

DRUMMER

ISSUE 129

4

**DRUMMER
DADDIES
& BOYS**

DISTRIBUTION TO MINORS PROHIBITED

DRUM



photo by Altomar

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"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

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photo by Jim Moss

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OFF THE TOP

In Drummer 125 we included a 20 Questions form to solicit opinions from our readers. Last month I gave you some general results from the first 200 responses we received. This month I'd like to share, and respond to, a few of the specific comments. We will be sharing more of these comments with you in future issues.

#19. What would you like to see more of in Drummer? *Tough Customers. Models are OK but TC's are closer to every day life. I really like your issue on Texas. I would like to see a different area featured in each issue.*

More Tough Customers was one of the most common requests. We publish nearly all of the TCs sent in to us. To get more YOU have to send them in. We've also had several requests for photos in the Dear Sirs. We allow this on commercial ads but not personals (photos with personals are invited in both *DungeonMaster* and *FQ*.) HOWEVER, the Tough Customers section is actually offering free personals along with photos. Take advantage of it.

Lots of people loved the Texas issue (#103) and many hated it. Issue #130 next month will feature a section on another state, Ohio, the home of Ron Zehel, Mr. Drummer 1989-90. We will be spotlighting the leather bars, businesses, and clubs in the buckeye state and presenting a greatly expanded Tough Customers section on the leathermen of Ohio. I've just been through the photos and these are HOT men, many showing you the kinds of action they promise to deliver.

#19. What would you like to see

more of in Drummer? *More Tough Customers. Coverage of Inferno—Some of us there are quite willing to be photographed—especially bondage competitions. MORE rubber, mud, WS, raunch.*

TC's are covered above, as for Inferno coverage there are two problems. As you should know Chicago Hellfire Club is VERY strict on publication of photos taken at Inferno. Very few can be published, and those must undergo a lengthy approval process. The second problem is that most of the interesting ones are too heavy for publication in Drummer. They would get us thrown off newstands across the country. I know that in the past there were lots of this type of photos in this magazine. I would like to see lots of them there again. But if I publish them you WILL NOT see them because the distributors will send them back to us, refusing to sell them. Sorry but that is life these days. We do publish heavier photos in *Mach* and in *DungeonMaster*. There is a major photo spread on the most recent Inferno in *DungeonMaster* 37 which will be available in May.

#10. How do you feel generally about the fiction published in Drummer? *Explain Very good when not botched by stupid editorial butchery.*

#12. What was your favorite piece of fiction published in Drummer during the past year? *Beirut—Part 1 & 2 ONLY—later parts butchered editorially by cutting shifting by insensitive asshole editor. Fire Him!*

Every word Aaron Travis submitted for Beirut was published as received.

Beirut was by far the most common answer to question #12 (we'll give you a complete report on this question in a later issue) but you are the only one who seemed to be aware of an "editing" problem. As usual however, there were also a few persons who mentioned it under question #20: "What would you like to see less of?"

#19. What would you like to see more of in Drummer? *Muscular black men on their knees kissing muscular white men boots.*

A black man should worship a muscular white man. I know: I am black. Run an issue listing gyms and detailed reports of the members getting whippings for not working out hard enough and for not winning contests in bodybuilding.

Your comments are exactly the kind of thing I was trying to get two years ago when I was promoting a "Fetish Photo" feature. For all my pleas there were only two responses, neither of which were very practical as they required a large number of models and lots of costumes & props. While I do not agree that black men SHOULD worship muscular white men, I certainly agree that any one that wants to should be able to do so—and I'd love to publish photos of it. We will see what we can do. As for the second part of Question #19, you ask us to run a list of such gyms: If you know of any that use this kind of discipline let me know about them. I'll not only list them I'll get a photo crew there to document the activity. If you are, as I suppose, just suggesting a story idea I am hereby passing it on to our many readers who are also writers. It sounds hot to me guys! □

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

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MALE CALL

SAFETY FIRST

I think that you could do a great service to the leather community by exploring and explaining more of the possibilities of Safe Sex. When I bring a boy home I make him tell me his fantasies and we explore them safely. They leave happy and I am exhausted and satisfied that I might have given him a better feeling of Safe Sex.

If more of the "Tops" in this world were more creative and caring there would be more healthy bottoms out there to share.

—MM / St. Louis, MO

We will be beginning a Safe Sex column in *Drummer* 131. It will cover not only AIDS safety, but other aspects of safety and leathersex as well.

—AFD

TRUE COLORS

The other night something happened that I felt needed a public comment, and a strong one.

A friend of mine and I were visiting Charlotte N.C. and went to the Brass Rail, a "Western-Leather" bar. My friend was wearing Chicago Hellfire colors. In came a guy wearing Tradesman colors, a local club. The local guy not once spoke or in any way greeted my friend.

Now I was under the impression that at least a "Hello and welcome to our city" was minimum courtesy to any visiting clubman. I have never failed to receive or extend such courtesy under such circumstances.

This guy may be the only yo-yo in the club, but I feel all club members, all clubs, could use a reminder about their manners.

—S / Winston Salem, NC

It is customary for a local club member to welcome a visitor wearing colors. It is a great tradition and a significant contribution to the feeling of brotherhood. But it is also not a right to be expected and bitched about when it does not occur. Perhaps the local club member did not notice the colors, perhaps he had some trepidation in approaching a CHC member (remember, not all Leather/Levi club members are into SM and some have a phobia about it!) You and your friend could have said hello to him, too.

—AFD

MAD ABOUT THE BEAR

Just got my issue 126. Max Bear is one of the hottest little guys I have seen in a long

time. Any bear who lists Freelance Proctology among his hobbies is the kind of Bear I want to meet! I hope to see lots more of him.

P.S., he says his favorite foods are cookies and beer. . . Would that be recycled beer? . . . and cookies?

—BC / San Francisco, CA

According to Max's press representative, "It's purely situational and totally up to Max."

—KJL

GRODY TO THE MAX

I think it is a monumental waste of four pages (66-69 in Issue #126) to include the cartoons of Max Bear. I think it is a "cute" bad addition to *Drummer*.

I've been critical, now let me heap some praise on you. You have consistently hardened and lengthened my dick with your very hot magazine. Coverman (Issue #125) from *Like Moths to a Flame* tore my underpants I got hard so fast. Since they were torn, I ripped off the rest of them and shredded my T-shirt I got so hot! This was all just an overture for the sight of Colt Thomas in your pages at last! A grand old man of leather living: finally sharing his tremendous gifts in your spread. And his own. Very hot. Tell me, are those tattoos of his recent? Will we see more of this hot fuck in his shining black skins of office? Or better, stripped of portions? I can only hope.

It is this kind of throbbing sexual icon which leads me to think four, or one page(s), of the too-cute bear are a waste. Thanks for years of hard dicks and great pages. I wait to see Ron Zehel's cod stick out of his cod-piece and any picture of Colt Thomas (or Brian Dawson.)

—MM / New York, NY

The tattoos (except for the barbed wire on his left arm,) are recent. They're by Mad Dog, the creator of Max Bear. The most interesting one is not on display in the photos. Guess where that one is!

—AFD

NOT GROOVY ENOUGH

May be my expectations were too high. May be, because I own and ride a Harley, (and I thought) you'd also know what a motorcycle issue should have!

But boy, what a let down. You think you've got it because you show some fuckin' model sitting on a bike, with a chain

casually wrapped around his tasteful body. What a joke! I have never seen a biker with such a ph-abulous tan!! Believe me—you're just about good enough for an Uncle Charlie's customer having a trip about bikes. We regular patrons of your rag deserve better. There was no good editorial, no pictures of runs, gay or straight, with bikes lined up and groovy hot bikers hanging around, etc.

Sorry to be rough on you guys. Your mag and Bear are the only two gay mags I buy. But this time I got turned off.

—JPC / Delaware, NJ

Tastes vary, as the above two letters indicate, but I can't argue with JPC's complaints. But we're trying for more of that "real" biker look in *Drummer*. Note illustrations by T.C. in this and future issues, and photos coming up in *Drummer* 134.

—AFD

THIS IS A BITCH LETTER

This is a bitch letter.

Why has *Drummer* fucked up its N.E. distribution? I haven't seen you around in months!

They say here back east that *Drummer* fears censorship and with good reason, in that you don't see it around anymore, and for that *Drummer* has "gone soft." What-say?

—JS / Rochester, NY

I say, Read My Editorials! What do you think I've been hollering about! The censorship IS by distributors refusing to carry the magazine because it is too "heavy." You don't like it—bitch to your legislators who can do something about it! If you want your copies, there is any easy way to avoid these censors—SUBSCRIBE! You get every copy—and they go out of here before shipments to news stands.

—AFD

THE LUSTY MR. MAY

Some of the hottest stories you've published are David May's. I like his writing style—and I especially like the comfortable, casual way his characters weave safe sex practices into their play (among other places.)

I hope your other readers appreciate, from David's hot stories, how easy it is for them to play hot and safe.

How soon may we expect more from this talented man?

—CT / Berkeley, CA

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David May's work appeals to me, not only for the reason you've cited, but also for his skill in handling narrative and character development. He's a great writer. The next story by David May we'll be publishing will appear in *Mach* 18. Titled "Hot Under the Collar," it's very, very different from the two stories we've recently published in *Drummer* ("The Circle is Complete," and "The Utah Connection.")

—KJL

STELLAR RIP-OFF

Last fall I got a mailing from Witomski of Tom's River that included several inserts for a variety of things—and one that got my response. I decided to order a video tape from Stellar Enterprises. Not having heard of them before, I thought they were OK because of the source of the flyer.

My check was cashed (it was sent to

Stellar in Chicago, but was deposited in a Tom's River account,) but to this day I have not seen the product. I sent letters to Stellar with no response, 'till the last one was returned unclaimed.

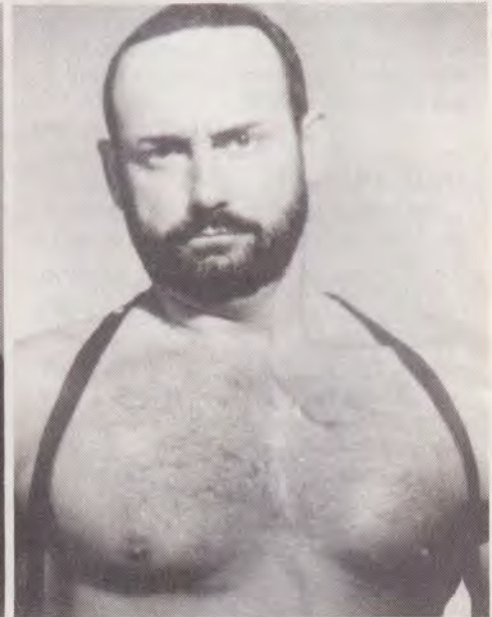
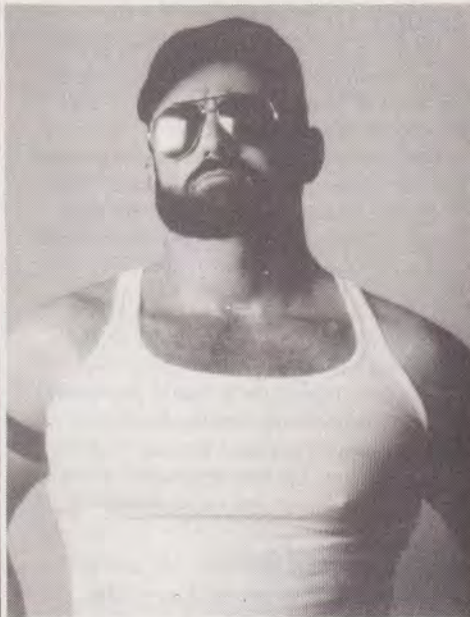
I did write to Witomski regarding the apparent ripoff, but their reply was to contact Stellar direct. Another mailing came from Stellar in the interim, offering a longer list of videos, but no word on delivery except the note to allow 4-10 weeks for delivery.

This letter is for your information and/or to pass on to prevent others from the same fate.

—Chuck Slaton

We have received MANY complaints about this apparent rip-off operation. I know of at least two persons who have started legal action.

—AFD



WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!

In Issue #126 you asked for some pictures of your readers. Well, I'm not a "pretty boy," but thanks to *Drummer* I've had a great year this last year.

The pictures were taken by a photographer at the Mr. Mid Atlantic Leather contest in D.C. last January. I entered, had a great time, and had the opportunity to meet a lot of good leathermen.

But back to why *Drummer* helped me have a great year.

Last year I placed an ad in *Drummer* looking for a man to form a good relationship with, and who also could expand my knowledge of leather. More than a hundred men answered and without exception I found them to be sincere, good men as we corresponded. But out of all these men, I found one in particular who fit all my needs and fortunately I fit his.

Through the security and trust we've built, he's used me in ways I never thought I'd submit to, and in return I've played out a lot of my fantasies on him. This also led me to enter the contest in D.C., and while I wasn't the best looking man in the contest by any means, just being a contestant and seeing the reactions of other leathermen has certainly boosted my self confidence even more.

So, *Drummer*, thanks for the classifieds which expanded my horizons, thanks for the information which led me to D.C., and thanks in advance for the entertainment I know is coming in the future.

—TG / Kerens, TX

□

SEND YOUR LETTERS to *Drummer* MaleCall,
PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

DRUMMER MEN

Remembering



Mack MacKinnon—

DrummerMan

Every once in a while in life you meet someone who is a giant of a man. I first ran into Mack in the mid-seventies, in Vancouver, a city we both lived in and both loved. He opened Top Man Leather, which became a sort of drop-in center for the biker-leather-uniform community. Later, through the Zodiacs, I worked with Mack and Top Man in organizing the first Pacific Northwest Mr. Leather Contest in 1982. Runoffs were held in Portland, Seattle, and Vancouver, with finals in Vancouver. When he left for several years in San Francisco, Vancouver lamented Mack's going. When he returned, he was as active as ever in the community, raising money for charities, opening a new store, organizing for the NLA and drawing together leather men and women.

We admired and loved Mack as a biker, as a man whose heart was filled with generosity, and for his warmth and respect for others. When I wrote *Urban Aboriginals*, Mack was very much an inspiration of the leatherman about whom I was writing: a man who had a quiet belief in himself, but was unassuming about it. A man who was patient and always ready to help. A man who was prepared to speak his mind—even shit disturb—when he knew the time and place were right. Mack commanded respect, and it was a respect deserved. Dear Mack: Thank you, Sir, for your many lessons.

Geoff Mains / Author



"Hi, Dyke Face," response, "Hi, Faggot Breath." Now this greeting indicates that you either can't stand the person you're talking to or that you love them very much. I loved Mack MacKinnon very much and I know he loved me too. We were pals, we ate together, danced together, and dished together. Nothing was sacred to Mack except his commitment to the leather community and every time I think of Mack I grin.

I first met Mack in Seattle at the May Day celebration. I was just beginning my year as International Ms Leather. We didn't talk then, just exchanged the normal hello how are you. But Mack was definitely memorable wearing his great leathers with his shiny bald head. Sashie was still pretty bald from her chemotherapy so the two of them hit it off right away. As Mack and I said hello I started to give him a kiss on the cheek and he said "No, kiss me here," bending his head forward and getting lipstick prints on his bald pate. He said he'd never wash again. I told him he didn't have to do that because I'd kiss his bald head every time I saw it, and I did. That was how my relationship with Mack MacKinnon began and it grew into a great friendship.

Mack and Sashie and I have seen each other at almost every important leather

event since then. I'm just going to tell a couple of stories about those meetings.

Mack was always looking for a Daddy, so at each event I'd scope out men I liked, introduced them to Mack and then we'd compare notes later. There was one man at International Mr. Leather last year, Mack was dying to meet him so I went and questioned him first, he fit all the requirements so I introduced them. Mack came to me later and said he'd be great for a one-nighter but he was too serious for anything long term. There was a dance after this same contest so Mack decided we should start some rumors. He had me whip him on the dance floor. Well it probably didn't start too many rumors but I ended up whipping a few more butts than his on the floor that night, thanks to his bright idea. Another little thing happened at the Northwest Mr. Drummer contest in 1987. Mack and I were two of the judges and Mike Murray, whom we all know and adore, was the emcee. During the contest an auction was held as part of an AIDS fundraiser and of course Mike was asked to donate an article of clothing. That article of clothing just happened to be his leather jock strap so he was asked to take it off, take it all off on stage. Now, Mike seemed rather shy about doing it, so Mack turned to me and said, "It's

because you're here." "Now, Mack, I don't want to inhibit anyone, so I'll go up and tell him I'll turn my back." Mack was laughing like hell by then and said to do it, then when Mike was undressed to turn back around. I went to the stage, told Mike I'd turn my back and then as soon as he had unclothed, Mack poked me and I turned back and said, "I lied". "I lied" became an inside joke for us every time we did something other than what was expected.

