


THE 'INSTEAD OF' MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

495

WHO
WILL BE
MR.
DRUMMER
'86?

ISSUE 94

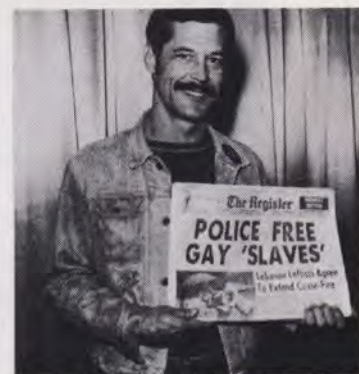


"BUT I DON'T WANTA BE
MR. DRUMMER.
I JUST CAME BY
TO READ THE
METERS!"

DRUMMER

"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



Ten years ago this past month, the LEATHER FRATERNITY threw a charity slave auction on a Saturday night in Los Angeles. An ever-watchful snoop at the post office intercepted an invitation, tipped off the LAPD Vice Squad and the little event made considerable history. At that time, it seemed that Edward M. Davis, police chief, was preparing to run for governor and this was his chance at the soft underbelly of the gay community—leathermen, whom he equated with child molesters and axe murderers. A real attention getter, a SLAVE AUCTION!

He was at least partially right. When he sent one hundred and seven troops, accompanied by helicopters and local television news cameras (which just happened to be in the neighborhood at one in the morning), it hit the front pages of newspapers all across the nation. Mostly because there wasn't much of anything else happening that particular weekend.

When the big bust turned out to be a false, ol' Ed lied a little and said there were "only" sixty-some cops involved and that he wasn't directly involved.

The Fuzz also raided the homes of DRUMMER's publisher and its editor, their automobiles, offices and printing plant. Everything collected by the raid's mastermind, Lt. Lloyd Martin, was thrown out by a pre-trial judge but, motivated mostly by a fear of Davis, the prosecution marched on under the auspices of District Attorney John Van de Kamp, now California Attorney General. L.A. City Attorney Burt Pine, refused to prosecute any of the forty people arrested that night.

Telephones were illegally tapped for some time, defendants followed and the printing offices were graced with clandestine visits at night in hopes of finding some kind of evidence of anything. There was another raid one morning when printing plant employees were herded into offices and the entire place gone over, looking for who-knows-what. A half-dozen TV and radio news crews rushed over and Martin and his squad suddenly became very polite, storming off with more "evidence" which was quietly returned after we received a postcard to come down and retrieve our property.

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Cover: Joe Altman went out and found his own candidate for Mr. Drummer '86, photographed wearing little more than a cap and a Honda Gold Wing.

Opposite Page: Audience at the Mr. Drummer show, too numerous to give individual credit to. We can't even determine who took it.

VOLUME 10 / NUMBER 94

N I N A G L A S E R

A NEW BODY OF WORK

ACCOMPANYING POEM BY ROBERT GOLDSTEIN



HIS

His obvious filthy macho—

His shredded jeans tucked into
Gestapo marching boots—

His ass snugged up by design—

His wandering gaze above his
man friends head—

His hands halt the jiggling
of her hips—



His arm is long he reaches
for the baby—

His long black coat barely
fits his shoulders—

His legs are smooth with youth—

He stubs out his cigarette
and lopes aboard the plane.

Like God I am about to
move across the face of
the boy in the

'CIAO' sweatshirt

I will follow the line of
those scripted red letters
right down to the faded
denim lump.





© NINA GLASER

My fingers trace 'good-bye'
across his belly—

I speak in tongues between
his thighs—

The Latin names for his anatomy:

Vas Deferens—
Prostate—
Frenum—

I lick the fold of skin that
runs from the base of his Penis
to his Rectum—

I do not stop at the Anus but
continue as is proper—

I will discover why each word is
perfect for each piece—

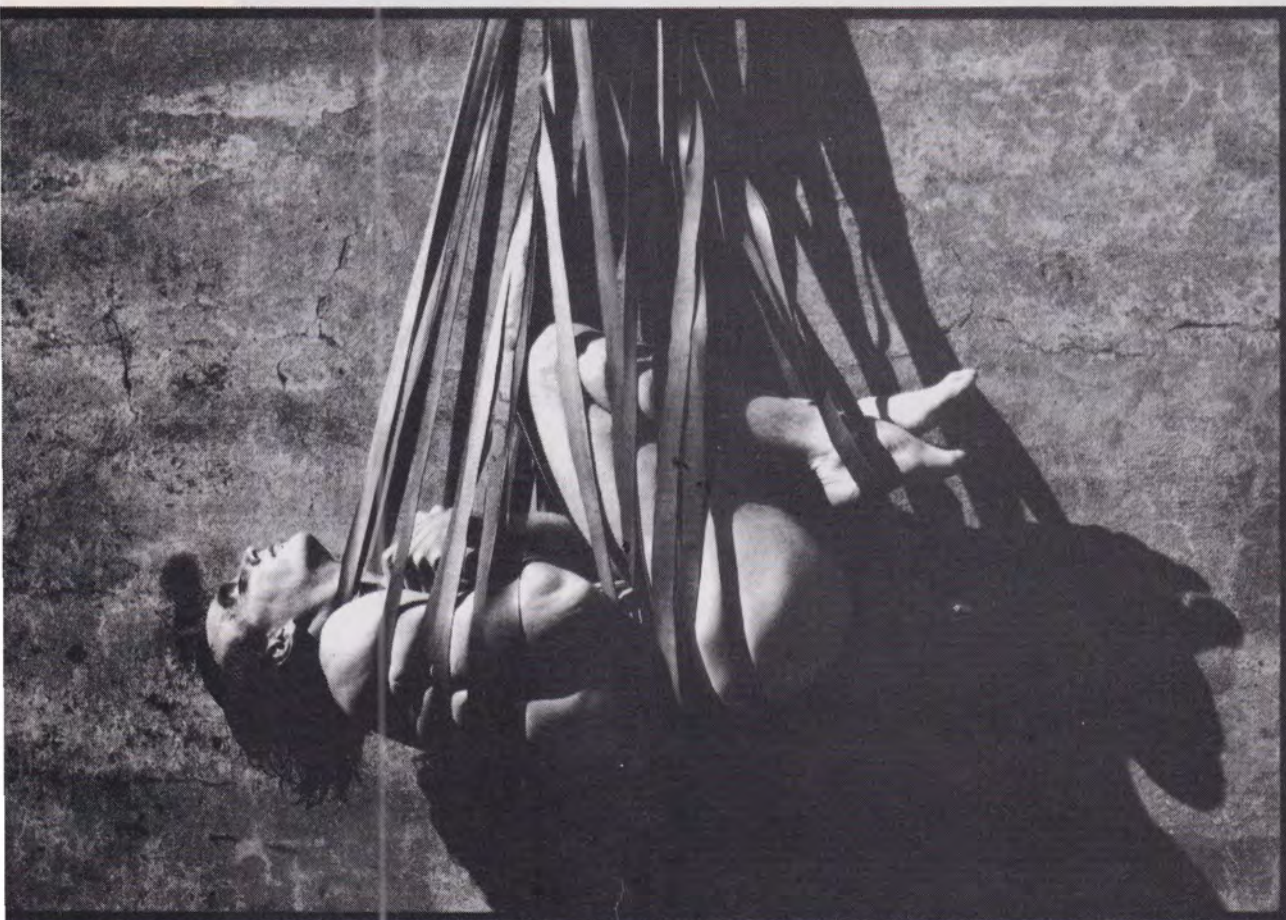
I will move to his knees and
discover Adductors—

I will reach for his side and
discover abductors—

I will clutch his rear and the
Classic Latin will be stuffed

with meaning.

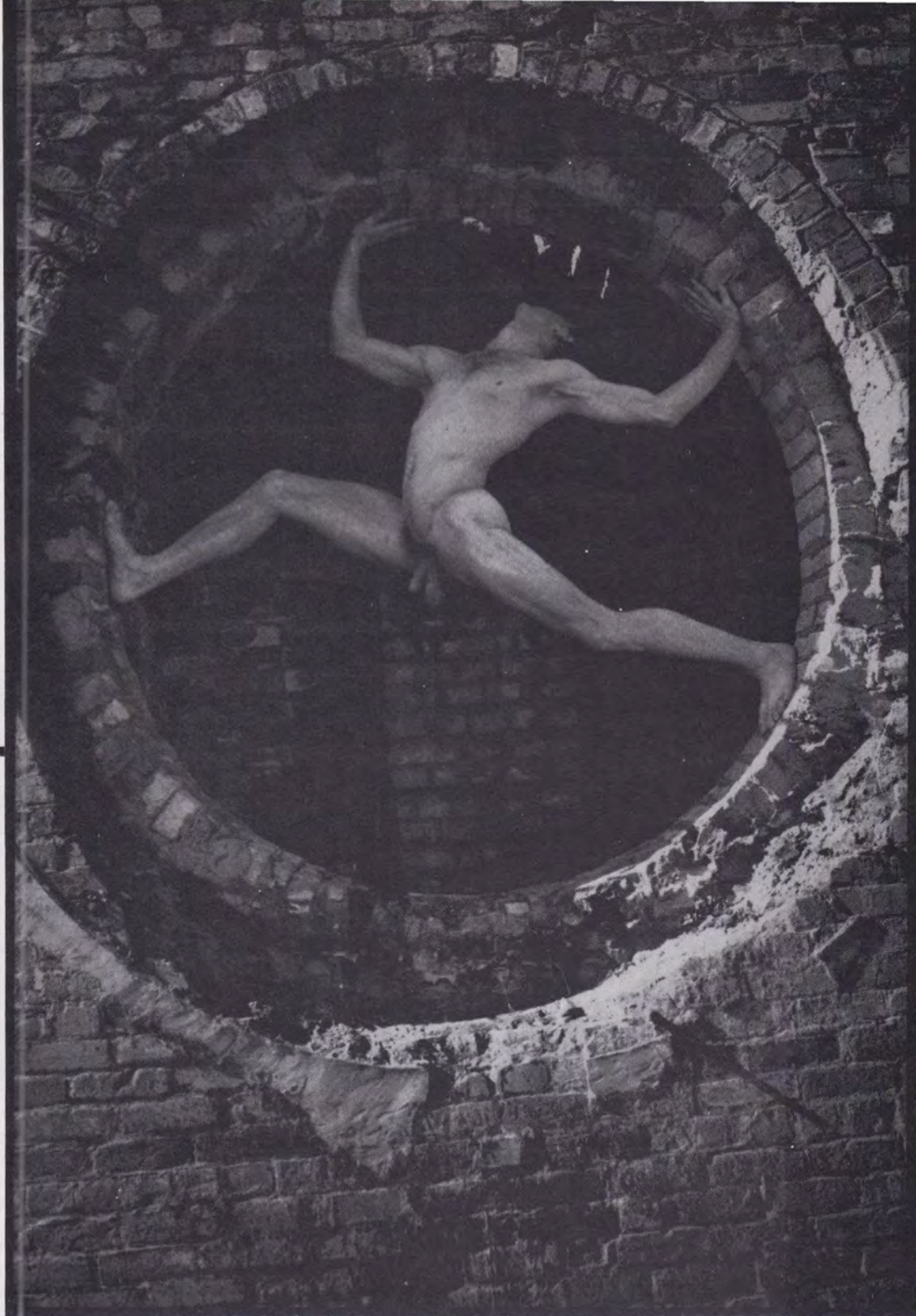
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THE PRECEDING SERIES OF PHOTOS WERE TAKEN
FROM AN UPCOMING EXHIBIT BY NINA GLASER.

THE SHOW WILL OPEN
JUNE 7 AND RUN
THROUGH JULY 19 AT
HATLEY MARTIN GALLERY,
41 POWELL STREET, SAN
FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

SWISS FAMILY FORESKIN

by SIR



A December visit to Switzerland yielded greater dividends than expected. After years of touring Africa and Asia I could no longer resist People Express's \$99 nonstop fare from San Francisco to Brussels.

I more or less stumbled upon Switzerland or the Republica Helvetia in Latin as it is officially called. I never thought much of Switzerland in a sensual or sexual sense. To my mind Switzerland always conjured up images of Heidi, lederhosen, yodeling, snow and as the home of Protestantism. In addition, I feared that as an American I might experience a cool reception, due to AIDS hysteria and resentment over US nuclear warhead-tipped missiles now being deployed in Europe. However, all my misconceptions were soon swept away. Perhaps I was not readily perceived as an American because of my Mediterranean looks and abundant foreskin.

Someone into leather, golden showers, SM, transvestites or some other specialized scene might well be disappointed in Schweiz, as this country is called in German. However, foreskin lovers will be handsomely rewarded. It seems like 101% of the sexy Swiss men are totally uncut. Although one of the smallest nations in Europe, the Swiss Republic, founded in 1291 has a lot to offer any visitor, straight or gay. Switzerland not only straddles the erect Alps, but the less easily discerned boundary dividing Southern from Northern Europe as well. The southern and western quarters of the nation speak three Romance lan-

guages: French, Italian and the native Romansch, descended from ancient Latin. Ten percent of the people speak Italian and predominate in the southern border cities of Chiasso, Locarno and Lugano clustered around Lavis Maggiore and Lugano.

French speakers dwell mainly in Geneva, European home of the United Nations, nearby Lausanne and Montreux, all rimming Lake Geneva in the extreme west end of the nation. The German-speaking majority inhabit the north and the heartland of the country as well as many isolated pockets elsewhere.

The German-speaking areas include the capital of Bern, industrial Basel, Baden, Lucerne, St. Gallen, the ski resort of Davos near the Austrian border, St. Moritz near the Italian frontier as well as Interlaken and Switzerland's largest city, Zurich. Romansch speakers dwell in the rural Southeast. The Romance-language-speaking Cantons share the Roman Catholic faith in common with themselves and with their larger neighbors, Italy, Bavaria, France and Austria while the Germanic Cantons are Calvinist Protestant like Northern Europe.

This mixture makes Switzerland a fabulous choice for a balanced vacation including sightseeing, shopping, skiing, skating and other sports with sexual escapades like icing on your cake.

As if to make it even more tempting, the Swiss even provide a gratis gay guide book called *Kontakt* which is in itself a rarity on the Continent to American gays used to free publications in every bar. Published every two months, it is much more up-to-

the-moment than the expensive, annually published *Spartacus Guide* which I found listed addresses that never have existed and omitted most of the best places in Switzerland. *Kontakt*, on the other hand, carries ads from the latest establishments as well as hundreds of personal ads in German, French and Italian and one or two in English as well as a phone ad section.

Even if you can translate the personals, the measurements might be of little use to you. I don't know a kilometer from a kilogram. Are 200 centimeters well-hung or shortchanged?

One Swiss who spoke English pressed me about our American gay ghettos such as the Castro in San Francisco compared to the more integrated lifestyles in Europe. I told him they both have their advantages. The European way makes bar hopping difficult because most establishments are far apart rather than clustered as in the U.S.

An exception is Zurich's Niederdorfstrasse. The name may be a mouthful but you might find yourself a mouthful on this delightful cobblestone strasse (street) dotted with restaurants and food stalls like Olvera Street in Los Angeles, here hawking fried chicken, German pork schnitzel, Italian pasta specialties, a wide assortment of shops vending the latest fashions from punk to posh interspersed with a choice of fine bars, each equipped with gambling machines. It's just a block north of Zurich's most scenic swan-inhabited river. You'll hear a dozen languages spoken on this fairy-tale-like street.

Here I met Raeto, a twenty-one-year-old Swiss German-speaking young man with eyes as sparkling blue as Lake Geneva. He trailed me like a lost puppy for a couple of blocks on Niederdorfstrasse before I confronted him. He shyly told me in his charming, broken English how disappointed he was in Swiss men. He said there were no real men like me in Schweiz to be his Miester (Master)! Boy, he made me feel ten feet tall. I felt so good I would have gladly given him all my traveler's checks.

We walked hand-in-hand to his snow-encased cottage at the edge of the city. I'll never forget standing by his smoldering fireplace as I watched his gorgeous mouth wrap its lips around my thick, dark, uncut rod. His pink tongue had obviously well learned how to please an uncut man. Few American cocksuckers find enough uncuts to practice on. Raeto slipped his hot, gleaming tongue tenderly under my foreskin like no one ever had before. My excited heart pounded like a jackhammer. I was certain he could hear it as I fucked his clean-shaven Kraut face.

I attached my tit clamps to his tiny erect nipples while his moist lips milked my throbbing cock. He made me feel so good, I prolonged it as long as humanly possible. I pulled my pulsating dick out of his German pussy-mouth and let him service my hairy American balls for a few minutes. His baby blue eyes framed by Joan Crawford-like thick eyebrows gazed up into my hazel brown eyes as I towered over my new Swiss boy. But I couldn't hold it back much more. I felt a gusher building pressure like an oil rig ready to blow sky high.

I grabbed his head with both strong hands and screwed his hot face, thrusting even deeper and harder than before. His small hands raced up and down my long, hairy legs as I was about to climax. I pushed his forehead back with the palm of my right hand, but his tenacious lips clung to my fleshy foreskin as I shot the heaviest load of manjuice I ever dropped all over his young face, startled by the sheer quantity of the hard-hitting load. My hot semen even overshot his face and splattered the logs in the thriving fireplace.

My thick, oozy cum dripped down from his forehead over his nose and into his eager, cuntlike mouth. His own skinny, uncut boy penis quivered with excitement and let go its miniload without being touched. We fell into each other's arms on the deep fur rug, warmed by the flames and fell asleep entwined as one.

The next morning I knew I had to move on no matter how much I enjoyed Raeto. I had determined to try out a Swiss man from each cultural group, not only for this survey on foreskin, but in fairness to the other groups I hadn't "sampled." So I bid Raeto a *fond auf wiederschen* after he walked me to the *bahn-*





hof (train station) for the commute to Geneva in the French-speaking area of Switzerland, or Suisse, as it is called there.

Geneva is not only a resort, but a functioning city. The old League of Nations is headquartered there and it is the European home of the United Nations as well as two hundred other international organizations.

With Raeto still in my thoughts and barely out of sight, I met Marcel. We shared a comfy first-class compartment for the Trans Alpine jaunt to Geneva. He told me in his breathy French accent that he had spent the weekend in Zurich and now was heading home where he worked as a translator at the World Health Organization. At twenty-four, his firm, round buns filled in his snug, faded-blue denims. I could see the well-defined outline of his uncut tool through the threadbare crotch of his worn jeans. I could almost make out his massive overhang.

I ordered a pair of Pilsner beers from the dining car to help loosen up Marcel. My roving eyes had already undressed his well-toned physique. A glimpse of a patch of dark, curly hair surrounding his navel, exposed when he stretched to hoist his black overnight bag onto the brass luggage rack above my head was all I needed to get my juices flowing. I soon felt my preflow dripping.

I prayed he was gay. I was almost certain that he was after a special look from his sexy, green eyes. But I had been treated deferentially by straight studs as well throughout Switzerland so I played it cool. However my prayer was answered as Marcel confirmed my suspicions.

Marcel pulled shut the heavy, plaid woolen curtains of our compartment and slipped off his leather loafers with his feet. I was already shoeless. One foot after the other stretched out to mine. When his feet touched mine I tingled all over. His feet began stroking mine and I quickly had a stonelike hard-on. He felt up his own expanding crotch with one hand while he sucked on a finger of the other hand while eyeing my bulging crown jewels.

His right foot worked its way up my leg and reached my crotch. Somehow he popped first one, then another, of the buttons of my gray 501s with his agile foot while his emerald eyes were riveted on each button in eager anticipation of what would soon be revealed.

When my nine-inch rod flopped out he fell to his knees before me. All I could see was the wavy, auburn hair on the back of his head as he buried his fine-featured French face in my bushy basket. The speeding train careened as we rounded a craggy mountainside but Marcel could not be derailed. I tried to cum as fast as possible because I knew the blond conductor would be checking our tickets soon.

Marcel seemed oblivious to the people I heard just outside our well-appointed compartment. Thank god we weren't crossing the nearby international border where Geneva is perched at the tip of a land finger jetting into neighboring France. There would be no nosey immigration or customs snoops to interrupt us.

I kept a wary eye on the door as Marcel pleased my ever-hungry mancock. A light snowfall dusted our coach as Marcel got sucked better than any circumcised dude ever could. He knew foreskin is to be enjoyed and loved tenderly, not hurt by rough techniques. He had a persistent mouth with a gentle touch to match.

As we traversed a long suspension bridge, Marcel unsnapped my leather cockring and I ejaculated almost a cupful of creamy jism. He tried to swallow the whole load, but a few glistening drops clung to his thick, bushy moustache. . . I wiped them off with my fingers that Marcel passionately sucked clean.

As I buttoned my Levis, the cute conductor burst in to demand our tickets. From the smile on his face I'm sure he suspected what he had just missed and probably would like to have joined.

Soon we arrived in Geneva. In the train station, I checked my bag in a locker and headed for the men's room, or W.C. (water closet) as it is called in Europe, to clean up. While washing my face, I caught a look in the mirror at a half dozen uncut men





behind me. They were lined up at an old-fashioned, white porcelain, horse-troughlike twin urinals. Their uncut dongs were hanging out as they cruised. Several waved their hooded pricks around and one motioned for me to join him in one of the pay toilet stalls. He was sexy, but I had just gotten off and the ambience didn't appeal to me. So I opted instead for a day of sightseeing.

The streets were packed with plenty to manwatch. Geneva as an international center has all kinds of men as well as the four types of Swiss. Many of the one million resident foreigners in the country work and live in Geneva.

The French- and Italian-speaking areas of the Republic were added to the German-speaking core in the early 1500s by conquest before Switzerland was checked and adopted its four-century-plus policy of neutrality.

The Swiss sought to annex all of Northern Italy but were defeated by French forces in 1515 and they were fought beyond their own borders again. Swiss neutrality was confirmed by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, but Switzerland remains heavily armed and ready to fight to maintain its independence, neutrality and peace.

Because of this armament, you are likely to see many handsome, young, uncut, horny soldiers in beautiful uniforms all over Helvetia.

Now I headed for Italo-Swiss territory. I've known lots of beefy Italian men in San Francisco so I was sure I would love their Swiss cousins.

My Swiss Railways train arrived in Locarno on serene Lake Maggiore on schedule. Everything in Switzerland runs on time and is orderly and clean. The men in this part of Switzerland are so sexy it seems to pour out of their pores. They are the hairiest men in the Republic and ever ready to party.

But first things first. I headed for an Italian restaurant near the train station and ordered fetuccini Alfredo, zuppa di fagioli, scampi fritti and formaggio and hoped that I hadn't just ordered the baby-faced waiter on a silver platter. I walked off the pasta window shopping for handmade Italian virgin wool sweaters and leathers of every description.

Italians have the best taste in fashions from the best shoes in the world to the sexiest sports cars. I wish I had eyes like a chameleon so I could focus on different things at the same time. Then I could window shop and man cruise simultaneously.

It was while I was cruise-shopping on the main drag that I met Luigi, a twenty-three year old conscript in the Swiss Army. Like me, he was a tad over six feet tall. His broad, muscular shoulders pressed against the gabardine fabric of his macho uniform, his machine gun slung on a black leather belted strap. His spit-shined high black leather boots reflected his dark Latin good looks.

He told me he was on patrol for terrorists. There had just been attacks nearby in Rome and Vienna. Guido's eyes seemed

to smile as we walked along and talked. He enjoyed posing for my camera, so I took a chance and invited him to join me for a drink. His friendly "Si" pleasantly surprised me.

We soon found a quaint pub where we had several brandies. Guido began telling me X-rated stories about what went on in the bunk beds in the dorm-style barracks after lights out. He told me he liked to suck off his fellow recruits and get fucked as well.

I no longer knew who was seducing who. But I wasn't embarrassed by my obvious erection running down my leg. When Guido gently rubbed it, I knew it was time to reel in my catch and head for my hotel before the pub threw us out. We both got up to leave. Words weren't necessary, our hormones were in control.

Guido drove us in his military jeep to my close-by hotel overlooking Lake Maggiore. We wet kissed on the elevator up to my ninth-floor room. We undressed each other before the full-length window facing the lake. I was delighted as I slipped his pants down revealing his firm, melon-sized, milky-white buns, almost obscured with curly, black hair.

As I fingered his tight, pink hole, his well-developed thighs undulated in ecstasy as he moaned in pleasure, I leaned him over the couch and pulled out a tube of KY. I never leave home without it.

I knew I had to really grease up his eager but tight butthole. I smeared a generous handful on my stiff prick, along the shaft and especially about my foreskin-shrouded head. I knew that if he could take the head, the rest of my dick would glide in. I was determined to give this Swiss soldier a fuck he would long remember.

Guido groaned as I forced the thick tip into him. He said something in Italian, "Alto!" I think it meant harder, so I plugged him faster and deeper. Finally, I got all the way into him. I could feel my foreskin massaged back and forth deep within him as I slid my piece almost out, then all the way back in, over and over again. While I screwed my boy, I took his uncut dick in my hand and milked it so we could cum together.

Within moments we had reached climax, my hot load shooting deep into my boy and his load spraying his flat, hairy stomach. Then we took a steaming bath together in my room's luxurious Italian marble bath. I still couldn't keep my hands off his tan body. It felt great having his manly hands soaping up every unsquare inch of my body.

We towel-dried each other hurriedly, taking advantage of the few minutes we had left. I feared Guido was in trouble for deserting his post. And I would soon be leaving his lovely country.

I had all my dreams come true with Raeto, Marcel and Guido. True, I had not made it with a Romansch Swiss, but tomorrow would be another day.

—Sir □

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."

RETURN TO THE SEXUAL DARK AGES

Attorney General Meese's Commission on Pornography is preparing to recommend steps against hard- and soft-core material that are so harsh they would risk returning the United States to "the sexual dark ages," the American Civil Liberties Union declared.

Commission draft documents urge law enforcement crackdowns that would put an end to production of all X-rated films, R-rated horror films and possibly other popular films with sexual themes, ACLU legislative counsel Barry Lynn said at a news conference.

Another draft recommendation urges federal regulators to ban the showing on cable television of the types of material contained in R-rated movies depicting nudi-

ty, he said.

Lynn based his assertions on thousands of pages of internal documents the commission released in the past week. The panel disclosed its drafts and working papers only after being sued by the ACLU, which agreed to drop its suit in return for release of the materials.

In addition, it said, the panel will say that federal regulators should stamp out dial-a-porn telephone services.

"This is not so much an examination of the phenomenon of pornography that the commission has been engaged in as it is a road map for returning America to the sexual dark ages, where people are afraid to produce any sexually oriented material," said Lynn.

JUDGE'S "FAGGOTRY" LANGUAGE

The American Civil Liberties Union of Southern California represents gay political scientist Dan Siminoski in his lawsuit under the Freedom of Information Act against the FBI to force the release of the files the bureau has kept in the last several decades on gay organizations.

In the first court appearance in the case, a federal district judge described Siminoski's interest in the documents as an interest in "faggotry."

Staff attorney Joan Howarth collected statements from nine experts across the country declaring that such a choice of terms in that context demonstrated bias and prejudice against gays. The statements were submitted as supporting evidence for a motion that the judge disqualify himself from the case. Although at the time he formally denied the motion, the judge simultaneously trans-

ferred the case to another judge.

Howarth also filed a complaint of judicial misconduct with Chief Judge Browning of the Ninth Circuit, attaching the same expert declarations. Browning recently issued an order on the matter which affirms that the complaint procedure was properly invoked. The order explains that Browning had contacted the judge who recognized that the term was inappropriate and promised to "make every effort to avoid using this or any other vulgar or derogatory term in the performance of his judicial functions."

Following transfer of the case and informal reproof of the judge, Siminoski stated he was pleased that his case has been a vehicle for some important judicial education. Meanwhile, discovery is continuing.



MARINES' STRIP-A-THON

The following is reprinted from the London Sun.

Six Royal Marines stunned dancers at a disco by stripping naked and performing simulated gay sex acts, it was revealed yesterday.

They were celebrating the end of NATO exercises staged in subzero temperatures in the middle of Norway. A crowd of 100 locals watched as the kinky commandos went into action.

They burst onto the dance floor and stripped off their uniforms and underwear.

One witness said, "We assume the sex acts were simulated, but it was very dark in there."

A total of 500 Royal Marines took part in the NATO maneuvers near Waugo, 200 miles north of Oslo.

After the exercises, a group of the commandos descended on the disco at Waugo's Villr hotel.

Hotel director Ujohan Damstuen said, "After a week out in the wilds, one can understand why the soldiers may have lost sight of their normal British morals."

"But no one was offended too much and we'd welcome them back."

A spokesman for the Defense Ministry, which is investigating the incident, said, "The Marines do have their little ways of celebrating."



CIRCUMCISION RITES

We quote, if we may, from columnist Herb Caen who, during a recent trip to Africa, cabled back the following to the San Francisco Chronicle.

Said my Skycap at SFO incredulously, "You goin' to Africa?" When I simpered that I was, he beamed, "Hey, bring us back a second baseman!" I am currently in negotiation with a Masai warrior, newly circumcised, who does his hair with red clay and animal fat and has one helluva arm. Only one, unfortunately. I mention the circumcision because that is a most important ceremony among the Masai, who form perhaps the last of the truly primitive Kenyan tribes. The rite takes about five minutes and hurts like hell, but the young warrior-to-be must not flinch or cry out (many die from infection or other complications).

"Afterward," elucidated Mrs. Leslie-Melville, who knows all the ins and outs of Africa lore, "the young warrior must make love successfully to a hole in the ground." A thoughtful silence ensued, broken finally by Frank Modell of the New Yorker, who murmured, "Never invite a newly circumcised Masai to your golf course."

DRUMMER FORUM

DEVOTED TO THE DRUMMER PHILOSOPHY, WHATEVER THAT MAY BE...



THE GREAT SLAVE AUCTION (Continued from GETTING OFF, page 3)

tion, although two years of court appearances passed, usually before hostile judges. As the cause got colder, John Briggs' Proposition Six came along and for the final court appearance, only the four defendants and their lawyers were on hand. On advice of counsel we accepted the District Attorney's plea-bargaining offer of a 647-b, a meaningless charge of being somehow on hand when prostitution was possibly in progress. The gay ACLU was indifferent to the cause but critical of the defendants' decision to cop a plea.

The impact of it all after ten years? The three judges who presided at the arraignment, pre-trial and sentencing were refused endorsement by the gay community and got re-elected anyway. One defendant, Val Martin, one of the finest gentlemen I ever shared a courtroom with, died within a couple of days of the ninth anniversary of the Great Slave Auction bust. One of the attorneys, Charles Rubin, became a judge himself.

"Crazy Ed" (the L.A. Times' designation, not mine) Davis whose gubernatorial attempt didn't clear the primaries, is now running for the U.S. Senate against Senator Alan Cranston (whose office was kind enough to show us how to test our phone lines for bugs). Davis, now a state senator, probably won't clear the primary again, but amazingly, he has been welcomed with open arms to speak at various gay Republican political clubs because of his vote for AB-1, the gay rights bill in the California Senate.

Lt. Glenn Martin ended up on a medical leave of a year at full salary, after he began speaking to college campuses here and abroad, claiming U.S. homosexuals were shipping blond young German youths to be slaves in America. At last word, he has been continuing this unofficial crusade on his own.

Looking back at that awe-inspiring

night when I finally came out of the closet (from coast to coast), I remember friends and foes, fears and a complete lack of foresight. My mate and I had been together for less than three months then and he, who was tending bar at the event, was arrested merely because he was wearing a H.E.L.P. T-shirt. I am sure he spent that night in jail wondering what kind of relationship he had gotten himself into.

I remember that kindness and support of many: MCC, filmmaker Pat Rocco and his organization, whose second Slave Auction raised somewhere near \$20,000, while bugged by a hovering but hesitant LAPD. H.E.L.P. and its attorneys who had done this battle before, and successfully, with the Black Pipe raid. My sister and brother-in-law who, on days we were still in the news, would call my mother at six o'clock to keep her from watching TV (she didn't stay up late enough for the ten o'clock broadcast). My brother and sister-in-law who called immediately to show concern and let me know it made no difference in our relationship.

The Great Mark IV Slave Bust changed a number of things in L.A., one when a year or so ago the City Council president demanded an accounting of the heretofore omnipotent LAPD on how much they spent on their army and armada that night. The appointed heir to the Davis throne gave an answer akin to Davis' old statement about the number of policemen involved. But at least, even years later, someone asked.

Today I am sending anniversary cards to attorneys Al Gordon and Thomas Hunter Russell, MCC Reverend Sandmire (now in San Francisco), a bouquet to Val Martin's resting place and one to my home, where another loving survivor will be awaiting with dinner tonight and probably not have the faintest idea why the flowers.

John H. Embry

Dr. Andrew M. Barclay, Professor of Psychology at Michigan State University, requests the assistance of the public in order to complete a research project he has been investigating for two years. Anyone interested in participating in a survey questionnaire based on sexual interests should contact his office at Michigan State University.

The research involves intimate responses; completed survey forms will be kept confidential. To help facilitate the recovery of the data requested from the public, an offer of \$100 is to be donated to a respondent of this research project. In order to be eligible, the respondent must return to his office a completed survey form, which will be mailed to them by requesting one. (Each survey form contains eleven pages of scaled statements, two pages of which are short-form answers.) Since this survey is oriented toward sexuality, some questions may be considered offensive to some people. Responses are needed from the following: heterosexual, homosexual, single, married or divorced, body builders and swingers.

Respondents must be over 18 years of age. Send for your research form by mailing a self-addressed, stamped envelope large enough to hold an eleven-page 8"x11" survey. Both males and females are encouraged to apply. Only those individuals who successfully complete the form and return it to James Michaels, Research Assistant, c/o Dr. Andrew Barclay, 406 Baker Hall, Michigan State University, East Lansing, Michigan, 48824-1117, will be considered eligible for the drawing.

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A FAIR-WEATHER FRIEND

I will cut all the introductory bullshit and get right to the heart of this matter. I do not usually reduce my self-image to answering or responding to letters in your publications. Do not misunderstand my reason, I feel you have one of the best of this type of publication in the United States. That is not the reason for this letter.

In *Drummer* 90 there was a letter from "Fair Weather Friends." This letter hit very deep and very close. On November 1, 1985, I was diagnosed with pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, more commonly referred to as AIDS. I can empathize with both "Friends." I would like to take and expound on the short but effective letter that was written.

People with AIDS do not want sympathy. They are tired of hearing how sorry you are for them. What is needed is help. Help in the form of love, understanding, time and, if necessary and can be provided, money, or a decent place to sleep at night. These are not difficult items to give a person in need. Yet, look around you and see the growing numbers of "victims," not of AIDS, but of apathy to the plight of our own. AIDS-phobia is not a heterosexual problem. Our own community, gay community, and in a great deal, the leather community, has turned their collective backs on their own. Beer busts, musical benefits, etc. don't provide much help to people with needs in the department of love and emotional help. There are so many, with so little help available from organizations like Aid for AIDS and others. I belong to an SM-leather organization called AVATAR. This is not a large organization, but they have been more supportive of me and my situation, both as a club and on the part of individuals, than any of my so-called fair-weather friends.

Loneliness, fear and misunderstanding are to AIDS patients the worst emotions involved with the virus. When you realize you have AIDS, there are several stages one goes through, and acceptance from your friends, family and the outside world ranks real

high in the stages. How many of you reading this letter have had the HTLV-3 test? You do not even know if you are spreading this vile disease and yet you complain with no just cause when someone with AIDS enters your world.

I have a challenge for the entire gay community, leather, nonleather, whatever your bag is. The next time you decide to go to a bar for the evening, take your shower, then go stand in front of a mirror. Take a good, long look at yourself. Then say, "Please, God, let me stay healthy." One more thing, take the twenty and thirty bucks that you would have spent at the bar and donate it to Aid for AIDS, or some other project that deals direct aid to patients of this terrible problem. If you don't feel comfortable doing this, call one of your friends, one that has AIDS. I am sure you know someone. Call them, say "What are you doing? Let's go to dinner, a movie," or simply, "Let's get together and watch TV or listen to Bach." This is what AIDS people need, not sympathy.

I do not know, as no other AIDS patient knows, just how long they will survive their ordeal. I sincerely hope that I have the time to see the leather community, the gay community and even the "straight community" get their collective heads out of their collective asses and put up some type of a fight with these patients.

I was diagnosed with AIDS on November 1, 1985. This is a personal invitation to both the writer and the subject of "Fair Weather Friends." You have a friend in Southern California. Simply write and I will either return your letter or, if a phone number is included, I will call. I sincerely pray that the God above has not taken your lover. But if he has, you must carry his memory in the style that you both lived your lives.

I believe it was Julius Caesar that said, "Divided we fall, together we conquer." Gentlemen, we must conquer.

David Phillips
Gardena Grove, CA



HATRED OF SM SEXUALITY

Is there prejudice against SM within the gay community? You bet, and I'm not just thinking of the usual snottiness endemic to conformist-minded denizens of the gay middle class. You have only to expose yourself to the snide commentary of political theorists like Australian Dennis Altman or the contemptible negativism of the authors of a polemic entitled *No Turning Back* to understand what I mean. There is an incredible amount of antigay SM hysteria buried in the ranks of gay ideologues; hopefully, *Drummer* will continue to monitor the excesses of these polemicists and keep us in touch with the heavy-handed style that always gives them away.

Yet gays alone are not the only source of such inwardly directed self-hatred. So-called "straights" in power within mainstream media regularly dump their uneducated commentary our way, and there is no better an example of this than the manner in which "straight" media has critiqued the recent release of the film *9½ Weeks*.

