

DRUMMER

ISSUE 107



Tattoo

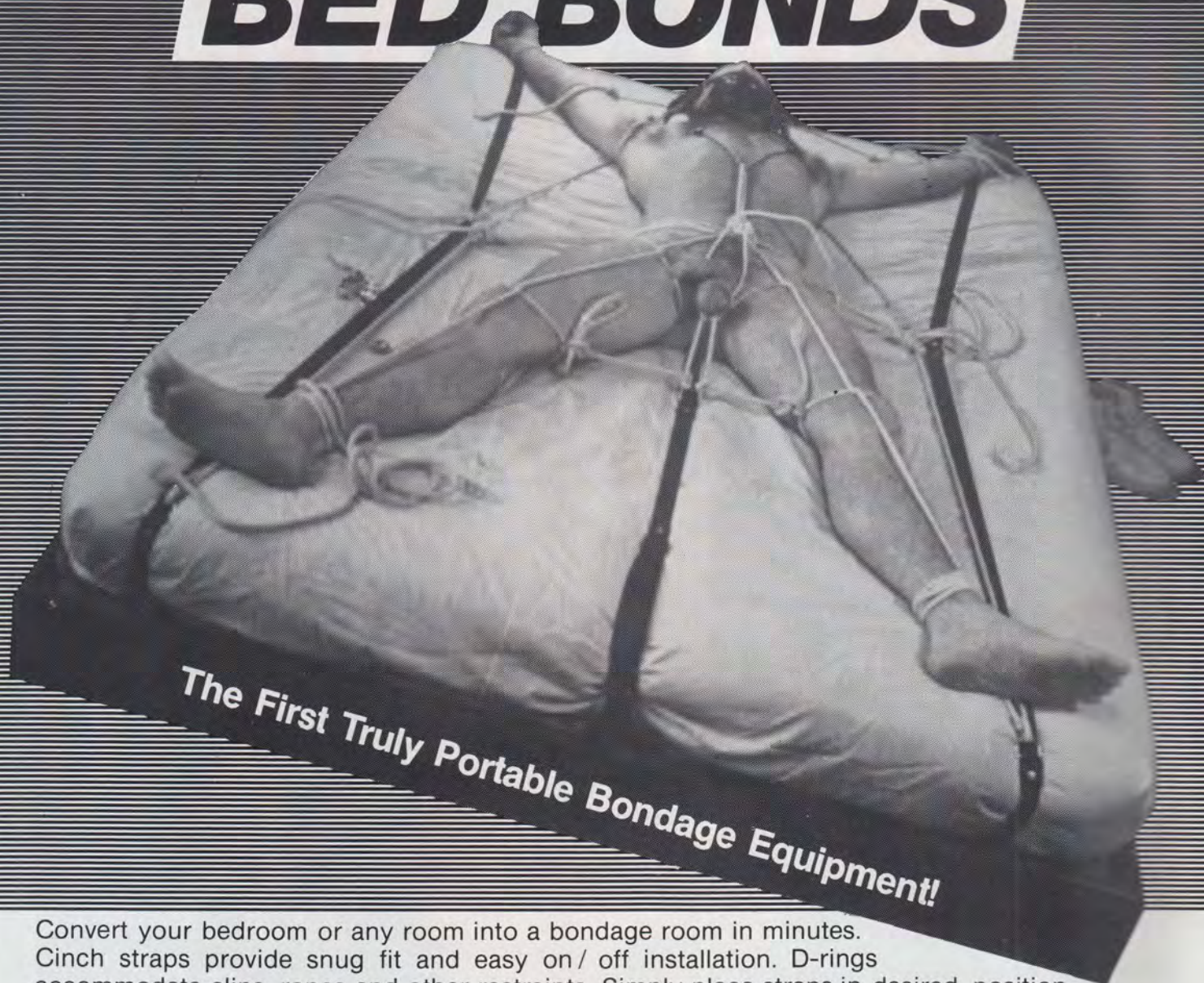
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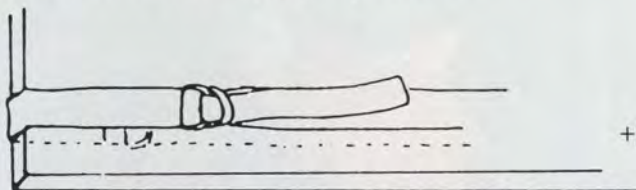
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DRUMMER

ISSUE 107

"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

Published 12 times a year by
Desmodus Inc.

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

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12 issue subscription \$50 in the U.S., \$70 (U.S. funds) in Canada and \$100 elsewhere, including airmail postage (U.S. funds). Orders accepted for MasterCard, Visa and American Express at (415) 864-3456.

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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 driving 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—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 recognized 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.

OFF THE TOP

by JUDY TALLWING MCCARTHY International Ms Leather 1987

GUEST EDITORIAL

In the past, and to a strong degree now, when people in society refer to the terms homosexual or gay they usually mean men. Men have been the most visible as gays and have had a strong network much longer than lesbians. Men have been our shields because of their high visibility. In history the gay purges have always been directed more toward men than women.

Consequently, if there were no gay men, we, as lesbians, would have no protection from ones who would see us obliterated. In joining forces with men, we gain strength and visibility, commodities we must have to win the fight for basic human dignity.

I've been attending a number of gay-sponsored events since winning the International Ms Leather title. At most of these events we've stood with hats off, hands over our hearts as the National Anthem was played. We stood to recognize and give honor to this country. Well, now it's damned time for this country to recognize us. We are individuals worthy of recognition and worthy of the freedom to be who we are without fear of discrimination and prejudice. For far too long, we as gays have been settling for second best. We've supported politicians because they agreed to vote for a gay rights bill, even though ideologically we couldn't agree with them on any other issue. Then, most often when we need their vote, they bend to the influence of narrow-thinking radicals and vote against us.

It is time now for all of us to demand more and to become more than a one-issue people. All of us are aware that we are involved in a multi-issue war. We have friends who are dying all around us and we're losing talent that our communities can ill afford to lose. The right wing is gaining strength and we're losing ground.

Unlike most wars which are won by defeating enemies in a number of smaller battles, ours



PHOTO BY JACK SHAR

INTERNATIONAL MS LEATHER: Judy Tallwing McCarthy signs autographs while Jacques Carle, president of T-Bolts MC, and Sky Renfro, co-chair of International Ms Leather, discuss politics. Photo was taken in Chicago at a reception for International Ms. Leather contestants.

is made more difficult because we must win the whole war all at once. Many of our number believe that our major battle is the one for gay rights. I feel that what we must gain is even larger and more encompassing than gay rights. We have to win the right to basic human dignity.

Until we have this most basic right, we will not gain the strength nor obtain the money we need to fight our other battles, especially the fight against AIDS. Our current fundraising efforts, as impressive as they may be, are equivalent to trying to put a bandage on a slit throat. We need federal support and we need it now.

The lifeblood is being pumped out of our communities. Every time we lose someone to AIDS, our communities are losing a valuable resource; even one person is too great a loss.

We have to begin the fight for our human dignity by respecting each other in all our "differences." There is no "gay community." We are as diverse as the larger society around us. Our communality lies in our sexual preference and in that larger society's condemnation of us for it.

One giant step towards winning our war is to rid ourselves of

our "community" prejudices. An example might be the prejudices which are the result of generalizing an act or incident involving an individual. A common occurrence in our gay communities is when a man or woman creates a disturbance in a bar frequented by the other gender, we sometimes generalize by saying, "Those damned men!" or "Those damned women! We don't want them in here," instead of relating that action to that specific individual. I have a great deal of difficulty understanding why someone doesn't like me because I'm a woman. I have no difficulty at all understanding why someone doesn't like me because I'm being a jerk.

Right now we must begin unifying our forces from the simplest base, such as learning each other's names and knowing each other as individuals, respecting each one's right to that individuality. It's hard not to care what happens to someone you know.

We also must work on healing the wounds we've inflicted upon one another. We will have made great strides when our communities can respect our right in choosing to live with the S/M lifestyle.

Our biggest step is to start really caring . . . giving a damn.

We all get so tied up in our own lives that the hardest thing to do is to give some part of our caring to someone else.

I'm not any brighter than the next person. But sometimes I feel that we each get lost in the chaos of this society and we lose sight of the simple things we can do to help each other and ourselves. Shaking hands and introducing ourselves to one another is the simplest.

Strong leadership is another thing we need to win any war. When I came out, leaders of the gay community were from the street and we knew them, we kept in touch. Slowly, somewhere, we've lost touch with our most visible spokespersons. They seem to have encapsulated themselves. This may have been necessary for them because we all tend to demand a lot from those who would speak for us and we don't give a hell of a lot back. In doing this, we use them up. Our true leaders now are those working in our communities, putting together benefits, serving on committees and working on our papers. And they are many now. We just have to find the mechanism for connecting all of them.

In order for our spokespersons to be effective, they absolutely have to keep in touch with the communities they speak for and they must have real support from all of us. We are, after all, fighting a major war. We must have leaders in order to win, however these leaders must not lose touch with all the communities for which they speak.

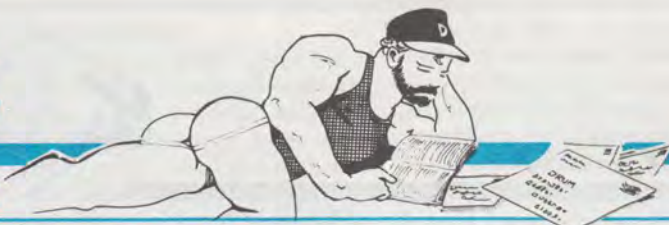
But the most important factor in winning any war is its army. In order to be an effective army, we must gather all our forces together. My lover Sashie said something that I think we all must keep in mind:

"Our enemies are not men or women. Our enemies are prejudice and intolerance, based on ignorance. And our weapons are unity, visibility and education."

Using all these weapons, we really can win. □

MALECALL

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HEAVY LEATHER ROCK AND ROLL

In recent letters in Malecall it is obvious that guys into kinky sex and lifestyles can be so rigid when it comes to anything that falls outside the parameters of what they think the scene should encompass. Having only acknowledged my interests in leather-S/M in the last two years I was beginning to think I was the only one who had made this observation.

Rather than turn this into another leather novice gripe letter, let me offer what might be a different generation's thoughts. As I came out in the sixties, my tendency is to think and act sociopolitically. I am uncomfortable with "political correctness."

My involvement in the leather scene in New York grew out of my previous involvement as a rock singer. As my music took on a harder edge I would wear more Levi's and leather. In NYC, the two bars that play the most rock music (excluding the later developments in the East Village) are leather-oriented bars. It was at one of these bars that I first learned about GMSMA.

GMSMA is not perfection. I've met just as many narrow-minded members of this organization as I have encountered in the leather bar scene. However, it is the general atmosphere of open-minded discussion, and many experienced leathermen have helped me reach into my own bag of hang-ups. I no longer look at cops and military types as necessarily supporters of those who would oppress. In breaking down this barrier I've realized that not all police and members of the military branches are bigoted pigs.

Rock music is still "where I live." With some of the self-confidence I've gained at GMSMA, my "image" reflects this awareness. I really feel just as good and hot wearing chaps with bright red, yellow or tie-dyed jeans as the more traditional blue or black button-fly Levi's. I guess once a rocker, always a rocker. It has become part of my fantasy identity. Unfortunately, even in bars where rock music is played, not all leathermen appreciate my look. Sometimes the atmosphere has been downright hostile!

It is good to know that other members of the leather-S/M scene can be self-critical and that *Drummer* provides a forum for diverse views.

To anybody out there with the attitude of "anybody who looks like that is a goddamned tourist and is only into unsafe vanilla sex..." I say to you: "You're living in your own private Idaho..." If you don't know what that means, go out and get a copy of the B-52's "Wild Planet,"

adjust the volume so you can hear the lyrics, and give it some thought. As long as we keep living in "our own private Idaho," we will be continually oppressed by those outside the scene. Rockers also "hear the beat of a different drummer"—it's just that instead of stepping we're bopping, hopping and slamming to the music we hear.

B.K.

Westfield, NJ



PHOTO BY ZEUS

GAG ME WITH A...

I love gags and use them with every guy who services my needs. I don't like small talk and the sooner I can stifle my bottom, the better. Frankly I am *not* looking for intellectual stimulation. I want control and sexual release. My biggest disappointment with *Drummer* has been the lack of gag coverage. There are a hell of a lot of guys like me who enjoy hearing their bottoms moan rather than bitch about tight ropes. Any talk that goes on comes from me as a sexual turn-on. One of the best photos you had was of a guy from Texas, dressed in a suit with a necktie gag. Hot stuff for us gag enthusiasts who would like to do that to some banker-type. I've used almost every possible variation on the form: handkerchiefs, neckties, bandannas, nylons, leather strips, belts, dildo gags, scarves, socks, jocks, surgical tape, packing tape, binding tape, Ace bandages, ball gags, leather wedges (the type in a hood), sashes from robes... How about a photo layout soon on the varieties?

C.D.

Minneapolis, MN

Ed: Photosets of Mr. Drummer 1986 Mike Murray are now available from Desmodus. See ad on page 31.

JUST LOOKING

The main thing I like about your magazine is that the guys look real. They are all ages, sizes, shapes, colors and what-have-you. The unfortunate thing about most of the guys in leather that are pictured is that the "California look" dominates. Not everybody is a body builder. I like muscles just as much as the next guy, but in real life some of the hottest sexiest numbers strut around with big beer bellies, and a lot of them are bikers or wear some leather. They're usually bluecollar average Joes who work hard for a living, and I for one would like to see some magazine devote a photo-spread to studs with big bellies—real daddy types.

I like the cover of *Drummer 105* with The Barbarians. One thing I miss from *Drummer* is spreads on uniforms. Would it be possible for *Drummer* to cover contests like "Mr. New York's Finest"? Those cops are hot! Or some guys from pro wrestling. They are the biggest, toughest, meanest daddy studs I have seen. Perhaps a sports column might appeal to a lot of guys. Not everyone sits around waiting for old Joan Crawford movies on TV.

I've never worn leather or even had a friendship with anyone who does, except for one ex-biker who is now a minister (he's also one of those big-gutted types I mentioned earlier). And while I don't care for a lot of the more far-out attitudes and ideas that some leathermen have, I do enjoy looking at the pictures. Also guys like Sailor Sid and his "constructive criticism" (*Drummer 105*) are full of it. He doesn't want variety, he wants conformity.

L.A.

Minneapolis, MN

Ed.: Virtually everything you are asking for is in the works. Mike Murray's cop in *Drummer 106* was first—more uniforms will follow. Scott Masters (remember his great "Five in the Training Room" story) will soon be contributing a series on "Sadism in Sports," and we also have in the works pieces on pro wrestlers and on biker-types into playing in the mud. Now if we can just get Domino to do some illustrations!

—AFD

WEST TEXAS MEMORIES

This is to thank Tim Barrus for the great story in *Drummer 103* entitled "Cheyne." I thought it was the best fiction article in that issue, and one of the best ever printed in *Drummer*.

The accurate presentation of small-town attitudes and lifestyle brought back memories of my own earlier years. I found the depiction of prejudice to fit with my



memories of my own earlier years. I found the depiction of prejudice to fit with my memories of West Texas.

In the ninth grade the "bad" boy of my class picked me as an ally to help him with the impossible requirements of the academic task. Like the character who was infatuated with Cheyne, I was one of the 'goodies' who could be counted on to know a subject from a verb, and to be able to make them match! My 'bad boy' had achieved most of his growth by age 15, and when he would bend over my desk to ask a question, I could smell the forbidden tobacco odor on his breath. It was hard for me to pay attention to his question when what I was most fascinated with was the protrusions beneath his skin-tight white T-shirt in the middle of his well-developed pecs. His biceps filled the sleeves of his shirt. His sweat was not disguised with deodorant.

One day the PE coach teased him about his nipples and tweaked one, asking, "Is that really you?" Then same coach beat his ass with a wooden paddle for being insubordinate.

We went our separate ways when junior high was over and I went on to the 'good' high school. So I never knew anything more of what happened to the first tough guy I had a crush on.

In his story, Mr. Barrus weaves a thread of romance and lust and young male 'down-home' realism that picked up the strands of a fantasy which, in the ninth grade, I was only starting. "Cheyne" was perfectly written. The night was moonless and "bible-black" when the straight man reaffirmed his love for his friend, not caring who might see them. All right!

M.M.
Murray, UT

ATTITUDINALIZING AN OPINION

Thanks for Mr. Karr's review of *Shave-slave* in *Drummer* 102. The praising hot points were good, strong reaction of the kind I like and the fault-finding was not without basis. Though each man will differ as to whether some things were as worth bothering finding fault as the reviewer says. Well, that's his opinion.

I take exception to his opinion as to the issue of politics of verbal abuse. Admittedly not everyone has a high degree of consciousness about what they do, nor are we assured that everyone chooses health when he can tell the difference. Nevertheless, I believe that the acceptance of an S/M lifestyle is part of self-knowledge and human understanding and insight—at least by predisposition.

Calling someone a pussy, mocking them, fantasizing (by both partners) that

the bottom is being forced (raped, after a fashion)—these are fairly universally hot things and, among those overtly practicing S/M, apt to be frequently explored and commonly practiced. Nevertheless, Tops and bottoms are usually friends before and after the act (if social contact is maintained at all) and often show much mutual respect once out of the fantasy.

In *Shaveslave*, Master Al is not making any disguise about being gay or into S/M. Lee Baldwin's character is. He espouses judgmental pseudo-straight attitudes while reading as the far less stereotypical masculine of the two. In short, his repressive attitude toward himself is what the first minutes of the picture are about, right down to his yuppie tie.

It is his own straight pose which is being mocked and debased and broken down. First his helplessness to disguise his hard-on at being abused and later his hungry pursuit of it make the underpinning not antigay, but a dramatizing of the liberating of gay (bottom, in this case) feelings from the guilt imposed by outward societal attitudes. His true gay self was being debased, now the mental chains that oppressed it are being debased.

Humiliation, domination-submission, these are all integral parts of those intangible and almost undefinable sexual mechanisms. S/M is politically threatening to the dictatorially oriented because it brings these things into the light and offers the potential to defuse their shackling effects on political life by channeling them into Eros to be enjoyed rather than remaining bogeymen of fear and guilt.

The character is not being "'reduced' to gay activity" but having his straight attitude-inizing reduced to rubble, and then the gay activity flows.

Karr's description of the hot parts could not have been more ball-tinling.

A.L.
Address Unknown

FANTASY COMPANY

As the old saying goes, "it pays to advertise" is very true. Several months ago I ran a single ad in your Dear Sir section and, much to my surprise, the large number of replies I received has really helped me to meet a select group of guys that share my limited if not shunned interest in safe scat scenes. *Drummer* is a great publication offering a wealth of information for everyone into leather and S/M without the feeling of being put down or rejected.

I hate to admit it, but once again I need your help because I have exhausted all my sources. In response to my ad in *Drummer* I received a free one-hour tape from a

company called B & K Fantasies with no return address. Most of the tape dealt with piercing, shaving and hot wax, but the final part was devoted to scat. I would like to contact them not only to thank them for the tape, but also to see what other tapes they may have for sale.

If you don't have their address on file, I can only hope that very soon they will seek out your publication for advertising.

D.A.
New York, NY

Ed.: Readers, can you help this guy out? Is anyone from B & K Fantasies out there? Send us the information. —JET

COVER STORY

Congratulations on the high quality of the art work found in *Drummer*, particularly issue 102 with the poses of International Mr. Leather Scott Tucker. The photography and model are stimulating artistically and sexually.

Sir, it would please my Master, as well as myself, if you could obtain copies of the cover and photo at the bottom of page 7 that are suitable for framing and displaying in our recreational room. If there is any charge, please let me know.

T.R.
Pittsburgh, PA

Ed.: Covers can be carefully removed from an issue and framed. Extra copies are \$4.95 each. These photos are by noted San Francisco photographer Robert Pruzan. You may contact him through us regarding copies. —AFD

AUTHENTIC FETISH

I read Larry Townsend's huffy response to the ex-Marine in *Leather Notebook* (*Drummer* 98) and then the very sensible letter on the subject by M.C. in the Malecall section of *Drummer* 100. It bothers me that Larry, one of the most respected sources of information in the S/M community, shows so little understanding of the needs of real S/M men (and please hold your temper, Mr. Townsend, until I can explain what I mean by that). I use the term "real" in the literal sense of men wanting full dominance/submission relationships rather than pick-up-a-trick-and-play-let's-pretend. I've dragged lots of guys home from the bars, assigned them their role for the night, and gone through the standard whacking and posturing. That's fine for the men who turn on to that, but a lot of us have discovered that we want more.

Specifically, I want a man to surrender control of his life to me because I have earned his loyalty and respect with whatever wisdom and strength I possess. If either of us have to use the facades of

attitude or ego, it won't work. As Michael Grunblum said in *Hard Corps*, "The essence of a fetish is its authenticity." A number of us are looking for sincere, vulnerable, enthusiastic men who want to submit to us in return for the training, direction and sense of belonging we are capable of offering. Young (and not-so-young) warriors need chieftains. But a true chieftain isn't a bragging showoff. He is a man who can back up his words with common sense, personal ethics and a willingness to stand alone if necessary. A true chieftain doesn't try to lead. Men follow him because of the quality of his example.

Unfortunately, we live in a society where wisdom, ethics and courage mean little. Many, probably most, of the men who have developed the inner qualities necessary to take a dominant role in the lives of other men lack the financial resources needed to take full charge of trainees. And there is no leather tribe out there to support this. We pull together to fight any outside attack, such as AIDS or VD, but we make no provisions for the overall maintenance and continuance of our lifestyle. A tribe that does not see to the education and welfare of its young is drifting toward extinction. The young ex-Marine who sparked this whole dialogue is ripe and ready for a man with inner strength and direction to break and train him. The likelihood of him finding that man is tragically small. We never built reality into our system.

Buy your script from a magazine stand, your leather off the rack in an image store, then head on down to your local watering hole to parade and posture with the other dudes who are parodying the men of their dreams. Some of us are taking the risks of trying to become those real men and we are only interested in guys who also want to be all that they can be.

Several fantasy "boot camps" and "training quarters" have come and gone but, to the best of my knowledge, no effort has been made to set up training cadres. Educational organizations such as GMSMA and Janus Society have tried to approach this concept, but they tend to attract groupies and petty power-junkies more than stable teachers.

Any move to create such a training center would require talented leadership, access to the wisdom and resources of the community, and solid financial backing. The chance of any one man possessing all three is all but nonexistent. For over a decade I have watched Leather turn to fashion turn to habit turn to boredom. Yet there is an untapped energy in Leather that gives it a certain glory even in its present state of disarray.

If anything positive is going to be done to further the evolution of our lifestyle, then men like you, Larry, are going to have to set aside the luxury of bitchiness and make some effort to draw men of like minds together.

Dane Leathers
San Francisco, CA

CARING IS SHARING

I need feedback. Recently I received a letter from a guy who, like myself, was into a heavy boot scene. Unfortunately, his action was either too heavy or mixed with another scene I wasn't into. I almost threw the note out after dropping him a line stating "Thanks, but no thanks!" Oh well, it happens.

The next week, while reading more ads and jerkin' off, I came upon an ad from a guy who would happily have jumped (maybe) at the chance to meet my letter writer. I dropped him a note explaining the situation and then reforwarded the letter with another note of introduction to the new ad. You know, they clicked and are arranging for a get-together.

I felt so damn good! It only cost me a few minutes more time and two more stamps. Sharing is really a good feeling! Is this a good idea? Feedback please! There must be a lot of guys who just don't get replies. Its a nice way to share my good fortune.

J.P.

Freeport, NY

Ed.: If you wish to get involved with matchmaking, what I would consider "proper" would be when an ad is seen that corresponds with a letter writer you already have contact with, send the ad to the "known" person and let them take the next step. Forwarding a letter sent to you to some "unknown" person is in "bad taste."

—JET

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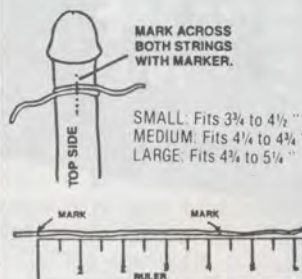
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WHO IS JERKING WHO?

This is to respond to the letter from J.D. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, printed in *Drummer* 103. Has it ever occurred to J.D. that the reason he goes home alone so often could be that he's an asshole?

For the balance of this letter I have assumed that J.D. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin is also Jay who has a *Drummer* ad, and Frustrated, Milwaukee (Leather Notebook, *Drummer* 86). What are the odds against there being three persons in Wisconsin wanting animal training, at least two of them having the same first initial, and at least two of them living in the same city? I feel fairly safe thinking that this is one person. If I am wrong I apologize to J.D. and Frustrated, but evidence leads me to believe that they are all one and the same.

In October of 1984 I responded to Jay's ad, which I had seen in *Drummer* 76. Jay responded with a short letter asking several questions. I consider it quite significant that the letter had no return address. I answered Jay's questions as best I could and sent it through his *Drummer* box, again. I received no reply.

Then I read the letter from Frustrated, Milwaukee, in the *Leather Notebook*. I was slightly pissed off when I read "The few people I've discussed this with think I'm perverted, or maybe not sincere." The only thing that led me to doubt his sincerity was his lack of response to my second letter. Even the omission of the return address could have been a mistake (a stupid mistake but, I was willing to believe, an honest one).

I made no response at that time, being busy with other things (such as training the slave/pet that I had acquired in response to my ad). But now the letter from J.D. in *Drummer* 103.

If he is going to make a hobby of writing to *Drummer* to complain about the responses to his ad, I wanted you to have both sides. J.D. claims that in response to his ad he got "... JO letters and curiosity hounds, and gays who waste my time."

I would like to know which one of us you feel is jerking off?

A.B.
Tucson, AZ

STEVE COLE FAN

I saw a previous series of photos of Steve Cole in another mag's spread. He was great to look at. It is a regret that your montage of photos was so limited. He is one of the best men that *Drummer* has given us to see. It is too bad that we could not have more of him.

While Steve Cole comes across as a dominating personality, will we ever get to see him restrained a la Zeus "Men in Bondage." To see Steve Cole straining against ropes with beads of sweat rolling down his stumbled face and down his muscular, hairy chest would drive anyone

into a sweat of his own. I better stop. I'm driving myself crazy.

Now that I have calmed down some, thank you for the cover photo, thank Jim Moss for the chance to see Steve Cole again, and please, please can we see more of him?

J.K.

Oceanside, CA

Ed.: You will be seeing more of Steve Cole in this issue of Drummer. Jim Moss took many photos. So hold on—more will come. As for seeing him tied up and straining—how I wish! Particularly if I get to do the tying. I'll have to talk to the men of Zeus. Perhaps we can do a cooperative shoot with Steve as we did with Mike Murray!

—AFD

DRUMMER NOVICE

On a recent trip to the local magazine store I discovered your magazine *Drummer*. Since I had never seen the magazine before, I picked it up and was looking through it—curiosity—when a chap nearby suggested in a very firm voice that I purchase it. It is because of that command that I am writing this letter and also that I am unsure if I should be thanking you or cussing you.

The man that had made the remark was about my age and build, except that, dressed in the leather vest and Levi's, it was obvious that he was more muscular. Looking at him, I said something about it not being my style or turn-on, and he responded by saying that was because no one had properly explained it to me.

I admit that I was intrigued by him and by what I had already seen in the pictures of the magazine, and I bought it. Then he and I went across the way and had a cup of coffee, during which we talked about leather, Levi's, bondage and discipline. He suggested that I come up to his place and

he'd show me some of his equipment. Inside, I knew what he meant, and my gut told me to say no, but I said yes.

When we walked into his apartment and he locked the door behind us, I knew that I was going to be completely under his control. I was by now a bit apprehensive, no, scared. My usual scenes were more loving sessions ending with mutual satisfaction. Bondage, discipline, humiliation, pain, etc., were not a part of my background and I was unsure exactly how, if or what to expect and equally unsure if I wanted to participate, but his firm, unwavering, commanding tone made me want to stay—with him.

After a beer, he told me to stand in the center of the room and strip, slowly, and I did as told. After I had stripped, he gave me a thorough once-over. All the while he kept making comments of disgust about how out-of-shape I was and how I had let myself go, etc.

He took me into another room, had me put restraints on my ankles and wrists. From this point on he started to play rough. I was completely under his control. He attached my ankles and wrists to the legs and corners of a table so that I was bent at right angles at the waist, my ass spread out. He yanked on my cock and balls, slapped and paddled my ass. Then told me to fist my meat.

When we finished, he took me back into the living room, told me to take off all his equipment and get dressed. I ached so bad it took a bit of effort. He told me to leave, and I was quite anxious to do so. I left right away. My pain was second to my desire to get out of there. I walked, nearly ran, the couple of blocks to my car. I was halfway home when I realized he had my magazines.

What bothers me is not so much what has happened, but that I want to go back

and let him mangle my ass again. I find myself breathing hard when I think of him. I am a mass of nerves, I fear what I am getting into—and the thought that I might enjoy it.

R.C.

Chicago, IL

ONE MAN'S CRAP IS ANOTHER MAN'S TURN-ON

I buy *Drummer* for the same reason I buy *Mach*. The stories—the one-arm reading! I don't buy *Drummer* to look at thirty pages littered with boys and crap from Texas!

Let's have more stories in *Drummer* and less of this crap!

S.R.

Santa Rosa, CA

INTERNATIONAL SMOKER

Thanks for a really excellent magazine. I usually derive great pleasure and "stimulation" from reading *Drummer*, but one that I have seen only recently (a way-back issue—*Drummer* 74—May '84) had me hard and drooling within seconds.

The article I refer to is "Cigar Studs"! I am ultra-turned-on by cigars and men who smoke them. I like nothing better than a session with one or several cigar-smoking males, so you can imagine my delight in seeing this spread!

Please, can you supply me with information on clubs for men into cigars? Thanks, and keep up the good work. *Drummer* is way ahead . . .

C.S.

Sydney, Australia

Ed.: I am aware of two clubs for cigar-smoking men. Cigar Studs, PO Box 15344, San Antonio, TX 78212 and Hot Ash, PO Box 20147, London Terrace Station, New York, NY 10011. Happy puffin'. —JET



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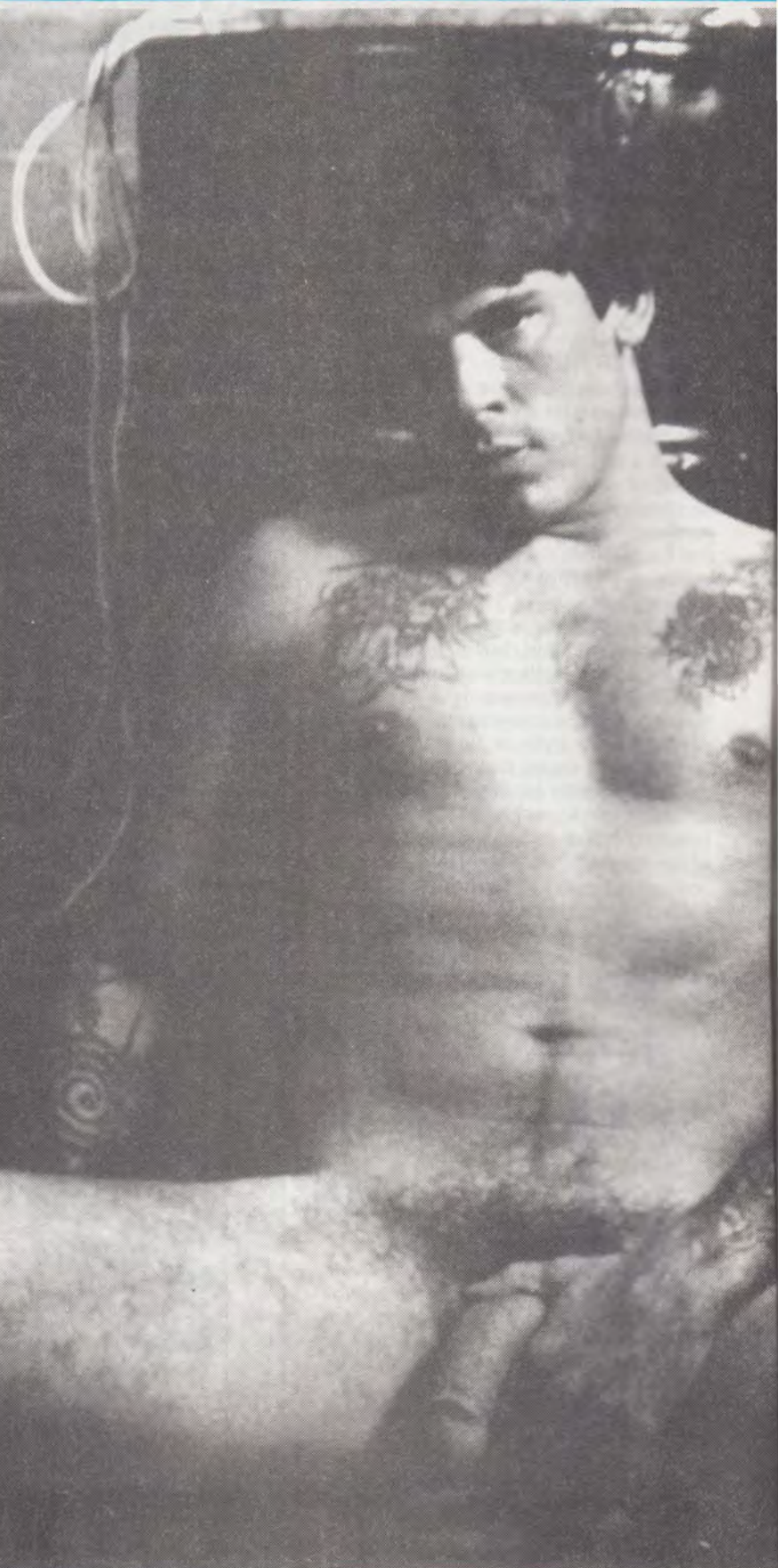
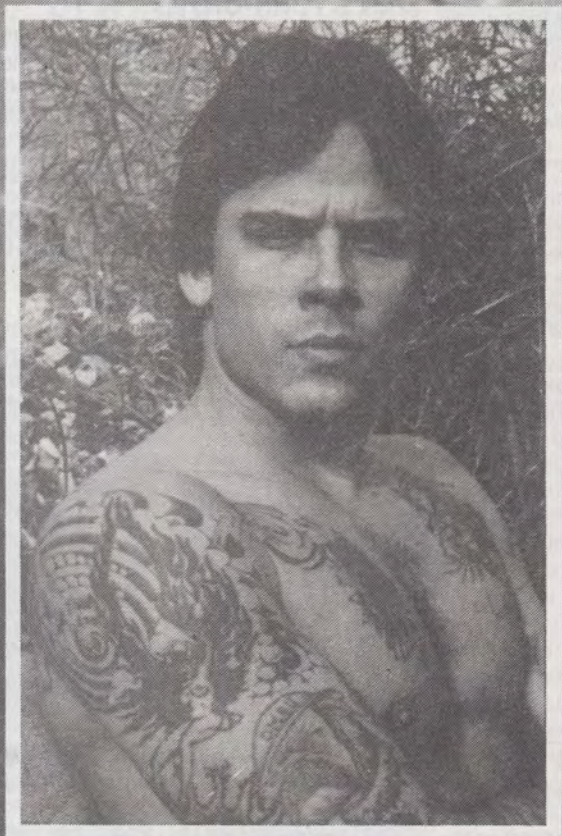
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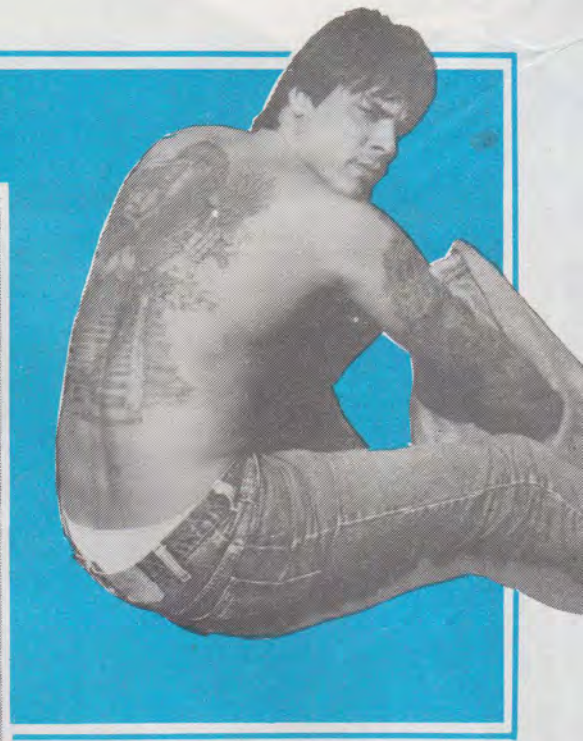
You get to pull out all the stops when Keith and Jerry and Tom V. all three go at it. Generally I don't care for groups, but this one is dynamite! Not only do both sensations, Keith and Jerry, get a chance to take on the hulk that is Tom, but they get another chance to tear into each other . . . and 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



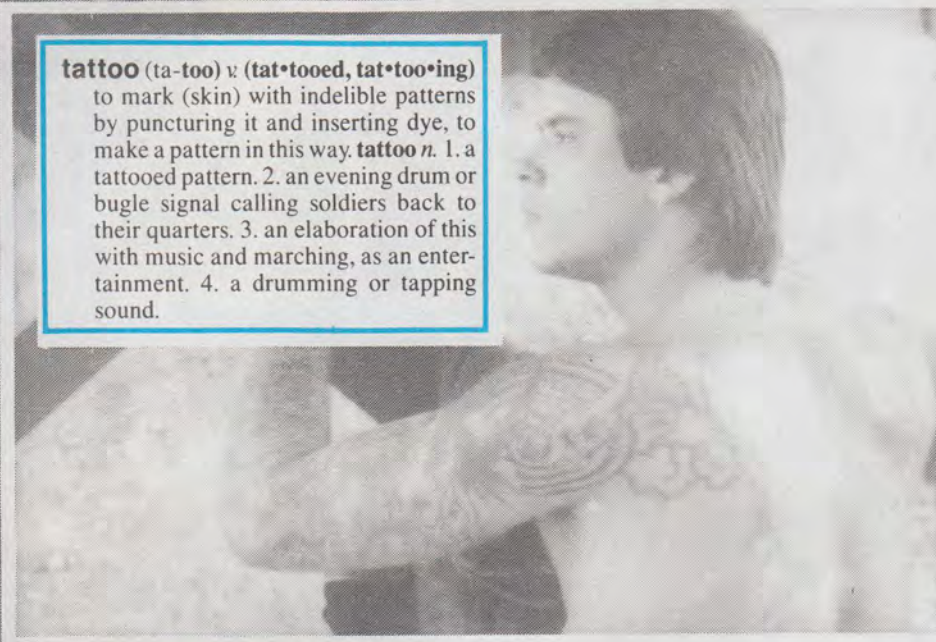
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Tattoo

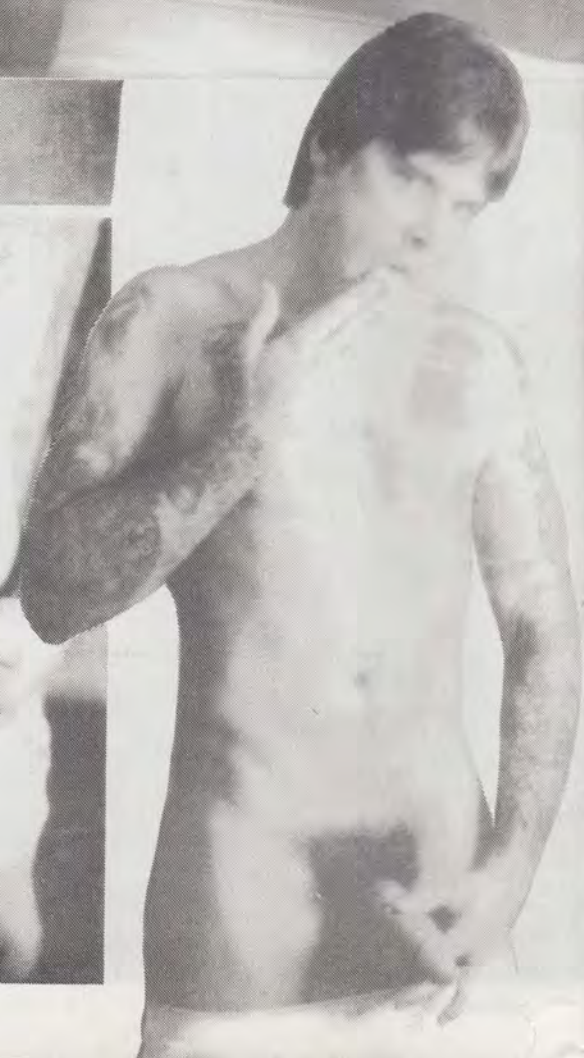
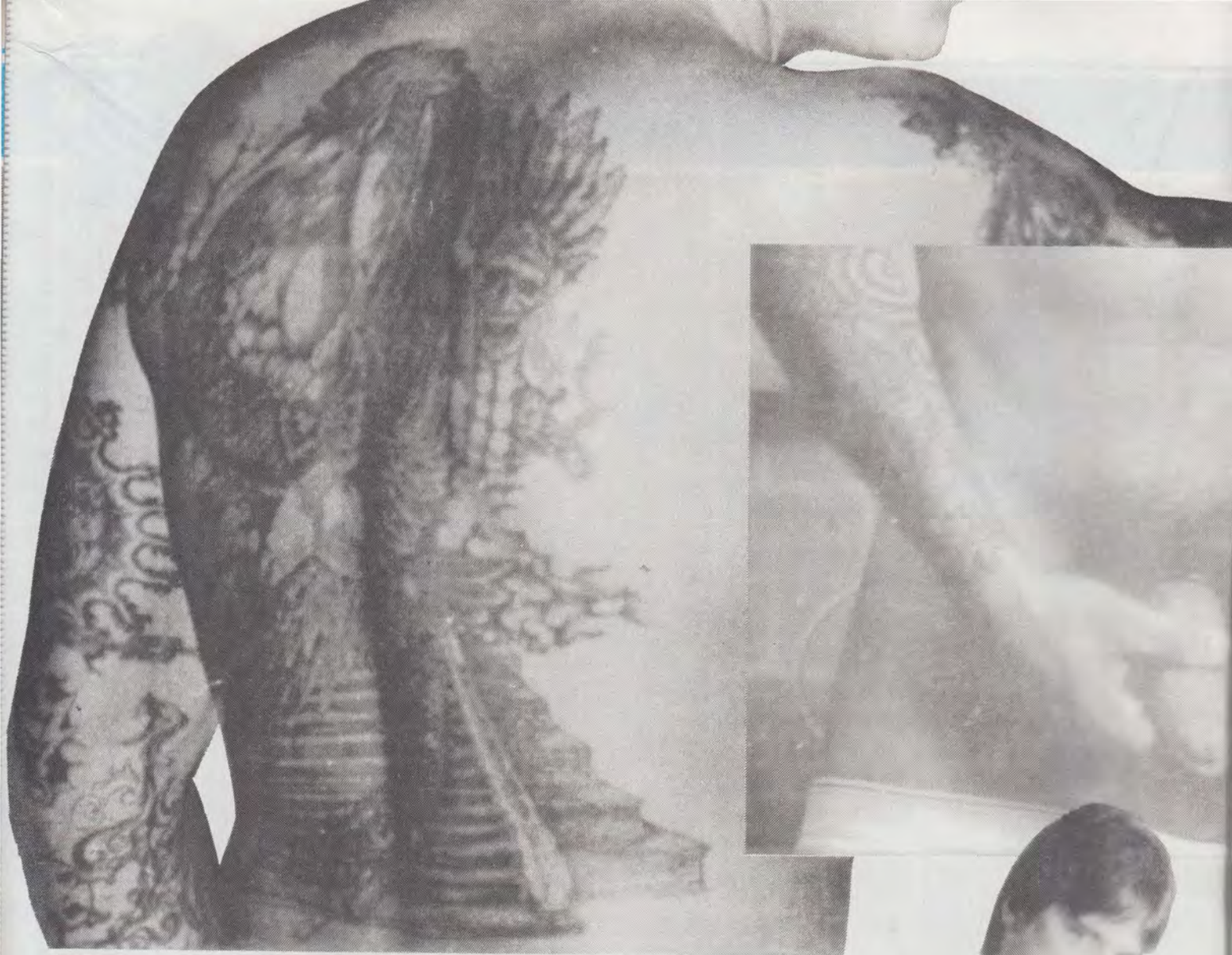


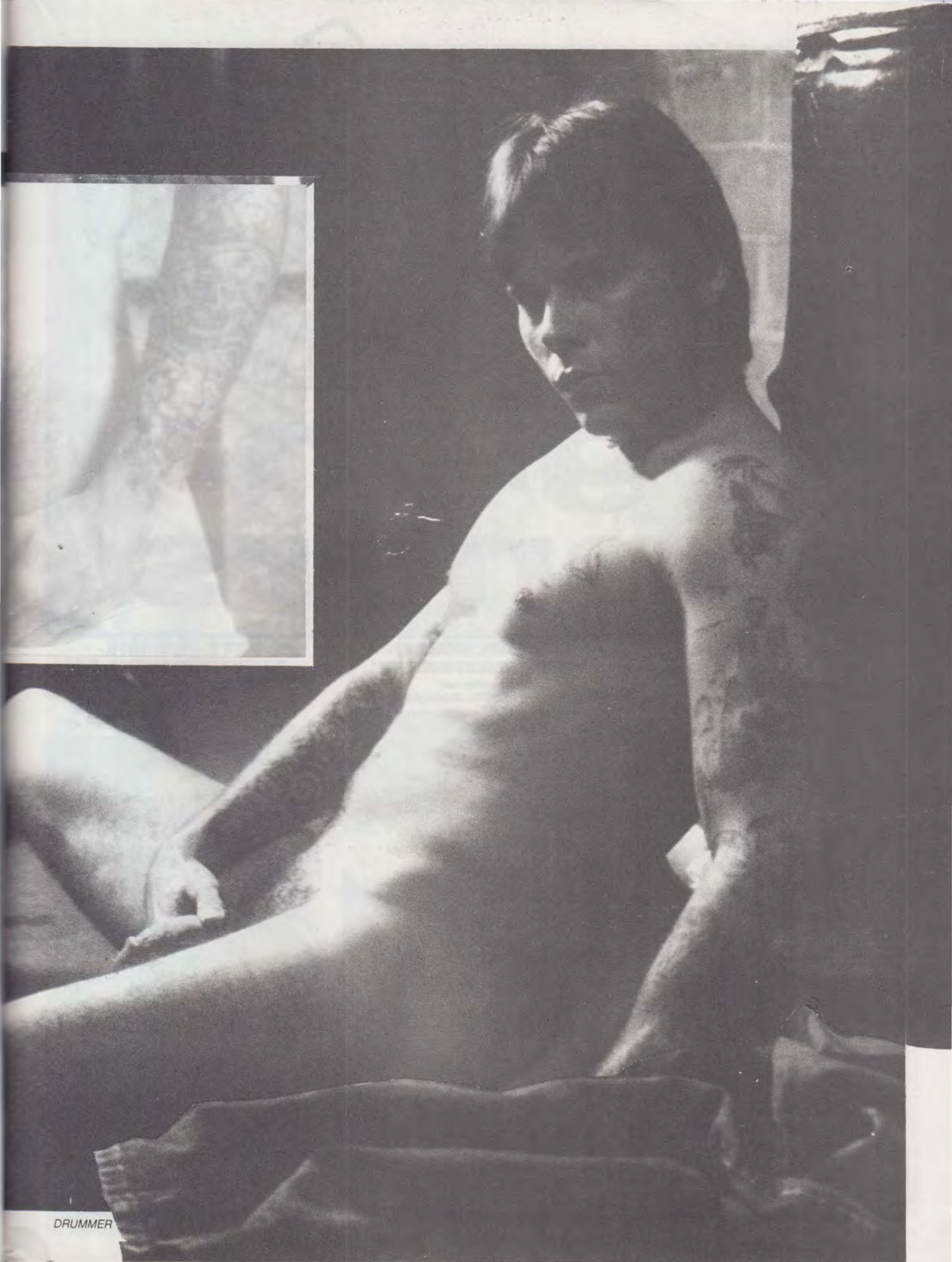
tattoo (ta-too) *v.* (tat•tooed, tat•too•ing) to mark (skin) with indelible patterns by puncturing it and inserting dye, to make a pattern in this way. **tattoo** *n.* 1. a tattooed pattern. 2. an evening drum or bugle signal calling soldiers back to their quarters. 3. an elaboration of this with music and marching, as an entertainment. 4. a drumming or tapping sound.