Mack watched Sashie and me criss-cross the country, scrambling all the while for money to deal with the travel and Sashie's illness. He decided to do something about our money problems. He arranged a fund-raiser for us while we were in New York seeing doctors for Sash. Then he would call regularly to make sure things were going okay and find out if we needed anything. And Mack MacKinnon, a leatherMAN, started the International Ms Leather Travel Fund, naming it after Sashie because he loved and admired her spirit and dedication even though she was ill. When Shan Carr, International Ms Leather 88, and I were getting ready to leave for Chicago and the International Mr. Leather contest, Mack called just to say he was going to make sure we ate while there. He was bringing extra money for food.

Mack MacKinnon was also responsible for starting NLA: B.C. and was a prime figure in getting the men's and women's leather groups there working together to form a community. He was active in VASM, a men's S/M group in Vancouver, and he sponsored AIDS fundraisers on a regular basis. Mack's Leathers was the place to go when you needed information on what was happening. He was everywhere supporting any leather event he could get to, and he loved a good party. He just happened to produce the finest leathers I've seen anywhere.

This was the Mack I knew. He backed his belief in building a leather community with his energy, his talent, his money, and most important of all his love, and he had a damn good time while he did it. I'm going to miss Hi Dyke Face more than I can say. I'm also going to miss the laughing, the dancing, and the dishing.

*Judy Tallwing McCarthy
International Ms Leather 1987*

Thursday night, two days after ballot measure 8 passed in Oregon. Jan Brown from Vancouver, B.C. called to say Mack MacKinnon was in the hospital. She was on the way to visit him and told us not to call. He was in an oxygen tent and his condition was fair. Judy and I then went to a political meeting on what to do next since our defeat on measure 8. We got

caught up in the meeting, then had a smaller planning meeting after, we got home about 3:00 am. The next morning we learned Mack had died.

I first met Mack at May Day in Seattle in 1987, at the dungeon. I felt right away like I'd known him forever. He had a shaved head and my own hair was just growing back in. He wore black military style pants with a white stripe down the sides and a leather shirt. I noted this outfit was probably the finest leather craftsmanship I had ever seen. I saw Mack several times after that, in Vancouver, in Seattle, in Chicago, in San Francisco, in short at every leather event Judy and I went to. On March 26, 1988 at the second International Ms Leather contest, my forty-second birthday, Mack started the International Ms Leather Travel Fund and named it after me. After

he died I really got upset that he names this fund after me then catches a cab before I do. This man gave his time, his energy, his money and his love, he put more into the leather community than he ever got out of it through his business. He was the guiding light of the Vancouver leather community and a star everywhere else. There was only one Mack MacKinnon and whenever we were in the same city he always brought me a box of Smarties from Vancouver, he knew how much I like them. Mack was considerate, a gentleman, and one of the most loving men I have ever known. He will live forever in my heart and when-

ever I eat Smarties I'll think of Mack and his contributions to the leather community in general and me in particular.

Sashie Hyatt
Portland Leatherwoman 1988
(Sashie died in late March, 1989)

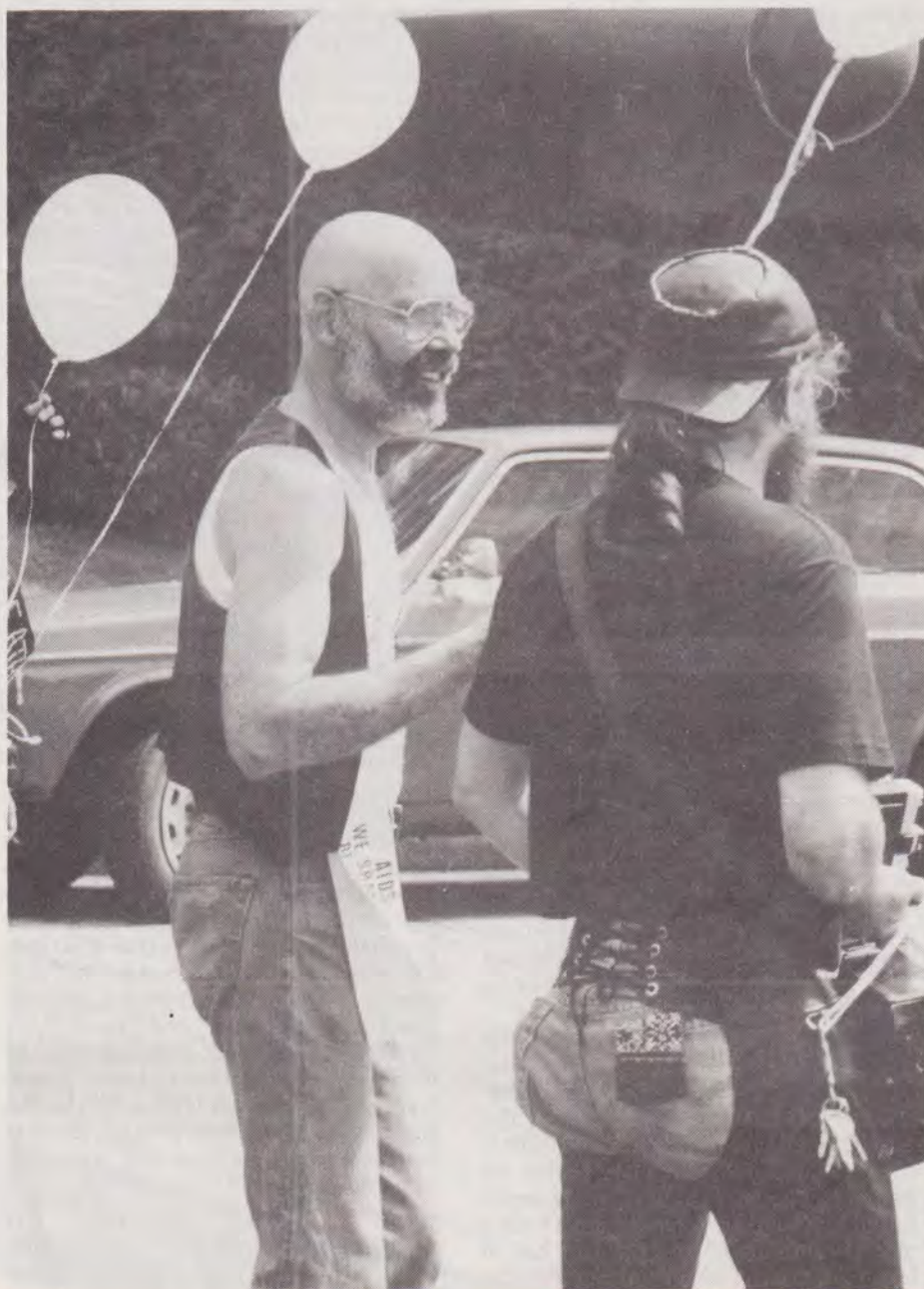
In 1986, when NLA was planning its first National Conference, I heard of a new leather shop in Vancouver. I made a special trip north to meet "Mack," the owner, and was immediately impressed with the incredible quality of his work, the careful attention to a customer's request and providing the best item he could, and commitment to maintaining those high standards. I was immediately welcomed as a friend and encouraged to return to Vancouver often and consider his home my own.

With the same commitment, care, and intensity Mack gave his leatherwork, he moved within the Vancouver leather/SM community. His strong support was instrumental in the formation of Vancouver's own NLA chapter. Mack chose NLA primarily because of its open membership philosophy which fit so well with his own. He was not content to work only with the men's community. He rapidly became one of the most respected voices for leather dykes. Mack was quietly very proud of the frequency with which the women called on him. In the last year he had begun working towards greater inclusion of straight SM individuals into the larger leather/kink/fetish community. Mack used his business as a platform which allowed him to reach out in many opposing direction, pull them together, and, through example, encourage many individuals to work, and play, together.

And Mack did love to play. His fondness for "Tractor Pulls" was well known, but who could beat his gauge 4 rings? He once told me his tits were "a little" sore. I asked what he had in them and he said only 3 rings and a bar—in EACH, including the size 4's.

His support of community and especially AIDS fundraising is widely recognized; his leather condom cases are known from coast to coast. Volunteers from PWAC (his favorite AIDS support group,) were always highly visible and publicly mentioned at any event he sponsored.

Perhaps I'll most miss Mack because I know my rather small close family has grown a little smaller. His intense shining eyes and sincere smile always welcomed me and let me know I was part of his family, and this made him part of



mine. His support, caring, and honest sympathy were constant and his generosity was matched only by his open love for all members of his constantly growing community.

*George Nelson, Secretary
National Leather Association*

The only cows that Mack Mackinnon held sacred (as far as I could ever tell) were those that relinquished their hides so that they could be tanned, dyed black, and formed to gird men's loins. Beyond his beloved leather, and the bond of men's friendship that it engendered, he had no time for pomp or fatuousness or self-absorbed snivellers or self-anointed VIPs. Those things were skewered with a quick, incisive wit that punctured posturing but almost always left its victim chortling.

Long after we become resigned to the fact that Mack is no longer physically among us, his laughter and the laughter he brought forth from his friends will continue to be heard and appreciated.

Just when Mack became a fixture in Vancouver's leather and uniform scene is difficult to tell. Memory—always an erratic source—says his presence began being felt a decade or so ago. Cursorry research—sifting through my photo files—produces images of Mack in the company of two dozen men at a summer campout at Lizard Lake on the southwest Vancouver Island. The date of the slides is August 1981. The research is bittersweet: rich in memories of fine camaraderie, sadness in the knowledge that a number of those stalwart guys have been felled by a grim disease.

Back to Mack: he reveled in occasions such as that, far from his craftsman's store (in which he reveled in other ways,) and in the company he loved to keep. He was Mack's Leathers and Mack's Leathers was him—inseparable entities which spread his name at least continent-wide. (Thousands of miles from home, men have fondled the black leather condom case on my bike jacket's epaulet and asked, "Mack?")

In Vancouver he worked tirelessly for his friends and those he considered should be his friends. He tried to build bridges between segments of the community. His business served lesbians and they became his friends, and through that he built bridges of understanding.

And that beautiful shaved head of his made my tongue stiff.

*Murray M.
Vancouver, BC*

Mack helped me get my job at Image Leather when I was new in town and feeling quite isolated and confused. He was a warm and gentle man, a teacher in the world of action, a doer.

To some of us at Image who were alone and away from family, Mack was for-sure "Dad". That did not stop him from having a good time though, and I'll never forget his rendition, after inhaling helium, of "I'm a Lumberjack and I'm OK," accompanied by the strangest (not very butch) dance steps.

Mack was a fine man, a strong leatherman, a lover of life and a fierce warrior when standing toe to toe with death. He fought for people with AIDS, for his brothers and sisters in leather, and for human rights. He was not one for Drama, just results. Mack has been an example for me. He is part of the reason I am who I am. I will miss him greatly.

*Jaryn (Jay) Marston
Hedonic Engineering*

I travel extensively around the country conducting piercing clinics at various stores in some of the major cities. It was on one of these trips to Seattle that I met Mack. He wanted me to come to Vancouver and conduct a clinic there.

Mack was, without question, one of the warmest, most generous individuals it has ever been my pleasure of knowing personally and professionally. He was willing to extend himself, to put himself out, to see that other people were comfortable and well taken care of. He was a first rate craftsman, taking great care and pride in the quality of his leatherwork. I feel very fortunate to own several unique pieces custom made especially for me.

Mack was also an incredible humanitarian. He gave endlessly and selflessly of his time and energy helping to raise money and support for a variety of causes, especially those fighting AIDS. It is a great tragedy that he has been felled by the enemy he fought with such vigor.

But the one thing I will personally never forget about Mack was his ceaseless energy and enthusiasm for living. The last time I saw Mack was at the Living in Leather conference in Seattle last October. Dressed in full leather we danced and sweated and laughed together with an energy and abandon I hadn't mustered in years. When I finally had to leave he was still dancing. That is proba-

bly the way I will always remember him. Mack was a fine human being, and I count myself blessed to have known him.

*Jim Ward
Gauntlet*

Mack MacKinnon died at 3 am Friday, November 11, at Saint Paul's Hospital of an AIDS-related complication. He had been hospitalized for only a few days and his illness and death were a shock to all of us.

Mack was the owner of Mack's Leathers and was a well-known activist in the west coast S/M and leather community and in the Vancouver gay community as a whole. He was one of the founders and president of Vancouver Activists in S/M and co-chair of the National Leather Association of British Columbia. Many of us will remember Mack from his days at TopMan Leather with his lover, Buck, and his time at Image Leather in San Francisco. He raised and donated many dollars for the Vancouver PWA Coalition and for the Gay Games.

Mack was a man who cared passionately about things. He spoke out for the freedom we all deserve in our sexual orientations and proclivities. Mack hated judgmentalism and hypocrisy, and believed in the dignity and rights of us all. Mack's enthusiasm and acceptance changed this community and he was the catalyst in bringing Vancouver leather men and women to organize in Vancouver.

Mack cared about and enjoyed so much—his bike, his friends, tattoos and piercings, his uniforms, good porn and good men, "altered states," the S/M community and music—from opera and classical to Pink Floyd and Jim Reeves.

I will remember Mack best in his black leather uniform shirt and breeches, in his field boots, his head freshly shaved and with his ever-present red hankie. I remember Mack loudly enjoying "tug of war" games at the Seattle dungeon, his enthusiastic appreciation of some new "hot man" and his permanent advice to "not sweat the small stuff." I remember his incredible generosity and I remember Mack's Leathers was the first and only place in Vancouver where a dyke could buy a dildo harness. And I will always remember that Mack was the person who held me and sympathized when I got my heart broken in yet another romantic disaster. Mack was like that.

Mack died without complaint and he died never owning the Harley he always wanted, but he died with a red hankie tied to his bed rail. He leaves hundreds of friends and people who will remember him and who loved him.

*Ian Brown
Ms National Leather Association 1987*

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Chester

by Michael Agreve

Photos by
George Dureau

I remember the first time I saw my Daddy. I was in one of the local leather bars, looking for someone who would take me home and turn me into the kind of Little Boy I had always dreamed about becoming. As I glanced up over the glass of beer I had been nursing for almost an hour, I couldn't help noticing a head full of curly blond hair cocked in my direction. The face underneath all that hair made my dick flutter. I had rarely seen any man whose looks so closely matched my idea of perfection. It wasn't that the man was just handsome. The man was fucking gorgeous. I took a hard swallow from my glass and strained to get a closer look at his regular features and thick, drooping blond moustache. What I saw as I moved in closer to him forever changed my ideas about what the words "hot" and "exciting" mean.

George Dureau

Chester

Once I could see past the rows of bodies blocking my view of the rest of him, I had to stop dead in my tracks. Instead of seeing the expected well-packed crotch and pair of highly polished boots, all I could focus on was the pair of metal crutches that held up his long, lean body. The metal began just under the armpits, making me think long and hard about the kind of sweat that had built up inside those hairy crevasses. Everything about the man intrigued me, from the way the silver-toned crutches matched the studs placed randomly across his leather jacket, to the way his legs swung loosely as he moved to a spot near the back of the bar.

As I watched his awkward movements, something about the way he moved told me that the crutches were more than just a means of facilitating walking. He held each

slow bulging out of my crotch, that gave me the courage to approach him.

I started walking slowly to the other side of the room, my face wearing a shitass grin that disappeared the moment he scowled in my direction. I decided to approach him slowly... very slowly. Instead of making a bee-line towards the man, I veered away to the bar and ordered another beer. I planted my butt on a bar stool and started to swig my beer, glancing at him only when I thought he wasn't looking. I was close enough to bask in the heat generated by his hot looks. But I was also well out of batting range. I gave him plenty of time to get used to the fact that I was there. Then, as the hard stool began to dig into my ass cheeks, I began to think that maybe the fucker wasn't even gay. It had been a full fifteen minutes since I first had sat down. I decided the man was there more for the atmos-

**"Don't you know how dangerous it is
messin' with a cripple
in the middle of a bout of self-pity?
Man, you coulda got a crutch shoved up your ass
or somethin'"**

crutch with a fist tightly clenched around the cross bar. Each tentative step he took carried with it a certain amount of defiance. It was as if he were daring anybody to say something smart about the way his legs swung independently of the rest of him. Even as he finally made his way into a corner, the way those metal rods supported his weight told me that he wanted neither pity nor curiosity from any man.

