

THE 'INSTEAD OF' MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

4⁹⁵.
A STEAL!

MAIMED
BEAUTY

UNCHARTERED FETISH!

ENTERTAINMENT
FOR A MASTER

by JOHN PRESTON

BOUND FOR
GLORY!

CONTINUES

LEATHER
FRATERNITY

CLASSIFIEDS

JUST KEEP GROWING!

SNEAK
PEEK
AT SOME
HOT NEW
LEATHER
VIDEOS!

MEN
BEHIND
BARS

HELLFIRE
INFERNO

MASTER
BARBER

CARE &
TRAINING
OF THE
MALE
SLAVE!

ISSUE 93

RUMPS? DRUMMER'S GOT 'EM!

SEE "MEN BEHIND BARS" (page 18)



SEE "MASTER BARBER" (page 92)

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

Henry David Thoreau



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Cover: Jeff Turner hangs ready for action from the new video Master Barber, photo by Joe Altman.

Opposite page: (Above) "Hot Voodoo" from Men Behind Bars III, photo by Robert Pruzan. (Below) Still from the new video Care & Training of the Male Slave, photo by Joe Altman.

IN PASSING

LAST MONTH'S BOO-BOO

You may have noticed that two of the touted articles on the cover of *DRUMMER* 92 were not indeed contained within: "Letters From A Slavemaster" and "Requiem For The Mineshaft." Now two months before, when we were preparing that cover which ran, as do most, two up and at least a couple of months ahead, those articles were anticipated. We have not, and will not, be blessed with either one to date, so we are moving "Slavemaster" back to *MACH* and we will believe "Mineshaft" when we have it in hand. When you, dear reader, get to read them, they will come as a surprise, an unexpected blessing, so to speak. At least they will not be announced on our cover again. But it is our policy to make at least one dreadful and obvious mistake per issue so that you won't notice the smaller ones.

DRUMMER, which has moved every couple of years since its inception, is keeping up with that grand old tradition. We have sold our newest building on Natoma and are moving back to, of all places, Harriet Street, which was the first home we bought for our dog and pony show and which has been vacant to these several months. The painters are finished and the carpenters almost are. Carpet layers come next and then the movers and, by the time you read this, we'll hopefully be ensconced—snug as hard dicks in tight asses (with rubbers, of course). Since we are too big to fit completely in the same building, the photo/video studio will be at another facility three blocks away. The publishing address, which most of you will remember, is 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. Phone number remains the same, which is more than you can say for much of the new staff.

We would like to congratulate the Gay Archives in Southern California, Olaf Odegard and Jim Kepner particularly, for the extraordinary art showing that graced West Hollywood Valentine's Day weekend. It was undoubtedly the most extensive collection in one place since any of us could remember. I personally want to thank the Archives for the gracious acknowledgment given Alternate Publishing and me on that occasion. We met a number of new (to us) artists and photographers, whose work should be showing up in *DRUMMER* shortly. Many of those exhibiting at the show were either "discovered" by *DRUMMER*, *ALTERNATE*, *MANIFEST* or *MACH* or their work has certainly graced our pages.

—John H. Embry

VOLUME 10 / NUMBER 93

DEFORMITY LOVER DELOBWILLA FOAEK

The first one he loved—an accident
was a deaf mute
golden lean as a West Coast
basketball star.
Surprised by his luck
all he could think of was sex.
Until after
when they spoke on sheets
writing messages in vaseline.
They met after that
once a week for some time.
The sex got hotter
their bodies fit better.
Then his speech began to slip.
Words seemed inexact
and harsh
compared to reading lips,
or making a point
with a fingertip
or a kiss.
Then the deaf mute went away.

The next one was a blind boy
at a college gym dance.
A curly head of hair
The body of a stevedore,
an Adriatic address,
convinced him this would be special.
He wasn't disappointed.
This time they talked
but softly,
never looking at each other
in the bedroom's blinded night:
letting touches rediscover
soft steppes of ribs,
meadows of flesh,
seas of infinite skin.
They got together often—
geographers of the tactile.
Each visit left him thinking
our senses—
so misused when there—
when missing, are seldom missed.
Then the blind boy found a lover.

Since then he's gotten bolder
searching
for what others pass over

An afternoon with a veteran
who happened to have left an arm
in a rice-paddy in Viet Nam
disproves that two hands
are better than one.
A night with someone older
whose seizures
when he's ready to come
aren't orgasm, but pre-Grand Mal
becomes a game of sex
roulette.
Nothing indiscreet.
No ads in the papers for amputees.
No loitering near the handicapped
hoping a hunchback wants to connect.
It's beauty
not the grotesque he seeks.
But the only perfection he can see
is that most apparently,
poignantly
flawed.

This isn't a case from Kraft-Ebbing.
If asked,
he'd say he's a normal guy.
For him a chiselled profile is fine,
but handsomer with a speech defect.
A well-defined chest will evoke
his desire
but heavily scarred or mispigmented
its athletic cut is more gratifying.
Deformity is a grace, he'll say.
Like courage, it's clean
and always naive
open and free, no hiding—
the truest state or man perhaps.
Want to see him use this philosophy?
You can find him almost every night
in any one of a half dozen bars.
He's a hospital ward
for the maimed young gods:
a port for anyone's surgical storm:
looking to fuck
the human condition.

*From The Deformity Lover and Other
Poems by Felice Picano,
Sea Horse Press Ltd., 1978.*

MAIMED BEAUTY

by MARK I. CHESTER



Altered Photo by Mark I. Chester

Kink is where you find it. And so is beauty. But sometimes it is a hard road to travel.

Back before leather-covered dicks raging and laden with metal, back before I understood that others had passions for ropes, I had a dream. Sometime in early morning darkness, I felt myself spinning downward, being sucked into a whirling maelstrom. I woke standing in front of my house.

I walked up to the door and opened it, only to reveal a giant Nubian. His rounded muscles and glittering skin were encased by leather straps and belts that crisscrossed his monstrous physique. And then I saw them. Terrifying scarifications slashing across his face and chest, a jewel in his ear and a metal bar piercing one nipple. But it was the single Cyclopsian eye in the middle of his forehead that knowingly cut right through me and made me slam the door to my house, hoping no one had seen what was standing proudly within.

I had always known that I was different, but sharing that difference with the world was like taking a step into the black void. Some people want to be indistinguishable from the crowd. They work at blending into the shadows. At being just like everyone else. Some people stand out. They simply have no choice.

In my teens, I read a news story about a man who was born without arms. He shaved, brushed his teeth and typed with his toes. I sliced his image from the paper. He was angelically handsome. Soft, shimmering hair, framing Ricky Nelson eyes, and bare toes lightly fingering a typewriter keyboard. More than once I jerked off wondering what else he could do with his wondrous toes. I was truly shaken by this vision of beauty maimed. Then I realized, that he did not see himself as maimed. He saw himself as different.

Different. I have always been fascinated by people who are different. Men whose skin shimmers in tones from amber to dark dark chocolate. Men with piercings and tattoos. Scars or deformities. Men with legs crippled by polio. Missing a leg. An arm. A hand. Or a couple of fingers. This is a scary thing to talk about in public. Even for me. I have written about bondage and multiple personalities. Pain and intense psychological connections. But this is something else.

We are a white-bread society. Homogeneity reigns. Even our images of men into leather, rough sex and SM are narrow. Their bodies are the stuff of sexual fantasy—pumped up and glistening with oil. Tightly muscled or fleshy. Two from column A and one from column B. And please, nothing unusual. No huskies. Nor someone with glasses, let alone someone without an arm or in a wheelchair. It might ruin the fantasy.

Don't get me wrong. Sometimes I love fantasy. Sometimes it is my stock in trade. But reality creates its own path. Real people have sadomasochistic sex. And some real people have scars. Some wear glasses. And some walk with a limp or an artificial leg.

People who are different wear their pain on the outside, for everyone to see. There is nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide. You either curl up in a ball and die or you survive. Survive and there is something on the other side. Self-respect. Self-worth. Beauty radiates from the inside out.

You see, the story goes that he was a mean top. He made his bottoms beg to be dominated. Beg to have him teach them something about the world. And he knew something special about the world. He had been crippled by polio but there was a fragile beauty to his weak leg and one nearly wasted arm. For a long time I watched him. And then one night I had to tell him that I was turned on by the Eros in his convoluted walk.

You see, the story goes he used to tie his bottoms severely. Tight and painfully. Forcing them to walk as if they had a weakened leg and nearly wasted arm. Duplicating his own labored patterns. He made them serve him. Kiss his boots. Worship his cock and balls. Lick his achingly thin leg. And sometimes when the rowdy excitement had kept him dick-hard, he would have them make him dinner. And watch as they struggled in their debilitating ropes.

And what bottom could complain that it was too much. Too hard. Too painful. "Welcome to my world," he would smile, while the tears rolled down their cheeks. For he understood that difference is what you make it.

And what do we make of differences? Sideshows. Finger pointing when no one is looking. Embarrassed silences. Their losses are just too close for comfort. And reality is such an ephemeral thing. One roll of the dice and anyone can wake up a minus. Anyone can wake up with broken wings.

But there was nothing broken about Jeff; a little twisted, yes, but nothing broken. I met Jeff one night at the Slot Hotel. Tall and slender, I watched as he fist-fucked a man on all fours. I

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usually don't watch fisting, but there was something piston-like about his arm pumping in and out of that ass riding high in the air. When he pulled his arm out, there was no hand attached. For a second I fantasized that hand, still exploring somewhere up that ass.

Later we talked and Jeff told me that he had lost his hand in an accident. I never asked him how, and it didn't matter. After the accident, he flipped out over his loss; that is, until people started coming up to him and begging him to stick his "stump up their butts." Flip/Flop. His loss became his gain.

I later learned firsthand that Jeff also wielded his stump like a club, seriously beating ass or making tits ache and throb. And in an inspired bit of theater, he used his stump as a gag while his other hand teased and tormented whatever was within reach.

About the same time I saw another man, born with arms that stopped short of the elbows and minus one leg (and maybe minus more). Small and tight, he did as much with two half arms as most men did with two whole arms. He would remove his prosthesis and lay in the darkened hallway of the Slot, in leather vest and jockstrap; underfoot. Waiting to be played with. Waiting to be literally thrown over someone's shoulders and carried away. Blindfold him and let him float through darkness and space. And peace. Not bound by the earth and his physical realities.

Beauty is its own reward. Sometimes handed out on a silver platter. But maimed beauty is always earned. With every rivulet of sweat. Every tear. And every ounce of pain. I know.

Keloided scar tissue and graft run from my thumb and forefinger to my elbow covering forty percent of my forearm. I neither loved it nor hated it; it was just there. That is until a man in tattered jeans and beard and scuffed shitkicker boots looked at my scar, wet his lips and begged to lick my scar.

So with the boy between my legs, one boot planted firmly against his crotch, and a hand tightly entangled in his hair, he made love to this expanse of scarred flesh. He nibbled, sucked and lovingly kissed the bumps and ridges of built-up, hardened tissue. Memories of pain melted into sensual pools, traced by his swirling tongue. And then my dick got hard.

We have a lot to learn from maimed beauty. Our activities are a litany that maimed beauty understands. Blindfolds and hoods



—an intense fantasy vision by Rex of the ultimate submission trip.

to take away sight. Gags to take away speech. And ropes and restraints of every shape, make and style to bind the body so that it moves only as directed or not at all. There is so much to be learned from such a state of grace. Trust. Letting go. Opening up doorways previously unknown.

It was with doorways in mind that I did it. It was audacious, but there was nothing left to do. After he spent three days and nights in bondage, I wanted to take him out to dinner, but I didn't want to break my hold on him. So I did it. Rope harness under three-piece suit. Eyes bandaged with gauze. Sequestered in a wheelchair. Taxied to a fine restaurant. A stranger in a strange place in a strange city.

I wanted to increase his dependence on me. I wanted him to need me. To be his only light in a world of darkness. So I read him the menu, and later fed him his dinner, bite by bite. A nonsexual trip. But hard-on city. And in closing doorways he was accustomed to, he opened doorways that he didn't even know existed.

And there are others. Like Steve, who called me from Los Angeles to tell me of a full-body brace of gleaming metal that he has had made for himself. And at 6'3", special boots that make him 6'6", designed to make him look like one foot is shorter than the other. Strong, muscular and yet maimed beauty has a strong pull on him. And others, who purposely court maimed beauty, intentionally altering and changing their bodies.

Like John. Found my number and called on the phone. He said, "I've got something to show you; something you should

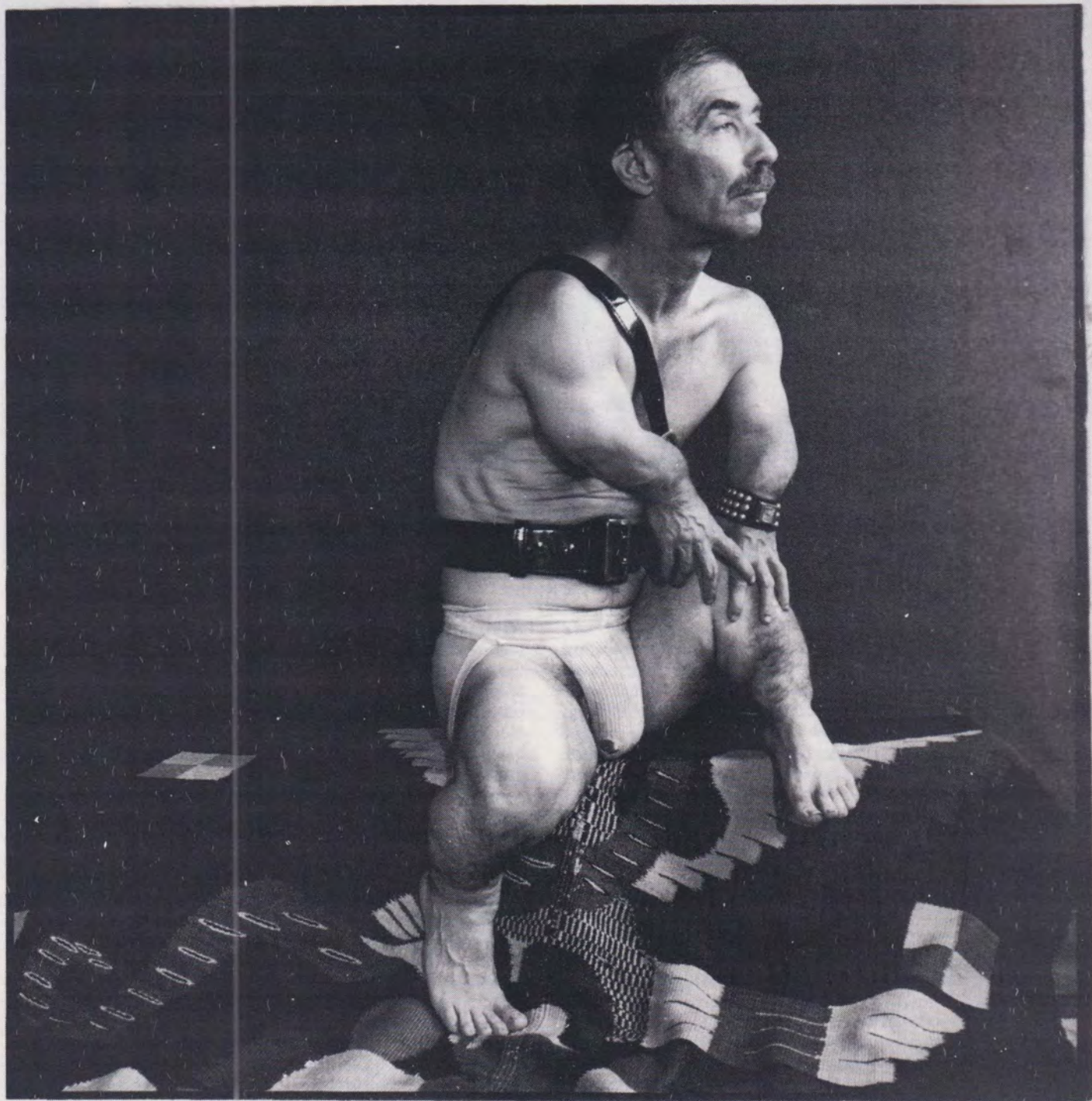
see." Tall, slender man. He pulls out his dick and shows me that the head has been cut down the middle in two parts. He pulls it apart so I can look right down into the urethra. My panic buttons are buried deep. But this comes close. His turn-ons—an electric drill in his urethra, hitting his cock with a hammer and having his cock slammed in a car door. How far is too far? I don't know anymore.

And then there is Fakir Musafar with piercings in his nipples large enough to stick your finger through. He is a shaman, a born-again Indian, practicing Indian rituals from long ago. So in search of the Great White Spirit he travels to undeveloped areas, finds a special cottonwood tree, pierces the skin shallowly with a needle, connects himself to the tree and then dances. He dances, pulling back away from the tree until, hours later, with sage for a headband and an eagle feather in his teeth, the skin breaks open and he is free.

But that's not all. Through deep piercings behind his pectoral muscles, he is attached to a branch on another tree and the branch is slowly wound around and around. Until the Fakir is hanging off the ground by the piercings in his chest. The Mandan Indian O-Kee-Pa Ceremony, first done in a former life, now done many years later. He floats off through his own uncharted doorways. As far as his mind can take him.

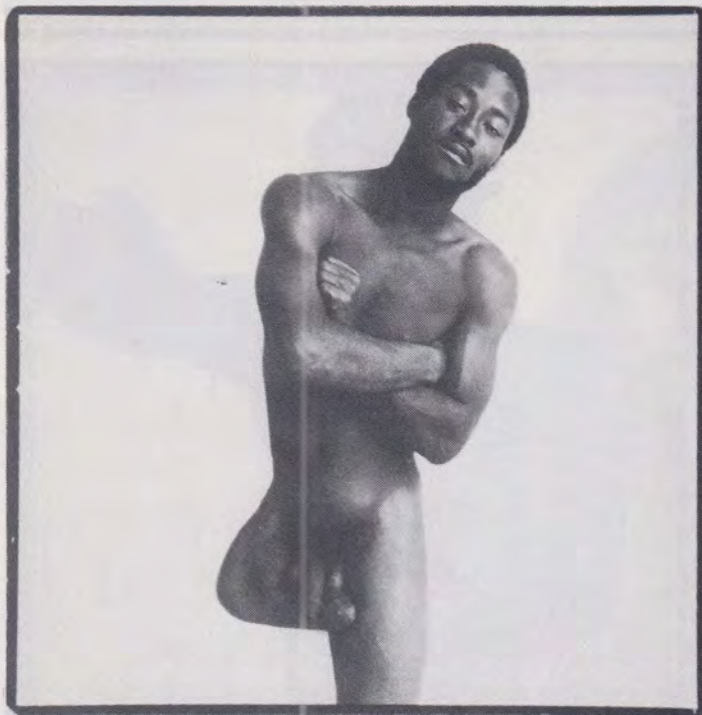
Sexuality is such a dark and mysterious thing. And there is a thread that connects us all, one to the other. Maimed beauty travels the same path as beauty, although it can be a rough road to travel. And me? I wait for the night when I will meet my Nubian once again. To open the door for all the world to see. □

GEORGE DUREAU: *Photographer*



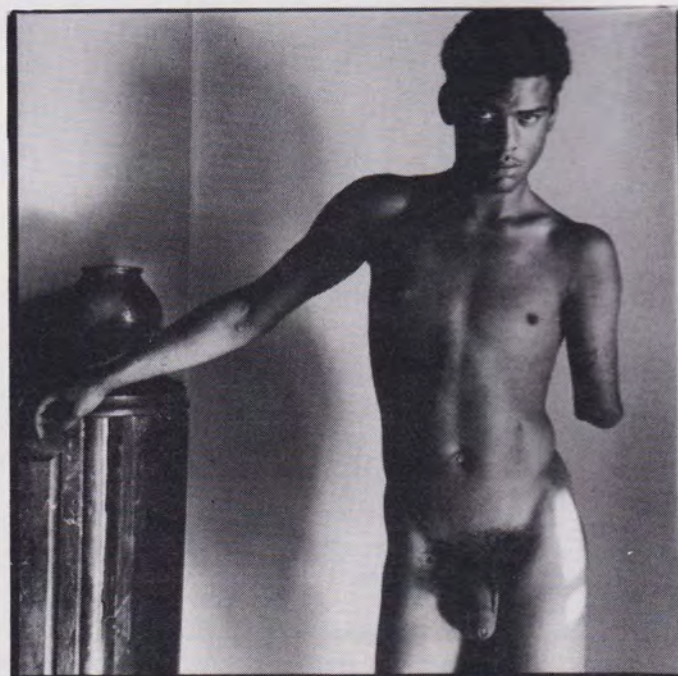
They are uncompromising explorations into the heart of homoeroticism—portraits of black men brimming over with sensuality; images of physically different men, seen through the eyes of love.

George Dureau lives in New Orleans and defines himself as a Greco-Roman homosexual. He aims his camera at the men who live, work and play in the French Quarter. At 55 he is best known in the South for his paintings and drawings of men. But with these photographs, some of which are taken from a recently published book of his work, *New Orleans*, Dureau opens new chapters in the photographic imagery of men.



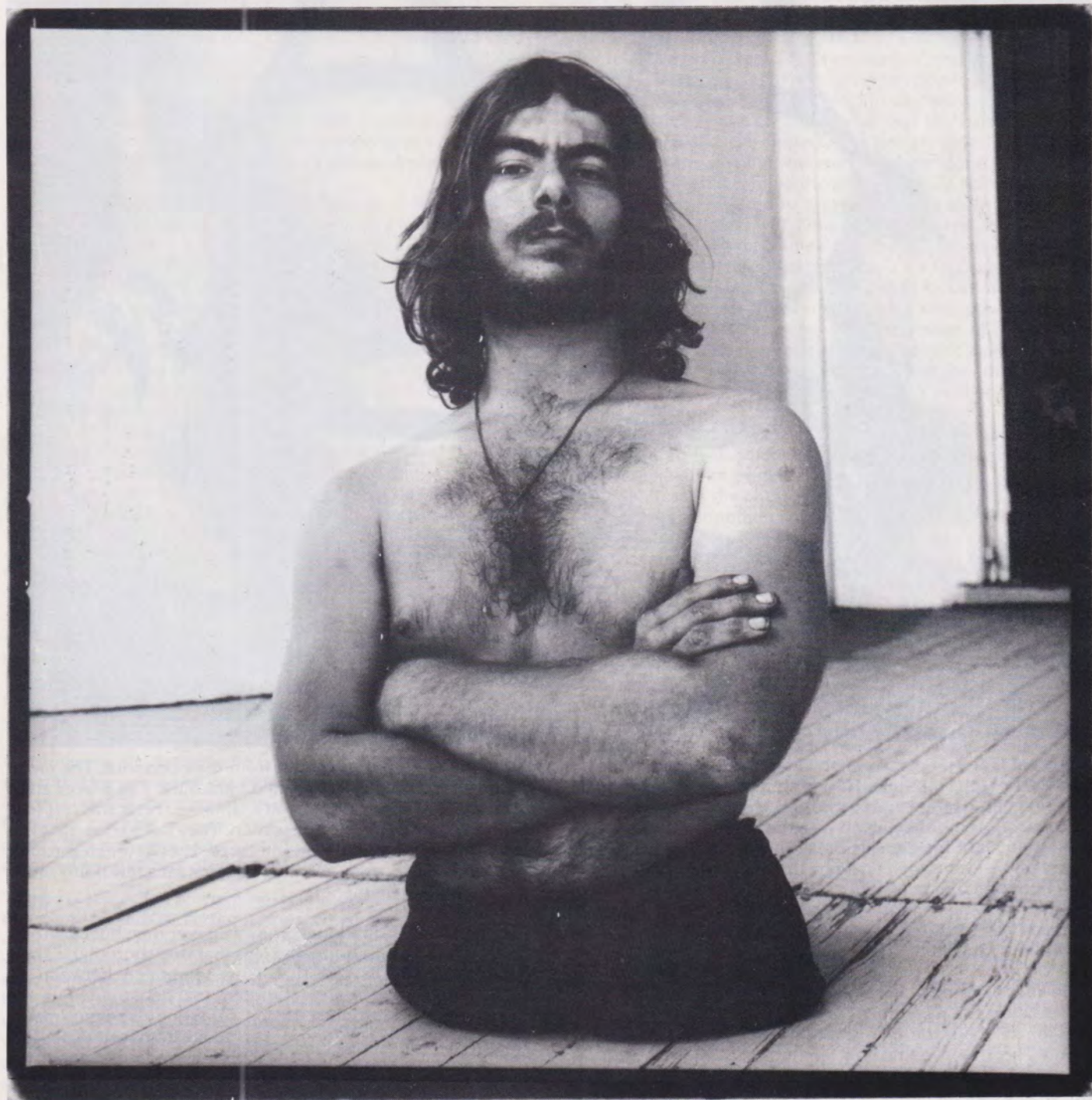
Other photographers have photographed the unusual before. Diane Arbus was a voyeur into worlds discounted by society at large. They were shocking for the blatant, unflattering picture of reality that they expressed. Joel-Peter Witkin is a voyeur into the darkness of his own soul. His pictures are shocking for the shadowy nightmares that he portrays as real. But Dureau photographs from the heart, insistent that there is beauty at every corner. One must merely be willing to see it and let it in.

Dureau loves and photographs without regard to the sexuality of his subjects; because they are here in *Drummer*, do not assume they are gay. Even though his subjects may be outsiders, outcasts from society's mainstream, Dureau imbues these portraits with a sense of dignity. These men know who and what they are. There is no shame in their being different. There is no regret.



But Dureau goes further. His photographs glow with the inherent sexual energy of his dwarfs and amputees. Look into their eyes. Listen to what they are saying. Feel the heat that cannot be denied.

—Mark I. Chester



Photographs published through the courtesy of George Dureau. Most appeared in the book George Dureau, New Orleans, 50 Photographs, London, 1986, GMP Publishing.

OTHER BODIES

by MICHAEL AGREVE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK I. CHESTER

1:00 A.M. Jason is lying in bed, an oversized dildo filling up his stretched-out butthole. His leg stump rests on the tangled mass of sheets near the foot of the bed. He holds the receiver to his ear and lets his brain fill up with the hotly whispered words spilling out into his ear. His breathing becomes heavier and heavier as he listens to the man on the other end of the phone. They both want the same thing. With the expertise gained from repeated late-night phone calls, the man describes his latest escapade. Jason pumps his cock as the man describes how he got fisted by the stump of an amputated arm.

Jim and Mac stop at the streetlight. They both pause in their conversation as a man using crutches walks in front of the car. Mac thinks about the man sitting next to him. In only a few minutes he'll be lying next to him in bed, with Jim's built-up boot hiding the deformed left foot. For Mac, the boot and the foot are enough for him to get off on. The man attached to them is just gravy.

Peter waits in the hotel room. His cock rises as he hears Neil's painfully slow steps reverberating on the tiled floor outside the room. Slowly, the door opens, revealing the impressively handsome man whose tight hip-hugging jeans cover a set of full length braces. Peter's eyes wander up from the metal-clad shoe

to the neck brace sticking out from the open shirt. The metal gleams in the overhead reflected light bulb. The braces are a prop, an excuse to act out Neil's fantasies. Peter informs him that he's late for the therapy session. They both know that the session is a fantasy. Neither one cares. They've been through the scene before, each one knowing that for a few hours, both their needs will be met.

Ed tears into Jason's letter. They've never met, but Ed knows every inch of Jason's body; the legs that stop short of the knee socket, the long, fat dick that hangs temptingly between an almost hairless crotch, the fat nipples that get pumped up for hours on end with rubber suction cups, and the almost painfully handsome face that never fails to elicit unwanted pity. Ed dreams about worshiping Jason's broken body. For him, perfection comes from imperfection; a missing limb, a catheter tube running from the limp cock of a paraplegic, the jerky movements of a spastic, an undersized cock between a body builder's legs, the oversized dick attached to a midget. The smallest hint that there is something different under the protective layers of clothing is enough to spark his overworked imagination.

He hunts out the imperfect in a world where perfection means a ten-inch dick topped with layers of bulging muscle. He

searches the ad pages for the one word that defines his sexuality. . . "Disabled." He subscribes to medical journals, hoping for the occasional photo of a half-naked amputee. Unlike most guys in the scene, he has no trouble meeting willing partners. With the deliberateness of a spider he weaves a sexual net around his prospective partners; luring them with his hot looks and willingness to travel long distances to get what he wants. Then, he moves on to the next available source of nourishment. Some call him cold-hearted. Others, denied of sexuality for so long, leave his arms relieved of built-up protective layers. Few have no reaction to his overt sexuality.

It's a world within a world; disabled men wanting to meet other disabled men, able bodies on the prowl for disabled men to make their fantasies cum true, disabled men wary of those who get off on their handicap, able-bodied men fantasizing themselves disabled as they place their bodies in restrictive wheelchairs for a few hour's play. They even have a newsletter, "Para-Amps," filled with hot descriptions and photo sets for sale.

Some only want a night's action. Others search for soulmates. Many find satisfaction as they explore what is a fetish to some, a way of life to others. But most have one thing in common; the need to keep their drives and desires a secret from others. In a world where perfection is held up as the ideal, you don't run around telling everyone that you want something considerably less.

Tell a man that you're into paraplegics and amputees and watch his dust. Even most disabled guys think it's weird that someone could love the bodies they've been taught to hate. Don't tell them that everyone is disabled in some way or another. That one man's missing arm is another man's pimple. Nothing is relative when the reflection in the mirror stares out at hands that start one inch below the elbow joint. And no one jumps into bed with legs deformed by polio without an unspoken something lingering under the blankets.

Call it kinky if you want to. Most people do. But don't try to explain it. Who knows why a seven-year-old boy stops dead in his tracks to watch another boy limp by, his shoe encased in shiny metal? Or why one man lets his body be wrapped in plastic tape while another chooses to encase himself in the same braces he learned to love at only seven. Is it symbiosis or repressed sexuality expressing itself in seemingly bizarre ways? Is the love of metal arm hooks any different than the love of leather and silver-studded gauntlets? Can anything be equated when it comes to what makes a cock rise? Maybe. Maybe not.

You can lump all your fetishes into one basket. You can say that focusing on the specific takes your mind away from the general. That someone searching out the imperfect has little love for himself. But who says its degrading to go with a midget? Certainly not the midget. And in a world where opposites attract like magnets, why shouldn't an able-bodied man be attracted to someone disabled?

Just ask Jason. Ask him why he shouldn't let some guy suck on the rounded ends of his leg stumps. Or why he shouldn't send nude photos of himself through the mail. For years he sat in his wheelchair, his right hand supplying the closest thing he would ever come to a love life. Then, one day, somebody looked at him. Somebody looked at him real strange. And as he lay in bed with that someone, his shortened legs being carressed and worshiped, he started to realize that he was someone sought after. Maybe just for freak appeal. But with your load resting on someone's lips, you ask questions later. You enjoy the attention and think that maybe this guy will go beyond the abstract and see the brain behind the body.

Or speak to Peter. His ad worked. One night he got a call, and the other end of the line was a nondisabled man, fantasizing about the therapist who had first taught him to keep his massive prick under a jock. Fantasy become reality has Peter reached into his own well-stuffed pouch and began stroking his cock in rhythm to Neil's hefty breathing.

"You know, we've been working together for years now. I've seen you outgrowing one set of braces after another. And I've watched you sprout hairs on that crotch of yours. I've seen your dick get hard every time I tightened the straps on those braces. And I waited until you were old enough to understand that there was more to it than some kid finding out for the first time that his cock squirts more than piss. So I think it's time that I showed you something besides how to walk or stand without toppling over."

Then they met and acted it out, therapist and patient meeting years after they had first tasted each other's cock. Neil, still bound tightly in leather and metal. Peter, still hungry for the sight of thin wasted legs supported like a wind-blown building. Lips touched cold steel and shoe leather, then angled up to catch the dripping gobs of precum. Arms developed from years of lifting patients out of wheelchairs circled around a metal framework, then locked the legs so that the bare butt stood exposed. Hard cock slipped into an ass stretched out by repeated enemas. some therapeutic, some done just for fun. Whispered pleadings filled the charged air. "Fuck my crippled body. Just like you used to do when I came to visit you at the hospital. I'm helpless with those braces locked in place. You could do anything you wanted and there'd be no way in hell I could stop you." No one asking who's on top, who's on bottom? Fantasy cripple getting off on being fucked by his make-believe therapist. Therapist riding high on the power given to him. At the same time worshiping the image of the cripple. Finally cumming as dangling nut sacs bounce against leather strapping. Shooting spurt after spurt of hot jism on the metal strapping. Licking each drop off the black leather orthopedic shoe.

And Jim, resting his back on the stack of brightly colored pillows, his body stripped down except for the black boots that grip his ankles. Not even the thinnest layer covering the curved back that pushes the chest area out at a disproportionate angle. Or the sunken abdomen that lead the imagination down to the thin, uncut dick resting to one side. He didn't ask to be disabled. He didn't dream it up out of some unfathomable need to be less than he could be or learn the slap-sting of rejection as he displayed his cross to bear. But with lips running across the shiny shoe, he could only guess at the convolutions twisting his partner's brain.

Which little dent explains away the need to plant a deformed foot in mouth or stand back, cock in hand, to survey the imbalance in each leg's length? Or the choking that fills a cripple's throat as each exposed deformity surveyed, analyzed and licked clean of its hard-earned sweat. Why for years he sought out other disabled men, only to find that what they reflected was too close to be comfortable, too much a mirror image of a self gone haywire. So you get what you can get. And you let a man like Mac satisfy his needs. And you hope that before the night is over he'll get up past your crotch.

What is it about a harelip that drives a man to distraction? Or a pair of legs that stopped growing long before puberty made simple dreaming a wet illusion? You wanna talk weird? I'll tell you what's weird. There's a guy down the block from Ed who got both his arms and legs blown off in Nam. Now, every time Ed sees him he thinks about how great it would be to carry his uniformed torso around. His nipples pressed against Ed's stretched-out mounds. The man's cock dangling down to where his legs used to be. Or maybe he got his dick blown off too. That's even weirder, but not as weird as a pair of lips wanting to work themselves under the stump of his missing dork. How's that for safe sex?

Just ask Ed. He knows. So does Jerry. Only he doesn't say so. There are some secrets an amputee doesn't tell. Like the look in a straight guy's eyes as he's fitting you for a prosthesis and he notices that your dick is bigger than the stumps of your legs. Or what it takes to get him to learn firsthand just how good an

"Para-Amps," PO Box 515, South Beloit, IL 61080



amputee's cock can taste. Or what goes on in an amputee ward when the lights are out and the only way you can muffle a scream is to stuff a dick in your mouth.

So, you enter the ranks of the unwilling kinky. You become an object to be worshiped by the select few. And if you're mad as hell and want to do something about it you attach clamps to your partner's tits and wait for him to beg for release. And if you've lived year after year feeling like last night's meat loaf, you find a guy to slap your meat into his personal mold. You become a kink. All the while wondering why it is so kinky to want to be loved. But you don't think about it often.

Disabled. Abled. Two worlds separated by a prefix...connected by lust. Bridged by separate needs and desires. All the aspects of differentness coming into play. Missed messages. Unanswered questions... What do you do with a prosthetic leg once it's off? Can a colostomy bag be an object of desire? Will a paraplegic come apart if hugged too tight? Does a leather hood hide a disfigured face or enhance it? Is it better to let a fantasy remain a fantasy or risk reality, rejection and putting artificial limbs back on the morning after?

All meaningless. All moot...if you've got the need. You don't analyze it. You don't pull out and examine wings if you've got the need to fly. You feel out others, waiting for their responses to your needs, waiting for the green light to go ahead with fantasy or pursue the man who fits the bill.

It's been years since Ed first asked why he pursues the disabled or the able bodied in disguise...not since he first saw a double-arm amp wearing full leather and displaying shiny arm hooks that seemed to much the perfect extension of the look. Not since Jerry moved the focus from below his knees to the two magnificent mounds of flesh that grew with repeated piercings. And not since Neil first encased his spindly legs in metal gridwork, no one suspecting that for him, the pleasure of passing went beyond any sex anyone could offer.

Stopping at the red light, to watch a man limp by, wondering why the leg moves the way it does, you don't ask why you feel the fascination. You stop. You stare. You move your hand from steering wheel to crotch and wait for eye to meet eye. Or you drive away and save the image for right before you fall asleep.

In the world of the kinky there are always subdivisions.

Worlds within worlds. A metal stud becomes an icon. A uniform conjurs up Valhalla. Ropes become instruments of art. And on the underbelly of the beast there thrives a whole community with a different set of artifacts to worship. Deformity turns into a grand aesthetic high. Wheelchairs seat the gods. And the gods, reluctantly, very reluctantly, allow the worship to continue. If you travel on that underbelly you won't find easy answers. Going from need to satisfaction runs an obstacle course. For some, the seeking out intensifies the pleasure. For others, frustration keeps the fantasy the only outlet.

And what fantasies...Two ex-Army buddies meeting, long after the war memorials laid guilt to rest. One man carrying mental scars, the other sporting leg stumps and a long scar down his belly. Remember the night we huddled together in the trenches, your naked body glued to mine for warmth? Remember the smoke-filled dreams as I lowered my face onto that special place between your legs? Feel it now. Feel my lips trembling on your dork. Rest those shortened legs on my shoulders while I caress your buttocks open. See it open...incredibly rounded ass cheeks resting on banded legs and a body stopping short of most men's crotches...a convenient disability—easy to stand and suck and never worry about knee fatigue.

Would anybody understand? A dwarf's passion for a man whose legs can barely hold his weight...doing it behind closed doors so nobody will have to be offended...nipples being pulled by hands beginning at the elbow...a small cock resting on a body that is somehow not quite right...the action on the nipples secondary to the sight of that body in the eyes of the beholder...heat rising between the clublike fingers and the aching teats...cum spreading at the two small feet, waiting to be sucked dry by way of reward? A puckered asshole, waiting to take the rounded end of an arm stump, hoping it will come out clean? Two men on the phone, swapping stories, praying that the other will give a name, an address, a description that makes the search worthwhile...And others, standing mute and clicking tongues in disbelief?

Ah, but if you could see them through my eyes...if you knew them like I do...or do you? Are they you? Or a part of you? The part that never escaped outside the leather hood? Well, it's okay to let it out. There are others out there...waiting. □

REPORT

Send your entries for this national leather update to *DRUMMER* Report, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142-2009.

"ALL THE SHIT THAT'S FIT TO PRINT."



LAST YEAR'S WINNERS: Joe Ciarlegio, second place; Patrick Toner, International Mr. Leather 1985; Richard Hennigh, third place. Photo by Jack Sitar.

MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER

Time again for the Mr. International Leather Contest in Chicago. This year the event

will be held from May 23-26. A ticket is \$50 and covers: a reserved seat to the pageant at Park West Auditorium, admission to the Black & Blue Ball, a T-shirt, poster and a package

of other goodies. Send your check to Mr. International Leather, 5025 N. Clark St., Chicago, IL 60640. Pictured above is last year's winner, Patrick Toner.

SIEG HEIL!

More good news from our military. The generals, who have yet to find a way to spend \$40 million allocated to them for AIDS research, are considering a plan for a \$12.5 million study designed to prove that AIDS is casually transmitted (contrary to all existing scientific data).

The proposal also contemplates forbidding association between servicemen and members of high-risk groups (read that "gays") and quarantining those who have been exposed to AIDS.

"Extreme public health measures" may be necessary, reads the proposal. Some of the measures would be "in direct conflict with the Constitution," the proposal concedes.

The drastic measures are not spelled out in the proposal,

but a memo circulated among those working on the project suggests that persons with AIDS might be identified by "mandatory and overt identification." Perhaps they are thinking of the pink triangles that Gays were forced to wear in Nazi Germany!

EROTIC LIVES

Do you make your living in the sexual underground? John Preston, leading gay author and a major contributor to *Drummer* (see "Entertainment for A Master," page 26) is working on a book entitled *Erotic Lives* and is looking to interview sexual entrepreneurs—people on the "edge" of new frontiers in sexuality.

If you have found an ethical and imaginative way to cash in on your sexual predilections, contact Preston at PO Box 5314, Portland, ME 04101, (207) 774-3865 and you might just

find yourself included in his book, scheduled by Arbor House to go to print by the end of the year.

NO UNMARRIED SEX IN VIRGINIA

Under Virginia law, fornication has been a misdemeanor since 1829 and cohabitation a misdemeanor since 1860, which prohibit men and women from living together and/or having sexual intercourse.

Michael Morchower, Richmond attorney, brought suit on behalf of James Doe, 33, who admitted he had violated Virginia's fornication law, and Jane Doe, 27, who said she had broken both laws.

A recent Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals ruling upheld the law. Nothing was said or done however, on Virginia's same-sex antifornication and cohabitation statutes.

SHOCKING NEWS

With the New York City fathers closing down the Mine-shaft as well as the Everhard and St. Marks baths, the San Francisco City fathers (and mothers) decided to take another look at their apparently thriving sex palaces.

The City's attorney employed a "secret operative" to spy on The Slot and Animals, licensed as hotels. He came back with a report that was certainly juicy. Excerpts were printed in San Francisco's gay *Sentinel U.S.A.*, and probably gave the establishments the best publicity they've had in years.

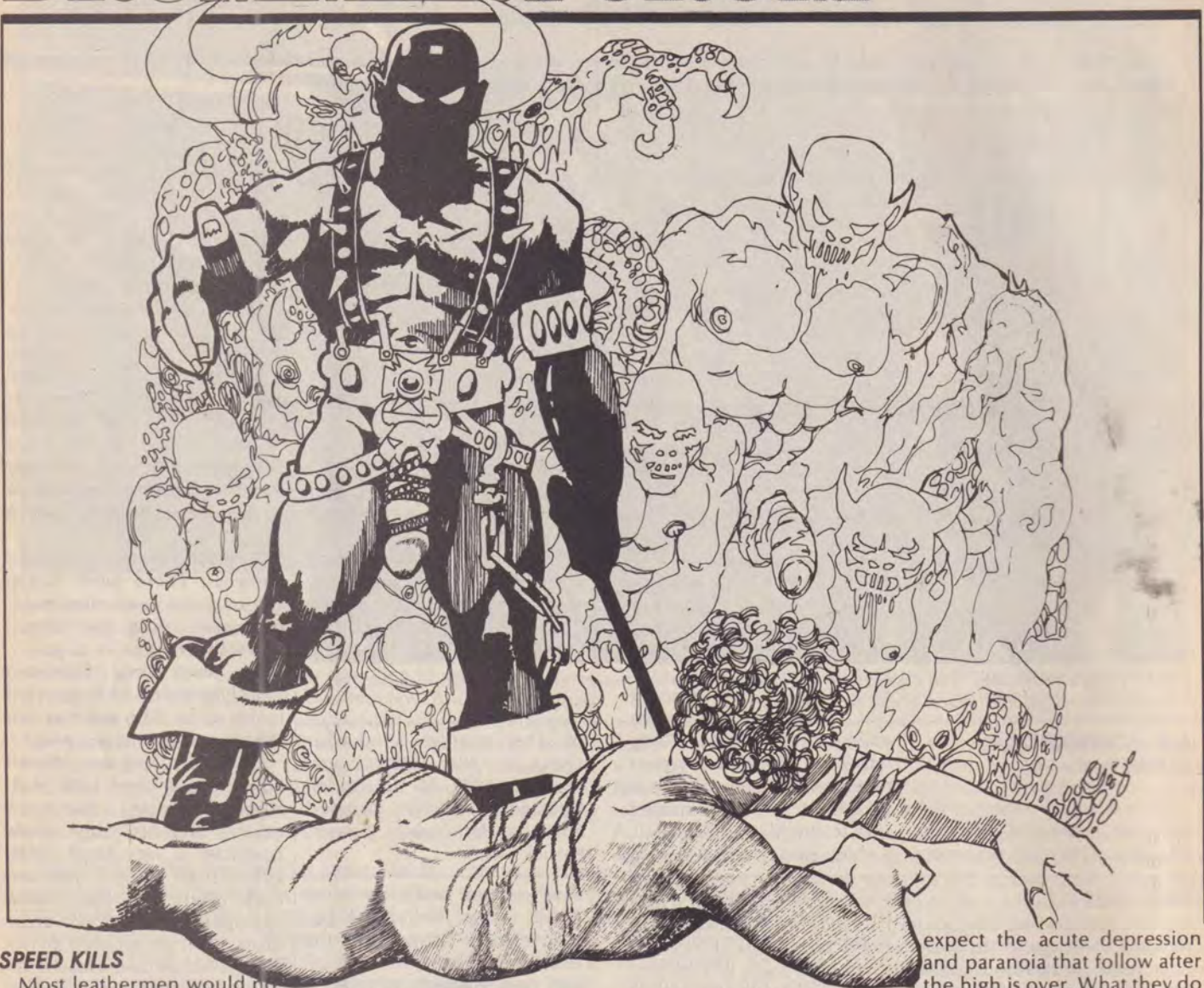
"(Patrons) were cruising the hallways. There were slings, chains, Crisco and other paraphernalia inside the room," went the report. "A white male...was lying suspended in a sling with a dildo inserted in his anus. The man in the sling was inhaling poppers."