9½ Weeks is an MGM film whose media reputation is that of a slick, antifeminist exploration of a straight SM relationship. In reality, even the unedited version of director Adrian Lyne's film pales in comparison to such softcore works as the decade-old *The Night Porter*. The few scenes that even border on being explicit are so tastefully handled even Hallmark greeting cards might consider marketing them for next Valentine's Day.

Humorous considerations aside though, mainstream media gives SMers much to ponder in its critical analyses

of this film. And the head movie critic at one of my town's biggest newspapers, *The Philadelphia Inquirer's* Desmond Ryan, readily exemplifies this trend.

As background, one should understand the great influence Ryan wields on Philadelphia print media and theater outlets here. His reviews receive top priority placement in the *Inquirer* and their impact on the potential box office success a film can enjoy is unquestionable. He recently authored a guide to videocassette releases of films, thus increasing his stature editorially in-house at the *Inquirer* and among film audiences as well.

Ryan played typically coy games in writing about the film. In reviewing it, he tended to hint darkly on the film's unevenness and obsession with the netherworld of SM sex. Yet in interviewing director Lyne (whose other credits, amazingly, include the megahit *Flashdance*) he played down his discomfort with the subject matter and, like many journalists before him, played up the fact that the film contained controversial material. "Most people would find the kind of passion that it discusses outside their experience and even their fantasies," writes Ryan. (Oh, really? Says who?)

I hope *Drummer* readers take the time to see this unusual film. But more importantly, I also hope they pay heed to the media's oft critical coverage of it, and the frequent hatred of SM sexuality readers will encounter, sometimes cleverly disguised as profeminism, or even as an orthodox approach to sexuality itself.

Rich Grzesiak
Philadelphia, PA

MALECALL

THE DISABLED

As for *Drummer* 93...I loved it. It is certainly high time that the subject of disabled men was discussed and brought out of its own closet. I had started a New York-based group for disableds, called Mainstream. Unfortunately, the lack of response and the lack of support from responsible people made the going impossible. I finally had to throw in the towel.

The photos by George Dureau were just amazing. His book will definitely be one of my upcoming purchases. Your words said it all. He has given so much beauty and dignity to the subject. As for "Maimed Beauty," it said so much that was close to my heart, that I have a strong feeling that somewhere along the line we've come across the same people if not the same experiences. It proves that you can express feelings, ideas, and still titillate.

The paragraph where you describe being attracted to men who are different is the closest description to my own psyche that I have ever seen in print. Yes, what you said about most people's narrow view of men in leather is true. For me, though, the fantasy is the man who is different accentuating that difference with leather, uniforms and all the other trappings of kink. I was really amazed to see how closely our two articles are paralleled, even down to the descriptions mixed with commentary. I can say that every one of those persons I described is known to me in reality.

I hope to write more articles on the same theme. And I am sure that the response from readers will be positive. I will be sending out copies to several friends, including Duane Boulware, who runs Para-Amps. I hope that *Drummer* will be encouraged to print more on the same theme. In the meantime, you and the magazine are to be commended for having the courage to cover it.

Michael Agreave

BEAUTIFUL MAIMED BEAUTY

Thank you so much for *Drummer* 93 with "Maimed Beauty" by Mark Chester and others. At last, one of the last fetishes out in the open! I have read *Drummer* for years and waited patiently for such articles.

There is a fairly large fraternity of us from around the world who are turned on by disabled men. For some, the thought of licking the leg stumps, others, the glint of steel of full-length leg braces—all instant hard-ons. One I know is looking for a lover—he cannot walk, cannot control his bodily functions, cannot

not get a hard-on.

Total bondage?...how about encased in total rigid body brace, strapped into an iron lung, with a leather hood. Total helplessness...no arms and no legs, just the torso to be carried about and used for whatever.

I wish I could give you my name and address but feel my lover/leather/top wouldn't understand—but now that you have broken the ice, I may be ready to bring up the subject. I urge others who share our interest to contact Mark Chester, as I will, and offer a sincere thank you!

Drummer is great for all you have done before, and now you have dared to do this. Thank you!

Jon

HOT FEET

Your magazine is one of the few that I ever buy for myself, relying on my roommate to pick up "other" gay magazines. *Drummer* is always worth reading from front to back, and the photos are far better than anything in regular beefcake mags, but occasionally you print something that really catches my attention. The photo spread accompanying the "Feet First" article included some of the hottest photos in recent memory (*Drummer* 89).

I'm speaking of the photos on pages 5, 7 and 9. While some of the photos with the story are identified, the three on these pages are not. Please! Let me know what magazine or movie these are from so I can buy it! A slightly older man subservient to a young punk is something we don't see enough of!

S.J.E.

Morgantown, WV

SHAVED MUSCLES

I have been taking your mag for over three years and this is the first time I have written. I and others want more shaving and more haircutting, like in *Drummer* 90. Let's see some close-ups and have some real muscle men get shaved, like Logan Dektor (*Drummer* 91). Now this guy would look great with an army GI cut and hairless from the neck down. We fans of your mag want and need more shaving.

B.G.M.

Dallas, TX

WHO KNOWS?

I am French and I just love your magazine. You are really the best one and, unhappily, we don't have the same in France.

So, I have a problem, and I hope you perhaps can help me, directly or through

your readers. It's very important to me, and unusual.

Last night I saw the video cassette *Black and Blue* and my problem begins! I liked very, very much the first slave starring in it (the scene was supposed to be in a San Diego ranch), but the third scene (and last one on the cassette) put the fire in me. He is exactly the guy I seek ever since.

He is about 40-45 years old, dark haired, no beard, no moustache (that's perfect for me) good body and on the video he is dominated and ravished by three leather guys.

Unhappily, no one is indicated on the film or on the box of the cassette: no editor, no names of the stars, no producer, absolutely nothing except the title *Black and Blue*, and the date of the publishing, 1982.

That's all...I absolutely need to meet with him: he is my Prince Charmant! And when a French lover loves, distances and money doesn't matter. Please, can you, won't you help me?

Jean-Marie
Paris, France

(Editor's note: *Black and Blue* was distributed from Hanging Tree Ranch, now defunct. It is owned by the same people who own the Nob Hill Theatre at 729 Bush in San Francisco. Your "Dream Man," whomever he may be, should be about 10-15 years older than his image in the film as that is the age of *Black and Blue*.)

TICKLING

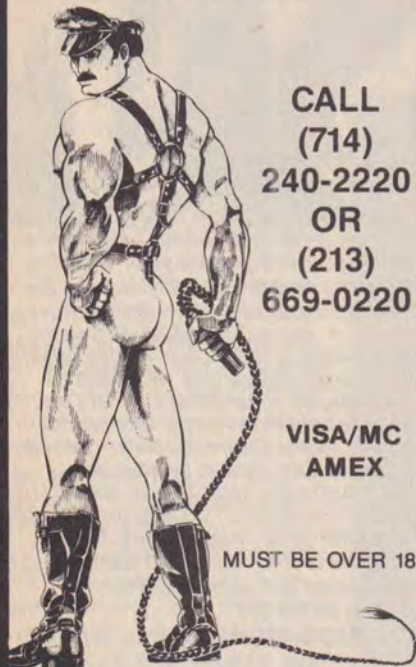
Have you ever published in any of your issues articles, stories, drawings or photos in which the act of tickling was an explicit (if not central) part of the action? I have *Drummer* 31 in which you include an illustrated letter on the subject from one of your readers, but that is all. If you do in fact have such an issue and it is available, I have enclosed a money order to cover the cost of mailing.

Also, are you aware of any organizations I might contact which would have information, etc. on this wonderful passion of mine? The letter I wrote to the Foot Fraternity in San Francisco was returned (marked wrong address), and I have yet to hear from Footmen in New York City. It is very hard to find other men who share the same passion for tickling, and I hope you might be of some help.

Michael Blackwell
Rockville, MD

(Editor's note: The Foot Fraternity's new address can be found in our classifieds.)

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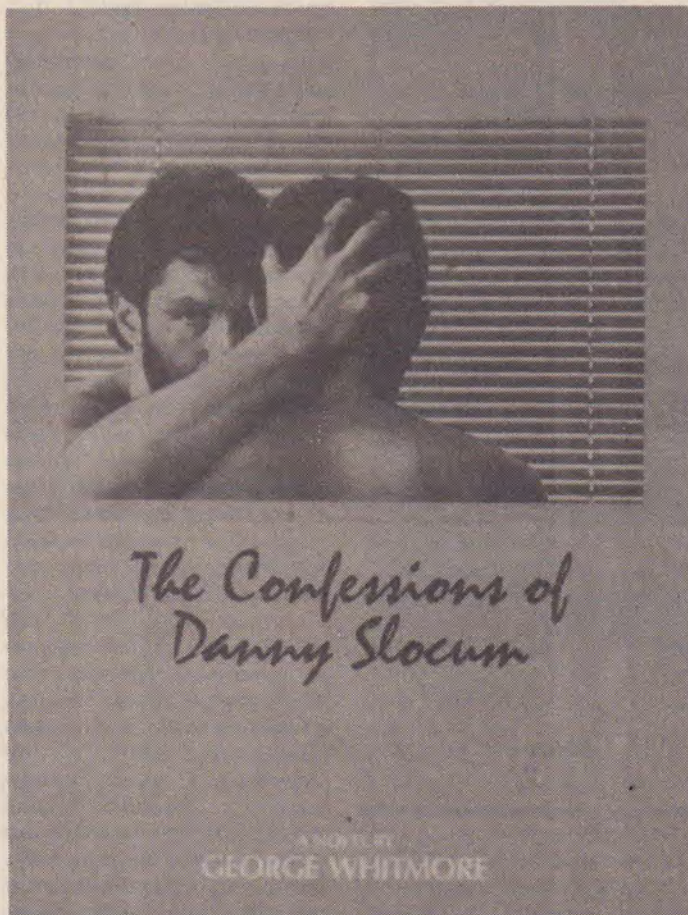
DRUMMEDIA

THE LEATHER UPDATE ON FILMS/BOOKS/VIDEO/AUDIO

DANNY AND MAX LEARN HOW TO CUM

Danny Slocum can't have an orgasm when he's with a sex mate. Alone, he's a masturbation wizard, but in 1980, when George Whitmore's semiautobiographical **The Confessions of Danny Slocum** (Slow cum=Slocum. Get it? Thank heavens the rest of the jokes in the book aren't that lame) was first published, not shooting your semen into any willing orifice was regarded as a major problem. So Danny—good neurotic New York fag that he is—enters sex therapy complete with a lovable, if ditsy, surrogate who can't cum either. Finally cured, Danny is prepared to plug into the great trick machine that dominated so many of our lives in the good old days.

Is Grey Fox Press's decision to reissue *The Confessions of Danny Slocum* now intended to be ironic? Is Whitmore saying to Danny—and us—"See? You learned how to cum and now look at what a mess you've found yourself in." In a new afterward Whitmore writes, "In Danny's inconclusive world, it's still three o'clock in the morning and the d.j. hasn't yet played his last 'Last Dance.' In that ghostly disco, it seems to me, hearts still throb with the kind of elation, expectation and even innocence most gay men of my generation will never be able to feel again. Countless of those hearts have been stilled forever. Danny might be wrestling with some weighty ironies, but he will never have to face the conundrum of sex and death that confronts us at present." But this paean to the joys of promiscuity, written in an arch, condescending, but very attractive style makes for disturbing reading today. The essential selfishness of the characters, their amorality, their lack of depth could provide ammunition for the AIDS—as-God's-punishment crackpots: "Look what fags are like! No wonder they're dropping like flies."



THE CONFESSIONS OF DANNY SLOCUM: Not a half-bad novel but a priceless artifact of an era past.

As one of the gay ghetto novels that mainstream publishers became briefly fond of in post-Stonewall, pre-AIDS times, a fondness based on the belief—mistaken, it turned out—that nice, gay boys in Omaha and hip straights in the suburbs of Maryland couldn't wait to read what those wild, wicked New York faggots were up to (the boys in Omaha were too busy doing the same things to care, and the straights in the suburbs of Maryland found boys doing God-knows-what with each other's weewees too disgusting for serious reading), *The Confessions of Danny Slocum* will probably be read by young gays today with a mixture of envy and sadness or maybe just with stunned amazement. Whitmore didn't

rewrite the book for its republication, so sentences like "Here I am in the Big Apple, in an era when it seems gay life is suffering from, outrageously enough, rampant overpopulation" are horribly jarring. And there's a new tragic, gruesome edge to the wonderful passage that goes "Remember when we went and gave blood after the Everard fire? And you said you felt as if your blood was literally flowing in the veins of the victims upstairs in the hospital? That there must be such a thing as gay blood?"

Whitmore is very on-target describing the freedom of the seventies. We thought we would live forever, and gay life never glittered as theatrically nor soared as high as it did in Manhattan, the magic island, in those heady, hedonistic

days: "Never in the history of the male physique, not even on the playing fields of Sparta, have there been such perfect tits and asses. Never in the annals of Nebuchadnezzar, Assurbanipal or Tiglath-Pileser were there recorded such scenes of (relatively) unbridled revelry." In the decade of the zipless fuck, we were so cavalier that Whitmore could write of VD "In which city do you think you picked up the clap? Dallas? I'm sure that in San Francisco you can get an injection anywhere. Even while standing on line to pay the light bill. They're so community-minded out there, God bless them" and we shared the joke.

The Confessions of Danny Slocum, a fast-paced, though overly coy book, was an effortless breeze of a read five years ago; no it's acquired poignancy. You read it almost teary-eyed as an upbeat elegy for all those beautiful men at the Mineshaft who will strut no more, all those beautiful men at the St. Mark's Baths who will fuck no more. As a novel, *The Confessions of Danny Slocum* isn't half-bad; as an artifact, it's priceless.

Will Max Exander's safe-sex porn novel **Safestud** (Alyson Publications) seem as much of an artifact of 1986 five years down the road as *The Confessions of Danny Slocum* seems today? Probably not, because once you get beyond the gimmick, *Safestud*, unlike its protagonist, doesn't have any staying power. It may signal the start of a new era in pornography (so I suppose it is to smut what *Le Sacre du Printemps* is to music), but though I understand and agree with what Exander is doing, the results are too tame to be primo JO material. (Exander's "unsafe" collection *Mansex* is infinitely hotter; you'll hate yourself in the morning for still getting off on cum-swallowing and rimming, but old habits die hard.)

Max Exander is an extremely competent erotic writer, if not a particularly thrilling one. He's an erotic hack who's been producing porn for many of the same rags that I scribbled sextrash for. When AIDS hit, porn writers (or at least porn writers with a political consciousness) went into a state of shock, practically, as Richard Goldstein remarked in New York's *The Village Voice*, meeting in caucus to decide what sex acts could still be written about. (For years, overworked, underpaid pornographers spoke wistfully about one day having "something new" to write about; AIDS made their wish come true. Saint Theresa was right: there are more tears shed over answered prayers.) The result: safe-sex porno, which premiered in the collection *Hot Living*, edited by John Preston, and now gets its first novel—or, rather, novel-of-sorts.

Safestud, written as "a safe-sex diary," wants to show that safe sex is great sex. If the number of orgasms achieved by the characters in *Safestud* is any indication, the book succeeds in its aim. But I think

Safestud fails as pornography; like most of the stories in *Hot Living*, *Safestud* constantly tells us that the activities described are completely safe. It protests too much. Didactic porn can't help lose much of its turn-on value. For pornography to be successful, it can't comment on itself, but must function within its own universe.

We don't expect realism from pornography (if porn were like life, there would be no need for porn), but if Exander wanted to write a socially aware porn novel, he should have been more honest. There's no mention in *Safestud* of the terrible angst many gay men felt when they had to modify their sexual behaviors in the face of AIDS. Exander tosses off "a lot of the guys at the gym have been going on and on about the 'good old days,' with these longing looks in their eyes and these far-off glances of signs and vapors. Well, I can't figure out why bother. Today is today and tomorrow is tomorrow, Scarlett, and the fact that things were different yesterday has nothing to do with anything" as if

that could soothe the fears, the terrors, the paranoid of AIDS.

Towards the end of *Safestud*, Exander writes "But in general, life is plugging along in the usual summer fashion. The Castro is busier than usual, though there's a distinctly different feel to it. I rather like the new mood; it feels a little more integrated with real life. Just a couple of years ago the Castro was still throbbing with so many men, so little time.

"It was truly crazy, and while I wouldn't trade those times for anything, I can't say that I miss them all that much, because everything I've had to learn since then has made my life better, my sex hotter, my men steamier." That's a lie, and Exander, who, as Paul Reed, wrote the first (and extraordinary) novel about AIDS, the unfortunately neglected *Facing It*, knows it's a lie. The lives many of us used to lead are gone forever, and the prevailing gay mood is not a jaunty one.

Safe sex is artificial; when we practice it, we admit the possibility of death. Safe sex isn't a new kink; it's trying to remain unburned by the plague fires. And Exander misses the deadliest irony of all: though his characters are all enthusiastic, creative safe-sexers, most gay men have not radically altered their sex lives, either out of naivete—"It can't happen to me"—or fatalism—"If I get it, I get it."

What's missing from *Safestud* is the darkness, the obsession, the madness that's always found in great pornography—in de Sade, in Bataille, in Pauline Reage, in A.N. Roquelaure, in Aaron Travis's *Slaves of the Empire*, in a good deal of the fiction that regularly appears *Drummer*. (Some recent examples: Dan Cavanagh's throbbing "Jock Pussy," a magnificently sustained vision that pushes buttons you didn't realize were there, Olaf Odegaard's "The Gift," anything by Don Perry, the stunning, horrifying "Vision Quest" by Beast, who, if he wishes to be taken seriously as a writer, had best get himself a real—or, at least, real-sounding name, John Preston's "The Heir.") Exander is so peppy, so mel-

lowed, so gosh-gee-whiz-ain't-this-neat that *Safestud* reads like one of those "horny housewife" stories that male writers frequently spin for het porn mags, the type of story that goes "My husband introduced me to bondage and now I can't get enough of it!" Exander version: "I've gotten into safe sex and I love it so much that I don't know how I ever did that yucky stuff before!"

No one merely has muscles in *Safestud*; everyone is "more muscular" than everyone else. The cocks keep getting bigger and bigger, the orgasms more and more thunderous. I can't help feeling that Exander is kidding the genre. He may even be saying that it's impossible to write about safe sex, that it's reining him in as a writer. Some passages are howlers: "What matters in that precious unwinding is the softness of flesh, the abandonment of care and worry, the fulfillment of body to body, mind to mind, fantasy to fantasy to fantasy, hand to cock, the very things for which people kick, scream, terrorize, and light candles to saints in order to possess, if even for a small, precious moment in the black hole of this madness we call life—or, which some call living, a vague but important difference—a madness made sane—or at least bearable—by the presence of love, by the notion of hope, by the experience of longing and eventual fulfillment, no matter the circumstances or longevity, the reality or the fantasy." And when Sir Dennis, who speaks in capitals, intones, "I'VE GOT AN EMPTY DUNGEON TO FILL," I fell out of the book.

The pornographic rules (sex is always satisfying, everyone fits with everyone else, etc.) are harmless, but they can't often sustain a novel. (Even *Mister Benson* falls apart in the last quarter.) The charge in pornography lies in montage; the mise-en-scene is often negligible. There's nothing happening between the acts in *Safestud*, and finally, the characters evaporate, peter out. *Sic transit gloria* safe sex, at least as portrayed in this book.

—T.R. Witomski

DRUMMED! TV

AIDS: A NATIONAL INQUIRY

Fabian Bridges, a homosexual prostitute, said he had sex with six partners a night and refused to stop even though he knew he had AIDS.

In a special two-hour live broadcast from Washington, DC, with satellite hookups to three major cities, Frontline with Judy Woodruff changed its format for the first time to produce "AIDS—A National Inquiry," which aired Tuesday, March 25.

After a provocative and controversial 35-minute case-study documentary about Bridges, produced by Frontline and WCCO-TV (CBS) in Minneapolis, a panel of national experts led by Harvard Law School Professor Charles Nesson, are asked the tough questions about how Americans should respond to this urgent public health issue.

In the documentary, Bridges moves from city to

city, claiming that he's living promiscuously. His actions baffle legal, medical and public health officials who do not stop him. They can't. No laws exist. In this special report, Frontline's panel of legislative, law enforcement, legal and medical experts discusses whether a federal policy of uniform national guidelines should exist. The group will examine the legal, political and moral sides of the issue and weigh an AIDS victim's rights versus the public health rights of society.

"I was treated like an animal," says Bridges of the hours he spent in an Indianapolis jail for stealing a bicycle. "Everyone put on rubber gloves, like they were ready to go into surgery. They were afraid if I breathed on them. I was so humiliated I could have grabbed them by the neck and just choked the life right out of them. I told them, 'I hope to hell you get it...then you'd know how to treat people.'"

A FESTFUL OF FAGGOTS

The Twenty-Ninth San Francisco International Film Festival had fewer gay-themed films than last year's. This means either that the world cinema is paying less attention to us or that the best is being saved for the San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival in June. Less may not be more, but it ain't chopped liver either, in this case.

My Beautiful Laundrette was the main gay attraction at the Festival and it doesn't turn gay until it's half over. Director Stephen Frears told *Drummer* this wasn't for fear of alienating a nongay audience, but because it was the spontaneous and natural quality of the revelation that attracted him to Hanif Kureishi's original script.

Continuing what's becoming a healthy trend, gayness is not the issue. Racism and poverty in Margaret Thatcher's England are more to the point. The story is of a young Pakistani, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), pulling himself up by the bootstraps of his rich relatives, whose money has not all been made legally. Omar takes over one of their legitimate enterprises, a shoddy laundromat in a poor part of town, and hires his friend Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis) to help him gentrify it. Johnny's poor white racist friends resent seeing one of their own "under" a "Paki," and they don't even know about the sexual situation.

Aside from random licking, pecking and nibbling, Omar and Johnny have one major love (sex) scene in the back of the laundromat. Thanks to a two-way mirror we see them juxtaposed against Omar's uncle (Saeed Jaffrey), who wonders where "those buggers" are, dancing through the dryers with his mistress (Shirley Anne Field).

BACK TO THE FIFTIES

Gays were more numerous but more incidental in the Festival's closing night world premiere of *Absolute Beginners*. Somewhere between *Tommy*

and *Xanadu* in tone, Julien Temple's musical takes place in London in "that hot, wonderful summer (of 1958) when the teenage miracle reached full bloom."

True to the period, leading lovers Eddie O'Connell and Patsy Kensit resemble Bobby Rydell and Brigitte Bardot respectively. Eddie could also be related to David Bowie, who becomes his mentor when the youth agrees to sell out to impress his material girlfriend.

The source is a 1958 novel by the late, gay Colin MacInnes. The music is fifties-style rock and roll with a strong jazz base, played at eighties volume. It and the production design (John Beard) are unarguably brilliant, whatever you think of the rest of the film.

Between the romance and racial tension that make up the plot there's a lot about the emergence of teenagers as "the new economic class." A number of professional teenagers are created, many by Harry Charms (Lionel Blair), whose interest in them—the boys at least—is more than professional. There are other gay characters as well, seemingly more visible and better integrated—despite fascist opposition—than in the real fifties. Of course 1958 was a year after the Wolfenden Report which led to the legalization of homosexuality in England, a point which is woven into the busy fabric of *Absolute Beginners*.

POOF! GOES THE FESTIVAL

About one-fifth of the festival's features were from Great Britain, including restored classics, a number of interesting Mike Leigh telefilms and the delightful new theatricals *Turtle Diary* and *Letter to Brezhnev*. The latter includes same-sex couples dancing to Bronski Beat in the basically straight Liverpool disco where Peter Firth and Alexandra Pigg meet and fall in love. In *Turtle Diary* it's quickly and subtly established that Glenda Jackson's next-door neighbor



MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE: Daniel Day Lewis plays a tough punk trying to make something of himself in this offbeat satire.

Richard Johnson is gay.

One of the most significant gay characters of the festival was John Gielgud's in *Time after Time*, a character reportedly based on the actor in many respects. In this British telefilm Jasper Swift (Gielgud) lives with his campily named sisters April, May and Baby June. It's supposed to be a surprise that Jasper's diddling the monks at the monastery down the road, but I don't think he'll fool you for a moment. This charming dark comedy will probably go directly to public television in the U.S.

Other festival films of some gay interest or import:

Alpine Fire—possibly the best of the fest, a beautiful Swiss drama culminating in brother-sister incest;

Beauty and the Beast—Danish dreck about a father who would like to commit incest with his daughter, he's so jealous of her beautiful boyfriends;

Broken Mirrors—Marleen Gorris' feminist drama about a group of women who work in a whorehouse and one who's

held prisoner by a serial killer was a highlight of last year's S.F. International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival;

The City and the Dogs—There's no overt gay angle to this Peruvian murder-in-military-school story which otherwise has much in common with *Dress Gray*. It opens with the hazing of new cadets, who are made to lick and bite each other like dogs. With a school motto of "Discipline, Morality and Labor," the emphasis seems to be on discipline, including a ritualized ass-kicking known as "right angle." Machismo is simplistically defined: "Men drink, smoke and fuck";

Frida: Naturaleza Viva—random glimpses into the life of Mexican lesbian artist Frida Kahlo. Gorgeous photography but the narrative—or lack of one—is too confusing;

Hanging Out—Laurids (Lutz Deisinger), one of three roommates in a West Berlin apartment, is gay. His two brief love scenes are the only ones in this odd, unpleasant film which resembles *Stranger*



HANGING OUT: Dina Leipzig (center) stars in this West Berlin punk flick.



THE CITY AND THE DOGS: Machismo is simplistically defined in this murder-in-military-school story.



ALPINE FIRE: One of the Festival's best—a story of incest.

than *Paradise* but with less humor;

Little Richard—a British tel-e-video about the self-proclaimed “king and queen of rock and roll.” He talks about being gay, living for orgies and drugs, how he developed his flamboyant style, and his inaccurate name: “Everything is big, I must admit... Gay people,” he says, “are so artistic, so living, so kind and so discriminated against... You know, Jesus Christ died for gay people too”;

No Surrender—Headed for commercial release in the U.S., this comedy about clashing clans of Irish seniors who hold their New Year's Eve parties in the same Liverpool club doesn't have enough of a payoff to justify its buildup. Ditto for the situation of homophobic bouncer Bernard Hill;

She's Gotta Have It—A lesbian (Raye Dowell) pursues heroine Tracy Camilla Johns without success, but Johns has three male lovers in this crude but promising film by Spike Lee, who may be the black Woody Allen;

Something Like Yoshiwara—Three would-be comedians spend a lot of time at the baths together and joke about each other's genitalia, but this charming Japanese comedy is super-straight at heart;

Strangler vs. Strangler—definite cult material from Yugoslavia. A woman-hating rock musician becomes telepathically connected to a mother-loving murderer in a black comedy that will make you laugh until you choke;

A Summer at Grandpa's—The only gay appeal in this lovely, leisurely Taiwanese tale told from a thirteen-year-old boy's perspective comes when he and his friends go skinny-dipping;

Tupac Amaru—a dreadful Cuban-Peruvian historical/propaganda epic about the revolution that led to the execution of the last of the Incas, mentioned here because a Cuban friend tells me title roler Reynaldo Arenas was once jailed for “corrupting” an underage boy;

What Sex Am I?—Lee Grant's documentary was made for and shown on HBO.

It's a pretty thorough introduction to transsexuality, as unexploitative as possible, with sidebars on heterosexual transvestites—many of whom wear some kind of uniform on their jobs—and “she-males,” San Francisco drag prostitutes.

SKINNY-DIPPING FOR GROWN-UPS

The best of the current films wasn't shown at the festival. It's James Ivory's screen version of E.M. Forster's *A Room with a View*. Like all the work director Ivory and producer Ismail Merchant have given us in their twenty-five-year partnership, it's a jewel box of a movie that exists in a rarified atmosphere transcending national boundaries.

Unlike some of their films, however, this one is fun.

Of primary gay interest is the swimming scene—two pretty young men (Julian Sands, Rupert Graves) and their middle-aged vicar (Simon Callow) running, romping and slashing about in the altogether. Ivory told us it's the scene most people remember from the novel: “It would have been foolhardy to leave it out.” He handles it so naturally and innocently that you'll get turned on without feeling guilty. This scene assures tremendous success for the film when it reaches video stores.

But there's much more to *A Room with a View*, a satire on the post-Victorian morality of turn-of-the-century England. Julian Sands and Helena Bonham Carter are attracted to each other in Florence, despite the best interference of her chaperone, Maggie Smith. When they meet again in England, she has to choose between him and her more proper fiancé, Daniel Day Lewis (almost unrecognizable from *My Beautiful Laundrette*, a versatile young actor with great prospects).

Maggie Smith is a campy delight as always, and the cast is a melting pot of the best of Britain's old and young acting talent. *A Room with a View* is intelligent without being boring.

MORBIANS?

Lesbians get even less atten-

tion in the commercial cinema than gay men do. (If they got more would they be called "morbians"?)

Two current attractions—one good, one bad—help balance the scales a little bit.

The bad one is Lina Wertmüller's *Sotto...Sotto* (Softly), a nice fantasy about a downtrodden wife who is surprised to find herself sexually attracted to another woman. They have some sweet, romantic scenes together as they consider extending their friendship beyond conventional boundaries.

Unfortunately, this being an Italian film—albeit directed by a woman—the emphasis is on the farcical bumbling of the macho asshole husband as he discovers first that his wife loves someone else and later that his rival is a woman. Even if he's made to look ridiculous, we don't need much to get the message; and when he becomes downright homophobic (lesbophobic?)—well, we don't have to go to the movies to see that.

Desert Hearts is on our side. Based on *Desert of the Heart* by lesbian author Jane Rule and produced and directed by Donna Deitch, who prefers not to discuss her sexuality but labored for six years to put this story on the screen, it's set in Reno in 1959.

College professor Helen Shaver is staying there for six weeks to get a divorce from a dull husband we never see. She catches the eye of upfront lesbian Patricia Charbonneau, who pursues her with ultimate success. Whether this will lead to a lasting relationship or it's just a phase in Shaver's divorce therapy is left open at the end, but romantics have cause to hope for the best.

The leading ladies are very good and Audra Lindley, as the proprietress of the ranch where Shaver stays, is even better. There's such a great score of country hits of the fifties that you can get caught up in the songs and miss some dialogue.

Deitch has done a workmanlike job overall. *Desert Hearts* isn't great, but it's automatically the best lesbian relationship film by default and will do until another comes along.

—Steve Warren

DRUMMEDIA VIDEO

PORN VERITE

If you want to be scientific, the actual term is cryptoscopyphilia: the desire to peer into windows of houses as one walks past. It's what results in a Peeping Tom, although there's a difference between looking as you walk past and peeping. The latter is less ambulatory; the peeper likes to hang around, catching not a glimpse, but an entire scene played to conclusion—his more apt label would be Staring Tom.

In varying degrees, peering is hardly an uncommon phenomenon. Who can resist the call of open doors in hallways, demanding we turn our heads to look through as we pass? Windows on the street command similar attention with their real-life vignettes. That is their fascination—what the peeper sees is not fiction. The difference between a curious pedestrian and a peeper, however, is that the peeper views neither by accident nor in passing. He's a predator on prowl. And he's not satisfied by the tableau of daily life. He wants sex.

Well, I'm sure we all do. It's just that most of us won't exceed the bounds of propriety or the law to obtain such visions. So, to satisfy all the degrees of Peeping Tom-ism among us, we have the San Francisco-based Sirco video company, which provides, in a half-dozen homemade videos, fulfillment for any variety of eavesdropping needs. Under the marketing title Horny Toad Video, Sirco makes "realporn"—that is, the actorless and scriptless brand of porn made feasible by the home usage of video equipment. There's no throbbing disco soundtrack on Sirco tapes, no slurping sound effects, no plots and no pretty boys attempting cosmetically perfect clinches. There are just real guys getting their rocks off in their own idiosyncratic fashion. The titles are self-explanatory: "Piss Pig," "Fore-skin," "The Peeping Tom," "Abuse," "Cum Chronicle," etc.



DICK RAMBONE: *The biggest dick in recent memory. The camera picks up on every pore of this gargantuan cock.*

More than any other type of porn, whether or not you'll like the Horny Toad offering is a matter of personal taste. These tapes are largely undramatic, unshaped and uneventful in the sense of narrative or forward drive. Climaxes do not climax a scene, but are merely another element of it. The prime element of these videos, that which appeals more to the peeper than sexual content, is their home-movie quality. While technical standards are fine, we are at all times aware we are watching real people in real locations. They beat off in messy bedrooms and converse with the cameraman, looking directly at him—and therefore at us—for instructions, establishing a direct communication with us

that is impossible in commercial porn. There is little sense of performance in the actions of these men. They are sometimes absent-minded, slow, not climax oriented. This will either heighten your sensation of peeping or be utterly dull to you. It's the media, not the message, that's important here. If you're more turned on by the idea of such realism on film than the illusions commercial porn serves up, Sirco is your trough of tea. Slurp away.

The tapes fall into several categories—those which recreate the Peeping Tom experience, solo acts appealing to different fetishists, and spanking tapes in which we witness scenes of domestic punishment. In the first scene of "The Peeping Tom" we are the



FINAL CUM SHOT: A heavy load of sperm spews forth at the end of *Hotshots Volume Two*.

peeper, peering through parted curtains as a slender young man with a long cock and a wide ball distender beats off in his shower. In the second scene, he performs a slow striptease and JO for an unseen viewer lurking outside his window. Then we sneak peeks through a keyhole as he showers again. "Let me know when you're ready," requests the cameraman, and we're alerted by the bather's heavy breathing just before his cum oozes over his cockhead.

"Foreskin," "Piss Pig," and "Cum Chronicle" cater to specialized tastes with their JO routines. "Foreskin" offers several Latino men with dark cocks and full foreskins, as well as a redhead and others, playing lengthily with lengthy foreskins before their orgasms. "Cum Chronicle" is a JO anthology of several hefty cocks in mutual and solo jack-offs. It features some of Horny Toad's strongest orgasms, as well as handsome pictures of shaved crotches and balls swollen from tightly wrapped cockrings. "Piss Pig" introduces an ingenuous, young man who lies on his back on a mattress and spouts streams of piss up and over his stomach and chest, splashing his face and dripping from his mouth. "I can keep going quite a bit," he says, asking half-apologetically and endearingly, "Is that okay?" He's a natural charmer and, yes, a piss pig.

In another video, three butch men handcuff a youth in a convincing struggle before sharing poppers, large

hard-ons, JO action and the boy's ass. A bearded daddy in jockstrap spansks the sleekly handsome youth, who proffers an upturned rear to his Master's sure asshole technique.

Most curious of the Horny Toad tapes is the sad tale of teenage Doreen, whose father punishes her with a long spanking for crying, wearing makeup, sassing back and not doing the dishes. Her tears are real, even if she's not—a glimpse of "her" balls late in the video prove what sex Doreen is, although her disguising wig and generally chubby physique present the perfect picture of a high school girl. She's the picture of modesty, head down, eyes averted, and her red butt takes a lot of spanking in a long scene. Although this punishment fantasy, with its cross-dressing and tritely abusive monologue from Daddy, is more unreal than any I've seen, it comes off more real, a tribute to the pitiable Doreen as well as the "you are there" taping techniques of Sirco. If you're not into spanking scenes, the plight of Doreen is high camp, good for some twisted laughs. It caters to some tastes that are hardly mainstream, like all of Sirco's output. If curious, write for descriptive brochures and prices.

(Sirco, PO Box 14425, San Francisco, CA 94114.)

BIG BONE—BIG DEAL

Marketing directors in the porn industry tell me that the majority of purchasers—those

mail-order clients in the heartland of the country—prefer the porn with stories. Hence, the flow of supposedly "well-made" porn with tight plots that would have Lillian Hellman rolling in her well-made grave. An unending flow of these have been coming from HIS Video, and there's not a single one in which the sexual content has not been defeated by stupid stories, inept scripting, sluggish narrative and bad acting. I can't believe anyone, anywhere, wants to sit through the clichés of these stories or their amateur realizations to get to the sex scenes, and the money wasted on the elaborate sets and location shooting is sad to think of. Worse, the videomakers who perpetrate this schlock bury some good footage. A case in point is hot J.D. Slater, whose somewhat-brutal bout in the opening of *Caribbean Cruising* is lost within the 90-minute morass of shipboard romance and unrequited love which follows.

Redheaded Neal Shaw is another star whose dynamite presence is destroyed by an inane plot, in *Chip Off the Old Block*. This video plays those old fantasies of best friend's father, high school coach, and camping trip with Daddy, into the ground. Shaw, a porn star but not an actor, must endure an unending scene wherein he "seduces" his son, and the intrusions of the script never allow the heat he's famous for to appear. It's cold, this one.

Likewise *Rodeo*, in which proven stars Michael Christopher and Blake McDonald spend 82 minutes deciding whether to be "buddies." While they're not anguishing, endless and dull footage of rodeo competition casts a pall that can't be broken by half-hearted sex scenes in corrals and restrooms (we don't even get a real john: the plastic mini-urinal on the wall is a joke). This type of plotted video is an indulgence for someone at HIS, and I wish they'd stop.

HIS does hit their stride and satisfy our needs with other videos. First is the continuous-action variety, demonstrated by such titles as *Wildside* and *Hard*. The latter plops a group of hot and hard men in a back-

room set and lets them pump. Muscular Melchor, the hardcore J.D. Slater, and hefty Jim Battaglia lead this group in nonstop sucking and fucking. It's not the last word in sexual frenzy, but it works.