But it was impossible not to be curious about him. He was just too beautiful to ignore. That beauty, which managed to shine through the obvious anger contorting his face, was like a magnet drawing me towards the metal supports that held him up. He was like no other man I had ever seen before. He had more attitude contained within his finely-wrought countenance than any man I had ever seen. And it wasn't just the put-on attitude that most men at the bar seemed to be wearing. As he positioned the crutches so that his feet now rested on the floor, he seemed to be the embodiment of somebody born to dominate another. Not too surprisingly, I found his hot looks, combined with his kick-ass demeanor, turning me on in ways I had never even imagined. As I watched him surreptitiously, it was easy to ignore the disability and concentrate on what he could offer someone like myself, who needed to be under a Master's thumb.

I had long known that, sexually, I was born to be on the bottom. It wasn't so much the size of a man's dick or the perfection of his body that drew me closer—it was the unspoken something in his eyes, daring me to beg for the kind of scene that I so desperately needed, that caught my attention. It was that unspoken something that made me look over to where the man was standing. As our eyes met, he looked downward, as if to make sure that I knew what lay below the waist. I could see the uncertainty registering in each blue orb as he gave me plenty of time to turn my head away and look elsewhere. But my eyes remained locked onto his, and he must have been able to clearly see the longing in them. It was that longing, combined with the

phere than for the opportunity of getting his joint worshipped. I was about to get off the stool when he turned towards me, drawing a cigar out of his jacket pocket at the same time. He started to light up just as my head moved directly towards him. He stopped in his tracks and let the match go out.

"You bothered by smoke?"

It wasn't so much a question as a dare to say "Yes." I mumbled a hesitant "No," then cautiously added the word "Sir." He didn't respond. He just struck another match and proceeded to blow thick puffs of smoke in my direction.

"Glad to hear it, Boy. I wasn't about to put up with any no-smoking shit."

My dick jumped up when I heard him call me "Boy." It wasn't so much the word itself as the way he said it that sent shivers running through my body. Almost instantly, my gaze moved downward, to that spot where his jeans bulged outward in a neat little mound just below the waist. I started to add up all the possible inches contained by those tight-fitting jeans, then stopped as my eyes focused on another curious bulge.

It started almost dead center between his waist and kneecaps; that telltale ridge that made the slacks bunch up where they never should have. Instantly, I realized that the lower half of the man was made of plastic.

"Yeah, you guessed it, fucker."

He tapped his finger on one of his legs, filling the air with a hollow-sounding thud.

"Ain't nothin' between my dick an' the ground 'cept empty air."

He continued to blow smoke in my direction, making my head ache.

"Ain't that a laugh, Boy? Thought you was starin' at a whole piece of meat, din't ya?"

He was right. At first I had pegged him for one of those guys whose legs were paralyzed as the result of some accident. I never thought that he would turn out to be an amputee.

"Well, guess again, Boy. What you got here is a genuine piece of crip meat, courtesy of the 'Nam. Now, what you got to say 'bout that, boy? You gonna go runnin' back to your tight-assed friends and tell 'em how you cruised this mean-lookin' cripple? Gonna tell 'em how scared you got when you found out he din't have any fuckin' legs?"

He was no longer talking to me. He was talking to some invisible person created deep inside his brain, made up of all the bits and pieces of all the men who had ever rejected him for all the wrong reasons. I was nothing more than a sounding board, somebody who wandered too close to the wrong psyche at the wrong time. This fucker could be dangerous. I didn't have to say a fucking thing to set him off.

"Whatsa matter, Boy, you think I'm deaf, too? Talk to me, fucker. Tell me what it's like to slobber over someone, then find out he's a freak?"

I put my beer down. My fear left me. Somehow I knew the venom that had been pushing its way out of his tongue was now all split. What remained was just another lonely human being trying to cope with his fears of rejection. It was something I understood all too well. I could see my reflection in the barroom mirror, reminding me that I was no Adonis. I could look into his eyes and see the same hurt I had seen in mine when some tight-assed stud had passed me over for the prettier dude. I knew what it was like to enter a room full of strangers and find yourself suddenly vulnerable as the pretty-faced ones made out like bandits. I also knew that with his anger dissipated, all that remained was the painful vulnerability of someone on the perimeter of sexual desirability.

It was with that in mind that I raised my hand to his face. I slid the back of my fingers over his cheek, wondering for the first time how it might feel to have so perfect a face in so imperfect a body. I saw myself making sexual compromises as I sought my own level in the assortment of would-be topmen around me. Then, with my hand still attached to his smooth-shaven cheek, I whispered the words that were echoes of a not-too distant childhood.

"Please, Daddy," I said. "Don't be mad at me."

The words came out so naturally that I didn't have time to think about how silly they might sound. As I stood close to this legless man; I was once again the Little Boy, trying to understand what he had done to bring on such a sudden rush of anger from his father. Only this time it wasn't my real Dad standing in front of me. It was a perfect stranger. . . a stranger perfect in every way but one. I was entering an emotional minefield that only a man with no legs could safely maneuver through. I was exploring unknown territory, aware that to the enemy I was nothing more than a faceless would-be cocksucker.

But as my words hung in the air, no explosions came. The battlefield remained quiet. Instead of sparks flying from his eyes, I watched the lids close slowly as my words hit home. For a second, through my hand on his cheek, I could feel him tremble. Then, as quickly as it came, the tremor passed. I was left with a brain full of battle scars and the curly-haired hunk I had first spotted over a glass of beer. I now knew that he was only half-a-hunk, undesirable to some, but still possessing a spirit that could be, at its best, mercurial. He had shown me his dark side, and also his most vulnerable. I had shown him little except the willingness to understand and to take more abuse than most men would stand for.

"Boy, you must be one hell of a dickbrained masochist."

There was no anger in his words, just a playfulness that made my cock jump once again.

"Don't you know how dangerous it is messin' with a cripple in the middle of a bout of self-pity? Man, you coulda got a crutch shoved up your ass or somethin'"

Somehow that didn't seem like the worst fate a bottom

man could have. I told him so, then let myself go at ease as his laughter filled the already charged air around our heads. The storm had passed. Just what kind of weather would take its place was anybody's guess. I imagined more clouds brewing somewhere in the stratosphere. But as he moved his cigar back up to his lips, I realized that the only clouds on the horizon were clouds of blue smoke. I smiled back at him and extended my hand towards him, this time in friendship.

"My name's Arnie," I said. "It's a shitty name. Guess that's why I prefer being called 'Boy,' or 'Slave,' or just plain 'Hey, You.'"

He grabbed my hand and held it in his own. The power of his grip told me just how strong his built-up torso was.

"Mine's Chester. Like in Marshall Dillon's gimpy sidekick. Some joke, eh?"

I ran my fingers across his wrist, enjoying the feel of the thick mat of blond hairs running almost down to the fingers. "Well, then, I guess I'd better call you 'Sir' instead. Or 'Daddy.'"

I saw his eyes wander down to my swollen crotch. Once again, I was glad that Mother Nature had made up for what she didn't give me in great looks with plenty of extra inches of dickmeat.

"Guess I don't have to ask what you're into. Your choice in names tells it all."

I returned the crotch-staring, realizing that he had more than enough meat to satisfy any man's hunger.

"You also into makin' it with amps?"

The question took me by surprise. I had never thought much about how I would react to having sex with a disabled man. At least not until I met Chet. I always knew that attitude and the ability to use it was more important than looks alone. Well, Chet had the attitude, all right. He also had good looks. All that was missing was a pair of legs. The trade-off wasn't such a bad one.

"I've never gone out of my way to meet a disabled man, if that's what you mean. But I sure as hell wouldn't pass one up if he sparked my interest."

I finished up my second beer quickly, knowing full well where the conversation was going.

"How 'bout me, Arnie. Do I spark your interest?"

I let my eyes take in every inch of him. Now that I was able to see his legs up close, I realized that even with a pair of thick-soled work boots on the bottom, they still looked painfully mismatched with the rest of him. I imagined how he would look without them. After a moment's thought, I realized that he would probably still look pretty good.

"Yeah, Chester, Sir. . . you spark my interest. You spark it a whole lot."

He reached out and cupped my chin in his hand. It was not so much a gesture of affection as one designed to let me know just how much power he could wield.

"You already seen me at my worst, boy. Think you can also stand seein' me without my clothes?"

I peeked inside his jacket at the powerful chest muscles lying in wait there. I knew I could spend hours just licking out the sweat building up inside that leather jacket. That and his cock were all I needed to suck on. I told him so, making it clear that the minute he claimed me for his Slave Boy that what I felt and what I wanted made absolutely no difference. I would be totally his. No matter what he offered to me physically or mentally, I would have to not only accept, but learn to love and worship everything that was his.

He heard the words and listened, still not fully believing that it would make no difference to me whether or not he could offer me a pair of feet to suck on. Then, after a long pause in the conversation, he blew a thick cloud of smoke in my face and smiled sardonically.

"Then I guess you're on, Boy. . . I guess you're fuckin' on."



George Dunham

I was on, all right. From the very moment I entered his ground floor apartment to the time I reluctantly left, many hours later, I was "on." Starting with the second that he ordered me to strip down, and including the second he told me to peel off his own clothing, I was on a high that persisted for days afterwards. Even when his pants were lowered and the set of perfectly matching prosthetic legs were exposed, nothing could cloud the joy I felt at being so completely dominated. It was as if all the cigar smoke blown in my direction had suddenly charged my brain with the one-way longing to serve the man in every way possible. Later, much later, I realized that all the while I was slobbering over his well-developed chest and thick, uncut cock, he was thinking about that moment when reality would set in and I would realize that the man lying on the bed in front of me was not someone I would be

proud to introduce as my Master.

Fortunately that moment never came. Even as he shot his first load deep inside my gullet, I was still aware that what mattered most was the security his dominance afforded. When he finally granted me permission to shoot my own wad, it wasn't the end to an almost perfect mating. All I could feel at the time was the relief at knowing that for the next couple of hours, I was free to explore his body, relieved of the nagging ache inside my penis. I never told him at the time, but for me, his body was something new and exciting to explore and plant my wet-mouthed seal of approval on. It wasn't just the powerful chest that intrigued me, or the way his armpits had of sucking a tongue in and forever marking it with its heady musk. It was also the man's lower half that caught my attention and awakened in me feelings that I never thought existed.

Beginning with the moment we entered the tiny apartment, to the moment when he planted his bulk in an armchair and ordered me to fetch a beer, I knew that I wanted to explore the "difference" his truncated body afforded. As I moved back into the room, beer in hand, I automatically planted my body down on the carpeted floor. I crouched there, in perfect imitation of the many times I had sat patiently and obediently beside my latest Daddy. As I stared into his boots I had to think hard not to focus my mind on the fact that they were attached to nothing more than hollow plastic. But as I leaned closer and breathed in the heady boot-smells, I realized that no matter how artificial, these were my Master's legs and these boots were His boots.

I begged to be given permission to lick those boots. Then, once it was granted, I went to town in a way that surpassed the cleanings I had given to the boots of men who could actually feel my tongue against their legs. I licked and slobbered over his shitkickers, making them shiny with my spit. With every pass of my tongue on his boots, I stole glances at his face. Nothing registered there, not even surprise. He only stared straight ahead, his eyes focusing on some distant spot against the wall. I longed to hear some word of praise from him. Then, as my spit began to form a wet pool on the carpet, I sensed his gaze upon me. The cloud that had passed before his eyes was gone. Whatever had been conjured up in its wispy tendrils had disappeared. He sat there, potent, benign, his dick twitching under his jeans as he watched me service the bottommost part of him. I paused for a second and stared into his face just as the cloud began to reappear. He looked at me, puzzled. Then he reached his hands outward and, amazingly, began to lift my body upwards.

I crouched there on the floor, my eyes locked into an unblinking stare with his. We said nothing, only looked. Then, with the quietness of a cat, he placed his arms around my neck and drew me towards him. I marvelled at the beauty of his face as our lips touched, then parted to receive each other's tongue. I closed my eyes as we drew each other's breath in and wallowed in the wetness that our two open mouths afforded. Never had any man kissed his Slave Boy so beautifully as my Daddy did. With each intake of breath I was being drawn further inside his mind. I could see the winding pathways, some filled with anger and disappointment, others filled with a need to be loved and worshipped. I explored each byway, aware that once the journey was ended, the distinction between top and bottom would be less defined. For the first time I accepted a man as Master not for just the facade of power and raw sexuality, but for the need inside him that was opposite, yet so similar to my own.

As I watched him walking into the bedroom, his legs swinging uncontrollably as the crutches hoisted his body up off of the floor, I knew that I would follow those prosthetic legs anywhere. When I stripped down on command, I had been offering him a gift: a gift of a whole body that was his to use and even abuse if he so desired. When his pants came down, and I saw what lay underneath those spit-shined boots, I gasped, not so much from shock as from the realization that they were in no way less beautiful than the rest of him. Just different. With my tongue sliding downward from his magnificent pecs onto his equally impressive cock, I kept thoughts about his prosthetic legs in the back of my mind.

I knew that sooner or later those legs would come off and that I would be faced with the reality of the stumps that lay underneath. And so I sucked and teased his dick until it spurled in my face, then I lay beside him, watching his chest heave up and down in the aftermath of his cumming. When the steady rise and fall had slowed down, I leaned in

closer and whispered in his ear.

"Should I remove your legs, Sir?"

The words hung in the air like lead weights. How many Little Boys had ever asked their Masters that question? How many ever got the opportunity? And how many, if given the chance, could deal with the reality of their removal?

I could. And that knowledge, more than anything else, made my mind reel with all the possibilities. As I began the slow manipulations that came only seconds after getting his approval, I watched him as he shut his eyes, certain that I would react negatively to the sight of his leg stumps. Instead, I watched the convoluted flesh appear as if by magic from out of their plastic shell. The man now lay in front of me, more vulnerable than any other man, Top or bottom, could ever appear to another.


He was not a full-bodied human being. He was someone whose legs were missing only inches below his crotch. That he was able to even hook on prosthetic legs at all was amazing. There was so little left of what once had been a muscled limb that I could only barely comprehend the physical and mental pain that had accompanied its loss. I looked down at my own body, far from perfect and far from pleasing to everyone who saw it. And for the first time in many years, I began to cry. I cried to think that anyone should have to suffer so much. I cried to think that the shell of protection he had built up all around him was nothing more than the consequence of a mine explosion. But as the tears spilled on the sheet, I realized that the tears were mostly for myself. I suddenly knew why I had been born with so much need for submission running through my veins. I was being prepared for something. . . for someone whose own needs outweighed my own. I understood why I was made to accept anger and abuse. I understood why I was born with looks that were only passably attractive and a body that would never make heads turn at right angles. I was born to be a disabled man's Slave.

Once realized, that knowledge was like the spark plug that lights the engine. I moved downward on the bed, wiping away any telltale signs of wetness. I smoothed the sheets out beneath him, lightly brushing his leg stumps as I played out my domestic fantasies. Then I kissed his cock-head, making it the jump-off point for the new round of body-worship on which I was about to embark.

Immediately, Chet's eyes opened up again. I smiled up at him as I wrapped my hands under his ass cheeks and began the slow descent from the tip of his cock to the point just under his swollen nut sac. I tickled his testicles playfully, saving the knowledge of their sensitivity for future use. Then I moved my head further downwards, into an area that for many would have seemed like the Twilight Zone.

I saw his eyes throw out sparks as I ran my tongue over first his right leg stump, then the left. The flesh in both truncated limbs was soft and pliant. It was like kissing a pair of ass cheeks. I watched as his eyelids closed once again, joined to the face in a gesture of ecstasy. For the first time I realized just how sensitive the remains of an amputated leg could be. He realized it too. His hands grabbed the sides of my head and pushed my mouth even further into the softly folded flesh on either side of his cock. I could see the marks my inwardly sucking mouth was leaving as I worked my tongue first over the top of each leg stump, then onto the lightly scarred underside. The minute my lips made contact with the ends of his legs, his entire body exploded in burst after burst of uncontrolled shaking. Nobody had ever reacted so strongly to my ministrations before. It was as if his entire body was thanking me for the unexpected attention it was getting.

