

OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

DRUMMER

495

A BARGAIN!

THE NEW MR. DRUMMER

INTERNATIONAL
MR. LEATHER
EXCLUSIVE

NEW
PHIL
ANDROS
FICTION

INTERVIEW:
MARTIN
OF HOLLAND

EROTIC WRITERS:
WHAT THEY
READ TO
TURN ON

COMPLETE
DRUMMER
FICTION
FETISH
INDEX

DEAR SIR:
OUR BIGGEST TO DATE!

ISSUE 85



GET ACQUAINTED BEST FRIENDS

NOW THAT
ARE KEEPING

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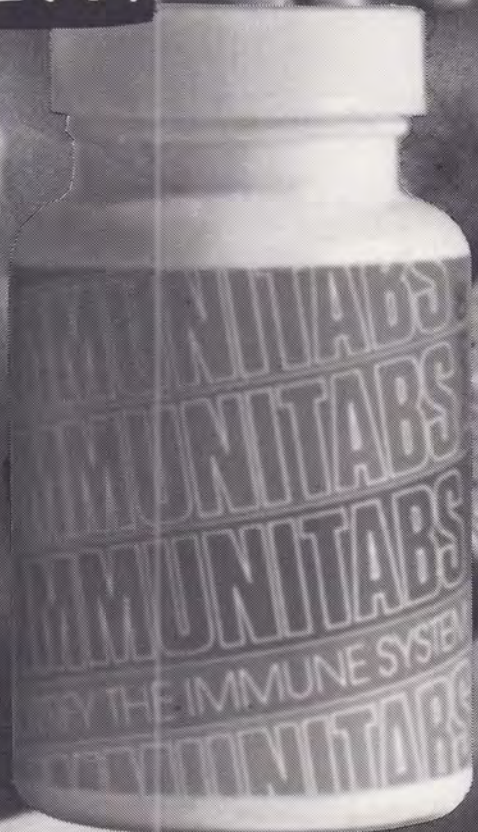


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OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!



GETTING OFF

DRUMMER has gone through many changes in the ten years it has been around. It is going through one right now. You will notice that it looks different this issue. And it will look even more different as the year goes along. More color, more pages, more material—we are even considering including the contents of *MACH* within the pages of *DRUMMER*. (We

have declined advertising in *MACH* and the result is a magazine that is almost too expensive to print.) And lowering the paper quality of *DRUMMER* to keep the price in line is not the solution either. Although that has not hurt sales in the least, we are tired of hearing the complaints from people who should know better. Years ago, during a paper shortage, two

issues of *DRUMMER* had to be printed on other than slick stock and to this day we hear pontification on how “*DRUMMER*’s quality is slipping.”

And our cover price, which historically has always been higher than the run-of-the-mill gay magazines, has to be raised. We finally dropped the

continued next page

"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 MR. DRUMMER 1985

They came, they saw, they conquered—but not necessarily in that order! The Search for Mr. Drummer '85 comes to a dramatic climax, with nine top contenders turning Leather's Big Night into the biggest, boldest Mr. Drummer contest ever.

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Wrapping up the leather scene from coast to coast.

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Tall tales and true confessions for leathersmen young and old.

26 DRUMSTICKS REVISITED

A look back on ten years of laughter from the dungeon.

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FOUR ON ICE by Phil Andros

To celebrate our big tenth anniversary, a new novelette from the Grand Master of gay erotica. High above the Arctic Circle, four men in heat set off fireworks to rival the Aurora Borealis!

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Brother Larry Townsend explains it all for you.

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A PATRICK TONER PORTFOLIO

From Drummer coverman and model to international titleholder, the pictorial saga of a young leatherman headed straight for the top.

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Cruising for a bruising?

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A dozen top writers and editors of gay erotica reveal the sources of their private pleasure.

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Martin of Holland spills the beans!

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William Hurt plays gay in Kiss of the Spider Woman.

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Ten years later, and leatherdom's favorite comic hero is still going hard and fast.

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Candid Camera for the SM crowd.

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Indispensable! Ten years of outrageous fact, fiction and filth at your fingertips.

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from preceding page

word "outrageous" under our \$3.95 price when every Tom, Dick and Harry raised their price to match it. I guess we can put it back now that we are at \$4.95. DRUMMER has never been a magazine that you can absorb while standing at the newsstand. It is a meat-and-potatoes (more of the former than the latter) periodical which has introduced more new artists, writers and photographers than any other gay mag. As I thumb through one \$10.95 offering (at the newsstand) it is like revisiting DRUMMER issues of ten years past, except our discoveries and pioneering now is reborn in four colors on one-hundred pound stock.



TEN YEARS: The cover of our premiere issue.

Subscriptions will go up too, along with Leather Fraternity rates, so I would take advantage of this interval if you are not already a subscriber. We no longer can offer first-class postage subscriptions because of the outrageous postal rates—other than overseas and Canada, since there is no other way to get anything to those places in the same quarter of the year.

Our Tenth Anniversary Mr. Drummer contest was a smashing success and we want to thank all those who took part. The contestants were excellent and the show was great, as will be the resulting video. We are delighted with our new Mr. Drummer. It was nice being with friends during this milestone in the saga of DRUMMER.

Now that the celebration is over, we are moving to our new building at 640 Natoma to add chaos to confusion. This will be accomplished by the end of this month and we can start on producing new products and videos.

Things are changing, and for the best. Thanks for being around to enjoy them with us.

—John H. Embry

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VOLUME 10/NUMBER 85

Cover: Steven Reiswig, Mr. Drummer 1985, struts his considerable stuff for the crowd at Leather's Big Night. Photo by Pat Urquhart. Opposite page: The John Kass Dancers do it at this year's Mr. Drummer contest—San Francisco's Kabuki Theatre had never played host to anything like this! Photo by Rose de Castro.

SOCIAL NOTES

LEATHER'S BIG NIGHT



GH

Leather's Big Night for 1985 was special on every count. First and foremost, it was a birthday party for *Drummer Magazine* itself, celebrating ten years of putting into print the best and brightest the leather community has to offer. But the men on stage were hardly two-dimensional, headed by big Steven Reiswig, who would be named the new Mr. Drummer before the night was out—one of the most impressive physical specimens ever to hold the title, and a man of outstanding intelligence and personality to boot.

The production itself was a special challenge. No longer a disco party punctuated by onstage fantasy acts and presentations, this year's Mr. Drummer Finals was a sit-down affair, held at the prestigious Japan Center Theatre (aka the Kabuki Nightclub), one of San Francisco's finest theatrical venues. That meant a night of nonstop entertainment, with nonstop leather action on stage to keep the crowd riveted—and producer Anthony Bruno, with a script by Robert Payne, rose to the occasion. As entertainment, nationwide contest and leather spectacular, the 1985 Mr. Drummer Finals was an unabashed success by anybody's standards.

It started with erotic film star Chris Burns doing a martial arts call-to-arms on stage, then moved to the introduction of the regional winners and their opening statements. Mr. Southern California Drummer, German-born Rydar Hansen ("I come from the land which invented leather"), drew the crowd's attention with some serious statements on the nature of SM, but it was Invitational Contestant Steve Reiswig (filling in for Mr. New England Drummer) who took an early lead for the audience's affections with his easy manner and undeniable presence.

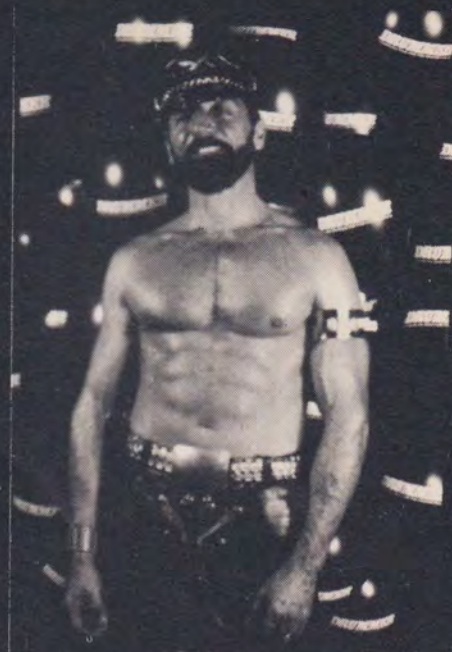




Photo by Robert Pruzan

Throughout the evening there was an array of special entertainment and presentations, including the nearly nude erotic moves of dancers John Kass, Joe Toby and Scott O'Hara; an original dance performed by Jim Snidac, festooned in a fetishistic array of feathers; Mario Simon performing the showstopper "Drummerman"; and a moving tribute in words and images to frequent *Drummer* coverman and model, the late Val Martin, a man who long epitomized the spirit of *Drummer* and to whom the

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evening was dedicated.

But the meat of the evening were the men themselves, and the fantasies they presented on stage. Most elaborate belonged to Mitch Brown (Mr. Northern California Drummer, and Second Runner-Up), featuring a dozen choreographed dancers, which began in a straight new wave bar and ended (after a raid by Brown in police uniform) with one of the dancers hoisted into a sling at the mercy of his police assailant. Equally ambitious was Rydar Hansen's dizzying



Photo by Rose de Castro

aerial act, which began with the Southern California regional titleholder making an entrance in white tie and top hat (accompanied by his crawling slave on a leash), and ended with Hanson performing leather-style acrobatics high atop a scaffolding ladder.

Mike Jones (Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer, who was First Runner-Up) brought in another law enforcement fantasy, with Jones and a sailor staging spontaneous alleyway sex, only to be interrupted by a night patrolman—who



Photo by Pat Urquhart

decided to get in on the act himself. Kevin "Thumper" Petrow (Pacific Northwest) did a number with revving motorcycle and revved-up slave; Joe Brown (Southeast) proved himself a Master at wielding his belt; Joe Varvaro (Southwest), himself as hairless as a baby's ass, took buzzing shears to his slave's hairy rump; and Mark Ray (Midwest) moved the fantasies into the video age when the heated leathermen on his television screen came to life and carried him off into SM video heaven.

Probably the most original was also the evening's funniest fantasy act, with Carl Fetterman (Mr. East Coast Drummer) playing a preppy slave who gets set straight by his Master—all it takes is stripping him naked (the crowd went wild when the LaCoste alligator went out in shreds) and using a bucket of black paint to paint him into a leather harness and boots!

But the best, as it turned out, was saved for last, with Steven Reiswig staging a performance that touched on the deep-

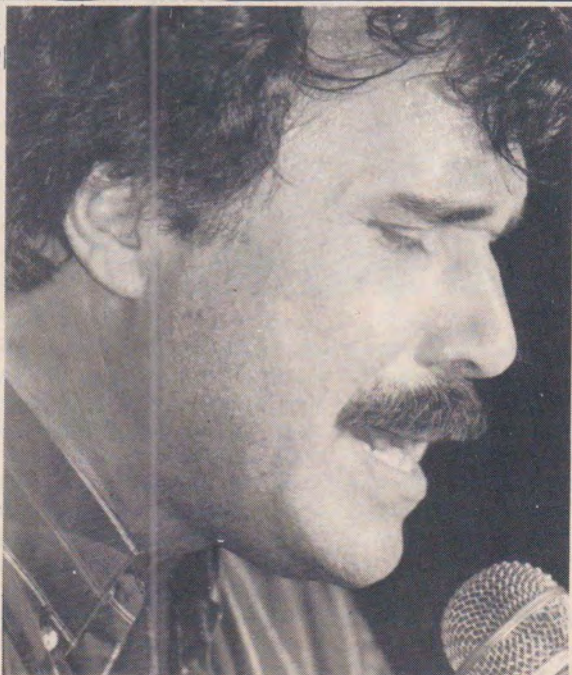


Photo by Rose de Castro

est fantasies of every man in the audience—and every man across America. It began with a figure of Death—skull-masked and cloaked in a robe with the letters AIDS—in combat with a nearly mythical leatherman, Reiswig himself; Death is slain; Reiswig pulls away the mask and black robes to uncover the unconscious form of another man in leather (Reiswig's lover and last year's Mr. Drummer Northwest, Ray Woods)—and Reiswig carries his companion off in his ample arms.



Photo by
Robert Pruzan



(Above) Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer before and during his fantasy which consisted of a lawman and a sailor.
(Left) Mario Simon belts out "Drummerman", his Wings recording over the huge theatre sound system. It was electrifying.

(Opposite page) Mr. Southeast Drummer takes apart a 'Yuppie', ties him to the bar stool and administers his punishment right then and there with a studded belt which he carries at all times for just such occasions. Shreds of the fellow's trousers, jacket and shirt were strewn for a hundred feet in all directions.
(Opposite right) Mr. Northern California Drummer poses in leather jock and boots and (below) attacks his victim in an elaborate sling apparatus during his fantasy.

Photo by Rose de Castro



Photo by Rose de Castro

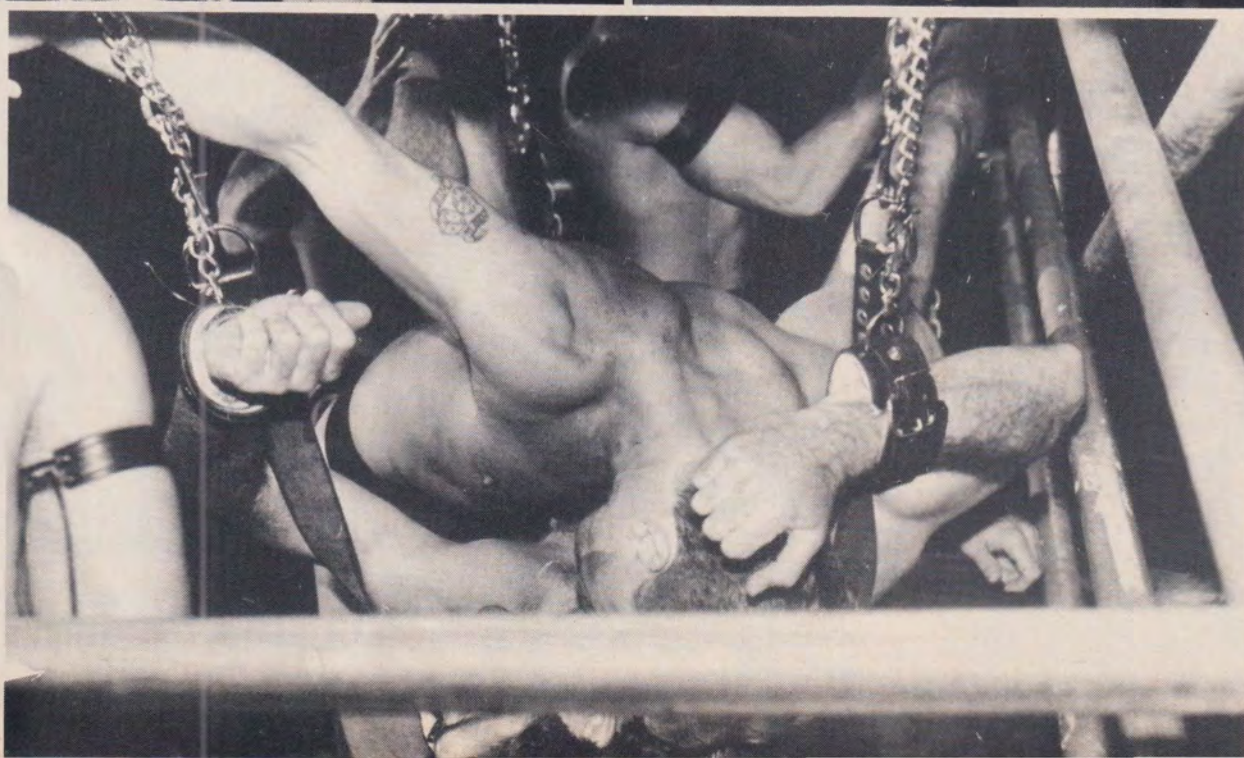
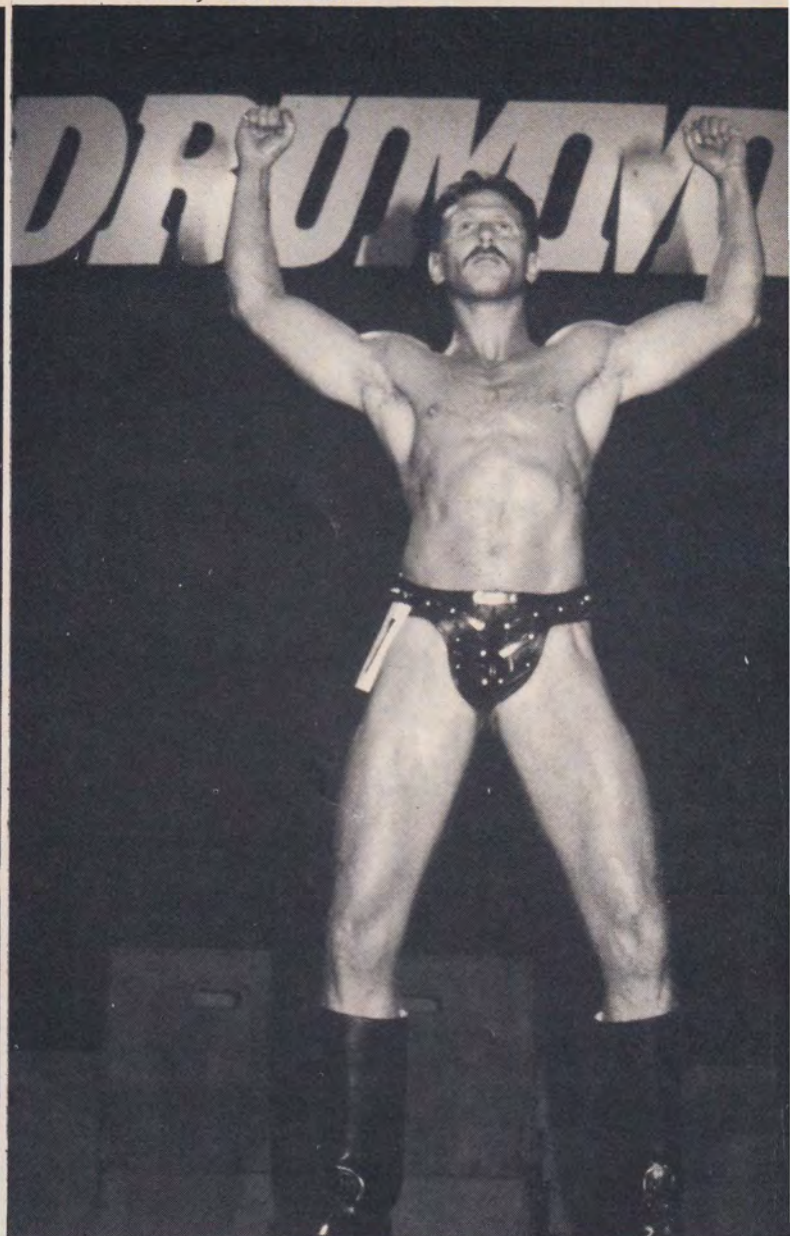
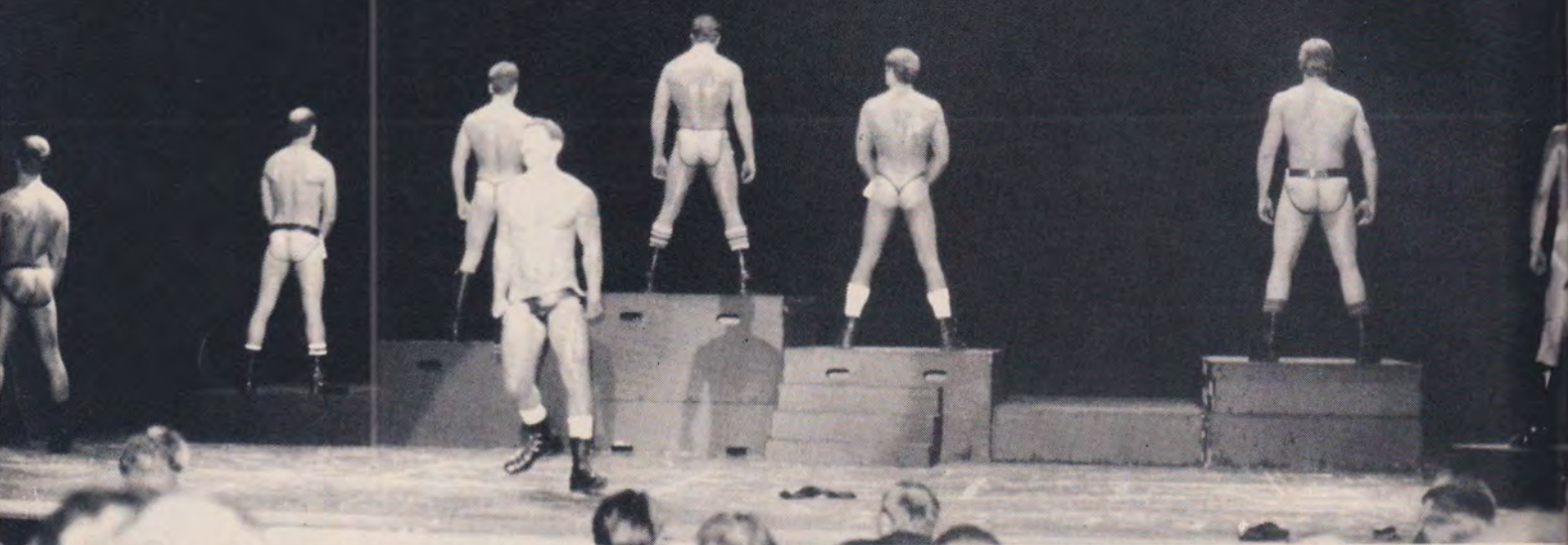


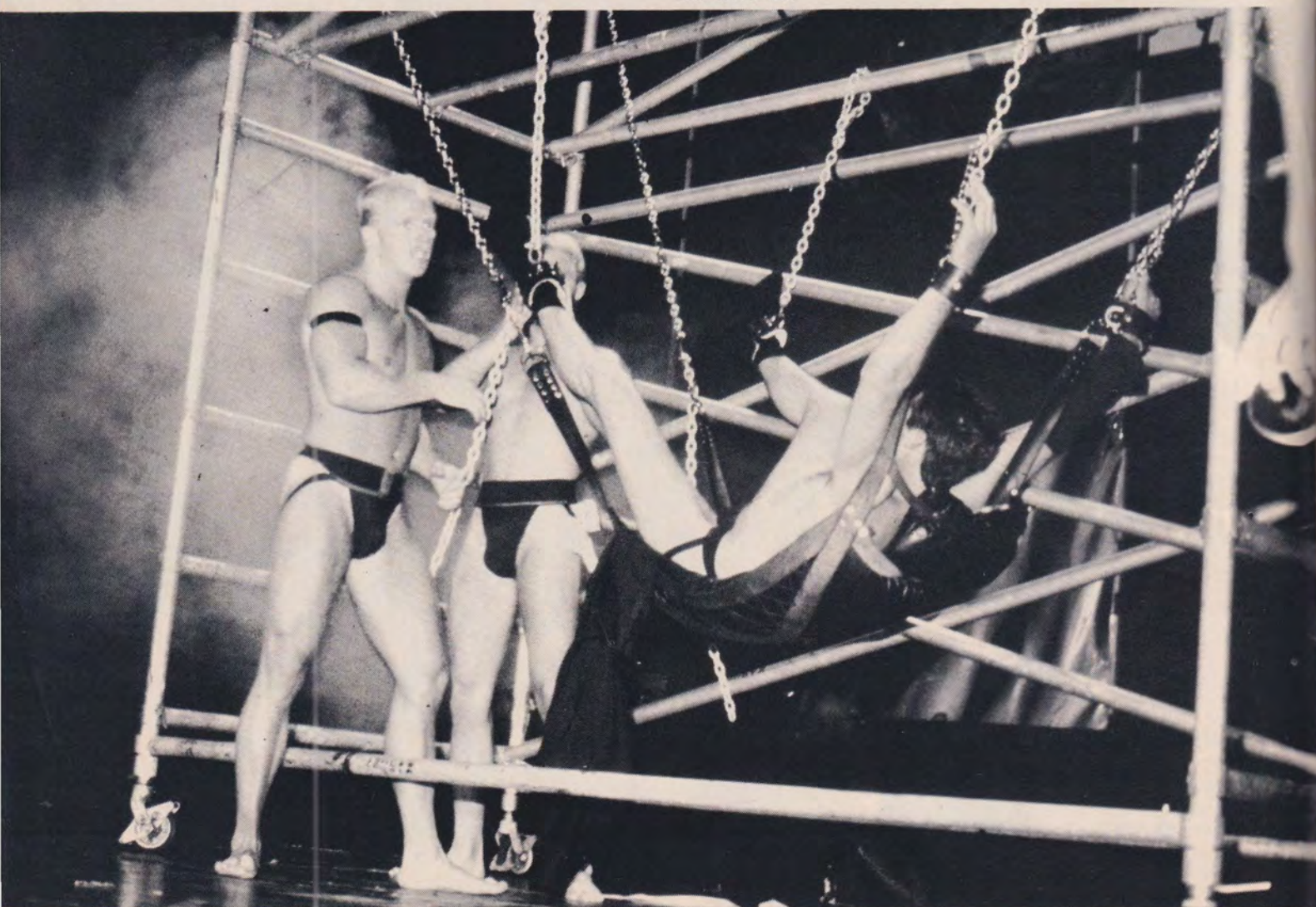
Photo by Pat Urquhart

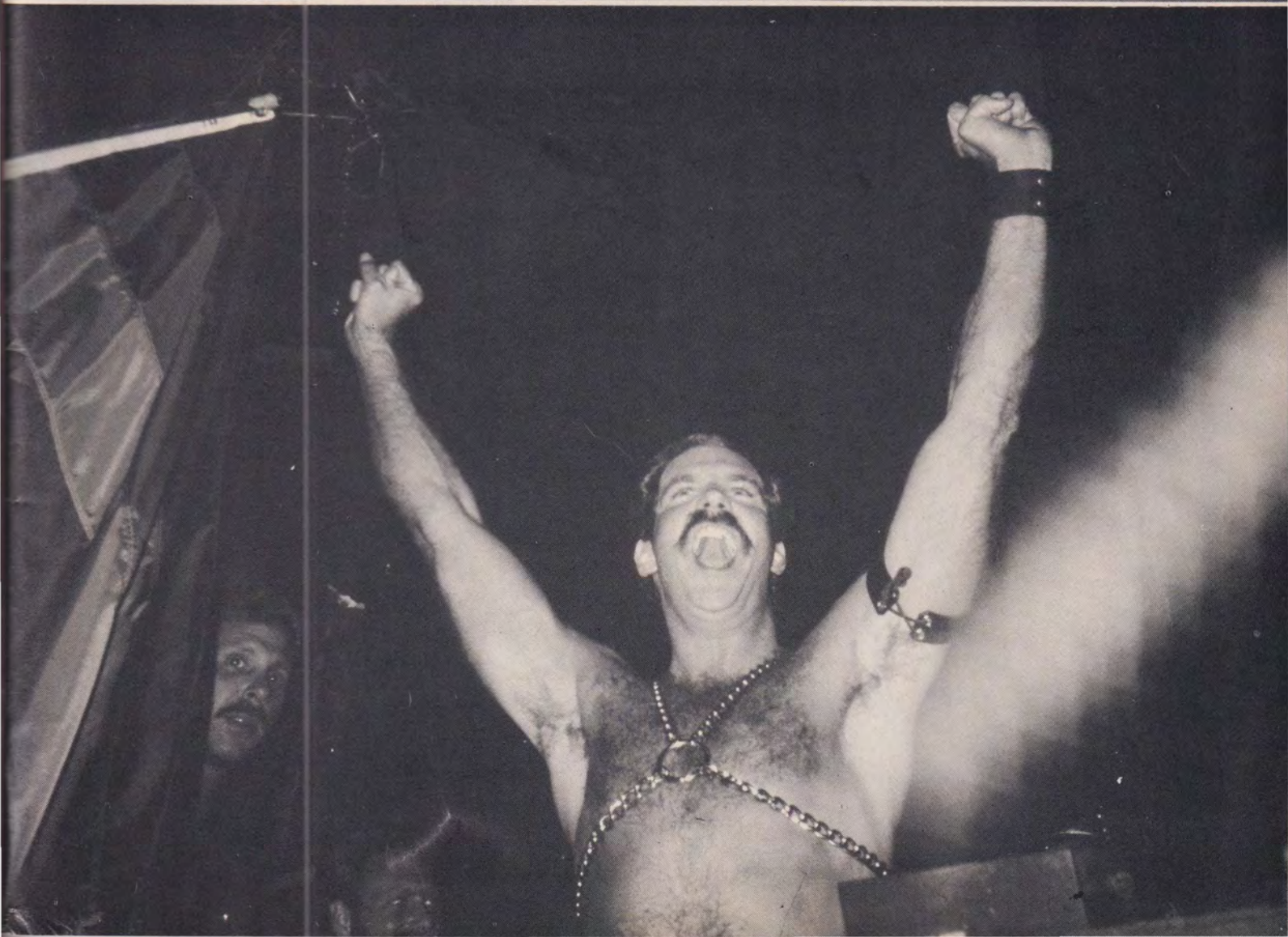
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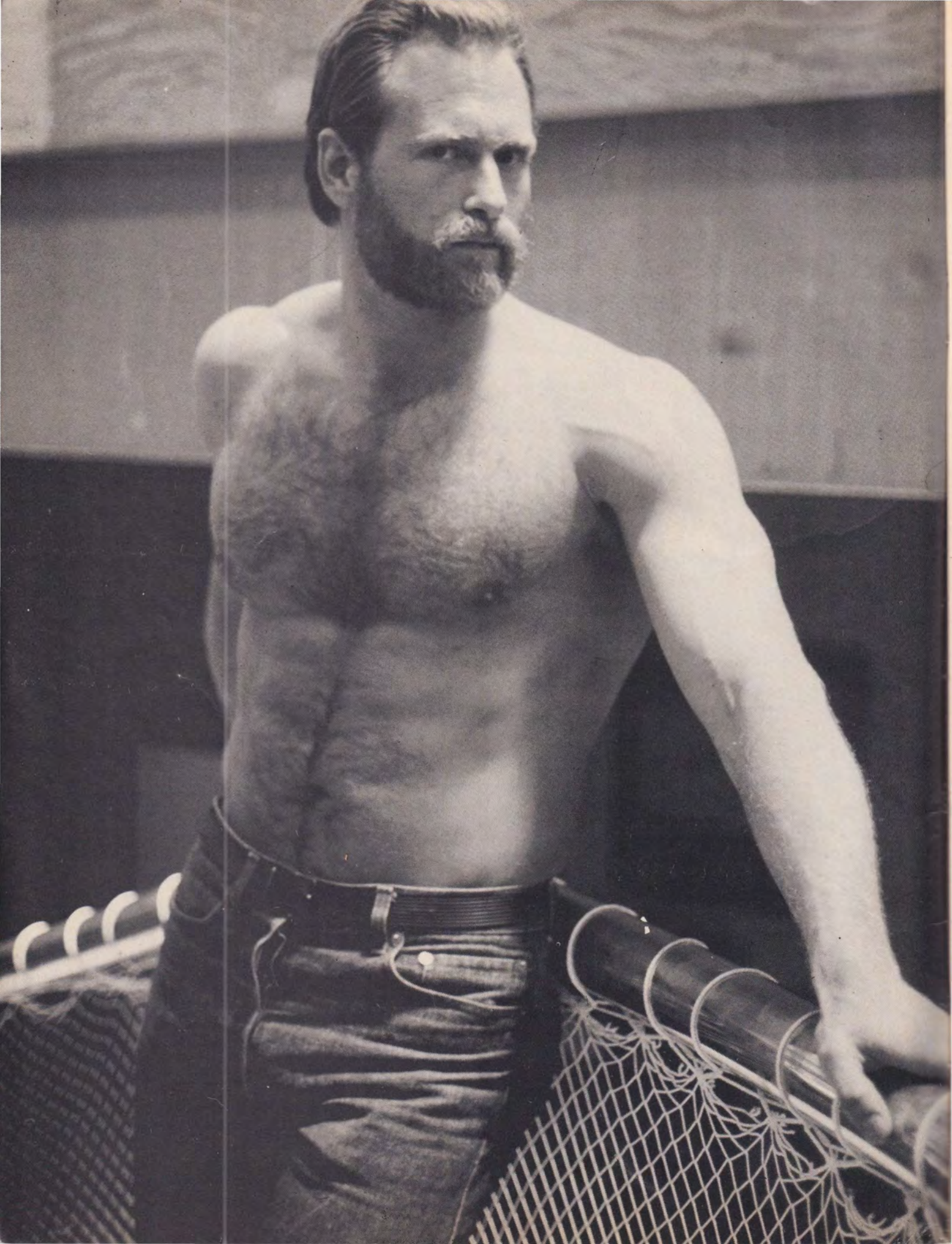


The Jockstraps and Boots showing of the contestants brought the men face forward one at a time. The rest of the time the audience got a bare-butt view. Then came the voting.

Mr. Northern California Drummer's fantasy included the installation in a sling of a straight man by his entourage of slaves. His girlfriend watched helpless and/or fascinated as all this went on.







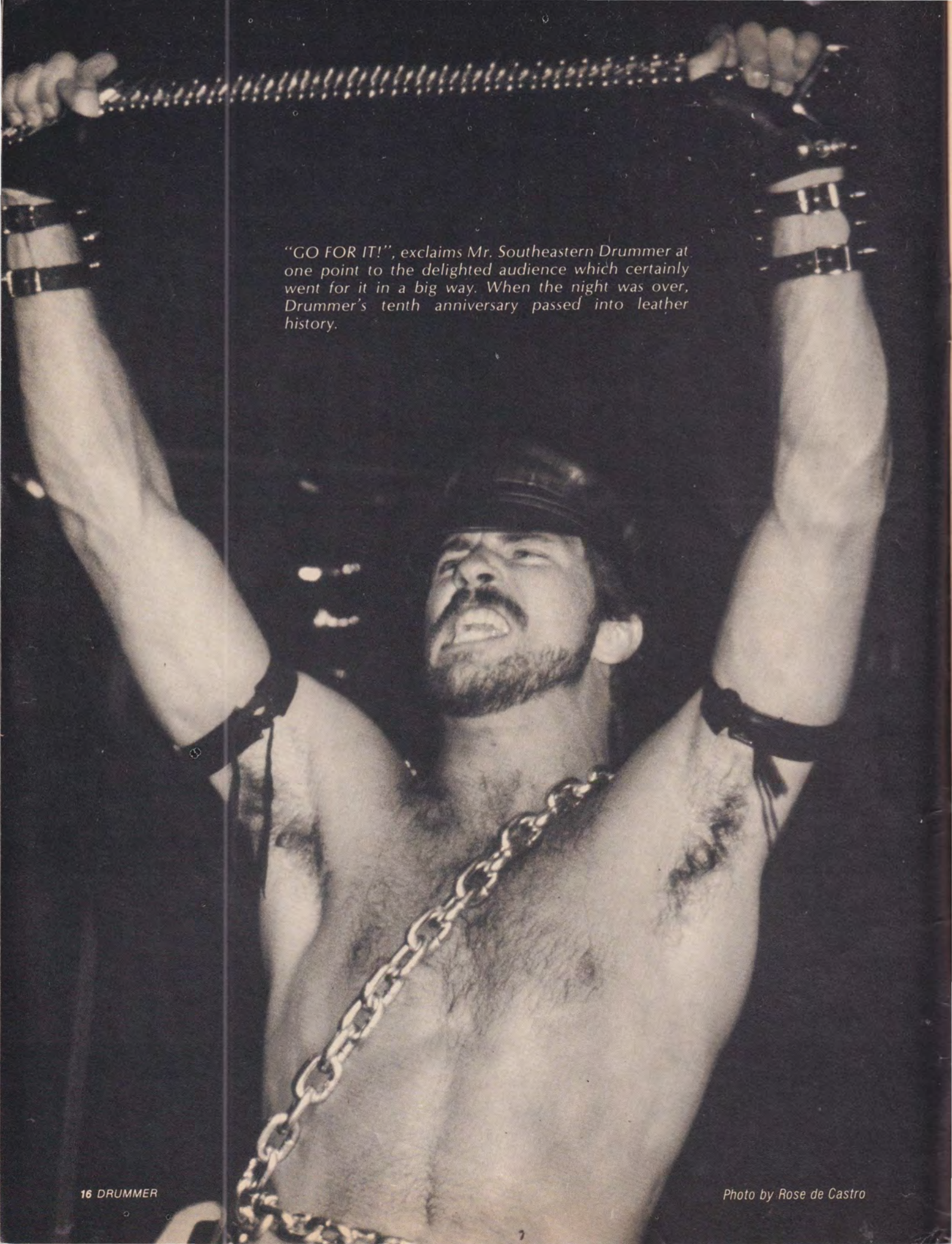
Drummer Magazine has always celebrated the individual man. It is from this celebration of individuality and manhood that our fraternity of leather has arisen. We are a brotherhood which knows not only how to celebrate ourselves, but we know also how to show our strength, caring and support for each other in the face of those adversaries who would have us fall. As Mr. Drummer, I will contribute to this strength, and return the caring and support the leather community has shown me. I shall carry the banner proudly, representing you, standing beside you as we continue to fight for our rights, our dignity and our lives.

This was my statement to you the night of the Mr. Drummer contest. It basically represents my philosophy as a homosexual and as a leatherman. We cannot be too committed to our unity as a very special brotherhood, and I intend to use this title, as your representative, to strengthen the bonds of brotherhood within our community. I shall begin by donating my prize money to the Northwest AIDS Foundation, to be distributed to local support organizations according to need. This donation will carry a special acknowledgement to *Drummer Magazine*, which in so doing will begin to alert the non-leather community to our presence and concern. I urge all of us to make our presence known in ways such as this. Respect will be forthcoming. They shall know us in the leather brotherhood as not only formidably male and sexual, but proud and caring as well. Together we can give our community a year to remember!

Steven Reiswig
MR. DRUMMER 1985



Photo by Rose de Castro



"GO FOR IT!", exclaims Mr. Southeastern Drummer at one point to the delighted audience which certainly went for it in a big way. When the night was over, Drummer's tenth anniversary passed into leather history.

REPORT

STAY FREE

The ACLU keeps watch for infringements of any and all civil rights. People for the American Way keeps a close eye on rumblings from the Christian Right, including textbook banning and pressure to appoint only "good Christians" to key government posts. But who's looking out specifically to monitor the erosion of your right to be sexual? The Committee to Preserve Our Sexual and Civil Liberties, that's who.

The Committee was first formed in San Francisco in October, 1984, with the express purpose of opposing the closure of the city's gay bathhouses by then Public Health Director Mervyn Silverman, who believed that bathhouses were directly linked to the rising incidence of AIDS in the gay population, that they constituted a public health menace and should be closed, no matter what the cost to civil rights.

From the Committee's own statement of its History and Actions: "Many in the community felt that the bathhouses were being used as a scapegoat, and that efforts instead should be directed toward education, both inside and outside the bathhouse, about safe sex and toward research for a cure and preventative. Further, many saw the bathhouse closure as the first step toward much stronger actions against gays, lesbians, and bisexuals, actions that would take away many of the civil liberties that had been won over the long years of struggle. Indeed, some of the actions that the members of the Committee had feared had already come to pass, like proposals of quarantine and reimposition of sodomy laws. Because of the great danger of the AIDS crisis to our civil liberties as well as our health, the Committee has expanded its focus from the bathhouse question to all concerns about sexual and civil liberties."



STRONG ARM OF THE LAW: Would you believe this man is a bona fide cop? Must be, or he wouldn't be posing for the new Cop Cakes 1986 Calendar (subtitled "Beefcake with a Badge"). We figure he's probably just as intimidating (and desirable) in regulation blues and Sam Browne belt. Makes you feel kind of warm and secure, doesn't it—as long as you stay on the right side of the law. (The Cop Cakes 1986 Calendar, featuring 12 different policemen in full color and mostly out of uniform—sometimes very out of uniform—is available for \$7.95 plus \$1.75 postage from Dan Magill, 1065 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94103.)

The Committee defines its expanded concerns to include "such issues as attacks on pornography, raids on adult theaters, and the increasing persecution resulting from people's fear about AIDS. We are determined to ensure that AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases are not used as an excuse to reverse the trend toward acceptance of sexuality. Our longterm goal is for society to recognize sexuality both as a civil liberty and as a positive force in our society. Make sex safe, don't repress sexuality."

The Committee has thus far remained a local group, with its lobbying, publicity and media activities and meetings concentrated in the San Francisco Bay Area. But from that base, it has also reached out on a national front, condemning the Houston City Council for giving consideration to testimony urging the quarantine of gay men, urging the FDA to expedite approval of all drugs being used worldwide in the treatment of AIDS, and protesting recent tactics of anti-porn forces in Los Angeles.

Among the Committee's most successful and visible events was a May fundraiser at Chaps, a leather bar in San Francisco. Among many others on stage: erotic film and stage star Richard Locke, dancer John Kass, and singer Mario Simon bringing the crowd to cheers with his performance of "Drummer Man."

The Committee seeks contributions, volunteers, and members from the Bay Area—and behind its formulation is an idea whose time may have come all over the country, as anti-erotic forces are taking advantage of confusion and suffering in the gay community to try to impose their ideas on all of us.

To get in touch with the Committee to Preserve Our Sexual and Civil Liberties, write to Steve Cain at 759 Guerrero St., San Francisco, CA 94110, or call (415)621-7561.

DELAWARE LEATHER

Interchain members and Delaware leathersmen at large, take note. A brother among you is looking for those "desiring to unite in a statewide

club, independent of any other authority but our own."

Interested Delaware leathersmen should write to WHB, PO Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899.

NEW YORK BOUND

New York area readers who tied themselves into knots reading Mark I. Chester's report on the San Francisco Bondage Club in *Drummer* 83 may want to get in touch with the New York Bondage Club.

The Club describes itself as "an informal organization which presently meets once a month in New York City," with regular membership open to all men in the Tri-State area (New York, New Jersey, Connecticut). Affiliate memberships are open to men who travel to NYC occasionally, "but would be willing to entertain (or be entertained by) other club members or affiliates who might travel to their home towns."

The NYBC also maintains a bondage correspondence list, which allows adult subscribers, for a small one-time fee, to be added to a list of names and addresses of men who wish to share their bondage fantasies by mail, and to receive a copy of the list.

In addition to meetings and tying up the US mail with bondage fantasies, the NYBC is also putting together a book of bondage experiences, "similar to such books as *Cum*, *Sex*, *Meat*, etc.—the only difference is that the focus will be on sexual experiences involving men bound and gagged, written by men who like to do it and men who like to have it done to them."

To help compile the book, the NYBC urges *Drummer* readers and anyone else to send a letter (or letters), all to be published anonymously and without pay, "of the kind you would write to a friend with similar interests. Tell us such things as:

- What first turned you on to the sight or idea of bound men (specific movies, TV plays or programs, books, something someone said or did);

- Your earliest experiences—maybe innocent, maybe not—with playmates, brothers, cousins, uncles, etc.;

- Boy scout and camp experiences, college fraternity ex-

"YOU'RE UNDER ARREST"



OLAF STRIKES AGAIN: The sophisticated SM art of Olaf needs no introduction to *Drummer* readers. This is his latest—a collector's edition poster titled "You're Under Arrest," printed on fine quality stock, 22 by 28 inches and suitable for framing; it's one of 30 illustrations from Olaf's book *Personals: Only Real Men Need Apply*, forthcoming in fall of 1985. To get "Under Arrest," send \$8 plus \$1.50 handling (California residents add sales tax) to: Glenlee Enterprises, PO Box 2257, Pasadena, CA 91102. The poster's also available in a limited signed and numbered edition for \$35 each, and a portion of all sales will be donated to organizations fighting AIDS.

periences (especially initiations involving bondage), military experiences, best, worst and most interesting experiences, favorite daydreams and jerk-off fantasies, particular turn-ons—gags, hoods, handcuffs, whatever—anything and everything having to do with bondage in your life, as well as any general thoughts on the subject."

The NYBC urges: "Don't be put off if you think you're not a writer. We're not looking for letters from writers. We're looking for letters from men who get off on bondage."

To write to the New York Bondage Club, or to obtain

further details about membership or the correspondence list, contact, NYBC, PO Box 204, New York, NY 10028.

DADDIES AND BOYS

Summer in San Francisco means it's time for Daddies and their boys to lay it on the line—up front, on stage, in hot competition. The third annual Mr. Leather Daddy Contest is scheduled for August 9 at Chaps. (You may remember former winner Christian Heran from his subsequent show-it-all photo spread in *Advocate MEN*.) The boys tag along close behind, with the third annual Leather Daddy's Boy

contest to be held at the S.F. Eagle on Sept. 8 (former winners include Dean Gibson and Jake Banks).

For information on entering either contest, inquire at the bar in question. Both events will be fund raisers for the SF AIDS Fund.

WASATCH LEATHERMEN

The hottest event for August: Falcon Flight '85, a four-day mountain run sponsored by the relatively new Wasatch Leathermen Motorcycle Club of Utah. Falcon Flight (August 15-18) kicks off at Backstreet (108 South 500 West) in Salt Lake City before moving on to a secluded campsite in the Uinta Mountains, "where fearless Ute warriors once gathered." Total fee: \$95.

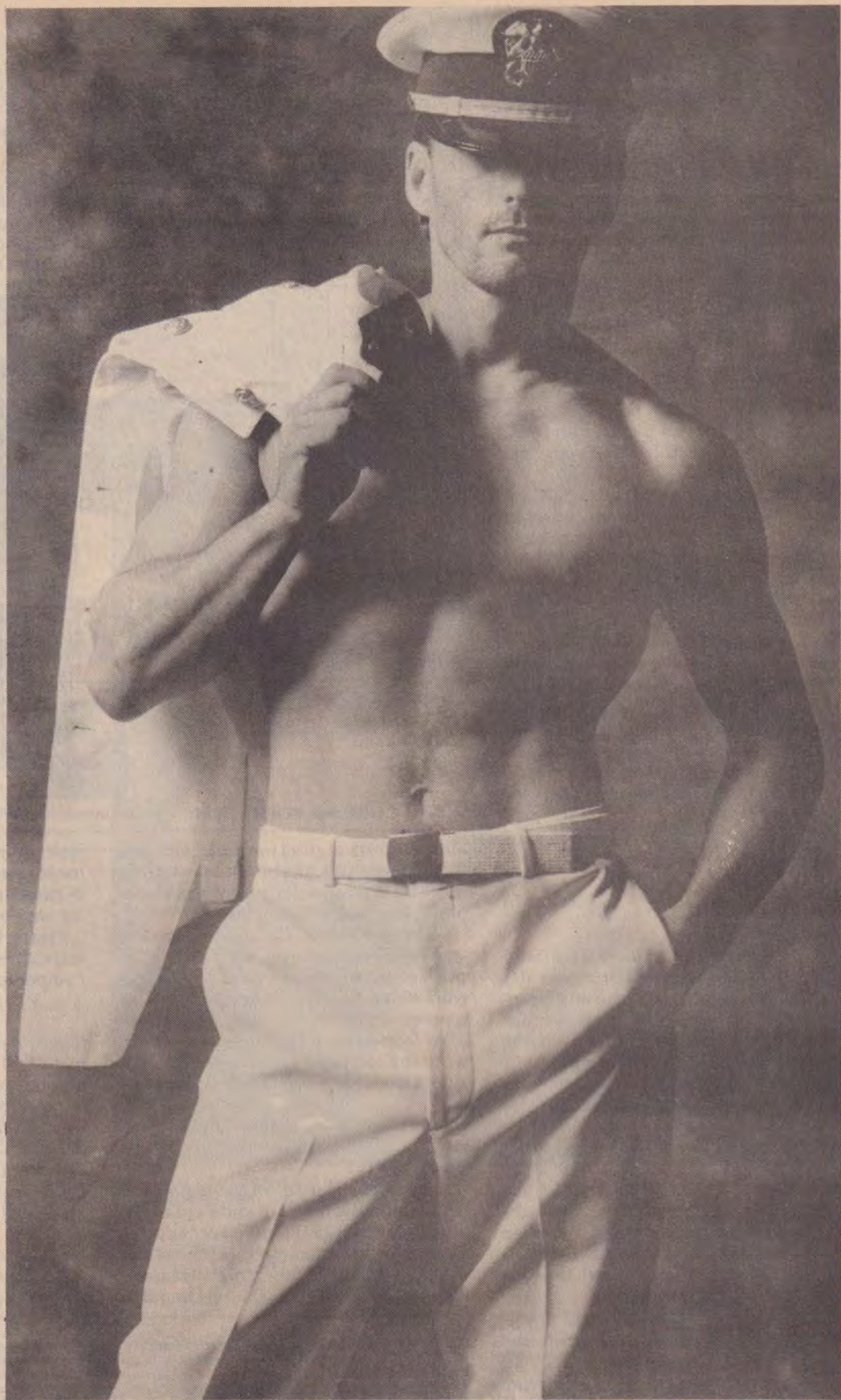
The Wasatch Leathermen MC was incorporated in August, 1984, with a dedication "to the sport of safe motorcycling and to the camaraderie of leathermen alike." The Club puts out a professionally done, regular newsletter, with notes on motorcycle safety, news on internal and other MC events, and a comic strip about a gay biker named "Hawk." Now fully organized, Wasatch Leathermen are "reaching out to brother leather and motorcycle clubs in our neighboring states, in the West, and in Canada," inviting members to make contact when visiting the Salt Lake City area. Wasatch Leathermen are easily spotted by their regulation uniforms of Levi black 501s, gray chamois shirt, custommade black leather vests and leather boots.

To contact the Wasatch Leathermen MC, write to PO Box 511205, Salt Lake City, Utah 84151, or call (801)466-6513 or (801)972-0573.

SUBMIT!

The Report section is our effort to keep *Drummer* readers informed about what's going on with leathermen in the US, Canada, Europe, Australia, and elsewhere.

Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Send press releases, announcement, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to: Report, *Drummer*, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103 □



WE LOVE A MAN IN YOU-KNOW-WHAT: If you're a sucker for guys in uniform and have a penchant for the well-built, sensitive types... if you find yourself paying closer attention to Montgomery Clift in those old war movies, instead of rougher types like Lee Marvin... The I Love a Man In Uniform 1986 Calendar may be just your plate of gourmet SOS. In striking black and white with multiple military fantasies of French Canadian Andre Fiset, it's available for \$7.95 (plus \$1.25 postage) directly from the model himself: Andre Fiset Production, PO Box 1127, Station F, Toronto, Canada M4Y 2T8. Fiset also offers a deluxe 19 by 27 inch poster of the image above at the same price.

MALECALL

REMEMBERING VAL

Last week I bought my copy of *Drummer* 83, and when I got home and picked up the mag it opened by chance to page 19.

I could not believe my eyes, and did not want to believe what I was seeing—in bold type the name Val Martin with the date printed below. I was devastated by what I was reading, and a cold chill flooded my body. I only knew Val through *Drummer* and was always delighted to see his pictures and read about him. He was truly a man's man, and will always be.

In the same issue, I was glad you printed the address of the pecs and tits group, Edenite, sent in by Bob M. of Dallas—they're a real turn-on for me. Last August I really got my tits worked over while spending a Sunday afternoon at the Mineshaft. It was a great feeling I kept on feeling for several days after.

Mark I. Chester's report and photos of the San Francisco Bondage Club were excellent. And the article in your previous issue (*Drummer* 82) on the Leather Fraternity was great. I really got off with the men pictured at the bottom of page 53. What a beautiful sight—men's legs and their hard cocks!

Thanks for another fine issue of *Drummer*.

Robert C. Betts
Dallas, TX

DADDYPECS

Recently a friend of mine gave me a copy of your magazine (*Drummer* 81). He knew I was into pecs, and after reading it I have to write to tell you how much I enjoyed reading "Pecs... and What to Do With Them" by T.R. Witomski.