PHOTOS by JIM MOSS

tattoo *n.* A man, young, handsome, serious, somewhat mysterious, with his dark hair and intense, piercing eyes. A man of the road, a voyager, traveler, explorer? He decorates his chest and back and arms with intricate patterns of peaceful blue sparked with spots of orange and red. Shirt off, he walks the tracks, displaying his living art gallery for the world to see and enjoy. In private, he removes his pants and allows us to enjoy the art nature provided, and beats a tattoo with his cock on a drumhead.







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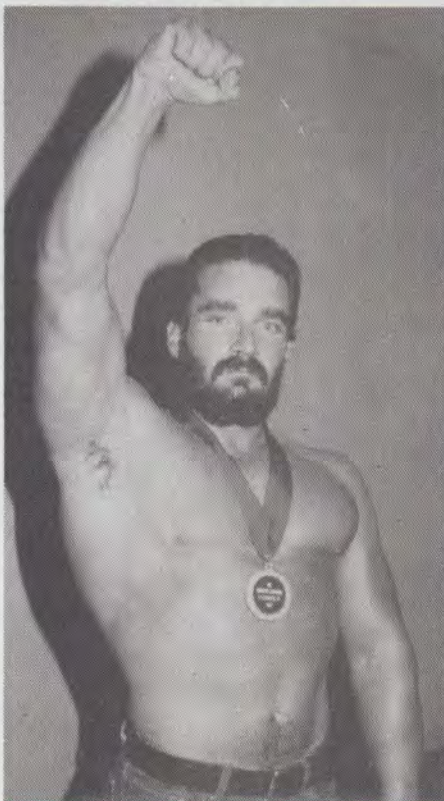


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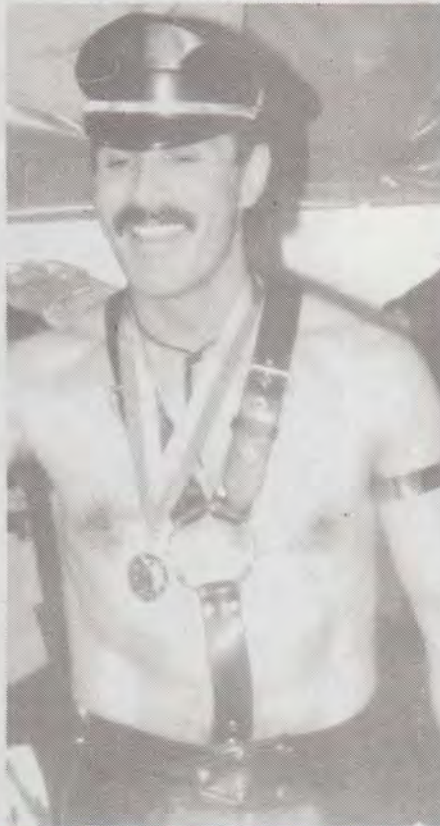


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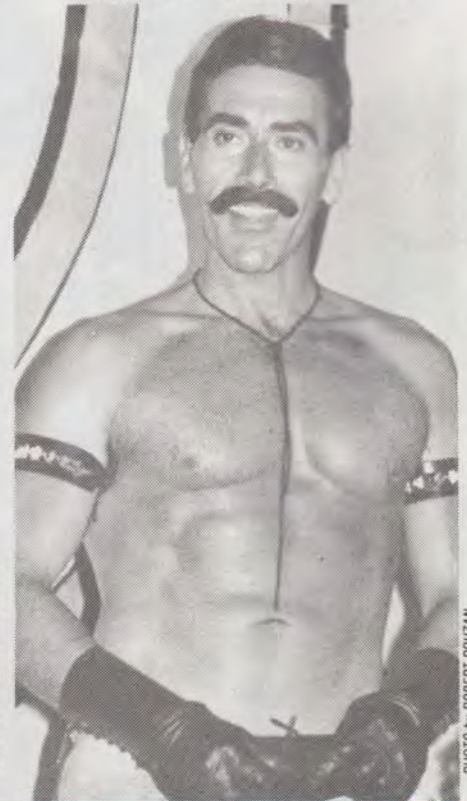


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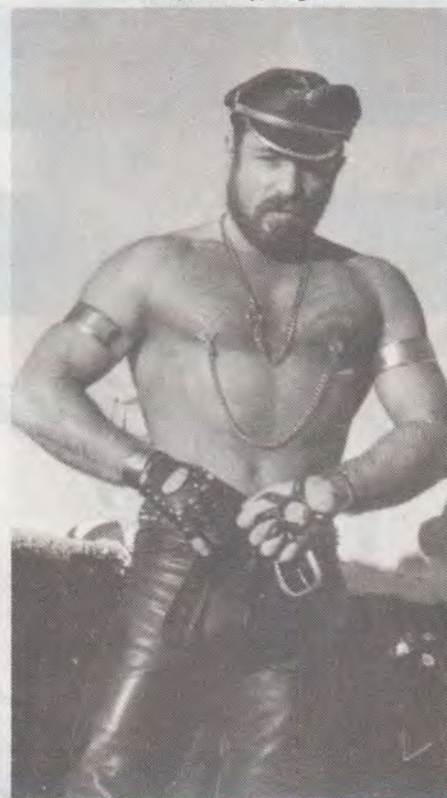


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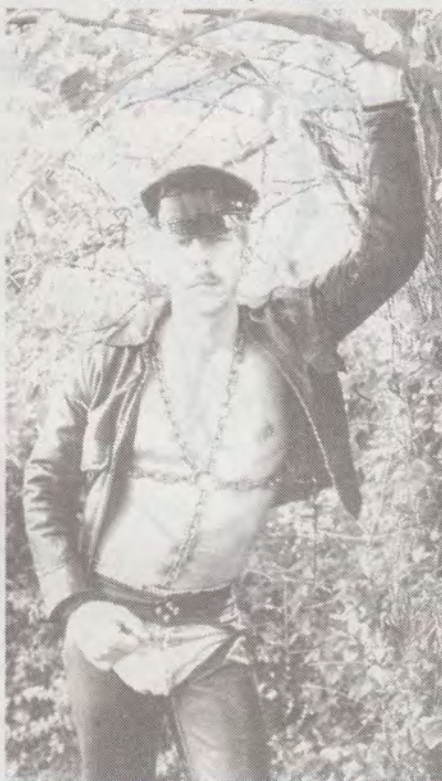


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PHOTO COURTESY THE DOCK, CINCINNATI





HEAD PLAY

by August Smith
Illustration by Chuck Arnett

At rise, darkness, stillness, quiet. A dim green light fades through green curtains at an upstage window. The small hotel apartment is long and low and linear, white and expressionless. A kitchenette sits in an up-right alcove by the door. A bathroom sits down left. It is suggestive, without walls, not a part of the room. The rest of the furniture, an open convertible sofa and a table and chairs, sits awkwardly between the confines of the room proper and the constellation of white porcelain.

Despite its stark modesty, the room has an unholy feel to it. Beneath thin paint and cheap fabric twitches an insidious energy—depravation and lust! I can feel it! The walls run slick and sticky. The bed is soggy and warm.

That's me. In the corner. Over here. I'm waiting for him to come home.

What shall I tell you about myself? What is there to tell, really—? about anybody? Let me show you instead.

Here, let me open up my body to you. Off with the shirt—there! I'm slim, but well-defined. Lightly haired. Not bad. My long purple nipples hang out here—and here.

Off with the jeans. There we go . . . ! I'll bend over just a little and let you look up my chute. . . . Then there's this! My cock. And these! My balls. I like to pull on them and squeeze them.

So here's my body. Now I'll open up my soul to you—No! Headlights at the window! They grow brighter and brighter, then go off just outside the window. My heart jumps. It begins to race. My stomach flutters, then knots. Panic. Hot. Clammy. A car door slams.

Breathe, goddamnit! One, two—like they showed you at the hospital. One, two—breathe! Three. Four. I wait a few seconds, an eternity. An apartment door opens, then shuts—but not *this* door.

"Shit," I say aloud. Breathe—one, two—aw! forget it. Why breathe now?

I pace around a little. I feel like a tiger in a cage. A circus tiger. How long? When is it time for me to perform?

Will he be happy to see me? I begin to panic again. One, I breathe. Two. Three. Four. Will he be ready?

What an enormous, empty room! Barely anything to suggest that he lives here at all! The green from the curtains gives my reflection in the mirror a ghastly hue. Green, prickly skin. I smoothe it. "Alien," I say, and I laugh.

A coffee cup. "World's Greatest," it says on it. But it doesn't say world's greatest "what."

The letter. There it is on the table in its envelope, refolded and tucked away—as if someone might read it. It's addressed to John Jones. That's what he's going by these days.

I open it up. "Mr. Jones," it begins, "May peace and love be with you always.

"We gratefully accept your commitment to join us in our worldwide brotherhood. Hunger and ignorance will be lessened by your hand. Please report to Earlton at your earliest convenience. We look forward to greeting you.

"Eternally, Brother Earl."

And a picture of Earl. Fat. Pink. Puffy. Serious.

Can he be serious, too?

Yes! Of course! What an idiotic question. The places I've found him—! Teaching school. Studying philosophy. At a commune out West! In some small town doing absolutely nothing at all but dreaming and denying and smiling at passersby on the street. And now to Earlton and who-knows-where to do who-knows-what?

I pace some more. Maybe I should go. I could slip out the window. I have other places to go, haven't I? "Haven't I?" I shout, trying to convince myself of something that isn't true. "Why should I waste my time with *him*?"

I look into the bathroom. It's sparkling white. It calms me. I sit on the edge of the tub for a moment, then stand. I flip up the lid of the toilet to take a whiz.

Then time stops. The room begins to swirl. My heart begins to thump. Bam! Bam! Too late to breathe, one, two. Bam! Bam! Bam! The world dissolves and melts away around the swirling center. I stare at it.

It reaches up out of the toilet like a tentacle—a long crooked turd. Its base is thick and convoluted, as if cultivated in much too small a space, layer after layer pressured together. As it lengthens it tapers and grows smooth and lighter in color. It curves up, then continues this way and that, then curves up again to a firm, conical tip.

The basin of the toilet is dry. The turd is a perfect shape. Unbroken, beginning to harden. I check the plumbing. The water has been shut off. It's ready. It's waiting.

Bam! Bam! Bam! The sound of my heart in my ears—in the room—it's deafening. The swirling toilet is nauseating. But somehow, in this moment of incredibility and insanity, I feel something that makes me smile. Something comfortable. A "same again."

I'm sick. I'm going to be sick. It beckons at me like the gnarled hard-on of obscenity itself. It wants to be licked, sucked, suckled. I stick my head into the toilet—No! A jangle of keys! A key in the door knob! It's *him*!

I hurry back to my corner again. Breathe! Breathe! One. Two. Three. Four.

He enters. He carries a paper sack, which he places on the kitchenette counter, and from which he pulls a six pack of cheap

beer. One. Two—doesn't he hear me breathing?

He opens a beer and drinks. He finishes it in several gulps, then opens another. He carries it and the rest of the six across the room to the table.

What shall I tell you about him? His lips are full and red and quiver. His eyes are wide and implore. What, again, is there to tell about anybody? His eyes flash at me with unutterable anger and contempt—at something he doesn't understand. His lips twist in frustration. What does any of it really matter?

It's a hot night. He pulls off his shirt. He's slim, but well-defined. He ripples in soft shadow, like an unreal thing. Blond hairs dance across his chest. Dark nipples stick out through them and point across the room.

He finishes his second beer. He opens a third. He begins to sip instead of gulp. He picks the letter up from the table. He reads it silently to himself. He gulps his beer again, then stares off into space . . .

It's time for me to talk to him now. Excuse me . . .

"John?" His eyes grow wide, and he looks intently at nothing in front of him as if I were over there. "Over here, John."

He turns. "How did you find me?"

"I'm always with you."

"You are not!"

"I am!"

There is a long silence between us. John fidgets and makes a whimpering sound.

"Drink another beer," I suggest at last. "Let's get you good and drunk."

"No!" he says, doing as I suggest, gulping down his beer and opening another one.

"I haven't been invited over in a while, John. It was Sam then, wasn't it, or Frank?" No response. "How have you been?" No response. "We were at that public toilet at some bus station, remember?"

"No." Barely a whisper.

"You stood in the middle of the room in front of the mirror, remember?"

"No."

"It was very, very early. No one was around."

"No!" Louder, now.

"You laid out four fat turds right there on the floor, remember—?"

"No!"

"You watched them come out of your hole, stretching it, straining to see, one by one, like a dog—!"

"No! Shut up! Shut up!" He's screaming now.

"You saved for days, didn't you? Out they slide, by the pound!"

"No!!!"

"I know. I was watching."

"That wasn't me! It was you . . .!"

"But you walked away. You walked out on them—on us—me." We are silent again. "How long, John, did you save up this time?"

He looks up, startled. "I—" he begins, but stops. I'm already walking to the bathroom. He watches me. I stare down into the toilet. He closes his eyes. He bangs at his head with his hands. "Noooo." A long low whimper.

I nod at the toilet, then John. I smile admiringly. "What a beauty!" I say.

"Please!"

The room begins to swirl again. My heart thumps. Bam! Bam! Bam! His enormous exquisite turd beckons me again. I fall to my knees and embrace the bowl.

"No! No!" John chants. His breath comes heavily. One. Two. Three. He tears open his letter and begins to read aloud. "Dear Mr. Jones—"

"Yes," I sputter at that incredible turd.

"May peace and love—"

"Yes! Yes!" Closer! Closer!! Saliva drips from my mouth. My tongue is inches away.

"Noooo!!!" John screams. "Stop!!!"

I stop. I look at him.

"It's—wrong!!!" he shouts. He stutters and grimaces. He's never seemed quite so attractive.

I reply quietly, "But you want me to do it."

"Not—yet!"

Oh. I stand, still staring at him. He's buying time.

That's okay. "But, John—?"

"What?"

"You're going to pay dearly for it . . ."

John stares at me. Expressions crawl quickly across his face. Fear. Confusion. "What do you want?" Expectation. Anger. Disgust. And in the middle of it all, something like a smile.

"Let's start with this." I grab my cock and, walking toward him, I offer it to him. He stands and drops his jeans. I walk past him to the bed. "Come here." He follows me. He lies down on his back, then brings his legs up and over. His own long cock dangles invitingly above his face. He reaches for it with his tongue.

I laugh quietly, sadly. "A little out of practice, eh? John, you're confused. I'm here, remember?" He lets his legs drop, then rolls onto his stomach. I put my cock against his mouth. Even so, he can barely reach. He chews at the head with his lips. Juices flow and drool down his face.

"Tell us a story," I say. "A good one." He stops and looks up at me. I fall next to him on the bed. I begin to chew on the head of his cock with my lips. With the tip of a finger I tease his hole.

"It was late at night," he begins. "I had to—had to—"

"John," I quietly admonish.

"—do it!" he finishes.

"Good."

"You bent your body over my face. You put your hole right there over my face. I could see it in the mirror."

"Yes."

"You had just shaved it."

"You had just shaved it."

"It's purple and round—no, oval. An oval patch of purple skin, wrinkly, like a raisin, but at the same time smooth and slick, like purple lips. It quivered."

"Yes."

"I felt a hot blast of air against my face. From your stinking hole, damn you!" I laugh. John makes the same noise I do, but he's crying. "Then it began. Your hole puckered and opened around a huge brown lump. It grew fatter and longer and fatter. I opened my mouth. It plunked in and fell crooked, resting against the back of my throat. It reached up and out, how far—?"

"A foot," I suggested.

"—yes, a foot, curving over my ear. I smushed one end against the roof of my mouth. It creamed like a chocolate candy. You guided the other end until I—I swallowed it—"

"—all—"

"—whole—"

"Good, John. Why did you tell us that story?"

"A second squish clung to your hole. I wanted to lick it away—"

"Why tell us, John—?"

"But I couldn't reach—"

"Oh, yes. I see—"

"I couldn't reach!" He grabs me by the hair and stares into my face. "I couldn't reach! Don't you see?"

"You're telling the wrong person."

"I—but—" John stares dumbly into space, as if trying to remember something he doesn't know. He'll never know.

It angers me. What a stupid creature. The nights I've waited, the months, years even, to come out into this world, and this is what—who—I get. "Imbecile." I twirl around and bring the back of my hand crashing against the front of John's face. He howls in pain and grabs his nose with both hands. "Is it broken?"

"No."

"Bleeding?"

"No." He checks to make sure.

"Too bad." What an absolute idiot, I think to myself. I want to

tell him, but he hears me. He knows. And he begins to cry. I let him.

I leave him for the moment. I pace a little, looking back at him and shaking my head. He watches me, sniveling like an unwanted child. A stupid match, the two of us. Somebody made a stupid mistake. I'd cry too, if I could, but it's not my nature.

I want to do something to him. I want to hurt him. I want to make him pay.

There has to be something around here somewhere. I open the drawers of the kitchenette and look for anything. Forks and spoons. And a butcher knife. I pull out the knife and point it at John. I lower it to my balls. John hides his head in the blanket. "I'm thinking," I say. But no—too drastic.

A tool box. I open it up. I grab a few things, then return to him. "No use trying to hide, John." I pull the blanket away from him and throw it on the floor. I kneel over him on the bed.

Two crescent wrenches, a pair of needlenose pliers and me. "I'll tell a story now," I say. I pull on one of his long, purple nipples, then the other. They're scarred white with abuse. I twist one wrench, then the other, crimping them firmly. He screams. They dangle from his chest.

"There was once a young man—" I begin.

"Here's your dildo, John," I interrupt myself. I pull his legs up and with one stroke I bury my cock deep inside him. He howls.

"The young man," I continue, "had a best friend. They were more than friends, more than brothers. It was like they were the same person." I stick the pliers into my mouth to wet them, then insert them up the hole in John's cock. I pull on the phlanges. John's cock heaves open. It drools. I lock the pliers into place.

"But his friend had a problem," I whisper. "Or so people said. He drank, maybe, or looked at funny pictures. He did dogs, hell, I don't care." I pull on the wrenches. I twist them. I slap the pliers. I thrust. Ah! Ah! John's hole churns in agony. He writhes.

"But this friend with a problem liked John. He really did. He was understanding. Tolerant. Patient. He waited and waited to see

John. But—do you know what? John tried to snuff him. No help. No understanding in return. And John likes to help people, doesn't he? School children, neighbors, the starving in who-knows-where?" Another couple of twists, a slap, a thrust. Aahhh!

"But, no, snuff you!" John says. "It's for your own good!" But, John!" I say with another crashing blow to the face, "I am your own good!"

Aaahhhh! A hot white rush escapes from his gaping cock hole. It pours down the pliers. John shudders and sweats and stares up at me. He looks like a fresh corpse, his eyes and mouth wide open. I fall forward and we embrace. We'd kiss—if we could.

Moments pass, quickly, slowly. I remove the pliers and kiss his cock. It trickles, white and red.

Then yellow. He lets it piss into our mouth, furiously, achingly. It splashes and splatters and soaks the bed. After it stops John rolls onto his side and stares at the floor . . .

"Why do we do this to ourselves?" he whispers.

"You do it, John. I just—help."

"It's so wrong." He shakes his head pitifully. "So, so wrong."

He looks at me. His eyes widen. A budding childlike expression of absolution flitters across his face. "Are you—sure?" he asks.

"Aren't you?" I grin at him. He smiles. I tousle his hair. Then I smear my hands through the thick white fluid clinging about his abdomen and thighs. I return to my corner and smear the slick mess across the walls . . .

John stands after a moment, the wrenches hanging from his long, purple nipples and banging against his chest. He walks to the bathroom. I watch.

The room, the light, are blinding white. The heat. The stench. The room swirls. His heart beats. Bam! Bam! Bam! I can hear it.

He breathes. One. Two. Three. Just like they showed us.

He kneels in front of his obsession. His face is frozen in fascination. He lowers his head to it. It's crusty-hard against his tongue, then creamy-soft. □

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REPORT

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SHAPE OF THE PAST

A gigantic triangle, a symbol of both gay sorrow and gay pride, will be part of the culture of Amsterdam this fall. Work has begun on setting up the world's first monument to homosexuals—a homo-monument—in memory of gay men and lesbians persecuted over

the centuries, so reports *Deutsche Press Agentur*.

The triangle shape memorializes gays who were forced to wear pink triangles on their clothing under the Nazi dictatorship in Germany. The monument will cost \$180,000, half from state funds and the other half from concert proceeds.

FACE UP OR FACE DOWN

For the first time, gay and lesbian issues have taken center stage at the 13th annual School on Addiction Studies/second annual Conference on Mental Health sponsored by the University of Alaska, Anchorage, and the Alaska Department of Health and Social Services.

"Chemical dependency is an epidemic in our community," lesbian therapist Ellen Ratner told the 500 psychologists, social workers and other mental health professionals who had come from across the U.S. "At least one in ten of your clients is homosexual and they deserve the same quality care that you provide to heterosexuals. Pretending they are straight is not a treatment; it's a mistreatment," she added.

Lesbians and gay men are likely to fail on conventional treatment programs, according to Ratner. She explained that few gay people are able to talk about relationships, sex, fear of AIDS, gender identity or other key issues in a hostile and unaccepting environment.

Gay/lesbian treatment programs are essential, Ratner said. "Study after study reveals that one in three homosexuals is dependent on alcohol or another drug. Often we can only meet one another in bars or other alcohol-centered settings and our addictive behavior is constantly reinforced. Once we have met one another,

we are told that our relationships and our feelings of love are worthless. Often we believe that and treat ourselves as people without value, people who can be addicted to drugs because it doesn't matter what we do with our lives," she added.

Confidentiality is a key issue in any chemical dependency program. It becomes crucial when dealing with gay people, according to Ratner. "Because there is so much discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, records and charts must be coded and kept on a very limited-access basis. AIDS-related hysteria means that medical records are particularly sensitive."

Ratner based much of her advice on her experience in setting up Pride Institute, the nation's first in-patient facility devoted exclusively to treating gay men and lesbians with alcohol or other drug dependencies. She also serves as president of the National Lesbian and Gay Health Foundation and is a long-time activist in health issues.

Ratner has compiled an extensive list of resources for gays struggling with addictions and for the mental health professionals treating them. Referrals, materials and information are available by calling Ratner or her staff at Pride Institute. The telephone number is (800) 54-PRIDE (in MN, AK or HI, 612-934-7554) and is staffed 24 hours a day by trained counselors.



BORDER PROBLEM

West Germany has got itself into a muddle over AIDS, according to *The Economist*. Its border police have balked at an order from the interior ministry, Friedrich Zimmermann, to turn back foreigners suspected of carrying the virus. This is not because the border policemen disapprove of the order (though they well might), but because they recognize that they cannot properly carry out the order without submitting all visitors to a blood test, which seems impossible.

Mr. Zimmermann's order looks like an attempt to impose Bavarian standards on the whole country. He is a member of Bavaria's Christian Social Union, the most conservative partner in West Germany's center-right coalition. The CSU is about to start so tough an AIDS chase in Bavaria that some members of the opposition in the federal parliament have called it the "AIDS star" program—a reference to the yellow star the Nazis made Jews wear.

The border policemen have been trying to find a way to shelve the Zimmermann order without openly rejecting it. Since they got no detailed instructions from the interior ministry on how to decide whether foreigners pose an AIDS risk, their chief in Koblenz has said that policemen cannot act on their own initiative but should refer any suspicions to federal headquarters.

NO OBSCENITY IN OREGON

An Oregon Supreme Court decision on obscene materials effectively eliminates obscenity laws in that state, according to an article by Nat Hentoff in the *Village Voice*. The court referred to the Oregon constitution's statement "No law shall be passed restraining the right to speak, write, or print freely on any subject whatever." Further, the court noted that there was only one anti-obscenity law in any of the original 13 colonies, a law that concerned anti-religious speech. However, the court did accept that obscenity could be regulated "in the interest of unwilling viewers . . . minors, and beleaguered neighbors." But, the court firmly added, "No law can prohibit or censor the communication itself."

AND THEN THERE WERE TWO

Rep. Barney Frank, D-Mass., admitted to a reporter in an interview that he is gay. Frank now becomes the second openly gay person in Congress, joining Rep. Gerry Studds, D-Mass.

In another story, the death of Rep. Stewart McKinney of AIDS raised questions of his sexual preference, and the *Washington Post* reported that McKinney had had homosexual contacts. McKinney, married and probably bisexual, had wanted people to be told that he died of AIDS.



FABRIC PANELS: Each panel symbolizes someone who has died of AIDS. The project was on display at Work of Artz Gallery in San Francisco throughout June. (Photo courtesy the Names Project.)

AIDS QUILT

Organizers of the Names Project have begun to assemble the "AIDS Quilt," a massive fabric tribute to Americans killed by the AIDS epidemic. Hundreds of cloth panels, each bearing the name of a single person lost to AIDS, are being collected and sewn into one vast quilt of names. Organizers of the project expect the quilt to eventually cover several city blocks and include thousands of individually created fabric panels.

Persons wishing to participate in the Names Project are urged to design and create panels of any light-weight, durable fabric measuring six feet by three feet held horizontally or

vertically.

The quilt will be displayed across the Capitol Mall in Washington, DC on the morning of Sunday, October 11, 1987, the day of the National March for Gay and Lesbian Rights. Panels must be completed well before the September 15 deadline. Four to six weeks will be needed to sew the pieces together, travel and public displays.

Mail your quilt panels or tax-deductible donations toward production and transportation costs to the Names Project, PO Box 14573, San Francisco, CA 94114. For more information, call Mike Smith at (415) 863-0767.



PHOTO BY JIM MOSS

EXCHANGING POWER

An S/M group called People Exchanging Power (PEP) was barred from the use of Common Bond, the lesbian and gay community center in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Several members of the steering committee for the center felt that PEP's purpose was beyond the scope of the center's purpose,

and so that group should not be allowed to use the center. Some of the objections centered on PEP's largely heterosexual membership. The steering committee was almost evenly split on the issue, but at present PEP will not be permitted to use the center. PEP can be contacted at (505) 296-7564.

MULTI-FOCAL INFECTION

In *Interview* magazine, Dr. Mathilde Krim spoke of her theory that much of the AIDS problem may have occurred because many gay men received shots of gamma globulin for hepatitis, and that serum may have contained the AIDS virus because much of the blood collected for it was collected in Africa and the Caribbean. She based her theory on the rapid appearance of the virus in gay men, what she calls a "multi-focal infection." She states it is unlikely so many cases could have appeared at the same time if the disease had

been transmitted from person to person.

ONE FOR OUR SIDE

The Swedish parliament passed a bill closing gay saunas and video clubs there, ostensibly because of AIDS. At the same time, a bill was approved that grants gay couples the rights available to heterosexual couples in common-law marriages. Under the new law, gay couples will have the right to sign leases as couples and the right to inherit property without a will. Additionally, the separation of property is regulated in the event the relationship comes to an end.



DRUMMER PHOTO

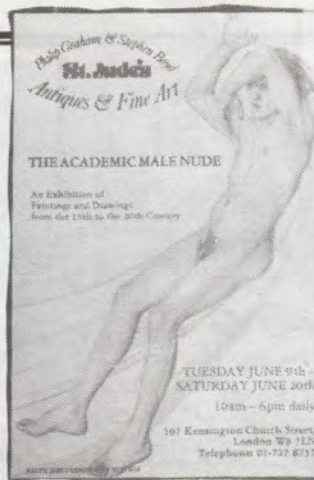
DALLAS DIRECTOR DENIES DIRT

The director of the Dallas Parks and Recreation Department has been placed on a paid leave of absence while he fights charges of indecent exposure and evading arrest. Jack W. Robinson was arrested after a police officer allegedly saw him in a restroom at a Dallas park with another man with their pants loosened.

As the officer was leading the

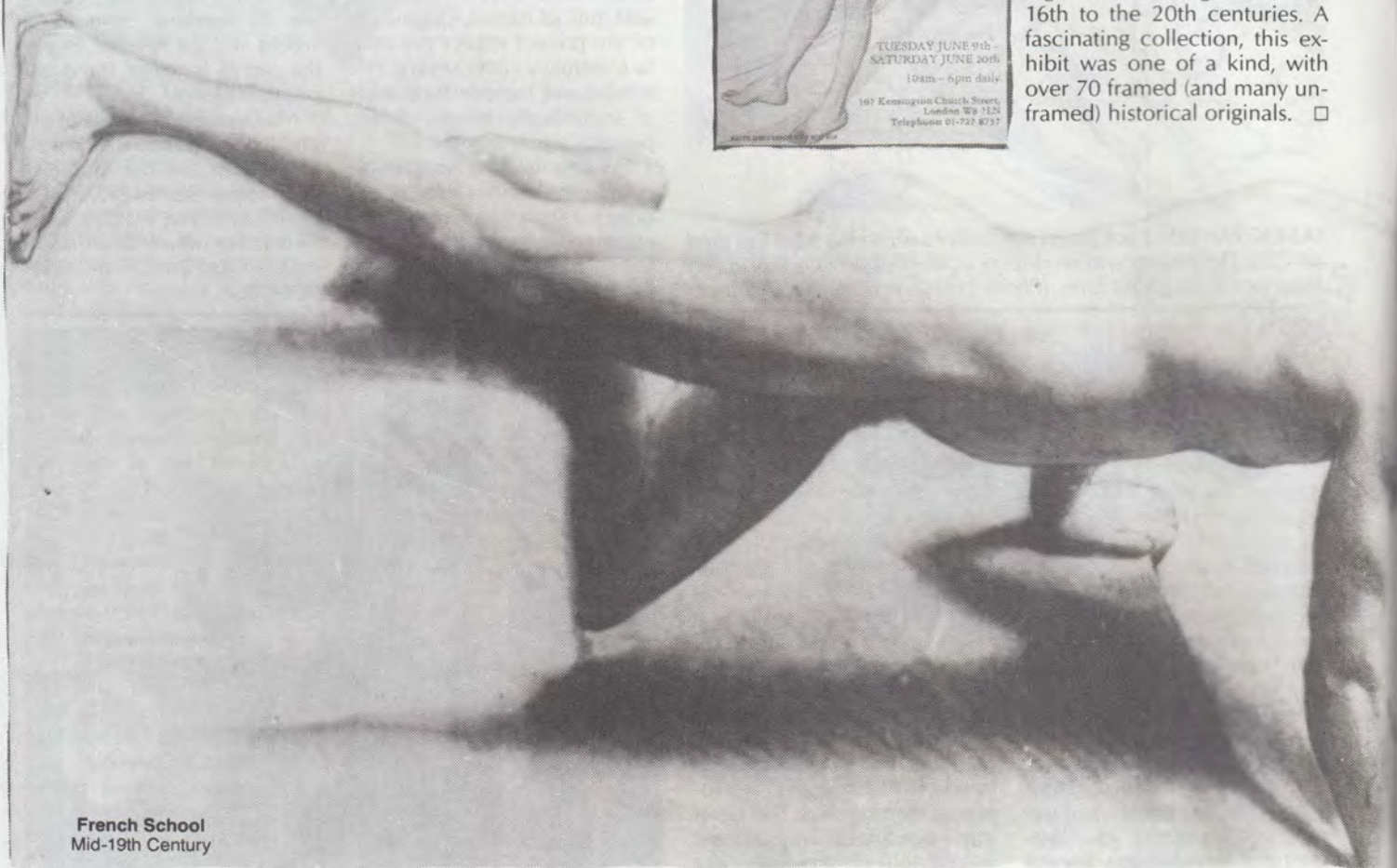
two men to his patrol car, the pair allegedly ran and fled in their cars. Police reports show that the officer said he knew one of the suspects, Robinson. Internal police memos show that Robinson, 55, had been sighted by other officers in several parks where sexual activity was known to occur.

Robinson has denied the charges and said he was in church the morning of the incident. □



THE ACADEMIC MALE NUDE

The unusual gallery of Philip Graham and Stephen Boyd in London (107 Kensington Church St.), called St. Jude's Antiques and Fine Art, recently presented "The Academic Male Nude," an exhibition of paintings and drawings from the 16th to the 20th centuries. A fascinating collection, this exhibit was one of a kind, with over 70 framed (and many unframed) historical originals. □



French School
Mid-19th Century



Henry James Haley
1897-1899



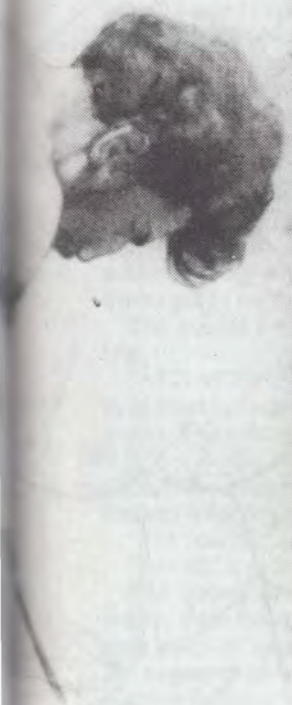
French School
Mid-19th Century



C. Herman Martini
1796-1869



Alfred Elmore, R.A.
1815-1891



Duncan MacGregor Whyte
1866-1953



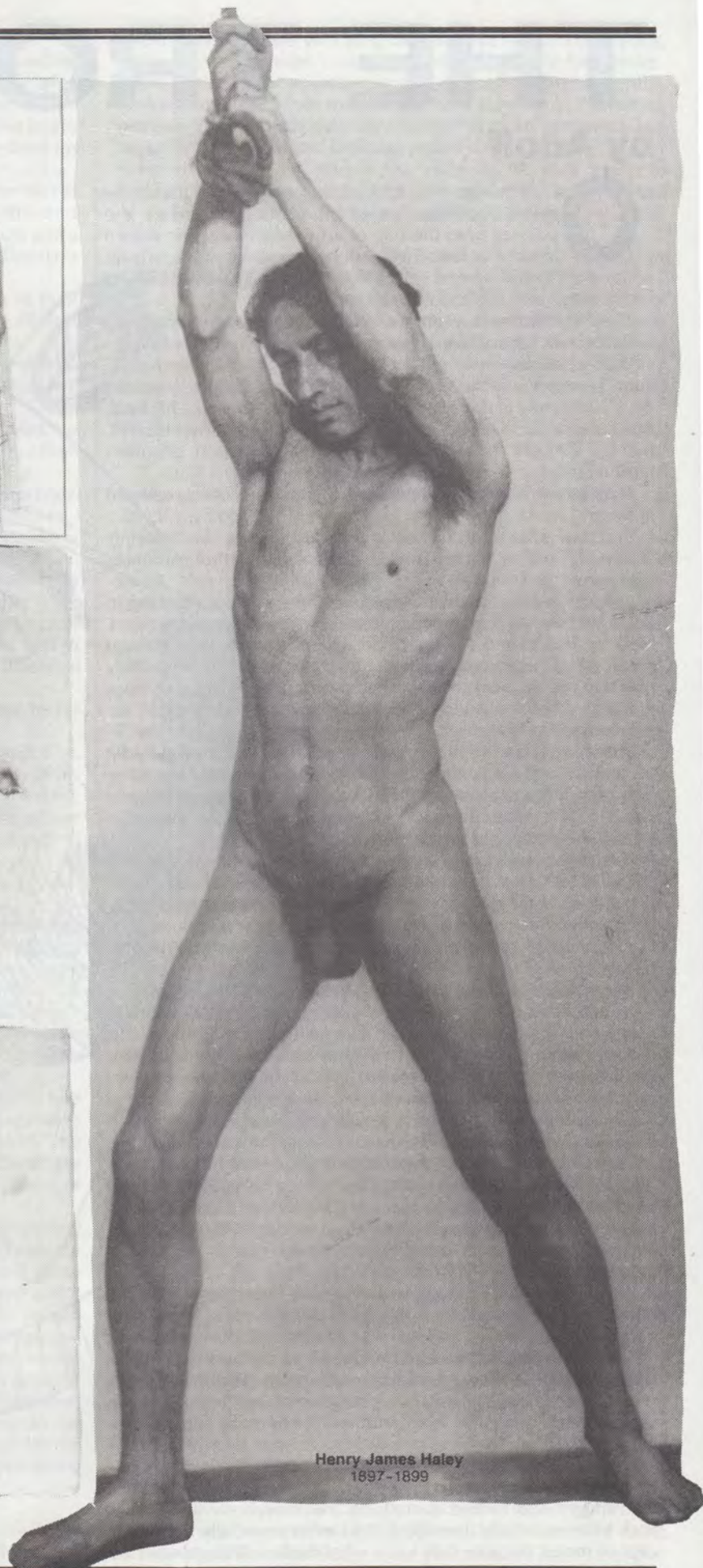
French School
Mid-19th Century



William Frank Calderon ROI
1865-1943



French School
Mid-19th Century



Henry James Haley
1897-1899

THE TROUGH

by Adolf

Illustration by Leo

"Of all the rotten, fuckin' luck," Jim thought as he stripped off the last of his clothes and threw the skivvies onto the pile of army-issued threads strewn about his feet. The action caused his thick, meaty, white shaft to flop up and smack down again against his full and heavy nuts.

"Soldier of fortune, yeah, well, it was great while it lasted, but now it's over," thought the young, handsome blond.

Warily Jim glanced about the circle of ten prisoners, and at the guards—especially the guards. He felt his body begin to tighten up, a faint ripple of goose bumps began to spread across his hard, muscular body. "Got to stop shaking," he commanded himself, but the thought of the punishment inflicted upon prisoners terrified him.

"Castration, they are going to castrate me," his mind repeated again and again.

Jim remembered the warning issued during his training: "Capture," said an authoritative voice, "carries the punishment of castration."

Jim recalled that such a severe punishment had something to do with the screwed-up religious laws of this strange land. Nobody had stated the exact details of how the punishment would be administered, but the ten captives, each standing totally naked in this tropical paradise, had thousands of visions of ways they could suddenly and painfully become separated from their precious nuts.

Jim's thoughts were simply that someday someone would walk up to him and with one hand grab his balls and with the other hand, holding a razor-sharp knife, make one slice and then hand Jim his balls. The thought made the blond hunk begin to sweat—his body glistened.

"Oh, man, anything, anything but that," thought Jim. He automatically moved his hand around to cover his full, heavy nuts hanging long and low in the tropical heat. His nuts swayed slightly by his movement.

A guard picked up on the action and saw Jim fondling his distended cock.

"NO, NO, NO," the guard yelled and moved toward Jim. The muscular, handsome, dark-haired young guard moved with the grace and speed of an animal and brought the point of his bayonet against Jim's thigh, just slightly below his hand, against the base of his golden nut sack.

"Oh, shit, this is it!" Jim moved back away from the razor-sharp blade and raised his right arm, fist clinched, prepared to fight to the death before he would let them mutilate his incredible body.

His mind flashed back—for twenty-five years he had been building his body; working out, then selling his golden, rippled torso and his fighting talents to the highest bidder. Bidder to buy a soldier of fortune, of course. And it had worked. He was hauling in twenty thou a month for fighting with these strange, wonderful, but brutal people.

People who had no hang-ups. Not one. Often had he let his body be used for every purpose of delight these wonderful people could devise, and he was amazed at the number of devices they had invented and had used on his body.

But now things were serious—real serious. With the words "NO, NO, NO" still ringing in his ears Jim braced himself as the other guards were on him and swiftly brought him to the ground.

Hard, lean, young guards—all darkly handsome with black, flashing eyes. Not as tall as Jim, but strong and well-built males who fought and fucked everything and everybody they could find. Men especially they liked. And most especially they liked captive males, because they knew what the law demanded in the



way of punishment, and it was a spectacle to behold.

