

# DRUMMER

ISSUE 122

## Cigar Studs:

plus  
tons of Tough Customers

photos from

Jim Wigler

**Old Reliable**

fiction by

Fledermaus

**Max Woodruff**



**CIGARS**

**Beirut, part 2**

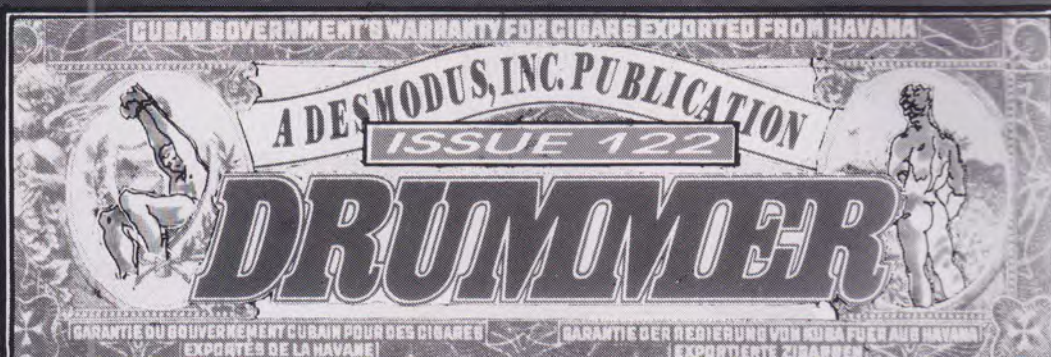
Aaron Travis' adventure continues ...

**Animals**

fiction from

**Mark Thompson**





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## NOTICE

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(Leon's Leathermen Mural will reappear in the next issue)

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Dennis Patterson  
photos by Jim Wigler





"If a man does not keep pace with his companions,  
perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.  
Let him step to the music he hears, however measured  
or far away."  
**Henry David Thoreau**

## **DRUMMER**

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# *Fledermaus* OFF THE TOP

## Barrus Resigns

I regret having to announce that Tim Barrus has resigned as Associate Editor. I was quite pleased with many of the improvements he had made in the magazine and with many of his plans for the future. However, he became quite concerned about Justice Department persecution of publishers of erotica and decided to sever his relationship with Desmodus, Inc.

## Dukakis Wins (I hope)

As this is being written, the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November is still a couple of weeks away. As you read it the decisions will have been made. In the presidential column this is definitely one of those time's I'd prefer to vote "None of the Above". However, I do hope that most people will not make that choice but will vote for Dukakis. The governor of Massachusetts has definitely not been a good friend of Gays. However, when I think of the men (and the masculine is probably correct) Bush would likely appoint to judgeships, I shudder.

Retention of a Republican administration is likely to leave us with a Justice Department largely staffed and trained by Ed Meese. And the anti-porn,

anti-gay, anti-sex crusade they are planning is just beginning. Together with the conservative federal judges appointed over the last eight years, an unchanged Justice Department bodes for grim times ahead. I will be voting Democratic, I hope enough others do too.

## NYC Reads

Several months ago I announced that we had lost our major distributor in the New York area. We are receiving frequent letters from men who complain that they can't find our magazines on the newsstands. I have several suggestions:

The first, of course, is SUBSCRIBE! A subscription will guarantee that you get every issue. I do warn you that a bulk mail subscription will take anywhere from one to four weeks to reach you, with two to three weeks being normal. That means it will be on the newsstand a week or two before you get your copy in the mail. Sorry, UPS delivery to newsstands is much more efficient than is the post office delivery to your home. All magazines go out of our offices within five days of receipt, but the wholesale orders must go first so we have room to work on the subscriptions. A first class mail subscription is considerably quicker delivery. Of course if your problem is that

you can't find Drummer on the newsstands, you are not going to be bothered by the fact that you will be seeing it on the newsstands before your subscription copy arrives.

We do now have several smaller distributors serving the northeast including the New York City area, and our wholesale shipments to the region are now up to about 75% of what they used to be. If your favorite newsstand doesn't have it, ask for it. Let them know you want it. If their own distributor does not carry it they can order directly from us (and get a better rate too).

We sell direct to several outlets in New York City. These include The Noose, A Different Light Bookstore, The Pleasure Chest, The Leather Man, SLR Merchandising, and Village Candy. A Different Light usually stocks recent back issues as well as the current issues.

## Recent Events

The 1988 Mr. Drummer Finals, Chicago Hellfire Club's Inferno XVII, NLA's Living in Leather III, and the recent meetings of SSCA's Interim Steering Committee have all produced good news that we will be reporting on in future issues of Drummer, DM and the Guardian.

**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 recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane

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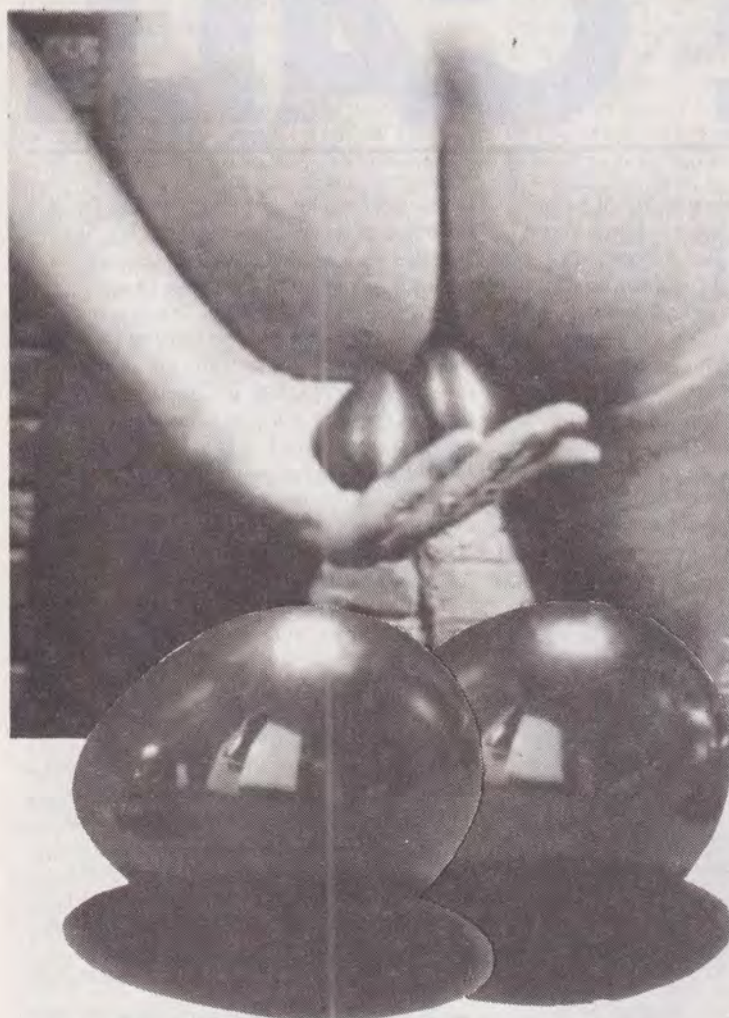
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## Anal Pleasure & Health



## ANAL PLEASURE & HEALTH

In these days of doubt and fear it is always a pleasure to find a book that gives positive, sound, research-based information on anal sexuality while dispelling the myths. It is commonly believed that people who regularly enjoy sensual or erotic anal stimulation inevitably run a greater risk of developing medical problems. The belief is that one must choose—either anal pleasure or anal health. For many, the strength of this conviction has been intensified even further by the AIDS crisis.

However, in spite of AIDS, it is still possible to enjoy anal stimulation in a self-affirmation and healthful way. To do so requires challenging the anal taboo, a deeply ingrained, unquestioned prohibition against becoming intimately familiar with the anal area and its erotic potential.

In *Anal Pleasure & Health*, the reader will discover that there is no inherent conflict between anal pleasure and anal health. On the contrary, a person who wishes to expand his/her capacity for enjoying anal stimulation is advised to take virtually the same steps as the person who desires optimum anal health.

Dr. Morin covers such forbidden topics as anal self-exploration, locating and exercising anal and pelvic muscles, stress and tension release through anal stimulation, proper douching and lubrication techniques, physiological aspects of "fisting," confronting the taboos concerning feces, homophobia and masculine/feminine roles, oral-anal stimulation (rimming) and even suggestions on finding a sympathetic physician.

Now in its second edition, *Anal Pleasure & Health* contains full research data, bibliography, and an entirely new section on common medical problems of the anus and rectum which includes a comprehensive discourse on AIDS and coping with the crisis. Dr. Morin's research has shown that both anal pleasure and health are not particularly difficult for most people to attain when they are given adequate information, a sequence of simple recommendations and a little encouragement—all of which can be found in *Anal Pleasure & Health*.

**Anal Pleasure & Health**

by Jack Morin, Ph.D.

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# MALE CALL

## COMING OUT IN LEATHER

I am a twenty-one-year-old male and am able to live out my closeted leather lifestyle as an adult caring for another man or being abused by one, it's up to me to decide.

I wonder just how much of a leather lifestyle I will have or even if I'll get the balls to go to a leather bar, what few there are in Oregon let alone the United States. I've contemplated writing to some of the motorcycle clubs wondering if they'd laugh at me if I asked them as a brother or a young virgin scared to come out.

I've even hesitated writing you guys but you are by far the "top"est notch of leather magazines that deal with situations of my kind.

Just how many other guys out there 21-100 find it hard to come out in leather? I wonder if they feel as I do when I say I'm afraid to be laughed at and getting mixed up in such a scary color as black; it really is mindboggling to be so damned mixed up!

I wish I could get the courage to go up to a leather guy and say, "I'd really like to be your friend." Sex might come in time if it came at all, but would I get laughed at? Please help me, I am scared to death of the future . . .

KR/Portland, OR

**Coming out is a process. It happens when we're ready for it to happen; not before. Whether you're coming out in leather or whether you find leather after you come out the reality is that it's rarely easy. For anyone. As I read through the mountain of mail that arrives at *Drummer's* doorstep on a daily basis I note that the most commonly echoed theme from readers seems to be: tell me that I'm not alone. You are not alone. Feeling scared is part of the process and perfectly normal. So is being laughed at—the best kind of laughter being based in our (healthy) ability to laugh at ourselves because we are secure in terms of being comfortable with who we are. Coming out in leather can also be an experience filled with support, sexual sustenance, and fundamental inevitable growth.**

—TPB

## ZZ DRUMMER

You magazine boys sure outdid yourselves again with *Drummer 119*—Bears and Mountain Men. WOW! At last a

*Drummer* for men like me. You'll never know how long I've been waiting to read something like what Tim Barrus says about the eroticism of bigger men and how men such as myself are sexual and sensual and who gives a fuck if somebody doesn't like big! It's so fucking right! It's about time somebody had the balls to say all of this for the first time in print. Why can't people see that bearded men of my size and shape are sexy in our own way. Thank you for showing me that I am not alone. I waited so long for that issue to come out. I'm a ZZ Top type—picture enclosed—and you'd



never believe all of the mean spirited things that over the years I've had to put up with from people who are obsessed with thin. My straight friends can't believe I'm gay and my gay friends all want me to cut my beard and change my shape so I can look just like them. But I am me. And it comes in a great big sexy package. Too many people judge the book by what it looks like before they read what's inside which is where it counts. *Drummer* has become one very sticky very serious very wet wet dream!

MD/Rootstown, OH

## HARDBALLING KNOCKOUT!

As of late *Drummer* keeps getting better and better with every issue. Versus

worse and worse with every issue. For a time things were touch and go. It's obvious that Barrus and Fledermaus care about the magazine (as those of us who've been loyal leather readers over the years do) and they're putting their money where their mouths are which is rare and appreciated. It's been a long time in coming but you finally seem to be "getting it." For the first time in ages *Drummer* is giving me a big old hard-on! I am most anxious to see your issue on cigars; I'll bet if you keep up the trend you're going to have the most exciting gay magazine in existence. *Drummer 118* is a hardballing knockout! From the rubber firstperson biography, the accompanying photos, everything reached out and grabbed this leatherman good!

The glossy paper and color photography made a big difference, too. Until I read your notes on the editorial changes I would have sworn those photos were all first-time printings, their impact was so strong. The lace-up boots were my kind of prurient interest. Again, thanks for celebrating masculine sensuality in such an artistic yet earthy way. It's about goddamn time.

SC/Detroit, MI

## EVERY TASTE, EVERY KINK, EVERY POINT OF VIEW

*Drummer* magazine during its heyday always did keep a lot of us leathermen on our toes—every month it used to be something of an event when *Drummer* came out just to see what outrageous fiction you had and there used to be something for every taste, every kink, every point of view. *Drummer* was unique. There was nothing like it and there still isn't. In the old days you could get off reading *Drummer* before you got to the middle of the magazine!

Then for awhile there, you were losing it and losing it badly (everything got muddy and smudged and there wasn't anything worth reading except for the ads and not everyone gets off on ads because they have a tendency toward fantasy and some leathermen like me want the real thing if you know what I mean NOT a fantasy and even the fiction I like best doesn't read like fantasy it has to read real like the Indian in *Trucker's Trophy* and I knew an Indian like that, was he ever hot just like in the story, maybe it was the Indian I knew) if you want to know the barefaced naked



truth. You went through a long period, *Drummer*, where you just didn't seem to care about what turned us on or what made us think anymore.

When *Drummer* came out it put everyone to sleep. At least for a good portion of the last year, anyway. Bad photos and if you think you were really exploring what a fetish was supposed to feel like, well . . . It sucked. You were skimming the surface. It looked lazy. Other leathermen I know said *Drummer* was dead (some are still saying it). But not me because maybe I'm too optimistic by nature. I like to hope for the best. I like to hope that in time things will change, that we will get past this health crisis, that we can hang onto something worthwhile like *Drummer* and now I know that you are changing for the better. This is a good sign. I knew and I told all my leather brothers you'd eventually come back to us and you have! I even like the fact that you allow room for controversy. It makes me want to read the magazine and not miss a single word! Once again, I am your staunchest fan.

Let's not have a return to issues where you leave me feeling as if I'd just swallowed a horse-sized sleeping pill. I was your most loyal fan. I've never written to *Drummer* before (or any other magazine because I don't care about any of the other pretty boy magazines and I don't often buy them unless some hunk in leather turns me on) but now I have to write because with your new changes in direction and improvements I am no longer comatose by the time I get to page 2. You keep my interest and my cock UP! In fact, with the last few issues you seem to be recapturing some of the old raw sex magic. These days by the time I get to page 2 my cock is straining at the gate!

Beyond the obvious old-fashioned leathersex which you now seem to have finally brought back into the scheme of things you are including subjects that make me feel and think, something the other gay rags try to do but as far as I'm concerned they never accomplish it well because they're all written by twinks, for twinks, about twinks. *Drummer* is about something else. Or at least it used to be.

You at long last seem to be headed in the right direction and this is one old-fashioned never-say-die leatherman who is keeping his fingers crossed that you'll keep doing what you're doing and not slip back to a return to the days when everything felt like we'd read this or seen much of the material before. Don't get mad. Get better and better. Even if we hadn't read the material or seen it before in a previous issue of *Drummer* often it felt like it had been there before. You have to know the truth. *Drummer* is too important to let it slip down like that which is why I'm taking the time to let

you know how one person has reacted to what you are trying to do—put out the best leather magazine in the world! Your editorial by your new Associate Editor about the challenge is to reach in all honesty made me cry. I recently lost a lover and felt so numb because I am not good with words and I didn't know what to say or what to feel and it was very helpful to read the words in *Drummer* that knew what to say and expressed what I was feeling but was not good at writing down or putting into words. You were there when I needed you. Yes, the challenge is to reach.

Please, please, *Drummer* keep up the new good work and the new changes. You'll never know how many times when faced with loneliness and frustration I've turned to *Drummer* and somehow just reading about leathermen and leathersex brings me to a deep sense of who I am; tells me that I'm okay at times when I really need to hear it. So HEAR THIS! Thanks for not giving up! Thanks for caring enough to find new ways to turn me on (I thought for a time I could never be turned on again and it is so good to know it isn't true) and you have turned me on proving that the old dog still has some breath left in him. Rubber issue 118 made me cum in my waders. Mountain men issue made me start thinking about my old sex daddy which lead me to thumb through the daddy issue which made me cream right on the cover, something I've never done before but fully expect to do again when I read your tits issue so let's not disappoint. You're more important—at least to this leatherman—than you will ever know.

With all of the current health struggle and paranoia going on in our community it's as if we've forgotten what hot sex and hot leathermen who are really leathermen and not tourists posing are all about. I appreciate being reminded. I need to be reminded. Leathersex is not dead. If fear occasionally keeps me from away from actual human contact at least I now once again have *Drummer* around with some life in its belly to seduce me with action fiction (can a leatherman who's never written a sex story enter your Rex contest, I'd like to try?) to keep me hard with your (finally!) great photography, and to let me know that my leather brothers are out there just like me even if I can't always see them.

The new *Drummer* has been worth the wait but don't make me wait like that again in frustration if you lose your spark. Next time you lose it you lose it forever. The bad part will be that you will have lost it for leathermen at a time when we really need your strength. Keep up the good leather work and all the cocks you are creaming with the new *Drummer*.

TD/Chicago, IL



I light up. A long, black cigar, selected with care. I inhale the rich smoke and slowly release it. Clenched between my teeth, framed by beard and mustache, or held in my hand, it's a part of me, as it has been for 25 years.

Twenty-five years ago, standing nervously in a drugstore checkout line with a pack of cheroots, I was a 16-year-old sensing that he was about to fulfill something while at the same time about to embark on something. My throbbing cock was trying to tell me something. Within an hour I had slipped on the pair of black leather gloves and lit up my first cigar and released all the mysterious pleasures of leather, cigar smoke and ejaculation—with their own distinct aromas mingling.

Smoke—fetishes—the essentials of this man's sexual satisfaction. Today, I'm a thousand miles away from that drugstore and the fear of being "found out." I'm dressed in total uniform—and I'm smoking longer, blacker, better cigars. Or long, dark cigarettes. Younger men and older men stare and wait their turns. The boy asks to be taught, the older man to be taunted. I cup my cigar over the boy's mouth and order him to breathe. He becomes my suck slave; he handles my rod the way I handle my cigar. The man who could be my Daddy begs me to bind and gag him. He groans as my cigai brushes against his nipples and my glove tightens its grip on his cock. When the gag comes off, he too will find his place on his knees and begin sucking. And I'll continue sucking, too, on my cigar.

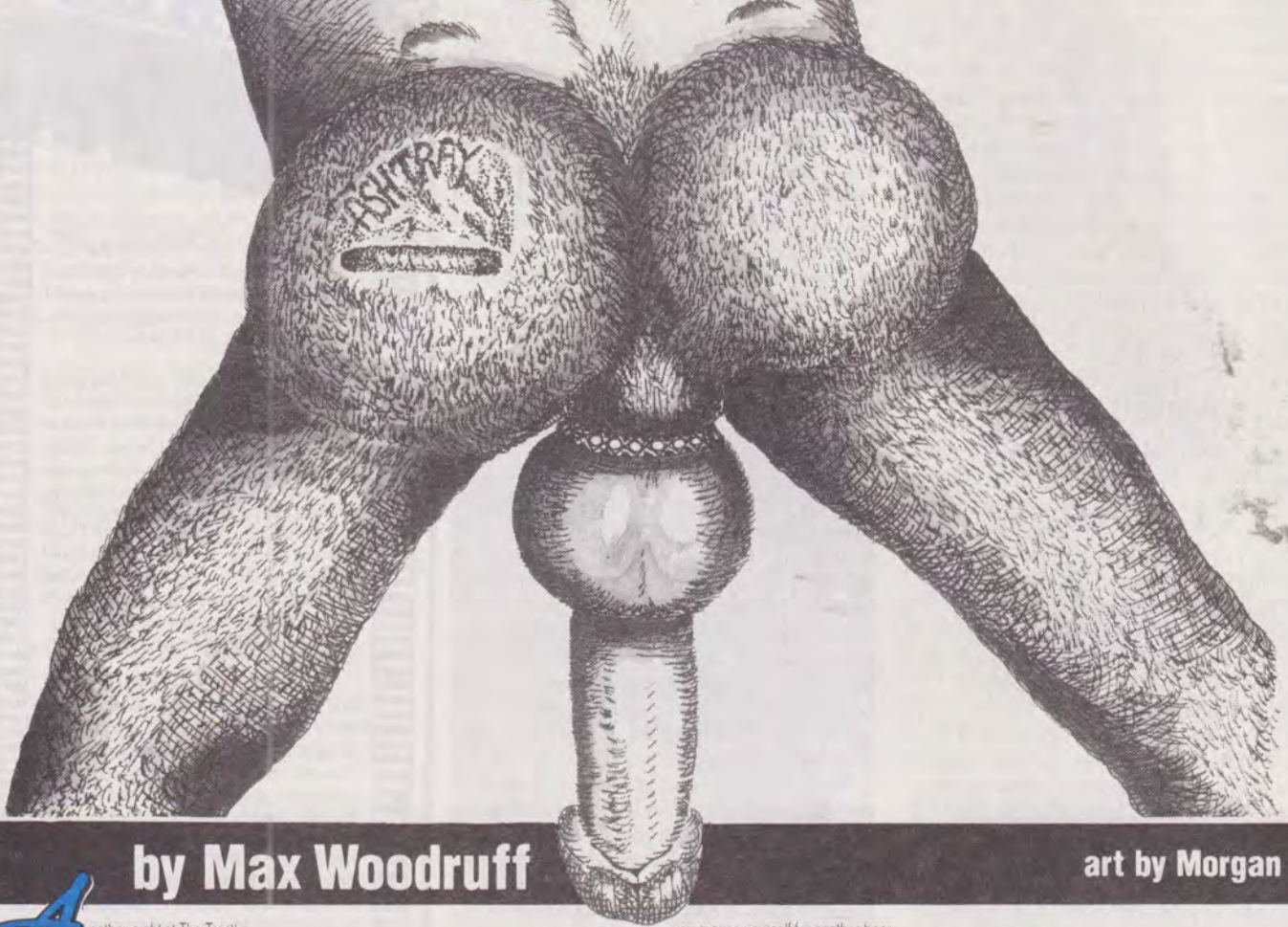
#### Fetish Feature

So our readers and contributors can plan ahead, we list upcoming special topics of future issues. Check the schedule below and send us your stuff. Fiction, major articles and major photo spreads (Deadline 1) must be received well in advance of the deadline for Tough Customers, Club news, classified ads and other shorter pieces (Deadline 2).

Issue	Fetish Feature	Deadline 1	Deadline 2
#124	Bodybuilders	Too Late	Nov. 1
#125	Bikers	Oct. 1	Dec. 1
#126	Discovery	Nov. 1	Jan. 1



# Stogie sex



by Max Woodruff

art by Morgan

**A**nother night at The Trestle

The city of Dallas has seen several other "leather" bars open in the last twelve months. At least they call themselves that. But after the initial curiosity wears off, the "men" who remain seem to be wearing leather costumes, not clothing. So even though the crowds at The Trestle have thinned, you keep coming back, partly because of who's there, but mostly because it was the first bar where you really felt at home.

There is an additional incentive tonight in particular—it's Cigar Night. They designate one of these about once every four or five weeks. And even though the guys who do come out usually smoke their cigars any other night they're in the bar, you can't keep yourself away. The ultimate symbols of manhood: cigars, leather, bikes, a beard or mustache, combined in a man who has the character and intensity to go with those things, the hope (fear) that you might find such a man keeps you coming back.

You light your own cigar, fairly large compared to what one would normally see on the street, very dark, strong, rich. Nearby tourist twinkies in pink polos and just-coiffed hair sniff, making faces you'd expect to see on a society matron when she sips champagne that's been on ice a few minutes too long, and swish with their cigarettes and their wine coolers to another roost. The cigar confuses: with your beard, leather and the look in your eyes, you often attract bottoms, and you enjoy the confusion. Besides you've been known to top a man every now and again. But that is definitely not what you're looking for tonight. Most of the boys who wait for confirmation from you recognize their intrusion; one approaches and begins a conversation that lasts a moment. He is turned on by your cigar, and he accepts one when you offer it. After his cigar is lit and going,

you excuse yourself for another beer.

You spot a few other cigar men in the bar, one outside on the patio, all familiar to you, none with what you need. You draw hard on yours and send a billowing cloud of the almost sweet, intensely masculine smell rolling over your vest, down to the crotch of your jeans. You become absorbed in yourself and your cigar, watching the smoke, knowing you're being watched, by some with desire, with admiration, or contempt. One man is watching you, feeling a combination of all three, with a few other impulses. He is out of your peripheral vision, having crossed the threshold of the patio and immediately seated himself some time ago.

In a heartbeat's time, this man is less than a foot away in front of you. He has taken your cigar from your hand and clamped it between his teeth. And now he tips your head back with a handful of hair so that you can see his face. He seems huge, but you're not sure if that's because you're sitting, or because he shocked the hell out of you, or because he really is big. All three are true, you eventually find out. He wears a gimme cap with a Harley patch, a short brown beard and a long mustache. His hair is dark blond and unusually short, but it's almost ragged and an inch past military regulation. His eyes are light—you can't tell the color in the dark, but you can see them staring through any attitude you were trying to push. You know he's wearing jeans and chaps because that was the first thing you saw, while he was taking away your cigar.

But as soon as you saw those eyes, you knew. This man is going to hurt you. He is going to hurt you, humiliate you, break you. If you want to stay in control, to protect yourself, you know you'd better get up now and just step around him. That would be the easiest move—to avoid the whole scene and relieve the incredible fear that's exploding in the pit of your stomach.



You've never liked things easy.

A stronger need asserts itself, and you relax your muscles a bit, so that I feel the control I've just taken.

I exhale a pillow of thick cigar smoke that comes to rest over your face, floating between it and my belly. You close your eyes and commit yourself mentally. Inside, you've submitted.

"Leave your car here. Follow me." I walk to the door that leads back into the bar, and turn back to where you're sitting as I open it. Even at 20 feet, you feel the heat from my eyes as they burn through you. You haven't moved, except to let your mouth drop open in awe. Whether that's for your inability to believe your good fortune, or your awe at what you believe is my incredible ego, I can't be sure. But I have my suspicions.

You are with me in the living room of my home. I'm wearing that same t-shirt with the short sleeves rolled up, and a leather jock, nothing else. You are, of course, nude, except for a cock and ball harness.

I lay you down on your back, cuff your hands over your head, and attach the cuffs to a chain that's attached to a screw hook in the wooden front piece of the mantle. I adjust the chain so that your shoulder blades are raised barely above the floor, just enough to be uncomfortable and to immobilize you well. You can't imagine what is about to happen. All you can see on the table near the couch where I'd been are my cigars, a box of wooden kitchen matches, a black tallow burning slowly, a jar of Vaseline, a grayish strip of cloth, and a large ashtray. As you're taking this in and trying to make some sense of it all, you watch as I move my half-smoked cigar (I finished yours before we left my car) from between my fingers to between my teeth and clamp it tight on the right side of my mouth. Even half-smoked it's nearly five inches long, though it looks bigger because of its full inch in diameter. Then I pick up the strip of cloth and move behind you. You hear me sit on the brick fireplace seat, and my hands whip the cloth in front of your face and over your eyes. The cloth pulls tighter, and you close your eyes so it won't blind them open. And now you feel genuine fear. There seems to be some kind of control in being able to see what's happening to you, even if you're powerless to stop it. Now you've lost that last rope to hang on to.

You hear me get up, and I rattle your chain as I pass. I'm fumbling with something on the table, then the matches rustle in their box. You feel me take a seat behind you. Without warning I grab a handful of your beard and pull your jaw open. I keep my hold while I place one of my old, juicy cigar butts from the ashtray in your mouth, then I close your jaw so that your teeth grip it where mine once did. You moan a bit from the tremendous feeling this act gives you. It's almost comforting enough to make you forget the fear the blindfold brings. A match is struck, and you suck hard, reflexively, on the cigar before I bring the match near it. I smile, unseen, reminding myself of your helplessness. You taste tar, but it's wonderful because it was once mine. I stroke your head and tell you to slow down—that two-and-a-half inches of butt has to last you a while. "But DON'T let my cigar go out, boy."

Then you can tell I'm moving back in front of you, settling myself on the floor between you and the table. I am cooing to you, telling you soothingly that you're going to be fine, that it's gonna be tough, but that I know you can do it for me. You hear movement but you can't tell where or what. Then you feel your right nipple warming a bit, slowly. You feel the ash of my cigar brushing against your tit, flaking off, the heat of each ash flake just beginning to singe your flesh before cooling in the surrounding air.

You try very hard to hold still, but you can't help squirming a bit, not because you don't enjoy the pain, but because you're afraid that at some point you may not enjoy it, or that I'll leave you alone to suffer it, without my voice to assure, my hands to comfort, my cigar to soothe.

The heat at your nipple becomes increasingly intense as the actual burning core of my cigar moves closer to your flesh. The heat is accumulative. Your breathing has quickened considerably, your mouth sucks hypnotically on the second-hand cigar, beads of perspiration glisten on your forehead in the firelight. The cigar and the pain are making you light-headed. But the only sensation, the only thought in your mind is burned there, and that is that the red-hot tip of my cigar must, by now, be burning your skin, melting it, blackening it. The blinding pain you feel can indicate nothing else. Then just before you lose control of the scream that's been building in your gut for the last minute, the heat is gone. The pain is not, but it gradually lets up. Slowly, every muscle in your body relaxes, your breathing becomes more normal, and you sigh in thick, strong clouds of cigar smoke.

But before you finish sighing, your body convulses and you gasp, nearly inhaling the red-hot cigar butt. Without a sound I've taken the black candle and turned it parallel to your chest, about two inches above your nipple. You've reacted to the first drop of liquid heat as it seeps into your tender flesh, completely cutting off any cooling by the surrounding air that was taking place. The heightened sensitivity caused by the cigar has made the hot wax unbearable—you squeeze your eyes shut hard, your teeth close hard on your master's cigar, and you kick uncontrollably, grazing me with a knee in the process. I nearly drop the candle on your chest, but maintain control. It's partly my fault for not having bound your legs in the first place, but that's no excuse. Within seconds of your contacting me, I have switched the candle to my left hand. Then I slap you hard across the left side of your jaw. Then just as quickly I grip your stiff cock and balls tight and yank them out toward your feet, the pain making little variously colored dots of light appear inside your eyelids.

"Move like that again and I'll beat the shit out of you. Or I'll take my cigar, my attention, and my love and go find a man who's worthy of them all. Understand?"

"Yes sir, I'm sorry, sir," you answer around your cigar, near tears with the terror that thought brings you. After you've answered, I release my hold on your cock and balls, and you begin to relax somewhat again.

I remove the stiff but not yet cold puddle of wax from your sore tit, and there's some relief, but this only makes you wonder what torture your nipple will have to endure next. And you don't have long to wonder; within seconds I've attached an alligator clamp to the tender flesh, just a little tighter than is necessary, and you writhe in the agony you feel from your tortured tit.

But because it will take several minutes for real pain to manifest in that tit, I begin the same process on the other, with the knowledge of what is going to happen causing you a little less fear, but even more dread. I spend a few minutes heating the nipple with my cigar, covering it with ashy snow in the process. Every now and again I reach over to give the clamp a little extra punishing squeeze, your wincing in reaction unseen because of the blindfold (and irrelevant for the time being). When I can tell you're near the breaking point again, I put my cigar back in my mouth, and it reminds me of yours. You've had to maneuver your cigar to a tenuous hold between your front teeth, there's so little left of it. I rub your stomach soothingly and tell you what a good boy you are, how proud of you I am so far, and take the smoldering butt from your lips.

"Thank you, sir," is all you can manage, but it's enough.

"Would you like some water, boy, or a beer?"

"Yes sir, a beer would be great, if I could, sir. But I couldn't... I mean I wouldn't ask—"

"It's alright, boy, I offered, and you've earned it. I'll be right back." When I return with a beer for each of us, I bring the bottle to your lips and tip the beer down your throat while you gulp appreciatively. I set my bottle on the table for now, unopened. When your beer begins to run down your beard and neck and onto your chest, I upright the bottle and pull it away, lifting it up next to mine on the table.

"Thank you, sir, thank you." And as the second *thank you* comes out of your mouth, you feel the searing heat on your unclamped tit from the liquid heat I'm dripping over it. Even though you're beginning now to expect surprises, a yelp escapes. It doesn't stop the fiery seal I'm building on your nipple. To help you keep still, I straddle you, my ass on your upper thighs, while the fire burns above and on your chest. But the pain is becoming more than even my six-and-a-half feet and 240 pounds can restrain. My weight on you causes the cuffs of your wrists to pull harder, grinding into the skin and pulling on the joints of your arms. To relieve the pressure you raise your knees and try to scoot closer to the fireplace.

Without a second's difference in the rhythm of the candle's drip, I ask in a low growl, "What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

You panic inside as you realize that the obvious is bad enough: you've moved without permission. Twisting and squirming were OK, but you'd decided that the pain in your arms was too much to bear, and you tried to lessen that pain. But you know that's not all the reason for my anger. Your move communicates to me that, even if just for a split second, you've moved your personal comfort ahead of your master's. While fear overcomes you as you wonder if I'll connect these thoughts as you have, and dear God, what will it cause me to do to you?

Your question is answered immediately, "Don't need your master any more. I see."

The next series of movements takes place so quickly that you can only ascertain what is happening as it happens. You hear me walk toward the kitchen and return with something. You feel rope being wrapped tightly around your left ankle.

"I'm sorry, sir, really, it was a reflex, sir, please..."

I bend over and rap you hard across the jaw with the back of my hand. Then, with some restrained heat in my voice: "This is entirely unnecessary. Shut your fucking hole. All you've done is earned another beer and delayed the fucking I was about to give you."

What? Meanwhile I've threaded the rope through a hole near the end of a wooden stick about 4 feet long and  $\frac{3}{4}$ " in diameter and knotted the loose end around your left ankle so that the stick dangles from your leg, next to it. You feel another section of rope tighten around your right ankle before it's joined to the stick's other end through a corresponding hole. As soon as the rope is knotted, I move behind you, hauling the stick and your legs over and behind your head. You grunt as I knot another piece of rope around the stick, then around the same screw hook that's holding your arms above you, hauling your ass about three feet off the floor. I adjust the rope so that your asshole points straight up into the air. And before you have time to anticipate it, and without a sound from me, I grab my unopened beer from the table, pop the cap off, and jam the neck of the bottle down your asshole, filling your guts with the icy cold liquid. Each new torture has brought you to the point where you felt you could bear no more. And for the most part, you've been able to withstand each act. But this, no lube, no chance to work your ass, just 12 ounces of ice gurgling into your bowels. You moan and mumble, throwing your head from side to side against your upper arms.

I stand by and watch, checking to see that the bottle empties, smacking your ass cheeks with my hand once or twice. My own cigar has burned to a pungent butt—I pitch it and take another from the box on the



table. You hear the cellophane and still have the presence of mind to realize I am going to light a long, fat, dark cigar, but you will not see it. You can only listen to me breathing the cigar to smoky life.

By the time it burns evenly your asshole has quit sucking the contents from the bottle, and I wrench it from the hole. I walk beyond the couch to your right and reach inside a small chest—you hear only muffled steps on the carpet. These are followed closely by your shriek as a hard but flexible leather paddle stings your ass cheeks. After that comparatively merciful single swing, a rain of blows follows on your thighs, cheeks, and as close to your wet, puckered hole as I can get. After thirty seconds of nearly continuous contact, the blows cease as quickly as they began, the only sound in the room your heaving and moaning. Your legs have begun to ache much sooner than your arms did, all four limbs feel as if they've been wrenched from their sockets. Your neck hurts from holding your head up, your guts churn with the slowly warming beer, the cuffs and rope cut into your wrists and ankles. And your nipples burn as if the fire were still there, the clamp on the left tit intensifying the feeling exponentially.

But the time for your test, and the basic change in your thought pattern, is now.

"How do you feel, boy?"

"I'm sorry, sir. Please, sir. I beg your forgiveness. I can't take much more. I beg you sir, please."

"You can't take much more what, boy?"

"The torture, the beating, sir."

"And who's responsible for that?"

"You are, sir."

"So, it's me that you don't wish to endure any longer. And that's what you were trying to say when you moved earlier. Is that right?"

"Well, yes sir. It's not that I don't want you. I'm... I'm just in over my head."

"Well, if you want my attention, why'd you fucking move, boy? You were trying to escape me and I have no choice but to help you."

"Please, sir, don't leave me, I beg you, please, I'll do anything. Let me suck your cock. I'm an excellent cocksucker, sir."

"Begging me to pleasure you will get you nowhere. You may beg for my kindness all you like.

And you do, pitifully pleading for my strength to help you through whatever I have in store for you. As your voice cracks and quickens, you hear me back at the table, and then over your ass. You feel something very slippery and not very large passing through your hole to join the beer. The object pauses at what seems to be mid-pass.

"The candle is greased and burning. The flame stands at about two inches above your sucking hole. Grip it with your muscles or it will slide in, burning you on the way. Grip too tightly and you may squeeze the candle out onto the floor, eventually burning much more than your ass. Within minutes you should be somewhat drunk from the alcohol in your bloodstream, which will make the task slightly more difficult. You no longer need me to entertain you."

Your begging reaches an unpleasant speed and pitch, and I turn and leave the room. You hear a door close quietly. "I need you, sir, PLEASE, I need you. I am grateful for this test and the opportunity to prove myself to you, but I need your strength to help me endure. Please sir, I'm begging you, please."

A minute passes before you understand that my having left the room makes your pleading pointless. The first thing you notice once you stop talking is the slowly building heat around your asshole—you realize that the candle is sliding further in, the flame coming closer. You flex your ass muscles, pushing it out again, trying to feel when the candle has returned to its original position, which has been made more difficult by the numbing of your nerves with the beer.

You begin trying to rationally think through your options. If you push the candle all the way out, it will surely ignite the carpet under you. If you let it slide all the way in, the candle will be extinguished, but it may light any residual lube around your hole. And the flame will be put out by being surrounded by some of the most sensitive skin on your body. Or you may try and hold the candle stationary. The nerves all over your body are sending impulses to your brain, making it harder still to concentrate on the task at hand. And you also realize that the liquid wax will run down the side of the candle, stopping only at the first nearly horizontal surface it meets, the tender pink circle of your asshole. Just as this thought registers, the first rivulet of wax is hardening near the top of the candle as it touches your hole near the bottom. You reflexively squeeze your eyes shut tighter and moan as the fire seals itself into your skin.

But as it cools, you have another realization that brings tears of joy which soak into the blindfold: as more wax melts and runs down onto your asshole, the more fixed the candle will become. When enough wax cools joining your skin and the shaft of the candle, the candle will cease its sliding. You just must concentrate and hold it still for a few more minutes. You decide this must have been what I wanted you to figure out. Even so, you wish I were there to talk to you, stroke you, just there.

After a few minutes, having given the candle time to stabilize, I do return, and without a word I walk over and check your ass. I can see that you thought the situation through and made the right decision.

You know I'm there, but you're afraid to speak. I kneel next to your head, smiling. I take a long, hard pull from my cigar and push the smoke out and down over your face. You breathe deeply through your nose, exhilarated by the comforting smoke. I stroke your face with my fingers; as they pass over your lips, you kiss them lightly and I pause, allowing you to suck my index finger into your mouth. This, too, seems to comfort, and you've earned a little comfort. This reminds me that the candle still burns above your asshole. I slowly remove my finger, stand and cross over to your ass suspended by your legs, and blow out the candle, splattering a drop or two of liquid wax over your cheeks and lower back. Quickly but smoothly I pull the stick from its hold, pulling out a fair amount of the hair that was around your ass, now threaded throughout the hardened wax. You grit your teeth, but you're beyond anything more demonstrative. You're simply exhausted.

