

DRUMMER

ISSUE 109

INCARCERATION FOR PLEASURE:

THE TRAINING CENTER & CONFINEMENT

RESPONSES TO A PAPAL VISIT:

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS ON YOUR KNEES

BY TIM BARRUS

BY DAVID STUART

FICTION:

THE TROUGH

PART III
BY ADOLF

IT ALL BEGINS WITH A "C"

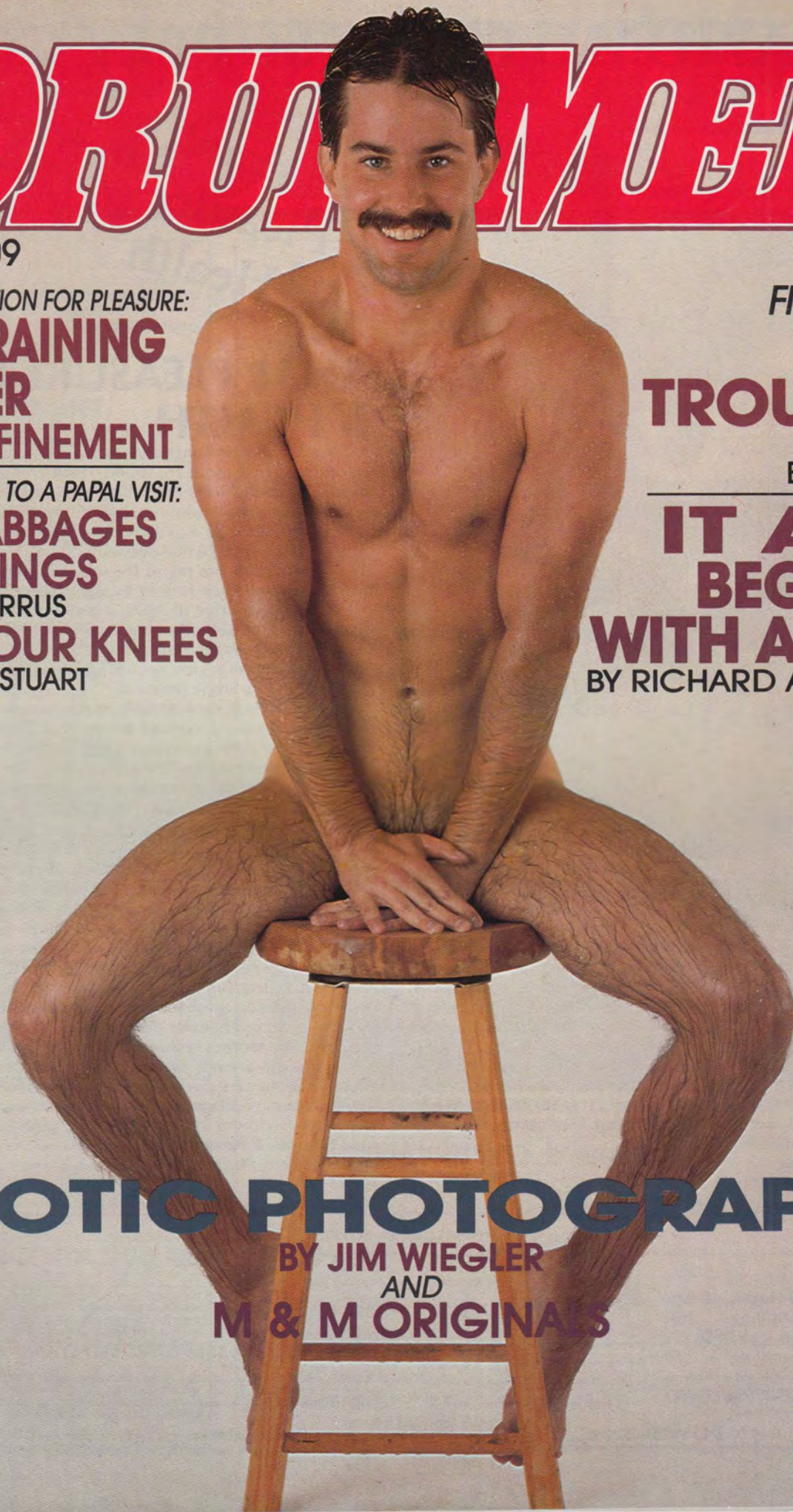
BY RICHARD A. WHITE

EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

BY JIM WIEGLER

AND

M & M ORIGINALS



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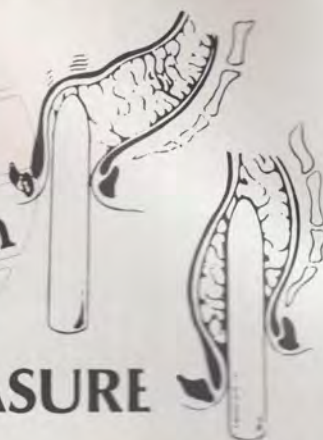
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DRUMMER

ISSUE 109

"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) 978-5377

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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) 978-5377.

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Any similarity between characters appearing in Drummer and actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. The representation or appearance of any person in Drummer is not to be taken as an indication of his or her sexual preference.

OFF THE TOP

by FLEDERMAUS

Happy Anniversary To Us

Desmodus Inc. has just completed our first year at the helm of *Drummer*. We managed to get out 10 issues of *Drummer*, two of each of the "quarterlies," and two special publications, the Inferno XV runbook and the Zeus Inferno XV photo book.

In quantity, we have ample room for improvement in the year ahead, and improve we will. (Please note that subscriptions are for a specific number of issues, not for a time period. You will get all of the issues you paid for even if it takes us longer than intended to get them published.)

As to quality, only you can be the judge. The feedback we have been getting is quite positive, and greatly appreciated. You have seen several changes as we continue to evolve and you will be seeing several more over the coming months. Keep us posted on your likes and dislikes, wants and needs.

We are now settled into our new building, the new typesetting and stat camera equipment are in place, and the staff has worked most of the bugs out of our routines. We WILL put out 12 issues of *Drummer* over the next 12 months, AND four issues of *DungeonMaster*. We hope and expect to do four issues of the other titles as well. After all, you expect the best from *Drummer*, and we plan to deliver!

New Magazines

There are several new titles that will be of interest to *Drummer* readers.

The Leather Journal is a news and information magazine aimed primarily at Leather/S/M club members and other Leathermen. It is a quarterly with a cover price of \$3 and an annual subscription rate of \$9. It is being published by David Rhodes, a member of Soman-dros, in Los Angeles.

The current issue, #2, is 32 pages and features Mike Murray, Mr. *Drummer* 1986, on the cover in a photo by Zeus. Their address is 7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #109-368, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

Journal of Sexual Liberty, is a six page monthly newsletter published by the Committee To Preserve Our Sexual and Civil Liberties, PO box 1592, San Francisco, CA 94101-1592. This group, which includes many active S/M and Leather people from the Bay area, monitors a wide variety of news media and their newsletter is a compendium of current events in legal matters pertaining to sex. Much of the information in *Drummer's* "Report" column often comes from their publications. If you want to keep abreast of legislative actions, arrests, prosecutions, raids, etc., relating to sexual kink, this is a must. The current issue is Volume 3 No 8 so they are not really new, but they may be new to you and are definitely worthy of support. Subscriptions are \$5 for six months, \$10 for 1 year.

BOUND & GAGGED

Erotic Adventures in Male Bondage



Bound and Gagged is a new "true experiences" type magazine for men turned on by bondage. Modeled after Boyd McDonald's classic *Straight to Hell* each issue will have "coming out" stories and other narrative experiences about men in bondage.

This is being published by Bob Wingate, founder and president of the New York Bondage Club, who has been collecting material for years. The first issue is due in November. For a six issue subscription send \$21 (\$35 outside North America) to Outbound Press, Suite 729, 236-A West 19th St., New York, NY 10011. This magazine will not be available on news stands.

The Sandmutopia Guardian and Dungeon Journal is a new publication from Desmodus Inc. It will be very similar to *DungeonMaster*, but will be targeted at Bi- and Heterosexual men and women. In fact the first few issues will feature mainly material from early *DungeonMasters* which has been reworked to incorporate considerations for female anat-

omy, lesbian and heterosexual S/M-D/S relationships, and AIDS-aware safe sex practices. Carol Truscott, longtime columnist in the Society of Janus' *Growing Pains* and Editor of the Outcast's newsletter, will be Editor of the Guardian. The cover price will be \$4.95 and a four issue subscription is \$16 to Desmodus Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. The first issue will be distributed in February 1988. For a free 25 word ad in this first issue send in your copy by Dec. 1, 1987.

The Leather / S&M Triad

I have recently returned from Living in Leather II in Seattle. Last year's conference was excellent, this year's was even better. I'll expound upon it at length in the next issue. In a couple of days I leave for Chicago Hellfire Club's Inferno XVI. Two hundred nineteen of the world's S/M men will be assembling to totally immerse themselves in an S/M world for 66 hours. I am definitely looking forward to it.

Inferno, by its nature, must have closely limited attendance. But the third and largest of this fall's leather triad is definitely open to everyone. This is the S/M-Leather Conference On Saturday October 10 and the March and Rally on Sunday, October 11. *For Love and For Life, We're Not Going Back* is a message lesbians and gay men MUST send to the Heterosexual world. And it is also a message S/M-Leather men and women must send to our vanilla gay brothers and sisters as well! Demonstrate your love. Show your leathers to the world. BE THERE!

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

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

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

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

MALECALL

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

A WORD FROM THE PAST

It would probably be best left ignored, but your almost monthly slurs and innuendoes regarding *Drummer's* past management must be addressed. Issue 107 was too much even for me to laughingly pass off as I cried all the way to the bank.

In the guise of an "In Memorial" piece on the passing of Al Shapiro, one-time editor of *Drummer*, Jack Fritscher, whipped up a self-serving vendetta that you have published without question or even editing.

I was A. Jay's one publisher to have had any real enthusiasm for his "Harry Chess" strip. QQ dropped it and refused to let anyone, including Al, Re-use the episodes. *Le Salon*, for whom Al went to work for after leaving *Drummer*, had no faith in it when Al talked to them about printing it as a collection. Although they were our property, we gave *Le Salon* permission for their use.

Al ceased doing "Harry Chess" long before he left *Drummer* and we had to run apologies in its space ("Harry Chess is on vacation this month") until it became apparent there would be no more of the strip.

Al was a warm and gentle man who deserved better than to be used and misquoted by Fritscher in order to serve the latter's ends.

Fritscher's subsequent publishing efforts (*MAN 2 MAN*, and another I cannot remember) speak for themselves, as, so it would seem, does *Drummer's* "Second Golden Age".

Long-time *Drummer* readers should remember Al Shapiro fondly and well.

John H. Embry
San Francisco, CA

Ed.: Mr. Embry is clearly entitled to his opinions, as are those who have worked for him or done business with him.

AFD

ERRATA: A MATTER OF STYLE

Apologies to Colt Studios' Jim French, whom I mentioned in my feature obituary on A. Jay. I did not write that Jim French was influenced by "the pretty girl style." I wrote "the Petty Girl style." Some copy editor not knowing the great artist George Petty made a gaffe. I hope Mr. French who collects Vargas will understand.

Jack Fritscher
Sebastapol, CA

ARTISTIC VISION

I was saddened recently to pick up the latest issue of *Drummer* (107) and learn of

the death of Al Shapiro. Working sometimes myself in the medium of cartoon strips, I had long appreciated his body of work. My collection of *Drummer* goes back several years, and part of the reason I've been one for so long is the fact that you feature the work of artists such as A. Jay, Bill Ward, Olaf, and others. These are terrible times for our community, and the staggering loss of gay artists is particularly tragic because of our unique vision of the world in which we live is being snuffed out. Magazines such as your own serve a very important function at this crucial time in our history—you keep the homosexual imagination alive, feed our fantasies, and show us that the homoerotic heat that flames been men will never go out. Never.

B.C./ New York City

FANTASIES VS. POLITICS

The debate between Pat Califia and T.R. Witomski on Nazi fantasies opens up an item of controversy in our community which has been around for years. I'm glad it's finally hitting the pages of *Drummer*.

There is a tremendous distinction between our sexual fantasies and our politics and it surprises me that TR fails to acknowledge the difference. I know leading gay activists who spend their days fighting anti-gay bigotry and spend their nights turning on to a fist pounding their stomachs as a "fag-basher" calls them "queer" and "cunt" and "sissy. I know wonderful feminist activist — including lesbian-feminist activists — who have worked for years fighting violence against women, and get their sexual jollies dressing up as maids and serving other ladies. I know Black men, who get into slave scenes, Italian guys who enjoy getting called "wops" and survivors of police abuse who prefer to reach orgasm as they are getting handcuffed and beaten by studs in CHP uniforms.

And, as a Jew, I could find it very easy to agree with TR and say that this is all fine and good but the Holocaust is off limits to sexual fantasy. Sorry, it doesn't work that way. I have Jewish friends who live out their fantasies of serving blond Nazi guards in sex scenes and work their butts off fighting anti-semitism in their home towns. I have other Jewish friends who enjoy dressing up as Nazis and "persecuting" other Jews. One friend regularly relives recent Middle East history with scenes of revenge and victory over his Syrian lover. I can't judge these people harshly. The experience of being Jewish in the second half of this century is just too complex to simplify into a simple right/

wrong judgement of people's sex games. I choose to love and respect people who share a commitment to fighting anti-semitism and racism and sexism—as well as homophobia—and it's none of my business what their consensual sexual activities consist of.

Finally, both Califia and Witomski seem to want to impress their liberal credentials upon us by trashing Republicans and praising Democrats. At this time, I think it's important to note that neither party is too pleased to have queers as part of the family, and both parties seem interested in championing causes that directly persecute our sexual freedom: censorship, vice squads, crackdowns on prostitutes and other sex workers, and limitations on the right to privacy, sexual conduct and abortion. My allegiance is to the Left but I have some respect for the political views of some of my S/M friends who are registered Republicans, strongly libertarian, and seeking changes in the Republican platform.

As to Califia chiding *Drummer* for "presenting us with this kind of unpleasant surprise, I want to congratulate Andrew and Tony for allowing divergent political views onto the pages of this national treasure we call *Drummer*. On the day that dissenting opinions are no longer permitted, we'd know that S/M folk have lost control of the publication and fascists have taken the reigns. Never again!

Eric E. Rofes
Los Angeles, CA

FISTING TABOOS

I have read Dr. W. L. Warner's letter "Safe Sex and Fisting, commenting on the earlier article by John F. Karr, in *Drummer* 106. In it he arises the possibility, for the first time as far as I know, that fisting "can lead to exposure of the bloodstream of the 'bottom' to contents of his own rectum, and this exposure is almost certain to lower his immune competence."

I phoned Dr. Warner, who couldn't have been more gracious. I asked if his opinions were based on actual research studies, and he said they weren't. I asked him how severe a risk he thought might be involved. He called it "moderate" depending, of course, on frequency and amount of friction. He said even douching, by washing away protective flora, could be harmful. Finally, he said everyone must decide for himself what is an acceptable level of risk.

We all know fisters who play every night, overdo the drugs and poppers, and are careless about hygiene—and plenty of them are certainly very dead. But, as I

pointed out to Dr. Warner, there are also those of us who use common sense, enjoy great fisting, and stay in perfect health. I can think of guys who have been fisting for up to a quarter-century without ill effects. I myself have been doing it very enthusiastically for five years with no problems at all, and I credit my discovery of fisting for saving me from AIDS. I can't believe in the absence of hard evidence that I'm destroying my immune system as Dr. Warner seems to think. To me, the mental catharsis of great sex and great mutual fisting is worth a little risk. So is flying in a plane or driving a car.

Fisting violates lots of taboos — even gay taboos — so it scares everybody even while it fascinates them. But the truth is that it's the "Yoga of cosmic erotic ecstasy" in the words of Perusha Larkin, and a fine art. Let's stop giving it a bad name until we have some hard facts!

E.G./New York, NY

CONRAP UPDATE

A couple of years ago you discontinued your "ConRap" column. Can you give me information where I can write to Gay or bisexual prisoners? Or to organizations that would have a listing?

Will you be printing your ConRap column again?

An answer from you would be appreciated. Keep up the good work with *Drummer*!!!

E.C./Los Angeles, CA

Ed.: We do not currently have plans to resume ConRap. Several "prisoner resources" listings are given in the Gayellow Pages. Two that offer pen pal programs are Gay Community News Prisoner Project, 62 Berkeley St., Boston, MA 02116; and Joint Venture, Box 26-8484, Chicago, IL 60626.

—AFD

FANTASY CENSORSHIP

A man called the other evening in response to an ad I have in *Drummer*. We talked at great length, and he told me that he had been celibate for more than two years, due to the health crisis, but that he felt it was time to crawl out of his shell, and he thought that my ad indicated I was just the kind of person to crawl out of it for. He admitted to testing negative to the HIV antibody, and I admitted to testing positive. Although he wanted us to plan a meeting immediately, I insisted that he take a couple of days to consider the ramifications of our divergent test results. Of course, he never called back.

This is not the first case of an irrational response to the health crisis I have heard of. I wonder how many men are living a life of self denial, simply because they do not perceive a viable alternative. I wonder how much *Drummer* fiction has contributed to this nightmare by its constant refusal to portray "Safe Sex" in a positive,

erotically charged light.

Consider: If the most imaginative men in our community—those who write and publish our best S/M and leather fantasies—can't make "Safe Sex" sound interesting, what can we expect from some poor frightened schmuck who can do without altogether from two years?

Every month, when *Drummer* finally arrives, I read it from cover to cover, and think, "Why couldn't they have slipped a condom in there?" and "Is fluid exchange really necessary to the story line?" In fact, some of the most erotically charged scenes I've experienced have not involved any high risk activities at all.

I've read your disclaimer, and I'm sure your lawyer told you to cover your asses. Instead of covering your asses in this technical sense, why not drop your drawers and take a positive stand for safe, sensible, consensual sensualism, and make that a part of your policy when choosing fiction to publish?

Such a move could only serve to enhance your standing in the community. As long as your fiction continues to portray "his spit coated, engorged, uncut rod plowing into my guts, pumping my squirming ass full of his churning red hot cum," as the only way to have fun, celibacy can be expected to seem a sensible choice for many.

J.B./Oakland, CA

Ed.: The disclaimer was not written by our lawyer, or at his request. I wrote it because I believe that what it says is true. It usually appears at the bottom of the editorial page because it is, in fact, a constantly repeated editorial statement. If there is anything our magazines stand for it is that there is NO "only" way to have fun.

I also object to your claim that we are guilty of "constant refusal to portray safe sex in a positive, erotically charged light." As the "disclaimer" says—all of our non-fiction emphasizes safe sex. And so does much of our fiction, such as Richard White's "It All Begins With a C" in this issue. These "safe sex" stories may not mention condoms too often, but a good percentage of them DO NOT include unsafe sex practices! However, the basic purpose of these stories is fantasy fulfillment, not for learning what to do.

I am not going to object if a writer has a character slip on a condom, but I'm also not going to object if he does not! Nor am I going to object to fantasy stories including forced sex or SM, maiming, or even death, all equally repugnant in real life, but present as a very real part of many men's fantasies.

I believe we have taken a "positive stand for safe, sensible, consensual sensualism. But I do not think that this must extend to censorship of what our readers want to read while practicing one of the safest sex acts of all: lying back alone in bed and jerking off.

—AFD

APPALLED BY THE "UNBELIEVABLE"

This letter is in regard to the piece of fiction by Terry Boughner, "Slave-Daddy." That is, I hope it is fiction. Nevertheless, I found this story very appalling and completely unbelievable by any stretch of the imagination. To begin with, for someone to go so far as to mutilate, electrify, brand, and pierce another human being, without their express consent, is way out of what I consider the rules of S/M. To go farther, to operate on and replace his balls with steel ones, to which this person then becomes the "S's" devoted slave is a bit difficult to digest. I would certainly fantasize that after such a sick encounter, I would play along and unexpectedly one day explain to my new Master, "Oh, Sir, I am sorry but I put rat poison in the soup you just ate and you should be dead within a couple of minutes," or whatever.

I do feel it very important that the S/M world bear in mind that it takes two to tango and any S/M scene should come from a place of respect and caring about each other's limits. To begin with, a sadist is not a Master, although a Master may use sadistic measures to satisfy the needs of a self-acclaimed slave (masochist), but not to the degree of permanently mutilating him. Needless to say, I feel that such stories give S/M a bad name, and we have enough problems of that sort already.

If this story had taken place in the dark ages, I would have ignored it as a case of extremes, but in our time it is difficult and destructive to the reality of S/M. I feel it most important that S/M (or slave-Master relationships) stay true to the accepted rules of limits and, hopefully, a slave might serve his Master because he loves, trusts, and respects the Master, desiring to make him happy with the service he demands. Likewise the Master loves, cares for, and directs his slave toward the form of servitude he desires. It should be a relationship (one helping the other).

Unsigned/Los Angeles, CA

Ed.: Like you, I was also taken aback by the abrupt castration in this story. However, castration — including non-consensual castration — is a very powerful fantasy for many men. I don't think I should deny it to them just because it offends my sensibilities. See my response to the above letter for more of an explanation.

—AFD

AN OPPOSING VIEWPOINT

My Master and I enjoy your magazine very much, and we especially appreciate the fact that you are keeping your fiction hot and raunchy. We both get upset with so many of the gay publications which only allow safe sex fiction. Hell, we don't have to censor our minds to stay healthy.

Mainly we feel grateful that you do not feel compelled to promote only politically

correct vanilla sex. We have been together for many years and are totally monogamous, and we do not feel that we could have kept sex hot all of these years if we had stuck to the gentrified, bland sex that seems to be the ideal in this country.

I must say that your personal ads give me great reassurance. I used to believe the myth that there are ten bottoms/slaves for every top and needed much reassurance about this. However, when I read your ads I am always reminded of how rare real bottoms are also. Most of the guys who place bottom ads in your magazine are real fakes. They may claim to be submissive, but they usually list the full menu of everything they want to happen. A true bottom follows his Master's needs and requirements and has no menu. Most of all I am amused by the bottoms who place ads and feel compelled to give the dimensions of their cocks. ALL true slave/bottom realizes that the only important cock in the bed belongs to the Master. I am proud that I am male, but if my Master came home today and told me to shove mine between my legs and be a total piece of male pussy for the next month or the next year, I'd be only too happy to do so.

Thanks again for keeping sex alive in your magazine. Despite all, we will go on.

F.B./Long Island, NY

Ed.: Thanks for your support on "politically incorrect" fiction. However, I must take issue with some aspects of your letter. In one paragraph you berate bottoms who say they are slaves then tell the Master what to do. In the next paragraph you tell everyone that the Master is to have no interest in the size of the slave's cock. Bullshit, who in the hell are you to tell me that I cannot be interested in the size of my slave's cock. I happen to like a fat, hard slavecock in my hand, and no slave is going to tell me it is "improper" for me to like it!

I agree that a slave who lists his likes and dislikes then expects a Master to follow it like a lesson plan is no fun and definitely "pushy." However, a list of a bottom's particular likes and dislikes, turn-ons and turn-offs, will greatly help a Master plan his activities and select a mate for the night or a lifetime. To imply that this information is useless is ridiculous.

You are being just as pushy when you imply that you want a Master who will ignore, or reject your cock. I want to "play" a slave's cock just like the other parts of his body, I want to be able to make it rise or fall as I wish. If you couldn't accept the attention I would give your cock then you are no "true" slave for this Master!

—AFD

AN OLYMPIAN THOUGHT

I was furious to pick up a magazine and read a full-page ad stating that every time I

use my Visa card between now and December 31, Visa will make a donation to the 1988 U.S. Olympic Team. Well, that news just pushed all the wrong buttons for me.

Many of your readers already know that the U.S. Olympic Committee has a notoriously anti-gay history. In 1982, it sued organizers of what was then called the Gay Olympics, on the grounds that Congress had granted the USOC exclusive rights to use the word "olympics." Dozens of other groups, ranging from the Armenian Olympics and the Police Olympics to the Rat Olympics and the Crab Cooking Olympics, had used the term; the USOC had never seemed to mind. But the Gay Olympics got hit with an expensive lawsuit.

Ultimately, the USOC forced the gay Olympics to change their name to the Gay Games. As a gay man, I refuse to make a purchase that results in a contribution going to the U.S. Olympic Team.

I urge readers who feel the same way to do what I'm doing: Cut your VISA card in half, and send one half to Jan Soderstrom, VISA-Marketing Dept., Olympic Program, PO Box 8999, San Francisco, CA 94128. Enclose a note explaining why you will not

use your card again. To phone the VISA Olympic Hotline, their number is 415-570-3735.

Then send the other half to me: Sasha Alyson, Alyson Publications, 40 Plympton St., Boston, MA 02118. I think I can find an artist who likes working creatively with unusual materials, and who can use these half-cards to sculpt a memorial to Tom Waddell, the Gay Games founder who recently died of AIDS. Do it now, and we can have the memorial in time for the October March on Washington.

We don't often get such an easy, clear-cut way to fight back against the discrimination we face. Let's not pass up this chance.

Sasha Alyson/Boston, MA

Ed.: I definitely support Mr. Alyson's program. Do it if you can. But, I also know that many cannot cut up their cards. However, you can write to the above Visa address and let them know of your displeasure and you can refrain from using the card during this period. MasterCard and American Express will be getting my business.

—AFD

□



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Kiss My . . . Andre Prizmich as the Oh-so-Ethnic Pope in *On Your Knees*.

Of Cabbages And Kings

by TIM BARRUS

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things: Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—of cabbages—and kings. And why the sea is boiling hot—and whether pigs have wings." —Lewis Carroll.

Living in festive San Francisco these days is very much like living somewhere through the irrepressible looking glass. For the longest time it's always been difficult to embrace the inherent madness; it's always been difficult to say that sometimes even the madness is okay. San Francisco in all its foggy enigma allows me to embrace that which is often less than sane. No time. No time. My god, I'm late! I'm late! "Tut, tut, child," said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral if only you can find it."

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly. The March Hare unpoured the tea because it was the tea party and the tea party was ass-backwards which is why it's through the fucking if allegorical looking glass.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended somewhat snotty (you know the kind) tone: "So I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take LESS," said the Hatter who was not the kind of hatter one would describe as sane: the Hatter was a bit odd in his ways. "It's very easy to take MORE than nothing."

Snotty children who do not know their place in the unscheme of things can be so rude. And their little dogs, too.

Charismatic teatime in charismatic San Francisco can accommodate just about anyone (the homeless, dogs, children, religious zealots, popes . . .). And anything including foggy madness which is why I love foggy leather San Francisco and even foggier

leatherier San Franciscans who prefer their tea on the strong side. One dose of madness or two? We do not discriminate against that which might be bizarre to those of you who do appreciate a good party when you see one—talk about madness. He Popeness is coming to town this fall which is going to be bizarre—and mad—even for San Francisco. He Popeness could have stayed in Rome. Rome is nice in the fall. Italian men in leather look great in the fall.

But no.

They drink espresso in Rome, not tea. Her religious visit is expected to be a religious event as far as religious events go. Tammy Fae Bakker would be more amusing as religious events go but if we're lucky, maybe the pope will weep as she walks her merry way through an AIDS hopsice because, after all, tears worked for Tammy and if that media bitch can do it this other media bitch—what with the robes and the rings and I'd love a pair of those ruby slippers—ought to be able to out-do the Bakkers better. Where in South America Her Popeness represented freedom and liberation, such concepts take on an altogether definition once one has jumped gayly if irrepressibly through the looking glass. I will need new leather. This promises to be a MOST interesting papal extravaganza and no leather queen should be missing tea with Her Popeness when the Pope makes her historical visit with all of the inevitable accompanying media blessedness. Maybe she'll let me kiss her ring; my germs are clean germs. New leather, yes, I will need to look presentable at teatime when Her Popeness goes for the full tour.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare said.



"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least,—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. He was annoyed. The Hatter rolled his crazy eyes. "Why, you might just as well say 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see!'"

"I wonder if the Pope takes tea," Alice asked. She scratched her pretty head.

"Of course the Pope takes tea," the Hatter replied. "Why else would he be coming?"

Why else, indeed.

"Do I see a consensus at the table?" the March Hare asked. "How very gay." But then everyone knew or at least those who were privy knew knowing full well that the March Hare was stark raving mad everyone knew. No one knew.

"One lump of consensus or two, my dear?" the Hatter inquired. "Shall we picket Her Popeness or shall we to tea?"

"Picket," said Alice. But then she would.

"If everybody minded their own business," said the Duchess in a hoarse growl, "the world would go round a deal faster than it does."

"Picket," said Alice. "One lump or two?"

"Maybe if we pray," Dignity said. But then she would.

"The women's community is deeply involved," intoned the Queen. "We are in serious jeopardy every time Her Popeness takes a stand."

"She can't STAND at tea," the Hatter told the group. "She will have to sit. Curiouser and curiouser."

"Picket," said Alice. "I will need a new dress."

"Tut, tut," said the Duchess. "We are n-o-t a violent community."

"OFF WITH HER HEAD," said the Queen. But then she would. She owned a Harley-Davidson and she was no fool. As queens go.

"The general public can expect no violence from us," said the March Hare. "We are a gentle people and those who accuse us of violence are not a gentle people and they'll burn your house down and stab you at night in the streets. Until you are bloody dead. Old time religion. With the Pope coming we will make a political statement if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic."

"What's a popeness?" asked Tweedledee. But then she would.

"One condom or two?" inquired the Hatter. It was a common condom question.

"Two," said the Cheshire Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Tut, tut," said the Duchess. "At least I know how to curtsy." But then she would. She owned a Harley-Davidson—a HOG. And people who ride such monster bikes can do anything they like—curtsy, whatever—no one will laugh at them.

"CURTSY!" asked the Queen. "It's very easy to curtsy. A backwards sort of looking glass this is. Now, h-e-r-e, you see, it takes all the running you can do, just to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that. Everyone should know how to curtsy the world would be a better place. One nazi in your tea, my dear, or two?"

"It's very RUDE," Alice commented, "to have an abortion at tea." But then she would. She had had many abortions. In fact, she was known as the whore beyond the looking glass which was the sleaziest movie ever made.

She was not a nazi or so she claimed.

"So then," the Hatter explained most seriously, "we will serve her an unaborption which is a different branch of arithmetic entirely. Really, ALL of you are rather dull."

"We could ALL abort a little faster," said the SS to the snail. "There's a purpose close behind us and he treading on my tail. One quarantini in your tea, my dear, or two?"

"Two," said Alice. And she plopped one cube of apathy into her bloody tea. "The Pope is coming soon; it looks like bloody rain to me."

"The Pope is an angel," said Dignity. "We should pray." But then she would. She was mightisome religious something considerable, Dignity. She tended to get somewhat carried away with it all — no church in town wanted her — she was dignified but somehow she suffered. You looked at her and you could see that, yes, this one was not over herself quite yet. At least she was dignified about it, Dignity. Sweet Jesus, she didn't have no fucking church to pray her prayers in but she prayed anyway it was what she did—Dignity.

In her spare time she was a dominatrix and she got off having safe sex with men who she tied to posts in her hidden rooms of sexual desecration where folks dropped lonesome smackdad from the soft erotic smell of no-doubt-about-it opium. She worked for the phone company.

"Bother," said the Duchess. "We'll serve Her Popeness crumpets and cakes."

"Picket," said Alice, But then . . .

The Hatter sighed. "Double, double toil and trouble. Fire burn and cauldron bubble. Eye of newt and toe of frog. Wool of bat and tongue of dog."

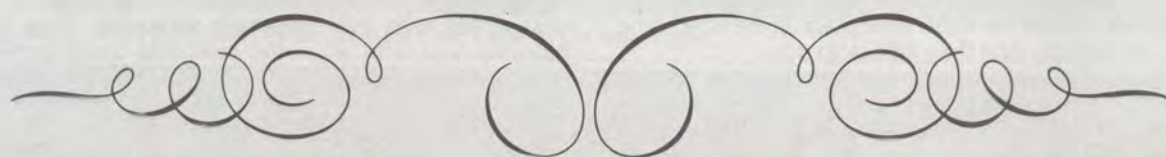
"To picket or not to picket," said the March Hare. "That is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the minds of knaves to pray to suffer the slings and arrow of outrageous kings. Or to take arms against a sea of trouble. And by opposing end them? The lunatic, the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact. One sees more devils than vast hell could hold. That is, the madman, the lover, all are frantic. One hospice visit in your tea, my dear, or two?"

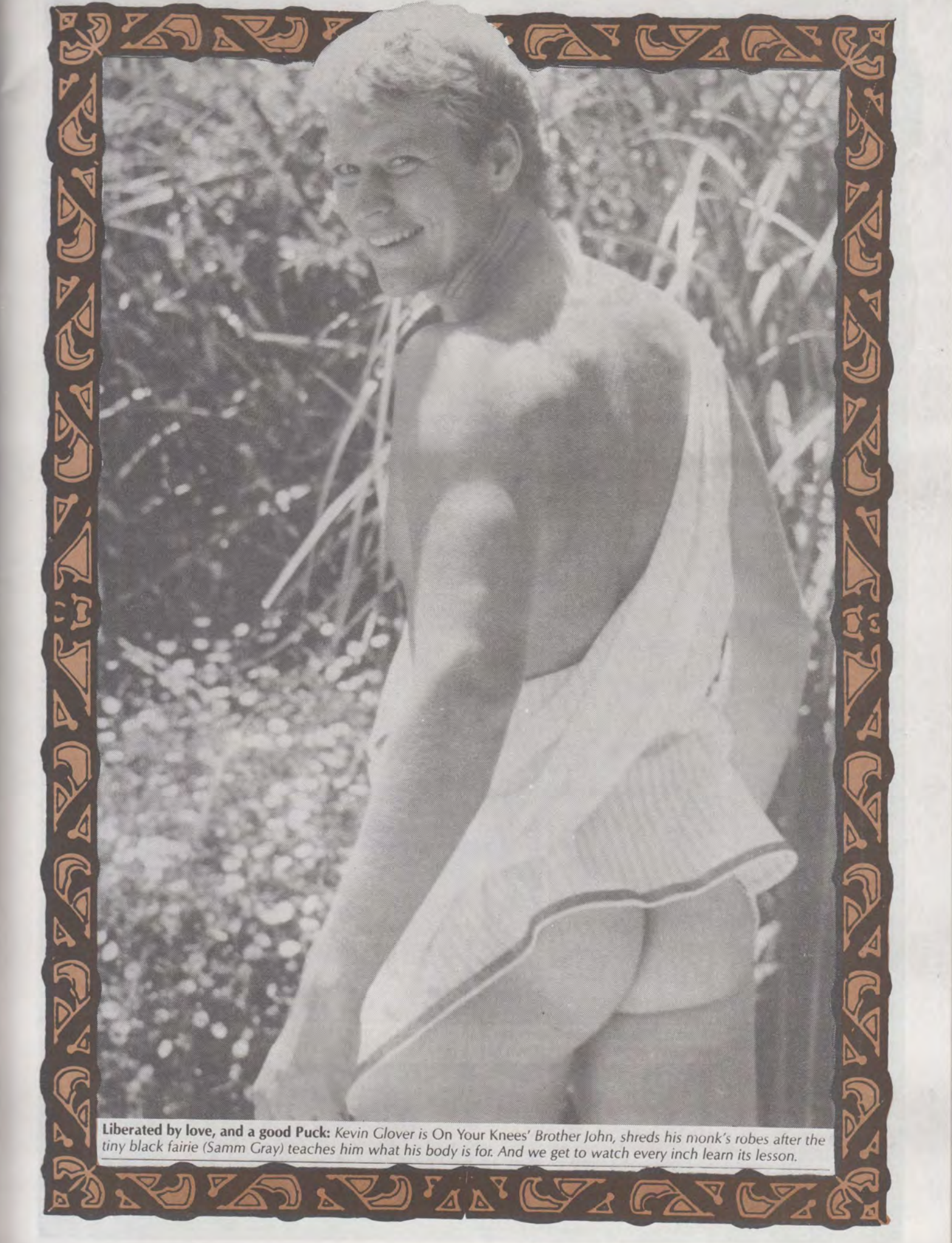
"Two," said the Queen. "Two hospice visits for Her Popeness at tea. She embraces death so endlessly. But, ah! The living and the barely living that we may kiss her royal skirt . . . OFF WITH HER HEAD!" But then she was the Queen and she said that often.

"There will be no violence we signed a contract," the Hatter pointed out. "Violence is rude."

"Pray," said Dignity.

"HOWL!" said Tweedledee. But then she would. She was a tweedledee. "Howl, howl howl. O! You are men of stones; had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them so that heaven's vaults should bloody crack. Religion at tea? I should think, no. But get thee to a hospice, Miss Popeness. The living are but walking shadows — struts and frets his hour upon the stage. And then is heard no more. It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury and death





Liberated by love, and a good Puck: Kevin Glover is *On Your Knees'* Brother John, shreds his monk's robes after the tiny black fairie (Samm Gray) teaches him what his body is for. And we get to watch every inch learn its lesson.



Whip-Wielding Penguin: Paul Sagan is Sister Philis, *On Your Knees'* butchest cast member. "Why does that nun have a moustache?" She's Italian!"



and abortion and genocide and apathy and mountains of dead-queers-and-jews and overpopulation and starvation and exploitation and inquisition and was and quarantine and hate and bitter loss of our brothers all in the name of God. Signifying nothing. Our brothers are gone. And how can that Popeness come here. Our brothers are gone. WE were the ones who held our brothers in our arms. WE are the ones.

"Where was this POPNESS — pray — when we were holding our brothers in our arms? Where were his arms then, I ask? I have to ask it. What about abortion and overpopulation. What about the quality of human life in this world? What about ovens, jews, queers, mountains of bodies, genocide, quarantine; where was the Pope then? This Popeness has much to answer for. We will be remembered because we are allowed to remeber. We remember. We remember and most of us weren't even there. But we are beginning to now see saints for who they really were. Where was this Popeness when my brother died withered and broken and in pain where was this Popeness then? We were the ones who held our brothers to the bloody end. And we will go on holding them and holding them and holding more and more and bloody more of them as time passes and much too much time has passed for this to be allowed to still be happening. Our brothers, you see, died in our arms because, yes, intrinsically we are men oriented toward love. We know great depth and great love and great compassion and the full compliment of humanity given any man born into this world. We are anathema to the Vatican. We make them want to religiously vomit."

"Picket," said Alice. But then she would.

"Pray," said Dignity.

"OFF WITH HER HEAD!" screamed the Queen. She was dressed in full leather but then she would.

"Tut, tut," said the Duchess. "We'll curtsy."

"But what does a Popeness TAKE in her tea," asked the Cheshire Cat. And he smiled. But then he would and he disappeared.

"Power and oppression," said the women's community.