I am glad to see that I am not the only one who feels this way about pecs. A guy could have a 12" cock or bigger, but if he has small dots for nipples he doesn't interest me. When I see a guy, I look at his chest first and then at his cock. I like watching truckers going down the highway on a hot summer day—they sit high up in their rigs, and you can see their nipples above the door through the window. Trucker tits turn me on!

Another feature I like in your magazine is "Drummer Daddies." I'm into older men. Right now I'm overweight, but I would love to have a Daddy to work out with, who would get me into shape, plus titplay and sex. I'd like to get ahold of his sweaty hairy ass, balls and cock

be a bore and more worthy of the standard "vanilla" sex gay mags that one finds by the dozen nowadays complete with sexless, pubescent boys.

I buy *Drummer* because I am a man who likes men. Give me sweat, give me piss, give me a bearded dude or a



NORTH CAROLINA COMES FIRST: From *Drummer* reader Tom in Elizabeth City.

after we had a good workout and lick them clean, and maybe if I was a good boy Daddy would let me play with his muscular chest and nipples.

I also get turned on by a big stud in leather who would let me lick him all over, especially his hot sweaty balls, and who would also let me lick and bite his nipples.

Well anyway, I just thought I would write and tell you I really like your magazine. Let's hear more about pecs!

Jake
Buffalo, NY

SOFT SPOT

Just got my issue #83 of *Drummer*, and while I find the men hot and most of the articles a turn-on, I am worried that *Drummer* is "softening."

Quite frankly, the story "Beauty's Release," by A.N. Roquelaure, I found to

raunchy jockstrap, but by God give me men! I started years ago to buy *Drummer* because it celebrated masculinity. Don't let me down now, guys.

Please keep up the great work, and leave the "vanilla" stuff to your inferior competitors.

Mike Anderson
Canada

(Editor's note: Erotic fiction is always a matter of taste. Most of the word-of-mouth response we've gotten about our except from Beauty's Release has ranged from positive to "I came before I could finish it"—and notice how often author A.N. Roquelaure's name crops up in this issue's feature on erotic writers and what they read to get off. But we're glad to hear you're satisfied in other departments, and we'll do whatever it takes to keep *Drummer*—and you—as "hard" as they come.)

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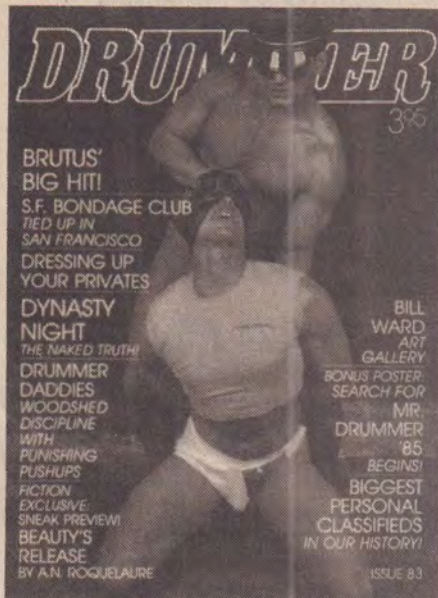
FRONT & REAR

I saw this license plate several weeks ago near the beach. I would love to know what it stands for—I doubt that my translation would agree with the owners? Perhaps your readers may get a chuckle from it.

Tom
Elizabeth City, NC

RIPPED JOCKEY SHORTS

That cover on *Drummer 83* is such a hot turn-on! I would love to know if I can



buy a copy of the photograph, without the cover logo. I really get off on ripped jockey shorts, and I wish that were me in them.

Ray
Los Angeles, Ca

(Editor's note: The photo in question is unavailable in any other form—but we're sure you can find the right Master to rip your own jockey shorts!)

FOR REAL?

Sir, Brutus, sir, i apologize, sir, for not writing for so long, sir, but after i was put in the hospital for the third time by my last Master, i have been kept under lock(s) and key by my new owner, sir. Sir, perhaps you rember me by my former name, sir, Spot, sir.

Permission was granted for this letter, sir, because of your article on the S.F.B.C. in *Drummer 83*. My master has a bone cruncher of a game he plays on me, sir. My Master takes 200 ft. of rope and raps it once around my chest, just under my shaved nipples! After making a slip knot on it he wraps the rest around and around, keeping it tight and not letting any skin show between loops. The end is tied to the last loop, cinched tight to the first loop and tied off.

This way my chest cannot expand for a good deep breath. At first this was done before my daily exercises, which must be performed before my Master. Recently, i



BOY TOY: Chris Burns and friend, in another shot from last issue's feature on the enema video *Black on Red*, from J.B. Supply Co.

have been wearing it for longer periods. My Master says that this is called "controlled breathing."

John
No Address

P.S. A good masochist is hard to kill!

A LOST DAD

I'm writing this letter, hoping it will be printed in *Drummer*. I lost my Dad on June 6, 1984. My Dad was very active in the Leather Community in Los Angeles and involved in the Gay Movement. He helped organize HELP, Inc., and led

marches against the LAPD, and was Grand Marshall for three years in the Gay Parade in Hollywood.

My Dad was ill when we met. I became his son anyway. When he died, there were no close friends for him. I know how he felt. I was diagnosed two months after Dad died of having AIDS.

A year later, no one remembers. But I do. Nobody wrote anything when he died. So if you could mention it now...

My Dad's name was Clifford G. Lettieri, 1937-1984. Thank you.

K.W.
Los Angeles, CA
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DRUMMER DADDIES

HOG-TIED

My Daddy and I have been at it now for right at ten years. We've been around and gone through the scenes, but there's one scene that reoccurs more often than the rest. I wouldn't even be telling about it, except that as I've gotten better at it, it's turned into quite a special turn-on.

My man is *big*—big thick hands, strong chest and arms, the most beautiful thick feet, incredible hairy legs with thick hard calves, right down to his big uncut manmeat and huge hairy balls.

For whatever reason, he'll slip away; maybe saying "I'm gonna go work on the books." Then I'll hear my name being called from upstairs. I always go—and find him standing there rubbing his hard-on through his briefs or jock, wearing black ribbed socks over those thick calves, and maybe boots.

I know I am to strip, without words, down to my socks and boots. He ties my hands tight behind my back—he says that I can concentrate better on what I'm doing that way. Then he puts me on my knees and ties my hands to my feet, hog-tying me, and stands before me, making me eat his cock through the cotton cloth. This man was made for a jockstrap.

He always makes me work for the prize. Makes me want it. Says I can have it if I can get it out. So I use teeth, tongue and lips to release his big cock—then he'll tease me with it and won't let me have it till I lick the insides of his legs, thick and hairy, and all the hair around his cock till it's wet and my face slides through it, right to the base of his balls, while he rubs his cock all over my face. Damn, he makes me hungry for it!

When it finally gets to my mouth, it's my throat that he wants, and it's throat he gets. He fucks my throat, hard and

deep, the way a man fucks an ass, until it becomes a hot loose tube packed with his sliding meat, open for the deepest thrust. He'll hold my mouth deep on his cock and tell me to lick at his cockring, to press my tongue against the underside of his cock, feeling

thick hair at the base of his cock, and the taste is lost, shooting into my neck, far beyond my mouth. But I can feel it when he comes, feel his big shaft jerking and throbbing inside all the way from my lips to the base of my neck. Spent for the moment, but



the length of it with the head buried deep in my neck.

If he decides then that he wants to come that way, in my throat instead of my ass, I still don't receive the pleasure of tasting his sweet, sometimes bitter come. His big strong hands hold my head pinned in place, with his meat shoved all the way down my throat and my lips pressed against the

having no intention of giving me release—he knows I can't get enough—he slides his meat out of my throat and stuffs one of his socks into my mouth (sometimes letting me pull it off with my teeth), and ties a skintight leather hood over my head. Then he leaves me like that, gagged, hooded and hog-tied—sometimes for hours.

When the time has passed, and the hood comes off, he'll step around from behind me, flashing a big smile, and wave his big hard-on in my face. After the long wait, I'm plenty hungry for it again. He watches me lick my lips, and smacks my face with it.

What's a boy-man to do? The man has turned me into an expert cocksucker. You know how it is when you love what (and who) you're doing.

Head Over Heels
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

TOUGH CUSTOMER

I met Dad through *Drummer Magazine*. I first became aware of Dad as a result of his photo in the Tough Customers section, and he seemed to be looking and talking directly to me. I can still remember how hot and turned on his picture got me, and how eager I was to meet with him. When we finally did meet, I was nervous and excited with anticipation. I wanted very much to please him, to serve him the way he needed and wanted to be served. That first meeting seemed to be an answer to all my fantasies, and made me even more determined to try to become the best son possible.

Dad and I have been together six months now, and in that short time I have learned a great deal about what my Dad's needs are and how to satisfy them. Lately Dad has trained me to be his toilet slave. This was something that neither of us had really tried before, but something that now excites us both. I enjoy taking my meals direct from Dad, eating his hot funky Daddy ass and drinking his warm piss. After all, why should a man like my Dad need to be bothered with using a cold toilet seat when he has his boy's warm and eager mouth?

Dad likes to keep my ass nice and loose so that I can please him when he works it over. I have come to look forward to feeling Dad's hand slide up into my ass, to feel his hand open and close while up in there, and best of all to feel his cock go up there and have him jerk himself off up in my ass. Dad said that if I am good

then maybe on one of our trips to the Mineshaft we can put on a demonstration. I hope it is soon, because I am eager to show everyone what a great Dad I have. Thank you, *Drummer*, for helping me find my Dad!

Chuck
New York, NY

GOING HOME

My Dad isn't special to anyone but me. His looks are a little bit better than ordinary, six solid feet tall, with enough body hair for a son to get lost in and fortunately to inherit.

I remember when I was on a visit home during my first year in college walking in on Mom and Dad one morning, and as they lay there, his cock was just peeking out of the sheet. I remember staring at it and as I did, it grew to twice its size. My Dad had just a warm smile on his face, as if nothing was happening. Later that morning, when Mom was out shop-

ping, my Dad called me to his bedroom and stood me before him.

"I saw you staring at my cock, son, and I'm disappointed that a man's cock is so interesting to you. Maybe a little strapping will help you change your interests."

With that, Dad removed his shirt, and pulled the belt out of his trousers. He told me to drop my pants and lay on the bed, ass up. I jumped to his command, knowing that if I failed, the licking I was going to get would be twice as bad. The first blow brought tears to my eyes, and by the fifth crack across my ass I was begging him to stop. By this time he was calling me a cocksucker son of a bitch that was going to learn that a man's cock was not something to peek at, but to take and worship. He grabbed me by the hair and spun me around on the bed and mounted my chest. His cock was out and stood a full nine

inches away from his fur-covered body.

"Here, take this," he said in a low guttural voice, almost a hiss, that I had never heard from him before. Forcing my head to the tip of his cock, he

was bad that he was good enough to let it pass without a spanking, even though I really deserved it. That sometimes a good strapping was in order, and he just let me get away without one. I told him that I

That was the last time my Dad ever punished me, and for some time after, he never spoke to me about it, and acted if nothing had happened. Every time I saw that belt, I threw an instant hard-on, and sometimes even misbehaved, hoping that he would use it on me once more.

shoved it down my virgin throat, making me gag on the full length of his manhood, all the while slapping my face with his open hand. Before I could begin to accept his cock to the back of my mouth, he began to moan and thrust, and with a shudder he began pumping gobs of cum down my aching throat.

He slowly backed off of my chest, just turned and walked out of the room. I turned over on the bed, afraid that he would see the hard-on that leaped in his image from my young body. The salty taste in my mouth stayed there for several hours, and I savored its power.

That was the last time my Dad ever punished me, and for some time after, he never spoke to me about it, and acted if nothing had happened. Every time I saw that belt, I threw an instant hard-on, and sometimes even misbehaved, hoping that he would use it on me once more.

A number of years passed, and Mom and Dad eventually divorced. One summer, I went to visit Dad in his new apartment, and for the first time since he last punished me, I decided to tell him what it meant to me.

We were sitting on his sofa after dinner, and he was reading his paper. I told him that he was a wonderful dad, and that there were times when I

remembered that last beating with a lot of love because I knew that it was for my own good. Then I told him that the biggest lesson I learned that day was that a man's cock was to be worshiped and that I had gotten pretty good at it.

That was the first time that he even acted like he heard what I was saying. He stood up slowly, rolled the paper up, and moved toward me. There was no expression on his face; he spoke quietly and deliberately.

"You know, son, I did the best I could raising you, and maybe I did let you get away with too much." He raised the rolled newspaper over his head and brought it crashing across my face. "It's time we did a little catching up. Take off your fucking clothes, you little faggot fucker, let's find out just how much you've learned!"

I removed my clothes so quickly that a few of the buttons came off my shirt. He went over to his closet and opened the door. There hanging on the hook was the same belt that he had used on me years ago. He came over to me with the belt in his hand and grabbed me by neck and pushed me over the back of the chair.

He began strapping my ass. "Count it motherfucker, count!" At twenty-five I could hardly make the words come out anymore, and suddenly he



stopped. Without a sound, I felt a moist wetness on my ass crack, and suddenly his massive hands were on my cheeks, spreading them apart, and his tongue was sliding up my convulsing asshole gently opening it for more. The licking stopped and he stood.

"You're gonna get the prize you've wanted now, son," and his huge cockhead was planted on the opening to my ass. Slowly at first, he pushed, letting the mushroom of his shaft clear the opening, then with a groan that sounded more like an animal than a man, he had it in and his balls slapped against my ass. His massive, hairy arms went around my chest and he began moving his hips, faster with each thrust.

My ass was alive, grabbing his shaft, and loving it from head to balls. He removed one of his arms and grabbed my hair with his free hand and pulled my head back.

I felt my bowels expand and I was just about to cum when he let loose with a deep growl and forced his cock to the full length of my ass and held it there. I knew he was shooting, and knowing it was my Dad's cock filling me with cum was too much for me to take. I shot all over his chair, and knew I would get a beating for it. At least I was hoping I would.

He pulled out of me and told me to go to the pisser and clean up and come back to him. When I returned he was dressed and sitting reading the paper again. Without looking at me he told me to sit on the floor by the couch, against his legs. Quietly I sat, happy to be at his feet.

"This is your home now boy, we'll send for your things in the morning."

I wrapped my arms around his legs, and was glad to be home again.

Phil
Seattle, WA

BIKER DADDY

I picked up my roommate's copy of *Drummer Daddies 3* and I was amazed to discover that so many sons have had the same experiences I have had. I always thought that my experience was unusual and something to keep quiet about, but now I'm glad to be able to share it.



It started when I was a teenager. My Foster Dad (my natural parents abandoned me at birth) and I were in the living room. He was reading a motorcycle mag and I was building a house of cards on the floor. Suddenly he got up, grabbed me around the waist and between the legs, squeezed hard and threw me upon the couch and started feeling me up. Mom was gone shopping on that Saturday, so he carried me into the garage, pulled off my clothes and laid me on my back across his Harley and swallowed my above-average sized cock all the way to the balls. As soon as I came in his throat, he also came, without even touching himself.

We had many times in the garage or the woodshed out back when Mom wasn't around. He taught me how to

worship his cock and balls, and when I didn't do it to his total satisfaction he would spank me (which I actually enjoyed). So I learned discipline from my Daddy. He was never brutal, but he was strict; he never showed much affection but he treated me with a different attitude than that which he had for his natural children. For instance, I was taken with him on motorcycle runs more often than anyone else (Mom often complained about this), and if I had been a good boy he would allow the other club members to use me as they wished while he watched. My greatest joy came from the knowledge that this pleased him. He taught me how to please men and that is what I love to do most.

Our wonderful relationship continued for years, until one

day in July, just after my birthday, he set me free with the admonition to continue my education, and said that even though there would be other men for me, he would always be my Daddy and I his son. We are still in close contact, although we haven't seen each other for two years. There have been other men, but none like my Daddy.

Pat
Minneapolis, MN

Do you have a Daddy/son story to tell? Don't just sit there jerking off—get off your ass and write it out (or better yet, type it and save us the eye-strain). You'll get off when you see your story in print—and so will a lot of other Daddies and sons! Send to: *Drummer Daddies*, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. □

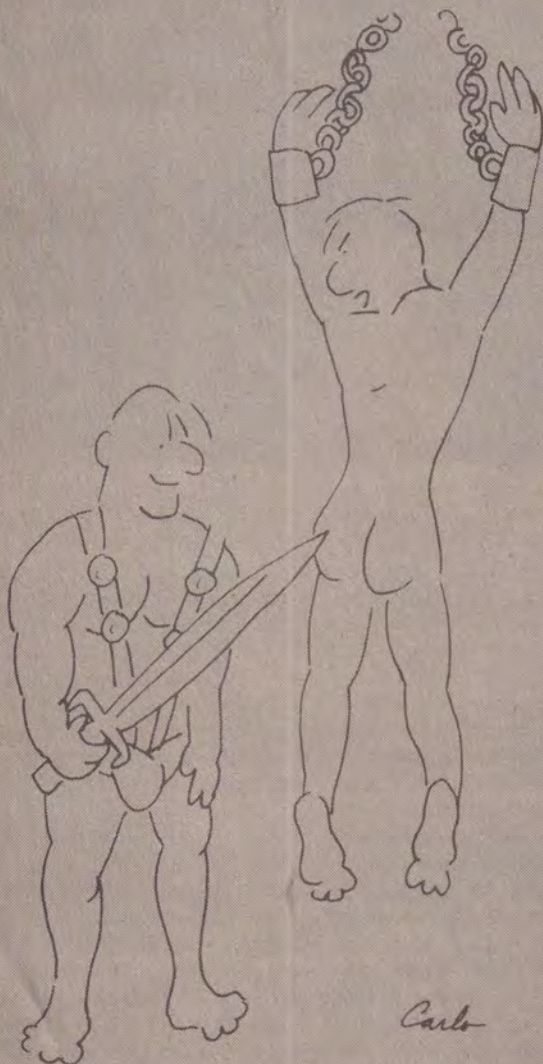
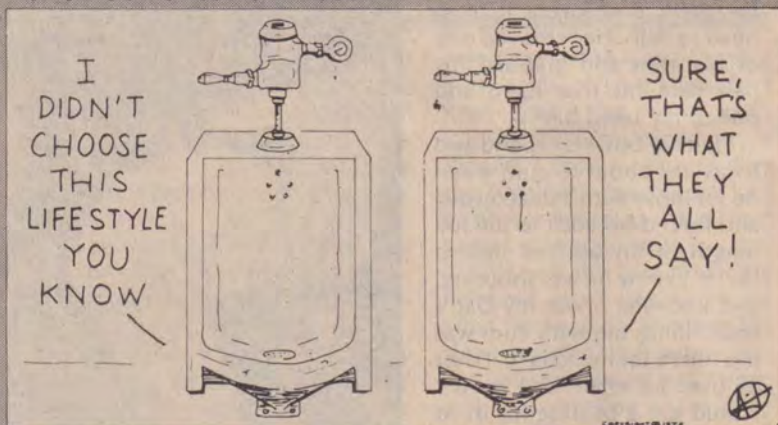
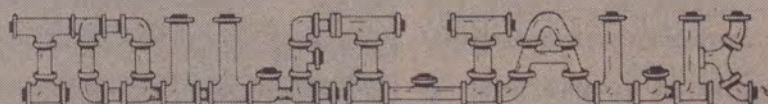
DRUMSTICKS

REVISITED

Ten years ago they told us that SM could never be funny, and that leathermen had no sense of humor. We made 'em eat those words—among other things! Herewith, a look back at some of the best cartoons to dot these deadly serious pages over the past decade, with a nod to Carlo Carlucci, Shawn, Walden, Bud, and all the rest who've kept the Drumsticks beating...



"So which do you prefer, physical or mental cruelty?"



"Henry, don't be silly; this is only our first date!"



"We'll have him up and on his knees in no time."


DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS



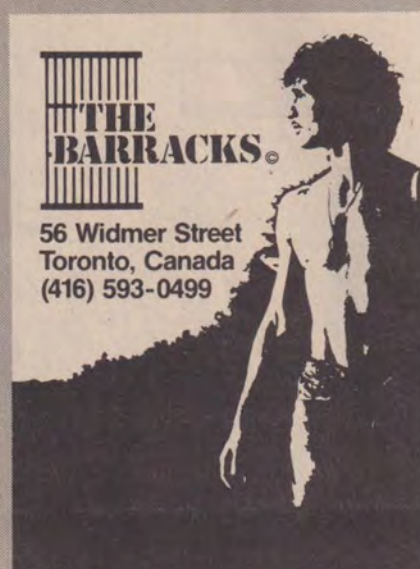
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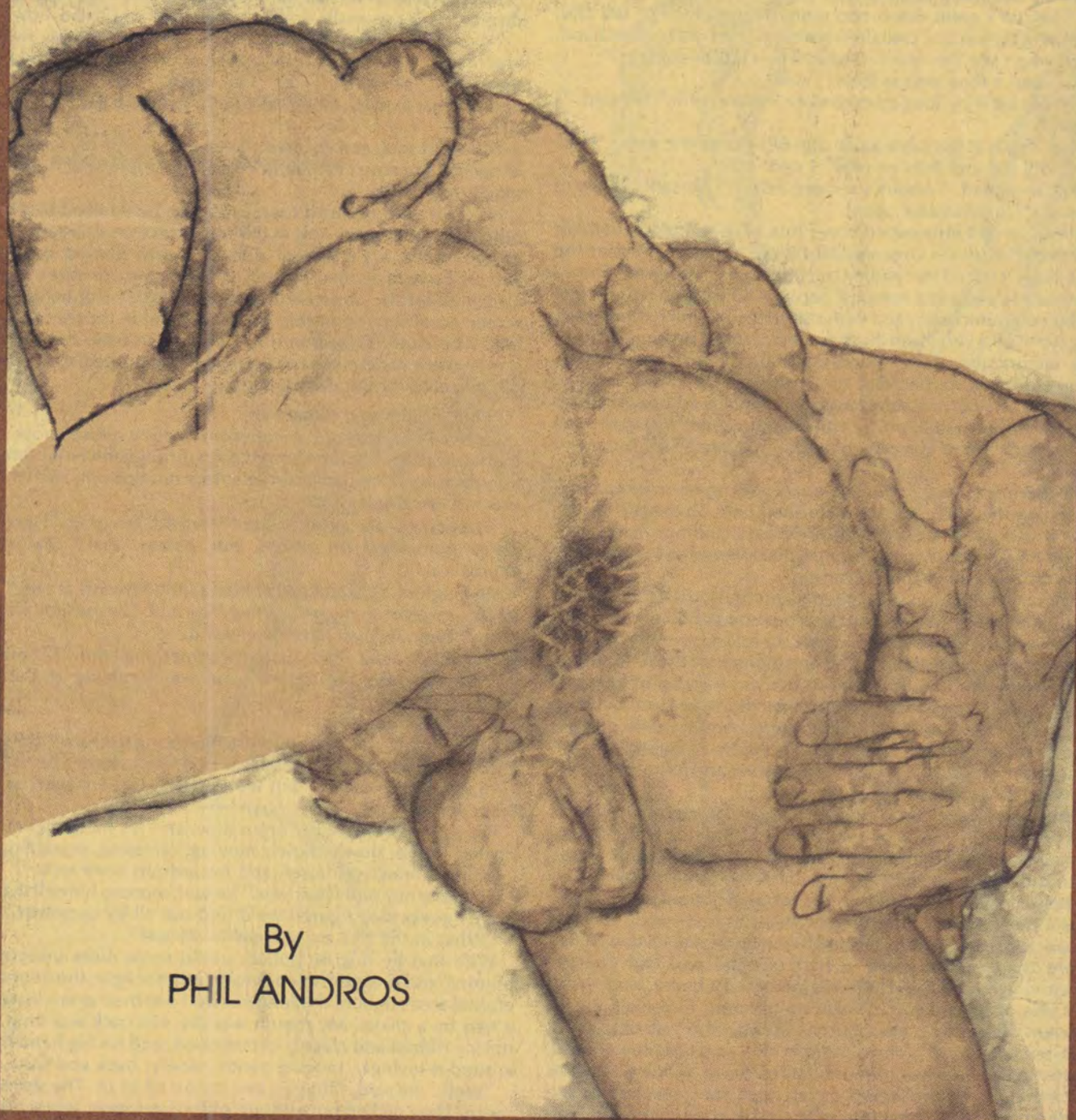
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DRUMMER

FICTION

FOUR

ON ICE



By
PHIL ANDROS

I. An Odd Little Expedition

"Damn, that's beautiful!" Bill said, and threw the thermoplast door wide open. A blast of polar air puffed into the room, shivering and rattling the papers on my table, and bringing with it a cloud of ice crystals. "C'mon, Phil," he said, "have a look at our five suns this morning."

I got up from the table and went to the door. The pallid white arctic sun held itself today about five degrees above the horizon. It was surrounded by a circle of white radiance, and the central sun reflected itself in four more suns, each placed to quarter the circle, so that in a way it looked like a shining atomic nucleus in the sky... the parhelic ring, caused by the sun shining on the ice crystals held in the air.

Bill put his arm around my shoulders in a kind of fatherly gesture, which I didn't mind at all—but he was only twenty-nine, and I was twenty-four that year, about eight years ago, a bit too old to be his son. I shivered a little, hardly from the cold, but from the weight of his arm.

"Very beautiful, as always," I said.

"The sun's gone down two more degrees today," Bill said, swinging the sextant casually from the fingers of his other hand. "We won't see this much longer. Then it'll be night..."

"...and a long one at that," I said.

"Well, we'll be long gone before the end of it," Bill said. "I hope."

I sat down at the table again and Bill closed the door. "How long will Jim and Bob be out?" I said.

Bill shrugged. "About six more hours," he said. "They're taking a scintillometer count."

It was an odd little expedition—four of us stranded out there south of Heilprin in Greenland for three months—but then the U.S. Navy is noted for sending out odd little expeditions. They'd yanked me away as a reservist because I'd learned to be pretty good computer-wise, and with statistics—of which there was a lot. It was all a very hush-hush project, caused by some disturbing factors about the moon-astronauts which hadn't been released to the public. But the space agency knew, and had hinted it to us: every single astronaut who had passed through the Van Allen radiation belt that surrounded the earth had come back home completely sterile. No more kids for any of them...

So here we were, trying to chart with some mathematical precision the "hole" in the Van Allen belt, on the off-chance that if ever there were any future moon landings made, they might be able to navigate through the hole and so keep all their little tadpoles alive and quivering.

The shrinks back in the United States had given us all kinds of tests to establish our sex lives and our compatibility—wanting, like the official puritans they were, to make sure there was no hanky-panky of any kind going on among four brave swabbies. But anyone who could count to ten was capable of knowing what kinds of answers to give psychiatrists, what kinds of things to "see" in the Rorschach inkblot tests. And so none of them had found out what it wasn't their business to know anyway—that I was homosexual, a quondam hustler, and partly masochist to boot. Or to boots.

Bill was a kind of father-image in a way. He was about six feet tall (we all were, more or less) and had a bulldog face—a large strong jaw, black thick eyebrows, and curly black hair. I sensed a kind of protectiveness in him which the others lacked completely. Jim was the oldest of the lot, and outranked us all; he was a Navy captin at thirty-eight, bossy as hell—and I strongly suspected from his attitudes and his brusque speech that he had more than a little sadist in him. He had dark-red copper-colored hair, and the scanty beginnings of a beard, whereas all the rest of us had so far made the attempt to remain clean-shaven. Then there was Lieutenant Bob, who was only about five-ten tall, blond as cornsilk and with a kind of willowy—well, better make that wiry—musculature, since willowy suggests something the Navy would never stand for—and he was the mathematician of the group. He had a good face with high

cheekbones and hollowed planes in his cheeks, and he was the only one who could speak a little Eskimo, Greenlandish variety. As for myself—well, as I've said, I was still a reservist and subject to call.

Bill sat down at the second table where he was working to replace a chip in the micro-computer we'd brought along, but he looked nervous. I sat down at my table, bending my head so that I could watch him out of the corner of my eye. He leaned back in the steel chair, spread his legs wide, and put one big hand down over his crotch.

The shrinks back home had talked a little diffidently about out sex lives and what would be going on up there in our isolation for three months. "Now...er...you must understand," one said to me, somewhat embarrassed, "that you will be living under certain emotional pressures. After a good deal of discussion, the Navy had decided to suspend its rather severe regulation against self-abuse..."

"You mean Uncle Sugar is giving us permission to jack off?" I said with some amusement.

The psychiatrist turned faintly pink. That's what I love about shrinks—you can really embarrass them if you know how.

"Well...er...yes," he said, "in the interests of easy living-together, it would be better to relieve your accumulated tensions that way than...er...to engage in any kind of homosexual activity. That, I'm afraid, the Navy can't permit at all."

"Okay," I said, and grinned. "I've been beatin' my meat most of my life. I reckon I can stand three more months of it without much trouble."

He'd excused me with that. I suppose he'd talked to all the others the same way. And in the two weeks we'd already been in Greenland, we'd busied ourselves with playing out little games. Each of us had jacked off either two or three times, always under the pretense of retiring to take a shit behind the screen around our portable chemical toilet in the thermoplast tent. The huffings and puffings that came from behind the screen were hardly those that could be associated with relieving ourselves of the daily waste.

"Phil..." Bill said tentatively.

I looked up. He was quite openly fingering himself now, and the shape of his hardon showed even through the bulky fleeced-lined trousers. He had grabbed it top and bottom, and its size was not too displeasing.

"Have to go take another crap?" I asked, grinning. "I guess if we're gonna go on playin' our games, that's the usual expression."

He laughed, and arched his hips a little forward at me. "We might as well drop the play-acting," he said. "By the time we get out of here, we'll all have dropped it."

That startled me. "Do you know something I don't?" I asked. "Perhaps." His big square hand was fumbling at the fly-buttons of his crotch.

"I don't understand."

"Maybe they thought you were too young to know," Bill said, amused. "The fact of the matter is—I'd like to have a blowjob."

"So would I," I said, "but we're not in Copenhagen or San Francisco or Paris."

His fly was completely open now, and his hand had disappeared inside, slowly, slowly moving, caressing, squeezing... My breathing was faster, and my armpits were wet.

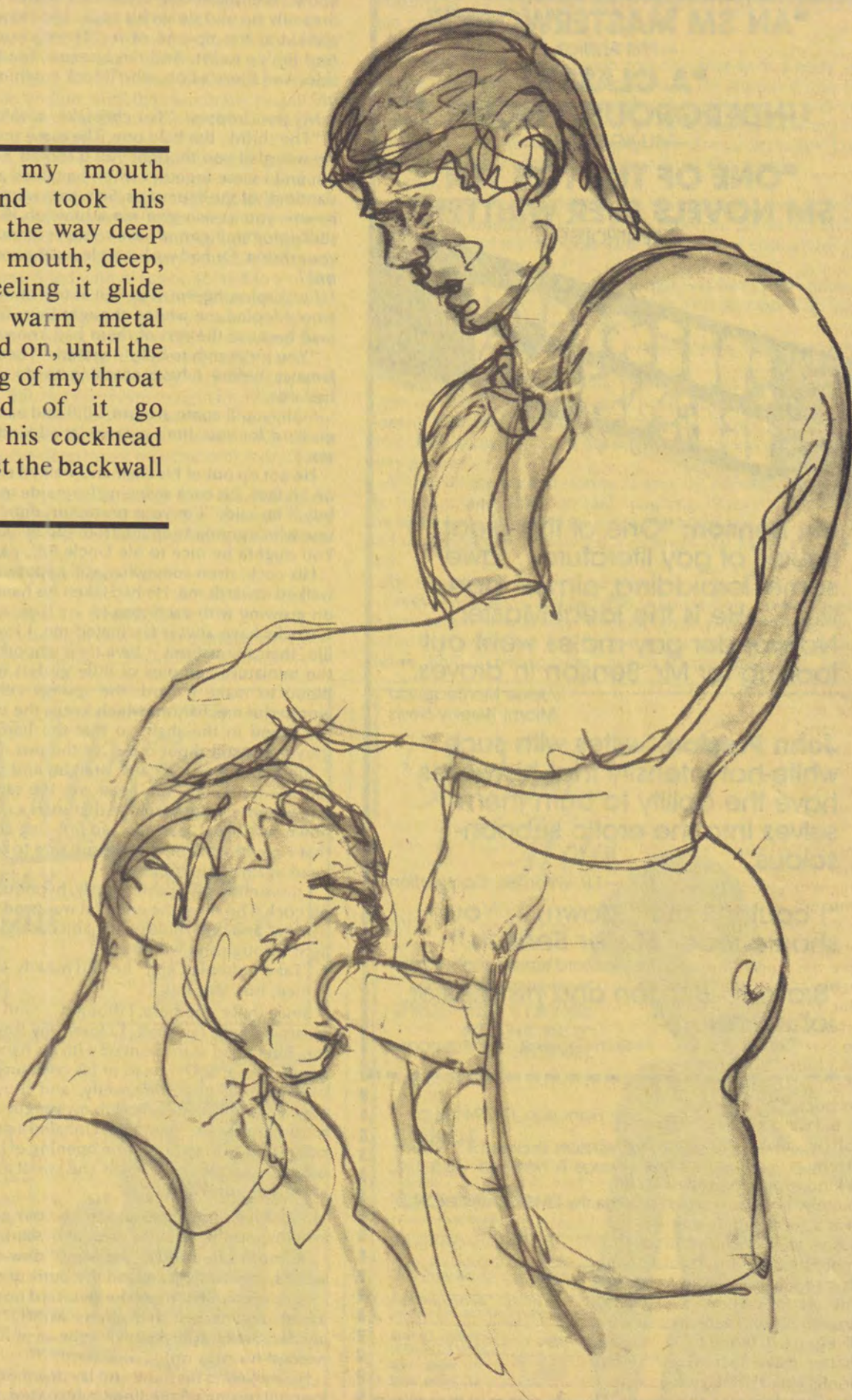
"I guess they didn't tell you," he said, more to himself than to me. "I guess they figured we'd find out all by ourselves."

"What in the hell are you talkin' about?"

With that he dug in, pulled, undid some more underwear buttons, and dragged his cock forth into the light, the unending eternal arctic light of the longest day. I watched as fascinated as a hen by a snake. My mouth was dry. His cock was long and thickly ribbed and cleanly circumcised, and his big hand fitted around it lovingly, moving gently, slowly, back and forth.

"Well," he said, "they're one up on all of us. The shrinks, I mean. They picked out a group of four gay guys, if you wanta

I opened my mouth wide and took his cock all the way deep into my mouth, deep, deep, feeling it glide like smooth warm metal straight on and on, until the membrane ring of my throat felt the head of it go through, and his cockhead nuzzled against the backwall of my throat.



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know. Well-balanced ones, of course." His hand went on dreamily up and down his cock, and I saw a little glint of light sparkle at the tip-end of it. "There's you—a part-masochist. And Jim's a sadist. And I'm bisexual, but lean towards the gay side. And there's Bob, who'll fuck anything that's got a hole in it."

My jaw dropped. "For chrissake, who told you all that?"

"The shrink, the bald one. The same one who talked to you. He was glad you thought you'd fooled 'em all. Matter of fact, Jim and I were together when he talked about the 'emotional slantings' of the four of us. So what I want to know, ole buddy, is—are you gonna give me a blowjob like a nice little cock-sucker, or am I gonna have to tie your hands and ram it down your throat. Or had we better leave the rough stuff to Jim, later on?"

I was spinning—mad as hell at first at the gahdamned shrink who'd fooled me while I thought I was fooling him, and then mad because the rest of them had known and I hadn't.

"You go plumb to hell," I grated. "There'll be a high wind in Jamaica before I have anything to do with any one of you bastards."

"Oh, you'll come around," Bill said easily, "or else it'll really go hard for you. Jim's a dandy at all kinds of rough and dirty sex."

He got up out of his chair and walked towards me—big smile on his face, his cock swinging from side to side. "C'mon, sonny boy," he said, "I'm your protector, didn't you know? I'm the one who's gonna keep Jim from carvin' you up into a meat pie. You oughta be nice to ole Uncle Bill, y'know."

His cock, risen somewhat, still kept swinging in an arc as he walked towards me. He had taken his hand away from it. It kept on growing with each step.

Cocks have always fascinated me. I love their independent life, their... sassiness. I love their smooth satin shields around the miniature complex of little girders inside, which fill with blood to make it hard, the spongy cells which inflate, the wonderful mechanism which keeps the urethra open yet traps the blood in the shaft, so that the hardon remains, but the gyzym can still shoot out... or the piss.

Bill's cock was long and straight, and not too big around. It did not taper, and the head was the same size as the shaft. I knew from past experience that such a cock would slide easily down my throat, past the red fire-ring and touch the back, so that I could twist my head from side to side and rub his cock-head against my throatwall.

I moistened my lips nervously, hypnotized by the nearness of his cock. The slit at the end of it was producing pearl after pearl by now, and the whole head of his cock gleamed red in the long light through the windows.

"Take hold of it, kid," he said huskily. "Go on—kiss it a little. A nice, hot, wet kiss..."

Since there's no help, I thought... and raised my hand to the gleaming long tan shaft. I closed my fingers around it. Above me, Bill sighed at the contact with my hand, and pushed his hips gently forward. The head of his cock surged out the other side of my hand, glistening wetly, and thus holding it, I leaned forward and licked flatly with my tongue at the moisture. It was musky and sweet—and then I inhaled a deep breath of the male odors that swirled out of the opening of his pants, a sexual male odor, compounded of balls and sweat and the peculiar heady smell of a rutting animal.

Bill's hips added pressure to his cock and he forced it slowly into my mouth. Then he suddenly slapped me on the back.

"C'mon, ole buddy," he said, "now that there's no more secrets, lemme lie down on the bunk and finish me off right."

I got up numbly from the awkward position on my chair, my mouth feeling lost and empty without his cock in it. Oh, I needed oral gratification all right, as much if not more than he needed his nuts off!

He walked to his bunk and lay down on it, one heavy-booted foot still resting on the floor. A bit dazed, I climbed between his

legs and supported myself on hands and knees. Below my mouth, so close that my eyes could hardly focus on it, the tiny eye of his cock winked and glittered at me. And then with a sigh, I opened my mouth wide and took his cock all the way deep into my mouth, deep, deep, feeling it glide like smooth warm metal straight on and on, until the membrane ring of my throat felt the head of it go through, and his cockhead nuzzled against the backwall of my throat.

He was not inactive, that one. As soon as his cock was inside my mouth, his hands came down to the back of my head, and a moan escaped him. He took my head between his large hands and held it still, and then he started to fuck my mouth. I was captured, held tight—and I loved every moment of it. Big Bill, my “protector,” jamming his cock down my throat, making me irrevocably his. And yet, filled with his cock, joined to a man I had already jacked off about in fantasy, I found that crazy head of mine flittering from one thing to another, wondering just what kind of dirty sex Jim liked, and how big he was, and how violent, and where Bob fitted into the picture, and...and...

But there was suddenly no more thinking, for with a gasp and with hips shuddering, Bill shot his gyzym straight into my throat, pressing my head down hard until his cockhair scratched my nose and eyelids, stream and spurt, gasp and choke, lick, tickle with the tongue, work the deep throat muscles, milk it dry, get it all...

A sudden blast of ice-crystallized air blew over me. Bill's cock still in my mouth, I looked towards the door. The tall bulky silhouette of Jim stood there, red beard glinting like molten copper in the afternoon light...

“Sol!” he boomed. “Things begin, heh?”

II. Pleased to Meetcha...

I raised my head and looked at him. I'd be damned if I'd give him any satisfaction at the moment. So, instead of fumbling or

blushing or reacting at thus being caught in *fragrant delicious*, I said coolly:

“Where's Bob? Out there freezing?”

I'd been an M long enough to know that such a reply was bound to infuriate a sadist, and it did. He stomped into the solid-floored tent, slammed the door hard enough to rattle the windows, and was at the bunk in three strides. I didn't duck fast enough, and his heavy glove caught me alongside the jaw. I saw a float of red stars drift lazily down from the zenith.

“Jesus,” I said.

“Just don't be so fuckin' smart, cocksucker,” Jim snarled. I was almost tempted to laugh at the hoarfrost on his mustache, but I restrained myself. One cuff like that was enough for the moment.

Bill made a sound in his throat that was hard to translate. I couldn't tell whether it was a sigh after having popped his load, or the beginning of a sentence.

Then the door opened again, and Bob came in. His eyes grew wide.


“Holy cow!” he said. “What the hell's goin' on here?”

Jim turned his fury on him now, instead of me. “What the hell does it look like?” he grated. “Philbaby here's just finished givin' Bill a blowjob. Turns out we've got a fuckin' queer in our cozy group.”

At that Bill sat up and started to tuck his cock back inside his fly. “Aw, c'mon, Jim,” he said, laughing. “Everything's out in the open now. I told Phil what the psychiatrist said, and how he had us all pretty well analyzed. You mean you haven't told Bob yet?”

Jim was annoyed. “No,” he said.

“Well, I will then,” Bill said. He turned to Bob. “We're all gay, to one extent or another,” he said. “Even you—and according to the best word, you may be the most experienced of the lot. Here's Phil, a not-so-pure, not-so-simple masochist, Jim a



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sadist, me a bisexual—and you . . . well, you have the reputation of fuckin' anything that moves, and likin' any kind of sex, dirty or clean."

On Bob's good-looking face and neck the scarlet started, mounting like a slow wave. You could see it cover his chin and lips, his cheeks, and finally his forehead. He made a strangled sound in his throat.

Jim grunted. "Didn't think it'd start so soon," he grumbled. "Why wait?" Bill said. "Today seemed as good a time as any. And then sardonically, "It's a lovely day outside, all white and beautiful, with five suns in the sky—just the day for a good fuck."

"In that case," said Jim, unfastening his heavy arctic jacket, "I'm gonna get me the piece of ass I've been waiting for since we got here. Damn, I was tired of beatin' my meat!"

He turned to me. "And you, Junior," he said, "get your pants off. I'm gonna fuck you until you see the aurora borealis."

"Oh, sir!" I said in mock horror.

Jim stopped and looked at me—a flash of black lightning. "Yessir," I said quickly, and started to unbuckle my boots and take them off, along with my trousers. Jim was naked first, his red hair glinting in the light, giving a kind of dusky rose luminance to his legs, with a burning bush of flame-red on his chest, running down to his groin. He turned and rummaged through the footlocker beside his bunk, and came up with four pieces of rope, each about six feet long.

"Move the computer, Bob," Jim said. "Put it on the floor and slide the table over here."

Bob did as he was told, amazement still fleeting across his face.

I was naked by then, and Jim slapped the table with the flat of his palm. "C'mon, buster," he said. "Keep your feet flat on the floor and your cock under the table edge, and get down here on your belly."

"And you better get undressed too," Jim said to him. "I got a little job or two for you to do."

There hadn't been a word from Bill. He just sat quietly on the edge of his bunk and watched.

I was naked by then, and Jim slapped the table with the flat of his palm. "C'mon, buster," he said. "Keep your feet flat on the floor and your cock under the table edge, and get down here on your belly."

"Hey!" I said. "You don't have to tie me up and go to all that trouble just to fuck me."

Jim scowled. "Maybe I like it that way," he said.

I lay down on the table on my belly, my cock just under the table edge. Old Betsy was beginning to betray me—she was getting hard. Jim tossed a couple of the rope-lengths to Bob.

"Here," he said. "Tie an ankle to each table leg." With that he grabbed my wrist, whipped a double twist of rope around it, and tied it to the far table leg. . . . and then the other wrist. I could feel Bob at work on my ankles. It was lucky the table was well-balanced enough to hold me without spilling me backwards on my ass.

I turned sidewise to look at Bill. He had grabbed his left leg around the lower calf, and sat with it drawn up, that secret smile still attractively moving his mouth a little.

Then Jim stood back and looked at me. The tabletop was hard and somewhat rough. I could feel my hardon knocking against the underside of the table. Jim was hard, too—up and angled starward, but Bob was only in that delightful state of heavy-blood which had thickened his cock and made it hang heavily downward.

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"Okay, lieutenant," Jim said to Bob, "you get down there on your ass under the table and blow this bastard. I want him to come before I fuck him."

"Hey, gahdamnit, no!" I shouted. "I don't wanna come so soon!"

Who asked what you wanted?" Jim said. "Okay," he said to Bob, "get goin'."

Bob seemed pleased at the prospect. He slid between my legs under the table and I felt him reach for my cock, bending it down with his hand around the root of it. And a moment later came the all-enveloping shock of first contact, so ever-old and yet so ever-new, and I gasped in spite of myself.

Here was a guy with talent, I thought. Even in such an awkward position as he must be, head knocking against the underside of the table, bent back on his arms or kneeling, he managed to give me a blowjob I'd remember for a long time. There wasn't any leisurely sucking about it; it was hard and fast and rapid—but it was just what I needed at the moment. I felt a trembling begin in my loins, a trembling that quickly traveled to my ankles and made my toes dance against the floor—and then in the middle of it, just when I felt the soft overlapping tingling of the prelude to my orgasm, there came a mighty *thwack!* across my ass with something broad and heavy.

"Damn!" I hollered. I turned my head sidewise and looked.

Jim had taken his wide black leather belt and doubled it, and just as I looked at him the second downward swing started. I hollered again.

"Nothin' like a few swats to open up your asshole, asshole," Jim said, laying the leather on as if the belt would soon be taken back to the States.

And nothing like a few swats, I might add, to bring you to a climax. As soon as the initial shock had passed, I felt my cock swelling and growing even harder.

"Hey, you under there!" Jim yelled at Bob. "Don't swallow that load when he comes. Just bring it up here and hold it in your mouth until I tell you what to do with it."

Bob certainly heard him, and must have wondered why. I did too, but I had a fairly good idea. And then the red stars really did burst in my head and pinwheels spun behind my eyelids and rockets sprang from my body, and I shot forth jet after jet of come into Bob's mouth. I felt the head of my cock drowned in a hot pool of my own come, felt his tightened lips draw it all out of me. I lay on the table trembling and sweating and breathing hard.

"Okay, lieutenant!" Jim said—damn, he could put more scorn in pronouncing "lieutenant" than in swearing at you! "Get the hell up here and blow that load all around his asshole, and see if you can't get some inside. And some on my cock, too."

Still quivering, I watched Jim as he spoke. He turned his head to Bill. "You approve, commander?" he said. "Nothin' like a good load of gyzym to do a little lubricatin'."

Jim was handling his own cock. It seemed big and hard enough as it was, but he didn't act quite satisfied. I looked over at Bill, and damn if he didn't have his own cock out again, lazily jacking it off.

Then I felt a new sensation—my own gyzym let loose in the crack of my ass, slightly cooled but not much, and felt Bob's mouth working at my asshole, driving what he could inside with his tongue, and even—with a blast of air—blowing some into me.

"Good boy," Jim said. "Now put the last of it on the head of my cock."

Bob did. My ass burned from the flaming leather that Jim had given it, and I felt the gyzym cooling even more. My only hope was that he'd get that ramrom of his inside before it dried off too much. I didn't expect the bastard to be gentle about it either.

Then I felt Bob stop licking at my asshole, felt him stop poking his tongue inside, and I relaxed my sphincter with every ounce of willpower that I had. Jim's cock, I had seen from my bent-

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over position, looked to be a punisher for sure—but I'd taken bigger in my happily misspent life.

I felt him position himself between my legs, and then spread the cheeks of my ass with one hand on each, digging his thumbs in. The cool tip of his cock—cool from my own come, that is—placed itself against me, dead center on, and I waited...

The push when it came was worse than I had imagined it could be—partly, I suppose, because I'd already shot my load and didn't feel like getting fucked so soon after. But then, you can't always control a sadist, no matter how sly an M you are.

Jim let out a shout, almost Valkyrian, that bounced and rattled around the room, and then he started in. This was no gentle ladyfuck—this was one straight from the camps of lumberjacks and cowboys. He rammed me with the speed of a piston, never relaxing, never giving me time to breathe. His thrusts were so strong they kept inching the table towards the wall, and both of us along with it. Seeing this, Bob placed himself in front of the moving table, letting it push against his legs. And that, of course, gave me something else to think about. I moved my head to the left a little, and felt their tip of his hardon brush against my lips.

He didn't need any more encouragement than that. He reached down, lifted my chin an inch or two, and got his cock inside my mouth. But all he could do was let the table movements work his hips for him, and with the pounding and slapping against my ass, my mouth worked up and down a couple inches on Bob's cock.

"I'm com-m-ming!" Jim bellowed and dug his fingernails deeply into my ribs, squirting me full of a really hot load of come. He lay heavy against my back, panting. And suddenly—without any preparation—he quickly withdrew. It made a considerable *plop!* as it came out.

"Now... can I screw him, too?"

It was Bob, gahdamn him, asking leave of the master. Right at that moment I hated them both. But that's part of being an M, isn't it?

"Sure, kid—go ahead," I heard Jim say magnanimously, and felt like complaining it was *my* ass they were talking about so freely, and that I oughta have something to say about it myself.

But I really didn't mind. After the pile-driving that Jim had given me, Bob was almost as gentle as a butterfly—or so it seemed. Evidently he had got all heated up inside my mouth, because my roughly treated ass could sense the swelling come almost as soon as he was inside—the swelling that every cock makes just before it shoots.

So it was nothing, really... I heard Bob sigh, and then in my sensitized and mistreated canal, I felt the gentle squirting—six or seven times—that seemed almost like balm for my wounded ass. Then Bob pulled out. I lay exhausted on the table, conscious of the ropes cutting at ankles and wrists.

"One more thing..." I heard Bob say.

"Yeah? What?" from Jim.

"Can I eat the 'little supper'?"

Jim guffawed, and I heard Bill laugh too.

"Sure, kid—if you want to." As for me, in those days I hardly knew what the "little supper" was...

And then I found out. I felt Bob's mouth at my asshole, sucking and sucking, felt his tongue inside, heard him licking and swallowing greedily, hungrily, as he drew out of me and into himself the gyzyms of all three of us—my own as lubrication, the big load that Jim had left inside, and finally his own...

"Little supper," indeed! If we were going to be alone up here for three months, what would a "banquet" be? And how in the hell could things any more fantastic happen than had occurred this afternoon?

Well, perhaps the tables might turn. And I didn't necessarily mean the one to which I had been tied.

III. Fun and Games

I guess no one would really expect to find four of the world's horniest studs up above the Arctic Circle. It was hardly the place

you'd look for them. And once the ice was broken, so to speak—at least the ice of our relationship—that's what we seemed to become. Our double-walled thermoplast tent, the isolation, the cold—everything worked together to give us a sense of security and just plain downright coziness. The tent was the headquarters of a different kind of nuclear family with all of its advantages (and some disadvantages), but certainly there were no little brats and monsters screaming around the house.

We seemed to be almost insatiable. Whenever two of us would leave the tent—orders made it imperative never to go outside alone, always in pairs—we could usually be sure that by the time we got back, we'd find the other two sucking or fucking, no matter how short a time we were out in the cold. And quite often the two outside could hear what was going on at the base, because another of the rules was that the walkie-talkies had to stay open all of the time in case of an emergency or accident. I'd rather not count how many times the outside trips were cut short so that we could get back and be part of the fun and games we heard going on.

About twenty miles away from us was an Eskimo camp. One night during the hunting season—which was just beginning for them—we were visited by a couple of Eskimo guys. They gave us a "quzit" as a friendly gesture, their round moon faces filled with smiles. They stayed for about two minutes but wouldn't come inside. Bob tried talking with them but didn't get very far. His Eskimo talk was sketchy at best.

I felt Bob's mouth at my asshole, sucking and sucking, felt his tongue inside, heard him licking and swallowing greedily, hungrily, as he drew out of me and into himself the gyzym of all three of us.

