

DRUMMER

ISSUE 106

EXPANDED
LEATHER
BULLETIN
BOARD

**MIKE
MURRAY**

MR. DRUMMER 1986

INTERNATIONAL
MR. LEATHER

A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW

CONSUMERS GUIDE TO
TIT CLAMPS

**MR.
DRUMMER
'87**



WHO SHALL DECIDE?

LOVE OF A MASTER
BY JOHN PRESTON

BASHER
BY FLEDERMAUS

GOON SQUAD
RECRUIT
BY SPUD



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DRUMMER

ISSUE 106

"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 he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER

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captured by the lens of Zeus.

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The Rolls Royce of moustache rides.

OFF THE TOP

by FLEDERMAUS

THE DANGER IN BEING A TOP

It is given that the bottom who allows himself to be tied up by a stranger is taking a risk. But we only rarely consider the risk the Top is taking. The risk to the bottom is primarily physical—that of the Top is mainly legal. A vicious, spiteful, jealous or merely nutsy bottom may feel a need to “get back at” a Top. A simple way to do that is to lodge a complaint with the police. The current case in point involves a well-known Texas Topman who answered the following ad in *Drummer* 103 (it ran only one issue).

SLAVE

WM, 5'7", 30, 125 lbs., ready for permanent slavery servicing brutal no-limits leather Master(s). Needs merciless torture, brainwashing, humiliation leading to total, chained, pierced, branded submission, blind obedience. Relocate immediately. Box—

After a bit of correspondence, in which the “slave” detailed what he wanted, the “slave” relocated to Texas. He was kept chained and under close supervision for several days, then was given more freedom to move about the house, still naked and in chains, with the Topman and his long-time live-in #1 slave.

However, the Top was surprised while doing yard work to have several police cars pull up. The sheriff was responding to a phone call reporting a man being held in chains against his

will. At that point the new “slave,” naked and in chains, walked up and said he had called, that he was being held prisoner, being tortured, etc. The Top was arrested and charged. Correspondence, and probably a lot of other stuff, was seized in evidence.

One would think that with the ad and several letters from the “slave” saying what he wanted done, the Top would be in little danger. But logic is not something the “justice” system follows when it comes to such an emotional subject as gay S/M eroticism. There is a man currently in prison in New England (and he has been there for several years) because he whipped a man’s ass with a riding crop and the man pressed charges. The fact that the “victim” had had his ass beaten several times previously by the same Top and kept returning for more did not seem to be a significant fact to the justice system!

And even if logic does prevail and the Texas Top is acquitted of all charges, he shall never occupy the same place in his society. His sexual inclinations have been publicly exhibited for all to see. A level of coming out that is very difficult for one living in a rural community.

My advice to Tops is to use good judgement, get every-

thing in writing, and hope you don’t have one of the crazies.

LEATHER “OFFENSIVE” IN ATLANTA

Scott Tucker, International Mr. Leather 1986, was featured on the cover of the May 15–21 issue of *Etcetera*, Atlanta’s weekly gay entertainment guide. Scott was appearing that weekend in Charlotte, NC as a judge at the regional Mr. Drummer Contest, a region that included Atlanta. The staff of *Etcetera* apparently thought they had made a good cover selection. A nationally recognized gay personality was visiting their area to participate in a popular entertainment event. They gave it the play it deserved.

But then the uproar started. A popular restaurant and a few other businesses demanded removal of the “offensive” material from their businesses. And one advertiser insisted that he have prior approval on all future covers or he would stop advertising. Why are our politically correct gay brothers and sisters so quick to advocate censorship over leather? Who in the hell do they think they are? Jaye Evans, owner of Texas Drilling Co., an Atlanta Leather/Levi bar, and business manager of *Etcetera*, responded to the leatherphobes in the next issue of *Etcetera*, but Atlanta leather-

men should let their feelings be known as well.

There are more *Drummer* subscribers in Atlanta than there are in New York City—I’m sure this is because of the relative availability of the magazine on newsstands in the two cities. However, this is a figure that does go to prove that there are lots of leathermen in Atlanta. If each of you will write a letter of support to *Etcetera* it will help show the leatherphobes that, like gays in general, we are everywhere—and many of their customers might be into kink.

DRUMMER #1

There is no such thing as an old issue of *Drummer*. Back issues are popular with collectors, but eight of them are out of print. We no longer have supplies of issues 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 18, 19 or 20. However, we have made an arrangement with a used magazine store specializing in gay titles and can now offer these out-of-print issues. All copies are used but in good condition with no missing or torn pages, but we make no guarantees about folds, fingerprints, or cum stains! Issue #1 is \$50, #2 is \$35 and the remaining six (3, 4, 5, 18, 19 and 20) are \$10 each. Please add \$1.00 per issue for shipping and handling. (Use the order form on page 56.)



PHOTO BY JACK BRAN

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers. While *Drummer* hopes to educate its readers on a wide

variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recog-

nized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products.

MALECALL

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO **DRUMMER MALECALL** PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Where can I get one of the posters of the Mr. Europe Contest, as shown on page 91 of *Drummer 101*?

Ed.: If they are still available you can get them by writing to: MSC-Hamburg e.V., PO Box 768, D-2000 Hamburg 20, West Germany. —JET

BACK TO REALITY

Rather than make a snap judgement on the new ownership, I (like a lot of other readers, apparently) waited a few issues to see what kinds of editorial changes you guys would affect.

BRAVO! It is nice to see writers like Hank Trout back in the *Drummer* fold. I'd almost given up about six months ago with that "Bound for Glory" crap—overwritten for my tastes. But people like Trout and John Preston (someone else too seldom seen in this forum) give their stories more of a realistic basis, which is something I appreciate.

I've also noticed some slight and not-so-slight changes in the layout, all of which are, to my mind, for the better. There are times when your art director, Jameo Saunders, seems a little hesitant and opts rather for an easy fix instead of fully exploring the possibilities, but the look overall is much more contemporary.

Enough art nonsense. The main thing I want to congratulate you guys on is putting more of a sense of reality back in *Drummer*. Too often in the past, it had de-evolved into a fantasy-laden jerk-off rag with little substance. But now, with all the subtle changes, like the "Drummerman" series of photo-essays, you seem to be bringing it back to something a little more meaningful. For that, I cannot thank you enough.

S.M.
Toledo, OH

PROFESSOR FLEDERMAUS

As to HM's letter on page 12 of *Drummer 103*. You don't fit my idea of an expert on bats either. I would like more of a Transylvanian look.

G.H.
Los Angeles, CA

Ed.: Tony DeBlase is one of this country's leading authorities on bats. —JET

NAZI ICONOGRAPHY DISPUTE

Why did you let T.R. Witomski use his review of Richard Plante's *The Pink Triangle* (*Drummer 104*, pp. 69-70) to indulge in a diatribe about those of us who have a fetish for Nazi uniforms and memorabilia? When I pick up pro-S/M maga-

zines like *Drummer*, I don't expect to read that I am "acting out of gay self-hatred of a particularly virulent sort." This is cant straight out of an antiporn feminist rag like *Off Our Backs*. Witomski even has the nerve to claim, with no justification whatsoever, that "Nazi-loving gays are walking into the ovens of a new Auschwitz." Give me a break!

This was especially disjuncting since Fledermaus rebuked J.F. Karr (page 72) for being unable to distinguish between an erotic fantasy about murder and the act itself.

Ironically enough, Witomski has often written about the distinction between fantasy and reality, and defended pornography from people who claim it causes everything from violence against women to AIDS. (See his piece "The 'Sickness' of Pornography: What Could Be Safer Sex Than Watching Porn?", *New York Native*, July 29–August 11, 1985, p. 26.) Witomski is affiliated with various porn magazines that feature stories about Roman gladiators, crucifixion and historical fantasies about torture. Does he really want to be a galley slave (or a Roman centurion)? Do the people who read these materials acquire the imperialistic, racist and genocidal policies of the ancient Roman empire?

S/M and leather folk are often baited by being accused of being Nazis. The most common response to this cheap shot is to disavow anybody who plays with Nazi regalia. Though it's true that a handful of people in the scene are right-wingers, most of us are probably registered Democrats. And very few of us use Nazi iconography in our scenes. Of those who do, an even smaller group confuse the symbols with fascist politics. 99.99% of all S/M people I've met are well aware that fascism is inimical to sexual freedom.

The gay people who make me worry about a "new Auschwitz" are the mainstream ones who are obsessed with assimilation and respectability, who are willing to trade increased repression of fringe gays or members of other sexual minorities for any improvement in their own status. The lesbians and gay men who support closing bathhouses, obscenity laws, age of consent laws, celibacy as a response to AIDS—the ones who are unaware that the state is our enemy and are eager to invoke its power to deal with any problem—are the ones who would probably meekly submit to wearing lavender triangles in public and be shipped off to "labor camps" if a fascist regime took power here.

We have to defend the right of all S/M

people to employ whatever fantasy theme they choose, provided it is done in a safe, consenting and mutual way. Why? Because there is no S/M scenario that does not evoke a potentially oppressive situation, if enacted in the "real world," whether you are talking about cops (notorious fag-bashers), priests (remember the Inquisition?) or bikers (real gang-bangs are no fun a-tall). Even daddies have been known to engage in forced incest and child abuse!

Let me emphasize that I am not advocating anti-Semitism, racism, or any sort of divisive bigotry. Rather, I am saying that if we are going to make a distinction between consenting S/M as fantasy fulfillment, and claim that it is morally acceptable and healthy behavior, whereas violence or sexual abuse is a different phenomenon and should not be acceptable, that rule has to be applied across the board, regardless of the type of fantasy or any of our individual preferences or limits about which sorts of scenes we will and won't do.

I hope *Drummer* won't present us with this kind of unpleasant surprise again. And I hope Witomski, whose work I have long admired, will think about this striking inconsistency in his own politics and get his shit together.

Pat Califia
Jamaica, NY

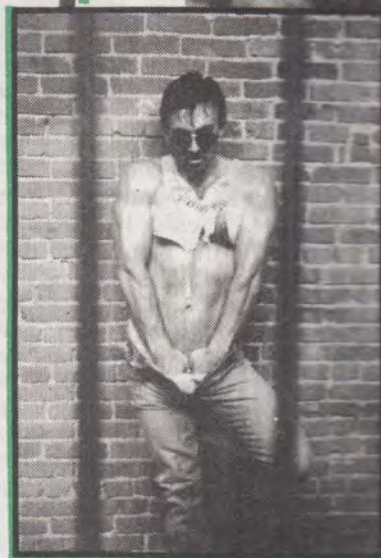
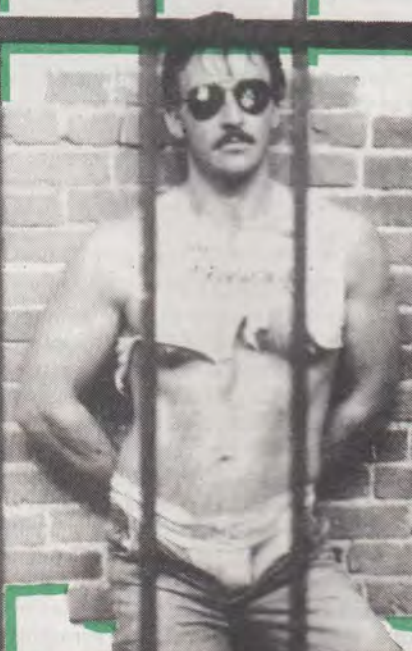
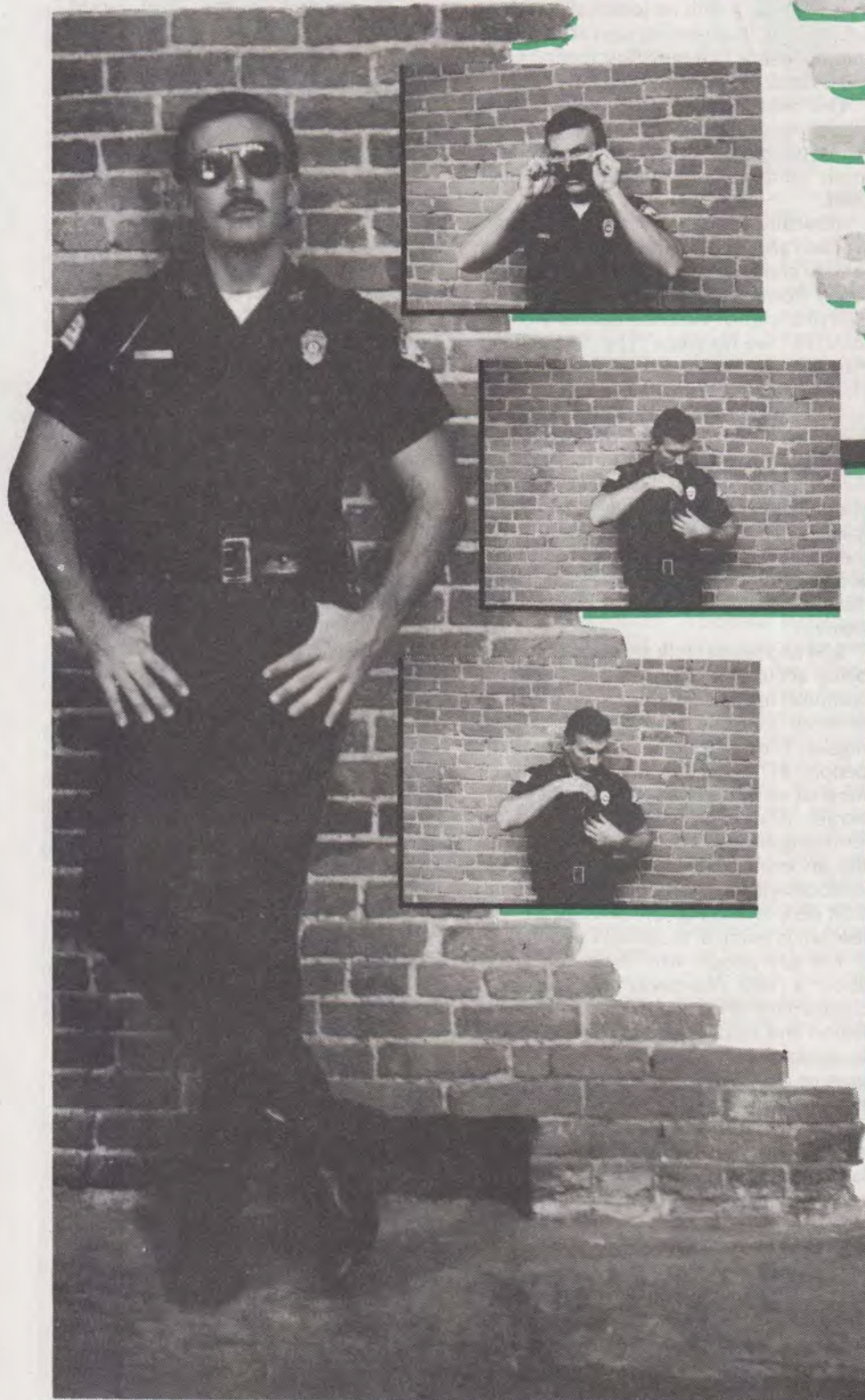
WITOMSKI REPLIES

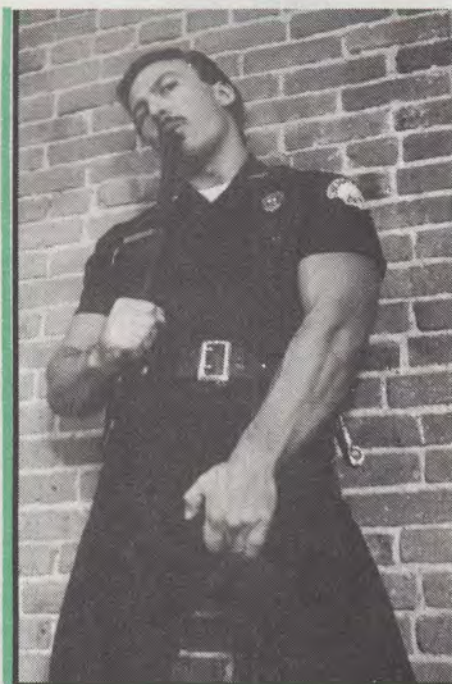
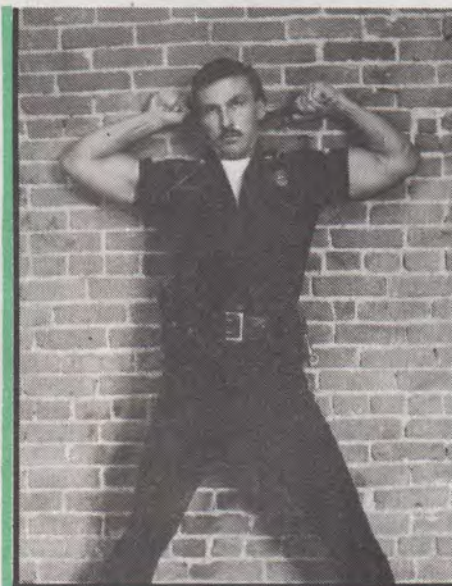
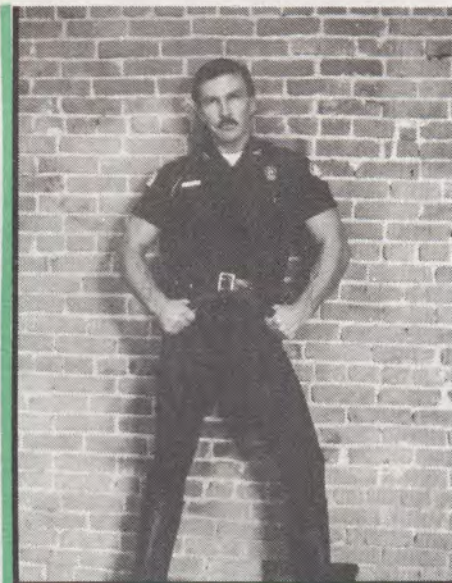
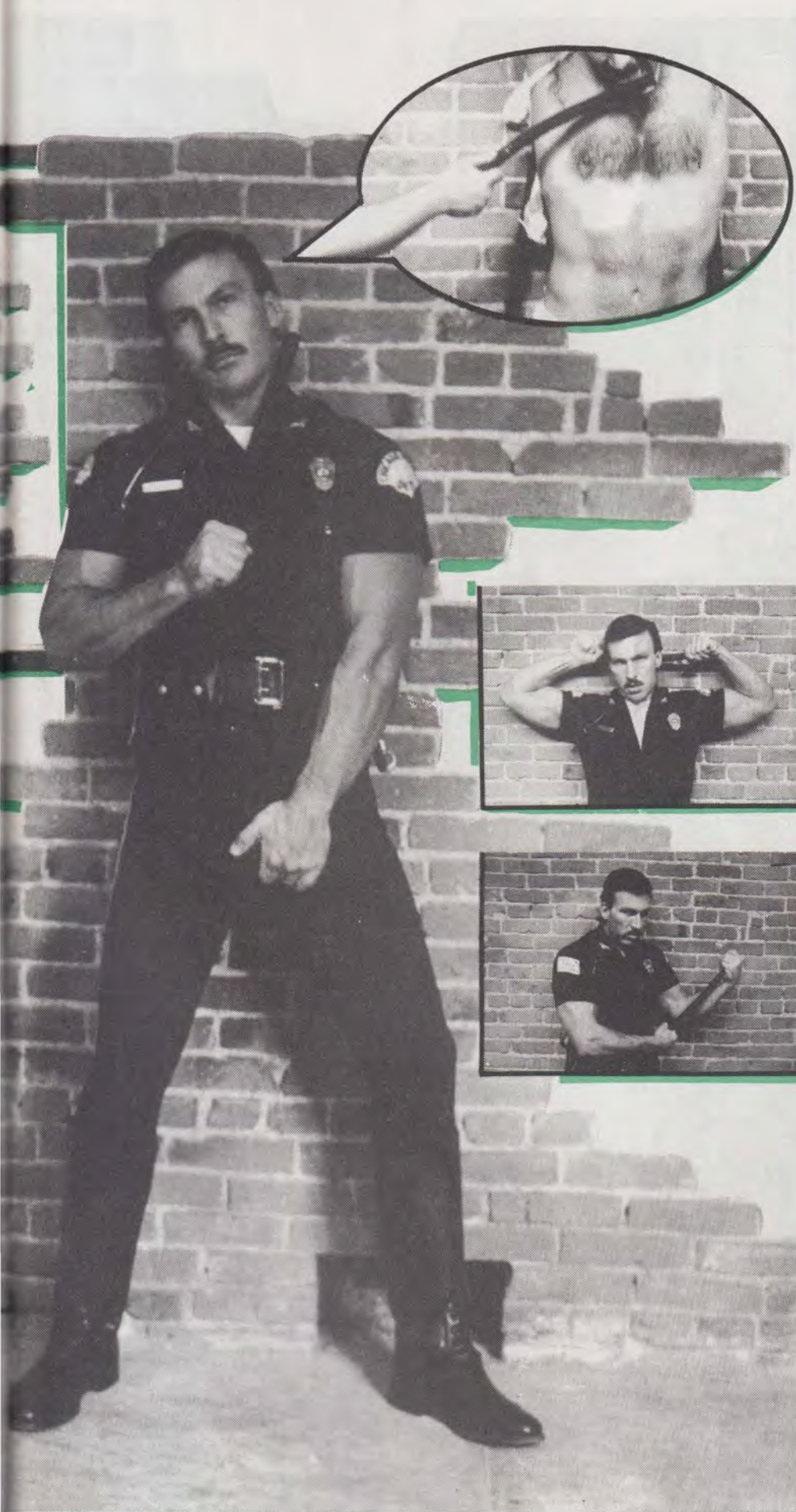
I never thought I'd have to defend myself for being anti-Nazi. Yet as I was reading *The Pink Triangle*, Richard Plante's stunning history of the systematic, brutal extermination of hundreds and thousands of homosexuals by the Third Reich, I remember thinking "I bet there are people who are going to get turned on by this horror." But I never imagined that Pat Califia, whose writings, particularly on sexual freedom and pornography, I have greatly admired, would get outraged because I spat on her swastika.

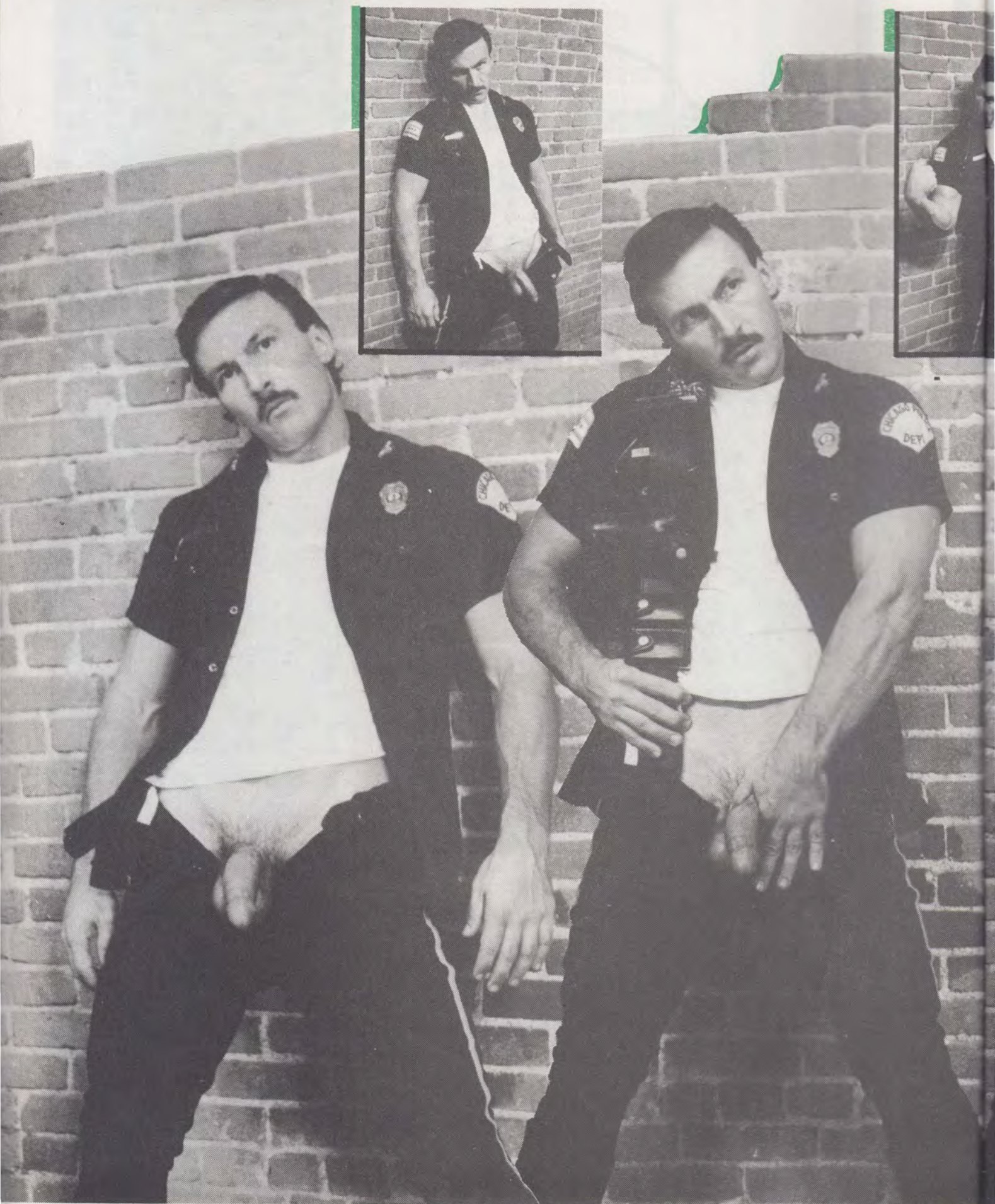
"Playing Nazi" is not in the same league as S/M games involving playing cop, daddy, construction worker, gladiator, barber, priest, doctor, biker, Viking, fireman, computer programmer, shortstop, salesclerk, janitor, plumber, what have you. The vast majority of sexual fantasies utilize a sort of dream logic to achieve their erotic power. In such scenes reality becomes "reality," e.g., people who "want to be raped in prison" don't really want to be raped in prison and "Daddy and his boy" aren't okaying incest. The sexual charge comes from deconstructing a text

continued on page 64

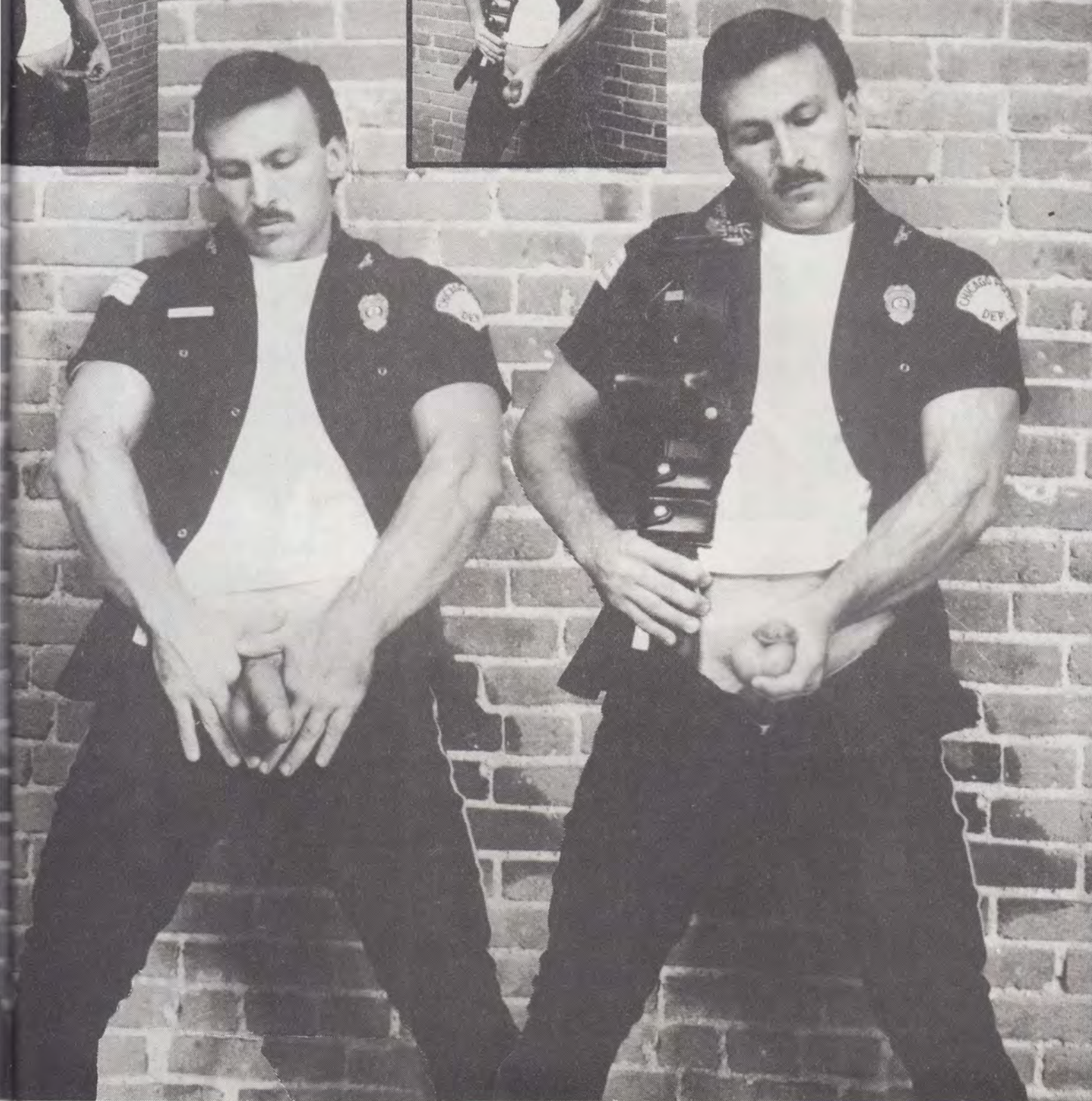
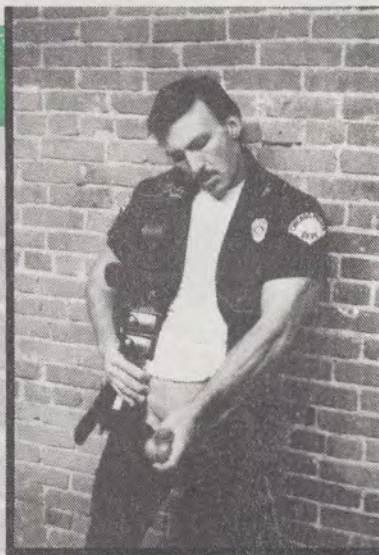
MR. DRUMMER ***1986*** ***MIKE MURRAY***







FADING STYLING





MR. DRUMMER 1986 MIKE MURRAY

Originally from Boulder, Colorado, Mike Murray, Mr. Drummer 1986 now resides in San Diego, California and enjoys the warm, sunny weather.

Mike was an active sports participant when in school, and at twenty-nine years old is still active in gay softball. The 6'2", 205 lbs. hunk says he doesn't like to be single, is definitely "lover" oriented and totally versatile.

Mike is one of the hottest Mr. Drummers, and although he has a busy personal life, he has continued to lend his title and good looks to various charity functions and fund raisers. Since becoming Mr. Drummer, Mike has also become a popular Zeus and *Drummer* model.

Our congratulations and thanks, Mike, for representing the *Drummer* image so well in the past year. You have earned the respect and admiration of leathermen everywhere. □

ONE HANDED READING AT ITS BEST

DRUMMER Dungeon Master ***MACH***

FQ

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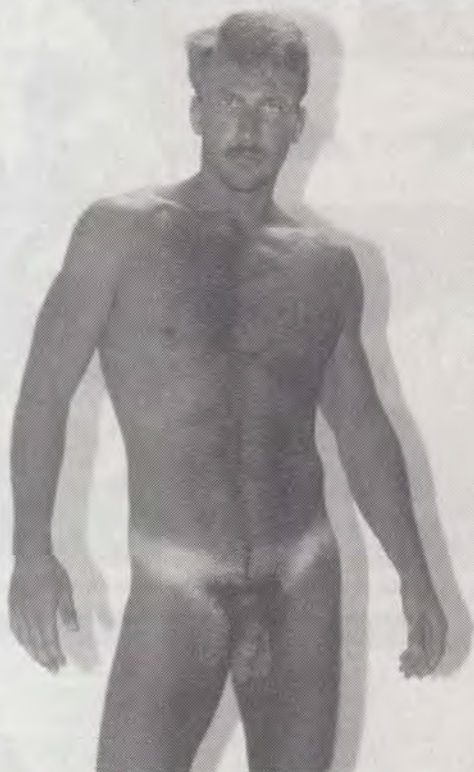
I am over 21

MR. DRUMMER '87 WHO SHALL DECIDE?

The Mr. Drummer contest is more than a male beauty contest. It is an annual event to select the man to represent the things *Drummer* magazine stands for. Mr. Drummer must be masculine, self-confident, comfortable with himself and his sexuality.

Who will choose this year's symbol of masculine eroticism?
The answer: five well-qualified men and hundreds more—
you could be one of them.

THE JUDGES ARE:



Mike Murray

From San Diego, Mr. Drummer 1986, coverman of *Drummer* 106 and *Mach* 12.

PAGE 12

PHOTO by JOE ALTMAN

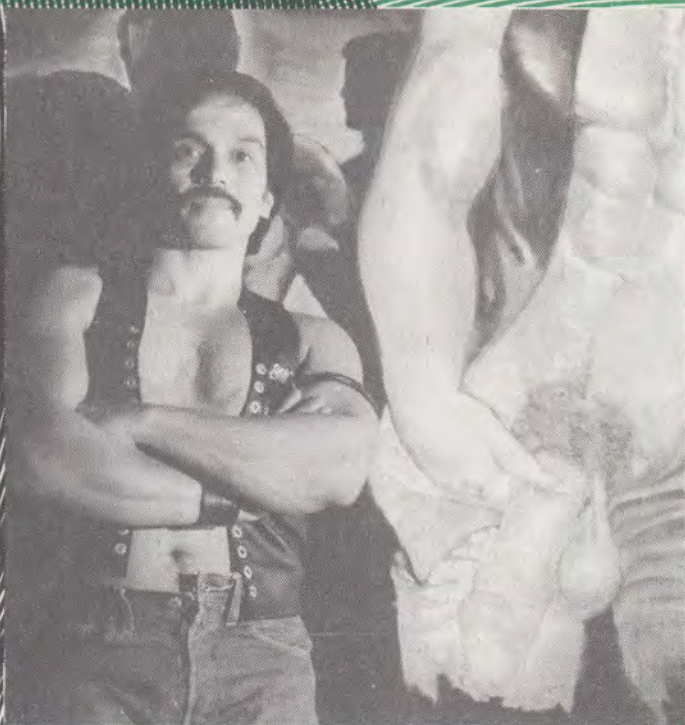


Steve Maidhof

From Seattle, President and founder of the National Leather Association, Mr. Washington State Leather 1986.

PHOTO by ROBERT FODOR

DRUMMER 106



Dom Orejudos

From Colorado, the artist Etienne, for several years the head judge of the International Mr. Leather Contests in Chicago.

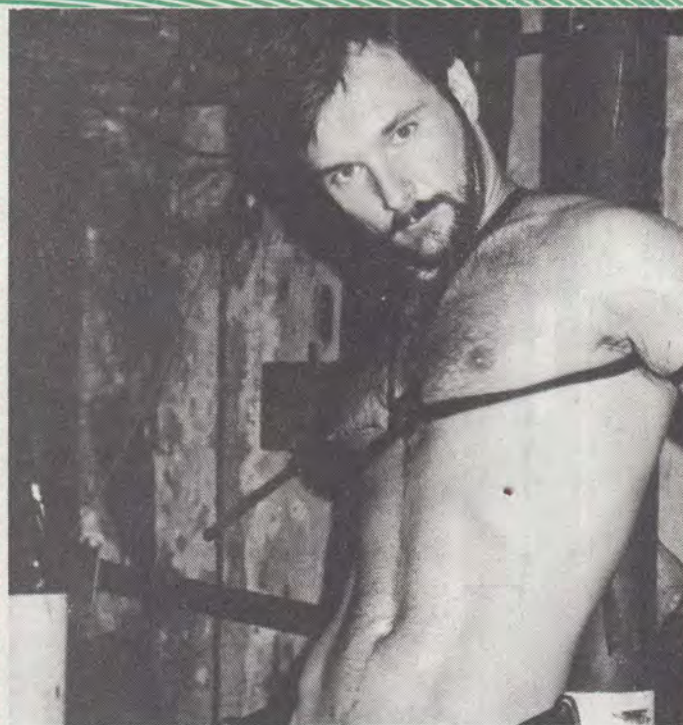


PHOTO by ZEUS

Henry Romanowski

From New York City, Mr. New York Leather 1985 and currently coproducer of the Mr. New York Leather Contest, Drummerman in *Drummer 102*, and featured in several Zeus publications.



PHOTO by JIM MOSS

Dan Acker

From Fort Worth, manager of two bars in Fort Worth and coverman of *Drummer 103*.

DRUMMER 106



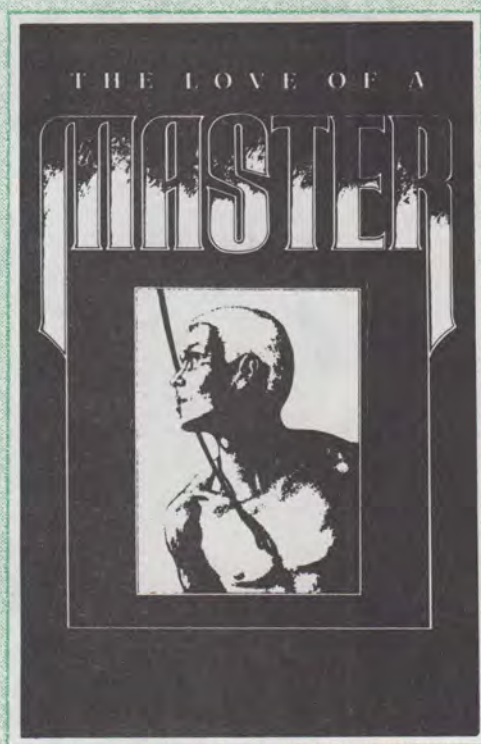
The Audience

Each admission ticket includes a ballot and each person in the audience will have a vote. The audience vote will be the equivalent of the vote of one judge.

Be there to cast your ballot—and meet some of the hottest leathermen in existence. The contestants, the judges, the *Drummer* and Zeus models, performers like JimEd Thompson and Chris Burns, and hundreds of hot leathermen from all over North America in the audience. For further information see the inside front cover, this issue.

Next month we will introduce the regional finalists.

PAGE 13



by John Preston

Tim was the first one to come downstairs the next morning. His eyes were still sleepy and his hair was mussed. He gratefully took a cup of coffee. I knew Tim was, actually, the more realistic possibility for my plans. At least he had more experience with my . . . areas of interest according to the stories I'd heard from Marc.

I realized that I had never heard of any of them from Tim's own mouth though. This morning conversation could be my opportunity for doing just that. I took my own coffee over to the table and sat down. I was trying to form the words to begin when Tim started himself.

"I know what you're doing," he said in a casual tone.

"And what, precisely, am I doing?"

"With these stories you're telling us all the time. You think that we're going to buy them, that you're going to be able to use them to get us into all that stuff."

"And just how do you know so much about all that stuff?" I asked, intrigued by how far he might be willing to go.

My challenge obviously took him back a bit. He studied the coffee cup that was sitting in front of him on the table now. I wasn't about to let my advantage slip. "Marc's told me a few things about you and your biker friends."

My little statement had quite an effect. Tim's two hands gripped that cup. I could see the tension in his forearms as he clenched his muscles with anger. "He shouldn't have done that."

"He was only telling a friend something interesting about another friend. We lose control of words once they've been spoken to another. The ancients understood that. When you've begun to tell your tales to someone else, then they enter the mythology."

Tim wouldn't look up. He wouldn't even talk for a full minute. Finally, he lifted his eyes to meet mine. "That's how I know what you're doing and why. I know about you and your kind." I've already told you, Marc has only given me a few ideas of what happened to you. Certainly you don't seem the worse for wear. I would gamble that you're a better person for it all. How long ago

LOVE OF A MASTER

was it? Two years?"

"No. It was longer than that. I was just a kid."

"How old were you?"

"Eighteen, something like that."

"Yes. I'd just gotten out of high school then." He drank some more of his coffee and looked out the kitchen window to the lawn.

"So?" I was using all of my strength to keep my voice calm and not appear too anxious.

He finally began and I leaned forward with anticipation. "You know that big motorcycle run they always have over in Laconia? The national thing where all the clubs from all over the country come? There are thousands of them in that little resort town every year. There have been some raunchy times, then there were some other years where everything was so family oriented it might as well have been a Rotary convention."

"That was after they had to call in the National Guard because the bikers were tearing apart the place."

"Yeah, well, this was one of the last years that the thing was real—where it was a real biker thing and not all cleaned up for the sake of image and that kind of crap."

"I used to go over there every year to see what was going on. The bikers were sort of heroes to me; I used to think that I'd like to grow up and be just like them, outlaws on the road."

"This one time—after I'd graduated from high school and thought I was a tough guy—I went over to Laconia. I was just standing there wearing a T-shirt and a pair of cutoffs. This one big biker came over to me and smiled. That's all he did at first, he just smiled. It was frightening when he did it. He was a lot taller than I was—a lot more than six feet—and he was wearing really filthy clothes: dirty jeans and a leather jacket without a shirt. He wasn't really fat, but he was big and he had a belly on him. It looked like it was very firm—I know now that it was."

"He just waited for me to say something or move away or respond and all he did was smile down at me. I should have been smart enough to understand that just trying to escape was the best



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idea. But I thought I could deal with him." Tim shook his head as he remembered that obviously foolish moment.

"So, I finally said, 'Hi.' As soon as I did, he reached over and put a hand on my shoulder. I thought that was really cool, I mean, here was this big biker and he was acting as though I was a real pal, a buddy. He sort of rocked me back and forth with that hand.

"Then he said, 'You suck cock?' I couldn't believe it. I mean, yeah, I did. I'd been fooling around with the guys in school for years. But I was freaked that this guy could spot me in the middle of all these people and walk up and ask me if I . . . did it.

"I told him 'Fuck no.' He just shrugged and took that big, warm hand of his off my shoulder. 'Too bad,' he said, 'you should learn how.'

"Then I did the most stupid thing of all." He had both hands back on his cup again. I waited, but he didn't seem to dare continue. A frown was building on his brow. I almost broke in and said something, but he began on his own:

"People talk about their big moments, the times when they make decisions that change everything, their whole lives. I made my own then. He was walking away from me and I called, 'Come back.'

"He turned around and that smile was on his face again. He walked over to me and put both hands on my shoulders this time. I was biting my lip, I remember that. Finally, I said, 'Yeah, I do.'

"You suck cock?" he said.

"Yeah." That's all I could say. He put an arm around my shoulder—it was huge, mammoth—and started walking me away with him. I felt like my insides were going to explode with a weird mix of fear and excitement. I was just letting this biker take me away and I didn't know where we were going.

"We finally got to where his big Harley was parked. He got on and I started to get on behind him. But he stopped me. 'My holes sit in front,' he said, and he patted the seat in front of him. I didn't really know what he meant by 'hole,' in fact, I thought I misunderstood the word. But I didn't want to look stupid, so I didn't say anything. I lifted up my leg and straddled the Harley. He put his arms around me to get to the handlebars. I was enveloped in this big mass of a man who had all these odors.

"Some of them were just disgusting. I knew there was old piss. Some were just from the machine—oil and gasoline that had gotten into his clothes. But a lot of them were wonderful—sweat and . . . stuff.

"We went on then, back to where they were staying, the club he belonged to. It was really quiet, far from the crowds.

"Somehow they'd gotten this place that was a collection of cabins. There were four of them, I think. Like a compound of sorts. They were close to one another, but you couldn't see any other building anywhere close by. It was totally private. Just as well . . . there were lots of things that went on that other people shouldn't see, lots of things."

He was remembering more and more details. I could see it in his face. I didn't want this story to end. I wanted to give him time to remember as many things as possible. I got up and poured more coffee for both of us and then sat back down to wait.

"What else?" I finally asked.

"What else." He leaned back in his chair and looked away again. "Stuff you—people like you would really like. I bet you'd like my story just as much as you like your own.

"We got there on his bike. When he got off, I started to follow. But first he reached down and he said, 'I don't like this shit.' Before I could do anything, he ripped off my shirt. He just put both hands on the back of my collar and he tore it off my back. 'Better,' was all he said. Then he started to walk away.

"I was sitting there with just some rags hanging on to my waist. I got rid of them and jumped off the bike to follow him.

"There was a whole group of people sitting around and smoking dope and drinking beer near the shore of the lake. I couldn't believe them. There were at least fifty men and women. Lots of the men were dressed like this guy I had driven out with. I heard them call him Steamer, that was his name. They had on

leather and denim and boots. A few others were either swimming—mainly in the nude—or else they just had on shorts. Almost all the women had their tits hanging out, they didn't wear any blouses.

"I didn't know what it all meant yet. I'd learn that soon enough. Steamer flopped down on the ground next to one of his pals and told me to go and get us both a can of beer from the ice-filled barrel that was on the edge of the group. I thought that was cool; my buddy had brought me back to meet his friends and then wanted us to have a beer together. I wasn't paying attention to the way he'd made me admit I was a cock-sucker and the way he'd torn off my shirt.

"I just went and got it. 'Faster next time,' was the only thanks he gave me. I sat beside him and opened my own can. I figured he was just like me, that he was going to be really cool about being gay. These guys didn't seem that way and I thought Steamer and I would probably sneak off later and have fun, but that we'd have to act real butch in front of these others.

"But, instead, he put his arm around me and dragged me up close to him. His hands ran over my bare chest. No, I can't say that. They weren't hands. They were paws. These big paws were feeling up my chest.

"I got me a new hole," he said to his friend who just laughed. 'Always had a weakness for boy-hole, don't you Steamer,' the other guy said. 'Sure do, sure do,' he answered. Then, in front of all those straight people, he reached down and put his hand on my pants over my cock and balls. I couldn't move. It was part being paralyzed by being scared of him and part that all these people were watching.

"But no one cared. I couldn't get over that. I was just sitting there and he was feeling me up and they just kept on drinking their beer. I liked it, all of a sudden, I just liked it. The biker with his smelly clothes and the touch of him holding me in public became more exciting and less frightening somehow.

"So I relaxed. I just decided to try to figure out who these strangers were. There were some of the women who were doing most of the work, I could tell that. They all were bare-breasted. They were getting the beers and some of them were starting to pile up wood at a spot where there'd obviously been a fire the night before. It was for food, I supposed.

"I didn't realize it then, but there were a couple men who were doing the same thing. It didn't sink in that they didn't have many clothes on either.

"All around were the club members, laughing and drinking and having a good time. There were lots of them who were feeling up women right in the open, just like Steamer was touching me. These guys would grab the women's tits and pull them onto their laps and suck on them, or else grab a chunk of ass or even their cunts.

"I got all excited watching it. Sex didn't happen this way where I grew up; that was for sure. Then this one woman who had long, long beautiful black hair was walking by a guy who reached up and got a hold of her leg and dragged her down beside him. She didn't seem to resist at all when he pulled down her jeans. There wasn't anything on underneath. He lifted her up in a funny way—with his arms under her ass—and then he leaned over and started to eat her out.

"She really got into it, yelling—not angry, turned on. The people around her just laughed more and talked to her and to the guy, egging them on. I got hard watching it all. Not because a woman would get me hard, but just seeing this sex in the outdoors without any restrictions.

"That's when I started to learn what a 'boy-hole' was. Steamer took the back of my neck and he pushed me—hard—down onto his smelly crotch. He used his other hand to pull out his erection and then he shoved again. There wasn't any doubt what I was supposed to do. There was also no way I was going to escape that beefy hand on the back of my neck.

"I was all turned on again, just with the idea that these people were watching me. Someone yelled something to me, I never heard what it was, but it wasn't a real putdown, it was more like an

encouragement.

"For some reason I decided I was going to be good at it—really good. I got it into my head that I wanted Steamer to be proud of me. I sucked that big smelly cock of his like it was the last lollipop on earth.

"I went at it for a long time, I lost track of how long. Then he lifted me up off it. I was . . . I felt like some kind of sex maniac, I guess. I had spit rolling down my chin and his cock was still standing up straight into the air. I dove down, to get it back again.

"That really made him happy and he laughed at that, so did the guy beside him, but he wouldn't let me have it, 'No, little boy-hole, don't get greedy.'

"We just sat for a while and drank some beer. More and more people were starting to have sex. One other guy was going down on another man. That was the first time I happened to notice that he was one of the ones who wasn't wearing a shirt.

"Steamer had gone on and on, telling me how much he liked my body—this is before all my chest hair grew out." Tim reached down and absent-mindedly played with some of the thick growth that was on his forearm now, as though it was incongruous with the memory of his past that was flooding out of him. He stopped and went back to his story.

"He told this guy beside him that he liked boy-holes with no hair. That we were better fucks than women. 'Girl-holes and boy-holes are all the same,' he said, 'except a boy-hole's brown and a girl-hole's pink. Of course, all you gotta do is slap the boy-hole's bottom around a little bit and it'll be pink, too.'

"They both thought that was really funny and laughed a lot about it. I was embarrassed, really embarrassed. But it was hardly the time to make protests, not after I'd sucked him off in front of everyone else.

"It kept on going like that for hours. Sex all around us and some of those bare-breasted women fixing a barbecue dinner over this

enormous fire. Things got much more intense, but the buzz from the beer made it all seem okay. I wasn't used to drinking that much, and I couldn't hold it well.

"I just had these fuzzy memories of Steamer and me making out and him putting his hands down my pants and finally taking them off. When the food was ready and put out on a picnic table, Steamer told me to go and get a couple plates for us. I didn't mind; it didn't seem like a big deal; so I did it.

"Later on, he pulled out a joint and we smoked it. I got really buzzed then. There were a lot of things that happened that night that I couldn't remember, even the next morning. I woke up in a sleeping bag with Steamer. His big body was all wrapped around mine. My nipples were very sore, I did remember that he'd chewed on them a lot. So was my ass where he'd fucked me—and slapped me around a bit.