"A man asked me, 'Won't you come in and fuck me?' Another...male...also invited me into his room, while handling a very large dildo with Crisco on it. I declined both offers," humbly stated the operative. "On two occasions, a patron entered an occupied room and closed the door. Grunting, groaning and spanking sounds could be heard outside the room."

"Room...was occupied by a white male who was hanging in a sling, totally nude. A can of Crisco shortening was beside the bed and traces of Crisco were visible around the man's anus. I heard moaning sounds from inside the man's room," the operative reported.

The City's attorney refuses to disclose the name of their secret operative. It seems it's difficult to find men who will take on this job. Perhaps most of the men who would be tempted to take the job would also feel obliged to join the fun (just to be sure they knew what was going on).

DRUMMER FORUM



SPEED KILLS

Most leathermen would no more put heavy drugs into their systems than bleach their best chaps pink, but there are a few that travel beyond good judgement and not only jeopardize their own welfare but compromise the reputation of the leather community.

An experienced leatherman knows that leather sex is about fulfilling needs, living out fantasy and enjoying our sensual and sexual limits. It is definitely not about doing real damage to our bodies and minds. On the rare occasion that one hears about men in our scene who get seriously injured, in almost every case excessive booze and/or heavy drugs (especially crystal meth) have been traced as a major cause.

With the AIDS plague upon us and the straights breathing down our necks, the gay press has been very hesitant to publicize the shortcomings and pitfalls of gay life. There has been little publicity on the dangers of crystal meth (methamphetamine), despite the fact that in many cities this very strong form of speed has become inexpensive and easy to acquire.

If you've tried crystal or been tempted to try it, consider the facts. The theory is that crystal breaks down your inhibitions; what it really breaks down is your judgement, turning off your body's natural defenses and telling you that you can venture where your body knows you

should not. This is not stretching your limits—it's losing consciousness of where your limits are and inviting real damage to your system and personal welfare. For a top, it can mean forgetting that your bottom is a real person and irresponsibly letting out your aggressions on a helpless object.

If this isn't upsetting enough, the after-effects of speed are equally as threatening. According to the *Journal of Psychoactive Drugs*, a scholarly publication in the field, even intermittent use of meth taken orally can lead to hepatitis, malnutrition, skin abscesses, worn teeth and ulcers on your lips and tongue. Speed users usually

expect the acute depression and paranoia that follow after the high is over. What they do not understand is that there is clinical evidence of irreversible brain damage as well.

Crystal is highly addictive, but often more subtly than other drugs. A person may find they just have to use it at least once a month or so without realizing they're hooked.

As you might also guess, use of speed breaks down the immune system and leads to liver damage which causes an overall suppression of the white blood cell count. One should also realize that by cutting down his appetite, the user inevitably fails to eat the necessary vitamins and nutrients, which are the body's first defense against attack. Think about it!



WEEKEND SADIST

This is in response to the letter from D.B. about "Too Few Masters," in *Drummer* 91.

I find it unfortunate that a disillusioned "slave" would generalize about the lack of real Masters. No two Masters are the same, or at least I hope they haven't started cloning them, although I cannot say the same for some slaves, novice or experienced, that I have tried to work with.

I'm one of those weekend sadist-Masters he speaks about in such a sarcastic manner (I specialize in being a whipmaster, and would enjoy showing him the true meaning of that term!) Why? Because I have a life-mate of over twenty years who isn't wholly into these scenes, but our differences are undoubtedly what has kept us together in what has proven to be a wonderful, caring, understanding relationship. My weekend endeavors have actually strengthened that relationship, which some may find hard to believe.

What kind of weekend slaves show up on my doorstep? College professors, doctors, college students (many living at home), military personnel from nearby installations, nurse's aides, teachers, entertainers, young bank executives, management in-

terns, ex-"escorts," married men, and on and on. The point is that almost all of these males, for one reason or another, cannot become a full-time slave to a demanding but caring Master. Yet from time to time they need that special outlet, secretly desired or maybe only fantasized about (many are novices, but not all). I've even had those with lovers show up their lovers knowing nothing of the liaison, and in one instance a lover even accompanied his mate for the session! I've also had slaves for weekends who formerly had leather daddies for an extended period of time.

I've had my share of losers, but this has been more than offset by some great slave material both in mind and body. I understand fully the responsibilities and pressures of being a Master, and the expectations along with the mental reservations of those who place themselves in my hands. I have not always been successful, because I'm not perfect. But my successes (measured by those who return from time to time) have far outweighed my failures. The failures are mostly those who are simply looking for any kind of trick, preferably hunky and pretty, so I don't dwell on them.

It is fairly certain there is only one true S for about every twenty or thirty Ms. There are also a lot of lonely people out there who, even if given the perfect opportunity, still cannot make the decision to become a live-in slave to some Master. They flirt with the idea, they tease and they play the field so to speak.

Whether or not you agree, there is a need for the weekend Master, but only so long as one simply is not using this as a ploy to entice people that otherwise would pass him by in the parade. I'm in my late forties and I've been around, so I'll close by saying experience has taught me that leather in itself does not a Master, or a slave, make! That garb is merely a shell. It is what is inside that person that really counts in such a relationship, even a fleeting one.

Tom
St. Louis, MO



DON'T SEND MONEY

For years, *Drummer* readers have been able to rely on our classified section to pair themselves up with hot men around the country. We have hoped that our readers have used the good judgement to correspond first before showing up at some dude's doorstep, stripped and ready for action.

But here's something else to be careful about. We have learned that prison inmates are using classified ads in *Drummer* (as well as *Playboy*, *Soldiers of Fortune*, *Penthouse*, religious publications and even *The Wall Street Journal*) to identify hot prospects to extort out of their money.

The case in point is a scam operation working out of Louisiana State Penitentiary in Angola, LA.

Inmates have nothing but time on their hands (often the rest of their lives) and feel no reservations about writing well-meaning people, gaining their confidence, then begging for a loan to get them started in a new life, or for plane fare for that big sexual rendezvous. The inmates even have accomplices outside the prisons to pose as public officials, confirming their stories.

Be smart. Use the *Drummer* classifieds to find men who want to get into your pants, not your wallet.



GAY BOOK TRIAL

Giovanni's room, Philadelphia's leading gay bookstore and the leading wholesaler of gay and lesbian books overseas is faced with criminal conspiracy charges resulting from

the actions of British customs officials, who seized 4,000 books it sought to import to the U.K. in 1984. A full criminal trial is scheduled to begin on October 6, 1986 at the Old Bailey, London's central criminal court.

To raise money for the defense, the store owners are sponsoring a Freedom to Read Day in Philadelphia with a well-known author on hand and copies of the banned titles on sale. Amongst the books confiscated was *Mister Benson* by Mason Powell published by Alternate Publishing, publishers of *Drummer*. Alternate is, of course, contributing copies of the book to aid this important cause. If you're in town, drop by.

SOCIAL NOTES



DRUMMER GOES TO

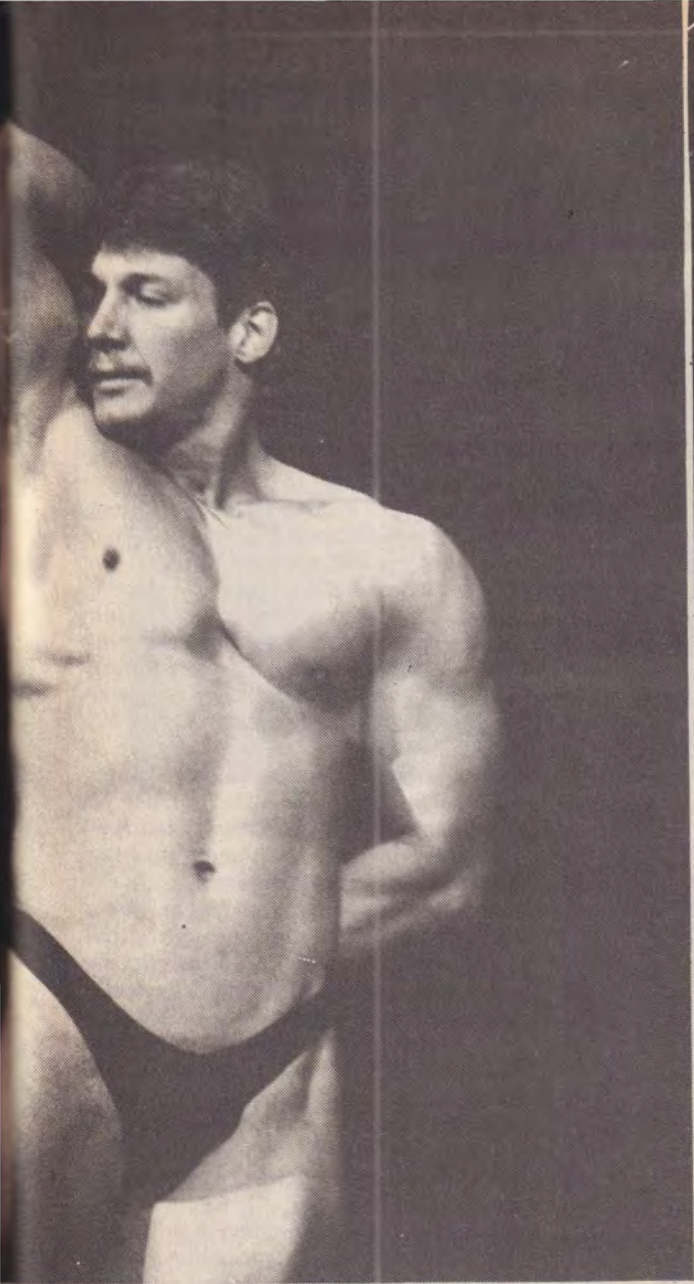
MEN BEHIND BARS III

Photography by Robert Pruzan

This year it was a four-night sellout for *Men Behind Bars III*, the extravaganza offered annually by the bartenders of San Francisco and friends. This year's production delivered plenty of leather, muscles and laughs. Profits went to support Gay Games II, the San Francisco Band Foundation and various AIDS charities.

Pictured here (clockwise from left): cabaret singer Gail Wilson learns how to slide down a fireman's pole, a body builder flexes up for the Gay Games, a hot leatherman gets his cigarette lit instead of the symbolic torch, Ms. Marcus gets covered with pigeon shit, wild savages spare a sequined damsel and a happily wounded warrior laments "He hit me and it felt like a kiss."





MALECALL

HOTTER AND HOTTER

I've felt *Drummer* was the hottest magazine ever since I began buying them six years ago. With each issue you get hotter and hotter. Incredible!! *Drummer 91* arrived and I could not believe how you topped yourself again. Congratulations, you guys are really amazing.

Thanks for your orgasmic magazine—keep up the good work—on behalf of all of us leathermen.

Jim Potter
New York, NY



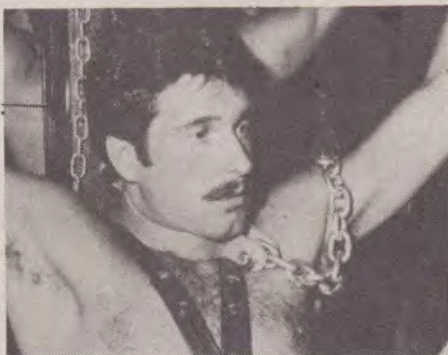
DOUBLE DUTY

Drummer 91 was one of the best issues yet. If the rest of the fiction submitted for your contest comes close to what you published, as in *Getting Off*, page 3, we readers are in for treats.

But: Max Exander's story "Powerless" is not seeing the light of print for the first time as a contest winner in *Drummer*. It appeared in a slightly different form (mostly an abridged form) under the title "Leatherpower" in the Spring 1986 issue of another magazine. Exander owes you an explanation and you owe your readers that explanation.

U.C.
New York, NY

(Editor's note: Exander apologizes for the mistake. Apparently the other publication had been sitting on the story for some time without response until Exander gave up, pepped it up and sent it to *Drummer*. Both publications sent him letters of acceptance within days of each other and within days of publication and he was "Powerless." It could happen to anyone.)



TIMELESS SLAVE

I'd like to find out where I can see more photographs of the slave you have featured twice—once in *Drummer 24* on pages 12 and 13, and then again in *Drummer 82* on page 4 with "Manhood Rituals" across his belly. This slave keeps me coming week after week and I've finally gotten the nerve to ask for more.

Sal Baglieri
San Jose, CA

(Editor's note: He sure is hot. But the pictures you are referring to were shot in 1978. When someone stumbled on an unused photo from that shooting in our files, we delivered it as dick-hardening intro for this special section. I dug through our back files for hours last night looking for more shots of him and all I ended up with was a soggy crotch. For those who didn't catch him in 1978, here are reprints of the man we're talking about.)



HOT HAZING

"Manhood Rituals" *Drummer 90*, presented exactly what I like to see: full-length pictures of a young hunk at attention, without a stitch, face and crotch lathered, with a DI ready to do the honors with a razor to denude the youth even further. Would have been great, though, to have seen at least a couple of the sailor's pubes scraped away.

The hockey hazing report on page 15 couldn't help but remind me of the film *Youngblood* which recently hit the theatres. In it, Rob Lowe stars as a "pretty boy" 17 year old hockey player who undergoes a shaving session much like the sailor in *Drummer 90*. Lowe is stripped naked, held down on a training table by four or five of his teammates, his mouth taped, while his crotch is lathered and shaved. His barbers seem to enjoy the rookie's embarrassment.

Another scene features Lowe as he is forced to trek bareassed through a public corridor in order to get back in the team locker room (he originally had a towel, but it falls off as he's walking).

George Plimpton has also done some hockey hazing investigation in a new book of his (can't remember the title). Plimpton spends a good page or two relating the ritual hockey shaving initiations, which included everything on the rookie's body, head to toe. He also relates how team members would get a rookie stoned drunk, strip him naked, and put him, unconscious and nude, on another train. The boy would then wake up in another town in that condition, hopefully encountering someone who would help him back to civilization.

Hockey players, shaving, nudity: they go together well. Some possible suggestions for future *Drummer* issues: three or four young, hairy rookies forced to lose all their clothes and hair at the hands of a group of teammates dressed in full hockey gear. A mandatory "rookie skate" around the rink a couple of times, giving the entire team a look at their newly shaved members, would be a nice

PUBLISHER JOHN H. EMBRY
CO-PUBLISHER MARIO SIMONE
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ROBERT PAYNE
EDITOR BERT HERRMAN
ART DIRECTION B.J. BRADFORD
JOHN A. MAILLET
JAMEO SAUNDERS
BRENT WIRT
TYPOGRAPHER JOE ALTMAN
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER ERIC DANIELS
CLASSIFIED AD DIRECTOR OWEN F. MOORE
BUSINESS MANAGER BROWN & FALK
LEGAL FRANK HATFIELD
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
(415) 864-3456

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Larry Townsend, Mark I. Chester
PHOTOGRAPHERS: Mark I. Chester, Robert Pruzan, Rink,
Roy Dean, B.J. Bradford, Cityboy, Adam & Co.
ARTISTS: Olaf, Dandy, Bill Ward, The Hun, Cavelo,
Michael Culp

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SM 'cycle cops doing job on violators

By ROBERT HALLWACHS
Reprinted from the Santa Monica Outlook

Since its inauguration April 15, the Santa Monica Police Department's motorcycle unit has been a runaway success by every yardstick, except perhaps that of drivers who've been pulled over and ticketed by officers.

The motorcycle unit has helped the department increase the number of hazardous traffic citations by 50 percent by July 1. We had been averaging 1,000 citations per month," said Santa Monica Police Officer Mable, the supervisor of the seven-member unit.

Over 20,000 citations written by the motor and 1,100 by officers, we've reduced it to 3,000. Mable said with citations you've had an impact."

Mable has been averaging 50 tickets per man per month. That he expects the number to level off. "If you know a ticket is likely if one of your pals there over there pulls them over, you'll be without writing four tickets a month, they're



A reader sends in a misleading headline from the Santa Monica Outlook.

finishing touch. I'm sure you'd have no trouble getting a hockey club somewhere to give you "ice time" after a late night practice. They'd probably even volunteer to do the shaving, or maybe even provide the rookies!

Good luck on these ideas, if you can use them.

N.E.
Chicago, IL

MORE TO COME

I read the story "Jock Pussy" by Dan Cavanaugh in *Drummer 91*—it's the best I have ever seen. Can you ask Dan to continue writing more stories including the five men he mentioned in the story. I'd appreciate it.

Wm. Bjorkland
San Diego, CA

(Editor's note: We loved the story, too, and we'll be running another hot story by Dan entitled "Pussy Maker" in the next issue of *Mach*, coming out soon. If you liked "Jock Pussy", you'll really get off on this one.)

FOOT LOVER

Sure have enjoyed my last two issues—*Drummer 89* and *90*! I've always liked making love to feet and so along came your fine article on foot worship which I know will improve my style. I always like seeing men in well-worn western boots—so thanks for the photo at the top of page 6 in *Drummer 89*. That pic is hard on me!

Your Social Notes in *Drummer 89* on how to have a JO party caused me to lose



all self-control and I had a hot load of cum in my hand before I finished reading the article.

A note about B.D. from New Jersey whose photo appears on page 21 of *Drummer 90*—he would look great on a *Drummer* cover and I'm sure you men at *Drummer* already know that. In the meantime he can always park his eighteen-wheeler in front of my apartment. I'm sure he is what most *Drummer* readers dream about having—he is truly a man's man.

CADET ISSUE?

Those pink-skinned, clean-shaven boys you featured in your military issue (*Drummer 90*) were a disappointment. I doubt they would pass muster on Paris Island. You should have called it the *Cadet* issue!

When I fantasize about military men, I have visions of men on the front lines. I think about men with the personal experience of living through hand-to-hand combat engraved on their faces and bodies. How about giving some equal time to men on the front?

I don't believe in being critical without also giving praise. To that extent the man on page 21 of *Malecall* was just the kind of man I'm talking about. His initials were B.D. I'm also from New Jersey. Seeing B.D. in the pages of *Drummer* has made driving on the highways a whole new experience. There isn't a single truck I pass on the road without slowing a little to look in my rear-view mirror to see if B.D. is at the wheel. He may be living the life of a trucker, but I think he'd look equally good in torn battle fatigues.

Brian
Westfield, NJ

FICTION WINNER

TRUE LOVE

by Tony DeRosa

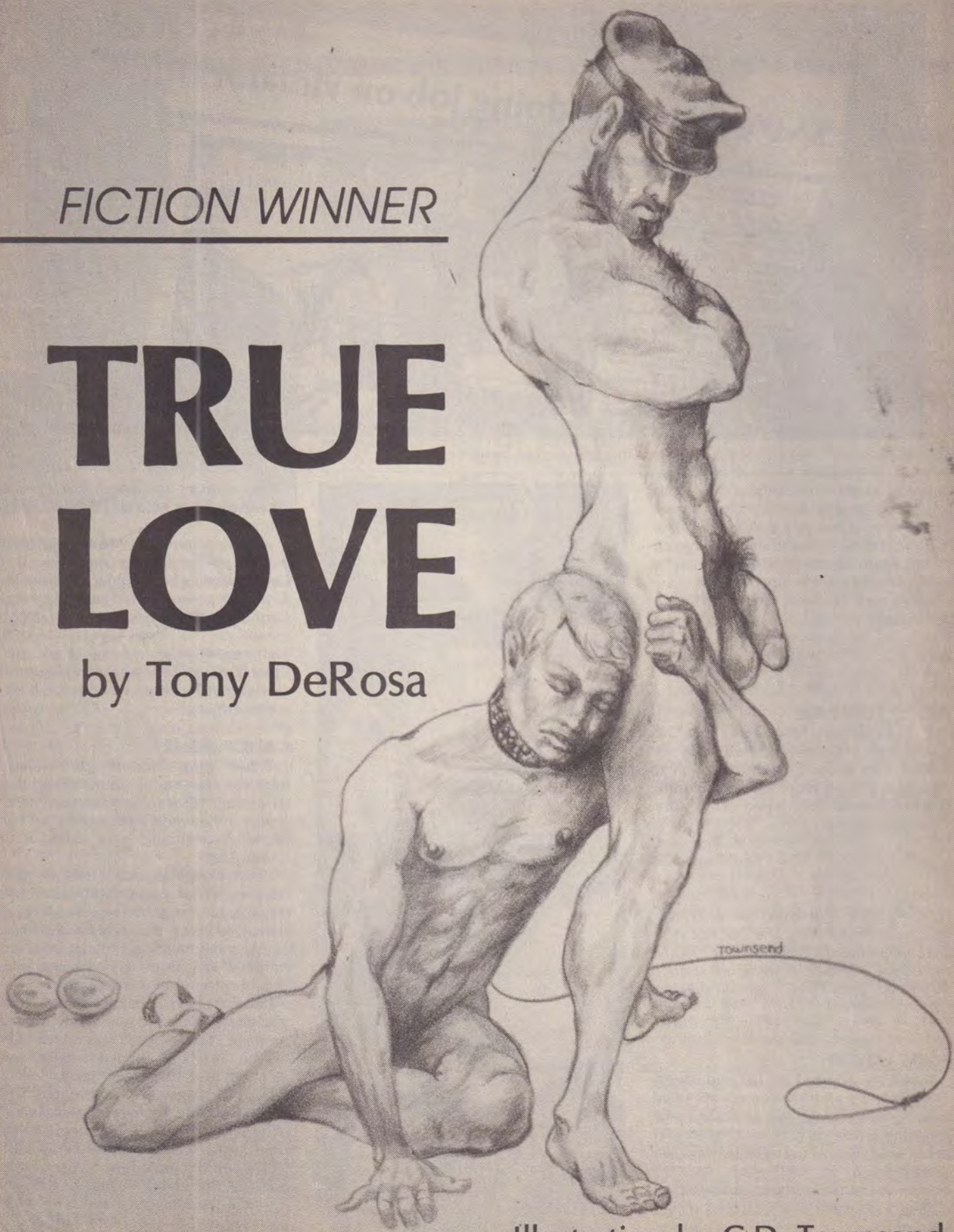


Illustration by C.D. Townsend

You know Paul was drunk the night he and Jerry met, otherwise he wouldn't have been hanging around the alley Jerry lived on (Ringold is only two blocks away). Jerry said that when he turned down Sumner it was deserted, except for Paul leaning against a car halfway down the block. Jerry's first reaction was caution, because so many derelicts live around that part of San Francisco, but then he recognized the familiar silhouette of a leather jacket and jeans, and he knew Paul was gay.

And good-looking—of course Jerry noticed that. And young, just twenty-two. Slim, clean-shaven, a strawberry blond (well, you've seen him, a nice fellow)—but drunk that night, very drunk. That's why Jerry just said hello and continued on up the stairs. He didn't want to bother with the kid, not in that condition.

But you know Jerry—he went inside and turned on some lights, then went back outside again. By then Paul had moved over to the foot of the stairs and stood looking up. Then, very slowly, he climbed up to Jerry. Buster, who lives across the street and happened to be watching, said that when Paul reached the top he fell to his knees and put his arms around Jerry's legs. They stayed like that for a while, then went inside, and that's how they met.

They didn't see each other again for a few months, until one afternoon in December. Jerry had taken the day off and was spending it in his neighborhood bars South of Market. He was listening to a bartender at the Ambush describe the gold and silver earrings he'd bought his mother for Christmas when Paul walked in, sporting a little mustache and with his hair almost partable. Jerry insists that Paul spotted him right away, and pretended not to. Well, we all do that. Anyway, they found each other about ten minutes later, when Paul went to the bar for another drink.

"Not ignoring me, are you?" Jerry said.

"No, of course not. How can I ignore someone I think about all the time?"

"I thought you'd call."

"I wanted to. I've lifted the receiver about a thousand times. But basically I'm shy. I don't know how you feel."

"I feel great. How do you feel?"

"Wonderful, now."

"Good. Almost ready? Finish your drink."

All this time Jerry was studying Paul, and thinking. I'm sure he was toying with the idea of making him his lover. Of course Jerry doesn't agree—he claims it just happened because they liked the same kind of sex. He says he even dreaded the encounter when Paul finally acknowledged him—you know, having to make conversation with someone he barely knew.

But Paul had a lot to talk about that day. He had just started a job as a messenger, one of those crazy kids who ride bicycles all over the city. He was also moving to the neighborhood and could hardly wait until the first of the month. And he was real glad he ran into Jerry again—he sure enjoyed the night they'd spent together. After an hour of this, Jerry took him to Lenny's for dinner, and after that and a lot of martinis got him back to the apartment.

That night Jerry confirmed something that he'd suspected all along—Paul was a masochist. If he protested when Jerry handcuffed him spread-eagle to the bed, the protests were feeble and Jerry ignored them. He allowed Paul his little jokes, and made a few himself, until Paul became relaxed and trusting. Then Jerry slapped his ass red and fucked him so hard that the kid screamed.

Jerry said that later, when it was over, Paul massaged every part of him and then, without being told, kissed Jerry's feet. The next time he went over, a couple of nights later, he asked about the handcuffs. But Jerry said no, he'd put them away for a while. He decided that Paul had liked them too much.

"I can't believe you're such a pig. The night we met you

wouldn't even kiss my ass. Now you're drinking my piss."

"That's because it's yours," Paul said seriously. "I wouldn't do it for anyone else."

"I bet some day you will," Jerry said. He put his cock back into Paul's mouth. "I bet some day I'll watch you lick the bowl of a public toilet, and let one stranger after another use you for a urinal."

"I don't know..."

"Well, I do," Jerry said. "Now shut up and drink."

He allowed Paul his little jokes, and made a few himself, until Paul became relaxed and trusting. Then Jerry slapped his ass red and fucked him so hard that the kid screamed.

They began to see each other regularly, and we saw less and less of Jerry in the bars. He moved from handcuffs to rope, from sweet-talk to no talk, and Paul went with him. Paul might have wondered the first time Jerry tied him up without having sex, but it soon became the habit to do so whenever he was over, to keep him out of the way, Jerry said, until he needed him.

He nicknamed Paul "Bowser" and bought him a collar and a leash. Late one night Jerry made him go outside on the leash, Paul completely naked and Jerry still in his suit. Buster was in bed by then, so I don't know how far out into the open they went, but Jerry said they got all the way down the alley before he shot.

When they weren't making love, Jerry let Paul wait on him. Paul wiped Jerry's ass, lit his cigarettes, cleaned his ears, licked between his toes. He liked it when Jerry let him go through his dirty clothes, to sniff and savor Jerry.

Before they met, Jerry and I had been in the habit of going out together once in a while, usually to dinner a few times a month; but now when I called him he was always "busy." The one time he did accept was when I invited Paul along, too. I didn't mind—I wanted to meet the fellow.

He had moved by then to his new apartment, a third-floor walk-up on Ninth Street, a few blocks from Jerry's. We had to pick him up there. It was a small place, dark, in a dilapidated building, not my style at all. But then, I'm not twenty-two anymore either. Paul loved it (two drag queens lived downstairs) and Jerry seemed to approve of it too. He picked all the paint and told Paul where to put the furniture. He spent the obligatory night there, with the mattress on the floor and a dish for an ashtray, then moved the focus back to his own apartment, where he was more comfortable and in control.

I liked Paul (he's a very courteous fellow) but it made me uneasy the way Jerry kept putting him down all evening. Even when Jerry assured me that Paul needed it, even then I didn't like it. I just find it embarrassing if I'm in a restaurant to have someone at my table spit in someone else's face just because he finishes his soup before we do—that sort of thing. I guess I didn't know until then the kind of relationship they were developing. I certainly didn't realize how fast Jerry was moving with Paul until one night a couple of weeks later, when Jerry invited me over to his own place for dinner...

When I arrived he was still in the kitchen, fussing over something simple, like scampi. Paul was there, naked, tied to a chair at the table. I knew enough not to acknowledge him in that milieu.

He remained there all through dinner, silently accepting the

scraps his lover fed him from his plate, saying nothing while Jerry and I gossiped. After dinner I helped Jerry carry him into the living room and hang him from a ceiling hook near the couch, a hook that supported a Boston fern the last time I was over. Paul hung there quietly, his toes barely touching the floor, while Jerry and I drank and watched a video he'd rented—"Dumbo," I think. Half an hour into the movie, though, Paul spoke out.

"Jer..."

"Shut up."

"Jerry... my arms hurt."

"Did you hear something?" Jerry asked me. I didn't answer. "Must have been the dog."

But ten minutes later Paul complained again.

"Jerry, I'm sorry, but my arms are truly hurting."

Jerry stopped the movie, stood up, grabbed a magazine and rolled it into a tight cylinder. He hit Paul with it around his balls and cock. The boy yelped and tried to protect himself, but of course it was impossible.

"Sure it hurts," Jerry said, "it's supposed to. Now I rented this movie for you, asshole, and I don't want to hear another word out of you until it's over."

He came back to the set and Paul shut up, for the rest of the movie and at least until I left. Jerry said that later Paul cried like a baby and apologized for his insubordination. For his penance he had to hang through all of Joan Rivers and most of the late show.

Months later, when I got to know Paul better, he told me that until he met Jerry he didn't realize he was like that, but that Jerry spotted it right away. From the night Paul kissed his feet Jerry began humiliating him, first at home during sex, then out in public at any time. But humiliation inflicts only mental pain, and you know Jerry. It wasn't long before he moved on to the physical.

Paul said that the first time Jerry really hit him, when he made a wisecrack during sex one day about a month into their affair, he hit him hard—he punched him—and Paul's immediate reaction was to grab his clothes and get out of there. But that fear suddenly became an overwhelming love, and instead of fleeing he wanted Jerry only to take him in his arms. But Jerry had noticed Paul's erection grow, so he punched him again. Then he threw him to the floor and fucked him. They both came right away.

Later, after Paul had cleaned up the mess on the floor, Jerry cleaned up the mess on Paul. A few bruises, a cut near the eye, some blood but nothing serious. They had dinner that night as equals, the last time that would ever happen, then slept together arm in arm. It was the happiest night of Paul's life.

When Jerry noticed how aroused Paul became after being punched and thrown to the floor, he did it again the next night, and the night after that. When the bruises grew too fierce and had to be allowed to heal, Jerry bought a leather whip, and concentrated on Paul's back and ass instead. He made Paul take his clothes off as soon as he got home from work, so they could both study the welts and bruising. One afternoon I spotted Paul at Macy's with a black eye.

Some evenings Jerry didn't need Paul, but decided to read instead, or go out to the bars alone. On those nights Paul stayed quietly tied where he was in whatever room Jerry had left him for hours until Jerry got back, or all night if he didn't. Sometimes Jerry forgot about him, and on those days Paul missed work. Because of this he lost the job as messenger that he liked so much, and had to take a lesser one as a part-time security guard at the *Examiner*.

But Paul didn't care. He wouldn't have worked at all if he didn't have to, just to be handy in case Jerry needed him.

Once in a while to kill an afternoon, Jerry would get into theatrics. Sometimes he had Paul pretend to be his student, dropping by the house one Saturday with a late essay. Jerry would answer the door in his boxer shorts... he wasn't expecting a guest... and Paul would enter the apartment awkwardly. Teacher explains that he's alone... the wife has been called away to take care of a sick relative... and he apologizes for the mess. Young Paul offers to lend a hand... he'll straighten-up and tidy the place for "Mr. Fife," who scratches his balls through the boxer shorts and finally agrees. But when, after cleaning the kitchen, Paul heads for the bathroom, the Great

From the night Paul kissed his feet Jerry began humiliating him, first at home during sex, then out in public at any time. But humiliation inflicts only mental pain, and you know Jerry. It wasn't long before he moved on to the physical.

Lover stops him. "I don't expect you to clean in there," he says, "you've done enough already." He puts a fatherly arm around Paul and pulls him close to his erection, now tenting the patterned cotton of the shorts and opening the fly onto dark pubic hair. "The bathroom's a mess, and you've got your good school clothes on."

"I can take them off," Paul says. He removes his sneakers and jeans, his sweat socks and shirt, his Jockey shorts and T-shirt and stands naked before his teacher.

"I don't know where Evelyn keeps the sponge," Jerry says, "or the Comet cleanser..."

"That's all right, Sir, I'll use my hands." Paul kneels before the porcelain bowl, unflushed all day, and reaches down into the rust-colored water to wipe away the grime.

"Next time I'll shit in it," Jerry says later. "You know me well enough by now."

I know what you're thinking: "True Love." But maybe it was, at least at the beginning, at least for Paul. You'd see them huddled over a pinball machine at the Pow-erhouse and you knew that no one else in the bar mattered—that sort of thing. Or you'd see them at a movie or out shopping and catch the secret looks between them. Very much a Valentine card there for a while.

If I've been vague about the tender times they had together, it's only because I wasn't in on them, not because there weren't any. Those weren't the times Jerry liked to talk about when we ran into each other in a bar, but I'm sure they had some. I know Jerry was truly fond of Paul and enjoyed having him as a lover, even if he did trick around on the side.

But Jerry won't stay in love with you unless you ignore him, and that's the last thing Paul ever thought of doing. Like so many people who fall in love with their teachers, Paul fell in love with Jerry. He trusted him and never thought of leaving. Through Jerry he was discovering his own sexuality, and the depth of his own aberration. If he woke aching and depressed some mornings because of what had happened the night before, he more often woke proud and happy. The only thing he would ask for, two months into their affair, was a little more affection from Jerry, like they had at the beginning. That's what had waned over the weeks and what Paul missed most. But you know Jerry—as soon as he learned that was what Paul wanted, he withheld it.

"Now what are you sniffing about?" Still dressed from work, Jerry unfolded his napkin and sat down to dinner.

"Nothing."

"Then stop it. You know it makes me nervous when you cry for no reason."

Paul was tied hands and feet to his chair at the kitchen table. He could not blow his nose.

"Something happen at work today?"

"No, no."

Jerry ate in silence for a while.

"Is it your birthday?"

"No, it is not my birthday."

"Well for chrissakes... what is it then?"

He sat, fork poised, and watched Paul. Finally the young man shrugged.

"It's just that... all our sex is this kind now." He indicated his bondage.

"You like it."

"I do like it. I love it, of course."

"Then stop whining."

"It's just that... sometimes I miss the gentle kinds too, like we had at the beginning. Just once in a while."

Jerry laughed and began eating again. "I treat you gentle now, fuckface, you just don't know it. I treat you a lot gentler than the last one." He leaned across the table. "I suppose you want to blow me or something."

"Well, why not?"

Jerry chewed his food and thought about it.

"Okay. After dinner we'll go down to the Eagle and you can suck me off while they're watching 'Dynasty.' How's that?"

Paul could not hold back a groan.

"Come on, I'm trying to eat."

Paul cleared his nose and sat back as far as he could in the chair.

"Who else have you been seeing?" he asked.

"So that's it."

"I think I have a right to know."

"You don't have any rights, shithead. You left your rights on the front porch that first night, remember?"

He stood and walked around the table. Paul braced himself for the blow, but instead Jerry crouched down beside him and wiped away a tear.

"Maybe I have been too hard on my dog, but you see I was hoping for a Doberman, not a poodle. Now you know the rules—I am everything and you are nothing, I am the Master and you are the dog, and a good Master is not led around by his dog. I thought you knew that and agreed."

"I do."

"Then remember it. And remember that you're not supposed to talk unless I tell you to."

"I'm sorry."

Jerry squeezed the back of Paul's neck like an older brother might. It was enough to give the young man an erection.

"Every once in a while lately," Jerry said, "I've been seeing this fellow named Keith, all right? He's tall, dark and handsome and he works out. He lets me stick anything I want up his asshole and he always wants more. Last time I stuck both feet up there, one all the way to the ankle, and next time we're going to do it out on his lawn with my boots on. How's that? Feel better now that you know."

He stood and patted Paul on the head, then went to the cabinet above the sink. He looked over for a reaction, but Paul remained silent.

"Oh, now the cat's got his tongue," Jerry said, taking a can of dog food down from the shelf. "Now that I want a response, he won't give me one."

He opened the can and turned it out onto a plate, then studied it and added a sprig of parsley. "You know what your problem is? You're ungrateful." He carried the plate over to the table and pulled his chair around beside Paul's. "I forgot your dinner," he said. "I'm sorry."

"No, please."

"You have to eat," Jerry insisted, "to keep your strength up." He took a great forkful of the cold food and lifted it to Paul's mouth, but the boy turned his head away. Jerry poked at his lips with the fork until Paul had to open his mouth and take the food. He swallowed it whole and gagged.

"That's a good boy," Jerry said, scooping up another, smaller portion. Paul closed his eyes and accepted it. "Now you eat everything on your plate and then lick the platter clean... and maybe we'll go down to the Eagle later, like you wanted."

One of the men urged Jerry on and the other stood watching quietly as Jerry slapped Paul's ass and forced the egg up inside him. Paul moaned and tried to draw his legs together but Jerry wouldn't let him. Paul was sweating hard, his whole body wet.

One day Jerry decided that they needed new toys, so he told Paul to meet him at the Ambush leather shop after work, and not to bother changing—he liked to see him in his uniform. When Paul arrived Jerry was already there, talking with Red Eye, the manager of the shop, about a new item, shiny metal eggs.

"How many of these can you take?" Jerry asked when Paul joined them.

"I don't know; they look pretty heavy."

"They weigh a pound each," said Red Eye, "and come with a leather thong for easy removal. Thirty-five dollars, and the chrome is guaranteed. Be careful though..." He looked shyly across at the eggs. "One of our customers forgot he had one in the other night and cracked his toilet bowl."

"I'll take two," Jerry said, "and we'll be careful."

"Two?" Paul was skeptical.

"All right then, three."

Red Eye removed three eggs from the display as carefully as if they were real.

"Now look at this," Jerry said, leading Paul over to a case filled with dildoes. They were all large, but the one Jerry was pointing to was enormous, three feet of hard rubber as thick around as his fist and double-headed.

"We can find someone for the other end of it later, if you like."

"I like your cock better," Paul said, but Jerry wasn't in a romantic mood.

"Wrap it up," he told Red Eye, "we'll take it."

He bought himself a leather shirt and a carton of vitamins, and bought an eyeless leather hood for Paul, with a hose attachment for the mouth. He also bought a new enema bag and a straight razor, so he could give Paul a shave and clean-up over the weekend.

Back at the desk, while Red Eye totaled up, Jerry cradled one of the eggs in his palm.

"I wonder if three are enough..."

"Three are plenty," Paul said quietly.

"No, I mean it. We'd better make sure. I don't want to have to come back here at midnight for more eggs. Drop your pants and lean over the counter."

"Here?"

Every sentient part of Paul was alert at what Jerry had just suggested.

continued on page 80

LOVE:1986

DRUMSTICKS

PLEASE

I wanna be whipped.
I wanna be beat.
I wanna be fucked
By your hands and your feet.
I wanna be tied
In a miserable scrunch,
But please, Master, please,
Don't make me miss brunch.



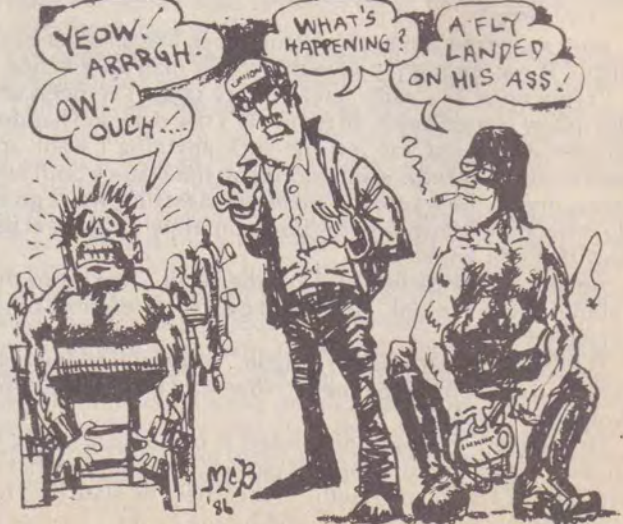
I'M GLAD I DON'T
FIND YOU
WORKING DURING
COFFEE BREAK!



YEOW!
ARRRGH!
OW!
OUCH....

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

A FLY
LANDED
ON HIS ASS!



BOOK SECTION



EXCERPTS
FROM

ENTERTAINMENT FOR A MASTER

by JOHN PRESTON

THE AD

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

For a very private, very elegant S&M party for a discrete group of ladies and gentlemen to be held in San Francisco. Men must be well built and attractive, willing and able to perform servile tasks and endure moderate to heavy pain. Only the very willing and the experienced need apply.

Photo/JOHN PRESTON

They moved slowly, but went about the tasks of creating the atmosphere for their rites. Candles were lighted in each of the four corners. They were all large and white, each sitting on one of a matched set of holders made of elaborately designed iron.

There were also the electric lights that we had turned on at the top of the stairs. They were all dim, the bulbs red-hued. But, with the candles, I could clearly see the details of the room.

In the very center was a table. The middle third of it was grounded on a stand, but I could see that the other parts of it were ingeniously constructed. They were hinged to the center piece. But their corners were attached to chains that were firmly attached to the floor and the ceiling. I understood immediately what effect they could have.

Another chain, even heavier, ran from the ceiling to a bolt in the floor. It stood like a sculpture beside the table. That, I knew, would prove to be interesting.

There was a shower stall, almost invisible behind a black rubber curtain that wouldn't have been noticed by an unsuspecting eye, and beside it a sink and a toilet. There was even a club refrigerator, probably stocked with beer and soda.

On one of the walls was an impressive display of implements. Whips, crops, leather straps, paddles and canes were all in careful—even loving—place.

Another wall held just as extensive a collection of restraints, from simple handcuffs to antique-looking shackles. There were lengths of rawhide and rope, masks made of leather and rubber, even a straitjacket for total immobilization.

I take all this very seriously.

Glen certainly did. I could imagine how long it had taken them to accumulate the tools for this room.

Phillip had moved to the other side of the room where there was a stereo. The rich sounds of orchestral music suddenly filled the space. He turned down the volume and then stood there, waiting.

Glen was by the table. His arms were behind his back, his head was slightly lowered, just as it had been upstairs.

These males, those who had been used to having the role of Master, had strict and uncompromising expectations which they had developed over their years with masochists. They understood the perfection of stance, reaction, submissiveness and how very much it could be appreciated. They judged themselves very harshly, more willing and able to act for the Master's pleasure than any other slave would be. Glen, with his pent-up frustrations, knew he was suddenly in a room with someone who would understand and esteem the most subtle gestures. He would want to perform them exquisitely and would do anything to avoid a lack of grace; he knew how disconcerting that could be.

The music lent another level to the sense of the religious and theatrical air of the room. The boys had worked hard at this place. Another wall was a gallery of photographs. Purposely ignoring them, wanting them to enjoy these moments of disquiet anticipation, I went over to study the photographs.

Most of them were clipped from magazines. Here were the pornographic ideals that the two of them must have shared. The images were expected: the muscled young men in leather, the hard-looking bikers, the harsh military officers. There were also their own photographs, obviously the most cherished self-images they had. Glen in his leather, with his forbidding cap covering the top of his face, but his cock stiff and hard in the opening of his chaps. Phillip standing naked and collared, his arms bound behind him, his body marked with scarlet stripes after a particularly hard session. The two of them on a motorcycle in the country, both in leather, but both smiling.

