

THE 'INSTEAD OF' MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

495

A BARGAIN!

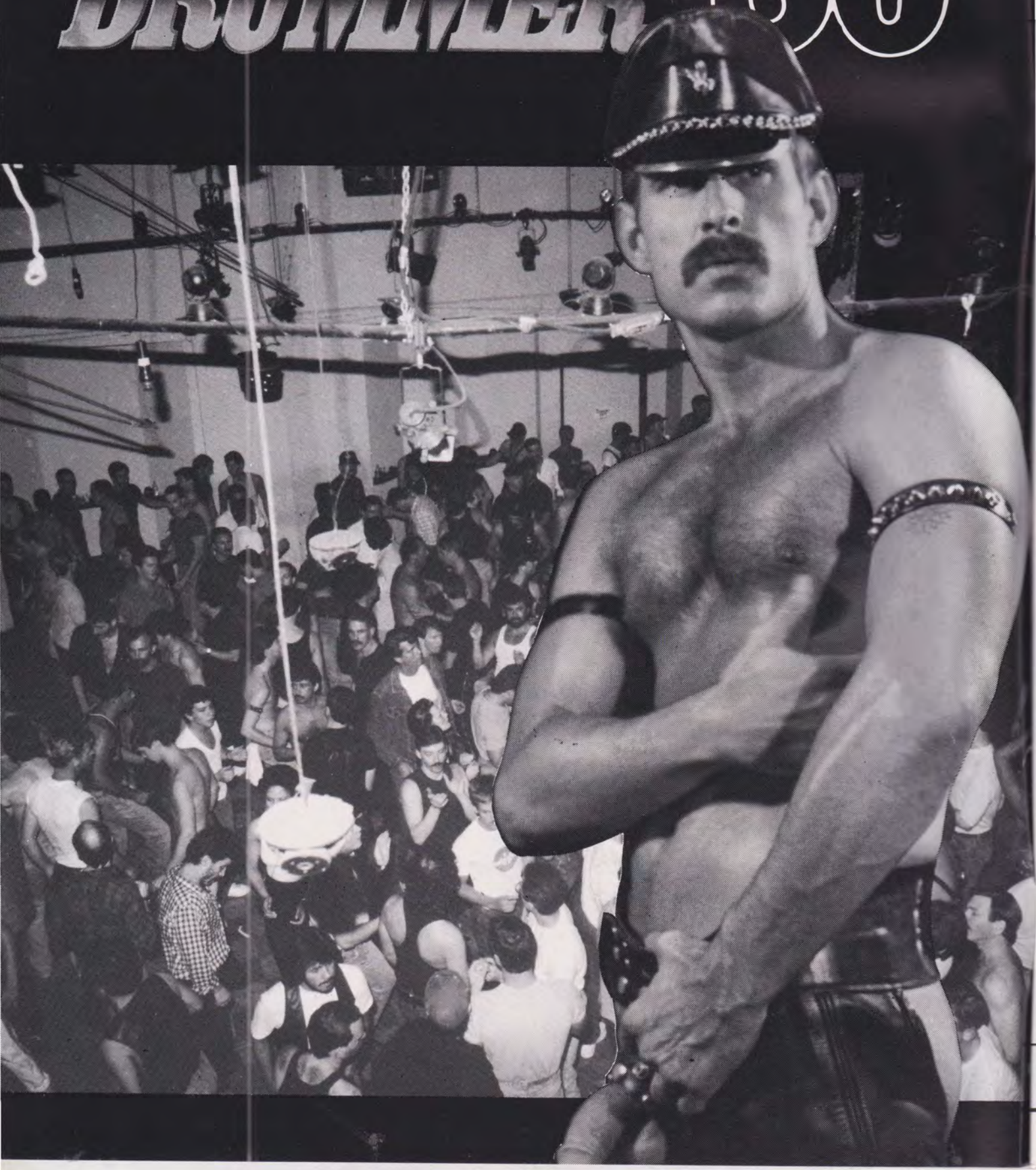
THE SEARCH
FROM COAST
TO COAST FOR
MR. DRUMMER
'86

MASON POWELL'S
BOUND FOR GLORY

MORE AND MORE
CLASSIFIEDS!

ISSUE 96

MR. '86 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



4 HERE THEY COME

They're off and running—Mr. Drummers coming from everywhere to compete in the finals in San Francisco. Leather's big night preceded by a lot of other big leather nights.

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Fakir Musafar is a living, breathing collection of holes.

98 IN PASSING

A little of this, a little of that.

Cover: This photo was taken during the Mr. Southern California Drummer show at Probe in Hollywood by Rose de Castro, who didn't give us the participant's name unfortunately.

Opposite page: Background is the Trocadero Transfer during the 1984 Mr. Drummer party. Hunky contestant is from the same event.

GETTING OFF

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION

Most minorities are used to some form of persecution. And when that pressure eases up occasionally, they begin persecuting each other. The Protestants got it from the Catholics and vice versa, depending on who is the local majority. The Jews get it from both of them and most everybody else. But the ones everybody can all have an open season on are the gays.

In New York City, for the Gay Pride Parade, the coordinators came up with a gimmick to cover the cost of the portable toilets. For seventy bucks you could "name a toilet for your favorite homophobe." The first two to be sponsored were the "John Cardinal O'Connor Throne Room" and "Yehuda's Heaven" (for Rabbi Yehuda Levin). Before someone came up with a name for a toilet dedicated to Jerry Falwell, the Port-O-San Corp. said they would not rent the toilets if that was the use they were being put to.

And speaking of Jerry "Moral Majority" "Liberty Federation" "Christian Antidiscrimination" Falwell—he has pressured U.S. Attorney General "Mickey" Meese into threatening the Southland Corp. into throwing *Playboy* and *Penthouse* out of their stores, something Falwell alone had failed to bring about. The Justice Department has become a lackey for the Christian Crazies, whose next target will in all likelihood be gays.

Of course, nothing is so bad that somebody can't make it a little worse. The gay community continues to reel over the onslaught of AIDS which, for lack of a cure or even a treatment, is decimating our brothers left and right. The government is indifferent at best and what monies it has reluctantly aimed at combatting the disease, it has had to be forced into. Falwell et al. have predictably taken every opportunity to treat the plague as opportunistically and as unchristianlike as possible.

But for the moment, these are not the factors we have to concern ourselves with. The worst enemy is ourselves. We have to knock off the drugs, the senseless exposure, the healthy-destroying antics we luxuriated in for so many years in search of a good time. We have to support our own. Nobody else is going to do it. Certainly not this administration and certainly not many of the religious charities. Not even the United Way.

A good slogan for these times should be "No charities but gay charities!"

Amen.

—John H. Embry




HERE THEY COME!

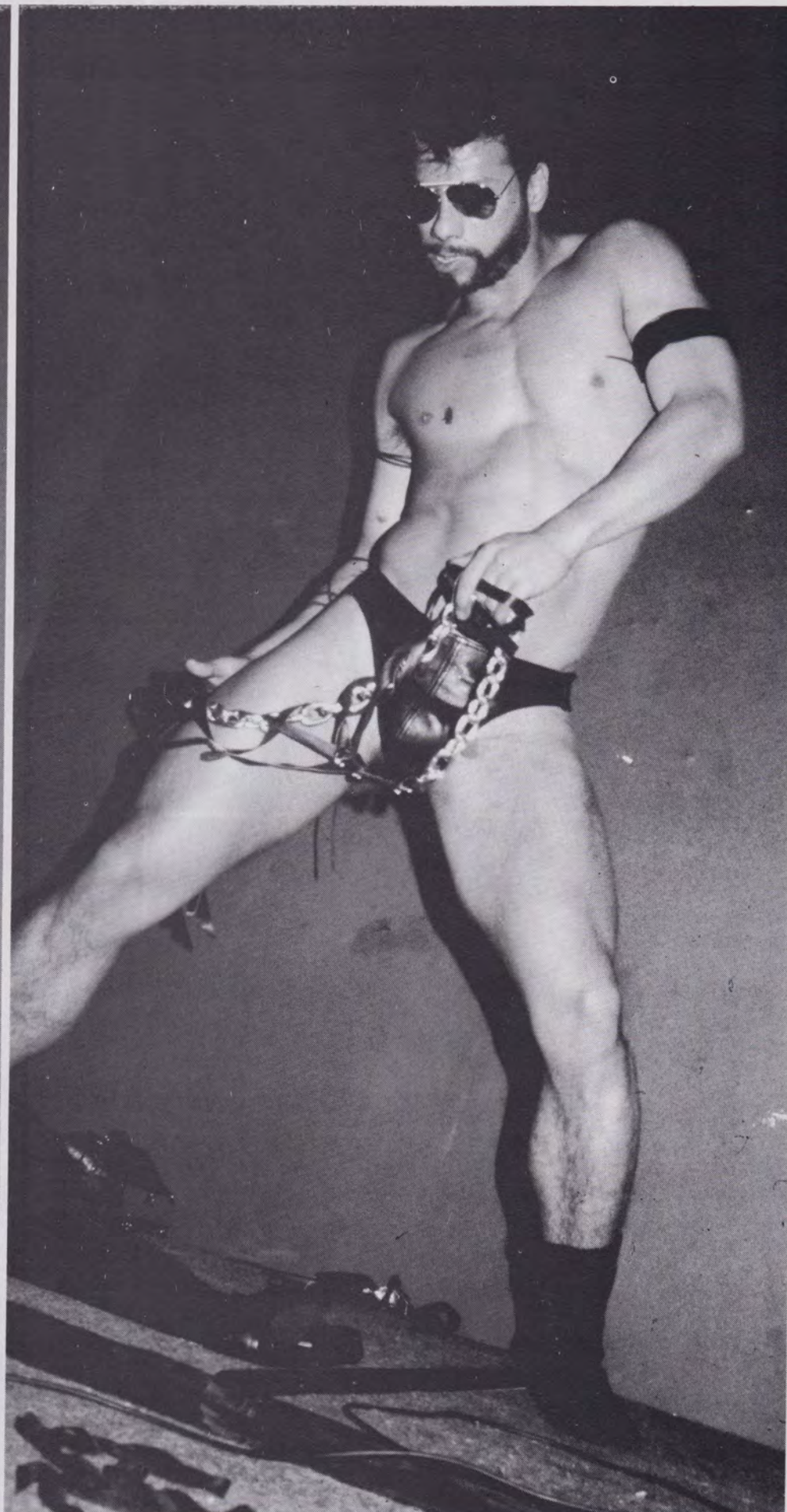
Mr. Drummers are lining up to do battle in San Francisco at the MR. DRUMMER '86 finals. Perhaps by the time you read this it will be one of the men on these pages. One thing is sure. Next issue we'll have the new titleholder.

FOR LEATHER'S BIG NIGHT!

LOS ANGELES
MR. SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA
DRUMMER

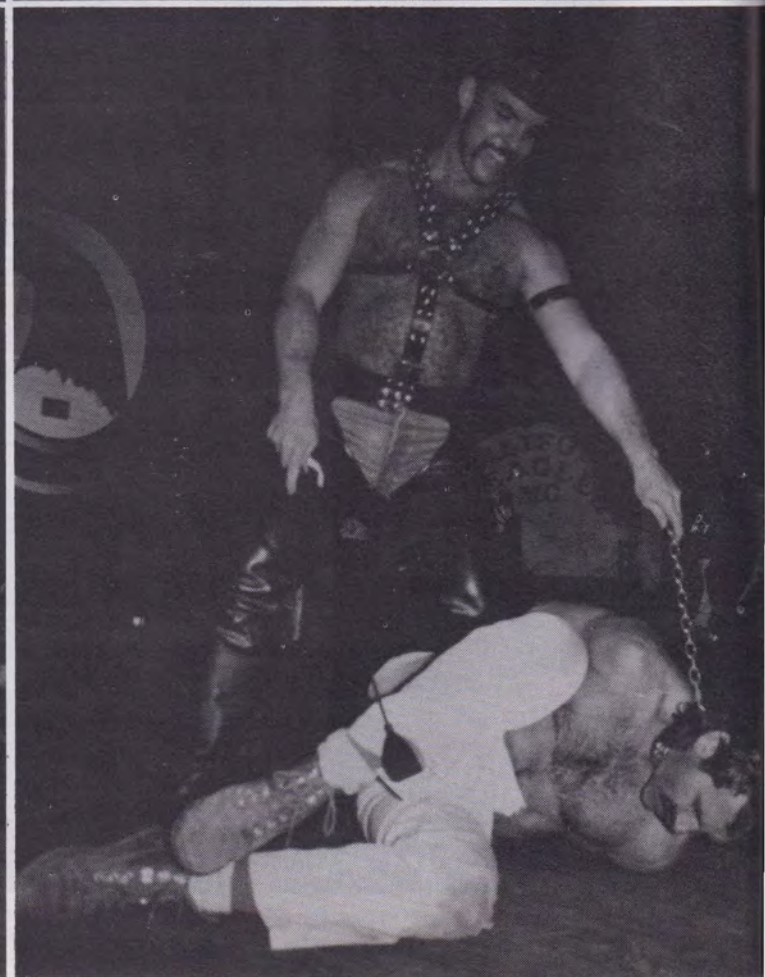
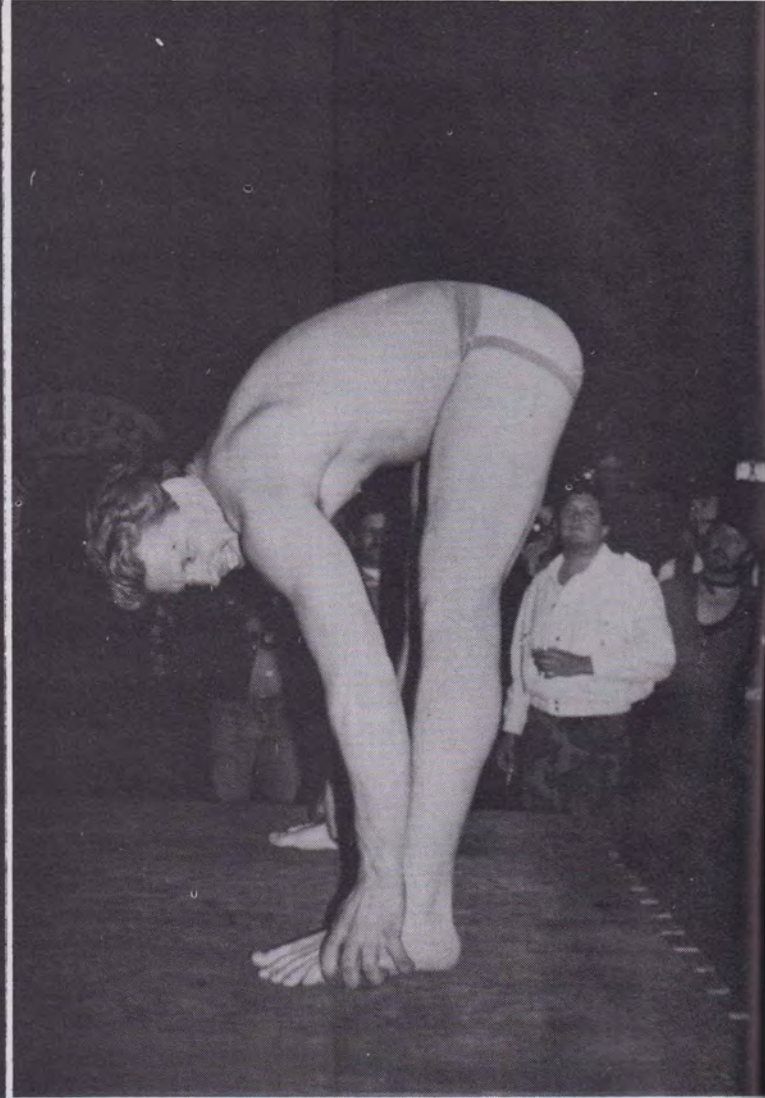
The new Mr. Southern California Drummer (left) (center) A fantasy come true with the cooperation of his Drummerboy. (far right) Second Runner-up Peter Gallo struts his stuff for an appreciative audience.





PHOTOS BY ROSE DE CASTRO

DRUMMER 5



SAN FRANCISCO

MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER

Joe Nucatola walked into the S.F. Eagle and walked out with the title. He put on a good show, not the least of which was a great body and an excellent attitude. MC Ken Bergquist, Mr. Southeast Drummer '84, was a challenging and entertaining Master of Ceremonies.



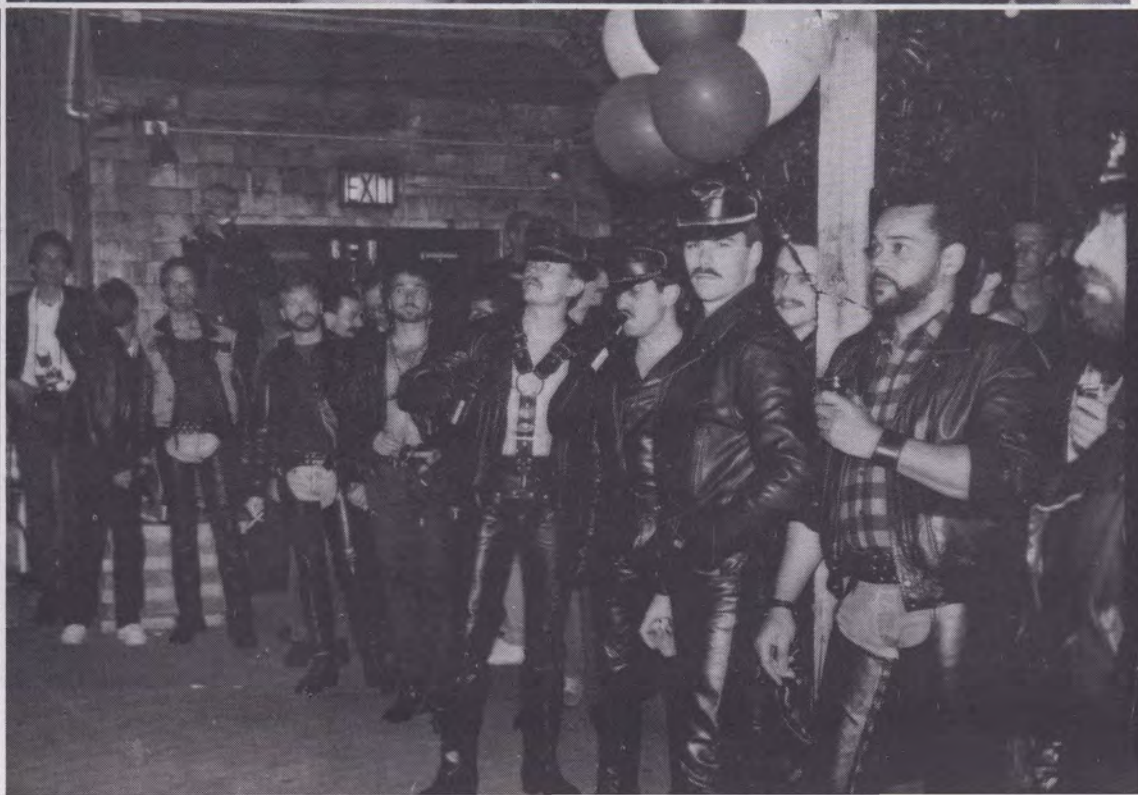
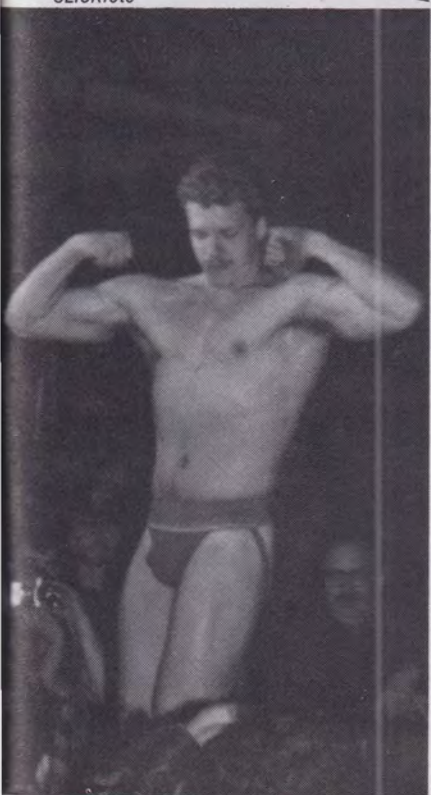
(top right) MC Bergquist introduces Mr. Northern California '85, Mitch Brown and the new Mr. San Francisco Leather, Jim-Ed Thompson.

(next down) The MC sniffs a contestant's ripped-off shorts and approves of them just before tossing them to the audience.

(below) Folsom's leathermen packed the house and approved by voting for the winner (below, left) overwhelmingly.

SLICKfoto

PHOTOS BY ROBERT PRUZAN



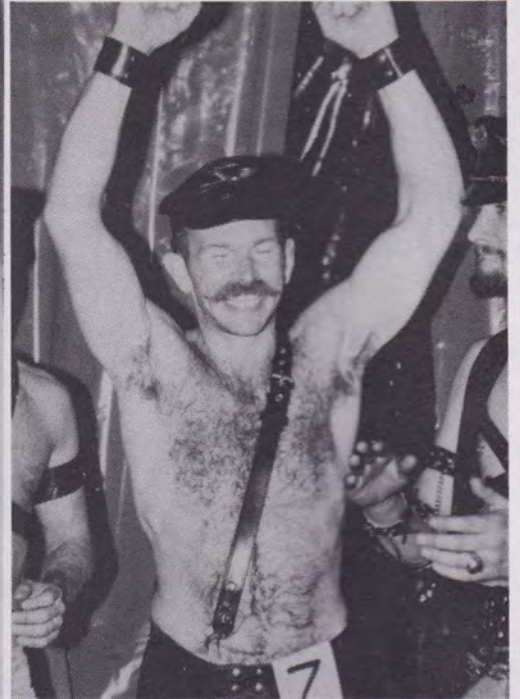
PHOTOS BY CHRIS DZIEWIONTKOSKI



SEATTLE

MR. PACIFIC NORTHWEST DRUMMER

Mr. Drummer '85 Steven Reiswig takes the mike to thank the crowd at Sparks in Seattle.

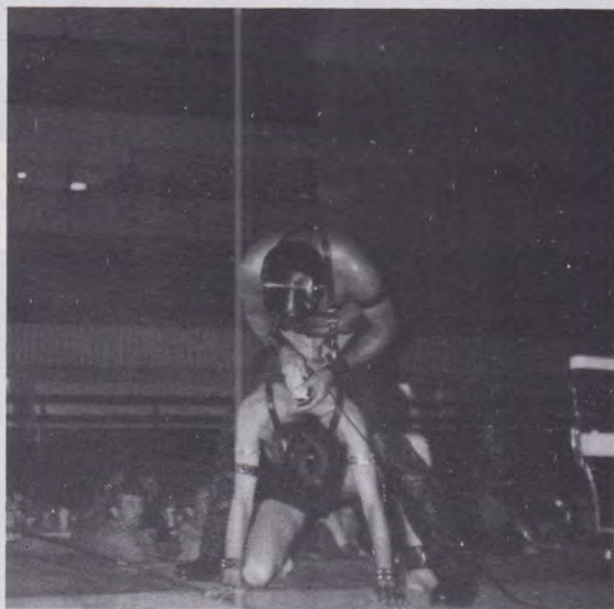


(above) left to right, Steve Reiswig (Mr. Drummer '85), Doug Connell (Mr. Pacific Northwest '84), Stan Ray (the new Mr. Northwest Drummer '86), Kevin "Thumper" Petrow (Mr. Northwest Drummer '85).





(left) Steffan Liverand, first runner-up for Mr. Northwest Drummer '86, addresses the crowd in Seattle.



CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

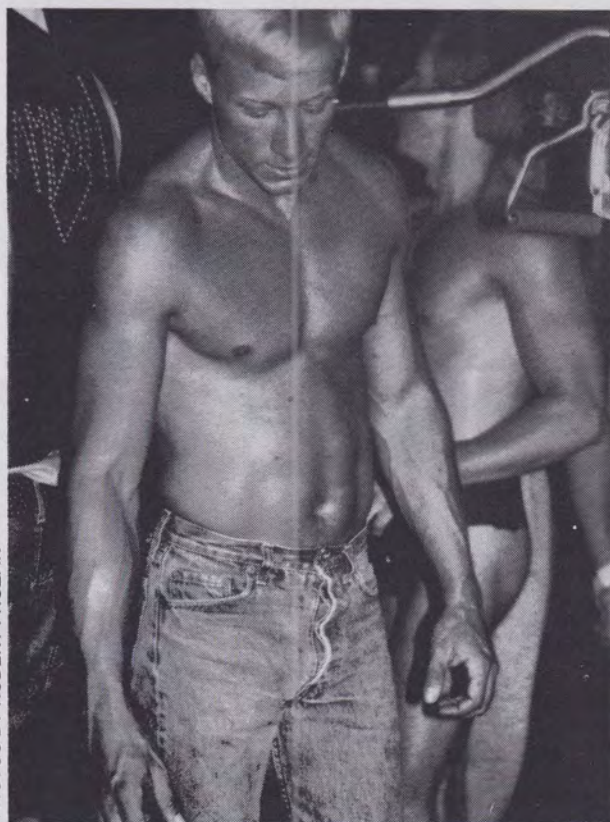
MR. EAST COAST DRUMMER

Butch Stevenson became Mr. East Coast Drummer '86 at a big night in Charlotte, North Carolina. Second runner-up was Mark Jackson and first runner-up was Chuck Lance. Bike and slave fantasies abounded, but a heavy favorite was one in which the hapless slave was given a spectacular haircut, then had "DRUMMER" painted on his shaved head.





MEANWHILE, IN CHICAGO AT INTERNATIONAL MR.



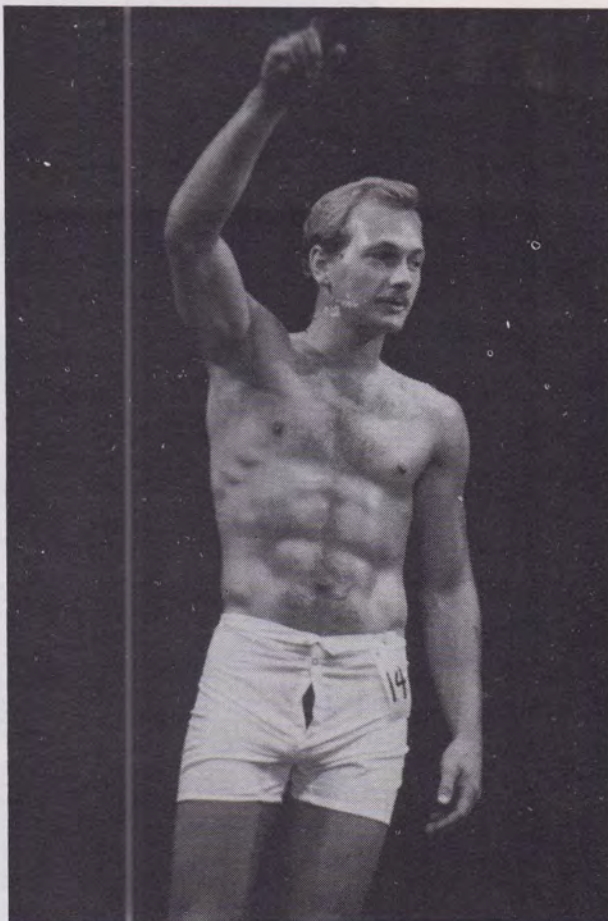
Jeff Kott, Mr. Long Beach Leather '86 at pre-judging workout.



Friendly hands holding the other end of the dragon in the audience.



Louis Bothwell, Centa Atlantic Leather '86.



Jeff Wieberg from Houston in "Swimwear" competition.



Billy Jefferson, Seattle Mr. Leather in "Swimwear."

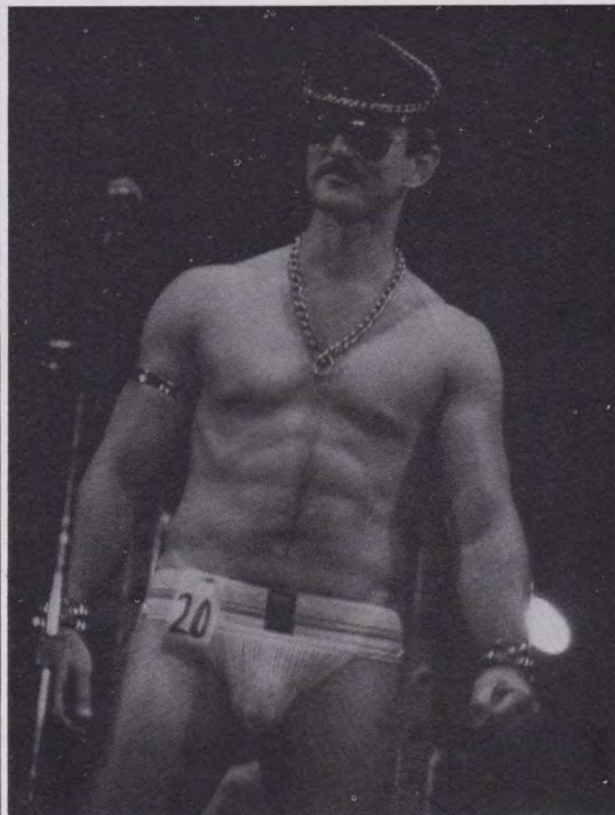
LEATHER



s MC, Mr. Mid-



New fashions in leather were bound to appear at the parties.



Andy Rudd of Atlanta appearing in the "formal attire" competition.



(left) Bill Jefferson, Mr. Seattle Leather '86 with his new Electrolux attachment.



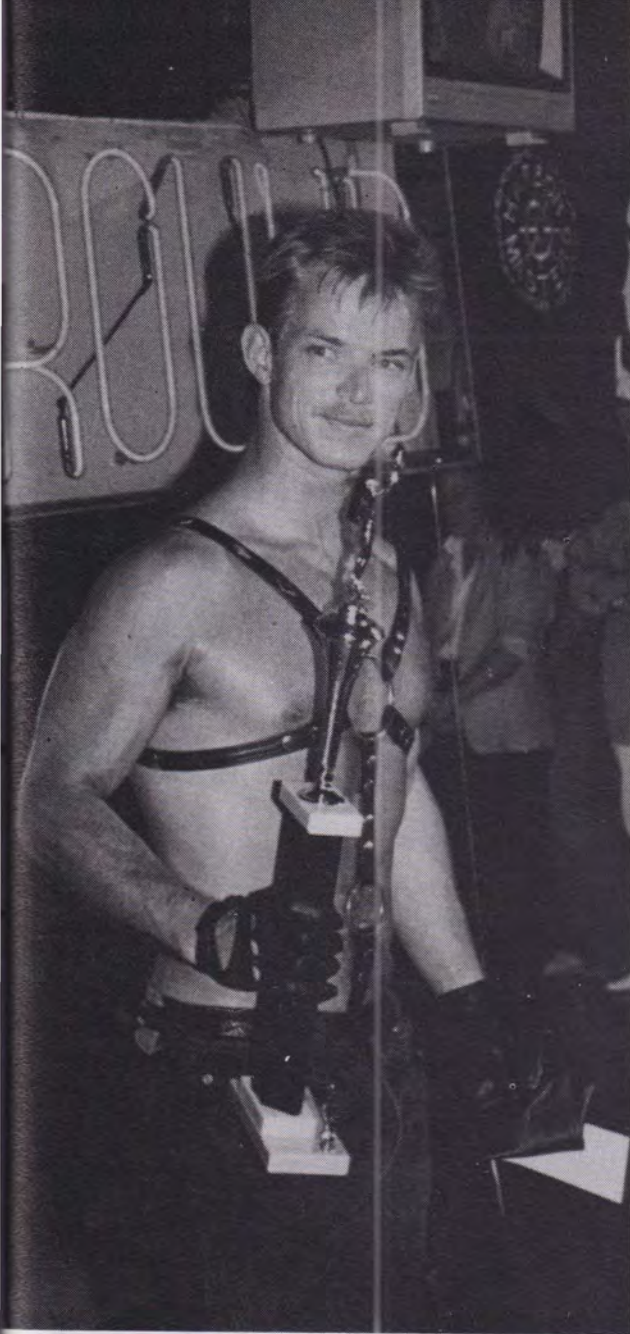
FORT LAUDERDALE

MR. SOUTHEAST DRUMMER

(right) Winner of Mr. Southeast Drummer '86 with Jim Rakuica, owner of Tacky's

(above) First Runner-up for Mr. Southeast Drummer, Bud Beaton.

(left) "U.S." Male" dancer entertains



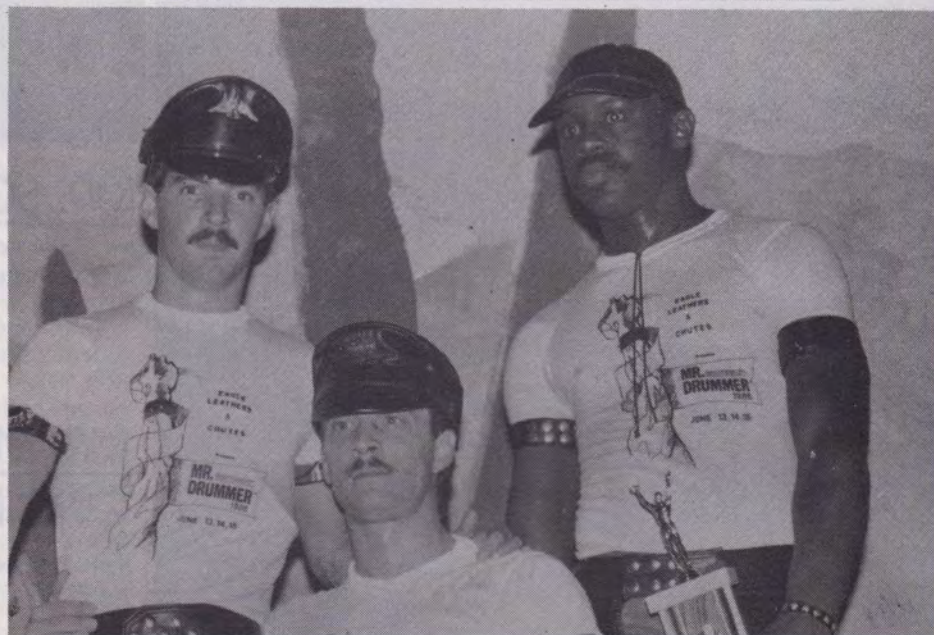
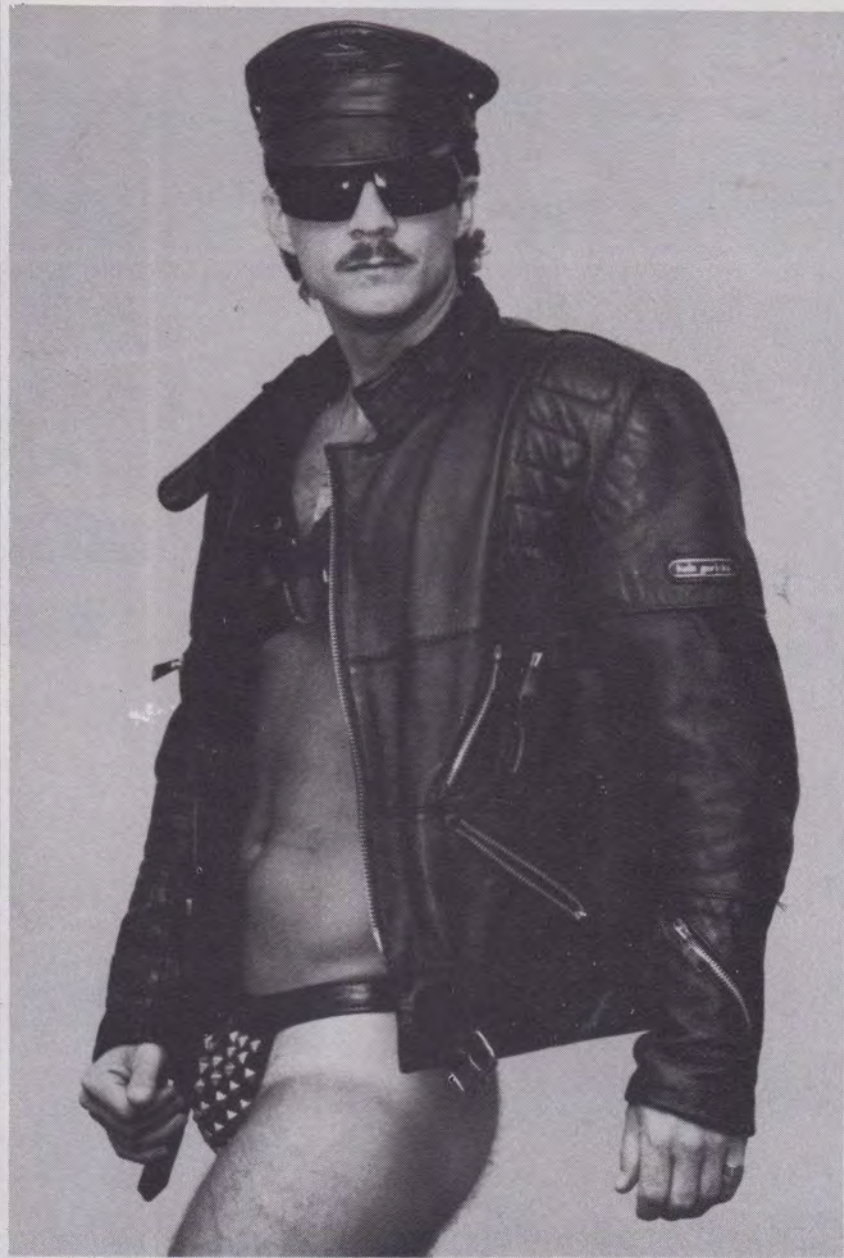
MR. NEW ENGLAND
DRUMMER
PORTLAND, MAINE

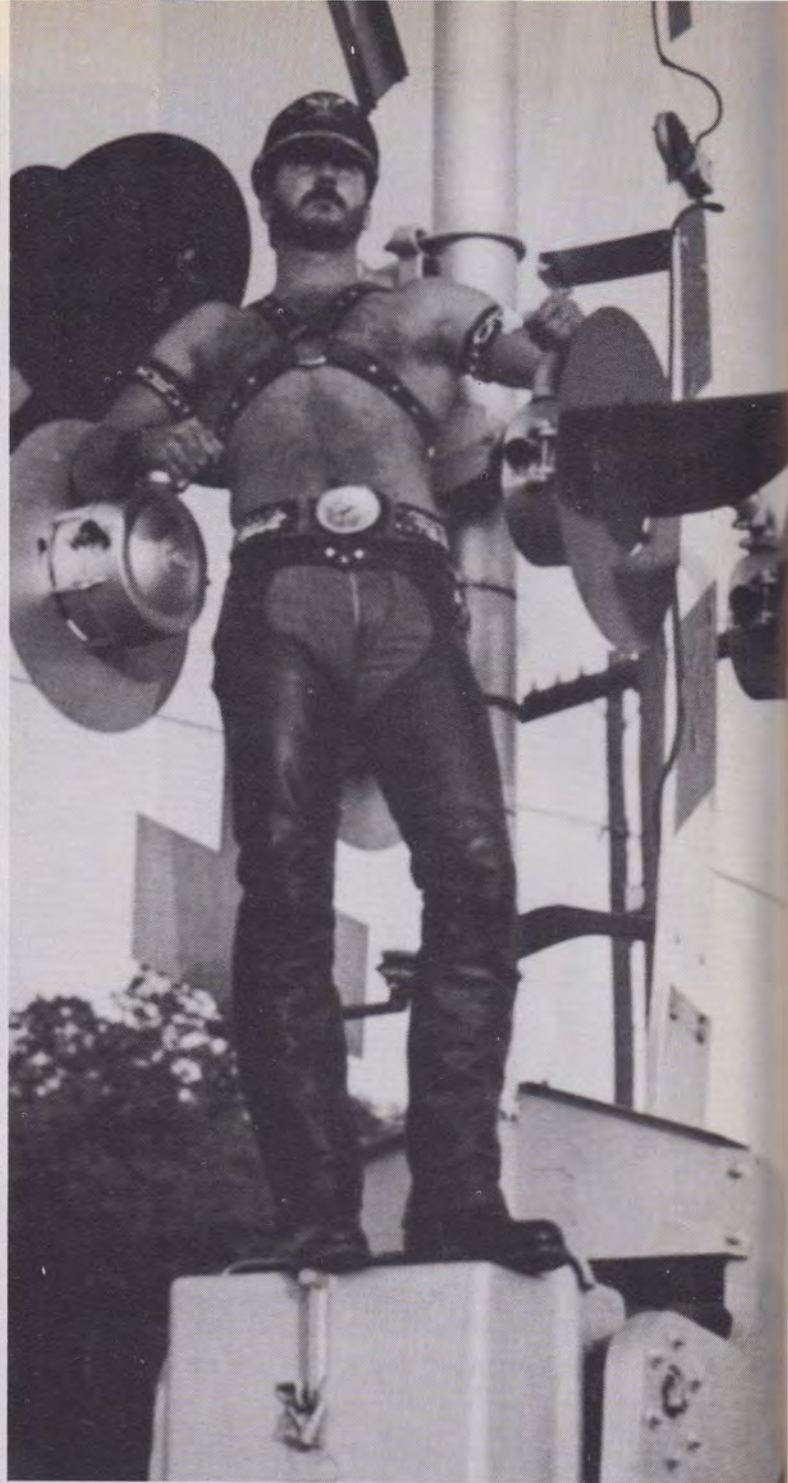
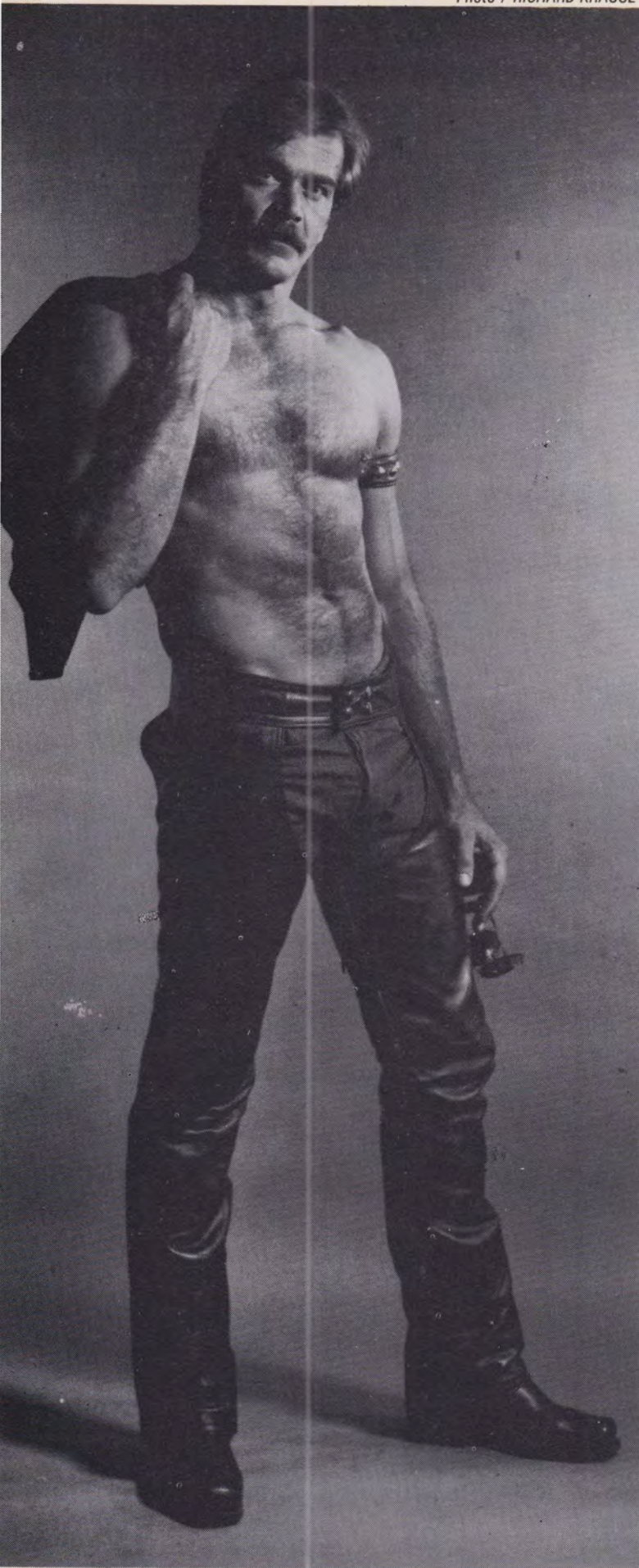
Mr. New England Drummer is from Portland, Maine and is sponsored by a women's bar, Entre Nous.