"I was sort of dazed. I got up out of the sleeping bag and was going to go to the lake to swim and see if that would clear my head. My movements must have woken up Steamer. He grabbed me and pulled me back into the bag. I didn't want to get fucked again, not the way my ass felt. But I couldn't fight him at all, he was too big. He started to move his cock inside me and I just cried and begged him to stop.

"It wasn't me that changed his mind. 'Why the hell are you dried up in there? Where's your grease?' I didn't know what to think. He got up and—with his cock standing straight in the air like some angry red battering ram—he went and got a bottle of lubricant.

"He brought it back to where I was still laying half in and half out of the sleeping bag. He threw it at me hard. I remember that it hurt a lot and I knew at once that there'd be a bad bruise on my hip where it landed.

"'Grease up your hole,' he said. I was petrified. It had been one thing when he was trying to fuck me and I was sore; it was something else when he purposely hurt me with the bottle. Thank

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god I had enough sense not to fight him. I opened the bottle and put a smear of grease up my ass, trying to ignore the giggles from the people who were close enough to know what was going on. Then Steamer got back in the sleeping bag with me and started to fuck me. It wasn't as bad with the lubricant, though I was still very sore. I was just there, not fighting him, maybe not even totally conscious of what was going on.

"When he was done, he pulled out and rolled over. In a couple minutes he was snoring again. I did crawl out this time and pulled on my cutoffs. I was too shaky from the beer and dope to get it together to just leave; the idea of a swim in the lake was getting stronger. I walked to the shore and put my feet in the water. It felt wonderful. I got out of my shorts and dove in.

"When I came back to shore there was a guy waiting for me. He was very handsome. He was older than I was, I guess he was about twenty-five. He had dark hair and great smile. He was wearing a pair of cutoff jeans and boots. He had his hands on his waist and a big smile.

"He was as tall as Steamer, maybe, but much trimmer. That's only in relationship to Steamer's big belly, though. He was muscular compared to anyone else. And his belly was covered with hair. He looked really hot.

"He handed me a towel when I got out of the water. 'I haven't had a chance to say hello to you,' he said. He told me his name was Howie and he was one of the club members. I immediately assumed that he was putting the make on me. I said something about it—about being scared that Steamer wouldn't like it—and he thought that was really funny.

"I'm a hole, too," he said. Then I finally got it explained to me, the things about the club. I was pretty upset. That word—"hole"—wasn't just something that Steamer was saying. It was a word they all used. They were all divided into two groups: holes and tops. Most of the holes were women, but not all; and the opposite with tops."

"There were female tops in the bike club?" I was sure that couldn't be.

"Oh, yes there were. Most of them were lesbians. But I saw . . . Some of the tops were women. Howie explained it all to me while we were sitting on the shore, letting the sun dry me off from my swim. I wanted to say that it was disgusting and leave, but I was naked and my cock was hard while he told me what the rules of the place were.

"Every hole was there for every top. You had a 'main top' most of the time, and so long as you were with that top, the rest of them would respect it and leave you alone. But when a top told you to do something, you did it. 'And fast,' Howie said.

"When I pressed him about it, he got strange and just said that the club didn't like it when holes got out of line. If you wanted to stay with the club, then you did what they said when they said it.

"I couldn't understand why this big stud was a hole. I was already assuming that it was a bad thing to be. I asked him about that. He just shrugged. He said, 'Let me tell you something. There are two kinds of people in this world that it's worth being: Tops and holes. You are what you are and if you're lucky enough to be one of them, you're thankful. Anything else is just too boring.'

"I told him I thought that was strange. I wasn't so sure about this stuff. To tell you the truth, if I hadn't been so uptight about being cool the way teenagers are, I think I would have broken down and cried. It was all too bizarre. Howie told me not to worry, to just go with it. He was like you." Tim looked at me closely, as though he wanted to make sure that I understood something. "He just thought you should do it well. And that you should take something like that as an opportunity to experience more than other people will ever know about.

"He gave me some pointers, though they weren't exactly encouraging, to me at least. I asked him how males could be holes. I was worried about that. He said I shouldn't be. Howie's explanation was simple: Males just had to work harder at it. Women were at an advantage because they had three places for a top to work on, a man only had two. We just had to learn to use

the two we had—our mouths and our assholes—better than the females. It was like the female tops, he said, who had to become more creative since they only had their hands and their mouths while the men tops had cocks besides. He told me that women always got off on women tops because they had taught themselves so well how to use what they had. We had to do the same thing.

"He also said I should make sure that Steamer was happy with me in all ways, not just my mouth and ass, though those were very important. If Steamer was happy, then he'd keep me close by and I wouldn't have to worry about the rest of them. How was I supposed to do that? I wondered. He told me his tricks, that I was always to try to crawl in between Steamer's legs, for one thing. 'Tops like it when there's a face near their crotches,' was his simple explanation.

"But whatever I did, he warned, I had to follow every order and do it fast. 'Don't aggravate them, ever. If they want sex, give it to them. If they want a can of beer, run to get it. If you don't, you'll find out how mean this group can be.'

"We talked for maybe a half hour about all of this stuff, these ideas and roles that were so alien to me. Then Howie decided we should lighten it up. We went back into the water and fooled around a little bit. We sat back in the sun; this time both of us had to dry off.

"Howie told me about himself and his main top, a guy named Torch. I couldn't get over the story. They weren't always like this. There was a time when Howie thought he had to be a bad dude and he and Torch used to prowl the bars and alleys in Detroit, where they lived. They did all kinds of shit together as buddies. But Howie knew that he was in love with Torch all along. But the way he was in love didn't have anything to do with the way that Howie could see other people doing it. He certainly didn't see other men acting the way he felt, so he hid it.

"Then they met Steamer. It turns out that Steamer's really the founder of the club. It was just getting started back then. Steamer came and talked to Howie and Torch about it, he wanted them to join. He explained that there had to be certain firm rules about the way people acted. He was the one who demanded that men and women could switch roles, that they could be whatever their nature led them to be. And he was the one who said that the ones who were on the bottom—the ones they'd eventually call 'holes'—had to belong to everyone.

"By the time Steamer was done giving his pitch, Torch was all set to go. Howie was too, but he had to wait till later that night to explain to Torch just what that meant for him. They'd been together ever since.

"Somehow, Howie's story made me feel much better. I was able to focus on what had been exciting about Steamer and being in the camp and not on what was scaring me, that's the best way to put it. I felt like he understood, and if a guy like him could get off on the things that I had seen and done, well, then it was okay.

"There was something else about Howie. No one had ever talked to me so honestly before. I'd responded and been truthful with him. We knew each other's secrets in just a few minutes, it seemed. It scared me, that someone knew things about me, but I was also really happy that I could tell him things and he wouldn't think I was weird. He accepted me. He kept touching me, not really sexually, but like he was letting me know that things were all right by putting a hand on my belly or on my head if he thought I needed a little support. In that short time, I think he became closer to me than any other man I'd ever known. And we shared something together besides. Even if it was just being holes, we were the same kind of person. That made me feel just great.

"We got ready to go back to the camp. We were taking this short path. There were some people not far from where we'd been sunning ourselves. Howie and I were still carrying our shorts and shoes. We were naked, which I could tell was okay in the club area, and that it was especially all right for the holes. I was already thinking about myself that way: As one of the holes like Howie.

"We came on these two guys, tops. They were standing up with

their pants down by their knees. In front of them were these two naked women. The women were having a real hard time of it. The men were yelling at them, calling them really filthy names. They were pawing the women's breasts in a way that was obviously causing them a lot of pain. The tops were saying that the women were lousy cocksuckers.

"These two girls were crying. I was back to being petrified, especially once the tops saw Howie and me. One of them pulled his woman's face away from his cock and threw her aside with this sneer. He had a stumpy cock, but it was fat, really wide and thick. He had big balls. He shook his cock and he was staring at me. 'Boy-holes know about cocksucking.'

"I froze. But I felt Howie's hand on the small of my back, nudging me forward. He'd told me over and over again not to hesitate when one of them wanted something. So I moved ahead towards the guy and knelt down in front of him.

"Just as I did, I heard the other top saying that his pal was right. They shouldn't bother with women that didn't know how to use their mouths. I knew what he was doing. He was motioning to Howie to come over and suck him off. I already had the fat cock down my throat and my face was stuck in the smelly pubic hair of the guy I was sucking. Then I could sense Howie beside me.

"It was the most intense moment in my life, having him doing that at the same time, especially when he reached over and took my hand. We sucked off the two tops together, and it was . . . magical. They didn't exist for me, it was just me and Howie.

"When they were done—and they told us we really were better than the women—Howie and I were left alone again. I didn't have to say anything, we just embraced and rolled onto the grass. We just stayed there for a long time, with our arms around each other and our hard cocks pressing up against one another's bellies. I don't think I've ever had such a perfect moment with another human being, not ever."

"You haven't experienced that with Marc?"

He looked at me with complete disbelief, he must have understood what I was really saying, that he could try. I was surprised that he was willing to be honest with me. "No, I haven't had anything close to that with Marc."

I was even more pleased when he went on. He must have decided that so much had been said that there was no reason not to continue. There were few secrets left.

"I think I would have stayed just for Howie. So long as there was even a chance that I could have that moment with him again, I would have gambled anything to try. He was like a big brother, I suppose. He liked me a lot. He told me I was like him in many ways. He was happy for me, he said I was really getting into it, that he could tell I was, and that he liked seeing someone understand where he should be at an early age, not wait too long.

"We did all kinds of things. It was easy because Torch and Steamer were good buddies and it was simple to arrange for the four of us to be near each other. It wasn't bad, not at all. Steamer thought it was wonderful that I was learning things so early and he liked the way that Howie would watch over me. Like, making sure that I greased up my ass. That was the one thing about men that Steamer didn't like, that you had to grease then up to fuck them. He thought that boy-holes should always be ready. It insulted him that the place he wanted to fuck was too dry.

"Torch was the same way. So he made Howie do it too. Every morning, first thing, Howie and I would take the lubricant and put it up our asses for the tops. I was as automatic as anything else. And when we'd be together during the day, we'd check each other, putting our fingers up our asses to make sure the tops could get in easy if they wanted to.

"There were other things that Steamer liked about me. I had taken Howie's lesson well and kept my face as close to Steamer's crotch as I could. I was always ready for him.

"One day, only the third or fourth that I was in the camp, Steamer took me to this guy who did leather work and had some stuff made for me. There was a pair of shorts that he wanted me to wear. They had zippers up the front, just like you'd expect, but there was also one up the rear so he could just pull the one tab

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and be able to get into me.

"Things went on. I thought this was the best place I'd ever been, with this biker who liked me, and Howie, the best friend I'd ever known. It was pretty wonderful. But I couldn't escape the way there was so much possibility of violence in the camp. You could sense it, like it was a physical force all itself.

"And there were plenty of actual violent things that happened. All of a sudden there'd be a scream and you'd see some hole getting it from some top with a belt, or being kicked or something. No one ever, ever tried to stop it or cool the top down. There were other things too. I'd feel very good about Steamer and Howie and Torch, but there'd suddenly be some top who'd come along while I was walking to get a beer, or take a dip in the lake, and he'd just tell me to suck him, or else to fall on the ground and spread my legs.

"They didn't simply fuck you. There was more to it. You'd have to lift your ass up in the air with your knees spread far apart. Sometimes they'd want to slap your ass—they'd call that 'warming you up.' You were never safe from them, from the sudden interference of someone you had no right to talk back to or say no to. The vulnerability was total.

"There was one night that was the worst of all. The tops were mainly straight, like I said. They used to think that it was, well, cute that there were male holes—and they'd get blow jobs from us and stuff. But they really were the usual straight bikers you think about and the way that guys like me and Howie were treated was different than they would have done it, themselves, at least for the most part. It was just because Steamer liked men and Torch loved Howie and they were in on the beginning of the club that it was so loose about sex things. Once that began to happen, then they also attracted some of these very scary women tops and a few other gay and bi guys who weren't welcome in most other clubs.

"This one night, the regular bikers and the women tops decided they'd have some fun with the women holes. They wanted to see them wrestle. They wanted it to be just like in the sleazy nightclubs—they wanted them to mud wrestle. Howie and I and a couple of the other male holes had to make a mud puddle for them.

"Everyone was pretty loaded on beer and dope and having a good time. These girls would get in the pit we'd dug and they'd have to wrestle one another. It was . . ."

I couldn't believe that Tim stopped so suddenly. After all he'd said, this one memory was clearly the most horrible. I wondered about it for a moment, and then I understood. "It was the opposite of what you'd had with Howie."

"Yes, that was it. They were forcing the women to fight against one another when the only strength they had was from one another. It was terrifying—not just scary, terrifying—to think that you'd have to be totally alone as a hole and have to fight another hole. I shivered, I actually shivered . . ."

"My worst fear came true. Steamer was getting really rowdy. After we watched these obscene fights with the women holes pulling off each other's clothes and shoving one another's face into the mud, Steamer got into his mind that some boy-holes should do the same thing. He shoved me forward and challenged any other top to send another boy-hole in with me for the big event.

"Thank god that Torch wasn't right there at the moment. I was looking at Howie and we were both just horrified that maybe we'd have to fight each other. I couldn't have done that, I know I couldn't have . . ."

"Of course you would have," I said.

He grit his teeth with anger when he heard me saying that. "I don't know," he admitted. "But I didn't have to find out. It was bad enough as it was. There was a big guy named Boot. He was a hole for a woman top named Elsa—they were one of the only such combinations in the camp. I had watched the two of them together and I sure didn't envy him his place.

"I used to watch when they'd have sex. Almost always Elsa would have him eat her out. Every time you saw them it seemed like he was on his knees between her legs. But sometimes she

wanted to fuck. He'd have to spread eagle on the ground just the way we did, but face up. He couldn't touch her, that was her rule. She'd straddle him and he'd have to stay in that one position the whole time. She called it 'riding' him, and it was a pretty authentic description.

"It was incredible to watch the women tops, by the way. They seemed to want to make sure that they were tougher than the males; they didn't want to be underestimated. They were far more vicious to the women holes and they were the worst to the boy-holes. Boot even had to have his nipples pierced for Elsa and he had a permanent metal collar around his neck. He must have liked it—he never tried to leave—but it certainly looked like the worst existence in the camp.

"Anyway, Elsa pushed Boot out. He was much bigger than me, and older. Probably about twenty-seven or -eight. He was laughing and high and having a good time. It didn't bother him and the crowd loved having the two of us in there together.

"Steamer thought having two males there called for a special touch. He didn't want us fighting in the mud. He brought out cans of motor oil. He had the two of us strip naked and then he poured the oil over our bodies, in our hair, gallons of it.

"I was stupid enough to think that Boot wouldn't really mean it. I thought he had to be like me and Howie and that he'd understand that we shouldn't do anything to each other." Tim shook his head as he recalled how very wrong he had been.

"We started in, with the crowds yelling at us. Boot and I couldn't get a hold on each other. The oil made our skin too slippery and we'd fall every time we tried to make a move. But, after a while, Boot got me from behind. He got his arms underneath mine and reached both of them up until he could get a grip on my neck. That was it, I thought, he'd won.

"I hadn't really tried. I just wanted the humiliation to be over and to stop thinking about what it meant for us to be fighting one another. Maybe the crowd knew I hadn't fought well, maybe it was assumed all along . . ."

"I could feel Boot's cock getting hard against the crack of my ass. Even if I hadn't greased myself up before, there was so much oil all over us that it wouldn't have made any difference. Even while we were standing like that—with me immobile—he was able to throw me down.

"Everyone thought that was great and there was all this applause and all these obscene things being said. I was crying—that only made them happier—and Boot got harder and fucked me harder in front of everyone. They especially liked it when I got hard myself. I couldn't help it.

"I was just mortified, I was more than embarrassed, and I was scared. I was really scared. This was the first time the violence of the place had honestly been directed to me.

"When Boot finally let me go, all I could do was think about Howie's advice that I should always stay between Steamer's knees so I would be protected. I didn't even stand up, still on all fours, I moved towards Steamer as fast as I could. I got to him and I opened his pants and brought out his cock. He loved it. He was laughing and carrying on about what a hungry boy-hole I was.

"Even so, the show had turned on another top. I could feel him moving up behind me. 'No.' I thought, 'you can't have me while I'm sucking Steamer's cock.' I believed it was some rule. But it wasn't. It had only been advice. Even while I was there, sucking on Steamer, another guy was poking my ass and then he put his cock up there. I was on my knees, cock at both ends, crying, covered with oil.

"It didn't help at all when I finally had a chance to look beside me and see that the same thing was happening to Howie with Torch and someone else. Actually it made it worse, because I knew that the display I'd put on had gotten the tops excited and led them to this small orgy."

"It could be done then," I said, remembering the past with my usual nostalgic regret.

"Yeah, back then it was still all right from that point of view, at least.

"The night ended and, I don't know how, but I got through it.

Howie took me to the lake and helped me clean up. We talked a bit about things and how I felt. Then it was over.

"It really was all over about two weeks later. The club was going to move on. I hadn't even thought about plans. I wasn't living a real life, I was just there, immersed in the activities and the things I was learning about sex. But Steamer was a good guy. He was smart about a lot of things, I'd learn. He wasn't going to let me go with them. He told me I was too young and had to make too many decisions. I'd had the experience, that was enough.

"I was pretty upset. I knew that these weren't people who were going to be easy to find. They were hardly going to write postcards or letters and there was no permanent address for them. I was losing them.

"One day, Steamer took me for a ride. We used to go out on his Harley a lot. That was one of the reasons for the rear zipper. What Steamer liked to do is sit me on the saddle in front of him and unzip the rear. Then he'd pull out his cock and stuff it up me. The engine of the big Harley would vibrate so much that we could sit there and get off that way, it was as though I had an electric dildo up me, constantly shaking my insides.

"When he drove the bike over the roads, it felt like I was getting a really, really rough fucking. It was an incredible sensation. And, since we were so close and it was all happening just between the zippered openings, we could ride through the middle of a town and no one would know that we were having sex right in front of them. Steamer put me on the bike that day and he undid the back of my pants. He got his cock out and shoved it up my hole, just the way he liked it. He took me to a place we'd been before. It was a smaller pond, even more quiet than the one where the camp was. We both went swimming, which was very unusual. We both stripped down and dove in the water. We just played, like we were both kids. He even washed himself, I remember that, he brought soap and he lathered up and even shampooed his hair.

"Afterwards, we laid out in the sun. It was pleasant, nice. It was totally different than it usually was—he wasn't ordering me

around and he wasn't moving to try to fuck me. We just talked about little things. I got very sad. I rolled over and put my head on his huge chest and I felt this sense of loss like I'd never had before.

"That moment with Howie wasn't my only special time with the club, I realized. There were things with Steamer that were important to me too. And I was going to lose them all. I was going back to being a kid in a small town and this was the end of it. I cried and Steamer didn't get mad at me the way he might have before. He just hugged me.

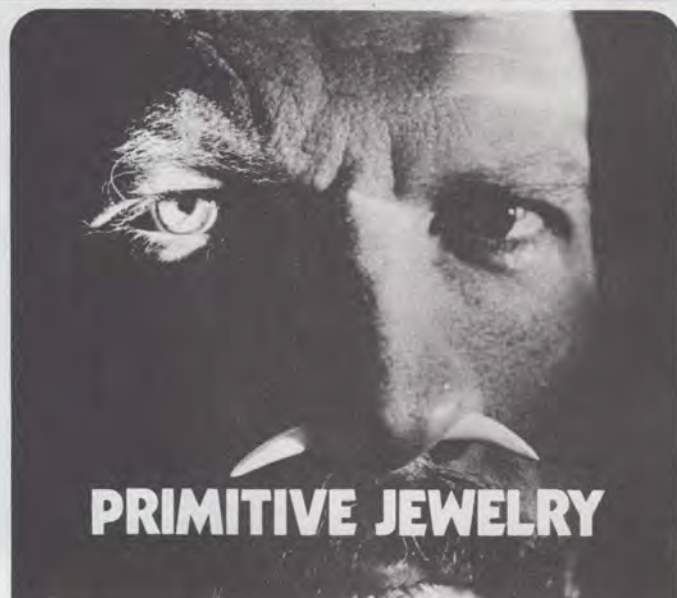
"We both started to get hard and I figured he'd fuck me now. But he didn't. He knelt between my legs and took both our cocks in his hands and began to rub them together. It felt incredible, especially because he was doing it. It was as though this man who'd been so rough with me was finally saying that I was grown up somehow.

"He talked to me, gently, while he manipulated our cocks. He told me I was too young for the road yet. That I had to learn things. He told me that someday I'd find out things about myself that he'd already seen in me. When the time was right, he said, then I'd find out about a group of people called The Network."

"What?" I wasn't prepared for that sudden revelation.

"Yes," Tim said, looking me squarely in the eye, "He told me that I'd find The Network when the time was right and if it was meant to be. He had been a part of it—I don't know how, I didn't know enough to ask him.

"Then he kept on masturbating us until we both came. We washed off in the lake and . . . And that was it. I went home that evening. Steamer drove me close to my parents' house. I went back to the camp later in the week and they were gone. I never heard anything about them again. I'd just about stopped thinking about them and The Network until I met Marc and moved in with him. Then you. He told me about you and your strange stories. Now I've heard a lot of them. Now I remember what Steamer said about The Network and I'm scared, I'm terrified that it's real." □



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GO SQL REC

by Spud

The landing was soft, and I was anxious to get off the jet. The trip from Houston to Newark had seemed long. I was glad that I had brought my baggage with me on the plane. I quickly left the plane after it had taxied into the terminal and rushed to catch the express bus to Port Authority in Manhattan. It was late summer and the twilight had just fallen; it still seemed light outside, although it had become dusk. I sat on the bench waiting and noticed a Marine recruit next to me. His T-shirt advertised his

GOON SQUAD RECRUIT



status as a graduate of boot camp—Goon Squad—North Carolina.

Now, I have always had an interest in our boys in the service, so, I decided to make sure I got a good look at him. He was young, twenty or so. His body was tight and muscular; none of this gym stuff, he was toned by the long runs and hikes, and the various forms of abuse imposed by military discipline. His hair was short and cut in that traditional marine style, slightly longer on the top

—it was even nicked on the back, a reminder of his authenticity. His eyes were a faded blue, and his skin was evenly tanned by the sun and hours outdoors. He had a knapsack and duffel bag with him, both of ordinary military green. He was short, like myself, about 5'8" or so. He was attractive—even hot. But, like I said, I like our boys in the service.

We did not have to wait long for the bus to New York City, it came quickly, and I felt disappointed that I would not get a chance to see more of this military morsel. While he struggled with his duffel bag, I quickly got my stuff, and entered the bus, paying my fee. I sat alone in the empty bus as the few passengers got in, staring at my recruit, as he waited to put his bag into the storage area under the bus. Well, those military hikes can do a number on a man's butt, and this recruit's number got mine up: tight and muscular rounded globes. What a waste. Or so I thought.

I sat thinking as the recruit and the rest of the passengers filed into the bus. I prepared to spend the time riding back to New York City alone, trying to organize my mind for all those post-vacation obligations. He sat next to me. He placed his knee and thigh, muscular thigh, I might add, next to mine, and we began to talk. Yes, he was a marine recruit. He was in college, and spent the summer in boot camp. At first our discussion of the military was fairly routine. But I noticed that our conversation began to harbor certain themes: the discipline imposed by his sergeant, and how he felt it was beneficial to a man's character. Well, I am not a stranger to discipline, and I knew what he was talking about—however, I'm much better at giving it than receiving it. He recognized this right away. I agreed with his statements as he proceeded to describe his experiences in boot camp. The crowds of men at the latrines, and the lack of privacy—I could only wish for that kind of invasion of my privacy!

He continued. The verbal abuse that the recruits had to undergo when they made mistakes. His knee got closer to mine, and I began to take notes. Discipline. Verbal abuse. It all sounded so familiar. Very familiar. I should tell you that I had gotten a new haircut that week: just like my recruit, and had decided to wear my military drag that day. I was reminding this kid of his sergeant! What an opportunity.

We talked about all kinds of things as the bus continued towards the city, as the skyscrapers glittered in front of us. I was distracted as his knee rested against mine, and I thought of various ways to relieve him of his nostalgia for boot camp. And maybe fulfill a mutual fantasy or two. We exchanged names—his was Tom. College was not far from the city, so we exchanged and decided to meet for a beer or two, sometime the next week. He visited the city often, his brother lived in the village. Yes, the village. As we got off the bus, we shook hands as I got one last look at that delectable masculine body. I don't usually mess with young men, but, for our boys in the military . . . I can make exceptions.

I was surprised when I got a call from him a week later. He would be in the city that weekend and wanted to talk over a couple of "brews." I readily agreed—Saturday night it was. I gave him directions to my place, and we set a time—2030 I joked, as he laughed along nervously and agreed to the time. I immediately looked over my uniform collection. Reflecting, mirrored sunglasses: present. Black, shiny, combat boots: present. Green regulation military slacks: present. All I would need was a drill instructor's hat, a whistle, and some dogtags. You didn't think I was going to wear a shirt for this one, did you?

Anyhow, let me describe myself before we get on with our story. Like I said, I'm a short guy, 5'8", with close-cropped hair. I'm black, and my skin is a rich cocoa color. I have a muscular body, like a gymnast or wrestler, and I have a harsh tone to my face, although most people tell me I appear younger than my thirty-two years. I'm not exactly superman, but I'm considered hot by many; after all, I am skilled in a lot of scenes ever since I came out into the leather scene in New York a couple of years ago.

Eventually, the day came. It was a pleasant evening, and I had

everything prepared for my recruit. He rang the doorbell—2030, exactly, with military precision. This night was going to be a lot of fun. I let him into my apartment and we sat on the couch. He was as hot as I had remembered; he was wearing a pair of tight fatigues and a plain drab olive shirt. I was wearing a pair of shorts and a white athletic shirt. I got us a pair of beers, and we started to talk. He told me a little about school, and his part-time involvement with military reserve. I listened attentively, or at least pretended to, as he became loose from the beer, and I prepared to put my plan into action.

After a couple of beers, I sat close to him on the couch, and he slouched his thigh against mine. He was ready, and so was I. I quickly excused myself, went into my bedroom, and put on my sergeant's gear. A pair of the drab olive slacks—pressed to starched perfection; the drill instructor's hat, looking a little like a forest ranger's headgear; and the whistle, and dogtags that hung from a chain around my neck onto my hairy pecs, which I left bare. I took one look in the mirror—perfect. I slipped on my mirrored sunglasses, and left to join my recruit.

"Ten-hut," I growled loudly, as the marine looked at me, as I entered, first with curiosity and surprise, then with a glimmer of understanding, and finally a little smirk. This was going to be quite an evening.

". . . You hear me boy? Move!" I repeated.

He scrambled up from the sofa and stood before me at attention.

"Strip," I commanded next, and the recruit hurried to follow my order. "And wipe that smile off your face, boy, this ain't grammar school," I added.

He quickly took off his clothes, but kept on his white briefs. I was not disappointed. He had a nice body: muscles everywhere; a sculpted chest and abdomen, with a pair of flat, brown tits, waiting to be trained. His legs were sinewy with strong muscles—and his ass was finely toned—dimpled cantaloupes, waiting for the paddle and my dick. He stood in front of me, silent, his eyes straight ahead.

"At ease," I bellowed. He took the position. I began to circle around, examining every detail of his manliness. I could not help but notice his lengthening erection as it tried to peek out from the top of his briefs. I had attached a pair of handcuffs and a nightstick to my leather belt before I left the bedroom and was becoming very glad I had. I slowly detached the nightstick from my belt and, as I stared him in the eye, began to massage and stroke his cock through his cotton briefs. He attempted to hold back his increasing pleasure, but he quickly failed as I expertly played with his cock through the fabric. Then I began to speak.

"So, what they say is true, you do like looking at men's dicks in the latrine," I grumbled, as I began to rub the nightstick between his legs, and on the insides of his thighs, as well as over his cock.

"Well, what do you say boy," I demanded.

"Uh . . . Well, I . . ."

"Out with it, boy . . ." I commanded, staring into his face, my nose inches away from his.

"Yes . . . Sir," he replied, slightly embarrassed.

"Yes, Sir, what?"

"Yes, Sir, I like to look at men's dicks," he replied softly, as the line between fantasy and reality began to blur, and his desire began to deepen. I knew exactly what he wanted.

"And what about your sergeant's dick. Do you want to look at that dick too?" I stared at him as I spoke, waiting for his answer. I had him caught: if he said no, I would berate him for not wanting my cock; if he said yes, well . . . he would get exactly what he wanted. I waited impatiently for his response.

"Yes, Sir, I want to see your dick," he stammered, as the only solution to his dilemma became evident.

"Good, boy," I grunted, "but you're going to have to earn that honor, understand?"

"Yes, Sir," he answered, a slight look of confusion covering his face.

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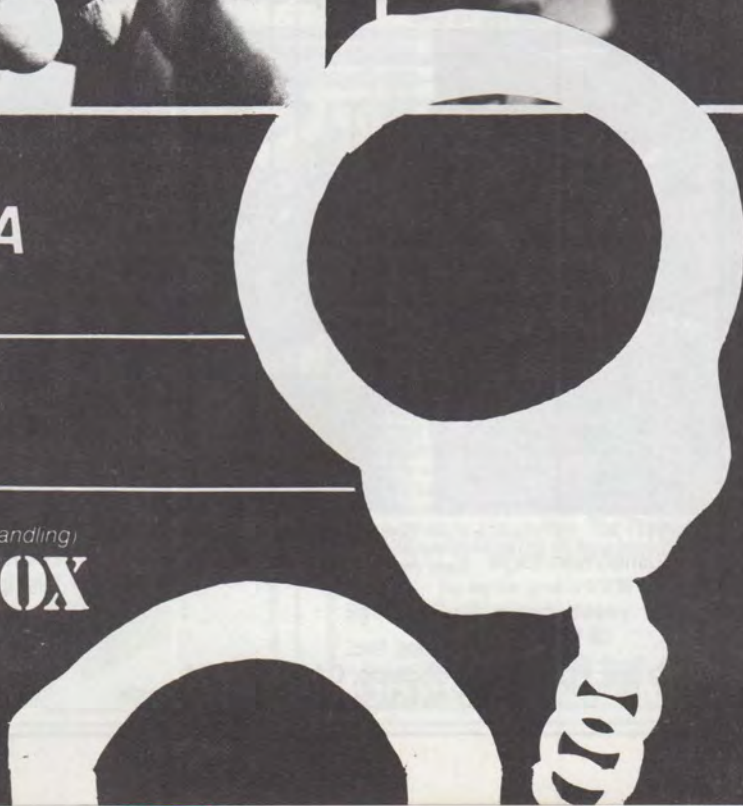
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"By the way, grunt, do you want to suck my cock too?" I asked as he began to reply spontaneously.

"Yes, Sir," he replied, and I could see the passion building in his eyes.

"And do you want to get fucked by your Sergeant's cock?"

"Yes, Sir!" His hesitance had become replaced by enthusiasm as his fantasy unfolded.

I slowly stepped behind him and placed the handcuffs around his wrists, locking them securely. I then returned to look at him directly, I could see the fear of uncertainty in his face. The look that every top finds as thrilling as the scene itself.

I stared at him for a moment and began to rub and prod against his lips with the nightstick. He slowly began to lick and suck on the smooth wood, closing his eyes as he became engrossed in his desire. I allowed him to continue for a while as I noticed a small spot of wet precum ooze onto his briefs, leaving a small stain on the crisp, white cotton.

I drew the stick away from his lips and forced him to his knees, using the stick behind his neck as a shackle. He complied willingly. He knelt and started for my cock, attempting to nibble at it through my slacks. I stopped him.

"Remember, boy, you have to earn it."

"Yes, Sir, sorry, Sir," he replied with a note of dismay in his voice.

I then used my hand to push his face towards the floor and onto my boot. He understood the gesture and began to lick my boots hesitantly.

"These are my boots, boy, not some cunt. Lick these boots like you're a man. Move it!" I bellowed at him, as he started to lick at the smooth, black leather with a sense of urgency.

"That's better, kid, you might earn my dick after all."

He continued this way for a while, licking each boot in turn, getting more and more involved in the act of devotion. Eventually, I kicked at his face gently to indicate I had had enough. He got the

hint. He remained before me, kneeling, waiting for the next act of discipline.

"Well, boy, you did good with the boots," I commented. "Now you can get my dick."

He slowly raised his head up and reached for my organ through the fabric. I had not worn any underwear, so I could feel every movement of his lips against my cock. It was heaven. He sucked and nibbled with his tongue through the cotton. The rasping of his tongue against the fabric began to send shivers through my spine as the pleasure built. His spit wet my slacks, and the fabric at my crotch became almost translucent, as he continued to nibble and suck my cock through the rough, starched khaki. I lost myself in the sensations as I rubbed the nightstick against his ass.

We continued that way for quite a while, until I felt a trembling in my cock that signaled my mounting orgasm. I didn't want to cum yet; we had a few more things to do. I quickly yanked him to his feet and pushed him into the bedroom. I made him stand in front of the bed and pulled his briefs down with the nightstick. He loved it and ground his hips to help me in the task. His cock was big and jutted out almost straight in front of him. I could see the relief on his face from having those tight briefs off.

I took a paddle from my closet and showed it to him. He looked scared but was able to keep his composure.

"Okay, boy, do you know what this is?" I asked, as he looked at the flat, leather-covered, wooden paddle.

"Yes, Sir. It's a paddle, Sir."

"Good, boy. And what is it used for, boy?"

"To discipline recruits, Sir," he answered, as a jumbled look of desire and doubt covered his face.

"That's right, boy, and I want to make sure I use it on you. You'd like that, wouldn't you? After all, your sergeant likes to fuck butts that have been warmed up a bit, doesn't he." I prodded him with the paddle as he began to answer.

"Yes, Sir, I want it, and your cock, too, Sir."

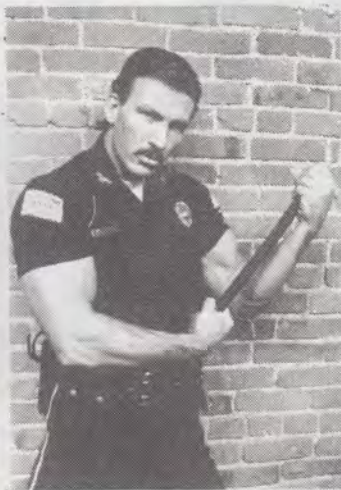
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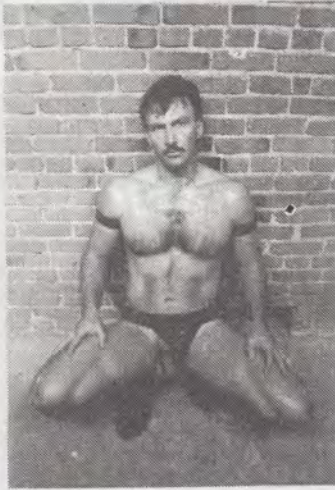
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"Very good, grunt," I replied as my cock jumped in excitement.

I pushed him onto the bed and let him kneel on the floor, hands still cuffed behind him and head on the bed. I placed a pillow under his knees, leaving his butt exposed to the air and my paddle. I stepped behind him. I could feel his nervousness as I lifted the paddle and hit him for the first time. The first stroke was soft and smooth. I could see the surprise on his face as I began to stroke him with the paddle. He began to wiggle and moan as his excitement mounted. His flesh was turning a delightful red as his blood flushed to the surface, and I was intoxicated with the slapping of the paddle against his flesh. I began to build the strokes as his pleasure increased; novices are always surprised by the intense sensuousness of flogging, and this was no exception. I continued as he began to groan for more, and then I stopped abruptly, as his red ass cowered before me.

I took my cock out; it throbbed in anticipation. I quickly took gel from a drawer along with rubbers, and put on one. I lubricated his asshole as he squirmed again, yelling, "Please, Sir," while I was unsure whether he meant, "Please, continue, Sir," or "Please, stop, Sir," but I was too excited to do anything but continue. His butt felt warm against my hand. I continued to widen his sphincter with my lubricated finger. As I felt him loosen, I noticed that his moans of discomfort had become moans of pleasure.

"Please, Sir, fuck me, Sir," over and over again.

"That's exactly what I'm going to do, boy," I replied as I prodded his tight asshole with my latex-coated cock.

I moved slowly, as I penetrated his virgin muscled sphincter; he grimaced but remained silent as I slowly moved my thick, blood-engorged rod against his relaxing anal muscles. It was wonderful, to have my cock penetrate his silky smooth rectum. I could feel his tight muscles as I continued to penetrate more deeply into his gut. The warmth of his flesh after the paddling increased the intensity of his warm body against my cock. Eventually, I felt my

pubic hair crunch against his smooth baby buns. He began to relax against my cock, and I stood still behind as he kept his head on the bed, waiting for my next move. I wasn't going to have him wait long. His sergeant was going to fuck him so he would never forget his discipline.

I moved slowly, pulling and rotating my cock against his rectum; he rocked against me as I increased my gouging movements. I pulled my dick in and out of his rectum; he moaned and groaned with this mammoth sensation, as I fucked with true ramming lust. The softness of his rectum against my cock was bliss; I lost control of myself. I fucked him with primal ardor, as he screamed and yelled. At one moment asking me to stop, at the next asking me to fill him with more and more. I was beyond hearing, I was an animal in heat. The sweat ran off me as I pumped him with my latex-sheathed cock, in and out, over and over.

He was in bliss beneath me, squirming and pushing his butt against my cock. Finally he contorted his face as he yelled: "I'm cumming," at the top of his lungs. My own orgasm was building, and I swiftly yanked my cock out of his ass, pulled off the latex and spurted my jism onto his back, his head and then onto his ass. I collapsed onto him as the spell of the tingling orgasm settled.

We stayed that way on the bed for a few minutes as our breathing returned to normal. As my thoughts cleared, I asked him how he was doing.

"Great, Sir, just great," he replied, sounding spent and happy.

"I'm glad, kid. Did your sergeant give you everything you wanted?" I asked, expecting an affirmative answer.

"Not quite, Sir, I had even more things in mind. But, Sir," he quickly added, "I think you can give me all the things I have been dreaming of."

I was slightly taken aback, but I understood. We're still together, my recruit and I. You see, he had a lot of fantasies built up over those eight weeks in basic training. And well, he wanted to fulfill them all. Yes, Sir, that goon squad recruit still keeps me busy. □



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ORAL VERSUS ANAL SEX

Gay men who engage only in oral sex or "insertive" anal intercourse appear to have a relatively low risk of contracting the AIDS virus, according to an article in *The Washington Blade* concerning a study reported in the January 16 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*.

The study, conducted by researchers with the University of California at Berkeley, shows that out of a randomly selected sample of 1,034 gay men in San Francisco, no significant difference was found in the rate of those testing positive for the AIDS antibody among men who reported practicing only oral sex and among those who reported they had not engaged in sex at all or sex with a single partner over a two-year period.

Men who reported they engaged only in "insertive" anal intercourse were also found to have no greater chance of testing positive for the antibody than those who said they had not engaged in sex or had sex with the same partner over the same two-year period.

On the opposite side of the findings, men who reported they engaged in "receptive" anal intercourse were found to have almost double the rate of positive test results for the AIDS antibody.

Men who said they engaged in both "receptive" and "insertive" anal intercourse had a slightly greater rate of positive test results than those who engaged only in "receptive" intercourse, but the medical journal report on the study says this difference is not statistically significant.

Researchers, however, cautioned that their findings do not specifically rule out the possibility that the AIDS virus could be transmitted through oral sex or "insertive" anal intercourse.

Dr. James Chin, chief of the Infectious Disease Branch of the California Department of Health Services, said he and U.S. Centers for Disease Con-

trol researcher Dr. Donald P. Francis found the results of the Berkeley study to be repeated in numerous other studies.

Similar to previous studies, the Berkeley study shows a strong correlation between men testing positive for the antibody and the number of sexual partners the men had.

NATIONAL HOUSING BUREAU

Several thousand hotel rooms have been secured on behalf of the March on Washington in a range of hotel properties throughout the metropolitan DC area. Properties are divided into three categories based on the single-room rate per night: Economy rates are properties up to \$80.00 per night; first class are \$80-\$100.00 per night; and deluxe are over \$100.00 per night. Room rates are quoted for single, double, triple or quad occupancy, and do not include applicable taxes. (Taxes are 10% and a \$1.00 per night per person occupancy charge.)

None of the properties included have any investments in South Africa according to the Washington Office on Africa, TransAfrica and the American Office on Africa.

The National Housing Bureau brochure is available for distribution to individuals and local organizers by writing or calling the March on Washington, PO Box 7781, Washington, DC 20044, (202) 783-1828.

KIDS OKAY GAY TEACHERS

United Press International reports from New York that despite the cantankerous views of conservative politicians, a nationwide poll of 1,000 American youths indicated a thumbs-up for gay and lesbian schoolteachers.

The American Chicle Youth Poll, conducted by the Roper Organization, showed an eight percent difference in attitudes toward gay and lesbian teachers. Forty-nine percent of the 1,000 youths said gays should be allowed to be teachers while

41 percent were opposed. Eight percent said they didn't know, while one percent didn't know what a homosexual was. The poll also revealed deep concern by the youths for AIDS. Sixty-five percent said they were very concerned about the spread of AIDS while 20 percent said they were somewhat concerned and ten percent were not concerned.

WHAT IS PORNOGRAPHY?

The *Journal of Sexual Liberty* reports the United States Supreme Court, in another change in its guidelines on obscenity, ruled that community standards do not apply to consideration of whether a work as a whole, lacks "serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value." Instead, juries should now judge pornography and erotica as legally acceptable where a "reasonable person" would find it has value in those categories. Justices Stevens, Brennan and Marshall dissented, arguing that "reasonable person" was too fuzzy a definition. Stevens argued, "The problem with this formulation is that it assumes all reasonable persons would resolve the value inquiry in the same way."

The court has continued to insist that there is such a thing as "obscene" material, but has been unable to come up with clear standards, since, where erotica is concerned, it is almost impossible to agree on a definition of obscene, and so such definitions end up being a combination of a popularity contest and the sensitivities of nine Supreme Court justices.

REIGN OF 'TERROR' ENDS

In Puerto Rico recently, Angel M. Colon Maldonado, who is also known as "The Terror of Homosexuals" was given a 133 year sentence in prison for murdering a gay dentist. Superior Court Judge Crisanta Rodriguez handed down the sentence after Maldonado was found guilty of murdering

Luis Manuel Gonzales Lopez, a dentist.

Maldonado is also accused of murdering two other Puerto Rican gay men. He is also under investigation for five other murders, including film producer William Kraft in California. Maldonado admitted that he hates gay men and sought to kill them. He was alleged to have had sex with at least one of the men before murdering the person.

FILMED SEX OKAY?

The Los Angeles *Times* recently editorialized against the use of the "anti-pimp" law to prosecute adult filmmakers. Producer Harold Freeman was prosecuted under the law for paying actresses to have sex in front of the cameras.

An appellate court recently upheld this use of the law by 2-1. Justice Robert Kingsley issued the opinion for the 2nd District Court of Appeal, saying that a "criminal act is not protected under the First Amendment merely because it occurs within the context of a motion-picture production." Dissenting, Justice Eugene McClosky wrote, "It is not our right to interpret a criminal statute broadly to aid in finding of guilt, especially where to do so invades a First Amendment protection." He quoted a 1970 U.S. Supreme Court decision: "Acts which are unlawful in a different context, circumstance or place may be depicted or incorporated in a stage or screen presentation and come within the protection of the First Amendment, losing that protection only if found to be obscene."

The *Journal of Sexual Liberty* when reporting the story made the comment that it would be an interesting commentary if the Supreme Court overturned the lower court ruling and found filmed sex legal after ruling that gay sex in the bedroom was illegal. Would that mean that gays would always need to film their sexual activities to stay within the law? Either way, the decisions are of

deep concern, since AIDS has yet to make its full impact on the law and legal decisions.

DUTCH EUTHANASIA

According to wire service reports, one out of every eight persons with AIDS in the Netherlands is choosing to die by euthanasia. UPI reported recently that there are an estimated 5,000 terminally ill patients in Holland, each choosing to die from the lethal injections from consenting physicians. Some of those patients are PWAs.

Although ending the life of a person with a terminal illness is a crime in the Netherlands, Dutch courts have allowed this form of "active euthanasia," allowing doctors who follow a specific set of guidelines to avoid prosecution.

LEWD BEHAVIOR LAW THROWN OUT

The San Francisco *Chronicle* reported that Municipal Court

Judge Perker Meeks ruled unconstitutional a law prohibiting lewd behavior or loitering for such purpose in a public restroom, in a case that involved Carl Martin, one of 56 men arrested by police at the San Francisco Marina Green restrooms. The judge found the law unconstitutionally vague, and allowed the district attorney 90 days to amend its complaint, as the California Supreme Court is expected to rule on a similar case involving the law. The judge's chief complaint was that the police "would have to be a mind reader" to know a person's intentions in enforcing the law.

LONG LIVE VASQUEZ

A recent survey at a major U.S. Marine base asked the question: "Who is your favorite and sexiest Hollywood movie star?" Well, the answer may surprise a lot of you, but think about it. By an overwhelming majority the winner was Jean-

nette Goldstein. I know, "Who?" Ms Goldstein played Corporal Vasquez in *Aliens*. One red-hot mama that any Marine would feel proud to have next to him in battle or in bed.

LAWYERS OPPOSED TO VERDICT

The *Washington Blade* reports that a recent poll published by the American Bar Association showed that 67 percent of U.S. attorneys think the Bowers vs. Hardwick ruling (last year's Supreme Court decision which upheld the rights of states to make and enforce laws prohibiting homosexual sodomy) undermines constitutional rights to privacy, and 57 percent believe that the decision makes antigay discrimination more likely. Fifty-seven percent believe that states should repeal sodomy laws.

Two-thirds of the lawyers, however, believe that gays should not be classified as a

"protected class" for federal equal protection purposes.

WE ARE EVERYWHERE, UNFORTUNATELY

According to a recent report in *The Southern Poverty Law Center* paper, there are strong rumors that there are at least two members of the Ku Klux Klan who are gay. The Klan's alleged involvement with the murder of Michael MacDonald focused public attention on the matter.

THE NEW "HETEROSEXUAL" DATING GAME

There is nothing new about the approach of TV's "New Dating Game," according to an item in Miami's *Weekly News*. Walt Case, producer of the show, was asked if the game show would feature any gay contestants. His response was, "We're old-fashioned. When we send people off on a date, we want them to be of different sexes." □

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ENDS



I suppose it began like many relationships. We met in a leather bar in the city. We watched each other a while and connected for the night. I liked his dark and brooding eyes, haunted, powerful. Was there pain in them? I couldn't tell. He was a biker, loner, often quiet, a craftsman living in the next county a few miles away; I, a professional known in many circles of the city. He had heard of me once, he learned my name, but what I did didn't matter to him.

That first night was good, hot. We went to my place and I submitted to him. It couldn't have been any other way. After playing hard, we slept together and made love. He didn't leave until morning. After we got up and I was preparing for work, we talked a little, exchanged phone numbers. He was noncommittal. I really didn't expect to see him again. What he thought of me, I couldn't tell.

A few days later I was surprised to get a call from him. He was going to be in the city the next day; could we meet? I agreed. Did he want to meet at the bar? No, he would come to my place at eight.

I heard his bike pull up at eight sharp. I greeted him at the door and handed him a beer. We talked a little of his work and mine, only generalities, found some common interests. We drained our beers, looked hard at each other and quickly moved into an embrace, our tongues exploring every crevice of our mouths. He pushed me back and looked hard into my eyes. I lowered mine and knelt to go down on his cock and buried my face in his crotch. Then I felt his hands pulling me up. "I usually don't do this," he said, almost embarrassed. And he was suddenly down at my crotch saying, "Please, Sir." I was dumbfounded, but quickly recovered and took charge, feeling that thrill of submission, whether mine or from another. I wouldn't miss this chance. I let him have my cock a bit and he proved to be an expert cocksucker. Then I took him to my playroom and gave him what he wanted. God! What he could take! He was a challenge to me as a Top. I kept him bound all night. I wasn't going to let this one get away.

Anyway, I must have passed his test because he invited me up to his place for the weekend. I accepted. He said he would come back into the city and drive me there on his bike. That just fulfilled another fantasy of mine and I told him so. It was the first time I'd heard him laugh.

Certainly that weekend started something between us. Before, I'd wondered why I liked him. Yes, he was hot and attractive and knew how to play hard. And he was easygoing enough, although behind his eyes was something hidden—strength or weakness. A mystery always kindles my interest. He wouldn't talk much about himself other than his work. I, on the other hand, am very open and sociable.

The bike ride was great. We were in our leathers, the weather was fine, and the vibration of the bike put me into a calm, flowing mood and gave rise to expectations of what was to come. I felt one with him and the earth, a new freedom, as we left the city and wound through the countryside.

He had built his house, a small rustic building of natural wood, on the side of a hill. It was isolated from the surrounding community by twenty acres of field and forest. I already had fantasies of fucking in the woods.

The house fit him: Spartan in decor, but with loving care and an eye for an unexpected luxury, an art object or a nook in which to sit and contemplate. It was a place of privacy, perhaps solitude, of careful thought about it. Here he was relaxed, but sure in his movements economical, methodical in his natural element. His shop was at the bottom of the hill away from the house, separating his work and his life. Now I felt I was entering his inner sanctum, a place only a few would be allowed.

He didn't have a playroom as such. The house was equipped with fixtures which could be used to restrain a body as part of the decor out in the open, yet hidden, like his personality. One would have to know the scene to recognize what was there.

Over dinner he opened up a little more to tell me of his love of nature. He didn't like the city. I do. He said there were too many people and too much going on. I have an appreciation for the natural world which runs deep, but I like people and all the different things they do, and I told him so. Here was a gulf between us that seemed hard to bridge.

The bike represented freedom to him, he told me with a love that reminded me of a popular book. Yes, that fit. Had I truly found a hermit philosopher? Still, it was not easy for him to talk about it. I asked him if he had read the book. He had, but said I would find out more about him by experiencing him. I couldn't suppress a grin, and he grinned back at me.

I had no illusion that he would submit to me here as he had a few days ago. I was in his world and was his. We cleaned up the dishes and then my bondage to him began.