I reached down below my waist and grabbed my dick. I was too turned on to ask for permission to play with myself. Only when I had moved from one leg stump to the other



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did I realize my indiscretion. Quickly, I let go of my dick and started to play with my Master's cock instead. Immediately, it reacted to my touch by dribbling a thick stream of precum onto the already sticky sheet. I scooped up the slimy stuff and started to work it under the foreskin onto the exposed cockhead. With my hand rubbing the sensitive glans and my mouth working over the sensitive bottom of his stump, I was nothing more than a sex machine whose one purpose in existence was to make its Master cum.

That moment of truth came sooner than expected. As I made love to the spot where so many nerve endings had been severed, I could hear the quick gasps for air that signalled that he was close to cumming. I immediately increased the pressure on his stumps and grabbed the full thickness of his cock in my fist. Slowly, then with increasing pressure, I pumped his dork up until the room filled with a cry that was more animal than human. He had shot his wad, letting his spunk fly across the room with almost frightening force. I begged him to let me shoot my own wad, then began the furious pumping motions on my own cock that would soon make it release its contents.

With his command that I shoot still ringing in the air, I gave my dick a couple of furious pumpings that soon had it spewing its contents across the bed. So great was the burst of jism that it slid down on the side of the bed and started a pool of creamy white liquid on the floor. I watched as the pool grew larger and larger as more spunk dribbled downward. Ever the domesticated houseboy, I scooped up some tissues and wiped up the mess, laughing at the ferocity of both of our shootings.

"You did good, Boy. You did everything just like you was supposed to do."

He leaned back on the pillow; his shortened body even more appealing now that I had explored it so thoroughly.

"Even the part of sucking on your leg stumps?"

He thought about my words for a long time. Then he rolled over on his side and drew me towards him so that our faces touched.

"You didn't have to do that. I know that. You did it 'cause you wanted to, not 'cause I made you do it. I never would have made you do it, no matter how much I would've liked it."

Then his face lit up with an ear-to-ear grin that made my cock dance all over again.

"But I'm kinda glad you did. I hope you'll want to do it again some time. I hope you'll want to do everything again some time."

We were no longer Master and Slave. We were two men in bed together for the first time, exploring the possibilities inherent in our coming together and hoping that there was enough satisfaction gained to warrant a return match. There was. As we lay face to face our tongues became entwined again. I felt his body pressed up against mine, the lack of flesh and bone below the waist reminding me that he was not just another pick-up I could devour, then move away from to go on to my next meal. He was somebody, like myself, who could feel the mental sting of being rejected, or even loved, for all the wrong reasons. He was a man full of misplaced anger and emotions that came out at the wrong times and in the wrong places. He was someone who reminded me that you can't just enter a man's mental plane without coming away changed. . . but unbelievably satisfied for having taken the trip.

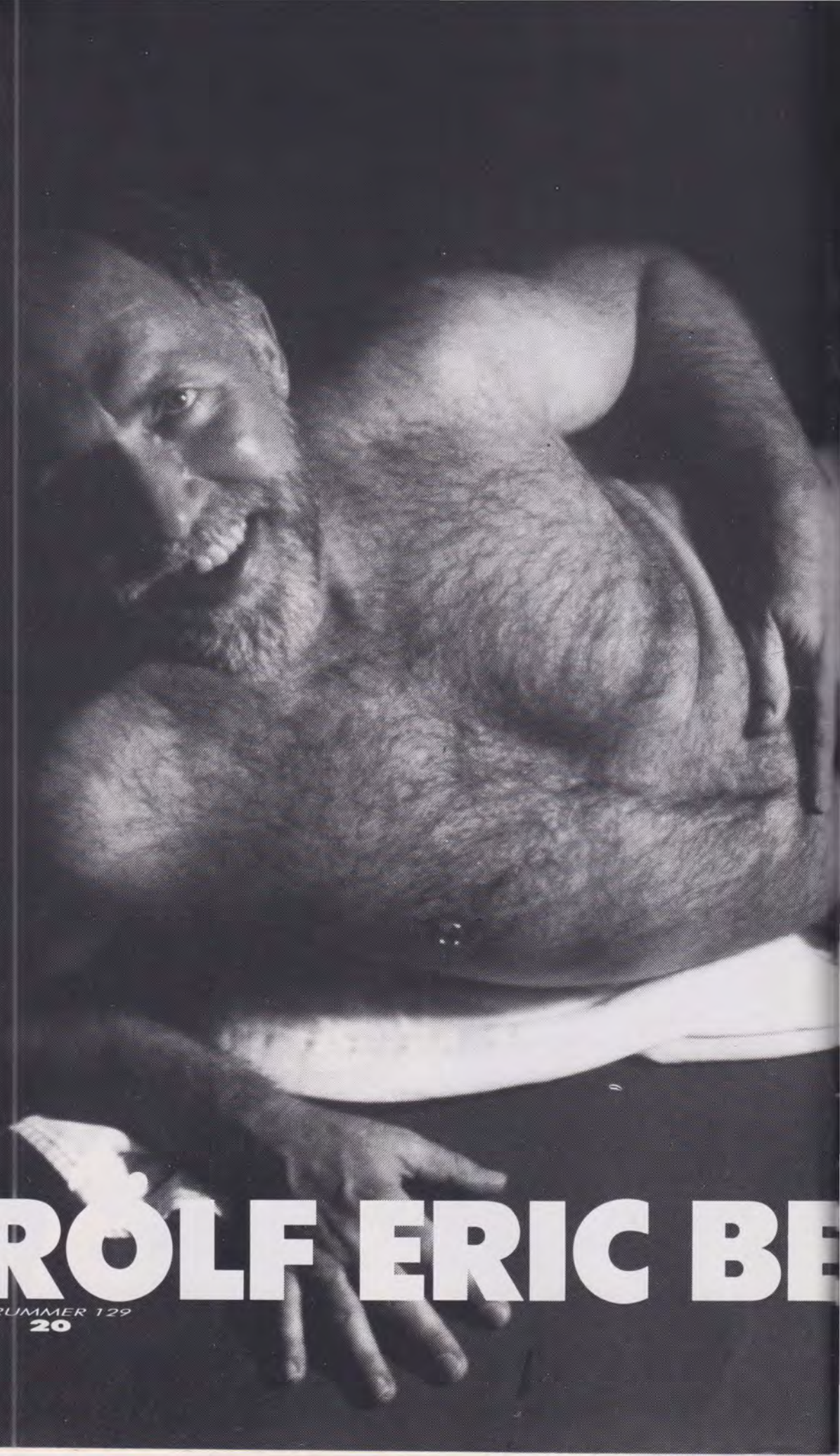
I thought about that as I remembered how he had seemed in the bar: his crutches propping up not only his body but his sagging ego. I wondered just how much of his defense system he would ever let down completely. I hoped that there would always be at least enough left to keep me in my place.

There was.

□

PAPA BARE





ROLF ERIC BE

DRUMMER 129

20



ERGMAN





PHOTOS BY ALTOMAR PRODUCTIONS

Rölf can be seen in Altomar Productions'

"Beater's Digest", available for \$59

(CA residents add 6.5% sales tax)

from **Altomar Productions**,

7985 Santa Monica Boulevard, Suite 109/255,

West Hollywood, CA 90046.

Altomar preview tape (45 min.) \$25.





TGIF

GIF

by
**Paul
Martin**

It began over dinner. We were eating out, celebrating our fourth anniversary, and we had been drinking quite a bit of wine—it was very good wine, Don knew how to pick it—as well as cocktails before dinner, and as usual Don and I both downed several glasses of ice water with our meal. When I felt the need to relieve myself, I excused myself and began to get up from the table.

But Don laid his hand on mine, a gesture the two of us have come to define as: listen to what I am about to say. “No,” he said, and his eyes said, obey. So I resumed my seat, a little surprised, and we continued with our meal. Our conversation was light, and I quickly forgot the incident, although I did not attempt to excuse myself again. Don thoughtfully kept my wine glass full, and we enjoyed a slow, luxurious dinner, followed by chocolate soufflé and coffee. At Don’s urging, I drank several cups of the coffee, which was quite good. We lingered over dessert, but finally it was time to leave.

When I stood, my need to urinate almost doubled me over, but Don hustled me out of the restaurant before I could say anything about it. Walking made it a little more bearable, so I didn’t complain as the valet drove our car to the door and we got in.

As we drove away from the restaurant, Don reached over and placed his hand just above my crotch, pressing down on the bladder. I almost pissed then and there. We stopped at a red light and he turned to face me, a knowing and slightly malevolent smile on his face. “Happy anniversary, boy,” he said, then leaned over to kiss me, his hand still kneading my bladder. Then the light changed and he sat up straight and drove on.

“Happy anniversary, Daddy,” I said, in a small voice. He only called me “boy” when we were going to play. And sometimes I liked what he did to me, and sometimes I didn’t. I wasn’t enjoying it much so far, with my gut beginning to churn with the need to piss. But these times were his gift to me, and I was grateful whenever he would play with me, since each time I seemed to learn something new about myself, about my endurance, about my desires.

So I relaxed, and tried not to think about how much I wanted to piss, which only made me think about it more, of course. The drive home seemed to take forever, and I knew anyway that he wasn’t going to let me piss when we got there. My dick was getting hard, both from the pressure of my bladder and from wondering how the rest of the evening was going to go.

**Art
by T.C.**



When we did get home, he told me to get undressed. We were going out to the leather bar, he informed me, and he would dress me. I stood naked in the bedroom and listened to him putter around in the bathroom—the sound of running water got into my head and stayed there, so that I hardly even noticed the difference when he stopped whatever he was doing in the sink and got into the shower. Finally he came out, dripping wet, and handed me a towel. I very carefully dried him off, first his hair and beard, then his chest and back. Then I got down on my knees and dried his crotch and legs, and he allowed me to lick his cock and balls a little bit, which got my own dick hard again. When he was dry, he began to pick out his clothes, taking what seemed a maddeningly long time to choose each item. At his orders I laced his boots and zipped up his tight chaps.

Finally he was dressed and he turned his attentions to me.

I was standing before him, shifting from one foot to another with the need to piss. He gently fondled my cock and balls, then again pressed against my slightly protruding bladder. "Need to piss, boy?"

"Yes, Daddy," I said.

"No." His grip on my dick became crushing. "You only WANT to piss. If you NEEDED to piss, you wouldn't be able to hold it in, it would be running down your leg this very moment." He squeezed my dick again. "Wouldn't it?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"So you WANT to piss, isn't that right, boy?"

"Yes, Daddy." He looked as though he expected more. "Yes, Daddy, I want to piss." More? "Please."

He caressed my dick again. "No, I don't think so. Not yet. Maybe when you NEED to." He went to the play-drawer and pulled out a short length of chain. It was full-sized chain, like you'd use to chain shut a gate, but only about six links or so. He wrapped it around my balls, very tight, and padlocked it. He had done this before, many times, and I knew my balls would soon begin to swell and ache from the constriction.

When Daddy dresses me, he dresses me good. He greased up my ass and stuffed a butt plug in my hole. It wasn't too big—I knew that I could push it out by just clenching my ass muscles as though I were taking a shit. In fact, it might even happen by accident if I didn't concentrate on keeping it in. But he didn't strap it in the way he sometimes does. He simply told me not to let it go.

I couldn't help it, though, when he stuffed the plug up my butt, a few dribbles of piss leaked out of my dick. He looked very disappointed in me and I apologized abjectly for my lack of control.

He sighed. "I know, boy, I know. SELF control is beyond you. But that's what this is about, isn't it? I'll just have to take control myself."

He went to the play-drawer again and

brought out a catheter, ripping open the plastic wrap. He greased it up and gently inserted it into my urethra, while I stood absolutely still with my hands behind my back. Daddy and I had to work long and hard to get me over my fear of anything going into my urethra—the first time he catheterized me I cried and cried but I was so afraid to move that I went absolutely rigid—to the point of muscle cramps. But Daddy was patient and willing to take me slowly to the point where I could take the catheter or the probes without fear. I understood that the time he spent training me to take it was just another expression of his love for me, and so now when he slid that tube into my cock it was just like almost any other intimate gesture between lovers. . . full of meaning and memories that only the two of us shared.

When the catheter had made its way into my bladder, my desire to piss became almost unbearable, but Daddy methodically but quickly inflated the tiny balloon in my bladder with a small amount of sterile solution. My desire to piss had not diminished—in fact, the increased pressure in my bladder only made me want to piss more—but I no longer had that ability. At least, not until Daddy allowed it.

Then he picked out the rest of what I was to wear: faded jeans, with a leather belt cinched TIGHT; a plain white T-shirt, and an old pair of boots. I was thankful that he allowed me the boots, since sometimes when he dressed me for the bar he would not allow me to wear leather at all. But tonight it seemed we were going on the motorcycle, so he even let me wear a leather jacket. And, of course, a helmet.

The vibration of the motorcycle was hell. Daddy rides only the best: a Harley that he works on himself, constantly fiddling with the engine so it has that deep, nasty growl Harleys are famous for. That deep, nasty growl worked its way up my legs and into my crotch, until it felt like there was a blender in my gut, whipping the piss in my bladder to a froth. I wanted to piss so bad I imagined my pants leg was wet, but it was only wishful thinking. I could only hang on to Daddy and pray we didn't stay at the bar long.

We did, of course. When I got off the bike, I was walking kind of gingerly, mostly because of the catheter in my dick, but also because my balls were beginning to ache something fierce, and because the vibration of the motorcycle on my butt plug, which under other circumstances might have been very pleasant, also served to loosen my ass enough to make keeping in the plug something of a challenge. Daddy saw me walking slowly and laughed. "You look like a feeble old man."

I didn't reply, only tried to project long-suffering dignity as I hobbled behind him into the bar.

Of course, lots of our friends were there, and Daddy led me around, hobbling, to talk to all of them. And he sent me for drinks—since we were on the bike and had been



drinking earlier, we now were drinking only bottled water, but of that we drank at least four or five rounds, and of course Daddy insisted that I drink each one down. A couple of times during the evening Daddy had to piss, and he took me into the bathroom with him so I could stand by and watch. He made loud noises of satisfaction as he let loose.

Then I guess word got out that it was our anniversary, and nothing would do but that several couples there had to buy us drinks. Daddy accepted graciously, smiling, and toasted me with each bottle of seltzer water we drank.

I wasn't much good for conversation, since my world had narrowed down to the growing pressure in my abdomen. Eventually my eyes must have been glazing over, because Daddy relented and bid our friends goodnight. We left the bar (after Daddy enjoyed one final piss,) and climbed on his motorcycle.

The ride home was even worse than the ride out. I felt like I was going to burst. It helped a little bit to put my arms around Daddy and just hold on, so I did, and tried to let my mind go blank until we got home.

We did, finally, and I hobbled up the stairs and into the house behind Daddy.

I hadn't really expected to be allowed to piss right away, and so I wasn't disappointed. We went into the bedroom and he told me to strip. When I was naked I lay on the bed spreadeagle, and he bound my hands and feet to the bedposts.

He checked the chain on my balls and decided to tighten it a notch. My balls were already quite swollen, but that sensation had been so lost all night in my overwhelming desire to piss that I had hardly noticed how large and tender they were getting. He played a little with my balls, flopping them from side to side and pulling them out away from my crotch. The tender flesh pulled through the tight links of chain protested, and as he kneaded my balls I almost forgot how badly I wanted to piss.

But I was suddenly reminded when, without warning, he reached down and pulled the buttplug from my ass. The sudden release of pressure in one area caused sympathetic stirrings in another, and my bladder fairly quivered. Daddy began fucking my ass with the buttplug, sliding it in and out. It felt good, at least the fucking part, but it also made my desire to piss become actually painful. I struggled, clenching my ass muscles and moving my ass from side to side as far as my bondage would allow. It didn't do any good, of course. Daddy continued to fuck my ass until I had begun to yell my throat raw.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Boy doesn't want his ass fucked? Aw—and I was going to fuck you with THIS, too," he said, pointing to his own hard-on, still trapped in denim and leather. I could only whine impotently. I DID want his dick. I LOVED his

TGIF

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the gusher
I wanted
to release.**

TGIF

dick, and I would never, never, NEVER say no if he wanted to fuck me. But I wanted to PEE!

He teased me, rubbing his crotch and talking about how he had meant to fuck me. But if I didn't want it. . .

I begged. I whined. My dick was hard just from the humiliation of having to beg for it, the catheter still trailing from my pisshole. "Please, Daddy, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. Please fuck me, Daddy. Please. . ."

And so on.

Finally he relented and pulled his hard dick out of his jeans. He released my ankles from the bedposts and pulled my legs up over my head, attaching the restraints at my ankles to my wrist restraints. Then he slipped on a rubber and plunged in.