"What the hell is that?" Jim growled after they had left. Bob laughed. He tossed back his blond hair which seemed to grow about an inch longer each day.

"I thought everone knew what a quzit is," he said. "It's good luck."

I picked it up. It was a longish piece of polished bone, slightly curved, and tied at one end with a red string. I looked at it curiously.

"From a walrus," Bob said, grinning. "It's the bone that leads through the entire length of his cock."

"You're kiddin'," I said.

"Lucky walrus," Jim said.

"Sure is," Bill said. "Always ready, like the Boy Scouts. Always prepared."

"It'll be practical as hell in our household," I said, swinging it like a samurai sword. "A fine dildo. Now we can all say we been fucked by a walrus."

"We might hang it above the door," Bob said. "The way you hang up a horseshoe. For good luck."

"In fucking," Bill said.

"You guys really are nuts," Jim said.

Meanwhile our work went on, somehow getting done in spite of all the time spent screwing. The sun had disappeared almost completely, and the arctic night was beginning. It was a strange kind of twilight in which the light from our electric lanterns turned the ice crystals into silver in the air, and streams of silver would float around us as we walked through them.

It might be difficult to believe, but it was only seven weeks after we got there that we did discover the hole in the Van Allen belt, and started to map its dimensions with the help of our magnetometer and the refined sodium-emerald laser the Navy

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had recently developed—another hush-hush item. We found and measured the size of it with several other instruments, magnetic beams that arrowed in on the two squared corners and traced the parabolic path that connected them into a great semi-circle. The task of photographing it with the Navy's new radiation camera was still ahead.

"I don't see what the hell use this is gonna be," Bill grumbled one day. "They can't set up a rocket launching facility up here can they?"

"Not our problem," Bob said. "They wanted it located, that's all."

"Won't this all shorten our time up here?" I asked.

"Whatsamatter?" Jim said, sarcastic. "Gettin' too much sex? Your ass tired?"

"Not me," I said. I'd get the son of a bitch some day... His worst insult had happened one day when after an hour's sucking him, my jaws were so tired I couldn't keep up the suction and pressure. He'd backhanded me a coupla times along the jawbone, and said, "You're the lousiest goddamned cocksucker I ever had."

Well! An old sentence from Poe jumped into my mind: "*The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as best I could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge.*" Lousiest cocksucker, indeed!

Aside from that one secret grudge I had, everything seemed dandy. Our sex life was all one could ask. Nobody got jealous or possessive. We shared each other without any difficulties—except for that one feeling I had against Jim. I suppose there was never a bottom who at one time or another didn't hate the guts of his topman, and I had a real ingrown hair in my ass for Jim. But the fact remained that we were still four horny guys who'd been picked to live together.

Bill and Bob seemed to make out with each other the most, because Bill continued to be fascinated by all the tricks Bob had up his magic sleeve. And Jim continued to beat me so thoroughly and often that my whole body was covered with welts and bruises. I looked like a soaped-up rainbow when I took a shower. Whenever one place would turn black and blue and yellow as an indication it was beginning to heal, he immediately began to lay on the leather somewhere else, starting the cycle all over again and leaving the new place furiously red and hurting. I walked around like a cripple without crutches, every movement reminding my sore buns and body of the remarkable strength of his right arm. Good ole Bob, however, liked to soothe the fresh places by licking them gently with his flattened tongue. It helped the hurting, but every now and then my cock was so sore from his chewing that I'd have to ask him to lay off for a while. Bob got his biggest kick out of fucking my sore ass right after Jim had whipped it and finished ramming me.

"Makes it such a nice hot place to lay up against," he said.

"Hell," I said.

One day Bill—also concerned for my welfare—asked me: "Want me to tell Jim to lay off for a while? I can't understand how you can take so much and still go on working."

"I just offer it up," I said, sardonic. "No—thanks a lot, but don't worry. Skin's got a great ability to recover quickly. But sure as hell I'd like to surprise him some day and see how he reacts. The thing is—he's mighty strong. I wish I'd brought a pair of handcuffs with me."

"Well, you've held up fine," Bill said. "And we really haven't needed any toys at all. But since you mentioned them, I just happen to have a pair of handcuffs in my footlocker. Don't know myself just why I dragged them along."

"You really got cuffs?" I said.

"Sure."

"Gimme 'em!" I hollered.

Bill got up from his bunk and made some noise in his locker. Out of the depths he finally pulled a shiny pair of bracelets and handed them to me.

"And here's the key," he said.

Now I might have the chance to get back at Jim for every-

thing, if I could only take him by surprise. I looked around the tent. The only thing that was absolutely stable and sturdy was the steel tent-post that held up the thermoplast roof at its highest point. Nothing else would be able to stand up against a monster chained. I opened one of the cuffs and put it around the post. It fit exactly, but the cuff had to be locked in the first notch. I opened it with the key.

"Good luck," said Bill sarcastically. "Maybe some day Bob and I will get back and find our nice cozy shelter flat on the ground. Busted."

"Don't tell him about the cuffs," I said.

"I won't," he said.

"No danger it'll collapse," I said. "The post goes about fifteen feet down into solid ice, and besides that it's frozen stiff down there."

"And now," said Bill while I was hiding the cuffs in my own locker, "what is a handsome young Greek stud willing to do to show me how to repay a favor?"

"Anything, sire," I said. "Anything you want."

Bill sat down on the edge of his bunk and started to take off his boots.

"I haven't had my toes sucked for a long time," he said. I knew what that meant. The toes were a nice beginning. Then you went up his thighs until you came to his cock.

"Well, if that's what you want, that's what you'll get, ole buddy," I said.

He took off his pants and stood barefoot and bare-legged on the wooden floor. "Turn up the propane," he said. "It's cold in here."

I did, and he lay down on his bunk, arms behind his head, naked from the waist down, his torso still covered by his padded jacket. Long and lovely, his cock lay over against his left leg. It was already in that heavy half-hard state.

I shucked off my clothes and crawled to him on his bed, where I bent over his feet. They were long and beautiful,

high-arched, with the second toe longer than the big toes, just as it was on classic statues. And strange enough, with all the difficulties we had keeping our bodies clean, the smell of his feet was very male and healthy—sexually exciting, faintly moist. I'd already had enough experience with feet—one of my fetishes—to know that he had those harmless bacteria which most athletes have, in no way dangerous, reminding me of moist grass or hay...great!

I touched his toes playfully with my tongue, a soft contact, like a butterfly wing, and then I gave the top of each toe a light hummingbird kiss. Bill moaned a little above me, and his toes curled downward in my mouth between my lower lip and my teeth. I put on a bit more pressure, and began figure-eighting around his toes with my tongue-tip, letting the pattern become more and more complicated until I felt someone should be calling out the movements the way they do it in square dancing.

Then I took both big toes into my mouth at the same time—big, big!—and sucked hard, rewarded with Bill's heavy breathing and the way his toes quivered in my mouth—crazy, man! I even tried to get all five toes of one foot into my mouth together, and still make my tongue do figure-eights, but I could manage only four because they were so big. Then I laid my tongue flat on his soles, licking upwards, and finally took his heel in my hand and sucked and licked at the tendon. And then back again to the toes.

Bill was clutching the sides of his mattress, his body twisting back and forth. He finally grabbed his cock and started to pump it. Seeing that, I reached up and pried his fingers loose, and began to lick my way swiftly up through the hair of his legs, first to one knee and then to the other, moving closer to the secret center where his balls were drawn up tight against the root of his cock. I sent my tongue on a journey of discovery into those tender hollows between balls and thigh. He reached down and curled the fingers of both hands under my jawbones, pulling upwards and pressing my nose hard and tight against his balls.

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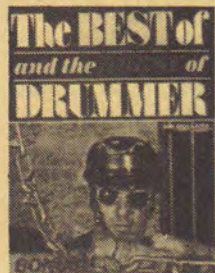
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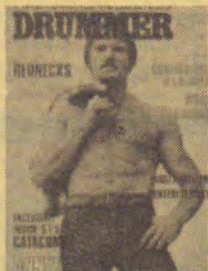
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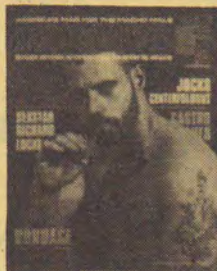
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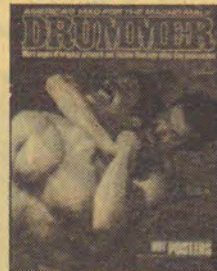
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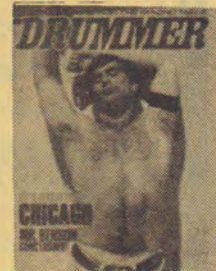
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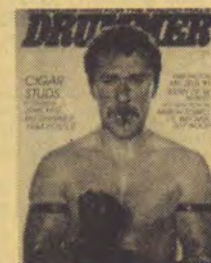
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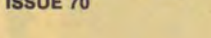
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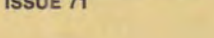
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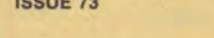
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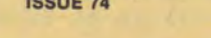
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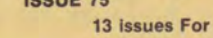
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And then at last I reached the goal. His cock stood up stiff and proud just next to my cheek. I raised my head and took the end of it into my mouth. A soft sighing came from him, and I began to move my mouth up and down on his cock. Then firmly and slowly I took the entire length of it into my mouth...

At that moment the door opened and Jim and Bob came in. "Well, looky what's happening here!" Jim said sarcastically. He stomped the snow from his boots.

"Gettin' so you can't leave 'em alone for a minute," Bob said, laughing.

I didn't mind their coming in—by this time we were all used to an audience. But I heard them taking off their clothes. My naked ass was high in the air and my head was bobbing up and down the length of Bill's cock. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Bob stepping in front of Bill's head and positioning himself over his face which was angled down a little over the edge of his bed. Bill's heavy breathing stopped all of a sudden. I raised my head and saw why. His mouth was plugged with the whole length of Bob's cock, his head between Bob's legs. I rested for a moment and took Bill's cock out of my mouth, fascinated to watch Bob's cockhead slide down Bill's throat. You could see the outline deep inside.

And then I felt something else. Jim crawled on his knees across the bed behind me. He put a big gob of something on my asshole, fumbling for the hole, and then, annoyed at my tightening up, rammed a finger into me, twisting it around. That made me suck Bill's cock again, with new vigor and excitement. Then I felt the merciless advance of Jim's cock in my asshole... but this time he was slow and careful as he stuck it into me. As soon as he was deep in all the way, his pubic hair stiff against my ass, he bent double over me against my back. He was still wearing his jacket, which was icy with the polar air. Then he leaned on his palms and lifted himself up above me so that the fuck-angle of his cock buzzed me straight on the joy-spot. It was an old trick of his, vaguely alarming because it made me

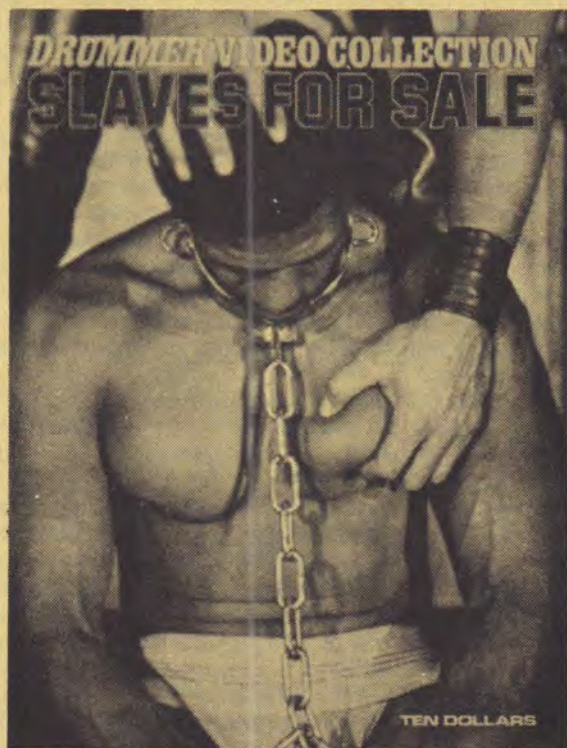
feel too much like a woman. I loved the connection, but everything seemed to melt in my stomach...

"Damn, that's good," I heard Bob mutter while he fucked Bill's throat. His balls swung back and forth, brushing over Bill's eyes and forehead, slapping against his face. Jim didn't speak. He just kept pumping into me. Once he shifted his whole weight to one arm, and reached under me with his hand to find a nipple, twisting it until the pain made me back my ass up fiercely against his crotch—and that was exactly what he wanted. Now and then he would let out a roar and rub his red beard on my back until it felt raw, or bite me in the neck so hard I had to stop sucking on Bill's cock. But I still loved being stuffed at both ends, and wishing that just maybe this was the day when we'd all shoot our loads at the same time.

I could feel Jim's cock swelling a little in my ass, and Bill's cock doing the same down my throat. Bob's hips were pumping fast as his cock punished Bill's throat. He too seemed about ready for orgasm. That left only me—and I didn't have to call up any fantasies this time. It was enough to see and feel us all at work, and have Jim's big cock in my ass. To hell with the imagination! This was the real thing. I had what I wanted, front and back. So I clamped down tight as I could on Jim, beginning to feel finally the sudden unexpected approach of my own orgasm underneath the rapid driving, the raging anger of Jim's cock thrusting up my ass; the relentless rolling and pushing, the exciting shoving of Bill's cock down my throat—for he was pushing upwards now, his long slick cock poking hard against the backwall of my throat. The silky connections in my body turned spiky and electric, and all the fibers of my skin and flesh and muscles awakened. Ecstasy began to burn brightly behind my shut eyelids, and the nerve endings in my groin raced over me in sparkling complex echoes from toes to scalp, reaching everywhere, up and down the inside of my arms, into armpits and around nipples, surging and tingling, and all of a sudden...

Jim let out a great roar and at the same time Bob started to

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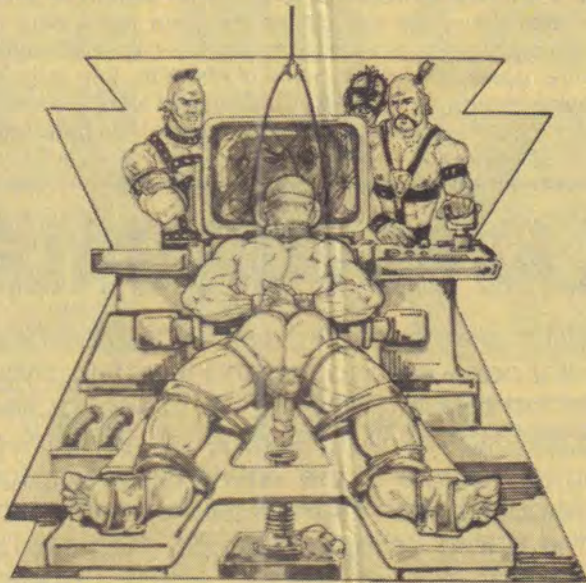
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moan. An extra deep thrust of Bill's cock told me that he had also started. All of that turned me on more, and the frantic movement of our bodies made me begin to quiver, carried me farther and deeper into the whirlpool of delight. I shifted a knee to rub my cock against Bill's foot and ankle, knowing that small touch to be all I needed, and the locks opened as if a small bomb had blown away the doors, and I came all over Bill's feet and ankles, everything overflowing with my gyzym.

We'd all made it together...

Suddenly everything was quiet. Only the humming of the generator was audible, and the rumbling of the propane stove. The heavy breathing faded slowly away, the sighing was barely heard, the heartbeats slowly returned to normal...

Yeah. All over. Exit the captains and kings to organ recessional. Bill's diminishing cock slid out of my mouth, and I felt Jim slowly pulling back out of my ass.

"Man," Bob said weakly, taking his cock out of Bill's throat, "that's the first time we all came together."

And in that moment of the little death, there was a loud shattering knocking at the door.

"Who the hell's that?" Jim said into the sudden silence in the room.

I climbed between the bodies, jumped from the bunk and ran to the window. I breathed on it and rubbed a small spot in the frost so I could see.

Out on the snow, standing motionless on the ice in the dark twilight, I saw a group of figures, not moving, lined one behind the other, maybe ten or twelve. And I could also see—turning my head a little—one lone figure standing right at our door. I couldn't tell whether it was a man or woman. It was dressed like an Eskimo. The fur hood hid the face. It stood patiently waiting for the door to open.

IV. The Outsider Inside or: Inside the Outsider

The Eskimo boy sat motionless on a bench next to the stove. He had taken off his heavy fur jacket and had on a loose open-neck shirt of linen or some light fabric, decorated with rather primitive but well-done designs. Bob was trying to explain to us what he had been able to learn of the reasons for the boy's visit. The line of men that had brought him had vanished into the night.

"Their religion...well, it's really an awful mess. The guy's here because he's a sort of sacrifice to Sedan, the mutilated Eskimo goddess. During the hunting season the men don't fuck their women because they're afraid they'll insult the wind-gods and the ice-gods and spoil the catch. And the catch was extremely small this year. They blame us because we've been fucking each other."

"How the hell could they know that?" Jim exploded.

Bob shrugged. "I dunno, but they found out. And that's why they sent Inouk over to us. We're supposed to fuck him, and that'll take away the bad hunt-magic."

"What's going to happen to him later on?" I said, looking at the young man.

"They'll take him back and cleanse him—purify him, and everything will go on as usual."

"Without hurting him in any way?" Bill asked.

"Only if we damage him," Bob said.

The young man was surely the pride of his tribe. He did not have the moonface of the average Eskimo, and certainly not their stubs of black teeth. Actually he looked like a beautiful young Polynesian with his well-shaped head, his slanted eyes, and smooth black hair. His nose was slender and straight instead of being smashed flat into his face. His hands were slim and delicate.

"He's been cleansed by their rites already," Bob went on, "so he's ready for anything. At once. We have to use him and put him out in front of the door at the same time tomorrow night."

"Oh man!" Jim said. "A real purty Eskimo asshole to fuck!"

"Too bad he got here after we'd shot our loads," Bob said. "Oh, we'll manage somehow," Jim said, sardonic. "My personal opinion is we oughta take a day off and dedicate ourselves to this the best we can. International relations. And we don't wanta insult the gods of this place, do we?" he said with a dirty grin. "Not every day a handsome arctic specimen drops into our parlour, hey?"

"Yeah, we oughta give the kid a good reception," Bill said, no less sarcastic. "Just to show them how close the luck of the hunt lies to our hearts. We sure don't want a whole tribe to starve because of us."

"Right on," I said.

But we really were pretty well pooped at the moment. While Bob tried to comfort Inouk with his pidgin English-Eskimo, and help him lose his fear of the white demons who had come to endanger the animal catch, I scrubbed a pan in our sink and Bill took a nap. Jim retired behind the screen for some reason or other.

Bob turned to me. "We should feed the sacrificial lamb first, maybe," he said.

"Good idea."

The kid was certainly no older than nineteen. And his handsome face lit up as we opened a few cans and put them before him. He hesitated at first, but then became braver and ate ravenously—mackerel in oil, cheese, corned beef, butter, sausage, bread, even daring to sample the white grape juice. It must have been a feast for him if he had been used to blubber and fish.

"Sort of like fattening the lamb before the slaughter, ain't it?" I said.

"Yeah," Bob said with a chuckle. "But let's just eat him, not kill him."

It was midnight by the chronometer before we all felt fit again. Vesicles in the young don't take long to fill up. The sun had disappeared completely by now and the winds were blowing like hell outside. It was hot inside our house of sin. We hadn't turned down the heater, as we usually did when going to bed, largely because we hadn't gone to bed... yet.

"Who's suppose to start?" Bill said. "Wanna draw cards?"

"Hell no," Jim boomed. "We're gonna attack from all sides. Tell him to get undressed."

Bob said something to the kid in that rough but velvety soft dialect. The boy looked a little anxious as he started to take off his underfur and boots and shirt. We watched him silently—piece after piece, layer after layer. It was a fantastically exciting slow strip-tease. My mouth got very dry.

Leg-furs and pants came down at last—and the boy was naked. His pubic hair was straight and black, not curly and wiry, and his supple limber body could have been that of a young gymnast. He was shivering a little, standing there, and he held his hands crossed in front of his crotch. Between his hands, however, hung down a long, dark, and uncut cock.

"Damn it," Jim said. "I've already got a hardon."

Me too... old Betsy had uncurled and stiffened in her secret sweaty nest.

Bob stepped closer to Inouk, sniffing. "They rubbed him with whale grease and snow," he said. "Smells mighty clean."

And then we moved in like a pack of wolves.

The events of that night of arctic orgy took on a dream-like quality as the hours slipped by. I had thought that the boy would be shy, inexperienced, frightened. He was anything but that. He could have been a prime hustler in San Francisco or New York. Fucking him in the mouth was like putting your cock into a hot furnace—and where did all his teeth go? Sticking your cock in his ass was like shoving it into a tight clamped tunnel layered with slick hot rubber. Part of the time he was on all fours, with Bill at his mouth and myself at his ass, and later Bob crawled underneath the kid and took his long dark cock into his mouth. But he didn't make him come—didn't want the young man to lose interest.

When so much sex floods out so rapidly, events become

unreal—fantastic, mixed-up. You lose all sense of time and space, frantic to spill your gyzym in as many ways as possible—and as many times. A kind of dream-mechanics takes over in a frenzy of lust. One moment you are standing here, and the next moment there—except you haven't any idea how or when you moved from one place or position to the other. Events become as illogical and as altered as they do in dreams—and yet you never pause to question their sequence. And you seem to get drunker and drunker—not on liquor but on the fumes and excitement of the sexual rage within. The id comes forth to dance on your ego—and you don't give a damn. The eyes are blinded, judgment is fogged, and common sense dashes out the door.

At one point I dimly remember Jim's bellowing roar as he shot off in the young man's ass, watching his trembling body and quivering shoulders as he bent nearly double—and then in the next moment it was myself who had taken his place behind those pale amber half-moons, reddened by the assaults his flesh had endured that night, and it was my own cock that entered the puckered hole. I had no way of knowing if Inouk had clamped and clutched Jim the way he did me—or if he sensed a new cock in his ass and felt he had to give the newcomer a special treat. But he pressed and squeezed and pushed his rump tight back against me, and I felt the muscles inside the red tunnel were inching me farther in with each thrust I made. The small circular movements of his soft sweet ass called up the wildest visions in my head—sailors lined up in front of me, policemen ground their heavy-heeled boots into my groin and stepped on my neck to make me lick their feet, lumberjacks and construction workers and Arabs and blacks waited in the wings. All the best and most powerful figures of my entire life swirled around me and over me while I fucked that Eskimo boy in the ass. And Bob stopped sucking the kid's dick and began to lick my balls, his face clutched between the wetness of my thighs, while I pulled back from that sweet ass and then slammed back into it again and again...

And I came and came.

Panting, I collapsed on the bunk. Someone was still at work on Inouk. Bob got to his feet and then sat down beside me.

"He's got a nickname in Eskimo," Bob said. "Far as I can make out, it means 'He who never gets tired.'"

"You think his tribe knows he's a manlover?" I said, still breathing hard.

"Of course. That's the reason they sent him to us. It would have been an insult to send one of their women, and the goddess would have been even more angry."

"The youngster's a minor deity himself," I said. "If Zeus had had a Ganymede like this one, the Greek religion would be the world's largest, and we'd all be wearing chitons instead of pants."

Bob laughed and got up from the bed. I went into a half-doze, and things seemed very dim after that. I would half-open my eyes from time to time... to see Jim walking around the room holding the kid up in the air, his ass impaled on Jim's cock. Bob—no, maybe Bill—at another time had Inouk bent over a chair, and then later someone was screwing him as the young man lay on his back on the table, with his legs in the air...

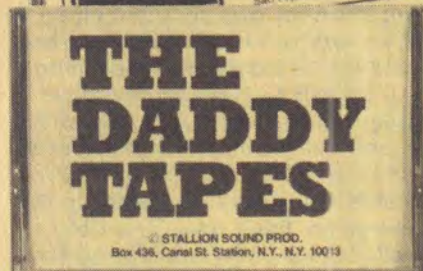
...and someone else sat in a corner jacking off...

V. How Sweet It Is!

It must have been about six o'clock in the morning when I woke up—six by the chronometer. It was night outside, of course. I was lying naked on my bunk. The room was stifling and very hot. Inouk was asleep on Bob's bunk, with Bob lying behind him, his crotch pressed close against the boy's butt—and for all I knew, maybe even Bob's cock was inside. The room was a disaster.

I looked for Jim. He was lying naked on his belly atop his own bunk, arms stretched above his head in a kind of parenthesis. The position placed his hands practically around the center tent-support. It looked as if he might have been clutching it

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rites and Raunch

There was definately something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine—well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff—devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. M le-bonding at it's most extreme.

PART 1

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The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpits, piss, and most of all, hot masculine attitude.

PART 2

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

KID vs DAD—WINNER TAKE ALL

Ever wrestle with your Old Man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot—and he overpowered you? Even wonder about all the different things he could force you do to to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape!

MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his Dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs, and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.



MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout...stripping down to sweat-drenched jock straps...eyeing each other...their hands reaching out to feel their buddy's bicep, brushing against these solid, hard pecs...and down, down still further 'till they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-to-man action, STEAMY LOCKERROOM SEX WITH NO HOLDS BARRED, then this tape if for you.

DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity; soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off. "I gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games, and kinky exhibitionism.

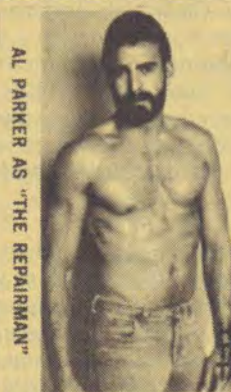
BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

Imagine, it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true—mean, dirty, muscular—leaning against his big, black Harley. You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage, his massive chest, his big hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick. It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.



HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck...Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first think to come off—then his dirty greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out why this tape is called HOT HUNG TRUCKER. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you'll feel like you're right there to help him out.



AL PARKER AS "THE REPAIRMAN"

AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy who's wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guy's begging for it up his ass. He gets it too—plus Al's giant balls at the same time, in one of the hottest kinkiest scenes ever recorded. 45 minutes.

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GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axel grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command.

MARINES OVERHEARD

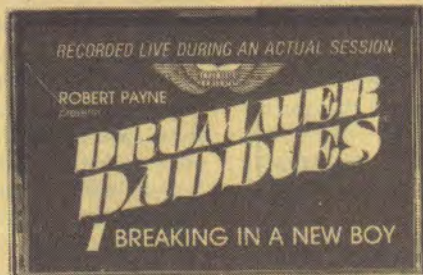
Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss...and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig...if you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in MARINES OVERHEARD.

THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute perverted force. Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass.

COP WORSHIP

We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partner's too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye. All the guy's pent-up desires come out slurping cop cum out of rubbers, swallowing gallons of cop piss, wallowing under dominant cop attitude. If you're into cops you'll listen to this tape again and again.



DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding goes out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried and true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.



THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about...your tongue is going to be my shower...your mouth is going to be my toilet...you're going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world just 'cause you got a throat. Get your teeth down there on that zipper...get down. That's it—get your face in there. Smell what a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation the Commander is going to heap on you.



TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of *Drummer Magazine*. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you, forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy, heavy abuse.

TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt. Breathtaking!

TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen as will you when he tells you how it is and how it's going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say. 1 hour.

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when he suddenly dropped off to sleep.

It was too much, too perfect. Very quietly I got out of bed and took the handcuffs from my locker. Then cautiously, carefully, on naked feet I crept closer to him. A stealthy gentle pull, a snap—and both of his wrists were locked around the sturdy center-pole.

Oddly enough, he didn't wake up. Behind the folding screen I looked for the ropes he was always using on me—most of the time unnecessarily—and found two of them. Then with extreme caution I tied one around his left ankle, pulled it to the bunk-post, and tied it tight. Then the right one...

Still asleep? It didn't seem possible. He must have been exhausted. I found the belt he'd used on me, doubled it, with the buckle at the striking end.

I stood next to him hefting the belt, grabbing it at one end and stroking the length of it with my other hand. I felt like a David who had come upon Goliath sleeping, and was about to waylay him. An incredible rush of power raced through me as I looked at the powerless sleeping figure—the sadist's surge, clutching at my lungs, making my palms wet, spreading tiny red spots over my field of vision...

I lifted my arm and brought the buckle-end down on his ass with a mighty *thwack!* It sounded like the thunderclap on the day of judgment. A bellow burst from him—and everyone else woke up. I paid no attention to them. Jim was my job.

He was raging and roaring, thrashing on his bed. "You gah-damned motherfucker!" he shouted. "Lemme up! I'll beat the livin' shit out of you! I'll kill you!"

I paid no attention, just went on laying leather as hard as I could. His ass had turned scarlet, and was rising in broad welts and streaks—and small droplets of blood where the buckle bit into him. He cursed and yelled—mostly threats of death mixed in with hot pokers up my ass... and unspeakable tortures. He raved and struggled, lifting himself up, trying to get loose, and then trying to avoid the beltstrokes which didn't stop. I caught a

glimpse of Inouk looking pale and frightened—but both Bob and Bill were grinning, and even Bob let out a two-fingered whistle that added to the din...

...and then something strange happened. The furious roaring stopped all of a sudden. Jim buried his face in the pillow, his shoulders heaving. At first I thought he was ashamed of his yelling, deciding to handle it like a man. But then I grew aware between the blows of a kind of muffled choking... sobbing? Was the big old bad mean sadist crying? Had he crumbled?

He had indeed. Into that strangled voice came a strange new note. He was saying something into the pillow, but I couldn't make out the words.

"What's up?" I said, stopping the blows and grabbing him by the back of his hair.

Face red, furious, tears streaming from his eyes, he turned towards me.

"Fuck me!" he said, strangling and choking again. "I said 'Fuck me,' you asshole!"

I couldn't help it—I snorted a laugh which I managed to change over into a bellow—"Sure, gahdamn it!"

I jumped on the bed, spit on my cock and rubbed it slick, and took spit on my fingers to stick at his asshole. And then with one mad ram, filled with all the piled-up hatred of the weeks of pain and humiliation, I gave him what he had done to me so many times—with the first violent shove I was in him up to my balls, and then I fucked him as brutally as I could—long, long, and hard. His ass was on fire, scarlet and crisscrossed with welts. He screamed with that first shove, but that was the end of the noise. The howling stopped. On my cock, pumping in his hot ass, I felt something new—a kind of wave-like pulling movement of the muscles deep inside him, drawing me deeper and deeper into his guts. Something else astonished me—my cock was tingling with desire up there in its hot encasement, itching to explode, joyously waiting for the ultimate punishment to give to this sadist, this executioner. For he had indeed over the long weeks

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almost killed something in me—my desire to be a man. And this was the only way I knew to get my manhood back.

I had waited a long time for this moment, but the wait was of itself cutting the moment short. Anticipation and hatred—and the final success—brought me to the edge sooner than I expected, for I would have liked to go on fucking him for as many hours as he had fucked me. But the friction—even without fantasy—is bound to have its results. I exploded inside him, watching behind my tight-squeezed eyelids the stream of my gyzym seeming to shoot a high arc up among the stars...

VI. L'Envoi

There is not much left to say. After our arctic orgy, all turned peaceful. We sent Inouk home, and before we left we learned that the angry goddess of their myth-religion had given them a good catch, larger than ever before. In a couple of weeks a helicopter came to take away the precious equipment, and afterwards returned to take us home.

We each went our separate ways. After our study, with its results and maps and photographs, the Apollo missions were interrupted, possibly never to be resumed. Our data went into the NASA computers and was perhaps never seen again. And the public heard no more about the sterility of the astronauts.

There was word from Bob only once after that, and not from the others. He visited me in Chicago, and we got it on a few times in memory of arctic nights.

And something else. I wrote one letter, to a certain Navy psychiatrist. I thanked him for the friendly advice he had given me about my conduct on "Project Hole." And I also told him if I ever had the pleasure of seeing him again that I would—without any malice at all—hit him so fucking hard that he could pick up his head from the corner of the room.

I never did get an answer from him. Very strange, huh? And very impolite. But about four years later, one night in Chicago a funny little bald-headed man picked me up, took me to his

room in the Palmer House, and went down on me. He was drunk as hell, and passed out after he had finished. I left him tied down naked on his bed, and hoped he had a good story for the hotel maid the next morning. □

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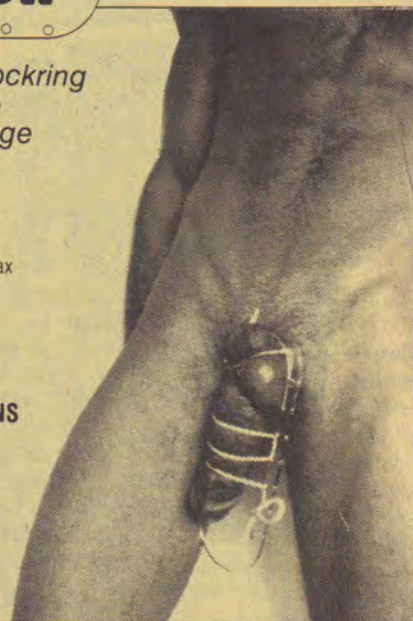
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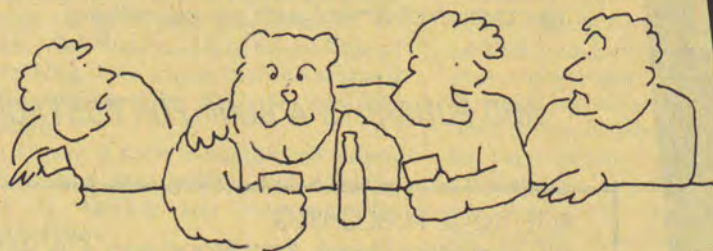
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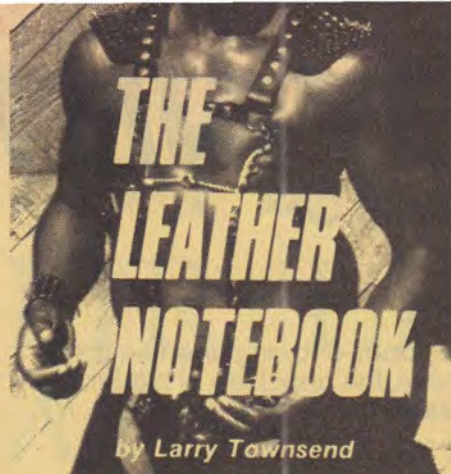
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DRUMMER DADDIES 3

In Search of OLDER MEN

As you'll discover in *DRUMMER DADDIES 3*, The Search for Older Men continues at full throttle! A recent call for more true-life Daddy/son tales brought in a shit-load of horny reading—and some of the hottest fiction that's ever singed our presses! Plus new art and photography of the kind you've come to demand from *DRUMMER DADDIES*, all in a great new package of the hottest in older guys and the happiest of younger guys, as the beat goes on...



Dear Larry,

I'm an older male who enjoys the piss scene. Some time ago, my prostate enlarged and I was put on self-catheterization. In time I found it enjoyable to pee and to masturbate using a catheter. Now I've had a prostate operation and can have only dry ejaculations. My questions are:

1. Will other men be turned off, due to dry ejaculations?
2. Would like information on the catheter scene. Are other guys into this, etc.?
3. Do you know of any company that sells video tapes of men pissing and drinking piss?

C, Florida

Dear C,

To take your questions in turn:

1) Some guys are going to be turned off, others not. In the present health crisis, it might be a good selling point. Besides, how is the other guy going to know until after the fact?

2) There are a lot of guys into catheters, as there are into almost any scene you can think of. I haven't heard much about this going on in Florida, at least not large groups of guys with this interest. Of course, Key West seems to have a little of everything. I do know that the scene is well established in NYC, SF, LA, and Chicago.

3) I have a seen a number of videos which show men pissing, but drinking piss is taboo for commercial productions.

Dear Larry (Sir),

I'm 23, 6'2", brown eyes. I was recently discharged from the Navy after serving my full four years, during which I had one long affair with an officer who introduced me to bondage and SM. I've now moved to the desert, where there are many gay men, but most with lovers. Also, I have only found a few "real men."

I have a lot of sexual energy, and while I've been told I'd make a good "Daddy," I'd much prefer to be a "son" first. Except for the Navy, my experience is limited—just one spree in Los Angeles (Silverlake), during which I had my left nipple pierced and got a small tattoo on my ass. As a result of my military experiences, I

am very much into uniforms. At the moment, I'm working at a job with no future, just to pay the rent and put food in the fridge.

So my question is: How do I go about finding a "Daddy" (not a "sugar daddy")? Respectfully,

Confused, Palm Springs

Dear Confused,

At your age, most of us were in the same space as you. As you have already discovered, you are probably hunting in the wrong forest. I'm sure this letter will draw plenty of responses, but whether they will be any better than you'd get from an ad is hard to tell. I would suggest that LA or San Francisco is going to be more productive for you, but also more dangerous in several respects. You sound young and vulnerable; the big cities can eat you alive if you aren't prepared—emotionally and financially—to cope. Neither is this the time to go out and have a lot of experiences, trying to find the right guy. Let's see what kind of responses you get, and we can go from there.

Dear Larry,

After some time lapse, I have started buying an occasional *Drummer* because I find a portion of the material a turn-on. The heavy stuff has the opposite effect, however. In trying to categorize my sexual interests, I have to say that these center mainly on fucking—love it either way, except that I do like to do things that some of my past partners have thought weird. For instance, I might want to wear a hat when I'm fucking or get fucked with a dildo. I'm 36, and a really good fuck.

Since reading the last issue of *Drummer*, I have really been fantasizing about finding a Master, but I'm afraid of getting into a situation where I give up everything else and suddenly find myself dumped because the Master has gotten tired of me, or where I walk out because he can't satisfy me in a monogamous relationship. I've been tied down and found it boring; I've been spanked and beaten and it turned me off. We have one bar here in Austin that caters to a leather/Levi group, but most of the guys look seedy and unhealthy. I'd love a well-bred Master with some class and self-respect who took care of himself. Does such a rare bird exist?

One other question: Some guys in the *Drummer* classifieds list a number such as an "Interchain 1234" or an "LF" number. Can you explain? Thanks a lot.

HIM, Austin

Dear HIM,

I have cut your letter down considerably, but hope I've retained the essence of it. You are in the status I have always classified as "fringe" to the leather scene. That is, the idea turns you on, but

the heavy action does not. In this you are certainly not alone, and on this basis finding a partner should not be difficult.

However, I also detect the underlying problem as two-fold. First, you want a Master, but you want to call the shots. Secondly, you are probably so compulsive (and maybe bitchy) that it's going to be hard for anyone to live with you. What you need is a good Master who'll tie you down and show you who's boss, fucking you silly into the bargain... then leaving you in bondage until you cry "uncle." If you're ever lucky enough to have that happen to you, it might awaken the latent qualities that will make you acceptable to your well-bred, self-respecting Master.

Drummer's Leather Fraternity and Interchain offer a postal forwarding service for their members. You can get information on the LF by writing to Drummer.

Dear Larry,

I'm a longtime reader of *Drummer* and your books, and just about everything else that's half-way literate in the Leather/SM genre. The trouble is, there isn't enough published that is really novel-length by someone who understands the scene like you guys do. It seems to me that a few years back (maybe mid-70s) there was a lot of good stuff being put out by Olympia Press in New York, and whatever that outfit was in San Diego that used to publish stories by you and Dirk Vanden, and a few others. What's happened to all of them? I thought things had loosened up to a point where they could publish almost anything they wanted to. After all, the leather scene is certainly a lot more visible than ever before. Isn't the reading audience there, and ready-made for them?

Chuck, Indianapolis

Dear Chuck,

I'm with you! But the story I get from the guys with the money and outlets is that the increase in publishing costs has grown even more rapidly than the potential audience. I've seen a number of promising talents appear on the scene in the last few years, and I'd really enjoy reading them in larger formats. It's too bad no one struck while the iron was really hot. Now, the likes of Andrea Whats-her-name and others who think some man might want to rape them (though God knows why) are trying to get local governments to pass laws to cut back what's already available. I'm afraid we're heading into a state where bible tracts are all that's left. Of course, some of them guys were pretty kinky.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 93103.)

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Young Leatherman
on His Way to (the) Top



Photo by Rose de Castro

In private, he's soft-spoken, friendly, a little mysterious. At public appearances he speaks with articulate authority, projects a powerful masculine presence, and looks...well, good enough to eat—especially when clad in his trademark thigh-high leather boots, fingertip-to-elbow gloves, leather jock and harness.

When Patrick Toner first appeared in the *Drummer* offices almost exactly two years ago, freshly arrived in San Francisco from the South and only a couple of years past his teens, we had a feeling he was going to go places. And we knew just the place to put him first—on the cover of *Drummer*. That legendary cover shot (*Drummer* 71) and the nude photo inside set off quite a commotion among our readers. They demanded more. They got more, with Patrick appearing in a series of photo spreads in *Drummer* and *Mach*, matched up with Master Brutus of The Compound, pulling rank on a young partner into uniforms, and taking the shears

to the outrageous Scott O'Hara in the classic "Slaveshaving" session.

Meanwhile, Patrick was making lots of friends in the San Francisco leather community, working as a model and bartender, appearing with the erotic Jon Kass Dancers at Mr. Drummer regional and national contests over the last two years, and all the while continuing to build his naturally compact, muscular frame into an ever more impressive physique—a body that was born for leather. It was no surprise when he was selected to represent Chaps Bar at this year's International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago—and no surprise when he brought the banner home to San Francisco.

Like Seattle's Steven Reiswig, the new Mr. Drummer 1985, Toner takes his title seriously, as an opportunity to represent the best attributes of leathermen everywhere.

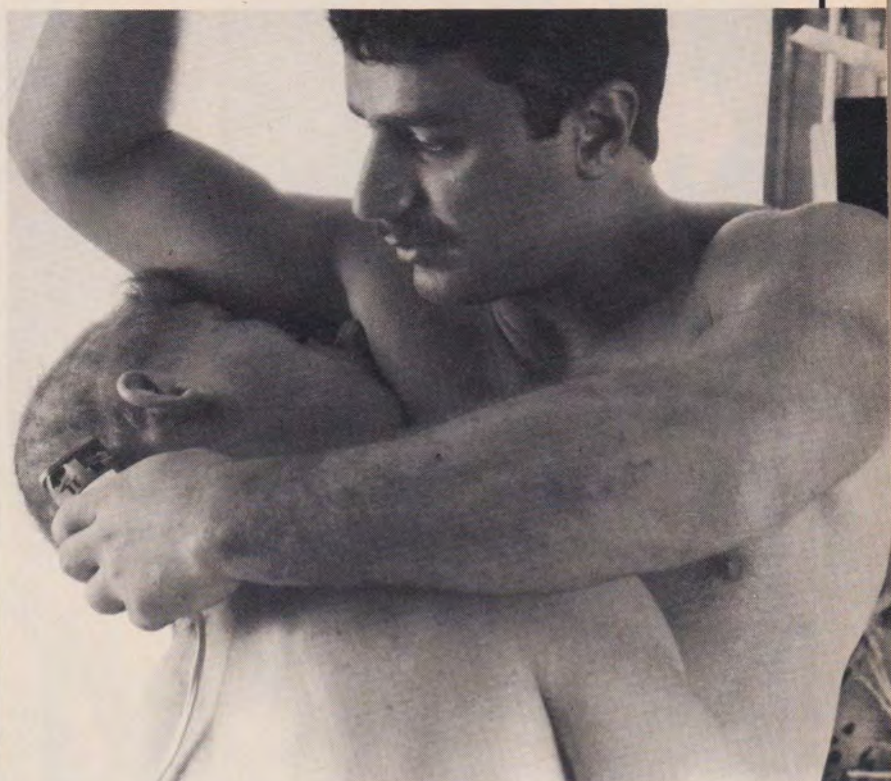
It's been a busy two years, impossible to cover in a few paragraphs. But pictures speak louder than words. Let's go back...



FIRST STOP:

A MEETING WITH MASTER BRUTUS AT THE COMPOUND

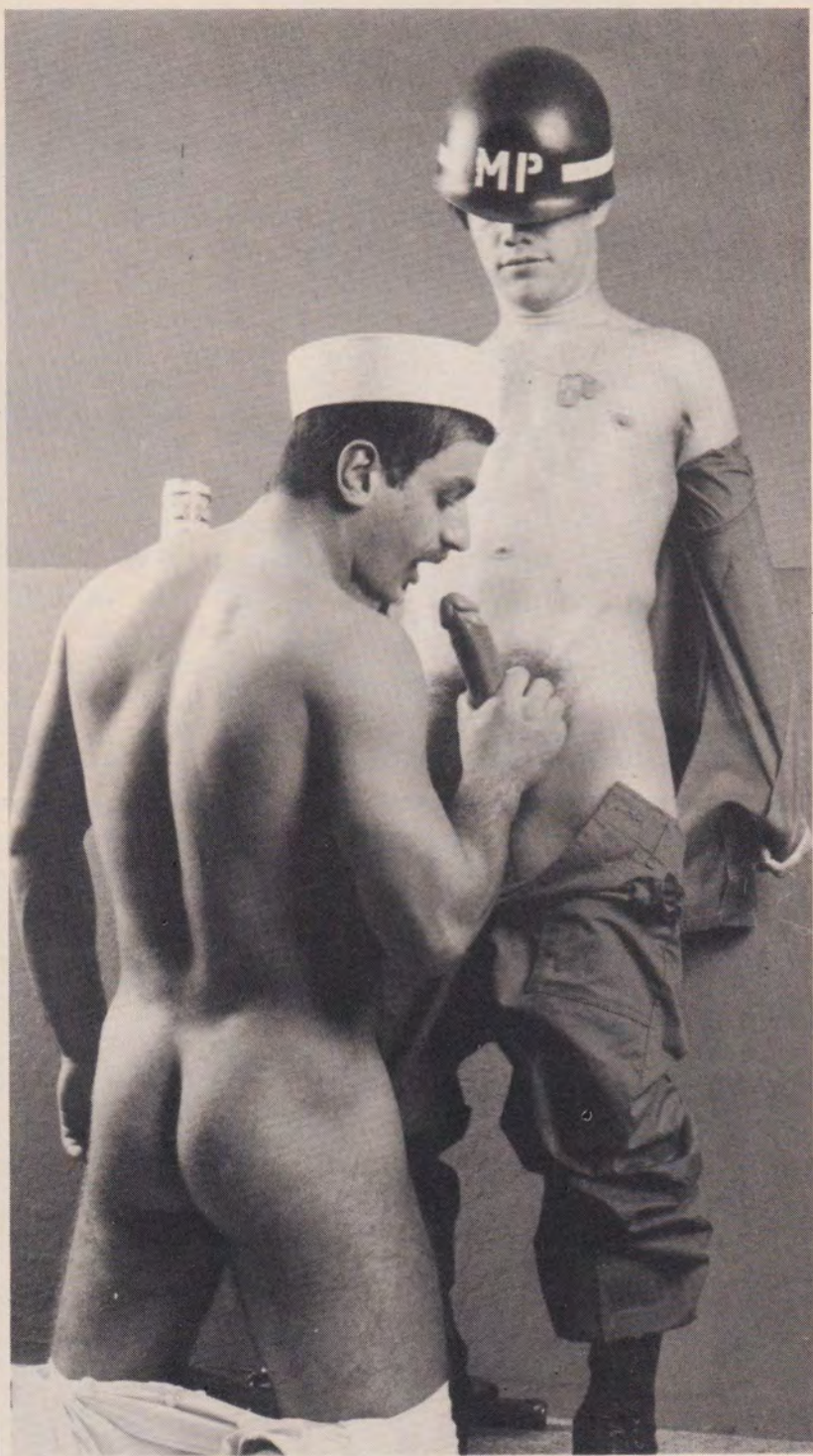
A session with D.I. Brutus in the depths of the infamous Compound provides quite an initiation for any man. Our young leatherman showed his stuff, running the gauntlet with guts, determination, and a hell of a lot of stamina—and ended up teaching Brutus himself a few new tricks.



SLAVESHAVING

A dynamite encounter, set to the erotic mood music of buzzing electric shears. When the wild and woolly winner of the "Biggest Dick in San Francisco" contest came to us and said he was ready to turn in his latest punk haircut for something more severe, we decided to go all the way and handed the clippers to our budding barber. Take it off. Take it off. Take it *all* off...

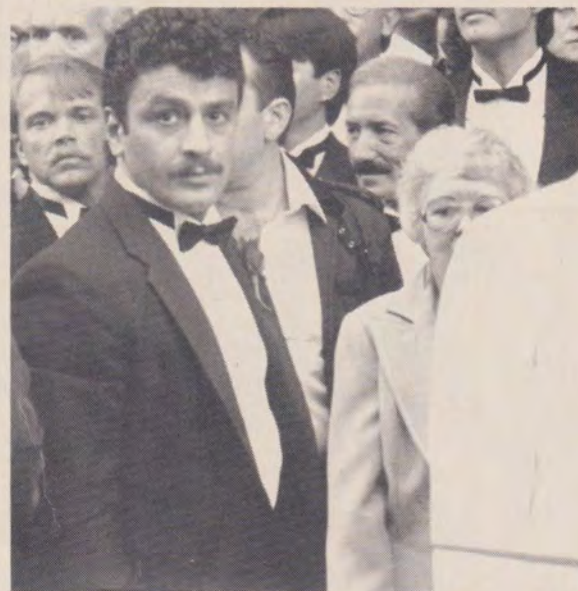
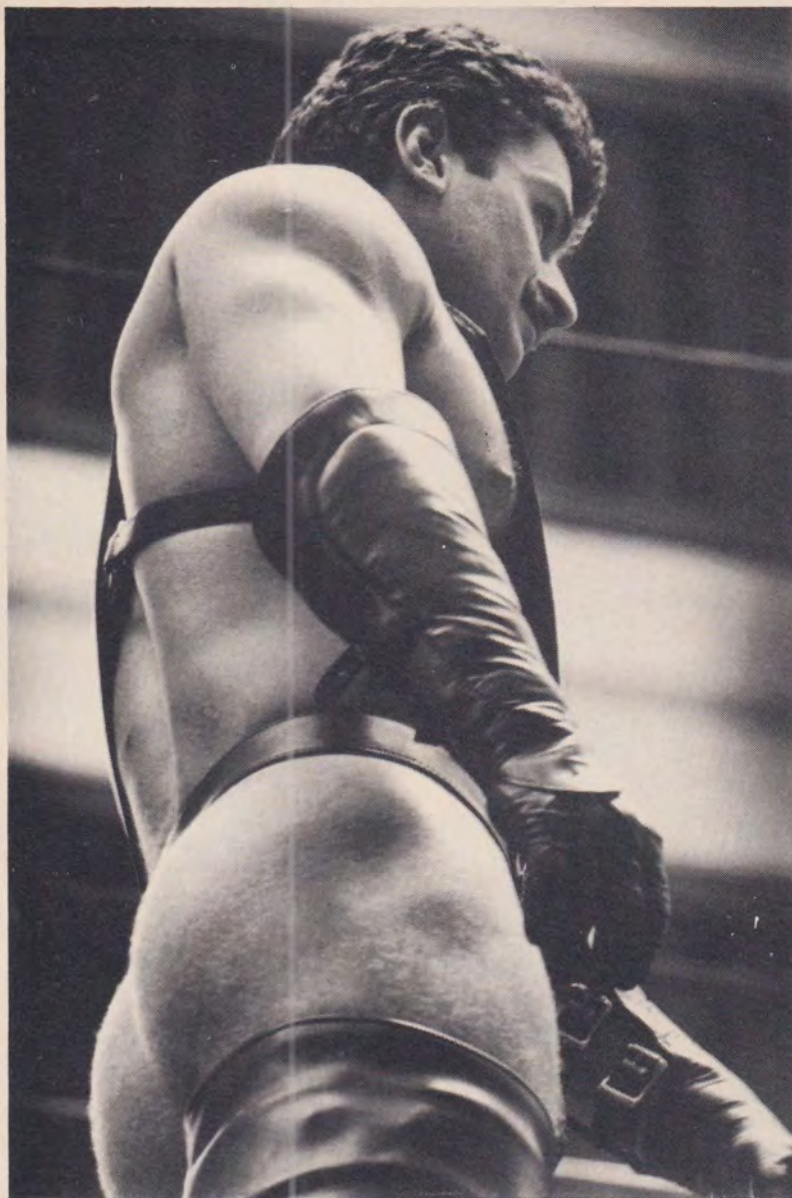




MILITARY MANEUVERS & MOVING VIOLATIONS

In which our young leatherman showed he knew his way in and out of uniforms (mostly out). When the Top Brass says your ass is grass, it's time to pull rank—and step on the accelerator. Away we go...