But I am not.

Once the candle is taken care of, I move to the hook in the mantelpiece and slide the knot of rope from the hook, then slide the length of chain attached to the handcuffs off. For a second you think that you're being released, that the test is over. Your arms drop like so much lead on top of your chest. But I've never let go of the rope that suspends your legs, and you feel them rising again so that the rope may be attached again. This time though, your ass rests about a foot lower in the air, the pressure moving from your neck and shoulders to your upper back. I bend down and release your wrists from the cuffs, massaging them and your hands to circulate the blood. You are all relief and thank you's, though you're not sure why I haven't lowered your legs. Once I've finished changing the color of your hands from bluish to pink, I even remove the tit clamp from your red and puffy right nipple, which causes infinitely more pain than anything else you've endured yet, but you run the loop through your brain that reminds you that it will eventually feel better.

I speak for the first time since re-entering the room. "How do you feel, boy?"

"Thank you, sir, thank you for coming back. Thank you, sir."

"That doesn't answer my question, boy."

"Sir, that's really how I feel. It's all I feel. Thank you, sir."

"I understand. But you're pretty relieved to have made it through all this."

"Yes sir, very much sir."

"You should be proud of yourself for what you were able to take."

"Yes, sir. I don't think I could have taken much more."

"I'll let you know when you can't take any more, boy."

As your "yes, sir" escapes into the air, my cock slides all the way into your tortured ass, to its base. There was no way you could have anticipated it, and you clench your teeth and groan from way down inside yourself. Your ass muscles squeeze tighter on me, pushing a warm beer and shit ooze down the crack of your ass onto your back, and on me. I pound your ass with quick, hard thrusts, holding on to your hips to steady me. My cigar burns hot in my jaw, and I'm pounding into you so hard that I knock ash onto your chest. The ash burns a small section of your stomach for a second before being knocked to another section by my thrusting, leaving red patches scattered about your front. The shitty soup that churns in your belly continues to flow from your asshole around my cock, and the churning in my balls tells me that I'm about to erupt into you with a force I've rarely felt. I wipe some of the slime from your back with my hand and begin jacking the head of your cock to the rhythm of my thrusts. In no time your ass grips me even tighter as cum spurts from the head of your dick past your head and into the fireplace. And the tightening inside of you sends the cum from my balls thundering out the engorged head of my cock buried deep in your gut. Both our voices shudder in wordless rumbles, too low to be called a groan, as we allow the interval between muscle spasms to lengthen.

Once my body has quieted, I reach to the ledge of the mantelpiece and grasp a serrated knife. I run it along the rope between the stick that separates your legs and the hook until the rope unravels and snaps and your ass drops with a thud to the floor. You have been exhausted almost beyond thought at this point. You feel as though the sweat over every square inch of you must be leached. You wonder even without the blindfold if you'd be able to see, as overloaded as the rest of your senses have been. I sit on your chest so that you may suck your shit from my limp cock and balls. As you lick me clean, I send clouds of thick smoke from my cigar into your face, comforting you. Your mouth fills with warm liquid as I let a load of piss go. You swallow without thinking, without missing a beat (or a drop). The blindfold gets damper again.

"You did good, boy. You've made me proud." I push myself up with my legs. Your arms and hands are much too weak to accomplish much, so I pull you forward by the back of the neck and put a cushion from the couch behind you. You feel the blood being massaged back into your feet and legs. Then you hear cellophane crinkling. I pull your jaw open and place one of my fresh cigars between your teeth. As soon as you hear the match struck you begin sucking hard, slowly and steadily. I keep the match there until the entire perimeter glows each time you pull. You know what a special gift that fresh cigar is. That realization and how much the act means to you is in a way even more frightening than being restrained, or blindfolded, or even burned. And so is how much I know about the most remote parts of you, and how deeply we've become interlocked.

"You did real good."

□

# Stogie sex



# DENNIS PATTERSON

Photos by:  
**JIM WIGLER**







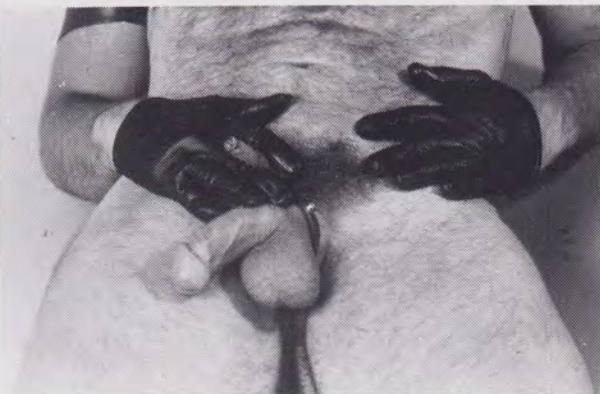














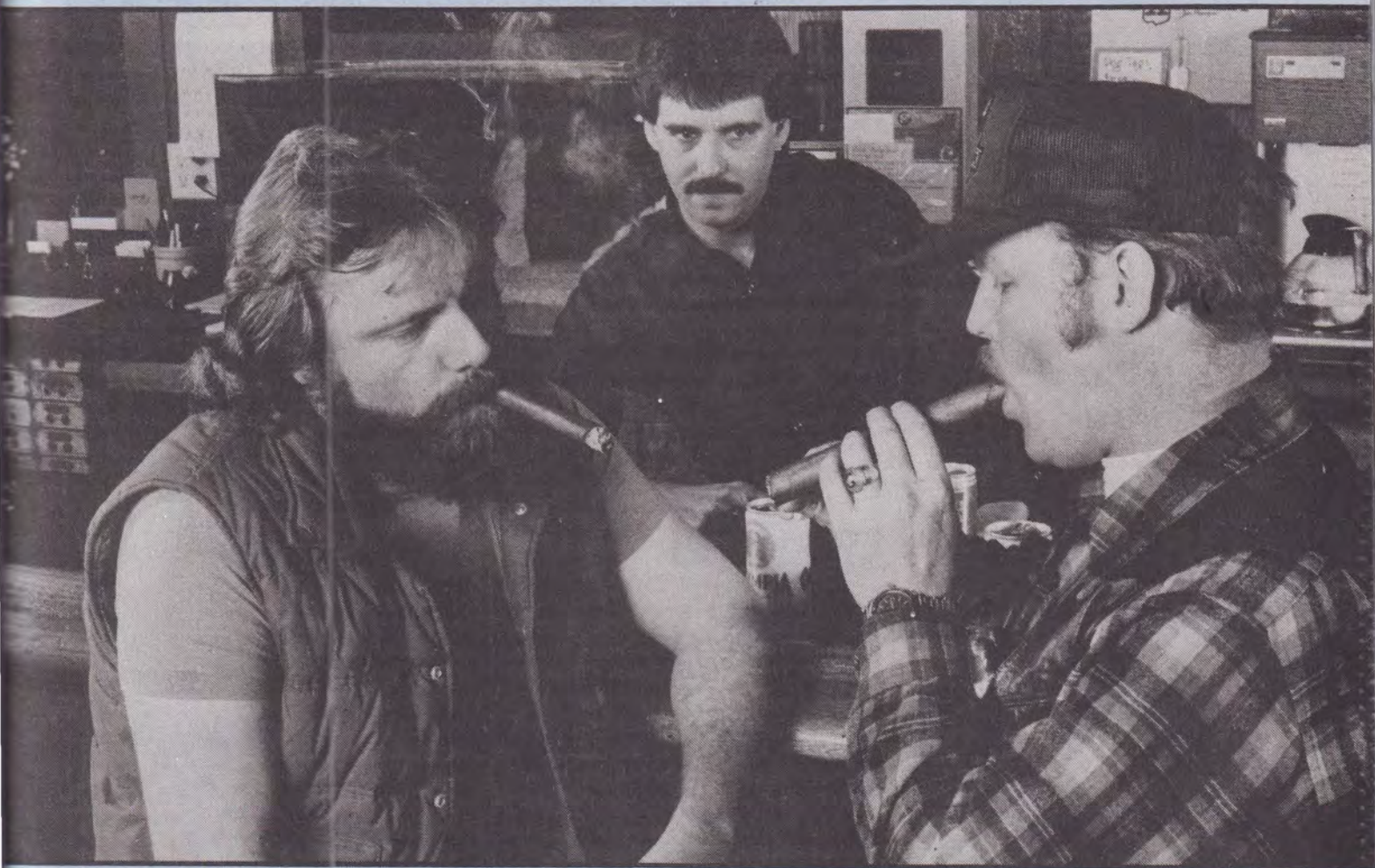




# RED DOG SALOON

fiction by  
Fledermaus

photos  
by Jim Wigler



## A Bunch of the Boys were Smoking it up:

**The night began like any other.** Jed came in tired from manhandling his rig loaded with logs over the rough mountain trails, trucking timber from the cutting fields down to the sawmill. He ordered a beer and lit up a big stogie. Tony loved the smell of the smoke almost as much as the smells of the men who smoked them. Jed offered him a draw on the thick black tube of tobacco and was about to suggest the hunky little bartender suck on another fat tube, when Bob came in from his job at the saw mill.

Soon the Red Dog was at full howl, truck drivers, mill workers, and even a few of the lumberjacks were there filling the air with a blue haze of cigar smoke mingling with the aromas of sloshed beer and men ripe from a hard day's work. Tony was as horny as hell, lusting after these big burly bears.

He knew that most of them had wives and kids, but he also knew that they were not adverse to a little male-male action either. There was a big couch in the back room and its springs had been frequently worked out by pounding heaving male bodies. He had pulled down Jeb's jeans on a couple of occasions and sucked that fat uncut cock and mouthed those huge sweaty balls. Bob's long thin cock wasn't nearly as satisfying in the mouth, but it had felt great up his ass.

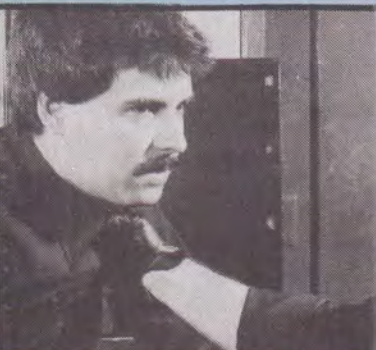




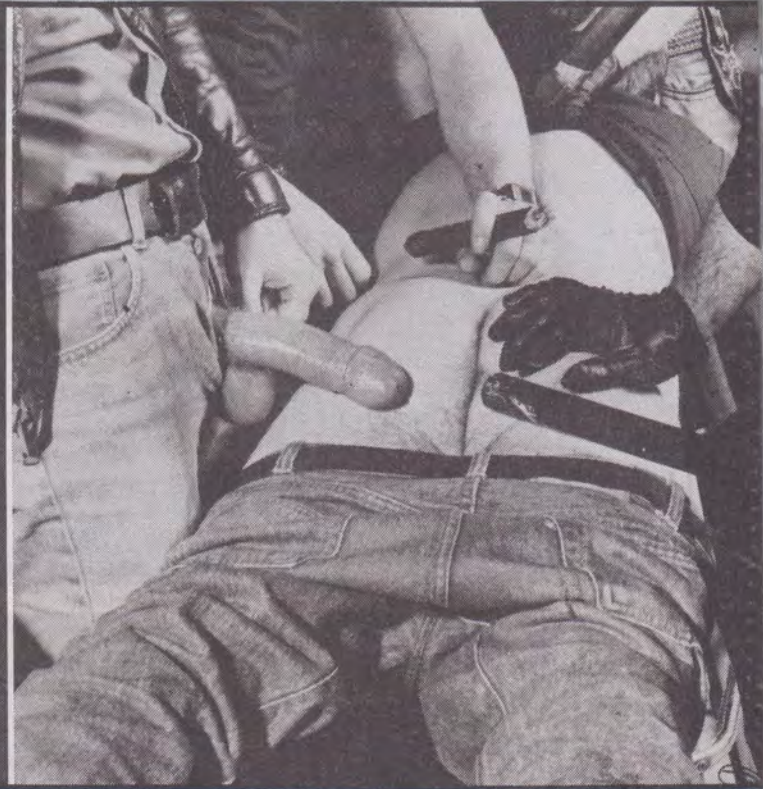
Tex had been the most recent one he'd made it with. He didn't know the stud's real name but all the guys called him Tex because he always wore western style boots and hat. Tony also knew that he really knew how to RIDE! His ass had a real workout that day, but the best part came afterwards. Tex laid out next to him on that big couch and, with his left arm he trapped Tony's hands beneath them. He wrapped Tony's legs with his own hairy stems and held the young stud spread and immobile. Then with his one free arm Tex puffed away at his cigar and blew the smoke all over Tony's naked body. Tony's cock got rock hard then even harder as Tex lowered the glowing cigar tip to a tender, nearly hairless nipple. Tony felt the heat as Tex moved the magic wand over his body from collar bone to crotch, keeping it just far enough away. A fraction of an inch closer and it would burn. He singed the hairs on Tony's balls and the aroma of burning hair, added to the rich odor of tobacco and the ripe smell of Tex himself, set Tony off. His cock began to throb. And as it moved wildly of its own accord it collided for a fraction of an instant with the glowing cigar tip. Exciting heat for an instant became sharp pain on the underside of his cockhead. He hollered and shot his load as Tex laughed and promised that now that he knew what Tony really liked, he'd write his name across his chest with the cigar the next time they fucked.

### Busted:

Tony was roused from his daydreams by cries for more beer. He handled the orders, slopping foaming suds on the bar along with the cigar ashes, when he noticed two dark forms back in the shadowed hallway by the head. When in hell had they come in? He must have been lost in his remembrances. He rubbed his hard cock against the backside of the bar; the blister he'd gotten from the cigar was gone but the spot still seemed more sensitive. The two cops were the only ones of the regulars that he still hadn't made it with. Although Ed was a motorcycle patrolman for the Sheriff's department and Jack a Corrections Officer at the County Jail the two always came in







together. Tony suspected that their relationship was something more than professional.

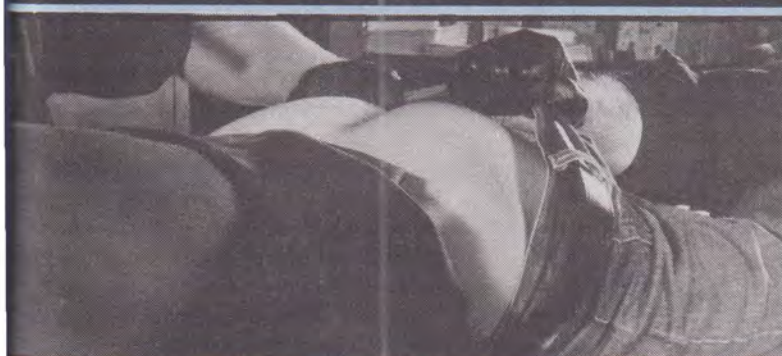
Tony was feeling happy and cocky when Ed came up and as he lit the cop's cigar he suggested Ed replace the thick cylinder of tobacco with his own fat Italian sausage. Ed exploded in rage, grabbed Tony's collar in both hands and pulled him halfway across the bar, leaving his feet dangling in air. With his cigar an inch from Tony's face he called the cocky bartender a few choice names and backhanded him across the cheek with his black leather glove.

Jack came to assist and they each took an arm dangling the short dago stud half across the bar as they delivered a verbal tirade against uppity cocksuckers. They offered to take him over to the county lockup where he'd get plenty of action from the other inmates. But first they decided on an inspection. They stretched him out on the bar and ripped open his shirt. Ed loosened Tony's belt and pulled down his pants. The flipped him over and Jack shoved his face down into an overflowing tray of butts and ashes. Ed admired the small, neatly formed ass and kneaded the mounds with his black gloved hands.

### Begging:

Tony apologized again and again for his cocky rudeness and asked the officers not to arrest him. He offered anything they wanted in exchange. Anything, he emphasized, pushing his butt up against Ed's kneading hand. Jack shoved a dead cigar butt into his mouth to stifle the talk but the two cops decided to take their pleasure there before the excited and most enthusiastic audience.

They pulled Tony on over the bar and pushed him down onto his knees where he began to give Jack's boots a tongue bath. Harley came up from the crown, his huge cock already out of his levis and hard with anticipation. Tony had been eyeing the long bump in the leatherman's pants for weeks and eagerly switched his tongue work from Jack's boots to Harley's aromatic flesh. But more was wanted and his head was forced down over the rod as it





## RED DOG SALOON

penetrated deeper and deeper into his throat. Ed slapped a pair of handcuffs onto Tony, holding his hands behind him so he could not pull away, not that he wanted to!

Jack was getting jealous of the attention Harley was getting and pulled his prisoner's head out of the leatherman's crotch and up into his own. Harley jumped up onto the bar beside Jack, his own hard rod still waving in the smoke-filled air, while Ed lifted Tony's rear, not disturbing the work the bartender was doing on Jack's cock and got his own hot rod into gear with Tony's ass.

They pumped at him from both ends while the cigar-smoking hunks around them jerked at their own hard cocks and urged them on.

### Sideshow:

Tony's talented mouth moved up and down Jack's rod making him feel better and better. It was great, he clamped the cigar between his teeth and filled his lungs with the blue smoke. Then he spewed it out at his buddy facing him across the length of the cocksucker's body. At the other end, where Ed was plunging his own rod in and out of the tight asshole, Ed sucked in his buddy's smoke and taking a huge drag on his own cigar, blew a cloud of blue smoke back.

Jack was so overcome with the sensations in his groin and in his head that he forgot a bit where he was. Harley's huge tool was waving only inches away and the cigar in Jack's mouth didn't taste quite so good. Instead he wanted that cock, hard, throbbing, dripping precum, only inches away. Without disturbing Tony's head in his lap he leaned over and took the kneeling leatherman's rod, savoring its taste, its smell. He didn't often allow others to see him sucking cock, but tonight was special!





## RED DOG SALOON

The sight of Harley's huge rod disappearing into his buddy's mouth was too much for Ed. He couldn't hold off any longer, he shot his load into Tony's ass at nearly the same time Jack filled his mouth. Harley took a little longer, but not much and what Jack lost was soon replaced.

### Free For All:

The Red Dog boys cheered and applauded with each ejaculation. And the cops gave the audience a further treat by hoisting Tony up and propping him against the bar. With his shirt hanging open and his pants around his ankles most of his body was on display for the boys. To give them some action to watch Ed screwed on a pair of clamps on Tony's tender tits and Jack mauled his balls, making him moan and scream in a combination of pleasure and pain.

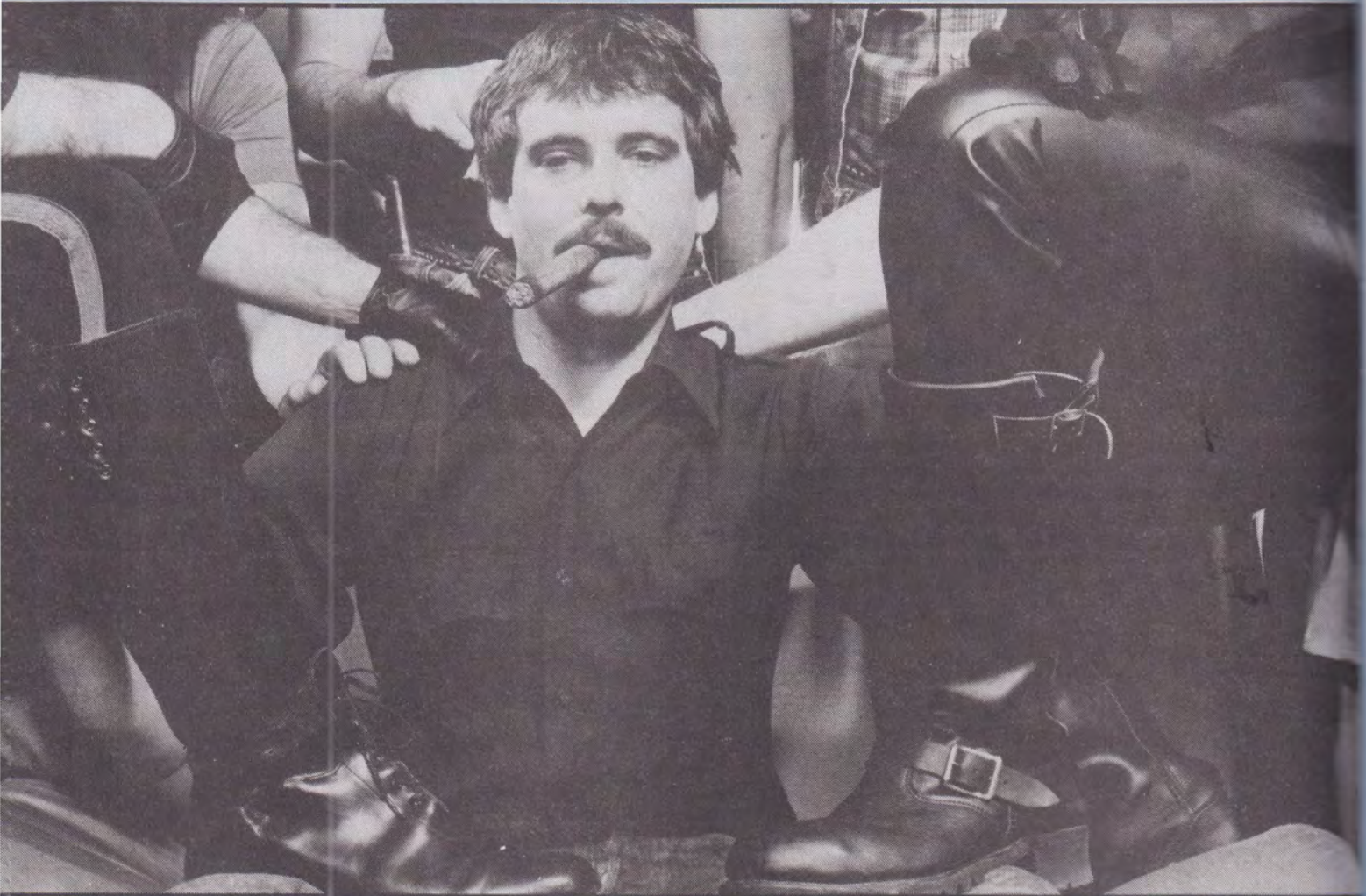
Then they laid him out across a few bar stools, ass end up, and invited the boys to join in. Gloved fingers and hard cocks filled Tony's mouth and cigars, cocks and nightsticks probed his ass. Tex singed the fine hairs off his butt with a glowing cigar and toyed with the idea of burning him, but decided to save that for a later, and private, pleasure.

When they had their fill, when they were empty and tired, they let the bartender up and let him get his clothes back together. But before they let him go they dragged him to the infamous couch and circled around him, each placing a booted foot in his lap as he was made to lick each one in turn. For a reward they gave him a big black cigar and a promise. If he stayed at the Red Dog, what happened tonight *would* happen again. Tony vowed that he would not be leaving!





## RED DOG SALOON



Some of the Red Dog Saloon photos by Jim Wigler first appeared in *Drummer* #74. There were so many great ones that had not been published that Fledermaus scheduled more of the shoot for this cigar issue. And still there are so many great photos from this shoot that we decided to make them available as sets of black and white 5X7 prints that you can study at your leisure.

Each of the following five sets includes eight photos, most of which have not been published. Sets are \$10 each or \$45 for all five (a total of 40 different photos). See page 42 for information on how to order these photos or contact Desmodus, Inc. at (415) 978-5377.

**Set #1: A Bunch of the Boys:**

Burly bearded bears stoking up with their cigars at the bar (no nudity).

**Set #2: Busted:**

Two cops take control of the bartender, laying him out on the bar, shoving his face into a tray of butts and ashes, and mauling his bare ass.

**Set #3: Begging:**

Tony uses his mouth to work on the cop's boots and cocks and they take possession of his ass.

**Set #4: Sideshow:**

Jack gets totally into the action and replaces the cigar in his mouth with Harley's hot rod.

**Set #5: Free For All:**

The cops work on Tony's tits and balls and invite everyone to join into an exploration of his mouth and ass. They finish with boots on his lap and a cigar in his mouth.





# CIGARS

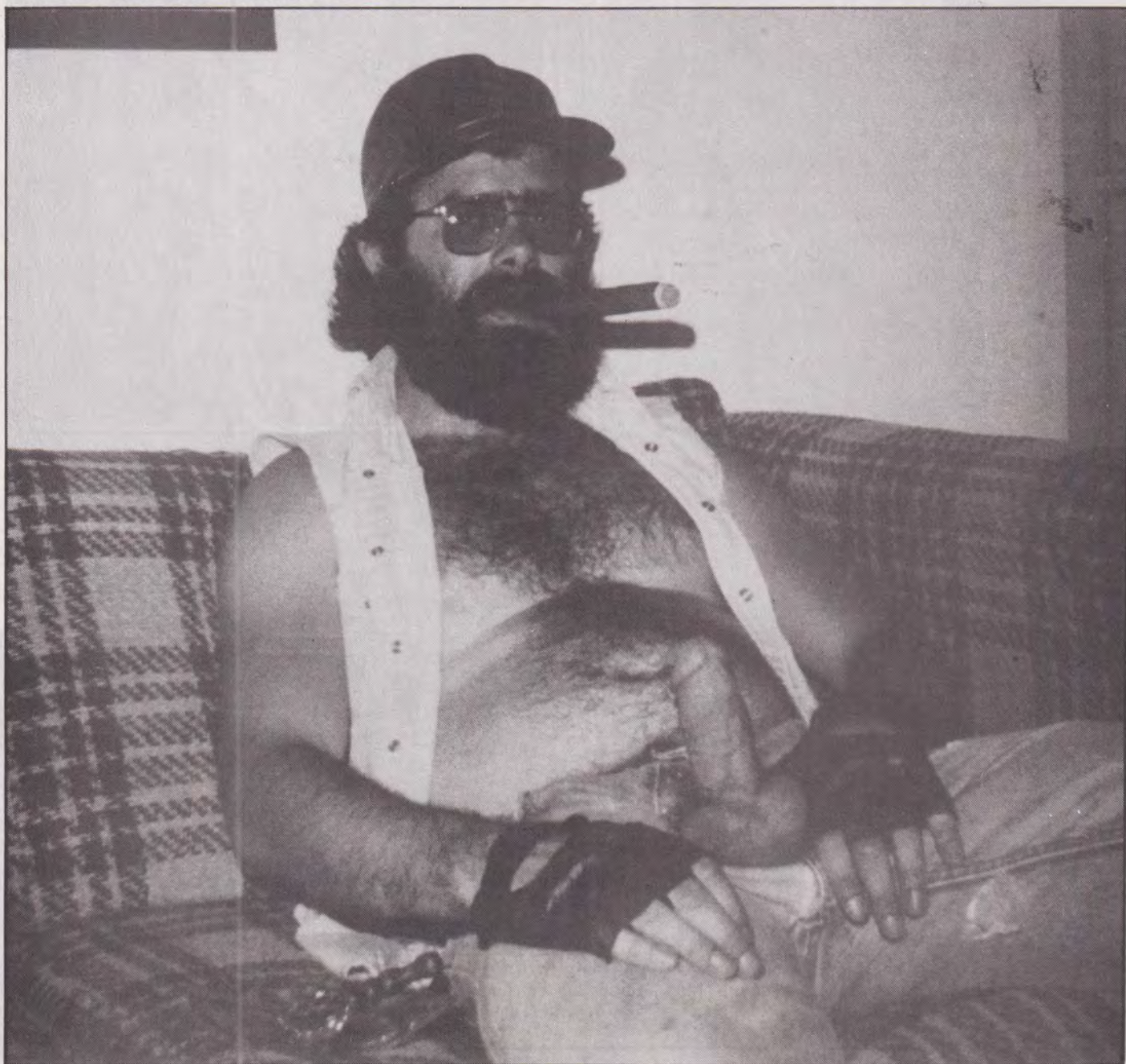


TOUGH CUSTOMERS

TC

TOUGH CUSTOMERS

Member of Hot Ash in good standing would like to blow some smoke your way; where there's smoke there's usually fire. You could burn the house down with this one. TC 1318.



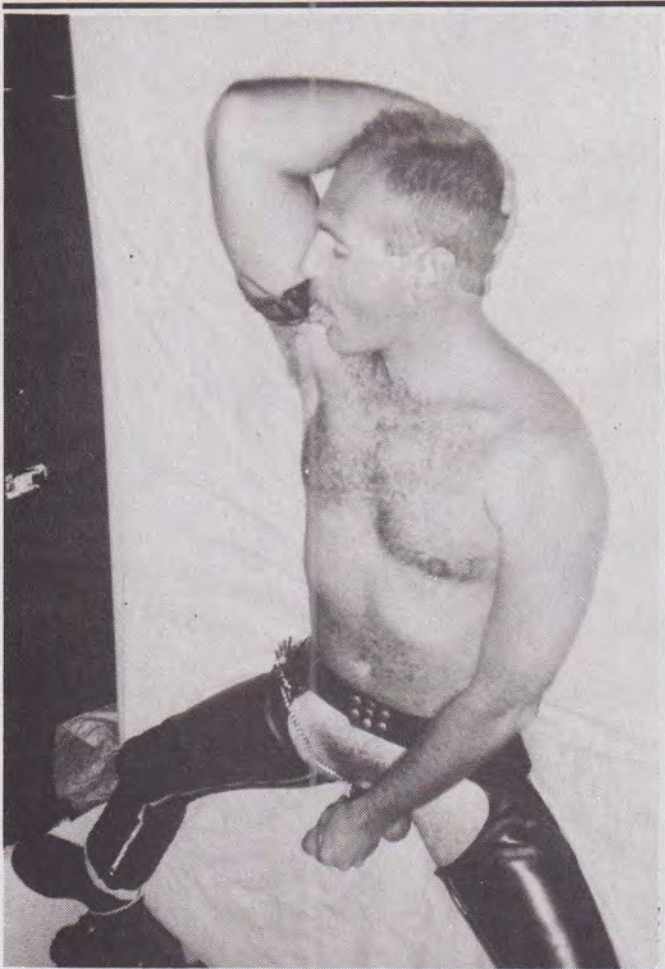
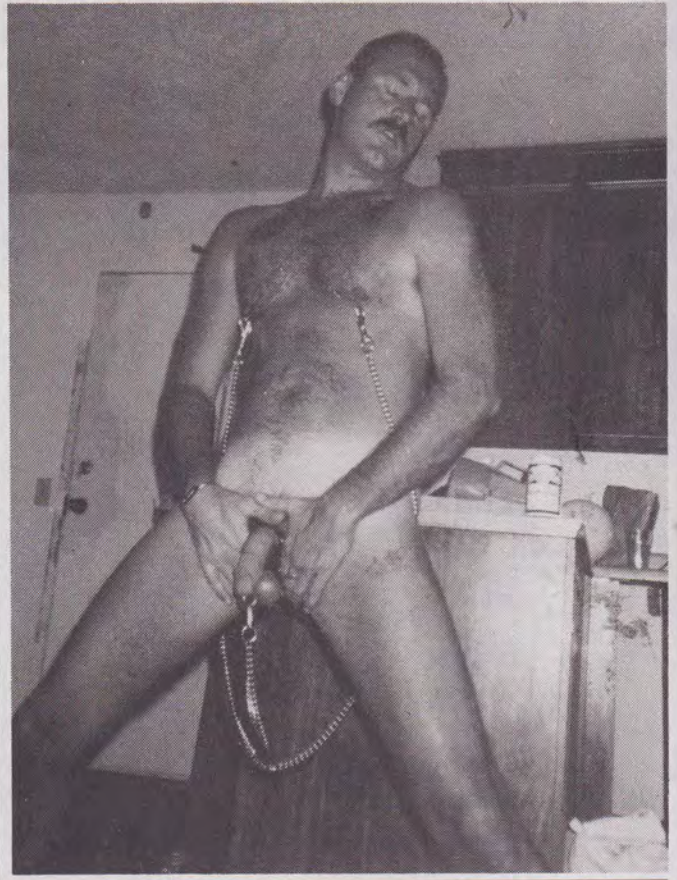
DRUMMER 122

25



# CIGARS

## TOUGH CUSTOMERS



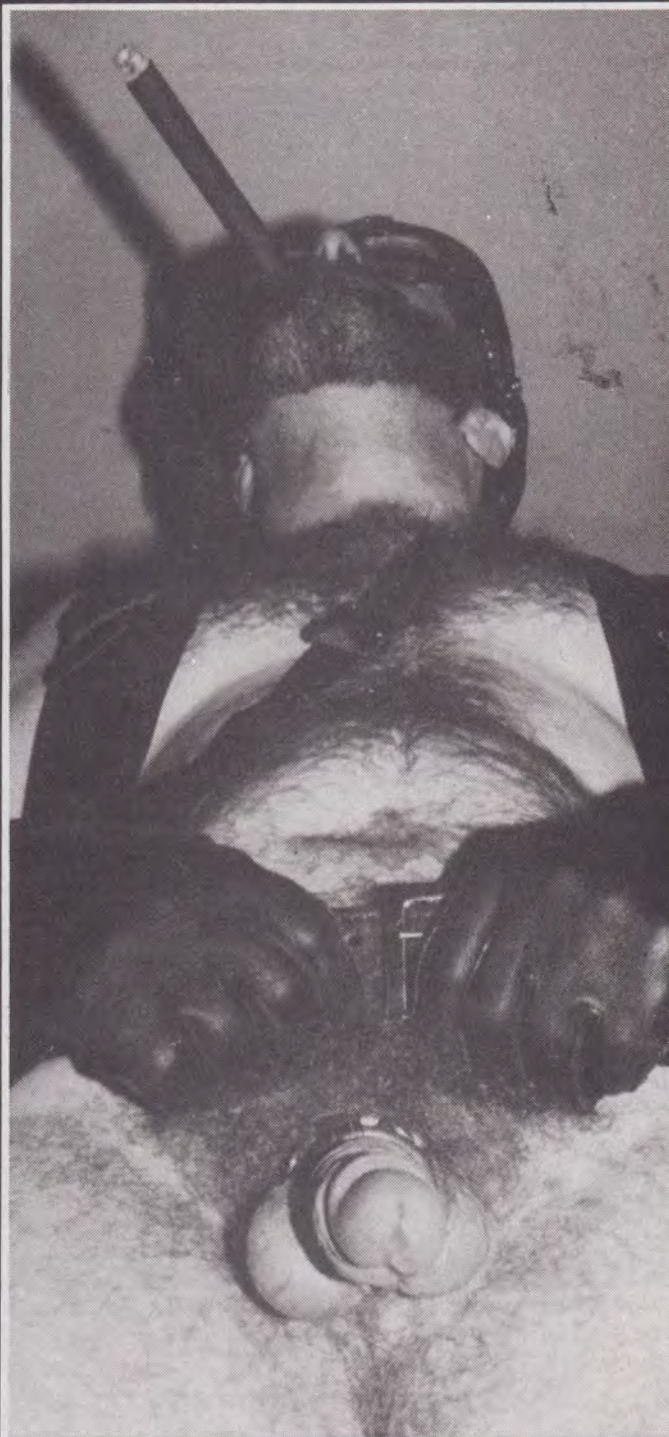
This mysterious TC is a famous writer of leather erotica who decided to bare all for his loyal fans and his loyal editor who is shocked beyond belief at the thought that someone of literary stature would connect a chain to his dick. Smoke on this one if you have a taste for either cigars, writers-in-jockstraps, or that which is hounded. TC 1322.



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 fifty cents for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.



Cigarsuck expert promises to hurt you but promises not to harm you. Assures us there is a difference and we believe him, TC 1319.

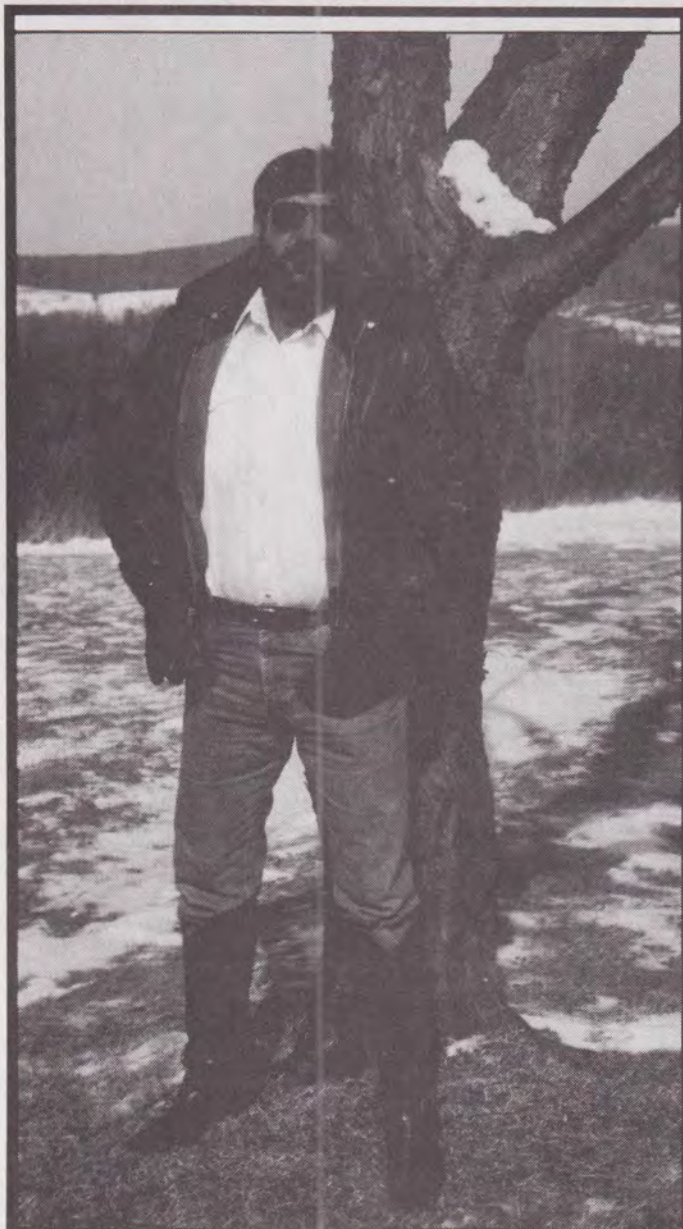






# CIGARS

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



**This** Texas cigarstud is the real thing. Maybe if you're good he'll let you lick the ashes off those big black boots. Contact TC 1317.

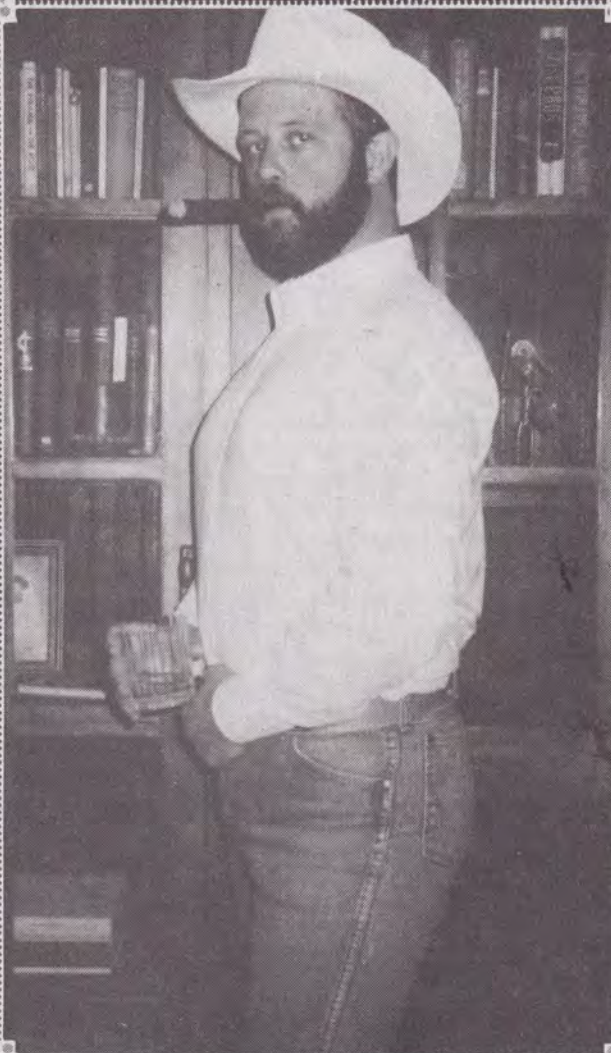


**Texas** daddy wants to know if we like his picture. We like his picture. We like his gloves. We like his hat. We like his cigar. And we like his boots so much we want to either worship them or smoke them—you decide. TC 1323.