What's there to tell of hot sex scenes that we haven't read before? He kept me enslaved the entire weekend. I don't think he would have let me go if I asked him or told him the scene wasn't working. But of course it worked. He could read me well. I'll never forget him taking the bike out into the woods, tying me down on it, starting it and letting it idle, and slowly fucking me silly. After it was over, he sat down, leaned against the bike and smoked a cigarette, saying nothing. I could only lie there bound to the bike, wonderfully exhausted. I was finding the freedom in being bound to him for his use.

Over the months that followed we would meet in the city or go to his place. He always insisted on coming to get me on his bike. I couldn't complain. He taught me how to ride and I seriously considered buying a bike. He said he would help me select one sometime. I put it off.

I came to know him, understand him, not by talking with him, although we did talk more, but by being with him. His pattern of behavior remained constant. When he would visit me in the city, he would submit to me, although that second time surprised me. I sensed that I shouldn't question his motives. When I visited him, I knew I was expected to submit without question, and I was happy with that arrangement.

Sometimes as much as two weeks would go by without us seeing each other. He would rarely call. There were nights when in a half dream I would reach out to him to pull him close and awake to find him not there. Then I wanted his bonds. I wondered if he felt the same for me.

I continued to see others during that time. I had no idea whether he did or not. I just assumed so. I wasn't jealous, yet I wondered if he might be and would prefer not to know. Or did he care? Nor had I met any of his friends or he, mine, except briefly in a bar. Did he have any? Could he tolerate mine? He didn't seem to have any interest in meeting them. But I had told them about him and they wanted to meet him, but I never tried to arrange it.

Now it was spring; we had known each other about eight months. The last time I saw him I had told him I would be changing my work requirements which might allow me a more relaxed schedule, and I was feeling like moving outside the city, but within an easy commuting distance. "You could move here with me," he said.

"I can't be your slave," I said.

"I'm not asking that," he replied.

We talked a little more of it during the weekend and I told him I would think it over. It wasn't far from the city and the peacefulness of it was tempting. It was the nearest he had come to asking me to be his lover. Did I want that commitment? But we were already bound to each other. No one else seemed to fulfill me as he could.

I called him the next week and said, "Yes." He asked if I could come up the next weekend. Again, yes. He would come for me Friday evening. It was to be an experience which would bond us for life.

He was usually a demanding Master, but this time he seemed unusually so. It was his way of showing how much he wanted me. I was kept in total bondage and used with a passion I had rarely experienced. Then Saturday, about dusk, he released me and told me to dress, then handcuffed my arms in front of me. He grabbed a pack and said, "Let's take a walk in the woods."

"Okay, Sir." It would be a good change of scene. We walked slowly, he lead the way, both enjoying the last rays of the sun filtering through the trees.

We were well into the woods when he took me into a strong bear hug. He unlocked one handcuff, pulled my arms around a tree, relocked them. Then he pulled down my jeans and began to fuck me slowly, finally hard and fast, he silent, I grunting with each thrust. He growled when he came, like an animal. He left me cuffed to the tree while he sat leaning against its base, smoking, drinking a beer. After a while he released me, told me to pull up my pants, and recuffed my hands in front of me. I asked if I could have a cigarette. "Sure." We walked further into the woods until we came to a clearing by a stream. There were remains of a campfire in the center.

He told me to sit on a log. I did, and he cuffed my arms behind me, then pulled out my belt and fastened it around my legs. He turned away from me and began to gather wood and prepare a fire on the ruins of the old one. By now, it was getting dark. I wondered what he had planned for me.

He squatted with his back to me, searched in his pack and pulled something out. He rose and turned toward me holding five metal stakes and a hammer. Now, for the first time with him, I felt fear. He walked out a space and placed the stakes at the corners, then he drove each one into the ground. Next, he pulled lengths of rope out of the pack and tied two ropes to each of the stakes farthest from the fire. He laid the other rope pieces by the other two stakes.

He walked over to me and grabbed me by the hair and literally drug me into the square made by the stakes. He removed the belt from around my legs and pulled off my boots and jeans. He tied my ankles to the stakes, spread-eagled. He uncuffed my hands, pulled off my shirt and wrapped a rope around each wrist and tied them to the other stakes. I was stretched tightly. But there was one more stake which he placed right below my balls and

drove it in. With a leather strap, he wrapped my balls and cock and tied the strap to the stake. I was getting hard.

He stood between my legs, his body reflecting the firelight. He unbuttoned his jeans and took out his big cock and stood there stroking it. His piss began to flow—at first a few drops then a steady stream of piss which he directed onto my balls and hardening cock. As his stream increased, he directed it up my torso and finally into my mouth, face and eyes. It just kept flowing and I was drenched. I was glad it was beer piss, but happy that it was *his* piss. Finally the piss stopped and he shook off the last drops into my mouth.

Turning again to his pack, he took out a fresh beer, opened it and took a long swallow, then set it aside. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and said, "Nothing like a good beer!" He again searched in his pack and came up with a can of shaving cream and a straight razor. I knew what was coming. In all our playing, he had never tried to shave me, nor I, him. This was to be the act of total submission, so I thought. I lay there limply and moaned while he deftly removed my pubic hairs.

When he was finished, he washed off the remaining cream with his piss. He returned the items to his pack and rummaged through it. He took out something I couldn't see and held it behind his back as he approached me. He knelt beside my head and with a quick move was pushing a leather bit between my teeth and strapping it behind my head. I knew something even harder was coming and tried to make a questioning sound. He looked down at me, thoughtfully, helpless as I was. Then he moved to the fire, reached down as if to tend it and picked up, to my horror, a small branding iron. He walked to my side holding it, looking at the red-hot glowing tip. "It's my symbol. It's small and your pubes will grow over it. It'll hardly be noticeable," he said without emotion. I could only groan loudly and shake my head, but I knew that wouldn't stop him. "When the glow has just faded is the branding temperature." He slowly lowered it toward my groin. I shut my eyes, then felt the burn in the middle of my mound. I screamed behind the bit and futilely struggled to pull the stakes from the ground. I've felt worse pain, and the worst was over in a moment, but still it burned. Again, he stood between my legs and said, "Now you are mine." And he let loose another stream of piss right on the fresh brand. It felt good.

Finally, he knelt over my head and removed the bit into which my teeth had sunk. "You bastard!" I croaked. He cradled my head in his hands and fed me his cock. I sucked hard, hungrily, although I was mad at him.

He pulled out his cock and looked into my eyes. "I . . . I—love—you."

I knew how hard that was for him to say. I began crying softly, but managed to gasp, "I love you, too."

It was over. He untied me, helped me up, and held me tightly against him, rocking me gently. I clung to him. We stood there, oblivious to the night.

"Let me help you with your clothes." I let him. I felt so weak. He handed me a beer. I drank long and deeply. He lit a cigarette and handed it to me. I sat as he pulled up the stakes, packed up and put out the fire. "Come." His flashlight pointed the way. Arm in arm we walked back to his house.

For the first time he began to talk about himself to me. He told me he admired some of the things I did, but those really didn't matter to him. It was just an inner quality I had that he liked. He couldn't explain it. But he would have it if he had to master it or submit to it.

"I guess it's that intensity I liked in you, and your interest in me. I knew you were a good man. I've always admired the way you live," I said. Why couldn't we say these things before?

"I wanted to bind you to me, and I want you to bind me to you. It doesn't matter if you're angry with me," he told me.

"I am, but it will pass."

"You'll have your chance to take it out on me, the night isn't over." I still felt set up.

When we got back to the house, he told me that I stank and suggested I shower. I was glad to wash off the dirt and stink. I emerged refreshed to find a fire burning, tea brewing, and all his restraints and toys laid out. That he wanted to submit to me in his own home was truly an act of letting go, or love.

I sprawled naked on the couch. He knelt at my feet and asked, "How may I serve you, Sir?" He pointed his hand to the fireplace where I saw the branding iron laying in the fire. "It's your initials, Sir. For me." I almost cried again, but pulled his head into my groin and he sucked my cock while I drank tea.

Soon I had him spread-eagled upright between two posts, blindfolded, gagged, asshole plugged, cock and balls tied with weights hung from them, and a hood on his head. I took my time with him, watching him hang there. I wanted him to suffer as I had. I knew he did, too. After a while I selected a cat and ran it up his back, lovingly, slowly. He knew what was coming. I began to whip him slowly, evenly on the buttocks. Then harder and harder, moving up his back. He was squirming now, and I began yelling at him, "You shithead, you asshole, you bastard!" I drew welts on his back. I wore my anger out and fell crying at his feet, saying, "I'm sorry." He shook his head and urged me to go on. I pulled myself up and removed the butt plug and fucked him viciously. As he had done to me, I shaved his crotch, then took up the branding iron, watched it cool, and carefully applied it to the center of his mound. "Now we are bound forever." Then I released his hands and feet and let him sink to the floor and cradled him in my arms. I knew now we could never escape each other. We belonged.

Well, that's about all of my story. I moved in with him that week. It was a new life for both of us. We still submit to each other, but never like that night. We grow together, agree and disagree. Yet, we still lead our separate lives and work. But we can never be separated. We are bound with bonds of pain and pleasure, trust, respect and love that we created and cannot be broken. □

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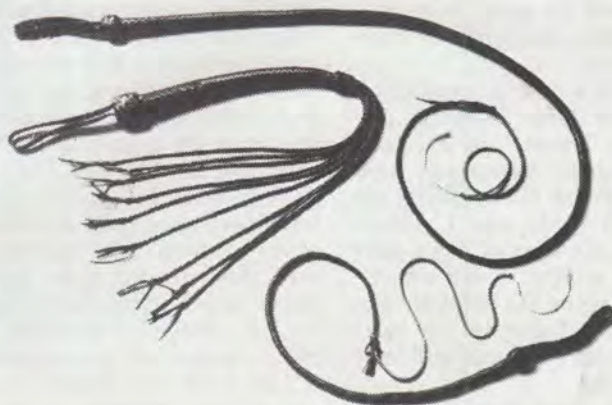
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ROUGH STUFF

by SCOTT TUCKER

TOM OF FINLAND

In his introduction to *Meatmen*, a recent collection of gay male comics, Jerry Mills noted that comics and gays "go together well; after all, they have one major thing in common: both tend not to get any respect." Comics have evolved as a genuinely popular art form, even though some of the artists shy away from the word art with too much humility. Gay comics with explicit sex were once published only in small underground editions, but today the erotic and pornographic work of Tom of Finland, Rex, Etienne, Bill Ward and others is available on the open market. The cloud of censorship is still gathering and looming, but we haven't yet lost the right to watch our sexual superheroes in action.

Tom of Finland is one of the founding fathers of a great and growing genre: the explicitly gay story told in pictures, with or without captions. His work reflects a sensibility which is fundamentally optimistic and utopian. He draws a world where handsome strangers are always available and horny, where chance encounters (even with cops) always end in friendly free-for-alls. When one of Tom's characters named Kake (a studly, dark-haired leatherman) wanders into "Pleasure Park," he soon becomes the catalyst for an orgy of sucking and fucking among sailors, soldiers, bikers and cowboys. Having admired his work for years, I recently took the opportunity to interview him.

ST: In a note to a collection of your sailor drawings you wrote, "Several of my own early sexual experiences were with Finnish sailors during the second world war. I seldom found out who of them were gay or straight." What was the sexual scene like between men in Finland during the war? What was the social and legal situation?

Toff: Homosexuality was forbidden in Finland during

WWII (the law was changed as late as 1971), but because the nation was fighting for its existence, somebody's gayness had no importance, the main thing was to try to survive. Since people knew they might be dead tomorrow, they took everything out of tonight. The sexual activity among young people was hectic. It wasn't so important who was your sex partner, you used every opportunity to have fun. That's why I wasn't always sure about the sailors I fucked, if they were gay or not. Because of the repeated bomb attacks the city had no street lights on at nighttime and all the lighted windows had to be covered. So it was no problem to make sex in the dark parks or even on quiet streets.

ST: In one of your early sketches from 1946 I was struck by a guy who looks like he's wearing classic Marlon Brando biker gear.

Toff: The early biker jackets in Finland were mostly of that type. If you couldn't afford the padded leather pants, you used the army-style boots and breeches left from war time. The one-piece leather outfits and biker boots came much later in the sixties.

ST: Where was your work first published, and did you run into any censorship?

Toff: When I was growing up, hardly any gay publications existed. I was about 30 when I saw for the first time some small-size, poorly printed gay magazines in Denmark and West Germany. I had already then started drawing my gay erotic fantasies, but there was no way to get them published anywhere at that time. *Physique Pictorial* in L.A. was the first magazine to publish some of my drawings in 1957, but even they couldn't show any frontal nudes before the law in the U.S. changed in the sixties, not to mention any open sexual activity. I still can't publish my pornographic drawings in Finland, my home country. It was

as late as 1973 when I finally could start as a full-time gay erotic artist.

ST: Which artists do you admire, and which may have influenced your work?

Toff: There was a Finnish illustrator (I've forgotten his name) who worked in pen and ink. I suppose he was killed in WWII. He illustrated cheap adventure novels in popular weekly magazines. His heroes always had blond hair, a superman's body and fought against evil powers—a Finnish version of Flash Gordon. Flash Gordon was my favorite American cartoon and I admired works by Paul Cadmus and Quaintance. The classic masters never influenced me the same way, perhaps because my fantasies were always too "dirty," as they still are today. Some of my recent favorite gay artists are Etienne, Rex, Bastille (an American artist living in Paris) and the German artist Salmon.

ST: German and Soviet armies passed back and forth over Finland, and I wonder what influence all those men in uniform, including Finns, had on a young man growing up to become Tom of Finland? Obviously, one source of power any army has is to dress young men in sexy uniforms.

Toff: During the war, more or less every healthy man in Finland wore a uniform, and naturally this is reflected in my erotic fantasies. One of the uniform's basic purposes throughout history has been to create a heroic image.

ST: In your fantasies, figures of power and authority are happy to get fucked or spanked or whipped. For example, two cops arrest a biker and they all end up fucking each other, and part on very friendly terms. Your pornographic art seems to be a magic mirror where power becomes playful, not sinister. In fact, the men in your work are strikingly friendly and wholesome.

Toff: I know that I'm unorthodox and perverted in my SM

behavior. One of my favorite fantasies is to rape a top instead of a bottom and force him to admit that he enjoyed it. Often in my drawings he even willingly shows it, which again and again has raised protest among one-way oriented, orthodox SM people.

ST: Do you usually draw from life or from imagination?

Toff: Today I draw more and more from live models, but in early years I had to use mainly my fantasy, because most gays were still in their closets. Some people believed I had a bunch of these superguys hanging around in my studio. One rich businessman from New York once came to Finland—in 1962, I think—and wanted me to arrange sexual dates with three of his favorite guys from my drawings. But these guys existed only in fantasy! He didn't believe me. He thought I didn't want to share those beauties, even for the big money he was willing to pay for the fun.

ST: Do you accept commissions for original art works?

Toff: I do, and my prices start from \$400 on up, depending on how much time the work needs.

ST: Please describe the Tom of Finland Foundation.

Toff: The Tom of Finland Foundation was created in 1984, and the Internal Revenue Service has approved tax-exempt status for this nonprofit organization. The main purposes of the foundation are to acquire as many of my old original drawings as possible, to preserve drawings or the best possible photographs of them to use for publication and exhibition, to prepare a collection of all my published work, etc. In other words, to build a permanent archive in L.A., and if possible make it open to the public. Any gift or donation is welcome.

(For more information, write to Tom of Finland Foundation, PO Box 26658, Los Angeles, CA 90026.) □





MR. CHAPS LEATHERWORKS

Photos by Michael Matter



Schmilinskystr. 9—2000 Hamburg 1—West Germany—040/24 31 09

In April 1984, Horst Menze and Andrew Day opened Mr. Chaps LeatherWorks in the center of Hamburg. They found the location convenient for both tourists and northern Europeans, as Hamburg is situated between Amsterdam, Berlin, Cologne and Copenhagen, all of which can be reached in five hours or less by train or car.

During their first year they produced only leather clothing: chaps, jackets, etc. and toys: slings, ships, restraints, etc., with designs based upon motorcycle, western and bar styles. In the summer of 1985 they moved to their present location, a cellar at Schmilinskystrasse 9, at which time they also included production of rubber articles: overalls, mask, etc. Normally their products are custom-made and even now about 80% of their work is customized, but they now also have a retail shop for the "cash and carry" customers. Don't expect to find a "gift" shop, they don't carry textile clothing, cards, etc., only leather and rubber made by them.

A5

A4

S WORKS



Working alone, which includes some very long hours and the tension that goes with it, the two men feel it is the only way they can be assured that the customer gets the best in handmade, custom-designed German leather and rubber work. Delivery of finished products usually takes about three to four weeks. When





your first stop in at Mr. Chaps, give yourself enough time to have coffee or a beer. Andrew and Horst like to sit and work out the best design with the individual to fit his desires and needs. Their motto is "Give us your ideas and fantasies in leather and rubber and we will create the look and all that you need." Their specialty is creating uniforms in leather, and they are the only makers of breeches and motorcycle jackets in rubber that we've ever heard of. And if they can't make it, they'll gladly tell you where you can get it.

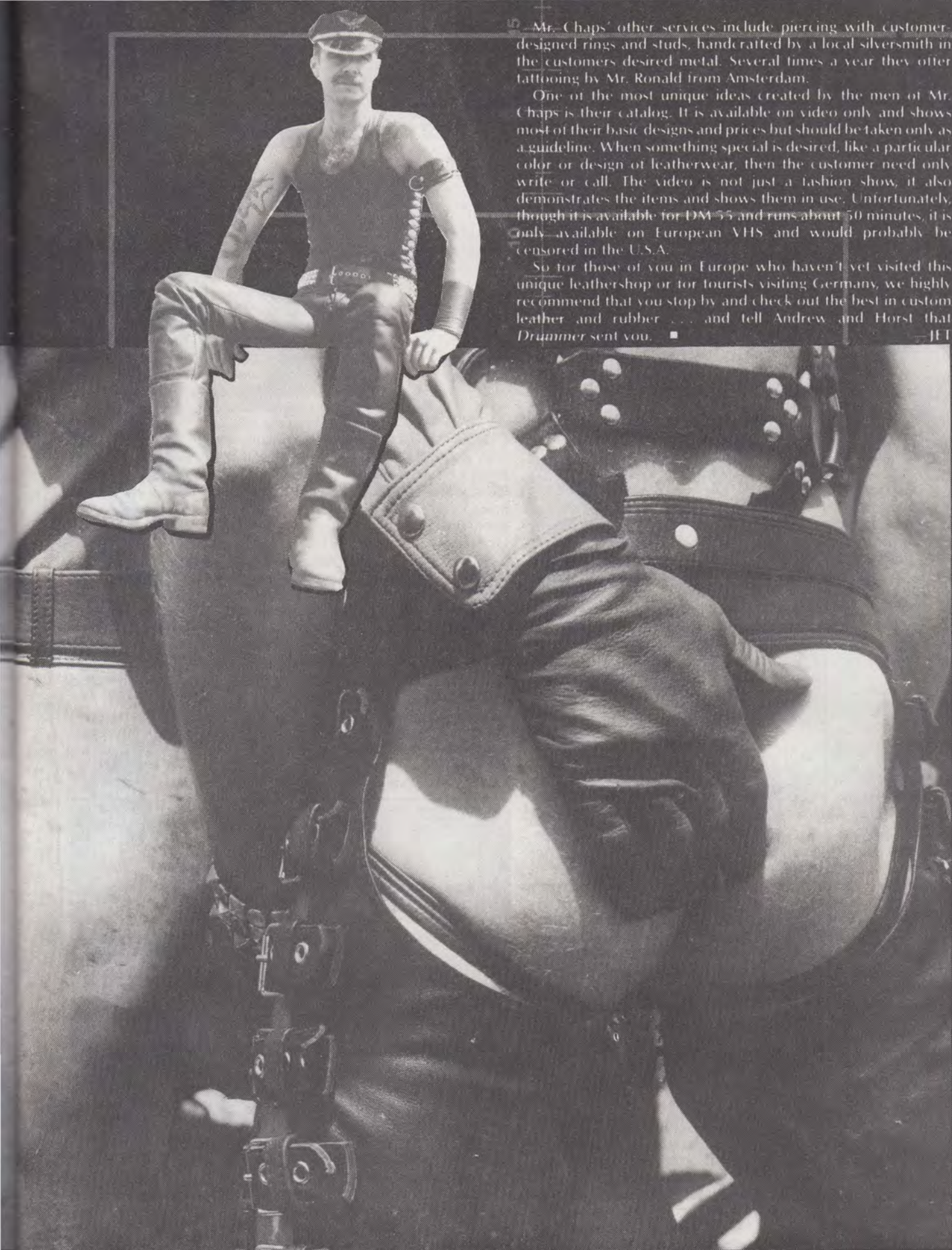
Into heavy metal? Mr. Chaps also has available a blacksmith whose specialty is gloves made from fine woven metal chain and articles from the Middle Ages.



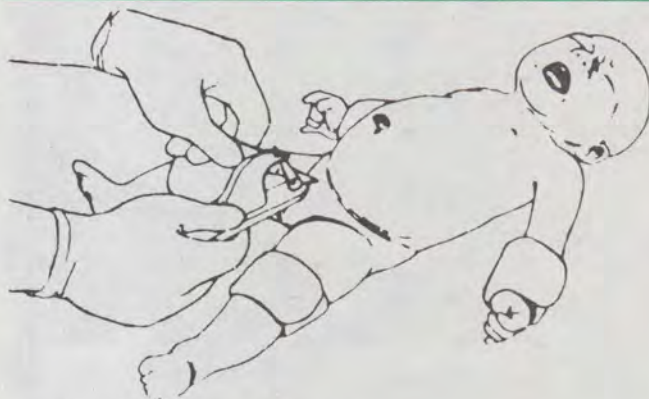
Mr. Chaps' other services include piercing with customer-designed rings and studs, handcrafted by a local silversmith in the customers desired metal. Several times a year they offer tattooing by Mr. Ronald from Amsterdam.

One of the most unique ideas created by the men of Mr. Chaps is their catalog. It is available on video only and shows most of their basic designs and prices but should be taken only as a guideline. When something special is desired, like a particular color or design of leatherwear, then the customer need only write or call. The video is not just a fashion show, it also demonstrates the items and shows them in use. Unfortunately, though it is available for DM 55 and runs about 50 minutes, it is only available on European VHS and would probably be censored in the U.S.A.

So for those of you in Europe who haven't yet visited this unique leathershop or for tourists visiting Germany, we highly recommend that you stop by and check out the best in custom leather and rubber ... and tell Andrew and Horst that *Drummer* sent you. ■ JET



TOUGH SHIT



OF COURSE IT HURTS!

A researcher says her study of babies' "frantic" cries disputes the medical profession's conventional wisdom that newborn boys feel no pain during circumcision, which is normally performed without anesthesia.

According to the article in the National Organization of Circumcision Information Resource Centers (NOCIRC), Fran Porter, a research associate in pediatrics at St. Louis Children's Hospital said, "There's absolutely no evidence to sup-

port the notion that infants don't feel pain. And now we have evidence that refutes that idea."

Her study showed that the cries of boys being circumcised become shorter, more rapidly repeated and more frantic. (Ed.: Sounds like a pattern to me. Ouch!!!)

"Some might say that we've known this all along, but there's a history of treating babies as though they don't feel pain," she said. "At least acoustically, they're telling us that they do."



PARTY IDEA

In a quiet Cleveland suburb recently, friends and relations gathered to mourn the death of casual sex in a service conducted by Sherri Fox, the author of *Classified Love*.

She invited people to bring mementos from their casual sex days and toss them into a custom pine box coffin—things like little black books, panty collections . . . one man brought the back seat of his car. . . . No one tossed an old flame

into the box, but they did cremate the remains and scattered the ashes across the parking lot of a local singles bar.

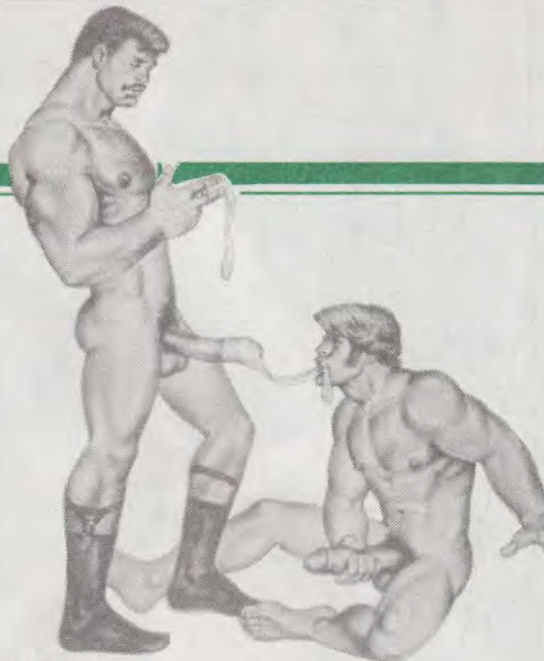
Sounds like a new and creative party idea that could catch on. All you need is to invite all those nostalgic sex fiends you used to do perverse things with and have them bring items that are no longer of use . . . perhaps an auction of sex memorabilia. Remember the dildo water pistols?

FIRE BOSSES FUME

According to the London *Evening Standard*, six London firemen have been charged with terrorizing young recruits by subjecting them to a series of initiation rites. The firefighters are alleged to have stripped three new recruits, tied them to a post and turned a fire hose on

them.

To complete the humiliating process, they were found by an internal brigade investigation to have "tarred and feathered" their victims and blackened their genitals with shoe polish. (Ed.: Sounds like a fun bunch of guys!)



CONDOM FUNNIES

In a continuing attempt to bring a bit of humor into your lives, we have come up with more condom trivia. The origin of the condom is in doubt. One theory traces it to an 18th Century British physician named Condom, or Conton, who is said to have invented it. Another traces it to a 17th Century British colonel. A third theory holds that the colonel and the doctor were one and the same and that historians should stop making students remember dates until they get better at it themselves, according to an article by Clarence Petersen.

Officials at Planned Parent-

hood say "Ha!" to English inventor theories, pointing out that condoms were used by the Egyptians as decorative covers as early as 1350 B.C., when doctors in England couldn't even cast a decent spell.

Despite their obvious advantages, the surgeon general is not making up that stuff just to see his face on Dan Rather—condoms have always been the subject of quaint prejudices.

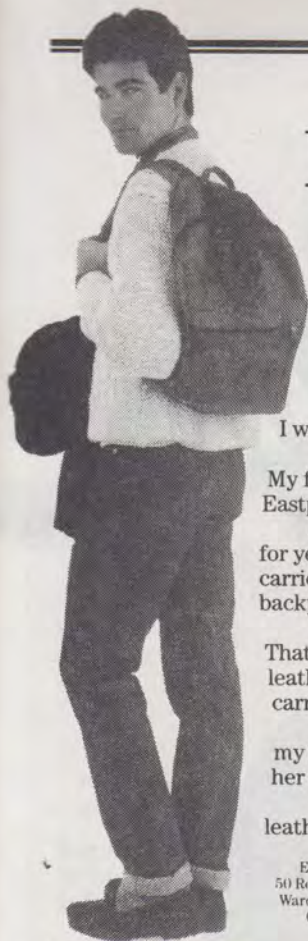
The English originally called them "French letters." The French originally called them "English letters." These terms lost favor when stenographers, asked to "take a letter," indignantly refused.



PLAYING FOR KEEPS

Arnold Schwarzenegger (sigh) has a new movie due out in October titled *The Running Man*, in which he plays a contestant on a futuristic game show where the losers don't get

a microwave oven—they get mutilated and decapitated. The evil host is Richard Dawson, who has the force of the network behind him. I guess we will have to wait until release to find out what the winners get.



"For years I wore nylons. Now I'm into leather."

I started wearing nylons when I was a kid. Back in the first grade. I think I got it from my father. My first backpack. Red. Nylon. Eastpak.

And I had it for years. In fact, I carried an Eastpak backpack all the way through college.

But school's behind me now. That's why I've got one of the new leather backpacks from Eastpak. It carries everything I need. In style.

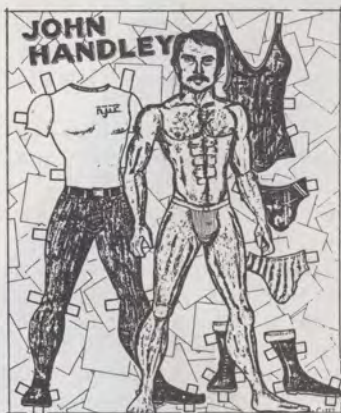
My girlfriend gave it to me for my birthday. So now I think I'll give her one.

After all, it's time she got into leather, too.

Eastpak
50 Rogers Road
Ward Hill, MA
01830

KINKY ADVERTISING

Another of those advertisements that, if you don't get it, I am not going to explain it!



REAL MEN DON'T PLAY WITH DOLLS

Artist David Zurlin has come up with custom-made paper dolls, created from your photograph, with cut-out clothes you specify! It can be a photo of anyone, or a celebrity. You can fulfill a fantasy as a wrestling champ, superhero or anything you wish. You have to specify what clothes you want and whether your basic doll should be nude or not. If you're interested, write to John Handley, 59 West 10th St. NYC, NY 10011 for more information.

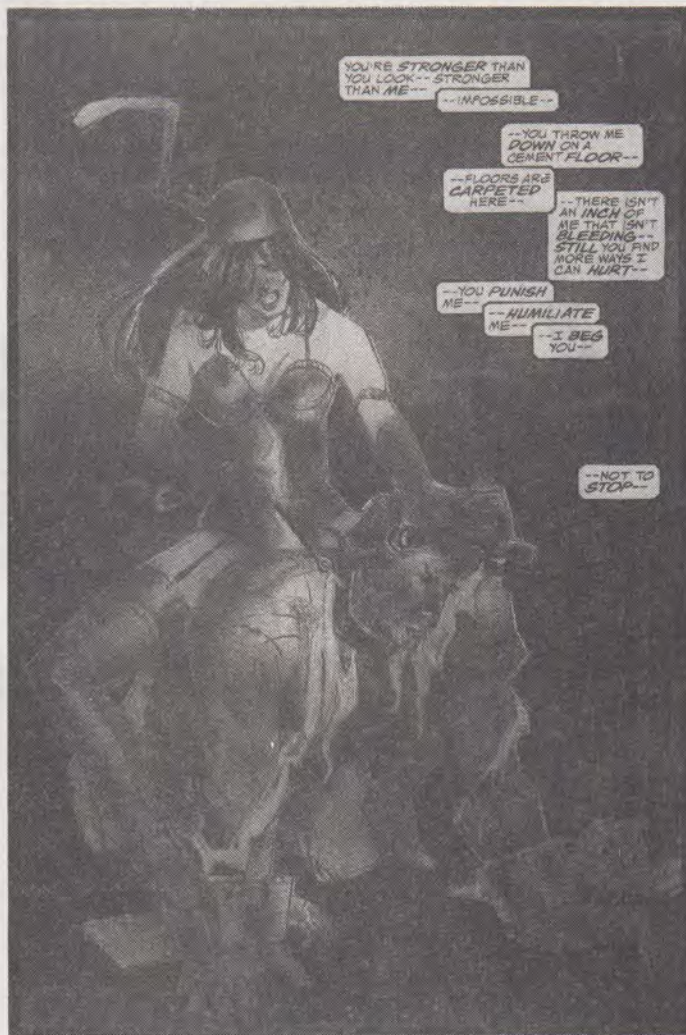
HARDLY TRIVIA

A reader sent some very interesting information on the

history of the codpiece for you guys who like those bulging symbols of masculinity. The codpiece first appeared during the first part of the 15th Century. It is thought that the codpiece was first worn by the military and knight in armor. These original codpieces were chain mail for the obvious protection it gave.

During the early 16th Century the codpiece became part of the world fashion scene as Italian, Spanish, English, French and German men and boys wore snug-fitting tights with the prominent codpiece, sometimes the same color as the rest of the garment but often in contrasting colors and with stripes or elaborate needlework and jewels. The upper garment of the period was a short garment of waist length so as not to cover the prominently displayed sexual charms of the wearer's backside as well as his front. Of course some men and boys stuffed their codpieces to make them even more prominent (we know a few guys who do that today).

These sexy and flattering garments apparently pleased everyone except the officials of the church. They were responsible



GROWN-UP COMIC BOOKS

The Japanese have had "adult" comic books for many years. They even have technical manuals in comic form, but Americans are just getting into this illustrated medium. A reader recently sent us issue #6 of "Elektra: Assassin," published by Marvel Comics Group, in which page 14 may be the S/M highlight of the series, but that's not to say that it doesn't have its outstanding moments. In issue #3 the main male character, Garrett, sets off a metal detector in an airport. Authorities

find a large gun in his jacket (he does work for the government), and in the next panel he has his pants around his ankles, hands up on the wall and, from the angle of the guard behind him, is getting an on-the-spot body cavity search. There is very little left to the imagination. In the next panel Garrett is looking over his shoulder at a large bag of (supposedly) cocaine and unconvincedly asks, "... what the hell ... where'd that come from ...?" This series is definitely not for kids.

for the final phasing-out of the codpiece in the latter part of the 16th Century.

AND THEY SAY I'M STRANGE

The African bedbug, which inseminates other males, tricks them into depositing the donor's sperm, instead of their own, when they mate with the female bedbug. Sounds like the guy who "would only fuck 'em

with someone else's cock."

SENSITIVE SON

The heirs of Ernest Hemingway, including son Jack, recently formed Hemingway, Ltd., a company that will market the family name on a line of products, from fishing rods to sunglasses. The first item: a \$975 English-style double-barreled shotgun—the same model Ernest killed himself with in 1961.

Barker

by Fledermaus

“Fucking cunt!” Sid hollered, slamming the door behind him. “Goddamned fucking cunt!” His heavy boots thundered down the bare wooden steps and the glass in the front door rattled as he slammed it too. At the street he turned left, uptown, still mumbling curses under his breath.

“Where did she get off?” he wondered. She was a cunt he thought he could trust—two years they’d been shackled up together! Two years he’d been plowing her regular and she hadn’t forgotten to take the pills. Now suddenly, after two years, she forgot. Forgot! Forgot like hell! The fuckin’ connivin’ cunt!

“No abortion,” she said. “It’s time we legalized it and got married.”

Married? No female bitch is going to catch him in that trap. He’d seen what it did to his old man. No weddings, no ties—and no motherfuckin’ kids!

His head was still swimming with rage. He leaned against the iron fence along the edge of the park, his thick motorcycle jacket cushioning his back against the steel spikes topping the fence. He was still boiling inside with such an intensity that he was breathing with difficulty.

But, he was going to calm down. He knew he had to! He’d almost killed her when she told him. He’d slapped her—many times. He knew when she was on the floor sobbing he’d kicked her. Hard! In the stomach and in the cunt! Fuckin’ cunt! She was still screaming at him when he ran out of the flat. Still screaming, so he knew he hadn’t killed her—as much as he’d wanted to he’d been able to tear away—to run out before he lost total control.

Now he stood against the iron fence. His fists gripped the iron, tensing again and again—making the muscles of his chest, tightly encased in his T-shirt, ripple as he flexed. His tight denim-covered ass grounded back against the fence again and again as wave after wave of emotion racked him.

Eventually he calmed down. The rage was still there, but he was able to control it—at least enough to be able to be aware of the world around him. That’s when he first noticed the fag.

He was on a park bench just up the sidewalk. A fuckin’ fag. Drooling every time Sid moved, his eyes locked on the muscles rippling under the tight T-Shirt and Levis; obsessed with the black leather jacket and engineer boots. The faggot’s eyes focused on Sid’s bulging crotch and Sid cupped it in his hand and shook it in an act of open defiance.

They were all alike—the cunts and the fags—all they wanted was Sid’s dick—thick, heavy, uncut meat! Sid was proud of it—but it was his! HIS! Not some cunt’s to make babies with and not some goddamned fuckin’ faggot’s to swing on!

He left the fence and headed to where the faggot was sitting. The guy actually smiled and started to say something. He really thought he’d scored with a tough stud. Well, Sid showed him how tough. He backhanded him across the face with enough force to send the faggot sprawling back across the bench.

Sid didn’t wait to see if the guy was unconscious or awake—or alive or dead. Sid just felt the warm glow on the back of his fist and moved on.

Now he knew what he was going to do. Now he knew how to drain off the rage, to find an outlet for the strong pressures to beat and maim and kill that he felt within him. He’d get a fag. He’d get a fuckin’ cunt-assed fag and beat him to a pulp!

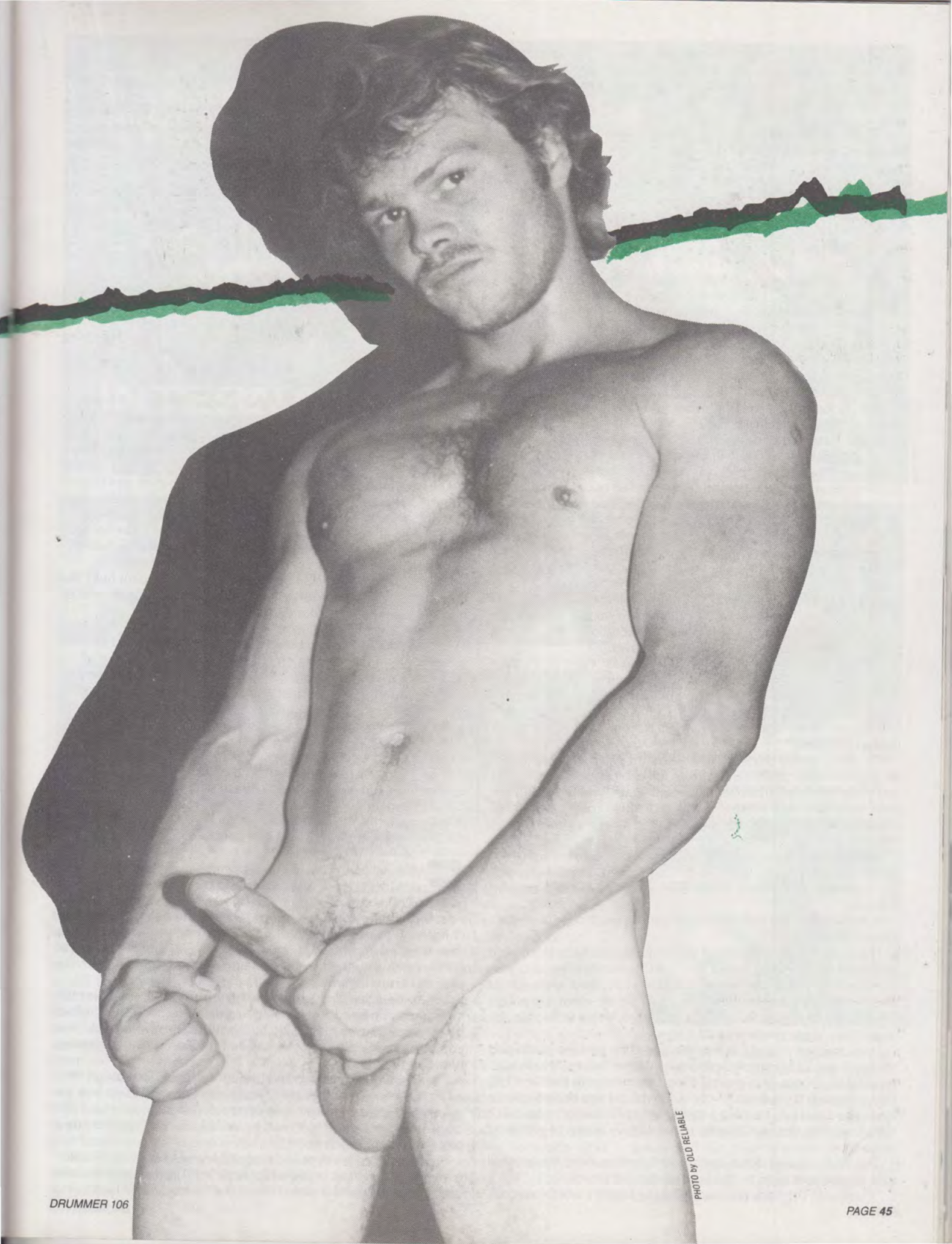
And he knew how! He’d heard! He turned right into the park and headed up the dark lane towards the men’s facility. He’d heard enough times that they picked up each other there.

The men’s room was empty when Sid got there, so he walked up to a urinal, unzipped, pulled out his huge uncut meat and waved it around in anticipation. He didn’t have long to wait. A guy who looked like he should have been playing football for the pros came in and went to a urinal at the opposite end of the row.

At first Sid thought he couldn’t be a fag—he was too butch. But then he looked at Sid and smiled and Sid knew. He smiled back and stepped back so the cocksucker could have a look at his meat. The guy did the same and shook his a few times for good measure. He nodded towards the door.

Sid tucked his meat in, buttoned up and was out the door first. He went over to a tree at the edge of the pool of light from the lamppost and waited. He sensed this was right. Wait here ‘til the guy saw him, then head off into the darkness. Then that big blond faggot would follow expecting some male pussy and he’d get the surprise of his life. Sid clenched his fists repeatedly in anticipation. He wished he’d remembered to bring his knife. He wanted to carve his initials in that big cocksucker’s chest after he was done beating the shit out of him!

The big blond came out of the john and started towards him. Sid moved into the deepest shadows so he could take the bigger guy by surprise. He was just getting into position when an arm came out of the darkness behind him and clamped around his



throat. He tried to fight, but the arm rose and a hip pressed into his ass; his feet left the ground and he was hanging from the arm around his neck. He clawed at the arm, trying to pull it away, trying to breathe. He saw the blond's grinning face in front of him.

The big blond stuck a dirty handkerchief into his mouth and snapped a couple of quick loops of duct tape around his head to keep it in place. "We got us a goddamned genuine leatherfaggot," the blond said to the guy holding Sid. "He's going to be a hell of a lot more fun to work over than one of those twitty queens!" The last spoken line barely registered on Sid's consciousness before he blacked out. But it did register, and briefly he felt a cold shiver of fear down his spine.

As Sid regained consciousness, all he remembered was that last phrase. He knew he had a feeling of unreality—maybe he was dreaming—it hadn't happened. He was really home in bed.

But no such luck. His throat still hurt from the pressure of his attacker's arm and the filthy handkerchief was still in his mouth. The warmth was liquefying the accumulated snot and it was trickling down his throat. He gagged at the thought and forced himself to calm the churning in his guts. He knew instinctively that throwing up while gagged could be fatal.

He also tried not to move. If they didn't know he was awake yet, he might learn enough to get out of this. He felt the top of the fence post. His leather jacket was peeled back over his shoulders holding his arms tightly behind him. He tried not to flinch as he felt hands grip his belt, opening it—ripping open his 501's and shoving them down to his ankles. They tore his belt free from the loops and used it to strap his legs to the post.

The backside of a large hand collided with the side of his face and knocked his head to one side. "The cocksucker's awake."

"Good," the blond said, burying his fist in Sid's unprotected gut. "It would be a shame for him to miss all the fun."

Sid tried to scream "No! I'm no cocksuckin' faggot," but the gag effectively silenced him. Only in his mind could he scream and rage as the two big bruisers worked him over.

The big blond slugged him in the gut six or eight times then stood back while the darker one who had been lying in wait in the shadows took his turn. They ripped his shirt off. Fists snapped his head back and forth while both of his attackers kept up a whispered tirade against "fuckin' faggots who deserve to be beaten to a pulp."

Sid could barely think straight—both of his eyes were beginning to swell shut and his mouth was full of blood. His cheeks and lips were shredded from being banged against his teeth and the pain in his jaw was intense. It was probably broken. Again fists were pounding his stomach and he found it nearly impossible to breathe.

His head was hanging forward, chin on chest, so he didn't see the knife until it was inches from his chest. Then his head snapped up and what was visible of his eyes glistened behind swollen features.

"Oh! See that? He woke up! He's not out yet. The little faggot's scared shitless now!"

The blond pressed the tip of the knife against Sid's left nipple and held it there. Sid forgot the pain of the beating and was obsessed with the knife. He remembered how he'd wished he'd brought his and what he'd thought about doing with it. He pulled back against the post as tightly as he could, trying to escape the sharp steel blade pressed against him.

He screamed in anguish into the gag as he saw the blade part the small nub of his nipple, splitting it into two halves. "No more," he tried to scream. "No more!" Blood trickled from the sliced tit, down through the hair on his chest. The blond also drew the knife downward and left, keeping a steady, light pressure on it, so that it didn't cut into the skin deeply but did leave a trail of red in its wake.

The knife moved down further and further, over the bruised and beaten abdomen to the bush above Sid's cock.

"Cut him!" The dark one said. "Cut the faggot's worthless cock

off! Skewer his nuts. He doesn't need them."

He saw and felt the blond grab his cock and pull it straight out. He lunged forward with all his might and felt the old, rotted fence post snap at his feet.

Two sensations came simultaneously. One was the feeling of falling forward, the other was a sudden, sharp pain in his cock—or, he thought fleetingly before the blackness engulfed him, where his cock used to be!

When he again became conscious of his surroundings, it seemed colder. He was lying on his side on the ground. His arms were still tightly tied behind the rotten post, the broken stub of which was still trapped between his arms and his back. He was aware of these things only marginally, in the background. The main focus of consciousness was the constant, dull throbbing pain the beating had left on his face and his abdomen. The other sharper, more noticeable pains he didn't want to think about. But, will it as he would, he could not ignore the pain in his nipple, at his crotch and his raw throbbing asshole.

A streak of light passed across the ground in front of him and he froze.

"Well, well, well," he heard a heavy, but unfamiliar voice say. "It looks like the little fairy-boys have been playing rough." Mock concern filled the voice as a booted foot came to rest on Sid's bare ass. "Your friends fucked you and left, didn't they faggot? The cum's still oozing out of your asshole."

The toe of the boot caught him under the shoulder and flipped him onto his back. Before the flashlight fell full on his face, blinding him, he looked up at the uniform of the city police.

"The fuckin' fairy's had a hard night, hasn't he? I can see they tied you up and beat the shit out of you!" The light left his face and played down across his cut chest and battered stomach.

Sid struggled, trying to sit up, trying to beg the cop for help. But the booted foot came down hard on his shoulder and pressed him back against the ground.

"They got you good, faggot," the voice continued above him. "They slit your nipple and sliced open your foreskin." Sid strained to see beyond the bulging crotch towering over him, but all he could see was the cuffs and gun and nightstick hanging from the cop's belt and an occasional gleam of reflected light from the shiny bill of his cap high above the anonymous face.

The cop pulled out his billy club and used it to prod at Sid's crotch. "You're lucky, faggot. All they did was slice open your foreskin. If I'd been with them, I'd have put your balls on a skewer." Then the anonymous cop raised his club and, with deliberation and glee, brought it down hard against Sid's nuts.

Pain, more intense pain than Sid knew was possible, exploded in his crotch, his guts and his head. Again, for what seemed like the twentieth time, he passed into darkness.

Eventually cruel consciousness came upon him. This time it was light. Dawn had broken and birds were singing in the trees above him. He was too exhausted to move, too wracked with residual pain to try. Nearby, he heard the cries of children at play. One screaming voice came closer and closer, then stopped abruptly. Sid could just make out the kid staring at him in open-mouthed wonder. He tried to move and was aware of the kid running away before he passed out again.

When he again came to, he was surrounded by people. His arms had been freed and he was lying on a stretcher. The gag had been removed from his mouth, but he still could not vocalize. The cop and paramedic standing beside him were talking, ignoring him.

"I never would have figured him for a faggot. That tough little punk has been on my beat for years and I never picked him for queer. Just goes to show. You can't tell 'em. Go on—haul the cocksucker out of here. When he wakes up, we'll get his story. Not that it'll do much good."

Sid just closed his eyes and stopped trying to scream. "Fuckin' cunt," he thought as unseen hands picked up the stretcher and carried him out of the park. "It's all the fuckin' cunt's fault!" □

PHOTOS by
STAN BLACK
JACK M. HILLELSOHN
JACK SITAR

INTERNATIONAL Mr. Leather

INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER 1987

PHOTO BY JACK SITAR



PHOTO BY JACK SITAR

Imagine sitting at a table with six other men while one by one 31 of the hottest looking leathersmen in the world mount the platform before you. Some quaking with nervous tension, others confidently serene, a few aggressive—they each do your bidding, answering your questions, stripping off their shirts to bare their torsos and turning for your inspection. This was the reality of my situation. But some people are never satisfied. In my fantasy I wanted to be able to go up to them, strip them the rest of the way, stick a finger in their mouth to test their sucking technique, and squeeze their balls to see what their faces look like when they feel pain. And of course I would have liked to purchase a couple to take home and . . .

But none of us were there for a slave auction. I, together with Dom (Etienne) Orejudos; Mr. Marcus, San Francisco's

Bay Area Reporter leather columnist; Pat Batt of Mercury Mail Order and, as manager of Chicago's famous Gold Coast, producer of the first International Mr. Leather Contest; Al Dashner of Mr. S Leathers in Denver; Jacques Carle of Inter-chain and the Thunderbolts; and Scott Tucker, International Mr. Leather 1986, was there to select a man to be one of leather's most prominent and visible representatives. The qualities I would look for in a slave were not the ones I was looking for that Sunday in Chicago. Not that I am saying a good slave could not be a good International Mr. Leather. I definitely oppose the stereotype that all hunky leathersmen must be Tops. But be he Top, bottom or (which is most likely) someone who enjoys what he does in whichever role he is playing, International Mr. Leather '87 has a tough act to follow.



PHOTO BY JACK SITAR

Patrick Toner set the example by using his IML '85 title, and his seemingly limitless energy, to represent leathersmen in his countless fund-raising projects and benefits in the San Francisco area. Last year



PHOTO BY STAN BLACK

Scott Tucker took the show on the road, appearing at dozens of functions all over the country and writing for the national media. In addition to selecting a man who was sexy and looked good in leather, the judges had to select someone who had the personal self-confidence, the intelligence and the drive to continue this job; someone who could represent leather as a lifestyle not only to other leathersmen, but to vanilla gays and nongays as well.