"I want you both naked." I said the words without turning to watch them. They were in their temple and they understood that their clothing defiled it. Their skin would be more appropriate. I listened to the rustle as they both stripped quickly.

I turned and saw them both nude, awkwardly standing there, not quite sure what I had in mind for them next. There was a

leather-upholstered chair over by the fourth wall, a wall that was decorated only with a pair of large posters of drawings of men in leather. I went over and sat there.

Basement. What a strangely insufficient word to describe what this place must mean to the two of them. This was more intimate than their bedroom. It was the place where their secrets were shared and their risks were taken.

I sat in the chair and took in their bodies. Glen's body hair was as thick as I had expected, Phillip's as smooth. Their torsos were unflawed, the lines of their chests were perfectly matched fans, their thighs were thick and well defined. Both their cocks had begun to rise.

Glen was again standing with his hands behind his back. I could sense the tension in his body, expectation was taking hold of him. A small line of sweat was already making its way down the side of his stomach.

"You've never done this?" I asked.

"Never... seriously, Sir," Glen responded. They had told me only a few things, just hints really, about the times when they had attempted having sex with a third party and one of the three of them had given up. That had been one of their problems. Finding just the right person to do the thing correctly.

"And it's something you want to share?"

"Yes, Sir," Phillip answered this time.

Other men would have found the repetition of these questions and answers unnecessary—we had gone over them in the letters and phone calls. But these two understood, as I knew they would, the ritual benefits of what was going on. They were making their confession before their communion. The words must be said and the honor must be done with the priest in attendance.

"Come here, Glen," I motioned him with my hand. He came forward, his head still bent. When he was only inches in front of me, he stopped, leaving his still-filling cock directly in front of my face. I could see the wrinkles of his scrotal sac, the veins in his penis, the purple of the glans skin covering. There was an odor about him, of excitement, perhaps fear. There was dampness on his pubic hair from the emotions.

I ran my hand up and down his right thigh, testing the firmness of the flesh. It was perfect. I wonder sometimes if my indulgence in this special world of sexuality has only to do with my desire to so minutely examine male bodies. I adore having them so obviously and openly available to me. I can't imagine being one of those people who talk about wanting to commune with the whole person, wanting to have just the merger of souls. Of course, I know that and I honor that when it occurs, but this, male flesh, is a delight all of its own.

"Phillip." The other one moved over as soon as I spoke. He, too, was getting hard from the excitement of what was going to happen. I had them both in front of me. I reached out and in each hand cupped one of the sets of genitals. The soft feel of the feathery pubic hair of the testicles was perfect. I lifted up the two sets, as though weighing them. I applied no pressure, there was nothing to my touch that could possibly have created pain, but they both tensed, as though they expected it to come at any moment.

I let the two sacs fall back to their hanging position and took hold of their two cocks. Both were circumcised, both well done. I pulled gently at the skin around the half-erect shafts and listened as the two men quickened their breath in response.

These were magnificent specimens. These were men I would be proud to own. I stood up in front of them, still holding onto their cocks. I moved them with those intimate handles to the center of the room. I let go and walked to the wall that held the restraints. Of course, my vassals stayed where I had left them.

I got what I needed and returned to them. I put the materials on the bench and calmly grabbed Glen's wrists. I quickly took up a pair of leather wrist restraints and attached them to his arms. He didn't resist at all; in fact he tried to be helpful and anticipate my movements. When the pair were securely fastened, I lifted his hands up in the air. I had taken small "D"

clamps from the wall, and used them to lock the restraints to the heavy chain at a point far above his head.

I went back to the bench and took hold of a large metal device. At either end of a three-foot section of iron were ankle restraints. They were locked into place with a turnkey. I applied them to Glen's legs, and the iron rod forced his legs apart, ensuring that he couldn't use his body movements at all to evade anything I would chose to do to him.

Glen was utterly defenseless now. I stood back and looked at him. His cock was even stiffer, though still not fully erect. His balls hung down in the air, unable to touch his thighs now that those were forced apart by the bondage. His eyes were wild. I wasn't sure if it was desire—the realization that his dream was coming true—or the sudden rush of emotion that arrives when a slave is finally aware of the physical paralysis that bondage can produce.

***Their erections interfered with
their desire to give some relief
to the pressure on their balls,
and the hard shafts of flesh
squirmed between their bellies.***

He moved against the restraints, as though testing them, and the heavy chain moved ever so slightly, just enough to produce a metallic sound of rustling. But that was all. It wasn't going to give. I wondered if he had been the one to choose the bolts that made it so securely fastened to the floor and ceiling. If he had, I thought he might have been damning his handiwork right now. There was no way he would escape this position.

I turned to Phillip. He was staring at the sight of his lover, the man who had led his own way for so long. When he realized I was looking at him, he seemed to freeze and then he actually moved a half step away from me. Whoever could do this to the man who had controlled him for ten years must seem a particularly frightening figure to him now. "Does he look good?" I asked.

"He looks wonderful, Sir."

I ran a hand on the stretched area of Glen's chest, just on the side, away from the nipples, where the lines of his rib cage were forced against his skin. "Does he look any less a man this way?"

"Of course not, Sir."

"Get a condom."

Phillip sprang into action. He went to a cabinet and brought back a foil-wrapped container. I unwrapped it. It wasn't one of the usual types. It was dyed black and, while it was latex, it would have the appearance of black rubber.

"Get him hard."

Phillip immediately fell to his knees and began to mouth at Glen's balls. His tongue, a tiny piece of pink, shot out and lapped at the hair-covered flesh. Glen began to struggle again, his hands tugged at the chain and his feet worked against the iron. While it was futile, it also produced a kaleidoscope of visual poses that sent a shiver of ecstasy through me. One after another of his muscles would come into sharp focus from the exertion, then relax back into the rest of him as he labored to respond to the stimulation of Phillip's tongue.

In a very short time he was stiffly erect. I pulled on Phillip's hair to remove him. The boy was showing his passion; he unthinkingly resisted at first. His tongue was still out even when I had him back on his haunches.

I took hold of Glen's cock and unraveled the condom onto it. The appearance of the black latex was wonderful, making it

seem as though his erection was encased in a rubber trap.

I grabbed Phillip's hair again, harder this time. I twisted it in my fist until he opened his mouth in a silent scream. "Suck it." I threw his head forward so quickly and so hard that I was surprised he was able to manage getting the hard cock into his mouth. I crouched down beside him while he wildly went at his lover's cock.

"You love this, don't you? On your knees with that prick in your mouth? Naked, in front of your man, showing him how much you need his sex?"

Phillip didn't stop his abandoned sucking for an instant. He answered my questions with muffled sounds while he kept on going with such enthusiasm that spittle was flowing down the sides of his lips, running off over his chin.

I pulled him back again. He let out a sound like a wounded animal when he was removed from that object of desire. There was no doubt about how much he loved Glen's cock. His own was rock hard, standing up from his body at a sharp angle. I had watched—he hadn't had a chance to touch himself during any of this; his hands had been on Glen's hips. His excitement was just from the idea of being down there, worshipping his personal god.

"Get up."

I moved quickly and had wrist restraints on Phillip before he even understood what was happening. I lifted his arms up and attached them to the chain near the same point where Glen's wrists were locked. Then I put restraints on his ankles, clamping them to Glen's, forcing his legs just as far apart as his lover's.

Their faces were forced together as was most of the front surface of their bodies. I went to the wall and retrieved a long piece of rawhide. When I came back I found the two of them kissing each other, lovingly.

I took the rawhide and tied a section of it tightly around the base of Glen's balls, forcing the testicles to the furthest extreme of his sac and doing it so harshly that he couldn't help but moan in response to the pain. I took the rest and looped it just as tightly around Phillip's sac.

Their hips were forced to press even more closely to one another by the rawhide; I left no slack at all between their bodies. Their erections interfered with their desire to give some relief to the pressure on their balls, and the hard shafts of flesh squirmed between their bellies.

Now I brought back two sets of tit clamps. Both had moderate stress to them. These wouldn't be the easy stimulation that rubber tips could bring. The metal would bite into the flesh. I took one pair and put one of the clamps on Phillip's right nipple. He sucked in his breath when he felt the tight grip. The other end of the pair—they were joined together by a thin, metal chain—went on Glen's own right nipple, crossing from one side of their chests to the other. I repeated the process with the other clamps, leaving an X of chain between them.

Their kiss before had been purely romantic eroticism. They had been reacting to the idea of their joint bondage. Now Phillip sought out Glen's mouth with a more desperate need, as the leather bindings of their balls and the biting pain of the nipple clamps became a shared ordeal that demanded their mutual support for it to be overcome.

I found a leather strap on the other wall. It was wider than a belt and had no buckle or metal studs to produce more pain than I wanted it to, certainly no damage. My twin captives were still kissing one another. But I wanted their attention. I stood behind Phillip and ran the leather across the wide, muscular expanse of his back. He knew what it was—of course he did—and he knew it would be used. He drew back from Glen and stiffened, as though he could prepare and protect himself.

I moved in on them, wrapping my arms around their joined bodies so that my head was over the back of Phillip's shoulder and I looked directly at Glen. "I want you to know what happens when you beat him. I want you to feel him while it happens, and I want you to feel him knowing that you're going to receive the same thing."

Glen closed his eyes, almost in emotional pain. He was readying himself just as Phillip had been. I stood back and tested the leather on my palm. Its sting was perfect, more than enough to leave them with the sharp reality of a beating, but not so much that I was going to have to monitor my blows too severely. I stood back even further.

Phillip was clenching his ass to brace himself; the muscles were sharply defined and quivered exquisitely. I waited, enjoying the sight of the handsome flesh, pausing so that he wasn't too well set for the first blow.

Then I struck out at him. The leather was longer than a belt would have been. It allowed me to use it on the whole of both of his cheeks. It left one broad stripe of red across the white expanse of muscle. He reared up; no amount of preparation could have steeled him so well that he wouldn't scream at the shock of the whipping. When he moved, he jerked the rawhide

***Phillip was sobbing, his chest
wracked with contractions
from the severity of the punishment.***

holding his balls to Glen and the chains that joined their nipples, forcing his lover to experience a jolt of pain himself.

I kept the leather moving. It became like a brush, leaving a path of reds, pinks and purples on the two round halves of his ass, forcing him to jump first one way then the other. No matter how much he'd try to save himself and Glen from the added pain of the rawhide and the tit clamps, the whip would find a new spot to inflict a new torment.

I didn't just alternate the slams on his buttocks. I moved to more unexpected places. The legs were forced so far apart that there was easy access to the tender insides of his thighs. I had to soften the impact, of course, but even the slightest taps there were as effective as the most vicious assaults on the firmer and more defended buttocks.

The back of his calves were just as sensitive. The wide leather could find its mark there, and his feet were so tightly attached to Glen's that there was no way he could escape.

I moved up and down the lower half of his torso with the strap, hitting hard at one place, less so at another, and always doing it in ways that could never be anticipated.

I finally stopped. My own body was shaking from the work it had done and the leather hung from my hand. Phillip was sobbing, his chest wracked with contractions from the severity of the punishment. Glen was desperately trying to comfort him, raining kisses on forehead and neck and all over his face. I moved in close and put a hand on the hot surface of Phillip's ass. He jumped at the sudden contact but immediately softened when he realized the intent of my touch.

I moved my palm over the skin, calming him, assuring him that there was no anger behind the assault, only the appreciation of his offering. His chests slowed down, his sobs turned into weeping and he began to return Glen's kisses. When I moved in even closer, he turned his attention to me, moving his lips over my face hungrily.

The clamps had stayed attached to their nipples, the rawhide was still in place. I reached in and tested the chain between their chests and they both reared up from the added pressure. I kept calming Phillip; he'd persevered splendidly and deserved the recognition. But I wasn't being comforting to Glen when I looked at him. Instead I smiled—I probably was closer to smirking.

"It was your decision."

He hadn't indicated any desire to pull back from the choice of being there, in the bondage, waiting for his turn with the leather strap. But I was making sure he realized that the resolution to have him witness his lover's trial was purposeful—it was meant to make him more conscious of what he, himself, was going to suffer.

I moved to the other side of them. There was Glen's unblemished back waiting for me. His ass wasn't the pale and uncovered flesh that Phillip's had been. Instead there was a coating of fine, dark hair all over it. His back was as muscled, if more streamlined. His legs were just as clearly strong. I ran my hand over the whole of him, from the neck down to his calves. He shook from that slight contact.

When I stood back, my strap ready again, his body was shaking. Phillip was staring. I knew that he'd never been able to see this before—not just Glen, his lover, being whipped, but any other man being beaten at such close and intimate range.

When I brought the strap back for the first time, Phillip's eyes opened broadly, as though in wonder, as they watched the leather travel to deliver a sound blow on Glen's buttocks.

Glen was clearly less used to the strap. He yelled out in pain from the beginning. But he wanted the experience, he needed the experience. I only let myself soften the assault slightly. I went through the entire scenario with him. I began at his ass, I moved down to the insides of his legs, to his calves, back up again, alternating the blows, watching the richness of the colors as they came out, luxuriating in the control of his flesh's response.

His screams were loud all through it, his tears more copious, his useless attempts at escape more frenzied. His reactions kept tugging at the nipple chains and the rawhide bonds, bringing Phillip greater continued sensations.

Again, at about the same point, I stopped and walked up to Glen. I put my hand on his softened skin just as I had Phillip. I calmed him down, wiping the sweat from his brow and running my palm over his face with soothing motions. He thought it was done. He thought he had suffered all there would be.

"Phillip's been put in his place. He's come to understand the lash, to understand that he needs it and that it brings him a kind of peace. You, though, are only learning. You think you retain a sort of control. You're wrong. A slave has to be introduced to his pain to understand that it is an ever-present possibility. Phillip only needed to know that I could do it. That I had the strength to inflict the punishment. He didn't need to know how far it could go. You do, Glen. You need so much more than Phillip does."

The words forced a new and even stronger flood of tears. There was no doubt in his mind that I was going even further than I had with his lover.

I took my place. I looked at the beautiful results of the first half of Glen's torment, the decorations that lined his buttocks and legs. Then I studied the unmarred surface of his back. I lifted the strap and brought it down on his shoulders.

Now he lifted up in immediate pain. The leather sang out as it sped through the air and repeatedly found its mark on his back. The bone is so much closer there and the flesh so much harder that the sounds were different than the music of leather on ass. They're more masculine in a way, stronger, deeper. They are evidence of infinitely greater physical hurt and psychological humiliation.

A man might have his ass beaten by another; a true slave has his back whipped.

When I was done, the marks were evenly spread over Glen. Only the dangerously vulnerable area around his midsection was unscarred. I stepped back in and again wrapped my arms around the two of them. Again I listened as Glen's cries turned into whimperings. Phillip barely noticed me for a while, so intent was he on seeing what his lover was going through. There was a sense of awe about it. He would always remember—as I had planned—that Glen had suffered more and hadn't cracked.



Tears? Sobs? They mean nothing. They are inevitable and only a foolishly proud man would deny them when he's being put through all of this. But there was no denial, there was no vain attempt to escape, to have the punishment lessened. Glen had accepted it, just as Phillip had. The lovers were obviously proud of one another, each in his own way.

"Do you understand now what it means to have me here?"

"Yes, Sir," they both said at once.

"Do you understand that it never ends with me?"

Phillip nodded, only Glen answered out loud, "We're yours, Sir."

"For what?"

"For anything."

"I'm going to make you prove that."

I went about releasing them. The clamps let an extraordinarily painful surge of blood into their nipples and both cried out

joined their testicles and rubbed at the sensitive areas, both their cocks were coming back to life. I rubbed their genitals and licked lightly at their tits to help them. By the time I had moved to their arms and had let them down, they were both semi-erect and smiling from the pleasure.

When their restraints were released from the chain, I went to their collection and brought back two leather collars. They understood immediately. Both of them fell to their knees. I put the collars on. I thought that Glen seemed to be actually proud of his. Then I attached a lead to each of them. Again, I didn't have to speak. They went to their hands and knees. I walked them around the table. There was no resistance.

I led them to the chair and left them for a quick moment while I went to the refrigerator. I came back with bottles of beer and a glass bowl I had found. I opened two of the bottles, keeping one for myself and then pouring the other into the bowl.

The music was still going. While the strains of a baroque symphony filled the room, my two young men lapped at the beer in the bowl, thirsty from what had happened, knowing there was more to come. When they'd finished it they used their tongues to wash each other's face clean of the beverage that they'd spilt in their hurry. Then they looked up at me, anxious, smiling and waiting. They were watching my crotch, staring at the lengthening of my cock, knowing they were going to get that reward as well.

I looked over at a clock. It was only ten. I didn't leave the basement until six in the morning. I knew that there would be two extraordinarily well-trained young men to serve at my party. □

***I began at his ass... watching
the richness of the colors
as they came out
luxuriating in the control
of his flesh's response.***

when the pressure was released. The removal of the rawhide was less dramatic. They were only glad to have some comfort back.

The intensity of the whipping had frightened off their erections. But as I went about the untying of the rope that had

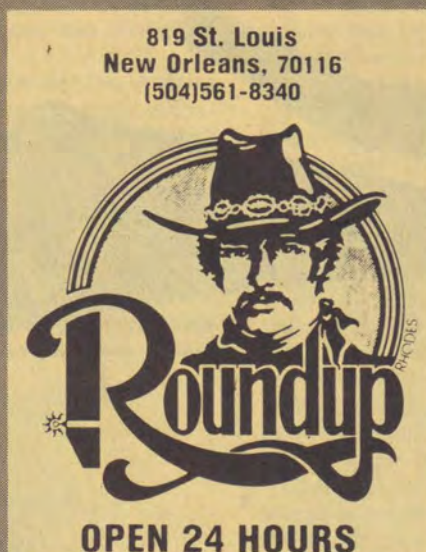
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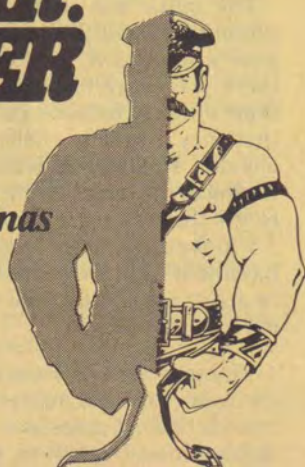

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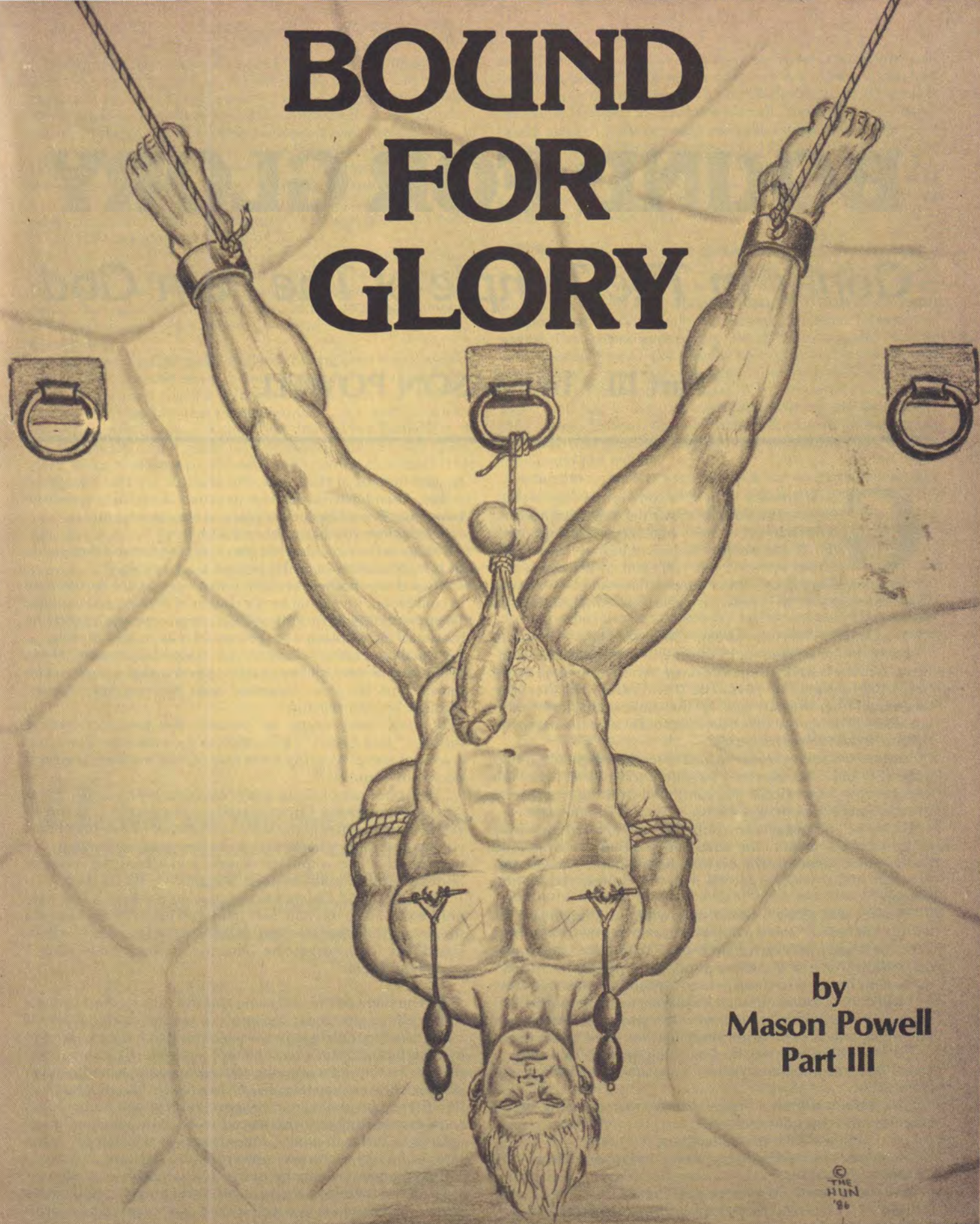
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BOUND FOR GLORY



by
Mason Powell
Part III

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BOUND FOR GLORY

Gonar In The Temple of The Pain God

Part III by MASON POWELL

Gonar proved right in assuming that his Master, Chom, knew more about the evil priesthood of Dworkrimian than he had previously supposed: but it was not his place to question how *much* Chom knew. It was sufficient to his needs that Chom knew every detail of the temple that could be observed from the outside: its needs, its cycles, its consumption, its excretion.

"The initiations occur in waves," Chom told him. "In the late morning, in the afternoon, in the evening and just after midnight. Activity is slack just before dawn, when most temples are preparing to greet the dawn. The Dworkists do not greet the dawn but rather the darkness, for they believe that Dworkrimian made all things out of the darkness but hurled them into the light to show their inadequacy."

"I think I would question a god severely who made things imperfect and then expected the things to be ashamed of the imperfection," said Gonar. He continued chewing on the joint of roast jungle hen he was eating, seated at Chom's feet.

"There will be beggars awake before dawn, but they will be clustered at the front of the temple, not at the back where the chutes dump failed worshipers into the cesspool. If, as you say, you can find a way to get up into the chutes, you will be unseen."

"When I was a boy," Gonar said, wiping his fingers on his curly black beard, "a troop of players came to town. The thing I liked most was a play with giant animals that walked and spoke upon the surface of a shallow pond. After the performance I made it my business to creep behind the tents and discover how this was done. I found out that the players were upon stilts, so I made myself a pair and practiced with them in the woods; but no opportunity ever presented itself for their use!" He laughed.

"So you will make a pair of stilts tall enough to walk you across the cesspool and deliver you to the mouth of the chutes?"

"Yes. Then it will be no more difficult than climbing a rock chimney with the sides greased."

This time it was Chom who laughed.

"Have you climbed so many greasy mountains, Gonar, my Gonar?"

"Grease or mud, it matters not," said Gonar. "Both are slippery. The chutes of the temple will be warm instead of cold, that is all; and there will be no icy wind to stiffen my fingers."

"And once inside?" Chom queried.

"The place is a maze, and that is of concern, but I think I can penetrate it. I will find the High Priest somehow, and if there are

no ceremonies at that hour, the chances are that he will be asleep. Then I will merely have to extract the information from him about Prince Hrendel's place of imprisonment."

"And when you have finished with him?"

This gave Gonar pause. His grey eyes clouded and the sparkle of his white teeth vanished behind a set mouth.

"Two things bother me. One is that I would not murder him in cold blood, for all that he is a danger to my king and country. The other is that the priesthood has some secret way of sending messages to the place where Hrendel is kept; which seems to necessitate my either killing him or taking him prisoner. If I can take him prisoner I will, for so far as I know he has committed no murders of his own, however many he may have caused through his foul religion."

"I have taken steps to prevent the messages getting through," said Chom. "They will think their message is sent, but it will not arrive. As to the other matter, that is a thing you must decide for yourself."

"I will need your help in one small thing, my Master," Gonar said after a moment. Chom raised his eyebrows in question. "I will wish to tie ropes to the stilts, so that after I am in the chutes you can pull them back out of the cesspool, eliminating the evidence that I am within the temple; and leaving the entrance undiscovered, should we need it again."

"So be it," said Chom. "Now let us wait at least a few days before you make this raid, for I think you have already caused a stir among them and it would be better if they were not on their guard. Let them forget the pleasures of your body while I remember them!"

The night of the raid came and the stilts worked admirably to get Gonar up into the chutes. He bid Chom a silent goodbye with a wave of his hand, then began the treacherous ascent. Gonar's heavy muscles now did him good service, for the route was long and twisting; much more so than his quick descent had revealed. His training in Shegri was also of significance for the pain in his arms, his legs and his back was soon excruciating. He was forced to keep the muscles at full tension in order to wedge himself against the slippery stone sides as he inched his way upward in the stagnant darkness.

It seemed an eternity before he felt a change in the movement of the foetid air, then a slight freshening. It could not be one of the chambers in which he had experienced the ordeals involving slime that was above him, else the air would have grown worse, he reasoned. What then was he about to enter? Surely another chamber of ordeal, for why else would there be a pit descending to the cesspool?

Dim orange light showed above him and he kept silent for a long time, listening with his mouth slightly open to catch even the tiniest sound that might betray the above chamber as inhabited. When he perceived it quiet he continued up, came to the mouth of the pit, then cautiously peeked over its lip.

The room was dimly lit by oil lamps at the base of a huge idol. The idol, almost as tall as the room itself, was heavily veiled with sheer, black silks, layer on layer, so that the form was almost visible yet totally indistinct. The walls and ceiling of the room were carved and built of black stone, making it seem immense in the faint orange light of the oil lamps.

A final cursory glance showed Gonar that the room was uninhabited so he climbed up out of the pit. Then he stretched his body in every direction, pushing blood and air back into tissues that had been deprived for too long, popping segments of his spine into place where they had been cramped into misalignment.

He approached the great idol, wondering what form Dworkrimian took. Directly beneath the statue he noticed another pit, but as he leaned toward it to look in a stench assaulted his nostrils so dreadfully that he startled back, sick, and for a moment frightened. It was a smell like that of the battlefield, a smell of death, and it made his hair stand up on the back of his neck. What rites were performed in this central chamber of the temple?

He looked up at the idol, and for a moment he felt an overpowering urge to tear away the veils and see what it looked like. But even an evil god was due certain respects, and as he was not an initiate of the cult he decided not to violate its sanctity. Chom had been very careful to inculcate in him the Corsair ideal of paying due to whatever gods one encountered along the way.

He turned from the veiled Dworkrimian and examined the rest of the room. There was only one doorway, so his path of exploration must begin there, he thought. He looked out carefully past the heavy drapes, discovered an antechamber as still as the sanctuary, and went through.

***He could hear their shrieks for mercy
as the upstretched arms lost feeling,
as their pectoral muscles paralyzed
and their chests filled with air
they could not exhale.***

Pegs had been driven into the stone walls of the antechamber and from them hung all manner of whips, bonds, chains, screws and diverse other forms of physical punishment. This was to be expected, considering the nature of the deity's worship. But when he moved into the next chamber beyond, again carefully, he was outraged to find nearly two dozen people bound in various ways, unattended, all of them either asleep or tortured to a state of unconsciousness. One of the first things a shegrin learned was that one did not leave a subject of torture alone, lest some unexpected change in the subject's capacity induce fatal complications. He swore softly to himself, moved to release them, then stopped. He was not in a position to loose these people, he realized: besides which, they had presumably placed themselves at the mercy of the Dwork. It was morally none of his concern.

Yet the vision of a youth with blond hair, hanging upside

down, his legs spread, weights hanging from his nipples (which had been pierced with slivers of bone), his testicles stretched with a thong toward the wall; his hands tied behind his back, his breathing labored: this bothered Gonar. The boy seemed barely old enough to have made such decisions for himself. How could his young life have been so terrible as to lead him here?

Gonar shook himself and turned away. His immediate challenge was to find Prince Hrendel, who might even now be in similar circumstances to those of the boy. These people must be left to their chosen fates, however cruel.

The next room was circular and in its center was a circular firepit in which coals lay dying, thick white ash covering their orange glow. Stationed around the pit and facing inward were upright crosses with leather straps for temporarily crucifying such supplicants as reached this stage of ordeal. The crosses were empty now, but Gonar could imagine what they had been like the day before, with the now-bound people in the previous room tied to them and the blazing heat of the fire pit roasting them slowly. He wondered how close to death one had to be to please Dworkrimian. He could hear their shrieks for mercy as their upstretched arms lost feeling, as their pectoral muscles paralyzed and their chests filled with air they could not exhale.

A further chamber, empty except for some benches, gave entrance to a hallway lined with doors and suddenly Gonar knew where he was. This was the hallway of temple whoredom, one of its doors opening into the room in which he had been whored to a filthy beggar. He controlled the anger and shame that welled up in him and made his way down the corridor until it forked. He chose the way he had not taken before, relatively confident that it must be a way around the chambers of ordeal through which he had passed during his first stay in the temple.

Sure enough, he found a straight way that lead into another passage which he recognized: the passage with the door to the High Priest's study. He found the study door, opened it slowly and with the utmost care, and looked inside. As he expected at this hour, there was naught within but the desk, the scrolls, and the human skull with jewels suspended in its eye sockets.

He left the study to try the other doors along the corridor, each with extreme caution; glad that he had come barefoot, and that the floors of the temple were of stone, giving no sound as he walked them. He found the kitchen, the larder, several rooms with scrolls, a room in which, quite curiously, there were cages of rock doves; and a room filled with racks of the black robes which the priesthood wore. At the end of the corridor was a door leading into a dormitory where the women of the temple slept, bound to their cots in such a way that they could not touch themselves; and opposite this was a dormitory with the men of the temple, bound in the same way. Most of the men, he noted, slept with erections, and some had tears streaming from their eyes. It was indeed a strange and perverse religion, he thought, that kept a man from taking pleasure of himself even in his sleep.

The barest rustle down the corridor warned him of someone approaching so he quickly ducked back into the chamber with the robes, hiding amongst the racks where they hung. Two men came into the room, stripped off their robes in silence, then took down many-thonged whips from a peg in the wall. They left the room naked and Gonar followed cautiously, seeing them enter the dormitory. From the dormitory door, slightly ajar, he saw them approach two sleeping men and in unison bring down their whips across the men's chests.

A groan of agony escaped the lips of the sleepers as they were wrenched into wakefulness with pain, but as they realized in that split second of transition where they were they choked the sound back: just in time for the whips to land across their thighs, and finally, viciously, across their erect cocks and balls.

The men who had whipped them awake then untied the sleepers and the sleepers then bound *them* to the cots. The newly awakened men then returned the cruel salutation which

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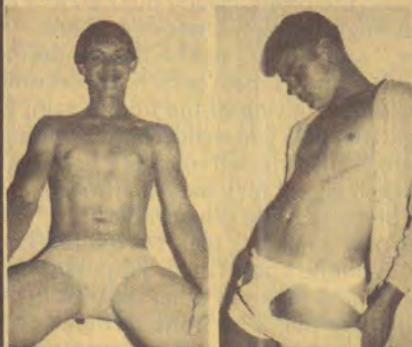
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they had been given, once across the chest, once across the thighs, and finally across the balls and cock, which now had sprung to erection in anticipation of the blow.

Gonar headed quickly back to his hiding place in the vesting room, just in time to escape notice as the two men, obvious guards changing watch, followed him in, dressed in robes, and exited.

As he waited for their footsteps to die out down the corridor, Gonar thought with some amusement what sport it would be to enter the dormitory with the sleeping men and suck them all off, forcing them to pleasurable orgasms against their theology; and that idea gave him another, one which he hoped would be more profitable than mere amusement.

He took one of the black robes and wrapped it around his arm, then took another and held it loosely. He continued searching the temple, opening doors carefully until he found

As the stiff dick added just that tiny extra trace of blood to its fullness, Gonar slid one of his fingers gently up the priest's asshole and another, less thick load of cum shot forth.

first the sleeping cell of the High Priestess and then the cell of the High Priest. He got almost halfway across the room before the High Priest awakened and reached for his stiletto, but Gonar was prepared: he threw the loose robe over the priest's head, then, using his wrapped arm as shield, he dodged the deadly blade, grabbed the dagger wrist, and twisted the weapon free. His hand found the priest's covered mouth, blocked it to prevent calls for help, and his powerful arm went around his opponent's neck, squeezing until no air could pass.

He held the priest, strangling him until he felt the man go limp. He waited just a moment more, to make sure the High Priest was not pretending, then pulled the robe roughly off his victim's head. He put his knee on the priest's throat, tore the robe apart, and quickly bound the priest's hands behind him, his feet together, and put a thick gag in his mouth. This done, he threw the High Priest over his powerful shoulders like a lamb being carried up out of a ravine, and headed back through the maze of temple corridors.

The High Priest was awake by the time Gonar got him to the chamber with the pit of glowing coals and the crosses. He did not struggle, but his eyes were alive with possibilities, none of them pretty.

Gonar slung him to the floor, then barred the heavy chamber door against intrusion. Working carefully, so as not to give his prisoner any chance of escape or retaliation, Gonar got the High Priest up on one of the crosses, his arms stretched out and bound with leather straps, his feet tied down, the gag still tightly in his mouth. Gonar then raked up the remainder of the previous day's coals at the priest's feet and added more from a charcoal basket nearby.

The priest, no doubt inured to torture but also delighting in it, began to grow hard. Gonar was pleased with this. He climbed up on the rim of the pit and whispered to the High Priest, his tone quiet and confident: "You have something I want, and I mean to extract it from you. You took your pleasure with me in the service of your god, so now I return the favor. I shall offer my pleasure of you to Dworkrimian, and if it is acceptable, the god will reward me. Is that not so?"

The priest shook his head firmly in the negative.

"What, not so?" queried Gonar pleasantly. "Ah, it is because you are not a willing victim, is that it?"

There was a pause, then the priest, clearly puzzled and certainly not trusting what might transpire, nodded assent.

"But you mistake me," said Gonar, and he flashed his most winning smile. "It is the body's pain which Dworkrimian accepts as sacrifice, the willing giving of the body's pain; you have said so many times. That pain you shall give, and willingly, before I am finished here. And let me tell you that you shall give it willingly, nay, even beg to give it: for what I shall do to you for my own sport will not be painful but pleasurable."

The priest's face was now a mask of fear. He did not know what Gonar had in mind, but he knew Gonar's reputation and performance as a shegrin, and he knew what tortures he had inflicted on Gonar. *Anything* might be done to him, and his power as High Priest was useless. He could not even use it to threaten as long as he was gagged!

Gonar let his hand drop to the High Priest's long, stiff cock. He took it in his hand and began to stroke it, holding it firmly, looking into the priest's face all the while and smiling. Gonar could see in the priest's eyes how his mind ran through the catalogue of all the tortures he had endured, of all he had inflicted, and of all he had heard of or imagined. Just the slightest flicker of relief passed in those eyes, and Gonar knew instantly what the priest was thinking: he was thinking that Gonar was to play with him now the game that he had seen Chom play with Gonar in the arena, a game of ideas more than pain.

He was wrong, but Gonar was pleased for the moment to let him think it.

A clear drop of precum slid out of the priest's piss slit and Gonar took it on his thumb and smeared it over the cock head, not roughly but sensually. Though Gonar's tastes in sex were of the rough variety, he had known men's bodies since he was a boy, and he knew a thousand ways to pleasure them. If the priest was a man, then Gonar felt confident he could reach the center of his sexuality, bring forth from him the pleasure every man knew. Whatever his particular tastes might be, the priest would ultimately be subject to some of Gonar's skill as a lover.

The priest now sought to second-guess Gonar. He was prepared for Gonar to take him to the edge of orgasm, then draw him back, hold him there until he begged for release. With that in mind he threw his feelings totally into his prick, letting the discharge build, planning to shoot before Gonar could withdraw the stimulation. Gonar felt this in the way the priest held his cock hard, stiffened his belly. Gonar let him think it, kept on stroking, kept on squeezing. When the orgasm was imminent, Gonar increased the speed of his hand on the priest's stiff shaft, then slid his palm over the purple head in a final stimulation: the priest shot, a hard white bolt that spurted from the end of his dick, shot out over the glowing red coals, and fell upon them to vanish in sizzling little puffs of steam. The priest's body twitched, he thrashed where he hung on the cross, and his throat issued a moan at the pleasure of his discharge.

Gonar caught a little of the cum from the end of the cock and smeared it all over, continuing to stroke. He made the priest writhe with pleasure, with unbearable pleasure that was inescapable. The priest's body, spent of its jism, shot piss out over the coals, then retreated from what was unbearable.

Gonar let go the cock and slid his hand down to the priest's balls, massaging them with his wet fingers, playing with them as he had not touched them before. The priest was panting and his cock was trying to go soft, but here was a new stimulation. Where the nerves of the cock had ceased to respond, the nerves in his balls were all too ready to feel pleasure! In a matter of moments the cock was stiff again, and soon after Gonar was once again stroking it, his other hand continuing to play with the priest's balls. It was not so easy to bring the priest off the second time, but to Gonar it was still child's play. As the stiff dick added just that tiny extra trace of blood to its fullness, Gonar slid one of his fingers gently up the priest's asshole and another, less thick load of cum shot forth.

Now the priest gauged the nature of the ordeal. He was not threatened by it, yet his doubts of his own abilities were the same as any man's: how many times could he cum? Gonar meant to test him to destruction.

He slid another finger up the priest's, asshole, probed, twisted, stretched. He put his mouth down on the priest's tits and bit at them lightly. There would be time for harder biting later. He pulled the balls downward and outward, squeezing, and the spent cock stiffened. Gonar knelt down and took the balls into his mouth, tongued them, sucked them, licked back to the little place just behind them. He started to stroke the priest's dick again, slid his tongue into the priest's asshole. When the third orgasm came Gonar felt it by the sphincter clenching at his tongue, took the thin, clear shots of cum on his

The ejaculation came, the moan changing to a gagged scream as pain seared into him, only slightly less awful than the pain his balls experienced in pumping forth one final unbearable load.

face; moved up to suck the spasming dick; enjoyed the way the priest thrashed on the cross.

Now it was time to work in earnest. He got rougher, for the

priest's sensibilities were dimming. His fingers massaged inside the priest's anus, pressing on the prostate. He slide in a third finger, stretching the hole. He squeezed the priest's balls hard, stretched them. He twisted the priest's tits savagely. The priest's cock had now reached the stage where it did not deflate at all; it only softened its engorgement, a red, increasingly sore tube of meat being forced to perform. Gonar took it in his mouth and sucked it, licked it, pulled at it wetly.

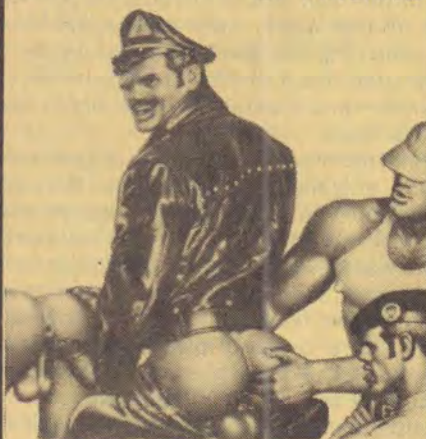
The fire at the priest's feet was now beginning to have an effect. His feet, bound near it, were absorbing heat, being made tender by the slow cooking. His bound body sweated, not only from the sex. Gonar got down and ran his tongue over the priest's feet, sucked his toes. Soon the cock was hard again, and soon after that shooting cum so thin it was like water, and only drops of it. The priest groaned, tried to talk. Gonar knew he was trying to capitulate, but Gonar knew it might also be a feint to gain a few moment's respite. He continued, confident now that the priest was suffering blue balls, that soon he would be ready for any amount of pain or agony, if only Gonar would cease.

The trick was to keep sensation flowing, to balance one feeling against another and to make sure that all contributed to the effect of sexual arousal. Gonar had learned long before that the body only took in sensation: that it was the mind which interpreted pain or pleasure. He was now turning a man's single greatest pleasure of the flesh into the greatest possible pain, an agony beyond pain, an agony which would be gladly traded for the lashing of whips, the piercing of hot needles, the burning of hot coals.

Four fingers explored the captive's asshole as Gonar sucked his dick lightly and slowly, letting wet slipperiness become preferable to stretching and probing. The priest was now staring straight ahead, trying some technique of meditation; but it would be useless, Gonar knew, for the priest had let himself go with the very first orgasm, and now it was too late to recapture control. The cock stiffened, Gonar licked, speeded up, pushed

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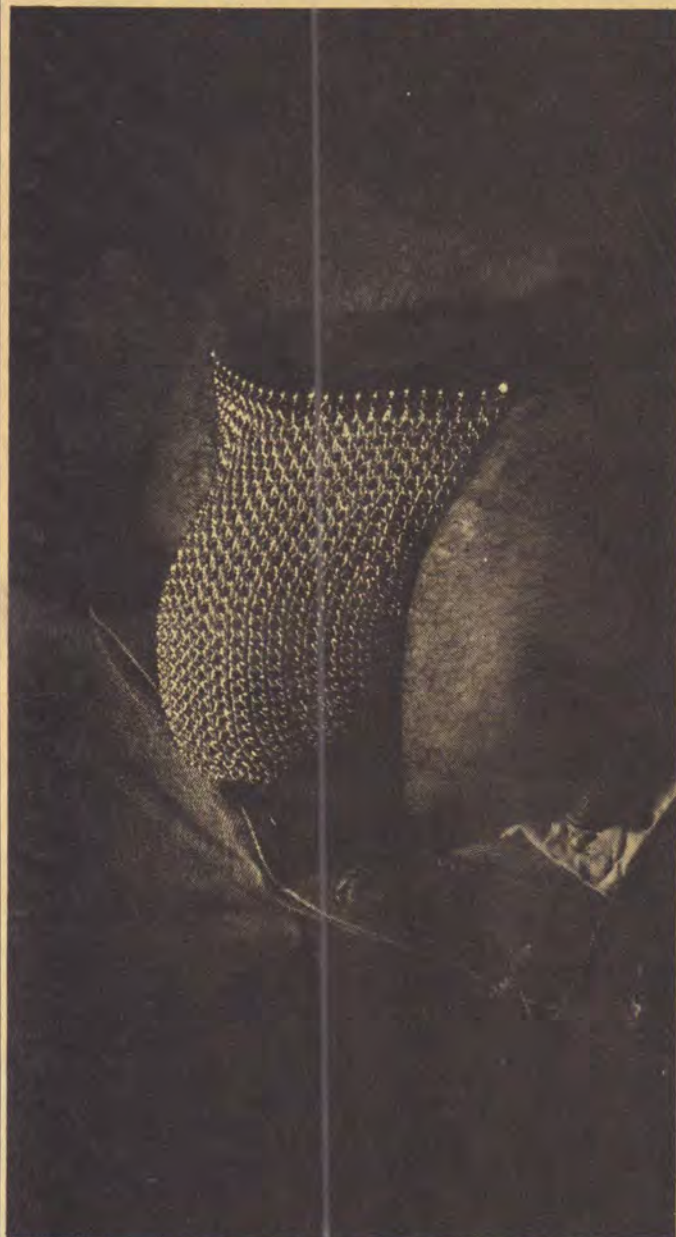
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his thumb in with his fingers. The priest jerked, shot piss and weak cum into his mouth, collapsed in his bonds, breathing hard, his eyes glazed. Gonar licked all over the head of the cock in his mouth, giving not a second's respite.