But now Jim felt the strong, hard hand of the guards spreading his legs apart—wide apart, and his arms jerked into spread-eagled submission. He resisted as best he could as his legs and arms were pinned against the hot sand, while more hands grabbed his heavy meat and balls and began pulling them up and out away from his body.

"NOOOoooo, you motherfuckinsonabitches!" the words whistled out of Jim like high-pressured steam as he thrashed about on the hot, sandy earth. A hard squeeze on his nuts and a sharp slap calmed him down enough to see the sudden flash of a blade disappear toward his crotch.

"NO, NO, PLEASE," he begged, then spoke to them in their native tongue. "Stop, please, I'll fight for you. I'm an S of F, I'll fight for you, please don't do this to me."

Jim locked eyes with the man holding the knife, "You should have joined us in the first place," he hissed. "Your nuts are mine!"

Again the blade disappeared and Jim threw back his head, his breath caught in his throat, waiting for the sudden, white-hot flash of pain that must surely be mandatory for such a cruel cut.

"STOP!" The word shot through Jim's mind like a cannon blast. The command was repeated in a voice demanding obedience.

Not one man moved, including Jim. He heard the soft swish of sand as the officer approached.

"You are not to touch any prisoner at this time. Let him up." The officer swung his riding crop in a high arc and brought it up between the spread legs of the guard holding the knife. The man recoiled in pain as he leaped away from Jim. The officer waved aside the beginning explanations by the guards of the intended threat made by the prisoner.

The guards melted into the background as Jim sprang to his feet.

"ATTENTION," shouted the young officer, and Jim snapped to, eyes front but watching the young hunk from the periphery of his vision. The officer approached and stopped in front of the rigid, solid, muscular prisoner. Jim closed his eyes as he felt the officer capture his engorged shaft and solid balls, twisting his nut sack to inspect it for injury.

"Are you damaged?" asked the officer.

"No, sir," Jim answered, "thank you, sir."

The young officer massaged the hefty meat between Jim's thighs, then lifted the full, heavy nuts; only to let them fall, and with a flick of his middle finger against the swinging balls, caused Jim to gasp in pleasure and his body to shudder. He could feel the sudden flooding of his shaft—the young officer noticed it also.

"Report to my quarters after you have been fed," he said as he squeezed and then released the semihard meat of the prisoner. Turning on his heel, the man left Jim aroused and alone.

Taking a huge breath of air, Jim looked down at himself and had a vivid memory of his dick getting hard while the guards were working him over and preparing to mutilate him. "Why," he wondered, "does the thought of being cut get me so excited?" He shook his head slowly as he moved back into the group of prisoners.

His dick was in that beautiful state where it was fully engorged with hot, pulsing passion, but not quite fully erect and hard. He moved among the prisoners, several of whom moved close around him, offering encouragement through eye contact and a firm pat on the shoulder and butt. Four or five more men moved close to him, and Jim felt a strong hand move across his thigh and onto his heavy, pulsing meat. The hand began pumping the strong shaft, and Jim sucked in his breath when he realized how aroused and hot he had become. His shaft sprang to life; a rock-hard, hot, heavy, blood-gorged, golden blush of meat, wanting to be serviced and desperate for release. "Please, please, just let me come one more time," he pleaded as he raised his eyes to the sky.

But it was not to be.

The guards, suspecting what was transpiring, moved in and the prisoners broke away from Jim, leaving him with a full hard-on

and the swollen nuts whipping their load of hot cum into thick, white, whipped cream, churning, aching; desperate for release.

Jim could stand it no longer, and he grabbed his throbbing nuts. took a deep breath, then squeezed as hard as he could. He felt the nut pain flash through his body and into his conscious mind, and his body shuddered and his lungs jerked short, quick gulps of air—but it worked, and after a few seconds, his nuts began to behave. After the blast of pain, he once again became in control of his beautiful orbs hanging low and heavy between the thick, bush-covered thighs.

The sun was low against the blue ocean as he finished his chow—he glanced toward the officer's quarters—time to go!

Slowly, Jim walked toward the officer's quarters. A thin film of sweat covered his body and as he walked along, his body glistened; the pale sunset reflecting the golden rise and hollows of his muscled body. He could feel the slow sensation flooding toward his cock in anticipation of what the evening would bring.

He mounted the steps, crossed the deck and knocked on the door.

"Enter," a voice commanded, a voice Jim recognized.

The prisoner entered the quarters and in the dim twilight, he saw the officer.

Jim made a small gasp and sucked in his breath. The man was standing with legs spread and arms folded across his muscled chest, nips erect through the white T-shirt. The baggy pants outlined no massive basket, but the fly was standing out like the center pole of a tent. Jim saw the fabric jerk suddenly as the flesh pulsed against the fabric.

Jim slumped forward with desire as he looked at the young, dark, virile male.

"Attention." The word was said with almost affection, and Jim complied. The officer moved around Jim several times, never taking his eyes off the incredible body of the nude male. Jim's stance at attention brought out every detail of the golden body. His arms, seemingly at rest, were tight with controlled tension, magnifying his thick, strong arms; the chest sucked into a massive bulk, glorifying the muscled and rippled expanse of male torso curving down to a thin, narrow waist which only enhanced the mounds of butt meat arching out from the hard body. His cock was hard and his balls were low—swinging—waiting—wanting! He could not wait for this male hunk to touch him and for him to obey, then conquer! And that was exactly what Jim planned—or so he thought, until it hit him!

The riding crop touched the very tip end of his cock. Just the two tender lips closing the end-most portion of his shaft. The fact that it was wet with juice may have had some bearing on the fact that when the crop touched him, it was going a zillion miles an hour and at first, Jim thought the crop had simply removed the lips from the end of his dick. He whirled half around and dropped to his knees, grasping his cock and moaning with deep, gasping breaths, afraid to look at his cock and the damage sustained at the end. Bursts of pain crashed through his cock!

"ATTENTION," shouted the officer, his dark eyes flashing.

Jim could not believe his ears—attention, when he could hardly breathe without crashing pain exploding at the end of his cock. The riding crop again changed all of that. Tiny supersonic ticks against his body and then his nips and down his rippled chest and stomach and that super-sensitive area of the leg-groin area, and of course the cock and balls received their attention from the whistling leather.

Jim's mind froze in a blinding sheet of white-hot nicks of pain. Never did the crop land hard against his flesh—it only passed by with the speed of a rocket and the skill of a master as the tip lashed and laced his body with minute flecks of incredible agony.

Back braced, muscles screaming for relaxation, his body was a rigid sculpture of masculinity at its height of glory—a great, big, beautiful cock standing straight out from the perfect specimen and receiving the torture and punishment it deserved. Jim was two degrees from exploding his pent-up load across the room, screaming at the release.

Everything stopped! So suddenly did the action stop, that Jim, his body tensed back against the flailing of the riding crop, almost fell over backward, and he had to take a step to retain his balance.

As he thrust his hips forward to take the step, the officer dropped to his knees and swallowed Jim's shaft to the hilt! Jim felt the thick moustache slide down his shaft and not stop until the blond bush at the base of his cock locked into the thick, black moustache.

Pulling off the shaft, Jim heard the muffled threat, "If you come, I'll cut you!" and the mouth returned to its assigned task, slipping up and down the shaft while the tongue massaged the entire length and the lips pulled down a partial vacuum, letting the head of the engorged cock pop out, and the lips floated down the outside of the velvet meat and sucked up the meaty nuts. Jim's entire body shuddered and he pressed his nut sack deep into the hot mouth, forcing the nuts deeper into his throat. An animal cry stuck in Jim's chest as the sensation flooded up from his balls. Reading Jim's body language, the young officer released the nuts and slowly licked his way up the shuddering body until he was kissing Jim, tongues crossing back and forth like swords, both men trying to capture the other.

Holding Jim away from him, the young officer looked Jim in the eye, and, brushing his hand through the thick blond hair, he grabbed a handful of the thick mane and brought Jim's face close.

"Tell me, Mr. Prisoner, when do you and your friends plan to escape?" and he moved his hips close against Jim.

The question threw Jim off and he licked his lips quickly. He had heard of such plans, but he did not know the details—he did not want to know.

"It is well known," continued the officer, "that an attempt will be made to rescue you and your friends before the castration can be performed. Tell me about it." He moved his hands over Jim's body.

"Sir," Jim began, then gasped as the officer crunched his balls in a firm, strong hand.

"I saved you from some very painful and permanent alterations," he said, as he played with the swelling meat between Jim's legs.

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir," Jim murmured, as he squirmed against the building pressure on his nuts.

"So, don't you think you owe me a favor, just a small favor?" A quick, hard squeeze, release and a second harder squeeze.

Jim resisted the reflex to jerk backward, away from the crushing pain. "Please, sir, I don't know," he whispered through his pain.

"Cooperate with me," the officer threatened. "I'm the only man here who can cut your nuts off, and let me tell you, I'll cut them off and have them sauteed and eat one while I feed you the other!"

"TALK," the officer hissed and the tall, lean young male squeezed Jim's nuts and began twisting them very slowly and deliberately; he had a pronounced purpose. As he pulled the sack of skin up and out from Jim's body, the prisoner arched his back and lifted himself onto his toes, a grimace of pain contorting his handsome face as he choked back a grunt of air.

"ATTENTION," the officer shouted, bringing his lips next to Jim's face. The pressure continued to squeeze and crunch the precious jewels.

As Jim snapped back into the proper position, he realized that the hands holding his balls did not move and the pain flashed up through his groin. He groaned deeply and heavily from the bottom of his chest.

"SILENCE," screamed the officer.

"Please," Jim gasped, his lips drawn back in agony with the pressure on his nuts. He could feel his cock swelling with hot lust.

"What's this?" asked the officer, as he moved his hand up from the nuts to the swelling cock. "Well, well, it seems we like the unusual. Is that true? Tell me, Mr. Prisoner, is it true that you like to have your cock and balls tortured—and perhaps have your balls

cut off just as you shoot your load? Tell me, IS IT TRUE?" The officer twisted the half-hard cock viciously at the base.

Jim turned pale and dropped to his knees. The officer moved toward him. Jim had dropped his head gasping for air against the pain in his cock. He felt a hand grasp his hair and slowly raise his head.

The officer moved his crotch forward and buried his hot flesh against Jim's face.

Jim knew what to do. He pressed his mouth against the hard shaft bulging out from the fabric. His moisture moved through the thin cloth and touched the flesh. The officer groaned.

Jim moved his hands and grasped the firm, hard mounds and pressed the man harder against him.

"Yes, oh, yes," he moaned as Jim grasped the flesh with his teeth and lips.

The officer pushed back, easing Jim to the floor, never losing contact with the mouth. Jim was rock hard. His meat was jutting straight out from his body like a flagpole.

As Jim touched the floor the officer moved into a 69 position and again took Jim's cock to the base. Again he grasped Jim's nuts and began to knead them in the palm of his hand, gently pulling them away from his body, stretching them lower and lower.

Jim was fully hard and beginning to relax a bit, moving his hips slowly, thrusting the swollen head of his dick gently deeper into the man's throat. He received a deep-throated growl of approval from the officer.

Bringing his head up slowly, the officer bit down gently along the shaft, moving his tongue around and around the firm, hard flesh. Reaching the crown, he separated the delicate lips with his tongue, and turning his head slightly, he nibbled and pinched the sensitive flesh with his teeth. Jim sucked in huge lungs full of air, afraid to move, about to shoot his load from deep within his gut.

"Don't do it," said the officer, and he tugged at Jim's balls again, stretching them even further down the broad, muscled thigh. Desperate for something to divert his passion, Jim pulled the officer's shirt up and began rubbing the broad, muscled back. Slowly, Jim slipped the garment up over the man's head and off his arms.

"Christ, what a hunk," thought Jim as his eyes feasted over the form resting against him.

Raising himself slightly, Jim ran his hands down the broad back to a tight, narrow waist, pushing his fingers under the waistband of the pants and over the mounds of hard, hairy flesh of the man's mounds. Drawing his hands back up, he ran his fingers along the cleavage separating the two mounds.

The officer flexed the muscles of his buns several times, sending Jim a silent, but clear message.

Slowly, Jim moved around to remove the pants down over the buttocks—but then he saw the fly was still stretched straight out from the baggy pants. Jim ran his hand over the crotch and felt the head of a rigid cock thrusting from between the legs of the officer. Jim wrapped his hand around the horse-sized cock and began a slow jerk-off.

Feeling the pressure of Jim's hand and the fabric of the cloth rubbing against the swollen head of his dick, the officer felt himself losing control. Quickly he reached down and held Jim's hand perfectly still for a few moments. Jim could feel the pulsing cock, and he was afraid the guy was shooting off. Slowly, the cock stilled itself, and the officer loosened the top of the pants and Jim slowly slid the garment off.

Jim's eyes were riveted to the long, dark, velvet shaft jutting out from between the legs of this incredible man. The tip, dripping crystal-clear juice, the foreskin stretched back, the crown swollen. The entire shaft pulsing with passion. This cock had been waiting a long time, and now was the time!

Slowly, Jim wrapped his hand around the pulsing shaft, pulling the foreskin forward over the crown. Moving his body down a bit, Jim took the steamy dick into his mouth, then, using his teeth, he firmly pinched the foreskin closed over the swollen crown, and slowly began working the remaining flesh back and forth along the shaft, but not permitting the crown to pop out into his mouth.

He felt the shaft being compressed back onto itself and the officer was writhing and twisting his lithe body up and down, and around, trying to gain a release for the end of his cock. Jim's mouth refused to let go.

Suddenly a growl came from the young man that sent chills through Jim's body. A growl so low and powerful that Jim could feel it vibrate all the way down the tight body and out through the end of the man's rigid cock.

The officer tried to thrust his hips forward to release the crown of his hot cock into the depth of Jim's mouth. But Jim pinched harder, preventing the release of the beautiful knob, but extending his lips as far down the shaft as possible, and squeezing the crown with his lips. His tongue flipped across the captured foreskin behind his teeth.

Pulling the skin forward slowly, Jim released the foreskin and, using his thumb and forefinger, he grasped the sides of the three-inch foreskin and began to spread the soft, supple flesh wide, then even wider away from the crown. The officer drew his pelvis back and away as the pain of the stretching hit him. "Easy, oh, man, easy, please," he pleaded to Jim.

Jim ran his tongue into the hot cave of skin and across the throbbing crown, reaching back to the ridge of the crown with his stiff tongue, swirling around and around, and forcing the lips open, and inserting the tip of his tongue inside as far as it would reach, then backing off, and nibbling the tender lips, just as the officer had done to him. He then sealed the foreskin around his mouth and nose, and exhaled a huge amount of air into the area. The skin stretched out like a balloon from the pressure, and Jim quickly inhaled, sucking the skin tight, then he repeated the whole thing, adding additional air. The scream from the officer for mercy caused Jim to pinch off the foreskin, still full and tight with air, and twisting the end of the foreskin, Jim began to squeeze the distended organ, forcing the air back up into the inside of the penis.

The young officer was writhing in delicious agony, and Jim felt the hand reach down and offer a small vial to Jim.

"Take this very slowly. Hold it in your mouth as long as you can while you suck on me, and then swallow it."

Jim did as he was told. The thick, sweet liquid seemed to coat the inside of his mouth, and he once again took the shaft of the officer into his mouth.

The officer had consumed the same liquid and took Jim's cock all the way—and in a moment Jim felt his cock grow hot, then hotter, and finally it seemed his cock was being roasted over an open fire. He was going to shoot, there was nothing he could do about it, and he groaned his passion to the officer.

Quickly, the man released Jim's cock and moved down to his nuts.

Jim sucked huge gulps of air to offset the heat that coursed through his throbbing balls. The liquid had penetrated his nut sack immediately from the mouth of the officer, and the man was actually chewing, chewing hard on Jim's nuts, and the pain was wonderful!

"Do it, man, harder, harder," Jim begged, wondering if the guy was going to chew his nuts completely off. The officer eased one nut on each side of his mouth, between his jaw teeth, and holding the balls prisoner with his tongue, he began to bite down, very, very slowly—then quickly let up. Then bite again, a little harder this time, then a quick release. Then a very slow, continuous bite that never stopped until Jim's nuts were compressed between the glistening white teeth to the point that a sheer, white-hot sheet of pleasure exploded throughout his body and he screamed—oh, how he screamed. Again and again he screamed and thrust his pelvis hard against and into the nut-trap—afraid to try even the slightest attempt to pull or jerk his precious nuts from the human vice.

Jim drove the man's cock into his mouth even deeper; anything to divert his attention from his crushed nuts. The officer thrust his hips forward to accommodate Jim's demands for more cock down his throat. But Jim had a surprise for the young officer. He still held the foreskin between his fingers, so when the officer

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thrust his cock deep into Jim's mouth, he found his foreskin being skinned back farther than ever before. But, he had to thrust his big dick deep into the warm recess, regardless of the pain encircling his cock.

"Yes, oh, hell, yes, oh, let go, let GO!" the man begged as he thrust harder and deeper into Jim. Then Jim brought the foreskin forward and pressed it around his mouth, holding it firmly in place, and let the officer shove his hot meat in and out of Jim's tight, hot mouth—he was losing it! Jim took the cue and began to reciprocate. He was not only going to get even, he was going to get one up!

Both men were beginning to growl low moans of pleasure while stabs of lightning crashed from their dicks, into their balls and then into their brains and then back again.

The liquid they had ingested had worked its way into the bodies of the two young males, causing them to feel heady and hard as steel.

Everything about their beautiful, hard, young bodies was turned on to pleasure one thousand percent. Pain was pleasure, pleasure was pain; nothing could hurt these two young studs as they munched away at each other's sex organs. Mouths moved away from balls and onto the rigid shafts of hard man-meat jutting out from between the spread legs of these two men. The guys swallowed the hot tubes of flesh all the way to the base and back again and then grabbed each other by the buttocks and lifted each other off the ground so as to shove the cocks deeper into the tight recesses of their throats. Each man tightened his throat muscles again and again, milking the passion of each man forward toward the end of his cock, where, when finally they would slip the hot meat out and place the crown of the cocks just inside the lips, and suck the man-juice out through the hot shaft, and empty the balls and completely drain the man.

And it was about to happen.

Jim felt his control slipping away and he thrust not harder, but stronger and with more definition into the young officer—sending him the message, "Man, I'm losing it, and I want to lose it, and you have done this to me, and I love it, and I love you, and I want the same thing from you, and I cannot keep it any longer and I want you to cum with me—so do it!"

And Jim exploded—his balls cracked wide open and gushed forth spasm after spasm of white, hot cum, deep into the young officer—and just in time.

Yelling around the shaft buried deep into his throat, and gasping for air again and again—thrashing wildly about the meat he still held in his mouth, the young officer clamped down on the muscular dick and felt a coughed explosion around his own shaft that sent him hurtling over the top, and he felt his own powerful surge of hot cum ricochet down his shaft into the vacuum of Jim's throat.

After long minutes of absolute stillness, save the occasional shudder as the spent dicks propelled small waves of liquid from the deep recesses of their bodies, the two men gave an occasional lick, then a little munch here and a little munch there, then the two men began to explore the sensations and limits available to each other after such a wild fuck session. "Talk about tolerances," Jim thought.

Slowly, each man followed the other. A small nibble here brought a small nibble there. A pinch for a pinch. The sensations coursing up through the spent tubes of flesh were a thousand times more intense than when they were grinding each other's balls and cock. Many times one or the other would gasp, as they felt a particularly sensitive area being attacked and stimulated. Lots of hip movement trying to extract the wonderful tubes of flesh from their tormentor—but to no avail. Each man was bound and determined to make the other suffer as much sensational dick-pain after shooting off as was possible.

Jim thought he was going to lose his fucking mind! He was not used to such intense after-play and it was driving him crazy. He could feel his cock trying to escape the hot mouth of the officer, but it was impossible. The young man kept a suction on the entire length of the rod and since Jim had gone partially soft, now the

guy had his cock and balls both imprisoned and was not about to let go.

"Well," thought Jim, "here we go," and he slid the still semihard shaft of the young officer deep into his throat.

"I've got another load in me," the officer whispered, and he moved his body into a more comfortable position so Jim could work on the rising flesh.

The minute Jim felt the engorged flesh, he could feel his own cock flooding with passion, while trapped deep within the throat of the young officer.

"Me too," Jim replied as he gently kissed the head and lips of the beautiful rod.

The minute the officer felt Jim's mouth around his flesh, the man increased his suction on the entire length of Jim's rod and nuts, and then sank his teeth firmly into the very base of the shaft. It was obvious he was not about to let up, that is, unless Jim wanted to withdraw and have his dick skinned like a rabbit!

A servant appeared, and the two men slowly released each other and sat up. Another vial was offered and this time the two young men sipped the liquid together, kissing each other with hard passion. Jim could feel the liquid working its way into his body and mind, and could feel the effects of it on his stiffening rod. It was more than a turn-on; it was a pain-on—stretching his limits. He wanted pain, lots of it. His rod was jutting out from his lean young body, and it demanded attention. Any attention. His brain was ready to receive the ultimate in exploration and excitement.

The young officer snapped his fingers and several nude males entered the room and stood at attention.

"Well, my friend," he murmured quietly, "we shall see how much you are into the unusual."

The officer spoke several words which Jim could not quite catch.

Leather straps were brought in and the two men were spread-eagled face to face from floor to ceiling, but touching each other the full length of their tight, hard bodies.

"Now, for the first test," the officer said as he nodded toward the servant.

Swiftly, the servant approached the two bound men and, pushing them apart at the hips, he brought the two hard shafts of male meat head to head. Another servant brought what looked like a flexible rod of some type. Holding the rod up for the officer to inspect, he filled it with the clear liquid from another vial—then when the officer nodded his approval, the man bowed and in words Jim understood, asked that he be forgiven for what he was about to do to the two impaled men.

"Hang on," whispered the officer.

Another vial of liquid was delivered to each of the men, and both took the liquid into their mouths and the officer repeated his instructions.

Jim felt his cock being handled and looked down.

"NO," shouted the officer, "do not look. Just accept."

Jim felt the hands travel along his cock to the head, and then felt strong fingers spreading the lips of his knob.

"NO, NO, NO," he screamed as he felt the insertion of something up the inside of his dick. But there was no stopping or letting up. The sensation of something being worked slowly deeper and deeper into his hard penis was overwhelming, and he thought he could not stand it. But the drug began to take effect, and suddenly Jim felt the wonderful sensation of just how much pleasure the inside of his dick could give him. "Well," he thought to himself, "it sure gives me a lot of pleasure on the outside, so why not on the inside?"

The servant, watching the officer carefully, began inserting the other end of the rod into the young prick. The officer threw his head around and gasped for breath as the pencil-sized rod slowly disappeared into his body.

Finally, the two men were joined by the crystal-clear rod spanning the short distance between their hard cocks. The servant brought the foreskin of the officer forward and covered the crown of Jim's prick, and quickly secured the hot flesh onto

Jim's cock with a thin adhesive.

Jim could feel the end of the rod resting securely between his legs, just in back of his balls. Both men thrust slowly forward and back, adjusting the rod into a more comfortable position, and for new sensations.

Both men were rock hard and began gushing juice into the tube, building pressure against the drug-filled tube.

The servants turned and picked up several metal rods. Looking up at the officer, the little man seemed to be waiting for a signal.

The officer nodded and said to Jim, "Stand by, baby."

The servants touched the men with the rods—one rod on the balls of the officers and the other on the base of Jim's cock. A flash of electrical current surged through the balls and cocks of the two men, freezing the very breath in Jim's lungs.

The young soldier of fortune threw his head back, mouth open, preparing to scream, when suddenly he found his mouth covered by the officer's.

Jim gasped in great sobs and realized that he was sucking the air out of the officer's lungs, and breathing it, and then exhaling the same air back into the starving lungs of the officer. Desperately, Jim began drawing the life-saving air in through his nose, only to find a neat nose clamp promptly applied by the ever-faithful servants. Strong hands held his head in position with that of the officer's and the exchange of air continued, becoming more and more frantic as the oxygen content of the exchanged air was quickly diminished and the two men became dizzy from lack of air.

The voltage increased and Jim thought he was going crazy—the flesh in his entire sexual region was alive with electrical shocks. The muscles contracting and relaxing in rapid response to the shocks caused his hard shaft to bounce in the air with every jolt. His cock was really juicing now.

Yet he could not cum—as hard as the shocks were and with his entire groin vibrating with the current, he could not quite get it

off—it was driving him mad. His nuts were churning his cum into a lather trying to get release, but he could not quite get off on the electrical stimulation. Yet he was churning out fuck juice in a heavy, steady stream.

Then it struck him. He pulsed his cock, and felt a surge of juice flow into the tube, then watching the officer closely, he felt the sudden surge of juice back into his cock! The officer had returned the favor! The sudden truth of the torture hit Jim like a club.

Suddenly he realized that he and the officer were being jacked-off and he could not control for one minute such stimulation.

"I'm losing it. I'm CUMMING," the young soldier of fortune panted to his impaired buddy.

"Go ahead, do it, I'll follow," the officer gasped. "Watch what happens," he continued.

Jim, much aware of the tube, felt his cum surge from his nuts and out through his cock and into the tube, and directly into the cock of the officer. Jim let go again. His dick jumped and jerked as the hot jism shot from his tortured dick, but this time it was different. His cum shot into the dick of the young officer, and Jim watched in amazement as the man received his load, and then saw the lips tighten against his teeth as he uttered the barely audible "Now, it's my turn!"

And Jim saw the young body convulse and knew that the man was releasing a tremendous load of hot cum—headed straight into Jim's very own cock!

Suddenly Jim's eyes flew open. The officer's cum began to surge into the tube connecting the two pricks, and Jim could feel his own load returning into his body, plus the drug and fuck juice and now the load of the officer. The pressure of the fluids was tremendous. Jim realized that he must pulse his cock and try to drive the loads back into the officer; but the officer was still pulsing powerful cum shots and thus was doing the very same thing to Jim. Each time Jim felt the loads shift in and out of his cock, he came again, adding to the pressure and misery



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threatening to burst him apart. Anything to get rid of the load from his own cock and into his partner, to relieve the pressure on his own cock and balls and prostate.

The two men traded load after load of cum back and forth between their two cocks, each effort draining more and more energy and effort from the two handsome hunks. Both men were exhausted and drained of both cum and energy, their chests heaving and lungs gasping, but the cum was still there and the pressure was even more terrible after they had shot their loads. Then came the final blow. A sudden charge of electricity shot through the nuts of each man, and then proceeded through the cum inside the two dicks and, of course, through the swollen meat of the two dicks. The charge increased and Jim felt the cum beginning to churn, getting hotter and hotter. With one last effort at ridding himself of the boiling cum churning in and out between his legs, he applied all the pressure he could muster and then began to piss, or at least try to piss.

"NOOOOO," the officer screamed as the pressure of the cum began to back up into his cock, followed by the hot piss.

"Do not let up," the servant whispered to Jim. "You have won and that is good for you. Make him scream at us for release."

Jim took the advice and suddenly began to bear down on the pissing and felt a huge increase in the volume of piss passing out of his body and into the body of his young buddy. The officer began thrashing wildly, tugging at the tape which joined the hard dicks. But to no avail. The tape held and Jim had lots of piss. It was a losing battle for the officer and he soon realized that he was going to have to ask for help or explode from the amount of cum and piss his body was being forced to endure.

"Quickly, quickly, release me," he shouted, and the servants had the two men apart in a matter of seconds. As they worked, Jim looked down for the first time and could hardly believe his eyes. The foreskin of the officer was huge! Taped tightly against Jim's cock, it had become the unwilling reservoir for the fluids that had managed to escape around the rod connecting the two cocks and

was stretched to the point of translucence. The pleasure stabbing through the foreskin into the officer must be tremendous, Jim thought.

Quickly the servants loosened the taped foreskin and the pressurized liquid flooded the length of Jim's cock and into the hairy bush guarding his manhood.

"Oh, ahh, yeah, oh yeah," sighed the officers as the pressure was lifted from his foreskin.

Jim covered the mouth of the suffering male and began a deep French kiss and felt it returned with a passion. "God, does he ever give up," thought Jim.

But there was still a tremendous pressure inside the two cocks and as the tube was withdrawn, the pressure of the two cocks spewed cum several feet into the air. The officer let his body relax, and the piss flowed out of him like a fountain. He literally hung in his binding, completely spent, and conquered, but happy and completely satisfied. He looked at his prisoner with a new light in his eye.

As the two men were released from their bindings, the officer ordered food and then, placing his arm over the shoulder of his captive, the two exhausted men walked toward the outdoor shower.

The two men languished in the warm, soothing water. Soaping each other down and scrubbing each other, especially between the legs and the smooth mounds of heavy rump meat. Both men began to swell, their cocks extending several inches down their legs.

"Later, later, this evening, after we have eaten, and then to bed," the officer told Jim in a passionate whisper.

"What about count?" Jim asked, referring to the prisoner count each evening. "They'll cut me and shoot me if I miss count," he added.

"Not to worry," and with that the officer called for an attendant and told the man in English that this prisoner would be staying here tonight and not to include him in the prisoner count this

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evening.

The man left and the two men finished their bath and dried and dressed each other in the loose wraparound so common and comfortable in this country.

Arm in arm they walked into the quarters and sat down on the floor on soft cushions to an excellent meal.

"But I tell you, Jim," the officer was saying over after-dinner drinks, "there is simply nothing I can do to save you from castration. And believe me when I say as good-looking as you are, they are going to think of some marvelous ways of doing it. I just wish there was some way I could be there and watch."

Regardless of how much Jim pleaded and promised and suggested things he would do to and for the young man, it was always the same reply: "Jim, there is nothing I can do."

"So what's going to happen to me then?" Jim asked, exhausted from his pleading.

"Well, you are going to be leaving here for another compound, and it is a beautiful place, and there you will have lots of sex, and then at some moment, a moment when you least expect it, they will begin the procedure, and, well, with you, I suspect that it will take several hours. You will receive a lot of delicious torture before the final cut is made. You will probably cum many, many times and during the height of the deepest, hardest cum you ever experienced, it will happen, quickly and practically painlessly. That is unfortunate, because you would think that when a man loses his very manhood and being that there would be a tremendous amount of pain and anguish—a lot more than, say, having your head cut off."

"Oh, Jesus," Jim moaned to himself.

"But then," the officer continued, "they might decide to torture you by, say, well, slicing your dick off in paper-thin slices, and that could take twenty-four hours, if you last that long. Talk about pain. I once witnessed such a procedure, and the guy went fuckin' mad with pain. But then they also may slice your balls off in thin slices, so therefore you would receive a goodly amount of pain. It just all

depends on who is in charge and the good times you provide him.

"But, sir," Jim interrupted.

"No, not another word," the officer exclaimed and placed his hand over Jim's mouth.

The officer closed his eyes at the feel of the warmth of Jim's tongue and then slowly inserted his middle finger into the moist opening.

Jim sucked the finger deep into his mouth and felt the officer gently move around inside his mouth, under his tongue, around the outside of his teeth. Gently he bit down on the hot flesh—a gasp from the officer. Jim felt a hand on his chest as the officer gently pushed him back down onto the soft bedding spread about the floor. The two males slowly moved into the comfortable 69 position and slowly sucked the firm, hard flesh deep into their throats and, with deep sighs, accepted the rewards from the loins, and then drifted off into relaxed and comfortable sleep.

"Awake, wake up, you must be going," Jim heard the voice as from a distant hill, then, suddenly, he was awake, and on his feet, fighting stance.

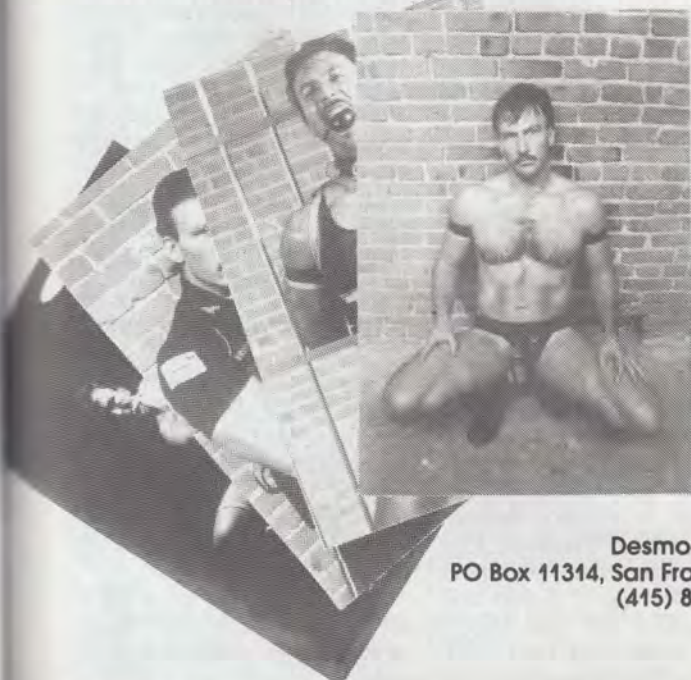
"No, no, you're all right, just wake up and eat and then you must pack and leave. The boat will be here soon to transport you to the next compound." The young officer was standing naked—rock hard, guiding Jim toward the shower. Jim accepted the warm water and the slick dick of the officer sliding in and out of him as he showered and shaved; jacking himself just in time to meet the hot blast of cum issued from the officer deep inside his tight body.

"Now, go!" commanded the officer as he ushered Jim toward the door. Jim turned and kissed the young, handsome male—frenching him halfway down his throat—and was rewarded with the same passion.

"Thanks," Jim murmured, and then he was gone. □

(To be continued)

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TOUGH SHIT



TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW

According to East German researcher Dr. Sieghard Krieghoff in an article published in the German journal *Agriculture Today*, pigs are the happiest animals on earth.

Krieghoff and his wife Eva, animal husbandry specialists,

Oinker experts say pigs are the happiest animals on earth

spent four years studying the lives and loves of 2,000 porkers. "A hog wallowing around in some nice cool mud with a full trough of food in front of him is probably the most contented animal on earth," the researcher said.

The Krieghoffs undertook their study to find out how farmers could bring even more joy into their pigs' lives—and hopefully produce bigger, juicier pork chops. They learned that pigs are really in hog heaven when they have toys to

play with. (But you probably already figured that out.)

But toys or no toys, pigs are the most blissful beasts in the barnyard. "They have turned loafing into an art form. All in all, you and I should be as happy as a hog."

KISS-IN KISS OFF

Over 50 activists held a Memorial Day "kiss-in" on the shores of Lake Ontario to push for laws that protect homosexuals. Matthew Fleig, 21, and Andrew Allocco, 40, said they were protesting their treatment by Monroe County Sheriff's deputies on Memorial Day 1986 when they were kicked off a public beach for kissing.

At that time, deputies said complaints from other beach users prompted them to confront the group of five men and ask them to leave the beach. Allocco said his anger toward the sheriff's department and his desire to be able to show affection in public prompted the protest. "Constitutionally, we should be protected as individuals," Fleig said, "but that is not happening, so I think we need special laws. One of the things that this is doing for me is maintaining my self-dignity."

MAMMAL MONOGAMY MYTH

A San Francisco *Examiner* story on pairing in the different animal species noted that while birds form monogamous relationships 90% of the time, fewer

than 4% of mammal species do. Often, the degree of monogamy depends on how much the partner is around to enforce it. Ethologist Fred Harrington of Mount Saint Vincent University in Canada was quoted as saying, "If a wolf or a coyote gets the opportunity to fool around, it will." There is disagreement as to whether early man was monogamous. Researchers point out that humans don't have the characteristics of those mammals which are monogamous, such as a female that is more aggressive and larger than the male. In addition, animals in monogamous species tend to have smaller brains and do not have sex often.

HAZER CONVICTED OF ASSAULT

Steven Jones was convicted of assault for striking several pledges at his fraternity, Omega Psi Phi, on the head with a two-by-four last spring. The North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University student received a two-year prison sentence for using a board during hazing.

In addition to the two-year

sentence, the judge gave Jones five years' supervised probation and ordered him to pay the medical bills of Clemente McWilliams and Patrick Curry, two of his victims. McWilliams experienced a blood clot on the brain, and his bills have so far totaled well over \$10,000. Care for Curry, who received a concussion, cost nearly \$1,000.

Officials at the university suspended Jones after the hazing incident and ordered the Omega Psi Phi chapter at the school disbanded for at least four years.

EVERYBODY HAS TO BE SOMEPLACE

According to the Associated Press the San Francisco Police Department reported that 39-year-old Byron White informed police of a prowler in his home at 2 A.M. in a normally quiet area of the city.

Upon arrival, police discovered 28-year-old David Bergman in White's shower, fully clothed. Sergeant Roy Ortega stated that the suspect was clad in jeans, T-shirt and work boots. He also had a leather jacket and back pack laying on the shower floor. He

was asked repeatedly to step out of the shower, but he was not comprehending what was being said.

He had a continual smile on his face and was making lewd gestures. "I turned the shower off and carried him to the squad car. I discovered several hits of LSD and a bottle of valiums in his jacket pocket. He was obviously hallucinating, but I read him his rights anyway."

Mr. White was quoted as saying, "At least he could have closed the shower door," noting that the bathroom floor was soaked. Mr. Bergman was charged with breaking and entering, and possession of drugs.

PRESIDENTIAL CUTUPS

Of the thirty-nine presidents of the U.S. only one, Jimmy Carter, was circumcised, according to Dr. Dean Adel on his TV program. Gentile circumcision in the U.S. was almost unknown before WWI (fear of infection). Carter is the only president born after 1918.

Is this proof that uncut men are better liars and more likely to make fools of themselves in public?

TOILET HUMOR NOT FUNNY

A Hartford, WI, man, according to *Insight* magazine, has filed a lawsuit in Washington County Circuit Court charging four men with engineering the overturn of a portable privy in which he happened to be.

Rodney Temple seeks \$10,000 in damages for the pain and suffering he says he endured in May 1986, when the toilet, located near a baseball field, was upset, along with its occupant.

The suit says that, as a result of a conspiracy by the four men to topple the structure while he was inside, he was bruised and had a severe cut on his left ear that had to be treated at a hospital.

COMMUNIST CONDOMS

The poor quality of the communist condom is hampering efforts to combat AIDS in Eastern Europe. Hungary, with its relative openness to the West and fairly relaxed attitude to homosexuals, has been the least coy among East European countries in its response to the disease. The government is trying to limit the spread of the disease by persuading Hungarians to take precautions in their sex lives. But the campaign is being wrecked by communist industry's inability to come up with satisfactory condoms.

A Hungarian medical expert, Dr. Endre Czeizel, admitted that the East German and Czechoslovak condoms sold in Hungary were too thick, and that this made them almost useless. "It is true that the contraceptive sheaths available in our country are below world standard."

Dr. Czeizel's suggestion to import condoms from the West has fallen on deaf ears, however. Trade officials argue that, given Hungary's present economic troubles, precious hard currency cannot be wasted on such "luxury" goods.

Though they may complain about the quality of their condoms, Hungarians are at least better supplied than people in some other parts of Eastern Europe. In Romania, because of President Ceausescu's campaign to increase the birth rate, condoms are not available at

PICKY, PICKY, PICKY!

According to the Federal Register, the following law is on the books.

"376.14. Crime control and detection commodities.

"(a) Export license requirements. Applications for validated export licenses for 'specially designed implements of torture' will be denied."

AH, THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

The following is from a bulletin of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, Hartford, CT:

"Junior Highs—Today at the 'Y' at 4:30 P.M.: Fun 'n' Food and talk about 'Torture'—or how 'Human Rights' are denied people who live in repressive systems and what you can do!"

Fun, food and torture — sounds like a GMSMA meeting.

all. In the Soviet Union, they are not only of notoriously poor quality, they are also in short supply, with the result that abortion has become a staggeringly common form of birth control.

Back in Hungary, Dr. Czeizel concedes that not everything made in the capitalist world is perfect. His clinic recently conducted a trial of a batch of Japanese contraceptives, and found that these, too, fell short of Hungarian requirements: many of the men thought the condoms were too small.

THEY DON'T GROW ON TREES

The Rubber Tree is the only store in America that sells nothing but condoms, its owners say. In recent months, this Seattle boutique has been getting lots of new customers who fear the spread of AIDS and are attracted by the low-key atmosphere, competitive prices and an astounding array of prophylactics.

The store was founded in 1975 by members of the Seattle chapter of Zero Population Growth, who sought to reduce unwanted pregnancies by making contraceptives more easily available.

"We sell about 55 different varieties of condoms," said Julia Forbes, a manager of the nonprofit boutique. "And we only sell brands that we really believe to be safe and reliable, so that excludes some of the



real exotic ones."

Lambskin and latex, ribbed and plain, colored or clear, water-based or silicone, an astounding array of condoms lines the shelves of the small store. They even offer "variety packs" and "in-store specials."

"It used to be busy just on Friday and Saturday nights," another employee said. "We want people to ask questions, to be knowledgeable," she said, "but we also want them to be adventurous in their choices and have fun."

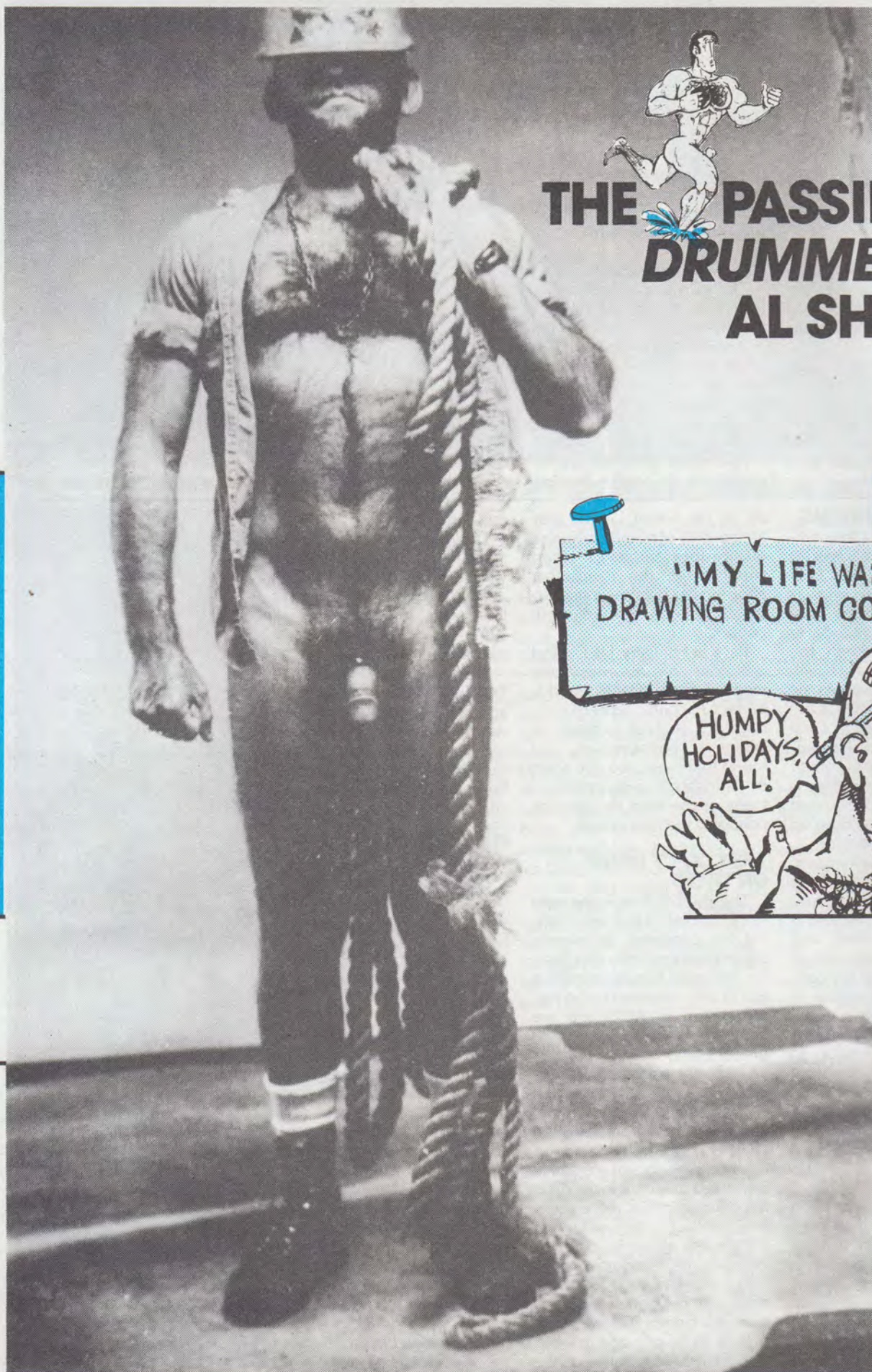
IT'S ABOUT TIME . . . AND AIDS

New York City, where AIDS is a serious problem, in April decided to try a new approach. Condoms will be made available to some 90 homosexual inmates who are housed in a special wing of Rikers Island jail. If the three-month trial is successful, the program may be expanded to the rest of the city's 14,600 prisoners. About half of them have taken drugs by injection and may have used contaminated needles, so stated a recent *Time* magazine article.