Realizing the dead-end shelf life of some of their plotted features, HIS has taken to extracting the good sexual portions of otherwise dull features into a series called *Hotshots*. These 90-minute anthologies, at half the price of other videos, are sure bets. The most recent is Volume Two, starring Dick Rambone. He's darkly handsome, if not charismatic—hell, the camera hardly picks up any signs of life at all, although it does pick up on every pore of Rambone's gargantuan cock. This is the biggest dick in recent memory, a caramel-colored mass of great maleability which Rambone absent-mindedly mauls in various scenes, including a juvenile escapade with a hot dog bun, pickle relish and mustard. It looks like he's plopped his cock down in a vomit omelette. His final cum shot, however, holds a moment's thrill and a heavy load of sperm, but it's the video's clips from older films that make *Hotshots Volume Two* a good show.

The anthology includes the classic Brentwood JO routine of Jeff (aka Nino Scapa), and then Scott Taylor gives the abandoned performance of a real star in a clip from Christopher Rage's *Superstars*.

Michael Christopher stars in a segment from *Pleasure Beach*, and recent star Jim Bently shows what youth, cheekbones, a rigid cock and strong spurts of cum can mean on the screen. Jet Black, a muscular black man, is upstaged by a beefy body builder with succulent tits and massive thighs, who provides a sweaty show-off routine. Cole Taylor joins Jim Bently for a duo-JO before the finale, an invigorating montage of cum shots.

In between all these scenes, Rambone diddles himself, and if you like big meat, he's yours. He's hardly worth the hubbub, though, as it's the other clips that make *Hotshots Volume Two* a hot shot.

—John F. Karr

DRUMMER FICTION

A black and white photograph of three men in a dark setting. One man stands in the background, shirtless, wearing a dark harness with straps and buckles. Another man is crouching in the foreground, also shirtless, looking down at a third man who is lying on the floor. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of the men's bodies against the dark background.

PERFORMANCE

by MICHAEL AGREVE

PERFORMANCE

BY

MICHAEL AGREVE

"And whose little boy are you?"

I looked up at the man who stood in front of me. His looks were more menacing than impressive. He wasn't much taller than me and our lean builds were about on a par with each other. He had one of those blandly attractive faces that didn't make heads turn too often. But with his body encased from head to toe in shiny black leather, he was a sight to make any slave's dick jump up and salute. And the fact that he packed a mean-looking pouch under his studded belt more than made up for what he lacked in looks.

"I'm talking to you, Shithead."

I stared at him as if in a trance. I had spent the last hour waiting for someone to approach me. So far there had been no takers. That little fact didn't surprise me though. With at least three bottom men to every top man, the odds weren't exactly stacked in my favor. And it wasn't because I don't have the kind of looks that gets attention. Far from it. Although I might only stand at five feet six, I've got the kind of kinky looks that most guys call "hot." Being overly hairy doesn't hurt either. Even if a guy doesn't turn on to my well-formed features and drooping, black moustache, the mat, coarse, black hairs on my chest usually get their attention.

"I asked if you were taken."

This time I didn't wait to respond.

"No, Sir. Nobody's claimed me yet."

He reached out his leather-gloved hand and ran it across my nicely developed chest. My oversized nipples responded with an erection that matched the one my dick was throwing.

"Then I guess it's about time somebody changed all that."

Before my mind could respond, he removed a leather slave collar that dangled from his belt and wrapped it around my neck. Tiny pinpricks on the collar's underside gripped into the tender flesh, sending spasms of pain throughout my captive throat. I wanted to cry out, but knew better. I had just been "claimed" by the man who stood menacingly in front of me. He was now my Master. And if he wanted to pierce my skin with razor-sharp needles, that was his prerogative.

"What's your name, boy?"

I stared into his face, noticing that it was totally devoid of kindness. Or prettiness, for that matter. He wasn't one of those Masters who paraded in pinstriped suits by day and stuffed their GQ bods into leather by night. With a two-day growth of beard accenting his ordinary, but regular features, he was not in leather drag like so many of the other guys in the room. He was the genuine article; a leatherman who commanded attention with the unspoken air of authority that only comes after years of being in charge. I knew that he wouldn't take any shit from anyone, least of all a slave like myself. Maybe that's why I responded so quickly to his question this time.

"My name is Richard, Sir. Richard Lansing."

He stared at me coldly, flashing a look at me that made me wish he hadn't clamped the collar on and claimed me for his own.

"From now on your name is Shithead. You got that?"

I watched him as he threw his kick-ass attitude at me. He knew the effect it had on my mind and body. I could see his dick swelling up to its full height. I knew that he was just waiting for the moment when he would order me to wrap my lips around that oversized stiffer.

"I asked you a question, fucker."

"I'm sorry, Sir."

"You will be, if you don't watch your step. Now, what's your name, slave?"

"It's Shithead, Sir."

"That's better."

I wasn't sure if I should ask him the question that came to mind. After a moment's pause, I decided to give it a try.

"Please, Sir, may I know your name?"

His lips curled up in a snarl that froze my blood.

"No, you may not know my name. You can call me Sir, or Master, or Daddy. Nothing more and nothing less. You understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. Now let's get registered. I don't want to get caught at the end of the line."

With that, he attached a length of rope to the leather collar. Then he turned around, giving me a first-class view of his first-class ass. I watched his cheeks bounce temptingly as he led me to where the other contestants were lined up. My mouth dropped open as I surveyed the array of meat grouped near the long table set up in front of the room. I was glad that it wasn't just a contest for looks. Performance and stamina were the only criteria for the final prizes. But even though I knew that I could stack up with the best of them in both categories, I still couldn't help feeling that with the available competition, the odds were stacked against me and my newly-found Master.

"What's the matter, Shithead, don't think you can hold your own with the big boys?"

I didn't know how he could read my mind. And I wasn't about to ask him.

"Don't worry, kid, I know how to get my mileage out of a slave. Those judges will be slobbering over your butt by the time I'm through with you."

Something in the way he said it made me believe it. The only thing I wasn't too sure about was what I'd have to do to make the kind of showing that got a heavy load of points. But before I could think too much about it, the judges announced that the registration was closed. I breathed a sigh of relief. There were seven couples signed up, all ranging in physical types and kinds of kinkwear worn. With my faded 501s and equally faded denim shirt, I was the most conservative of the lot. But I knew that once the contest began, I wouldn't be dressed for long.

"Before this thing starts, we better get a few things straight."

He pulled me close to himself with the heavy rope attached to the collar. I could smell the sweat pouring out of his rank armpits. I wondered what his crotch and ass would smell like. Fortunately, I like my men funky. Funky and freaky. And with the kind of a mind that can stretch my brain as well as my ass.

"I intend to win this shitass competition. And if that means that I've got to break your ass doing it, so be it. So if you want to run tail, now's the time to do it. I won't stand for any whimpering later. When you're with me you lose all your rights to free choice. You understand that?"

"Yes, Sir, I understand it."

"When I give an order, you obey. If you don't I'll kick that pretty face of yours until it looks like a fucking football. You got that?"

"Yes, Sir."

"If you've got any limits you better tell me now. 'Cause later will be too late. Once I get going I don't stop for nothing."

I swallowed hard. Nobody had ever put it to me like that. For once I realized that there was a bigger difference between a real leatherman and someone who plays at it than I had expected.

"Please, Sir, I don't want any permanent marks."

"I figured as much. You fuckers are too concerned with your pretty faces to be real men... What else?"

I thought real hard. I had tried just about everything there was to try. And I had liked it all. But I had never tried to the degree that this man would probably give it to me. But no matter what my reservations, something in the way he stared down at me made me want to surrender totally to his whims. I guess that was the difference between being a bottom man and a masochist. The more he threatened me with his kind of rough action, the hotter I became.

"There's nothing else, Sir."

He smiled again, only less sardonically this time.

"You sure?"

I wasn't sure, but I knew that I wouldn't tell him that.

"I want to do whatever it takes to help you win. I want you to be proud of your slave."

With that, I sealed the bond between my newly-found Master and myself. I guess you could say that I was crazy for surrendering my trust so easily to someone I didn't know in the

least. Maybe that was more masochism on my part. Or maybe the way my dick had swelled forced my cock to take over where my mind would have urged caution. Whatever it was, it was done. And it couldn't be changed. The judges had already given us a spot on the hard wooden floor marked with a big number five. In a few minutes they would bring out an assortment of toys and grease that had been reserved for the contestants. You had to make do with whatever you got. And that could include clublike dildoes and enough chain to bind an elephant up. But ever since I had first heard about the contest sponsored by the leather bar, I knew that I wanted to be one of those lucky guys who came home with a trophy and few less loads churning inside his balls. I had spent years proving to any Master who would have me that I could be the kind of slave that defined the term. Now I wanted to prove it to the world.

So as the sacks of toys were brought out and laid down in front of each couple, my mind started filling up with all the possibilities that their contents could offer.

"Ladies and gentlemen..."

There was a roar of laughter, most from the "ladies" who had come from the local dance bars to attend the event.

"If you don't shut the fuck up, we'll never get this show on the road."

The noise died down.

"How about a little light on the subject?"

Glaring spots flooded the floor with a sickly yellow light. After a few seconds, they assumed a more normal white glow.

"That's better. Now I can see the trade parade."

For the first time in my life I felt a kind of stage fright. I was standing in front of a room full of guys, waiting to be worked over by some strange man who had put a leather dog collar on me. In a minute, I would probably be stripped down and my oversized dick would be on display for anyone who was close enough to see it clearly. I'd be sucking cock in front of a live audience, and probably getting rammed with whatever my

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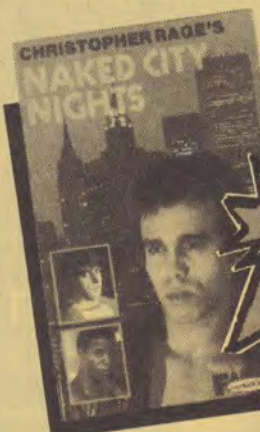


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Master was packing between his legs. The thought made me feel rubbery all over. But then, as I watched guys in the front row gripping their crotches in preparation for the show they knew was to come, I started turning on to the idea of helping all those hot studs get their rocks off. I watched in amazement as some of them pulled their meat out and started pumping their stiffers. There were all shapes and sizes, and they were all posed waiting for me to give them the kind of show that would leave pools of cum lying at their feet. Something changed inside me. My fear changed to excitement as I thought of being able to make a room full of Masters drip their lube juice as they watched me service my new Daddy.

"We've got a real hot bunch of contestants for you guys. I've tried each one of them out myself."

In fact, the "announcer" had tried to make just about everybody who came to the sign-up table, myself included. Lookswise, I might have taken him up on his offer. He had a long, lean torso and the kind of face that makes you think of a boy scout who learned all the right knots and then some.

"You all know the rules of the contest. . . you've got fifteen minutes to do your thing. You'll be judged on performance, so if any of you think you can flash your oversized dicks and sway the judges. . . you're probably right."

The "judges" consisted of some of the bar's more frequent patrons. I recognized some of them from my regular Saturday night trips. Others, like the tall blond at the end of the table, were recruited from some of the other local leather bars. Their hardened looks told me that they were more than adequate judges of what constituted a proper Master-slave scene.

"And for those of you who are just spectators, we've got a couple of rules also. Number one: Keep your cum off of the stage area. Number two: No competing with the contestants. You've all had a chance to show what you're made of. Number three—and this is the most important one of all—when the show's over, I expect you all in my dressing room for a little private showing. . . now, how about letting these beautiful

studs get down to business. First off, let's bring out a couple of toys for our friends to play with."

No Santa Claus, no matter how kinky, had ever brought his good little boys a heavier, or more appealing bag of tricks. Each duffel bag contained an assortment of harnesses, ropes and other appropriate toys, all donated by the club's eager patrons for the event. I didn't actually know what was in the sack that was placed in front of us. But I could guess. The heavy clanking sound it made as it was thrown onto the floor told me that there was some heavy metal included in the little surprise package. I had a feeling that I knew where that heavy metal would wind up. So, as the announcer held the starting gun overhead, I swallowed hard and prayed that my newfound Master had the expertise to take me into his fantasy world without leaving the scars from that trip as future reminders to other willing topmen.

"Now, when I'm ready to pop my gun, I want one guy in each team to dump his load on the floor."

When the snickering died down, the announcer placed the phallic microphone back up against his mouth.

"Now, there you go again, getting the wrong idea. I didn't mean that load."

He pointed to one of the overstuffed duffel bags.

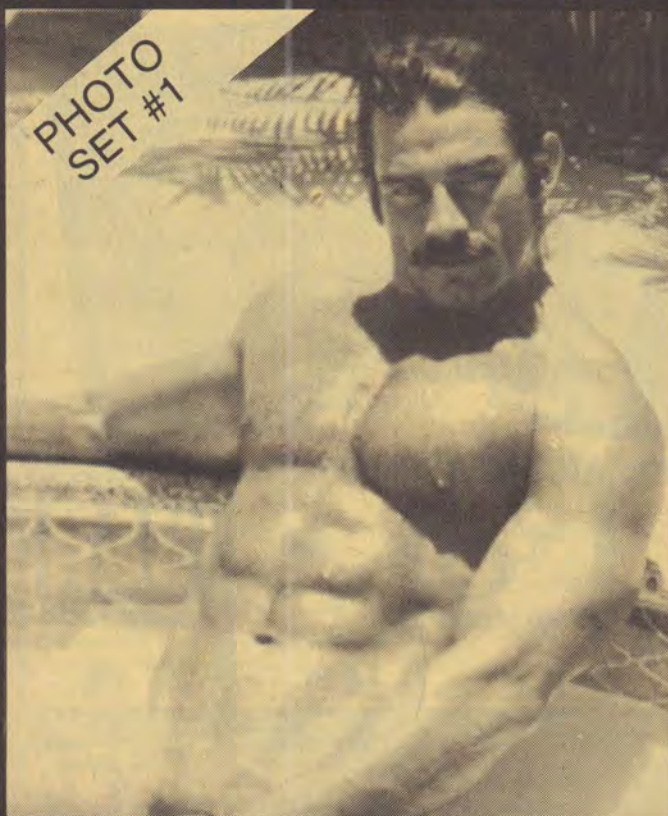
"I meant that load. And please, be quiet about it. We don't want to wake the dead."

This time he pointed to his hardening cock. I knew from having seen it in action that it was slow to rise, but once up, it stayed hard for hours.

"I'm going to count to three. When I hit three, you can begin. I'll let you know when it's time to stop. In the meantime, the judges will be watching each and every one of you. So, on your mark. . . get set. . . go."

The loud popping noise filled my ears. For a brief second, I thought that its power had thrust me forward. Then I realized that my Master had pushed me down onto the duffel bag. Without waiting for a verbal instruction, I lifted the heavy bag

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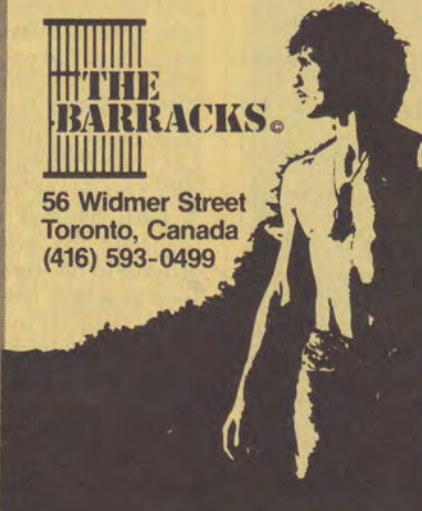
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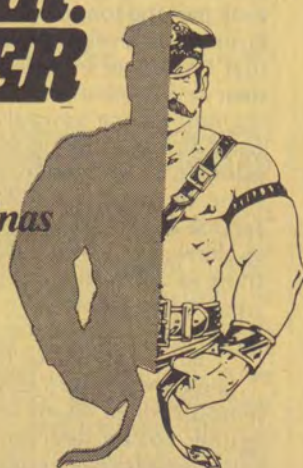

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off of the wooden floor and dumped its contents out in front of my feet. The first thing that spilled out was a heavy length of chain, followed by three or four coiled ropes. I recognized a set of tit clamps from a mail order catalog I had recently received. I also recognized an assortment of dildoes from another catalog. As a can of Crisco spilled onto the floor, I knew immediately that I would be wearing at least one of those oversized clubs in my butt. But it wasn't until an old, rusty spike dropped out of the bag that I began to worry.

The look of horror on my face must have said it all. I turned around and watched as my Master stood, legs akimbo, with a mixture of superiority and contempt on his hard-edged face. Then, as his heavy-soled boots reverberated on the floor, he reached down and picked up the wide wooden floorboards. Then, with his arm resting on my shoulder, he pounded the spike into the floor with the heel of his boot. I could feel the reverberations running through my body as the metal dug deeper and deeper into the floor. All eyes were on the two of us

My tongue was salivating for a taste of some of those hot stiffers. I dreamed about being made to service all those cheesy dicks... until I had swallowed the whole room full of cum.

and the clamor drowned out the sounds of other contestants scrambling through their bag of goodies.

I could hear muted laughter as my face contorted into a look of surprise and dread. I had no idea what my Master would try next. But as his powerful hands reached into the bag and drew out a length of heavy chain, I began to get a clearer picture. With one quick stroke, the chain was attached to the dog collar around my neck. Loud cheers greeted his actions as he hooked the metal clamp into the shiny metal link. Then, as I stood watching dumbly, he wrapped the chain around the metal spike so that it held in place tightly. The blunted end of the spike exactly matched the width of the metal link. There was no way that I was going to break loose, unless my Master decided to use his boots like a hammer and release the chain from its spike.

I stood there attached to the floor like some disobedient animal. But that was only the first of many humiliations that would be heaped on me in the span of fifteen minutes. Just as I was getting used to the fact of being chained to the floor, I heard the sound of fabric ripping as my Master tore my shirt off of my body. Now I would have to go home barechested; something that I had never done before.

For a minute I thought that I would have to go home pantsless as well. I heard buttons popping and realized that my well-worn jeans were being pulled away from behind. I looked down and realized that more and more of my crotch was coming into view. I saw all those eager faces in the audience, waiting for the moment when my dick would come popping out of my pants. They didn't have to wait too long. As the last button gave way under the strain, my cock jumped up at attention and afforded everyone a good view of my seven-inch hard-on.

With a single barked command, I was ordered to pull off my sneakers and socks. Then, with a snap of his fingers, my Master commanded me to remove my pants completely. I was buttass naked in front of all those drooling studs. My crotch, smooth-shaven from a recent bondage scene, stood out like a bald man's pate. The oversized head was dripping juice onto the floor. My newfound Master placed his hand under my cockhead and gathered up the dripping lube juice. The crowd

roared as he placed his hand onto my face and ordered me to lick up the sticky precum. I lapped at his hand, knowing all too well how it felt to be handfed by a strong-willed topman.

Then, when I was finished licking up my cock juice, he pushed me onto the floor and laid one heavy boot on my neck. This brought more cheers from the crowd. From where I lay I could see that other Masters hadn't fared as well. They were still deciding which toys to use first. Only my Master seemed to have his act completely under control. I realized that my first impression was right. The man knew what he was doing. And just knowing that the audience knew it too was enough to make me want to serve him like I had never served any man before.

"They're watching you, Shithead. All of those hot studs are jerking on their pricks and thinking about what a good slave you are. You like knowing that, don't you, fucker?"

I looked up into his piercing eyes, knowing full well that he was mindfucking me.

"Yes, Sir."

"Good, now, let's give those assholes a real show."

With that, he pushed my head near to his other boot. I could smell the stale beer piss coating the well-worn leather. For a moment, I was filled with revulsion at the thought of what was going to happen next. Then, as I began to think about all that hot cock juice spilling out of my Master's dick, I began to hunger for the taste of those piss-shined boots.

"That's it slave. Get your mouth on those boots. Show everybody what a slave you are to your Master's feet. You do a good job and maybe you'll get to taste what's inside those shitkickers. Now... start licking."

I obeyed without a word. My tongue planted itself on the steel-lined tip of the boot. The almost-sickening taste of stale piss filled my mouth as I cleaned the leather like some obedient dog. I could see my spit shining in the reflected overhead lights. A flash blinded my eyes, and I knew that someone had recorded the event for posterity. He would pass the photo around to his friends, telling them about the bootlicker he had seen in action. My Master must have known what was going on in my mind. From the corner of my eyes I could see him grinning down at me. From now on I'd be labeled as a bootlicker. Once that monicker was planted on me, the only way to deal with it would be to live up to it.

"You like that boot, don't you, Shithead?"

He knew the answer to that one. But with his other boot planted on my neck I had no choice but to give out with the required "Yes, Sir," followed by a word of thanks for his letting me service his feet.

"I figured you would. You looked like a hungry pig to me. Now, get your eyes down on those shitkickers. I want you to watch those fuckers getting shiny from your spit."

With his foot planted firmly on me, focusing all my attention on the now-shiny boot was a relief. I didn't have to strain under the heavy weight of the ribbed Vibram sole. Instead, I could look past the tongue-polished leather and watch the audience. From floor level, I got one of the best views of male crotches that I had ever experienced. Row after row of cowboy, engineer and combat boots greeted my line of vision. With just the slightest glance upwards I could see the sharp V of dozens of pairs of legs tapering towards a view of swelled cocks being pumped up and down. My tongue was salivating for a taste of some of those hot stiffers. I dreamed about being made to service all those cheesy dicks, one after the other, until I had swallowed the whole room full of cum. I had never seen anything so hot in all my life. And the fact that those massive pricks were being pumped as they watched me perform my slave duties only spurred me on to lick my Master's boots harder.

"That's it, Shithead. Take care of your Master's boots."

The crowd roared as he dug his boot deeper onto my neck. I almost choked on my spit as my tongue was rammed onto the leather-coated steel tip. I looked to the side and saw that the other couples were engaged in similar action. The couple to the left had advanced to the cocksucking stage. Thick wads of

precum filled the bottom's mouth as he choked on the uncut stiffer that was plunged down his throat mercilessly. The couple on the right was still experimenting with the assortment of toys that had spilled onto the floor. The slave's nuts were wrapped into a ball stretcher. A ball weight hung from the nuts and bounced on the slave's thighs as his Master slapped his melon-shaped buns repeatedly.

I reached for my cock. My Master's boot came down on my hand, sending spasms of pain through my already-aching body. The audience roared with laughter as he told me to keep my fucking hands off my dick. With a stream of apologies, I placed my aching hand on the tip of his boots and caressed the spit-shined surface. I planted my face back onto his boot and licked it lovingly, hoping that his anger would be softened as he felt my tongue worship his feet.

I thought I had succeeded. But as I gazed into the leather-clad crowd I suddenly felt a stream of hot liquid come pouring over my lowered head. I knew what it was, but didn't dare look up. My Master had unsnapped the leather codpiece that held his heavy dick in place. He had poised his thick, uncut meat over my head and let loose with a stream of beer piss that landed on my head and collected in a steaming pool around his feet. I could taste the still-hot liquid as it poured over his already-wet boots. But I didn't dare stop licking. Only when he told me to raise my head up did I release my tongue's pressure on his feet. It was then that I got my first, good, hard look at his cock.

His dick was a real bruiser, just like the man himself. It was long and thick, with a heavy rim of foreskin hiding most of the bulbous tip. Thick veins ran the length of his stiff, making it look like a rough-hewn club used by some primitive man to kill his prey. I wondered if it was going to kill me too. But wonder turned to realization when he lifted my already-sore neck up towards his crotch and held it several inches below his pod.

With the finesse of a veterinary doctor, he pried my mouth open and commanded me to keep it like that. Then, after giving the audience a knowing glance, he filled my mouth with load after load of recycled beer. I swallowed the stuff as an equally heavy stream of catcalls were hurled at me by the overly horny audience. With each new barb I gulped down more of my Master's cock juice. The inside of my mouth tasted like a sewer. Finally, when I had drunk up the last drop, my Master commanded me to suck on his mean-looking tool.

Once again, the crowd roared as I swallowed his man-sized prick. I knew that everyone in the room envied the way I was being made to swallow that thick sausage meat. All I could think about was the way his overhang of foreskin tickled the bottom of my throat as it was plunged deeper and deeper into my cavity. He was fucking my face, all the while telling me that there was not much difference between my mouth and asshole. And with his still-hot piss dripping down onto my chin, I had to admit that he was right.

"You like that dick, Shithead?"

With his oversized stiffer buried in my throat, all I could do was nod my head.

"You gonna serve that prick, right?"

Again a nod, this time followed by a deep, guttural moan as I realized that he was probably thinking that he had claimed me for more than just one night's entertainment.

"Good. Now let's wind this contest up. Those fuckers out there are getting itchy for a real show."

With that, he reached down to where the assorted toys lay scattered. The first thing his hand grabbed for was an oversize dildo complete with dangling balls. I tried to crawl away from where I lay crouching, but as I made my way off the exhibition floor, I was jerked back by the thick length of chain that held me to the sawdust-covered floor. Then, I began pleading in earnest to be let go. My Master, true to form, only smirked. Then he brought his heavy boots down between my legs and gave my balls a kick that had me seeing stars. I rolled over onto my stomach, doubled over with the pain that had shot through my

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crotch. With my body prone at his feet, he grabbed a handful of thick rope and wrapped it around my hands as he stretched them out towards my fuckhole.

He coiled the rope around my wrists and tied it with a knot that I knew I would never be able to undo. I was completely helpless. Realizing this, he lead the rope down my shaking legs and brought the rope towards my ankles. I was being hogtied. His thick-soled boot was placed triumphantly on my bare butt, adding some new pains to my already-tortured body. Like a gladiator, gloating over his conquered prize, he held the end of the rope as the crowd roared its approval. But he wasn't finished with me. Not by a long shot. He brought the rope towards my dangling balls and roughly coiled it around those aching nuts.

"Unless you want to spend the rest of your life singing soprano, you better not try anything cute again. I'd hate like hell to pull those nuts of yours off before I got a chance to make good use of them."

I knew he wasn't joking. A man like that just didn't joke. At least not when it comes to training a slave. So I just kept still and braced myself for whatever was going to happen next. Judging by what was happening to the competition, I figured that my Master would have to come up with something pretty spectacular to draw the attention into our corner. But as he let go of my stretched-out nut sack and reached once again for the assorted dildoes that had come with our little care package, I figured out what his idea of a finale was.

Without wasting any more precious time, my Master grabbed hold of one of the meanest-looking butt clubs I had ever seen in my life. The thing was well over eight inches long and as fat as a tree limb. The audience laughed as he brought the monster closer to my line of vision. They could see the look of horror that crossed my face as I thought about how that fucker was going to tear into my guts.

"You see this rubber prick, Shithead? Well, that prick's going up that fuckhole of yours. And you don't have a thing to say

about it. Ain't that right?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. Now show me how much you like your daddy's club. That's right, take that piece of fake meat in your mouth. Suck on it just like it was a real prick. Maybe if you do a real good job, your old man'd give you the real thing to work on. How does that sound, Shithead? You think you'd enjoy sucking on your daddy's prick?"

The answer was obvious. With his oversized dick sticking up in my face I knew that I would do anything he wanted me to do as long as he fed me his cock as a reward.

"I'd like that, Sir. I'd like to worship your cock."

"Good, then show me how good a job you can do."

With that, he shoved the dildo in my face and made me lick it clean. I tasted the oversized veins and imagined how it would feel to taste my Master's meat. The almost-real feel of the soft rubber made me all the more hungry for the real thing. Like a dog slobbering over a bone thrown at him, I lapped up every inch of that false phallus, hoping that my Master was pleased enough with my performance to give me the equally impressive club that dangled between his legs.

"You do that real good. You must have had plenty of practice."

"Yes, Sir. I try, Sir."

"You better do more than try, boy."

"I will, Sir. If that's what you want. I'll do anything you want. Just as long as you'll let me taste your cock."

"Anything?"

"Yes, Sir. Anything you tell me to do. No matter how sick. If it pleases you, I'd be happy to do it."

"We'll see about that."

I knew what was going to come next. But knowing didn't make it any easier. With my neck chained to the spike in the floor and my nuts tied up to my wrists and ankles I was fair game for whatever he could dream up for me. Only this wasn't a dream. Far from it. The pain that gripped my already-aching

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nuts as he pushed my ass up into the air was all too real. Most of my body weight was carried by my knees and head. The only advantage of that position was that I could see clear down to my bound ankles.

I watched as he dipped the humongous dildo into the can of Crisco. The crowd beat its hands in unison as he shoved the fake cock into the grease, smirking all the while. Then, with one quick thrust of his powerful hand, he glued the fucker to the opening of my asshole and started shoving the slab of meat into my gut. I screamed out in pain as the opening of my hole was pounded by the bulbous head of the dildo. I thought that I would pass out. Someone in the audience ran up and shoved some poppers in my face. I took deep breaths, knowing that as the stuff worked into my brain some of the pain might ease up.

We were the center of attraction now. Even the couples on either side of us had stopped to watch. I felt my anal muscles opening up like some exotic flower as more and more of the dildo was pushed into my receptive hole. Fortunately, the poppers had begun to work. The pain was still excruciating. But somehow, with the addition of the amyl, the pain began to turn to pleasure. I thought about how proud my newfound Master was of me as I concentrated on relaxing the muscles of my asshole.

The dildo was halfway in now. I was fed more poppers. I raised my head up slightly and realized that the announcer had been the one feeding me the stuff. He smiled down at me, then dropped under my belly and plunged his mouth on my dick. As I took the last and most painful inches of my Master's club, he shoved his mouth deeper and deeper onto my dripping stiffer. Then, he started the slow, rhythmical up-and-down motions that made my balls pull away from the ropes. The pain in my crotch was being matched by the pain in my fuckhole. I was at the point of screaming when my Master took out his handkerchief and stuffed it into my mouth. My scream was gagged and I couldn't do anything but lie there helplessly as my cock and butt were being rubbed raw from without and from within.

Then, just when I thought that my body couldn't possibly hurt more, my Master shoved the last few inches of the dildo all the way into my fuckhole. My whole body jumped as the oversized cockhead scraped the walls of my ass canal. Visions of a bleeding rectum drove me to the panic point. I thought about all those guys whose holes had to be permanently sewn up as a result of having taken on one too many inches up their asses. Just as I thought my brain would burst with the fear of ending up with a side bag for the rest of my life, my Master leaned closer to my ear and whispered into it.

"I know what I'm doing. I've plugged tighter holes than yours in my day. Just relax and let me take charge. Think about that hot mouth sucking off that prick of yours. And think about what I promised you'd get if you played your part right."

I thought real hard about it. I thought about what made me want to surrender my body to a stranger in the hope that he would turn me into his slave. The answer never came. Instead, I felt the rhythmical sucking churning up a load in my balls. Then, just as I was getting used to the feel of the clublike dildo in my gut, I felt the beast being wrenched out of me. Some more poppers were shoved in my nose as each thick inch of the dildo was slid out of my well-greased hole. I breathed in deeply, knowing all too well that the final thrust of the kingsized cockhead would hurt the most. When it finally came, it was the kind of pain that made you see stars.

The noise that greeted the final thrust of the dildo out of my hole was almost deafening. I could see thick pools of cum splattered on the floor in front of me; pools of cum that I had help unleash as their owners watched my butt being massacred. I wanted to lick up those sticky pools and show my Master my cum-filled mouth. Instead, I just lay there and groaned as the walls of my hole opened and closed uncontrollably.

"Let's give everyone a good look at that pussy of yours."

I was spun around so that my upended butt faced the screaming audience. The announcer had spun around with me, never

letting go of the death grip he had on my aching prick. Everyone could see how wide my hole had been stretched. I knew that I could take anything up there. But more than anything, I wanted my Master to massage the insides of my asshole with his cock.

He must have known how badly I wanted to be fucked by his real-life club. As the final fifteen minutes ticked away, he grabbed hold of my ass cheeks and spread them wide. Then he leaned down over them and let a thick gob of spit ease into the already well-greased opening. He grabbed up a wad of grease that spilled out over my buns and eased it onto his prick. I could see him lathering up his tool with the stuff. Even as he pumped up and down on his stiffer, the thick overhang of foreskin

I started to relax and enjoy the feel of his hot slammer inside me. I could feel the heavy overhang of foreskin brushing up against the walls of my hole... as it was thrust in and out.

remained well over the cockhead. Like its rubber counterpart, the veins that ran up and down the sizable piece of meat were thick and purplish. I knew that I would feel those veins bumping up against the lining of my manhole. If my mouth hadn't been well-gagged I would have been begging for him to hit his bat home. No doubt the look in my eyes said it all. He leaned closer to me and poised his meat at the opening of my ass. Then, with one quick, powerful thrust, he plunged his dick deep inside my aching butt.

His cock wasn't anywhere near as thick as the dildo had been. But still, it hurt like hell as it slipped deeper and deeper inside me. I was being fed more poppers by the man lying underneath me. As the stuff worked into my head I could feel my guts being ripped open. Then, as I thought about how stretched open my hole must be after its unexpected clubbing, I started to relax and enjoy the feel of his hot slammer inside me. I could feel the heavy overhang of foreskin brushing up against the walls of my hole, tickling my gut as it was thrust in and out of me. His dangling balls slapped up against my ass, sending the kind of exquisite pain through my body that only a bottom man could explain or understand. Suddenly, pain started turning to pleasure as his oversized dick caressed the insides of my body. I began moaning and begging for him to ram his meat all the way home. I knew that there was lots of potential for brutality there. But I also knew that now that I had bridged the gap between pain and pleasure, there was almost nothing that I couldn't let my Master do to me.

"Just look at those greedy fuckers, all waiting to get a piece of ass from my little slave boy. Think how it would feel to have all those hot fuckers shove their dicks up that pighole of yours."

I thought about it long and hard. After a few seconds time I started realizing that I could learn to love the feeling of being made to service anyone my Master wanted to hand me over to. And at that very moment, there was a room full of studs hoping that his generosity would outweigh his need to keep me under his spell.

I looked around me and watched the change that had come over the audience. Instead of just watching and jerking off they were starting to get into the mood of things. Six-foot studs in leather chaps were down on their knees sucking off mammoth clubs that were buried down their throats. Their leather-clad knees slipped in the pools of jism that had formed around their feet. I watched as big bruisers opened up their mouths and swallowed thick streams of piss greedily. I could taste the stale

urine in my own mouth and wanted more. But I knew that I would get it only if my Master wanted to give it to me.

"How about it, Shithead? Why don't we give some of those fuckers a crack at that hole of yours?"

Suddenly I was scared. Four large-donged guys stood around me. They were the other couples who had entered the contest but had decided to watch me being worked on instead. They were all gripping their heavy clubs, each hoping that they would get to shove them up my man cunt. I watched as their nuts churned up loads of jism that they longed to empty inside my pighole. Their faces sported looks that hungry animals wear when they see their prey waiting for the kill. I watched as their cocks dripped lube juice onto the floor. When I felt the steady rhythm of my Master's cock suddenly stop I knew that I was going to be tossed to the crowd like a bone thrown at a dog.

"Okay, Shithead, let's spread the wealth around."

With that, he withdrew his mammoth club from my butt with one quick, painful thrust. The muscles in my asshole contracted, giving everyone a perfect view of what a well-stuffed butt looks like after it's been worked on by an expert. But before I could dwell on what my sore ass looked like, I felt it being stuffed by another dick. This one wasn't as big as my Master's, but the urgency with which it was pushed home told me that the fucker behind it wasn't going to be slow or gentle. I had no choice but to relax my muscles and take the club willingly.

As I felt the wetness in my mouth and ass, I let my own balls release their juices. . . The hot stuff came pouring out of my dick in a spurt of thick, steaming cum.

"How does that feel, slave? You like that big piece of meat?"

The cock's owner hissed into my ear. His words only served to heighten my fear. I knew that he would be the first in a line of assorted sizes and shapes that would pound my backside. And true to my beliefs, I was plowed by at least three other studs before the man sucking my dick decided that it was time to bring the contest to its conclusion. I lay there with my butt upended before the audience as load after load of steaming cum was deposited in my butt. Then, as the last stranger left my aching backside, my Master thrust his stiffer back inside me with one powerful stab that almost made me faint. The man lying underneath me turned around so that his head faced towards my feet. Without missing a single stroke, he let the incredible suction of his lips lap up every inch of my pulsating wang. Then, with the grace of a contortionist, he reached out and grabbed at my nipples and pulled the suckers downward. My cock was being milked with the same intensity as my protruding nipples. All the while, the steady rhythm in my butt was bringing my Master closer and closer to the point of letting loose with his pent-up load.

More poppers were shoved into my nose as every part of my body was being pinched, pumped and pounded. The audience was wild with the raw animal sexuality. Sucking noises filled my ears along with barked-out commands. Suddenly I realized that all of the commands were directed towards me. Every man in the audience was telling the man underneath to suck harder. Then, as I realized that my own mouth was empty, I begged my Master to allow me to suck on a cock. For a brief moment he stopped pounding my ass as he thought about my request. Then, without saying a word, he signaled for one guy in the audience to give me the dick I so desperately needed.

He had chosen the biggest hump in the audience, a guy that everyone in the bar had dreamt about serving. His nickname was The Head, and anyone familiar with the bulbous tip of his cock knew how he came by that name. He was one of those big, blond, hairy studs that made mouths itch for a taste of his dick. The fact that his meat was only average sized was compensated for by that fat cockhead that challenged even the most experienced cocksuckers. But as he strode towards me, his manmeat dangling in front of my glazed-over eyes, I knew that I could take The Head on and give his meat the kind of dick licking it deserved.

