and/or contact with men willing to expand my experience with C/B TT WS FF. Picture appreciated. 584 Castro #279 SF 94114.

ME-NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN

32, 6', 215, serious weightlifter, hand-some. YOU-Naturally masculine attractive man with a good heart. No sissys, phoneys, free loaders. Photo, phone, Box 3886.

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD Son is 28, 153 lbs, 5'11". DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both. Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary, over the knee, etc. I will obey your parental guidance. Send your guidance to: David, Box 18891, San Jose, CA 95158.

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD Masc hairy B.B. 29 yrs. old looking for same. Into dirt bikes, back packing and snow sking & B.B. Also like bondage, C.B.T. and out door scenes. Write to D.G.B. 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Con-

cord, CA 94520. No fem, fats or fakes. Photo if possible. POLICE UNIFORMS HOT W/M INTO POLICE UNI-FORMS WORN WITH SHINY HIGH BLACK LEATHER BOOTS AND SKINTIGHT BLACK LEATHER POLICE GLOVES. CIGAR AND PIPE SMOKEDS A BLUS (A15)573,1284

SMOKERS A PLUS. (415)673-1284.

DADDY'S BOY W/M 22, 5'9" #130, Brn/Grn Looking for big beer belly Daddys 35+ w/beards into cigars, leather, bondage, boots, uniforms, etc. Barry (415)929-7161. Box 3997

NATURAL STUD INTO J/O Goodlooking, built, hung, aggressive, 29, 6', 158#, dark blonde, moustache, throbbing 8" muscle, heavy hanging nutsack. Into showing off and stroking scenes with other true exhibitionists. Photos a must before meeting. Box 4008

YES SIR SLAVE WANTED W/M, scorpio, BB, 40, 5'11", 205#, solid, bl/bl, bald, beard, Germanic, strict, into b) / b), baid, beard, Germanic, strict, into S&M, discipline, regimented lifestyle. Face slapping. YOU: 21-35, good body, moustache, employed, GR P/A. NO FFA/ drugs/ scat/ filth/ blood. MY WAY ONLY! Affection earned. Perman-ent and live-in. Send qualifications-/photo to: C.L. Sawyer, P.O. Box 38775, Los Angeles, CA 90038.

MASTER WANTED 45 yr old GWM 5'11"—175 BR-BR w/salt & pepper short beard seeks life of service to good master. FF-BD-C&B-FA-GP-let's expand & grow-fringe benefits. 415-441-6109.

STUD MUFFINS

I am: Hairy, bearded, B.B., dark blond, jock, 25, masculine, sensual, versatile, jock, 25, masculine, sensual, versatile, earthy, intelligent, narcisistic, with great pierced tits. Wants: Hot, profes-sional, mutually independant, Daddy Bear, 25-35+, Buddy/companion, sen-sitive macho, firey, physical, non-affected, nonsmoker, preferably w/facial hair. Turn Ons: Fr., Gr., leather, jocks, CB&T, Forskin, J/0, fist-s/toxy, action biol, sweat and Bio s/toys, getting high, oil, sweat and Big Balls. Send: Breif description w/birthdate, photo appreciated. If you're Fucking Hot Enough...you can have me, otherwise Forget it! Rock—584 Castro St. #188, S.F., CA 94114.

TOTAL BONDAGE

With rope, chain, leather, shaving, C.B.T., T.T., Your neds satisfied with mine. Write detailed letter w/photo-graph. Box 19065 Oakland CA 94619.

DICK HEAD PLAY Tickle it wild with a little brush, or cup your oiled hand and, like chalking a "Call us. Tell us what you want ... the kind of quy you'd like to talk with. Then we'll have him call you back at our expense. You don't have to pay for an expensive collect call, and you can talk as long as you want... until you're satisfied"

REAL MEN (415) 864-3104 CREDIT CARDS 24 HOURS A DAY

Free Long-Distance Call-Back. You pay one low price.

pool cue, polish that screaming dick head for hours. Box 881922, S.F., CA 94188-1922

PASS FOR CHICKEN?

Extreme submissives 19 plus who look and think very boyish, call The Colonel 6-9 pm only. 415/467-5128.

KINKY ROMANTIC

Seeks same. 6', 165#, 38, vers, stable, prof, endow, horny, attr. seeks same 20-45 into WS, FF, GR, FR, TT Shaving, whatever. No scat, major pain, fems. Enticing Itr & pic please. Box 3979.

NOVICE W/M 35

Seeks actractive toilet face wih beg-ging mouth no photo no reply P.O.B. 6742, S.F., CA 94101.

HEALTHY, HORNY, BEARDED

Tall, dark, macho master 31, demands fresh punk slave to own, I will train you to suck my hung uncut thick prick daily like the dog you are. You will be my property. You must be 18 to 28, small ass, trim bod, passive, energetic, obedient, loyal, healthy. Brains, big cock irrelevant. Non-English speaking O.K. All you need know is "Yes Sir." Bay Area only. No J/O calls. (415)861-3717. Master. 10am-10pm.

BODY SERVICE

Blk M 35 wants to oil, service and wor-ship muscular bodies and clean sweaarmpits and crouch (Lon) (415)864-7821

SURVIVAL? Boyish bottom (30, 5'8", 145#, cute) needs AIDS-aware daddy interested in living through these strange times. Seeking playful hung creative top with own place for hot safe fantasy action. Fucking, sucking, spanking, c/b/t, tits, leather, imagination. Must be healthy, respect limits and me. No fluid exchange, FF, brutality. Send letter, photo Box 4009.

CUT NUTS

G/W/M 28 likes nuts C/B play, cire, gelding, penis amp., fact or fiction. J.C. Box 4007.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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 61/2"; 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

YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER 26 yrs old, 5'6", 130 lbs, Brown hair. green-gray eyes, mustache and nice body-- Seeks: slaves(s) who need to be owned for life. Also will review requests from slave(s) who seek less permanent service. Forward detailed letter, w/photo to: Lord Stephen, Box 352, Garden Grove, CA 92642-0352.

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, responsi-bility gives all one. No age or size hang up, lets do it, ads are for it. Box 3647

HOT MASTER

TAKING APPLICATIONS

For slave(s). Temporary or permanent servitude considered by hot, 29 yr old, 5'9", 145 pound, blond/ blue eyed, dominant professional. Looks are important but knowing your place and staying there makes the difference.

Limits considered but a slave's duty is to satisfy his master. Masculine mediteranean/ latins a plus. Box 3658.

MASTER WANTED Into heavy B-D, Shaving, motorcy-cles, domination, outdoors; slave offers himself completly. 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. (818)846-9486.

WANTED:

Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35, must be willingly disposed to total service, in any and all means, without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence dedicated to its Master and His life style. Send appropraite application humbly to: Master Conrad, P.O. Box #938, 29 Palms, Calif. 92277, include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot, hndsm w/m 40 61" 190# Sadistic, Experienced and widely respected seeks unfullfilled muscular maso-chists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum buy satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA., 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm).

PIERCED, TATTOOED LA TOP Bearded, 6', 155#, w/m, mid-40's, look-ing for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/ oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, C/B/T/T, W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks ok. Photo/ phone replies answered first. Box 3741.

BLACK MUSCLEMAN TOP Wanted by blond bodybuilder, into: bondage, leather, CBT, Shaving, bondage, leather, CBT, Shaving vacuum, Total service. Am hardwork ing, stable, professional, building gameroom and gym. Have much physical & mental potential. 1st ad, serious only pls. Photos retrnd. #245 8306 Wilshire Blvd. Beverly Hills Ca. 90211

SADIST WANTED

By masochist for expanding my limits in all scenes. No drugs or shaving. Available weekends. Box 3656.

WANTED: ONE SLAVE

W/M Master 45, 5'8", 145 lbs, seeks to own masculine, trim slave under 35. Master desires personal sex slave or slave/son, not S&M Bottom. Discipline,

training, bondage, domination-yes. Brutality-no. In total committment to this lifestyle, be ready to be kept naked, chained and kneeling at Master's feet waiting to serve, suck, or spread 'em, or don't bother to apply. Master espe-cially demands constant crotch wor-ship and lots of head. Looks and height not that important. Attitude, obedience and complete submissiveness to buttfucking Master is. All races and nation-alities considered. Beginner welcome. Permanent and live-in. Be prepared to relocate if accepted. Box 3862

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY Masculine, white man, 45, 5'9", 155#, seeks same to 45 as FF Bottom. Must have good head and body. Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869. Skiers welcome

WANT LEATHER BUDDY

For good healthy sex. W/M-48-5'10" 160. Br/gr/moustache. Good body-160. Br/gr/moustache. Good body-likes TT, B/D, C.B.T. YOU: B/B, good chest, pecs, tits a must. Letter w/picture gets results, tell me what you need. If your interested in sincere buddy, friendship/relationship, with gd/look-ing top/bottom. Go for it! Don't be afraid. Answer this ad. No fats, fems, FF. or dopers. Box 3852.

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO

Slave/prisoner looking for Master(s-)/guard(s) Me: WM-34-6'-170-Lite brd, Tan, FA, GP, B&D, verbal abuse, ball & tit. tort., W.S., travel LA-SD You: +6', white, dominate, under 45, healthy, good shape. Photo & phone to: Box 2142, Mission Viejo, CA 92690-0142.

BODY PUNCHING

Box, fight, pro-wrestle w/punks, rookies, villains. Tops, bottoms, tag-teams, 2 vs. 1, all levels, novice to experienced. SASE: Box 691525, L.A., CA 90069

SLAVES MEET YOUR MASTER

Will train obedient submissives in S&M, B&D, WS, FFA with desire to have their limits expanded. Reply with phone and photo. Box 3978.

A DIFFERENT DADDY

Young, goodlooking Daddy looking for a goodlooking Boy for mutual respect and admiration. Daddy likes fisting, water sports, bondage and wants his Boy to be Bottom AND top. Daddy is not looking for a slave. Daddy is: 36, 5'8"; 140; 6½" cut; and would like his Boy to be: Younger; Taller; Better Hung (especially if Uncut); Defined Hairy Chest, You need not meet all of these likes but a moustache IS required. Send letter (not just a note), recent photo (manda-tory!) which will be returned if requested. Box 4010.

SLAVE FOR HOT SADISTIC TOP My master likes fresh meat and it's my job to find it. Ready for the real thing Send letter and picture to: Box 5692 Glendale, CA 91201. If you're lucky, he'll try you out!

WANTED!

Slave, total submission into bondage shaving, spankings, S&M, dildos, under 30 a must, novice OK call (619)296-1084. Richard.

YOUNG SLAVE MUST LIVE IN Be healthy and hung. No limits. Call 714/498-8082 to apply. Master now 26.

FISTFUCKERS

Young fist slave wants your young fleshy paw deep up my hot butt. 213-659-3604

SAN GABRIEL VALLEY

2 vry gdlkg masters, 6' 170 30, 5'7" 135 33. both blk, brn, moust, hairy construction workers, into most scenes including SM, BD, WS, CBT, taking appl for perm, eager slave. You must be in gd shape, masc, hairy, completely subserviant and willing to commit yourself to this relationship and none others. We will do the same. Send picture and application. Box 3908.

TOP NEEDS TRAINING

Inexperienced—preferably in game room, w/s, rimming, VA, Fantasy, shaving, experiment. ME: 44, 6', 170 lbs, silver/blond, blue. Photo, letter to: Tom—7985 Santa Monica Blvd., #109-241, L.A., CA 90046.

GET ARRESTED!

strictly for...obstinate 18-35 White law-breakers, gung-ho to get busted, manhandled by tall-booted, uniformed motorcycle trooper. Truculent Negro 40, sadistic, hot as a pistol, flagrantly into cop fantasies, w/full motorcycle police uniform 'n gear, knows how to feed cock/kick ass/earn respect/teach law 'n order to White violators. Black 'n proud, gets his honest gut-pleasure by condemning White fuckups to crawl/obey his boot leather/beg for his hard prime black meat 'n licorice fuckjuice. Guilty White offenders to be stripped-/handcuffed/humiliated/degraded/

chained byt heir nuts/made to submit to prolonged tit/cock/ball torture until service from White malfeasants. If cops are your hang-up, remit manda-tory photo w/hot letter to P.O. Box 4672, Los Angeles, CA 90051-2672.

LOOKING FOR EXPERIENCED TOP MAN

Must have nice body, not hairy, no beard. Prefer no moustache should be into all clean scenes, maybe with well equipped playroom. I am 42, 6'3", 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Experienced in some scenes, novice in others Some limits. Disease conscious. Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron, and be discreet. Leave number and time to call if not home (213)254-3038.

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM G/W/M, 23, 5'10", 150 lbs, short brown hair, moustache. Seeks hot, domnate, X-hung, hairy, Leather/Cowboy-Masters/Daddies, who need service and cuddling, I am G-P, FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes, Clean Healthy! (619)231-4496.

HUNG UNCUT DOG

6', 180, strong-legged specimen, handsome and eager, offers mouth, ass, C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure. Dog's mouth/ass eager cunt/urinal. Seeks cock-centered, natural dominant, preferably shorter white, latin, black. Polaroids, groups, dog-food ok. Animals possible. G.M. P.O. Box 26081, L.A., CA 90026. Swap pix.

WANTED L.A.

Two uncut, hairy, Daddies w/donkey dicks and low-hangers to force-feed 27year-old stud. Need VA, WS, juicy bull meat, sweaty balls. Call anytime: 213/656-9813.

BIG FAT PIG

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

LOW BLOWS OK

Goodlooking tall tough young proud fuck gets off on hard contact. Gives-/takes no mercy workouts w/fists, knees. Streetfight, interrogation. Two on one ok. Fantasy J/0 ok. Send physical description or pic, and phone. Des-cribe scene. Box 3904.