Then he stood and ran his tongue over the priest's throat, down onto his sweaty chest, out over his stretched arms. He licked the steaming armpits, the backs of fingers, the inner surfaces of thighs. Harsh to gentle, gentle to harsh, mixtures of all kinds of sensations. He was now totally in control, he owned the priest's mind by way of his cock. He licked the priest's ears, tasting the ear wax, probing. Then he whispered: "This will go on, High Priest, until there is no water left in your tissues. Until you are dried up from within. Until your body has turned all of you into cum, in a vain attempt to satisfy your lusts."

The priest looked at him imploringly. He knew that the priest wanted it to end, wanted anything more than another orgasm. Gonar smiled at him, his most winning smile, his flash-of-white-teeth smile. He bent and licked his way down the priest's chest, belly, returned to suck his nipples, licked the dripping armpits. All the way down the body he went, bringing momentary relief from the tickling of trickling sweat, making it a little cooler, tempting with pleasure. He let the priest's cock droop just a little, offering just a tiny glint of hope. Like a poinard that slips between the ribs, barely felt before it pierces the heart.

Then he took two unburnt twigs from the fuels basket and lifted a hot coal from the fire. He brought it close to the priest's face and he smiled broadly. He lowered it, moved it slowly near to one nipple, letting the priest feel the heat, then to the other. He moved it down the priest's belly, singeing the hairs that grew there. The priest could not keep his eyes off it. The anticipation, the curiosity about where Gonar would touch it to his body, was all that was needed to return the priest's cock to full hardness.

Gonar laughed as he circled the stiff prick with the hot coal, around and around. He brought it in close to the priest's balls and slowly singed off all of the hair. He took the twigs in one hand, and hold the glowing coal very near the cock head he took the shaft of the cock in his other hand and began to stroke. He brought the coal first near the top of the cock head, then near the underside; then near the piss hole itself. A low moan started, not a groan but a continued utterance from the very pit of the priest's belly, from the dark recesses of his spirit, as the orgasm built.

Gonar knew the priest was reaching his natural limit, and that unless he was careful the man would hover there forever. A special stimulus was all that would work now, so he stroked longer and longer, stretching the skin of the cock tighter and tighter, and finally he stretched it all the way back, his fist close against the priest's belly—and touched the coal lightly to the top of the priest's dick head.

The ejaculation came, the moan changing to a gagged scream as pain seared into him, only slightly less awful than the pain his balls experienced in pumping forth one final, unbearable load. Gonar dropped the coal and spit on the priest's dick even as it erupted. He did not want that dick burned enough to lose feeling! He spit on it again, then fell to it and started to suck.

The priest thrashed, his last reserves unleashed. Now he was in real pain from his central organ of pleasure. He fought, a madman, and Gonar knew that his subject was close to where he wanted him to be. Just one more, perhaps two...

He slid his fingers up the priest's ass again, and this time it was all the fingers and his thumb. It was time to use that hole for all it was worth. He took his mouth off the red, blistered cock and concentrated his efforts on the ass, sliding his hand in and out, pushing in deeper with each shove. He felt the ring stretch, felt it amazingly hot, felt the priest's buttocks flexing and fighting. The ass ring slipped around his hand, he pushed in further, felt it slide down on his wrist, closing. The priest's bowel was around his hand, moist and hot.

Deeper he pushed, looking up to see the priest's eyes bulge wide with the pain. When his hand was as far in as he thought safe, Gonar contracted his hand into a fist, then began to pump it in and out.

Sweat fell like hot rain from the priest's body as he jerked, fought, screamed silently into the gag. Gonar took the abused cock into his mouth again and began to suck, even as he fist-fucked his victim. He grabbed the priest's balls, squeezed them, stretched them, sucked the cock furiously.

The dick in Gonar's mouth was only half hard now, despite all, but softness could not stop orgasm. He could tell when the priest was ready to shoot again by the contractions his hand felt inside, by the way the asshole twitched around his wrist. He unclenched his fist and slid it out, stretching the ass ring as he withdrew, and he sucked harder.

The priest shot, crying out from his cross, tears flying from his eyes as his head thrashed back and forth. His cock could not even stiffen, but weak semen dribbled from it into Gonar's mouth, and now Gonar was ready.

He bent and took up another coal, this time a large one, with the two sticks. He brought it close to the priest's face.

"Now I am going to take the gag out of your mouth," Gonar said softly. "Just for a moment. If you cry out for help I will push this coal into your mouth and put the gag in after it. Think how long it would be before the fire would die in your mouth, and how long it would be before you could preach, or even pray to Dworkrimian. Consider well before you say anything; then say to me what I want to hear."

He paused, letting his threats sink in.

"I want you to offer some pain to the Dwork. I want you to define what pain I should administer. You must beg me for it, and you must give it willingly to the god. And you must suggest something that will please me as well as Dworkrimian. Please me even more than what I have been doing. Else I shall continue!"

He trailed his forefinger slowly down the priest's belly to his cock, lightly touched the cock along the top. Then he reached up quickly, yanked the gag free, shoved his forefinger and thumb into the captive's mouth and to the back, prying it open where he could keep it as he wished without danger of being bitten.

"Speak!"

"Whip me," the priest mumbled around his fingers. "Burn me with coals, shove needles through my skin, please!"

Gonar waited just a moment when the priest stopped mumbling, then pulled his fingers free and stuffed the gag back in. He secured it, then smiled.

"Not good enough," he said quietly, and dropped to put his mouth upon the wet and wilted cock.

This time the priest's own mind betrayed him. He had offered up pain to his god so many times that when this simple and straightforward offering was refused he felt his failure like an earthquake, tumbling the foundations of his sanctity. He became, for the moment, Gonar's total slave. Now he would have to give what Gonar wanted. His prick got hard in Gonar's mouth as the fear of any more feeling brought on the very feeling he feared. Soon he stiffened, shot, pissed a heavy stream in spurts.

Gonar stood and went to the next chamber, the one where helpless worshipers were bound. He found a whip and returned with it, brought it down hard across the priest's thighs, across his chest.

"Give this gratefully to your god," Gonar said, and he continued the whipping, across the priest's chest, on his arms, on his shins.

He found some of the little bone needles that he'd seen piercing the blond boy's tits, and these he drove through the priest's nipples savagely. After that he took a coal and burned the tips of the bleeding tits.

The priest's eyes no longer glittered like the gems in the skull's eyesockets. They were the eyes of a frightened rat, pursued desperately but not cornered enough to bring forth the last courage; or perhaps past that stage, caught in a trap with nothing to fight. Gonar licked his ear and spoke to him again: "Offer me something better!"

This time when the gag was pulled free and the fingers shoved in, the priest was rabid in his desire to please.

"Anything! Anything! Fuck me, whip me, make me eat shit! No, I will beg you for it! Anything!"

Gonar had no shit handy, but he could follow the priest's desperate logic. The priest was thinking of what Gonar had been forced to endure in the ordeals. He wanted to offer some compensation. . . But Gonar was also aware that time must be growing short. He would soon have to ask the question that he had come to ask.

"Not good enough," he said pleasantly, and he once again gagged the priest.

Now a frenetic despair set in as Gonar dropped and started to suck the priest. The subject's breathing was becoming labored

***"Anything! Anything!
Fuck me, whip me,
make me eat shit!
No, I will beg you for it!
Anything!"***

and at any moment he might lose consciousness in a last effort to escape. If so he would have to be revived and restimulated. That would take too much time. Soon the temple would begin to awake.

Gonar felt the preliminary stiffening, the moment just before release would come: and he stopped. He put his hand on the priest's cock, slowly stroking it, and stood, keeping the priest at the moment before the avalanche. He pulled the gag free.

"Start talking," he said lightly. "Softly, to me, and answer my questions quickly and truthfully. A wrong answer and I will make you cum instantly. . . What is the largest city in Tomthraf?"

The priest could not fathom what was happening. He tried to think and Gonar quickened the movement of his hand.

"Trobias!" the priest blurted out in self-defense.

"What is always painted blue and pointed north?" Gonar fired at him.

"The icon for a water shrine!" the priest cried.

"Who was King of Gorft during the Draslin Wars?"

"What? I don't. . . Capidan the Fourth! Please!"

Gonar squeezed ever so slightly, stroking, taking him a hair's breadth closer.

"At what time of year is the Vregas Festival?"

"It's in the spring," said the priest, trying to answer quickly enough the irrelevant questions, confused, feeling the painful orgasm approach.

Gonar moved his hand just a little quicker, and as he felt the High Priest's orgasm begin he asked: "Where is Prince Hremdel being kept prisoner?"

"In the tower of the Temple of Dworkrimian at Molukenor!" the priest cried, and his voice was torn out of him as a scream as his balls contracted and pumped one final weak shot of jism out over the dying embers.

Gonar shoved the gag back into his mouth, panicked suddenly lest the shout of forced passion should have awakened anyone. The priest trembled, shook, finally hung limp. Then, as the pain subsided, his head snapped up and he looked at Gonar, realizing at last what the tortures of the night had all been about.

The sound of voices in the hall alerted Gonar, but they alerted the priest as well. He tried to cry out behind the gag, but Gonar brought his big fist up hard into the priest's solar plexus, once, twice, sufficient to render even a strong man unconscious. He hurried to the door and listened intently.

The voices of two men came closer. Through the heavy wood



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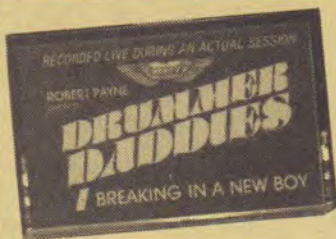
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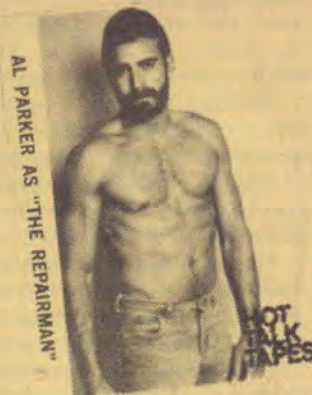
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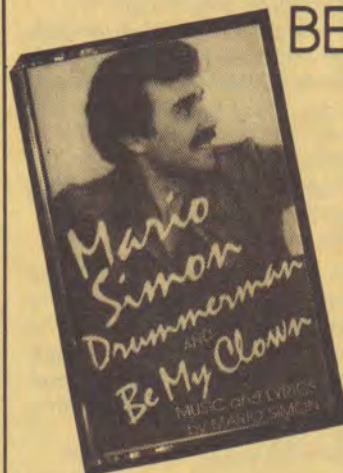
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Gonar finally was able to make out their conversation as they stood on the other side.

"Well, it's locked from the inside. No doubt the High Priest, at his particular pleasures again." It was a deep voice, hollow like that of an older man.

"What pleasures are those?" asked a younger man.

"You have not yet been present when the High Priest amused himself? Well, 'tis best I think that you have not. He is a good priest, but he sometimes exceeds his authority. I fear the god will strike him down for it some day, but I have no power to advise him."

"But what are his amusements?"

"You have seen the blond boy who hangs within? The one who has been there for days now?"

"Yes."

"He is the High Priest's new toy. It was certain he could not last much longer, for the High Priest's lusts grow stronger every year. I will tell you, but you must keep it in confidence, that the boy is not a worshiper at all, but an unbeliever whom the High Priest took captive. All the tortures which we offer to the god willingly the High Priest delights in doing to the unwilling heathen, if the heathen is attractive enough."

"But surely the boy will tell when the priest frees him!"

"The High Priest will not free him!" said the older voice, with both sadness and disapproval. "When he has used the boy up he will give him to the god in the Rite of Death; that rite which is usually reserved as the greatest offering to Dworkrimian. But worse still, instead of showing the mercy of the god, cutting his throat and hurling him into the pit below the idol, the High Priest will punish him as a traitor to the faith, impaling him upon the god's great cock with weights upon his legs until he is split asunder. No doubt the High Priest's seed will cover the floor before the god even as the boy dies!"

There was a note of disgust in the man's voice that told Gonar not all the priesthood of Dworkrimian were monsters; which

he now perceived the High Priest to be.

"But what of the early rites?" the younger priest grumbled. "How shall we meet our obligations to the god if the High Priest has locked himself in?"

"We shall not," said the older man. "And because we shall not, we shall be punished. No doubt I shall be whipped and scourged, and no doubt you shall be bound and fucked all day by supplicants eager for the ordeals. Life is not fair, nor even favorable: you know that. We are born in darkness and sent out into the cesspool of the world until we return to Dworkrimian. While we are here we can only do well by serving the Dwork. Come now, let us go eat something to build up our strength, before our failure is discovered."

Their footsteps retreated and there was silence.

Gonar turned and faced the High Priest, who was already returning to consciousness. Gonar felt a new horror of the man. It was as if the being before him on the cross was not a man at all, but one of the swamp spirits who fought against the gods.

He walked across the room and hit the High Priest again, once more rendering him unconscious. Then he took him down from the cross, bound him again, and threw him over his shoulder. He carried his burden into the next room and threw him on the floor, then went to where the blond boy hung in bondage.

He carefully untied the knots that held the boy's testicles stretched and released them. He took the weights from the bone needles, then removed them from the boy's tits. He untied the boy's wrists, then, supporting him so that he would not fall, he lowered the boy to the floor. He chaffed the boy's wrists, then bent and blew breath into his mouth.

When the boy began to rouse, Gonar left him and moved around the room, releasing all the others who were bound there. He would let them awaken on their own, for most were



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probably there of their own volition. . . He would give them a chance to escape if they were not.

As an afterthought he went into the next chamber and brought back an armload of whips, chains and other implements. It might be that the priesthood came before they had escaped, if escape they wanted. He would see that they had arms at hand, at least!

The boy's eyes were open now, blue eyes that looked about dazed and uncomprehending.

"What is your name, boy?" Gonar asked.

"Fillian, Sir," said the boy, as if he barely knew how to speak after his horrors.

"Oh, yes!" Fillian croaked, his throat roughened from screaming. Tears filled his eyes, then fear: the boy thought it was a trick!

"Don't be afraid," Gonar said. "I know it is not easy to believe, but I will try to get you out of here. It will not be easy, and we may not succeed in escaping, but to try is the best we can do. Now follow me, and do as I say exactly, for there is work to be done before we go."

He picked up the High Priest and threw him over his shoulder once again. Fillian, seeing who it was, drew back. Then, seeing that the priest was securely bound, he followed Gonar through the chamber of implements and into the inner sanctuary.

Chom had taught him to give all gods their just due, and Gonar now knew what the just due of Dworkrimian was. He walked straight to the huge idol, threw the priest down before it, and yanked off the dark veils.

As they fell, Gonar was too startled by what he saw to do more than stare.

Dworkrimian was carved from smooth black stone, but it was not a beautiful visage. Huge, corpulent, it squatted over the pit of the dead as if it were shitting on the lives that were made as offerings. *It*. . . for Dworkrimian was neither male nor female, nor yet the beauty of an androgyne, nor even the mystery of the hermaphrodite. The face was round and covered with warts. The shaggy hair was cropped off unevenly. A malicious grin betrayed ugly teeth, but the close-set, deep eyes held no mirth, only contempt. Great sagging breasts that never nursed life hung above a fat roll of a belly. Below that great seedless balls were surmounted by a cock more like that of a cat than a human being; it was long and upcurved and tapered, with a head that was barbed! This cock was thick at the base, but it rose up before the idol taller than a man to where the small head was not so big as a fist. Behind the balls a vagina opened, as if ready to deliver a child straight down to Death.

Some of this Gonar saw with his eyes, some was hurled over him with the force of spirit: evil spirit! He fought for reason as he looked at the thing, a travesty of everything that was good or beautiful in life.

He sent his mind seeking other deities, deities in whom the attributes of this idol were made beautiful.

The Great Mother of Rwowal was fat, but she was beautiful. The tall Lover of All in Drenfel was possessed of the parts and beauty of both men and women.

But this! This. . .

It was all that was evil in human mind and flesh personified. It was not a *god*, but an *opponent* of the gods! This was the very progenitor of the swamp spirits! It offered humanity nothing and demanded everything.

Gonar stepped back, content that if he should incur this deity's wrath he would be pleased and honored by the enmity. He glanced around and saw at the idol's feet the piles of stones with holes in them, the cords which he knew would be there. He looked down at the High Priest.

The High Priest was awake again, and he looked up at Gonar in fear and in doubt. He did not know what Gonar had heard at the door. Gonar wanted to dispel his doubt now, so he told him.

"Fillian!" Gonar commanded as the priest began to struggle in his horror. "Find me something on which to stand. There will be a ladder or some such in the next chamber."

Fillian was heard also, and he went swiftly and returned swiftly with the required object. He set it before the idol, then backed away, his young eyes aged now with terrible understanding. Yet he stood his ground after a few steps, too hurt to abjure revenge.

Gonar lifted the priest onto his shoulder and mounted the ladder. It was not easy, for the High Priest struggled mightily. Gonar might have rendered him unconscious once more but he did not wish to do that. The priest would have shown Fillian no such mercy!

He positioned the priest so that his asshole was on the barbed stone cock of the idol, then, struggling still, he pushed him onto it, impaling him. He held on to the struggling man for a moment more, making sure the stone cock was well in, then he let go. The man's weight would do enough now to secure him.

***Below that great seedless balls
were surmounted by a cock more like
that of a cat than a human being;
it was long and upcurved and
tapered, with a head that was barbed!***

Gonar climbed down and got the stones, tied them to the High Priest's feet, then unbound the feet so that they were free to spread. Only the man's muscle could now hold his buttocks together. Last Gonar untied the hands, jumped down from the ladder, and pulled it away.

The priest, knowing his plight, held still: except that he reached up and pulled the gag from his mouth.

"Help! Help me! I am betrayed! The Dwork is betrayed, the temple is profaned!"

"They will come and catch us!" Fillian cried in terror.

"Perhaps," said Gonar, looking up at the High Priest impaled on his god's prick. "But they may not come. This is a house of pain, of hatred and distrust. They are used to screams. He no doubt has enemies here as well as without. They may choose to leave him to his fate. It may be that they will even answer his summons and seeing him, decide that the punishment must take its course, the god takes its priest. Such are the ways of Dworkrimian, as I perceive them."

Gonar faced the idol squarely and raised his hands in an attitude of prayer, even as the High Priest continued to scream.

"Oh Dworkrimian," he said in the voice of prayer. "I have given you what I judge that you want. Accept it as you have accepted this priest's offerings before."

Gonar dropped his hands and turned to the boy.

"Quickly. We must drop into this other pit, slide down a filthy chute and fall into a cesspool. But we shall be out of this place! With luck there will be help waiting for us. You can tell me later where you are from and why you are here. For now, be prepared for a drop."

Fillian looked at the pit, hesitated, then reached out and touched Gonar's arm. He then turned, sat on the lip of the pit, and threw himself in. Gonar waited a moment for the boy to get clear, then followed.

A moment later the two of them were side by side in the cesspool. It was nearly dawn, and the bells of more respectable temples shimmered in their ears. At the edge of the pool of filth Chom stood waiting, an armload of linen towels at ready, and a look of surprise on his face. □

(To be continued)



THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

As a novice to leathersex, I have very little by way of experience to draw upon other than the little I've learned over the years as an observer on the sidelines. My problem is this: I have met a man whose boy I want/need to become. I have very little knowledge of what is involved aside from my readings in *Drummer*-type fiction. Part of this appeals; part does not. The man says that the part I have problems with does not belong to the make-up of a personal slave. But I can't see this complete lack of self-esteem that is always written as a slave's mindset in fiction. I can't fathom why a man would want someone who considers himself a piece of garbage for the world to walk on. What is the challenge of ownership in that? He suggested that I read one or two of your publications, but I would appreciate it if you could offer something by way of additional help/guidance.

Would-be-slave, New Jersey

Dear Would,

You are one of a large group who would like to think of themselves as other men's slaves, but who really do not have the mental set to do it. If you were true slave material, you would be willing to submit completely to the man whom you want to love as a Master. If you can't do this, you are not a slave; you are a bottom, an M. In this status, you retain the elements of self-determination that seem so important to you. Nor is there anything wrong with this, since it is only a very small proportion of Ms who can really be slaves. As long as your Master will accept you as such, you can function in the sexual role as bottom to the mutual satisfaction of both. But if he demands more, you will simply not be able to give it unless you undergo a severe emotional reconditioning. In fiction, this is frequently accomplished by a skillful Master holding his subject in involuntary bondage and "training" him. As the Horatio Alger of male-to-male leathersex I have written about many of these "ideal" relationships—some of which were pure fiction, some based on reality. But your reality has to be just that—yours. I can't do more than define the alternatives.

Dear Larry,

I know you have indicated in past columns that you feel you have done a sufficient number on ball-stretching in still older editions of *Drummer*, and you don't want to repeat yourself. Unfortunately, I missed the earlier comments, and I really want to know how to make my balls hang lower in the sac. Are ball stretchers safe? I love the feel of wearing one, especially under my clothing when I'm out in public. Sometimes it hurts me, but that's okay, too, as long as I know I'm not doing some permanent damage. Won't you please discuss this subject again?

Pete, Detroit MI

Dear Pete,

Okay, I'll do it again. Ball stretchers, if they fit properly without cutting off the circulation, can eventually elongate the skin to the scrotum. You want to be careful not to herniate yourself by using too long a stretcher. Start with a modest size and gradually build it up. Wear it for shorter times in the beginning, building up the length of the sessions with the length of the stretcher. It may take a year or two before your efforts really pay off. If you try to go faster, you could easily do some damage. Some guys like to wear the stretchers at night, but I really think this is more dangerous than doing it during the day when you are awake and can feel what is happening. Besides, eight hours is really too long a time for a beginner. Leather stretchers are fine, but should be made of a softer, garment material. Latex stretchers are even better, because they are more elastic and less apt to injure you. Do not use some hard, inflexible material, and if

you feel a pain up the side of your body you are probably pulling your balls down too severely. Remember that some leather dyes are toxic and can irritate the skin. Don't put the stretcher back on, atop a sore—especially an open sore.

Dear Larry,

Several times, now, I've tried to order SM publications from Europe, and only about one out of three gets to me. The others are seized by US Customs who send me a rather frightening letter and tell me if I sign an authorization for them to destroy the material they won't do anything else to me. I'm just wondering if: 1) What they are doing is really legal, 2) What they would really do to me if I refused to sign the authorization, 3) What criteria they use to decide what is "obscene" and what is not. Are the mags that get through to me officially "passed" or is it just that no one bothered to look at them?

Bob, Boston MA

Dear Bob,

Yes, isn't our government wonderful? In this time of austerity you'd think they would have better things to do with their time. But to answer your questions: 1) Unfortunately, the US Customs activities are legal under federal statute, and will remain such until someone takes them to court and persuades a judge otherwise. 2) If you refuse to sign the destruct authorization, you will get a frightening document in the mail which is a Xerox of the lawsuit they file against the magazine (not the publisher, but the mag itself). Because there is seldom anyone to step forward and offer a defense, they win by default and destroy the questionable material. Their sending the copy to you is supposed to alert you to this impending action and give you a chance to appear in court to oppose them if you wish to do so. This always comes by registered mail, and often gives a first-time recipient heart palpitations. But it doesn't mean anything; just shit-can it and that's the last you'll hear from them. 3) It is difficult to guess what criteria determines "obscenity." Many of the European mags have photos of watersports, heavy SM (that draws blood), fisting and even scat. These are for sure going to get it banned if the snoops see it. Plain old fucking and sucking also seems to qualify, however, even though you can buy this in any neighborhood porno shop. If your mag gets through, it is probably because they didn't open it. You are in the worst district for this nonsense, so your proportion of loss is going to be higher than in most other parts of the country.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write to him via *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142-2009.)

A black and white photograph depicting a medical or surgical procedure. A man, presumably the 'male slave' mentioned in the text, is lying on a table, his body partially covered by a dark cloth. He has visible scars on his back and shoulder. Two men are leaning over him; one on the left, wearing a dark jacket, and another on the right, shirtless. A third man is visible in the background, looking on. The scene is dimly lit, creating a somber and clinical atmosphere.

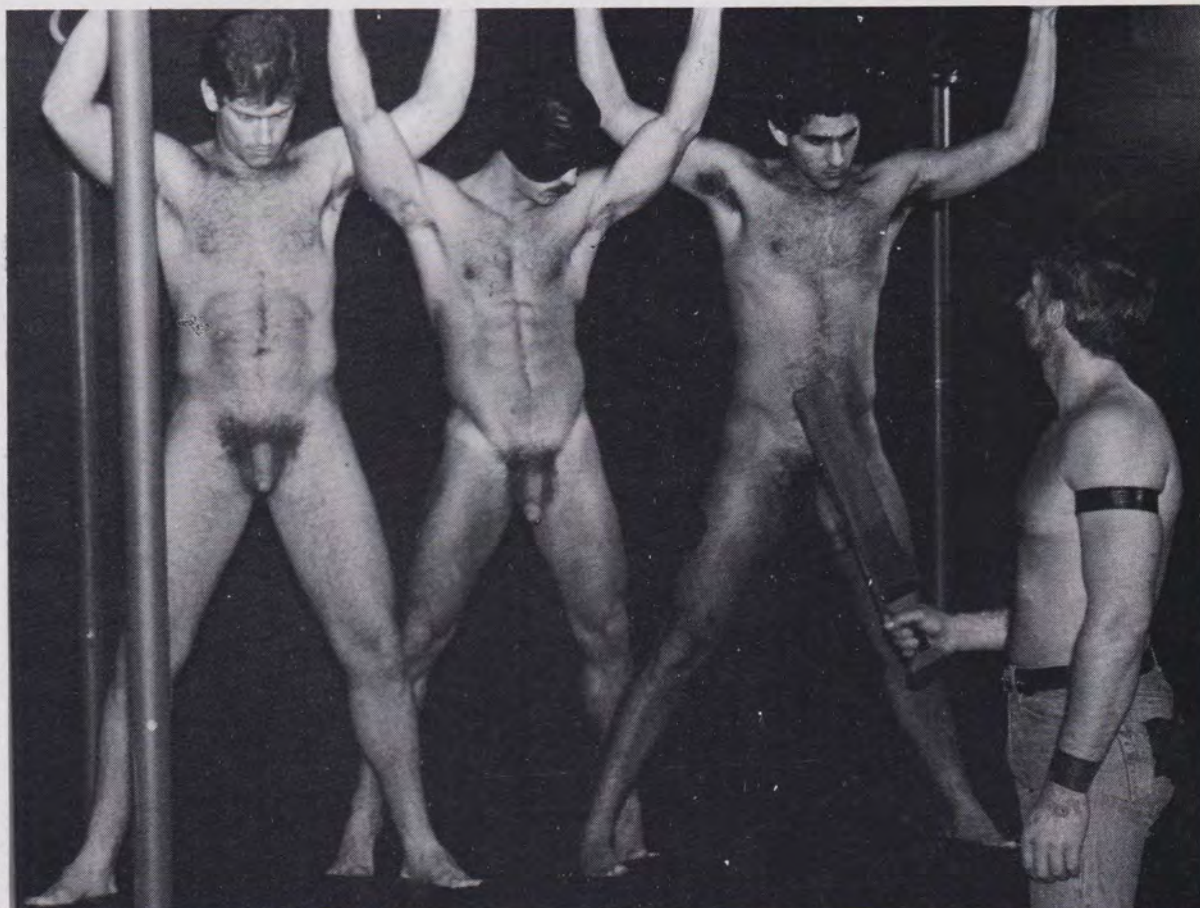
SNEAK PREVIEW

VIDEO VERSION OF
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OF THE MALE SLAVE**
GETS UNDERWAY!

"I AGREE, GENTLEMEN.
I SAY WE OPERATE."

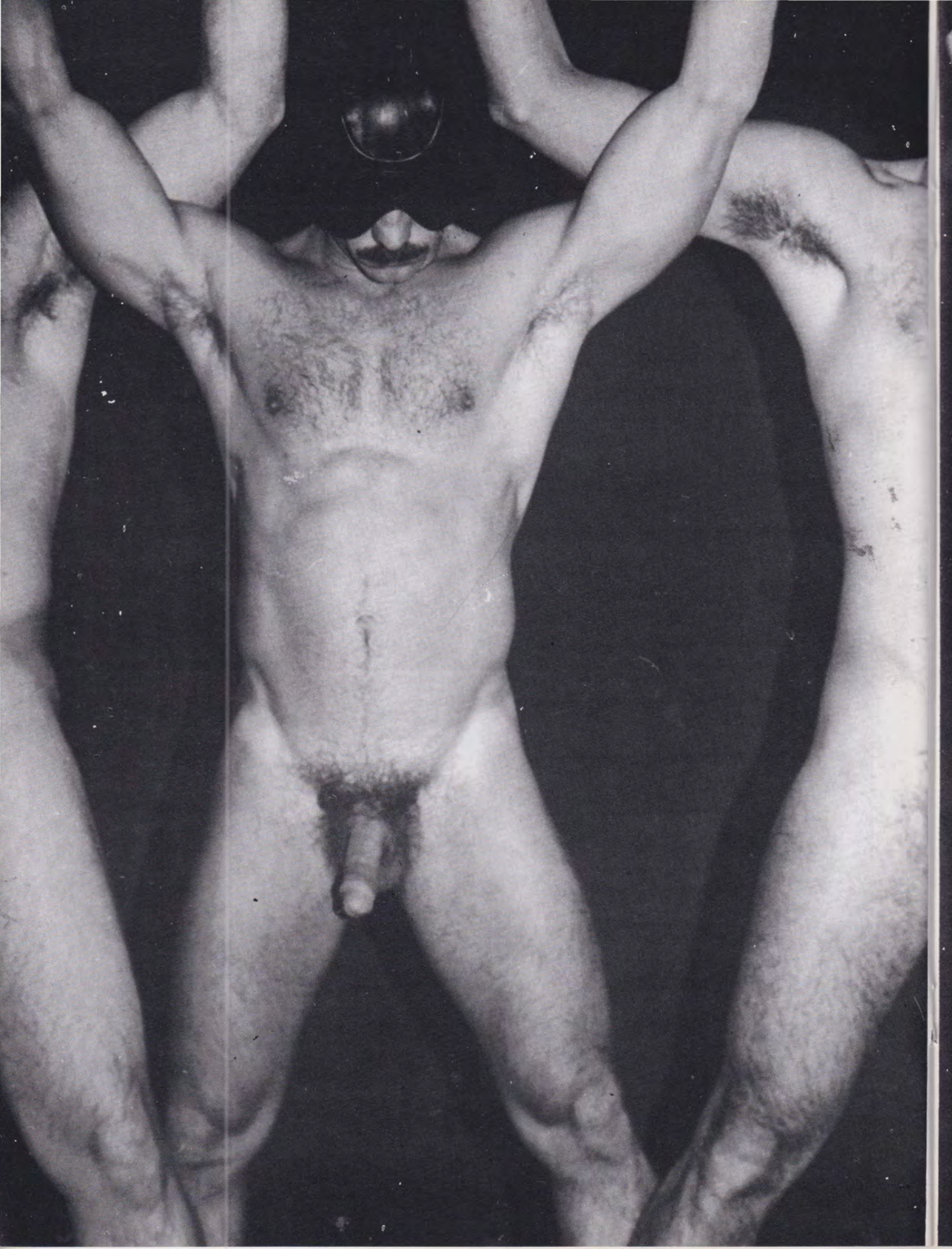


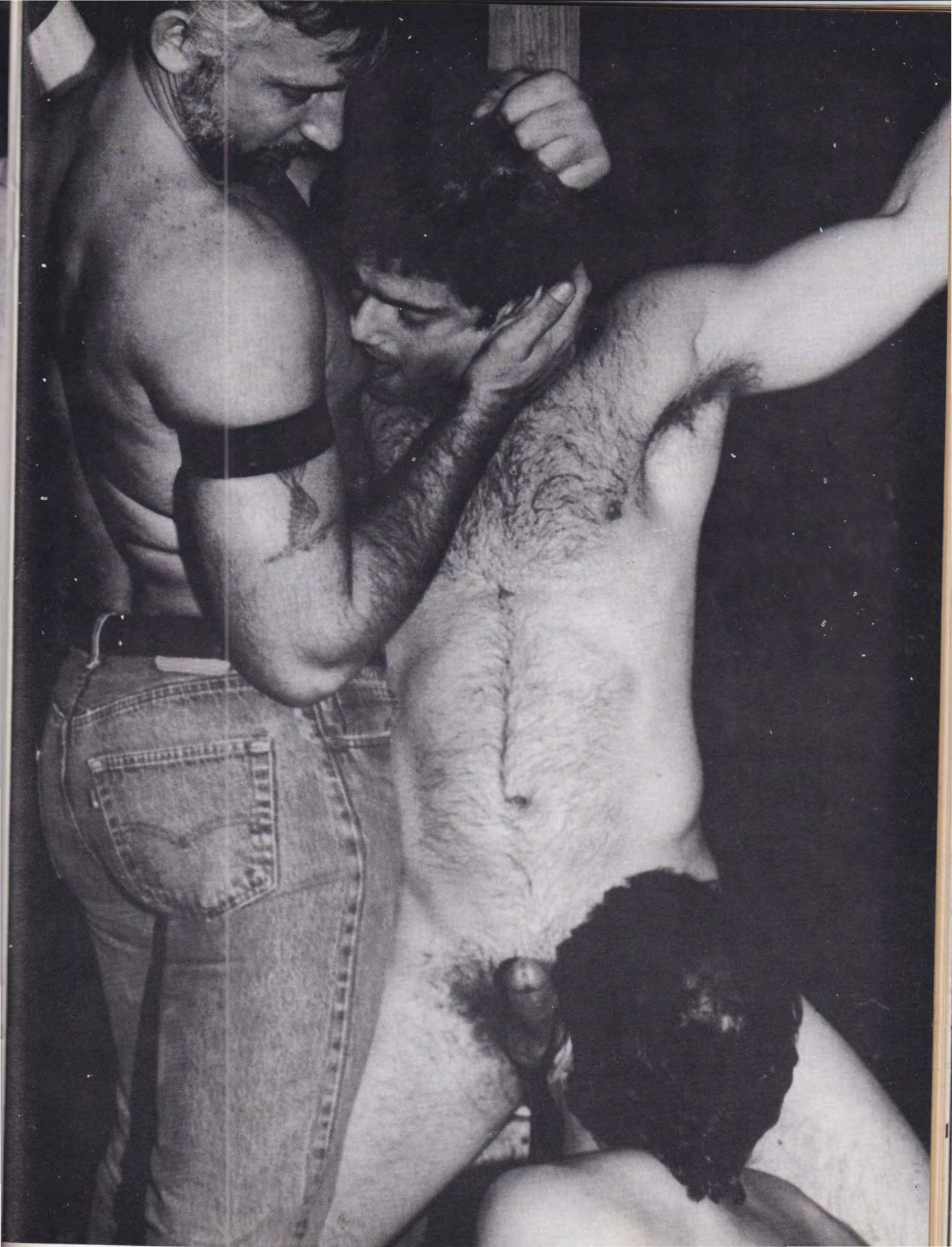
Robert Payne's **CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE** has been around for quite a while. It seemed the obvious thing to do when video came along, to adapt it to that medium. With The Compound's Ken Savage to keep things jumping on the set and some eager young volunteers, the week's shooting crackled with an electric energy. The cameras rolled enough tape for several hour-long movies, but many more hours of editing and a few more days of shaving, piercing, branding and general training are necessary to complete the hour-long tape.



One spin-off as a result of the very real sessions was another hour-long tape entitled **MASTER BARBER**. Dedicated to the shaving and clipping crowd, this has everything they could want: straight-edge razors, a battery of electric clippers, gallons of Barbasol, a few nicks, lots of pleading and more than enough hair to start with. DI Ken Savage hopes to take his copy of the tape to the State Board to see if he now qualifies for a barber's license. For those interested in the results or in entering Ken's "shop" at their own risk, see page 90 for a sneak preview of **MASTER BARBER**.









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SATANIC WORSHIP

Leather Master wants to correspond with other leathermen who would be interested in meeting once a month to start a Brotherhood. Slaves and Topmen are welcomed. Bondage, S&M, piercing, hot wax, and shaving a plus. Box 4485LF.

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind, and will. Freely give to me your unquestioning obedience, servitude, and worship. Become my property, to do as I please. Wear with pride the leather collar I will custom make for you. There is no other way. You will have a long list of regular household slave duties, which you will perform naked. You may be required to work at a conventional daytime job on the outside, maybe one beneath your skill, and turn your earnings over to me, but you will know that it is right and proper for you to do so. Your reward and pleasure will come from providing service and pleasure to me and my life partner, and, perhaps, another select man. You will be ready at all times to submit to a wide range of S/M related sex, usually as passive, occasionally as active. For rebellious action, careless performance of duty, or infraction of orders or rules on your part, your physical and mental punishment will be inevitable, severe, and painstakingly sadistic. A major part of your life of service will involve leather and motorcycles. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved. Your body should be in reasonably good shape. You must be in good health. You may use moderate amounts of alcohol and tobacco. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les, PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

BLOW YOUR OLD MAN

Handsome, white, grizzled, whiskered, boot-wearing Dad, 56, 5'10", 175, with thick, uncult, 7", full-time hardon, seeks self-supporting, submissive, silent, worshipful, boot-licking, long-winded cocksucker, any age. Live together. Permanent. Write: Occupant, Box 8925, MPLS, MN 55408. (LF4721)

HTLV3—POSITIVE

Low T-Cell, GWM, 160 pounds, blond, blue, cut, workout regularly, seek hot Master for total commitment. Willing to relocate (rural or urban). Box 4784

NAKED SLAVE HOUSEBOY

Slim, boyish Asian male 5'5", 130, ready to submit body and mind to hunky white Master for total servitude and obedience. This slave body is available to be shaved and shackled for SM, BD, WS, TT, sexual duties, punishment, domestic chores. Slave is serious, good worker, will satisfy right Master on full-time live-in basis and over indefinite period. Relocation possible. Sir! Slave awaits on knees the Master's commands by mail with address, phone and photo, Sir! Box 4849LF

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

GWM, 37, vice president of leather/Levi club, seeks slave or trainee into Gr/p, Fr/a, CTBT, S/M, B/D, toys, for permanent live-in personal slave. Attitude and desire to serve more important than looks. Send photo and phone in first letter. Must be willing and able to relocate. Reply to PO Box 752, Sandusky, OH 44870. (LF4958)

UNIFORMED PROFESSIONAL SEEKS SAME

I wear my uniform proudly as part of my profession and seek others who do. I am 37 GWM, 5'10", 175 lbs., who's willing to undergo training for right Master, who's head is together and who is financially stable. Most services possible for right person. Live in North Carolina but can travel. One-nighters, friends or lasting relationship all possible. Not into role-playing but simply enjoy sex and relationship where the other is in charge and insures I know it. Box 4937LF

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

SPECIAL HOT MAN wanted by special hot man, 40, 150 lbs., 5'10½", well-built, handsome (black hair, brown eyes, trim beard and moustache), very masculine, strong, smart and successful. If you're exceptional, patient, mindfucking man, I'll knock your socks off. Letter with photo gets mine. Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. (LF5077)

GERMAN SLAVE-PIG

35, 5'11", 170, offers his life to experienced, demanding Master. Let me know the privilege of fulfilling my destiny in your absolute control and in complete submission to your will. Master sets limits. Free to relocate. Serious replies to this unworthy animal, please: UPJ, PO Box 10 1154, 6000 Frankfurt, W. Germany

CROSS COUNTRY TRUCKERS

Two men in their 40s want to make your overnighter relaxing—nice new contemporary home in Northern California—easy access to I-80—in the north Bay area—plenty of off-street parking. Prefer older, hairy bisexual men—45+. Have hot tub on site. Into JO with rubbers—give hot deep throat. Cum and relax. Box 5085

WISCONSIN DAD/MASTER

seeks live-in son/slave under age 35. Hal, (414) 344-5313.

WANTED

Huge hands for heavy fistfucking/punch-fucking. Mutual okay. GWM, 31, 5'10", 160. Box 5065

BONDAGE PARTNER WANTED

WM, 5'11", 180, seeks partners for bondage sessions, light SM. Can be top or bottom. Slender, muscular preferred. Age not important. Travel PA, OH & FL. Box 5071

RUGGED TRUCKER

Burly, rugged trucker needed by husky rural 35-year-old WM bottom buddy for OTR work and play. Box 5069

SHAVE MY HEAD

Sir! Hairy WM, 35, seeks hot stubble-faced Master Barber in full leather who thinks slaves should be hairless. Can travel. Send photo, phone and your imagination. Box 5062

STRAP WIELDER

WM, 41, 5'7", 260, heavyset, but muscular (22" biceps), powerlifter, former wrestler, Italian, light complexion, blue eyes, glasses, moustache, 6" thick/semi-cut, non-promiscuous, no family ties. Am educated, very dominant, aggressive, don't spare the strap (can be sadistic), but am also warm, loving and caring, politically left, but sometimes red-neck (lived in the South for years), atheist, irreverent, formerly married. Can relocate. Am seeking non-promiscuous masculine or semi-masculine lover and partner-in-life who's submissive and desirous of building a secure relationship and future. Am not necessarily seeking a slave mentality, but one who understands the virtues of submission and is comfortable with being totally dominated and punished when necessary. I'll also explore the possibility of a relationship with non-submissive guys, but I want only a loving partner who's seriously committed to the idea of a lifetime relationship, and possibly shares some of my interests: science and technology, high performance muscle cars/trucks of the sixties and seventies, firearms, rock music, good conversation, humor, movies, a strong home life, raunchy sex, serious but sensible SM. You must be emotionally and physically healthy, intelligent, non-smoker and a man of integrity. NO phobic closeted-types, compulsive cruisers, alcoholics, eccentrics, bull shit artists, Elmer Fudd types. Don't waste your time or mine if you're not into heavyset guys. Include mail address and phone. Sincerity and integrity assured/expected. Box 5073

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

LEA1THER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47, 6'2", 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF

HOT, HUNKY, TOP

GWM, 34 years, 5'11", 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, hairy chest with big nipples. I am a stable, intelligent, healthy professional. I'm looking for similar men to 40. I am into hiking, photography, BB, and good fun. Enjoy J/O, titwork, massage. Into cowboys, U/C, leather. No drugs, feds. Send reply with phone/photo to Box 4675LF

DAD LOOKING FOR SON!

If you are fem or into bars, games, drugs, or any other kind of bull shit, 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 Ln., #101, Reston, VA 22091. (LF4524)

BOOTS, BIKES, BLUE COLLAR WORKERS

Full-time blue collar worker by day and occasional part-time outrageous cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles and blue collar men. If you wear your boots at work and ride your bike to get there, maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work outside not pumping iron in a mirrored gym. Attends many bike runs and bar anniversaries in and out of the West and Rocky Mtn. area. Positive NO NO's: drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers, rock videos, opera and high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, and requires same who is a rider on their bike in bed and with their boots on. Box 2707LF

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 4426LF

SCOTTISH EQUIPMENT SCOTTISH GAMES

What do Scotsmen have under their kilts? EVERYTHING! American Scot seeks to exchange letters and particularly hot photos with other beefy or raunchy Scotsmen. So lads, put on your kilts and start writing and don't forget to include photos of whatever Scottish equipment you have. Scottish regiments welcome. Write B.J., Box 4973.

DIRTY POLAROID FREAKS

and other 'roid exhibitionists: Healthy top Dad, 45, good shape, holed up for duration, wants to hear from filthy-minded and bizarre exhibitionists. Into dirt and kink: turd slurps, J/O shit logs, oozing sewer gut holes, brown dirt holes in nasty shape, dildoes, filthy shorts/straps, piss, soiled diapers, scumbags, snot. Also men in panties, black stockings, old longjohns, bondage, or ass parked on toilets. J/O correspondence great with pics. Can exchange. Box 5033

GAMEROOM WORKOUTS

Top, 31, bottom/top, 43, with game room interested in other tops/bottoms with masculine attitudes into moderate/heavy/sane/safe workouts. Interests include bondage, ass/ball/cock/tit work, toys, enemas, dildoes, spankings, prolonged scenes, other interests. Serious replied only with interests. Phone, photo if possible to: Dick, PO Box 5186, Gainesville, FL 32602-5186.