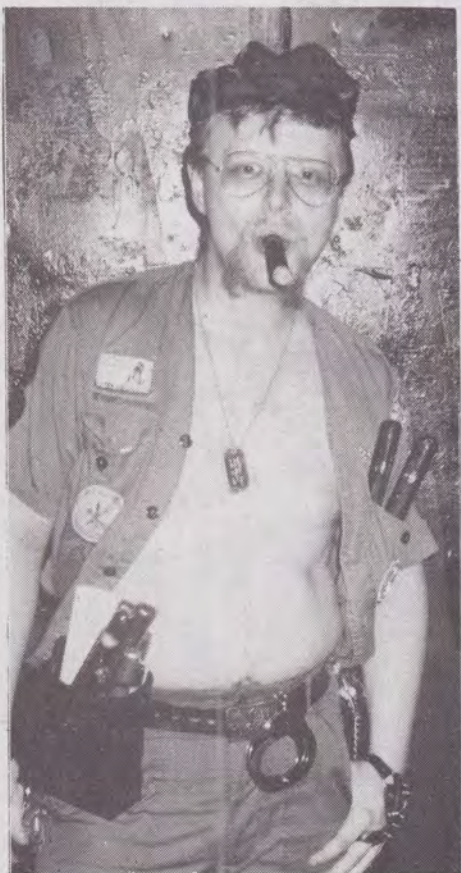




Here's looking at you, kid. Baltimore area veteran seeks little guys to kick around but big guys can issue orders—TC will obey. TC 1320.



Smokes Royal Jamaican Churchills while daddy's boy sucks on something hardly Jamaican but probably royal. We're listing him for his son as TC assures us that daddy's boy will fry with thrill. TC 1321.



TC 1324 is a pyroerotic leather man/boy, obsessed with cigar smoking, who likes stuff that burns, goes bang or blows up. Why don't you pick him up and smoke him sometime?



Oh, put a cigar in it, already. TC 1302.



# Animals

by Mark Thompson

photo by Peter Van der Pers

**Alex** North felt wounded. Tamara Jones had just called him a bitch, his right foot was asleep, and high tides of pain were coursing up his leg. Alex sighed, shifted his weight, and flapped the heavily embroidered end of his kimono against the floor. He watched a tiny dust ball shoot across the cold linoleum tile. It was going to be a long evening. Alex suddenly didn't know why he had come out, particularly on such a fogbound night. As usual, he felt pulled in opposite directions, a familiar strain made all the more urgent tonight by the two invitations burning guilty holes in his pants pockets—in opposite pockets, of course. The first letter he had replied to quickly, perhaps too quickly, he now thought; the second had arrived a day later, for the same evening, and had caused him nothing but shameful thoughts since its delivery. He felt so divided sitting there in his cheap oriental robe and purple scarf with glittering threads—a man cleft in half. But then this feeling was nothing new for Alex; he had known it all his life.

Maybe Tamara had been right. This sense of deep inner division often appeared as a superior air to others. He had perceived himself separate from others always, as if some invisible shell enveloped him, wrapping him in an impenetrable wall of painful distance. Yes, people liked him, but their affection seemed formal, as if Alex had willed their respect through a steely act of personality. He suddenly felt very tired at the thought of 28 years of command performances. He looked around the room; if he couldn't be accepted here, just for being himself, then he really didn't know where else to go.

The room was actually a storefront loft on Valencia Street. At one time it had been one of San Francisco's

better known Indian grocery stores, and the pungent smell of cumin and rancid cooking oil lingered. The space was an artists' co-op now lived in by a small group of gay men who identified themselves as "radical faeries." Alex had gone to one of their gatherings last fall, held on a remote Sonoma ranch with about 200 men from all over California attending. It was an event he had keenly anticipated. Alex had heard much about the faeries and their gatherings over the years, but as he closed his eyes now, all he could recollect from those four days was hours of bitter cold fog and camping out in acres of cow pastures dotted everywhere with drying lumps of shit. Alex imagined that he had gone in search of ecstasy, but had only come home with a cold.

Some months had passed since that dank, autumnal convention, and whatever measure of joy he had gleaned from the experience had all too rapidly faded. Several members of the co-op had taken pictures at the gathering, and tonight, by draping their loft with bright bolts of fabric and infusing it with candle light, incense, and images, projected on various surfaces, an attempt was being made to recapture some of the event's ebbing glamour. About 20 men sat on a motley collection of cushions on the floor, each decked out in his finest faerie drag, and passed joints and jugs of wine while viewing the images with hisses and loud cackles of recognition. Still, try as he did, Alex could not bring himself up to the festive mood. Tamara had told him to lighten up and stop being such a "moody faggot." Alex had told him to shut up and mind his own business. And then Alex was accused of being a bitch. No one could cut deeper than a queen, thought Alex, feeling very sorry for







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**He had read about the male initiation rites of certain aboriginal tribes; young boys, the same age as Alex, were put through extraordinary rituals involving great tests of pain and endurance.**

himself and hurt.

He looked around the room, hoping for comfort, and tried to penetrate the faces he saw illuminated in the shifting, mysterious light. Wonderful, gentle faces, young and old, but punctuated every now and then by the set determination of a brittle, feminine mask. Who were these men? The ones so quick to condemn and gossip and judge? They used their femininity as the cutting sword of their survival, but their play of forced brotherhood tonight left him strangely cold and with an odd feeling of being left out of some fabulous, shared secret. Alex suddenly realized he wanted out of the room. His fingers dug deep into his left pocket and rubbed against the worn envelope of the second invitation; it had been his magic talisman for weeks.

More than anything else, Alex North wanted to be a man, but somehow, somehow, no one—not one person—had told him what that might be or how to achieve it. Oh, he remembered his father once taking him out pigeon-hunting in the woods. Dad aiming and shooting, little Alex scrabbling through the underbrush to retrieve the bloody, still twitching birds—hurriedly stuffing their corpses in a grimy canvas sack, horrified, but not wanting to disappoint, desperate really, to keep up his end of the bargain. But the trade-off of sensibility never worked, and years later Alex was left in awful need. In college one semester he had read about the male initiation rites of certain aboriginal tribes; young boys, the same age as Alex-the-bird-gatherer, were put through extraordinary rituals involving great tests of pain and endurance. Something in them had to die through trial by fire before new, and more hearty, life could find root. Alex had often imagined himself alone and naked in the forest, sharpened stick in hand, pursuing the shadow of a bigger man—the bigger man he would soon grow up to be. Instead, Alex had been left with a smelly sack of dead pigeons, no trial at all, and certainly no vision of a bigger man.

He took the second invitation out of his pocket and studied it once again in the grainy light: "Animals Initiation Night," it read. "Invitation Only. Doors Closed at Midnight."

There was an address and a crude little illustration at the bottom of the card that appeared to be a half-man, half-bull kind of creature. Alex had never received such an invitation in all of his life, and since the day of its arrival in his mailbox it had possessed him completely. He took a hurried glance at his watch—it read 11:15—and then took an even more hurried look around the room. By now the space was thick with smoke, and men everywhere were draped as lazily as supine as cats. He carefully stood up, gathered the folds of his kimono in one hand, and stepped through the loft's plate-glass door.

The frigid February air shocked him awake as he strode down the street to his VW Bug. Withstanding the chill, he opened the front hood, stripped off his robe and the light cotton shirt underneath, and then, with a sudden look in both directions, did the same with his black Tai-Chi shoes and baggy pants. Because he had parked on a darkly lit side-street, Alex felt relatively safe standing there shivering in nothing but his socks and briefs, and with a sudden impulsive gesture he quickly shed these too. Reaching deep into a plastic duffel, he took out a pair of black-dyed Levis and matching tee-shirt and slipped into them. Slamming the hood shut, he quickly got back into the car and pulled from under the seat a pair of beaten-up black leather boots he'd found at a garage sale some months ago. He tugged them on, and with an anxious shake started the car and backed down the alley. Alex knew where he belonged, where he needed to go.

He drove down Folsom Street in darkness. A lust, familiar and without name, sent him after the red trail of lights stretching to the bay. The street began in the outer city, amid the pastel, stucco houses of the working class, cut through the heart of the Latino barrio, and ended among the weedy lots of San Francisco's once thriving waterfront. It was this final section of the street that fascinated Alex the most—as it had the erotic imagination of a generation of men. As Alex continued his cruise down the last 20 blocks he passed beneath the steel pilings of the city's major



**This was the  
city's backyard.  
It was also  
where some  
men came  
to mix spit, shit,  
and urine with  
earthiness.  
Alex could feel  
his heart  
beating . . .  
just barely  
enough time to  
step  
through the  
door of  
Animals.**

overhead expressway. It was a ceremonial gate of sorts, and suddenly Alex realized that old frames of reference and personal limit were best deposited on its other side.

Then, like bright pins on a map came the saloons: the Stud, all redwood and recollections of the '60s, but still the liveliest; Febe's, the oldest, conjuring up multiple icons of Brandos on bikes; the Brig, like a black sun. Then past the site of the old Barracks, now a pit filled with ash, redevelopers hovering on its brink. The Ramrod. The Stables. The South of the Slot Hotel, where no questions are asked. The walls there were so coated with grease, Alex had heard it told, that the place would burn for days if it ever caught fire; a votive candle on a reliquary of released desire. It was an all-night oasis for many, including a famous French philosopher who seldom missed a visit when in town, the corps de ballet of a national dance troupe, and Jungians by the score.

Then past men passed out in doorways of Deco warehouses, past newer facades of prefab concrete and mirrored glass, and, finally, to the foot of a granite cliff, bedrock at water's edge. Alex stopped the car, turned and looked up in wonder at the cables of the Bay Bridge gleaming silver in the moonlight. He realized that he had driven past his destination by many blocks, felt lost, yet somehow content among the rawness of the surrounding urban landscape. This was the city's backyard. It was also where some men came to mix spit, shit, and urine with earthiness. Alex could feel his heart beating, and with a sudden jerk pulled the car back onto the street, holding the paper with the address in one hand, steering with the other. His watch said it was ten before the hour; just barely enough time to step through the door of Animals.

Alex nervously paced the cracked, stained pavement in front of the number that was printed on the invitation. There he stood on Sixth Street, South of market, arguably the city's worst neighborhood, looking at nothing but a blank wall inset with a grimy alcove, a door set within it, and on the door a button and a sign that read, "Do not knock or ring this bell

unless you have been issued an invitation to do so." He looked at his watch; it was midnight exact. Alex rang the bell. The door opened with a gnarly buzz, and Alex stepped up and through the small opening. He found himself in some kind of lobby; a battered leather couch lay propped against one wall, and a string of ragged cardboard letters hung above, spelling out "H-A-P-P-Y N-E-W Y-E-A-R 1-9-8-2." There was a tiny glass window on the far wall and he could just make out the shadowy contours of a man moving behind it.

His actions during the next hour really made no sense at all to Alex. He signed a card, was given a key on a string, was admitted into a large, tall room filled with overstuffed pieces of furniture (the type his grandmother once had), and climbed three flights of narrow stairs—all to the sounds of loud, spacey music. Even though he was going up, Alex had the strange feeling that he was really descending into a dark and unfathomable well. It frightened him a bit. There was no one else there. Finally, he reached the top floor and groped down a dark hallway trying to match keys to the numbers stenciled on a long row of doors. Alex started to panic, calmed himself, and suddenly stumbled through the right door and into a spacious, drafty room. It took him a while to adjust to the dim light, but then Alex realized he could see perfectly. It was just at first he had failed to notice that everything in the building had been painted black: walls, floors, stairs, the crudely made four-poster bed he was now staring at—everything was absolutely the darkest shade of black, illuminated only by the eerie glow of distant red lights. Where was he? Alex asked himself.

The young man slowly sat down on the edge of the bed, kicked off his boots, and lay back on the thin, oily sheets. He shut his eyes and quickly lost all sense of time in the twilight gloom. The swirling, hypnotic beat of the music seemed to penetrate through every crack of the structure and gradually the dark enveloped him with a soothing comfort. Alex soon noticed how warm the room was getting and deftly removed the rest of his clothes. He lay there in darkness, music and warm air; his



**"Sometimes  
we must  
sacrifice  
ourselves  
to something  
beyond . . .  
what we  
know . . .  
in order to find  
what we  
need.  
Sacrifice is very  
important.  
Parts of us  
must die  
so that we may  
continue to  
live."**

solitude disturbed by the occasional passing of a back-lit form in front of the open door, or the echo of heavy boots on the bare wood floor. He must have been dozing when he was startled awake by the sensation of a gloved hand running down his back and thighs. A familiar voice quietly said "Alex?" He recognized the softly accented tone; it was Fernan, a friend of a friend who had escaped the junta in Chile in the mid-1970s, and had managed to find a place for himself in the radical sexual underground of San Francisco. Alex had last seen Fernan at a big dinner party a year ago, where the host, a gay Republican, had tried, crudely, to defend US policy in Latin America. Fernan said that he had come to know a thing or two about fascism, particularly in the playrooms of many at the table tonight, and stormed out of the house. That was the last Alex had seen of Fernan, until now.

"So, you've come here to be with us, like us, to be one of the animals?" Fernan quietly asked. "Good, Alex," he continued, smiling and rubbing the small of the young man's back. "But do you really know why you're here?"

Alex silently struggled with Fernan's last question. He didn't know, *really*. The unexpected invitation, the ride here, and now this welcoming stranger. There was a feeling buried deep within him that could somehow link all these things together and explain them—if only he could find the right words. "I . . . I don't know," he finally replied. "I think I'm looking for something I need, but I don't know what it is."

Fernan contemplated Alex's words for a few moments, and then responded. "Sometimes we must sacrifice ourselves to something beyond . . . what we know . . . in order to find what we need. Sacrifice is very important. Parts of us must die so that we may continue to live."

Alex remained lying face down on the foam mattress, quietly responding to Fernan's gentle touch. He trusted Fernan and realized that a deep connection had been made at the time of their very first meeting. They were both outsiders; yet an awkward sense of loss and displacement had bonded them at gut level, a secret language had been ex-

changed through barely concealed smiles. There was a potential for joy here, and Alex wanted it very much. Lying naked on the sheet, Alex felt vulnerable but safe. And Fernan, sitting there by his side dressed from head to toe in gleaming black leather, seemed vulnerable too. They remained together like that for some time; white flesh and black flesh, sharing breath.

Finally Fernan said, "Come with me." Alex stood up and met his friend's gaze. He felt no shame, only quiet approval, and with the slightest nod followed Fernan out the door and down the dark hall. He felt bathed by the ebb of music, the red lights, and the looks of the other men passing by, yet remained serene in his nakedness—one foot stepping after the other to the rhythm of his breathing. There was no fear here. How odd for him to feel no fear, here, at last. Calmly, he followed Fernan to the end of the hall, and then down a long flight of stairs to a landing. Alex's guide paused for a moment, turned and put a gloved hand on his shoulder while studying his face, then turned again and went down to the next flight of wooden stairs. Alex followed as they continued their descent, spiraling down one flight after another, past the entrance level floor and still further down—down into the ground. Alex could sense dark wooden surfaces giving way to cool concrete beneath his feet, and the musty odors of dirt filled his nostrils. They continued their descent still further until they reached the end, until there was no place left to go but where they were. This was the place, Alex knew, the place he had always wanted to go, the one place where there was no other place to be but there.

They were deep underground, under the old hotel, far from the heat and the music, underneath the old city itself. Alex stood with Fernan at the end of a long burrowed passage facing a crumbling wall of cement and dirt. To their right were stone steps leading back up to the main floor of the building; a circle made complete except for the fact that the door at the top of the stairs had been nailed shut.

Both men took a moment now and stood looking at the other. Alex



Without  
breaking his  
rhythm,  
Fernan brought  
the flail down  
again,  
letting loose the  
whisper of a cry  
from Alex.  
With slow, round  
motions Fernan  
stroked the  
body of the  
young man  
offered before  
him on the altar  
of stone  
and dank soil.

was aware of the heavy scented air, and the two of them standing there breathing it in together. They remained at peace, as if in a spell, and finally Fernan broke the silence. "Lie down," he said, motioning toward the stairs. Alex turned and faced the 28 stone steps that led up to the immovable door. He wondered briefly what lay on its other side, and the image of more darkness and heavy air flashed in his mind. There was no space beyond, no space different from the space he occupied now. He stood at a dead-end, looking at a wall. What he wanted was a reflection of himself. And with this new thought in mind he carefully knelt, and laid his body against the cold stones of the step. Alex stretched his body upward on the steep incline. He could feel sensation in his fingers and toes and then, with a deep sigh, released the rest of his body onto the rock beneath him.

Fernan remained motionless for a minute or two, and then reached for the thick strand of braided leather cords dangling from his waist. Swinging it in the air, he let it fall on Alex lightly, then pulled it away as gracefully as a sea bird swooping up from shore. Without breaking his rhythm, Fernan brought the flail down again, letting loose the whisper of a cry from Alex. With slow, round motions Fernan stroked the body of the young man offered before him on the altar of stone and dank soil. Gently at first, and then with increasing intensity, the two men did their dance; breathing with the steady beat, connecting through time and space, invisible currents bonding delicate roots of need and fulfillment. Alex wondered if he could ever survive the pain, and for a moment or two came close to screaming out *Stop!* But he returned to breath, the powerful lesson of breath, and glided from one wave of sensation to another; quieting his mind, letting the fire burn deeper. He was the fire, but he was liquid too, and he let his body dissolve into the stone along with his fear and resistance. He and the stone and the air and the fire of the whip had become one.

Hours had passed before Alex regained some sense of time and place. He was lying on the bed again, and as he opened his eyes he

remembered having said goodbye to Fernan earlier. It was dawn now, he could tell that by the thin blades of light streaking through cracks in the blacked-out windows. His friend had gone off to meet another day, leaving Alex with the shards of a night not quite over. He noticed the music again, never changing in its monotonous thump. Time was absent from this place, and as he lay still Alex felt as if he were being released from gravity too. Something inside him seemed to come loose, as if an enormous burden was letting go, releasing itself.

He felt a rushing sensation, like he was being swiftly carried up from Sixth Street into the air and high above the glittering city. Alex didn't know if he was dreaming or if he really was flying through the air, but somehow he could see his body passing over water. He went over the water and sped toward the granite cliffs of the headlands that thrust up on the distant end of the bay, and then plunged into the thick woods that lay beyond them. Alex went into the woods and sank deep into the life there. Among the sheltering trees and rich humus, he lived. The body of the land was his body, and the further he walked into the woods the more peace he felt well up within himself. Something new and tangible was alive in him now, a spirit he had never known before. He felt so connected to this place, felt so very alive here, and Alex knew he would never leave it again. This was the place of animals and their power—and of Alex's power too.

He continued his walk through the woods. The morning light was rising and soon he came to a clearing, which opened around a slight hill. He sat on the wet grass, and then fell back on it with hands above his head, letting the moisture penetrate and refresh his body. Alex looked up and stared into the pale light, shut his eyes, opened them again, and in the next moment found himself stretched out on the roof of the old hotel. His vision quest was over.

Alex sat there naked, sensing the pulse of the waking city, meditating on the view for the longest time. Then he returned down the stairs to collect his things and soon to home and sleep. □



Guy Baldwin, M.S.

# TIES THAT BIND

## YOU GO TOGETHER, OR YOU DON'T GO AT ALL, Part II

Last month, I wrote about developing communication skills in relationships that can help you have better scenes, and I focused on those skills that are useful before the next scene happens with your partner. This time, I want to talk about some communication skills that may help save or extend your life.

Already, I know that I run the risk of pissing off a whole bunch of people who will yell that I have no right to tell them how to communicate when they play, and they are right—I don't! I have said elsewhere that there are many right ways to do S&M, and I still stand by that. But also true is the fact that there are many wrong ways to do S&M, and one of them includes unwillingness or inability to "take care of business" before the scene happens.

For the first scene between strangers, there are in my opinion some essential types of information that must be exchanged if the scene is to have a better chance of being a special experience for both players. Guys looking for relationships with SM partners will often want to repeat scenes when they have gone well.

At the top of this list of essential communications is agreement about safer sex practices if any sort of penetration or other juicy (wet) activities is even a remote possibility or wish for either partner.

I believe it is unwise to deal with this issue "as the scene progresses," because once things get moving, passions (as well as drugs and alcohol) can and do cloud judgement for both Tops and bottoms. Also, experienced Tops know how unsettling it is to be in the middle of something and have to deal with an interruption from a bottom who is scared about catching "it" from something *He* is about to do.

So, I suggest that you have what should be an on-going dialogue before you start to play unless you are willing to risk your life on your ability to handle these issues when you are horny and maybe also (let's be real) stoned.

This goes for everyone.

Those who play in Podunk and think they are exempt from this issue are not thinking with their brains, but with their dicks, which have one track minds. Strangers who tell you they are "Negative" may be lying, and it is dangerous to assess a man's credibility when you are

horny and about to play.

Unfortunately, many of you avoid this subject because you have not yet learned how to bring it up—thinking about safer sex conversation just before a scene makes many men nervous, so the unfortunate tendency is to deal with issues as you go along. If at all.

Some men only barely mention it and secretly hope that the subject changes soon. Bottoms worry that bringing the subject up is somehow "un-bottom-like," and that doing so might turn Him off. That won't do anymore.

Since most S&M men are already used to negotiating their sex play anyway, safer sex just becomes one more thing to be talked about before the decision to play is made. Remember this fact to help calm your nerves about these conversations.

Here are a few ideas about how to manage this matter. As you read them, remember that it is useless to memorize my words; they are mine—not yours. Yours will be better. It will help more if you remember the gist of the attitude or the tone the words carry.

A bottom might say:

"I know that I will be easier to play with after we have agreed about safer sex things," or maybe,

"I will be too scared to play until you have made some promises about not swapping fluids," or

"It will help me to be with you more comfortably when I have heard your thoughts about AIDS safety," or

"What are your rules about sex between us?" or

"Can we do S&M without having any actual sex?" or

"I want to play, but there are only certain ways it will be O.K. for us to have actual sex together. I need to talk about them first."

"I hope to serve you well without risking my health, Sir."

"I can play harder and heavier if I don't have to worry all the time about watching you to see if you are about to do something with me that is unhealthy—I guess we should talk more first."

"I can't deal with a hood if I am scared that you might do anything unhealthy with me."

"I know that you are a very experienced player, and I hope you won't be insulted by my asking, but what about

some conversation first about healthy ways to do this."

"Aside from the standard safe sex rules, what else are you into these days, Mister?" (My thanks to A.K. for this one.)

A Top might say:

"We're going to play, but we're not going to do anything that might endanger *either's* health," or,

"I expect you to take some risks, but not to risk your life or mine."

"I do like to fuck, but only with a rubber, and I always pull out before I cum."

"Since you haven't mentioned it yet, I will. I don't swap fluids nohow, so if that's what you might be hoping for, Forget it."

"You are not to get near my cock unless I say so, Got it?"

"You can be damn sure that if my cock touches you that it will be in the grip of rubber first."

"You will now slowly and carefully outline for me your notions of what is and is not sexually safe, and what you are scared about around exposure to the viruses we are all concerned about."

My point here is that there are lots of ways to initiate such a conversation.

Anyone who is unwilling or unable to tolerate such talk can not be presumed to be Safe, Sane and Consensual.

Realize that before you can be a full participant in such a conversation, that you, yourself must get familiar with the current thinking about what is and is not safe to do. Unfortunately, there is some middle ground about the subject of safety, especially around oral sex, so familiarity with the issues is even more important.

Everyone must determine what activities they are and are not willing to enjoy to protect their health and the health of their partners. If you are relationship oriented, then part of your task will be to identify those men who share your views about safer sex. Staying alive and healthy is a fine basis on which to found a new relationship.

Next month, I want to continue with communications during the scene itself since that's where the magic is when it works out. Play well.

**Guy is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles who works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers.**



# BEIRUT,

## PART TWO



**Story by Aaron Travis**

**Illustration by Olaf**

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**Beirut, Lebanon/1983**

*"No—please—"*

David's voice is small and hoarse, hardly more than a whisper. He stands in the center of the dingy little office. Head lowered, hands tied behind his back, shivering. Nude, except for the tiny pouch that holds his genitals. His body glistens with a thin sheen of nervous sweat. He stares down through half-shut eyes at the shiny black shoes of the stranger who stands before him.

Vince stands behind him, one hand on David's shoulder, the other holding the chain attached to the collar around David's throat. "Go ahead, Davy boy." Vince's breath is warm in his ear. "Show the man what you're good for."

He gives David's shoulder a hard squeeze, then brushes his fingers down the boy's back tracing the silky cleavage of his spine. Skin like pale satin, slick and shiny with sweat. He opens his big meaty hand and cups it around one of David's naked buns. The taut, smooth skin turns to gooseflesh as he fondles it. Vince spreads his fingers and grabs a fistful of ass. Squeezes hard. The soft white flesh plumps up red in the gaps between his fingers. David responds with a whimper.

The squeeze relaxes. The fingertips brush delicately over the mottled skin, then tighten into a sharp sudden pinch that makes the boy jiggle. Vince smiles. He weighs the taut, springy flesh in his palm again, gives it a hard slap, then slides the edge of his hand into the slick, sweaty cleavage and strokes the hole with his middle finger.



David's mouth opens in a ragged gasp. His face and chest and the milky flesh between his thighs blush bright red as he breaks out in a fresh sweat. Vince has never used him in front of another man.

David shuts his eyes tight. *"Please—no—not here—not like this . . ."* His hole begins to quiver. He tries to will it shut, but the conditioning runs too deep. The tender, moist ring of flesh oozes open, pushing inside out, grasping like a sucking mouth until it has swallowed Vince's finger to the second knuckle.

Vince twists the boy's hair into a knot, forcing him to lift his face. For an instant David glimpses the stranger. Not an Arab, as he had expected. Dark, Italian, middle-aged. Broad-shouldered and soft around the middle, like an older, heavier version of Vince. Tall and burly, dressed like Vince in a black suit and tie. The man's features are large and blunt, brutally handsome. A neatly trimmed mustache bristles above his broad upper lip. He leans against a desk cluttered with photographs. One hand holds a cigarette. The other hovers near his crotch. The big man leers at him, curling his upper lip in a thin, crooked smile.

Vince yanks hard at the fistful of hair, pulling back until the boy's chin juts toward the ceiling. The stranger drops from view. David stares upward at the network of grimy black pipes that crisscross the ceiling above. Suddenly Vince slides his middle finger all the way home, screwing and jabbing until the boy is forced squealing to his toes. The ceiling goes blurry. Tears run down the sides of his face, gathering at his earlobes. They fall in a straight line onto the dimples above his ass. His hips break into an automatic grind, riding the finger thrust up his hole.

Vince croons in his ear. *"Yeah, that's more like it. Do your dance for the man, cuntboy. That's what we wanna see . . . Come on, throw your chest out. Show the man your titties."*

David squares his chest, claspings his bound hands together, knotting his shoulders, ramming his fists into the small of his back. Vince slips his finger from the hole with a liquid pop, then teases it, pinching and pulling and scraping his fingernail against the tender lining.

David strains backward with his hips, craving the finger. Chin up, shoulders back, torso stretched like a bow. The finger pokes playfully at his hole, then pulls out of reach. Vince chuckles in his ear. *"Yeah. Pussy-boy needs a finger up his hole, huh?"* Vince jerks hard at the fistful of hair.

*"Yes!"* David blushes pink from head to toe.

*"Then reach for it. Give it a kiss."*

David whines and spreads his legs, still on tiptoe, twisting his heels and thighs outward until his ass is wide open, his muscular buttocks flattened, his hole completely exposed. He strains, and the moist inner lining of his tube distends, pushing outward like a blossom, pink and slick like the inside of a mouth.

Vince gives the puckered lips a playful swat, hard and stinging. The hole contracts for an instant, then pushes out again. Vince gives the hole another hard slap, then slides four fingers inside. David goes rigid, snorting like a horse.





"Well, Benny?" Vince cocks an eyebrow. "What do you think?"

The man takes a long drag on his cigarette. He wears a poker face, pretending to be unimpressed. The hard ridge down his pants leg tells another story. His hand inches a little closer to the bulge, fingers twitching.

He finishes his cigarette and flicks it to the floor. Grinds the butt into the concrete, then lights another. Taking his time, still wearing the poker face. He pushes himself off the desk and steps forward.

David jerks as he feels the man's touch on his face. The big calloused hand caresses his smooth beardless cheek. David tries to pull away, but the fingers up his ass hold him in place. The man cups his jaw, pushes his head even further back, squeezes his mouth open. He runs his thumb over the moist pink lips, then slips his thick middle finger inside. David shuts his eyes tight and clamps his lips around the man's finger, sucking at it like a cock. The finger tastes of tobacco and sweat. Fingers up his ass. A finger in his mouth. Plugged at both ends, like a chicken on a spit.

The man casually fingerfucks his mouth, sliding his fingertip over the gums and tongue, probing David's throat until he gags. Saliva bubbles around his lips, running over his cheeks and down his neck.

The man pops his finger free. He slides it over the boy's chin, probing the soft tissue beneath his jaw. David's throat bulges from his neck, a wide tube clearly defined beneath the taut flesh. The man gently squeezes it between his forefinger and thumb, prompting an involuntary swallow. The soft tube spasms, rippling like a caterpillar beneath his fingers.

The man takes a quick deep breath. "Good looking throat. Bet you can pack a big one down that hole." Vince smiles and starts to fuck his fingers in and out of the asshole, keeping the boy primed. He glances down at the bulge in the man's crotch and smiles. Benny is hooked.

And why not? Even though he stands behind the boy, Vince knows exactly what the man is seeing. He's seen it himself, plenty of times before. David is locked in Vince's favorite pose. Straining on tiptoe, his trembling thighs splayed wide open. Ass impaled, head thrown desperately back, hands tied, thrusting his chest forward and stretching his belly taut.

The boy has a spectacular physique—a hard square frame covered with a thick padding of smooth muscle in all the right places. Broad shoulders, narrow hips. Short, muscular limbs, big pecs, an ass like a split melon. Skin pale and flawless as a baby's. The pose shows him off at his finest, the very picture of submission and craving: a blond muscleboy in bondage, flaunting his big tits, putting his fuckholes on display.

This is the way Vince likes to make him stand before he gives the boy a long hard screw—except that instead of his fingers it would be a buttplug up David's hole while Vince slowly circled him, making him wait for it, letting the craving build until he crashes, letting it build again. Whipping his ass with



a belt, pinching his big nipples. Punching his belly, slapping his cock. Twisting the buttplug up his hole. The boy hates to beg for it. He always does, by the time Vince is through with him.

Benny's poker face begins to crack. He licks his lips, takes a quick drag off the cigarette. He runs his finger down the hard cleavage of the boy's chest, to the shallow navel surrounded by plates of scalloped muscle. "Naturally hairless?"

"He is now. Permanently."

David didn't have much hair on his body to start with. Electrolysis took care of the rest. Vince chuckles, remembering the way the boy wriggled under the needle. Five sessions spread over five days, three hours a session. The specialist charged an arm and a leg, but it was worth it to watch the boy strapped down on the leather cot, writhing as the needle denuded him completely below the neck. First the stocky, muscular legs, with their fleecy dusting of fine blond hair. Then the soft wisps around the boy's nipples and under his arms. Then the sleek, glossy pubic patch that ran from belly button to crotch and on between his legs to swirl softly around his hole.

All hairless now, forever. The specialist wouldn't do the kid's balls. Vince took care of that himself, plucking out the silky blond strands one by one.

"Smooth as silk all over, just the way you like 'em." Vince saws his fingers in and out of the boy's hole, pumping air into the pocket, listening to it fart around his fingers. "No more shaving. Nothing left to shave. Just wait till you feel your dick up his smooth hairless hole."

**Fat, heavy balls,  
plump with  
unspent semen.  
The most  
sensitive kind,  
painfully full of  
cum**

The man licks his lips, openly squeezing the bulge in his pants, staring at the boy like a hungry wolf. His voice is dry and tight. "Yeah . . . I can see. You've done quite a job on his nipples, too."

David's nipples are Vince's special creation. The same specialist who denuded the boy's body administered the silicone. A single injection of viscous jelly into the tiny cavity beneath each nipple, pumping

them up like tiny balloons. David had extra-large nipples to begin with, perfectly round, like copper medallions pressed flat against the boldly curving contours of his pecs. Now they stand out almost an inch from his chest, obscenely bloated cones of flesh perched at the tip of each pectoral, tender and glossy, amazingly resilient to the touch. Nipples as shiny smooth and sensitive as the tip of a swollen penis, perpetually erect.

The nipples have a freshly molested appearance, puffy and pink, shiny with saliva. Vince likes to suck on them for hours at a time while his dick is planted up the boy's fuckhole, clamping his lips around the base and sucking each bud into his mouth, feeling them swell up to ten times their original size. Sucking until they ache, nibbling and teasing his tongue against the tender tips, reducing the boy to his most shameless state of craving. Sucking the boy's oversized nipples while the boy's hole sucks his oversized cock.

Benny licks his lips and raises the cigarette to David's chest, bringing the glowing tip within a hair's breadth of each plump, protruding nipple, watching the boy's pectorals contract, listening to his breath grow ragged.

"Easy," Vince says. "Careful with his titties. He's not yours yet."

The man steps back. The poker face is gone. In its place is a mask of raw lust. He stares at the boy's crotch. "So where's his dick?"

"Why, you think he needs one? The kid's already got a pussy between his legs."

"C'mon Vince. I wanna see the whole package."

Vince chuckles. "Sure. Just pull the string. But there's not much to look at."

David's cock and balls are hidden from sight, tightly packed together inside a soft suede drawstring pouch. The mouth of the pouch is tied so tight around the base of his genitals that it hardly seems attached. It bobs ludicrously between his legs, a small leather ball stuck to the nude delta of flesh where his thighs and belly converge. With his penis and testicles so tightly compacted, concealed and camouflaged in the pouch, it's easy to imagine nothing at all between his legs except a smooth sleek depression leading back to the fuckhole between his cheeks.

The man finds the string and tugs at it, then pulls the pouch away. David shudders and gasps as his cock unbends and straightens fully erect for the first time in days. It snaps up against his belly, rigid and quivering, pointing toward his navel but reaching only halfway. Short and stubby, bone-hard. Slender whipmarks show on the taut, translucent flesh, more whipmarks at the blunt, moist tip. A toy cock, the most sensitive kind, all the nerve endings packed close together. Stripped of the surrounding pubis, it juts up nude and vulnerable from the boy's groin, like a squat little whipping post. Useless for fucking. Perfect for punishment.

"Yeah." The man snaps his finger against David's cock and sniggers. "Not much in the weenie department. But his eggs look like they might be fun to



crack." He narrows his eyes and reaches down to cup the hairless testicles in the palm of his hand. Fat, heavy balls, plump with unspent semen. The most sensitive kind, painfully full of cum with no place to unload. The man squeezes. The balls vibrate in his hand like gelatin.

Benny steps back and leans against the desk, almost tripping, unaware of his clumsiness. All his attention is channeled forward in an unblinking, smoldering stare. Vince nods. The corner of his mouth twists into a smirk. He pulls his fingers from the boy's hole with a loud, smacking pop. David lets out a bleating whine. A fresh sheet of sweat pours down his chest.

"Jesus, Vince. How do you do it? Don't tell me the kid came to you this way."

"The kid came to me a virgin. Never been porked. I just gave him a taste of my kind of loving. Soon as he found out what a real dick could do to that pussypot between his legs, he forgot all about that little nub in front. You could say we came to a quick and mutually satisfying understanding." Vince laughs—not at his own words, but at the twitch that flutters at the edge of Benny's mouth and the beads of sweat popping out across his forehead.

Vince takes a quick look at the nude and straining body beside him. David senses the glance. The veins bulge from his neck, his hips sway back, fucking the air.

Vince delivers a stinging downward slap to the boy's dick. "Put your little toy away."

David hunches forward opening and closing his thighs. It's a move he's obviously performed many times before. Without using his hands, he manages to tuck his hard cock between his legs, then squeezes his thighs together and stands upright. Nude. Sexless. Nothing showing between his legs but his smooth, bald crotch. He draws his eyebrows together and shuts his eyes in shame.

Benny stares. His mouth hangs open. The breath rattles in his throat. "I gotta fuck him. Now."

"Sure. We can talk business after. Right here?"

"Over the desk."

The man steps out of the way, hurriedly unbuckling his pants as Vince pushes the dickless boy forward, bending him over the desk, smirking with approval at the way the moist, slick hole automatically opens in a kiss.

David's face is pressed into the clutter on the desk. An inch from his nose, grotesque at such close range, is a glossy photo of a pretty redhead, his mouth impaled on a huge cock, his bright blue eyes gazing up at the camera in astonishment. David stares at the picture for an instant, then jerks as something thick and blunt begins to slide between his cheeks. He feels his hole yawn open with a will of its own, welcoming the intruder, reaching for it. He can't seem to squeeze it shut, no matter how hard he tries. He shuts his eyes tight and begins to cry again . . .

Fifteen minutes later, Benny is seated in the swivel chair behind his desk, smoking a fat cigar. Pants around his ankles. Shirt open, chest hairs glistening with sweat. His big chest pumps slowly up and down,

catching his breath. A quick, hard fuck. Next time he slams the kid he'll take his time, draw it out, really put the boy through his paces. This time he was just too hot. Vince's fault—Vince really knows how to show off the goods. And the way the boy squealed, even while his asshole was gobbling dick like a hungry mouth—nobody knows how to train a piece of boycunt like Vince Zorio.

**The nipples have a  
freshly molested  
appearance,  
puffy and pink,  
shiny with saliva.**

David is on his knees between the man's burly thighs. Face buried in his crotch, lips stretched thin and mashed flat against the wiry patch of hair that sprouts at the base of Benny's dick. The thick, greasy tube of flesh is buried down his throat, pulsing and warm. After the fuck, Benny said he wanted to soak his dick for a while before getting down to brass tacks. Vince was happy to oblige.

David's hole is burning and raw at the mouth, pummeled and bruised inside. Benny has a big one. His ass is red and welted, marked with handprints. Benny is a hitter. His hole, gaping and loose after the hard fuck, suddenly lets out a long rasping fart. The big load Benny pumped up his ass begins to backflush, dribbling down the inside of his thighs. Above him, the men laugh. David's ears blush dark red as he cuts another fart, helpless to stop it.

His hands are still tied behind his back, his cock still tucked out of sight between his legs, hard as a pipe, riding the ridge that leads back to his hole. Benny reaches down with one hand, cupping his smooth meaty breasts, plucking at the pumped-up nipples. David groans around the dick in his mouth and squeezes his stubby cock between his thighs, rubbing the denuded, sweaty planes of flesh together, rolling his hips. He could come that way. It's the only way Vince lets him come. The fuck has left him hot and aching for it. But David knows better. He stops at the first twinge of pleasure between his legs, then concentrates on the fat, satisfied dick in his mouth, stroking it with his tongue, squeezing it with his throat, trying hard to make Benny feel good.