SHORT BLONDS, BIG REDHEADS Two withy Masters seek 2-3 hrdwrking slavemen with steel balls, 20-25, tough scrappy dudes into BB, wrest., karate, gymnastics, etc. Will sponsor competi-tion material. Absolutely hith minded. No dopers, drunks, smoking, bullshit or damage. Age, looks, cocksize unimportant. Seek obedience, loyalty, disci-pline with "Yes, Sir!" attitude, capacity for correction, punishment, having balls whipped, butt paddled. Do it right or do it over. Not looking for 2nd best You will wear collar and leash with You will wear collar and leash with pride, eat from dog bowl with gratti-tude along with our 3 dogs. If familiar with white line brigs, you have an idea of the obedience and discipline we look for. Your strngth, brawn, mind and intelligence will be totally committed to our exclusive benefit, comfort and pleasure. We're looking for slavemen who work & sweat hard for their Mas-ters will solitship Masters' boots take ters, will spitshine Masters' boots, take pride in doing it well. I require thirsty slaves who can relieve me of 3 AM piss No nellies, assholes, game-players, nonsense, preferably no family. This is permanent, the real stuff. You will have your butt in gym every day, train in martial arts, perform strength and endurance routines for your Masters and their friends, will be pierced and tattooed. Duties will be house slave, personal attend., run Owners various bus. entrprses. We like washboard abs, bus, entrprses. We like washboard abs, gigantic forearms, hvy vascularity. You will be GP, FA; will help design your own leather and steel gear. Limits entirely up to us, but no scat or FF. If you dig motorcycles, great. I'm partial to redheads, my lover likes blonds, not required. I like 'em tall, my lover short. Brd & moust. desirable. If apeman hairy, you're practically home free hairy, you're practically home free, also not required, if you are good it makes no difference. Desire some bckgrnd/intrst in cooking, carpentry, gardening. Vegetarian oriented. Must gardening. vegetarian oriented. Must be able to get driver's license and pass-port. We travel, need driver, bag handler, etc. If you think you're in the ballpark, let's talk. Photos. Remember—no limits, no excuses. Your attitude is everything. If you're good, we have lattitude. Now read this again, very carefully. Box 3846.

THE CONNECTER inc., Presents....S& M LINE,

LESS THAN \$2.50 an HOUR

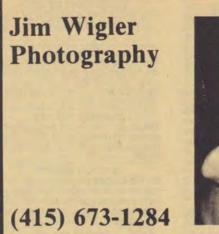
MAN-MAN j/o Line or Cruise by Phone

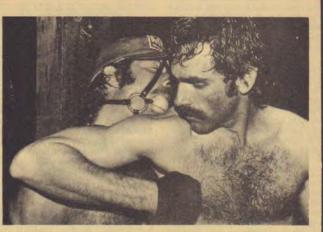
S.W.A.T. COMMANDOS Green Berets, Riot Police, Leather-necks, Stormtroopers, Road Warriors, Bikers, Rubbermen, and/or masked Bikers, Rubbermen, and/or masked outlaws needed. Assignment: mantrap-ing. One Ione Inland Empire rebel dis-obediently resists the Age of Orwell. Rebel swine craves seizure, interroga-tion, bondage, and P.O.W. incarcera-tion in disciplinary unit specializing in sensory deprivation/immobilization techniques. Rebel slave is cute lanky Fox vounglooking 30 bootlicking Fox, younglooking 30, bootlicking whiteboy of planet Travolta. Surveillance indicates rebelboy fits into car trunks, cages, closets, coffins, and trashbags. Reconnaisance photos show rebel maggot in female lingerie beneath his Travoltan costumes of spandex, lycra, acetate, and plastic. Rebel victim is relocateable and can produce revenue during permanent lockup. Seek experienced, well-armed Soldier of Fortune to take custody of condemned rebel. Deadly serious. Box 3903

HOT YOUNG MASTER Seeks young total slave ready to be owned. Heavy abuse, humiliation for deserving slaveboy. (213)652-1199.

YOU CAN NOW LIST YOUR PHONE NUMBER \$1 VERIFICATION

BONDAGE AND DOMINANCE W/M, 38 wants aggressive, hot stud, Gr. Act. with wild imagination. I am goodlooking, muscular, 5'7", 145 lbs. and willing to submit. Write—Paul, P.O. Box 3031, Northridge, CA 91323.





THE CONNECTER inc. 515 BRODERICK ST, SUITE 2, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94117 (415)346-8747 MC & VISA ACCEPTED Write or CALL NOW X E

WANTED BONDAGE TOP Hot, hungry bondage slave G/W/M, 29 seeks serious, heavy top into leather, heavy bondage, physical/mental disci-pline and total service. Mumification, sensory deprivation scenes-Hot Travel Box 3991.

GDLKING YNG SLAVES

(18-30) who dig hot action but must be descreet & who would like to explore their fantasies with a G/W/M, 31, master stud who is very descreet. Let's get together for some hot private action. Send letter and photo, phone # to Carry, 8033 Sunset Blvd. #388, L.A., CA 90046.—P.S. WS, Scat & pussy pretty boys of particular interest.

COLORADO

HUNGRY HOLE

This 30 yr. old w/m is tired of bars, one night stands. Looking for just one sin-cere top man to take care of my insatiable hole. If you're looking to build a life with one person, let's connect. Jamie, 155 So. Penn #302 Denver, CO 80209 or call 303-778-6069

HOT & HANDSOME GWM Seeking to expand experiences in B&D. I need a bondage master who will control & guide me through moderate to heavy B&D. Serious training needed. Willing to experiment in other scenes. I'm 45, 6', 185 lbs. Your age, race not important. Box 3985.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add S1 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

CONNECTICUT

LEATHER BIKE DOMINANT

MASTER Experienced S/M biker digs slaves /bottoms for S/M spectrum fullfill our need for leather sex and all it encounters. Discipline, limits respected. Must be ready to perform on demand uniform and cowboy men who have their act together can join in the scenes Send application and photo. Looking for men who know what leather means. Box 3957

DELAWARE

WESLEY-SUE

Demanding 48, 5'11", 145 G W Virgo Male seeks obedient thin bottoms (16-32) at my cc location. Reply w/photo & resume to: WHB P.O. Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899

DELAWARE UNCUTS ONLY Two goodlooking GWM. 30, 5'11, 190 BS, cut 61/2": 50, 5'10", 185 BS, cut 6". Need to fulfill one nite fantasy with another muscular goodlooking uncut stud. Oil.grease, J.O., Fr.—Gr. Act., Pass. Age? to 40 yrs. old. No drugs, FF, scat, WS, skinnies, fems, rif-raf. Phone and photo. All answered Box 3983.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

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 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. Write P.O. Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651

WELL BUILT

Unruly military type W/M, 6 ft., 37, 180 Ibs. 8" cut responds only to very expe-rienced handling. Chained by the balls, worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want, service from a highly intelligent animal. No Filth, F.F., or hard drugs. Box 3868

FLORIDA

FT. LAUDERDALE Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks partners for "traingentle style seeks partners for "train-ing" in heavy bondage + light S + M. Limits respected. Discretion required and assured. Applicant will include photo and phone in application letter (or cassette). Jake Leonard, Box 130051, 2260 NW 68th Ave, Sunrise, FL 33313

WANTED: SLAVE/ LOVER M:wh, un36, some exper lthrsex, slim

or musc, could re-locate, educ, mature. S:Wh, 40, educ, finan secure, 6'3", BB, Handsome, completely masc & dom, has Full Ithr & equip, boots, toys for It to hvy S&M, B&D, VA, CBTT, WS, GrA, FrP, Respect lim, but we'll expand them.

M:describe self & exper, phone#, recent photos, turn-ons & offs, any limits to S:Answer w/more info & specs, my pics, Plan me your area/ you visit S.Fla. Mr. Sir, Box 11816, Ft. Laud., Fla.33339.

MASOCHIST

Seeks SADIST for ritual. Can travel. Box 3867

SLIM OBEDIENT HOUSEBOY Wanted by W/M 33, 5'8", firm body, mustache, loner. Resume w/photo. Box 4118, Key West, Fla. 33041

INTO OIL 32, 6" 180 Trim, strong, into wrestling, pain, boots, sweat, oil, etc. Guys over 40+, no fats or fems, SM or FF. P0 Box 530992-Miami 33153.

GEORGIA

SUCCESSFUL WM CONNOISSEUR Of SM and good life, 40, 6'2", 200, cut, 6", Br/Br into 501s, military boots, vanila (all ways), and SM (mostly M) including especially whipping and ball work. No FF, scat, WS, rimming, drugs, piercing, cathethers, STD, or injury. Also into nautilus (3 times/wk), movies (old, current, XXX), video, computers, reading, travel. Phone a must. Box 3898.

COUNTRY BOYS Late twenties, 6'1", 175 lbs. brn/brn, 6' 160 lbs. Light brn/grn, versatile, talented. Seeking other masculine men for correspondence, friendship, and hot sex. Send address, phone number and photo if possible. All replies answered. Box 3982

ILLINOIS GET YOUR FANTACIES

Chicago Master: 42 6'3" 190# with well equipped dungeon/playroom wants submissive slaves or bottoms for: Obedience training, bondage, humiliation, dicipline, paddling, C&B work, S&M etc. All limits respected. Novices accepted, race no problem, will be Drummer Dad to deserving studs. All replies answered. Send photo if possi-ble. Box 2630 Chicago, IL 60690.

YOUR FANTASIES **BECOME REALITIES** IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

SUPER HUNG

Too big to be taken care of right? Let one of Chicago's best slave throats show his incredible talents on your incredible cock. I have a proven record of satisfaction, Box 3892

TEACHER WANTED WM/36 5'5" 160 uncut needs top to expand my-limits, SM, BD, CBT, TT.Da-niel Box M293, 323 S. Franklin, CHGO, IL 60606

CHICAGO SADIST!

Slaves/Masochists who know their role, have experience & are ready to have their limits stretched to the LIMIT may apply. Good body required. Serious only! (312)261-3912.

INDIANA

HOT BODY SUCK!

Goodlooking, thirsty, ass hungrey WM 6'1", 155, worships very muscular hung, dominate, sweaty greek active, french passive, body builders, jocks, studs. Hot photo and letter for quick service. P.O. Box 1063, Muncie, IN 47305-1063.

IOWA

HOT/HORNY Bearded W/M, 35, 145#, 5'7": Ready for SM leathersex, with safe & sane FF action. We can't afford to wait any . Forward photo, specs., & # to longer Box 3996.

DOMINATE ME 30, 200 lbs., 6'2", into VA, beatings, B&D, humiliation, almost anything except damage, shaving, drugs. Take the fight out of me, tie me up, piss on me, rape me. Especially like boxing, wrestling. Des Moines. Box 3992.

STUD-HUNGRY

25 yr old (white) new to central lowalooking for fun with college athletes in good shape. Let's get together (Ames area). Call after 7 pm weeknights. (Phil) 515/432-9611

KANSAS

ARE WE THE ONLY Drummer fans in Lawrence? 842-2782.

LOUISIANA

NOVICE SLAVE

WM, 28, BI/BI, goodlooking, needs training by sane demanding daddy/m-aster. Eager to be used to please right man. P.O. Box 71313 N.O., Louisiana 70172

MASTER DEMANDS SERVICE From full-time, permanent, straightslave under 30. acting

Educated, straight-appearing/acting W/M, 28, 6'0", 175, will instruct relocated slave in performing duties at home, office, and other shit details. Additional trainingw/s, humiliation, degredation, verbal abuse, s/m, leash/collar, shaving, etc. Serious only. Send frank letter and recent photo for an application. No jerk off letters, games, phonies, fats, fems. Mr. Chris Miller, P.O. Box 19654, New Orleans, Louisiana 70179.

MARYLAND

BEARDED MASTER 40, 5' 10" 165 lbs., hung thick, expe-rienced, understanding. Seeks clean, healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped Den. Any age, any scene-but scat. Novice slaves get TLC. I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore area Other Masters welcome to share slaves. Letters with photos get answered fast! Box 3893.

MASSACHUSETTS

ARROGANT WRITER Strictly top 33 w bald moustache ff ws tt right bottom man. Box 3799.

INTERESTED IN MEETING TEACHER OR FELLOW STUDENT

of B/D, Rubber, Rope, wool socks and other wool clothing. I am novice to some—virgin to others. Into leather but not pain. P.O. Box 1458, Boston, MA 02117

C&B TORTURE GWM's 18-27 into intense but sane pain call (617)256-2968.

W.M. 44, FORMER MARINE

Doing research on male sexuality expressed in spit shined shoes/boots. Write: Ivan Howe, Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187.

GWM 18-27 Into heavy mutual C&BT & TT. Call CL (617)256-2968. Leave number for call back.

BOSTON MASS

Straight Bi men take it out on this fag. Intoserving groups, anything goes, gang rape, water sports, light s/m, greek/French action. Beer drinkers, college jocks, bodybuilders, 1st timers wanted im 20's well built write to GMF Box 1081 Boston Mass 02205

BLONDE/MEXICAN/INDIAN

Bodybuilders who know how to kiss and be gentle. Bisex. OK. 1-1 only. I'm black, gdlkng, & waiting to be devoured by your muscles. Photo/phone to Box 3958

MASOCHISTS

Be used, abused, whipped, beaten and tortured—simply to bring your master pleasure. Find fulfillment in pain and service. Any age, must beslim and non-hairy.l'm5'8", 160 lbs., solid & sane. Box 3965.

IF HE'S NOT HERE **HE'S NOT AVAILABLE!**

MICHIGAN

PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM Muscular, WM, 5'10", 165, 33, moust-ache, beard. Hot ass wants to be bound and fucked, fisted. Also into B/D, W.S., shaving, enemas, polaroids, toys. Uni-form a great plus. State troopers and police—I'll worship your boots and submit to your every need. Box 3864.

BLACK, 46 YEARS

Well-hung seeks contacts everywhere. Enjoy butt fucking, body licking, Dick chewing. All please reply with foto and fone number. Box 3989

JUST STARTING-NEW SCHOOL Mid-aged, slim, prof., distinguished, discreet, authoritarian, considerate. Would like to learn & share with class teens or mid-age only. 18 or over. Box 3987

MINNESOTA

SLIM MALE WOULD

Like to meet bearded bears for hot sex. Is there any hairy bears in the twin cities who can handle this arrogant son of bitch? Pleas write and let's get down to fucking. Serious sex only. Force me to service you. Box 3861.

SLIM BOTTOM MAN

35, has tight ass that's in need of fucking. Would like to meet muscular Dad-dy's who would like to be sexually serviced on a regular basis. Box 3859

MISSISSIPPI

LEATHER SENSUALIST Jockstrapper, novice bottom seeks experienced help in ball training-pit exploring. 5'8", 143#, 41 yo, 8½". Please, Sir, convert my leather fantasies into sweaty reality. Box 3855.