THE CONTINUING QUEST

Looking for man under 38 (plus or minus) who will appreciate Master/daddy, suburban, West Coast, Florida lifestyle, some of life's finer things. Must be straight-appearing and know how to act publicly from posh parties to leather bars. Willing to work and contribute to good home life. Your limits will be respected and expanded to reach the level 12 years experience has given me. No fats, alcoholics or drugs. Serious, respectful reply includes name, address, phone and returnable photo. Box 4930LF

LIFE IS PAIN—SEX IS PUNISHMENT

The best sex is a brutal, violent act of hatred. Your cock is but one of many tools at your disposal to inflict pain. It is an angry weapon, charged with a steaming load of viciousness and contempt.

Terror is my only hard-on. Total screaming fear and torture wanted. No limits, no mercy. I supply the body, you supply the torture for as long as you want.

Destroy my will. Deliver me with intense pain. Skilled sadists into advanced/extreme torture and brainwashing only. Box 5026

SADISTIC TOPMAN NEEDED

Bottom, 26, 5'5", 135 lbs., well built, needs complete training by tough, arrogant, butch topman. Must expand all limits in S/M. Into everything with right top. You: Top, butch, tall, muscular, into leather, boots. Everything from B/D to dog training, raunch and more. Live in Canada but can travel anywhere. Health conscious. Box 5022

FIREFIGHTERS

Str/bi/gay—I wanna rap, jock, exch. pix, stories, poss. meet—I also want to get hold of any used gear (turnouts, bunkers, boots, Cairns, whatever) any condition—size large—can pay you if not too expensive. Really enjoy you and your whole scene. Let's get in touch. Scott, PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480. (305) 863-9333, trusting. Thanks, guys! (I'm 36, bi, "lean and clean," discreet).

DRUMMER MAGS

For sale, first 10 years of *Drummer* mags. 1 thru 85 plus 11 supplements, all complete and in good condition! Over \$350. Invest offers and info, PO Box 2057, Sunnyvale, CA 94087

PHONE SEX

Daddy seeks phone J/O with dirty-talking, kinky bottoms in 20s. Send phone and time to call. I pay tolls. PO Box 13231, Fresno, CA 93794.

FICTITIOUS STORY

This ad is for the very bright, severely emotionally disturbed adolescent who has repetitively telephoned me—each time telling me a different fictitious story. I feel very sad for you. Are you that afraid of your budding sexuality and your developing interest in bondage that you have to defend yourself against these feelings by intellectual dissimulation and/or by telling yourself that you are mocking me by recounting these stories? You probably are a nice, very scared and intensely lonely kid, who, unconsciously, needs the very relationship which I offer but which you either fear or realize you can't possibly obtain, what with your living in your parent's home. I challenge you to call me, declare yourself, set up a luncheon meeting and actually appear at that meeting. Or hie thee to a nunnery. Or to a psychiatrist.

MISSOURI'S FINEST

Attractive late-forties Master seeks weekend sons to 40. Equipped training room. Safe sex assured. Quality novices considered. Return address required. Write Boxholder, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

MEN IN UNIFORM

I proudly wear a uniform as part of my profession. Seek same who wears his uniform naturally and not part of fantasy/ego trip. Am GWM, 37, 5'9", 170 lbs. Looking for someone my age group or older to be my Master/lover/companion. Looks not important, but integrity, honesty, tenderness a must. For a true man I can be most flexible. Box 4869

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Must be submissive, obedient, healthy, into fucking, fisting, WS, rimming, whipping, heavy SM, leather. Master is 31, 5'10", 160 lbs., bearded, hairy. Reply with photo. Serious only. Bridwell, Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

NEW SAFE SEX UNIT

Would like to receive and/or exchange leather or?? sex fantasies/experiences to help through this safe sex period. I am submissive leather slave, 30. Degrading, abusive and commanding letters okay, too. Write to Box 4731LF.

WANTS MUSCLE-DADDY

Unguided boy/slave wants very dominant body builder type willing to take on a boy in poor physical condition and make him over into Daddy's masterpiece through workouts, dominance, spankings and TLC. Needs a Daddy he can worship and emulate, who will push hard for maximum results. The boy is 28, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown (balding), blue, has a bushy beard, handlebar moustache and tattoos. Strongly desires to relocate and become Daddy's total slave and eventual prized possession. Send stats or photo (returnable), phone no., desires and expectations. Sir, to PO Box 5894, Kansas City, MO 64111. Serious offer: serious replies.

MUSCLE SEX

Let's exchange photographs of body-builders with big hard-ons (my private collection is phenomenal!) I'm 6'1", 195 lbs., absolutely solid, ripped muscle, 9". Eventual meeting? Box 5090

PUNK SM WRESTLER

26, 5'6", 40, hard nuts, built, smooth body, looking for tall jock to maul and ride into submission. Locker room sex, wrestling, rodeo contests, B/D, T/T, CB/T, as hard as you can take it. Wimp bottoms humiliated, tops challenged for control. Details, photo to Box 5087

GWM SEEKS RELOCATING

Masochist wants job contacts in chosen profession. Need community, mild winters, Lambda-oriented AA, sane activity; not slavery, your money or housing. Relocation priority with relationship possible, maybe welcome. Inside knowledge of your area needed, help appreciated. Able to independently pursue leads furnished. Mature, know my work, okay looks, body. Diversified interests including discovering higher levels of M experience. Box 5089

BOSSMAN RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH

Stats: Healthy, hunky man, 47, 5'7", 155 lbs., well-built, rugged good looks, selfish yet caring, bright, warm, imaginative, sensuous, tactile, bearded, balding, big-dicked, tattooed, successful professional, wears leather, Levis, boots as well as suits, ties & jocks, diverse interests; and a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/buddy, over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with, for a night or lifetime. Write with your phone number to RCS, PO Box 1064, New York City, NY 10022. (LF4749)

USE AND ABUSE MY COCKSUCKER

I want a long line of studs to use their throbbing tools to turn my cock slave into a permanent, human suckhole... whose reason for existing is to suck men's meat. The requirements to abuse my cocksucker includes your spit to turn it into a human spittoon; your piss to turn it into a stinking urinal; your cum to turn it into a slurping, human scumbag. After fucking the Hole... it's submission will be complete. It's where-mouth will always be hungry... dropping to its knees and opening its dick-eating mouth... anytime—anyplace—anywhere. Suck-Hole's conditioning begins by 1) calling (907) 276-5016 and telling it all the things you'll do to its mouth and 2) calling me to discuss the further training of my cocksucker. (LF4805)

OLDER BONDAGE-TOP NEEDED

WM, 43, 170, 5'11", nonpromiscuous, not into bar scene, sane, secure, good-looking, straight appearance and lifestyle needs older WM preferably Irish, Anglo, Scot, Germanic, mature 50+, average looking and acting who can get our heads into right space and assume total control over me and bring our J/O fantasies into reality. I offer submission and full commitment to just one older man to service and fulfill his dominance. T/T, C&BT, ropes, chains, WS, shackles, needles, piercing, catheters, clamps, suspension, etc. From servicing/worshipping your feet to my being shackled and clamped for your use. Under proper conditions the mutual satisfaction and possibilities can be endless. First ad from sincere, extremely health-conscious man. A searching of a real man for the one older man to bring it all together in reality. Photo please. Thank you. Box 5012

CANADIAN SLAVE SEEKS OWNER

WM, 27, 5'10", 165, born to serve, seeks Master to surrender himself to. Looking for serious, experienced Master to serve as live-in slave. Will relocate anywhere. PO Box 4514, Station C, Calgary, CANADA T2T 5N3

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.

BOTTOM SON WANTS HOT TOP DAD

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs., br/br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Also interested in building a relationship as a good son to a younger, very masculine Dad. Letter with photo to Box 423, Kenai, AK 99611. (LF4403)

MILITARY HAIRCUTS

Wanted: Pictures of young men in military haircut. Write: Chris, PO Box 3712, Brownsville, TX 78520.

MATURE & DEPRAVED

Bottom desperately needs to belong to a special man. It's not so much what you do to me as the spirit in which you use me for your sexual fantasies. I'm self-supporting and can relocate. Please write for photo and details. H.G., Box 1811, Hawthorne, CA 90250.

CATHETERS

Want to exchange hot photos—your letter and photo gets same. Jon, PO Box 4234, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338

CASTRATION

Want response from eunuchs. When, how, fantasies, etc. Harding, PO Box 343, Magna, UT 84044

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

hot, hung, 27-year-old, fun-loving dude seeks big-dicked Daddy type for ass-play. I'm a recent college graduate interested in a permanent relationship with a top 30-40 years old. I'm 6', 165 lbs., moustache, living in southwest Virginia and willing to relocate for the right guy. Leather is my biggest turn-on, while equally enjoying poppers, dildoes, cock rings, ball stretchers and light bondage. I am an experienced top but prefer bottom scenes. Send your photo and letter and I promise to reply the same day. Wytheville, VA. Drummer Box 4854

WISCONSIN DAD/MASTER

seeks live-in son/slave under age 35. Hal (414) 344-5313.

TLC FOR DEHNERS

Call (818) 913-3819.

SLAVE WANTED

Master with slave/lover seeks second, permanent live-in slave. Slave should be under 35, WM, obedient, affectionate, into heavy discipline/bondage, no drugs. Send photo with phone, with letter. Master Robert, PO Box 36237, Baltimore, MD 21286-6237.

WANTED: MASOCHIST/SON/LOSER

WM, mid-40, 5'11", 165, loner, sadist, seeks young, somewhat small, lifemate. You will be boy Friday, working in my business during day—slave boy meeting my every demand at home nights. All your needs will be provided for, including your relocation. If you are selected you must be prepared to submit yourself immediately. Send detailed application along with recent photos to: J.A.C., 2827 Riverview Road, Macon, GA 31204.

EAST COAST SADIST

Asian, Latin or other small/thin lads sought for bottom/top trade-offs by tall, white, pot-bellied sadist. 6', 170, 50s. Box 4991

HOT, GOOD-LOOKING, RAUNCHY PIG

digs oil, spit, grease, snot, Levi-leather, piss, U/C, toe jam, suckin' face/ butt/crotch, pits, scat, scumbags, toilet scenes, enemas. Let's J/O on phone one-to-one, exchange turn-ons/pics. Am versatile—more mutual or bottom and servant than top. Scott, PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480. (305) 863-9333. Also possible relationship/relocate wanted.

CIGARETTES! WHIPS!

Enjoy? Learned early? Smoke more than one at a time? Contests? Teaching smoking? Barebacks? Welts? Proud of stripes? Forced beer drinking? Forced smoking? VA? Spread-eagle? 38-year-old, good bod, handsome, seeking cigarette and whip buddies. Send front of your pack, interests, history of smoking and whipping, phone, etc. Box 5096

WM SON WANTS BLACK DADDY

40-year-old Master black daddy for full-time service. Total submissive, expand my limits. Novice in WS, bondage, C&BT and servitude. I can relocate and be self-supporting for the Black daddy that wants me. Prefer 50+ male. Bisexual action enjoyed or whatever the ole man wants of me. I want to serve for life. I am 5'11", 180 lbs., chunky, hairy build, 8" cut, large balls, tattooed. Write me, please, Daddy—I am eager and waiting to serve. Box 5093LF

YOUNG, HOT, HANDSOME

Sexy, 23, 5'11", 7½", will kiss, lick, suck, chew your butthole till it's chapped. Also suck cock, drink piss, collect jockstraps. Send your nude pic or pic of your butthole along with pissed-on, cum-filled jock for tongue cleaning to Box 5092 and call (415) 881-1983 day or night anytime. If not home leave long, dirty message on machine for return call.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

Manacled to a St. Andrew's cross, you try to curse through a mouth stuffed with a moisture-robbing foam ball, as newer and weightier tit clamps send twists of pain through overloaded nerve circuits. Then pleading, your cries become gasps as a toothed-parachute harness presses insistently into your encircled scrotum. Gasps become sobs as distended balls bear more and more weights. Eternity passes as buttocks redden from paddles swatting them into tortured firmness. Your asshole, stretched from its dildo-topped perch, now yields to one toy after another. Then darkness. Encapsulated in isolation from sight and sound, your nerve endings flush from sensuous strokes of leather across distended testicles, even as they recoil from drip after drip of hot wax. More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 40-year-old GWM Daddy gives the final rub-down with hot oil and says, "You passed, son. Cum." The tape recording of your agony will be a turn-on if you never serve another Master. Within 150-mile radius of New Orleans, can pay my own travel expenses. Can occasionally combine pain and business trips to Atlanta, Birmingham, Denver, Spokane. Most scenes, but medically-aware trips only, however heavy you ask for. Masters: describe your playrooms. May use your facilities in clients' cities. Send age, height, weight and past disappointments—be candid—to this ruthless, 6'4", 215-pounder at Box 5034LF.

TOP NEEDED BY DADDY/BOTTOM

Handsome, bearded masochist, 5'6", 155 lbs., muscular, fifties, financially secure can travel overnight. Weekend longer seeks take-charge younger top leather Master for training service, no limits. Photo, phone exchanged answered first. Box 5109

PIG/SLAVE/TOILET

Handsome body builder, 26, 5'9", 180 lbs. of muscle wants life of total, permanent slavery, need abusive, sadistic Master/owner to pierce and tattoo this pig. I need branding, bondage, shit, piss, puke, filth, humiliation, cages, chains, rubber, leather, whippings, kicks, obscene tattoos (including face), mutilation, piercings (many enlarged), beatings, medical experiments, total mind control, shackles, nipples enlarged, asshole stretched beyond limits, mummification, shaving, electrolysis, exhibitionism, brainwashing, sewers, dungeons, kennels, discipline, torture, weights, confinement, verbal abuse, cigarette burns, damage. Sir, if possible, please send photo, though age, race, looks aren't important to me. What is important is that you're serious about transforming me into your mindless, groveling slave. Box 5104

HELP STRETCH MY BALLS

to the limits, 6 inches, going for 12. Hunting for others with lust for long, tightly stretched balls. Photo? Share methods. Bill, PO Box 213, Davisburg, MI 48019.

ALABAMA

SIR!

Masochistic Brutus-type slave seeks to be made worthy by sadistic and sane Brutus-style Master. If you have ever heard The Compound Tapes you know what I am and need. I am naked and awaiting your orders, Sir. Please, Sir, don't write when you can call me now. (205) 442-8429. Call anytime. Please, sir, I need it BAD. Also would like to be trained to work over other slaves. Thank you, Sir! (LF4460)

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

BONDAGE AND LEATHER

Experienced GWM, 42, 5'8", 160, seeks healthy men into leather, bondage, light-medium SM, and ranch. (Versatile but prefers bottom.) Send detailed letter. Photo and phone answered first. Huntsville, AL or Atlanta area. Box 4676

FATHERISM

(not dependence, but tribute). Young boy interested in meeting older men for founded relationship in Fatherism. Realize that you are established and can pay the tribute. Is an independent achiever in college with strong record (B average). Test scores above average. Very interested in criminal justice. Need your support and encouragement. Tim, Box 5101

ARIZONA

OUCH!

Are you being a bad boy in Phoenix and getting away with it? Daddy will turn you over his knee and give you the bare-bottom spanking you need. Get off your behind, Son, admit that you need to be taught a lesson and send details of your problems to Daddy. Box 4522LF

BONDAGE

White male, 37, good-looking, muscular, 6'2", 190 lbs., into bondage scenes, some leather. Letter with interests, accurate description and phone to Tom Nelson, Box 30986, Phoenix, AZ 85046.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

DRUMMER DADDY

(WM, 40s, 6'1", 160 lbs., bearded) seeks that special man who needs to be stripped and chained up by a Leather-master in his dungeon. You should be a lean, muscular bottom, any age whether a boy (with body under development) or a mature man (who has kept in shape). If you are man enough to take rough treatment like B/D, TT, C/BT and whipping, then you earn my respect and possibly affection. Body shaving second session to mark my ownership and your commitment. For health reasons you will not be required to eat ass or take my load, but everything else goes. Will discuss your limits and a program to expand them. Application with nude photo given preference. Box 4988LF

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

TOP MEETS BOTTOM

Drummer ads get results and Ric in Eureka and Mike in Sacramento have now gotten together starting a great life together with a monogamous relationship. We would both like to thank Drummer for bringing us together. We're both believers that Drummer Classifieds get results. We couldn't be happier and hope that you too find that right man.

VERSATILE COUPLE AVAILABLE

for friendship and whatever we enjoy—cards, bowling and safe sex; couples or three-ways OK. Both are Italian, one 37, one 39. Box 5102

SAFE-SEX TOPMAN

40, 160 lbs., 5'8", brown/blue, seeks muscular bottoms for spread-eagle, B&D, hot wax, etc. No phone sex. No one-night stands. Call Strap, (415) 695-1773.

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)

HOT HARD LEATHER ACTION

Full leather, chains, erect nipples, hard pecs, defined stomachs, arms & legs, ringed nipples, fat dicks, uncut dicks with stretched overhangs, shaved balls & assholes, heavy C/BT, T/T, V/A, piss, enemas, beer, sweat, spit, grease, oil & lubricants, S&M, getting stoned, heavy sloppy kissing, pig sex. I want it all—in a SAFE, hot environment! I'm 28, 5'10", 165 lbs. with a very tight gym body, defined rippled washboard stomach, firm pecs & arms, shaved balls for heavy stretching & hung thick! I'm very versatile & very energetic! I'm looking for a stud who is just as energetic, 25-35, has a tight defined body, hung well and is a no-nonsense leatherman! Let's get together and play it hard in leather!! Call Buddy at (415) 864-1285.

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.

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.

A NEW ENTRANT

on the way to superior Masterhood is where I place myself. After prolonged thought, introspection, and exploration on the edge, the time has arrived to "test pilot" the primary mission. Sexual evolution progressed me through the experiences of whoring, piggling, communicating, and understanding and rendered me proficient in each. The art of Mastering is the final and the most complex of these evolutionary effects. The development, skill, and precision of practice in what I consider an art-form is the objective; an objective I intend to attain. Those capable of comprehending my headspace and interested in sharing the experience of their personal uniqueness with me on this journey are invited to contact me. My stats for the record: 38, white, tall, handsome, trim, masculine, intelligent, creative, successful, lustful, controlled, and coldly calculating. Box 4472LF

TOP THIS DADDY

GWM, bottom, 40, 155 lbs., 5'8", good condition seeks student jock for daddy-son relationship. CP/VA/HUM. Box 4677

SLAVE BOYS WANTED

White daddy, 30's, accepts pleas from submissive, obedient bottoms to serve him. Open to many fantasies. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4723

SLAVE/DOG

29 years, 6', 175, masculine, handsome, healthy slave/dog—mentally/physically strong, submissive, totally obedient, into S/M, B/D, FF, TT, WS, and more, looking for hot, handsome, masculine, demanding Master/Trainer serious about his business. Suite 205, 2040 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109. (LF4554)

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a bootlicking, 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

MAN SEEKS SON

Dad, age 45, good build and healthy, wants son for leather service. Should be masculine, aged 25-35, and healthy. Facial hair a plus. Must have desire to please and be willing to expand limits. Standards are high but so are the rewards. Goal is to find a long-term father-son relationship. Send photo and resume. Box 4944LF

DADDY 30

will train young trim boy the art of obedience through bondage and light discipline. Tom, (415) 468-6567.

INTENSE LEATHER LOVER

Very handsome, 30-year-old, 6'3", blond/blue, moustached, 190-lb., semi-muscular man seeking romance leading to long-term, committed, intimate relationship with special leatherman possessing striking looks, gym-defined muscles and heart. I am an aggressive bottom, you top, possibly capable of occ. reverse roles; or no roles. Few of my favorite things: Full leather; grinding, slamming, punching muscle contact (hard!); eye contact; body worship; oil, sweat, mirrors; uniforms; workouts; prolonged titwork (too much!); hot talk, VA; sloppy deep-mouth kissing; B&D, S&M, C&BT; swallowing heavy nuts; and role-playing in radical fantasies (see my Superman vs. Superfoe ad in *Drummer* 91 for one of mine). All this and more explored together in intense, long, sensual play until sensory and emotional overload send us over the edge into altered states. Health-conscious and use occ. alcohol, amyl, recreational drugs; prefer nonsmoker. But what about the rest of me? and you? Let's find out. All responses with photo, address, phone no. will be answered likewise. Box 4943LF

BIG GUY—LITTLE GUYS A TURN-ON?

This little guy needs a man over 5'9" who prefers short men and knows how to use the difference in our height and strength to your advantage and our mutual excitement. With a little guy, do you ache to: pin him down, pleasure him until he screams (but not stop), win his trust over time, and then initiate him into light bondage? Do you yearn to explore and expand each other's erotic responses to D/S? *Objective:* monogamous, safe-sex relationship based on open communication, affection, growing together, and deeply-shared sexual needs; a relationship that won't be equal in the bedroom, but will be outside of it because you want this little guy as your partner, and not just as a sex buddy. Me: WM, boyish thirties, 5'5", 120, handsome, bearded, responsive. Likes: beach, mountains, music, candlelight dinners, cuddling, surprises. You: 30s/youthful 40s, masculine, attractive, fit, healthy, affectionate, nonsmoker, drugfree, progressive thinker. Optional: bearded, outdoorsy, artistic. Letter/photo: 584 Castro, Suite 609, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588 (LF4952).

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

GOOD-LOOKING UNCUT DAD
40, tall, 175 lbs., masculine, moustache, wants fart boy. Object: disgusting sex. Travel to Europe, Hawaii and L.A. Photo and phone no. to 633 Post, #366, San Francisco, CA 94109.

A BOY'S WET DREAM
Handsome, hunky, bisexual daddy, 39, hung big, seeks insatiable boy who craves reciprocal play with his daddy. Definitely hot. Not for the faint-hearted. PO Box 26652, San Francisco, CA 94126.

KINKY, REGRESSIVE MUTUALIST
Looking for asshole buddy with similar interests and imagination for extended long-play sessions. Want to explore and expand in all areas with experienced teacher/pupil. Have well-equipped fantasy-playroom where time has no meaning. Picture requested. Box 5091

WEEKEND SLAVE WANTED
to serve me on my short trips to Bay Area. Orientals or small whites a plus. 30-year-old WM wants you for 24- or 48-hour servitude. Your place or my hotel. CBT, wax, ball stretchers. Safe and sane. Box 5103

DRUMMER DADDY

WM, 40s, 6'1", 160 lbs., bearded seeks that special man who needs to be stripped and chained up by a Leather-master in his dungeon. You should be lean, muscular bottom, any age whether a boy (with body under development) or a mature man (who has kept in shape). If you are man enough to take rough treatment like B/D, TT, C/BT and whipping, then you earn my respect and possible affection. Body shaving second session to mark my ownership and your commitment. For health reasons you will not be required to eat ass or take my load, but everything else goes. Will discuss your limits and a program to expand them. Application with nude photo given preference. Box 4988LF

MAN WITH EXPERIENCE

is 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., muscular, hairy, moustached, tattooed, pierced, with a thick, stiff 7 1/2 inches. Looking for a boy who is a boy by virtue of his mental attitude, not necessarily just his age. My interests include: BD, VA, TT, GA, FP, FFA, boots, ass-beating, cigars, bondage, leather. Father/son scenes a specialty. You need not share all the above interests. Safety-conscious but not hysterical. Offer a firm, experienced, yet affectionate hand to responsive, enthusiastic bottoms. All ages, races considered. Photo a must. Write AL, Box 5038

SEEKS FRIEND

Young-looking, healthy white male, 28 years, 5'4", 125 lbs., seeks friends same age or younger for intimate times. Shy teens and novices okay. Photo/phone and write to Box 5039.

TWO GERMAN BODY BUILDERS
S, 30, 6'3", 170 and M, 40, 5'11", 160, into BD, SM, TT and more, visiting California fall 1986. Want to meet you. Also welcome in Germany. Send letter about you, your scene and photo to PLK 084532A, 5000 Koln 1, West Germany OR Drummer Box 5018.

HEY BOY

Your Daddy is looking for you. If you are affectionate and want a caring, communicative relationship, call (916) 391-9755.

PAIN TRIPS

The Man seeks experienced masochists for devilish explorations into pain trips. Intense but safe erotic beatings with 3/4" rattan cane. Special interest in severe discipline, punishment, torture and wood shed scenes. Tit torture a specialty. Write: The Man, POB 4622, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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)

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!*

WANTED

GWM experienced in VA, B&D, and is interested in taking over my fantasies. Any age over 35, hirsute (the more the better), size unimportant. Must be clean, safe sex only. I feel "bald" is "beautiful." No: FF, SCAT, TT, RAUNCH, or money. Sincere replies please. I am 50, 140 lbs., 5'8". No feds or druggies. Your weight also unimportant but a clean, sane person is. Box 4530LF.

RAUNCHY SLEAZE

I am thirty-one, white, 170 lbs., 5'8 1/2", brown hair and eyes. I'm into raunchy sleazy, kinky sex. Not into scat, heavy pain. I'm a dedicated leatherman that needs a dominate, aggressive Daddy/Big Brother to train me, use/abuse me, discipline me like I know I need to be. I am ready to submit to a Daddy/Big Brother who is not modest, is into dirty talk and verbal abuse, is not afraid to strip me, collar me, finger-fuck me, use me at anytime and much more. If you are mature, over thirty-five and want a boy that's real then please send detailed letter about yourself, what you want to do to me, along with a hot, revealing photo, if possible. All answered. Box 4858LF

NUDE HOUSEBOY

wanted full-time for two men East Bay. Letter, photo to Box 640453, San Francisco, CA 94164-0453.

BB SLAVE NEEDED

I want your well-muscled rugged body to struggle, sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough torturous set of curls ignoring your screams for mercy. Your BOSS is into hot slave/animal training, oiled-up, flexin', hot wax endurance trips, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin' rock, smoke and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit. If you're not in the area, write: BOSS, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598. If you're in the area and are ready to sweat, call (415) 944-9984 before 10:00 P.M. on week nights, anytime on the weekends. Keep America Mean! Box 5001LF

BREECHES

Older GWM, 5'11", 175 lbs., waist 34, wants young WM (or Asian) dressed in boots & breeches (provided) for possible B&D. Advise phone to: Pierce, 305 Franklin St., #34, San Francisco, CA 94102

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

Willing to train husky young man to serve older men to perfection. Hard worker, good body for hard workouts. Drive, cook and serve. Northern California. Russian River and San Francisco. No Phone-ies. (707) 869-0945. *Call Me Sir!*

HARD-BODIED JAPANESE

Samurai-son wanted by Gaijin, 40, 160, 5'8", blue/brown for fun in the futon, hot o-furo, and romance. (415) 695-1773

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

SLAVE

wishes to be trained by experienced Master. I am 24, 5'8", 135 lbs., brwn/grn, smooth, clean-shaven, 7" uncut. Master must be experienced, clean, masculine, serious and sincere, any age above mine. All SF Bay Area. Photo and phone is a time-saving approach. Box 4820LF

TOUGH? MEAN? HAIRY? WANNA FIGHT?

Mean, rugged, hairy wrestler wants rough, dirty, no-holds-barred fights with same. (415) 885-3218. Scared to fight, don't call.

YOUNG STUD 24...

Into all masculine scenes, leather, cigars. I am 5'9", 140 lbs., brn/grn. You are: 6'+ and 200-300 lbs. No feds. Barry, PO Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101.

REALLY INTO LEATHER?

If LEATHER really turns you on and you own LEATHER pants, jacket and boots, keep reading. If you like to be dominated, worship your master's leather and boots and enjoy i/o, keep reading. If you are looking to find a master to explore your LEATHER slave fantasies with, keep reading. I am GWM, 39, 6'1", 220 lbs., good-looking, stable, professional and sane master who is really into LEATHER. Turned on by the sight, smell, touch, taste and feel of LEATHER. Also into very tall boots. NOT into drugs of any kind, smokers, anal sex, losers, heavy S&M. Relationship is possible. Now reply with phone and photo to: Jim, 1850 Union St. #69, San Francisco, CA 94123. (LF4807)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

NEW CHP RECRUIT

Just accepted on force in October and hoping to meet other local policemen. I'm 25, 5'11", blond hair, blue eyes. I'd hoped there would be other cops into the same stuff as me, but so far have had no luck. I like men older than me who understand police attitude and would be willing to show me the ropes. Still have a lot to learn that wasn't covered in training. I don't go to bars, and have had a hard time meeting cops that are self-assured and used to getting what they want, their way. I'm also willing to meet men into cops who aren't actually employed by the department. Box 5007

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 4888

DADDY SEEKS SON

Businessman-type Dad, 41, 6'3", 240 lbs., hairy, seeks son. Dad has high standards for your behavior and expects you to live up to them. You will be disciplined when you deserve it. However Dad is loving and affectionate and is concerned only about your well-being. Son, if you need a Daddy to take care of you and help you grow, write and tell him about yourself. Include picture for immediate response. Box 4934LF

MASTER WANTED

by WM, 34-year-old, blond, blue, 6'1" tall. I am a little overweight and small endowed. I am looking for a Master that will train me in CBT/TT, WS, SM, BD, FF, VA, tattooing, shaving, piercing, hot wax, dildos, gags, hoods, prolonged bondage, electric shock, piss, smoke, mummification, amyl. Willing to be kept chained there for my Master's use at anytime he chooses. My Master's age, race, endowment, looks does not matter. All I ask is that you are dominant. If there is a Master wanting this slave, please call (213) 656-4324 or write: Occupant, 1265 North Harper, #8, West Hollywood, CA 90046. When calling, please ask for Bob. (LF5009)

MUSCULAR LEATHER SLAVES

Are you tired of the bullshit yet? Frustrated because your potential and abilities have yet to be fully realized? Does your destiny remain unfulfilled? Still waiting to be used, trained, displayed and challenged the way you should? An experienced, respected and sadistic Leather Master (W/M, 43, 6'1", 210 lbs., 8", uncut) has room in his pens for a few hot, untested, raw muscular animals who are ready to be stripped, chained and motivated. Permanent positions in residence are preferred; but will consider non-live-ins. Your experience to date only indicates a starting point with me. Everything you might have been is history. If you've got guts enough to submit totally to the actuality of a real-life sadomasochistic relationship then contact: Frank Albright at (619) 578-3629 weekdays 4 to 8 P.M. (Pacific time). (LF4729)

SLAVE

Slave Danny will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! (LF4720)

TORTURE MASTER NEEDED

Dungeon bottom, 32, GWM, 6', 160 lbs., blond/blue, slim, hairless, needs torture sessions in your dungeon, Sir. Train as needed to expand pain limits—SAFE SEX, PLEASE. Your imagination! J/O letters, calls OK. Limits: no drugs, scat, FF, Travel. All answered, Sir. More than one OK, too. Box 4699

HOT RAUNCH

Boyish WM, 23, 5'11", 161 lbs., blond, blue, good-looking, seeks top men into all scenes—SM, BD, WS, VA, pits, rimming, feet, etc. I want the real thing! No fats, feds or blacks. Photo/phone please. Will answer all. Box 89246, San Diego, CA 92138-9246.

HOT, BUTCH TOP

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

NEED HOT, HUNKY, VERY THICK, DARK, HAIRY, MUSCULAR, MAS- CULINE 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.

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER

Motorcycle rider into good, clean fun on/off bike wants to meet other GWM guys to enjoy living in So. Bay L.A. Box 4248LF

SAN DIEGO

Top, 6'3", 185 lbs., 45, 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. Safe sex.

SADISTS AND COPS

Uniformed, cigar-smoking Nazi sadists and cops sought by white male. (213) 650-3093.

HOT FF BOTTOM

Health-conscious WM, 5'11", 165 lbs., will service leather, booted, uniformed tops—I have sling, toys, harness, etc. (213) 660-2600

BIG BROTHER NEEDED

By 28-year-old colt into FF, BD, TT. Need a well-built, take-charge, hung stallion big bro, who can break me in, work me over, train and tame me right. ME: 5'8", 150 lbs., good looks, good body. YOU: Hot, hung stud who knows how to handle this fist-hungry kid in bed. Lots of action/no abuse. Your photo/phone and fantasy gets mine. Box 5032

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

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'm seeking worthwhile camping companions, etc. If you are also a bold, consenting adult, then your good pic will get one you'd pay to get. Maybe an invitation, too. Write: Holder, Box 6344, Rosemead, CA 91770 (LF4521)

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! 4577LF

SERIOUS SLAVE

Super-intelligent 21-year-old M seeks permanent ownership by young, extra-cruel, powerful Sadist. Looking to be completely broken by Brig-style military Master who demands absolute physical and mental precision of himself and his property. M will sweat, crawl, taste leather, strain and endure excruciating pain in order to learn to do it all your way, to your standards. Box 5078

HAIRY-CHESTED BOTTOMS

wanted for bondage by GWM, 32, 5'10", 165, hairy. Relationship possible. Please, no fats or ponies. Box 5086

QUALITY B/D MASTER DESIRED

Proud, masculine, fit WM, 37, 5'9", 140 lbs., needs very masculine, experienced man to put him in his place. Man will be under 45 years, assertive, with excellent, athletic, fit (*not fat*) body worthy of worship and service. Strip, bind and use my body. Strut your stuff in leather, Levis and posing gear; make my hungry mouth beg for you and give you pleasure. Take control. Matt Colton, 2265 Westwood Blvd., #885, Los Angeles, CA 90064

BONDAGE BUDDY

Leather man, 39, 5'11", 190 lbs., into mummification, suspension, anything and everything in bondage. Full leather and rubber. Paul G., 516 W. Morrison, #3, Santa Maria, CA 93454.

PREPOSSESSING, 6'2"

28-year-old white guy, tired of living like a monk, needs friends and someone special in Orange County. Don't bore me with J/O calls! Matt, (714) 635-4312.

SERIOUS NIPPLE ENLARGING

wanted by hot, beefy GWM, 30, BB, PO Box 93281, L.A., CA 90093

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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

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

HAIRY SICILIAN HUNK
6'2", 205, built man needs eager virgin hunk hole to stud regularly. Prefer dark hair, big thighs, tight, bushy pussy in need of serious anal attentions. Application with pictures to Box 5044.

8" OR BIGGER?
Safe, expert head/ass by exceptional guy, 42. Regular, no-commitment service, including great massage. You will be treated like a king. Send nude photo, letter to Butch Bottom, Box 5046.

HUNG BIG—JACK OFF?
P.S. area couple: 33, hairy, beard, 8½ uncut and 30, hairy, moustache, 7½ cut. Seek other men for hot, safe fun. Into long J/O, porno, dirty talk, tit play, fantasy trips—cops, cowboys, L/L, Gls, jocks, etc. "Smoke" and aroma a plus. J/O letters welcomed. Box 5055

SAN DIEGO SON/SLAVE
Masculine, attractive Latino, 33 yrs. seeks masculine Master to 40 who will dominate, humiliate and verbally abuse me relentlessly. I lead a simple life. Main interest is working out and serving a Master who is all man. Prefer a Master who will set some body building goals for me and who is health conscious. Total servitude is just a phone call away with your letter and phone number. Thank you, Sir. Box 5068

BOTCHED CIRCUMCISION
Are you interested in my mutilated penis? Do you have one? Write: Gene, PO Box 1002, Los Angeles, CA 90078. Call (213) 416-9053.

WHIPMASTER—L.A.
White male seeks slaves/prisoners, 20-30 years, into belts, whips, cats, complete body flogging. Cock/ball, tit torture. Total bondage with gags/hoods. Looking for a workout? Am 33, 5'11", hair body, skinhead, moustache. Paul (213) 657-4816

ABLE, NEEDY SLAVE
New to L.A., is anxious to be bonded to a talented, caring Master. Slave is youthful 42, 5'10", slim (145), healthy, masculine but submissive, intelligent, sincere, obedient, clean-shaven; with short, rust-red hair, blue-gray eyes, full, nicely-rounded ass and deeply-receptive holes. Master should be level-headed, experienced, fit, virile, very well-hung and at ease with his need to train, control, abuse, possess and nourish his boy's mind and body. Slave is employed, discreet, well-educated, house-proud and into light-med. S/M, B/D, W/S, L/L, hoods/masks, chains, TT, whipping, wax, intense interaction. No scat, FF, heavy pain, hard drinking/drugs. Exchange photos/phones/letters. Be true, please, Sir. Box 4725LF

THE JOY OF BONDAGE
Hot to be helpless? At your happiest when you're bound and gagged? Got a hard, defined body? If so, this lean, handsome, muscular top can promise you a little piece of heaven. I'm 35, 5'11", 150 lbs., brown/blue, sane, sense of humor. Safe sex (J/O only), your place, weekdays before 5 P.M. Photo or complete description to Doug, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109—Box 318, West Hollywood, CA 90046. (LF4748)

DEPRIVED FUCKER
Wild, hairy fuck-tortured dude offers its steel-collared balls and hungry ass to mean, experienced studs who are man enough and know how to torture/work ass. Deprived fucker turns onto leather, S/M, all scenes especially ass-work. Eager cocksucking asshole gives full-service, worshipful begging and needs to get its balls in the hands of a stud who will whipass him into a fucking obedient dog. Sucker is white, healthy, 155, hot bod, black hair on chest/belly/ass. Best ass in So. Calif., 40, 7½" cut, looking for regular torture, action workouts with uninhibited men who turn onto using/working a hot fuckhole. Not lover or live-in position. Age, looks, not important: experience/action only. No games or heavy drugs. Ready to put my balls in your hands if you're man enough... fucker. Box 4827LF

COLORADO
ACTIVE ASS
W/M, 6'3", 165, 40's, wants dominant guy(s) that will give me light B&D, TT, ass spankings, lots of VA and cock to worship and be a slave too. Leather and mature turn-ons, but no FF, W/S or scat. With poppers and hard cock my ass gets very active. Denver area, but will correspond anywhere. Reply to Box 4731LF.

FIT TO BE TIED
and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-handed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

HEAVY BONDAGE
45, 185, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, moustache. Serious bondage bottom needs prolonged sessions. I enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained, etc. Safe-sex only, please. Limitations: No drugs, FF, scat, or lasting marks. Box 4997

MUSCLE JOCKS
Bodybuilder Master, 6'1", 30s, looking for muscle jock and slave. Your body will be trained to develop massive competition muscle and your mind will be trained to obey and serve your Master's demands—all for my pleasure and possible public exhibition. If you've got the potential and desire to commit to this ball-busting opportunity, send your application. Box 5040

CUM AT MAIL-CALL
Wrestling leatherman seeks penpal, brutal or tender. I'm 6', 175 lbs. Bruiser, PO Box 13502, Denver, CO 80201

CONNECTICUT
CONNECTICUT-BONDAGE
Submissive, boyish WM, 28, seeks bondage, spankings, kinky scenes. Uncut a plus. Box 4942

HOT AND READY
Now eagerly need other healthy buddies 25-37 who want to get into/teach: BD, light SM, wrestling, WS for long, safe sessions. I am WM, 27, 5'10", 160 lbs., hung and hairy, handsome, mature. Seek similar. Send revealing photo for same. Reply Drummer Box 5029

DAD/MASTER WANTED
I need Dad to discipline me and train me correctly. I am in my early 30s and need intensive training. Love leather, lycra and rubber. Would like to work towards permanent relationship. Box 5015

LEATHER BIKER TOP
Master demands mature slave/bottom. Serve me in my dungeon or on bike. Enjoys leather and all SM activities. Very health-conscious. Send application with photo. Box 5013

SPARTACUS IS LOOSE
Rebellious slave requires light discipline, tight bondage, heavy French. 5'9", 170 lbs., moustache. Masters of any race, age, abuse me. Box 5076

SERIOUS
Queer looking for fag stalker. Wants ruffian, bruiser into jagged rampageous sex. Non-lover situation. Weekday meetings only. You are hairy, callous, an active Greek. Married okay, discretion assured. Send photo. Your age is unimportant, I am in early 30s. Write: Boxholder, PO Box 930, Deep River, CT 06417

BOTTLED CORKER
Naive male, 31, with interest in obscenity, not a lover, wishes to communicate with man of lecherous subversive behavior. Vulnerable sissies turn you on. Provoke me to take it all. Show me why you are the man.

DC—METRO
VERSATILE, SAFE-SEX, LEATHERMAN

LOOKING FOR: GWM, approximately 28-45, in shape with warm personality, similar interest and preferences, for friendship and possible relationship. **MYSELF:** GWM, 38, 6', Br, 180 lbs, warm personality. Into: SM (especially mental & verbal), leather, uniform, TT, fantasies (both visual and mental) scenarios, role reversal head trips. Enjoy: BB, boating, swimming, hiking, other outdoor activities, opera, symphony, ballet, other theatre too, exploring, having fun and trying new things. **NOT INTO:** Drugs, dope, smokers, alcohol, plastic people and fuck buddies. If interested, respond with recent photo to Box 5005LF.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

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.

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN
WM, 37, 5'10", 155, Bl/Bl, 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. (LF4696)

HOT FF BOTTOM
DC-Metro, hot FF bottom, into intense scenes, enjoy unusual and interesting mind games. Also enjoy a little surprise and novelty, not expecting your classic top-bottom situation. A little imagination, concentrate hard. I'm 6', 180 lbs., WM, and a real surprise. Alex. Box 4732LF

LEATHER TOP
27, 5'8", 165 lbs., BB. Into body worship and leather service by hot, submissive tongue. You: under 35, into C&BT, TT, BD, shaving and boot service. Receptive mouth and ass a prerequisite. Application & photo get reply. Box 4883LF

HANDSOME BOTTOM
Muscular, hairy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, healthy—seeking healthy, hot, hairy, muscular GWM, dominant topman and enjoys good hot sex, verbal action, tit play, etc. Relationship possible! Send photo and phone to Box 4923

HOT STUFF
Hairy, handsome, hot, healthy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, masculine, muscular bottom with sensitive tits, seeks dominant, muscular, masculine, hairy GWM topman for hot workouts, possible relationship! Send photo and phone to Box 4889LF

ASS MASTER DAD WANTED
WM bottom seeks heavy asswork by experienced Dad in dildoes, heavy Greek, spanking and patient in FF. Light SM and uniform scenes, no heavy pain and no JO calls, please. Allen (202) 332-7017

BODYBUILDER SLAVE
DC/MD/VA area. WM, 40, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist. Masculine, well-built, lean/muscular; no drugs, nonsmoker, healthy safe sex only; independent, loner, together, earthy. Seek similar Master for the dark, erotic torment of SM dominance/submission, pleasure/pain, whips/nakedness, use/abuse, humiliation/service. Ex-special warfare military experienced in discipline/obedience. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, *The Brig*, "Beauty's Punishment," *9½ Weeks*, *Story of O*. J.W., PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

TOP/BOTTOM
V/A, W/S, B/D, wild, safe, sane sex. J/O. Photo, phone number to Box 5099LF

LEATHER STUD
Good-looking, professional, 40, 6', 155 lbs., lean, defined body, very masculine, new to leather scene, seeks hot, muscular leather Master to train him, expand his limits and show him the ropes. Travel widely. Box 5064LF

FLORIDA

"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

HOT SLAVE—FLORIDA
Looking for strong Master to impose beatings, tit torture, piercing, on strong slave—6'2", 170, hairy chest, uncut, blue eyes, good-looking. **WHATEVER!** PO Box 10181, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334

ORLANDO AREA
GWM, 6', 155 lbs., 48. Wants J/O buddy.
Box 5082

TAMPA NOVICE SLAVE
Novice slave (27, 5'10", 130 lbs., in shape) needs introduction to the SM/leathersex scene by a stud Master who is willing to teach me how to be his slave. I need training in BD, SM, shaving, enemas, and how to serve a Master (and his friends?) to his complete satisfaction. If you're dominate, 22 to 38, physically fit, don't have a beard, and seek the challenge of training me to serve you, please write to this eager-to-please slave boy with returnable photo for speedy respectful reply. John, PO Box 290804, Tampa, FL 33687. Box 5051LF

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. Can go bottom for competent top interested in safe sex. Discretion required and reciprocated. Jake Leonard, #24751, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307

WANTED: FULLTIME SLAVE
by Master (30, 5ft., 10 in., 165 lbs., bearded, hairy). Must be submissive, obedient, healthy, into leather, heavy S&M, B&D, Gr/P, Fr/A, FF/P, and more. Must submit to complete training for duties. Sincere only. Apply with photo to: Bridwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686

FLORIDA
Ft. Lauderdale, beginning Feb. 1, 1986, seeks SM, leather/Levi partner into healthy sex for give-and-take action. I've been to Hellfire and know what it's about. Enjoy weight lifting and a workout buddy is a plus. Contact me at Cleveland address: PO Box 18163, Cleveland, OH 44118. Mail will be forwarded. Your photo gets mine. Will travel.