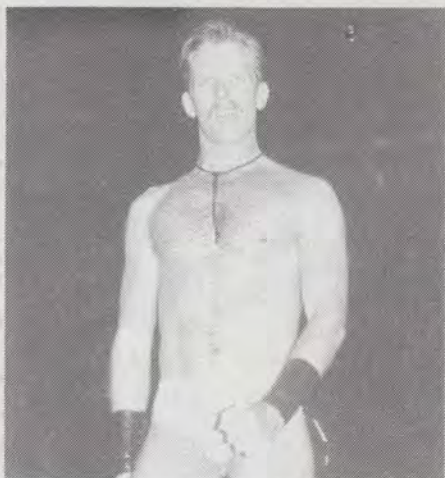


PHOTO BY JACK SITAR



PHOTO BY JACK SITAR



PHOTO BY STAN BLACK

It was a hard choice. Many of the 31 men who paraded before us would have been great. It wasn't a selection of who could do it, but of who could do it best. Michel Rousse, a wonderfully hairy policeman from Montreal who won the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather title, definitely had the self-confidence. When I asked him what would happen with his employers if he appeared on the cover of *Drummer* as International Mr. Leather, he responded, "I can handle it."

Boyish, blond Jeff Buppert, Mr. Leather Colorado, told us how hard it is to be taken

seriously in leather when you look like Dennis the Menace grown up. But it was also apparent that he was at home in his leathers, and in the lifestyle.

Bill Johansen, Mr. San Francisco Leather, made a great impression with his infectious grin, his crotch-high boots, and the fascinating loooong bulge in the leather between the boot tops. Bill Bryan displayed the same hard little body and exuberant personality that won him the Drummerboy title at last year's Mr. Drummer contest. Drew Steele, Mr. Michigan Drummer, pointed out that the Levi's,

boots and leather on his well-developed body were not a costume, they were the clothes he wore every day to ride his motorcycle to his job as a carpenter for a gay-owned construction firm. Minneapolis body builder Bob Guttman viewed the world through rose-colored glasses, literally, and confused much of the audience, and perhaps some of the judges, when he appeared in the finals in a new leather bondage suit. (You will see more of Bob, and of leather bondage suits in the forthcoming book of *Inferno XV* photos by Zeus.)

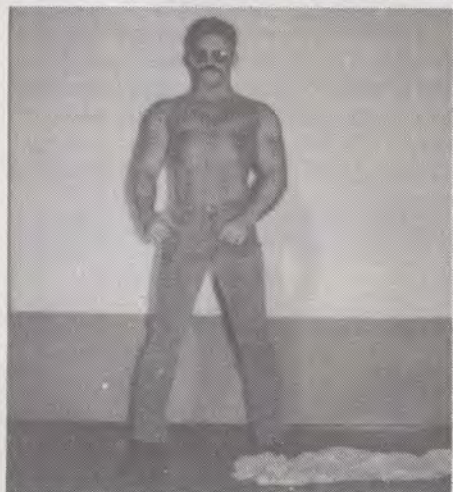


PHOTO BY JACK SITAR

PHOTO BY JACK M. HILLESDOHN



PHOTO BY JACK SITAR

Dick Moore, Mr. Leather Dallas, took the profusion of jokes his name generated and his short, muscular body looked as if it could have taken a lot more. Mickey Cachur, sponsored by Gauntlet II in Los Angeles, looked like another average Joe, until he took off his shirt and revealed a spectacular natural body formed by many years of work on offshore drilling rigs.

There were many more, but my space is limited and my notes difficult to read. All

31 were winners. It was a hard choice, but we did it!

Thomas Karasch, Mr. Leather Europe from Hamburg, Germany, was named International Mr. Leather 1987. The first European to win the title in its nine-year history, and the second winner from outside the U.S. (Australia won several years ago). Tom is a long, lean, muscular man who radiates sexuality. I remember when his Mr. Europe photo arrived in the

Drummer office several months ago; we all thought he was hot. In person, he is even hotter! He looks so natural in his leathers, and they look so good on him. I was particularly impressed by the fact that none of his leathers looked new. Without being at all worn or ragged they looked lived in, stretched and wrinkled in the right places, molded by use. Tom plans to promote safe sex both in North America and in Europe during his tenure.



PHOTO BY JACK SITAR

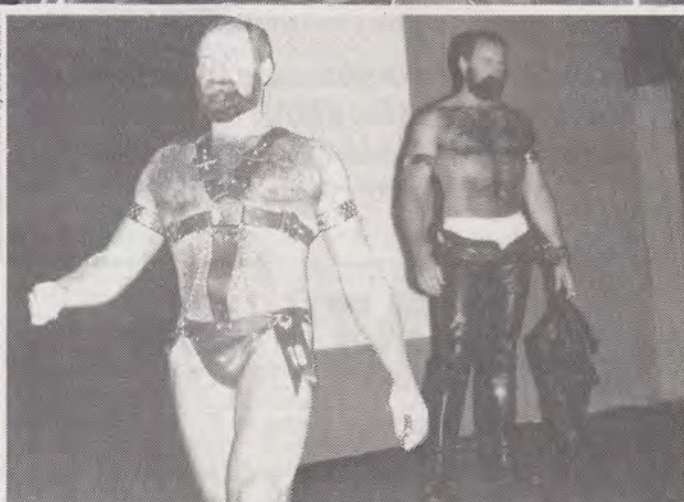


PHOTO BY JACK SITAR



PHOTO BY JACK M. HILLESCHN

PHOTO BY JACK M. HILLESCHN

First runner-up Michel Rousse, the Canadian mentioned above, will fill in often for the European winner and will do so with great competence. Second runner-up Ken Gordon from Seattle was another excellent choice. In addition to being from three different countries, I am amazed and delighted at how diverse the three winners are in basic physical appearance. Ken Gordon has the wholesome good looks of the proverbial boy next door. But the way

the muscles bulge under his pale smooth skin shows that this boy spends a lot of time at the gym.

Michel Rousse is the stereotypical leatherman who looks as though he stepped out of a drawing by Bill Ward. A hard, muscular, bearded man who looks confidently at home in his leathers. A big teddy bear, or furry daddy, so many of us would like to cuddle, or be cuddled by!

Tom Karsch is tall, lean and muscular.

When he stands, his oiled torso glistens in a sinuous curve. He is sexy in the way of Indiana Jones, a magnetism made even more appealing by a slight hint of sleaze, of danger, of a kink you don't know if you are quite ready for. To me the three winners represent the very hunky boy next door; the solid, dependable, cuddly daddy; and the mysterious, sexy stranger. What better leather images could you hope for?



PHOTO BY JACK SITAR

So I, along with the other judges, did my job. And I think we did quite well. However, if I had had a chance to do some bidding, I definitely would have wanted to take home New Orleans' Jimbo Morrow, whose Road Warrior-type shoulder pads gleaming with spikes were totally at odds with his friendly, grinning face and happy Southern voice. And I would have bid high (against numerous competitors, I am sure) for the right to take Tom MacCaragher from Long Beach back to my dungeon for hours of painful pleasure to his beautiful hairy body. A few of the judges were discussing this and we decided that we would ask Chuck Renslow to include a new event in the judging next year. Each of us should get to . . . oops, I mean have to spend three minutes alone with each contestant. It would be exhausting work, but after all it is all for a good cause. I'd be willing to make the sacrifice!

—Fledermaus



PHOTO BY STAN BLACK



PHOTO BY STAN BLACK

Not available in stores!

1987 International Mr. Leather Video!



"Tom Karasch is a stunning International winner... The video of this brawny blue-eyed man will blow you away! Order your collector's tape today!"

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SANDMUTOPIA UNIVERSITY TECHTALK T1

A CUSTOMER'S GUIDE TO TIT CLAMPS

by Fledermaus

Tits, Teats, Nipples—whatever you call them, those twin peaks are centers of high-intensity pain/pleasure. Some men don't understand what all the fuss is about. To them I say, keep working at it! For a few years my own nipples just sat there and provided a place for guys I was playing with to put their fingers. I was fascinated by the wonderful responses I got when I played with their tits, but mine seemed to be dead by comparison. No more! Years of work have turned them into erotic zones second only to the primary one in my crotch.

The best tit clamps are the ones that come attached to the end of every human arm. Fingers can kneed and stroke and



squeeze and pinch with great dexterity and infinite variability. They are definitely the primary tit play toy. The mouth is nature's third tit clamp. Pressure, bite and suction can all be combined with a tongue massage for wonderful sensations.

When fingers are busy with tits they can't squeeze balls, wield whips, tie knots, probe assholes or stroke cock and hold a copy of *Drummer*. Likewise, a Top doesn't want to spend all his time with his mouth on his bottom's tits, and I've yet to meet (thank goodness!) a man who can chew on his own tit! So instead, some resourceful primal ancestor, probably in a Pleistocene cave, came up with the idea of tit clamps.

Tit clamps going on bite nicely but, if left to hang completely motionless, the skin becomes numb and the sensation disappears. But move the clamps around, tug on them twist them, flick them or whatever and the sensations come alive again. For the novice the biggest surprise comes when the clamp comes off. Then the rushing blood and reawakening nerves make the tits sing (or scream, as the case may be).

CLAMP ATTRIBUTES

In selecting tit clamps there are many factors to be considered:

Pressure: How much pressure does the

clamp exert? Is it too light, or too strong for your tastes? Is it adjustable? Some clamps have set screws to ease off pressure from the spring, others are screw driven to increase pressure as tightened. Still others have latch mechanisms with two or more intensity settings.

Bite: Pressure is felt deep within, bite occurs on the surface of the skin. The intensity of the bite you experience depends upon pressure in combination with other factors. How broad is the pressure surface? The narrower the pressure edge, the greater the bite. Is the edge sharp or blunt? Are there teeth? How large and how sharp? Can teeth or sharp edges be covered to lessen the bite?

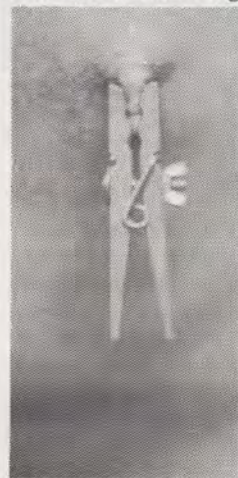
Gape: How far do the jaws open? Will they take a large nipple, or a large pinch of skin? Will they fit behind a tit ring or bar?

Grip: How well does the pressure surface grip the skin. Will it slip off easily if you play with it or hang a weight from it?

Other factors to be considered are: Is there a place to attach weights or bondage cords? Are the pair of clamps tied together by a chain? If so is the chain long enough? When the clamp is in place is it still possible to play with the nipple, or is access blocked?

HUNTING THE WILD TIT CLAMP

Wander the aisles of a large hardware store, auto parts house, office supply shop, kitchen wares department, photography equipment store, toy emporium, etc., and you will find a number of possibilities. I have often looked up to see a clerk or another customer staring as I tried the latest design in clothespin or paper clip onto my tit before deciding whether or not to toss it into my shopping cart. If you are too embarrassed for that try them out on the web of skin between your thumb and index finger.



imal bite, they are easy to attach, and easy

The basic, all-purpose, cheap, readily available clamp, innocent enough to be carried through a customs search without raising an eyebrow, is the snap clothespin. Many varieties are available in plastic, and some of these work quite well, but the old standard is the wooden model. Most give adequate pressure with min-

to manipulate once on. If you want to be able to increase pressure, you can install a bolt and wing nut (for construction details see *DungeonMaster* 22) or wrap a rubber band around the clip several times.

Two clothespins, side by side, on one nipple can increase the sensations. And, of course, there is no need to stop at two. Continue the rows over his pecs, down his sides, through his armpits, across the abdomen, all over the groin and genitals. I have had over 350 pins on a man at one time, and . . . but, I am straying from the main subject of this article.

A stationery store will provide a wide variety of clamps designed for paper. Try several. The large-spring steel type pictured here has strong pressure and con-



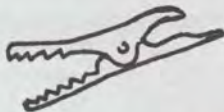
siderable bite. They are heavier than most want to deal with. Wire "French clips" are marketed in office supply stores for paper and in housewares shops as clothespins. These have only moderate pressure (about like a wooden clothespin), but the narrow wire pressure surfaces translate this into considerable bite. These become much more uncomfortable much more readily, and hurt like hell when they come off.

Vice Grip is the brand name of one manufacturer's locking adjustable pliers. Formidable as they look, they make great clamps for heavy-duty tits. The jaws are broad with serrations that give a bite that is strong without being too heavy and a firm grip. The gape is broad enough to take in as much (or as little) flesh as you want. The screw adjustment lets you fine-tune the pressure. The weight of the clamp itself is formidable as is its appearance hanging there. And the head trip can be wild!!



ALLIGATORS AND OTHER TOOTHY CRITTERS

Teeth bite! The size and sharpness of teeth determine how fiercely they bite and the strength of the spring driving them must also be considered. Teeth, particularly with repeated use, are likely to draw blood. Safe sex mandates that any toys that draw or contact blood must be used only on one person, or must be decontaminated between uses.



Most toothed clamps are Alligators and their relatives, clamps originally manufactured for electrical connections. Straight from the hardware store these are more than anyone but a specialist will want to handle. But refitted for erotic play they can be great. This refitting usually includes installation of a set screw which can be adjusted to change the minimum gape, and thus the amount of pressure from the teeth upon a fixed thickness of tit flesh. They often also come equipped with tiny plastic covers for the toothed jaws which can be removed when you want to go for a stronger bite.

Battery-style clamps, like the Boss clamp, usually have tiny teeth or a rela-



tively sharp edge. Plastic jaw covers are definitely recommended. I prefer lots of pressure and little bite so my favorites in the toothed family are the Red Devils with



large blunt plastic and tiny metal teeth. They bite, but nicely. The Dutch Demons are black plastic alligators with two sets of tiny metal teeth. These are also highly recommended for those who like only a relatively light bite.



Another toothed clamp commonly encountered is the Macho. These are really no relation to the alligators, they were

manufactured as buckles used with web straps, etc. The springs are relatively weak, the teeth, found in one jaw only, are small and blunt and the untoothed jaw is quite wide. I find them very awkward to use and don't think they have much to recommend them.

THE HANGERS

Clothespins and French wire clamps are discussed above. Several other clamps designed mainly for clothing are also great tit toys.

When I first discovered what fun tit clamps could be, one of my favorites was a black plastic skirt hanger with built-in black plastic clips. These gave great pressure and the tiny ridges on the jaws provided a firm grip. I looked for years to find a source for the clamps without the hanger and finally did. They are Sandmuth Supply Company's Black Devils. Tit



Hangers are very similar clamps made of steel with black plastic gripping jaws. Like the Black Devils these have a particularly good grip. Razorback clamps are very similar to these in design and construction but the plastic tips do not have the same type of surface treatment and they slip off much more easily.

One manufacturer of erotic toys produces nickel-chrome-plated metal slips, shaped like spring clothespins. These are available in two sizes. The large ones are larger than a wooden clothespin and considerably heavier. The presser is about the same as a wooden clip and there are grooves in the pressure surfaces to improve the grip. The smaller size is only about 1 1/4" long. Most tiny clothespins have a viscous bite, but these have broad, well-rounded jaws and relatively gentle pressure. They are superb on the nipple only (great on cock and balls, too).

HOSE CLAMPS

Another family of clamps that work beautifully on tits are those made for use on rubber and plastic hoses for enema bags and other medical devices, aquarium setups, etc. These clamps are particularly useful in combination with other forms of tit torture since they push the tit out and the clamps themselves stay relatively flat against the body. For this same reason they are very good when used behind permanently installed tit jewelry or when worn

under clothing.

Variable-compressor clamps (a.k.a. Tit Presses) come in a variety of styles but all



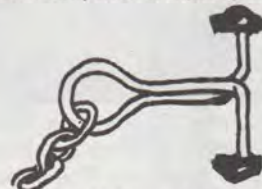
involve a steel frame and a screw-driven compression bar. These clamps give nearly infinite control over pressure so that they can be anywhere from very gentle to excruciatingly tight and they can be tightened and eased off repeatedly to keep the skin stimulated.

I have never seen Nipple Grippers in anything but a toy store, but their construction indicates that they are manufactured to clamp hoses. These have strong springs for heavy pressure and broadly rounded pressure surfaces that give very



little bite. My tits have repeatedly voted them the most likely clamps to be on my bedside table. They are a little thicker and so don't lie quite as flat against the body as the Tit Presses and Pinchlocks.

Pinchlock clamps (a.k.a. Tit Traps) are yet another style of hose clamp. Each is made of one piece of spring steel looped



back upon itself. It is not possible to adjust the pressure and this kind of clamp has HEAVY pressure. The spring steel stock these are made from varies greatly. Some are of round, wire stock. With the strong pressure behind them these bite savagely; they make the wire French clamps seem like nothing. Most of the ones sold in toy shops (and all of the ones available from SSCo.) are made from rectangular bar stock. The surface against the skin is flat and considerably wider than those made from wire. But there is still more pressure and more bite than most tits will tolerate.

RUBBER JAWS

Three unique clamps may be grouped together only because each has rubber pads between the clamp and the tit.

Tit Locks have a pair of large black rubber pads that are pressed together by a



lever which adjusts to four different pressure settings. These are relatively large clamps but light for their size and nice to play with.



SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO.

PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314 (415) 864-3456

TIT CLAMPS

Though we call these gadgets "tit" clamps, their use is not limited to tits. They work well on the scrotum, along the cock, on the foreskin, earlobes, lips, navel—wherever you can pinch enough skin between your fingers to seat them.

All of the following are provided in pairs.

w/Chain indicates that the pair is connected by a chrome chain.

w/Covers indicates that the jaws have removable black vinyl cover.

Adjustable means that each clamp has a screw device to adjust the bite of the jaw.



Tit Hangers

Rectangular chrome clamps made primarily for hanging up slacks and skirts. The insides of the jaws have rubber pads with little friction ridges that are great for keeping them in place on skin. These have one of the best grips you can get without teeth.

w/chain

BT C1 HANGER

\$14.75

Black Devil Clamps

Essentially, all-black plastic versions of the Tit Hangers. And they work just as well.

BT C2 BLKDEV

\$3.50

Chrome Clothespins

Shaped like the wooden ones, these nickel-chrome versions come in two sizes. The large are somewhat larger than the wooden versions and considerably heavier. The springs are relatively light for the mass of the clip, so the pressure is not too intense. There are grooves on the jaws to improve the grip. The small ones are only slightly more than one inch long. The pressure plates are broad and well-rounded, giving a good grip with minimal bite. These are great for just nipping the nipple itself.

BT C2 CHROML

Large \$22.50

BT C2 CHROMS

Small \$9.95

CLOTHESPINS



Black Wooden Clothespins

w/chain

BT C1 WOODEN

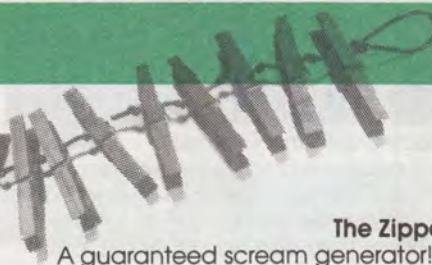
\$4.00

Black Clothespins

They look much nicer decorating his body than those dirty natural wood ones. You get a grey nylon mesh bag with 100 black wooden clothespins. Enjoy!

BT C3 BCP100

\$12.95



The Zipper

A guaranteed scream generator! It consists of a number of black wooden clothespins strung along a length of cord. Knots separate each pin and provide room for maneuvering. Put the pins on him in a meandering row then, after you are tired of playing with them, grip the loop in the end of the cord and rip them all off quickly, or slowly, as he sings for you!

BT C3 ZIPP12

\$9.75

BT C3 ZIPP24

\$14.75

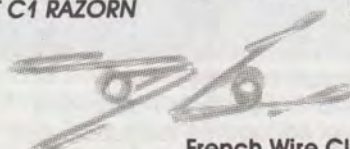


Razorneck Clamps

Large (2"x7/8"), rectangular, steel clamps without teeth, w/chain and covers.

BT C1 RAZORN

\$11.75



French Wire Clamps

These seem mild when they go on, but hurt like hell after they have been on a while! Black

BT C2 FRENCH

\$3.50

ALLIGATORS

Dutch Demon Clamps

Relatively large alligators constructed of black plastic with metal teeth. The spring is strong and there is a lot of pressure, but the teeth are large and rather rounded, so while you get the feel of a bite, there is no sharp, piercing pain. Adjustable w/chain.

BT C1 DUTCHD

\$15.75

Black Stallion Clamps

Rectangular black steel with teeth only at the front edge. Adjustable w/black chain and covers.

BT C1 BLKSTA

\$12.00

Black Guillotine Clamps

Not nearly as bad as the name implies. The jaws are single-edged and would cut like scissors if they were sharper. They don't actually cut, but they do feel like they are taking out a big bite! The middle of this steel clamp is encased in black rubber.

BT C2 GUILLO

\$3.50



Magnetic Tit Clamps

Combine tit clamps and weight in an integral unit. The clamps are adjustable alligators w/covers. Two disk-shaped magnets are attached for a minimum weight of about 1 1/4 oz. each. You can add the remaining six magnets (for each clamp) one at a time to build up a total weight of nearly 5 oz. per clamp.

BT C2 MAGNET

\$23.50



Alligator Clamp Stand

A pair of small alligator clamps mounted on jointed arms, attached to a small stand. It is manufactured for hobbyists to hold their subject in place while they work on it. I recommend you use it for the same purpose. Mount it on top of a short post, tie the bottom's hands out of the way, then bend him over the post and attach the clamps to his tits. He will stay put while you work on his ass or other regions. He will not stand up!

Try mounting it on the footboard of your bed, the wall or whatever you want to make sure he stays put.

BT C1 ASTAND

\$8.00

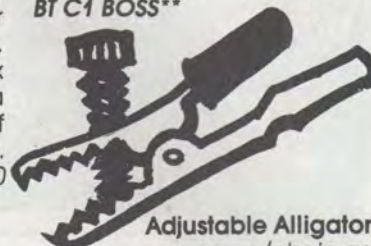


Boss Tit Clamps

Shaped like miniature jumper cable clamps, each about 2 1/4" long. w/chain and covers

\$14.50

BT C1 BOSS**



Adjustable Alligator Clamps w/chain and covers

BT C1 ADALIG

\$14.00

Basic Alligator Clamps w/chain and covers

BT C1 BALIGA

\$6.00



Red Devil Clamps

Red plastic alligators with relatively blunt teeth. They bite, but only slightly. Good for guys who usually don't like alligators.

BT C2 REDDEV

\$3.00

RUBBER JAWS

Rubber Jaw Forceps

Hemostat-like medical instruments with oval corrugated red rubber tips. There are made to grip and hold the tongue so you know that you are going to get a good grip on other things!

BT C2 RUBJAW

\$28.95

Tit Locks

These have a wide gape that can take in a lot of skin and four different pressure settings to squeeze it between the thick black rubber tips. w/chain

BT C1 TLOCKS

\$14.00

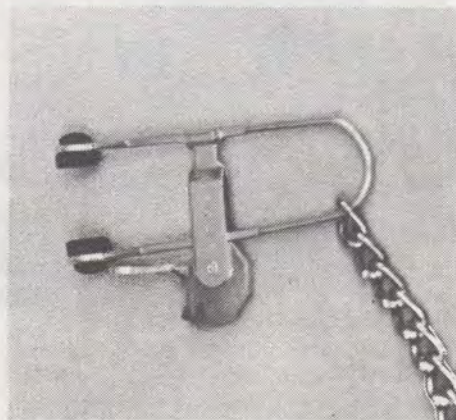
Japanese Clovers

Unique in that the more weight they have hanging from them, the harder the rubber tips grip. With or without chain.

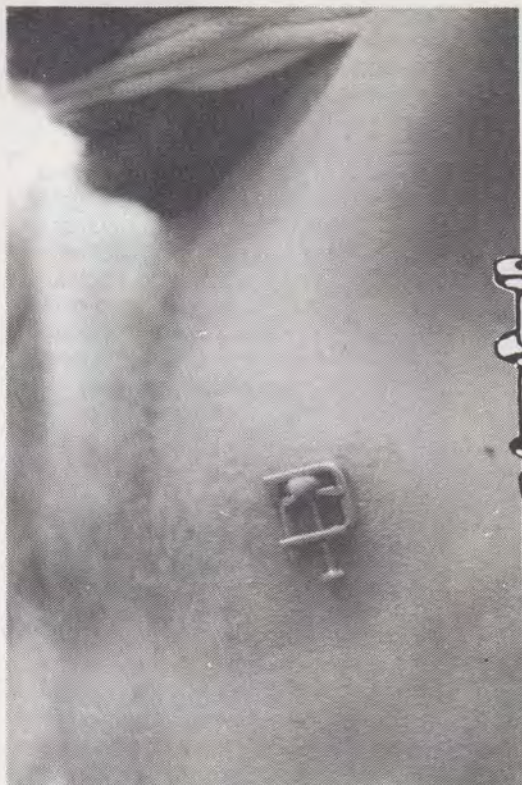
BT C1 JAPCLO
BT C2 JAPCLO

w/chain \$12.00
no chain \$10.50

DRUMMER 106



HOSE CLAMPS

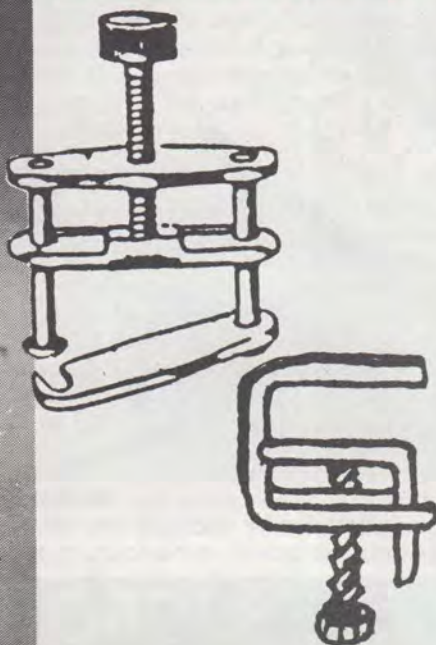


Variable Compressor Clamp

Has a screw adjustment that will let you vary the pressure. We choose from three styles.

BT C2 CL-COM

\$6.00



Nipple Grippers

Fledermaus' favorite for use on himself.

Lots of pressure with no bite. w/chain
BT C1 GRIPPE \$34.95



Pinchlock Clamp

A bowed spring with a constant pressure. Note that many pinchlock clamps are made of round steel stock which has a tendency to bite in harder than you really want it to. Ours are made of rectangular stock that puts a wide flat surface against the skin and can be endured for longer periods.

BT C2 CL-PIN

\$3.00

All items in this catalog are sold as novelties only.

SCREW ADJUSTABLE



The Rolls Royce Turn-On Adjustable Clamp

Turn the dial one way to open the jaws and reverse to close them—as tightly as you wish. Fantastic! w/chain and covers

BT C1 ROLLSR

\$49.95



Turn-On Clamp

One of the most unusual available. This has a large black plastic knob that turns to slowly close a pair of steel jaws on the back. w/covers

BT C2 TURNON

\$26.95



Adjustable Locking Pliers

Cheap imitations of Vice Grips. I wouldn't try to use them for tightening steel nuts (though they are fun on fleshy ones!) Put them on and adjust the knob to the pressure you want. Actually, the bite and pressure on the tit is a lot less than with many of the clamps listed above, but these look a lot worse. Though these are made of aluminum, the weight is still enough to make bottoms aware that they have something sizable dangling from them. They are also great for genitorture. Two sizes, 5" and 10" overall length, are available. You get two of whichever you order.

BT C2 PLIERS

5" \$7.50

BT C2 PLIERL

10" \$12.50

PAGE 55

CONSTRUCTORS



HANGMAN'S NOOSE
New hot item for tits and/or cock & balls.

Hangman's Noose

A black leather thong looped through a black plastic locking device and equipped with a chrome hook. You can lock it in place around the balls and hang on weights—or better yet, lock one around each ball and pull them in different directions!

BT C2 HANGMA

\$17.50



Elastrator

A device for applying very heavy rubber bands to the scrotum of a

sheep or calf. The band cuts off circulation to the scrotum, and the bag and its contents shrivel up and, within a few weeks, fall off. Castration without cutting.

This is also a very useful tool in a scene. Having his balls clamped in a *real* castration device can be a great head trip! And after he wears a band for a few minutes, you can cut it off and the sudden rush of blood back into the scrotum is a shock, kind of like the pins and needles feeling of a foot waking up again after having "gone to sleep." The bands are also very effective when put on the nipples.

Cat Claw scissors are the best tool for getting the band off without cutting his skin.

BT G2 ELASTR Elastrator \$26.00
BT G2 ELASBD Bag of 100 Bands \$3.50
BT G2 ELBDS Scissors \$12.00
BT G2 ELASCO Combo \$37.50

(1 ea. of above 3 items)

SOLD AS A NOVELTY ONLY

SUCTION

Snake Bite Kits

The two large suction cups are specifically manufactured to put suction on the human body—and they work very well on the tits for a different tit-play sensation. They also work well on other parts of the more sensitive anatomy. Two styles: regular grey oval or heavy-duty yellow round.

BT C4 SNAKEB

Grey \$7.95

BT C4 SNAKEY

Yellow \$8.95



Dutch Tit Sucker

This device is Y-shaped; two arms have firm black suction cups connected by plastic tubing to the third arm which

has a mouthpiece and a one-way valve. Hold the cups over his nipples and suck those tits! The valve keeps the air from being released so your hands and mouth are free to roam where they may. Of course there is no rule saying you can only use it on the tits. Be imaginative! It's a great toy for leaving hickeys exactly where you want to put them. And it's wonderful for those times when you are at home, all alone, with no place to go, and no one to do.

BT C4 SUCKER

\$8.95

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CATALOG	SIZE	DESCRIPTION	QUANTITY	PRICE PER ITEM	TOTAL	SHIP&HNDL

Name (print) _____

TOTAL AMOUNT _____

Address _____

Calif. residents add 6.5% _____

City _____

Total Shipping/Handling _____

State _____ Zip _____

(Add \$2 for first item ordered and \$1 for each additional item.)

Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED _____

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Credit card holders may order by phone: (415) 864-3456

Signature _____

Make checks payable to: **Desmodus, Inc.**

(I am over 21 years of age)

(Allow three weeks for processing of personal checks.)

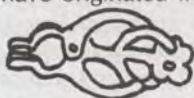
(For orders outside the US contact us for details.)

Rubber Jaw Forceps are medical instruments with red rubber tips. They are specifically designed for sizing the tongue



so they work very well on less slippery bits of anatomy. The hemostat-like latching mechanism allows you to put them on set at the first notch and then tighten several times by closing down yet another notch. Spacing these adjustments through a scene works very nicely. The large corrugated rubber pad gives minimal bite.

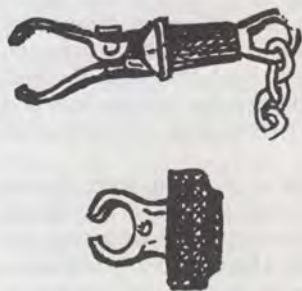
Japanese Clovers (a.k.a. Silk Clamps) seem to have originated in Japan where



they have something to do with the silk industry. Beyond that all I know is that they are very good tit clamps. The small rubber pads give a very firm grip with moderate pressure. The construction is such that any weight hung from the clover-shaped tab increases the pressure from the jaws. The more weight you hang from their clover-shaped tab, the more firmly they grip. These are the only clamps that work this way. I personally wish that the rubber pads were a bit larger to diminish the bite that gets pretty heavy as the weight increases, but you can't have everything!

DIAL A CLAMP

Two relatively recent additions to the tit clamp world have become very popular with those who like to have precise con-



trol over pressure, and the ability to change it. Both the Turn On and Rolls Royce clamps have black plastic knobs that can be dialed to increase or decrease

the pressure exerted by the jaws. The two differ in appearance and design. The Turn On has broader jaws and the Rolls Royce longer ones. The Turn Ons are separate unconnected units that have no point of attachment for weights or cords while the Rolls Royces come connected by a chain. Both are great fun, particularly for do-it-yourself play.

CONSTRICATORS

The Hangman's Noose is a leather thong with a plastic locking device and a hook for weights. It is great on someone with very large nipples or with relatively soft flesh around the nipple. If the nipple is small and the pecs are firm you won't be able to get it to stay on. But it is still great on the cock and balls!

The Elastrator is a special tool for applying tiny rubber donuts to a farm animal's scrotum. The tight rubber rings cut off blood flow and pinch nerves, eventually the scrotum and its contents blacken, wither, and fall off. This is a bloodless castration device. The elastrator can be



used to place a ring around a nipple as well. It will result in a ring of extreme pressure that can feel very good. But they must not be left on too long or the tit is going to suffer the same fate as the animal's balls! I recommend no more than 15 minutes, and you should build up to that. To get them off, I recommend cat-claw scissors, which have a blunt tip that can be worked under the rubber and a notch to hold the band as it is cut. The rush as these are removed is greater than I've experienced from any other type of clamp. They can also be used on the male genitals for interesting sensations and even more interesting mind trips. *But the elastrator is a toy for experienced Tops only; this is definitely not something for novices to be playing with.*

On some nipples it is possible to roll the elastrator band off without cutting it. This will depend upon several factors including the texture and hairiness of the skin and the size of the bulge in front of the band. If you can get it to roll, by all means do so. It gives a wild and painfully pleasurable sensation. It is also possible to include a thread or cord inside the rubber along with the nipple. The band will hold it firmly in place and the cords can then be used as leads or to hang weights from.

SUCK IT!

Suction cups are another form of tit toy that is exactly the opposite from a clamp. Clamps squeeze the tit, compressing blood vessels—suction cups create a vacuum around the tit allowing it to expand. But the sensations produced by the two types of toys are quite similar.

Snake Bite Kits provide the suction cups most commonly used for tit play. The most common brand of snake bite kit has two, usually grey, rubber cups that are oval in cross section. A rarer brand has two larger yellow cups that are round in cross section. Since the yellow ones are larger and stronger, they can usually provide an even stronger vacuum. Both work best when the edges are moistened and best on smooth, hairless skin. If you want to make the nipples grow, these toys can be a definite help.

The Dutch Tit Sucker is essentially an adjustable suction cup. The T-shaped device has a pair of plastic suction cups connected by plastic tubing. A third tube ends in a mouthpiece. Near the junction



of all of this plastic plumbing is a one-way valve. Seat the cups securely over the nipples and suck on the mouthpiece. Air will be drawn from the cups creating a vacuum, and the valve will keep it from flowing back in. The harder you suck, the more intense the vacuum. This is a great do-it-yourself toy. You might have to shave a bit around the nipple and apply a drop of lube to the edge of the cups to secure a good seal.

WEIGHTY MATTERS

All of the clamps discussed above have an integral weight which varies from virtually nothing for French Wire clips to the considerable heft of Vice Grips. And most of them have some way of attaching separate weights. Many kinds of separate weights can be used, but the small lead shapes used on fishing lines are most practical. They come in a variety of shapes and sizes. In a sporting good store they are going to be plain lead. In a sex toy store they will usually be much more expensive, but will have been dipped in a coating of black plastic which both looks better and makes them easier to keep clean. Christmas tree ornament hooks are useful for attaching some of the smaller styles.

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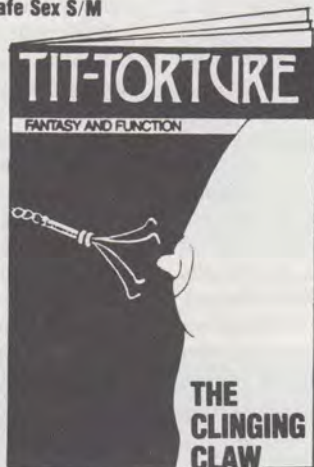
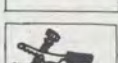
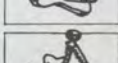
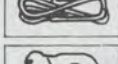
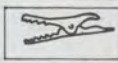
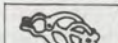
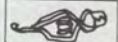
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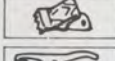
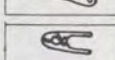
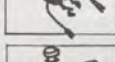
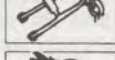
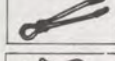
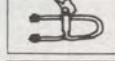
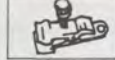


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Magnetic tit clamps have a unique
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attached disc-shaped magnets. Several
more magnets are provided and you can
add as many or as few as you wish to the
clamp, each magnet adding a bit more
weight. These are fun to play with.

TIT CLAMP TIPS

Keep the clamps moving, while you
play with other parts of him periodically
return to the clamped tits, stroke them,
squeeze them, tap them, pull on them,
wake up the nerves. Or make him keep
them moving by weighting them so they
swing as he moves, or tie them off so that
as he writhes in pleasure/pain, he pulls on
them. I like to tie him to a floating bondage
board (suspended from chains) and tie his
tit clamps to rings in the ceiling, then
swing the board to pull on the tits—this
also works nicely with him on a water bed.
For a flogging scene, you can tie his tit
clamps together on the far side of the
whipping post so he has an incentive to
keep from moving too far away from the
post.

For a different kind of head trip try tying
off his tit clamps securely and then tell him
you are going to whip ass, squeeze balls,
or whatever until he pulls himself free
from the tit clamps. Your choice of
clamps, and the firmness with which you
put them on, will determine just how
difficult, and how painful it will be to pull
them off. A similar scene involves tying
his tit clamps to heavy, but not too heavy,
weights resting on a table then using the
ass beating/ball torture/whatever to en-
courage him to lift the weights off the table
with his tits!

To intensify the sensations when
clamps come off massage the newly
unclamped skin with your fingers, or
better yet with your mouth. No mouth
however if the tit has been cut or abraded.
If the skin is broken, be sure to clean and
disinfect the wound and decontaminate
the clamp.

If you have a problem with clamps
slipping off sweaty skin, wash the tit and
the clamp with soap to remove grease, dry
them and apply a bit of alcohol (rubbing or
grain). Let the alcohol air dry and put on
the clamp; it should sit much more firmly
with the newly cleaned and dried sur-
faces.

Have fun.



LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

CLUB RESPONSE

Well, gentlemen, your response to our request for more club information has been incredible both in this country and from Europe. So much so that we have expanded the Leather Bulletin Board section and changed it again to accommodate the additional club listings and information.

There are still a lot of clubs out there that we do not have contact addresses for. Get on the stick, guys; let potential participants know about your events and how to contact your club. —JET

FREE CONDOM CASE

J.R. (Mack) MacKinnon, owner of Mack's Leathers in Vancouver, B.C., had four basic areas of concern during the past several months:

1) How to make men more aware of safe sex. 2) How to increase the quality of life for persons with AIDS. 3) How to improve the "leather" image in the community. 4) How to get rid of his leather scraps.

It occurred to him to make condom cases, something that could be worn like the checkered flag, except worn on the belt or jacket epaulets, to indicate that the wearer is into safe sex. This took care of numbers 1 and 4, and because of its image, it obviously comes from the leather community, taking care of number 3.

To accomplish number 2, Mack is offering the condom case free to anyone who writes to ask for one, provided they send a dollar for mailing, and hopefully, but with no obligation, a donation to the Vancouver P.W.A. Coalition. Mack's Leathers is donating the materials, and P.W.A. are providing the labor. The quality of life for a lot of brave men is dependent on the generosity of the community. Without this generosity (there is no social funding) some men are faced with not having the proper nutrition, important vitamin supplements, medication, and in some cases even shelter and clothing.

Make donations payable to the Vancouver P.W.A. Coalition, include \$1 for your condom case (tell them *Drummer* told you about the offer) and send it to Mack's Leathers, PO Box 76827, Station "S," Vancouver, B.C. V5R 5S7, Canada. —JET

MR. LEATHER COLORADO

There's a repetitive joke about gay events never being on time, screwing up the show, or running too long. I'm not sure what is happening with the leather community, but all of the events I attended have been almost flawless, and Mr. Leather Colorado was no exception. Productions of M.A.N., producers of the event, did a wonderful job of giving the audience a fast-paced show with excellent entertainment (Denise Frizzell, an inventive comedienne had the leathermen in stitches, and Chris Burns had most of them turned on with his erotic ninja routine, complete with swords). All the contestants presented themselves well—there is no lack of hot leathermen in Denver, but the winner, 6', blond, blue-eyed Jeff Buppert deserved the title. He has a winning smile, a self-assured manner and communicates easily—a very good representative for the Mile High City. —JET

NEW WORLD RUBBER

The New World Rubber Men (NWRM) held their periodic get-together in San Diego the weekend of May 2. Unlike many club activities organized as a run, this was actually a hosted party by NWRM founders Bill and David. Although the main party itself was Saturday evening, a number of out-of-town guests assembled Friday for a relaxing afternoon, fun in the hot tub, excellent dinner, and a good deal of spontaneous get-acquainted play. Unlike many runs, the feeling of private hosting created a much more relaxed presence and a friendly courteous atmosphere. This observer felt

that many times the attendance fees of runs cause people to try too hard to get their "money's worth" and thus often behave rather rudely in this pursuit. This, instead, was indeed a social gathering with friendly, open, and consistently gentlemanly behavior. None of the attitudinal posing frequently encountered occurred here and no one behaved as if they could have been having a better time alone in a fully mirrored room.

Throughout the weekend there was a good deal of sharing of rubber gear, experimentation, and discussion of ideas about activities involving rubber. Frequently, there were very helpful disclosures of sources, prices, types and care of rubber, which was very helpful to a novice. Most pleasantly, there was much general, varied conversation as well. It appears that rubber attracts significant numbers of career military men, at least noted by the percentage present at this event. The personal experience of this still novice to this area of rubber was extremely enjoyable with the sensuality of rubber personally confirmed.

The effects of various types of bondage to one encased in rubber are totally different than when one is nude or with a minimum of rubber. It was certainly found to be intensely erotic and it is easy to understand why rubber is gaining so many new aficionados. I very much look forward to more of these activities and wish that there were more hosts as gracious as Bill and David.

For information on New World Rubber Men write to NWRM, c/o Bill Bailey, 1044 W. 23rd St., San Diego, CA 94102. —AVC

MAY DAY!!

May Day in Elizabethan England was the celebration of spring, a time for growth and exuberance after a winter of dormancy and restraint. May Day in the Soviet world is a day of formal celebration, of uniforms and hardware. May Day

during World War II in the Pacific was an emergency radio call signaling impending peril. The National Leather Association's May Day celebration in Seattle, May 1, 2 and 3 was, in many ways, all of these!

As in the days of Merry Olde England and good Queen Bess, we celebrated and were exuberant. The Seattle Dungeon Guild's superb party space with joint lounge area and separate men's and women's dungeons was enjoyed by all. I know that the men's side was certainly jumping with activity and from conversations, from sounds heard through the thick concrete wall, and most of all from marks on skin and looks of satisfaction on faces, I'm certain things went well on the women's side as well. I know that I thoroughly enjoyed doing a suspension bondage sculpture in the lounge area for the entertainment of the assembled leatherpersons. I also enjoyed using the bondage frame again later for a special scene for a pair of lovers (male), then again for a bisexual couple. We partied hard, we partied safe, we partied well.

One of the most important parts of this celebration of the lusty month of May was a session for novices and beginners. Several men and women who were interested in leather but had never, or only recently, gotten into the scene heard presentations by George Cameron from VASM, Gale Rubin from the Outcasts, and members of NLA and participated in a lively discussion with each other and with the many men and women of various experience who had assembled for the program at Sparks. This was very rewarding and something more of the S/M clubs around the country should be doing.

As in the Soviet World we celebrated in our finest uniforms and brought out the whips and chains and other parts of our hardware. And none did this better than the contestants in the nation's first joint male-female leather con-

test during which a panel of male and female judges each voted for Mr. and Ms National Leather Association. Incidentally, both the reigning International Mr. Leather, Scott Tucker from Philadelphia, and International Ms Leather, Judy Tallwing McCarthy from Portland, Ore. were on the panel of judges.

As during WWII there were signals of impending peril. The peril of censorship is becoming increasingly more obvious, censorship of us as gay men and women by the government, and censorship of us as leather men and women by our gay brothers and sisters. The peril of AIDS is already upon us and it is growing. At the program NLA had organized on AIDS we all learned something, even those of us who have been active in AIDS education for years. We are used to thinking of S/M as relatively safe sex

and of lesbians (at least those who do not share needles) as the least-threatened group with respect to AIDS. However, S/M is safe only relative to vanilla gay male practices. And the same kind of S/M activities that endanger leather men can also endanger leather women, particularly fisting—more on this below. There exists an AIDS danger to lesbians who have been artificially inseminated. Some of my staff in Chicago was helping a pair of lesbian friends with this. I know that each insemination was a mixture of contributions from four or five men and she was inseminated at least three times. If this is a typical circumstance, such lesbians are receiving considerable exposure.

I have not previously understood the emphasis placed upon the relationship between fisting and AIDS. I have as-

sumed that this strong emphasis was based more on an abhorrence of the kinky than it was on biological data. However, it was made clear at this meeting, and I have subsequently heard the same information from an independent source, that while fisting with gloves and a non-oil-based lube is safe sex with respect to transmission of AIDS, there is evidence that the trauma of fisting, or of using very large dildoes, apparently can induce expression of the disease in someone who already has the virus. I will definitely be looking into this further and will report findings to *Drummer* readers.

As for the peril of censorship coming from both governmental forces and from the vanilla gays, a most important goal was achieved. At NLA's first event, the Living in Leather conference last October, leath-

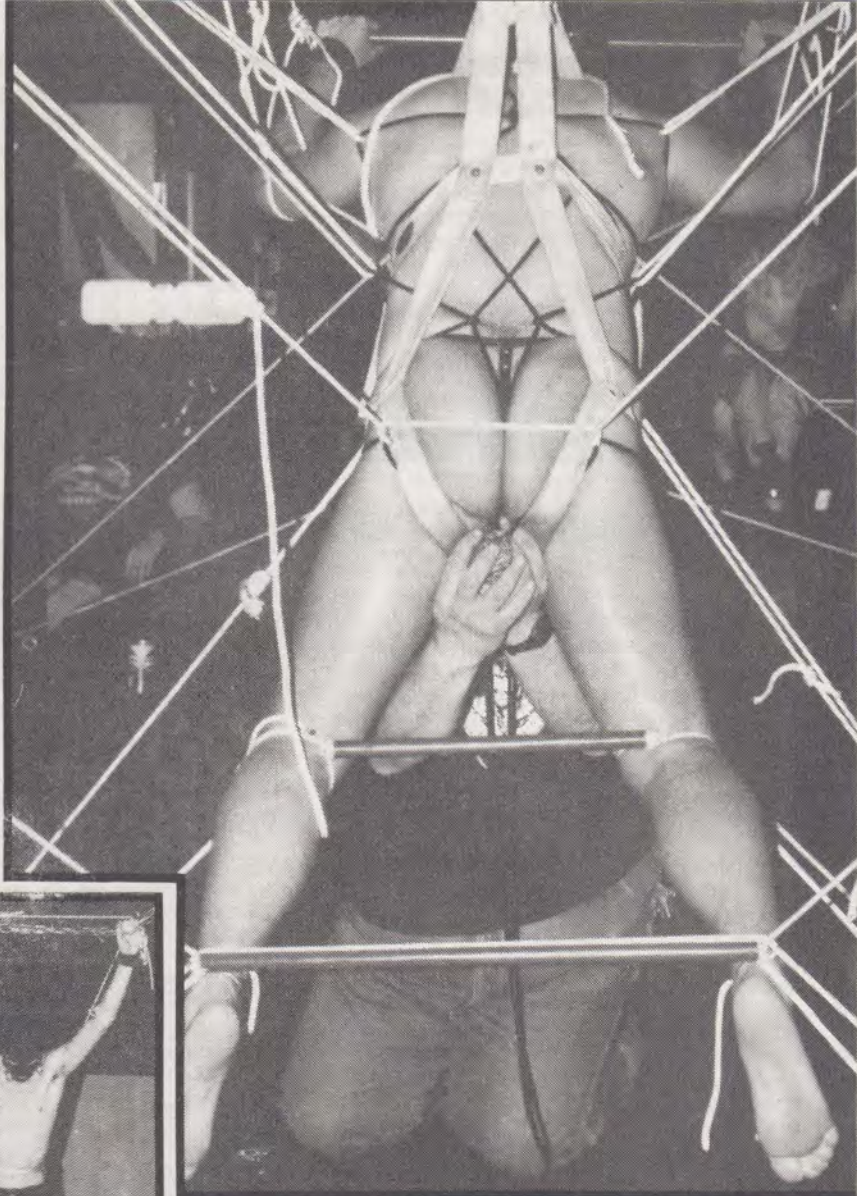
er men and leather women sat down and did business together. But when a gong announced the end of the meeting, we went our separate ways. Even at the banquet the tables were either all men or all women. Only Seattle members of the NLA, who had been working closely together for months, sat at a sexually integrated table. This time not only did the men and women celebrate their leather together, they talked to each other, they got to know each other, personally, individually. At the final party at Sparks the last night after the contest the bar was full of leather, but it wasn't circles of leather men and different circles of leather women. It was full of a well-mixed group of leather people talking together. Our common interest in leather will draw us together to fight together.