MR. SOUTHWEST
DRUMMER
HOUSTON

(above right) Mr. Southwest Drummer Russ Odom is from Houston, sponsored by Eagle Leathers.

(below right) Daniel Smith, first runner-up, Russ Odom, Mr. Southwest Drummer and second runner-up Sonny Mitchell.





MR. SOUTHERN DRUMMER

Mr. Southern Drummer Chuck Lance is our invitational contestant this year and hails from North Carolina.

MR. MIDWEST DRUMMER CINCINNATI

Gary Jedenasty, Mr. Midwest Drummer is sponsored by the R&R Saloon in Detroit.



REPORT

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

HELP US TIE A PROFESSOR TO THIS CHAIR.



It's called an endowed chair. And it's only \$400,000. Which may seem a bit steep, considering the fact it doesn't recline. Or vibrate. Or even have arms. But compared to the price of endowed chairs at other major universities, it's a respectable bargain. And how is an endowed chair any different from the one in your dining room? For one thing, it'll last forever. Because your \$400,000 establishes

a perpetual endowment fund that covers everything but faculty salary (a state responsibility).

So year after year, an outstanding Cal professor will receive research assistance, equipment and other crucial support services.

And year after year, the generous donor—be it an individual, class or corporation—will receive well-deserved recognition.

Most importantly, endowed chairs enable Cal to attract and retain preeminent faculty in virtually any field of learning you choose.

Or you can even choose to have us choose.

But the fact remains, without the support of a "chair," many of our top scholars are sitting targets for rival recruiters.

Call Vice-Chancellor Curtis R. Simic at (415) 642-1212, and tell him you want to help Cal meet its critical goal of 100 new endowed chairs by 1990.

Now's the time to take a stand. And have a seat.

U.C. BERKELEY

It's not the same without you.

U.C. Endowment Foundation 1987 (Revised) 9/87, 9/88, 9/89, 9/90, 9/91, 9/92, 9/93, 9/94, 9/95, 9/96, 9/97, 9/98, 9/99, 10/00, 11/01, 12/02, 1/03, 2/04, 3/05, 4/06, 5/07, 6/08, 7/09, 8/10, 9/11, 10/12, 11/13, 12/14, 1/15, 2/16, 3/17, 4/18, 5/19, 6/20, 7/21, 8/22, 9/23, 10/24, 11/25, 12/26, 1/27, 2/28, 3/29, 4/30, 5/31, 6/1, 7/2, 8/3, 9/4, 10/5, 11/6, 12/7, 1/8, 2/9, 3/10, 4/11, 5/12, 6/13, 7/14, 8/15, 9/16, 10/17, 11/18, 12/19, 1/20, 2/21, 3/22, 4/23, 5/24, 6/25, 7/26, 8/27, 9/28, 10/29, 11/30, 12/31, 1/1, 2/2, 3/3, 4/4, 5/5, 6/6, 7/7, 8/8, 9/9, 10/10, 11/11, 12/12, 1/13, 2/14, 3/15, 4/16, 5/17, 6/18, 7/19, 8/20, 9/21, 10/22, 11/23, 12/24, 1/25, 2/26, 3/27, 4/28, 5/29, 6/30, 7/31, 8/1, 9/2, 10/3, 11/4, 12/5, 1/6, 2/7, 3/8, 4/9, 5/10, 6/11, 7/12, 8/13, 9/14, 10/15, 11/16, 12/17, 1/18, 2/19, 3/20, 4/21, 5/22, 6/23, 7/24, 8/25, 9/26, 10/27, 11/28, 12/29, 1/30, 2/31, 3/1, 4/2, 5/3, 6/4, 7/5, 8/6, 9/7, 10/8, 11/9, 12/10, 1/11, 2/12, 3/13, 4/14, 5/15, 6/16, 7/17, 8/18, 9/19, 10/20, 11/21, 12/22, 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BARS

- 1 ALVIN'S: 82 First Street
- 2 AMBUSH: 1351 Harrison Street
- 3 ARENA: 309 Ninth Street
- 4 BRIG: 1347 Folsom Street
- 5 THE CAVE: 280 Seventh Street
- 6 COCKRING: Sixth Street near Folsom
- 7 DREAMLAND: 715 Harrison Street
- 8 DRUMMASTER: 11th & Folsom Street
- 9 EAGLE: 13th & Folsom
- 10 END UP: Sixth Street and Harrison
- 11 FEBE'S: Eleventh Street and Folsom
- 12 FICKLE FOX: 842 Valencia Street

ANOTHER OLDIE BITES THE DUST

On June 15 another end of another era came and went on Folsom Street with the passing of the oldest leather bar in San Francisco. Febe's came within a day of being the first leather bar in San Francisco, being beaten out twenty, almost twenty-one, years ago by the Tool Box, according to owners Don Geist and John Kissinger.

The bar happened to have the name "Febe's" on a sign in front when they took over and Febe's it remained with a

pace-setting pitch-black interior for years. Then came a remodeling several years ago, best described as beige-mirrored moderne. Its clientele remained steadfastly loyal, aging along with the bar. Upstairs, until the remodeling, was Nick's, a broom-closet-sized leather emporium which later expanded into the Trading Post farther up on Folsom.

Febe's lease expired and so it seems has its place in the scheme of things, as the Yuppies close in on South of Market.

DRUMMER MEDIA WATCH

The following are culled from reader submissions and what we catch, as we read and watch for items of interest to you.

- The movie *Hollywood Vice Squad* is advertised by a pair of male legs in a parade-rest V stance, with a single handcuff hanging down. Above this the ad reads, just at crotch level, "We've got the disease, there is no cure."

- A St. Louis reader sent a dance review of a company doing a piece called "Lemurs"

in which the dancers wore rubber gas masks in order to simulate the look of the lemur's large eyes and muzzle.

- A San Francisco area Catholic lay organization was recently reported to include in their aesthetic practices "mortifications of the flesh," including fasting, sleeping on wooden boards, self-flagellation and the wearing of a cilice, a spiked, wire-mesh band, usually worn around the upper thigh. Corporal mortification was traditionally used to deaden the flesh and its lusts and as an imitation of Christ's scourging and cruci-

fixion. According to the church's vicar, "Corporal mortification is part of the solid tradition of the church."

- A reader clipped an article from a college newspaper in which writer John L. Greene, a hunky, smiling young man with a shock of hair and bushy moustache is shown holding joyfully onto a pair of shit-kickers with Vibram soles. The article titled, "Boots source of joy for good ol' boy" includes the following: "I have this thing about boots. The feel of leather on my feet is like the feel of an autumn evening after a ferociously hot

summer. The aroma of mink oil is like the scent of honeysuckle growing on our fence out back in the springtime. I like the way some of my boots make my feet feel heavy and powerful, while others make them feel fast and dangerous." Sounds like a *Drummer* man in the making, in spite of (or because of) his girlfriend who "despises my boots."

- While we're talking about footwear, there was Bianca Jagger saying on national TV that she truly is a "shoe fetishist." And isn't that what Imelda Marcos really is with her 3500 pairs of shoes?



BRITISH OBSCENITY

We have reported before that Giovanni's Room, a gay bookstore in Philadelphia and Gay's the Word, a British gay bookstore, are fighting conspiracy charges by the British government that the bookstores conspired to import obscene books into Britain. Word from Giovanni's Room is that over \$1500 has been raised to fight this attempt to censor what gay men and lesbians can read in Britain. But considering whom they are up against, much more is needed.

Contributions can be sent to Giovanni's Room, 1145 Pine St., Philadelphia, PA 19107.

We are sorry to report that British Customs is continuing in their crusade against gay literature. This spring they seized *Man to Man: Gay Couples in America* by Dr. Charles Silverstein, a counseling book that is apparently popular due to the AIDS health crisis. This creates another court case waiting to go to court pending the outcome of the conspiracy case due to be tried in October 1986.

DRUMMER FORUM

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

Discussing pornography is like embarking on a journey into a world of schizophrenia, so opposed are the views, opinions and realities that surround the subject. As a writer of sexual fiction, I'm fascinated by the motives behind pornography. Why does someone write sexually graphic fiction? Why choose sex as a subject? Why do writers so often consider pornography and literature to be at odds? Do pornographers care about their writing? Do they have political consciences? Do they ever retire?

Of late there has been a great deal of hoopla on the subject, especially with the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography hearings and reports in Washington. For many reasons those hearings have become the laughing-stock of the literary and artistic world, for the bias involved in trying *a priori* to prove a connection where none might exist—between pornography and behavior. But what interests me about the hearings—and about discussions of the subject in general—is the overall lack of concern about the creation of the material. It's as if pornography simply exists, comes out of nowhere, like the weather.

It is important to hear from the pornographer directly, for in all discussions, hearings, learned essays, scholarly tomes and critiques, we never hear a word from the creators of pornography about their art. Of course such discussions would most certainly be varied, as varied as each pornographer is from the next. So, as a preface to this piece let me state the obvious: these are my own thoughts, which are necessarily different from those of, say, John Preston or T.R. Witomski or Anne Rice (A.N. Rocquelaure and Anne Rampling).

There exists a romantic stereotype of the struggling, young writer who, for lack of recognition and funds, turns to a pen name and some

steamy fiction to finance his or her Great American Novel, which, curiously, progresses at a rate of no more than a few pages a month. The struggling, young writer places a few sex stories here and there or grinds out some porn pulp, receives a few checks, and *voila*, the serious novel is financed by the cheap stuff.

Once the serious work is complete and published, the writer's literary reputation is to be established, and the pen name and porno is ditched and concealed—it was only a useful stepping stone. Now there are greater things to do, more "serious subjects."

In much later years or course the writer suddenly reveals his identity as such-and-such a sleaze writer, and all the lost *erotica* gets collected and issued in handsome volumes celebrating the diverse styles and genres that have been mastered by the writer. Critics and readers then delight at the human touch of it all and marvel at the voluminous output of this amazingly versatile writer.

Well, such a romantic vision once appealed to me and to many of my friends, but the fact is that this is real life, and it rarely measures up to such ideals. I started writing porn on a lark, and while my name is certainly not "household," I, like so many gay pornographers, have given the subject a great deal of thought, probably too much all told.

But very soon after beginning to write sexual fiction, I began to consider political commitment in writing porn—not necessarily in terms of subject matter of characterization, but rather in terms of what I was doing and why. After all, I did not live in a vacuum. I was aware that many people considered pornographers to be the scum of the earth. I had read Andrea Dworkin, and followed the protests of Women Opposed to Pornography. Feminist outrage, Christian guilt and literary peril settled on my mind.

It was a very complicated thing, because I was writing gay male porn and straight porn. I didn't want to be doing something that would ultimately lead to further sexism, dehumanization or, worse, outright objectification of a very subjective thing.

My conclusion has been that every gay story, no matter whether raunchy or romantic, safe or "unsafe," affirms a subculture which goes against the grain of the prevailing morals. Well, at least it goes against the grain of what we are given to believe are prevailing morals—right wing, traditional ideologies. In its most extreme analysis, homosexual pornography (or any gay-themed fiction for that matter), contributes in every way to a diminishment of the system which can hold us all back with its sexism, homophobia and so on.

Of course this is an anarchical position which is often construed as lending weight to the argument that homosexuality and its culture is a threat to home and family. And in a certain twisted way of thinking, this is true. There are gay leaders—pacifiers—who try to pass gay people off as just the same as the rest—just folks—except for what goes on in bed. And while for the most part this is true, that very difference is the basis for much prejudice.

This isn't news. This is what the gay community and its politicians have been grappling with for decades. And I don't really agree with any of the foregoing political claptrap. I'm not against families. I'm not opposed to right-wing ideologies, in and of themselves. But, I am against any sort of tyrannizing of these ideas which suggest that there is only one viable way to lead your life. That kind of thinking—so narrow, so unquestioning of the "givens" of our culture and system—needs to be broken down. And so, in its own small way, pornography that shakes peo-

ple up, that makes them stop and shriek with delight or horror, is both political and highly moral.

To support the breakdown of such narrow-mindedness is not a monstrous or evil stance. An opposition to things as they are now means only that one sees that a great deal of change must come about. The family will not disappear; it will merely change form. (In fact, it already has, from the large extended families of a century ago to the fragmented nationally far-flung families we see today. The concept of the happy little "Father Knows Best" group exists for the most part on the TV screen; primarily in advertisements for kitchen goods.) The whole thrust of the gay movement is to get people to wake up, open their eyes and confront reality as it is; to stop playing these misdirected and dangerous games of illusion and delusion.

But not to lose sight of pornography and its motive—pornographic writing (of the consensual variety) is a full expression of the goals many of us share—the fusion of body and spirit, the triumph of liberty over puritanism, the realization that sex and sexuality are integral parts of being human and are not shameful. It is an affirmation of lifestyle, of attitude, of something different and something that needs to be brought out of the dark. And, of course, it is entertaining.

Highbrow critics decry that *erotica* and pornography profile the lowest common denominators of our culture, gay or straight. The motivation of pornographers, however, is of the highest ethical value and public service: to disestablish the repressive apparatus of shame and shock, inhibition and denial, and latency and invisibility. For it is the shame of sexuality and the notions of sin and dirtiness that are the greatest enemies of all sexual freedom.

—Max Exander

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SCANNING THE OBITUARIES

We are indebted to B.A.R. columnist MIKE HIPPLER for the following column entitled "Scanning the Obituaries" which is reprinted here with permission:

In the old days, like everyone else in town, I read the B.A.R. from back to front. First came the classifieds, to see which of my friends were "modeling" (this week), then came Porn Corner, and finally the latest dish from Mr. Marcus.

Much has changed since then, however. Karr and Mr. Marcus are still around, but many who once read their columns are not. Our community has been devastated by a virus from God-knows-where. As a result, when we open the paper these days, many turn not to the X-rated section in the back, but to the obituaries in the middle.

We think not "Sleaze," but "Please—don't let me read the names of old friends today."

A few statistics first. During the month of March, 68 people died of AIDS-related diseases in San Francisco. Only 30 obituaries appeared in the B.A.R., however, and three of these were not AIDS-related. Of the 18 whose ages were listed, the oldest was 59, the youngest 28. The average age was 37.

At least eight of these men had lovers or long-term companions whose relationships with the deceased were cited as a source of strength and support for one or both of the parties involved. Other survivors include family, friends and even pets. The lover of one man pointed out that his friend died with "our kitty by his side."

Another man will be missed by "his constant canine companions Noodle and Zipper." A third man was surrounded when he died by "his favorite



stuffed animals, his penguin collection and most of his effects of home."

Nearly all had a funeral service of some sort. One man made an "adamant" request for a traditional Catholic ceremony. Another wanted his friends to celebrate his life at an open house held in his home following his death. The friends of one man gathered at a picnic; the friends of another held an art show featuring his work. One man's ashes were scattered along the Pacific coastline; another's were dispersed near Angel Island.

None of the obituaries commemorating these men was written by a professional writer. Each was submitted instead by a friend of the deceased. Consequently, the obituaries vary greatly. In many, information is sketchy and incomplete; others are more thorough.

Some are touching, quite poetic. A few are dolorous, mournful, even lugubrious.

And a surprising number are to some degree humorous—deliberately so. Friends of Mark Powers warned, for instance, that he "threatened dire punishment if anyone attempted to canonize him after his death." And friends of Mark O'Brien noted that "he can also be remembered for his portrayal of Beauregard Jackson Pickett Burnside in the 1980 all-male version of

Mame."

Many of the friends were simply grateful, as were the friends of Scott Elliot, for the time they shared with the deceased. Others were inspired by the examples set by the dying. Said the friends of Collin B. Kratz, "His kindness and courage in difficult times shall serve as an inspiration to all those who knew him."

One man, an atheist, was even persuaded to believe in God by his lover's faith and spirit.

Nearly all the men who died were eulogized by their friends for some particular quality. One was praised for his "great generosity of spirit," another for his "breadth of knowledge, depth of kindness, exquisite cooking and the beauty brought to all touched."

One was admired for his "very special energy and will," another for "his awesome courage, mordant wit, outrageous iconoclasm, genuine loving kindness, and, not least, the best Boston accent and Irish good looks this side of Somerville."

Yet despite all this information, despite the facts, the figures, the statistics—even the love and the sorrow, I feel I know very little about most of these men. How do you sum up a life in such a short space, after all? How can you possibly say all that ought to be said?

I think that the friend who wrote Bruce Armitage's obituary did it best. He does not say how old Bruce was when he died or what he did for a living. He does not tell us about his educational background or professional affiliations.

He does tell us this, however: "[Bruce] was a little guy with big blue eyes who did such things as help a stranger on a bus and then made best friends with her; grew beautiful begonias and corn in the hills of Massachusetts with rows of Mary Jane in between; liked the spontaneous quality of life and would suddenly decide to make nutmeg doughnuts at 2:30 A.M.; made adventures out of his life; made friends out of his acquaintances; made friends decide to love him." Who, reading this, could not love Bruce as well?

I knew none of the thirty whose obituaries were printed in this paper in March, but I've known some whose names appeared both before and since. It is painful to find those names in the space marked Death. It is painful to find any names there.

Yet, despite the hurt, I will continue to read the obituaries, for I want to be assured that if we—you, me, the people around us—must die, we will not die unnoticed. What is said may be incomplete, awkward or inadequate, but it must be said.

Hopefully, however, our obituaries will do more. Hopefully, the few paragraphs allotted to us will give our friends the chance to say, as they did to John Ryan, "Love ya, cowboy," or to conclude, as they did for Bruce Armitage, "How can we say he's gone—when he's so much an indelible part of us."

I never knew Gerd Wagener, but in some small way I can agree with his friends: "[He] will remain in our hearts forever." —Mike Hippler

PUBLISHER JOHN H. EMBRY
CO-PUBLISHER MARIO SIMONE
EDITOR ROBERT PAYNE
ART DIRECTOR B.J. BRADFORD
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR JAMEO SAUNDERS
TYPOGRAPHER BRENT WIRT
CLASSIFIED AD DIRECTOR ERIC DANIELS
LEGAL BROWN & FALK
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR FRANK HATFIELD
(415) 864-3456

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Mark I. Chester, Mason Powell, Larry Townsend, T.R. Witomski
PHOTOGRAPHERS: Adam & Co., B.J. Bradford, Mark I. Chester, Rose De Castro, Chris Dziewiontkoski, Robert Pruzan, Rink, Slickfoto
ARTISTS: Cavelo, The Hun, Olaf, Bill Ward

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MALECALL

COSTLY SHIT

What is this shit? America's Mag for the Macho Male is one, big, fucking ripoff at \$4.95. For the same price, or a whole dollar less, I can get loads of color pics of good-looking men in other publications.

If I wanted a personals listing, I'd pick up *The Native* for a buck, which is what your magazine seems to be an excuse for. I figured I'd get some better shots of the hunky, older guy on the cover, or how 'bout some shots of real men?

Look, if I wanted to be cock-teased, I'd pick somebody up at Charlie's.

Send me issues 30 or 35, 56 or 70—unless they are all based on this hot-coverman-zip-inside policy. In which case you can send me this month's *Advocate Men* instead.

Mark Venaglia
New York City

ROGER BOOTS AT IT AGAIN

Very soon I shall retire from work at age 65 and I am still in very good health. During my retirement years, I plan to do, a few months of each year, something that I have always fantasized about doing since my early childhood. As a child, I read a book which described the life of a "Boots" at an English inn in Great Britain. And that vivid description of a boy's life impressed me so much, that I have wished all my life to have been living in his days and doing the job that he was given the opportunity to do.

You know that a "Boots" was a valet, a servant at an inn whose duties were to service the male travelers' boots, wait on them, clean and polish them. The boy was paid no salary, but worked only for his keep.

In those days, people traveled only on horseback or carriages since there were no cars nor trains. When those travelers arrived at the inn at the end of a long journey, at any hour of day or night, their boots and spurs were dusty, dirty or muddy. The "Boots" had to do a first cleaning of those boots on the feet of the travelers before they even entered the inn, removing the bulk of mud from them with a sponge and water.

Later on, as the boots dried out, the "Boots" was called to finish his work. And the natural lubricant of the leather, which was lost in the process of boot cleaning and drying, was replaced by tongue and mouth, bathing the boots with the mucous component of the saliva without making it oily and thus allowing again a gleaming and refulgent shine.

The boy was always in attendance and

he was called "Boots" by both the innkeeper and the travelers alike. In addition to cleaning and polishing the boots, his job was to act as a bootjack to pull off the boots from the travelers' feet in their rooms, massage their feet, wash them, etc. During the evenings, when the travelers were sitting in front of the fireplace chatting with each other and drinking, the "Boots," if not busy cleaning other travelers' boots on their feet, was used as a footstool by several booted feet.

The reason why that story impressed me so much is because I have always been fascinated to ecstasy by people wearing high black leather spurred riding boots or cowboy boots. Even today, the only movies I look at are western movies just to feast my eyes on the boots of cowboys. I even enjoy being called "Boots." It gives me a pleasurable feeling. I even like calling myself Roger Boots.

The purpose of this letter is to ask you if it would be possible for me in the coming years to work as a bootblack at your hotel (without pay) to service... wait on... clean and polish the cowboy boots of male customers and even those of the male hotel staff. The satisfaction I would get out of servicing those cowboy boots on male feet would be enough pay for my work, plus, of course, the use of a small den to sleep in and clean more boots overnight and eating leftovers from the kitchen.

However, money could be paid by the customers for boot services according to what kind of services they desire. And that money would be turned in to the hotel. The hotel could have different categories of boot services and charge the customers accordingly. For instance, a shine accompanied with the application of saliva with the tongue and mouth would cost more than an ordinary shine. I would be ready to perform a variety of boot services as long as they are described to me and that there is no sexual involvement or violence exerted on me by anyone.

I would be ready to perform such duties free (without pay) as long as I work on male boots and preferably cowboy boots. And if the cowboy boots have spurs on, it is even better. Texas or Arizona, I think, are ideal places to meet men who wear cowboy boots!... and perhaps New Mexico and other states where men wear cowboy boots every day. If hotels do not care to employ me, perhaps some big cattle ranches who

hire several cowboys could. I could be the "Boots" of the bunkhouse.

Roger Boots
Lachine, Quebec, Canada

EXHIBITIONISTS, WHERE ARE YOU?

I'm an avid exhibitionist. A real turn-on is the prospect of being seen while JO-ing in various places! Now, I know others are turned on by flashing, showing or stroking their meat in public places or in front of their windows or for themselves in front of multiple mirrors.

Do you know where there may be a club for exhibitionists?

J.L.
Washington, DC

(Editor's note: We don't know about such a club, but someone out there will let us know if there is one already in existence. If not, why not start one yourself? And at the same time, since you are into being seen pulling your pud, why not take a photo of yourself and send it to Drummer for our Tough Customers section? We'll be waiting, J.L.)

ONE OF A KIND

I am writing this letter to tell you how impressed I am with your magazine, *Drummer*. I have never seen anything like it before, and due to the British attempts in doing such magazines, I doubt I'll ever see one like it again.

Cavin
Great Britain

ONLY REAL MEN

Drummer 85, Report section: Who is the publisher of Olaf's book *Personals: Only Real Men Need Apply*, and their address?

W.S.M.
Miami, FL

(Editor's note: Unfortunately, the book was never published. We have asked Olaf for some copies of the work intended for that book, and it may appear in a future Drummer, so keep watching!)

DADDY BUSTS ASS

Just picked up *Drummer 93*, with that great photo spread of the upcoming video *The Care and Training of the Male Slave*. After the preview in your magazine, I'm anxiously awaiting its release. Among other reasons is the reappearance of the paddle. In addition to the usual instruments pictured and written

about in *Drummer*, it's good to see the paddle back in use in the firm grip of a man like Ken Savage.

I'm a dad to a very, very good son. He's a good son because he knows where the paddle is around here. And you can bet if it ain't on the wall, he and I are out in the garage in the middle of a "board session." He breaks the rules, I bust his ass.

Thanks, guys, for doing it right. And thanks, Ken Savage, for your belief in the most time-honored means of correction there is. After all, how many of us never had a mean coach in high school?

How about it, guys? How about a locker-room ass busting in an upcoming issue?

Name Withheld
San Antonio, TX

DISCREETLY DOES IT

I'm a long-time reader and I've got to say you're *still* the hottest gay men's magazine. But I've got two gripes. Before I go nuts, will you please tell your writers that "discreetly" does not mean "with circumspection." It means "separately, distinctly." The word they want is "discreetly."

And I want more muscular bearded guys! Too many hairless youngsters recently.

Rand
Key West, FL

MORE MISTAKES

Like everyone else, I am above average. When I read, on page 3 (*Drummer* 93) of your policy to make at least one dreadful and obvious mistake per issue to hide small mistakes, I saw at once how it would work. I also saw that the mistake should be one that would be spotted by the reader early on in his reading.

Like everyone else, I spotted the obvious mistake on page 98, where *chthonic* is defined as "pertaining to the underworld," which makes it sound like it is related to gangsters. As everyone knows, *chthonic* means "pertaining to the gods and spirits of the underworld." This relates it to Roman mythology. I'm not sure how you knew that this would be seen early in reading *Drummer* 93. Is this some sort of esoteric skill known only to editors?

George H.
Los Angeles, CA

(Editor's note: The above letters only prove two things. The first is that *Drummer's* readers are intelligent and well-read. The other is that contrary even to what we might like to think at times, we are human and prone to human errors. By the way, we did have to correct punctuation and spelling errors in both of the above letters. But, we appreciate our readers' attention and we're glad that you care enough to let us know you're out there.)

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ON YOUR BACK

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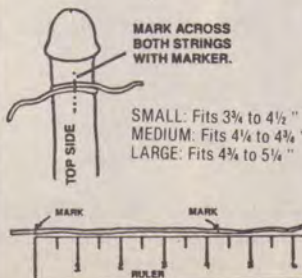
M.K., Seattle

"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.



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MAIMED BEAUTY

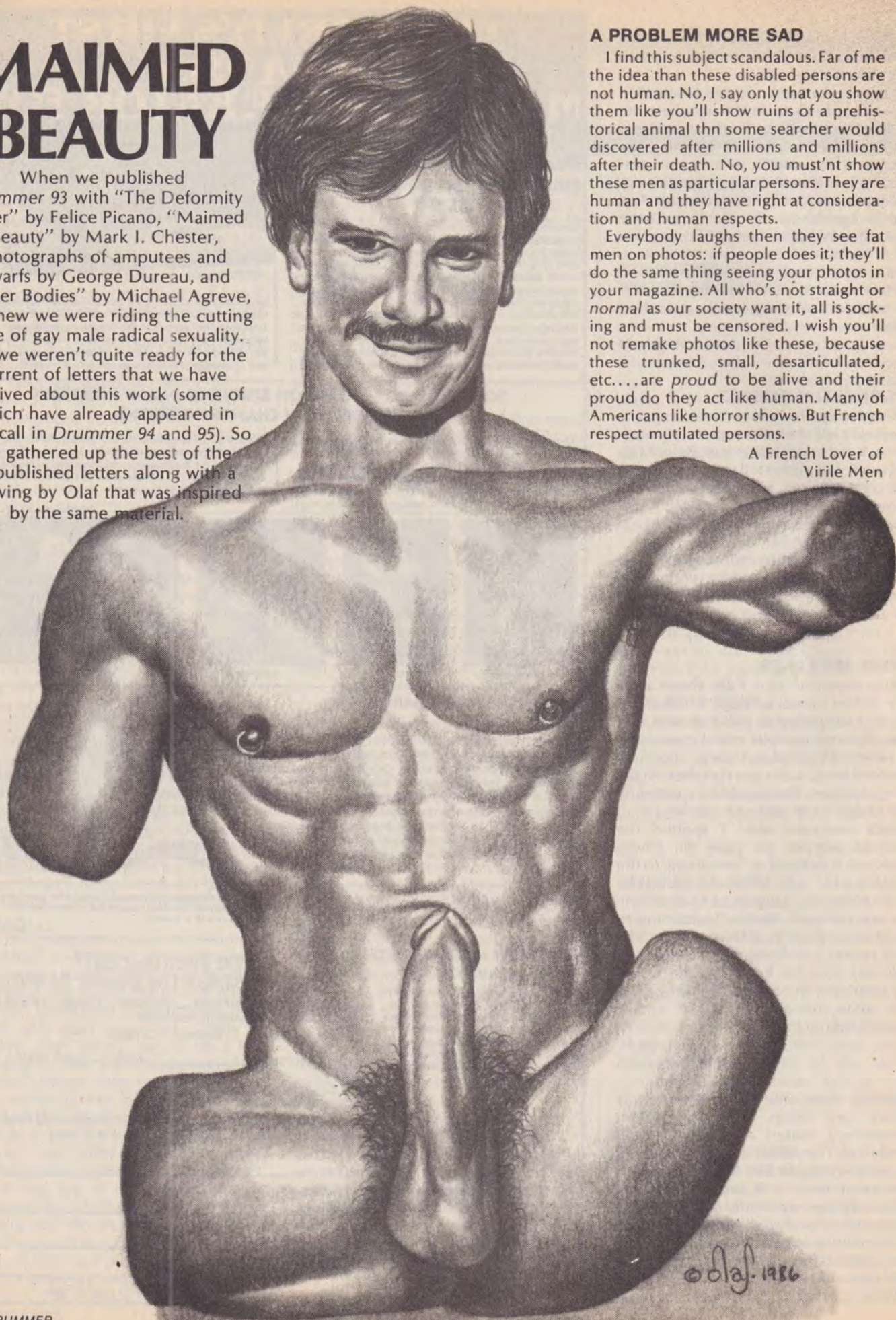
When we published *Drummer* 93 with "The Deformity Lover" by Felice Picano, "Maimed Beauty" by Mark I. Chester, photographs of amputees and dwarfs by George Dureau, and "Other Bodies" by Michael Agreve, we knew we were riding the cutting edge of gay male radical sexuality. But we weren't quite ready for the torrent of letters that we have received about this work (some of which have already appeared in *Malecall* in *Drummer* 94 and 95). So we gathered up the best of the unpublished letters along with a drawing by Olaf that was inspired by the same material.

A PROBLEM MORE SAD

I find this subject scandalous. Far of me the idea than these disabled persons are not human. No, I say only that you show them like you'll show ruins of a prehistorical animal thn some searcher would discovered after millions and millions after their death. No, you must'nt show these men as particular persons. They are human and they have right at consideration and human respects.

Everybody laughs then they see fat men on photos: if people does it; they'll do the same thing seeing your photos in your magazine. All who's not straight or *normal* as our society want it, all is socking and must be censored. I wish you'll not remake photos like these, because these trunked, small, desarticulated, etc...are *proud* to be alive and their proud do they act like human. Many of Americans like horror shows. But French respect mutilated persons.

A French Lover of
Virile Men



THE UNSPEAKABLE KINK

Mark I. Chester's "Maimed Beauty," Michael Agre's "Other Bodies," and George Dureau's photographs in *Drummer* 93 may be the best features *Drummer* has ever published. The erotic lives of physically challenged gays remains largely a subject we'd like to keep in the closet. And the strong sexual attraction some able-bodied men feel for their disabled brothers is our best-kept erotic secret, the unspeakable kink.

In discussing the sexuality of handicapped gays, ironies take center stage. In the eyes of the het world, all gays—be they the "straight-acting-and-appearing" fags so over-(self-)promoted in classified ads, or blind-mute amputees—are handicapped, deformed, disabled, revolting creatures. And the conventional wisdom continues to hold that all homosexual sex acts—from vanilla to the sublime—are nasty, dirty and shameful. ("Only if you're doing them right," some of us counter.) [Editor's note—as does Witomski's paraphrase of Woody Allen in *Take the Money and Run*.]

"The love that dare not speak its name," one was written, "now won't shut up." But as Chester so correctly observed, "We are a white-bread society. Homogeneity reigns. Even our images of men into leather, rough sex and SM are narrow. Their bodies are the stuff of sexual fantasy—pumped up and glistening with oil. Tightly muscled or fleshy. Two from column A and one from column B. And please, nothing unusual. No huskies. Nor someone with glasses, let alone someone without an arm or in a wheelchair. It might ruin the fantasy."

What makes nonvanilla sex (what I'd like to think of as "alternative sexuality") so exciting is the sense it brings to its partisans of being members in a secret society. Being gay in itself no longer carries a sufficient "sinful" kink. There's no such thing as "the gay community," rather, there are gay communities, the most dramatic, the most vital and the most politically important of which is brotherhood of those into "alternative sexuality," commonly called leathermen or SMers, though membership isn't dependent upon leather and/or SM. This group looks at the world and at themselves in a way that's both violent and indirect, seeing in the politics of radical sexuality a way both into and out of the restraints of the established social order.

But even in this forward-thinking set, there often exists a belief that there is some sort of line you do not cross. Yet this line is precisely the line that must be crossed if radical sex can continue to have any meaning.

Chester's and Agre's articles and Dureau's photographs take us very far indeed: they practically define "the dif-

ferent drummer" many of us march to. I hope these features are harbingers of the next ninety-three issues of *Drummer*. The purpose of our magazine is not to reiterate stale ideas and tired images, but to boldly go where no magazine has gone before.

T.R. Witomski

ON THE EDGE

"Maimed Beauty" cuts to the core of the power to transform, the radical magic of desire enacted in SM, fetish and obsession. The story of the man with polio who tied his bottoms in the configuration of his own body and took them into his world in that way, touched me. The power to turn it around, to create pleasure and transcend limitations—stump into fuck-piston or bludgeon, scars into sites of worship, "victim" into Master—that's what moved me as I read it. And the combined fascination, turn-on, respect and vulnerability shared in those pages helped me to look at different bodies in a new way.

I looked, really looked, at the photos by George Dureau. And they are beautiful. We've been taught to look away from dwarfs, people who limp, amputees and people in wheelchairs; not just not to stare, but not to look, and to prize and desire a narrow range of physical possibility. The work in *Drummer* 93 opens up more space for the appreciation of different and altered (intentionally or otherwise) bodies.

Thank you, and please continue to offer work that takes risks.

Myrna Elana
San Francisco, CA

BREAKING STEREOTYPES

I am a monthly reader of *Drummer*. I am also an SM woman who, although more heterosexual than bi, loves to bottom out to gay men, top straight men and go both ways with women. So you see, breaking some stereotypes seems natural for me. I want to compliment you on taking risks in *Drummer* 93 with the articles "Maimed Beauty" and "Other Bodies." Thank you for helping us to expand our vision of radical sexuality. We need to share together and stay together in these particularly difficult and dark times.

Carla Wood
San Francisco, CA

CATASTROPHIC INCONVENIENCES

Congratulations on "Maimed Beauty." I am pleased that at last someone has put into print what I have lived with all my life.

I am not one of them, but I have always been greatly interested in those whom I call the "inconvenienced," and I have been closely acquainted with many of them. I have worked with cerebral pal-

sied, quadraplegics and others with similarly catastrophic inconveniences. I have had business and social amputee and polio friends, people with anything from a missing hand to both legs missing at the hips. All these people have beautiful souls. Most of them have some wonderful insight. They seem to share a secret the rest of us know nothing about. I love them.

When I was about twelve, I was "adopted" by an amputee and his wife. It was at a time when I desperately needed a father. The amputee supplied the image. Some years later, the experience was repeated, by yet another amputee and his wife and again at a time when I really needed help.

I can honestly say that none of these people was "handicapped." Inconvenienced, yes, and sometimes very painfully, but handicapped, no. Very few were gay. Two of the severely inconvenienced polio men were gay and two of the amputees may have been. If any of the others were, I was certainly unaware of it. I congratulate the editors for printing above the photos: "do not assume they are gay."

I am curious to know if it creates a similar reaction from other people. Of course it is quite possible that few, if any, will ever hear about the article or would have heard about Dureau's book. Again, thank you.

Name Withheld
Denver, CO

TURNED ON

I read your "Maimed Beauty" and saw those photos by George Dureau and really got turned on. I'd like to see and learn more about these hot amps, etc. I wrote to Para-Amps and am waiting. Also can you tell me more about the dude on page 11, cut almost at the waist. Does he have or can he use his cock? His ass? Seems like it would be on the ground. Dig seeing him in the nude. He's hot for a session.

Joe T.
Vermont

PUSHING LIMITS

I am a pansexual leatherwoman in San Francisco who's been reading *Drummer* for seven years and I'd like to make a comment about "Maimed Beauty." I appreciate *Drummer*'s courage in doing something that pushes the limits of acceptance and is on the edge.

And while we're on the topic of the unusual, why not go one step further. How about an article on infantilism and SM and leather? For some people, they go very well together. For example, a scene could include diapers and enemas, and I know that there are SM daddies out there into enemas.

Sybil Holiday
San Francisco, CA
DRUMMER 23

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

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.

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!

rites 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.



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.

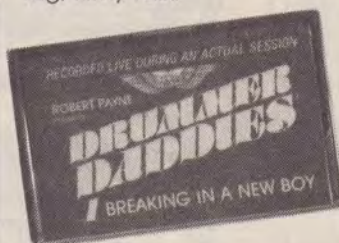
TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS

MASTER MARIO: "GREASE MONKEYS"



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.

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.

- | | | |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> KID'S FIRST PART 1 | <input type="checkbox"/> INTERROGATION | <input type="checkbox"/> BRANDING, PIERCING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> KID'S FIRST PART 2 | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAINING BEGINS | <input type="checkbox"/> INTERVIEW |
| <input type="checkbox"/> KID VS DAD | <input type="checkbox"/> PUNISHMENT & REWARD | <input type="checkbox"/> MASTER/SLAVE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DADDY WAS BAD | <input type="checkbox"/> FATHER/SON | <input type="checkbox"/> SM AND LOVE? |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DADDY'S NEW BOY | <input type="checkbox"/> MARINE BRIG | <input type="checkbox"/> ART OF FISTING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DADDIES' TRADE-OFF | <input type="checkbox"/> PORN CALLS | <input type="checkbox"/> THE INFERNO |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RITES AND RAUNCH | <input type="checkbox"/> SAILING TO HELL | <input type="checkbox"/> THE MASTER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HOT HUNG TRUCKER | <input type="checkbox"/> THE CONFESSIONAL | <input type="checkbox"/> THE SLAVE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MUSCLE ORGY | <input type="checkbox"/> HIWAY PATROLMAN | <input type="checkbox"/> DRUMMERMAN (7.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DELIVERY BOY COMES | <input type="checkbox"/> HITCHHIKER | <input type="checkbox"/> GREASE MONKEYS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BIKE EXHIBITIONIST | <input type="checkbox"/> THE HUSTLER | <input type="checkbox"/> THE D.I. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AL PARKER REPAIRMAN | <input type="checkbox"/> THE WARDEN | <input type="checkbox"/> THE COP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> COMMANDER SPEAKS | <input type="checkbox"/> TV REPAIRMAN | <input type="checkbox"/> BREAKING IN RECRUIT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MARINES OVERHEARD | <input type="checkbox"/> WHIP FIRE | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAINING THE HARD WAY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> COP WORSHIP | | <input type="checkbox"/> PUNISHMENT IS REWARD |

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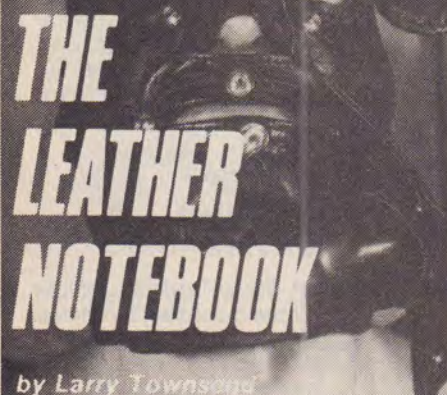
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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

I am very interested in piercing, although I don't think I'd ever have the nerve to actually get one. And I don't live where it would be a good idea to have a piercing, since I go to a public gym for workouts. But I really used to enjoy the articles by a guy named Doug Malloy. They were in quite a few different publications a couple of years back, and then suddenly nothing. Can you tell me if Doug is still writing anything and, if so, where I can find them?

Name Withheld, Ames, IA

Dear Withheld,

Doug was a friend of mine and I greatly admired him both as a person and as an expert in his field. Unfortunately, he passed away two or three years ago from a sudden and unexpected heart attack. His surviving partner now runs Gauntlet Enterprises, which publishes a quarterly called P.F.I. You might drop him a line at: PO Box 69811, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

Dear Larry,

There seems to be a continuing trend away from having things "natural" and this bothers me. For instance, I really like the odor of a man's body, but every time I meet a guy who turns me on (if I'm successful in getting him into the sack) I discover a body that smells of soap and deodorant, and sometimes even (ugh!) cologne. I also flip out on the smell and taste of a cock that hasn't been scrubbed clean after a normal day's sweat and whatever. I don't mean that I'm into anything really filthy and stinking, but just that a nice, male odor that builds up in a day or two of being left alone. I don't think I'm weird in this, because I've talked to a lot of guys who agree with me. But still, most of them shower and spray their armpits before they go out cruising, because they're afraid they'll smell bad. I'd appreciate your comments.

J.K., Salt Lake City

Dear J.K.,

I hear you, and to some extent agree with you. But you're seeking a rather fine line between that "just-right" smell and the two alternatives on either side of it: pristine cleanliness vs. raunch. I'm sure you'd find plenty of takers for either, plus a goodly number who would rather have you fresh and soapy-smelling than otherwise. It really boils down to the problem of the one-night stand, doesn't it? If you've never made it with the guy before—maybe haven't even met him until you get together to do it—you (or he) cannot anticipate his unknown partner's preferences when he prepares himself for his night of hunting. If you make a date for a return engagement, that's the time to try setting the stage (or crotch) for your ultimate desire. Otherwise it's a matter of being safe rather than sorry, since a majority of our brothers like 'em clean. (Proctor and Gamble must hate you!)

Dear Larry,

I read somewhere that you are against sex with animals. I'd like to know why. Is it for health reasons, or is it ethics?

Chuck, Baltimore

Dear Chuck,

Although Our Heavenly Mother certainly knows that I am no moralist, this is one area of sexual behavior toward which I have very strong negative feelings. I really can't give you a completely logical reason for this, because it's a matter of personal prejudice. (The nice thing about prejudice, of course, is that it doesn't require a rational basis.) I really love animals. At the moment I have two Doberpersons, a Dachshund and a Siamese cat. But to have sex with any of them would be (to me) on a par with molesting a child. I simply couldn't do it. Nor do I like to think of other people doing it with their animals. I know they do, and they enjoy it—and the animals apparently enjoy it. I don't think there is any particular health problem, nor do I find it "disgusting" in the sense of being appalled by raunch or slime. So I guess I'd have to answer your question by saying that for me it is a matter of ethics.

Dear Larry,

People are always sending you questions about medical things, and you have to go research the answers with doctors. But in the long run, I think most of us encounter day-to-day problems that are more in your own line, psychology. I'd like to know what there is in the "average man's" makeup that causes him to hate gays. I moved to San Francisco to get away from the shit I had to take in my home town (in Iowa), only to find that it isn't safe to walk on the streets at night, because there are gangs of teenaged punks out there "fag bashing." I know I

was passed over for promotion in my job because the boss knew (suspected) I was gay, and just the other day my lover and I were in a good restaurant, properly dressed and not camping it up, when I overheard a man tell the waiter he didn't want his family seated next to "queers." I should think that if there is any place in the world where a gay man can live his own lifestyle in peace it would be in San Francisco, but even here they dump on us!