"If there were any justice," noted Alice (a famous lesbianperson whose if there ever was one), "in this male-dominated world HER POPENESS o-u-g-h-t to be named Her GAY-AND-LESBIAN POPENESS. If there were any sort of justice in the world which is not always a politically compassionate or just place to live in fact it's a whole fucking lot like the rest of the universe which is as big if not bigger than beyond the looking glass, thank you." Alice paused for literary breath.

"Bother . . ." said the Duchess. "One lump or two?"

"But what WILL we do?" asked the Hatter, "when Her Popeness comes to town for tea? No time. No time. I'm late. I'm late."

"The time has come," spoke the March Hare most solemnly, "to talk of many thing. Of shoes — and ships — and sealing was — of cabbages — and kings. And why the sea is boiling hot. And whether pigs have wings . . ."

"Tut, tut," said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral if only you can find it. One lump or two?" □

IMAGE LEATHER

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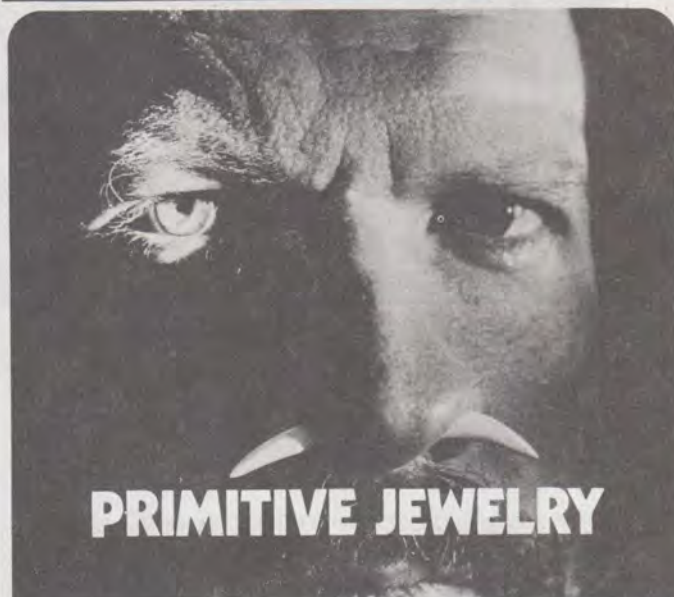
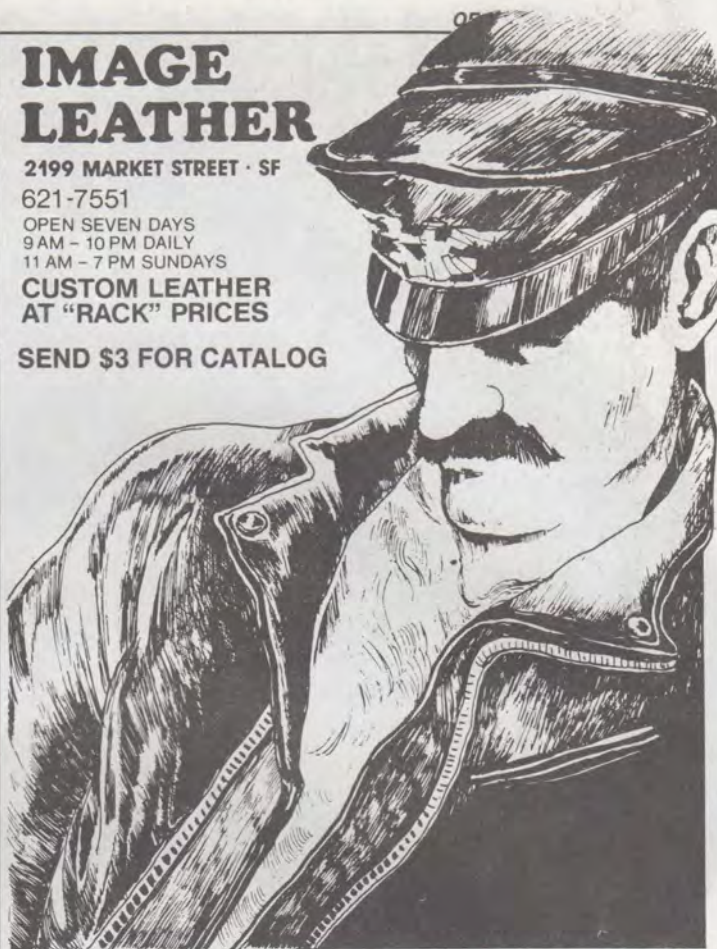
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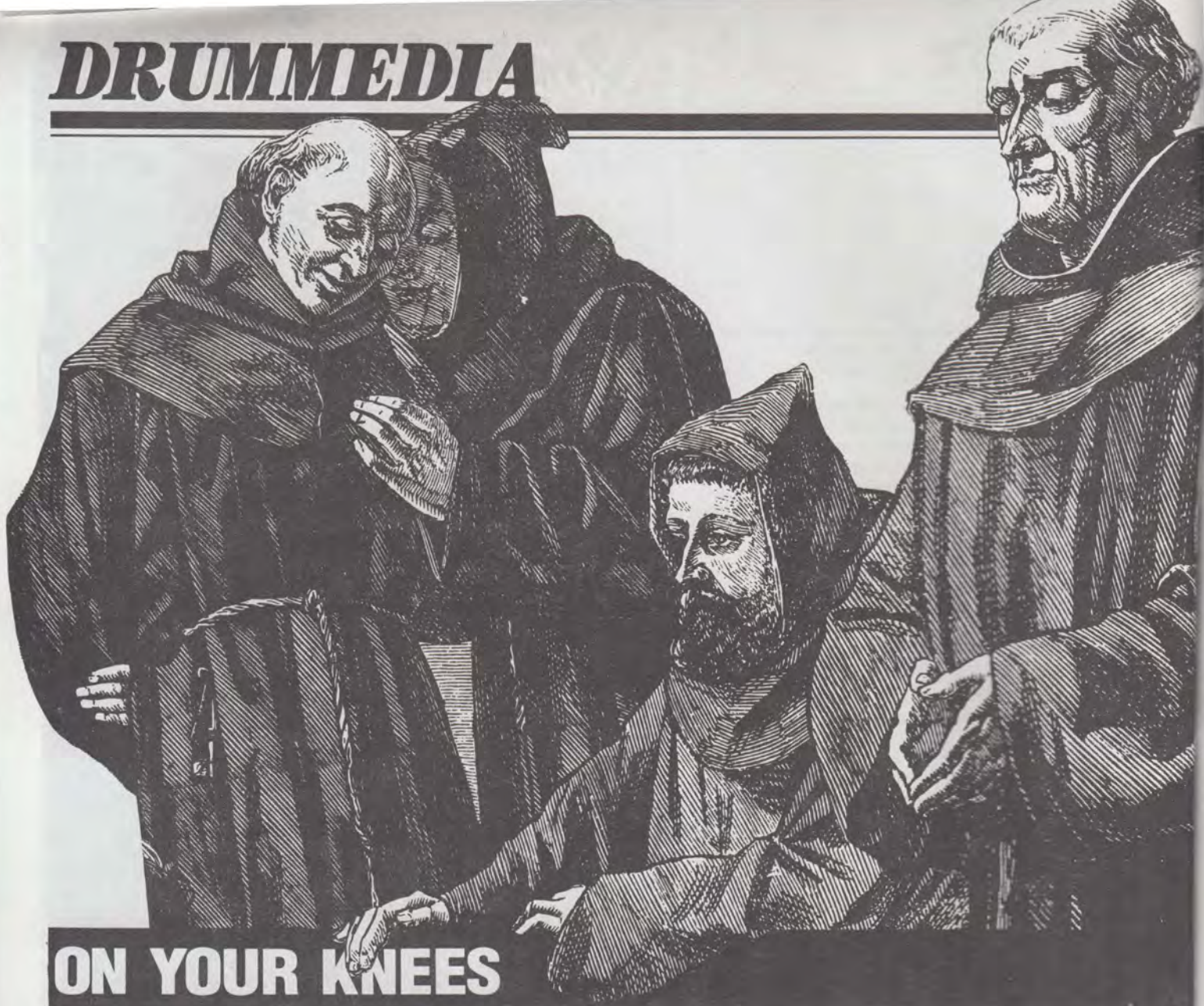
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ON YOUR KNEES

Some institutions just seem to scream out to be satirized. With the papal visit still fresh, which could be more abundant in material than the Catholic Church? So from Hand's On Productions comes a naughty spoof of religious life with enough areas of special interest struck to be deliciously offensive to almost everyone!

On Your Knees brings you fifty minutes of well filmed, well edited, sometimes witty, more often purely silly, fun. It is very aptly described by its producers as a "Very Irreverent, Romantic, Mid-Summer's Night Comedy." *On Your Knees* exposes ecclesiastic life for just what we've always suspected it of being — costumes and sexuality, either suppressed or perverted.

Basically three inter-related vignettes are utilized as the plot structure. We find the Pope enamored with the drag of office as well as his favorite, an obviously Third World Cardinal. Background television for these scenes reveals an increasingly crazed and crass Protestant Evangelist. The Pope and Cardinal have a dance-seduction which, in its very strange way, vies with "Shall We Dance?" from *The King and I* or some of Fred and Ginger's energetic encounters.

The nun, who looks somehow like a Manhattan clone in very understated drag, provides us with entire horizons of new insight into uniforms and S/M in her dealings with her just arrived, order-by-phone hustler. Mike Mac Larnan as the uniformed

man-for-hire, with his boyish face and Marine's body, is a sure hit. He is a comedy natural, who, without much in the way of lines or repartee, employs his handsome face for superb mugging and totally disarming looks of bewilderment. And a young and very hunky brother (Kevin Glover) discovers the joys of non-religious ecstasy and romance in his encounter with a highly unusual fairie (Samm Gray) in the cloistered garden.

This video is remarkable in that although non-explicit sexuality is depicted, it is presented with that all too rare garnish of humor. We all need to look at ourselves occasionally and laugh, and here we are granted a charming vehicle with which to do it. Although not all the actors are hunks, they are all creditable and real rather than the so typical pretty face having problems reading his prompter cards, and their variety will probably present something to please everyone.

Writer/Director, David Stuart, is to be congratulated. Unlike most videos which can become predictable and boring with re-viewing, this one offers enough wit that with being seen again, as with special friends perhaps, or after a trying day with friends or relatives who actually take religion seriously, we can continue to say, "We are amused!" □ *Dr. Versicolor*

On Your Knees \$59.00 (+ \$2.50 S&H) from: Hands On Productions, 633 Post St, #500, San Francisco, CA 94109, (415) 771-2055.



The Ecstasy of the Agony: Mike Mac Larnan is the uniform hustler who is excited by Sister Philis' whips and gets off on the Saint Sebastian number in *On Your Knees*.

ROUGH STUFF

by SCOTT TUCKER

Friends and Enemies

I write this looking forward to the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights, and to the Leather and S/M conference and contingent during the same week. The civil disobedience action planned to take place at the Supreme Court will certainly mark another milestone in our movement. Nothing gladdens my own heart more than this resurgent spirit of activism, but now is also the time to reflect on our friends and enemies. Specifically, our straight political friends, and and political enemies who are sometimes gay.

John Molinari is on the San Francisco City Board of Supervisors and many gay people count him among our strongest straight political friends. In San Francisco, of course, savvy politicians at least avoid crusades against gays. But Molinari has gone much further in the past:

he has made political alliances with gay politicians and voters and is known to mix at public gay events. Unlike Mayor Diane Feinstein of San Francisco, Molinari shows no trace of being uptight around drag queens and leatherfolk. He is smooth and amiable, as I can testify from personal experience.

Molinari has made a habit of presenting each year's International Mr. Leather titleholder with an official commendation from the Board of Supervisors. This is a paper with his signature and a gold seal and ribbon, and a symbol and gesture of his good will toward gay people. Especially in this case, good will toward gay voters. Molinari is quite right in thinking that leatherfolk exert a social and political influence which is more extensive than our actual numbers. Both in San Francisco and across the nation, leather men and women are

notable activists, writers, artists, business people and labor unionists. Not all of us are out of the leather closet (or even openly gay), but we're alive and kicking all the same.

Naturally I was pleased to receive this commendation directly from Molinari when I visited San Francisco during the year I held the IML title. Personally pleased, of course, but also politically gratified that San Franciscans have such political clout. In Philadelphia, where I live, it is inconceivable that Mayor Goode would have presented such a token in a leather bar. In many ways, San Francisco is the gay political capital of the country, though West Hollywood also deserves honorable mention. And San Francisco is certainly the unchallenged Mecca of Gay Leatherdom. Consequently, events in San Francisco have strong reverberations and consequences for gay people na-

tionwide.

When the San Francisco Board of Supervisors met on August 3rd to discuss homeporting the Navy battleship *Missouri*, Molinari made a surprisingly fast and cheap political move. Knowing that trouble was brewing, Molinari sought to offer gay voters some kind of assurance that he recognized their concerns. He introduced an amendment "protecting" gay rights in the proposed city contract with the Navy. But the only openly gay supervisor on the Board, Harry Britt, rose to challenge the very man he has been supporting as a candidate for Mayor — John Molinari. With anger in his voice, Britt said "There is one sentence in this amendment which means we have to vote against it, and that is the statement that the Navy doesn't discriminate against lesbians and gay men. That is a lie! Harvey Milk would not have allowed that lie to pass, and



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neither will I."

Britt was ultimately outvoted, and Mayor Feinstein did everything short of breaking arms and legs to make sure the Board of Supervisors gave the Navy the red carpet. But such a "defeat" is also a victory for democratic principles. Britt showed real spine and spirit, regardless of the outcome, and helped to put fight into many gay hearts across the country. Such opposition — coming from one of Molinari's own supporters — is an excellent way of telling our straight political friends that our votes don't come cheap. Politicians have often taken our votes and then dumped us as expendable nuisances once in office.

I returned the commendation to Molinari as soon as I got news of his maneuvers — an action I realize which is no more and no less symbolic than the very commendation Molinari presented to me last year. But symbols also have their weight in the democratic balance. And here's the proof: Molinari's official liaison to the gay community immediately got on the phone and called at

least one influential leatherguy to let him know that I'd had the nerve to return the commendation. Little things mean a lot — obviously. And through the grapevine I hear that a few leatherguys feel I should mind my own business here in Philadelphia. I've got news for them: I make gay and civil rights anywhere in this country my business, whether the issue is Anita Bryant in Dade County, Reagan in Washington or Molinari in San Francisco. Gay politics is no cocktail party, and San Francisco is part of the mainland, not an island unto itself.

But let me contradict myself. Gay politics is sometimes a dizzying round of political fundraising at cocktail parties, especially if we shift the scene from our straight political friends to our gay political enemies. Gay people have sometimes shown a tortured loyalty to the far right, including actively anti-gay politicians. Terry Dolan was a far right activist and fundraiser, and spent his brief gay life in the closet before dying of AIDS. His brother, Anthony Dolan, is the President's chief speechwriter, and he tried sav-

ing his dead brother's reputation by buying two full pages in the *Washington Times*, owned by the cult leader, Reverend Sun Myung Moon. In the May 22 issue, Anthony Dolan insisted that his brother renounced homosexuality on his death-bed, and died in the good grace of the Catholic Church.

Carl "Spitz" Channell was one of Terry Dolan's political proteges, and has now pleaded guilty in court to various shady scams. Channell was one of Oliver North's favorite fundraisers, aiding the Nicaraguan *contras*—and himself. In his eagerness to carve himself a niche among reactionaries, Channell even went so far as to contribute thousands of dollars to Bert Hurlbut, a Texas businessman who runs what he calls "an organization to oppose the homosexual expansion." Hurlbut was publicly distressed that he had accepted such tainted money once Channell was forced from his closet. We must all face this ugly fact: there are gay people who will bury other gay people, and take a political stand on unhallowed

ground.

A certain leather titleholder dropped Channell's name at a leather contest we were both judging, letting me know he had attended Channell's parties over the years. Tentatively, I asked him whether he knew that his "good friend" Channell was a financial supporter of an anti-gay extremist. He denied that this was possible, and asked for proof. So I sent him several press reports, and also noted an interview with Bert Hurlbut on National Public Radio. His reaction was to turn against the messenger of bad news.

Is it worth climbing a social ladder built on the backs of the people below? Dolan and Channell certainly thought so, and bought expensive closets at the top. As we march on Washington, we cannot afford political ignorance. It is worth remembering once again that our straight political friends can't always be trusted, and that some of our worst enemies are in the closet, gaining wealth and power by sniping at the queer outsider they hate and fear within themselves. □

The Golden Age of FOLSOM

The Folsom has been the leader for the leather lifestyle since anybody can remember. Much of what is taken for granted in the leather community originated along San Francisco's "Miracle Mile" and its environs in the South of Market area.

Who can forget the great bars and baths and palaces of sleaze that abounded in the sixties, through the seventies and much of the eighties? Most of our fondest and most erotic memories include conquests and encounters from Ringgold Alley and Harrison to Turk Street (which was North of Market), all simply called "Folsom."

The Real Leathermen actually lived there, and the rest of the leather world beat a path to that area when the sun went down. There was the Toolbox and Fe-Be's, the No-Name, Ramrod, Black & Blue, Boot Camp, Slot, Catacombs, Compound, Leatherneck, Barracks, Handball Express, Hothouse, Arena, Red Star Saloon, Ambush, Hungry Hole, Trench, Chaps, Trading Post, Fey-Way, the old Watering Hole, Canary Island, 527 Club, Folsom Prison and some others that will need researching. All gone but long remembered.

We are assembling a rare collection for publishing of fiction and fact, photography and art, true experiences and wishful thinking that created the aura which changed and enriched so much of our lives.

This is a call to writers, artists and photographers who have had a part of Folsom's colorful history. You don't necessarily have to be a pro, we have lots of those. What we need are your experiences and remembrances of the excitement that was that pre-AIDS period on Folsom.

We need photos, old posters, drawings, personal experiences, fiction and articles that we can borrow to include in this very important collector's item. Here is your chance to put your mark on Folsom's published history.

Send it to, or for more information:
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THE TROUGH

PART III

by Adolf

Still naked, Jim hauled his seabag out of the landing craft and onto the beach and counted as all captives were delivered to this tropical paradise. And also the paradise of lost manhood castration!

"Terrific," Jim thought. "Ten thousand miles from nowhere and here is where I'm going to leave my nuts, my sex life, my manhood, shit, everything important to me." The young buck turned away from the new island compound and looked homeward. Thousands of miles across the sea—hundreds of miles to the next colony of civilized men who would and could put a stop to this barbaric action planned for each man held in this compound.

But yet, the thoughts of his impending castration always caused a solid and steady swelling of his rod.

"WHY? JEEESSSSUUSS, WHY?" Jim screamed out to the empty ocean.

Did he really not want to be the tall, straight, swift, handsome male with a body that was sheer perfection, perfection in every way? The full, heavy chest that spoke silently of having hot, heavy lung action to support the pendulous weight of male meat swinging to and fro between the strong, powerful legs and thick, furry thighs.

The sun turned the beach into a golden hue of twilight and soft dusk. The guards had not come out to meet the landing boats. Why should they—who could possibly escape? Jungle on one side, a huge, beautiful waterfall and lake on the other and the remainder was a zillion miles of ocean.

Jim turned back toward the beautiful sunset sea and began to massage his meat, thinking of the Captain and Commanding Officer of the last compound. Stronger and stronger, the rhythm picked up on his passion and thoughts of the lean, young men advanced his lust.

He raised his head back and opened his mouth in one long, masculine howl as he shot his load the several feet into the tranquil bay by his feet.

Suddenly, bunches of beautiful, colorful tropical fishes leaped from the water and, in mid-air, caught and swallowed the icicle-like streams of drops of Jim's loins, gulping them down, knowing that the delicious nectar had shot from the loins of a male, a human man, a real human male! Off they swam, invigorated by the virile shot of protein delivered unto them by this mountain of maleness standing beside their domain.

Jim was amazed at the sudden, but brief, action at his feet. "Aw' right," he smiled to himself, and the thought flashed through his mind if this was the first time these gorgeous aquarians swam off seeking other males.

The tension between his legs relieved, Jim sank back onto his heels into the warm sand and shook his head slowly.

"I've gotta' get out of here," he promised himself.

He heard a slight noise and noticed the guards had arrived to usher the prisoners into the compound. No hurry—no one could go anywhere!

One by one, men were admitted into the compound—name, rank and serial number—all of which was a lie. Then shelters were assigned. Nothing more than a roof supported by four poles more-or-less was the standard shelter in this sheltered climate. Bamboo curtains were dropped should a sudden wind and rain storm threaten. Usually prisoners and guards alike stood out in the warm downpour, soaping down and having a good shower. Scrubbing each other, and paying particular attention to the area between the legs. The feeling of having a hard cock in your mouth during a heavy downpour, with lightning bolts creating earth-shaking volumes of thunder was something everyone should experience.

Being dismissed by the guards, Jim gathered up his gear and began the search for his shelter. One of the first things Jim noticed as a large, thatched roof structure positioned almost in the middle of the compound. With no walls, the structure could accommodate the entire population of the compound, including the guards.

Jim was soon to learn this was the HUT, and contained the dreaded TROUGH!

Jim was directed to a small but comfortable and completely open shelter that he was to share with another prisoner, who was absent. Jim moved his few belongings inside, wondering what his room mate looked like and what he liked in the way of sex. "Hope he's hot, hung and heavy," thought Jim, arranging his shaving gear along the shelf. He was right.

"COUNT," cried some presumptuous, screeching voice of authority.

Jim stumbled out to the compound from which the high-pitched, effeminate voice had howled.

"Oh shit," thought the captive. His mind raced through thoughts of what this faggot was really about and the problems he could present to the good-looking young men of the compound. "And the asshole probably has the authority of life or death over all our nuts," Jim thought.

And he was right.

As the men fell in for the count, the vocalizer swished down through the ranks of heavy, hung young men, eyeing each one from the knee to the groin and no other place.

"Oh shit," thought Jim, "I could look like Frankenstein and this guy would suck my cock off, to say nothing about what he might do to my balls."

Jim was right, again.

The Sergeant of the Guard continued through the ranks of

prisoners, occasionally touching one, then the other on the shoulder with his riding crop.

Jim was touched.

"DISSSSSMMMMISSSED," came the cry from somewhere.

The prisoners dissolved into groups and walked away from the dreaded structure of the HUT.

"Well, laddie," spoke one of the more handsome, young men of the compound, "I see you've got your day in the barrel, so to speak. What's your name, matie?"

Jim looked at the virile, young giant blocking his path and his breath caught short in his chest—the body of this man was perfection. Arms folded across an expansive chest covered with a fine fur of light hair, it was obvious the man was not going to let Jim pass until questions asked had been answered. The eyes that were drinking in the dark blond bordered on visual rape—Jim felt a sudden ravishing of his body as though the man had laid him down and sexually consumed his body until nothing was left of him. He felt like a piece of meat!

"Ji, Jim," he stammered, amazed at his inaptness. "Jimmie," he echoed, using a name from years ago; the name of a child.

"Aye, Jimmie, me boy," the giant's voice echoed across the compound, leaving no doubt as to who owned this newly arrived piece of male flesh.

"W, Wh, What's yours?" Jim managed to stammer.

"Aye, matie, Mike's me name, laddie, Big Mike and I hears we'll be sharin' the same digs," the young stud said, a twinkle lighting his eyes.

Jim, finally overcoming his passion for this great piece, found his voice and said, "Great, Mike, let's take a rest and talk about this place, especially the Sergeant."

"Right you are, lad," Mike replied, turning toward the shack they were to share, "but we won't be talking much at first," he said, as he moved in on Jim and ran his hand down over Jim's mounds. The two men moved off, arm in arm, like they had known each other for a lifetime.

At that moment, they were, indeed, friends for life, for lives of young soldiers could be very short—very short indeed. And here, in this place, the life of a male could either be very short, or extremely painful and torturous and then short!

But they did not dwell on this and love is blind, even to danger; so the two young, virile hunks walked off into the sunset, thinking only of each other and the hot trip that awaited them.

Guiding their way toward the shack, Mike stopped from time to time and introduced Jim to several handsome hunks and virtually offered Jim's body to them! Jim was shocked and surprised at the liberties Mike was taking with his body.

"Not to worry, mate," Mike mused, "you'll need them young hunks sooner than you'd expect."

Before Jim had a chance to request an explanation of the strange remark, they arrived at their shack and Mike ushered Jim in with such a flourish that he could not suppress a chuckle rising from his chest.

Since both men were nude, in accordance with the dress code of the compound, it was useless to play games. Both men were semihard, the long, white tubes of flesh extending into that gorgeous flaccid state of arousal that demanded attention—any attention. A touch, a mouth, a warm recess, perhaps just a long, sincere loving, longing stare or a warm body to press the hard, hot meat against.

Mike moved in on Jim immediately. His stout Irish body, covered with a fine, thick blue-black coat of fur, pressed the young blond giant. So hot were their embraces and caresses that other prisoners passing by stopped to observe the scene and grope themselves with envy.

Mike locked his mouth over Jim's again and again, as with the young officer, the two males began exchanging huge lungs full of air, not permitting any breath through the nose. Jim felt himself getting light headed and demanding more and more and taking deeper and deeper sucks of the exchanged air. He felt his sex gear being handled, squeezed, massaged and twisted back and forth with a passionate force.

Slipping his hand between Mike's legs, he ran his fingers up between the solid mounds and found the secluded spot deep between the hot buns. Swiftly he inserted his finger deep into the recess, feeling the clenching muscles close around his finger; then he added another to better capture the tender, passionate gland between his fingers, and to apply adequate pressure to cause his hot partner to gasp in anticipation of what was to come. He felt the gland swell and become hot between his fingers and the heat radiated out through the hot piece pressed against his body. Slowly he moved his fingers around and began a slow and steady massage and squeezing action that caused Mike to groan with each exhale of air into Jim's lungs. Soft moans flowed back and forth between the two men as the exchanged air coursed through their lungs.

"Aye, mate," Mike murmured as he released Jim's mouth and dropped his head to Jim's chest, then took the hard, pink nip jutting from his chest between his white enamels. He clamped down on first the right nip and then moved slowly, dragging his tongue and teeth across the massive chest to the left nip.

"NO, please, easy," Jim gasped. His left nip had always been super sensitive to stimulation and that is exactly what Mike was doing. "Please, easy, the other one, just for a moment," giving Mike the clue he needed to provide the proper treatment for this enormous blond hunk.

Mike moved his head toward the floor, with Jim's nip firmly clenched between his teeth; Jim followed the unspoken instruction to the letter.

Laying the blond on his back, Mike slowly enclosed and mounted him as they reached the floor. Pelvis thrusting back and forth slowly, Mike reached down and brought the two dicks up between the hard bellies. Jim sought the crotch of the man clenched to his chest and, finding the massive balls, he quickly wrapped his hand around all he could and began to squeeze and twist the hot orbs, using a downward pressure.

Success! The man fell apart—released his nip and melted onto Jim's prostrate body.

"YES, PLEASE, EASY MAN. Don't stop, just a little easy, oh yeah, do it," Mike begged.

Jim increased the pressure and heard a huge suck of air from the man. But he had not yet lost the fight.

With determination based on survival, he clenched onto Jim's left nip and, sucking the entire round, brown ring and extruded tit into his mouth, he applied a suction and bite that caused Jim to flail about in pleasure and also caused him to release his grip on the crotch meat.

Throwing his arms high above his head, Jim surrendered himself and lapsed into total relaxation and submission as he felt the sensation of Mike's mouth moving down his body to his manhood.

Mike moved slowly down the delicious body, his tongue licking and savoring each delicious inch of the incredible body beneath him.

As he reached the thick bush covering the shaft, he buried his face and sucked and pulled the skin and hair topping the hard shaft which jutted out from between the hard thighs.

Using his teeth and gums and lips, he clamped down on the shaft and moved his head toward the swollen bulb at the end. He clamped and released, then clamped again, repeating the bites until Jim was screaming with pleasure and desire.

Slipping the head of Jim's cock into his mouth, the man sucked the cock to the base, massaging the shaft with his tongue to relieve the hurt of the bites.

It was getting pretty hot between Jim's legs, and he was losing control of his body writhing in anticipation of what was to come. He could not cum yet—not yet—it would destroy the ecstasy of the moment. Plus, Mike would beat the shit out of him, starting with his balls!

Moving around to the ol' familiar position, Jim thrust his muscled thigh forward to be used as a pillow for the Irish head that locked onto his cock. Mike followed suit.

Jim pulled the massive display of flesh away from his face and

looked at the savory man-meat. It was incredible. This male was "damned near perfection," thought Jim as he moved onto the swollen shaft.

The two males drilled their cocks into the warmth of each other's mouth full length. Neither choked or gagged as the thick, hot flesh slid down the hot, slick and tight mouths and throats. Cocks and throats pulsed in sync with the desire of male-driven meat.

Jim felt the muscles between his legs pulse; first in open relaxation, allowing the hard, developed muscles coursing down his legs to fill with steaming hot blood from the action of his cock. Then his reflexes closed and contracted the muscles, trapping the hot fluid until his legs were rigid with desire and pressure; pressure that slowly worked its way up between his legs, spilled over into his nuts and finally shoved its way into his cock. Then the muscles took command again and pulsed open, wide open, as his cum gathered in the back of his balls, waiting for the moment when his desire could no longer be controlled. He felt the inside of his crotch, the tender area between his legs and ass hole, expand and extend as it gathered the hot male liquid, waiting for the message from his cock to explode its precious load of man-juice.

Then the moment when desire could no longer be controlled, when the cum load between his legs stretched the muscles and tubes beyond endurance and the pressurized glands buried deep within his body finally surrendered all control—his body clenched itself into one seemingly coiled, muscular spring, forcing his entire length to focus between his legs as the load of hot, male fluid churning inside him gushed forth through the hot, rigid tube of flesh buried in the warmth of his Irish partner.

Mike received the load with a murmured groan of approval and need, and pushed his face and mouth deep against the solid, gushing shaft. His turn was only seconds away.

With one last, final thrust, Jim drove his meat deep and hard into Mike's recess, hoping, praying and fearful that Mike would simply clench his teeth together and sever his shaft from his body, balls and all.

Mike had other plans in mind. Receiving the rush of cum from his buddy and new prize, he grasped the mounds and hugged the heavy meat deep into his throat. His own meat was growling for release into Jim's mouth.

One, two, three; each thrust Mike made was slow, deep and deliberate. As the pressure between his legs became unbearable and he increased his tempo—trying to hold off, but finally giving in to the desire crashing back and forth between his mind and his cock.

The cock won. Slipping his piece out to the very limits of Jim's lips and tongue, he plunged the solid shaft entirely into the heat and love of Jim's mouth—and the cum shot forth from him like a fountain of youth. Again and again he shot his load as he felt the pulsing, throbbing contractions of his body spewing loads of cum into his lover and feeling the total release pulsing through his body and mind.

The two men lay completely still. No movement against the cocks still held deeply in slowly-contracting throats. No tongue moved against the softening, velvet flesh held within the fulfilled mouths. Total relaxation; totally spent love-though flooding the young bodies. Total feeling for now, for today. Just today.

The two men melted into sleep wrapped against each other—each hoping to protect the other from whatever might come tomorrow.

For tomorrow would be terrible.

"COUNT," the voice lanced through the two lovers like a sword. The sun was barely peeking over the jungle when the two males blinked awake, still holding the flaccid tubes of each other's flesh in their mouths, both growing with piss and passion.

"No," Jim hissed to his lover who was beginning to work on the flesh he still held, "the count, come on," and with that Jim extracted his peter from the warmth of Mike's sleepy mouth. There was an audible POP as he broke the suction Mike was

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exerting on the swelling flesh. The both men scrambled to their feet and dashed for the morning ritual. Churning their way through the sand, the two men reached the assembly area just before the final whistle.

Two men did not!

The guards gathered together, arm in arm, and prevented the two prisoners from entering the count area. A glance at the hunks verified why they had been late: still semihard, the two males, eyes wild with terror, implored the guards to let them into the morning count. Promising anything, anything—sex, love, money—just submitting their bodies to gang-sex. But the guards, knowing the punishment awarded late arrivals, refused. They bound the two men together and led them off.

"EYES FRONT!" came the command, and Jim dragged his eyes away from the two doomed men as the count was completed.

"ASSEMBLE IN THE HUT!" came the command.

Jim had not visited this place and although afraid, he was interested. Slowly the prisoners shuffled toward the large, low rectangular building.

"Stick close by and keep your mouth shut," Mike muttered to Jim.

"Got it," Jim replied.

The two drifted into the HUT with the other prisoners. It was cooled by a thatched roof several feet thick, and the daily rain kept the temperature several degrees cooler than on the beach.

In the dimness, Jim could see a raised platform several steps high running down the middle of the HUT for almost its full length.

The two men late for the count had already been brought to the platform, bound back to back and spread eagled from floor to overhead beams. A low, broad railing outlined the platform, interrupted from time to time to allow passage to and from the platform. The ends of the platform were open.

The younger man, tall, heavy chested, with rippling muscles coursing down his stomach was literally quivering from fear. The darker, somewhat older male had his head back, offering encouraging words to his lover. His chest—a massive area covered with a dark silk fuzz—was heaving deep, heavy breaths in and out quickly. Only his eyes, which his lover could not see, betrayed his fear of what was to come.

Both men were gifted between the legs with heavy, ponderous balls and cocks swinging heavy with flesh, which even now was distended and engorged. They hung heavily and full down the brown thighs of each male.

Several guards approached the bound men, each carrying a roll of white cloth. As they mounted the platform, they laid the rolls on the wide railing and began unrolling the material, displaying a wide array of toys to be used on the prisoners. Jim could not believe his eyes, and he—along with several other new arrivals—made an audible gasp.

Mike poked him in the ribs and made a sign for silence, then motioned for Jim to come and sit between his legs so he could hold the newcomer and control him. Jim moved over and took his place on the ground as Mike spread his legs to make room for him. He nestled between the strong thighs and backed up against the torso of the Irish giant. Mike reached down and lifted his rod, fitting it into the small of Jim's back, where Jim could feel it grow in length and heat.

Jim watched as the guards selected a spool of thin, but strong piano wire and made two loops around the ball sacks of the two men, binding their balls together, their nuts stretched down into tight, shining bundles. One end of the wire was secured to the floor in front of the darker prisoner and the other end was fastened to the floor in front of his lover. Electrical clips were attached to the wire.

Jim understood immediately what was going to happen. If one man bucked or swung his pelvis, it would cause the other man intense pressure on his nut sack. And piano wire is thin and sharp!

As an example, the guard slapped the younger prisoner across his nuts and cock. As the man jerked back in pain, his buddy,

bound to him both by body and ball, barked a painful cry.

"NO! STOP! Don't move, please don't move," he cried in agony.

He no sooner uttered the cry than he received a painful slap across his cock that would have felled a bull. He slumped against his bonds and pulled his younger buddy with him. Both men gasped from the pain of the slaps and the cutting of the wire.

"PLEASE, man, please," the young man cried, "My nuts, ease up, ease up." He tried to thrust his pelvis forward, but realized that he could very well bring the terrible pressure to himself and his buddy.

Slowly the young men found a position both could tolerate. But their comfort did not last long. Guards selected additional toys—this time they attached four inch ball stretchers to the nut sacks, fitting them around the piano wire. The sacks were distended beyond endurance.

Each man steeled himself against moving, but the agony was intense and each man slowly undulated his torso, giving and receiving the agonizing pressure between the legs.

The guards then wrapped wet cloths around the tortured nut sacks, the fabric having soaked in a powerful saline solution. After wrapping the nuts tightly and leaving a tail of cloth hanging down three or four inches, they attached electrical clips to the end of the tail.

A second cloth, rolled tightly, was wrapped around the very base of each cock, passing beneath the hard shaft and over and around the cock base. Another electrical contact was attached to this cloth binding both dicks at the base.

Jim was fully hard now and Mike had wrapped his hand around the throbbing shaft, whispering words of caution and silence. Jim glanced around the HUT and saw men slowly moving into positions of comfortable sex postures. The cries of the prisoners on the platform were giving the observers a sense of urgency.

"Get it on and then get it out," was the message sweeping through the prisoners of the compound. "Tomorrow may be my turn," was the prevailing thought.

Thus, cocks disappeared into any available recess: hands, mouths, mounds; dry fucking was rampant. Daisy chains of ten, eighteen and twenty cocksucking men extended around the platform.

The blood in Jim's veins froze at the sudden screams from the two men on the platform.

The first jolt of electrical current had hit, plowing down into the base of their cocks and out through the imprisoned balls. And the current remained a steady, throbbing, ball-crushing presence and the guard slowly turned the crack of the AC generator.

Backs arched, pelvises thrust backward against each other, the two hunks writhed, afraid to thrash about for fear of delivering the cruel and final cut to his buddy. Lips curled back against tightly clenched white teeth, the men exhaled deep exhausting sounds of turmoil and pleasure and delicious pain as each issue of throbbing sensation coursed through their man-meat stretched out and away from their hard, muscular legs.

Then each guard selected a leather cat o' nine tails and—giving them an audible snap—they approached the two men.

The leather straps were long enough so that when they landed, they wrapped around both slim young men and delivered equal stinging blows to all flesh.

A sudden rumbling arrested Jim's attention and all prisoners became alert to the action taking place on the platform.

Guards were moving a heavy, wooden trough between the legs of the captives.

Wide enough to slip between the spread legs of the prisoners and several inches deep, the trough was long enough to accommodate many men.

"Careful," cautioned Mike into Jim's ear.

Jim watched as the guards positioned the trough between the legs. Then, standing back, the guards with the whips began their handiwork.

It was impossible! The guard turning the generator stepped up his pace until the sound of power flowing into the engorged meat

could actually be heard humming into the rigid shafts and out through the tortured balls. The men were screaming from the surge of power long before they felt the lash.

The blows delivered produced exactly the results the guards desired. The young men could not compromise the stinging lashes and began to writhe in sensual contortions, causing the thin wire to tighten around their stretched nut sacks.

The blows became more frequent and the electrical jolts increased tenfold and became a continuous flow of current sufficient to cause the bound cocks to gush long streams of crystal fluid up and out through the spreading lips of the cocks, dripping and running down the hard, pulsing shafts in a futile attempt to stem the slow of electricity. The younger man was bellowing his lungs out, trying to remain stationary while his bound buddy was biting the blood from his lips to prevent excessive movement.

But it was no wash. The guards moved the lashing down and directly on to the swollen cocks and tortured balls of the men. It was more than they could endure.

Swift words were exchanged between the two victims, words of love and affection and of action, and each male accepted the final fate that would end their torture and also their manhood.

"ONE, TWO THREE!!!! GOOO!" they screamed out at each other. Jim watched in dreaded horror as the brave young hunks jabbed their hips and bodies out from each other at exactly the same instant. Jim actually felt the hard, cold steel wire cut through the tender flesh of the young males displayed before him. There was a dead silence among the prisoners, save for the gasping and groaning from the mutilated men on the platform.