Being bent over double as I was only increased the pressure on my bladder, but I didn't care, because my Daddy's dick was in my ass. Every pounding thrust set my dick and throbbing balls bouncing in front of my face. He fucked me mean, changing his style of thrusting every few strokes so I couldn't get used to any single rhythm. For a while he grabbed the base of his dick for aim, then each time he pulled out he would pull out all the way and then slam it back in.

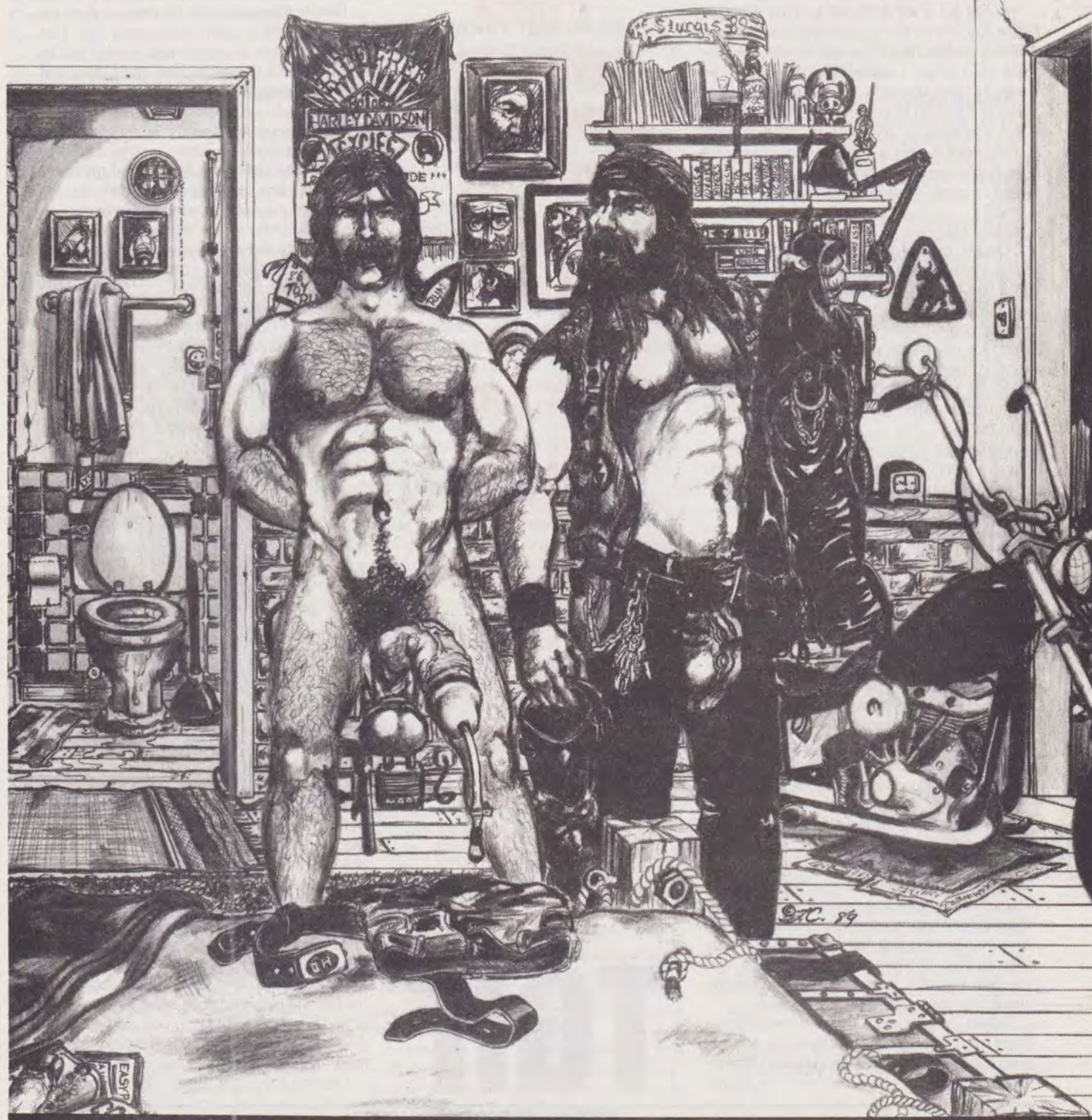
I was talking, but I wasn't making much sense. I don't swear much at any time, but when I'm being fucked like that it's all "Shitfuckdamnohgodfuckjesusshit." And drool? My spit wasn't just dripping, it was flying, as I wrenched my head back and forth as though someone were slapping my face.

Daddy came, filling the scumbag with his first load, but I knew that didn't mean he was going to stop. It just meant he was going to pump harder, as his dick grew more and more sensitive. I clenched my ass muscles as much as I could, to squeeze his dick all the tighter, and within minutes he came again, this time with a long, slow moan that grew into a yell as he frantically pumped my ass even faster, spewing a second load of cum into the rubber.

He sat back on the bed, catching his breath, idly playing with my ass with one hand until his breathing calmed down. Then he slapped my butt—not very hard—and got up to go clean off.

I was doing MY best to calm down, too, since my cock was hard as a rock and aching, ACHING to come. And now that he was no longer fucking me, the twin discomforts of my bladder and balls came back to my awareness. My hard dick was hanging straight over my face, the end of the catheter tube dangling almost to my mouth. I listened to the sound of running water from the bathroom and tried not to imagine the gusher that I wanted to release. After Daddy had washed up and peed (!) he came out and sat on the bottom end of the bed, caressing my upturned legs.

I didn't even bother saying it. He knew I wanted to piss. Hell, I didn't know any more whether it was WANT or NEED to piss. The



question was academic, anyway, either until he let loose the catheter or my bladder exploded. By then I didn't care HOW the pressure was released, I just wanted it OUT.

"I think we might let you pee some, now," Daddy said, in a very mild, reasonable voice, still stroking my thighs. "I know you want to pee real bad, boy, but you'd better listen to me."

The emphasis on "listen to me" required a response, so I said, "Yes, Daddy."

"Good boy." He reached up and began fondling my dick, which was still hard. "You've got a lot of liquid in your bladder, boy. And if you try to push it all out at once, you're going to hurt yourself. It's very important, that when I release the valve, you try very hard NOT to pee. You understand, boy? You're GOING to pee, no doubt about that. But you have to try NOT to, so that what comes out is only a little, at first. Then we'll let out some more, and then a little more, until you're more comfortable. Got it, boy?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Daddy released the water from the balloon inside my bladder. The tube itself was still pinched closed, so nothing happened except that a dribble of warm water flowed out and down into my face. Suddenly I knew that was where my piss was going, too, and when Daddy released the little plastic clip, I dutifully tried very hard NOT to pee and watched my piss come splashing down right into my face.

He only let a little out, which didn't relieve my desire to piss much, but in a minute he let out a little more, then a wait, then a little more. All of it dribbled down onto my face. My dick was rock hard, but that didn't stop me from pissing whenever Daddy released the clip.

Finally he stopped. I wasn't nearly through wanting to pee—there was plenty left. But the edge had been dulled. Daddy unclipped my ankles from my wrists and fastened my ankles to the lower bedposts so I was spreadeagle again. That relieved even more pressure from my bladder.

Next Daddy brought out the box of clothespins. He knows I love the clothespins—each one just a little tug on the skin, adding up and adding up as he adds more and more. My skin stretches. A lot. I can take a LOT of clothespins before it starts to hurt, and even then I like it.

He started with one on each tit, and then playfully clipped one on my nose. Then he started in on my chest. Soon there were two lines of clothespins across my pecs, and then line after line tugging the skin at my stomach. He ran lines of them out my arms and legs. He left my dick and balls alone, though, since they were otherwise occupied.

When he decided there were enough clips on me, he "played" them for a while with a couple of drumsticks. I know I had an idiot grin on my face: this was one of my

TGIF

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TGIF

absolute favorite activities. It was not painful at all: instead, the tightly-stretched skin is a turn-on for me, and the ripples in the lines of clothespins as he flicked, and flicked, were echoed as my flesh rippled and muscles flexed. Pure pleasure.

I even like it when he takes them off. Some of them—especially the ones in the tender flesh of my inner thighs, he simply whacked off with the drumsticks. Yeah! Then he would take out every other one from the lines that crisscrossed my chest and stomach, massaging sensation into my flesh as he went.

Finally they were all off (except the one pinching my nose shut,) and all that remained were the bright red "tracks" left by the pinching: it looked like I had giant red zippers zigzagging up and down and across my flesh.

Then, very gently, Daddy began massaging my whole body—being careful NOT to press on my abdomen. He stroked my chest and shoulders, playing a little with my tits and tickling me in the armpits. He bent over me and kissed me, his tongue exploring my mouth and sliding across my tongue with that electric "battery contact" feeling that I've only ever felt with him.

"Happy anniversary, boy."

I thought that meant the scene was over, but I was wrong. After he had kissed and rubbed me all over, Daddy got a blanket, dimmed the lights, then lay on the bed next to me and pulled the blanket over both of us. I was still bound spreadeagle across the bed, so I was taking up most of the room, but Daddy simply curled up on his side next to me, with his arm across my chest, and went to sleep.

I lay there, awake, listening to him snore. My balls were still bound, swollen and aching. I still needed—no, WANTED—to pee, just not as bad as before. Now I was just uncomfortable, not actually in pain. . . But as I thought about it, I never had actually been in pain the whole night. Just uncomfortable. Very uncomfortable. EXTREMELY uncomfortable. But not in pain.

I figured out pretty soon why Daddy left the clothespin on my nose. For some time now I had been breathing only through my mouth. And it was drying out. Already part of me was thinking longingly of a little something to drink—while another part of me, (a little voice piping up from down around my bladder,) was saying, "No, no! Don't drink any more! I want to PEE!" By morning I was going to have cotton-mouth like you wouldn't believe. And Daddy, sweet Daddy, was sure to give me SOMETHING to drink. His poor boy would be thirsty, after all.

There was no way I could sleep. I couldn't clear my mind. All I could think about was how much I wanted to pee and how my balls ached and how thirsty I was getting. And Daddy was snoring in my ear. Looked like a long night ahead.

Oh well, I thought. Thank God it's Friday. □

Jack Fritscher

REAR VIEW MIRROR

LEATHER'S FOUNDING DADDIES

The Wild One rode across drive-in screens in 1953, two years before James Dean's Rebel, and 16 years before Easy Rider (1969). Brando's archetypal leather image, via flamboyant underground S&M filmmaker Kenneth Anger's blasphemous Scorpio Rising, started integrating into street/bar style. By the late 1950's, the ironically named "Nellie's" in San Francisco's Tenderloin was the first bar where leather debuted. The classic poster of the insouciant Brando, black leather jacket and cap, elbow on motorcycle, hung, like a rushin' icon, over the bar.

That's the truth according to some.

NELLIE'S AND THE BLACK CAT

Others say the Black Cat, on the Embarcadero, was a bar more basically butch than Nellie's, because, informants swear, the BC's butch-style at night was a natural reflection of the butch-style many men lived by day. Leather may have debuted at Nellie's otherwise nelly bar, but butch had long been a constant at the BC. The Black Cat was, after all, near that greatest seafood/khaki/drifter concession, the Embarcadero YMCA!

The men naming Nellie's as the primordial leather bar claim the Black Cat was acceptable only on Halloween as a camp. (Halloween, that greatest of all Gay Feast Days, all informants agree, was basically pulled together in San Francisco at the Black Cat.) Whatever further research resolves, the Black Cat seems to be the first South-of-Market bar where leather achieved some prominence and longevity. Nellie's, almost immediately after the Advent of Leather, moved out of the Tenderloin to the Mission where it fell, if not from grace, then by location, from leather which preferred the deserted-by-night light-industrial area South of the Market Street Cable Car Slot.)

BUTCH GUYS/SISSY BOYS

A kind of uncivil civil war broke out among gay men: butch vs queens. This civil war, still as ongoing as any mideast crisis, hung its ultimate battle insignia, later, when the Tool Box, tired of "Sweaters" trying to break the enforced Leather Dress Code, nailed a pair of tennis shoes to the ceiling to "stamp out sneakers." South of Market, only on Halloween did any flamboyant drag dare rear its slutty head, and then only as a camp. Piss-elegant men

were not an often visible species at The Black Cat.

ARE YOU WHAT YOU WEAR?

LA psychotherapist Guy Baldwin (whose "Ties That Bind" column is a regular Drummer trip to bountiful), says in issue 127: "Social rules say that straight is better than gay. The rules also say that vanilla is better than kinky. So there is hiding. And a part of us is cut off from ourselves." Baldwin's words are ever so true about leathermen's initial history: ambivalency, hiding, and dissembling were the order of the duplicitous Fifties when men with an appetite for leather were choking on Ivy League and chiffon.

Linn Kiefer, a founding member of the California Motor Club, who resided on Nob Hill admitted to this kind of "Double-Gay" life some men were living deep within the already "Double-Life of Being Gay While Passing in a Straight World."

Two times "Double" can mean trouble.

Early leathermen circumvented duplicitous identity as cleverly as Clark Kent to avoid trouble. The always socially-prominent San Franciscan, Kiefer, said, "After cocktails and dinner at Gordon's, I changed in a phone booth into my jeans and teeshirt and headed South of Market." Levi's and leather were considered very outre! Penny loafers and tennis sweaters were the "accepted" gay style. Leather Drag, at the opposite end of Feather Drag, which was mostly relegated to the Sleazedom of the Tenderloin saloons, was judged by the received taste of elegant gay arbiters, as if it were automatically Rough Trade.

WHAT SIMPLE FOLK DO

That, precisely, was leather's appeal. Every class-conscious man, from British lord to NY/SF upwardly mobile type, likes to "Fuck Down." As one observer said, "That's what the lower classes are for: sex." Smell envy there. Envy of the hyper-masculinity the middle and upper-classes imagine that blue-collar workers, drifters, and sailors automatically have because their work, work clothes/uniforms, and seedy lifestyle all signal the roguish romance of sexual emancipation and fuck-you social freedom. (Refer to any drawing by the wonderful artist, REX!)

Leather, so much a part of working gear—cowboy to lineman to biker, gave men, feeling their soft ribbon-clerk or corporate-

lives made them softer, weaker, more "feminine" than the free-spirited construction worker who rode his bike to his job, a chance to buy into, and act out, the seemingly tougher men they envied with every inch of their hardons.

LEATHER AS PSYCHO-DRAMA

People costume themselves pursuant to their lust. Actor Laurence Harvey, straight as a stick, loved women so much, he was a cross-dresser. Homomasculine, but closeted, gay men love naturally-butch straight men so much, they become the real male impersonators. That's not politically incorrect, because the aim was to realize the ideal, and not to ape the hurtful macho stereotype. Imitation is not only the sincerest form of flattery, it is also the route to learning how to "up" a man's own true Butch Quotient. Many are the gay men of the 50's and 60's who purposely pursued "butch" jobs, from cop to sewer worker to trucker, to enhance their adult perception of themselves and spit in the sissy-boy image they had by-force grown up with.

The history of International Gay Leather is as much as psycho-drama of acting out manliness in one's soul as it is slipping on one's body a full set of practical leathers for riding.

"OUTLAW" FAGS & HELL'S ANGELS

Post WWII, and on into the 1950's, cars were expensive. Motorcycles were cheap. The Hell's Angels, emerging parallel during the same post-war time, were basically wild WWII vets who, remembering 200-pound Carol in Keokuk, preferred 2,000 pounds of hot metal between their legs and a blond Californicating mama riding behind with tits and puss leaning into the biker's shoulders and butt.

At the same parallel time, butch queers likewise preferred the economy and feel of motorcycles. Kicked-up lines of bikes appeared outside the Black Cat. What started as transportation became status symbol. Every weekend, one senior kick-starter reported, more bikes showed up. Guys took notice. Form follows function. What began as function became fashion. It wasn't long before bikers, standing in the Black Cat, decided, after the Saturday night saturnalias, to run together to a variety of Sunday party-destinations around the Bay Area.