MISSOURI

A FEW GOOD MEN The Training Center has moved into it's new facility. Men with serious interest can experience physical training, cell confinement, (padded available) and immobilization in a realistic military or correctional atmosphere for weekend or week long sessions. Safe, sane, dis-creet and monitored situations are controlled by professionally trained personel. Boot camp. stockade, POW, asylum, sensory deprivation, con-trolled breathing available. No FF drugs, S/M, pain, references provided after commitment. Fee required. Aplicant inquiries should include detailed physical and session description. Reply to: TRAINING CENTER, P.O. BOX 672, Bridgeton, MO 63044.

2 EXTRA WELL HUNG TOPS Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—S/M sessions. Any scene. Have equipped playroom. Descrip-tion—experience—photo. Weekend sessions good. Live-in apps consi-dered. P.O. Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808

DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS MEET RIGHT HERE

ST.LOUIS AREA

Older guy, "dad" type experienced youth leader, interested in young, mas-culine, trim "son" trainee to 30. You can expect affection, encouragement and dicipline in bondage. Your letter with picture gets mine. Box 3872.

MONTANA

LEAN, WELL DEFINED SLAVE Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M, bondage, armpits, tits, cock & ball torture, shaving, photography. Your trip, your way. Am 28, 5'9", 135#, w 8". Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 786, Conrad, MT 59425.

NEW JERSEY

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE A number of slaves have written but no slave has been chosen yet, so now is the time to submit yourself, your body and your application to this Master Master is W/M, 45, 190#, 6'2", hairy straight acting and appearing. No non-sense type; but understanding of a slaves needs. You are W/M, 25-40, know how to behave, want to serve a Master on a permanent one to one basis, have a good body that enjoys a work-up and want to live in the Master's house in the country. No drugs, fats or fems. This is the time for me and if it is for you then get off your ass, get on your knees and do something about it, write. Box 291.

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slave sons who are anxious to serve and obey. Hot mouth and a good build a must. Clean shaven, Ivy types pre-ferred. Generous Daddy will reward with affection when earned. Spankings, titwork, kink, VA. No fats, fems, hard drugs. Possible live in. All areas welcome. The Master is 6'2", 185 lbs, W/M and hot. Box 3856.

MASOCHIST HEAVEN

Bondage, whipping, ball massage, nip-ple torture, dildos, gravity systems, (201 359 3824) 8am-11pm.

NEW YORK

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

NEW YORK CITY I am 33, 5'7", 140 lbs, brown hair and brown eyes, submissive bottom man,

into most scenes except heavy pain, scat and F/F. Seek top man, 30-40. Box

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

(Zeus publ. bondage- coercion scenes) Seek athletic/ masc./ musc. B.B.'s Into elaborate verbal, rough, man-to-man B&D, leading to your cock/ balls/ tits/ ass being chained. whipped, clamped, stretched, oiled, waxed, used any way your master/ captor sees fit, forcing you to admit what you really are/ want/ beg for. Mirrors, rack, filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercules/Tarzan by strong, demanding, imaginative gladiator/ sex master. Photo, phone, address, detailed description of what you're man enough for required. Apply now for night of your life. No hustlers/ fakes/ fems. Box 3566

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

CLASSY B&D

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

NYC MASTER AND SLAVE We're both in our 30's, over 6', blonde, muscular and attractive. Aspirant muscular and attractive.

slaves who are under 35, muscular and attractive are invited to submit a request for consideration as a slave trainee. Successful applicant will be taught obedience, obeisance and endurance. Send photo (required) with resume. Box 673.

WANTED

Dominant New Wave punk (21-25) to fuck with my head. (212)WUX-4707.

GWM, 27, BLOND/BOYISH

6'4"-big cock/deep ass serves as sexslave for anything-clean/dirty for W-master in boots/leather with full W-master in boots/rearier with the bladder/dirty ass giving pain/plea-sure. I adore rubber/leather-licking dirty boots (your shit?) to a shine. TT/SM/B&D/FF/toys. Box 3870.

FIT TO BE TIED

Rugged muscular hung but submissive biker, 36, needs expert level-headed Top (white, cut only) for heavy bondage workouts. Strip, immobilize & manhandle this 5'7" 155# brown-haired BB; whip my round white butt till it glows & fuck it; dominate this hot Bottom with ropes, rack, paddle, wax, C&B/T. You or friends can realize any fantasy of sexual abuse on your cap-tive's helpless bod. Macho well-built live's neipless bod. Macho well-built leathermen only, prefer 32-45. No WS, scat, FF, shaving, drugs, damage please. New to area; your own work-room & camera are pluses. Photo-/phone get mine. Brad, P.O. Box 78, NYC 10113.

MADE IN JAPAN

High quality Japanese 27, 5'6" 135 lbs uncut 7" with clean, smooth muscles wants 20-35 masculine guys. Look for fun loving considerate friends who care about their bodys and want to look good without drugs and smoking. Reply with photo. Box 3863.

UP-STATE BONDAGE MASTER Seeks white, hairy subjects 30-45 for

THE TERRIBLE TRIDOGY

Three episodes on one tape. This just may be the strangest, most unique S/M movie ever made, depicting a comic anal birth, an intoxicating wine enema and other bizarre dungeon activities. Made with the participation of The Skulls, a notorious Midwest motorcycle club, this authentic tape is not for the squeamish.

The January '84 issue of "Drummer" Magazine calls Slave and Master Video "absolutely authentic SM video."

All male cast. Color and sound. Approximately 60 mins. Rated X for mature adults only.

Price: \$85 plus \$3 shipping.

A free brochure describing other Slave and Master Video tapes dealing with such

To order: Send a money order, cashier's check, or VISA or MasterCard number (with expiration date), plus \$3 shipping, with your name and address, a statement that you are over 21, and whether you want VHS or Beta format.

Send order or request for free brochure to:

SLAVE and MASTER Video 1349 N. Wells Chicago, IL 60610

SLAVE and MASTER presents The Terrible Trilogy: **Under the Lash Through the Flood Out of the Womb**

specific areas of interest as fisting, pier-cing and genitorture is available upon request, but you must state that you are Seeing is believing

sessions in Dungeon. No F.F., scat, drugs or overweights. Photo appreciated-All answered. Box 3882

COMPOSER/AUTHOR

40, very quiet loner, seeks non-materialistic, truthful, helpful, mildly muscular 90% male NYC cop or the like for noble, clean, non-viscious, modest sexual relationship. Should like to cook. May eventually re-locate in rural California. Like motorcycles, small farming, animals, quiet talks, spiritual energy, bodybuilding, natural foods (often in the Chinese style), balanced. sane living and Haydn String Quartets No drugs, alcohol or single's scene please. Do not wish to be involved in the gay scene at all. Box 3881.

TICKLING TORTURE

Simple, safe-but unbearably agonizing. Watch as my young, beautifully muscled body strains against your tight bonds-twisting, struggling as your cruel fingers mercilessly stroke my ticklish feet and pits; ignoring my screams and pleas for mercy. Write for bet action. Rev. 2900 hot action. Box 3880.

COP SCENE/NYC AREA M/W 29 180 Bodybuilder cop looking for uniformed cop into any cop fantasy. Tattoos, leather police jacket MC cops turn on expect same. No scat FF Blacks will arrest cock suckers or take on booted cops reply with phone. Must have interest in scene. Uniform prefered. Box 3879.

MASCULINE MALE CUNT Wanted by athletic blond 40-year-old Master. You: short, 18-40, tiny cock.

Goal: huge nipples and pussy, possible marriage. No drunks, drugs, fats. Phot-o/phone. BW, Box 149, NY,NY 10012.

ASS SLAVE WANTED W/M hairy Master 38, 57", 150, will own, train & punish the right dog-ass slave. Apply with rear photo, phone & needs. Box 3889.

DRUMMER DADDY/TOP

(Interchain 518) Seeks obedient son-/bottom for training and discipline. Must be masculine and serious. Letter-/photo Box 3876.

HORNY ITALIAN RAUNCHBAG And hung like a horse into unconven-tional scenes with creative bodybuilders, black dwarfs, deaf-mutes and animals. Write disgusting letter with photo to occupant #8, 218 E. 11 St., NY, NY 10003.

G/W/M, 42, 5'8", 147#

Requires strong persuasion to be removed from comfortable environment and trained to be the slave he was born to be. Could you please help me. Sir? Box 3891.

LEATHER FRATERNITY BROTHERS

Interested in reviving the brotherhood should contact Tom at 964 Folsom St. San Francisco, CA 94107. (415)864-3456

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY Is looking for new pledges to join our brotherhood. Membership includes

Drummer magazine subscription. Send SASE: 964 Folsom St., San Francisco. CA 94107. (415)864-3456.

STUNNING BB SPANKS MUSCLEBOYS

V. handsome, powerful, dominant, BB/gymnast, 42°ch, 29°w, 5'10", healthconsious, 32, gives medical exa-minations/obedience training to v. defined cleanshaven, cut, beautiful 18-25s, preferably gymnasts/dancers Physique photograph & tel # essential Box 6029, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150.

Young M 26 5'7" 135# Lt Brown hair

60 DRUMMER

hazel eyes and a large cut cock. Needs S 18-40 into Bondage and cock and ball torture. Box 155 Homecrest Station, Brooklyn, NY 11229.

SEXY EX-HUSTLER

Just turned 30, looks 25 wants to meet other hot wild guys under 35 that like imaginative sleazey scenes. I am smooth muscular, 5'8'' 140 lbs. br/br & moustache. You must be athletic & very goodlooking. Mark: 33 Park Place, BSE, Bklyn, NY 11217.

LEAN, MEAN, FUCKIN' MACHINE W/M, 30ish, 6', 150/160#, Br/Br wishes to contact those executive types, well over the 30 mark, who find themselves straddled with one wife, two kids, two dogs, two cars, and one mortgate, and who are subsequently looking for a pleasant deviation from the norm without the social stigma normally associated with same, and most importantly, who can appreciate this type of encounter without the necessity of prearranged role playing. If this des-cription fits you, please contact (212)672-1010, or write, Box 4033, NYC 10017. If you call on a Tuesday evening, be prepared for action that same night or save your dime! I do not book in advance! Thank you.

CUBAN DADDY'S BOY 27 5'11" 145 Black hair Green eyes Cuban/Arab tan hairy moustache. Lean hard swimmers body and very goodlooking. French active Greek passive. Into most raunch. Live to sniff feet sive. Into most raunch. Live to smirt reer raunchy armpits. Ripe crotches, jock straps, foreskin, rubbers, leather, uni-forms, aroma, grass, w/s and espe-cially geting fucked and drinking piss. From the hose. Dad must be as tall or taller. Hung, intelligent, in shape, white, really into golden showers and love to fuck. Looking for a real man who can appreciate and handle a super hot masculine male cunt. Flight attend-ant. Travel extensively. 171 West 23 St. #3C N.Y.C., NY 10011, Photo a must!

масно номо

To suck fantastico P/R macho cock-WM, 42 wants to suck/service P/R www. 42 wants to suck/service P/H cock, any age and be your buddy. Into W/S, B/D, S/M & shaving, Write Macho Homo—Box 3092, GCS NYC 10017 or call 516-285-5181 9pm-1am & 24hrs weekends.

SLAVE TO LEATHER MASTER

Worships leather and the man that wears it. Digs humiliation and the man that wills it. Want pain and the man to give it. Needs shit and the man to feed it. Me: white, 29, 6'1", 170 lbs, blon-de/blue. You: older, bigger, wiser, darker and HOT! Box 4005.

FACE-SIT?

Put your hairy butt down on my hot tongue and hungry mouth for a full ser-vice job. Front & rear. Box 482, Albany, NY 12201.

DIG L/L Answer Now Bx 410-132 W. 24th St. NYC NY 10011.

HOT LONG ISLAND ACTION Goodlooking, muscular male, jock type, 32; seeks other hot jocks; 18-30

for hot action and fun times. Send hot letter and phone # to BOX 32, Malverne, N.Y. 11565

GOLDEN SHOWERS CLUB

Want to start private W/S club. All types, any age. Write 409 W. 54th St., Apt. 2-B, N.Y.C. 10019 for details. CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG HOLE

Available on hot bearded horny w/m, scorpion, 36, 5'7", 130. Into mutual raunch scenes including F/F, W/S, L/L 130. Into mutual Tits, Balls, Jocks, Boots, Toys, Shaving with hot experienced MEN. Photo-/phone Box 1440, Madison Square Station, NYC 10159.

NEED A SPANKING? Attr guy, 37, 6', 155#, will put you over his knee and spank your bare behind. Box 1316, FDR Sta., N.Y.C., NY 10150. Especially good w/novices.

SENSUAL SEX PARTNER

Slim Trim 5'6" 129 45 Top and Bottom FF WS FR GR wants slim trim partner for highly sensual sessions. No B/D no fats no fems no S/M. Just good hot sex age/race no problem. 212 675 9044.

81/2" OF FAT DICK TO SUCK

Looking for young Black Hispanic or Asian cocksucker for prolonged sucking on 81/2" of fat dick with loaded balls. "mEnglish 35 tall, slim moustache. If youhave a beautiful ass I love to fuck too. Letter with photo please. Box 3990.

NORTH CAROLINA COUNTRY BOY

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

GOOD HOT SEX Salisbury, N.C., 36, 5'8", built well, hairy, uncut man. Seeks 25 to 55 mas-culine, well built, not fat well hung men. That get into a hot ass & throat. Toys, dildoes, assplay, most scenes except heavy pain & FF. Answer all, photo and phone answered first. Come visit Pied-mont, N.C. You won't forget it! Will travel. Box 3860.

OHIO

CINCINNATI

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

MASTER WANTED Good looking guy, 22, 6'2", 180, seeks similar master. Humiliation, verbal abuse, etc. P.O. Box #236, Galloway, OH 43119

GWM, AGE 37 TIRED OF BARS

And ususal nellie queens. Looking for a real man who is honest, trustworthy and sincere. Willing to serve right man Am Greek Passive and French A/P. and love to receive recycled beer. Travel to NY and Chicago often. Hair & tattoo a plus. No fems please. Box 3873.

STRICT DADDY NEEDED

Need stern Daddy for correction of bad habits and obedience training. Son is 5'6", 125 lbs, mid-30's, smooth chest. Daddy should be W/M under 50 with firm hand, wide leather strap, and hot nipples for son to worship. Reply Drummer Box No. 3884

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER(S)

To service. Dennis Box 1945, Toledo, OH 43604 (419)666-5210 before noon after midnight. Be discreet

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

6', 180 lbs, 46 chest, 30 waist, 28 yrs, into pain, service, submission to well built master. Travel NY, LA, SF, often. Box 4006

OKLAHOMA

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.