The soft, subdued "ploft" into the trough sounded throughout the HUT and heralded the end of manhood for the two young prisoners.

Yells and shouts of bravery and admiration issued forth from the prisoners surrounding the two men.

Hardly hearing the cries of recognition, the two mutilated

males slumped in their bonds and gazed down at their manhood resting inside the trough. Then, throwing their heads back in a barbaric animal yell, they shot the longest, hardest, heaviest load ever in their lives. Again and again they shot, as the prisoners surged forward and surrounded them to take the exploding cocks deep into their mouths and pinched off the now-empty ball sacks. Again and again the young men emptied the last of their virile sperm into the warm caverns of the men who loved them.

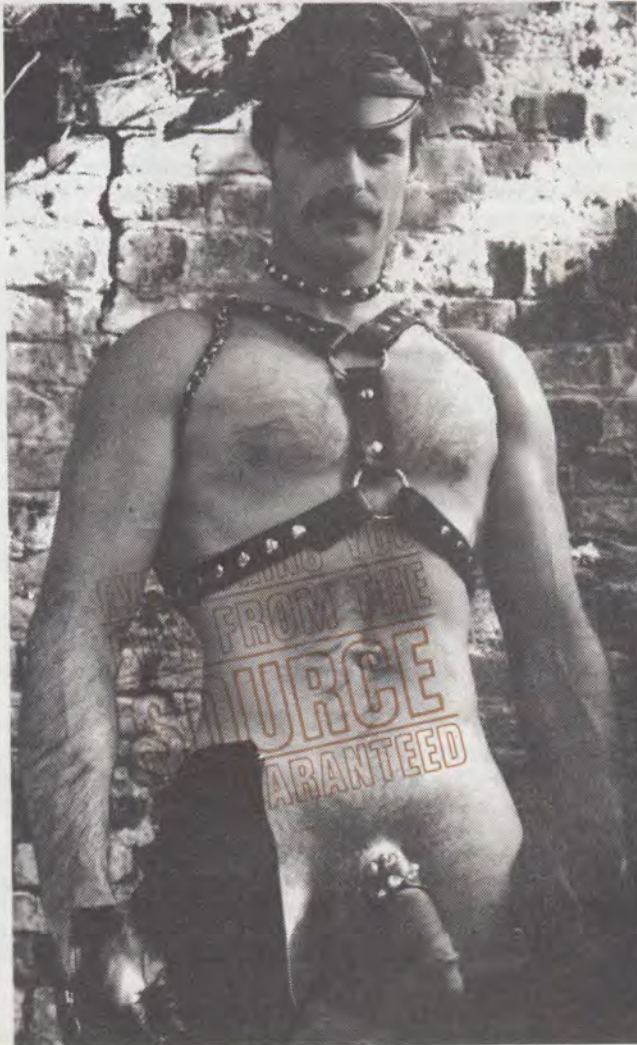
Jim could stand it no longer. His long, hot shaft still contained in Mike's hand and massaged to the point of madness was desperate for release and, throwing himself back against Mike, he thrust him to the floor. Jim immediately mounted the shaft of the Irishman, plunging the cock deep between the recess of his mounds. Then, grabbing the strong hand beating his meat, he settled down to a steady rhythm as ass-dick and hand-dick massage that would result in a hard, powerful and wonderful masculine explosion called CUM!

Both men exploded together. Deep and hard spasms of contracting muscles propelled the hot fluids from their bodies. Mike shot deep into Jim's torso and Jim emptied his load into the air and onto his own and Mike's hands.

Another prisoner, watching the action between the two males, simply leaned over and took Jim's volcanic cock into his mouth, milking the final drops of man-juice from Jim; meanwhile, another prisoner sank between Jim's legs and gathered the hot, spent balls into his mouth and began munching and swallowing the distended nuts into a hot, moist, crushing vacuum.

Mike felt his partner stiffen and he realized what the action was with this hunk lying on top of him. Mike's cock began to grow again at the thoughts of the pending action. He refused to withdraw his cock from the deep, hot recess of Jim's body. Instead, he pivoted his hips up and deeper so his rod was literally stretched up into the guy.

Jim, still unaccustomed to prolonged after-play, was getting



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crazy. He felt the deep, throbbing pulse of Mike's meat deep inside his body, but then he felt the warm, moist desirable mouth surrounding his spent cock and a second mouth licking and swallowing his balls. Suddenly, there was a terrific suction which consumed his balls in one fell swoop! The man was an expert and brought Jim's precious balls to the limit, then swallowed them another few inches down into his throat, contracting the muscles against the flaccid orbs.

Jim's body went into emergency. With entrapped balls and consumed cock and with a huge, stiff, growing dick planted deep within his ass, Jim's body reacted with a roaring shudder from his head to his toes. Several prisoners watching the action between the four men gathered around, groping themselves and each other. One of the men stepped over Jim's body, astraddle of him, and brought his hard meat directly in front of Jim.

Jim could not take his eyes off the throbbing meat bouncing gently two inches from his mouth. Slowly he reached forward and drew the young meat toward him and slipped the shaft between his lips. The prisoner slid the hot flesh slowly and deeply into Jim. Eyes closed, Jim savored the smooth shaft until he felt the bush of the man against his lips and knew he had reached the base of the throbbing flesh.

Gently, the man pressed, then withdrew just a slight bit, then pressed again before he began a slow withdrawal then picked up on his familiar rhythm, sliding in and out of Jim's mouth, his head thrown back, lips tight against his teeth and eyes squeezed shut, savoring not only his own sensations, but Jim's oral sensations as well. Jim palmed the heavy nuts and drew cooperation from the young man's cock slipping in and out of his mouth.

And Jim's body sensations were incredible. Every nerve fiber in his body was sending crashing, piercing waves of hard pleasure thundering through his impaled body. His cock, swelling to full hardness inside the hot hunk, was still so sensitive that the slightest movement or tongue massage caused his legs to stiffen and brought growls of abject, total surrender to the sensations being inflicted upon his body.

He felt completely and entirely consumed. His ass, mouth, cock, balls and the massage of his body by the other prisoners standing around increased the intensity of the orgy. Two prisoners attacked his nips with a vengeance and Jim's growls became whimpers, then short, sharp cries of passion. It was then that he could no longer resist anything that was being done to his powerful body and he felt himself slipping into the chasm of desire which the men were working toward—to have this hunk completely, totally; to consume his body, soul, sex, to ravish this animal inside his ass and mouth and then take every inch of his outside flesh.

And they did.

Again, Jim felt the tremendous swelling at the base of his dick—that powerful area deep between his legs, where his shaft traverses up between his legs and into his body; that area where, once action begins, it cannot be stopped. Once a man begins this trip it is impossible to divert the inevitable contractions of the muscles expelling the pressurized fluid churning between his legs.

Mike felt the sudden, desperate pulsing of Jim's muscles against his heavy tool that was stuffed to the hilt up inside the hard-bodied male riding his flesh.

And it was Mike that tipped the emotional wave on which Jim was riding.

"TAKE HIM," Mike commanded with a hiss, "HE'S CUM'IN!"

Had Jim, at that moment, been struck by lightning, nothing would have worked more effectively than Mike's command.

The mouth consumed his shaft, full length again, and again, nibbling the tender lips at the end with each trip in and out. The balls were stretched and compressed deep into a hot, tight throat, heightening the pending explosion from Jim's cock.

Each nip was stretched inches away from the massive chest and pecs; a hard vacuum and firm teeth were giving them a workout equal to the situation. As Jim lurched forward to relieve the pressure and pleasure assaulting his nips, he felt the head of

Mike's cock crash into his prostate, mashing the swollen, engorged nerve center hard against the building-hard shaft extending up into his body. Grabbing the buns of the man face fucking him, Jim shoved the cock into a deep-throat position so he could scream his passion into and around a tube of hard flesh as his mind and body exploded through his cock and tight against the cock Mike was jabbing deep within his buns. Mike's raw, jagged gasps for air announced that his own massive load of hot cum had, once again, blasted deep within Jim's hard, muscular mounds.

Meanwhile, Jim chewed firmly on the shaft plunging deep within his throat, feeling the hot, pulsing, throbbing dick-meat gush forth load after load of male lava. Yet, controlling the hard, young cock through the ball squeezing, Jim was able to convince the hot hunk that playtime was not over—yet. The hunk got the message! He groaned his passion throughout the HUT, thrusting and bucking his hips and dong deep into Jim's mouth to escape the pressure being applied to the swollen and throbbing cock and exploding balls.

His mind whirling, his body exhausted, Jim felt the passion of the men wind down until on one moved a muscle, tendon, mouth, tongue, hip, cock—nothing. Only the throbbing pulse and exhausted, shallow, hollow breathing of each man could be felt. Nothing more.

Slowly Jim opened his eyes. The bush of thick hair surrounding the dick that was slowly pulling away, then the tanned skin of the stomach, the end of the shaft all seemed out of focus for a moment, then the sweat and the smell of manhood and the taste of cum—it all came flooding back to him along with the realization of what he had just seen: the castration of two virile, young prime males, the torture of their vibrant bodies, the unrestrained passion of the observers.

Slowly his mind replayed the past events. The call to count; the lateness of the two men; moving into the HUT; the stringing up and preparation of the two males for torture; the application of the wire; the electrical connections; the salt-encrusted rags; the whips; being spread-eagled; the humiliation; the helplessness and vulnerability and then that horrible Trough; the final giving in to that which these barbarians wanted, demanded and got! Jim's mind was racing, "... yes, that's what they wanted, that's what all of us wanted: the total emancipation. Every young, hot-blooded, virile, heavy hung, studded male wanted the absolute emancipation; every S&M'r wants it—A TOTAL, ABSOLUTE, NUT CRUSHING, DEVASTATING, ASS THRUSTING, NUT THROBBING, BACK ARCHING, SLICE OF A KNIFE ACROSS THEIR NUTS... CASTRATION!

Jim's blood froze in his veins and a chill swept over his body. Quickly he turned and rolled off Mike and curled up to the warm, sleeping frame. Feeling the strength of the man, his mind settled down and he, too, sank into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Rough hands shook Jim awake. He stared up at the black shadow, including black head and face mask—Commando-type gear.

"Come on, man; get the fuck out of here," a voice hissed.

Jim felt his body literally snatched from the floor and propelled from the HUT. Mike was nowhere to be seen.

The flickering oil torches wavered their orange flame into the night, barely touching the two figures leaving the structure.

Jim was disoriented and confused, his body still spent from the non-stop sex of a few hours ago.

"Mike! Where's Mike?" he demanded to the black form beside him.

"Safe," the voice barked. "Now move your ass and shut the fuck up!" he exclaimed.

Grabbing Jim by the wrist, the form raced toward the beach. "Follow if you want to live," and the hand released Jim and moved ahead at full run.

His head finally clearing and his night vision improving, Jim suddenly saw dozens of forms running toward the beach. Some were in black and some were totally naked.

The sudden eruption of small bore rifle and pistol fire caused

Jim and dozens of shadowy figures to hit the sand, roll, then spring to their feet again and continue toward the water's edge.

Suddenly, he saw small rafts outlined against the pale water and barely visible in the dim, overcast moonlight.

"This way," the dark form motioned Jim toward the end raft. Needing no further invitation, Jim raced for the small craft and literally dove into it.

A soft scrape of sand and suddenly the boat was drifting in the calm water. The splashing and grunts of men throwing themselves into the craft were barely audible. Oars were quickly manned and the craft shot across the water.

"But to where?" Jim wondered, sighting across the expanse of water.

Then he saw it.

Lying low in the water, the rapier-like silhouette awaited their arrival. Jim saw many dots of rafts heading out toward the slim craft, black forms bending into the oars.

A sudden eruption of gunfire from the shore caused the boat-men to flatten themselves against the sides and the bottom. Hot metal ricocheted off the calm water around the rubber rafts.

A sudden, massive explosion from the submarine shattered the night air and the following blast on the beach caused a sudden and extended silence there. Jim smiled to himself as cheers arose from the boat-men.

"... ready to board," Jim was instructed. Swiftly he scrambled to his feet and stood in the middle of the craft and watched the approaching sleek metal monster resting quietly in the water. Dark forms scurried about and began hurling lines toward the approaching craft.

"Up you go!" and strong hand grabbed Jim about the arms and chest. "Down that hatch," as Jim followed the pointed arm toward the dull red night-glow coming from the black deck. Quickly he stumbled toward the hatchway and lowered himself into the bowels of the sub.

Again, strong hands grabbed his thighs and body and quickly snatched him from the rungs of the hatchway ladder and stood him up on the deck.

Several catcalls had accompanied the rescue from the ladder and more than one hand had reached up between his thighs and fondled his meat and nuts, thus relieving the tension of the situation. Strong, masculine laughter rent the air as the hunky submariners saw the nude prisoners descending into their midst.

The soft glow of the red lamps caused the bodies of the nude men to shimmer and reflect the light across their heavily defined chests and shoulders. It rippled down and reflected off the flesh between their legs, most of which had become engorged from the excitement. The red lights, required to preserve the night vision of the crew, gave the inside of the vessel an eerie glow and kept everything in a sort of out-of-focus fuzziness.

Jim found himself confused—having never been in such a vessel before, his main concern was simply to get out of the way of the hustle and bustle. There was the receiving of the nude prisoners, the shouting of orders between the crew receiving the prisoners and the crew trying to maintain the sub's operation and keep the safety of the sub and its human cargo.

Jim noticed the darker recesses of the sub and saw the shadowy images of men moving about, performing their duties aboard. Several looked toward the activity of the hatch and—with just a nod between each other—one of the crew came forward. Without a word, he wrapped his fist around Jim's cock and led him back into the depths of the huge underseas monster. The red glow grew dimmer and the figures of the crewmen, more vague as Jim felt his body caressed, then supported and finally lifted from the floor and laid on a firm bunk.

Quickly, a warm mouth enveloped his sleepy, yet engorged tube of flesh swinging between his legs and Jim felt himself dropping into a deep and safe slumber, dreaming of the crew and knowing he was going to enjoy the trip home—far away from the horrors of the Trough. □

Armageddon

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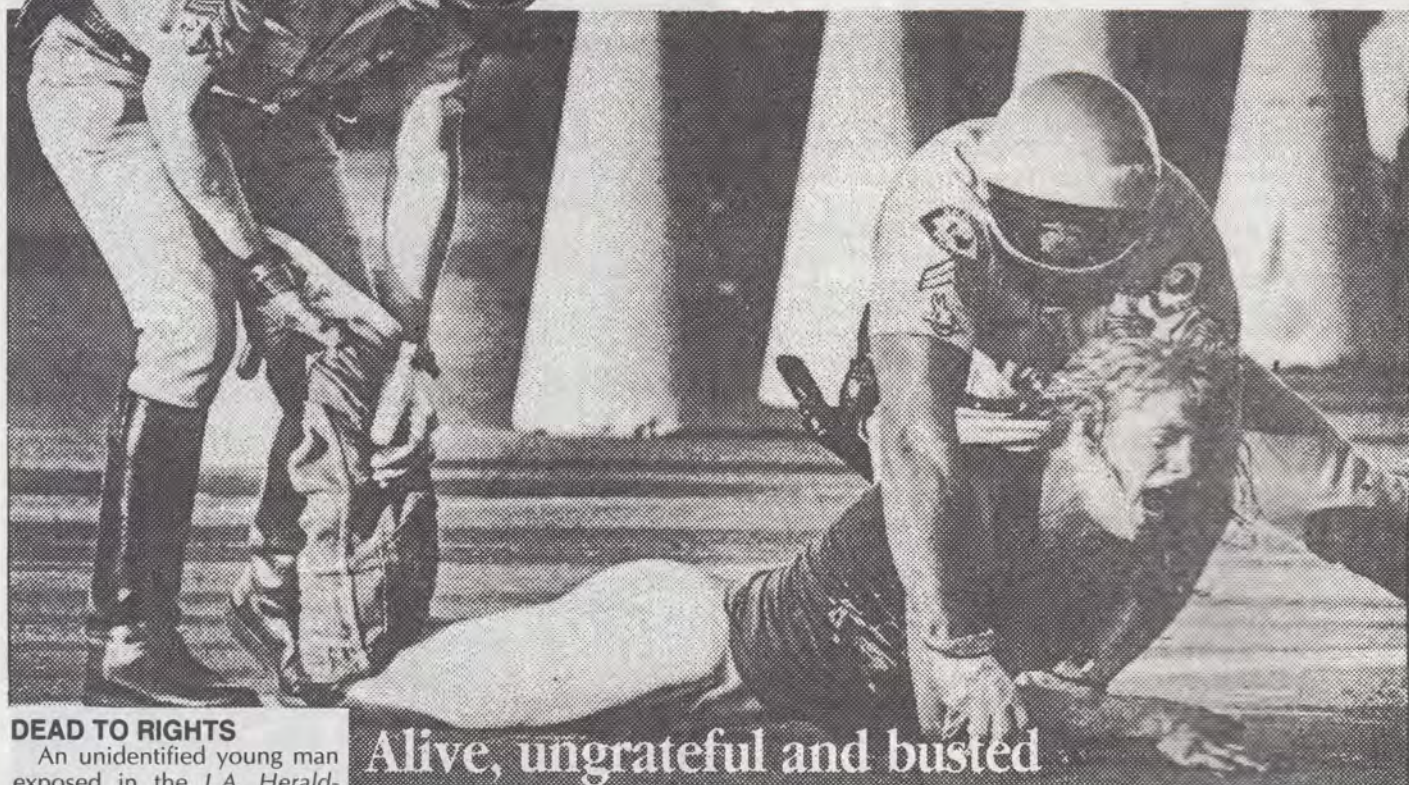
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DEAD TO RIGHTS

An unidentified young man exposed in the L.A. *Herald-Examiner* as a drug suspect has already lost his jeans and is in the process of losing his battle with motorcycle officers in the

Alive, ungrateful and busted

parking lot of Anaheim Stadium, where the Grateful Dead and Bob Dylan were playing. Witnesses said he tangled with

numerous fans before police strapped him down and removed him.

(Ed.: The article does not men-

tion why one officer is apparently pulling the suspect's pants off. Why can't people get videos of things like this.)

PRISON 'STRAP DOWN'

Oregon State Penitentiary officials call it "seclusion and restraint," but critics say a form of corporal punishment inmates call "strap down" is torture according to an Associated Press article.

Convicted rapist Donald Guinn, with a history of conflicts with prison staff and other inmates, was admitted to the behavior modification program in February.

He was placed in a bare cell in his underwear and strapped to a low metal cot. Leather thongs were locked around his ankles and wrists. There he remained for nine days, except for periods of minutes when his limbs were freed.

Convicted burglar Fred Whitt was strapped down for 30 consecutive days last summer. While prison officials said that was an isolated incident, Whitt claims he was held for similar prolonged periods.

The seclusion and restraint

technique is administered in the prison's Special Management Unit, or psychiatric ward.

The temporary immobilization of mentally ill patients is not an unusual technique. However, attorney Bob Joondeph of the Oregon Advocacy Center for mentally ill and disabled Oregonians says it is misused.

"The way it's practiced in the prison can be called nothing other than torture. They are punishing people under the aegis of psychiatric treatment," Joondeph said.

The American Psychiatric Association sets one hour as a reasonable limit for the use of restraints in such behavioral treatment programs. It says restraints may be used for up to 72 hours if patients are deemed to be a threat to themselves or others, but that medical second opinions should be sought if restraints are used beyond three days.

The prison's Special Management Unit has been con-

troversial since it was created 20 years ago to treat and monitor inmates with mental ailments.

(Ed.: Bitch, bitch! I know guys that would pay good money to be treated that way.)

DID MONTY PYTHON RUN CAMPAIGN?

Ilona Staller, also known as Cicciolina, was elected to the Italian Parliament on the Radical Party ticket. She opposes nuclear war and hunger, and favors sex education in the schools and world peace. After her election, the San Francisco *Chronicle* reported, she put on a stage show involving a snake and urinated on the front two rows of the audience. Another routine included the python, whips and chains, latex novelties, and a stuffed dog. At the opening of Parliament, she failed to follow through on a threat to appear in a titillating outfit. Radical party leaders have become increasingly uncom-

fortable with her activities.

(Ed.: Time to start the Ultra-Radical party!)

NOT AT THESE PRICES!

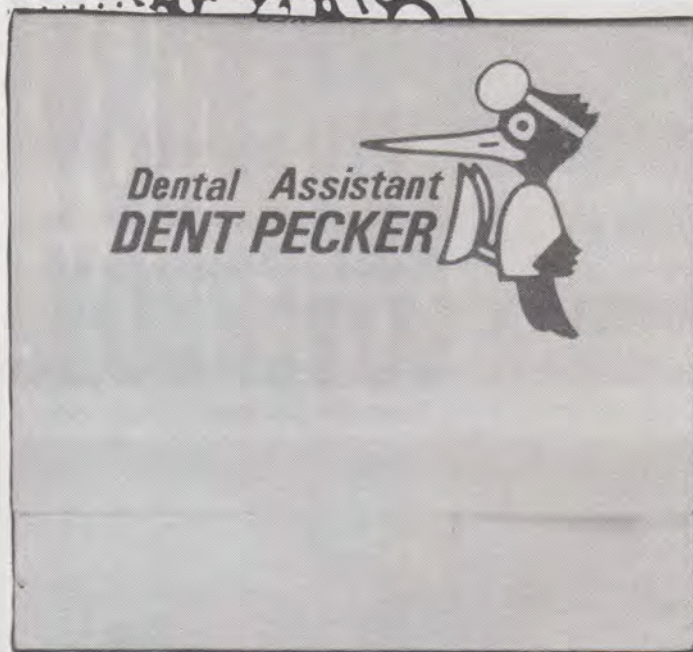
Thousands of desperate men in India are selling their most private body parts for a paltry amount of quick cash, according to reports from the impoverished and overpopulated nation. The purchaser of these used goods is the government, which is trying to cut down on the population growth.

The going price of \$2.50 may seem a measly sum for a male's manhood, but scores of Indians are having themselves castrated for the tiny fee.

The government has campaigned for years encouraging the use of contraceptives, with dismal results.

"Nobody can afford them," Dr. Salladay says, "so castration provides the ideal solution.

"It leaves no room for error, it's easy, and once it's done, it's done," he notes. "And it's far



DENT PECKER

We probably couldn't have come up with a more bizarre name for a product but *Dent Pecker* actually describes (sort of) what it does. With the de-

crease in smoking and the increased use of cheap butane lighters, match companies have had a drop in business.

Well, never fear, an enter-

prising oriental company has found a use for what would have been wooden matches a few years ago. *Dent Pecker* is a disposable dental hygiene "tooth

pick" that comes in a "match book" type carrying case. Just snap off one of the "peckers," use, then toss. Handy, effective and semi-sanitary.

less expensive than buying a lifetime supply of contraceptives."

YOU DIDN'T ASK, BUT...

An article by Giuliano Ferrieri in the Milan-based news-magazine *Europeo* reports that each year 300,000 Italians fall ill and 4,000 die from "causes traceable to lack of hygiene."

The same article reveals that 18 percent of French citizens bathe less than once a week and that German men change their underwear on an average of once every seven days.

CONDOM'S HAZARDS

Insight magazine reports that with Surgeon General C. Everett Koop touting condoms as the best way to stop the spread of acquired immunodeficiency syndrome, short of abstinence, and with some condom manufacturers embarking on major disease-prevention ad campaigns, one might conclude that condoms are essentially

risk-free protection from AIDS.

However, not all physicians and health authorities are quite so confident. A more obscure threat is postulated by Raymond Oliver, a retired surgeon lieutenant in the British navy who served as a venereologist during World War II. He maintains that hair follicles exposed when pubic hairs are caught in and pulled by a condom are a common conduit for sexually transmitted disease agents to enter the body.

PROTECTIVE WEAR THAT FIGHTS BACK

According to an article in *Insight* magazine, silicone condoms as well as surgical gloves with antiviral agents will soon be available to consumers and hospitals.

The protective wear will be lined with a viricide developed by Epitope Inc., an Oregon biotechnology company, for use against many microbial infections such as herpes and other

sexually transmitted diseases. It can kill — outside the body only — the virus causing acquired immunodeficiency syndrome, a company spokesman said.

Silicone has proved to be better than plastic, since it is freer of impurities and does not disintegrate or lose its shape when combined with bioactive agents. It is also more resistant to tearing and does not irritate the skin when combined with germ killing chemicals.

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

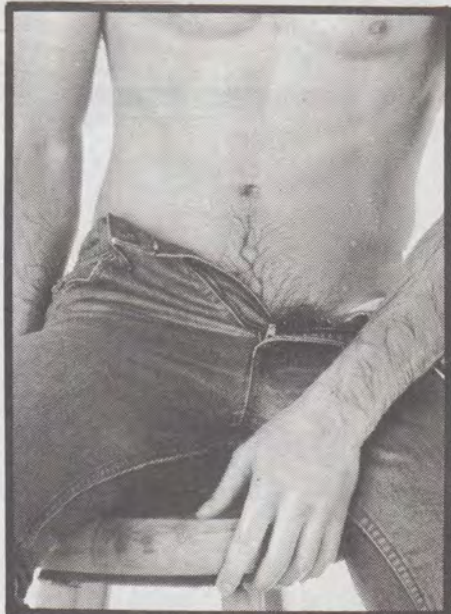
The National Center for Health Statistics says that 59% of newborn boys were circumcised in 1985, compared to 68% in 1979, an article in *Newsweek* reported. The article also talked about recent lawsuits in California, the controversy over the health reasons for and against circumcision, and how many agencies and insurance companies will no longer cover the operation.

WHAT IS CHLAMYDIA?

Dr. Dean Edell reported in his San Francisco *Chronicle* column that a U.S. Army study reported in the *American Journal of Public Health* found that circumcised males were 1.65 times more likely to have Chlamydia, a common sexually transmitted disease. Dr. Edell is a leading opponent of circumcision and suggests that the study refutes claims by some that circumcision can help prevent infections.

THE FRENCH HAVE A WORD FOR IT!

The estranged wife of Jean-Marie Le Pen, Pierrette, appeared nude in the French edition of July's *Playboy* because her husband had refused to give her more money and suggested she work if she wanted more. The couple is currently involved in an alimony dispute. The July *Playboy* promptly sold out, and has printed more copies. □

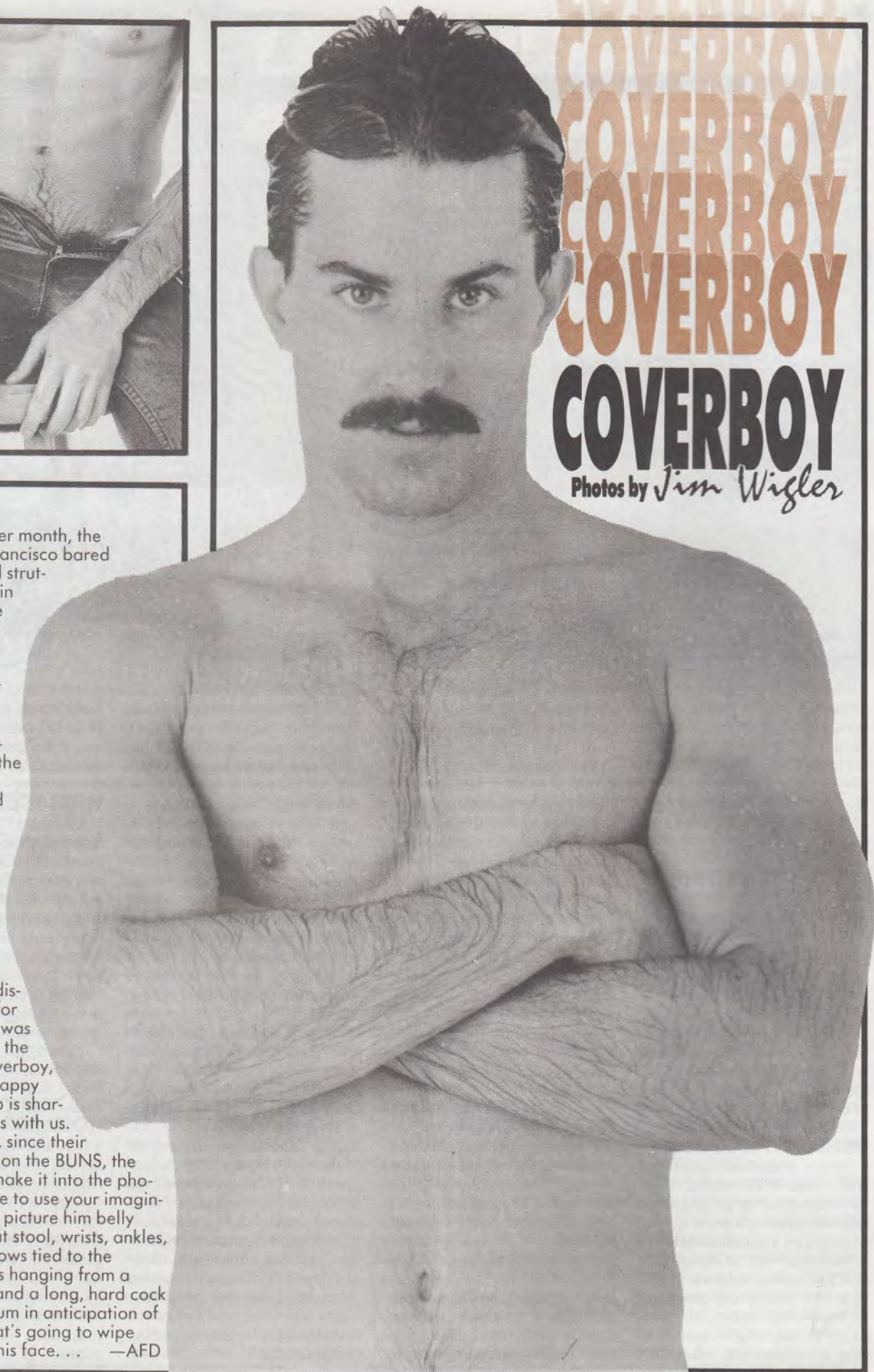


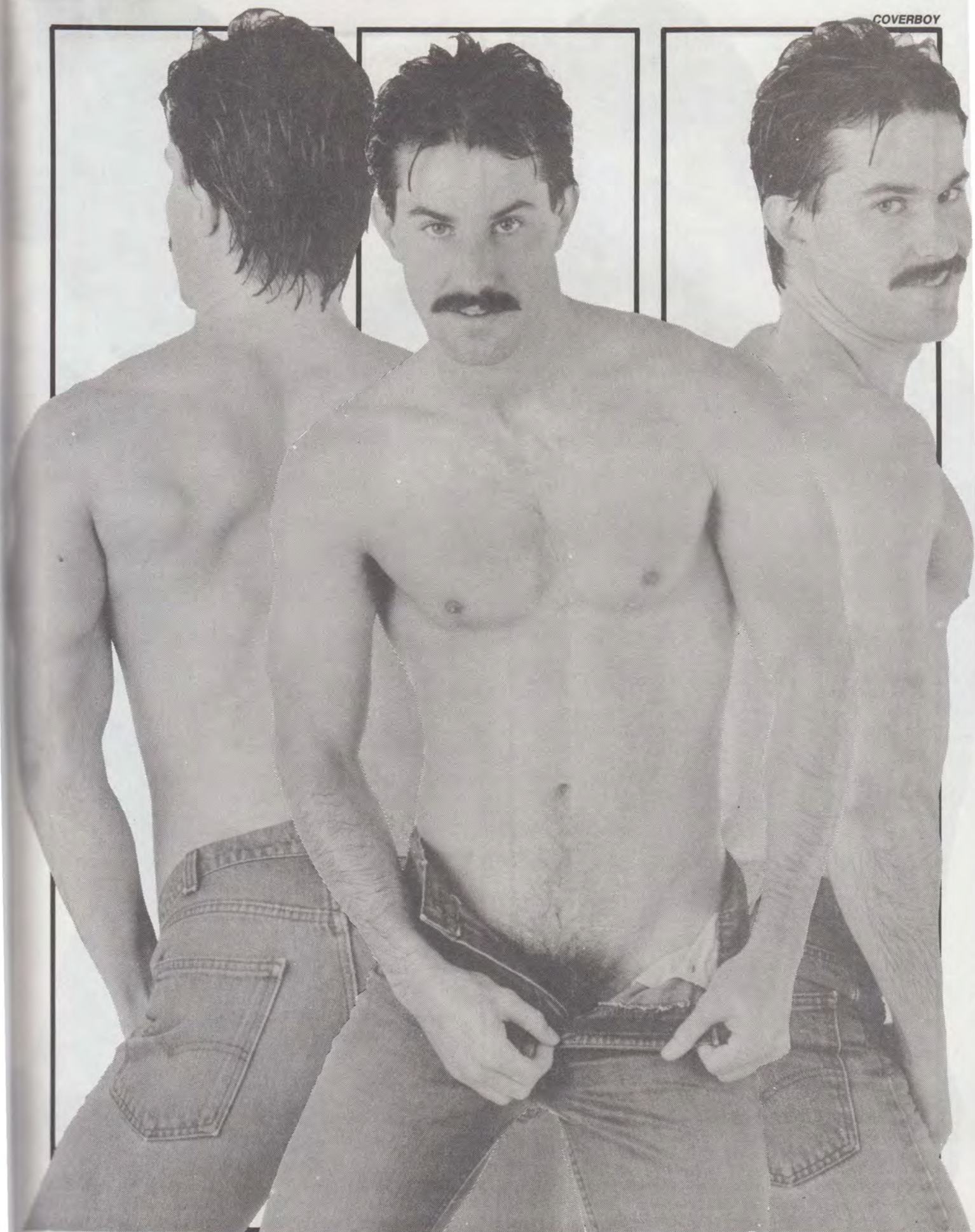
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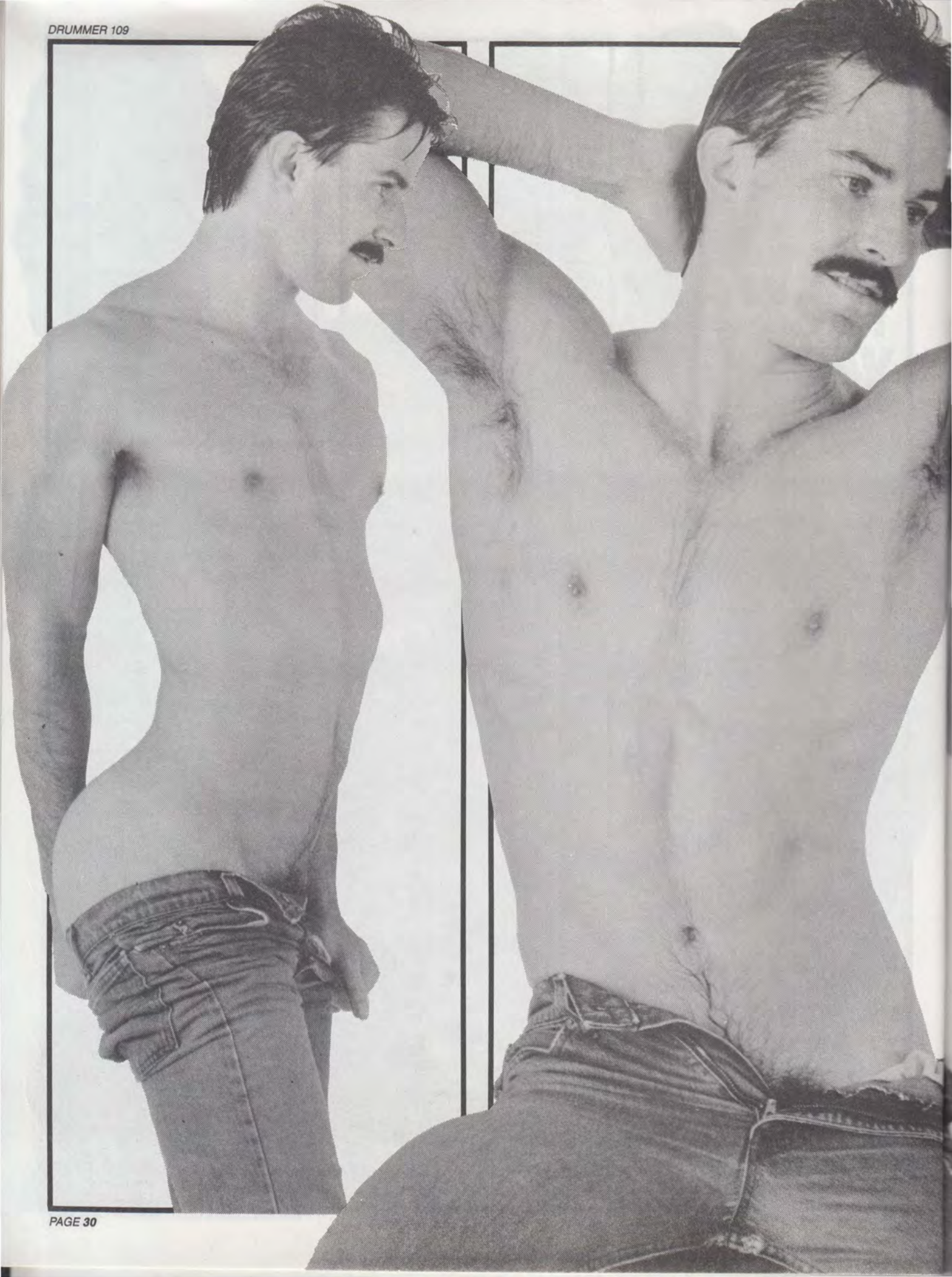
Photos by *Jim Wigler*

Month after month, the men of San Francisco bared their buns and strutted their stuff in contests at the Endup, at 995 Harrison St. They were competing for the honor of having their derriere selected as one of the 12 asses to be photographed in living color by renowned photographer Jim Wigler and featured in the Endup's 1988 BUNS Calendar.