Outraged, San Francisco

Dear Outraged,

As I noted in one of my answers, above, the nice thing about prejudice is that it requires no logical basis. It's a condition from which all of us suffer to one degree or another, whether these feelings are directed toward people on the basis of age, sex, color, religion, behavior or whatever. And everyone is the recipient of prejudice in some form or other. No one's immune. We are one of the more popular targets, unfortunately. Telling you that some men hate us because we remind them of their own sexual inadequacies doesn't take the sting out of the overheard remarks, or lessen the pain and injury from their physical assaults. On the other hand, I have asked waiters not to seat me at a table near a family with obstreperous kids. Prejudice can cut both ways—and does. We all need to feel superior to someone, and we all have what they call "social distance" from one or another group. I don't say it's right, and don't say we shouldn't be trying to do something about it. But you didn't ask me how to fight back, merely why it happened.

Dear Larry,

As somewhat of a local activist, I would like to alert you to a telephone campaign we are attempting to organize. As you probably know, 7-Eleven Stores just recently decided to discontinue selling Playboy and other "sexually oriented" publications. Because we consider an attack on one to be an attack on all, we are trying to get as many people as we can to call in and protest this action. The most potent response, of course, is to boycott the chain and to tell them you're going to do this when you call. The toll-free number of their head office is: 800-255-0711. Let's try to show the Immoral Minority that we can fight with our dollars, too.

Al, Los Angeles

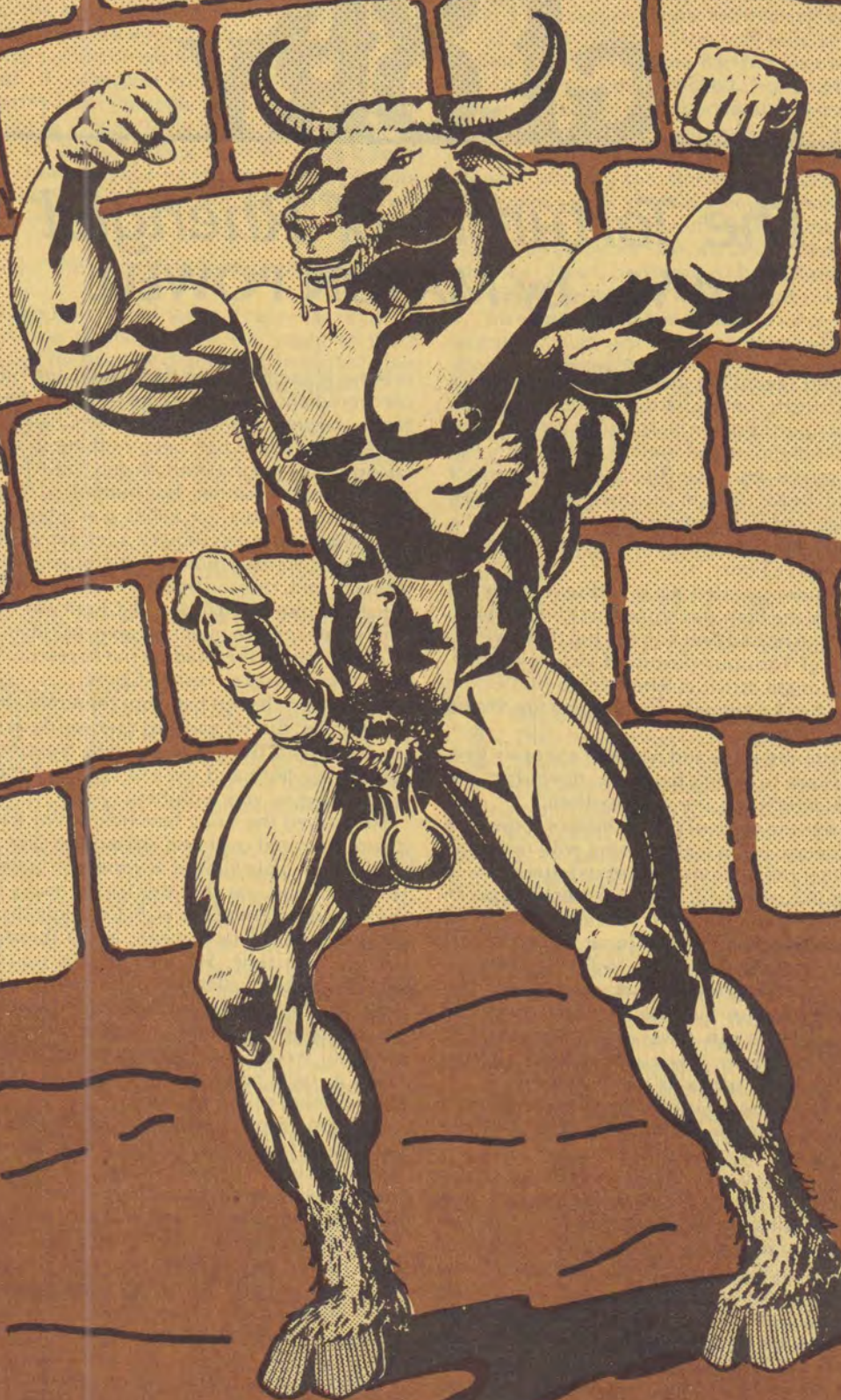
Dear Al,

Good idea. I've passed it along.

(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.)

Book Section

BOUND FOR GLORY



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BOUND FOR GLORY

The Torturers of Rhengfel Part VI by MASON POWELL

Gonar leaned against the sharp rocks and closed his eyes, his breath coming hard after the long climb, the sweat pouring down his thickly muscled chest. Every possible joint and tendon was in pain, but he was at the top. The Rhengfel Wall was *not* impassible. Chala had been right in assuming that a single warrior might get up it; and if the impassible wall was a myth, then other stories might also prove untrue. Gonar might yet be able to rescue his Master, Chom.

The blazing light of noon pierced his eyelids and made his head ache. The climb up the high and crumbling cliff had been the most difficult exertion he had ever known: but there was no time to rest. The City of Torturers devoured victims quickly. Unless he hurried, he might arrive in Rhengfel to find Chom pierced by a thousand tiny knives or hanging over a fire, flayed alive.

He opened his eyes to the glare and peered cautiously over the ridge of rotting stone to which he clung, down into the valley at the center of which was the evil city itself.

Rhengfel, the city, was the color of blood, built of some dark stone like garnets in decay. It was walled about with red stone and its towers and keeps and temples were of red stone also. In a perverse way, it was like a rose, for its streets were laid out in circles around the huge arena where its "amusements" took place. The architecture was the strangest Gonar had ever seen, both fanciful and leaden at the same time. High turrets leaped skywards; but flying buttresses grasped them and chained them to the ground. Rows of spacious windows fronted facades, but the windows were bound with bars. It was all like a great, scarlet palace: and like a bloody prison. It was appropriate to a tribe that wrote its name in blood, spoke its name with terror.

In the surrounding valley there were no dwellings, but Gonar could see camps where slaves in chains were kept to till the fields. Rhengfel had to eat: its farmers did not.

Gonar checked the war belt at his waist to be sure nothing had fallen from it during his ascent. He had taken the belt from the corpse of one of the falcon-masked riders of Rhengfel, one of the men who had tortured him and Chom and Fillian before Chala had led an attack on the horse train to free them. It now held a sword, a length of rope, a dagger, a small pouch with some rations and several vials of drugs whose nature he did not know, but whose effects he guessed at. It had taken hours to throw off the effects of the last drug which the falcon masks had given him: lying on the ground in the wreckage of the cage, naked to the mountain cold.

He had been very lucky to escape with his life. One of the horses bearing the cage had broken its neck during the tumble down the hill. The other had run away, the arrow in its flank

making it useless for warfare, even for riding. When he had recovered enough to walk he had gone back to the site of the battle, hoping against hope that Chala's attack had been a success; but there had been nothing to see. Dead men, both falcon masks and the short, shaggy folk who had followed Chala and the scarlet banner, but nothing to tell him who had won. That neither Chala nor Fillian was among the dead gave him hope. That the tracks showed a retreat up the side of the valley, a followed retreat, dimmed that hope. Only the tracks of the advance unit, the one bearing the cage with Chom, were clear. Whatever else had happened, Chom was headed for Rhengfel. And whatever else might happen, to Fillian, to Chala, to Prince Hrendel, whom they had set out to rescue, Gonar knew that his first concern was to rescue Chom.

He wished that he had kept the tunic and the breeches and the greaves, but he had cast them aside as too much a burden for his assault on the rocky cliff. Now he was reduced to a leather loincloth and the war belt, and that was that. The sun would have its way with him.

He assayed the stone face below him, gauged the best route down, then slid over and started the slow descent.

He was in plain view of anyone who might choose to look up. His only hope was that the falcon masks had more to amuse them than watching the wall. Certainly there were slaves to be whipped, peons to manage, and a thousand other things to occupy their time. Yet they were a warrior people, and the security of their valley was of prime importance. The Rhengfel Wall, that high and rocky barrier that legend said was impassible, was a good defense. It was breached by only one narrow pass. But would they trust to it? If Gonar was now crawling down its face, had not some previous invader done the same, alerted them to the chance?

The sun crept across the sky and cast its beams like arrows into Gonar's straining muscles. As he sweated and stretched, as his fingers were cut and bruised, as his eyes ached with looking for a purchase on the treacherous rock, he felt the flesh of his back and shoulders tighten with heightening sunburn. He knew that the pain he felt now was nothing compared with what he would feel later, when the heat had soaked into his body and ravaged the tissues beneath his skin. It was as if he were being racked under the sun of a barren desert; but he kept on climbing, stopping only now and then to look over the evil landscape, ever wary for enemy warriors.

It was evening before he reached the lower part of the wall. Suddenly the stone was a little less steep. He felt vines beneath his feet, reaching up like fearful fingers clawing at escape. He rested for a moment, looked down at the rank growth below him, then clambered down and jumped.

He squatted in the brush, panting, stretching his arms and relaxing them. He leaned to the side and stretched first one leg, then the other. After a few moments his heart slowed, then his breathing. He felt drained. He reached into the little pouch at his belt and pulled out some dried rabbit meat, stuffed it into his mouth and chewed. The saltiness of it flooded his mouth, made him aware how thirsty he was.

He raised himself carefully, listened intently, then threw his gaze like a net over the nearby terrain. It was not far to where the scrub growth gave way to fields of grain (an impossible way to travel, as his passage could be easily detected), but along the cliff a jagged growth of gorse gave evidence of water, perhaps the outflow of a spring from the rock. He headed for it on his hands and knees and in a short while found a small pool.

He was lying on his face, drinking from it, when a voice behind him said: "Don't move! I have arrows aimed at your body. Not where they will kill you, but at targets that will cripple."

Gonar froze.

"Continue to drink," the voice said after a moment. "You will need the water."

Gonar tried to keep his muscles loose. There was no sense giving them any reason to shoot. If he was captured there would be time enough for pain. He drank until he was full, then said: "I am finished. What will you have me do now?"

"Put your hands behind you and lie still."

Gonar did as he was told. There was a crackling sound as booted feet crushed twigs, then he felt a leather thong wrapped around his wrists, tightened, and he was bound. A moment later another thong fastened his ankles.

"Now drink more water," the voice said.

He hesitated. Why did they want him to drink more? Was the spring poisoned? Did it contain some substance like the drugs they had given him?

He hesitated too long. The air whirred and a leathern lash landed across his raw and sunburned back. He stiffened and cried out.

"Drink!" the voice commanded.

Gonar put his mouth to the water and drank again, sucking in the sweet liquid and wondering how long he could make the act of drinking last. There *had* to be a way of escape!

When he could hold no more he slowed and took a breath. The lash whirled down again and he felt the swollen skin break. "Drink!"

Gonar had never considered that drinking clear water could be a nightmare, but now it was. He drank and drank again, filled his belly to where it felt as if it would burst, but they were never satisfied. When he slowed the whip and the command spurred him on. His belly bloated, he choked on the water and his back felt like a steak over coals. They whipped him and he drank, and now the water came back as soon as he drank it. He puked it into the pool and they forced him to drink it again. He wondered if this were some special way they had of killing a man. Could one die of drinking water? Would there come a point where he choked to death? Was that what they wanted?

Finally the voice said: "Enough!"

He was yanked to his feet and made to stand, tottering because his ankles were bound together and his bloodied back muscles could not balance him.

There were six men in a circle around him. They were covered in black leather, their faces covered by leathern falcon masks. Each had a whip in hand, a long whip of braided leather with a braided handle. Who had delivered the blows he could not tell. Perhaps they had taken turns. If so, they had wiped the blood away.

One came forward and unfastened the war belt, then handed it to another. He cut the cord of Gonar's loincloth and pulled that off as well. He took Gonar's big balls in his hand and hefted them, then started squeezing them hard.

"This one will provide much amusement!" the man laughed.

Gonar closed his eyes against the pain, but he would not cry out. He had endured this much before, many times. . . In fact, it

was beginning to stimulate him, and as the pain increased, his big, thick cock stiffened quickly.

An amused murmur of appreciation went around the circle, and the falcon mask's other, gloved hand seized Gonar's prick and began to stroke it, pulling it so that the foreskin covered the head completely, then pushing so that the head was exposed and stretched, like a shiny, purple apricot. The waves of pleasure began to supersede the pain, and under the falcon mask's skilled stimulation, Gonar felt himself approaching orgasm.

"Give me a binder," the man said, still stroking.

One of the other men handed over a small, leather-bound rod, to which were attached two lengths of thong. As Gonar began to tremble with approaching release, he laid it across the top of Gonar's dick, halfway up the shaft. He wrapped the thongs around the cock twice, fastening it in place tightly. He stopped stroking and pinched the head of Gonar's cock. Gonar's knees shook. He was going to cum.

The man put his hand under Gonar's cock, brought two fingers up on either side of it and held onto the rod. Then, with his other hand, he began to bend Gonar's prick upward and backward, forcing the head toward Gonar's belly.

The explosion hovered, tried to force its way out, but it could not as the big prick was bent in half over the rod. Gonar moaned. He started to struggle, to pull away so that his load could shoot. Two men grabbed his arms and held him upright as his dick was forced double and the dangling thongs were brought up and over and around, binding his dick tightly back on itself, over the rod.

His body tried to defend itself by withdrawing blood from the engorged organ, but the torturer was too quick. He wrapped the thongs quickly around the root, then drew them tight, trapping the blood in the bent prick as tightly as meat is trapped in a sausage.

The gloved hand reached again for Gonar's balls, but this time it did not squeeze, it only fondled. After a moment it came away shiny with the sweat that now poured from Gonar's body.

"Get a horse!"

They brought a brown horse and they untied Gonar's feet. They hoisted him up on the animal's bare back, then they bound his feet under its belly, tightly, so that he could not use his legs to lift himself. They ran a rope around his chest, then around the horse's neck, pulling him down so that his chest was against its neck. He could not fall off, could not fall to the side. He knew what would come next. No matter what he did, each move of the horse would lift him up and down. And his own weight would land full on his balls and on his bent and bound cock.

They laughed as they mounted their horses. One took a lead rope from the horse on which Gonar was tied, then they headed off at a cantor.

The pain was immediate and awful. With each move the horse made his balls were crushed. The pain in his bent dick was nothing compared to that. The pain of his sunburned and whipped back was meaningless. Nothing that a man can endure is so awful as to have his balls crushed repeatedly and hard.

But as they went on another pain invaded. Even as Gonar vomited with the pain in his balls, the water they had made him drink worked its way into his bladder; so while his nuts were being cracked under his own weight, his bladder filled inexorably, and he could not (with his cock so tightly bound) piss.

He only realized that he was screaming when he wondered where the screaming came from: a terrible, dull screaming, an ululation as the horse bounced him along. He wished desperately for his mind to slip away, but it would not. When he thought that it was about to, one of the riders would bring a whip down across his bleeding back.

He found himself wishing for death when the horse finally stopped. He was only aware of the pain when they cut the thongs around his ankles, pulled the rope from around his chest, and let him fall off the horse onto the ground. He felt it dimly when one man slipped arms under his armpits and

another grabbed his feet, and they carried him somewhere. At least his balls were no longer receiving a pounding. His bladder ached as if a knife had been driven into it.

They laid him on cold stone and his ankles were bound again. His eyes focused for a moment on a heavy rope, then his legs were pulled up, his ass, his body and he was hanging upside down. A crotch appeared next to his face, encased in leather. He smelled leather and sweat and crotch, then the binding on his cock was undone roughly.

His dick straightened, stiffened painfully, and another kind of knife edge slipped into him as his bladder emptied itself, the stream of hot piss shooting down his belly, across his chest, splashing onto his face.

The pain of release was enough to send him into darkness.

There was a time of smoky dreams during which Gonar felt that what was happening to him was really happening to someone else. Everything was at a distance, the way things happen in a fever. He was whipped and he was fucked in the ass repeatedly by men whose faces were not there. He was kept in chains and darkness and fed huge amounts of red meat, raw and still warm from the kill. He was strapped, spread eagle, to some large piece of decorative furniture in what might have been a palace. Blindfolded, he was serviced by countless cocksuckers. When there was nothing left for them to suck, when he failed to respond, they shoved hot needles into his legs and feet. Somewhere along the way they put the head of his cock on a wooden block and drove a small, hot spike through the side of it. Then they put a gold ring through the hole and melted the gold so that the ring was continuous and unbroken. After it healed, a chain was attached to the ring, long and thin and strong, and the other end of the chain was fixed to a stone wall: so that his hands and feet were free to perform other services.

What the smoke was that always drifted through the air he could not tell; nor did he question it. It kept the horror at bay and he was glad for it. . . . Only in some of the smoke dreams he thought he saw Chom: and Chom was not bound, nor in slavery, but riding free through green fields, in sunlight.

It came as a shock to him one day (while he was eating raw and bloody meat) that the smoke was gone, and that his mind was clear. He had grown so used to thoughts like wisps of fog that reason, clear and unfettered, seemed alien. For a moment his hands trembled and he thought that he would leap up and run around; or perhaps sit still and cry. But he was in his cell, there was a plate of gore before him, he was chained by his prick to the wall. Reason was not a welcome gift. It was an added torture.

Later one of the falcon masks came into the room, accompanied by four others with drawn swords. He unlocked the end of the chain from the wall and led Gonar by it out the door and down a long corridor. Gonar went docilely, but as he went he wondered how long he had been this way: how long had he followed on a lead, complacent like an animal? It seemed there was no reason for him to act otherwise. With the smoke gone he had to face the prospect that Chom was either dead or. . .

A glimmer of something flashed in his heart. It was possible that Chom was still alive: somewhere in Rhengfel, enslaved as he was. . . . Or. . .

But no, the dreams of Chom on horseback and free had certainly been the effect of the smoke.

He must have paused for a moment in thought, for the man leading him tugged harshly on the chain and yanked his prick painfully. Gonar speeded up.

They went down a long hall with stone walls, then turned and went down another exactly like it. There were occasional doors but they were shut. They climbed a narrow stairway, then went down another hall. There were torches in brackets to light their way and their shadows danced on the walls like dark goblins. Two of the goblins were connected by a shadow umbilical cord. They went up another stair and emerged in a hallway with painted walls, though the red pigment was old and flaking.

It occurred to Gonar to wonder where they were taking him. His memories were too hazy to remember other such journeys, though there must have been such. He tried to marshal his thoughts, to make himself think once again like a man instead of an animal. If Chom were alive, there was every reason for him to think like a man. He must remember that, force his mind to think about more than food and sleep.

They passed through a bronze gate guarded by two more falcon masks, then through a curtained area into what appeared to be an armory. Gonar noted weapons in stacks, but also an open door that connected the armory to a room where off-duty riders lounged without their headgear, one even stripped. It struck him as odd for a moment that under the black leather and the falcon mask there must be a man. In their uniforms they seemed invulnerable. Without the leathers: why, the naked man was not even well hung!

Now they moved into the palace itself, or so it seemed to Gonar. The walls were all dark red marble, and he had the feeling he had been in the place before. On some of the marble walls there were painted scenes of torture, painted with such artifice that they seemed to float there as on the surface of a lake of blood. There was much use of gold and silver leaf: here a man crucified against a blood-red cloud, there a man tied with golden ropes to a silver-red tree, his bowels strung out before him as he watched them burn.

Gonar thought to himself that the black leather might conceal the bodies of human men, but not the souls. To be amused by pain was one thing; to live for it, to live enveloped by it, was another.

They passed through several empty chambers and came at length into one that was occupied. At the far end, where light from high-barred windows fell across him, a falconman reclined on a pile of lime-green pillows. He was of much the same appearance as the others, save that his leathers and falcon mask were gilded, and the falcon eyes set with pieces of lapis lazuli and turquoise.

Next to the man who reclined stood another falcon mask, but this one wore a loose, blue robe over his black leathers. This one spoke, and Gonar felt his heart freeze: for the voice was Chom's!

"You see, my King, even this barbarian had been brought to docility with my methods. You remember how he fought when first you saw him? How difficult he was to subdue? Now observe him! He is as quiet and tractable as any dancing girl."

The golden falcon settled back and gestured absently with his hand.

"I see what you have done, but I question whether it is so much worthwhile. We have made slaves docile in this city for a hundred years, with the whip. This method of yours is efficient, but far less amusing."

"I must agree with that, my King," laughed the man with Chom's voice. "But forget not that slaves bound to docility with the whip do not last long enough for our purposes. Rhengfel grows and prospers, but as it does so it must have more food. The fields grow not half so well as the city, and we must go further afield each year in search of both slaves and foodstuffs to supplement our dwindling supply. If we can make the slaves in the fields work with less food, and keep them healthy, we can economize their needs while supplying ours. . . . And they will, in the end, provide the same amusements. Perhaps a better show if they have not already been weakened by the lash."

"Ah," said the King irritably, "but if they are so docile, where is the show? Can they still fight after they have breathed this smoke of yours? Will they still scream as they die, or will they die meekly like that crop who worshiped the Dying God?"

"Why, that is the purpose of today's demonstration, Oh Golden One," said Chom's voice. "That is why I have brought this one here to you. You see how readily he obeys. In a moment I shall put him in the pit with your Minotaur, and you shall see what manner of amusement he can offer!"

Gonar stood uncomprehending. His mind raced, fighting off the long effects of the smoke. The voice was Chom's, yet it

spoke with the inflection of Rhengfel: and it spoke as if he, Gonar, were a stranger, an object of experiment. Was it then not Chom who stood before him? He looked closely at the body robed in blue and clothed in leather. Indeed, it *looked* like Chom under the disguise. But if it were, what was happening?

The King sighed and gestured once again with his hand.

"Very well! Show me. But it had best be amusing as well as instructive, for I have not forgotten that you, Tilesian, were brought here only a little while before this barbarian; and should you fail me I will be pleased to see what sport you provide!"

The King laughed, and Gonar thought it the most callous laugh he had ever heard. In fact, he thought, he would like to cut that laugh out of the King's throat with a dull stone dagger... But at least the matter of Chom's presence was somewhat clarified: if it was Chom.

The guard who'd led Gonar in unfastened the chain from the ring through his cock head, then retreated. Chom walked directly up to Gonar and stared straight into his eyes: and now Gonar had no doubt, for there were no other eyes like those black eyes of Chom's. Two polished lumps of coal that peered deep into his soul.

"Barbarian, listen to me and listen to me well. The creature you are going to fight is the Minotaur. He is a thing with the body of a man and the head of a bull. He has one other attribute of a bull as well, and that is his prick. It is very large, and the Minotaur will be desirous of using it on you for he has no mate. The only way you can escape being raped by the monster is to fight him to a standstill. To bring him to exhaustion. He is dangerous! His muscles are the muscles of the strongest of heroes. He has horns on his head that are long and sharp. You cannot win against him, but you may be able to make it a draw. Do you understand?"

"Do you understand me? This is a matter of your life, Barbarian!"

Gonar understood. Whatever was going on, he must not give the game away. Instinctively, he knew that it was a matter of both their lives. He nodded.

"Good!" said Chom, and he returned to his place next to the King. "Let it begin!"

The floor fell away under Gonar and he plummeted downward, a distance twice the height of a tall man. He landed on soft, loamy soil, so the shock was not great. As he climbed to his feet he looked up, and there, to either side of the trap door through which he'd fallen, stood Chom and the King, looking down.

A slow, grinding noise drew his attention downward, to the wall of the chamber opposite where he stood. A large, bronze grating was rising inexorably into the ceiling, and beyond it showed the black mouth of a tunnel. He listened intently as the movement of the gate stopped.

In the darkness there was a short, sharp sniffing. Then a snort, and then a thumping, such as animals make when they paw the ground. He looked around quickly for a weapon but there was nothing. The chamber was carved out of the living rock. There was not even a handhold by which he might climb.

The Minotaur stepped into the light, and Gonar felt his knees grow weak.

It was indeed like a man, as Chom had said. It had the body of the most superb man Gonar had ever seen. Every muscle was perfectly delineated, yet bulging, massive with power. Arms, chest, thighs, all were like stone columns, monuments to masculine strength. The muscles shone with a fine sweat. There was no hair on the body, except at the crotch and armpits—not on the man's body.

But halfway down the calves the man's body changed and instead of feet there were hooves. And where a beard might have sprouted, low on the throat, a thick mat of smooth, brown hair grew, and above that there was the head of a bull.

Below the creature's thick waist, in the curly brown tangle of its pubic bush, its cock grew. Grew even as Gonar watched, above its massive ballocks. Not really so big as a bull's endow-

ment, but big enough to strike fear, its purple head sliding wetly from the concealment of a thick and hairy foreskin.

Gonar licked his lips.

The Minotaur's cock continued to grow. Bigger and bigger, it curved up toward the monster's belly.

How big could it get?

Gonar caught the scent of the beast on the air. The smell was half that of a man, half that of an animal; but there was something else as well, a musky something he could not identify.

The monster prick reached full erection. Gonar knew he could not circle it with his fist, knew it was longer than his forearm. It would be worse than being fisted if the thing got him. It would rip him asunder.

The Minotaur moved toward him, a stalk rather than a walk. Like a great musclebound wrestler. It raised its arms and clenched its fists, making the arms bulge, ripple. Then it extended its fingers, twitching, ready to grapple with him.

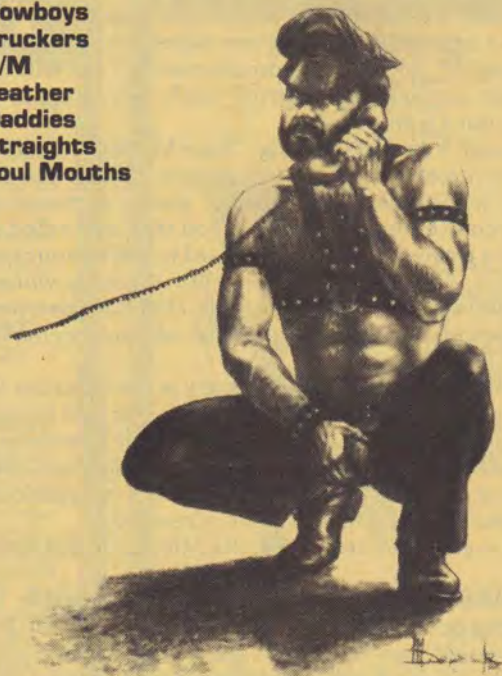
In the strength of the creature there might be weakness, Gonar thought. If it was slow to respond as a human wrestler of similar build, then he just *might* be able to exhaust it before it could take him. He bent his knees and assumed the crouching position that a wrestler would use before a grapple, but he had no intention of letting the creature actually get a hold on him.

As soon as the Minotaur moved, Gonar moved. His speed was not like lightning, but like an eel. He shot under the monster's outstretched arms and as he shot by he threw a backward kick to the inside of the creature's knee.

If he had kicked a man like that the kneecap would have fractured; but the Minotaur only went down. Yet in that moment Gonar was on him from behind, grabbing hold of the horns and twisting, the way one bulldogged a cow for branding.

But the Minotaur was not a cow. A powerful arm reached up and wrapped around Gonar's chest. He found the muscles of his back and sides constricted, cramping. His grip on the horns weakened. In a moment he lost control and his leverage disap-

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peared. The Minotaur pulled and Gonar was thrown over the creature's body, to land flat on his back.

He tried to roll away but the thing grabbed his ankle and, holding on, climbed to its knees. Gonar kicked at its arm with his free leg, but the creature grabbed that too. With its powerful arms it pushed Gonar's legs apart, so that he could not use the strength of them.

Gonar pulled himself up with his belly muscles and punched the creature hard on the snout.

The Minotaur grunted with the force of the blow but its grip was unaffected. It kept on climbing to its knees, all the way, then it forced Gonar's legs upward toward his chest.

Gonar squirmed backward, pulling himself with his arms and hands on the loamy soil.

The Minotaur climbed ponderously to its feet and lifted Gonar by his legs. It was much taller than he was, and suddenly he was helpless, a rag doll in the thing's grasp. The monster shook him, like a length of rope, so violently that it almost broke his back. Then Gonar felt his shoulders on the ground, and a hoof pressing down on his arm at the shoulder, just enough to keep him from moving backward.

The Minotaur spread Gonar's legs, then forced him down on his back, his asshole exposed. Gonar felt stark terror as the creature moved its hips, positioned the huge tool against his hole, an entry far too small for it ever to pass. It started to push, pulling on his thighs, forcing him, upside down, onto the huge shaft. Gonar felt his hole try to stretch.

"No!" Gonar screamed, but the Minotaur ignored him.

"Your man has lost already," the King said above.

"That is unfortunate," Chom's calm voice replied. "I had planned to give him to the lizards at the next amusement. Now it appears that I will have to wait until the ripping of his hole heals somewhat. He would die much too quickly after this."

Gonar began to scream mindlessly as he felt the ring of his asshole tear. The pain was searing and terrible, but his mind was well trained to escape such pain. A bizarre ecstasy took him as the Minotaur forced his huge weapon deeper and deeper into his bowel. He felt his cock as hard as the Minotaur's.

"Wouldn't it be simpler to just give him to the lizards and begin to experiment with a new slave?" the King asked.

"It might," said Chom, noncommittally. "But where would I find one so pretty to destroy? Such men are not common among our captives."

"Indeed!" agreed the King. "Save for this one and yourself, there have been none of such stature. I thank you for calling that to my attention. My sense of poetry demands then that when you eventually do fail me, you shall be treated exactly as you have treated him. I look forward to seeing you raped by my Minotaur, Tilisian. And I will relish it greatly when you are raped and eaten by the giant lizards. They have been among the most difficult animals to train to that task, so they deserve some special meat!"

Gonar screamed in absolute agony as the Minotaur finally got his whole, huge cock all the way into him and began to fuck him, harshly, brutally. The pressure on his interior organs was beyond bearing and the pain was so terrible that Gonar barely noticed it when his own cock shot gobs of hot cum out over his face, into his open mouth as he screamed.

And even when he fainted, the Minotaur kept fucking him.

Afterward, the pain of the rape was unbearable. They kept his cell filled with smoke and he was fed soft things that would pass his bowels easily. There was a peculiar old chiurgion whom they had captured in a mountain pass and who knew much strange medicine, both the herbal and the magical kind. He came each day to treat Gonar with such simples as he felt effective, and after a while Gonar knew that he would live, if only to endure more.

When the old man felt he was no longer needed they set a boy to keeping Gonar's care, a lad of fifteen who had been a slave in Rhengfel since he was nine. He washed Gonar's body, fed him, and rubbed ointments into Gonar's anus with remark-

able skill.

Gonar was sure that he was going to live when the boy's ministrations began to excite him. The feeling of the young fingers sliding in and out, rubbing the tingling ointment all around, began to be unbearably delicious, despite the pain. One day when the boy was finished with the treatment Gonar rolled over on his back and let his erection spring up full and hard.

The boy, whose name was Ketis, smiled.

"You are better," Ketis said, his youthful voice sounding pleased. "Would you like me to treat that affliction for you as well?"

He looked at Gonar's cock meaningfully.

Ketis had red hair, long over the ears and cropped across the back. His face was round and his skin was like cream with freckles, a sure sign that he was kept as an indoor slave. His eyes were bright blue, he had a small nose and a small mouth. His naked body (for all the slaves were kept naked) was well proportioned for a lad his age, showing that they worked him to that purpose. His uncut cock still hung limp.

"What treatment would you give?" Gonar asked.

"Many different, if the condition persists," said Ketis. "I have not only ointments for healing but ointments for pleasure, and even some for pain. There are many tastes in Rhengfel."

"And what would be the result of your treatment?" Gonar asked, smiling at the boy's confidence.

"You would hold on to the walls and scream for my mercy," Ketis laughed. "Yet you would not move to stop me though you be unbound. At the end you would burst like the flume of a great whale in the ocean, and then you would sink beneath the waves of the pleasure I gave you."

"Can I endure such ravages, do you think?" Gonar asked, a little sarcastically. The boy was not just confident, he was cocksure.

"You will endure," said Ketis. "But I warn you that I am very good, and in the end you may become doubly a slave: mine as well as the King's!"

Though still not well, Gonar could hardly let a boy of fifteen so challenge him.

"Then do it!" Gonar said, nodding toward his hard member. "Let me feel this skill of which you boast so much!"

The boy grinned, then suddenly moved forward and fastened his mouth on Gonar's cock. His tongue darted inside the foreskin, around the head, then began to play with the little gold ring that pierced the head. The moment Gonar felt he could control the sensation the boy changed technique, sucking the whole shaft into his mouth, taking the thing deep into his throat. His small hand slid between Gonar's thighs and he grasped Gonar's balls, squeezing them just to the point of slight pain but no further.

Gonar, having lain abed for so long, gasped with the pleasure of it.

Ketis turned and climbed up on the bed, spreading his legs over Gonar's chest so that his balls, his now-hard young cock (and it was not small), and his tight pink asshole were right in front of Gonar's face. As he sucked on Gonar's cock his balls swung back and forth, his dick bobbed and his ass cheeks flexed, making the small, pink eye of his hole contract and dilate in the same rhythm as the sucking.

Gonar groaned, then reached up and began to run his big hands over the boy's body. Across the smooth chest, along the sides, over the back (already thick with young muscles) and eventually down the rippling belly muscles to the patch of red pubic hair out of which sprang the cock. Gonar took the boy's prick in his hand and stroked it, pumping it, squeezing it.

Ketis reached over to a small table near the bed and picked up a little jar. He took off the lid while he continued to suck, then Gonar felt one of the heralded ointments being smeared on his balls. In a moment they began to tingle, to warm, and he was reminded of the fiery oil that Chom had used on him that day so long ago in the arena, though this stuff only warmed. Ketis reached back and smeared some of it on Gonar's nipples,

and the result was the same warmth.

Gonar lifted his head, bent the boy's cock backward with his hand, then took the young, pink organ into his mouth. Ketis pushed, suddenly, hard, and the whole shaft went into Gonar's throat, almost making him gag. Ketis sucked faster, harder, tonguing the head of Gonar's dick fiercely.

The tingling in Gonar's balls began to spread. His thighs, his belly, began to feel the same kind of sensations that his cock and balls were feeling. The sensitivity of his tits was now a hundred times what it had been before. He moved his hand to his chest and began to play with them as he sucked Ketis. He started to wish that Ketis had three more mouths with which to suck on his tits and his balls as well as his dick. He started to twist and to moan with the intensity of what was happening to him.

Ketis pulled his cock out of Gonar's mouth and took his own mouth off Gonar's cock.

"No, go on!" Gonar commanded.

"Only if you do what I tell you!" said Ketis, and his voice was as playful as a kitten, as sharp as the crack of a whip.

"What?" Gonar asked.

"Tongue my asshole!"

Gonar grabbed the boy's hips and pulled them down, forcing the pink pucker to his mouth. He licked furiously at it, then shoved his tongue forcefully into the hole. Ketis' mouth swallowed his dick in one long slide.

Gonar felt the explosion building in his gut, knew that at any moment he would erupt into the slave boy's mouth. But he didn't like being quite so much in the control of anyone (at least anyone who was not Chom) and he especially didn't like being in control of a mere child slave; so he held back, fought to keep his orgasm under control.

He wrapped his thumb and forefinger around Ketis' cock and balls like a ring and started slowly squeezing while he rammed his tongue deeper and deeper into the boy's tight ass. If Ketis could make him beg, then perhaps he should turn the tables!

Ketis sucked harder, jabbing his head down fast, now

straight, now at angles. He bit lightly, he tongued, but Gonar held out. It had started as sex, but now it was a battle.

Ketis reached for Gonar's balls, tried to grab hold of them as Gonar had his. But Gonar took his other hand and grabbed the reaching arm, twisted it backward, behind the boy, then lifted his powerful legs to lock them around Ketis' neck, hold the hot little mouth all the way down on his organ.

Ketis struggled but he was no match for even an invalid Gonar. The big dick was firmly down the boy's throat and Gonar was raping Ketis' asshole with his tongue. Ketis squirmed now the way he had made Gonar squirm. He tried to cry out, but Gonar's huge member so filled his mouth that he could barely breathe.

Gonar pulled his tongue out of Ketis' asshole and said: "Now who is in charge?"

He didn't allow a reply but shoved his tongue back in again. Ketis grunted, thrashed, tried to wrest himself free, but it was no use. Finally Gonar took his tongue out of the boy's asshole, licked his way up past the tightened balls and sucked Ketis' hard dick into his mouth.

He tongued the head, he nibbled it, he did all the things to Ketis that Ketis had done to him. Then he did a few new things.

Ketis stiffened, shook, then shot his load into Gonar's mouth. Shot after shot, big gobs of soapy semen spurting with all the force of horny youth. Gonar smiled to himself as he sucked the boy harder and harder, ran his tongue roughly over the tender cockhead, made Ketis jerk and scream as best he could with the big dick firmly down his throat.

When the shots of cum were replaced with shots of piss Gonar knew he'd won. He pulled his mouth away, turned his face from the flow of urine the boy let fly and chuckled. Then he started pumping his hips, fucking Ketis' captive face for all he was worth. The load he'd been holding back was quick to build, then burst, shooting into the boy's throat with all the force of Gonar's bound frustrations: a huge, choking load.

When he finished he loosened his legs and let Ketis climb

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from the bed, coughing, sweating and no longer smiling that cocksure smile. The boy stood for a moment, not sure what to do: so Gonar told him.

"Your treatment worked, Ketis. I think you have made a new man of me. But I suspect I will need a few more of your treatments before I'm really back in shape. See that you are prepared for more when you return."

Gonar smiled his most winning smile, letting the boy know who was boss (at least in bed), but also making sure that Ketis felt strong enough to accept the implied challenge. It was only when the boy was gone that Gonar found time to wonder if this, perhaps, were a test of his ability to be put back in service.

And now, after the orgasm, he was suddenly weak. Too weak to fight with anything but his self-assurance. He laid down and fell quickly asleep.

Ketis came to him again, and later, others. He found his every sexual appetite gratified and his every physical need fulfilled. It was obvious that they were training him for something very special: perhaps the lizards Chom had mentioned?

He still couldn't understand what Chom was up to. He had not seen his Master since the day he'd been given to the Minotaur, but Chom's situation was clear. He had somehow got himself into the King's graces as an advisor on "amusements" and his position was secure only so long as the King was amused. Chom had always been imaginative, so it was no surprise that he was able to supply what the King wanted. Yet how had he learned the Rhengfel accent so perfectly? Gonar realized that there were a great many things about his Master he still did not know, and that both worried him and gave him confidence.

Gonar didn't believe for a moment that Chom would sacrifice him in order to save his own skin. That was not Chom's way. But as time dragged on he wondered if there were any way out for either of them. The King had made clear that the end, for

both of them, was death by torture. It was only a question of time.

They fed Gonar on raw meat and full-bodied wines, and they introduced him to many new sexual excitements. So many that he lost count. They trained him to respond over and over, so that he was shooting his load ten to fifteen times a day. They took him to a gymnasium and made him lift weights, do stretching exercises, and in general, they put his already magnificent body into the best shape it had ever known. Had it not been for the ominous quality of his future and his concern for Chom, Gonar would have accounted it not a bad life.

Then, with no notice, the day came.

He thought that he was on the way to the gymnasium, but he knew the route and when it changed direction he was alerted that something new was in store. At first he assumed it was a new training; but there was that about the manner of the falcon mask who led him, still by a long chain attached to the ring through his dick head, that something was perilously different.

He slowed his breathing, forcefully calmed his nerves. He would need all his intelligence if this was to be his end. To die was common. To die well was a triumph. To die well under these circumstances would be heroic; but he would prefer not to die.

He was led through a long tunnel, dank and moist with the smell of fear. How many other men had been led down the tunnel he could not imagine, but the red stone of the walls held the aura of their passage. As the heavy door at the other end of the tunnel grew closer he could hear a tumult without, the familiar surge of a crowd, the cheering and screaming... But there was another screaming than that of the crowd, less loud and of a very different quality. Gonar shuddered as he realized that on the other side of the door people were dying in pain.

The falcon masks stopped and stood, as if awaiting some signal. Gonar wondered idly what he would face. He tried to put his mind in the frame of reference of a Shegrin, tried to view

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what was to happen as just another body bet. But it was not the same, and he could not delude himself. On the other side of the door was Death, whether for him or for others it did not matter. What he was to face was qualitatively different. Here was the same evil that had crept into Jhent in the guise of Dworkrimian. It mattered not what the clothing was, beneath the mask was still the skull.

A blare of brass music came through the door. It jarred somehow. Gonar had not imagined the falcon masks liking music, even the discordant sounds that now played without.

The music stopped, and the lesser screaming, of death, was gone. Another fanfare and there was a knock on the door before him.

Two powerfully built slaves came in from a side door. Both had been castrated. They anointed Gonar's body from pots of oil, making him shine. The stuff they put on him had an unpleasant smell, a mustiness that he faintly recognized. The door opened and a tall, castrated slave with black hair took the end of the chain by which he was led. He was drawn through the door and out into the arena at the center of Rhengfel.

It was a large arena, floored with sand and the sun beat down fiercely. There were wooden stakes in the sand at various places, and both the stakes and the sand were wet with blood, denoting the previous "amusement." Gonar was led to the center, then the chain was undone from the ring in his cock and the eunuch retreated, leaving Gonar alone. He looked around.

Tier after tier of stone benches seated the populace of Rhengfel. All the men wore falcon masks, their bodies clothed in black leather. The women were also decked out as birds of prey, but their bodies were covered in outre garments made of feathers: as were their headdresses. It was a gorgeous, gawdy display, far too beautiful to conceal so many wicked hearts, Gonar thought.

The music brayed again and Gonar's attention was called to the Royal box at one side. There sat the King, the Golden Falcon, surrounded by an honor guard of black falcons. Next to him was a creature who must surely be the Queen. She was feathered like a white owl and the eyes of her mask were two huge sapphires. Down at the front of the box Chom stood in his blue robe. He beckoned to Gonar to come toward them. Gonar did so.

"I see, Barbarian, that you are well recovered from your last trial," Chom said. "It is well. I also am told by my servants that you have been trained to perfection for today's sport. That is most well, for today you shall be privileged to provide what I hope will be the finest show His Majesty has ever seen. You may even find favor in the eyes of the Queen."

At this statement Chom turned and bowed to the White Owl, a gesture which told Gonar more about the governance of Rhengfel than anything he had yet heard. He remembered the stories told about the Queen just after his first capture.

"When you were brought to me," Chom said, turning back, "I saw that you were the most splendid specimen of a man that I had ever beheld. I envisioned how you might look in hundreds of different battles, and from that list of visions I chose the one I thought best. Today, well prepared, you shall fight that dream."

From the folds of his blue robe Chom drew a cloth bag.

"To do my vision justice, I have brought you the very things you wore and carried when you came into this valley. Here! Attire yourself!"

He tossed the bag onto the sand in front of Gonar.

"I wish the King and Queen to see you just as you were when you climbed down the Great Wall to challenge the strength of mighty Rhengfel!"

A murmur went up from the crowd at the revelation of Gonar's climbing over the wall, but Gonar ignored it. He stooped to open the bag and draw forth the things that Chom had said would be in it. His leathern loincloth, his war belt, his sword, his dagger, the little bag with drugs; even the small parcel of dried foods. The length of rope was there as well.