—AFD

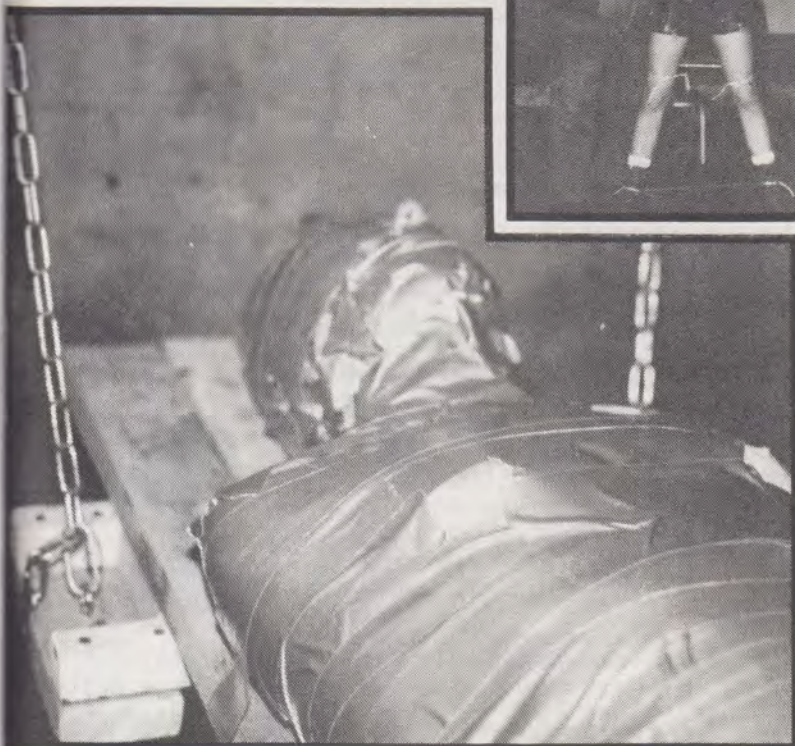
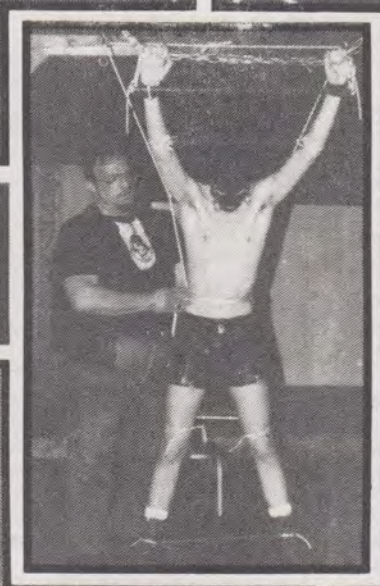
USA/ CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

Ace (women's group) PO Box 261 Annex Station Providence, RI 02901	California Motorcycle Club Box 981 San Francisco, CA 94101	GMSMA 132 East 24th St. New York, NY 10011	Men of Leather 1268 Madison Ave. Memphis, TN 38104	San Francisco Bondage Club 1800 Market St. #107 San Francisco, CA 94102
Avatar 7869 Santa Monica Blvd. #316 Los Angeles, CA 90046	Centaur, MC PO Box 362 Arlington, VA 22210	Hartford Colts MC Blue Hills Station PO Box 12201 Hartford, CT 06112	National Leather Association PO Box 17463 Seattle, WA 98107	Satyricons MC PO Box 19058 Las Vegas, NV 89132
Ball Club PO Box 1501 Pomona, CA 91769	Chicago Hellfire Club PO Box 5426 Chicago, IL 60680	Illustrated Men Box 7091 Burbank, CA 91510	New World Rubber Men c/o Bill Bailey 1044 23rd St. San Diego, CA 92102	Seattle Dungeon Guild 918 E. Pike St. Seattle, WA
Beer Town Badgers PO Box 166 Milwaukee, WI 53201	Club Mud Box 277 Rio Nido, CA 95471	Interchain Fraternity Box 410 132 West 24th St. New York, NY 10011	New York Bondage Club PO Box 204 New York, NY 10028	Shelix (women's group) PO Box 416 Florence Station Northampton, MA 01060
Black Fire Box 354 Syracuse, NY 13210	Copperstate Leathermen's Assn. PO Box 44051 Phoenix, AR 85064	Iron Cross MC, Montreal PO Box 1721, Station A Montreal, Quebec, H3C 3A5	New York Wrestling Club 59 West 10th St. New York, NY 10011	SigMa PO Box 30651 Bethesda, Maryland 20814-0651
Boots PO Box 48577 Bentall #3 595 Burrard St. Vancouver, BC V7X 1A3 Canada	Disciples of de Sade 3920 Cedar Springs Dallas, TX 75219	Leather and Lace (women's group) PO Box 54646 Los Angeles, CA 90054	Original Leathermasters PO Box 93643 Los Angeles, CA 90093	Society of Janus Southern Calif. Chapter 2554 Lincoln Blvd., Suite 381 Marina del Rey, CA 90291
Border Riders MC PO Box 21152 Seattle, WA 98111	Dreizehn PO Box 1486 Boston, MA 02117	LFPT (women's group) PO Box 21542 Washington, DC 20009	Outcasts (women's group) PO Box 31266 San Francisco, CA 94131-0266	Society of Janus PO Box 6794 San Francisco, CA 94101
Bound & Determined (women's group) PO Box 602 Hadley, MA 01035	Eulenspiegel Society PO Box 2783 Grand Central Station New York, NY 10163	LSM (womens group) PO Box 993 Murray Hill Station New York, NY 10156	Pegasus, MC PO Box 3957 Wichita, KS 67201	Somandros PO Box 291338 Los Angeles, CA 90029
Briar Rose (women's group) PO Box 44 Westerville, OH 43081	FFA Tampa Bay 1230 East Mohawk Ave. Tampa, FL 33604	M.A.F.I.A. PO Box 2230 Chicago, IL 60690-2230	Pocono Warriors PO Box 381 Scranton, PA 18501	Spartan Motorcycle Club 458 L'Enfant Plaza PO Box 23832 Washington, DC 20026
California Eagles, MC PO Box 280221 San Francisco, CA 94128-0221	Faucon MC C.P. 833 Station A Montreal, P.Q. H3C 2V5 Canada	Men of Dungeons (MOD) PO Box 780242 Dallas, TX 75378	Power Circle (women's group) PO Box 3284 Santa Cruz, CA 95063	Rocky Mountaineers MC PO Box 2629 Denver, CO 80201

continued on page 62



MAY
DAY!



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USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

SPASM (women's group)
PO Box 77270
Houston, TX 77270

T-Bolts MC
c/o Jacques Carle
49 Bartlett Ave.
Norwalk, CT 06850

The 15 Association
PO Box 421302
San Francisco, CA 94142

The Knights Templar
PO Box 14128
San Francisco, CA 94114

The Sam Browne Society
PO Box 8293
Phoenix, Arizona 85066-8293

The Tradesmen
PO Box 36712
Charlotte, NC 28204

Tribe MC
Box 32798
Detroit, MI 48232

Urania (womens group)
PO Box 23
Somerville, MA 92131-0266

Vancouver Activists in SM (VASM)
Box 2204
New Westminster, BC
V3L 5A5 Canada

Wasatch Leathermen MC
PO Box 11314
Salt Lake City, UT 84110-1311

We Enjoy Shaving (WES)
PO Box 6313
Reno, NV 89513

Windy City Bondage Club
PO Box 268767
Chicago, IL 60626-8767

Zodiacs MC
PO Box 48144
Vancouver, BC
V7X 1N8 Canada

EUROPEAN CLUB LISTINGS

A.S.M.F. Paris
B.P. 463-03
F-75122 Paris Cedex 03
France

Black Angels Koln
c/o Ferdi Wetzels
Postfach 1503
D-5100 Aachen
West Germany

BM TLB
GB-London WC1N 3XX
Great Britain

European Confederation of
Motorcycle Clubs (ECMC)
Loge 70 (Schweiz)
PO Box 725
CH-8025 Zurich
Switzerland

FLC Frankfurt
c/o Wolfgang Bergner
Zimmerweg 1
D-6000 Frankfurt 1
West Germany

Freundeskreis
Hessen-Kurpfalz
c/o Postfach 3041
D-6140 Bensheim 3
West Germany

F.S.M.C. Marseille
c/o Jean-Pierre Fouque
37, Rue Mazargan
F-13001 Marseille
France

Gruppe Leder, S/M (GLSM)
Eichholz 56
PO Box 323448
D-2000 Hamburg 13
West Germany

Leathermen Dusseldorf
c/o Jonny Jasper
Postfach 32 06 12
D-4000 Dusseldorf
West Germany

LFR Rhein-Ruhr
c/o Bar GO-IN
Steelerstr. 83
D-4300 Essen
West Germany

MC Milano
c/o Aldo F. Prandina
Via Castelmorroni 1/A
I-20129 Milano
Italy

MCF Leather MC
PO Box 536
I-50100 Firenze
Italy

MFSK
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MLC e.V.
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D-8000 Munchen 33
West Germany

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Postbus 3540
NL-1001 AH Amsterdam
The Netherlands

MS Rotterdam
Postbus 22184
NL-3003 DD Rotterdam
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M.S.C. (SW)
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MSC-Barcelona
A.P. Postal 9063
E-08080 Barcelona
Spain

MSC-Belgium
c/o Louis de Brauer
Rue du Lombard 15
B-1000 Bruxelles
Belgium

MSC-Berlin e.V.
Postfach 30 39 69
D-1000 Berlin 30
West Germany

MSC-East Mercia
c/o Leicester Place
24., Dryden Street
GB-Leicester
Great Britain

MSC-Finland
PL48, SF-00531 Helsinki
Finland

MSC-Finland II
Hameenpuisto 41 A 47
Tampere, Finland

MSC-Hallamshire
PO Box 215
GB-Sheffield S1 1GD
Great Britain

MSC-Hamburg e.V.
Postfach 7683
D-2000 Hamburg 20
West Germany

MSC-Hannover e.V.
Postfach 4149
D-3000 Hannover 1
West Germany

MSC-Iceland
PO Box 5521
125 Reykjavik
Iceland

MSC-London
B.M. Box 8370
GB-London WC1N 3XX
Great Britain

MSC-Midland Link
36 Heathmere Ave.
Yardley
GB-Birmingham B25 8RQ
Great Britain

MSC-MSK
c/o Frank Charles
25 Kensington Road Chorlton
GB-Manchester M21 1GH
Great Britain

MSC-North East
c/o 16 Hindley Gardens
GB-Newcastle-upon-Tyne
NE4 9LH, Great Britain

MSC-North West
PO Box 86
GB-Liverpool L69 1QW
Great Britain

MSC-Sudwest
Postfach 6523
D-7800 Freiburg
West Germany

MSC-Suisse Romande
PO Box 3343
CH-1002 Lausanne
Switzerland

MS Panther Koln e.V.
Postfach 5163
D-4620 Castrop-Rauxel
West Germany



NLC Franken
Humboldtstr. 136
D-8500 Nurnberg
West Germany

R.M.C.
BCM/RMC
GB-London WC1N 3XX
Great Britain

Scandinavian Leather
Men—Arhus
A-Men's Club
Postbox 370
DK-8100 Arhus C
Denmark

MSC-Pennine Chain
c/o Stuart Teale
14 St. John's Grove
Eastmore Road
GB-Wakefield WF1 3SA
Great Britain

MSC-Rhein-Main Frankfurt
c/o Helmut Kolbe
Eulengasse 15
D-6000 Frankfurt/Main 60
West Germany

MSC-Scotland
PO Box 28 H.P.O.
GB-Edinburgh EH3 5JL
Great Britain

Scandinavian Leather
Men—Kobenhavn
SLM-Kobenhavn
Schacksgade 9, kld. th
DK-1365 Kobenhavn K
Denmark

Scandinavian Leather
Men—Norge
Box 4287
Oslo 4 Norway

Scandinavian Leather
Men—Stockholm SLM-Stockholm
Box 9239
102 73 Stockholm
Sweden

SLC Stuttgart
c/o Matthias Klaes
Postfach 72 01 62
D-7000 Stuttgart 70
West Germany

SM Dykes (women's group)
c/o BM SM Gays
London WC1N 3XX
England

SM Gays
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London WC1N 3XX
England

S.N.C.
B.M. Box snc
GB-London WC1N 3XX
Great Britain

Spreadeagle
23K Rowley Way
Abbey Road
GB-London NW8 05Q
Great Britain

The Rurals, MC
Postbus 435
NL-6040 AK Roermond
The Netherlands

USA/CANADA LEATHER CALENDAR

June 24 Avatar Club L.A.—S/M and the Law
 June 25 MS Seattle Leatherwomyn—Sparks Bar
 June 26 1987 Mr. Drummer Contest—Clvb DV8
 540 Howard St., San Francisco
 June 27 Hartford Colts MC—Leather Pride Night II
 Barristers Bar, Hartford, CT
 June 27 Connecticut Gay Pride Day—Hartford
 June 27 San Francisco Wrestling Club—Open House
 Call (415) 824-7915 for info and location
 June 28 Gay Pride Day—San Francisco/New York/Seattle
 June 29-July 8 Blackhawks Roadmasters
 10th Anniversary—Detroit, MI
 July 2-5 Rocky Mountaineers MC—Golden Fleece Run
 July 4 SigMa—Third Anniversary
 July 4 SDG—Black and Blue Party—918 East Pike St.,
 Seattle
 July 4 Tattoo & Piercing Celebration II—c/o W.B. Giles,
 500 S. Los Robles #101, Pasadena, CA 91101
 July 4-5 Club Mud—National Mud Olympics—N. Calif.
 July 11 GMSMA—Picnic in the Poconos
 July 12 Gay Pride Celebration—Salt Lake City
 July 17-19 Zodiacs—Stampede 14 Weekend—Vancouver BC
 July 17-19 Beer Town Badgers—3rd Annual "Bier Stein Run"
 July 18-19 Hartford Colts MC—2nd Anniversary Round-Up
 July 18-19 T-Bolts MC—Hosting ECMC of NYC and Bucks MC
 of PA for a weekend ride
 July 22 Avatar Club L.A.—Temperature Trips
 July 24-26 Centaur MC—"Olympia X"—York, PA
 July 25-August 8 National Leather Assoc.—Murder Mystery Contest
 Benefit AIDS Services and National March on
 Washington
 July 31 VASM—Fantasy Acres, a "Woodsy Party"
 August 6-9 Wasatch Leathermen MC—Falcon Flight '87
 August 14-16 Nine Plus—22nd Anniversary—New York
 August 22 Centaur MC and Spartan MC—Culpepper Picnic
 August 22-23 T-Bolts MC—Mystery Ride
 August 28-Sept 7 MC Faucon—Convention—Montreal, Canada
 September 4-6 Vikings MC—Lief Ericson Run—Merrimack, NH
 September 4-7 MC Faucon—Migration 10th Anniversary
 September 4-7 M.A.F.I.A.—9th A.G.M./Summerfest—Chicago
 September 10-13 Chicago Hellfire Club—Inferno XVI
 September 18-21 Iron Guard—12th Anniversary—New York
 September 18-21 National Leather Association Conference—Seattle
 September 19-20 Bike Stop Bar, Philadelphia—Bar Night
 October 3 Praetorians—17th Anniversary—New York
 October 9-11 VASM—5th Anniversary
 October 10-12 T-Bolts MC—Annual Fall Foliage Ride
 October 10 National Leather Caucus—Washington, DC
 October 11 National March on Washington—Community
 Involvement Committee, 132 W. 24th St.,
 New York, NY 10011
 October 17-18 Rocky Mountaineers MC—19th Anniversary
 October 31 Centaur MC—Halloween—Leather Sabat
 Washington, DC
 November 7 Mr. New York Leather Contest—Artry Foundation
 New York

November 10 National Leather Assoc.—Election of Officers
 November 13-15 Companions—11th Anniversary—Philadelphia, PA
 November 26 Thanksgiving—Stuff it!
 November 26-29 D.C. Eagle—16th Anniversary—Washington, DC
 November 28 Bucks MC—Santa Saturday—New Hope, PA
 December 5 Centaur MC—Christmas Party—Washington, DC
 December 12 Empire City MC—24th Annual Charity Christmas
 Party—New York
 December 19 Lost Angels and Spartan MC
 Party Hearty—Washington, DC
 December 25 Traditional Holiday
 Dec. 31-Jan. 1 Philadelphians—Tri-Cen-V—Philadelphia, PA
 January 15-17 Centaur MC—Leather Weekend '88 and Mr. Mid-
 Atlantic Leatherman Contest—Washington, DC

EUROPEAN LEATHER CALENDAR

June 27 MSC-Finland—Bondage Party
 July 1 MSC-Finland—Bike Run
 July 3-5 MSC-Pennine Chain—13th Birthday Party
 July 10-12 MS-Panther—Int. Cologne Leather Meeting
 July 10-12 MSC-Suisse Romande—Mountain Rally
 July 24-26 Leathermen Dusseldorf—Fun Fair Party
 July 31 SLM-Stockholm—Hot Summer Night Disco
 August 5 MSC-Finland—Bike Run
 August 7-9 MSC-Hamburg—Europe's Leatherparty
 August 8 MSC-Finland—Construction Night
 August 14 SLM-Stockholm—Open House Night
 August 14-16 MSC-Barcelona—Leather Connection '87
 August 15 SLM-Stockholm—Gay Liberation Party
 August 22 MSC-Finland—Bike Run to Sipoo—Harvest Party
 August 28-30 Black Angels Koln—Grill party on the Rhine
 September 2 MSC-Finland—Bike Run
 September 12 SLM-Stockholm—Rubber Party
 September 19 MSC-Finland—Black Leather Night
 September 25-28 MSC-Munchen—Octoberfesttreffen
 September 30 MSC-Finland—Last Bike Run of the Year
 October 2-4 MSC-Hallamshire—Golden Frame Weekend
 October 3 MSC-Finland—Rubber Night
 October 9-11 MS-Rotterdam—ECMC—AGM
 October 17-18 MSC-London—Birthday Party
 Oct. 30-Nov. 1 The Rurals MC—Roermond—Fox Hunt
 October 31 MSC-Finland—Bondage Night
 November 8 SLM-Stockholm—Rubber Party
 November 21 MSC-Finland—Slave Market
 November 28 SLM-Stockholm—General Assembly
 November 29 SLM-Stockholm—Western Party
 December 5 MSC-Finland—Uniform Night
 December 11-13 NLC-Franken—Christkindles—Markt Treffen
 December 12 SLM-Stockholm—Sankta Lucia
 December 19 SLM-Stockholm—Christmas Party
 December 19 MSC-Finland—Christmas Party
 December 31 MSC-Finland—New Year's Party
 January 2 SLM-Stockholm—Happy New Leather Year
 party—Gasgrand, Sweden
 January 30 SLM-Stockholm—Annual Meeting and Party

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ON YOUR BACK

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L.C., New York

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MALECALL (continued from pg. 5)

so that all that remains is the scene's primal sexual element. We respond then not to the empirical idea of, say, the policeman or the biker, but to a miasma of sexual pleasures and tensions we project onto the idealized figure of the biker or the cop. We depoliticize our sexual gods. It's not facile to say that we want our lovers to be our cops and Dads, but we don't want our cops and Dads to be our lovers.

But it's not possible to separate an erotic attraction to Nazi uniforms and memorabilia from an attraction to the politics of fascism. Why Nazi boots, Nazi leather, Nazi uniforms, Nazi medals instead of just boots, leather, uniforms, medals? Why the boots of the Nazi and not the boots of the Samurai, the Sandinista, the French Resistance fighter? The excitement in Nazi images is not fetishistic; it is entirely political. (It's the difference between "Lick my boots, you dirty slave" and "Lick my boots, you dirty Jew." The substitution of "Jew" for "slave" brings the scene out of fantasy—"reality" is back to being reality.)

Perhaps not all the people who are turned on by Nazi paraphernalia are signaling their approval of what the Nazis did (if indeed they have even the sketchiest idea of what that might be), but they are, to some extent, buying the idea that the Nazis, particularly the SS, were the ideal incarnation of a political system's overt assertion of the righteousness of violence, the right to have total power over others and to treat them as absolutely inferior. If we accept that the basic tenet of S/M is mutual consent, we find that we can either "do S/M" or "play Nazi." The sexual excitement some people get acting as Nazis derives from the absence of mutual consent. Eroticizing fascism is the antithesis of S/M and has no place in an S/M magazine. The day I see the swastika in this magazine is the day my name comes off the masthead. A magazine that won't permit me to write against fascism is not a magazine I want to write for anyway.

We are still too close to the Nazi past to allow fascism to be mythologized. I can't make storm troopers hot; their terror is still too real. The Nazi madness cannot be exorcised by rhetorically responding to it. The ancient Romans may have been "imperialistic, racist and genocidal" and the priests of the Inquisition weren't a load of laughs, but, as far as I know, the Romans and the priests didn't murder members of my family. In Poland. At Treblinka and Auschwitz. Pat Califia's right to get turned on by objects ends when these objects are covered in the blood of over six million Jews, homosexuals, gypsies, political dissidents and handicapped persons.

Califia claims not to be advocating anti-Semitism when she defends Nazi symbols. But anti-Semitism was itself a symbol of the Third Reich. Personal ads from neo-Nazis in gay sex mags are full of

references to "Nazi Master sks Jew slave." (What would we think of an ad that read "Klansman sks nigger"? Would Califia justify that if she could claim it as "a fetish for KKK uniforms and memorabilia"? Or would the political grotesqueness overwhelm the "eroticism"? I'll defend Califia's First Amendment right to announce she's a Nazi-lover, but she's being disingenuous to say that "playing Nazi" is just another sexual fantasy. The iconography of the Third Reich should inspire us only with hate and fear; to incorporate these symbols (whether SS regalia or anti-Semitism) in gay and lesbian sexual rituals gives power to those who would destroy us.

Would Califia allow fantasizing (and publishing the fantasies) of concentration camps for gays in Reagan's America because they'd sexually arouse armies of fundamentalist Christians? Would she view right-wing fag-bashing fantasies as "morally acceptable and healthy behavior"? S/M has never meant that we check our humanity at the torture chamber door, and it doesn't seem politically extreme of me to say that we should bring to our S/M scenes a basic standard of decency and refrain from getting sexual kicks from Nazis, architects of the supreme tragedy of history.

Needless to say, I have never supported "closing bathhouses, obscenity laws, age of consent laws, celibacy as a response to AIDS." Postulating that my being against fascism means I'm for repressive Republican measures is rather silly of Califia and contraindicated by reams of material I've written. For the love of my sacred tit clamps, straight razors and dirty jocks, all I said was that I didn't like Nazis! Gimme a fuckin' break, will ya, Pat?

As for my being "obsessed with assimilation and respectability"—oh, how my mother wishes that were so!

T.R. Witomski
Toms River, NJ

Ed: First let me state that the comments made by both Pat Califia and T.R. Witomski do not necessarily reflect the beliefs or policies of Desmodus, Inc., its management, editorial staff or employees. However, personally, I must comment on statements made by Mr. Witomski.

To say that opting for a Nazi image is "not fetishistic; it is entirely political" is nonsense—that's like saying playing priest makes one a Catholic. Possibly you really cannot conceive of a tall, Nordic, blond man in the tailored SS uniform as hot but many, at the time and now, would disagree with you. Your own dislike for Nazi regalia stems from personal experience—"as far as I know, the Romans and the priests didn't murder members of my family." Well, T.R., they did mine. My family line, which dates back to the eighth century, were Pagans (some of us still are) and the Romans, priests and even Christians did a lot—easily as much as the

Nazis did to my brothers during WWII. I do not find it offensive that someone wishes to "play" gladiator, Nazi or priest (although all these make me cringe inside). And it obviously would surprise you that a number of black men do play "nigger." People find the strangest things erotic . . . like throwing food at a bound slave. That is the very nature of fetishism. You made the statement that "The iconography of the Third Reich should inspire us only with hate and fear," and you are right—but you seemed also to miss an important point . . . some enjoy being terrified and genuinely "hate" the oppressive Top during a scene but may be a devoted friend and/or lover otherwise. Should a fascist or neo-Nazi organization attempt take over of this country, I will be right alongside of you and my brothers, in the streets and underground, giving my life to destroy such vile atrocities . . . but if two people participate in such a fantasy scene safely and by mutual consent, that is their own erotic trip and none of my or anyone else's business.

—JET

Ed.: AMEN!

—AFD

SAFE SEX AND FISTING

An article dealing with safe sex and fisting by John F. Karr in a recent *Drummer* was sent to us for comment, and I regret that we must disagree with some of the inferences in the article. It implies that fisting is part of safe sex if performed with surgical gloves, since that protects the "top" from possibly infectious agents in the rectum, True, as far as it goes. Unfortunately, the trauma which is almost invariable with fisting, although frequently microscopic, can lead to exposure of the bloodstream of the "bottom" to contents of his own rectum, and this exposure is almost certain to lower his immune competence, leaving him more open to opportunistic infections and AIDS. In this case it is not protection from HIV that we are seeking, but preservation of general fitness to ward off disease.

We do not believe "fingering," as in prostatic massage, carries significant risk to either partner, however, when performed with disposable gloves and proper lubrication. The technique of prostatic stimulation is not difficult to learn, using one or two fingers to caress the top (rounded) portion of the prostate while observing your partner's reaction for the optimal touch. It is best to avoid rough treatment even here, but a little prostatic massage probably never hurt anybody, and can be quite a turn-on.

W.L. Warner, MD, President
Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights

SEXUALLY POLITICAL

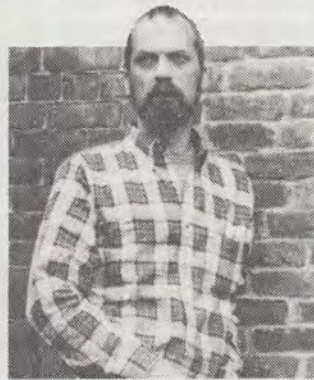
Drummer continues to improve with each issue. I like your understanding that sex is also political. If we are to be free, it must be on every level of our lives. Scott

Tucker understands this; he's a great addition to *Drummer*.

John Preston's letter in *Drummer* 104 impressed me a great deal. His ability to express feelings is one reason I enjoy his writing so much. He has called himself a writer of porn, but his work transcends the limited image that word creates in most minds. You would do many of us a favor if you'd run a picture of him. It would be great to be able to put a face on the man of many fantasies.

Keep including women's S/M-leather information. We need to support one another in the struggle against the anal retentive judgments from within the gay and lesbian community. Besides, I think it's hot!

R.H.
No Address



Ever-popular author John Preston in a casual moment.

Ed.: Thanks for your votes of approval. An excerpt from John Preston's new novel "Love of a Master" is in this issue. Thanks also for your comments on leather-S/M women. There are lots of leather men I enjoy as friends and associates, even though I don't want to do anything sexual with them. I enjoy their company and we learn from each other. The same is true of the of leather-S/M women. With so many of them there is so much to share on the leather-S/M level that the fact that I am a gay man and that they are gay women is irrelevant!

There is considerable disagreement on the appropriateness of leather-S/M women in *Drummer* even among our staff. I'd appreciate opinions from other readers.

—AFD

MORE MOVIE MAYHEM

I was overjoyed to see that photo from *The Minotaur* in your "Starwhips" section of *DungeonMaster* 32. I still treasure the "Movie Mayhem" articles written by Allen Eagles which graced *Drummer* many moons ago, and I'm sad that the promise to compile all of those articles, and the accompanying photos, into a book was never fulfilled. What I would like to know is if films such as *The Minotaur* and *Fabiola*, another Italian flick with decided S/M overtones, are now available on videotape and, if so, how they can be obtained.

F.R.
Philadelphia, PA

Ed.: We will soon be beginning *Movie Mayhem II* in *Drummer*—and will include information on availability of old films on video as a part of each article.

—AFD

SHARING AND CARING

As publisher of several leather-related periodicals, your national efforts for our community are unmatched and your contributions are reflected in the place of esteem you occupy in our international leather society. With your demonstrations the past weekend at the National Leather Association's MAY DAY you provided many members of our women's community with an incomparable example of men's erotica, and in fact erotic art. In addition you showed by example the willingness of the men's community to share technical experience toward the strengthening of the entire leather community. Of course, your support of NLA and its goals and activities is well recognized and gratefully appreciated. We, as an association, are proud of your membership.

We hope you received the pleasure and the emotional regards of knowing your efforts helped provide nearly 100 individuals a renewed sense of belonging, contributing and personal importance in our community. Each one will carry this attitude of incredible enthusiasm for a long time, and the memories will live forever.

George Nelson
Secretary, NLA

X-RATED PHOTOS

I am an avid photograph buff and love to look at and take photos of all types of man-to-man action. My problem is that I have no place to get photos with an X rating developed, copied or printed. At one time a firm in California advertised in *Drummer*. I used their services for a few years, but during a move I lost the address. Have since not seen their ad. I suppose that means that they are out of business, but I am interested in getting a lead on a source for this service. I thought you might be able to help.

Name and
Address Withheld

Ed.: Spectra, a New York state company is still in business and doing sexually explicit photos. However, they will no longer do anything with bondage in it, so I no longer use them. Perhaps our readers have sources for "uncensored" film processing that they would share—if so send them in.

—AFD

Ed: Recent court cases have interpreted federal law to require photo processors to turn any obscene material in to law enforcement officials. Any material which features minors (or models who appear to be minors) will definitely be handed over

to police. Some companies which advertise "uncensored photo developing by mail" don't view S/M material as a problem; others do. Inquire before sending your negatives in. Include signed statements that all models are over 18 (21 to be safe), and that the activity shown is posed, consensual, and did not inflict bodily harm upon any of the participants. Or you could do as our household has done and invest in a good Polaroid.

—JET

RELAXACISORS

You state you would appreciate info on why government intervention stopped the sale of Relaxacisors. There were two basic reasons and studies were done that allegedly supported the evidence.

1) It was shown that they were potentially carcinogenic. That is, supposedly everyone has a few cancer cells in their body at any given time. Normally, in healthy and lucky people, they are destroyed before they multiply. It was shown that Relaxacisors could stimulate these dormant cells to "life" and could accelerate the spread of cancer in a case where it existed already either diagnosed or not!

2) Relaxacisors in some users (too many by government standards) caused a screw up in the normal electrical impulses supplied by the brain to the heart rhythm. It caused in some users wild uncontrollable heart palpitations that sometimes continued long after using it. Obviously this was potentially fatal to many persons, especially the obese and flabby that it was marketed to.

Well, now you know and can decide for yourself. My concern is if a machine can and does stimulate dormant cancer cells into vigorous vitality, what can it do to "dormant" but positive tested viruses?

D.E.

New York, NY

Ed.: D.E. signed this with his initials and did not give an address so I have no way of contacting him to ask a very important question: What is the source of his information?

As for Part 1—I have never heard of electrical charges being considered carcinogenic. In my days as a biology graduate student, college professor of anatomy, associate of many MD's (including having one for 10+ years as a lover), or in considerable research on electrotorture, I have never before heard this allegation. I would like to know its source.

As for Part 2—This is definitely the case. I do not know of actual deaths caused by Relaxacisors, but the use of these devices in the armpits and on the chest, is definitely a no-no! Keep your Relaxacisors below the waist! —AFD

BLUE ANGEL BLUES

Concerning John Karr's commentary on *Blue Angel* (Media, *Drummer* 104), I

asked John W. Rowberry, who wrote the screenplay, what he thought of it. He advised me not to grace the remarks with a reply. He's a civilized man, and his reserve is admirable. I don't, however, claim to be a civilized man; I'm simply too much of an animal not to strike back.

I realize that *Blue Angel* is a complex, experimental, even controversial video, but for John to summarily dismiss a lengthy, well-planned, carefully edited project in one paragraph cut me to the bloody quick. I know precisely how David Lean must have felt when Pauline Kael and others shredded his work because they did not like one of his films. He felt unable to make another film for 16 years. Well, I certainly hope I don't have to wait that long to make my next video, but with reviewers like Karr around, I'll have to become more of a crustacean.

Karr did acknowledge that Brad Mason "... looking spectacular has one good scene with a blond youth." By chance did you notice it was done with condoms? We're in the midst of a catastrophic health crisis. Karr could have said something about the fact that we managed to pull off a safe sex scene? And as for Brad being "misused," just what the hell does he mean by that remark? He's on screen; he gets a hard-on and fucks, and being a rather sexy man, he fucks rather well. Even Karr admits that. And I'm sorry that Karr was unable to appreciate the use of Nazis in the video. For his information, it's called satirical allegory. It so happens that we live—in the real world—in a country where neofascism is thriving and on the rise. Have you read your daily newspaper lately? Some of us are alarmed by this trend; we simply felt compelled to express this fear, but perhaps we shouldn't have tried to do it in a sex video. (Ed: I don't mind depicting Nazis—but I couldn't figure out what message they were supposed to be conveying either. —AFD)

Or perhaps we should. During the world premiere of *Blue Angel* in New York at the Show Palace, I met Donald Spoto, the definitive biographer of Alfred Hitchcock and Marlene Dietrich, film critic, and film historian. He called *Blue Angel* "the most sophisticated porn movie I've ever seen." Karr's counterparts in other magazines seemed to like it, too, including Bill Baumer in *Mandate*, Aaron Travis in *Studflix*, Stan Leventhal in *Just Men*, and others. To date, Karr is the first who's chosen to trash it.

His opinion is his privilege if arrived at conscientiously, no more or less important than anyone else's. If this is the case, allow me to be the first to congratulate him on his independent thinking.

The correct address of our national distributor is Trojan Distributing, 407 (not 417) Mulberry St., Newark, NJ 07102.

Mackenzie Poe, Producer
Blue Angel

BOOKS

AN 88-DAY VACATION WITH THE U.S. MARINES

Boot, by Daniel da Cruz
St. Martin's Press, 1987

American society has never evolved a "coming of age" ceremony for its young males. Most guys never seem to figure out whether they are boys or men. For many, though, Marine Corps boot camp has been a tried-and-true rite of passage into manhood. A few good men, several thousand a year, surrender their minds and bodies to the gentle hands of drill instructors who will break and train them to be confident, disciplined Marines. For most it will be the first time in their lives that they have "belonged."

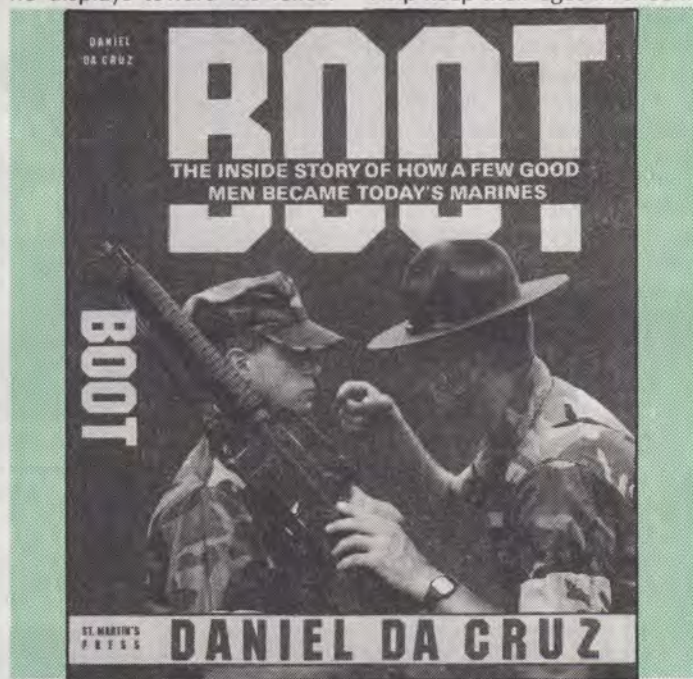
Before the spread of Christianity, many cultures possessed spiritual brotherhoods for their young warriors. Young men were taught to support, defend and respect the members of their group. Man-to-man sexuality was often encouraged as a means to increase group bonding as well as a form of birth control to prevent the tribe or nation from outgrowing its food supply.

In these post-Christian times, Daniel da Cruz's *Boot* is a wonderfully readable description of the attempts by a few good military trainers to maintain these ancient traditions. Marines are taught to be loyal, first to their fellow Marines and the corps, and only vaguely to the United States and its soft, undisciplined civilians. With da Cruz as your guide, you learn firsthand how this is done. *Boot* reads like a finely crafted travel book where you feel that you are physically on Parris Island with Platoon 1036 sweating and straining your way into becoming a member of a fighting elite.

The photographs that begin each chapter give the reader glimpses of a world that must be experienced to be understood. Parris Island is itself a very public place, with over one thousand visitors each day, but behind the running, chanting, rifle practice and lectures, an

entirely different level of experience is unfolding. Within the heart and mind of each recruit a secret ceremony has begun. He is becoming a full member of a true brotherhood where entry can only be earned, never bought. He will be judged as much for the loyalty and ethics he displays toward his fellow

the traditions that define an elite group and do their best to fight off the high-ranking bureaucrats who constantly threaten to destroy that special sense. How many S/M and fetish clubs have been destroyed by their officers because there were no trainers to help keep their egos in check?



Marines as for his actual martial skills. To be a Marine is to be motivated, confident, group-oriented and to possess that most vital and elusive of military traits—esprit.

Inescapable comparisons arise between the efforts of a "boot" to become a Marine and the experiences of the old leather community where men "earned" their leather through hard work and experience. Some things can't be achieved through shortcuts. A visit to the few surviving leather bars will bear this out. Steroid-bubbled muscles and fashion leathers bought off the rack do not indicate any depth of awareness or commitment. The internal collapse of the leather community came as a result of a major cultural mistake; it never evolved a view of tomorrow and so it never developed a cadre of DIs. Drill instructors are the heart and soul of the Marine Corps. They maintain

A second comparison can be made with Herb Moore's *Rows of Corn*. Moore's autobiographical account of his experiences as a recruit on Parris Island in 1963 shows the enormous changes that have shaken the Marine Corps during the last quarter century. Moore was torn apart and rebuilt as a fighting Marine (those were more simplistic times). Back then DIs had the power to kick ass when necessary to create tough, dependable warriors. The world of the corps da Cruz so clearly describes is far more hamstrung by senseless regulations and worries over a recruit's civil rights. In both books, the undercurrent of male/male sexual bonding is never far away. Marines "need" each other to survive.

It is unfortunate that homosexuality is still a taboo subject in books about the Marine Corps. In *Boot* da Cruz only mentions in passing that homo-

sexuality is one reason for discharge. It is a healthy guess that the number of male Marines who are sexually attracted to their own sex is over twice the national average. Men who live, sweat, suffer and share danger with other men frequently develop a powerful animal need for mansex. Lack of privacy in the corps and a curiously consistent interest in men who are very different from themselves causes most homosexual Marines to seek out older, more experienced civilians for sex. Most are looking for a firm hand to take them where their DIs dare not tread.

The differences in training at Parris Island and at the San Diego Marine Recruit Depot reflect the cultural differences in the two coasts of the United States. California is more hip, laid-back and friendly. Marines trained at the San Diego facility are sexually more easygoing but harder to pick up. The harsh climate and terrain of South Carolina's Parris Island produce Marines who are more guarded and defensive, but they are equally more eager to be sexually approached and have a reputation for greater intensity in bed.

Rows of Corn is an interesting book written about more naive and innocent (ignorant) times. *Boot* is a fast-paced, blow-by-blow description of the training a recruit receives today, plus a wealth of information about what goes on behind the scenes that makes the whole process work. Both books are required reading for the serious military fetishist. *Boot* leaves the reader with the nagging question in the back of his mind, "Am I man enough to have made it through boot camp?" Many of us with flabby stomachs and undisciplined personal habits wish we had.

—Dane Leathers

Available from Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101: *Boot*, by Daniel da Cruz, \$17.95; *Rows of Corn*, by Herb Moore, \$13.95. Add \$1.50 postage and handling per book.

ART

MORE FUN WITH BIG SIG

Hunhaus announces their "F" set of cards and stories, "Fun with Big Sig," is now available for your personal and private entertainment!

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"Kid wuz shittin' 'n' pissin' all

over the place . . . bellerin louder than you'd a-thunk he could! Funny, 'spite o' the beat-in' 'n' the pain . . . maybe 'cuz of it . . . Kowalski's big dick come up all hard like a bar o' steel! Warden caught 'im on that fat pecker a lot, so's it blowin' red with blood all down the shaft! We all thunk the Warden musta circumscribed him, but he didn't. 'Couda gelded the kid with that whip if he'd a-wanted! 'Seen 'im do it to another feller, few years back."

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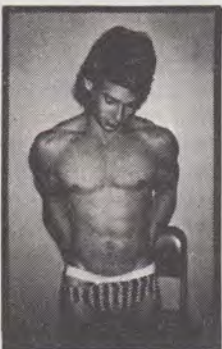
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Press Release

by
Cavelo

(KW:BC—PEASANT
REVOLT)
(ON-LINE WIRE
W11:K0560;IRBX:08)
(WB)BC—Peasant
Revolt—Attn: village
organizations
by Cavelo
Desmodus Press
06-NOV-1631

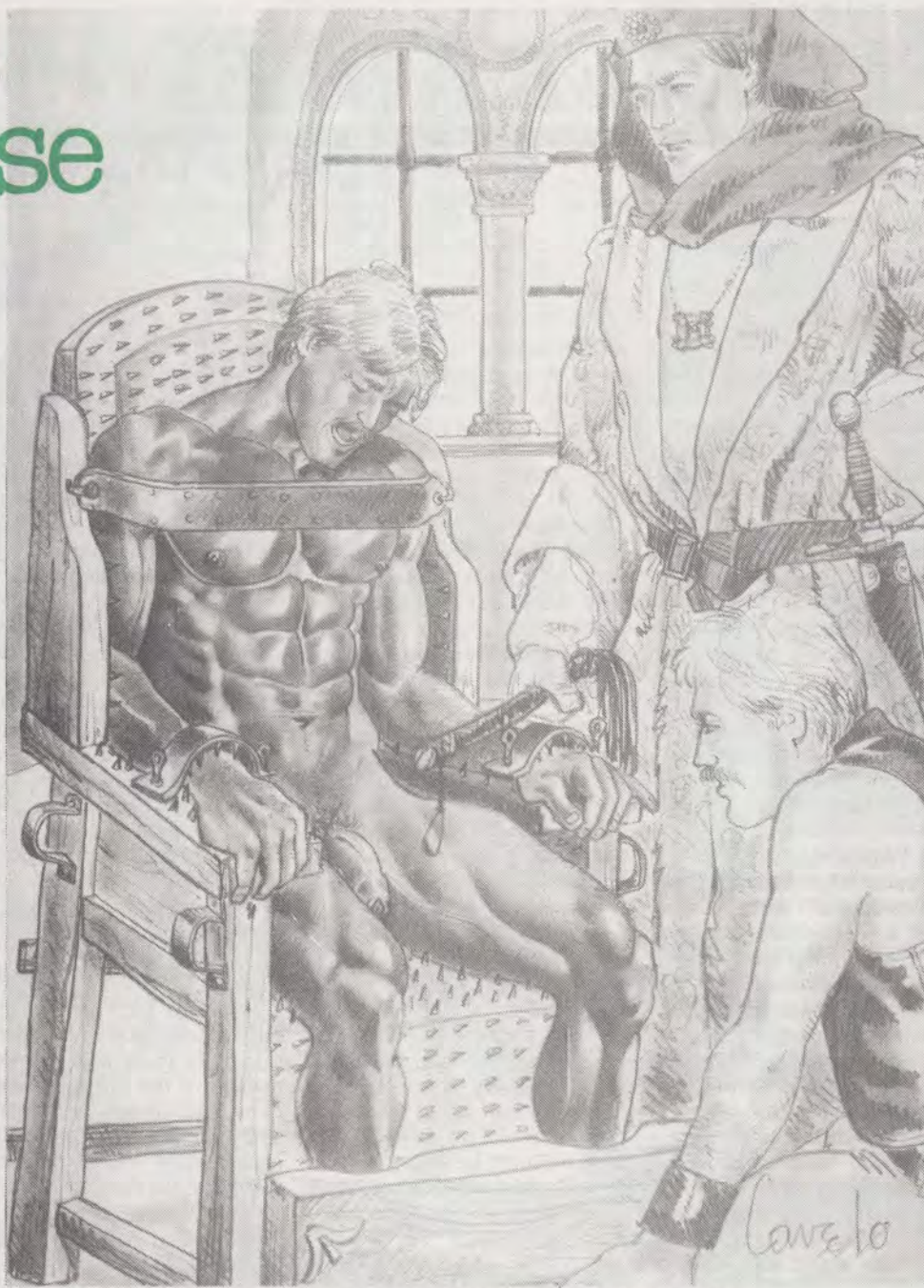
AUGSBURG, Bavaria—
The Peasants' League said
Tuesday it had received
reports that Bavarian
authorities are torturing
peasants detained under the
Duchy's state of emergency.
The prisoners are allegedly
beaten, tortured and threat-
ened with public execution,
the League said. In a state-
ment sent to village organi-
zations to allow those
detained access to relatives,
to launch an independent
inquiry into reports and
to revoke the immunity
granted to authorities from
prosecution for their con-
duct during emergency. The
state of emergency was de-
clared three weeks ago dur-
ing widespread violence in
the Bavarian countryside
due to the numerous and
apparently well-organized
peasant revolts.

The League said it had begun receiving "disturbing reports of torture of peasant detainees. . . . Prisoners refusing to divulge organization leaders or confess to taking part in the revolts are reported to have been beaten and tortured in a variety of ways. Others have been threatened with public execution by slow painful means, including being broken with a wheel and impalement."

The allegations were "consistent with methods used previously by the Bavarian authorities," the League said. The League described the so-called "Interrogation Chair" torture, which it said had been "frequently used by (Bavarian) authorities in the past. During interrogation, the victim is stripped completely naked and secured to the wooden contraption which is entirely covered with sharp iron spikes. (An illustration of the "Chair" has been provided to the village organizations). The victim suffers atrociously from the first instant of the questioning, a procedure that can be heightened by rocking him or hitting his limbs. Additionally, the seat is made of iron and can be heated by a brazier or torch.

The League said it has asked the Bavarian authorities to ensure the detainees' location is made clearly known, that those detained for nonviolent criticism of the landlords and barons be released, and that others be either freed or given "a prompt and fair trial." It said it had previously published evidence that "peasants have been subjected to other various forms of torture and beatings" and that some detainees had died, apparently from the severity of the tortures.

The League cited regulations in the state of emergency that detainees should be held incommunicado and could be punished by up to 30 days' solitary confinement or whipping for any of 20 restrictions placed on them, including "false, frivolous or malicious" complaints about treatment in prison. /C
DP-PX-06-11-1631 1528EDT/L



LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry,

On a trip to London last year, I found several old German insignia in a flea market. My favorite is one of an eagle with its wings pointed obliquely upward, as if he is about to land. He is holding a swastika in his talons. I was loudly denounced for wearing this on my leather jacket when I went to a club meeting several weeks ago. I have two questions. First, do you know what the badge would be—I mean, from which agency or branch of service? Secondly, do you think it's wrong for me to wear it? I'm certainly not a Nazi, but I think they were hot men sexually.

Name Withheld, Dayton, OH

Dear Withheld,

Because of the aura of cruelty associated with Nazism, there is a decided mystique about their uniforms and insignia, particularly in SM circles. However, we still live in an age when the memories of Nazi atrocities remain vivid in the minds of people who lived through the time of their ascendancy. For this reason, I feel it is in bad taste to wear the swastika or any other obviously Nazi insignia in public. (After all, they murdered a lot of homosexuals along with millions of Jews, Slavs, Gypsies, and just plain Volk who didn't agree with them.) In a private scene, if it turns on everybody concerned, it becomes a matter of your own choice. As to the source of your souvenir, it is probably a Luftwaffe cap insignia.

Dear Larry,

When I was younger and doing all the things no one dares do any more, one of my favorite sexual exercises was to get with another well-endowed guy, and we would mutually fuck each other both at the same time. It was tricky to do, and a bit awkward, but an awful lot of fun. Now, my major enjoyment has

to come from videos, but I've never seen one that shows this kind of action. Can you tell me if there is such a tape? If so, where can I get it?

Pete, Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Dear Pete,

Just when I think I've heard them all . . . No, I must confess that this is not only a type of action I have never seen, it is one I find difficult even to conceive. (But it does sound like fun.)

Dear Larry,

I am very concerned about the "health" program embarked upon by one of my best friends. He is so terrified that he will come down with AIDS that he is not only dosing himself with handfuls of vitamins, but has gone down to Mexico and bought a supply of AZT. He is taking this along with everything else. He's had the AIDS antibody test twice and has been negative both times. I don't think he's had sex in five years, he's so afraid of infection. I'm sure he must be doing himself far more harm than good, but I can't convince him. Would you comment please?

Worried Friend
Los Angeles CA

Dear Worried,

The use of vitamin tablets/capsules as food supplements has always been a basis for argument among medical authorities. Some swear by them; others claim they are a waste of time. My own unprofessional opinion is that a well-balanced regimen of vitamins can be beneficial. However, too much of certain vitamins can be toxic. You should work with a professional to establish dosages, etc., which are right for you. (Sometimes the person in the health food store will be as knowledgeable as anyone you can find.) So much for vitamins. As to AZT,

your friend is doing about the worst thing he possibly could. This is a material which I would classify as a "drug of depression." For a person who has been diagnosed with AIDS—which is a fatal disease—AZT offers the hope of his survival until something better comes into the market. But it also has severe toxic side effects, the most serious of which (as of present knowledge) is a debilitating anemia. In fact, the last report I read indicated that 25% of people taking it develop these symptoms early on, and have to be taken off the drug. Others don't begin to show signs of anemia for a year or more, but most will eventually do so. Your friend, in his paranoia, is seriously endangering his health.

Dear Larry,

I am gay (and into leather), but I'm also politically conservative on most issues. I don't believe in the old Democratic Party idea of "tax and spend," and I don't believe in "welfare rights" or a lot of the other bullshit ideas that are espoused by organizations like the ACLU. On the other hand, groups like this are the only ones that seem to support our rights as gay citizens. I seem to detect a slightly conservative philosophy in a lot of your writing, so I wonder how you feel about this.

M.H., Atlanta, GA

Dear M.H.,

You have to give a little to get a little. The American Civil Liberties Union supports several causes that I don't necessarily agree with, and a lot more that I don't care one way or the other about. However, they do support our causes, and for that reason I donate to them regularly. I also give to People for the American Way (Norman Lear's group, which is fighting

the Fallwell ilk). If, by so doing, I am also helping some poor slob get a few bucks out of the county treasury, so be it. God knows, the politicians are taking enough away from me every year to feed their multitudes of pork barrels that I am happy to see a little of what I earn going to support projects that I want to support. And when you mention the Democrats' "tax and spend" philosophy, I'm not too sure that Reagan's "spend without taxing" makes any more sense, not when the national debt is going into the trillions.

Dear Larry,

As a "late bloomer" in your garden of SMers, I only recently read your *Leatherman's Handbooks* (both volumes). Realizing that HB II was written five or six years ago, I can't help but wonder what has happened to your little character Penishead. Is he still alive, or has he succumbed to his vices and been carried off like Don Giovanni?

A Fan, Philadelphia PA

Dear Fan,

I have to confess that Penishead was actually a composite of two different people. Both are still alive. The one who was 75% of the Penishead character is on the verge of being put away for dealing drugs, and has never altered his behavior. How he has remained healthy is a mystery to me, and to everyone else except him. (And he's too stupid to slow down long enough to think about it.) It's too bad there is no way for medical science to study this type of individual, because bodies such as his must contain the answer to immunolongevity.

(If you would like Larry Townsend to address a particular problem or issue, write him via *Leather Notebook*, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.)