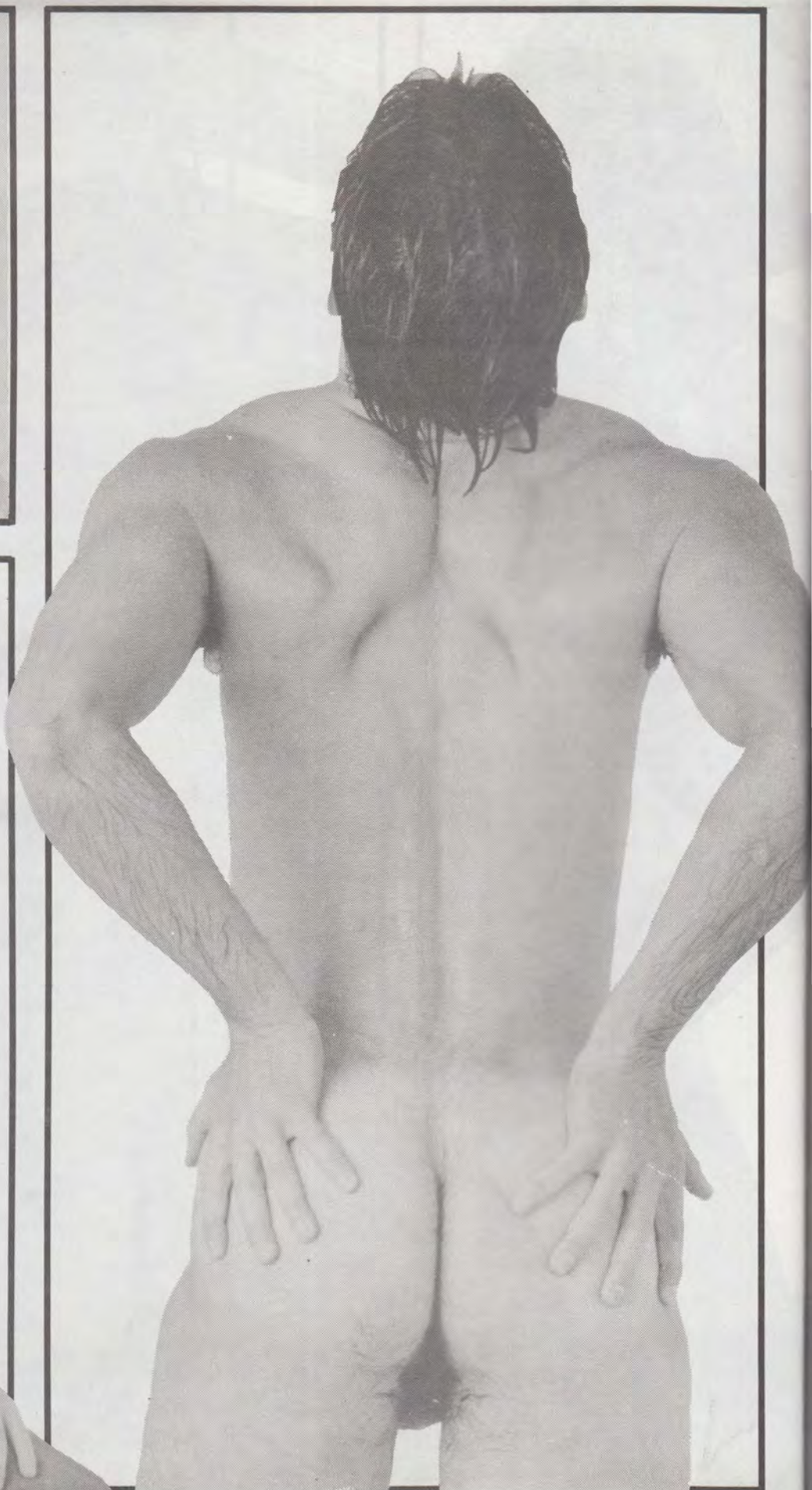
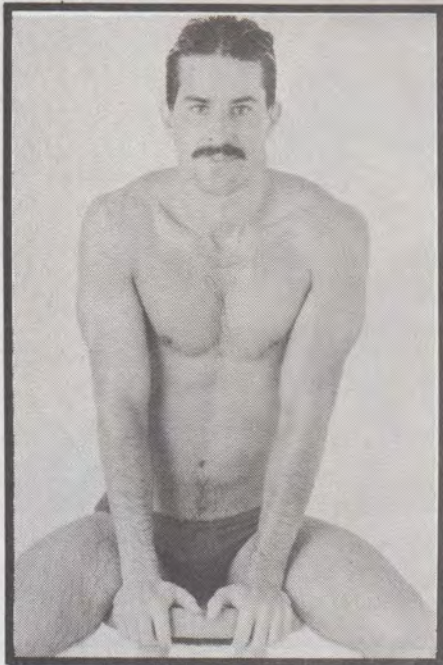
The stud on the stool will display his buns for February and was selected to be the calendar's coverboy, too! We are happy that the Endup is sharing its outtakes with us. Unfortunately, since their emphasis was on the BUNS, the MEAT didn't make it into the photos. You'll have to use your imagination. Now I picture him belly down over that stool, wrists, ankles, knees and elbows tied to the frame, weights hanging from a furry nutsack and a long, hard cock dripping precum in anticipation of the paddle that's going to wipe that smile off his face. . . —AFD











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IT ALL BEGINS WITH A "C"

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
by RICHARD A. WHITE

Hard as it may be to believe, there are men who are over six feet tall and weigh over two hundred pounds that can be called "sweet." Carlos was just that man. He's my superintendent's youngest son . . . and biggest . . . and quietest . . . and handsomest. He had a body that won't quit and a brain that wouldn't start. He meant well, but whenever he assisted his father on a repair job in our building, Carlos inevitably made some blunder and his father berated him once again. Yet the loyal Carlos still followed his father on jobs; still trying to learn the best he can.

Whenever Carlos would mess up a job, he'd stand with his hands behind his back and look down at his feet while his father told him he was worthless and hopeless, both in English and Spanish. Carlos would nod in sad agreement then promise, ". . . next time I do better . . . you see." His father would get over the rage, sigh, pat Carlos on the back and get on with mending whatever Carlos had fumbled. At a barely discernible rate, Carlos did get better—his body was powerful and fast, but his mind was slow and child-like.

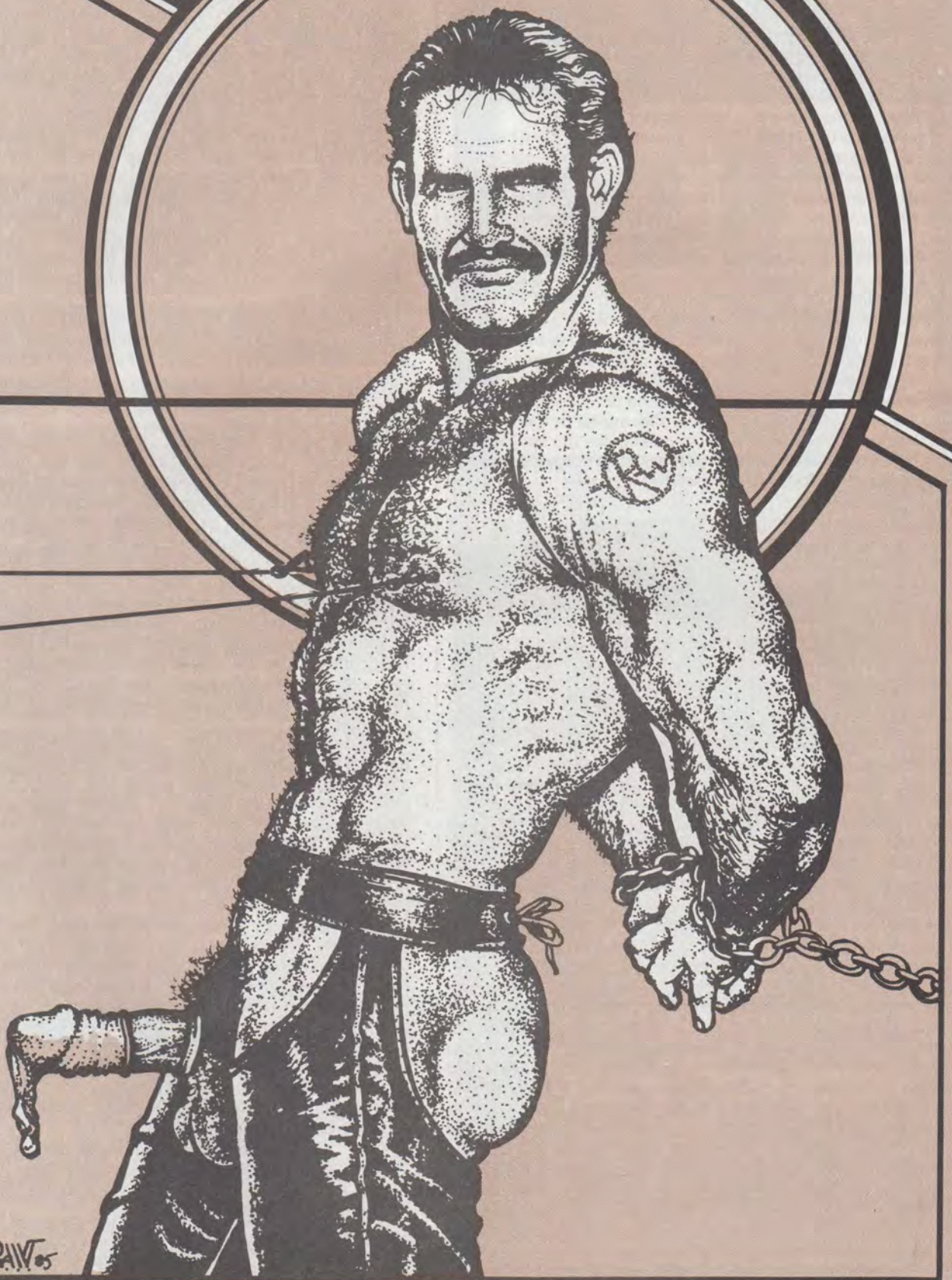
Carlos always stayed close to home. I never saw him with girl friends, like his chubby, oafish brothers had draped around themselves. No—Carlos was a loner. Even when he'd hang out on the sidewalk in front of my building, he'd rarely join in the braying and brawling of the street-studs. He'd watch, smile, yet stay to himself. His shyness was a relief from the incessant parade of

yapping Chicanos under my window.

My studio window faced the street and my need for air forced me to leave the window open on hot summer nights. I was inundated with street noise whenever I'd try to work. Finally I gave in and bought a powerful-enough air conditioner to cool the large front room. Two men from the department store had to carry it upstairs, so huge was the beast with the icy breath.

My problem now was how to install it. The delivery men only set it down in my hallway; installation wasn't part of their job. So, I called Jimmy the Super. He was at his daytime job, so Carlos, offered to come and help me. I had visions of my as-yet-unpaid-for air conditioner falling four floors to its death, but I relented and accepted Carlos' kind offer. He arrived within five minutes, eager and armed with tools.

Carlos is so powerfully built that he was able to lift the enormous box by himself and trot into my studio with it. He set it down by the window and wiped his wide brow with a pocket handkerchief. He had only a pair of worn jeans and boots on. It was too torrid out to wear anything else. I let my eyes feast on his tawny, rippled body and densely-corded arms. He smiled at me and glanced at the artwork on the walls. I make no bones about my erotic art . . . and no apologies or explanations. Carlos looked over the many framed pieces with childlike awe. "You good . . . no wonder you can afford big t'ing like dis to cool off." He ripped



© TRAV '85

the sturdy cardboard from the machine and looked at the side vents. He pulled them out, looked at the holes for screws and pulled out a pencil from his back pocket.

He seemed more efficient than I expected. He measured the spaces between the holes and made marks on the windows. He drove a pilot screw into the sill for the screws. Then he asked me to take one side as he lifted the air conditioner into place. I held my breath as he slid the sash of the window onto the lip of the machine. In seconds he had it in place, but I heard him groan slightly as he set the machine down. He screwed in the bolts, wincing as he did so. I was amazed at how wide he was up close. His back practically filled the window as much as the air conditioner! Jesus, he was a fucking massive beauty!

"I pull somet'ing, I t'ink," Carlos apologized, gripping his back. He must have moved the wrong muscle as he set the machine in place. At least the machine was intact and safely installed. He turned it on and stood with his arms akimbo as the blessedly cool air fluttered over his sweaty big body. "God . . . wunnerful . . . so good," he whispered, almost to himself. His room in the basement with his family must be stifling, noisy and tiny. I offered him a beer. "Oh God, yes . . . so nice and cool . . . t'ank you," he said, like a little boy being allowed to stay up past his bedtime.

"The least I can offer you is time to cool off. Thanks again, Carlos," I said as I handed him a frosty beer can. He smiled shyly and sat in a big chair that suddenly shrank with his immense body in it. He chugged quickly, and downed almost half the can. I guess with so many siblings one learns to eat and drink fast before it's all gone. He wiped the light foam off his dark mustache hairs. His full mouth licked at the beer that got trapped in the thicker hairs. He grinned and sighed with relief. He leaned back in the chair and he winced again. "Sore?" I asked. "Yes," he whispered, as if ashamed of fumbling a job again. "Lie down on the sofa and I'll look at your back . . . undo your pants," I said off-handedly. I swallowed a dry lump in my throat at the thought of touching his creamy, coffee-colored skin.

As eagerly, obedient as an oversize panting puppy, Carlos undid his jeans. Then he slid them down and shucked off his boots, then kicked off his pants! I was stunned that he was naked before me so quickly. He wasn't all that well-endowed, like most Mexicans, but his meat was a spongy dark handful with a bright pink cock-head. His cock hairs were briars of tangled black curls. He lay down and those two magnificent butt cheeks were displayed for me—two firm, white melons with a black thistle in the middle! A meal that even the most well-fed among us would salivate for.

I hid my astonishment that he stripped when I'd only asked him to undo his pants. I walked to him, lying there with his legs parted. His balls flopped back between his ass cheeks like two hair-coated peaches. "Dere . . . right by dat bone," he said. Trust and surrender filled his voice. "By the spine?" I asked. "Yeah . . . dere," he pointed to the base of his spine. His big biceps curled and swelled as he reached behind his butt cheeks to pinpoint the painful spot. I pressed one spread palm against the lower dorsal muscles. He was fully packed; solid as a steer. His skin, by comparison, was soft, supple. My hands glided over the area. Like heated egg-shell was his skin. He sighed at my touch.

"I feel a tightening, here. Feel that small lump inside? You've strained your sacrospinalis." Using long words seems to impress people that you know what you're doing. "What's dat? Is dat bad?" Carlos asked, seeming genuinely afraid he'd done serious damage. "NO," I assured him, "just a sprain. Keep it rested and relaxed as much as possible; it'll go away in a day or so." I continued to massage his back and buttock muscles. He had his voluminous arms folded under his face. He smiled and breathed deeply as I kneaded my fingers into his willing flesh.

I spread his legs and nestled my knees between his. Tiny black ringlets on his thighs grazed against my skin. Goose-flesh rose at the delicate touch of his hairs against mine. His balls swelled a bit as I continued to massage him. Then, slowly, his cock-head slid back, peeking out from under his balls. A crystalline bead of cock drool seeped out of his piss-hole. He was lengthening by the second . . . longer than it seemed he could get since he was so

small before. He raised his ass slightly to give his burgeoning cock more room.

He said not one word. He merely submitted to my ministrations on his muscles. His cock lengthened and swelled. It throbbed every few seconds as it grew under his balls. His asshole puckered tight, but it would wink open a bit as my hands ran across his buttock muscles. I knew this man was used to subordinating himself to his father . . . would he submit to me? To what I wanted to do to his beefy body? I lost not a second. Hesitation takes the edge off pure dominance. I slid my tongue into his fudge pit, and licked gobs of adoring saliva into his guts. He gasped and twitched but never resisted.

As I furrowed my tongue into his hairy hole, my chin grazed his cock head. It swelled fatter at my touch. He spread his massive thighs even farther apart, making room for my face and his gorging roll of beef. I slid my tongue lower, over his perineum, that swollen vein between the asshole and the balls. Then I nursed his nuts and rolled them around in my mouth. Moans purred out of Carlos' mouth. Then I slipped his cock head into my mouth and he hissed in delight. He rose up on his knees so I could get his whole hard-on into my mouth. My nose pressed his asshole as I sucked his cock.

I rubbed and spread his butt cheeks, and the bush around his butt-eye opened to me. His pink shitter twitched and shuddered as I sucked harder on his cock. I knew what I wanted to do with him: I wanted him to be completely vulnerable, in total surrender, succumbing to my caresses and touches. I wanted him possessed with passion and hunger.

"Come, we'll go to my bed . . . the air conditioner's on in there, too . . . come." I softly insisted and he followed, his cock bobbing in the air as he walked. He padded shyly into my room, then stood there, waiting to be told what to do. The room was an icy, balming delight. I reached for a pair of leather chaps on my closet shelf. They were for a larger partner. They'd fit him.

"Put them on. Leather will feel good in this chilly air . . . and you'll look fuckin' great in them," I smiled. Carlos put them on. His ass and cock were bared in the pants. He beamed with a wide grin as he snapped them on. "Now, turn around," I whispered. He let me see those cannon-ball buttocks again. I snapped a pair of handcuffs on him. He looked down at them, glanced quickly at my smile, then smiled as well. "You like Carlos?" he asked. I ran my hands over his hairless ass cheeks and hissed, "Better than like — I want you."

I guided my captive to the bed and had him lie face up. His hard-on was purple with fury and his cock head had become an angry pink. His hands were under him, which made his hairy chest swell up even larger. His nipples stood out like purple pencil erasers; they were made for chewing! I nursed at them, sliding my face across his chest as I went from nipple to nipple. I ground my cock into his as I lay on top of his body. It was like riding a raft of flesh. I chewed and nursed his chest until his nipples were raw with erections.

"Dat's so good . . . men got feelin's dere, too, huh?" Carlos asked softly. "Mmmm" was all I could say, so full was my mouth with hair, muscles, tit and nipple. When his nipples were blood red, I clipped chrome clamps on them, attached to tiny leather thongs. I tugged at them and Carlos writhed on my bed, moaning and hissing in passionate delirium. His cock dribbled more lube down the shaft, the beads nestling into his dense cock-bush. I snapped a leather thong on his shaft, at the tightest measurement. Veins erupted, pencil-thick, all over his cock. Carlos was dazzled by the sight of his own hard-on. "Man, lookit dem veins. Feels fuckin' great, mannnn!"

Then I ripped open a condom and slid into it. Carlos watched my cock sliding into the sheath. He grinned. "Big . . . you real big. Gonna fuck Carlos wit dat t'ing?" I dove for his ass-crack again. "Mmmm" was my answer again.

He raised his big legs and spread his ass for me—so eager to please, so hungry for my touch. When his canal was quivering from my nursing, I sat up. I wrapped my right fist around his bloated boner. My left hand guided my cock into his spit-slick

tailpipe. He closed his eyes as I entered him, and I knew he'd never had cock in him before. But he wanted me . . . wanted to please me . . . was used to enduring pain from men like his father who bullied him. This pain would not be a burden. This pain would blossom into desire.

He winced as I ferreted all the way in. I wondered if his back hurt him or my fat cock. His sphincter was spasming as I slowly worked in and out of his fuck-pipe. His eyes opened. He stared at me, grinding over him. "Feels good, now, you know? Real good . . . good in dere, man . . . yehhhh!" His pain was gone. Now the man wanted cock! His innards were buttery and molten. My cock was opening him up, churning into his fuck-furnace. His legs spread wider and wrapped around my hips. He pummelled me with his feet, driving my hard-on waaaayyyy up inside his creamy man-hole.

I could feel the cum rising from my balls. I plowed faster and deeper into Carlos, all the while I was fisting his hard-on. His vault began to tighten around me and I knew he was close to cumming. I rubbed his fat cock-helmet and he bobbed into the air on my cock. He was ready. I would shoot with him. "Ggggaaahhhh!" Carlos yelped and his prick erupted into the air . . . three or four feet into the air! Like boiling white wax, it splattered back onto his hairy belly as he clamped his riveting pucker around my erupting cock. I lifted his big butt off the bed as I hammered my load into the safe.

Carlos grinned like a cream-filled fat cat—filled he was! I slid out of him and the rubber spilled its silvery load onto his belly. "We cum a lot," he whispered proudly. I unshackled him, stripped the chaps off him and told him to lie back. I went for cool, wet towels to clean us off with. He relished the attention, the gentleness, the affection. "I never been wit' a guy before, but I wanted it . . . jus' scared I guess. But you good to me. Patient — not like my faddah." Carlos spoke as I washed him and stroked him. I rolled him onto his back and massaged him again. The cool air, the hot fuck, all had helped ease his sprain. We lay there for another hour. Then Carlos had to leave for dinner. I risked a kiss at the door. He returned it feverishly. He gripped me close and let my tongue slip into his mouth. He held on and on, wanting more and more affection. This man had been starved for it—especially from another man.

Carlos returned for more, many times that summer. We played with all sorts of exotic toys and positions. Carlos devoured me as much as I gorged myself on his remarkable body. He could get fucked for hours, cumming three or four times in less than two hours! The man must have been saving up his loads for years!

I also noticed his attitude toward his father began to subtly change. He was less willing to sit silently and suffer verbal abuses from the old man. He would defend his mistakes and remind his father of all that he did *right*. He reminded his father that he, too, made mistakes sometimes. His father wasn't pleased to hear this, but since Carlos was twice his father's size and since verbal abuse was the only way he dominated Carlos, his power began to diminish. Carlos began to blossom . . . finally. He made fewer mistakes. He got less abuse—and more and more caresses from me. Maybe that was the core of the reversal: Carlos no longer had to settle for cruelty as male attention. He had felt the nurturing rapture of being desired by another man, a man who dominated but didn't diminish him. His pleasure was as much my concern as my own. He'd never known such concern, such *indulgence*! It strengthened him, widened him.

The edges of his identity ballooned, became sharper. He walked with a bounciness that evaporated his former slope-shouldered shyness. His feet seemed to trot along like a proud gazelle, where before he'd seemed like a whipped mutt. He had turned a new face to himself, one he enjoyed. He knew he was *wanted*! It wasn't as if slipping into new costumes had done it; he'd slipped into something else. He'd entered a snake skin and become the cobra — alert, proud, powerful. The man had become the skin he'd donned.

I heard shouting one afternoon. I was asleep, and it seemed the yells were part of my dreams. But they continued as my eyes

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parted to the glaring summer daylight. Carlos' father was blasting away at him. I looked down into the courtyard from my kitchen window. Carlos had dropped a wrench while they were fixing a drainpipe.

"You beeg stupid asshole!" his father ranted, "dem fuckin' tools is 'spensive . . . fuckin' shit! Break dat an' we got no fuckin' wrench at all! Den what? No fix dese pipes . . . de tenants bitch . . . we gotta buy new one . . . all cuz you, big, dumb asshole!" Carlos stood rigid, but not stooped as he usually was when his father harangued him. He stared at the skinny old man and hissed, "I am big . . . not dumb, not asshole. De wrench not broke . . . no problem. Your mouth is de problem. Less jus' fix de fuckin' pipe. Jus' do our job! The old man was speechless, but Carlos just bent down and fixed the drainpipe. The old man watched. I watched.

The whipped mutt had become a pedigree show-dog! He paid no mind to the old man. He'd done something in that moment that changed him forever: he'd exerted his will. A clear expression of intent. It stunned me and the old man.

I should have seen it coming, but I was so caught up in our heated love-making that I hadn't sensed the slow evolution of Carlos. His dazzling body and fury for sex had obscured my perceptions of him. I hadn't realized how rapidly he was expanding inside himself. I had thought it was merely the ravenous hunger of a man deprived of sex for so long. More and more often, he'd suggest a new game, a new toy, a new position. As long as I got into those firm, ripe buns, I joined any game he suggested; ice cubes in his asshole, chilled metal bar spoon in his piss-slit; hot wax on his nipples, tearing hair when the wax was removed; beer squirted in his asshole to clean him out before I fucked him again—the variety seemed endless. Once he had me eat his ass through a frosted chilled doughnut—then he ate the doughnut as I fucked him. It seemed I was in control since I was always on top. How wrong I was.

That scene with his father had opened my eyes to how much

Carlos had grown. He was his own person now—had his wants and needs—and knew what they were. He had a new picture of himself and he wouldn't let the old man rip it apart.

Later, when the sun had gone down and no relief from the heat was happening, Carlos rang my buzzer. I had only gym shorts on, since it was so steamy in the other rooms of my apartment. Carlos arrived in jeans, shirtless and sweaty and ready, just the way I liked him. I led him to my cooled bedroom and he immediately took me into his rippling arms. His kisses slid slowly over me. His hands gripped my hips and he ground my groin into his. My cock hardened at the first kiss. His lips were full and wet under his bushy mustache. I could feel his hard-on sliding around under his jeans.

Carlos turned me around and hugged my chest. He ran his fingers over my nipples and began to tug at them. I moaned in submission to his touch. He ran his hands down and grabbed my hips, grinding my butt into his balls. Not one word had been uttered since our brief "hello" at the door. We both knew why he was there and wasted no time. His grip on my hips tightened. He slid my shorts down and pressed his jeans-clad cock against my ass-crack. He bent down quickly and began to nose his way into my butt. His tongue slithered with mastery and speed into me; I'd taught him well. He held my hands behind me as he slurped my asshole. His mustache was so bristly that it rasped the skin around my sphincter, but that tongue of his worked miracles. My ass pried open for him.

Suddenly there was the feel of metal on my wrists. Carlos had slipped a pair of his own cuffs on my wrists! He must have hidden them in his back pocket. I was his captive now. He stood and gripped me by both nipples. He nestled his lips at the side of my neck and hissed, "My turn to be de boss." His cock was bursting out of his jeans and prodding my ass. He led me to my bed and lay me on my back. With my hands underneath me, my already-raw nipples were laid bare and vulnerable.

Carlos undid his fly and let his fat cock bob out. He grinned

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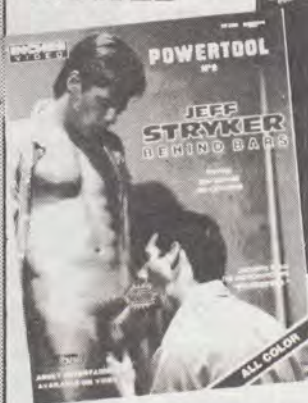
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down at me, "Nice . . . dem nipples like my touch, yes?" I smiled up at him, "Yes . . . please . . . more." He bent and nursed at my nipples again, bristling his heavy-stubbled chin into my muscles. I bucked under him, thrashing for more of the sweet torture he showered over me. He slid his mouth and tongue down the front of my torso. He slid past my cock, nosed under my balls and licked at my fuck-pipe again. He raised my legs over his bulbous shoulders and I gripped his black, curly-haired skull between my knees.

Then, suddenly, he sat up. He ripped off his jeans and had a pair of boxer shorts underneath. His cock was more exposed. He'd tied it in cowhide, so it throbbed and shone with veins. A cock ring was snapped to the base of his shaft. He'd come prepared!

"I fuck you wit' my drawers on . . . like pigs in a hurry—half-naked and *fuckin'*!" he whispered to me. He grinned like a child with only mischief on its mind. He rolled a condom onto his cock, then aimed it at me. He spat down on it—a long, silvery oyster that coated his fat cock-head. He hissed, "If it ain't spit, it ain't love . . . yes?" I nodded, waiting for him with my legs still around his shoulders.

His balls popped out of the fly of the boxers and his cock pulsed, twitching in the air. He gripped my ankles and let his cock slide up to my hole. I arched myself to let him in, watching that thick slab descend slowly. My ass parted for him and he slid so slowly into me, smiling at me, gripping my ankles tighter and raising them higher. He was in. I felt the laces around his balls graze my cheeks as his cock ring rubbed my hole.

"Mmmmm . . . good fuckin' . . . pigs we are . . . fuck all de time . . . tight fuckin' hole, baby . . . Carlos loves your asshole." I loved his cussing filthy language when we fucked, only now he was in total control. Not just making up new games—he was the game! I was in his power.

Deeper he went. Grinding balls and condom and cock ring and cowhide into me. His cock hairs were heated coils of black hair against my aching hole, and my thoughts raced. "C," . . .

everything with a "C." Condoms, cock ring, chains, cuffs, clamps, chaps, cocks, cussing, control, costumes, cumming, chests, curls, chewing, chomping, churning . . . all with "C." And, of course, Carlos—fucking my ass with wild abandon . . . Carlos: Changed . . . another "C." My ass and guts were full of him, and faster and faster he fucked me. "Gooooood for youuu? Yesssss," Carlos gasped as he hammered long hot strokes up my buttocks. "Yeaahhhhh," I moaned, "please . . . more . . . fuck me . . . more, Carlos."

His boxer shorts began to rip at the ass-seam from the bucking he was giving me. He hammered his cock so fiercely that the fabric couldn't contain his bountiful ass. It shredded as he still plowed into me with his fat hard-on. He let go of one of my ankles and tore the shorts from his body. Now I saw he fully-clad cock sliding in and out of my innards. The cock ring had made his shaft dark purple with engorged blood. Carlos slid his hands to my hips and pulled me tight against him. I knew he was ready to blow his load. He hammered at my cock so I would cum with him. It took only a few strokes of his paw to carry me over the edge.

We both shot within moments of one another. Our bucking shook the bed and slid it across the floor. His condom was oozing cum. I could see the sheath filling up with yet another heavy load of Carlos' juices. My own cum hit Carlos on the chest and shoulders. Still he rode me . . . still he was cumming . . . howling and braying like a victorious animal. He spasmed one last time and slid out my ass. He tore the rubber off and let his load loose on me. Then he flopped his moose-sized body on top of me. We were both spent.

It had been a fateful day for Carlos: he'd put his father at bay and he'd slipped into my role. No coincidence. Carlos had flowered. Our love-making was even more diversified from that day on. I found myself letting him take me over with complete abandon. Whatever he wanted to do, we did. One thing had not changed—Carlos' insatiable appetite for MALE. I was grateful that I was the male he'd chosen. And it all began with a "C": Carlos. □

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THE TRAINING CENTER

Photos from THE TRAINING CENTER



Case History #1

It was 10:30 p.m. exactly when I pulled into the deserted parking lot. There was only light traffic on the small highway that went through town, and as each car passed, I nervously watched and waited. It seemed like an hour, but finally a car slowed and pulled into the lot, coming up behind me. I watched in the rear-view mirror as two uniformed policemen got out. One stayed behind my car as the other came to my window and asked to see my driver's license. There was some problem since he asked me to step out of the car. As I did so, he and the other policeman jumped me, wrestled me to the ground, and cuffed my hands behind my back. They hustled me into their car and covered my head. As we drove off, they pushed me onto the floor of the back seat. I couldn't see anything. We stopped, and I was shoved into a room, where the hood was removed. It was gray, with a cell at one end, and a table in the middle.

I was told to strip, and a regulation search was made for signs of any contraband. Then I was placed in the cell. I was given sweats to wear, a heavy flack vest to put on, then my arms were pinned behind my back with heavy leather restraints. The two policemen each took me by an arm and lifted me to tip-toe as they dragged me out of the cell and threw me into the "cooler," a four-by-four padded cell. They dragged my feet out from under me, making me fall on my face against the

padded vinyl floor. They shackled my ankles together, and as one rhythmically tapped my shoulders with a night stick, the pressed his knee to my back and pulled my head off of the mat with a large handful of my hair.

The excitement was building up in me till I thought I was going to burst. I had always fantasized about what it would be like to be arrested and roughed up by real cops with real cuffs and nightsticks. Now it was happening. What was I getting into? The days ahead would hold many new experiences, but for now, I was feeling that strange high that comes from being under someone else's control completely. They could do whatever they wanted to do to me. I was powerless.

Then they left the "cooler" and locked the door. The light went out and I finally drifted off to sleep. The next morning, I was pulled out of the cell, my hands were loosed, and I ate some breakfast. Then, one of the instructors ordered me to lie down on the examination table which had been brought into the main room. I did so, and quickly was strapped down, so securely that I couldn't move a finger or toe. A heavy mask, the kind that firemen use, was pulled over my face, and the instructor picked up the hose leading to it. As he blocked my air, he made me recite the alphabet over and over until I couldn't force any more air out. Just as I started to panic, he let a rush of air into the mask.

The combination of having him control my breathing, and the pressure and confinement of the straps holding my body down really were turning me on. This was even more exciting than I had imagined when I outlined my scene to the Captain before coming to the Training Center. While there I also experienced isolation, endurance testing, several different types of restraint, and sensory input control of several kinds.

I have been a client of the Training Center several times and have thoroughly enjoyed myself. I have never gone away frustrated. I really appreciate the professionalism shown by all of the people who work there. There was never any doubt, for example, that the men in the incident described above were real cops, or that they had matters well in hand. My only disappointment was that, since they were real professionals and not "models," the more sensual parts of my fantasies could not be realized. Still and all, the reality of what did happen more than made up for that lack. Also, the Center has some of the most unusual restraint equipment and facilities that I know of. I like tight, total immobility, and breath control, and rubber and leather, etc., and I really was impressed with the sophistication of some of the possibilities presented at the Training Center.

Chuck Johnson,
Des Moines, Iowa



Case History #2

I arrived in the area by bus. Following instructions, I left the station and started walking/hitchhiking on the service road next to the interstate and was subsequently picked up by a guy driving a Jeep. After driving awhile, we decided to stop at a greasy spoon to get a bite, the Jeep driver told me I would have to find myself another ride.

I spotted a police officer in the restaurant, sat down and struck up a conversation. I was more than a little apprehensive about everything, but felt secure talking to the cop. Little did I know . . . The cop started asking questions about where I was from and what I was doing, and I couldn't really tell him. One thing lead to another and before I knew it I was being asked for ID and being questioned in connection with a burglary that occurred the night before. Was this part of it, or something else? The apprehension was fantastic.

Since I didn't have the correct answers the cop decided to escort me out of town. I ended up in a police car on the way to the edge of town. I got out and started hiking again and another policeman stopped me, braced me against his car, searched me and arrested me. I panicked and resisted, and the cop cuffed me and hauled me into the car. Of course, I ended up at The Training Center.

Anon.
California

Photos from THE TRAINING CENTER





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The Training Center, located in east central Missouri, does charge a fee for its services. It *does not* offer sex as part of any program. But it does offer an experience that is unique and as realistic as it possibly can be under the circumstances. Because they have a great deal of very sophisticated breathing and environmental apparatus, such as "The Box" with all its immobilization and sensory controls (see article in *Drummer* 86), they can offer a challenge to endurance and a great degree of control without causing much real pain. On the other hand if the person really likes a man-to-man confrontation, they have *men* who know how to handle themselves. Men who come from professions where control is the most important aspect of their experience.

Recent additions to the facilities include "the cooler," a padded isolation cell

complete with sound/light effects and monitoring equipment. They also have a couple of instructors that like to bounce clients off the seven inches of padding on the walls or use the suspension systems in the twelve foot ceiling.

Aside from the staff, the facility and the equipment, they also have good imaginations and come up with scenarios that challenge a client mentally, without losing sight of what he is trying to accomplish and making sure that he has a good time while there. After all, that is what they are really all about. The Training Center provides a place where you can go, act out wild but safe fantasies, have fun, and not have to worry about a thing before, during or after.

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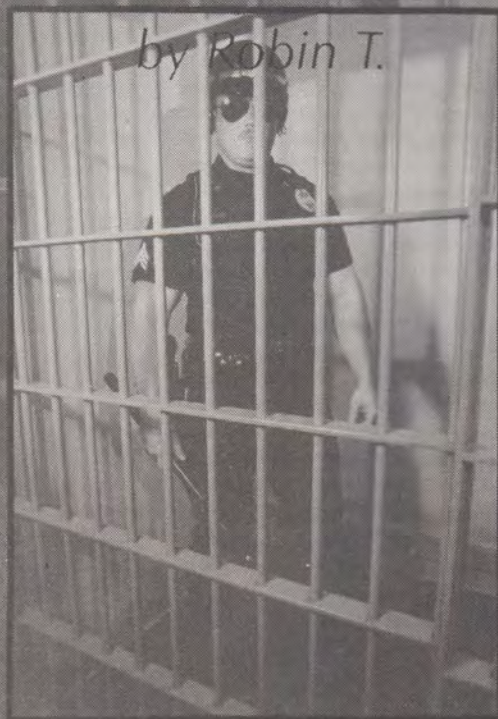
If you are selected The Training Center can offer control, confinement, discipline, regimentation and experimentation all under the direction of a young but very experienced Marine Corps instructor . . . the rest would be left to the imagination. Naturally, you would get food, physical exercise (a weight/muscle gain program) and other types of controls that could be used for long term improvement.

If you are interested in obtaining more information on The Training Center or their special program contact them direct by calling (314) 281-4535. □



Confinement

by Robin T.



Bondage and Confinement are not synonymous, although the concept of loss of freedom of movement is basic to both. I define the former as restraint and the latter as restriction. Bondage is physical, intimate, close, and often painful restraint; confinement is long-range, loose restriction within a narrow, limited space. This is by no means to say that confinement is milder or less taxing than bondage. Its impact is not immediately apparent. First there is a psychological displacement, a subtle curtailment. It then proceeds to produce mental stress arising from a sense of powerlessness and dependence. Time begins to drag mercilessly. There is literally nothing to do with yourself but to explore and contemplate your own body and mind.

Of course, there are exciting combinations of bondage and confinement, where the prisoner is not only kept locked up in a jail cell, or a cage, or a box, but is at the same time subjected to bodily restraint in the form of iron manacles, rigid irons, head cage, straitjacket, hood or gag, and to restrictive positions sitting or standing. Confinement *per se* does not demand constant monitoring, but if severe restraint is also employed the Top must be aware of his responsibilities. Confinement, therefore, is always geared to the reality of long-term durability. All of which produces myriad fantasy scenes in the prisoner's mind for hours — or days!

The Top, meanwhile, can pursue his own entertainment in other parts of his "stockade" for the duration of the prisoner's sentence. He delegates one of the "trustees" to feed the prisoner and to supervise his daily toilet requirements. And he determines whatever punishments are incurred by breaches of discipline. It is, after all, the prisoner who is having all the fun! He is isolated and forgotten. He has been safely and securely incarcerated, the main premise being that no matter how much he yells, moans, or complains, he has no recourse but to serve out his time. So we should expect the Top to develop other amusing activities for himself.

As an example, let me relate a composite of two experiences, describing an easy confinement and a tough confinement.

I've had an iron-barred jail cell constructed in my dungeon. The cell is 4' wide by 7' long and 8' high. There is adequate rigging inside for attaching the prisoner to the walls, ceiling or floor. The outside part of the dungeon is well equipped with apparatus for more strenuous activity. The windows of the dungeon have been blacked out, so that when its lights are extinguished the cell is in total darkness, day or night. The only item in the cell is a chamber pot, for obvious reasons. A mattress and a couple of rough army blankets are available to be thrown into the cell when sleeping is permitted, and there is a

tall stool that can be placed inside and used either with or without restrictive attachments.

In this scenario it has been decided that the prisoner is to be sentenced to 48-hour detention on bread and water. The Warden this weekend is a trustworthy expert at prison administration, and the entire procedure is in his capable hands. As the prisoner, I have no foreknowledge of any schedule, nor, indeed, will I have any idea of the time of day or night. The dungeon is equipped with an electric monitor that relays the sounds from within to the outside rooms, but this is only a safety precaution in case of emergencies. In this session I know that my pleas and complaints will not only be ignored but also probably punished.