With my mouth now filled up with cock, every part of my body was working to its full potential. My Master held the reins on my butt while the contest's announcer kept up the action on my swelling cock and tits. I knew that I could only stand another few minutes before I would spray my partner with a well-churned-up load of cum. So I concentrated all my energies on the hot prick shoved down my throat and let the other guys take control of my body. I sucked deeply on that manmeat, making sure that I savored the tasty tip as I ran my spit up and down its bulbous girth. I slipped my tongue over the hot pisshole and licked up all the precum that my ardent sucking had forced out of the widened slit. It tasted sweet, a sure sign that there was a heavy load churning up in those balls that slapped my face with each downward thrust of my mouth on the cockhead.

After a few minutes of dick worship, The Head grabbed me around the neck and began pushing my face harder and harder onto his waiting dick. I increased pressure on the tasty flesh, all the while aware that I would be the next one spilling his dick juice into a pulsating mouth.

"Suck on that manmeat, Shithead. Get that juice out. I want to see you swallow a hot load of dickjuice, just like your ass is going to swallow up all the juice out of my prick."

Once more my head was pushed down hard onto one of the tastiest dicks I had ever sucked on. With each movement of my mouth on his meat, my blond friend moaned louder and louder. Then, as I ran my tongue on the tender tip of his prick, he squirted a thick load of manjuice down into the bottom of my throat. It filled my mouth up just as my Master let loose with his equally thick wad of pent-up cum. I could feel my ass being hosed down with his love juice.

Then, as I felt the wetness in my mouth and ass, I let my own balls release their juices through my piss slit. The guy under me choked as the hot stuff came pouring out of my dick in spurt after spurt of thick, steaming cum. My whole body shook as he swallowed the stuff eagerly then pumped on his smallish dick until a surprisingly heavy load of cum spilled across my chest. After he had shot the last drop, he ran his tongue across my torso and lapped up his own spunk.

I looked out into the audience and saw one hot stud after another shoot his load onto the floor. Spit-shined boots slid across the sticky mess as more and more guys planted their leather-clad knees onto the grunge. Mouths were filled with anything that came spilling out of the assortment of cut and uncut pricks. Then, as I watched the orgy come to its finale, the man who had so expertly sucked on my dick reached once more for the microphone. He wiped the last remaining drops of cum from his mouth. Then he stuffed his dick back into his jeans and surveyed the audience.

"If we can get the judges off of their knees maybe we can find out the winner of this little competition. But I have a feeling that we already know who won."

Most of the crowd was too busy to pay attention. After a few minutes the judges managed to pull pricks out of their mouths long enough to cast the ballots that would finalize their decisions. When the announcer read out the names at last, there wasn't the least bit of surprise in anyone's minds. My Master and I had won the competition thumbs up. Even when we were each handed the silver loving cup and money packet, the audience was still engaged in an assortment of sex acts that would have even an experienced sex therapist looking on in

total amazement. So, with a wad of bills stuffed in my pocket, and a smile on my face that went from ear to ear, I sat down at the now-empty bar and watched the action that I had helped get going.

My Master had released me from the heavy bonds that had turned me into his slave and his alone. But as we wound up the competition, he had faded into the crowd, perhaps swallowed up by some overly eager slave who wanted the same kind of action he had just finished giving me. I leaned against the bar and scanned the all-too-eager faces. I had just finished my second beer and my dick was itching once more. Several guys had come over to me to congratulate me and to try to get a piece of the action that I had just demonstrated for them. But after the kind of workout I had just gotten, none of the studs standing around seemed to match up with the fantasy-come-alive that I had just experienced. So I stayed where I was, a mute observer to the heavy cruising and live action that was going on around me.

"What's the matter, Shithead? You too pooped to pop again?"

I turned around and stared at the man who had just helped me win the hottest contest I had ever competed in. He was grinning now—not the sardonic smirk that gave his craggy face an all-too-recognizable dominance, but the kind of grin that made me melt.

"I wanted to thank you for helping us to win. We sure as hell showed those fuckers a thing or two."

I couldn't help turning on to the look of triumph that spilled out across his face. I realized that there was more than just triumph behind that look. Somehow in his mind, he had proven a point. Everybody in the room now knew that you didn't have to be a Colt stud to bring everyone down around your feet. With his pockets filled with his share of the winnings, and his powerful hand gripping the trophy, I wanted more than anything to be the extra added prize crowning his win.

"Looks like we really started something here. I'm surprised you're not in the middle of the action."

I looked down at where his succulent cock bulged out of its wrapping. I was hungry for more of that. Just like I was hungry for it to be shoved back into my still-aching butt.

"I guess I've had enough exhibitionism for one night. Right now I'd prefer a good one-on-one."

I took a deep breath and waited for his response. It was slow in coming.

"I can probably accommodate you along those lines. I've got a place not too far from here. And there's a playroom in case you're in for some more of the same."

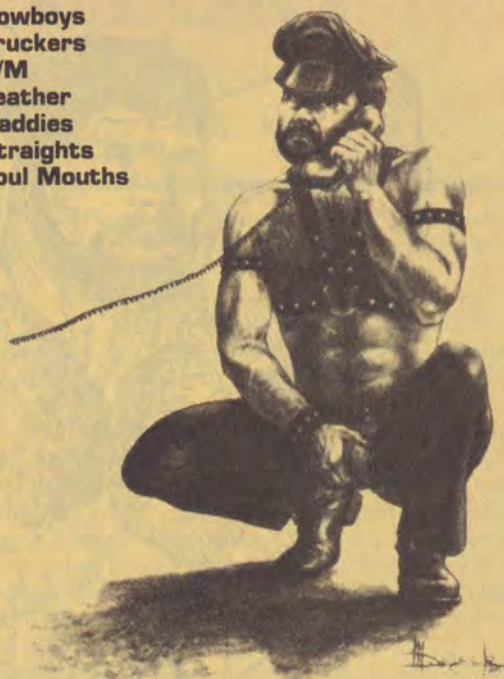
He said it in an almost offhanded manner, as if it didn't really matter to him one way or another. But the look in his hitherto cold eyes said it all for him. He wanted it just as much as I did, only he couldn't say it in that way.

"The same kind of rules apply. Once you're in my place, I'm in charge. We can talk about limits before, but the minute you step into my territory, you're mine for me to do whatever I want with. You understand?"

I nodded my head, still not too sure of what I was getting into. I had a pretty good idea, though. I knew that he would probably never soften up and give me the kind of affection I knew I needed so badly. But I also knew that part of me would fight against the conventional relationship that could be just as binding as another. I had long since decided on a different road, and if it lead me into the more-than-capable hands of this sometimes-brutal Master, it was obviously the one I needed.

He must have known it too. Without bothering to waste too much more time in small talk, he drew out the length of rope from his pocket and tied it securely around my neck. Then, like a triumphant bullfighter displaying a pair of bloody ears, he lead me out of the bar into the night. I knew that I would never return alone. From now on I would be displayed for everyone to see, the well-earned trophy marking a night of triumph for the both of us. □

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BOUND FOR GLORY

The Fear-Mad King

Part IV by MASON POWELL

Gonar sent word to the Queen asking for an audience and telling her that her "errand" was accomplished. Chom decided they might as well keep Fillian's nipples pierced, for the wounds would have to be kept open for the application of aloes to prevent infection. The three of them headed for the bazaar at the southern end of Jhentfel, and in the early morning light Chom bought two little silver bars and put them through the boy's tits; then they all went for breakfast under a striped awning as the sun came up.

Fillian ate like a wolf, for the High Priest had starved him as well as torturing him. Gonar, exhausted after the night's activities, ate silently while Chom questioned the boy about his past.

There was not much to tell, but he told it between chewing on roast pigeon and gulping down hot fruit beer. His family was large, his father a farmer on the outskirts of a village in Dorkeem. He was a young son with no real prospects. The Baron who ruled Dorkeem had fallen under the sway of Dworkrimian and demanded one son and one daughter from each farm to serve in the new temple. At the end of the requisite year he offered the children back to their parents if they could make a large offering.

"My father has many children to feed," Fillian said, "and therefore not enough to give the temple. Many of us faced that hardness. Some were sold to slave traders from the north, others were sent out to the temples in lands where slaves are not taken. I had the misfortune to attract the eye of the High Priest in Jhentfel, and the rest you know. I did not know that he would have killed me for his sport, and so horribly. But after all the things he did to me, I am not sure I would have cared... until you came to rescue me!"

His blue eyes flashed at Gonar for just a moment, shyly, then he was back to eating.

"Do you wish to be returned to your home?" Chom asked the boy.

Fillian continued to eat for a moment, then looked up at Chom boldly.

"Sir, my father is burdened with many children, as I have said. And in Dorkeem the priests of the Dwork hold full sway. There is no future for me there. Rather would I serve him who rescued me from those devils, in any way I might."

Once again there was that shy look at Gonar, then Fillian returned to eating. Gonar almost blushed; dared not look fully at Chom, his Master.

"How old are you?" Chom asked Fillian.

"Sixteen summers," Fillian answered.

Gonar thought he looked more like fourteen, but he knew the boy was not lying. Hunger and privation could stunt a boy's growth.

"Suppose I wished you to be my slave?" Chom asked. "Not merely my servant, but my true slave. An object for the gratification of my passions. To be used in whatever way I might deem fit."

The boy held his feelings remarkably well, Gonar noted. There was only the slightest twitch of his lip to show the disappointment he felt.

"I should be greatly honored to serve the Master of the man who rescued me," Fillian said, with consummate tact. "Your desires, Sir, no matter how harsh, would be kindness, I know, compared with what I have so far endured. I do not believe you are the kind of man who would kill me for his amusement."

"But if I chose to whip you, boy?" Chom persisted. "If I chose to bind you, to fuck you savagely? I do not ask if you would

endure it, but if you would *enjoy* it. Surely you have noted, by the fact that I keep Gonar as my slave, what kind of desires I harbor."

The boy wrinkled his brow and stopped eating. He had endured a great deal, but now he was being asked to make decisions about the things he would endure in the future. Gonar remembered how it had been for him, surrendering himself to Chom.

"Sir," said Fillian at last. "I would not be a good slave to you if I were not honest with you. So I will tell you that I do not know if I would enjoy it. There were times in the temple when I *did* enjoy what was being done to me, but then I had no choice. I liked being fucked. Sometimes I liked it when they whipped me, or did other things. What I did not like was the way they spoke of me, spoke to me. I may have little worth, but I have some. I am not an animal for the table... It is difficult for me to give you an answer!"

He was quiet for a moment, then he blurted out: "If it had been Gonar who asked me, I know that my answer should have been yes!"

Chom leaned back and laughed, and Gonar saw the blood rush to the boy's face, felt the blood rush to his own.

"Perhaps it would be best for me to say that I think it likely, Sir," the boy stammered, trying to cover himself. "A Master, it is said, is best known by the behavior of his slaves."

"Well spoken, Fillian!" Chom said, stopping the boy before he could get in deeper. "You are fair of mind as well as flesh. But I think that yet you are still too young to give yourself over to me entirely, or to anyone. There is much for you to see and do in the world before you make such a decision."

The boy's face fell.

"That does not mean I reject you!" Chom hastened to add. "It only means that I will not accept you as slave *until* I am satisfied that it is the true path of your happiness. For now, I will accept you only as my servant."

Fillian looked a little brighter at this.

"You will obey me in all things," Chom said, fixing the boy with his dark eyes. "Your duties, however, shall be to Gonar. You will give him such service as his body demands, for I see clearly that is the direction of your desire. You will clean our house, cook, shop the markets, care for my clothes as well as his. I may choose to use your body from time to time, and if I do, you will give it without hesitation. Do you understand me?"

Fillian nodded.

"You will watch how I use Gonar, and you will see what would be expected of you if you were my slave. That shall be the most important part of your education. I am a harsh Master, but I am also a loving one, and if I decide to own you, I will prize you above all other kinds of wordly treasure. Is that not so, Gonar, my Gonar?"

"It is, my Master," Gonar said, and it was so true that the mere thought filled his eyes with tears and his prick with blood.

The boy tagged along through the day as Gonar and Chom went about the small tasks they had to accomplish. They bought food for the house, paid bills, listened to the news in a tavern to get a better picture of how the world was going. On the way home, down the Street of the Hostlers, Chom left them alone while he went in to talk with old Shandon Whitebeard. Neither Gonar nor Fillian spoke, but what passed between them was warm and intimate, something deep but without touch.

That the boy's charm was strong there was no doubt, and that

night Chom decided to give Fillian his first look at what life might be like for him as slave. He told Fillian to strip, then he bound the boy to an upright post in the common room with leather tongs. Kneeling, his legs to either side of the pillar, his ankles pulled up so that his weight rested on his knees; his arms were doubled behind the post and tied painfully. Chom put a wide leather band around his waist to press him to the post, then another around his chest, just below the pierced nipples. Finally a leathern collar was put around his neck and the post, so that his head was held back against it.

Next Chom told Gonar to stand in front of the boy and strip off his clothes slowly, so that the captive might appreciate his beauty. Gonar did as he was told, taking off his cloak, peeling off his tunic, watching with pleasure as the boy's eyes devoured the fully muscled lines of his body. He had returned the ruby

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ring to his tit that morning and when Fillian saw it, his mouth fell open in wonder.

The sight of Gonar's body made Fillian's cock go rigid; and it was a pretty large cock for a kid so young and malnourished. Gonar thought that in a few years it would be an impressive ornament if the boy were fed right, and exercised. He pulled off his loincloth and smiled as Fillian licked his lips at the sight of his huge cock, already stiffening to its fullest. It was the first time since King Rhanges had forbid Shegri that Gonar had been allowed to display himself, and he was excited.

Stand very close to him, Gonar," Chom said. "Stand so that your prick is almost at his mouth. I want him to smell the sweat from your crotch hair, I want him to feel the heat of that weapon near his face. I want him to desire that big cock of yours, Gonar. See, his mouth is already open, his tongue strains toward you. But you are not to give it to him, Gonar. You are to stand your ground and keep him from it, make him want it."

"Yes, my Master," Gonar smiled. He felt his heart beating a little faster, as it always did when Chom began a game. His grey eyes locked with Fillian's blue eyes, and once again there was that intimacy, that warmth.

Chom ran his big hands over Gonar's back, massaging the muscles, relaxing him, exciting him. Those hands were warm, strong; like sunlight they seemed to soak strength and desire into him. They continued down his back, squeezed the hard globes of his ass. It would have been the most natural thing in the world to respond, to open himself, to rock his hips backward or forward: but Chom had forbidden it. If he had done it his cock would have slipped between Fillian's lips.

Chom slipped a finger into Gonar's asshole. Gonar blinked his eyes, hoped that Fillian could see his pleasure written there. A second finger slid in, probed, then a third.

"Clasp your hands behind your head," Chom said quietly, and Gonar did it, feeling his pectorals rise, feeling the little tug of the gold and ruby ring at his nipple. The smell of his sweat came clean and sweet into his nose; it must surely flow out of his armpits even to the boy bound in front of him.

A fourth finger moved into him. Chom began to slowly fuck him with his four fingers, sliding them in and out, stretching his sphincter, preparing him, pushing him gently toward the land

of mindless pleasure. Fillian stared at Gonar's cock now, licked his lips repeatedly, occasionally let his eyes race over the huge body standing before him. Gonar felt the pleasure of admiration, the pleasure of someone desiring him. He looked down happily at Fillian's stone dick, at the way the boy's breathing was getting heavier.

Chom put his thumb in Gonar's hole and started to twist his hand back and forth. It took all the self-discipline Gonar could muster to keep his ass still, not to push back upon that hand. He was crazy now to be touched, not only upon his prick but upon his whole body. Fillian's hot mouth was so close that he could feel the breath on his cock head. Gonar wanted to fuck that eager mouth. He looked down on the mop of blond hair, the young face so close, and he moaned.

Chom pushed the hand in deeper, the second joint of his fingers, then the big knuckles: in, past the ass ring, deep, into him. The smell of Gonar's sweat began to take on the acridness of lust. He felt hotter, and sweat began to trickle down his sides. He shuddered slightly, felt gooseflesh tighten his skin like rain on the surface of a lake. The sense of the warm room around him started to recede and he felt himself slipping into the mindless place where his body existed independent of the world, a point of fire in a universe ready to explode. Chom's hand pushed all the way into him and he gasped.

Fillian groaned.

Gonar looked down, and as if at the end of a tunnel he saw a long, thin strand of clear precum dribbling from the boy's stiff dick, which was now a darker color, the head purple and ripe with engorgement.

Chom drew his fingers up into a fist inside Gonar's belly. He began to fuck Gonar with that fist, moving his arm deeper with each thrust. Gonar noticed that his head was moving from side to side, wondered how long he had been doing it, ceased to care, concentrated on the need to hold still for his Master, to take whatever his Master did to him with perfect composure, with perfect obedience. The thought glanced off his mind that there was pain involved in what was happening to him, but more important was the fact of Chom's pleasure. Gonar noticed that the sweat poured off his body like rain, and that his own cock was as hard and purple as Fillian's.

There was also precum dripping from it, and as he watched, detached, Fillian's tongue stretched toward it with crazed intensity. The boy was straining against the leathern collar, choking himself with desire. His face was red as he tried to get at the glistening string.

"Oh, please!" Fillian whispered.

Gonar felt the fist in his gut unclench, felt the muscular arm slide backward, felt his asshole stretch as Chom pulled his hand out. He felt his insides collapse on emptiness.

"I did not give you permission to beg me," Chom said, then he put his arm around Gonar's waist and pulled him backward until he stood at arm's length from the bound boy. Fillian looked up with eyes full of pleading.

"You are now Gonar's creature," Chom continued. "And because you are his, he must pay for your mistakes."

Chom went to the wall and took down a many-thonged whip. He walked to where he could stand just behind Gonar, then brought the whip hard against Gonar's butt.

The thongs bit in, but it was no great thing to Gonar, who had taken so much pain in the arena. Fillian, however, was lost in a wave of humiliation at what he saw.

"Sir, I'm sorry!" he cried. "I will not do it again! Only punish me, not Gonar!"

Chom brought the whip harder across Gonar's raised and bunched back muscles. Gonar tried to catch Fillian's eyes to tell him silently that it was all right, but Fillian looked only to Chom, adrift in a storm of remorse.

"Oh, please, please, Sir! Me, not him!"

Chom lashed Gonar twice, quickly, once across his ass, once across his back, then the whip whirled and landed across Gonar's chest, leaving angry welts.

"You must learn to listen, and you must learn to think, and

you must learn to obey, boy!" Chom said. "When I tell you to do a thing you must do it, unless there is some overwhelming reason not to. You must trust absolutely that I will not betray you. But if you make a wrong choice you must be ready to pay for it in the terms I demand. The terms now are that Gonar must pay for each infraction you have earned!"

Chom brought the whip around in such a way that its thongs were spread across Gonar's chest and belly. Fillian stared in horror at the welts that rose, first white, then red. The whip landed again across Gonar's thighs.

Fillian's mouth opened, he licked his lips, then he shut his mouth with a snap. He met Gonar's eyes, finally, ashamed. Gonar smiled at him.

Chom continued to whip Gonar, to raise welts all across his chest and belly, his legs; then he whipped his back again, making him a tracery of pain. Gonar sweated, felt the pain bite in, felt his cock ache for release. He was a double object of desire now, both Chom's and Fillian's, and the pain only served to heighten his desire for them both.

The whipping stopped. Chom hung the whip back on the wall, then walked to where he stood in front of Fillian. He pulled loose his Tlesian Corsair's loincloth of red velvet and let his huge, hard prick spring out at Fillian's face.

"Lick it, boy!" Chom commanded.

The boy's tongue shot out and he began to lick, if not with skill then certainly with enthusiasm. Chom folded his arms across his chest and stood with his legs apart, letting the boy work at it for a long time. Then he shoved his thumb and forefinger into Fillian's mouth, stretched the lips wide, and pushed the head of his huge dick in. He started to fuck the boy's mouth, not deep enough to choke him but enough to make him gag several times. The head was slick and shiny as it slid in and out, then the shaft got wet as Fillian drooled down his chest, unable to swallow his spit for the fucking his mouth was taking.

Finally Chom pulled his cock out of Fillian's mouth and walked back to Gonar. He reached out and twisted Gonar's left tit savagely. He took Gonar's balls in his hand and crushed them until he got a grunt out of his slave, then he let go and walked around behind Gonar. He positioned his prick at Gonar's asshole, wrapped his arms around Gonar's waist and shoved the whole length in with a single thrust.

Gonar felt the huge shaft ram him, felt his bowels give way before the assault. The air shot out of his lungs and he groaned, but he kept his hands behind his back, kept his feet firm on the ground, working to be what his Master wanted. Chom fucked him, fucked him hard, shoving the hot shaft of hard meat deep up him, lifting his heels from the ground with the force of the invasion.

Fillian was now crazed with desire, too young to control it in any way. His mouth hung open and spittle dripped from his tongue as it reached hopelessly toward Gonar's big, hard, distant cock. He squirmed against the post, unconsciously fought against his bonds. Gonar was not a seeker of young boys, but Fillian bound was more than a boy. Gonar wanted the open mouth, wanted it with the unreason of an animal in rut, wanted it as much as Fillian wanted him in it. Chom's prick fucked him and Fillian's mouth waited for him, and his balls were tight, his prick hard with ravenous need.

With a final thrust that lifted Gonar from the floor, Chom stiffened and with a roar sank his teeth into the nape of Gonar's neck. Gonar felt his Master's load shoot hard up into him, felt the teeth, felt the arms tight around his waist, the chest against his back. He clamped his butt muscles tight, seizing on Chom's dick inside him, and he tried to milk the big cock even as the cum poured into him. He was now as crazed as the boy, breathing hard, holding desperately to his last scraps of self-control.

Chom's orgasm was a wild thing and he thrashed like a dying bull, holding onto Gonar and pumping it in with the savagery of an animal. Gonar's reason was a single thread, that thread all that held his two hands together behind his head and away from his aching cock. Fillian was mindless.

When Chom was finished he pulled his big prick out of

Gonar's ass and went to the boy.

"Clean it!" he commanded, panting.

Fillian's tongue flicked out, eager for anything he might be offered. When Chom consented to stick the wet and sticky head into his mouth, Fillian sucked furiously, trying to swallow more of it than would ever fit in his throat.

Gonar shook, shivered with lust, but he held his ground. He wished that Chom would let him clean that cock, wished also that Fillian's tongue was taking Chom's cum from where it dripped out of his vacated asshole.

Chom pulled his cleaned cock away, stuffed it back into his red velvet loincloth. He began to untie the boy.

"Do not touch yourself in any way!" he cautioned Fillian sternly as the last bonds came off.

Fillian looked to Gonar with more than pleading in his eyes.

"Now get down on your hands and knees, boy, and spread your legs wide," Chom commanded. "Open yourself like a bitch dog that Gonar may see your fresh little hole. I want him to desire you. I want him to feel the pain that you have caused him by your disobedience, and I want him to think about it as he takes you."

Fillian looked fearful, but he got down as instructed, spread his legs, then stuck his tight little ass up in the air, spreading it, bending his back, displaying his pink, small pucker for Gonar to want.

Chom got the whip again. He began to lay it across Gonar's hard-fucked ass with a fury twice what it had been before.

"Want him, Gonar, my Gonar, want that boy!" Chom crooned as he handled the lash. "Think how good it will feel to rape his ass, to take him savagely as I have taken you. Make him feel all that he has brought down on you, make him feel it in his ass, with your cock, with your lust, with all your strength. Want him, Gonar, want him!"

Gonar needed no more encouragement to want the boy. His cock raged for satisfaction, ached to be stuffed into that pink hole before him. His mind was going red and he was losing the control he fought for; the thread was fraying that held him human. The whip bit into his butt and with every stroke he prayed that he would not break, not shame his Master.

"Take him!" Chom said.

With a gasp, Gonar's arms came free. He reached for the boy as he fell to his knees. He seized Fillian's hips, pulled him roughly backward, pushed his cock into the little hole with a single, hard thrust, unable to control himself any longer.

Fillian cried out with the violence of it, clawed at the floor, tried to crawl away, but he was no match for Gonar. If he had spoken words he might have cut through the red haze of lust, but he, too, was reduced to the animal state. Gonar's arms wrapped around him, he was crushed to the floor, and Gonar's big dick began plowing him, ramming him, fucking him crazy.

It was like fire around Gonar's prick, the hot, small ass grasping him, holding him, wet and wildly responsive. The fire in Gonar's ass sent signals to the fire in his cock and between them, in his balls, in his belly, the lightning flashed, the storm could no longer be held back. He fucked hard and fast, furiously, and abruptly it happened: the lightning, the tightening, and the roar of thunder through him as his hot cum boiled out through his dick and exploded into Fillian's tight bowels. In the thrashing of it Gonar roared even as Chom had, and finally in the thrashing gained complete and final release.

At the end he collapsed on top of the boy, his heavy body dripping with sweat and pinning Fillian to the dirt floor, arms outspread.

And still it was not over!

Now Fillian whimpered, squirmed, fought back words that might turn into pleading. He had need as much as they, perhaps more immediate need as he was younger. He could not touch himself, dare not for he had been told not to. Yet he writhed, his ass impaled on Gonar's dick, his own cock crushed beneath him.

"Gonar," Chom said, watching. "You must take better care of your servant. Get up!"

Gonar, the daze finally retreating from his mind, pulled himself out of Fillian and climbed to his feet. Fillian drew his knees up, got to a kneeling position, then looked down dumbly at his stiff prick, his hands twitching and held away by main force.

"Get the whip, Gonar. And you, boy, stand as Gonar stood, with your hands behind your head."

Gonar got the whip and Fillian stood as he was bade. There were tears running down his cheeks, but the look of pride on his face told Gonar that he was ready. He had a good chest for a boy his age, Gonar noted. He could be developed.

"Now," said Chom. "Ask Gonar to whip you."

Fillian found it difficult to speak, but his mind was quick. When he had wetted his lips he said: "Please, Gonar, whip me. Whip me as you were whipped for my sake, please!"

Gonar didn't really want to whip the boy. Had it been his choice, the first sex would have been slow and gentle, deep and affectionate. This would have been the culmination of many moons. But it was not his choice, it was Chom's: and he trusted his Master's judgment now more than his own. He brought the whip hard across the boy's ass.

Fillian jerked with the pain, but he held his hands in place and cried: "Again!"

Gonar struck him again, and then again. The boy kept asking for more, even though he staggered. After five strokes of the whip Chom held up his hand.

"Enough! The boy proves himself well. Suck him off, Gonar!"

Gonar dropped the whip and fell to his knees. He took Fillian's stiff cock in his mouth and swallowed it, pushing his face into the boy's blond bush. But Fillian was too far gone to appreciate subtlety. On the second stroke of Gonar's mouth he shot heavy, hot drops into the back of Gonar's throat.

And then, exhausted, Fillian collapsed, falling over on top of Gonar, unconscious. Gonar caught him easily, lifted him in his arms. The contact of their sweating bodies was overwhelming to Gonar after such a long sequence of separation. It confused him.

"Take him to my bed," said Chom, smiling. "And then, sleep with him there. It is large enough for the two of you."

"But you, my Master?" Gonar asked.

"I will sleep in your bed," Chom said, and he came across the room, rumbled Fillian's blond hair with his hand, then bent and kissed the boy on the brow.

"You have done well, boy," he whispered, then he turned to go to Gonar's room.

Gonar stood for a moment holding Fillian against him, feeling the boy's warmth. Suddenly he felt very protective. It was odd, considering the things they had just done together, but he felt as if the boy needed him, and as if he, alone, might be able to keep Fillian safe from harm.

Fillian opened his marvelous blue eyes and looked up at Gonar. It was a look of perfect trust, and he moved his head just slightly to kiss Gonar's chest.

"Is it well?" Gonar asked the boy.

"It is well," said Fillian, smiling. Then, shyly, and not looking into Gonar's eyes, he added: "My Master."

In the morning Gonar awoke with Fillian's warm ass pushing back against his hard cock so he fucked the boy. This time he did it as he wished, gently, slowly, reaching around and stroking Fillian's stiff prick so that they both came to climax at the same time. Fillian told him that no one had ever done that with him before, and Gonar was deeply touched.

They lay abed for a long while, then Fillian said that he would show his skill as a cook: it would be simple fare, for he was a farm boy, but it would be well done, and if it was the pleasure of his new Masters, he would learn the things they liked to eat. He climbed out of the bed, drew on the loincloth and linen tunic they had bought him the previous day, and headed for the hearth.

But he was back a moment later, a look of consternation on his face.

"My Master, there is an old woman to see you! Her clothes make her out a beggar, but she speaks with command, and she demands to speak with you. What shall I tell her?"

Gonar was not surprised that someone should wish to speak with him. Even without Shegri, he was still a celebrity, and he still enjoyed the attention. He picked up his loincloth from the floor and tore a strip off the end of it, still soaked with his sweat from the night before.

"Give her this!" he laughed. "And tell her I have worn it, and where. Ask if she is hungry, and if she is give her food. But tell her that Gonar is tired today, and would not meet with anyone."

Fillian smiled, looked doubtful, but took the cloth and hurried out. A moment later he returned again, and this time there was fear on his face.

"She said to show you *this*!"

He held out a ring set with jewels in the form of the Royal Crest of Jhent.

Gonar sat bolt upright, took the ring, saw that it was genuine, then was out of the bed, pulling on his clothes, hurrying into the common room. As he entered, the tall figure of a woman in rags turned to him and the tattered hood fell back from flaming red hair coiled up in braids entwined with emeralds. He fell to one knee and bowed his head.

"Your Majesty!" he said.

Behind him he heard Fillian gasp.

"Gonar!" the Queen said. "I got your message yesterday morning, that my errand was accomplished. I trusted that it meant you knew the whereabouts of my son, Hrendel, and would soon be off to rescue him. But this morning, as I made my way to the bath, I overheard a messenger to the King. He said that you left the High Priest impaled in the inner sanctuary of Dworkrimian. Is it true?"

Gonar liked to think of himself as slow-witted, but when need presented itself his mind moved quickly. If it were known that he had impaled the High Priest, then the Priest had either lived or imparted the information. Either way, the chances were good that more was known, such as the fact of the information he had extracted from the man.

"It is true," he answered warily.

The Queen's face twisted with despair and anger.

"Did I not warn you of their messages?" she cried. "Did I not warn you that my son's life might be forfeit?"

The leathern curtain across Gonar's sleeping room was drawn aside and Chom stepped out, fully dressed for travel.

"You warned him, Your Majesty," Chom said, his voice smooth and dark and calm. "And I took care that the message you feared would never arrive. The mystery of their communication is quite simple. They send missives tied to the feet of rock doves, birds able to find their way home over great distances. I have paid falconers to guard the skies around the temple unseen. Whatever birds fly forth will end in the stew pots of my hunters, not in the hands of the Dwork."

The Queen closed her eyes for a moment, then she shuddered and her shoulders fell with relief.

"It is well, Chom of Tlesia," she said. "I am in your debt."

"I have also made provision to go to Molukenor this very morning," Chom continued. "It is there that your son is held prisoner, in the tower of the temple of Dworkrimian. I hope that we shall be able to rescue him."

The Queen nodded, once, then she reached inside the ragged cloak she wore and drew out a small bag.

"I had hoped against hope it would be so," she said. "For that reason I took the chance of coming here, to give you this gold to help you along your way; and to warn you that my husband's soldiers are coming to arrest you. The King was told that his trust was betrayed, and that the message had been sent to dispatch the Prince."

Here the Queen stopped, barely able to speak the next words and averting his eyes before she could.

"My husband loves our son very deeply. When he heard that

the boy was to be murdered, and slowly, he... He knelt before the priest and begged!... I would have done it myself, if I had thought it would avail, but to see the King of Jhent brought to his knees...! If I find a way, I swear that I shall see every priest of Dworkrimian buried alive in the swamps!"

Gonar felt the woman's rage like a storm in the air. She had been raised to be a Queen, and to see her husband, her sovereign lord, humiliated before the foreign priests, must be a torture for her that was beyond his comprehension. He was suddenly glad that whatever he was, he had become through his own doing. Whether slave or champion, he had not had his life thrown over his shoulders like a mantle, nailed to his head like a crown.

"The priests of Dworkrimian," the Queen continued, now lifting her head and speaking with contempt, "have graciously consented to try and spare the Prince if my husband will have you captured, taken to the public square, and there tortured to death before the whole of the city as an example. My husband has consented to this, for the description they gave of the way our boy would die has unhinged his mind. He is mad with fear and grief, and unless you bring the Prince home, Jhent will surely fall to the Dwork."

She pulled up her hood and once again she appeared no more than a common beggar woman. She even stooped like a beggar; and Gonar wondered why it was that the Queen of Jhent had troubled to learn such actors' devices.

"Go now, and quickly!" the Queen said, tossing the bag of gold to Chom. "I will appear before my husbands troops and slow them down, but you will have to find your own way out of the city. May Roghgota guard you along your way and protect you against those damned snakes of Dworkrimian!"

She hobbled across the room, no more than a beggar woman but for her regal voice, and then she was out the door and gone.

"So the King is mad with fear for his son," said Chom. "It is well we are prepared!"

"Prepared?" asked Gonar, rising.

"Get your weapons," said Chom. "Take nothing but them, and the clothes upon your back. Everything else is ready, but we must hurry."

Gonar did not stop to question but grabbed his weapons from his room and girded them on.

"And me?" Fillian asked fearfully, knowing now that the High Priest still lived perhaps.

"You go with us, of course!" said Chom, rumpling his hair. "Come on!"

They rushed out the door, down the street, and none too soon. As they turned the corner into the Street of the Hostlers a troop of Royal Guards appeared at the far end of their own street, hurrying to arrest them.

When they came to Shandon Whitebeard's Gonar was once again grateful that his Master, Chom, was so well traveled and so experienced in the ways of the world. Shandon had not prepared mounts and pack horses for them but a single cart piled high with small packages. Deep inside the pile of parcels there was just enough space to fit the three of them, packed tight, Chom behind Gonar, Fillian in front. They could barely breathe, they could not move at all, and Gonar only hoped that Shandon was as trustworthy as he seemed: for they were helplessly bound in by the packing.

"Let the King worry for you," Shandon said, tying on more and more parcels to further conceal them. "He has shown himself a fool, to allow the carrion birds of Dworkrimian to rule him! When he forbade the Shegri, he sowed the seeds of his own downfall, mark my words!... Now there, all is tied. You must make no sound, no matter what, or we shall all end in the square. I will get you through the city gates, and your horses will be waiting at my pastures, along with gear and food for your journey. You have offered a handsome price, Chom, one I am honored to accept. The air will be foul in there, but there's no helping it."

They heard him climb up on the cart.

"Hyap!" he called to the horses, and they began to move.

Gonar thought that this part of the journey, at least, would be bearable. Fillian was tucked tight against him, his warm little ass pressed against the big cock that had fucked him so well that morning. And Chom was behind him, his big dick pressed hard against Gonar's ass. They all wore their loincloths and clothes, it was true, but it should still be pleasant... Yet before long the closeness of the air become an annoyance, then a torture such as Gonar had not ever experienced. And the tight-packed posture, the inability to move a single muscle, lead to an aching quite different, and much less pleasant, than that of being tired or strapped. His muscles cramped and he sweated, and there was nothing to be done about it. And the cart bumped and

**The whip snaked out again,
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jostled as it moved over the cobbled streets, swaying so much that he began to feel sick.

Eventually his prick hardened, and behind him he felt Chom go hard as well. But there wasn't even room to rub.

They heard the various districts of the city slip by, muted through the packing around them. The clanging of bronze workers making swords and armor, aye, and plowshares for those landholders with the wealth to afford them. The hawking of the fowlmarket, the sellers' cries strangely like the cries of the meat birds they sold. The shrill voices of farm women offering vegetables. All of it was easy to see in the mind, for Gonar had walked these ways many times. It made a vivid picture for him, even in the dark with his dick hard and pressed against Fillian.

Once a squad of soldiers stopped Shandon and asked him whether or not he had seen them. Shandon lied well, feigning surprise that Gonar, Champion of Jhent, should be pursued by the King's Justice.

"Champion of Jhent no more!" the captain spat out. "He has betrayed the King's trust, and when he is caught his bowels are forfeit! See that you give the cry if you should see him, lest your bowels be forfeit as well!"

The guards moved on and the cart started up again. Shandon began to whistle. Gonar, unable to move, was forced to contemplate just what kind of death by torture was prepared for him and Chom and Fillian.

It had been over a hundred years since public disemboweling had been done in Jhent. That King Rhanges was willing to return to it, even under pressure, did not bode well for the country. It was the cruelty of the practice: in which the victim was strung up spread eagle, his belly slit open and his bowels stretched out and tied to a rack in front of him (so that he could watch the crows peck at them as he died over a period of days, sometimes weeks) that had led King Vardim the Wise to build the arena for Shegri. Vardim had known the people would not give up their amusements, so he had established the body-betting sport with the Crown's approval, and patronized it. It was not a fatal spectacle, and it led to public heroes, which people preferred to public executions. A great Shegrin could be seen again and again. An executed criminal was a one-time thrill.

They came to the gates of the city and the cart stopped, apparently one of many in a line. Muffled arguments could be heard several times before it was their turn. Then they heard old Shandon.

"Search my cart? Search my cart?" he cried. "Are you mad?"

Do you know how long it took me to tie all those packages in place? What have I done that you should make an old man do so much extra work?"

"Nothing that we know of, old man," came the placating voice of a soldier who had no doubt repeated this argument a hundred times. "But there are three men the King wants badly and should your cart harbor them, our ballocks would be on yonder crosspole in the morning."