MUSCULAR MEN WANTED WM, 21, 6', 169 lbs., 8" cock. Considered cute. Seeks honest, goodlooking body-builders, jocks, studs and athletic men. You must have well defined chest. No

S/M or B/D. Send letter, photo showing face/chest, if possible nude. John C., P.O. Box 19572, Oklahoma City, OK 73144.

OREGON

DOMINATE MALE 6', 175#, seeks trim, w/m for B/D, S/M. Interest important, not experience. Photo. Box 3842

SLAVE

Seeks dominant leather Master. Into raunch, humiliation and willing to try most scenes. Letter & photo gets mine. P.O. Box 19759, Portland 97219. Sir! I'm hot.

UNCUT BOTTOM 32, 140 lbs., bearded, W/S, submission, boots, leather, scat. Box 3871.

PENNSYLVANIA

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

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX I 'm 30, 6', 170#, br. hair, gr. eyes, swimmer's build, straight appear. gdlkg., 8%" cut, dig real men, S&M, CBT, poppers J/0 GR--FR a/p-rough wild & kinky sex. J.C., P.O. Box 1454, Uniontown, Pa. 15401.

YOUNG STUD WANTED

Who's-into leather-B&D light S&M-Must give me your mind as well as body. I am-W-6-175# All man. Have leather fuckroom with racks-sling & toys-Can't handle it don't answer, Just fuck off. Box 3887.

YOUNG STUD WANTED PITTSBURGH AREA

Who's into leather B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W 6' 175# All man. Have leather fuck room with racks, sling, & toys. Can't handle it, don't answer, just fuck off. Box 3887.

RHODE ISLAND

HOT COUPLE Well built, 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men with no hang ups, F.F. W.S. and raunch welcome. P.O. Box 8641, Cranston, Rhode Island 02920.

HAVE 91/2", 6" AROUND CUT COCK Looking for someone who will wear leather & boots while being hand fucked or sucked. 5'8", 148 lbs., 45" hairy chest, 31" waist, full-bodied buttocks, tight ass, former L.A. physique model, 1608 College Ave., Anderson, SC 29621

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of dis-covering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comforta-ble with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft., 150 lbs., 43 yrs., greying black hair, beard, and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7 inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, lo-swingin' balls, and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no bull-shit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 0061

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

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

TEXAS

BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL CAGES OR INCARCERATION

GWM, 32, 5'8", 147 lbs seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect. You are tall, athletic and aggressive. I am slim, smooth, defined. Fidelity desired; limits expandable. Photos please, Sir. RHS; Box 270069; Houston, Texas 77277.

GWM, AGE 45 New to S&M. Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expand-ing my limits. Houston TX area. Box 3878.

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participent-ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish"! Box 3853.

W/M 29 5'10" 140 lbs seeks slave for long term B/D, Leather, Levi, No fatsfems only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Mr. Lenze, P.O. Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234.

S/M BOTTOM Hot W/M, 37, 6'1", 185 lbs, healthy, pro-fessional, masculine. Somewhat new to scene, but eager to learn. Seeks hot, dominant Top/Master for B/D, CBT/T, W/S, hot wax, dildoes/toys, V/A, etc. No FF, scat, shaving. Tx, Louisiana NYC. Please send letter and photo Sir for prompt response! Suite 169, P.O. Box 66973, Houston, Tx 77006.

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG Kai, who's story appears in MACH 6. I am seking contact with interested and am seking contact with interested and knowledgeable parties who are also involved or would like to be involved in transforming and training a human male to become a dog. Would like con-tact from gay professionals of all lev-els. (Veterinarians, Lawyers, doctors, keepel compared or eventions) who are kennel operators or suppliers) who are into S/M. Objective goal-to found training center/kennel facility. Potential dogs, masters with human dogs or any serious party are welcome to inquire/share information. Write to W.B. at P.O. Box 570791, Houston, Texas 77257-0791.

DRUMMER DAD W/M, 49, 5'9", 161. Into leather, rubber, police uniforms, enemas, tits, toys, lite S/M, versatile. Also theatre, classical music, motorcycling and intelligent conversation. Educated, profession-ally employed. Seeks like-minded younger friend. No fems or overweights. Bob, 214-526-7354

SON SEEKS DAD! WM-32-6'2"-175-uncut 7" Slim seeks no nonsense, muscular, hairy hung dad. Prefer 32-45 and uncut. No FF, scat, drugs, fatties, or fems. Reply with photo (required). Your queer son awaits your reply, Sir! Box 3977

SLAVES

6'3" WM, 30, hung, accepting applica-tions and offering auditions, facial photo and letter required. Will come in you in Ft. Worth. Box 3998.

WASHINGTON

LEATHER SON SLAVE

Seeks leather Daddy into leather, uni-forms, 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

MASTER

Daddy leather, hot and dominant seeks permanent son/slave. 6', 155 lbs, 30's, attractive, very energetic. You are slim, smooth, 20-35, submissive, obedient, hot buns, excellent cocksucker. You will be fully trained to meet all my needs. Shaving, w/s, light b/d, loving s/m, verbal domination. Your pleasure derives from being my personal cunts-lave. Appropriate application and photo to Box 3866.

W/M NOVICE 30

Interested in being "broken in" by Seat-tle area Master. Into all but scat. Will answer all replies. Call 206-329-1142 Days or midnight.

LEATHERMAN/MASTER W/M 47, 57", 145, black hair, moust-ache, muscular, into leather, boots, uniforms, SM, BD, WS. Seeks slave-/son. Reply with photo and your interests and limits. Box 3858

HORNY COUNTRY BOY Seeks demanding country dad, into honest, independent living. Boy is 24, 6' 180 lbs., 7" Musc. str. app. insatiable mouth and cunt beg for dads rough masculine pleasure. Boy likes out-doors, homelife, tight short cutoffs and bare feet. And more! Box 3995.

WISCONSIN

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 pre-terred. Master is level headed. Box 3607

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen experience and appreciate. Age, locale nationality, top, bottom, versatile not important-dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Drummer Subscription, free classified ads, dicounts on purchases and more! Send SASE for a confidential applica-tion The Leather Fraternity 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107.

WHIPPING BOY NEEDED: 28 year old w/m master, 6'0", 195, mus-cular, hairy chested, LEVEL HEADED, is seeking a younger than naster, cute, babyfaced, slim, smooth, runky or well defined slaveboy. Should be ready for humiliation, B/D, TT, CC/T, whipping (good and sound), and possibly some W/S. Nude and/or upper nude picture wanted. No fats or heavies. Phone # appreciated. Athletic type studs especially. I am open minded. Race unimportant. Box 3890.

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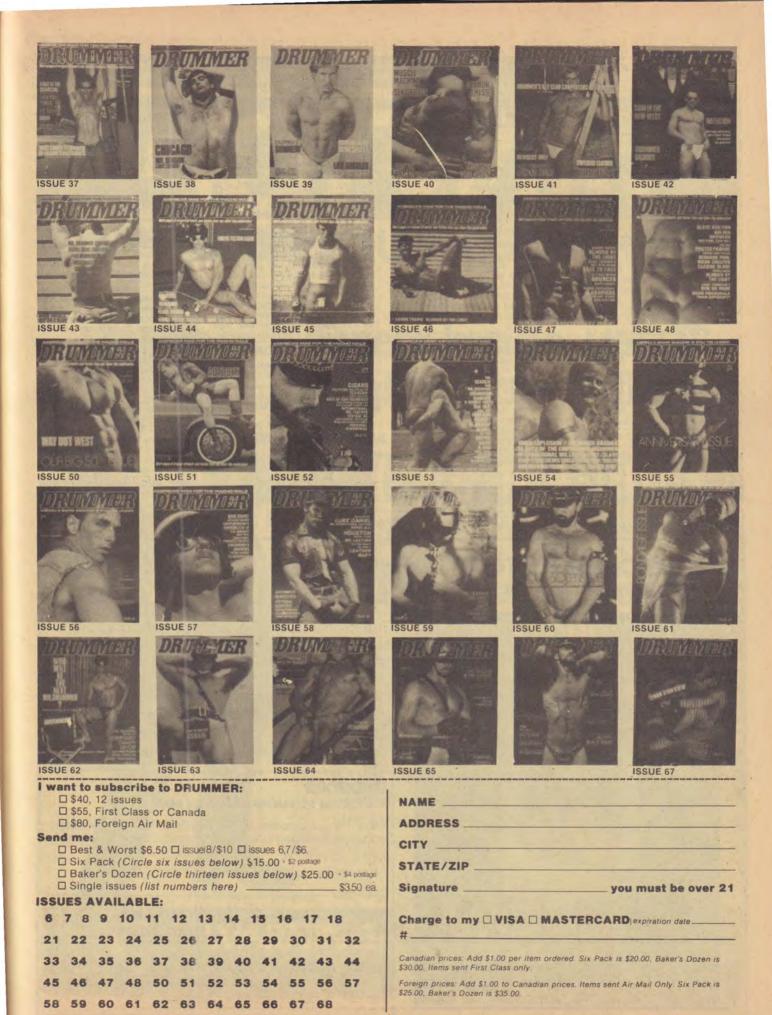
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ALTERNATE PUBLISHING 964 FOI SOM ST SAN EDANOUSC

DADDY 35, 6', 175#, 8" CUT Men into C/B, S/M, B/D, T.T./ W/S and exhibitionism for fun and pleasure. Also accepting obedient and humbly slaves to be used for my total enjoy-ment. 18-40 photo and phone. Box 3936.

MUD SCENES SOUGHT By bearded, hairy, masc, GWM, 31. Dig wallowing, fucking, J/O in mud holes with hot dudes, nudity, outdoor sex, w/s, light B/D, (no scat). P.O.Box 1085 Madison, WI 53701

HORNY IN FOX VALLEY GWM professional, young 50, 6 ft., 180 Ibs., dark hair, straight in appearance and reputation, needs occasional close companionship. Reciprocates warmly Fantastic blowjobs. P.O. Box 794, Osh kosh, WI 54902

UNEXPERIENCED AND WILLING 30,5'11" 180 lb. married looking for J.O partners and possible bottom man-send phone and hot photo. Box 3966.

WYOMING

WYOMING HARD HAT

Into long hot sessions is taking appli-cations for sons-slaves-partners. 5'9", 155, 8 thick uncut inches. If you can handle a man giving and taking heavy action, contact me with photo and let ter. Be prepared to spend hours in a sling servicing construction workers cowboys and truckdrivers. Punks, fats and fags need not apply. Box 3888.

CANADA

BOTTOM, 38, 5'9", 160 LBS. Bearded, mustache will submit to strong beefy, or muscular or medium fat men. Humiliation, verbal abuse, bodyworship, armpits, tits, CB, feet, rimming, WS, bondage, shaving, SM, fantasies. Care, affection and know how will expand limits. Please include

photo. P.O. Box 872 Station H, Mont-real, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

TORONTO-HAIRY MALE

30, 140 lbs 5'8". Swimmer's build. Seeks similar age 18-35. Into asses, cocks, tits, jockstraps, sweat, versatile. Box

HUNKY M

Topmen, any race, call me, talk dirty, give me orders. I will do what you say. Hot white BB awaiting your call Sir. Peter (403)-245-0691.

NOVICE SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

By demanding master. Into most scenes: 22, 5'11", 190 (soft gut needs work). Turn fantasies into reality. Ottawa area. Box 3911.

WHIPPED KID: Remember kid discipline? Mine was heavy from dad, uncle then foster father. Switches, belts, coat hangershad them all. Got heavier when I'd get a hardon. Tell me yours I'll tell you mine. Box 3924

BOTTOM MAN

5'9", 160 lbs, br/bl, worship and service beefy or muscular or slight to medium fat men. You demand, order, humiliate and punish me as is your right. I please you as is my duty. If you have the know how and can also show affection, you will make me better and expand my limits. Please include photo with letter. No fems, no heavy SM that leaves dam-ages. P.O. Box 872 Station H Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

DENIM-J/O STUD

Into jeans & jean jackets, boots, leather, cigars, fantasy. 35 y/o GWM 5'11" 150 lb, very good looking, br/br moustache with muscular body. Into filth, raunch and beating my own 8' Raunchy letter with pics gets same

Box 216, 55 Mc Cuul Street, Toronto, Canada, M5T 2W7

VANCOUVER BOY

5'11", 180 lbs, seeks S/M, B/D, C/B from dominant decent looking men between 25-35. Box 3954.

I HAVE COME

To a time in my life when I know I want a relationship with a younger man who is going to be my son/lover/slave. This is a beautiful opportunity for an obedient young man into submission, legal to 30, muscular, attractive, intelligent, self accepting/respecting, with integ-rity. I am attractive, GW Master, 48, 160, 6'1", brown/ blue, financially secure, intelligent, tells and sxpects the truth, level headed. You must be willing to be my total possession which I may express by shaving and piercing. I'll guide you in developing your talents, expanding your life and sexuality in all directions. If what you read is what you want, then write and tell. Slave will live in Toronto with and will work for Master's business enterprises. Now, read this ad again, very carefully. Box 3950.

INTERNATIONAL

MENSTROKERS INTERNATIONAL New worldwide HEALTH-CONSCIOUS contact organization for men who seek satisfying and completing connections with others into J/0, voyeurism, exhi-bitionism Menstrokers, P.O. Box 42667, San Francisco, CA 94142 USA!

HOMMES FRANCAIS CULTURISTES Lutteur pour lutte et exhibition (photo obligatoire)—pouvons facilement heberger Paris—Ecrire: Alain Masse, 33 Rue Henri de Vilmorin, 94400 Vitrysur-Seine, France.

MASTER WANTED

Offer myself as a lifelong total slave, fuck and torture animal to a very

raunchy, extremely sadistic Master. Tattoos a plus. Am 43, 5'9", 140, cut, dark hair, hairy, slim. Good buns and tits. Need financial aid to relocate. Am serious. So are you, Sir. Box 3877

AMERICAN, 33, 5'11", 160 LBS In Kaiserslautern, W. Germany. Leather In Kaiserslautern, w. Germany, Leather and Uniform scenes. Looking for G.I.'s, Tommies, Poilus, Krauts, Cops, etc. into same. No hard drugs, FF, or mutila-tion...All other options negotiable, bondage and bikes a plus. Often back home, so stateside replies welcome. Complete discretion assured. I know you're out there, and I know it's tough to make contact. I've got a lot to lose. and so do you, but we'll never meet if you don't write. It's worth it. Box 3885.