Initially I am brought before a tribunal and sentenced. I am stripped and shackled with leg and wrist irons, and an iron collar is bolted around my neck. I am told to expect nothing and everything, that I am no longer in control of my activities, and that if I masturbate I will be punished. I am to be fed twice a day, and once a day I will be allowed access to a toilet. That is all. I am on my own. If I complain or make a racket, and if I'm caught jacking off, the stringency of my confinement will be increased.

Well, what do you do in total darkness with no knowledge of day or night, or the outside world, or time? During the first several hours you sit on the floor, or you pace back and forth in clanking irons, or you lean against the bars—and, yes, you play with yourself. During those long, enervating, tiresome hours all kinds of fantasies materialize; you play-act a thousand porno stories. You count the minutes one by one, but by the time you reach ten or fifteen it seems like an hour, and you're bored. You lay on the hard floor, get up again, go round in circles, mumble. Minutes turn into hours, then days.

Comes a sign of life. A guard brings bread and water. The mattress and blankets are thrown into the cell. My neck collar is attached to the wall low enough so that I cannot rise above a sitting position on the floor, and I am locked up again for the night. What night? The lights go out again, and it's all night. Watchman, what of the night? How long will it be? I fantasize some more, sit up, lie down, jack off a bit. Will I be punished for this? I hum, I count again, I doze. Finally I bed down and try to sleep, only to wake fitfully in unfamiliar discomfort and blackness, every movement accompanied by the clank of chains and restricted by their limitations. And I'm always aware of the hopelessness of the situation. I am a naked, shackled, solitary prisoner. Well of course I jack off again!

But this time I'm caught and punishment is due. After hygienic preliminaries my wrists are manacled behind my back and my ankles secured to an 18 long rigid

iron bar. I am then stumbled into a closed compartment measuring 2'3" wide by 18" deep by 5'10" high, and the front wall is bolted into place. I can neither turn, nor sit, nor squat.

The punishment box! Total darkness, total enclosure, total silence, and almost total immobility. I can only lean this way or that: backward against my shoulders, forward against my knees, propping my head against the wall, and constantly shuffling to ease the strain on my feet. I once endured this for six hours, then I clamored, begged for release. But how long this time? I don't know; I won't know. I lose all track of time and place and become imbued thoroughly with physical pain and mental anguish, dwelling constantly on the picture of myself bound by the four walls of a box. This is strict confinement!

There are many ways in which my confinement could have been made tougher. During the remaining hours in my cell I could have been hooked to the floor, sitting in rigid wrist and ankle irons; I could have been perched on the stool, then attached to floor and ceiling so I was unable to move off it; I could have been trussed up and suspended in a mail sack. Yes, I could have been punished in several ways, but they would not have taken me to the limits as the Punishment Box does. You cannot rest. Eventually your knees buckle, your shoulders ache, your feet swell, your head droops and you cry out in ecstatic pain.

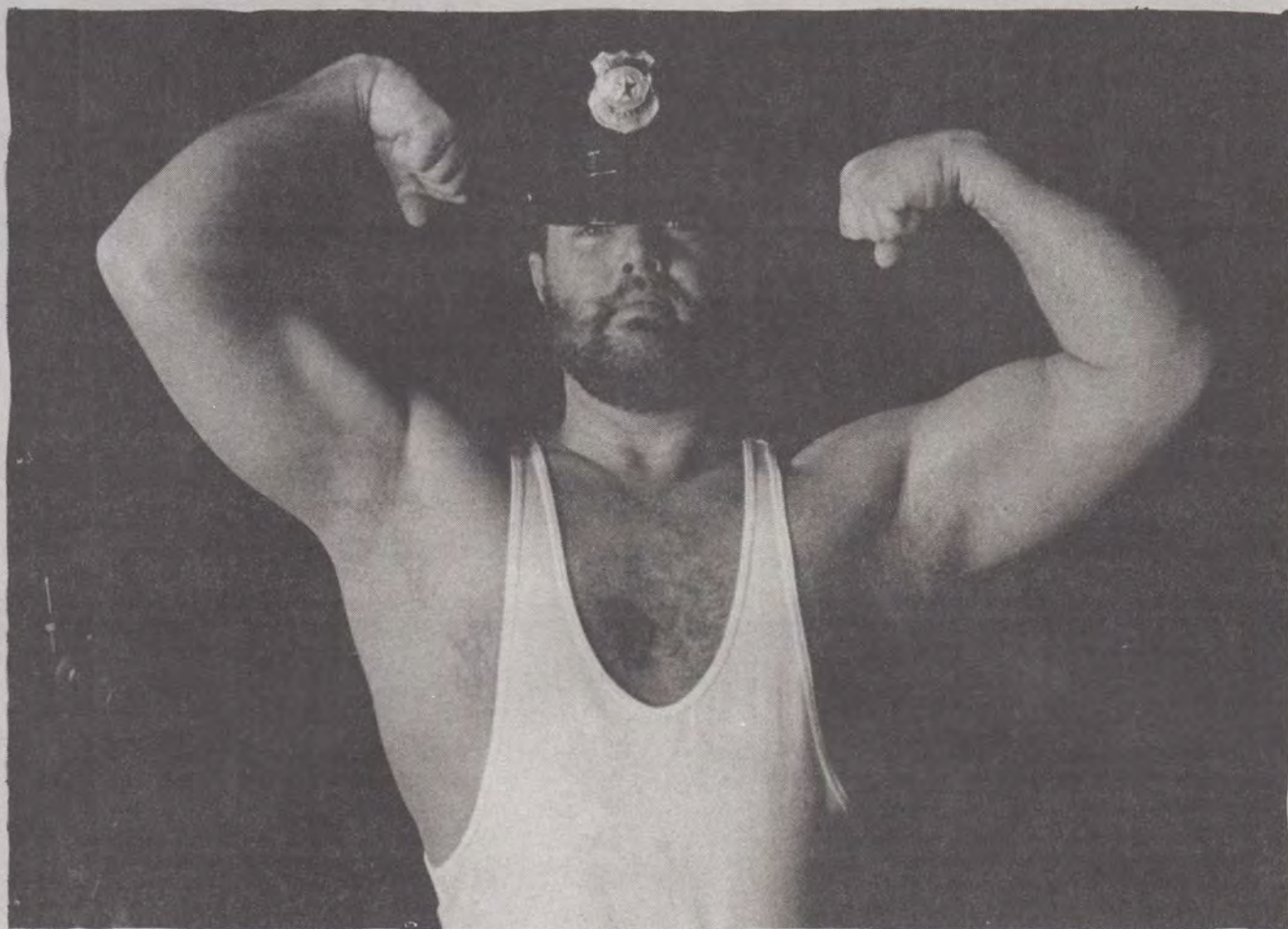
The Warden knows this, and I think he knows that I expected it, willed it even. Even so it could have been made more unbearable; I could have been tightly hooded and gagged, my arms more rigidly restrained. So, as it is, I'm grateful that I'm left with that tiny residue of ease to help me see it through.

When it is over and I'm returned to my cell, to comparative comfort, I am thankful for the opportunity granted me to test my endurance and for the revelations perceived of pain and pleasure. How long I stood in the Punishment Box I cannot at this moment even guess, and how long I am to be left here in solitude I cannot begin to consider. The mattress and blankets are profoundly welcome, and lying there I feel my cock swell and pulse. But I discover that my wrists have been attached behind my head so that I cannot reach down far enough to touch my cock, and the rigid bar between my ankles has been so secured that I cannot turn onto my sides or my belly. So this is now I will serve out my time: supine in black timeless aloneness and deprived even of the ultimate solace of caressing my throbbing, swollen prick. The soreness wears off, erotic fantasies reappear, and I hear myself asking, almost out loud: "When can I transgress again, Sir?"

© 1987 by Robin T.
Originally presented to a GMSMA meeting in January 1987, reprinted from NewsLink

M&M
ORIGINALS

Shaggy Dicks

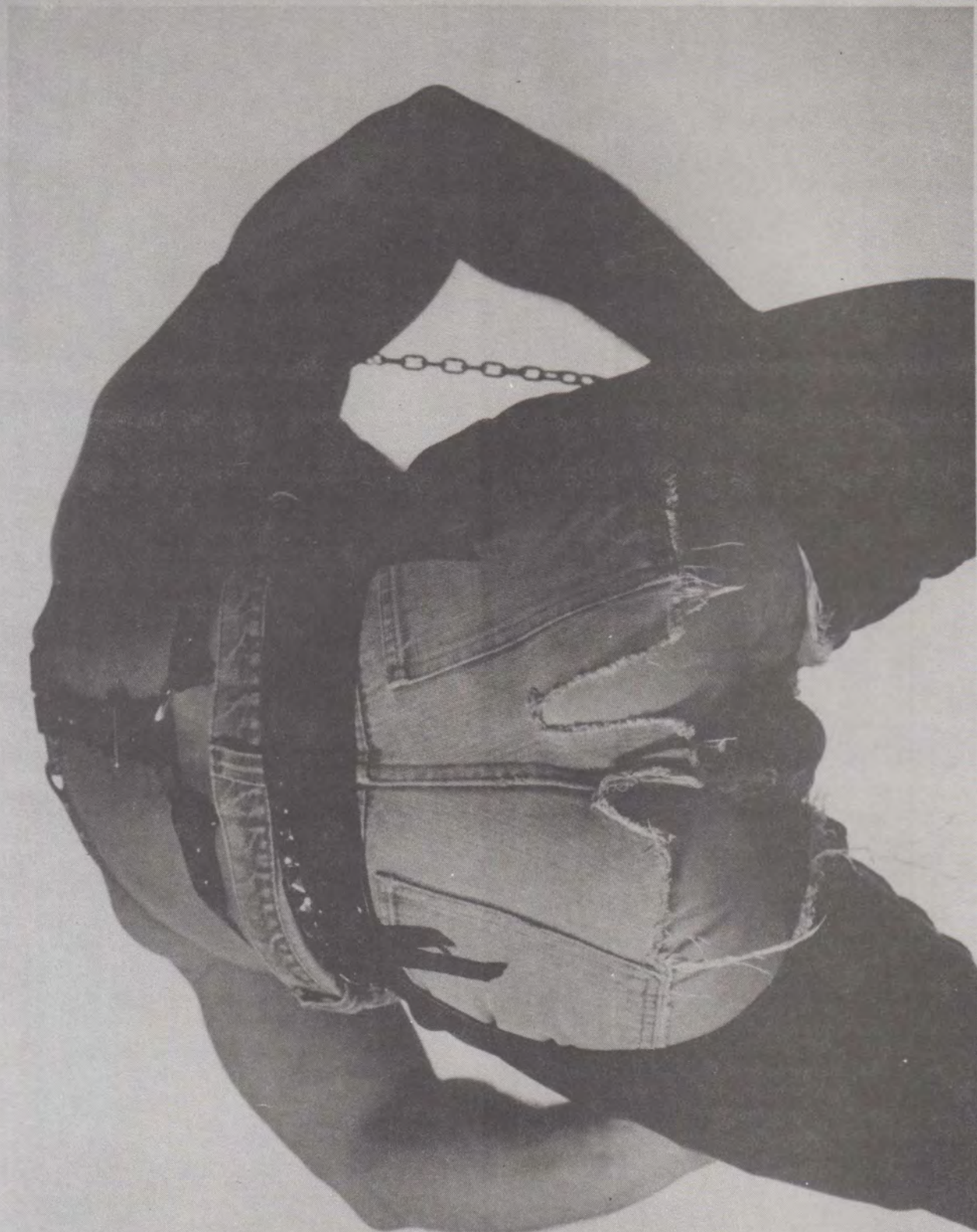


Although Mike Mills has not specialized in any particular area of photography, his excellent work is a product of comprehensive and wide-ranging study with some of the premiere photographers in the nation. Through a series of workshops, Mike has studied with Pete Turner, a commercial photographer who specializes in African and Asian scenes; George Tice, well-known for his black-and-white prints; and Eddie Adams, portraiture. (Adams is best known for his photograph of a South Vietnamese army colonel executing a Vietcong guerrilla in the streets of Saigon.) Mike has also studied with Cole Weston and Mary Fotee, a Canadian fashion photographer.

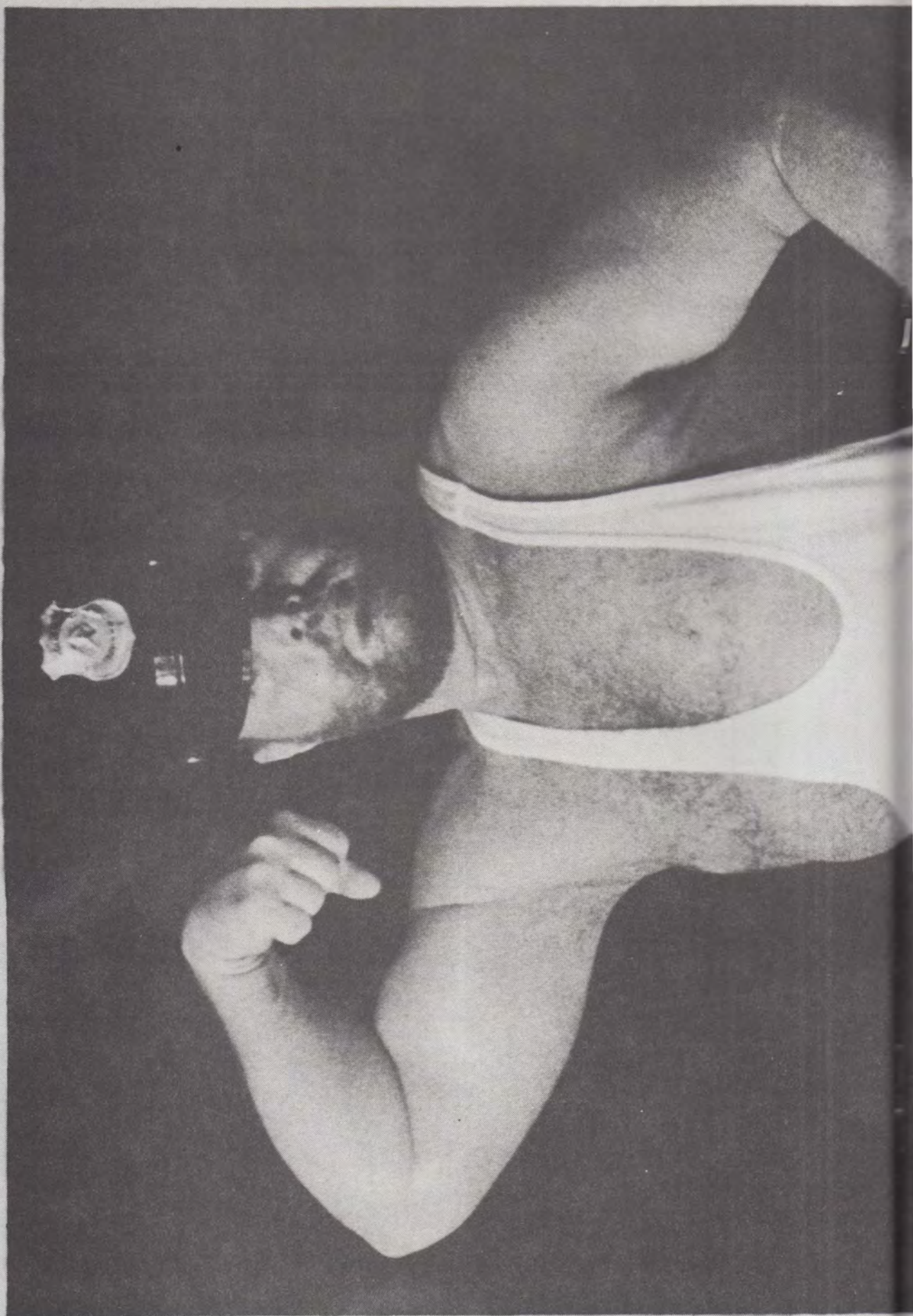
With this varied background and influence, it is no wonder that Mike Mills has created a vast portfolio of interesting and erotic photography. For the last four years he has maintained a successful photography business, known as M&M Originals. He does specialty work in black-and-white and publicity shots for models and advertisements.

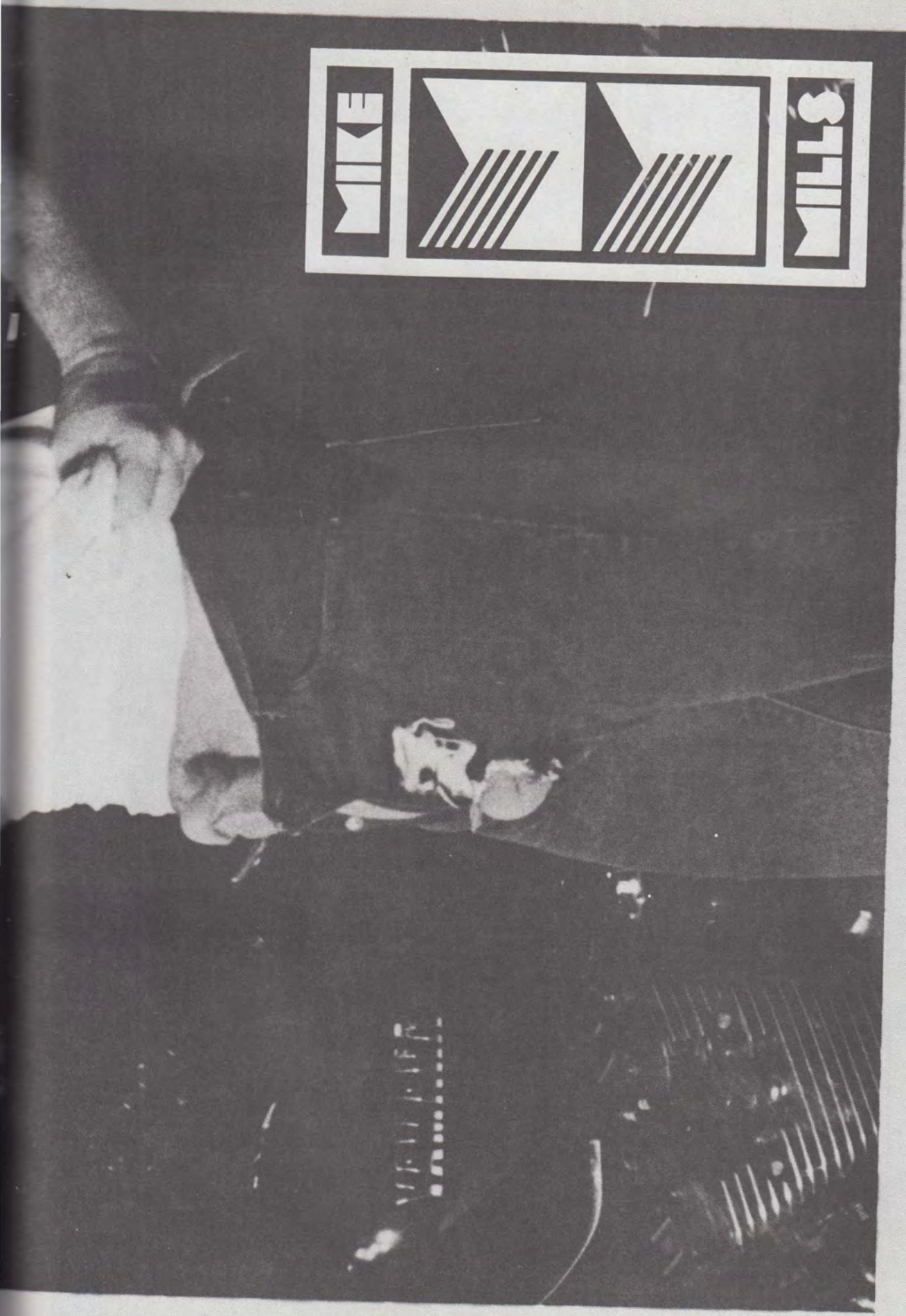
We at *Drummer* feel that Mike is a major talent and present this, his first portfolio in *Drummer*, for you to judge. Mike says he tries to "create an erotic, sensual look without being pornographic." We believe he has done just that! □



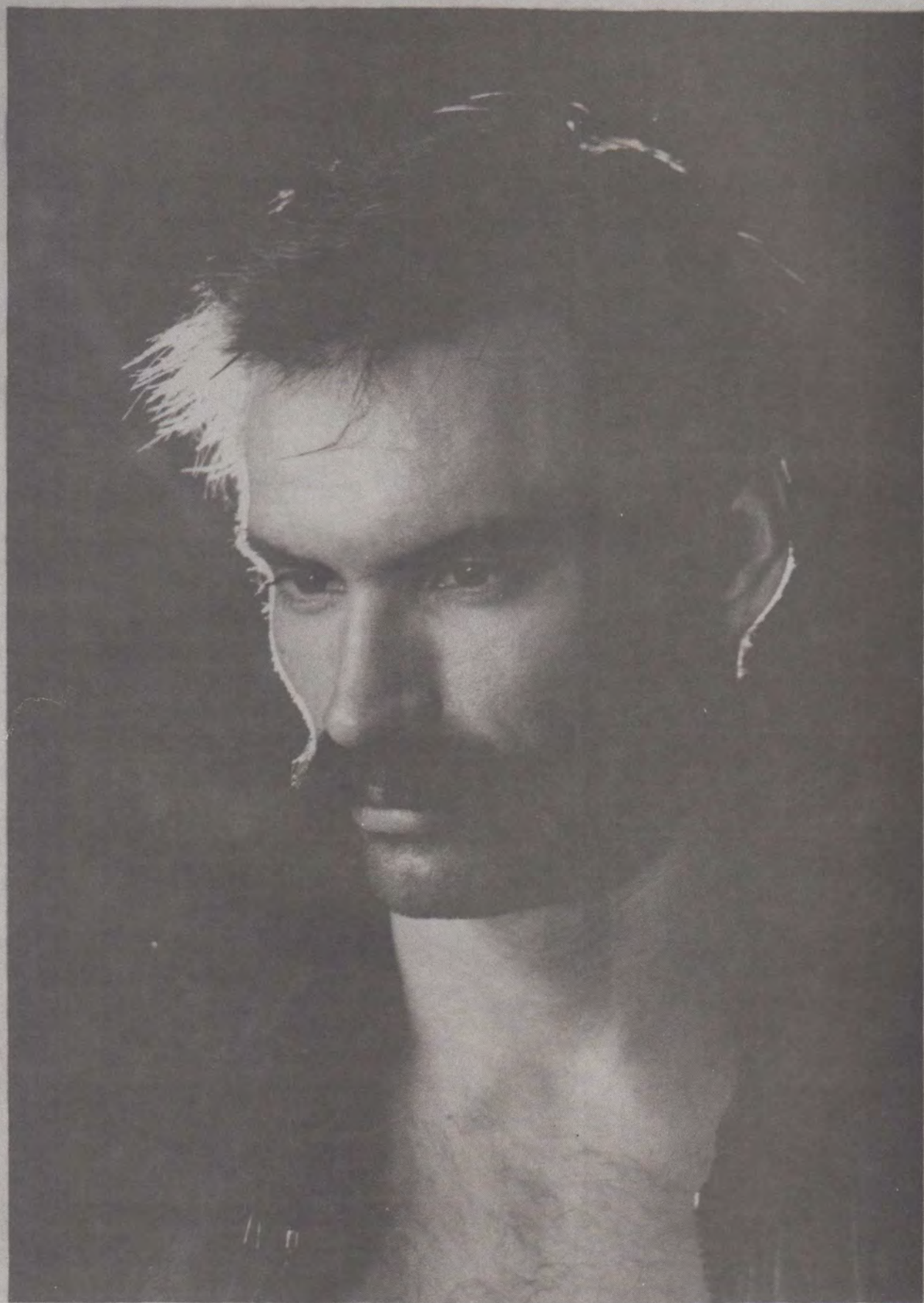


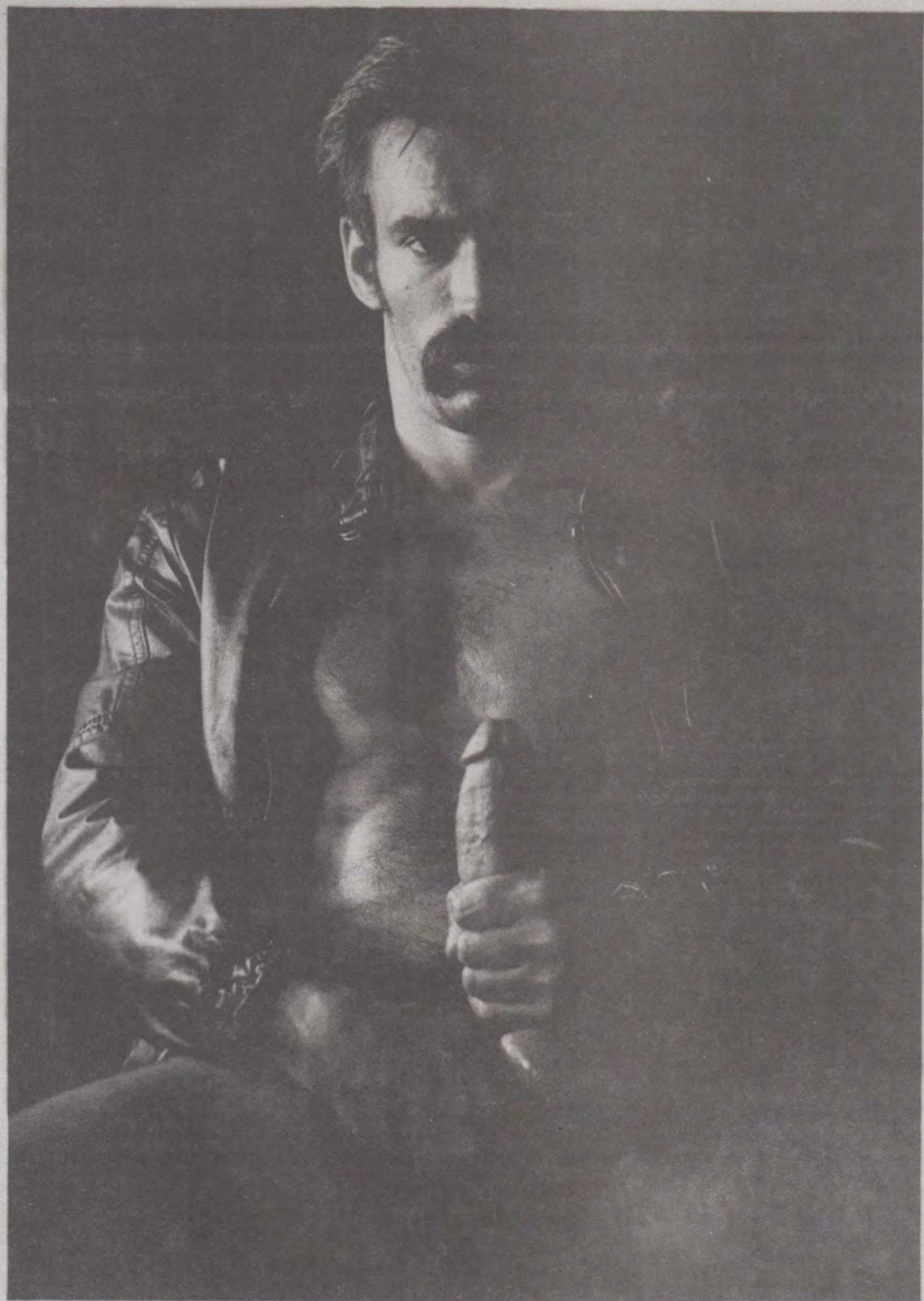


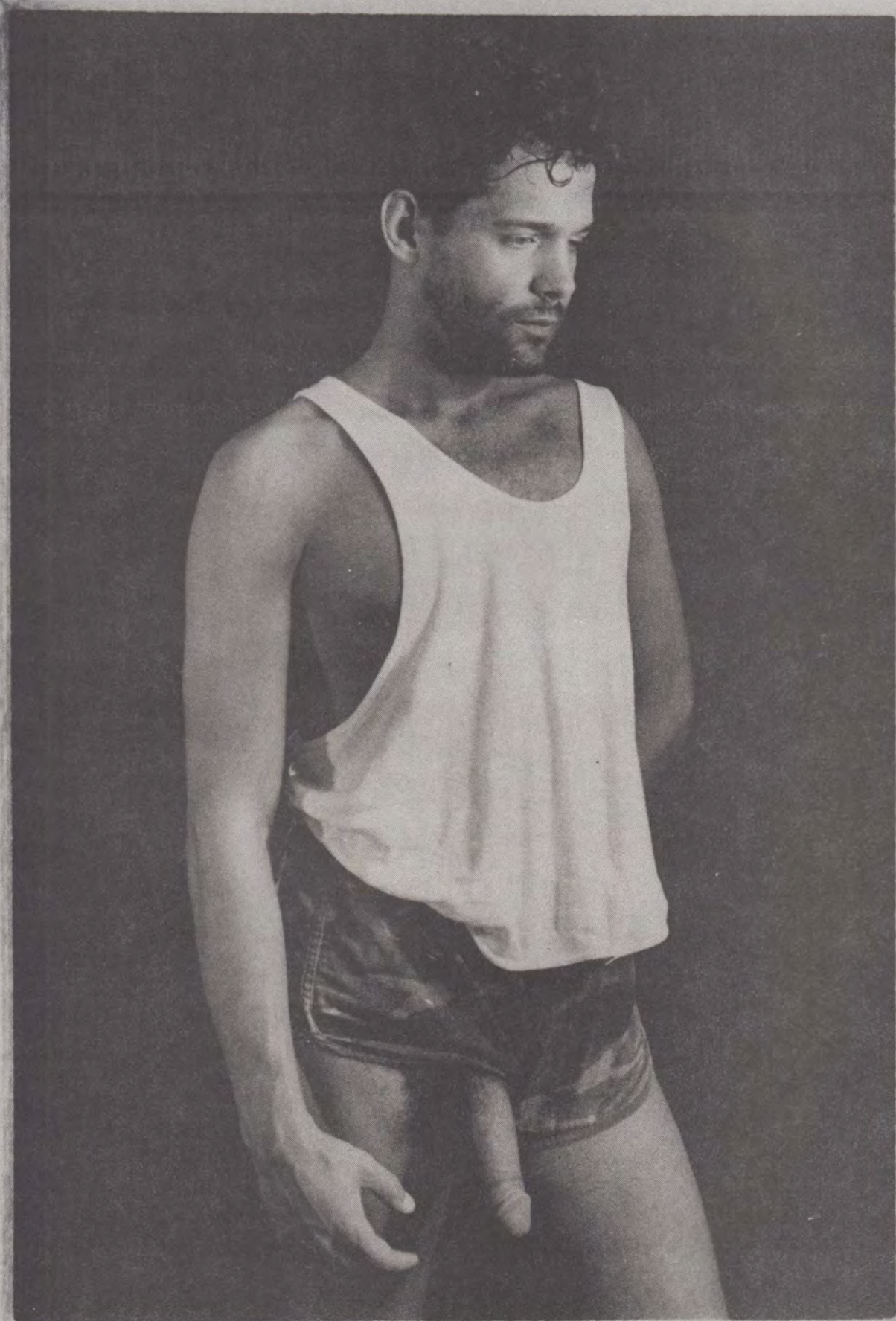




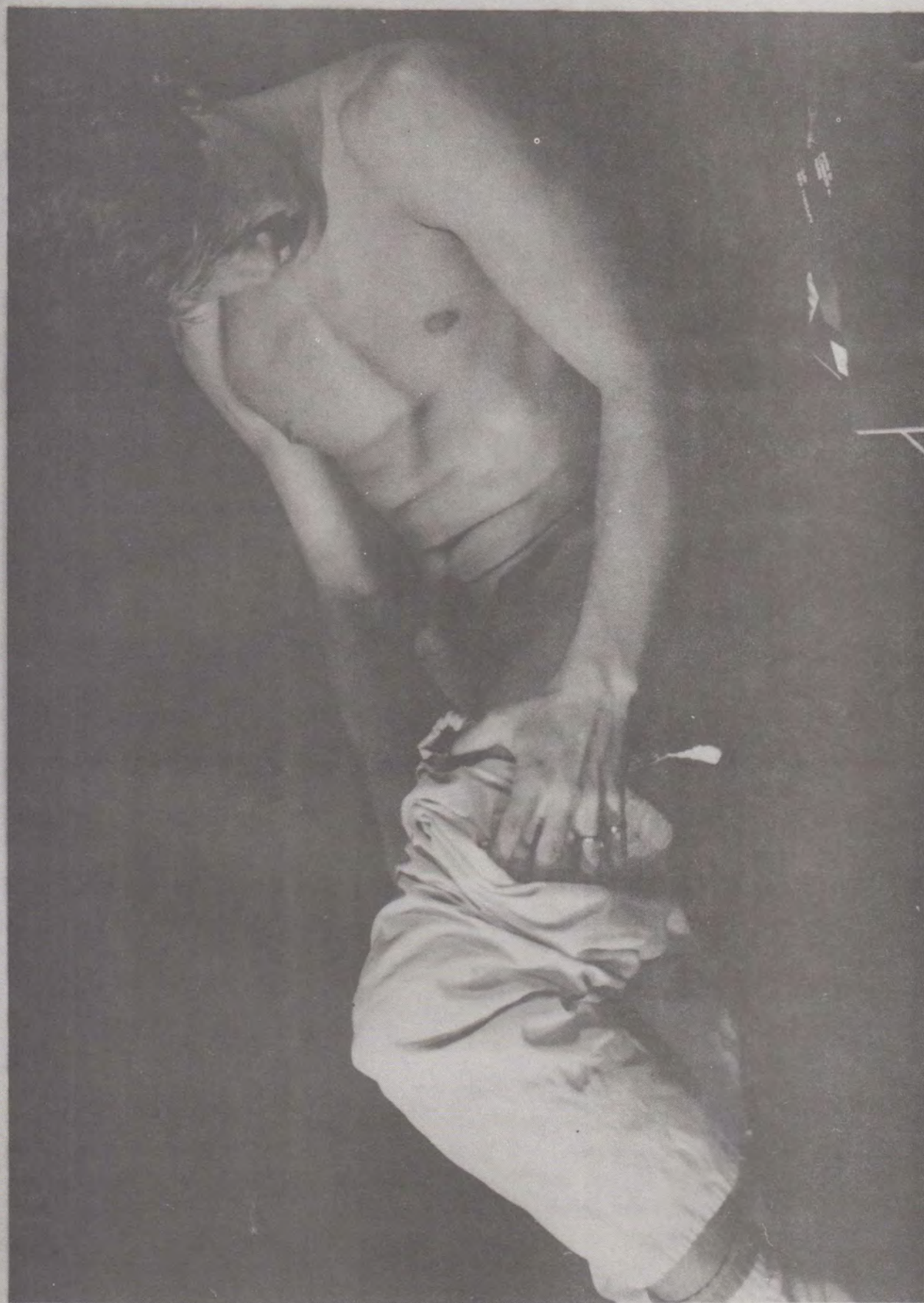
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PHOTOGRAPHY
P.O. BOX 55288 INDIANAPOLIS, IN 46220

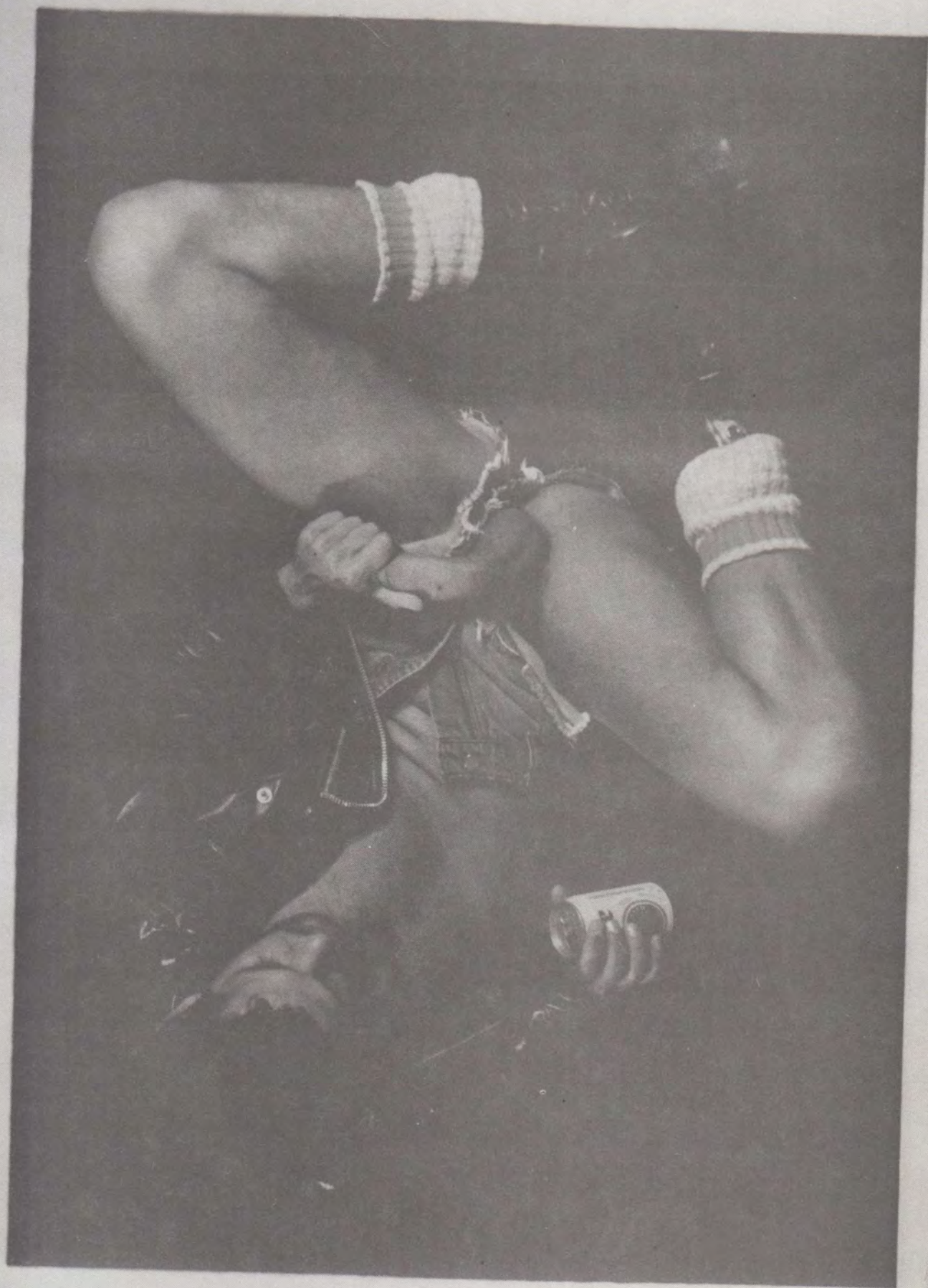


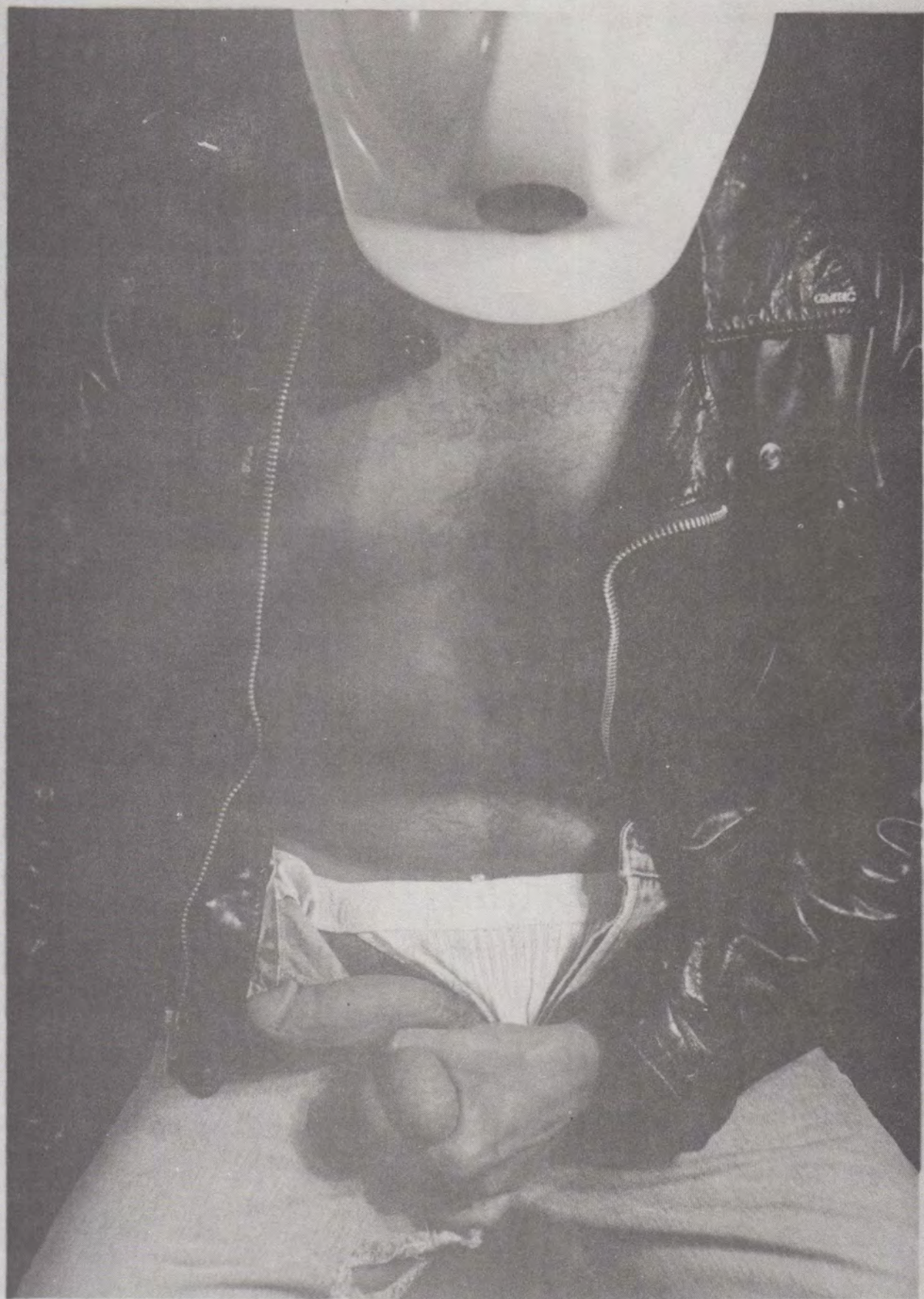


















LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry:

May have your opinion, please, on a question I have had for some time? I am a bottom, attracted to strong, dominant men. I entered into my first live-in relationship at 19, wherein my partner made all the decisions regarding our daily life, weekends, etc. I kept house, cooked the meals, but generally followed his lead in every major decision.