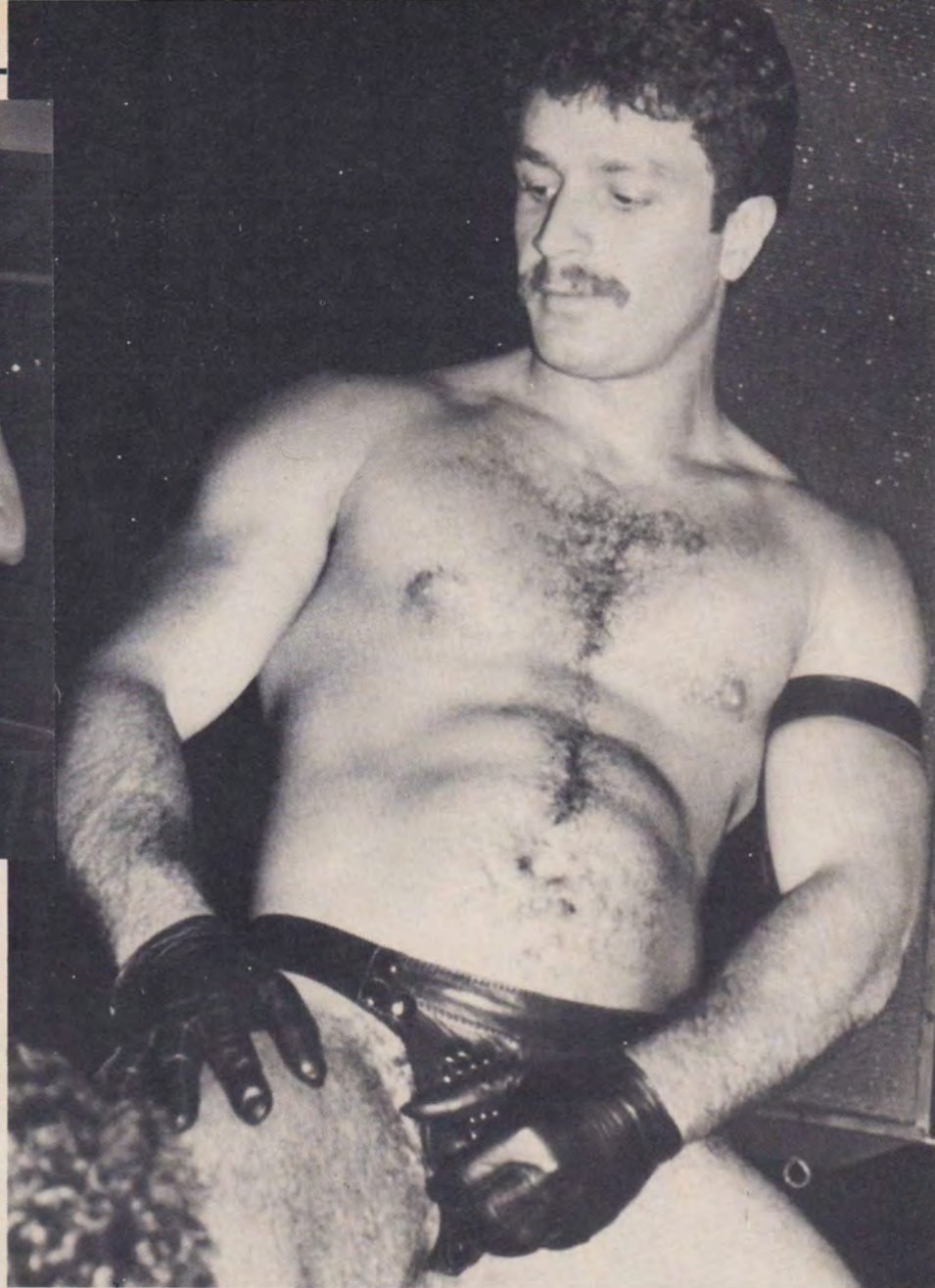
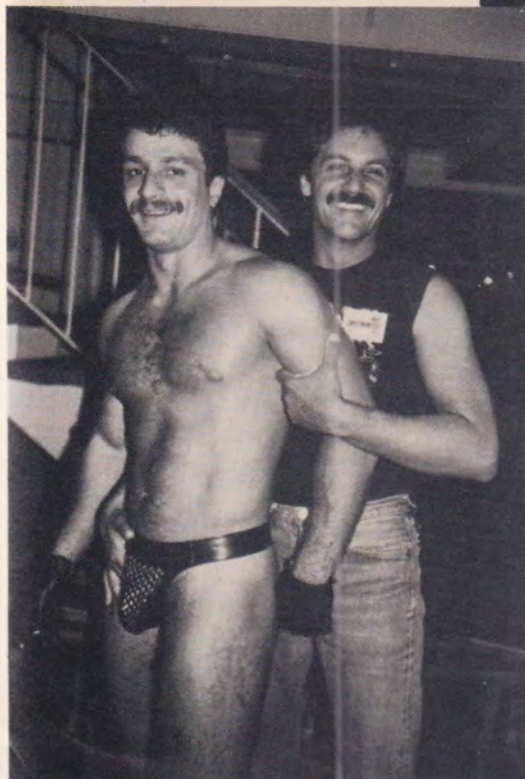




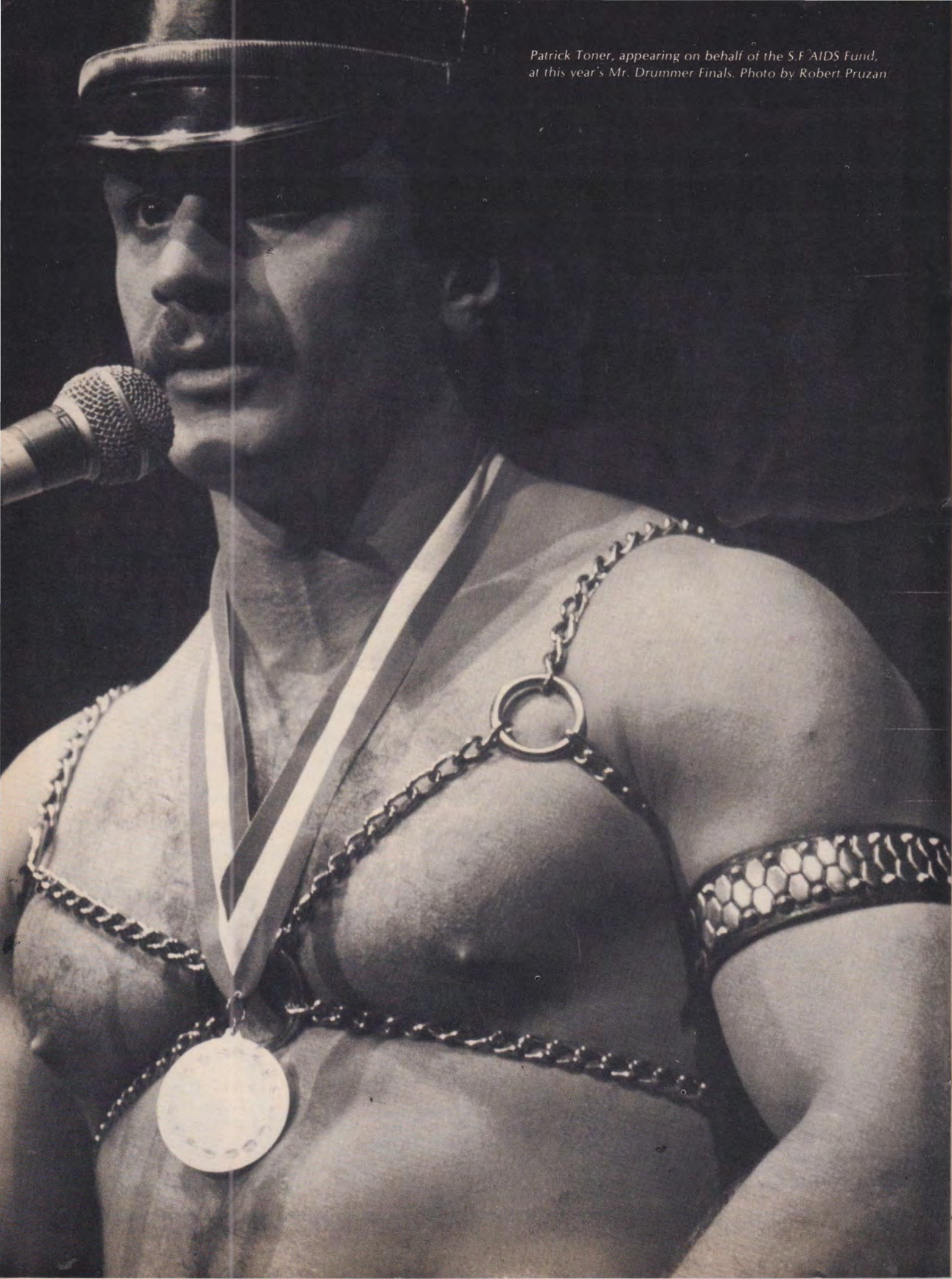
Photos clockwise from above: Toner displaying his new International Mr. Leather banner (and so much more) high atop the Chaps bar float in the 1985 San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Parade; taking a licking from dancer John Kass; clowning with producer Anthony Bruno at rehearsals for the 1984 Mr. Drummer contest; and back on stage with Kass and his troupe to drive the contest audience wild; manning a booth at the '84 Folsom Street Fair; a rare shot out of leather and dressed to the nines for the gala premiere party for *La Cage aux Folles* at San Francisco Civic Center. All photos by Robert Pruzan.

LEATHER LIFE

Over the past two years, few men have been as visible on the San Francisco leather scene: On stage (performing with the hyper-erotic John Kass Dancers, or entering into competition with his fellow leathermen), in the bar (usually Chaps, which sponsored his entry in the International Mr. Leather contest), on the streets (celebrating Gay Freedom Day, leather-style). And the biggest year of all is just beginning...



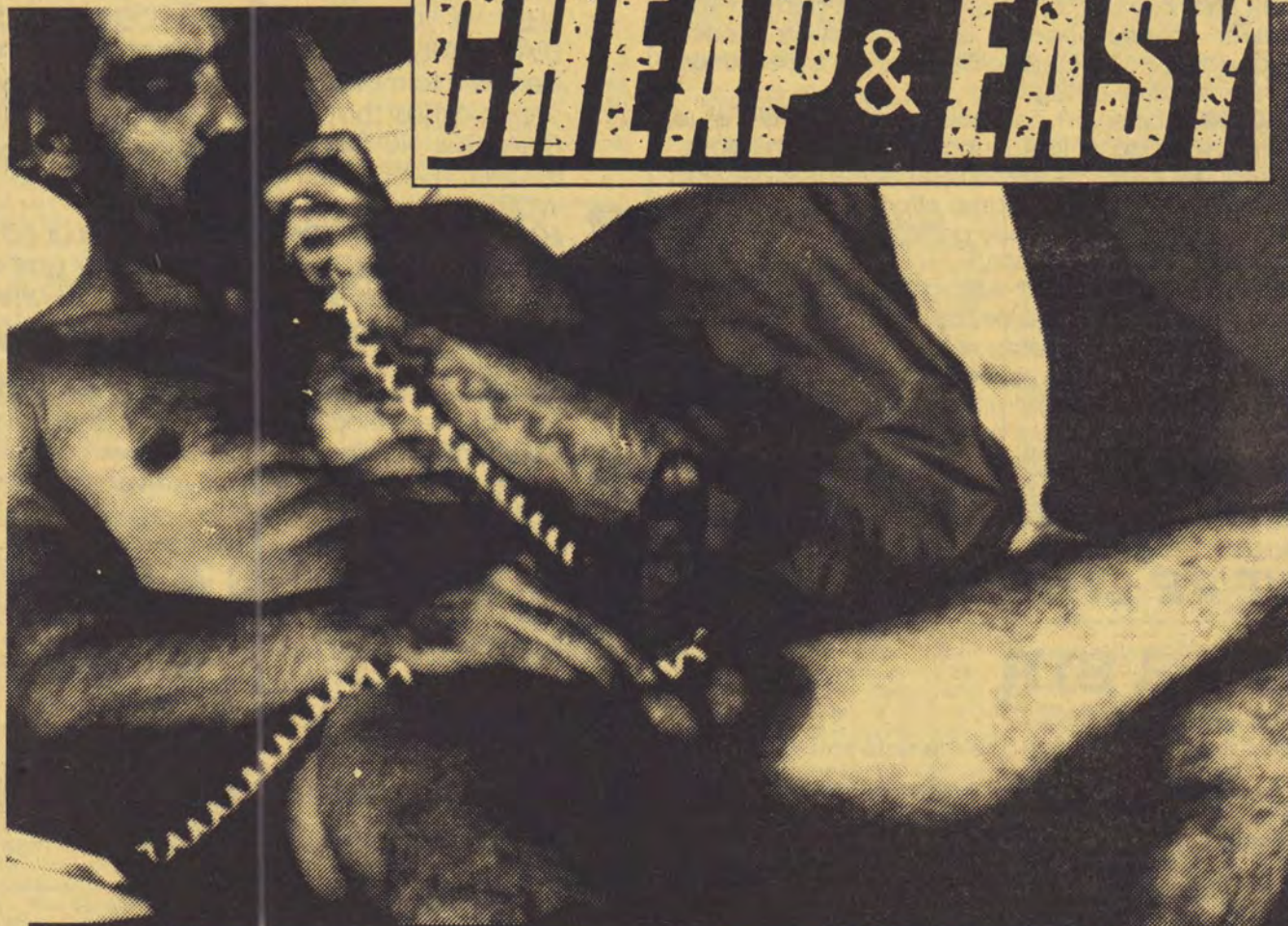
Patrick Toner, appearing on behalf of the S.F. AIDS Fund,
at this year's Mr. Drummer Finals. Photo by Robert Pruzan



HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50¢ PER WORD!

DEAR SIR:

CHEAP & EASY



Picture this:
You're horny (again).

So you pick up the
phone and punch a few numbers.

Some other dude comes on the line.
Some other horny dude. Live meat,
unrehearsed, and you've got him on the
phone.

Now what do you do?

That's your business.

To join, call the Connector at

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The Connector, Inc. 515 Broderick, Suite 2, San Francisco, CA 94117

Must be 18 years or older.



Dear Sir:

YOUR AD: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

PRINT IT OUT: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

WHERE WILL YOUR AD RUN? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under "Nationwide" or "International" instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

DEADLINE? There isn't any. You'll get in the next issue, even if your ad is listed under "Late Submissions." Subsequent insertions will find you where you belong if yours is more than a one-time effort.

DISCOUNT? You've already gotten it. Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

WANT A BOX NUMBER? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address immediately. That's a bargain!

PHONE NUMBER? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your and our protection.

PAYMENT? Pay by check, money order, VISA or MASTERCARD. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

CENSORSHIP? No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.

TO REPLY TO A DEAR SIR OR USA BOX NUMBER: Enclose your reply in a stamped envelope with the box number penciled on the back. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them the same day we receive them.

If the ad has a USA Box number, follow the same instructions, but send it to: USA/Bud Berkeley, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be.

THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A COMMUNICATION CENTER FOR LEATHERMEN! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as DRUMBEATS) we are doing just that. NO DEADLINES, NO \$7 BOX CHARGES, NO \$20 CANCELLATION FEE, NO \$5 PHONE VERIFICATION FEE. AND ONLY 50¢ A WORD!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!



WE'RE CHEAP AND EASY! ONLY FOUR BITS A WORD!

DEAR SIR

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING
640 Natoma Street San Francisco, CA 94103

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLACE MY AD UNDER THE FOLLOWING HEADING:

Cost of Ad (_____ Words x 50¢) \$ _____
 Number of Insertions _____
☐ Box Number (Add \$1⁰⁰) _____
☐ Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1⁰⁰) _____
 Total Enclosed \$ _____

Payment enclosed is: ☐Check ☐Money Order ☐Visa ☐Mastercard

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

(I am 18 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 18 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Alternate Publishing is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

BOLD HEADING (30 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)



DEAR SIR:

NATIONWIDE

MASTER REQUIRES EXCELLENCE

As a stable, moderate, responsible master, I want a prime quality slave who takes pride in being the best. This is live-in and long-term servitude. You may apply in writing with your photo and phone number included. This initial opportunity to present your qualities and abilities is not structured. The following conditions will be pluses in my decision: devotion to your master's well-being and needs as the true purpose of your life; a totally giving and obedient nature; respect for your commitments; the ability and willingness to earn your own living; manly looks; good body definition; large tits; well hung; sensual; affectionate; bottom; 27-42 years old. The following conditions will rule out consideration: cigarette smoker; immoderate user of alcohol; poor housekeeping habits; careless and lazy; prior felony convictions; usually late; poor health; eccentric or effeminate looks or behavior. Your master is a 6', bearded, distinguished looking daddy of 52 years who lives in Northern California and who may help finance your relocation. Box 4566

MATURE LEATHER MASTER

Who's tall, mature, loving, brown haired, uncut, healthy, beer drinker, cigar smoker, Greek active seeks short, stocky slave with big tits and small ass to relocate, live in or out, in large warm Southern city. Anything goes but FF. Serious. Box 4579

MASTER

Handsomeness, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9", 145 lbs. seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes. Into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrostimulation, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

PLEASE ME...

and share everything—home & body (provide only own spending money, way here). I'm 44, 5'7", 134, hot, sensual, affectionate, loving. Want young guy—muscular, muscular, good tight pecs & ass I can play with; clean-shaven, foxy looks. Interests: music, plants, outdoors, movies, always ready for love when I say. No heavy SM, but total devotion. Plusses: Thick hung, heavy spurter, fairly smooth. Photo required, no drugs, heavy booze, will teach natural highs. WRB, Rd 2, Box 654, Harpers Ferry, WV 25425

X-LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER

Goodlooking, mature, lonely GWM, 31 yrs., muscular, masculine, 180 lbs. desires contact with current law enforcement officers for friendship, possible relationship. Discretion expected and assured. L.R.G., PO Box 14568, Chicago, IL 60614-0568

STRICT DADDY WANTED & NEEDED

Turn this 180 lb., 5'10" sissy boy into a man's boy. Will relocate anywhere. I will be your boy permanently. Send photo, please. Sir to: Box 11482, Harrisburg, PA 17108.

WANTED: SLAVE/BOY

WM, Master, 47, 5'11", 165# seeks young, attractive, intelligent, small, slim, trim (may be effeminate) boy for lifetime relationship. Must give mind & body totally to a Master who demands your complete submission. You will be under my absolute control 24 hours a day—dominated, used, abused, restrained, colored, taken to your limits & beyond. Your balls will be tortured. You are my property to be used as I see fit. I am your generous & rewarding Daddy—I am your family—I am your friends—I am your existence. Be ready to relocate immediately—bags packed—awaiting my command to come to me. Get ready to grow—submit application w/photo(s) to Box 4550.

DOG SEEKS GOD

for belief, lifestyle. Yours only. Box 4549

YIN/YANG

Progressive Asian lifemate sought for adventure and mutual support by trim, conscious GWM, 37. Varied artistic, spiritual, sexual and cultural interests lead my path to yours. Headed toward eventual rural self-sufficiency. I also enjoy urban, kinky and New Age pursuits. We've waited enough, buddy. It's time to put my long brown curls and your thick black crotch together and work on our future, so send your dreams and a photo to Robert, Box 4500.

HEAVY BALL ACTION

Weights, straps, stretching—no limits. Lower the balls the better! Lewis, PO Box 40264, Memphis, TN 38174-0264

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

who is into leather, B&D, heavy S&M. I will administer military discipline, physical training, confinement and verbal abuse. My slave must be willing to be pierced, tattooed, and shaved. Your Master is young, black hair, moustache, 5'7", 155 lbs., muscular and experienced. I am looking for a slave who is 35 to 50 and experienced. Your mind is the only thing I am interested in. Discretion is a must. I can travel; you must travel. Long-term relationship wanted. Your picture gets mine. Box 4485LF

LEATHER IN THE COUNTRY

Hunky and attractive WM 5'10", 155, brown hair and eyes has 40 secluded acres of woods and comfortable home. I seek a nature lover into outdoor activities, fitness, good nutrition and travel. I have the freedom and time to explore nature and seek someone with the aesthetic sense to enjoy it. Seek permanent relationship with leather buddy or daddy's boy. Let's explore geographically and sexually. Photo mandatory. Bob, Box 938, Merlin, OR 97532

BLOND BOY WANTED

Young athletic slaveboy wanted. Novice OK. 25-year-old Master will train you to obey orders. Must wear collar; you will live in cell-like dormitory room in house on California beach. Write me with your fantasies, physical description. Photos get first response. Relocation available. Box 4451.

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED

by butch, attractive, well-built 33-year-old Master. Must be trim, masculine, 18-30. Training will include long whippings and endless fuck sessions. Box 4445.

DAD LOOKING FOR SON!

If you are a fem or into bars, games, drugs, or any other kind of bullshit, move on to the next ad. But if you need a real dad with a lot of love for you, let's talk. SON will be GWM 18-35, quiet, intelligent, industrious, loving, obedient, affectionate, submissive, very much daddy's little boy, and enthusiastically bottom. He needs a permanent, lifelong, protective and totally monogamous relationship with his dad who will give him the love, security, parental guidance and dominance he needs. Legal adoption a possibility. DAD is GWM top, 37, bl/bl, moustache, 6', 210, professional with many interests and a lot to offer his son: permanence, security, direction, protection, love and affection when earned—bare-assed punishment when deserved. WE will live in the country and develop mutual interests that will encourage your growth as my son while we have fun, become best friends, and develop a sexy and healthy father/son family relationship based on respect and discipline. You will submit a complete description of yourself, your life and background as well as your needs in a relationship with your dad; you will include your address, telephone number and two photographs (snaps OK; revealing not necessary) no more than six months old, and you will receive as much in return—same day. So snap to it, kid! D.A.D., 11900 Winterthur Lane, #101, Reston, VA 22091 (4524LF)

LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

Yes, slave, I want you in My home, long-term. My slave gets properly cared for, slave trained and used for My pleasure. There will be rewards, pain, rules, chores, bondage, discipline, C&BT, etc. I have all the leather, restraints, tools and equipment a slave needs. I am tall, trim, hung, 34, GWM, and stable. My slave must be 21-38, submissive, and ready to move in. I believe a slave should find happiness thru serving Me, and be kept under control. Write about your body, present limits, expectations and other qualifications. Respectful questions get answered. DSA, P.O. Box 20835, Reno, NV 89515 (4015LF)

BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE

Begs to serve and service a hot master. Slave is 35, tall, lean 'n hungry, and above all, serious. Thank you for your attention, Sir. Box 3755LF

BOOT—WHIP BALL SLAVE

Bootlicking WM, 41, cut, 205, 6'2" into 501 button fly levis, military boots, BD, SM, whipping, Fr, Gr, and ball work (weights, vices, slapping, whipping). Also into Nautilus, duplicate, books, travel, computers. Not into FF, scat, WS, rimming, raunch, piercing, catheters, prods, damage. Travel a lot. Send phone #. Box 4344

STILL UNCUT?

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

SLAVE WANTED

Two professional, caring, dominant GWM's mid-30's have position for obedient full-time slave. Application w/photo gets reply: MSTRS, P.O.B. 50286, WASH. D.C. 20004.

PROSPECTIVE SLAVE

This 35, 5'11" slim, hairy slave into SM & BD & TT wants to give almost virgin ass into FF—Seek daddy leather-master in 30's up with hairy chest hung. Please, Sir teach me total mental body control in degradation humiliation. I need to serve, respect, obey & worship a master. Awaiting your command, Sir. Can travel USA. Box 20648, Atlanta, GA 30320.

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

HOT HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, WS, rimming, SM, more. Am 29, 160 lbs., 5'10", brown hair/ eyes, beard. Bridwell, Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

ARE YOU READY

To live the piquant reality of hard driving, relentless servitude under two strong, horny, intense, stable, handsome, topmen? We've been together and into leather for years and know how to train and direct any slave, who is ready, to the total surrender of body and mind. You should apply only if you are serious and imaginative. No lazies, ego-heads or coldfeet. We expect you to be ready and willing; we will make you able. Slave's ass must be prepared for intelligent, heavy S/M, boot shine, white glove perfection, long-term, no bullshit, relationship. We're both experienced topmen into bondage, beating, verbal abuse, enforced humiliation, and giving orders. It is now time for us to train and develop a slave for our care and pleasure. We're 6'2" 175 lbs. blue/blonde uncut with good body. And Interchain member #879, 5'6" 145, blue/L. brown, with 9 1/2" log. Both 39 and in good shape. Your looks and body are unimportant. We will change them to fit our needs. Any race or age O.K. You must be masculine and healthy enough to be trained. If you are not ready for complete servitude don't waste our time. Address your humble resume with photo to MASTERS LARRY & MIKE, PO. Box 1104, Sandy, Utah 84091. LF4088.

CASTRATION

Exchange accounts on castration—factual (historical or modern), fictional and/or techniques. Box 4435.

PIPE-SMOKING TOPMAN WANTED

by good-looking GWM, 33, 5'8", 145, full head brown hair, moustache. I love bald pipe smokers with black fringe and moustache. I am Fr/a-p, Gr/p, like taking orders, light spanking. Skiing and classical music are a plus. Will travel. Please send photo. P.O. Box 3511, Washington, DC 20007.

SEEK SPECIAL GR/p GWM MATE
Horny Greek active GWM, 53, 5'8", 150 lbs., 7" cut, wants burly horny Greek passive GWM, monogamous mate, age 48+, over 6'2", 250 to 300 lbs., wanting his big, dirty, smelly asshole rimmed & ridden in bed nightly! No smoke, pain, drugs, WS, phonies, one-nighters! Looks unimportant! I love being scat bottom as well as top for nightly anal sex. Write to: Don, PO Box 556, Cleveland, OH 44107.

GETTING A HAIRCUT?

Let me trim you! Sexy, versatile longhair, 28, digs short-haired guys, haircutting (have clippers). Write with photo! T.R., 250 W. 57th St., Suite 1527, New York, NY 10107. You'll get more than a haircut.

PROMISCUOUS?

Healthy? Group! Looking for masculine multiple outlets & sexuality? Need makes of all interests to take part in Private Group. Must be clean & healthy & be able to locate in Houston—so self & equipment are readily accessible. Have facilities available if you desire and are accepted. If you're discreet, responsible and have some interest send confidential letter as to your preferences—active, passive, versatile, training needs and experiences, for additional details. Only mature (over 30), any race, but no drugs or drunks. Learn, experience and expand together. Beginners welcomed. Versatile W/M, 5'11", 180#, Box 3329LF.

GOOD HEAD

60, 6'2", 190; blue eyes; white hair, reddish complexion. Handsome & excellent definition and large nipples; talented hole; expert mouth. Desires Master who commands sexual servitude & S/M. Bald cigar smokers a + (not required.) SM groups OK. Can travel. P.O. Box 90110, West Station, Nashville, TN 37209 (LF3986).

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC AGAIN

J-REE's Basement Studio, 222 Magnolia, Downtown Daytona Beach (next to Kentucky Fried Chicken). Afternoons. Ultrarealistic paintings—life-sized and larger: posed, action, couples, bondage, execution. \$4500-\$21,500; reproductions available. Commissions negotiable. (Inquiries: P.O. Box 2266, Daytona Beach, FL 32015-2266)

NYC MASTER

seeks live-in slave—shave expenses at start. Box 4506

LOWLY GRUNT SLAVE WANTED!

Want to serve a former Marine? Not into bullshit or playing games and is serious about wanting to serve a good MASTER. This former MSgt is seeking a fulltime submissive male to serve as it is directed, instructed, ordered or commanded to. Bondage, discipline, C&BT, TT, or anything else this MASTER so chooses. Slave will lie in a strict disciplined military lifestyle. Send letter of application and appropriate photo for inspection to: Box 5002LF.

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by Daddy/master in late 30s. If you have a serious desire to be the son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master include photo and phone with your response. Assistance with relocation available, if necessary. Box 426LF

BOOTS, BIKES, BONDAGE

If you dig the feel, smell, and creak of total leather, the helplessness of prolonged, yet total and tender bondage (top/bottom), write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

SWEDISH BEARDED BIKER

29, 185 cm, 80 kg, coming to U.S. Seeking big daddies, bearded. Into leather, rubber, BD, SM, (biker). Americans & Europeans. Send photo—you get one. Box 4444.

ALABAMA

GOOD SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

I am a very good slave and a masochist. I am seeking good times with good-looking Leather Masters who enjoy being a Master as much as I enjoy being a slave to my Master. I will be a good urinal boy and ass wipe. I enjoy being humiliated, especially in public places and I need to suck lots of cocks. I need daily whippings and I can take a lot of abuse and use. However, I do not wish to be permanently marked. I love leather, chains, ropes, handcuffs and restraints and being bound up for use or abuse. Please, Sir! I need you. Don't you need me? Please, Sir! I will obey and make you proud of your slave. Thank you, Sir. Box 4460LF.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

TEACH ME, SIR!

WM, 6', 220, 44, full beard, desires friend/ Top to show me how to be a bottom. Into some BD, CBT, dildos or the real thing. Have selection of "auto-erotic" hardware on hand. Must get to know and trust respondents before getting it on. Mutual discretion is expected and assured. Montgomery area preferred. Box 4481LF

LEATHER, LEVIS & BOOTS

I would enjoy fun times with leather guys into Harley Davidson Motorcycles. Let's get together—be my guest! I'm 49, 5'10", 160, W, blue/brown. Enjoy as well: Horseback riding, mountain hikes, travel, oceans, music, good food & wine. Spend some time in U.K. each summer. Love leathers, levis & boots. Box 4482LF

FORESKIN HUMILIATION

21-year-old WM, cut at age 17 due to humiliation, especially over doctors examining uncut penis. Photo exchange, Phone J/O. Write to David, PO Box 59806, Birmingham, AL 35209.

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, 44, br/br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns, LF 4403. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call (907)283-4879.

ANCHORAGE

Handsome Latin man, 31, well-endowed, wants fun and kink with white uncut males, 25-40. Into creative sex, no hangups. Send photo and letter to: Box 3130, Anchorage, Alaska 99510.

ALASKAN LOOKING FOR A DADDY?

Straight acting, hairy, cut GWM, 37, 200, blue/brn. Quiet evenings home, hottub, gardening, split wood, fish, ocean, trees, Pavarotti, violin. USA 603.

LOOKING FOR W/M UNCUT CHUBBIES

40-60, short, little body hair. I'm AL K. 58, 215, Hawaiian. Meet, correspond, sawp nude pics. Box 4-122, Anchorage, AK 99509

UNCUT WANTS SAME

Would appreciate hearing from and meeting uncircumcised men. A photo would be nice. Thanks loads! USA 287.

ARIZONA

PHOENIX DADDY

looking for young WM who needs to be taught a lesson. I will administer a good bare-ass spanking and fuck your mouth for good measure. Send detailed letter with phone number. Newcomers welcome. Box 4522LF

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (19-35)

Dude for 3-way action. Top or bottom. We have private black room. Boxholder, Box 9484, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

ANIMAL WANTED

to be domesticated, collared, and kept as a pet by two firm but loving owners (GWM, 28, brn/brn; GWM, 44, gr/gr, uncut). Must be prepared to relocate to warm sunny Arizona. Non-smoker only. Photo. All answered. P.O. Box 35311, Tucson, AZ 85740

UNINHIBITED? SO AM I!

Like to write and meet others into c/w and skin. Like long, prolonged French sessions and cock pleasures. Enjoy it all. USA 113.

NEW AGE ARIES MALE

30s, slender, attractive. Just happens to have very handsome foreskin covering a magic mushroom inside in which magical healing dowers reside. USA 700

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

TOP EXECUTIVE

Very handsome, very hung, very masculine, seeks young experienced bottom. Tell me what you want then take it, whipping, hot wax, CBT/T—whatever. I'm 6'1", 180, 45. You're very handsome, slim or muscular, any race, into safesex. I operate in S.F./Stockton. Letter/photo to Box 4562.

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6", 145, seeks slim/muscular little guy into domination, verbal abuse, discipline, humiliation, leather. Into body worship, armpits, bondage, wrestling. J/O Blacks, Asians and muscles a plus. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101

TIED UP AND TORTURED

awaits looser of submission match with 22, 6', 195, college wrestler. If me no sweat, I can take it. Can you? Challenge letter with photo/phone. Box 4425.

VERY MUSCULAR ANGEL TYPE BIKER

looking for others into bondage, whips, dirty leathers, bikes, tattoos and other shit. 40 years, 6 ft., 225 lbs. Send photo & letter to PO Box 161495, Sacramento, CA 95816 (4575LF)

OBEDIENT SLAVE WILL SUBMIT
to wild Masters' heavily endowment into heavy whipping, ass torture, deep penetrations. (415) 552-6786

HOT, HARD LEATHER ACTION

Full leather, sweat, shaved balls, tight bodies, chains, pig sex, verbal abuse, heavy C/BT, T/T, hard pecs; stomachs, arms, legs; fat dicks, uncut dicks, sleaze, piss, beer, spit, S&M. I want it all—in a safe, hot environment!! Please be 25-35, hard, tight, muscular and a no-nonsense leatherman! I'm 5'10, tight body with washboard stomach, shaved balls & very thick! Let's get together and play hard in leather, buddy! Call Buddy at (415) 346-7416.

BONDAGE BOTTOM

GWM, 38, 5'9", 155 looking for a black man who is a bondage top. I am into most types of bondage and am willing to expand my limits. No FF, scat or heavy pain. Reply to Boxholder-H, 584 Castro, Ste 634, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588.

COCK/TIT SUCKING

Slave for total submission to benevolent master. Boy must be 20-30, no more than 5'10", 160 lbs., handsome, masculine and hung. Novices encouraged. Master is GWM, 38, 5'10", 165 lbs., into B&D, light S&M, exhibitionism, discipline. Submit respectful letter, nude photo and address. No fats, feds or phonies. Serious only. Box 4589

HOT FF BOTTOM

32, 6'0", 150, gym build, seeks hot talented tops who love to play inside a goodlooking leatherman's butt all night long. Box 4561

LEATHER BUDDIES

Two versatile w/buddies 35/40 into leather, uniforms, boots, jocks, boxers, outdoor scenes, fantasy and games, CBT, TT, JO, D/S, toys—hot mind and body play to explore and expand limits. Safe only. Your picture and trip get ours. Box 190, 484 Lakepark, Oakland, CA 94610

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST

Whip and torture this health-conscious, intelligent, professional, bootlicking, cocksucking torture slave. Into 501s, military boots, Fr, Gr, BD, SM, whipping, and ball torture. Moving to SF soon and visit SF frequently now. Nautilus, computers, bridge, travel, books. No WS, scat, FF, rear Fr. Send phone to Box 4532LF.

SACRAMENTO

Gymnast, 35, looking for muscle. Very discrete only. Jeff, PO Box 1522, Carmichael, CA 95609

EXPERIENCED SM MASTER

searching for slaves. YOU: Hot, under 30, trim, capable of heavy bondage, whipping, TT, CBT. ME: Hot, 41, muscular, AIDS-aware. Have well-equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4512LF. First consideration for applications with photo.

OLD-FASHIONED

Bend-over, pants-down spanking, give or take. Call Dad (415) 626-8705.

BIG NIPPLES ON SLAB PECS

with a tight, defined stomach below. I've got 'em. If you do too, and safe mutual chest play is your thing, let's talk. GWM, 41, 6'3", 180, moustache. Write to: P.O. Box 14257, Station G, San Francisco, CA 94114.

SAFE SEX

No fluid exchange sought by W/M, 5'11", 150 lbs., blue/brn, blonde moustache, "cute," personable. Mutual masturbation, vanilla sex &/or C&B work, bondage and wrestling. Looking for boyfriends—not one-nighters. Ron, P.O. Box 14413, S.F., CA 94114. LF4045.

VERSATILE WRITER

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

LOOKING FOR DADDY

WM, 23, 5'9", 130# seeks big Daddy 35-plus into leather, SM, discipline—no FF or heavy pain. Barry, PO Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101

HUNKY PISS SLAVE

Young handsome bodybuilder wants Master's piss, cock and hairy well-built body. I'm 5'10", 165 lbs., with huge rock-hard tits—need discipline verbal abuse, directions from strong man who knows how. Box 4514

RUBBER SLAVE

GWM, 32, seeks slave for prolonged wearing of rubber gear and restraints. Very orally oriented. Photo/phone to: R.F., 1800 Market, #118, San Francisco, CA 94102

HOT SON SEEKS HORNY DADDY

Exceptional, rare treat "boy" seeks hot-shot daddy. Great looking, butch, smart-ass tough Italian son, 33, 5'9", 165#, hot, humpy, hung big, seeks handsome, butch, hung daddy, 45-60, for cock and ball work, ass play on a regular basis. Sex only, no other obligations. Your place. Uninhibited, enthusiastic action. No SM. Photos answered first. Experienced daddies write: Boxholder, 1230 Grant, #111, San Francisco, CA 94133.

SIR!

I want to worship you, Sir! I, late 30s (look younger), 6', 160, slim, dark brown hair and eyes, Gr-p, Fr-a, looking for a monogamous relationship with a naturally dominant, take-charge, loving and caring big-muscled jock, wrestler, football player, cop, military, construction workers, 25-45. Into light TT, physical BD, sweaty muscles—show me new things. Outdoor scenes among the redwoods? I want to please you, Sir! Ric, 1632 J Street, Eureka, CA 95501

LEATHER/RUBBER SADIST

Harley-riding Devil seeks demons for black-leather or black-rubber connections in my Inner Sanctum. I'll shove a leather-crotch Fuck to your hooded-head. You are bound in a leather or rubber straight-jacket. Surrender your sensibility with application to Boxholder, P.O. Box 99033, San Francisco, CA 94109. Enclose photo. Video recording a possibility.

BOTTOM PIGS

Experienced, erotic, sensual Top willing to workover and train a properly submissive, bottom pig possessing an insatiable desire for prolonged workout on his pighole. My range: excruciatingly delicate to brutally harsh depending upon my mood and your need. Bottom must be tight, fit, clean. I'm white, 37, handsome, 6', 160, cut 7", and in control. Box 4472LF

APPLICATIONS BEING ACCEPTED

by hot top, 34, 5'10", 150 lbs., 30" waist, 40" chest, hung, for a 30-35, goodlooking, mischievous slave, who will submit to SM, B&D, WS, exhibitionism, and education. Slave will enjoy leather, bodybuilding, and cigars as well as the arts and romance. Call for an appointment to present yourself for inspection. (415) 626-1670.

SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER

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

HOT PIG FIST HOLE

Seeks long, heavy, mutual FF with fun drugs. I'm hunky, hairy, 37, 5'10", 150 lbs., with double-wide deep hole. Come on buddy, let's feed our big sloppy butts and punch each others lights out! Hot letter & photo to: Box 4068.

BOSS MAN WANTS

Heavy-duty muscular macho boy wants to be a hot slave-animal. Your BOSS is into oil-sweat, interrogation-bondage, C/B-T/T, W/S, straining muscles, workouts in chains, and is 5'11", 175 lbs, 45, brown hair & eyes with moustache. So don't call till you're sure you got your shit together and then between 6 & 10 P.M. ONLY! I'm not into phone trips or bullshit callers. (415) 944-9984

PIERCED, TATOOED

GWM, 41, tattooed, pierced, adventurous. Seeks men. Cigars, uniforms and all basic pleasures. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 4256LF

HEY, BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you! (916) 391-9755, or write to Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking, cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude! A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny, hairy WM, 29, 6', 160, brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

PHONE J/O

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

W/M, 34, NOVICE

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

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-year-old looking for same. Into dirt bikes, backpacking and snow skiing & B.B. Also like bondage, C&BT and outdoor scenes. Write to: D.G.B., 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Concord, CA 94520. No fem, fats or fakes. Photo if possible.

HOT NOVICE

Guy, 30, 5'10", 170 lbs., new on the block, hot, hairy, defined body, moustache, hung, uncut, straight looks, needs training, VA, discipline scenes from hot topmen; into good bodies, leather, uniforms, attitude, light SM. Detailed replies with phone (photo if possible) get immediate response. D.M.M., Box 2511, S.F., CA 94126.

WANTED

Hot and horny Latin men to sit on my face and service their cocks. Hot Blonde-Blue eyed W/m, 5'10", 150 lbs. Call 6-12 PM 415 (931-2161).

(415) 821-9952

DIAL-A-DADDY
For Discipline & Training

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M.M. & M.M.
P.O. Box 421043/San Francisco, CA 94101



MEN ■ MEN & MORE MEN

Must be over 18 years old.

GENERAL CALIFORNIA

FORESKIN WORSHIP

GM seeks men who like their foreskin worshiped. I am 32, 5'8", 130 lbs., 7 1/2" cut. Please send photo to: JWR, 2269 Market St., No 112, San Francisco, CA 94114.

FUR & FORESKIN

Husky "bear," 38, lush, uncut, 6-plus inches, wants to meet trim guys, 18-35 for JO, Fr. etc. Foreskin not required! Box 60264, Palo Alto, CA 94306.

UNCUT COCK WANTED

WM, 35, 5'6", 165 lbs., light brown hair, brown eyes, 6" hard, 2 1/2" soft, into small or any size uncut guys with lots of foreskin overhang, or those that sink into themselves. Also into WS, piss games. Would enjoy overnite stays. Like outdoor scenes. Into astrology. USA 264.

SANTA CRUZ & BAY AREA

GM seeks same for friends, travel, correspondence, and fun. I am 28, lean, blond, cut. Speak French & English. Call Thomas (408) 426-5099.

UNCUT/HANDSOME

Educated GWM with sense of humor, 6'1", 155 lbs., 30s, br hair/eyes, moustache, seeks M; romance, social, friendship. USA 261, (415) 776-7837

UNCUT MODELS FOR FORESKIN II

Foreskin authors need you. All ages, types in good shape. Photos or descriptions to: Bud Berkeley, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

EXTREMELY EXPERIENCED HEAD MAN

Loves uncuts. Weekdays 9 to 4:30pm only. No Sats/Suns/Holidays. Phone No. w/second letter, is wanted. USA 251.

LONG SKIN INTO JO

One-on-One, dig watching cuts beat it and skins rolling. SF Bay area. USA 248.

THICK COCKHEAD, LOOSE FORESKIN

WM, 46, 5'10", 165 lbs., good body, seeks all into foreskin action. Have darkroom, like porn and JO scenes. Into foreskin stretching. Will experiment. USA 246.

CUT BUT STRETCHING

GWM, 32, 5'11", 150 lbs., 41" chest, 28" waist, 8", bodybuilder, Br/Gr, moustache, looking for similar into regaining foreskin and uncuts who are into hot skin action. USA 239.

BIG UNCUT SPERM OZZING

Goodlooking, insatiable Hispanic pumps hot intestines or salivas big urethras. Enjoys low, sizable sweetbreads. Knowledgeable! Prefer 6' or ? USA 237.

GWM, 30, 6', UNCUT

Br/br, healthy, honest, goodlooking, wants to meet friends, uncut or cut, any race, or age. Please, photo if possible, thanks! 326 Evergreen Ave., Daly City, CA 94014.

GWM, 44, 6'2", 6 1/4" CUT

170 lbs., seeks "Safe Sex" and possibly more with heavier GWM, 30-60, cut or uncut. I'm a successful professional man. Other interests: Classical music, skiing, travel. USA 219.

PLAYMATES WANTED

Goodlooking, young (21-28), preferably uncut cock wanted by handsome, uncut GWM, 42, into creative fun and games. USA 218.

MUTUAL JO

Interested in meeting guys, especially other uncuts like myself, for mutual JO, maybe more. Ron (415) 752-7268.

ARE YOU YOUTHFUL, BOYISH, UNCUT?

Need friendly relief, no strings? If at least 18, write to: Richard, Box 4052-BG, Woodside, CA 94062.

DIVORCED MAN

Lives in rural area of Fairfield (Travis Air Force Base location). Attractive, straight, but curious. Part American Indian looking for pow wows with other uncut males. Phone weekends (707) 864-0346.

HUNKY HANDSOME WELL-HUNG THICK

Cut, loves foreskin, JO, oral trips. Fr a/p. Into lots of skin and big loads. Hot letter, photo, phone gets same. G.B., Box 11990, Ste. 107, Santa Ana, CA 92711.

HOT UNCUT BALLMASTER

Hung, trim, 40s, heavy C&BT, pref uncut. C. Johnson, Box 252, Burbank, CA 91503.

UNINHIBITED SHARING

Interested in uninhibited sharing of erotic stimulation of foreskin and shaft. Jerry Jansen, 37A Moss Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

UNCUT NON-SMOKER SEEKS SAME

6'2", 170 lbs., 37, dark brown hair, br eyes, moustache, like vege gardening, antiques, antique autos, play piano, country-type living. Call Rick (415) 676-2953.

REDHEAD/BLUE EYES

5'10", 175 lbs., 5" uncut, goodlooking bodybuilder, 35. Like husky WMs, big thighs, small uncut cocks. Suck, JO, fantasies. No fuck/SM. 14711 1/2 Burbank, L.A., CA 91411.

MATURE HUSKY GUY

Wants mutual friends for FS worship and pleasure. Also water sports enthusiast. Weekdays, some weekends. Write with details. Enjoy all, USA 187.

BOTCHED CIRCUMCISIONS, SCARS, RESTORATIONS, LONG FORESKINS MY OBSESSION!

Ivan Schroeder, 1453 E. Compton Blvd, Compton, CA 90221.

CIRCUMCISERS NEEDED

ACORN Club seeks qualified SIRCumcisers, any location, must dig our scene: ACORN, 633 Post St., Box 542, S.F., CA 94109.

HEY HUNG GUYS WITH SKINHEADS

This mature GWM has keen sense of smell & wet hot suction power for your unwashed, uncut prick. Sirl (213) 465-6732. Write: Box 6292, L.A., CA 90055.

BEST BJ/EXPERT COCK PLEASER

Heavy hung, uncut, mature men only. No fats, feds. Day outcalls only. In SF & S. Marin, write to: D. Boyle, Box 451, Sausalito, CA 94965.

PARTIALLY-CUT WHITE PROFESSIONAL

34, hairy, blond. Into uncircumcised men to like to stretch their skin and spend time together enjoying each others cocks and minds. USA 114.

NEED SIRCUMCISING, SIR!

Want to contact others needing it too. ACORN No. 3, 633 Post St. No. 542, San Francisco, CA 94109.

"INFORMED CONSENT"

A 9 1/2-minute videotape about circumcision shows actual surgical procedure. Send SASE to: Informed Consent, Box 493, Forest Knolls, CA 94933.

REDHEAD

30, wants safe, sleazy skin sex with uncut Dad. Pic gets same. Box 14064, Station G, San Francisco, CA 94114.

FAT CHEESERS WANTED

by cut, slim, goodlooking WM, 30s, br hair/eyes. Prefer husky build Cauc., any age. No cigs or trade. Photo please to: S.L., No. 314, 4670 Hollywood Blvd., L.A. CA 90027.

FORESKIN FOR 2?

Deprived GWM, 37, 5'10", 170 lbs., bald but with chest hair. Hopes you'll share! Write: Ed, Box 5028, Stanford, CA 94305.

NASTY UNCUT DADDY WANTED

Are you the kind of Daddy that likes to sit on your boy's face and shove your uncut nose down his throat to take a piss? Got a beer belly? Hispanic? Hairy white trucker? Want to make him eat the cheese from under your floppy foreskin? Like him to sit between your legs and clean you from foreskin to asshole? Obedient son doesn't have to be told twice. SF boy is 30, goodlooking, 5'11", 150 lbs., fair and fairly hairless, uncut, thick cock, and waiting to hear from his nasty Daddy. USA 271.

EXP FRENCH & TOTAL MASSAGE

offered to hairy uncuts who prefer not to reciprocate! 40s, butch face, fem body, S.F. Alan (415) 648-5875. Late ok.

UNCUT? UNDER 35?

WM, 51, 6'2", 185 lbs., cut, wishes to meet you. USA 222.

UNCUT? INTO FORESKIN TYING?

Help me with serious research in exchange for sensuous good times! No SM, size, age unimportant. Write: Box 684, Berkeley, CA 94701.

THE EROTIC PREPUCE:

Stuffing, stretching, pulling, piercing—removing? Lets share fantasy and experience. Balls too! Carl Pierce, Box 66032, Stockton, CA 95206.

UNCUT PHALLUS WORSHIPPER

Wish to correspond with other uncut phallus worshippers like myself. Experiences and photo if possible, etc. USA 149.

EXPERT DOCKER

& Foreskin Stretcher: Healthy WM, 38, gives fast head to disease-free men w/fat dick topped with extra long, slimy foreskin. Blind meat ok. (213) 665-6511.

CUT DADDY WANTS UNCUT SON!

Are you ready to let Daddy take YOU in hand? Write and lets see what happens! R.R.H., 85 Corwin St., No. 2, San Francisco, CA 94114.

HAVE FORESKIN & VIDEO CAMERA

Want to hear from other with homemade videos of their uncut glory. Will trade. Added attractions: shaved crotches, cheese, WS. Set your lens for close up and lets turn each other on. JR, Box 14576, San Francisco, CA 94114.

THICK & UNCUT

big balls, needs to be worked over by same. J.D., PO Box 3978, Long Beach, CA 90803.