BLOND FINN WANTED

Under 40 to show me Helsinki 5/4-5/5/84 Briggle, 8895 Fontainebleau Blvd., Miami, FLA. 33172 U.S.A.

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per 1/2 ounce.

AUSTRALIA

SLAVE NEEDED 30 yr. old Master, 6'0" 160 lbs. Moving from U.S.A. to Perth, Attractive is seeking a young boy-slave 18-30. Slave must be slim or hunky and baby-faced or handsome: Moustache preferred. I want a HOT BOY SLAVE who is totally obedient and ready for B&D, TT, CB/T Shaving and Piercing. Master is level headed and caring. Upper-half nude picture requested with letter. Box 3865.

CAMEL SMOKIN BOOZIN SWEARIN Stinkin snarlin axel greasy filth freak loo-kin for same with lotsa filthy tattoos. Animal top lookin for cowcunted horsedicked chain smokin tobacco



The brutal story of a submissive young blond surfer who challenged his black masters to teach him the true meaning of slavery! In 64 pages of explicit text and photos, follow his descent as he submits himself completely to the punishing demands of their huge, hard cocks, and opens himself to the dark, seductive world of sexual slavery!

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I am 21 or older

Signature: ___

64 DRUMMER

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DRUMMER 65

freak for endless filthy engineoil/ scat fistin. Lookin for loner who lives in dirty dark glory holed turd houses like me. Here or in U.S. dig tobacco/ scat tattoos and big thick nicotine stained greasy fingers like mine plus chains leather pissin shittin and all the rest. Rex types a real plus also thick greased black hair.Box 3940

BRAZIL

LATE 20's, 135#, 5'8%" Blond, swimmer's body in Southern Brazil into CB, BD, WS, etc. Like to meet anyone passing through or exchange hot letters, stories, jocks, etc. Box 3826

ENGLAND

LEATHERBOY, BOYISH 29 Tattoos, piercings, full leather includ-ing chaps, boots, etc., wants his arse fucked and FF with sensual titwork by well hung hunky topman. When in Lon-don phone 602-3347 (Tony) or write with foto. Box 3926

ITALY

ACTIVE SLAVE

Italian,39 real sportsman, brown hair green eyes, muscular, macho type desire to service muscular master. I'm into heavy training whips, tit torture, F.F. verbal abuse etc. Prefer body-builder. Travel in USA. Hospitality in Interchain member. Photo Milan. required which gets mine in return. Box 3838

GERMANY

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES Wanted by experienced male 42, 5'11' 160, looking for pigs into mutual and top. Tit work, piss, snot, scat, puke, enemas, sweat, beer and trips. Also have a lot of rubber and leather gear. Like oil, mud, grease, catheter, foot and boots fetish. Interested in world wide contacts. Box 3285.

BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170 BI, bearded uncut, into L/L, FR a/p, GR p, tits, coming to US, wants to meet leathermen. Send Ph/Itr to Hans G. Blass, 74 Stresemannstr #1120, 1000 Berlin 61, West Germany

GERMAN LEATHERMAN

In SM, BD, TT, shaving, kink (NO scat), games and gamerooms, wants to meet interested and interesting men into same. Age, race not import. Send photo, description of your scene to: Postfach 420 515, 1000 Berlin 42, West Germany

BERLIN, GERMAN

6'3/185, dk bld, moust, into L/L and related activities, not just limited to bd, sm, cbt tort, shvg, experiments, wants to meet men into some, all or more of the above. Traveling quiet often. Send Itr of your scene and photo to Box 3946.

OBEDIENT SLAVE

34-5'11-175, not used very often needs strong experienced Master over 30. Open to all his desires. Travel fre-quently to the USA. U.P.J. Postbox 3231, 6000 Frankfurt 1, W.—Germany.

POLAND

POLISH GAY 31 age, black hair and hairy body, only passive, would friendship and live with with American active gay. I like to suck cock and offer my hairy ass. I would visit the U.S.A. Write with pictureswill answer all: Write English, Polish,

THE \$1000 FANTASY

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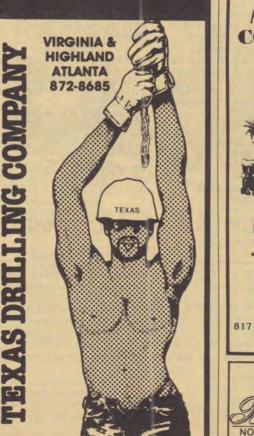
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84 OLYMPICS We have gay people waiting to be your host for very little money. All hotels are full. Write for details. Gledhill tours, 2112 Lyric Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027.

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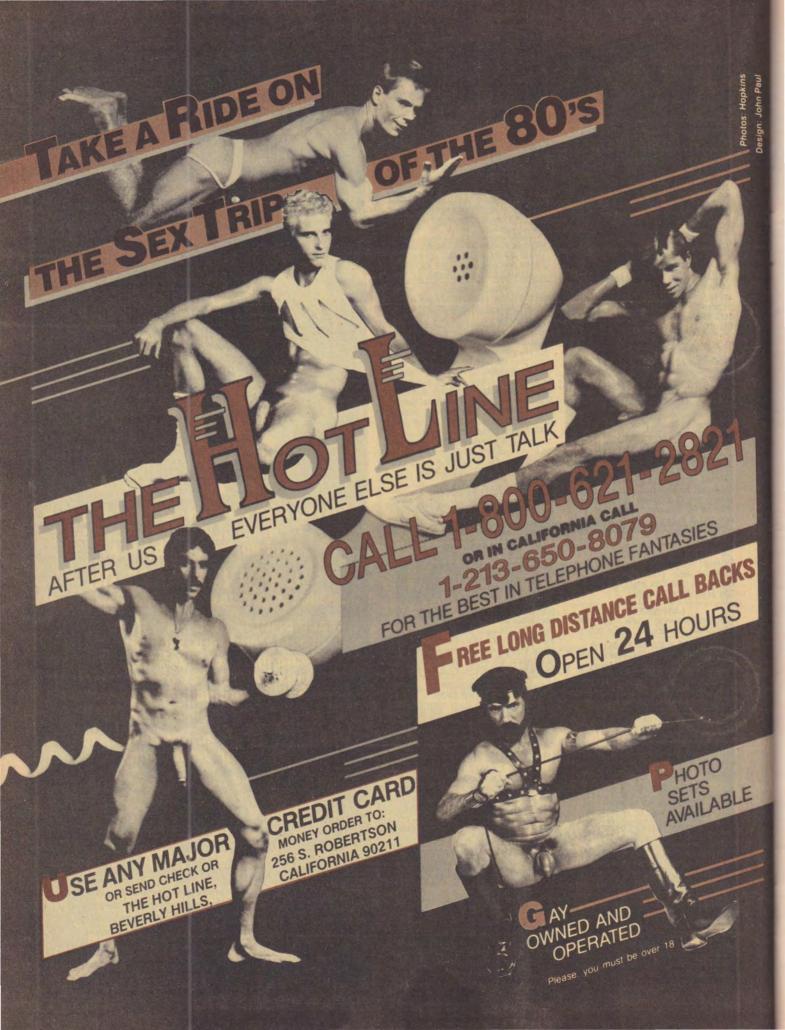
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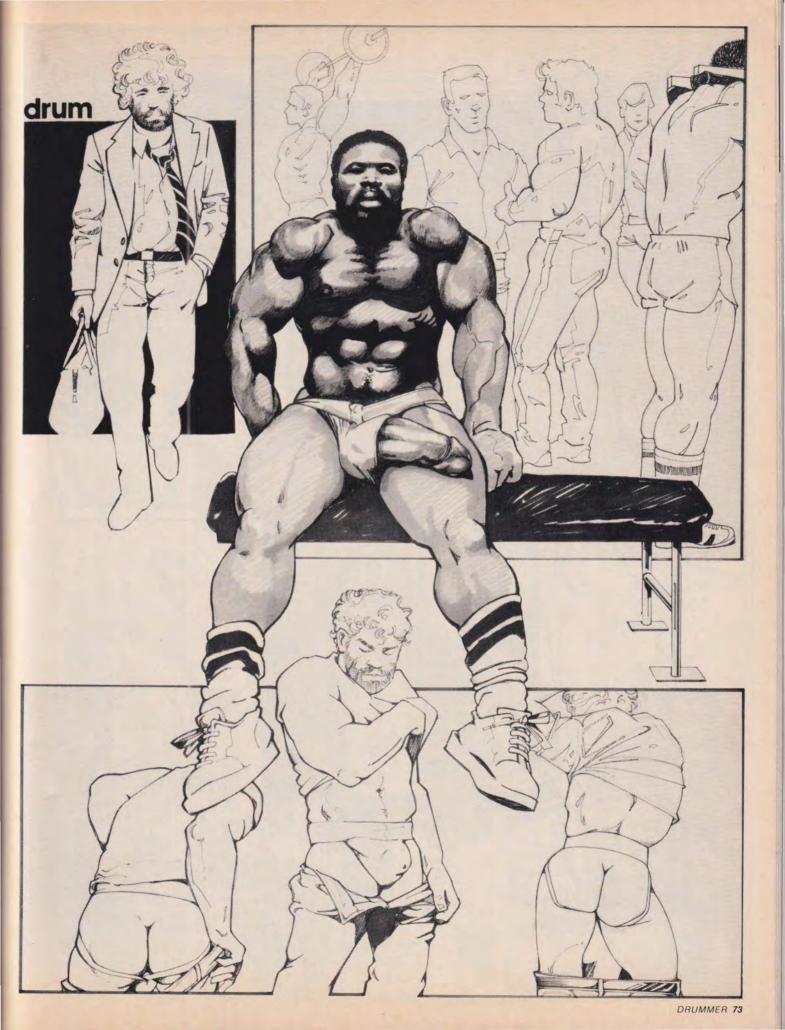
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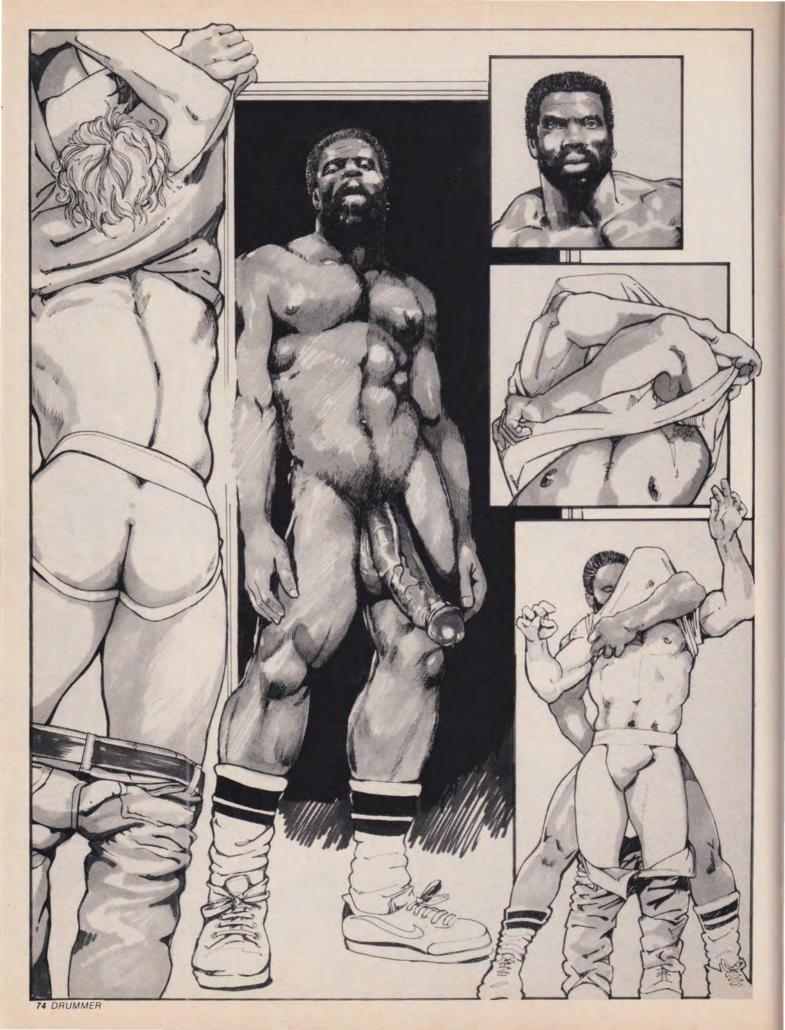
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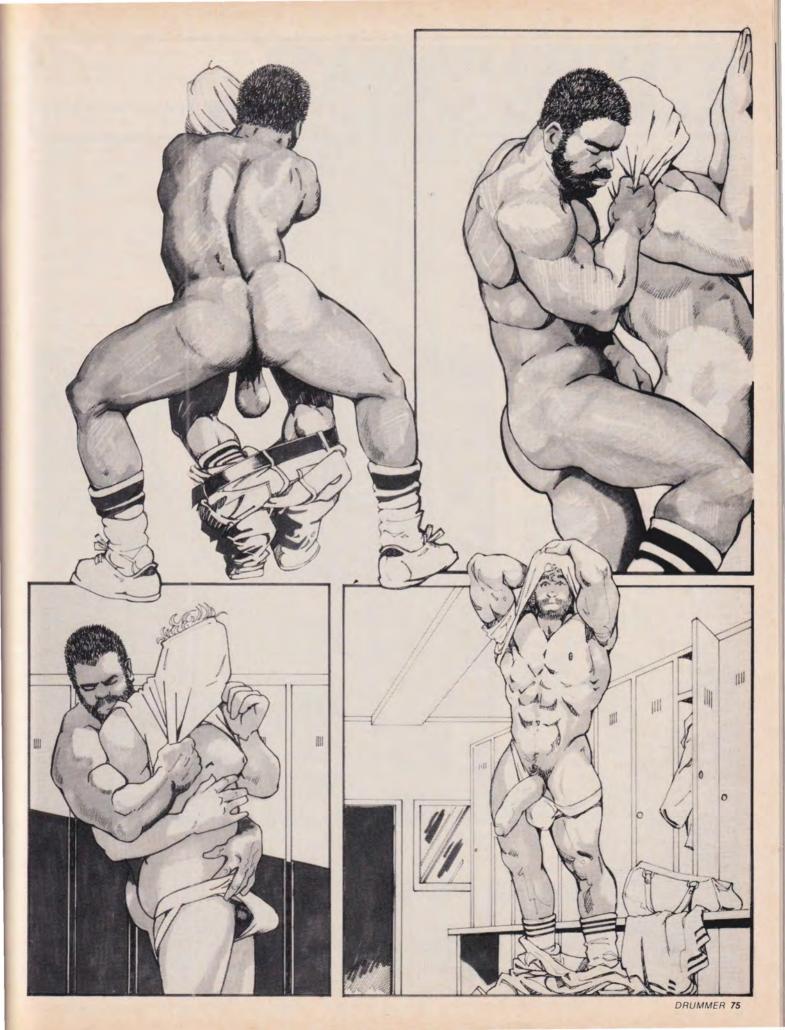
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UNDERCOVER DRAWINGS









INTERNATIONAL LEATHER SCENE

MR. DRUMMER IS COMING

The big news in the battle of the leathermen is the announcement of the 1984 edition of the Mr. Drummer contests—12 in all, including the 11 regional titles spread out between April 6 and June 17, culminating in the mega-play-off in San Francisco on June 23, the day before the Gay Freedom Day Celebrations.