Whatever might transpire, Chom had found a way to give him familiar weapons with which to defend himself.

"And now, Barbarian," said Chom gaily, "we will toast the amusement you are about to give us!"

Gonar looked up and saw that Ketis was in the Royal box, bringing out a portable brazier on which a large, bronze pot steamed. The boy poured some hot liquid into goblets, first for the Queen, then the King, then Chom. Finally he filled a fourth goblet which had cords attached, and this one was lowered over the edge of the box and down to Gonar.

The Queen stood and Gonar heard her voice, a dark and beautiful voice that dripped poison.

"To pain, to joy and to death!" she pledged, and they all drank.

The stuff was spicy, and almost immediately Gonar felt it flowing into his bloodstream. It was like fluid anger he thought. The goblet was drawn up out of his hand, Ketis took all the goblets on a tray and with the brazier exited the box.

Abruptly the King stood up and stepped down next to Chom.

"You have done well for me, Lord of Amusements," the Golden Falcon said, and Gonar saw Chom go stiff. "I will now reward you! Guards! Help the Tilesian with the privilege of amusing us still further!"

Chom did not struggle as the guards seized him and there, in the Royal box, stripped him naked, taking from him the falcon mask emblems of manhood in Rhengfel. They tied his wrists together, then lifted him over the edge and lowered him into the arena as the crowd hooted and jeered with delight. When he touched the sand they dropped the rope, and Chom met Gonar's gaze with a grim smile.

"Now," said the King, "let the barbarian who has suffered so much at your hands show us the effects of all your training. Barbarian! I want you to fuck the Tilesian! I want you to fuck him until he screams the way you screamed when the Minotaur fucked you. I want you to fuck him with the full knowledge that this is the last time you will ever fuck anyone or anything. . . For know this: when you have finished with him I shall have the lizards released, just as he planned. They are trained to rape first. To hold you with their sharp claws while they slide their huge, cold cocks into you. But when they have finished that, they are trained to rip you open with their claws and and slide their huge, cold cocks into your warm vitals, to fuck your entrails as you live, again and again until you are dead. Only when the lizards are gluttoned with their rut will they tear you apart with their sharp teeth and eat you!"

The King reared back and laughed, as if he had just told the world's most monstrously good joke. Then he gestured and commanded: "Go ahead! Fuck him!"

Gonar looked at Chom's handsome face, not knowing what to do.

Chom smiled at him and nodded ever so slightly, his black eyes intense. If he had been a stranger, Gonar would not have understood; but they had been lovers now for some time, and he knew how to take orders from his Master almost unbidden. Chom was telling him to do it. There was more to the situation than met the eye.

Gonar rushed at Chom with a yell that he hoped would convey ferocity. It was born of the hatred he now felt for Rhengfel, but no matter. Let them think it was for Chom.

Chom dodged him and ran for the center of the arena. Gonar pursued, gaining, then he was close enough for a dive that brought Chom down. Chom was working at the rope around his wrists, but Gonar was able to throw him onto his face and pin him to the sand.

"This has to be real!" Chom whispered through clenched teeth as he struggled against Gonar's weight. "Listen carefully, but in the end let me escape you for the moment. You must rape me in front of the King's box. Make it as hard and brutal as you can. That will buy us time. They have to think that you've screwed me to exhaustion. Then they'll turn loose the lizards. We have a sword and a dagger between us. We should be able to kill one of the lizards that way. The other one can be slowed

by throwing the potion in the blue bottle into his eyes. After that..."

Chom surged and Gonar was thrown off. Chom tumbled, turned, then he had Gonar in a hammerlock, forcing him down on the sand. He bit hard into the muscle of Gonar's shoulder and shoved his big, suddenly hardening cock against Gonar's ass. The crowd roared approval.

"If we get the lizards, there will be help. Don't ask how or why, just be ready!"

Chom loosed his grip ever so slightly and Gonar seized the advantage. He threw Chom off and scampered away, then turned and leaped into a crouch. But Chom turned tail and ran toward the Royal box again. The crowd jeered and threw things. Gonar ran after him.

Chom got to the sand in front of the Royal box and fell to his knees, throwing up his arms in the gesture of pleading for mercy.

"Your Majesty, have mercy on one who has served you well!" he cried, and he even made it sound as if he had hope.

Gonar ran up behind him, grabbed him, threw him face down in the bloody sand and fell upon him. The danger was great now, but it was Chom, his Master, whose body was beneath him. He reached down and ripped away the leathern loincloth, and his cock was hard and ready. The training they had given him made him ready at any time. He shoved his big dick between Chom's hard buttocks, probing for the hole.

Chom resisted, fought him.

Gonar wrapped his arm around Chom's neck and pulled back, as if he planned to break the neck. Chom groaned, then the tightness of his ass loosened and Gonar pushed his big, hard tool against the wall. Chom yelled. Gonar shoved, hard, felt his cock slide in deep.

"Fuck him! Fuck him!" the King roared, and the crowd roared with the King, setting up a mighty chant:

"Fuck him! Fuck him!"

Gonar rammed his prick all the way in, making Chom cry out with pain and secret pleasure. He pulled back, rammed in again. He drew it almost all the way out, then shoved with enough force that Chom screamed.

Now Gonar began to fuck in earnest, hard and fast, as brutally as he could. This was what Chom had said to do. This was what the King had said to do. This was what Gonar wanted to do! Even if he died, he would give Chom his best animal fucking.

Harder and harder he fucked, with all the new-found strength the training had given him. Deeper and deeper, a little bit more with each savage thrust. He knew that he was supposed to buy time, but suddenly that thought was at the back of his mind. The feeling in his cock took over, the raging storm that thundered for release behind his bludgeoning prick. Harder and harder, all the rage of his unwilling slavery fighting for release. He barely heard Chom's voice over the chant of the crowd, over the blood in his ears.

"No, no, not yet! Please!"

But it was on him, the explosion, the volcano, the hot, white lava surging its way up the channel of his dick, up to the head, bursting out in unbearable gobs into Chom's tight ass. He heard his own voice roaring out of his throat the way his cum roared out of his prick. Everything was a storm, a red storm. The crowd was thundering its approval.

But the King's voice cut through the red haze like lightning: "Now! The lizards! Turn loose the lizards!"

It was only a momentary weakness that took him, but it was enough for Chom to throw him off, grab the dagger from his war belt, and cut the rope that bound his wrists. It was also enough time for the first lizard to arrive, and the second. Gonar felt claws sink into his shoulders, felt the cold weight of the thing on his back as it pinned him, grasped his legs with its clawed hind feet and pushed its huge, cold penis into his unprepared asshole.

Gonar screamed, awareness washing over him with the wave of pain that came as his anus was once again split by an enor-

mous penetration. The cold thing slid in and out of him, horrible, loathsome, alien to his body and his soul... And with a terrible clarity he saw ahead of him the other lizard leap and topple Chom, grapple with him, use its clawed feet to try and turn him over.

Gonar watched through pain as Death, in the form of grey, scaly horror manipulated his Master like a rag doll. Chom was strong, but no human could match such a lizard. Its long, red tongue licked out to touch Chom's face, its sharp teeth showed as it opened its huge mouth.

Then light flashed near the lizard's belly where Chom held the dagger, and the lizard hissed, scampering backward, but too late. Blood gouted from the gash, all over Chom, in a trail as the lizard retreated.

The monster fucking Gonar stopped its pumping and paused. Then the huge, cold cock slid out and the thing stood up on its hind legs and roared. Gonar rolled over, looked straight up at it, horror and pain paralyzing him. Was it angered by what had happened to the other lizard or excited by the smell of blood?

The lizard stepped toward him, still on its hind feet, its fore-claw clutching. Gonar rolled aside just as it stepped again. On its hind legs, manlike, it was moving toward Chom.

"The vial!" Chom yelled. "The blue vial!"

Suddenly the lizard was moving faster, faster than anything so big had a right to move. Gonar fumbled at the little pouch, found the blue vial. He pulled the stopper, breaking the wax seal, and climbed to his feet, but the lizard was almost upon Chom, and without the element of surprise a mere dagger would be useless. Feeling the blood trickle from his ripped ass, Gonar yelled at the lizard and started to run toward it, his head swimming with pain.

Chom backed away, dodged in the direction of the Royal box. The lizard dodged after him. Gonar caught up with the creature, saw it bend, reach with its claws for Chom. Gonar kicked the lizard on its haunch, kicked it again, desperate to get its attention.

The lizard turned, its weak mind distracted. Gonar staggered forward and threw the contents of the bottle first at one great eye, then the other. Then he turned and tried to run.

But he was weak, his bowels bloody. He stumbled and fell.

There was a scream from the Royal box. Reflexively Gonar looked up. The Queen, the evil White Owl, was in flames. Ketis held the portable brazier for only a second, then hurled the empty vessel at the King. The King swept it aside and lunged at the naked boy.

But Ketis, though naked and a slave, was younger and swifter than the gold-encrusted King. He grabbed the reaching hands of the Golden Falcon, hurled himself backward, and the two of them together toppled over the edge of the Royal box and down into the arena.

Behind Gonar the lizard roared.

Gonar rolled over and saw it clutch its claws to where smoke rose from burning eye sockets.

"Save the King!" Chom's voice cried out in the stunned silence as the crowd held its breath.

Then the Queen began screaming as the flames got through her feathers and she tried to tear them off. The Royal guards began shouting, trying to help the Queen, confused by a multiplicity of emergencies.

Chom ran forward and dragged Ketis away from the stunned heap of the King, still yelling at the top of his lungs for someone to save the King. He threw the boy over his shoulder, then waved for Gonar to follow him. Gonar, responding at last to the will of his true Master, staggered to his feet, ignoring the pain, and tottered after Chom.

In the wall of the arena a door opened and slaves poured out, followed by falcon-masked men in black.

"Save the King!" Chom continued to shout, pointing excitedly to where the King now scrambled to his feet, in close and apparent proximity to the enraged and blinded lizard.

Gonar ceased to wonder, ceased to do anything but follow his Master across the arena. He did not wonder at the way the

guards at the door let them pass, then shut and bolted the door. He did not wonder why the guards followed them quietly down the dark tunnel. It was all he could do to keep moving. He did not even wonder when one of the falcon masks put an arm around him to support him as he went.

Later Gonar did notice his surroundings. He noticed that Ketis was helping the falcon mask support him. He noticed that they were moving through a long cave, their way lighted by torches. He noticed that he was in a crowd. Falcon masks, slaves, eunuchs. There were two women of rank, dressed as birds. The old chiurgion was with them.

The cave got smaller and branched in several different directions. They took a passage that curved to the right and downward. The air grew warmer and the torches fluttered in a breeze. Someone who walked up ahead, next to Chom, told them to douse all but one of the torches.

After a while Chom came back to walk beside him and talk. "I am sorry, Gonar, my Gonar, for all the things that you have had to endure, but it was the only way to keep you alive. I had to play the King against the Queen or you would have been castrated and dead long ago. That city is a labyrinth of evil, and it was no easy task to threat my way through it. Yet I found good there as well. These people with whom we walk. The old man who attended you, the chiurgion, this boy Ketis. Over there, Chala's lost brother, Chebid. Alas, we were too late to save him from the knife and Chala will have no nephews. There is also the old man who now leads us. He was once a priest of Wa-at, the Volcano god, before the days of blood sacrifice. He knows the old ways, through these tunnels, and he will lead us to the ancient temples that are no longer known. We will be able to get around the crater from those temples, for the new priests in Rhengfel fear the god more than they worship him. We therefore have hope of escape."

"Will the King not have us pursued?" Gonar asked.

Chom shook his head.

"He will try, if he has escaped the lizard. But the ways we took were secret. I do not think he can."

Chom stopped walking and signaled Ketis and the falcon mask to do the same. Then he put his arms around Gonar. The heat of the cavern was now great, and they all sweated profusely. Chom clasped Gonar to him and the slipperiness of their bodies was like the aftermath of lovemaking. He put his lips to Gonar's and Gonar felt his Master's tongue slide into his mouth, search, ravage, then withdraw in promise.

"Tonight we will sleep in the old temples in the walls of the volcano. Tomorrow we will complete our escape. After that we will plot the war against Rhengfel."

Chom kissed him lightly again, then ran his hands down his slippery sides, slid them between his legs, fondled his balls and his cock. For a moment Gonar thought he would make love to him, then and there. But Chom stepped away, touched his face lightly with one hand, then hurried again to the front of the line. Gonar shut his eyes for a moment, knowing that everything was all right, knowing that they were back together again.

"Can you walk again?" asked Ketis, beside him.

Gonar opened his eyes and looked at the boy: saw bright blue eyes twinkling in torchlight, mussed red hair, dirt and sweat dripping down his body. Suddenly, his heart was torn with the memory of Fillian. He realized that he did not know how long it had been since they had been separated. Was Fillian still alive? Was Chala?

For that matter, was Prince Hrendel still alive, far away in the clutches of the Dwork?


The quest had gone awry.

"Yes, I can walk," Gonar said. But he knew that he needed Ketis' support. Knew more certainly that the only thing keeping him going was his love for his Master, Chom. He put one foot forward, then the other. He hoped Ketis had brought his ointments.

He did not want to wake on the morrow to plot a war. □

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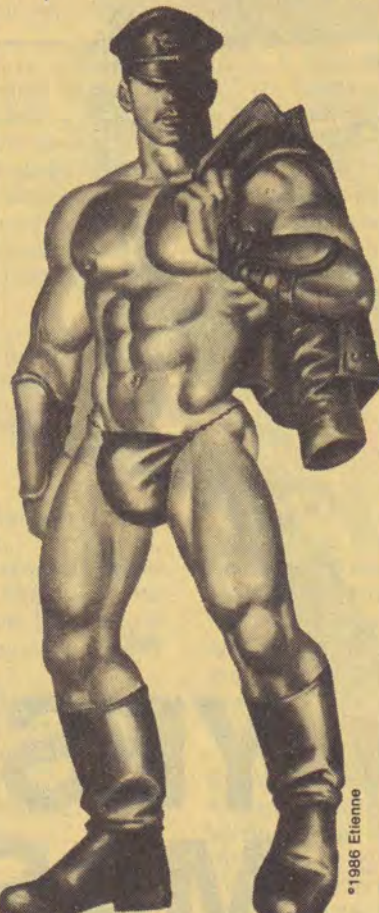
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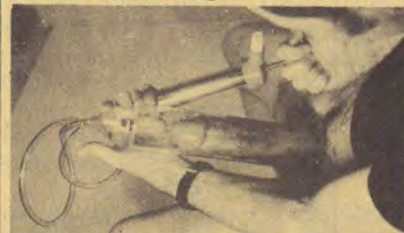
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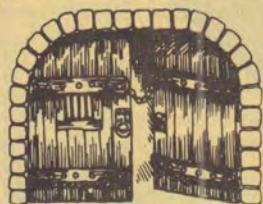
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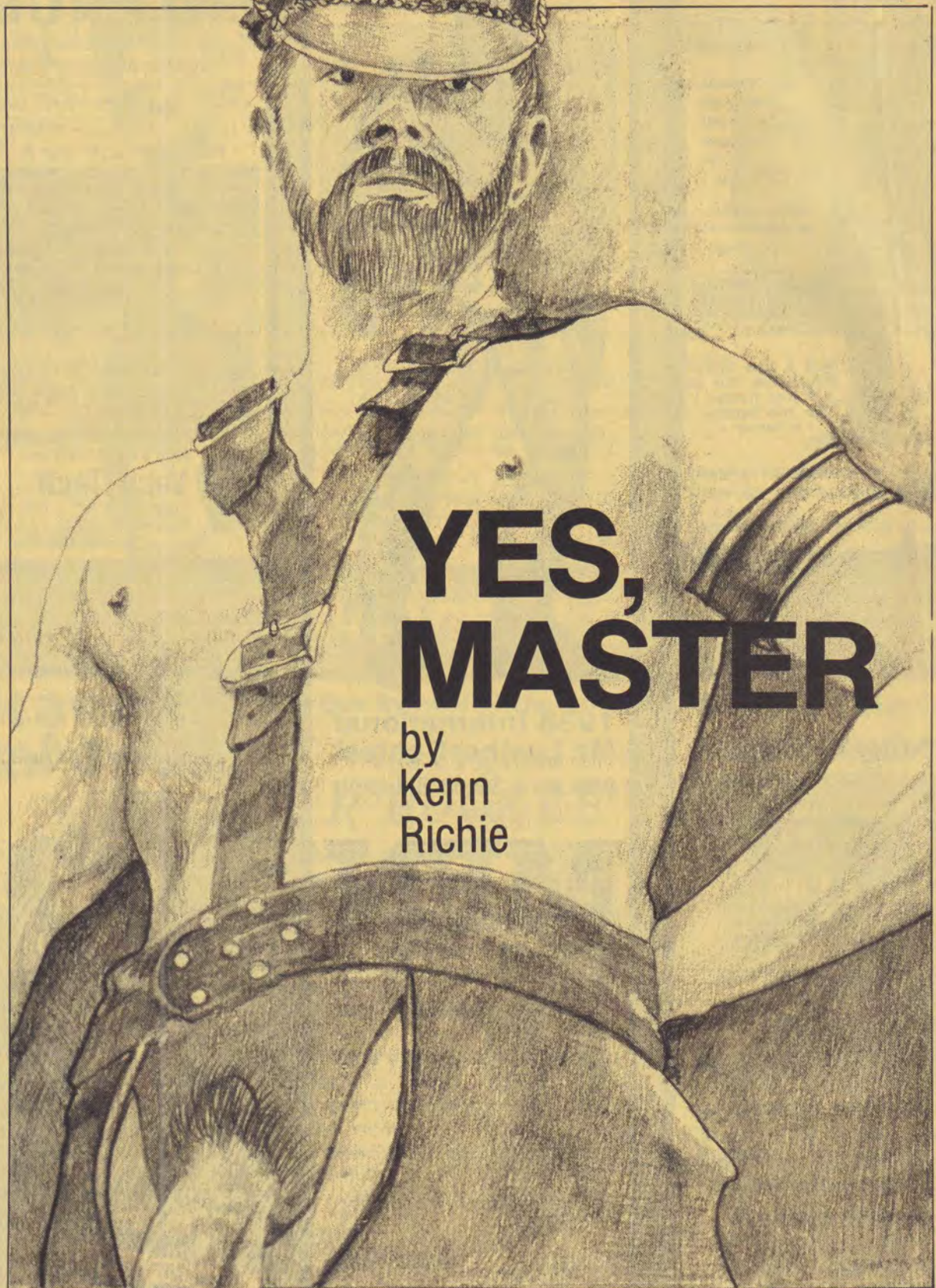
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YES, MASTER

by
Kenn
Richie

"Yes, Master."

"Yeah, that's good, slug. Those two words. Baby? From this point on those are the words. Those are the only two words you know, those are the only two words in the language if you want to survive around here. Is that clear to you? You got that into your feeble brain?!"

"Yes, Master."

"Alright. Yeah, that's alright. Where do you want to go?"

I gave it a moment, curious to know if he'd make the obvious slip, or if he was really ready enough to boil up a session, and anxious enough to be careful. He was naked and ached to get at the bed, but we were still in the living room and I was setting the rules. I was in a mood to boil it up, it was a mood that could promise a good explosion. I wanted to play. I needed a good game played for real, and the game was Simon Says. "Well? What do you want from me, pig?!"

"Yes, Master."

"Okay! Well, what do you know about that, the little snorter scored a point! The little shit's on his toes—on his belly where he belongs. You hear that, turd? You just managed to impress me with something. You proud of that? Huh? You think you really scored big with that? Huh?"

"Yes, Master."

"Awww, but that blows it. The last thing I want around here is a piece of slime that thinks it's something. Ego I don't need. Who ever heard of a slave with an ego? You hear what I called you? Well, I didn't call you that, but I said 'slave.' That means the time could come when I could call you my slave, baby. You'd love that. Don't you just wish! You'd like to be my slave, right?"

"Yes, Master."

"Well, you're not. I only called you that to give you a thrill. I'm letting on that I'm thinking I might... just might try to lift your disgusting-looking butt up the social ladder a little bit. A man has a little respect for his slave. That's where you're missing out. Being a slave is like being a piece of furniture. A man doesn't piss on his furniture."

"Yes, Master."

"You'd love that, wouldn't you? Oh, yeah, sure you would. If I had to piss and if I didn't feel like getting up to go to the can, I might consider it. I'll let you think about that."

"Yes, Master."

"Shit, but you're ugly. You could make a man want to piss. Maybe if it was like into snow, and I could write something with it. I could write 'I am a garden slug' across your face so everybody'd know where you crawl around. God knows, it'd improve your looks. You're too ugly to make even slug class. Maybe that was a little mean of me to let you even think you might make it to slave. Some things just ain't possible. Aww, I dunno'. Maybe some sort of dumb animal class. I could call you something like that but, shit, I hate to insult a poor cow or pig."

"Yes, Master."

"You got me in a good mood, though. How lucky can you get, huh? I'm in the mood, and you've been behaving yourself. Almost, anyway. Dreams can come true when the conditions are right. It's like magic time. You could even get to my cock, you know that? Huh? Oh, that idea has you going! Hah! You'd give anything for that, right? Right?"

I think he was too excited to make a sound.

"Answer me!!!"

"Yes, Master."

"Awww, look how mean I can be. Letting slime like you think you could get to my cock? Letting slime like you think you could do some service to earn your right to exist on this planet? Shit, I'd really have to be in a mood to consider it. But, I guess I'm in a mood. Yeah, maybe I am. If you've got any kind of organs in your sack of garbage you call a body, I'll let your heart start going with that much. I just might let you take care of my cock. Hey! What's that you see in my pants, slug? Something making them bulge like that. Hooo, hooo... that gets you hot. What is it, huh? The fuckin' dream of a lifetime to something like you, right? And, just to keep you goin', I'll tell you you're close. Close enough to think you just might get a taste of it, if

you don't make any mistakes. What does that do to you, slime ball?!"

"Yes, Master."

"Ha! Careful as hell. I like that. Careful as a diamond cutter, right? Ha! Careful as a worthless, no good, ugly, sniveling little bug worried about getting stepped on. Worried, hell. Hoping for it. If I stepped on you it'd be the thrill of your life, right?"

"Yes, Master."

I was getting the beginnings of a good hard-on, but I didn't want him to know it. Not quite yet. There was a force going on inside me, in my thoughts and my guts that was making it hard to try to keep it down in my pants. That mood. I'd started boiling toward this session when I walked into the house. He'd been right there waiting for me with a message he'd learned word-for-word. I'd hurried home to meet Roger, a human-being-type friend, and I didn't like being told that something else had come up, that he wasn't going to meet me and that he'd see me later. The mood started when that pissed me off. I could never stay sore at Roger for more than one or two seconds. In fact, it was damn near impossible to feel things like anger toward... "

"Yes, Master."

"You shut up!! You don't speak unless I want you to. You lost points with that one, slime."

About Roger... Aww, I was a little miffed, that's all. I guess I didn't have any real cause to get sore at this... thing, just because he repeated the message. So? Roger couldn't make it. No big deal! But, the way this slug, this creepy, whimpering turd seemed to enjoy giving me Roger's message? It was as if he was laughing at me behind every word of it. That's the stuff moods are made of. "You told me what Roger said? Word for word? Exactly?!"

"Yes, Master."

I knew he had. He was good about details like that. I couldn't blame him, but damn it, there was that moment of anger and it had to be stored some place! I put it in my balls and it started stirring things up in there. As long as I let a little anger churn things up in my balls and my cock, I could get horny from it. "You'd love to see my cock right now, wouldn't you, turd?"

"Yes, Master."

It wasn't as eager nor as excited a reply as I might have wanted, but it was good enough under the circumstances. He might have told me how much he'd like to see it if I hadn't allowed him only those two words. Yeah, that's how this came about. I'd put a moment of annoyance into my balls and let it stir things up. Now it was starting to want to get out. There's only one sure way I know of to get the stuff out of your balls. The mood was there.

"Yes, Master."

"I didn't ask you! I'm thinking about it, turd. I'm actually thinking about it. You just might get your big, lucky-day thrill. What do you have to say to that?"

"Yes, Master."

It was my Simon Says game, so I couldn't fault him for playing it well. One slip, however, and he'd be in deep trouble. Not only wouldn't he win his prize, but he'd need a lot more punishment than just disappointment about that. One slip and I'd have a good excuse to bash his insides out. One slip and I might even kill him.

"Yes, Master."

"You want it bad. But, shit, you're not worthy of it! You're so far below being worthy of touching my cock, I'm having to feel downright ashamed of myself for even thinking of letting you do it. I don't like to feel that way, slime. If you were a slave, maybe. I could let a slave service me. But you? You're not good enough to be a slave. You know what it takes to earn that title?"

"Yes, Master."

"Alright! Okay, you filth. You want a chance at that?! Okay, so maybe you've got it. Let's just see what you can take, baby. Huh? Maybe you can take it. Into the bedroom! I said, get your ass in there!!"

I gave him a hard, full-booted kick that sent him across the floor and virtually spinning to a place near the foot of the bed.

The kick was hard enough that I had to give some thought of how I might have broken something. Ribs have been known to shatter with lesser field goal punts than that.

"Yes, Master."

He was still going. He was okay. If he was still going, so was I. I was beginning to feel nicely boiled up. My pants were stretching. That anger in my balls had done its work—they were good and full of it now. It was getting near time to flush the cum out of them. He took that kick okay. He'd been working damned hard to obey the rules of the game. He was on his way to reward.

"Yes, Master."

"You shut up, baby. You just lie there on the floor and think of yourself as the fuckin' dirt you are. Room needs sweeping, baby. There's a shit pile of dirt on this floor. Make a note of that. Sweep up in here. Damp mop. Damp mop with your tongue."

"Yes, Master."

"Not now! Fuck!! I just told you to lie there, and you don't move! Shit! In a weak moment I'm thinking I could lower myself to give you the fuckin' thrill of your lifetime, and you want to lick the floor?! I might even let you suck on my cock, and you think about putting dirt in your mouth?!"

"Yes, Master."

"Stupid, baby. Real stupid. Damn, but you're such filth. You're disgusting. I'm really stretching myself to be getting a little bit of a hard-on for you. You're not worthy of even looking at it! You don't move!!"

"Yes, Master."

I sat on the edge of the bed a good distance from him and went for the boots. "Ahhh, you'd love to, wouldn't you? Well, you won't. Kiss and lick these boots? You? You clean the dog shit off the soles of these? Shit, you aren't worthy of that, slime. You aren't good enough to touch them. Besides, these belong to Roger. I only borrowed them. If he wants his slave to clean them, that's up to him. I'm not about to let a whiny little bastard like you anywhere near them. Roger's slave is the only one with a tongue that has any right to get on these."

"Yes, Master."

It was a thought that led to a reminder that I wouldn't be playing this way if Roger had been here to meet me. We'd have gone to a movie, maybe. We'd have gone out somewhere. Roger was... hell, I dunno. Maybe I was a little jealous of him. He treated his slave real good. He knew how to keep a slave. Damn, maybe I was jealous of the fact that he had a slave to keep, one who was always ready to jump if Roger said jump, and get a whipping if the jump wasn't good enough... or a good fucking if it was. Shit. This trash on the floor wasn't even worthy of Roger's slave, let alone to lick his boots."

"Yes, Master."

"I must be crazy, but I'm thinking it might be possible to train you. It'd be a hell of a job to whip you into shape. Your guts get hot. I like that. I can damn near hear those guts of yours churning away when you get hot. That's nice. A good slave has to have that. Maybe it's possible, I dunno. Maybe I could go to all the effort. Like, maybe I'm going to lower myself and give you a thrill, just because I happen to feel like I could use getting some stuff off my balls. Don't count on it, shit bag! Jeez, you get so fuckin' excited! One wrong word out of you and you've lost it. Don't move an inch, turd, or it's gone."

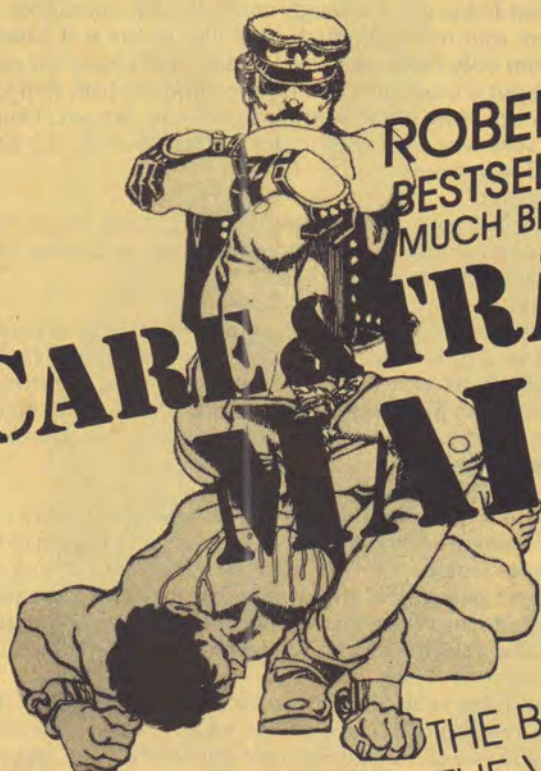
"Yes, Master."

"Don't kid yourself I'm that gung ho to get my nuts off. It's still only a maybe as far as you're concerned. It's still a tossup of that or taking care of it myself, you know?"

I set Roger's boots aside and growled, "If you so much as touch those, you're dead."

"Yes, Master."

"You think that's just some figure of speech? You better think twice or three times about that. I could snuff you right now, and who'd ever know about it? Who'd give a rat's ass? I could haul your carcass out to some dumpster, and there's nobody'd know or care. The only person that knows you're even allowed in this house is Roger, and even if he noticed you were gone, he wouldn't give a shit. I could be getting curious to know what it



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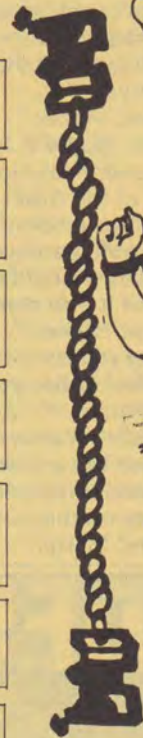
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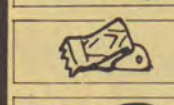
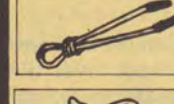
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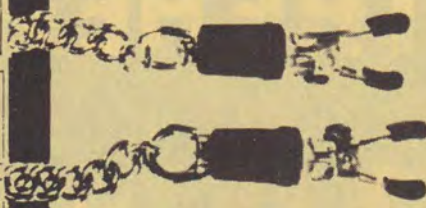
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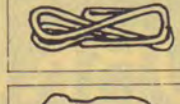
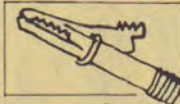
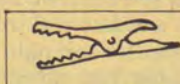
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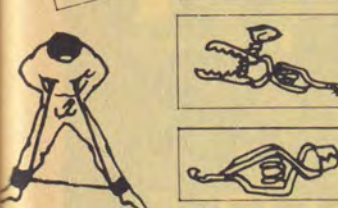


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feels like to snuff a pile of guts. I couldn't find a more expendable one if I tried."

"Yes, Master."

"So, you know this is getting damned serious here. The closer I get to giving you a thrill, the more risk you're taking if you make a slip. You'd better be damned careful now, baby. Yeah? Okay. My feet are sweaty, and the floor's cold. I want them warm and dry. You don't move, slime! Here. This one first. I'll decide how much pressure I'll give it, you just warm and dry it. All right. That's not bad. Now, this one. You hold still! If I decide to step harder and crush your face, you just die, but you don't move. All right! I'll give you a point. You're good."

"Yes, Master."

"Point closer to what you dream about, slug. You want my cock something awful, don't you? Yeah, you sure do. Shit, if you weren't such an ugly, useless turd! You need to be whipped into shape before you can be worthy of that cock, baby. You need some of that slime beaten out of you. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Master."

"I'm glad we agree on that. Yeah. You know what this is? Yeah, sure you do." I'd pulled the switch off the hook on the back of the closet door and dangled it down toward his face. It was a fine piece of equipment, a special design of leather tassel that could be as gentle as a summer breeze. Yet, with the flick of a switch, a length of braided power came out of the handle and turned it into damned near a cat.

"Yes, Master."

"Let you taste it? You? I'm letting you smell it. I might even let you feel it, but you're not good enough to taste good leather like this."

I pulled it away from his face and stuck it between my legs, to jut out like a black cock over him. "Leather like this too," I growled softly as I took off my jacket. "You'd love to get your mouth on this too, I'll bet."

"Yes, Master."

I tossed the jacket aside, daring him with my stern gaze to move, to go after it and worship and care for it. He resisted the temptation to do that. I grabbed the switch firmly in my right hand and slapped at my left promisingly as I paced about over him. He was getting hotter and hotter. I thought it was the sight of my bare chest that was doing it to him. It might have been the promise of the switch.

"You're really getting scared now, scared you're going to blow it. You want to worry that you aren't going to show me you can take what it takes to be a slave. You really think you can pass the test? You want to pass that entrance exam, don't you? Beat some of the slime out of you, and maybe you can do it. A dozen across the back, maybe. You don't move, slime. When I wat you on your belly, I'll put you there. Footprint on your face. I like that. Looks good. Dirt looks better than your face, that's for sure."

"Yes, Master."

I reached down and yanked him over on his back, pushing his face into the floor. "We're getting you there, slug. Now you get to answer for pissing me off with that message before. A dozen good ones!"

I brought out the cat and gave them to him. Maybe it was a few more than twelve, maybe less, I lost count in the pure joy of getting them out! He took them well enough. He bounced on the floor with each of them and he looked like he was trying to slide away from the kiss of pain they delivered. When it seemed like he wanted to, or was thinking about trying to get under the bed, I let the cat yowl with some added force.

"Yes, Master."

I reached down again and yanked him over on his back, staring at his face. "That's getting you there, slime. Only now you've got to answer for having my balls get hot. You see? Oh, yeah, I know what you see. You see what you want in my pants, don't you? Good and hot and strong in there. You want that. Well, all right, slime. It's too tight in there; it's gotta come out. You get a good look! You earned yourself a look at it."

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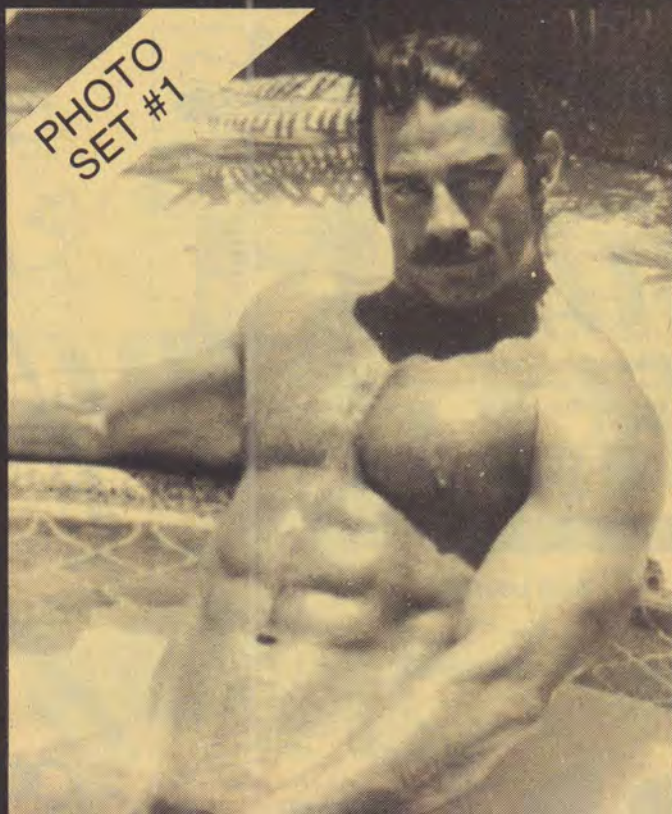
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"Yes, Master."

That response wasn't his best choice. I was going for his thrill. I was trying to do something for him. I was displaying the hottest cock he'd ever seen in his whole, fuckin', worthless life, and he responded with the two words I'd allowed him at that moment? It made it sound a little sarcastic. I didn't like his being sarcastic. I was dropping my pants to him to let him have a good look at the seven plus inches of thick meat that he was going to be allowed to service, and he plays the game at that moment? No. Oh, no. That boiled me. I flew with that hint of sarcasm. With my pants still around my ankles, I let go and grabbed the switch from where I'd tossed it on the bed and let out a growl of rage as I slashed it hard across his face!

"Yes, Master."

That did it! We were hard at it now! He was going to taunt me with the words I gave him? He was bragging that he could take anything I gave him? I wildly slashed the cat across his face again! It left more marks than my feet had.

I stepped back and finished getting my pants off. He could stare at my cock now if he wanted. I gave him that. I let him look as I began stroking at it to soothe its demanding, anxious stretch.

"Yes, Master."

Damned if he didn't hold on! I hated his almost seeming to brag about it, but he was hanging on to every command I had given him, and he was proving himself worthy of my red-hot meat. Shit! Hot is right. I was good and hot, and so was he. I could see and feel my cock dancing up and down and even when I eased off on stroking at it, I was hot! Oh, God, I was hot!! I'd be oozing precum any second, and it needed service fast! Damn! And he'd taken it! He'd proven himself worthy! I'd let him take my cum!

"Do it good and you graduate, baby. Do it good and I'll make you my slave."

"Yes, Master."

I picked him up and threw him on the bed, then towered

over him waving my cock back and forth. "I haven't decided yet," I grumbled. "You're so fuckin' ugly, I don't know which end of you is worse. You don't move! When I decide which hole to use I'll put you on it. You don't move! Your ass is disgusting. Hard to imagine that you could suck worth a shit; that takes talent. What the shit, I'm getting set to come right now, so it won't take long. I don't have to spend too much time in getting it over with. Oh, what the shit. You've done good, I guess I can let you taste it."

"Yes, Master."

"Alright, slime. Here's your big chance. Suck cock, slug. Suck it good and deep and tight and I'll make you a slave. Go on, slime, it's your big chance. Suck it! Suck the cum out of it, turd. Suck that thing. *Do it!!*"

"Yes, Master."

"Ohhh... yeah! Okay. Not bad, slug. Suck it deep, baby. Yeah. Pull on it good. Yeah... Uuugh... Uuugghh... Yeah! Not bad! You'll taste some cum, baby. Uuugh... uuugh... uuugh... Yeah! Mmmmmmm..."

"Yes, Master."

"Shut up! Shut up!! Ugghhh? Ahhh? No! Oh, shit! Fuck!! You can't talk while you're sucking a cock, you filthy bastard!! You shit! Ahhhh... Time to talk is— You... die!!"

I shoved him as hard as I could off the bed and he crashed to the floor. I hadn't told him to stop... to stop saying "Yes, Master." I could feel my cock in a good, hot mouth being sucked like crazy. It wasn't just my hand; it felt like a good, hot mouth, and then he had to say, "Yes, Master"! I wanted to smash him to pieces. I think I might have if I hadn't heard the front door slam.

"Hey, slave?! Get out here fast and wipe my shoes off!"

I tumbled to the floor, shut off the tape recorder and put the switch in my teeth. Now I would speak with my mouth full, the way it should have sounded. I crawled naked toward the living room and Roger, and I responded with the words I was permitted to use.

"Yes, Master."

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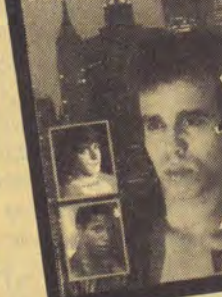
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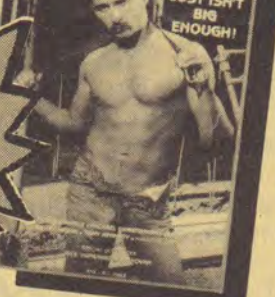
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MICHAEL A. ROSEN



At 44, San Francisco photographer Michael A. Rosen is in the process of opening new doors, for himself and for other people. He says he has a "compulsion to do things that haven't been done before; to grab you by the collar and shake you up."

Lately Rosen has been shaking people up with a self-published book of art photographs of sadomasochism called, *Sexual Magic: The S/M Photographs*. They are photographs of gay men, lesbians and heterosexuals captured doing SM as it is really done by real people behind closed doors. In Rosen's own words, they are "photographs of sexual magic. Photographs of Dominance and Submission, of Sadism and Masochism, of giving and receiving erotic intensity, of giving and receiving pleasure, of role playing and role reversal. The participants are having fun. They are 'turned on.' This is sex play and a journey of self-exploration."

These are photographs of sizzling, real sadomasochism, but captured in a way, and from an approach that you have never seen before. Trying to avoid the

lurid stereotypes about whips-and-chains sex, Rosen has gotten down to the essentials of the SM interaction by focusing on the "energy" that is exchanged between top and bottom. Looking more like dreams than sex, Rosen's photographs are grainy, soft, intensely black-and-white images of that exchange. Don't look for the details of SM implements here; a frozen grimace becomes a blur of emotion, a whip caught stop-action becomes a wave of electricity flowing through the air.

These photographs are especially dangerous during these dark times. Despite an increasingly conservative mood throughout the country, Rosen wants to leave the world a better place than he found it. For him, creating understanding (for himself as well as others) about something so misunderstood and feared is his way of having an important impact on the world. "If you go for it," Rosen comments, "you'll be surprised at what you can accomplish."

Due to the nature of the work, Rosen self-published this book. But, despite

growing critical praise, he is having a hard time getting the book into bookstores. The book can be purchased directly from Shaynew Press, PO Box 11719, San Francisco, CA 94101 (\$23, postpaid).

In going one step further, Rosen has included statements from the participants in the photographs about sadomasochism. The photographs combined with the words make powerful statements about the humanity, the love, the intensity and the magical power of SM. Even Rosen has learned some things and incorporated them into his private life.

But don't expect to see your standard fantasy images. Be ready to see erotic daydreams as people really live them. The images on the following pages are from this body of work by Michael A. Rosen; some of them from his book. Rosen believes in erotic freedom and challenges the world with his book. "Don't be afraid to turn up the wick," he urges. *Drummer* is proud to share the work of this challenging and talented photographer with its readers.