DRUM



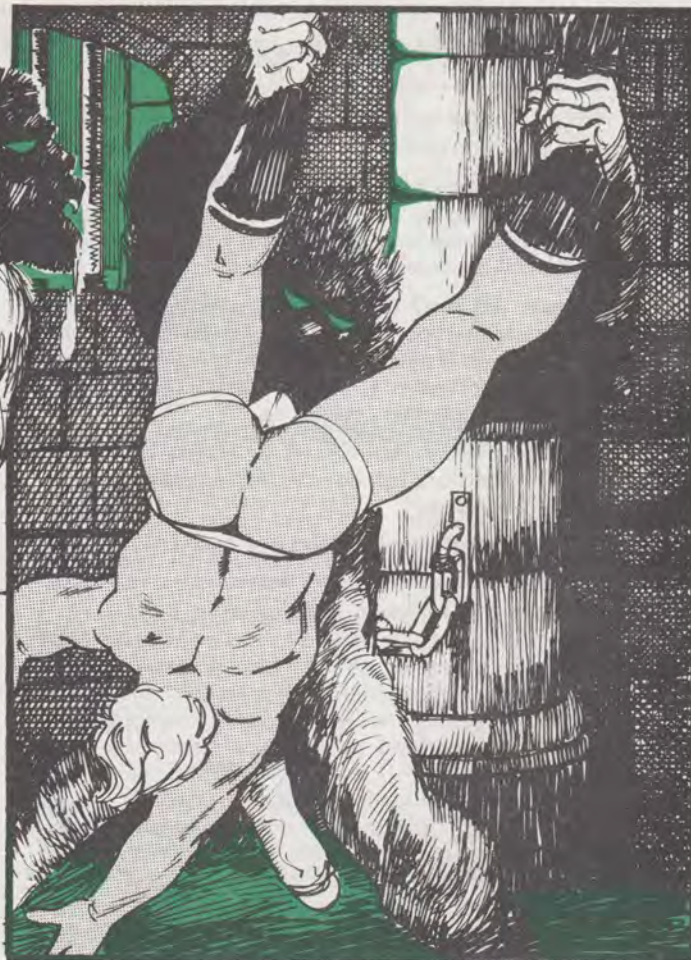
THAT WAS A GOOD EVENING AT THE CLUB... SOME OF THOSE GUYS CAN REALLY TAKE IT...



SOMEONE CALL ME? PERHAPS THIS GUY WAS AT THE INITIATION TONIGHT.







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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. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 days for your ad to appear.

Discount? When paying for more than one insertion, you may

deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). 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 as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads only.

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

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. 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, of course, you 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 DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

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San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

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DEAR SIR:



NATIONWIDE

GREEDY TITPIGS WANTED

W/M, masculine daddy, 54, 5'10", 180 with big, hairy tits/nipples will nurse titpig sons 18+. Southwest. Your photo gets mine. Box 5832

UNIFORMED MEN WANTED

Dutch leather uniform man, 36, 180, 70, is looking for uniformed men (cops, militaries, mariners) aged 28-45. I am a little M, like discipline. Special interests in rubber rain-coats and leather coats. I'll go for holidays to USA in autumn or next year. No anal or FF. Box 5834 [international postage required]

CASTRATION

Handsomeness, well-built, young, 26. I want to be castrated. Seeking correspondence with others who want to be castrated, other eunuchs, ballcutters, fantasies, literature, photos. Call (901) 725-4973. Box 5837

FOOT LOVER

Good-looking GBM, solid build, moustache, wants to give your feet some TLC. Travel extensively—wants to hear from guys throughout U.S. Big feet a plus. Phone, photo if possible. Box 5842

ASSLICHER

40 y.o. WM, 5'9", 155, smooth firm body. Seeking arrogant, masculine, raunchy male who wants his body worshiped. Let me suck your ass or lick your feet. You know who you are. Write to your obedient slave in southern Florida. Box 5845

COCK RAPE

Jackoff letters, and pictures, wanted on the macho art of sucking bloated cock. Box 5847

DIAPER SLAVE/DADDY'S BOY

needs Master/daddy to put me into diapers/rubber pants. Force me to shit, piss my diapers. Restraints, spanking, enemas. Your little boy is GWM, 29, 5'10", 150 lbs. Can travel. Box 5848

WANTED: GENUINE MASOCHIST

Do you really enjoy hurting? Are you handsome, athletic, muscular, masculine? Then I'm your man—come live with me. I'll torture you to both our hearts' content, with special attention to your feet. No mutilation, but expect plenty of excruciating pain, occasional broken toes, sprained ankles. Not a slave position, just a committed partnership. Apply with photo, phone, fantasies, previous experience. Looks count. Box 5849

LONG HAIR IS SEXY

NE soldier, 32, 5'10", good-looking Irishman seeks hot men with long, flowing hair (facial and body hair is a plus). Come, put your mouth to a nice, ripe cock while I unloosen your locks. Am also into Greek active with the right partner. Please send photo. Box 5748LF

FEED ME

slave needs to totally worship muscular hairy man. my mouth is your toilet to piss and shit in. Limited experience needs expanding. Please write did, 2319 Hidalgo Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90039.

NAKED SEXSLAVE/HOUSEMAN

25-45, masculine, healthy, wanted for Master and partner, stable, dynamic, sex-crazed, versatile, grey-haired/bearded motorcycle men, both 54. Duties: Master's bike buddy, cocksucking, assplay, WS, TT, C&BT, wax, whip/paddle, BD, cooking, housework. Good service, loyalty, more. Master Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

WM SUBMISSIVE SEEKS DOMINANT

6', 170 lbs., 36 y.o., 7" cut, completely shaved (head-to-foot) submissive seeks affectionate but demanding top. Me: Masculine, aggressive in career/life, but submissive sexually (enjoy G/P/F/A, giving body worship; like S/M, TT, CBT, VA, WS). Healthy lifestyle. You: Dominant, affectionate, firm body, successful. Unimportant: Age, height, cocksize, race, weight. Write Rich Conley, Box 242, NY, NY 10002 or call (212) 228-2169 7-9 AM or 11:30 PM-12:30 AM EST. (LF5753)

HEY SLAVEBOY

Ready to offer commitment, devotion to Leatherman? Possess passion for varied, intense sexual gratification including kink no less stronger than desire for intimacy, affection; have good physical presence, proper attitude? Master considers all serious candidates submitting detailed letter, phone number, returnable photo for interview. Assisted relocation if chosen. Box 5754LF

NYC HOME FOR RAUNCH BOY

Will provide good home and spending allowance to son dedicated to meeting my needs. You should be somewhat raunch and shit oriented, and must provide dirty toilet sex for me on regular basis. Also keep your ass and body dirty and smelly. Wanting permanent, loving and affectionate relationship. I'm 41 with a dominant personality. You should like being emotionally dependent and submissive to my will in our everyday lives. Besides much quiet time at home, travel and good times will be part of relationship. Have been health conscious and have not been exposed to virus; expect same. Send photo and detailed letter about self. Box 5710

FIRECRACKERS... PLUS

Make my July 4th too hot. Pyroerotic leather man/boy, 27, likes stuff that burns, goes bang, blows up. Obsessions: cigar smoking, police/bombsquad, bikers, mercs, demolitionists, gung-ho Viet vets, guns, branding, fuse, fireworks engineers/manufacturers, gore. (718) 789-6147. Write DA/AWS, PO Box 20147, London Terrace Sta., NYC 10011 (LF5652)

PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME, SIR!

WM, 34, 5'10", 162, strawberry blond, hot & horny, needs verbal abuse, raunch, humiliation, discipline. Use me, Sir, to fulfill your fantasy, make me beg for more! Safe sex. Phone & photo gets mine, Sir. Will travel. Jay Stevens, PO Box 62128, Virginia Beach, VA 23464. (LF5868)

CASTRATION

Rough and terrible: historic, factual or fictional. Exchange correspondence. Box 5798

TOTAL SADIST

seeks abuse-hungry WM masochist for heavy S/M pain trips. TT, paddled, canes, CBT, cigarettes. Begin slow, work up to heavy action. Masochist must have high or nonexistent pain limits. Good build required. Sadist is 43, 170, 6', blond, HOT! No fluid exchange or permanent damage/marks. Western U.S. Box 5278LF

YOU CAN SERVE 2 MASTERS

Submit your subservient will, brain and smooth, trim body to Daddy (52, 5'10", 170) and Brother (37, 6'2", 165) both G/a, F/p, for sex & servitude for once or forever. You will be owned, protected, controlled, trained, disciplined, punished, exhibited, humiliated, worked, bound, used, abused, & know that you are loved. Mental surrender is first; the rest is easy. No phoneys, dopeys, or alkies. Pot & poppers okay. Submit & expose yourself by writing Dick & Bill, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. Near Baltimore & D.C. Photo returned. All answered. (LF5395)

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

ASSISTANT DRIVER POSITION

Seeking owner-operator or OTR driver that needs an assistant driver/helper/partner. 40, 5'7", 210 lbs., rugged, responsible and willing to work long and hard. Am willing to invest with right person to purchase a tractor and we work it together as a team. Box 5667LF

BB DAD/SON—HOT ACTION

My Dad is 39, 6', 200 lb., brown hair/stache, 48" chest, 31" waist and very forceful! I'm 28, 6'2", 228 lbs., black hair/beard, dark eyes, 49" chest, 32" waist, big hairy pecs, sensitive tits. Will be traveling together & separately in U.S. during Mar.-May '87. Looking for hot/safe action with similar couples or singles. Photo/slide answered first. Age/looks not as important as scene, but bodybuilders & couples into groups scenes considered first. I love to service 2 masters/dads and my Dad would like to find my "lost" brother to help me give him the attention he deserves. Write soon! Box 5154

BEARDED DADDY/MASTER

43, 6', 185 lbs., aggressive, insatiable (almost), foul-mouthed and affectionate seeks an obedient nonsmoker slave-son/lover for a monogamous relationship. If you think you can handle my verbal abuse, physical abuse (mostly spanking, but some TT & C&BT), light bondage, have few if any sexual hangups and are serious, then write and tell me why I should choose you. Although attitude is more important than age or appearance (short is a plus). Send me a recent photo anyway, cocksucker, with your application. Write, Sir, PO Box 1095, Richmond, VA 23208. (LF5501)

FIT TO BE ABUSED

slave seeks no-nonsense cop, master who knows what they want. Should be into cigars, motorcycles and abusing a slave in any way. Master is over 6', 150 lbs. up. Will answer all, photo will get mine. Will relocate. Box 5653LF

WHITE ASS TOY

34, 5'8", 155 lbs., available for one or more BLACK MEN. Hole has recently moved up to stretching. Craves long sessions with fun substances. Has some toys, small to huge. Fists possible with proper training. Ass available nationwide especially SF and NYC. Letters with pictures get first reply. Box 5649LF

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 39, blue, blond, WM seeks a submissive, obedient, affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger, but attitude and desire to serve are most important. If you have an attitude of submission and a need for discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring, strict daddy. Write or call (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond, VA 23240. (LF5668)

MIND GAMES

21 y.o. needs heavy mental mind-fuck games, not excessive physical pain. Sadistically humiliate and degrade me, reducing me into subservient animal. Box 5794

HEAVILY TATTOOED

seeks sadist/top/Master. Slave needs bondage, torture, domination, genital alteration, suspension, heavy chain, steel collar, WS, CBT, shaving. Hardworking, obedient, experienced, permanent position desired, but not necessary. Can travel. Age, race, build, unimportant. Sadistic attitude necessary. 40s, 6'. Photo appreciated. Box 5797

HORNY INDENTURED SERVANT

WM, 5'9", novice, educated, adventuresome, masculine. Complete submission in exchange for being shaped up physically and character-wise. Initiate, laborer, sex slave, toy, disciple possible. Need wisdom, strength, disciplinarian who can laugh. Prefer rural. Dictate terms of indenture. Box 5772

MASTER

Handsomeness, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9 1/2", 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

FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

wanted for heavy scenes by versatile, hot, horny GWM, 31, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded. Also into leather, W/S, S&M, VA and more. Photo to Bridwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357.

WESTERN NY ONTARIO

32 y.o. slim WM, looking to make friends with a man who wants to work/play with me, mutually exploring/expanding our world of SM, BD and leather; all in a safe & sensual context. A relationship is certainly a possibility. Please write to me with your thoughts, and how I can get back to you. Box 5392LF

BOOTS AND BONDAGE

Bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and foot service for your pleasure and amusement. Will clean your heavy duty boots down to tread/cleat soles. Outdoor workouts greater with constant attention to your needs. Travel USA and overseas. 52, 6', 180 lbs. Box 4411LF

DAD SKS RESPECTFUL SON/LOVER
Good-looking GWM, 37, 5'5", grey (balding), moustache, muscular. You: Responsible, hardworking, spiritual, in-shape, into leather, boots, Levis, VA, WS, being dominated, etc. No drugs. This dad is tired of bullshit boys. If ready to respect, serve, work hard and be loved, respond with photo, letter, phone to Box 5610LF

LOOKING FOR LEATHER PUNK
Dominant Master, 38, 160, well built, looking for leather punk, 21-30, with good body and decent looks. Applicant should love leather, discipline (mental and physical), bondage, shaving, torture, public exhibition. Send letter outlining sexual and lifestyle desires with pic to Box 5598LF

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR!

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone or write to receive my hot, illustrated brochure. John Rose, 235 E. 26th St. #3B, New York, NY 10010. (212) 889-5477.

LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

You must enjoy heavy CB&TT, bondage, S/M. Training, rules, discipline, punishments, chores will be routine. Rewards are earned. I have leathers, restraints, tools, dungeon equipment. I'm tall, lean, hung, 36, stable. You're younger, trim, hung. You give me total submission, dedication. Want a happy slave-dog serving me permanently. PO Box 146162, San Francisco, CA 94114-6162.

HOUSESLAVE WANTED

Strict but affectionate Daddy, 6'2", 170 lbs., 49, wants full-time, live-in slave with hungry ass, eager mouth, hot tits, who loves to serve and obey a good Master. Slave must like verbal abuse, be slim, under 35, able to relocate immediately. No drugs, booze, cons. Serious only. Send letter with picture. Box 217, 606 W Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

RAUNCH BOY NEEDS

big, warm, shit-Daddy who likes regular toilet service, ass wiping, body smearing, naked, hungry, affectionate, humiliated, hot boy. Write with photo. Box 5877

PIGMENT AVAILABLE

Hot GWM wants to sniff your cock/balls/crack while you are wearing raunchy briefs/jock/Levis/leather. Safe sex—but will talk raunch for phone J/O. Call Dick (415) 523-6206.

HANGMAN WANTED

33-year-old GWM—recently out of closet—desires correspondence from men into leather, uniforms, western gear, same as me. Who gets off seeing a man kick and squirm at the end of a rope. I wear western gear and leather as a way of life and want to experience S/M and bondage with the goal of the scene a hanging. One on one, no slave trips, please. Box 5878

MASTER

Sincere bondage slaves, 25-40. (612) 559-1062; PO Box 22602, Mpls., MN 55422.

TIED TO TOILET

Boysish 29, 6', 160, needs heavy bondage, training from lean, sweaty man/men to 45. Discipline, piss, hood, work his tits hard, Sir, for maximum captive service to your pits, crotch asshole, boots. Photo, letter to Burke, PO Box 7311, Princeton, NJ 08543-7311.

SLAVE NEEDS "PRISON" FARM

Adonis, 6'2", 185 lbs., butch and full of hell, needs total lifetime convict/slave/animal training on isolated, operating farm or ranch. Fit for flogging, hard labor, caging, shackling, ringing, branding, shaving, etc. Legitimate offer wants same. Box 5894

PUSSYBOY

WM, 30, good-looking stud need emasculation, degradation, transformation into groveling pussycunt, PO Box 71313, New Orleans, LA 70172.

PUNCH ME!

I need a fist in my gut. Light to heavy. All variations. I'm 30; a tall, slim, attractive, versatile bottom, seeking masculine, in-shape men with facial hair and solid fist(s) for punch sessions, etc. Prefer 30+, muscular, verbal Daddy type(s). Smokers welcome. NYC, some travel. Box 5821

HERNIA

WM, 6'1", 165, 40, hot body, seeks man with large hernia for safe, fun sex. Will travel. Box 5882

GERMAN, LEATHER, UNIFORMS

Trim, 6', 42, 180, clean-shaven blond. Visit US frequently. Inspect sharp, well-built men for duty, discipline and obedience. Am stable, healthy (HIV negative), expect same. Answer with photo only, if rituals of manhood have an honest meaning for you. Mutual SM, disciplined workout, corporal punishment, extensive titwork to reinforce proper attitude, good behavior and positive frame of mind. Will-power, endurance and expansion of pain level. Important is your interest—I got the experience. Box 5880

NAKED DISCIPLINE

Corporal punishment. Your ass gets the work-out it needs. Safe mansex. Photo-phone-detailed respectful letter to Box 5879.

FAT WRESTLING VILLAIN

GWM, 37, 5'5", 200 lbs., br/br, clean-shaven, hairy chest, U/C wants to explore your hottest, darkest combat fantasy with you! No "real" wrestling. But your fantasy can be as fun, erotic and/or brutal as you desire! My faves: bearhug, scissors, claw, full nelson, jocks, G-strings, nude, oil, sweat, tits, hot talk, J/O, grudge fights, gladiators. Midtown Manhattan, day or night. You: thin to well-built with a hot mind. Photo/phone to Box 138, DMS, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011. Some travel to Detroit, Chicago, Toronto.

CIGAR/PIPE SMOKING BUDDIES

Married, good-looking male, 35, MO, fair, slim with good body, U/C, hairy chest, would like to correspond with domineering guys into cigar and/or pipe smoking as a turn-on. Also into leather, W/S, etc., but not essential. Jim Anderson, Box 2122, GPO, Sydney, NSW 2001, Australia.

SLAVE/DADDY SKS MASTER/SON

Good-looking WM, 52, 6', 185 seeks WM, 19-32, masculine, muscular top to worship in regular, safe, kinky scenes. Will be masseur for compatible dude. Tease me with your body, feet, balls, tits, pits. Some SM. Make me sniff your hole while you plug mine with a dildo. No time for phone jobs. (714) 998-9365.

DADDY MASTER NEEDS SON

Slam, under-30 daddy is 53, 6', 165, into leather, BD, CBT. Write with photo to Jim, 207 Mae St., Eustis, FL 32726.

NEEDED

27 y.o. well-built son seeks no-nonsense Dad willing to make an obedient, serious boy out of this untrained colt (6'2", 195 lbs.) Box 5830

BILLY IDOL

Seek tattooed leather-clad Billy Idol lookalike to make a son of his daddy. Dad is 45, 5'10", 180 lbs. and in So. Fla. Photo required. Box 5822

LEXINGTON/CINCINNATI AREA

40 y.o. GWM seeking 21 GWM, little family. Us: Vanilla/heavy asswork, many tats, piercings, big nutsac a turn-on; heavy pain & torture, safe sex, leather, electrostimulation, sharing, monogamous (group later), very hairy & desire same. Travel weekends. Photos exchanged. I have little family, too. Equality important. Box 5654LF

CIGARS

Hot man, 28, seeks macho cigar studs. Leather, uniforms, tattoos, attitude all turns. Get the service you deserve. Box 5736

HAIRCUTS/HEAD SHAVES

WM, 29, 6'/160, wants your scalp for clipper haircuts, from trims to head shaves. Already shorn guys are also an automatic turn-on. PO Box 2291, New York, NY 10185.

HORSEMAN-LEATHER-LEVI

Country-loving European, 5'9", 165, mid-40s, seeks hung stallions for safe heavy barn or outdoor action, into cigars, condoms, raunchy 501s, dig husky type 40+. Am independent and free to travel. Write PO Box 222, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

SM TITS

Tit-centered leather/SM scenes are hard to find. This is IT. Expert, cock-hardening titplay gets us there. *Serious leathermen ONLY.* No fatsoes, druggies, geriatrics. 37, blond, 6', bearded, intellectual. Top/bottom. You won't regret replying. LF 5813

JOCKEYS! LITTLE GUYS!

Ride my face! Whip my ass! Big, healthy, attractive bottom, hot to service small rough trade, any race. Married okay. NYC best, but will answer all who write honest letter with photo. Box 5791

HEAVY TORTURE

Your only purpose is to scream and writhe and suffer for my entertainment. Hard, hairy bodies preferred, but smooth ones accepted and soft ones considered if you are really into being tied down and TORTURED. Electricity, hot wax, needles, piercing flesh, whips, truncheons, fists probable. Urethral probes, cigar burns, hot irons, razor blades/knives, possible. No permanent damage, no permanent marks (unless you want them), but lots of "contusions & abrasions." Interested? Tell me why. Travel often & widely. Gene Hall, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Retired bottom searching for experienced top. Prefer L/L type, wish live-in with top who wants to own bottom. Hopefully, in time, top would love bottom. Slave has tried all scenes; heavy into assplay, all types, bondage, hoods, light discipline, W/S, safe sex. Prefer East U.S. but would consider other locale. Send photo and what you expect if really interested. Box 5186LF

LOOKING FOR ACTION

and friendship. Traveling to NYC, CA and FL one time a year and travel Ohio to Nebraska, Wisconsin to Texas and Tennessee all the time. I am submissive, but can be top for right stud. 30s, 5'10", am into Fr, Gr, FF, spanking, light SM and recycled beer. Write with photo to Box 5296LF

QUIET—MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easy going but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for a special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. Dad is that special type who treats his partner with the respect and TLC he needs but must get back the respect and submission a dad deserves. Dad is looking for guys 21-36 who are in need of a father/master image, good friend or more. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Son/slave should enjoy all that Dad likes, be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and nonfem. I am located in New York but travel around the country. If interested, send photo and letter to Box 4711LF.

ARE YOU MY DADDY?

I've been looking everywhere, for so long for my daddy. My daddy is handsome, hairy, muscular, and he has a big dick, and his name is Sir. Though I've never met him, I know he'll want to pinch my lifts and put his hand in my butt. I'm sure he'll spank me often and occasionally whip me, and he probably has a lot of other interesting ideas about how to treat his boy that I haven't even thought of. But he for sure knows how to treat his boy, with that beautiful blending of discipline and affection that'll make his boy just want to please his daddy. Boy is 37, 5'9", 140, brn/hzl, smooth and lightly muscled. If you're my daddy, I sure hope you'll call soon. I want my daddy. (415) 465-9767. (LF5607)

COCK TORTURE

Looking for depraved C/T scenes. Into piercing, mutilation fantasies, piss hole stretching, electricity I have a cock with a PA and pierced tits that also enjoy weights and clamps. Also enjoy long fisting sessions. I'm 5'3", 150 lbs., 40, and into leather. Planning a trip to SF and want to stay and play? I have sleeping accommodations available. Mitch, PO Box 5276, San Francisco, CA 94101. (415) 861-7898. (LF5648)

WANTED: ON-CALL SLAVE

Looking for GWM slave, 19-40, slim, for on-call slave. Must be able to report when called. Most limits respected. Send recent photo & limits & telephone. No drinkers or drug users. Am WM, 174 lbs., 6'3". I will answer all with photo & phone, just a letter takes longer. Address letter to Sir. Box 5660LF

BOOTS, BIKES, BLUECOLLAR WORKERS

Full-time bluecollar worker by day & occasional part-time cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles, bluecollar men. Maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work, not pumping iron in a gym. No drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers rock videos, opera & high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blu/brn. Box 2702LF

CHAINED MUSCLES

Wanted: an aggressive man who walks in boots, wears leathers, rides bikes, and sweats at manual labor; a tough man, especially when his hard-muscled body is heavily loaded with uncomfortable irons; a tender man, especially when he likewise chains his prisoner-buddy. Box 5190LF

WANTED

A man interested in boots, leather, bikes and prolonged heavy bondage; photo gets mine. Box 33, Riner, VA 24149 (LF5413)

REQUIRED: A FEW GOOD SLAVES

Slam, attractive, passionate/cruel/affectionate, demanding Master (37, 5'9", 140, brown/blue, beard, thick 7", cut, fair-skinned, smooth; health-oriented, creative, high IQ, masterful lover) requires broad-spectrum services of small, permanent team of prime quality, tobacco-free slavestock to create mutually beneficial city/islands lifestyle in spectacular Pacific Northwest. REQUIREMENTS: Self-knowledge, openness, 200 dedication, sexual skill, intelligence, health, industriousness, teamwork. POTENTIAL PLUSES: over 35 years; tall, big build; foreskin; bearded; hairy; heavy hung; muscles; employable. Description, recent photo, SASE guarantee reply. Box 5277LF

HOT, LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 34 yrs., 5'11", 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, hairy pecs with big, rock-hard nipples. Looking for similar hot tops/bottoms to 40. I'm 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 photo to Box 4675LF.

BONDAGE

GIFTWRAPPED-BEEFCAKE MAGS FROM ZEUS PUBLICATIONS



Rocco DeVega



Cory Gunn

LEATHER FANTASY Leather muscleman Leo Stone photo'd as a top, & bondage bottom in outdoor cages and quarry.

ZM-64 \$8.00

VAL MARTIN/LEO STONE Both muscle leathermen in hot bondage photo story of a muscle-power struggle for topman.

ZM-84 \$8.00

ROBERT LaTOURNEAUX Muscled hustler from "Boys in the Band" photo'd stripped & bound by beefy guard for interrogation.

ZM-87 \$8.50

CAVELO PORTFOLIO Illustrated muscle bondage of the Inquisition; Uniformed Interrogation; Roman; Mutiny; Foreign Legion.

ZM-104 \$8.50

ZEUSMEN IN BONDAGE II Ten Zeus muscle models in bondage fantasies ranging from cops to G.I.s to lumberjacks.

ZM-117 \$8.50

UNIFORMED RAPE Hot photo story of a rookie cop busting a leather/S&M scene and ending up stripped, bound, & bottom.

ZM-118 \$8.50

COWBOYS Two-legged stallions Gregg Strom, Joe Paducah, & Mickey Squires lassoed and hog-tied for your western fantasies.

ZM-120 \$8.50

MEREK FLINT Canadian bodybuilder champ Flint, plus Ryder Knight, Mason Hawk, and Ryan Hayward flex against their bonds.

ZM-124 \$8.50

MICKY SQUIRES/MEREK FLINT Squires bound as P.O.W., and San Francisco leatherman Mike Drum in sling, tit clamps, and gag.

ZM-171 \$8.50

GREGG STROM SoCal muscle legend Strom tied up on construction site; plus hunky Chuck Lake; & gorgeous Brian Titus all tied up.

ZM-186 \$8.50

DEVEGA/GUNN/MCCLOUD Best seller for three of Zeus' hottest bondage models. Super hot bondage sets on all three beefcake bottoms.

ZM-318 \$10.00

SADO ISLAND Illustrated Rambo/Road Warrior S&M fantasy adventure set in 2139 A.D. **Heavy duty** muscle bondage erotica.

ZM-333 \$12.50

COLLECTORS EDITION Italian muscle hunk Vito Brutti; college jock Justin Farrell; S.F. stud Burton Lawless all tied up: plus art.

ZM-384 \$10.00

PLEASE SEND ME:

☐ LEATHER FANTASY

☐ MARTIN/STONE

☐ ROBERT LaTOURNEAUX

☐ CAVELO PORTFOLIO

☐ ZEUSMEN IN BONDAGE II

☐ UNIFORMED RAPE

☐ COWBOYS

☐ MEREK FLINT

☐ SQUIRES/FLINT

☐ GREGG STROM

☐ DEVEGA/GUNN/MCCLOUD

☐ SADO ISLAND

☐ COLLECTORS EDITION

SHIPPING: 1st Magazine \$1.50
Additional Magazines \$1.00 each.

Method of Payment: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Credit Card # _____ Expires _____

Signature _____ Date _____
(Required if you are using a credit card)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____
(I am over 21 years of age)

ASSUME THE POSITION!

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimps, preppies, marrieds. Prefer bluecollar, military or construction types. One of the areas best-equipped slave rooms. Request application. Box 5760LF

LOOKING FOR BIG BROTHER

Small brother looking for big-dicked jock/sleaze brother (under 30) who is into caring, dildoes, bondage, also S&M, and your help financially. I will relocate. Am 5'4", brn., hazl, independent and want to go to college. Send phone and photo. Bondage a plus! Box 5354LF

HEY BUDDY

Knowledgeable enough to give it like a man, confident enough to take it like a man. That's me: 32 yrs., 5'9", 157 lbs., healthy, hunky, hairy, balding and moustached (at times bearded). Totally substance-free. Safe Fr, Gr, WS, FF, verbal; "motivating." Send letter: description, desires, photo, phone to PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102-0335. Can travel/host. (LF4538).

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind and will. Become my property, to do with as I please. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved. 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.

CIGARETTES AND WHIPS!

Cigarettes and/or whip fetish? Learned young? Enjoy teaching? Need give or take bareback med. to heavy flogging and/or smoke torture? More than one cigarette at a time? T/B/C torture? A group is forming. Occupant, Box 115, 100 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94103. No drugs!

OBEDIENT SLAVE WANTED

Opening for sincere, honest, devoted, break-neck fast, responsible, obedient slave. Must be willing to live with, be taken care of and obey two leathermen, together 16 yrs. We're into care, feeding, domination, discipline. Dungeon, equipment, lifestyle, orders provided. Move your ass and write, enclosing recent photo, detailed description. Masters Larry (6'2", 168 lbs., bl/bl, muscular). Mike (5'6", 155 lbs., br/bl, mean top). PO Box 1104, Sandy, UT 84091. (LF4088)

SHIT PHOTOS

Dirty-assed truck freak wants to exchange filthy raunch shots of your shit-crusted asshole and sewer dumps, manure piles, and your hot smear, feast sessions. You will get mine in return. Real pigs and piglets get matched in action by good-looking Dad type, 48, husky build, huge turds. I like 'em young, but age no barrier. Let's get down and dirty. Box 5577

MASTER SEEKS SON

Dominant, good-looking GWM, 41, 175, 6'2", needs son craving dominance and affection. When you are good, you will be rewarded. When you are bad, discipline, spanking, TT, BD, shaving. Let's expand your limits and my fantasies. Write with photo to Occupant, PO Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

MASTER SEEKS MUSC. SLAVES

Master, 34, tall, well-built, construction workers body, successful, educated, Boston based, seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. I will use your body for my pleasure. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. You will work or go to school as I require. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos and letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to: Master, Box 451, 89 Mass Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (LF5304)

NO PIZZA, JUST SAUSAGE

Delicious. Savory Delectable. Thick. Luscious. Hearty. Fresh. Hot. Satisfying. Now doesn't that sound good? Muscular, masculine, hairy Latin man looking for a hot time. No anchovies. Send photo if you want a piece. Box 5888

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Cowboy Master, 40, 6'3", 205, blond, moustache, seeks live-in slave who is willing and ready to surrender himself completely to his Master. No bullshit, no limits—complete surrender, complete slavery. Assistance with relocation available. Enclose photo and phone with reply. Box 4426LF

EXPERIENCED TOP NEEDED

Slut-fuckhole bottom into heavy asswork, submissive body. WM/35/5'10"/152 lbs./7" uncut/big balls, HTLV-neg, Fr-a/p, Gr-a/p, fucking, dildoes, FF, slings, C&BT, stretching, weights, chains, TT, watersports, shaving, wax, B/D, sleaze, boot service, leather, spanking, groups, "smoke," poppers, booze, playroom. No prejudice/safe sex. No scat, blood, drugs, damage. Serious Tops w/pic, letter. All answered. Box 5871LF

JIM OF CALIFORNIA

We used to talk a year ago. You wanted a straight boy and I wanted to be pumped dry and then totally abused. We were into some heavy, raunchy talk, then I got married. I want to get into it again! PO Box 157094, Dallas, TX 75015.

DAD SEEKS SON

6', 200 lbs., 47-year-old Daddy seeks boy-minded follower/son/partner for fun, training, nurturing and live-in houseboy, not a slave. Son must be willing to be owned, protected and controlled; to experience enemas, catheters, diapers, cuddling, mutual affection and willing to work for good home life and be willing to relocate to East Coast. No druggies or alcoholics. Preferred, but not required: under 25; short; no piercings; straight appearing; minimal body hair; nonsmoker; minimal experience. Race and cock size not important. Write lengthy, detailed letter describing your experiences and desires, totally. Enclose a photo, nude if possible. Will answer all. Don, PO Box 4034, Alexandria, VA 22303.

TITS AND ASS MAN! WANTED

Michigan GWM, 35, 6'2", 220 lbs. Play with my large, pierced nipples and I can do just about anything. Not into games, just men. Into heavy tit and ass workouts, enemas, toys, bare feet, body odors, etc. All replies answered! No bull, let's do it. Can travel. Tri-state area. Cliff, (313) 398-4497. (LF5865)

COCK & BALL EXPERIMENTATION?

Hot and tall, 32 years with an extremely sensual cock and low-hanging balls is waiting for your reply. Catheters, vacuum pumps, scrotum filling, piercings, bondage. Tell me your favorites, fantasy or reality. We can share mine later. The right men are close in age and sensually hung. Photo and letter with interests a must. Box 5891

HOT HUNG SWEATY TRUCKERS

Show me your sleeper cab and I'll show you anything you want. I'm 29, 6'1", 140 lbs., rough and raunchy. PO Box 157094, Dallas, TX 75015.

THE PERFECT SLAVE

Are you? Are you a young, slim, totally submissive masochist with few, if any, limits (other than safe and sane), experienced or novice slave, who needs release and total domination through this 45-year-old, 175-pound, 6-foot Master? Race not important; attitude is. Live in NYC but travel frequently, especially to Miami. Apply with letter, photo(s) to: Suite 769, 263-A West 19th St., New York, NY 10011.

MAN-TO-MAN CONTESTS

WM, 6', 210 lbs., good-looking, bodybuilder, army airborne/ranger, leather wrestling stud; challenges other tough muscular dudes to fight for topman. Man-to-man contests that lead to rough sex. NHB wrestling, drunken brawls, grudge matches, ball fights, outdoor scenes and other contests. Got the balls for a man-to-man ringfight? Reply w/picture to: Buck Labrada, Box 231, 1126 S. Federal Hwy., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316. (LF5873)

LEATHERMAN LEATHERMAN

Another hard-working leatherman wanted to help build leather empire. Goals: large secluded house in semi-rural area in New England with houseboy/slave; build a "family" to carry on the legacy. You must be nonsmoker, able to relocate, and preferably 30-50. For further info, write Box 5864LF

S/M COMPUTER

Bulletin board system: kinky message base, private mail, hot chats, MacPaint pictures with viewers for IBM, Amiga, Atari ST. (213) 393-4713—modem only. System password is Drummer.

LOVER FIGHTER FRIEND BROTHER

Stand with me and take no other. 27-year-old loner, well traveled, educated, seeks another fiercely individualistic man. Tired of living alone! Tired of gutless wonders: no fats, fems. Read the first four again and listen. P. Wood, 501 Colorado Ave., La Junta, CO 81050.

SLAVE/BOY

Dominant Daddy (34, 5'11", 135 lbs.) and his son (32, 5'8", 165 lbs.) seeks a sincere, obedient submissive slave/boy to dominate now. Must be willing to obey and to live and care for two leather/Levi men together over 5 yrs. Limits respected. Sane and level-headed, so move your ass and write lengthy detailed letter, recent photo (nude and when available) for interview. Write: Master, PO Box 70222, Oakland, CA 94612-0222.

STRONG—GOOD BUILD

WM, 5'7", 200 lbs., straight-appearing, travel takes me into Michigan, Ohio, Penn., & New York areas. Into meeting men, leather, S&M, for action and/or just friendship. I'm rather versatile, but really enjoy the basics—safety awareness, but certainly not hysterical. Reply to Box 5667LF. Photo appreciated.

CRUISING THRU

Leather top: good looks, stamina, experience... looking for new summer sunsets, scenes, slaves, dungeons, safe-sex partners and buddies. Traveling SW to NW USA. 38, 5'8", bearded, 150; SM, CB FF, kink; artist/weaver/photographer. Send photo/fantasy... all considered/answered. Box 5413LF

CUM FREAK

Handsome, hunky "cum vampire" can't get enough—sperm bank running low. You: virile sperm donor, under 40, raunchy. Answered first: photos, big load shooters, body builders, uncut. Also want to meet other cum freaks into spit, piss, armpits, rubbers, verbal abuse. Box 5884

MUSCLE DEFICIENCY

Creative, hairy Italian top hunk, 34, needs hot WMs to correct. Good to superb bodies, esp. big, brawny. TT, sweat, leather, BB, USMC, brawny wrestlers, F. Dryer, BJ Haynes, Scott Hall type bottoms a plus. Occ., PO Box 319, Henderson, NV 89015.



MISPLACED COWBOY LOOKING

To get back to country/farm/ranch with right man/situation. ME: butch, straight act/look GWM, 30 yrs., 200 lbs., bl/bl, moustache, good body, masc. Am hardworker, dedicated, honest, intel., very together. Interests incl. men, horses, western wear/lifestyle, sex, motorcycles, leather, music—class to CW outdoors, rodeo & much more. Am good cook, clean-cut, have exp. in const./carp., etc. Experienced in most areas of sex/life, esp. enjoy Gr/p, FF a/p, Fr a/p, W/S, bond., S&M, C&B/T & more. Basically bottom but can hold my own as Top. Not looking for S&M or slave/Master, instead need mutual partnership/life with right guy/dad/brother/lover. Prefer boots/Levis/leather over suit/tie loafers or athletic shoes. Need to get back to a real life in country and will work my ass for right man. You: under 40, fit, masc., handsome, together, honest, patient & loves his life/man/lifestyle. Into similar sex, goals, ideals. My vices—smoke cigs/pot, drink beer/whiskey/bourbon. Am not a hippy/alcoholic or druggie. What I lack in experience will be made up by hard work, dedication & a real love for my man & life/lifestyle. Send detailed, no-bull letter & pic if available. C'mon, bring this boy on home. Pref. Western U.S. Jim, Box 5850

NAZI LEATHERMEN

Aryan swastika-worshippers only. Serious. PO Box 812, Murray Hill Sta., NY, NY 10156.

B/D SLAVE WANTED

by professional, dominant, 6'1", 42, GWM. You should be under 30, obedient, submissive and willing to relocate to the South for a daddy/master who's demanding, but caring. Write Box 5851

BOY/SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Clean-looking, boyish young man, recently discharged USMC, seeks permanent home as slave/son to experienced Master. I am 22, blond hair, blue eyes, with slim, smooth, well-defined body. Eager for life of discipline and total servitude. Box 5861

LATE-NIGHT JERK-OFF

Exchange stories about men under restraint/control. Raunchy; dominating; tantalizing sex. TT, CBT, dildoes, foreskin, foot fetish, tickling, shaving, cock control (no scat). Frat; police; jock; military; business scenes. Straight/bisexual themes OK. Your letter, typed, gets mine. PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Mr. N.P. (LF5890)

NORTHEAST-YOUNG SLUTS

Need to degrade yourself. Need to be humiliated and put on exhibit by Master in his 40. Lower yourself to nonmuscular Dad. Be under 30. Send description or photo. Box 5792

YOUR AD FREE FOR 6 MONTHS

In the new national classifieds. For informational packet, write to: National Classifieds Advertiser, Dept. D, 4655 Hollywood Blvd., 117, Los Angeles, CA 90027.

REQUIRED: A FEW GOOD SLAVES
Slim, attractive, passionate/cruel/affectionate, demanding Master (37, 5'9", 140, brown/blue, beard, thick 7", cut, fair-skinned, smooth; health-oriented, creative, high IQ, masterful lover) requires broad-spectrum services of small, permanent team of prime quality, tobacco-free slavestock to create mutually beneficial city/islands lifestyle in spectacular Pacific Northwest. REQUIREMENTS: Self-knowledge, openness, 200% dedication, sexual skill, intelligence, health, industriousness, teamwork. POTENTIAL PLUSES: over 35 years; tall, big build; fore-skin; bearded; hairy; heavy hung; muscles; employable. Description, recent photo, SASE guarantee reply. Box 5277LF

ALABAMA

LEATHER, BONDAGE & RAUNCH
Experienced GWM, 43, 5'8", 165, seeks man into leather, bondage, light-medium SM, CB&TT, WS and raunch. Versatile. Healthy sex only. Huntsville, AL. (205) 883-9566. Box 5883

ARIZONA

TIE, GAG AND RAPE ME

Wrestle me down, tightly tie me and completely immobilize me. Gag me so I can barely moan and keep me as your captive. Repeatedly rape me and keep me hostage for a prolonged period of time. I'm good-looking, hot, 33, 5'11", 155 lbs. Into safe sex, heavy rope restraint, gags, skin-tight Levi's and leather. Travel often. Send photo, phone and detailed letter. PO Box 5892, Phoenix, AZ 85010.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

HORNY CASTRO COUNTRY BOY!
Hairy-chested, versatile, hot, has field that needs deep plowin'. Call (415) 431-4293.

BLACK MASTER WANTED

GWM, 5'11", 170 lbs., 42, looking for a Black man who wants me to be His pussy. His bitch. His slave, and His toilet. (Picture appreciated) Box 20332, Oakland, CA 94620.

TRAINABLE BOTTOM WANTED

by Bay Area husky white male, 40s, intelligent and levelheaded. Bottom should be white male, intelligent and self-supporting, eager to please, nonsmoker. Limits will be explored and expanded in an atmosphere of trust and openness. Bi/mar/novices fine. Discretion assured. Send picture and honest letter. Box 5789

BONDAGE TOP

50, 6'3", accepting bottoms (novice/experienced), bondage, shaving, spanking fantasies, light S/M, cock-ball-tit action, toys, dildoes, playroom. Photo a plus. Box 5808

JADED

Hunky, good-looking, young 40s, very jaded bottom seeking experienced, imaginative, creative Top to help explore still unfulfilled fantasies safely. No interest in phone/mail j.o. or relationship. Are you good enough? AV, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

3-WAY PIG SEX

Two buddies, 32, 5'8", 140 lbs., br/bl, and 29, 5'7", 138 lbs., br/bl, one smooth, one hairy, both muscular, well-built, seek horny jocks for hot, long sessions of sucking, fucking, rimming, W/S. Seek healthy, masculine guys, 25-40, trim bodies for sleaze sessions. Hung, muscles a plus. Tell us what turns you on. Photo/phone to PO Box 5921, San Francisco, CA 94101-5921.

AGONY GOAL

Russian River safe and sane, good-looking, 6'2", 185, 36, creative sadist seeks masculine healthy masochist. Light to heavy pain trips, breath control, torture, beatings. Looks and age important, I'll judge. Drug, alcohol free. Only serious Northern Californians. Relationship? Resume plus. Box 5669LF

POLICE OFFICER/DADDY WANTED

By good-looking WM, 34, 5'9", 165, moustached, in good health. Am into heavy leather and leather bondage. Need to be forced by you to be your prisoner. Why not sit back and rest your big heavy tall leathered booted feet on your leathered bound prisoner. C. West, 2529 Post, San Francisco, CA 94115-3312. (LF5292)

BODY BUILDER SON WANTED

Muscular daddy seeks son for training and service. Long-term one-to-one relationship is desired. Son will pursue body-building career along with dad and under his direction. Should have strong desire to train and the body type necessary to excel. Disciplined workouts, body worship, leather sex; all part of the package. Ideal chance to build a masculine relationship and mould a body. Photo. Box 4944LF

SF LEATHER DATE

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

BUTTHOLE ADDICTION

Hot butt needed for long sessions by and with GWM. Into butthole worship, WS, scat, enemas, latex leather. I'm 35, 160 lbs., 5'10". Hot blonds with hair preferred. Box 5860

CAN YOU MAKE ME BEG?

Strong-willed slave needs real man to control and humiliate him. Married. 50 y.o. 185 lbs., 5'11". Almost anything goes. Bondage, S/M, watersports, CB, TT. Prefer Santa Cruz area. I need to be controlled. Box 185H, 2339 El Camino Real, Santa Clara, CA 95051.

ROMANTIC TOPMAN

Quiet, spiritual, I seek a solid, working relationship. Can become versatile for the right man. WM, 5'11", 190 lbs., well-built, 43, moustache, bald on top. Into classical music, ancient Egypt, sci-fi and horror films. No S&M, drugs, FFA; just love. PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101. You: taller, trim, 30.

RUSS. RIV. SEEKS BUDDY/DAD

WM, 36, 5'10", 160 lbs., brn/blu very gd. lkg., masc./boyish BB, intelligent architect/artist/carpenter, cowboy/farmer type. My creativity, spiritual/emotional strength greatly underestimated & extreme independence greatly overestimated by those unworthy. If you think you can tame an intellectual shrew with confidence, spirituality, health, gentle but forceful masculinity, coercion and adventure, write Shrew, PO Box 1584, Guerneville, CA 95446. Photo helpful or (707) 869-9741. Rewards: success, creativity, adventure of all kinds. Extreme honesty, dedication, top-of-line relationship w/person of same. Box 5826

FUCK BUDDIES?

Have lover, need sleazy/safe friends for rough/careful fun. I'm 6'1", 33, 180, 8½", GWM. Into A/P/F, FFA, WS, spanking, belts and creative ways to enjoy same and stay healthy. Write with photo, get same. Box 5400LF

S.F. FUCKBUDDY

You: Lean-muscled, enthusiastic, low on attitude and body hair, very physical. Me: 6'5", together, easy-going, hung. No role-playing. I want a buddy, not a husband. Box 5739

WANTED:

Chubby chaser into total body worship, tongue baths, massage, expert cocksucker. This 280-lbs., big-bellied, uncut Topman lives in N. California but gets around and might be visiting your area soon. Send photo and interests to TOPGUT, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

WANTED

Competition-caliber body builder for romantic fantasies. Come rest a while in Xanadu; while away the time in an aura of sensual pleasures. Be a cowboy, a sailor, a prince, a man on campus, a highway patrolman: in Xanadu you can be anyone you want. Larry, PO Box 11350, Oakland, CA 94611. (LF5607)

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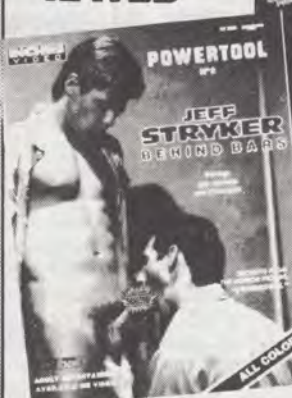
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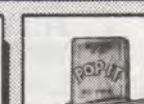
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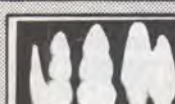
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THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 1

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

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 2

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

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? Ever 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 kindest 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.

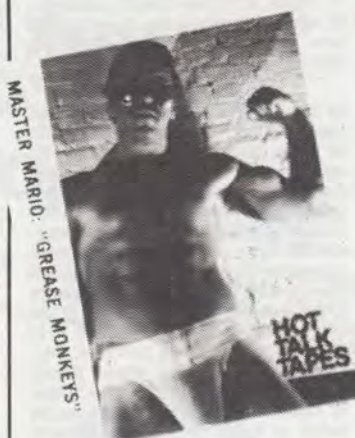
THE ART OF FISTING—Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting.

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



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.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <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"/> DADDY'S 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"/> GREASE MONKEYS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DELIVERY BOY COMES | <input type="checkbox"/> HITCHHIKER | <input type="checkbox"/> THE D.I. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BIKE EXHIBITIONIST | <input type="checkbox"/> THE HUSTLER | <input type="checkbox"/> THE COP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AL PARKER REPAIRMAN | <input type="checkbox"/> THE WARDEN | <input type="checkbox"/> BREAKING IN RECRUIT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> COMMANDER SPEAKS | <input type="checkbox"/> TV REPAIRMAN | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAINING THE HARD WAY |
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RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD

WM, 41, 5'8", moustached, in very good health. Looking for young WM, 21-35, in good health and turned on by smell, feel and look of black leather. Desire son for permanent relationship with safe sex. Son must be together, nonsmoker, and desire a permanent relationship with good safe leather sex. Call me and let's talk. (415) 863-7384. Ask for Rick.

KINK

Kink is the name of the game. If interested, write. Letters containing photos will be answered first. Box 5307

GWM, 45

6'4", slim, novice slave, looking for eventual full-time Master who rewards subservience and obedience with much love and affection. You are also slim, 25-55, any race. In time, anything goes that's safe. I like collars, chains, mental labor, symbols of submission and more. I'm very Greek passive. Box 5308LF

TEACH ME

Am looking for a top who is willing to teach me. This is a unique opportunity for a top from 30-40 to assert his own concepts of bondage and light discipline. I am 31, 5'6", and have a very willing and eager disposition. I want a sane and safe top, one who is willing to bring me along and thereby fulfill my needs as well as his own. Trust is the basis of any relationship and I am not looking for a freak. Let's talk about it. Box 5737

MASTER HAS SLAVE TO SHARE

My boy serves who I tell him to, in a way that pleases both you and I! I'm 29, 6'4", 175 lbs. My boy is 35, 5'10", 175 lbs. We're both good-looking. I'm top and get off sharing my well-trained boy with other top men who like a fully trained slave into bondage, asswork, cocksucking, SM and total pleasure to whom he serves. Let's get together! Box 5752LF

DELINQUENT DADDY

requires probation officer with a purpose!! Strict non-sense disciplinary top desperately needed for prolonged humiliating sizzling woodshed sessions on a scheduled routine basis. Your standards are high and buns burn when they are not met! Take "payment" in hot butt service if desired. Box 5746

ALL AMERICAN BOY

33, 5'11", 145 lbs., muscular/slender. You: raunchy, creative, affectionate, cerebral top. Into: heavy bondage, rubber, piercing, genital modification fantasies, light scat, hugging, kissing, worship. Also: film, BB, politics, camping, new-age thought. No FF, brutality, whipping. Pluses: uncut, collegiate, yuppie, Italian, straight. Relationship possible. Photo/detailed letter: Box 34, 2370 Market St., S.F., CA 94114.

PARTNER/SLAVE/SON FOR TLC

By dominant Master/daddy, mustached, middle-aged, secure, GWM. You must have intelligence, heart, class and imagination. Photo and detailed letter for immediate interview to Box 245, 740A Fourteenth Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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)

DILDOE FUCK MY

hungry, muscular asshole. Bearded GWM, 35, 5'10", 170 lbs., BB, insatiable fuckhole needs studs with nice bodies, any age/race, into long, sleazy, safe assfucking using huge dildoes, ass spreaders, small gloved fist. Also into slings, poppers, exhibitionism, like "party treats." Reply with photo to Box 200, 2261 Market St., S.F., CA 94114. (LF5390)

EXECUTIVE DADDY

41, 200 lbs., 6', BB, seeks smooth athletic boy for safe sex. Live in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164. (LF5310)

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 man 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 with photo to: Box 486, 584 Castro, S.F., CA 94114.