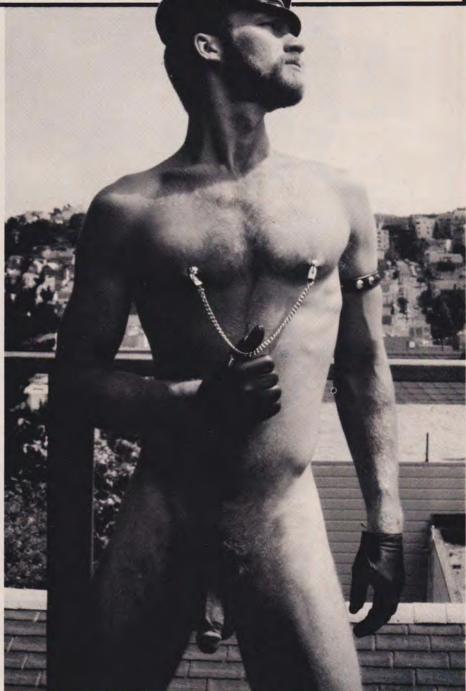
Unquestionably the Cadillac of leather contests, the 1984 series starts in Ft. Lauderdale when Tacky's (2509 W. Broward) picks Mr. Southeast Drummer over two nights (April 6 and 7). Next stop is The Woods (Guerneville, California) for the weekend of April 27 through 29, when Mr. Northern California Drummer is selected at the popular Russian River resort. At the same time, but nearly clear across the country, a new title debuts when The Crucible MC selects Northern Appalachian Mr. Drummer on April 28 at the Pittsburgh Trucking Company (730 River Avenue) in Pittsburgh, PA. Special judges for this premiere title include Drummer coverman (and first Mr. Drummer) Val Martin, Canadian Lorn Hardcastle (1st Runner-Up in the 1983 Mr. International Leather contest), Carl Sonnet (Mr. Pittsburgh Leather 1983), James Scott (Hide Park Leather) and Colt Thomas (Mr. International Leather 1983).

May 6 marks Mr. New England Drummer at Cycles in Portland, Maine. The infamous New England hot spot is planning to move to larger quarters shortly after this year's contest—which looks to be the ultimate closing bash. Cycles is located at 59 Center Street.

The Texas Drilling Company in Atlanta (1026 N. Highland Avenue NE) hosts the 1984 Mr. Southern Drummer contest on May 27. David Earl Lee, last year's 1st Runner-Up in the Mr. Drummer Finals, came from Atlanta, and he will be on hand to help select the new title winner this year.

On May 19 Mr. Pacific Northwest Drummer returns to JR's Cell in Portland, Oregon. This is the second year The Cell has hosted a regional Mr. Drummer contest. Expect another timberjack to walk away with the title.

The most maligned city in America, Cleveland, is home to the Mr. Midwest Drummer contest on June 9 at A Man's World (2405 St. Clair Avenue), perhaps Ohio's most famous gathering spot for gay men. In the 1983 Mr. Drummer Finals, Cleveland sent the 2nd Runner-Up in the person of George Moore, a compact, muscular bundle of dynamite who had the audience on the floor when he got **76** DRUMMER



JOHN GARGER: Mr. Drummer 1983. Photo by Jim Wigler

finished fisting a watermelon.

Part one of the 1984 Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer two-city/two-night contests hits Phoenix on June 11 at Trax (1724 East McDowell Road). Part Two picks the winner on June 13 at The Tool Box (145 Broadway) in Denver, Colorado.

The last round is a long, hot weekend: June 15 through 17 at The Loading Dock in Houston, Texas. Staged by Eagle Leathers, the three-night super-event at The Loading Dock (1722 Westheimer) will select Mr. Southwest Drummer 1984.

Then it's on to San Francisco for the Mr. Drummer Finals on June 23, where these regional titles winners (and two more dates and locations to be announced) will gather along with a selected invitational contestant to decide who will be Mr. Drummer 1984. *Drummer* promises that this year's leather gala will be even bigger and more spectacular than last year'salready acknowledged as the high-water mark of leather contests.

Watch this space for more details.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOT

When Denver leathermen hold a "Mister" contest, they go all-out—in this case, a trial by fire that spanned two nights and definitely separated the men from the boys. The Mister Tool Box Leather 1984 contest started at Tracks, a popular discotheque, with preliminary judging that included a leather toy display by Mr. S. Leather of Denver—and picked up two nights later at The Tool Box, where, according to a local eye-witness, "true sleaze prevailed" in a bar packed "buttto-box."

When the smoke cleared, Don Nolan, a ten-year leatherman and owner of Denver's most popular gay gym, Broadway Body Works (it shows!), took the honors. A night—make that two nights to remember.

LOOKING FOR FESTUS

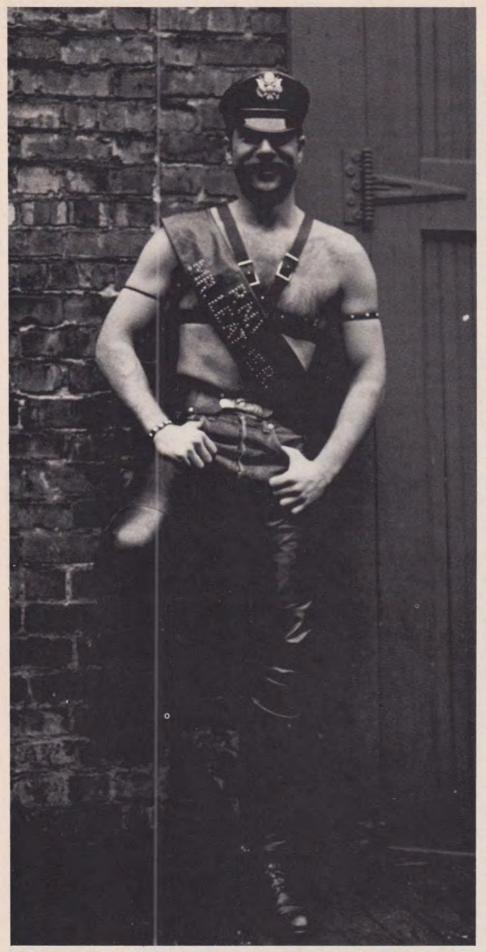
The newest move by San Francisco Sheriff Michael Hennessey: a "recruitment rally" at Chaps, a popular South of Market leather bar. With ten openly gay deputy sheriffs in tow, Sheriff Hennessey outlined the pros and cons of trading in cowboy fantasies for badge and gun and an oath to protect and serve. The custo-



TAKE IT OFF, DADDY !: Don Nolan, Denver's Mr. Tool Box Leather 1984.



THE SHERIFF AND HIS GAY DEPUTIES: A turn-around on the old recruitment theory? Photo by Robert Pruzan.



PACIFIC NORTHWEST MR. LEATHERMAN 1983, RALPH CLEVELAND: Backstage at the Mr. Washington State Leatherman contest. Photo by Steve Foiles. 78 DRUMMER

mers were impressed. We're impressed! The San Francisco Sheriff's Department has been involved in a number of new recruitment drives to bring racial, sexual and cutural parity to its ranks.

NORTHWEST LEATHER

The countdown to Pacific Northwest Mr. Leatherman 1984 started in February with the Mr. Washington State Leatherman contest. This year's winner, Doug (no last name?), road captain of the Knights of Malta, will go on to compete with winners of Portland and Vancouver contests for the Pacific Northwest regional title.

In attendance at the Seattle event, held at the J&L Saloon, was 1983's Pacific Northwest Mr. Leatherman, Ralph Cleveland-apparently there to check out one of the three men who'll be vying for his title when he steps down. Whether it's Washington State's Doug, or the soonto-be-chosen leathermen from Portland or Ralph's own Vancouver, Ralph says the winner shouldn't expect an easy ride. His year at the top entailed "a surprising amount of work," says Ralph. "I feel I have a responsibility to the gay community, to help bring together elements who might be afraid of one another. I want to teach them not to be afraid of leather ... there's no need to be afraid of leathermen. They're pussycats!'

Maybe, maybe not. In any case, we'd be more than willing to have Ralph teach us...

WARD 5-B GETS 4K-PLUS

A much-anticipated mega-fundraiser at the San Francisco Eagle in March raised a tidy \$4,423.29 for the AIDS patients currently in Ward 5-B of San Francisco General Hospital. Contributions from South of Market and other citywide gay businesses and individuals were auctioned or raffled amid a capacity crowd on the roof of the popular San Francisco bar. The staff of the S.F. Eagle, along with members of the CMC organization and The Barbary Coasters Motorcycle Club, had been working on this event for some time. It is the most recent in a long line of fundraisers that gay businesses in San Francisco have hosted to benefit AIDS patients and the AIDS support groups.

ZURICH INTERNATIONAL

Attention, leathermen who are members of all clubs associated with ECMC. LOGE 70 (Schweiz) announces its traditional Whitsun gathering, this year called "Zurich International," to be held June 8-11 at the same forest hut near Fislisbach where the group's Whitsun conclave was held last year.

"For the first time in many years," according to the event program, "we will again do a city tour in an old tram. And as a first-time event in Zurich, we will have the election of Mister Leather Switzerland," who will go on to compete in the Mister Leather Europe contest in Ham-



THE KNOCKERS YOU WON'T SEE HERE: Yet another Bare Chest Contest at San Francisco's The Arena (you might recall we told you there would be twelve contests in all, capped by a calendar at the end of the year showing off one set of pecs a month). This one netted more than a winner (Jim Cvitanich, third from left) and some runner-ups (John Ponce, far left; Phil Siegel, second from left; Jim Ed, far right)—this was the contest that saw the sex barrier broken. A big-chested entry named Linda tossed off her top to reveal pecs, although discreetly covered in black lace, twice the size of . . . everyone else's. Linda however, seems to have run afoul of a technicality—the chest is supposed to be muscle. Still, we thought it was a nice little historic gesture. Can Ms. International Leather be far behind? Photo by Robert Pruzan.



S.F. EAGLE BENEFIT FOR WARD 5-B: Hard work and long planning netted a cool \$4000-plus. Photo by Robert Pruzan.



VISIT FROM THE MASTER: It was a definite event when the grand master of erotic art, Tom of Finland (right), accompanied by his agent and right-hand man, Dirk Dehner, dropped by the Drummer offices during a visit to San Francisco last month. Tom reports that he's eager to return to the realm of full-bodied fantasy, after recent months spent executing commissioned works and portraits. Good news for Tom's countless fans; look forward to seeing more of that special world—and those special men—that come only from Tom's incomparable hand. Photo by Jim Wigler.



LAST HURRAH: Colt Thomas shows off the wheels he won as International Mr. Leather 1983. Photo ©1983 by IML Studio. 80 DRUMMER

burg or Munich.

Culinary events will include two brunches at the Barfusser bar and restaurant in Zurich, and the forest hut party, with "campfire, grilled sausages, drinks and lots of leather guys."

LOGE 70 will attempt to place those attending in private accomodations in Zurich or nearby (first come, first served). Hotel reservations must be made by individuals, but organizers of "Zurich International" will provide a list of recommended establishments.

Other rules: The meeting is reserved for members of ECMC-associated clubs, though, if not sold out, guests may be accepted, "as long as they are part of the scene." Only those in leather, jeans, western wear or uniforms will be allowed on all premises, and the taking of any photographs is strictly prohibited. Registration deadline is May 26.

"Zurich International" will undoubtedly be a first-class gathering of leathermen on an international scale. Interested parties can receive more information by writing to LOGE 70 (Schweiz), Postfach 725, CH-8025 Zurich, Switzerland.

MICHIGAN LEATHER

Mr. Leather West Michigan will be chosen April 14 at the Carousel in Grand Rapids. This marks the third annual contest for the West Michigan title, and the third time the event has been held at the Carousel, located at 8 Ionia Street S.W. (pronounced I-own-ya?) Be there at 9:30 sharp. Information, call (616) 454-2639.

INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER

The 1984 Edition of the Chicago-based International Mr. Leather contest hits the boards this year on May 27 in the Windy City. Sponsored by The Gold Coast bar, the contest, which had 44 contestants last year, caps a weekend that includes bar parties at The Gold Coast and other leather watering holes in Chicago, and the annual Man's Country Black and Blue Ball. Entry forms and weekend-package reservations (including the Contest and Parties) are available from: The Gold Coast, 501 N. Clark Street, Chicago, IL 60640. Deadline for reservations is May 20.

Last year's winner, Colt Thomas, will be on hand to give up his title to this years winner. The judges for the contest are drawn from well-known leather figures.

SUBMIT!

International Leather Scene is our effort to keep *Drummer* readers informed about what's going on with leathermen in the U.S., Canada, Europe, Australia and elsewhere. Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Submit press releases, announcements, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to International Leather Scene, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107.

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



CALIFORNIA DREAMING

This blond young stud is searching for an attractive young Daddy (or ??) for friendship and good times. Leather and photo a must! Write to Kitch at PO Box 711, Fullerton, CA 92632.



CUBAN DADDY'S BOY This hot-blooded, kinky 27-year-old is looking for a Daddy in New York City. Want to know more? Look up his ad in the Drumbeats classifieds under New York.

WANNA BE A T.C.?