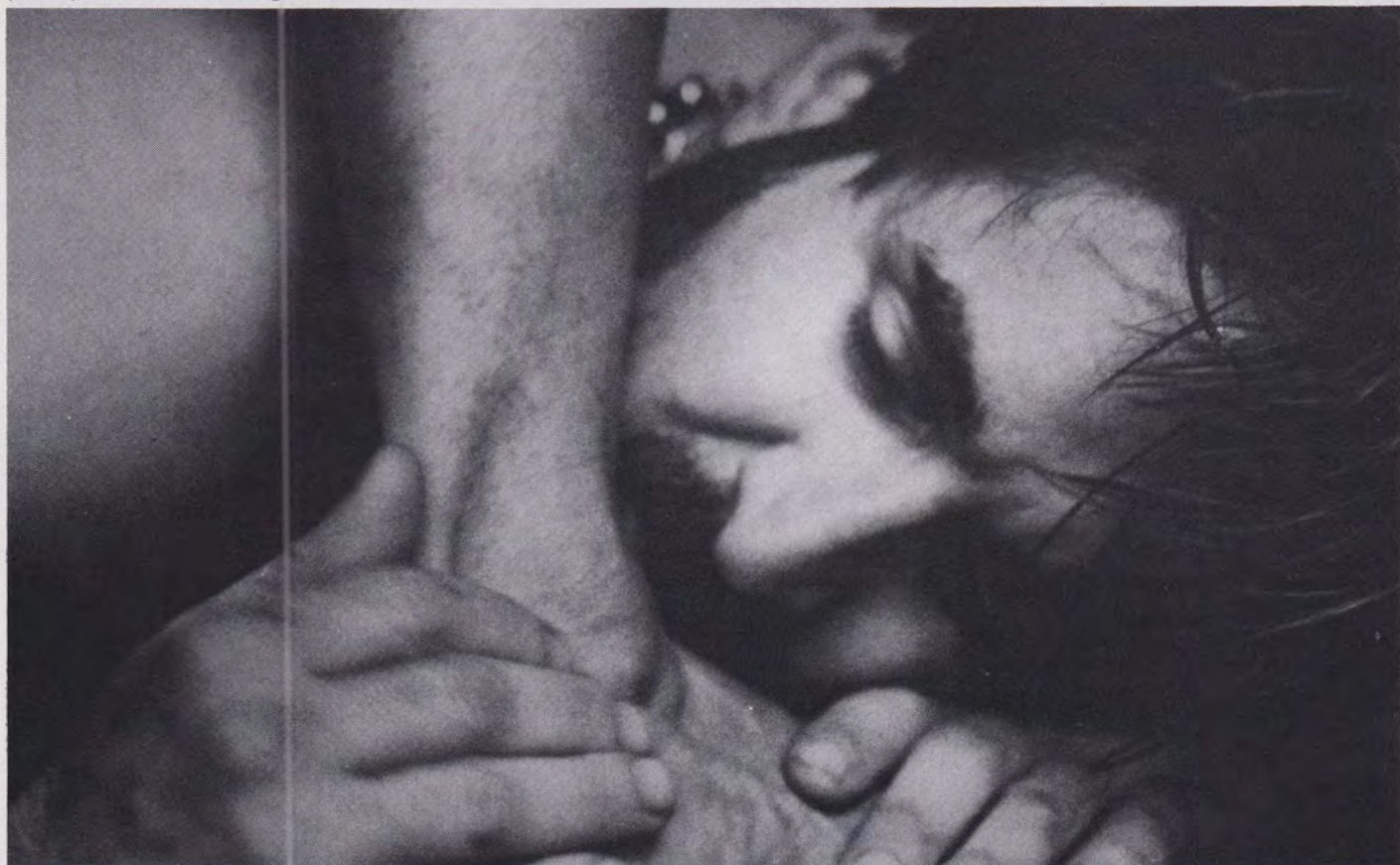




Pain is such a harsh word. Pain to me is when I break some glass at work and I have to pick up the pieces and I get a piece of glass in my finger; that's pain to me. What we do isn't pain. He's loving me, he's touching me in a loving way. I guess that's the perception that's missing sometimes.

I'd never had anyone beat my ass like he does. It's not pain, or rather not pain negative, but pain positive. Pain ecstasy. I feel helpless, hopeless, joy, sorrow . . . I feel a whole range of things, but I think they all encircle, they're all composed of surrender and submission.

Boy Steven





Pain, synonymous with “undesirable” to many, is not that at all. It can be thought of as a battering ram for the very thick walls we build around us, as a means for another (the dominant) to touch

us even if we have made ourselves not so easy to touch. When the wall is breached, the pain transmutes magically into intense pleasure.

Layne Winklebleck

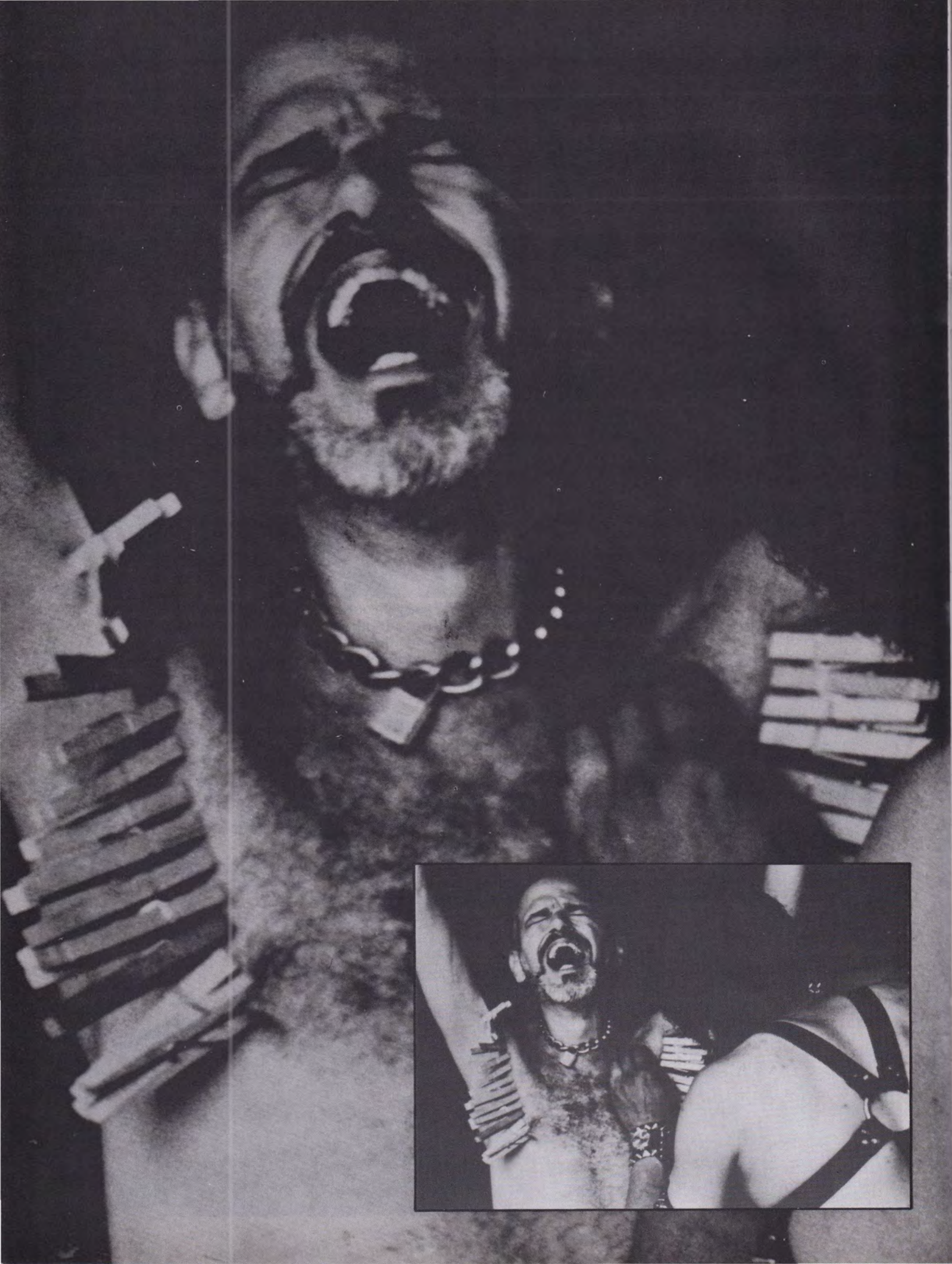




This form of love allows me to experience complete trust and to joyfully acknowledge all of my sexual and emotional needs. To me the beauty of SM is in its paradoxes: through the intensity of

pain we give ourselves more completely to each other than in perhaps any other way; through the exploration of fantasy we are honestly ourselves than at perhaps any other time. *Steve W.*



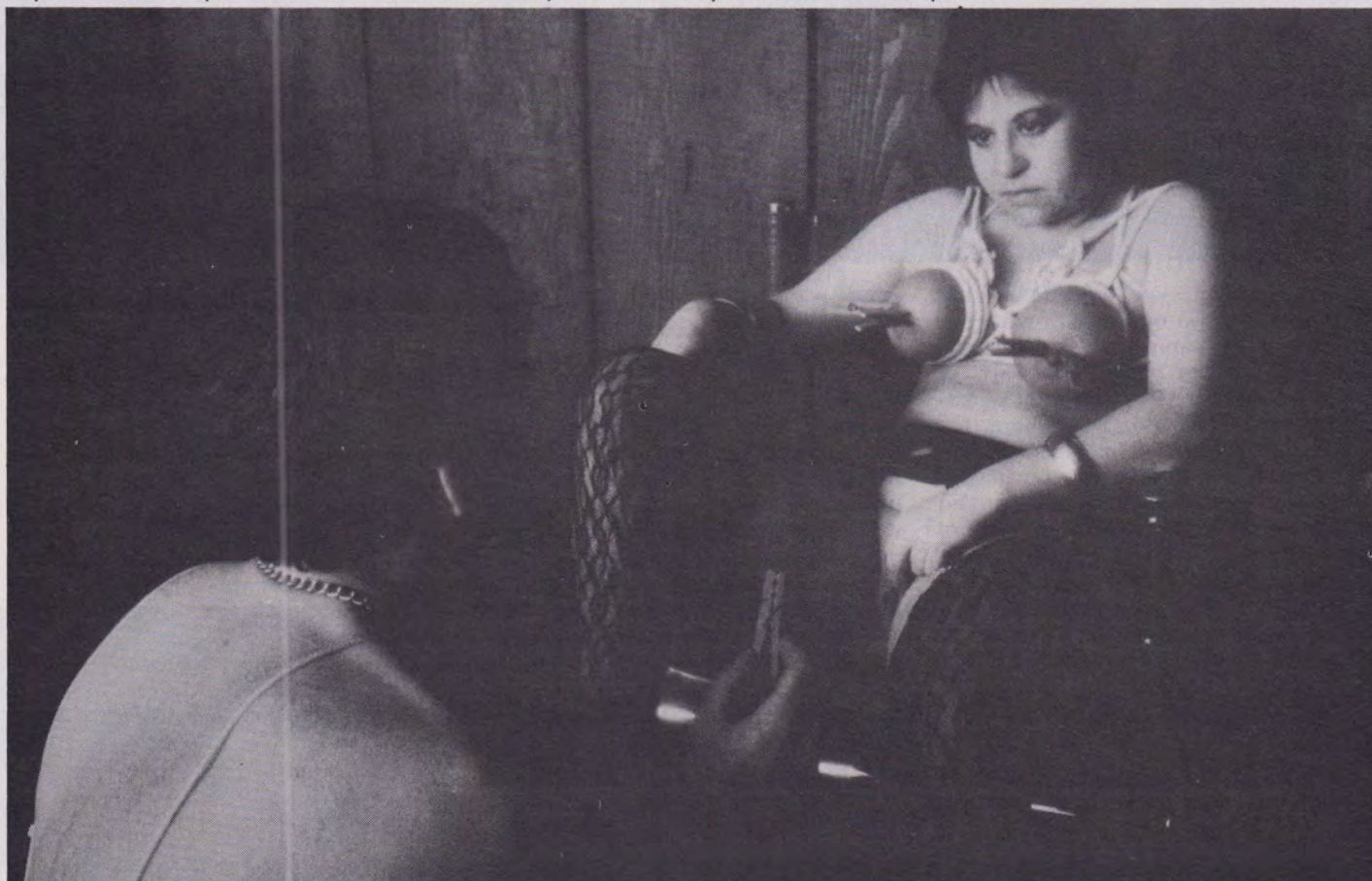


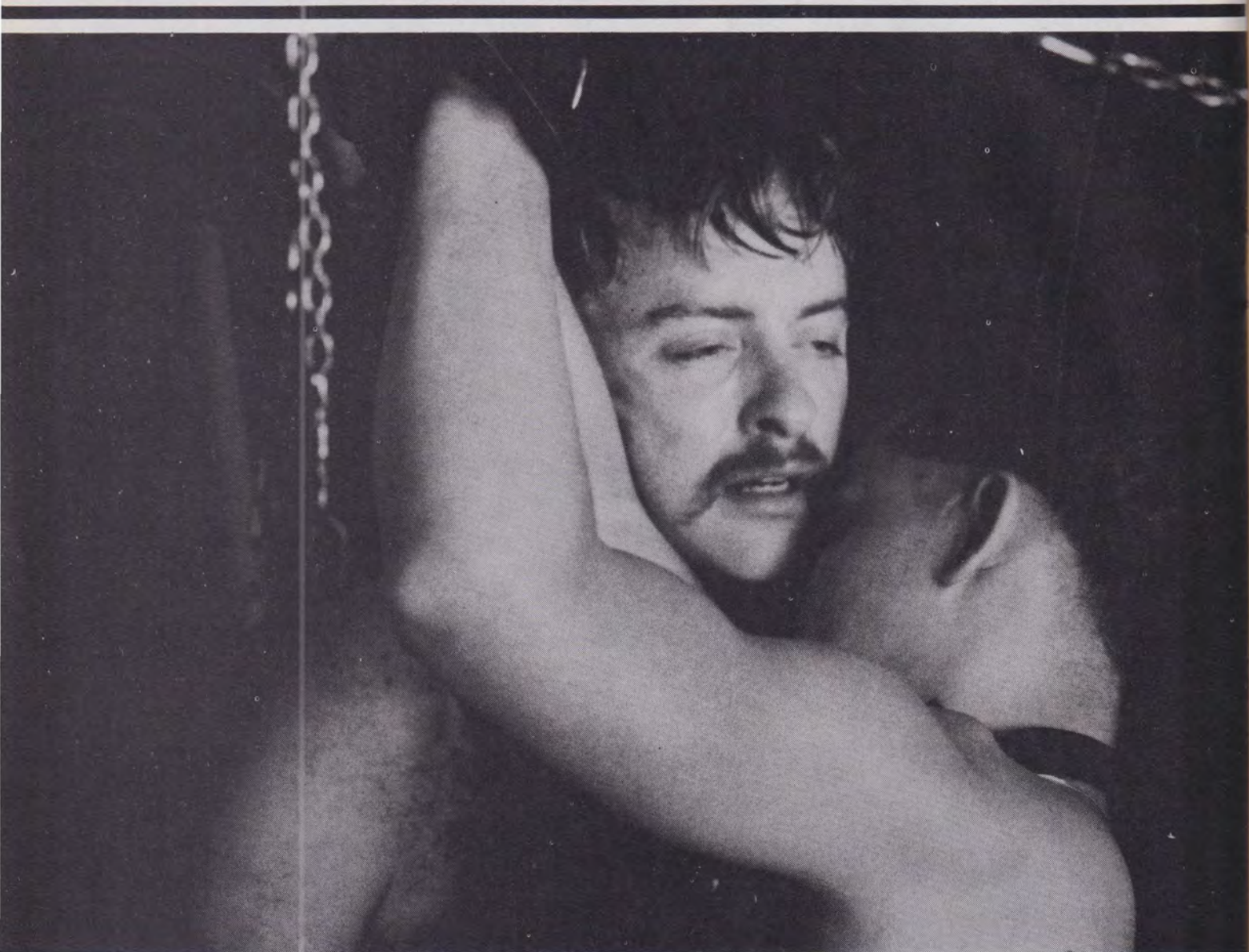


How far can we take our pleasures? As long as it's pleasurable for both of us, we keep exploring and expanding. Limits are set so we have a framework in which to work and the limits are expected to be expanded. We break limits, we expand them.

Limits are based on when it stops being pleasure. We're not here to see if I can beat him black and blue, or raw or red or bloody. That's not the purpose at all. The purpose is to give pleasure, to receive pleasure.

Sir Charles





When I'm submissive, I whine and I'm shy, which is the opposite of what I'm like when I'm dominant. It's not playacting, it's real and comes out that way because there are two different personae in me. The little girl in there that needs to be whipped and spanked and humiliated is not the same woman who wants to see men crawl at her feet and get them really hard and turned on and tease them and make them do her the way she wants. It's not the same person. They're both me, but they're different aspects of me. I believe that if people tap into the different personae of them-

selves and play with them in the context of SM or B/D with someone they trust, then life gets richer.

Cleo

The experience that I get from him isn't pain; he takes me somewhere else, and I ride with it. I keep opening up and letting go. He's very good at what he does—whipping. He seduces you into it. He's not vicious or cruel. He doesn't descend on people. He builds up intensity. He starts out where the touch of the whip is like a caress, a leather caress, and then it builds on my body. And the warmth, the

heat, just starts building. It gets hotter and hotter and then it dawns on me that it's like I'm on a roller coaster and I'm starting to go up and there's no turning back and it starts getting more intense and it's very dramatic, and more intense and more intense. It's like I'm on a roller coaster and then it starts getting really fast. If I surrender I find myself flying. It's release, intensity, a high; it's like a rain of fire and I'm flying inside. I'm high. I'm very high. I get very high and when I bottom out it takes me a while to come back.

Sybil Holiday

THE FIRST—THE BEST!

THOUSANDS OF REAL MEN WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL



- **NO ACTORS**
- **NO SCRIPTS**
- **S&M/LEATHER LINE —**
TIRED OF FAKES AND
PHONIES? GET IT ON
WITH OTHER MEN WHO
TALK YOUR LANGUAGE!
- **MEET SOMEONE LINE —** DON'T
SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT
ALONE — GET TOGETHER WITH
BAY AREA MEN FOR MUTUAL
ENJOYMENT!
- **J/O LINE —** WHEN YOU NEED
TO GET IT UP, GET IT ON, AND
GET IT OFF WITH ANOTHER
HORNY GUY!



"Our 4th Anniversary"

**THE ORIGINAL SEX LINK...
AND STILL THE LOWEST PRICED**

Other services charge up to .66 per minute —
The Connector is still less than .08 per minute

**FOR FREE INFORMATION
CALL 415-346-8747**

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) _____
☐ Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1⁰⁰) _____
Total Enclosed \$ _____

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.

DEAR SIR:



NATIONWIDE

DEFIANT SLAVE/SON—N.W.

35, tall, trim, good-looking, into leather. Collar me, gag me, then train me to meet your needs. I need a big, insatiable, strong leatherdad...not a little boy with ego problems. Can relocate. Call (206) 841-2675 (after 10 P.M. West Coast time).

THE REAL THING

True, submissive, sexy Italian, hairy, masculine, seeks truly dominate, masculine man who knows the value of using a man for his pleasure and easier life. Very serious, prefer heavy, stocky. Photo requested. PO Box 260, Red Hook Sta., Brooklyn, NY 11231

ENGLISH HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

Looking for understanding leatherman/cowboy to serve. Into B/D, cocks, leather, Levis, light S/M (training needed). I'm 32, 5'10", 150, slim. Limits: drugs, FF. Presently in UK but moving to US. Full job description with photo answered immediately. Box 5218

DENTIST DADDY WANTED

Hung, good-looking, 22, seeks dentist/s/others into: dentistry, dental equipment/scenes/procedures under restraint. Shaving? Rubber? Box 5229

BISexual ARAB MASTER

34, gives orders, demands attention, insists respect! I'm 6', 180 lbs., hard body, well-defined chest with black hair. Beg for this big, fat, 8 1/2" cock. Prove you want to taste this huge, ol' dick! Use your mouth, tongue, lips: say "Thank you, Sir." Bad boys will be stripped naked, bound and spanked. Show me your hole—that pussy is mine, faggot! SF, CA. S.I.R. Box 5225

HUNGRY VIRGIN BUTT

Handsome, hairy-assed, masculine boy, 6'2", 180, huge, needs Daddy's domination. (305) 226-0554.

MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY

strong daddy-type man, 36, handsome, hairy, well-hung, fit and masculine wants son/lover for monogamous partnership involving home, business and being together. This daddy is caring, loyal, understanding and loving, yet a dominant and take-charge man. The person I seek is 25 to 35, hardworking, smooth, handsome, tall and well-built with a sense of value and extremely loyal. Sexually, you can expect heavy Greek, bondage, toys, ball shaving and should be open to experimentation. It may seem like I ask for a lot but for the right man this will be a unique and rewarding relationship. Sincere men should respond with photo and letter to Box 5205.

FISTFUCKERS

Mutual pleasure with GWM, 32, 6'3", 185 lbs. Write JR, 5005 Bryant S., Suite 188, Mpls., MN 55419.

DADDY SEEKS SON

Good-looking, healthy, GWM, 6'1", 170, 41, DC area, seeks submissive son who craves both affection, tenderness, caring and dominance, direction, discipline. All applicants considered. Into safe but adventurous sex, TT, BD, discipline, respect for limits. Send letter and photo to Box 5208

MASOCHISTIC DAD

seeks two sadistic sons for SM family. Dad will be sons' whipping, sex and toilet slave. Sons must be 18-30, healthy, handsome and cut. Brains a plus. If you qualify, send face photo and sincere letter to Box 84, Downstairs, 132 W. 24, NYC 10011.

I LUV TICKLING

Seek sincere, warm hunk for friendship and affectionate tickling. Respect limits. Share stories, experiences, fantasies. Box 5200

BIG BB LOOKING FOR HOT DAD

GWM, 27 years old, 6'2" tall, 220 lbs., black hair/beard, dark eyes, 49" chest, 32" waist, big hairy pecks with super-sensitive tits. Looking for a Master/dad with similar description. Please send photo or slides. Travel frequently in U.S. & Alaska, infrequent trips to Europe. Please write soon, Dad. I'm on my knees! Box 5154

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM, 31, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, ex-farm boy, masculine, bottomman. Seeks hairy-chested, masculine, dominant, aggressive topman for permanent one-to-one relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers, but will answer all who respond. I can relocate. Sincere only. Jim, PO Box 421568, San Francisco, CA 94142.

FISTFUCKING

Top/bottom/mutual scenes. Special interest in huge hands, punching. Photo, please. PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357.

SATANISM

36, 6'2", 165 lbs., bearded, well-hung, and into Satanism and raunch. Looking for man into the same. Satanic rituals, long sessions, leather, sweat, spit, piss, scat, SM and all-around filthy, kinky, weird, sleazy sex. Box 5177

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

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

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.

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

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)

BIG STRAIGHT MAN WANTED

Expert white cocksucker, asslicker, endurance champ, almost straight, seeks oversexed, insatiable, uncut, hung-thick, bull-necked, big white beefy, hairy partner, 40-80. Whiskers, balding, beergut, ugly OK. Shaven, heroic, handsome OK. Dominant, submissive OK. Mate for life. Box 4721LF

HTLV3—POSITIVE

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

NAKED SLAVE HOUSEBOY

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

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

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

UNIFORMED PROFESSIONAL SEEKS SAME

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

AMERICAN SCOT

seeks photo exchanges with beefy, raunchy Scotsmen everywhere. Let's see what you've got under your kilt. Write B.J., Box 4973.

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

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

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 10 1154, 6000 Frankfurt, W. Germany

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, LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 34 years, 5'11", 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, hairy pecs with big, rock-hard nipples. Looking for similar hot tops/bottoms to 40. I am a stable, well-educated, healthy professional. Interests include photography, BB, hiking. Enjoy mutual titwork, long hot J/O sessions, jockstraps, toys and safe, hard workouts. Can be a hot Dad for the right man. Especially into uncuts, Cowboys, Asian men. No drugs or fems. Send a hot photo and/or phone 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)

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, sensual, 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. Write to me—The Stud—to discuss further training techniques. Your imagination in mind-control trips are of particular interest, plus your ideas on using Suck Hole's nuts as our toys for fun and games. Stipulate approximate dates you'll be in Northern California to coordinate training session times when we'll remove the big dildo from my cocksucker's mouth and replace it with the real thing. Box 4805LF

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

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.

LIKE TO WRITE?

Let's write and exchange fantasies and experiences. I like to receive and answer letters about any kind of sex. 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.

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN

seeks other tops or bottoms for all-night acts of versatility with possibility of permanent relationship. I'm a recent college grad, 6', 165 lbs., br haired, br eyed, moustached, good-looking stud with 8" that feels like 12" after the fucking starts. I'm into almost everything, especially leather, cock rings, ball stretchers, dildoes, slings, poppers and hot men. Pierced tits and tattoos are my biggest turn-ons. Send me your photo and I promise to return it with mine. To all you big-dicked studs: Write: Bob C., PO Box 5454, Louisville, KY 40205

TLC FOR DEHNERS

Call (818) 913-3819.

PROVINCETOWN BOUND

Why waste time tea dancing or hanging around bars when you long to be shackled and have your tits and balls creatively tortured. Your butt may glow after an intense session, but it won't show under your speedos. Tall, bearded leatherman (40s, 170 lbs.) in P-town July 8-16. Send photo and letter to Box 4988LF or ask for Cliff at Sea Drift Inn.

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

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

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

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

Manacled to a St. Andrew's cross, you try to curse through a mouth stuffed with a moisture-robbing foam ball, as newer and weightier tit clamps send twists of pain through overloaded nerve circuits. Then pleading, your cries become gasps as a toothed-parachute harness presses insistently into your encircled scrotum. Gasps become sobs as distended balls bear more and more weights. Eternity passes as buttocks redden from paddles swatting them into tortured firmness. Your asshole, stretched from its dildo-topped perch, now yields to one toy after another. Then darkness. Encapsulated in isolation from sight and sound, your nerve endings flush from sensuous strokes of leather across distended testicles, even as they recoil from drip after drip of hot wax. More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 40-year-old GWM Daddy gives the final rub-down with hot oil and says, "You passed, son. Cum." The tape recording of your agony will be a turn-on if you never serve another Master. Within 150-mile radius of New Orleans, can pay 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.

ASIANS FOR FANTASY

Do you have a kinky side? Borderline fetish? Let's explore each other's fantasies. The time is now. Relationship is possible. I am 25, GWM, attractive, 6', 145 lbs. Send detailed letter/photo/phone to G.H., 495 Ellis St., Suite 204, San Francisco, CA 94102.

INEXPERIENCED PUSSY

I'm 26, 155 lbs., 6', brn/blue, hot, passionate, subservient, G/p, F/a. I need a masculine, hot, steamy, hung big, GWM, 30-45. Nude photo, letter to: PO Box 25654, Cleveland, OH 44125-0654.

SHOWOFFS

J/O in public places; leave cum on steps; J/O in front of windows? alleys? cars while driving nude—you like that, huh? Well, drop a description of your action (phone J/O?—send #) to this gym, 38, 5'10", smooth, 138, runner's hard body and dick and I'll show you action in a reply from Joe. Box 5223

SON/SLAVE WANTED

33, 5'9", 145 lbs., Master/Daddy is looking for a 21-35 for training. Into C&BT, S/M, TT, B/D, WS, toys, leather, uniforms. For permanent, live-in relationship. If you think you're the right one, get with it, asshole, and send photo and photo to Butch, PO Box 9305, Ogden, UT 84409. No fats or fems.

TRUCKERS ONLY

Passing through Tulsa? Masculine WM, 32, 6', 170, has hungry mouth ready for service. Box 5213

LIVE-IN SLAVE/HOUSEBOY

Must be submissive, obedient, hard-working, under 40. Fair but firm discipline administered as needed by considerate Master. Travel included. Available immediately. Rob Jensen, PO Box 454, Fargo, ND 58107.

SLAVE WANTED FOR ADOPTION

GWM, 43, masculine, in-shape, seeks long-term relationship with younger man whose life need direction and purpose. You will be given the opportunity to develop your full potential through harsh discipline. If worthy, you will be accepted as a son and rewarded. Letter with photo and phone to Box 5231.

OUTLAW BIKER

WM, 45, 6'1", 220 lbs., wants to putt through life on Harleys with bro into Biker Lifestyle, including leather, guns, tattoos, B&D and cigars. No drugs or cigarettes. Send flick of you and scooter. Box 5232

SCUMBAG

Masochistic slave seeks servitude in sadistic stable in Southeast and adjacent states. Travels. Box 5237

HAIRY MUSCLEMAN

30, 6', 200 lbs., seeks same into face fucking, assplay, ballwork and other forms of domination. Straight acting, muscle only. Wimps, queens, don't waste your time. Pix answered first. Box 5242

DC NOVICE SEEKS EXPERIENCES

BM, 35, 5'6", 150, seeks black or white male, 30-40, to explore fantasies—including light SM. Address and/or telephone gets details. Box 5235

HOT GWM

31 yrs., 6'1", 190 lbs., hairy, muscular, anal, fistfucking, dildoes. Box 5238

MASTER

White male, 45, does not fit usual leather scene mold. 6', 190 lbs., wears glasses, beer gut, out of shape, smokes, drinks, reader, book collector. Requires slave/dog. Demands total submission/obedience. Expect to be used. New to scene and I have a clear conception of what I want. I intend to live it as lifestyle, not game. Preference given to Southern California, but serious thought given to all. Plea to Box 5241

HOT MAN

Wanted by attractive, versatile, 34-year-old GWM. Prefer being bottom, 5'10", 160 lbs., 7 1/2" thick cock, hanging balls, together mentally and physically. Interested in meeting experienced, hot, attractive top men with big, hairy chests and man-sized meat. Want to expand my sexual experiences with leathermen and explore hot scenes with toys, ass/tit/ball play, fucking with rubbers and more. Not looking for relationships, just safe encounters. Come on, man, it's time I expanded my experiences. No heavy pain or scat. Replies with photos answered first. T.S., Suite 106, 6006 Greenbelt Rd., Greenbelt, MD 20770.

ARMY—100% HARD MUSCLE

NO B.S. 5'11", 180, 30 years. Masculine, good looks. Seeks: BUILT, or hard/lean, at least 5'8", 18-30. Want you on your knees, obedient—will consider mutual IF built better than me. SAFE, imaginative scenes. NO pigs or ladies. Traveling USA on leave (July/Aug). ALL TRUE. Recent photo, phone. Box 5245

S/M BUDDY WANTED

By 39-yr.-old, 6'4", 230 lb., very muscular, masculine, quiet, bright businessman/BB with 52" chest, pierced nipples, 19" arms, 33" waist, handsome, looking for sharp, well-built, masculine men between 35-60 for mutually satisfying S/M encounter or ongoing multifaceted sexual/mental S/M friendship/relationship. Dominant mind set, positive attitude, aggressive nature important. Interests include tit work, balls, pain/pleasure, J/O, safesex, codpiece pants, harnesses, hoods, gloves, uniforms, mirrors. Fantasies wanting to be realized include: Tit Master, Ball Master, Pain/Pleasure Master, Control Master (Master meaning "expert" and "authoritative"). Reality includes a hot, capable, aware, worthy partner for the right man. Trim beard, hung, sense of humor, appreciation for the ritual, bonding, pleasure and dynamics of S/M are pluses. San Francisco/Bay Area preferred; other locations considered. Reply to: Pete—Box 486, 584 Castro, S.F., CA 94114.

CHAIN-GANG SLAVE

Master, WM, 40s, heavy build demands a slave. WM, 20s-40s, who is well-built, very affectionate, humble, obedient; ready for full-time, permanent, chained service as boot boy, body slave, field hand. Expect hard labor in heavy chain from a harsh slave owner. This position is not for the insincere. No drugs, FF, scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855LF.

READY

Yes, I'm ready...to want a man, one who wants me to want him. I am 32 yrs., 5'9", 157 lbs., moustached, balding, considered handsome and hunky and very hair (basic Italian looks). I'm also safe, sane, healthy (but not paranoid), responsible and a professional. The man for me is (probably) at least my age, at least moustached, at the very least responsible, has good physical presence, has no need for alcohol, tobacco or drugs, is aggressive (domi-

nant, too), is assertive and communicative, seeks and offers commitment and devotion, and is a man who possesses a passion for intense and varied sexual gratification ("kink" included at times) which is no less strong than is his desire for intimacy and affection. (Indeed, I want it all!) If you are such a man, then I encourage you to write to me and include a recent photo. Thanks. Send to: PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102.

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

NAME YOUR BONDAGE GAME

Want to tie, gag and discipline a hot, masculine leatherman—watch him sweat and struggle under your complete control? OR, do you need to be roped tight by this Master—helpless as I toy with you for hours? You name it. Anything sane and healthy goes. I've got the equipment and the ideas; can you travel to match/top them? I'm 30, 5'9", 160 lbs., blond, blue, bearded and Minneapolis. Your letter, photo and fantasies are the ticket to a scene you won't regret. Box 5233.

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

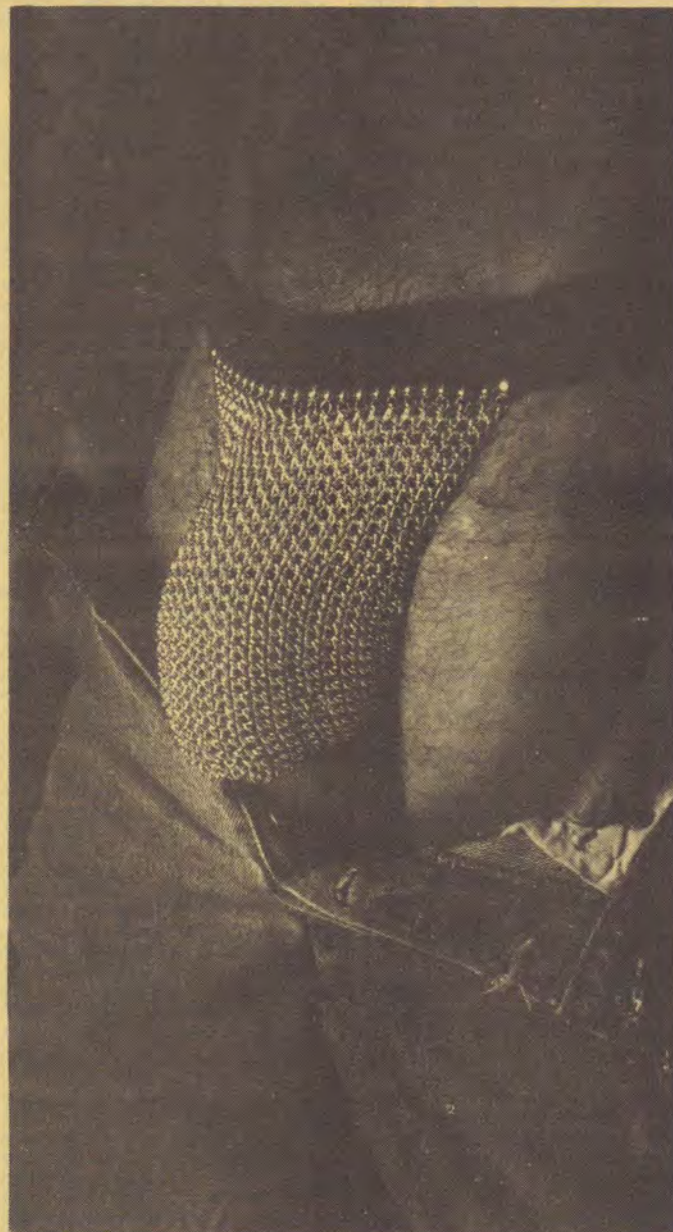
STRAIGHT AND RADICAL

In looks and attitude, this hot, horny muscle stud/model is looking to meet other exceptional studs who dare to be different. Love huge muscles, humongous endowments, long hair, tattoos, exhibitionism, raunchy high tops and boots, going barefoot and barechested, tight sweatpants and 501s showing off big bulges, half shirts, worn denim and leather, Harleys, muscle cars, 4-WDs, and more. This cocked stud is 29, 5'10", 170 lbs., and all the above, and looking to meet other cocky, straight-minded, radical dudes that share this same attitude, appreciation and lifestyle; straight, bi or gay, for long, hot, sexually uninhibited, healthy, man-to-man action, correspondence and wild times. If this is you, then go for it; one exceptional man deserves another. Absolutely no fats, fems or clones. Pic a must. Moving to Fla. summer/86. Duke PO Box 165, Kings Park, NY 11754.

HOUSEBOY WANTED

GWM wanted for houseboy. Room, board and small allowance provided. I am 45, 6' Master into TT, C&BT, B&D, etc. I cycle, wilderness backpack, whitewater canoe, ski, etc. I have a new townhouse, well-equipped, including a blackroom. You would be expected to run the house, assist in my business, enjoy outings with me and meet my exacting demands. You are 18-29, capable of learning and desiring a demanding Master/dad. Write to: Boxholder, PO Box 1564, Cambridge, MA 02238, with experience, background, desires, description and phone no.

CHAINMALE JOCK



Hand designed, all metal lightweight chain, molded for the sensuous fit of body-hugging liquid metal.

CHAINWARE

P.O. Box 5899
Providence, R.I. 02903

☐ JOCK, Waist Size _____ \$85

☐ Color Brochure _____ \$2

Name _____

Address _____

City/ State/ Zip _____

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uni-formed 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

YOUNG, GOOD-LOOKING, VERY HAIRY, RAUNCHY PIG

Looking for guys, young, very hairy, good looks, and sleazy. Does: spit, oily, hairy men, filth, humiliation, bondage, dirty jocks/underwear, videos, smelly, sweaty bodies, verbal abuse. Your fantasies acted out, or dirty talk turn you on? What about possible piss, shit or puke? Am also seeking possible relationship, if you are. If not, that's okay, too. But, safe sex only. No fems, blacks, fats or heavy facial hair wanted. Photo/phone to Box 5178

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 studded 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)

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)

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

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

HEY BOY

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

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

SEEK BEARDED DADDY-MASTER by 38-year WM for serious, no bullshit mental and physical exploration. Need the mature energy and guidance of a hairy, successful older man. (415) 863-9756.

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 3/4" thick fiery rattan 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.

BODY WORSHIPER

Hot bodybuilder, 41, 5'9", 195 lbs., wants too bow down at the feet of another body builder bigger than me and worship every inch of your massive body. I have 18" arms, 31" waist, 50" chest. Only those better than the above need reply. Box 5220

SAFE-SEX TOPMAN

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

HAIL SATANI!

Between my legs is an instrument of pain and degradation. I am black, left-handed, creatively sadistic, 34, 5'6". You are man enough to admit that you are a pig-dog, pussy boy, suck-hole toilet. You are whatever age, race and size. I will use you and we will expand the depths of HELL. Reply to Occupant, PO Box 26276, San Francisco, CA 94126. Now.

SF LEATHER DATE

6'2", 31 yrs., discriminating, English (SF resident) leatherman wants to meet similar, fun-loving locals and visitors. Box 5251

HOT MUSCULAR STUD

into rough sex of all kinds with other muscular men. Sweaty workouts, heavy B&D, wrestling matches, ropes and chains, tit torture, wax, floggings. Muscle vs. muscle. Write with photo to PO Box 162518, Sacramento, CA 95816. (LF5222)

HELP ME INTO SM

Self-torture sucks. WM, 6'2", 170, cut, 7 1/2", needs experienced Master or top for nipple, ball, cock work, munching, electrotorture (mutual with shaft, balls tied together a real turn-on). Bondage. Increase limits. Hot wax, shaving clothespins. Box 5184LF

HUNGRY MANSEX

GWM, 33, 5'7", 155 lbs., brown hair, bearded, attractive, seeks hot, horny, hairy men for anything-goes pig sex. At lunch, before work, after work, anytime...SF residents or visitors send photo/phone and your favorite turns-ons. Box 5151

SM FRATERNITY

Slave would like to form a network of Masters and slaves in the No. Cal. area to enhance sexual experiences and to possibly match demands/needs for Masters/slaves. I am 24, 5'8", 135 lbs., brwn, grn. Inquiries welcomed. Box 4820LF

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)

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!

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 22c in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you under-

stand this ad, I'm sure you are too!!!
Box 5150

RAUNCHY SLEAZE

I am thirty-one, white, 170 lbs., 5'8", 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, CBT/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

BRECHES

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!*

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.

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6", 150, seeks slim/muscular little guy into domination, verbal abuse, discipline, humiliation, leather. Into body worship, armpits, bondage, wrestling, J/O. Blacks, Asians and muscles a plus. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

GOOD DEAL FOR RIGHT SLAVE

Two men, 30s, private home with pool, seek permanent live-in nude slave/houseboy. You are into total submission. Collared, shaved, bondage, discipline and much more. Smaller cocks welcomed, so don't be shy about your size. Your looks are not as important as your attitude. Your limits respected, but both your body and mind will be slowly and safely expanded as the relationship grows. You will be totally kept and cared for in an environment that evolves into that special SLAVE/MASTER love. You will come to realize absolute trust and security in your submission. Good slaves are hard to find. So are good Masters. Send detailed letter about yourself and how to contact you for

interview and in-depth discussion. This could possibly be that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity you've always fantasized about. Box 5188LF

HOT-ASSED GYMNAST BEGS!

Please, spank my muscle butt! Hungry fuckhole bucks hard on dildo, crave lesson with gloved fist. Pert nipples to rough up. I need it bad from one day-time steady. Hot mid-30s, no fluid exchanges. Please tell me working my ass turns you on. Tim Hunter, PO Box 140, Carmichael, CA 95609.

SPREAD YOUR CHEEKS

and slide down my long, wet tongue. Hot WM, 29, will worship your butt. Deep throat also. George, PO Box 2071, San Francisco, CA 94126.

SF WHITE ASS NEEDS BLACK MEAT

34, 5'10", 164, brown hair/beard, muscular, defined body, great ass. Need extra-hung masculine BLACK studs into plowing (condoms) white ass. Attracted to all types, looks IF EXTRA HUNG, but NO fats/bellies. Also: gang bangs of my white ass. Photo (a must!) gets mine. Box 5187

GOLD COUNTRY LEATHER

Good-looking biker seeks country boy or mountain man to share paradise. Dig 4x's, Harleys, mountains, canyons, dirt, grease, WS and other natural pleasures. Let's go get lost in the forest. T.D., PO Box 204, Garden Valley, CA 95633.

BAREBACK SLAVE/SON

Your needs: to please Master/dad, 38 yr. GWM. Medium bareback whippings, shirtless—proud of welts, serve hand and foot, total military discipline once a week, your place, military physical training. No sex, no drugs. Photo/phone required. Your goals: disciplined mind/body, new friend. Box 5262LF

HARLEY TRASH SEEKS BRO

Want to meet esoteric men of HD interests. 31, greasy, tats, muscular, kinky. PO Box 1842, Guerneville, CA 95446.

MANY FACETED LEATHERMAN

Trim Daddy/Master, young-looking, 51, brown hair/eyes, beard, moustache, into all leather, boots, bondage, seeking younger son/slave for mutual safe/kinky good times. Many fantasies, interests, scenes. Phone/photo required. Respond to: Ed, 584 Castro, Suite 166, SF 94114.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

JOCK BOY

Athletic, 25-year-old top seeks to become P/T slave to a professional Master. I'm 6', 175, work out, clean-shaven, hairy chest with a beautiful 8" thick cock. Dig dog collars, B/D, CBT and would get off being shaved. What do you want to do to me? Box 5211

SON WANTED

WM Topman-Dad, 45, 5'8", 145 lbs., seeks completely-bottom son under 30. No SM abuse, beatings or test of wills. I want a thoroughly-submissive, trim, quiet, obedient, affectionate, home-type Daddy's boy who's on a serious, heavy, father-son trip. Boy can expect bondage and to be kept naked and well-disciplined. Boy will be my houseboy and not expected to work full time if at all. Be aware, I'm not a sugar daddy. I'm a Topman, a Master, aiming to possess, dominate, love, take care of, play with, and fuck a docile, dependent boy who knows he can't make it on his own. Prefer short (5'6") and under) slim, even scrawny boy with smooth body and hairless butt. Slightly handicapped or unemployable OK. What I want takes a

real special kind of boy. Where is he? Reply with phone number. Relocation taken care of. Asian or Latino welcome. Box 4551LF

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

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 harrassment into lunch-hour fucktoy. Need no-bullshit, business-suited, aggressive buttfucker 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 shittube 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

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/BT, 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

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

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

COPS AND SHERIFFS

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

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

SHAVING AND DISCIPLINE

Bearded, tattooed bear will shave you, then tie you down and administer a severe strapping. I'm a tough disciplinarian, so only submissive men who are serious need reply. Photo/phone to Box 5156

BEARDED LEATHER MASTER

wants your tongue licking my forearms, my spit on your face, your body under my control. I'm tall, mean and hairy-as-hell. This 31-year-old top seeks masculine, hairy, built men ready to grovel. No drugs/booze/smoke. Safe sex. Box 5161

RAUNCHY AND SAFE?

Los Angeles bottom, 40, into ranch, piss, shit, puke, cock cheese, sweaty feet and armpits, wants to have it all, yet play safe. Send suggestions. Would like to meet with local men, correspond, do J/O calls with others. Box 5170

BODYBUILDER

Italian bottom bodybuilder wants dog training, VA, humiliation, body-worship scenes. (213) 850-6598.

COCK TORTURE AND FF

GWM, 36 years, 5'10", brn hair, blue eyes, French active, Greek passive, wants cock torture and FF. Write Occupant, 1585 W. Ball Rd. #6, Anaheim, CA 92802 or call (714) 774-6778.

LEATHER BIKER

Booted, breeched, crewcut biker, 42, 160 lb., 5'11", lean, muscular body into uniforms, police, military and full leather, want to meet compatible buddies. S.F. Valley area. Boxholder, Box 986, Ar. CA 91331.

SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks, race, build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property, to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally, both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour, seven-day-a-week lifestyle. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 & 38, established professionals. You must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent, revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to: B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd., #326, Encino, CA 91436. (LF5202)

MANHANDLE BIG MEAT

L.A. stud digs C&BT on his big, uncult cock/globes. PO Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

COPUCKING NIGGERLOVER 25

Honky-trash whiteboy needs his pretty blond cuntmouth horsefucked by a couple of big-muscled black bruisers in uniform and forced to smell/lick/suck-off their warm, smelly, dayold socks 'n' shoes while submitting to a torrent of the filthiest verbal abuse imaginable. Guy(s) must be over 6' and under 40. Send abusive letter/photo to PO Box 1173, Gardena, CA 90249. Blacks only, please, no whites. Donnie.

I WANT MUSCLE BOTTOM DADDY

You are a muscular stud who needs a hot man to serve your asshole. You are under 45, trim, with thick-muscled legs, bulging arms, thick, powerful pecs. You demand hero worship. Command me to work your ass with my tongue, fingers, cock or toys. Let this 32-year-old Los Angeles stud serve you, as you have me oil you down, explore and satisfy your deepest needs. Be my hero, let me serve you. Be serious, be built! Send recent photo and phone. Box 5212

JOCK BOY WANTED

By Southern Calif., 26-year-old, rich Master. Slave should be 18-25, in good shape, be willing to be collared, shaven, be kept nude, and willing to expand limits in B/D, TT, CBT. Boy will work out regularly to become showpiece to display at various social functions. Blonds esp. apply. Must include photo. Box 5252

MUSCULAR LEATHERMEN

Versatile, good-looking leathery, 33, 195 lbs., black hair, blue eyes, seeks muscular black and white leathermen. Light S/M, nipple action. No slave trips. Just good leather sex. Box 5236

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

MASTER WANTED:

by GWM, 32, 6', 180, hairy, looking for a Master who will take care of needs—chains, C/BT, TT, dildoes, bondage, clamps, etc. Hope you can teach me a thing or two. You: GWM, hairy, hung. Rush letter with photo, phone. Safe sex. Box 5226

TEACH ME!

WM, 36, 150, 5'9", bld/blu, new to the Inland Empire, looking for that right man with the "right" equipment to introduce me to a new and exciting sex life. Must be 25-45, well-built, gentle and ready to share your knowledge and experiences. I'm hot and ready to learn all—NO FF, WS, scat, damage, heavy drugs. Aroma OK. San Bernardino area. Box 5209

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.

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

HAIRY, MUSCULAR BOTTOM

Former top, 6'3", 200 lbs., 35, dark, bearded and good-looking seeks masculine, hairy Master to bring me down. Special turn-ons: beards, cops, short Masters, V/A, boots, black leather. No assfucking or drugs. Box 5162

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: experien-

ce/action only. No games or heavy drugs. Ready to put my balls in your hands if you're man enough...fucker. Box 4827LF

ABLE, NEEDY SLAVE

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

FANTASY EXPLORATION

Hot leather fantasies? Explore/expand sanely with intensely sensitive, trim, educated, versatile, stable WM, 40, Romance, social, friendship or? HTLV3 negative, no drugs. Beginner OK. Exchange photos. Occupant, Box 128073, San Diego, CA 92112

BONDAGE MASTER—N LNG BCH

Hot, healthy Master, 30, 6'1", 190 lbs., looking for hard-bodied slaves into B&D, TT, CB clamps, collars, etc. Your body will be thoroughly used. Will train novice. If you're not serious, don't write. Send photo, letter and phone. NOW. Box 5260

TORTURE AND SCAT

I'm 36, butch, blond, considered hot. Need trucker-type, hung, extremely sadistic Shit Master for heavy dick torture, ass whipping, humiliation and to train my hungry mouth. Foto if possible. GRS, 1757 N. Orange Dr., #303, L.A., CA 90028

COLORADO

ACTIVE ASS

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

FIT TO BE TIED

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

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

For lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 48, top, uncult, mountain climber. Tennis, run. (303) 781-9423.

HUNGRY STUDENT

Hot, slender, GWM, 26, 155 lbs., European looks, great build, needs Mature, Dominant, Demanding Master to serve. I work and go to College, and need to be at your feet or trained for your pleasure in between. Sir. Jerry at (303) 894-9328, Denver, Sir.

WANTED: HAIRY BUTCH TOP

Handsome, hairy, butch bottom seeks muscular, THICK-DICKED men. PO Box 2758, Denver, CO 80201.

RANCHER-BREEDER

Hard-working, blue-collar bottom seeks working live-in situation as a ranch hand in Colorado. Looking for serious-minded top who can show me the ropes. Serious replies only. Photo, phone, etc. Box 5246

CONNECTICUT

SERIOUS

Queer looking for jag stalker. Wants ruffian, bruiser into gagged 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

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, Bl/Bl, moustache, goatee. SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: P.O. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

HOT FF BOTTOM

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

LEATHER TOP

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

HANDSOME BOTTOM

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

HOT STUFF

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

SON NEEDS DAD

WM, early 30s, with a hungry ass needs Dad into heavy Greek, dildoes, FF, jockstraps and light SM. 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 discipli-

ne/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)

BIKERS/LEATHERMEN

Seeking a leather biker jockstrap stud. A man to share the open road with. No such thing as too much leather. Am primarily top but will swing with the right stud. Boots and uniforms a plus. CHIPS ESP. LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO IS HONEST WITH HIMSELF AND WITH ME to enjoy a one-on-one, man-to-man, safe-sex experience that can only come from the open road, seeking out a buddy for friendship, riding partner. Boot lickers esp. encouraged to apply. East coast riders a plus but am reasonably free to travel. All will be answered, photos get mine. Am not looking for just another bike rider (you know who you are). Send all replies 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

WEEKEND SLAVE

Two professional men, one dark, one blond, early 30s, seek healthy weekend slave. Looking for permanent houseboy—private country setting—close to Washington, Baltimore. Totally health-conscious. Requirements: Willingness to please; 25-35; straight looks; decent body. Moderate bondage, cock, ball & tit work, yard & farm work. Attic playroom. Willing and experienced boys younger than 25 will be considered, but convince us. Also interested in meeting other leather buddies in Hagerstown/Frederick/Winchester/Eastern Panhandle area—we're ready when you are. Box 4596LF

PISS MOUTH AT GLORY HOLE

on Thursdays at 10:00. Box 28381, Washington, DC 20005 for recycling party. Send photo, details.

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

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

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

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)

CENTRAL FL—SEEKING TRAINER

WM into body building needs supervision. No fluid exchange, FF, scat, fats or fems. Looking for workout partner to get our bodies into shape at gym. Reply Box 5219LF

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)

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.

CUM PLAY WITH MY ASS

Heavy ass play wanted in Ft. Lauderdale area. Mark, (305) 731-4525. 5pm-midnite. Top men and experienced only.

BONDAGE AND HEAD TRIPS

I am 5'8", 155 lbs., muscular, bk, br, into bondage, leather, rubber, tight, prolong with head games. Have some equipment. Would like to hear from and possibly meet people with similar interests. I am versatile. Box 5217

OLDER MAN—NORTH FLORIDA

Professional, would like to meet or correspond with someone who is really into leather. I prefer bottom role; willing to fulfill Daddy role with person who is understanding, adaptable and interested in safe sex. Swimming and classical piano are two hobbies. Box 5253LF

GEORGIA

SLIM SUBMISSIVES

Handsome, masculine, hairy top, 41, 5'8", moustache, seeks steady cock service from obedient, hungry, young bottoms into exhibitionism, condoms, cuffs, abuse. I have small beer gut. You don't. Serious applications include nude photo. PO Box 306, Atlanta, GA 30301-0306.

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

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)

LEVI BOOT SLAVE

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

ILLINOIS

HEAVY SM NEEDED

Blond, moustache, 160 lbs., 6', 36 yrs., masculine—Chicago area—needs to meet dark-haired men, women, who enjoy working over a guy with torture, heavy whipping, abrasives, nipple biting, marks, welts. Write Drummer Box 5152

SEARCHING FOR TOP MAN

WM, 42, 5'11", sensitive, loving, professional, straight appearance, Factive, 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.

SADISTIC BONDAGE MASTER

is looking for Chicago-area slaves-/masochists who need to be stripped, bound, gagged and subjected to CBT, TT, whipping and anything else needed to obtain your obedience. I'm 27, 5'9", 158 lbs., GWM. If you're trim and under 35, then send letter with photo and phone to Box 5203.

COCK VS COCK

White male, 27, small endowed, seeks men for head-to-head cock combat. If you think your cock is harder or tougher, let's match meat. Box 5224

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

PIGS/PLAYMATES

Hot Chicago couple: 26, T/B, 6'3", 29, T/B, 5'9" both bearded, straight-acting. Looking for playmates/pigs into leather, tattoos, partying, FF, WS, B/D, TT and toys. Have playroom. Enjoy traveling. Photo and description gets ours. Box 5221

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FOREIGN PRICES	6-PACK	BAKER'S DOZEN
Canada & Mexico (Sent 1st Class)	\$27.00	\$51.00
South America & Europe (Sent Air Mail Only)	\$36.00	\$70.50
All Other Countries (Sent Air Mail Only)	\$42.00	\$83.50
These prices include postage.		

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING/PO BOX 42009/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94142

HEALTHY KINKY SEX WANTED
WM, 38, bearded, wants action with hot men any race. Give or receive whippings, spankings, FF, TT, dildoes, piercings, etc. Want to learn piss hole enlargement techniques. Have BCR vacuum pump. Work nights Sun-Thurs. (815) 338-9137.

NEED HUNG TOPS
Novice, 42, 5'4", 130 lbs., seeks hung tops to use my hungry, submissive body. Want level-headed Top who respects limits. Strip me, spank me, fuck me, deep, hard, repeatedly, w/condoms. Groups OK. Expand my limits in SM. Ass needs heavy workouts w/friends; pass me around! Toys, titwork, shaving, B/D. No scat, FF, damage. Want exclusive Tops who know what they want and how to take it. Ages 25-45. Leather a turn-on. Reply to Box 109DH, 3952 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60613, or call (312) 472-1871. Ask for DJ. (LF5215)

FORMER MASTER
Has-been PRO-wrestler type (big, bearded, balding, 210 lbs., 6', 46) gangbanged into submission, now seeks rough use and abuse from dominant studs into B/D, VA, TT, buttplugs, dildoes, etc. Complete my degradation into total DILDOFUCKHOLE. Bull Twat prefers smaller, aggressive, authoritarian Masters, but any take-charge stud served. Use me hard, then throw me out. Will travel for humiliation and degradation. Box 5249

BIG BEARDED CIGAR SMOKERS
Little guy, 30, boyish, uncut, moustache, likes bearded guys into cigars, boots, condoms, B/D, TT, VA, JO. Big/Tall/Bluecollar, a+. Photo please. Box 5257

INDIANA

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

CHASER IS HOG-WILD IN INDY
Very versatile, creative, intense, 34, 5'9", 145, shaved, pierced, tattooed, seeking kink and/or cuddle with burly, masculine, biker/trucker types—25+, 190+, big belly, thighs, and a beard a plus. Also want dirty pictures or source of porn of heavy and hairy men. John, PO Box 441091, Indianapolis, IN 46224.

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP
SW Indiana submissive WM, 5'8", 135 lbs., 39 years, cut, brown/blue, moustache, seeks older, bigger Top to service and to please. Let me minister to your needs. Hot mouth, hungry ass eagerly await! Box 5214

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.

KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE/SO. INDIANA
GWM, 25, 190, new to gay scene. Would like to meet guys under 30 for sex. I will worship your cock and ass. Sit on my face. Put me over your knee and spank my ass by hand. Give me an enema. Sweaty armpits and smelly jockstraps turn me on. Tickle-torture my feet. No scat or fems. Must be clean. Send photo and/or phone number for reply. S.W. PO Box 38294, Louisville, KY 40233.

LOUISIANA

PUSSYBOY BUTTSLAVE
WM, 30, bl/bl, good-looking, inexperienced, needs training at regular encounters. PO Box 71313, New Orleans, LA 70172.

DADDY'S BOY
needs a Daddy now in New Orleans. 37, 5'6", 135 lbs., uncut, leather/Levi. Versatile. Moustache. Send info/telephone for fast reply. Box 5168

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

WM, 41, 6', 185 LBS.
Bottom seeks top for pleasure trips into pain. Turned on by bondage, whippings, tit-cock-ball torture and lots of piss. Not into drugs, scat, FF, blood and damage. Seek sane top/buddy for mutually satisfying times. Photo/phone for early meeting. Box 4724LF

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

CONTRASTS
A stinging slap on the butt, a gentle caress. A harsh, demanding Master who loves his boy when he's good and punishes him when he gets out of line.

An adoring slave who lives to serve his master but has a mind of his own. Leather, bondage, discipline, boot-licking, ass, cock, tit and ball play, raunch, wrestling, fantasy. I'm a well-built, handsome, little guy, 30, into either or both roles. Health conscious, no one-nighters. Box 102, Boston, MA 02112.

SIR! USE AND ABUSE ME!
Eager to serve. WM, 150, 5'7 1/2", 36. Brown hair, blue eyes. Bondage, rough spanking, dildoes, Greek with rubbers. Tit-cock torture, more. Box 5261

FLOGGINGS—SLAVES PRISON—MILITARY
Slave/prisoner—white, 38, 6', 150, good-looking, lean, muscular, needs Master/DI, 40s-60s, with equipped dungeon. Into corporal punishment, chains, hard labor and anyone any age with interest in galley slaves, bare-back lashings with "Cat" in prison/military history, bastinado, rack, the "Wheel," public punishments, slaves in labor, auctions. NOT AFTER AUG. 1, 1986. Box 5248

SEEKING DAD
WM, 23, bottom. Into SM, bondage, dildoes, toys. Seeks nonsmoking leatherman, 30-45, in Worcester area. Write Occupant, Box 731, Millbury, MA 01527.

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

GWM LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED
Master wants 20 to 35-year-old slave, 6'+ tall, 160 lbs., with good build. No facial hair, into heavy rubber, leather, ready for S/M, bondage, WS, masks, hoods, restraints. You will be my houseboy-slave (not bottom). Your rewards, to have someone to love you and provide for your needs. You will relocate immediately to small New England town, live in large ranch house with extensive toy room. No drugs, FF or scat. Master, in my sixties, sexually 40s, retired with plenty of time for my slave. You may have to work part-time. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10:00 PM eastern time for more information. No JO calls. (LF4247)

MICHIGAN

DADDY'S LITTLE MAN
Leatherman looking for semi-regular, heavy action with little man who need it rough. Daddy has salt & pepper hair, moustache and beard. 5'11", 45, 180, ex-Navy. I'm experienced, health-aware. Gr/a, Fr/p, into piercing, bondage, hand-balling, toys & S/M. Little man must be 25-40, not overweight, submissive. Phone # required. Box 5181.

WM BOTTOM
WM, 36, 6'2", 198 lbs., moustache, into BD, WS, tit torture. Some experience, need to explore and expand limits. 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 those with similar interests. Write for details. Box 4527LF

MINNEAPOLIS
Slim male would like to meet hard drivin', hard fuckin' truckers. Please no phonies, queans, 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.

HUSKY RUGGED TRUCKERS
wanted by slim bottom man. Fuck and paddle my ass while I worship your cock and balls with my mouth. Please, Sirs, I need a good buddy. Box 5243

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

MISSISSIPPI

LOVING LEATHERMAN SEEKS RELATIONSHIP

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

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.

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

NEVADA PHOTOGRAPHER

Professional photographer needs models in Carson City/Reno, Nevada area. Send photo and your interests. Box 5183

BONDAGE SLAVE WANTED

I travel northern Nevada, California, southern Oregon and live in Reno, Nevada. Not into bar/bath routine, clean and practice safe sex. This semi-retired white male is 48, 5'8", 170 lbs., and uncut. Enjoys videos, movies, good food, swimming, camping, other outdoor activities and quiet times, etc. Serious bondage bottom slave wanting prolonged sessions bound and gagged in different positions to fulfill your sexual desires or fantasies. Any race, cut, uncut, good build, under forty. Apply now, slave, with photo, phone number, desires and or fantasies. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Box 5163LF

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 drugies 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

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.

FRATERNITY INITIATIONS

Former pledge master seeks other tops and bottoms interested in participating in hazings and initiations. If the thought of nude, young pledges being put thru their paces makes you hard, then this ad is for you. Box 5210

HANDCUFFED

WM, 40, seeks young, sadistic, WM cop, cigarette smoker, who knows brutal interrogation and how to get what he wants with lit cigarettes, rubber hoses, belts, other classic police equipment on handcuffed prisoner. Uniform a plus. Box 5199

BOOTED DAD WANTED

WM, 35, 5'10", 160 lbs., muscular and hot, craves Dad into boots, LL, spanking, BD, SM, TT and obedience training. Long-term eager and obedient service offered. Northern NJ and metro NYC, please. Box 5230

SONS FOR SAFE MASTER

Tall, mature Master, genuine daddy qualities, masculine body, very suckable cock, requires the attention, regular service of young (18-30) masculine, clean-shaven slaveboys with good, well-muscled bodies, desirable pecs, tits, ass, soothing, worshiping mouths, tongues, for my cock, body and boots. Master pleasures include spanking, tit-work, face fucking, light BD, VA. Inexperienced welcome, obedience essential, photo (shirtless or nude) gets first consideration. Reply with respectful application. Master Daddy is 6'2", 190 and I am called "Sir." All areas but local best. Box 5234

DEMON & CREATURE MASTERS

Rubber masks, wild costumes, makeup, tattoos, body builders who want to be worshiped. Must be well-hung and thick. No body fluids exchanged. Use of rubbers, JO scenes, light S/M. GWM, 33, 5'9", 160 lbs., brown hair, hairy body. Beard and moustache. Call Allan, (201) 478-5575.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

Hot top, 35, blond/brown, smooth, clean-shaven, handsome, 5'11", 175, good build, white, professional, intelligent, HTLV-III negative, seeks white, healthy novice/beginner slave willing to be trained for full-time service. You should enjoy body worship, humiliation, VA, cocksucking and domestic chores. Looks and age secondary to masculinity, intelligence and a burning need to make a man's pleasure, comfort and convenience the context of your life. Send recent revealing photo, phone and respectful, detailed application to PO Box 681, Church Street Station, NYC 10008.

NEW YORK

COME ON, MEN!

You know you've dreamed about having your own personal toilet and body slave! Someone to worship your unwashed body, eat your shit, drink your piss, tongue your dirty asshole, feet, pits. Well, this 36-yr.-old guy is ready and waiting for just the right man to come along and fill his mouth, nostrils and tummy with all the great

smells and tastes of another man. PO Box 1725, West Caldwell, NJ 07007-1725. What are you waiting for?

LAZY AND OUT OF SHAPE

GWM, 42, 195 lbs., 6', inexperienced bottom needs big-dicked demanding stud coach for physical training and heavy sex initiation. Make me shape up, Sir, and get in shape for your pleasures. I live upstate NY, travel weekends. Box 5258

YR HEAVY UNWASHED MEAT

(Puerto Rican or white) feet, balls, pits, spit, keep handsome white Dad's mouth humble, drenched, stuffed, used, raunchy. PO Box 76, Brooklyn, NY 11230

WANTED HOT MUSCULAR STUDS

(18-38) Topmen with big, fat, uncut cock and balls (hung like a horse) that are into jocks, Levis, Master-slave games, fucking, ass play and verbal abuse. I'm clean-shaven, super-good-looking, short blond hair, 28, 6', 160 lbs., masculine and healthy with a nice, tight, white ass. Phone or address, photo will get a response. I might be a bottom butt I'm not passive. PO Box 20457, London Terrace PO, New York, NY 10011

HEY SMART ASS!!!

Need to be worked over? This WM, 32, 6'3", 200, top will show you who's boss. Let's wrestle, fight, get physical, as I do a number on you. You're 18-30, jock, punk, LL, BB. C'mon, man, you know you want it! No beards, fems, fats. Box 5255

ARE YOU HOT?

Keep hot times on videotapes forever. Be hot and creative. Upstate New York, N. Pennsylvania. Contact Edge Video, PO Box 64, Newfield, NY 14867.

MUSCULAR GRAYBEARDED TOP

54, 6', 180, good-looking, great shape, tight butt, seeks hunky, preferably hairy partner, top/bottom any age, for B&D including prolonged enema, dildo, hot safe ass play. Box 5240

SUPPORT FOR A HOT MASTER

Generous cocksucker/slavedog provides for Master in hot oral scenes, regular sessions. Now accepting offers, applications from other generous, clean, fin. secure, man-worshippers to satisfy and pleasure tall, mature, masculine, healthy face-fucker. Body worship, VA, raunch, titplay, most man fantasies. Master is 6'2", 190, with hot attitude, very suckable cock, completely safe, worth it. Just ask my cocksucker. Respectfully write with photo, offers for details. NYC/NJ and surrounding areas. Box 5228

BROOKLYN JO CLUB

Top man with playroom forming J/O group in Seagate. Come and fantasize ala Minesshaft. Tops/bottoms welcome. Write for details. Crane, 3913 Lyme Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11224.

BURLY BLUECOLLAR BOTTOM

30, 6'2", 290. 8 tattoos, pierced, uncut, very hairy. Would like to meet and service dominant topmen, 35-60. Into watersports, getting fucked, humiliation, bondage, shaving, leather, cigars. Maybe permanent slavery. Bald, beer gut, bluecollar a plus, but not necessary. Box 5216

I CAN REDUCE YOU TO

AN INHUMAN THING. I get a photo. Box 5204

BOUND/GAGGED IN ROCHESTER

Masculine, dominant top, 28, seeks versatile bottoms for bondage/kidnap fantasies. Must have hot mouth for my sweaty crotch, ass and armpits. Moustaches and beards a plus. Photo and phone to PO Box 178, Hilton, NY 14468.

SHAVING

Hot WM, 28, wants good-looking guys, 18-35, to be completely shaved, humiliated and possibly filmed. Photo/phone answered first. Write: Richard, PO Box 7777, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022.

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

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.

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

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

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 photo & photo. J. Miller, RD2, Box 510, Putney, VT 05346. (LF4092)

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, 2 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.

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

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

MUSCLEMAN/SLAVE WANTED

by very good-looking, 39-year-old WM Master. You must be mentally ready to give up control and ownership of your body and physically capable of handling forced workouts, long-term bondage, muscle beatings, discipline and punishment. You will have to convince me that you are ready to have your limits expanded to meet my needs. We will work together, slowly, to bring you to the point where you can take no more. I will then decide whether to throw you out with the garbage or let you become my slave. Serious BB slaves may begin the process by calling (914) 356-0754.

WET HOT HUNGRY ASS

Order my juicy melon butt to service your rod. Tie me, beat me, but ram my hole and take your pleasure. Will do anything to help you enjoy fucking my wet, hot, hungry ass. You are very hung, confirmed topman into all scenes, 20-50, but tight body! I am WM, 27, 5'10", BB, 160 lbs. (and growing), br/green, 8", humpy Italian stud, but your bottom playtoy. Can be top at your command, Sir! Please hurry, Sir. I need you badly, Sir! Box 5193

MR. LEATHER NY 1986 CONTEST

This is an AIDS benefit. Anyone interested in being a contestant, placing an ad or memorial, donating a prize, contributing entertainment, or being on our mailing list, write: Mr. Leather NY Contest, Box 410, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

SCAT LOVER

Young WM seeks top men for scat and farting sessions. Send reply to 496 Hudson St., Ste. 458, New York, NY 10014. Me bottom, you top.

MASTER WITH SLAVE NEEDED

WM, 38, 6'1", slim, good-looking, looking for Master with obedient cocksucking slave for long session of face fucking by both of us. Love bruising its gaggin' cocksuckin' throat with my very fat 9" meat on its Master's command for hours. Box 5195

KINKY LEATHER CAPTAIN

seeks young (18-30) hairless, submissive slave for prolonged sessions that include FF, scat, fruit-bondage, nylons/heels whippings. Race unimportant! Applications with photo and phone a must! Box 897, M.H.S., NYC 10156.

GROVELING ORAL SLAVE NEEDED

by WM, 35, with very thick 9". Let me turn your sweet mouth into a gagging, scummy, fuck hole, only deep slimy throats need apply. Long endurance necessary. Send face photo. Box 5192.

NEIGHBORS WANTED

Two GWM buying weekend house in N.E. Pennsylvania, want to meet their neighbors in the area for fun and friendship. Please write to PO Box 1003, Milford, PA 18337.

TOILET SLAVE WANTED

White male, 45 years, 5'7", 135 lbs., 7" uncut, moustache, hairy. Seek toilet slave into scat, piss, toys, etc. FF, smoke, aroma okay. Box 5157

HUNGRY RIMMER SLAVE WANTS DOMINANT

GWM, 31, good-looking, wishes to serve masculine top(s) as body servant and dog trainee. Do: Will receive harsh use, Fr, heavy bondage, humiliation, paddling, WS, toys. Will give you great rim and a lot of respect and obedience. Come sit down on the greatest oral massage you've ever had, for an hour or a weekend. Also into kinky fantasy trips: boot/sneaker worship, deep rimming upon command, raunch holes, motorcyle slave, houseboy/servitude/meritor role, uniforms, enforced chastity, confinement, public humiliation, long-term bondage and frat hazing. Want to try frequent Scat: Regular meals or munching/tongue-toilet-paper service/head stuck down the bowl. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship: Am intelligent, mature, masculine and good company. Want to find similar in others. JBZ, c/o Suite 325, 80 E. 11 St., New York, NY 10003. (LF5201)

HAIRY DAD/BROTHER WANTED

WM, 28, 175 lbs., 6', good-looking, black hair and beard, smart, looking for masculine dad or older brother type, who's hairy, well-built to age 45, sexually aggressive. Italian or pipe smoker is a plus. I'm not into pain or humiliation, just honest, hot sex and love for the right man who knows what he wants. All sincere replies answered. Photo and phone to Box 5155.

ATTENTION COPS

Earlier ad titled "Police Bootlicker" had wrong address. If you wrote to it or want to write: Box E-9, 496 Hudson St., New York, NY 10014, and let me get on those boots, trooper.

NEEDS DOMINANT MAN

GWM, submissive, 34, 5'10", 180, blond, blue eyes, moustache, hairy; looking for a dominant person who is patient, understanding, respectful of limits and a good teacher. Live in Queens, but can travel to surrounding areas for right person. Please submit detailed letter, phone and photo if possible. Box 5197

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 perman-

ently has been your fantasy, here's the chance to make it a reality!!! Lots of equipment to tame the slave and teach him the meaning of restraint. All letters answered, but those with photo and phone number get first priority. Write to: Bondage Master, 263A West 19th St., Suite #160, New York, NY 10011. (LF4730)

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, pecks, 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 WRESTLE

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

TOP NEEDED: BOY OR DADDY

Hot, horny, masculine BOTTOM wants to be BOY to a hot, hung, butch, dominant DADDY...OR...DADDY to a dominant, hot, demanding BOY. I am a masculine, hot, wild white man who needs to service a TOP boy or Daddy!! 39 years old, 6', 185 pounds, hot, construction-worker look. I like to be forced into submission and experience one or more wild, hot scenes: sucking, getting fucked, body worship, toy, BD, leather, fantasies involving police, straight tough guy, military, father-son... Also like toys, wrestling, manhandling and MAN-TO-MAN ACTION AS A BOTTOM. SAFE SEX ONLY!! Send your hottest photo, letter and phone number to Box 4776LF

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 whimper 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)

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

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

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

DWARF KING'S SUBJECT

Older, clean, submissive GWM, 5'6½", trained in complete French service. Front, rear, feet. Seeks self-indulgent, dominant, white male it do who wants real devotion to his physical satisfaction and personal convenience. Pain accepted if required. Box 5171

MOWHAWKS RULE

Hardcore punks can use this scumbag/asswipe/urinal on Avenue A or anywhere—in front of anybody for anything you want. Anything. Call (212) 226-6090.

TORTURE NEEDED

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

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, Sir.

OHIO

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

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

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.

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE
effectively applied to colonial butts by former Prep School Dorm Prefect. GWM, 38, sharp and super physical shape. Liberal doses of paddle, strap, belt and cane applied in no-nonsense fashion on American ass. P.O. Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114.

NE OHIO LEATHER BONDAGE
Dudes who crave very hot sexual adventures with a very hot, handsome, bottom, top, 35 years old. Photo with leather, all answered. Box 5247

OREGON

PORTLAND

Toilet slave, SM. (503) 761-7466.

NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?
Salem WM, mid-age, physically active, 6', 180 lbs., cut 7" cock with nice head, hairy body, large nipples, seeks trim young male. Let's spend several hours together exploring the erotic aspects of SM including bondage, ass spanking or whipping, discipline, shaving, self-stimulation, and designing and using restrictive, binding or locking chastity devices. Your interest is important, not your experience. Describe your ideas and what turns you on in detail. Include photo. Box 5263

PENNSYLVANIA

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 photo 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)

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.

PITTSBURGH TOP WANTED

Bottom man seeks built, hairy top who likes to beat ass, verbal abuse, and fuck long, hard and mean. So send photo and letter to PO Box 25345, Pittsburgh, PA 15242.

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

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Older, retired L/L bottom slave searching for experienced L/L Top Master who wants a live-in slave to own. Top should be strict but also considerate and hopefully be proud of his ownership, even maybe someday have love for HIS slave. Once accepted, TOP will have complete control and make all decisions that pertain to slave. Slave will wear Master's collar with pride. Bottom is good cook and housekeeper, gardener, etc. Slave has been trained by a Master who owned him for twenty-eight years (Master died of cancer), been trained in all scenes and only limits are no scat or heavy sadistic pain. The only desire of this slave is to completely fulfill the Top's every wish, desire and commands. Also to make a happy home for same. Slave will give freely mind and body. Will relocate. Prefer Eastern U.S. but would consider other areas. Sir, please answer only if interested in above. Will exchange photos and phone no. if required. A letter with detailed information as to your needs will get swift, truthful answer. Box 5186LF

BONDAGE MASTER—MEMPHIS

Professional, discreet WM, 32, 5'11", 44" chest, fulfills your desires to be bound, gagged, disciplined with light SM and C&BT. Masculine MEN in Levis, leather, boots the best for my specialties. My philosophy—the more *bondage* the better. Quick letter receives reply/instructions. Your photo will mean bonus for you later. SAFE!! Box 5254

TEXAS

LICK MY PIERCED NIPPLES

Topman, 34, 6'6", big nipples, big butt, gut, seeks submissive guy who likes to lick. Write Box 701041, Houston, TX 77270.

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 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

MASTER AVAILABLE

East Texas Master available. 42, 6'1", 190, big brother or dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe sex. Box 4949LF

HISPANIC SLAVE WANTED

East European, 36, 5'9", 150, uncut, is looking for permanent relationship with slave/bottom. 20-30, uncut, moustache, submissive. Send resume with address, phone and photo to Box 4864LF

EAST TEXAS MASTER AVAILABLE
42, 6'1", 190, Big Brother or Dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe-sex Box 4949LF

EXPAND MY LIMITS

Dallas 33-year-old bottom wants to meet a top who truly enjoys introducing an eager student to the pleasures of leathersex. So far, I've only tried tit torture, spanking and bondage. I am uncut, 6', 210 lbs., hairy body. Anxiously awaiting your reply, Sir! Box 4987LF

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

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

"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

MASTER/DAD

WM, 50, 6'2", 210, 7" uncut, moustache and beard, masculine, educated, experienced and versatile with firm but gentle style seeks slave/son for training and permanent relationship. Into leather, uniforms, Levis, boots, BD, SM, CB&TT, ET and most scenes. Have playroom with lots of equipment to tame the slave/son and teach him the meaning of total commitment to a lifestyle of domination and service. Are you ready to turn fantasy into reality with a real man for a lasting, monogamous relationship of permanent life of servitude and security? Call (817) 458-4175 or send detailed letter, phone number and photo to Box 4986LF.

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

WANT TO PLAY

Two versatile fuck masters looking for adventurous, versatile third for leather, dildoes, FF and prolonged action. Send photo with reply. M&F, 947 Bayland Ave., Houston, TX 77009.

WANTED

Live-in slave-son-houseboy for two white males 46 and 49. Sincere white male, 20 to 36, to keep house and tend to our needs. Send pix, phone # and info to Carl B., 206 Texas Ave., Keene, TX 76059.

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

GWM, 29, 5'7", 150 lbs., seeks partner for workouts and bondage sessions. You, 25-40, good body and at least half a brain. Houston, TX. Drummer Box 5209.

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

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

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

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

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

BACKPACK, XC-SKI, FULL LEATHER IN SEATTLE

Japanese-American, 32, compact/tight build, bearded & butch, into malesex in full leather: cycle caps & jackets, tight chaps, boots, gloves, ball stretcher, kiss, suck, fuck, CBT play, rough contact, wrestling, 70% top, 30% bottom. Safe, no smoke/dope, raunch. Spend most weekends hiking/backpacking, bridge player, MBA, Catholic, witty & energetic (Interchain #509). You: white, relationship-oriented leatherstud, strong outdoorsman, 27-40, physically in-shape, mentally sharp, no smoke/dope. SF & VanBC replies welcome. Photo, phone, letter to Box 4544LF.

NIPPLE SUSPENS/PUNISHMNT
Masc. G/p Seattle GWM, 37, 145 lbs., 5'10", nice-looking, seeks Dad I've never had! Desiring sincere, handsome, honest, affectionate WM to 47, 6'+, 170+, cut/thick/hung, exclusive top who regularly will punish my pierced nipples and fuck my clean, safe pussy! Seeing you wear an executioners hood, leather/latex will melt me into complete submission, for B/D, W/S, shavings, mummification, and nipple piercings/suspension. I'm seeking a permanent 1-1 relationship with non-alcoholic/bar type, caring, financially secure Dad. No scat, FF, CBT or permanent damage. I'm a "slow lane," passive, hard worker who enjoys music, travel, sports and outdoors. A note, photo and phone gets immediate response with same. Will relocate and travel for you, Sir! Box 4249LF.

WISCONSIN

BIGGER IS BEST

WM, 20s, 6', 160, horny bottom, wants top who's over 8" and thick, into most scenes. Reply with interests and phone no. Milwaukee area. Box 5207

LEATHER FREAK

New to leather scene. 38, 6', 180 lbs., 6 1/2", pump iron. Likes tit and ass workouts. Seeks leather BB stud w/bike, not over 45, with big, sensitive tits, likes ass play in tight chaps. No FF, scat, WS, drugs, fems or fats. Safe sex. Am able to travel. Send picture and phone. Box 5206

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.

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

TWO DALLAS LEATHERMEN

Hot daddy and his boy travel worldwide, including London, Amsterdam, Germany, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto, Vancouver, Australia and New Zealand. Always interested in meeting hot men. Drop us a line. Box 5164

AUSTRALIA

SHIT MASTER

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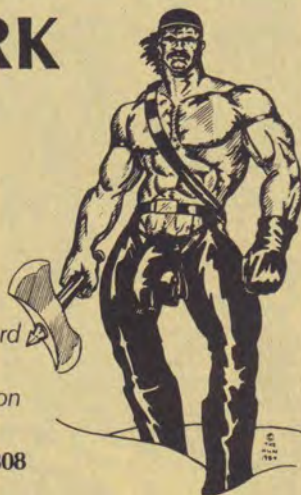
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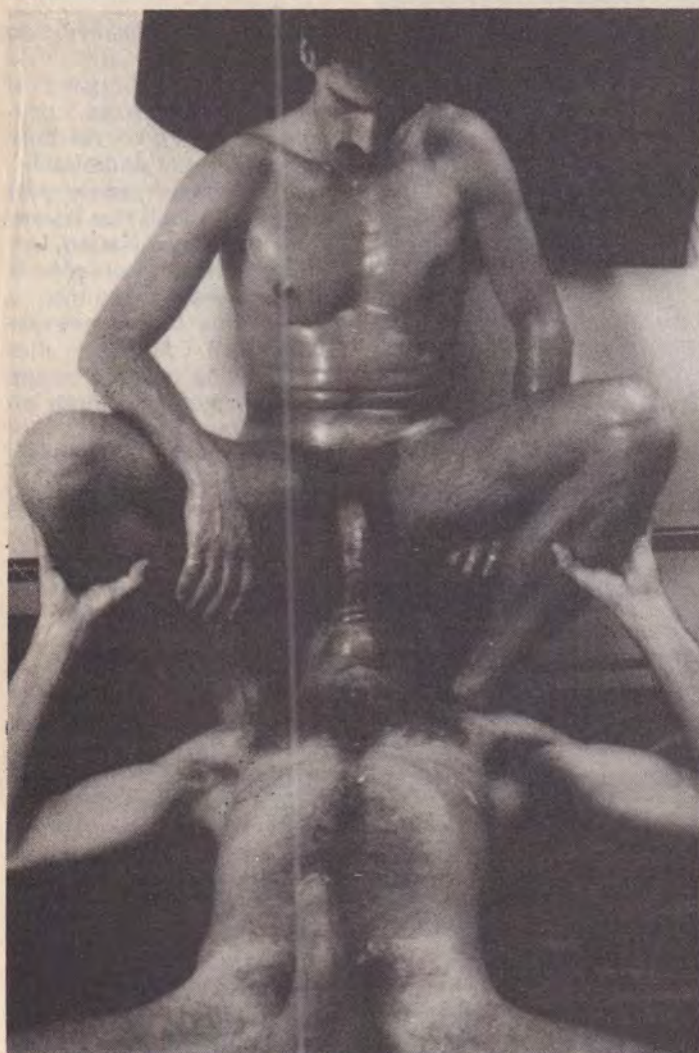
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DRUMMEDIA

THE LEATHER UPDATE ON FILMS/BOOKS/VIDEO/AUDIO



RAUNCH TWO: Christopher Rage opens the sluices from dribble to drench in his new video.

Christopher Rage's newest video is a rhapsody of raunch, a piss pig's paradise of squirt, spurt, spill and slop. It's a paean to piss called, appropriately enough, **Raunch Two**, a sequel to his earlier *Raunch*. In its delectation of watersports, Rage opens the sluices from dribble to drench and from douse to deluge, rejoicing in piss with an effusion of method. He employs ballooning rubbers, bloated plasma bags, blighted Levi's and brimming crystal goblets. He has taped showering cocks and guzzling mouths, emptying enema bags and the resultant fountaining assholes.

Best of all, he has done so with an attitude that is reverent and hypnotic, yet not lethargic. Invoking a worshipful

intensity from his cast and directing with a measured pace which appreciates the ritual of sex play has allowed Rage to record the psychological as well as the physical connections of his men. The result slows our sense of time and digs beneath surface sensation for a stoned reverie that has a deep and cumulative effect. These long build-ups are made for slow stroking.

Raunch Two is an hour-long video shot with the usual Rage attention to focus, color and appropriate sound. In *Raunch Two* Rage uses little musical or electronic scoring, for the pulse and splash of the sport itself is music enough. Always a stand-out in his own casts, Rage is abetted here by favorite members of his raunch rep-

ertory company as well as some interesting newcomers.

Denton Crane narrates and plays a chief role, his dark, thick lips lasciviously issuing the refrain which haunts the video: "You want some piss? You wanna taste my piss? Crane delivers, in too many instances to be detailed here, to Rage, to popular Bosch Wagner and to others.

The video is arranged neatly in segments, each featuring two or three separate couplings; their intensifying action and simultaneous conclusions intercut for mounting arousal. In one, a sleek black beauty sporting tit clamps and a heavy weight hanging from his ball stretcher is intercut with a young, blond collegiate type in Levis. The

blond pisses in his pants, removes them and sucks his piss from the dripping crotch while the black man pisses into clear plastic tubing and jacks off.

In another scene, an absolutely sleazoid kid buries his face in the heavily bulging jockstrap of a friend, whose piss straining through the jock triggers the youth's spurting orgasm.

Rage, reclining, sucks an asshole, his tongue darting like a lizard's as the ass writhes upon his face. The scene becomes a trio, two men taking turns plugging and sucking the ass simultaneously, until cum showers down on them from above.

In the video's most sensational scene, Denton Crane is

back, whispering, "This is for you, man," filling a plastic bag with piss and plugging it into a butthole. Unplugged, this highly controlled ass spurts long arching streams of piss through the air. It splashes noisily onto the mats below and the torrent slows to a trickle, slipping over low-hanging balls and dripping drop by visible drop to the floor.

Rage—good god, he's sleazy—is back next, guzzling and gurgling mouthfuls of piss from a whumping cock. Then there's a foursome, in which Johnny Jule's raven hair shimmers in a shower of piss. He nestles his face into a blond's crotch while the blond pisses over him, their pose a perverse Pieta, a religious look on Jules' face.

Among other scenes are two leathermen in chaps sharing a piss 69, and Bosch Wagner giving head to a man whose piss glides out on silver strands of precum while the camera feasts on incredible cock close-ups as Wagner's tongue coaxes the cockhead to give up more juice. Altogether, it's a piss dream, delivered in every imagined—and some previously unimagined—fashion, all given straight to the camera for ultimate connection to the viewer.

With the porn industry mired in formula, grinding out the regulation couplings of look-alike partners, Christopher Rage may well be the Saviour of Sleaze. His videos are exactly what the current President's Commission on Pornography and Obscenity is outraged by, and exactly what you'll be unable to buy if they have their way. In Rage's case, this lies less in what he depicts than in his attitude towards it. He creates a video world we couldn't call obscene, but to which the label pornographic seems to apply. Simply and appreciably, Rage can shock as he seduces. *Raunch Two* is a hard act to follow—or swallow. My usual plea/warning: External watersports can be safe sex. Ingestion, whether oral or anal, if not your own, seems unwise.

(Christopher Rage's videos are available from Live Video, 147 West 42nd Street, Suite 603, New York, NY 10036.)

John F. Karr

DRUMMEDIA FILMS

BAD NIGHT AND WORSE POLITICS



DANGEROUSLY CLOSE: *Leader of The Sentinels enjoys a stogie.*

If your taste in trade runs to South-of-the-border types you'll relate to Walt (Tim Streeter), the central character of Gus Van Sant's *Mala Noche*, a gay drama which is bound to sound more depressing than it plays.

Mala Noche (Bad Night) is a story of a one-way love set among the have-nots of Portland, Oregon, based on Walt Curtis' autobiographical novella.

Walt works in a skid-row store that sells the necessities—wine and cigarettes—to the winos and illegal immigrants who make up the neighborhood. A young Mexican, Johnny (Doug Cooney), turns Walt on, but Johnny is too firmly rooted in Latin machismo and won't fuck Walt—for less than \$25. Walt only has \$15 so he settles for Johnny's friend Pepper (Ray Monge).

"My ass is sore," Walt says the next day. "I think he tried to use his cock like a weapon on me. Macho fucking prick." Later, after Johnny leaves and they settle into a sort-of relationship, Walt tells Pepper, "You drive like you fuck."

The danger of Walt's situation is underscored by a news story about an alien who killed a local man claiming he made "homosexual advances," and

by Johnny introducing a gun into the household.

The story ends abruptly but Van Sant returns to happier times for an upbeat coda. Most of the photography is more black than white, going further toward obscurity than is required.

Still, a lot of grim reality is on view in this promising first feature which was shown at the Seattle International and San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festivals.

DEMOCRACY INACTION

If fascism scares you it's time to get nervous. Two movies on the subject opened in May. The one that opposes fascism, *Dangerously Close*, was gone before June, while the one that embraces it, *Cobra*, will probably play until Christmas.

To be fair, *Dangerously Close* was made on a low budget with a cast of pretty but little- to un-known actors while *Cobra* stars Sylvester Stallone and spends more on wrecked vehicles than Liz Taylor does on jewelry. The artistic style of director Albert Pyun hurts *Dangerously Close* as much as its unfashionable political stance. It should have been a sleazy exploitation melodrama, but Pyun's attempts to give it respectability

leave it mired in the mediocre middle.