"Ah?" queried Shandon. "Is that all? Well, here, Soldier, give me your sword; and watch closely!"

There was a slight protest and Gonar could imagine Shandon reaching down and drawing the sword from the soldier's scabbard. Then, to Gonar's shock, the bright blade thrust right in between the packages, a hair's breadth from his nose. There was laughter from the soldiers. The sword was drawn out, thrust in again, this time from a different angle, the point coming right to Fillian's chest and stopping. They were quick thrusts, the kind that would allow no one to judge the depth of their penetration in relation to the thickness of the pile of packages.

"Here, let me help you!" laughed a soldier.

"Take care!" cried Shandon. "I don't want my shipment of wineskins pierced!"

But it was too late. Gonar felt Chom stiffen behind him as the soldiers laughed again.

"You see?" said Shandon. "My cart is nothing but packages, packages for which the people in the country are waiting! Now can I go?"

"Go on, old man!" a soldier laughed. "You are no danger to the Crown!"

The cart moved again and the voices receded, another argument already beginning.

Gonar dare not move, dare not speak, but fear was filling him like wine flowing into a cup. Had the guard's sword pierced Chom? He knew that Chom would not cry out, would not betray them no matter how he was wounded. He would bleed

to death without a word if necessary.

But if the guard had cut him, why no blood?

That, alas, was too easy to answer. A minor cut, a quick thrust, the sword perhaps passing through the hay which Shandon used to pack around the parcels. There were many possible explanations, none of which prevented the possibility of Chom lying behind him, body pressed tight, slowly dying.

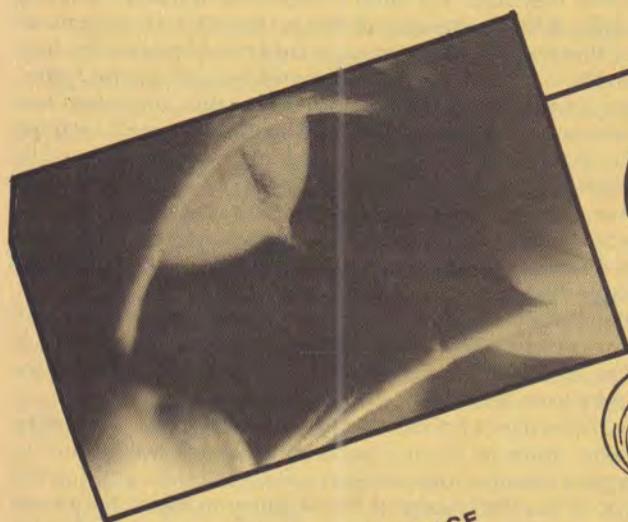
Gonar tried to set his mind at rest, let himself think that Chom's hard cock against his ass was a sure sign of life; but he was too much experienced in war to deceive himself thus. The very juices a man pumped into his blood to stave off shock could keep him hard. Many a warrior died stiff, enthralled with the battle glory, excited by the blood lust right up to the point of his death.

He felt his own erection start to abate, despite Fillian's sweating young body against his. Whatever he might feel about Fillian, Gonar's love was given to Chom. Unquestioningly, enduringly. They had been together only a short while, but Chom's mark was on his heart as well as his hide. What would he do if Chom was mortally injured?

Gonar had felt fear in his life in many forms and degrees. Fear in battle, fear in the arena. Fear inflicted on him by his Master, as test and stimulant. Now a fear came to him that was different. He had never had to face the fear of loss of a loved one because he had never loved anyone before the way he loved Chom.

He pictured Chom's black and smoldering eyes, his dark hair shot with auburn lights, his close-cut beard; and he desperately prayed to Roghgota, prayed silently that his Master was not, was not lying behind him mortally wounded.

By the time the cart finally stopped, Gonar was cold and sick, his cock a shrunken husk. His heart beat wildly, erratically, his belly churned as he heard Shandon whistling and unfastening packages. He did not know until the light came in and blinded him that they had arrived at their destina-



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tion. Then he gasped and sucked in cool air, redolent with the smell of cattle and hay and horses.

"My Master!" Gonar cried as Shandon smiled in at him. "Are you all right?"

Shandon's face registered surprise, Gonar nearly wept with frenzy, still unable to move in the cramped space, his arms almost paralyzed with stiffness.

He felt Chom's chest expand against his back.

At least he was alive!

"Nothing that will not heal, Gonar, my Gonar," Chom said behind his ear.

Shandon renewed his assault on the packages and in moments they were all free, standing in a big, old barn next to the cart, stretching and trying to restore circulation. The wound Chom had taken was a cut all the way through the flesh of his hip, but it was not serious. A palm's breadth over and it would have hit his kidneys, but it had not. Gonar trembled with relief. Fillian, seeing the wound, looked sober and concerned. Shandon got bandages and dressed it.

"And now," said Shandon, as he finished tying the linen and wiped the aloe from his fingers, "I think I am due my price for all this work! I am an old man, and danger is not my trade. But I am too old to pass up a chance like this! . . . To cheat a bad king and gain a pleasure beyond my proper means. . . Well, you certainly knew what to offer me, Chom of Tilesia!"

"Indeed!" smiled Chom. "Have you some special place in which to take him?"

"Oh, no," said Shandon modestly. "Here in the barn is good enough for me. I am only honored to have the chance! Imagine, me having a go at the Champion of Jhent!"

Gonar almost laughed, half with joy that Chom was alive and well, half that he was the price Chom had offered. He looked to his Master and Chom told him, with his eyes, to shuck off his clothes. He quickly stripped as Shandon Whitebeard got some length of rope.

Shandon tied Gonar's wrists together before him, then bound them to a rope that ran over a wooden pulley near the ceiling. He hauled on the rope and Gonar's arms were drawn up over his head. He hauled harder and Gonar was lifted up off the floor a little. Then Shandon tied his end of the rope to a beam, leaving Gonar suspended.

"Oh, beautiful!" Shandon whispered passionately, standing back and admiring the way Gonar's muscles stretched.

Gonar, his fear for Chom now vanished, responded as he always did to admiration and bondage. His big cock filled quickly with blood, stiffened to its full length and thickness. He glanced at Fillian and saw that the boy's prick was hard in his sweat-soaked loincloth, but that the boy was carefully not touching himself. He might yet make a good slave, Gonar thought.

Shandon walked to the wall of the barn and took down a long horsewhip. He looped it, looked at Gonar, and his eyes glittered. Gonar could imagine Shandon in the crowd at the arena watching the torture. He was one of thousands who attended the Shegri as spectators, perhaps bet a little on his own, but who mainly took home memories for masturbation.

That thought excited Gonar a little more than the bondage, or the anticipation of the whip. He liked to think of himself in people's dreams, fucking them, being fucked by them, reliving his moments in the arena. It was like having sex with thousands of people every night.

Shandon came close and the whip spun out. Shandon knew how to use it and it wrapped viciously around Gonar's ankles, snaked around and around his legs, finally bit at his thighs. He winced. The old man flicked the handle and the whip released, falling clear. His years of handling horses were now paying off. He drew back his arm and hurled the whip again, gave a flick of his wrist, and the leather wrapped around Gonar's thighs, bit at him next to his groin. A trickle of blood appeared and Gonar realized the whip had a metal barb at its tip.

Next the whip took his waist, but by this time the lower lashes were beginning to swell and hurt. The horsewhip was not much

used in the arena and Gonar was not used to its touch, its delayed cutting pain. He clenched his teeth and looked at Chom, who was now leaning against the cart, smiling at him.

The whip wrapped around his hips and the barb bit into the left cheek of his ass. It had somehow missed his stiff dick entirely, but his dick responded, pulsed with the intensity of the leather wrapping painfully around him, the barb biting into his butt. The delicate flesh around his waist began to hurt where the whip had struck before, and then Shandon was making it wrap around his chest, making the metal barb strike him in the small of his back. He grunted. Strokes like these could kill a man if improperly delivered.

Shandon's eyes glowed at his grunt, and the whip snaked out again, once more circling his chest, this time biting at his left, unpierced tit, taking just a tiny bite. The whip whirled and Gonar was afraid for a moment that it would be his face next, but instead the pain coiled around his upstretched arms, wrapping his head but not touching it. The old man knew his stuff!

As the pain of the barb sank into his hand he wondered where it would go next; and he found out. Shandon began working down him, landing the barb in new places and overlaying the spiraled pattern of welts with a cross-spiral that layered new pain on top of the old. The trip down his body took longer than the trip up, but it only went half as far. When the whip finally circled his hips again Shandon landed the barb directly on the head of his stiff cock.

Gonar roared with the pain and thrashed where he hung, a part of him wondering desperately if that had been approved by his Master. But before he could find Chom's eyes to ask, old Shandon was down on him, sucking the blood from the tiny wound in his dick head, then sucking the whole big cock down his throat. It was all transformed, as it was always transformed, and Gonar was not in pain but in a dizzy lust. His cock throbbed for release and all other considerations were swept away.

. . . And Shandon sucked like nobody that Gonar had ever had before, an incredible, wild sucking that spoke of years of practice. Gonar felt the orgasm building fast, felt Shandon's eyes on him, felt himself for a moment back in the arena as Chom and Fillian stood watching. . . And it occurred to him that there was a thrill he could give the old man that might be partial payment for saving their lives, a thrill an old drover could never in his wildest dreams expect. As he felt the eruption starting he decided to do it.

"Halt!" Gonar cried. "I resign! Halt!"

Even as he had cried to Chom: and in the arena, *only* to Chom. He met his Master's eyes for a moment with a plea for understanding.

Shandon sucked wildly, the ecstasy of victory taking him, and that was all Gonar needed. He let his load go, let it boil up, spurt out into the old man's sucking mouth, spill out of him in a fountain. As he came he realized that the old man, still fully dressed, was also coming, in his loincloth, in his pants, his body racking with the spasms as he continued to suck for all he was worth.

When it was finished Gonar looked again to Chom. Chom smiled, then turned to Fillian and nodded to the boy. Fillian pulled out his stiff prick and started jacking it furiously. Shandon gave Chom a quick look, got his assent, and then he was down on Fillian, fastening his mouth to the hot, young prick and sucking the juice out of it. It didn't take Fillian long to give the old man what he wanted, for he had not yet learned any staying power. His dick erupted, spilling gobs of white cum out of Shandon's mouth and all over his white beard.

Gonar hurt all over as he hung there, and it was all he could do to keep from laughing with pleasure.

Later, after a bath and food, Gonar, Fillian and Chom took fresh horses, pack horses, and waved goodbye to Shandon as they left on their quest for Prince Hrendel. □

(To be continued)

DRUMSTICKS

INITIATION

Mack took the kid's boot
and tied it to his balls,
It sagged and jerked as
in it Mack began to piss;
The strung-up kid screamed
as balls turned blue,
While we gathered round
as this we couldn't miss.

—David K. Mason



"Golly, Fallon, if Aunt Connie got to wear leather leisure suits in THE BIG VALLEY, I'm a Colby too, so what's wrong with this?"



"No, you can't do this! You can't put a square peg in a round hole!"



9+

HUGE



WHEN TOO MUCH
IS NOT ENOUGH!
1-800-354-3558

Inside Calif. (213) 871-8667

All major credit cards-24 hours

THE LARGEST PHONE SERVICE OF ITS KIND.

PHOTO BY SABIN

We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

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

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

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

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

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

Want a DRUMMER box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address immediately. That's a bargain!

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

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, or Mastercard. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

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

How to reply to a DRUMMER box number: Answering a DRUMMER box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or **else**. **1)** Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. **2)** Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. **3)** PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. **4)** Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DRUMMER. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED!

IT'S THAT EASY!

And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as Drumbeats) we are doing just that. No deadlines, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your 50 word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!



Dear Sir:

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING

PO Box 42009 San Francisco, CA 94142-2009

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

Cost of Ad (_____ Words × 50¢) \$ _____
 Number of Insertions _____
☐ Box Number (Add \$1⁰⁰) _____
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Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____
 (I am 21 years of age or older)

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

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

DEAR SIR:



NATIONWIDE

FF BOTTOM IN VEGAS

Husky GWM, 33, wants hairy top for hot action. Hot photo gets mine. All answered. Box 5141

I'LL BEAT, SHAVE, FUCK

and love you, if you're bottom enough, we hit it off and you split expenses as my lifetime live-in slave/lover. Box 5134

MASTER NEEDED

Are you a special Master looking for his slave to train for your needs. I am looking for a special relationship with one who can give love and appreciation to his slave. Who will in return love and worship his Master as a greek god. Slave, 6'1", brown hair, brown eyes, good-looking, 35 years. Please write, Sir. Box 5133

WANT A CHANGE?

GWM, 5'8", 135 lbs., brown/blue, 45, heavily inked professional, sincere and discreet, seeks WM son/lover 18-35 who ascribes to the leather philosophy. Want a change in your life? I can offer love and relative security to the right guy. Sincere only—I know all cons! Southeast & nonsmoker preferred. Box 252, Pendleton, SC 29670

QUIET, SERIOUS

good-looking, straight-acting, well-built, 38-year-old, white submissive, 5'11 1/2", 185 lbs., hairy, cut. Longs to be captured, kept prisoner and trained to be total, lifelong, full-time slave. Wants to be collared and leashed. Forced to wear skin-tight leathers, Levis, nylon panties, rubber, etc. Seeks domineering, imaginative, sexually-sensuous Master to control every aspect of slave's life. Will relocate. PO Box 31347, San Francisco, CA 94131

YOUNG FF BOTTOM

GWM, top, 40, 5'11", 170, hairy, tattoos, pierced, accepting applications from submissive, obedient, younger (considered first) bottoms. Must be extremely versatile. Photo. Safe Sex. Long term interest. Box 5145

MUSCULAR DOMINANTS

Please consider: trim, healthy, older submissive seeks live-in practical service, servicing, beneath one or two men into themselves. Box 5146

HOT SON SEEKS HORNY FATHER FIGURE

Tall, bearded, butch bottom, 31, seeks hairy, hung, naturally dominant Daddy to service, front and rear. Photos answered first. Enthusiastic and experienced Daddies write: PO Box 13186, Atlanta, GA 30324-0186.

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, sym-

phony, 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.

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, uncut, 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 pos-

sible. 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

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.

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

LEATHER 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

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

SPECIAL HOT MAN

wanted by special hot man, 40, 150 lbs., 5'10", 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 101154, 6000 Frankfurt, W. Germany

CROSS COUNTRY TRUCKERS

Two men in their 40s want to make your overnigher 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 JD with rubbers—give hot deep throat. Cum and relax. Box 5085

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)

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

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

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

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 whore-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)

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

LEATHERSEX WANTED

Horny white male, 31, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile (top or bottom), into FF, Gr, Fr, WS, D&B, leather, S&M, more, seeks partners. Reply with photo. 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.

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

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

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.

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.

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

hot, hung, 27-year-old, fun-loving dude seeks big-dicked Daddy type for assplay. 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.

DADDY'S BOY 24

Seeks dominant dad 35+ for good times. Into leather, sweat, boots, cigars, Western gear. All masculine scenes. Son is 24, 5'9", 140. Dad should be 6+, 200 lbs+. Barry, PO Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101.

TATTOO ARTIST SOUGHT

Tattoo by Jamie Summers needs another artist for retouching, additions. Send any information to John Lesnick, PO Box 1058, New York, NY 10113.

VOYEUR

wants to meet fighters, boxers, wrestlers. Photo/phone. Can travel. Box 5130

STOMACH TORTURE FANTASIES

Punches, kicks, elbows, karate chops, etc. turn me on! Love phone sex, pen-pals. GWM, 31, attractive, discreet. Send me your phone #, or write and I'll send you mine. PO Box 671, Uphams Corner, MA 02125

HOT BONDAGE

So. Cal. slave seeks health-conscious Master for serious, heavy bondage. Hot, healthy slave, 32, desires your total control under tight restraint, leather encasement and enslavement. Let's explore your deepest bondage fantasies on prolonged basis. Safe sex only. Box 5131

DADDY WANTS PIG-OUT SON

Daddy wants young jock son who's tired of the battle of the bulge and wants to surrender. I'll buy, you eat. Come on, boy, think you got the gut? Dave, PO Box 27701-158, Houston, TX 77227-7701.

YOUNG SADIST SEEKS DOG SLAVE

GWM, 5'8", 140 lbs., 29 yrs., imaginative Gemini. Responsible Master will train healthy, slim M dog in all scenes except scat. Prefer submissive, obedient dog to be 18-30, 5'10" or less, into B&D, whipping, C&BT, TT, SM, dildoes, toys, etc. Permanent, must relocate. Send letter, photo and phone to Box 5119

BLACK MASTER WANTED

GWM, slave, 30, 5'5", 145, br/gr, to serve trim, sadistic BLACK MASTER, BD, CBT, SM, all scenes but scat, permanent possible for right MAN. Black preferred, all photos answered first. THANK YOU, SIR! Box 5125

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

SKINNY SLAVES WANTED

by obese, demanding, white Master, 46. Full-time pain, bondage, lovedog. Any race. Show ribs, sucked-in stomach in photo letter. Mr. Jones, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55432.

MASTER

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

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

RAUNCHY PIG PERVERTS

with filthy fantasies and the real thing—piss, scat, dildoes, U/C, dirty shit holes, shorts, jock straps, socks, toilets, wanted. Correspondence exchange, pictures and anything else. Box 5115

DENTURES LICKED

by super-hunk ex-Marine, 28. Pinch my hot nipples while I lick and smell your spit-covered dentures, retainers, bridges and guards. (202) 745-1774.

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

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.

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

MY 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 asshole till it's chapped. Also suck cock, drink piss, collect jockstraps. Send your nude pic or pic of your asshole 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.

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

Manacled to a St. Andrew's cross, you try to curse through a mouth stuffed with a moisture-robbed 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 may 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.

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

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

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

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

ALABAMA

SIRI

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, SIRI

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

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

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

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

COME OUT AND PLAY

ATHLETES: JOIN US AND PARTICIPATE

ENTRIES NOW BEING ACCEPTED FOR:

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Everybody's doing it—beating their meat! And these hot jocks show you how in this hot videotape, available only from Cannibals Video. Send me **JO JOCKS** in ☐ VHS ☐ Beta. Enclosed is 29.95 + \$1 postage. State you are 21 or over. (California residents add 6½% sales tax.)

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P.O. Box 64748, Los Angeles, CA 90064

your behind, Son, admit that you need to be taught a lesson and send details of your problems to Daddy. Box 4522LF

SLAVE/HOUSEBOY

Permanent position in Phoenix, Arizona. Must be over 21 and masculine appearing. Hard work and total obedience mandatory to this Daddy/Master and his number one boy. All replies answered. PO Box 44872, Phoenix, AZ 85064.

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

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

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, tit clamps, ball stretchers, huge, meat-filled stuffed codpieces, raunch, pierced nipples, tattoos, bikers, rock-hard pecs, defined rippled washboard stomachs, solid arms and legs, tight, hard butts, fat cocks, uncut cocks with loose foreskin, low-hanging, shaved balls, crotches and buttholes, beards, moustaches, clipped chest hair, shaving, heavy C&BT, TT, BD, SM, gloved FF, piss, sweat, spit, grease, working out, non-stop sloppy kissing, drinkin' beer and gettin' stoned!! I'm into all of it and want to share all of it with the right type of no-bullshit, no-nonsense leatherman! I'm 28, 5'10", 160 lbs., with a rock-hard, defined gym body, firm pecs, arms and legs, a rippled washboard stomach, smooth skin, and a stubbled beard. I've got a big, fat cock, shaved, low-hanging man-nuts, a shaved-out butthole! I'm real versatile and real energetic! If you are under 35, work out and have a hard gym body, a big dick a lot of leather and a wild imagination, then you're definitely the stud that I'm looking forward to meeting. So pick up the phone and call Buddy at (415) 864-1285. Let's get together for a hot and sweaty night of nonstop man-to-man muscle leather action in a very health-

conscious environment. (LF4574)

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

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

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

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

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).

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 7½ 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

Does your dick get hard when you are hurt? The Man seeks experienced masochists for devilish explorations in pain trips, and going past the point where the head and body say NO! This is not a fantasy or sensual SM trip. Whips. Beatings with ¾" thick fiery rat-tan cane. Alligator clamps. Cigarettes. Bruises, probably. But safe and sane. No damage. Interest in torture scenes, C/B torture, and intense bondage. Tit torture a specialty. Bottom must be honest and able to take a gag. No safe words. Sincere letters with photo answered first. The Man, POB 4622, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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.

GET HARD WHIPPING HARD?

Service given rough butt bruisers. I'm 41, 6', 190 lbs. Photo preferred—will return and send mine. Box 5135

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

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

DADDY 30

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

WANTED

Big, tall, hairy man to have discreet sex with. I'm brown-haired, 5'8" tall, 150 lbs., 33 years old. Box 5151

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

DISCIPLINE ROOM WAITING

Traditional C/P given men needing correction by authority figures. (Cop, coach, etc.) Those with tough butts and active mouths send photo to: JJJ, PO Box 421263, San Francisco, CA 94142-1263

YOUNG STUD 24...

Into all masculine scenes, leather, cigars, sweat, Western gear, boots, WS...? 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.

WILD SLAVE

Wild slave seeks horse-hung Masters, groups, military, cops. Heavy whippings, endless fucking. (415) 552-6786.

LEATHER HOODS

Tall, well-built, GWM enjoys safe sex, bare chested in leather pants, tall boots and leather hood. Tit play, J/O, bondage. Turns on to dominant men in leather. Box 5148

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 j/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)

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!

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon,

invest 22¢ in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!!! Box 5150

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

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!

JOCKSTRAP WORSHIPER W/GARAGE

seeks top men who wear sweat-filled jockstraps. Hung ex-cops, constr. workers, marines btwn 25-40 w/ rugged lean bods. My mouth and asshole goes where you want it to. I'm blond, 6'4", 210, 41 years. Tell me to get down and get raunchy. Tough, foul-mouthed men only. Box 5132

AFFECTIONATE AND KINKY

Looking for: Someone emotionally mature, but young in spirit, even child-like. Boyish games which include a little wrestling to get at each other's balls, slapping them enough to touch pain; working on each other's butts with paddles, some straps and hand; jacking cocks together. At the same time, mature affection, so that we connect in several of our chakras, and we combine auras to create one. I'm 56, exciting, attractive body, 5'9", 150 lbs. Want the above. Don't bother with JO calls, want to meet and do it. (415) 863-0342.

ARE YOU ONE HOT ASIAN?

I'm into Drummer as fantasy, seeking a man of Asian extraction for hot times and possible relationship. I'm an attractive, 25-year-old, GWM who likes movies, music, dancing and exploring San Francisco. Send letter/photo/phone to Greg, 495 Ellis St. #204, San Francisco, CA 94102.

NICE SURPRISES CUM IN SMALL PACKAGES

Shortie, 5'4", GWM, brown/blue, 135 lbs., interested in meeting versatile men over 6'. Interests include, but not limited to, leather, bondage, tattoos, piercing, motorcycles, computers. Usually bottom, but who knows? Object: long-term relationship. Reply to Lambda BBS address code ORAY, or Box 4136LF.

HILLS ARE ALIVE

Six rivers man, 45, 6'2", versatile and imaginative, seeks buddy. Box 5117

HOT TOP SOUGHT

Handsome WM, 30, 5'10", 160, interests in bondage, role playing, shaving, spanking, other safe, kinky sex, desires good-looking, bright, considerate, hairy man. Photo please. Box 5128

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

TOP ME OR BOTTOM OUT

Obedient, young bottoms or demanding tops wanted to fulfill both sides of my licentious libido. I'm 28, 6'2", 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes, hot, handsome, intelligent. Masculine mentors or select slaves in leather and Levis. "into" SM, TT, CBT, WS, FF, send recent photo and phone to Matt. Box 5129LF

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

BLOND MUSCLEBUILDER JOB APPLICANT

seeks extensive job interview and probationary employment scene with mature, macho, cigar-smoking businessman. Overbearing, mean, boss can intimidate this eager young stud with sexual harassment into lunch-hour fucktoy. Need no-bullshit, business-suited, aggressive fucktucker who knows how to get his way because my job's on the line. 28-year-old jock type needs the job so bad he'll submit to overtime boardroom desk shitcute fuckings, forced administration of dog collar and buttplug (exactly the size of bosses pole) under his conservative three-piece. Need a good little blond fuckboy under your desk while you read the Journal? Show 'em who's boss—your way or no way. Photo and bottom line job description gets photo and resume. Applicant, PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

BOOTS, 501s, JOCKSTRAPS

Masculine, muscular, sane, good-looking man, 35 years old, 6', 160 lbs., moustache, wears flannel shirts, black work boots, tight, worn 501 Levis, jockstraps, leather jacket. Enjoy hiking and working out. Looking for men into safe, rough action. Ball stretchers, tit clamps, bondage, leather strap whipping, restraints, spanking, boots, ripped and torn T-shirts, tight Levis, dildo fucking, verbal abuse. Looking for young bottoms that need it rough, will beg for it and are tough enough to take it like a man. Prefer weekdays. Also, older daddy types considered if you know how to take control and can manhandle this butch dude. All responses answered if you include photo and descriptive letter of what you'd like to get into. Open to all safe scenes. 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.

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)

SADIST NEEDED

Can you satisfy the needs of a dungeon bottom/M? 6', 160 lbs., bl/bl, slim, hairless, 32, WM. Chain me, gag me, Western torture, inquisition-style torture, Arab torture, futuristic; chains, C/BB, TT, suspension, dildoes, bondage, clamps, stocks, slings, collars, hoods, weights, safe assplay. No drugs, scat, FF, VA, please. Can travel. Bottom's bottom, too. Letters, calls, okay. Box 4699

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

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

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/T, 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)

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, slings, 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.

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

SERIOUS NIPPLE ENLARGING

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

HAIRY-CHESTED BOTTOMS

wanted for bondage by GWM, 32, 5'10", 165, hairy. Relationship possible. Please, no farts or phonies. 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

TOTAL SLAVEDOG AVAILABLE

Dominant, demanding, experienced Master(s) wanted by this 26 y.o. slave, 5'10", 150, brown/blue for permanent life of absolute slavery. No limits. Will need slave/slavedog training. Southern California preferred, but will relocate. Troy, PO Box 7454, Redlands, CA 92374

PAIN AND JOY

Loving sadist in San Diego wants to mix tender lovemaking with heavy cock and ball torture; other SM trips. Want a positive, self-loving masochist open to possibilities. I'm 36, lean, hung, uncut, blu/brn. No roleplaying, just fun, pain and perhaps...love. Descriptive letter to Ed Pane, PO Box 127472, San Diego, CA 92112.

BOOT DAD

Burly, demanding, disciplinarian, 50, seeks eager butt-boy. Must have head up ass. Long Beach. (213) 433-7538. Box 5136

TOP SEEKS SON/SLAVE

Good-looking top WM, 46, executive, 5'9", 155 lbs., seeks good-looking, mature, young man (22-38) for more than a slave/son. Prefers masculine man who appreciates maturity and socializing with older man. Must be submissive and craves heavy butt play up to FF and other forms of man sex. Must be handsome, in shape, employed and not dependent on alcohol/drugs. Rush descriptive letter with photo/phone to PO Box 3912, Long Beach, CA 90803.

COPS AND SHERIFFS

Levi-leather dude seeks partner. I'm 6'1", 185, GLWM, 40, professional, discrete. No JO calls. (213) 434-2236.

SADIST

Hot, sadistic top has opening in his stable. Photo and letter to PO Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201.

TOP SEEKING HUNGRY ASSHOLE

on hunky, well-built bottom. You will spread your muscled thighs so my cock can dominate your hole. Top is insatiable, hunky, healthy, hung. If you dig it, top also into rimming, toys, shaving, bondage and FF. Send recent photo and phone with reply. Box 5127

CUTE HUNG BLOND BOY

Good-looking, tan, athletic, trim jock-boy. 6'1", 160 lbs., 25 years old. Enjoy wrestling, swimming, cycling, working out. My tight ass needs to be used. With right guy(s), willing to submit to almost any scene, including 3-ways, gang bangs, and rape. I like guys in uniforms (cops, military, leather and sports), speedos and jocks. Want bondage, discipline and training by good-looking hung stud(s). Really like to suck cocks and be fucked long and hard! Clean and healthy. Novice, but eager to learn and serve. L.A. and O.C. Box 5126LF

GOODLOOKING DAD

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

YOU ARE SPECIAL

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

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

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, 7 1/2" 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

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, NEEDEY 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

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

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed 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

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

CONNECTICUT

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

SERIOUS

Queer looking for tag 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

DC—METRO

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

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, BI/BI, moustache, goatee. SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: P.O. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (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

BONDAGE SLAVE SEEKS S MASTER

GWM, 6'1", 170 lbs., seeks muscular, endowed leather dungeon Master with equipment. Craves heavy, prolonged bondage/confinement, strict discipline (*Brig/Compound*) humiliation, VA, obedience training. Dogslave into piss, vices, CB/T, wax, shaving, toys, cages, shackles, chain, leather boots. Sir, take control, physically and mentally and make me grovel. Send orders with photo. Box 5142

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

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

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

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

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

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.

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

ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

Looking for hard-bodied, adventurous men into exploring mutual fantasies. I'm experienced, attractive, early 40s, 5'10", 150 lbs., responsible, into working out, bondage, CB and tit work and

hot JO scenes. Most important: a hot body and sense of adventure. Reply (with photo if possible) to PO Box 4911, Key West, FL 33041.

ORLANDO AREA

GWM, 6', 155 lbs., wants JO buddy. PO Box 1058, Winter Park, FL 32790

A GOOD SLAVE SAYS "SIR"

Muscular, moustached, hot-looking Master, 43, 5'10", 160, seeks handsome slave, 20s or 30s, to carry out his wishes and respect his Master by saying "Sir." The slave must enjoy leather, bondage, hoods, verbal abuse, and occasional ass slaps for discipline. He will act as his Master's training partner in his Master's bedroom-gym. Domestic chores required. Master is caring, into safe sex, and has a sensuous touch. First consideration given to photo enclosed. Box 5147

JOCKSTRAPS

Foot scenes, leather, uniforms. (305) 940-6262.

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)

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

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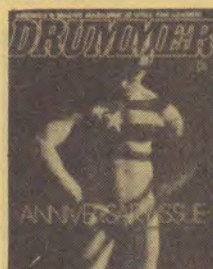
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BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE

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

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, bootlicking, 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.

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.

I NEED TO SUBMIT

Uncut, 7'2", 5'5", 165 lbs., 37, needs Master/daddy for SM, CBT, BD—and affection too. Dan needs dad. Please write, Sir! Box 87, 924 W. Belmont, Chicago, IL 60657.

HOT ASS SLAVE

29, 6'2", 175 lbs., 8 1/2", very good-looking (all-American), lean, tight ass-/throat slave. Need to spend hours on your uncut cock, at your feet, ass in the air. Work my ass with long (18") fat dildoes, walk me around room with fist in my ass, train me to be an obedient ass/cunt. Deep throat needs 9" for hours, Sir. Will accept training, CBT, verbal abuse, WS, SM from right man. Am dedicated and serious. Seek to be best at all I do. Professional, intelligent man not looking to be kept but trained-/developed/used by superior, hung, uncut white/black/Latino Master. Travel, await your reply. Your hot, lean obedient cunt, Sir, Box 5144.

INDIANA**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

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

IOWA**BONDAGE FANTASIES**

fulfilled by slave, 23, 5'11", 165, into role-playing and extensive creative bondage. Need a son to discipline, a student to train, or a hitchhiker to pick up and hold captive??? Write detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 1126, Des Moines, IA 50311.

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)

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

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

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.

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST**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

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, bootlicking, 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.

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

MICHIGAN**WM BOTTOM**

WM, 36, 6'2", 195 lbs., bottom, looking for Masters in West Michigan area. Into BD, WS, willing to try most scenes. No scat or drugs. Box 5138LF

MINNESOTA**FETID FORESKIN**

on raunchy 38-year-old, 150#, 5'10" pig needs attention from other raunchy freaks who are 35-50, beefy, dirty, hairy UC & mean. Hot, filthy correspondence welcome. (4571LF) Grant, PO Box 6194, Minneapolis, MN 55406

WICCAN PRIEST

rides 1000cc bike, sane SM. Wants to contact tops 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

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.

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.

MPLS NOVICE

GWM, 28, seeks 18-45 masculine, understanding, daddy-Master-teacher to fulfill fantasies of BD, lite SM. (612) 854-4959. Box 5140

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

LOVING LEATHERMAN SEEKS RELATIONSHIP

Jockstraps are for cheek creases 'n' basket bulges, hard-balling games, climactic crucifixion. 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

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.

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

MASTERS SEEK SLAVE/HOUSEBOY

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

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 HAMPSHIRE

COP WORSHIPPER

I am a straight-cating and very hairy southern New Hampshire GWM, 34, 5'6", 160 lbs. and seek real cops to service. Because of profession I must be discreet and guarantee in return. Come on, fulfill my fantasy. Write with photo if possible. Box 5139

NEW JERSEY

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.

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

STRAPPINGS/EXAMINATIONS/ ENEMAS

Formally administered to deserving young men, reform-school style. Call this handsome 31-year-old, hairy guy. (201) 635-7066.

ROPED, RAPED, BOUND, GAGGED

Hot, handsome, tan-black, virile, muscular, athletic jock (5'10", 170, 33 yrs.) enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex, or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Top mostly, but can be bottom. Additional turn-ons: sweat sox, jockstraps, sweaty, lean, hairy, hard bodies, tight jeans, boots, leather and plenty of rope. Discreet, safe, sane, sanitary, healthy. Want to meet long-lasting, lean jock buddies

with similar interests. PO Box 1368, Atlantic City, NJ 08404.

MUSCLE LEATHER STUD

wanted to service and worship by good-looking, preppie, non-leather, 36-year-old. Models and escorts considered. Send photo, description to PO Box 821, Morristown, NJ 07960. I need training, spanking, discipline.

WANT TO BE A SLAVE

If you are 18-30, a body builder, military or police, this 29-year-old, 175 lb., 6'2", dominant Master wants to slap, verbally abuse and handcuff you into a submissive bondage. Write with photo and tell me what punishment you require. PO Box 2259, Elizabethtown, NJ 07207.

NORTH JERSEY WOODS

Straight-acting and talking, versatile, looking for same, preferably over 35 (although tops only OK). I'm 38, live in the woods near Great Gorge ski area, like sports, outdoors, etc. Bars don't seem to be the place. So how about it—maybe friendship or more? Bisexual, surrounding states fine. Box 5116

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

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

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

SCAT

WM, 6', 175 lbs., into top, bottom and especially mutual scat scenes and other raunch. One on one or group scat parties. (718) 271-6143. 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.

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/dildoes/rubbers in public. Shaved 8 1/2", 1 1/2" nipples. Box 5108

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.

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

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 unclosed, 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.

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, steriod 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)

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)

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, moustache, 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

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

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/ph to Box 203, 70 Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.

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.

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

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

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

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

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Here's the hottest and best way to find out why they call Christopher Rage the Master of Sleaze. You'll see some of the hottest, wildest and wildest scenes from **TOILETS**, **TRAMPS**, **RAUNCH**, **ROUGH IDEA**, **OUTRAGE**, **WILDSIDE**, **STREET KIDS** and **DRUG**. Starring over 40 different hot men, you'll see water sports, toys, F.F., costumes, golden showers, sucking and fucking, all at an unbeatable price. **60 HOT MINUTES!**

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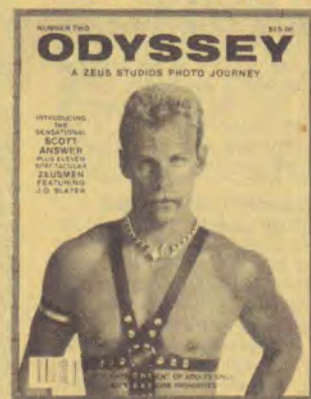
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CHRISTOPHER RAGE'S RAUNCH

Christopher Rage's **RAUNCH** is our water sports masterpiece. Drummer Magazine said "It's one of the 10 Best of the Year." Stallion Magazine says, "A real pig-out! Rage captures animal lust like no one ever has!" This is available only through this offer. Complete and uncensored. Beware of rip-off versions!

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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)

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

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

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)

HEAVY BONDAGE

Looking for intense administration of heavy bondage, prolonged leather encasement in hoods, leather straitjackets, restraints, suspension, etc. Seek total master, intelligent, healthy 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

MATURE TALL MASTER/DADDY

WM, 6'2", 180 lbs. Slave wanted by dominant male. Requires submissive, obedient boy over 20 years. Must be able to take orders and carry them out. Live in upstate NY. Box 4756LF

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

HOT, HORNY N.Y.C. PUSSY

needs masculine, big-dicked TOPS into discipline, spanking, verbal abuse, fucking, getting sucked, leather, cock and ball worship, domination, uniforms, toys, wild fantasies, or other safe-sex turn-ons. Your pussyboy is 39, WM, 185 lbs., 6', dark brown eyes, hair and moustache; hot-looking and rugged and hung. I am sexy and tough-looking, bare-assed, in leather, lace panties or a tuxedo. Box 4776

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

TORTURE VICTIM WANTED!