Think your stuff is hot enough to appear in Drummer's Tough Customer pages? Like to show it off? Send your photo (black and white reproduces best, dim color shots won't do at all), along with a brief description or message to: Tough Customers, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo and include your name and address (we won't print that information unless you ask us to). See ya around!



AMSTERDAM-BUILT This T.C. likes macho leathermen with nice hunky bodies (25 to 40); isn't into SM, FF, or "way-out kinks." He's coming to the U.S. this fall, so get ready! Kenneth McBean, 9 Kloveniersburgwal, III Floor, 1011 JT Amsterdam, The Netherlands.





CAMP TRAINER

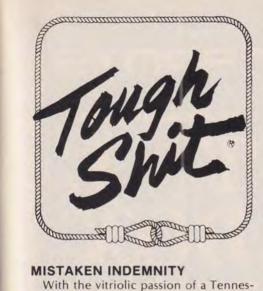
This Daddy is expert in training men to be good, obedient sons. He's a member of Interchain (#518), or you can seek him out via his Drumbeats ad ("Summer Camp 1984") under New York.



BAT MAN We found this guy hanging around at the Compound. Invited us to snap him for Tough Customers, then mysteriously disappeared. Maybe something went to his head.

DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS





MISTAKEN INDEMNITY

With the vitriolic passion of a Tennessee Williams heroine, U.S. Deputy to NATO, General Bernard Rogers, unenamoured of having a deputy assigned to his post (especially a German one), tried to have General Gunter Kiessling dismissed on suspicion of homosexuality. With the aid of German Military Intelligence, General Rogers built a relentless case against Kiessling-one of the two deputies NATO placed under the U.S. General-based on the fact that (1) Kiessling was in his 50s and had never married, (2) Kiessling did not have a steady girlfriend, (3) GMI would testify that they had eyewitnesses to Kiessling's frequenting of a gay bar, Tom Tom, in Colonge, West Germany, and (4) accusations of homosexuality have always worked in the past.

It would take an absolute ninny to think being gay had any negative bearing on military leanings: some of history's bestknown fascists were either gay or supported by or surrounded by gays: gays make great warmongers (witness Alexander The Great); gays have been known to pillage and rape right along with the best of 'em. But the disclosure that a gay

man might be near the very top of such a mighty military-industrial complex as NATO was counted on as being such a shock to the international military scene that General Rogers was positive the operation would be a quick, bloodless exorcise.

To show the real lily-livered condition of NATO's upper echelon, German Minister of Defense Manfred Worner fell all over himself when General Rogers dropped his stinkbomb, Minister Worner bowed and scraped to the mighty American and his accusations and demanded General Kiessling's resignation forthwith-in fact, he dismissed him based on General Rogers' charges. General Kiessling agreed to go into retirement at the end of March 1985, but no sooner. The entire affair stayed on the inside of NATO/GMI/Bundespost gossip routes in the beginning. The official explanation for the request for Kiessling's dismissal was labeled "For security reasons." The putsch seemed successful.

Then the press got hold of the "security reasons" details (Kiessling's alleged homosexuality), and the shit hit the wire services. The West German public expressed outrage that General Rogers claimed someone who was homosexual was a security risk in the military. They constantly questioned, via newspaper and radio polls (the story occupied the West German news for two months), why a gay man was any more susceptible to blackmail than a married man who visited a whorehouse. Logic, to quote the culture that gave us Martin Luther and Nina Hagen, would dictate that a public knowledge of one's gayness, if anything, removed the threat of blackmail.

Poor General Rogers just shut his mouth as quickly and as decisively as he had opened it when it was revealed that the "evewitnesses" to Kiessling's forays into the Tom Tom Club were actually seeing and photographing another man, Jurgen Baum, who had no qualms about hanging out in the Cologne gay bar. The German Police and German Military Intelligence, with soft-boiled egg dripping from their Aryan chins, insisted that it was a case of "mistaken identity," that the two men looked just alike. General Rogers hid behind the very secure and extremely heterosexual doors at NATO Headquarters in Brussels and let the German Police, GMI, and German Minister of Defense Manfred Worner take the heat. Minister Worner, caught between a rock and a hard place, instantly reinstated General Kiessling and offered to resign himself.

General Rogers held his breath. Der Spiegel, the more conservative German news journal, explained: "...at the General Secretariate of NATO in Brussels, gavs serve who do not conceal their sexual preferences. In NATO's armies, a particular sexual inclination is considered a private matter. There is even a department head who had his private appointments arranged by his secretary. Even the officers of the South European NATO sector, with their strict Catholic morals, consider homosexuality a security risk only if extortionability is proven; even then, homosexuality does not justify premature dismissal, but at most a transfer to the provinces. For that reason alone, the Worner/Kessling affair caused some perplexity at both NATO headquarters. It caused (among the leaders) amazement at such provinciality (on the part of the German Military and Government). The reaction was: 'Those funny Krauts!'

The scandal is past. General Rogers still has two deputies, which he still does not want. Minister Worner has not resigned. Deputy Kiessling has not resigned. There are as many gays in NATO today as there were before the brickbats flew. General Rogers will have to think up a new ploy next time. Word is out: homosexuality won't play.



Der Villain: General Rogers



Der Victim: General Keissling



Der Pawn: Jurgen Baum

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DRUMONOHDIA VDEO

INDEPENDENTS & AMATEURS II

Let's work our way from the very top to the very bottom this time, in looking at independent and amateur video releases;

Foreskin Fantasy, Adam and Company, 1984; features entire cast; 60 minutes; color and sound; Beta/VHS; \$79.95 (\$5 postage/handling); signed statement required; Adam and Company, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd, Suite 109/209, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

the spread goes from a deserved 10 to an equally deserved zero.

You might expect that the very first feature from a new video company to be either pretty standard or pretty amateurish. That may be the rule, but there is an exception: a good case in point is *Foreskin Fantasy* from Adam and Company. These guys must have known that, most of the time, your entire future can ride on your first release; abundant thought and care went into the planning and execution of this highly-specialized one-hour project.

Almost equally divided into three separate and diverse vignettes, Foreskin Fantasy starts with a tone and a pace that is complemented but not contradicted as it it unwinds, like three notes played in the same chord. And while the video centers around one particular sexual fantasy, foreskin, it manages to explore its fetish in remarkably different tableaus.

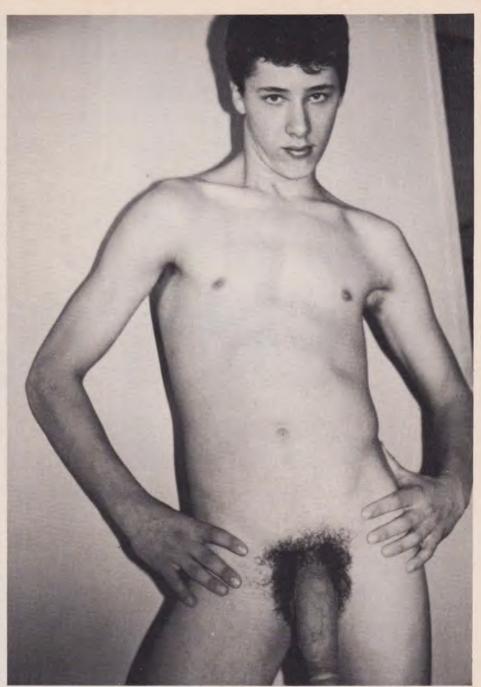
An art deco mirror faced with crystal and chrome objects reflects a sleek muscular man wearing white briefs and a white T-shirt sprawled out in a black leather chair, the entire landscape framed by plum-colored walls. These reflective and offsetting surfaces and colors focus the eyes to his skin, a seamless wrap of even tone and texture. Every movement becomes visually heightened by its stark (without being sharp) contrast. What he does is this: tears and pulls at his shirt and shorts, digs his admirable genitals out of his briefs, lovingly manipulates and caresses himself.

The tone of mystery established by this opening segment, in which we never see the entire person at one time, is reiterated in the visual devices used throughout Foreskin Fantasy: things are revealed, if at all, slowly and quietly, like the foreskin itself pulled back from the head of the dick. Later a package of photographs is unwrapped and spread out; the camera unveils characters inch by inch; arms and organs slip out from the folds of cloth and clothes. The mystery is augmented by an exotic set of environments-the aforementioned mirror/chair/walls; a Japanese robe that cloaks another non-person, exposing arms and legs and genitals; a timeless, colorless space occupied by naked men and naked mattresses thrown on the floor.

The execution of Foreskin Fantasy is very much an exercise in style, heavily borrowed from the French New Wave of Goddard and the stark simplicity of Carne, equally Japanèse with the structure and flow of a flower arrangement or a watercolor; all of it polished with the gloss of high technology.

Foreskin Fantasy moves from the toneon-texture landscapes of the first segment to a semi-surreal cultural sensibility in the middle vignette: a black lacquer table holds a handful of dead, dried longstem roses capped with a square parcel tied with ribbons. Another unknowable figure, drapped in a black kimono, kneels and bends toward the bundle, occidental hands untying ribbons to reveal a series of black and white photographs of various uncut men: soft, thick appendages hang between muscular thighs; hands grasp -Danny Parks in Meat: The Movie erect, sheathed organs; close-up images reveal thick cords of semen roped from under equally thick, wrinkled foreskins.

The music is faintly Japanese. The figure's hands caress his own genitals under the voluminous fabric. As he examines and re-examines each image, he reveals more and more of his own stirring expectations until, finally, he is laid back against his black robes on a black floor; his pale naked body unadorned except for the fleeting colors of a butterfly tattooed on the inside of his thigh, masturbating in time to a music that is both intensifying and steadily growing towards its own resolution. As he reaches the apex of desire, we see what his mind's eye sees: another mysterious unrevealed figure-is it him?-naked, grasping his organ like a hose, steady streams of golden urine splashing on the floor. the camera jumps DRUMMER 85





between these two scenes: the standing man pissing and the prone man ejaculating the contents of his testicles. Then the screen turns black.

The final section of Foreskin Fantasy reveals all: against a grey backdrop, seated on a stool, a sunglassed man wearing jeans stares at the camera while he unbuckles and unbuttons his pants, pulling his uncut cock out of the fly of his jeans. The camera caresses his semiclothed body. Another figure walks into the frame, naked, his own uncut cock hanging like a lead weight between his legs. The camera brings into sharp focus sometimes-tender, sometimes-rough mutual manipulations: these two men stroke and squeeze and fondle each other; fingers pull at flexible foreskins. They explore with their hands and mouths and eyes. Completely disrobed, both move to thin, overlapping, unadorned mattresses on the floor. More complex positions are arranged like icons in a temple. Another figure joins them, already nude, a tall black man with a legendary cock. Positions are arranged now in threes. The camera moves among them like a non-participating partner.

Adam and Company took a calculated risk in straying so far from the frameline of contemporary porn in making *Foreskin Fantasy* such a work of art; but, staying well within the parameters of their specific fetish, using the artistic aspects of their camerawork and design to accent that fetish, they have turned what could 86 DRUMMER have been pretentious into what is unquestionably singular and special.

If you've never heard of Old Reliable and his tough-talking, rough-looking collection of street punks, then you've never really been on the receiving end of hardline verbal abuse. But if you think being called a "low-life, ass-sniffing, balllicking, no-good cocksucker" is the sum total of Old Reliable's repertoire, you're mistaken. VT 12 is a two-hour collection of street boys beating off for the prurient interests of the camera. Each individual (the brochure for this video only names four of the dozen guys) either starts

VT 12, Old Reliable, 1983; features entire cast; 120 minutes; color and sound; Beta/VHS; \$59 (\$3 postage/handling); signed statement required; brochures available; Old Reliable, 1626 N. Wilcox, Suite 107, Hollywood, CA 90028.

naked or strips down, does a minimum of flexing (or none at all), and settles into getting off: sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly, sometimes very slowly. The guys vary from the skinny, big-dicked, hairless street hustler to the muscular, hairy-chested ex-con. Styles vary; motivations vary—some guys show off their equipment inch by pulsing inch, others grasp hold of their meat like it was a lifesaver and pound in short, fast, calculated strokes. Orgasms are unique signatures; Old Reliable readies for and captures each one with qualified attention to detail. -from Foreskin Fantasy

Because VT 12 is shot in direct video, it has the look of immediacy associated with both television and home movies—these are, after all, Old Reliable's home movies, a journal of the guys he's convinced to reveal their all for the video camera.

Awkwardness and arrogance sometimes go hand in hand; some guys get instant, aching boners and make short shrift of urging their loads into the open air; others use spit, oil, and porn magazines to help them achieve tumescence; one particular member unloads on top of a glass coffee table (his second discharge) while the camera steadily records from underneath.

Conversation is kept to an absolute minimum (once in a while you hear the cameraman give an instruction, or sometimes a growl from the panting lips of the subject, a warning that "the load" is coming), sound is natural room sound, focus is usually eyes to camera, cock to viewer. Pure, unadulterated, unembellished jack-off sessions; the viewer supplies the rest of the fantasy.

It stands to reason that not all these guys are heterosexual even if all of them appear to be heterosexual-identified. Some are more attuned to their own bodies than others; everyone is either well-hung or very well-hung.

The technical quality of VT 12 is very good; editing is minimal but concise. At two hours running time, this cassette is a real breakthrough in the price category as well.

Black Meat in Heat is only the second title released by Puer Eternus, an independent video company exploring black and interracial sexuality, and is a marked Black Meat in Heat, Puer Eternus, 1983; 60 minutes; color and sound; Beta/VHS; \$39.95 (postpaid); signed statement required; Puer Eternus, 495 Ellis Street, No. 1615, San Francisco, CA 94102.

improvement in technique and quality over their first effort.

The setup of *Black Meat in Heat* is simple: four short segments, each featuring a solo black man, each describing what turns him on, and each masturbating to orgasm. Like *Foreskin Fantasy* and *VT 12*, this cassette is geared to a more specific sexual fetish than the run-of-themill porn tape.

Black Meat starts with an ex-con who lays back on his bunk in a cell on Alcatraz and tells you how being in prison taught him to like sex with men. As he describes his particular turn-ons, he fishes his abundant equipment out of his prisonissue jeans and stokes it to ample orgasm.

Next is the young farm hand laid back on a bale of hay, working his meat out of his overalls while talking about how hard works demands relief at the end of the day.