The Sentinels, a gang of preppies led by John Stockwell, are trying to rid their high school of "undesirable" poor and minority students by way of SM rituals that resemble a fraternity initiation. Unknown to them, someone is adding murder to the mix.

Crusading school newspaper editor J. Eddie Peck, after nearly being coopted by the Sentinels, gets the goods on them when his outre best friend, smart-ass punker Bradford Bancroft disappears.

Today's movie audiences are too jaded to accept the suspense tease *Dangerously Close* offers without a better orgasm than it provides.

BIG-HEADED DICK

Cobra would have us believe La Stallone is the cop of last resort the others turn to in situations they can't handle, or when they're afraid the wimpy courts will free a criminal: "We put 'em away, they let 'em out. . . . As long as we gotta play by these bullshit rules and the killer doesn't, we're gonna lose."

We meet him as he goes into a supermarket where a psycho has killed half the people and is holding the others hostage. "I'll blow this whole place up," the psycho threatens. "Go ahead," says the Cobra. "I don't shop here." And there's not a dry crotch in the house as he wastes the sucker. It turns out that the killer is part of a cult of demented, axe-wielding bikers committed to some kind of "new world" where only the strong survive. They meet in a skull-trimmed dungeon and spend the night doing worshipful aerobics when they're not out on murder missions. There are about fifty men in the cult and one woman, Lee Garlington, who also happens to be on the police force.

Machismo, which equals death, is the real issue here. The Cobra may be overcompensating for his name, Marion Cobretti. He prefers his

nickname with its symbolism of a big-headed dick. No one mentions that John Wayne's real name was Marion, but it's no coincidence. While the plot resembles *Dirty Harry*, Stallone is much closer to Wayne than Clint Eastwood, whose manhood is always taken for granted without having to be proven every ten minutes.

It would be nice to have the streets made safe for decent folk—if we could be on the side that decides who the decent folk are. In the *Cobra*'s world you bet your ass we're not.

SHOT DOWN

Top Gun doesn't join in the "Die, Commie, Die!" hysteria *Rambo* and his ilk brought back in vogue. It takes the more subtle and insidious "Blips Don't Bleed" approach to sell war to children.

The Navy trains its fliers on sophisticated video games, so they can use the same techniques when they get up in the air in \$36-million machines—some fancy maneuvering at hundreds of miles per hour, lock a blip in the radar sight and poof! You haven't killed anyone, you haven't destroyed someone else's \$36-million machine—you've just scored a replay. Give me another quarter, daddy.

Tom Cruise is a good pilot, but reckless and cocky. He goes to *Top Gun* school to be brought down a peg. With him goes his sidekick Anthony Edwards, a character who, in the world of movie clichés, is born to die. There also has to be an adversary whose respect Cruise can win, and Val Kilmer sleepwalks through this role. Commanding officer Tom Skerritt is a father figure for the orphaned (awwwww) Cruise.

Finally, flying has to look sexy, and Hollywood doesn't give a shit about our fantasies (like a school orgy we can project ourselves into the middle of); so Kelly McGillis is the older woman who can't resist the star's debatable charm. She has no Cruise control.

I can respect the kind of movie *Top Gun* tries to be, but this one doesn't score nearly as high as it smugly assumes it does.

—Steve Warren



DANGEROUSLY CLOSE: *The Sentinels*, masked to hide their identities, terrorize a defiant punker.



STREET-TOUGH: Sylvester Stallone holds off killers from the back of his pickup truck during a tense moment in the new police action thriller *Cobra*.



By the time **Dances Sacred and Profane** reaches most movies theatres, reviews such as this one will have piqued interest in what could be called the main event of the film, the Sioux O-Kee-Pa Sundance ritual as performed in Wyoming by Bay Area shaman Fakir Musafar and his assistant, Jim Ward. It's an intense ceremony, familiar to many as the key sequence of the Richard Harris film *A Man Called Horse*. It's wise, therefore, for documentary filmmakers Mark and Dan Jury to sate some of the audience's curiosity by giving us a portion of the ceremony up front before moving on to the body of the film, saving the majority of the Sundance for the end—like when the Beatles used to appear on "The Ed Sullivan Show."

From that opening teaser, *Dances* moves to the subcultural netherworlds of photographer Charles Gatewood, upon whose work the film is based. Gatewood is a chronicler of the sexual and forbidden, from the simpler rituals of Mardi Gras, drag and nudist colonies to the deeper subcultural permutations of the Hellfire Club type of SM orgies and genital piercings—as Gatewood says in a filmed interview, "Want to talk about a sub-subculture?"

Gatewood seeks out the triple subcultures of our world and tries to relate them to our past and present. It's almost an inversion of the work of the late Diane Arbus, who celebrated the grotesque and bizarre nature of environments we take for granted. Though she found some subjects at drag balls or mental institu-

tions, some of her most affecting work is found in her freak show studies of suburban leisure activity or the denizens of New York's Washington Square Park; even a Republican National Convention. Gatewood, on the other hand, wanders through his unusual milieu trying to find the everyday, the "meat" from these scenes that we can relate to our own lives. The photos explore rather than exploit, making accessible the unnaturalness that one might instinctively turn away from. Often the result is a study of the human being behind the mask, be it a multitude of genital piercings or intricate full-body tattoos. By humanizing his subjects, Gatewood creates an atmosphere for the erosion of stereotypes, one of the primary aims of any art form.

In researching historic similarities to Musafar's work, Gatewood is filmed watching documentary footage from the Smithsonian taken by anthropologist Robert Haupt in India during the 1930s. Indian holymen are seen performing various rituals involving self-mutilation and what seems to be a variant on Sundancing. Here, almost as fascinating as the films themselves is Gatewood's expression as he views them. Gatewood is alive and engrossed, a true seeker of knowledge. His eyes shine with the nonjudgmental, intellectual curiosity that compels (and is evident in) his work.

Fakir Musafar comes by his obsession with piercing rituals past and present naturally, claiming to have been driven toward the idea of piercing

and Sundancing since he first tried it with great accuracy at the age of fourteen. Musafar's belief in reincarnation is largely responsible for his drive to explore the O-Kee-Pa ritual. Exploring his history and philosophy, the filmmakers achieve much the same effect as Gatewood's photographs. Musafar discusses his rather conventional autobiography with calm lucidity as he sits near naked with half-inch tubes in his nipples and two rounded steel daggers stuck in holes previously pierced through his pectorals.

Dances follows Gatewood, Musafar, and Ward through Wyoming as they perform the many preliminaries to the Sundance ritual; Musafar picking a secluded cottonwood tree that will serve his purpose, Musafar and Ward divining energy from Devil's Tower, Musafar limbering up for the ceremony (in a somewhat anachronistic manner: he golfs). Musafar and Ward first engage in a preliminary form of Sundancing in which they tie rope from the tree to metal needles pierced through a quarter-inch of flesh in their chests. They then lean away from the tree, letting their body weight gently pull them backwards as the skin is stretched several inches from the chest. This goes on for hours, until the flesh tears, and human flesh, obviously, is more than a little durable. As Gatewood observes, it is both exciting and painful to watch, but by working slowly, they build up the natural opiates in their bodies which will allow Musafar to proceed to the next step.

Musafar modestly calls the final sequence "a more severe form" of Sundancing. Metal "flesh hooks" are placed in his pierced chest and tied to a trapezoidal device that is hung from the cottonwood. Slowly, he rotates the swing himself, and as the ropes holding it to the tree twist, he is slowly lifted off the ground. Jim Ward takes over the operation as Musafar's feet begin to leave the ground since Musafar must, as he explains, "completely give in to it." The principle of the ceremony is to completely leave one's physical being behind and ulti-

mately, to meet one's creator. Does Musafar succeed? As he is lowered by Ward, his blissful expression speaks volumes, and his voice narrates:

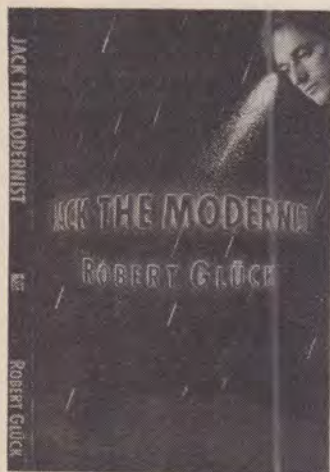
I was up there with the creators of the universe. It was a dimension that I don't think I've ever been in before that...it was just...I don't know how you'd say it; I guess it's "cosmic" or something. Boy, I've never been up in that kind of a level. I mean, you know, there are gods and demigods and Great White Lights and Great White Spirit but this was way up there, the Great Spirit or whatever was the one who sucked me up right through into the physical sun and out there somewhere. And, you know, they were speaking, there was music of a sort. It was magnificent stuff, and, uh...they told me things.

Dances Sacred and Profane isn't for everyone—even the hip, leather-familiar audience at the San Francisco premiere of *Dances* squirmed somewhat during certain portions of the film—but there is definitely a sense of awe at the feat these individuals perform. One of the drawbacks to the film is delineated by Musafar right in the movie: over clips from a football game he explains that Americans seem to derive their physical experiences second-hand; here are a couple of dozen men having an actual physical experience as 80,000 fans watch them, having the experience vicariously. I wonder how many of the people in theatres where *Dances* is showing will realize that the same principle is involved with an audience viewing the film.

Still, it's an incredible undertaking done with a fiercely intelligent sensitivity, and while anyone can play football, Sundancing is probably not an experience for which many would have the patience, inclination and/or spiritual dedication. *Dances Sacred and Profane* is a noble film about a noble subject, and for those cynical as to the mystical forces that guide it, low-level proof: though probably not planned by either party, on the San Francisco opening night of the documentary, a local independent TV station was showing an interesting variant on the western—maybe you've seen it: *A Man Called Horse*.

—Mario Mondelli

COCKTEASER/BRAINTEASER



At the beginning of Robert Gluck's new novel *Jack the Modernist* (Gay Presses of New York, \$7.95) he cites *Drummer* as an influence. Gluck also mentions Denis Diderot's art criticism and the theories about it in Michael Fried's *Absorption and Theatricality*, Lafcadio Hearn's *Kwaidan*, the letters of Neil Voegtle, Goethe, Barthes, Ovid and Bataille. And *Jack the Modernist* is exactly the sort of book you'd think would result from an author's immersion in such eclectic, esoteric and contradictory source.

Segments from *Jack the Modernist* were published in *Five Fingers Review*, *No Apologies*, *Zyzyva*, *Ottotole* (I've never heard of any of them, but they sound suffocatingly literary, the type of journals you've never read—does anyone?—but might place on the coffee table to impress tricks with your pretensions)—and, for a change of pace, in *Advocate Men*, too. Gluck wants to produce high-toned literature, but I think he'd also like us to be able to jerk off to it. (He wants a good rep in Gay Lit circles, but he'd also like a few readers.)

That may not be an impossible task (A.N. Roquelaure came close to *Stroke Art* in the *Beauty books*), but it's certainly not a simple one, and I doubt it could be accomplished in the cold, postmodernist, syntax-fractured style Gluck employs. *Jack the Mod-*

ernist produces stirrings in the crotch and stirrings in the brain, but neither cock nor mind is given quite enough stimulation for the climactic payoff. Gluck's both a cockteaser and a brainteaser, and while that's certainly not a negligible act to pull off, it's not one guaranteed to win wild social approval.

Bob meets Jack. Jack and Bob have a lot of sex. Phyllis' son is killed. Bob and Jack break up. Bob has sex with Jack's once (and future?) lover. That's about the entire plot of *Jack the Modernist* so we may safely conclude that a powerful narrative drive is not Gluck's strong suit. But since there are only four basic plots (and some minor variations thereon) to gay novels anyway—the ghetto plot, the genre plot, the coming-out plot, the porno plot—it's not that we're really missing anything in the virtually plotless *Jack the Modernist*.

My guess is that Gluck would like to write porno, but he's embarrassed by it. He tries for metaphysical smut like "I want him to suck for a long time, for hours, until he becomes completely identified with it—like a starfish whose grip on the rock makes up the better part of its being" and "Jack's cock was the toothpick that stabilized my club sandwich of being and nothingness," (which embarrasses me, or maybe those are the jokes).

At the same time he understands the pornographic verities: "The more you get fucked, the more you want it; eventually the pornographic *hungry hole* becomes merely accurate." In one passage Gluck breaks down a stock porno scene—a night at the baths (remember them?):

happening—sex as a consciousness altering state—yet the

*:a man on his hands and knees, another man milks him like a cow—the sperm comes—a low huh from the spectators
experience is limited to so few;
in the first place a gay orgy*

*:a man kneels
is feared as unnatural; in the second place a gay orgy is*

*:a man stands feet apart slowly masturbating and glazing at a man who masturbates standing feet apart and returning his gaze
feared as too natural.*

It's almost art and it's almost hot, but it's not really completely either. As brilliant as passages in *Jack the Modernist* are, they never form a whole anything.

In keeping with the conventions of postmodernism Gluck keeps himself in the center of the book. (The rules governing the avant-garde are as strict and as rigidly enforced as the rules governing Harlequin Romances—did Gluck, Dennis Cooper, Bret Easton Ellis, Brad Gooch, the dread David Leavitt, whose next book is called *The Lost Language of Cranes*—are you just dying to read it?—Robert Ferro take Edmund White's course in "Confusion and Agnst and Blankness and Silent Stares into the Ruined Future in the Modern Novel: How To" or what?)

His writing the book is the most important theme of the book. Writers writing about writers writing—wouldn't you love to take an axe to their word processors? But damned if Gluck doesn't know just what he's doing: "That's why I'm writing to you—would you prefer silences to a morbid love story held together by a long freight train of equal signs and propelled by a modern emotion? I don't think there's a name for it yet; call it excited neutrality." Call it bull's-eye self-criticism, too.

Yet I found *Jack the Modernist* oddly compelling. It's maddening but never boring, but I'm not sure that what I love in a friend I want in a book. Gluck obviously has talent. He's got a sharp eye for the strange, yet apt, description.

Of two characters in the film *An American Werewolf in London*:

In life Judith and Harry were hopelessly trivial with the worst chirrupy public school accent, always popping off or carrying on, and the joke is that death does not transfigure

them, does not ennoble them or give them access to an essence or a Truth or even a point of view; the mystery and gravity of their position vis-a-vis the Ultimate expresses itself in a fit of pique and a death-is-a-knock-knock-joke giddiness.

About an orgy:

We watch the pleasure rather than the men, feeling their potential interchangeability.

A letter to an exlover closes with

You've been a rude boy. You know you have. Bad boy, you must know that I'm going to punish you. I have to punish you before I can forgive you—you realize that, don't you Brain?

and Gluck comments

I got a hardon as I wrote it. John Preston sent Jason, his slave, an envelope containing a few long steel pins. No words. I hardly aspire to such fierce poetry; it takes my breath away. Steel pins, Dear Abby? "What do I know. If Jason wants them, certainly, but has he thought about seeing his priest or rabbi. They wave goodbye from a sepia photograph. God bless and let me hear from you again. I care."

When Gluck's collection of stories *Elements of a Coffee Service* was published to great acclaim, a San Francisco-based colleague explained my inability to work up much enthusiasm for it: "Of course, you didn't understand it. You East Coast types are all so . . . so . . . so linear." Gluck writes from the middle out; he's interested only in the pure flow of words. He can write exquisite sentences, occasionally bravura paragraphs, but he can't sustain his expert craftsmanship throughout an entire book.

Gluck moves very close to his characters, so close he blurs them. He wants to make us share his vision, but his camera probes haphazardly. He needs more light. Not only can't we see the forest for the trees, but the trees are growing dimmer too. That may be the point of *Jack the Modernist*; the novel's about its own evaporation. Welcome to the Void, says Robert Gluck, the elegant prose stylist, I'm the official doorman.


—T.R. Witomski

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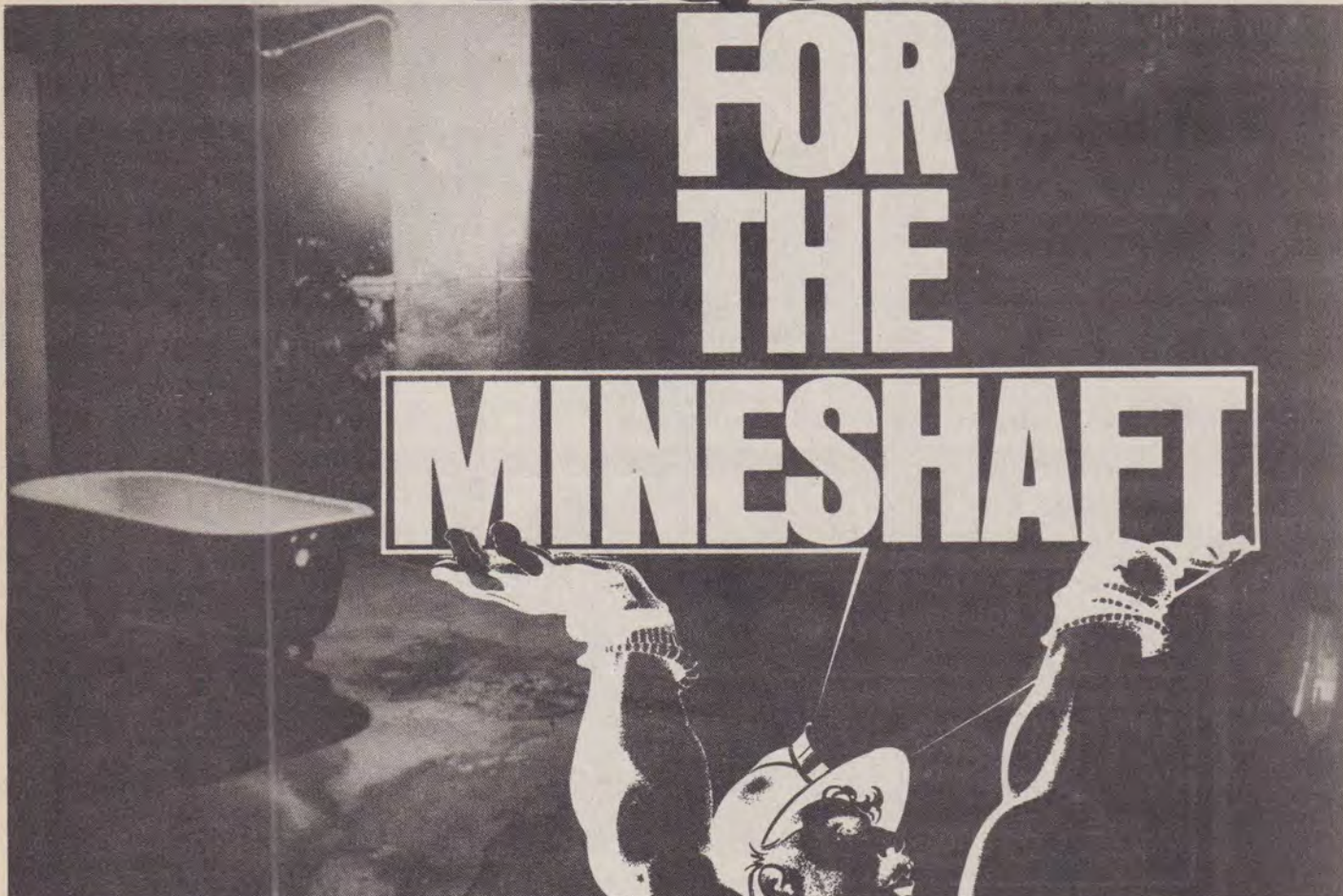
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REQUIEM

FOR THE

MINESHAFT



by T.R. Witomski

Everyone who was ever there agrees. There was nothing else like it. For almost a decade in New York City, the Mineshaft was the world's premiere leather bar. An SM Mecca, gay hedonism's holy of holies, it was celebrated in scores of erotic novels and stories, faked in the film *Cruising*, acclaimed and damned in the gay press. And now, it is another casualty of AIDS hysteria.

"The first time I ever went to the Mineshaft..." is such an oft-told tale that it's almost cliché. The Mineshaft was the stuff that dreams are made of. A legend. Only a memory today, the 'shaft will never truly die, but will remain a part of the gay erotic consciousness.

The Mineshaft was the fullest expression of gay sexual freedom. Whatever your scene was—whether it was wandering around the maze of rooms naked, receptive to all cocks, getting pissed on while reclining in one of the WS room's several bathtubs or taking fists—you felt accepted at the Mineshaft. There was no sexual behavior that was frowned on (except maybe for the stench of scat); your *nastiest* thought could be safely acted out within 835 Washington Street.

We first went to the Mineshaft still flushed from the intoxicating rush that gay liberation had given us in the mid-1970s. The closet doors had been dynamited open; gay sex, so long repressed, entered its Golden Age. Erotic experimentation was not only permitted, but encouraged. Correct sexual politics meant doing it, often, with as many partners as possible in all possible variations.

At the Mineshaft our wildest fantasies became flesh. And in this wonderland of sexual pleasure, we experienced a sense of community. The Mineshaft was more of a brotherhood than a bar. Unlike strangers who gathered at other bars, visitors to the 'shaft shared a set of values. We were sexual radicals, finding ourselves by delving into our erotic minds, achieving personal liberation and giving new truth to the famous quote "The personal is the political."

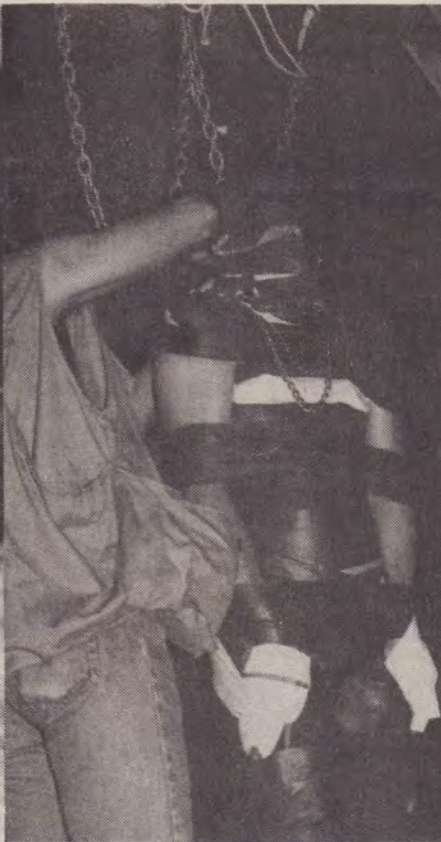
When the health crisis first became news, the Mineshaft was in the vanguard of urging gay men to steer a safe course. The management of the 'shaft plastered safe-sex guidelines on the walls, distributed condoms and ran numerous AIDS benefits. But to our heterosexual ene-

mies (sadly joined by some sexually repressed gays) the Mineshaft remained a symbol of decadent evil. Patrons of the 'shaft reveled in their sexuality, and in the twisted logic that has sprang up in the paranoid eighties, gay sex, not AIDS, needed to be stamped out.

The simple fact that you get AIDS from a virus, not from a place, could not prevent the 'shaft from being closed. The craziness of the press, particularly the *New York Post*, turned the Mineshaft into a *cause celebre*. It's mordantly ironic that the same folks who are vehemently opposed to federal and state funding for AIDS research and treatment and to the establishing of AIDS hospices in their neighborhoods maintained that closing the Mineshaft would safeguard the health of gay men. The health of faggots is hardly concern for most straights. They wanted the 'shaft shut to prevent those awful queers from doing God-only-knows-what. Erotophobia, more than the fear of AIDS, required that the Mineshaft be made a sacrificial victim.

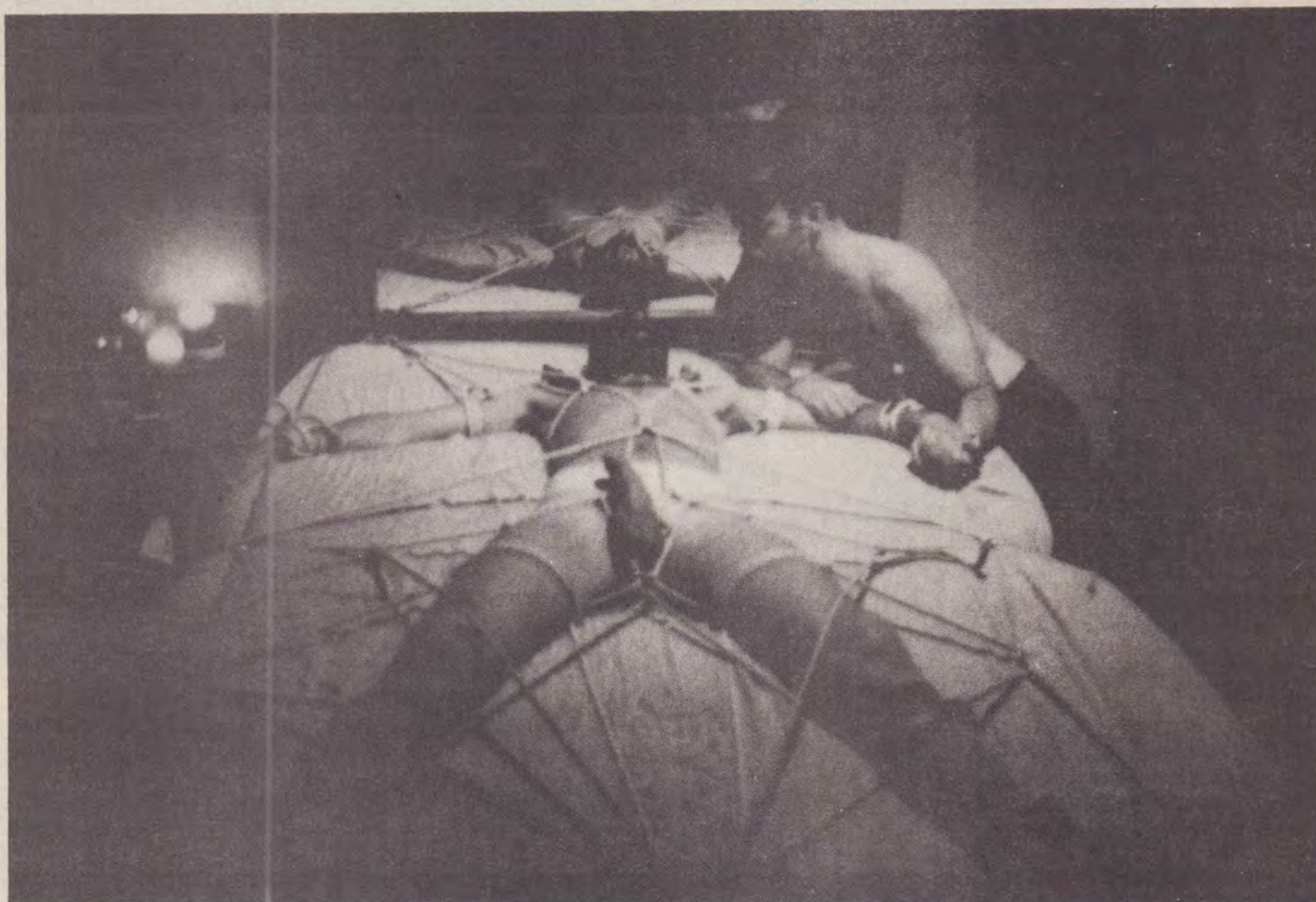
Ah, but I will never forget the first time I went to the Mineshaft...and I will never forget that night at the Mineshaft when I...







THE SOUTH OF THE SLOT HOTEL



by Mark I. Chester

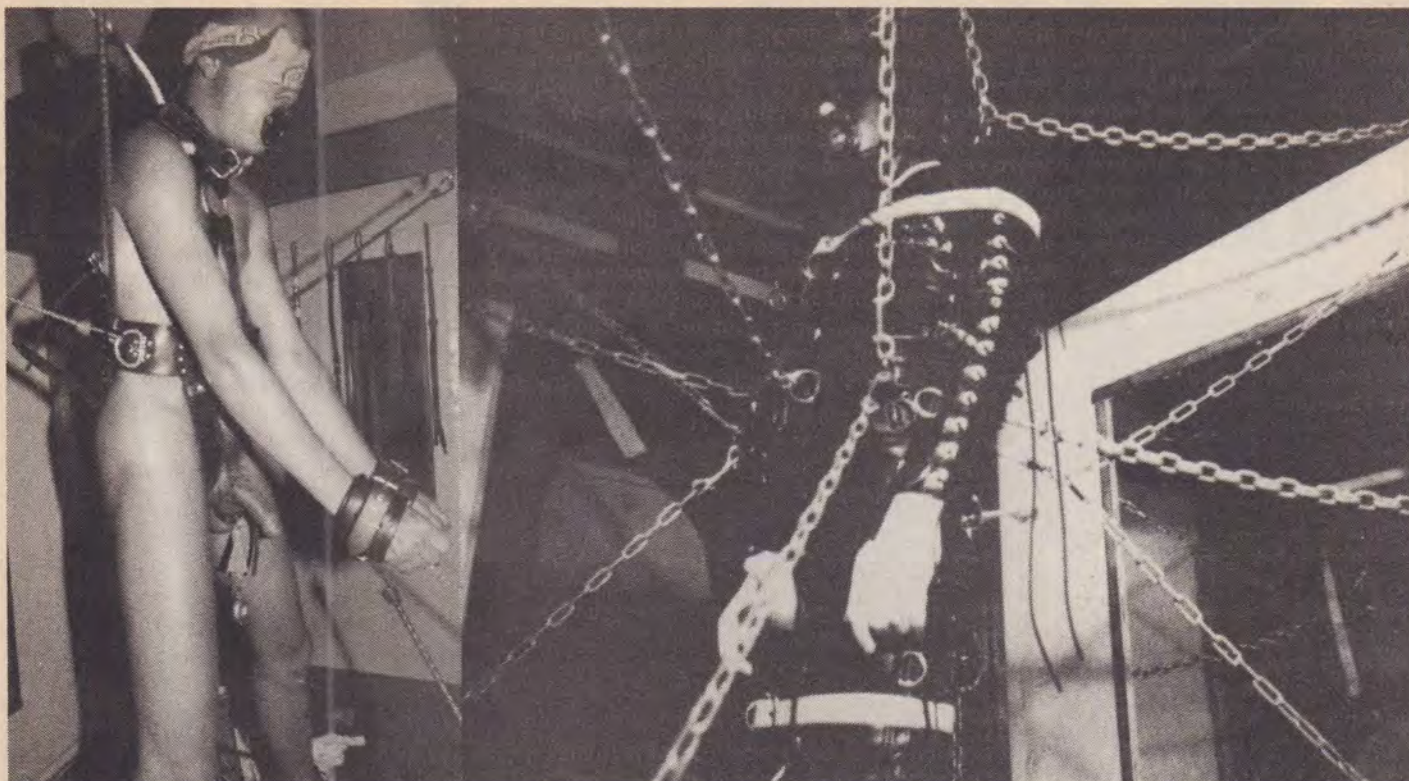
Don't ask me about the truth. When it comes to bathhouses, there is no such thing as *the truth*. There is only remembered reality. A nonlinear abstract dreamscape drawn in Criscoed sheets and reflected in mirrors, trailing jet streams of dried-up dreams. Slap smack sex. Bruised butts. Darkened passions and inflamed desires.

84 DRUMMER

The South of the Slot Hotel, San Francisco. Everything you've ever heard is true. Its reputation is only surpassed by its reality. Known by gay men into radical sex from all over the world. The Slot. Three floors of slam-bam-rock-and-roll sex. Everything from showers and a TV to public orgy spaces and private fantasy rooms. Everything from the sweetest fucking and sucking to the sickest,

weirdest shit that you have ever seen. Sick? Well, if nuclear bombs and contingency plans for winning a nuclear war are signs of normality, I'll stick with what society labels "sick, weird shit."

The Slot was a crazy little building on Folsom Street. Sometimes water leaked from the second floor and ultimately rotted out the first-floor ceiling in parts, not to mention the furniture and the carpet-



ing. Sometimes a fucked-up, give-a-shit management allowed speed freaks and dealers to swallow up and cancel the hot-sex energy. And the floor was so slanted, and everything was so saturated with so much Crisco, the regulars joked that you could slide down the hallways and stairs. You were surprised (and relieved) to discover in the morning that the Slot had neither fallen down nor burned to the ground.

But in spite of these thorns in the side of desperate desire, the Slot was a haven. A safe place. A place where you could let down those barriers that keep you protected when you live in the midst of a homophobic society. (You're wrong if you think that San Francisco isn't homophobic. There are just too many of us for them to be too consciously nasty for too long a time.) A place where it was okay for us to be intense, down-and-dirty, radical faggots without the rest of the world looking over our shoulders and wrinkling their noses. But they don't understand. How could they? They've always been what they were told to be. They've always fit in. Filled the mold. Not made waves. To them, the Slot was filled with a multitude of anonymous perverts, fucking like fucking bunnies. But to me, the Slot was filled with family. Regulars who knew each other. Watched out for each other. Talked. Joked. Hung out. Shared all the ups and downs of urban animals who drank from the same watering hole. An oasis in the desert. A place where we could be real. Where we could transform our erotic daydreams into fantastical realities. A place we could call home.

In one sense they were right. The Slot

was filled with a multitude of anonymous perverts. And yet the Slot was also filled with intimacy. For there can be great intimacy in the stolen, shared moments that pass between men who are labeled outcasts by the rest of the world. Pansexual rituals of ecstasy. Priapian erections. Dionysian delights. Gods of the dark arisen from the underworld to demand submission and sticky release.

Fancy language, but what do you expect of someone who reached puberty in the stacks of the library? You see, the Slot was like that. You found whatever it was you were looking for. Friendship? It was there. A place to relax? It was there. A place to get crazy and wild and fun? It was there. All you had to do was look at the bulletin board on the first floor.

No other sex palace had a bulletin board quite like it. Chalked-in obsessions. Things you wanted to do. Things you had never heard of and therefore especially wanted to do. SM, top, bottom, fetishes, FF and one section for vanilla sex, but only one section. The notices read like this: "Piss slave seeks drenching by all comers, Room 236." Or: "Leather Master into clothespins, wax and pain, Room 321." Or: "Asshole slave seeks deep hole plugging, dildoes and asshole torture. Waiting in 2nd floor bathroom." Signposts on the underbelly of gay sexuality.

Or you could walk the halls. Past open doors with leathern figures waiting to materialize out of the darkness. A different fantasy behind every door. The Club Baths kept out anyone who was not young, thin and cute. The superhunks, self-appointed gifts from God went to

the Hot House. But the Slot was open to them all. Young. Old. Beautiful. Those so ugly that they were beautiful. Novices and jaded leathermen.

Each regular had his own room. A room that somehow suited him and spoke to his character, his sex trip and his game. Mine was Room 233. For a boy from the midwest, Room 233 was as close to nirvana as I had ever gotten. A four-poster bed. Screw eyes and pulleys bolted into the ceiling. Screweyes bolted into the wall. Mirrors at strategic points. A jungle gym for nasty little boys into ropes and chains and restraints of every shape, style and kind.

For some, it was a waiting game. Take a room, set the trap and wait to see what walks in. Like digging for sexual surprises in a Cracker Jack box. But I brought my surprises with me: the bags of toys reflecting the individual tastes and needs of each new man-boy seeking release. I came to the Slot a scared boy and I left a sexually radical man. Touchstones on a path of which there is no turning back.

But times change. One day, the Slot was not enough. I built my own play space based on lessons learned in Room 233. And then times changed more. And then so much more that there was no way to ever go back.

There is a long list, a list of ghosts in San Francisco. Among them is the Hungry Hole, the Barracks, the Fair Oaks, the Hot House, the Caldron, the Club Baths, the Catacombs. And now, the Slot. They are chapters in a book that is closed forever. We are living a trial by fire, a fire that has reduced our houses to ash. But out of the ashes will rise a phoenix. I know. Some of us can already feel the flutter of wings. □

THE LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

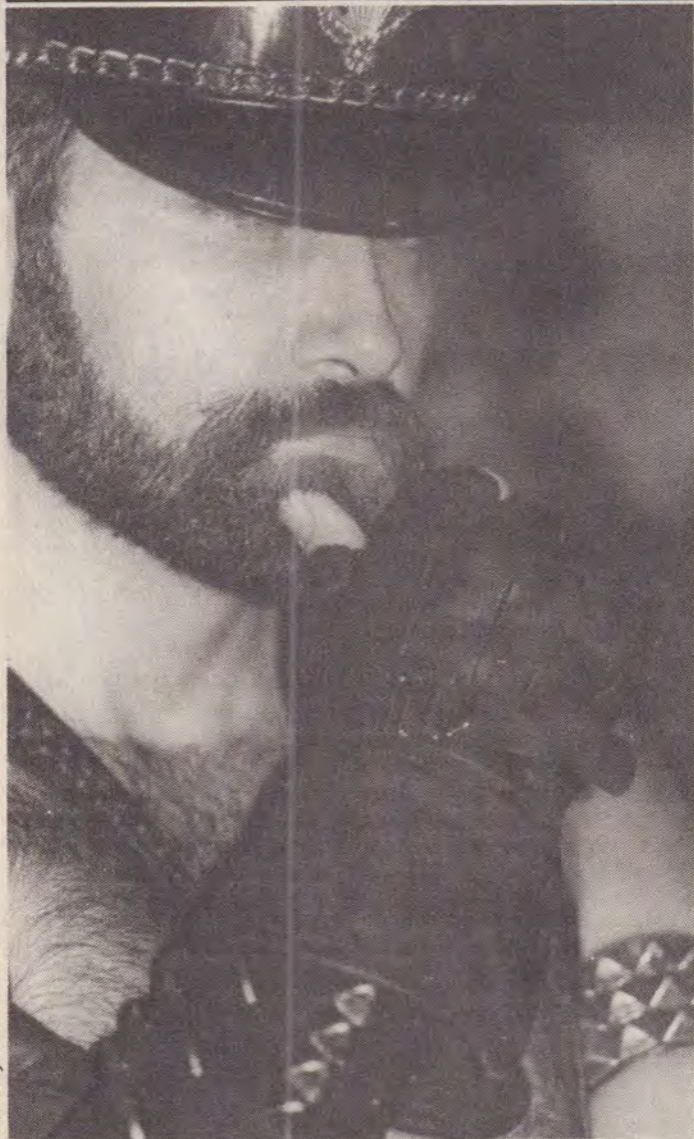


Photo by ROBERT PRUZAN

The following has been a matter that needed to be addressed for some time. It is a more serious matter than the usual Bulletin Board, as I perceive it.

I recently had a long telephone conversation with Wayne Haskell of Mr. S Leather in Denver. Wayne is regarded as a gentle man as well as a gentleman. His concern for the leather community is borne by his perception of brotherhood and the awful AIDS crisis. Much has been written about AIDS and how it

has affected all of us in one way or another.

The leather community has always been a brotherhood of distinct and unique individuals. Apart from our self-perception, we are fairly united in how we see our community. This strength has never been so evident than in this AIDS crisis. Many of us have lost lovers and friends. None of us have been left untouched by this terrible sadness. Most leather men have marshalled their love, dedication and personal resources

toward defeating this disease.

In the past most of the remainder of the community have looked at us with something of a jaundiced eye, colored by suspicion, misunderstanding and yes, some envy. Lack of understanding has never daunted us because we have had the strength of our convictions. We have been accused of being overly masculine as if that were some sort of aberration. It's just the way we are. For most of us our dedication to leather, and the man-to-man scenes which have given it meaning, has given it a quality which exceeds other lifestyles.

On the other hand, there have been some negative effects which are due, mainly, from overreaction. Some men have folded up their leather and withdrawn into the closet. This withdrawal can only be termed paranoia.

When AIDS first assumed epidemic proportions, I saw it as both a tragedy and an awakening. The tragedy is evident, but the awakening has been slow to materialize. The guidelines have been established for safe and sane sex. Leathermen can readily understand this since many of them have practiced safe and sane SM. SM has been perceived by the uninitiated as the pain/pleasure dichotomy, where that is only part of it, and, in many instances, does not even enter the scene. Aside from the possible physical aspects, there is also the psychological interaction between two people. It can be very erotic and does not, in many instances, result in penetration and orgasm. There are more ways of getting off than fucking and sucking.

For many years our community has preached responsibility. There is a misconception that the top ties up the bottom and beats the bejesus out of him. Many tops will tell you that the scene is choreographed along the needs of each individual. The energy flow between the top and the bottom are the essential ingredients. Without this rapport between the two men there can be no real scene.

New men are curious about leathermen and they are seek-

ing new sexual expressions for themselves. It is necessary that we take up the challenge and responsibility for teaching them to learn the sensuality of leather and the fulfillment in our man-sex.

Those men who have withdrawn from leather should reconsider. All that AIDS has done is add another dimension to the safety factor which we are all familiar with. Wear your leather with pride. We have never fled from a challenge before and this crisis demands that we meet it head on and prove that we are up to the challenge.

Wayne is a thoughtful man, and he, like so many others, has expressed a concern which all of us should feel. He has not fled from it, notwithstanding his own personal tragedy, he has dealt with it as he would hope that others would. I concur fully with him.

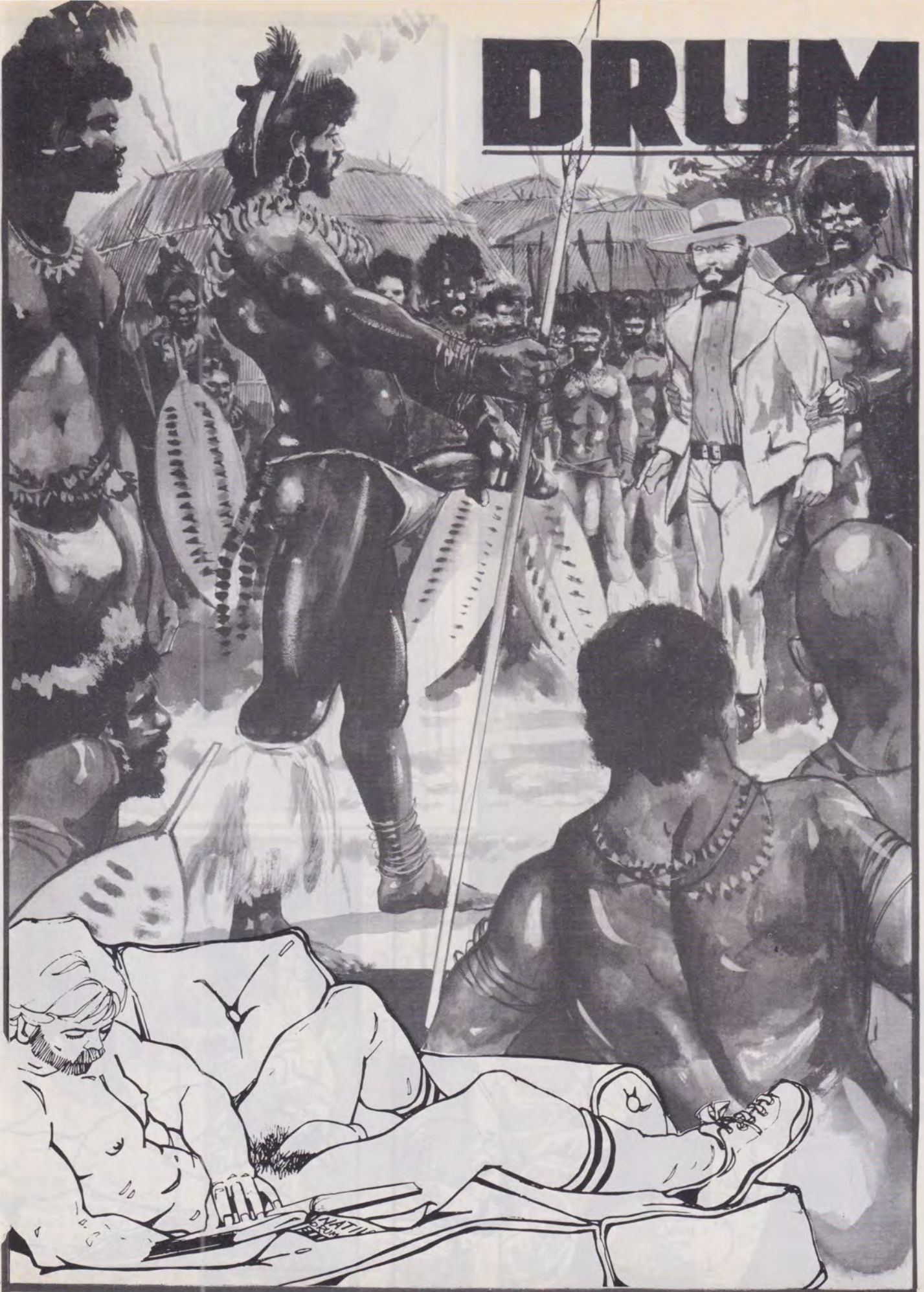
Another year has passed and the finals for **MR. DRUMMER 1986** are almost upon us. In the past people have expressed a concern over the two contests—**MR. DRUMMER** and **MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER**. I don't feel that there is anything to be concerned about. Neither contest is competing. They are, rather, expressions of solidarity among the leather community. The men who participate in each represent the best in our community. Each winner of the contests will carry the banner proudly and serve the best interests of the entire community.