BOOT LICKING SLAVE
seeks the taste, smell and feel of leather. Slave, 36, 5'11", anxious to be tied, collared, plugged and shackled by strict leather Master. Sir, this totally submissive, crotch-worshipping slave is ready to follow your instructions and to take your punishment. Please, Sir, let me serve you. PO Box 630782, Miami, FL 33163 (LF4946)

BOOT SERVICE
Looking for construction worker in jeans or leather daddy-type to make me worship his boots. Please, Sir, make me earn your boots and the privilege to grovel at your feet. No strings, safe fun only, please. Your photo gets mine. Occupant, Box 140283, Miami, FL 33114-0283 (LF4940)

KEY WEST SAFE SEX
L/L, raunch, rough lovin'. Dads welcome. Ben, (305) 296-6403.

OWNERSHIP POSSIBLE
Tampa and Tri-county area. Top, 33, W, 5'10", seeks another top to share ownership of slave/dog. Attitude important—possible relationship. Slave needs control. Photo a plus, but not necessary. Help build a beautiful but serious life of leather and ownership and we will find happiness and fulfillment in our property. Serious tops need only to write. Box 5106

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION IRRELEVANT
Would like to correspond via writing or in person with men who are interested in leather as a state of being and its connections with masculinity. Write to: Boxholder, PO Box 1395, Sarasota, FL 33578.

GEORGIA
HOUSEBOY & ALL HOT MEN
GWM duo, 29 and 36, both 5'10", 150 lbs., moustaches, smooth/hairy. Seek hot tops or bottoms, singles or couples for hot times with no hang-ups. Any & all scenes with mutual respect. Got a fantasy, let us make it a reality! Also looking for houseboy/slave, live in or out, with initial input considered. Will train, no experience OK. Photo, phone, detailed letter. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125 (4700LF)

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX
TRAINING—COMPUTERS
Would like to join with others in Atlanta in enforced training and discipline. Also, would like to make contact with others with computers. Box 4710LF

SIRI
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 WORSHIPPING 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

VERSATILE
Attractive WM, 38, 6'2", beard, masculine, sensual, seeks hot sessions with good-looking, slender, smooth, verbal guys 25-40 into good smoke, amyl, toys, enemas, WS, light bondage, shaving, greasy, wet or torn jocks or briefs, 501s, outdoor sex, exhibitionism and fantasy scenes. Send letter with photo and phone to: Drummer Box 4857LF

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

ATLANTA S&M
Top (sadist), bottom (masochist), into leather, BD, whips and paddles, CBT, dildoes, FF and safe sex, looking for singles, couples, or groups into all, or any of the above. This top is 5'8", 41, bearded, intense and experienced. Bottom is 40, 5'8", clean-shaven, muscular, good-looking, into heavy bondage and exhibitionism. Your picture, phone number and letter gets ours. Write: 1096 Monroe Dr. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30306. (LF4866)

SLAVE-MODEL, NO. GEORGIA
Master, WM, 40s, heavy build demands a slave, WM, 20s, who is well-built, very affectionate, humble, obedient; ready for full-time, permanent, chained service as boot boy, body slave, field hand, model, lover. This position is not for the half-hearted or insincere. No drugs, FF, scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855LF.

LEVI BOOT SLAVE
Tall, 41, WM slave into 501 button fly levis, whips, black leather boots, boot-licking, SM, CBT, Fr, Gr, etc. Not into FF, scat, rear Fr, uncuts, drugs, WS, piercing, damage, unsafe. Send phone to Box 4968.

ILLINOIS
SEARCHING FOR TOP MAN
WM, 42, 5'11", sensitive, loving, professional, straight appearance, F active, G passive, seeks well-built, heavy-hung B/W/Spanish man to use hungry, deep throat and hot, eager, receptive hole. Send photo and description of needs to PO Box 592, Springfield, IL 62705.

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.

MATURE MALE MASTER
white, seeks slaves and submissives for casual sessions. Not interested in teacher role, dummies, drunkies, 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 5'1" and 6'0" and 130 to 180 lbs. Box 4404LF

VERY ATTRACTIVE/ATHLETIC
Professional WM, 29, straight-appearing, masculine good looks, with good, solid build, nice chest, 5'10", 150 lbs. Enjoy most sports, i.e. Nautilus, BB, running, skiing, etc. Not into bar scene, drugs, feds. Seek as above very good-looking, good build, masculine, intelligent, 22-32. No disappointments. Presently live in NW suburb Chicago. If above, I dare you to respond. Must have photo/letter, discreet to: D.H., Suite 491, 2421 W. Pratt Blvd., Chicago, IL 60645.

SLAVE SEEKS SAFE SM
6 ft., 200 lbs., slave seeks Masters into bondage, whipping, tit torture, dildoes, verbal abuse. Hot for black leather. Age 30 and up. Box 4910

BLACK BOTTOM
5'7", 170 lbs., bearded, 44-years-old, handsome, nice body, extremely masculine in appearance, F/A, G/P, seeks masculine-appearing white top. Into poppers, tit play, mirrors, cuddling, safe sex. No fats, feds, alcoholics, drug addicts. Write with photo to: Boxholder, PO Box 408748, Chicago, IL 60640.

SUPER TALL STUD
6'6", blue-eyed giant, 34, handsome, healthy, hot and hung wants horny dudes his own size or taller to play with. PO Box 138104, Chicago, IL 60613.

INDIANA

FT. WAYNE AREA
Bring me your fantasies! W/M, 5'11", 180 lbs., blond/blue, hairy. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to heavy S/M, whipping, paddling, etc. FF a specialty! Mostly top, but extremely versatile. We can work out your mildest or wildest fantasies together. Can travel and entertain. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Reply Drummer Box 4705LF

BONDAGE SLAVE
anxious to serve. WM, 160, 5'10 1/2" 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

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP
SW Indiana submissive WM, 5'8", 135 lbs., cut, brn/blue, moustache, seeks older, bigger top/Master to service. Teach me—train me to serve you. Hot mouth, hungry ass eager to please! Box 4911

MAKE VIDEOTAPE
Scene: Raunch and SM. Place: Barn and outside. Make your wildest fantasies come to life on tape. Something to look at when you do not have anyone else to do it with. Write: PO Box 3272, Marion, IN 46953.

NUDE STRAPPINGS GIVEN
by hairy, handsome, educated WM Dad, 31, 6', 170, in shape. Son should be smooth, athletic, Gr/P (safe). Prefer student body builder. Central Indiana. Box 5061

IOWA

DES MOINES
Married hot top, 38, looking for married bottoms for regular meetings. Safe, don't travel, discrete, respect limits. Box 5041

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE
Dominant Master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

LOUISIANA

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.

MAINE

TIE ME UP AND ?
Serious bondage bottom interested in prolonged sessions. Box 2186, South Portland, ME 04106. All answered. (LF4459)

SADIST, 42, SEEKS SLAVES, SON
All scenes including sexual torture, shaving, no scat, drugs. PO Box 65, Kittery, ME 03904

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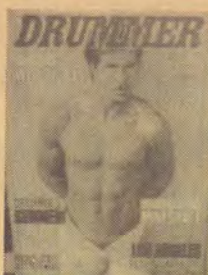
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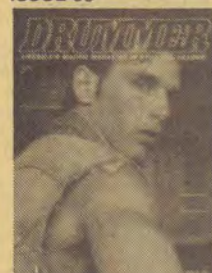
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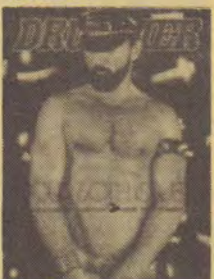
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MARYLAND

SLAVE SLAVE SLAVE

If I haven't made it perfectly clear, that's what I am—ready to be used by my hot, leather Master. I respectfully submit my 30-year, W/M, 6', 175 lb., hairy body to the hands, cock, boots and bindings of my aggressive and dominant top. I need to obey your orders, grovel under your leather boots, yield my mind and body to your total control. Limits: drugs, scat, fisting, shaving, permanent damage—very health conscious—but still obedient. Your turn! Please show and tell me why I need you to enslave me. Box 4848

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5'10", 169 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean slaves for long, safe sexual sessions in my Annapolis, MD fully equipped den. New men get TLC. Letters with photo, mailing address, full name, and complete body information get answered. Also need other good tops for sharing trained slaves. Box 3893LF

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

WRESTLE FOR YOUR TITS

Muscular college jock seeks lowdown wrestling match. Prize: give rough tit-work and get any consolations resulting. J/O penpals welcome. Box 5080

BOOTS

Black male, 30, 160 lbs., looking for cowboys, bikers, truckers, who wear leather boots. Well-worn a PLUS. Swap while getting off. Phone (301) 945-4992. Send photo of your boots. All letters get answered. Box 5060

NEEDY SLAVE

Young (31) executive has a great job but needs more. Please let me serve you and/or your friends nude in the Baltimore-D.C. area. Serious—permanent possible. Box 5066

MASSACHUSETTS

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

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

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

CONTRASTS

A stinging slap on the butt, a gentle caress. A harsh, demanding Master who loves his boy when he's good and punishes him when he gets out of line. An adoring slave who lives to serve his master but has a mind of his own. Leather, bondage, discipline, boot-licking, ass, cock, tit and ball play, raunch, wrestling, fantasy. I'm a well-built, handsome, little guy, 30, into either or both roles. Health conscious, no one-nighters. Box 102, Boston, MA 02112.

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.

WM, 41, 6', 185 LBS.

Bottom seeks top for pleasure trips into pain. Turned on by bondage, whippings, tit-cock-ball torture and lots of piss. Not into drugs, scat, FF, blood and damage. Seek sane top/buddy for mutually satisfying times. Photo/phone for early meeting. Box 4724LF

NEEDED: LEATHER MAN

Bottom man needs knowledgeable erotic top man into bondage. I am 33, 5'8", 140 lbs. and eager to learn more of leather hoods, gags, restraints, gloves, chaps, jocks, rubber and hot scenes with erotic, hot top. All replies will be answered as you order. I travel all of New England. Box 4757LF

WET HOT BUDDIES

32, 6'1", 185 lbs., needs buddy for mutually satisfying C&BT, TT, and recycled beer swap. Not into drugs, scat, FF, blood or damage; just wet, hot raunch. Boston and South Shore. PO Box 8305, Boston, MA 02114.

HUNKY HUNG SON

wanted by hairy, hung, hunky, well-built leatherman Dad, 41, 5'8", 150, beard and moustache, who visits Boston twice monthly. No kidding! Just be sincere, affectionate, hung and playful as well as obedient. Regular safe-sex possibilities are rampant! (207) 288-4525

FF VIRGIN

Looking for experienced FF Master to help me receive my first fist. 33, 6'5", 210 lbs., good-looking with beard, wants to lay back in the safe hands of someone who will give me what's long overdue. Box 5049

WANTED:

Live-in slave, 18-27 into total submission. C&BT, TT, B&D. Call D.R. (617) 497-0651.

MICHIGAN

HOT LATIN BOTTOM

Relocating to Grand Rapids in Spring. Seeking friends, job leads, etc. Am 28, 5'7", 125 lbs., moustache. Rob, PO Box 961, San Carlos, CA 94070.

MINNESOTA

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.

TOILET MUSCLE SERVICE

Complete toilet, muscle worship. (612) 332-4486.

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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

WICCAN PRIEST

rides 1000cc bike, sane SM. Wants to contact those with similar interests. Write for details. Box 4527LF

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.

MINNEAPOLIS

Slim male would like to meet hard drivin', hard fuckin' truckers. Please no phonies, queens, or bullshit. Box 4804

MASTER SOUGHT

Bearded WM, 32, seeks macho, hairy Master 30-45. Into BD, leather, tits, armpits. Nationwide correspondence welcomed. Photo, phone to Boxholder, Box 22602, Minneapolis, MN 55422.

RAUNCHY-HOT-WET SEX

36, 5'11", 170, well hung can be active but prefer passive. Digs leather/Levi action, boots, tit work, lots of piss drinking, 69, recycled beer swap, well-used jockstraps, sweaty bodies. Will worship masculine bodies and cocks. PO Box 201428, Minneapolis, MN 55420.

BLOND BOY

33, needs Daddy/Master. Box 5053

MISSISSIPPI

LOW HANGING BALLS?

WM, age 35, attractive, wants to be slave for man to age 45 with big hanging balls. Everything goes. Box 4396

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

LOVING LEATHERMAN SEEKS RELATIONSHIP

Jockstraps are for cheek creases n' basket bulges, hard-balling games, climactic excruciation. Leathers are for daily wear, long bike tours, sweaty aromas, harnessed, heavy huggin' and more. At 43, 5'8", 143 lbs., I'm a balding, bearded, booted professional enjoying all of the above in a drug and smoke-free, but well-leathered life. Looking for a together guy who's comfortable in leather without artificial putdowns or attitudes, and who appreciates home traditions and the finer arts. If you share these definitions and interests and feel a long-term commitment is worth working for, please write Harold, PO Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534 (LF4831).

MISSOURI

LEATHER TOPMAN WANTED

Need leatherman into full and complete leather clothing (boots, chaps, harnesses, gloves) and into having a bottom (companion) for scenes and mutual fantasies with submission, leather, rubber, uniforms, gags, plugs, boots, etc.. Want man to play, talk and be with. Please write your needs. Box 4555LF

WANTED!!

White male who is serious about our way of life. Who expects to be treated as property and will make his Master proud of his property. All responses to include address, phone number and photo which will be returned on request. Box 4719LF

MANSERVICE

WM, 45, slim, tattooed, into WS, FF, slapping, verbal abuse, rimming, body worship, wants to service a slim to well-built, healthy stud who is foul-mouthed and funky. Box 4926

PASSION AND PAIN

Happy Birthday, Erie John. Here's to many more years of ecstasy, passion and pain. Yours in love, bondage and safe sex, Leo.

TWO EXTRA-WELL-HUNG TOPS

with well-equipped dungeon room. Good looks/bodies. Want young stud bottoms. Any scene (gentle to rough) no scat. One will bottom out for right stud(s). Hot for military especially USMC/USN. Detailed letter with photo answered with same. Weekend guests and travelers welcome. Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808

FF BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

WM, 5'10", 175, 37, two years into red hanky right and looking for long-term serious trainer for my hungry hole. Help me break in my new sling. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033.

MASTERS SEEK

SLAVE/HOUSBODY

2 GWMs, 30, 39, looking for full-time, obedient slave. Must be willing to relocate. Send resume, picture and phone no. You tell us why we should accept you. Box 5095

MONTANA

COWBOY BIKER

WM, 5'10", 140, hung, interested in meeting other cowboys or bikers with tight, bulging Levi crotches or for leather-against-leather action including bootwork, on or off cycle. Enjoy rodeos and traveling. Go down on my spurred cowboy boots or my heavy high biker boots and black leather pants/chaps. Photo with letter gets same. Box 5017LF

NEBRASKA

HIGH-BOOTED DAD

Semi-retired cattleman seeks visitors in leather, boots, that like S/M, B/D. Horse training and cycle buddies welcome. Box 5072

NEVADA

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

33, 5'10", 160 lbs., enjoys being BOUND, CHAINED or STRAPPED DOWN and could enjoy doing the same to you. Not anally or orally oriented. Enjoy JO fantasies with another man who is into leather, uniforms or other fantasies with bondage and light SM is OK. If you are masculine, thin or muscular man, 18-40 years old and enjoy men struggling against their bonds, send photo. I would like to get together for mutual fun. Box 4816LF

NEW JERSEY

SIR

Please teach this novice son/slave, good-looking, masculine GWM, b/bl, 32, 165 lbs., about SM, BD, WS, FF, other fantasies. Looking for topman who knows what he wants, good-looking, under 40. Not into intense pain, humiliation. Instructions, photo, phone to Box 443, Plainsboro, NJ 08536

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONECALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

I WANT A SUBMISSIVE DADDY

Hairy, hunky and mean son wants mature, hung daddy to use and abuse. Let me strip you, spank you and man-handle your hefty equipment. Occasionally like Daddy to take charge. Write with your fantasy, I will make them happen. Do it! Box 4994

NEW JERSEY

GWM, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., extremely health-conscious, into spanking, TT, crotch shaving, CBT, enemas, VA, humiliation. I prefer to take rather than give, but will consider trade-off with right person. No exchange of body fluids. PO Box 74, East Brunswick, NJ 08816

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Wonder how much you can take? Find out. Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded as, naked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty. (201) 874-6725 weekdays after 8 P.M. EST, anytime weekends. (LF4769)

NOVICE SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING

Union County slave is 26, 5'7", 156 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. Very hairy, muscular, wild, hairy ass loves to be fucked long and hard. Need training by sincere, muscular Master. The more muscles the better. All replies with photo answered first. Box 4956LF

HAIRY FIST SEEKS HOLE

30-year-old Italian, 5'4", seeks trim, defined bottom to serve my needs. Into drinking piss, fucking, sucking cock and ass. You must enjoy getting fisted, and having your balls twisted, chewed on, and eventually shoved up your ass. Apply with stats, photo, phone. NYC metro area preferred. All answered. Box 5084

NEW MEXICO

WANTED:

Drummer Dad by WM, 5'8", 45, bearded. New to leather. Mature man over 40 preferred. Box 5111

NEW YORK

LEATHER DISCIPLINING

wanted by experienced masochist, 5'10", 170, muscular and hot. Restrain my power, clamp my firm protruding nips, stimulate my endurance with whips, wax, weights, etc. If you are sane and sadistic—and can convert a bottom to slave—send description of yourself and scene. Phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5110

CRAVING DISCIPLINE

31, 165, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, mustached professional desperately needs to be leashed, collared, trained to obey master's every command (within limits of safe sex). This dog seeks master 28-40 in good shape. Photo/phone. Box 1038, Southampton, NY 11768. (LF4715)

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.

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 pecs. Wants a man who gives what he takes. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

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)285-5181, 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.

MUSCULAR TOPMAN

Masculine body builder, early 30s, 170 lbs., solid and muscular, big arms and chest, dark hair and moustache, experienced in safe, rough play and manly, physical action. Into health-conscious scenes only. If you are submissive, in-shape, masculine and in need of a dominant, strict, no-nonsense partner, you may answer this ad. You must want to follow orders and be willing to serve. Will train. I am also caring, understanding of your submissive needs, and tender at the right times. I live near NYC and travel to Calif. often. Reply with detailed letter and photo. Box 4020LF

TOP/MASTER/SADIST

I am a safe, sane, very experienced top/master/sadist into all S/M and more. No drugs—no damage. I will hurt you, but never harm you. Dr. scenes with professional equipment part of scenes you will not forget. Write Sir Paul Breeme, PO Box 4369, Old Village Station, Great Neck, NY 11027. (LF4255)

FROZEN SEMEN/SCUM BAGS/DICK

Hot, healthy, rangy scum/penis worshiper, 40, seeks mean, thick-hung cockmaster (2" diameter) demanding regular milking, into forcing me to suck dick/dildo/es/rubbers in public. Shaved 8½", 1½" nipples. Box 5108

DISCIPLINARIAN SOUGHT

GWM, 25, 215 lbs., 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes, beard, moustache, lives on Long Island. Seeks older man/mentor/leather top to administer discipline on a weekly/fortnightly basis. Seeking to transform myself physically, emotionally. Discipline used to achieve 1) weight loss, 2) eventual muscle gain, 3) raising of self-esteem when I can appreciate my proper place as bottom. Discipline can range from spanking to enemas, bondage, watersports, tit-work, Greek? Safe. Important: for discipline to be effective must be administered with love and affection. Box 4828LF

SLAVES WANTED

GWM slaves, 18-27, into no-limit C&BT: vices, electric liquid heat, and heavy pain. Also TT, FF, whipping while in rigid spread-eagled bondage for 1+ days. Call DR on (617) 497-0651, Boston, MA. Leave your age, description and heaviest experience with phone no. and best time to return call. I'm 45, GWM, 6', 210 lbs.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER
49, 6'1", trim, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781

BODYBUILDER BOTTOM

46" chest, 31" waist, 18" arms, 32 years old. Experienced bottom wants to serve in slavery. Box 4993

SIXTY PLUS?

White male needs older male (60+) who is masculine and has experience. I am 34, healthy, in good physical shape, an eager, willing learner and I am considered very good-looking. Am not a complete novice, rather prefer a person who understands his own enjoyments and can move things, mature in his direction. I've been told on several occasions that my French abilities are the best (ever). And as this was always by someone senior, with many years of experience, this may be particularly meaningful. In addition, I have had a bit of experience around bondage and discipline. But your preferences are foremost and I would expect to adapt myself to your pleasures.

If it wouldn't be embarrassing or a turn-off to you, a recent picture or pictures of you would be much valued by me...either the regular type, revealing, in action, whatever. The only reason why I mention "recent" is because to me, this would be the most attractive and stimulating. Grey or white hair is a definite plus. For the person who fits these images, I would want very much to bring pleasure, that is, to satisfy him in every way.

I live in NY now, am in NYC almost daily and I travel outside NY on a regular basis (Midwest and Fla. now). Relocation could be arranged if a full-time situation turned out to be desirable to you. Please write soon? Box 5105LF

RUBBER/LEATHER—MUD WRESTLING

WM, 45, 160, wants to meet buddies into mud/oil wrestling and WS in full rubber or leather gear. Any farmers out there with a mud hole? Can travel East Coast and help with animals. Photo/letter to PO Box 689, Brooklyn, NY 11202

39, 140 LBS., BLOND

green, 8" cut, hot, hung, horny and into everything you can imagine. PO Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street, NYC, NY. Box 4557LF

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

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

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 unclothed, 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 advertise in *Drummer* if that were unimportant. Box 4520LF.

MUSCLE POWER

Super hot, muscular jock is looking for other muscle-bound jocks into muscles, bodybuilding, leather, going barefoot and barechested. Showing off our hot bodies and big bulges in tight sweat pants or 501 jeans. I am looking for straight-acting, muscle jocks who want and demand the best in hot, uninhibited sex and man-to-man action. I get into wrestling, boxing, bodypunching, general horsing around, posing and flexing, sex challenges, heavy ball work, leather, Harleys, oil, sweat, exhibitionism, piss and hard sex. I am W/29, 5'10", 170 lbs. of man, with a rock hard, ripped body. I have brown hair and eyes, mustache, hot, rugged good-looks, and a 12" cock, and a real cocky straight attitude. I am health conscious so I limit myself to a few hot and horny muscle-bound men like myself. You must be 18-40, a true muscle jock into the above with a spirit of adventure. So if you are interested, heavily muscled and into muscle, then reply with picture. Then we can get together, pump-up, oil-up and put our hot muscular bodies through a hot sexual work-out. Reply with photo to Duke, PO Box 165, Kings Park, NY 11754. Let's work out our hot, horny muscle urges on each other. Box 4746LF

MUSCLE SON WANTED BY BB DAD

to grow, develop and even become competitive, for dad who will be BB coach. Prefer boy, over 18, who is not afraid to show off his muscles and have dad exhibit him. Must be ready to adhere to strict training schedule and keep dad happy as well as serve him in his apartment in NYC. Good situation for a big man with big goals. Ph/Ph/Letter to Drummer Box 4717LF

When you need it Rough

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You must be over 18

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HEAVY BONDAGE

Looking for intense administration of heavy bondage, prolonged leather encasement in hoods, leather straitjackets, restraints, suspension, etc. Seek total master, intelligent, wealthy and sane. Box 4683LF

GWM, 38, 5'8", 145

seeks Master with the drive to cut through my B.S. and turn me into a useful piece of property. Need strict Master to take me from easy lifestyle, break me and train me to be the obedient and willing slave that I was meant to be. Hope to find life of fulfillment through the use and abuse of my Master in satisfying his wishes. Box 4698LF

BEARDED, 35

Leatherman, 6', 160, top, seeks bottom for hot, health-conscious scenes. No holds barred, so long as we both can walk away feeling we haven't put our health at risk. Like muscular men in chaps with beard, moustache. Especially like hot older men in great shape. Your picture gets mine. Box 4712LF

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

40, goodlooking, easy going but firm looking to meet guys 18-35 who are in need of a brother, father image, good friend or more. I'm dominant in bondage, shaving, light SM, Greek, and other fantasies, depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Inexperienced—that's OK—have lots of patience. You should be a non-smoker, light drinker, and non-fem. I travel the US as well, so this ad is not restricted to NY and Long Island. Respond with photo and phone if possible. Box 1027, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (LF4711)

BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY

I'm 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with a shaved head and beard. Most everyone thinks I'm a top because of the way I look and carry myself. What I'm looking for, however, is an intelligent, affectionate guy who's really my Daddy in bed. I need someone to go slow with me at first, but also someone who can teach me how to be a good son in the bedroom. I'm an independent, intelligent guy who is looking for a complete and equal relationship outside of the bed, but who definitely needs a dominant, strong man for an intense, kinky, but healthy sexual relationship. I'm fascinated, but not experienced in shaving, tit work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and probably a hundred other things I've never thought about. I'm not into pain or life-threatening situations. I know I'd be a great catch and would make the right Daddy very happy. Please write and maybe we can explore new possibilities. Box 4709LF

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, into man-to-man body contact, verbal action, between two raunchy jock-filled studs. Also, pecs, spit and hairy pits. J/O and hot sex. Wants a man who can take what he gives. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

UPSTATE LEATHER MASTER/DADDY

WM, 6'2", 180 lbs., masculine Master seeks slaves for training, possible permanent relationship. Must be submissive & obedient. Have own home in country. Box 4756LF

FANTASIES FULFILLED

Trim, bearded master, 35, needs slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage, discipline, and verbal abuse/humiliation. Have well equipped dungeon and broad, eager tool. Applicants must be healthy, trim, under 35. Arrogant punks & novices welcome. Reply with phone & photo. J. Miller, Box 3086, Kingston, NY 12401. (LF4092)

LEVI/LEATHER DAD

Hairy WM, 40, 5'11", 180, with thick cock and large balls will train and discipline sons, abuse and use bottoms, roughhouse with other dads. Enjoys bondage, tit and ball torture, hot wax, clothespins, whipping ass, cuddling, classical music, travel, motorcycling, bullshitting. Tough DIs and skilled Tops may expand my horizons. No scat, FF, drugs. Have house with playroom in Kingston, NY; can travel. Photo required with letter; phone speeds reply. Box 4716LF

VERSATILE, SAFE-SEX, LEATHERMAN

LOOKING FOR: GWM, approximately 28-45, in shape with warm personality, similar interest and preferences, for friendship and possible relationship. MYSELF: GWM, 38, 6', Br, 180 lbs, warm personality. Into: SM (especially mental & verbal), leather, uniform, TT, fantasies (both visual and mental) scenarios, role reversal head trips. Enjoy: BB, boating, swimming, hiking, other outdoor activities, opera, symphony, ballet, other theatre too, exploring, having fun and trying new things. NOT INTO: Drugs, dope, smokers, alcohol, plastic people and fuck buddies. If interested, respond with recent photo to Box 5005LF.

BONDAGE MASTER!

40, 6'4", leather, cigars, uniforms, tattoos: looking to own a total slave! If being stripped, shackled, shaved and trained to serve one Master permanently has been your fantasy, here's the chance to make it a reality!!! Lots of equipment to tame the slave and teach him the meaning of restraint. All letters answered, but those with photo and phone number get first priority. Write to: Bondage Master, 263A West 19th St., Suite #160, New York, NY 10011. (LF4730)

SAFE RAUNCH

Seeking close ongoing relationship with guy who is also very health conscious and who wants to combine affection and intimacy with raunchy but safe sex. Let's get off on each other's sweaty bodies, the smells from our filthy asses, heavily shit and piss-stained Jockey shorts, etc. I'm a young 40, 5'10", 160 lbs., moustache, moderately hairy. Let's see what we can work out to satisfy raunch desires while remaining healthy. Box 4886

SCAT

WM, 6', 175 lbs., into top, bottom and especially mutual scat scenes and other raunch. One on one or group scat parties. (718) 271-6142, Box 5004

SLAVE AND/OR BOTTOM

Opportunity to serve under incredible Master/top as houseboy and caretaker on beautiful L.I., NY, grounds. You will live in your own cottage and have a pleasant and stimulating life, surrounded by natural beauty and erotic days and nights. Only for the man who truly wants the reality of the society we live in, with the escape to the fulfillment of his fantasy world as a complete slave/bottom. Reply to Box 4255LF.

ATHLETIC TOP

New to leather, anyone want to train his top? Me: GWM, 44, 5'10", 165, muscular, sensitive, Gr/A, Fr/p. You: good body, smart. Goal: hot monogamous relationship. Ph/p to Box 203, 70 Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.

HUMILIATION NEEDED

Having a party? Quiet evening with friends? Strip me. Humiliate me. Use me as bartender or footstool. Fondle or inspect my body. Heavy verbal abuse. 34, 5'10", 155, GWM, moustache. I'm ready. (212) 874-1325. No J/O calls.

TORTURE NEEDED

Need inquisition or Nazi prison camp doctor to torture this unwilling victim—GWM, 34, 5'10", 155, moustache. Box 5098

INTRODUCTION TO NYC

LEATHER SCENE wanted by hairy, hung, well-built leatherman, 41, 5'8", 150, who will be visiting NYC late spring and summer. (207) 288-4525

BODY BUILDERS/POSING

wanted by hot leatherman, WM, 35, 145 lbs., 5'10", moustache, into posing trunks, tights: worship, service, oil your body. Huge chest and arms a plus. Box 5059

TOP RAUNCHMAN WANTED

by white man, 35, who seeks conceited top men for regular forced feedings, toilet service, tongue baths, and other raunch. Prefer hot, built, moustached face-sitters to 38 in New York-New Jersey. Phone and photo please. Occupant, Box 1725, West Caldwell, NJ 07007-1725.

BONDAGE SLAVE

Bottom seeks top for pleasure trips. Into bondage, whipping, toys, ball torture, hot wax, golden showers. Into safe sex only. I like to wear leather, jockstraps. I'm 39, 5'10", 160 lbs. I like verbal abuse also. Write: PO Box 5476, Albany, NY 12205.

DADDY WANTS A MAN

Hot daddy wants a hot man to be his son, to play and work with Daddy. Needs plenty of body work by a hot, muscular body—yours. Above all I am honest—need the same. Box 5112

VACUUM-PUMP FREAK

Tall, lean, well-hung guy, 40, seeking "Mad Doctor" sadist into kinky, long-term scene: permanent weird. Gloating my 8 1/2" x 5" to 12" x 10", my 1 1/2" nipples to 4" dangles. Force-feed me prick-semen, Sir. Box 5107

DOMINANT BLACK MAN WANTED

Smooth, slim, very well-hung, European white male, 40, 5'10", 155 lbs., seeks abuse from hot and heavy mature Black man. Sit on my face, beat me, fuck me or whatever turns you on. Live in NYC, but travel widely. Send hot note/phone to Richard, Suite K52, 496 Hudson St., New York, NY 10014

MATURE MACHO NIPPLESTUDS

Join me jocknude in virile barechested tit-teasing pec culture. Shaftjacks only. Apply: PO Box 649, New York, NY 10156

STRIP NAKED, DUDE!

"Feet apart! Hands behind your head." Take orders from a 6', masculine Italian, safe and health conscious, while you pose and respond for muscular, 168, 32, dude who wants you stripped and to exploit your exhibitionistic fantasies by my commands. Your reward: watch me play with 9" and tease! 21-35, physically fit only! Small dicks, round, plump asses and good pecs and nipples to play with a plus. Occ., PO Box 20042, NYC 10025

SHEEPSKIN

Snug, deep inside a cocoon of black leather and soft sheepskin, your helpless body is bound in straps. The smell, taste and feel of leather blankets encase all of you from head to toe. If you are young, clean, attractive—send a photo. I am 5'7", 140 lbs., blond, healthy, nonsmoker. Box 5052

SLEAZE ADDICT

Hungry white pig needs dirty Black Topman with unwashed, stinkin' body to tongue-bathe—total servicing for cheesy cock, ripe ass, filthy feet. Big-assed fat pig is 35, 5'4", 180, clean and eager to serve raunchy BLACK BOSS. Travel Boston, D.C. Box 5054

STREET FEET

This hot stud is into a natural, masculine, barefoot lifestyle and attitude, and goes barefoot everywhere, always. Would like to meet other hot, masculine, barefoot studs, young punks, and street dudes, who are the same, with tough, calloused feet that are always filthy dirty—for barefoot outings, correspondence, and hot, man-to-man action. Love going barefoot on dirty city streets, in stores, bars, gyms, etc. Also barefoot and barechested in old jeans or cutoffs. If this lifestyle is you, then contact this very hot, goodlooking, naturally masculine BB, who is W, 5'10", 172 lbs. of muscle, straight in looks and attitude, uninhibited, and hung like a horse. Your barefoot photo gets mine. The dirtier they are the better. The bold, the tough, the daring, the few. B.F., 16 Sandy Hollow Rd., Northport, NY 11768. (LF4872)

HOT, HUNG DADDY

Has real fun toys. 35, 5'11", 160 lbs., hot 8 inches. Seeks sons for hot bondage games. Box 4918

SCAT BUDDY

Nobody would guess this nice guy, 33, really loves to get dirty. Need similar type buddy under 45 to do it with on exclusive basis for health reasons. Other interests: fucking A/P, dildoes, crotch shaving, smoking pot and just plain old affection. PO Box 987, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

TOILET SLAVE WANTED

White male, 50 years, 5'7", moustache, 7" uncut, 135 lbs. Suck my cock, balls, armpits, feet. Eat out my asshole and drink my piss. You have pad, I have polaroid for hot photos! Enemas, dildoes, smoke, aroma, FF great. The real, raunchy thing. Box 4996

PISSY DICK

Needs hot mouth or other hole to fill up. Real cock slaves only. These balls and hose need frequent cleaning. They're attached to 6'2", 190 lb., healthy, bearded body. Send photo, phone and expectations. Your place. My pleasure. Box 5020

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN

48, 165, 5'9", rubber clothes fetishist seeks same (3-way OK), 30+ preferred, to explore safe-sex highs in full rubber gear. W/S and uncut a special turn-on. NY, NJ, CT. PO Box 222, Brooklyn, NY 11202 (LF4758)

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.

NORTH DAKOTA

A MAN'S MAN

GWM, 25, 5'11", 165 lbs., very hairy chest, moustache, straight-appearing. Into cowboy boots, leather jackets, 501s uniforms. I'm sensible, health-conscious guy looking for other similar men to have great times with. Monogamous relationship with compatible man. Box 5088

OHIO

DISCIPLINE

effectively incorporated with marine bootcamp by former English prep school dormitory prefect. GWM, 38, sharp and super physical shape. Inspections, physical workouts, PWS liberal doses of paddle, strap, belt and/or cane applied in a no-nonsense fashion on recruit's ass. Send picture to Box 4764

HUNGRY HOT BUTT HOLE

Butch leather stud looking for you to discover and conquer his hot fuck hole. Only real men need apply. Do you fit that? My fuck hole is so hot that most real men are wiped out after round one. So if you think you can handle me, write, Sir, to Occupant, PO Box 93204, Cleveland, OH 44101. Me: 35, 5'11", 170 lbs., br/gr, moustache, round ass. Your picture would be nice, Sir, but not necessary. SIR, are you up to the challenge of a real man's fuck hole?

MASTER

Bodybuilder, 46" chest, 31" waist, 18" arms, 32 years old, willing to train young pussy for slavery. Being worshipped in my leather, inflicting prolonged and sophisticated pain, and satisfying my 9" cock in a tight hole are what I'm after. Travel frequently. Box 4993

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE

WM Master, 39, 5'11", 195, brn hair & eyes seeks slave for S&M, B&D, TT, watersports, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

TALL BIG WM

Tall, big WM, 50, new to Wayne County, looking for new friends and possible permanent relationship. Box 4706LF

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA

160 lbs., 6'1", 52-year-old, size 13 boot. Heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat or heavy pain. Evenings until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

WANTS TO LEARN MORE, SIR!!

Boy, bottom, 28, WM, 170 lbs., stocky, moustache seeks hairy, raunchy Daddy/top, to 55, to use/teach me. Prefer hairy, uncut, beer belly, but all mature masters will command me, for himself or to entertain same friends. No scars or scat. Learning to enjoy leather, CB/TT, WS, FF and all kinky fun! Let me learn to satisfy you. S.E. Florida; and Detroit/Chicago tri-annually. Box 4806LF

OKLAHOMA

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)

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

BALLS! BALLS! BALLS!

Bearded Daddy, 6'2", 200 lbs., ex-football player into leather and uniforms, 8" and good-sized nuts needs slave with l-o-w hangers. Special Hellfire technique performed to those balls that make this Daddy take notice. PO Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154

LEATHER MASTERS

Leather Daddy likes to watch his hot boy get worked on by other hot leathermen in our fully equipped playroom. Photo/response to PO Box 19759, Portland, OR 97219.

OREGON

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

EXCELLENT COCKSUCKER

Athletic, slender bottom, 30ish, wants AIDS-safe top for monogamous raunch. PO Box 06734, Portland, OR 97206

LEATHER/BONDAGE

35, slim, seeks buddies for ass work, TT, BD, WS, CBT. Box 5056

PENNSYLVANIA

VERSATILE BOTTOM

needs hung 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.

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

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)

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control, you set the limits. 37 year old bondage slave needs natural master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel to your domaine. (LF4674)

MASOCHIST/SON

wanted by 43 yr. old Harley riding Leatherman into boots, ass-kicking, body-punching, ball-torture and VA. You can expect to be face-fucked while hooded and bound, have a dildo used on your throat and ass, and submit in general. Few toys needed—just boots, leather and fists. No theatrics wanted. Attitude is all-important. TLC possible for right person afterward. Prefer under 30, slim, however, all considered. Fisting a plus. Visit NYC frequently. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF.

DUNGEON MASTER

6', 165 lbs., 48 year old master. Greek active, French passive, requires obedient slave for training, S&M, B/D, WS, etc. Limits respected and expanded. Assistant masters also welcome. Send respectful letter with phone to PO Box 7363, Philadelphia, PA 19101. (LF4836)

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Tel: (415) 538-4038

SUBMISSIVE MASOCHIST
5'8" blond, slim, 28, submissive masochist seeking sadists in Ohio. Turned on by chains, rape, torture, possible gang rape if the gang is healthy. Box 5035

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX
I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br. hair, gr. eyes, swimmer's build, straight appearing, good-looking, 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, PO Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401 (LF4047)

HOT BOTTOM
30, 6', 155 lbs., have a hungry hole that can't get enough action. Need hot, hung tops into Gr, Fr, FF, TT, shaving, spanking and leather. Box 5097

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.

WORSHIP BOOTS & FEET
Goodlooking, masculine WM, 38 5/6", trim 140 lbs., brown hair/eyes/moustache, into hot, imaginative, mutually stimulating boot/foot scenes, wrestling, B&D, S&M, body worship, V/A. Can also enjoy just good masculine companionship. Versatile and health conscious. Travel Northeast/Midwest often. RW, Box 332, Harrisburg, PA 17108, (LF4897)

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

ASSMASTER
seeks dildofuckholes for humiliation trips, VA, C&BT, toys, "smoke," aroma, J/O, safe-sex. Good attitude preferred to great bodies, though latter a plus. Reply with photo and/or description to Box 36065, Philadelphia, PA 19112.

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX
I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br. hair, gr. eyes, swimmer's build, straight appearing, good-looking, 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, PO Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401 (LF4047)

RHODE ISLAND

STRICTLY SAFE EXPLORATION
Healthy, 40, 5'11", well equipped, would like to explore physical B/D, emotional father/son potential and limits out in country setting. Box 5094

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

SLAVE/SON SEEKS MASTER/DAD
Hot, white male, good build, mid-30s, submissive, seeks a hot Master to serve, please and learn by. My cock, ass, balls and tits are for your use and fantasy. Seek a Master who is firm, dominate, in control and yet is understanding and desires to teach me to be the perfect slave/son I am meant to be. Bond me, spread-eagle me. I am hot and wild for a man in leather. Not into drugs, but into good times. Will travel New England area. Please consider, Sir. Box 5075LF

SOUTH CAROLINA

SLAVE/BOTTOM
White male, 30s, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, WS, long, hot sessions of servitude with genuine Leather Master. Do anything within my power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter and pic to Box 4862.

HOT SON LOOKING FOR HAIRY DADDY

I am white, 32, married male looking for hot stud for daddy, uncle, older brother type relationship. I am a bottom who is Greek passive, French active, love to receive tit torture, cock and ball work, watersports. Looking to enjoy these activities in a SAFE context. Really turned on by a hairy body—the more the better—but attitude more important than looks or age. If you need a hot, submissive eager-to-please masculine partner, contact: Boxholder, PO Box 16291, Greenville, SC 29606. Complete discretion expected and assured. (LF4829)

HUNKY WHITE MALE

White male, 30, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, W/S, long hot sessions of servitude with genuine leather Master. Do anything within my power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter & pic to Box 4862LF.

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE ANIMAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6', 150 lbs., 46 yrs., greying-black hair, beard and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7-inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, low-swingin' balls and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 61LF

MAN-SEX

Mostly bottom yearns for mostly top masculine partner into all SM exploration and satisfaction. ME: 32, 5'9", 170 lbs., white, hairy, AIDS-aware, rough and ready. YOU: trim, preferably tall, any race, imaginative, intelligent. Box 5010

TEXAS

LEATHER/UNIFORMS/BOOTS

WM, 31, 5'11", 175, hairy ex-cop seeks others who turn on to uniforms, leather, and high black boots. Also into SM, B&D, TT, WS & condoms. Photo/phone gets first response. Houston area preferred—some travel possible. Box 4528LF

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.

BIG DALLAS NIPPLES

want to be manhandled. GWM, 37, slim (6', 155 lbs.) seeks muscular or trim topman/men for C&BT, TT, WS, shaving, obedience training & B/D. Healthy sex only. No fats, crazys, or over 45. Dungeon a plus. Picture preferred, but not required. Box 4722LF

SLAVE

Obsessions: blood, boots, branding, breath control, bondage, choking, confinement, control, discipline, dog training, domination, electricity, gloves, gut punching, hoods, interrogation, knives, leather, needles, piercing, piss, rimming, shaving, sweat, tattoos, torture, uniforms, violence. Interests: ash-tray, enemas, fisting, plastic, rubber, Satanism, scat, whippings, serving lovers. Pretty much anything for intelligent MASTER. (713) 928-3318. (LF4792)

WM, 31, 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. Foto required for immediate reply (21-35 yrs. only). PO Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234

"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!" Drummer Box 3853.

MASTER AVAILABLE

East Texas Master available. 42, 6'1", 190, big brother or dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe sex. Box 4949LF

HISPANIC SLAVE WANTED

East European, 36, 5'9", 150, uncut, is looking for permanent relationship with slave/bottom, 20-30, uncut, moustache, submissive. Send resume with address, phone and photo to Box 4864LF

EAST TEXAS MASTER AVAILABLE

42, 6'1", 190, Big Brother or Dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe-sex Box 4949LF

EXPAND MY LIMITS

Dallas 33-year-old bottom wants to meet a top who truly enjoys introducing an eager student to the pleasures of leathersex. So far, I've only tried tit torture, spanking and bondage. I am uncut, 6', 210 lbs., hairy body. Anxiously awaiting your reply, Sir! Box 4987LF

COPS

White, 32, 6'2", hunky, desires dominant cops (legit). Turn-ons: touch, sound and smell of hot leather, beer bellies, hot hairy men. Safe, sane and healthy. Box 4995

HOUSTON AREA

White top, 43, 6'1", 190 lbs., Houston area. Porno, wrestling, dominance, Leather Fraternity member. Nothing else needs to be said. Box 4949LF

SERIOUS FISTERS WANTED

Topmen/versatile, singles/groups, serious fists/holes. Call Don, (214) 522-0086. Size/durability/experience are important, race/color are not.