Prisoner for bondage and submission control by sadistic Drummer Dad. WJM, 47, 6'1", 210, grey beard, safe/sane, dominant and mean, seeking absolutely clean/healthy monogamous and overeducated male in good shape. Your fantasies are to be captured, tied up, and forced to submit to the will of a dominant man who will issue orders to be followed and mete out suitable punishment that includes verbal abuse, face slapping, body-wrap, TT, restraints, cuffs, and enough taste of the leather belt to make you wimper and cry until you learn to apologize for being a victim. Strict rules include: No drugs! No WS! No Scat! NO BODY FLUIDS! Total "safe-sex guidelines"! Non-dangerous situation and rewarding ultimate relationship for the right guy. Levi-leather-uniforms are a turn-on. If the above has always been your needs and you've been afraid to explore them—this is the right man to apply to. This is not for hit-and-run. A permanent "friendship" with trust and safety is what I am seeking. No bar life or trashy lifestyle tolerated. Absolutely NO raunch or sleaze in my background, so you be the same. Submit fully detailed letter with photo. Tell me how and why control, discipline, bondage, punching, leather gloves, interrogation and mirror sunglasses would suit your mental and physical well-being. Reply to Box 4718LF

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)

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

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 jocknuke 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

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

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.

HARDCORE PUNKS

Skinheads, mohawks, you can own this scumbag/asswipe/urinal. You can use me any way you want. Call (212) 226-6090 and tell me when and where you want me. Or Box 5120

LET'S GET ALL WET

Looking for occasional raunch sessions this summer in NYC area with men who love getting wet—like me—with clothes and all—wrestling in river mud, beer swilling, showers and full baths, hose fights, squirting piss over your/my business suit, wet Levis, infantilism, camping, sleeping bags—interested? I'm 37, healthy and hot. Not attracted to men who are young, clean-shaven, very tall or thin. Write with

photo. Let's plan some wet, sticky, smelly fun for '86. Box 5118

TALL ITAL/JWSH BIG BROTHER

Do you remember your big feet (size 11+) serviced by your hot brother—WM, 30, 6'1", 185, very attractive, works out, and masculine? Then call Joey at (212) 675-7352, btwn 8 P.M.-12 Mid. to meet for an explosive reunion and possibly more.

MALE CUNT OFFERED

GBM, 23, 5'11", 155 lbs., Gr/p, Fr/a. Handsome black male looking to be used as an all-around male cunt for masculine, straight-appearing men 30 and under. Should have a cocky attitude. Write: Jethro, 42 E. 10th St., Huntington Station, NY 11746 (L.I.)

SHIT PIG WANTS LOVER

Shit-eating pig seeks lover for heavy shit scenes plus affection and permanency. Ideally, desire top guy, to be his total shit slave. As alternative, would consider lover relationship involving mutual shit. I'm 40, decent build. Health conscious; expect same. Box 5143

SAFE BUT SLEAZOID

Good-looking, masculine WM in NYC interested in meetings and possible relationship with likeminded, responsible degenerates. Limited body contact/no fluid exchange, but plenty of JO, sweaty underwear/jocks, armpit sniffing, pissing and shifting for each other's viewing pleasure, etc. I'm 6'3", 200, br/bl, nice, naturally muscular build, Germanic looks, balding on top but with lots of hair everywhere else. Prefer manly guys 28+ who are bright, warm and responsive, and like to play it safe but dirty. If interested, drop me a line. Box 5137

BIG, SMELLY FEET

Hot 32-year-old white male wants to smell and lick your big, smelly feet. Mark, PO Box 20210, Columbus Circle Station, NYC 10023.

I AM FINALLY READY FOR IT

6'4", blond/blue, hung, pierced, 29 years old. Lived a "self" life—now ready to serve tall, blond, very strict Master. Am raunchy, but no puke or electricity. FF, tits, boots, leather, rubber, pain, bondage. You give, I take. Sir. Need training from scratch, Sir! Box 5122

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

PRIME SLAVE

WM, 38, muscular, seeks relaxisizer treatments. Prefer over 40. Other kinks, negotiate. Photo for mine. Box 4808

NORTH CAROLINA

SLAVE FOR MASTER

YOU: Master/Daddy/Top, masculine, healthy, heavy built, hairy, muscular, well-endowed, 5'10"+, mature, experienced, demanding, tough, sane, caring, intelligent, honest, stable and secure. Seeking total surrender, domination, control. Thorough exploring, extensive training, and total commitment. ME: slave/son/bottom, WM, 30, 5'10", 175 lbs., masculine, healthy, hairy, moustached, brown hair, blue eyes, submissive, obedient, intelligent, stable, professional, secure, straight-looking and acting. Eager to serve, respect, worship. Warm, sensitive, devoted, caring, possible relationship. Heavy B&D, moderate SM, C&BT, TT, FR a/p, heavy GR/p, WS, VA, leather, poppers, uniforms, toys, rough action,

expanding limits. Sir, please send your orders, photo and phone to Box 4903LF.

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

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

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

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

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

JUST OLD-FASHIONED FUCKING

My hot ass needs hot cock in Cleveland. Me: 25, 150 lbs., brown/blue, good-looking, classy, professional. You: 25-40, masculine, good-looking, arrogant, steamy and really like to fuck. Us: Opposites. Descriptive letter and nude photo to Box 5124 gets mine. Couples welcome.

THIRSTY PISS-DRINKING DUDE

White, 35, 6'4", 200 lb. dude seeks hot-looking men who oink over piss scenes involving jockey shorts, urinals, toilets, sewers, mouths and tongues and eating piss-drenched ass. Piss pigs

only, no scat. PO Box 530, Toledo, OH 43693.

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) I'm 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)

HAIRY COCKSUCKER

Mornings till noon, here. No blacks. (405) 232-7623.

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

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.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

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)

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)

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)

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS 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.

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

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

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

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)

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.

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 years 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, crazies, 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

DILDO HEAVEN

A TASTE OF LEATHER

336 SIXTH STREET, Dept. 94
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 777-4643



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SUPER JUMBO JACK DONG

12" long by 3" diameter, this
dong really does the job!
Comes with balls, made to feel-
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PP-595 2"x9" \$14.95



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What a cock! 13" tall. Thick as a
fist. Hard as a hard-on. Stands
on its own big balls.

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PP-597 6"x1½" \$10
PP-598 8"x1½" \$12
PP-599 10"x1½" \$14

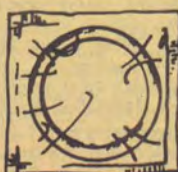


INFLATABLE DONG EROTICA



May be blown up to any size
thickness required. It has elas-
ticity for ideal rectal fit. Easily
removed by deflating.

No. 551 \$37.50



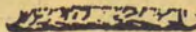
ULTRA SHAPED CONDOMS

No. 204 Unlubricated 25¢
No. 420 Nonoxynol-9 lubricated 30¢

DOUBLE DONG DILDO

A PERFECT TOOL... for the in-
satisfiable cock lover. Bends and
twists, so share with a friend!

12"x1½" \$9
18"x2" \$12
20"x3½" \$25
30"x3¼" \$39



*Ken
Savage
Tapes*

1.

\$10

BREAKING IN THE NEW RECRUIT

Strip the recruit, turn on the recorder and
whail away. Both you and he will be better
men for the time spent. 60 minutes.

2.

\$10

TRAINING THE HARD WAY

Actual training sessions with the star of *Slaves
for Sale* and *Chain Reactions*. 60 minutes.

3.

\$10

PUNISHMENT IS ITS OWN REWARD

Drummer called it the hottest tape in memory
and devoted pages to quoting it in issue 92.
60 minutes.



KEN SAVAGE TAPES

584 Castro, #364

San Francisco, CA 94114-2588

Send me the following @ \$10 each, plus \$1
postage per item.

- ☐ BREAKING IN THE NEW RECRUIT Audio Tape
- ☐ TRAINING THE HARD WAY Audio Tape
- ☐ SLAVES FOR SALE Book
- ☐ COMPOUND Book
- ☐ CHAIN REACTIONS Book
- ☐ PUNISHMENT IS ITS OWN REWARD Audio Tape

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

(California residents includes 6½% sales tax)

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, Sirl Box 4987LF

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

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

"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)

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

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

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", slender 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

MASOCHIST

28, well-built man needs total SM experience. SWH, Box 1274, Longview, WA 98632.

MAN TO MAN, FIST—FIST

Mutual buttock 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

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

VALET/HOUSEBOY

Korean male, 22, 5'7", 137 lbs., versatile, seeks benevolent Master to sponsor him statewide. Write: Seong-man Park, 1444-6 (9/2) Banyeo-1-Dong, Hae-woon Dae-gu, Busan, 607, Korea.

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

AUSSIE VISITOR

Mid '86, SF, NY, UK, GWM requests invitation to Dems, groups, singles. 5'10", 146 lbs., good body, 49. Basically top, leather, SM, BD, VA, s/sex. Exchange visits. Box 5149

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.

JEW PIG

Seeks Nazi Master. Young S.S. studs only. (514) 731-8474.

FRANCE

REWARD

French Master, experienced, 40, 6'4", 200, 8", athletic (basketball star) moustache, dark haired, sexy, clean, attractive, seeks desperately his Suzan: slave starring in the last scene of *Black and Blue*: 40-45, good body,

dark haired, no beard, no moustache. Reward possible for serious information. Emile Blanc, PR 108, 75009 Paris, France.

ITALY

ITALIAN MALE

45 years, wants to meet males 20-42. Tall, muscular, earnest, for friendship. Send photo. Giorgio Marauda, Casella Postale 580, 20101 Milano, Italy.

SWITZERLAND

COMING TO SWITZERLAND?

Visit this muscular top leatherman, 50, 5'11", 160, with beard, 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-ploving, 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/levis 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

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

wanted by experienced man 45, 5'11", 160 looking for top or mutual pigs. Piss, snot, shit, puke, enemas, mud, grease, oil, rubber and leather gear, catheters, piercing, hot wax, S/M, TT, cock and ball torture, shaving. Interested in world-wide contact. Box 4682LF

GERMAN PIG-SLAVE

Submissive slave, 36, 6'2", 180 lbs., blond, blue eyes, moustache, hairy, interested in meeting mature American Masters into leather, Levi's, boots, having some hot German slave-meat. Slave is into rimming dirty and clean asses, WS, shaving, spanking, FF, dildoes, meetings in USA or Germany. Slave has 8" uncut. See picture under Tough Customers (Drummer 92). Letters with pictures to Klaus Moosbreiter, P-Lagernd 212, Terofal-strasse 25, 8000 Munchen 70, West Germany.

CLIP ME SLOWLY, CLIP ME QUICK

German student, 26, slim, good-looking, bottom, well-developed foreskin, unfortunately still uncut, obsessed by male/female circumcision, desires a well-rounded and very tight cut. Will travel. Seeks contacts to circumcisers and cuts—especially to those who received their privilege of wearing the glans always naked in teen or adult age. Very interested in involuntary docking, cutting procedures, circumcision scars (!) and piercings. Tom, Box PLK 004196 B, 5600 Wuppertal 1, West Germany.

BLACK/ARAB FUCKMASTER WANTED

German WM, 48, 6'4", 200, uncut, healthy, leather/uniform fan needs dominant, clean, well-built circumcised fuckmaster for endless, long, hard and deep fuck session. Age, looks not important. If you visit Germany,

you can be my guest. My address:
Karsten Loop, Archenholzstr. 34, 2
Hamburg 74, West Germany.

MODELS NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

SAFE EAST BAY MASSAGE

Oakland-SF masseur, Fr-a/p, Gr-a.
Phallic lovers, J/O. \$60 in. Photos,
phone sex. Marc (415) 444-3204

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Male models & companions. Handsome, Masculine Men! Clean-Cut, Well-Groomed!, Versatile, Well-Endowed!, Warm—Friendly Models! Fresh As The Morning Dew! All Types For All Types Bikers, Leathermen, Lumberjacks, Outdoorsmen, Swimmers, Jocks, Guy Next Door, College Students, Bodybuilders, Businessmen, Wrestlers, VIP Models. Turn your fantasy into reality. Discreet & confidential arrangements by the hour, day or week. Around town or around the bay. RICHARD OF S.F. (415) 821-3457. Male Models & Companions for a night on the town or an evening at home. 21 to 35 Years of Age. Dinner, Dancing, Theatre, Sightseeing, Tour Guides, Birthday Presents, Nude Photography, Fashion Photography, Male Strippers For Business Or Private Parties. See before you hire. For photos and descriptions, send \$5.00 to: Richard of San Francisco Box 111, 1800 Market Street San Francisco, CA 94102

BONDAGE/WHIP MASTER

Sadist, hot 'n' husky, offers a safe place for masochists and submissives to explore restraint and sensory input. I am discreet, caring and AIDS aware. Straight and bisexual men especially welcome. Special interest in bondage, erotic floggings and beatings, tit play and pain trips. South of Market playroom, unusual gear, fantasy contracting. Arrangements can be made for long-term restraint. \$150 minimum. Serious replies to: Mark, POB 42501, SF, CA 94101. (415) 621-6294 noon to 10 P.M. SF time ONLY.

MODELS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

LEARN FROM A PRO

Explore SM, BD, Leather, C/P uniform.
Real man—beginners or brutal.
38, 6'3", 235, burly, hairy, healthy.
Jack—24 hours—(213) 469-6020
GET MANHANDLED (80% Repeat)

MODELS FLORIDA

SELECT-A-STUD

20 studs available. We hire and travel.
(813) 823-5629.

MODELS NEW YORK

1 718-672-1010 QUICKIES!!!

Nam Vet, 39/6/160, located in Jackson Heights, Queens, specializing in quickie scenes at a reasonable price. Will also consider any other requests. In or out, but in is cheaper. Clifford: 1 718-672-1010.

MODELS TEXAS

COWBOY/DADDY/MASTER

Hairy, Irish, 35, \$100 minimum. Houston/Galveston home base, will tour Texas. Ty, (713) 869-2298. All calls verified collect

MAIL ORDER

The California law now reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal, in all advertising, the address at which the business is being conducted. **To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy.** To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

CLAMPS BOOTS TOYS LEATHER
\$3.00 gets 36-page catalog. Gledhill, 2112 Lyric Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027.

PADDLES, WHIPS, COCKRINGS, LEATHER

Pricelist \$1.50 plus SASE. O'Leather, Suite 121, 484 Lake Park Avenue, Oakland, CA 94610. (415) 444-3204

JO JOCKS

It's the latest safe-sex craze—beating your own meat! And you'll see how these hot jocks do it in "JO JOCKS," featuring hot, horny, hairy men showing you how to get off pounding your own pud. Available from Cannibals Video in VHS or Beta. Send \$29.95, postpaid—cash, check or M/O (state you are over 21). Cannibals Video, 220 9th St., #16, SF, CA 94103.

ENEMA EQUIPMENT

Fun, Funky Enema Equipment for practical cleanliness, pleasure or discipline. Other Ass-oriented toys also. Catalog \$2. Art Hamilton, 315 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10014.

HOODS

We sell 7 styles. Send \$1.00 for brochures. Gledhill, 2112 Lyric Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027.

THE HUN

For information on Hun Art, send a stamped self-addressed envelope and a statement that you are over 21 years of age to: The Hun, PO Box 11308, Portland, OR 97211.

HAVE LEATHER WILL TRAVEL

LARSEN LEATHERS—buy/sell new/used gear (from hats to boots). \$1 catalog. Box 33, Riner, VA 24149. (Rt. 1, Box 425, Christiansburg, VA 24073)

HOT 5x7 PHOTOS

4/\$11, 6/\$16. Stationary-\$4. Videos, magazines, phone sex. List-\$2, leather list-\$1.50 plus SASE. Marc Sanders, Box 121, 484 Lake Park Ave., Oakland, CA 94610 (415) 444-3204

DRAWINGS BY REX

Hot, horny, unrelenting front-line stud action captured in explosive drawings by one of the top erotic artists of our time. Send \$5.00 for ten 8 1/2" x 11" black and white samples plus full information on how to receive more. Send check or money order made payable to DRAWINGS BY REX to Post Office Box 347, San Francisco, CA 94101. State that you are over 21 years of age and wish to receive this material.

RUBBER BONDAGE

Inflatable helmet and gag shown in *Drummer* 64, page 12, and special helmet in *Drummer* 86, pages 20 & 112. 172 items, list \$3. Remawear, Sherwood House, Burnley Road, Todmorden, Lancashire OL14 7ET, England.

YOUNG BLOND RAPED!!!

See how much one young boy's (18) body can endure. In "VIRGIN FLESH," the hottest rape video ever. High school student, Mark Powers, visiting NYC is picked up by 2 tough street kids (18+) who force and terrorize him into sexual submission. Lots of hot action, cum shots, anal, oral, verbal, B&D, S&M, heavy spanking and handcuffs. \$49.95...You won't be able to keep

your dick down when you watch "NY KNIGHTS," featuring 5 of NY's hottest horniest, young (18+) studs beating their hard meat and shooting loads of hot sex juice. If you get turned on by BIG dicks and hot bods, then this is the video for you. \$49.95... Send for your copies today. \$49.95 each or \$79.95 for both. to: Dream Productions, PO Box 7219, FDR Station, NY, NY 10150... State 21/VHS or Beta; add \$3 postage, NY residents add 8.25% tax... for information on other hot guys in photos send \$3. (909 Third Ave.)

JUST ARRIVED—ENGLISH WHIPS

Black/brown. 3' black snake \$65. Dog quirt \$60. 6' black snake \$130. 4' Cat-o-nine \$165. Photos \$2. Peter Fiske, 631 O'Farrell, #1207, San Francisco, CA 94109. Also available: Flogging in/out. (415) 673-0452

HOUSE OF SCAT

Stinky, smeared briefs/boxers \$35. Photoset \$25. Caca cassette \$20. Shit video (VHS/Beta) \$89.95, \$2 postage. M.O./cash: Horny Toad, PO Box 14425, San Francisco, CA 94114.

THE NOOSE CATALOG

Bondage specialists. Leather & latex bondage equipment. \$5, refunded off your first order over \$25. The Noose, 261 W. 19th St., NYC 10011

TAURUS: THE BLACK COP

One hour of huge black meat as Taurus, the man with the 13-inch uncult cock stars in three short films, all on video. \$69.95 plus \$2.05 postage to: Zyta Productions, PO Box 3621, Daly City, CA 94015.

BIG BOYS PHOTOS & VIDEOS

Beer-gutted wrestlers, truckers, bears and out-and-out fat men! At last, the big man of your fantasy is here! Send \$5 for catalog. PO Box 3701, Glendale, CA 91201. Phone J/O with the Big Boys! Call (213) 259-8644 for some heavy action! (MC-V-AmEx) (8541 Melrose)

SMELL IT!

Are you an ass-kissing fag? Foul-mouthed, muscular bi-guy, 26, into WS, hazing, getting serviced, writes letters to hungry fags! \$5 check (made out to cash), cash or money order to: PO Box 10509, Portland, OR 97210-0509. (2014 NW Glisan)

DRAWINGS BY ETIENNE

Your private fantasies drawn to specification. Describe what you want: Etienne will draw it for you! Send stamped self-addressed envelope for prices and information. Etienne, PO Box 229, El Dorado Springs, CO 80025.

ORGANIZATIONS

ATTENTION... ATTENTION NO BULLSHIT AND NO GAMES

If you are serious about being a SLAVE and want to be trained by a real ****Master, enroll now for your training. We travel anywhere in the world—wherever we are needed.

HEAD MASTER: MR. KEN SAVAGE
Slave Master from the videos

SLAVES FOR SALE

and

CHAIN REACTIONS

For your details and information flyer, send SASE and \$2 to:

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584 Castro, Suite 364
San Francisco, CA 94114-2588

60-PLUS CLUB

Leather/rubber/SM guys over 60 seeking men their own age to share digs, life, sports, hobbies, sensuality, motorcycle rides & events. A non-profit correspondence club with nationwide members. Mate up with your raunchy counterpart or find a master or slave. Send long SASE to Box 103, 606 W. Barry, Chicago, IL 60657. Monthly lists.

INTERCHAIN

A L/L fraternity for the serious minded. Want to meet other L/L brothers and get involved in our AIDS fundraising benefits. Write now for membership info: Founders of the Leather Daddy's and Daddy's Boy contests in S.F. & the Mr. Leather N.Y. contest, Box 410, 132 West 24th St., NYC 10011

NATIONWIDE CHUBBY CHASERS

Join & receive monthly lists & make as many calls & contacts as you want.

For Membership Info Call:
(213) 672-2121 or Write:

N.C.C., 2554 Lincoln Blvd. #399
Marina Del Rey, CA 90291-5043
American Express, VISA, Mastercard

FOOT FRATERNITY'S 7TH YEAR!

The largest group in the country for men who are into boots, shoes, sneakers, sox and/or barefeet. If you're into any of these items and/or any type of clothing such as leather, Levis, business suits, etc., and you wish to meet or correspond with others who are into the same, send your name, and self-addressed stamped envelope for information to: The Fraternity, Box 24102, Cleveland, OH 44124.

MUD SEX CLUB

Parties, contacts. Info: send \$2 to MUD, PO Box 277, Rio Nido, CA 95471.

HAIRY MEN/HAIRFANS ADLIST
Infopixpak \$2.00: Man-Hair, 59 West 10th, NYC 10011.

BALL CLUB

Newsletter/listings for men who have 'em and men who want 'em. Information: SASE to BC, PO Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

GAY PRISONERS

bis and young men threatened with sexual exploitation in institutions everywhere benefit from the Penpal Program of Joint Venture, which also protects its members in society from rip-offs by unscrupulous prisoners. For information and a sample page of J-V's monthly listings, send an SASE to Joint Venture, PO Box 26-8484, Chicago, IL 60626.

PHONE SEX

NATIONWIDE PHONE-SEX CLUB

Join & receive monthly lists & make as many calls as you want!

For Membership Info Call:
(213) 672-2121 or Write:

P.S.C., 2554 Lincoln Blvd. #399
Marina Del Rey, CA 90291
American Express, VISA, Mastercard

PHONESEX!

Hot, hung, muscular stud into any scene you want! Verbal abuse, raunch, watersports, uniforms, spanking, bondage, heavy fucking and more! Only \$15—no time limit! VISA/MC/AMEX. Get on your knees now and call Scott! (415) 441-SUCK. Hard action anytime!

NEED A GOOD TALKING TO? CALL TELEROTIC

The hottest new service in the business, and we've got a specialty: Hung Masters who are *dead serious* about making you work hard for it. Crave some hot SM action? We're the best at leaving you soaked, and damn proud of it. Call (213) 874-9267 anytime. VISA/MASTERCARD.

SERVICES

NO SNUFF

Almost anything goes. You do it, we tape it. Studio fee: \$50 per hour. Free VHS or Beta tape of your acts. Telephone (212) 982-8688



KINKS AND SAFE SEX

by Bud Clark

You can't do kinky sex and safe sex at the same time, right? Wrong! Yeah, I know, fisting is always rule number 8 on the list of no—nos, along with water-sports, enemas, rimming, swallowing cum, etc. Okay, for those of us who are gonna continue to do non-vanilla fucking, let's look at the options:

First, fisting: It's what the docs call an "invasive" technique. You invade the other dude's body with your fist, right? Now, nobody's gonna tell you that's safe, but, like I said, it can be done with relative safety vis a vis both the dude's asshole and the AIDS epidemic.

First, you clean the dude out up to his neck with enemas. Yeah, I know, it strips away the protective bacteria, but if what you put up there is sterile, it's a whole lot better than a handful of shit. No soap, no radically hot water, but high and a heluva lot. Take your time, then kick back and relax for a while and let your bottom man recover. He'll enjoy it more, and so will you. You can replace the friendly bacteria later by eating plain yogurt.

Just about everybody has a medical fantasy of some kind anyway, so treat the scene that way. J.B.'s Supply, PO Box 85667, Los Angeles, CA 90072-0667, sells armpit-length black rubber veterinarian's gloves. . . it's a gay business, so you don't have to be paranoid about writing. I understand that there's such a thing as elbow-length surgical gloves, but I haven't located any yet. The wrist-length ones the medics use for asshole exams are useless. Most of us are gonna go in deeper than that, and while it might be fun fishing around in the bottom's ass for a lost glove, you've defeated the purpose.

Okay, resign yourself to it: you're gonna wear gloves. The blood vessels are close to the surface around your fingernails, and the slightest cut or scratch on your hand is an invitation to whatever your bottom might or might not have in

his colon. Everything you've been told about filing your nails still applies, though. . . you don't want a nail to puncture the gloves. Be aware, though, that any glove you use is gonna reduce sensitivity, so be extra cautious in your moves once you get in.

Lubricant: if you can manage with one of the new ones with non-oxynol-9, so much the better, but if you are a dedicated Crisco man, observe the following: portion out enough Crisco from the can for a scene into another container. Use that and *only* that container. If you're doing multiple scenes (lucky you!), one container per asshole, and wash your gloves with *hot*, soapy water, followed by a rinse with *bleach*, followed by a rinse with *betadine* (you buy it at the drug-store), and proceed to the next throbbing orifice. If you are using one of the new lubricants, buy several containers and use only one per scene, or get a large container with a pump. The idea is not to contaminate the lubricant either.

Clean-up: either use paper towels or have a stack of clean towels and a plastic bag to throw the contaminated ones in, and wash them afterwards in a *strong*, *hot* (180% F., which your water heater should be anyway for dishes) solution of bleach. Hard on the towels? Yeah, but necessary. Ditto sheets if you're doing it in bed. In fact, ditto everything you or the lubricant from the dude's ass touches once your gloved hand has been up somebody's ass.

Some other tips: Cover the chains of your sling with plastic tubing so you can wipe them down with bleach and/or betadine afterwards. If your sling has an ass-pillow, bag it in plastic and throw the bag away after each scene.

If you think you're gonna get the urge to shove your cock up the bottom's ass at some point, put a rubber on before you start, or have him do it before you reach the point of no return, and lubricate your

cock first so the rubber is less likely to break, and *don't* lubricate it with the hand/lubricant from your bottom man's ass. That hand/lubricant is contaminated. The natural lambskin ones are supposed to be the best, according to some people; they are expensive.

Dildoes and other ass toys: have the bottom bring his own (they all have them, whether they admit it or not). Do not, repeat, *do not* share toys or enema gear. It doesn't cost *that* much for everybody to have his own. Sterilize them after each use as above (bleach makes the dildoes turn a pretty pink color!), and throw them the fuck away when the surface gets pitted.

If your local tubs don't have the kind of clean-up facilities to make all of this possible, consider that it might be time to ask them to upgrade their facilities, or stop going. It's not where you do it, it's how you do it.

Sound too clincial? Well, ask a dude who has AIDS if it's worth it. Even if you've *never* done safe sex until today, you're still reducing your chances by starting now.

Do I have to tell you to keep your fuckin' mouth off the dude's asshole? Okay, I have to tell you: *Keep you fuckin' mouth off the dude's asshole!* Yeah, I know, it's no fun rimming a dude through a piece of Saran Wrap, but that's the price we're gonna have to pay, *unless* you've been in a totally closed relationship with your lover for the past ten years minimum. Then you can do whatever the fuck you like. Just be sure you're both telling the truth about how closed it was/is!

Watersports: Okay, you know (or you *should* know) that you can't drink it anymore. Sorry, that's a fact. Nor can you piss up the bottom man's well-fucked ass, no matter how big a turn-on it might be for both of you. But you wouldn't be able to do that anyway because you're

THE WORLD'S FIRST "NO HANDS" MALE MASTURBATOR FOR UNDER \$40

STROKES UP AND DOWN YOUR PENIS ... ALL BY ITSELF!

Once you've introduced your penis — hard or soft — to the incredible new Oro-Simulator, your hands never touch your cock! The ingenious remote activator does all the work for you! All by itself, the Oro-Simulator slides wetly, slickly up and down, dances enticingly back and forth, even screws crazily, wildly, round and round! No hand, no mouth and ass hole could ever mold themselves as intimately, or cling so completely to your cock! Nothing but the specially designed Oro-Simulator could wrap itself around your penis like your very own second skin — stimulating simultaneously every single sensitive nerve ending anywhere and everywhere on your cock! The sensation is absolutely unbelievable — like the



ON YOUR BACK

best blow job and the wildest fuck you've ever had or ever imagined, both recreated all over again, all at once and at the same time! The "no-hands" Oro-Simulator goes to work immediately and when the time comes to climax you'll have the most soul shattering, nerve rending, hotly spasming explosion of unbridled sexual ecstasy you've had in years!

SOFT OR HARD — KEEPS ON STROKING IN ANY POSITION! EVEN WHILE YOU CHANGE POSITION!

Once you've put your Oro-Simulator on your penis, it stays on and keeps working. Change from one position to another...the Oro-Simulator doesn't care. It continues to cling, hot and wet, gliding slickly up and down, stroking with ever maddening intensity back and forth until your vision blurs with total excitement and your balls are screaming to let go!

Unlike a mouth or ass hole the Oro-Simulator never lets go, never gets tired, never gives up, never stops moving unless you want it to! The pleasure is relentless, ever increasing, all consuming — at precisely the speed, motion and position that feels best for you!



STANDING



KNEELING



SITTING



ON YOUR SIDE

AN INCREDIBLE BARGAIN!

We know of only one other masturbator that frees the hands from the penis and works by remote control like the Oro-Simulator. This other unit costs from \$400 to a full \$900 depending upon the model. The Oro-Simulator was originally figured to be very competitive at around \$100. We are sure you will see Oro-Simulator offered elsewhere at \$69.95. We are pleased we can now rush one to you for the all inclusive price of \$39.95! So, for the same price or less than clumsy, old fashioned battery or electrically operated, hands-on masturbators, you can now own and enjoy the one and only Oro-Simulator.

- "No Hands" Action!
- No Batteries!
- Built-in Power Supply!
- Stays on Your Penis in Any Position!
- Fits on Hard or Soft Penis!
- Completely Portable!
- Cleans Up in a Minute!

only

\$39.95

USERS TELL US...

"It gives me control over the speed and amount of movement but with my hands off my cock, it feels like there's a real man sucking down there."

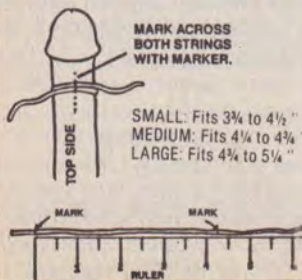
M.K., Seattle

"I like the great variety of movements. Because the speed and stroke length are constantly irregular, the sensations are like being sucked off or fucking."

L.C., New York

ACCURATE MEASUREMENTS ARE IMPORTANT

Measure your penis at full erection. Wrap a piece of string around your erection about one inch from the head. Overlap the string so that you can mark both sides. Lay string on ruler and check the measurement. NOTE: If your measurement is on the border line ORDER THE LARGER SIZE.



MARK ACROSS BOTH STRINGS WITH MARKER.

SMALL: Fits 3 1/4 to 4 1/2"
MEDIUM: Fits 4 1/4 to 4 3/4"
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Gentlemen: Please RUSH me ORO-SIMULATOR(S) @ \$39.95 each plus \$3 postage & handling (total \$42.95)

select one ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

I have enclosed \$ ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I enclose \$5 to cover additional postage & handling only.

For FASTER service include correct postage & zip code
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CITY

STATE/ZIP

Calif. residents add 6 1/2% sales tax • use ZIP code

wearing a rubber, right? Right. What you can do is piss on each other, as long as you don't have any cuts, scrapes, sores, open wounds of any kind, etc. and scrub yourselves down with betadine soap afterwards. If it doesn't sound like it's worth it, it probably isn't.

Scat: you're walkin' a thin line here, guys. If the turn-on is visual *only*, and each dude uses his own *only*, and there's no exchange or contact, well, you're gonna do it anyway, aren't you? Forget *anything* else if you wanna live to fuck tomorrow.

Enemas: same precautions as fisting. You weren't gonna drink it out of the other dude's ass anyway, were you? There have been a couple of *real* irresponsible fuck videos of just that recently. Contrary to popular opinion, gay porn stars do *not* lead charmed lives. They get AIDS and die just like us ordinary fuckers. Anyway, if you're doing a mutual or tradeoff scene, keep your "rejection" (as David Barton-Jay calls it) off one another and scrub down the tub or shower with bleach if that's where you do your expelling.

You're not gonna like the next one: resign yourself to the fact that you are not going to taste the sweetness of another man's seed until this dirty war is over and we have a cure and a vaccine on-line. In fact, if you have enough IQ to light a 15-watt bulb you're not gonna come in contact with another dude's piss, shit, cum or blood *period*. Suck cock till your tonsils pucker up (if you've got 'em), but *do it with a rubber*. No bullshit about early withdrawal, either. We all leak precum, and precum can carry the virus just as easily as a hot load.

Soul-kissing: Dudes, I'm *not* gonna lay that trip on you. You'll have to make up your own minds. Yes, the virus has been found in spit and tears in extremely low concentration. Whether or not it will survive the digestive juices in your mouth and the acid in your stomach is anybody's guess.

Observing all of the above isn't as grim as it sounds. Look, we're all into fantasy trips and rituals? So rewrite your script a little bit and make it part of the ritual. I don't know about you, but watching some hot fucker of a top slowly rolling those armpit-length black rubber gloves up his hairy, muscular arms, and then greasing them until they glisten and knowing all the time where they're gonna go when he gets through...well, if you don't have a hard-on by now, you should!

I shouldn't have to say it, because the communication involved was what drew me to heavier sex trips to begin with, but *talk* to your partners. If they're totally opposed, write 'em off, no matter how hot they are. Chances are they'll be dead in a couple of years. If that sounds cold, look around you. Safe sex isn't an option, it's a necessity. □



9 PAGES OF EXCITEMENT FROM
SOURCE

THE LEATHER LIFESTYLE
TOYS FOR GROWING BOYS
JOIN THE VIDEO
EXPLOSION!
SOURCE BOOKSTORE
CATALOG OF BARGAINS

LISTEN HARD



AUDIO CASSETTES
ARE YOUR HOTTEST
TURN-ON
AND THESE
ARE THE
VERY BEST
AVAILABLE!

YOUR
CHOICE

995

THE DADDY TAPES

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HOT TALK TAPES

© STALLION SOUND PROD.
Box 436, Canal St. Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10013

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 1

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

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 2

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

78 DRUMMER

MY DADDY WAS BAD

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

KID VS DAD— WINNER TAKES ALL

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

MITES AND RAUNCH

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

BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

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

MARINES OVERHEARD

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

HOT HUNG TRUCKER

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



MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders, after a sweaty workout... stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps... eyeing each other... their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs... and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-to-man action, *steamy lockerroom sex with no holds barred*, then this tape is for you.

DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

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

AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

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



TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

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

TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

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

TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

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

THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

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



FATHER/SON—A father becomes his son's lover.

MARINE BRIG—A Marine DI punishes an AWOL Marine in the Brig.

PORN CALLS—Two half-hour jack-off phone calls.

SAILING TO HELL—Frank O'Rourke relates an original story of rape and abuse.

THE CONFESSIONAL—A young priest hears the confession of his first gay man and what happens in the booth would do much toward conversions.

THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN—He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

THE HITCHHIKER—An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who is looking for more than a passenger to share his ride.

THE HUSTLER—He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

THE WARDEN—The young convict learns that time was not all he is giving up when he enters the joint.

TV REPAIRMAN—A straight, married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house.

WHIP FIRE—A live, heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a slave.

BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING—The hows and whys.

INTERVIEW WITH A TEEN-AGED MALE PROSTITUTE—A young, male whore tells all.

MASTER/SLAVE INTERACTION—Follow up by Frank O'Rourke of earlier tapes, *The Master* and *The Slave*.

SM AND LOVE?—Frank O'Rourke tells whether love can develop from an SM relationship.

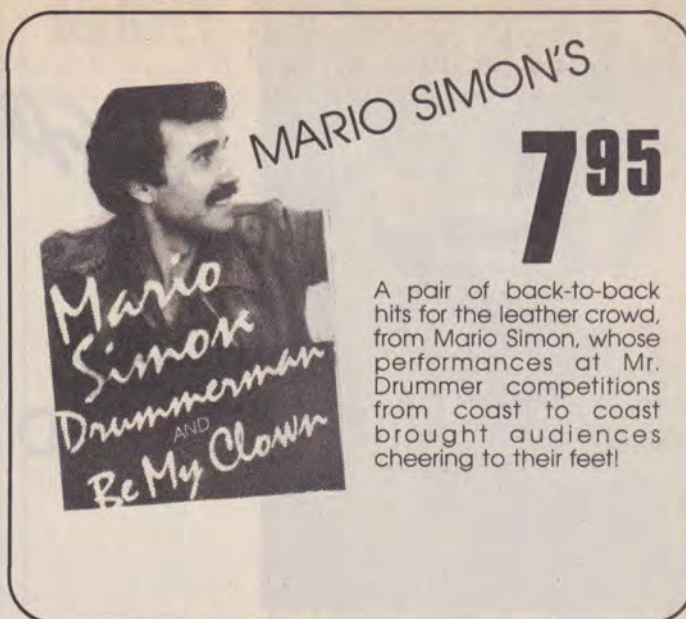
THE ART OF FISTING—Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting.

THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE—Its values and what it is about.

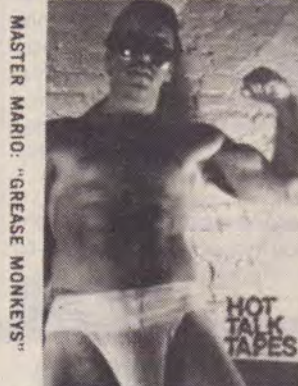
THE MASTER—Frank O'Rourke discusses the role of the Master.

THE SLAVE—Frank O'Rourke gives an insight to the slave and/or masochist.

TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS



A pair of back-to-back hits for the leather crowd, from Mario Simon, whose performances at Mr. Drummer competitions from coast to coast brought audiences cheering to their feet!



MASTER MARIO: "GREASE MONKEYS"

THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

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

THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

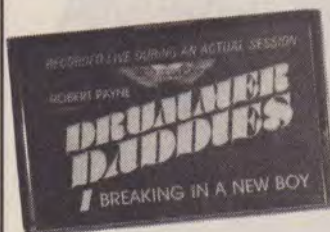
A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force. Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass.

COP WORSHIP

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

GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

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



DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

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



BLACK ON RED

You saw the photo article in *Drummer*—now see the tape! Brick Samson, a master of enema techniques, and Chris Burns, shaved hairless and ready to be filled, star in what may be the definitive video exploration of the erotic enema. The heavy action also includes dildoes, licking, catheters, piercing, shaving, and more in this epic of a leatherclad Master and his hungry slave. From the producers of "Enema Night/Enema Slave."

Drummer says: "Chris Burns is dynamite as a young bottom enslaved by the only Master, and the only man, able to satisfy his deepest need!"

7995



ENEMA NIGHT/ ENEMA SLAVE

From the makers of "Black on Red," two previous erotic shorts featuring leather, asshole shaving, and multiple enemas. (There's also some nipple-twisting, ball-crushing, and well-directed ass-slapping—but it's the water spout that steals the show.) "Enema Slave" features a young man who takes an enema bent over a motorcycle before ending up in his captor's sling for more of the same; "Enema Night" goes even further with two leathermen administering a deep plunge to a hapless slave bound to a rack—and some interesting role-reversal. A must for the video collector and the enema connoisseur!

6495

SOURCE

**SEND \$3
FOR OUR
HOT NEW
CATALOG**

CHAIN REACTIONS

From the men who gave you the classic *Born to Raise Hell* comes a look inside a leather bar where nothing gets held back, including the confessions of horny leathermen eager to share their latest exploits with each other—and the camera. Chains, rope, motorcycles, bondage, slings, clothespins and enemas are a few of the festishes that inhabit their dreams-come-true. The cast alone makes this one a must for men in the leather scene—Rydar Hanson (Mr. Southern California *Drummer* 1985) in his first film role, beefy Ken Bergquist (Mr. Southeast *Drummer* 1984), along with Daniel Holt, Dwan Les Price, and Lee Stern.

6995



FANTASIZE



Fantasize

New and hot! When handsome Nick Jerrett drops into Los Angeles' famed Pleasure Chest to check out the goods, and few other horny shoppers check out *his* goods—and an erotic shopping spree turns into a wild series of fantasy sexcapades! Also starring hunky Mark Rebel. The leather fantasy sequence, with a harnessed, hooded Master and his slave in spiked collar, is a must!

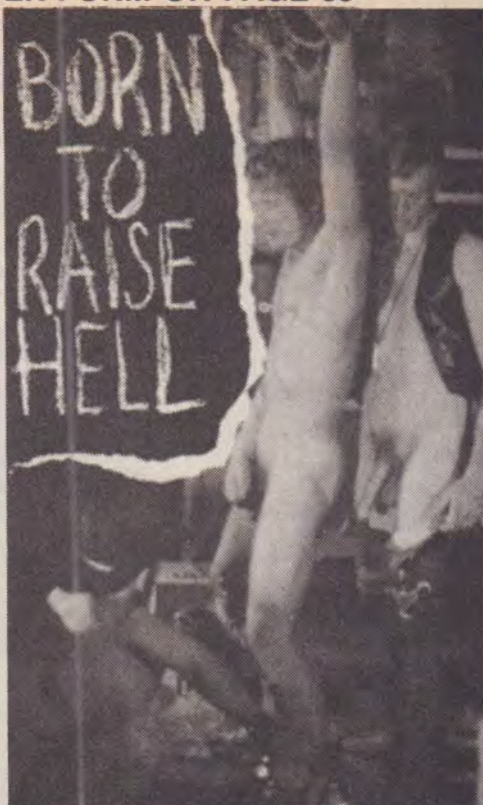
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FALCON HEAD



The original hardcore cult classic—Micheal Zen's stylish, uncanny tale of sex and desire with a supernatural edge. Pass through the magic mirror and encounter the menacing, mysterious Falconhead. Plus the award-winning short "Tattoo"—"a shocking study of penetration."

7995



Born To Raise Hell is a seventy-minute hard-on. At least that is what I had the night they screened it for me. It is a classic in Leather SM movie-making.

—Robert Payne
DRUMMER

VHS/BETA

79⁹⁵

Now, see for yourself the film that made a star of Val Martin. Originally in four parts, this videotape is the complete theatrical film and includes The Bar Scene, The Shaving Scene, The Dungeon Scene and the Cop's Revenge Scene. No collection is complete without it and we are extremely happy to be able to offer it for home viewing. Running time: 70 minutes.

NIGHT OF SUBMISSION



VHS/BETA

This is about the first big production of leathersex and showed a dungeon that was the talk of the leatherworld for years. It still holds up well and this is a print from brand-new theatre film. *Drummer* featured it in a very early issue and even published a picture book (now unavailable).

Running time is sixty hot and exciting minutes and the price is modest

39⁹⁵

SLAVES FOR SALE

SLAVERY WAS ABOLISHED IN 1863 BUT NOBODY BOTHERED TO TELL HIM

Meet the man who is dedicated to carrying on that age old tradition. He gathers them up one way or another—hunky men from all walks of life—and brings them to The Compound.

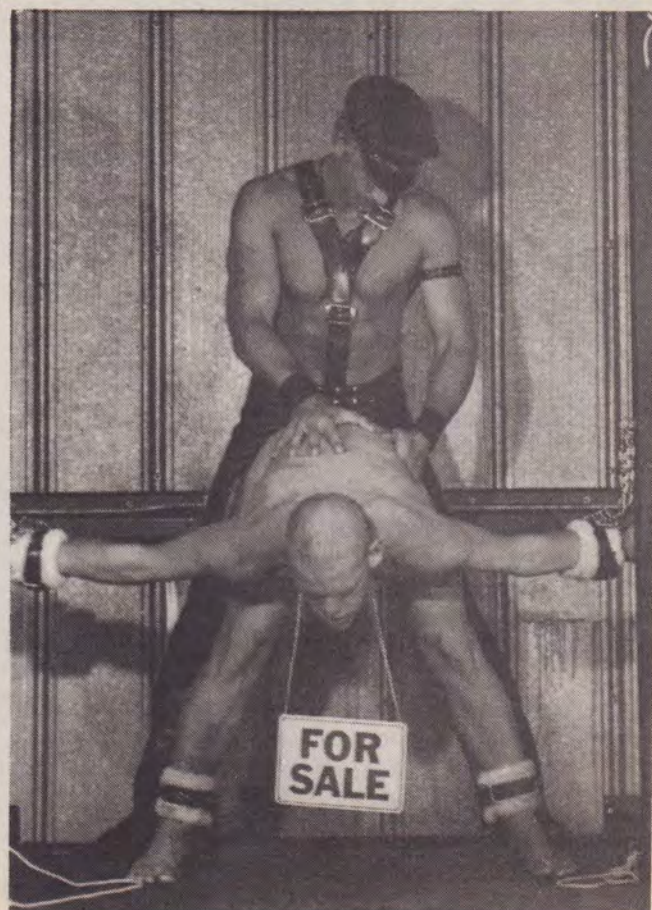
They are stripped, shave, branded...or worse.

They are brutally trained, shackled, abused, then offered to the highest bidder. *There is no escape...*

It was done a hundred years ago and it is being brought back in this Robert Payne fantasy, **Slaves for Sale**, that will hold your attention from the first gripping moment to the last explosive orgasm.

In two parts, each tape runs one hour. Starring Ken Bergquist as the Dungeon Master, and a cast of extraordinarily hot, hung, hunky captives that includes Mr. Drummer '84, Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer '84, and the winner of the Biggest Dick in San Francisco contest. Plus many, many more exciting newcomers to the video screen.

59⁹⁵ EACH



SOURCE

CIRE'

has a lot going for it. It isn't leather and that is the blessing. Water won't hurt it, in fact it is incredibly easy to keep clean. We've used it to create some great under or over garments you'll love (or someone you love will). First there's our Cire' T-shirt that fits like your or his second skin. Tapered and form-fitting with abbreviated sleeves. Beautifully made in s/m/l/xl.

21⁹⁵

BRIEFS

Zipper in Cire' to package you like you have never been packaged. Just enough to keep you decent in front and back but present enough flesh for sunbathing or anything else. The zipper makes a nice touch. State s/m/l/xl.

12⁹⁵

TANK TOP


The of Cire' shows off your shoulders and pecs like the very best in tank tops but this is black Cire' and you've never looked better. Wear it under or wear it only. It is hot in a cool sort of way. s/m/l/xl

21⁹⁵

TRUNKS

Black Cire' that are low cut and revealing enough to make a big package of what they contain. Elastic top and a tailored fit. You will love them. So will he. s/m/l/xl

14⁹⁵



Daddy's boy

DRUMMER

T-SHIRTS 995

DRUMMER T-SHIRT 995

Our usual fine quality 50% cotton black T-shirt comes with the famous Drummer logo silkscreened in white to let everyone know just what kind of man you are. Small, medium, large.

DADDY 995

Drummer created the Daddy and Daddy's Boy craze with its popular Drummer Daddy magazines. Now you can let every potential Daddy's Boy on your block know you have a firm hand and a firmer attitude. White on 50% black cotton. Small, medium or large.

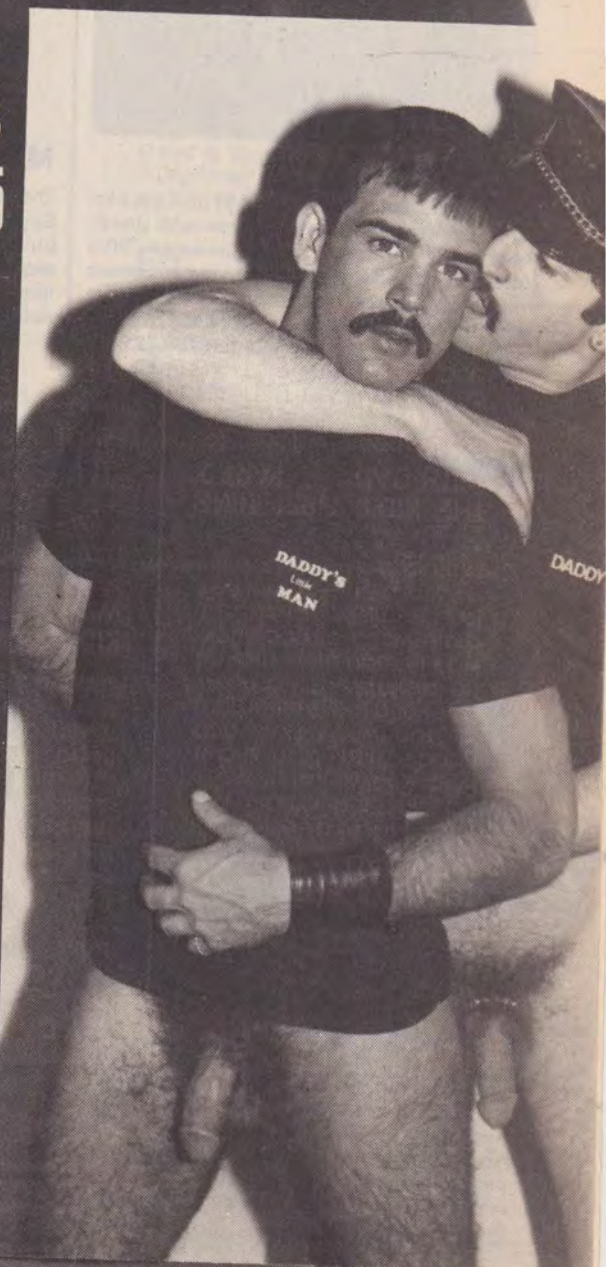
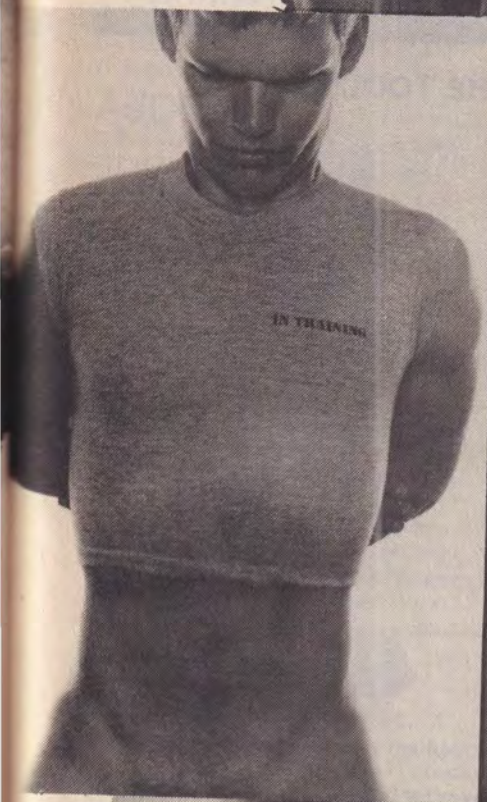
DADDY'S BOY 995

Looking for a firm hand and a firmer attitude? Advertise with our 50% cotton black T-shirt that proclaims who and what you are! Small, medium or large.

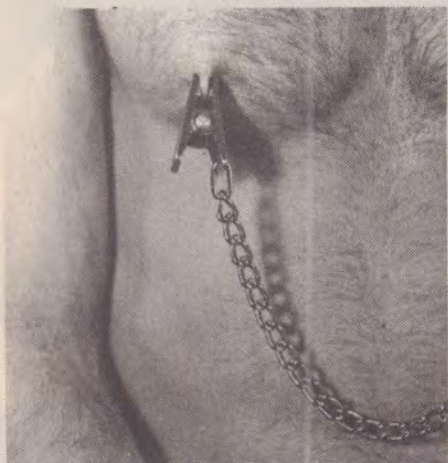
IN TRAINING 995

The perfect cover-up for your slave's tired and worked tits is our In Training half-shirt. From shoulders to mid-stomach; black on battleship grey, 50% cotton; small, medium or large.

DADDY'S LITTLE MAN 995



SOURCE



TITCLAMPS

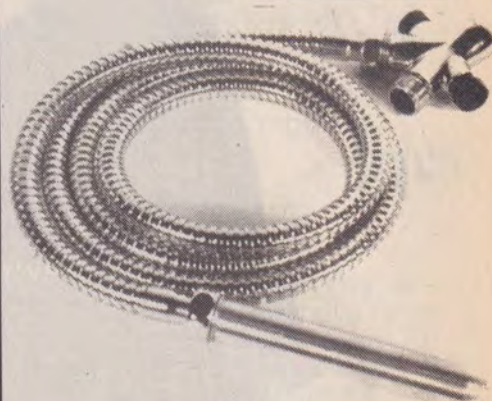
Ouch! Or is that ooooooooooh! You'll get a lot of nipple-sensitive stimulation with these beautifully crafted, chain-connected little biters in chrome. He'll follow you anywhere with these attached to his tits! In two versions: with detachable rubber ends (4.95), or with adjustable screw to regulate tension (5.95).



MAN OF WAR!

The finest latex dildos made, and the Source's best sellers! Flexible but firm, soft but solid for hour of fun. Shown here: our 9" model, available in white fleshtone or black fleshtone (9.95). Also available, for real man-eaters, the giant 12" model (19.95).

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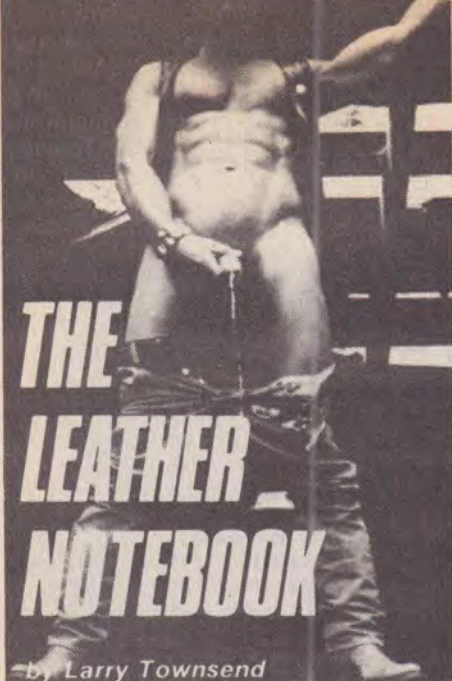
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By Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

As a hot-assed, fist-loving, AIDS-conscious bottom, my buddies and I have been getting off on using latex surgical gloves for mutual protection. They are cheap and come in various sizes. I have never known one to break, and they not only offer the fister protection from disease-causing germs; they give the fistee protection from rough nails, skin, etc. Best of all, latex makes entry easier and, if you are into any sort of medical/rubber scene, they are *hot*. I just thought your readers should know about them. Any suggestions you could make regarding readily available germ-killing disinfectants for dildoes, butt plugs, ass-spreaders, etc., could be useful to all of us, although keeping your toys to yourself is obviously the best protection.

Jeff, NYC

Dear Jeff,

Your ideas are interesting, and certainly better than flesh-on-flesh. Still, I wonder about how one gets the gloves off after they are covered with questionable secretions, without getting the stuff on himself. Well, I guess if you're careful you can do it. Fisting in this era of high risk still scares the hell out of me; I don't care how you try to protect yourself, it is still one of the most risky things you can do.

Dear Mr. Townsend,

At your suggestion I am sending a donation to the Mariposa Foundation, but at the same time I would like to tell you about another aspect of the AIDS problem. A doctor was recently interviewed on our local PBS station, regarding his book *Maximum Immunity*. He stressed the value of nutrition and vitamins, exercise, etc., mentioning one clinic in Virginia which had 16 cases of AIDS in remission via this kind of treatment. The reason this struck home to me

was that I was diagnosed as "going blind" a year ago, and through a strict regimen of this sort I was able to totally reverse the process until my eyes are nearly back to normal—all this without other medical treatment. Does this imply that AIDS might be successfully treated in a similar manner? No MD seems to want to admit that this sort of approach can work better than his AMA-approved treatment schedule, but I now really have my doubts. Maybe I'm a kook; maybe the doctor on TV was, but don't you think it's worth exploring?

Jim, Alaska

Dear Jim,

You are not the only one to express this sort of opinion, and my own inclination is to agree with you. Unfortunately, once a guy comes down with a disease like AIDS he doesn't have the leisure to try one potential cure and if that doesn't work, to go another route. I'm very much in favor of using megavitamins as an immune system bolster before the fact. I would really hesitate to advise a guy who has been diagnosed with AIDS (or any other life-threatening disorder) to ignore the doctors' suggested treatment. I guess it's really difficult to empathize with someone who has come face-to-face with the ultimate diagnosis.

Dear Larry,

I know that you're a devotee of European travel, so I just thought I'd ask what you think about all the terrorist shit that's going on over there. I've finally saved enough pennies to go, and I'd like to get in on some of that hot action before the dollar drops so low I'll have to save up for another couple of years to pay the tariff. Has it altered your plans—or would it?

Gene, Miami

Dear Gene,

Since I'm not really interested in Greece, Israel or the other countries in that general area, I'm not greatly concerned for my personal safety. If they're going to get me, it can happen under the wheels of a taxi in Beverly Hills just as easily as on an air bus. Frankly, it's the Lufthansa-type seats and grub that would discourage me much faster than some Arab with a pocketful of plastic. But a word of caution: I see guys who are afraid to practice unsafe sex in the United States doing all sorts of things in Germany and Holland. That is dangerous!

Dear Larry,

You have written quite a bit, from time to time, about the use of music as an essential background during an SM scene, and you seem to prefer classical to pop. However, have you ever considered the value of silence? To me, there is something much more "mood setting"—maybe even eerie—to a com-

pletely quiet room, except for the sounds made by the participants. I'd be interested in your comments.

A Topman, Houston, TX

Dear Top,

As I've also indicated many times, the choice of particulars is completely up to the individual(s). I did not do a great piece on silence, because there really isn't much to say about it. It is also difficult for most of us, in this busy, noisy world we live in, to find a place that is completely quiet. If that's your preference, however, and you are able to achieve it, more power to you. My comments on music were merely an attempt to express my own feelings and preferences—based on reactions by my partners and myself in the course of many encounters. I recall one visit to another guy's dungeon, where I entered to find the bottom hooded and secured in a great void of sound. It was effective.

Dear Larry,

There seems to be some discrepancy in your writings about the number of tops vs. the number of bottoms. In the original *Leatherman's Handbook*, you seemed to imply that the ratio was much higher in favor of the Ms than you did in the sequel. Do you think the numbers have shifted over that ten years or so between the two publication dates, or has your perception changed? I like to play both sides, usually not with the same person, but consistently one or the other with various, specific partners. What does that make me?

Switch Hitter, MD

Dear Switch,

I don't think there has been a great shift in the number of guys involved in each respective role. Rather, I think, it is my interpretation (more than perception) as what classifies as what. Originally, I adhered to the then-current theory that if a guy played bottom at all, he should be classified as a bottom. Later, I came to believe that these categories should not be so rigidly defined. Many guys enjoy both sides, either alternately or as a set preference over varying periods of time. Because of this shift in perspective, I utilized the "middle category" in my later writings, and now feel that it probably comprises the largest group. It is probably also true that our evolving sexual perceptions and practices have softened the previously harder definitions. All of this, of course, is sheer speculation, since there is no way to make a scientifically valid measure of our population.

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

DRUM



HEY, DRUM,
YOU DOIN'
ANYTHIN'
TO-NIGHT?

ER!
NOTHING
'SPECIAL,
WHY?



WELL, AS YOU
KNOW-I'VE ONLY
JUST JOINED THIS
CONSTRUCTION
UNIT-AND I
DON'T KNOW
ANY OF
THE GUYS...

WHAT SAY YOU AND I
GO FOR A DRINK
SOMEPLACE AND
GET TO KNOW EACH
OTHER.

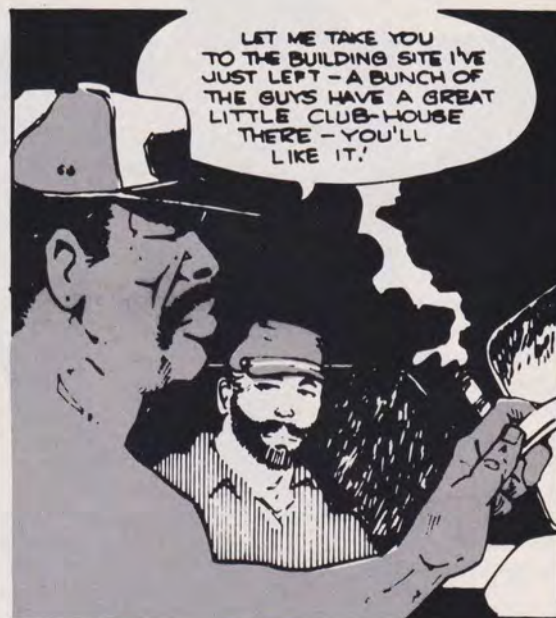


UNLESS
YOU
HAVE OTHER
PLANS

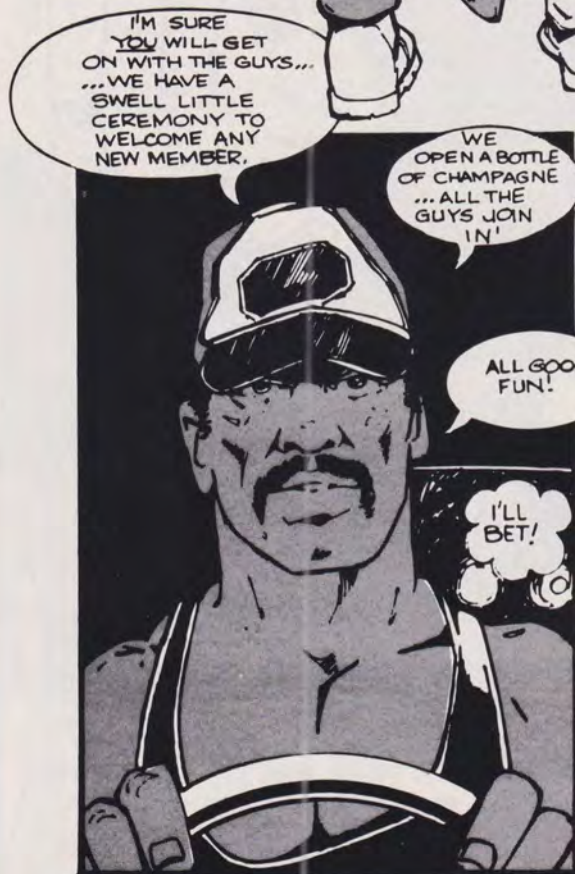
NO, NO!
ANYTHING
YOU LIKE...
A BEER
WOULD BE
FINE!



MY CAR IS
JUST AROUND
THE
CORNER..



LET ME TAKE YOU
TO THE BUILDING SITE I'VE
JUST LEFT - A BUNCH OF
THE GUYS HAVE A GREAT
LITTLE CLUB-HOUSE
THERE - YOU'LL
LIKE IT!



I'M SURE
YOU WILL GET
ON WITH THE GUYS...
...WE HAVE A
SWELL LITTLE
CEREMONY TO
WELCOME ANY
NEW MEMBER.

WE
OPEN A BOTTLE
OF CHAMPAGNE
... ALL THE
GUYS JOIN
IN!

ALL GOOD
FUN!

I'LL
BET!



A CLUB HOUSE!
...SOUNDS
GREAT!

SHIT!
A CLUB-HOUSE
YET!! I'LL BE
BORED
STIFF IN TEN
MINUTES!!



THIS IS
IT.

OPEN UP.
IT'S ME.
TINY!



FEEL
THE
FANTASY...



PHOTO: EAGLE STUDIOS

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DRUMMER DADDIES

NEW YEAR'S DADDY

Not too long ago I sent you a letter about my daddy and his two sons. Well unfortunately for me he has lost one of us. A job transfer took him away from us on a permanent basis, though he does come by as often as he is in the area and we continue our service jointly to our daddy and his buddies.

So I am somewhat alone now, although Daddy has taken in a new lad who is being broken into service but as yet is not used too much by Daddy and his pals. However, Tad is a nice chap and I am doing what I can to help him along and, since we have to sleep together on a mattress in the cellar, we are getting a good bit of sex and getting to know each other well.

He is very blond, very smooth skinned with a real nice bush around a thick seven-inch, uncut cock—really quite well hung for his stature which is only five feet eight inches and 145 pounds.

But social life at home during the recent holidays has been quite active—lots of Daddy's pals coming in for the holiday visits around New Year's and this meant a lot of extra service and duty for me. From New Year's Eve through the rest of the week, I was on duty in the house all the time and had to be in the nude all the time and ready to service anyone at any time who demanded me.

As I told you last time, my daddy is a magnificent black man with a very strong sex drive and he commands my service whenever he is horny, which seems most of the time! Wonderful. I counted in all during that period he had nineteen men guests and one of them brought his "woman" along. Barb is a very sexy, lib-

erated college student in the Chicago area and, for her, sex is wonderful in all its expressions.

My Daddy is a Pentecostal minister, so some of the guests were also ministers who enjoy sex as much as he does and find it recreational. I think he has quite a few minister friends, and one I know to be a rabbi—he's really always hot, and always slips me a fin when he leaves. Guess I am the "temple prostitute." Super!

Anyway, at midnight on New Year's Eve it was determined that Daddy and the nine guests present were to use either Barb or me for their sexual gratification and so we prepared our openings for an onslaught of hot cocks on horny men. A couple hours before, Barbara and I went and bathed together and douched each other so we would be thoroughly clean and fresh. It was then that I noted her beautiful, firm tits with huge nipples and very sensitive ones—just as sensitive as mine. Then we got high and prepared ourselves for the fun of 1985-86.

Fifteen minutes before midnight we positioned ourselves doggie fashion to receive whomever wanted us. Four guys appeared and started to fuck us as we sucked off the other pair, getting them ready to fuck us, too. From then on it seemed nonstop until finally my daddy came into the bedroom, last of all, and had Barbara position her cunt and asshole (in turn) over my mouth and I was to clean out all the cum she had taken! Then he took over my body and in front of everyone present used me as is his right, for his pleasure.

First I had to tongue bath him with especially careful attention to his mammoth cock

and beautiful asshole. Then he fucked the new year into me, making me promise to serve him all year through. What a way to spend a New Year's Eve! But it lasted the rest of the week, too. My male pussy is well-stretched by now.

Jeff
Hammond, IN

A HAPPY SON

My daddy and (i) have been together for almost two years now. My daddy has what he calls progressive punishment (which is: one counts for one, two counts three, three counts six and so on).

Daddy has two favorite paddles he likes to use on me. We have a fully equipped play room. And it gets a good bit of use. Daddy had a name he calls me, and (i) know when he uses it that (i) best get out to the playroom, for (i) have some punishment coming to me.

I am not allowed to use the word "I," and if (i) do, it means (i've) fucked up. When (i) go anywhere (i) must always walk on Daddy's left side. Every Monday and Friday (i) must shave my balls for Daddy, and have him check them.

(i) cannot ever call Daddy by his real name. Daddy made me a very supple cock ring, and the only time it's come off is to shower, or if Daddy takes it off.

Daddy and (i) have a leather business we run together. My daddy is the greatest daddy in the whole world, and having him as my daddy makes me happier than (i) have ever been in my life.

My daddy has brought me a long way to being a good son. My ass does not get warm punishment now. It gets whipped so Daddy has a nice, hot ass to fuck. (i) cannot cum without Daddy's say-so.

Oh, yes, my daddy also keeps me shaved so (i) will know (i) am his son. If (i) am very good, Daddy lets me play alone in the play room.

Daddy has pierced both my tits and it was a very hot scene.

My daddy does not know (i) am writing this letter to Drummer Daddies. It may make him very mad or we may get to have some hot playtime in the play room.

Butch
Long Beach, CA

BAD BOYS

My bondage fantasy has always been to have some young hunk invite me to his leather abode and get me high as can be through whatever means he chooses—drugs, beer or anything... There I would be floating on a cloud, excited and relaxed and even tense as I anticipated that, before I had any warning, I would be led to his equipment room and there trussed up with my ass in an upraised and ready position.

Then I would feel the studded belt or cat-o'-nine-tails come down on my rear end and a steady cadence of blows would bring a burn and a tingle to my ass and my cock, as the moans of pain would come out.

He would get out the ball weights and clamps, too, and work on my balls with the belt, as he put the poppers to my waiting and ready nostrils. Now and then he would bring the belt down across my back and my thighs, not raising blood or welts, but really making my ass and back and thighs sizzle and beg for more.

Then, when I was ready, he would jam home the biggest dildo he could find and really work it around. He would piss all over me and when I was really ready, after some more blows to the ass, tingling and rising with anticipation, he would put on a condom for safe sex and ram his thick, hung and huge cock home to me and we would end with heavy fucking and belt work on my body.

If he's out there somewhere—this novice 45-year-old fantasy bondage daddy is waiting for his boy to take charge during wild, long and tingling belt and bondage sessions.

G.W.
Denver, CO
DRUMMER 91



ALPINE DADDY

My Daddy's name is Wolfgang; he is Austrian, 38 years old, blond with blue eyes, hairy, mustached and muscular (he's a body builder). He is 6'3" tall.

We are living together in a typical wooden chalet deep in the Alps, just a few miles from Grenoble, France. Dad is a professor of German grammar at the University. As for me, I am 24 years old 5'11" tall with brown hair. I am working at the airport as a travel agent. Even if I have leather on my mind, I can carry myself fine in a tie, too.

I have been living with Dad for two years now, and my life is nothing short of great. It is

true that I had difficulties learning to submit and obey without saying anything, but I did. Dad didn't take no for an answer, and it was in my interest to obey in silence. I refused to obey one time, but not twice! Even when Dad has been very tough or cruel, I suffered in silence. This has all been worth it; now I can accept anything from Dad, just because I love him.

You know, Dad taught me a lot of things about life, behavior and male tenderness, but I think I've helped him discover new things, too. For instance, when we started to live together, Dad's house looked like a battlefield! Since I can't bear disorder, I spend most of

my time washing the rooms, the dishes, the sheets and blankets while he is at school. At the beginning, Dad reacted violently against this, and I got some spanking I will remember the rest of my life. But now, I can say that he enjoys a clean home, in proper order.

Through my new life with him, I've discovered that there is nothing better than to please the Dad you are in love with, to make him feel better and better each time he asks you something. As I am sometimes a bad chap (I do it on purpose sometimes), Dad is very severe and lashes me with a riding whip or with his leather belt. But you know, even while my backside is aching from the lashes he just gave me, I forget everything and my tears of pain turn into tears of joy when Dad lays me on the bed and gives me the best kiss I ever had, or he presses his hairy chest against my shaved skin, teasing my nipples, while ramming toughly his thick cock up to the hilt into my well-greased asshole, fucking me for hours.

Dad isn't the kind of man who says, "I love you," every minute. He is cold, but with more heart and, more soul than many other people. I know for sure that I can rely on him. He is always ready to help when there's trouble, and I know not to thank him or he'll go into a temper.

Dad and I have had wonderful times together. I love the way he laughs when I tell him a joke and, the way he holds me against him, ready to share my pains when I'm feeling sad. Dad doesn't speak a lot, but I don't mind. I am entirely his, as I know he is entirely mine.

We are out together often. I take him skiing and he takes me swimming and body building. I am always respectful toward him, as he is toward me, especially when we are in public. I'm so proud of Dad that once I introduced him to all my friends at the airport.

Even if I always address him as Sir or Dad, I know he is more than a Dad to me, and that's important. I light his cigarettes, open the door for him and fix his drinks. I bring him coffee in bed. I prepare a cool bath and wash him, tenderly, softly, while I sit naked at the edge of the tub without

saying a thing. We don't need to speak at such times; we are feeling so good.

We travel a lot. Every three months, we spend a long weekend in Paris, where we buy leather toys we can't find here. Otherwise, we entertain a lot of friends. But Dad always refuses to let them have a session with me, saying that I am his son, not their's. At home, I just wear a jock and tit clamps. Dad is often chest-naked, wearing only a body harness, just for pleasure.

Sex is extremely important for both of us, and there is no night without long sex sessions. I have learned everything a good son must know to please his leather Dad—how to relax my asshole muscles and let him plunge a big fist deep into me (the first time he did it, I thought I would die); how to open my mouth and swallow the hot, recycled beer he is just pouring into my stomach; how to lick clean his toes, his ass and hairy balls; how to suck him properly; how to suck and chew his nipples before licking clean his hairy chest (while I am stripped, my hands tied behind my back); how to get into being spanked and beg for more; how to enjoy tit-clamps, body harness, ropes, chains, ball shackles, cock ring and all that kind of stuff that give so much pleasure when properly used.

But Dad is never so pleased as when I kneel in front of him, and, with grease in my hand, gently, softly jerk him off, ready to swallow his load, and when after that, I sit on his thighs, while he rams his big cock inside me, pressing his hairy balls against my smooth, freshly-shaved buttocks.

Now, let me tell you how it started. Last year, when I was in college, I had this German professor who was a real terror. Even if he was the hunkiest man at the whole university, students really hated him. What they didn't appreciate was the way he talked to us, always using a low, commanding voice. He was the kind of man you'd better respect... At that time, he was bearded and looked even more icy than he does now. He always wore jeans, biker boots and a black leather jacket covered with dust. He

didn't look like a professor, but be assured he was, and a good one. When I saw him for the first time, my heart started pounding like a locomotive and my dick got as stiff as a flagpole. For the first time, I didn't miss a German class during the whole year.

One time I came in late with a friend of mine (the one who has turned this text from French to English). By the time I rushed into the classroom, he had already started the lesson.

He stood in front of me, angry, "You! I want to see you in my office after class. Okay, while you're standing there, tell me what you know about adjective declensions?"

As you might have guessed, I was more interested in the hunk in front of me than in those damned declensions. What I said was all wrong and the professor flew into a temper. "Get out of here and wait for me in the hall; we're going to have a serious talk together."

At the end of the lesson, he left the room and ordered me to come with him. As I walked, he grabbed me by the neck, "Bloody fucker, who do you think you are? You'd better walk behind me. Is that clear?" It was.

When we were in his office, he shut the door and locked it. I was scared to death, feeling incredibly thin and pale in front of him, wondering what would happen. He looked at me, like an eagle looking at a mouse. "Why were you late this morning?"

"I came with a friend and we had trouble with his car. We ran out of gas."

He took me stongly by the arm. "Boy!" he said with a threatening voice, "You'd better call me *Sir* or you'll regret it."

He left me and sat on the edge of his desk. He took his leather jacket off, revealing big-veined biceps, beautiful rock-hard pecs, hidden under a white T-shirt. I took my jacket off, too.

"Hey, your not bad for a beer drinker," he said.

"Why do you call me a beer drinker, *Sir*?"

He stared at me. "You're Alsatian, aren't you? And we all know that people from there drink beer all the time." He lighted a cigarette and kept on

talking. "I know a lot of things about you. For instance, that you're training in the local downhill ski club, that you speak perfect Dutch, but no English, and so on."

I was atonished. "Please, *Sir*, may I leave now. I really apologize for being late this morning, but it's noon, I'm starving and I have to take the train for Strasburg at two o'clock, so I'm in a hurry."

"You may not. Not until I give you the order to leave... Why do you look at me that way in the classroom?" I breathed in deeply.