Then, when we were moving into a new house, he mentioned that two teachers had occupied the property before us, and he wondered if they were into giving "hacks" (spanking). I jokingly replied that if he felt he needed one, I would gladly provide it.

From this developed our little fetish where—after sucking his cock and getting him very aroused—I would lead him to the couch or a kitchen chair, have him spread his legs and lean over the back of it and proceed to paddle his bare ass, using a wooden spoon, a ruler or a piece of kindling which he had retrieved himself. We both enjoyed this, but I never entered him—quite the contrary; the spankings usually resulted in my getting some of the most passionate fuckings I've ever had. My question, in view of articles/stories I have read in your publications and also in *Drummer*: Does this kind of situation fit in with any sort of SM lifestyle? Is it reasonable to seek a partner who will enjoy my spanking him, yet be able to assume the role of Top in the other aspects of our relationship? Thank you for any insight you can provide.

M.H., San Francisco, CA

Dear M.H.:

In structuring your own sexual relationship, you must be concerned with your desires and those of your partner — and to hell with the opinion of anyone else. Whereas I might argue with you over the defini-

tion of terms in trying to describe what you or someone else is doing, I would never suggest that my standards or anyone else's be the determining factor in your sexual behavior (except perhaps in matters of safety). If you are asking me whether your spanking activities — which place you in the role of Top—are in conflict with the rest of your behavior, in which you are a bottom, I'd have to say that they are. But this is merely a matter of definition. In effect, you are playing a common game of switching roles. You are simply doing it in an individualistic way. I would classify it as marginal SM behavior, only because the rest of your sexual activity is garden variety vanilla. I'm sure there are plenty of guys who would dig your scene, although most who tumble to it will probably want to expand the horizons a bit. If so, why not give it a try? You both might enjoy it.

Dear Larry:

I think everyone is getting tired of constantly talking and reading about AIDS. Still, in any social gathering the subject continually crops up, and understandably so, since it remains a constant element in determining our behavior. So, I have two questions that have been subjects of discussion in recent social encounters.

1. Has anyone ever been cured, as far as you know?

2. If two guys have enjoyed a monogamous relationship for a number of years, how far back does this have to go for them to feel completely safe?

Steve, Los Angeles, CA

Dear Steve:

I agree. This miserable disease is threatening all of us, and like the prospect of atomic war it hangs over us with such menacing implications that we can't ignore it. But to try answering your questions:

1. I am not aware of any-

one's being cured, once he has actually contracted AIDS. I do know several guys who have managed to get it under control by a combination of drugs, vitamins, proper health regimen, etc. AZT, despite its harsh side effects, seems to offer the first real glimmer of hope, and there are other drugs in various stages of development. I am hopeful that it will soon be possible to treat an AIDS patient as they do a diabetic; i.e., put him on a standard schedule of medication that will sustain him in a reasonable normal condition until he can be cured.

2. The general consensus seems to be that 1977 is the cut-off point, prior to which the virus was not around. Remember, though, that it took awhile to spread into the community. Thus, the chance of meeting someone who was a carrier was fairly remote until 1980 or 1981 — greater, of course, in Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York than in less-populated places.

Dear Larry:

I have a rather strange "social" question for you. I'm a bottom and I live next door to the guy who is more or less my "Master." That is to say, we aren't officially in an exclusive relationship, but we play often and both of us are afraid to stray very far afield because of the health crisis. He is a few years older than I am, and outside of our sexual encounters, he seems to enjoy "mothering" me. He is always giving me food that he's prepared, and frankly, he is a terrible cook.

I mean, he gives me big bowls of tuna salad that is so awful the cat won't eat it, and if I feed his meat loaf to the dog, it gives him diarrhea. I really like the guy, and certainly enjoy having sex with him. I don't want to hurt his feelings, but how can I stop this flood of unwanted kindness? Please don't

identify me by name or area of residence.

Anonymous, USA

Dear Any:

Don't you have a garbage disposal?

Dear Larry:

A few years ago, I had a very torrid affair with a guy who really turned me on. At the time, I would have loved to become his permanent slave, but he was too flighty and not ready to settle down. Now he has come back into my life and wants to pick up where we left off. Unfortunately, he has gotten quite heavy and I no longer find him attractive. (I would guess that he has gone from 175 to over 250.)

Our previous sex was the best I ever had, however, and I still fantasize about our sessions when I jack off. I know I could really respond to him if it wasn't for all that fat. I'm afraid to say anything, because it just isn't the right thing for a slave to say to a Master. What should I do?

Frustrated, Mid-West

Dear Frus:

I think if you told him exactly what you've told me, and if you told him in a properly contrite, supplicating manner, you might encourage him to do something about his weight. He is probably as unhappy about it as you are and this might be the motivation he needs. After all, you have nothing to lose, and the chances are he already suspects the reason for your reluctance to rekindle the old flame. On the other hand, there is always the blindfold. □

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

OUR HERO FINDS HIMSELF
"ADOPTED" BY THE SON OF A
FAMILY OUT IN THE STICKS.

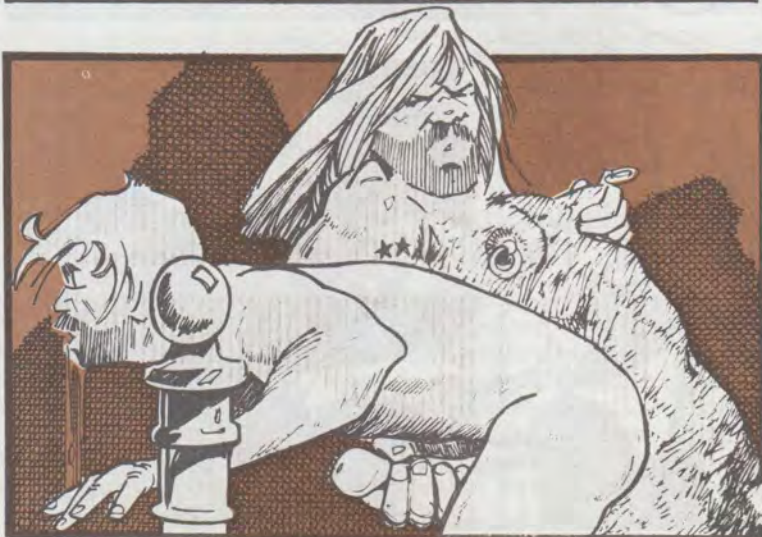
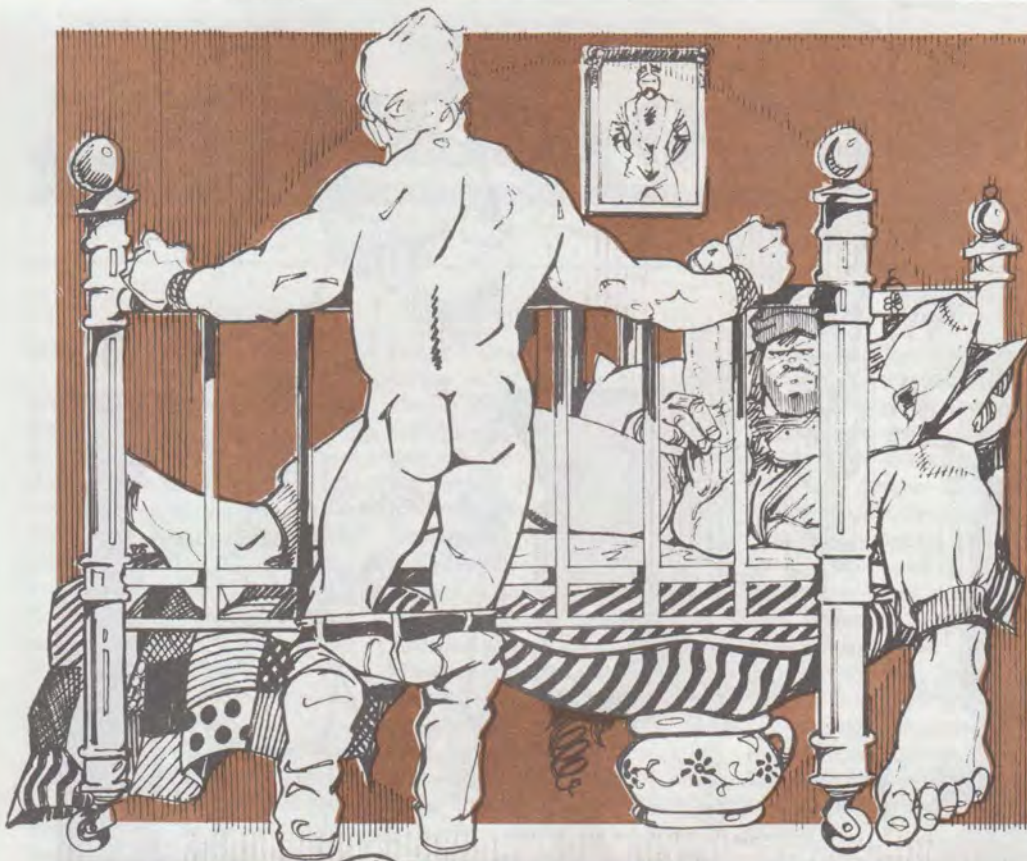
NOW
SEE HERE,
HOG. YOU
TELL THAT SONO'
YOURS TO LET
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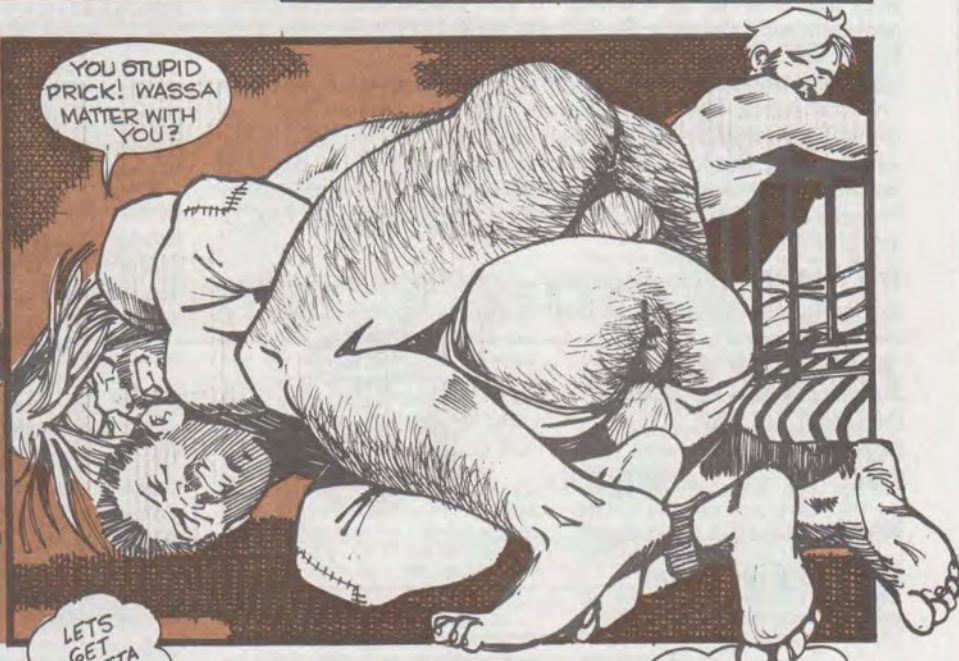


WHERE ARE
YOU GOING WITH
MY FRIEND,
PA?

TO BED-I JUST
TOLD YOU, I'M
GONNA SLEEP
ON IT!







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 Desmodus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

DEAR SIR:

There is no such thing as an old issue of **DRUMMER**



NATIONWIDE

NYC TOP WANTS LIFEMATE

I shave you head to toes, beat your butt, bind you, G/A, train you as my dog but presentable for public times—lifetime, share expenses. Answer when you're told to! Box 5973

CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA, area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

CITY BOY

white, 30, 6', 175 lbs., blk/brn, bearded, lost in the country. Seeking mentor/father-figure/friend. I need contact with aggressive, determined and experienced leathermen. I am no novice but not an expert. If you think you can handle it, let's talk. You never know until you try. Box 5979LF

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 loosen 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

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

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, doseys, 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 #. Box 4973

WHITE ASS TOY

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

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 nutsack 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

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

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)

BOOTS AND BONDAGE

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

DAD SKS 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

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

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 23462. (LF5868)

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

PUSSYBOY

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

6'3" EX-NAVAL OFFICER

WM, 37, Viet vet, recent Honcho centerfold, muscular, hairy body, shaved head, mustache, 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

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. Novice OK. Describe interests. Will reply all with nude photo. Box 5954LF

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)

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

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

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.

SADISTIC RAPISTS WANTED

by NYC masochist. You must be handsome and healthy. No cons, hustlers or letter jerks. Box 5948

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR!

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone or write to receive my hot, illustrated brochure. John Rose, 235 E. 26th St., #38, New York, NY 10010. (212) 889-5477.

NAZI LEATHERMEN

Aryan swastika-worshippers only. Serious. PO Box 812, Murray Hill Sta., NY, NY 10156.

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 business-man 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

GRAPPLIN' DAD

Tough, 45, 6'1", 225 healthy Dad likes to remind his muscular son who's boss with some rasslin', titwork, verbal abuse, humiliation. If son's gotten good enough to take the old man, Dad can respect that. Let's test each other now that you've grown up. Travel a lot. Send photo, your scene and we'll have a hot, safe reunion. Box 5985

BIKER SON 22

5'10", 143, brown, blue, healthy, smooth, muscular, handsome, straight, hardworking, intelligent, seeks Levis, leather dad, pro-wrestler type body over 5'11" to fuck me up. You won't be disappointed. Photo, phone, letter get same. All answered. PO Box 632, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011.

THINK YOU'RE HOT??

Conceited, arrogant asshole sought by hot bottom (29, 6'1", 140) for service and worship. Also into pain (balls) and humiliation. Phone JO and travel. Hung a plus. Letter, picture, phone to Box 157094, Irving, TX 75062.

WANTED

Full-time trained slave. Age 35 to 50, strong back and hairy body. My ownership ends all your responsibility. No funny phone calls. Serious only. Jim (305) 296-8630.

CHUBBY WRESTLER

See my ad in issues 106-107? GWM, 5'5", 200 lbs., 37 y.o., hairy chest, U/C, etc. All you guys into fantasy, combat scenes can write Box 112, 330 West 42nd St., Executive Suite, NYC, NY 10036, to set up a scene on my midtown Manhattan mattress! Let the games begin!

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

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)

COCK TORTURE

Looking for depraved C/T scenes. Into piercing, mutilation fantasies, piss hole stretching, electricity. I have a cock with a PA and pierced tits that also enjoy weights and clamps. Also enjoy long fisting sessions. I'm 5'3", 150 lbs., 40, and into leather. Planning a trip to SF and want to stay and play? I have sleeping accommodations available. Mitch, PO Box 5276, San Francisco, CA 94101. (415) 861-7898. (LF5648)

WANTED: ON-CALL SLAVE

Looking for GWM slave, 19-40, slim, for on-call slave. Must be able to report when called. Most limits respected. Send recent photo & limits & telephone. No drinkers or drug users. Am WM, 174 lbs., 6'3". I will answer all with photo & phone, just a letter takes longer. Address letter to Sir. Box 5680LF

HAIRCUTS/HEAD SHAVES

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

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.

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

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., hzl, 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).

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.

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.

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 photo to Box 4675LF.

RAUNCH WITH CLASS

Real Daddy, late 50s, grey, 5'7", 156 lbs., muscular, seeks monogamous relationship. Help me get 'our' basement ready for your training. Age or race open but Daddy wants ample chests, ass & calves. I presently live in the Midwest but plan to retire in 5-7 years. Enjoy travel and expect to take my class guy with me. Photo & letter to: 412 South Woodlawn Avenue, Lima, OH 45805.

SLAVE SON WANTED

Strict disciplinarian Dad, 33 y.o., GWM, 6'3", 210 lbs., broad and hairy chest, dark hair, eyes, and moustache seeks submissive and obedient son. You must be motivated and a devoted individual, employable, and into CB/T, TT, moderate B&D, light S&M, and piercing. Novices OK. Limits explored and expanded. Submit application with two photos to: Sir, PO Box 29804, San Antonio, TX 78229.

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

OBEDIENT SLAVE WANTED

Opening for sincere, honest, devoted, break-neck fast, responsible, obedient slave. Must be willing to live with, be taken care of and obey two leathermen, together 16 yrs. We're into care, feeding, domination, discipline. Dungeon, equipment, lifestyle, orders provided. Move your ass and write, enclosing recent photo, detailed description. Masters Larry (6'2", 168 lbs., bl/bl, muscular), Mike (5'6", 155 lbs., br/bl, mean top). PO Box 1104, Sandy, UT 84091. (LF4088)



THE LEATHER FRATERNITY



GET IT!

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Membership in The Leather Fraternity includes twelve issues of **DRUMMER**, the only real leather magazine, twelve free classified ads (one a month, naturally) in **DRUMMER's** Dear Sir!, the leader in man-to-man personals, plus free mail forwarding service. Your membership card and distinctive Fraternity pin will be sent with your first issue. The price is right—just \$85 for the whole package! If you would like the speed and privacy of first-class mail, it's yours for only \$100. Canadian Fraternity memberships are also \$100. All other foreign memberships are \$135. Get with it!

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

Send me a LEATHER FRATERNITY membership, 12 issues of **DRUMMER** included, my 50-word ad in 12 issues, and no mail-forwarding fees. Begin my membership with issue ____!

Enclosed is:

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- ☐ \$135 for overseas memberships

Please make checks payable to **DESMODUS, INC.**

Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD
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STATE _____ ZIP _____
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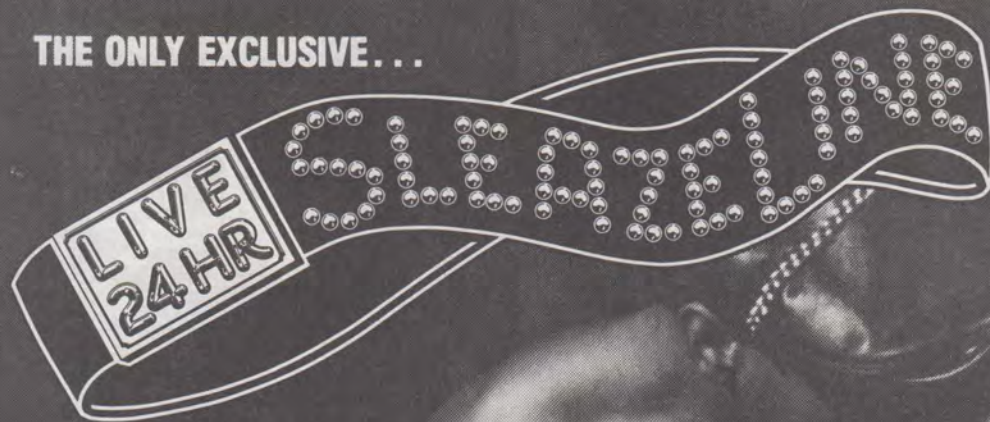
(I am over 21 years of age)

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

John Specimen

This is to certify that this Leatherman is a member in good standing of the Leather Fraternity and is entitled to all privileges and benefits of membership. This card is non-transferable and membership is revoked only with good cause.

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PHOTO: DRUMMER



CIGARETTES AND WHIPS!

Cigarettes and/or whip fetish? Learned young? Enjoy teaching? Need give or take bareback med. to heavy flogging and/or smoke torture? More than one cigarette at a time? T/B/C torture? A group is forming. Occupant, Box 115, 100 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94103. No drugs!

SHIT PHOTOS

Dirty-assed top 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

LATE-NIGHT JERK-OFF

Exchange stories about men under restraint/control. Raunchy; dominating; tantalizing sex. TT, CBT, dildoes, foreskin, foot fetish, tickling, shaving, cock control (no scat). Frat; police; jock; military; business scenes. Straight/bisexual themes OK. Your letter, typed, gets mine. PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Mr. N.P. (LF5890)

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, chldoes, FF, slings, C&BT, stretching, weights, chains, TT, watersports, shaving, wax, B/D, sleaze, boot service, leather, spanking, groups, "smoke," poppers, booze, playroom. No prejudice/safe sex. No scat, blood, drugs, damage. Serious Tops w/pic, letter. All answered. Box 5871LF

TITS AND ASS MANI 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.

FOOT SLAVE

Hot, good-looking GBM, 31, 6', 180, solid build, moustache, wants to worship and service your bare feet. Travel extensively—want to hear from guys throughout U.S. Big, dominant feet a plus. Phone, photo if possible. Box 6023

FUCK MY BRAINS OUT

Cocky, bright, athletic, Northeastern man, 6', 165 lbs., 26 years old, submits to a horny, hairy, built bull who knows how to satiate a hot, hungry man. Box 6043

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.

STRONG—GOOD BUILD

WM, 5'7", 200 lbs., straight-appearing, travel takes me into Michigan, Ohio, Penn. & New York areas. Into meeting men, leather, S&M, for action and/or just friendship. I'm rather versatile, but really enjoy the basics—safety awareness, but certainly not hysterical. Reply to Box 5667LF. Photo appreciated.

CRUISING THRU

Leather top: good looks, stamina, experience... looking for new summer sunsets, scenes, slaves, dungeons, safe-sex partners and buddies. Traveling SW to NW USA. 38, 5'8", bearded, 150; SM, CB FF kink; artist/weaver/photographer. Send photo/fantasy... all considered/answered. Box 5413LF

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.

RAUNCHY MARLBORO MAN

26, 6'1", 180, bearded, hairy, hung THICK. Interests: man for raunchy pits, crotch, ass-crack; constipation, safe scat, enemas, dildoes, fisting, the usual, Marlboro/Camel smokers. Meet OR, WA, CA. Have hot photos, trade nationwide. Box 6029

SLAVERY IS YOUR FATE!

Bored? Frustrated? Just walk away and live in chains. Torture. Degradation. Absolute brain-washed obedience. No limits, games, freedoms or bullshit. No exceptions. Any real slave, any age/appearance may surrender its worthless self for training by Master (46). Letter/phone/photo to Box 6034

BLOND WEIGHTLIFTER

6'3", 195 lbs., 27-year-old jock, good-looking, interested in contact with a dominant, aggressive, inflexible topman with a mean streak. Enjoy extensive verbal and physical humiliation. Interested in me 35 yrs.+ into well-worn leather, work boots, businessmen, badass working-class men, cops, bikers, mechanics, cigar-smokers. Safe sex only. Serious. Photo gets mine. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 41-year-old Daddy/Master. If you have a serious desire to be the live-in son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master, include photo and phone with your response. You must be willing to relocate. Box 4426LF

DAD SEEKS SON

Dominant Daddy, 6'1", 170, 42, seeks son/partner. Possible relationship, TT, B/D, experimentation, safe sex, discipline. Dad can be affectionate and nurturing or demanding and controlling. If you are looking for a full life with just one Master, write with photo to Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES

Master, 36, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Box 451, 89 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (617) 437-1821.

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into boots, leather, Levis, uniforms, S&M, B&D, VA, CP, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Deutsch wird gesprochen. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia, 2nd Floor, Chicago, IL 60640.

RUBBER KINK

GWM seeks dominant Master who requires his slave to wear rubber always. Slave also needs full training to serve all his Master's personal and sexual needs. Slave hopes these will expand limits and be taught with understanding and patience. Slave has a need to respect and love his Master and have limits expanded while still safe, sane and healthy. Permanent situation preferred opening unlimited possibility for mind and bodily moulding to Master's wishes. PO Box 31782, San Francisco, CA 94131. Reply guaranteed.

QUIET MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easygoing but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling. Son/slave should be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and no fem. Located in NY but travel around the country. Photo/letter to Box 4711LF.

MOTHER-FUCKIN' WHITE HONKY

Good-looking, masculine, in-shape blond, 40, but too self-confident. Need to be taken down a notch once in a while. You can do it if you're black, macho, 30-45, built like an ox, and can give me all the verbal abuse, humiliation, and mind-fuckin' I need. Dave (202) 544-4212, weeknites only.

FAT WRESTLING VILLAIN

GWM, 37, 5'5", 200 lbs., br/br, clean-shaven, hairy chest, U/C wants to explore your hottest, darkest combat fantasy with you! No real wrestling. But your fantasy can be as fun, erotic and/or brutal as you desire! My faves: bearhug, scissors, claw, full nelson, jocks, G-strings, nude, oil, sweat tits, hot talk, J/O, grudge fights, gladiators. Midtown Manhattan, day or night. You: thin to well-built with a hot mind. Photo/phone to TJ, Box 112, Executive Suite, 330 West 42nd St., New York, NY 10036. Some travel to Detroit, Chicago, Toronto.

ULTIMATE SLAVE

For your ultimate fantasy: W/M 26 5'8", 125 lbs. brn/grn smooth, cln shvn, 7", U/C, 28" w, 1/2 Latin, looking for that special Master who is educated in the arts of slavery. Professional people are given special treatment! (415) 337-2008 Eves. San Francisco, CA or write to Drummer Box 5875LF.

SHAVING/COMPLETE CLEANING

Professional body builders will be cleaned and shaved prior to competition. Photo and measurements included with application: Two Bits, PO Box 7445, Richmond, VA 23221.

HIS MOUTH—HIS OWN BIG COCK

Horny exhibitionist likes mirrors, cameras. Lustful direction A+. PO Box 88263, Honolulu, HI 96830

COP/UNIFORM

Crazy guy into Cop, CHP, FHP, ranger, game warden, guard uniforms. Seeks info on how to contact sellers, suppliers of uniforms. I'm 38, gdldg, 6', 175, work out, into all scenes esp. uniforms. Need to get hold of some; any ideas? Have leather, fire-fighter gear. Please write: Scott Macomber, PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480-0421. Thanks!

TWO MASTERS

Both 40, both 5'8", both 150 lbs. and disease-free. One Scandinavian/uncut, one Israeli/bearded. Want financially secure slave bottom. PO Box 294, Bayside, NY 11361.

AGING HOUSEBOY

Will drudge-grovel-serve as maid for (yuppie/collegiate/high tech) Master(s)/owner(s). An adorably demanding, demeaning superior(s) desperately desired. Old victim expects mere toleration—confining, low-profile servitude. Likes being protected, controlled, emasculated—teased, tortured, abused. Slave is body-shaved, displayable, orderly—white, 5'7", 155. Has photos, phone, references. Will travel/relocate. Secure, discreet environment essential. Old queer loyalty, gratitude, worship assured.

DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants totally submissive, young, slim, low-limit, masochistic slave for new heights, needed release. Novices must want fantasies turned into safe, sane, rough reality. Travel, visit Miami weekly. Live in NYC. Master: 6', 175, 45. Apply/letter, phone, photos: Suite 769, 263-A West 19th Street, NYC, 10011. (LF6017)

READY TO SERVE

W/M, 24, 6'1", seeks Master to serve. Have little experience, but am eager to learn. Interest include W/S, shaving, TT, leather, SM, BD. Truckers, motorcyclists a plus. Looks not important. All letters answered. Box 6036

GENITAL MODIFICATION

Castration, gelding. Fantasy, reality; accidental, intentional. Box 6040

GWM, 28, 5'11", 210 LBS.

Looking for GWM, 30-40 who enjoys quiet evenings, walks, dogs. Must be self-supporting, as I am. Must also enjoy working my tits, balls and asshole over good and hard. Relationship is possible with right person. Your photo and phone gets mine. Box 6026

LITTLE BIG MAN

You: tall, masculine, lean, muscular, 35-48, with need to submit sexually to short top. Fulfill your obsessive desire to please. Receive face/ass fucking, light bondage, ball weights, abuse, tenderness. Me: 41, 5'7", good body, hung, cut. Write detailed letter, description, desires, experiences, recent photo (returnable). No dope, booze. Pluses: big nutsac, imagination. Box 6042

BALLBUSTER

Cock torture, whip master; strong; excellent condition; 36, 6'2", 165 lbs.; clean-cut, very safe; will train fit slave. (415) 776-8466. Box 6046

MASTER NEEDED

Slave needs Master. Train me your way. I'm 32, 5'7", 140 lbs., BB. Willing to serve. Photo and phone to Box 6049

ASIAN SM BONDAGE MASTER

Or smooth white man wanted by good-looking blond, 5'8", 139. Wax, suspension, ropes, restraints, tit torture, etc. Travel frequently. Photo appreciated. Box 691303, West Hollywood, CA 90069. (LF6051)

MASTER

White male, 47, does not fit usual leather scene mold. 6', 190 lbs., wears glasses, beer gut, out of shape, smokes, drinks, reader, book collector. Requires slave/dog. Demands total submission/obedience. Expect to be used. Preference given to Southern California, but serious thought given to all. Plea to Box 6052.

WANTED: YOUNG TRUCK SLAVE

45-year-old trucker wants young slave to learn trucking from the bottom up. Permanent only. Will supply what I think you need. Call weekends or send letter with picture. Box 6057LF. (619) 723-8481

STINKING

filthy jockstraps. Send me your smelly jock; I'll piss on it, cum on it, and have it back to you in the mail. Or if you need it, I'll send you one from my stinking moist collection for you to stain. Rod, c/o SDS, 2921 Columbia, San Diego, CA 92103.

RU SOMETHING SPECIAL?

See NEW YORK: Love, Respect Yourself?

MUSCLES AND OIL

GWM, 36, 175 lbs., looking for other GW masculine, muscular real men to explore heavy body contact with oil. Aroma, videos, hairy a plus. Serious replies only from in-shape men 30-45 who can meet in Chicago. No reply without photo (returned with mine). 2421 W. Pratt, #1181, Chicago, IL 60645.

SHORT ITAL/PR TOP

Tall Texan, 6'3", 170 lbs., 36, wants under 5'8" for biz partner, boss at home. Face not important, body is. For more information, must send photo/letter to 2615 Waugh Drive, #256, Houston, TX 77006.

TO HAVE LIFE AS HUMAN DOG

38 y/o, 5'10", 180, brown hair, hazel eyes. Seeking knowledgeable, serious, aggressive leather sadist/master interested in owning a human dog. Am seeking to again be kenneled, permanently collared, and owned; never to be acknowledged or treated as human. Interests: leather, behavior mod, mind control, heavy restraint, use and abuse. AIDS free. G/P F/A. If you have obsessive desire, Kai has a willing ass, mouth, heart and body. Kai, PO Box 980066, Houston, TX 77098-0066.

GUN NUT

If guns make your dick hard and you're a serious collector of weapons, let's rap. Barry, PO Box 06706, Portland, OR 97206.

SLAVE/DADDY SEEKS MASTER/SON

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

NOVICE SLAVES FOR ANDROGYNE TRAINING

Young novice slaves (slender) wanted for houseboy/slave/son training with androgyne training a priority. If you are interested in consistent, regular, even daily experiences of sexual eroticism and high levels of intensity, then surrender your body and mind to me. Erotic pain and pleasure with sophisticated techniques from genital to anal, tits, feet, or massage to entire body with intense orgasms the priority. You will be young and cut, no beards or rings in ears, smooth and slender. No druggies or booze-heads. I'm in my 40s, white, cut, 5'11", 200 lbs., rough-looking and compassionate as only androgynes can be. Have own training dungeon. Write if serious only. You will tell me all about you and you will relocate permanently. Sam Marks. Box 6061

SAY UNCLE

Where the hell are you? Your nephew is waiting for you. (BMW, 25, 200 lbs., masc., good-looking, versatile, but prefer being bottom.) And your brother wants to watch! Uncle is over 40, over 200 lbs., bald (would be nice), mean, angry, rough and any race? Hung, but if not have toys and the aggressive attitude. This is father's and son's first adventure out of our family in 9 years. Also wondering about animals? GM, PO Box 1604, Seaside, CA 93955.

PAIN SLAVE REQUIREMENTS

Must have slim waist to squeeze with my strong hands. I'm 6', 300 lbs., 47. Send photo to Mr. Jones, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433.

AM A DICK

9' cut, with low-hanging hairless balls. A display piece on 5'10", 130 lbs., Nautilus tight, smooth, masculine, HTLV-negative, GWM, 40. Into: cock worship, exhibitionism, J/O 3X day minimum, safe leather, CB work, devices, porno, pix, performance. ISO: fit HTLV-neg. same-size sexgoons, gods, penpals. Top/bottom OK. Box 11336, Alexandria, VA 22312

PUNCH ME!

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

LEATHER NAZI COP-TYPE

Seeks same for correspondence/fucking around/relationship. Heavy black leather crotch-to-crotch boot, belted action. Cigars/smoke/etc. Macho J/O sessions. Rubber boots. Holsters/police flashlights. Nazi conversation. I drink bear; I'm 38 blondish hair, 5'8". Geff Hewell, PO Box 272364, Concord, CA 95427.

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

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. (LF5439)

MUSCLING UP!

Seeking relentless coach/workout buddy to turn 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

SLEAZE SESSIONS

Raw nipples, sore dicks & assholes, tweaked-out, burnt-out drug-induced sleaze. Watching porno flicks hour after hour and fucking, sucking, jacking our hard dicks. Two hot buddies, good-looking, well-built, 30s seek masculine guys for safe and sane play sessions, 3-ways, 4-ways. SofM apt. Photo/phone to PO Box 5921, S.F. CA 94101-5921.

SCAT ME

I need to suck the filthy thitholes 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

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)

60-YR.-OLD DOMINANT GRANDAD

seeks submissive sons, grandsons, contemporaries of all ages! All fantasies considered, but you must be submissive! Box 5943LF

JADED

Hunky, good-looking, young 40s, very jaded bottom seeking experienced, imaginative, creative Top to help explore still unfulfilled fantasies safely. No interest in phone/mail j.o. or relationship. Are you good enough? AV, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

MUSCULAR LEATHER DAD

seeks son willing to serve and work-out with Dad. Long-term, live-in situation possible for right son. Dad is mid-40s, masculine, healthy and muscular. Leather and safe sex. Send photo and letter. Box 4944LF

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, Forestville, CA 95436. (LF5669)

"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)

RIMMING RELATIONSHIP

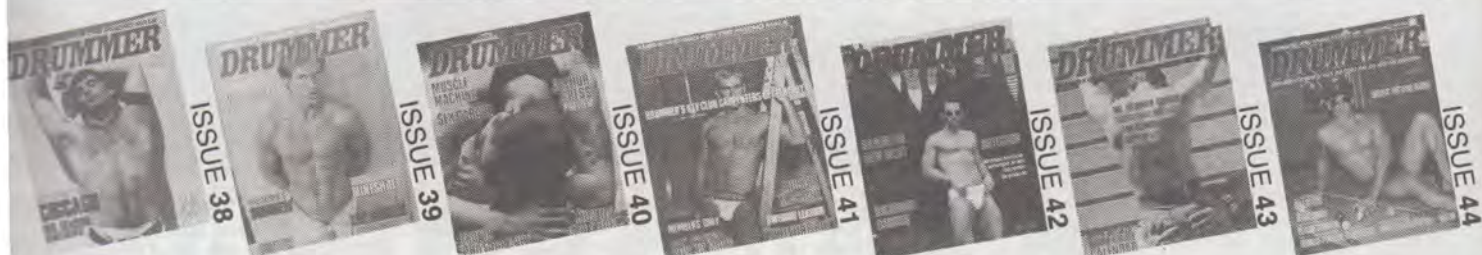
Devouring bearded faces buried in shaved pulsating buttholes with crazed tongues intensely probing for oblivion in the void; we are leathermen locked in an eternal mutual worship. Athletic European top: 43, 5'9", 145 lbs., trim, bearded and intelligent; hung, uncut and a nonsmoker wants a regular leather buddy for heavy sessions. Imagination and stamina are an advantage. You can be top or bottom, slim to muscular, under 45 and any height. Variables: W/S, FF, C/B, hugging and massage. Please phone Leo, (415) 474-2040, or send photo & phone # to Box 5488LF.