HOW LEATHER GOT THE RUNS

Long before the hey-day hoe-downs of stereotypical Formal Runs sponsored by latter-day saints/sinners, who cloned rival new clubs incorporated with legal charters, the prototypical catch-up-if-you-can Satyrs MC was biking casually out to Morrow Bay, Kings Canyon, and down to Valley Floor in Yosemite. The spur-of-the-moment first runs were a way, Linn Kiefer said, to get guys who had never been out of San Francisco to see a bit of California. Almost instantly, riders found runs basically great bar-alternative ways to breathe fresh air and hunt fresh meat. In the early 60's, the runs, dividing the distance between two cities, helped SF men meet LA men by rendezvousing at campsites halfway between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

THE "LAYERING" OF LEATHER

The bikes came first as economy. The leather jackets and gloves came second as warmth and skid-proofing against terminal "road rash." Only much later, did leather, specifically with the "invention" of the detachable codpiece, lock down into a fetish unto itself and a signal for S&M sex.

The clubs came third because the bikes were always breaking down and riding together was more fun in a dozen different ways than being stranded alone along the freeway or a mountain road with a dripping Harley (which is the mechanical equivalent of a dick that starts dripping six hours into a man's trans-Atlantic flight to Amsterdam to start his vacation).

OUR LEATHER ADAM

Robert Frost, long before the excellent Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance, wrote: "We learn from our hands to our head." Frost, the "effete" poet could never have written about mending walls if he, as "butch" stonemason had never built one. Manly is what manly does. The mechanics of the motorcycle laid a basic sociopolitical lesson: men have resources and strength in numbers.

Think of that first day in leather history when the first man, the first gay dad (only a kid himself then), our Leather Adam, repaired his own bike and stood up and got a hardon seeing his formerly pristine fingernails crescented with grease just like the lube-jockeys he'd lusted for in garages throughout his life! ("Thank you, Jee-SUSSS!")

CLOTHES EMPOWER THE MAN

This feeling, born of an acculturated symbolism, has little to do with straight or gay; it has to do with ability to handle machines stereotyped as "manly." That is leather's psychic symbolism, same as any male gear, construction to uniform: it signals to the outside world and affirms to the inner self that, for better or worse, as far as the clothes make/empower the man, here, fuck you!, is a man.

You know from your own experience that when you dress "tough," even straight guys treat you different; when you wear a cop ball cap, clerks smile more. Leather is a heavy symbol in a world that functions on the surface of symbolism.

SEIZE YOUR LEATHER!

The hardest thing to be in America today is a man.

Leather addresses the process head-on. So, gradually, long before colored hankies coded sex-act preferences, owning a bike became as much an overt signal of butch "sexual inversion" (as homosexuality was politely referred to in those days) as walking a poodle was a sign of queenliness. Leathers divided from Sweaters. The Black Cat, same as the Tool Box and Phoebe's after it, began to enforce a dress code to keep out the sweatery "leather groupies."

OUR DADS' FIRST BIKE CLUBS

Here, leather history, which like all history is an agreed upon lie, becomes touchy. Early on, the Warlocks MC existed first on paper as a bike club with one rule: a man had to have a bike to belong. At the same time, the Koalas and the Barbary Coasters were aborning as "buddy-clubs": a man needn't own a bike, but bikes were the usual mode of inexpensive transportation to bars and runs. As Kiefer remembers, the first bikers were relatively affluent and some were socially highborn, even in the Bay Area. Even so, the high-cost of a bike hardly prevented the dedicated lower-income leather bachelor from buying his Harley.

CALIFORNIA MOTOR CLUB

The first bike club to be officially incorporated in California was the CMC on April 15, 1963. The California Motor Club (not "Motorcycle") was organized at 111 Gilbert Street, San Francisco, in a warehouse used by Jack Haines' father to clean used refrigerators and stoves. Its industrial atmosphere made for a perfect clubhouse. The idea of the club was Jack Haines' and another man, currently unnameable, as he is allegedly still in Mexico waiting for the statute of limitations to run out on whatever he has been accused of doing.

So, there in Jack's father's scrub-brush warehouse, like Cinderella from the ashpit, the CMC hoisted its colors and began a tradition, formalizing the leather-bike-club look and affecting community consciousness through cultivating, always, various political types, not the least of whom is the wife of Senator Milton Marks (but that's a later story!)

THE FIRST BIKE RUN

The first bike run was two guys nobody—not even they—remembers fucking their

chrome pipes, hot leather seats, and each other in Yosemite.

THE FIRST OFFICIAL BIKE RUN

The first semi-organized CMC bike runs started in the 1961-62 summers as laid-back sex campouts, which soon became highly designed encampments, kept aglow by Ray Floyd, the legendary CMC "Fire Fairy," and which soon staged shows made festive by the likes of Hollywood's distinguished British actor and cigar-smoker, Peter Bromilow (the handsome Bromilow was in Warner's *Camelot*, among hundreds of other featured screen and starring stage roles); flaming Flamenco dragster Jose Sarría; and dozens of other guys, who, like Mickey and Judy, enjoyed putting on a show where, unlike drag queens, they remained very much men even when costumed in female clothes!!

Until further information emerges, the First Official Bike Run was the CMC 1963 bash at Rainer Creek. Three hundred guys, many on their first trip from the City, got a chance to shit in the woods, eat catered foods, watch an all-electric musical-comedy show, and fuck their brains out. The Park Rangers, at first abashed, came around fast, inviting the CMC back the next year, "because no other weekend camping group had ever left a site cleaner than they found it."

SEAMEN'S SEMEN

The CMC, making hardly a nickel on its runs, decided that some kind of fundraiser was needed to line its coffers and raise some charity funds. November was pronounced a dead month in San Francisco: nothing much happening. So, voila! "Let's save November!" One CMC member knew someone who knew someone who could book a blue-collar venue, and the bike club, overwhelmed at the profit from the first party, invented, almost by spontaneous combustion, the Autumn ritual orgiastic extravaganzas still thrown annually: The CMC Carnival.

Unless you suffer from Reverse Alzheimer's or just came out post the A-Word: The CMC Carnival rivals only a papal conclave of cardinals in Rome; so important is it to leather history that its own specific generation will be addressed later.

(Editor's Note: As *Drummer* collects the history of international leather, WE NEED YOU for factual accuracy, dates, anecdotes, and photos! If you have a story to tell, a fact to add (or correct,) photos to share about bars, early bike runs, bike clubs, S/M scenes, the first leather, whatever, send a note to Rear View Mirror, c/o *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94131-1314. We'll contact you, and your story can become part of *Drummer's* International Leather History!)

Property of Jake Ranes

Part II

by
Matt
Sierra

Art
by
The Hun

THE ROOM WAS DIMLY LIT

by a couple of lanterns. The walls were windowless cinderblock, with a row of five or six cells across the far end from where I was strung up.

One wall had several heavy eye-bolt spiked into the cinderblock at various heights and intervals; some had chains with manacles

hanging from them. Another wall had all kinds of "tools" on it: several whips, some paddles, a cattle prod, hobbles, bridles, shackles, harnesses, lengths of rope, chain, and leather, and more. A long workbench with drawers stood against that wall, too.


The concrete floor sloped slightly from all directions toward a three-foot square hole covered with a recessed grate only about a yard from my feet. Iron eyebolts, like those in the wall, were set into the floor, evenly spaced in five-foot squares.

Just below the ceiling, iron bars criss-crossed from wall to wall, making five-foot squares; heavy metal rings, some welded, some free to slide, looped the bars. Again, chains, rope, or leather hung from many of these rings, and from an intricate system of pulleys. I was strung up to one of these ceiling bars.

Around the room

I could see a few tables of various shapes and sizes, a couple of stools, a small animal cage, and even stocks, for Chrissake! This was some kind of dungeon, or torture chamber, clear and simple.

The cage sat in the middle of the room,



*"Hose his
insides out."
Gray put
a long
narrow
attachment
on the
end of
the hose,
shoved
it up
the poor
fucker's
asshole,
and
opened up
the water.
The guy
jerked and
squirmed
helplessly
as the water
forced
itself into
his guts
and gushed
out again.*

and it wasn't empty. A nude man—in his late twenties, I'd guess—was scrunched up into it. Gray had a water hose and was using it to rinse the mud off the captive, the runoff pouring down the drain in the middle of the room.

"Knock it off, you motherfucking bastard! Let me out of here! Give me back my clothes!" the man protested loudly, to no avail, as Tim and Jeff scrubbed him vigorously through the bars, using long-handled brushes. All three workers were stripped down to jock straps, whose wet cotton pouches clung almost transparently to their cocks and balls; Tim's and Gray's pubic hairs peeked over the waistbands which swooped down from their hips, weighted by the water, and extended by semi-hardons.

"Hose his insides out."

Hearing the instruction from Jake, Tim and Jeff set aside their brushes, went to either side of the cage, reached in and each grabbed a foot. Overcoming violent, screaming resistance from their prisoner, they pulled his legs up and through the top of the cage and draped them over the end, then secured his legs and calves down to the vertical bars so that his bare ass was laid flush against the end of the cage.

Gray put a long, narrow attachment on the end of the hose, shoved it up the poor fucker's asshole, and opened up the water. The guy jerked and squirmed helplessly as the water forced itself into his guts and gushed out again. They reamed him out until the water flowed clear as it drained through the grate, then hosed and cleaned the floor and put their equipment away.

Jake had watched all this from a large, throne-like chair on a platform to one side of the room, sprawled-out legs putting the seams of his tight leather pants to the test. Now he got up and walked to the cage, and pointed to the captive; the muscles of his sculpted chest rippled reflexively.

"This, boys, is Charlie Crick. You remember him: he's that scum who was convicted a couple years back for beating and raping those two young high school girls. Remember how pissed we were when he got paroled so soon? They said he'd been rehabilitated.

"So today I'm dirt-biking some lonely firebreak, and who do you think I come across, and what do you suppose he's up to? That's right: he had some lovely little lady—that waitress from the grill, Molly, as it turns out. He'd kidnapped her at knifepoint in her own car, and was just about to do her some harm when I came long. It didn't take much to get him under control, and after I'd calmed Molly down, we decided between us that justice would best be served by leaving him to me. I promised to take him out of

circulation for good, and she promised to keep quiet about it. We can count on her, she's a fine lady.

"I own him, free and clear. Nobody's gonna miss him, and nobody's gonna care what happened to him. He's mine to do with whatever I want; and you know what I want?"

The three nearly-naked subservients waited in silence to hear.

"I want you to have him, Gray. It's time you had a slave of your own. It's yours."

It was the first—and only—time I ever saw Gray smile: he looked like a kid that had just been given a pony, and couldn't wait to give it a ride.

"Thank you, Sir!"

"It's scum, like I said; just a dumb animal. But maybe you can train it to be of some use."

"Thank you, Sir!" Gray repeated, his smile melting to a sinister grin.

Jake moved to the workbench, picked up a studded leather harness, and helped Gray into it. It had various "equipment" attached to its waistband—leather thongs, handcuffs, a whip. Gray took off his jock, replacing it with a leather codpiece with wicked-looking pointed studs adorning it; it was kept up with a chain hanging on his hips. Another chain disappeared into the crack between his round cheeks and fastened to the bottom of the pouch.

Jake stood back and gave an approving look. On command, Tim and Jeff stripped off their jocks, and Jake hooked chain leashes to their collars and led them to the platform, where he sat in his chair, a naked, leashed boy at either foot. He patted Tim on the head and rested his hand there, much to Tim's obvious pride, and said to Gray:

"Okay, hotshot. This dumb animal belongs to you: let's see what you can make of it."

"Come on out of there, Jackass. I'm gonna ride your butt."

The jackass pushed himself as far as possible from the open end of the cage and grunted, "Fuck you. Nobody's gonna ride me."

"We'll see about that," said Gray, and he reached down and grabbed hold of Charlie's ankle and yanked hard. The captive held stubbornly onto the bars at the far end and twisted over so that he was face down and kicked back at Gray with his free leg.

"Just like a jackass," Gray mocked, and he bent down into the cage. He used his shoulder to pin Charlie's right leg to the top of the cage, and slammed his knee into the back side of the man's left thigh, pinning it to the floor on the opposite side. Then he took one of the leather straps hanging from his belt, reached between Charlie's spread legs, and quickly looped and tied it around his

balls.

Before the jackass could react, Gray stood up and gave a powerful yank with the other end of the strap.

You never saw anyone move so fast; Charlie yelled out in pain and nearly flew out of the cage backwards, ass up in the air, running in reverse on his feet and hands.

As soon as he had him out of the cage, Gray used his foot to flip Charlie's left leg over the strap, and pulled the strap up so that the jackass had to arch his back way up to keep from having his balls yanked out. Only his shoulders and feet touched the floor as he pushed his pelvis desperately toward the ceiling.

"You're gonna have to learn to mind me, or your life won't be worth shit, Jackass. You hear me?"

Gray got no response, so he pulled up even higher on the leather thong.

"Yeah, yeah, I hear you," Charlie answered in short quick gasps.

"Yes, Sir! Is the proper response."

The jackass balked at this, so his trainer shortened the strap by winding it around his fist a couple of times and pulled up higher still, so high that Charlie's toes just barely touched the floor as he strained to take the tension off his stretched-out sack.

"Yes, Sir!" he cried through clenched teeth, and Gray casually dropped the strap and let him fall to the floor.

Charlie rolled onto his side in a prenatal position and tried to breathe through the pain, while Gray unhurriedly strapped wide leather bands around the captive's wrists.

"Get up," was the order, and it was quickly obeyed. For the first time, I got a full look at him: he stood easily six foot two, taller than his new "owner," had wide shoulders and a lanky but highly defined body. "Wiry" would describe him best. His face was angular, with dark, close-set eyes; his hair was long, curly and brown, and he had a lot of it covering his body. His cock, like his body, was long and lanky.

He stood there for only a couple of seconds before making a desperate attempt to escape by suddenly bringing both fists, clasped together, powerfully into the side of Gray's neck at the base of his skull. It knocked Gray to one knee, and Charlie made a break for the door.

Jeff, sitting at Jake's feet, tried to bolt after him in a spontaneous attempt to come to Gray's assistance, but Jake yanked him back with his leash, violently, so that the boy's entire body was jerked around by the neck, and he wound up prone across the floor in front of Jake.

Meanwhile, Charlie had found the door locked. He tugged on it wildly, as Gray got back to his feet and moved slowly at the man. He grabbed a fistful of

the long, curly brown hair and started to drag his prisoner back to the center of the room. Charlie naturally tried to put up a fight, but he was no match for his shorter Master: Gray toyed with him like a cat with a bug, clearly relishing having such dominant superiority.

He wrestled his slave onto his stomach, limbs spread out, and laid on top of him, pinning him to the floor and grinding the sharp studs of his now-bulging codpiece into the naked flesh of his captive's buttocks. Charlie squirmed and bucked and grunted in pain. When, after a few minutes, he stopped his useless struggling, Gray grabbed a fistful of the shoulder-length hair, stood up, and this time did drag him to the center of the room, where he hooked cables hanging from the ceiling grid to the straps he'd secured to Charlie's wrists.

Next he bound leather straps to the jackass' ankles and chained them to eyebolts in the floor, so that his legs were spread out about three feet apart. Then he tied a loop in the leather strap still hanging from Charlie's balls, and dropped a weight onto it, pulling the slave's scrotum painfully towards the floor.

Charlie moaned quietly at the discomfort and indignity, displayed naked as he was, spread-eagled in the center of the room facing Jake, who grinned appreciatively. Tim still sat on the floor at his master's left; but Jeff, who had had the impertinence to act on impulse and without orders a few minutes earlier, was now prostrate, flat out on his stomach on the floor in front of Jake, with his forearms and wrists bound tightly behind him, the sole of one of Jake's boots firmly in the small of his back.

Gray walked around his jackass slowly, testing the bonds and looking him over.

"First," he said, "we're gonna have to get you cleaned off." He looked up at Jake, who responded to his unspoken request by unleashing Tim and directing him into Gray's service.

Tim sprang to obey. He went to the workbench and got a straight razor and some lathering soap, then got a bucket of water and set to work shaving the hair off the "animal" from the feet up. The captive struggled and strained and loudly cursed at first, but soon realized it was in his own best interest to remain perfectly still and hope the blade didn't slip. He continued to curse, though, and so Gray took a wide leather belt and delivered several stinging blows to Charlie's back, changing the curses to pleas to stop.

"Keep your fuckin' mouth shut—always!—unless spoken to, Jackass!"

The jackass learned quickly—for a dumb animal—and soon the only sounds heard from him were involuntary grunts of pain.