WM, CLEAN, UNCUT

wants to talk to and meet others of same. Good times and fun—not into SM. USA 516

UNCUT GUY

42, 6', thin, hung, wants weekday JO or WS action with cut or uncut guys. Video, polaroids, etc. Gary, #274, 3963 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010

BOYISH SMIMMER

bottom, 26, 5'7", 118 lbs., half-breed Indian, brown hair/eyes, clean, discrete, voyeur, JO seeks top for sincerity, playing, eroticism, quiet times, friends—candid photo/letter exchange. J.H., PO Box 60234, Sunnyvale, CA 94088

GWM

38, 5'11", 170 br/bl, several tattoos 9" uncut, 1-1 seeks correspondence/meeting other uncut GWMs, especially Latinos, Friendship, safe sex, possible relationship. Send photo letter. USA 648

L.A. CHUBBY, UNCUT, MATURE GWM, 6', 250, 40, 6" cock, nice skin. Fr/a, Gr/p loves older uncut men age 45-85 only. Cuddling to kinky. No size/wt. hangups. Luv U All. CA75. USA 641

HOT, HUNGRY MOUTH

White male, 49, 5'8", 170 lbs., dark blond, blue eyes, masculine and uncut 8" thick cock, Gr/p, Fr/a. Looking for other white or Latin masculine uncut male who is into uncut cock worship. I am very hungry for smelly cock cheese, cum filled heavy balls. Leather & levis, sweaty crotch and jockstraps also turn me on. Please write—photo gets photos. USA 529

GOODLOOKING

well-hung man, 30, 6', 165#, 8" handpole. Have true fetish for uncuts, aged 18-49. Interested in phone calls, photo exchanges, meetings for foreskin worship. USA 528

WM, 48, 6'

8" thick cock, delightfully covered, gorgeously uncut with soft delicious sliding fully retractable foreskin desires photo exchange experience swapping pensils. I am married, bisexual, discrete meeting possible. USA 527

VERSATILE HUSKY

GWM, 35 seeks Fr/Gr action with uncuts anywhere, especially Latinos and Asians. Travel often. Answer all. Tom Lovelace, 6520 Selma, #420F, Hollywood, CA 90028

DEEP MASSAGING THROAT

for uncut men needing French service. (415) 563-0528

UNCUT SO. CAL TOP

into foreskin stretching and F.S. fantasies, CBs would like top hear from hot man into same. All replies answered. D. Master USA 530

SENSUAL EUROPEAN

Goodlooking, well-built, Bi, young, trim, masculine, healthy, gentle, very clean, discrete and very selective, hung long, uncut with overhang, extra long foreskin. Interested in meeting other discrete, healthy uncut special with long foreskins or thick or just well-hung or most of all, those cut who appreciate lots of extra foreskin, and those who are average hung, but very trim and very attractive for intellectual as well as long sensual, sexual encounters, loving pursuits. Photo/phone—discretion assured! Boxholder, PO Box 2733, Hollywood, CA 90078

CUT WITHOUT CONSENT

seeks to share skin with sensitive. Prefer married, uncut young man. Am attractive, 30 and admirer of cock au natural. USA 523

CUSTOM CIRCUMCISIONS

WM, 6', 180# interested in all aspects of circumcision, especially adults who have had custom circumcisions. Seeks to correspond and meet likeminded men. USA 502

FORESKIN TURNS ME ON

I am cut; not my fault. Have always been turned on by foreskin, so get in touch and make my dream come true. GWM, goodlooking, 6', 175#, hot! (415) 626-9657, Ray

UNCUT MAN

wants to meet other gym-type dudes. Am 46, 5'11", 176, balding and hairy chest. Bill (619) 283-2099

UNCUTS WANTED

Older GWM wants any race, 18 and up. Write: Meyers, 1946 N. Kenmore, L.A., CA 90027.

RESTORED?

Would like to correspond with man who has restored foreskin by stretching or who is in process. USA 274.

DIG NOT UNCUT GUYS

Who want to get it on, 1-to-1 basis. Let's talk and MEAT to fulfill our fantasies. Clay (213) 661-0839.

HAIRY UNCUTS WANTED

30-year-old wants 25-45 hairy uncut. I like foreskin, body hair, masculinity, light SM, verbal domination. Moustache required. USA 267.

CUT

43-year-old GWM with beard, hairy chest, seeks uncut vacation companion dedicated to exhibitionism, stretching and ??? Write a few words about yourself, interests and what you think makes a great vacation. USA 408.

HOT BOTTOM NEEDS TRAINING
U/C top needed to regularly plow tight bottom. Collegiate, humpy and super-hung, 25, 138, 57". Relationship-oriented, sincere. Photo. Please—tell me what you'll do with me. Reply to Database, P.O. Box 4250, Berkeley, CA 94704.

UNCUT NON-SMOKER

6', 160 lbs, WM 40s wants uncut/cut, hirsute over 35, JO, jocks, leather, other fun. USA 410.

DAD PREFERS MANEATER BEARS

Dad is bearded, 45, bald, 5'6", uncut, 6", very thick with floppy overhang. Attractive, nice guy, smoker, light drinker, like motorcycles, opera, computers, getting my foreskin chewed when hard. (415) 344-6205 early. CA93 USA 404

HOUSEBOYS & SLAVES

Which is what you were born to be and you know it. We are willing to train the right 21-35, husky, amenable man for complete service. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline. No bullshit. Send something about yourself and a photo to Box 1000. You can call me Sir!

SEEK DOMINANT GWM

over 50, experienced in VA, CBT, B&D, very hirsute. Prefer cut. Size unimportant. Must be clean and sane and respect limits. POSITIVELY NO: Scat, TT, WS, heavy pain, or raunch. No monies involved at any time. Prefer non-smoker, but not necessary. Weight unimportant, but no freaks. I am not Gr/p, but am Fr/a-p. I am not cut, but am retracted all the time. I am new to leather, but interested. Box 4530LF

BUTT SLAVES WANTED (415) 752-0971

JOCKSTRAP LOVERS ONLY

WM, heavy into bulging raunchy pouches. 6', 170 lbs., dark hazel eyes, 8" cut, into phone J/O, group action, jock exchange, W/S, no scat, exhibitionism, public toilets late at night. Only those who worship bulging jock pouches need reply. P.O. Box 4764, San Francisco, CA 94101

HUMBOLDT CO.

Handsome exhibitionistic slave, ex-marine, ex-stripper. Need master for S&M, WS, B&D, leather, hard fucking, the works including friendship. WM, 35, 5'10", 150#, 30" waist, 39" chest, work-out regularly. Box 4613

BOY WANTED

Generous chubby GWM seeks athletic Submissive under 35, weekly arrangement, bondage, safe sex, Chris (415) 468-6567

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

wanted for lite bondage. No SM. I'm GWM, 47. (504) 831-9298

LEAN, HARD, DEFINED MASO-SLAVE

seeks trim Sado-Master. Ready for dog training, complete toilet service, bondage, CBT, piercing, cigars. Any or all, but more important, your trip... your way. I am 42, 5'10", 150. Travel. Photo, phone, descriptive letter to PO Box 5906, San Francisco, CA 94101 (LF4519)

SLAVERY-OWNED-TORTURE

If you are haunted by these words; if you feel compelled to slavery; if you need to serve, then you will submit an appropriate application to: John Phillips, PO Box 2755, San Francisco, CA 94126. A man. A Master. Sensitive yet cruel. Sophisticated but tough. Patient, experienced, perceptive. Accomplished and successful. Early 40s, tall, well-built, damn goodlooking. Real slavery doesn't happen in a bar, over a weekend, or by fantasizing. Permanent ownership is achieved by thorough exploration, extensive training, and total commitment over time. The most intimate, personal relationship that two people can experience is a true master/slave relationship. (LF4533)

BROTHER/DADDY

Handsome, uncut, 42-year-old big brother/daddy seeks young 18-28 preferably uncut little brother/son for mutual JO and creative safe sex and fun. Write: Peter 1522 Fulton, #2, SF, CA 94117.

UNCUTS ONLY

I, 41, uncut 8", 5'11", 165 lbs., dig piss, cheesy dicks, FF, raunchy jock photos. Box 493, Shingle Springs, CA 95682. 30 minutes from Sacramento.

PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS MODELS

Young, well-defined for Japanese-style bondage stills, private collection, phone & recent photo to P.O. Box 511, Brisbane, CA 94005.

S/M

PHONE SEX
(415)346-8747

MARLBORO MAN

42, thick, loose, 8 1/2", hairy chest. Clint, Box E202, 4421 Pacific Coast Hwy, Torrance, CA 90505. Clean, but cheeze on request.

I LOVE DARK, SMOOTH SKIN

I'm 30, 155 lbs., uncut 7 1/2", goodlooking redhead. Light complexion and built. You are 18-30 Latin, Puerto Rican, Oriental or Black, sensitive, sensuous and discrete. Write with photo; ladies and couples welcome. Have dinner and dessert. Box 100FQ

FORESKIN FANATIC COUPLE

seek slim stud with thick foreskin and heavy balls for mutual J/O, F/S session. We are both slim, attractive, squeaky-clean and safe. Very healthy. We would love to share our loose uncut, beautiful little dick and gorgeous hairy box and full tits with another proud uncut! Write: Box 147-B, 2339 El Camino Real, Santa Clara, CA 95051

UNCUTS WANTED

experienced in stretching by 6', 170 lbs. hairless cut. Phone & photo gets same. Box 103FQ

M.D. WANTED

I am seeking a well-qualified surgeon (M.D.) to do a cosmetic re-circumcision for me. Southern California area only. Any recommendations? Please advise! R.D. Mager, Box 5341, Pasadena, CA 91107.

When you need it Rough

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Looking for big cub to cuddle, coddle, nuzzle and gnaw. The Bear—Camden House #34, 6834 Variel, Canoga Park, CA 91303

Uncut, hung average, 5'7", 132, 26" waist, active, live on ranch, love sex w/1 guy, would like to meet country guy (A=tall-hairy) average looks. Gene, PO Box 128, Santa Ysabel, CA 92070. Photo gets mine.

UNCUT ATTRACTIVE DADDY

Mid-40s, WM, 5'7", 155#, brown, blue, educated; likes his eager son to slowly clean him from foreskin to asshole, take Dad's hose down his throat, open his asslips wide to gently swallow Dad's hard dick and more! Redheads welcome, other daddies too. Classical music to C&W dancing, homelife, trips to the country, quiet times. Raunchy tastes aspiration, but AIDS aware and out of the fast lane and expect the same. Detailed letter and photo get same. S.F. USA 507

UNCUT SO. CA TOP

into foreskin stretching and foreskin fantasies, C/BS would like to hear from hot men into same. All replies answered. D. Master, USA 530

UNCUT PROFESSIONAL MAN

over 50 welcomes letters from any age cut or uncut. Object: affectionate friendship, limited J/O. PO Box 2583, Redondo Beach, CA 90278-8083

INTO VIDEO PRODUCTIONS

Chunky GWM in 50s uncut fat dick would like to meet same. Interests: video, antiques, old cars, dogs & clocks. Call Paul (415) 483-2371, 7-10pm.

HAIRY, HORNY HANDSOME GWM wants dick to play with—especially uncut. Age/looks unimportant. Me: 42, trim, good looks, into hot safe sessions. SF downtown. Joe (415) 474-3039, late OK

KNOW WHAT YOU NEED?

I do. Seek one man, slim to trim, 25 to 45 years, goodlooking with man smells and tasty uncut hung or thick cock with overhang to please on a regular basis. All scenes with right man. Photo exchange and serious calls to Tom, (415) 285-4196. I am 34, 5'9", 145 lbs, hot, 8" veined, cut, goodlooking and healthy.

MEN WITH FORESKINS WANTED for action in L.A. area—all welcome. Send letter and explicit photo to James Fairchild, 960 N. Larrabee, #122, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

ORANGE COUNTY, CA

Fr a/p, 7" uncut, phone, correspond, photos; bi or gay. (714) 637-6955 before 8am/after 10pm; anytime weekends. Gene S., Box 1427, Orange, CA 92668.

GWM, 29, PROFESSIONAL, 6', UNCUT

Brown hair/eyes, seeks discreet GWM, uncut, married okay. 28-40, to: Peter Christos, Box 126974, San Diego, CA 92101. Photo if possible. No wierdos.

CHEESE REMOVAL SERVICE!

Hot, husky WM, 38, wants to sniff and lick that smelly, dirty skin and wash it down with hot piss! Box 31151, San Francisco, CA 94131.

S.F. SATYR

Attractive 28 year old man, 6'1", 200 lbs., 8 thick, uncut inches. Fantasies too hot to print; too exciting to not make real! Jamie, Box 40561, S.F., CA 94140.

WELL-HUNG

Recently blinded, heavy into JO, would like to correspond by tape. Can send photo. Write HAL, c/o Bill Braem, 4086 Cody Rd., Sherman Oaks, CA 91403.

HAVE LONG THICK FORESKIN

Like same and big balls. Send photo and I will do same. Box 104FQ

GETTING CIRCUMCISED?

Send me your foreskin or photos of your uncut cock to: Rick, 178 Church #3, San Francisco, CA 94114.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

DADDY TRUCKER 43 SEEKS SON

Live and work for Dad. Must take orders and domination well. Young and slim. Call (619) 723-8481 Friday—Sunday, or write Box 4470.

SLENDER, WELL-BUILT

Black bottom M to age 35 desired by gentle but demanding white Top S. Write with submissive details and photo to Master, 1530 Sanborn Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027

HOT BODYBUILDER

LIKES TO BE DEGRADED shaved into male cunt. FF bottom into castration trips. Seriously seeking information leading to permanently diminish size of cock & balls. All letters answered. Box 4564

WANTED: BEST SLAVE IN L.A.

Applications being taken by two hot professional GWMs—26, 6'3", 190, 31, 6', 150 into leather, rubber, B&D, SM, CBT. Must be goodlooking, clean shaven, under 30, no novices, smokers, druggies, or feds. Student OK. Health conscious. Photo and resume to Box 211, 8033 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046. Will be dressed in leather and receive room & board and allowance.

HOT, BUTCH TOP

37 seeks young passive leatherboys for good time. Send photo and phone. Box 4578LF

MATURE PLEDGEMASTER

accepts obedient pledges. While the kiss of the paddle establishes the basic relationship, the pledge eagerly accepts strict discipline. Under 50 years old and/or military training a plus. Box 4583

DESERT B&D MATES

seek passive puppy and/or seasoned sire for seamy session. Photo, phone and particulars to: DBDM, PO Box 244, Palm Springs, CA 92263

BODYBUILDER

GWM prisoner needs letters. Computers, college, weightlifting, jogging. Box 4567

NEED HOT, HUNKY, VERY THICK, DARK, HAIRY, MUSCULAR, MASCULINE HORNY TOP STUD

Sit on my face, open my hungry hot receptive hairy hole—wide and deep. Belt my buns, TT, WS. Like huge wide dildos, both big hairy muscular arms. Love to tongue, lick, kiss and eat hot, juicy, hairy holes for hours! Not into really heavy SM, B&D or CBT! Put feet...anywhere! Tongue-clean hairy chest and armpits, ass—want to satisfy my top. Like long, no-holds-barred sessions. Well-trained and experienced. Will try anything. Box 4525LF.

TOILET

San Diego County only. State age. Box 4442.

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (818) 846-9486.

38, W/M MASC. SEEKS

Mature, assertive men for good, hot sex. Call till 3 AM (202) 547-9273.

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, goodlooking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service, GB, and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors, and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047.

STUD OFFERS HIS

Big Uncut Cock & Globes for C&B Torture. Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

LEATHER ACTION

Leatherman, 6', 175 lbs., goodlooking, seeks same for hot, healthy leather/uniform action, discipline, SM, outdoor bike scenes. Box 4148.

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED

Daddy (White, 48, 6'2", 230 lbs.) and his boy (Black, 19, 5'11", 155 lbs.) are looking for a slave to train. Novice okay. Dad will teach his boy to be a Master. Only full-time, live-in, long-term SERIOUS need apply. Complete description and photo/phone to: Box 4177LF.

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 lifestyle. Send appropriate 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, hdsm W/m, 40, 6'1", 190#, sadistic, experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum by 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, looking 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.

HEY BOY!

Want a Daddy? I mean a real Daddy! A Daddy with lots of love in his heart and a big bulge in his crotch, and all just for you! A Daddy who won't abuse you, but still a Daddy who'll show you the ropes and then use them on you as he makes you his slave/boy and takes you as his son. DADDY: W/M, young-looking 45, 145 lbs, 5'8", moustache, all his hair, dominant, and butt-fucking topman. BOY: Quiet, trim, young, smooth-faced, boyish, totally-obedient, thoroughly-submissive, affectionate, loving, and completely bottom. Any nationality of boy and beginner OK. Short, slim, small boy welcome. So is tall and skinny or well-built. Size not important, but Boy's desire to really be Daddy's Boy is. Boy's photo get Daddy's photo and Daddy's phone number. Box 3862LF.

WANTED L.A.

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

GOODLOOKING DAD

looking for special brother for Joe. Someone to help with chores, to share a brother they never had. Discipline to be applied for training and awareness. You will become a hot man-boy in time. Submit a letter stating general facts about yourself: Abilities, schooling, etc. If you have doubts, enclose in sealed envelope to Joe as he can assure you, by phone, of life's ultimate experience. Positive growth-oriented family. Box 4535LF

YOU ARE SPECIAL

masculine, trim, any race and eager, even if not perfect, or inexperienced. I am special, masculine, trim, brown hair and eyes, 39, 8 thick inches, artistic, professional, with the bronzed body of a weekend outdoorsman. You are excited by the rare men you'd like to be, and are willing to endure some pain for their attentions. I am seeking worthwhile camping companions, etc. If you are also a bold, consenting adult, then you good pic will get one you'd pay to get. Maybe an invitation, too. Write: Holder, Box 6344, Rosemead, CA 91770 (LF4521)

MANHANDLE BIG MEAT

L.A. stud digs C&BT on his big uncut cock and globes. Write to Box #106DS.

BLACK/WHITE/CHICANO SEX, SEX

No hang-ups on weight, height, size. Over 35 are the best. Experience, willing to give, take, a must. Requirements: Local L.A., my place only. Be a M/S, J-straps, restraints, W/S, boots, raunchy or ??? A low, dirty, hot verbal abuse above all. Hairy dudes get sweaty, taste and smell good. Try it—you will like it. Write to Box #114DS.

TALL MUSCULAR BLOND

Slim, 39, Gr/p, Fr/ap, JO, wants slim, 18-27, your place, often. Box 60851, Los Angeles, CA 90060

UNCUT BODYBUILDER

Hot BB, 31, 5'10", 190 lbs, hung, uncut, Bl/Blu, moustache, seeks other BBs 20-45 for hot JO or more. Prefer over 175 lbs. All letters with pic will be answered. Penpals welcome. Box 281, 7869 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046

PLEASURE IN BED AND OUT

Bearded uncut European, 35, seeking filthy rich, hairy, bearded, 30-50, slave in bedroom, good self-esteem outside. Must like travel, nature, theatre, titwork. No FF, drugs. Send hairy picture and qualifications. Box 4612

GWM, 35, 5'10", UNCUT

Greek passive, French active wants cock worked over. Call (714) 774-6778 or write Doug, 1585 W. Ball Road, #G, Anaheim, CA 92802

HOT BOTTOM IN LONG BEACH

WM, 31, 6'1", 170, blond/blue with moustache. Looking for one-on-one with older Master/Daddy who is same size or bigger with moustache and is hot. Hoping for long-term, not one-nighters. Would like gym buddy to work out with. Need someone strong and affectionate. Someone to administer discipline and punishment, fuck and fist my ass and kiss and hold me. If you're the right man there is no limit to how much I'll give. Write: Occupant, 33-2nd Place, Apt. 5, Long Beach, CA 90802 or call (213) 435-4500 between 9:00 A.M. and 11:00 P.M. No JO calls! 4577 LF

DENTURES LICKED

Oral service for uniformed sadists only. CHP/LAPD pref. (818)913-3819.

WANTED TOP

For bondage and water sports sessions. W/M, 48, 6' 0" 220. Into SM, FF, shaving, ball and tit play, etc. Have playroom and toys. Tel. (213)223-9348.

SLAVE WANTED

Naked and shackled. Your cock & balls harnessed. My cock shoved down your throat. That's your fate, cocksucker, as my fucking slave. S&M bottoms playing games or looking for heavy abuse, don't waste my time. I want a healthy slave at my feet, not a bloody victim on the rack. The right tight-assed, stiff-pricked, submissive, horny cocksucker under 40 faces discipline, regimentation, control and absolute slavery. I'll own you, cocksucker, and I'll mold you into the crawling asshole slave, sextoy, houseboy, and obedient pet I want you to be. Inexperienced, boyish, young pup or manly, untrained, macho novice OK. Be prepared to relocate and surrender up your naked ass to demanding, responsible, W/M Leathermaster, 45. Send humble letter and phone number. Do it now, cocksucker!! Box 3862LF.

DESERT HEAT

Exploration of mutual interests in C/B, SM, L/L, shaving, sought by 5'10", 180 lb. tattooed muscular hotman in his late 40's, blk hair and brn eyes. Prefer you have similar interests, late 30's thru 40's who is muscular GWM living in or travel So. Calif. Correspondence welcome, also photo. Box 4254LF.

SO BAY L.A.

GWM 30s, leather/levi guy in shape, clean cut & healthy seeks others in Torr, Redn, San P, LAX area for friends/fun on/off motorcycle. Ltr/Ph. # to Box 4248.

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY

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

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, dominant, under 45, healthy, good shape. Photo & phone to: Box 2142, Mission Viejo, CA 92690-0142.

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

G/W/M, 23, 5'10", 150 lbs, short brown hair, moustache. Seeks hot, dominant, 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.

SAN DIEGO

Top, 6'3", 195 lbs., 42, complete game room, tubs, chains, rim chairs, stocks, sling, ropes, clamps, collars, cross, cuffs, hoist harness, hoods, movies, dildoes, gags, leather, boots, urinals, video, whips, weights, mirrors, wax, vacuum, colonic. Bill (619)420-8967.

TIGHT ASS, DEEP THROAT BOTTOM

UNINHIBITED BOTTOM, WM, 24, 5'10", 155 lbs., masculine tight end, brn. hair, seeks to meet exceptionally masculine, X-HUNG, HAIRY DADDIES, MASTERS, POLICEMEN, TRUCKERS. INTO MOST SCENES—NEED LIMITS EXPANDED. I AM AFFECTIONATE, EDUCATED, DISCRETE, HEALTHY! Photo and phone to: MIKE, 6371 El Cajon Blvd., Suite 32, San Diego, CA 92115.

TORRID, EROTIC LEATHER SEX

Hairy, beefy, masculine GWM, 30, 5'7", solid 160 lbs., with hot nipples needs wild workouts from sincere, stable, health-conscious, safe, discrete, macho top. No drugs or filth. Enjoy nature, good life. Possible relationship. Explore my abilities. "Roger", P.O. Box 93281, Los Angeles, CA 90093

SON WANTED

WM Topman-Master 46, 5'8", 140 lbs., mustache, seeks completely-bottom, thoroughly-submissive son. No woodshed or SM abuse. Don't want a whipping boy; want a passive Daddy's Boy—a boy who needs the guidance, dominance, security and love only a Day can provide. Boy can expect to be kept naked and well-disciplined. Boy can also expect to be cuddled on Dad's lap as well as tied to Dad's bed and fucked. Prefer slim, trim, quiet, affectionate, home-type boy under 30 who needs a read Dad and knows a son's duty is to obey his Dad and service his Dad's cock. Permanent and live-in. Asian or Latino welcome. Boy's phone number get s an immediate call from Dad. Box 4551

ASS LICKER

available for individuals or groups. Men under 45 preferred. Have chair. San Diego County only. Box 4401

LEVI LEATHER LOVIN'

boot lickin' bottom seeks egotistical, demanding, arrogant type to serve and worship. Will surrender mind and body for your use and abuse. Dig boots—polished or rough, feet—clean or dirty, mental and physical workouts, SM, VA, hirsute bodies, hoods, collars, gloves, uniforms, kennel training, military discipline. 52, 6', 180 lbs., Travel USA. Box 4411LF

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, dogfood ok. Animals possible. G.M. P.O. Box 26081, L.A., CA 90026. Swap pix.

HOT SWEATY STUDS

GET DOWN AND OFF IN OUR WIDE SELECTION OF GAY VIDEO MOVIES AT: HOLLYWOOD VIDEO —Open 24 Hours— 1651 N. Cahuenga Hollywood, CA 90028 (213) 461-9691 8mm Films-Mags-Novelties All Your Favorite Boy-Boy Periodicals, Too!

COP WORSHIPPER

Cops—call (818)913-3819 for boot service.

COLORADO

HAIRCUT & CIRCUMCISION

WM, 24, wants to meet goodlooking men, 18-30 into circumcision and/or haircut fantasies. D.L., Box 9761, Denver, CO 80209. (303) 781-5682 anytime.

mummy dearest

Filmed in San Francisco, here is a virtual "bondage seminar," illustrating the many different ways to wrap a body (including plastic foodwrap) and still enable the victim to breathe. The victim is tied to a cross with leather restraints and wrapped in duct tape. A twitch is used on his cock and balls and clamps are attached to his nipples. Finally he is taken outside and hung on a wall on Castro Street like some strange object of art. An Inter-Vision production, directed by Dave Nesor. Absolutely authentic. Not for the squeamish.



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1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610



WM 33

5'8", 135 lbs., balding, good shape, cut, looking for long thick overhangs that come with a nice cock. Like to stretch, pull, suck and be creative with foreskins. Love pecs, too. G/a, F/a&p. Send photo of your overhang. USA 154.

COLORADO WRESTLER

WM, 6', 175#, BB seeks fantasy exchange w/correspondents. Bruiser, PO Box 13502, Denver, CO 80201

YOUNG SLAVE SON

wanted by older experienced leatherman with well-equipped training room offering discipline, love, plus physique, college and career help. You must be 20-30, serious, have good slave potential and high goals. Rod (303)433-9587. Write: Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218.

KLINEFELTER'S SYNDROME MALE

seeks correspondence with cut and uncut men with small balls. Chicano, cut, 5'5", 177 lbs, 4 1/2". JRA, PO Box 771, Denver, CO 80201

GWM 24

6', 175 lbs., brown hair & eyes, full beard, very hairy, would like to correspond and meet with other uncut hairy men to 35. Into most anything but pain & drugs. Your revealing photo gets mine. USA 186.

CONNECTICUT**LEATHER SM BIKER**

Looking for bottoms/slaves who knows what leather slavery is and is good at it. Indeed, SM sex, in dungeon and on my bike will train respect limits. Write—enclose photo if you're ready for leather sex. Box 3957LF.

SAFE SM SEX

GWM, 55, 5'10", 160 lbs., bald, muscular seeks SM-oriented GWM, 20-40, trim, masculine into bondage, erotic pain (tit/ball torture, whipping), giving and/or receiving. Explore fantasies, expand limits in safe (non-damaging), health conscious way. Photo/phone helpful. Box 4563

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST**ATTRACTIVE ATHLETIC VERSATILE**

guy, German, uncut, 42, masculine top man seeking well-built dude for hot bunfucks, sucking, light bondage, etc. Hot and ready he-men only. PO Box 10141, West Hartford, CT 06110

SLIDING SKIN BY HAND

Your number 1 joy? Skinned back in your briefs? Finger action underneath? Showering? Write all to: Occupant, Box 2071, New Haven, CT 06521.

I love to meet guys 18-29. I love to fuck guys, go to bed nude, J/O L/J cock sucks cock, to make love, to fuck Saturday to Sunday 5:30 to 9:00 p.m. USA 508

CIRCUMCISION

Want to hear from any dude turned on by circumcision, especially teen or adult cuts, describing the scar and whether the frenulum was cut. Have just experienced docking—love the feeling. USA 133.

GWM, 5'7", 130

uncut seeks uncut under 35, photo appr not necessary. I am pianist/singer—love shows, prefer tall guys, but all OK—cut, too. No one-nighters—friends first. USA 712

JO EMBITIONIST CLUB

Will help start a JO exhibitionist club in lower Fairfield Country, Connecticut. If interested in helping start one or joining, please write to me. USA 101.

DELAWARE**SLAVE AVAILABLE**

Looking for Master for training. Needs to be disciplined, into bondage and SM. Confidentiality must be assured. Write: Box 113/Suite 113, 402 N. Union St., Wilmington, DE 19805.

DC—METRO**ASS MASTER WANTED**

WM 30 bottom into uniforms seeks heavy ass work by Experienced Master in dildos, heavy Greek, and Patient in fisting. Box 4615

NY-DC CORRIDOR LEATHER MAN

Will travel for leathery booting top for heavy bondage, hoods, gags, collars, restraints, tits, CB, complete domination-control, harness susp cycles. Other things desired. Tall, muscular, beard a plus. No permanent relationship, but regular sessions, threesomes. Write Box #108DS.

BEARDED MASTER

42, 5'10", 165 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean, healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped "den". All scenes except scat. Novice guys get TLC. I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore-DC area. Letters with photos get answered. Also looking for other good Masters. Box 3893LF.

A MAN

170 lbs. solid muscle, 5'10", 39, 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. Years of residence in Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin have given me European flexibility: am my own man and not captive of any role. Ardent handball enthusiast. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr, Gr, titwork and mutually satisfying S&M. Like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Very health conscious but that doesn't keep me from enjoying life. Sound interesting? Write Bob, PO Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651.

BOTTOM WANTED: SHAVING

Me: 5'11", 175 lbs., muscular, 33. You: into B&D, ass work, dildoes, fisting, being shaved. Box 4145

SUBMISSIVE WEIGHTLIFTER

GWM, 6', 185, well-built, short beard, agreeable looks. Accommodates bodybuilders, athletes, very muscular men for posing, body worship, domination to light S&M, healthy fantasy scenes. (202) 462-8560

UNCUT WM

7", mid-50s, 6', seeks mature men who are genuine cock-worshippers and who worship balls and have big bags. Foreskin sniffing, chewing, cheese, long sucking, licking, pissing, JO. Will swap foreskin photos/talk raunchy cock and balls with men everywhere. Beer-lovers/beer-guts welcome. USA 118.

WANTED

Attractive guys with good bodies. This circumcised guy wants to play with your generous foreskin. I find foreskins to be the hottest, most attractive part of the male equipment, although there are other parts that are very very hot also. Let's get together so we can both enjoy your skin! USA 170.

UNCUT PREFERRED

GWM, 31, 5'11", 185 lbs., hairy, uncut teddy bear, beard & moustache, seeks other men, prefer uncut, for mutual enjoyment. Call (202) 544-7097 before midnight only.

FLORIDA**THE QUEST**

Son/slave needed by caring professional, 45 years, 5'8", 150#, brown hair/blue eyes. Lives the suburban life and will work all of your ass. Serious total commitment (813) 392-2663

ORLANDO AREA SON

seeking bike-riding, leather-wearing daddy (30-45) who is into B/D, TT, whipping, etc.—beard and tattoos a plus. Am 6'1", 160lbs., white & ready. GDB, PO Box 501, Minneola, FL 32755

"THE SARGE"

33, 6 ft., 165 lbs., short brown hair, clean-shaven, goodlooking, fun lovin' leatherman. Lookin' for a few good men. If you are muscular, defined, clean and together, a man who takes care of himself and knows how to take care of another man, if you've got the spirit, maybe you can join my corps. Sarge is top, but always welcomes correspondence from other tops. Send a picture for an answer. C'mon, don't be shy. Now stand at ease and start writin'. Box 4526LF

HAIRY, HUNG DADDY

seeks Slaveboy/Daddy's Boy for possible permanent relationship. Daddy is 49, 5'10, hairy and hung big. Boy is younger (but legal age), smooth, with a big uncut dick and low hangers. Boy must be obedient, eager to serve, looking for love and security. Daddy can provide good home life, training, strict control, and all decisions. Can travel anywhere or meet you here in Florida. Photo and submissive letter required. Box 4453LF

SLAVE NEEDS INSTRUCTION

Slave with little experience looking for Master who can provide proper training. Slave is 35, 5'11", 200 lbs., blond, blue eyes. Into doing Master's wishes. Limitations: No drugs, scat, piercing or marks. Please, Sir, train me to serve you. Box 4461LF

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light SM. Limits respected. Butch tops also contact me for memorable 3-way. Discretion required and reciprocated. Jake Leonard, #24571, 3350 NE 12th Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307

APOLLO

Lifeguard, Bodybuilder. All scenes & all equipment. Dungeon available for slave training. (305) 940-9485.

FLORIDA

Orlando houseboy—slave applications accepted from slaves 21-30 with right attitude will be trained by 33Y, 5'8" bearded master. Serious only. Send resume & photo. Box 4055

LIVE RENT FREE IN FLORIDA

I am tall masculine and submissive late 30s loves wearing rubber and lingerie W/S, G/S, B&D. You must be aggressive and wear rubber or leather any age. Sweaty, uncut, hairy men preferred. Call Gail, (904)496-2070.

BODYBUILDER/HOMEBODY

WM 5'11", Br/Bl age 22. Can be a tiger or a pussycat, but always a Top. Looking for bottom between 20-30 into S&M, B&D for permanent relationship. Write Mike with photo and letter. P.O. Box 943, Venice, FL 33595

TAMPA MASTER/DADDY

Seeks slaveboy, son, or houseboy. Daddy: 48, 5'10", 180 lbs., hairy, hung big, strict, loving. Son: boyish, smooth, uncut, obedient, ready for love, commitment. Box 4140

ATHLETIC W/M

29, seeks down-to-earth, well-built, masculine man for friend and possible lover. Enjoys the outdoors, the beaches, working out, fine arts and quiet times cuddled up together. Write P.O. Box 5121, Winter Park, FL 32793-5121. Photo, please.

GAY WHITE CLIPPED

wants to meet gay unclipped Hispanic, Oriental, European, Mid-easterner and USAs for mutual "show me" and play! Earle Austin, Clearwater, FL (813) 461-5063.

FORESKIN FREAK

GWM, 24, blond, blue eyes, hairy, with 7 1/2" cut (unfortunately). I know how to please an uncut man. Let me get under your skin! Gr/p, Fr/a; hairy guys especially welcome. USA 284.

WANT TO EXCHANGE INFO

On stretching experience, teen-age circumcisions, Turks, Arabs, etc., psychoanalytic, anthropological and neurological studies and/or personal experience. USA 240.

CIRCUMCISION

Person experienced in performing or assisting with circumcisions who can describe procedures. Let's correspond. Stan Smith, 1460 Grove St., Clearwater, FL 33515.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Cut, late 30s, wants to share Key West house and life with uncut man, 20s-30s. Call (305) 294-0753.

WM GERMAN/ENGLISH

5'4", 120 lbs., circ. seeks young uncut. To give super head, any amount foreskin. Your photo gets mine. USA 144.

SOUTH FLORIDA

Gay white male, uncut, 38, 6', 155 lbs., seeks slim, uncut males under 40, 6'10 N.E. 138th St., North Miami, FL 33161.

TIGHT FORESKINS

Long or short, a real turn-on. Phimosis would be an extra added attraction. USA 200.

HOT FOR SKIN ACTION

Wanted by 5'9", 140 lbs., WM, 43; mutual stretching sessions with other uncut. Phone number, photo answered first. State interests. Skinhead, Box 330428, Miami, FL 33233.

UNCUT LOVER WANTED

Looking for young man with a nice long overhang and low hangers. Looking for love! Can help with relocation. USA 106

GEORGIA**SIR!**

This Atlanta slave awaits your discipline and orders. I am 33, 5'9", 140 lbs. and need your help and training, please Sir. Box 4409LF

BOOT WORSHIPING SLAVE

WM, 27, 6'0", 180 lb. slave. Sir, this southern boy needs to worship you and your boots. Sir! Sir This boy is into WS, shaving, BD, SM, TT, and rough ass play. Sir! Dominant Master needed. Please write, Sir, or call (404)881-0294. Sir, this boot boy is on his knees waiting for your orders, Sir! Box 4483LF

BODYBUILDER/MASTER/DADDY

seeks young individual to be dominated in a variety of scenes. Photo required and letter of introduction. Rewards for good service. Write to Box #112DS.

MANLY BLACKS WANTED

By white male pussy, 29. Call me and talk dirty or come over and sit on my face and let me smell, kiss, and tongue clean your Royal asshole. I receive golden shower, scat, verbal degradation, light whipping and slapping. Masculine Latinos, ethnic types okay. David, Atlanta (404)876-2251.

ATLANTA

S/M age 30 seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine. Box 4078.

EXTRA HUNG BROOKS BROS. TYPE

Change quick to very demanding ball & nipple torture. Top freak. I am 32, 170 lbs., 10" cock, cut & hairy. Am interested only in men who like WS/FF/piercing and total shaving of crotches. Interested in men with Silicon dicks. Photo gets mine. Box 4074.

HOT TOP

25 y/o 6', 155 lbs., 8" br/bl, lean, hard & defined; looking for bottoms into spanking, dildoes, B/D, JO, light S&M, etc. Send letter with photo to: D. Johnson, 975 W. Peachtree St. N.E. #9A, Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

ATTRACTIVE, CREATIVE

intelligent, 29-year-old, white male, cut, looking for uncut man over 30 who wants a lasting, loving, monogamous relationship. Box 101FQ

CUT BUT...

love uncut. WM, 6'1", 175, 38-yrs, goodlooking, professional, stable. Am healthy, into J/O, safe sex, affection. Seek WM, masculine, goodlooking, no smoke, drugs. Mark (404) 872-1045

GWM 30

Handsome, dark hair, moustache, blue eyes, 5'11", 160 lbs., muscular, 7" uncut and versatile. Seeks man, 28-40, muscular, uncut and well-endowed. Write: Box 54322, Atlanta, GA 30308.

KINKY COUPLE

Top: 6'3", 8 1/2" uncut. Bottom: 5'4", 24, 7" cut into uncut men and those who like uncut men. (404) 523-2564. No J/O calls!

SKINPIX

Collector wants photos of uncut cocks. Exchange possible. Am 31, 6', 150, 8" GWM w/1-in. overhang. Age, size unimportant. Sent to "GA14 in FF listing.

MASC BI RANCHER

Slender, hairy, 39, 9x5 1/2" cut, wants meetings, letters, photo exchange with masculine uncut, 18-50. CTJ, Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709. Clint (912) 924-4038 weekdays, 8-5.

GWM, 30

handsome, dark hair, moustache, blue eyes, 5'11", 160 lbs., muscular, 7" uncut and versatile. Seek man 28-40 muscular, uncut and well-endowed. Write Orion, 1445 Monroe Dr. NE, Apt. C-24, Atlanta, GA 30324

BOOT-WHIP BALL SLAVE

Bootlicking WM, 41, cut, 205, 6'2" into 501 button fly levis, military boots, BD, SM, whipping, Fr, Gr, and ball work (weights, vices, slapping, whipping). Also into Nautilus, duplicate, books, travel, computers. Not into FF, scat, WS, rimming, raunch, piercing, catheters, prods, damage. Travel a lot. Send phone # Box 4344

W/M, 37, 6'1", 180 LBS, BB

43" chest, 32" waist, red hair, beard, seeks very muscular Gr Act man. My place only. Travelling? NE GA? Your letter, photo, info gets mine. Musc, strong, sincere please. Roy, 124 Mulberry St., Athens, GA 30601.

BLACK SCAT TOPS

wanted by Greek passive white bottom, 26. I give funky rear French to and get gangbanged (with rubbers) by rough trade, ex-cons, Latinos, dirty blue collar. Free beer for eager Golden Shower givers. No JO phone calls! Call White Pussy (David). Atlanta (404)876-2251.

HEAVY FISTFUCKING, MORE
given/taken by GWM. Large hands especially sought. Photo to P.O. Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357.

ATLANTA SLAVE

29, needs limits expanded by demanding master or group. Very versatile. Write Bobby. All answered. Box 4080.

HAWAII

29, SINGLE & UNCIRCUMCISED
Looking for women who are interested in giving head. I have a very long (2" overhang) foreskin; my skin is loose and full of large, bulging veins that love suction. B.S., 95-269 Waikalani Dr., 501C, Wahiawa, HI 96786.

ILLINOIS

GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED
Chicago Master: 43, 6'3", 190# with well-equipped Dungeon/Playroom including sling wants submissive slaves or bottoms for: obedience training, bondage, humiliation, discipline, fraternity initiations, paddling, C&B work, SM, exhibitionism, etc. All limits respected. Photos of sessions available if desired. Novices accepted. Race no problem. Will be Drummer Dad to deserving young studs. Also require occasional services of slave to maintain & care for leather toys and playroom and to perform miscellaneous tasks. Send photo if possible to: PO Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60690.

BOY-TOY WANTED

WM, 38, top wants young man to tie up. SM, BD, TT. Have gameroom. Box 1983, Peoria, IL 61650

COCK & BALL TORTURE

Sadist seeks trim slaves for strict bondage, whipping, and cock & ball torture. You will be bound spread-eagle and subjected to prolonged slapping, twisting, squeezing, whips, weights and wax. Intense but safe. If you can take it send letter with photo and phone to Box 4588.

HORNY LEVI/LEATHER TOP

Aggressive GWM, 6', 185 lbs., 34" waist, brown hair & eyes, short beard and moustache, looking for bottoms, slaves into hot sweaty times. Fucking. Sucking. FF. WS. Bondage. Etc. Reply with photo/letter. P.O. Box A3810, Chicago, IL 60690.

WM DAD SEEKS SON

Want son 18-plus who can look and act very boyish. Write: Jay, No. 179, 606 West Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

BOTTOM: 22, 9" CUT

I want a big man. I'm heavy into a big cock Master tellin' me what he is going to do with his cock. J. O'Sullivan, 8411 Andrea, Woodridge, IL 60517. (312)985-1480.

GENUINE MASOCHISTS

sought by W/m Sadist for extended sessions and possible relationship. Your agony is my pleasure, and your pleasure is in keeping me happy! Must be in good shape! Call: Sir (312)261-3912.

GWM 40

Wants brown and yellow bottom—red hanky bottom—Send info & photo Jay P.O. Box 8032, Chicago, IL 60614.



You Can Help!

CELEBRATE

MAIL YOUR ORDER TO:

PROJECT PRIDE

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Tampa, Florida 33605

813-B4PRIDE until 9 pm

Pocket size logo on 50% cotton blend shirts

Muscle T Shirts @ \$12.00 each	\$
Athletic Tank Tops @ \$9.95 each	\$
11" x 14" Posters @ \$9.95 each	\$
2" Pin Buttons @ \$2.00 each	\$
Quan.	FL residents add 5% sales tax \$
Please add postage and handling charges (\$1.00 per shirt or poster, \$.25 per button)	
TOTAL \$	

PLEASE STATE SIZE:	SMALL	MEDIUM	LARGE
NAME			
STREET	APT.		
CITY	STATE	ZIP	
PHONE REQUIRED FOR CHARGES		AGE PLEASE	
VISA OR MASTERCARD NO.		EXP.	

Funds for A.I.D.S. Organizations

BLACK SLAVE WANTED

by WM, blond, 34, for bondage, discipline session—light SM. You will serve me, obey me. You cock, balls, ass exist for my pleasure. Chicago. Send letter. Box 4587

MATURE MASTER

wants casual encounters. You must be between 18 and 40, short, slim, well-defined and know what to expect and what is expected. Blacks and Orientals especially welcome. Contact: R. Smrt, Suite 134, 8827 Ogden Ave., Brookfield, IL 60513.

MATURE MALE MASTER

white, seeks slaves and submissives for casual sessions. Not interested in teacher role, dopes, drunks, or leather queens. Want men 18-50, white or Oriental who are healthy, in good shape, well-set-up and know the score. Prefer between 5'11" and 6'0" and 130 to 180 lbs. Box 4404LF

FORESKINS WANTED

GWM, 30, cut, wishes to service your foreskin—any size or shape—Hispanics especially—the more skin the better. Steve, PO Box 110, 2520 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60614

CHICAGO BM UNCUT

7", 5'9", 190 wants to meet 22-40 year old WM. Must be masculine. Like uncut, but cut OK, too. J/O, oral, anal—others OK. C. Johnson, PO Box 578074, Chicago, IL 60657-8074

MAN WITH LOTS OF FORESKIN
Seeks men with or without skin. You must be into foreskin. Please call or write. (312) 459-3168. USA 279.

CHICAGO UNCUTS

GWM seeks masculine uncuts with plenty of skin to explore. Prefer men over 30, especially Greeks, European men, Puerto Ricans. Am 31, 5'11" and ready to serve you. No fats, fems, drugs. USA 615

BLACK MALE

age 55, uncut, weight 150 lbs., 5'8" would love cut or uncut dicks for very discreet one-to-one J/O exhibitionism, sucking only. Orients dicks also. Must be 50 or over. Answer with phone/photo. No drugs, smoke—just clean J/O. USA 512

BIG T.V. QUEEN

Loves skin, the longer the better. Cheese, raunch, WS, wants to try whole scene, rim too! Let me worship your skin like it's never been done before. USA 273.

TOPMAN

42, 5'11", big gut, long skin wants cocksuckers who know how to handle it. Hairy men preferred. Bondage, tit, C/B work, etc. possible. DM, Box 6592, Chicago, IL 60680

HANDSOME & UNCUT

WM, 36, 5'11", 135 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, 7½" uncut, handsome, trim and very clean, hard body, big balls. Seeks other goodlooking WM, 18-45 for long, hot 1-on-1 or group J/O sessions. Must be discrete, clean, good body. Til stimulation, hairless body are a plus. No Fr, Gr, fats, fems, SM, or drugs please. Married & bi's welcome. Bob, Box 14787, Chicago, IL 60614.

CHICAGO AREA DADDY

W/M, 40 plus, 6', 170, gdlkg., wants to tie, gag, suck & fuck cute, slim, W/M, 21-40. Send phone number, photo. Box 4075.

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

23-year-old novice, moving to Chicago in June, and is just breaking into leather scene, seeks contact with Chicago leathermen (28-32) for an introduction into the lifestyle. Show me how you became leathermen. Box 4064.

YOUNG STUD WANTED

GWM 5'11", 165, brown hair, mustache seeks stud who enjoys having cock, balls, ass, and boots licked. Send photo, phone. I will grovel. Box 4073.

"YOUNG" OLDER GUY

I'm an intelligent, well read, "young" older guy, 50, enjoy erotic correspondence. Meetings possible. Countless male magazines to share. Oral active or passive. USA 258.

UNCUTS WANTED

Want to hear from and meet other men that are uncut. Have never seen a skin that was a turn off. Find "all" skin a turn on. Like the look, smell, and taste of skin. Long, slow mouth and tongue action. Travel. Photo exchange! USA 211.

CHICAGO SKINHEADS

Let my tongue remind you what you've got! I'm 30, 6', 180 lbs., ready and willing to service that sweaty overhang. Hispanic especially welcome. USA 140.

UNCUT OLDER MAN

Am masculine, hairy, 7", like younger, uncut, especially Oriental and Latino. Want action, not talk. Fem okay. USA 137.

CUT EXPERIENCE

Young man was cut in late teens seeks correspondence and dialogue with others who have had similar experience. USA 283.

NEAR NORTH CHICAGO

Uncut blond, blue eyes, 30, desires to make contact with uncut men, 30-40. Lets have dinner and cocktails to decide if we should pursue matters further. USA 111.

INDIANA

SW INDIANA BOTTOM NEEDS TOP
WM, 38, 5'8", 135, cut, brn/blue, moustache, seeks older, bigger Top/Master to service. SM, CBTT, FF, WS. *Teach me—Train me to serve.* Hot mouth, hungry ass eager to please you! Box 4536

CHICAGO DAD

41, 5'10", 165#, fit, professional seeks novice young men for hot sessions. Into leather and discipline, but no heavy SM. Firm but gentle. Write to Box #107DS.

TRUCKERS WELCOME

Chicago area cock sucker, W/m, 26, 6', 175 lbs., goodlooking, bl/bl, moustache, willing to please. Box 142, Crown Point, IN 46307.

BONDAGE SLAVE

anxious to serve. WM, 160, 5'10½" tall, with some limited experience is anxious to be put into your control and to perform services which my master demands. Also interested in initiation experiences either by myself or with other initiates. Am not into FF or electric shock, but would expect strong discipline for master's pleasure. Can travel on weekends in Northern and Central Indiana, or even West Central Ohio. Would also be interested in prisoner scenes, being used as an animal, and dungeon experiences. Discretion essential. Box 4475LF

CUT GWM

50, trim seeks stocky uncuts for mutual fun in South Bend. Art (219) 288-2015

INDIANAPOLIS

42, 6', 185 lbs., 7" uncut floppy ol' dick. Foreskin lover seeks big uncut cocks for mutual cock worship. Turns on to natural cock aroma. USA 244.

COUPLE MID-40'S

Very attractive, professional degrees, seek uncut, educated, attractive males for threesomes, etc. She loves heavy, lengthy foreskin overhang. Any race welcome. Can travel. Discretion a must. Photo of long foreskin appreciated. Name and address, as possible, and telephone. Write: Joe & Kay, USA 182.

IOWA**KEVIN OF IOWA (BONDAGE)**

I lost your phone number. Please write: Lou Bradford, 3 Silver Birch Ave., Manomet, MA 02345

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 longer... Forward photo, specs. & # to Box 3996.

NEED TO BE DIAPERED?

28 year-old married Dad wanting to form lasting relationship with a baby, 18-25, small-to-medium build. Love to wear diapers, plastic pants, cuddling, masturbation? I am looking for you. Write to: Paul, P.O. Box 184, Ottumwa, IA 52501.

NEW TOP IN DES MOINES

Hot, athletic, 5'11", 165#, 37 top wants slim bottom 20-40 for BD, C/B/T/T. Married? Lover? Professional? Never answered an ad? Answer this one. Absolute discretion. Limits respected. Send photo, application with favorite fantasy to Max, Box 8103, Des Moines, IA 50301.

KANSAS**W/M, 29, NOVICE SLAVE**

Seeks master to explore and expand my limits. Need hot top into B/D, CB/T, shaving, piercing, Topeka, Lawrence, Kansas City, Sir, I'm waiting. Box 4852, Topeka, KS 66604.

UNCUT VIDEOS

Would like to find source of videos with lots of uncut action, i.e., auto/solo, docking, infibulating. E.E. Baughman, Box 527, Winfield, KS 67156

KC/TOPEKA AREA

Blond, blue eyes, 6', 170, GWM, uncut, 30s, would like to meet guys under 30 in my area for good times and friendship. Box 102FQ

HAIRY CHESTED WM

wants nude photos of guys with large cocks with long foreskins. Must have 8" or more and have hairy chest. Love nudism, exhibitionist. USA 266

KENTUCKY**NEW TO LEX/CIN AREA**

38-year-old, hairy GWM interested in meeting others into CBTT, FF, toys, enemas, SM, piercings, tattoos, etc.—top and bottom. Reply to Box 4439.

LOUISIANA**NEW ORLEANS**

Young white/oriental wanted for light bondage. No S/M. I'm GWM, 47, (504)831-9298.

FORESKIN STRETCHING

Active foreskin stretcher seeks to exchange foreskin stretching techniques with others. Have foreskin stretching device. Mark Waring, 2301 Severn Ave., Suite A-312, Metairie, LA 70001.

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans, WM, 30, 6', 165, LF4458, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, jeans, jackets, belts, caps. Prefer to be bottom, but versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a HD by days, and I ride a V65 Magna at night in leather. Also have Kawasaki Ninja and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear; Police uniforms and gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504)282-0729, PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. *If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.*

HOT WHITE ASS

White male, twenty-two wants it hot and heavy: Bondage/discipline, tit torture, cock & ball torture. Blacks and Daddy types welcome. Photos answered first. Box 4548

GOODLOOKING GWM

23, 5'10", 150 lbs., with big uncut cock, is looking for other guys with hanging foreskin for sex and/or friendship. Must be 18-35, goodlooking and hung. No fats, fems, SM or drugs. Photo of body (foreskin close up) gets mine. I really get off to foreskin! USA 178.

MATURE UNCUT MASTER

Brown hair, blue eyes, wants to meet only available uncircumcised beefy slaves or other SM couples for exchange. New Orleans area. (504) 943-9875 evenings only to 11pm.

MAINE**MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/SON**

Previous experience not necessary. Live-in relationship possible. Looking for clean-cut, ambitious types. Write and tell me what you are looking for. All letters answered (LF4459). PO Box 2186, South Portland, ME 04106

MARYLAND**BALTIMORE, MARYLAND—GWM—SLIM**

Successful professional, 5'6", 52, 31" waist, swimmer's body, muscular seeks friendship/relationship. P.O. Box 72, Timonium, MD 21093.

SPANK ME

Good and hard, take me over your knees and administer firm, corrective discipline, whack the seat of my pants good, or redden my bare ass. Seek attractive, masculine master. First ad, new to scene. Tired of living in fantasy, time for the real thing. I am 32, 5'7", Greek passive, muscular, cute, boyish, great ass. Photo and letter. Nick, One High St., Box S-130, Medford, MA 02155.

GWM, 33, 5'11"

175 lbs., goodlooking, built, cut. These are a few of my favorite things: Loose pendant prepuces, chewable dockable foreskins, chest hair, and solid virile men. USA 119

WASHINGTON DC SKIN

Uncut, Bi-Wm, 38, aggressive, nice looking, divorced father seeks similar masculine guys to 45. Prefer uncut. Into Gr, WS, kink. Rick (301) 948-4853.