FUCK BIDDIES?

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.



LISTEN HARD

HOT TALK TAPES

□ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD—PART 1 The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves.

□ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD—PART 2 Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

□ KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot — too hot — and he overpowered you? Ever wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his?

□ MY DADDY WAS BAD The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up,

□ RITES AND RAUNCH There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come.

□ HOT HUNG TRUCKER Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck... Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off — then his dirty, greasy jeans.

□ MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY Five hot bodybuilders, after a sweaty workout...stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps...eyeing each other...their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs...and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in.

□ DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot, straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity; soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off.

□ BIKE EXHIBITIONIST Imagine: it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true — mean, dirty, muscular — leaning against his big, black Harley.

□ AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy who's wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's cock?

□ GREASE MONKEYS, STARRING MASTER MARIO Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axle grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

□ THE D.I., STARRING MASTER MARIO Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command.

□ MARINES OVERHEARD Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss...and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig...

□ THE COP, STARRING MASTER MARIO A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force.

□ COP WORSHIP We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to...

□ DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy-duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.

□ THE COMMANDER SPEAKS "I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about...your tongue is going to be my toilet. Your mouth is going to be my toilet."

□ DRUMMERMAN/BE MY CLOWN A pair of back-to-back hits for the leather crowd, from Mario Simon, whose performances at Mr. Drummer competitions from coast to coast brought audiences cheering to their feet!

□ TAPE 1—THE INTERROGATION This tape is featured on the cover of *Drummer* magazine. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental.

□ TAPE 2—THE TRAINING BEGINS Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt. Breath-taking!

□ TAPE 3—PUNISHMENT & REWARD When Brutus speaks, men listen, as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward, or the reward is merely more punishment, only the body can say. One hour of intense

□ FATHER SONS Father becomes his son's lover.

□ MARINE LIFE A Marine DI punishes an AWOL Marine.

□ PORN CALLS Four jack-off phone calls.

□ SAILING TO HELL Frank O'Rourke relates an original story of rape and abuse.

□ THE CONFESSION A young priest hears the confession of a gay man and what happens in the booth could do much toward conversions.

□ THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

□ THE HITCHHIKER An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who is looking for more than a passenger to share his ride.

□ THE HUSTLER He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

□ THE WARDEN The young convict learns that time was not all he is giving up when he enters the joint.

□ TV REPAIRMAN A straight, married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house.

□ WHIP FIRE A live, heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a slave.

□ INFORMATION

□ BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING The hows and whys.

□ INTERVIEW WITH A TEENAGED MALE PROSTITUTE A young, male whore tells it like it is.

□ MASTER/SERVE INTERACTION Follow up by Frank O'Rourke of earlier tapes, *The Master and The Slave*.

□ SM AND LOVE? Frank O'Rourke tells whether love can develop from an SM relationship.

□ THE ART OF FISTING Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting.

□ THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE Its values and what it is about.

□ THE MASTER Frank O'Rourke discusses the role of the Master.

□ THE SLAVE Frank O'Rourke gives an insight to the slave and/or masochist.

□ TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS

□ CONSIDER THIS AD AS ONE BIG COUPON. Cut the fucker out, check the tapes you want, enclose 9.95 per tape plus a buck each for postage/handling if you order less than five tapes. Five or more, we pay the postage. If you wish to pay by credit card, fill out line below.

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San Francisco, CA 94142-2009

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Picture this:
You're horny (again).

So you pick up the
phone and punch a few numbers.

Some other dude comes on the line.
Some other horny dude. Live meat,
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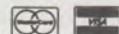
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- ☐ THE TRAINING BEGINS
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Compound Tape starring Brutus
- ☐ THE D.I., STARRING MASTER MARIO
Verbal abuse & body worship
- ☐ COP WORSHIP
One guy's cop fantasies
- ☐ MARINES OVERHEARD
Raunchy Marines on floor of head.
- ☐ BIKE EXHIBITIONIST
Biker demands more than photos
- ☐ GREASE MONKEYS, MASTER MARIO
Mechanics rape a hanger-on.
- ☐ AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN
Porn star has kinky scene with straight
- ☐ MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY
Five bodybuilders get it on
- ☐ RITES & RAUNCH
Devil worship, toilet scene, etc.
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He tells what he wants and you want
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Kid's intro into male sex.
- ☐ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD Part II
Oversexed boy corrupts dad.
- ☐ KID VS DAD - WINNER TAKES ALL
Wrestling and sex. Who wins?
- ☐ MY DADDY WAS BAD
Kid finds dad asleep and more.
- ☐ FATHER/SON
Father introduces his son to male sex.
- ☐ TV REPAIRMAN
Customer gets more than set repaired.
- ☐ SLEAZE
Funky duo do their thing.
- ☐ MARINE BRIG
Young jarhead gets more than the Brig.
- ☐ PORN CALLS
Phone sex.
- ☐ SAILING TO HELL
Frank O'Rourke story, narrated by author.
- ☐ THE CONFESSIONAL
Young monk meets a leatherman.
- ☐ HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
A speeding ticket isn't enough.
- ☐ THE HITCHHIKER
Trucker picks up young man and
- ☐ THE HUSTLER
drives it to him.
Hustler gets paid with more than money.
- ☐ THE WARDEN
Convict is made to submit to warden.
- ☐ WHIP FIRE
Classic S/M scene, everything goes.
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Info. Techniques.

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Info. The role of the Master.
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Info. The role of the slave.
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Info. Relation to each other.
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Reality of being gay behind prison walls
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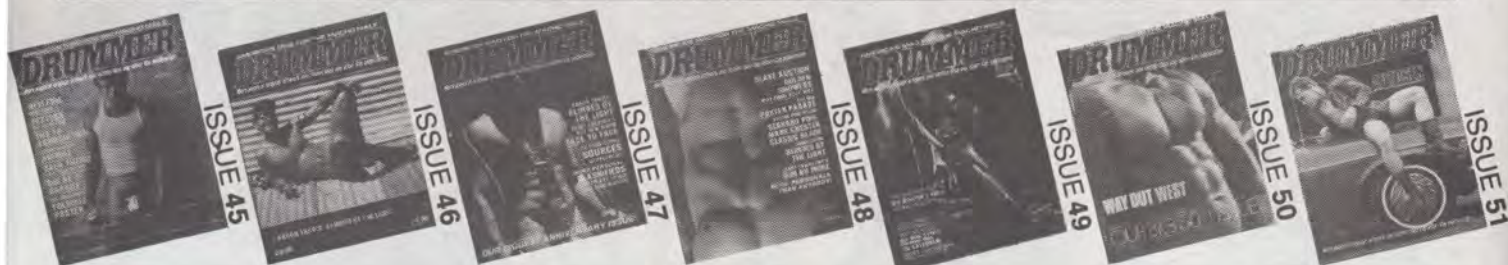
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Illusions without delusion, lust without limit, liberating limits and depravity without deprivation. Fabulous fabrication, consenting contractual conjugal consideration, explicit exhibitions, discreet deceptions. Champagne, chaps, ferns, fists, paradoxical exquisitely genuine agony of sharing unknowing loneliness. What's the difference between temporary and false, and you've seen something permanent on which planet? (415) 465-9767. (LF5607)

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.

USMC MUSCLEMAN

26, 6'1", 195, 46c, 32w seeking muscular recruits to 30 to endure heavy B/D, CBT/T in military stockade. Got the guts? Prove it. Nude photo/phone sepper fl. Box 5840

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER TOP

Attractive, white, 30-year-old leatherman seeks experienced leather top. I am tired of bars and "Folsom phonies." My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M, serious but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom. I take my training like a man but am safe oriented (no fluid exchange, blood, FF). Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated & returned. Box 5870LF

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST

Bootlicking, pain-craving cocksucking GWM cut neg prof S.F. masochist, 44, 6'2", 200, seeks GWM cut neg sadist wearing 501 button-fly Levis and black leather military boots who truly turns on to his slave's sweating, moaning, screaming and writhing in sessions of bootlicking, whipping (bare back, ass, belly, crotch) and ball torture (weights, vices, spreaders, slapping, whipping) and SS Fr. Not into FF, scat, piercing, WS, rimming, damage, or Gr. Travels now and then around CA, NY, IL, GA and TX. Also seeking S.F. Nautilus workout buddy. Box 5989

FANTASIES, HELL!

Eagle Scouts on the Senate witness stand are a fantasy. What you and I think up are fucking realities, like you walking into a scene and knowing that your uniform is going to be cut down with a bullwhip. It's a reality, not a fantasy, if you find a top you trust to take you up in the mountains and leave you hanging on a lodgepole pine while the cold sun turns hot on your butt. I am that top, if you're tough enough to laugh at the fantasy the low country thinks real, and serious enough to wipe the grin off your face when you find your own scene up country. I'm a lean, dirty Good Old Boy, 51, 5'7", bearded, with tools from the hardware store and the ranch store and the Army-Navy store, and no toys from anywhere. If you have realities that you are hunting for, and are tired of bar fantasies, try me. Box 5958

BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

Handsome, masculine, muscular bottom, L/L BM, 37, 6'1", 175 lbs., healthy, intelligent, athlete, a 1987 Drummerboy, needs training in B/D, lite S/M, TT, shaving, prolonged assplay, toys. Seeks dominant, commanding, imaginative, experienced Top, hung and muscular. Safe and sane your way, Sir. Photo, phone. Box 5959LF

RUBBER A MUST

Good-looking GBM, 30, 5'10", moustache, seeks rubber-loving guy. Possible relationship. No drugs, heavy alcohol. Stable, professional, but with rubber lifestyle. Box 5974

BEAUTY & THE BEAST

Ugly old troll seeks knight in shining armor. Are you Prince Charming, built like Conan the Barbarian, hung like a horse, filthy rich, with MA or better? Then I may have some use for you. Send nonreturnable studio portrait, resume, and financial statement. No groupies! Box 5956LF

DRUMMER DADDY

seeking tall, trim, muscular slave. You will be stripped, chained, & led to my dungeon. Relationship possible for intelligent, professionally employed man capable of stepping out of the slave role and serving as companion. Drummer Daddy is in his 40s, brown hair, bearded, 6'1", 170 lbs., nonsmoker. Nude photo, phone, letter to Box 4988LF.

MUSCLE DAD LOOKING FOR PLAYER

Muscle Dad, 41, beefy muscular build, great chest and arms, masculine, good-looking, seeking masculine Dad/Buddy/Son, 25-55, for mutual good time. Pec work, muscles, J/O, Leather. Open to suggestions. Married/BI OK. Reply with photo to Boxholder, Box 486, 584 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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.

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.

BONDAGE TOP

50, 6'3", accepting bottoms (novice/experienced), bondage, shaving, spanking fantasies, light S/M, cock-ball-tit action, toys, dildoes, playroom. Photo a plus. Box 5808

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

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

HEY BOY!

Your daddy is looking for you. Call (916) 391-9755.

ULTIMATE REALITYSHIP

Into making dreams reality? This handsome, hot, virile, versatile, healthy, trim, smooth, professional S.F. WM, 38, 5'9", dark brown hair, seeks similar to create the ultimate dynamic relationship. Erotic mind, enormous emotional capacity, great dick, sensitive tits, kinky butt, Chippendale tie and leather vest a plus! Reply Box 5557LF

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM, SIR!

Sir! I am here to serve you as your bondage slave. I've been experienced in bondage, assplay, cocksucking, some SM and am willing to be trained to expand myself. I am 35, 5'10", 175 lbs., good-looking and ready to please you, Sir! Photo appreciated, Sir! Box 5650LF

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

SEEK DOMINANT SON MASTER

Average-looking, financially secure, executive, professional 57-year-old, 5'11", 172 lbs., silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks younger, 18 to 36, smaller to 5'9", masculine strong, boyish, horny jock ass master stud who commands servility, body worship, hole service, rimming, watersports. This submissive slave eager to please with hot butt craves to serve and receive verbal abuse, taunting, training, humiliation, mild ass beating, TT, CBT, body shaving, piss, bondage, smelly armpits, enema sessions, cock sucking. Teach me to serve you while expanding my limits to give you total pleasure. No scat, FF, or brutality. Call (415) 929-7124. (Box 6062)

BOY NEEDS DOG

Good-looking, athletic, 30-year-old boy needs mature dog to train. Dog must be masculine, good-natured, affectionate and obedient. No puppies or poodles need apply. Box 5994

FF VIRGIN

GWM, 47, muscular, good-looking, 5'8", hazel/brown (balding), 168 lbs., 6", cut, one nut, tight, honest, nonracist. Your: FF active, expert, 'artist.' Mature, loner-type preferred. Pluses: brains, beard, husky/gut. I am curious green, not yellow. First ad, no \$, safe sex only S.F. area. (415) 771-6018.

MAN SERVANT NEEDED

I am an Englishman, normal, respectable, decent and wealthy. I have cats and little birds. You will be naked at all times, cook and clean. Severely disciplined with whip and cane. For interview, call (415) 661-2425.

DADDY MASTER

sought by tall hot muscular boy, mid 30s. Box 6015

TRAVELING SLAVEBOY

Northern CA, 28, 5'8", 165 lbs., Bl/Br looking for healthy and hot daytime adventure. Into SM, BD, hoods etc. You 21-35 (current fantasy is younger). Phone/mail/JO great too. Box 6020

SOUTH BAY LEATHERMEN

WM, 33, 6', 200 lbs. Seeks buddies in Palo Alto area for companionship and mutual fun. I love wearing leather and hope you do too. Singles and couples welcome. No drugs or smoking. NO pain. AIDS aware. Send phone, photo if possible and detailed letter. Box 6021

BUTCH QUEERS

Muscular guy, 28 seeks well-built older men who are very masculine in public but act queer and submissive in bed. Am into masculine looking and acting guys who secretly wear nylon bikini briefs under their leather, uniforms, or business suits. Send photo. Box 6032

2ND SLAVE WANTED

Mature, experienced SF Master considering taking on additional slave(s). Headspace and willingness to expand all levels of living most important. If you wish to join existing slave/houseboy, naked except for collar, to be used and abused in service apply with detailed letter of description/experience with photo, phone. Box 6025

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)

**You've Tried
the Rest—
Now Use
the Best!**

THE ORIGINAL SEX LINK

415-346-8747

**THERE IS NO CHARGE FOR THIS CALL
EXCEPT LONG-DISTANCE IF ANY.**

OUR SIXTH YEAR!

The **CONNECTER**



LEATHER HUNK COVERMAN SCOTT ANSWER AND CENTERFOLD LEATHERMAN HARKER WADE
COME TO LIFE FROM THE RED HOT PAGES OF THE ZEUS PUBLICATION... **ODYSSEY TWO** IN

CAPTURED

SESSION ONE & SESSION TWO

THE ALL NEW/ALL BONDAGE/ALL JACK-OFF/TWO PART VIDEO FROM ZEUS STUDIOS

SESSION ONE: HARKER WADE GETS SCOTT ANSWER "SLUNG UP"



Muscle leather stud Harker Wade manhandles his massive uncut meat fantasizing what it would be like to get blond bodybuilder Scott Answer's beautiful ass slung up, stretched out, and tied down for a deep butt session. Entering Harker's dream we find Scott stripped down to chaps, boots, and gloves; nipples pierced and padlocked; his cock three ringed; neck chained and collared; freshly shaved clean and spread out helpless in Harker's sling. Harker moves in on his captured muscle slave working his smooth, hard body over good. Harker yanks on Scott's nipple locks, chews on his over-loaded balls, and roughly opens up Scott's tight shaved asshole with a huge dildo. Sweating profusely while bucking, writhing, and flexing against his leather restraints, Scott's cock erupts and he blasts a heavy load which Harker smears all over his sweaty tits and pits, making Scott suck his own cum off Harker's hands. Two of the hottest Zeusmen work their asses off to get your load. This is no-nonsense jack-off Zeus Bondage Video. Session Two on same tape.

SESSION TWO: SCOTT ANSWER GETS HARKER WADE "STRUNG UP"



The tables are turned on Harker Wade as Scott Answer takes control in CAPTURED/Session Two. Construction foreman Scott watches college jock prick-tease Harker on a summer job site. At the end of a long, sweaty day, Scott suggests Harker hang around after the other hard-hats leave... for a beer. With his sweaty bubble butt itching for the 6'2" blond, hairy chested foreman, Harker gets jumped by Scott and roughhoused into his private "office." Harker's body gets thoroughly manhandled as Scott strips his college muscle jock out of his cut-offs, sweat soaked denim shirt and raunchy jock... down to his construction boots; then spreadeagle suspends him for an intense on-the-job-site training session. Scott forces a massive butt plug up Harker's tight little ass, and works his tits over hard. Sweating, straining and unable to stand it any longer, Harker bucks and shoots a super load while still spreadeagled. Both these Zeus hunks get off by showing off their hot, hard bodies tied up, worked over, and forced to shoot for you. They want your dick to explode while jacking off to their muscles tied up tight. Hot? You bet your ass. Zeus gets as close to your bondage nut as it's possible to get. Both sessions on same tape.

ZV-1000/CAPTURED - Sessions one & two (approximately 40 minutes) **\$45.00**
ZM-438/ODYSSEY TWO (magazine regularly \$10.00) **with the purchase of the video CAPTURED ... \$5.00**

CAPTURED

- ☐ ZV-1000 CAPTURED..... \$45.00 \$ _____
☐ ZM-438 ODYSSEY TWO (with purchase
of CAPTURED only)... \$5.00 \$ _____
☐ VHS ☐ Beta

TOTAL OF ITEMS \$ _____

Calif. Res. add 6½% Tax \$ _____

Shipping (\$2.50 first, \$1.00 for each add.) \$ _____

TOTAL ORDER \$ _____

Method of Payment: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Credit Card # _____ Expires _____

Signature _____ Date _____
(Required if you are using a credit card)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____
(I am over 21 years of age)

THE ZEUS COLLECTION

BOX 64250

LOS ANGELES, CA 90064

BB SLAVE WANTED

to sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough set of curls. Your boss is into hot wax, animal/slave training, smoke, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin', rock and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit, so if interested and live or are visiting in this area, call (415) 944-9984 or (415) 282-2483 and leave a message. If not in the area, write: Boss, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598.

WANTED MASOCHISTIC/SLAVE/SON

Sadistic Daddy looking for masochistic slave/son. ABSOLUTELY NO LIMITS HONORED, only INCREASED! Just pain, sex, love. Asians-Blacks preferred. All others considered on merit. Send qualifications, phone, nude/leather photo to Box 6037

TOILET BUDDY

Very hot-looking Latin, 30s, muscular, well defined likes mutual shit scenes and steaming piss. Get off on watching turds, gaping assholes, recycled beer, shit smearing, dirty jocky shorts and lots of grunting action. Looking for filthy minded, hot hunky and hung studs to get our sweat holes going. Box 6056LF

HANDSOME GAY MAN 48

wishes to share artistic, reflective and physically active lifestyle. Classical music, gardening, primitive camping and weight lifting are my major activities. I am a pianist and certified masseur. Looking for honest, communicative, healthy and creative relationship with a dash of fireworks to boot. Photo appreciated. PO Box 6381, S.F. CA 94114

SHOP AT THE NEWLY REOPENED SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY COMPANY**COCKSUCKER SEEKS CIGARMEN**

WM, 31, 6', 155 lbs. Sniffing for hot cigarmen with respectable equipment to orally service once or on a regular basis. U puff, I suck. Verbal leatherman a plus, cigar a must. Send pix and nasty letter to: Boxholder, 584 Castro #404, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588. JO, pen pals welcome

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6", 145, seeks verbal abuse, domination, discipline, humiliation from small master. Into body worship, armpits, leather, wrestling, JO. Blacks, Asians and muscles a plus. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101

SEEKING MASOCHIST

Experienced SF sadist seeks one pain-craving Levi-boot masochist who knows what he wants and can take it. Fantasy-seeking JOers and limp-wristed fairies who wimp out quickly in a scene need not respond. Sadist is into whipping, gut-wrenching CBT, TT, ET, paddling, suspension, etc. in roughly that order; however, limits can be set in advance. S is tall, early 40s, cut, non-smoker, neg, intell, health and safety conscious, and relationship-oriented. M must be neg, non-smoker, cut, 30-45, good cocksucker, and relationship-oriented. Not into fisting, scat, damage. Box 5996

LEATHER NAZI GUY

38, 5'8", blondish hair, seeks Nazi-cop type. I was in California Reich. Crotch-to-crotch, heavy leather JO sessions. Nazi conversation, cigars, beer, smoke etc. Fuckin' around. G.L. Hewell, PO Box 272364, Concord CA 94527

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**NAKED SLAVE**

I am a top, 5'11", 150, beard, blue eyes, hairy, 35 years old. I am looking for an individual that enjoys standing naked before another man with a leather hood on, collar and harness. Someone who likes tit play, bondage, and orders. I enjoy spanking, shaving, humiliation, but I will respect your limits. Most important is your desire to let another man enjoy your body. If you are interested, serious and ready when you call to come over, then call (213) 874-4856 after 6PM.

JOCKBOY PIERCING

Athletic 26 yr. old slaveboy desires part-time master to pierce his tits and 8 thick cock head. Safe but kinky sex also to possibly include bondage, flogging, shaving, womens clothes, photography, hot wax and CBT. Box 5997

SEEKS ASIAN

Los Angeles, GWM, 35, 5'8", 150 lbs., mustache, not leather appearing type, prefer FF, SCAT, G/S, light S/M, seeks Asian into same scene. Enjoy cuddling, kissing. Photo if possible. Box 6028

BONDAGE MATE WANTED

Heavy bondage and safe sex. In Santa Barbra call Paul (805) 966-0189 6PM to 11PM only. Box 6030

ANIMALS

W/M, 32, 5'10", 160 lbs., very hot, horny wants to meet experienced/novice in scene. Box 6031

MASTER/DADDY WANTED

Hot GWM, 33, 6', healthy, together bottom seeks total one-on-one relationship of serious fantasy realization evolving without bounds. Slave into leather/uniforms and life of service, discipline. Heavy bondage and sharing. Quality material for training and relationship. Send photo, instructions. Box 6035

MATURE BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Good-looking, professional WM, 35, 5'8", 168 lbs., well built, looking for professional man over 40 who can introduce me to leather lifestyle and share with the excitement of healthy body, dressed in leather and a productive professional career as well. You won't be disappointed if you are genuine. Box 6050LF

HUNG BLOND JOCK DIGS COPS

Good-looking athlete, trim, tan 28 boy, 6'1", 165 lbs. Huge thick cock. Looking for hot studs, cops, military, to be arrested, strip searched, cuffed and used. All American Boy into BD, CB/T, fantasy. Wrestle me down, bind me, gag me and rape me repeatedly. Come on, Sir, arrest me! Box 6054LF

SHORT GUY—BIG NEEDS

Me: W/M, 32, 5'3", overweight, not hung or macho or strong. You: W/M, 18-35, ready to submit to S/M, B/D. I am seeking a long-term relationship, not a one-night stand. Also like theatre, travel, dining out, quiet evenings at home. Box 177, 1800 South Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles CA 90035. None answered without photo, phone, name and address.

MANHANDLE MY BIG COCK/BALLS!

GWM, 50, 6', 165 lbs., hung big and uncult needs heavy CBT. It's all yours! Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734

FUCK BUDDY

Hot top, 5'9", 150 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, good shape wants to meet trim, tan hot and horny guys into wine, weed, fantasies, safe sex. Write Bill, Box 76, Ste. 109, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, CA 90046. Pix?

WANTED

Handsome, clean-cut Nazi-Master for young Jew-slave. PO Box 69A04, L.A., CA 90069

DEEP/WIDE ASSHOLE

FF versatile, TT, CBT, W/M, 42, 6', 170 lbs., clean shaven. Palm Springs. (619) 321 2819. Before 12 PM

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

GANGFUCK FRENZY

I mean you spy this wow candyass stacking cans or whatever; Sweet face; Unreal Bod. Yeah! You get with the guys. Always hot. You target the dude, a spot, and force a scene where panicked appeals get stifled by hot stuffed dick into a pounding mouthful of mumbled whimpering grunts ... Ain't nothing beat slapping fucktime into resistant, bucking toasty to your buddies' head-bouncing facefucking rhythms. Kid (over 18) learns a thing or two or six or twelve ... Man! Oh Man! Hey Gangbanger, does all of that incredible stuff walking around pump up your cock to twitching and dripping? Spot one now? Tell us how you can get into and better our action. Limited Openings. Box 5342LF

ATTR DAD SEEKS CRUEL SON

Trim silver fox, 50s, 5'9", 140, Cauc., smooth, uncut, needs bondage, TT, CBT, at hands of good-looking son (18-38) with cruel streak (not brutal, cruel) who has love/hate feelings about Dad. Letter & pic to "Dad," PO Box 69824, L.A., CA 90069.

LET US WATCH

Good-looking GWM couple, 37 & 34, seek other masculine GWM partners into kink for voyeuristic encounters. We want to watch your long, private, intense sessions in CBT, TT, FF, WS, B&D, hot wax, clothespins, SM. No scat. Your pleasure/pain trips are our turn-on. Letter/phone. Box 5608LF

UNIFORMED BUST

Decidedly for ... abuse-hungry, White stud sonofabitch, gung-ho to discharge duties as Convict/Slave/Animal Prisoner/Captive to sadistic, kick-ass, tall-booted, uniformed Black stud 43 who demands intense disciplined workout, exacting punishment torture to reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Direct letter w/mandatory photo to: PO Box 2524, Chino, CA 91708. (LF5987)

ORANGE COUNTY SUBMISSIVE

seeks Master-Daddy type for direction and structure. I'm 32 y/o, slightly overweight, attractive and completely honest. Sammy (213) 924-4833.

PISS FANATIC

Healthy, trim, hung, blond boy, 23, seeking faithful, fit, masculine, safesex pissbuddy under 40 who shares piss obsession. Prefer hairy. Let's get soaked! Box 5968

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, gangfucks? You: white/Latino, 28-40, dominant, masculine, hot. Strictly top. Body builders, hung a plus. Sir, please send instructions/photo (returned). Box 5773LF

SLAVE DANNY

will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! (LF4091)

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)

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)

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 4451LF

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. GW PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

DENVER DRUMMER DADDY

25, 5'9", 160 lbs., dark hair, moustache. Seeks son for face fucking and ass plowing. Limits respected, but must be willing to expand them. Must be in shape, under 30, and willing to commit himself to my lifestyle. Send detailed letter with current experience and specifications, photo and phone. Box 5967LF

YOUNG WHITE OR ASIAN

Lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 49, top, hike, tennis, run, camp. (303) 972-4177.

CONNECTICUT

HOT HORNY HUNG

Enjoys the look, feel, smell of leather but also passionate, affectionate sex. Seeks similar. Photo. Box 5981

DC-METRO

SLAVE?

BB Top, into leather and bondage. You: slave-mate, under 35, into same, plus CB&T, 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

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.

DADDY'S BOY

WM, 32, seeks tough but tender jock-wearing dad. This boy is into paddles, straps, some TT/C&B, mild SM but heavy into ass play, dildoes, etc. Are you my Daddy? Allen (202) 332-7017. (LF5983)

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.

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5'10", bl/bl, 150 lbs., mustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

SHAVED WHITE MALE CUNT

36, 5'10", 150, G/p, F/a, TT, CBT, VA, WS. New to DC. I'm committed to being all used up. I'm the kind you gang fuck in an alley, use as a urinal, you like to hurt. No Master/slave fantasy. I need real, constant sexual abuse. I seek men who want to use a trash number up 'til there's nothing left. My life is giving my body to men's pleasure. Your attitude is all that is important. Box 6010

FLORIDA

NO SHIT

This Master/daddy is 46, 5'8" wants boy who needs me for service & training. No drugs, alcoholics or feds. 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

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

FANTASY PARADISE

2 GWMs, 30s, construction tradesmen, trim healthy, hung and sex-crazed. Seek a few good Men who desire to live their fantasy, in an all-gay apt. bldg. Cum watch us sweat in jockstraps as we install the nude hot tub in tropical private yard. Live the lifestyle that you thought was only in NYC, SF or Kew West in north Tampa. Call (813) 989-0800 for hot details, if you're man enough. No calls after 11PM EST. No phone JO.

TOP THIS OLD DADDY!

Big, bearded old Daddy wants young boyish top son for wild sex, mutual light S/M, and fantasy. Nonsmokers only! Photo to Aardvark, PO Box 7294, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338

SMALL SMOOTH SMART SON

Receives affection, discipline, security from mature bearded Dad. Submit needs, photo, phone. PO Box 1111, Miami, FL 33168

YOUNG NOVICE NEEDS B/D TOP

Masculine GWM, 6', 155 lbs., youthful 26, very attractive, muscular novice bottom needs a masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style to help me explore heavy, serious bondage (latex, hoods, mummification, breath control, isolation) safely as well as S/M, V/A, CB/T, electricity? Take me to my limits and help me expand them in order to please you. No scat, FF, damage. Please write soon with photo. I need you now Ft. Lauderdale area. Box 6024

TOPMAN/DAD WANTED

You: 30+, hairy, aggressive. Me: 31, 6', 230, black/blue, beard/stach. Into FF, CB/T, S/M, B/D, verbal abuse, dildoes, shaving, leather, and uniforms. Stable, employed homeowner. Strong will requires heavy hand. HTLV-3 neg. Beginning BB. History and photo sent upon contact. Send letter and photo to: Behr, PO Box 3166, Venice, FL 34293. (LF6058)

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

YOUNG SADIST

wants Chicago-area masochists for strict bondage and heavy abuse. If you're trim, under 35 and think you can handle heavy CBT, TT and whipping while securely bound spread-eagle with a large gag strapped in your mouth, then send photo and phone to Box 5976

STUD SLAVE WANTED

Topman, 39, seeks muscled slave 21-40 to train in male servitude. Resistance receives discipline. Box 126, 606 Barry, Chicago, IL 60657

HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC, 39/40, into exploring leather world seeks to meet compatible COUPLES to share our playroom (fucking, sucking, 69). ONLY into watching, being watched (NO contact). Interests—Jocks, Leather/Levi, Uniforms, Dad/Son couples. Hairy a plus. NO kinky far out or heavy scenes. Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, IL 60641. LF6053

DUELLING DICKS

WM looking for head-to-head combat. Let's rock pissholes and come out swinging. I'm small, but my hands like beating big cocks into submission. Travel locally, all races. Box 6038

B/D UNIFORMS LEATHER

are my game. Looking for young C-U guys who want to play. Your letter, photo, phone gets mine. Box 6041

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 on. 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

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

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

6'1½", 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)

HEAVY PHYSICAL ABUSE-S/M

needed by Chicago area 36-year-old, blond, mustache, 6', 165 lbs., from women or masculine men who like workin' over a guy with whips, abrasives, clamps, cigars, other torture gear, marks ok. No sexual contact. Write Drummer Box 6007

TOPMAN WANTED

Handsome WM, 31, 6'2", 160 lbs., bottom, seeks Master. Crave ass, TT and ball work. Safe sex. Central Indiana. Picture if possible. Box 6011



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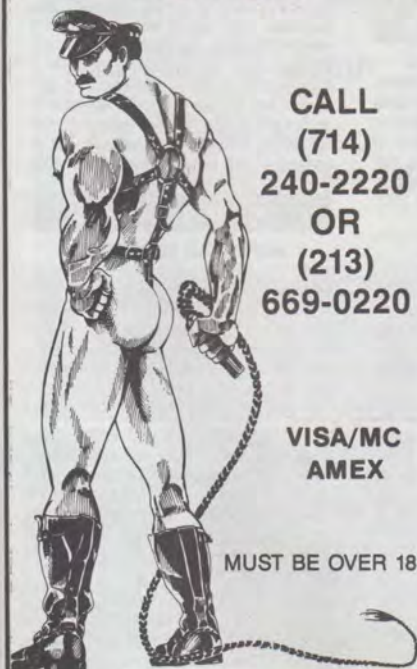
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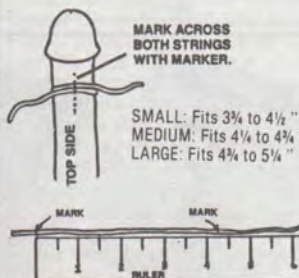
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INDIANA

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 feds, 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

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.

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KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

Leatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'6", 145 lbs., beard. Versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, pron, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. 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 STUD

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 P.M.

MASSACHUSETTS

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)

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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

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40-year-old hairy WM, moustache, hung, uncut seeks masculine man to explore possibilities—bondage, C&B/T, spanking, intimacy. If you want to be treated like a man and never say no, you won't be disappointed. New Englanders and weekend guests to Boston welcome. Box 5986LF

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Hunky bi WM, 32, will administer punishment to deserving rears. Hot slave available for frats, parties, car cruising, groups. Discretion assured. GMF, Box 1081, Boston, MA 02205

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TOUGH MASTER WANTED

Sir, hot GWM, 37, 5'7", 150 lbs., needs your paddle or strap across his bare ass. Bottom into S/M, B/D, dildoes, TT, Greek and more. Box 6047

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, It. 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

BONDAGE

32, 135, 5'10", submissive bottom needs to be bound and gagged. Photo/phone/letter to Box 5984

MUTUAL ACTION

Interests include tit torture, wrestling, bondage. I am a novice who seeks a variety of safe experiences, not as a slave, but in give-and-take activities. I am 31, 5'9", 230 lbs. Prefer nonsmokers; no drugs — including poppers. Dave, PO Box 7033, Saginaw, MI 48608-7033.

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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

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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

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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)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

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WM law student, 35, 6'2", 210, beard, moustache, hairy chest, from Alaska, seeks hairy, uncut 27-45 man for permanent (move to Alaska) or temporary relationship. Man to man sex—sweaty crotches, skin, pits, tits, butts, poppers, imagination, rough and loving. No whipping, scat. Travel New England. (603) 225-4577. (LF5818)

BOTTOM WANTED

by 30-year-old top, 6'4", 250 lbs., hairy beard and moustache. Wants gay/bi 18-45, straight looking and acting to suck my cock, get fucked, be my personal slave. Limits and requests considered. I'm sane, hot and have experience. Send phone, photo immediately. Box 6016

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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.

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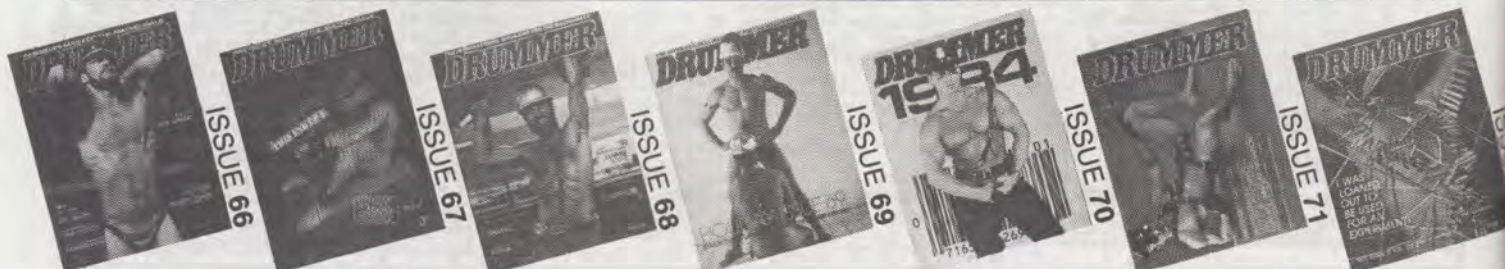
HOUSEBOY/SON WANTED

by 38-year-old 6' WM dominant, in Essex County. No bullshit, boy, but feisty puppy who needs to learn how to serve, taking care of my home and me. Good work rewarded, sloppy punished. Days flexible with hope of permanent relationship. Convince me. Daddy into bondage, spanking, discipline, safe sex and wicked sense of humor. Can be caring, gentle to right boy. You are WM to 28, novice a turn-on but not necessary. Send letter with photo, returnable, and phone if possible. No feds, phoneys, feds, drugs or drunks. Box 6008

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





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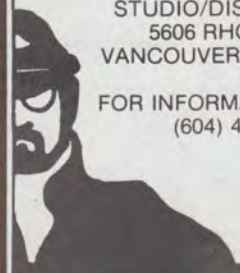
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NEW YORK

SUPER FAT EXECUTIVE DAD

is what I'm looking for. I am 29, handsome, GWM, Jewish, 6', muscular and masculine, 160, all-American looks, Ivy grad. You are handsome, smooth and clean-shaven, between 30 and 49. You are also dominant, aggressive, masculine, very successful and 250-425 pounds. Body worship, verbal scenes, button-down shirts a turn-on. Leather, Master/slave trips a turn-off. Jewish or Italian a +. 5 minutes to NYC. (201) 332-8745.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Tall, dark-haired, educated white male, thirties, wants to hear from others who regard strict, no-nonsense discipline as a valuable and indispensable means to instill good behavior and correct errant ways. Have straps etc. for administering sound discipline, willing to take the same. Write detailed letter including experiences, photo. Box 6055LF

SHIT BUDDY WANTED

GWM, 35, 6', 150 lbs., blond, smooth wants regular mutual scenes with man under 40. Horny for hot, dirty action! Write PO Box 987, Grand Central Station, NY, NY 10163.

MY MOUTH, YOUR TOILET

Need shit, piss, puke, snot dumped in my mouth, face. Need to be fucked simultaneously. Groups only (2 or more plus me). Am 38, 150, handsome. Call (212) 691-6474 between 7-10 PM

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 upstate. Box 5696LF

WESTERN NEW YORK

pig slave, white, 36 yrs. old, 6', 165 lbs., full beard and 'stach, seeks hot master and/or lover to expand my limits for fun and games on a regular basis. Safe, sane sex aware. I'm into leather and rubber gear, uniforms, verbal abuse, bondage, boot service, watersports, S&M etc. Sir, I need tied up, lick on Your boots, suck on Your used scum bag, and have You use my pig slave holes to please Your needs. Regular phone buddy also. Box 5656LF

PISS & RIM SLAVE AVAILABLE

to serve hot topmen, daddies & masters. Clean-cut, blond, trim, 35 yr. old pig will give your crotch & ass the attention it deserves, Sir! Write to: Frank, PO Box 1394, Ansonia Station, NYC, NY 10023. Photo/phone if possible. (LF5695)

SON SLAVE SLIM SMOOTH

Body to 25, boyish looking, must be prepared to surrender your mind, will & body entirely ready to be trained into total complete slavery by your actt 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)

SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT

Very hot 25 y.o. toilet seeks hot men for heavy scat scenes. Desire to be total toilet for the right man. Looks and attitude important. Photo/phone answered first. Box 5819

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.