*He bound
leather
straps to
the jackass'
ankles and
chained
them to
eyebolts
in the
floor.
Then
he tied
a loop in
the leather
strap still
hanging from
Charlie's
balls, and
dropped
a weight
onto it,
pulling the
slave's
scrotum
painfully
toward
the floor.*



Tim continued up the body with the straight razor, scraping the wiry hair from Charlie's entire body, until it was baby smooth. His moustache and even his eyebrows came off, but as Tim started on the scalp, Gray told him to leave a "mane," so that the finished product was totally, absolutely void of any hair except for a two-inch strip over the top and down the back of his head, like a long Mohawk. His pale white skin, streaked with bruises from the beating, glistened wet and reflected the soft yellow light from the lanterns.

Tim returned to his place at Jake's feet, and Gray said, "Nice job: now he looks like a mule. That's what I'm naming you: Mule. You ready for me to ride you, Mule?"

Charlie—rather, "Mule"—didn't say a word.

"Answer me when I ask you a question!" Gray yelled, and lashed the belt across his back as hard as he could. Mule cried out in pain, but gave no response, so Gray continued with the belt, asking, "You ready?" until he finally heard a "Yes," gasped weakly between cries.

"Yes," what?" Gray yelled, delivering another blow.

"Yes, Sir!" came the quick response.

"Yes, Sir, what?" and another blow from the belt.

"Yes, Sir, I'm ready for you to ride me," Mule panted.

Gray stopped the beating, came around and lifted his slave's drooping head by its mane, and stared him in the eyes from about three inches away. He snarled, "No, you're not. Not until you beg. And believe me, you will. You will beg."

Gray left him strung up there and went to the pot-bellied stove to put another log on the fire, even though it already burned hot enough to heat the entire room very warmly. He jammed the end of a wrought iron bar into the coals and worked the bellows to fan the flame. He took his time, leaving his subject to hang there wondering what his next lesson was to be.

Finally, Gray dragged a very sturdy-looking sawhorse in front of Mule. With his legs spread as wide as they were, the sawhorse stood just above hip height, and, when secured by chains to floor bolts, pressed snugly against his lower abdomen.

Now Gray tied a rope through Mule's legs and around each thigh, binding them tightly to the sawhorse, so that when next he released his captive's arms from their chains, he couldn't drop to his knees to take the straining weight off his stretched-down testicles.

As his arms fell free, Mule sagged forward over the horse, exhausted from the beating and from struggling against his restraints. Gray grabbed one wrist, then the other, and fastened them to ropes which tightened through floor bolts several feet in front of where his slave drooped over the sawhorse. He pulled the ropes tight, stretching the

man's arms out and down to the floor, his legs spread, his butt up in the air.

Gray stomped purposefully around behind his sweaty helpless subject, stepped up into the gap between his spread legs, and, with a palm on each cheek, pressed them apart widely, until it looked like he might rip him in two right along the pale pink line that ran—usually hidden—down the center of his crack. Then he rammed his stud-covered pouch into the tender exposed ass.

Mule flinched the little that his tight restraints would allow, and whimpered. Gray brought the belt down hard across his back and told him to shut up, then slammed his crotch against his captive's ass again.

"The only sounds from you should be sounds of gratitude. The only words should be begging for more," Gray instructed, and he shoved his crotch back into the breach, and ground it into the tender flesh, at the same time dealing another punishing blow with his belt.

Mule stifled a cry of agony, and through clenched teeth gasped, "Thank you, Sir. More, please, Sir."

"Good boy!" Gray said. "You're catching on." And he delivered another lash with the belt, not so hard this time, and then stepped back and released the chain holding up his codpiece. It fell heavily to the floor, and Gray's large fat cock grew first out, then rigidly up in front of him, until it pressed firmly against his abdomen; it reached up to and beyond his belly.

Gray stroked his cock slowly a few times as he stared at the bright red sphincter pulsing fearfully, then, with no further ado, grabbed the sawhorse on either side of Mule's hips, and pierced the tiny, puckered asshole violently with his hot, throbbing spear.

Mule couldn't hold back an anguished yell of pain as the hard, dry cock penetrated him, but Gray just pushed all the harder, slowly forcing himself deeper and deeper up into the virgin asshole, until the entire shaft was inside, as the slave continued to cry out in pain.

"What's the matter?" Gray mocked. "The rapist doesn't enjoy being raped?"

He backed his cock out a few inches and slammed it forcefully back in again, at the same time delivering more punishment with the belt. He worked his pelvis back and forth, short strokes at first which gradually became longer. He would do a few easy, shallow strokes and then suddenly slam his dick in as deep and as hard as he could, getting a groan of misery from Mule, which, in turn, would earn Mule another taste of the belt across his back.

"What do you say, boy?" Gray demanded over and over; and Mule would pant, "Thank you, Sir," or, "Again, please, Sir," until, after some fifteen or twenty minutes of steady, constant pounding, he began to sound as though he meant it.

As Gray worked up a sweat, rotating and

thrusting his hips, driving his excited member again and again into the ass attached to this animal that he now totally and unquestionably owned, I could see the animal becoming grudgingly resigned to his fate; I could see him losing any and all resistance he might have had inside him, as he became more and more compliant and surrendering.

Gray drove himself up into Mule non-stop for at least a half hour. Sweat ran down him as he continued his relentless rape, his victim also dripping with perspiration from the workout. He picked up the pace, slamming faster and faster and harder and harder. The weight dangling from Mule's balls swung back and forth and jerked up and down as the action got heavier. Chains jangled rhythmically to Gray's unrelenting, rapidfire thrusts.

Finally, Gray leaned forward and grabbed Mule by the mane and pulled his head back with it; he shoved his entire body weight towards his victim's upturned butt, driving his cock as far as it would go up his hole, and held it there. His hips quivered, and he let out a long, ecstatic moan.

Then, still holding tightly onto Mule's mane, he slapped the slave's side as he gave him a few more quick hard pumps and held another thrust deep inside his gut. His legs and hips quivered some more, and he gave out another moan as he let his body fall, draping over Mule's. He panted and moaned and rotated and undulated atop his prisoner's ass as he drained himself of what must have been a gallon of cum.

Mule panted heavily and said, "Thank you, Sir. Thank you, Sir," over and over, and he sounded truly grateful: maybe because he thought his ordeal was over.

After some time, Gray let go of the mane, stood up, and, like a cork out of a bottle of champagne, popped his large, spent cock abruptly out of Mule's raw asshole. He went around and lifted the mane, dangling his sticky wet cock in front of his slave's face, and said, "That felt real fine, boy. Nice ride."

"Thank you, Sir," came the dutiful reply.


"Thank you for what?" Gray demanded, testing.

Mule thought for some time before coming up with what he hoped was the right answer. "Thank you for riding me, Sir? Please ride me some more, Sir?"

"Good boy," Gray said. He rewarded him with a couple of pats on the side of the head, and I swear, Mule actually smiled a little smile, as though he was proud of himself for passing a test. Maybe he was just happy to get the right answer to keep from being punished further. Maybe he felt some relief that the rape was finally over.

But that relief was premature and short-lived.

Jake congratulated Gray on his successful training session. Then, leaving Tim behind, he led Jeff by the leash around behind Gray's pupil's upturned ass. Jeff, arms still bound



Jake continued to pump slowly, thoroughly exploring every inch of Mule's insides. Now and then, he would suddenly pull back and slam another driving fuck into the jackass. I noticed that Mule's cock had become hard: evidently, Jake's probing wand was working some kind of magic.

behind him, dropped to his knees and gazed worshipfully up at his master, as Jake stood over him, legs wide apart, staring back while he slowly rubbed his crotch. Jeff's dick came immediately to attention.

Jake leisurely unbuckled his belt and undid his fly, then lifted his large balls and big, semi-turgid piece of meat out of his open pants, whose seat still clung tightly to his round, muscular buttocks. He stood with his hands on his hips to tease Jeff for a while, and to test his self-discipline. Finally, he gave permission with the wag of a finger, and his newest boy enthusiastically reached his face into his Master's crotch, licking the side of his thighs and then washing his balls with his tongue and mouth.

Jake's cock grew in appreciation. It was so large and thick and heavy that it took some time before it fully engorged, but the end result was incredible: I'd guess, honestly, maybe eleven inches! It laid out clear across Jeff's upturned face, and beyond. The apprentice tongued the shaft at its root, then puckered his lips around it. He moved his mouth slowly up and down its length, working all around its considerable circumference. He lovingly caressed the head, and carefully took it into his mouth.

All the while, his eyes fixed up on Jake, who just stood there over him, hands on hips, looking down at his bound worshipper.

Jeff worked diligently on the head of the cock, gradually taking more and more of the shaft into his mouth. He had about half of it in, slurping and sucking hungrily, trying to take more, but understandably having trouble, so Jake leaned forward slightly and took hold of the boy's head in both hands, tilting it backward. Then, slowly and steadily, he bent his knees forward and lowered his body until, amazingly, he had slid the entire huge piece of meat into Jeff's mouth and down his throat, which I could see literally expand to accommodate the fat cock. Jeff's eyes glazed and watered, and he convulsed slightly, but he didn't gag; a real trooper.

Jake held his furry crotch against Jeff's nose for a few seconds, rocked his hips from side to side, and then slowly withdrew inch after inch, until at least the head backed out of the boy's warm, eager mouth. Jeff's lips softly enveloped it to the very last millimeter, savoring it, reluctant to let it go.

Jeff gasped in air through his gaping mouth, ready for—and hoping for—another taste. Jake obliged him, and again, the trooper took it all. When he pulled it out, his engorged pole glistened with saliva, and a string extended in a long, wet, silvery strand from its head to Jeff's mouth.

"That's enough," Jake said, and Jeff sat back on his heels, still staring intently, looking somewhat disappointed.

Jake turned to the reddened asshole propped up in the air next to him and reached up and grabbed a chain hanging from the grid. He took a wide stance, one

foot slightly in front of the other, and, using the chain and his powerful legs together, suddenly shifted and slung all his weight crashing into the pulsing, sore opening, ramming his entire huge shaft all the way to the hilt with one brutal thrust.

Mule involuntarily let out an anguished response, something between a wail and a grunt. Jake pulled back fast, ripping his rigid tool all the way out of its victim; and then, just as fast, rammed it all the way in again, eliciting the same response from Mule.

"Aw, shit," Jake said with disgust. "Tim, get your ass down here to muzzle this wimp!"

Tim hurried to obey. Jake had him lay down on his back between Mule's stretched-out arms and put a leg over each of the captive's shoulders. Then, following Jake's instructions, Gray strung Tim up by the ankles from the ceiling grid. He raised him just high enough so that Mule's downward-hanging face nestled snugly in the crack of Tim's suspended ass.

"Lick," Jake ordered. "Very carefully, if you want to keep your balls."

Mule licked. Very carefully. Gray took his mane and used it to work his face all around and well into Tim's crotch and ass, as Jake slowly moved his cock around inside the prisoner. Soon they had Mule's mouth and tongue working feverishly in Tim's crack, Gray using the belt across his back whenever he slacked off.

Tim was loving it, writhing gently and moaning softly, his hard dick slapping back against his stomach.

Jake continued to pump slowly, thoroughly exploring every inch of Mule's insides. Now and then, he would suddenly pull back and slam another driving fuck into the jackass, forcing a grunt from him that was now muffled by Tim's cheeks closing around his mouth. The grunts started to sound less like pain and more like pleasure, and I noticed that Mule's cock had become hard: evidently, Jake's probing wand was working some kind of magic. Or maybe the jackass just liked the taste of Tim's ass.

Receiving Jake's permission, Gray squatted over Tim's face and began sucking on his "brother's" dick; Tim lifted his head and strained his tongue to service the back of Gray's balls and his ass.

Jake's rhythm picked up as he pounded into Mule like a piledriver. Mule just slurped and slavered into Tim's ass all the more, eating him out with enthusiasm now.

The piledriver became a jackhammer, ramming faster and faster until Jake let out a moan of pleasure and exploded his load inside Mule. He pumped a few more times as he leaned over, reached around Mule and used his fingernails to sharply bite into the captive's nipples. He pinched them hard and pulled them out far from the chest as he continued to drain his cock into Mule's ass.

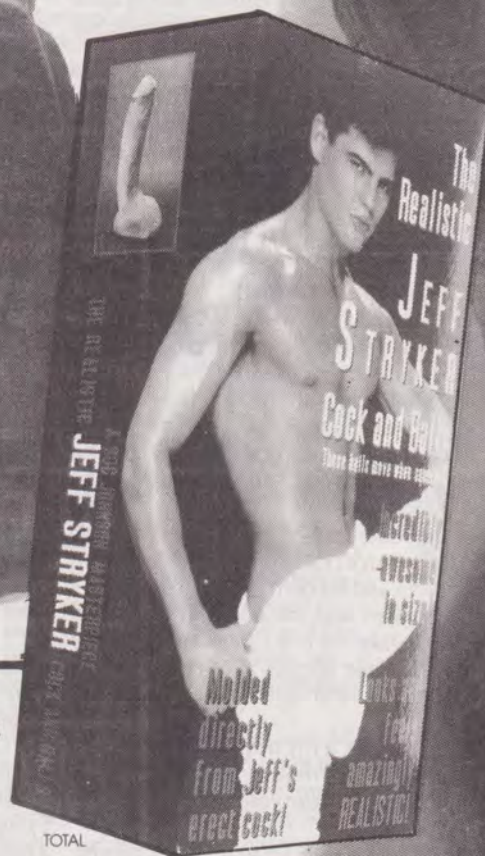
I was amazed at what happened next. Jake pumped his cock into the jackass a couple

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*Mule's face
was slimy
wet with
Tim's juices
and his
own spit.
Jake told him
to take the
boy's still
hard cock
into his
mouth.
Mule obeyed
at once.
"Keep it there.
If my boy's
dick comes
out of your
worthless
mouth before
he shoots
again,
I'll sew
your lips
closed
with
barbed wire."*

more times, and then held it pressed as far up in his ass as possible, and as he did, I swear, cum squirted from Mule's dick! Untouched! Jake pumped again, and another spurt shot out, and as he pressed one last time, even more cum oozed out in a slow steady trickle to the floor. I could hear muffled screams coming from Mule as he continued to vigorously slurp Tim's asshole.

For his part, Tim's writhing had turned into convulsive spasms, and he moaned into Gray's ass as he emptied a load into his big brother's mouth. This in turn triggered Gray's second ejaculation, this one receiving a helping, stroking hand from Tim.

Jake pulled out and hiked up his leather pants, fastening them at the waist, but leaving his "equipment" flopping out of his open fly. He turned to Jeff, who still sat staring up at his Master, his raging hard cock aching for release.

"It's a good thing you're tied up that way," Jake laughed down at him. "You know how much willpower you've got when it comes to playing with yourself. I'd hate to have to punish you when we're all having so much fun."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir," came the earnest reply.

"Stand up," Jake ordered.

Jeff did, and Jake rewarded him for his patience by grabbing his throbbing hard-on and leading him by it to Mule's raw opening. He inserted it into the hole, but just deep enough to take in the head.

"Keep it right there, boy," he said, and he walked slowly around the sawhorse, eyes fixed on Jeff.

He grabbed Mule's mane and lifted his face out of Tim's crack. It was slimy wet from Tim's juices and his own spit. Jake put Mule's head between and through Tim's legs and told him to take the boy's still-hard cock into his mouth. Mule obeyed at once, no fight at all left in him, and unwilling to test Jake's patience.

"Keep it there. If my boy's dick comes out of your worthless mouth before he shoots again, I swear I'll sew your lips closed with barbed wire."

Jake walked slowly up to his chair, turned, and sat, legs spread wide, his large meaty cock and balls pouring out of his pants.

He let Jeff suffer a couple more minutes, then laughed and said, "Good boy. Okay, have at it."

Jeff, usually the shy, quiet one, let out an uncharacteristic war-whoop and plunged in enthusiastically. Mule grunted with every thrust, but was extremely careful to hold tightly onto Tim's cock with his lips. Tim undulated his hips, working his dick around in the captive's mouth.

Jeff drove fiercely and rapidly into Mule's hole, always keeping his eyes on his Master, Jake, who sat fondling himself on his "throne."

Once, an energetic backstroke brought Jeff's cock all the way out of Mule's ass, and it

bobbed wildly in the air until he could angle it back in. It wasn't easy with his arms bound behind him, his excited dick twitching and bouncing around like it had a life of its own, and Jake laughing at him. But he eventually managed, and continued his attack on Mule's rear, while Mule tried to keep from choking on Tim's cock.

It didn't take Jeff long to shoot his wad, and when he did, his cum, blended I'm sure with Jake's and Gray's, sloshed from Mule's overflowing asshole.

As Jeff let out his last ecstatic moan, Mule gagged and gurgled as Tim forced his rod up into his throat and held it there. Cum and saliva dribbled down Tim's shaft and onto his pubic hairs as Mule tried to get oxygen to his lungs through his gaping mouth.