The state of Vermont confronted the threat of an epidemic among convicts last month when Governor Madeleine Kunin approved a policy of giving a condom to any prisoner who requested it.

Sex among inmates is forbidden in prisons, but the law does not always reflect reality. □





THE PASSING OF DRUMMER'S FIRST AL SHAPIRO

"MY LIFE WAS A
DRAWING ROOM COMEDY ..."



by JACK
FRITSCHER

ONE OF ST DADDIES:



Nothing stirs the memory like death. Nothing dries tears like laughter. Al Shapiro, the artist A. Jay, was one of the original *Drummer* Daddies. He was the art director who designed the fledgling *Drummer*'s basic look. I know. He dragged me along in that transplanted, insistent New Yorker way he had, and I played editor-in-chief to his art director.

"The publisher's given birth to a baby," A. Jay said, "but he forgot to spank its bottom."

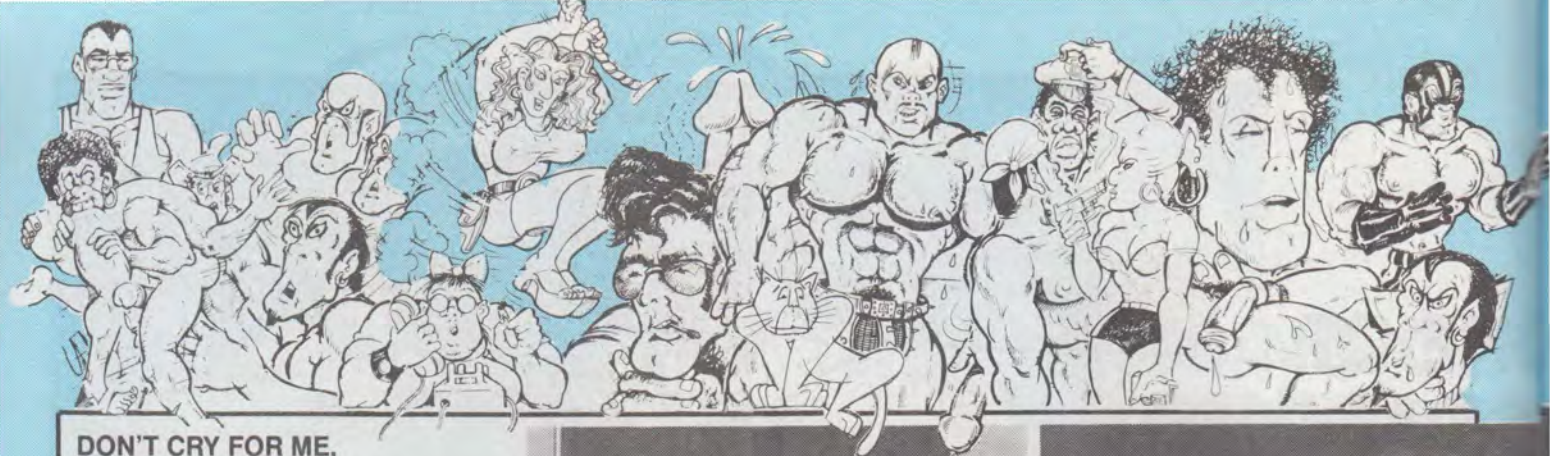
That was our job: spanking the infant *Drummer*'s butt.

And it worked. One critic called issues 19-30 "The Golden Age of *Drummer*."

Maybe. Maybe not. But at least those issues put the rag on the map. After that, after half of San Francisco had been the editor of *Drummer*, what staff changes followed could best be charted by the National Weather Service.

Now, of course, *Drummer*'s course is back on course, already in its second golden age—a renaissance of the new *Drummer* but in remembering Al Shapiro, a man's got to recall that during those first stormy, very embryonic years, A. Jay was the one calming, creative influence who kept *Drummer* afloat with diplomacy, laughter and love. He believed, as they say, in Hollywood, in the project.





DON'T CRY FOR ME, SAN FRANCISCO

Truth is the best eulogy. Talk about positive attitude. Six months before he died of AIDS, A. Jay the artist went blind. He had just finished what would be his last drawing, incidentally, for a story I was writing. We often worked in tandem, discussing the concept, then each going off individually, one to the typewriter and one to the drawing boards. The night he finished our drawing, he told his lover of eleven years, Dick Kriegmont, that he was truly at last losing his sight. When sometime later a friend came sympathetically to his bedside and said, "I'm so sorry you're blind," Al said, "I'm not blind. I can still see white light."

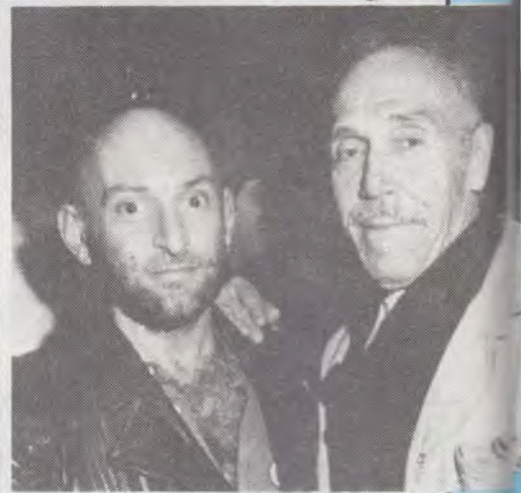
ROUGH TRADE IN THE FINE ARTS

Before A. Jay's physical health failed completely, he let me twist his once-robust arm, and, in the name of gossip and gay pop-art history, he agreed to discuss something of the personal and professional comedy behind the mystery of the unassuming artist who was to nearly everyone the very incarnation of his own hot tits-'n'-pecs cartoons signed "A. JAY."

That sleazoid incarnation was always comic and usually self-satirizing. Allen J. Shapiro's tongue was always planted firmly in his, or someone else's, cheek. If wrestlers and South-of-Market leathermen were his gods, the Slot was his sanctuary, tits and piss-soaked jocks were his heaven, and his degree was from Pratt. Let's remember him in his drawings. Let's remember him in his own words.



A. JAY'S ART: From Al Shapiro's personal collection of photos showing him with one of his drawings . . .



. . . with Tom of Finland and



. . . with Etienne.

HARRY CHESSE VS. THE PYTHON BY A. JAY

IN THE FIRST HOT EPISODE, OUR HERO HARRY CHESSE AND HIS TWO SIDEKICKS...MICKY MUSCLE AND RANCID AGNEW WERE HASTILY SUMMONED TO FUGG CENTRAL! A MYSTERIOUS STRANGLER HAD CLAIMED HIS 35TH GAY VICTIM...BUZZ PUCKER, ART DIRECTOR OF "FAROUT FAGS", A GAY UNDERGROUND MONTHLY. THIS TIME THE KILLER LEFT BUZZ'S BODY IN A DARK ALLEY OFF FOLSOM STREET--THE BARBARY COAST'S HOT LEATHER PLAYLAND! PRESSURE WAS BUILDING ON ALL SIDES TO FIND THIS WEIRD KILLER--WHOSE VICTIMS WERE FOUND SUFFOCATED, STRANGLED BY A MAMMOUTH FLESHY COCK THAT HAD PUMPED UNHUMAN AMOUNTS OF SEMEN (RE: CUM) DOWN EACH DEADMAN'S THROAT!

AT FUGG CENTRAL, BIG F, HEAD OF AGENTS, GAVE OUR GUYS THE ONLY CLUE UNCOVERED INSIDE BUZZ'S CAR...A COPY OF "FAROUT FAGS"! HARRY'S, MICKY'S, RANCID'S FUGG MISSION: "APPREHEND 'COCKPUMPER' (HIS FUGG CODE-NAME) BEFORE HE HAS ANOTHER DEADLY EJACULATION DOWN ANOTHER INNOCENT THROAT!"

BACK AT HARRY'S SECLUDED BACHELOR FLAT ON CRISCO MEWS, OUR FUGG TRIO ARE EXAMINING THE MAG--



HOW HARRY CHESSE GOT A. JAY HIS JOB THROUGH THE NEW YORK TIMES

A. JAY: You're only getting this interview because the *National Enquirer* hasn't called. That's always been my main fantasy: to see my name in *Enquirer* headlines six inches high. "A. JAY SCREAMS INTO PISS-SOAKED JOCKSTRAP: 'LET ME KEEP MY ALIEN BABY!'"

JF: Sounds sleazy enough.

A. JAY: My real baby, Harry Chess, coined, no, popularized the word *sleazy* for gays back in the seventies. There was so much we did at *Drummer* that caught on. You and your cigar fetish and your daddy thing . . . what was it?



JF: I called it "In Praise of Older Men."

A. JAY: Then you left and "Drummer Daddies" took off. Funny. Sleaze was such a virtue. The sleazier you were, the hotter you were. (Check out A. Jay's Harry Chess article on New York bars and baths, "Pigging It in New York," *Drummer* 23.) These days if you even mention you went to the Slot in 1975, no one will exchange precious bodily fluids with you. I can't blame them.

JF: Your cartoon strip Harry Chess, long ago in New York's *Queen's Quarterly* magazine, made you a cult figure, if not an international art celebrity.

A. JAY: Robert Mapplethorpe I'm not. (RM shot *Drummer's* toughest, hottest cover, the pop-collectible "Biker-for-Hire with Cigar," *Drummer* 24.) Robert Opel I'm not.

JF: You're not even Robert Opplendorpe (an in-joke *Drummer* character we had created because so many confused the two Roberts to the chagrin of both).

A. JAY: I'm just a poor East Coast boy, risen from the peasant classes of upstate New York, parlaying my exotic looks into a marriage with a leading West Coast water-sportsman who swears on his raunchy jockstrap that I will be practically beatified after my premature death.

JF: I can name that Broadway musical in three notes.

A. JAY: *Evita*, forgive me. When I was very young, I wanted to be a theatrical set designer. I moved to Manhattan, went to art school, and saw every show that opened on Broadway. My parents were convinced that their allowance to me made David Merrick rich. I would have been a set designer too, and maybe never have pursued porn, if a certain older set designer who was in charge of all the hiring at the time had not insisted I sleep with him. I wanted the job on terms of art,

not lust. He probably did me a favor. So instead I worked illustrating children's books.

Actually, New York in the sixties was wonderful. I never felt any anti-gay pressure. Bars flourished, but I figured they only got raided when they were too stupid to pay off the cops. Stonewall probably happened for no more reason than because some bartender forgot to slip the pigs their roll of bills. Then the gay activists seized the chance, thank God.

JF: You had no personal, family problems with your sexual preference?

A. JAY: I was lucky I was too dumb to have ever been in the closet. Even when I was in the Army, stationed in Korea as an ingenue-soldier after the war, I always figured sex with men was as natural as wrestling jock-to-jock in high school. Just more raunchy, smelly, oily and sleazy! I grew up as a wrestler, totally fixated on men with big pecs and fine nipples. New York has always been Tit City. Manhattan men, and I'm talking back about the good old days of sex, didn't shake your hand to take the measure of your fist to say "Hello," the way men did in San Francisco. New Yorkers immediately did a two-handed grab straight for your nipples. Responsive tits are a sign of sexual sophistication. First in New York. Now, everywhere. Harry Chess loves tit play. All my characters have voluptuous, full-muscled, big-chested bodies, with a lot of chapped tread on their big hot nipples. So naturally, of course, I'm a big fan of body builders and physique contests. I've got a hundred body building movies that I freeze-frame on the pec shots. That's my artistic and sexual inspiration. Sex and art are one.

JF: Your comic strip characters have names like Mickey Muscle, Pecs O'Toole and Lats Lonigan. That's almost like the pro-wrestling whimsey of Hulk Hogan.

A. JAY: Like a lot of guys, I came out on Stan Lee's Marvel Comics group of superheroes. My characters are man-to-man macho parodies, and sleazy paradigms, of the super-comic heroes. They travel in fuckbuddy pairs. Mickey Muscle is Harry Chess's sidekick, like Batman's Robin or the Green Hornet's Cato. Harry himself was sort of gee-whizzed out of Li'l Abner. Some fans say they see the influence of *Playboy's* Little Annie Fanny. I created Harry right when James Bond hit it big.

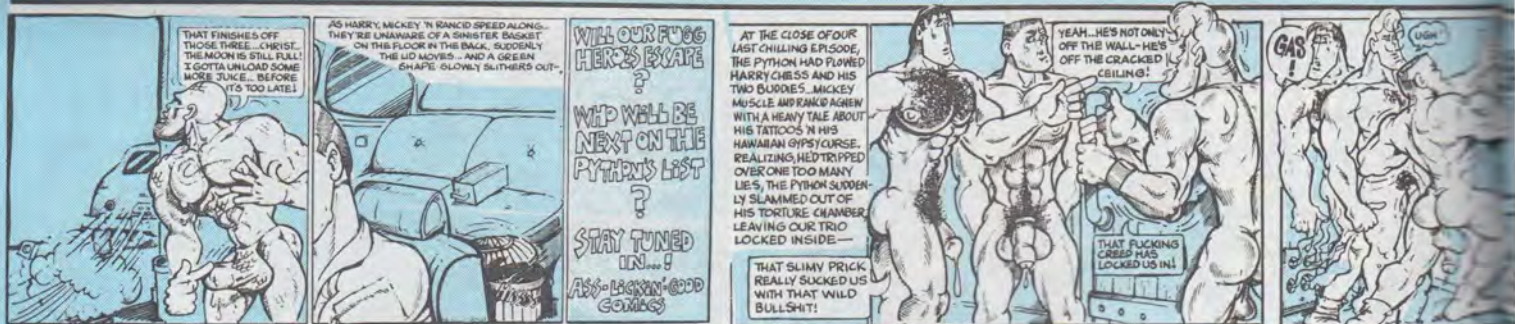
JF: No one can dispute that you made your sexy, funny characters distinctly your own.

A. JAY: To tell the truth, I identify more with my villains than with my heroes—even though Harry Chess is my alter ego. Villains are always more colorful. *Drummer* after all is chiefly about villains working over bottoms. Anyway, my villains are sort of a cross between my Id, Telly Savalas and Yul Brynner, with a sideswipe at Ming the Merciless.

JF: Speaking of Ming the Merciless, you worked for John Embry, founding publisher of *Drummer*, as his first San Francisco art director. He picked you up from *Queen's Quarterly* so he could feature you and Harry Chess. So why'd you split *Drummer*? That would have seemed like a perfect alliance: a publisher who was in love with your work.

A. JAY: Don't get me started on gay publishers. Embry hired me right after his whole circus fled from L.A. to San Francisco because of police harassment. Let's just say he likes cartooning. But, with all due respect, he thought *Drummer's* readers were 1950s leather queens. Check out all the hot SM/bondage photo spreads in the early issues that were marred by his insistent insert of cartoon-balloon dialog that made fun of leather. True eroticism and jokes cancel each other out. You can





jerk off forever to a photo of a guy in bondage, but not if a dialog balloon pasted next to his face has him saying, "Oh, Dorothy!"

JF: Maybe he figured leather was too far out in those days and needed some humor to snag readers who were slightly embarrassed by something so underground being brought to light.

A. JAY: Stop trying to be kind. *Drummer* was the first magazine for masculine gay men, not for embarrassed leather queens. You thought that concept up. Is John going to kill me for repeating this? I once heard John Embry called the Marie Antoinette of gay publishing. The same pictures and models, especially the beloved Val Martin,

the same tired cake recycled monthly for the public to eat. I don't really agree with all that rep, but I am used to publishers with balls.

Harry Chess got started because one of the world's most daring publishers, Clark Polak, put an ad in the *New York Times* 25 years ago, saying he needed an art director for his gay magazine. He actually used the word "gay" in the ad! He nearly caused a couple hundred heart attacks at the *Times* when they found out what it meant. Anyway, I was considering drawing a gay comic strip then, so I proposed Harry Chess to him.

JF: The rest is gay pop history.

A. JAY: Back in those closeted days, Clark

dared to put in a special slipsheet mailed only to his subscribers. Frontal nudes. No sucking and fucking. Men who bought his mag, called—guess what, guys—*Drum*, on the newsstand missed out on that hot stuff. How times have changed! I did Harry in *Drum* for five or six years. One episode a month. Clark reprinted the whole thing once as a pocket book.

JF: That would have been *The Original Adventures of Harry Chess*. It's now out of print. A collector's item, right?

A. JAY: I wish I had a couple dozen copies. Don't you love researching the dirt-of gay popular culture history?

JF: Only when it's not just bitchifying.

A. JAY: If you think that, tonight you're not



pers were cheaper. I confess. When I jerk-off, my fantasies are all storyboards. I see them in my mind's eye with all the sweat and muscle that my cartoon men are based on. I have a boot-box full of about 500 possible storylines for fantasy-mag projects. All from my X-rated J/O headtrips. God! I loved the Slot on a full-moon night!

JF: Have you ever seen one of your cartoon creations appear before you for real in flesh and blood and muscle?

A. JAY: Recently on a local TV news magazine about the joys of physique competition, I saw a bodybuilder who was my ultimate fantasy: handsome, big, muscular, enormous pecs and hard nipples.

He was like one of my drawings up there pumping iron on screen. Omigod! So there I was, even in my condition, experiencing the ultimate twentieth-century version of a high-tech religious experience. Me, a grown man, kneeling in front of a video screen, playing with my own tits, and beating my dick with my face six inches from the tube. See this glorious complexion ruined by video-burn? Video cassettes. Now there's safe sex.

JF: Your Harry Chess style would be great as animation. You maybe should have considered video-producing your own Harry adventures.

A. JAY: Too expensive. But the same is true of Tom of Finland. Remember what fun we

had that supper with him telling us how he started drawing bondage-and-piss pictures of cops when he was five years old? He'd be killer if his men were animated. The future of gay erotic art is in video. Someone has already made an underground video of the drawings of Martin of Holland, zooming in for close-up detail, pulling back for the whole picture. Hot! Rex should produce a video of his drawings. You should film it. The world needs it. It's funny that most erotic artists are rotten businessmen. Tom of Finland is finally getting exhibited—and paid—after being pirated all these years.

JF: What about other erotic artists? Any particular favorite?





going to get a hard-on. I'll have to get out my voodoo teddy bear again. . . . Uh, let me see, where was I in *The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody Who Was Anybody*? Oh, yeah. Like Sebastian Venable, you see, I traveled a lot. I left *Drum* for a year to live in Mexico City for the Olympics. Sniffing around the wrestlers, picking up used international jockstraps, and pumping my tits up at the local gym. Always hoping the yummy bodybuilder and movie star Jorge Rivera, the Mexican Steve Reeves, would come in and sit on my face.

While I was feasting on dark meat, *Drum* died. Clark chose to move onto something better that made him, I think

rich. So Harry Chess became Little Orphan Harry. Then Hans Ebensten told me about *Queen's Quarterly*. Can you imagine a mag being called that in 1987? Back then you could. Anyway, publisher George DeSantis hired me freelance and Harry had a new home. I talked George into changing his title to *QQ* to try to butch it up. I could tell sissies were on the way out and sleaze-macho was on its way in. De Santis then started two more mags: *Body* and *Ciao*. DeSantis was a great publisher. A kind man. I learned a great deal from him about magazine production, which prepared me, really, to take over the art direction of *Drummer*.

JF: Jockstraps, wrestling, watersports, tits,

bondage are all very big in Harry Chess, yet behind the storyboard runs a satirical political consciousness. You took on the whole Watergate crowd, especially in your character Rancid Agnew. You despised Tricia Nixon. And you closed down tight on Ron Reagan, Jr.

A. JAY: Someone had to. Actually my social consciousness is minimal. Strictly for laughs. Mainly, I was a sex-creature of the night, a bathhouse man. I loved the tubs. God bless the Everhard! God bless the Slot! May they rest in peace. The society that intrigues me comes out after sunset. I drew from my head. From what I saw at night under the influence of some recreational smoke. I rarely used models. Pop-



A. JAY: Astaire never tells who his favorite partner is. All I'll say is that I get off on erotic drawings—by other guys. When I put pencil to paper to draw out the fantasy that turned me on, I lose my personal hard-on for my own work. That's probably true of all artists. I get too critical about technique and all that jazz.

Truthfully, I marvel at Rex's patient, technical aplomb and his sleazy hyper-male content. I like the work of Zack, Neal Bate and the fabulous Harry Bush. I think Jim French is a double genius: first as a pencil artist, second as a photographer. French, who is Colt Studio, would be the first to admit he's influenced by the pretty-girl style. Those who can't handle his

masculinizing of that super-gorgeous American ideal don't need to buy him, but they can't deny his talent. I think French's images of masculinity are the most beautiful and erotic I've ever seen: drawings and photographs. In the same breath, I have to credit Lou Thomas, who was Target Studio; he's one of the same caliber as French, with a strong, macho-poetic eye. After I saw French's early work, I went immediately back to Pratt Institute at night. He inspired me to keep on learning.

Of the gay cartoonists, I really enjoy the sophistication of Bill Ward, who appears in *Drummer*. I also like the Hun, whose exaggerated big-nipple style is raw, sleazy

and similar to mine.

JF: Ward and the Hun are two staples of my J/O rides as well.

A. JAY: I'm continually amazed at the ingenuity of Etienne (aka Stephen) who can turn out a well-executed storybook faster than most guys can jerk off. How well I remember the double show we shared together at Robert Opel's Fey Way Gallery.

JF: As a native New Yorker, you haven't found San Francisco difficult for you as a producing artist?

A. JAY: I love San Francisco. I was told when I gave up Manhattan to migrate to SFO for the watersportsman I loved, that San Francisco was a backwater fishing





→ village with an opera, narrow-minded, and too laid-back. Not true. It's been stimulating to live here, Dick and I together: one shoe in Pacific Heights and one boot South of Market. Once upon a time, East Coast artists had the advantage of more galleries for more shows: Stompers, Robert Samuels, and the Loman Gallery. L.A. has lost Eons. San Francisco, for all the galleries going now, lost a major creative force, and arts patron, when Robert Opel, who contributed so much to *Drummer*, was shot to death by a couple of polyester cowboys in his Fey Way Gallery South of Market.

JF: Robert Opel was the most naked man

in the whole wide world. Everyone remembers him as the guy who streaked Liz Taylor on the Academy Awards. Live. On satellite. A billion people saw his cock and tits and ass that night. Over a billion served. He should have golden arches over his grave.

A. JAY: He got his fifteen minutes of fame. That was his performance art. That was his life. Robert was the most innovative creator on the West Coast as far as nurturing artists was concerned. His death was a great aesthetic tragedy. There's a used tool company now in his former Fey Way Gallery. Robert would like that irony as a following act. I've thought someone

should open a San Francisco gallery and name it after Robert Opel. His spirit should live on. With the golden arches.

JF: So how do you feel about you and Harry?

A. JAY: Harry and I are going to run off together and take a cottage by the sea. Actually, Harry, I hope, will live forever. *The New Adventures of Harry Chess* is selling well. Harry and I will never be rich and famous, just sleazy and infamous. What more could a man ask for from life? I am Harry and Harry is me and we are all together.

JF: What does your lover think of your notoriety after these eleven years of partnership?

A. JAY: He's never forgiven me for sending him the photo of myself that I mailed in answer to his *Advocate* ad that brought us together. I was covered in oil and dripping with chains. [see p. 34] He thought I was ten feet tall. I guess that's just my perspective on the way I see life. So how can I help but push that angle in my art? I love big exaggeration that draws attention to little fetishes. I can't help myself. I excuse myself as being the male version of that scandalous Jayne Mansfield movie of my youth: *The Girl Can't Help It!* She exited life too young, too soon, too. So tell me why the hell the *National Enquirer* never calls!

Deep in his heart, Al Shapiro doubted his work as A. Jay would be remembered. He had that kind of manly modesty. Friends and fans were everywhere. There wasn't much time for surprises left.

"Al, the new book I have coming out in the fall I'm dedicating to you."

"Read me the inscription," he said.

"For Al Shapiro, the artist A. Jay, creator of Harry Chess and Pecs O'Toole, who first led my words to the infant *Drummer*."

"It's short," he said, "but true."

"There's a preface page."

"Does it hold out hope?"

"It holds out hope."

"Read it for me."

I read it for us all.

"... with so much death this side of Venice, the world gives little safe access anymore to unbridled Desire, but Desire's memory burns in my heart and mind. I know, I swear I know, despite the growing rolls of the dead, the world has not heard the end of us. If and when the last one of us lies dying in some cold fluorescent hospital, I guarantee, I do, I do affirm, the last sound he will hear, echoing from the long corridor, the sound that will cheer his ears and his valiant heart, will be the first cry of a brand-spanking neonate, a new little baby boy born as were we, gifted innately with our special ways of love, and in him, in that boy child, our kind will find a new Adam and begin the beguine all over again."



Ed.: The artist Rex has announced that a retrospective showing of the works of A. Jay will be presented by Randy West at his gallery in San Francisco this fall.

Harry Chess, Vol. 1, 48 pp., is available from Desmodus, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101 for \$8 + 1.50 S&H.

ROUGH STUFF

by SCOTT TUCKER



National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights

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AIDS, DRUGS AND LOW-LIFE

A prominent gay activist, who knows Washington politics inside out, recently told me that a Reagan confidante (currently under investigation by a special prosecutor) has AIDS. Needless to say, gay Republicans have hardly been in the advance guard of critics against the Reagan administration's misdirected AIDS policies. Even when they suffer from the disease, they still try to draw a magic circle of "inside" respectability around themselves. Gay people are definitely not one big happy family.

On June 1 nearly 400 demonstrators gathered near the White House to protest Reagan's AIDS policies, and 64 activists who sat down in the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue where handcuffed and jailed by police wearing yellow rubber gloves. Events are moving quickly, and the gay movement may have entered a vital period of renewed struggle and civil disobedience. It is very likely that most of the demonstrators were Democrats of different shades of opinion. But at least one, Leonard Matlovitch, who fought a famous case against antigay discrimination in the military, describes himself as a conservative Republican. AIDS continues to highlight the hypocrisy of Republicans who have traditionally defended privacy, but who now call for dragnet virus testing without clear guarantees of confidentiality. AIDS also clarifies the cowardice of many Democrats who have failed to fight for appropriate research funds, safe sex education and social services.

In mid-June, Attorney General Edwin Meese announced plans for compulsory testing of immigrants, refugees, aliens seeking residence in the U.S., and new inmates in federal prisons. Prisoners who test seropositive could be denied parole. As an editorial in *The Nation* recently noted, "Yes, a case can be made for adding the AIDS test to the physical examination that immigrants are already required to take, but there is something hypocritical about a nation with the largest number of AIDS cases outside of Africa rushing to keep out or expel aliens whose illness, in most cases, bears a Made in the USA label."

Meese's proposal that parole be denied to prisoners who test seropositive should set off a danger alarm in every gay person. This amounts to quarantine, and opens the way to incarcerating all who test seropositive, with or without criminal records. Vindictive moralism is characteristic of Meese and this administration. This is the same attorney general who brought us the recent stacked Commission on Pornography. In a society regulated by censorship and detention camps, it is not likely that sexual dissidents — including leatherfolk and readers of "filth" like *Drummer* — will be tolerated for long.

Typically, opportunist politicians talk about "protecting the general public" and "protecting the innocent." The guilty low-life should be rounded up in leper colonies, and who will be surprised if the lepers are cocksuckers, whores, addicts, blacks and Hispanics? In the

minds of reactionaries, all these groups have been unnaturally grafted onto the healthy stock of white, heterosexual, middle-class America . . . and if they are diseased, they must be pruned away. But such drastic surgery means that democracy itself may suffer a great uprooting.

Early in this health crisis, many lives would have been saved if explicit information on safe sex had been presented to the public in plain language — on television, in newspapers, in community centers and clinics. To this day, the U.S. lags behind several West European countries in our public education efforts. The gay community deserves great credit for educating not only itself, but many other folks, about the real dangers and dimensions of the AIDS epidemic. Due to our own efforts, we have contained the spread of AIDS to some degree. Presently, the main mode of virus transmission is through intravenous drug use, and through heterosexual contact with IV drug users. According to an official at the Federal Centers for Disease Control, "Dirty needles are the way the virus is spreading."

Yet many people in power are obstructing efforts to distribute clean syringes, just as they have obstructed efforts to talk plainly about sex and to distribute condoms. In West European countries where clean syringes are available to drug users, there is mounting evidence that AIDS transmission has been reduced, without a notable increase in drug abuse. Only cowardice and puritanism prevents American politi-

cians from acting with similar good sense. Mayor Dianne Feinstein of San Francisco strongly opposed her own health commissioner's proposal to distribute clean syringes, and Mayor Koch of New York City is also spineless in this crisis.

Among middle-class, white Americans, addicts are almost universally feared and detested as the lowest of low-life. Since many addicts are black or Hispanic, traditional racism also plays an ugly part in the politics of AIDS. Neither Elizabeth Taylor nor you nor I can raise enough money through charity drives to meet this health crisis head-on. Deep and radical changes will be necessary in the general health care system, and are likely to be obstructed by reactionary doctors and politicians. Reactionaries within the gay community itself will side with those in power, hoping to buy themselves some personal privilege.

This coming October, there will be a National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights, and civil disobedience is definitely on the agenda of events for those who have the will and the time to participate. I intend to keep readers of *Drummer* informed about the march as planning proceeds. The National Leather Association is helping to organize a Leather Caucus and Contingent, and the National March Committee seems open and friendly towards our participation. We are fighting for our lives, and we may yet give the Democrats and Republicans alike a surprise when the "low life" rises up. □

ASSUAINING POSITIONS

by Hoddy Allan

"It's me," I call into the building's intercom.
"Hi, come on up," he says and buzzes the door. I reach to open it—end of conversation, for now.

I enter his apartment without knocking, making sure to lock up behind me, and I remain in the dark entry hall, lit only by the stove light in the kitchen to my right. Straight ahead, his bedroom door is open and his toy bag waits by it. I quietly strip as I listen to him in the living room on the other side of the apartment, talking on the phone. His TV is on as usual.

"I'm in, Sir," I say as I get down on the floor—on my hands and knees, my forehead resting on the carpet. He's heard me, I know, but he says nothing to me while he continues his phone conversation. Naked in the semidark hall I wait in my position for him.

And I wait. I hear him say goodbye and hang up the phone. His couch creaks as he reaches for his cigarets and I hear the click of his lighter.

"You horny, boy?"

"Yes, Sir."

And I wait some more—listening to the sounds he makes in the living room on the other side of his apartment: flipping through the pages of his TV guide and getting up to change channels, even to the sound he makes exhaling the cigaret smoke. I hear him lying down on his couch again, the couch creaks as he stretches out on it.

He likes to keep me waiting like this, out in the hall on my hands and knees. Sometimes the wait isn't long, but most times it feels like hours as my arms and legs tire of the position. But he'll leave me out here until he's ready to use me, just like anything else in his home.

Sometimes he'll come out to the hallway to see me in my position, then head back to the living room. He'll either put his foot on the back of my head, quietly asserting his position, or I'll feel the sole of his shoe on my upper back pushing me farther down on the floor. My position is very important; important enough to earn me a swift kick in the butt if it's not raised properly. He's done that to me twice before when he's caught me resting my ass on my heels when my legs got tired. Then he'll head back into the living room, stretch out comfortably on his couch, and watch TV or make another phone call. And I'll wait.

I hear him get up from the couch and head for the kitchen. He enters from the dining-room side opposite from the hall. I peek to see his sneakers and the cuffs of his jeans under the opened

yellow door of the fridge. He's wearing his Converse sneakers, the ones with the red trim around the rubber sole. The door closes and I quickly shut my eyes.

A click of a beer tab and a clink of a glass. Then I feel him walking behind me, standing by the apartment door and watching me in the semidark. I can feel cool tingles as he stands over me, my butt raised up to him. My arms and neck muscles ache from the prolonged weight. My legs are trembling slightly from keeping my butt in proper position, but I wait patiently for him.

Finally: "Got a hard-on for me, boy?"

I don't.

"On your belly, slut!"

"Yes, Sir." Grateful for the change in position at last, I slowly stretch my aching legs out from under me and lie flat with my hands behind my back. I feel him reach between my legs for my soft cock. He plays with it gently at first then pulls on it, hard, until I groan from the pain. He lays it out flat on the floor between my legs. I spread my legs out some more.

Standing up: "So where's that fuckin' hard-on, pig?" He steps on my cock, pressing it gently between the sole of his shoe and the carpeted floor. I moan and squirm under the teasing pressure. He puts his weight on his foot and I cry out.

"I want a fuckin' hard-on, pig!" he says as he lifts his foot off my cock. I can feel the blood rushing to it, making it swell. He steps on it again, harder.

"Yeah, slut, you like it when I step on your dick, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir," I say with feeling, as he presses even harder on my cock, rubbing it into the rough carpet. It's as if he's trying to flatten it, but it only gets harder under his foot—just the way he likes it.

He suddenly takes his foot off my hardening cock: "Keep it hard, slut!" He gives my butt a sharp kick with his toe for emphasis and heads back into the living room, leaving me face down on the floor in the hall with my stepped-on dick about to go soft.

I hear him in the living room, stretching out on his couch again and lighting another cigaret: "Think about what your Master's gonna do to you if you have a nice hard dick, boy!"

Sprawled out and face down on his floor, I think about what Master does to me when my dick is hard and dripping with desire—all the tortures and humiliations he's put me through and the new ones we both keep thinking up. Like the times he's made me crawl into his bathroom, straight ahead and to the left, and stick my head in his toilet so that he could piss on my upturned face. Or the times he's told me to come to his place with a full bladder,



just on the verge of pissing, so that he could play with my cock until I begged him to let me piss myself. I think about my Master shoving my face into a bucketful of his dirty socks while he lashes my butt with his belt, whacking my tender, tortured tits with his shoe, shoving his dildo up my ass. And I think about the services I'm allowed to perform for him when I'm hard and horny: like getting to worship his cock and balls, service his feet and, when he's bored with me, serve as his footstool between tortures.

"That dick of your still hard, slut?" He yells to me from the living room while he rolls a joint. I can feel my cock stretching out from between my legs, getting harder as I lie face forward on the carpet.

"Yes, Sir," I answer, thinking about that one time he had me hogtied on the floor before him while he fed me his leftover dinner with his foot. I still remember the special taste of footsweat and rice as I licked the mashed food from his toes.

I hear the click of his lighter as he lights the joint: "Crawl out to where I can see you, slave. Up on your knees, hands behind your back with your head DOWN!"

At his command, I get up on my hands and knees to make my way down the hall, past the wall that separates the living/dining rooms from the rest of the apartment and take my position in front of the bathroom door, facing the couch in the living room. I keep my head lowered and see his feet walking towards me. My semihard cock points straight out as my Master leans against the wall, looking down on me.

"Toke?" He holds the smoking joint to my face. I thank him and suck on it, holding the smoke in my lungs while he touches my cock with the toe of his sneaker. I watch as he plays with it, batting it gently from side to side, teasing it with his foot. He stops only to give me another toke and then resumes play. It makes my dick bounce and stand straight up and hard.

And that's only the first part of our ritual: a preamble to the far more intense activity we usually do when we play out our scene. It used to bug the hell out of me when he first started leaving me

out in his hallway, all that waiting for him on my hands and knees. It always seemed like such a long interval between entering his apartment and actually playing that I wondered if maybe he was scared of our scene. There'd be times when I was sure he must have had a change of heart and would tell me to get dressed and go home, or worse, that he would forget about me being out in the hall altogether! Such paranoid thoughts when we first started playing.

It took me a while to figure it out—almost two years—but I learned the reason why: I was a slave in his house, another thing in his house to use as he sees fit. So, if I'm nothing more than a mouth to shove a cock into, a butt to fuck and a footrest for the living room, then it doesn't matter where I'm kept until I'm wanted. It's the Master's business where he keeps his slave; whether it's in the hallway on the floor, bound and gagged in a closet or left in the bathroom with his head in the toilet. It took me a couple of years to figure it out, like I said, but I soon got used to it. Actually, I thrive on it.

We finish the joint: me on my knees before him, him standing before me, firmly in our roles as Master and slave. I'm feeling a bit wobbly at this point, from sustaining my upright kneeling position, but I keep my head down like a good little slave, watching my Master tease my hard, aching cock with his foot. Sometimes he'll start kicking my balls, lightly at first. He'll make me thank him for each one and ask for another, getting harder with each kick until it hurts too much. That part of our scene, I think, was my idea.

Of course, it's hard to tell whose idea is whose in our scene. Not that it matters, really, but it's interesting how they come together. After three years of regular sessions, playing out two separate flights of fantasy brought together through three years of groveling letters, heavy phonetalk and play, our scene has become this third thing around us. It's as if the scene modifies our own ideas somewhat, for they are never quite the same as we'd originally thought. Not that we're complaining, of course!

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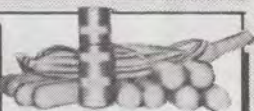
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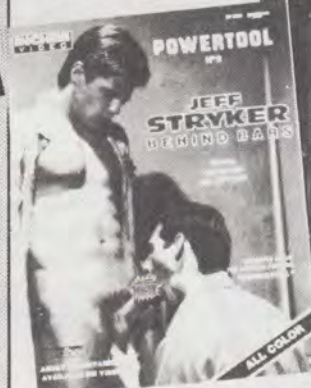
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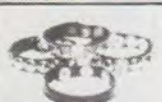
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"On your belly, slut!"

I love this part—I fall forward on the floor at my Master's feet and put my hands behind my back. I hear him take the handcuffs from his belt and he gets down on one knee to click them around my wrists. Feeling cold metal around my wrists and in the small of my back, I look up to watch my Master go into the living room and take his place on the couch facing me. For the first time since I've been in, I can finally look up to see him sitting straight-backed on the couch, in T-shirt and jeans, his long legs and big feet spread apart to make a space for me between. In his right hand he holds his heavy belt, and I know I'll do anything for him.

"Get in here," he says, "and take your position in front of me."

I struggle on the floor, half-squirming, half-kicking to get into the living room on my belly. I try bringing my legs up under me and pushing forward, but mostly I squirm like a worm on the floor, slowly bringing myself to my Master's feet. Sometimes I'll get carpet burns on my forehead and shoulder from all that work, but I'll still do it—more proof of my submission to his demands, our demands, the scene's demands.

"I haven't got all night, slut. Get your fuckin' ass in here!" The more he verbally abuses me the harder I work to get there.

The first time we tried this, having me belly into the living room, I started to cry. I struggled to get to him while he yelled at me, calling me names and threatening me with punishment. I just couldn't get to him any faster. I eventually flopped face forward into his carpet and started to cry with frustration. Lying there, sobbing like a baby with the handcuffs digging into the small of my back. All he said to me was, "That's okay, you can do it," in a very calm, encouraging way. He was so gentle about it that it made me work all that much harder. I had to get to him. Now I

love this part. I can't remember if this part of the scene was his idea anymore. But it doesn't matter.

"Move it, pig!"

My Master is getting impatient. I can tell by the way he slaps his belt against the palm of his hand—his way of reminding what the belt is for and why I had better get my butt in there quick. Anything, I'll do anything for that man!

Three quarters of the way there, and I wonder what tools of torture await me on his coffee table tonight. What services will he make me perform for him tonight?

All I know at this point is that we'll play for about two hours, either trying something new or sticking with the tried-but-true games we've played happily for the past three years. We'll either push each other's limits past comfort and into a new area of SM play or just play comfortably within the current limits set, basking in the energy of our roles as Master and slave.

And then he'll make me cum by my own hand. Lying back on his floor before him, I'll grab my tender, tortured, aching hard-on and work it for him. Squirming on the ground at his feet, I'll jerk myself off as I feel my abused tits still stinging from his touch, with the smell of whatever part of his body he made me worship last still wet on my face. And I'll cum the biggest load I can for him, letting it shoot out all over my stomach while my Master watches and jerks off.

We'll both cum buckets—we usually do—and then we'll just stay where we are and collect our thoughts. Just a moment's breather as we both hold our cocks, exhausted and sensitive from their agonizing bursts of sheer pleasure. Then my friend will get down on the floor with me, kiss my forehead, and I'll get to see his face for the first time since I came into his apartment.

He'll have this very dopey-happy look on his face—a silly smile and glassy eyes as he relaxes in the aftersex glow.

He'll look at me and say, "I came so much I think my head caved in!"

Oh, he can be so romantic.

□

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DRUMMER DADDIES

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN

COP DADDIES

When I got out of Nam in 1969 I was a cocksure cocksman. I figured I could screw any guy I wanted. In the Marines I'd learned my big cock fascinated almost everyone. They may have started by sucking it, but it usually ended up their asses.

Back home the gay scene was hopping, and I found a lot of guys who liked what I had to offer. At 6'3", with an abnormal cock (11 inches soft) and a body by the USMC, I never lacked for partners.

After a couple of months I decided I wanted a permanent job and I'd always wanted to be a policeman. I was accepted into training and finished top of my class. I was 23.

My partner was assigned the next day. He was Ken, 38 years old, unmarried, a "by the book" cop, who spent two hours in the gym a day to keep a rock-hard body. Our first assignment was night patrol. We hit it off right away.

On my first night off I went to the local leather bar and was about to score when Ken walked in. He was working vice. Someone was sick and he'd been called in. Ken came over, pulled a guy off my crotch and ordered me outside and into his unmarked car.

"You stupid shit," he slapped me across the face, "Vice is going to sweep that bar in an hour. I was sent in to clean out 'political' people. You'd have lost your job, asshole."

I was shaken up and went home. About 4 A.M. my phone rang. Ken told me to come over to his apartment, we had some talking to do. When I got there he had coffee on and was wearing a pair of jockey shorts. He told me to stand at attention, poured himself some coffee, lit a cigar and asked me how good I was at taking orders. I said "The best!"

He told me to open my shirt. I did and he took each of my hard nipples and twisted them until I went to my knees. He was strong and cruel. He pulled me up by them. "You'll have to shave your chest. My razor's in the bathroom." I started to say something and he barked "NOW." Ken sat on the toilet as I shaved my pectorals clean.

"Let me see your famous horse cock." I pulled my pants down and then my briefs. He took a leather boot lace, tied it around the base of my ball sac and around the length of my thick meat.

"Now, who owns this meat?"

"What?" I gasped.

"Ken tells me you like being fucked." He blushed, and I put my hand behind his head and shoved his head down between my legs. He moaned and worked his pants off, my fingers twisting his tits.

"Not here," I said. It had been years since I'd butt-fucked anyone. I took him downstairs to the playroom, my arm around him. I had turned the light off and he didn't even notice Ken hanging from the rafters. Ken, gagged, had to watch as I reamed the pretty guys soft asshole.

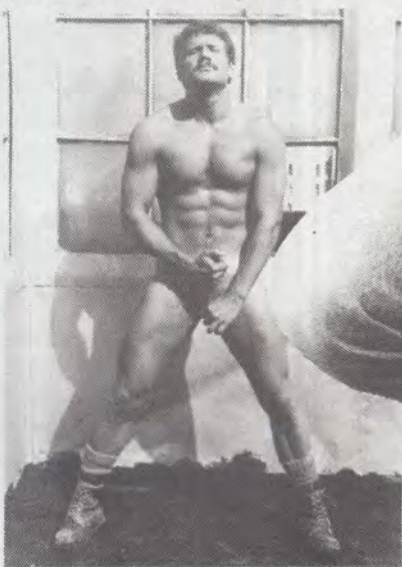
After I came, I used the sash of my robe and tied the bastard's hands together, took him over to Ken and tied them back to back. I shaved his pits and crotch.