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, any time... SF residents or visitors send photo/phone and your favorite turn-ons. Box 5151

LEATHER REALLY TURN YOU ON?

Do you own LEATHER pants, jacket and boots? Do you like to be dominated? Live in the S.F. bay area? Like J/O scenes with a dominant guy? Like to worship a man's LEATHER? Are you intelligent and looking for someone to share yourself and fantasies with? I'm 40, 230 lbs., 6'1", brown hair, greenish blue eyes, moustache, big good-looking guy. If you can answer yes to ALL of the above, reply with phone and photo to: Jim, 1850 Union St. 69, San Francisco, CA 94123. (LF4807)

SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22 in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!! Box 5150

FANTASY MASTER

Blond bodybuilder, 40, 6'2", 200 lbs. of well-defined, solid muscle, patient but strict Top. I am into whips, B/D, S/M, bodyworship, sweat, pain, endurance, piercing, domination and servitude. I am real, physically superior, good-looking and seeking same. Age is unimportant, but a good body is. You don't have to be a bodybuilder but you must be muscled and firm. You do not have to be a bottom, as I enjoy one on one with other hot men. Bottoms with menus, armchair fantasy seekers, and inexperienced twinks should not respond since it would be a waste of both our time. I like to make a hard, muscled body flex and strain to exhaustion. Letter must include photo and full description of yourself and expectations. Box 5485

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

HEY BOY!

Your daddy is looking for you.
Call (916) 391-9755.

WANT HANDSOME BUTT EXPERT

Masculine, handsome hung WM, 38, with hot butt seeks a very special expert buddy/friend for regular erotic FF, dildo and enema sessions. Must be cut, discreet, health conscious and stable. Am mostly bottom and will top the right guy. Hygiene a must! Box 5557LF

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM, SIR!

Sir! I am here to serve you as your bondage slave. I've been experienced in bondage, assplay, cocksucking, some SM and am willing to be trained to expand myself. I am 35, 5'10", 175 lbs., good-looking and ready to please you, Sir! Photo appreciated, Sir! Box 5650LF

PAIN TRIPS

Do you need to suffer? The Man seeks experienced masochists for unusual explorations into pain trips and going past the point where the head and body say NO! This is not a fantasy or sensual S/M trip. Whips. Alligator clamps. Cigarettes. Beatings w/1/2" fiery rattan cane. Bruises, most likely But safe and sane. No damage, or permanent marks. Interested in torture for torture sake, C/B torture, and intense bondage, tit torture a specialty. Bottom must be honest and able to take a gag. No safe words. Sincere letter w/photo to: The Man, POB 4622, S.F., CA 94101.

WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6', 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

HOT LEATHER BOTTOM

GBM, 31, 6', 170 lbs., hairy, defined body, moustache, hung, uncut, looking for older GWM Master with imagination for bondage scenes, light SM, tit work, assplay, CBT. No FF, scat, WS, drugs. Reply Box 5391LF.

BB SLAVE WANTED

to sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough set of curls. Your boss is into hot wax, animal/slave training, smoke, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin', rock and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit, so if interested and live or are visiting in this area, call (415) 944-9984 or (415) 282-2483 and leave a message. If not in the area, write: Boss, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598.

SM IS SAFE SEX

SUBMISSIVE DADDY

Gdlik. GWM, 40s, gd. body seeks handsome younger guys who like to take charge. Into TT, assplay, exhibitionism, shaving, leather, you name it as long as it's safe. Photo and/or phone to PO Box 640278, San Francisco, CA 94164-0278.

RIMMING RELATIONSHIP

Devouring bearded faces buried in shaved pulsating buttholes with crazed tongues intensely probing for oblivion in the void; we are leathermen locked in an eternal mutual worship. Athletic European top: 43, 5'9", 145 lbs., trim, bearded and intelligent; hung, uncut and a nonsmoker wants a regular leather buddy for heavy sessions. Imagination and stamina are an advantage. You can be top or bottom, slim to muscular, under 45 and any height. Variables: W/S, FF, C/B, hugging and massage. Please phone Leo, (415) 474-2040, or send photo & phone # to Box 5488LF.

SLAVE BOY

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., br/gr, 28w, smooth, cln shvn, 7" u/c. Total bottom for high caliver professionals. (415) 685-5035 eves.

FF TOP & BOTTOM TP TOYS

WM, 39, 6', 175, blond, nice body I enjoy top and love bottom FF. My ideal partner is a dark Latin type below 6', 40 and 165 lbs. who loves fisting, slings, toys, TP, leather, etc. Box 5833

SADIST WANTS MASOCHIST

Must be monogamous, respectful, honest, healthy lifestyle, committed & sensitive to my needs. You must enjoy, need & want to be totally controlled. I enjoy a variety of different scenes involving the giving of pain, safe & sane. I'm WM, 43, 5'10", 163 lbs. No drugs. Reply with letter, photo, phone. PO Box 14212, Santa Rosa, CA 95402.

HOT HOLE SEEKS ASS PLAY

Contra Costa County bottom, 25, WM, wants hot young top to fill my hole. I'm G/F, P/a, tattooed, pierced, into bondage, shaving, dildoes & FF. If you're a Bay Area Top into hot safe man sex, write: George, PO Box 2596, Martinez, CA 94553. Picture & phone appreciated.

KINKY TOP WANTED

Bottom/slave/son/pig GWM, 36, 175, 31" waist, hung 8", muscular, masculine, very good-looking, employed, intelligent, very sexual (with bizarre, deviant interests) needs serious, good-looking, hunky top(s) with real trips. (Eg.: father-son, bondage, S/M, toilet exhibitionism, rubber, infantilism, uniforms, humiliation — you tell me.) Prefer experienced, intense, good-looking, leather, butch, motorcycles, rough. (But also functional in daily life.) Limits: safe sex, no fats/queens/barflys/drugs/"sweet guys"/"teddy bears." Reply with phone: Box 227, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

HOT, SWEATY WRESTLING

Sought by handsome, aggressive, BB stud, 32, GWM, 5'11", 195, br/br, Italian. If you're 25-35, built and strong enough to challenge me to a long, hot, sweaty workout, write with photo to: Box 499, 584 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114

RAUNCH AND RESTRAINT

Real handsome boy, 28, 6', good slim body, beard, masculine, needs hot bondage top for scenes including ballwork, sucking, piss, tit-work, smells, hoods, VA, headtrips, more. Boxholder, 1800 Market #92, San Francisco, CA 94102.

TOUGH STUD WRESTLER

Challenges other aggressive experienced freestylers of similar stature to fight for top. GWM, 38, 5'5", 140 lbs., CBT, TT, BD. (415) 285-3305.

BOTTOM WANTED

by GWM, 35, hairy, muscular, top to explore dildoes, rape, BD, VA, WS, you name it. Limits and safety respected. No fats, feds, scat, J/O, relationships. Prefer athletic, 20-40s, hairless, hung. Photos. Write PO Box 3231, San Francisco, 94119

TALL, AVERAGE-LOOKING MAN

(39) with a big dick and one hell of a great personality seeks lean, muscular, hairless guys under 35 for sweaty screwing. Drop me a line if you want your ass plowed by a dedicated and experienced butt-fucker. Box 5739

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- S&M/LEATHER LINE - TIRED OF FAKES AND PHONIES? GET IT ON WITH OTHER MEN WHO TALK YOUR LANGUAGE!



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MASOCHIST SLAVE BOY

S/M, B/D, FF, WS, smoke, torture, absolute obedience and humiliation. Severe ass beatings and raunch okay. Although I'm male, I'm not a man. I was born to serve them hot leathermasters, use and verbally/physically abuse me. 29, 5'7", 160, hairy, moustache, masculine, hot. Box 5885

BAD BOY GYMNAST IN HEAT

Hot, muscular, mid-30s jock craves nasty afternoon spankings! Tim Hunter, PO Box 140, Carmichael, CA 95609.

BOOTLICKING BOTTOM

Healthy GWM, 32, 5'10", 200 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, very hairy, seeks knowledgeable leathermaster for safe sane SM sessions. CBT, TT, VA, WS, wax, light bondage. Teach me to serve you while expanding my limits. Safe sex a must. Box 5835

USMC MUSCLEMAN

26, 6'1", 195, 46c, 32w seeking muscular recruits to 30 to endure heavy B/D, CBT/T in military stockade. Got the guts? Prove it. Nude photo/phone sepper fi. Box 5840

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER TOP

Attractive, white, 30-year-old leatherman seeks experienced leather top. I am tired of bars and "Folsom phonies." My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M, serious but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom. I take my training like a man but am safe oriented (no fluid exchange, blood, FF). Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated & returned. Box 5870LF

SLAVE BOY

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., br/gr, 28w, Smooth, Clin-Shvn, 7" u/c Total Bottom for High Caliber Professionals. (415) 685-5035 Eves. (LF5875)

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 30 yrs., copper beard, furry, 8" clipped, oversexed, seeks to submit to bossman to horse around with for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, body shaving, ass beating, piss, tit-torture, all available to MASTER who needs to dominate a together stud and turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you rope me you can hum me; if you cage me you can keep me. Age, looks, cock size unimportant, however headspace is. (Hairy preferred, but...) Hot, dirty phone calls can be arranged. Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (209) 435-3378. Do get to the coast often. Box 5439LF

BOUND AND GAGGED

GWM, 32, 5'10", 150, moustache, loves bondage, immobilization, gags, etc. I'm more often bottom, but can switch. Moustached men preferred, any race, age or height. Box 5767

BOTTOM DADDY WANTED

Good-looking, 30, Japanese daddy's boy, but top, seeks white, 35-55, masculine bottom daddy, into leather, uniform, light SM, W/S, B&D. Must have respect to reversed daddy-son relationship. Reply with photo. Box 5566

NAKED AND IMMOBILIZED

Professional in-shape GWM interested in prolonged sessions of nipple and genital stimulation and ass exploration as either top or bottom. Am extremely healthy and financially secure and travel often. A stable relationship is desired, but most any scene will be considered. Box 5576LF

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ASS MASTER WANTED

Hot, experienced, 34, 6'1", 170 lbs. Into: service, VA, mindtrips, bondage, shaving, ballstretchers, assplay, toys, fists and more. Will submit to any safe scene. Want to explore other fantasies, piercing, gangbangs? You: white/Latino, 28-40, dominant, masculine, hot. Strictly top. Body builders, hung a plus. Sir, please send instructions/photo (returned). Box 5773LF

ANIMALS

W/M wants to meet experienced/novice in scene. Box 5775

SLAVE DANNY

will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! (LF4091)

FF BOTTOM BOY SEARCH

Good-looking Top man seeks an unusually handsome, masculine, mature, employed young Caucasian man under 40 for a permanent sex partner or roommate. I am mid-40s, 5'9", 155, tan, brown hair and moustache, blue eyes and a business executive. I can get into fisting or heavy ass play, face fucking, face sitting, and other man-sex activities. I am clean and into safe sex and demand same. Only those who are serious and are truly a submissive bottom clean of alcohol or heavy drugs need respond. Photo to PO Box 3912, Long Beach, CA 90803, or phone (213) 438-0917.

VICTOR VALLEY SADIST

seeks masochist for one night or lifetime. This sadist also cuddles. Tits a specialty! All are welcome, if it doesn't work out, there's always friendship and other need fulfillment. Don, PO Box 2787, Apple Valley, CA 92307.

ASS-EATING ADDICT

wants to meet clean-shaven, healthy leathermen in San Diego area for mutual rimming sessions in my sling. Is also into toys (bring your own!) and shaving. Let's give our butts a workout. GWM, 40, 165 lbs., blond, hairless. Box 5647

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 have the right attitude. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 and 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)

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 P.M.

LEATHERMAN READY

Experienced bottom, 46, into serious bondage scenes (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S/M scenes (CB/T, T/T, Ass/T). Safe sex only. Have fully equipped playroom waiting for that special top. No calls between 11 P.M. & 9 A.M. (818) 843-5428.

WHITE MASTER (TOP)

still needed by white slave bottom, 35, 5'11", 195 lbs., husky, hairy, for sex (toy) slave. Am into leather, Levi's, boots, uniforms, G/p, Fa/p (front/rear), S/M, B/D, toys, W/S, etc. Sincere only. Sir. Send orders & info to slave at: PO Box 67E06, L.A., CA 90067. (LF5349)

SHIT BUDDY WANTED

35 yrs., 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy, bl/bl wants regular mutual scenes. Serious and experienced only. Box 5800, or phone (213) 650-1193. Hot, horny—call or write!

GANGFUCK FRENZY

I mean you spy this wow candyass stacking cans or whatever. Sweet face; Unreal Bod. Yeah! You get with the guys. Always hot. You target the dude, a spot, and force a scene where panicked appeals get stifled by hot stuffed dick into a pounding mouthful of mumbled whimpering grunts... Ain't nothing beat slapping fucktime into resistant bucking toyass to your buddies' head-bouncing facefucking rhythms. Kid (over 18) learns a thing or two or six or twelve... Man! Oh Man! Hey Gangbanger, does all of that incredible stuff walking around pump up your cock to twitching and dripping? Spot one now? Tell us how you can get into and better our action. Limited Openings. Box 5342LF

ATTR DAD SEEKS CRUEL SON

Trim silver fox, 50s, 5'9", 140, Cauc., smooth, uncut, needs bondage, TT, CBT, at hands of good-looking son (18-38) with cruel streak (not brutal, cruel) who has love/hate feelings about Dad. Letter & pic to "Dad," PO Box 69824, L.A., CA 90069.

LET US WATCH

Good-looking GWM couple, 37 & 34, seek other masculine GWM partners into kink for voyeuristic encounters. We want to watch your long, private, intense sessions in CBT, TT, FF, WS, B&D, hot wax, clothespins, SM. No scat. Your pleasure/pain trips are our turn-on. Letter/phone. Box 5608LF

ENEMAS

Hot, leather, BB, 35, needs lots of big enemas. Colon tubes, catheters, dildoes & FF. Shove your rubber-gloved arm up my water-filled gut. Then I'll do the same to you. Box 173, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., W. Hollywood, CA 90046.

HOT TOILET BOTTOM

services hot, clean-shaven white male top over 30 with hot, sweaty, smelly feet-socks. (213) 665-7167

UNWASHED DIRTY FEET

White Master, 50s, needs dog slave to service my raunchy, smelly, sweat-soaked feet and sox. Dog slave training provided to teach you humility, obedience, respect. Interested? Reply with photo and phone to Box 1329, Sunset Beach, CA 90742-1329.

HOT RAUNCHY DUDE

Looking for versatile men 18-40. If you like things wild and raunchy, I'm your man! Fucking, sucking, shaving, watersports, rimming and verbal abuse get me off. What about you? White male is 28, 6'4", 210, and ready for action. 73091 Country Club Drive, Suite A5-53, Palm Desert, CA 92260.

BIG HAIRY PECS

on a handsome, muscular Latin, 5'7", 175 lbs., 45" pecs. New to scene. Willing to experiment your fantasies. Masculine men only. Letters with photos get answered first. Box 5889

LEATHERMAN WANTED

Strongbodied, goodlooking, masculine top leatherman, 30-45, sought by attractive, bootlicking bottom 27. Leather, bondage, etc. HIV neg. Box 5828

SAFE

Rubber-gloved top men are my fantasy. Bk., 35, 5'9", 175, wants bondage JO from you. Other protective gear a plus. Box 5831

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

ALL AMERICAN BOY?

BIG MAN ON CAMPUS?

FUCK THAT SHIT!

Insatiable Latin Master seeks Special Boys! You know the type. All American Boy by day, Master's Hot Boy Pussy by night! Pussy will be young, slender, smooth (if hairy, will be shaved) totally obedient, submissive! Pussy will be trained in S&M, C&BT, VA, TT, hot wax, spanking, shaving, suspension, humiliation, gang bangs, heavy duty sucking and fucking. Pussy will give his Master complete and total access to his hot, tight fuckholes. Swimmers, students, jocks, BBs are Master's special weakness. Small feminine boys given extra training in humiliation. Box 5839

BODYGUARD-TYPE BUDDY

Marine, construction, bluecollar, Levi-type body builder wanted for bodyguard-type friend, companion, buddy by masculine Teddy Bear. BODYGUARD: GWM, 25-35, 6'1"+, 190 lbs., muscular, masculine, tough, healthy, self-supporting. BEAR: GWM, 40, 6', 250 lbs., brown/hazel, healthy. Easygoing, but firm; treats his Bodyguard with kindness and TLC, but demands respect and submission; can be a grizzly if necessary. Oncall Bodyguard will coach Bear in body-building weight-lifting, cycling, and do massage. Bear will take Bodyguard to movies, meals, overnight trips—whatever. PLUS: short hair, tattoos, hairy (nonfacial), shy, unsophisticated and inexperienced, financially struggling. Pomona area. NO: heavy scenes, boozers, druggers, hustlers, fems, barflies. Send photo, phone #, letter describing self and desires to: Wayne Peters, 8033 Sunset, #524, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

ELECTROTORTURE SLAVE

Your defined muscles strain involuntarily against restraints as you reach orgasm after orgasm. Only 18-30, thin, muscular, minimum body hair into penile, ass inserts need apply. Photo insures response. Box 5857

SCUBA DIVERS

GWM, 26, seeks others interested in forming dive group. L.A. area. Box 5858

ASIAN SLAVE WANTED

by white Master and his Aryan assistant to serve as houseboy, cook and play toy. We are 31 & 42 years old, respectively, and require class and sophistication in a slave. Thai, Filipino & Hong Kong Chinese especially welcomed. Write: Ron, PO Box 3866, Alhambra, CA 91803.

STRICTLY BOTTOM

Italian BB, 30 years old, masculine, likes phone humiliation, dog training and ridicule scenes. Absolutely no bondage, Greek or French scenes. (213) 850-6598.

PARALYZED & HELPLESS

Excellent fake, "paralyzed neck-down," good-looking, 30. Spends days at a time in wheelchair, need "attendant" into bathing, changing, feeding, dressing & positioning "physically helpless" body. I will wear an external catheter and sleep on a special pad in case I have a humiliating accident, since I have "no control." Need to be totally dependent on you, physically. Write: c/o PO Box 931028, L.A., CA 90093

COLORADO

HAIRY UNCUT DADDY

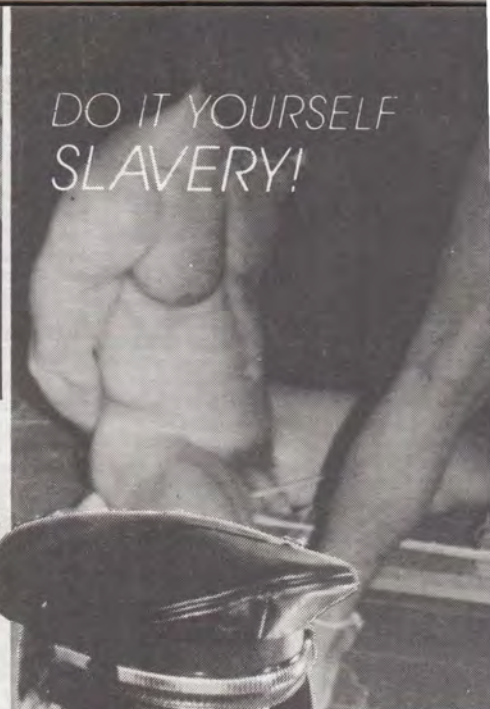
Versatile, hairy, uncut stud into mutual pleasuring through ploughing and milking. Interested in training those who want to explore the world of mutuality with uncut, 6'1" stud, daddy, hairy from head to foot with 8" plough and deep furrow. Tit, ass and cock work guaranteed. Box 5472

SLAVE/SON

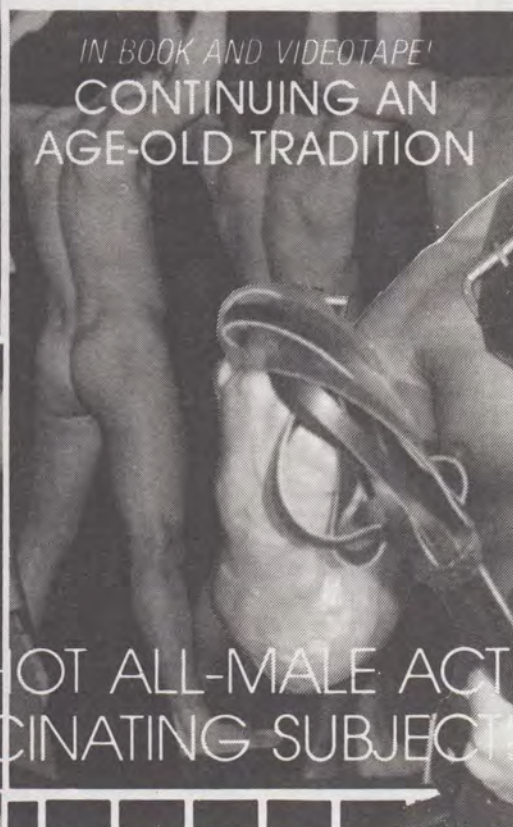
under 30 sought by older, experienced, loving, health-conscious Leatherman with fully equipped training room. Sincere, hard-working, non drug or alcohol abuser who wants to be something special and appreciates support in reaching educational, physical, career goals should call Mike (303) 692-8021; PO Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218. (LF5506)

FIT TO BE TIED

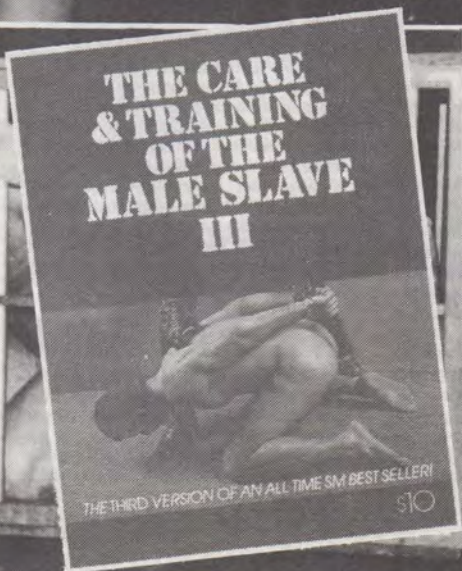
and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. 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



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I am 21 or older _____

Signature _____

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN
For life bondage. No S.M. I'm GWM, 48, top, uncult, mountain climber. Tennis, run. (303) 781-9423.

CONNECTICUT

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

33, 5'8", 160 lbs., professionally employed white male slave seeks Master to serve. Looking for a master who takes pride in owning the best. He supports his slave's achievements in the business world, and encourages him to grow in accomplishment. At the same time, in the arena of S/M activity my master is the boss. His slave is kept naked in his presence at all times, no matter who else may be present. He *strongly* believes in corporal punishment as a major form of communication between himself and his slave. His word is law, and the slightest transgression against it, by his slave does not go unpunished. He uses his slave hard, but care for him as a valuable possession. The Master I seek defines his life by possibility, not limitation. If you fit that description, Sir, and want a slave who will make you proud to own him, send photo and photo to Box 5786. est training or Forum graduated Masters are especially welcome.

WET HOT BUDDIES

in the Hartford area needed for wet, hot raunch by bearded WM, 33, 6'1", 185 lbs. into recycled beer swap, C&BT and TT. Uncult a plus. No FF or scat. Send photo and phone. PO Box 8305, Boston, MA 02114.

DADDY NEEDED BY NOVICE

GWM, 35, good body, looking for GWM 30s with good body who needs affectionate son. Safe sex. Serious only. (203) 790-7643.

DELAWARE

BROTHERHOOD IN DELAWARE

My lover and I are planning events to get leathermen together in Delaware. Just because we don't have a leather bar doesn't mean there aren't plenty of us here. Call us at (302) 655-7142 if you'd like to attend or help organize events.

DC-METRO

SLAVE?

BB Top, into leather and bondage. You: slave-meet, under 35, into same, plus C&BT, TT, shaving and boots. I'm 30, 5'8", 165 lbs. Send photo and letter telling me what you'll be doing with your hot mouth. Box 4883LF

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

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

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

FOR YOUR SM TOYS—SHOP SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO.

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9½ Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

K.S.

Handball enthusiast experienced in wide variety other games (usually as TOP in SM) seeks others whose activities also affected by HIV virus. Am intelligent, balanced, self-confident, flexible, articulate, widely traveled, muscular, dark-haired, bearded, 40s. Much more turned on by physical sensuality (either playful or intense) than role-playing or head-trips. Have mild case Kaposi's Sarcoma, apparently controlled by AZT, but otherwise in excellent health and condition. Want a match? Ball's in your court. Box 5199LF

NOVICE LEATHER SERVANT

Interested in groveling at the feet of other young body builders into B/D, TT and CBT with novel toys. Preference for group orgies or clever lover fantasies. Will travel for photo response. PO Box 5425, Washington, DC 20016.

FLORIDA

CENTRAL FLORIDA

WM needs leather guidance and discipline. Seeks Master/trainer in full leather to teach the "ropes." Also into jocks, 501s, cockrings and toys. No FF, WS, scat, fats or fems. Respond with photo and your qualifications. Box 5219LF

WANTED: MASTER PIERCER

Ordered to have tits pierced. Central Florida area. Need experienced piercer. Please help. Box 5358LF

NO SHIT

This Master/daddy is 46, 5'8" wants boy who needs me for service & training. No drugs, alcoholics or fems. Total commitment, one on one. Must relocate to West Coast, Fla. Want younger, under 35 preferred, smaller man. But all answered. Let's turn this ad into a success story. Box 4930LF

MACHO MASTERS WANTED

by free-to-travel slave who is well experienced and desirous of hot, sweaty, funky sex with straight, bi or butch gay men who are big, rugged, hairy. Any color or nationality, as long as they like their sex hot and funky in Levis, leather or jocks. Write Box 5471

BEARDED MASTER—CENT. FL

36, accepting applications for full-time houseboy/slave (21-35) must be healthy. Will be trained. Send resume and photo. Serious inquiries only. Box 5764

HELP! OUT OF CONTROL

Attractive collegiate seeks *stern* guidance. Correct my life, expand my innocent limits, please. *Anything* except scat, drugs, damage. North Florida, will travel. Box 5799

MIAMI STUD SON

23, 6', 170, dark hair, moustache, hot, hard, masculine, seeks Dad, 30-50, with big hairy chest for mutual tit work/muscle chest fantasy. Into workouts, L/L, raunchy talk, hard man sex. Need Dad to share the pleasure of being a man with his son. Phone, photo, Bob, Box 5867LF

YOUNG SLAVE WANTED

Live in New York, but travel to Miami weekly. Looking for a young, slim, totally submissive masochist slave with few if any limits. Any race, nationality. I am a very dominant, 6', 175-pound, 45-year-old sadistic Master who is into safe and sane but low-limit scenes. Apply with letter, photo(s) to: Suite 769, 263-A W. 19th St., New York, NY 10011.

WANTED: SLAVE

to submit to my needs. BD, SM, FF, dildoes, shaving and so on. Possible relationship, 1 on 1. I'm 32, 5'11", 190, 10", muscular. Send photo and letter telling me what you are able to do for me. Ft. Lauderdale. Drummer Box 5881

HANDSOME SON NEEDS DAD

who's masculine, affectionate and needing a full-time houseboy. Son has tall swimmer's build, deep throat, 20s, honest, quiet, passive, hung. You protect, support us, I will love, respect, obey my dad. All letters with SASE answered. Box 5823

ENEMA SUBM SEEKS MASTER

GWM, newly out, enema submissive, seeks Master doctor nurse coach who will take this sneaker-wearing sissy to new heights. 5'9½", 170, brn/brn. CBT, light spankings, Greek passive, French active and most of what you demand. I travel. Will answer all who are not on headtrip. Art Cohen, 4745 Olive Branch Rd., #1108, Orlando, FL 32811.

GEORGIA

ATLANTA B/D DADDY WANTED

by college student, 21, 5'6", 135 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, bearded and moderately hairy (but will shave if the right daddy wishes). Son wants relationship with bearded daddy under 50 with paternal instinct, who can dominate, punish and nurture. Box 5560LF

FISTFUCKING A/P

WM, 39, 5'8", 140, hungry, needs regular buddy for hot asshole sessions—FF, toys. No fluids. Box 8503, Atlanta, GA 30306.

ATTRACTIVE NOVICE

31, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, romantic, mature, arts-oriented, seeks similar men 25-50 for safe introduction to rubber/leather/spandex, bondage, plugs and other mutually-agreed-upon activities. Eventually seeking a permanent, monogamous relationship with right person for life of love, laughter, caring and sharing. Atlanta area. Box 5774LF

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO COUPLE

looking for hot cocks. Dad, 6'2", 195, 25 yrs.; boy, 5'10", 150, 27 yrs. We're into heavy tit & ass work, sweat, piss, leather and lots of hard mansex. Men, write with picture and maybe we can cum together. Local's cum first! Box 5569LF

BOOTS & WORK CLOTHES

GWM, 33, moustache, serious work clothes fetish for boots, uniforms, coveralls, hardhats, caps, gloves jocks, union suits, lots more! Seeking safe, kinky scenes involving JO, bondage, titwork, cigars, condoms, bluecollar work gear. Into trucks, daddies, rednecks, paramilitary, cowboys, farmers, truckers *all* bluecollar guys. No scene too bizarre! Photo please. Box 5348LF

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) gangbang into submission, now seeks rough use and abuse from dominant studs into B/D, VA, TT, butt-plugs, 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

BOTTOM SEEKS TRAINING

Chicago bottom needs experienced masculine top man to further my sexual education. I am WM, 35, 5'10", 170 lbs., blond/blue eyes. Needs further training in SM, FF, bondage, tit torture, dildoes, W/S. Please, Sir, use my hungry, deep throat and hot, eager ass. Will service one Master or groups. Please write with description of how I can please you. Box 5483LF

NEW TO CHICAGO

WM, 34, 5'9", 145 lbs., masculine, uninhibited. Looking for some hot action. Box 1141, 2421 West Pratt, Chicago, IL 60645.

GOOD-LOOKING SLENDER WM

27, dressed in full leather, seeks other tops or bottoms into leather scene. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. I'm open-minded, willing to try anything once. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to SM, BD, whipping, paddling, etc. We can work out your mildest to wildest fantasies together. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Can travel IL and surrounding states. Box 5582LF

EXPERIENCED TOP CHICAGO SW AREA

Former Hellfire member. Present member of GMSMA. I'm in 40s, white and prefer my bottoms/slaves younger and into everything, which would include an excellent cocksucker, WS, fisting, TT, CBT, electricity, bondage and whipping. Safe sex first. Have complete dungeon. Send photo, letter and phone to Big Ed, Box 5651LF.

EAGER BLOND COCKSUCKER!

Good-looking WM, 29, 6', 190 lbs., moustache, hung bottom seeks tops. Rugged safe sex! Fuck buddies welcome. Near Chicago. Ken, PO Box 482, Crete, IL 60417-0482.

SADIST

Looking for WMs in need of physical abuse and pain, with emphasis on whipping, CBT and TT. Prefer men with high limits, but will consider all others, including beginners. No damage or permanent marks. Age, size not important. No bodily fluid exchange. Write: 924 W Belmont, Box 26, Chicago, IL 60657. Include phone number if possible.

WM MASTER

45, 6', 175, wants WM slave, 18-35, slim. Light bondage, discipline. Service more important than looks and cock size. Box 5844

INDIANA

SERVILE SUBMISSIVE

Sirs, WM, 5'10", 165 lbs., 40 years old, novice would like to provide MASTER with servile service. Sirs, place your slave in strict bondage and make your slave, prisoner, or initiate serve your needs. Sirs, novice interested in scenes like described in "1990, The Long Night," (Drummer 65) and "Interrogation" (Drummer 68). Box 4475LF

REAL MAN WANTED

by attractive white male, 32, 6', 170 lbs., and experienced bottom, for occasional torture and possible relationship. I'm versatile and enjoy receiving heavy cock, ball and tit torture. If you are: 21-45, sadistic and imaginative—Great. Photo & phone answered first. No fats, fems, scat or FF. Box 5367

S/M NEOPHYTE SEEKS MASTER

Bottom WM, 40, 5'8", 135 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, cut needs top who will let me please him. Teach me to accept pain/pleasure. Help me to accept subservience. Expand my limits to suit your needs through trust, respect, and worth. Box 5359

SLAVE/HOUSEBOY WANTED

WM Master in 40s will give room and board to young slave (novice or just starting out). Other rewards will be given occasionally. All limits to be respected. Slave will not be locked in, but will be a live-in slave with companionship style of living. Nice home, nice dungeon and compassionate Master. Health habits practiced. Letter, phone and picture will help. Age required: 18-25. Send letter and full details of your desires. Illinois/Indiana area. Sam Marks, Box 5722

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.

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☐ Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____



KENTUCKY

KENTUCKY LEATHERMEN?

Leather bottom, 35, 5'6", 145, beard; turns on to leather and cigars. Am Fr/a, Gr/p. No need for artificial role-playing. I know what I am and what I like to do. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

SUBMISSIVE SLAVE

27 yrs. old, 6'2", 185 lbs., 7", ex-Navy. Into bondage, being gang raped, suck cock, public/private humiliation. (Would like to relocate in California.) Send photo and my orders. Kevin Marks, PO Box 14814, Louisville, KY 40214. (LF5756)

LOUISIANA

LEVI/LEATHER/RUBBER MASTER

Harley rider, write me. So. La. close to New Orleans & Baton Rouge. Are you a Harley rider & bottom. It's a plus. WM, 44, 6'1", 200, bald, beard & very hairy. Into safe sex, SM, heavy bondage, leather & rubber, boots shaving, toys, rim & hot wax & more. Seeking bottoms into same, also other tops welcome to write. Bottom must be very straight-acting, no fem, no scat, no FF or smokers. Will train, Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Write Sir, or phone (504) 473-6087 after 10 P.M.

MUTUAL ACTION

Not into roles—interested in mutual action, especially serious titwork and wrestling matches. Want to explore many aspects of the leather life. Would also like to carry on active correspondence with hot, verbal guys. I am 30, 5'9", 225. Write to PO Box 2364, Slidell, LA 70459.

MAINE

BOOTS MASTER WANTED

Sexy, 33, excellent top slave. If you are into leather boots, fireman boots, you are my man for heavy boot service. I'll make you happy. Write Ernest, Box 5893

MARYLAND

TICKLISH?

Allow me! Hot tickle-slave desired immediately! Your tickling Master awaits!! Box 5728

MASSACHUSETTS

OH SHIT!

Slave, 34, 5'7", 135, hot, into tongue baths, toilet service, shit worship, forced feedings of all male body filth—no exceptions—bondage, enemas, dildoes, whips, paddles, titclamps, ballwork. Needs smelly, unwashed, hot Master(s)—younger the better—for training and punishment. (617) 661-4657. PO Box 1736. Cambridge, MA 02238. Relocation possible. (LF5468)

MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE

Master in 60s, sexually 40s, and slave in 20s seek second slave around 6', 160 lbs. with NO facial hair. We're HEAVY into rubber, leather S/M, bondage. You'll relocate immediately to small town in New England, ranch house with extensive toy room. No DRUGS, FEMS, FF, SCAT, JO calls. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST. Be prepared to give your phone no. in case of telephone fuck-up. We are serious, are you? (LF4247)

GANG FUCK, ASS EATER

Hot, big-dicked, 38, 6', 220 lbs., bearded stud wants to be used by a group of two or more men wanting a toy for F/a, G/p, piss, verbal abuse & lots of ass eating. Into being left in a room and used by group—one or two at a time—one after another. You won't be disappointed. Mass.-N.H. line. Fuck me, use me, piss in my mouth. Box 5852

BOTTOM WANTED

by GWM, 44, 155 lbs., 5'8", 8" uncult. Desires bottom/slave who is into BD, TT, CBT, spankings, enemas, safe sex, to age 45. Novice considered. Photo, phone to Box 5765

MASTER SEEKS MUSC. SLAVES

Master, 34, tall, well-built, construction workers body, successful, educated, Boston based, seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. I will use your body for my pleasure. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. You will work or go to school as I require. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos and letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to: Master, Box 451, 89 Mass Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (LF5304)

HAIRY-HUNG-UNCUT COUPLE

Late 20s, with equipment, seek others for light/heavy safe scenes. Reply with phone and photo to: SIR, PO Box 3622, Boston, MA 02101-3622.

GRANDDADDY

Lots of experience in B&D and S&M. Can give it, prefer to take it. PO Box 94, Nutting Lake, MA 01865.

From Carlo Carucci's He Ain't Heavy, He's My Lover, \$4.95 from Sandmotive Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Please add \$1.50 shipping and handling.



"Geez, look at the headlines . . . Khomeni, Jerry Falwell, Ronald Reagan, the KKK, the uptight left; it's a good thing we're not paranoid."

MARINE

Combat and jump boots, shoes, spit shins. PO Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187.

MICHIGAN

HOT MASTER

has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050. (LF5686)

MINNESOTA

FUCK BOY-NOVICE SLAVE

wanted for heavy dildo work, butt play. Limits respected and expanded. To: Sir, PO Box 3872, Minneapolis, MN 55403.

BOYISH MASTER WANTED

WM, 36, 5'9", 155 lbs., desires young [legal age] Master, more boyish looking the better. I'm into heavy bondage, CB and tit pain, shaving neck down, confinement, helping with chores. Not into fats, hairy types, FF, scat, large cocks, uniforms. Box 5886

MISSOURI

SLAVE/HOUSEBOY/SON

White professional man, 40, white, 6', 175 lbs., seeking small and boyish slave/houseboy/son, any race. Desire lifetime relationship. Sexual desires and limits discussed/respected/expanded. Must relocate and be subservient. Send revealing photo(s), application, address, phone. Will answer all. Box 5751LF

TWO VERY WELL-HUNG TOPS

Both 5'10", 165/170 lbs., dark hair/blond hair, smooth chest/hairy chest, seek young masculine bottoms for very hot scenes in well-equipped black-light "playroom" (with sling)—SM, BD, CBT, TT, FF, WS—you name it or want it and we'll get into it (gentle to rough to ?). Limits discussed and respected prior to long extended session. Very verbal during sexual encounters and expect bottom likewise to be verbal. Have "pig slave" available which we will share with other Masters who have a slave to share with us or we may make him available to select Masters. Special interest in jocks/USN/USMC/Bi's. Sincere beginners welcome. All letters with detailed experience and photo will be answered. Travelers and weekend guests welcome. Apply to: Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808.

NEBRASKA

OMAHA AREA

A sexual WM, bondage Master, 36, 5'10", 185, wants part-time WM slaves 18-35. Light to moderate SM optional. Any experience level. No scat, WS, drugs. Address/phone number

jockstraps, handcuffs, safe sex—needs dominant, beefy Italian type to 50 yrs. No drugs/alcohol. All replies answered, Sir! Box 5685

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

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

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)

MY ASS, YOUR TOY

Bottom, I'm 5'4", 130 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 33, and healthy. I have 8" and love to have my ass worked on. Would like to meet Christian top whose need is for love, sex, devotion and a possible sincere relationship. I'm into FF, W/S, G/p, F/a, toys, B/D, etc. I'm only a bottom who needs a good top for love. No alks or drugs. Reply Thomas, 269 Lake Ave., Metuchen, NJ 08840. For more information call me, (201) 494-1246.

NEW MEXICO

NORTHERN NEW MEXICO

WM, 27, 150, 6', attractive, healthy and athletic is looking for top/bottom men for friendship and exploration of SM, BD. Versatile and open-minded. Interest in leather, boots, uniforms, fantasy scenes. Safety and discretion assured. All answered. Photo/letter to Box 5513LF

NEW YORK

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

Trim, 6'1", 51, 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 4781LF

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.

BONDAGE

31, 175, 6'2", very handsome, brn/brn. Desires dominant bodybuilders and leathermen to show this submissive bottom the ropes. Into muscles, BD, SM, TT, CBT, hoods, hot wax, gags, toys, smoke, aroma, condoms and SAFE SEX. Torture me, I'll worship you and let's cum together. Photo/phone/letter to Box 5670LF

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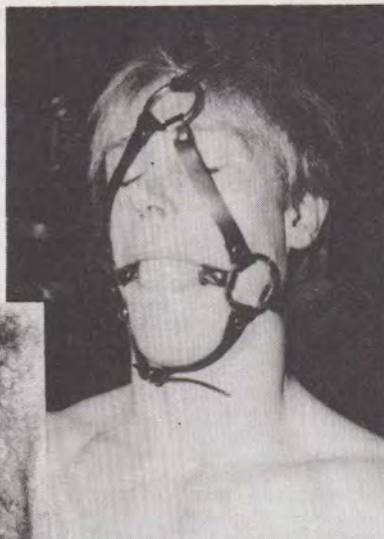
or leatherman sought by 30', 5'8", 130, hot, muscular, defined stomach, handsome for B/D and other hot, safe action. Photo/phone, detailed reply PO Box 354, NY, NY 10108. Will travel, discreet.

NEW JERSEY

NOVICE

Good-looking, 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes—slave/son in Ny metropolitan area—into bondage, fucking, hot wax, sweaty

IF YOU ARE ENJOYING THE CONTENTS OF DRUMMER, YOU WILL ALSO ENJOY THE BOOKS WHICH ARE WRITTEN BY LARRY TOWNSEND. THESE ARE OFFERED, ALONG WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF OTHER LEATHER ORIENTED PUBLICATIONS, TOYS & GEAR, THROUGH THE AUTHOR'S SPECIALIZED MAIL ORDER SERVICE.



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Beverly Hills, CA 90213-0302***

BIG BUTCH BOTTOM

seeks experienced Top into bondage, balls, blindfolds; a man who knows what he wants. I don't look like the obedient type. I'm 33 with long brown hair and blue eyes, 6'2", 250 lbs., bearded, good-looking. Tell me what I can do for you. Mike Martin, 400 W 43 #14P, NY, NY 10036. (LF5777)

MAKE ME SUBMIT

to your dominant attitude, superior build, erect dick and masterful technique. I am 36, beefy, hairy, masculine, athletic and handsome. New to scene, I find I am very submissive and can withstand a great deal to please my partner. I like leather, tit torture, verbal scenes and light S/M but am versatile and want to learn more about domination. Out of bed I am well rounded, a professional, aggressive and educated. Safe sex only. Photos returned. Write to Steve. You won't be disappointed. Suite 2123, 175 5th Ave., NY, NY 10011.

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190 seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V/A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF, W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF.

STUD VS STUD

Rough body contact, wrestling, body punching, cock fights, heavy ball work. WM, 32, 5'8", 175, hung. Man enough? Challenge me. Long Island best for meeting, but will respond to all uninhibited challenges. Box 5776

MASTERS FIND THEIR SLAVES IN DEAR SIR

A REDHEAD MILKING MACHINE
Tall, healthy, successful/good-looking, 40s, lean 'n' hungry, seeking macho dominant Dad to grab that hair/fuck that head, slap that shaved big prick, work huge nipples. Savvy and self-sufficient, expecting same. Plenty of slave experience, but I need a tough/tender man commanding love/allegiance. Feed me Dad! Box 5892

RAUNCHY SEX PARTIES

OK, so we have to be careful, but there must be L.I. studs to get together in couples or groups for smoke, beer, poppers, tit work, J/O, mutual dildoes, videos and games. We can still drink our own piss. Send photo to this 6'1", 160 lbs., blond, 7", handsome stud for fast reply. Let's party! Box 5749LF

FF—THE ULTIMATE SEX!!

Good-looking, built, smooth Manhattan FF expert, 37, 5'10", 153 lbs., 50/50 top/bottom, seeks similar trim horny energetic fist buddy 21-40 for awesome hot times. Let's see how turned on we can get! Of course, no fluids exchanged. PO Box 3035, New York, NY 10185.

GREASED ASSHOLE

available for FF training by slim, experienced top, trim WM hooded cunt, 48, 5'10", 145. Needs opening and stuffing by youthful hand master. Submit to enema, TT, SM, shaving, dildoes, deep FF. No fem/fats, drugs. Turned on by slings, jocks, uniforms, leather, smoke and amy! L.I. based, can travel NE. Await your instructions, Sir! Box 443, Hewlett, NY 11557

TALL BIG-FOOTED BOTTOMS

Do you want to act out sweaty locker room scenes, frat hazing, brothers, and other exciting head trips with a hot WM, 31, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Frank between 8 PM-12 Mid. at (212) 675-7352 to meet (no phone J/O) in NYC for regular explosive action. Tall tops welcome too. (LF5769)

HIGH-TECH PUMP

6', blk. hair & eyes, 42, moustache, 165 lbs. Looking for hot man to teach the how-to in vacuum pump. Prefer butch top. Box 5825

RIM YOUR CLEAN SMOOTH ASS

Daddy wants to rim your smooth clean ass & have you squirm as daddy slides his hot tongue in, out & around your juicy man or pussy hole. You 18-35, no fat cock not impt. Me, 45, slim, 5'11", br. hzl. Ltr phone ass photo if poss, not nec. Box 5854

NAKED BOTTOM

Exhibitionist, WM, 37, 6'-180, needs top to keep me naked, display me, have me perform for you, friends, parties. Into bondage, TT, CBT, shaving, leather, W/S, aroma, toys. Indoors or outdoors. Let's hear your ideas and make them happen. Just keep me bare-ass and exposed. Live upstate. Box 5696LF

WESTERN NEW YORK

pig slave, white, 36 yrs. old, 6', 165 lbs., full beard and 'stach, seeks hot master and/or lover to expand my limits for fun and games on a regular basis. Safe, sane sex aware. I'm into leather and rubber gear, uniforms, verbal abuse, bondage, boot service, watersports, S&M etc. Sir, I need tied up, lick on Your boots, suck on Your used scum bag, and have You use my pig slave holes to please Your needs. Regular phone buddy also, Box 5656LF

PISS & RIM SLAVE AVAILABLE

to serve hot topmen, daddies & masters. Clean-cut, blond, trim, 35 yr. old pig will give your crotch & ass the attention it deserves. Sir! Write to: Frank, PO Box 1394, Ansonia Station, NYC, NY 10023. Photo/phone if possible. (LF5695)

SON SLAVE SLIM SMOOTH

Body to 25, boyish looking, must be prepared to surrender your mind, will & body entirely ready to be trained into total complete slavery by your act hung Daddy Master. Send full-length revealing photo phone letter of worthiness to serve to Master Don, PO Box 243, S.I., NY 10306, or call (718) 979-0328. Must be ready to relocate. (LF5674)

1958 W/MALE CUDDLER TYPE

Seeks partner, friend, 6 or 8 cyl. straight type! Help run my lot 23-30 WM only. Dealer, wholesaler, reply to Jay, PO Box 28, N. Tonawanda, NY 14120.

HOT MOUTH FOR UNCUTS

Phimosed, and leather-encased cuts, and great work on curved and mutilated cocks. Hot guys welcome. Tony Collins, PO Box 6969, FDR Sta., New York, NY 10022. (LF5347)

VERSATILE SLAVE SOUGHT

for training, confinement and discipline. You must be GWM, slender and muscular, 28 to 45, in need of domination and into all forms of S/M. Must be capable of honest affection and ready to make commitment. This Master is not interested in one-night stands or "bar games." Seeking a slave to develop a compatible relationship with in and out of the leather scene. You must be professionally employed and intelligent, heavy into leather and obedient, but you must also be fully capable of stepping out of the sex scene and relating in the world to your Master as a companion. You must fully respect yourself and wish to be cared for, emotionally, as an individual and be able to return it. Your reward will be to have all of your sexual fantasies realized in your Master's dungeon where your position as a slave will be felt. Safe sex is observed by this Master. Your Master is in 30s, tall, dark hair, muscular. This ad applies to all of New York state as I travel. Respond with photo, phone and letter. Box 5313LF

SEEKING DOMINANT SON

Attractive, 5'7", 34-year-old leatherman seeks sexually dominant younger son. Son must be into leathersex, bondage and some-light to moderate SM. Will train novices and/or bottoms interested in switching roles. Replies to Box 245, New York, NY 10008. (LF5356)

ARIES, NOVICE

40, WM, 5'5", 145 lbs., uncut, needs help learning joys of C&B, bondage, wine enemas, catheters, hot wax, assplay. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Have extensive leather, toy collection, boot hoist, sling, suspension harness. Waiting for right teacher with hairy chest, well-built, to age 45. Your photo and phone gets mine. Box 5410

HARD RIDER ASTRIDE BACK

of your neck, riding shoulders or straddling waist, pony-style. Horse and chicken-fight training. Will ride BBs for forced squats, pushups, etc. Rider, Box 176, 70-A Greenwich Ave., NYC 10011.

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OLD RELIABLE

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VT-69 WRESTLING #18

You get to pull out all the stops when Keith and Jerry and Tom V. all three go at it. Generally I don't care for groups, but this one is dynamite! Not only do both sensations, Keith and Jerry, get a chance to take on the hulk that is Tom, but they get another chance to tear into each other... and they take that opportunity with gusto, since Keith still wants to prove he can beat Jerry for real! With Steve and Tim, you have a great time as Steve patiently tries to take Tim apart, and just as patiently Tim gives a wrestling lesson. Finally, John B. and John Harris have a go, and John B. is sorely aggravated as John Harris keeps up the psych.



HOW TO ORDER: If you do not have an order form, use a plain piece of paper. For video tapes list the number, specify whether you wish VHS or Beta, and enclose \$59 plus \$3 postage for each tape. For other items, please list the number, name of the model, and type of item. Enclose the cost (audio cassettes \$9; photo sets \$7; slide sets \$6), plus 60¢ postage per item. California residents add 6 1/2% sales tax. Thanks for your order!

MAKE ME WANT IT

WM, mid-30s, NYC area bottom, new to scene—tall, lean, well-developed pecs, dark hair, mustache. Fantasies: leather, spankings, paddlings, slow tit torture, cock/ball torture. I need a patient MASTER to show me the ropes so I will no longer be a novice. PO Box 780, Horace Harding Sta., Flushing, NY 11362-9991. (LF5863)

MAKE ME YOUR SUCK PIG

Hungry throat needs to be force-fed gigantic (8"+) meat for hours! No reciprocation. Age not important. . . size is. Nude photo assures quick reply. Fox, PO Box 20161, Midtown Station, New York City 10129.