The man rewards him with a sharp slap across the face. "Not so hard, cocksucker. I told you, nice and slow. Nice and easy. You suck the way I tell you to suck . . . Yeah, just let it slide down your throat. That's the ticket, kiddo." The man takes a long drag



## BEIRUT

on the cigar, then blows a cloud of smoke into David's face. David chokes and coughs around his dick.

Benny clenches his teeth at the unexpected pleasure.

Vince sits with one knee propped over the corner of the desk, casually leafing through a stack of photos. Most of the models are Arabs. Smooth, slim-hipped Bedouin boys with long lashes and tender nipples. Big, hairy-chested Arabs with dark mustaches and thick, circumcised cocks. He pauses when he comes to a batch he hasn't seen before. Two musclemen, Turks by the look of them, working over a nude and obviously reluctant redhead. a new boy; Vince has never seen him before. New to Benny's establishment, new to the game; the look of astonishment on his freckled face is too genuine to be phony. Fresh meat. A meeting can be arranged, as always. Vince will make it part of the deal. He'll be needing a fresh hole to unload in while David is in hock.

"So, Vince." The man's voice is cloudy with smoke. "Where'd you find the kid? A fucking blond, no less. Must be a long way from home."

"American," Vince says. "Small-town boy. 19 years old. Ohio born and bred."

"So what the fuck's he doing in this hellhole?"

"What do you think?"

"Looks like a Marine."

"Yep."

"So how the hell did you get your hooks into him?"

"Ran into him outside Abdul's."

"AWOL, huh? Kid trying to score a phony passport? What's the story?"

"What's to tell? The kid wants to go home. I offered to help. Of course, these things cost money . . ."

"And you don't take charity cases."

"He's been earning his keep. But he'll have to earn a hell of a lot more if he's ever gonna pay his way home. Transit, safehousing, new identity. The works. I figure the best way for him to bring in some big bucks fast is doing a few months at your place."

Benny makes a face. "Business, with the war, it ain't what it used to be."

"Come on, Benny. A blond American, in this place? With his kind of body. You know your regulars will pay big bucks for a crack at his ass. He's prime stuff."

"Well . . ."

Vince takes a final look at the cute redhead, then tosses the photos on the desk. He reaches into his coat pocket for a cigar, looking down at the boy's upthrust ass. He swings his foot forward and pokes the tip of his shoe into the sweaty crack. David hunches back, groaning around the cock in his mouth. His asshole yawns open and swallows Vince's foot to the instep, drooling a mass of slick semen onto the shiny leather. Shoeshine boy, giving him a hot wax job with his ass. Vince will have him buff the tops with his tongue before he leaves.

Vince lights the cigar, whips the match through the air and tosses it onto David's ass. The hole snaps tight around his foot. Benny sighs at the squeal that vibrates through his cock.

Vince takes a quick drag off his cigar and exhales. "We'll work something out . . ."

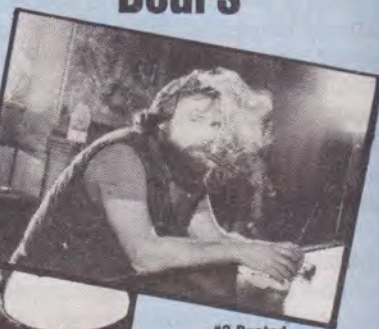
**TO BE CONTINUED**

## RED DOG SALOON

**Cigars,  
Boots,  
Cops &  
Bears**

### #1 A Bunch of the Boys

Burly, bearded bears and other men stoking up with their cigars at the bar. (No nudity)



### #2 Busted

A pair of cigar smoking cops arrive and take control of the hunky bartender, laying him out on the bar, shoving his face into a tray of butts and ashes, pulling down his pants and mauling his ass.



### #3 Begging

The bartender uses his mouth to work on the cops' boots and cocks and they take possession of his ass.



### #4 Sideshow

The meat comes out all over the place and while the handcuffed bartender does him, one of the cops takes his cigar out of his mouth and replaces it with a hard leatherman's cock.



### #5 Free For All

The action gets heavier as everyone joins in to get a sample of the bartender's body. clamp on his tits, squeeze his balls, shove a cigar up his ass, and finally reward his performance with a cigar.



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- ☐ #2 Busted
- ☐ #3 Begging
- ☐ #4 Sideshow
- ☐ #5 Free For All

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# DRUMMEDIA

January

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 <small>New Year's Day</small>	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16 <small>Martin Luther King Jr. Day</small>	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

## OF LEATHERMEN AND THEIR ELEGANCE: COLT 1989 LEATHER CALENDAR

Like it or not, another new year—1989—is just around the corner. We can think of no better way to number one's days during the twelve macho months ahead than with Colt Studio's 1989 Leather Calendar, featuring a divinely decadent dozen dudes—pumped-up, hunked-out and presented in the inimitably elegant fashion that has made Colt the very best at what they do for very many years.

Deck your walls with balls, attached to twelve of the most stunning leatherstuds imaginable. Yes, they're that hot. Sassy.

Pouty. Arrogant. You'll want to jump all their bones, even if it's not a leap year. Wide-spread legs showing off the sweetest of buttocks. Ten-pound pieces of meat. Steely-eyed chaps in chaps and boots and vests, rubbing their leather against their super-developed pecs and almost—but not quite—cracking a shit-eating grin. A dozen dandy dicks and you'll love the daddy sitting on the toilet—too bad October only lasts 31 days—all packaged with the customary veneer of luxury and class that is synonymous with the Colt Studios name.

Make your fiscal year a physical year with twelve of the sexiest studs ever to be portrayed in glossy black and white. It'll make you look at the year to cum in an entirely new and erotic way.

The Colt 1989 Leather Calendar is available for ten bucks from Colt Studios, PO Box 1608, Studio City, CA 91604.



# July

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

Independence Day

JUNE							AUGUST						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2	3	1	2	3	4	5	
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
25	26	27	28	29	30		27	28	29	30	31		



# October

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9 <i>Yom Kippur Observance Day</i>	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31 <i>Halloween</i>				
					SEPTEMBER S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	NOVEMBER S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30



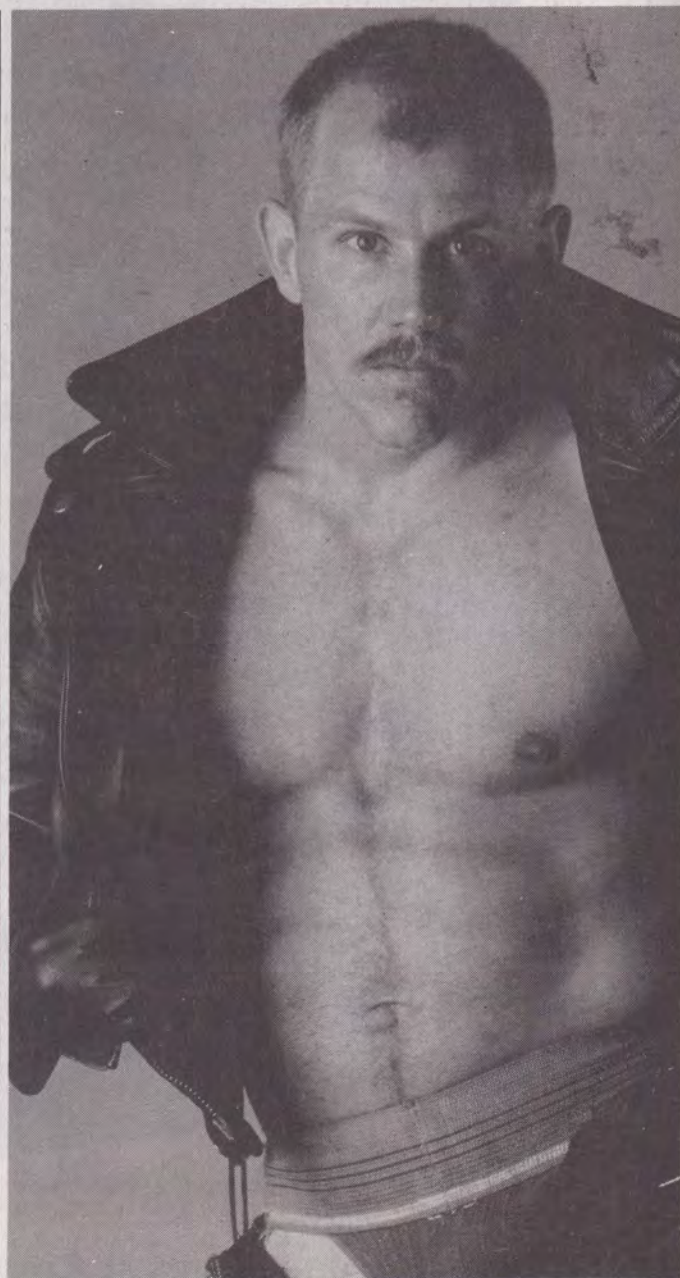
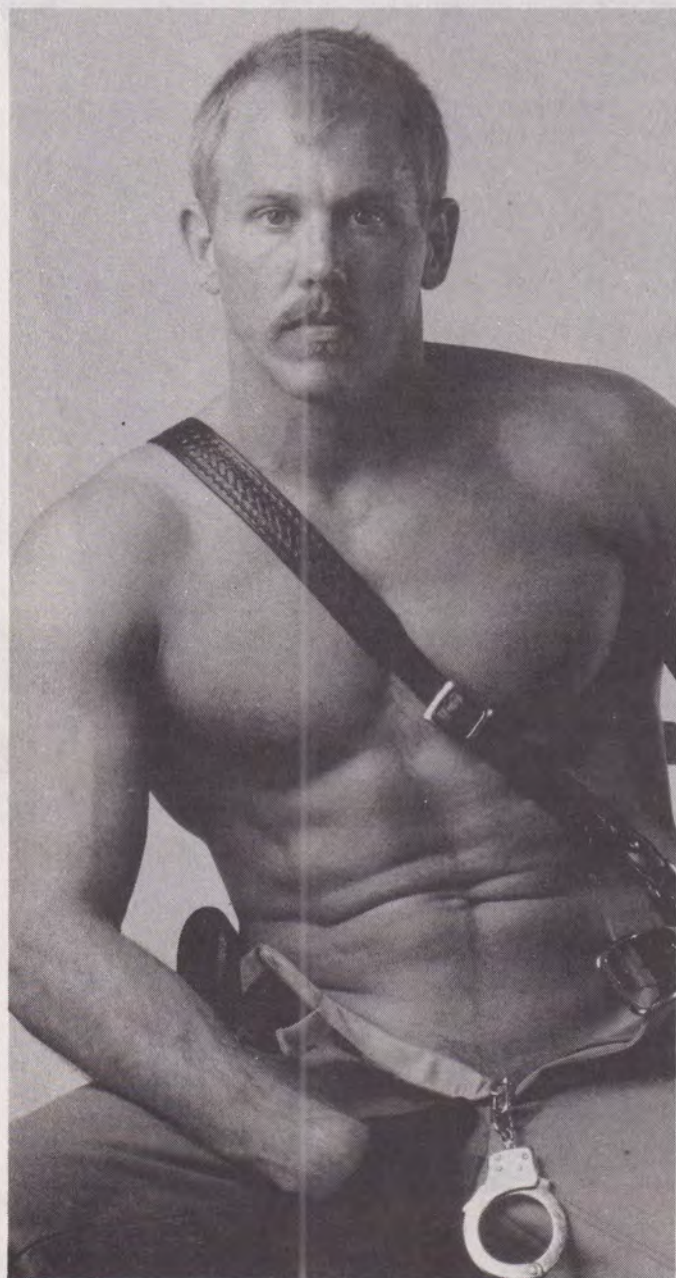
## GET IT GRAPHICALLY WITH WIGLER/THOMAS GREETING CARDS

If Colt Studios has not sated your appetite for elegantly presented photographs of glamorous leathersmen in luxe black and white, *Drummer* can indeed tell you where to look for more of the same. Perhaps you already have a 1989 calendar, but you're in the market for a greeting card to send to that special someone, a card brimful of amazing blondboy leatherattitude.

Photographer Jim Wigler—he of the internationally acclaimed "Faces of AIDS" exhibits—has teamed up with that absolute nonpareil of sweet blond fuckability, Coulter Thomas, International Mr. Leather 1983, in the publication of a line of twelve different greeting cards. These cards say just about all that needs to be said about leathermuscles or the innocence that can be contained in a sexually heated frown. Wigler is one of the few photographers around who knows how to make leather look like a sparkling black gift from the stargazed sun. And on Coulter the effect is somewhat wanton, if somewhat debonair. So it's that time of year—the

holidays—when you want to tell someone special something (someone just like Coulter, we should be so lucky, right) secretive that you've been putting off.

Like *I love you it's Christmas let's fuck our brains out right here right now under the tree but first let me give you this card because I'm tonguetied and reticent and shy as charming Colt Thomas* . . . Let Wigler and Thomas express the sentiment for you with their photographic images of seductive Coulter showing off his blond prettyboy naughtiness in twelve different erotic moods ranging from suckable blondcock revelation to absolute leathersneer. Jim Wigler has captured the hottest, the poutiest, the most succulent photographic leather shots of Colt Thomas (who looks as if he's on the verge of orgasm on every card) ever put on film. The Wigler/Thomas cards are available in sets of twelve, with each card having a different photo on the front. The cost is \$15 per set. Please add \$2 postage and handling per set. Order from: **Do You Get It Graphics**, 808 Post Street, Suite 824, San Francisco, CA 94109. □





# DRUM









ANOTHER INTEREST  
OF MINE IS THIS  
CLUB I  
BELONG  
TO...

ER!

...I HOPE YOU  
ARE GETTING  
ALL THIS DOWN...

I'M NOT  
GOING  
TOO FAST  
AM I?

...AND I  
MUST NOT FOR-  
GET TO MENTION  
MY PA...

...MY DADDY AND I HAVE  
AN EXTRA  
SPECIAL  
RELATION-  
SHIP...

...BUT I AM  
SURE YOU  
HAVE ENOUGH  
INFORMATION ALREADY  
IN YOUR LITTLE  
NOTE PAD!

I LOOK FORWARD  
TO SEEING YOUR NEW  
MAGAZINE, "ZAP"--IF IT IS  
AS GOOD AS "DRUMMER",  
I'LL GET IT ON A REGULAR  
BASIS...

I'LL BET THAT KID WILL  
NOT GET A MORE INTERESTING  
SET OF ANSWERS ... AND WHAT  
IS MORE, I DIDN'T  
EXAGGERATE--RIGHT?



# NOTICE

## YOUR RIGHTS TO READ AND VIEW WHATEVER YOU CHOOSE ARE UNDER ATTACK BY THE U.S. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

If you enjoy and appreciate the freedom to read and see anything you choose, you will be interested to know that the Justice Department has mounted a massive attack against that very freedom and is actively and aggressively attempting to suppress films and publications that do not fall into a very narrowly-defined area of acceptability.

This action is being directed at book stores, video stores, distributors, and mail-order companies and has resulted in indictments against mail-order companies from Texas, Iowa, Tennessee, Washington, Florida, New York, Pennsylvania and Utah. [U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, July 1, 1988]. Investigations are continuing in Oklahoma, Indiana, Illinois, Mississippi, Minnesota and North Carolina. [JOHN H. WESTON].

The focus of this action is not limited to what you might find objectionable, but rather what those who are leading this attack find objectionable; and to the Reverend Joseph Chambers, who is one of the leaders in the "fight for stricter obscenity laws," and who receives support from the Reagan Administration, this could include almost anything. Rev. Chambers began his campaign against obscenity — his "odyssey" — after seeing a photograph by Annie Liebowitz of actress Debra Winger romping with her dog, Petey, in the October 1983 issue of LIFE magazine. "When I looked at that picture," he said, "I realized pornography had come...to mainstream America and that it was just completely infiltrating society." [ROLLING STONE, September 25, 1986].

People who think like Rev. Chambers are determined to control what you read and see, and they are being financed by your money — your tax dollars are paying for a very large bureaucracy in the Federal Government which is dedicated to one main objective — censorship. As Rev. Chambers' affliction clearly illustrates: Obscenity, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. People who can find obscenity in LIFE magazine cannot, and must not, be allowed to set the standards for the rest of us.

There are 93 "obscenity specialists" (Justice Department terminology) on the payroll of the Justice Department. [HARPER'S INDEX, April 1988]. The Justice Department has also been "involved in training...agents from the FBI, IRS, Customs, the Postal Service" and "will have trained close to 5,000 key individuals in the investigation and prosecution of obscenity." [UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE: OBSCENITY ENFORCEMENT REPORTER, V.1, N.II].

Millions of dollars have been allocated for the suppression of "objectionable films and publications" and yet, there are insufficient funds to combat the deadly serious problems facing our society. AIDS research, along with dozens of other programs in desperate need of government money, suffers from insufficient funding while your tax dollars are being used to censor what you see and read.

If this mis-allocation of funds outrages you — if you value the freedom to choose whatever you want to view and read — and if you don't want your films and books censored by people who still believe the world is flat, write your Senators and Congressmen in Washington and tell them you **strongly object** to any funds being allocated to the Justice Department to support the "obscenity specialists" and their agenda.

**URGENT: Soon to be introduced on the floors of the House and Senate are 2 separate pieces of legislation (sponsored by supporters of Atty. Gen. Ed Meese) which will virtually eliminate everything of a sexual nature from the public sector. Act now! Preserve your right to choose what you want to view and read.**

**PLEASE PASS THIS IMPORTANT  
INFORMATION ON TO A FRIEND**

Each state has two Senators and you will find yours listed below. Write to each of them as follows:

Alabama:	Howell Heflin Richard Shelby
Alaska:	Ted Stevens
Arizona:	Frank Murkowski Dennis De Concini
Arkansas:	John McCain Dale Bumpers
California:	David Pryer Alan Cranston Pete Wilson
Colorado:	William Armstrong Timothy Wirth
Connecticut:	Lowell Weicker Christopher Dodd
Delaware:	William Roth Joseph Biden
Florida:	Lawton Chiles Bob Graham
Georgia:	Sam Nunn Wyche Fowler
Hawaii:	Daniel Inouye Spark Matsunaga
Idaho:	James McClure Steven Symms
Illinois:	Alan Dixon Paul Simon
Indiana:	Richard Lugar Dan Quayle
Iowa:	Charles Grassley Tom Harkin
Kansas:	Robert Dole Nancy Landon
Kentucky:	Wendell Ford Mitch McConnell
Louisiana:	J. Bennett Johnson John Breaux
Maine:	William Cohen George Mitchell
Maryland:	Paul Sarbanes Barbara Mikulski
Massachusetts:	Edward Kennedy John Kerry
Michigan:	Donald Riegle, Jr. Carl Levin
Minnesota:	David Durenberger Rudy Boschwitz
Mississippi:	John Stennis Thad Cochran
Missouri:	John Danforth Christopher Bond
Montana:	John Melcher Max Baucus
Nebraska:	J. James Exon David Karnes
Nevada:	Chic Hecht Harry Reid
New Hampshire:	Gordon Humphrey Warren Rudmann
New Jersey:	Bill Bradley Frank Lautenberg
New Mexico:	Pete Domenici Jeff Bingaman
New York:	Daniel Moynihan Aphonse D'Amato
North Carolina:	Jesse Helms Terry Sanford
North Dakota:	Quentin Burdick Kent Conrad
Ohio:	John Glenn Howard Metzenbaum
Oklahoma:	David Boren Don Nickles
Oregon:	Mark Hatfield Bob Packwood
Pennsylvania:	John Heinz Arlen Specter
Rhode Island:	Claiborne Pell John Chafee
South Carolina:	Strom Thurmond Ernest Hollings
South Dakota:	Larry Pressler Thomas Daschle
Tennessee:	James Sasser Albert Gore
Texas:	Lloyd Bentsen Phil Gramm
Utah:	Jake Garn Orrin Hatch
Vermont:	Robert Stafford Patrick Leahy
Virginia:	John Warner Paul Trible
Washington:	Daniel Evans Brock Adams
West Virginia:	Robert Byrd John Rockefeller IV
Wisconsin:	William Proxmire Robert Kasten
Wyoming:	Malcolm Wallop Alan Simpson



Date \_\_\_\_\_

The Honorable Joseph Biden  
Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee  
Room 489, Russell Office Building  
Washington, DC 20510

Dear Senator Biden:

I urge you to convey to the entire Judiciary Committee my opposition to the legislation sponsored by Senator Thurmond (S-2033) and by Senator Green (S-703).

I strongly object to any legislation which infringes on my rights to read and view anything I choose and I protest the expenditure of United States Government funds for the suppression of so-called "obscene material."

I believe any adult has the constitutional right to read and view whatever he or she chooses without interference from any person or group, and I am opposed to censorship in any form.

Respectfully,

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Print Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

The Honorable Peter Rodino  
Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee  
Room 2462, Rayburn House Office Building  
Washington, DC 20515

Dear Mr. Rodino:

I urge you to convey to the entire Judiciary Committee my opposition to the legislation sponsored by Mr. Hughes (HR-3889) and by Mr. Green (HR-1213).

I strongly object to any legislation which infringes on my rights to read and view anything I choose and I protest the expenditure of United States Government funds for the suppression of so-called "obscene material."

I believe any adult has the constitutional right to read and view whatever he or she chooses without interference from any person or group, and I am opposed to censorship in any form.

Respectfully,

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Print Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

One of these letters should be sent to your own Senators and Representatives.

Date \_\_\_\_\_

The Honorable \_\_\_\_\_  
Member of the Senate [Your Senator]  
Washington, DC 20510

Dear Senator \_\_\_\_\_:  
[Last Name]

I strongly object to any legislation which infringes on my rights to read and view anything I choose and I protest the expenditure of United States Government funds for the suppression of so-called "obscene material."

I urge you to vote against Senate Bill S-2033 sponsored by Senator Thurmond.

Respectfully,

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Print Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

The Honorable \_\_\_\_\_  
Rayburn House Office Building [Your Representative]  
Washington, DC 20515

Dear \_\_\_\_\_:  
[Your Representative]

I strongly object to any legislation which infringes on my rights to read and view anything I choose and I protest the expenditure of United States Government funds for the suppression of so-called "obscene material."

I urge you to vote against the legislation sponsored by Mr. Hughes (HR-3889) and by Mr. Green (HR-1213).

Respectfully,

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Print Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(NOTE: If you wish to receive a response, print your name and address clearly. Your name will not end up on any lists.)

Or you can send a Western Union telegram as follows:

I strongly object to government suppression of so-called obscene material. I urge you to vote against S-2033.

This telegram will cost \$7.95 and can be charged to your telephone bill or a major credit card. Send one to each Senator from your state.



# 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 (repeat, 60) days for your ad to appear. WE MEAN IT.

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

**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 25¢ for the first ounce, 20¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 45¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose seventy-five cents (**75¢**) 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,

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.

no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember, the US Postal Service will not return mail without **your** return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.

**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

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

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

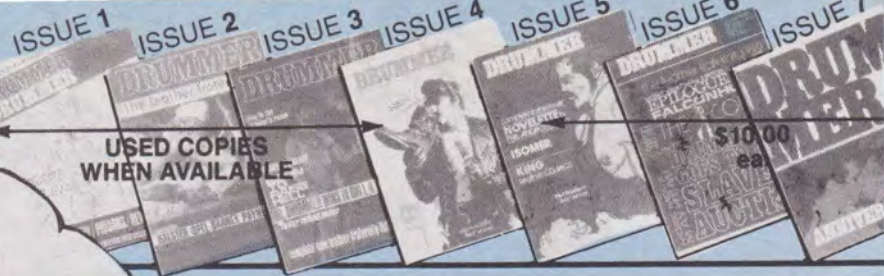
Card No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

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.





**TO ORDER  
BACK ISSUES OF  
DRUMMER  
SEE PAGE 80**

# DEARSIR:

## NATIONWIDE

### ONE NIGHT ONLY

Aggressive bottom looking for one night of being completely controlled. Bind me, gag me, make me beg for more. You're in control (if you're man enough). Send your photo and detailed letter of intent. Box 6692.

### CREWCUTS, USMC HI & TIGHTS

Flattops, haircutting, or bodyshaving turn you on? Meet others sharing these interests. Video, photos, local parties, newsletter. CLIP-PERS, Box 5871, Santa Monica, CA 90405.

### LATE NITE JERK-OFF RETURNS

Exchange stories! Let's tie him down; gag him; roll his nipples; frig his butt; tickle him mercilessly; then milk his dick for a finale! Straight and bi-guys who need (cock) control... punks, thugs, cops, military, jocks, and businessmen. Mr. N.P., PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Box 6695LF.

### 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. John, (212) 889-5477.

### GLOVES/UNIFORMS/CIGARS

Hot dude looking for others into skintight black leather gloves, police/Nazi uniforms, Marlboros & cigars. Shiny black leather boots, uniform trousers, black police shirt, Sam Browne belt, black tie, armband, hat, and skintight black leather gloves holding Marlboro or cigar. All answered, photos returned. Box 6171

### BOTTOM 28 6'1" 170 LBS

Masculine male cunt will submit to young tough master and friends 18-25. Into humiliation, discipline, bondage, whipping, verbal abuse, being fucked, cocksucking. Randy, PO Box 90812, Long Beach, CA 90809.

### ASIAN BOY SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVE

Forcing, no pain, VA, WS, suck rim. Fantasies letter/photo. Tuanh, PO Box 361142, Los Angeles, CA 90036-9542.

### BOARD-STRAP-LIGHTS-ACTION

DC AREA levi guy 5'10", 175 seeks studs into swapping, getting, or giving ass punishment with the frat paddle, razor strop, etc. Can make home videos. Like tit work, crotch worship, etc. Ass kicking, other rough stuff, restraint optional. Box 27082, Washington, DC 20038.

### ENGLISH CANE SIX OF THE BEST

Cute, bad, English schoolboy 29, 5'6", 135 lbs. Great buns. Must report to Sir, pants down, bend over, six of the very best, yeow! That whip-like English cane really hurts! Now, drop those white nylon undies too! For six more, harder still, heowh, ouw no more! But there will be more, until he learns to kiss Sir's ass & suck on Sir's shitty used undies like he's told. Maybe 20 strokes with a belt, or 30 with a paddle, even a long hard spanking. Sir is young strong & handsome, smart, white shirt, tie, etc. Are you Sir? Then write to Mark. Photo guarantees reply. PO Box 127972, San Diego, CA 92112.

### GERMAN LEATHER BIKER SON

6', 180, bl/bl, 25, good-looking college stud, looking to serve Master, take care of your boots, leather, tits, and cock. Serve Daddy under 35, tall, big, to expand, explore my limits, turn me into your obedient son. I'm motivated, straight acting and enjoy motorcycles, leathers, outdoors and sex. Box 6173LF

### BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot, tan, W/M slave animal, 34, 5'9", 172 lbs., blond, seeks demanding, innovative, muscular, hung Black Master for workouts, S/M, CBT, paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek/French, B/D just about anything, uniforms, fantasy action. Master may write to Zack, PO Box 14630, Phoenix, AZ 85035. Letter, phone, photo, instructions, please... (LF6406)

### CUM ON SON

Dad wants you for hot safe action in leather, jockstraps, body-hugging spandex. T/T, V/A, shaving, fantasy trips, exhibitionism, body worship, Dad can give or take. Son top or bottom. Have toys to play with. Photo/phone—Al, Box 1356, Mad. Sq. Sta., NY NY 10159. Box 6700LF.

### EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5'10", 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, good build and looks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance/submission, send letter with photo to: Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. Box 6398LF

### SLAVE BOY WANTED

Two hot Chicago Masters, 28/31, bearded, tattooed and pierced, seeking hot boy. Must be into heavy nipple work just like his Masters. Must be honest, into leather, discipline, bondage and fantasy. Boy will be shaved, collared and hooded. Relocation possible. Send submissive letter and photo immediately. Box 6377LF

### MUSCLE LEATHERMAN WANTED

Gay white couple, me 5'8", 155 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, mustache, 46 look 35, Nautilus body. Into CBT, VA, FF, weights, stretching, safe sex. Partner 5'9", slim, brown curly hair, blue eyes, mustache, 37 very cute into muscle body worship. Your picture gets ours. JDR, 107 Wood Hill Trail, Augusta, GA 30909.

### LOVER/MASTER WANTED

G/W/M, 30, 6'2", 175 lbs., well built, successful, educated, owns business, seeks tall, healthy, hung, in-shape, protective and caring Master/Dad 32-40 for lifemate and business partner. I seek a man who is easy going, creative, financially independent, open to new business ventures, travel. I can and will relocate. Letter and photo to Box 6703LF.

### BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

Must be muscular, butch, submissive. Interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find, no-bullshit relationship. Me: unusual WM, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., dark moustache and beard, loner, masculine, muscular, hairy. Successful, confident, in charge. Emotionally available. Not into gay scene. Landmark, 227 N. Federal Highway, Dania, FL 33004.

### NOW TAKING APPLICATIONS

for Life Partner, by successful professional GWM, 40, 6'2", 230#, black hair, beard, mustache, hazel eyes, 8"+, cwt, tattooed, pierced, Harley rider, non-smoker. Looking for a MAN who would be proud to stand beside me. For details write DPR, PO Box 572, Worthington, OH 43085-0572. Box LF6440.

### ASSMASTER

Hot bottom, 33, 6', 155 lbs., seeks hot topmen into heavy asswork, FF, toys, leather, TT, shaving, lite bondage, S/M, more. Write PO Box 1245, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

### BEND OVER!

Big-buttad tough guy wanted for hot enema-taking. Send P/P, T.J.C., PO Box 020656, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0015.

### SLAVE SEARCH

Mature bearded master accepting detailed applications photo phone from totally committed young men seeking discipline security affection relocation. PO Box 1871, Miami, FL 33168.



\$6.00 ea.

### DAD SEEKS B/B SON

Successful W/M, 36, 5'10", 155 lbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

### COUNTRY OVER LEATHER

Jeans and casual "izod." This Top doesn't wear leather. You can. Healthy GWM with lots of meat on his bones looking for bottom, possible slave. If you exist I'll relocate! I'm 37, 5'10"+s, Gr/A, 6½". Be my working "spouse." Have a career. Your artist master will be home waiting. You: slim to muscular BB. Country me wants hairy best—teddy, "bare" cubs, grizzlies, or Chicago Bear. City me likes the disciplined uniform—active service, ex-military, or cops. No heavy S&M, no smoking, no kidding, write J.C., PO Box 2479, Kensington, MD 20895.

### BB FF MASTER WANTED

Hot blonde (26) needs guidance to become the BB I know I can become. Need to expand my FF limits and add new exper. (scat, BD). College educated, experienced, healthy. Am 5'7" and beefy, 8", and looking for under 35. Willing to serve right man. Box 6762.

### SCAT NOVICE

Need experienced top to teach, lead me. Pix, instructions appreciated. Fantasy—fisted & scat at same time. Experienced also in dildoes, Gr/P, French, trips. Photo/phone, please. Box 6760.

### UNIQUE UNIFORMS

WWII sheepskin flight jackets & pants (American or RAF); Yukon jackcoats; Canadian hunter jackets; full leather turn on this over 6', 190 lb, blue-eyed, early 50's total bottom who needs a

top/daddy/master into "unique uniforms" to work him over with heavy tit torture, FF, bondage, dildoes, B&D, CBT (no French). All ages, races welcome to reply (picture, if possible). PO Box 476842, Chicago IL 60647.

### 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 area's best-equipped slave rooms. Request application. Tom, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

### LEATHER NAZI

38, 5'8", seeks same or redneck cop-type. Heavy-duty Nazi conversation. Fucking around. relationship. Geff Hewell, POB 272364, Concord, CA 94527.

### ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY BOY

Shy, passive boy/kid next door (31, 5'9", 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and mustache) seeks top muscular dad/big brother (30-45) that can guide both in brains (mentor) and brawn (BB). Enjoy rough sex and into leather, uniform, and western fantasies. Box 6232LF or call (303) 237-5515.

### SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S/M, bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 39, 6'2", 175 lbs., brown/blue. Send picture, detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039. (LF6231)

### DEEPEST, DARKEST FANTASIES

Call and let's talk hot! If machine answers, leave explicit message. I'll answer till 10 pm Pacific (213) 654-2741 after 10/3.

### SLAVE

6'1", 200 lbs., goodlooking, brown hair, brown eyes, 38 years old, a novice looking to become a slave to Master(s) in a long-term relationship. This slave looking for total worship and feeling of belonging to his Master(s). Can relocate myself. Will answer all mail. Last request before ownership is Master(s) to be 40 or under years old. This slave is ready, are you? Box 6788

### HORNY TROLLS WANTED

Attractive, tall, slim-built, hairy, 34 GWM, wants hot man to man sex with ugly, hung troll. Want to be a sex toy for your sexual pleasures. Must be ugly, hung, 40+. Interested, then write (include photo) to Drummer Box 6787

### DAD SEEKS B/B SON

Successful W/M, 36, 5'10", 155 lbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

### COUPLE SOUGHT

by lean, dark Mexican bottom, 32. Seek to develop, contribute to working, trusty, healthy, open, sexual relationship in live-in setting. Responsible, fun (sometimes partying hard), and stable partners/buddies, 21-40, desiring third mate committed to contributing and serving, everything moderately, please write. Will relocate. Box 6705LF.

### TATTOOS

Novice GM tattooist seeks correspondence with others interested in or who do Skin Art. Exchange flash. No sex. I'm in North Carolina. Box 6236LF.

### LEATHERMAN

WM, 5'6", 135 lbs., 35 yrs. old, S-P hair, hzl eyes, 6½" cut, goatee. Looking for leatherman who has tested HIV-pos and not afraid to continue with his life. Can be kinky, depends on partner, open-minded. Leatherman should be about the same. Facial hair a must. Don't be shy. Call Terry (812) 422-3786 Daddy-Son.

### LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense, prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&T, W/S, shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40, in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo, descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year-old BB, 5'8", 165 lbs., Top. LF4883

### BOTTOM/SON? CALL DAD NOW

Chicago Daddy/top seeks son/bottom for intense physical/mental relationship. Must be in shape, masculine manboy who needs to be controlled by taller (6'4") man. Into spanking, fucking, getting sucked, jocks, and creative play. Want a long-term relationship with Dad? Proud to be a boy? Serious? Call John, (312) 682-4558 after 6:30 PM Chicago time.

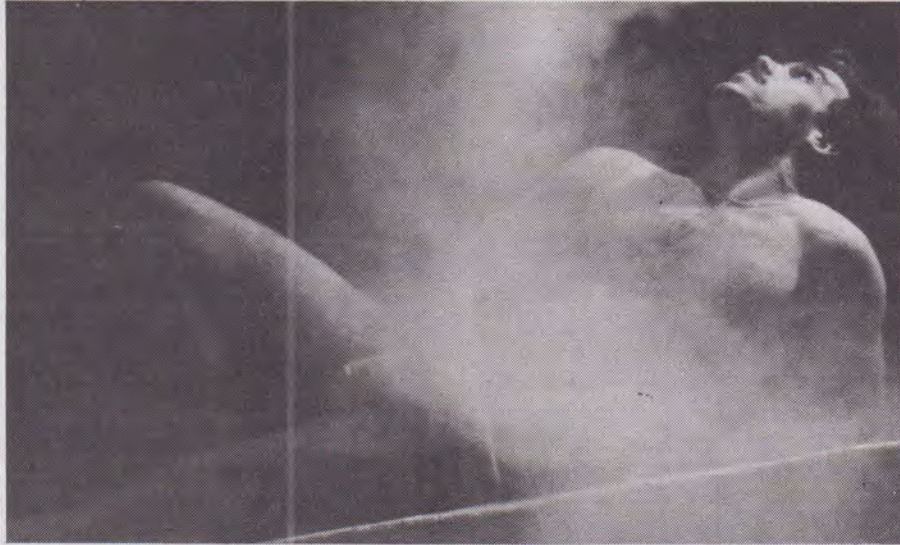
### BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED!

Dominant European guy, 38, 6'1", 160 lbs., trim, hairy, masculine, dark hair/eyes, reliable, seeks submissive professional/retired dad over 55 for lifetime relationship. Leather is great, so are business suits. Want to worship Dad but also dominate him. All scenes considered. Will relocate. Photo a must. Box 6308LF

### GOT AN ACCENT?

Want a blowjob? SF area, but I like mail. Pref. skinny guys, smooth dark skin. Box Alpha.

# Unique Entertainment for MEN!



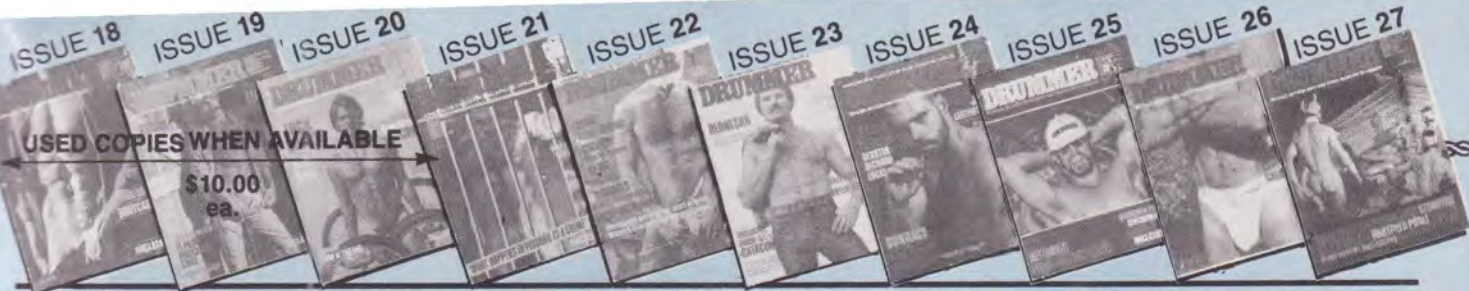
## Men Behind Bars IV

This entertainment extravaganza is named for the beefy bartenders who teamed up with popular gay comedians, performers, dancers and drag queens for this totally unique variety show. This is a *Limited Edition Tape* - not available in the future. Send \$49.95 plus \$2 shipping to MEN, One United Nations Plaza, San Francisco, CA 94102. California residents please add 6.5% tax..



Name \_\_\_\_\_ ☐ VHS ☐ Beta/\$1  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City/St/Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 MC/Visa# \_\_\_\_\_ Exp \_\_\_\_\_





#### GENTLE MASTER

50s, tall, slender, bald, glasses, educated, seeks thin, quality-type live-in slave capable of obedience, giving and receiving love in Los Angeles. Send detailed letter, photo, and phone now to Box LF 6309. All applications answered. Box 6309LF.

#### MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

You must be under 35 for consideration as permanent live-in boy. Others for week/week-end training. Be in good shape or be ready to work out together to get there. Master is 36, 5'11", 210 lbs., blue/blond, demanding—leather, Levis, boots, whips, bondage, pain, service, suffering and servitude. Hank, (612) 690-4167. (LF6457)

#### DESERT MANEUVERS

USMC/SEAL, BB, footballer, wrestler, cop other hot well-built WMs sought by Italian top, 35. Especially big men who need mutual pleasure to serve, or be used/abused. Almost any scene, especially pec/TT, sweat, L/L, kinky. Occ., PO Box 91181, Henderson, NV 89009.

#### 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

#### TOM OF FINLAND TYPE

in shape (5'11", 175 lbs., 42" c, 31" w), size (8" cut) and attitude, seeks same—any age or race—for mutual physique critique by photo and fantasy. After that, the future is ours. So, get it off now to this 43-year-old Tom's man at Box 6683LF

#### FATHER FIGURE WANTED

26-year-old GWM, 165 lbs., 5'10", hot, submissive seeks older, successful Master/dad to serve. I'm educated, professional, talented. Love creative play in and out of bed. Willing to relocate and ready to give you dedication and real pleasure. Bearded cigar smokers are my visual ideal, but your actions and attitude outweigh appearances. Interested? Please respond with honest letter and photo. Box 6759.