I went to bed and slept like a log, went on duty, and when I got home both had to piss. I fixed food, brought it downstairs. I cut them down, let them loose to eat. After dinner I fixed drinks and asked them what was going on between them. They were in love.

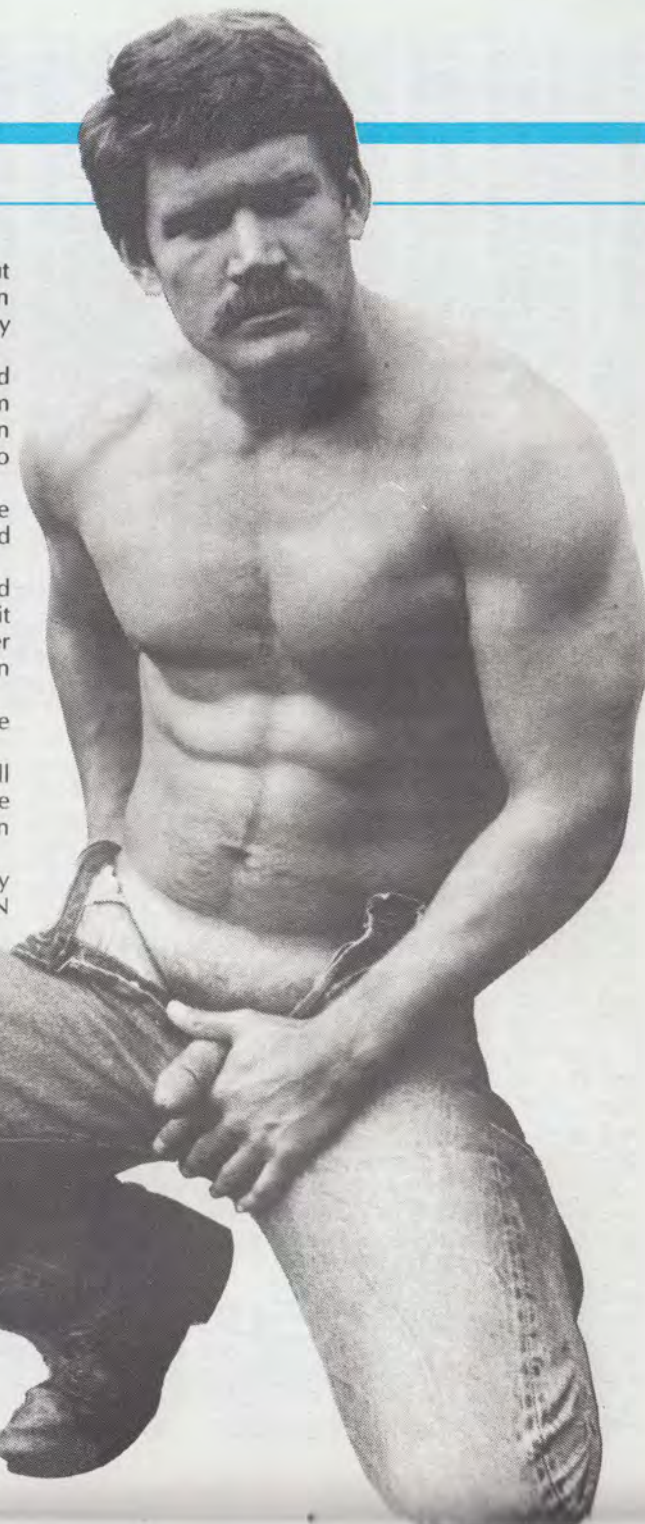
I insisted that I wanted both of them, but they were to be my slaves. After discussion, they agreed.

It's nine years later now, and Dad is 64 and still handsome. He's retiring next year. Larry is a full-time housemate now, a little but of a queen when we are in private, but butch in public.

Son and Daddy
Minneapolis, MN



DRUMMER PHOTO



"Say, 'You do, Sir!'" He slapped my balls. I did.
"Turn the fuck around." When I did he spread my ass and laid a finger on my tight asshole. He jammed a dry finger up to a knuckle. It hurt.
"Solid cherry." He smiled as he slapped my buns.
"Yes, Sir," I said. He slapped my balls again.
"Don't talk, asshole, unless I ask a question. Now get the fuck into the bedroom."

He had me strip and get on the bed, where he handcuffed me to the brass headboard. He sat on my face, burying his asshole on my nose, ordering me to lick his balls and ass.

He finally crawled off and used a roll of wide adhesive tape to bind my head, sealing my lips—then he got rough. Beating my ass with my own belt then Criscoing a dildo and, although I struggled, he tied my ankles spread wide with a couple of neckties and slowly, but painfully, ripped my ass open. Once in, he strapped it on me, then laid beside me and played with my tits and finally my cock and balls. I shot! He laughed and smeared my cum on my chest.

After he made me suck him off, he took me to his closet, handcuffed me behind my back and locked me in. During the weekend he raped me, humiliated me and finally embraced me. From then on his name was Daddy Ken.

We bought a duplex together and knocked out the wall between. We had separate addresses but one bed. We lived the private lives of professional policemen and Daddy-son for 17 years. In 1977, Daddy retired from the force and became a consultant for a security company.

One afternoon I came home and found a young man from the company being screwed by Daddy in our bed. After Dad came and saw the boy (25 years old) out, he hopped in the shower. Although he hadn't seen me, I was crushed and mad.

I walked in and admired Dad's 55-year-old trim, hard body under the spray of the shower—his ass was still taut and ivory-white with his tan line. When he stepped out he let me dry him off and kiss him. I told him I wanted to suck him off and pulled him nude into our basement and tied his hands to a rafter, gagged him, took off my belt and lashed his trembling buns until they were bright red.

Removing the gag, I ordered him to tell me how long he'd been fucking the guy from his company. He told me several months. I asked his name and address. After getting them, I drove to the address, found the guy and told him Ken wanted to see him about business.

He fell for it. His name was Larry, and when we got to the house, I said Ken would be back soon—to have a drink. I stripped, slipped on a robe and came into the living room, sat down, letting the robe expose my 11 inches. His eyes almost popped out of his head. I lifted my meat and balls.

DADDY BILL

When I was 18, my folks pretty much let me do what I wanted. I drove to the bars with a fake ID and tried to meet guys who liked me. I was attracted to older men (the older the better). I was 5'9", 135 lbs., and had platinum hair and blue eyes. I would go out with the tightest and most revealing and faded jeans I had. I usually wore a cutoff T-shirt and very worn sneakers. I told my parents that I was going to a friend's house but of course headed to the gay bars not far from where I lived.

The third time out, I saw a bunch of black men in the corner of the bar. I walked over to them and we all started to talk like we had known each other for a long time. Finally, the tallest black man asked me if I wanted to smoke a joint at his place. This sounded like fun to me, so I eagerly agreed. When we got to his place, he said that his name was Bill. He looked to be about 50 years old, but with big muscles and a huge dick.

He told me to take off all my clothes, but when I got to my jockstrap he told me to keep it on. He then took off his clothes and led me to his basement. He had a big table there, and he had me lay face up over it. When I did, he pulled my arms apart and tied them down with leather straps, then strapped my legs to the legs of the table. He then put a mask over my head. A dildo gag was forced into my mouth and strapped behind my head.

He put Ben Gay on my tits, cock and balls and pushed it up my ass with his finger. He then put clamps on my tits. I tried to cry out for him to stop, but the dildo down my throat stopped anything from coming out.

I didn't think it could get any worse, but he began to stick wide pins into my tits. They must have been very sharp because slowly they went into one side of the tit and out the other. He tugged and pulled at them to be sure the holes were big enough. When he was satisfied, Bill replaced them with rings that he pushed through the holes. I noticed that his dick had grown and so had mine.

Bill's next target was my cock. He stuck a big needle through the tip of my cock and then one through the bottom of my ball sac. When he pulled each needle out, he replaced it with a large gold ring.

Bill looked at his work and then placed a wide leather strap around my neck. It had long sharp studs inside that dug into my throat. He made it as tight as he could then attached a metal chain. The chain was fed through each tit ring and then down through the ring in my dick and on to the ring at the base of my cock. At that point, Bill connected another chain, ran it up between the cheeks of my ass and attached it to the back of the collar.

Well, I've been through a lot since then and now I'm living with a black guy with the biggest cock I've ever seen.

I'm his "kid" because I'm 20 and he is 42. I do anything that he wants, including servicing his friends when he has a party. He beats me real hard and often but, somehow, I like it and want to be his "boy" as long as he will have me.

The Kid
Gary, IN

FATHER'S DAY SADNESS

An open letter to a special dad. Three years has not lessened my regret of past actions. Even knowing that I've been replaced by someone more deserving doesn't lessen my love and need for you.

When I called this past Sunday it was to wish you a happy Father's Day. But I got your answering machine and had to leave a message. It's hard to describe the empty feeling I get when the machine or Alistair answers.

Spending the day with my natural father made it even worse. Even though I love my family, I've come to realize how special your love has been.

From the moment I first heard your voice four years ago, I knew you were special. You were always so patient yet firm, though I now admit there were times I wished you had been firmer. Yet you managed to teach me so much. All the knowledge that I've gathered has been with your help and advice.

Some of the best memories are of that week in Monterey. As my life crumbled later, you took me in. Two weeks with you taught me more about myself than the previous twenty-odd years.

It was the saddest moment of my life, that last night. You didn't touch me. All I wanted was to please you. Not being able to sleep, I crawled to the foot of your bed and slept there. The next morning you were so patient and kind. You even tried to cheer me up as you drove me to the airport. You weren't even angry when I cried most of the way.

Sir, right or wrong, you let me decide between you and my faith. Now I can see how patient a person you are. Because when I turned my back on you, you were still always there. Your wise counsel has helped me through so much. You've let me make mistakes and been there to console. More than anyone else in the world, you've always accepted me without judgment.

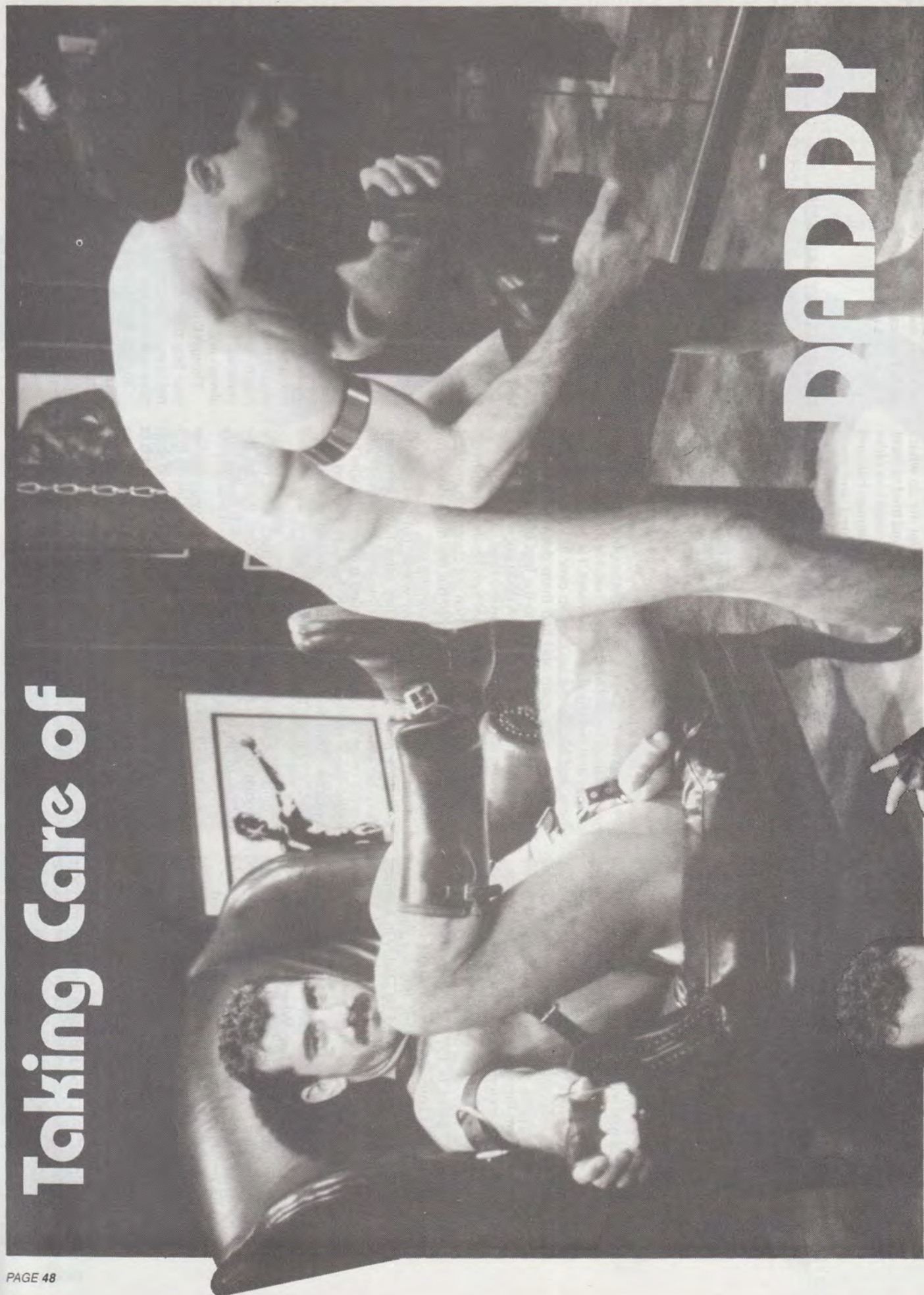
Though I'm happy that you've found someone else to be your boy, part of me feels empty. Time has not diminished my love for you. Nor will it. For how can I forget the first person who taught me who I am?

Sir, one day I hope to meet again to, for a brief moment, rekindle those special days. To kneel before you, with balls in hand, mouth open, tongue extended. Waiting to serve you.

The Boy
Long Beach, CA

Taking Care of

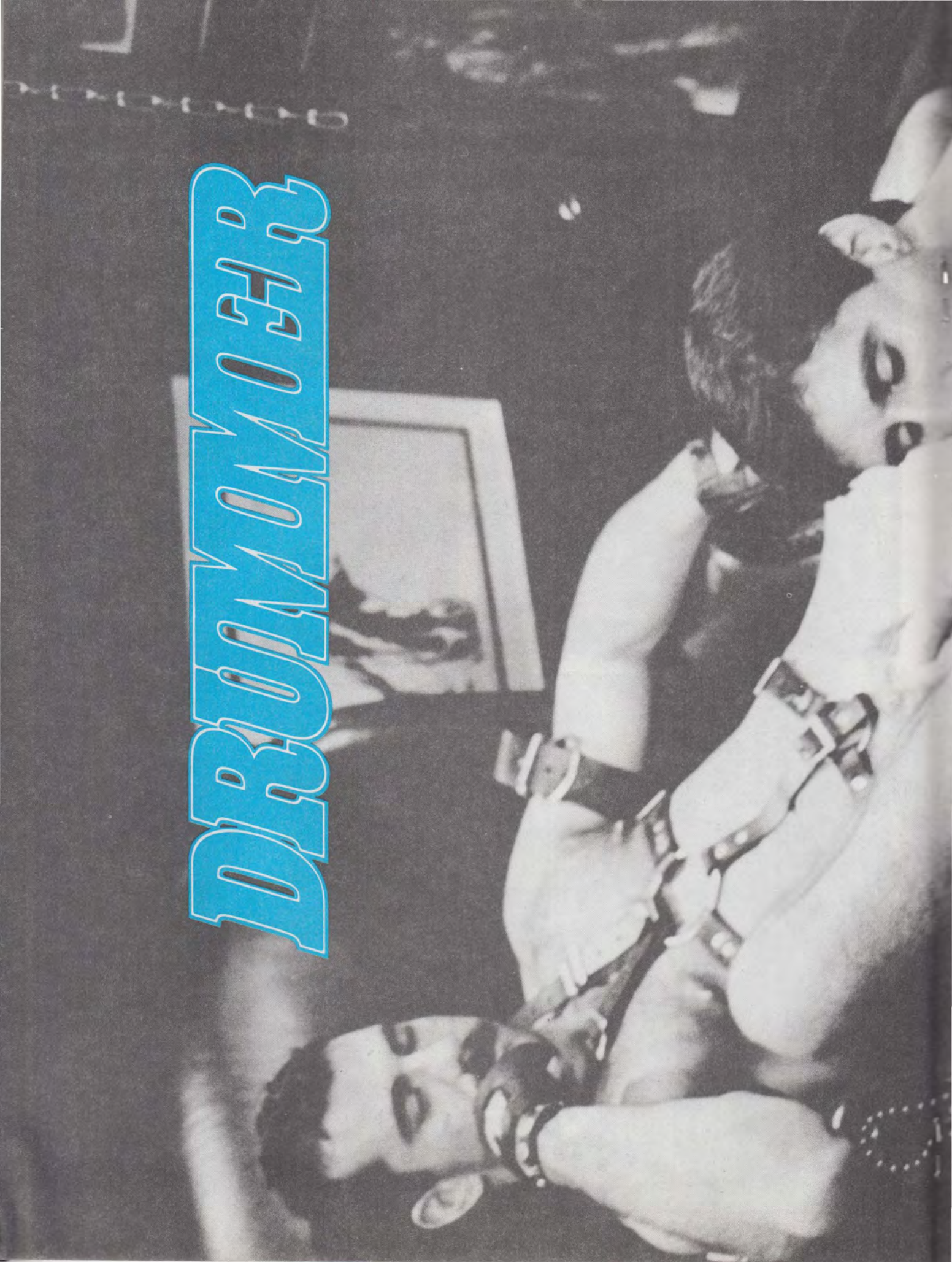
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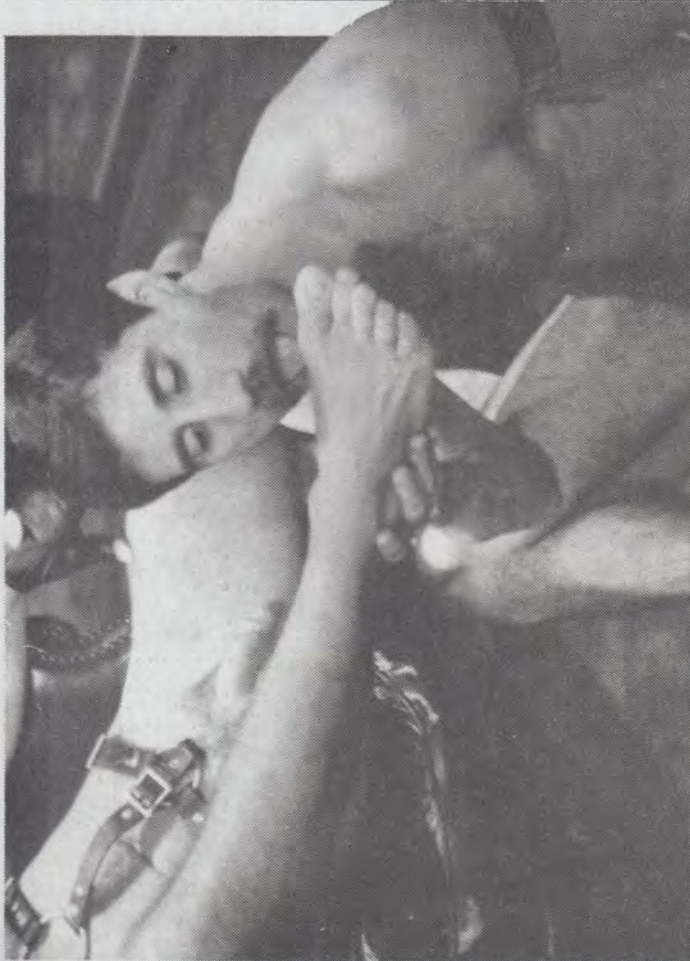


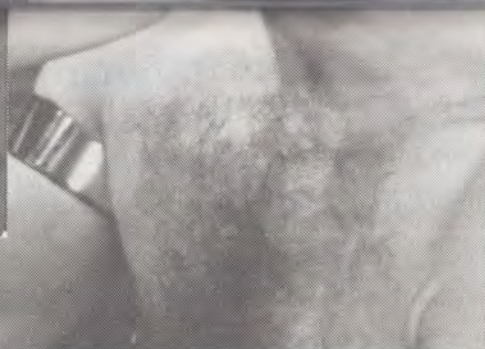
PHOTOS
by
JIM MOSS

DRUMMER









We thank Steve Cole
and Glen Webber for
this excellent lesson in
Taking Care of Daddy.

Steve will give Glen his
reward in a future issue!

Photos by Jim Moss.
Location and equipment
courtesy of Eagle
Leathers.



SLAVE-DADDY

by TERRY BOUGHNER

Model: **JOHN SHOWN**
(OF TEXAS FAME)

PHOTOS by JIM MOSS

My name is—or was—David Felser. At 40, I had it all together: a well-paying job with promises of advancement, great clothes, the most prestigious credit cards, a condo in a nice part of Manhattan, a fat bank account. As I said, I had it made, anything I wanted.

That included sex. There wasn't a weekend that I didn't have someone—a different piece of young male meat every night. I may have been 40, but I was handsome and in great condition. I had swum and lifted weights for most of my life, keeping my six-foot, 155-pound frame wiry with muscle.

Between my legs I was more than okay too. My cock was a good eight inches when hard, and I had large balls hanging low in the sack. I was especially proud of those and enjoyed looking at them, holding them or better yet, feel them slap against some young stud's hard asscheeks as I rammed into his tight hole.

It was Saturday, a warm, late evening, just the kind I liked to spend cruising around Christopher Street, stopping in first one bar and then another looking over the crowd. For me, those bars were like boxes of chocolates. Half the fun was in picking over the various types until I saw the one guy I wanted.

Maybe it was the second or third place I'd stopped in that evening. I don't remember. Anyway, I was standing, leaning against the bar, looking over the crowd, when I saw him. I guessed he was in his early 20s, a bit shorter than I, with a slender build that he carried with feline grace. He was wearing western-style boots, skin-tight, faded denims and a white, sleeveless T-shirt that contrasted with his dark complexion. He was, in a word, magnificent, I thought perhaps the best-looking guy I'd ever seen. God! Just a look from his large, simmering, liquid eyes and I could be lost forever.

No one has ever said I was shy. Usually I had no trouble walking up to a guy I wanted and introducing myself. But this time was different. All I could do was stare at him, stripping him naked in my mind's eye, thinking of what he'd look like raw; imagining the feel of his hard, muscular, young ass-flesh under my fingers as I took him—which I fully intended to do.

With all that was going on in my head, I didn't notice that he was staring at me intently with an expression around his eyes and sensuous, full-lipped mouth that I hadn't seen directed at me before. It was a look, a smile of confidence,

Holy God! My head was reeling as he stepped back and said with a voice as soft as a cat, "Strip down. I want to see your flesh."

He was so beautiful, so much of everything that I had ever dreamed of and wanted in another male, and I was so fucking goddamned turned on that I didn't question his order. Besides, I thought, when he saw what I had, saw my long, hard dripping cock with its full veins running down the thick shaft like chains wrapped around it, he'd be out of his clothes fast and I'd have him on his stomach even faster.

As I stripped to the waist, I saw him looking, watching me with hooded eyes as perhaps a jaguar would watch a monkey.

"Turn around," he said as I let my shirt drop to the floor.

I did. He ran his hands over my shoulders, letting his fingers probe my back. It was almost degrading, as if he were inspecting a prize bull that he was thinking of buying.

"Okay," he said, finishing his inspection. "Now turn around and give me your belt."

There was no defying him, so I did as I was told, pulling the wide, thick, black leather strap from its loops and handing it to him.

He nodded, doubling it over and holding it in one hand as if he meant to use it as a whip.

"Now your pants, boots. Get everything else off."

I obeyed quickly, deciding as I stripped that whatever he was up to, it had better end soon. If he didn't strip, I'd do it

I was trapped and I knew it, knew it with a sickening feeling that made me feel clammy, even though the air was warm. The little warning voice in the back of my head that had whispered earlier, was screaming its head off now that something was not right about this, not right at all. I'll admit I was scared shitless standing naked in the total dark. Here I was, isolated in this basement room with a guy who might be the biggest turn-on of my life but also, I realized, could be one great big threat.

With every effort I tried to calm down. After all, what did I have to fear? Nothing—so far as I knew.

Then he turned on the light. What I saw fully justified every fear and even today is branded on my brain as if by a white-hot iron. The room was about the size of an average bedroom with the floor of black tile, the walls and ceiling gray, looking as if they might be solid concrete. Heavy metal rings were set into the walls, some with chains, some without. There were chains hanging from the ceiling with manacles attached to them and, along the wall to my left, more chains, with ropes, paddles of various sizes and whips of many different lengths.

My God! The place was a fucking dungeon; a god-damned torture chamber, and I was caught in it! No way, Jose! No fucking, goddamned way at all!

"You little bastard!" I screamed at him. "If you think I'm gonna go along with . . ."

"You got no choice, man," he interrupted. His voice indicated confident control.

"You bet your sweet ass I've got a choice! You let me the hell out of this or I'll beat the livin' shit out of you!"

of an arrogance that might be seen on the face of a young, conquering matador. Despite a certain innocence to his features, his whole appearance seemed to say that he was in complete control. But it did make me slightly uncomfortable. I'd always been the one in control, the topman, and never the other way around. But here was this dream of a guy who was turning me on as it had never happened before, and I had the feeling that he'd get a kick out of dry-fucking me and laughing at my pain and humiliation.

I closed my eyes and tried to clear my head but opened them quickly when I heard a quietly smooth, deep, commanding voice.

"What's up man?"

He was standing right in front of me. My heart felt like it was doing the jitterbug, while my mouth was so dry I might have been getting over a three-day drunk. I tried to talk, to say something, anything, but I couldn't to save myself.

"Feels like you are—up," he continued as his fingers outlined my blood-swollen cock, rigid in my jeans.

I still couldn't get words out so I just leaned back and let him do what he would. The pressure of his fingers felt so damned good moving slowly up and down over the cloth that held my aching dick a helpless prisoner.

"You're big." His voice was almost a purr. "I like guys with thick meat."

"Yeah," I finally managed to get out.

"Yeah," he repeated in an almost mocking tone. "An' men with big balls," as he felt up my nuts.

I was in heaven and thought I could cum right there, but he dropped his hand and offered to buy me a beer. I accepted his offer gratefully.

He said his name was Raul. He'd been born in Puerto Rico, but when he was two, his parents had moved to New York. They were dead, but they'd left him a house in Union City, a place just across the Hudson where he lived alone.

When I'd finished my beer, he took the bottle and said with quiet certainty, "You're coming home with me tonight." He paused as a little smile played around the corners of his sexy mouth and then added, "Maybe stay awhile."

Before I could ask what he meant by that, he put his hand on the back of my neck and guided me out of the bar.

A subway and bus ride later, we were at his place, a small house on a street that ran off the main drag.

Inside, the living room looked comfortable enough, even if furnished somewhat on the garish side. That was okay. I wasn't there to look at the decor. But one thing I did notice particularly and that was a large painting over the mantel of a victorious young matador standing over a vanquished bull.

As in the bar, I was lost in my head when he took me in his arms and seized my lips in a moist kiss, entering my mouth with his hot, wet tongue, flicking it like a snake.

for him and take, by force if I had to, what I'd come to get. So maybe it'd be rape. I'd done that before to one or two guys who thought they were too macho to have another man's cock rammed up their hole. I finished and stood in front of him naked, my cock at rigid attention.

"Okay, handsome," I thought. "Say something. Do something—or else!"

For perhaps fifteen seconds nothing happened as he just stood there, arms folded across his chest, holding my belt and staring at me as if I were a piece of prime meat in a store. I'd never felt more totally naked in my life.

Finally, he put his arms around my neck and kissed me as before. I shuddered and nearly came as the tender flesh of my cockhead rubbed against his thighs. I pushed my mouth against his, my tongue meeting his as he thrust it between my lips. But when I tried to hold him, he drew back a little.

"It won't be long now," he said softly.

I thought, I really believed that I understood what he meant and my brain was on fire as it had never been before.

"Here," he whispered, "let me put this on you."

Without waiting for a response, he looped my belt around my neck, pulled it snug through the buckle, letting the end hang down, resting in the cleft between my pectorals.

"What the . . . ?" I began in surprise.

But he stopped me with a quick kiss.

"You look good in it and," he added with a wink, "it turns me on."

That shut me up. Whatever got him hot and ready for action was fine with me. Besides, it was kind of strange but the feel of the leather around my neck actually felt good.

"C'mon," he said.

Without question I followed him out of the room, down the hall to what I assumed was the door to the basement. So maybe he had a "playroom" down there. How was I to know?

Once there, there didn't seem to be anything unusual about the room. Just an ordinary basement with the stuff you'd expect to find there.

"Over here," he said.

While I'd been looking around, he'd gone over to the far wall and was standing beside a dark, open doorway.

"C'mon," he said, inclining his head toward the opening. "It's my own special room for fun."

In the back of my mind, way back, a tiny voice spoke a warning telling me to get back upstairs as fast as I could, grab my stuff and leave. But I ignored it. It was easy enough to do looking at him and the way I felt. A few steps and I was beside him, trying to see into the darkness beyond.

"Inside," he ordered.

When I hesitated, he took the end of the belt hanging down my chest and with a tug, pulled me in after him. The door slid shut behind us, and I heard the click of a lock.

He said nothing at all. Instead he came to me, put his arms around me and kissed me.

"You want me?" he whispered. "Want my body?" And he kissed me again.

My fear and anger drained away. God, yes! I wanted him and wanted him more than I had ever wanted anyone before. He stepped back and our eyes locked. I tried to look away, tried to move, but it was as if he held me fast without even touching me. Christ! As if I were hypnotized.

"You want me?" It was more a statement than a question and one to which he already knew the answer.

All I could do in response was nod.

He smiled, arrogantly victorious. "C'mere," he ordered.

I went to him expecting a kiss. Instead he backhanded me across the mouth once, twice, three times in rapid succession.

My head rang from the blows and I saw stars. I could taste the warm, sweet stickiness of my own blood from my broken mouth, but I stood there, just stood there looking at him, didn't even try and defend myself as he hit me again.

"Now listen to me, shithead," he said, his voice as calm and level as if he were talking to someone in a quiet bar. "Listen, because I'm only goin' to say this once. You're here because I want you, and you wanna know why? Because you're older and built an' from the look of you, you got money, and I want a rich slave, 'cause you know what? You're gonna give me, your master, everything you fuckin' have, and that includes your life, your mind. You're gonna give it all to me 'cause I'll own you. I . . ."

"No," I tried to shout in protest, but the word sounded more like a plea, and I'd barely gotten it out when he slapped me hard again.

"I didn't tell you you could say anything. The first thing you gotta learn is you don't say nothing, not a goddamned, fucking word unless I allow you. Understand?"

I didn't answer; didn't want to answer; didn't want to give him the conquest he was seeking.

He stared into my eyes demanding. I stared back—or tried to; tried to with every ounce of will that I had. But it was no use, and I dropped my gaze.

"Understand?" he asked again, his voice quiet, yet hard.

When as before he got no reply, he reached down, took my balls and gave them an awful, downward wrench. A sickening feeling tore into my gut. I doubled over with a cry at the terrible crunching pain that made me feel as if I were about to vomit up my insides and fell to my knees.

He followed me down, still gripping my nuts, twisting them, turning them with savage force.

"Agh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!" I screamed. I tried to push his hand away but couldn't, and the torture only grew worse. Finally, I could take no more.

"I—I understand. Oh, God! Stop it! I understand!"

He dropped my nuts and cracked me hard across the side of the head.

"Understand what, slave? What do you understand?"

"I—I . . ."

He grabbed my balls again.

"I—I understand I can't talk. Only," I gasped, "only if you let me."

He smiled, took his hand away and gave me a gentle kiss.

"You'll make a good slave," he said with satisfaction as he stood up. "You'll see. It'll take a while. Tonight's only a beginning. But that's what I made this room for; to make a slave outta somebody—you, as it turned out—to break you, tear you into little pieces and then put you back together again, only just the way I want you, with no will of your own. As I said, it'll take some time, but I'll both torture you and give you plenty of affection. That way, you'll crack and let me into your soul, and then you'll be my property. It's as simple as that. Understand?"

"Yes," I answered. "Yes, I understand."

Shit! I'd have said anything to satisfy him. I certainly didn't believe anything about that slave-shit nonsense he was talking about. I didn't think there was anything he could do to make me into what he wanted—although at that moment I did remember reading what he'd probably read about hostages learning to love their captors. And that's what I was, wasn't I? His fucking hostage.

Again he kissed me and then pushed me over onto my back so that I lay staring up at his wonderfully handsome face and beautiful body that had turned me on like crazy—and in fact, as my stiff prick showed, still did. It was that, I knew, which would allow him to rule me.

I watched him as he went to get leg irons. I watched as he fastened one to each of my ankles and then with chains attached to them, I watched as he linked them to rings in either wall, pulling my legs as far apart as they would go, twisting them so the muscles of my thighs bulged, making them look like there were thick cords braided under my skin.

My arms were tied together at my wrists and elbows and pulled back over my head by a rope secured to a ring set in the back wall.

Finished, he stood over me, straddling my naked, stretched body, looking down at me with that self-satisfied, arrogant smile of his. I thought maybe he was going to piss on me, but instead he crossed his arms over his chest and in one long, slow motion, peeled off his T-shirt and tossed it carelessly to one side.

Je-sus Christ! He was a hunk! The dark almond-shaped nipples on his gently rising pecs; the hairless flesh of his rippled and slightly concave belly and the line of dark hair that formed a path from his navel down and disappeared into the top of his jeans made me forget what he intended to do to me—or, if this makes any sense, made me want to

down and sideways as I watched. Then he said in a purr, "Want me to sit on that big prick of yours and let you do it?"

"Oh, God! Yes! Sit on my fat cock. Let it in you; ride up and down on it. Please! I want to fuck you so bad; so bad; so goddamned BAD!"

He turned and smiled. "I got news for you. You're going to fuck me every day for the rest of your life, every time I want you to."

"Yeah," I responded, my voice hoarse in anticipation.

"Yeah. You're gonna do that—with your tongue."

He laughed in a mirthless way and ended that part of my torment by going over to a small bench that stood against the wall on my right. I watched as he picked up a black leather strap about two inches wide and the length of a belt. I guessed that he was going to whip me with it, but then—oh, Jesus God! I saw that the thing was studded with silver-colored tacks driven through it in rows of two for about half its length with the points projecting on the underside.

"Oh, Christ!" I thought, as a wave of cold fear swept my brain and rolled over my gut.

"Like it?" he asked, standing beside me and holding the strap up so that I could see plainly the needle-sharp points. "I made this myself. It even has a name. Want to know what it is?"

"Please," I begged. "Please. Don't . . ."

He ignored me.

"It's called 'The Teacher.' Want to know what it feels like so you'll understand the name?"

"No! God, no! Don't use that thing on me. Please, don't. Please! PLEASE!"

It was useless. Maybe I knew that. I don't know. Maybe . . . ? The electric thrill as I knew what was going to happen to me; what he was going to do to me—and why. He raised his arm, swinging with all his might, bringing the strap slamming down, ramming the needlelike points into my side.

"Agh-h-h-h-h!"

Then he yanked it back, dragging the tack points over my belly, cutting bloody lines into my flesh as he pulled the belt across it. The pain stabbed through my helpless body like a thousand burning knives cutting into me and I screamed, knowing that the room was probably sound-proofed, and no one outside that room would hear my agony.

"Please!" I pleaded, begged with everything in me. "For the love of God, PLEASE!"

Again he swung the strap, bringing it down, getting my chest, then my belly and each thigh, each time puncturing my skin and each time dragging the points across my flesh, creating fresh, bloody cuts. I twisted in my bonds, knowing there was no escape from the terrible punishment he was giving me; the torture that I had to take. It was as if a

random, so maybe your thigh will get it—or maybe your cock."

"PLEASE!" As piteously as I could.

He ignored me and went on.

"It'll stop when you tell me you're ready to accept your place and be trained as my total slave." He paused and then added, "Oh, yeah. Maybe I ought to tell you that this battery can hold up for quite a while, and I've got a lot more."

He got a folding chair, set it beside the cart, lit a cigarette and switched the device on. For a moment nothing happened. Then a terrible, searing pain shot into my left thigh, forcing my muscles to contract, jerking my ankle against the chain and sending shuddering spasms throughout my entire body as it arched as far off the floor as the metal links that bound me would permit. The next one hit the right side of my belly and then came the next and the next and the next in a steady series of pulses that allowed my body to fall slack before the next one struck into me.

How long it went on, I don't know. My muscles, stretching and bulging under my tortured skin seemed to be ropes of fire bringing agony that made the beating I'd received from the tack-studded belt seem mild by comparison. I screamed, cried at the top of my lungs, but it did no good. Finally, inside, I collapsed.

"I'll—agh-g-g-gh-h-h-gh—slave—slave—agh-h-e-e-e—be slave—your slave—agh-h-h-h-h-h! Slave! Agh-e-e! Please! Train—train me!!"

I screamed as I'd never screamed before or thought in my most tortured fantasies that I ever would.

He turned the thing off, and my pain-filled body collapsed against the tiles of the floor. Every nerve was raw. Every muscle was as if it were made of twisted strands of barbed wire.

"You're going to make a good slave."

His voice was soft, tender and his lips as he knelt to kiss me were gentle as the pain had been terrible. If there was any resistance in me, the sweet touch of his mouth and the easy probing of his tongue ended it.

He got up and went again to the bench, returning with a small square of plywood. I felt oddly detached as I raised my head, watching as he placed the board between my outstretched thighs, shoving it up until part of it was underneath my ass. He got up and got a small metal tool box, which he placed beside him as again he knelt between my legs, taking my balls, running them gently between his fingers.

Suddenly the detachment was gone. Instead, I was scared, more frightened than before with more fear gripping my gut than I had felt that night. A quick click of a fastener and the box was open.

"Please, Sir! There was nothing phony about those words. 'Master. Whatever you want. Please!'"

He looked up at me, smiled and reached into the tool



do it. Would being a slave to such a man as now stood over me be that bad?

He tweaked his nipples, ran his hands slowly down his sides and then, satisfied that I was turned on as it was possible to be, undid the button on the top of his denims, eased his zipper down, pausing to run his tongue along his full upper lip. Then he pushed back the flaps. His long, slender cock sprang out, and he held it with one hand as with the fingers of the other, he stroked its shaft and head, moist with precum.

"Like my cock?" he teased. "Want to suck it? Feel it hot in your throat? Taste my fresh, hot cum going into you? How 'bout my balls?"

Fuck! They were big! Almost as big as mine and in their dark, hairy sack, made to be played with.

"I know you like my balls," he crooned. "I know you want to suck on 'em, worship them. Right, slave?"

I swallowed hard. He was right on target and he knew it.

"Yeah," I answered in a choked voice. "I'd like that; like to lick 'em. Make 'em all juicy wet. Feel your hot body with my tongue. I need, need those nuts, man; need 'em in my mouth."

I had never said that to any man before in my life, but I was so fucking hot, so horny, so close to explosion that the words just spilled out.

He stepped over me and stripped off his jeans. His thighs and calves were full with muscle and covered with dark hair. For the first time in my life I wanted to give someone a tongue bath; lick his hairy legs until they glistened with spit; wash him all the way up until I could eat his nuts and then go down on his cock, bury my nose in the thick tangle of his black pubic hair while I massaged his prickhead with the muscles at the back of my throat. No! I didn't do things like that. It had never been my style. But, Christ! I wanted him so bad; wanted him to the point that I didn't care who was on top.

"Like my legs, daddy?" he asked, his voice sounding as if it were velvet.

"Yeah," I answered.

He didn't need more of a reply than that. He could see my body shining with sweat and tensed in the chains that held me stretched out and helpless.

It was pretty obvious from the seductive smile on his face that he knew what he was doing to me; knew the torment I was in—and loved every minute of my sexual anguish. Turning around about halfway, he placed his hand on one hairy asscheek.

"Daddy like his boy's ass? Want to touch it? Kiss it? Run your hot tongue all over. Mmmmmmm. Wouldn't that feel goooood? I'll bet you'd like to fill my guts with your long, hard cock; fuck my tight little hole; fuck my eyes out, wouldn't you?"

He paused, rubbing his right asscheek slowly up and



PHOTOS BY JIM MOSS

great-fanged snake was coiled around me, sinking its teeth into my tortured, writhing body. My head rolled back and forth, my mouth that he had hit and then taken with his lips was now a gaping hole flooded with screams, sobs and begging, crying please for him to quit.

Finally, he stopped, his lithe, brown body glistening in the light with trickles of sweat, as mine glistened with my blood.

He dropped the strap to the floor beside me, went to the bench and returned with a pair of alligator tit clamps.

"Ever worn these?" he asked as he knelt beside me.

"No," I replied in a choked whisper. "No. Please."

He nodded and opened one to show me the sharp metal teeth and allowed it to snap shut so I could see the effect of the powerful spring.

"Please, don't," I begged. "Please. I'll do any . . ." But my voice trailed off, lost in the hopelessness of my situation.

He opened one, held it to my right nipple and then, after what seemed like an eternity, allowed it to snap shut. The terrible teeth bit into my tender tit-flesh. The pain stabbed across my chest, and I groaned in agony; sounds that became cries as he pulled it. Then he did the same to my left nipple, bringing more blood and shooting pain.

For a while he just looked at me, saying nothing, smiling at my torture as his fingers flicked the clamps that I had to wear.

"You'll make a good slave," he said finally.

"Please," I begged. "I'm no slave; don't want to—don't make me a slave."

In answer, he just smiled and kissed me.

Then he got up and brought a small wheeled cart over to where I lay spread out. On it were what looked like a car battery, another box of some kind with dials, switches and knobs and a tangle of wires with metal clamps on the ends.

Cold, naked, sweat-drenched in fear, I watched helplessly as he took the wires and started snapping the clamps on to my body—two on either side of my neck, two on my chest just below the tit clamps, two on my belly, one each on the tender inner flesh of my thighs and finally one on my cockhead. Finished, he stood up and stepped back.

"I invented this, too. When I turn it on, it'll start sending electric shocks into you—not enough to burn you, just hurt a lot. You'll be shocked by one wire at a time. It's all

box and took out a scalpel. Everything went black.

All that was long ago—over a year, I think. I am a slave now and a good one maybe. At least I try. Sometimes he—my owner—tells me so. I'm grateful when he does, because I love him and want to please him in every way I can. He loves me too. I know that, but I know also that I've got to be punished when I make a mistake—or just to remind me of my place as his total slave. Then he takes me to the basement room where I was brought that first night. I guess I should say that the next morning, he forced me to call into the office and take a two-months leave. I spent that time being completely broken and trained.

As is right, I signed everything I had over to him; my money, bonds, condo—which he sold—everything. My master is now a rich man. He did, though, allow me to keep my job. Every morning he watches while I shower, making sure I clean myself thoroughly. Then he chooses the suit and tie I'm to wear—and the shirt with its collar high enough to hide the leather band that's locked around my neck. I'm doing well at work. I have to. I want my Master to be proud of me, and he likes the fat paychecks I give him.

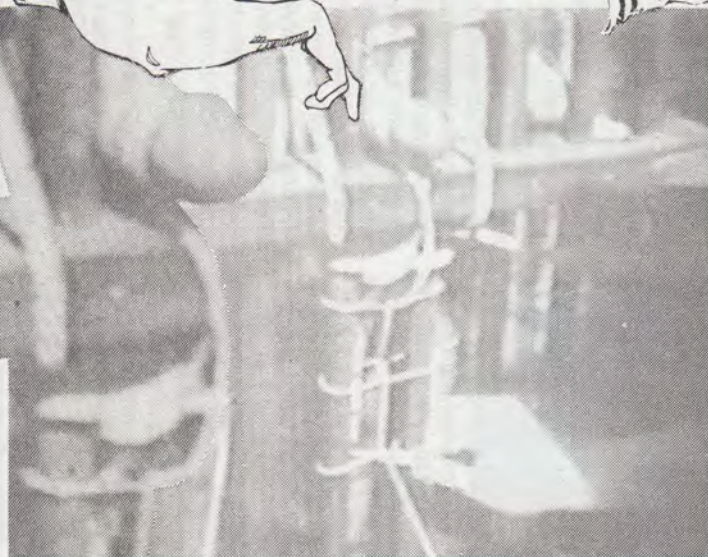
As to my other clothes, well, I don't need those. Around the house, I'm always naked—except for my collar, the iron rings that pierce my tits and cockhead and, of course, his initials that are branded into my chest; one each on my left and right pectoral. I know he's making another branding iron, so I guess my ass will soon be marked as well.