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

MAKE ME WANT IT

WM, mid-30s, NYC area bottom, new to scene—tall, lean, well-developed pecs, dark hair, moustache. 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)

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

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

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

LEATHER LIFESTYLE

This isn't a sex ad. Want to setup/join heavily sexualized, serious leather/SM household with career-oriented type(s). My vices: excessive cigarettes, cigars, beer, popper, untidiness. NO DRUGS! 37, white, cerebral, educated, cultured, make good money: kinky as hell. Improperly qualified/unwelcomed. Commutable Greater NYC. LF 5813

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 teases, 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

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 upstate/travel. Box 5949LF



WHA MEN

VITAMINS, MINERALS, HERBS
SUPER SUPPLEMENT

Sorried about your late hours, overexertion, on-the-run diet, smoking, drinking, stimulants, close physical contact or antibiotics? Any or all take their toll on your vitality, your immunity and your well being. VITA-MEN is doctor formulated for the sexually and physically active man on the go. Its ingredients are most expensive to manufacture, not only for their contents, but also for what they do not contain. There are no oils (our vitamins A and D are dry) for the body to retain, no starches, no shellac, no sugars. Take a look at our powerhouse formula. It is specifically designed for men and it is awesome.

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A supplement to the VITA-MEN formula is our new IMMUNITABS megaformula. Take a good look at its doctor-prescribed formulation and add it to your diet. Your immune system is worth it! RETAIL LIST \$12

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and enclose a FREE 30-day supply of
IMMUNITABS with each one. Enclosed is
\$24.95 each.

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☐ AMEX

Card No. _____ Exp. _____

California residents include 6% sales tax.

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San Francisco, CA. Dealer inquiries invited.

TELECONTACTOR

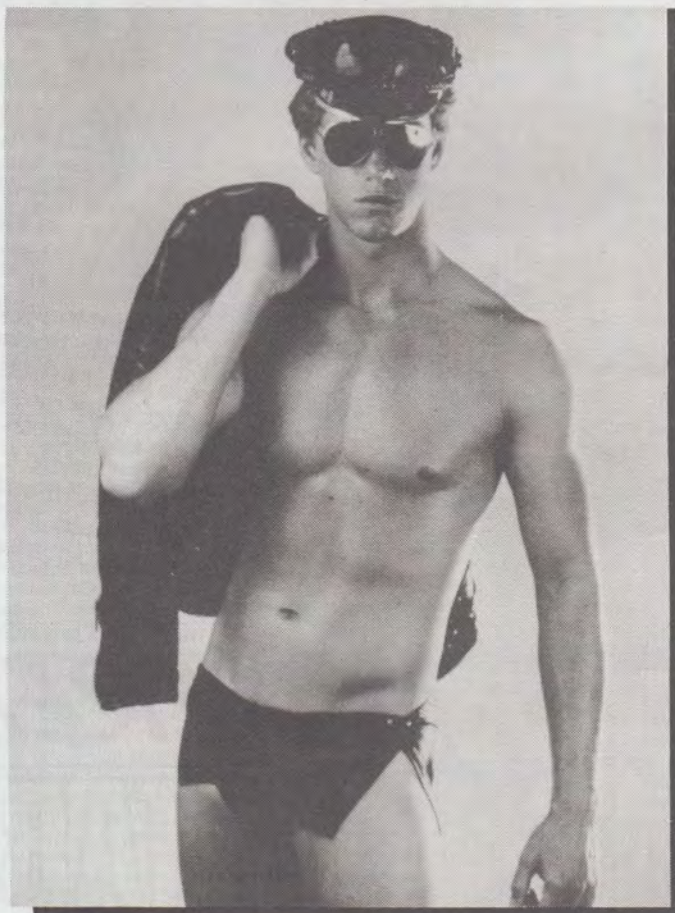
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(212) 953-3600

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.

NEEDED

Serious dominant, butch or masculine W/M or Hispanic. Heavy to medium build, looks and height not important. No part-timers, only interested in a man whose lifestyle is domineering, and knows how to use and take advantage of those weaker than him. I'm Italian, 30, 5'9, 158 lbs., gdlks in good shape, hairy and moustache. Dan, PO Box 104 Belfrose, NY

TRIP INTO HELL

Two-way Daddy seeks men with enough equipment for a trip into hell. (718) 447-5465

YOUR CHANCE AT SLAVERY

to young, hot, demanding professional. Obedient, ON-CALL masseur, bodyslave, cock-sucker, houseboy. Fulfill my practical/physical needs REGULARLY. Serious long-term position for those born to serve. Letter/photograph: 263-A West 19th, Suite 410, New York 10011

TOILET AVAILABLE

Bottom pig, 37, needs smelly topmen for endless shit, piss, puke, feet, pits, humiliation. Prefer handsome in-shape men to 40. Will serve one or groups. How can you deny yourself this pleasure? Box 1725, West Caldwell, NJ 07007-1725

BONDAGE AND TORTURE

Tall, masculine, muscular W/M jock, 34, 6'4, 195 lbs., into serious, creative bondage, tit torture, dick entrapment, foot torture, tickling, pain/pleasure, classic torture scenes, long hard JO. Want masculine buddy for real thing or hot scenes. You get me down or I'll get you. Revenge a turn-on. Safe, sane, hot. Correspond anywhere, meet NYC. Creative bondage ideas a plus. For discreet meet, send phone, photo if handy to: PO Box 659, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023

WRESTLING

Take on a Brooklyn bruiser. Man-to-man action. Call (718) 492-0940

KID BROTHER/WRESTLER

Wanted by dominant WM, 6'3", 210 lbs., 34 B&W, clean shaven, gym body. UR u/30, good body, clean shaven. Into wrestling, manhandling, domination, SM, BD, CBT, LL, smoke, aroma. Jocks, punks, BBs a plus. Role switching possible. All safe scenes. Box 6045

SERIOUS TOILET PIG

Need sadistic leathermaster for heavy shit and piss training. All replies ans. (716) 882-9395. L. Tirone, 1015 Delaware Ave. Apt. 601, Buffalo, NY 14209

DADDY WANTED FOR RELATIONSHIP

W/M, 36, slim, brown hair and eyes, 6'1", am into most scenes, enemas, bondage, poppers sucking, fucking, wrestling. Not into pain, games, drugs. Box 6027

SHIT AND PISS

White, 5'7", 135 lbs., hairy ass, crotch, 7" cock, moustache, wants toilet bottom for regular ass eating, piss drinking sessions. I'm 52 and like experienced men who know what they want. Age not important as hunger and thirst. Box 6018

INTENSE CONNECTION

Swimmer, 30, 6'1", intelligent, WASPy, intense, looking for another hot man to explore S/M bondage, affection, more. Box 6013

ASS TORTURE

How much can you give me? New York City guys only Box 6009

INDUSTRIAL SUB-BASEMENT

with headroom and plumbing or floor drain, 24-hour access, needed by maverick waterproofing engineer. Secure storage area for insulated undergear, greasesuits, welder's leathers, tarpaulin overalls, rigger's safety shoes, sleeping bag, on-site contact with tough subterranean jackers, head-drillers-wipers and cool supers. Sample oil deliveries and inspection of sites in Manhattan's manmade caves and tunnels. Have truck. Box 6006

LOVE/RESPECT YOURSELF?

Maybe I can use, not abuse you. Trim-bearded leatherman (long relationship over) seeks to reassure, not trash. Unsatisfied degrading masochists, seeks to upgrade live-in boyish (twenties-thirties) slaveboy/son. Can you deserve luxury NYC home, European travel, happily serve master in/out bed, fully satisfy dominant man, appreciate good home, generosity, caring, security? Proud to be bottom? Ready to be owned, fulfilled? apply now, photos answered fastest. Box 6001

BOUND AND HELPLESS

Muscular WM, 29, 5'9", 172 lbs., looking for hot leather top to tie him up tight, leaving him helpless. The rest is up to top. NYC, Westchester, Bronx area preferred. Box 6000

BLACK BALLS/WHITE BALLS

White male, 58, wants to kiss, lick, suck balls of trim-bodied black man. White balls will also be honored. Box 5999

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

32, 5'8", 160 lbs., bluecollar seeks others ready to explore discipline scenes using interrogation techniques such as bondage, CBT, etc. that conclude with a formal ass whipping. Mostly bottom, inexperienced welcome. Box 20040, 693 Columbus Ave., NYC 10025

PUSSY SLAVE

wants strong master. You're the man and I'm your male cunt to serve all your needs. Call (516) 379-6233

BONDAGE

Beer-gut, tattooed topman wanted. Dig overpowering, cigarette smoking bondage top to tie, gag and work his captive. Safe sex only. Me, 49, 5'5", 160 lbs., 6" cut, hairy chest. Box 6033

QUEENS AREA

Nam vet, 39, 6', 160 lbs., Queens area, enjoys servicing mature married exec types. No photos please. Box 4033, NYC 10017

OHIO**DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED**

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops. 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF, shaving enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body, Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies, Dayton/Cincinnati, OH. Box 5514LF

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE

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

CIN/DAYTON AREA

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

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks U.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Experience the trauma of the British school-boy GWM 39, excellent shape. PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114.

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, shaving, self-stimulation, and designing and using restrictive, binding or locking chastity devices. Your interest is important, not your experience. Describe your ideas and what turns you on in detail. Include photo. Box 5279LF

PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

HOT PORTLAND MAN

26, 5'10", 150, dark, handsome, seeking another hot man for mutual fantasy exploration. Prefer intelligent/passionate, somewhat cruel S/M with experienced top 30-45. Varied interests. Wish to further expand my limits. Photo. Box 6003

PENNSYLVANIA**BLACK LEATHER COP-TYPE**

Destined for western PA, 38, 5'8", blond wants to fuck around with/room weekends with Nazi and/or cop-types. No S/M. Blair/Cambria/Adams/Berks/WVA get free bootpiece. Geff Landolin Howell, PO Box 272364 Concord, CA 94527

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, Pennell, 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

PITTSBURGH AREA

X-college football player, 31, 6'4", 225 lbs., accepting applications for the position of my personal slave. Phone and photos are required of all applicants. Beginners are welcome, but must demonstrate that they have the proper attitude. Ideal candidates would be between 18 and 35, straight-looking and acting, work out and take pride in their physical appearance. Wimps, fats and feds need not waste the postage. Discretion assured and photos returned. Apply to: Master, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116. (LF4484)

LIVE-IN

GWM 18-30 son into heavy C&BT, TT, whipping and long-term bondage, desired by GWM dad into same. You will live days on Soloflex machine and in my well-equipped playroom. I'm into creative scenes. Leave your age, height, weight, heaviest scenes and best time to return call. CJ — (201) 874-6909. I-78 and I-287S. (LF5982)

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

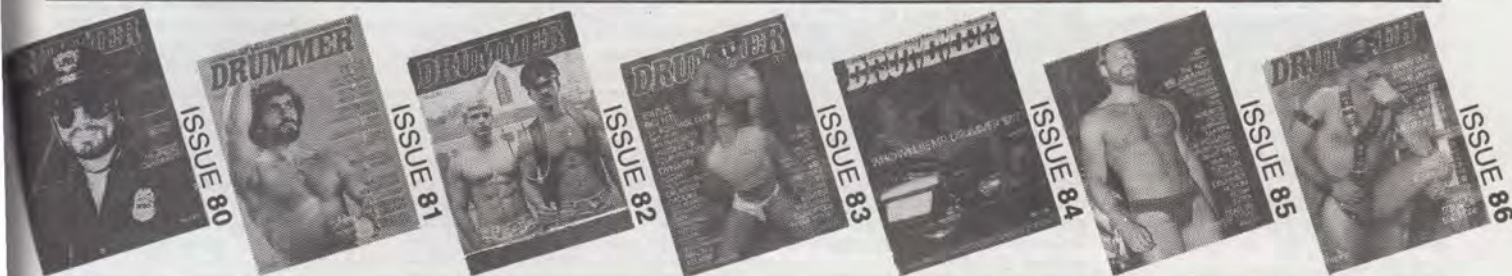
41, 5'8", 140 lbs. WM, beard, into pissin' in Levis, jockey shorts, onto one another, bed wetting, all W/S scenes. Your wet pictures get mine. J.L.L., 2698 Harrisburg Pike, Lancaster, PA. (717) 898-2627. (LF5494)

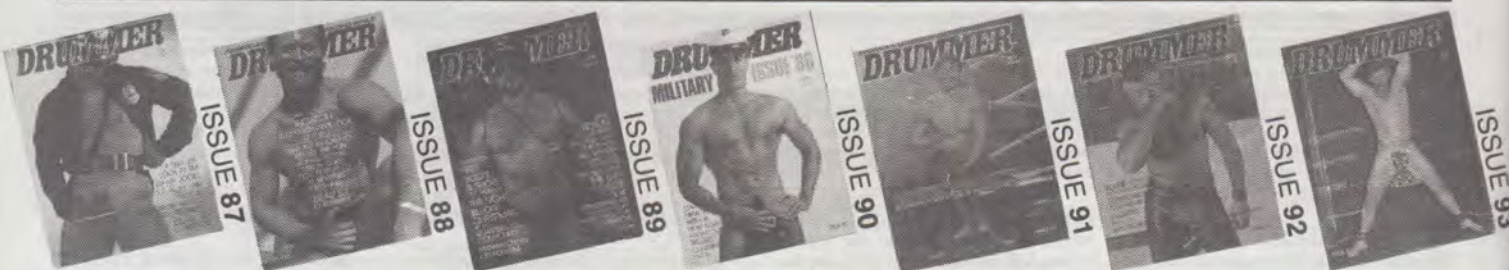
LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

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)

RHODE ISLAND**COPS/MILITARY/CONSTRUCTION WORKERS**

This bottom is: WM, 5'9", 160, brown eyes/hair, 8" cut, hairy chest, and healthy, with an equally healthy imagination. I'm into verbal abuse, uniforms, leather, toys, bondage, safe watersports, tit torture, hot wax, ass play, spanking, boots and open to suggestions. You're a verbal, creative topman (men) into





(fantasy) sex: A kick-ass, filthy-mouthed cop with a desire to rape a lone motorist. A hard, hot-headed Marine MP with a mean streak a mile wide. A sweaty, raunchy construction worker who knows how to take what he wants. I'm not into scat or heavy pain. I travel New England and New York City. If you're interested, send a raunchy, descriptive letter (photo gets a quicker response) to Box 5079LF.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUBMISSIVE ORAL SERVICE

WM, 24, seeks tops/leathermen to submit to their oral and other needs. Horny topmen please write with photo, phone to: PO Box 6947, Columbia, SC 29260

TENNESSEE

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

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.

IN SEARCH OF HOT DAD

Young man needs big Daddy (200 lbs.+). Use and abuse my desert hole. Be rugged, no fems. (615) 356-9127

TEXAS

DALLAS

Hot, horny hole needs large tool, hands, toys. GWM, 32, seeks above. Nude photo gets response. Member Leather Fraternity. Box 5459LF

WHIPPING BOY

Blond, moustache, 37 yrs., 6'2", 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.

CROTCH SNIFFERS

Arrogant Houston stud, 6', 160 lbs., gym-toned and hung, humiliates and abuses brown-nosing whimps. Box 5961

TOILET WIMP

Ready to service your masculine body! I'm boyishly attractive, mid 20s, smooth, trim body. PO Box 36005, Dallas, TX 75235-1005

SON/HOUSEBOY

Looking for a son 18-25 who needs love and a firm hand. Qualified son will relocate. Send application now. Box 6039

LOW HANGERS WANTED

Surrender to me your cock and balls for heavy torture. Any age. Sex not required. Bill, (214) 520-8647.

VERMONT

HOT VERMONT BOTTOM

42, brown and blue, 120 lbs., 5'6", needs Tops to train me. Into all except fistfucking. Turn-ons: 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)

SUBSCRIBE TO DRUMMER

ENEMAS IN VERMONT

Newly out, 1 year. New in VT. Submissive slave seeks enema master, nurse, gym coach. I'm real and I'm looking for a master and possible friend. PO Box 262, Jeffersonville, VT 05464

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

WASHINGTON

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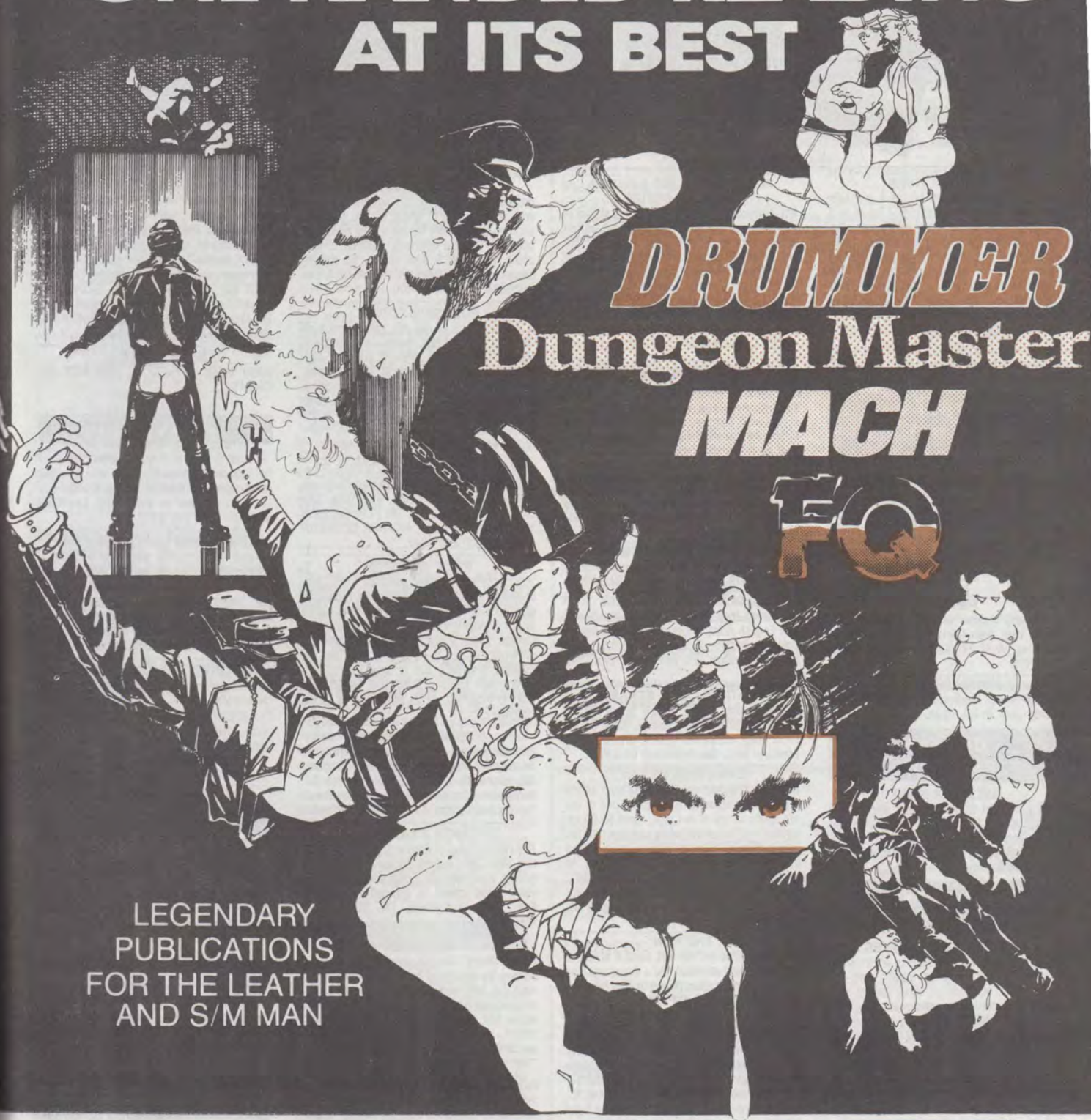
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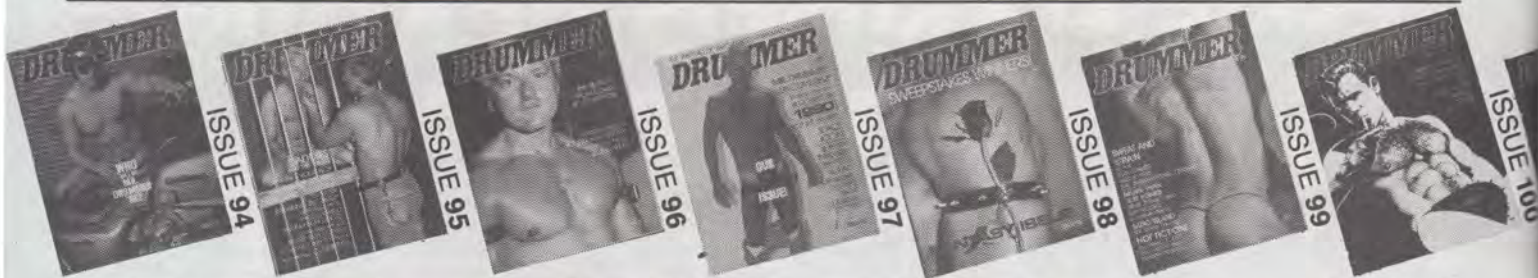
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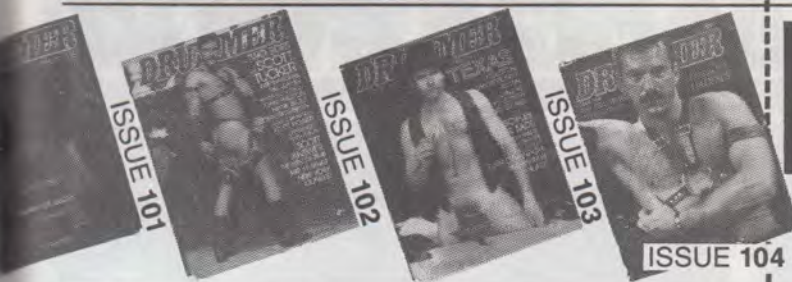
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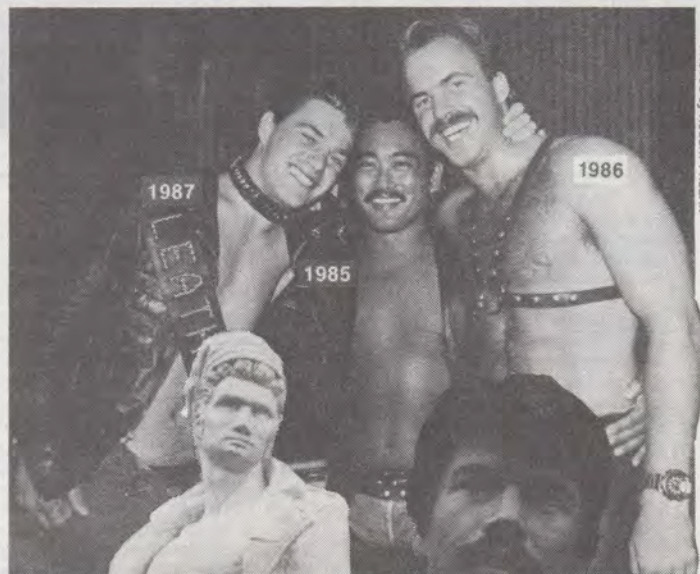


PHOTOS COURTESY JEFF BUPPERT

DRUMMER DADDIES

Denver's Drummer Daddies contest was reported in *Drummer 109*, but there was no room for photos. Here are, left to right: Jeff Buppert, Mr.

Leather Colorado 1987, organizer and MC of the event, Jeff Cheek, Coach (second runner-up); Alexi Gruen (Drummer Daddy); and Kean Cameron, Uncle (first runner-up).



PHOTOS BY ROBERT PRIZAN



Cassase, I hope we can convince him and Zack Long, the recently-selected San Francisco Leather Daddy, to do a joint photo spread for a future Drummer Daddies section.

Alan Selby coordinated the event which packed the San Francisco Eagle's patio with one of the hottest collections of leather men I've seen since the Mr. Drummer finals. The whole event was a fund raiser for the AIDS Emergency Fund, an organization with no paid staff that gives grants directly to people with AIDS. The beer bust, raffle and auction of donated items raised over \$7,000. This included the \$1,000 bid for the famous statue of Michaelangelo's "David in Leather" which for years graced FeBe's. When it closed last year, FeBe's was one of the oldest leather bars in the country.

SAN FRANCISCO LEATHER DADDY'S BOY

Interchain-San Francisco sponsored its Fifth Annual Leather Daddy's Boy Contest on September 6th at the San Francisco Eagle. The judges included *Drummer's* Andy Charles and JimEd Thompson as well as several other leather notables from San Francisco and Seattle. Mr. Northern California Drummer, Pete Pettine, served as co-MC of the contest in which ten Bay-area Leather Boys competed. The winner was John



PHOTO BY JIMED THOMPSON

MR. LEATHER NEW YORK

The 1987 Mr. Leather New York contest will be held on Saturday, November 14, at

Tracks Disco, 531 W. 19th Street, New York City. Tracks is donating the space for this worthy event.



SAFE, SANE, CONSENSUAL

That really does say it all. If you can't get to Washington, D.C. for the March, you can still support the effort by purchasing an SM/Leather Contingent T-shirt with the above slogan emblazoned across the chest. Shirts are black cotton blend

with white print. Order from S/M-Leather Contingent, c/o GMSMA, 132 W. 24th Street, NYC 10011. Make checks payable to GMSMA. Shirts are \$7 each or \$5 each if you order 12 or more. Add 10% for shipping and indicate sizes: Small, Medium, Large, Extra Large.

LEATHER CALENDAR

Drummer's events and run listings can only be complete and accurate if we receive the correct information. If you'd like your events listed here, send us the appropriate information well in advance.

DATE	EVENT		
SEPTEMBER		NOVEMBER	
25	•Windy City Bondage Club Open Meeting.	4	•NY Bondage Club—Show & Tell
25-28	•MSC-Munchen—Octoberfesttreffen.	6	•Mr. So. of Market Contest, SF Eagle 9 p.m.
25-27	•Shore Leave, Griffins MC, Renegade Resort, Rehoboth Beach, DE	6-8	•Discipline III, Disciples of DeSade, Dallas
	•Star Quest '87, Conquistador MC & Black Star MC, Orlando, FL	7	•Harbor Masters 5th Anniv. Portland, ME
26	•Hartford Colts Leather Night at Bear Risters, Hartford, CT		•SM House party, Knights Templar; San Francisco.
	•MS-Panther Koln — Leather Disco — AB 21 UHR IM SCHULZ, Bismarkstrasse 17, 5000 Koln.	8	•SLM-Stockholm—Rubber Party.
	•MSC-Finland—Last Bike Run of the Year.	10	•National Leather Assoc.— Election of officers.
30		11	•Boots and Gloves, GMSMA, New York City.
OCTOBER		13-15	•Companions—11th Anniversary; Phila., PA.
2-4	•Knights D'Orleans — 13th Anniversary Weekend.	14	•Mr. New York Leather Contest, NYC
	•MSC-Hallamshire — Golden Frame Weekend; Sheffield, England.		•Clubhouse party, Chicago Hellfire Club.
3	•Chicago Hellfire Club, Clubhouse party.	18	•Clubhouse party, The 15; San Francisco.
	•SM House party, Knights Templar, San	21	•NY Bondage Club—Turkey Truss Contest
	•Praetorians—17th Anniversary; New York.	25	•MSC-Finland—Slave Market.
	•MSC-Finland—Rubber Night.		•Thanksgiving Eve Dessert Social, GMSMA; New York.
4	•SM Art Faire sponsored by the Society of Janus Noon-7pm, Room C-300, Ft. Mason, San Francisco.	26	•Thanksgiving — stuff it!
7	•NY Bondage Club, Photo Night, NYC		•MS-Panther Koln — Leather Disco—AB 21 UHR IM SCHULZ, Bismarkstrasse 17, 5000 Koln.
9-11	•MS-Rotterdam—2nd Lustrum Party; Netherlands.	26-29	•D.C. Eagle—16th Anniversary; Washington, DC.
	•VASM—5th Anniversary.	28	•Bucks, MC—Santa Saturday; New Hope, PA.
9-12	•American Uniform Association 10th Annual Review, New York City.		•SLM-Stockholm—General Assembly.
10	•Clubhouse party, The 15, San Francisco.	29	•SLM-Stockholm—Western Party.
	•MS-Panther Koln — Leather Disco — AB 21 UHR IM SCHULZ, Bismarkstrasse 17, 5000 Koln.	DECEMBER	
10-12	•T-Bolts, MC—Annual Fall Foliage Ride.	5	•SM House party, Knights Templar; San Francisco.
10-11	•VASM Anniversary V, Vancouver, BC		•Centaur, MC—Christmas Party; Washington, DC.
10	•National Leather Caucus — Washington, DC.	9	•MSC-Finland—Uniform Night.
11	•National March on Washington BE THERE!!!!	11-13	•S/M and Aging, GMSMA, New York City.
14	•The Perils of S&M Publishing, GMSMA; New York.	12	•NLC-Franken—Christkindles; Markt Treffen.
16-18	•Octoberfest, Vanguard MC, Philadelphia		•Clubhouse Party, The 15, San Francisco
17	•Chicago Hellfire Club, Clubhouse party.	19	•Empire City, MC — 24th Annual Charity Christmas Party; New York.
17-18	•Rocky Mountaineers, MC — 19th Anniversary.		•SLM-Stockholm—Sankta Lucia.
	•MSC-London—Birthday Party.		•Clubhouse party, Chicago Hellfire Club.
21	•NY Bondage Club — Halloween Costume Party		•Lost Angels & Spartan, MC—Party Hearty; Washington, DC.
23-24	•13 Years—MS Panther, Cologne, Germany.		•SLM-Stockholm—Christmas Party.
28	•S/M and Monster Mythology, GMSMA; New York City.	25	•MSC-Finland—Christmas Party.
30	•Windy City Bondage Club.	31	•Traditional Holiday.
31	•Brotherhood Weekend, Rochester Rams 12th Anniversary (Through Nov.1)		•MSC-Finland—New Year's Party.
	•Rurals MC—Fox Hunt — Roermond; Netherlands. (Through Nov. 1)		•Philadelphians—Tri-Cen-V; Philadelphia, PA. (Through Jan. 1)
	•Centaur, MC—Halloween — Leather Sabat; Washington, DC.	JANUARY	
	•MSC-Finland—Bondage Night.	2	•SLM-Stockholm—Happy New Leather Year party; Gasgrand, Sweden.
		15-17	•Centaur, MC—Leather Weekend '88 & Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leatherman Contest; Washington, DC.
		29-31	•Come Rong '88, South Pacific Motor Club, Sydney Australia.
		30	•SLM-Stockholm—Annual Meeting and Party

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



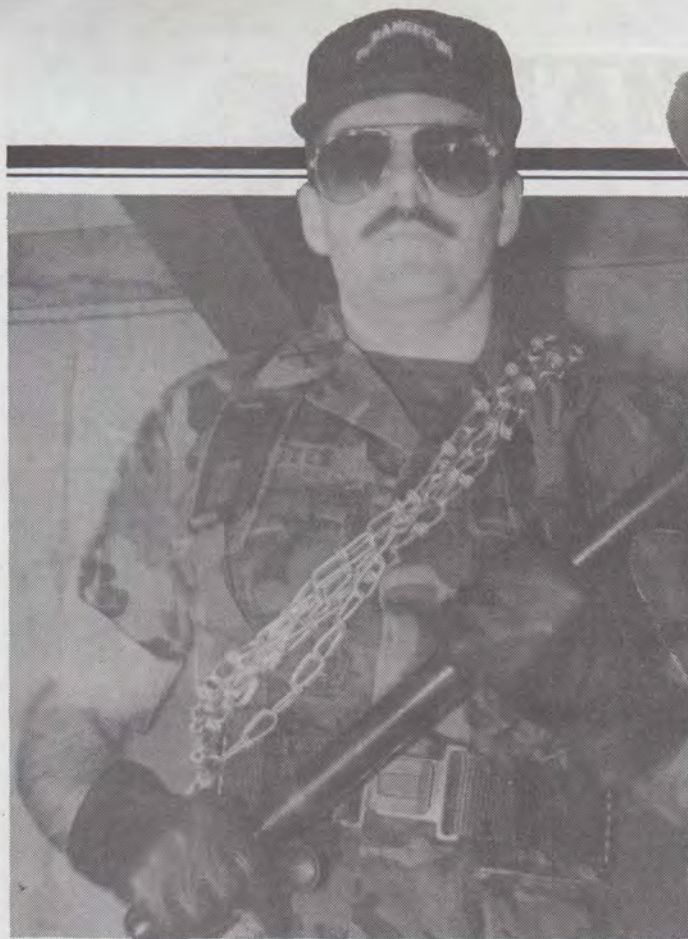
ILLINOIS TOUGH CUSTOMER: This number didn't give us much information other than the fact that Drummer is GREAT! (Which we knew, of course, but like to hear.) And that he is 25 years old and a BOTTOM, BOTTOM BOTTOM. What more can he or we say. Write him at TC 1239.



CIGAR SMOKING LEATHERMASTER: Illinois Master, 46, 197 lbs., 6'1", expects his leatherboys to care, lust for boots and leather. He is into varying degrees of S/M but drugs are not part of his scene. He'll respond if you write to TC 1238.



NEW ENGLAND FUCK-HOLE: This 30 year old, 5'9", 160 lbs. toy is into bondage, asswork and showing it off for other men! His master says that if we publish his photo he's gonna send more showing all of him!?! He and his Master would like to correspond with guys who get into swapping Polaroid photos and videos. They would also like to meet men in the New England area for threesomes. Anyone interested? Write TC 1240.



RECRUITS WANTED: This tough customer is over 21 and looking for uniform/leather/B&D buddies in Illinois. He is 6'3", 175 lbs., a top normally but he is willing to switch for the right leatherman/commanding officer. Always welcomes new recruits and will show them the ropes and get them squared away. He enjoys long interrogation sessions where a recruit can learn what he really wants—to serve in absolute obedience. TC 1241



ILLINOIS BOTTOM: Here's a repeat Tough Customer who's still looking for hot leather love. He wants men hotter than the leather they wear. Just bind him up and use him! TC1220

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.)

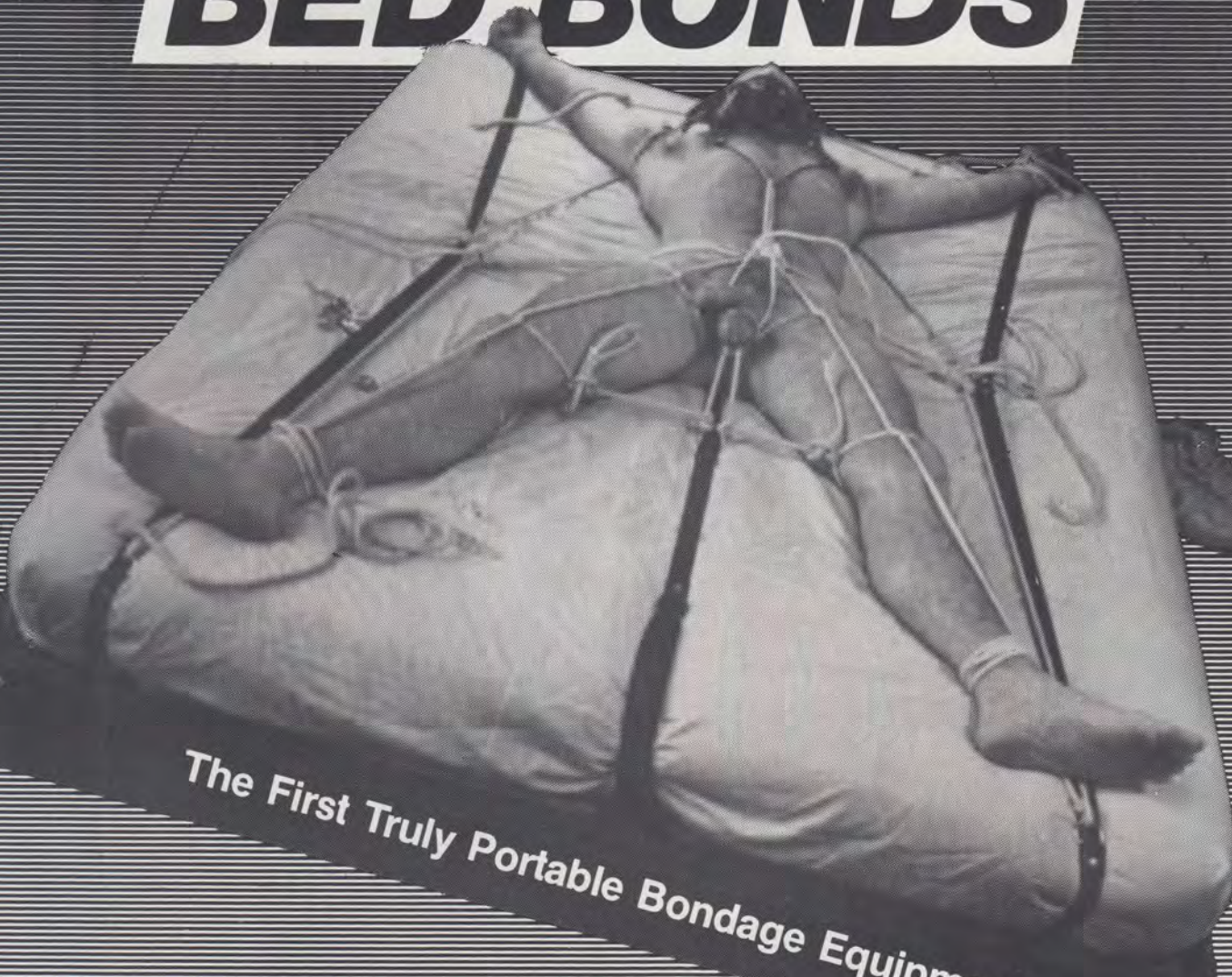
To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC number on the back flap. Put this inside another envelope along with a quarter for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

IN PASSING

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Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather 1987
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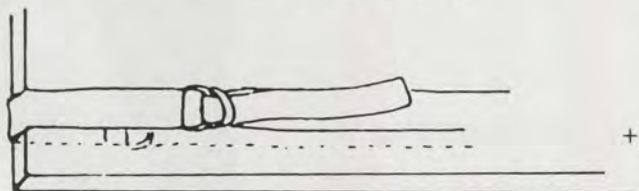
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DRUMMER

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