CROTCH SNIFFERS

Arrogant Houston stud, 6', 165 lbs., humiliates and abuses brown-nosing wimps. Box 5074

DRUMMER DAD

WM, 51, 5'9", 161. Into leather, police uniforms, rubber, enemas, boots, tits, toys, lite SM and considered versatile. Safe sex practices. Educated, professionally employed, music and arts. Real cops and firemen, discretion assured. Relationship? No fems or overweights. Bob (214) 526-7354.

"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

UTAH

NOVICE SEEKS INSTRUCTION

Tall, attractive, 34, 6'2", 170 lbs., creative, seeks Master who is experienced and gentle for training. Limitations, no drugs, scat, fems or fats. Sir: Please reply with photo and phone no. to P.E.P., PO Box 683, Ogden, UT 84402.

VIRGINIA

READY TO SERVE

Leatherman seeks to serve other leathermen. Blond, blue-eyed and pierced, willing and ready to serve. Located in Tidewater, VA. Your photo will get my reply. Dan from Virginia. Box 4953LF

SEEKING DADDY

I'm 25, 6', 170 lbs., muscular and hung. Recently I graduated from college and am now on a man hunt. I dig leather, slings, dildoes, poppers, cockrings and big-dicked Daddies. Into any scene containing hot man-to-man action. Send photo and letter to Bob, Rt. #1, Box 632, Wytheville, VA 24382 (LF4854)

UNCUT

WM wants WMs 20-50. Victor, PO Box 8603, Richmond, VA 23226. (804) 285-1435. Photo gets mine!

CONTINUOUSLY AROUSED

You can get worked over in a session wherein you are kept continuously aroused. If you are in the 20-30 year range, smooth body with well-defined chest. Whereabouts doesn't matter, we'll meet. I am in the forties, average looking, experienced and intelligent. Send photo, address (and phone if you care to; I'm discreet). It may lead somewhere! Box 5058LF

WASHINGTON

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

DRUMMER DESIRES

Submit to your Drummer desires. Safely explore your new horizons. Box 4876LF

WHIDBEY ISLAND—NORTH OLYMPICS

I'm a 40-year-old ex-logger, 6'1", slend build, 165 lbs. with tattoos and beard. I am considered good-looking. I'm into grease, mud, suspension, whips, paddles, TT, C&BT and some role playing. I like men who are grubby looking and uninhibited. Age not important but health and shape are. I'm not into FF. If you think we might have something in common how about a photo and some details. I'll respond. Box 4927LF

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

MAN TO MAN, FIST—FIST

Mutual butt-hole exploration and stuffing sought by energetic Seattle man. Safe and sane (surgical gloves available), and very greasy! Mid-30s, hunky build, Italian good looks, and furry. "Open up" and write: include a recent photo and phone no. Box 4538LF

MASOCHIST

28, well-built man needs total SM experience. SWH, Box 1274, Longview, WA 98632.

WESTERN WASHINGTON BED-ROOM BOTTOM

ME: 35, 5'11", 140 lbs., black/hazel, trim, good-looking. Into: leather, boots, bondage, hoods, rubbers, dildoes, toys. YOU: Breathing. Box 5057. Phone (206) 841-2675 (late).

LEATHERS, BOOTS AND HARLEYS

Looking for others into same, prefer biker types, 25-40. Me: 30, 6', 160, brn/brn, bearded, versatile, relationship oriented. SE Washington. Box 5067

VERSATILE TOP/BOTTOM

Purpose: to find man who is independent, intelligent, and comfortable with all roles. Sexually hard driving, creative and dynamic.

Myself: 39, professional, 5'9", 150 lbs., moustache, good body and confident. Partner: Man in his 30s or 40s, cares for his body as much as his mind, extremely versatile (from vanilla to raunch), and as comfortable with the city as the country.

Please respond with letter and photograph; open for mutual exchange. John/Seattle. Box 5081

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

Visiting Calif. May/June, Aug./Sept. Top and/or bottom. Seeks dungeon, rack, whipping, hot wax, pecks, nipple work. Rough scenes. 50, 5'10 1/2", fit, well-muscled and hung. Butch. Keen to see Mr. Leather '86 and Hellfire weekend also. Well-built, nicely spoken young man to 30s as companion and guide (6' surfers A++). Photo please in jeans or speedos (no nudes). Will contribute if necessary. Write airmail to: Advertiser, PO Box 3794, Auckland, New Zealand.

EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER WANTED IN U.S.A.

By bootlicking English WM, 28, uncut 8", 175 lbs. into W/S, SM, BB, Gr/P, dildoes. Want to try FF. Master should be under 45, WM, muscular, hung, into leather, rubber & toys. Playroom a plus. My experience is limited so you will enjoy expanding it. I'm open to most suggestions. Travel Europe, U.S.A. often. Also interested in hearing from leather rubber masters in Europe. Photo and detailed letter please, Sir. You won't be sorry! London. Box 4908

AMERICAN IN GERMANY!

Near Kaiserslautern. 35, 5'11", 160 lbs. biker with full leathers looking for military in Europe. Officers, NCOs into uniforms, leather, bikes, bondage, etc. Must be discreet and AIDS-conscious. Top or bottom. What I dish out I can also take. It's tough to make contact and we never will, if you don't move ass. (If you aren't dedicated to leather and/or uniforms, don't waste your time. If you're one of the few who are, don't lose time—write!) Box 5023

AUSTRALIA

SHIT MASTER

Shit master (40) wants to vary his pig slave's (35) meals. Leathermen/masters interested send airmail letter with asswipe sample. Later your dirty underwear can be sent for photos of slave worshipping and mouth cleaning it. Master will swap samples with masters with slaves to feed. Slaves can

also beg sample from master. All, but those with photo/sample answered first. Box 4726LF

CANADA

READY TO COMMIT

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.

SCOTLAND

SCOTTISH EQUIPMENT SCOTTISH GAMES

What do Scotsmen have under their kilts? EVERYTHING! American Scot seeks to exchange letters and particularly hot photos with other beefy or raunchy Scotsmen. So lads, put on your kilts and start writing and don't forget to include photos of whatever Scottish equipment you have. Scottish regiments welcome. Write B.J., Box 4973.

SWITZERLAND

COMING TO SWITZERLAND?

Visit this muscular top leatherman, 50, 5'11", 160, with moustache, good tits, who is in perfect health (HTLV-neg). You may join him at his daily workout (at the gym) if you are 28-50, good-looking, masculine, preferably muscular and hairy with a well-trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay including deep-plowing, optional FF with heavy VA and mainly extensive mutual raunchy asslicking. Perfect health essential. Write with photo to B. Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basle, Switzerland. (LF5048)

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 accommodations 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

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

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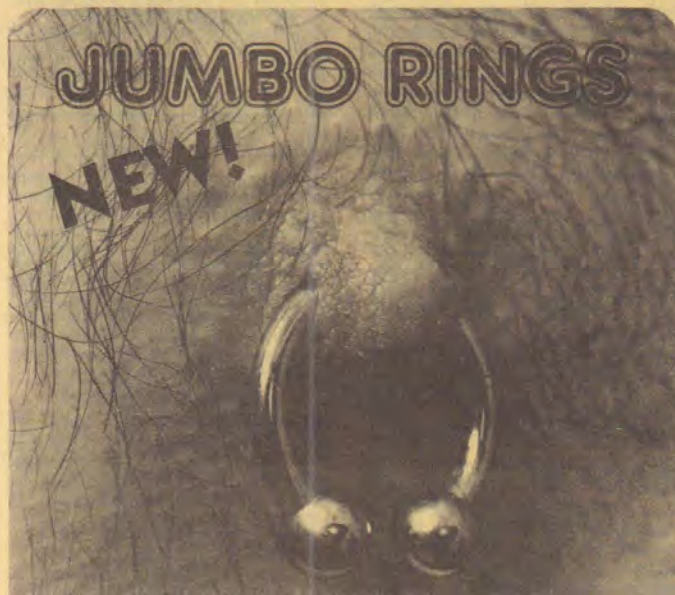
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SADISM ON THE SILVER SCREEN



UNLOVABLE HITCHHIKER: Rutger Hauer gives C. Thomas Powell a pointed reason why he should have listened to his mother's advice in *The Hitcher*.

Two recent films illustrate the difference between SM sex games and violent, psychopathic sadism. Worlds apart in intent, *Nine ½ Weeks* and *The Hitcher* have some surprising similarities.

The Hitcher is a psychological thriller which is open to but not dependent on sexual interpretations.

C. Thomas Howell, whose acting has never been better, offers a ride ("My mother told me never to do this") to rain-soaked Rutger Hauer on a remote Texas highway one stormy night.

Howell: "What are you looking at me like that for?"

Hauer: "Just looking."

As a stalled car looms ahead the man puts his hand on the youth's leg to force his foot down on the gas. A moment later he tells how he dismem-

bered the other car's driver and flashes the knife that did the deed. Stopped at a roadblock Hauer's hand moves to Howell's leg again, this time holding the knife. The guard sees the hand but not the weapon and waves the "sweethearts" on their way. The tension is unbearable at this point.

Hauer caresses Howell's skin with his knife blade in much the way Mickey Rourke does to Kim Basinger's flesh with an ice cube in their first of many sexual encounters in *Nine ½ Weeks*. He picks her up at a New York flea market where she says, "Every time I see you you're smiling at me," a variation on Howell's line above.

This idealized SM romance is flagrantly heterosexual in nature—the affair ends (be-

cause of jealousy, not homophobia) when another woman is brought into it—but I hope some gay directors see it and take notes.

It's lust at first sight for Basinger and Rourke, but she senses danger in his aura and looks uncomfortable. She goes with him to a house in a deserted area, where he plays on her fear by teasing her about how no one can hear her if she cries out.

He takes her to Coney Island and strands her atop a Ferris wheel. Then she goes home with him and removes her dress on command. "May I blindfold you?" he asks, and proceeds to do it.

He: "Does this frighten you?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Does this excite you?"

She: "Yes."

He: "It does me, too."

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CAR...

Howell breaks away from Hauer periodically, but the man has a supernatural ability to catch up with him at will. He arranges for the Texas Rangers to get the impression that Howell was responsible for all the murders his tormentor committed, as the movie descends into a more standard action-adventure, but with some of the best stunts you'll ever see.

As Hauer maintains the upper hand, it gradually becomes apparent that he's really a masochist trying to get Howell to dominate him—even eliminate him. The Dutch actor, who looks more like a blond Paul Newman with every film, plays the most



DITZBALL TWINKIE: Nick (Steve Buscemi) lets his feelings be known to pretty boy Peter (Adam Nathan) in *Parting Glances*, a movie that raised the standards of independent gay films.

complex cinema villain since Norman Bates in the original *Psycho*.

The relationship between the male leads moves to an almost metaphysical plane. "Why are you doing this to me?" Howell asks. Hauer places pennies on his eyes as if the lad were a corpse and says, "You're a smart kid. Figure it out."

There's a variation on that dialogue in *Nine ½ Weeks*. After Rourke's fucked her halfway across New York—the movie's only half over at this point—Basinger asks him, "How did you know I'd respond to you the way I have?" He answers, "I saw myself in you."

Director Adrian Lyne showed in *Flashdance* that he's more concerned with style than substance but is able to weave a satisfying entertainment from style alone, so that's as deep as *Nine ½ Weeks* goes into explaining SM. It's obviously Rourke's regular thing while Basinger is a novice, but neither has ever loved so intensely before. She feels hypnotized and masturbates when she's alone at work.

Meeting him on his Wall Street turf Basinger confides, "Sometimes I wonder what it would be like to be one of the guys." That night Rourke dresses her as a man and takes her out on the town. They get chased by fag-bashers in a silly scene that leads to still more fucking in yet another location.

A riding crop is teasingly introduced but is only used as a prop in a striptease. Basinger rebels when Rourke wants to spank her, and he gets rough (the only time in the film he does), swinging at her and taking her by force.

The important point of *Nine ½ Weeks* is that it's about two consenting adults in a mutually satisfying relationship. The feminists who have trashed it have either overlooked that point or refuse to give their sisters the option of choosing a submissive role—just as some gay men who have eliminated role-playing in their own lives would forbid the rest of us to engage in it.

Two movies. One sexy, one scary. Both rare Hollywood excursions into the SM world.

In one case for pleasure, the other for pain.

"GLANCE"-ING BLOWS

And so we come to love among the vanilla people. At least there's nothing covert about the gayness of *Parting Glances*, set in a New York that's utopian for gays, integration-wise. Income-wise, too: their annual rents must be higher than the budget for this film which, nevertheless, looks polished and professional in every respect.

Whether or not you would choose to associate with the characters in real life, you'll fall in love with them and their story in *Parting Glances*.

Writer-director Bill Sherwood has put a segment of gay (and peripheral nongay) life on screen with canny accuracy, enhancing it with wit when it's needed to keep things from getting too heavy.

Michael (Richard Ganoung) has been with Robert (John Bolger) for six years and things have "gotten too settled, predictable." Robert shakes them up by getting transferred to Africa in his bureaucratic job with "an international health organization."

The real love of Michael's life is Nick (Steve Buscemi), his best friend of ten years' standing. They met in college, where they "had more fun in one weekend than the whole state of New Jersey has had since the signing of the Declaration of Independence." Nick has AIDS, but that's not the focal point of the story. The disease is rarely mentioned by name, assuming we all know what "it" is.

Michael says he and Nick are "two sides of the same coin," but this is rarely conveyed by Ganoung's endearing performance which, except for a surreal Fire Island flashback, is in marked contrast to Buscemi's bitter wit.

It's Nick who aptly describes Robert as looking "like a fuck-in' Ken doll" and Peter (Adam Nathan), the self-confessed "eminently irresistible" child who's pursuing Michael, as "a ditzball twinkie...in the realm of the supertwinkie."

Bolger plays Robert as written—beautiful but boring—but has a speech in a rooftop scene that says as much about relationships as the entire book *The Male Couple*.

The action covers roughly twenty-four hours prior to Robert's departure, as the lovers jog, have sex, go to dinner with Robert's bisexual boss, have sex, go to a party with SoHo's avant-garde set, dance at Limelight, etc. Inbetween they argue some, and Michael checks on Nick periodically to keep him on a "macropsychotic diet." The sex occurs off camera; all we see is some charming playful eroticism.

Parting Glances never gets "too settled, predictable." Despite its structure the film has room for delightful surprises, such as Nick's new wave *Amadeus* fantasy in which a ghost warns him, "Michael's turning you into an opera queen. Stick to baseball, Nick. It's a lot cheaper."

A marvelous mixture of truth and fantasy, *Parting Glances* raises the standards by which future gay independent films will be judged. Peter says, "Your dick knows what it likes." My dick liked this movie, but my heart loved it.

—Steve Warren

ALL HANDS ON DICK

Porn seemed to be entering the modern era with the advent of video. The ease of home usage boosted sales revenues, and this was reflected immediately by increased production values, superior taping equipment and a more professional-looking product. And then—snap! The industry lost touch with reality altogether. While the look of porn has become contemporary, the industry's near-total refusal to acknowledge health concerns has created a chasm between the lives of viewers and performers that is unprecedented.

Although the function of screen sex has always been to broaden our fantasy lives, some reassessment must occur when the fantasies take on the chilling repercussions posed by the presence of a virus in our midst. There have been some encouraging developments in the past few months. Several videos have included safe-sex practices, a forthcoming video will (finally) employ full use of rubbers, and jacking off has been raised to a fine art from the only-when-there's-no-other-alternative status to which it has been relegated in the past.

There have always been men whose primary sexual interest was masturbation. The presence of jack-off networks and clubs in numerous cities attests to that. But with the advent of AIDS a new public turned to JO for sport and relief and found, perhaps to their surprise, more than they bargained for. When shared in groups, JO was not the same solitary sport they indulged in as teenagers or when they came home from the bars without a trick. JO was, instead, a creative and highly erotic act that, when shared, bound the erstwhile solo practitioner into the group in an exchange of communal sexuality and energy that heightened the experience far beyond expectation. Jacking off has finally taken its deserved place as a sexual sport to be reckoned with.



Y'ALL CUM: All Hands On Dick offers a swell bunch of guys with a fine bunch of swollen cocks to educate us on the proper ways to throw a JO party. This is an essential part of sex education you didn't get in high school.

As an adjunct to this popularity, an AIDS-aware group of San Franciscans published a brochure called "How to Have A Jack Off Party in Your Own Home" (see *Drummer 90* or write JO Buddies, 1150 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94103; the brochure is \$2.50 plus 50¢ for postage). It detailed who to invite, what supplies to get, how to set up, break the ice and deal with inappropriate sexual behavior. It's just a tasteful instructional manual filled with photos of hard dicks.

The next step was obvious, and with The Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality as producers, members of JO Buddies have made "All Hands on Dick," a 33-minute, instructional video which shows you how to do it—explicitly.

The video's opening moments reiterate the earlier brochure—supplies, set-up, etc. But then the guests arrive, and the sensual, sexual intimacy of group JO begins to grow. Although marketed as a

sex-education video, documenting the group masturbation parties with which some men are exploring risk reduction in the age of AIDS, there is no reason why "All Hands on Dick" cannot be watched simply to get your rocks off. It's different from commercial porn in that it's real. The twelve participants are friends, real people sharing their lives, instead of performers following a script. They are an attractive group of various types: hairy and smooth, husky and lean, long- and short-haired, from their early thirties into their early forties. One sports a leather hood, others wear jockstraps and studded cock rings. They wear erotic clothing and remove clothing erotically. They share their bodies with each other, secure in their sexual safety and obvious mutual support.

What a swell bunch of fellows, and what a collection of swollen cocks. They party hearty—slapping, pinching, caressing, loving: their sex

play goes the full range from hot and hard to playfully gentle. It flows in waves, following the group energy. There are intense peaks and then slow, sensual build-ups, all accompanied by appropriate music. Best of all is the group laughter and applause as their sexuality sweeps across the room.

Several rounds of orgasms later, the contented men end their party with a group embrace. That is what this video is to the gay community—a sexy, warm embrace. You may at first find its reality far from your expectations of porn. But you'll quickly realize you could be part of this group yourself. Whether you view *All Hands On Dick* as instruction for your own party or as an arousing JO flick, it is this immediacy, the depiction of the possibilities of our sexuality, which makes it a fascinating tape.

(*All Hands On Dick, A Jack Off Party*, \$24.95 plus \$2.50 postage, from The Exodus Trust, 1523 Franklin St., San Francisco, CA 94109.)



NIGHT FLIGHT: O.G. Johnson gets his chance at the well-worn stick of pilot Joe Gere, making him his "dick slave," in Falcon Video's porno response to *Airport* and *Airplane*. But this time there are no pretty stewardesses hogging all the action.

NIGHT FLIGHT

It's been some time since I reported on Falcon Studios, and they're two videos ahead of me. Let's backtrack to Falcon Video 41, the 90-minute feature, *Night Flight*. Falcon, one of the more reliable producers in the field, usually serves up several unrelated vignettes on its videos, but every so often links them with a plot, however slim. *Night Flight* is in the latter style, following Pilot Joe Gere on a commercial flight. He brings it into the airport, retrieves his luggage and returns home to his lover—having sex at each point along the way, of course.

Production values are strong in this video, although undercut some by the addition of dubbed-in slurping and squishing, all completely out of synch with the action. What is the use of Falcon's steady, clear cinematography, excellent lighting and calm editing when such disfigurements are going to be added?

One other complaint—the homophobia and racism that has been scripted for black actor O.G. Johnson. In his first scene he complains to Captain

Gere that he doesn't get "enough" from his wife and is ready for a change. In time-worn fashion, he's soon sucking and fucking the nearest boys. Does the tired fantasy that he's straight really do it for anyone? Later, he barges into Gere's home, shouting, "My wife doesn't want it, but you're gonna get it." His subsequent forceful action may be arousing, but not its motivation. Johnson is a rather ornery-looking and moody fellow, his angry expression looking more like he's having cramps than an orgasm. This dark personality isn't well augmented by the racist attitude of the script. In his first scene, he asks the veteran porn star Buster, "You like that, white boy?" I think it's time this sort of thing was allowed to die out.

Still, the sex is persuasive. Even a pro like Buster can't handle all of Johnson's big, stiff and very dark poker when he sucks it. He takes it up the ass though, with nary more than a whispered "Ahhhh."

Stewards Mark Miller and Ron Pearson make it in the galley before settling in some

seats (aren't there any passengers on board?). Miller is a clean-shaven, lean lad with adult attributes—a light dusting of hair on stomach and chest, a tautly ridged abdomen, a muscular stance, hard cock and a "bitchin'" tattoo. He looks great crouching on a pair of seats, his dick poking up and out for Pearson to straddle.

Buster and Johnson have moved to some other seats, where they are joined by the handsome and solidly built Melchor for a robust three-way. The play of Melchor's muscles is beautiful, and he sure can spread his smooth ass wide—it accommodates all of Buster's face, and then both of his partner's cocks, for some microscopically close shots of a thorough fuck.

The heart of the video is Gere's visit to the luggage room, where baggage clerk Leigh Erickson asks, "How'd you get that weapon through security?" while grabbing Gere's crotch. Erickson has a movie-star face—bone structure for days, blue eyes like tropic pools, and skin, hair and teeth of almost too great a

beauty. He's charismatic and sexually forceful.

Once again, Melchor joins in, for rimming and sucking of fervent sleaziness. Gere is hardly surprised when Erickson produces a huge dildo from a desk drawer. Gere's contorted face is a beauty as he eagerly pulls the dildo into his ass, and Erickson doesn't spare him an inch of it with unmerciful plunges.

The last scene finds Gere and his lover (Kurt Marshall) rimming contentedly after Gere's arrival home. Gere opens his ass to Marshall's fingers, receiving them all up to the last knuckle in an almost-fistfuck which brings him off. While Marshall showers, Johnson arrives in his ugly mood, and throws a near rape of a fuck at Gere, who begs for it all and gets in clinically detailed close-ups while shouting, "Make me your dick slave!" It's a rousing, if mean, conclusion from the dependable Falcon Studios.

(*Night Flight*, \$49.95 plus \$3 postage, from Falcon Studios, PO Box 750, San Francisco, CA 94103.)

John F. Karr

DRUMMEDIA BOOKS

Boyd McDonald's **Wads: True Homosexual Experiences from S.T.H. Writers, Volume 6** (Gay Sunshine Press, PO Box 40397, San Francisco CA 94140, 192 pages, \$13 postpaid) is merely as magnificent as the first five volumes in the series—the equally delectably entitled *Meat, Flesh, Sex, Cum, and Juice*.

Most written pornography can't make it stand up after the first reading because few porn writers are trying to create the primal eroticism that's found in McDonald's books.

McDonald aims for tales that will never lose their raw power, achieving his nonpareil success by breaking most of the conventions of pornography: he leaves in the "bad parts." Men with small cocks, orgasms that aren't earth-shattering, unhappy sexual encounters—all have their place in *Wads*. Porno stories often seem generic; they blur together. The accounts in *Wads* are remarkably individualized. McDonald's generally anonymous and non-professional writers have a passion that's almost impossible to find anywhere else.

There's a feeling of intimacy in *Wads* and the other McDonalds books. You don't feel like you're reading formulaic JO stories, but like you're reading letters from friends, complete with asides, digressions, sudden breaks in the narrative. No "cupfuls and cupfuls of creamy, delicious, hot manjism" appear in *Wads*. The prevailing style is plain, direct, almost clinical, as if striving to destroy the whole notion of pornographic fiction. McDonald is the Jack Webb of sex writing: he wants just the facts.

It's a mistake to over-intellectualize *Wads*, but the effect of the book is definitely Proustian. We are taken into the minds of the writers, feeling what they feel, seeing what they see, tasting what they taste, smelling what they smell. *Wads* is a memory book, full of unforgettable experi-

ences. Reading these accounts by men of the men they can't forget makes us remember the men we can't forget. The sex-now-priceless chapbooks ("Prepared," according to issue 42 "by Concerned Christianity on the page combines with our own sexual memories to overwhelm our consciousnesses.

McDonald is self-effacing about his magnificent achievement; he says he's merely collecting writing on "general subjects of universal interest." But his editorial hand is omnipresent, shaping the material, commenting on it, making it "realer." The vignettes in *Wads* are kept short (sometimes no longer than a few lines); the longer accounts are broken up with McDonald's inimitable titles: "Youth in toilet is angelic but shitty" (I suspect some other hand in that one; McDonald is more apt to have originally written "Yute in terlet..."), "Cock-crazy communists," "Airline steward shows beach boys how to suck their own meat," "2 Arabs, Englishman help U.S. Marine fuck boy's shit-hole." Boredom never surfaces in *Wads*, not even in the monographs where there's no genital sex. McDonald realizes that not getting laid can be as erotic as having sex, that sometimes the sight of a passing man is hotter than a night at the baths, that life is a constant sensual delight.

Wads is invaluable as JO material; it's got sexually redeeming significance spewing out over every page. But the book also gives voice to McDonald as social and literary critic. A devastating critique of Peter Manso's book *Mailer: His Life and Times* is prefaced "Caution: do not read this book if you are offended by people who are openly heterosexual." Felice Picano and Dennis Altman come in for karate chops of criticism. And one of my pet hates, Midge Decter, "born to be a boxer, somehow wound up as an edi-

trix. Perhaps she simply feels uncomfortable with men who aren't as hard as she is."

In addition to functioning as a nonjudgemental Kinsey for gay men, Rev. Boyd moonlights as the funniest, most audacious, and most astute critic the movies have ever had. His column on films in *Christopher Street* is the only bright spot in that dreary, chi-chi rag, and a collection of these writings (as well as some others) is now available in *Cruising The Movies: A Sexual Guide To "Oldies" on TV* (Gay Presses of New York, PO Box 294, Village Station, New York NY 10014, \$10.95).

Cruising The Movies is a unique, uproarious, madly obsessive book. Pauline Kael might have written it had she spent her formative years watching Jean Renoir movies less and sniffing well-worn jockstraps more.

Like McDonald's sex books, *Cruising The Movies* is free from bullshit. The movies, like hot sex, are for everyone. No prissy cineaste, McDonald writes, "I have confined my studies to pictures which are available on commercial TV. I watched them on a GE b/w receiver. It cost \$80 and has brought me an estimated \$80 million worth of ecstasy." And what gems these movies are! *The Big Circus* (1959), *Bomba and the Hidden City* (1950)—whose star, Johnny Sheffield, found his life taking a "tragic turn": "he married and became a father," *Cry of the City* (1948), *A Date With The Falcon* (1941), the sublime *Fireball 500* (1966), and the film McDonald regards as "arguably perfect," 1952's *Macao*. ("Macao is like an Everard Baths with beaded curtains, wicker furniture, and women; the players look as though they can't stand the sight of each other, yet want to suck each other off.")

McDonald has great love for these old movies, and it's a love untainted by camp. He's not being perverse when he sings the praises of Hope Emerson, Jane Russell, David

Nelson, Annette Funicello; he responds to them innocently, enjoying them for the pleasure they provide him, just as he enjoys the "nasty boys," school toughs, sailors, cops and truck drivers of *Wads*.

Every page of *Cruising the Movies* is ripe for pullquotes, just as every page of *Wads* is ripe for pulling your dick. Fans of excellent writing by the gay writer with the clearest vision about our society might even get hard over *Cruising the Movies*. It's the most entertaining book of the year, and one of the best books by a gay writer ever written.

"Trust your instincts (unless you're a Republican)," McDonald writes. He certainly trusts his, zeroing in on the virtual comic subtheme of cocksucking in *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*, criticizing today's young actors as "conscientious but unconvincing students in a school for heterosexual training," seeing in Gary Cooper "the immense dignity which comes only from being well sucked," and noting that Ronald Reagan's legs in *John Loves Mary* are so "ladylike" that "Only heterosexuals could have cast this picture; homosexuals are more demanding and would have to see an actor's legs before 'inking' him for a picture in which he displays them twice. A polite homosexual, upon seeing Ronnie's legs in audition, would say, 'I'm sorry; a rude one would use the emphatic homosexual word for no, 'Please.'"

Cruising the Movies is the perfect book to read when your dick is too sore to take any more of *Wads*. "The proprietor of a movie still store," McDonald reports, "told me that he knows of a man who killed himself when Gail (Patrick) died. I suppose I ought to've to, but I just couldn't, I'm sorry." Rev. Boyd's millions of fans are certainly glad he somehow found the courage to go on living in a world without Gail Patrick.

—T.R. Witomski

TRUE LOVE *Continued from page 25*

"Yes, here, Dumbo, and step on it. Drop your pants and lean over that desk. I don't want to tell you again."

Paul looked at Red Eye, but Red Eye looked away, down to the desk where he began to clear a space.

Paul dropped his pants. He had to. Blushing, he gathered up his shirt and let Jerry position him, legs apart, belly down, over the desk. Red Eye opened a jar of lubricant and Jerry greased one of the eggs. After some struggle, it went in.

"That was fun," Jerry said, "just like a vacuum cleaner. Let's try another one."

By then the two other men had joined them and stood watching as Jerry greased a second egg. It hurt Paul and would not go in as easily. One of the men urged Jerry on and the other stood watching quietly as Jerry slapped Paul's ass and forced the egg up inside him. Paul moaned and tried to draw his legs together but Jerry wouldn't let him. Paul was sweating hard, his whole body wet.

"Jerry, please, that's enough."

"One more," Jerry said, stepping back for a fuller view. "One more egg... or the dildo. Which will it be?"

"The dildo," said the quiet man.

"The egg then," Paul said, "please, just the egg."

But he couldn't take the third one after all. He tried, but the weight inside him was already unbelievable and his body would not open to accept more, not in that situation. When Jerry told the other men to help hold Paul down, Paul yelled and broke free, and grabbed in confusion to pull his pants up. He was trembling at what he had done.

"I..."

Jerry slapped him. He was embarrassed in front of the others.

"Get dressed and go home now," he said, "to your own place. I'll deal with you later."

Paul bolted down the stairs, still fumbling with his pants. To Red Eye, who had discretely removed the third egg, Jerry said,

no—he wanted it still. He knew that chicken-shit pansy asshole would be on his knees begging for it later.

Paul went home in a panic: he had never seriously disobeyed Jerry before. He knew he should have forced himself to take the third egg, but at the time he couldn't. Even now, walking up the three flights of stairs to his apartment, the two pounds inside him felt like two hundred.

He didn't know if Jerry would expect him to leave the eggs inside. It probably would not matter now. He went into the bathroom and removed them, one by one, into the palm of his hand. He washed them and dried them and set them on his dresser. Then he showered and waited for Jerry.

He was asleep when the buzzer finally rang at three A.M. Paul stumbled to the door and opened it and found Jerry there, grinning broadly. He had been drinking.

"Hi, Bowser."

Paul hung his head in shame.

"Well... aren't you going to invite me in?"

Paul stepped aside and Jerry entered the apartment.

"Jerry, I'm awfully sorry about tonight..."

But Jerry didn't want to hear about it.

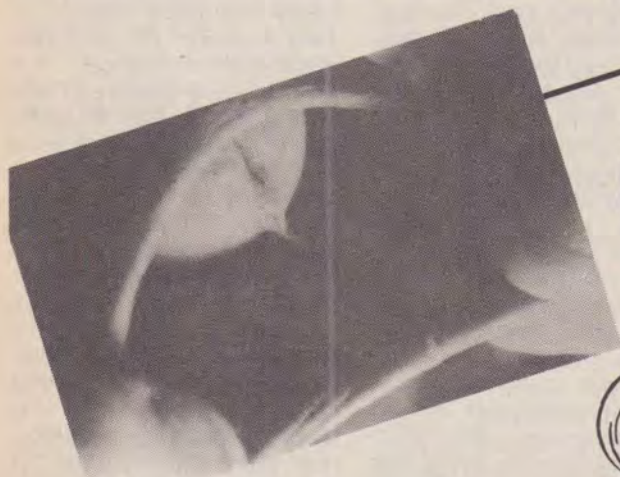
"Not now," he said. He closed the door, then took Paul in his arms and kissed him. His breath smelled of bourbon and cigarettes and it turned Paul on.

"I'm not so mad anymore," Jerry said. "I forget sometimes that you're just a little girl. Are you still wearing them?"

"No, but you can put them back in if you want."

"I don't," Jerry said. "I want to fuck you tonight the way ordinary people do. Go take a douche." He slapped Paul on the ass and sent him off toward the bathroom.

When Paul returned Jerry was undressed and in bed, propped up on one arm, smoking. He put his cigarette out and lifted the sheet. Paul climbed into Jerry's arms and rubbed his face in the coarse, dark hair on his chest. He kissed and licked



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Jerry's armpits, intoxicated now himself on the smell of his lover. They kissed a long kiss, and then kissed again. Paul couldn't believe it was happening.

"Got any grease?" Jerry asked later. He had been caressing inside Paul with his fingers. Paul reached down for the Vaseline.

Pain was not a part of their lovemaking that night. Jerry fucked Paul long and lovingly. They kissed again, passionately, and Jerry kissed Paul's neck and nipples too. When he came he came intensely, then lay inside Paul a long time afterwards and withdrew only when he had to piss.

"Keep my cum inside you for a while," he said, wiping his cock on the sheet. "See if you can keep that up there anyway."

Paul's heart jumped, but the comment did not seem to signal a change in mood. Jerry was still smiling when he came back from the bathroom. He leaned down and kissed Paul gently on the nose, then began to get dressed.

"We'll sleep apart tonight, okay? It's late and I want to get some rest. Call me from work tomorrow."

Paul didn't want Jerry to go. He watched Jerry from the bed, feeling empty now because he was leaving. Every piece of clothing brought it that much closer.

"Can't I come with you?"

"No."

"I'll sleep on the floor..."

"I said no." Jerry sat on the bed and reached for his boots.

"I'm sorry about the eggs."

"Fuck the eggs."

"I can take them now if you want," Paul said, sounding ashamed and almost pleading, "two, three, four—as many as you want. Do you want to stay and put them in me?"

"No, thank you," Jerry said, pulling on his jacket. He took the eggs off the dresser. "I was just trying them out on you anyway. Actually, I bought them for Keith."

He put the eggs in his jacket pockets and left.

A few days later Paul noticed a discharge from his rectum. When it was still happening that evening he told Jerry about it.

"Oh, then it is the clap," Jerry said, "thanks. I was afraid that was what I had. You'd better go to the clinic tomorrow—there's not enough tetracycline left for both of us."

"I hate it when you nag me," Jerry said. It was three months into their affair. "And I'm beginning to hate you, too. I used to like you, but now I think I hate you. I don't even know why I put up with you anymore." He was trying to read.

"I'm sorry. It's just that the Castro Theatre is showing *Nights of Cabiria*, and I thought..."

"Don't you understand yet that I don't expect you to think? Or to talk either? Now shut up."

"Yes, Sir."

Paul shut up. They were in Jerry's living room, Jerry on the couch fully dressed, a book open in his lap, and Paul naked on the floor beside him. They hadn't gone out together in a long time, and Paul had hoped that that night they would. But Jerry had planned it as another quiet evening at home.

Paul sat there silently, thinking about when he too used to read, and go out to the movies, or just go out with friends he no longer saw, when suddenly Jerry closed his book and stood up.

"All right," he said, "you win—*Nights of Cabiria* is one of my favorites." He dialed the theater for the times, then called a cab. "We can just make it," he said.

Paul started for the bedroom to get dressed, but Jerry stopped him.

"It's warm out tonight. You won't need a jacket."

"You're not serious."

"Deadly."

Paul was completely naked.

"But I can't go to Castro Street like this—I'd be arrested."

"That would keep you out of my hair for a while," Jerry said, "but no, you're right. Better put on a jockstrap."

That was not good enough for Paul.

"No," he said, "I won't. I mean, I can't go on the streets in just a jockstrap."

But Jerry thought he could. Although Paul was sure that Jerry would never intentionally break his arm, he also knew how close he would come to it. That's how, when the cab arrived, Jerry forced Paul, in only a jockstrap, down the front steps and into the street.

"What is it, Halloween already?" the driver said.

"Take us to the Castro Theatre." Jerry pushed Paul into the cab, then followed.

"Well, I don't know, this guy ain't dressed. I don't want to get in trouble or nothing."

"You won't get in trouble. Twenty bucks says you won't get in trouble."

"Twenty? You're on." He got in and slammed the door. "I'd appreciate it if you guys didn't smoke back there."

Jerry flipped his cigarette out into the street. The driver dropped the flag and started off down the narrow alley Jerry lived on. He made a right onto another alley, then entered the busy traffic of Eighth Street.

"What is there, a candlelight march or something in the Castro? I took about a million of you guys up there tonight."

"I don't know," Jerry said. He hoped there was a candlelight march. "We're just going to the movies."

But they didn't. Jerry knew how much he could get away with, even on Casiro Street, and he was sure the theater wouldn't let Paul in like that. He just wanted to teach him a lesson. He gave in to Paul's pleading by the time they reached Duboce and had the driver turn back.

"I don't want to be seen with such a whiny queen anyway," he said.

At home Paul got quickly out of the cab and started up the stairs, but Jerry stayed and closed the door behind him.

"I'll bring back a pizza if I remember," he said.

Paul stopped halfway up the stairs.

"But I don't have a key. What am I supposed to do while you're gone?"

Jerry didn't know.

"Sit on it. The porch, I mean."

"All night?"

"For chrissakes, you would have once. Anyway, this isn't *Gone with the Wind*. I'll be back in an hour and a half."

And he went off to see *Nights of Cabiria* alone.

It was inevitable that sooner or later Jerry would break something of Paul's. When he did, it was a rib. When Paul got back from the doctor's with his chest bandaged Jerry put him to bed and made Campbell's chicken with rice soup. He was gentle and caring.

But he soon became bored. He announced one day that he had two weeks vacation left, and that he was going to take it. He moved Paul back to his own apartment, to recover by himself, then flew down to Venice Beach. He met a man named Eric there, at a bar called the Black Cat, and they spent the rest of Jerry's vacation together. By the time Jerry was ready to leave, Eric was thinking of relocating in San Francisco.

At first Paul felt an unbearable loss when Jerry went away on his vacation. But as soon as he realized that there was nothing he could do about it, the loss became more bearable, and was eventually replaced by just a dull feeling of emptiness.

Free of Jerry's spell for a while, sent back to the apartment he'd been visiting lately only to collect the mail, Paul became aware again of his own possessions, and of his own life.

As best he could with his injury, he cleaned the tiny place and aired it out. He became acquainted again with its only view, a slice of the Bay Bridge from the kitchen window. He met the cat who had taken possession of the small back porch and, through flattery, gained back a portion of it. He read there most afternoons. He played his own music again, and made his own meals. The drag queens downstairs asked him where he'd been. The man at the corner deli did too. The weather was exception-

ally beautiful for April, a string of brisk, sunny days. One day he spent too much on flowers.

All this time he was thinking about Jerry, who was never far from his mind. But now, suddenly, he also began to think about Paul. He stood naked in front of the mirror every day, studying his body. If he felt remorse, he also felt fascination at the damages he saw. He couldn't keep his eyes off himself.

He traced his bruises again and again, grew concerned about his looks, about the weight he'd lost, started crying one day when he stared too long at the bandage around his chest. That's what fascinated him most, the bandage. Jerry had actually broken a rib.

When Jerry got back he called Paul at work.

"Feeling better?"

"Yes, thank you, I'm all well now. How was your trip?"

"So-so. Listen, I didn't forget that Monday was your birthday. Let's celebrate it belatedly. Meet me at the SoMa Hotel tonight around seven. Room three forty-five. I have a surprise."

"Jerry, I'd rather talk first if you don't mind."

There was a brief silence that sent a chill through Paul, then Jerry said: "Seven o'clock. Room three forty-five. Don't be late." And he hung up.

Paul had planned to ask Jerry to backtrack—not to stop the kind of sex they were having, but not to go so fast either, to back up to before there was so much violence.

But Jerry didn't want to talk, so Paul kept the appointment. He arrived early and found Jerry already in the room, fucking a man of about his own age. The door was open and the sour room smelled of poppers.

"Come on in," Jerry said. "Sit here on the bed. I'll be through with this pig in a minute." It was not meant as an insult and the man did not take it as one. Instead, he pushed himself harder onto Jerry.

Paul sat on the narrow bed, on the twisted sheets, close enough to kiss Jerry's ass, to rub his face in the sweat there, but he knew better than to do that. He watched, and he waited for the sounds Jerry made to signal that he was coming, to warn that he was going in even deeper. Then the climax, and the rush of sweat Paul knew so well. Then came the part he resented most having to see, those few moments of affection afterwards that were more threatening than sex.

When the man was gone Jerry returned to the bed and sat beside Paul. He was naked and Paul was still fully clothed, even to his jacket. Jerry wiped his hair with a towel, then reached under the bed.

"I brought you back a present from L.A.," he said, handing Paul a brown paper bag. Inside was a new leather collar, with "Bowser" spelled out in silver studs, and a new chain leash. Jerry watched Paul, beaming.

"Happy birthday," he said.

"Thank you. Look, Jerry... please... I would like to talk first if you don't mind. I don't feel right here tonight."

"We'll talk later," Jerry said. "Now get out of those clothes and put on your new collar."

He went over to the sink and began to piss in it. Paul started to undress, then remembered the open door and closed it.

"Aren't you the modest one," Jerry said, watching through the filthy mirror over the filthy sink. Paul shrugged and continued to undress.

"By the way," Jerry said, "do you remember Keith? That fellow I was seeing? The one who liked to do it out on his lawn?"

"Yes."

"Well, you'll be happy to know that it's all over between us. I called him before I left and told him so. That's another birthday present."

"Thank you."

When he was undressed Paul sat back down on the bed and put on his new collar. The leash hung down his chest and curled on the floor.

"Get me hard again," Jerry said, moving over to stand in front

of the bed. He had put on his jockstrap, but his cock and balls were pushed out the side of the pouch.

Paul took Jerry's cock in his mouth. It was greasy and damp and smelled of the other man. Despite a feeling of sadness, Paul became aroused. He made desperate love to Jerry and Jerry grew hard. But when he grew hard enough, he withdrew and pushed his erect cock back inside the pouch.

"Time for your walk now," he said, tugging at the leash. "Down on your hands and knees."

I brought you back a present from L.A.," he said, handing Paul a brown paper bag. Inside was a new leather collar, with "Bowser" spelled out in silver studs, and a new chain leash. Jerry watched Paul, beaming.

Paul obeyed and let Jerry parade him around the room. But when they reached the door and Jerry opened it and said "Let's see who else is here tonight," Paul resisted. Jerry yanked at the leash and dragged Paul halfway across the threshold.

"Listen, 'nothing,'" Jerry said. "What's the big idea? I've been away for two weeks and you're supposed to be happy to see me again, but all I've been getting from you tonight is attitude."

He yanked again at the leash. Paul forced his fingers under the collar so he could breathe, then went back down on his hands and knees. He didn't resist this time when Jerry led him out into the hallway.

I don't know if you ever went to the SoMa Hotel when it was open... you didn't? Well I have, once or twice, and I will say that it lived up to its reputation for filth, especially around the toilets on each floor.

That's where Jerry led Paul that night, on his hands and knees, down the third-floor corridor to the toilet. It was a large one—four stalls and six urinals—and it was a dirty one. In keeping with the SoMa's charisma, one of the toilets was backed up, and most of the urinals were clogged with tissue and cigarettes. Three men were hanging around the room, mostly naked, trying to keep themselves aroused while waiting for something to happen.

"It's my dog's birthday," Jerry announced, kicking Paul into the room. "Does anyone have to piss?"

They all did. Without speaking the three men moved over to Paul, still on his hands and knees, and began to piss on him. After a nod from Jerry, one of the men put his cock in Paul's mouth, to piss there. But he proved to be piss-shy and, after the merest trickle, pulled out again and moved aside, and became more aroused by watching. The other men continued.