I don't think much about the time when I wasn't a slave. Sometimes, though, when he's strung me up to whip me or torture me in some new way, he'll hang a picture where I can see it. It's a photo of me taken at a party in a swank hotel showing the way I was. Always next to it is a full-length mirror so that I can see myself now; a naked, branded slave-daddy.

Other things have changed, too. Other than at work, I'm not Mr. Felser or David or Dave. My name is "Slave-Daddy" and it's the only one I answer to. When he takes me out and I see someone I knew, I'm not allowed to speak to them or acknowledge them in any way. I don't think anyone would speak to me in any case. Even in the coldest weather, I'm never allowed to wear a shirt. My collar, my harness, my branded chest and tit rings, if nothing else, make it pretty obvious what I am and that I'm different now.

I'm reminded just how different every time I move and my ballsac swings heavily between my thighs. The reason is that it's weighted—not on the outside, but in my sac where, ever since that first night, I've worn two heavy steel balls that he put there after he'd cut away my real nuts. Those he keeps in a jar of alcohol in his bedroom, where I can see them every day. It's true what he tells me. I'm a slave-daddy, and my boy-master owns his daddy's balls. □

DRUMMEDIA



In the first half hour, Sandmutopia University's Professor Fledermaus gives a classroom presentation on erotic rope bondage. He talks about the pros and cons of various kinds of ropes and knots, and rope versus leather, steel and other bondage media. He discusses pinched nerves and restricted circulation and shows how to avoid or minimize these problems. And he gives guidelines for quick emergency bondage

removal. With the aid of a muscular live manikin he demonstrates various bondage ties and gives instructions for putting on a rope body harness.

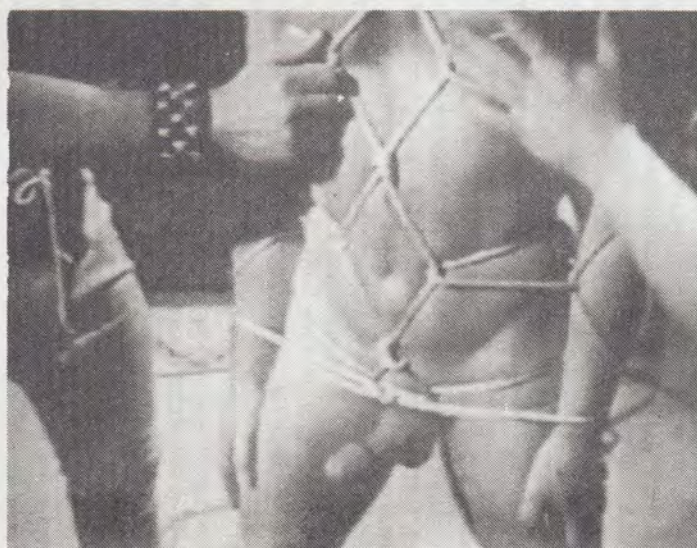
If the first part is lecture/demonstration, the second part is laboratory, definitely hands-on participation. It opens as two TopMen put a bottom into a rope harness then lace him securely to the bars of a cell door. A bout of cock and ball bondage and torture follow, in-

cluding rasping the bottom's hard, throbbing cock with emery boards.

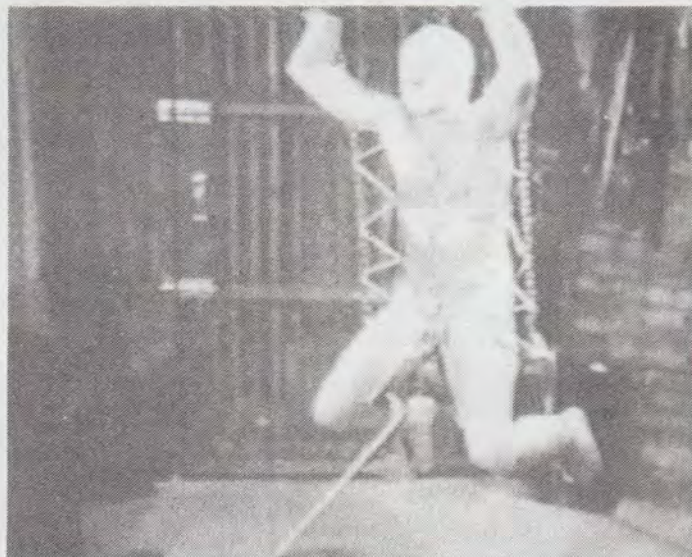
Then the taller Top ties his assistant belly-down to a wooden bar stool and works him over with rubber hoses and a wooden paddle. This new bottom screams and writhes nicely and finally succeeds in breaking up the stool. He is then also placed in a rope body harness and laced between the legs of a steel ladder.

Fledermaus joins in the scene and transfers the first bottom from the cell to a swing, where he is securely tied in and swung by a rope around his balls while being subjected to other torments. His hard cock is beaten with a soft rubber hose until he cums. Then the attention turns back to the bottom in the ladder who gets more ass beating and cock and ball torture.

Rope That Works is the only-Sandmutopia University tape



Rope That Works



in the Slave and Master series of real S/M videos. All of the Slave and Master tapes have just been rereleased after having been unavailable for nearly a year. More information on this series of unique videos will be given in the next issue of *Drummer*. Two more Sandmutopia University videos are available. In the first part of *Sensitizing the Skin* Fledermaus talks about using the violet wand and candles. The sec-

ond part is an extended hot-wax scene. In part one of *Beating Ass* Fledermaus talks about paddles, whips, canes and truncheons as well as a variety of around-the-house implements, like a fly swatter and a toilet brush, and demonstrates each on a hunky bottom's nicely rounded buns, often using his black panther tattoo as a bull's-eye. In the second part of the tape the TopMan, the guy on the ladder in *Rope That Works*,

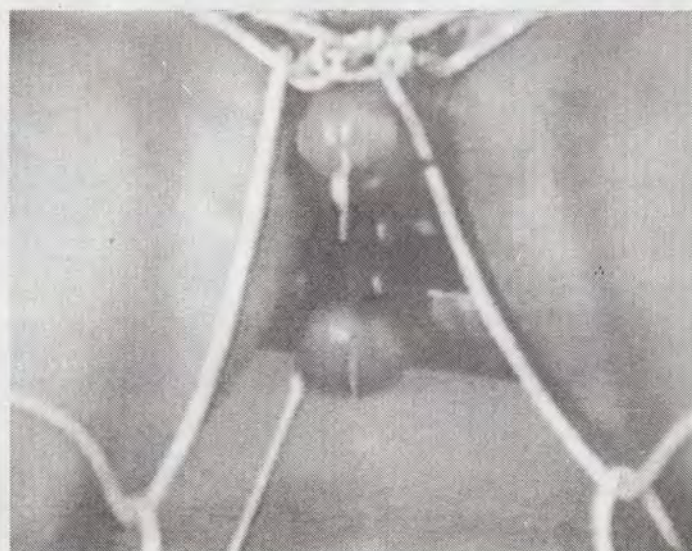
works over the asses of two bottoms using all kinds of implements.

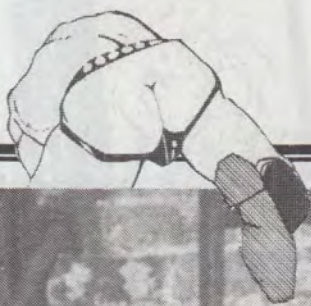
This is a unique series of tapes. They are the only ones available presenting detailed technical information about S/M techniques. And they are among the few available that give real rather than simulated S/M action. They are great to learn from, since they first tell you how, then show you how. They are also great to enjoy

even after you have learned, since you can always fast-forward past Fledermaus' lecture and enjoy the real meat of the tape over and over again.

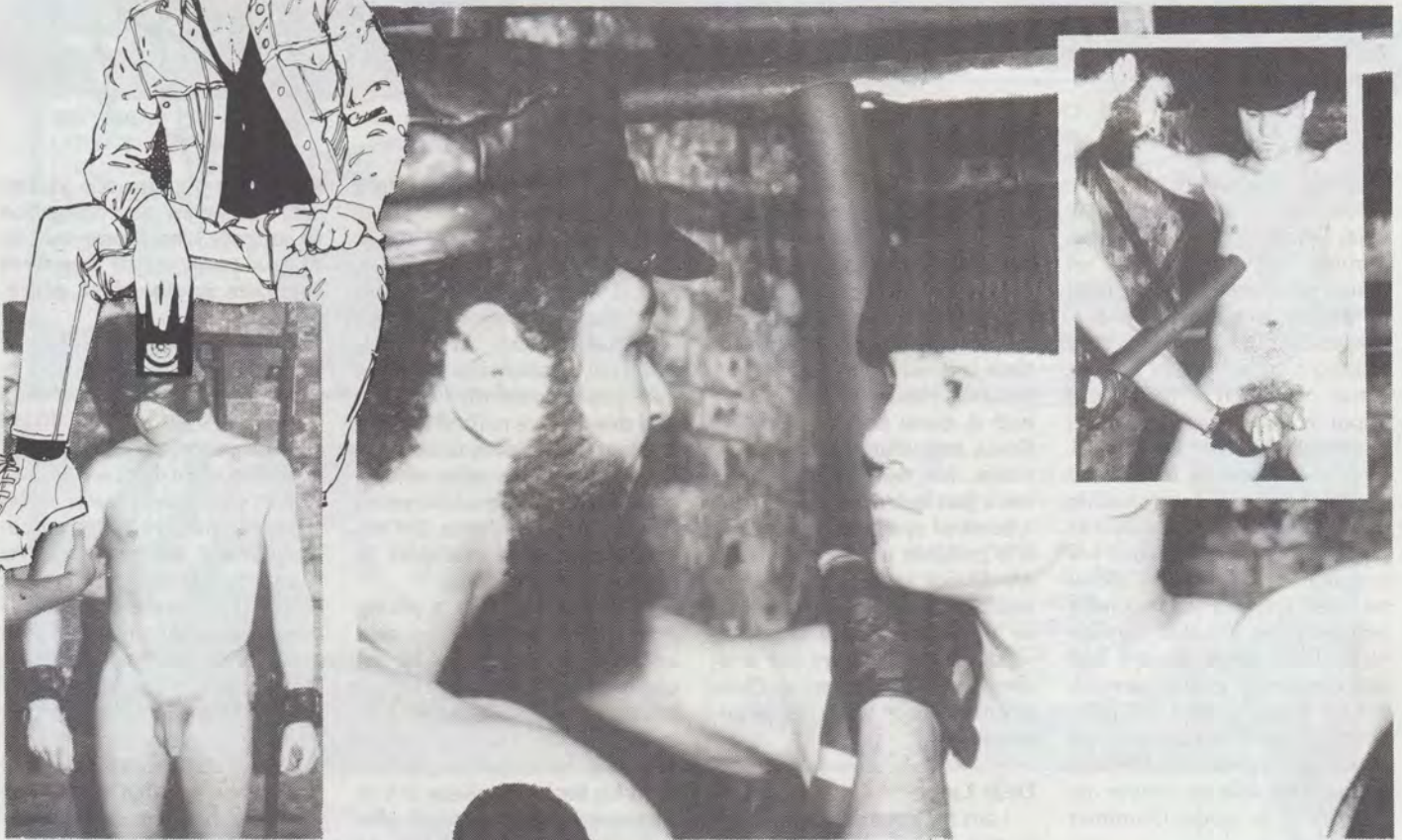
—Gene Hall

Available in VHS or Beta from Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. *Sensitizing The Skin* and *Beating Ass* are \$59.95 each; *Rope That Works* is \$79.95. (Add \$1.50 per tape shipping and handling.)





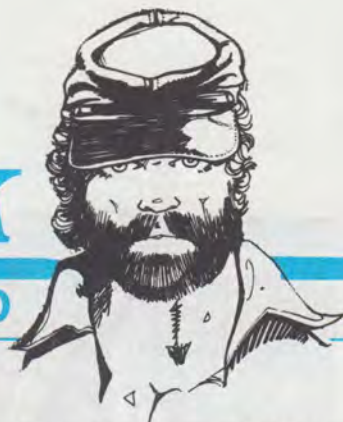
Beating Ass



Still photos taken during the taping of the demonstration portion of the Sandmutopia University Video *Beating Ass*. See preceding page for order information.

LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by LARRY TOWNSEND



Dear Mr. Townsend,

Recently, I attended a gay party where the host showed a number of videos, most of which were pretty boring, until he put on one called "B & K Fantasies." This involved guys doing a number of SM scenes, some of which I have read about in *Drummer*, but would never dare to try on myself. One of the scenes involved a guy taking needles and shoving them through his balls. He showed little or no pain. My question to you is why didn't he feel pain, and secondly, wouldn't the needles damage his balls? I have always had fantasies about getting pierced, but for now I think I will pass. Since my lover does not know about my interest in SM, I hope you will be able to answer my questions in your *Drummer* column.

Name withheld

Dear Anonymous,

Piercing the balls is one of the more esoteric SM activities, usually done only by guys who have traveled a long way down this road, and who have tried a great many other things first. Steeled somewhat by their previous experiences, they are better able to handle the pain as well as the concept in general. As you can surmise, there is a fair amount of pain involved—although this is a relative (and subjective) quantity; i.e., it will be greater or otherwise depending on the individual. Remember that pain becomes another form of pleasure for the more sophisticated bottom. As to the potential for damage, this certainly exists. Any time you pierce the skin, you run the risk of infection, but I think your question has more to do with the potential harm to the testicle by the needle entering it. Unless you

pierce a blood vessel and cause a hemorrhage, your nuts can usually survive a piercing with no apparent damage. However, I think this is an activity that has to be done infrequently, and with plenty of time left for healing between sessions. I know guys who have had it done to them several times, and who seem none the worse for wear. Maybe they were just lucky. But since this is a form of symbolic castration, it is possible a real aficionado would not regret the loss of a testicle, assuming it was done in a psychologically satisfying situation. [Ed.: There are articles on ball piercing in *DungeonMaster 9* and *Dungeonmaster 14*.]

Dear Larry,

I am a 21-year-old male, just learning about SM, and would like to be a slave. But, reading about the kid named Scott (*Drummer 103*) who was acting as a slave for the guy who supports him, I got really angry. I believe you must first be respected as a human being, whether you are a Master or a slave. It sounds like this kid is really scared and feels trapped with no place to go. I know I'd have felt bad having to go to gym class with a pierced navel. I was told by a good friend, "Don't do anything that doesn't feel right. Go with what your gut instincts tell you." It sounds like this kid doesn't have any choice about what happens to him. I don't know about you, but I don't want my first experience to be bad like this. I'd just like to tell Scott, "If you have no say and don't like what's going on, get out of there and live with friends or anyone else."

Don, Minneapolis, MN

Dear Don,

In the broadest sense, you're

right, and this is what I told Scott to do. But remember, he didn't say he was a live-in lover; he called himself a slave, and it was apparently on this basis that his Master took him in. That creates an entirely different relationship from the one you apparently visualize and desire. I've ruffled a lot of feathers by holding to this position, but those who understand the meaning of the word "slave" agree with me. Let me give a couple of examples to illustrate my meaning:

If I offer to allow a young man to live in my home, and agree to support him in exchange for his sexual favors, I have created a situation wherein he has the right to refuse anything he considers to exceed his limits (be these SM or whatever). Of course, I also have the right to tell him to leave if he refuses to satisfy me. Conversely, he has the option to leave if he refuses to satisfy me. Conversely, he has the option to leave if I make him unhappy. This is clear-cut and understandable to anyone.

Now, add the element of a Master-slave situation. In this, the kid is abdicating his right of choice, and placing himself completely under my control. He does this voluntarily and knowingly. I may then call upon him to do whatever I require of him, until such time as either of us decides we are unhappy with the situation. The choice of going on together, or breaking it off, is still within the purview of either partner.

My argument in Scott's case was that he called himself "slave," but refused to accept that status. If his Master was too rough on him, his choice was either to accept it or to leave. If he had no other place to go. That's tough; but it's also

life in the big city. His Master was not under any obligation to support him; it was only by mutual consent that they were together in the first place. Read on.

Dear Sir,

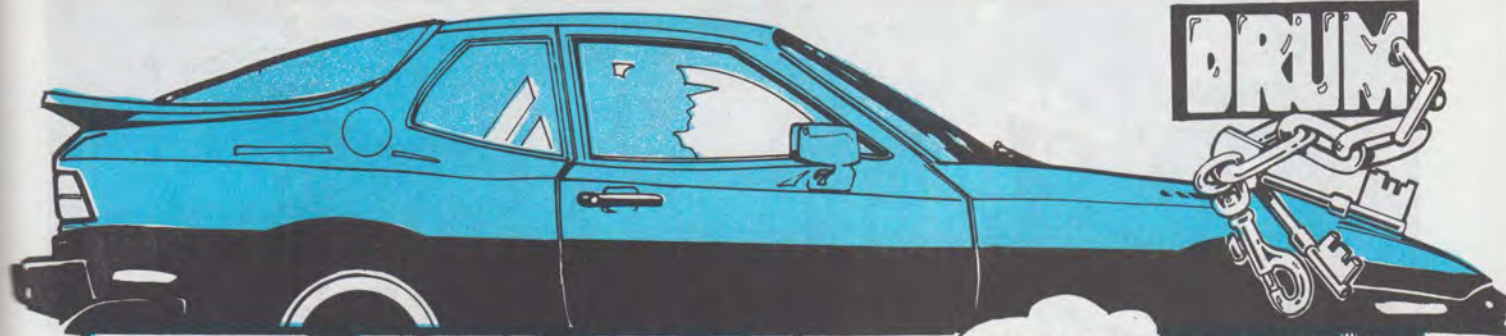
My Master allowed me to write you. Like Scott in issue 103, I am 18 years old and a high school student, but I am a slave. I live with my Master, who supports me with the agreement that I am his slave. My Master has shaved my crotch, pierced my tits and cockhead. I don't care what anyone in gym class thinks about this. These are the will of my Master, and that is all that matters. We often go to the beach, and my Master always puts a cock and ball harness on me that causes me to get a hard-on. I am then ordered to wear a brief bikini, which leaves little to the imagination. (And I'm very well hung.) If my Master ordered me to wear a G-string, I'd do it because He wanted me to. I am also given to the winner of the monthly poker game for a day, with strict limits set by my Master as to what my temporary Master can do to me. I love all of this, and love my Master for allowing me to serve Him and His friends. I hope Scott gets his act together and serves his Master. He must learn to submit to his Master's will.

slave mike, Mt. Clemens, MI

Dear slave mike,

You sound like a man who is worthy of the title. Congratulations! □

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



DRUM

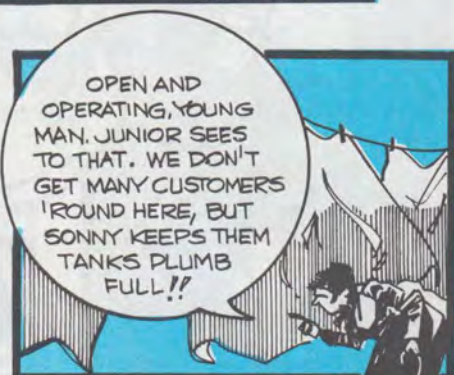
GETTING A BIT LOW ON PETROL. I WILL HAVE TO STOP SOON... DON'T SUPPOSE THERE ARE MANY GAS STATIONS IN THIS AREA.

I SHOULD HAVE FILLED THE CAR UP AT THE LAST TOWN I PASSED THROUGH

WHAT LUCK! THAT LOOKS LIKE A GAS STATION UP THERE!



EXCUSE ME... DO YOU KNOW IF THAT GAS STATION ON THE HILL IS OPEN?

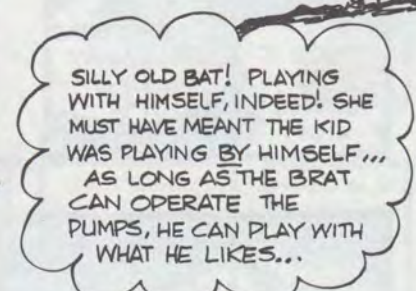


OPEN AND OPERATING, YOUNG MAN. JUNIOR SEES TO THAT. WE DON'T GET MANY CUSTOMERS 'ROUND HERE, BUT SONNY KEEPS THEM TANKS PLUMB FULL!!



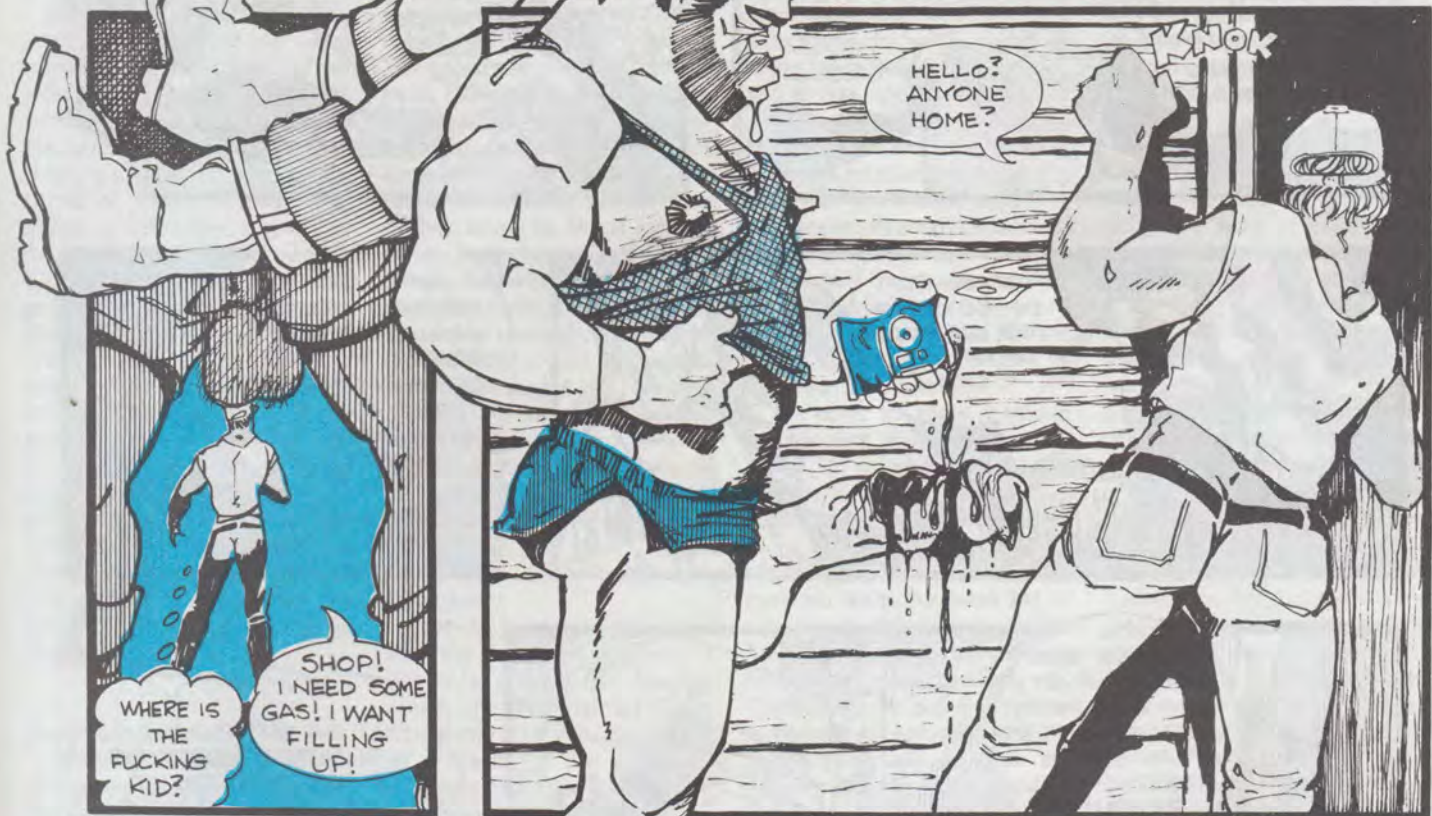
YOU JUST GET YORE MACHINE UP BY THEM THERE PUMPS. JUNIOR'S UP THERE A-PLAYING WITH HISSELF-HE'LL FIX YOU UP GOOD!

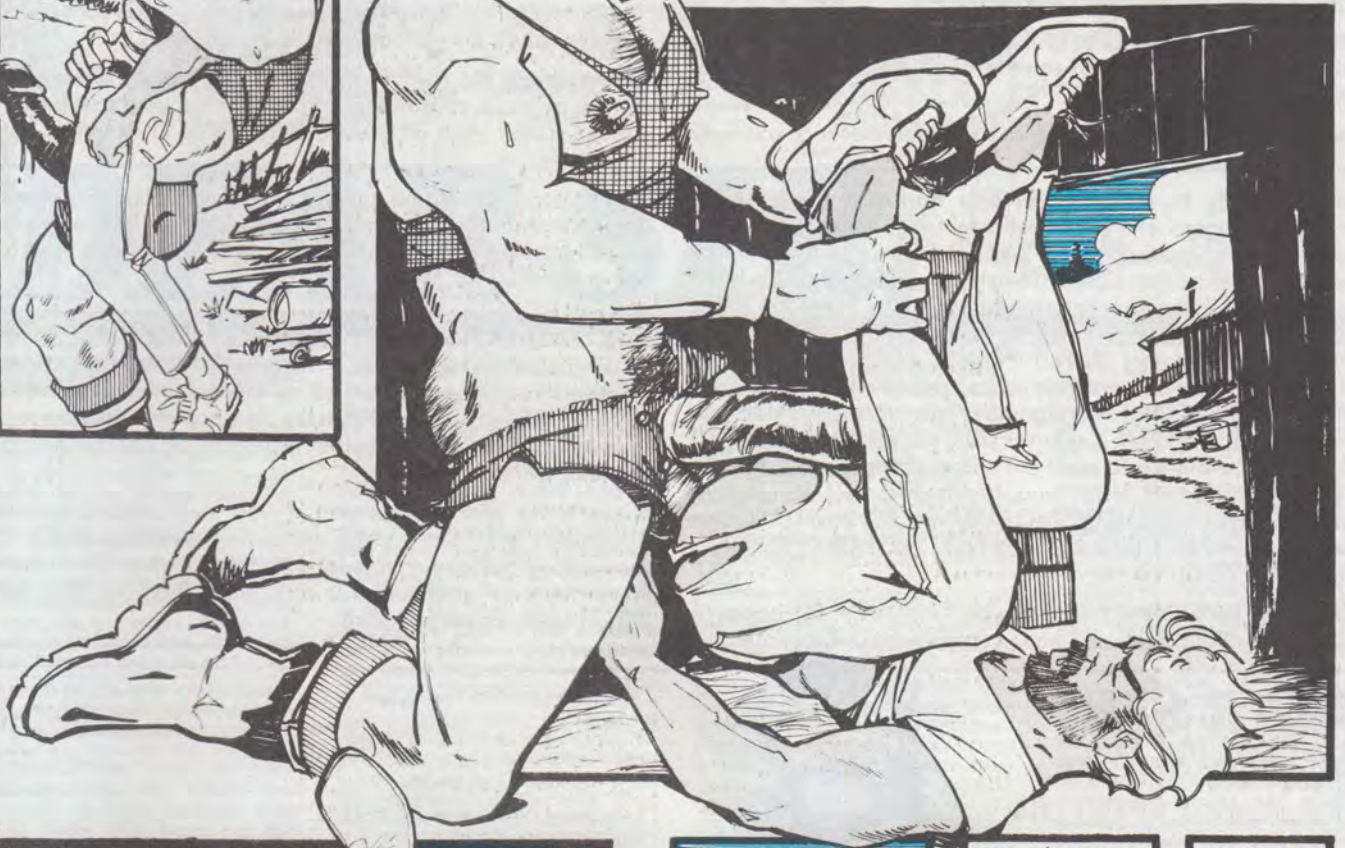
THANK YOU, MA'AM. I HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO AND NEED FILLING UP!



SILLY OLD BAT! PLAYING WITH HIMSELF, INDEED! SHE MUST HAVE MEANT THE KID WAS PLAYING BY HIMSELF... AS LONG AS THE BRAT CAN OPERATE THE PUMPS, HE CAN PLAY WITH WHAT HE LIKES...







I'LL GO SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON - THAT DON'T SOUND LIKE THE GAS PUMP.



OH, IT'S THAT PUMP I HEAR, I SEE YOU ARE BEING ATTENDED TO, YOUNG MAN. DON'T BE LATE FOR SUPPER, SONNY!



I'M SO GLAD SONNY HAS FOUND A FRIEND TO PLAY WITH. PERHAPS THE YOUNG MAN WILL STAY FOR AWHILE



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

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

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

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

Deadline? There isn't any. 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.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for

leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

Cost of Ad—1st Insertion (____ Words×50¢)..... \$ _____
Additional Insertions—×____(10% discount)..... _____
Box Number (Add \$1.00)..... _____
Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00)..... _____
Total Enclosed \$ _____

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

Please make checks payable to: **DESMODUS, INC.**

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

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

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

ALRIGHT, PYTHON!
WE'LL SHOW YOU ONE MORE TIME
HOW TO USE DRUMMER'S

DEAR SIR:

1. FILL OUT THE COUPON
WITH YOUR AD, NAME AND
ADDRESS, TOTAL THE
NUMBER OF WORDS.

2. IF YOU WANT TO
USE A BOX NUMBER,
ADDA \$1 FOR OUR
BOX SERVICE.
(IF YOU USE YOUR OWN
ADDRESS, ADD NOTHING.)

3. MAKE YOUR CHECK
OUT FOR THE
TOTAL OF 50¢ A
WORD, PLUS BOX.

4. IF YOU ADD
YOUR PHONE
NUMBER
ADD \$1.00

-GEE!

TO REPLY TO A BOX NUMBER,
SEND YOUR ANSWER IN A
STAMPED, SEALED ENVELOPE
WITH THE BOX NUMBER
PENCILED IN
AND ENCLOSE
25¢

A.JAY

DEAR SIR:

NATIONWIDE

CASTRATION

Handsome, 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

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

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 yo., 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

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

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

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

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, dopes, or alikes. 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

DADDY BOTTOM REQUIRED

to worship hot 29-year-old son. Son's feet and pits need special attention in return. Daddy may expect VA, CP and more. Safe/sane only. Write with phone H. Box 4973

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.

DYNAMITE KID

Man-boy pyroerotic into cigars, explosives, handguns, police, gasoline, fireworks, matches, firecrackers, bikers, firemen, moustaches, paramilitary men, demolition experts, beards, Viet vets, violence, torture, ammo dumps. Things that go bang and boom. Firebugs. Burning hard-ons. Leather. Safesex S/M. DA/AWS, PO Box 20147, London Terrace Station, NYC 10011. (718) 789-6147. (LF5652)

LEXINGTON/CINCINNATI AREA

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

WHITE ASS TOY

34, 5'8", 155 lbs., available for one or more BLACK MEN. Hole has recently moved up to stretching. Graves 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

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)

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)

MASTER

Handsone, 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, electrocution, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

WESTERN NY ONTARIO

32 yo. 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

LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

You must enjoy heavy C&BT, 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.

LITTLE GUY

Good things come in small packages! Tall, lean, dominant, demanding big brother/daddy needs a little guy to love! My son will be loving, intelligent, honest, obedient, industrious, bottom, very sexual, under 5'6", trim and more! He seeks a monogamous, loving, permanent relationship with a Dad that will return his love. Make me a proud DAD! Can travel. Send photo and letter to: DADDY, PO Box 23234, Seattle, WA 98102.

MIND GAMES

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

DAD SKS RESPECTFL 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

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/clear soles. Outdoor workouts greater with constant attention to your needs. Travel USA and overseas. 52, 6', 180 lbs. Box 4411LF

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

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

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 (LF5688)

NAKED DISCIPLINE

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

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

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 id#, 2319 Hidalgo Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90039

PUSSYBOY

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

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

6'3" EX-NAVAL OFFICER

WM, 37, Viet vet, recent Honcho centerfold, muscular, hairy body, shaved head, moustache, sexually intense & dominant. Fetishes include uniforms, S&M, bondage, & exhibitionism. Looking for a special friend. Safe sex (condoms) only. Live in SF; can travel to LA or NYC weekends. Reply with photo. Box 5953

MARATHON FUCK SESSIONS

Your horsecock, slamming my ass long, hard and deep. Then, whatever else you want. Age/race/looks unimportant. Upstate NY, travel often. Box 5922

HORSEMEN

2 Wyoming cowboys, 30s and 40s, blond and hung, into hot stallions, Levi/leather and barn scenes, want to meet similar into heavy horsing around. No Aids. Letter, photo, phone get same, serious. Box 5918

CASTRATION

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



SADISTIC RAPISTS WANTED

by NYC masochist. You must be handsome and healthy. No cons, hustlers or letter jerks. Box 5948

MAGAZINE COLLECTION

In Touch issues 1 thru 125, DRUMMER, issues 1 thru 100, plus "Son of Drummer," "Class of 82," "Daddies," "Best & Worst," etc. All in 1st class condition, including centerfolds. Best offer! Box 5944

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)

HAIRY MIAMI MASTER

34, wants bootlickers to strip, inspect and train in B&D, W/S and S&M. Safe only. Beginners a specialty. Photo mandatory. Boxholder, PO Box 14-4484, Coral Gables, FL 33114

BD SM TT CBT

Want hot action? Cum and get it! Leather master wants young, smooth, jockstrap slaves for hot scenes. Master is mid-forties, 5'11", 180. If you can follow orders, submit and be used, then send photo, phone, and detailed qualifications to: CASS, PO Box 2851, Sacramento, CA 95812

I WANT A MAN

Fuck wimps! You: 6'3" or taller, hairy, husky OK! Me: 25, white male, tired of ass holes. Name your pleasure. Photo & phone answered first, so hurry the fuck up. Box 5923

ASS DOCTOR WANTED

WM, 38, 5'11", 155 lbs., healthy, discreet, wants clinical-related ass exam scene. Prefer a real Doc that is 40+, with professional examination table, and is seriously into ass-play. Fantasy scene includes shaving of ass, using ass expanding and stimulating devices, dildoes, fisting with rubber gloves and eventual required semen sample. Would reciprocate on the Doc-if desired. If you are experienced in FF, professional, and serious reply with letter and photo. Box 5928

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

who is committed to hard work, training, firm discipline, supervised self-improvement and security. To be all you can be, apply to Rob Jensen, Box 545, Fargo, ND 58107

FUCKHEAD?!

Creative, preferably bearded and/or verbal slave(s) needed for severe V/A, head trips, toys, C&BT, dildos, humiliation. Write Occu-pant, PO Box 36065, Philadelphia, PA 19112-0065

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

for loving monogamous relationship. I am hardworking, financially secure, good cook, housekeeper. Have been celibate almost 2 years since breakup. Send photo and letter to slim, masculine, 36 5'9", 130 lbs., 7 1/2 cut, semi long-brown curly hair, inoustache or trim beard, Italian descent. I will relocate or accommodate for serious male. Masculine, only, age 45 to 55. No good lookers, please. PO Box 5783, Providence, RI 02903

MEDICAL SCENES?

I do thorough examinations, invasive procedures, full treatments. Enemas, catheters, sounds, electrostimulation. Control is complete. Experienced, safe. Travel widely. Mature. All answered. Photo/phone appreciated. Write: Project Director, Box 2114, Station A, Champaign, IL 61820

PROUD OF YOUR BIG HOLE?

Sensible, passionate, Latin man enjoys playing with and enlarging men's asses. PO Box 1354, Old Chelsea Sta., New York, NY 10011

DOM./SUBM. DAD OVER 55?

Son is European, 37, 6'1", 155 lbs., masculine, trim, hairy-chested, short dark hair, very sensual, warm, affectionate, sensitive, health-conscious, non-promiscuous, and craves for a passionate, uninhibited, monogamous relationship with a beautiful dad over 55. Dad should be a man of class, self-respectful, versatile, masculine, compassionate, understanding, with a good sense of humor, at times melancholy, sad, tender, at other times strong, aggressive, tough. Son wants to be proud of his Dad, he wants to love him, comfort him, admire him, cherish him, worship him, but he also wants to own him, possess him, humiliate and dominate him to the point that Dad will be on his knees, begging for mercy. What can be more exciting than that power struggle between a dad and his son? This is no game: Son wants a reliable, dependable, serious-minded Dad who will help him relocate to America to be with him forever. Leather OK, but not a must: Dad could be a rancher, a farmer, an Ivy-league Don, a Wall-Street executive. . . . Son likes older men in jeans and boots, but also in 3-piece business suits, button-down shirts, silk ties, bally shoes. . . . Son is rather inexperienced; his scenes so far: tit work, bondage, verbal abuse, friendly wrestling, spanking, W/S. Willing to expand and experience anything safe with right person. Any area. Only detailed letters with photo(s) answered. Photo(s) (full-length preferred) essential. Please write: Boxholder, BM 8792, London, WC1N 3XX, England.

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM, 35, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, healthy masculine x-farm-boy bottom man seeks hairy-chested healthy masculine dominant natural top-man for monogamous relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers but will answer all. I can relocate. Please send photo and detailed letter. Sincere only. Box 5907LF

SON WANTED BY DADDY

You are an obedient boy needing love and discipline administered by affectionate businessman type Daddy with strict standards. Dad is 42, 6'3", 255 lbs., balding, hairy and loving, with high standards for your behavior. Send honest revealing letter and picture. Box 4934LF

HARD BLACK MASTERS NEEDED

Groveling white slave boy, 35, 5'11", 190 lbs., needs to serve rough, powerful black masters. This slave is Greek passive, French active, and very submissive for ass licking, piss, shit and spit. Need to be whipped and used as a toilet by black masters. Please, Sir. Box 5899

SHOW THIS BLONDE

BODYBUILDER WHO'S BOSS

6'3", 195 lbs., 27, muscular. Need inflexible, overbearing S.O.B. Need extensive humiliation, especially public. Men 35 years+ with bad temper, mean streak. Think you wear the belt that can tame this big handsome jock into a little blonde fuckboy? PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116 (LF5007)

SON/HOUSEBOY

Two masculine, dominant tops, one 47, dark, hairy, 5'11", 200 lbs., the other 42, blond, smooth, 6'1", 215 lbs. Both bearded and well built. Seeks mature bottom as permanent son/houseboy 25/45. You will be cared for, protected, and treated with love and understanding. In exchange we expect total commitment, respect and a desire to serve and please in every way. No drugs, alcoholics, or feds. Send photo and resume with phone number to PO Box 820427, Dallas, TX 75382

UNIFORMED LAW OFFICER

Handsome, muscular, mid-30's, ex-sailor, seeks men, all types, for phone and raunchy photo exchange and meetings. Seeking men into shit, piss, castration and firearms. PO Box 5724 Savannah GA 31414

DAD LOOKING FOR SEXY SON

This 40-year-old, 6', 175-lb. Dad is looking for a 23-35 year-old man who wants a dad. Sex will be wild and kinky, but daily living will be meaningful and loving. No drugs, smoking or freeloaders. Son should be thin, dark hair and subservient. Send photo and letter for quick results. PO Box 30004, Charleston, SC 29407

OREGON MASTER

Mid-age, 6', 180 lbs., 7", hairy body, needs trim younger slave to train/control. Ball & chain; stretchers; restrictive, binding, locking chastity devices; eventual permanent hair removal; whipping, enforced milking/self-stimulation; safe sex. Right attitude important. Notice OK. Describe interests. Will reply all with nude photo. Box 5954LF

FOR REAL MEN IN UNIFORM

French WM, 35, 5'11", 172 lbs., 8" x 6", green eyes, moustache, often bottom, SM, bootlicker, thinking of traveling across USA in '88 (one month). I wish to be received in several towns—West to East). For that I seek hot, sweaty, straight bi and butch real men (25-40 yrs.) whose are muscular studs, hairy and mustached. I enjoy sweaty armpits, jockstrap, leather uniforms, boots, uncut, wrestling matches. I want raunchy policemen, cops and firearms, military. Also I like truckers, construction workers, mechanics, cowboys, bikers, and other real men. Safe sex. Photo in detailed reply. Write to Guy COMBE, La Pastourelle B, Boulevard de Paste, 07000 Privas, France

YOUNG SLAVEBOY SON WANTED

Slim, fairly small, by mid-40s WM, 5'11", 165 lbs. 6'2"x5", cut, sadist. Permanent position. No outside work. I provide for all your needs. Must be able to relocate now. Great lifestyle for right young masochist asshole. Must be into servitude, pain, cock/ball worship. Send detailed letter/application along w/photo, phone to 2372 Ingleside Ave., Macon, GA 31204

LOVE AND RAUNCH

Attractive GWM, 40, 5'9", 168, looking for well-built same, or younger, into affection, warmth, possible relationship who's also top or mutual in W/S, scat, light S/M. Prefer Pal., NJ/NYC area. Box 355, Levittown, PA 19058 or (215) 824-0176

GET WET

Put your hand on the bulge in my 501s and feel it get wet and warm. GWM, 34, good looks and large horse. Rick. (813) 978-8662, evenings.

SLAVE GWM

40s desires permanent service to a Master who is strict, demanding and gives constant firm discipline. Relocation is expected. Box 5932

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(I am over 21 years of age)

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 tits 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)

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 Sire. 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

HAIRCUTS/HEAD SHAVES

WM, 29, 6'10", 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.

HORSEMEN-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.

BONDAGE & TICKLE TORTURE

Extremely ticklish WM, 25 y.o., 5'10", 152 lbs., good-looking, seeks other guys into giving and/or receiving merciless tickle torture. All tickle sadists and tickle masochists, please write with interests and fantasies. Let's start a tickle network. All letters answered immediately. Box 5934

DAD LOOKING FOR SON

WM, 44, 6'5", 200. Likes outdoors, sports, country music and dancing, country living. Native Texan, country guy. Am definite top but novice at SM/BD. Let's grow together! Am hairy, uncult, with strong sex drive. Want to fuck your brains out... and more! You should be WM, 24-34, 5'9" or taller, slim or trim, masculine and country. Send picture, desires, expectations. Rt. 5, Box 152, Gonzales, TX 78629.

SUCCESSFUL BACHELOR (32)

and former Drummer coverman is willing to adopt a bodybuilder for a brother-type relationship. Send phone number and explain why you're interested. Box 5940

MASOCHIST IN TRAINING

WM, 36, 5'11", 165 with good body and round ass. Need physical and mental domination while in a diminished state. Need whipping, C/B torture, ass play, etc. while bound and gagged in progressively extreme positions. Travel USA from Texas. Box 5942

MAIMED BEAUTY DRUMMER 93

Does that turn you on? Then we should meet. Husky, hairy guy, intelligent, would like to hear from either handicapped guys who require a mate or from one make me crippled leather buddy for total life commitment. Box 5945

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.



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.

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.

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

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.

NAZI LEATHERMEN

Aryan swastika-worshippers only. Serious. PO Box 812, Murray Hill Sta., NY, NY 10156.

SM TITS

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

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.

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

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

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.

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

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; 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 uncults, cowboys, Asian men. No drugs or feds. Send a hot photo and/or phone to Box 4675LF.