#### HEAVY PHYSICAL ABUSE-S/M

Hungry for the sadistic, dick drippin', sexual lust to trade off graphic Stockade/POW stories with other sadistic men who delight in writing about mercenary, "Rambo-type", straight studs, violently subjected, under protest and against their will to the brutality of forcible sexual violation; deliberate and unrelenting torture; and execution by hanging. Box 6757.

#### GUILLOTINE

Full-sized machine available, complete with bascule, if desired. For information about The Machine, please respond to box 6753.

#### SLAVEBOY(S) NY/NJ/PA

Handsome, experienced, muscular, trim, well-built master 36, 6'1", 150, seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary, weekend, who is trim, under 35, well built. Limitation accepted, but will expand. Novice welcome. Well designed and equipped dungeon. Write with picture to PO Box 195, New Hope, PA 18938 (LF6453)

#### HELL NIGHT

Swim jock interested in your initiation stories. Would like to find pledge master in Richmond, Virginia area. Box 6739

#### HOT PUP SEEKS INTENSE DAD

Goodlooking, clean-cut, masculine, educated and hard-working 30-year-old, 5'7", 150 lbs boy with blond hair and blue eyes desires relationship with masculine, intelligent man 45 and under. Facial looks and race unimportant but hard body is. Into BB and to act as trainer/coach for son, a man who is capable of guidance through mental and physical domination plus the ability to strike a balance of being powerful, sometimes (sexually) brutal yet caring and a positive, protective force. Boy is an excellent cocksucker with long hanging shaved bull balls that beg for abuse. Nice boy-dick that needs slapped and pulled on by strong hands. Shaved pecs need hard, punching fists to make them red-hot only to be soothed by a man's tongue, spit and piss. Pleading eyes that beg for a slap on the face, a fist on the jaw, and a clenching, choking hand around his neck. A mouth that craves deep tonguing, spit, sweat and rough cock plowing plus a virgin, pussy-boy buttohole that needs a sheathed cock buried deep inside it. Also want to experience VA, bondage, cock control, gloves, rubber, hoods, leather and boot licking. This boy has no family, is only into SAFE SEX but NOT into: bars, booze, drugs, feds, gay scene, fantasy or bullshit! Want a real man—a real relationship. Chicago area. Possibly relocate for right man. Answer only with photo (returned) and descriptive letter. C'mon Dad—in the face of the AIDS nightmare, isn't it time to finally settle down and have the best of both worlds? Box 6742

#### WICCAN MASTER AND HIS SLAVE

are interested in networking with similar-minded men. Absolutely no Satanists, please. Also wants to locate man to do quality processing of 35mm b/w &/or color film. Write: Panman, PO Box 80053, Mpls., MN 55408

#### I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W/M, 42, 5'9", 150 lbs., beard, pierced, seeks in-shape blacks and others into pain, torture, verbal humiliation, heavy tit/ball pulling, twisting, pinching, stretching, vacuum pumping. Beer drinkers, safe raunch, spit, W/S, etc. Safe Sex. Satanism. Work 3-11 PM. Call or write anytime. Karl, 836 Wheeler St., Woodstock, IL 60098. (615) 338-9137. (LF6508)

#### YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

Attractive 30 year old, 6'2", 195, blue eyed businessman Daddy wants permanent slaveboy/houseboy to take care of. Young boys to 25, intelligent, very attractive slaves into all forms of sleaze and kink with no limits, permanent live-in for right son. If you want a Dad that will love you for you and not just the raunchy sex, send photo and detailed letter. Box 6707LF.

#### WALT WHITMAN TYPE DRUMMER DADDY

(artist) awaits volunteer model top for new wave paintings and drawings. 25-55. Some bondage: safe, physical intimacy. Modest room and board, no wage. Lifetime or long-term relationship possible. Serious-minded suit-wearer a plus. 47, 6', 175lbs, employed, tall, dark, and GQ handsome. Homosexuals only. Box 6270LF

#### SEEK DOMINANT SON

Executive, 57-year-old, 5'11", 172 lbs., silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks 18 to 36 to 5'9", masculine, boyish, horny jock ass stud, commanding body worship, rimming, watersports. This hot butt Dad craves verbal abuse, mild ass beating, shaving, piss, enemas, sucking. Call (415) 929-7124 (LF6242)

#### HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, S&M, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640.

#### SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

GWM, 27, 5'11", 140, black/hazel needs muscular Master to own me permanently. Master should be under 40 and into absolute mental and physical control. I need a strong overbearing man who will reduce me into his groveling slave animal thru severe torture, discipline, use and abuse. Box 6239LF

#### LEATHER/RUBBER/RAUNCH

Two bearded, booted, hung leather/rubber studs into cigars, piss, scat, aroma seek other hot, raunchy men under 40 with similar interests. Upper Midwest; some US/Europe travel. Box 6748.

#### DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

#### BOOTS LEATHER BONDAGE

Seek mature muscular top interested in boots bondage hoods oil jocks biking softball weights rigid service shaving C&B work hot lube. (312) 274-5479. Box 6260LF

#### ANSWER THIS AD

only if you are of superior intelligence, sadistic, trustworthy, healthy, nice-looking. Masochist offers lifetime partnership, based upon rape, gratifying our mutual perversions. Relocation possible. Box 6729.

#### MUSCLELEATHER

If you're turned on by well-built men over 35 who need the feel and smell of leather, then this 5'8", 165 lbs. bodybuilder wants to hear from you. Muscle and leather is what I'm into. If you are serious about this combination, write me. Your photo gets mine. Box 6237LF.

#### NEED CONTROL/TRAINING?

Responsible 6', 180#, 7" hairy-bodied Dad seeks honest, obedient, masculine, caring son, 18-40, able to relocate in Northwest. Not live-in. Bondage, shaving, enforced periodic chastity/milking, restrictive/penetrating/stretching/locking/clamping devices, piercing, corporal punishment, exercise, ball toughening, full-time genital harness. Box 4675LF.

#### SHAVEN PIG

WM, blond, good shape, good looks, 29, shaven to crotch, ripe smelly pits/crotch/ass. Dig sweat, smell, piss and shit, fuckin and suckin, poppers and pot. Looking for masculine, somewhat dominant WM, in good shape (like me: 5'11", 165, 40" chest, 31" waist), 21-35, with a filthy stinkin body into long slimy, sweaty fuck sessions. New England area or if you can travel—anywhere. Good descriptive letter and phone makes photo optional. Box 6738.

#### SAFE RAUNCH

Wanted men any race. Age 25-65. Must be top or mutual. Into W/S, shit, BD, verbal abuse, spankings, fantasies. All scenes done safely. I am 23 Black and muscular. Relationship possible. No Satanists. Letter, photo, phone appreciated. Box 6736.

#### 300# GWM SADIST MASTER 48

Any age, race, looks but slim, skinny or muscular build. Long sessions 2 or 3 times daily. Relationship possible. Send photo with shirt off for inspection along with letter of limits and other details. Mr. Jones, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, Minnesota 55433.

#### READY FOR THE REAL THING?

Creative master, rugged attractive early fifties, offers trim slaves under 45 weekend training in erotic facility W/M you have only read or fantasized about becomes reality. Descriptive letter receives application. Become exceptional slave once and for all! Tom, Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123. Box 5760LF

#### HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

Bitch/baby's hot writhing male cunt/pussy desires harsh man-handling to make me gasp with pleasure/pain. Command this whore on perverted ways to service you. Shaved gash/twat welcomes your dork or fist with lubricated, extruded lips. Write kinky intentions. Your picture gets mine. Box 6376LF

#### HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126

#### BONDAGE, WHIPPING, AND TORTURE!

Turned on by movie torture scenes of muscular heros and diabolical villains? Like Cavello rather than leather? W/M, 38, lean, muscular, masculine, versatile, healthy, nice guy seeks similar, young, in-shape buddy for hot, sweaty, erotic, injury-free scenes. Good fun, great sex, possible permanent relationship. Box 6129LF.

#### TRUCKERS/TRAVELERS I-95

Handsome officer seeks truckers and other rugged masculine travelers on I-95 through Southeast Georgia. Let's drop our drawers and spread our legs for a full-crotch tongue-bath at my place or your motel. Well-built masculine types ONLY. Send photo for reply. I'm mid-30s, well built/endowed. Box 5724, Savannah, GA 31414

#### TRAVELING SON

30s, 5'10", 150 lbs., am into Fr, Gr, hot ass/buns, FF, spanking, light S/M, recycled beer shower and 3-ways. Top only for FF, prefer bottom for the rest. Travel frequently from Chicago to Chattanooga, TN; Des Moines to Cleveland; Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5296LF

#### I'M NOT A SLAVE

Only a real master stands a chance at making me one. If you're tough enough to command my respect and obedience; up to training someone who's not sure he wants to be; and into prolonged bondage, send orders. Suite 22, 1530 Locust, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

#### PRISON FANTASIES

Prison rape, bondage in electric chair, gas chambers, head and body shaving, leather, rubber, CB&T, TT. Box 6521.

#### MANHOLE SPECIALIST—SKIER

Goodlooking W/M, 47, total top FF seeks handsome snow skier companion, bottom, under 42, who likes butt opened for a day or season of skiing. Call Long Beach (213) 438-0917.

#### DOWN UNDER LEATHERMAN

Hot Australian male, 33, 6'2", 180 lbs. Lives in country beach-house with well equipped Dungeon in Sydney, invites other Top-Men (USA only) to try to dominate this master of bondage, shaving, and heavy SM. To broaden his experiences, by written fantasy, photos, phone or in person. (Macintosh user) Box 6732LF. (International Postage required).





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**RANCH/FARM SLAVE FOR HIRE**

6'2", 185 lbs., youthful, goodlooking, masculine, Navy vet, no vices, disease free, sensible, intelligent, middle-aged, horse farm experience, can operate tractors, trucks, etc. You: owner of sizable, operating ranch/farm wanting hot hunk for physical labor, slave training and discrete, lasting relationship. Modest pay required. Box 6616LF.

**LEATHER TOP NEEDED**

WM, 29, 5'5", 135 lbs., bottom, looking for tough demanding TOPS into S/M, B/D, CBT, T/T, whips, electricity, leather, boots, toys, playrooms, poppers, torture scenes. Anxious to expand all limits. Prefer tall arrogant Leatherman into all facets of S/M. Willing to try almost anything. Live in Vancouver but can travel. Photo is possible. Beards and motorcycle a plus. Box 6619LF.

**HOT/READY TO PLEASE, SIR!**

Hot young muscular bottom likes to service dominant top leathermen. Slap my ass while you ram my tight hot hole. Need to suck hard thick cock and eat your hot manhole. Cops—Military—Truckers—Gym Teachers—Cowboys. Ride me Sir! Write Box 6624LF. Hot talk, call Rob anytime. 312-472-5664.

**ENEMA BOY WANTED**

Relaxed, laid-back, nonleather GWM Daddy/Master, 45, 6', 190, good physique, hairy, balding, big dong, safe. Seeks submissive boy, good physique (prefer smooth), CRAZY for SOAPY ENEMAS (plus???), no scat, must travel. Revealing photo(s), phone, detailed letter to Rob-Personal, Box 870, Manor, TX 78653.

**BIG BEAR**

GWM, 39, 5'9", 320#, beard, blonde (ball on top), moderately hairy, cut, playful. Seeks HAIRY men (all shapes and sizes), BEARS, bellies, heavy/fat men, mustaches, beards for hot safesex, gentle to rough: cuddling, massage, TITPLAY, sweat, wrestling, bodypunching, etc. Leather/trucker/biker/farmer/blue-collar types welcome. Write with photo to PO Box 3992, Rock Island, IL 61204-3992.

**DUNGEON WAITING FOR LEATHERMEN**

Top and bottom/Top couple with full dungeon equipped loft in Village (NYC) waiting to provide pleasure to hot leathermen and kinky guys into safe/sane activity. Private sessions or party times. Several gathering every month. Write: 2nd floor, 183 Christopher St., New York, NY 10014. We carry on in Mineshaft tradition.

**HUNKY FOOT MAN**

Tattooed weightlifter is nosing out Foot Men into Feetsoxgymshoesthicktoedsweatodors jockscrowcutroughpuncheshomdomination orderstrainingleatherbootstoughsubmission. Box 3338LF

**ATLANTA COUPLE**

would like to exchange photos of leathermen who enjoy bondage. Photos of you gets photos of us. Photos of hoods, gags and hard-bound muscles a plus. PO Box 55125, Atlanta, GA 30308.

**SM LEATHER LIFESTYLE**

WM, 40, 5'11", 195, brn. hair and eyes, seeks others for mutual pain and pleasure. S&M, B&D, TT, piercing, shaving, watersports, enemas, hoods, gags, toys, aroma, smoke turn you on??? Primarily bottom but have had training and can switch for the right person if that's what you want... Let's trade photos and phone numbers. All letters acknowledged... Get your leather ready!!! Box 5514LF

**HARD-MUSCLED FARMER**

This middle-aged farmer is looking for an upbeat, aggressive partner into motorcycles, leathers, boots, tight butts, muscles, hard work, sweaty armpits, sensitive tits, and REAL bondage (top or bottom) as a daily way of life. My specs: Scandinavian, hard physique, HIV-negative, Relocation possible. Write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

**RUBBER/RAUNCH/CIGARS**

Cigar-smoking, foulmouthed rubber raunch pig WM, 43, 5'10", 160, beard, uncut, seeks other uninhibited raunch pigs, especially in the Boston, MA area. Uninhibited raunch including piss, shit, fun drugs, booze, leather, uniforms, lots of smoke & rubber, CBT/T, enemas, catheterization, Satanism, etc. Box 6438LF

**EXOTIC BIRD BREEDER**

who is also bottom into FF, dildoes & leather would like to hear from any other AFA, NCS or bird persons. Looking to increase knowledge & limits. Washington state. Box 6116LF

**MOTORCYCLE/MOUNTED COPS**

Looking for dominant guys who are into motorcycle cop uniforms, spurred black boots and equipment for cop on cop(s) fantasy scenes. You should be into boots, leather, uniforms, bondage and cop workovers. Need info on how to get genuine police motorcycle helmets. Box 8204, Richmond, VA 23226. (LF6366)

**BE DADDY'S MUSCLE BOY**

Eastwood daddy, 42, mean and hung, auditioning healthy, obedient slaveboy BB, 18-30, anxious to please and train for BB competition for daddy's pleasure and public display. If not smooth, will be shaved. Send interesting photo and imaginative letter of application. Box 6356LF

**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 live-in slave. Demands total submission/obedience. Expect to be used. Live in L.A. Plea to Box 6349LF

**PROPERTY**

Trained mature houseboy, body servant, 5'11", 160, secure, healthy, rarely used for SM. Would be honored to again serve a MASTER(S) whose interests would include total mental/physical domination and complete retraining resulting in a piece of exemplary slave property existing solely for its MASTER'S pleasure, well-being and lifestyle. Box 6369LF

**CROSS-COUNTRY TRUCKER**

Looking for one special man to build life together. I'm honest, hardworking, responsible, strong, successful, understanding, masculine, 35, goodlooking, serious bodybuilder. Background: college, Air Force, construction, crane/heavy equipment operator, trucking. Enjoy working out, riding motorcycles, being outdoors, raising/training horses/dogs, wearing leather, good friends. Box 6550LF

**TRAINING & GUIDANCE**

First the blue hankie right, then the red hankie right, now gloves and more than one hand. Keys on the right and a ring in my right tit. Ball stretchers, ball weights on the sling. Is it time for the black hankie and slave collar? Training and guidance sought. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033

**WRESTLE DAD TIL HE'S HAD**

Wrestle Daddy's hot ass down on the mat. If you're good you can pin him And fuck him in 4 minutes flat. For a change of pace fuck and sit on his face—His hands tied in back with his nose up your crack. Bob, Miami, 305 274-4773 after midnight. Travel everywhere. Box 6509LF

**DEAR SIR: WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!****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, Suite 296, 105 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

**MANHOLE SPECIALIST**

Long beach, FF Top, white, 47, good-looking, 5'9", 155 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, seeks white 21-40, good-looking, masculine, in-shape, FF Bottom, for long, safe butt sessions. Will be traveling North America in 1989 so also seek response from FF Bottoms Nationwide. PO Box 3912, Long Beach, CA 90803, or call (213) 438-0917. Married & bisexual also welcome to apply.

**BRUTAL MASTERS**

Slave is looking for very heavy scenes with one or several Masters. Bondage, torture, heavy flogging, hoods, electrocution, immobilization, piss, cigarettes. Pig slave is 29 and like to be punched and kicked by both blacks and whites. Box 6492LF. (International Postage required).

**COWBOYS, TRUCKERS, CONSTRUCTION WORKERS**

Passing thru Connecticut, stop and meet two guys for a hot but safe time. One 5'9", 165, WM, 40s. Second, 6'1", 185, WM, 50. Located near I-95. Stop to explore your desires. If interested drop a note so we can send you a phone number. Box 6225LF

**SMOKER'S COCKSUCKER**

to service macho bikers, truckers & rednecks. Smoke Marlboro, Camels or cigars while this cute little cum/piss boy does his job. A man needs a cocksucker to dump a load into. Poppers, beer, piss, sweat, tattoos, VA, BJ lineups, foulmouths, hung dicks, beards. Bring me to my knees full time for groups of bikers, truckers or one-on-one. You'll cum, Buddy! Box 6347

**ALABAMA****LEATHER, BONDAGE & RUBBER**

Experienced GWM 44, 5'8", 165, seeks men into leather, bondage, rubber, light-medium SM, CBT, TT, WS and raunch. Versatile. Healthy sex only. Huntsville, AL. Send detailed information, photo, phone. Box 6430LF

**ARIZONA****BOOT LOVING BOTTOM**

29-year-old kinky boot and leather lover seeks leatherclad or booted men for fun and fantasy, in person or via mail. Wet, wild, and raunchy times are a big turn-on for this bootlickin' Phoenix area slave. Replies with pics appreciated to PO Box 60245, Phoenix, AZ 85082-0245. (LF6204)

**NORTHERN CALIFORNIA****LET'S BE TOGETHER**

Are you an older (60-80), nice, stable, fatherly/grandfatherly man? Masculine yet loving and intelligent, a bit paunchy, maybe balding, mature in mind and spirit as well as in body? I'd like to meet you! I'm 39, WM, healthy, intelligent, caring, idealistic. I live in East Oakland with a second home in Duluth MN. Originally from Michigan and still like the Great Lakes area a lot. I've done freelance photography and construction work. Now semi-retired, still work my contracting business part-time. I love building wood sailing ship models, also enjoy photography and fine woodworking as hobbies. I am also interested in working for an ecologically and economically sound, livable and just world in which to live. My volunteer activities range from the local block association to efforts at getting national health care in America. I enjoy card and board games, a good discussion on solving the world's problems, shared hobbies, or just relaxation and meditation. A good movie or nice walk makes a wonderful evening out. I'm totally open about who and what I am—neither hide nor flaunt it. I'd want to share with you the open and excellent relations I have with my family. Holidays together with family would be wonderful! I want to travel through life with a nice older man of kindred spirits, sharing mind, body, soul, ideals—maybe career (am open to learning a new line of work or sharing my present skills). If you're retired we can share hobbies, travel, volunteer activities. We are both healthy, have been careful, want to be monogamous, don't care much for smoking or drinking, don't use drugs at all. Life has many wonderful natural highs. Why drown that in chemicals? Liking ourselves and not trying to be something else is really important. Our natural scents and tastes are one of life's high points. A bath once or twice a week is fine; more often only strips away our wonderful natural scent. I'd love to have you sit on my face, farting up my nose, maybe drop a turd in my mouth... whatever comes naturally... as I sniff your hot, pungent, brown hole and lovingly caress and refresh it with my warm, wet tongue. And relieve you by taking your dick in my mouth to swallow down your sperm, maybe a leak now and then too. Plus lots of good old-fashioned holding, cuddling, being secure in each other's arms. This is such a glorious expression of manly love that spans the generations. I'm not into toys, substances, pain or strong role-playing. I do want close, deep relations on all levels... in and out of bed, through good times and bad times. If you truly relate to what I've said, I want to hear from you (include phone). I'm writing this for far more than a quick fling, so read it over and do some serious thinking—then if you feel we may be good for one another, man, I would like to make contact very much. Ken Bowers, 5626 Scoville, Oakland CA 94621.



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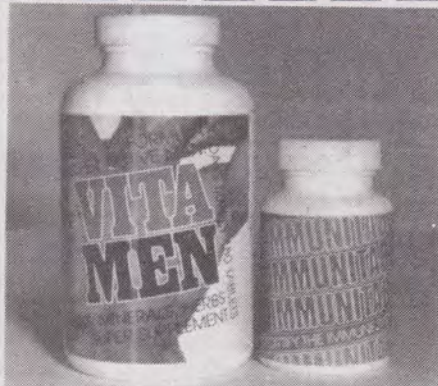
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If you are a young man, aged 21 to whatever, after cleaning up your act, may we suggest you perfect your diet. You are whatever goes inside you. And VITA-MEN was designed by dedicated doctors to do just that, buddy.

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San Francisco, CA. Dealer inquiries invited.





#### BODYBUILDER TOP

W/M, 5'11", 46" c, 34" w, 17" a, 24" thighs, moustache, bald, oversexed. Into light S&M, some bondage, light torture, face-fucking, fucking, rimming, hot sweaty action! Interests: animal workouts, Sci-Fi movies, ethnic foods. You: VERSATILE, non-pushy, moustache, 30+, trim. PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101. No drugs, FFA. Relationship possible.

#### BONDAGE SLAVE

Into long-term bondage, confinement, sensory deprivation, captivity & punishment. Into the severest, tightest, most inescapable prolonged leather bondage. Plan to move to San Francisco in May 1989. I'm 45, 5'11", 175 lbs. Box 6786

#### 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

#### BIG BEAR HUNTING IN THE AFTERNOON

Teddy Bear types, black bears or polar (white) bears. Big, tall hairy bears with thick, fat, long dicks. Bellies a+ but not a must. I'm 5'10", brown hair and eyes, average build, and not into SM, just good old-fashioned roll-in-the hay sex. Send photo to Box 5151

#### SLAVE NEEDS TO BE TRAINED

And disciplined by Master/Daddy. Slave craves physical and verbal abuse, wants Master to share slave with his friends. My pleasure is: bondage, boots, restraints, F/F, tit and butt work, collars, leather, gangbang, S/M, watersports, toys, humiliation, getting fucked, paddled spankings, chains & servicing my Master. I am young black male, 5'10", 145 lbs., 8 in. cut. Black hair and mustache, brown eyes. Send photo, phone & letter to Box 6676LF.

#### WM SEEKS DADDY-MASTER

35, 5'10", 140 lbs., bl/bl, smooth. Primarily relationship-oriented. Enjoy collars, CBT/TT, boot/leather service. Looking for educated/stable man to serve—hopefully on a long-term basis. SF Photo appreciated, all answered. Box 6679LF.

#### SEEKING MASOCHIST

Experienced SF sadist with lots of toys 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, paddling and whatever other poisons the M wishes to pick. S is tall, early 40s, cut, nonsmoker, neg, intel, health and safety conscious. M must be neg, nonsmoker, cut 30-45, good cocksucker, and relationship-oriented. Not into FF, scat, damage. Box 6407

#### HOT SLIM MUSCULAR BOTTOM

6'3", 170#, muscular, masculine, dark hair (crewcut), dark eyes, handsome, ex-military. Into prolonged Ass Play (FFA, Dildoes, TT, CBT, Hard dicks). Leather is big turn-on (better than being naked). Want to experience B/D, hoods, hot dreams with hot, trim, muscular, loving Top men with hot hands and big dongs. PO Box 14574 San Francisco, CA 94114-0574 or Box 6631LF.

#### WANTED/SLAVE BOY & HOMEBODY TYPE BUDDY

GWM Couple: Moving to Russian River or Coastal area. 1st Leather Daddy Top ONLY, 38, 6'1", chubby. Cut thick 7"; 2nd Versatile Levi Type 43, 5'8" Cut 5½", 150 lbs. Wanted: man/boy, versatile with small ass & waist (small or medium frame) who is Always Horny and Nicely Hung—Age 21-29 ONLY. Into Jockstraps, Gym Gear, Safe & Sane Light B&D, Titwork, Toys, Tongue Bath, Assplay, Massages, Kissing & Cuddling, and also into leather or levis a must. Write Sirs: Phone & Photo & Letters, for a Permanent Position & possible Relocation. Box 6408LF

#### SLIM, SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING

WM, 30, looking for hot big-dicked top/dad/buddy. Too independent for slave, but want to experience leather. Especially like hairy, uncut. Prefer 33-45, honest, sane, aware. I'm 5'6", 140, brn, grn, more than curious, and ready. So go ahead, write w/photo. Box 6209LF

#### TOPGUNS

Two hot, horny, uniformed cigar-chompin' lawmen (29 & 40) looking for a punk that needs to get used and abused. Into just about everything as long as it's kinky and safe. Looking for buddies into outdoor sex, hunting and hot workouts on the range. Box 6318LF

#### ASS SLAVE

Expert ass sucker. Novice pig slave needs training. Into all ass raunch, especially farts, food, stretched holes, shit smearing. Need Tops, bottoms and combinations for heavy duty ass sucking service. I need dirty ass, verbal abuse, shitty cock, 41, attractive, built, obedient. Please Sir, send #. Box 6682LF.

#### JUDGE/JURY/EXECUTIONER

wanted by 23-year-old blond, 6'0" tall, 160 lbs., blue-eyed cigar-smoking college boy whose cock hardens at the sight of a noose. Into cops, cigars, execution/prison scenes, military, bondage, leather, VA, hoods, gags. String me up, Sir! All scenes/people considered. Box 6310LF

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GWM couple, top 35, 5'6", 170, blond/hazel. Bottom 35, 6'2", 165, brown/blue. Looking for bottoms or couples who are into leather, FF, dildoes, CB&T, catheters, films, hoods and especially long ass play. Lover is into leather, FF, dildoes and is an animal lover. Let's get tweaked out and do a leather anal invasion. (209) 576-2260. (LF6319)

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**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

**HAIRY SF TRANSSEXUAL**

Small, submissive female-to-male transsexual (bearded, muscular, masculine; with pussy instead of cock/balls) wants big, dominant bear for occasional/regular meetings, or relationship. I'm intelligent, employed, HIV-negative, clean, natural (without addictions, adornments/jewelry, scents/deodorants); seeking same. No scat, W/S, torture; just safe-sex, bondage. Box 6783LF.

**SADISTIC BALL TORTURE**

23-year-old punk wants sadistic leatherman to tie me down and put me through the manhood ritual of brutally torturing my nuts till I talk/submit—and then going farther! I'm 6'1", 155#, blond, athletic, 7.5" with nuts of steel! Photo. PO Box 2748, Sunnyvale, CA 94087. Box 6776LF

**SEEKING HOT BONDAGE SADIST**

Hot WM 47 looking for big-dicked sadist into B/D, WS, whips, butt toys, slings; safe sex condoms, prefer PWA like me who is staying in life's hot times and safely. Box 6775LF w/photo & descrpnt.

**1988 LEATHERDADDY**

Western State Titleholder is searching Nationwide for that special boy. My boy seeks a monogamous longterm relationship with Dad in his 40s. My boy is 20-30s, and like his Dad is creative, intelligent, intimate, sensitive, HIV Neg., substance-free, physically attractive, loving, caring, human being who believes in himself and lives his dreams. If you have the wings of a young eagle and the courage to soar with me, then apply proudly to take your rightful place by my side. Send photo and personal resume to S.I.R., PO Box 1616, Guerneville, Calif. 95446. Box 6766LF

**TOP BOY NEEDED**

to break foul-mouthed, cocky jock. Interested in being tied up, then gagged, strapped down or strung up, taped, mummified, sparked, clamped, dicked, plugged, pissed on, dumped on, photographed, exhibited, used against my will. Fuck cooperation, voluntary submission, fake bondage. I want a real challenge: complete immobilization, slow torture, humiliation, degradation, 1-2 days, no escape, no mercy. Will hold still for first rope only. Me: 34, 5'7", 140, handsome, cleanshaven, smooth gymnast bod, white ass, big dick, hiv-neg. You: young, lean, tough, cleancut or punk. Not into clones, dads, hairy apes. We play rough but safe and sane. My piss/shit if force-fed, no blood, no damage, no FF. Photo, letter gets response. Box 6743.

**COMPULSIVE RAUNCH STUD**

Likes urine, nuts, nipples, feet, penis, leather, spit, boots, armpits, cockslobber, cigars, degradation, odor, beer, queer talk, mindfuck. Real goodlooking, 31, 5'11", 155, solid, healthy, bearded, intelligent, versatile/bottom. Wants masculine dude under 40 into any of the above. Box 6143LF

**BODY WORSHIP/SEX BUDDY**

29 year old, blond/blue, 5'10", 155#, masculine, athletic, gym-fit, clean-cut, boy-next-door is ready and raring to admire, worship, and orally service hot topman with humpy body... BBs, athletes (football & coach types), cops, firemen, construction workers, cowboys, etc. into posing, flexing, showing it off, giving verbal abuse, being boss! Body and cocky, confident dominant attitude before all else. Write with photo. Could have heck of a good time. Scott. Box 6749.

**FAST LEARNER**

Very handsome, 29, 6', 165 lbs., in-shape dude seeks healthy studs for W/S and scat scenes. New to the trip but catches on quickly. Box 6750.

**DOMINANT SON SOUGHT**

By Military Man/Submissive Dad. Am W/M, 40, 6', 180 lbs. Looking for younger man who wants to dominate man in uniform. White only, cleancut preferred. Box 6756.

**RUBBER**

I've got new rubber shirt and jeans and want to meet buddies with similar interests. Box 6758.

**KINKY J/O—RADICAL SAFESEX**

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**TOUGH LITTLE BLOND**

executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 32 yrs., copper beard, furry, 8" clipped, oversexed, tattooed, seeks to submit to bossman for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, shaving, ass beating, piss, TT. All available to Master who needs to dominate a together stud & turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you can rope me, you can hump me, if you can cage me, you can keep me. (Hairy preferred.) Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (LF6439)

**RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED**

Relationship oriented, 35, 5'10", 150, smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each other's clothes, odors, piss, shit, puke, etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Beards a must. PO Box 880647, San Francisco, CA 94188-0647. (LF6425)

**SM DR. SOUGHT**

By mature active GWM with stamina and drive for intense, wild, extended, safe scenes. Looking for Top into medical trips of all types. Let's meet, play and experiment together. Guarantee reply but interest is to meet, not correspond. POB 31782, SF CA 94131.

**OVER DADDY'S KNEE**

Little boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass, teach proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy, likes his ass beat with paddles, and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble butt. Bearded Daddies only. I'm 30, 5'6", 120 lbs., smooth body. Box 6486LF

**ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY**

Cunt bottom needs to serve horny, arrogant stud Top—red assed! Use verbal abuse, discipline, corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV- No drugs, please. Box 6477

**SEEKING S.F. LEATHER MASTER**

Masculine, white, 30-year-old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced letheaded top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M... but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe-sex oriented (no fluid, blood, FF). Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit. Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

**ATTENTION BOOTLICKERS**

If you place is at your master's feet, licking his boots on your knees with your shaved ass in the air, then you might qualify to be chained in my dungeon. There I will administer all you can take in the way of TT, ball weights, whipping, paddling, and WS. I am seeking a tall, trim, muscular man who appreciates being manhandled by an experienced, rough but tender master. Send nude photo, letter, and phone to Box 4988LF.

**DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET****HAYWARD TO LIVERMORE**

and vicinity. Wanted: sexy, trim bottom for repeat encounters. Submit to orders, leather harness, bondage, paddle, and more. Inexperience Okay. I'm W/M, 165 lbs., 35, handsome, with dark features, together, safe, and imaginative. Send photo (preferred), self-description, and your ideas. Box 6561LF.

**WET AND WILD**

I'm 5'6", 160 lbs., dark brown hair, green eyes, hairy chest, 32 yrs. Into watersports (non-oral), lite bondage, leather, jockstraps, tit play, oral sex. Your photo gets mine. Looking 30-40 yrs, into same. Box 6370.

**LOOKING**

Was S.O.M., into FF, WS, GP, FR A/P, leather, fantasies, "trips," older rugged men, the Slot, Hothouse, toys, playroom creativity, sensuality, new things. And still am! but willing to play carefully. Need partner into above to learn, grow with & survive with—WM 5'6", 155, brn/brn, uncut 6", hairy & motivated to live again. I'm professional, stable, into politics, volunteer service, trip music. Box 6554LF.

**HEY BOY!**

Your Daddy is looking for you. If you are naturally submissive and have a need for guidance and direction in your life, then you're my kind of boy. Also, you must be open and communicative. Call only if you are serious. Telephone (916) 391-9755.

**ASS WORSHIP**

Squat your hole over my face and let me slurp on it. Goodlooking husky 33-yr-old GWM male seeking white and Latin men who love their butts sniffed, kissed, licked, sucked on and eaten out. Also into T/T, W/S, V/A, pits, feet and lite raunch. Buddy scenes OK. 6622LF

**MASCULINE, REAL**

Hot, masculine, real pervert, 40 yrs, 6', 180#, bl/bl, masculine, sexual, friendly, inquisitive Top (it's what works) looking for similar to each achieve potential in a mutually supportive relationship. Can be mentor, big buddy, friend to honest, ethical, responsible perverted man. Let's enjoy life and each other. Assistance in relocating to California small town. Will answer all with photo, birthdate, honest letter of interests to partner. Box 6626LF

**NORTH BAY DADDY**

Leather/levis Masculine early 50's, 190 lbs., good body, pierced tits, HIV-NEG bearded professional man looking for safe sex buddy. Experienced, versatile Top prefer 50/50 man-to-man action for evening home sessions & camping-canoeing Sonoma-Mendocino. Visitors to SF wanting a break in the country welcome. Photo if available. Box 6684LF.

**YOUR PATIENT**

Japanese 35, 5'6", 135. Trim health-conscious need doctor to give me complete naked physical examination with instruments all my body. Possible photo. Box 6667.

**63-YR-OLD GRANDDAD**

seeks submissives of all ages who will suck, rim, drink, & submit to V/A, B/D, G/S & Raunch. Any combination, all fantasies, provided the ultimate goal is to sexually please this dirty old man! Box 5943LF.

**HIV POS BOY WANTED**

HIV+, W/M, 44, 5'11", 170#, mustache, bald, swimmer's build, leather/military mindset, demanding but understanding, sensitive, caring, non-bar. You: trim, mustache, need leader, support. Discipline? employed, quiet, well-behaved, passive, respectful. Light leather play. No drugs, FFA, headtrips, power plays. PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101.

**SMALL MASTER WANTED**

WM slave, 5'6", 145, seeks domination, discipline, humiliation from short/lightweight Master. Into body worship, armpits, verbal abuse, leather. Especially seek to grovel at the feet of a Black/Asian Master. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

**BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM**

Very handsome, masculine, muscular, bottom. L/L. BM 39, 6'1", 178 lbs., healthy, intelligent athlete. Needs training in B/D, S&M, TT, shaving, prolonged assplay, toys. Seeks commanding, imaginative, experienced Top, hung and muscular. Safe and sane, Sir. Photo & phone. Box 5959LF.

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Very experienced/uninhabited bottom, with well equipped playroom for prolonged heavy scenes. Seeks pure Tops that can push/expand/find limits. Box 6721.

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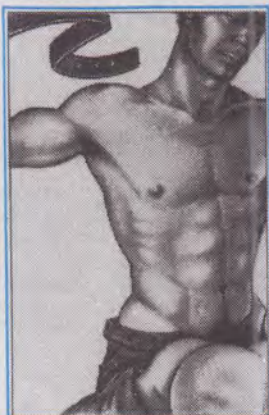
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
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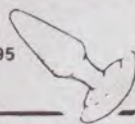


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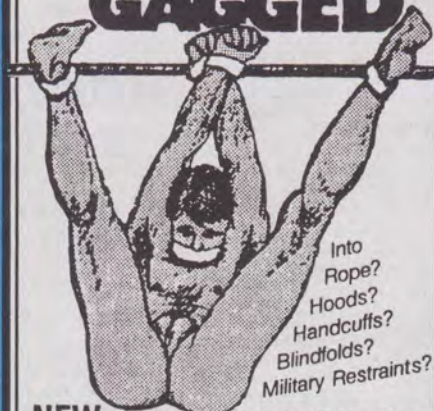
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Muscular WM, 28, 5'8", 150 lbs., wants Cigar-smoking top into leather/uniforms, bondage, and rough, rough sex. I want it hot, sweaty and abusive. We'll both scream with pleasure. You should be white, 25-45, and experienced (mustache preferred). Call (818) 889-5475 or send letter w/photo. Box 6777LF.

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Experienced bottom, 47, into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T, T/T, Ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11pm-9am. (818) 843-5428. Burbank. Box 6767LF.

### NEED MACHO SADIST

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### DOCTOR NEEDED

W/M, 5'11", 165, 41, slender, needs Good Doctor to give me a nude physical examination. Especially my genital and rectal areas. Must be as realistic and complete as possible. Box 6741.

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### SHORT DOMINANT TOP WANTED

by short overweight GWM, early 40s. Hot mouth, ringed tattooed tits. Into body worship, safe W/S, spanking, titwork. Write: Marshall 1110 Hacienda Place, #402, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

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Xceptionally goodlooking GWM, 27, 6', 175 lbs., brown/blue, great body, tan, smooth, hung & healthy wants to tie, gag, tease and pump college jock 18-29. Must be built & straight-acting. Photo required: Jeff, PO Box 1693, Costa Mesa, CA 92627.

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### EAGER SMALL HANDS

Hot hairy trim masculine sexy bottom, 40, 6', 165, moustache, likes FFA, toys, clothespins, paddles, harnesses, seeks fun-loving kinky cocky safe small-handed young men/older boys who know what they like and want. Returnable picture/letter gets same. Chris Lee, PO Box 39703, L.A., CA 90039. (LF6320)

### ANIMALS

WM, 33, 5'10", 165 lbs, very hot, horny, wants to meet experienced/novice in scene, returnable photo/letter gets same. Box 6726 LF.

### SHARE THE ADVENTURE

If you are the master of your life and want to be the master of mine. I'm 34, bottom, husky and honest; looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s, and successful. Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are. Sammy. (714) 220-0513 (6566LF).

### WANTED: HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex-slaves, to service my 9"X7" mastercock. Must be 18-30, possess a well-maintained physique. Experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28, 6'5", 220#, dk hr & eyes, mstch & hry. Have live-in, full-time, KEPT, positions avail. Serious slaves lknng for a serious commitment, should send application, w/photo & phone to Marcus. Box 6728LF.

### KINKY PLAYMATES/FRIENDS

Looking for kinky bottom for safe play. Ropes, fantasies and spankings are some of my favorite things. Me: cleanshaven, 31, 5'10", 165 lbs., uncut, in-shape top. You: height/weight proportionate, 21-45 in LA/Long Beach area. Ethnic/beginners welcome. Send letter/photo (no photo/no reply) to: Box 6473LF.

### EXHIBITIONIST

33, Bi/W/M, horny and sexy; hung and hot; built and beautiful. Experienced. Seeking opportunities. Any scene OK w/other hunk(s). Cue the spotlight, open the curtain, and give me S/M, B/D, W/S, imagination. Give (accept) the challenge, let's blow our minds. Greg (714) 499-4079. (No J/O calls) Box 6562.