BIG-DICKED SLAVE, SMOOTH

Italian, 30, into leather, uniforms, boxing, nipples, ass, balls, etc. All races but no daddies or phone sex. (212) 533-1570

ATTENTION COPS

Cop digs uniformed action with other officers. No one considered without uniform. Prefer mounted or MC cops in high-shined police boots. I'm W 5'9", muscular and ready in full gear. Letters with phone will get response. White only. Box 2120, Elizabeth, NJ 07207-2120

HUMILIATION

Groveling slave, 28, needs arrogant top. Box 364, 132 W 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

REAL CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

needed from a pro. Formal only. Impersonal, strict, humiliating, severe, painful. In bondage, with razor strop, switches, etc. Not a sex scene! Witnesses, photo, film—ok! PO Box 7, Suite 1527, 250 W 57, NYC 10019

RUBBER HIPBOOTS

Hipbooted guy seeks others for hot, wet, sloppy J/O scenes in heavy-duty rubber gear: chest waders, rainsuits, gloves, driving suits. Real sewermen, firemen, fishermen a plus! No novices, please. (718) 261-0645.

SADIST SEEKS WHIPPING BOY

18-40, masculine, fit. Heavy torture scenes: C/BT, B/D, whips, V/A, wax, dildoes . . . No permanent marks/injuries. PHOTO, phone: Box 491, NY, NY 11374.

FAT PIG SLAVE

White pig slave, 37, 5'11", 300-plus lbs. looking for muscular in-shape Master 26-40 for SM BD WS CBT TT rimming. Please, Sir, give this fat pig what he deserves. Box 5895

MALE CORRECTION OFFICERS

Hispanic, Italian, Jewish preferred, but all welcome. One on one, partners or team approach to heavily work over 43 yr. young masculine GWM and take control of my sex—body, mind & soul. Force me into celibacy through use of long-term chastity devices, floggings, beatings, humiliation, brutality. Into C/B/TT, leather, rubber, uniforms, verbal abuse, piercings, tattooing, body shaving, Polaroids, videos, brainwashing, interrogation, public confession while bound and under the whip, your whims, as well as catheters, rectal tubes, chemical castration, cattle prods, stun guns, shackles, chains, hoods & Tucker telephone. Your suck pig will be monitored via beeper 24 hours daily. Officers should have the need to give harsh punishment as a lifetime basis, need to hurt, fuck over and use their fists on this skell. Your prospective inmate is discreet, clean, sincere, honest. Dirtbag can be reached at (516) 285-5181, Mon.-Fri. 9:30 PM to 7 AM, weekends 24 hrs. Anytime, or write to Boxholder at Box 3092, Grand Central Sta., NY, NY 10017. Pig is ready to surrender his will to you, Sir. *Oink! Oink!*

PHOTOGRAPHS

Guys with anything good wanted; hands, legs, back, tits, nose, dick, scene, big, small, any age. Whatever you've got or do good. Must sign release: serious artist, good time. 2-3 prints in return. Duos At. Box 5820

SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT

Very hot 25 y.o. toilet seeks hot men for heavy scat scenes. Desire to be total toilet for the right man. Looks and attitude important. Photo/phone answered first. Box 5819

PRIME MEET

WM, 6'3", 200, hairy, handsome, healthy, hung, 36, 18 years experience as kinky, expert, sadistic top. Now want to form versatile 1-1 relationship with another imaginative, aware top/bottom. No: One-nights, addicts, brutality, scat, manipulators (you know who you are). Yes: Leather, love, workouts, commitment. Photo exchange a must. Box 5368LF

SM REALITY

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38, 5'10", 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my 3/4" protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5444

BB SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 200 lb., WM hairy muscular dad in NYC. Professional, secure man, looking for live-in, possibly competition bound, body builder who needs love, discipline and guidance. Must be over 200 lbs., large pecs, thighs, arms and tough abs. Dad can provide. Letter, photo/phone to Box 4717LF

BIG SOFT NIPS ON BIG HARD PECS

Big Soft Lips on Big Hard Butt. Offered to tough little muscled NYC area 'hand'-y man for shaping, stroking, regular upkeep by hot, hunky, healthy, horny, hard-cut ex-top, 45, 6'1", 175, 16" arms, 45" chest, 38" butt, 22 1/2" thighs, 16 1/2" calves, 7 1/2" dick. Correspond with hot little tops needing big bottoms. Box 5365LF

BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY

I'm 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with shaved head and beard. Looking for intelligent, affectionate Daddy who needs a dominant, strong man for intense, kinky, but healthy sexual relationship. Into shaving, tit work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and more. Not into pain or life-threatening situations. Write Box 4709LF

UPSTATE LEATHER

Master/Daddy, WM, 6'2", 180 lbs., masculine Master, seeks slave and possible permanent relationship. Must be submissive. Have own home in country. Box 4756LF

EXECUTIVE DADDY

41, 200 lbs., 6', BB, seeks smooth, athletic boy for safe sex. Live-in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164. (LF5310)

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, motorcycle slave, houseboy/servitude/maenial 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)

TOP COLLEGE JOCK

Handsome, dark, hung, jock-busting athlete, 23, East Side, health-conscious, seeks towel boy to service me after heavy Nautilus workouts. All scenes, applicants and photos considered. Only one chosen! PO Box 20015, NYC, NY 10028.

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HOT JOCK PUSSY/DEEP THROAT

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FF TOP SKS HOT PIG BOTTOMS

Me: 45, br, hzl, slim, 5'11", attr., hot fists looking for 18-40, smooth, slim, hot piggy ass—show me rosebud—I'll put it back where it belongs. If you are either slave, whipping boy into getting your clean ass rimmed, these are pluses. Cock size not imp. Write now—NOW I said! Box 5856

LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need to be punched, kicked and stomped. Age/race unimportant, but where your head is, is all important. If you understand what this is all about, and need to be worked over, include your phone and photo. Other leathermen of same mind welcome to reply also. Box 4840LF

CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG HOLE

available to you. This sexy, hot Scorpio could be your man. WM, 39, 5'7", beard, shaved chest, ass, balls, pierced, but most important, healthy. Versatile, uninhibited hot pig into mutual scenes, including L/L, deep FF, ass toys, B/D, W/S, CBT, boots, socks, jocks (especially those requiring washing and cleaning with my mouth/tongue). Also into photos and videos. Turn off to fats/overweights and men unable to live their fantasies. Photo/phone to Box 1440, Madison Sq. Sta., NYC, NY 10159. Experience a real man! (LF5575)

FATHER & SON?

My ol' man dug seeing me hard, naked or in my jockeys. Yours, too? Let's compare experiences. Box 5836

PIERCED SHAVED TATTOOED

GOM, 39, 5'6", 136, fit, student of tea and sword, seeks lean muscular nonsmoking GM for safe sex on weekend days only. Box 5838

LIVE-IN SLAVEBOY'S CHANCE

NYC leatherman wants your sane, exclusive servitude, physically, mentally, totally. Luxurious homelife, foreign travel, earned love offered slim or bodybuilding, boyish 18-35 bottom trainable into perfect possession. Seek fulfilling belonging MANagement? Photo(s)—returned—detailed application NOW. Box 5843

MASTER/TOP

Experienced, concerned, but a true sadist who will hurt but never harm you. No permanent relationship possible—but friendship via your real submission and commitment the bottom line. Box 4255LF

NORTH CAROLINA

ROUGH LEATHER DUDE

into bondage, C/B work, tit and electrical torture. Good mane-ass time. Fuck room. Heavy leather & abuse. Most always top, but will satisfy any truly together top man. PO Box 2912, Asheville, NC 28802.

OHIO

DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair,

green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops. 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF, shaving enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body. Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies, Dayton/Cincinnati, OH. Box 5514LF

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE

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

CIN/DAYTON AREA

160 lbs., 6'1", 52-yr.-old, size 13 boot, heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat, heavy pain. Eves. until 11 PM. (513) 423-5159.

CLEVELAND

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER. Slave's stats: GWM, 30 years, 5'6", 140 lbs. Slave craves spanking, S&M, verbal abuse, etc. Safe sex only. Get me at: Box 501, 35 Severance Circle Dr., Cleveland, OH 44118.

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks U.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Experience the trauma of the British schoolboy GWM 39, excellent shape. PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114.

FEAR OF FLYING 101

WM, 27, attractive, professional, fun, looking for young hot receptive mouth and tight ass. Leather, dildoes, S/M, into any safe scene. Beg me, cum on, I dare ya, SIR! PO Box 381, Lakewood, OH 44107.

EXERCISE MASTER NEEDED

Southeast central Ohio, 38-year-old needs leather-booted Master to administer discipline and supervise exercise program. Master needs to supply attitude and subject can supply boots and leather. Box 5766

OKLAHOMA

BALLS! BALLS! BALLS!

Hunky, ex-football player, 6'2", 200 lbs., endowed, bearded, 36-year-old Daddy looking for those low hangers. Will perform special Hellfire technique to balls that make this man take notice. PO Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154. (LF5319)

OREGON

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 5279LF

PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

BLACK SLAVE WANTED

W/M, 43, wants bottom/top 26-35. Your body is mine to use. Live-in. Letter to Sir, photo. Box 5827

PENNSYLVANIA

WET PANTS

41, 5'8", 140 lbs. WM, beard, into pissin' in Levis, jockey shorts, onto one another, bed wetting, all W/S scenes. Your wet pictures get mine. J.L.L., 2698 Harrisburg Pike, Lancaster, PA. (717) 898-2627. (LF5494)

BONDAGE SLAVE AVAILABLE

Into prolonged sessions. Enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained and serving a strict Master. Possible permanent life with right Master. Limits set by Master. No drugs. Box 5394LF

PITTSBURGH AREA

X-college football player, 31, 6'4", 225 lbs., accepting applications for the position of my personal slave. Phone and photos are required of all applicants. Beginners are welcome, but must demonstrate that they have the proper attitude. Ideal candidates would be between 18 and 35, straight-looking and acting, work out and take pride in their physical appearance. Wimps, fats and feds need not waste the postage. Discretion assured and photos returned. Apply to: Master, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116. (LF4484)

WELL-STOCKED BLACK ROOM

in Pittsburgh area, complete with competent, uncut WM, 180 lbs., 46, seeks submissive young stud into SS, SM, BD, TT, CBT, VA, 3W, JO, Fr, Gr, A-Z! All fantasies considered... most realized. Requires mind, body and soul. Can't handle it... fuck off! Men only need apply. Box 4406LF

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill instructor. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Penndel, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

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 your domain. (LF4674)

LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

Slave, 29, 5'9", 155, hairy, moustache, seeks Daddy/Master into WS, Spit, Leather, Uniforms, Toys, BD, VA, SM, CBT/T, Smoke. Need man to dominate me and expand my limits/horizons. Moustache or beard a must. Photo, phone preferred. PO Box 53373, Philadelphia, PA 19105. (LF5655)

SENSORY DEPRIVATION WANTED

Complete sensory deprivation wanted through mummification with leather and rubber by gay white male age 40. Long-term rigid bondage. I am a bottom. Only experienced need reply. Box 5846

RHODE ISLAND

COPS/MILITARY/CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

This bottom is: WM, 5'9", 160, brown eyes/hair, 8" cut, hairy chest, and healthy, with an equally healthy imagination. I'm into verbal abuse, uniforms, leather, toys, bondage, safe watersports, tit torture, hot wax, ass play, spanking, boots and open to suggestions. You're a verbal, creative topman (men) into (fantasy) sex: A kick-ass, filthy-mouthed cop with a desire to rape a lone motorist. A hard, hot-headed Marine MP with a mean streak a mile wide. A sweaty, raunchy construction worker who knows how to take what he wants. I'm not into scat or heavy pain. I travel New England and New York City. If you're interested, send a raunchy, descriptive letter (photo gets a quicker response) to Box 5079LF.

SOUTH DAKOTA

WINKTE

Wamasicun, 35, 5'8", 185, Ble Erie ekta wati. Kola Lakota wacin, wicasa nain's winkte. Pilamayan wasicun iapi wowapi yakaga. Watohani wacyanake kte lo. Niyelo. Wakan Tanka nici un. Box 5284LF

TENNESSEE

GWM 25

5'9", 160, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drum-

mer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF

MASCULINE AND HAIRY

Wants versatile partner into all SM exploration and satisfaction. Desires intelligent, imaginative man in Nashville area who is not afraid of passion and is skilled in the arts of pain and pleasure. I am 33, 5'9", 170 lbs., white and ready. Box 5362LF

TAKE COMPLETE CONTROL

Exp GWM bottom into all types of ass play. Toys, cocks, FF, VA, humiliation (private/public), Fr/A, Gr/P, W/S, bondage with light discs, TT, CBT. No hang-ups on age/race. Pluses: big cocks, blacks, Hispanics, uncuts. Prefer Southeast U.S., but will consider other locations. Revealing photo will return with mine. Box 5362LF

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 41-yr.-old GWM Daddy gives you the final rundown with hot oil and commands. "You passed, son. Cum." Send age, height, weight, and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless 6'4" 205-pounder at Box 5034LF.

TEXAS

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, CBT/T, 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? Send detailed letter, phone number and photo to Box 4986LF.

WHIPPING BOY

Blond, moustache, 37 yrs., 6½", 175 lbs., well-built, raunchy stud, offers training/position to playful, slim, sane and healthy boy/slave (20-33 years) who is eagerly willing to submit his body and soul to innovative rubber/leather/uniform Master. Explicit application to Box 5453LF. Houston area.

DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT DADDY

Cut and clean-cut. You must be too, with smooth blond ass craving loving attention, gentle and rough. I'm a vigorous, youthful 46, good looks and build, 5'8", 165 lbs., handle good-looking boys of all sizes. If you value intelligence and affection, spiced with stinging interludes, send honest photo and letter. Box 5340

CIGAR-SMOKING DADDY

wanted by south Texas bottom (handsome, horny, but inexperienced), 5'8", 145 lbs., safe, sane and intelligent. Seeks Daddy to break me in right. Show me what I've been missing! Box 5717

DEAF BONDAGE MASTER

GWM, 21, 5'7", 120 lbs., deaf, full-time employee, seeks permanent bondage master. I like to be tied by rope, leather belt and chain. My goal is to be a tough leatherman. You must be willing to relocate in Dallas from where you live now. Please send me a photo of you wearing leather clothing, and send response to Deaf Leatherboy, 3321 Crestview, Apt. 301, Dallas, TX 75235. Also want to have a weightlifting training while you're training me.

SERIOUS FF PARTNERS

GWM, 52, 5'9½", 161, wants FF partners (top-bottom). Member M.A.F.I.A., Chicago. Safe play practices. Also other interests. Bob (214) 526-7354.

BARE BOTTOM SPANKINGS

Give or take. GWM, 47, 5'11", 160 lbs. Ready for action. Call (214) 821-0255 (Dallas).



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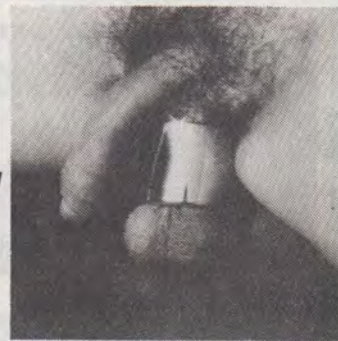


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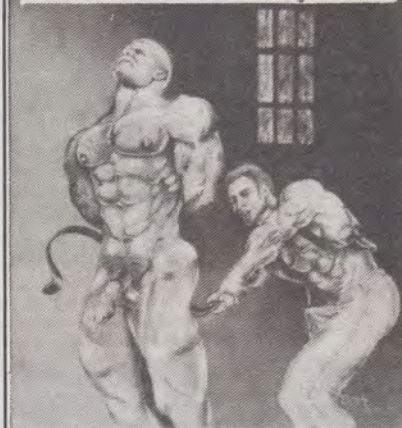


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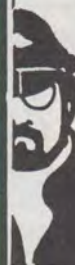
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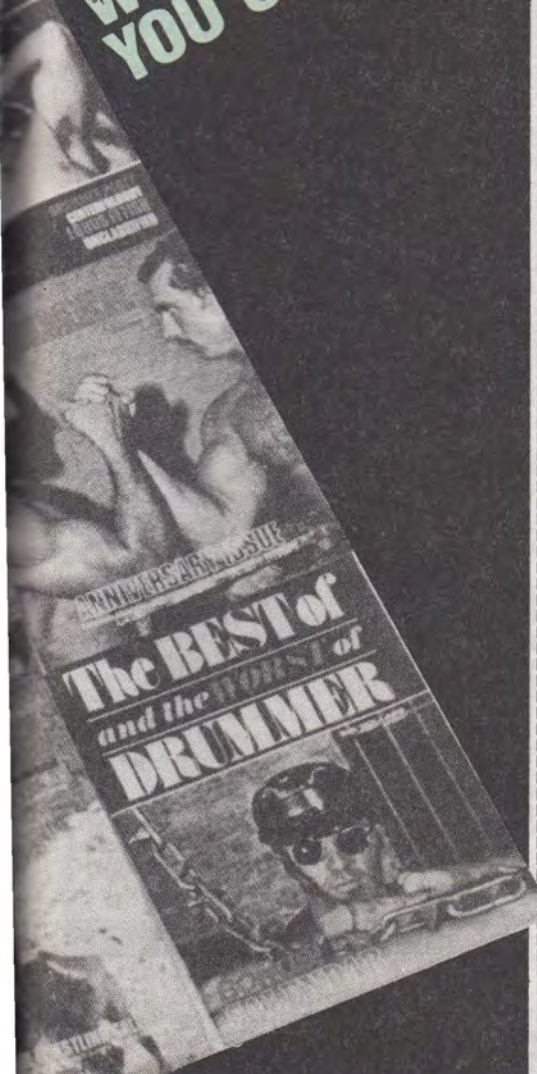
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ORGANIZATIONS

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National whipping/spanking club. RS, 496-A Hudson, #H-24, NYC, NY 10014.

BONDAGE MATES

National B&D club. RS, 496-A Hudson, #H-24, NYC, NY 10014.

FOOTMATES

National boots, socks, barefeet club. RS, 496-A Hudson, #H-24, NYC, NY 10014.

BEARDS UNITE!

International friendship/contact roster for men into beards/beardedness. Send long SASE to Box 85338, Seattle, WA 98145-1338.

THE CIRCLE JERK CLUB

Huddle up and dump your load! Very hot and very safe. For information, send \$1 to: The C/J Club, PO Box 16319, San Diego, CA 92116.

GAY-MALE-S/M ACTIVISTS

Now in our 7th year. Dedicated to safe and responsible S/M. Open meetings with programs on S/M techniques, lifestyle issues, political and social concerns; 8:30 PM, 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Sept.-June, 208 W. 13th St., NYC. Also special events, speakers bureau, workshops, demos, affinity groups, newsletter, more. Write: GMSMA, Dept. D, 132 W. 24th St., NYC 10011.

INTERCHAIN

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

NATIONWIDE CHUBBY CHASERS?

Join & receive monthly lists & make as many calls & contacts as you want. For Membership Info Call: (213) 672-2121 or Write: N.C.C., 2554 Lincoln Blvd. 399 Marina Del Rey, CA 90291-5043 American Express, VISA, Mastercard

GAY BOOKS

magazines, guides, etc. Send for our free information sheets, state area of interest. Best Guide to Amsterdam, Dept. 180, Postbox 12731, NL-1100 AS Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

ALL FETISH

Uncensored adlistings: Balls, 4-skin, size, tits, leather, jockwear, muscles, etc. Infopak \$3.00: Trixx, 59 West 10th, NYC 10011.

BUTT FUN CLUB!!!

All fetishes, fantasies. Monthly direct/discreet ads, newsletter, parties. Information: SASE & age. Bedford, PO Box 803, Santa Ana, CA 92702.

CC LEATHER CLUB

For Contra Costa County area guys into "leather" (however you wish to define it): At last, there's a new club for you in your own back yard! For details write D.B., PO Box 271431, Concord, CA 94527.

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NICK'S PHONESEX!

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INTO SELF-MUTILATION?

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NATIONWIDE PHONE-SEX CLUB

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For Membership Info Call:

(213) 672-2121 or Write:

P.S.C., 2554 Lincoln Blvd. 399

Marina Del Rey, CA 90291

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Rock-hard phone sex Masters available now to make you work your rocks off. And we mean work, pig... These hung Masters are dead serious about leaving you soaked. Crave some red-hot SM action? We're the best and damned proud of it. Call 1-800-841-8842 (In CA call 1-213-874-9267) anytime. And yes, you need a credit card. Talk this hot is never given away.

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Two construction workers with thick, long sweaty cocks, rock-hard pecs and stomachs are waiting to take your mind and body on that special trip. We are into all scenes and fantasies. Call Bane or Keith. \$30, V/MC. (315) 457-6073.

LEATHERMAN SEXLINK

Get off with 1000s of leathermen like you! No phony actors. Private, confidential. No bill to phone but lng/dst. One-on-one, man-to-man connections. Low-cost 24-hour S&M Hotline. (415) 346-8747.

BUTT KISSERS WANTED

Conceited 205-lb. bodybuilder gets off on himself. Tall with black hair, this attitude muscle dude loves submissive excited worshippers. I expose a magnificent tan body to grateful studs eager to serve beefcake. Gimme what I want. Sport MC/V/AX. (415) 861-6238.

SERVICES

THE CRUCIBLE

Newsletter, 13 issues/year, \$20; Magick, Metaphysics, S/M, Fiction, Contacts. PO Box 80053, Minneapolis, MN 55408.

A FEW GOOD MEN

The Training Center, now in its sixth year, continues to offer men with serious interest a unique service. At the TC men can experience programs in a realistic military or correctional atmosphere for weekend or week-long sessions. Cell confinement, immobilization, sensory control, controlled breathing, and environmental control are all offered in a safe, sane, discreet and monitored situation. Prison, POW, Brig, Asylum, and Boot Camp programs are administered by professionally trained military, corrections, and LE personnel. Special programs geared to endurance are available to qualified individuals who meet mental and physical requirements. Written inquiries should include a phone number for contact or call (314) 281-4535 to leave your number for contact. To reach an instructor directly, call 7-10 PM ONLY. Fee required, references provided after commitment. TC cannot offer sexual situations as part of their programs. THE TRAINING CENTER, BOX 672, BRIDGETON, MO 63044.

HAIRY MEN/HAIRFANS!

Uncensored nationwide adlistings. Infopak \$2: Man-Hair, 59 West 10th St., New York, NY 10011.

WANTED

WANTED

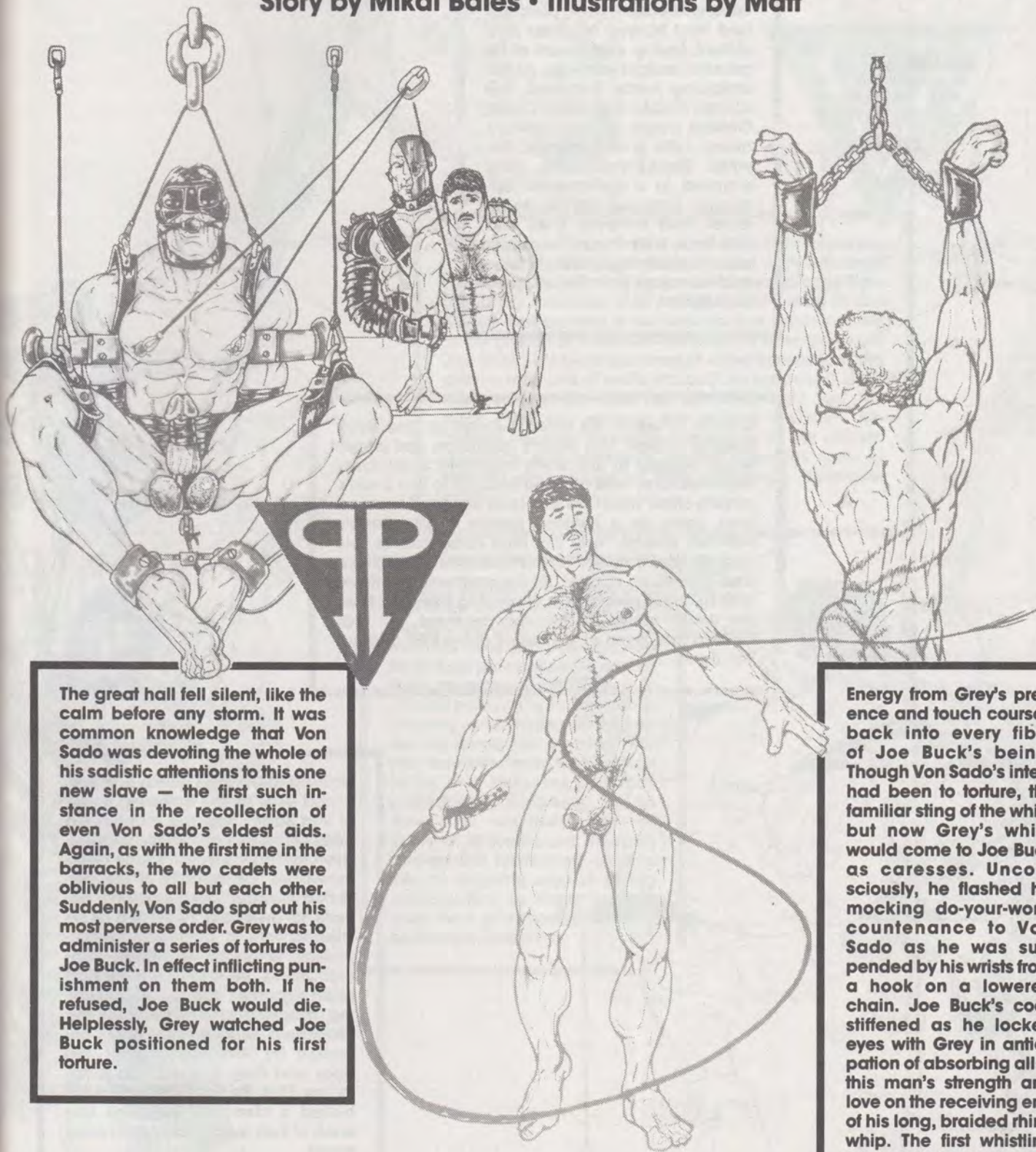
Drummer issues 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 18, 19 & 20. Prices paid vary with condition. Let us know what you have. DBI, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

IT'S 2139 AND HELL ON EARTH IS A PLACE CALLED

SADO ISLAND

Part VII

Story by Mikal Bales • Illustrations by Matt



The great hall fell silent, like the calm before any storm. It was common knowledge that Von Sado was devoting the whole of his sadistic attentions to this one new slave — the first such instance in the recollection of even Von Sado's eldest aids. Again, as with the first time in the barracks, the two cadets were oblivious to all but each other. Suddenly, Von Sado spat out his most perverse order. Grey was to administer a series of tortures to Joe Buck. In effect inflicting punishment on them both. If he refused, Joe Buck would die. Helplessly, Grey watched Joe Buck positioned for his first torture.

Energy from Grey's presence and touch coursed back into every fiber of Joe Buck's being. Though Von Sado's intent had been to torture, the familiar sting of the whip, but now Grey's whip, would come to Joe Buck as caresses. Unconsciously, he flashed his mocking do-your-worst countenance to Von Sado as he was suspended by his wrists from a hook on a lowered chain. Joe Buck's cock stiffened as he locked eyes with Grey in anticipation of absorbing all of this man's strength and love on the receiving end of his long, braided rhino whip. The first whistling blow split the vast hall's silence.



Though his spiked codpiece bulged to bursting, Von Sado's punishment fell frustratingly short of its sadistic intent. Together after months of separation encompassing lifetimes of experience, Grey and Joe Buck were releasing their passions in a frenzy of shared sexual discovery. Affection, pain, pleasure and trust blurred together in a violent, loving expression of repressed mutual longings. As the whipping frenzy mounted, the always stubbornly silent Cadet Golden began to moan Grey's name with every lash of the whip. Cocks spasming, they erupted in simultaneous climaxes. Enraged, Von Sado ordered their removal. Grey and Joe Buck were bound in public view to contemplate their fates and to await Von Sado's next perversion.

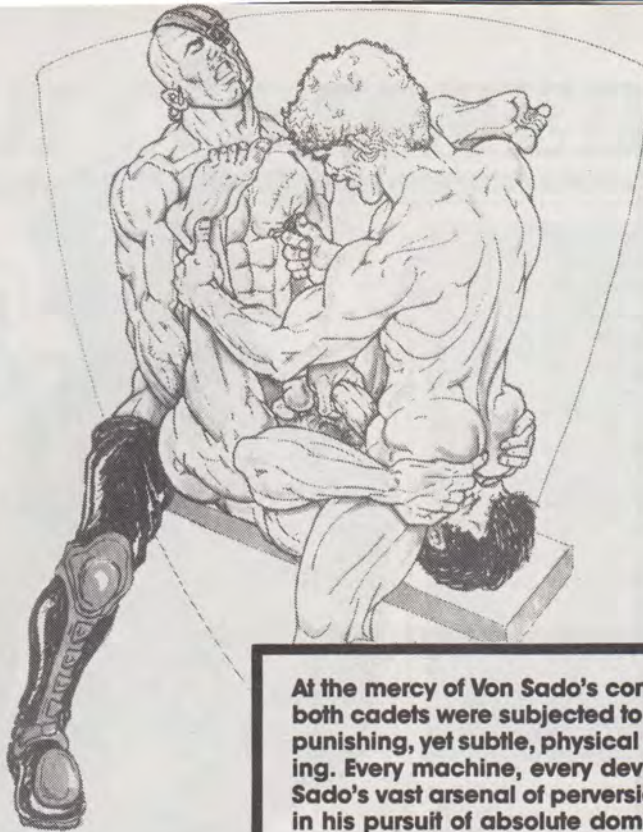


Unable to admit his inner feelings for Joe Buck even to himself, Von Sado's frustration and anger found release in the newly captured Sado Army imposter. Grey was ordered brought to Von Sado's private clinic where he was bent over and secured face down on a hideous device of Von Sado's fiendish design. With his legs force-spread, his asshole was targeted for the machine's computerized chromium dildoes. At the controls, Von Sado took perverse pleasure in reminding Grey that from the penal mines to this very moment, his real fucking had been at the hands of the PPP and not Von Sado.



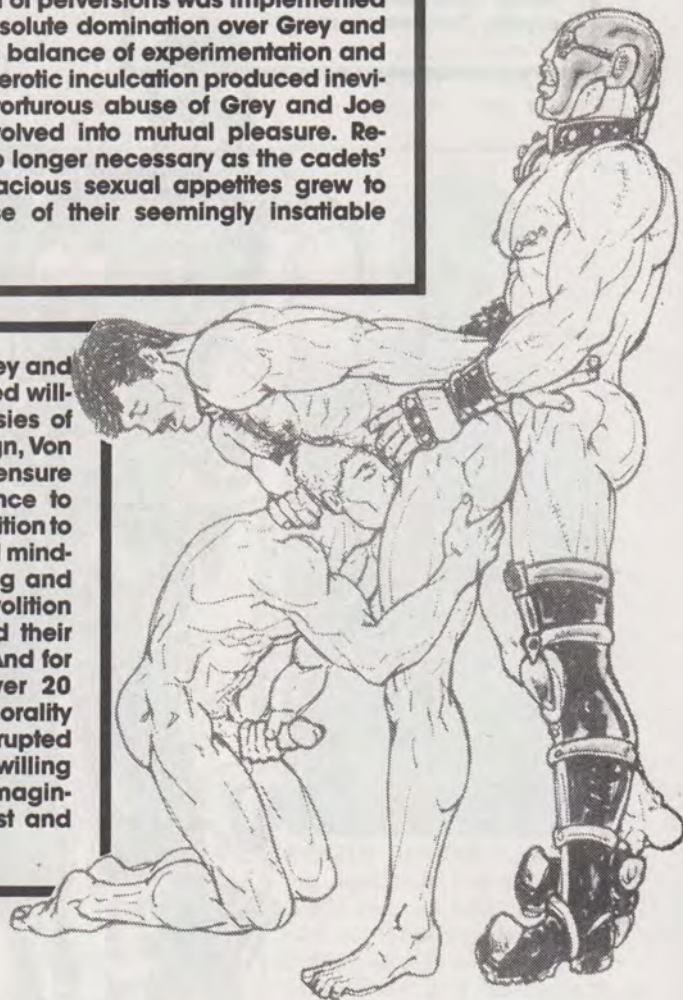
Nothing at Gortox's hands had prepared Grey for the battering horror of Von Sado's fucking machine. A confident smile of sadistic supremacy crossed the Baron's face as he increased the velocity of the perverted device. Grey couldn't believe his own cock exploded as he slipped into a climactic dream-scape. When he regained consciousness, he and Joe Buck had been strapped into a duo-fist-fucking machine and instead of the chromium dildoes, were now confronted by Von Sado's fists. Joe Buck and Grey gasped involuntarily as Von Sado simultaneously buried a clenched fist deep into each of their magnificent restrained asses.



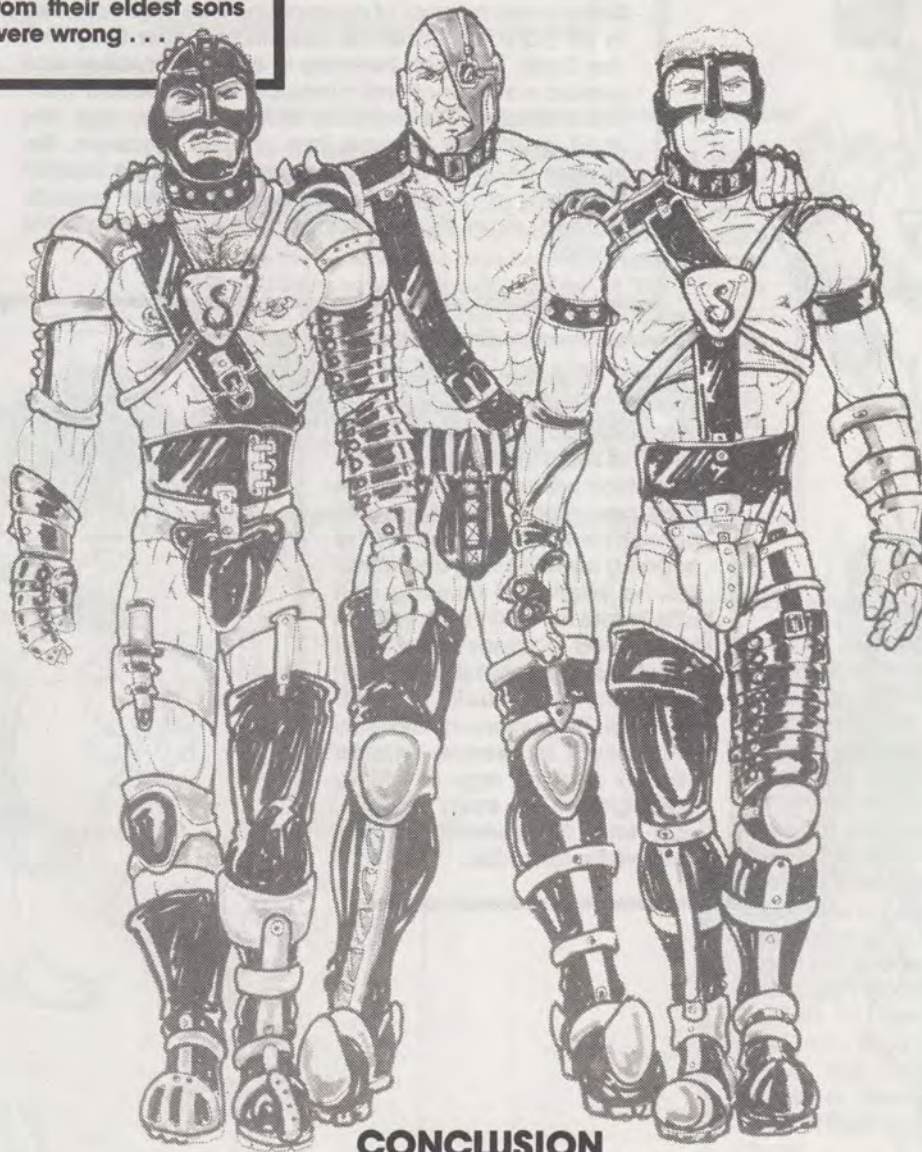
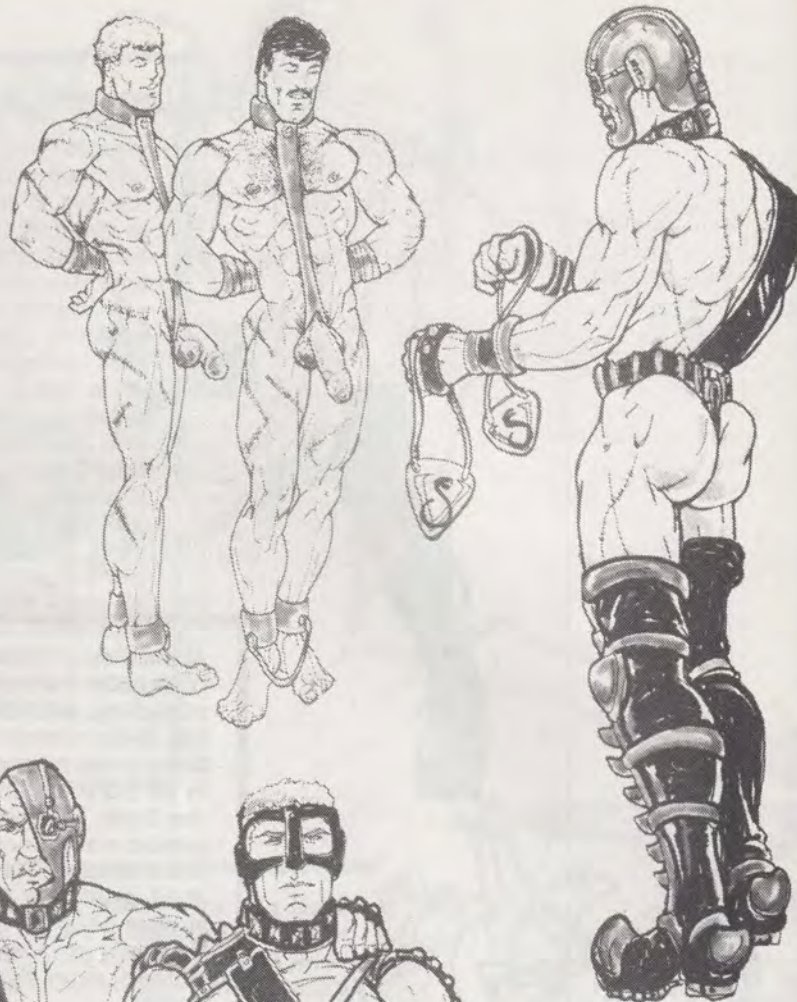


At the mercy of Von Sado's controlled debaucheries, both cadets were subjected to weeks of increasingly punishing, yet subtle, physical and mental conditioning. Every machine, every device, every drug in Von Sado's vast arsenal of perversions was implemented in his pursuit of absolute domination over Grey and Joe Buck. His keen balance of experimentation and proven methods of erotic inculcation produced inevitable results. The torturous abuse of Grey and Joe Buck gradually evolved into mutual pleasure. Restraints became no longer necessary as the cadets' depravity and voracious sexual appetites grew to exceed even those of their seemingly insatiable captor.

Though confident that Grey and Joe Buck were now indeed willing participants in fantasies of even his most brutal design, Von Sado took precautions to ensure their permanent allegiance to himself personally. In addition to ongoing conditioning and mindset, he employed cunning and wile to forever mold their volition to his own purposes and their individual contentment. And for Grey and Joe Buck, over 20 years of PPP-enforced morality and sexual repression erupted into an ongoing orgy of willing participation in every imaginable form of obscene lust and hedonistic abandon.



Having proven themselves more than willing Von Sado crossovers from the sexual aridity of the PPP-regulated Planet Powers, Grey and Joe Buck became trusted friends and confidants of their leader. Von Sado, in his first official act to be carried out without command or force, offered top-rank Sado Army commissions to the two former cadets. Grey and Joe Buck readily accepted and became the first of Von Sado's kidnaping victims to remain on the island of their own free will. The terrorist kidnapings continued unabated as Von Sado sought to extend the reach and power of his depraved empire. Planet Leaders Greystar and Golden, having each lost one son to the horrors of Sado Island, zealously guarded their youngest offspring who were fast approaching Academy age. They knew they would never hear from their eldest sons again. They were wrong . . .



CONCLUSION

TOUGH CUSTOMERS

LEATHER LOVER:

This 27-year-old Illinois leatherman can't get enough leather love, and he needs it badly. He is willing to be inspected and exposed in Chicago or Missouri. Don't disappoint him, men! Write TC 1220.



INTO HEAVY METAL: Thirty-four years old and hot, TC 1223 has an ass that can take a dozen links of heavy chain as well as stainless-steel eggs, dildoes and the real thing. He needs a hot ass-scabbard for his sword before, during and after his hungry hole is filled. With access to a complete dungeon, this versatile Minnesota leatherman awaits you!

THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN?

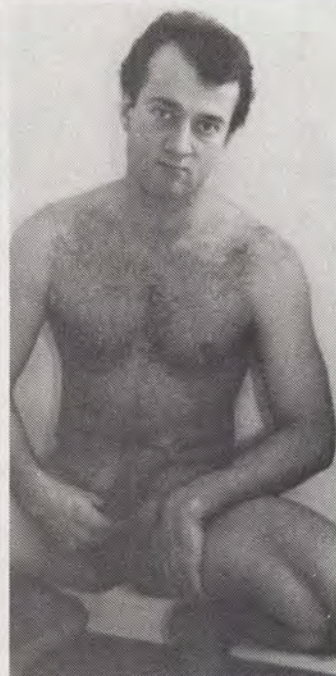
CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?

Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your black and white photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) with your name and address printed on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name and we will assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos are not returnable.)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC number on the back flap; put this inside another envelope along with a quarter for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.



SEEING IS BELIEVING: Northern California FF aficionados will want to meet this 35-year-old, 5'10", 160 lbs., pierced, uncut and very hot leatherman. He is heavy into FF from both directions. Contact TC 1224.



BRAZEN BOTTOM: Likes being bottom in just about any scene and can take quite a bit of abuse. This Washington, DC bottom likes it all. He's a real exhibitionist and has the videos to prove it. TC 1222 would like to find friends in San Francisco and Los Angeles to visit on trips to the West Coast but is especially looking for "creative Tops who know how to make it hurt so good..."

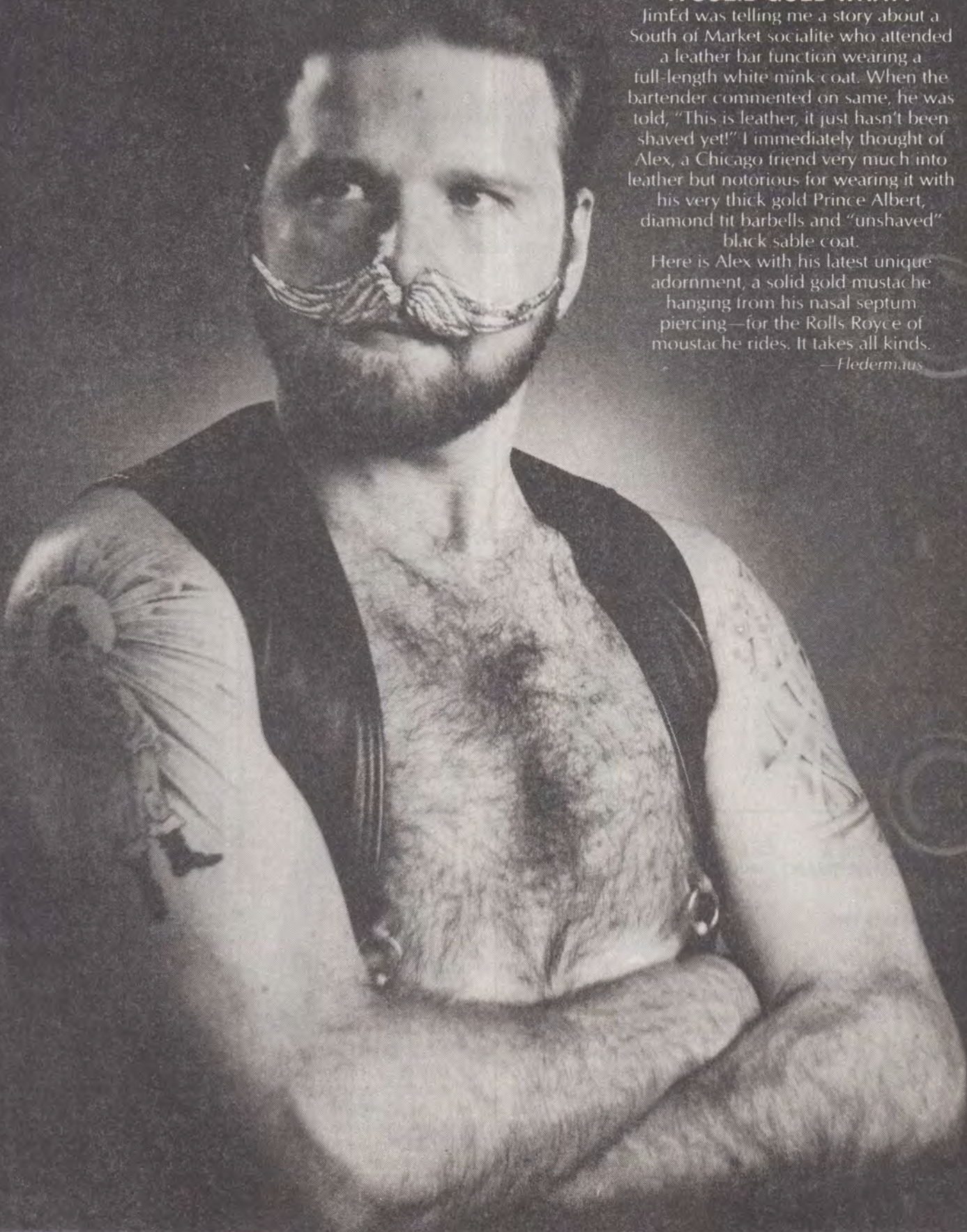
IN PASSING

A SOLID GOLD WHAT?

JimEd was telling me a story about a South of Market socialite who attended a leather bar function wearing a full-length white mink coat. When the bartender commented on same, he was told, "This is leather, it just hasn't been shaved yet!" I immediately thought of Alex, a Chicago friend very much into leather but notorious for wearing it with his very thick gold Prince Albert, diamond tit barbells and "unshaved" black sable coat.

Here is Alex with his latest unique adornment, a solid gold mustache hanging from his nasal septum piercing—for the Rolls Royce of moustache rides. It takes all kinds.

—Fledermaus



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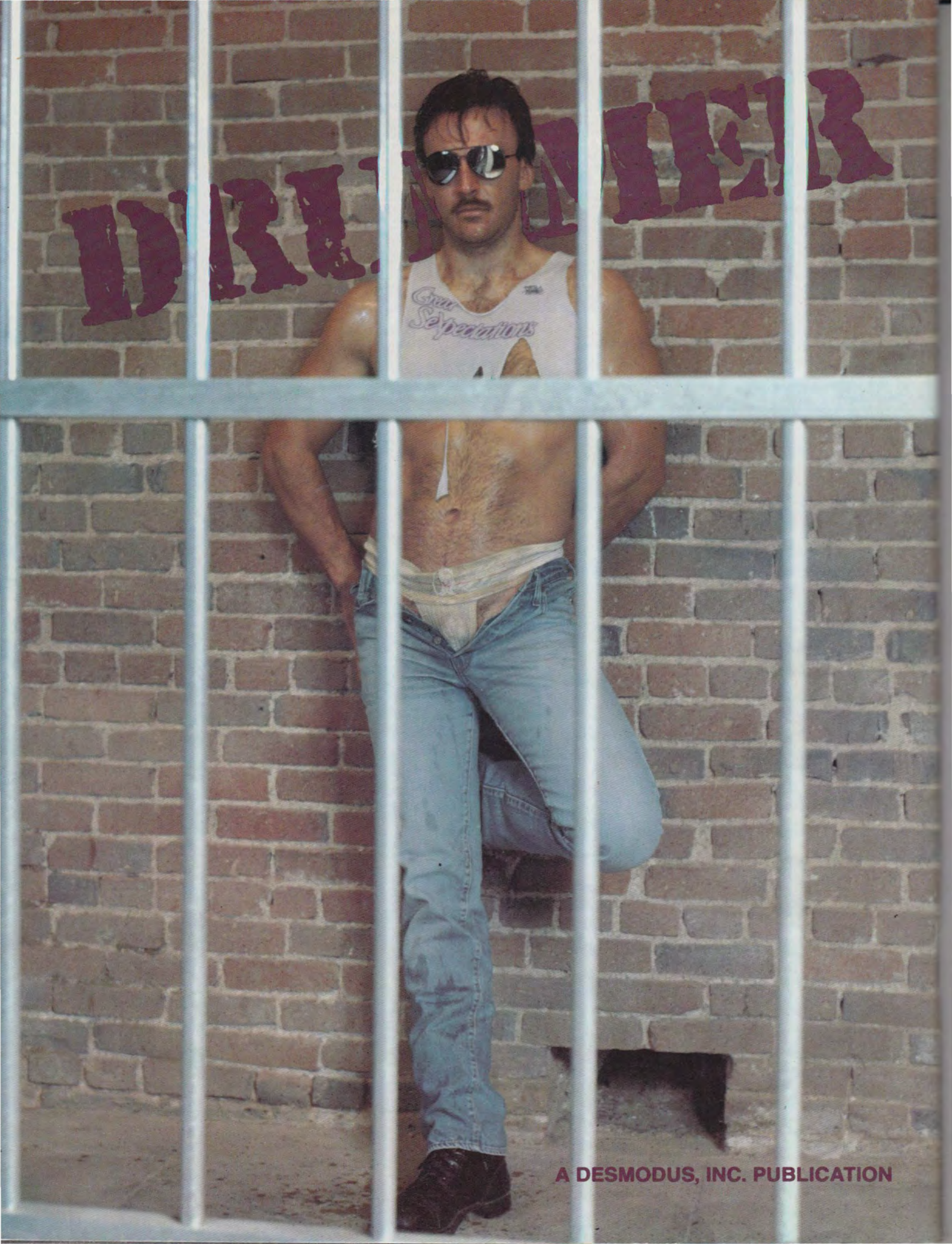
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THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

John Specimen

This is to certify that this Leatherman is a member in good standing of the Leather Fraternity and is entitled to all privileges and benefits of membership. This card is non-transferable and may be revoked only with good cause.



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