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

SHIT PHOTOS

Dirty-assed turd 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)

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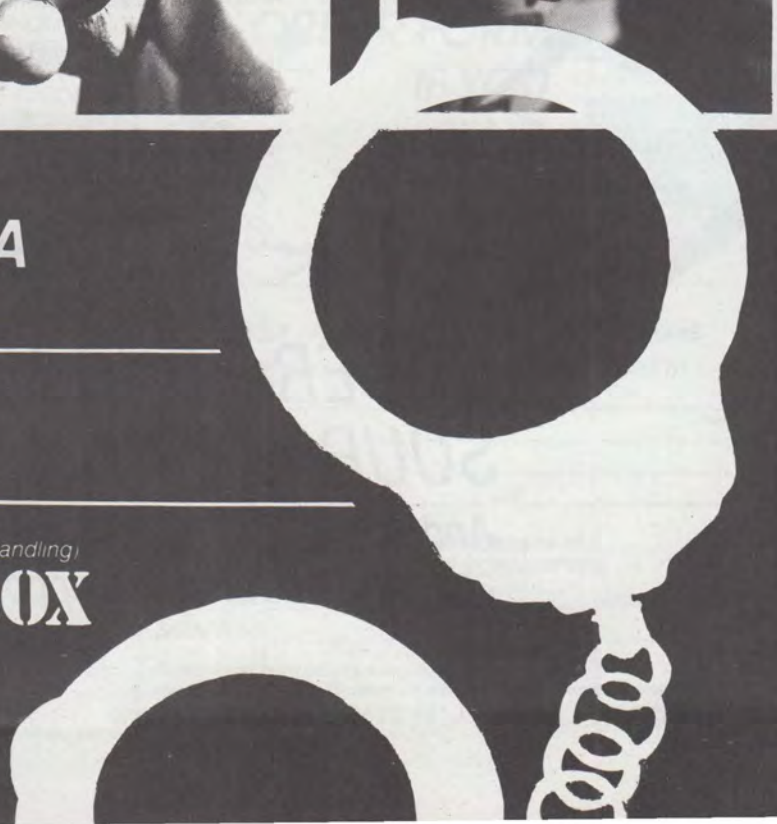
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Where is the jazzy new catalog? you ask. Where is all the color and the tantalizing photography and the hard-to-find merchandise to turn you on?

Well, all that is coming soon, now that we are finally moved, expanded and are getting reorganized. Our buyers have been looking for the many new lines and hot items to offer you that we guarantee will titillate you.

May we suggest you order the new SOURCE catalog along with this order for only three bucks, and get a FIVE-DOLLAR merchandise certificate on your first order from it. Hot damn!

In the meantime we are enclosing a new very simplified order blank that lists a lot of hot stuff. Put a mark in front of everything your little heart desires and enclose either a check or your VISA, MASTERCARD or AMERICAN EXPRESS card number (and expiration date) and your order will go out within TWENTY-FOUR hours. Honest!

But even better yet. Since you ordered NOW, without waiting for the new SOURCE catalog, you can DISCOUNT 10% OFF THIS PARTICULAR ORDER!

Maybe when the art department finds out how many discounts we are having to give in lieu of the new catalog, they'll stop messing around with the models and get cracking.

Note our new in-the-redwoods address, along with our new phone number, in case you can't wait for the mailman. Mark up that order blank right now and don't forget your 10% discount. (Make a xerox copy for a friend, if you wish. We won't know the difference.)

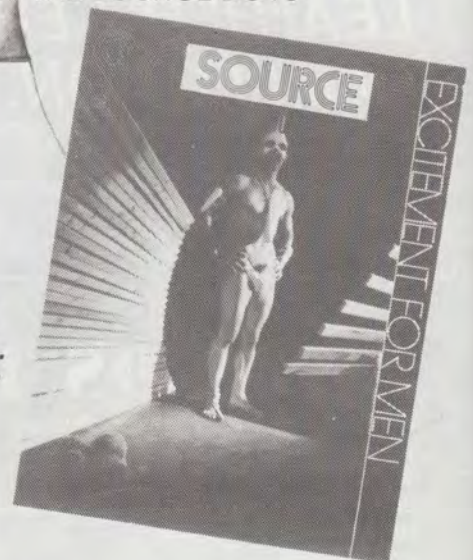
But hurry, our sales department can't get away with this forever.

Best regards,

THE SOURCE BOYS

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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., b/bl, muscular), Mike (5'6", 155 lbs., br/bl, mean top). PO Box 1104, Sandy, UT 84091. (LF4088)

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.

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

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/bisex themes OK. Your letter, typed, gets mine. PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Mr. N.P. (LF5890)

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 Tws w/pic, letter. All answered. Box 5871LF

LEATHER DADDY WANTED

for sex and companionship by muscular son, 28, 5'10". Prefer large, well-built mature guys (40+). Am into most scenes—discipline, spanking, whipping, tit-torture, watersports, verbal abuse. (No scat.) Reply with photo, please. Box 5952

RETIRED SLAVE/BOTTOM

with extensive training, looking for Master/Top for night, weekend or from now on (Master's choice). Have not been in any action for two years, due to the AIDS epidemic. Am retired, old, but not decrepit, young at heart and mind, therefore can devote all time to my Master. My desire is to fulfill HIS every wish, desire and command with HIM being the owner with complete control. Prefer East Coast, so I can visit for tryout. Sir, your descriptive letter/photo get same by return mail. Have been trained in all scenes except heavy pain and scat. Box 5186LF

HOT TOP

Leather action for serious slave provided by BB top, 30, 5'8", 165 lbs. I'm into boots, C&BT, TT, B&D, shaving and more. If you're a healthy, hunky piece of slave meat under 35 get on your knees, put your picture in an envelope with a hot letter detailing your experiences and send to Box 4883LF.

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 hunk; muscles; employable. Description, recent photo, SASE guarantee reply. Box 5277LF



HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

Looking for tall boots & brawny bike leathers on a farmer's hard-muscled body? Looking for the tough but tender pleasures of prolonged rigid bondage (top/bottom) in heavy irons, ropes, hoods? Possibly looking for a permanent partner (sweaty outdoor work guaranteed)? Then write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

ALABAMA

LEATHER, BONDAGE & RAUNCH

Experienced GWM, 43, 5'8", 165, seeks men into leather, bondage, light-medium SM, C&BT, WS and raunch. Versatile. Healthy sex only. Huntsville, AL (205) 883-9566. Box 5883

COMPLETE ORAL SERVICE

by 32, attractive slave for white or black. Man into hours of licking and sucking by groveling cocksucker. PO Box 77073, Birmingham, AL 35228

SUBMISSIVE MUSCULAR MAN

Seeks mature Master who commands obedience. 26, attractive, 5'9", 170 lbs. Turn-ons: shaving, enemas—anything to please. Can travel. Photo exchange preferred. Box 5920

ARIZONA

TOILET

for men 40-70. Heavies/blacks OK. Box 5917

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

BUTCH BLACK GUYS

get my dick hard. Trim white guy (5'7", 130, 32), horny and experienced, seeks intense S&M scenes with dominant blacks who have a sense of humor. Box 5951

JADED

Hunky, good-looking, young 40s, very jaded bottom seeking experienced, imaginative, creative Top to help explore still unfulfilled fantasies. No interest in phone/mail i.o. or relationship. Are you good enough? AV, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

CARE AND TRAINING SOUGHT

High quality, good looking, masculine male, 5'9", 145, 41 yrs., needs very masculine, quietly confident Total Top who commands respect, demand servility, and warrants body-worship. He's taller, clean cut, very well-built, caring and sane; He's into serious bodybuilding, heavy B/D, light S/M, leather; he realizes it takes time to achieve a true Master-Slave bond, and won't settle for less. He'll train me to his needs, and care for me as his own. His pleasure is my reward; I'll make him proud of me. If he's you, please write Boxholder, 6114 LaSalle Ave., Suite 204, Oakland, CA 94611. Photo gets mine. Open to Top who already has slave(s) but wants another. NO fat, sleaze, drugs, smokers, or unsafe sex.

MUSCLING UP!

Seeking relentless coach/workout buddy to train decently well-built S.F. GWM (31, 5'8", 150) into outrageous stud bull animal. Early morning workouts preferred. Letter with phone to Box 5902LF

SCAT ME

I need to suck the filthy shitholes of huge beefy butts or young hunky football studs and chunky body builders. I want you to unload that big dump from your bloated dirty asshole right into my toilet mouth. Uniforms, jockstraps, verbal a+. I am well-built GWM, 32, 5'9", 160 lbs., good looking. Write: Boxholder, 584 Castro, #160, S.F., CA 94114-2588

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.

BUTTSUCKER

Need hard-assed men with dominant attitude who demand heavy hole service for hours from submissive slave. Northbay. (415) 787-3129

HOT KINKY/RAUNCHY DUDE

seeks raunch hungry dirt ball buddies with smelly foreskin and cheesy crack to share. WS, snort, sweat, feet, rim seats, pain, scat, etc. Have game room. Down and dirty like-minded toilets reply to 6'1", 185, br/blue, tattooed, hairy 34 y.o. stud. Frank. (415) 584-3983

HORNY HOLE NEEDS BIG FIST

Experienced Sacramento bottom seeks serious tops for heavy assplay with gloved fists, toys. Husky, healthy bottom, 35, likes nice slow scenes with plenty of grease, aroma, smoke. All scenes except scat, WS. Big, hairy topmen preferred, but all answered. Photo, letter gets mine. Can travel northern CA, NV weekends. Box 5927

GERMAN LEATHERMAN

6'4"/180, looking for dungeonmasters. Available in California Nov./Dec. Send letter/photo to Box 5937. Thank you, Sir!

60-YR.-OLD DOMINANT GRANDAD seeks submissive sons, grandsons, contemporaries of all ages! All fantasies considered, but you must be submissive! Box 5943LF

HORNY CASTRO COUNTRY BOY! Hairy-chested, versatile, hot, has field that needs deep plowin'. Call (415) 431-4293.

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

SF LEATHER DATE

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

RIVER SM

Good-looking, positive top outdoors type, 36, 6'2", runner's build, requires fit, together bottom, 30s.. We're experienced in safer, sane, experimental limit-pushing, bondage, SM, trusting, caring, partners, substance free. Picture Boxholder, PO Box 563, Forrestville, CA 95436. (LF5669)

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 tail leathered booted feet on your leathered bound prisoner. C. West, 2529 Post, San Francisco, CA 94115-3312. (LF5292)

SON!

Mature, mid-40s Dad seeks son in his 20s or 30s for continuous dad-son relationship. Dad is leatherman, healthy and muscular and expects son to be same. Serious son candidates only. An opportunity for security and safety in these times. Write, send photo, and we'll discuss the possibilities. Box 4944LF

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)

"HULK HOGAN"?

W/M bodybuilder, blond/blue, bald, moustache, 5'11", 200 lbs., 46" chest, 24" thighs, 16 1/2" arms/calves. Into hot, taller, hairy men, big dicks, tight asses, heavy fucking, sucking (deep throat?), rimming, sleaze? Other? You well-built, 30+, versatile/top, very together. No drugs. FFA, PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101. (LF5406)

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.

DILDO 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, lite "party treats." Reply with photo to Box 200, 2261 Market St., S.F., CA 94114. (LF5390)

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 hump 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

FUCK BUDDIES?

Have lover, need sleazy/safe friends for rough/careful fun. I'm 6'1", 33, 180, 8 1/2", 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

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.

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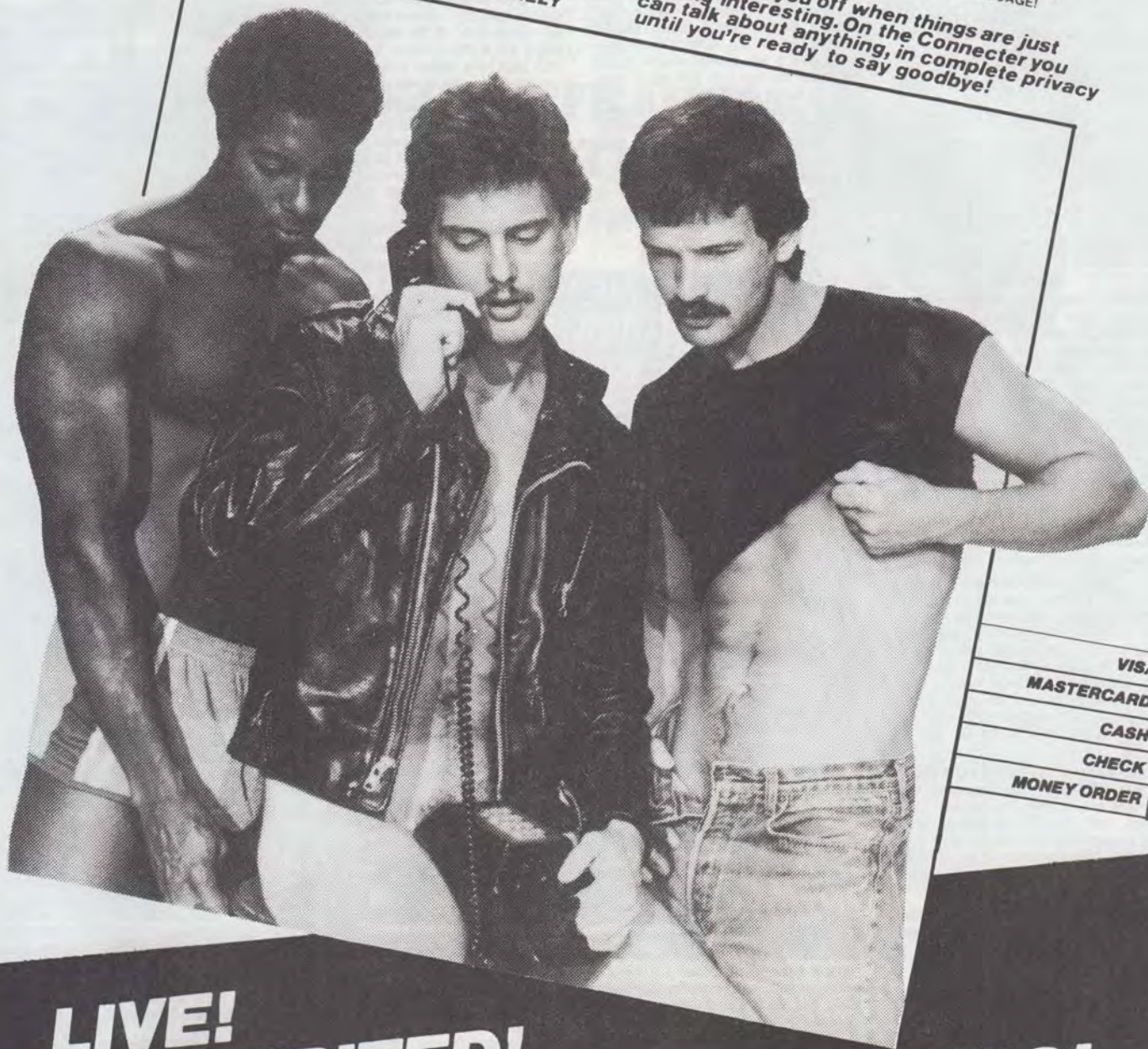
- J/O LINE - WHEN YOU NEED TO GET IT UP, GET IT ON, AND GET IT OFF WITH ANOTHER HORNY GUY!
- MEET SOMEONE LINE - DON'T SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT ALONE - GET TOGETHER WITH BAY AREA MEN FOR MUTUAL ENJOYMENT!
- S&M/LEATHER LINE - TIRED OF FAKES AND PHONIES? GET IT ON WITH OTHER MEN WHO TALK YOUR LANGUAGE!

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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.

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, menial labor, symbols of submission and more. I'm very Greek passive. Box 5308LF

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

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, moustached, 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.

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

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/safe 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.

EXECUTIVE DADDY

41, 200 lbs., 6'8", seeks smooth athletic boy for safe sex. Live in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164. (LF5310)

HEY BOY!

Your daddy is looking for you.
Call (916) 391-9755.

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.



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

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

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

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

Tie me up and ?? Serious bondage bottom interested in prolonged sessions of nipple and genital stimulation and ass exploration. Am extremely healthy and financially secure. A stable relationship is desired, but most any scene will be considered. Box 5576

RIMMING RELATIONSHIP

Devouring bearded faces buried in shaved pulsating buttocks 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 and phone # to Box 5488LF.

SLAVE BOY

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., br/gr, 28w, smooth, clin shvn, 7" u/c. Total bottom of high caliver professionals. (415) 685-5035 eves.

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.

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, fems, scat, J/O, relationships. Prefer athletic, 20-40s, hairless, hung. Photos. Write PO Box 3231, San Francisco, 94119

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

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/% 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.

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

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 smp fr. Box 5840

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER TOP

Attractive, white, 30-year-old leatherman seeks experienced leather top. I am tired of bars and "Folsom phones." 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

TOP BOY

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., br/gr, 28w, Smooth, Clin Shvn, 7" u/c Top for High Caliber Professionals. (415) 685-5035 Aft. 11pm PT (LF5875)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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

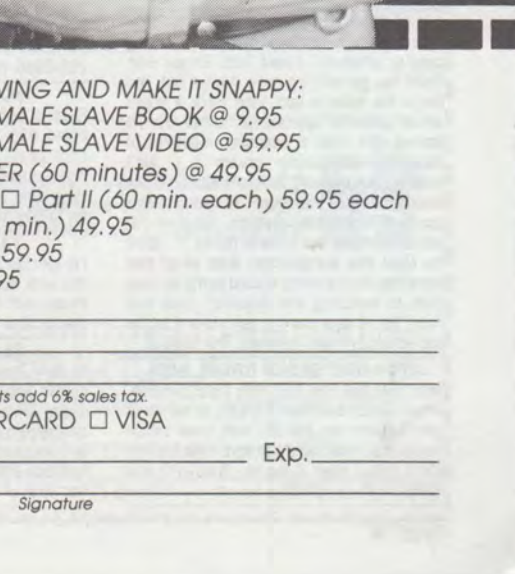
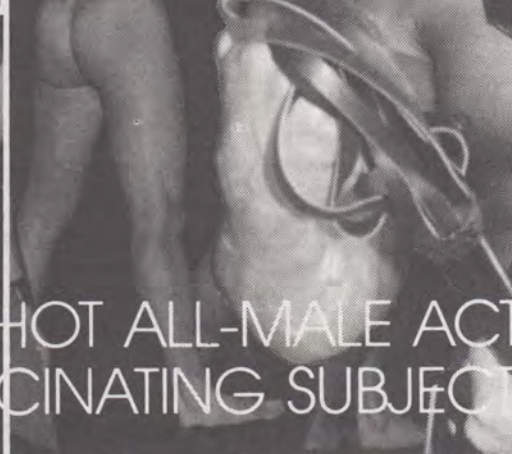
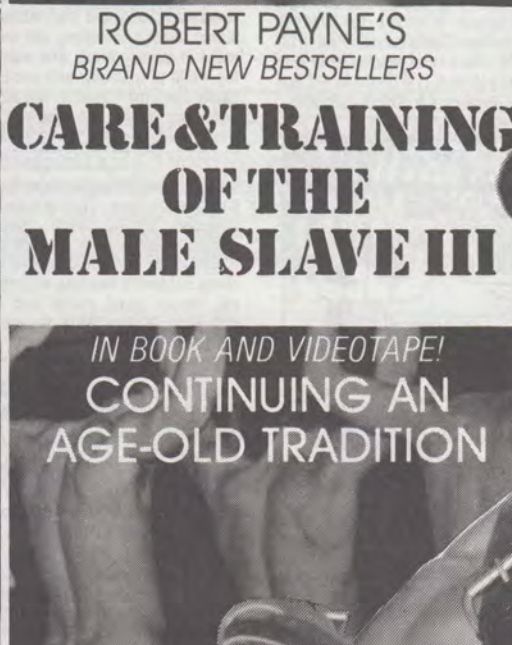
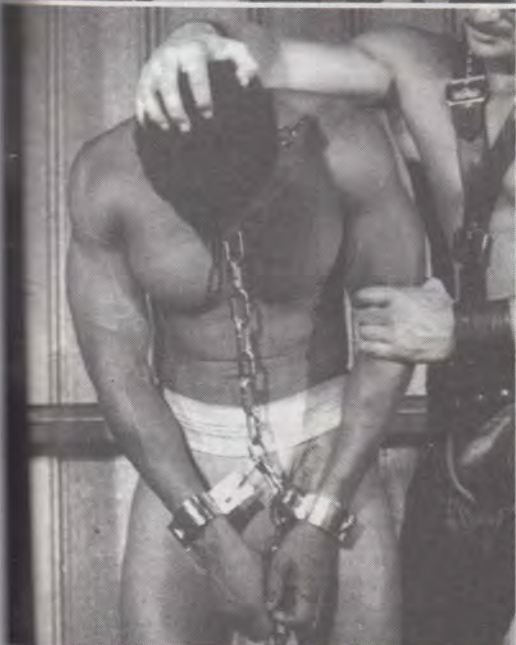
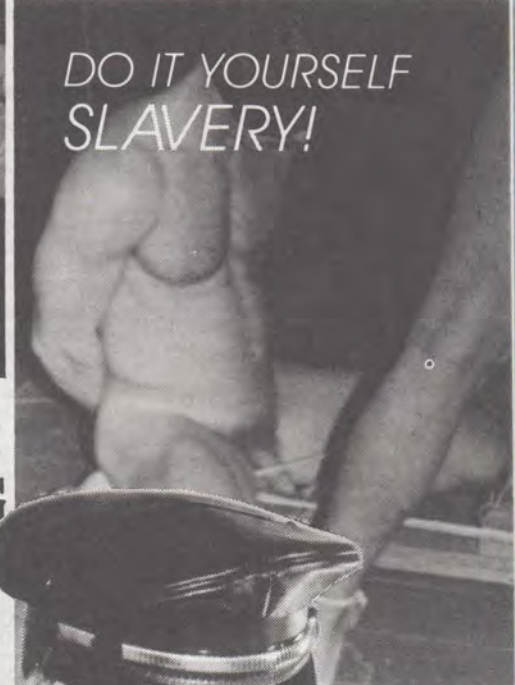
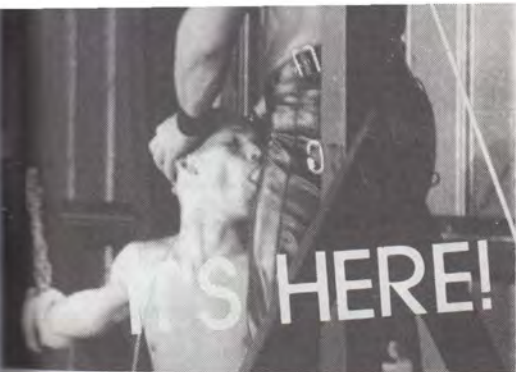
Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, 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 PM.

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.

BLACK SON/WHITE DAD

Black son, 28, 6'5", 220, lean, well-distributed; bright & self-contained wants his Dad: a rugged Caucasian, charismatic nonsmoking giant of a man, strong of body, yet gentle/boyish inside. For doing together, cuddling, hearty roughhousing & more. Photo/letter to Bryant, 929 S. Lake St., Los Angeles, CA 90006.



DO IT YOURSELF
SLAVERY!

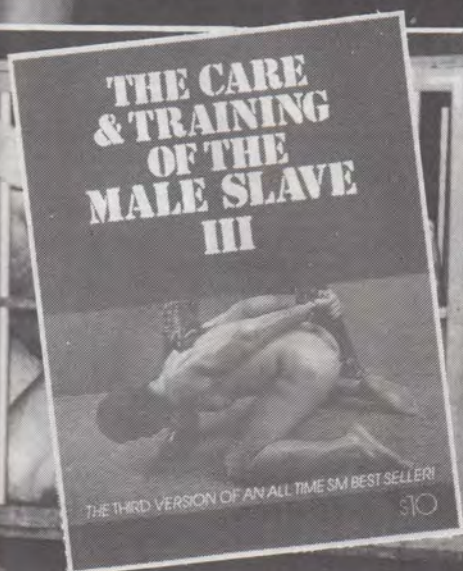
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ROBERT PAYNE'S
BRAND NEW BESTSELLERS

CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE III

IN BOOK AND VIDEOTAPE!
CONTINUING AN
AGE-OLD TRADITION

60 MINUTES OF HOT ALL-MALE ACTION
ON THIS FASCINATING SUBJECT



THE SOURCE

PO Box 42009

San Francisco, CA 94142-2009

QUICK! SEND ME THE FOLLOWING AND MAKE IT SNAPPY:

- ☐ CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE BOOK @ 9.95
- ☐ CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE VIDEO @ 59.95
- ☐ BEST & WORST OF DRUMMER (60 minutes) @ 49.95
- ☐ SLAVES FOR SALE ☐ Part I ☐ Part II (60 min. each) 59.95 each
- ☐ NIGHT OF SUBMISSION (60 min.) 49.95
- ☐ MASTER BARBER (60 MIN.) 59.95
- ☐ SLAVES FOR SALE BOOK 9.95

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ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

Add \$1 per item for postage. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

☐ Charge it to my ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA

No. _____

Exp. _____

I am 21 or older _____

Signature _____

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

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!

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)

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 A5-93, Palm Desert, CA 92260.

SCUBA DIVERS

GWM, 26, seeks others interested in forming dive group. L.A. area. Box 5858

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Looking for rough men for drinking-fuck buddy. Show me men still exist. A man who appreciates a man. I am W, 34, looking 24, 5'7", 138, brn hair, brn eyes, into body-worship, muscles, tits, bunch-fucking, jeans, leather, and getting sleazy and greasy. (818) 507-9946. Ask for David in Apt. #3A.

LEATHERMAN READY

Experienced bottom, 46, into serious bondage scenes (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S/M scenes (CBT, 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)

GANGFUCK FRENZY

I mean you spy this wow candiass 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.

WANTED EXPER. LEATHER SADIST

Muscular, tattooed Italian S has hot Italian M to share. Looking for hot S with attitude and endurance for long, rugged session ordering M into heavy S/M, BD, hoods, gags & other fantasies. Detailed letter/phone to Box 585, 8306 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211. (LF5906)

WHIPMASTER!

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903)



TWO MEN

WMs: 40, 270 lbs., & 36, 190 lbs., seek big-ass men into slings, fist & big dildoes. Send name & phone. Photos a plus. PO Box 1029-243, Dan Nuys, CA 91408

MOTOR COPS!

Sharp, masculine & discreet W/M motor officer wishes to hear from other police, CHP, sheriff or escort motor officers. WJ, PO Box 11538, Costa Mesa, CA 92627.

RIM SEAT

Have rim seat, will travel! Healthy, hot (HTLV-III neg.) 29-yr-old pig mouth looking for good-looking face-sitters who enjoy anal esoteric realities. Tops who are in total control and who are into verbal abuse and humiliation can be serviced by calling Cory at (619) 943-8735. Military given extra attention. Ex-Lax provided. Just to take a dump or on a regular basis. Thank you, Sir.

AS YOU DIRECTED, SIR:

Seeking Masters for my worship as *you* control my growth from 37, WM slave to your assistant in search of safe SM perfection. Need slaves for your pleasure (and use, as training dummies). BKT, 3841 Fourth Ave., San Diego, CA 92103. 25, WM Master demands photos (or my hide ...) (619) 237-0586. (LF5897)

MOVING TO SO. CALIF.

Passive, good-looking GWM, 44, brown hair/beard, 130, green eyes, 7". You: aggressive, considerate guide. Learn/share mild spanking, piss, safesex, fantasies. Dates, weekends, expanding, friendship/relationship. Pic & letter to Box 5929

TALL, HUNG, HORNY

I'm looking for in-shape regular guys (under 35) who need some meat shoved up their chute and enjoy having someone else in charge. Box 5950

SLAVE/SON WANTED

by W/M Topman, 46. No S&M abuse or head games, just plenty of discipline, regime, and a heavy Father-son relationship. Son must be completely bottom, thoroughly submissive and obedient. Prefer quiet, shy, stay-at-home type boy under 35 who really needs a Daddy. Box 4551LF

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 5888.

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. GWM, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

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

COLORADO SPRINGS SLAVE

Anxious to serve Master in immediate area. Novice, enthusiastic, obedient and willing to learn and expand. Call Don, (303) 473-2772, Sir, Box 5924

CONNECTICUT

WET HOT BUDDIES

in the Hartford area needed for wet, hot ranch by bearded WM, 33, 6'1", 185 lbs. into recycled beer swap, C&BT and TT. Uncut a plus. No FF or scat. Send photo and phone. PO Box 8305, Boston, MA 02114.

DC-METRO

SLAVE?

BB Top, into leather and bondage. You: slave-meat, 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

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

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

PISS MAN

GWM, 38, 6', 165, br/br, moustache, masculine, 6', cut, big shaved balls, all-over tan. Submissive seeks Dominant for creative, prolonged piss role-playing like father/son, coach/jock, woodshed. Wet jockstraps, asshole and armpit sniffing, begging for piss, order to strip, crotch-licking, spanking. Safe sex only (drink our own). Willing and able to reciprocate. Details to PO Box 70675, Washington, DC 20024.

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)

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.

NEED TO DISCOVER/LEARN

New to country western/leather scene. Need a friend/daddy/helper/son/teacher/lover. Someone who is caring/forceful — short/medium — hairy, small/average cock size. Not fem/fat/black. Needed by 31, 6', average cock GWM, brown/hazel. Mr. Rick, PO Box 11422, Washington, DC 20008. Photo answered first.

BLACK DAD WANTS TO VISIT SON

Affectionate, 34, 5'9", large build, 230 lbs., masculine, seeks to visit a young boy who is in need of love and discipline. Allow me to satisfy your every need. If you are 18 to 33, of any race. Write to Boxholder, PO Box 19636, Washington, DC 20036-0636.

FLORIDA

BEAT THIS

WM, 30, 5'10", 155 lbs., good build, hairy, will submit to spanking, whipping, CBT/T, electro-torture, hot wax, BD, shaving by sadist/master 30-50. No scat, FF, drugs, groups, body fluids. Want long, sweaty sessions where my agony is your ecstasy. New to FL west coast but travel widely and often. Tell me where to be and when. Not after 3/88. Box 5919

LIVE THE FANTASY!

Master requires young novice to learn total submission for lifetime as sexual animal. You: boyish, slim, honest. Me: 36, beard, tall, trim, experienced, compassionate. PO Box 290628, Tampa, FL 33687-0628

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

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

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

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



SLAVES FOR SALE I & II (60.min each)

SLAVERY WAS ABOLISHED IN 1865 BUT NOBODY BOTHERED TO TELL HIM! Meet the man who is dedicated to carrying on that age-old tradition! He gathers 'em up one way or another, hunky men from all walks of life and brings them to the compound to be stripped, shaved, shackled, branded, trained and/or used. Then they are offered for sale. Featuring the Construction Worker, the Cop, the Surfer, the Body Builder, the Businessman, the Machanic, the Male Stripper and the Stock Boy and starring KEN SAVAGE, SCOTT O'HARA and SONNY CLINE, plus several regional Mr. Drummer titleholders.

59⁹⁵

CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE (60 minutes)

Loosely adapted from Robert Payne's book series, this one is full of action. Helpful hints and outrageous action by men who are really into the subject. Most are actual sessions rather than staged ones. There is discipline and bondage, shaving and captivity. A Colt model or two and some very strong training by men who know what they are doing. Humility abounds. Filmed along Folsom Row with you in mind.

59⁹⁵

JOYS OF SELF-ABUSE (60 minutes)

EVERY MAN HAS THE CAPACITY AND THE EQUIPMENT TO TURN HIMSELF ON! Some men have more equipment than others. Here is an hour of the bizarre, erotic and tantalizing with some very spectacular meat-beating and general abuse. We guess you could call it safe sex as long as you don't break the equipment.

59⁹⁵

MASTER BARBER (60 minutes)

THESE SESSIONS ARE FOR REAL and every hair on you body is fair game. During the shooting for CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE, KEN SAVAGE got carried away and decided that one of the recruits needed a GI haircut. There wasn't too much the fellow could do about it. Ken convinced him that he loved the result and then went out to find some more "volunteers." Stars KEN SAVAGE, MATT CHRISTIE, JEFF TURNER and HANZ FACHT. For slave-shaving enthusiasts—a must.

59⁹⁵

THE BEST AND WORST OF DRUMMER (60 minutes)

DRUMMER'S Golden Years with the kinds of goings-on that made it the premier leather magazine for so long. We can only sell 500 of these before our arrangement expires, and nobody else is selling them. An hour that contains twelve years of outrageous action. Even the reviewers liked it!

39⁹⁵

NIGHT OF SUBMISSION (60 minutes)

A classic if there ever was one. An hour in a pre-Born to Raise Hell" dungeon. Filmed in the seventies in Southern California, its star is Bernie Prock and his perpetual hard-on. There has never been anything like it.

39⁹⁵

BORN TO RAISE HELL

This one still can't be shown in Los Angeles commercially after ten years! Starring Val Martin in his most powerful role and some of the wildest SM in show business. Robert Payne called it "a two-hour hard-on" and it is only 90 minutes. A must-have for anyone's collection.

59

WINGS VIDEO
PO Box 42009 San Francisco, CA 94142-2009

Send me the above circled tapes in
☐ Beta ☐ VHS

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

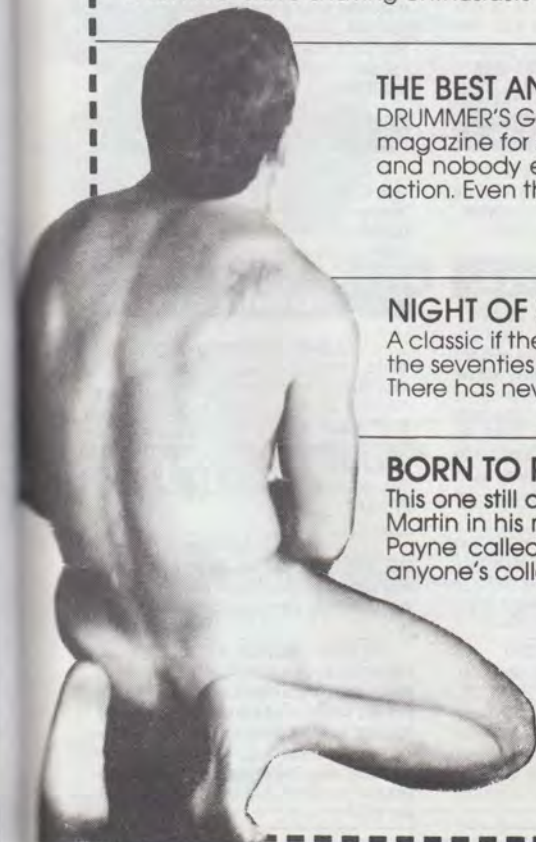
Enclosed is ☐ Check ☐ Money Order which includes \$1 postage per item. (Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.)

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Signature _____

(I am 21 years of age or older)



WANTED: MASTER PIERCER
Ordered to have tits pierced. Central Florida area. Need experienced piercer. Please help. Box 5358LF

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.

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

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) gangbanged 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

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

ASS EATING BOTTOM
Pig bottom seeks Top or bottom with hot asshole. Into all kinds of kink and raunch, W/S, hot wax, tit work, spit, snot, armpits, piercing. I am HIV neg W/M 30s, 5'10", bearded. Need to eat your ass. Call (312) 477-0763. (LF5898)

HORSE WANTED
6'1 1/2", 205 lbs., 59-yr. engineer, master, wants any age, 220 lbs.+ BB or muscular, heavy-set slave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts; mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. (LF5901)

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, feds, 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

LITTLE BOY LOST
Sexually and emotionally abused boy, 38, 5'7", 135 lbs., needs stern, loving daddy. PO Box 2693, Bloomington, IN 47402

SON NEEDS DADDY
WM, 23, 6'1", 180 lbs. needs weekend Daddy to serve. I'm a novice and wanted to be trained. Into bondage, taking orders, and making my Daddy feel like the man he is. Box 5910

KANSAS

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

KENTUCKY

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)

HOT HORNY YOUNG STU
Muscular smooth body, 24, 5'9", 140 lbs., 7". New to scene, and looking for safe, good-looking, well-built teacher to learn and experiment with (Top or bottom). Into leather, S/M, heavy tit torture. Send photo with letter. Louisville. Box 5946

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 PM.

MAINE

DADDY SLAVE WANTED
30 y/o son, 6' tall, 7" cock, looking for slave dad 30-55 into crotch worship, cocksucking, shaving, and spanking. Write Box 5915

MASSACHUSETTS

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)

PLOWED
Bottom, 37, 6', 195 lbs. needs assistance using my extensive dildo collection. Will also submit to spanking, shaving and titwork/Deep hole Danny, (617) 536-4308. (Box 5947)

GWM 26 5'8" CLEAN CUT
attractive, dominant, seeks young recruit for discreet sessions in soundproof cellar. SM, BD, TT, CBT, long-term bondage, forced heavy labor. Safe, sane and mutually satisfying. Size or race not important, but nice body is. Tell me your ideas. Answer photos only. Accordi, 89 Massachusetts Ave., PO Box 178, Boston, MA 02115

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)

MASSACHUSETTS

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.

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

TOP WANTED!
Aussie, 29, wants top/daddy for occasional scenes. Prefer hairy, with playroom/equipment. Into leather, cops some rubber, safe but raunchy bondage, SM, WS, cigars, boots. No drugs. Clear limits. Camb./Boston area. Photo & letter. I can top the right fella too. Box 5930

MICHIGAN

HOT MASTER
has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050. (LF5686)

BUTCH BOTTOM
seeks dominant leatherman into bikes, lt. B/D, Gr/a/c, size L, uncut a plus, blk or wht, moustache, good shape and intelligent. Me: 40, tattooed, self-sufficient, self-contained, dark Irish looks, friendly and experienced. Looking for the real thing—no bullshit. Let's do. Box 5905

MINNESOTA

TWIN CITY DADDY
Twin City area leather daddy seeking abuse-hungry masochist for TT, CBT, paddling, etc. Daddy is bearded, 39, 6'1", 185 lbs. Send your qualifications and recent photo to Box 5921

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

NIPPLE ACTION
WM, 5'11", 150 lbs., 40. Seeks Kansas City area tops, 40+ for extended titwork and safe ass play. Photo, phone to Box 5916

SLAVE TRAINEE AVAILABLE
Inexperienced St. Louis Greek passive needs young attractive arrogant jock to serve, worship and submit mind and body to for training, bondage and discipline, verbal abuse, spanking and fulfillment of Master's fantasies. Would-be slave is 28-year-old white professional who is 5'11", 170 lbs. with brown hair. Box 5908

RE-ISSUE OF AN S&M CLASSIC!

RUN, LITTLE LEATHER BOY

BY LARRY TOWNSEND



ILLUSTRATED BY ZANE



LARRY TOWNSEND, P.O. BOX 10449
BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90213

PLEASE SEND _____ COPIES OF RUN, LITTLE LEATHER BOY.
I ENCLOSE \$11.95 PLUS \$1.50 POSTAGE FOR EACH COPY. MY SIGNATURE
BELOW VERIFIES THAT I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER.

SIGNATURE _____

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY, STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

**COMPLETE ORIGINAL
NOVEL.**

**Plus a set of dungeon
photos, shot in the
author's dungeon.**

Wholesale prices on request.

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.

IN SEARCH OF...

That special man, secure enough to be a versatile top and bottom on a regular basis. I'm white, 32, 5'8", 145 lbs., St. Louis-based with interests in B&D, C&B, tits, clothespins and ass play. I'm levelheaded, sane and play safe. Box 5941

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 to Gary, PO Box 733, Bellevue, NE 68005-0733. (LF5474)

OMAHA AREA

Nonsexual WM bondage Master, 36, 5'10", 190, wants part-time WM slaves, 21-35. Light to moderate SM optional. Any experience level. No scat, WS, drugs. Address/phone to GFLH, PO Box 733, Bellevue, NE 68005. (LF5474)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

SEEK HAIRY DADDY

34-year WM, moustache, beard, seeks hairy uncut daddy, 35-45, to treat me like a man; will never say no or enough. Exploration of all possibilities—cock-tit-ball torture, enemas, bondage, poppers, armpits, sweaty crotches—no scat. Will travel New England. Call (603) 225-4577. Box 5818LF

FUCK BOYS WANTED

Masters seek slaves 21+ in our home. You: French & Greek passive. Full-time position for right asshole. Write Alan, PO Box 294, Conway, NH 03818. Send complete desc. and phone if possible, or call (603) 367-8304.

NEW JERSEY

STRIP SEARCHES MEDICAL EXAMS RAZOR STRAPPINGS

Shaving and enemas if needed. Formally administered to deserving young men. Reform-school style. Call this handsome 32-year-old, hairy guy. (201) 635-7066

NOVICE

Good-looking, 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes—slave/son in NY metropolitan area—into bondage, fucking, hot wax, sweaty 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 PM. EST, anytime weekends. (LF4769)



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

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

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 update. Box 5696LF

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

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)

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

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)

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

YOU WANT A BIG STRONG MAN

to hold you, to envelope you, to caress and use your hot little body. I'm 6'2", 33 years old and good-looking with light brown hair and blue eyes. You're young and slim and, maybe, a little inexperienced. That's OK, I'm a patient teacher, safe and sensual. Jeff Martin, 400 W. 43, Apt. 14-P, New York, NY 10036. Photo gets same. Box 5777LF

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

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 hood to please you 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)

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

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

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)

YOU WANT A BIG STRONG MAN

to hold you, to envelope you, to caress and use your hot little body. I'm 6'2", 33 years old and good looking with light brown hair and blue eyes. You're young and slim and, maybe, a little inexperienced. That's OK, I'm a patient teacher, safe and sensual. Jeff Martin, 400 W. 43, Apt. 14-P, NY, NY 10036. Photo gets same. (LF5777)

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.

SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT

Very hot 25 yo. 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

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

YOUNG MUSCULAR MASTER

29, 5'7", 150, hairy, bearded, offering excellent opportunity for straight-looking, muscular, submissive guy to serve as real life slave/houseboy. Your loyalty rewarded by my ownership. Apply with photo and phone. PO Box 1853, NYC 10009.

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

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☐ DEVEGA/GUNN/MCCLOUD

☐ SADO ISLAND

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PHYSICAL TRAINING

GWM, 43, 6', 198 lbs., out of shape needs direction from in-shape Coach/Topman. Goal: overcome flab, develop trim, tight body for Coach/Topman's use and enjoyment in extensive sexual training. Coach is thoroughly top, mature, dominant, extremely well hung, always horny. Awaiting instructions. Sir. Live update/travel Box 5949LF

HUSKY TOP/BOTTOM

Seeks older man/Dad for light S/M, bondage, T/T, domination, and submission: You must be over forty and masculine. Beards, mustaches, hairy bodies, salt and pepper hair a plus. Me: 26 yrs., masculine, 5'11", 260 lbs. Safe sex only. Relationship possible. (516) 731-6740. Anytime.

DOMINANT BLACK MAN WANTED

Very well-hung white European male with smooth, firm, round buns seeks to serve hot, demanding black master. I am 40, 165 lbs., 5'10", semi-cut 8 1/2". I need hot & heavy abuse. Beat me, fuck me, sit on my face & train me to worship your black body. Will travel. Write Suite K52, 496A Hudson St., New York, NY 10014.

FAT PIG SLAVE

Sir, I'm 30, 5'10", 260 lbs., beefy tits. Tight ass. I strongly desire bondage, spanking, piss, and assplay I lick boots, balls and ass. Limits: scat, electricity, and piercing. Wouldn't you like a pig slave tonight? (212) 533-2943

HOT YOUNG NOVICE SEEMS TOP

to expand horizons. Me: 24, red hair, blue eyes, hot ass. You: 21-35, tall, dark and hung. Need to be tied down and made to service my hot new Master. I want to be face and ass fucked, toilet slaved, shaved, gagged, disciplined. It's up to you. New to scene. Healthy, but far from innocent. Call (718) 424-2870.

HOT FISTFUCKING BOTTOM

needs dominant master. GWM 27, is looking for top leatherman to train me for hot BD sex. I'm into enemas, large dildoes, leather and big lists up my ass. Suspend me in your sling and open up my hole. PO Box 17043, Rochester, NY 14617.