Then it's off to the financial district, where a suited executive unreels the biggest organ among this quartet from his Brook Brothers slacks for the tape's longest, most elaborate segment.

Finally, a black man in black leather comes from the shadows to end the exercise, ripping off his studded cod-piece to reveal an unusually thick cock and monster balls. All he does is stand there and whip it—never says a word—and you get the point.

The camera work is very good (exceptional in the executive segment), the technical quality is above average, the individual men are interesting, the overall concept worthwhile, the sound average—maybe all that's is missing is...more.

Meat: The Movie has a major problem and a number of minor ones. This is the second title from another very new company, Boys Town, and the major problem is that the advertising hypes Danny Parks as a co-star ("18 years old, 12 inches/7 inches around"); his picture is the main draw of the print ads. Danny Parks appears in about 5 minutes of the 70 minutes running time of this video, in the shower, and never shows an erection unless his cock doesn't stick out when erect. The print ads also say: "Incredibly

Meat: The Movie, 1984; Danny Parks, Joe Malone, Keith Owens, Butch Diggins; 70 minutes; color and sound; Beta/VHS; \$79.95 (\$2 postage/handling); signed statement required; Boys Town, 256 S. Robertson Blvd, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

endowed Joe Malone and Danny Parks take on two hot studs..." Danny Parks never comes out of the shower. No one gets in the shower with him. He doesn't take on anyone in *Meat: The Movie*.

Meat begins with a very sexy young Latino in bed, talking on the phone. Seems he's been sick. Deprived of going out and getting laid, he tells his phonemate about the dreams he's been having. Danny Parks is the first dream, but not for very long. Then another dream is about some guy that just showed up one day and took his clothes off and got in bed we see the dream pretty much as described. Then there's another dream, this time a three-way between Joe Malone (another 12-incher), Keith Owens and Butch Diggins—and *it* is the bulk of the story.

Some of Meat is interesting, some is not. As for the two guys, Malone and Parks, on which everything hangs-giant cocks are valid vehicles for porn. Our culture, while paying lip service to any other number of individual gualities, is still in rapt awe of the oversized sex organ. But Meat does not make good use of the beef. Instead of letting the camera dote on either of these outstanding appendages, they are treated as no more than just another dick. Only once does the video even come close to utilizing the equipment it has to offer: in the final three-way there is a moment, shown in good closeup, when we watch Joe Malone's 12incher disappear down someone's throat (I'm not sure whose). But a moment does not a movie make.

Sound is okay, tech quality is average for consumer equipment, editing is fine, slo-mo sequences are below par. According to Boys Town, "Two focuses of Boys Town will be to come up with previously unphotographed models and sending the product out as fast as possible." Commendable, but a few other priorities wouldn't hurt.

-John W. Rowberry



-from Foreskin Fantasy DRUMMER 87





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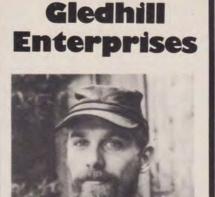
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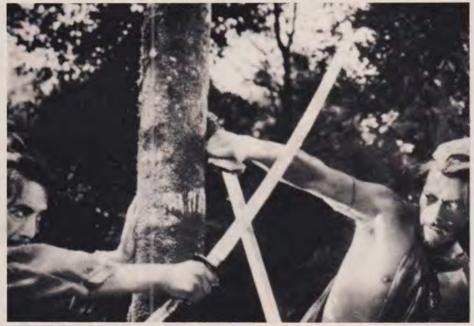
MIFUNE AND THE FORCE

The clean-cut pretty young men who pirouette and flick their swords a few times to destroy tens of adversaries at once are replaced by a filthy, scratchy, heavy-drinking Mifune.

-Tadao Sato, Japanese film historian

Toshiro Mifune's screen career spans two generations, escaping typecasting as a gangster only to fall into heavy/hero roles that foreshadowed and directly so relentlessly frontal that Mifune often appears to be defending the very audience against diabolically vicious adversaries and milling mobs—massed production numbers of slave insurrection and firewood festival—a feat accomplished solely with his body, wit and will.

Mifune is grim and indefatigably wise and noble throughout. His raison d'etre as General Rokurota Makabe is to protect the sole royal survivor of a deafeated, overrun fiefdom, Princess Yuki—and the entire treasury in gold bars—on their flight through enemy lines to neutral territory. To this end he enlists the services of a pair of deserting conscripts—peasant farmers hopelessly and comically complicating the plot with their greed, deceit, disloyalty and cunning (Hamlet's grave-



Toshiro Mifune (right) in Rashomon: the stuff of legends.

influenced Clint Eastwood and Charles Bronson characters, eventually transcending his own sterotype by the sheer power of his personality to become an archetype of international stature-a legend beyond his time. Director Akira Kurosawa (his discoverer and mentor) and others have described Mifune as "something of a roughneck," a "trapped savage beast" of amazing energy, "direct, bold, with a keen sense of timing and fine sensibilities," uncommonly economical of gesture for conventional Japanese dramatic style. His is the one-man image that brought Occupied Japan's movie industry to the fore, and one of the strongest screen presences in international film history.

Stripped bare from mid-thigh to legging top, wristband to narrow breastplate harness, Mifune is in his prime of psyche and physique in the restored 1958 fulllength 16th-century adventure drama, Kurosawa's *The Hidden Fortress*, which recently had its uncut U.S. premiere at San Francisco's Castro Theatre. This first use of cinemascope technique in Japan is **90** DRUMMER diggers on the loose with major roles). The princess herself is a pretty tomboy, arrogant, petulant, spoiled and sexless; afflicted with the forced voice of Kabuki theater gender disguise—her late daddy raised her to be a son. She, in turn, frees another young woman from hateful prostitution to become *her* servant, and the band of five set out on multiple harrowing adventures, each escape narrower than the last.

When the General refuses to show grief for his sister, deliberately sacrificed in place of the princess (the smothering of romantic love and emotion and expendable nonheroes are part of the idealized samurai tradition being honored/spoofed in this film), the princess stamps her little foot and demands he "stop being so noble!" Her persona is so entirely Princess Leia, and the yokels such perfect models for R2D2 and CP30 that it comes as no particular surprise that Fortress is acknowledged by George Lucas as an inspiration for the Star Wars series-Mifune's role was seen as Obi-Wan Kenobi, more along the lines of an aristocrat, omnipotent "Dirty Hairy": diluted to

fit in the additional Hollywood jocks, one supposes, to suit American teen appeal.

More direct copy/adaptations of Kurosawa/Mifune screen sagas are Rashomon/The Outcasts, Seven Samurai/The Magnificent Seven and Yojimbo/A Fistful of Dollars, none lighthearted enough to allow for the imaginative energy and enjoyment enployed in Fortress. Here Mifune is a gang-in-one, total in chivalric morality and military ethic, and inevitably victorious. Among thieves, he is the king of thieves; among generals, the commander in chief.

Without the stand-ins and stuntpeople, Mifune on horseback or in hand-to-hand combat is a sight to behold. Weapons and protective devices are always natural and various, to fit the circumstances. They are never mechanical (coincidental, perhaps, but not magical), so that when he triumphs, the glory is his alone-gained, of course, to lay at the feet of his nominal superiors. On the edge of precipitous slopes, only he is steady enough to prevent the landslides that hamper everyone else. At a full gallop down a winding forest road, arms overhead passing sword from hand to hand, he slays three soldiers who discover their hideout (never innocents, though he is harsh with the dumb underlings who scamper off with the gold every time he turns his back, and firm with the foolhardy princess). When he is embarrassingly merciful to a conquered peer, he offsets the man's disgrace by drawing him honorably over to their side.

The lance battle alone is worth the admission price, worth even the occasionally overlong dwelling on humorous (non-Mifune) dialogue. He is bursting with confidence and pre-fight adrenaline for the confrontation with General Tadokoro (Susumu Fujita), a worthy opponent. The preparation is a battle won before it begins as he chooses his weapon from among the ring of armed enemy warriors, intimidating them both for the drama of it and to soften them for his later escape, win or lose. They square off, crouched in a sumo attack stance, thighs akimbo, knuckles balanced on knees. When they close, it is with astonishing agility, and the lances cleave the air with pile-driving force in the delicate convolutions of the calligrapher's brush. Each stroke and its follow-through is accompanied by the percussive toned instruments of Noh drama and hoarse attack cries. The tension and the beauty are exquisite; it is a long and exhilarating scene in a long and ultimately satisfying film.

The ending of Fortress is a prevision of the lush robes and lordly manner we will find Mifune in 23 years later, as the warlord Toronaga in the NBC miniseries, *Shogun*. Just one of his 130 film roles (the best are labeled *Made in Japan*) that are a collective nostalgia, an idealized gestalt from an alien cultural tradition. There is no question that the Force is with him.

-Penni Kimmel

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SEX, SEX, SEX

Our subject today, students, is sex. Sex in prison. Sex on campus. Sex as the subject for a tongue-in-cheek reference book...

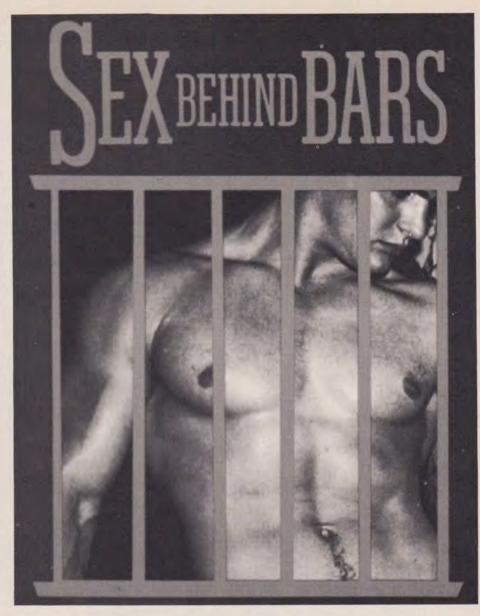
First, Sex Behind Bars (Gay Sunshine Press, PO Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140; 237 pp., paper, \$10). This is an odd duck of a book. Packaged as pornography, it aspires to social commentary, and falls into an uncomfortable category between. The author is Robert N. Boyd, a convict serving time in Nevada. One would expect his writing to have the tone of authenticity, and it does, for the most part; but it is also curiously lifeless.

Sex Behind Bars is a combination of essays and short stories—the bulk of the book is fiction, but the first 85 pages consist of a series of brief articles describing the general ambience of prison sexuality, including definitions of prison slang and sex roles.

The chapter on "Prison Slaves" is especially disappointing. Boyd begins: "While doing time at Nevada State Prison in Carson City, I saw things I had previously considered to be products of fictionwriter's imaginations. A young guy, whom I'l call Quinn, found himself pressured into becoming the slave of a convicted murderer ... " Now this is a deliberately titillating opening, appealing to prurient interests; but when it comes to actually describing this eye-opening reality, Boyd gives the general gist-X fucked Y, who was forced to suck off Zand leaves out the kind of lurid details that might make his account of more than run-of-the-mill interest.

Boyd's fiction, on the other hand, is clearly intended to be one-fisted reading. Whether it succeeds or not will depend on the reader, I suppose, but I found it pretty pedestrian stuff. Authenticity is the keynote-Boyd claims his fiction is absolutely true to life, so we shouldn't expect to find him spinning wild fantasies for our amusement. In the end, unfortunately, it doesn't seem to much matter whether or not these pieces are about real people and events (and thus deliberately limited in invention), because there's not much psychological depth in Boyd's writing. His prose, passable for the most part, tends to go limp whenever his characters grow hard: "Steve's cock was already fully extended, jutting out from his body like a pole, as thick as a tennis racket handle ... Tommy's had shrivelled up because of the icy fingers of fear which gripped his body," etc. A lot of these pieces were originally published in magazines like First Hand and Blueboy, which may give you an idea of the overall tone.

As erotica, Sex Behind Bars may or may



not appeal, according to taste. As a work of prison literature, it falls far below the standards set by serious convict authors like Nick DiSpoldo and George Jackson (not to mention Jean Genet).

Away from the grim, gray world of the prison yard and into the ivy-draped dorms of America: *The Sex Lives of College Students* (Dell, 499 pp., paper, \$3.95) is a book that will probably be of little interest to anyone except students who are infinitely interested in trivia about their peers and who have nothing better to read.

The author/compiler, Jay Segal, Ph.D., tells us in his dedication that he spent ten years on this project; I wish he'd come up with something more captivating to read. There's little theory or revelation here—a setup paragraph is followed by brief comments drawn from various case histories. Much breadth, little depth. And, while Segal's findings indicate that "approximately one out of every twelve students experienced sexual activity with members of the same sex," only three (!) pages out of 499 deal directly with homosexuality.

In sharp contrast, gay subject matteror at least gay trivia-abounds in The Book of Sex Lists, compiled by Albert B. Gerber (Ballantine Books, 301 pp., paper, \$3.95). For those endlessly addicted to reading lists, this book should satisfy. It's intended to be breezy, entertaining, occasionally outrageous, and apparently not too strict about accuracy. (The book's list of "The Ten Best-Hung Porno Movie Stars and Their Measurements" is the stuff that myths-not facts-are made of. Much as we love Jamie Gillis, he hasn't got that legendary nine inches; and if Ron Pacheko ever had nine inches in his hand, it's because he was holding on to John Holmes-who's listed at 14.5 inches. Something's got to be done about rampant inflation in the porn industry.)

Overall, though, Gerber's heart is in the right place. His attitude about sex, including gay sex, is positive, egalitarian, and supportive. He also has a sense of humor and even a sense of camp. You could read worse books while sitting on the john... —Aaron Travis

DRUMMER 91

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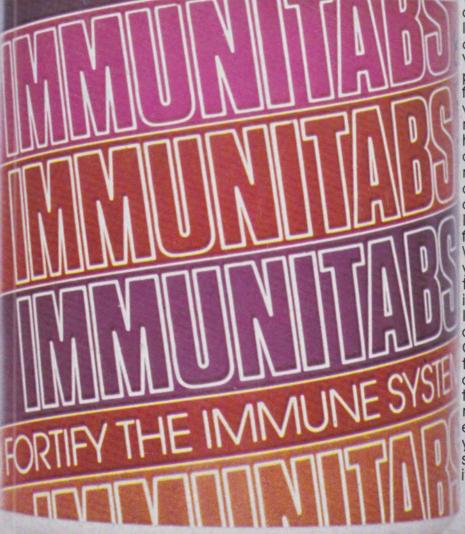
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