GWM 45

155 lbs., 5'9", wish to meet and correspond with uncircumcised males to share experiences or more, also cut males about fantasies of restoration and stretching and piercing of foreskin and what is left of skin. Also meet MD's about restoration and cutting methods. USA 194.

FORMING USA CLUB

Anyone interested in forming USA Club in Metro area (MD, DC, VA), contact Tom (301) 336-1514.

MASSACHUSETTS

WM, 44, FORMER MARINE

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

WM SEEKS RAUNCHY UNCUT MEN

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

TIGHT LEVIS/BLACK LEATHER

W 5'10" 28 tight body, good looks. Into leather, snug levis, hefty boots. Seek wild, rugged, young dudes and leather-jacketed punks to horse-around, party. Hey studs, let's roll around, bulging crotches, tight black leather pants/faded levis, cycle jackets, gauntlet gloves. Let's cruise late at night on our motorcycles. Sane, straight acting, discreet, masculine guy. Photo decked out in leather gets mine. Will correspond. DIRK, Suite 346, 2 Vernon Street, Farmingham, MA 01701 (LF3994).

BLACK LEATHER and BONDAGE WM, 27, 6'1", 185 needs booted, gloved, arrogant Leather Master for dog training, humiliation, heavy VA and heavy bondage (gags, hoods, collars, cuffs, etc.). Send me your orders, Sir, and I will obey. Complete discretion requested. Box 4576LF

TOTAL LIVE-IN SLAVE

Dad and Son want a GWM approx. 6' tall, 170 lbs., slim body, no facial hair, who is ready to relocate immediately to a small town and live in a large house. You will do house and yard work, but will not work a job. We will support our slave. We are into leather, rubber, SM, B&D, TT, shaving and W/S. Playroom is well equipped to provide discipline when required. No feds, drugs, FF, or scat. For initial contact, call (413) 267-5278 before 10 P.M. Eastern time. We are ready, are you? A doctorate in slavery is not required. LF4247

C&BT, B&D, TT, W/S, ELECTRIC you are 18-28 GWM desiring heavy, but sane, scene. Call DS (617) 256-2968.

RUBBER

Boston, 31, submissive, into hip boots, gas masks, all types of rubber scenes. Seeking others into rubber. Photo please! Box 4494

GWM

35, 5'9", 140, trim well-built, masculine seeking same 20-40, for Master/slave relationship. Would like to be examined in my skin-tight levis and T-shirt with white Hi-top Nikes, bound at wrists hanging from ceiling. Paddle my tight ass in levis, then strip me, torture my cock and balls with leather straps, then shave my masculine cock hairs till I'm bald. Shave my ass cheeks until they're smooth. Keep me hard for hours until my Master makes me cum. Box 4405LF

NICELY CUT AT AGE 10

and enjoy it. Wish to meet and/or correspond with others who are pro-circ. Wish to affiliate with Acorn. Exchange VHS tapes, etc. Box 262.

WM, 34, UNCUT

Will pose nude for photo, also exchange photos. Like TT, C&BT, JO, Fr/a. Write with photo. Frank S., Box 231, Natick, MA 01760.

UNCUT AFFECTIONATE DADDY Butch, versatile, likes other guys, middle-age or youthful, with some preference for uncut. Box 504, Avon, MA 02322.

BIG STINKIN' CHEESY UNCUT BLACK MEAT

Handsome, light tan dude with hard-muscled, dirty, sweaty, unwashed body, hung, filthy feet. The real thing—Tonguebath Heaven. Name is Jet: 6'3", 170#, 38, topman. You: in-shape, muscular, dirty, sweaty young (18-plus) hung, uncut, cheesy, hungry pig. Sease addicts only. Best cheese and toe jam around. Expert. (617) 536-1272, PO Box 504, Back Bay Annex, Boston, MA 02117

MASS—SPRINGFIELD

Dom G., PO Box 4260, Springfield, MA 01101. 02/14/50. White Roman Catholic, 5'8", 250 (at Present) 44 waist, brown hair/eyes, beard/moustache, dark complexion. I love uncut. Seek warm tender caring man (not fem). Prefer blond hair/blue eyes, younger if possible. I am mo:it concerned about disease. Seek someone with same concern. I have not been involved in 4 years. So am very clean. Seek honest & loving. Your photo gets mine.

INTO SKIN WORSHIP?

Help me chew, suck, stretch and worship my 39-year-old lover's sensational long thick skin. PO Box 8, 645 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02115

WM 34 WANTS TO SUCK 1st COCK

Divorced, slim, uncut 7" seeks cut or uncut for long suck sessions. JO to videos—likes beer piss. TV's welcome. Will answer all. USA 701

UNCUT A MUST

Would like to meet with other uncuts 40s and younger, waspy type, hispanics, orientals, but most of all must be straight appearing. USA 509

LOOKING FOR LOVE

Lonely GBM, 6'4", 170 lbs., wants a man to love. My sign is Cancer. I'm quiet, very sensitive, love to cuddle, kiss and make love. Am versatile, can be top, but prefer bottom. If interested please write. Will answer all. Photo if possible. Mass. area please give phone number and time I can call. James. USA 300.

COCKSUCKER

Gets hot stretching and chewing foreskin, watching uncut hose piss, JO, TT, WS, ball stretching with weights, indoors and outdoors. Am 34, 6'2", 185 lbs., brown hair, muscular, 8" cut. Photo gets same. Travels the U.S. USA 169.

INDEPENDENT BOTTOM

Boston area, seeks a mature (35-plus) Top, who wants the willing service of an intelligent, thinking and bottom into bondage, discipline, WS, raunch, and uniforms. I'm 40, 5'11", 170, blond, clean-shaven, smooth body, cut. Ultimate goal is a healthy dominant-subordinate relationship involving the intellect, spirit and body. Sir, let's explore the possibilities. Reply to Box 4474LF. All replies will be answered.

MIKE FROM BOSTON

You're the only one who answered my ad that I'm interested in. I never received your letter! Come down, please. Ed LaFamme, 1943-15th Ave., Vero Beach, FL 32960. Phone (305) 778-0670

PREVENT ROUTINE CIRCUMCISION

Free informational packet includes "The Circumcision Controversy." Write: INTACT, Box Five, Wilbraham, MA 01095.

MICHIGAN

INTERESTED IN CORRESPONDENCE

RE: all forms of circumcision as well as modifications of the genital area. USA 268.

LOVE FLOPPING LACE

40-year-old, blond, blue eyes. Need to meet someone like G. Canali to swallow. USA 285.

JACKSON AREA TOP

36, 6'0", 170 lbs., well-built, long, thick uncut 10 1/2", topman into man-to-man leather SM sex. GR, FR, FF, CB, BD, TT, WS, toys—you name it! You: Masculine, 20-45 with hot eager hole, submissive and willing. Write with photo, specs, # and your favorite fantasy. Box 4539LF

PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM

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

NEEDS DADDY

GWM, 28, 5'9", 140 lbs, 7 1/2" uncut seeks uncut Daddy. I enjoy oral and J/O activities and love to cuddle. Also willing to please you. JIM, PO Box 153, Dearborn Heights, MI 48127

UNCUT MALES WANTED IN DETROIT

I am a sex slave to males that are under 40 who are well hung and uncut. I dig men in leather or blue jeans, with heavy chest hair and a moustache. I am an expert cocksucker and I love all your hot cum and hot beer piss. I dig receiving verbal abuse. I am versatile and like to be master as well as slave. I also dig big black uncut cock. I like to exchange hot dirty voice tapes and sexy photos with pen pals. Love to suck uncut cocks and hot assholes, but not into pain, drugs or scat. Will provide place to stay for visitors to my city. Please send close-up photo of your uncut cock and full length frontal nude photo with your name, address and phone number to: Slave, 533 Manistique Ave., Detroit, MI 48215 ALL YOU STUDS WITH UNCUT COCK, LET ME WORSHIP YOUR COCK & DRINK YOUR CUM AND PISS.

MINNESOTA

FETID FORESKIN

on raunchy 38-year-old, 150#, 5'10" pig needs attention from other raunchy freaks who are 35-50, beefy, dirty, hairy UC & mean. Hot, filthy correspondence welcome. (4571LF) Grant, PO Box 6194, Minneapolis, MN 55406

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER!

Photo, phone please. Write to Box #109DS.

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master: 6', 165, 41, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather. Son/slave: slim, smooth, 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked; must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF.

NOVICE SLAVE

Submissive GWM, 27, needs training by sane, demanding daddy/master. Eager to be used to please right man. Box 4133

HUNKY GUY

37, nice bod—cut with big head—wear rings and straps—into J/O—can shoot 6-10 feet—nice guy—great head. Dig uncut—wild scenes. USA 516

MID 30'S CUT GUY

Into uncut dudes. Exchange photos, letters, etc. W.B. Wells, Box 275, Northfield, MN 55057.

MINNESOTA/TWIN CITIES

Cut GM, near Northwest corner 494/694 Beltway, seeks clean, uncut, masculine buddies for fun times. Bill (612) 425-7233.

SWEDEN POLE SLOVOC MALE

Uncut, 34, Army, Viet Vet, factory worker, average looks/build, 5'10", 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, seeks my equal. Friendship, visits. Box 16027, St. Paul, MN 55116.

WICCAN PRIEST

rides 1000cc bike, sane SM. Wants to contact those with similar interests. Also has opening for permanent live-in slave to serve two professional lovers. Write properly for details of indenture. Must be willing to be educated and relocate. Box 4527LF

TOP WANTS BOTTOMS

FOR PRISON INTERROGATION Spread-eagle, whips, TT, C&BT, dildos, wine enemas, sucking and fucking. Limits respected. Box 4582

MISSISSIPPI

BEER PISS FREAK

WM, age 36, attractive seeks mutual piss freaks under 40, versatile, SM for weekend sessions. Heavy action. Box 45476

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- BELTS
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- BODY HARNESSSES
- BODY JEWELRY
- BOOTS
- BRIEFS
- BUCKLES
- BUMPER STICKERS
- BUTT PLUGS
- CALENDARS
- CAPS
- CATTLE PRODS
- CHAINS
- CHASTITY BELT
- CLITORAL STIMULATION
- COCK RINGS
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- WRESTLING SHEETS
- WRESTLING SUITS

LOW HANGING BALLS?

WM, age 35, attractive, wants to be slave for man to age 45 with big hanging balls. Everything goes. Box 4396

MISSOURI**SEARCHING FOR LEATHER MASTER**

heavily into bondage, enemas, rubber, shaving, etc. Slave is white, 26 yrs., 170 lbs, medium build, novice—needs training and servitude. Master will have devoted slave. Please write soon, Sir. Box 4555LF

BIZARRE-S/M-OCULT

Mature WM wants to meet *serious-minded men* interested in the above. Box 4323

SLAVE WANTED

Dominant white male requires submissive white slave boy over 18 years. Your only purpose in life is to serve. No limits respected. Uniforms and boys with high-pressure jobs a plus. Send explicit letter with nude or half-nude photo. All answered. Write Box #1030DS

BONDAGE AND DISCIPLINE

Ritual discipline needed by 6'2", 190#, 33-year-old blond who can also give same. Novice interested in punishment more than sex, with sane, safe partner. Prefer bare-back whipping, but will negotiate. Write P.O. Box 5311, Kansas City, MO 64131.

2 EXTRA-WELL HUNG TOPS

Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—S/M sessions. Any scene. Have equipped playroom. Description—experience—photo. Weekend sessions good. Live-in apps considered. P.O. Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808.

UNCUT FUN

I am a GWM seeking same for fun. Enjoy stroking and oral activities. hairy bodies, beard or moustache a plus. Let's get together and check out the equipment. USA 281.

WANT TO SUCK UNCUT COCKS

Prefer blonds, 18-22 with slender build, without beard or moustache. USA 278.

SMEGMA &

Correspondence with possibility of meeting desired with guys interested in smegma and urine. USA 266.

AM CUT BUT LOVE FORESKIN

Long, short, mid-way, anyway. Your photo and letter gets my 8" of cut but stretched skin on my dick. Tell me about your foreskin. USA 141.

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.

REAL MEN WANTED

WM, 22, athletic, goodlooking and virgin ass needs introduced to the all-male world. Gets off on muscular, hairy men. Would love long oral session. Prefer Eastern Montana or vicinity. Box 4162

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

LATE 30s, CLEAN, GENTLE
Semi-cut, interested in personable, clean uncuts with respectable overhang, any age over 18. Tom Messenger, Box 20071, Missoula, MT 59801.

MONTANA/IDAHO/ALBERTA

If you live in those places, or travel, drop by and give me a phone call. Ben Steiner, RR 2838, Great Falls, MT 59404. (406) 727-1134.

NEBRASKA**DADDY WANTS SON**

Seeking younger man for relationship (Possible permanent). Daddy: blond German, 6'1", 180 lbs, early 40s, uncut, hairy, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving. Daddy has a variety of interests and can be versatile. Send recent pic and detailed letter to Box 4568.

INTERNATIONAL UNCUTS 25-45

Wm bodybuilder, 38, seeks L/L, uniforms, jocks, truckers, BB, contruction workers, etc. Enjoy WS, SM, L/L, B&D, JO, Exhibit. Letter with photo. No fats, blacks, fems. USA 227

NEW HAMPSHIRE**SLAVES WANTED TO BE TRAINED**

Looking for submissive Gms 18 to 30 for on-location training in good sexual service by 39-year-old master slave trainer. Must be willing to travel. Write: Paul Emery, P.O. Box 477, Intervale, NH 03845 or phone Sir (603) 356-6101.

UNCUT HANDSOME BEARDED GWM

7" brown hair, blue eyes seeks bearded uncut/cut men Fr/ap. Be clean-not sleazy. Bud, PO Box 7214, Heights Station, Concord, NH 03301

NEW JERSEY**TALL BOOTED LEATHER TOP**

GWM, 37, 6' seeks slim bottoms to dominate, paddle and fuck. Letter with exact needs and photo, if possible. Serious only. Box 4545

PISS AND SLEAZE!

WM, 24, good build. Piss on me! Stick your ass in my face to smell your shithole and farts. VA and more. Will travel to NY. Write: Occupant, PO Box 284, Hamburg, NJ 07419

SUBMISSIVE

6', 220 lbs., 47 needs top for abuse of long hot foreskin. Stretching, chewing toys, bondage, etc. Age/race unimportant. Name your scene and allow me to please you. USA 645

PROFESSIONAL MAN WITH LARGE FORESKIN

would like to meet young man (18-21) uncut for mutual friendship. Chance to visit and share the experiences of New York, Broadway shows, concerts, etc. Also visit other big Eastern cities. No obligation. Reply with photo to Jeff Burke, PO Box 6495, Edison, NJ 98819

TATTOED UNCUT

GWM, 5'10", 150, dark hair and moustache, tattooed uncut 6 1/4", big hangers, large pierced nipples. Heavy vac pumper. Bill, PO Box 17 TCB, West Orange, NJ 07052 (201) 674-6078

SOUGHT: GR/a HUNG UNCUT/CUT

any race 29-49, trim/fit who love to fuck. SEEKER: Goodlooking, trim GWM, 35, 5'9", 150#. Not looking for lover—just hot, friendly action. M.G. USA 646

UNCUT WM

6'1", blue/brown, seeks uncuts 18-45 for fun meetings! True stories of adult circ (military, prison, etc) wanted: Duncan, Box 93, Palmyra, NJ 08065.

PROF GWM 39

5'5", 160 lbs., beard, versatile, cut, seeks others uncut or cut for mutual pleasure, friendship, etc. Box 286, Lake Hiawatha, NJ 07034.

WANTED: SLAVE

ME: MASTER is 45, 6'2", 195 lbs., brown hair (getting a little thin top), brown eyes, hairy body, quiet type, straight acting and appearing, good sense of humor, not into games or fantasy trips. Own home in country in Northern New Jersey. Enjoy working a good body. Used to own my own private photography business specializing in bodybuilders, musclemen, MASTERS and their slaves, so I know what a good body is. Muscles are a plus, but not a necessity. I am not a bodybuilder myself, but appreciate that type of body. Into computers, slaves and taking care of my house. YOU: slave, late 20s to late 30s, quiet type, straight acting and appearing, well behaved (important), no nonsense type who knows his place. You must have a warm mouth that likes to be filled with warm meat. Enjoy wearing some leahter: body harness, cock and ball harness, etc., and understand the meaning and value of discipline. Not into drugs of any type. If you can not get it on yourself and/or with help from me, I am not interested. No problem if you are not fully trained. If you want to learn, I will take the time to train you. Live in the vicinity of Northern New Jersey. WANT: Service and a good time, but a quiet time, in and out of bed for weekends with the possibility of having you move into house on a permanent basis. Box 291LF

TEANECK AREA

Healthy W/m, smooth, 6', 172 lbs., 42, masculine, seeks similar honest partner. Top/bottom trade offs, light SM, bondage possible. No drugs or fems. Box 4138.

TORTURE CAPTIVES WANTED

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) captives to chain up and torture. Limits respected but expanded. Man enough? Call (201) 874-6725 after 8:00 p.m. EDT.

BODYBUILDERS ONLY

Very goodlooking WM, BB top seeks bottom. Photo a must. P.O. Box 942, Woodbridge, NJ 07095

ALL-AMERICAN BLUE-EYED BLOND

Jock, endowed, 6', 150 lbs., 24, uncut. I could take your breath away. Jeff, Box 1407, Princeton, NJ 08542. (609) 683-5171.

GWM 24

Seeking men, 20-45, of Italian and/or German heritage with uncut meat for long, sensual encounters with Italian, 6'1", 175 lbs., Nautilus build and quick mind. USA 130.

NEW MEXICO**SELF MADE FORESKIN**

Over 2" long and getting longer and longer. Glad to tell "all", how it can be done. Write for information. USA 259.

NEW YORK**RACK HIM UP!**

Handsome submissive, 150 lbs., 6', 30 seeks hung Master, duo or group with whips for bondage, supervision workout. Rack a plus. Tireless cocksucker—insatiable asshole. No FF or scat. Box 4565

TOTALLY JADED

39, 170 lbs., blond/green, 8" cut, hot, hung, horny and into everything you can imagine (4557LF). PO Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street, New York, NY

HUNGRY SCAT SLAVE

WM, 5'11", 367, 160 lbs., looking for a healthy, responsible top to explore this scene with on a regular basis. Ethnic types welcome. Box 4515

WANTED: FAT MASTER

Goodlooking, muscular WM, 27, 5'11" wants to serve goodlooking macho ex-jocks who are fat and like it. VA, domination, humiliation. Cigar and beer drinkers a plus (212) 580-8049

MACHO TOP

I'm a mid-50s macho top, with a mid-40s body and a mid-30s mind, looking for a macho man who needs care and affection and is willing to commit himself to creating a mutually rewarding relationship. Must also be willing to share mutual trust whether it involves sexual limits, finances or friends. I am 155#, 5'10", medium-hairy, muscular and athletic, sensuous, dominant, sexually experienced and versatile and uncloseted, so am not looking for a "discreet" relationship. I also happen to like bars, baths, raunch and responsibility. I have never had any STD's and am AIDS negative and medically knowledgeable. Professionally I am a scientist, financially secure and can support you fully within limits, but expect you to have motivation and a rational purpose in life or be willing to let me help you find one. Your facial features, physical condition and emotional maturity are important to me, so please send a recent photo. My last lover was a model, but that's not a requirement. I do expect you to be sincere, honest and to respect yourself and your body, and to be willing to make yourself important to me. I haven't mentioned leather, but I wouldn't advertize in *Drummer* if that were unimportant. Box 4520LF.

STUD vs. STUD

wrestling/fighting. WM, 6', 185 lbs., 29, extremely good-looking, blond, blue eyes, muscular stallion. LF4407. Looking for other hot, muscular studs into wrestling/fighting for top. Winner takes all—loser gets fucked long and hard. Looking for men who are 21-45, top, G/A, muscular and willing to lay their ass on the line in wrestling/fighting, ball tug-of-wars, cock fights and other combat for hot, hard matches to submission. I get into wrestling in leather, oil, piss, mud, naked and in jock straps. Looking for men who are also into ball tug-of-wars, wrestling with balls tied together and other hot, hard combat that leads to sex. No bottoms need apply: only looking for serious fighters. Black bodybuilders/wrestlers and muscular hispanics can try... if they think they can handle it. Still waiting to meet the man I can't beat. Wanna wrestle? Located outside New York City: visitors/challengers welcome. Write with picture to: M.S., P.O. Box 712, Kings Park, NY 11754.

YOUNG SLAVE

WM, 25, 150 lbs., seeks well-hung dominant WM 18-35 for FF, enemas, dildos, light B&D, leather. Suspend me in your sling. Send name, address and photo to: PO Box 17043, Rochester, NY 14617

KINKY

pervert seeks big devil dick to worship. I'm GWM, 36, 160 lbs., hung 9" cut, short dark hair, beard & moustache. Into kinky scenes with wild guys. Photo/phone gets mine. PO Box 1351, NYC 10023

WRESTLING—BOXING—LEATHER

Smooth handsome muscled 6', 185 lbs., 29, 46" chest, 17" arms, 32" waist seeks buddies for erotic bouts. Phone, photo or description fantasy. New York City, New England. Box 4546

KINKY LEATHER SEX

Applications with photo a must! Box 897, Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156

WESTERN NEW YORK

Male lovers, 41 & 25, in good shape, looking for trim playmates & friends. We have a variety of interests and can be versatile. Photo please. Write: Ron, Ellicott Station, Box 825, Buffalo, NY 14205.

SLEAZY & SMELLY

WM, 32, 5'11", 160 lbs., seeks kinky male with smelly body, raunchy armpits, very dirty underwear (never enough), cheesy hose. Let me smell, let me lick. Sleazy, WS, leather, uniforms, humiliation, verbal abuse okay. No heavy SM, no scat, uncut a plus, muscles a must, telephone no. for a very good time. Box 4143

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 bladder/dirty ass giving pain/pleasure. 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 captive's helpless bod. Macho well-built leathersmen only, prefer 32-45. No WS, scat, FF, shaving, drugs, damage please. New to area; your own workroom & 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 bodies 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 sessions in Dungeon. No FF, 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 hot action. Box 3880

COP SCENE/NYC AREA

M/w, 29, 180 lbs., 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 preferred. Box 3879

ANYBODY LIKE TO PLANT

His big manass onto my asseating face? Like heating up this daddy's (56, 6', 190#-resembles Lloyd Bridges) cocksucking mouth with your beerpiss, before he sucks you off? A removable denture assures a velvet B.J. I'm hot for nippleplay; will pig out on your pits, crotch, balls, feet; service you, you and your buddy(s) without reciprocation. Turn-ons: muscles, tattoos, skinheads, big pecs, thighs & asses, facial and body hair and especially beerguts. But no really horny stud refused. Will travel. (212)684-3582.

WEATY HORNY JOCKS

Do you fantasize your big, sweaty feet (size 11=), serviced by a hot WM, 29, 6'1", 185 lbs., who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212) 675-7352 between 8-11 PM for heavy locker room action.

FF TRAINER WANTED

NYC WM, 33, 5'7", 140, slim. Seek a trim, experienced FF Top to train my novice ass and make it a huge hole for double-fisting and giant dildoes. Box 4046LF.

SIR

N.Y.C. OR L.I.

WM, 35, 5'7", 170 lbs., 46" chest, 34" waist. Born to serve in leather, a Master over 30 who can take control and show me he's boss, Sir, I am into B&D, WS, FF, body shaving and body piercing, enemas, humiliation, verbal trips, plenty of tit work, look for long time relationship, will relocate for right Master. Serious and sincere. Sir: Please send order form & photo to: J.H., P.O. 534 Long Beach, NY, NY 11561.

FIREMEN/RUBBER

Let's turn on the hose. Fireman looking for same in rubber turnout gear. 40s, 5'8", uncut. Write with picture to P.O. Box 222, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

WANTED: MARLBORO MAN

Short, mature, well-built, GWM BB, 8" uncut, Fr/ap, Gr/p seeks tall, lean, mature, Gr/a Marlboro Man, any race with big thick uncut cock. (516) 483-8076

UNCUT LOVER OF OPERA

and classical music, mid-thirties, would like to meet similar for sex and music. Call (718) 544-6933, Steve NYC

NEED SKIN & ROUGH ACTION

Admire skin, especially during WS. Possible commitment to abusive-type top. Am cut, 38, GYM, good job. J. Patrick, Box 16, 314 West 52nd St., New York, NY 10019.

FAT SHAVED BALLS

15" around on 6'2", 180 lbs., serious vacuum pumper w/skin for stretching. Box 221, New York, NY 10028. Photo w/phone only. Write!

BODY WORSHIPPER AVAILALE

For your pleasure. Am expert suck slave. Like WS from uncuts whose body and attitude deserve worship. Health conscious. Call Mike (212) 989-8218.

WANTED: BIG JUICY COCK

Loose foreskin, oral & JO pleasure. Send photo & phone to: Box 277, Times Sq. Station, New York, NY 10108. You won't be disappointed!

UNCUT MASTER

40, 5'11", 160 lbs., seeking slaves for piercing, chewing, nailing, sewing and padlocking of the foreskin. Into all forms of SM. All fantasies realized. Ken Bender, 4292 Belmont Dr., Liverpool, NY 13088.

UNCUT DADDY

Looking for young men to enjoy good times with. JO, French and more. I'm 28, 240 lbs., 6', sincere, intelligent and can laugh. Box 198, Rensselaer, NY 12144.

2" LOOSE FORESKIN

With 4 piercings securing foreskin over head with crossed barbells, well developed ringed tits, for heavy action. USA 174.

FORESKINS WANTED

By hot, hung, young, trim, cut man, mild to raunchy scenes. Alex (212) 989-9748.

GWM 44

5'10", 160 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, into leather, working out, jockstraps, 7" thick, covered glans. Seeks same for cock worship. Neil, Box 645, New York, NY 10008. (212) 538-0690.

GAY WHITE MALE

Seeks uncircumcised Hispanics or Blacks with heavy foreskins for mutual fun. Come, let me fulfill my wildest fantasies. NYC. USA 143.

HUNG 9 1/2" AND 6" AROUND

Want to meet well-hung uncut with long foreskin and a good imagination. USA 134.

38 YEAR OLD IRISH

6', looking for rich, elderly man, monogamous. I will relocate and be a honest friend. (212) 567-6683.

BIG OVERHANG/HARD OR SOFT

Seek serious foreskin game players, uncut or cut. One-on-one or groups. Wm, 5'9", 170 lbs. Box 1858, N.Y., NY 10185.

GOODLOOKING GWM

Mid-30s, looking for same or younger for casual evening or possible relationship. Wide variety of likes and hobbies. Very health conscious. Hoping for uncut response. USA 107

NYC

GWM, 6'2", blond, 175 lbs. seeks GWM or light Hispanic males for fun or relationship. Call (718) 424-1064 or write Box 535, Elmhurst, NY 11373.

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HOT MUSCULAR BOTTOM

31, 5'8", 140, great tits, hole, needs to be used as sextoy by healthy, muscular top (or group). Ever wanted to take a clean-cut guy, get him stoned, and do all those nasty things to, I am that guy. Anything but scat or heavy beatings goes. John, P.O. Box 1058, New York, NY 10113

WHIPPING

Tall, moustached, X-college athlete needs a trip to your woodshed. Make my butt burn. Photo. Travels surrounding states. Box 4586

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, into man-to-man, heavy body contact, face punching and verbal action between 2 raunchy jock-filled studs. Also spit, hairy pits and pees. Wants a man who gives what he takes. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

CIGAR MASTER, BIKER NEEDED

22, Italian boy needs honest master. Permanent ownership, honest. Cigars a must. Claim your boy. Dad. Box 4584

SAFE HOT BONDAGE

Healthy, handsome, WM, top, 35, 5'10", 160 lbs. blond, gym body, seeks healthy WM bottom 21-30, with smooth slim good body into hot sex and safe, light bondage and discipline. Upper nude photo, phone to Box 4537.

SCORE YOURSELF

Are you: 1)Young; 2)goodlooking; 3)muscular; 4)healthy; 5)submissive; 6)obedient? Are you prepared for: 7)Slavery; 8)training; 9)punishment; 10)two tall, goodlooking blond men in their 30s—Master and slave? Add one point for each YES. If you score a 10, send details for each YES accompanied by recent photo for verification of first three questions. Extra points will be given for essay detailing additional qualifications. Box 673LF.

UP-STATE LEATHER MASTER

seeks slaves for full leather training. I'm in 30s, tall, muscular, dominant, you, with booted Master in fully equipped dungeon. Respond if in 30s, 40s, white, muscular, with photo. Box 4418

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

WM, 42, discreet, sincere, LF4471, cut seeks licenced surgeon, especially Hispanic, any age/race in the Tri-State Area to lengthen piss slit, enlarge tits/nipples, implant multiple piercings (tits/nipples, cock, balls, ass, "tang", belly) and catheterization to remain for days, plus extensive urological, cystoscopic, protological exams, steroid and estrogen therapies. Anesthetic possibilities optional. Have adequate health insurance and am prepared to pay privately, if necessary, for professional talents not reimbursable. Into cock suturing, ball-sac reduction, rectal enlargement and severe recircumcision. Contact experimental "animal" at (516)265-5181, 9 PM—7 AM, Mon—Fri, and 24-hours weekends. Write Boxholder, Box 3092, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017. Please call, doctor—your slut needs this.

YOUNG UNCUT TOOL WANTED

Let me service you with my hot wet tongue. Send photo/phone for fast action. USA 503

UNCUT—LOOSE SKIN

I am uncut with loose skin. I particularly would like to meet: 1)cuts who enjoy foreskins; 2) those who enjoy daddy/boy fantasies with an uncut; and 3) young uncuts (but all uncuts welcome!) USA 315

Would like party with several Latin guys with real long foreskins. USA 513

HANDSOME GWM BODYBUILDER

Blond/blue eyes, 26, love foreskin, am cut, thick, Gr/a, Fr a/p. You are uncut with excessive skin. Pref Puerto Rican, Italian, smooth, slim, 20-40, discrete. Photo. 124-28 Queens Blvd., St. 564, Kew Gardens, NY 11415.

TALL DARK HANDSOME

30, hairy legs, strong, smart, horny, seeks gentle, uncut guy for good clean fun. Like new music, exercise, laughing. No drugs. Photo & phone get same. USA 215.

PARTIALLY CUT

Hairy 45 year old, 170 lbs., 6', partially cut, is interested in other uncut men who like hot foreskin action with another man who really knows what to do with a foreskin. Long, snug foreskin with cheese a plus. Call Duke (212) 369-9645.

CHEESE & WINE PARTIES

45, 6'2", hairy, tattooed, have super overhang, loaded with cheese. Lower Hudson Valley (NY). USA 206.

7½" HEAVY FORESKIN

5'10", 145 lbs., nice balls, nipple play. USA 205.

IF YOU'VE GOT THE UNCUT BEEF...

I've got the buns. Me: 26, 5'10", 140 lbs., br/br, horny! You: muscular, hairy, hung big & thick. Big foreskin a plus! Box 620, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

PARTIALLY CIRCUMCISED

Long Island, 8½" cock seeks full restoration and immediate pre-surgical stretching by uncut male who seeks total foreskin care. Call (516) 922-7843.

GWM 39

5'6", 130 lbs., dark hair/moustache, hazel eyes, cut but restoring, wishes to meet men to age 50, in shape please, prefer uncut, especially interested in restoration experiences. USA 198.

UNCUT BLACK OR WHITE

Like to meet other uncut guys (black or white) who appreciate foreskins, including fondling and chewing. USA 195.

GAMES & SPORTS

Interested in games and sports, exchanging views on same, rather raunchy. Pen name: Clipper (as of hair). Easy going and to know. Photography. USA 193.

HOT LUSTY MALE

With 8" of hard, uncut cock seeks horny uncut playmate for JO, foreskin stretching, etc. Prefer hairy, bearded or moustached types. No fats, fems or pain. I'm 6', 160 lbs., and 42. USA 191.

HOT MOUTH

For long foreskins, likes clean sessions to work them over; I know how to work on long or short, thick or slim skins or those with piercings or phimosis, NYC, avg hunk, 160 lbs., 5'9", brown hair, blue eyes, warm personality. Tony Collins, Box 6969 FDR Station, New York, NY 10022.

FORESKIN: THREE INCHES!

Looking for other uncuts into skin games. hot GWM, 5'6", 130 lbs., 38, nice body. Photo of foreskin. R.B., 444 Hudson No. 133, New York, NY 10014. (SEE PHOTO)

PATIENTS WANTED

For medical scene experiments, foreskin stretching a specialty. Also complete range of catheters available. USA 179.

LOVE THAT SKIN

I seek a gentleman with foreskin, a good overlap, and good size cock to meet and get to know more about foreskin and enjoy it together. I am 45 years old, 6', medium-build.

HORNY ITALIAN RAUNCHBAG

And hung like a horse into unconventional 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.

MATURE MACHO MAN TITS

Bare your chest with mine for sensual nipple action. Write: Box 649, New York, NY 10156.

COP SCENE

Uniformed cop into any cop fantasy. W/m 45, 160 lbs., looking for same. Also collect cop uniforms. R.A., Box 689, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

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/takes/fems. Box 3566

DOMINATING DAD

Enjoys wrestling with his well-built boy, either in fun or to punish him for disobedience. Slapping, tits, feet, humiliation all part of it. Hot if son occasionally beats the big man. Let's hear from you boy! P.O. Box 655, NY, NY 10163.

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 P.O. Box 3086, Kingston, NY 12401. (LF4092).

BIRTHDAY SUIT PARTIES

Gay male nudist. Stamp/photo. Studio 608, 14 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10012.

FIRE AND ICE

Top looking for prime quality ass to cool off, heat up, and fuck. Oct., 140 Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156.

HOT EXPERIENCED SLAVE

CBT, TT, all basic SM, well-hung, tall, slender, 40s, moustache, weekend service between Syracuse/NYC. Box 4157.

NYC TIMBER

Is there a Drummer out there (over 6', under 230 lbs.) who has learned to prefer to cuddle and kiss? Box 4165

BELTMASTER

Handsome novice M, 34, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeking education in receiving belt and bare hand. Muscles and beard a plus; expertise and guiding hand more important. Also FF, shaving and good hot sex. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4163

HOT HAIRY PISSHOLE

30, wants intense humiliation from arrogant, real men who spit/step on faggots. Box 4172

BIG MEAT NEEDS CONSTANT ATTENTION

If you can't get enough of the sight and feel of a heavy, veiny prick overhung with thick folds of juicy skin, I'm the guy for you. My prize wants to fill your gagging throat, nurse, nuzzle and drool over my long loose skin. I'm waiting for your greedy service. USA 517

MAN-TO-MAN

Masculine bodybuilder, 32 years, 45 chest, 32 waist, solid, hard muscled, big arms & pees, dark hair, moustache, Italian, masculine and straight appearing intelligent and sensitive wants to meet dominant no-nonsense take charge man into manly physical action and intense mental and emotional exploration. Extremely health-conscious. Our physical and emotional limits expanded. Nick PO Box 1350, Jackson Heights Stn, New York, NY 11372. (LF4020)

BIG BLOND SLAVE WANTED

by tall, hot muscular leatherman, 35, Pete (212) 924-6606. No others, please. Prefer 18-29-year-old.

TOILET SLAVE

offers full service, and the most spankable ass in the Western Hemisphere, to handsome or cute young studs under 30, one-on-one or gang banks. Shaved head, trim body. Long-term relationship desired. Sir. Face photo in first letter to: Jim, P.O. Box 84, DMS, 132 West 24th, New York, NY 10011. Be sincere...I am.

FUCK THIS FACE

deep-throat expert seeks heavy-hung for regular oral action, no reciprocation. Out-of-townners welcome. Condoms, poppers OK. Has another Fr/a buddy for 3-ways, if desired. Send photo and description of needs to: FOX, P.O. Box 20036, New York, NY 10129.

BODYBUILDER SEEKS SPONSOR

33, 5'10", 155 lbs. 45C, 16A, hung-thick. Seeks older, submissive, generous sponsor, any area. Pix available. P.O. Box 585, Palisades, NY 10964

WANTED: THICK MUSCULAR SLAVE

by tall, 'demanding, good-looking, intelligent Master. Send photo and obedient request to: P.O. Box 20004, Lond. Terr. Sta., New York, NY 10011. Prefer 18-29-year-old. Photo a must. Get to it!

THREE WAY ACTION—VERSATILE

(716) 847-2434

LEATHERMASTER/DADDY BARBER AND BONDAGE EXPERT

seeks healthy WM slave/sons for training/use/abuse. Intense administration of heavy bondage and strict discipline. SM, Leatherworship. Service Patrol Boots well and get special attention. Required for reply: respectful letter, photo, phone, address. Box 4616

COCKY ENOUGH?

You are in-shape, uncut and cocky enough to tell an in-shape cut about it. NYC late nights begin with my call. Maybe we meet...maybe not. Send photo/phone to USA 707.

8"—6" THICK—BIG VEINS

WM, 42, 5'10", 162, uncut, 8", 6" thick, big veins, big balls, enjoys hot J/O one-on-one or group. Nude photo exchange. J.G., Suite F-16, 444 Hudson St., NY, NY 10014

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. Photo/phone. BW, Box 149, NY, NY 10012.

DRUMMER DADDY/TOP

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

FAGGOT WITH FORESKIN

27 yrs., goodlooks, swap photos, stories, drawings, etc. J/O rules. USA 522

6'2", BLOND, 7"
cut, young-40s, masculine, trim seeks GWM or light Hispanic, uncut or cut, into docking. (718) 424-1064, Box 535, Elmhurst, NY 11373

ORIENTAL? BLACK? EAST INDIAN?

Hispanic? Looking for a lover outside/inside your racial/ethnic group? Call (718) 426-2288 for free questionnaire.

UNCUT

WM offers and desires friendship, unhinged versatile sex with uncut or cut any age, any race. Box 115, Jefferson, NY 12093.

WHEN IN DOUBT...

call (212) 570-9740. The heart is big—the rest is fate—the name is Jeffrey.

NORTH CAROLINA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

I hope I have let enough time pass to give all the jerk-offs and time-wasters a chance to either get serious or get lost. I still seek a live-in slave. I do not wish to waste time with idle, jack-off fantasies. If you are serious about being a slave, then we can talk. You will be interviewed, tried, and trained. You will be loved when earned, punished when deserved. But always cared for. Your pleasure will be to maintain a sound mind and body, and to always try to please me. You will be disciplined as my father disciplined me, and will be a better man and slave for it. For a serious interview call Randy: (704) 865-0983, or write: 1729 Hudson Blvd., #76, Gastonia, NC 28054.

WINSTON-SALEM

GWM, 30 years, 150 lbs, 5'11", black hair & beard, intelligent, likes sports, outdoors, enjoying life. Stable & secure. Seek other GWMs 20-40 for friendship or whatever. Write P.O. Box 10135, Winston-Salem, NC 27108. Penpals welcome.

GOOD HOT SEX

Salisbury, N.C., 36, 5'8", well-built, hairy, uncut man. Seeks 25 to 55 masculine, 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 Piedmont, N.C. You won't forget it! Will travel. Box 3860

BODYBUILDING LEATHERMASTER

Black leather, sweat, handcuffs, hood, aching tits, hungry red ass, greased fists, contact, smell, suck, piss, submit, release. Box 4128

SON LOOKING FOR DADDY

Am gay, 23 years old, 5'10", slim, 130 lbs., hairless body, 8" uncut. Am lonely in Jackson, NC. Gr/a, Fr/a, blond hair/blue eyes. SASE to USA 701

OHIO

COP SCENE—CLEVELAND AREA
WM, 27, 5'8", 150 seeks booted cop, MC, Mounted, etc. in same age bracket for cop fantasy. No fats, fems, blacks, scat. Photo appreciated. Box 4517

TALL, DARK, HANDSOME

Uncut, 25, seeks friends, lovers, etc., both cut & uncut, for friendship, romance, great sex. Prefer young-looking, bi or gay, who digs a lot of skin. USA 210.

WRITER WANTS VIEWS

Experiences and information regarding circumcision and foreskins. Confidence assured. Thomas Olsson, 3243 Redding Road, Columbus, OH 43221.

BARE-BUTT SPANKINGS

Dad, 49, will tan your hide with hand, paddle, or strap. Box 4449

DADDY/MASTER WANTS SON/SLAVE

WM Daddy/Master 38, 5'11", 200 stocky build, seeks son/slave for fun and games, S&M, B&D, TT, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF.

MASTER WANTED

Goodlooking guy, 22, 6'2", 180, seeks similar master. Humiliation, verbal abuse, etc. P.O. Box 236, Galloway, OH 43119.

WANT YOUNGER COMPANION

Dominant GWM, 50s, likes outdoors, camping, boating, sunbathing, ems, shaving, etc. Need clean, active companion. Nude photo desired, all answered. Box 4131

SHOVE YOUR BOOT

into my leather crotch and I'll serve and service you and your boots. Boxholder, Box 48, Columbus, OH 43216.

OHIO MASTER

seeks live-in slave. Bob (419) 749-4150. Box 251, Convoy, OH 45832.

SLAVES WANTED

2 young WM need totally submissive slaves for frequent workouts, light-to-heavy B&D, WS, Greek. What are you into? Columbus area. Box 4161

OWNERLESS TEDDYBEAR

craves bondage, tit, assplay. Hang me up, stretch me out, flush my guts clean, enjoy my hole. I'm 32, stocky, bearded, hot-looking. You hold key to my wrists, cage, heart. Box 3578, Cincinnati, OH 45201.

GWM, AGE 37 TIRED OF BARS

And usual 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 WM under 50 with firm hand, wide leather strap, and hot nipples for son to worship. Reply Box 3884

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA

51-yr-old, 160#, 6'1". Looking for "Boy" who is heavy into Boot and Leather subservience. No heavy pain, scat, torture. Ph. eves until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

YOUTHFUL DAD

with versatile, clean foreskin, worships cum from neat circumcisions. Will paddle or cane if allowed. USA 156.

GWM 37

6'2", 185 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, masculine and uncut, looking for other discreet, masculine, uncut gay or bi who is into uncut phallic worship. I love the smell of a man's uncut cock along with verbal, uniforms, etc. A photo of your uncut gets one of mine. Men only, please! USA 153 (SEE PHOTO).

MASCULINE WM

36, 6', 180 lbs., 7" cut, Fr/Gr/a/p, seeks single or multi-party meetings with masculine WM in good shape, uncut (hairy a plus). No SM. B&D, etc. Blue collar, trucker, outdoor types. USA 142.

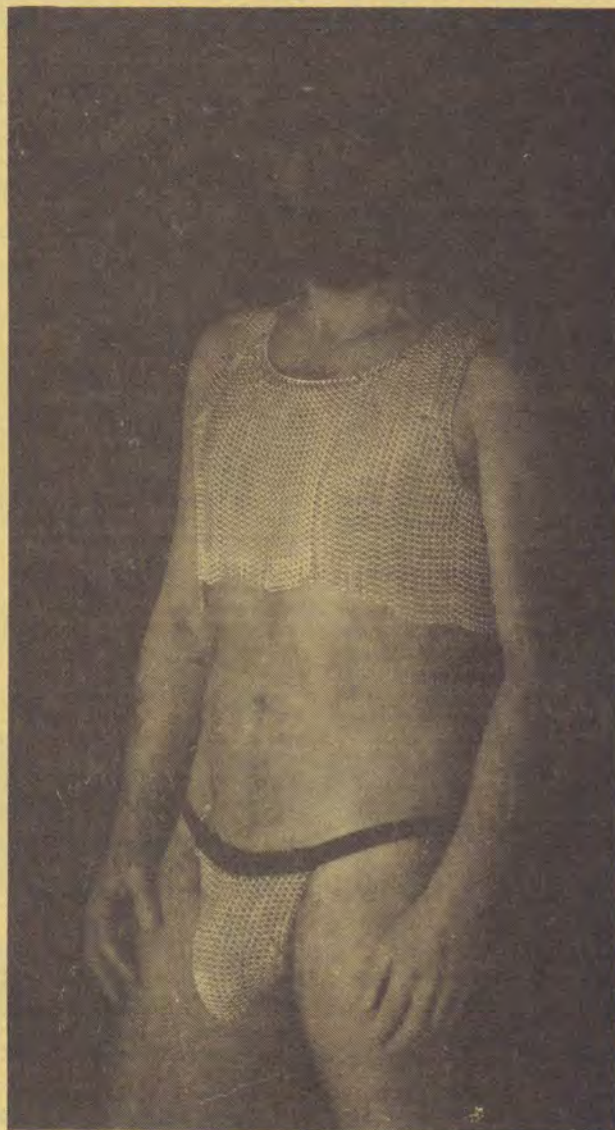
GOODLOOKING GWM

5'8", 145 lbs., jock body, 32, likes uncut under 35, Latin or Black, and cute. Will be outrageous. Chas, Box 451, Lakewood, OH 44107.

CHAINWARE

72 Courtland Street
Providence, R.I. 02909

CHAINMAIL GARMENTS



Hand designed, all metal lightweight chain, molded for the sensuous fit of body-hugging liquid metal.

CHAIN JOCK \$ 85

CHAIN SHIRT \$275

CHAINWARE

P.O. Box 5899
Providence, R.I. 02903

SEND ME:

JOCK, Waist Size: _____

SHIRT, Chest Size: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

HOT GUY WITH 9"

cut dick loves to suck and lick foreskin!
Can suck my own cock, but would rather suck on some overhang! USA 526

CORRESPONDENCE WANTED

from people who are uncircumcised or circumcised, any age over 18, weight & height unimportant. R.G. Bollar, 3501 Clinton, No. 102, Cleveland, OH 44113.

INTERESTED IN UNCUT WHITE MALES

Hair a plus, 18-43, no drugs. Write: B.H., Box 254, Akron, OH 44308.

GWM, 38, 6', 156

Brown/brown Gr/p, Fr/a, love cheesy foreskin. Steve Davis, 948 Brittain Road, Akron, OH 44305

GWM, 40s, 6'2", 185

uncut looking for discreet, masculine uncut or cut into uncut. Like husky football player/construction types and cops. Joe (216) 771-7795. USA 640

OKLAHOMA

UNIFORMED BIKER

Enjoys riding dressed in high boots, leather riding breeches & leather police jacket. Would like to hear from police motorcycle officers and other bikers into uniform in Oklahoma and North Texas to form a uniform bike riding club. For further information call (405) 353-3426 evenings or weekends. 4552LF

MASTER SEEKS 2ND SLAVE-HOUSEBOY

(2 GWM) Master and slave seek permanent houseboy/slave to finish household unit. New slave must be 20-30 years old. Into all scenes except scat and serious injury. Limits respected, but will be trained to suit Master. Must be able to relocate. (NO FATS, FAKES, FEMS) Only seriously interested need to respond. Send personal information, phone, and a recent photo a must. Will answer all. To: SIR, PO Box 23561, Oklahoma City, OK 73123 (LF4534)

MASCULINE BODYBUILDER

Masculine, versatile bodybuilder wants to meet same, cops, military. All races OK. Limited B&D OK; wrestling a favorite. Call Roger (405) 372-7083 (Stillwater, OK).

OREGON

NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem, 6', 178#. Photo/age to Box 4507

EAT MY ASS!

Working man seeks others for no-strings sex. A beer, a joint & a JO buddy. Nothing up my ass bigger than a finger. Also likes jockstraps and group sex. Portland, Oregon or the Northwest. Box 4455LF

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.

OREGON LUMBERJACK

who is heroically handsome, hunky and profoundly professional (35 GWM) seeks similar sapien with no asence of skin, sensitivity, sincerity, skill nor skull. (503) 223-9823

GWM 72

5'8", 175 lbs., 6" uncut w/long foreskin. Enjoy ball and foreskin stretching and oral relations. No scat, FF, drugs. Don't smoke or drink. Have nearly bisected glans. USA 157

KINK & RAUNCH IN PORTLAND
Uncut, 40s, slender WM, into long WS sessions and ? crazy for young slender uncuts. Max (503) 248-0899.

ASS WANTED

Lovers, 28 & 46, want ass to play with and use. No relationship, just fun with your buns. Box 19671, Portland, OR 97219.

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN

W/m, 32, 175 lbs., 6'3", seeking intelligent, honest friends with clothes fetishes, rubber, PVC, plastic jackets, pants, wader boots. All nylon athletic gear. Your interests? Discretion assured. Box 4168

MEAN STREAK

Goodlooking slave, 41, seeks caring master with mean streak for B&D, dildoes, enemas, etc., but no fucking or sucking. Box 4151

UNCUT BOTTOM

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

PENNSYLVANIA

VERSATILE BOTTOM

needs dominant top. I'm into a/p Fr & Gr. Really like to suck cock and be fucked by cock, dildo or butt plug. Would like my limits expanded, but respected. Into bondage, enemas, WS, FF. I'm 40, 5'7", 160 lbs., blue eyes, cut. Please send orders, desires and phone to Box 4580LF.

WANTED:

Top man to teach a big guy the ropes and how to serve. 5'10", 210 lbs., 41. Pittsburgh, PA. Write: Box 4569

MUSCLEMEN NEEDED FOR HARD INTERROGATION

Mild electric shock (6v), C/B work by novice interrogator. Please send photo. Business arrangement—not permanent. Box 4570

MASTER/TOPMAN WANTED

WM, 5'9", 185 lbs., looking for Master/Topman who is into prolonged bondage, with masks, hood, straight-jackets, etc. Boots, uniforms, watersports, whipping—you name it. No limits except no drugs or permanent markings. NY, MD, W. VA, VA, DC, PA Area. Box 4531LF

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX

I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br hair, gr eyes, swimmer's build, straight appear, goodlooking, 8 1/2" cut, dig real men. SM, CBT, poppers, JO, GR/FR a/p, rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply. JC, 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

SUBMISSIVE

needs dominant top, built, hairy stud who is into discipline and sex. No wild scenes, only fucking, sucking and warming my ass. Men to 50 write with photo to: Box 25345, Pittsburgh, PA 15242.

DILDOE FUCK HOLES

Male animals wanted for heavy dildoeing. Slaves also should have aptitude for toys, verbal abuse, spankings, spit, humiliation, head trips, smoke, amyl and general use as male cunt. Bearded GWM master, 32, will train to suit. Send application to: Code 3412, 254 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, PA 19107.

MASTER WANTED

28-year-old Italian-Arabic bodybuilder, 5'10", 180, black/brown eyes, very hairy, seeks BB Master into shaving. Call (215) 691-0586

YOUNG STUD WANTED

in Pittsburgh area for extensive training. I am WM, 6', 180 lbs., 45, uncut, competent, 100% U.S.D.A. Prime with over-equipped leather fuck room. *Men only need apply.* Require mind, body and then some. Can't handle it—fuck off. Box 4406LF

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by Military Drill Instructor. Basic Training in a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough pre-induction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military Jump Boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with lite SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for "A FEW GOOD MEN" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to re-live their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, BOX 242, Penndel, Pa., 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. LF4257

SPONTANEOUS—PHILA. AREA

Italian, young 41, high libido & energetic with muscular swimmer's body. insatiable small ass & 8" thick uncut cock. Mesmerized by friendly, warm, brainy, beastly long & thick uncut (cut welcomed) man to snuggle up to for hours of play & exciting delightful good times. Fire one's imagination, and all that jazz! Exchange photos. Joe Di Bella, 1415 South 8th St., Philadelphia, PA 19147

ALWAYS LOOKING TO SERVICE

uncut men. Love to tongue those skinheads. Call Darryl when visiting Phila area. (215) 849-0905. Men in Phila area welcome too.