BLACK DAD SEEKS BABY BOY

Big blk hard cigar-smokin', beer-bellied Dad, 5'11", 233 lbs. seeks hungry baby boy 21-35 for mainly nursin' sessions on his pebble-sized nips. Big momma's boys or very SM guys a plus. Must be clean cut and crave attention. Box 5936

FUN ASSPLAY

31, 5'9", 160, hot, seeks others into safe ass play, FF, fantasy, raunch for fun. Photo/phone if possible. Box 5939

NYC SLAVE WANTED

Master: 36, 6', brown/blue, professional. Demanding, but affectionate. You: 18-35, healthy, good shape, intelligent, employed, and ready to be totally owned. Duties: naked, chained, shaved servitude with heavy bondage and strict discipline. On-call while in training, permanent upon graduation. Stop fantasizing and write, boy! Box 5925

SHAVED, BOOTED, TIED TOGETHER

Looking for older shave buddies into mutual rawhide, clothespins, tit chains, for slow, simultaneous CB/TT. Moderate pain, maximum pleasure between two beefy, shaved Dads stretching, tugging, smacking, twisting. Box 5913

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

HUMILIATION

Groveling slave, 28, needs arrogant top. Box 364, 132 W 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

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)

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



HOT JOCK PUSSY/DEEP THROAT

Tough young stud in great shape (health) needs hot Black, Latin or white stud with 9" U/C meat. Looking for man who needs a hot, tough stud between his legs (you'd be proud to be seen with me anywhere) eating his cock anytime he needs it, feeding on his U/C cheese, naked and obedient. Won't find me in the bars—work too hard. Am a successful professional, not looking to be kept (unless you decide to take me), but to be trained further, used, throat kept full and ass filled deeper and deeper. Me—29, 6'3", 175/180, 8 1/2" rock-hard, cock, tight ass that needs to be opened. Can take 14" dildo. Train me to take fist to elbow. Walk me around room with hand up my ass. Incredible throat, take 11" cock to base and stay down on indefinitely while swallowing on the cock. I'm hot but unused, having just moved to NYC. Need one hot big-dicked man who can appreciate and exploit the above. Photo/phone. J.N., PO Box 2653, Church St. Sta., NYC 10008-2653.

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

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)

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.

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

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.

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

COCKSLAVE BONDAGE TRAINEE

seeks 18-25 Menudo-type boy/man, slender, hairless smooth body novice with big fat cock to teach this GWM of 40, 5'6", 150 lbs., br/br, drug/virus free nonsmoker the joys of cock worship/slavery. Steel-ringed nipples/cock-head. Shaved. Desire perm. cock modification/piercings & forced wearing of lockable cock control chastity device full-time. Into ass expansion & urethral stretching. Want overnite/extended bondage, suspension, impalement, sensory deprivation with leather/latex harnesses, hoods, collars, gags, restraints & dildoes in locked closet, cage, burial up to neck and forced exhibition/humiliation/ass-whipping/verbal & sexual abuse from young Master in public place late at nite. Serious replies w/photo only. Box 5909

22-Y.O. CONSTRUCTION WORKER

5'9", 140, brown, blue, lean, tight muscled, tattooed, beer drinking, healthy body. Seeks in-shape, over 6', mean top to serve mentally and physically. Have no limits, into it all. Hot letter, photo, phone. G.F. PO Box 30182, NYC, NY 10011-0102. (212) 228-1819

NORTH CAROLINA

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville, Waynesville, Sylva, Maggie Valley, Cherokee—40s WM, hairy, healthy Top—SS—wellhung, uncut good physical shape—Into tit & CB torture, BD, whips, chains, dildos, & sexual service—leather, 501s, jockstraps, briefs, and discipline. Tourists, truckers, uniforms, college students; experienced or novice—"SARGE," PO Box 1576, Waynesville, NC 28786

OHIO

DADDY MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/G, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops. 25-45 for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BD, 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.

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

LET'S DISCOVER LEATHERSEX TOGETHER

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being belted, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom, I can be both gentle and strong. Handsome, 6'4", 210, 29. Into working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to PO Box 40740, Portland, OR 97240-0740. (LF5747)

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, using; 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

LEATHERMEN

Suckhole mouth and ass looking for rough men, top and bottom, for play. B/D. anything else? 36, 5'11", 150, Box 5914

NOVICE SEEKS INITIATION

Handsome, well-built swimmer, 30, 5'7", 160 lbs., need introduction to sweaty safe leathersex. Couples welcome. Photo/letter. Box 5933

PENNSYLVANIA

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 ferns need not waste the postage. Discretion assured and photos returned. Apply to: Master, PO Box 55—Glenshaw, PA 15116. (LF4484)



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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

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-ZI All fantasies considered... most realized. Requires mind, body and soul. Can't handle it... fuck off! Men only need apply. Box 4406LF

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)

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)

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)

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

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 topper (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 nains winkte. Pilamayan wasicun iapi wowapi yakaga. Watanah wacyanke kte lo. Niyelo. Wakan Tanka nini 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 disc., 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 5186LF



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 rubdown 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

BONDAGE AND TICKLING

Very good-looking, ticklish, 28 yr. old, blond, 6'1", 165 lbs., seeks other gay men as fascinated as I am with male bondage and tickling—especially foot tickling. Box 5931

DALLAS

Hot, horny hole needs large tool, hands, toys. GWM, 32, seeks above. Nude photo gets response. Member Leather Fraternity. Box 5459LF

LOW HANGERS WANTED

Surrender to me your cock and balls for heavy torture. Any age. Sex not required. Bill. (214) 520-8607

SAFE BUT "HOT" LEATHER SEX

Houston versatile bottom can become hot top for right daddy. Must be professional, masculine, in good shape, good-looking and like to play. Reply Box 5911

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, 5'9", 161, wants FF partners (top-bottom). Member M.A.F.I.A., Chicago. Safe play practices. Also other interests. Bob (214) 526-7354.

WHIPPING BOY

Blond, moustache, 37 yrs., 6'1/2", 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.

VERMONT

HOT VERMONT BOTTOM

42, brown and blue, 120 lbs., 5'6", needs Tops to train me. Into all except fistfucking. Turns: uniforms, leather, jockstraps, humiliation, slapping ass, cock toys, cops, all law enforcement officers. Would also like to try W/S, T/T. Wayne D. Bannister, RD 2, Rt. 30, Box 2102, Middlebury, VT 05753. (802) 462-3173 (LF5750)

VIRGINIA

HOT FF BOTTOM

Looking for a man's man to enjoy great times. Forget slave or toilet, just one man looking for another one. If you're into intense sex and a personable fella let's meet. N. Virginia area. Box 5477LF

RICHMOND AREA

WM, 29, 5'8", 150 lbs., seeks partner into CBT, B/D, top/bottom, 25-45. Box 5787

EXPLORING BONDAGE

Experienced, mature, intelligent man looking for person(s) to explore bondage and related S/M activities. Open to all safe, sane activity. Have well-equipped playroom or will travel VA, NC, DC, MD for long, intense sessions. Enjoy top but will go bottom or switch. Age not important but prefer someone experienced under 40. HTLV-negative. Karl, (804) 270-6749, 8-10 PM ET. Box 5862

BONDAGE SLAVE

WM, 28, 5'9", 150 lbs., well-built, handsome, seeks safe sessions with rugged top to work my tits and ass. No damage. Very discreet. PO Box 301, Portsmouth, VA 23704.

WASHINGTON

RAUNCH SLAVE

GWM, 30, 5'9", good-looking, seeks raunch Master/Daddy to serve. Master should be white, healthy, facial hair, under 45, good-looking with a rank-smelling shithole. Initiate me into toilet service, humiliation, Master worship, etc. Send photo with letter. Box 5935

TITS AND ASS DAD

Seattle area GWM, 39, slender, smooth body needs virile, aggressive, dominant, endowed, Gr/A Dad for permanent involvement. My large, pierced nipples and hungry hole need frequent attention and punishment. Not into attitude, games, tricks or bars. Leather, latex, bondage preferred. I'm professional, sincere, discreet and affectionate boy. Travel possible. Box 4249LF

NEEDS DISCIPLINE

Handsome, muscular, 24-year-old college student needs to be dog-collared, dominated, and disciplined by loving master. Into athletics, intellectual and spiritual growth. PO Box 1714, Seattle, WA 98111.

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GWM, 45, 6', 160 lbs., br hair/eyes, intelligent, masc., healthy, athletic build, hairy, 8" uncut, shaved balls, seeks hot descriptive J/O correspondence with masc. guys anywhere proud of their big, hairy pecs and nipples, who enjoy writing about it, showing it off. Full-blown pecs a must, overweight OK. Race, height, age, cock size not important. Hairy Latin types, muscles, exhibitionists, pierced nipples, uniforms, torn T-shirts, leather all pluses, but not essential. How about chains or a rope to define the big suckers? Gentle tongue massage or heavy workout—you name it, I'll focus on your manit. Yes, I'm into tit worship, so if you think you've got what it takes and are man enough, write now and enclose photo(s). Visitors to Southern Pacific welcome. All letters answered. Reply: Boxholder, PO Box 34451, Birkenhead, Auckland, New Zealand.

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Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/beard, seeks "doctor" to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF

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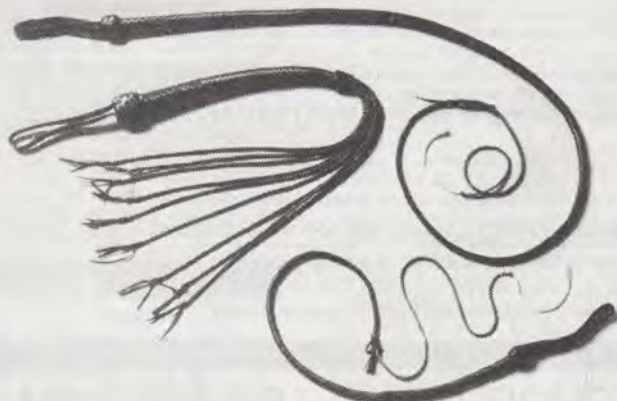
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LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

LEATHER PRIDE NIGHT

Nearly 600 men and women of the New York-area leather community trooped down to The Saint, the city's oldest and largest gay-owned dance club, on Sunday, June 21, to make the fourth annual Leather Pride Night benefit the most successful yet. More than \$8,000 was raised for the joint beneficiaries: Heritage of Pride, which organizes New York's Lesbian and Gay Pride Day March and Rally each year, and the S/M-Leather Outreach Committee for the October 11 National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights.

The event was organized by the Gay Male S/M Activists (GMSMA) and the Lesbian Sex Mafia (LSM), the area's largest leather S/M organizations. Other participating groups were the New York chapter of Trident International MC, Thunderbolts MC, Excelsior MC, the 9+ Club, the Pocono Warriors, and the

Long Island Spuds MC. The four-hour party featured a slide show of highlights from past Gay Pride Day marches and club events, a raffle and auction of thousands of dollars worth of donated goods and services, entertainment by cast members from the Broadway musical *Stardust*, and "side-show" concessions including a boot-shine stand, an instant-photo booth, and Tarot readings. A popular feature of the photo booth was a life-size enlargement of Drum, Bill Ward's famous cartoon leatherman.

M.C.'s for Leather Pride Night were Pat Califia, co-coordinator of LSM and a nationally known writer on sexual politics and other gay/lesbian issues, and Ray Matienzo, who recently retired after four and a half years as chairman of GMSMA. General coordinators for the event were Thor Stockman and David Stein, both of



LEATHER PRIDE NIGHT AT THE SAINT: Top, left to right—Drum, Pat Califia, Brick and Jo Armone (co-founder of LSM). Front, left to right—David Stein; Thor Stockman; Ray Matienzo.

GMSMA, greatly assisted by Candida Piel of Heritage of Pride and Marc Berkley of The Saint.

"The money raised for us at Pride Night is two thirds of our national budget for outreach to the leather-S/M community," said Barry Douglas, who shares the "leather seat" on the Steering Committee of The National

March on Washington with Brenda Howard of LSM and the Eulenspiegel Society. "It will enable us to implement our plans for a communications system, mailings, and personal speaking engagements around the country to insure a big showing by our people in Washington."

GMSMA News Release

S/M-LEATHER CONFERENCE

The March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights on October 11, 1987 will attract thousands of people — gay and straight — from all over the country to demand an end to antigay discrimination, more money for AIDS research and patient care, more government support for PWAs, and a reaffirmation of our presence as a vital social and political force. This coming together will be the largest civil rights gathering in this country in this decade. For those of us into S/M and leather, the march, additionally, will be a coming-out. By having representation on the steering committee, we assume our rightful position as part of the forefront of the gay movement. This is the first time that a national coalition of gay and lesbian organizations has invited us to be part of the leadership. This act marks an end to discrimination from within our movement and signals the all-encompassing focus of the march.

Our S/M-Leather community will also be using the march weekend to hold the largest S/M-leather conference

ever. On Saturday, October 10, numerous events will be held to celebrate our right to choose any safe, sane and consensual ways to express sexuality. We need to meet each other, exchange ideas, and set up a useful network for communicating within our community. Organizations from all parts of the country will be sharing information, problems, and solutions. We intend to create a directory of S/M-leather clubs, organizations, groups, businesses, bars and individuals who share our varied and rich lifestyle. Now that we have been invited into mainstream gay life, we owe it to ourselves to join in a major way.

From 1 to 7 P.M., there will be seminars and workshops conducted by experts on topics ranging from politics, social issues, and activism to how-to classes and technical instructions. There will be people who live an S/M lifestyle and people who indulge one day a month. Tattoo artists, bikers, piercing fetishists, investment bankers, lawyers, nurses—a carnival of personalities reflecting the enormous variety of ways to express oneself. There will be

tables and booths for leaflets, toys, supplies, information and handouts. Late in the day, there will be a mass gathering for speeches, entertainment and an expression of unity. Saturday night, there will be a party sponsored by local clubs and bars.

While every individual's right to privacy will be zealously guarded, we want as much media coverage as possible. Through releases, press conferences and personal appearances by prominent supporters, we want our conference and our presence to have as broad a reach as the march itself. We in the S/M-leather community face prejudices from the world at large, from many of our gay and lesbian brothers and sisters, and, in some ways, from ourselves. We can no longer be ashamed. We no longer need to sneak through back alleys to meet each other. The weekend of October 10-11, 1987, will be an enormous affirmation of our rights, freedoms, values and joys.

—Barry Douglas
Co-chair for the S/M-leather community

WOMANLINK: NETWORK FOR S/M WOMEN

Developed with the assistance of and modeled closely on Interchain, the leathermen's personal networking organization, Womanlink is the S/M women's contact organization. Like Interchain, Womanlink gives S/M women a way to correspond with and meet other S/M women when they traveling on business or for pleasure.

Womanlink produces a quarterly membership roster which includes, in code, each member's interests and her name and address. Mail forwarding is available. Members can correspond, develop trust in each other, decide to meet or not. There is also a quarterly newsletter of events, concerns, and just plain hot stuff of interest to women into leather-S/M.

Womanlink is operated by S/M women who share concern for strengthening the S/M women's network, for safe, consensual, nonexploitative S/M, and safe sex.

For an application, send a long SASE to Womanlink, 2124 Kittredge #257, Berkeley, CA 94704.

LEATHER'S COAST TO COAST TO COAST BIG THREE EVENTS FOR FALL

Three major events in just more than a month will keep leather men (and women) hopping from coast to coast to coast.

Living in Leather II, starts off on the Pacific Coast, August 28 through 31, in Seattle. The men and women of the National Leather Association plan to outdo last year's excellent conference with three days of virtually nonstop leather-S/M workshops, demos, discussion groups, exhibits, erotica reviews and private parties. You can register for the conference only (\$50), the conference and meals (\$70), or conference, meals and lodging (\$125 to \$225 per person). For more information contact NLA, PO Box 17463, Seattle, WA 98107,

or call (206) 329-5462 or (206) 938-4305.

Denizens of the East and West Coasts often forget that there are others. The Gulf Coast extends all the way to Texas. And those inland seas, the Great Lakes, have thousands of miles of coastline. The second major event of this fall's trio is on the coast of Lake Michigan at Douglas, Michigan.

Inferno XVI will be held September 11 through 14. Invitations will go out in July to men who have been sponsored by Hellfire members. Registration is expected to fill by the second week of August so, if you are among the sponsored and can go, get your forms filed fast. The 200 spaces open fill fast!

The third event will be held

October 10-11 in Washington, DC. The National Leather Caucus on Saturday and the march on Sunday promise to be spectacular event. Not many of us will have the time or resources to travel to all three of these, but every leatherman should try to be at one, and preferably two. I'll see you there.

—A.F. DeBlase

NEW VIDEOS FROM MEN

Male Entertainment Network (MEN) now has available both the 1987 International Mr. Leather Contest and the 1987 Mr. Drummer Contest in PAL video cassette format for \$59.95 + \$5 airmail. They can be ordered from MEN, One United Nations Plaza, San Francisco, CA 94102.

PORTLAND LEATHER

Portland Leathermen is a five-month-old informal social group that simply enjoys wearing black leather. Although the laid-back group is nonpolitical and has none of the trappings of a "club," a growing number of Portland's leathermen are joining their ranks. To find out more, look them up at the Dirty Duck Tavern, 439 N.W. Third, on Fridays after 10 P.M.

WRONG ADDRESS

An old address for the Windy City Bondage Club has appeared in *Drummer*. The new address is PO Box 578606, Chicago, IL 60657. Anyone wanting information may write to them at the new address, or call the club at (312) 292-1215 during normal business hours.

USA/CANADA LEATHER CALENDAR

Drummer's events and run listings can only be complete and accurate if we receive the correct information. If you'd like events listed here, send us the appropriate information well in advance.

July 17-19
July 17-19
July 18
July 18-19
July 18-19
July 22
July 24-26
July 25-August 8
July 31
August 2
August 6-9
August 14-16
August 22
August 22-23
August 28-Sept 7
September 4-6
September 4-7
September 4-7
September 6
September 10-13
September 18-21
September 18-21
September 19-20
September 20
October 3
October 9-11
October 10-12
October 10
October 11
October 17-18
October 31
November 7
November 10
November 13-15
November 26
November 26-29

Zodiacs—Stampede 14 Weekend—Vancouver BC
Beer Town Badgers—3rd Annual "Bier Stein Run"
Tits & Balls Nite—The 15 Association
San Francisco
Hartford Colts MC—2nd Anniversary Round-Up
T-Bolts MC—Hosting ECOMC of NYC and Bucks MC of PA for a weekend ride
Avatar Club L.A.—Temperature Trips
Centaur MC—"Olympia X"—York, PA
National Leather Assoc.—Murder Mystery Contest
Benefit AIDS Services and National March on Washington
VASM—Fantasy Acres, a "Woodsy Party"
Up Your Alley—Dore Alley—San Francisco
Wasatch Leathermen MC—Falcon Flight '87
Nine Plus—22nd Anniversary—New York
Centaur MC and Spartan MC—Culpepper Picnic
T-Bolts MC—Mystery Ride
MC Faucon—Leather and Bike Convention
Montreal, Canada
Vikings MC—Lief Ericson Run—Merrimack, NH
MC Faucon—Migration 10th Anniversary
M.A.F.I.A.—9th A.G.M./Summerfest—Chicago
2nd Annual Lavender Championship—Columbus
Association of Alternative Bodybuilding
CAABB, PO Box 151082, Columbus, OH 43215
Chicago Hellfire Club—Inferno XVI
Iron Guard—12th Anniversary—New York
National Leather Association Conference—Seattle
Bike Stop Bar, Philadelphia—Bar Night
Rocky Mountaineers MC—19th Annual Aspen Run
Praetorians—17th Anniversary—New York
VASM—5th Anniversary
T-Bolts MC—Annual Fall Foliage Ride
National Leather Caucus—Washington, DC
National March on Washington
Community Involvement Committee
132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011
Rocky Mountaineers MC—19th Anniversary
Centaur MC—Halloween—Leather Sabat
Washington, DC
Mr. New York Leather Contest—Artry Foundation
New York
National Leather Assoc.—Election of Officers
Campanions—11th Anniversary—Philadelphia, PA
Thanksgiving—Stuff it!
D.C. Eagle—16th Anniversary—Washington, DC

November 28
December 5
December 12

December 19

December 25
Dec. 31-Jan. 1
January 15-17

Bucks MC—Santa Saturday—New Hope, PA
Centaur MC—Christmas Party—Washington, DC
Empire City MC—24th Annual Charity Christmas Party—New York
Lost Angels and Spartan MC
Party Hearty—Washington, DC
Traditional Holiday
Philadelphians—Tri-Cen-V—Philadelphia, PA
Centaur MC—Leather Weekend '88 and Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leatherman Contest—Washington, DC



EUROPEAN LEATHER CALENDAR

July 24-26
July 31
August 5
August 7-9
August 8
August 14
August 14-16
August 15
August 22
August 28-30
September 2
September 12
September 19
September 25-28
September 30
October 2-4
October 3
October 9-11
October 17-18
Oct. 30-Nov. 1
October 31
November 8
November 21
November 28
November 29
December 5
December 11-13
December 12
December 19
December 19
December 31
January 2
January 30

Leathermen Dusseldorf—Fun Fair Party
SLM-Stockholm—Hot Summer Night Disco
MSC-Finland—Bike Run
MSC-Hamburg—Europe's Leatherparty
MSC-Finland—Construction Night
SLM-Stockholm—Open House Night
MSC-Barcelona—Leather Connection '87
SLM-Stockholm—Gay Liberation Party
MSC-Finland—Bike Run to Sipoo—Harvest Party
Black Angels Koln—Grill party on the Rhine
MSC-Finland—Bike Run
SLM-Stockholm—Rubber Party
MSC-Finland—Black Leather Night
MSC-Munich—Octoberfesttreffen
MSC-Finland—Last Bike Run of the Year
MSC-Hallamshire—Golden Frame Weekend
MSC-Finland—Rubber Night
MS-Rotterdam—ECMC—AGM
MSC-London—Birthday Party
The Rurals MC—Roermond—Fox Hunt
MSC-Finland—Bondage Night
SLM-Stockholm—Rubber Party
MSC-Finland—Slave Market
SLM-Stockholm—General Assembly
SLM-Stockholm—Western Party
MSC-Finland—Uniform Night
NLC-Franken—Christkindles—Markt Treffen
SLM-Stockholm—Sankta Lucia
SLM-Stockholm—Christmas Party
MSC-Finland—Christmas Party
MSC-Finland—New Year's Party
SLM-Stockholm—Happy New Leather Year Party—Gasgrand, Sweden
SLM-Stockholm—Annual Meeting and Party

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

Send information or updates to Club Listings, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Notifications of incorrect addresses or defunct organizations, will be appreciated.

- Ace (women's group)**
PO Box 261
Annex Station
Providence, RI 02901
- Adventurers-Suncoast MC**
PO Box 8043
St. Petersburg, FL 33738
- Argonauts MC**
PO Box 3331
Los Angeles, CA 90028
- American Uniform Association**
PO Box 1037
Bowling Green Station
New York, NY 10274
- Atons**
PO Box 187
Dodge Center, MI 55927
- Avatar**
7869 Santa Monica Blvd. #316
Los Angeles, CA 90046
- Ball Club**
PO Box 1501
Pomona, CA 91769
- Beer Town Badgers**
PO Box 166
Milwaukee, WI 53201
- Black Fire**
Box 354
Syracuse, NY 13210
- Black Star MC**
PO Box 560933
Orlando, FL 32856
- Blue Max MC**
PO Box 39522
Los Angeles, CA 90039
- Boots**
PO Box 48577
Bentall #3
595 Burrard St.
Vancouver, BC
V7X 1A3 Canada
- Border Riders MC**
PO Box 21152
Seattle, WA 98111
- Bound & Determined (women's group)**
PO Box 602
Hadley, MA 01035
- Briar Rose (women's group)**
PO Box 44
Westerville, OH 43081
- The Brotherhood**
PO Box 29345
Los Angeles, CA 90029
- Brotherhood of Man MC**
PO Box 57
Hollywood, FL 33022
- Brothers MC**
484 May Street
Jacksonville, FL 32204
- Bucks MC**
PO Box 99
Buckingham, PA 18912
- California Eagles MC**
PO Box 280221
San Francisco, CA 94128-0221
- California Motorcycle Club**
Box 981
San Francisco, CA 94101
- CCMC-San Diego**
3143 33rd St.
San Diego, CA 92104
- Centaur MC**
PO Box 362
Arlington, VA 22210
- Chicago Hellfire Club**
PO Box 5426
Chicago, IL 60680
- Cigar Studs**
PO Box 14344
San Antonio, TX 78214
- The Club**
PO Box 1292
Omaha, NE 68101-1292
- Club Mud**
Box 277
Rio Nido, CA 95471
- Conquistadors MC**
PO Box 5591
Orlando, FL 32805
- Copperstate Leathermen's Association**
PO Box 44051
Phoenix, AZ 85064
- Corpus Christi MC**
PO Box 3532
Corpus Christi, TX 78404
- D.A.D.S.**
1800 Market St., #78
San Francisco, CA 94102
- Dallas MC**
PO Box 19525
Dallas, TX 75219
- Der Ledermeister**
PO Box 263
Downtown Station
Syracuse, NY 13201
- Desert Leathermen**
PO Box 1586
Tucson, AZ 85702
- Disciples of de Sade**
3920 Cedar Springs
Dallas, TX 75219
- Dreizehn**
PO Box 1486
Boston, MA 02117
- Eagle MC**
3311 Liddy Ave.
West Palm Beach, FL 33316
- Empire City MC**
PO Box 2543
New York, NY 10001
- Enigma-LaFargewerks**
253 Lawndale
Hammond, IN 46324
- Eulenspiegel Society**
PO Box 2783
Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10163
- Excelsior MC**
PO Box 31
New York, NY 10113
- Falcons MC**
PO Box 23023
Kansas City, MO 64141
- FFA Tampa Bay**
1230 East Mohawk Ave.
Tampa, FL 33604
- Faucon MC**
C.P. 833 Station A
Montreal, P.Q.
H3C 2V5 Canada
- The 15 Association**
PO Box 421302
San Francisco, CA 94142
- The Foot Fraternity**
PO Box 24102
Cleveland, OH 44124
- GMSMA**
132 East 24th St.
New York, NY 10011
- Gaucho MC**
3219B W. Obispo St.
Tampa, FL 33609
- Griffins MC**
214 N. Market
Wilmington, DE
- Hartford Colts MC**
Blue Hills Station
PO Box 12201
Hartford, CT 06112
- Hot Ash AWS**
PO Box 20147
London Terrace Station
New York, NY 10011
- Illustrated Men**
Box 7091
Burbank, CA 91510
- Interchain Fraternity**
Box 410
132 West 24th St.
New York, NY 10011
- International Mr. Leather, Inc.**
5025 N. Clark St.
Chicago, IL 60640
- International Ms Leather, Inc.**
PO Box 421915
San Francisco, CA 94142
- Iron Cross MC, Montreal**
PO Box 1721, Station A
Montreal, Quebec, H3C 3A5
- It's 'Bout Time**
616 N. 4th Ave.
Tucson, AZ 85702
- Knights D'Orleans**
PO Box 50812
New Orleans, LA 70150
- Knights of Malta MC**
737 N. Edinburgh Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90046
- Knights of the Second Liberty**
12226 Victory Blvd., #137
North Hollywood, CA 91606
- Knights Templar**
PO Box 14073
San Francisco, CA 94142-2151
- The Leather Guild**
219 Guerrero
San Francisco, CA 94103
- Leather and Lace (women's group)**
PO Box 54646
Los Angeles, CA 90054
- Ledermeisters, Inc.**
4655 Hollywood Blvd., #269
Los Angeles, CA 90027
- LFPT (women's group)**
PO Box 21542
Washington, DC 20009
- LL Steelworkers**
PO Box 40065
Nashville, TN 37204
- Loboc MC**
PO Box 833
Long Beach, CA 90801-0833
- Long Island Spuds MC**
PO Box 26
Massapequa Park, NY 11762
- LSM (women's group)**
PO Box 993
Murray Hill Station
New York, NY 10156
- M.A.F.I.A.**
PO Box 2230
Chicago, IL 60690-2230
- Men of Dungeons (MOD)**
PO Box 780242
Dallas, TX 75378
- Men of Leather**
1268 Madison Ave.
Memphis, TN 38104
- National Leather Association**
PO Box 17463
Seattle, WA 98107
- New World Rubber Men**
c/o Bill Bailey
1044 23rd St.
San Diego, CA 92102
- New York Bondage Club**
PO Box 204
New York, NY 10028
- New York Wrestling Club**
59 West 10th St.
New York, NY 10011
- Oedipus MC**
PO Box 451
Hollywood, CA 90028
- Omaha Meatpackers**
PO Box 6474
Elmwood Station
Omaha, NE 68104
- The Original Leathermasters Club of Los Angeles**
PO Box 93643
Los Angeles, CA 90093
- Outcasts (women's group)**
PO Box 31266
San Francisco, CA 94131-0266
- Pacific Coast MC**
PO Box 954
Los Angeles, CA 90028
- Pegasus, MC**
PO Box 3957
Wichita, KS 67201
- Pennsmen**
PO Box 401
Harrisburg, PA 17108
- Philadelphians MC**
PO Box 20720
Philadelphia, PA 19138
- Pittsburgh MC**
c/o Gus Coleola
5133 Saltsburg Rd.
Verona, PA 15147
- Pocono Warriors**
PO Box 381
Scranton, PA 18501
- Power Circle (women's group)**
PO Box 3284
Santa Cruz, CA 95063
- Praetorians**
PO Box 23
New York, NY 10014
- Queen City Quordinators**
PO Box 221841
Charlotte, NC 28222
- Regiment of the Black and Tans**
PO Box 875616
Los Angeles, CA 90087-0716
- Renaissance Men**
PO Box 1001
Trolley Station
Detroit, MI 48231
- Rocky Mountaineers MC**
PO Box 2629
Denver, CO 80201
- Saddleback MC**
PO Box 561
Los Angeles, CA 90028
- Sam Browne Society**
PO Box 8293
Phoenix, AZ 85066-8293
- San Andreas MC**
PO Box 3945
Orange, CA 92665
- Sandmutopia University**
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101
- San Francisco Bondage Club**
1800 Market St. #107
San Francisco, CA 94102
- The Sam Browne Society**
PO Box 8293
Phoenix, AZ 85066-8293
- Satyricons, MC**
PO Box 19058
Las Vegas, NV 89132
- Satyr MC**
PO Box 1137
Los Angeles, CA 90078
- Seattle Dungeon Guild**
918 E. Pike St.
Seattle, WA
- Shelix (women's group)**
PO Box 416
Florence Station
Northampton, MA 01060
- SigMa**
PO Box 30651
Bethesda, MD 20814-0651
- Society of Janus**
Southern Calif. Chapter
2554 Lincoln Blvd., Suite 381
Marina del Rey, CA 90291

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

Society of Janus
PO Box 6794
San Francisco, CA 94101

Somandros (women's group)
PO Box 291338
Los Angeles, CA 90029

Sons of Apollo
PO Box 7281
Phoenix, AZ 85011

SOW (women's group)
PO Box 236, Strawberry Hill
2012 N.S.W. Australia

Spartan Motorcycle Club
458 L'Enfant Plaza
PO Box 23832
Washington, DC 20026

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

Spearhead
113 Scadding Ave.
Toronto, Ont. H5A 4H8

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

The Tradesmen
PO Box 36712
Charlotte, NC 28204

Tribe MC
Box 32798
Detroit, MI 48232

Twin Cities S/M Alliance
(TCSMA)
PO Box 825
Minneapolis, MN 55440

Urania (women's group)
PO Box 23
Somerville, MA 02131-0266

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

Vanguards MC
PO Box 2308
Philadelphia, PA 19103

Warriors MC
PO Box 2484
Los Angeles, CA 90028

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

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

Wheels MC
PO Box 615
New York, NY 10001

Windy City Bondage Club
PO Box 578606
Chicago, IL 60657

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

Bart, Inc.
Cheruskerring 47
D-4400 Hunster
Federal Republic of Germany

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

BM SM Gays
BM SM 6
London WC1N 3XX

BM TLB
GB-London WC1N 3XX
Great Britain

Dutch Tattoo Foundation
Lankgestraat 3
10115 AK
Amsterdam, The Netherlands

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

Komrades
1917 Kagabia Prospekt
Siberia, Soviet Union

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, W. Germany

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

MCF Leather, MC
PO Box 536
I-50100 Firenze, Italy

MFSK
Postfach 10 07 52
D-5000 Cologne
West Germany

MLC e.V.
Postfach 330 163
D-8000 Munchen 33
West Germany

MS Amsterdam
Postbus 3540
NL-1001 AH Amsterdam
The Netherlands

MS Rotterdam
Postbus 22184
NL-3003 DD Rotterdam
The Netherlands

M.S.C. (SW)
The Secretary
c/o 57 Park Road
St. Marychurch
GB-Torquay TQ1 4QS
Great Britain

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-MSC
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-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

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

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

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

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

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

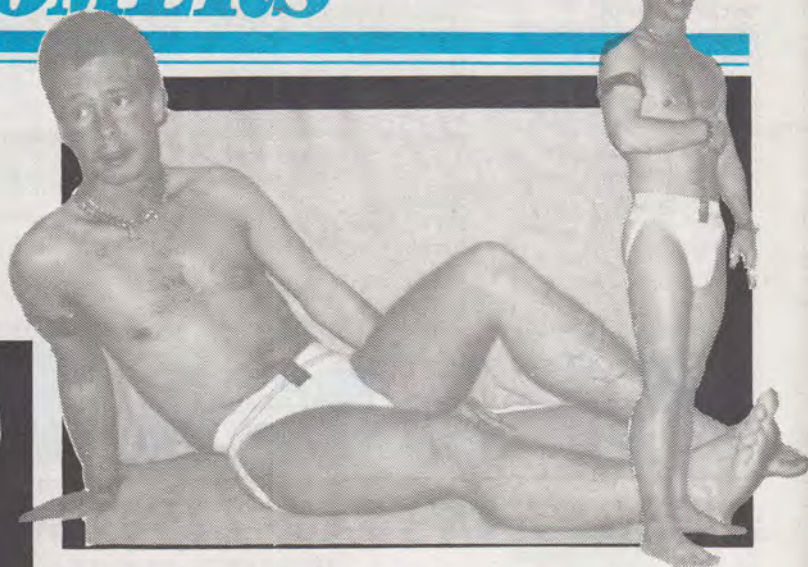
Spreadeagle
23K Rowley Way
Abbey Road
GB-London NW8 05Q
Great Britain

Tom's Club
Pihlajatie 26
Helsinki, Finland

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



PHENOMENAL COCKSUCKER WANTED: Applications are being taken by this Long Beach Master, 6'4", 220 lbs., with thick 9" cut meat, low, heavy balls and a hairy body (it's grown back since the photo). He's seeking a "sizzling, sex-crazed, cockslave, 18-30 years, with a together body and obedient attitude." Master Michael, TC 1225.



HOT BLOND: This San Francisco TC needs a big daddy to hold and caress his hot little body. He's 27 years old and likes big, masculine guys, but can be a good top or bottom. TC 1229

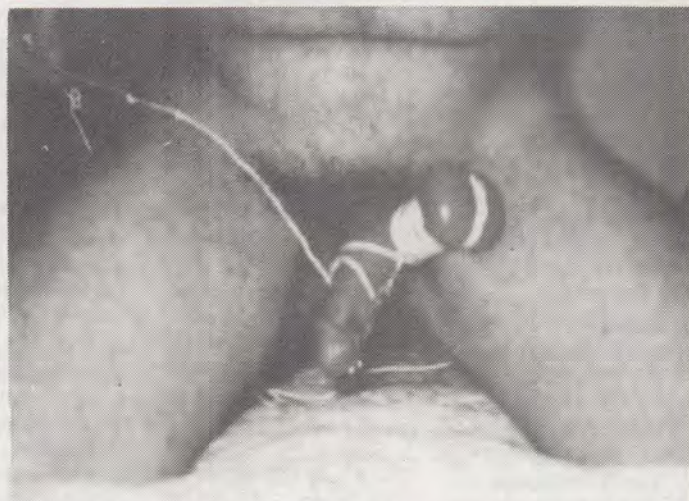
THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN? CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?

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.



THIS BOY WAS BAD: This 30-year-old Northern California gymnast has been bad and needs to be disciplined by tall, dark and hung-daddies. He's eager to be face and ass fucked, gagged and tied for the right Master. Safe sex only. TC 1230



DR. LIVINGSTON, I PRESUME: The bottom photo is labeled Nairobi, and this 27-year-old, 5'9", 150-lb. explorer is seeking, "The most sick fuckers the world has to offer!" Now in Colorado, exploration will soon take him to the Big Apple seeking CB&T work, watersports, electrotorture, piercing, constriction, clamps, wire bristle brushes, clove oil, etc. "Living in the African bush concentrates a man's mind powerfully!" TC 1228

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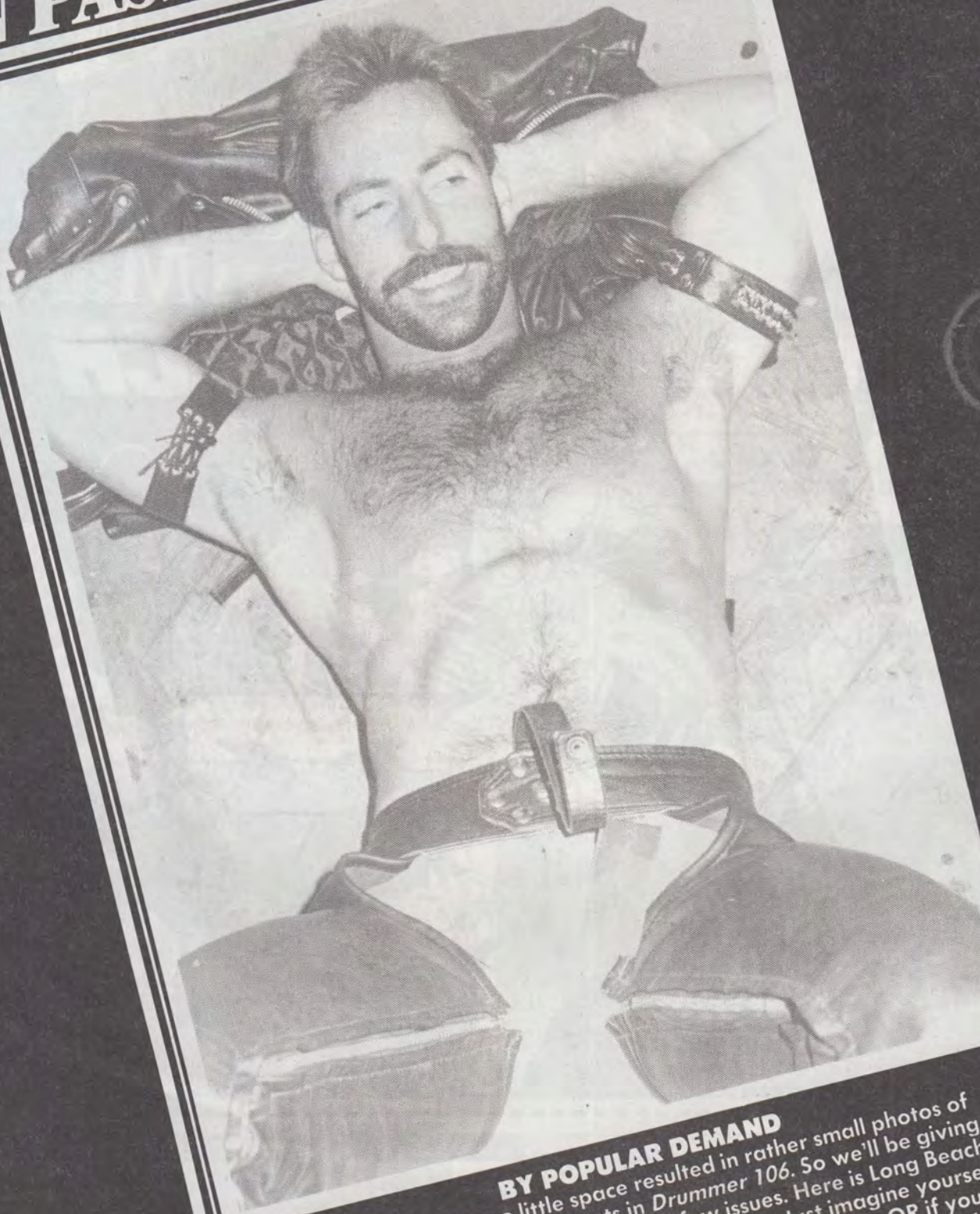


PHOTO BY JACK STAR

BY POPULAR DEMAND

Too many hot men and too little space resulted in rather small photos of International Mr. Leather contestants in *Drummer 106*. So we'll be giving you a better look at some of them over the next few issues. Here is Long Beach's Tom MacCarragher relaxing during the prejudging. Just imagine yourself down on your knees lapping the juice from those sweaty pits, OR if you are so inclined, imagine instead your booted foot firmly planted on that bulging crotch!

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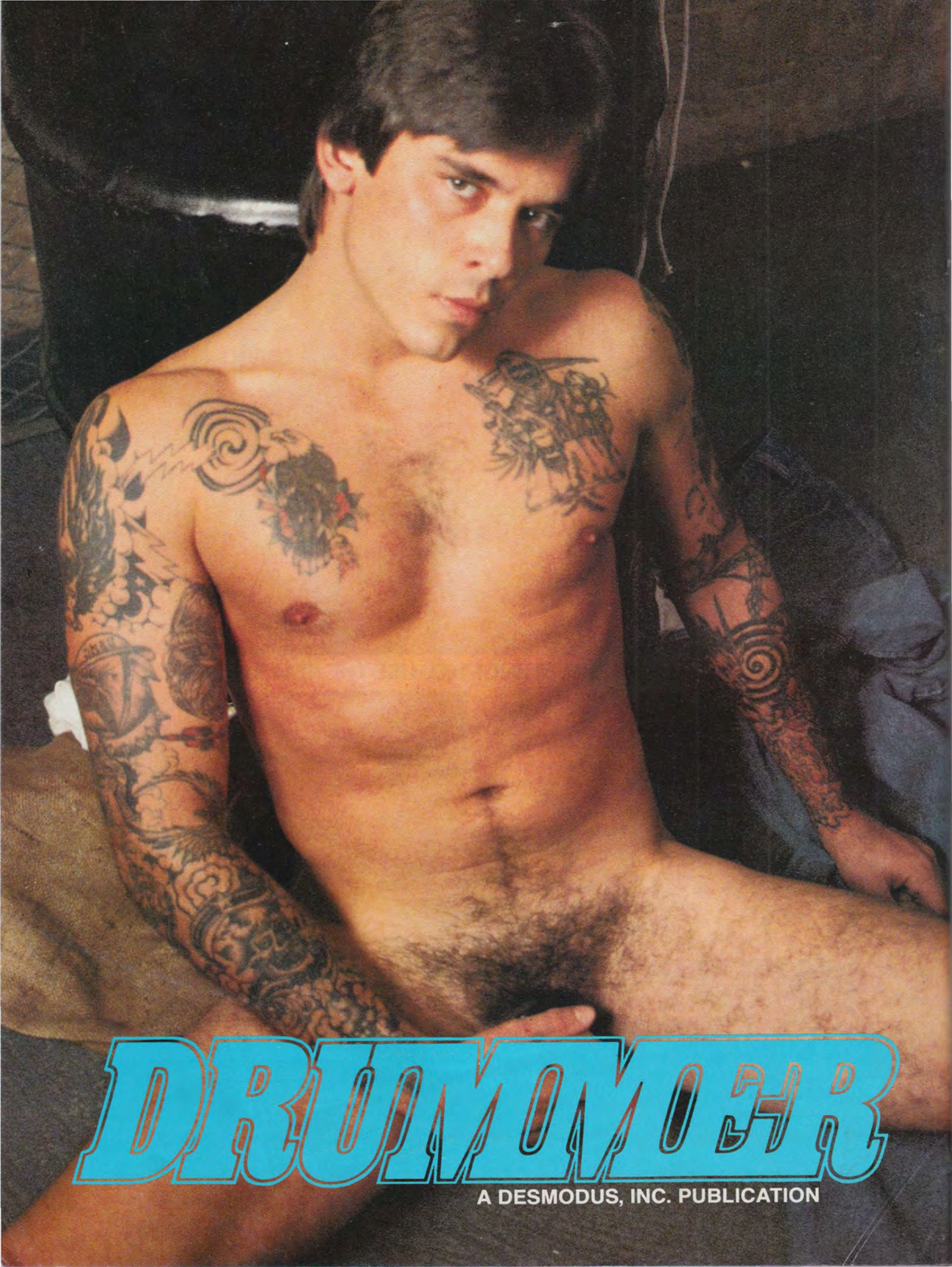
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