When they were finished Jerry made Paul roll around on the floor, then he led him over to one of the urinals and tried to push his face in it. Paul struggled, but Jerry put pressure on his mended rib, and when Paul moved to relieve it Jerry was able to push his face into the bowl. When he grabbed Paul by the hair and pulled him up again, his face was dripping wet.

"I hate it when you disobey me," Jerry said. "It makes me look so bad in front of the others."

"I'm sorry."

"For your punishment you will lick the bowl of this pisser clean. With your tongue. I want to see you lap up all this good piss other men have left behind." Paul looked up pleadingly, but Jerry's eyes were ice cold. "Or I will break one... and then the other... of your arms."

Paul grasped the urinal on either side and began to lick at the porcelain around the bowl.

"That's better," Jerry said, and he watched for a while. Then he moved behind Paul and lifted him up off his knees, and Paul felt his cheeks being spread and felt a cock push up inside him. He assumed it was Jerry's, and suddenly everything was all right, but in a moment his lover appeared beside him again.

"You pig," Jerry said. "I knew that someday I'd watch you lick the bowl of a public toilet."

Paul glanced up and saw Jerry smiling down at him. He also saw that a new man had joined them. He stood beside Jerry, quietly watching too. He was about ten years older than Paul, nicely tanned, his dark, curly hair and beard making a halo around his face. Jerry had his arm around him.

"I know it's your birthday party, Bowser," Jerry said, "and you want to have fun, but I'd like to have some fun too. Do you mind?"

He turned the new man around and positioned him over a urinal, legs apart. He spit in his hand and transferred it to his cock, then he eased himself up inside the man and began to fuck him with an intensity that Paul found threatening. All the while Jerry was fucking the man he kept watching Paul, and Paul kept watching him.

"I love you," Paul said.

"Well, you've got a funny way of proving it," Jerry kissed the back of the man he was fucking. "Oh, I almost forgot, this is Eric, the surprise I told you about. I met him when I was in Los Angeles, and he's come to stay with me for a while. He's my new dog now."

This denouement turned on the man who was fucking Paul, and he began to make warning noises in his throat. It also turned on the watching men, who increased their own stroking. Paul didn't notice any of this—he was too shocked by what Jerry had just told him.

"It means we're through," Jerry said, to make sure Paul understood.

He did. The look of grief that crossed his face made Jerry come—long before he had planned to.

"You prick," Jerry said. He pulled himself out of Eric, then pulled Paul rudely off the man who was fucking him. The man shot into the air, and then one of the others did too.

"You ruined it," Jerry said indignantly. "I wasn't ready to come yet." He punched Paul in the stomach with such force that he sent him down on the floor in a sitting position. Jerry put a foot on Paul's rib cage and pushed him all the way down on his back. He left his foot there, threatening pressure.

"I love you, Jerry," Paul said.

"Then prove it."

He motioned Eric over to Paul, still pinned down on his back. The other men moved in to watch. Jerry told Eric to squat down over Paul's face and to spread his cheeks.

"It's all you'll have left of me, Bowser," Jerry said. "Open wide."

Paul opened his mouth. When the first drops fell and hit him on the cheek, he began to cry. He couldn't help it.

Confused, or just embarrassed, Eric and the watching men began to draw away, but Jerry put his hand on Eric's shoulder and pushed him back down.

"All of it," he said. "I want him to have all my cum."

Eric obeyed, then stepped aside and looked down at what he had done. Paul continued to cry. He lay there in the filth and cried.

He found his clothes piled neatly in front of room 345 when he got back from the showers. He was still crying, but more gently now. He had lost Jerry.

At the front desk he learned what he already knew—the room had been vacated. He was surprised to see that it was only 9:30. He phoned Jerry from the first pay phone he came to, but Jerry wasn't home yet, or he wasn't answering. He called again, unsuccessfully, from a gas station, then went to Jerry's apartment, where no amount of knocking or pleading opened the

door. The lights were off, but Paul knew they were inside—he could hear them whispering. He stayed on the porch all night, then began again in the morning. Finally Jerry responded.

"No one is home now," he said through the door. "Please try again later."

That gave Paul hope—Jerry might send the man from Los Angeles away for a few hours, and they could talk. But when Paul returned, around noon, it was to a silent apartment. His possessions were outside the door, stacked carelessly in two

"For your punishment you will lick the bowl of this pisser clean. With your tongue. I want to see you lap up all this good piss other men have left behind." Paul looked up pleadingly, but Jerry's eyes were ice cold. "Or I will break one... and then the other... of your arms."

cardboard boxes. He took them home, then called Jerry every fifteen minutes from his own apartment. But Jerry wouldn't answer. Even when the lights remained on that evening and Jerry made no pretense of being out, he still wouldn't answer the door.

Paul waited on the street outside Jerry's apartment the next day, but Jerry ignored him, brushed him aside, told him to get another lover, threatened to call the cops, once actually pushed him in front of a slow-moving car. I have all this from Buster. When Paul saw Jerry with Eric, on the street or in a bar, he could not approach. He knew they were laughing at him, and he fled.

He lost his job and almost lost his apartment. He was completely alone, except for me—I was the only one he could turn to.

Regardless of what Jerry says, I did not try to make Paul my lover after that. I prefer men my own age. I merely held his hand while he put his life back together again. I listened to him, helped him keep the apartment, got him the job at Gumps, took him out once in a while, gave him a copy of "I Will Survive." I helped him heal, and of course he was grateful.

It wasn't my fault that Jerry's big romance from L.A. turned out to be a bimbo. And if Jerry grew jealous when he saw Paul and me having a good time together—well, that wasn't my fault either. I thought Jerry made it pretty obvious that he was through with Paul, and I told Paul so. I never expected Jerry to start phoning Paul again, was surprised to find him waiting on the doorstep one night when I dropped Paul off after a movie, was astonished when Paul called me the next day to say that Jerry had spent the night. If I were writing this story I'd have had Paul turn his back on Jerry, get an unlisted number, even move. I told him as much. I'd have had Paul meet someone his own age, develop a normal homosexual relationship, perhaps move to The River.

But we're talking real life now, not some romantic novel.

Jerry wanted Paul back—he insisted on it—cried over it—demanded it—threatened me with bodily harm—made all sorts of promises—said he was crazy—said there was no one else for him except Paul—even blamed the Los Angeles smog. And, like a fool, Paul believed him and went back.

That was two months ago and I haven't seen them since. I suppose they're living happily-ever-after now, but I wouldn't bet on it. I mean—you know Jerry. □

DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of OLDER MEN

ERIC'S FIRST LOVE— HIS DADDY

Five years ago my wife and I were divorced and went our separate ways. Our only son Eric was just entering his first year of college at the University of Miami to study architecture. My ex-wife moved to Atlanta and my son lived with me in my two bedroom condo in Coconut Grove. His first semester of studies went well. As the weeks and months passed, we found ourselves doing a lot of things together and spending all of our free time enjoying each other's presence. Eric and I, since he was twelve years old, have been very close. With me being a construction worker, I used to take him to the different construction sites and explain to him the type of work that I did. This was taking place during his high school years and at the time that he was maturing into a young man.

As I watched my son develop into manhood, I was constantly amazed how much he looked like me in every physical aspect. It wasn't until the summer after his high school graduation that we both began doing things together almost on a day-to-day basis.

My wife's profession kept her traveling a great deal, which was one of the many reasons for our divorce. When I would come home in the afternoon from a hard, hot day's work in the construction field, Eric would always be waiting for me with cold beers and a warm smile. The first thing I would always do is strip down to a pair of cut-offs and sit in our small enclosed outdoor patio and relax. Eric always would join me and we would talk about my work and the things he was doing with his summer vacation.

One summer early evening I

had just gotten home from work and found my boy sitting in the patio with nothing on but a pair of dirty sweat socks and a jockstrap. I didn't question his dress for a while, thinking that he had just returned from playing tennis with some of his friends. I went into my bedroom to put on my cut-offs and as I was changing clothes Eric was standing in the doorway with a cold beer. We sat on the patio and talked about his college education and what he had in mind for his future. As we drank our beers, Eric was preparing something on the outdoor grill for dinner. It was very hot and humid and the both of us were sweating like fucking animals.

After my fourth beer, I found myself admiring my son's beautiful body and his blond hair that covered his tan body and sparkled with beads of his salty sweat.

As the coals were getting hot, Eric sat across from me still in his jock and started asking me about my youth and what I was doing when I was his present age of eighteen. As I spoke of my younger years of growing up in Arkansas, I noticed that his jock was beginning to fill up with his swelling cock. At one point, he put his right foot on the seat of his canvas chair and it was as if he planned to show off his thick, blond, hairy asshole to me. I tried to keep the conversation going, but found my own uncut dick getting stiff in my loose cut-offs.

I asked for another beer, which sent my son off to the kitchen and gave me a moment to try and adjust my cock and balls in my shorts. When he returned with two beers he was showing a full hard-on in his jock. We tried having some small talk, but as we did, we

both were watching each other's crotch grow hard. When I leaned over to get a cigar from the small table in front of me, I felt the end of my half-hard cock slip out of my shorts.

For some reason, I have always had a dark, uncut cock and a heavy set of balls. This particular trait was also passed on to my son which I was always proud of. My foreskin has always been extra long and loose which my wife never particularly cared for. At least I won out when Eric was born not to have him circumcised. I guess I wanted him to be like me as much as possible.

It got to the point that I was beginning to enjoy the head of my cock and my hairy, dark nuts hanging out of my shorts and letting my son admire them. I was dressed only in my filthy cut-offs and probably looked like a real pig off the streets. My big feet were coated with dirt and sweat from the day on the construction site and I was sweating like a goat and probably smelled like one.

Eric kept his hand over his filled jock and asked me if he could show me something that was very dear to him. He went to his bedroom and when he returned he handed me a framed photograph of the two of us that was made the previous summer on a trip to the Florida Keys. The entire framed photo was covered with many dried loads of what looked like his cum. I turned and looked into his blue eyes and knew that instant that my son and I were becoming more than just a father and son pair.

I pulled his face into mine and gave him my tongue to taste and enjoy. He slowly knelt next to me and started kissing and licking my sweaty

chest and hairy armpits. As I watched and felt my son make love to my body, I was feeling proud that this situation was taking place. I felt his tongue probing into my foreskin. His tongue licked the inside of my sweaty crotch and finally worked its way down to my big, sweaty feet. I leaned back in my chair and enjoyed my handsome boy licking and sucking on his daddy's feet. I finally pulled him up to a standing position and told him to go get in his daddy's bed.



I followed my son into my bedroom and watched him look deep into my eyes as he laid on his back, resting his head on my pillow. I slowly pulled the jock off of his body and pitched it on the floor. Eric's cock was hard as steel and his dark foreskin was completely retracted back behind his big, wet, tender cock head. His dick was a good 7½" in length and about the same thickness as mine. His open red pisshole was dripping with precum and his big, hairy balls were pulled up tight against his crotch ready to explode their thick, sweet juice. My last experience in being with a man was twenty years ago when I was in a trade school studying construction. I wondered if this was my son's first experience with man. I knew that answer would come in time.

I slipped my shorts off and laid my sweaty body next to my son's. I pulled his tense body into mine and felt his warm tongue licking the sweat off my pits. I looked into his eyes and told him to give me his open mouth. He parted his

mouth as I completely took his entire mouth into mine. I worked up a full mouth of thick spit and fed it to my boy slowly with my long tongue. I could feel him swallow my wads of spit and suck on my tongue as if he couldn't get enough.

I slowly pulled his arms over his head and pushed my face into his thick, hairy armpits. I licked his salty pits for a few minutes and slowly worked my mouth over his hard tits and hairy chest. By the time I worked my tongue down to his sweaty crotch I could see his hard cock wet with precum. I knew that if I touched his cock with my tongue he would shoot his load everywhere. I bypassed his cock and balls and started licking the insides of his thighs. His muscular legs opened wide as I worked my tongue underneath his musty-smelling nuts.

My boy's legs were wide open and I eased my tongue against his hairy, tight asshole. The smell and taste of my son's shithole had me so fucking hot it wouldn't have taken much for me to blow my load over the both of us. I licked and kissed his moist, hairy asshole and slowly slipped my stiff tongue deep inside of him. I heard my son say "Please love me, Daddy." The more he begged me, the faster I ate his sweaty asshole.

I pushed my sons legs up to his shoulders and filled his hole with a couple of heavy loads of my spit. The bitter-sweet taste of his hole had my head spinning like crazy. I sucked on his hole until he was good and filled with my spit. I eased my hard dick next to his hole and pulled my loose foreskin back behind my wet cockhead. I looked into my boys eyes and asked him if he wanted his daddy's cock deep inside of him. Before he could say a word, I eased my fat head inside of him and held it there for a moment.

I told him to open his mouth good and wide and let Daddy fill him up with his thick, warm spit. As heavy loads of my juice filled my boy's mouth I slowly eased my hard cock inside of his tight asshole. I then took his spit-filled mouth into mine and sucked my own juice out of his mouth and then gave it

back to him to swallow and enjoy

As he sucked my tongue down his throat, I eased my cock all the way into his gut. I fucked his sweet-tasting hole very slowly for about ten minutes until I could see into his face that he was beginning to feel some pain. He asked for more of my spit and tongue which I fed him with pleasure. As he sucked my tongue down his throat and drank my spit I was about to shoot my wad deep inside of my son's body. I gave him a couple of hard, deep pumps of my cock and blew my heavy cream deep inside of my boys gut. As I eased my cock out of his loose asshole I kept his legs pushed over his shoulders and slowly sucked my wad of cum out of his asshole

His cock was up semihard from being fucked. I took his dick into my mouth and chewed on his foreskin until his meat grew to a full erection. In a matter of seconds my son's ass lifted up off the bed and I tasted his full, thick load fill up my mouth and throat. I saved a mouthful of his juice and pulled myself on top of him and fed his open mouth with his own thick juice.

Eric asked me if he could sleep with me that evening and, of course, I said that he could. We then had dinner out on the patio in the nude and returned back to my bedroom to enjoy each other's body again.

That evening was the beginning of a four year father/son-Master/slave relationship. Eric has recently graduated from college and is now working for an architectural firm in Chicago. We both see each other as often as possible and still make love as we did on our first night. I am now living in the Pacific Northwest and still in construction work. I am hoping that some day in the near future, I will be lucky to find myself another young boy to make love to and become his daddy.

R.L.B.
Seattle, WA

Do you have a Daddy/son story? Send to: *Drummer Daddies*, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. □

THE LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

Well, guys, I'm back with *Drummer*, so I'm offering you the opportunity of sending me your material on bike clubs, runs and special events to be mentioned in this column.

The rules are the same as before. Get your copy in by the third of each month for the following month's issue.

You guys will remember that this column helped you to up the number of participants in your events. This will be your column.

Pictures or club logos will help to illustrate you needs. The column will only be one page in *Drummer*, so keep it short and sweet.

Besides announcements of coming events, you might consider sending me a run-down of some events that you had. Pictures of individuals, not groups, will have to be accompanied by a release from the person in the photograph. I don't promise to always publish the picture, but I will try.

Drummer is read by leathermen across the country so direct all of your mail to me in care of *Drummer*, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142-2009.

I do have some items for you for this issue:

MASATCH LEATHERMEN MOTORCYCLE CLUB of Salt Lake City, Utah, held a fund raiser the AIDS project/Utah-Salt Lake AIDS Foundation. More and more groups have been holding these money-raising events for our brothers. I hope it was a really successful event.

THE 15 ASSOCIATION which I helped found has just had its sixth anniversary party in February. The 15 is one of San Francisco's more responsible SM groups. Safe and sane sex and SM are it's watchword. If you are interested in becoming involved in The 15 Association contact them at PO Box 421302, San Francisco, CA 94142-1302.

THE NEW YORK BONDAGE CLUB is preparing a book called *Bound and Gagged*. If you have material for this book, please send it to them. They want personal experiences. This book could be the definitive study on bondage and it should receive everyone's attention. Responsible SM has been the hallmark of SM participants and this book would be a must for those who are new to the scene and even for the old hands. The address for your material is NYBC, PO Box 204, New York, NY 10028. They have about half of the book completed, so get off of your duffs and give them your experiences.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINEERS MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF COLORADO is holding its 15th Annual Golden Fleece Run. Now here is an old and prestigious run, one that I have reported on in the past. The run will start on the evening of Thursday, July 3 and continue until breakfast on Sunday morning, July 6. Believe me when I tell you that this is one of the big events in Denver every summer. If you are interested then drop them a line and get your registration form. The Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club of Colorado, Inc., PO Box 2629, Denver, CO 80201. Do it now, because registration becomes fast and furious by the first of June and you may be left out.

Just as we were going to press, I received posters for the **ECMC** run in Zurich, Switzerland from May 16-19. **THE EUROPEAN MOTORCYCLE CLUBS** have a full itinerary of events throughout the year which are hosted by member clubs from the British Isles across Europe. If you are interested in the Swiss run in May, write ECME, Postfach 725, CH-8025, Zurich, Switzerland.

Remember, guys, if you want your upcoming events in *Drummer* send it on to me. Let it all hang out, Brothers!

Frank O'Rourke
DRUMMER 85

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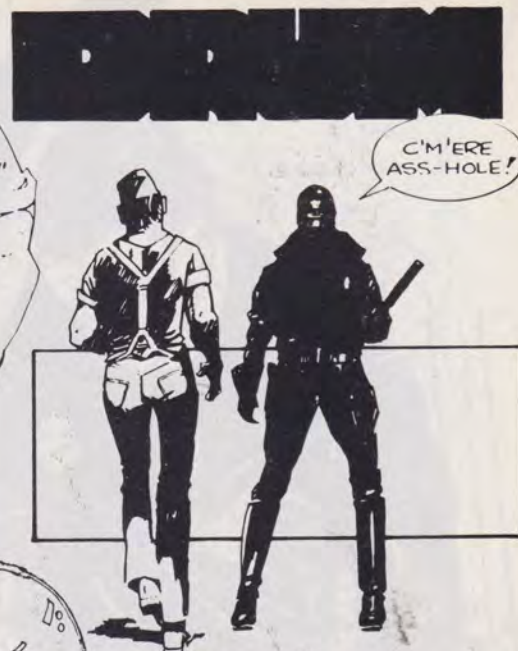
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YOU'VE BLOWN ALL HIS FUSES... RUINED THE CIRCUITS BURNED OUT ALL THE WHATSITS!

WE WERE HAVING SUCH FUN 'TILL YOU CAME ALONG! SOB!

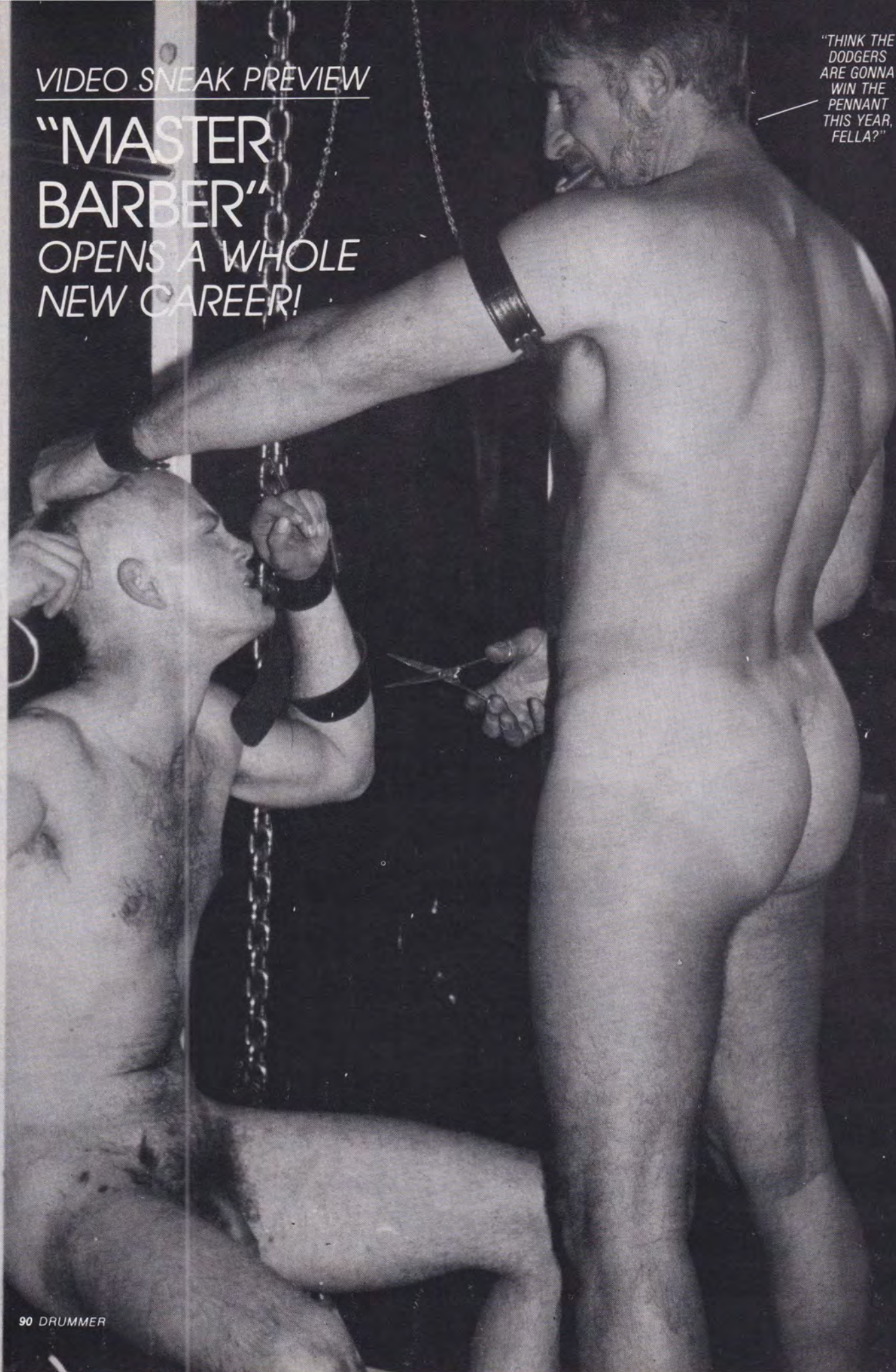


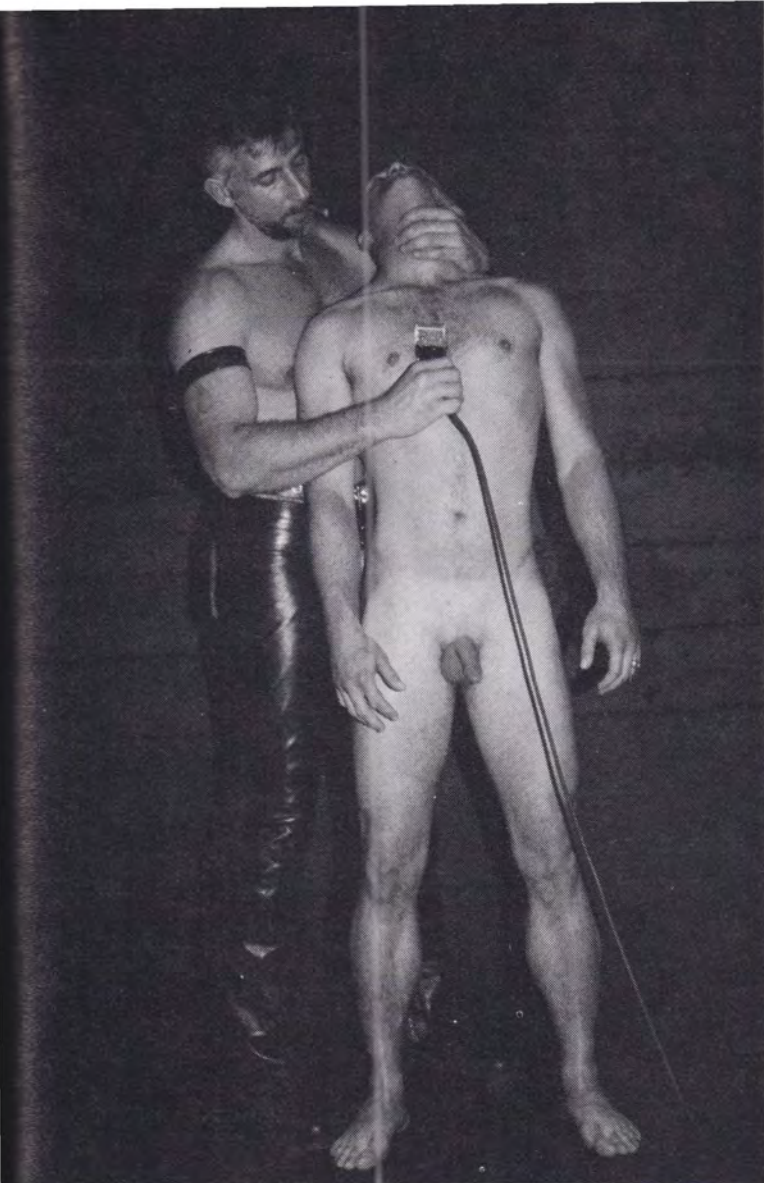
VIDEO SNEAK PREVIEW

"MASTER BARBER"

OPENS A WHOLE
NEW CAREER!

"THINK THE
DODGERS
ARE GONNA
WIN THE
PENNANT
THIS YEAR,
FELLA?"



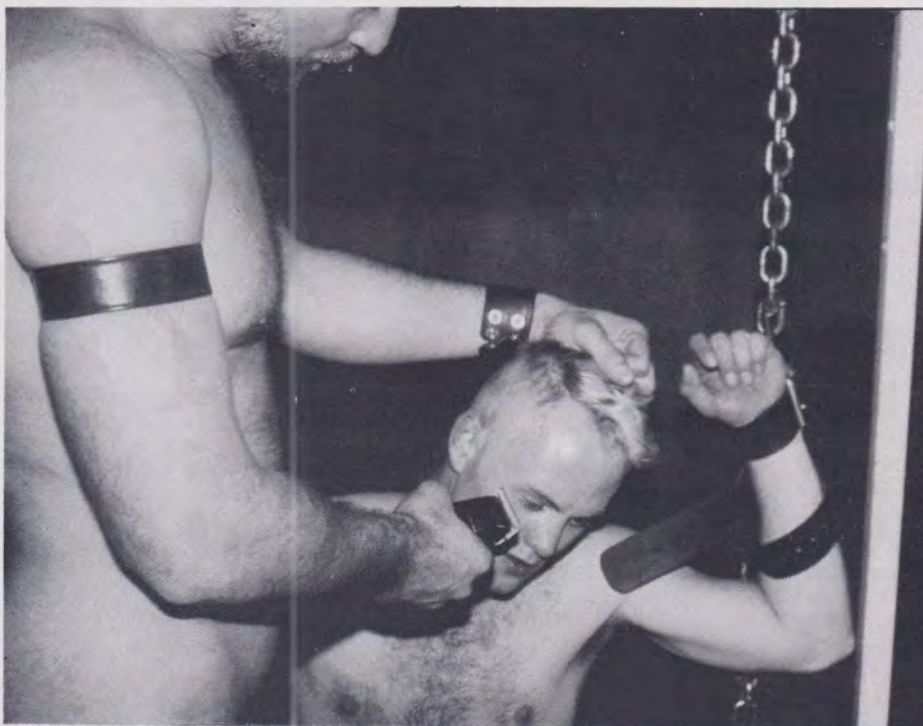


The cameras stopped rolling for a minute and everyone sat down to relax with a beer, a cup of coffee or a cigarette. All except poor Hanz Facht, who was already sitting down in the swing, hands fastened to the chains on each side with a buttplug up his ass, which was connected to the wooden part of the swing.

Suddenly without warning Ken Savage grabbed a pair of shears and the electric clippers they keep for trimming excess hair here and there. "The kid needs a haircut," he announced and started in on protesting Hanz. It was another minute or two before the cameramen realized this was an occasion, one deserving to be immortalized on videotape. Ken already had Hanz's head well in hand and was shearing him in the grand old tradition of an army barber.

"I'm gonna give him some white-walls," Ken announced to a waiting world as well as to the other principals in Wings Video's filming of Robert Payne's *Care & Training of The Male Slave*. Jeff Turner had been installed in the stocks and Matt Christie was in the cage. It was obvious that Ken was mad with power that comes from having a humming clip-





VIDEO SNEAK PREVIEW
**"MASTER
 BARBER"**

92 DRUMMER

ping machine in his hand and a fifty-foot cord attached to limitless electricity.

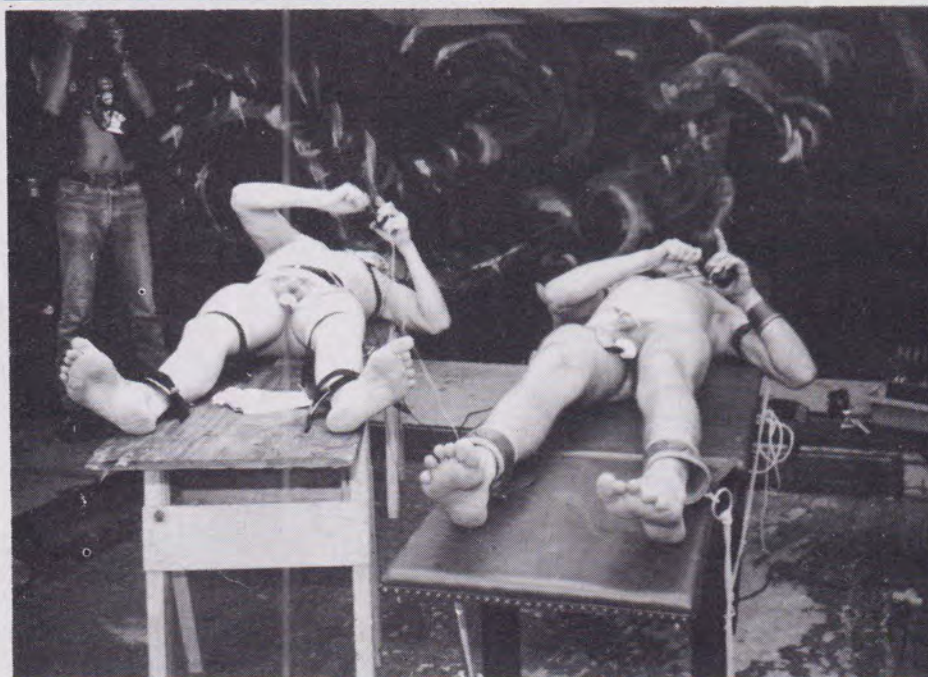
The director, who had ceased to give anybody any direction at this point, handed Ken a can of Barbasol and Hanz began looking like a 5'10" Frostie-Freeze. The clippers had already raced up and down his torso and there was body hair in all directions on the platform. Now came the straight edge. Hanz was in shock and Ken was in heaven. The cameras kept turning.

The next day as they viewed the rushes, it was obvious that here was a story of its own. Both Jeff and Matt were turned on to the whole scene and actually volunteered to get body-shaved themselves. That is exactly what happened for two more hours and whenever they drop by Wings Studios or The Compound, Ken makes them strip down to check on the hair growth. It is coming along nicely, thank you, and it won't be long before it is ready to harvest again.

This harvesting has been given a title of its own and while bits of it will be in *CARE & TRAINING* and maybe *BEST & WORST OF DRUMMER* the whole shaving, clipping, bloodletting happenings will be released shortly as *MASTER BARBER*. With these tapes under his razor, along with *SLAVES FOR SALE*, Ken should qualify for his barber's license before too long. □



EXCLUSIVE SORT OF
**HELLFIRE
 INFERNO**



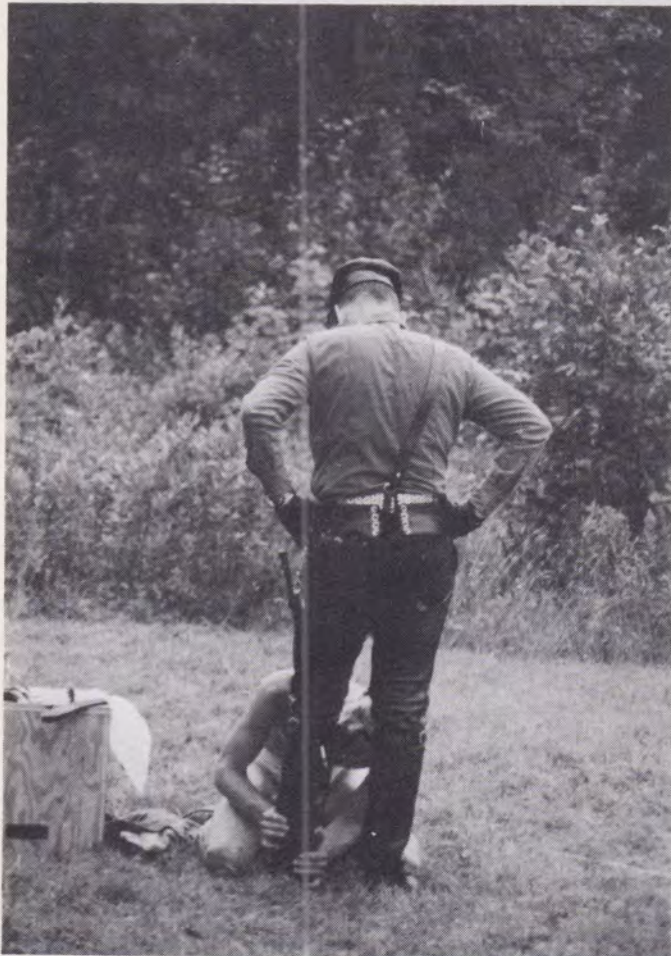
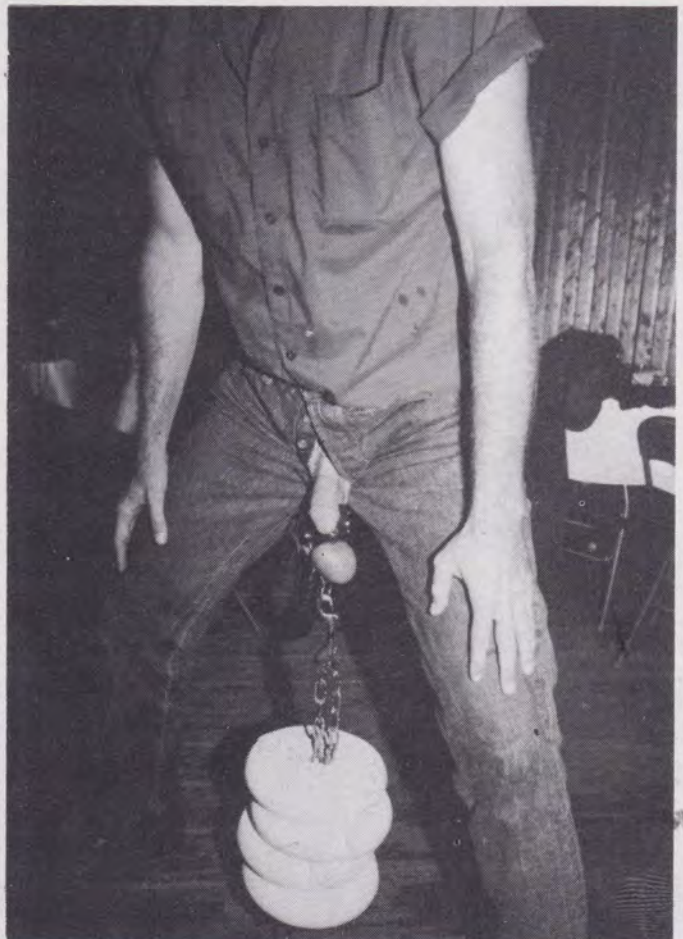
THE FIRST ACCOUNT OF THIS
 LATEST INFAMOUS AND
 EXCITING SM WEEKEND!

PHOTOGRAPHY DONE FOR US
 BY FLEDERMAUS, NO LESS!

The Chicago Hellfire Club's great moment of truth each year is its Inferno weekend and this past year was no exception. Except that this time there was to be no photographic coverage as in years past. However, Fledermaus, publisher of *Dungeonmaster* and a mainstay in the Hellfire Club was very much on the scene and was gracious enough to write an account of this most successful of Inferno weekends. It will appear in the new *MACH 10*, along with Fledermaus's personal shots of the carryings-on. We have his permission to give *DRUMMER* readers this somewhat scaled-down coverage and whet their appetite for the *MACH* version.

The bottoms were nude and bound, chained and mummified, branded and electrified. The whip was used like a master artist's brush and hunky bodies, shaved and unshaved, were suspended, stacked, strapped, wheeled and shackled for the amusement of their Masters, their tops and obviously for themselves.

A glorious weekend, all in all, and we are indebted to Fledermaus for his words and music.



Part of the fun included a plaster-of-Paris bandaging ala da Vinci's circle without disturbing the subject's locked cock. Weight lifting with your balls gave them a good workout. Masters and slaves showing the extent and excellence of their training.



The anguish of the clothespin torture is apparent as the lad above suffers and gets his jollies at the same time. His shaved pubic area gets special attention by The Man in Charge.

A slave obediently awaits his whipping, above, and to the right, we see enough wedding rings to certify that the wearer certainly belongs to somebody somewhere.

TOUGH CUSTOMERS

Tough Customers is our way of sharing the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

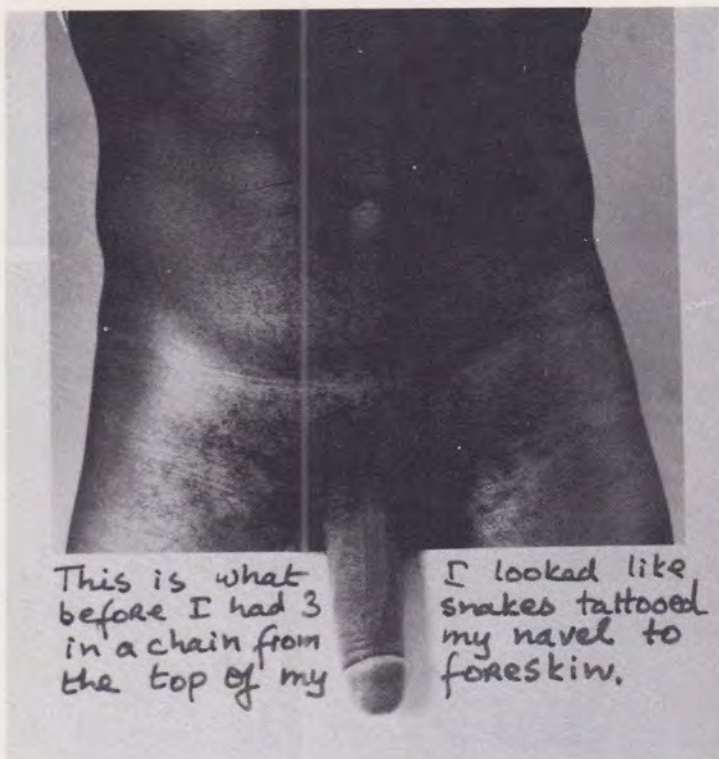
Wanna join in? Send your photo (crisp black and white reproduces best) to: Tough Customers, *Drummer*, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, California 94142-2009. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo, and include your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Sorry, photos can't be returned.)

Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number on the back flap in pencil; put that inside *another* envelope and mail it to the address above, along with a measly quarter for handling. See ya around!

A SLEEPING VOLCANO: *This Seattle man boasts an asshole just waiting to be explored. TC 1142 is an all-natural, nonsubstance user. A moustached and hairy assman, he appreciates like-minded hunks who are also "manually dexterous." Are you the one to turn him into Mt. St. Helen?*



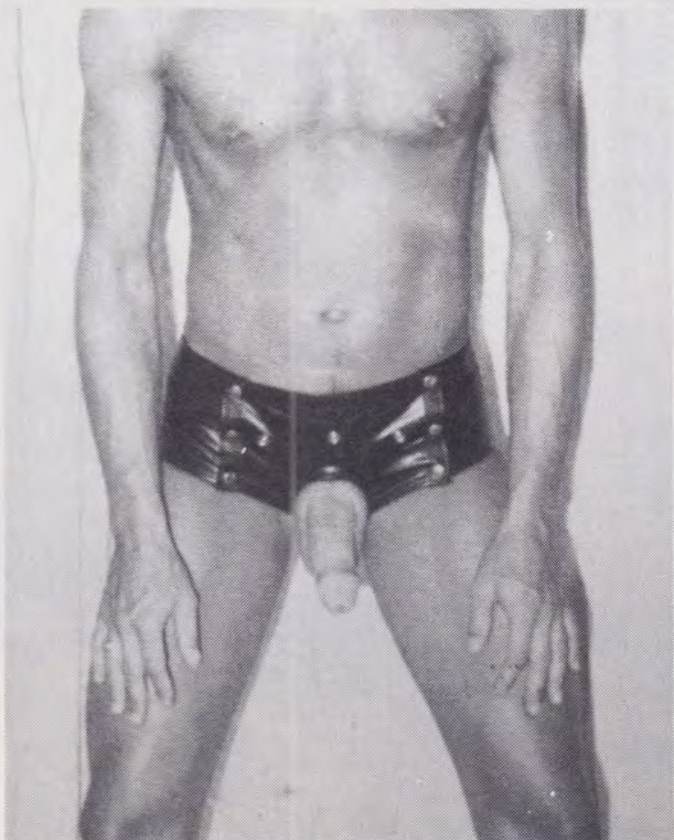
OH, DADDY! *This hunky dude in western New York state is a fan of the great outdoors (and he's got a spot picked out for you behind the bushes). He's looking for a hot, muscular leather son who knows how to take proper care of a daddy. If you fit the bill and haven't ruined the picture by drooling all over it, write to TC 1144.*



UNCUT: This "teddy bear dropout of 44 winters" lives in Northern Ireland and is hoping for another hot and preferably hairy bear to drop in for wrestles, cuddles and almost "chthonic" pleasure (that means "pertaining to the underworld"—this guy must really be weird). Write TC 1141, if you appreciate an uncut sense of humor with an overhang of Blarney.



NOVICE SLAVE: This Florida Gulf Coast boy is looking for the right Master. If you're between 22 and 38, beardless and trim, write TC 1145.



HANG ON IT! It takes two views to get a good grasp on the seven plus uncut inches this boy is offering imaginative safe-sex leathermasters. He's getting into titwork, CBT, bondage,

weights, slings, clamps, collars, hoods, mirrors, groups, gag and dildoes. If you'd like to swing with this blue-eyed, blond, Chicago boy write to TC 1143.

WINGS VIDEO
PRESENTS

EVERY HAIR ON YOUR BODY IS A CHALLENGE FOR THIS MAN!



60 MINUTES OF HAIR-RAISING EROTICA

STARRING

KEN SAVAGE MATT CHRISTIE
HANZ FACHT JEFF TURNER

DRUMMER magazine calls it, "A sixty-minute hard-on. We don't know why, but a young study forcibly having his hair taken away from his is a hell of a turn-on. And nobody does it better than Ken Savage."

ACTUAL SESSIONS

THIS IS FOR REAL! You might call these "outtakes" from CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE. During the shooting, KEN SAVAGE got carried away and decided that one of the models needed a haircut, GI style! The fellow didn't like the idea but there wasn't too much he could do about it. He loves it now and Ken had another volunteer for a head-to-toe cut and shave.

"MASTER BARBER" LIST PRICE 59.95

PRE-RELEASE PRICE

49⁹⁵

Special price good until April 30 only. Add \$1 for postage.



WINGS VIDEO

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CLIMB ABOARD, MEN!



YOUR VITALITY, YOUR ENERGY, YOUR STAMINA ARE AS IMPORTANT TO YOU AS YOUR IMMUNE SYSTEM. They all are dependent on what you do or don't eat, how you live and how you maintain your body. And a lot of us should be ashamed of how we abuse our systems. Fast foods, eaten on the run. Smoking and other indulgences all take their toll.

VITA-MEN Labs guarantee this super mega formula to be the finest available or your money back. We formulated this copyrighted formula for our own use, for family and friends, and we insist on their using them without fail. But it is too good to keep to ourselves. VITA-MEN may cost a few pennies more a day, although there are lesser formulas that sell for just as much. Believe us, it's worth it. You are worth it—aren't you?

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