FORESKIN LOVER

wants to meet any age, size or shape. Other interests are sports and music. Photo if possible. Discretion assured. Show me your skin today. USA 619

MA GWM SEEKS

young uncut any age. Exchange details by mail. Will Cochran, Box 42511, Philadelphia, PA 19101

UNCUT FUCK

WM, 50, 5'11", uncut, loves to give head then fuck my partner. Have 6" tool, longlasting with know-how. Nude photo a must. USA 280

HARRISBURG/READING AREA

Looking for foreskins in this area for mutual oral and JO action, also playing with foreskins. USA 124.

PHILA AREA

GWM like all male equipment, will do it to completion, reciprocation not necessary. Cleanliness a must. No weirdos, fats, fems. USA 161.

NIBBLE?

I like to nibble on the foreskin of my bed partner. I swallow semen and I get sexually aroused by putting my tongue all over your asshole. Anyone in this area, please call. USA 180.

EARTHY-SEXY-OPEN

38, big chested teddy bear with nice cut 7", fascinated by warm, mature, bright, beefy, thick, uncut cuddler. J. Miller, 826 Pine, Philadelphia, PA 19107.

WILL BUY PAMPHLET

Given mothers on caring for plastibell circumcised penis. Has color photos of proper appearance during healing and after bell and skin fall off. USA 243.

PITTSBURGH AND TRI-STATE AREA

Muscular top, 29, 6'3", 220, X-college football player is accepting applications for a body slave. Applicants must be straight looking

and acting, muscular and between the ages of 17 and 40. Will consider newcomers, but you must be ready to serve a Master. If you're not sure you want to serve, don't waste my time with your application. Send your photo and application to MASTER, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116. (4484LF)

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX

I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br. hair, gr. eyes, swimmer's build, straight appearing, goodlooking, 8 1/2" cut, dig real men. SM, CBT, poppers, J/O. Gr-Fr a/p—rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply. JC, PO Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401 (LF 4047)

RHODE ISLAND

I NEED A LEATHER DADDY NOW!

Blonde son, 6', 160, needs a possessive daddy proud of his leathers. Bondage, verbal, fantasies. Inexperienced, but devoted. No pain or scat. Box 4614

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.

GWM, 39 (BUT LOOKS 30)

Fr-a/p, Gr-p/a, looking for both uncut and cut men to the age of 40. I'm 5'8 1/2", black hair/brown eyes, 200#, 6 1/2" uncut cock, beard, moustache and moderately hairy. Couples and groups please also write. No SM, FF or the like. Write to Joe Calo, Box 95, Woonsocket, RI 02895

VERY HAIRY (AND I LIKE IT!)

Light brown/ash blond hair, blue eyes, 34, 5'4 1/2", 140 lbs., Fr-a/p, Gr/a, kissing, cuddling, hugging and making love are super important to me. Send photo of your heavy-duty overhang. Guarantee same day reply. Jim McElroy, Box 211, Lincoln, RI 02865.

SOUTH CAROLINA

LIVE-IN SLAVE

Dominant, Italian GWM seeks to move in with qualified slave. Qualifications are: Age: 25-35; Height: 5'3"-5'11"; Weight: Not over 10 lbs. normal weight; Hair: color, N/P, moustache-mandatory, body hair-OK; Race: N/P; Education: HS grad, some college; Domestic: good cook & housekeeper; Employment: must have steady income; Ass: small buns, tight, hairless; Cock: size not important, must be cut; Sex: Greek A/P, French P, monogamy, bondage; Health: Must see physician regularly. All applicants must submit full resume with current photo and phone. All letters will be answered only if rules are followed. Box 4252

GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR LOST AND YOUR HUNGRY...

If you are tired of poor B.J.s and lost interest in looking for a good mouth for your hot, hung, skin-covered dick and are hungry for attention then give me a call. I will treat your dick first-class. Love to 69 also. Try me—you will not be sorry. I am white, Hot and Horny. USA 703

WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND

Or meet men in my area for social events, 18 to whatever. USA 196.

TEXAS

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG,

Kai, who's story appears in *Mach 6*. I am seeking 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 contact from gay professionals of all

levels. (Veterinarians, Lawyers, doctors, 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.

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS

Austin area. WM, 30, 5'11", 175, hairy ex-cop seeks dominant leather/uniform Topman/Master. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of leather, high black boots, full police uniforms and gear. Also into SM, B&D, TT, VA/humiliation and WS. Gr/p, Fr/a. Photo, phone gets priority response. No scat, fats, fems or blacks. Box 4528LF

EXPERIENCED DALLAS BOTTOM NEEDS FURTHER TRAINING

Blond, 27 seeking man who knows what he wants and how to get it. My fulfillment comes from doing what pleases you, but interest include heavy B&D, heavy CBTT, toilet training, spanking, hot wax, toys, rauch, etc. Overnights or weekends great. Possible total surrender of mind and body to right man. Box 4560

"REAL ONLY"

WM, 5'9 1/2", 50, 161 lbs., average build wants to meet "real" cops (cycle officers especially in breeches and boots) and fireman who enjoy action in gear. Educated and professionally employed. Into leather, uniforms, light SM, versatile. No fems or overweights. Discretion assured. Bob, (214) 526-7354.

DARK, BLACK MEN

W 37 BB craves thorough black sex and correspondence. Pic appreciated. Looks not important. Uncut preferred. Write!! Box 4504

CUT CRAVES UNCUTS

Hairy, hung hunks in DFW Metroplex take note: Age, etc, not important. No healthy hung left unsatisfied. Cops a fantasy. USA 616

COCKRING FETISH

8" cut, 34, 5'8", 140. Photos of swollen cocks in cockrings/ball stretchers/leather get mine. How hard can we make it? Richard, USA 620

BIG UNCUT TEXAS PRIME COCK

8" of thick meat and big, low-hanging "Bull Balls" times two! Two studs, mid-40's, into big, uncut cock, big balls, and cock enlargement, looking for same. K&R, Rt. 1, Box 108C, Donna, TX 78537.

I'M A JOYFUL, PEACEFUL HORNY GUY

Men (20-40 plus), I want to know you, to share myself with you. Let me touch your tender heart, to begin with. Write or let's meet: Joe Rangel, Jr., 539 McCarty #410, San Antonio, TX 78216

GWM 42

6', 165 lbs., brown/blue, swimmer, wants to meet uncut metaphysical gay man for fun and safe sex, long overhang a plus. I don't smoke or drink. Box 70591, Houston, TX 77270.

GWM, 34, 8" UNCUT

6'3", 180 lbs., short brown hair, non-smoker, seeks uncut, blond, brown, or redhead. No fems, beards, SM. Letter and photo to: Gary, Box 7206, Houston, TX 77248.

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; 3018 Lake #7, Houston, Texas 77098.

GWM, AGE 45

New to S&M. Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding 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 participant—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 fats-fems only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Mr. Lenze, P.O. Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234.

HOT, LONELY AND VERSATILE! 6', 180 lbs., healthy and cut WM with stocky build, medium chest hair desires slave/Master meeting and possible lasting relationship. Enjoy JO, TT (am pierced and tattooed), chains and leather, jocks and other athletic gear. Willing to experiment with right person, 25-45. Younger appearance than my 50 years and could assume dad role. Photo, phone and description to Box 4454LF gets mine. Dallas area.

GWM 48

Would like to meet other uncuts in Houston area for fun and games involving foreskin, maybe even a little SM. USA 151.

MARRIED GAY/MOSTLY IN CLOSET

Correspond, some travel in job to Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas. Uncut freak. Have stretched cut. Box 55808, Houston, TX 77255.

TURN ON TO HAIRY UNCUT MEN

But am not locked into any particular type. Would like to correspond with,

exchange nude photos and eventually meet all types of men. I travel with my job. Let me hear from you and lets see what we have in common. USA 225.

VERMONT

HUSKY, BEARDED, 35-y-o BOTTOM

who lives in the country seeks rugged Big Brother/Dad for country work and play. Trucker or farmer deserves total service and loyalty. Relocation possible. Write Box #117DS.

SLEAZE & RAUNCH

Goodlooking, trim, versatile guy, 33, seeking uncut dudes for lots of skin action, Levis/leather, rubbers, sn' ballin', spit, grease, piss, pits, jock straps, boots, dirty talk, rough housin'. USA 185 (SEE PHOTO).

UTAH

SLAVE WANTED

by older Master into AT, SM, BD, WS, CP and other kinky things. Will consider service by mail. KW, P.O. Box 1618, Ogden, UT 84402

EXTRA LONG FORESKIN?

Do you have an extra long foreskin? I do and would like to correspond with or meet a gay man over 40 in Northern Utah. Object: exchange views and whatever. USA 214.

VIRGINIA

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 36, 5'10", 155, BI/BI, moustache, goatee. SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: P.O. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110.

Bull Balls

INTRODUCTORY ITEM



SOFT LEATHER BALL BAG...STRETCHER
FULLY LINED...WEIGHTED POUCH

OPTIONS:

Stretcher: ☐ 1-1/4" ☐ 2"
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(415) 641-4213

MUSCLEBOUND COMP BB

Short, muscular, defined blond BB-leatherman, 5'7", 170 lbs., 31, 17" arms, 45" chest, 30" waist wants to meet another hugely muscled steroid-fed hunk for mutual admiration and submission, open-ass playing, toys, power-flexing and mind expansion. Reply with photo/phone. East Coast preferred. Box 4590

PARTIALLY CIRCUMCISED

and pierced, interested in healthy meetings. Wash, DC area. Professional, 30s, VA10, USA 510

UNCUT BOTTOM

SEEKS DOMINANT TOP

37, hung, masculine muscular Marine can. needs uncut top, preferably Black, Hispanic, Arab into discretion/dominance. Any race OK. Am goodlooking, insolent—need strong arm. USA 710

MUTILATED/ODD FORESKINS

And impact on boys with them is my interest. Wish to contact anyone who was or knew such boys. Box 4304, Arlington, VA 22204.

FORESKIN WORSHIPPED

Love to chew on/worship uncut cocks. Travel a lot, so don't let East Coast address stop you. Larry. Box 2284, Arlington, VA 22202.

GWM 42

150 lbs., 5'8", red hair w/beard and moustache, cut, interested in WS with uncut GWM. Cuts also welcome. Love a good beer piss. Enjoy giving/receiving massages. Fantasy: to meet uncut redhead. Ed, Box 11413, Richmond, VA 23230. (804) 285-9265 days/weekends only.

WASHINGTON

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Master is 30, 5'7", 125 lbs., hot body! Slave should be 18 to 27, under 5'8", under 150 lbs. Photo & phone to Greg, PO Box 71003, Seattle, WA 98107.

DADDY'S MAN

ME: Professional, responsible, 31 yrs., 5'9", 157 lbs., hairy, moustached, balding, naturally masculine (considered hunky), and have eyes that "make a statement."

OBJECTIVE: Long-term commitment to service ("conventional to kinky") and devote myself to a man who will inspire me and is capable of taming my hard-driving nature and eagerness to please. YOU: Confident, stable, age 30-45, good physical stature, non-alcohol-tobacco-substance user, at least a moustache, affectionate, naturally dominant (leather optional), and looking to possess a man's body and soul. I am serious and I'm willing to relocate. Sincere responses with current photographs will get the same from me. J.D., P.O. Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102 (4538LF)

NEED MASTER/DADDY

33-year-old GWM, young, goodlooking, 145 lbs., 5'10" seeks mature, secure Master/Daddy to train beginner/novice for possible permanent relationship. Am tired of fantasy and bars. Need Master/Daddy to respect, obey and worship who is patient and considerate of slaves' limitations, but knowledgeable enough to expand them and ultimately control both my mind and body. Slave into toilet training, WS, bondage, verbal abuse and humiliation; seeks introduction to piercing. Master is honest, intelligent, healthy and financially secure. Slave will need to continue working while being trained. Thank you, Sir. Box 4529LF

GWM 31

Uncut, into JO and group JO, dirty talk w/sex, and fucking each other's foreskin. Occasional water sports. USA 189.

WANT TO KNEEL DOWN AND

stick my nose and tongue up under your long cheesy flap. Could fall in love with uncut man any age. Any in Mount Vernon, WA? (206) 757-6192.

SENSUAL SCORPIO

Enjoys pleasuring clean, uncut men in their 30s or 40s. Must be healthy, good shape, discreet and caring. No interest in: drugs, alcohol, nicotine, addicts. USA 129.

UNCUT GUYS

Interested in meeting and corresponding with other uncut guys. I travel California and the Northwest and would love to share my skin! Box 561, Lynnwood, WA 98046.

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 cuntslave. Appropriate application and photo to Box 3866.

W/M NOVICE 30

Interested in being "broken in" by Seattle-area Master. Into all but scat. Will answer all replies. Call (206) 329-1142 days or midnight.

WISCONSIN

YOUNG SLAVE SON WANTED

Athletic minded, 29-year-old WM, 6'0", 200 lbs., hairy chested, muscular—not fat Dad is seeking a young (18-25—possibly older) slave boy for my son. Should want care in making your body beautiful through weight training, workouts, massages, love & discipline. You: cute, baby faced, young, slim, smooth bodied, young athletic minded stud who wants love, discipline, and could expect TT, C&BT, light strappings, bondage, humiliation—when you're bad. I am sincere and want to get to know, love and take care of you. Phone # and nude photos requested. Level-headed—discretion assured. If you need a dad-coach, I am for you. Box 4581

ROPE

Tight elaborate bondage only. Top or bottom. Send photo and phone. Box 4516

WANNA RASLE?

Join active regional gay wrestling club in Wisconsin, neighboring states. Reply to: N.C.W.S., Box 8234, Madison, WI 53708.

WHIPPING BOY NEEDED:

28-year-old WM master, 6'0", 195, muscular, hairy-chested, LEVEL-HEADED, is seeking a younger-than-master, cute, babyfaced, slim, smooth, hunky or well-defined slaveboy. Should be ready for humiliation, B/D, TT, CB/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

BOOTED LEATHER MAN

6', 178 lbs., br, bl, 9", seeks leather and boot buddies for man to man fun & games (biker, cowboys, linemen, etc). Leather and natural highs only; discreet. Phone & photo please. Write to: Box 9122, Green Bay, WI 54308.

BRIEFS/BIKINIS/JOCKSTRAPS

Turn on by above, tights, tanksuits, leotards, etc. GWM, 42, cut, 31" waist, will swap above with all into this scene. Box 25268, Milwaukee, WI 53225.

WYOMING

WYOMING HARD HAT

Into long, hot sessions is taking applications 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 letter. Be prepared to spend hours in a sling servicing construction workers, cowboys and truckdrivers. Punks, fats and fags need not apply. Box 3888

INTERNATIONAL

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

STINKING GREASY BIKER

27, into dirty leather/rubber gear, scat, piss, looking for mate, angel-type, living in filthy house to help, work with; but really honest. Box 4144

HOMMES FRANCAIS CULTURISTES

L'utteur pour luitte et exhibition (photo obligatoire)—pouvons facilement heberger Paris—Ecrire: Alain Masse, 33 Rue Henri de Villemorin, 94400 Vitry-sur-Seine, France.

AMERICAN, 33, 5'11", 160 LBS

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 mutilation...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

AUSTRALIA

SLAVE NEEDED

30-year-old Master, 6'0", 160 lbs. Moving from U.S.A. to Perth, Australia is seeking a young boy-slave 18-30. Slave must be slim or hunky and babyfaced 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.

AUSTRALIAN CAVALIER

(Uncut) Desires correspondence and exchange of erotic foreskin photos and circumcision fantasies, etc, with horny American male, any age. USA 238.

VISITING WEST COAST

Australian fit WM, 42, 6', 175 lbs., trim beard, uncut, visiting West Coast in Nov/Dec '84, into circumcision fantasies, B&D, looking for intelligent top into same. USA 135.

AUSTRALIAN MALE UNCUT

would like to exchange correspondence with American males. Long pierced skins, smooth shaved bodies, also genital modification and auto fellatio photos. Any age. USA 600

BRAZIL

LATE 20's, 135#, 5'8 1/2"

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

CANADA

BOOTMEN

Any unwanted/wornout boots (any type) lying around? Don't toss them out—I'll gladly take them. Old sox/jocks too. Box 4446

SERIOUS SLAVE

WM, 5'8", 170 lbs., wants Master for long-term relationship. Slave into leather, boots, discipline, C&BT, humiliation, dog training, etc. Slave is handsome and of good company, looking for hairy, beefy, heavy top who will instruct and punish me. Eastern Canada (Eng or Fr). Can relocate. Only interested Masters looking for serious, long-lasting SM relationship need to respond. Send pic & letter to: Box 3984

Being top or bottom to momentarily satisfy one's own needs is unrewarding. This 5'9", 160 lbs. 38-year-old bottom is ready to commit himself (mind, heart, body) to the training of a heavy built, serious, demanding but loving and protective Master. Do you exist? PO Box 872, Station H, Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

WANTED

Guys who play autoerotic rope scenes willing to share with uniform, leather, booted guy, 35, for mutual satisfaction. Box 5327, Station A, Toronto, Ont., Canada M5N 1Z2.

TORONTO—HAIRY MALE

30, 140 lbs, 5'8", swimmer's build. Seeks similar age 18-35. Into asses, cocks, tits, jockstraps, sweat, versatile. Box 3854

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) 244-3295.

ONTARIO SIZE FREAK

First hobby: huge cocks with heavy foreskin; Second hobby: same with no foreskin; Third hobby: Standardbred Horse racing. Like either—or all. USA 605

LOOKING FOR RARE BREED

Looking to hear from uncut Americans (the rare breed) or any other uncuts; also from men who underwent circumcision as adults (past puberty). Share it with me! USA 277.

QUEBEC/MASCULINE

White male, 33, 5'10", hairy, stocky, 200 lbs., considered handsome, uncut, would like to meet uncut guys, 18-25, for interesting times. Speak French, English, some Spanish. Love travel, sports, rock music, porn videos and books. Uncut experiences a real turn-on. Uncut water sports, docking and Fr. a/p. Possible new experiences. USA 269.

ENGLAND

MAN WORSHIP

Armpits, Assholes, Bondage, Boots, Dicksuckin', Intense malesex, Jockstraps, Leather, Muscles, Nuts, Pecs, Respect, Service, Sox, Sweat...maybe even love. This mustacheman is 35, tall, lean n' mean. Wanna connect, fucker? Box 3755LF

38, SLIM WITH 7" UNCUT

tattooed cock wants contact with all you guys with good unwashed overhang for raunchy foreskin correspondence and future action. USA 713

CIRCUMCISION

CAUSES IMPOTENCY

Some are not sensitive enough to enjoy sex after they are desensitized by circumcision. Have it only if it's badly needed.

ENGLISH MERCHANT MARINE
late 30s, 5'9", slim, 8", long foreskin, visits West Coast US/Canada every 8 weeks, wants to "dock" with any uncut guy into raunchy foreskin games. Any scene is OK as long as foreskins play the predominant role. Want to meet experienced, filthy-minded leather/rubber master. Photo appreciated, mine in return. USA 706

BRITISH UNCUT LAD
28 years old, 6', slim, attractive, seeks uncut lovers for correspondence and meeting. Horny foreskin letter and photo exchange. Love tongue under foreskin for hours, especially if cheesy. Detailed letter with photo answered first. USA 305.

MEXICO

MEXICO CITY
Tall, attractive, green eyes, well educated, clean, nice character, 39 Gr/p, Fr/a, straight appearance wants to meet attractive Gr/a, Fr/p. When coming to Mexico City write: AP 12-772, Mexico DF 03020

NETHERLAND ANTILLES

ASIAN MALE
Inexperienced Asian male, 26, 5'6", 135 lbs. seeks GWM up to 35 for penpal friends, lover. Blond, twins are turn-ons. Write with photo. Vacationers welcome—discretion. No fats, feds, blacks, drugs, SM. Hareh Moorjani, C/O P.O. Box 105, St. Maarten, Netherland Antilles.

SPAIN

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN
with well-equipped training room accomodation is taking applications from macho nude pig slaves into heavy bondage, cocksucking, fistfucking, watersports, hot wax, catheters, spanking, whipping, piercing, dildos, CBT, to serve me. *Serious only need apply.* Submissive, horny cocksuckers will be controlled and disciplined to be my obedient slave. Send description, qualifications, and state what you want. To be accepted into my service, be prepared to spend hours in a sling. Leather chaps, uniforms, jockstraps, body hair, tattoos preferred, but not required. Willing to try most scenes. Interested in world-wide contacts—travel often. Send photo, letter & phone today, boy! Fernando, Escalinata 3, 61ZDA, Escalinataz, Madrid 28013, Spain. *Note to those who have previously written: Address has changed; please resubmit your correspondence.*

WEST GERMANY

AMERICAN IN GERMANY
Ex-patriot living in Frankfurt area. 35, blond, 6', 155, moustache—seeks leather/levi contacts for friendship and sex. Enjoy poppers, cockrings, chaps, toys, TT, CBT, WS. Moustache and hairy chest preferred. Am willing to provide short-term accomodations to American men visiting Deutschland in return for same when I visit USA. Discretion assured to European contacts. No hard drugs or chain smokers. Have video and playroom for mutual pleasure. Box 4456LF

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

BERLIN, GERMAN
6'3/185, dk bld, moust, into L/L and related activities, not just limited to BD, SM, CBT, shaving, experiments, wants to meet men into some, all or more of the above. Traveling quite often. Send letter of your scene and photo to Box 3946.

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.

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"Others read you—
What do you read
for a turn-on?"

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Phil Andros (*The Amazing Adventures of Phil Andros*):

When just a tad I got my first hard-on while reading the *Song of Solomon* in the Bible. How I lusted over my beloved, whose belly was like bright ivory overlaid with sapphires, whose legs were pillars of marble and whose neck a tower of David, whose body ravished me, and whose garments smelled of honey and milk. Moreover, his lips were as a thread of scarlet, his hair black as a raven's. Hot damn! My beloved really turned me on. And from that song came the first proddings to hustle, for I was advised there to rise and go about the city in the streets, seeking him whom my soul loved. And when I found him I was not to let him go, until I had brought him into my house, by gum. What happened there was continued in the fascinating story of Sodom and Gomorrah and the visiting angels.

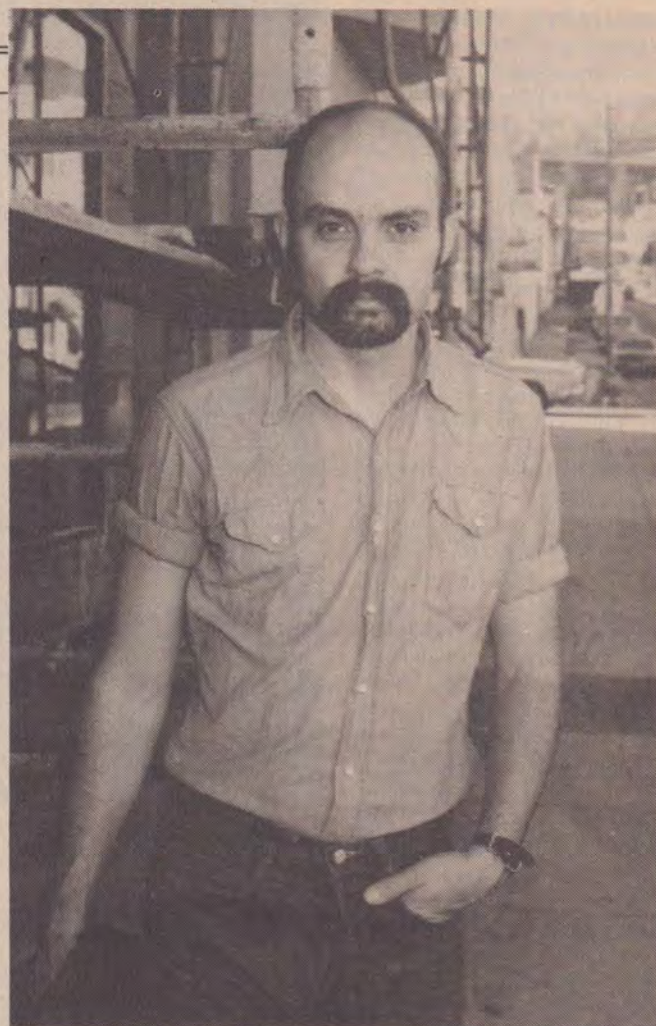
Later on, having grown larger and having exhausted myself over Solomon and his dove's eyes, I turned to those wonderful typewritten stories that circulated from hand to hand—much thumbed and with pages sticking together, bearing stains of coffee, tomato juice, and other liquids too vile to mention. Particularly effective was the story of Angelo with the monstrous endowment, and of the two handsome cops to whose care he was assigned; what happened then can move me even to this day.

And what of now? There are some who bring joy and peace

and calm—Aaron writing about his rod of blue light, John's about bensonite, Jack's about the sadness of leather, and Mason's on brig-a-dears. And I must now make the most shameful confession of all: ole Betsy occasionally still unfolds a little in the cramped and sweaty nest wherein she lies, not necessarily because I am reading my very own writing—which Mr. Quisp has said is "about as delicate as a belch," but because of the prodding given by isolated paragraphs describing certain events, stimulus to the memories of early loves, of lost faces and stalwart remembered bodies, of trim strong buttocks and vanished cocks, all of which make me stand to attention and give a last salute to all the conflicts that have been waged upon the battlefields of a thousand beds.

T.R. Witomski ("Letter from the Slavemaster"):

You'd like me to say something like the Sears Catalog—the shoe pages—or the compleat oeuvre of Andrea Dworkin, wouldn't you? Come to think of it, the Sears shoe ads aren't bad...



JACK FRITSCHER: *Life Magazine?*



MASON POWELL: *Struggling against the ropes with Edgar Allan Poe.* (Photo: Kevin Moore)

Perhaps because I'm in the porno business, I find most erotic writing so ephemeral that even as it's turning me on, it's evaporating in my mind. There's very little that I can re-read and still get a hard-on over. But I do like to go back to my collection of the issues of *Straight To Hell* that Boyd McDonald edited. There's a rawness and an immediacy to that stuff that's really wonderful. It's continually fresh—probably because it's so very unpretentious. And it's also very funny. And laughing while jerking off, that's kinda kinky, no?

I also like some of the SM classics—*Story of O*, *Mister Benson*, all of de Sade, and I'd put *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty* into this group, too. And the vast bulk of the early stories of John Preston retain their erotic power even after many readings. They really should be collected into one volume; it's fuckin' annoying to have to search through a pile of old magazines looking for the particular Preston story that I feel like jerking off to at the moment.

Jack Fritscher (*Corporal in Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley*):

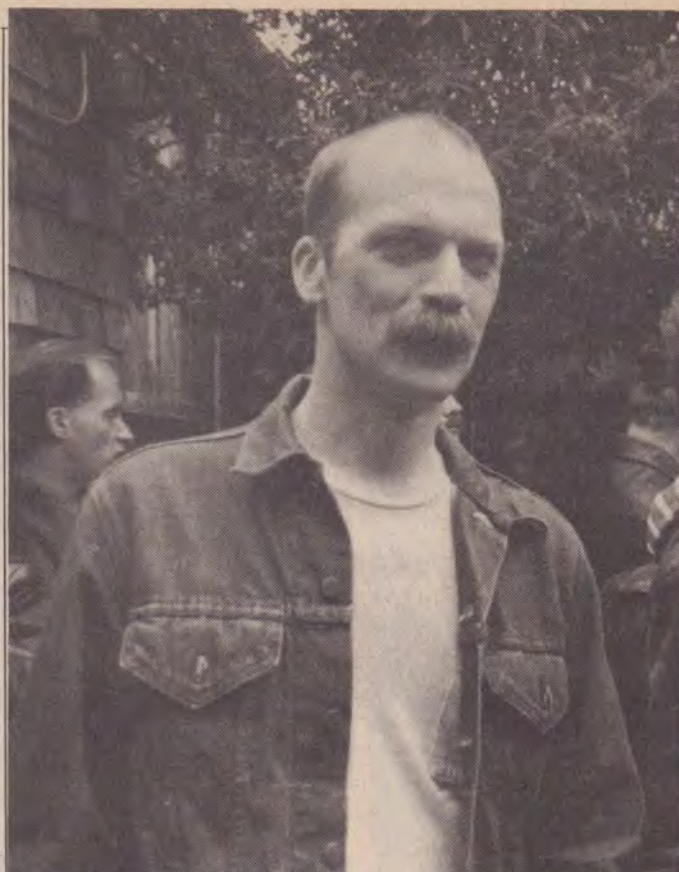
Sam Steward (Phil Andros) is the father of gay writing. I had enjoyed his stories for so long, that when I was editor of *Drummer*, I invited Sam to appear in our pages. Sam invented erotic cops. Boyd MacDonald has always been a fave sicko to read from *Straight To Hell* through his *Juice* and *Cum* anthologies, precisely because the man is a perversatile genius with a sexy intellect. Larry Townsend's work, by that I mean his own writing as much as his anthology-editing, was an early turn-on, particularly *The Leatherman's Handbook*.

Smut is where you find it. Gay mags don't really feed me much. I check the straight press-at-large for the tough stuff that puts the cob down my leg. A few samples:

- *The Pit*, about corporations torturing executives on weekend training courses with bondage, crucifixion, electricity, coffins, and shit (Gene Church, Pocket Books, 1973);

- P.O.W., *A Definitive History of the American POW*

86 DRUMMER



JOHN PRESTON: *Exotic locales, slavery ancient and modern.*
(Photo: Robert Pruzan)

Experience, featuring excruciating long-term bondage, beatings, hangings, and one fascinating torture-masturbation scene; this nonfiction authored by John G. Hubbell and published by Reader's Digest Press, 1976, is an S&M jewel for any man's JO library;

- Always check Time-Life publications for their continuing sick interest in torture and bondage and slime; a classic, representative example is from *Life*, October 10, 1969, "The Hog-Tied Brig Rats of Camp Pendleton." I "use" it to this day.

Mostly, however, it's video that for the last five years has turned me on. I have over 150 hours of homemade and professional bodybuilding competition tapes. I make the bodybuilders pose in slowmo or I freeze-frame them and they become, in my Crisco hand, heroic subjects/objects of erotic S&M.

The *Slave & Master Videos* out of Chicago, when the music doesn't drown out the crack of the whips and the screaming, are highly appealing. Professional wrestling videotapes with, say, Hulk Hogan, Mean Mike Masters

Billy Jack, the Iron Sheik, and Ivan Koloff turn me inside out

Perhaps the best erotic videos for me are the Old Reliable solo pose/JO tapes of rough-trade street hustlers smoking cigars, beating their meat, and shadowboxing with the camera. DRUMMER readers should be familiar with pix of the Old Reliable trash plus reviews of his tapes. They're evergreens in the hard-on department. They sport real TOP ATTITUDE!

Most recently, in Hollywood films on video, I'd recommend totally the long, nude, electric torture sequence that opens Charles Bronson's *The Evil That Men Do*. Also, the ever-sexy Harvey Keitel in a brilliant S&M movie about a cop and a killer, *Contempt*. One film I saw once in NYC that I'd love to see again is *The Case of the Naves Brothers*, a very severe torture documentary. (Anyone know where I can find a copy?)

As a writer, I get as many ideas beating off to video as I used to with popper—when we still could use popper and our dicks and our fists and our whips and our titclamps on other sick motherfuckers.

John Preston (Mr. Benson):

I actually have a hard time with most gay porn these days. I've written so very much that I can't separate myself from the stories and get into them. I'm constantly restrained by the writer's part of my mind that interferences with statements like, "Oh, you did that one once," or, "No, that's not right," or some such other judgment.

It helps a lot when I am given a story with a fantastical setting that gives me the distance to enjoy the types of very explicit and very heavy



DON PERRY: *Straight stuff.*

SM that turn me on. Two examples come to mind.

The *Beauty* books by A.N. Roquelaure are the only works that have threatened my cock with calluses in recent memory. The mythical settings of the books let my imagination flow freely in the most lascivious ways. The humiliations and the submissions of the Princes is some of the hottest stuff I've ever read. I return to it for one-handed reading constantly.

The *Beauty* books share some things with another of my favorites, Aaron Travis' *Slaves of the Empire*. Not only is the setting in ancient times, but there is a complexity to the characters' psychologies in Travis (and in Roquelaure) that makes the work even more enjoyable to me. One of the hottest scenes in gay porn is the one in *Slaves* where the hero and his antagonist are in the gladiators' changing room and the hero feel compelled to suck his enemy's cock. Why? What does it mean and

where is it going to take him? Those questions and the way they're resolved give the work more depth and the turn-on more intensity for me. I've jerked off to those few pages often and I'm sure I'll continue to in the future.

Another major source of literary turn-on for me is found in the various anthologies that Larry Townsend compiles. There is a certain kind of story that Townsend finds that is a sure-fire ignition of my sexual fantasies. It often involves a hidden but real form of slavery in contemporary terms. Not always by the same author, this minute genre is most often concerned with two men initiated into that world, each finding his own role as a Master and slave. The intensity of the SM is greater than in most other gay porn; there is, for instance, often a hint that the slave could be sold. An example, a favorite, is in Townsend's most recent publication, *New Treasury of S&M, Volume 7*. "Toby," by Doc, not only fits the formula, it adds an element that always gets to me: I'm much more likely to be turned on by SM taking place "organically" in a working class setting than sex in a set-up, a leather bar or back room, for instance.

The different setting doesn't have to be as blue collar as the Townsend collections often are, nor as exotic as the Travis or Roquelaure books. *Kick-boxer*, a serial that appeared in *Drummer*, remains one of my all-time favorite works of pornography. Again, the psychology and the mythology combine in a magic way. There's a favorite scene in this work as well, when the protagonist presents himself to his mentor with appropriate submission, a state underlined by his role as "top" in the rest of the serial. Wonderful moment in gay erotica!

Of course, I also love the Phil Andros books. They certainly can cause an ooze from my cockhead often. But I read them too much for their writing and their historical importance nowadays, I'm afraid. Similarly, I read everything I can by T.R. Witomski, but I'm too often too amused by his humor and wit to really appreciate them as porn.

Generally, I'm turned off by violence. Rape isn't going to do it for me. I enjoy situations where the intricacies of a dominant/submissive role are explored, where the people discover themselves in the sex, and where the sex is explicit and at least insightful for the

myself with what limited straight erotica I could get my hands on, then pretend the female roles were male. Marcus van Heller was my favorite author. In his story of the Borgia family, when Lucretia has her virginity taken by her big, humpy father exclaiming:



T.R. WITOMSKI: *The Sears Catalogue and Andrea Dworkin?* (Photo: Michael Bernstein)

parties involved.

Roy F. Wood (*Restless Red-necks: Gay Stories of the Changing South*):

Believe it or not, I very seldom read gay erotica, and never from the viewpoint of being turned on by it. About the only thing along such lines which I've read are the Phil Andros books, partly because I was doing reviews of a couple of them, and partly because I admire Andros as a writer—especially in the instances when he is less explicit... As for stories in the gay slicks, I simply glance at them, to see what "others" in the business are doing.

Don Perry ("Cockwalk"):

Growing up in a rural New England town made it extremely difficult to obtain gay erotica. I had to content

"Oh, daddy! Daddy!"—well... you can see how easy it was to fantasize myself as a lucky young man in her place.

I still love straight erotic stories and movies. They're great for the imagination, they keep us in touch with our important counterparts, and they lend subtle nuances to our ideas of lovemaking that might otherwise stagnate or grow stale.

People fantasize about themselves. I would be curious to know how many writers of erotic stories occasionally read themselves for a turn-on. I do. Because I write to turn myself on. And I am, after, my own worst critic. I figure if I can turn myself on, others will be too.

Mam'selle Victorie (*Domatrix; Editrix*):

I'm always looking for type (and life for that matter) ripe

with rough thrusting and secret life rituals, be they military, monastic or educational. And riding the razor's edge of authenticity/electricity without one snuffing the other. Harriet Marwood and Edith Cadivec, both governesses, are my chief arousal authors; English discipline scenes are guaranteed over-the-edge orgasm triggers and those grande dames are style guides for me, too. On the other hand, this pot-bellied pederast who shares my libido claims a lot of my jack-off time, too, and he had me humping my fist to *Benson* and "Blue Light" or any really well-spun suspenseful abuse to narrow-assed blonds. *Sweet Tooth* and *The Real Thing* were favorites in their time, but then so were *Auto-Erotic Fatalities* and *Against Our Will*.

John Barton ("The Provost" stories):

What do I read for a turn-on? That is a turn-on to answer—I can feel it already—since it will cause me to contemplate all my favorite excitements and dwell on them with more than usual loving detail.

How to do that and be brief? The short answer is: "Sex and sadism." I believe the two are inextricably intertwined in the human psyche, each feeding on the other's excitement and fueling it in turn, a perfect dynamo of human lust which clicks off only when the sadist—or the voyeur, be he masochistic participant or one-handed reader—feels his pleasure peak in the ecstasy of orgasm.

When I was just 10 I discovered texts describing Nazi and Japanese torture of naked prisoners that made my randy young prick get hot and stiff and itchy for my pumping fist, and I have enjoyed the variants of these themes ever since. The original texts were not meant to be pornographic, although obviously they got me horny (and still do) and I know from correspondence that others have enjoyed them in the same way.

For full enjoyment I like the suffering parties to be male, stripped naked, cock and balls exposed to unrestricted ogling. Preferably young. And

always helpless, whether tightly bound or scrambling bare-assed while their tormentors cavort around them, gleefully mocking their vain attempts to escape. Exciting in itself, sexy even without sadism, naked is an important part of helplessness. Every inch of sensitive, bare skin exposed. Nothing shielding cock full stiff with fear. Bared balls churning in anticipation of agonies to come (ball torments are a special turn-on). Bare ass begging for the whips and paddles, belts and boots to welt and bruise its bulging moons.

Hard cock is certainly important too. The point of the exercise. Simultaneously the stimulus and the reward. Endlessly exciting and excited. The perfect perpetual motion machine. The tormentors' hard cock—I prefer group scenes where the tormentors outnumber the sufferer(s)—kindle their cruelties, inflame their sadism, reward their brutal ministrations with the ultimate earthly pleasure. The sufferer's hard cock mocks his miseries and betrays his innocence, suffusing the scene with the lurid glow of sex and exposing the perverted pleasure he is getting from the voyeuristic enjoyment of the lewd torments inflicted on his own nakedness.

Implicit in these specifics are the dynamics of domination and submission, the basic sexual equation of fucker over fuckee in more extreme, hence more exciting terms. The pleasure of sex is only partly the plunging of penis in pussy. The essence of its excitement is the power of the fucker relentlessly mastering the fuckee, gorging his prick in pleasure which the subjected one is helpless to deny him. Sadism surpasses simple sexual subjugation, using it as a tool to impose humiliating submission, but going much, much, much further, freely employing pain as the ultimate expression of absolutely uncontrolled conquest of the sufferer.

For the sadist, the pleasure is in the doing, experiencing the power, compressing each surge of pleasure within the confines of his achingly stiff prick till he feels it must explode. Each thrill inflames

his need for more, and the lewder the sexual exploitation, the more diabolical the cruelty, the more intense the blaze of pleasure that pulses in his glowing, hard, hot fuckhorn.

The masochistic pleasure of the sufferer is a voyeuristic phenomenon, an echo or reflection of the pleasure of the sadist which the sufferer derives from witnessing his own humiliation and torment even as the sadist enjoys performing it upon his nakedness. Sadistically erotic writing permits its readers to experience the same vicarious, voyeuristic pleasure without actually suffering or inflicting pain. Effective graphics or well-written prose duplicate within the mind of the beholder the same reactions experienced by the actual participants in a real event, stiffen his prick and stimulate the same pleasure as he fists his hard, hot cock that would be felt by real tormentors or their victims. In writing such things as my series on the Provost's pleasures, I try to provide a vivid feeling of "you are there" so that you are drawn into the scene and enjoy it vicariously, ogling the nakedness, appreciating the brute thrust of the tormentors' hard cocks and the lewd absurdity of the humiliated playthings' hard-ons, gloating at the vulnerability of each dangling, soft bag of balls, savoring the delicate scents of sweat and jism and the heady aromas of fear and feces, piss and power, feeling the sizzle of in your blood when the sufferer squeals or shrieks or pleads, thrilling to the sadists' lewdly abusive taunts and threats and mocking laughter.

In my own cock-in-fist reading I look for the same things I try to put into my own erotic writing. Vividly worded descriptions that conjure up the sights and sounds and smells of torment and domination. Horny tormentors heedless of their naked victims' misery, using the bare bodies for their pleasure without stint or inhibition. Nude objects of the tormentors' lusty whims, helpless to escape their fate as mere things to be used and abused, helpless to suppress the humiliation of sharing with their tormentors the sex-



MAM'SELLE VICTOIRE: *English discipline scenes, suspenseful abuse.*

ual excitement which their nakedness puts so obviously on view. These are the basics. The more ingenious the torments, the more lewdly delicious the sexual embellishments, the more perverse the sadistic twists that contort the sufferer to a full, unblinking knowledge of his thing-ness—the better!

I also firmly believe in the power of sexually obscene language to give a scene the full lurid glow of an unmistakably sexual event, to give the reader his hardest hard-on and to prick his heightened sensitivities with sizzling tingles of purest lewd delight in what he witnesses in his mind's eye. To be fully effective in these terms, a piece need not be wantonly cruel or purely savage in its treatment of the sufferer, although this is frequently the case. Part One of "Cockwalk" by Don Perry in *Drummer* 83 is a good example of a completely

satisfying treatment of a dominant completely possessing a submissive as his naked fucktoy without painful cruelty. One of my favorite drawings simply shows a naked stud kneeling on a box, trussed like a turkey with his wrists pulled back between his thighs and fastened to his ankles, his astonished mouth stretched around one grinning rapist's huge hard-on while another leering leatherman spears him from the rear. And some of my favorite prose is in the letters correspondents have sent describing the fun other boys had with their naked bodies as they put them, bare-assed and stiff-pricked, through sometimes painful but mostly humiliating hazing ordeals in frat houses or locker rooms.

Do you, dear reader, have an experience like this that turns you on in your past? One where you were stripped and turned into a naked fucktoy till your tormentor or tormen-

tors had their fill? One that powers a hard-on and fuels your jerk-off fantasy every time it comes to mind. If so, share it with your fellow meat-beaters in the pages of *Drummer*!

Tom Hardy (*Malory and His Masters*):

This list is incomplete and in no order that I can detect, although different periods of my life seem to be indicated. I have outgrown none of it:

Captain Marvel comic books; the Tarzan books; Myra Breckenridge, Gore Vidal; Brownbuckler, Jeff Kincaid; "Blinded by the Light," Aaron Travis; *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, Hugo; *Eustace Chisholm and the Works*, James Purdy; *Leather Boys*, Jack Evans; *The Brig*, Mason Powell; *Interview with the Vampire*, Anne Rice; *The Barn, Blade; Adventuretime*, Etienne; *Topman*, Clay Caldwell; *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, Roquelaure; *Physique Pictorial*, AMG; *Folded Leaf; Desire and the Black Masseur*, Tennessee Williams; "Collateral," Victor Terry; *STH*.

David Barton-Jay (*The Enema as Erotic Art and Its History*):

After I've worked myself sufficiently up over the reviews of my own works, I ooze shamelessly through the works of others hoping for a sniff of anything whatsoever having to do with Ass Hole.

Mason Powell (*The Brig*):

This may be too perverse for even *Drummer*, but good writing turns me on: literally. When I have just written a good scene, whether or not it



PHIL ANDROS (aka Sam Steward):
Song of Solomon to samizdat.
(Photo: Robert Pruzan)

has any erotic content, I get horny as hell.

Bad writing turns me off: which is why I started writing pornography. The worst thing in the world is to have my meat throbbing and trip over an inept image or a misplaced conjunction. Downer! Instant relaxation! I figured the field needed me as much as I needed it; and like any sexual exchange, it would be mutually beneficial.

What, specifically, do I read when I am lonely? Well, try the first half of Geroge Nader's *Chrome*, which gets you up, but not off. Then move on to Edgar Allan Poe's "The Pit and The Pendulum." Struggling against those ropes always gets me up. Then switch over to anything by Phil Andros, the Gay Porn world's single truly great writer. If you're getting the idea that I like to sit with it stiff for a long time, you're right. I couldn't write the stories I do if I didn't. If I had to get off instantly, the climax would be at the beginning, and that's not a story.

And when it's time to shoot? Early Larry Townsend stuff is great. Just about anything by Aaron Travis will pop my cork; and give me dreams. *Drummer* & *MACH* are the markets I shop in most, but the product I take home has to be well-written or it goes in the garbage. In short, my sexual tastes are literary. I'd love to fuck Jack London.

Aaron Travis (*Slaves of the Empire*):

My relationship with porn is deep, abiding and promiscuous; it fills a portion of my life that runs parallel with actual, lived sexual experience, a separate and entirely equal category. Like the manhunt, there is the pornhunt; and amid the many wasted or merely satisfying experiments, there are those glorious discoveries that keep me looking for more of the same, or returning again and again in heated, private moments to recouple with a passage that hits all the right spots.

Over the years, a handful of authors have consistently (or repeatedly) hit those spots. From the early years of *Drummer*, Kurt Kreislér and Orlando Paris; from the cluttered, unchampioned racks at

the adult bookstores, P.H. Bennett, Tom Hardy, Steven Zady, Floyd Lawrence, Jack Evans and the inimitable Clay Caldwell (a writer more widely revered than he could possibly know, given the zero-feedback of paperback porn

titles are regrettably generic): *Whipmaster*, *Bathhouse Bondage*, *Punished Prison Punks* (set in Ruritania!), *Sex Mechanics*, *Boss Con*.

Two newer writers have recently arrested my attention. Don Perry ("Cockwalk"



ROY F. WOOD: Would you believe no interest at all?

publishing).

For the last few years, my steady partner has been a writer I can only identify as Anonymous. (His publisher has entirely eliminated authors' bylines in its books—an irritating and surely counterproductive trend. To find his books, I have to do a quick textual analysis—but I can spot his work by scanning only a few paragraphs.) I've bought about 30 of A's books over the last three or so years; such a prolific rate has begun to show in a lapse toward stale repetition, and he's a crude and hurried writer at best, but A tells the stories I want to read—gritty tales of enslavement with a claustrophobic *film noir* atmosphere, populated by broken slaveboys and the harsh, guiltless men who use them. A few of his best (the

in *Drummer* 83-84) and John Barton (whose "Provost" stories were serialized in *Stroke*) are similar in many respects, both delivering sustained passages of obsessive, densely detailed, feverish erotic intensity. Perry writes voluptuously visceral prose, stories that go *squish* and let out a squeal when you stick your finger in them. Barton is relentlessly obscene; he seems incapable, even in business correspondence, of writing more than three sentences without working himself up to a nearly hysterical pitch of excitation. These two men are possessed of a certain kind of genius; and as with a regular partner who always delivers the goods, I look forward with a lump in my throat (and elsewhere) to whatever journey they'll take me on next. □

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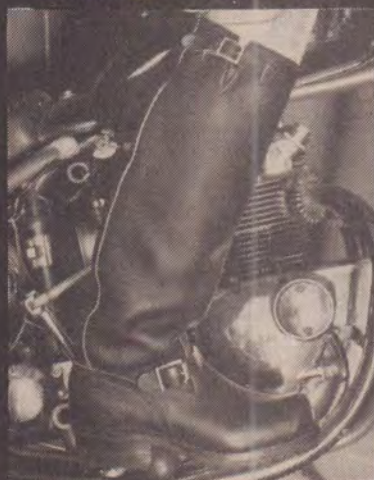
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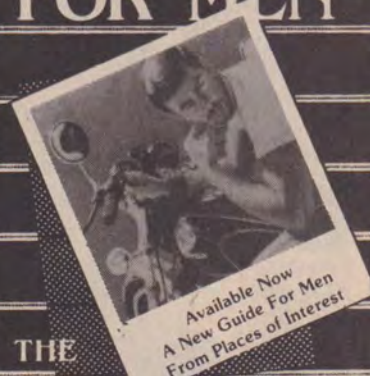
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HOT SHIT! AN INTERVIEW WITH MARTIN OF HOLLAND

In the summer of 1984 I travelled to Den Haag to interview Martin of Holland, a man who for some ten years now had been drawing scat fantasy pictures for an increasingly large and devoted following. He greets me at six o'clock in the morning at the ferry terminal in the Hook of Holland, a petite man with wide eyes framed by glasses, and a cigar at the corner of his mouth. He smokes these little pungent cigars almost continuously the whole weekend we are together, and I often find myself catching glances of them out of the corner of my eye, imagining them as little hard turds.

Martin speeds me through the calm mists of an industrial European summer morning to his home in suburban Den Haag. He lives in an apartment that is part of a sturdily built brick complex, with narrow staircases and a stillness that reminds me of a Bergmanesque nightmare. Beneath the tranquil calm of everyday middle class existence lie subterranean desires. They run like the ceaseless silent sewers beneath the the awareness of our consciousness, flushing away the excreta of our daily existence so that it will not trouble us.

Like many Dutch homes, Martin's is gardenless, and potted plants inhabit the living rooms. The shrubbery overhangs the little balcony at the back of the house on which I will sun myself with Martin the following day. The most unusual thing I notice at first glance is that one wall in the dining room is entirely covered with display cases full of model cars. What an unexpected surprise—the world's number one scat artist collects model cars. I ask why. There is no particular reason, it just so happens that he does. Why should there be a reason? Why should I need to know why? It just so happens.

I am shown my bed, a pull-down in the corner of Martin's large study/drawing room.

There is little natural light, and only a few paintings that I can see (a picture by Bastille of a turd issuing forth from a gaping arsehole is prominently displayed). Most of Martin's work, I later discover, is neatly catalogued or filed away. I attribute this, as I have read some Freud, to an anal retentiveness on his part, and this is a significant aspect, I feel, of a portrait—partly prejudged—that I am painting of him. A psychological picture of a man who has drawn pictures that have given me so much pleasure.

Martin shows me a large dark bathroom in which I try to picture him having sex—shit sex—and see only a room in which daily ablutions (of the sort you or I perform) are made. I have to confess to myself that I'm disappointed. I expected, at least, some little room tucked away somewhere, behind a secret door perhaps, tiled in ceramics, with a hose to flush the shit away. Some room where men, fed for years on the fantasies of Martin's imagination, are led to be tied down, at the end of their pilgrimage, to feel the turds of their Master smeared over their willing bodies. Martin's imagination is bounteous; mine, clearly, is feverish.

Martin eats like a bird. He smokes a lot and drinks a lot, but he pecks at his food. We have a small lunch and then settle into a discussion about his work. Martin is a child of gay liberation; he began going to gay bars in Amsterdam around 1969. His first drawings—primitive early sketches, he now freely admits—were begun in 1971. The subject matter was chains, bikes, leather, oil and—a little daringly for the time—watersports. On the whole, the standard iconography of gay male SM art. Submissive bound men and dominant uniformed Masters occupy nearly all of these drawings; they are all variations of a standard formula. There is little evidence of shit. By the middle 1970s, scat becomes an important subject: bound men with their faces beneath



EARLY MARTIN: Another interviewer on his way to Den Haag?

the arseholes of their (increasingly naked) Masters, their mouths stretching to accommodate large firm turds.

In 1976, Martin drew what we both agree to be one of his most well-received fantasies. It shows a man spread-eagled at the bottom of a pit, his arms and legs fastened to iron clasps in the floor. A pipe from a trough in which three men are pissing goes right down one wall of the pit and into his arsehole. So much piss has been poured into him that he now lies in a pool of it. At the top of the drawing, two men are shitting into cream bowls; pipes from these connect to a single tube that is attached to a mask covering his head. Obviously, the man has not been able to consume all of the shit fed down to him, because a lot of it is pushing out from beneath the hood and across his chest. Between the two shitters is an "amyl unit" that controls the amount of the drug being sent to the attachment fixed to the man's nose. His balls, tied with a chain that stretches up towards the ceiling, are controlled by the unseen hand. I have never seen another drawing that quite sums up the ultimate fantasy—and fears—of complete submission to the unbound desires of other men.