### POMONA—ONTARIO

Masculine W/M, 42, 6'1", 250#, interested in masculine (especially macho) guys in the Pomona-Upland-Ontario area. S/M, B/D, B&T, SCAT, etc. unimportant. A good, masculine guy who would like buddying with an intelligent, interesting, successful straight-type guy is. Prefer over 6'1", 200#+, but non-essential. Letter/Photo to: T.O.C., 12475 Central Avenue, #154, Chino, California 91710. 714/597-8095. Box 6560LF.

### SO. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include VA, bondage, boots, TT/CBT, wax, shaving, and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at, "Puppy," Box 148, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd #109, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

### HOT SURFER STUD

Blond bodybuilder, 29, 6', 180, extremely goodlooking, hung and experienced, wants hot bottom for sweaty workouts and submission. Photo a must. 8721 Santa Monica Boulevard, Apt. 644, West Hollywood 90069.

### HIV POS SEEKS KINKY BUDDY

Hot bearded GWM, 5'10", 165 pounds, hairy, 7" cut, seeks partner for mutual kink and safe raunch scenes, who is also HIV-positive. Into leather, SM, role playing, safe scat scenes, bikes and lots more. Send letter, phone and photo to: PO Box 244, 8721 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, CA 90069.

### TOILET-ASHTRAY/TRAINED DOG

Serves beer drinking, cigar smoking, verbally abusive, masculine men who are seeking pleasure. Not romance, companionship or bullshit. Photo, phone. Box 6633.

## COLORADO

### FIT TO BE TIED!

and ready to be abused. Novice, 48, 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, 8640 Jolene Drive, Denver CO 80229. (303) 288-4109. Box 6780LF.

## CONNECTICUT

### FISTING BUDDY WANTED

WM, 5'10", 170 lbs., muscular, versatile, seeks similar for mutual safe/sane action. Novices welcome. PO Box 37, Riverside, CT 06878. (203) 856-2053. 9-9:30 a.m., M-F.

### LEASH, COLLAR, DOG BOWL

Slave, WM, 39, fit, seeks part-time master to service your needs. Training via VA, humiliation, bondage, TT & CB&T. Expect flogging if master is displeased. POB 264, E. Hartford, CT 06118.

### LEVIS, FLANNEL SHIRTS 4x4s

Bear, trucker type, self-employed carpenter, WM, 5'4", 160, 36, bearded hairy, pierced cock. Into levis, recycled beer, sweat, catheters, piercing, tattoos, piss hole work, hot wax, cock modification, electricity. Right stud will try? Blue collar, bearded blonds a plus. 06776 locals & photo/phone same. Box 6677LF.

### HARTFORD TITS AND ASS

GWM, 47, 6'4", 200 lbs., into tit, ass and CBT workouts. Slow and long. No games, just men. Hard safe sex. HIV neg. If you are in shape and ready for the experience, write a descriptive letter. PO Box 95, East Glastonbury, CT 06025. Box 6632LF.

## DELAWARE

### THE MAKING OF MEN

I'm really not a Leather-Daddy. I just like boys who need to be serviced by a man. Prefer young, slender buns, proportionate structure. No smokers, drugs, drunks or live-ins. You don't have to serve me. I'm tall, stout, white, non-racist, experienced. When was your last good service job? Will travel, photo-appreciated. Box 6326LF.

## DC-METRO

### 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," "9 1/2 Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

### 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)

### SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

Willing to submit to Master for humiliation, discipline, S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings and whatever else Master determines for proper training. Slave is 35, 200, 5'11", blond, little body hair, pierced and ringed. Sir, please let me serve you. Box 6249LF.

## FLORIDA

### DAD SEEKS SON

Dominant Daddy 49, 5'11", 175, seeks son/slave 18 to 28 slim smooth, drug-free. Son must need love and discipline from an affectionate top masculine Daddy Relationship possible with intelligent boy capable of stepping out of son/slave role and serving as a companion. Daddy travels between New York and Florida. Son send photo and write about his fantasy with Daddy. PO Box 22283, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33335.

### COCK TORTURE SPECIALIST

Sought for innovative, prolonged cock bondage, torture, pisshole dilation. Medical techniques, i.e.: numbing catheters, other devices a plus. Challenge my head with your letter and put my dick in your hands. Will travel to genuine pro. Ex-elect marine medic, do not freak easily (Miami) Box 6217LF.



# OLD RELIABLE Hairy, Too!



CHAD JAMES



RICK



JOE

## VT-76 HAIRY, TOO!

These six guys are all built, beefy, and hairy, too! Mike Glacier is still around, and better than ever! He's now 29, and a mean, muscular 175# at 5'10". His too-vivid imagination comes to life in audio cassette C-76-1 which is bloody psycho "straight boy hell," and quite frankly not for most people! He also spins some heavy-duty abuse and humiliation in a talk tape with Dale (C-42612) that I've called *Hustlers II*, C-76-2. Mike is in a lot of earlier tapes and photos, every one a classic. His new photos are sets 76-A and B. Next up is Anthony. I don't have his stats, but he's late twenties and from Jersey, about 5'6", and a dancer. His video is very graceful and intense. He is in photoset 76-C, and wears a cockring. Rick A. is one of those modern-day wonders, the sight of which makes your heart melt, and your sense go out the window. He's 22, 5'8" and 170# of heaven; he plays football, soccer, and skydives, besides martial arts. Rick A. is rough and wild, and was brought around by Rick (of VT-51). His audio is another one that won't appeal to the gentle, but if you can dig S&M, straight-boy style, then C-76-3 will have you seeing stars! There is one set of photos, 76-D. Steve W. is a California guy of Swedish-Polish background, and at 22 he's 6'½" and 170#. He likes sex and basketball. His blue eyes are dazzling and would bring sunshine to any rainy night! His audio tape C-76-4 is pretty AC/DC, mostly stories, and includes dildoes and lots of fuck action. Steve is in photosets 76-E and F. Joe Butchmann is lean, hard muscle from the North Central area of the U.S. Joe is 26, weighs 180# and is 5'11". He's mostly German-Irish with a touch of French and Norwegian, and a green-eyed blond. He's an all-around athlete who varies in person from being the nicest guy around to a force to be reckoned with. Joe is still sowing his wild oats. He is in photosets 76-G, H and I, all of which include a cigar. Finally there is Chad James, who you may have seen in many more mainstream gay films. Chad is part Apache and always ready to attack! He likes track and working out, and is 5'7". His superhard pix are sets 76-J and K. These guys are all special... If you want to see some men, look no further! VT-76 is two hours of color and sound, for \$59. Please specify VHS or Beta and add \$3 for postage. These men all talk, flex, and J/O for you!

MIKE GLACIER



MIKE GLACIER



STEVE



"You see, Adzo, the step between ecstatic vision and sinful frenzy is all too brief."

—Brother William, *The Name of the Rose*

ANTHONY



**HOW TO ORDER:** If you do not have an order form, use a plain piece of paper. For video tapes list the number, specify whether you wish VHS or Beta, and enclose \$59 plus \$3 postage for each tape. For other items, please list the number, name of the model, and type of item. Enclose the cost (audio cassettes \$9; photo sets \$7; slide sets \$6), plus 60¢ postage per item. California residents add 6½% sales tax. Thanks for your order!

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(I am over 21 years of age)



### ASSLICHER

39 y.o. WM, 5'9", 158, smooth body, 7", South Florida, experienced asslicker looking for sweaty bluecollar types or rugged males for intensive asslicking and body worship sessions. You know who you are. You will not be disappointed. Box 6297LF.

### COMING TO KEY WEST?

GWM, 30s, 6'2", 175 lbs., muscular and hung, seeking dominant, big-dicked leathermaster(s) into boots, uniforms, SM, BD, VA and more for hot, intense and uninhibited safe scenes. I will submit to your needs. Photo, phone, please—all answered. PO Box 893, Key West, FL 33041.

### BONDAGE DUDE

5'10", 175, 27, 8" cut, looking for young men (18-35) into bondage. Possible long-term relationship with guy who really knows how to fuck around in bed, make me pig wild. I've got a collection of leather toys/gear for restraint, submission & discipline. Hood, gags, etc. How about you? Ft. Lauderdale area. Box 6496LF.

### NEW TO MIAMI

Looking for that special Black man who likes leather, FF, dildoes, tit play, videos, mirrors, slings. Must be slender to medium build, tall, and likes to have special times. I'm 40, tall, solid 210#, beard, and like bottom/top. If you like to try new thing in different positions, let's try it together. Write with phone/photo if possible to: Boxholder, PO Box 380225, Miami, FL 33138.

### BEARDED DADDY WANTED

Orlando—27 y.o., 5'10", 195 lbs., GWM, chubby, bearded, shy, inexperienced but am fucking horny. Looking for older chubby bearded daddy/tutor type, willing to patiently teach me the ropes. Eager to be taught most everything including leather scene. Like toys, dildos, rubbers and watching X-rated videos. Box 6548LF.

## GEORGIA

### SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar, seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, B/D, TT, photos, S/M, etc.) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125. (404) 636-1688.

### ATLANTA AREA

GWM, 32, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, has top or bottom fantasies involving rubber, bondage, dildoes, etc. (no pain). Ultimately hope to enjoy a totally monogamous, loving relationship but also have need for safe experience with a trustworthy, completely honest man. PO Box 36022, Decatur, Georgia 30032 (5774LF).

### OBEDIENT BOY(S) WANTED

By hairy, husky Dad, 5'8". You're 21-35, trim, with profound need to surrender yourself for exhibition and frequent safe hard use. I'll provide affection, understanding, abuse, humiliation, as needed. No pain. Part time or more. Photo appreciated, application: Manservant, PO Box 52946, Atlanta, GA 30355. Box 6727LF.

### LEATHER BUDDIES—NATIONWIDE

GWM, 39, 5'11", 160 lbs., HIV negative. My virgin ass needs work but also want to plow yours. Versatile—any safe scene for mutual satisfaction. Photo with detailed letter gets mine. PO Box 95249, Atlanta, GA 30347-0249.

### RAUNCH

Fuck my shitty shaved asshole, make me suck your filthy dick clean. Shit on my pierced tits and I'll smear it on my shaved crotch. WM, 38, 6', 190#, seeks sick-minded pervers into poppers, toys and assplay. Atlanta. Box 6745.

### ATTRACTIVE ATLANTA TOPS

35/41 seek butch playmates. Bondage, assplay & hot sex. Experienced, versatile, assertive. Seek same. No pussies, ditsy dicks. Have playroom. Couples fine. Descriptive letter or photo, phone, indecent intentions: #821, 1579 Monroe Drive, Atlanta GA 30324. 404/892-1581. Box 6572LF.

## HAWAII

### ORIENTAL MASTER WANTED

W/M slave, 48, 6', 180 lbs., into CBT, TT, bondage, wants to kneel and service younger trim Oriental Master. Your photo gets mine. Box 6763.

## ILLINOIS

### HORSE WANTED

6'1½", 205 lbs., 60 yr. Daddy Master wants any age 220 lb+ BB or strong heavyset slave bottom to carry me piggyback, 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. Box 6617LF.

### BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Hot GWM BB 180#, 5'9", brown beard, 8" thick, big balls. Into FF, large dildoes, balls, leather, vacuum pumps, body worship. Wanted: similar daddy type MEN (not boys), experienced, hairy, hung, versatile. I have equipped playroom. Letter & photo to: Deek, 3161 N. Halsted #2, Chicago, IL 60657. Box 6765LF.

### BONDING AGAIN

43, 5'11", 185, handsome, well-built, articulate, would like to meet leather brothers for companionship, social, and possibly more. Write J.R.J., 707 56th #508, Champaign, IL 61820. Box 6778LF.

### SLAVES FIND THEIR MASTERS IN DEAR SIR

### MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/BOY

Master 33 6' 170 beard moustache. Slave 18-30 5'9" or shorter lean & tight assed. Start as a bootlicking dog/slave work hard to earn position as daddys boy. Your goal in life should be earning your master/daddys approval. Limits respected (safe). Photo-phone. Box 6772LF.

### SLAVE SEEKS MASTERS/TOPS

Suck, fuck (condoms), V/A, shaving, wax, dildos, enemas, spit, piss, shit, toys, uniforms, leather, slings. Enjoy aroma, smoke. Slave: WM, 31, 5'10", blond, smooth. Need limits respected and expanded. Sir, please pick your pleasure and write a letter. Photo, phone preferred. Any ideas? Box 6630LF.

### YOUNG GUY IN LONGJOHNS

Looking for young guys into union suits, longjohns and underwear. 38, GWM into most underwear/uniform scenes. Safe scenes including J/O, French A/P with lots of underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 606 W. Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.





#### CHICAGO LEATHER/BONDAGE

Bottom needs more experience in all hardcore sex scenes. Willing to explore all raunch and medium pain. FF top, but would like to be converted to bottom. Desire experienced assistant into jewelry piercing. Am 25, 6', 185, hairy, brown hair, blue eyes, cleancut. Send photo. Box 6685LF.

#### IRREVERENT PUP

29, seeks hot daddies for safe fun and games in Chicago. Am 5'9", 145, brown/blue/beard; trim, fit. I like everything from real vanilla to real raunch; fantasy, shave, W/S, FF especially. Box 6715.

#### FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

#### DILDO A BEARDED BEAR

Ever wanted to make a big guy take your dildoes? Burly, balding, beer-bellied, built/tat (6', 215#, 48) wants hard use and abuse from dominant, aggressive men. Any age, race, size. Degrade and humiliate me while you expand my limits and stretch my manhole. VA, TT, FF. (Indiana to Tennessee preferred) Box 6694LF.

#### INDIANA

##### LET ME HELP

Discreet WM, 25, 5'8", bearded, professional is interested in meeting inexperienced boys of all ages. This caring disciplinarian wants to correct your bad habits. We all have limitations. I'll respect yours. Any photo, phone appreciated, but not necessary. All answered. Write! You know you should. Box 6152LF.

##### HOT OLDER MEN

wanted by young white male. I'm 26, 5'9", 160 lbs., light brown hair and a cock that needs attention. I like to workout in just my briefs and am willing to do whatever you want. Need to hear from men over 40 in the Ft. Wayne, Indianapolis, Chicago area. Box 6755.

##### V/A ASS BEATING

Daddies: plusses—cigars, chaw, beerguts, filthy boots, cheese, mean, filthy mouth, heavy belt/razor strop, hard strokes. *Dicksuckers*: you'll crawl and your boy dick will drip from the abuse you'll suffer. Slow, painful assbeatings/floggings, CB/T, bondage. Daddy or dicksucker, write for intense, painful Power sex/Male ritual. Box 6233LF.

##### ABUSE THIS BOTTOM

Hot little guy, 35, 5'7", 135, lean, muscular, seeks hot construction, college jock, BB, farmer types and/or uncuts for any tit, ball, ass scene mild to wild, including 3-ways. Can switch roles with right guy. Send photo is possible. PO Box 5903, Bloomington, IN 47408. Box 6552LF.

#### IOWA

##### ATTN: TRUCKERS/BIKERS/COPS

Slave 31, 6'3", 171, 8" to service Goodlooking. Well built, Well hung Truckers, Bikers or Cops while passing through Des Moines, Iowa (I80-I35). A real dick pleaser, offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass to Hot Macho Truckers, Bikers or Cops. Leather, Cigars, Beer, Piss, Sweat, Poppers, Semis, Bikes and Badges a turn-on for a gang of bikers, Truckers, or for HOT one-on-one action (safe sex only). For information and telephone number, send name, address, and a photo to: Lee, PO Box 7223, Grand Station, Des Moines, Iowa 50309.

#### URBAN ABORIGINAL

Leather Dad new to Iowa City: bearded, ringed, 40, 5'8", 145... questing for action with men/boys/masculine others... deep FF as yoga; bondage, TT, nutcrushing meditations... Safe & sane & sincere in my needs/pursuits... All answered/considered. Now is the time. Box 5413LF.

#### BALLPLAYERS

Into vacuum pumps, cock & ball work, shaving, catheters, and maybe piercing? Looking for men in the DM area who aren't afraid to get rough with the manmeat that hangs between your legs and mine! If you need to know, I'm 37, 6'2", 210 and love to pump my cock and balls to huge proportions. YOU: should be old enough to realize how much fun your mantos are and like extended playtimes. LET'S PLAY BALLS! Box 6737.

#### NOVICE SEEKS TRAINING

Sir? This bottom needs you, a HOT muscular TOP, to expand my limits and whip me back into proper physical shape for your use. This bottom is a white male, 29, 6'2", 248 lbs., and will try anything except piercings, scat, head shaving, or permanent damage. Box 6262LF.

#### KANSAS

##### MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy, 36, 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.

##### FROM KISSING TO SCAT

No pain, condoms for screwing. Otherwise anything goes; WS, FF, 69, scat. I'm top and bottom, 33, attractive, professional and intelligent. You are under 35, honest, no substance addictions, and attractive. Prefer clean-shaven. Can travel KCMO to OKC. Write soon with photo and phone to box 6458LF.

#### KENTUCKY

##### KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

Leatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'9", 145 lbs. beard. Versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF.

#### MAINE

##### SADIST

Sane experienced gay white male master, 45, seeks masochistic gay male slaves for medium to heavy S&M, B&D, torture sessions, tit torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, fistfucking, whipping, shaving, hot wax, endurance & most safe scenes & sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean & willing, a few limits OK. Send pix. Location, southern Maine. Box 6431LF.

#### MARYLAND

##### ON-CALL SLAVE & SHAVING SERVICE

Wanted, GWM slave 18-40 to be on call. Into shaving, TT, CB/T, B/D. Must have transportation. Send photo, limits & telephone. Most limits respected. No drinkers or drugs. Also tired of shaving your slave or do you want a shave? Write; reasonable prices. Address, letter to Sir. I am 174, 6'3". Box 6153LF.

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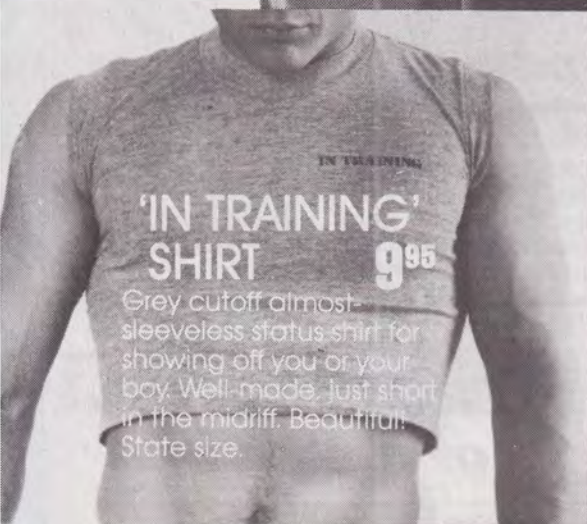
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#### WANTED: ARROGANT TOP

6'1", brown/brown, 185, seeks macho, arrogant, built, hung TOP. Latins and Middle Easterners especially. Am Greek passive, French active. Hablo español. Box 6761.

#### PART TIME MASTER NEEDED

By slave/bottom with lover who doesn't like to dominate this 34, 6', 175 Baltimore WM. Need to serve and service leather-clad or uniformed master (his dick, boots, body) as he demands. Not into FF, scat, shaving. Photo appreciated and returned with mine. Sir. Box 6625LF

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Tantalizing Twosome, white/hispanic both 29, built/hung, attractive and aggressive seeking passive playmates for outrageously, sexually-safe, satisfying sessions!! If you play to please (Fr a/p; Gr/p; B/D; toys; etc.), "cum" play with "us." Singles, couples ... Request Box 6546LF, RO, PO Box 2113, Columbia, MD 21045

#### WRESTLING/BONDAGE

East Cst WM, 6'3", 36, needs challenge from a bruising BB/bully who isn't afraid to punish his opponent. The match: no rules, no timeouts, no mercy. Then: real ropes, real toys, real headgames. Itchin' to taunt, torment & teach somebody a major lesson in respect? Box 6696LF.

#### HEAVY NIPPLE ACTION

Masculine, muscular, 37, 6'2", 170, versatile inspired Tit Torture addict. It's like having two extra dicks! Prefer them on muscled pecs overlooking washboard abs. Photo and phone a must. Live east coast—travel nationwide and Canada. Possibility—pierce my tits ... anyone experienced? Box 6704LF.

#### MASSACHUSETTS

#### SCAT SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Young scat slave respectfully seeking Master of shit and humbly requesting to be smeared with shit. Bondage necessary. Will eat my own dump if Master instructs so, however forced feeding may be necessary. Urinal service provided by Master's request. Masters, groups, mutuals please reply. Box 6147LF

#### MEDICAL EXAM

Tall, musc., 32, looking for real doctor over 35 to give me a thorough physical exam including the anus and rectum in an office setting. Box 6752.

#### HOT LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

by submissive bottom for heavy ass beating, CBT, VA, TT, Dildos. Fantasy or reality scenes. Give me an order and I will obey. GWM 38. Also into cuffs, spread-eagled, willing to try new things. You—tough, masculine, nasty. Box 6773LF.

#### DAD SEEKS SON MASTER

for 48-year-old slave, 6'1", 190 lbs., white. Seeks Son Master for exploration via mental and physical abuse and control. PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146.

#### HOT HAIRY UNCUT COUPLE

Top: 30, 5'10", dark hair & eyes, moustache, 175 lbs. Uncut & hairy. Bottom: 28, 6'1", dark hair & eyes, beard. 200 lbs. Uncut & very hairy. SM, BD, TT, CBT, WS, wax, assplay. Equipped "Pump Room" with sling. Facial and body hair preferred. Tops, bottoms, Masters, slaves call (617) 282-7196. Box 6690LF

#### SLAVE WANTED

by GWM, 45, 5'8", 150, slave must be into BD, CBT/T, shaving, enemas, spanking. Master can be affectionate or demanding. Photo, phone to: Box 6372LF

#### HAIRY TOPMAN

Dark, bearded, tall and strong into VA, spit, boots and bondage. Seeks masculine, hairy guys who know they need it bad. Specialize in short guys, Italians, cops. No smoke/drugs/assfucking. Photo and phone to Box 6246

#### BLACK, LATINO, ASIAN

(& white) men! Boston leather jack-off wants you! Hot safe sex, top & bottom, leather & skin. Safe, sane, sensual. No sucking, fucking, penetration. Send description & phone to Box 105, Cambridge, MA 02140.

#### TRAINING NEEDED

GWM, 50, 6'1", 195, mature and sane, mostly bottom. Interested to meet or correspond with mostly/totally Top men. Have experience, but need to learn or be trained. Open to suggestions, ownership to work towards, as well as open to experimentation. Seek honesty. Replies to PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146. (LF6140)

#### MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE

Master 60s, sexually 40s, and slave 20s are looking for second GWM slave. Applicant should be about 6', weigh about 160, NO facial hair, Master and slave are into leather, HEAVY rubber, bondage, SM, etc. Applicant must have driver's license, be able to work part-time. Be able to relocate immediately. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST.

#### LEATHER BIKERS

Healthy, fun-loving, fit dudes, 20-40, interested in joining leather bike boddies club. Do you enjoy cruisin' in black jacket, boots, worn Levis, Gauntlet gloves, chaps? Meet some good biker friends. Framingham/Metro West area. Sane, straight acting guys. Not a sex ad. Ideas, suggestions, interests, write John, PO Box 5087, Natick, MA 01760-5087

#### BLACK HERCULES

Handsome, clean-cut white boy, 25, masculine, thick 7", likes to photograph rugged, construction-type black musclemen in leather/jockstraps. Photo/phone to Box 6733.

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#### NEW ENGLAND SON

WM, 5'9", 160 lbs., full beard, blond hair, very attractive, masculine, educated in US and in Europe. Seeking dominant Father-Master type figure for an honest one-on-one relationship. Son is professionally employed, independent, and intelligent, heavy into Leather and obedience, but capable of stepping out of the sex scene. Prefer mature monogamous attitudes. This is a quality ad, photo, phone will be answered. Box 6559LF.

#### MICHIGAN

##### HOT MASTER

has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050.

##### SHIT FREAK

Hunky, hairy dude, 40, heavy into shit, wants to get it on with others. T/B/M age race unimportant. Bernie, Box 3213, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

#### MISSISSIPPI

##### MANHUGGING LEATHERS FOR US

Balding, bearded, booted professional lives and sleeps the leathered life. Looking for mature, sensitive man who's also sensually attuned to balls, bikes, jockstraps, bodybuilding. Harold: mid-40s, enjoys classical music, leather-bikini yardwork, home and crafts-related hobbies. Join me for smoke/drug-free weekend of leathered togetherness. POB 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534-0172. (LF6386)

#### MISSOURI

##### 2 TOPS-HUNG-HORNY-W/PIG

slave available for other Masters. Into any S/M B/D scene in our well equipped "playroom" with sling, restraints, mirrors and many toys. Special hot turn-ons TT, CBT, WS, VA, fisting, dirty talk, assplay, military. BI's, experimentation. One may bottom out for right stud. Limits respected and expanded. Photo with detailed letter required. Let's get HOT. PO Box 3931, Springfield, Missouri 65808. Box 6565 LF.

##### STRETCH OUT

this 34-y.o. cocksucker's asshole. Dildos, FF, genital bondage, kink. Frank (816) 478-4771. KCMO. Phone J/O.

##### LEATHER RUBBER UNIFORMS

GWM, 37, 5'10", 160#, brown hair, clean shaven; hairy body; trim, healthy and hot; needs buddy/daddy; mutual fantasies; only masculine, legitimate men who love man sex need respond; I want to learn from a safe, hot dude what my limits are. Box 6697LF.

##### FUCKBUDDY WITH LARGE NIPPLES

wanted. Age not important if you have big nipples and a muscular body. Must be into TT, SM, WS. Dungeons a plus. I'm HIV positive, 5'9", 150 lbs, muscular and wild. Reply with photo. Kevin, Box 753 Belton, MO 64012-0753. Box 6681LF.

##### LEATHERMAN

Looking for another leatherman who is into the feel, smell, sight and taste of hot black leather. Dressed in leather from head to toe all the time and cannot get enough of it. Send photo with reply—all answered by 6', hung, 190, 39 y.o. Box 6468LF.

#### NEVADA

##### WORK HIM OVER

Experienced masochist, WM, 32, 6', 190, craves punishment. Men who take pleasure in C/B/T torture, heavy bondage, beatings, gags, hoods, wax, buttwork, face slapping, unusual punishment—this loner needs an intense partner in southern Nevada. Box 6754.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE

##### WHITE MOUNTAINS

Leatherman, GWM, 42, 5'11", 170, bearded, seeks buddies into full leather, Levis, boots, tattoos, piercings, Harleys, S&M, TT, CBT, hard safe sex. Letter and photo to Box 6252LF

#### NEW JERSEY

##### COCKSLAVE BONDAGE TRAINEE

Seeks 18+ Menudo type boy/man, slender, hairless body with thick cock to transform this GWM of 41, 5'6", 145 lbs., drug/virus-free nonsmoker into cock worshipping slave. Pierced nipples/cockhead. Interests include cock modification/piercings, cock control/chastity devices, urethral stretching, ass play, leather/latex bondage, exhibitionism/humiliation. Box 6216LF

##### TATTOOED DIRTY BIKER

Blackwood. Heavy tattooed biker seeks other bikers (local area only) who live in and worship dirty engineer boots, filthy torn levis or full leather and enjoy riding together followed by a prolonged J/O session where we exchange each other's piss and cum on our levis and boots. Local bikers only. PO Box 284, Blackwood, NJ 08012. Send letter & photo for reply. (LF6229)

##### TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725, after 8 PM (LF4769).

##### NJ DRUMMERS

Tattooed, pierced, boot-wearing, cigar-chewing closet leatherman loves hats, hoods, gloves, chains, and tape. Am alone, bored, and getting fat. Desire communication with other amateur NJ Drummers. No pros, please. Interests include bondage, discipline, endurance, exhibitionism, photography. Privacy respected, same expected. Call Boots McCoy (201) 279-6450, Tuesdays. Or write Box 6779LF.

#### NEW YORK

##### PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

Cell Block, 28-9th Avenue, New York City, NY 10014. Downstairs meets every Wednesday & Thursday, 8 PM-?? Doors close 3 AM. Free soda bar & clothes check. BYOB. Bring in this ad for a FREE membership. For more information stop by or phone (212) 733-3144

##### SUCKING DADDY'S ASS

Manly WM Daddy wanted by rimming-obsessed bottom. Can take piss. Will learn shit for right man. Me: (28, 5'9", 170, br/gr). No skinnies or trolls. NYC/LI. Box 6298LF





#### HOT YOUNG NYC DAD DRINKS

Handsome fag dad, 34, 6'1", 210, beard, hairy, yuppie executive offers support/worship/rim/suck as grateful, obedient property of clean, muscular, healthy, straight son who lets me jerk off while taking a long, slow leak down my throat. Sincere, no scat/Greek/SM/BD. Box 6224LF

#### TOUGH BODYBUILDER SON WANTED

by 6', 200-lb. muscular top dad. Son must need cock and ball torture, tit work and gut punching. Dad will develop weak spots and make his big boy a real contender. Live in and serve his dad's every need. Photo and phone a must. Smooth body wanted for this hairy he-man. Box 4717LF

#### ATHLETIC TOP

Dad seeks bottom (son) for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, masculine, aware, sensitive, adventurous, into B/D, S/M, spanking, safe Gr/A, Fr/p, ass play, toys. You: any race, good body, serious about committing. Phone (necessary) photo to Box 774, 263A W 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

#### PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice big tits and a real tight pussyhole. Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends, love water-sports and getting fucked. Especially love big black cocks. Reply Lennie, Box 650, c/o DMS, 132 W 24th St., NYC, NY 10011. (LF6389)

#### ABUSIVE ITALIAN DAD

Experienced sadistic Master (41, 155, 5'7", beard, hairy) into ass domination through discipline, control, punishment of butt, cock, balls, tits, hole, according to your needs. Looking for a big guy with big ass, or a muscle slave; but any hot-assed boy with obedient attitude and need for domination can apply. Work up to regular 2 or 3 day session update in the woods. Apply with ass photo and full photo and letter stating needs to Box 601, 132 W 24, NYC 10011.

#### SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO. YOUR ONE-STOP S/M SHOP

#### ANGELIC OR LUCIFERIAN

this 33-year-old, 5'9", 210 lb., Italian, stocky, butch, healthy, JC hopeful is interested in exploring and offering himself as a sacrificial lamb to a cut, hung, chunky master, to fly back in time before Earth was ever created and perform as any angel would from that time. Am very well trained and have no hang-ups. Smoke, poppers A-okay! Orders, phone/photo to Box 6506LF

#### 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

#### HANDSOME FAT MAN

seeks boys all sizes—38, blond/blue, trim beard. Call (212) 586-9646, if you're between 18-35.

#### OL' RELIABLE TYPE

25, 5'9", 140, good build, tats, healthy, sane. Into all-nite, hard-core, bicep-deep, motor oil, leather, fisting. Prefer experienced, serious, give and take type buddies. All answered. S. Frueh, PO Box 20581, London Terrace Station, New York, NY 10011. HOT.

#### TOP SEEKS HOT BOTTOM

for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, athletic, top, masculine, sensitive, adventurous, into many scenes especially spanking, (safe) Gr/A, assplay, B/D. You: any race, good body, serious about a commitment. Phone (a must), photo to Box 774, 263A W 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

#### LEATHER BONDAGE SLAVE

seeks hot Master to expand limits and fantasies: leather/rubber gear, hoods, straitjackets, mummification, kidnapping/dungeon/hospital scenes, shaving, piercing, animal/slave training, exhibitionism and safe sex. No drugs. Slave: good-looking GWM, 45, 5'10" 179 lbs. Box 6289LF

#### LEATHER BUDDY

Hot 6', 175, 40, in-shape needs real man, 30-50, for imaginative scenes. Big guys, leather, muscles, hairy chests, beards, moustaches, uniforms, piercings are turn-ons. Heavy into nipples. Let's explore police, bikers, workouts, etc. Be men together, act safe and let our fantasies go. Box 6248LF

#### 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

#### KINKY SLAVE EATS SHITS

(& serves you totally, too). GWM, 33, good-looking, seeks dom., top for very kinky multifaceted relationship. We can have real fun getting into: instant rimming any place, anytime; regular scat meals, munching, & snacks; tongue toiletpaper service; head stuck-locked down bowl at ur whim; drinking toilet bowl & tongue cleaning it on command; heavy/longterm bondage at your pleasure (leather, rope, steel, straitjacket); stockade and pillory; confinement & cages; boots & sneakers; being butt of endless practical jokes & frat-hazing; enforced chastity; uniforms & rubber; public humiliation; houseboy/servant role & lifestyle; doing dishes & washing & waxing floors; extreme respect & obedience training; paddling & punching; exhibition of & discipline on my black & blue marks; barking like a dog & braying loudly like a jackass; WS; publicly pissed pants & bladder control. I can be as submissive as you can be creative, kinky, & abusive. I have lots of toys & a filthy original mind, too. Monogamy has kept me healthy until now, & until the health crisis is over, it's necessary to be owned by one sadist or a small group, but that's no barrier to the unusual. I realize that some people were meant to "give shit," & some were meant to receive it, & I know for sure that I am one of the latter. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship. Am intelligent, mature, masculine, good company. Wish to find same in others. Box 349, 70A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011. (LF6290)

#### GANG RAPE

WM, 37, 5'9" asspussy needs rough asspawling and mouthstuffing rape, piss, V/A, spit by cops, uniforms, frats, street gangs, rough tops. Healthy and expect same. Also into tough topman domination, armpits, fpreskin, B/D. Bluecollar, hung, noisy roughfuckers a plus. Detailed action, photo to Box 6427LF

# ZEUS VIDEO



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**CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE**

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks molded hard. But, this healthy 41, W/M Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is 5'7", 135 lbs., bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest, ass-c/b. Into mutual heavy ass work, ass toys, ball and foot fucking, L/L, mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to overweights, unexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Photo/phone/description to box 1440 Madison Square Station, NYC, NY 10159. Experience a real MAN! LF5575

**BIG BEEFY WANTED**

GWM, 30s, 6', handsome, smooth slim Gr/p, Fr/a/p, submissive but responsive seeks tall dominant muscular guy to worship, photograph, have sex and/or relationship with. You are 20-50 and anything but pain and humiliation goes. Love ass/tit play. Your photo ensures reply and my photo. Perhaps you could teach me a few things. (718) 788-1842

**SPANKING WANTED**

GWM will grope fully dressed man (25-year-old). You give me a firm, barehanded spanking as punishment for groping you without permission. Accompanying safe sex optional. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. If my place, no parking problem. But write to Box 660, 132 W. 24 St., NYC 10011.

**LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER**

49, 6'1", trim, cleanhaven 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

**STRAIGHT GUY**

27, healthy, muscular, tattooed, bluecollar worker available as victim. Kidnaping, interrogation, torture, confessions, humiliation, bound and gagged, brutal fisting, sex abuse, brainwashing. Heavy trips. Box 6464

**DADDY WANTS SLAVEBOY/SON**

Forget: pain, loneliness, sleaze. Surrender: body, mind, total sex service. Become: owned, appreciated, joyfully used. Get: leathermaster, joy, security, permanence. Age, looks? Attitude's more! Experienced/inexperienced? Learn new Master's way to worship. Detailed letters earn prompt phonecall. Photos helpful, returned, undemanded. Your chance for top-man's love, home, happiness, future. Don't blow it! Box 6324LF.

**HOT SON/BOTTOM NEEDED**

by hot Daddy/Top, 47, BB, athletic, 5'10", 170, masculine, sensitive, for serious, lasting relationship. Into S/M, B/D, all assplay, (safe) Gr/A, spanking. You: any race, good body, serious about relationship and commitment. Photo/Phone (must) to Box 7774, 263A W. 19 St., NY NY 10011. Box 6711LF.

**STRICT DISCIPLINE**

Men will be men and therefore, on occasion, require firm, no-nonsense discipline to improve their behavior, strengthen their character, or break their bad habits. Agree? If so, then write this 6'2", mustached, serious white male with your ideas/experiences. Lives upstate—does some traveling. Photo. Box 6768LF.

**BB SEEKS VERY TALL**

5'10", 195, 41, very muscular, seeks in-shape men 6'4" or taller for mutual S&M. Rick, 496A Hudson #H24, NYC, NY 10014.

**USED FRENCH SEAT**

Late 1920s make. Classic tongue in groove construction for thorough ass satisfaction. Relax your naked butt on a hot plant seat. Looks and endowment not important. Natural male selfishness and a clean fit white ass appreciated. Overweight and disabled welcome. Box 6734.

**SEEK ONLY GREEK PASSIVE GWM**

Age 50-65, 6'3"+, 250+ lbs., AIDS free monog. lifemate. Want burly but loving man who keeps his ass raunchy and stinking between dumps so I can sniff, kiss, lick, eat and ride it nightly. No French. No drugs or smoke or booze. Me: Age 56, 5'8", 155 lbs., educated, GWM, solely anally oriented. Box 6740.

**SERVE ME**

Sniff, lick, caress, suck me from neck to toe. Verbal abuse, butt paddling, slapping, domination. Safe sex. Me 48, 5'8", 150 lbs. You 40-55, healthy, clean, subservient. NYC only. Weeknights. Telephone to be answered. Box 6751.

**HOT LEATHERMAN WANTED**

by gd looking 6', 175lb, blond, 40yr, 8 1/2" hung slave. Into It S&M, CBT, TT, FF, BD, W/S, piercings, tattoos. Sir—I'm ready to worship your body while you use mine for your gratification. (914) 686-0711.

**BLACKMAN SEEKS SHIT AND PISS**

Horny handsome Blackman seeks Topmen into long shit and water sports scene. Also, likes beer guts, uniforms. Looks not as important as attitude: any race. Reply with picture and phone number to: Boxholder, PO Box 1261, Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011.

**CAPITOL DISTRICT**

GW Males, 25 & 55, seek other gay males for S&M fun and games in our fully equipped dungeon. Submissive and/or dominant both welcome for discreet and safe encounters. No scat or watersports. Limits respected. PO Box 1564, Schenectady, New York 12301.

**LEATHER N UNIFORM LATINO**

Macho-Handsome-Tough 30, 5'8", slim, defined, 135 lbs. Black hair, brown eyes, thick stach. Wants: slim handsome hung VERY Macho Top 25-45. Who craves prolonged oral service n action—both in Total Leather/Police uniforms. Light V/A-B/D-TT pot & poppers SS. Photo gets same! NYC & NJ & USA. Box 6557LF.

**OBEDIENCE THRU DISCIPLINE**

Obedience administered for expansion of enjoyment. Spanking, kissing balls, licking feet and obeying instructions are part of a beautiful trip. You may now strip, tie your balls up and write me. Let me know you. Box 6536.

**BIG, PIERCED TITS, UPSTATE**

BERKSHIRES. Pierced, bearded Leatherman, mid-thirties, 6'4", 200 lbs., handsome and in good shape, into sensual and/or heavy tit play and piercing. Seeks handsome Leatherman with similar interests. Box 6620LF

**POLICE BUFF . . .**

. . . wants to meet MOS to horse around with (nothing heavy) in and/or out of the bag. I have flexible hours. No heavy drinkers. Parking is easy. (If I am to contact you at a public phone, allow several contact times.) Box 6605

**MISBEHAVED SON**

Bad guy, boyish looks, 30, 5'7", 140 seeks strict dad 40-60, who will pull the belt from the loops of his pants and strap/whip my bottom red. Dads write with photo. Box 1650, Rutherford, NJ 07070.