"Well, of course I look at you, *Sir*. How can I take notes if I don't look at the board?"

"Say the real reason, fucker! Say out loud that I'm the kind of macho man you like!" I blushed to the roots of my hair.

"No... I mean *Sir*, I'm just studying."

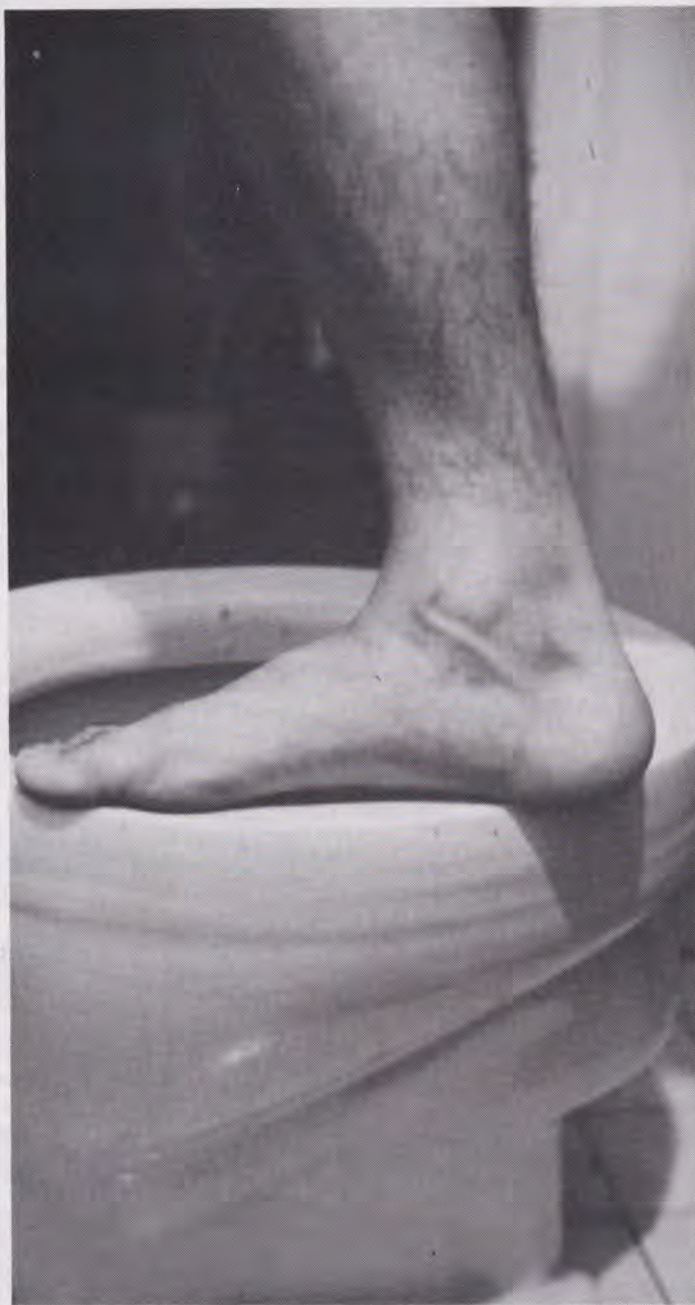
"Yeah, you're studying what the thick cock I pack in my jock must look like when it's stiff, or how it might feel to press your body against these big, hairy pecs of mine."

"That's wrong, *Sir*. Who do you think I am?"

He laughed cynically. "You? You're just a damn exciting, little cocksucker ready to lick, suck and swallow hot man-cum and be fucked for centuries. You know, boy, I can spot a kid like you from a kilometer away. And the way you've been staring at my crotch and my face, makes me believe you're looking for a good dad to lead you through life. Am I wrong?"

As I kept silent, he added, "And you're the son I'm looking for. Come on, boy." he rose straight in front of me, taller, thicker, stronger than I had expected. "You're starving, aren't you?"

As I nodded assent, he opened his fly, let his knees fall down to his ankles. "Kneel down, cocksucker, and help yourself. I've got here a big load of hot, thick man cream to empty in your throat. Suck me real good." I saw a big bulge in a man-smelling jock; I felt the softness of his hairy skin and without any hesitation I pulled his jock back and I let him guide his massive seven inches of pure beef into my mouth and down my throat. He came loudly,



breathing deeply, moaning, squirting big gobs of thick tasting sperm into my burning throat.

"It was good, boy, wasn't it? Better than lager." The smile he could see on my face was saying yes. "Now, get up off your knees and walk behind you dad. I haven't got all day and we have serious training to do."

That was two years ago, but I remember every detail of our first encounter. Dad is the most important person in my life. He is and will always be the everlasting owner of my dreams, of my thoughts, of my body, of my heart, of my soul.

Being gay is something fantastic, but I really think that being a leatherdaddy's son is

the best thing a man can do in his life. I would not trade places with anybody, the airline I'm working with offered me a job as flight attendant, a job I would love, but when they told me I'd be away from home three weeks a month, I said "No" without hesitation. Even if I get lashed or punished, even if I can't do anything (JO for instance) without his permission, my dad is the most important thing in my life—more important than a job, more important than money or even gold.

Hey, you know what? I think I love him...

Wolfgang's devoted son,

Pascal

(translated by Bernard)

Grenoble, France

SLAVE TYPIST

Greetings:

The typist of this letter is an unnamed slave taking dictation from his Master's voice. The slave knows he will be held personally responsible for any lapses in spelling or punctuation and that he is to reproduce the Master's words verbatim. Errors are expected. The slave will be expected to designate the appropriate punishments for them.

The typist is not seated. Instead, he stands on a length of railroad rail using only the balls of his feet and his toes. He is bent well over at the waist to reach the typewriter keyboard, and is naked so that his ass and its gaping, hungry hole are in full view. Except for that ass and the slave's head, both of which have been shaved smooth, all of the slave's thick body and facial hair grow lush and catch the light of the morning candles to remind the Master of the raw masculinity of the once-proud male child. He is teaching the pleasures of servitude.

Handcuffs connect the slave's wrists to the legs of the typewriter table, restricting his movement. A plastic-covered cable runs through the rings which pierce the nipples emerging from the red-brown forest on his chest and is locked into a triangular shape by a padlock from which a 2-kg. free-weight plate is suspended only inches above the floor. The slave has been instructed not to allow the plate to touch down at any time.

A second weight, with a 5-kg. mass, hangs from a similar cable connected to the D-ring of a ball stretcher wrapped around the base of his ample protum. Also attached to this cable is a small household bucket which is the only receptacle into which the slave has been allowed to urinate for the past twelve hours. When he fills the bucket, the slave is given the choice of drinking its contents or allowing its extra weight to further build the size of his sac. The only other beverage he is allowed is coffee. At no time may the weight or the bucket touch the floor.

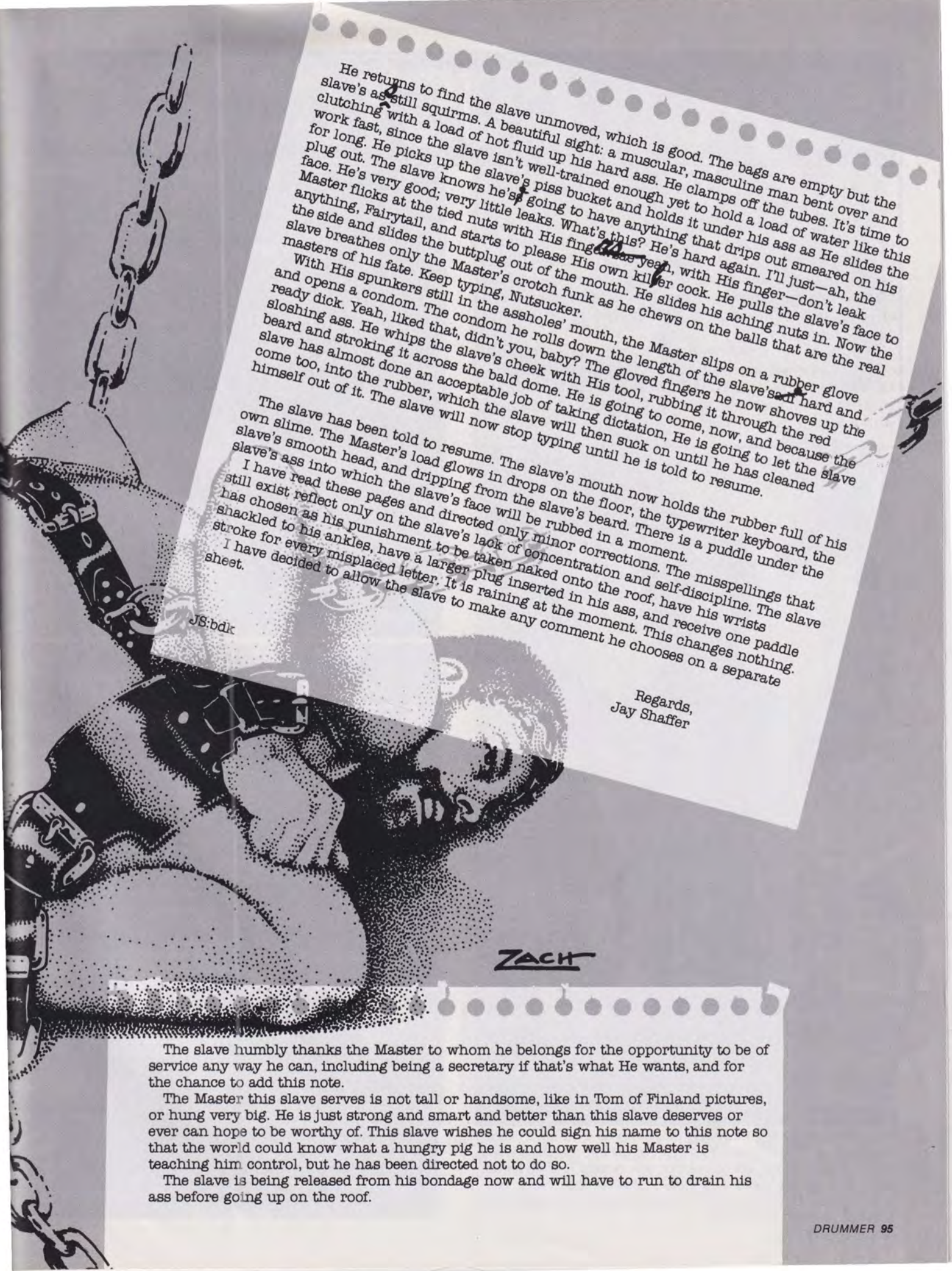
The slave's dick is generally too hard to let him piss naturally, so the Master periodically slips on a rubber surgical glove and forces three fingers into the slave's hungry pucker to press on his bladder until it gives up its contents. He then stuffs the glove into the slave's mouth as a gag.

The slave is pissing now, without help. He has humbly asked permission to drink the bucket's contents, and permission has been granted. The Master will bring the bucket to the slave's lips. To show his gratitude, the slave will unroll a rubber condom onto the Master's ready cock using only his teeth.

This has been done. The slave now stands ready to receive his Master into his worthless ass. The Master makes initial penetration and instructs the slave to begin the fuck by performing calf raises on the rail. The Master stands still, moving only to slap the slave's ass in rhythm as the exercising ass gives him pleasure. The Master believes in hard, ready bodies on all male animals and exercises His slave appropriately. He now sees the success of His attempts in the knitting of the muscles of the back that spread out before him and the sweat that covers it. He does not yet wish to end the scene, however, and orders a stop. He withdraws and throws the rubber away. He then instructs the slave to resume the exercise as He watches the play of muscles in the slave's legs and back. The ass still interests Him, however. He leaves the room.

He returns, carrying two hollow buttplugs, both still warm from their boiling and smelling slightly of chlorine. He inserts one into the slave's mouth as a gag and slides the other into his ass. He leaves the room again.

He returns with two large, red-rubber enema bags full of water, hot water, and Castille soap, and shows them to the slave. They are connected with a Y fitting, so that they feed a single tube. He joins the tube to the screw fitting in the buttplug in the slave's ass. He bleeds the air from the lines. It sounds just like the slave's breathing through the hole in the buttplug in his mouth. He tells the slave to stop the exercise in the down position, so that his calves stretch but his heels don't touch the floor. He paddles the slave's ass to make it beg. He kicks the hanging weights. He unclamps the tubing and watches the hot squirm as the hot fluid floods into the slave's bowels. He hears the pants and sees the muscles clamp as the slave's hard belly cramps. He tells the slave to stand on his toes and holds his head down onto the typewriter keyboard. He wants there to be nothing in this slave's world for the next few minutes than hot water cramps and keyboard letters. He leaves the slave alone for the moment with his thoughts. He returns. New paragraph, wormshit!



He returns to find the slave unmoved, which is good. The bags are empty but the slave's ass still squirms. A beautiful sight: a muscular, masculine man bent over and clutching with a load of hot fluid up his hard ass. He clamps off the tubes. It's time to work fast, since the slave isn't well-trained enough yet to hold a load of water like this for long. He picks up the slave's piss bucket and holds it under his ass as He slides the plug out. The slave knows he's going to have anything that drips out smeared on his face. He's very good; very little leaks. What's this? He's hard again. I'll just—ah, the Master flicks at the tied nuts with His finger—yeah, with His finger—don't leak anything, Fairytail, and starts to please His own killer cock. He pulls the slave's face to the side and slides the buttplug out of the mouth. He slides his aching nuts in. Now the slave breathes only the Master's crotch funk as he chews on the balls that are the real masters of his fate. Keep typing, Nutsucker.

With His spunkers still in the assholes' mouth, the Master slips on a rubber glove and opens a condom. The condom he rolls down the length of the slave's ass hard and ready dick. Yeah, liked that, didn't you, baby? The gloved fingers he now shoves up the sloshing ass. He whips the slave's cheek with His tool, rubbing it through the red beard and stroking it across the bald dome. He is going to come, now, and because the slave has almost done an acceptable job of taking dictation, He is going to let the slave come too, into the rubber, which the slave will then suck on until he has cleaned himself out of it. The slave will now stop typing until he is told to resume.

The slave has been told to resume. The slave's mouth now holds the rubber full of his own slime. The Master's load glows in drops on the floor, the typewriter keyboard, the slave's smooth head, and dripping from the slave's beard. There is a puddle under the slave's ass into which the slave's face will be rubbed in a moment.

I have read these pages and directed only minor corrections. The misspellings that still exist reflect only on the slave's lack of concentration and self-discipline. The slave has chosen as his punishment to be taken naked onto the roof, have his wrists shackled to his ankles, have a larger plug inserted in his ass, and receive one paddle stroke for every misplaced letter. It is raining at the moment. This changes nothing.

I have decided to allow the slave to make any comment he chooses on a separate sheet.

JS:bdk

Regards,
Jay Shaffer

ZACH

The slave humbly thanks the Master to whom he belongs for the opportunity to be of service any way he can, including being a secretary if that's what He wants, and for the chance to add this note.

The Master this slave serves is not tall or handsome, like in Tom of Finland pictures, or hung very big. He is just strong and smart and better than this slave deserves or ever can hope to be worthy of. This slave wishes he could sign his name to this note so that the world could know what a hungry pig he is and how well his Master is teaching him control, but he has been directed not to do so.

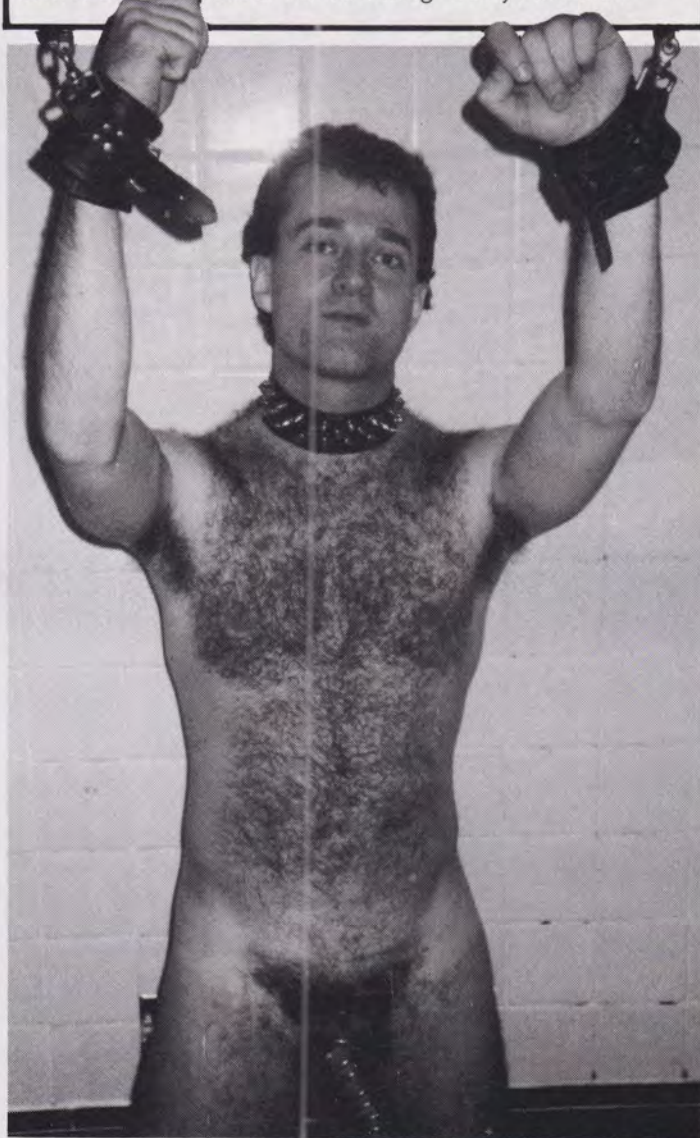
The slave is being released from his bondage now and will have to run to drain his ass before going up on the roof.

TOUGH CUSTOMERS

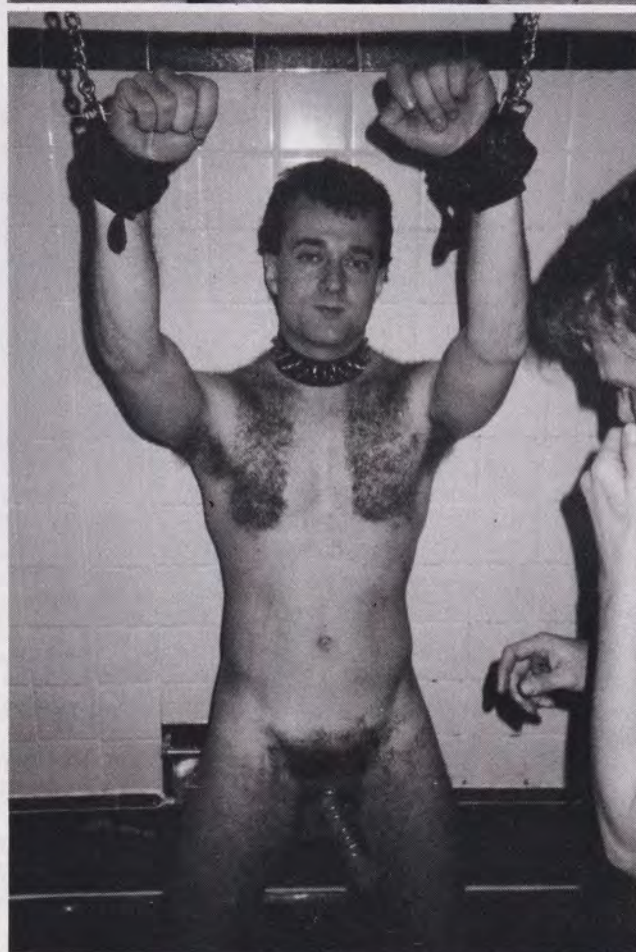
Tough Customers is our way of sharing the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

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 cannot 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!



SHACKLED AND SHAVED: This dude looked so hot, we had to show you all the pictures he sent us. He got into getting shaved and lost most of his prized manfur. His fantasy is to go all the way—getting his head and pubes shaved too! He's from Washington, DC, and wants to hear from all you guys into shaving, so write to TC 1147.





IT'S A GROWER: This New York City TC loves to show his meat which grows to a firm 9½ inches. He wants to connect with cocks of all sizes, especially uncut dick and shaved Asians. He's TC 1146.



LONG SCHLONG: This TC from Illinois was blessed with 10 inches and shows it off for you. He's 24 years old and wants to get in touch with a top/Master who can work him over. He's into dildoes, bondage, uniforms, shaving and seeks a Master with a big cock and beard. If you can fill the bill write TC 1148.



SERIOUS SADIST: This Chicago topman seeks a permanent relocatable slave for prolonged sessions of SM and BD. (See his ad in the Dear Sir classifieds, Nationwide category, "Young Sadist Seeks Dogslave.") If you'd like to be his pet, get down on all fours and write to TC 1149.



HOT AND HORNY: These two British guys like working out with weights as well as with each other. They want to correspond and meet with some likeminded, clean-cut American guys. Write to TC 1150 (please include international postage).



IN PASSING

An actual slave branding was recorded for us by Jim Moss. The slave, already tattoo-branded, gets the hot iron treatment to end up this issue of Drummer.



ZEUS

STUDIOS AND PUBLICATIONS

NEW

SADO ISLAND

Zeus commissioned New Orleans artist Matt to take a quantum leap into the illustrated future of S/M adventure where it's 2139 and hell on Earth is a place called SADO ISLAND. Two musclebound heros fight a police society that forbids their "deviate" love; then take on the sadistic battlechief of world terrorism Baron Heinrich Von Sado. Travel with Zeus from the disciplines of the Planet Population Police Academy to the torture caverns of Earth's subterranean penal mines, to the experimentation clinics of Dr. Von Sado's island fortress. Zeus catapults your fantasies into the future and penetrates the darkest recesses of your imagination.

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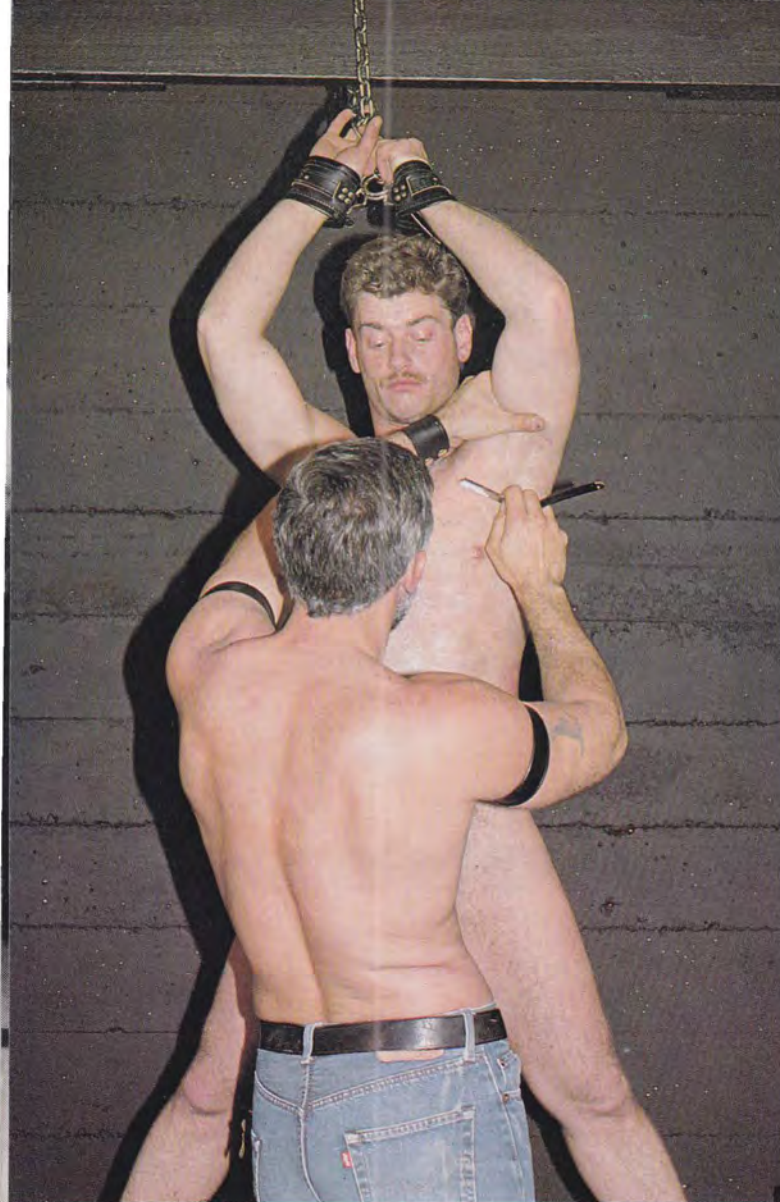
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**ACTUAL
SESSIONS!**

THESE SESSIONS ARE FOR REAL! During shoot for **CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE**, KEN SAVAGE got carried away and decided that one of the recruits needed a GI haircut. And there wasn't too much the fellow could do about it. Ken convinced him that he loves the result and then went out to find some more "volunteers." You'll love the results too!

THE MR. DRUMMERS THAT WERE, ARE AND ALWAYS WILL BE.

*SINCE 1980, EACH
MAN HAS DONE
CREDIT TO
DRUMMER AND TO
HIMSELF.*

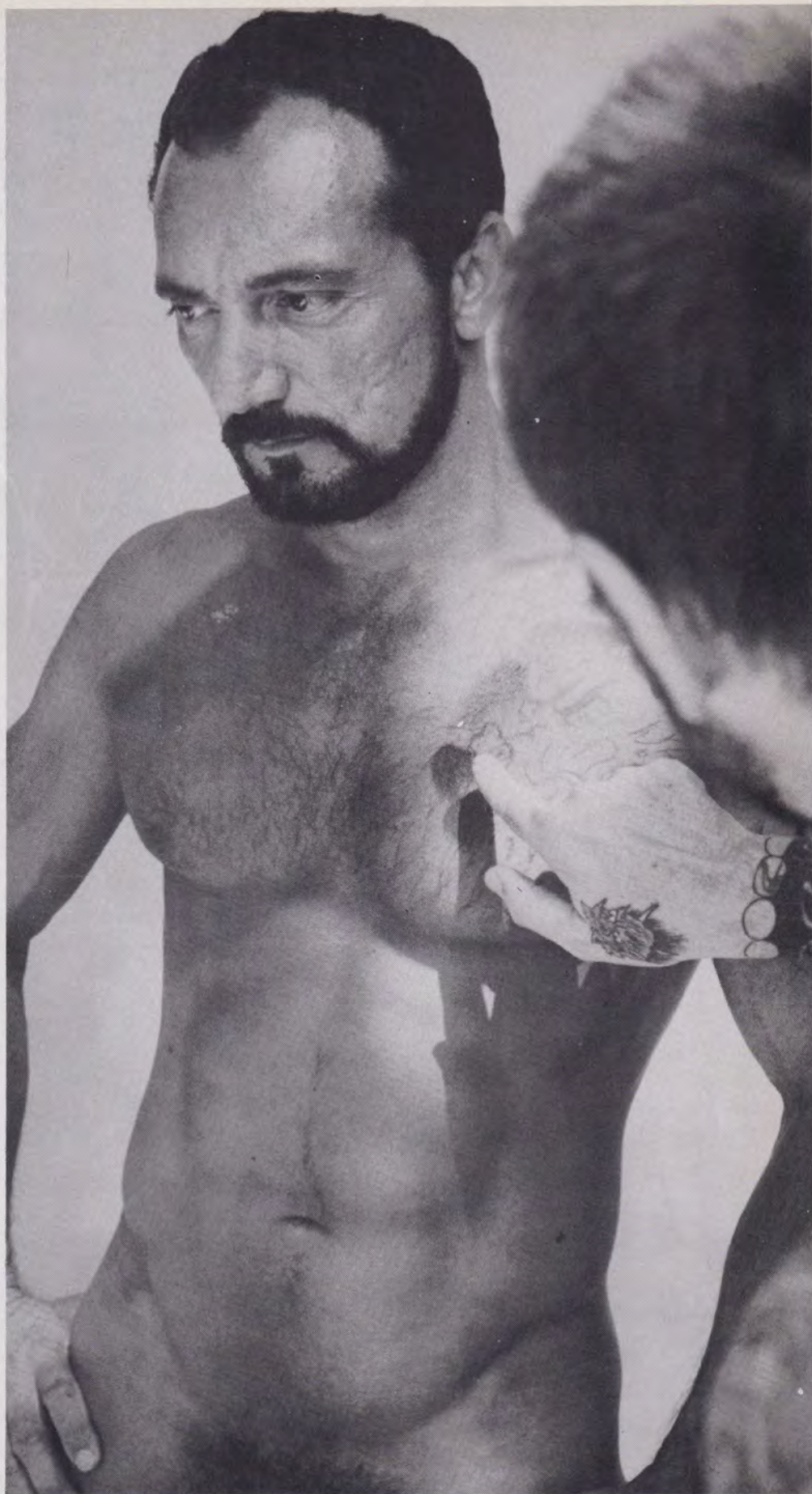
Our first Mr. Drummer was **VAL MARTIN**, shown here being body painted for Drummer's first four-color cover, by tattoo artist Cliff Raven. The Mr. Drummer contest was held earlier then and Val went on to win second runner up in the Mr. International Leather contest in Chicago. Next page:

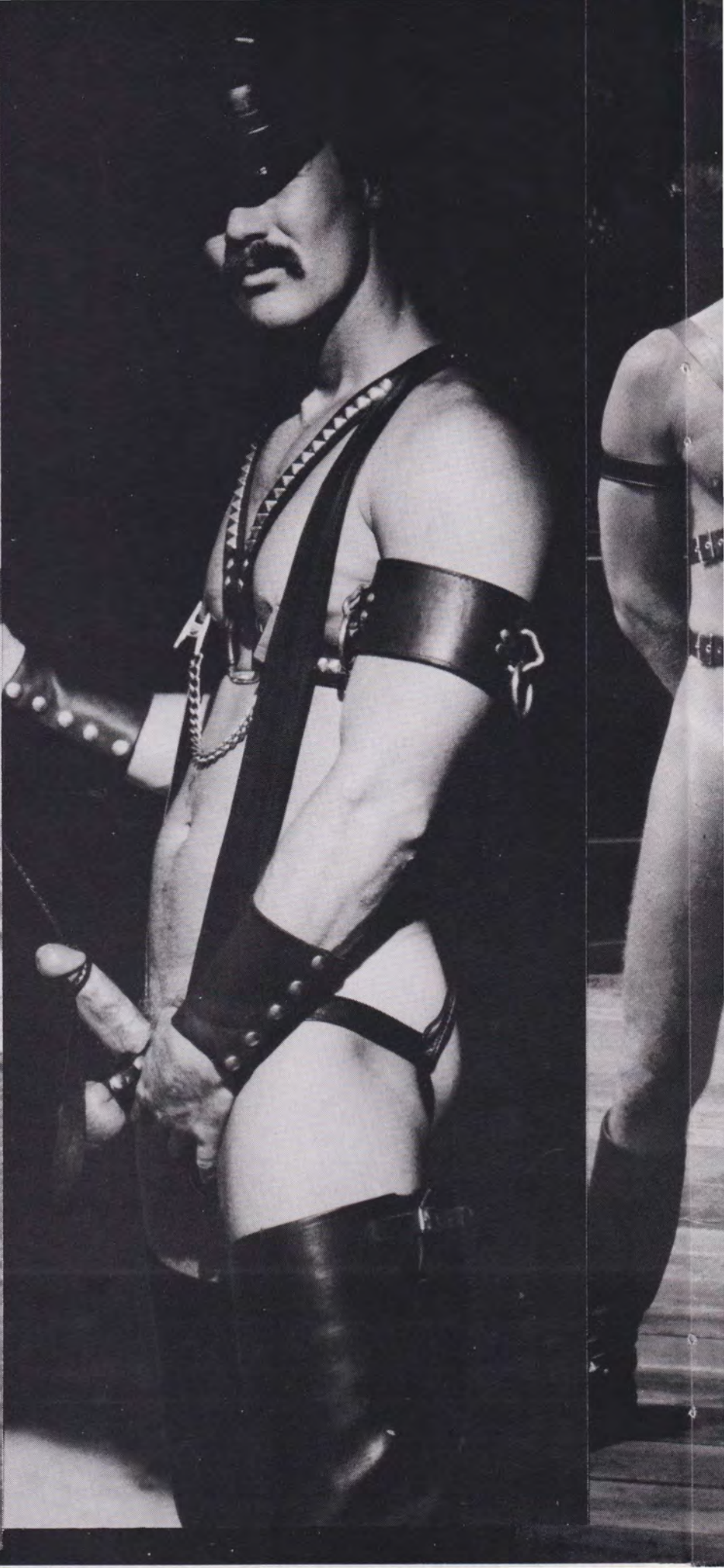
RAY PEREA won Mr. Drummer '81. Shown climbing the billboard atop the Drummer club at 11th and Folsom, Ray was a delight to work with, to know and to have around. He even tended bar at **DRUMMASTER** before moving to the Russian River.

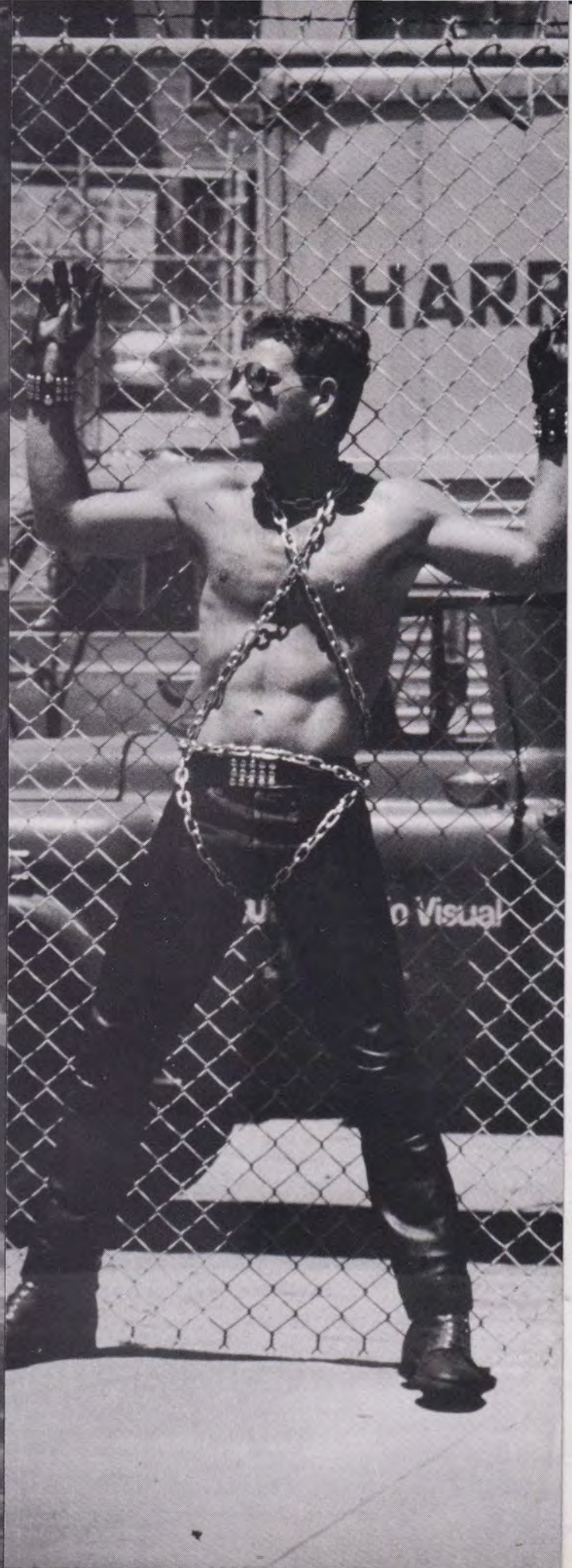
LUKE DANIEL was Mr. Southern California Drummer, Mr. Drummer '82, then gave new dimensions to the Mr. International Leather title all in the same year. He spent a very active twelve months on leather events and fund raisers from coast to coast and it is a delight when he shows up at any event any time. He resides in Los Angeles.

JOHN GARGER won Mr. Drummer '83 handily after being Mr. Eastern Seaboard Drummer. Because of family problems he was unable to take his trip to Oktoberfest. Runner-up **DAVID EARL LEE**, Mr. Southern Drummer took the title and filled in graciously at the finals in '84. He moved from Atlanta to San Francisco right after that.

SONNY CLINE was Mr. Drummer '84, hands down. He stopped the show by being branded with a giant rubber stamp with "DRUMMER" on it after being tied spread eagle to a specially constructed rack. Sonny has gone on to win about every local title and has worked hard to raise money for good causes and to represent *Drummer*.









STEVE REISWIG became Mr. Drummer '85 at the Japan Center Theatre when he came from Seattle, Washington as an invitational contestant to fill in for a missing Mr. New England Drummer. Steve has cooperated with Patrick Toner, Mr. International Leather '85 on joint fund raisers and has been active on his own.

Looking back at the men who have won the Mr. Drummer title is enough to give us a sense of pride along with a hell of a lot of great memories. For our eleventh anniversary (remember we didn't start the Mr. Drummer contests until 1980), the regional competitions are lined up, as will be the leathersmen who participate.

The Mr. Drummer finals return this year to Trocadero Transfer, South of Market, and will kick off Gay Pride weekend. The finalists, all of whom are regional Mr. Drummer titleholders already, will ride in San Francisco's Gay Freedom Day parade, the largest in the nation.

At the front of the S.F. Eagle float will be the newly crowned Mr. Drummer '86. □