By 1979, Martin was drawing an almost exclusive diet of scat pictures, although some drawings (depicting vomit and spit)

were variations on a theme. But, most noticeably, by the early 1980s the big hard turds had given way to scenes depicting men smearing each other in shit; orgies of euphoric messy sex that indicated to me a step beyond fantasizing about it into actually doing it. My experiences of shit sex have never been about eating Master's turds (or feeding it to some pig), they have been highly charged scenes of shit-smearing that have involved long hours of almost ritualistic bathing and cleansing afterwards (like coming home dirty after a game of rugby and having a good bath).

Another new element to emerge was humour (something that too many SM artists lack). For example, the Speciality Restaurant drawing from 1982 is a backside view of a bar in a restaurant. The menu reads: *Bob's shit: \$19.50; Harry's shit: \$17.50; Kevin's shit: \$12.50*—and so on. A waiter holds a plate beneath a cheerful short-order cook shitting a turd onto it.

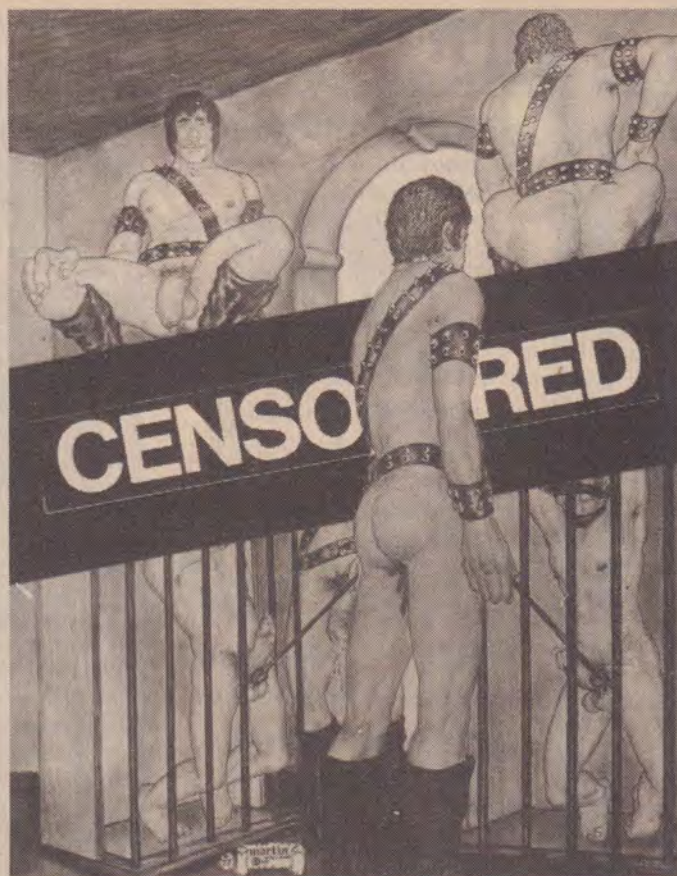
We talk about the role of the artist. I wonder aloud if I would have had so many scat fantasy wanks (and, later, scat scenes) if I'd never had Martin's drawings to stimulate my imagination. In other words, does a sexual artist (or pornographer?) create fantasies in those who see his drawings, or does he express fantasies that are already there but

unstated? Martin says that he draws the things that turn *him* on. He accepted a few commissions once, but these proved problematic, as the drawings were not exact replications of the fantasies that the commissioners had in mind. ("The head is at 35° to the neck, not 37°, which is what I wanted," or "You have drawn a crease in the leather jacket, and creases turn me off.") Having learnt his lesson, Martin drew only what he desired.

This doesn't mean that Martin is not aware of his market, of the things that are likely to be scooped up. He shows me some sketches for a drawing he is currently working on, which we both agree is sure to be a hit. It shows three men in the back seat of a car. One is naked and submissive, the subject of the fantasy; the other two have police uniforms on. They are both pressing turds into the mouth of the naked man, whose facial expression betrays fear and delight. One of the cops is saying: "Okay faggot, you said you wanted to eat pig shit..."

We agree that if the paintings do anything to bring out repressed interests in shit sex, then that is all the better. A lot of people get turned on, and Martin gets to earn a living. But along with that goes an acknowledgement of responsibility. Scat is not a problem-free area of sexual activity; anyone getting into it needs to be made aware of the risks—especially the health risks involved. Just as anyone getting into any aspect of SM—whether piercing, catheters, bondage, CP, whatever—needs good safety information.

Martin's activities in promoting shit sex extend to a club he had helped form called The Scat Club of Europe. This was set up in April 1983 with the predominant aim of helping facilitate contact between men into shit. It has well over 100 members now, mostly in Britain, Germany and Holland, but including Switzerland, France, Scandinavia and the US. Every two or three months, a members list update and newsletter is sent out to all members. The newsletter includes stories, drawings, information and comment



TABOO: Scat fantasies too strong for U.S. consumption.

pieces (two subjects recently have been AIDS and Customs/censorship). There is also, of course, news of upcoming club activities. At Easter last year, for example, the Scat Club held a party in a sauna in a town in Southern Holland. Over 40 people attended a dinner-cum-shit-orgy that, by all accounts, was highly enjoyable. Martin regrets, however, that the cleaning up afterwards involved a lot more shit-work than your normal club function.

But health: a very tricky subject. Last year, Martin wrote a stirring personal comment piece for the newsletter. It was in answer to the fact that several of the club's members had left through fear of AIDS, and the news that Jack, who ran the Shit List in the US, had died of AIDS. The piece pointed out how all sexual activity between gay men is risky these days. The only way you're certain not to get AIDS is to stop having sex entirely. Martin argued that if you keep in good health, monitor the condition of your body, and bear in mind that eating shit does involve a health risk, then shit sex should not be seen as

necessarily more dangerous than fisting, peircing, or—for that matter—cocksucking, arse-fucking or rimming. Scat people seem to be getting a little of the hysteria from the gay community that gay people have gotten from straights over AIDS.

I talk a little about the anti-bourgeois (and therefore revolutionary?) feeling I get about shit sex. You know, how shitting all over somebody is an expression of domination in our society. How nice people don't talk about it, the most private of our bodily functions (nice people will, of course, have apoplexy at the idea of looking at, sniffing or touching—let alone licking—a turd). Does scat represent an attack on bourgeois values? Does it conjure up an exciting, dangerous life in opposition to a sanitized, riskless existence? We were all kids once, and kids explore and play with it—Freud called it the anal phase of development. But we get taught to ignore its erotic potential; we get potty trained into acceptable ways of behaving. Potty training, after all, is our first interaction with the social community—we

must learn to control ourselves before taking part in any social intercourse.

Martin agrees that scat is an expression of dissension from what is prescribed as sexual; and that is something that even SM men have to come to terms with. All these sex ads for "anything goes" sex—anything, of course, except scat. What are these men afraid of? he asks. For him, shit sex is really the "last taboo" in the SM world.

We drive up to Amsterdam together and visit the leather bars. Saturday night at the Eagle and Argos, we lose ourselves among the leathermen. They know nothing, or little, of scat. They don't want to know. They want to lead respectable leathermen lives. Scat sex is too close to the knuckle of desire for them. It is real "no limits" sex. No wonder Martin's drawings have been consistently rejected by an SM art dealer in Amsterdam. His drawings aren't safe: they show sex that makes most people feel uncomfortable. The pictures disturb and they question. They may not be as technically proficient as the work of Nigel Kent or Tom of Finland, but they shock more, and they show real, lived sex without being overblown fantasies or overlaid with idealized notions of submission and dominance.

We drink each other's health and are engulfed by the remainder of the weekend. On my return to London I have an interesting chat with a man into bondage. He feels secure in the knowledge that a lot of men are into his particular bag: tying each other up and wanking. He finds shit sex difficult to comprehend. What about the diseases? he says. Isn't it a way of expressing your self-contempt or your self-hatred—and can that be really healthy?

Maybe we haven't come that far from Freud.

—Andrew Stark

Interviewer Andrew Stark was a founding member of SMART magazine, which was published in London 1983-1984. Martin, and The Scat Club of Europe, can be contacted at this address: Martin-foto, P.O. Box 669, 2501 CR Den Haag, Holland.



BETWEEN SEX & RESPECT: Raul Julia, William Hurt in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*—Becket-like confrontations between the radical and romantic.

A KISS IS JUST A KISS?

On a July episode of "Entertainment Tonight," William Hurt, 1984 Cannes Film Festival "Best Actor," updated Norman Mailer's quote defining today's natural national hero (the American Negro): no longer the Black, said Hurt, but the Gay—the ones who could pass, but don't.

The first Tokyo International Film Festival made a liar out of the presumptuous mourner who told me the movies were dead—and a fool out of the little voice inside who swore that the art of storytelling was lost and gone forever. Hector Babenco's *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, true to Manuel Puig's novel, was there, up on the big square screen paying homage to the influence of the Hollywood dream factory as it squares off against brutal reality.

Beginning with the acting award at its Cannes premiere, *Kiss* followed up with a Jury Prize in Tokyo's Young Cinema competition. The screening left in its wake a charmed but greatly bemused audience that went expecting to see a movie and was treated

instead of a compound of movie experiences—the cinema-magitation as it influences "real" life. And what life!

Kiss is a love story of two men which begins—as always, in terms of accepted masculine behavior—as a challenge. No less compatible individuals could be found to share a prison cell: Luis Molina (William Hurt), window-dresser, serving an eight-year sentence for "molesting a minor," and Valentin Arregui (Raul Julia), arrested for radical leftist crimes for which he has already undergone torture and expects no release.

Molina is the fantasist and the romantic; Arregui is the fanatic and the realist. What appears to be a struggle for emotional ascendancy between natural enemies is actually a similar view of harsh reality that pits one man's "impossible dream" against another's—one believing that imagination offers escape from the world; the other committed to a faith in changing it.

Molina looks inward and follows the shadowy footsteps of his film idols; Arregui faces outward, seeking to smash the

false gods. For a brief time the two men are unified against a hostile world, each discovering at last something precious of the other in himself.

Molina is a consummate movieteller. In the bleak horrors of their incarceration—we will see and hear only what little Molina and Arregui do—one of his film-memories begins to take shape, described in articulate detail. It is quickly recognized by Valentin as a Nazi propaganda film (*Her Real Glory*, according to Puig's footnotes) featuring a sleek Parisian, Leni (Sonia Braga in one of her three lightweight but crucial guises); an indomitably Aryan SS officer, Werner (Herson Capri), as the tall, blond, handsome, strong, silent type; and an assortment of viciously contrived racial and ethnic stereotypes. Molina's affection and admiration for the lead characters—he openly identifies with the lovelorn agonies and ecstasies of the heroine—wrench disparaging objections from his single audience. Valentin is appalled by Luis' lack of political consciousness and disturbed by the vivid evocations of sensuality and luxury he has

painfully abandoned and which are now lost forever beyond the prison bars. Nonetheless, the movies are being presented just for him—"it passes the time"—and his interruptions become as much story-boosters as attempts to re-educate his cellmate.

Molina is a successful alchemist without materials. He can conjure pleasures out of the midst of extreme discomfort, design airy castles in the dungeon, invent romantic fulfillment out of a narrow and empty life, and distill a sympathetic, effective and totally fictional woman's role out of pure camp. Essence de Camp exudes from his pores, welling up from a deep pool of self-understanding, not just spritzed on for the jeers of boys in the front row. He clings as desperately to the movie myths as any Puritan's hope of Heaven. Even at first sight, turbaned and in shabby kimono, in a modicum of makeup and surrounded by a potpourri of cheap kitsch, this is no parody of a drag queen.

Molina is a striking, if sometimes slyly annoying, ultra-mannered and provocative

individual whom we have not met before, one who soon proves himself capable of multiple intrigues as well as intriguing transformation. The romantic, tragic, languishing lady lies in his soul; so does the hero's confident steel. Sometimes he resembles Braga herself in *Eu te amo*, tigress in heat; sometimes, as he describes the seminal *fuhrer*, Werner, with "eyes like the claws of an eagle—inescapable," Molina makes use of the ability inherent in all, that only the homosexual dares to develop, to invade and transform gender at will. And underneath, gradually revealed, appears the anguished and desperate hopes of a hopeless survivor.

William Hurt has his feet on the ground throughout, whatever his eyeshadowed brow and lipsticked mouth might indicate to the contrary. He is extraordinarily convincing—just as convincing as he was when he came to life in *Altered States* or established, by the steamy *Body Heat*, a virile heterosexual presence, and remained unquestionably a male role-model as the jock-gone-to-seed in *The Big Chill*. Hurt goes through Molina's changes without self-mockery, and imparts the dignity that is his (or hers, as the choice may be) by right, without overstepping the bounds of a character specifically limited by his "creator's" givens: class, education and life experience. This is not a reversal of type, but an actor's greatest skill that requires turning the ego, memory and even physique inside out, and dares to express what is there for all to see, comprehend and, at its best, emulate.

Raul Julia's Valentin has been toned down from Puig's book (a little more space and I'd cheerfully review that brilliantly engaging novel as well), and for obvious reasons, not the least of which is that a third, equally complex, primary storyline would collapse under its own weight. The Becket-like confrontations and delicate emotional balancing act between the two men could still exist, but would lack the evocative movie-telling visuals that fill in for Leonard Schrader's simplistic screenplay (the one fly

in an otherwise analeptic ointment).

Julia, a transplanted Puerto Rican for whom Arregui is a first Hispanic role (his rampaging, earthy goat-loving Greek in Mazursky's *Tempest* remains one of my favorite minor characters on film) plays to the hilt the quintessential idealistic revolutionary, prepared—he believes—for betrayal, for pain, for death...for anything but love, the only commodity his cellmate trades in. Under Julia's control, the "type" embraces Valentin's unique personality. At first taciturn, brusque, intellectual and self-assured, he is the demanding and physical "real" man Molina—and almost everyone else—desires. Softened (not without a struggle) by Luis' machinations, Valentin's affections flow freely and, in turn, he is able to pierce his companion's illusions without destroying them and they are able to arrive at that elusive affinity that stands between sex and respect.

Cinematographer Rodolfo Sanchez teases the eye unmercifully with a reversal of visual expectations: the let's-pretend glamor comes encased in classic monochrome; the grim and carnal present in cold, smoky colors that obscure trivia and illuminate in tempting glimpses. Overall, Hector Babenco's hand lies as steady as it did over his darker *Pixote*, guiding the separate rivers of fancy and substance, scene by scene, into an unbroken narrative line as smooth as Manuel Puig's paragraphs.

Kiss of the Spider Woman re-casts an ancient spell along the lines of movie-loving moviemakers Francois Truffaut and Woody Allen...with the addition of a couple of novel and vital ingredients. A crusading element rises clearly behind the drama—both author Puig and director Babenco are renegade Argentinians whose works are banned in their native country. And both book and film were gay-wrought and gay-tempered, forged in the fires of independent creative spirits, generous with their gifts towards a massively undeserving public.

—Penni Kimmel



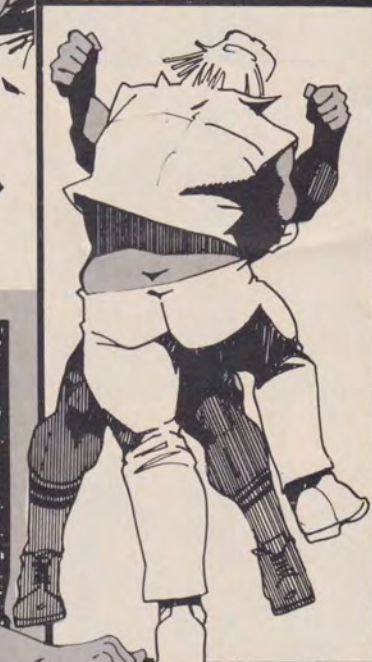
PLAYED TO THE HILT: Raul Julia as the "real man" prepared for betrayal, pain, death—but not for love.



WINDOW DRESSING: William Hurt in an extraordinary performance that turns ego, memory, and even physique inside out.

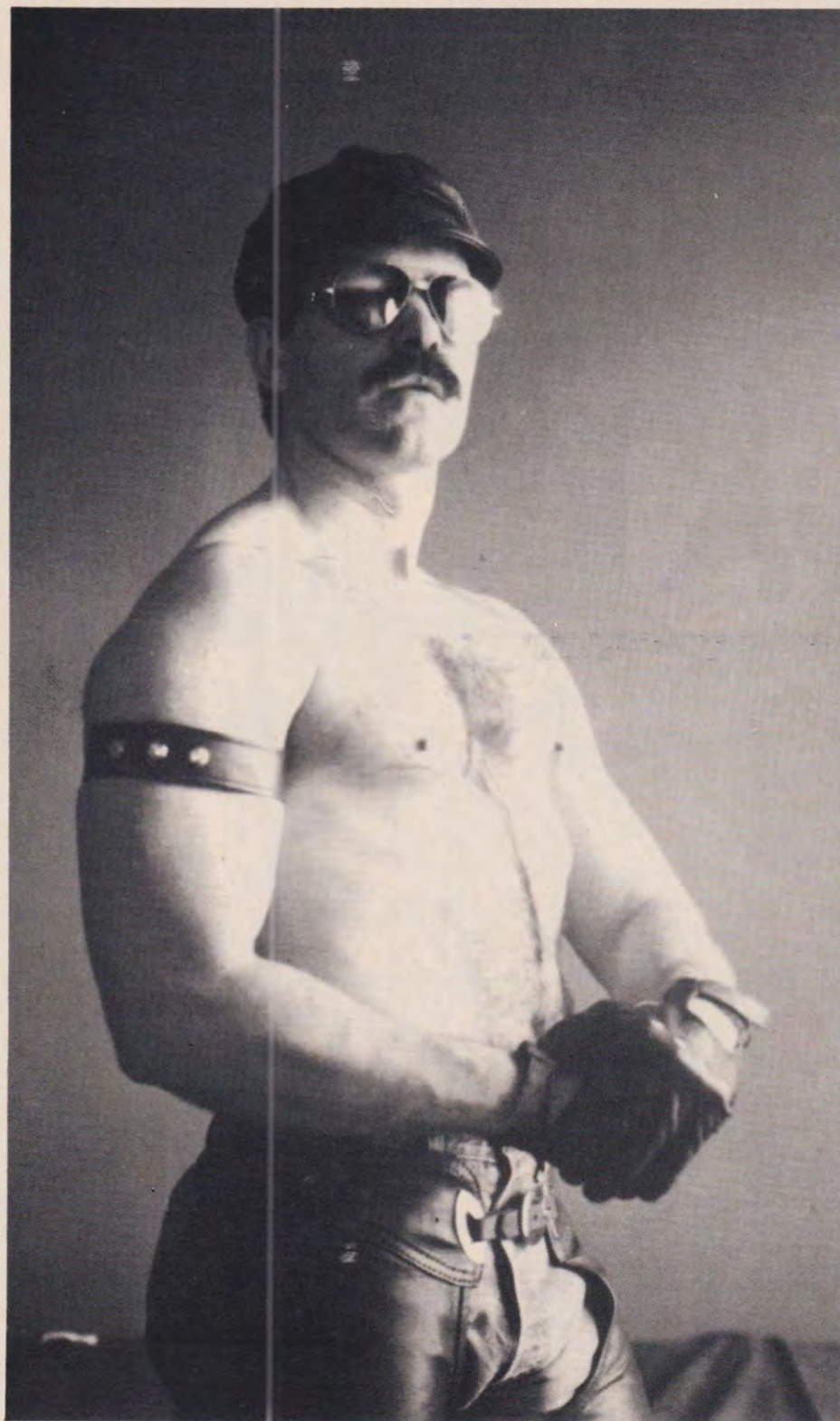
drum







TOUGH CUSTOMERS



MAN'S MAN: "Leather Fraternity member wants to meet dominant, take-charge men cross-country. Live near New York, but travel often." Get ready for a full calendar. *TC 1108*. See his "Man-to-Man" ad in the Dear Sir section.

100 DRUMMER

It's TC time again, when we share the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

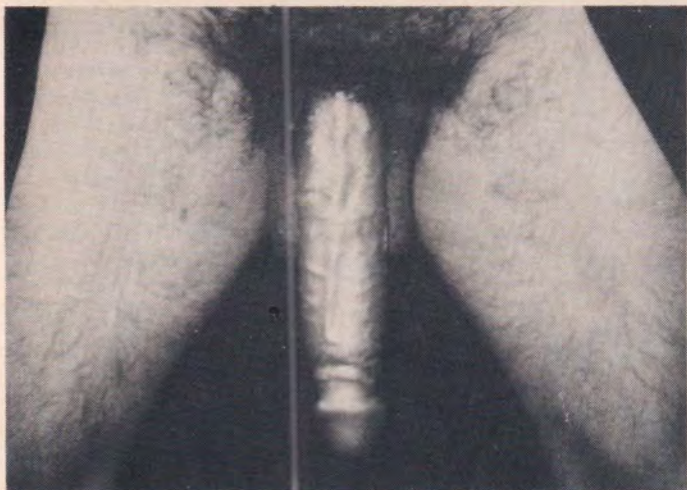
Wanna join in? Send your photo (crisp black & white reproduces best) to: Tough Customers, *Drummer*, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo and include your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number.

Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number *in pencil*; put that inside *another* envelope and mail to *Drummer*, along with a measly quarter for handling. See ya around!



BLANK VERSE: "NYC asshole piss lover got pee try me want a good fuck use me can take one or all." (It's hard to make total sense when your mouth is gagged.) He's *TC 1110*.





OLE RUBBERDICK: This Maryland TC (5'9" 150 lbs.,) is "looking for a hung top to serve—preferably on a working farm or ranch, since I have a dairy farm background." Looks like he got stuck in the milking machine. TC 1109.



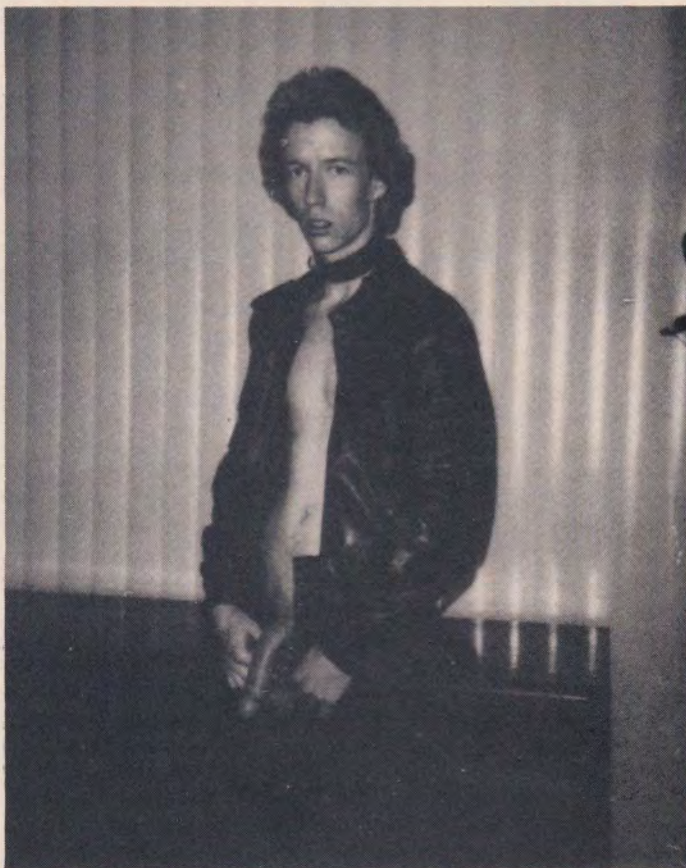
LEATHERWORSHIP: "I'm a strict Leathermaster/Daddy seeking obedient slave/sons who know their station in life." This New York City barber and bondage expert reveals more in his Dear Sir ad in this issue. TC 1113.



BET YOU CAN'T EAT JUST ONE! "And I've got the balls to prove it!" says this blond, blue-eyed, ball-busting Oregon TC. For stat freaks: scrotum circumference is 15 inches. TC 1111.



EARN IT! "Eat my ass, drink my piss and earn my nine inches!" This 6'2", 46-year-old Virginia Top is looking for doers, not talkers. Send SASE and a photo to TC 1112, and start earning those inches.



STILL LOOKING: This 23-year-old Illinois TC has appeared in our pages before. "I got a lot of mail and phone calls—but no Master." Where's the right Daddy (35-45) with a big cock to feed this slave after work? TC 1082.

THE COMPLETE *DRUMMER* FICTION/FETISH INDEX

Including Mach, Drummer Daddies and the Drummer Specials

I started reading DRUMMER Magazine with issue 8, back in 1976. Val Martin (with painted-on oriental tattoos) was the coverman. Allan Eagles' "Movie Mayhem" was in full swing, with a pictorial rundown on cinematic bondage and torture, Hollywood Bible Epic style. Bill Ward was drawing King, the rough-hewn precursor to Drum. And the fiction—ah, the fiction—was episode six of Scott Masters' "Five in the Trainer's Room" and a story called "Many Happy Returns" by a writer I'd never heard of, but knew I wanted more of—Phil Andros, who in the next ten years would make an incredible "comeback" to become one of the best-known and best-loved gay writers in America.

DRUMMER was unlike anything I'd ever seen or read before, with issue after issue of the most outrageous photography and the finest erotic fiction on the market. As my collection grew, first to dozens and then to scores of dog-eared, grease-stained back issues (does anybody throw away an old copy of DRUMMER?), it got harder and harder to backtrack and find that specific story that suited my mood for the moment. It wasn't easy—especially with one hand—thumbing through ten or twenty issues, trying to find that scene in G.B. Misa's "S&M Gym" where Killer McKenna first stuck it to Georgie, or the moment when Jamie and Mr. Benson first locked eyes. I kept wishing somebody would put together an index, so I could zero in on the stories and scenes I wanted to reread—otherwise I'd end up getting distracted by an incidental picture or a filthy patch of prose out of the blue, and never get back to S&M Gym at all—and Killer McKenna wasn't the kind to accept any excuse for breaking a date.

Ten years and 85 issues later, I've finally got my wish—even if I had to do it myself. Presenting: The Complete DRUMMER Fiction Index, featuring every short story and serial ever to fill these pages and set thousands of fists pumping. It's alphabetized by author, and covers not only DRUMMER but all the erotic magazines published under its banner—MACH, the DRUMMER DADDIES series, and the various DRUMMER Specials.

In compiling this index, I've stuck strictly to fiction, which has called for some subjective judgment calls. True first-person stories, like that of Kai the Human Dog, which appeared in MACH 6—and that was, believe it or not, a true story—are not included here; nor is anything in verse. And borderline stories and narrated photo spreads which skim the edge between fiction and fact have been omitted by my ground rules.

For longtime DRUMMER readers, there's a lot of nostalgia here—you may find your beat-off hand giving a twitch as you look over the list. And a pretty amazing list it is, a veritable Who's Who of erotic/SM authors and their best work: John Preston, Jack Fritscher, Robert Payne, Aaron Travis, Larry Townsend, A.N. Roquelaure... the list goes on. And there are surprises—playwrights like Robert Chesley and C.D. Arnold; writers better known as artists, like Olaf and The Hun; well-known authors more commonly identified with the gay mainstream, like Felice Picano, George Whitmore, Ron Harvie, Lars Eighner and Roy F. Wood.

For stat freaks: The author with the most fiction in DRUMMER over the last ten years is—no surprise—John Preston, whose fiction, in short story or serial form, has been featured in a total of 16 issues of DRUMMER (an amazing average of almost one appearance in every five issues). He's closely followed by G.B. Misa, whose "S&M Gym" ran for 15 issues; Larry Townsend, with fiction in 14 issues; Scott Masters, 12; Aaron Travis, and Robert Payne, 10; Frank O'Rourke, 9; and Jason Klein, Mako, and Kurt Kreisler, each with work in 6 issues. It's probably fair to say that these are the authors who've made the biggest impact on DRUMMER fiction—and caused the most hard-ons among DRUMMER readers—over the last ten years.

But there's not a story on this list that hasn't been a special turn-on for someone. Which have been your favorites? Now you can find them without working your way through 85 issues and several thousand pages of the hottest prose ever put to paper.

—Steven Saylor

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by jason klein



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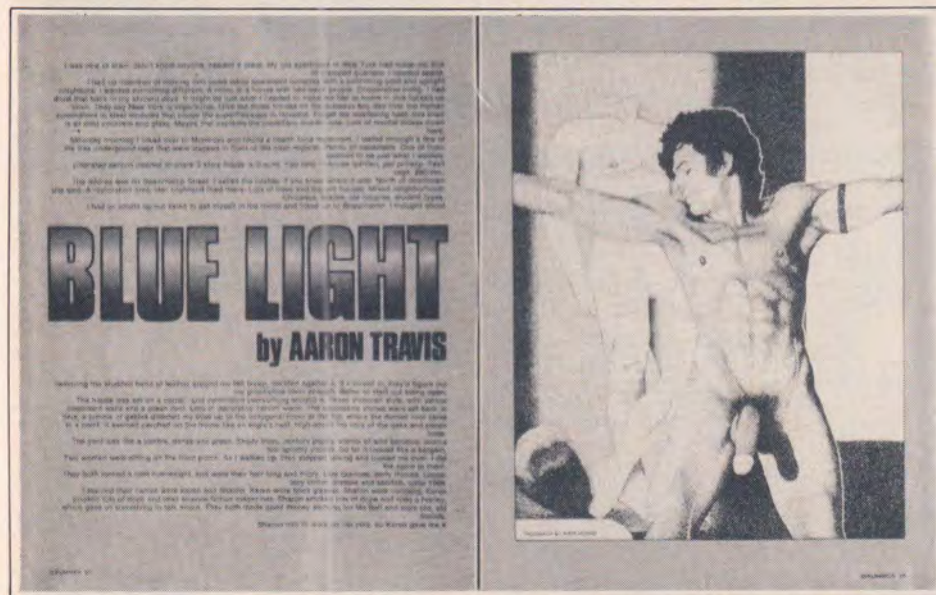
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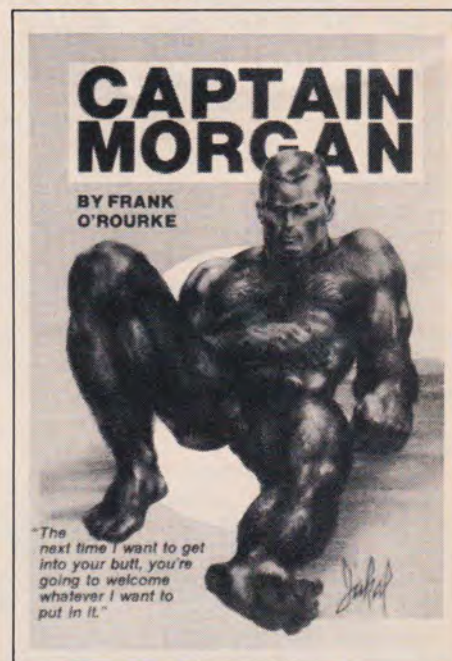
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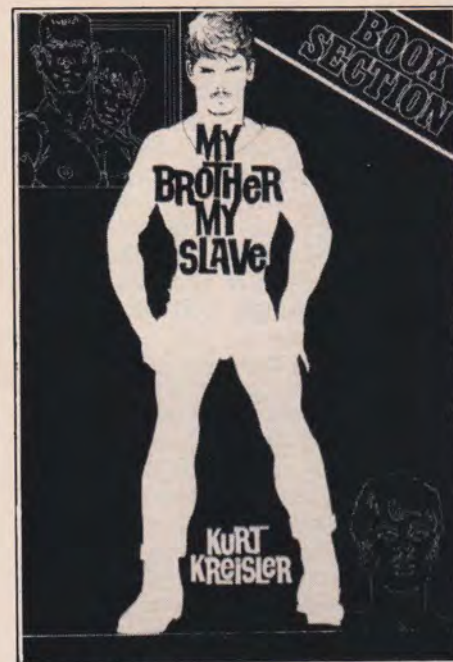
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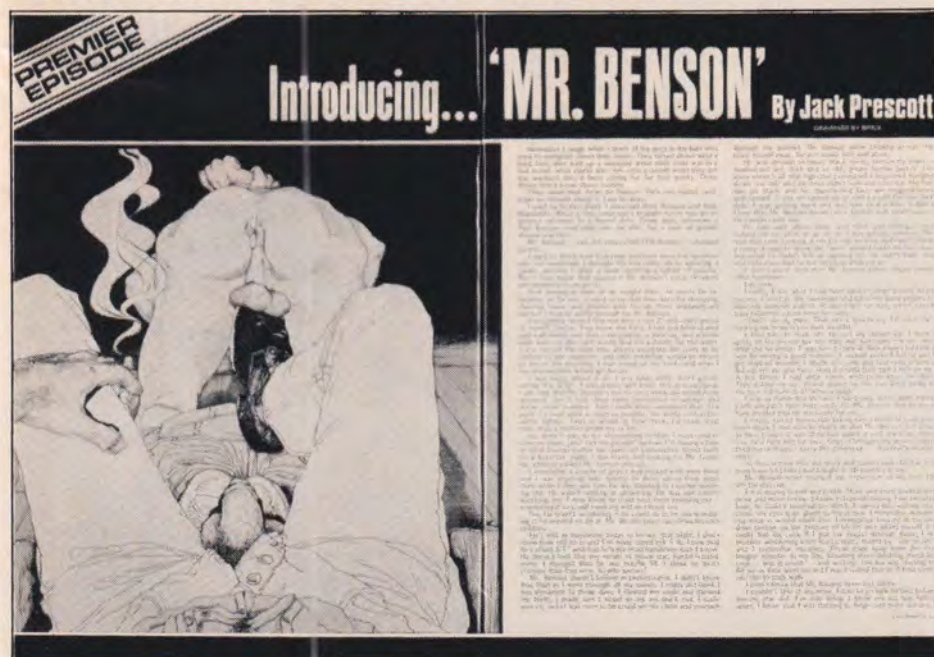
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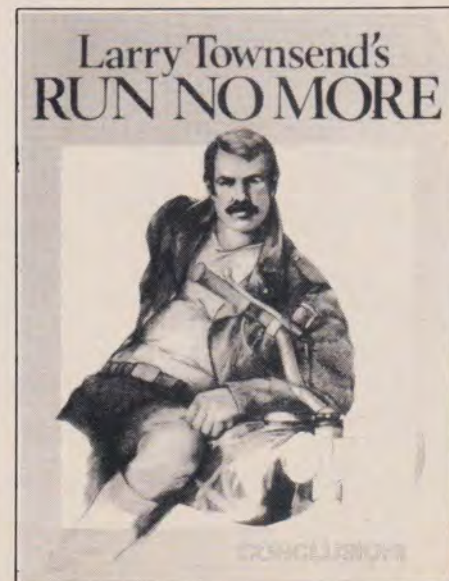
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FETISH INDEX

Hardly a week passes at the DRUMMER offices without a letter or phone call from a reader asking when we last did a special issue on cigars...or a story about piercing or enemas...or shaving...or about thirty other special turn-ons. We always try to answer those questions, but out of 80-odd issues, it's not always easy to do it off the top of our heads.

Ask no more! Now you can look it up instead, using the handy ten-year DRUMMER Fetish Index. It may or may not be definitive—fetishes tend to get mixed together, and we haven't included, for example, every single instance of an isolated bondage or uniform photo that's showed up to illustrate a short story. But turning back through the pages of ten-years' worth of back issues has turned up almost three dozen specific fetish specialties; and under each heading, we've listed the major articles and photo spreads that apply. (A few fiction pieces are included, but only those which focus exclusively on the fetish at hand.) Happy hunting!

—Aaron Travis

Photo by Moss

Animals

Bestiality, *D9*; Ape Rape, by Jim Yousling, *D17*; Equus, by Jack Fritscher, *D25*.

Armpits

The Joys of the Pits, by T.R. Witomski, *Mach 8*.

Blue Collar Men

Men at Work, *D17*; Construction Workers, by Richard Moore, *D18*; Redneck Vengeance, by Scott Masters, *D23*; Redneck Biker, *D23*; The Day They Installed the Phone in the Dungeon, *D25*; Workers of the World, *D36*; Fucking Off & Goings On at the New Drummer Offices, *D68*; "Blue Collar Sex" Issue, *D73*.

Body Casting

Cock Casting, *D15*; Body Casting, *D18*.

Bondage

An Ultimate Reality, by Jack Fritscher, *D24*; Zeus Men in Bondage, *D30*; Learning the Ropes, by Robert Payne, *D35*; Packaging Your Slave, by Zeus, *D35*; Fit to be Tied, *D45*; Mark I. Chester: Rope Tricks, *D48*; A Quiet Sunday Afternoon, *D57*; Special Bondage Issue: Mark I. Chester, Richard Jorasch, Mac, *D61*; Spandex Bondage, *D64*; Iconography, by Mark I. Chester, *D67*; Rocco do Vega: Bound

and Gagged, by Zeus, *D71*; Cory Gunn: Protective Custody, by Zeus, *D72*; I Was Loaned Out to be Used for an Experiment!, by Robert Payne, *D72*; Cord Briggs: All Tied Up, by Zeus, *D77*; San Francisco Bondage Club, by Mark I. Chester, *D83*; Mummification, by Tom of Virginia, *D84*; Torture by Clothespin, by Fledermaus, *Mach 6*; Ryder Knight in Bondage, by Zeus, *Mach 9*.

Boots/Feet

Footnotes, by Ed Franklin, *D6*; Boots and Shoes, *D13*; From the Boot Rack, by Arnell Larson, *D17-20*, *24*, *26*; Stompers, by John Preston, *D27*; The Foot Fraternity: On Putting Your Foot in My Mouth, *D55*; Sweatsox, by Art Muench, *Mach 5*; Shoefuck, by Robert Payne, *Mach 6*.

Cigars

Cigar Blues, by Jack Fritscher, *D22*; Cigars and the Men Who Smoke Them, *D52*; Cigar Studs, *D74*; The John Kass Strip, *D74*.

Cops

I Was a Gay Vice Cop, *D13*; Bike Cops, *D23*; Tough Tales: Cop Lovers, *D33*; Special "Law & Order" Issue, *D62*; The New Police State Exposed, *D70*; Uniforms, by Robert Payne, *D79*; The



DOG SLAVERY



ENEMA

Hard Object, *Mach 8*.

Crime & Punishment

Prison Slavery, by Robert Payne, *D1*; The Third Degree, *D14*; Devil's Island, *D15*; The Greek Way, *D15*; Special "What Happens in Prison Is a Crime" Issue, *D21*; Ex-Cons: We Abuse Fags, by Old Reliable, *D24-25*; Cavelo's Jailhouse Rock, *D43*; Rape as Punishment, by Adam Starchild, *D77*; Chinese Torture, by Cavelo, *Mach 2*.

Cowboys

Way Out West, *D6*; Intermountain Logging Company, *D12*; Grand National Rodeo Blues, by Jack Fritscher, *D26*; In Search of an Honest-to-God Cowboy, *D50*; Way Out West, *D50*; Cavelo's Roped, Tied and Branded, *Mach 1*; Desperado, by Cavelo, *Mach 3*.

Daddies

Drummer Daddies, *D42, 53-65, 67, 68, 78, 80-85*; My Father, My Lover (as told to T.R. Witomski), *Drummer Rides Again*; *Drummer Daddies 1, 2, 3*.

Dog Slavery

Training Towser, by David Stratton, *Mach 4*; My Five Years as a Dog, by Kai, *Mach 6*.

Dungeons/SM Gatherings

Famous Dungeons of San Francisco, by

Cook and Weber, *D17*; Upstairs Over a Vacant Lot... The Catacombs, by Jack Fritscher, *D23*; Drummer Inspects The Quarters, *D24*; The Janus Society, *D26*; Hellfire Inferno (reports and photos by Preston, Payne, Hatfield, Townsend, Zeus), *D33, 35, 41, 59, 69, Mach 5*; A Day at The Quarters, *D37*; Black Mask Party at the Mineshaft, *D39*; Mineshaft, by John Preston, *D43*; The Quarters (fiction), by Robert Dunn, *D44*; The 15 of San Francisco, *D45*; Sewers of New York: Hellfire Beyond Gay, *D45*; The Quarters Becomes The Compound, *D63*; Black Mask, *D66*; A Slave-Trainer's Lot (The Compound), *D66*; Whitewater Weekend, by Fledermaus, *D69*; Knights Templar Initiation, *D71*; Taping of a Slave Auction, *D76*; Say Hello to the Compound, *D78*; Brutus Big Hit, *D83*; Manhood Ritual: The Compound, *D84*; The Blackhawks, *Mach 1*.

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Are Enemas Your Bag?, by Jason Bleu, *D16*; Erotic Enemas, by David Barton-Jay, *D60*; Erotic History of the Enema, *D70*; The Enema as an Art Form, by Jason Bleu, *D84*.

Famous Sadists (series)

Torquemada, *D7*; Ilse Koch, the Bitch

of Buchenwald, *D8*; Geronimo, *D9*; Nero, *D10*; Roger Wybot: Parisian Police Chief of Pain, *D11*; Blackbeard, *D12*; Fury of the Foreign Legion, *D13-14*; Claudius and the Arena, *D16*.

Fisting

FF of A, by William Wulfwine, *D3*.

Foreskin

The History of Foreskin, by Bud Berkeley, *D54-56*; Epilogue on Foreskin, *D58*; Foreskin Update, *D59, 61, 62, 69, 71, 76*; *Foreskin Quarterly 1, 2, 3*.

Hazing

Tough Tales, *D32*; Rites of Manhood, by Adam Stark, *D82*; Drummer Special: *The Leather Fraternity's Class of '82*.

Jacking Off/Dick Lore

Battle of the Big Dicks, *D49*; Joys of Self-Abuse, by Robert Payne, *D71, 80*; Big Dick Round-Up at The Corral, *D81*; Dressing Up Your Dick, *D83*; Shoe Fuck, *Mach 6*; Fun Things to Do With Your Cock, *Mach 6*.

Jocks & Bodybuilders

Body Buddy, by Rod Fuller, *D3*; David Kopay Interview, *D14*; Pumping Iron, *D15*; The Ma(s)king of Mr. America, by Ed Franklin, *D18*; Lifeguard: Gordon Grant, *D19*; Gay Jock Sports, by Jack Fritscher, *D20*; Some Babes in the

Photo by Close-Up Productions



SHAVING



BONDAGE

Woods, by Jack Fritscher, *D23*; Scottish Games, *D25*; Wet Stough!, by Jack Fritscher, *D28*; Noodles Romanoff and the Golden Gloves, *D29*.

Jockstraps

Jock Itch, by Aristide Laurent, *D7*.

Movie Mayhem (series)

The "Movie Mayhem" Series by Allan Eagles: Miscellaneous Topics, *D2-6*; Medieval Torture, *D7*; Bible Epics, *D8*; Arab and Oriental Tortures, *D10*; Maritime Tortures, *D11*; Western Movies, *D12*; War Movies, *D13*; Behind Bars, *D14*. Also: Steve Reeves Screen Test, *D19*; The Battered Lex Barker, by Jack Fritscher, *D26*; More Flesh in Flash Gordon, by Cavelo, *D44*.

Pecs

Tit Torture Blues, by Jack Fritscher, *D30*; Pecs...and What to Do With Them, by T.R. Witomski, *D81*.

Phone Sex

The Phone-ies, by J. Barney, *D2*; Phone Phuck (fiction), by John Preston, *Drummer Rides Again*.

Piercing

Branding, Piercing and Tattooing, *D6*; Erotopuncture, by Jim Kepner, *D15*; The Fine Art of Piercing, *D42*; Shaved, Pierced and Tattooed, *D60*; The Best of Mac, *D61*; Steve Gets His Nipple Pierced, *Mach 9*.

Photo by Joe Tiffenbach

Rape

Male Rape, by Gary Collins, *D12*; Confidential Dossier, *D32*; Rape as Punishment, by Adam Starchild, *D77*.

Rubber

Men in Rubber, by Mark I. Chester, *D64*; Spandex Bondage, *D64*.

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Shaving Your Slave, by Robert Payne, *D2*; The Hair Killer, by Robert Opel, *D11*; Johnny Gets His Haircut, *D16*; USMC: Strip-Shaving the Raw Recruit, by Jack Fritscher, *D22*; Inside Sweeney Todd's, by John Preston, *D31*; Shaved, Pierced and Tattooed, *D60*; Slaveshaving, *D75*; Pube's End, *Mach 3*.

Spanking

Hand-to-Man Contact, *D81*.

Tattoos

Branding, Piercing and Tattooing, *D6*; Drummer Goes to a Body Painting with Val Martin, *D8*; Erotic Portfolio of Go Mishima, *D17*; Mark of the Man, *D34*; Colored Needles, *D44*; Shaved, Pierced and Tattooed, *D60*; Tattooed Privates,

Mach 4.

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Footslave (fiction), by Patrick Colby, *Mach 8*.

Uniforms/Military

Making of a Marine, *D2*; The Uniform Fetish, *D11*; You Die, American Fry Boy!, *D22*; Privates: A True Vietnam Memoir, by D.L. Ramsey, *D22*; USMC: Strip-Shaving the Raw Recruit, by Jack Fritscher, *D22*; Interview with a POW, by Spike Wood, *D25*; The Diary of Private Ivan Curry, *D33*; The MP and the Raw-Ass Recruit, *D53*; The Eagle Gets His Merit Badge, *D53*; Men in Uniform, by Richard Saiser, *D79*; Uniforms, by Robert Payne, *D79*; Drummer Special: *Drummer Marches On*; Daddy War Hero, by John W. Rowberry, *Mach 2*; Armed Forces Week, *Mach 7*.

Water Sports

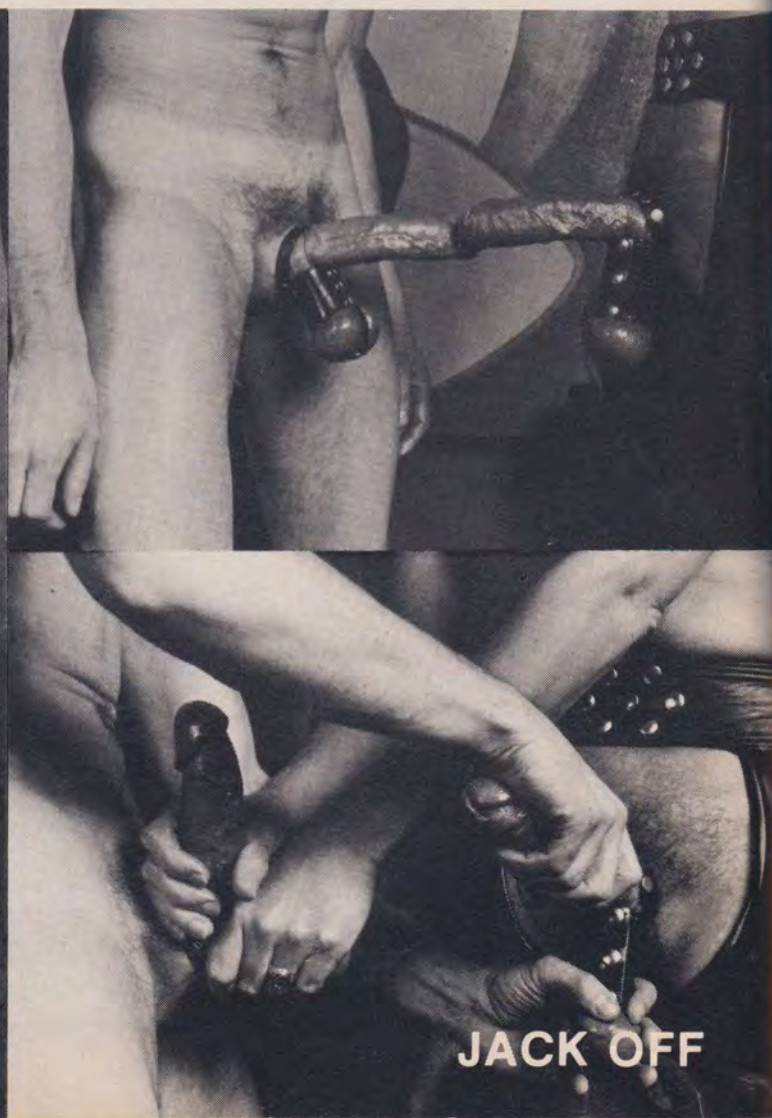
Wet and Wild, (anonymous interview), *D2*; Pissing in the Wind, by Jack Fritscher, *D20*; Though Showers May Come Your Way, *D48*.

Wrestling

Windy City Wrestling Club, *D26*; Wanna Rattle?, by Hank Trout, *D30*; The Great Wrestling Match (fiction) by Hank Trout, *D36*; Rematch (fiction) by Hank Trout, *D42*. □



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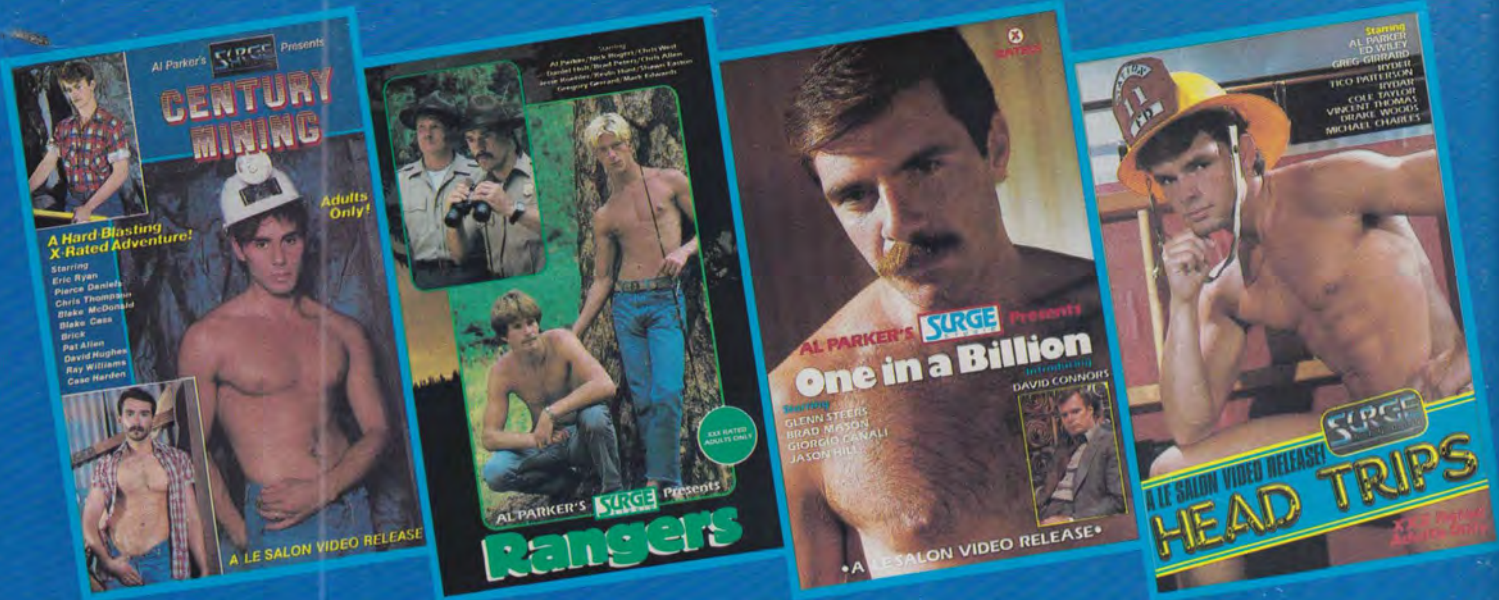
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