**SADIST 42**

seeks personal full-service toilet into pain, humiliation, abuse, exhibitionism for use as ashtray (cigar butts), asswipe, punch-kick bag. Masochist/slave will not be permitted to come while serving Sadist. Applicants shall strip, kneel and write groveling, humiliating letter. State qualifications, etc. Photo appreciated. Box 6287

**LEATHERBOY WANTED**

NYC Leather Master, 37, 6', is looking for leatherboy to 35. Daddy offers love, affection, discipline, leather, boots, B/D, S/M, and commitment. Tired of bars and fantasizing? Need to serve and want to be owned? Send detailed letter, photo, phone. Don't read *Drummer* and dream—live it! Box 6678LF

**GOOD-LOOKING ITALIAN**

needs correction and will service tough sane White, Black, Hispanic men in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber, 3 piece suits, leather, gut punch, catheters, enemas, cock & ball, verbal, safe sex, can be top. No phones. Dave, PO Box 568, Old Chelsea Sta., New York NY 10013 or Box 6687LF.

**FOOTBALL TEAM CAPTAIN**

Hot WM, 33, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine, and works out, seeks tall/big guy who was or wishes he were a TEAM CAPTAIN to act out sweaty lockerroom, frat-hazing, foot, and other explosive fantasies. Call Hank, btwn 8 pm-12 mid, to meet in NYC (NO phone j/o) at (212) 675-7352. Box 6688LF.

**OPEN ME UP**

WM, 46, HIV+, healthy, horny, hot ass, ready to try a fist. SS. Anything goes. Box 6642.

**SHAVING NEEDED**

on a regular basis by handsome WM, 36, 150 lbs., 5'8". Also into W/S, spanking, and willing to learn more. Box 445, 263A W. 19th St., NYC 10011.

**HOLE ACTION**

GWM, 6', 150 lbs., mustache, 8 1/2" uncut, wants Top/mutual buddy for assplay. Dildoes, fist, dick. 212-255-8117.

**BIG DICK BLACK STALLION**

wants polite obedient eager-to-please white-boy, all my OWN! Stud's 29, 6'3", 175, healthy, smooth, defined, mustache. Sensible, educated, quiet, dominant, horny for white pussy! Not into pain, FF, etc., but committed caring monogamous relationship with affectionate cocksucker I can love and horsefuck (safely). Deal honestly with our feelings, needs. You: attractive, understanding, stable, clean, healthy, reliable, satisfy a black man's needs. Sincere only! No drugs, bullshit. KNOW what you want, or don't waste my time. PO Box 1555, NYC 10011.

**FF BUTTHOLE STRETCHING**

Wanted by a good-looking, WM, 33, 6'3", 165 lbs., brown hair, eyes, mustache, into leather, FF, TT, dildoes, looking for a Top or versatile, hot attractive man under 48 for good times and more. Answer with photo for fast reply. Box 6706LF.

**TOPS**

Into gang bangin hot, 27 yo., straight raunch-boy, write. Box 6596

**WESTERN NY RUBBERMAN**

Rubberman, 6ft., 175lbs., 37 yrs. old, full beard and stach, pierced tits and dick, needs Master, Lover or playmate on a regular basis. heavy into rubber, latex, leather, sports gear and uniforms, water sports, verbal abuse, shaving, diapers, used rubbers, hot kinky sex. Tell me what turns you on and let's give it a try. Box 6699LF.

**YUPPIE DISCIPLINE**

For all your excesses, this spanking's for you. Dad is 38, Wall Street type with convincing right hand. Box 6719.

**BONDAGE BUDDY BOY WANTED**

WM, 46 looks like 36, seeks other men 18 up for safe sane mutual bondage sex sessions. All forms of restraint used and accepted (when in bottom role). Light S&M with all limits respected. Rochester, NY area. Box 6731.

**NORTH CAROLINA****PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS**

GWM, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet, well-insured and will sign any necessary releases. I would like a copy of the edited tape for myself, what you do with the video after that is your business. Box 6343LF

**OHIO****WEEKEND SLAVE WANTED**

Short, slim, preppy type. Cleveland East Side. Photo, phone, letter. Box 6638

**SEEKS LEATHER MASTER**

Fem Leather TV seeks black or white leather master to be complete slave and housemaid. Box 6746.

**LEATHER/MOTORCYCLE MAN**

Secure, 45, successful, not into drugs, booze or smoke, prefer monogamous relationship within a 100 mile radius of Cincinnati—into hot men—tattoos and exhibitionist a plus, but not necessary—age unimportant. Your photo and phone gets mine. PO Box 41326, Cincinnati, OH 45241

**CALVIN KLEIN SPORT**

WM, 27, husky, attractive, very Madison Avenue, very GQ. Professional, fun, kinky and aggressive. Looking for HOT muscular body-builders with HUGE COCKS and ego to tie down to my SOLOFLEX machine and use as I SEE FIT! S&M, Bondage, hoods, gags, whips . . . the whole fucking 9 yards! Feel my wet mouth and tongue work over your tits as you strain against your leather restraints. Feel my tongue run down your stomach, over your balls and into your hairy ass. Squirm and feel the ecstasy as I fuck your ass with HUGE DILDOS. Let my experienced hands fist fuck you for hours on end. Interests include: photography (you will be photographed), WELL HUNG BLACKS, Calvin Klein underwear, anything Armani or Gianni Versace, and young chicken. I'm caring, sensitive, in control, Republican and looking for that "PERFECT" relationship. If you enjoy being dominated write: A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO BEACHWOOD PLACE, PO Box 382, Lakewood, OH 44107.





#### 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

#### OREGON

##### LET'S DISCOVER LEATHER SEX 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)

##### COMPLETE YOUR TOY COLLECTION: SHOP SANDUTOPIA SUPPLY CO.

#### MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN

Harley-riding bootmaster seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into on-going leather experiences. No pain or far-out kink. Just healthy leather sex, boot-licking fantasies. If young, you are mature and masculine. If my age, you are affectionate, intense in your dedication to the boot/leather lifestyle. Box 6764LF.

#### ARE YOU A SLAVE?

inexperienced, but feeling a commitment and need to serve a dependable, imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence while enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate in Salem, Oregon, without delay. Describe interests, photo, phone for reply. Box 5954LF

#### PENNSYLVANIA

##### LEATHER/BOOTMAN

looking for young slim submissive cocksuckers that need to have their face plowed. If you need long rough sessions, verbal abuse, and having a man hold you on while you service him, get off your ass and write. Leatherman is 45, 5'11", 160 and healthy. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF.

##### TOPLESS BOTTOM

Work took my top away. Am no novice but haven't found limits yet. Need top to continue serious training in safe and sane pain. PO Box 1201, Pgh PA 15230.

#### MASTER'S DISCIPLINE NEEDED

White male bottom, 33, experienced in b/d, s/m, c&bt, tt, interested in meeting top. Special interest in LE, military, medical. Complete discretion a must. Reply to Boxholder, PO Box 3821, Pgh PA, 15230.

#### YOU ARE SPECIAL & UNIQUE

a for-real, for-life sexslave-houseboy. smooth & trim, young (any age), & healthy, sensual & sexy, true to yourself & others, totally committed & devoted to serving, servicing & loving two 8½ years monogamous Masters, 40, 6'2", 170 and 57, 6'10", 165. Masters Dick & Bill, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. Yes, boy, there is a tomorrow. It's today. Box 6702LF.

#### RHODE ISLAND

##### MASTER/DAD NEEDED

Master/Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot masculine muscular body for your pleasure. Interest: bondage, tit/cock play, obeying, pleasing demanding Master. Sir, I need teacher; to be naked; expand my limits, train me. Hard-working, good-looking. Box 6342LF

#### SOUTH CAROLINA

##### ORAL SLAVE SEEKS TOPS

WM, 24, clean & healthy seeks tops/masters to serve their oral and other needs. I enjoy sucking a big cock, hairy balls and a hairy ass. I am looking for men who will give me orders and teach me the way serve him best. I would also enjoy learning more about FF, WS and BD. Any dominant men who are interested please write with photo, phone to: KM, PO Box 6947, Columbia, SC 29260. Dominant couples & groups also welcome. No drugs or pain. Box 6698LF.

#### SOUTH DAKOTA

##### NOVICE WANTS HOT TOP

33. Needs patient Top to teach Light S/M, TT, CBT, Light Bondage, Spanking. Like Top in full leather or policeman uniform. Can travel some weekends. PO Box 994 Aberdeen, SD 57402-0994. 605-225-0375. Leave message. Travel Twin Cities. Picture if possible. Phone JO OK. Box 6674LF.

#### TENNESSEE

##### YOUNG EAST TENN. SLAVES

Hot, cruel, master-daddy, trim executive, mid-fifties, seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee area. Slave must be under 25, well built and prepared to be on call at any time for heavy, demanding scenes. Serious only. Submit detailed letter with photo and telephone number. Box 6490LF

##### MASTER SEEKS BOY/SLAVE

For weekend/occasional use and abuse. Possible permanent houseboy. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 29, prefer smooth swimmers build. I am 37, 5'11", 170, br/br, professional. Submit picture, phone to: Sir, POB 21561, Chattanooga, TN 37421. Box 6549LF

#### TEXAS

##### SLING ROOM VACANCY

Urgently needs filling! Goodlooking horny leatherman, 30, 5'9", 150, dark hair/eyes, hairy chest, deep throat, fat cock, and hungry hole seeking dominant stud, under 40 for long, slow buttstretching, bondage, light S/M and mutual exploration in my Dallas playroom or yours. Box 6675LF

##### NAKED RANCH STUD

willing to work outdoors naked to be stable, breed, enslaved. Hitched to plow as work horse. Keep naked in barn or hay loft as work horse. Contact this fall. Steven Paladino, POB 130, Carrizo Springs, Texas 78834. Ph. 512-876-3263. Box 6781LF.

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Send Check (allow 4 weeks for delivery) or Money Order (shipped immediately)

**MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION/KINK**  
GWM, 50, 5'9", 145, excellent health. Seeks qualified doctor/medic to invade bladder, ass. Stretch my holes with catheters, scopes, fists. Testicular manipulation. Aroma okay. No permanent damage. Your examining room. Dallas, but will travel. Your description of self, qualifications, scene gets mine. Absolute discretion assured. Box 6686LF

### WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6158LF

### BROWNNOSERS

Dallas-based Top of German descent, 32, 5'10", 145, br/gr, with oversize dick and dirty asshole travels frequently. I am looking for other young, good-looking men (like myself) who are into raunch or scat. In-shape brown-nosers contact Box 6223LF

### READY TO SERVE

WM, 35, 5'8" seeks Master to serve. Interests include bootlicking, cock worship, C/B torture, dildoes, B&D, rubber, light S&M, TT, and toys. I am well-built, good-looking GWM. Write with photo, get same. Box 6227

### LUBBOCK

Ex-military WM, 35, 5'9", 158, good build, hung, into CBT, TT, leather, levis, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. If you're looking for a loyal buddy who's into giving as well as receiving, then I'm your man. Letter, photo, and phone to Box 6269LF

### LOOKING FOR DADDY/MASTER

GWM, 26, 5'10", 163, brown hair/blue-grey eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF.

**NEED SMALL HANDS/BIG DILDOES**  
Attractive W/M, B/B, 30s, 5'11", 175 lbs., HIV-neg., Moustache, cut, wants to meet W/M 20s-30s (no beards/cigars) for safe and hot ass-stretching sessions. Expand my colon or yours. In Dallas, but travel Texas/Oklahoma/Louisiana. Send photo/letter. Box 6547LF.

## VIRGINIA

### LET'S USE MY BB SLAVE

Master attractive, successful, 36, 6'1", 180 lbs., 8", slave attractive, 32, 5'5", 140 lbs., 7", bubble butt. Seeks master(s) or master with slave(s) for joint use/exchange of slaves. Into mind control, SM, BD, toys, shaving, leather/levi, etc. You under 40, hung and in good shape. Photo phone. Mike Box 6206LF

### BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT

Bi/W/male, 34, seeks training by experienced top into BD, light SM, watersports, toys and mind control. Me: Br hair, hazel eyes, 220, football player's build. You: 24-35, experienced, good build, clean-shaven, into safe sex. Thanks. Box 6414LF

### 2 MASTERS SEEK BOTTOM

GWM, 6'1", 30, 180, 8" cut cock; GWM 5'10", 33, 165, 10" uncut cock. Interested in boy/slave who is willing to explore & expand with long very imaginative sessions. SM, BD, watersports, mind control. Photo, phone, letter. Discuss limits. David Miller, Box 5306, Portsmouth, VA 23703.

### COCK-HUNGRY-SLAVE

Richmond. Needs long sessions with big cocked studs, low-hanging balls swollen with hot thick loads. Enjoy working on men that are proud of their cocks, know they have good meat and get off on stretching out and having a cocks slave work on their man-meat. Lay back and watch me enjoy servicing your cock. Nothing else expected. Tell me how your meat serviced. Photo appreciated. Box 6747.

### EXPANSION WANTED

One 5'4", 130 WM, 40s, seeks experienced Daddy/Master to have limits expanded. Looking for good teacher for training in the art of giving/receiving the joys of gay sex. Sir, please send detailed lesson plans to: Training, PO Box 13428, Richmond, VA 23225 (LF6555)

## WASHINGTON

### ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES

Action buddies on the prowl. Two young guys seek adventure. Anything possible. Send photo and ideas. Will respond with same and/or get together. Greg, PO Box 71003, Seattle, WA 98107. Box 6680LF.

### FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

with huge hands wanted by hot, bearded leatherman. Box 6535.

### LET 'EM HANG

You're a laid-back, hairy, bearded, uncut cigar stud, long overhang over low hangers. You don't care if yours never gets hard, 'long as there's good skin-chewin', tit-pullin', pit-sniffin', ball-grabbin' mansex goin' on with a 5'10 1/2", 175 lbs. thick uncut Daddy pleasin' man. Box 6618LF

## WISCONSIN

### SUBMIT

Submit to those desires inspired by your current reading and mail a letter of application. Degree of experience not as important as degree of willingness. Box 4876LF

### BOTTOM LESSONS

GWM, 35, 6', 180 bottom looking for right top leatherman to teach him the ropes. Education needed in fisting, titwork, bondage and submission. Milwaukee. Box 6782LF.

### YOUNG MASTER WANTS SLAVE

Me, 23 Hot & Hung, wants hot and together young bottom into B&D, C&BT, TT, hoods, gags, light S&M and extended bondage. Muscles, Masochism & Intelligence Mandatory, photo helpful. Kink, leather & rubber IN bed. Can you be friend or love OUT? (Shaving, piercing, live-in ownership negotiable) Box 6769LF.

## INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

### CRUCIFIXION

Anytime, anywhere. Committed strong trim healthy English masochist seeks ultimate fulfillment. Offering total mental, physical and sexual surrender for any and all kinds of enslavement, torture, depravity, carnal and Satanic abuse. Help me embrace the cross and my destiny. No ties, just say where and when. Quite genuine. 6299LF





## LONG DISTANCE SHOOTER

This tight-assed ex-construction worker seeks Scandinavian jocks and American men. Loves sweaty jocks, nipple play, ball stretching and uniforms. Send photo with hot letter and I may shoot that far. Box 6735.

## 32" CROTCH-HIGH ENGINEER BOOTS

This leather stud is booted to his balls and looking for a special slave to kneel and worship before him. Write today with picture and phone # and pray that I call. Box 6467LF

## SWISS TOP LEATHERMAN

muscular, dark-haired, bearded, early 50s, 5'11", 160, in good shape and perfect health (HTLV neg., reg. tested) wants to meet you—either at his place or on his frequent visits to USA and Canada—if you are 28-50, a willing kinky bottom, masculine, muscular, preferably hairy and with facial hair and a well-trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay, FF, titwork, lots of raunchy action inc. W/S, scat and mainly long mutual rimming sessions. Perfect health essential. Also Europeans corresponding to above requirements welcome. Write w/photo Boris Rahm Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basel, Switzerland (LF 5048).

## CANADA

Canadian postal rates are now 30¢ for the first ounce, 22¢ for each additional ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

## DR. SOUGHT

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/beard, seeks "doctor" to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF

## B&D/S&M COMES FROM TRUST

To me, B&D/S&M experiences can only grow out of really knowing and trusting my partner. I have no interest in "fantasies" with total strangers, or with people who only relate to me from their "fantasy role." I'm very experienced as a top and a bottom in B&D/S&M scenes, and I'm seeking contact with other whole persons (tops, bottoms, or "boths"), experienced or not, who want to get to know each other as people first, and then expand into "trust" scenes. I'm 36, 5'10", 190 lbs., considered goodlooking, Vancouver resident. Prefer non-smokers, my age or younger, Van/Seattle area. I will contact all (only) people who reply with a photo and a phone number. PO Box 3874, Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 3Z3.

## QUEBEC

Montreal. Are you coming soon? Do you need a good guide? Professional massage and possibly a place to stay. Don't miss this offer with a 36-year-old Quebecois. Adam, C.P. 442, Socc.C., Montreal, Quebec, H2L 4K3

## DENMARK

### DANISH LEATHER & TALL BOOTS

Two Danish leathermen, 46, 42, masculine, versatile and insatiable for black leather, invite traveling leathermen in complete black leather gear from cap to boots to visit them. Hot tit and C/B play and most safe-sex scenes. Extremely tall black boots a special turn-on. Photo welcome. Box 6357LF

## ENGLAND

### RAPE

Bearded 35 Bottom, 6' needs roughfucking face and ass, by Cops, Uniforms, Bikers, Leather Guys, Rough Tops, Workmen, B.B.'s. One or a gang. Heavily into Bondage, S/M. Also need Hung Dominant Topman for regular Rope/Leather sessions. Not into play-acting, just getting used. Travelling U.S. Australia 1988/89. U.K. and Europe regularly. Like Socialising with Top also. Photos and details of action please. Box 6230LF

### BUSINESS TRAVELLER SEEKS MATES

A beautifully pierced, 41-year-old cock, surrounded by tattoos is looking for compatible mate. Owner travels widely in Europe, and East Coast. Holiday promised to right prospect. Photos, letters, calls all appreciated and answered. Box 6282LF

## FRANCE

### DISCIPLINE IN PARIS

Dad spans unruly boys. Box 6498

## JAPAN

### DADDY SERVANT

Japanese, healthy, intelligent, clean daddy, 50, 5'5", 143, wants young son Master, aged 20-30, who is healthy, good-looking and well-built. I am a worshiper of your feet and want safe sex. If you visit Japan, you can be my guest. Box 5419LF

## SPAIN

### BLUE EYES

Bottom currently seeking employment in Spain. Now needs a top there. Educated professional, 38. Bearded. Blue eyes. All answered. Friends also sought. Estoy estudiando espanol. Box 6785

## WEST GERMANY

### HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

Uniformed Leatherman, 38, 6'1", 195. Looking for other Tops who live leather, uniforms, rasslin' and BMW or Harleys. I'm the Man of your dreams and the Man of your nightmares. Macho Men with Moustaches a Must, all others save your stamps. Write "Major Mauler" Box 6410LF.

### SUBMISSIVE SLAVE SOUGHT

SOUTHERN GERMANY Leathermaster seeks slave who needs training in light to heavy B&D, shaving, TT, CBT, humiliation, etc., as I see fit until you become the perfect boot-licking leather slave. Age not important. Application with photo and phone. Serious only! Box 6553LF.

### GERMAN LEATHER TOP

Leather and S/M turn me on. German, 42, 6'4", 185 lbs., uncult, wants to get into touch with interested leathermen top/bottom. Into CBT, TT, B/D, shaving, breathcontrol and other forms of the leather scene. Will be in USA Oct. 88. Letter with photo to Box 5755LF.

### K-TOWN AMERICAN

Biker into leather, uniforms, B&D. Top or bottom; can take what I dish out. All military, MPs, SPs especially welcome. Safe, sane, discreet. Cops, bikers, write too, stateside or in Europe. (Often in US) Here's your chance—sit on your ass and we won't meet. If you're legit, write! Box 6770LF.

## COMPUTERS

### S/M COMPUTER

Bulletin-board system kinky message base private male matchmaker surveys and more. (213) 393-4713 modem only. System password is DRUMMER.

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Then call into PC Bears Lair (RBBS) at (415) 572-9563, and then into Wally World (Opus) at (415) 349-6969. Both support 8N1 300/1200/2400 baud, Echo Mail, and LOTS of Read Mac images, stories and more. Immediate access to entire board. Available 22 hours a day. No validation required!

### MACINTOSH

Sex/punishment graphics, HyperCard™, etc. files. Swap, sell, buy Floppy and SASE gets sample. Box 27082, Washington, DC 20038.

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BBS. Hot & horny men, games, files. NYC 212-787-4787. 24 hours—300/1200/2400. Immediate access.

## MAIL ORDER

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

### DRAWINGS BY ETIENNE

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

### BOUND & GAGGED

That's the name of a new bimonthly magazine containing true-life adventures in erotic male bondage, collected by the founder of the New York Bondage Club. Write for subscription to The Outbound Press, Suite 729, Dept. D, 263A West 19 St., NYC 10011.

### MOTORCYCLE LEATHERS

Buy & trade, new & used—from hats to boots; \$2 Catalog; Larsen Leathers, Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

### DRAWINGS BY REX

Hot, horny, unrelenting front-line stud action captured in explosive drawings by one of the top erotic artists of our time. Send \$10.00 for five 8 1/2"x11" black and white samples plus full information on how to receive more. Send check or money order made payable to DRAWINGS BY REX to Post Office Box 347, San Francisco, CA 94101. State that you are over 21 years of age and wish to receive this material.

### THE HUN

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

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Fantasy tapes like (Whip Fire) (Porn Calls) (Marine Brig) and information tapes like (Master) (slave) (Interview with Teen-Aged Prostitute). Each tape \$9.95. Send for list. Hatfield House, PO Box 1329, Guerneville, CA 95446

## HAD ENUF CUM? TRY PISS

Still pix of hot guys pissing on each other, themselves and anything else that gets in their way! Please send \$3 for 28-page catalog w/pix of 12 mouth-watering studs and descriptions of 36 wet photo-sets. State: "Over age of sexual consent. For personal use only." Michael Schein, 80 Cregar Road, Highbridge, NJ 08829.

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(18 year old Marines) = one hot video duo, only \$29.95 postpaid! (VHS only) Satisfaction guaranteed! Mail order to: Leland Wiegert Jr., 30327 Rhone, Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90274. Wanted: used gay magazines (especially "Twins Together" and "Art of Etienne #1") and paperbacks—send list for offer!

## HARD COUNTRY BUDDIES

Active penpals, infopac \$2.00! To: Drummy, PO Box 130872, Houston, TX 77219 (1211 Jackson)

## THE CRUCIBLE

Monthly newsletter: Magick, Metaphysics, S/M, Fiction, Wicca, Contacts. PO Box 80053, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Sample \$3 & \$20/yr.

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the sexual entertainment magazine for lesbians, is 48 pages of erotic fiction, features, pictures, plus timely sexual advice and news columns. We are quarterly, national, unique and provocative. \$15/yr. sub. or \$5 current issue to: On Our Backs, PO Box 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142.

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A whole bunch of big, fat, uncult dongs on muscular, buffed-out dudes—bodybuilders, surfers, polo players, firemen, ruggers, daddies. Do stretching, chewing, blowing, vacuum pumping, pissing & rich, thick, creaming. Beautifully detailed close-ups, 90 mins. VHS/Beta, \$28 to: Scorpion Productions, 1801 Lincoln, Suite 106, Venice, CA 90291. VISA/MC, (213) 550-1303 or (213) 202-4342.

## YOUNG HORNY COMPETITIVE BBS

From Gold's Gym, Venice, CA, pose, shower and J/O for you. 2 hours. VHS/Beta. \$35 complete to: REELBEEF, 1801 Lincoln, Suite 106, Venice, CA 90291. MC/VISA. (213) 550-1303 or (213) 202-4342.

## FOOT WORSHIP

Young, horny, big-dicked gymnast "does" big, beautiful, sweaty, smelly feet on muscular, good-looking men fresh from the gym—after slowly removing and savoring their shoes and socks. Watch these six gorgeous dudes get off while "doing" each other's man-feet. 66 minutes. VHS/Beta, \$38 to: Scorpion Productions, 1801 Lincoln, Suite 106, Venice, CA 90291. VISA/MC. (213) 550-1303 or (213) 202-4342.

## BONDAGE VIDEOS, PHOTOS

Some lads need to serve, so these young beauties were captured and roped. All models are young (18+), well built, cute, and loving it. Free illustrated catalogue, must state over 21, Grapik Arts, PO Box 460142D, SF, CA 94146-0142.

## RUBBER BONDAGE

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



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Quality 3-snap \$2.50, Velcro fasten \$2.50, 5-snap \$3.50+.50 ea. postage. Send \$1 for list of other hot leather goods. MR. RED, 378 Alemany Blvd., San Francisco, CA 94110.

## NEW SODOM TEL

Hot underground publication. Photos, taboo artwork, paramilitary, classifieds (uncuts, S/M, WS, BD, BC, rape, necro, murder, etc.). Fascist oriented. Send \$5.00 to TEL (personal ad credit) 633 Post Street #3, San Francisco, CA 94109. (signature)

## KISS MY ASS!

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Mini-catalogs by sex photographers Mark I. Chester & Michael Rosen. \$5 gets you both and includes shipping. Cash to: POB 42501, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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Massive black master, 24 yrs., 5'11", 235# of solid mean muscle, 52" c, huge powerful pecs, trench wide shoulders, 18 1/2" a, seeks lowly slave recruits to submit to basic training my way! I'll beat it, punish it, torture it. You'll lick it, suck it, eat it, take it on command until you get it right! I give the orders, you give 'til it hurts! Service when, and how I want it—no bullshit, no limits—just dick hard training. Travel to your barracks anytime, anyplace. Photos available. Ready to enlist? Derrick (301) 942-0436.

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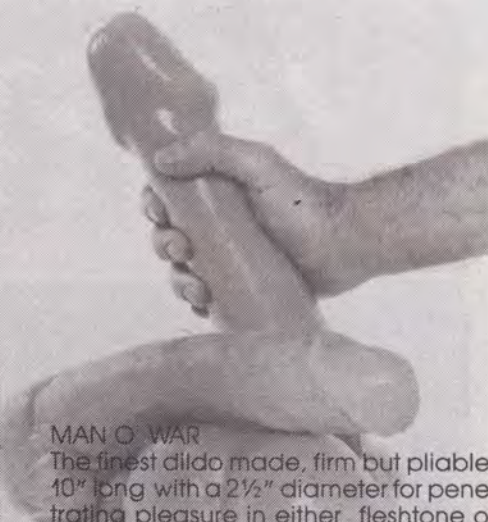
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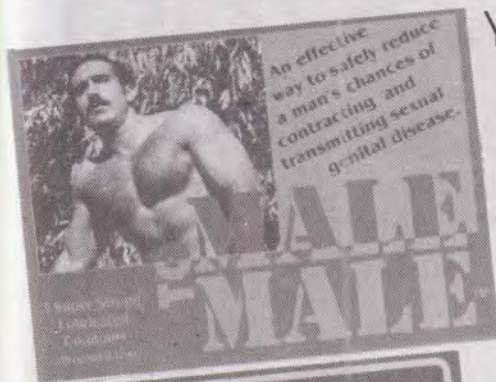
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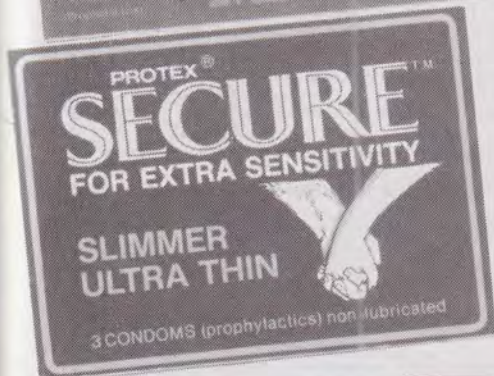
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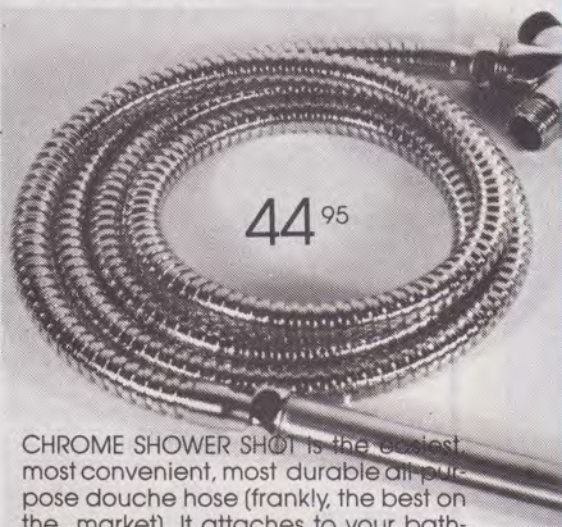
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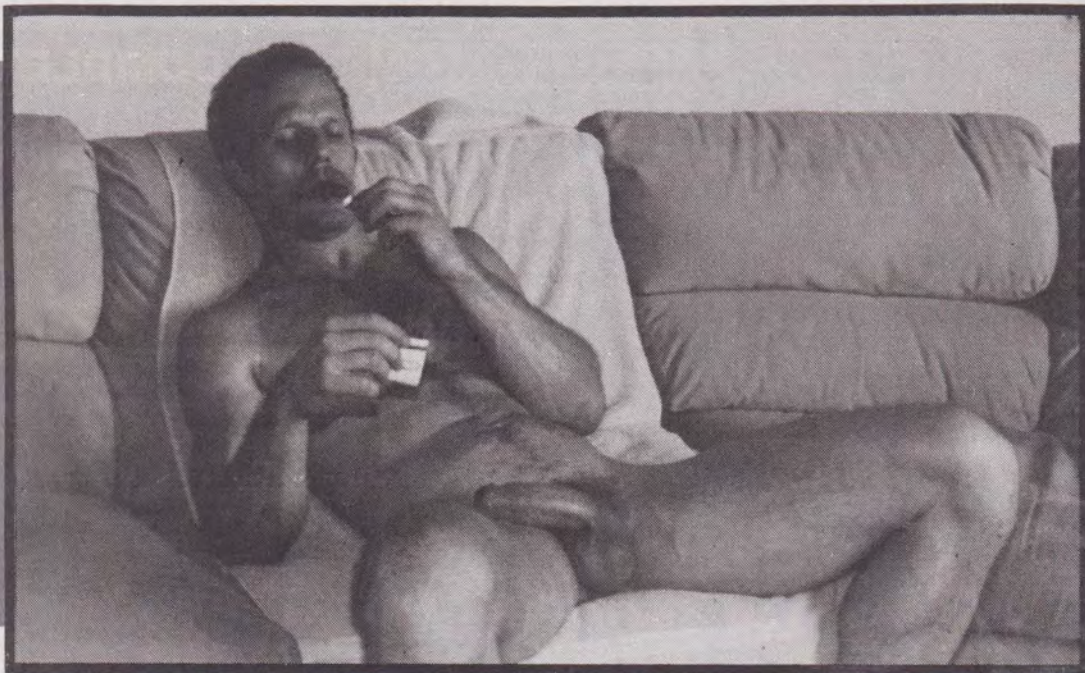
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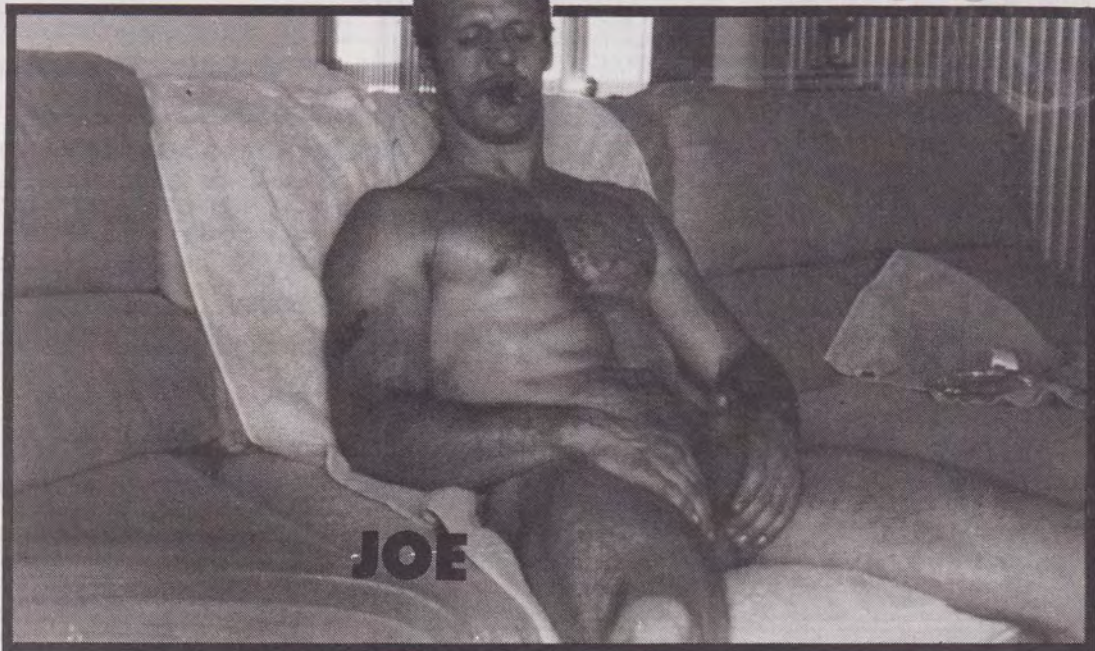
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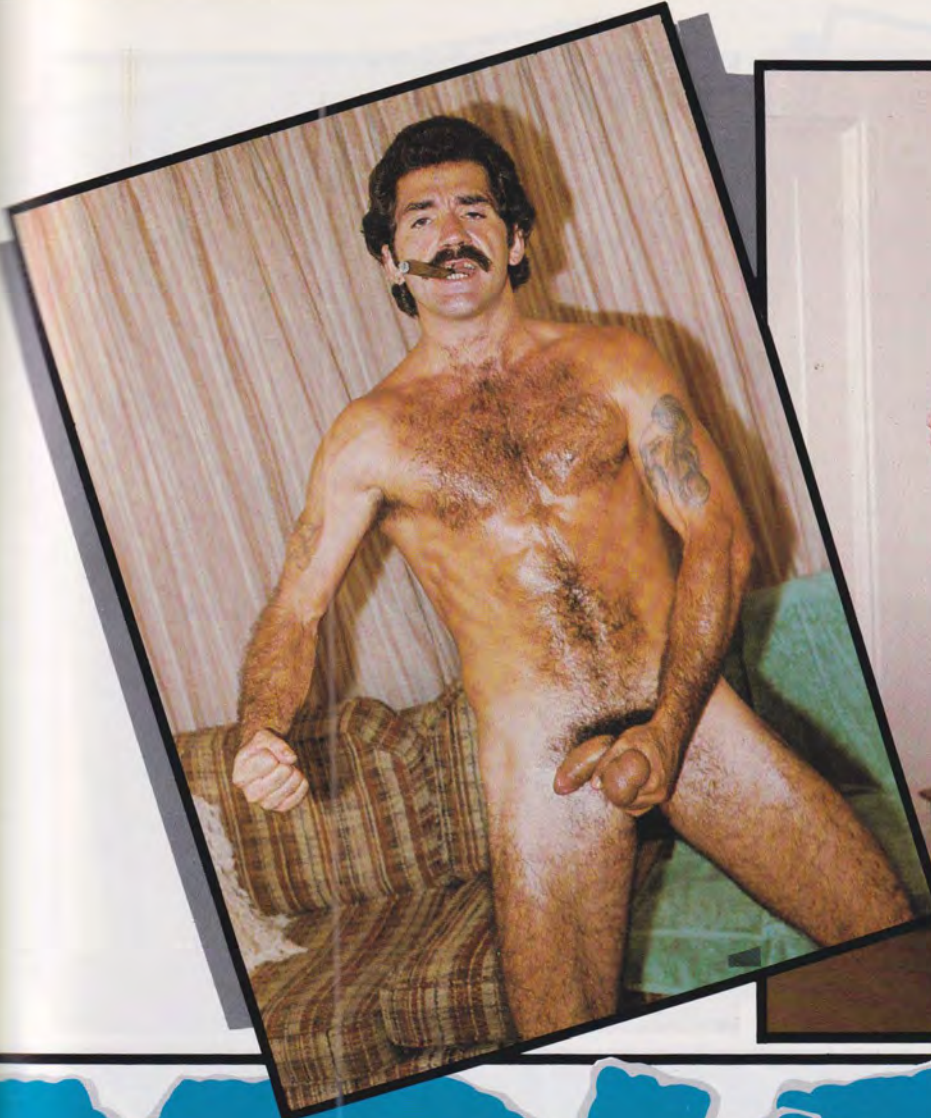


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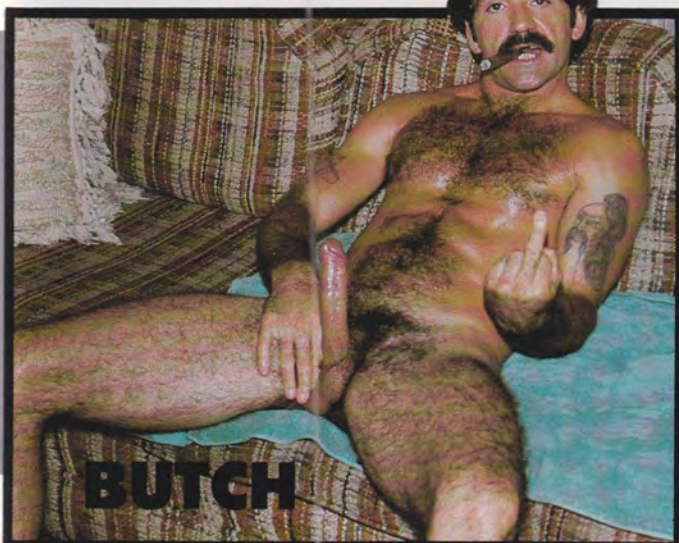


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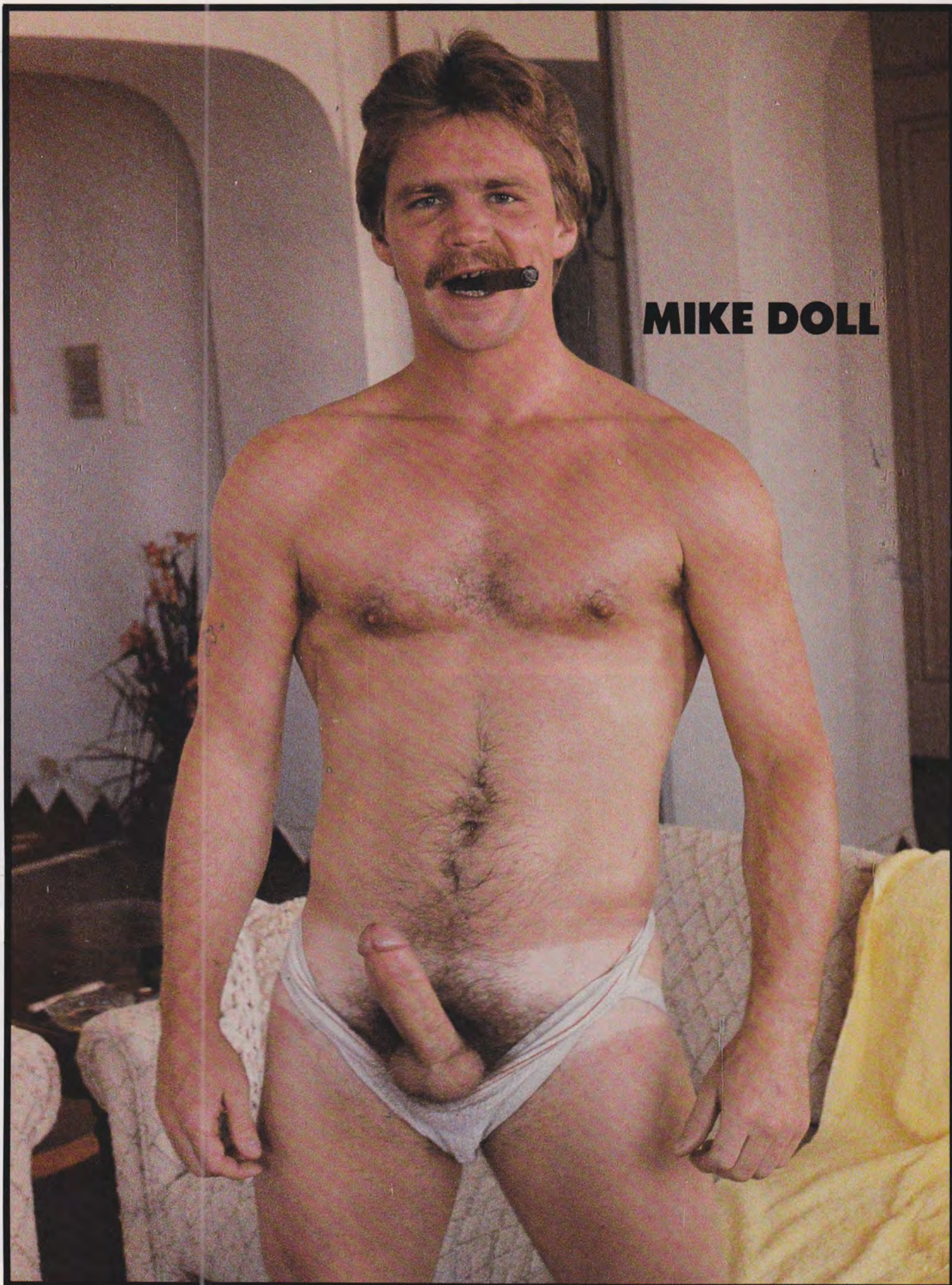


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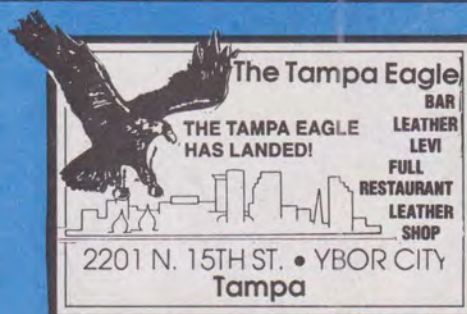
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Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too. -Fledermaus



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Club names marked with an asterisk (\*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction, please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, hetero-, homo- and bi-sexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster—they may or may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for

clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather-Levi-motorcycle or social clubs; (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

If any club wishes to change its listing, please let us know. Send new listings or updates to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Notifications of incorrect addresses or defunct organizations will be appreciated.