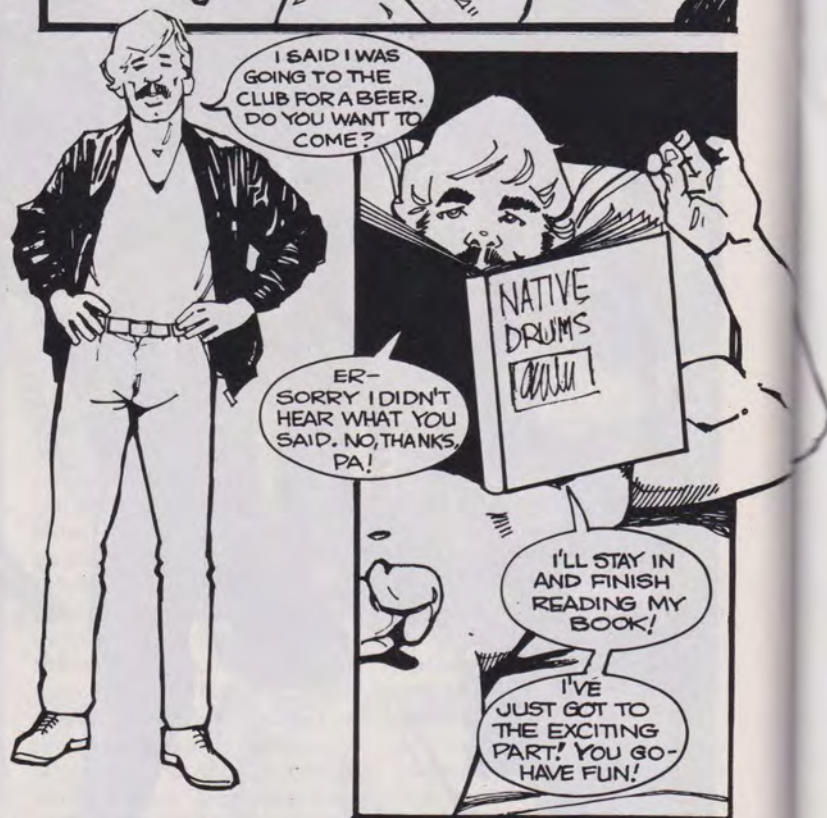
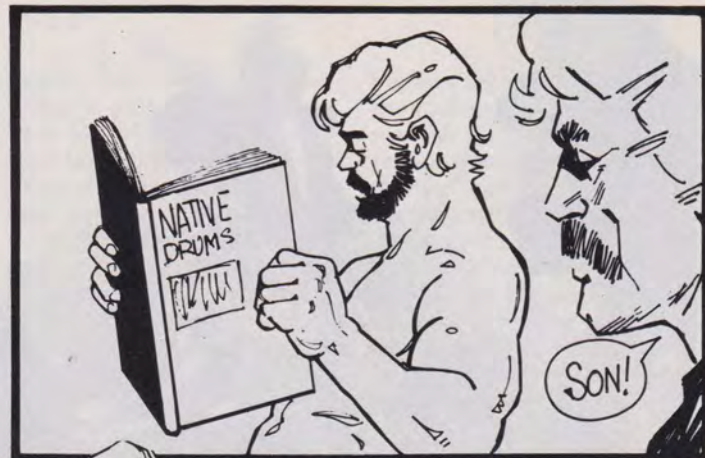
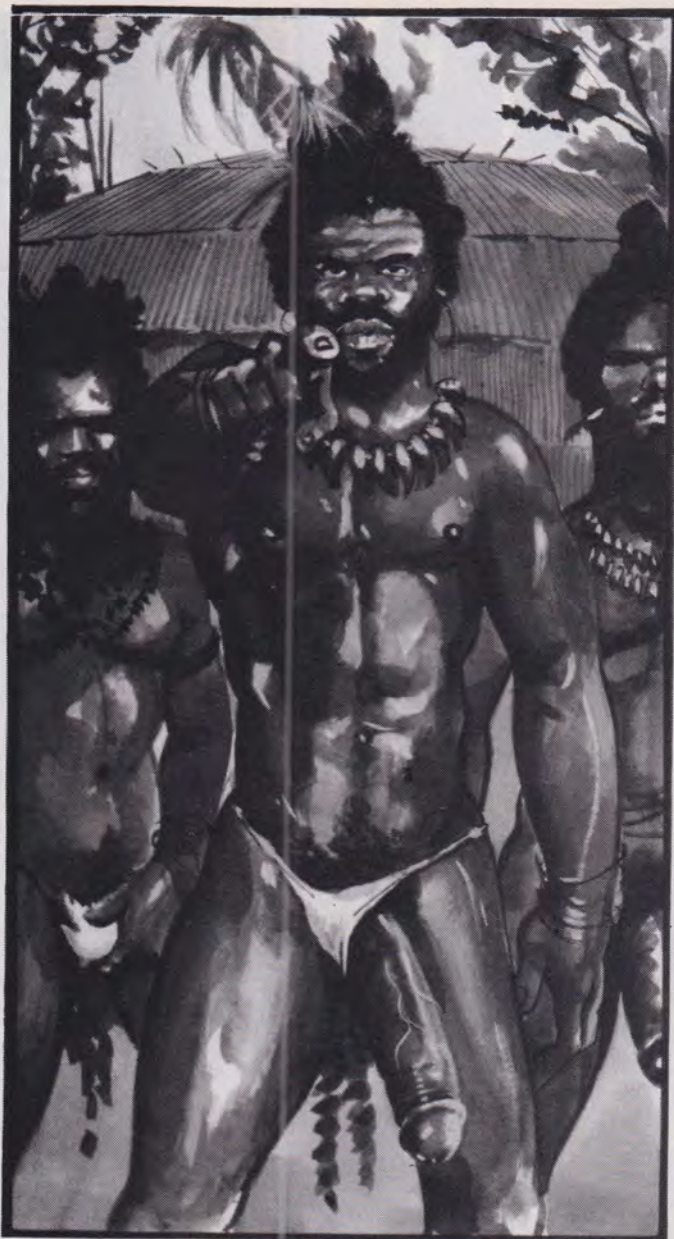
In *Drummer 95* I mentioned the **GMSMA** (Gay Male SM Activists) in New York. If you are interested in their program, you can reach them by writing **GMSMA**, 132 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011.

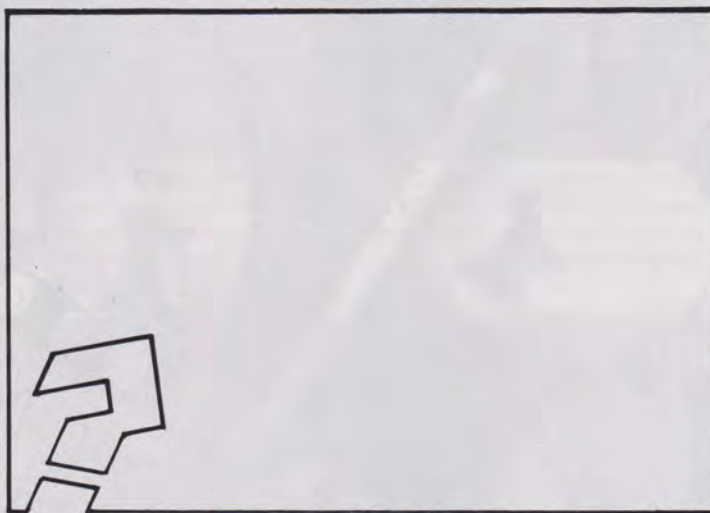
For you guys on the East Coast, there's a lodge off I-81 in Tennessee where you can stay, individually or as a group, which is strictly geared to leathermen. If any of you guys are planning to travel on I-81, drop me a line and I'll tell you how to reach the place. Believe me when I tell you, as I understand, this is a leatherman's dream come true. I will go into more details in next month's column.

—Frank O'Rourke

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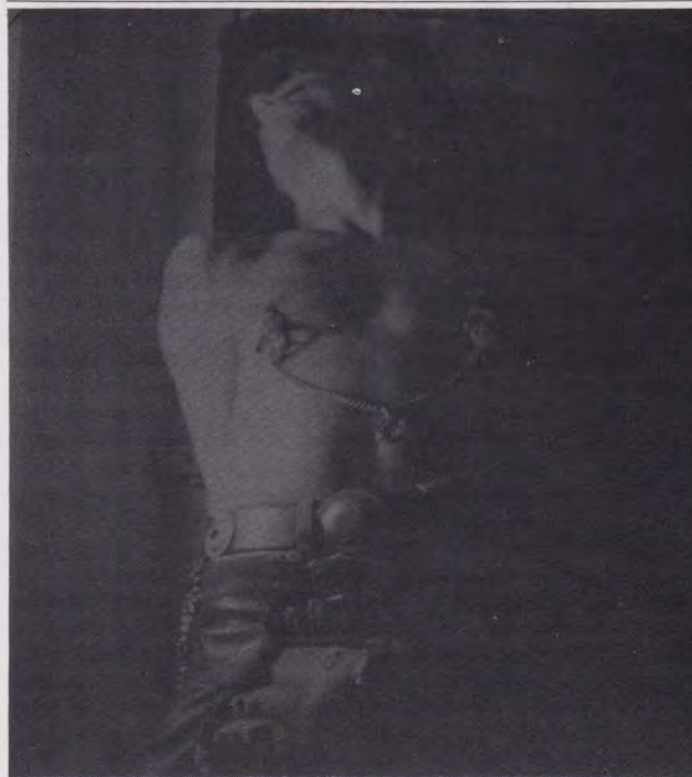
Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number on the back flap in pencil; put that inside another envelope and mail it to the address above, along with a measly quarter for handling. See ya around!



RICHMOND OVERHANG: If you're into foreskin play, worship and torture, drop a line to Victor, PO Box 8603, Richmond, VA 23226. This TC doesn't even want a coded ad, so your raunchy, outrageous, kinky letters can get into his hands right away. He didn't give us any details, but with all that skin, we can just imagine what you might think up to do to him.



SPANKING HOT! This California TC sent us his photo of buns beaten bright red. He's smooth, 6'2", 170 lbs. and challenges other slim males into spanking good times and traditional corporal punishment to give him a try. Give or take or both, write: PO Box 14794, San Francisco, CA 94114.



DISCIPLINE NEEDED: At least that's what we think this asshole needs. This Boulder bottom sends us this blurred photo with torn jeans, chaps and tit clamps and no other information other than the fact that he is 27. Write TC 1158 if you can dish out the discipline he obviously needs and whip him into shape. And send us a photo when you do.

Fakir Musafar

DANCES SACRED AND PROFANE



All Photos by Fakir Musafar except where indicated.

This man is different. I have never met anyone like him in my life. In his everyday personality, in his three-piece suit, glasses and new car, he looks like any other businessman. But there is someone else there. That person is a shaman, a spiritual explorer, a radical sexualist who believes in "body play" and algolagnia or pain lust.

As Fakir Musafar he is striking: piercings in his nipples, large enough to stick your finger through, a black graphic tattoo that encircles his groin and shoots up his back like dark flames, piercings deep in his chest through which he hangs from flesh hooks off the ground, and piercings in his ears, nose and cock. For some, Musafar's alteration of his body pushes limits and panic buttons. But for him, such uninhibited alteration of body is a free and joyous expression of his inner spirit.

Born 56 years ago in Aberdeen, South Dakota, on the Sisseton-Sioux reservation, although not of Indian extraction, Musafar knew he was different. "I was not your normal person," he explains. "I knew this when I was six years old. I was not like these people (his parents and sibling). I was like an alien." Prone to trances, psychokinetic powers, bizarre recurring nightmares and a unique vision of reality, Musafar was disturbed by his perceptions.

But raised in a strict religious manner, Musafar knew better than to talk about these strange happenings. "It was very dangerous. Somehow I thought like an adult. This was a trap and I knew if I exhibited (these behaviors) and didn't go along with these things, I would be in jeopardy. I was much safer and more able to be free if I didn't let people know. So I kept everything that was happening very secret. I understood that these people, who were supposed to be adults, were never going to understand," he states.

These traumas began to disappear when Musafar began to experiment with his body during puberty: homemade tattoos, piercings, rows of clothespins, suspensions and weights were all part of his explorations. "I had the instinctive urge to do some of these things," he says, "and nothing was going to stop me.

No pressures or powers would stop me. And I would do it secretly if I had to." One of the first things he did was to pierce a hole in his foreskin. "I was always trying to pierce a hole somewhere. That was incredibly important to me. As important as eating and other life-sustaining things. It was very earthy. It was very sexual."

Musafar spent a lot of time out in the country. "I loved the country," he comments. "It reeked of spirits and Indian things." And at the age of 14, instinctively, he did a Sun Dance. "I rode out to this river, the Indian place nearby. I took all my clothes off, marched around this tree. For me it wasn't playing Indian. I was getting very serious. This was very real. I tied the rope up in this small tree, a sapling. And then I went back a certain distance and I had this desire, this urge, to poke a sliver of hardwood through (a small piece of flesh) and tie a cord around it and then pull against it. And that's what I did. Until it ripped out."

For over forty years, since that day, Fakir Musafar's canvas, his piece of clay, his exploration ground has been his own body. Since doing the Sun Dance at age 14 and his first out-of-body experience at the age of 17, Musafar has been digging deeper and deeper into the physical/spiritual/erotic connection. Musafar notes, "I had this great lust to know. I had so many experiences that I couldn't explain, that didn't make any sense." After extensive readings and experiments, Musafar has created a name that describes himself: a modern primitive.

Through these explorations, he has become aware of his former lives. In the 1700s in Persia, he was Fakir Musafar. "A great legend," Fakir smiles, "he was known as a kook, an eccentric, a weirdo. He had piercings, and knives stuck through his body." In the 1800s he was a Mandan Indian named Otuten Teso Muchenah, or Man with Holes in his Body. He insists, "I had this incredible urge to pierce things. I just didn't feel natural without holes, without something attached to my body. It was incredibly unreal and unnatural not to have holes in my body."



But if this side of his life sounds strange and bizarre, there is a conventional side to Musafar: college, marriage, the armed forces, fatherhood, divorce and a successful business career. He doesn't see anything incompatible between the unusual side of his life that seeks to tap into primal energy and the conventional side of his life that is more intellectual and disciplined. For him, these two beings are interwoven; they're interlinked. "They're both really visible and they balance one another. It's inconceivable to me that one could do anything creatively in the exterior world and not have another side like I have. You'd be out of balance. It's like poles on a battery, positive and negative. You've got to have both, or no current flows."



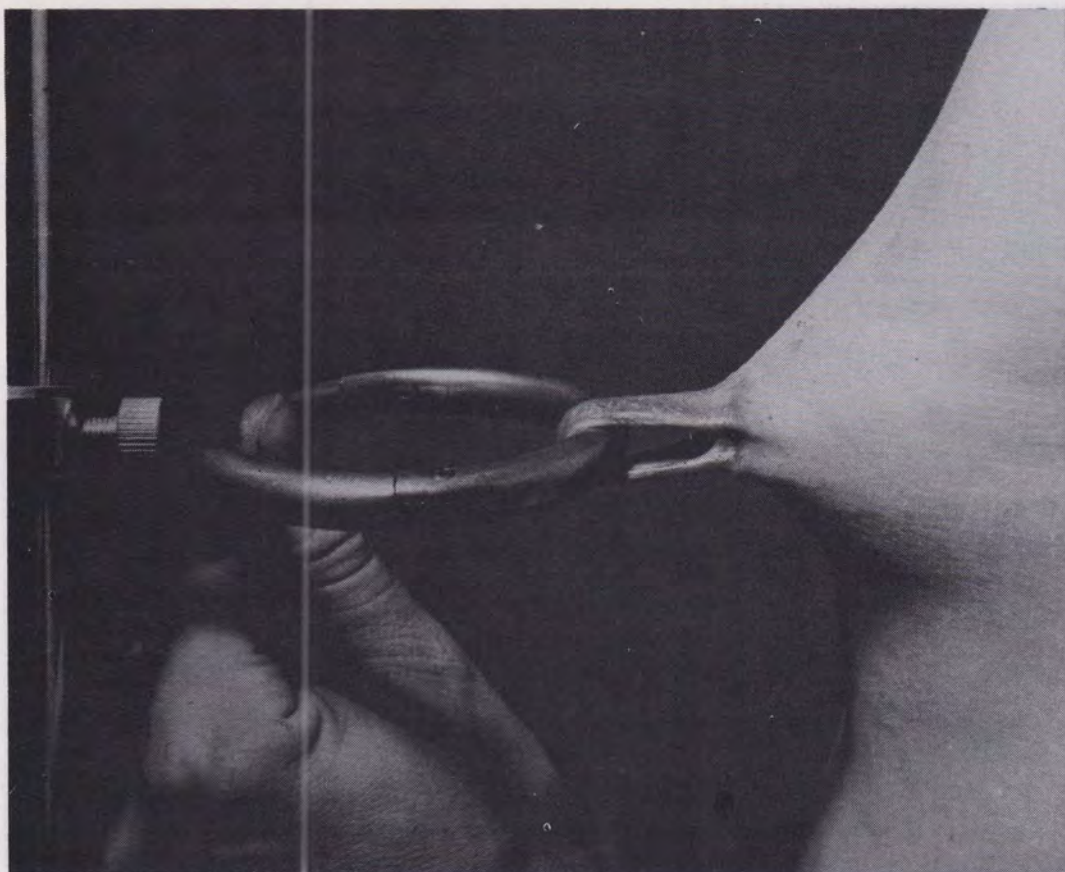
But since we have been born into a culture that is already based on discipline and the intellectual, it is Musafar's experiments with tapping into primal energy that bear similarities to sadomasochism and radical sexuality. Some examples from the Fakir training: bondage, tight belts, corsets, tight clothing (rubber or denim); isolation in boxes, cages, helmets, body suits and bags; wearing iron, chains, manacles, head cages; flagellation, piercings, tattoos; branding, hot wax, firewalking, burns, electricity, suspension by wrists, ankles, hung on cross or by piercings. They are experiences with which gay men into leather, SM or radical sexuality may be familiar.

In the beginning, Musafar was sexually turned on by his experiences. "It was fun, delicious," he remembers. "It was



sexual. I got turned on. I got a hard-on and generally in the end I jerked off. You'd go as long as you could. It was prolonged because it was fun. The excitement was good. And then I realized that there was something that was strong and primal and just the other side of sexual release that was even better than orgasm. That always put an end to it and you didn't get very far. So in a sense orgasm became the enemy. You wanted to get sexual, but you didn't want to orgasm because it would prolong these things and you would reach a higher state. A greater ecstasy."

Musafar has been taking photographs of himself and his explorations since the age of 14, many of which cannot be printed in *Drummer*: pictures of Fakir at age 14 with rows of clothespins running on his ear and across his chest, or with pins stuck into his chest, or weights sewn onto his chest; pictures of Fakir exploring the androgyny of Indian shamans in gilded skin and masks, and burning torches; pictures of Fakir hanging from freshly pierced holes in his chest by wire; pictures of Fakir in a male corset and a tiny waist called "The Perfect Gentleman" and pictures of Fakir with giant C clamps attached to his chest and androgynous mask.



But more attention has focused on Musafar's suspension off the ground by piercings in his chest than any other thing. Brought into public consciousness by Richard Harris in the movie, "A Man Called Horse," the O-Kee-Pa ceremony was outlawed by the United States Government as were other native American people's rituals that were considered to be "torture rites." It is one of the paradoxes of radical sexuality that pain can lead to pleasure and that what the experience feels like is ultimately different from what it looks like.

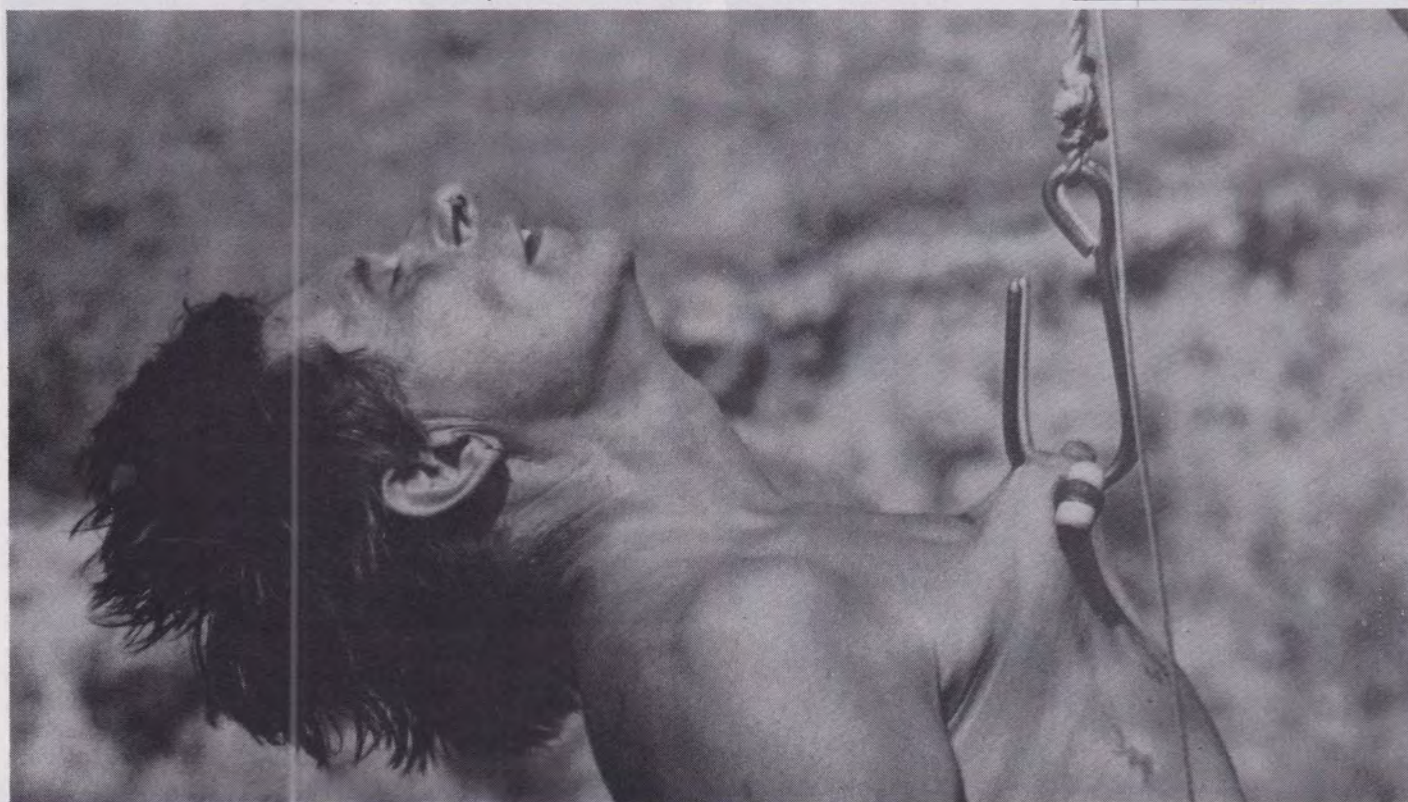
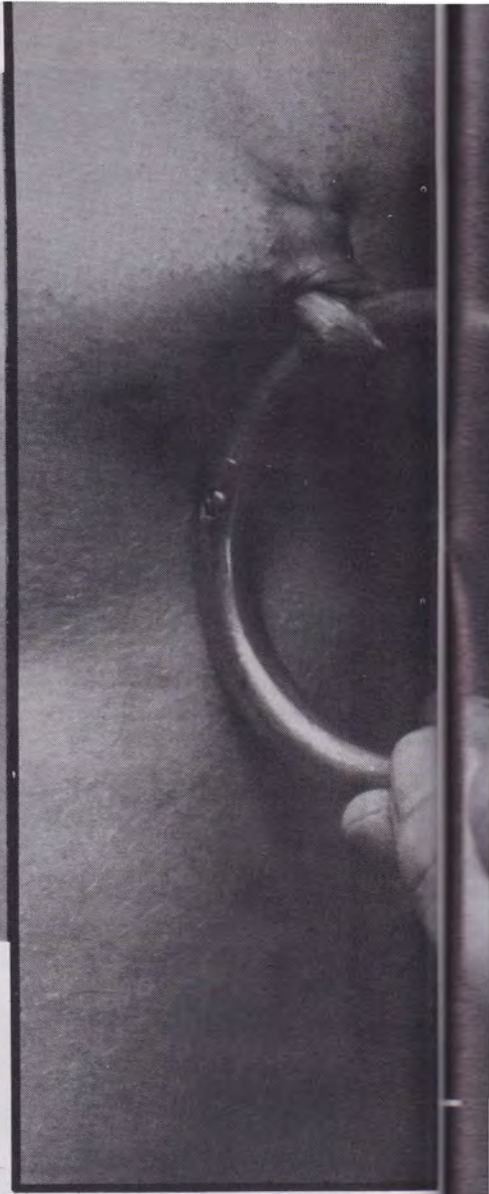


Photo / CHARLES GATEWOOD

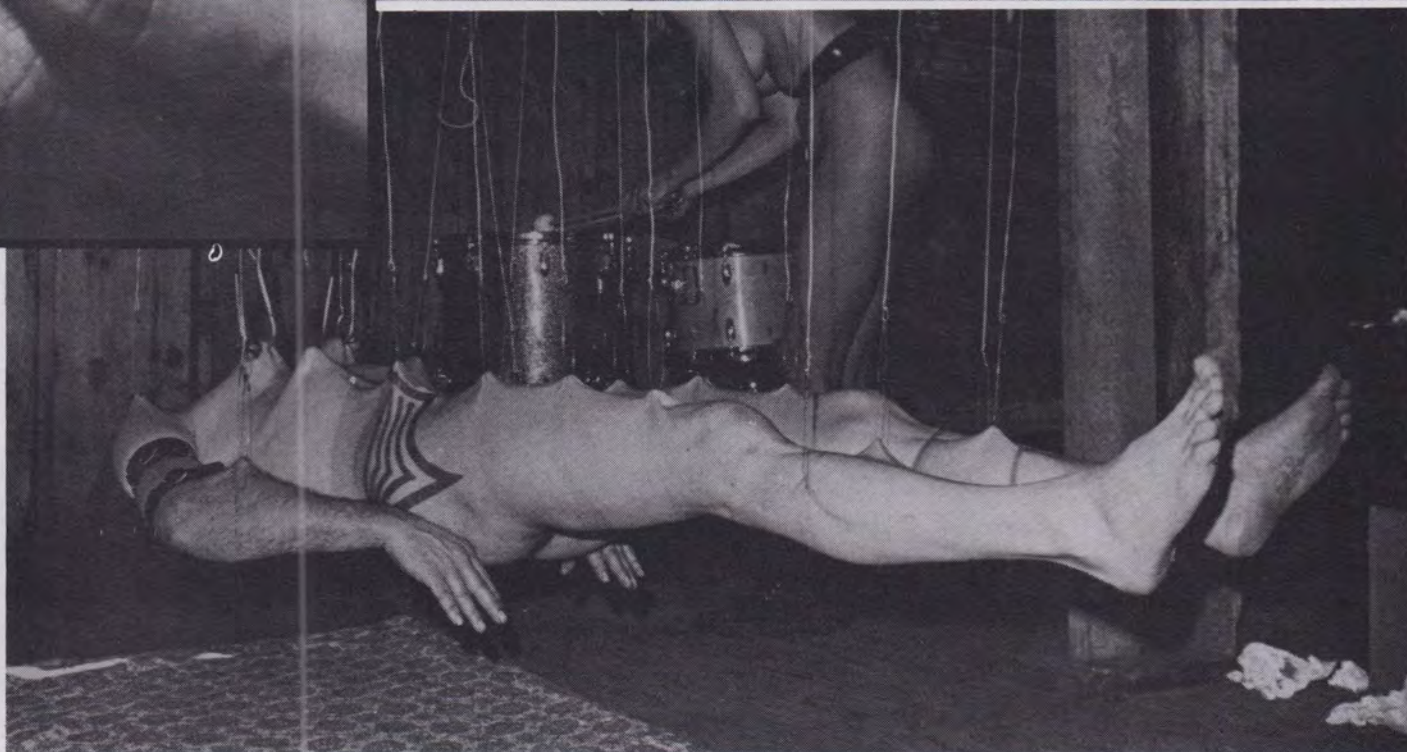
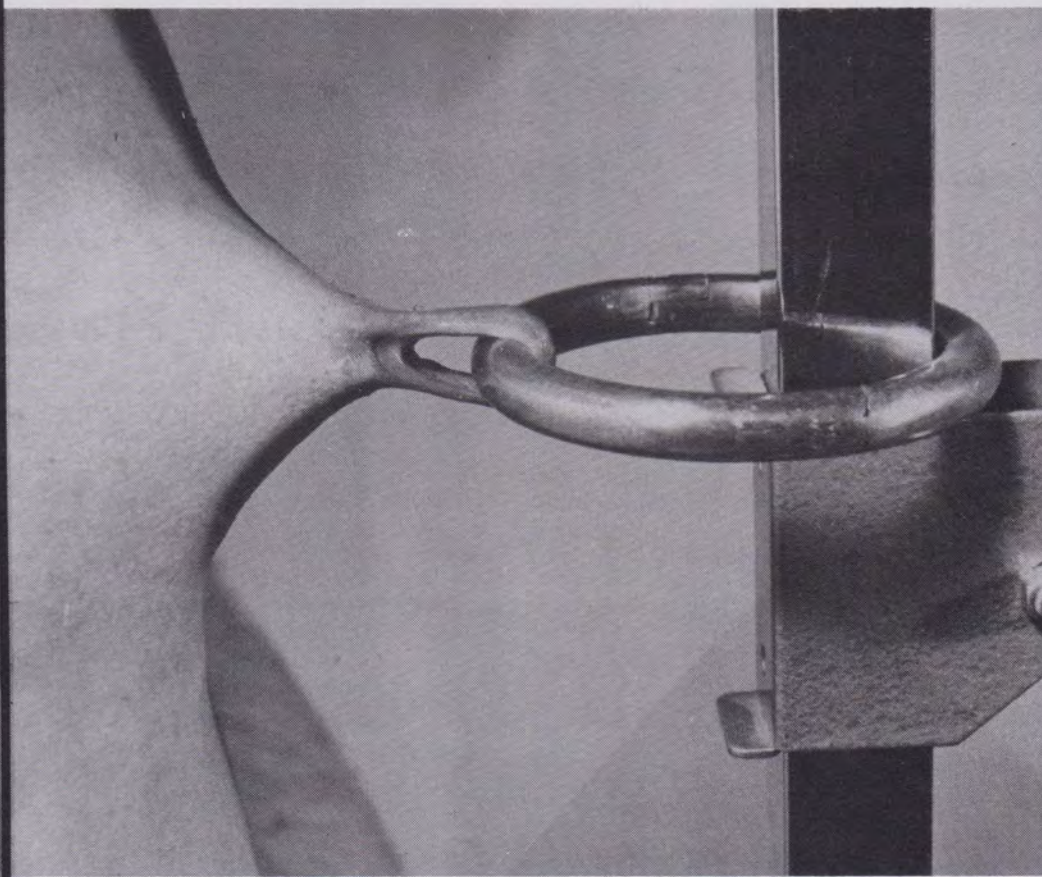


Photo / ERIC COVE

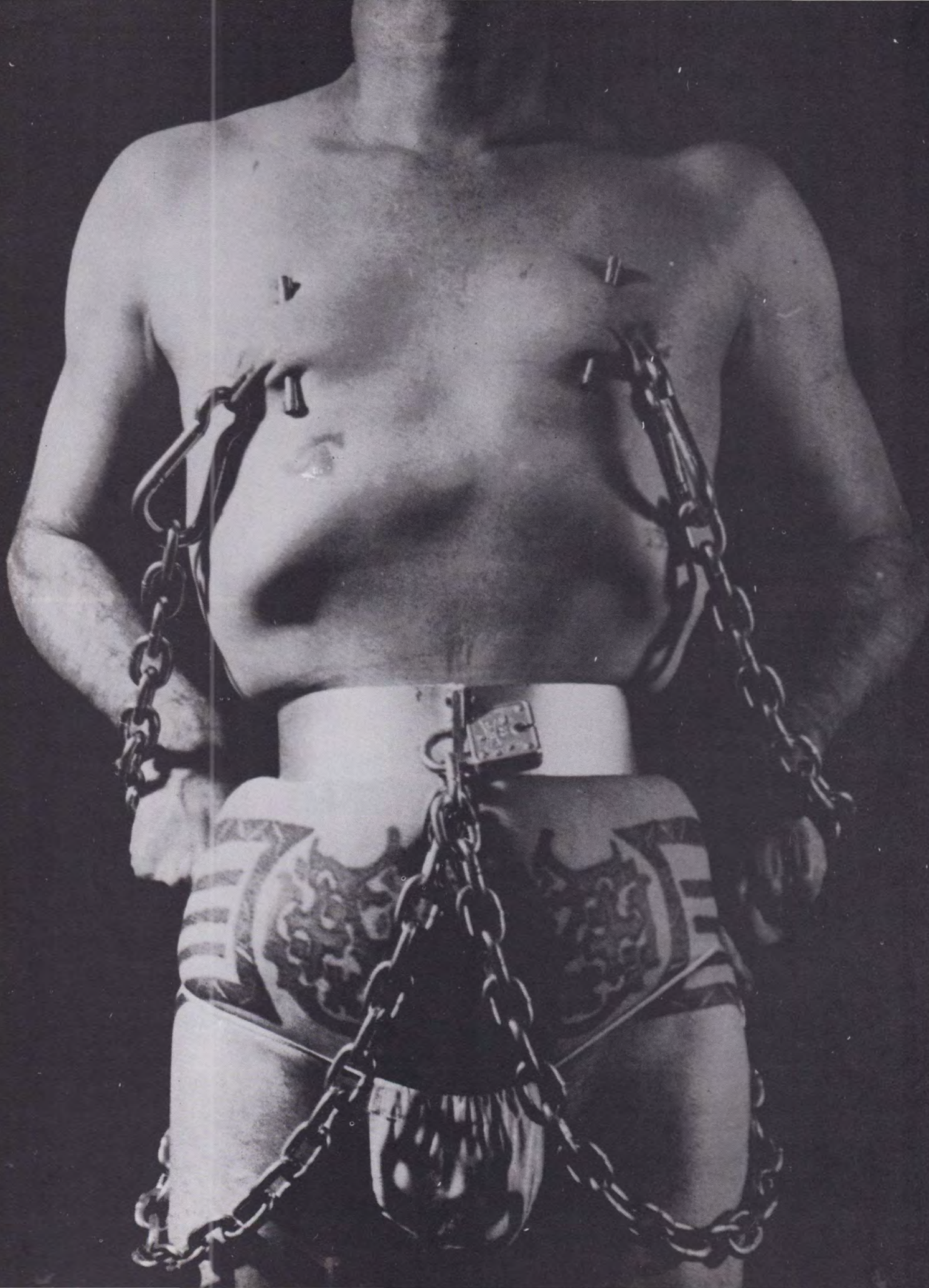
And at the same time, Fakir laughs and warns that it's not good to get too serious about this trip. "You can't get too heavy about anything. That's the one neat thing you learn about Indians if you hang around them for too long. They're never serious. They'll get you right up to the brink and then they'll pull out their cocks and piss on you,"

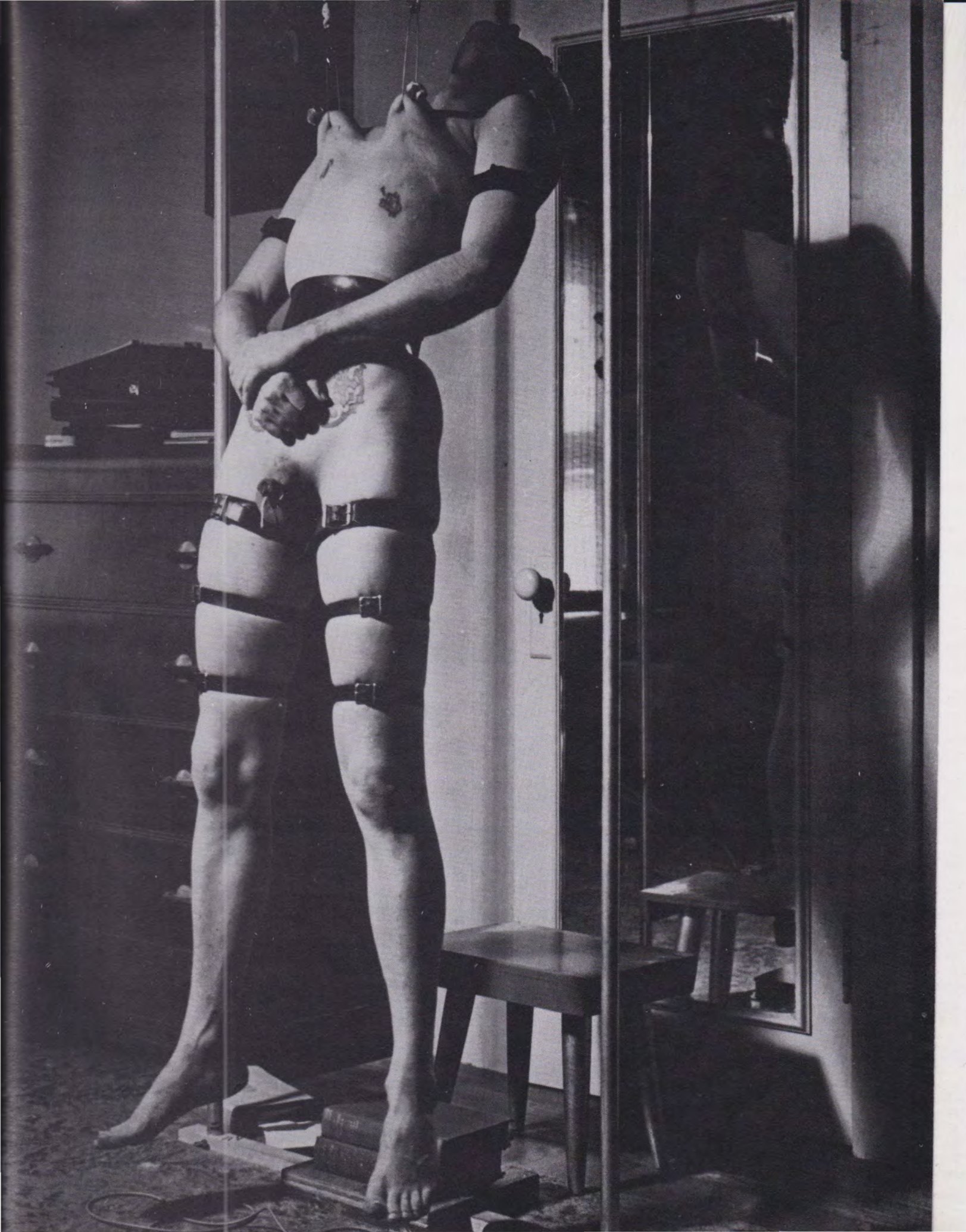
Musafar will tell you about *his* path, but he makes it clear that there are an infinite number of paths to fulfillment and enlightenment. He clearly notes that "anybody can have the experience. But you can't have it unless you want it and when you want it. You have to go to great personal pains to get it to


happen. But you don't need to be chasing gurus, and you don't need a holy book and you don't have to come to me to get a technique. You can find the resources within yourself if you want to badly enough."

An immense amount of love pours from Fakir Musafar's heart. He leaves me with a crystallization, "They (the spiritual explorations) don't always work. But not to try, not to explore, not to throw caution to the wind, that's death. That's really death. Losing a body isn't too bad. But living in one and not doing anything with it—is death. If there's a moral, that's it." □

—Mark I. Chester





A black and white photograph of a man's torso. He has several piercings: two in his upper chest, two in his lower chest, and one in his navel. He is wearing a dark, possibly leather, strap across his midsection. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of his body and the metallic elements of the piercings.

**IN
PASSING**

PUNCTURED PECS! No need to wonder if the Fakir is serious about body play. He leaves us with this piercing image of obsession—just to give the boys (and men) out there something to think about.

Why VITA MEN?



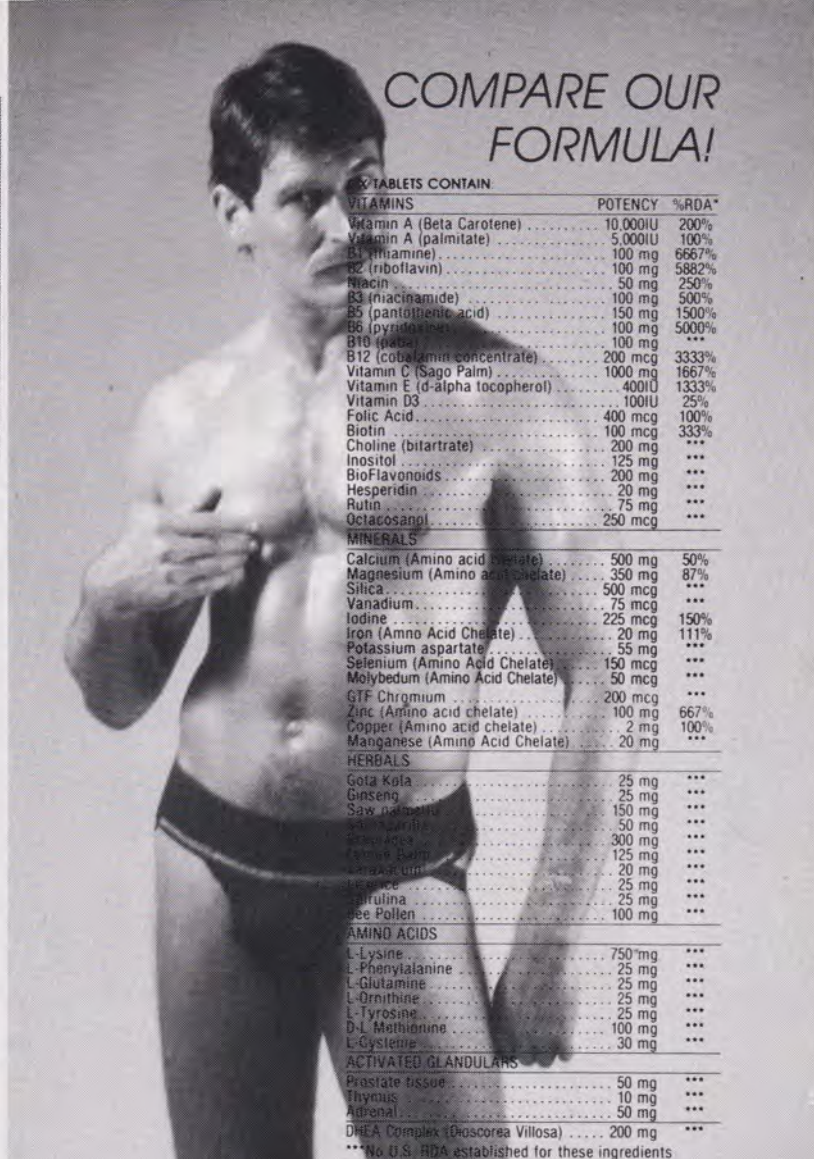
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