The US & Canada Clublist M-Z will appear in the next issue of *Drummer*.

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**Adventurers—Suncoast MC**  
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St. Petersburg, FL 33738

**American Leather Federation**  
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Phoenix, AZ 85010-5079

**American Uniform Association (FN)**  
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Bowling Green Station  
New York, NY 10274

**American Uniform Association (FL)**  
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N. Vancouver, BC  
V7L 4J5

**Argonauts MC**  
PO Box 3331  
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**Argonauts of Wisconsin**  
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**Arizona Rangers MC**  
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Phoenix, AZ 85002

**A.S.M.C.**  
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**Atlanta S&M Solidarity (A.S.S.) (SM)**  
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**Atlantic Motorcycle Coordinating Council**  
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**Atons of Minneapolis**  
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**Avatar (S/M)**  
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**Ball Club (FN)**  
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**Barbary Coasters MC**  
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San Francisco, CA 94114

**Basic Training**  
120 S. Pinecrest  
Bolingbrook, IL 60439

**Baton Rouge/New Orleans Wrestling Club (FL)**  
840 Hearthstone Dr.  
Baton Rouge, LA 70806

**Battalion Motorcycle Corps**  
PO Box 191227  
Dallas, TX 75219

**Beer Town Badgers**  
PO Box 166  
Milwaukee, WI 53201

**B.G. Wrestling Club (FL)**  
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Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5291

**Black Fire (S/M)**  
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Syracuse, NY 13210

**Black Guard**  
PO Box 8989  
Minneapolis, MN 55418

**Blackhawk MC**  
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Rock Island, IL 61201

**Black Star MC**  
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Orlando, FL 32809

**Blazers Leather/Levi Association**  
PO Box 3166  
Venice, FL 34293

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St. Louis, MO 63166

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**The Brotherhood**  
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**Brotherhood of Man MC**  
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**Brothers MC**  
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**Button Up (FN)**  
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**California Cyclemen MC**  
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San Diego, CA 92104

**California Eagles MC**  
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San Francisco, CA 94114-0665

**California Motor Club**  
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San Francisco, CA 94101

**Castaways MC**  
PO Box 1697  
Milwaukee, WI 54305

**Centaur MC**  
PO Box 53174  
Washington, DC 20009

**Centurions LL MC**  
c/o Tradewinds  
717 Franklin Rd.  
Roanoke, VA 24061

**Centurions of Columbus**  
PO Box 09208  
Columbus, OH 43209

**Cheaters MC**  
130 Hancock St.  
San Francisco, CA 94114

**Chicago Cossacks**  
PO Box 2512  
Chicago, IL 60690

**Chicago Hellfire Club (S/M)**  
(Windy City Hellfire Club, Inc.)  
PO Box 5426  
Chicago, IL 60680

**Chicagoland Discussion Group**  
(Mixed SM)  
PO Box 195  
West Chicago, IL 60185

**\*Cigar Studs (FN)**  
PO Box 742513  
Houston, TX 77274-2513

**Cincinnati Chaps**  
PO Box 3104  
Cincinnati, OH 45201

**Cin City Cycle Club**  
PO Box 1151  
Cincinnati, OH 45202

**City Bikers MC**  
PO Box 9816  
Denver, CO 80209



**The Club** (S/M)  
PO Box 1292  
Omaha, NE 68101-1292

**Club Mud** (F/N)  
PO Box 277  
Rio Nido, CA 95471

**C.M.S.**  
2635 Collier  
San Diego, CA 92116

**Cocksuckers Club of America** (F/N)  
PO Box 723  
Sun Valley, CA 91353-0723

**Colorado MC**  
441 Knox Ct.  
Denver, CO 80204

**Colorado Gay Rodeo Association** (X)  
PO Box 2558  
Denver, CO 80201

**Colt 45s**  
PO Box 66804  
Houston, TX 77006

**Committee to Preserve our Sexual & Civil Liberties** (X)  
PO Box 1592  
San Francisco, CA 94101

**Companions Club**  
PO Box 2301  
Philadelphia, PA 19103

**Conductors Leather Levi**  
PO Box 40261  
Nashville, TN 37204

**Conquistadors MC Inc.**  
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**Constantines MC**  
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**Copperstate Leathermen's Association**  
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**Corps of Rangers**  
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Los Angeles, CA 90046

**D.A.D.S.** (F/N)  
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Winfield, IL 60190

**DAD'S** (Mixed SM)  
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**Dallas MC**  
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**DC Wrestling Club** (FL)  
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**de Sade and Men**  
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New Orleans, LA 70172

**Desert Leathermen**  
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Tucson, AZ 85702

**Diablo Deviates** (S/M)  
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**Diaper Pail Fraternity** (FN)  
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3020 Bridgeway  
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**Disciples of de Sade** (S/M)  
3920 Cedar Springs  
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Los Angeles, CA 90026

**Dreizahn** (S/M)  
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**Eagle MC**  
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New York, NY 10001

**Entre Nous MC**  
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**The Eulenspiegel Society**  
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**Excelsior MC**  
PO Box 1386  
New York, NY 10274-1130

**Falcons MC**  
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Kansas City, MO 64141

**Fall Festival Association, Miami Chapter** (FL)  
PO Box 500  
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302

**FFA, Tampa Bay** (FL)  
1230 East Mohawk Ave.  
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**Gladiator MC**  
PO Box 2194  
Toluca Lake, CA 91602

**GMSMA** (S/M)  
Mail: 132 West 24th St.  
New York, NY 10011  
Meetings: 208 W. 13 St.

**Gauche MC**  
3219B W. Obispo St.  
Tampa, FL 33609

**Golden Gate Wrestling Club** (FL)  
63 Whitney St.  
San Francisco, CA 94131-2742

**Golden State Gay Rodeo Association, Inc.** (X)  
PO Box 90873  
Long Beach, CA 90809

**Griffins MC**  
214 N. Market  
Wilmington, DE

**Gryphons**  
PO Box 181 Mid City Sta.  
Dayton, OH 45402

# LEATHER BULLETIN

## NAME THE NEW LAND

The Rocky Mountaineers MC proudly announced the purchase of 41.3 acres of mountain property near Fairplay, Colorado, the culmination of an eight-year fundraising effort. The Club paid \$30,140 for the land, including closing costs and fees. The land is owned by the Rocky Mountaineers free and clear of any mortgage. The 17th annual Golden Fleece Run was held over the July 4th weekend at the new site. Initial efforts to acquire property began eight years ago, when it was felt that sooner or later the National Forestry Service would refuse to allow the Golden Fleece Run to be held on Forest Service property. Due to the success of the eight-year fundraising effort, that will no longer be a problem! A "Name the Land" contest has been established, which will result in the naming of the new land during the Club's 20th Anniversary in October. Inquiries concerning the Club's new property should be directed to **RMMC, PO Box 2629, Denver, CO 80201**, or by calling Club President **Gregg Looker at (313) 399-6361**.

## THE PATH TO VICTORY

With the Olympics finally winding down and our own new Mr. Drummer 1988, Ron Zehel, emerging victorious and winning his own gold medal, we at *Drummer* thought the time had come to take a deep breath and recover from the contest season. However, across the country the march along the path to victory never really ends. Several of the major leather titles will be awarded during the winter months. Three contest organizers are gearing up now to ensure their success:

### Mr. Leather New York

On November 12, Metropolis will choose its next SuperLeatherman at the 5th Mr. Leather New York contest, to be held at Tracks (531 W. 19th) beginning at 8 PM. All proceeds from the event will benefit the AIDS Resource Center. Again this year each contestant will dramatize his own erotic fantasy for the audience. The first Mr. New York Leather, Henry Romanowski, will be producing the event, for which the array of judges presently includes Zeus Mogul Mikal Bales, *Drummer* publisher Tony DeBlase, a representative from the Chicago Hellfire

Club, Dom Orejudos (the artist Etienne), and International Mr. Leather '88, Michael Pereyra.

A special appearance by the new Mr. Drummer, Ron Zehel, is scheduled and as you can see from this photo (the first of many we'll be bringing you of handsome Ron) any appearance by Ron is sure to be special! For more information regarding tickets, raffles or how to enter the Mr. New York Leather contest, contact **AIDS Resource Center, 24 West 30th Street, New York, 10001**, or call **(212) 481-1270**.



### Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather

The Centaur MC will host Leather Weekend 1989 and the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather Contest over the weekend of January 13-15 in Washington, DC. This will be the fifth anniversary for the contest, which has become the biggest gathering of leathermen on the East Coast, famous for good fellowship, Leather Cocktails, and one of the most hotly contested and prestigious leather titles. For MAL V (V for five, V for the Path to Victory), past winners of the title are being enlisted as judges. These include Jeff Vertis, Louis Bothwell, Michel Rousse and Mitch Davis, who will be joined by Tommy Leago, Mike Murray, Vern Stewart, Patrick Toner and others.



# BOARD

Anyone wishing to compete for MAL V should contact Contest Coordinator Al Santora at (717) 236-9271 or by writing **PO Box 912, Harrisburg, PA 17108-0912**. To register to attend Leather Weekend 1989, contact Registration Chairman John Rocco at (703) 461-0967 or by writing **2210 N. Pickett Street, #T-2, Alexandria, VA 22304-1065**.

## International Ms Leather

It's hard to believe that International Ms Leather '88, Shan Carr, has already reigned for six months, and that efforts to select her successor are already underway. The third International Ms Leather will be chosen in San Francisco on March 25, 1989.

The current board of directors are seeking to make this next contest a truly national and international event and are attempting to establish preliminary contests across the country and abroad, with the result being a group of finalists having a wide geographical range. In addition, the board is also seeking nominations for the panel of judges for the San Francisco finals. If your organization is interested in sponsoring an IMsL regional contestant, or if you would like to nominate your favorite leatherwoman as a judge for the finals, please contact International Ms

Leather, Inc., **PO Box 460504, San Francisco, CA 94146**, or phone board President Sky Renfro at (415) 863-1386.

## SONS OF APOLLO MC HANG UP THEIR HELMETS

June 25 marked the final bar night of The Sons of Apollo Motorcycle Club. After 14 years this group of Arizona leathermen has decided to disband. They have been instrumental in the development of the Arizona leather scene and they will be missed.

## SMOKE GOT IN THEIR EYES

Hot time, summer in the city, and more than 75 cigar studs got dirty and gritty during the mid-summer heat wave in New York City. Hot Ash, the club for real men who smoke cigars celebrated its first dungeon party at the Cellblock 28 on August 10th. We're told that over half of those in attendance were cigar smokers, some of whom are pictured here as they tried to set the night on fire. Hot Ash thanks Lenny of Cellblock 28 for the use of his clubhouse and encourages all stogie enthusiasts to write for more information. Hot Ash, PO Box 20147, London Terrace Station, New York City, NY 10011



**GSA (Golden Showers Association) (FL)**  
132 W. 24th St. Box 112-DMS  
New York, NY 10011

**Harbor Masters, Inc.**  
PO Box 4044  
Portland, ME 04101

**Harley Stokers MC (FN)**  
(Harley-Davidson Owners)  
c/o Barry's  
PO Box 06706  
Portland, OR 97206

**Hartford Colts MC**  
Blue Hills Station  
PO Box 12201  
Hartford, CT 06112

**Hearts of the West MC**  
PO Box 674  
Santa Fe, NM 87504-0674

**Hijos del Sol**  
3014 Truman N6  
Albuquerque, NM 87110

**Hot Ash (FN)**  
AWS  
PO Box 20147  
London Terrace Station  
New York, NY 10011

**Houston MC**  
c/o Mary's Lounge  
1022 Westheimer Rd  
Houston, TX 77006

**Illustrated Men (FL)**  
Box 7091  
Burbank, CA 91510

**Inn Men**  
1428 Riverside Dr.  
Akron, OH 44310

**International Mr. Leather, Inc.**  
5025 N. Clark St. (X)  
Chicago, IL 60640

**International Ms Leather, Inc.**  
PO Box 146504 (X)  
San Francisco, CA 94114  
International Roadmasters  
3146 Grayson  
Ferndale, MI 48220

**Iron Cross MC**  
PO Box 1721, Sta. A  
Montreal, PQ  
H3C 3A5 Canada

**Iron Guard NYC**  
PO Box 291 Village Station  
New York, NY 10014

**Iron Tigers MC (FN)**  
(Harley-Davidson Owners)  
International Headquarters &  
California Chapter  
PO Box 7091  
Burbank, CA 91510

**Iron Tigers MC (FL)**  
Arizona Chapter  
1406 E. Brill  
Phoenix, AZ 85006

**Iron Tigers MC (FL)**  
Ohio Chapter  
PO Box 572  
Worthington, OH 43085

**It's 'Bout Time**  
616 N. 4th Ave.  
Tucson, AZ 85702

**Joint Venture (FN)**  
(Prisoner Contacts)  
PO Box 26-8680  
Chicago, IL 60626

**Kansas City Pioneers**  
PO Box 23025  
Kansas City, MO 64141

**Kingmasters MC**  
PO Box 236  
Los Angeles, CA 90028

**Knights D'Orleans**  
PO Box 50812  
New Orleans, LA 70150

**Knights of Leather (W)**  
PO Box 10601  
Minneapolis, MN 55458

**Knights of Malta MC**  
737 N. Edinburgh Ave.  
Los Angeles, CA 90046

**Knights of Malta MC**  
Central Valley Chapter  
PO Box 4162  
Fresno CA 93744

**Knights of Malta MC**  
Pony Express  
1818 P St. #12  
Sacramento, CA 95814

**Knights of Malta MC**  
Stockmen Chapter  
PO Box 9386  
Denver, CO 80209

**Knights of Malta MC**  
PO Box 7726  
Reno, NV 89502

**Knights of Malta MC**  
Cascade Chapter  
PO Box 8375  
Portland, OR 97205

**Knights of Malta MC**  
Jet Chapter  
PO Box 21052  
Seattle, WA 98111

**Knights of the Second Liberty (SM)**  
12226 Victory Blvd., #137  
N. Hollywood, CA 91606

**Knights Templar (SM)**  
PO Box 14383  
San Francisco, CA 94114

**Knights Wrestling Club (FL)**  
PO Box 161  
Jackson Heights, NY 11372

**Lake Ontario Leather Association**  
PO Box 465MPO  
Niagara Falls, NY 14302  
Lancers MC  
PO Box 51475  
New Orleans, LA 70151

**Lashmates (FN)**  
c/o RS Enterprises  
496A Hudson #H24  
New York, NY 10014

**The Leather Guild (FL)**  
219 Guerrero  
San Francisco, CA 94103

**Leather and Lace (W)**  
PO Box 54646  
Los Angeles, CA 90054

**The Leather Fraternity (FN)**  
Desmodus, Inc.  
PO Box 11314  
San Francisco, CA 94101

**The Leathermen**  
PO Box 8595  
Atlanta, GA 30306

**Der Ledermeister (S/M)**  
1172 W. Onondaga St.  
Syracuse, NY 13204

**Lion Regiment**  
PO Box 44123  
Boise, ID 83711

**LL Steelworkers**  
PO Box 40065  
Nashville, TN 37204

**Loboc MC**  
PO Box 833  
Long Beach, CA 90801-0833

**Long Island Spuds MC**  
PO Box 26  
Massapequa Park, NY 11762

**LSM (W)**  
PO Box 993  
Murray Hill Station  
New York, NY 10156



# LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

## OCTOBER

- 31 •Fetish & Fantasy Ball II—NLA: BC; Celebrities, Vancouver.

## NOVEMBER

- 2 •Program—NLA: Seattle; Timberline, Seattle.  
•Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.  
•Party—SM Gays; The Block, London, England.  
4-6 •Discipline IV—Disciples of de Sade; Dallas.  
•Fox Hunt—The Rurals MC; Roermond, The Netherlands.  
5 •Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather AIDS Benefit—Thunderbolts MC; Westport, CT.  
9 •Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.  
•S/M & the Gay Community—GMSMA; NYC.  
11-13 •ECMC AGM—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf.  
11 •Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.  
12 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.  
•Mr. Leather New York Contest—Tracks, NYC.  
•12th Anniv.—Companions; Philadelphia.  
16 •Gay Men S/M Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.  
•Rubber—SM Gays; London, England.  
19 •Jail House Party—The 15; SF.  
24-27 •Arizona Brotherhood Run—Arizona Brotherhood Committee.  
25-26 •Quake 8.8—Knights Templar; San Francisco.

## DECEMBER

- 3 •Christmas Party—Thunderbolts MC; Brook Cafe, Westport, Ct.

- 7 •Dungeon Night at Paddles—GMSMA; NYC.  
•Program—NLA: Seattle; Timberline, Seattle, WA.  
•Gay Men S/M Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.  
9-11 •Christkindelsmarkt—NLC Franken; Nuremburg.  
10 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.  
•Christmas Party—Battalion MC; Dallas.  
11 •Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.  
•Christmas Dinner—MC Men of New Mexico; Albuquerque.  
14 •Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.  
•Holiday Social at Paddles—GMSMA; NYC.  
16 •Advanced Bondage Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.  
17 •Christmas Party—City Bikers; Denver.  
•Christmas Party—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix.

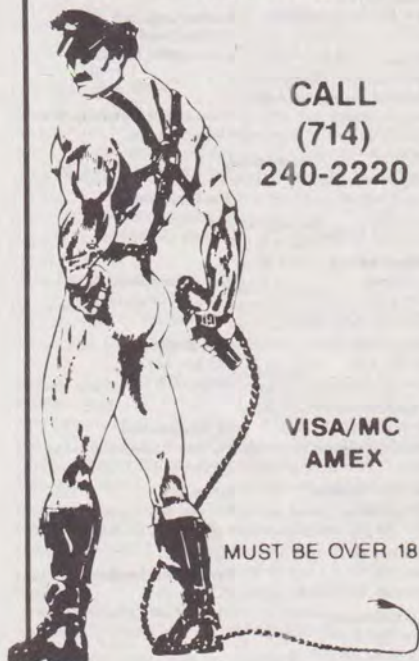
## JANUARY

- 11 •Bondage Fashion Show—GMSMA; NYC.  
13-15 •Leather Weekend 1989 & Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leatherman Contest—Centaur MC; Washington, DC.  
13 •Tit Torture Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.  
15 •8th Anniv. Dinner—GMSMA; NYC.  
25 •S/M Novices—GMSMA; NYC.

## MARCH

- 25 •International Ms Leather Contest—SF.

## PETER'S PHONE ACTION



CALL  
(714)  
240-2220

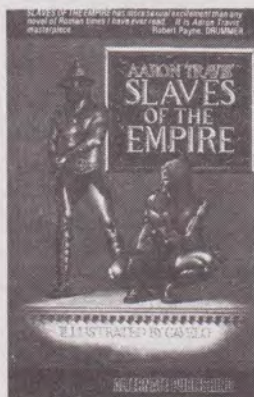
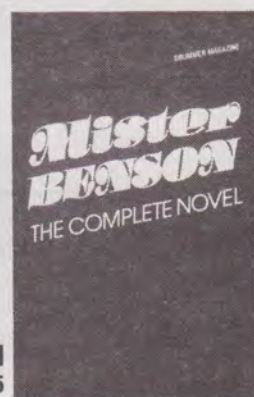
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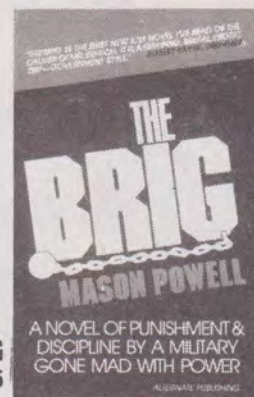
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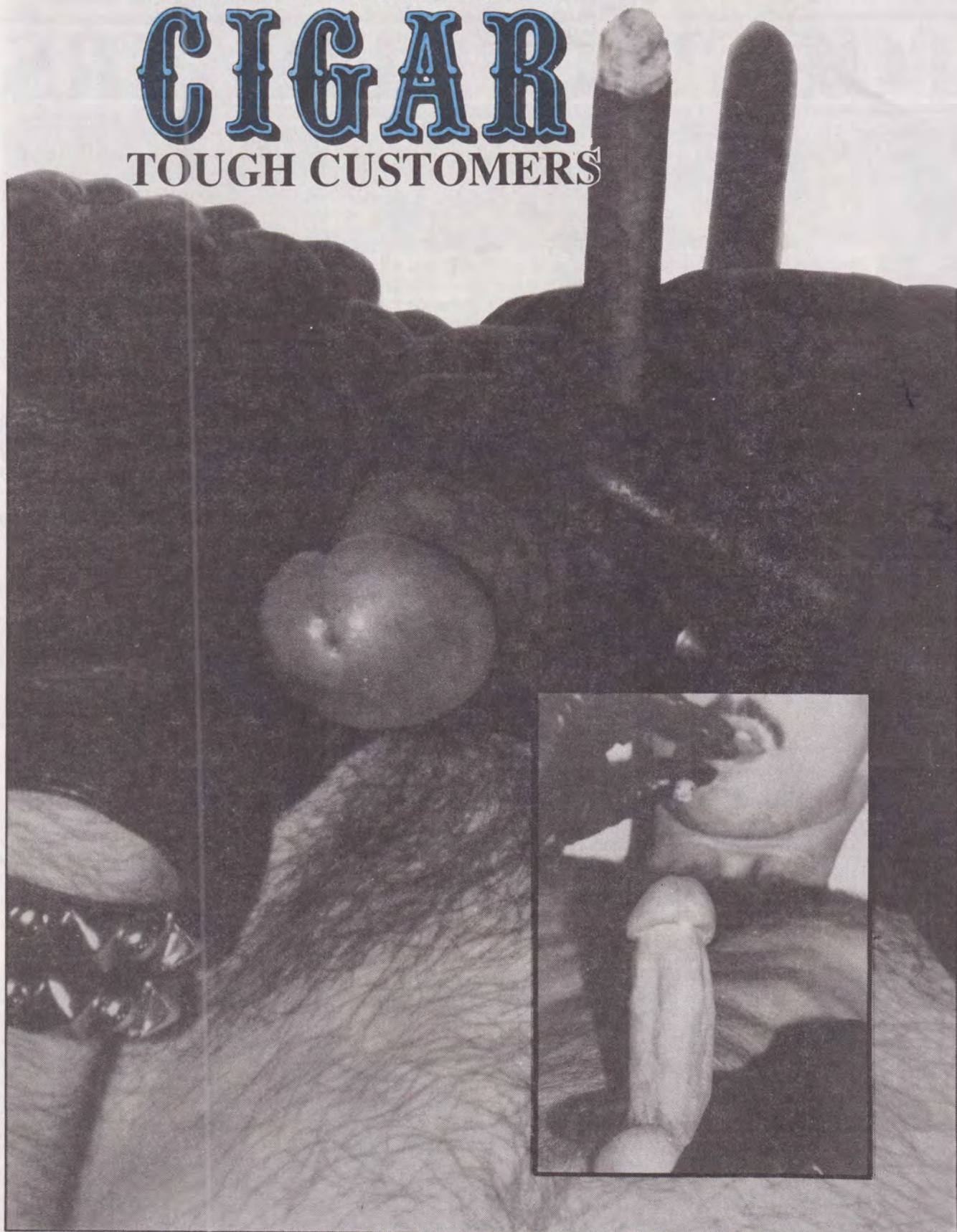
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by Aaron Travis  
Illustrated by Cavelo \$9.95

**THE BRIG**  
by Mason Powell \$8.95





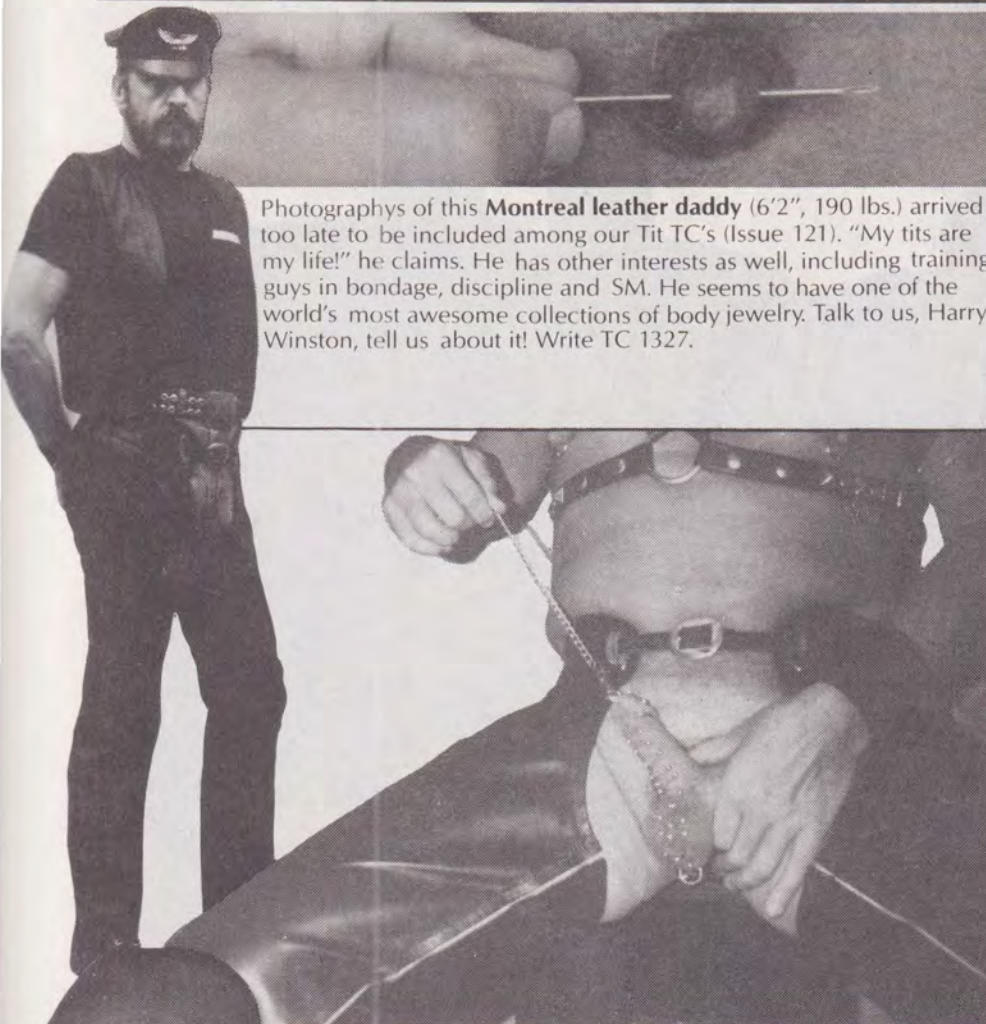
PERFECTO!  
DRUMMER'S SPECIAL SELECTION FROM THE  
**CIGAR**  
TOUGH CUSTOMERS



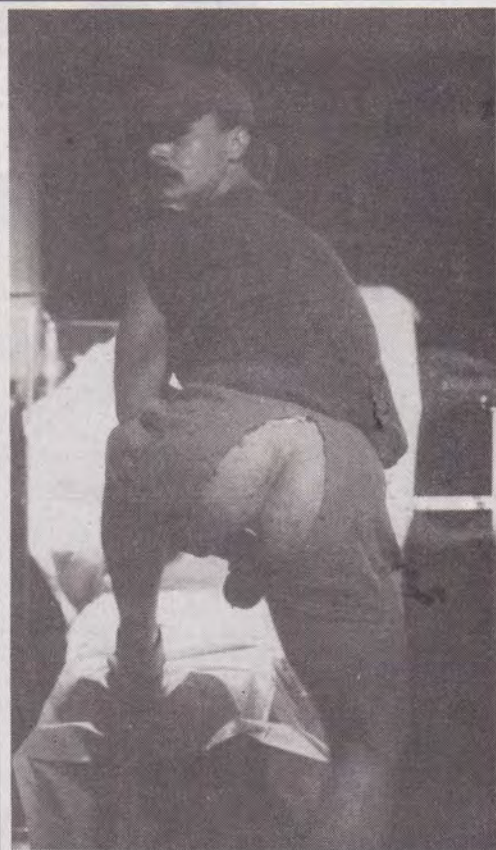
TC 1327 says we can call him by his nickname, **Stoker**. Stoker is a serious smoker and stroker who has set aside a special Havana especially to celebrate publication of this issue of *Drummer*. To contact Stoker (and find out exactly where he has been keeping that special Havana), write TC 1327.



# TOUGH CUSTOMERS

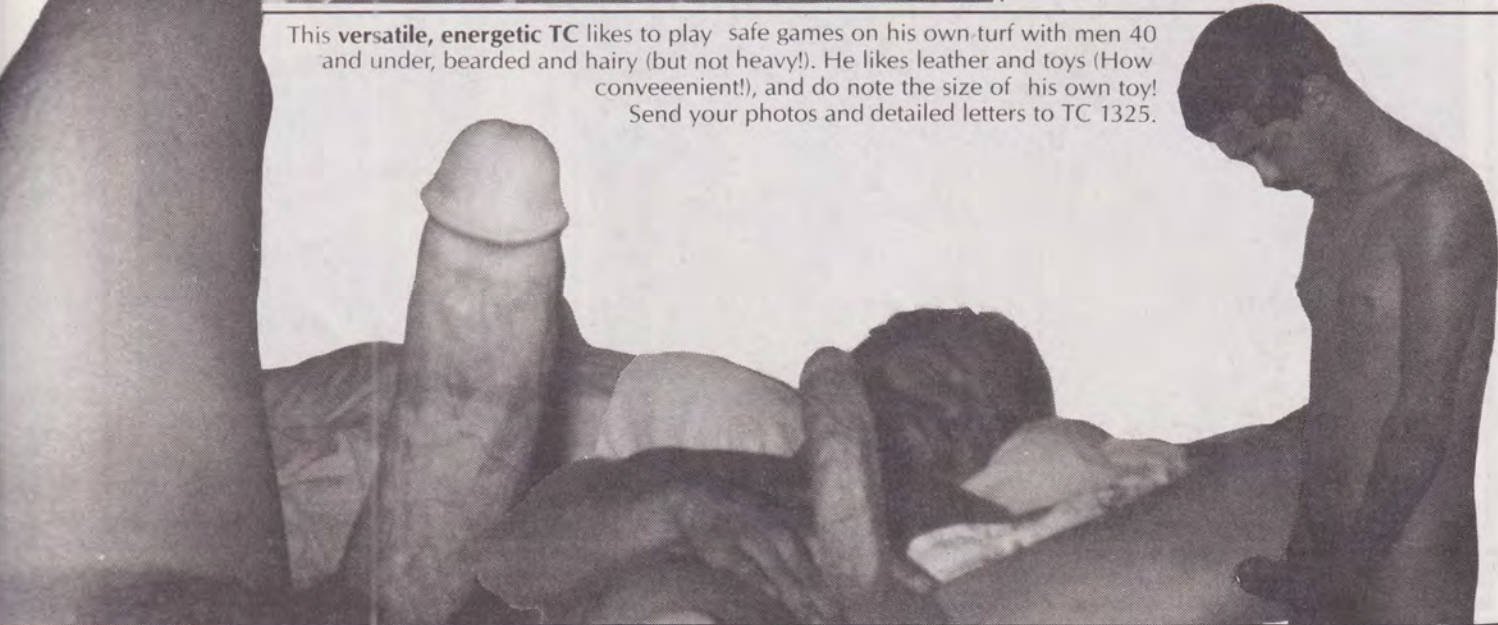


Photographs of this **Montreal leather daddy** (6'2", 190 lbs.) arrived too late to be included among our Tit TC's (Issue 121). "My tits are my life!" he claims. He has other interests as well, including training guys in bondage, discipline and SM. He seems to have one of the world's most awesome collections of body jewelry. Talk to us, Harry Winston, tell us about it! Write TC 1327.



The **Ohio TC** pictured here obviously enjoys the open air—as well as group therapy with several leather daddies (35-50) at one time, as long as they can get down and dirty and fly by the seat of his pants! Contact TC 1326.

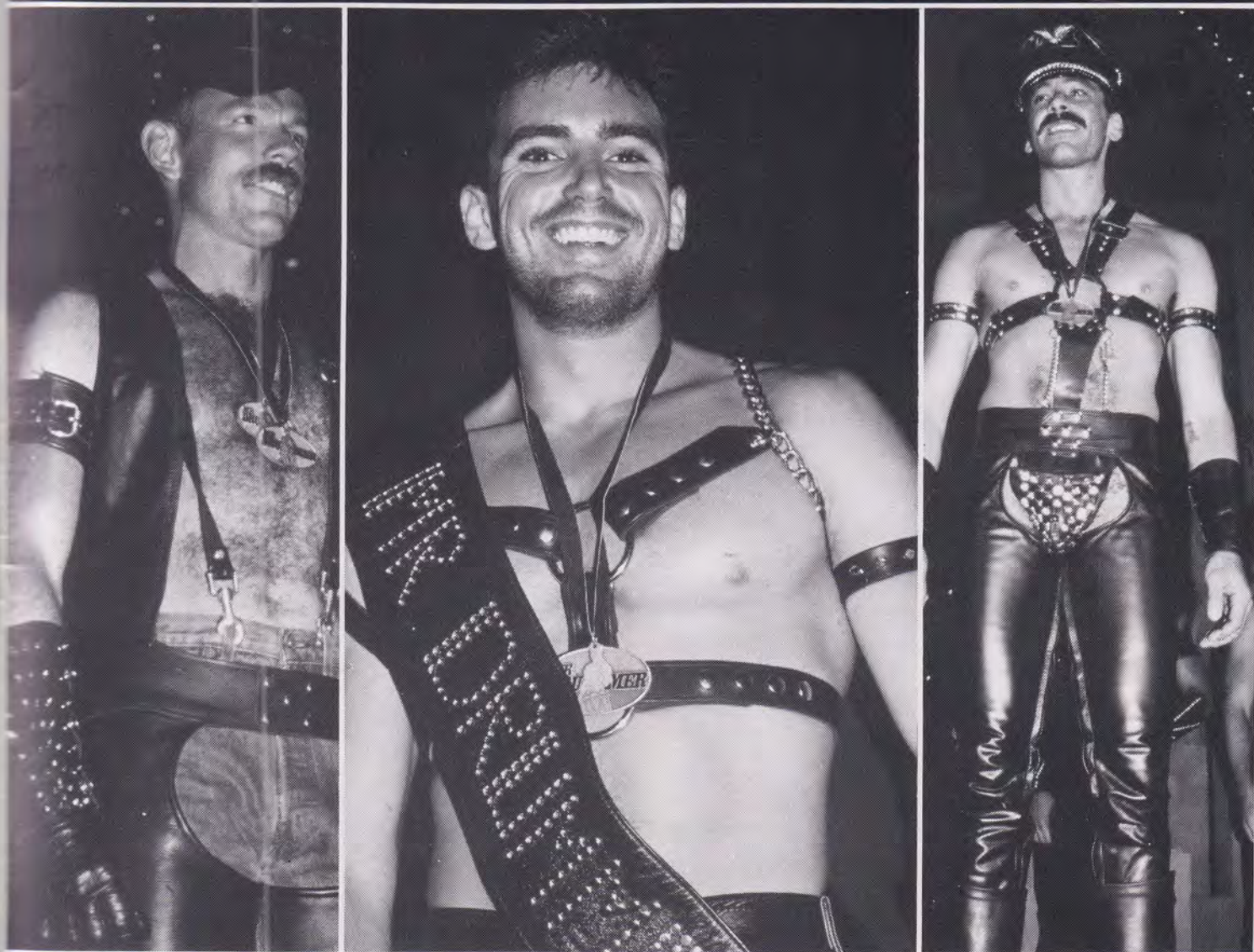
This **versatile, energetic TC** likes to play safe games on his own turf with men 40 and under, bearded and hairy (but not heavy!). He likes leather and toys (How convenient!), and do note the size of his own toy! Send your photos and detailed letters to TC 1325.





## Cumming Up in *Drummer*

For those unfortunate folks out there who missed the 1988 Mr. Drummer Finals, as well as for those who DID attend and had the time of their leather lives, **Drummer 123** will contain the most comprehensive coverage EVER of a Mr. Drummer contest. PLUS the Folsom Street Fair and other exciting events that made San Francisco's first Leather Pride Weekend such a whacking success! And for all you assmen and cockhounds! From the camera of official Mr. Drummer photographer Drew Nicholas, **Issue 124** will feature a steamy and revealing look behind the sweaty jockstrap and underneath the wellworn leathers of the new Mr. Drummer, RON ZEHEL of Columbus, Ohio. Find out why they call the Midwest the *hardland of America*!



### THROUGHOUT THE CUMMING YEAR . . .

DRUMMER will share with you intensely erotic portraits of all the 1988 Mr. Drummer finalists, just as soon as they (the pictures, not—alas—the finalists) can be pried out of the fists of our inquisitive and horny staff! (Well, there have to be *some* perks around here!)





# DRUMMER



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