Everybody spent, Jake got up and released Tim and untied Jeff, and had them take up their respective positions at his feet on the platform. He signalled Gray to continue with his slave.

Gray lifted up Mule's head by its mane, and, in a low, even voice said, "You belong to me, now. Your life is mine. You are my total slave. Any questions?"

"No, Sir," came the quiet, subdued response. Mule was completely defeated, absolutely humbled.

"Whose property are you?" Gray demanded. He wanted to hear it.

"Yours, Sir. I belong to you, Sir."

"Right. Let's see that nobody forgets that."

He dropped Mule's head and went to the fire. He picked up the iron rod whose tip he had wedged into the coals. He took it over and held it in front of his slave's downturned face so he could see for himself the brand he would soon wear: the same mark I'd seen on the boys' butts earlier.

I expected Mule to protest, or at least express some horror, but he didn't even have the will to beg. He just hung there, passively waiting for this next torture.

Gray swaggered around behind him and, with both hands, pressed the glowing hot metal firmly into the smooth left buttock. I heard a kind of sizzling sound, but only for a half-second: it was drowned out by a long, anguished cry, as Mule jerked reflexively. His whole body tensed for a moment before he went limp and quiet once again. He breathed deeply and rapidly trying to deal with the pain.

Gray put aside the branding iron and released Mule from his various restraints, helping his exhausted body over the sawhorse and onto his hands and knees. The jackass looked as though he could barely support himself on his four limbs as Gray herded him, with light taps on the ass from the belt, back into his cage.

Gray brought him a bowl of water, and Mule lapped it up thirstily, not needing to be instructed how a dumb brute drinks. He had learned his place. □

End Part II—Part III in Drummer 130

Sal Vitore

ROUGH STUFF

A Dad and His Boys

She was black, beautiful, my good friend, and a lesbian. I was white, wild-eyed, my own worst enemy and queer. She was involved with another woman; I was involved with another man. So, of course, we fell in love with each other and decided to have a family together.

The last words my mother ever spoke to me were, "My God, she's black!"

My older sister's last words were a bit more heterosexually philosophic. "Well, at least it's a woman!"

Many of our friends were torn between "Harumph, what's HE trying to prove!" and

"Harumph, what's SHE trying to prove!"

The night our first son was born in 1969, Dr. Darling (yep, that was his name!) said to me, "Well, Dad, how does it feel?" No one had ever called me that before and the feeling that washed over me was a powerful aphrodisiac.

I celebrated, after leaving the hospital and making all the necessary phone calls, by having a few drinks at the STUD in San Francisco with a good friend, and then going to bed with the bartender after closing.

As he closed the door behind us in his bedroom above the bar, he turned to me and said, "Thanks for waiting for me, Dad". No man had ever called me that in the context of sex before and suddenly, there were two new aspects to my life . . . aspects that would forever change me and the way I saw myself in the world.

But the distinction between the two Dads was immediately clear to me. The boy in the hospital nursery was the reality in my life. The "boy" in the bedroom above the STUD was the fantasy in my life.

Two more sons and many (my oldest is now married and running his own small business) years later, people I meet are still not able to make the distinction between the two. Was I queer or not? How come I was married, raising sons and still to be found hanging out with the boys?

At the time, family members were even more confused. What a relief! I had finally seen the error of my sexual ways and had now suddenly become straight! No one wanted to believe that I was still queer, she was still a lesbian, but we were in love and having a great life together.

People who discovered our multiple sexualities wanted to know just what was

going on? Was something happening at home between me and those boys entrusted to my care? Was Daddy teaching those boys more than they'd ever learn in school? Could I be trusted?

It was amazing to watch gay men who would never think of questioning the morals of a heterosexual father with daughters think absolutely nothing of walking up to a gay father with sons and asking "Do you ever get it on with your boys?"

The question was asked many times—by well-meaning men who thought it entirely proper—as was the request for a menage involving my sons and me! The assumption being, after all, as gay men we have no morals and, after all, isn't that the ultimate fantasy, Daddys and sons? It has always been incredible to me how many grown men are unable to separate what is possible and desirable in real life from what is possible and desirable in fantasies.

I have been divorced now for years. Our paths began to lead down different roads and like so many other marriages, we split up. When it happened, I left to live with another man and shortly after, my sons came to live with us. No great extra drama or trauma. The boys had always known I was queer (Yes, queer. A word I enjoy using), and I was the one with the real yen for the parenting role. Unfortunately, my new partner didn't share the yen with the same enthusiasm I did.

Five years later, my relationship with him ended and several months after, I met the "boy" who became the most important "significant other" relationship in my life.

Suddenly, I had two entirely different "boy" relationships going at the same time. One with my biological sons and one with the man who was also my "son" and who shared my bed and life.

All of them call me Dad, and there are many similarities in both relationships but there are major differences as well.

The most sharply defined difference begins at my bedroom door. The boy who calls me "Dad" in the throes of passion, who allows me to take my pleasure when and how I want it and thanks me for it after is, in many important ways, a "fantasy" reality. Oh, he exists. He's flesh and blood and has a name and a life and sends me the biggest card on Father's Day. I love him as I have no other person in my life, but as my "son", he exists as "our" fantasy.

His "brothers", my biological sons, are as real as it gets. Let's not kid each other, two gay men living with three teenage sons isn't exactly the "Donna Reed Show", nor your everyday occurrence, but it was a reality at our house and one I felt a great responsibility for.

You see, I have this dream of a world where no one thinks twice about my being gay, having a lover and a family. This wonderful world were everyone gets to be whatever they are (you remember the '60s, don't you?)

Well, the way I see it, I've just finished raising three intelligent, interesting, handsome men who have a gay father. And someday, they'll have sons and daughters whose grandfather is gay.

I now have aunts, uncles and cousins who tell me, "You've raised such wonderful children!" with a sense of wonder in their voices that lets me know the rest of the sentence is "And you're queer!"

They don't always get it . . . *but they see it happening.* And much to their credit, have been very supportive over the years.

No, I didn't sleep with my sons. No, I didn't take them out for sleazy nights on the town or share them with the men I met.

But I have walked down Fifth Avenue with them and my lover in a Gay Pride Day Parade.

They have served food and drinks when my men's group (100 strong) had their anniversary parties at our loft.

I've shown up at their school plays with my "boy" and clapped the loudest. I've cried at their graduations and cried over their failures.

And it was not uncommon at our house to hear a fifteen year old yell, "Daddy! Turn on your TV, Lyle Alzado is on!"

They have been my responsibility for twenty years, a responsibility now ended as one by one they've left the nest. A responsibility I am proud to have had and glad to be done with.

Have I been a great father? I don't know. I certainly don't expect to have to start posing for a monument, but I stuck it out and I've been the best father I knew how to be. And I can say without shame or embarrassment, no sons ever had a father who loved them more.

So, you ask, have I been trying to prove something all these years? You're damn right I have. □



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How To Place Your Ad In Dear Sir:



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 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.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

How To Place A Leather Fraternity Member Ad:



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 \$1.00 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:

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How To Reply To A Dear Sir Ad:

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. 4) Put the sealed letter(s) and a buck (\$1.00) forwarding fee for each in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

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.

NATIONWIDE

TIT SLAVE

wants slim hot leather Masters into giving heavy tit work, cock/ass whipping, bondage, and getting Master's cock serviced. Am WM, 5'10", 145, 50s, moustach, have play room. No drugs, FF, scat. San Francisco. Planning visit? (415) 469-0955 or Box 6993

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.

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.

DISABLED?

See: Organizations heading

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.

TOP BB LEATHERMAN WANTED

by GW couple to make them beg. Top: 5'8", 153, bl/br and moustache. Likes VA, CBT, weights and FF. Bottom: 5'9", 100, br/br, curly hair and moustache. Likes to worship BBs legs, pecs and biceps with his tongue. Your picture will get ours. JDR, 107 Wood Hill Trail, Augusta, GA 30909.

LEATHERSON WANTED

Leatherdad, 56, 5'9", 170#, gray hair, full gray beard, glasses, motorcycle man into assplay, fucking, WS, BD, SM Fantasy fulfillment, has life partner, needs bright, hard working son/servant, 21-45+, to be dad's naked sex toy and to complete family. Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. Box 4733LF.

VOYEURISTIC HEDONIST

gets his nuts off on your dirty photos. Anything goes, the raunchier the better. Solos, duos, gangs, cum shots, piss, you name it. Let's swap and get it on, or I'll come and photograph your scene for you. Box 2251, SF 94126.

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.

LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense, prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&TT, 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

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.

ITALIAN L/L DESERT DAD/TOP

36, looking for WM bottoms, other hot tops for laid-back to heavy encounters. Big brawny blond/USMC/cop/BB, pro-wrestlers, footballers a plus but not necessary I'm worth the postage. Send photo/phone. 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

BONDAGE & TICKLE TORTURE

Seek ticklish guys (tops and bottoms) for begging, pleading, hysterical laughter. Box 6813.

HUNGRY HOLE

Hot bottom, 33, 6', 155, has insatiable ass. Seeking hot TopMen into heavy assplay, FF, dildoes, GR, FR, shaving, tits, Leather, toys, light bondage, S/M. Write PO Box 1245, Indianapolis, IN 46206, (LF6942)

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.

LEATHER CROTCH/HARLEY IRON

MAVERICK Motorcycle Dude needs a Hungry crotch-cannibal: My leather-cock is Screaming to be sucked into your leather-head. Reveal yourself my brother, as a Sexual-Beast/Leather-Brat: Obsessed with Lust. Plug, into power flowing from my throbbing Harley engine under our 2 Hard-On leather crotches. Yeah, fucking the machine: Fucking you! I'm hunting for Part-Time sex-slaves leading to uncomplicated, but serious meetings. You are bottom, masochist, submissive. You're younger, firm bod, healthy and workwise self-sufficient. I am 50, tall, firm bod, healthy, bearded, leathered, rubbered. I'm Top, Sadist, Master; obsessed w/FETISH-SEX in codpiece leather pants, hoods, high boots (and indulge in Black-Rubber!) Those are my DRUGS and fucking Obsessions. I'll rush our senses with Devil-Gas for a Rebel-Mass. And will drill my thick cock into your hooded-head! I live in SF. No need for "medical students" (no tubes, piercing or enemas on premises). "Live-In" NOT available. You are malleable. I'm not. Apply w/photo to: WIZARD, PO Box 640033, San Francisco 94164-0033. (6897LF)

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(34, 5'10", 177, hairy, bearded, versatile, with good build) 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.

LEATHER BUDDY

GWM, 45, 5'8", 145, Br Hair, Blue Eyes, who loves wearing black leather. Looking for young white male with dark hair and facial hair, in shape, who loves to wear black leather all the time. Looking for permanent relationship. Write ED, PO Box 192, Three Bridges, NJ 08887 (LF6899)

GUT PUNCHING/WORK OVER

Central Ohio man, bodybuilder, very handsome, 6', 190, 28, seeks other musclemen, jocks, tough guys, 18-45, into gut punching, stomach scissors, and other abdominal feats of strength. I'm tough enough to put my gut to the test! are you? Photo/phone. Drummer Box 6944 LF or (614) 755-9520.

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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.

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

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

HOT AND VERSATILE

Well built GWM 6'2", 175 lbs. working man into hot intense sex: CBT, TT, Leather, Levi, S/M, heavy Assbeating, Assplay and all the extras. If discipline is your desire, submit your needs and expand your curiosities, to PO Box 683, Ogden UT 84402. Serious minded. Let's explore! Detailed letter, phone and photo. Box 6829LF

PETERBILT AT LARGE

Hairy and horny trucker seeks good buddies for safe man-to-man action and a warm bed. I drive Interstates 5 thru 95, north, south and all places in between. I like greasy levis, leathers, boots, horses, bikes, trains, trucks and the men who ride them. I like to pitch and catch. If you can help a trucker unload, please send me your phone number and the best time to call. Got a photo? Got a buddy? All are welcome. Write to Reb'L, PO Box 64094, Sunnyvale, CA 94088-4094.

USE & ABUSE HIV+ DADDY

HIV lad make this HIV Dad show you some class as you work his big nipples, hot wax & torment his ass. When you and/or friends have their fun he'll know his place as hot ball sacs erupt on his face. Call Bob (305) 274-4773 (Miami).

MASOCHIST!

Financially independent, 29 year old, blond, Swedish masochist is looking for sadistic men 18-40 to meet with in US or in Europe. I would also like to get information about private prisons or clubs where masochists are treated. I would like to correspond with sadistic men in person to meet on leave or on release. Box 6492LF. (International Postage required).

WICCAN MASTER

Metaphysician, slave-Owner seeks to network with like-minded men who are interested in ritual, neopaganism, Witchcraft. Absolutely no satanists. Panman, PO Box 80053, Mpls., MN 55408

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

HAIRY BEARDED MAN

in transition from top to bottom, seeks nationwide contacts with Masters who can handle a strong cocky guy needing domination. I'm masculine, 6'3", 200 lbs. and prefer macho hairy non-smokers into VA, leather, humiliation, bondage, spit. Also like blue collar guys and short, built daddies. Safe sex only. Box 6246LF

YOU'RE THAT ONE SPECIAL BOY

any-age-young, smooth, trim, healthy, sexy, fun, true to your slaveself and all Others, totally devoted & committed to serving, servicing, loving two stable, strict, sensuous, caring 9-year monogamous Master Lovers, 40, 6'2", 170 and 57, 5'10", 165, as Their permanent property, subservient houseboy, obedient sex-slave, & know you are owned, controlled & loved. Carpe Diem! Be a good boy, get naked, get down & submit to Bill & Dick, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. (Country slavequarters near D.C. & Baltimore) Box 6702LF

MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes, into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrotorture, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

UNDER 5' TALL?

Hot, hairy, beer-bellied, Italian Dad, 45, 5'9" looking for anything goes sex with hot men of small stature with big ideas. Photos, letters, and whatever else necessary to lead to meetings. Box 2251, SF, CA 94126.

MEN 45 OVER +

GWM, 6", 190, 30s, 8", short or long term, overnight, into all, endurance, pain, sweat, oil, etc. Top or bottom. Wax, heavy tit work. Into most scenes. Lean-slim +. Jim, (305) 757-1501 (6974LF)

WANTED: TRUCKER'S BOY

47 yr old trucker seeks young boy to train for ownership. Learn trucking from the bottom. Permanent only, no bullshit. Will provide what you need. Weekends—(209) 298-6527 Box 6057LF

WILD BOTTOM

WM, 43, assussy needs asspawing from hung, in-shape Tops, 28-40 yrs. Into domination, VA, spanking, TT, C&BT, groups, shaving. Love big cocks. No scat, FF, damage. Me: 5'5", 130 lbs, beard, submissive. Hank (312) 989-4236, Box 25182, Chicago, IL 60625. (6973LF)

PWA SEEKS PWA

Hot, GWM, in good health, 33, 5'10", 160, blond/blue, beard, hairy body seeks kinky PWA buddy into S/M, Leather, safe raunch and lots more. Willing to travel. Call Randy (213) 271-5352.



DADDY HAS EVERYTHING

except 20s-30s, companionable, cute or BB, live-in (NYC) slaveboy/son. Need sane, successful top, commitment, belonging, new HOME, dedicated life of sex service without sleaze, loneliness, or futility? Full, frank application with photo(s) now. Lifetime opportunity, fulfilling lifestyle. Start a new life this new year! Box 6324LF

1989 COUNTRY BOY

Shy passive kid/boy next door (32, 5'9", 165, blue eyes, light brown hair and moustache) seeks Top. Muscular Dad/Big Brother (35-45), not a slave/Master, that can guide in both brain and brawn. Enjoy leather, uniform and western realities. Box 280388, Lakewood, CO 80228. (Box 6232LF)

100% TOILET BOTTOM

Men living, visiting, or passing thru Seattle—I'd be honored to be used as your toilet/urinal, bootwipe, boy. Singles, groups welcome. Age, looks not relevant. Mutual filth freak OK—I'm tall 6'2", brn/blu, stach, 200 lbs., 37 yrs. boy. Anxious to feed Sir(s). Write: Box 6840LF

RURAL MASTER NEEDED

SIR, WM, 34, 5'10", 165, offers total ownership, hard work and obedience to sadistic Master. slave needs bondage, pain, torture, hair removal, ass work and training in total ass worship. Own this worthless piece of shit; no close family, put this slave in permanent slavery, please, SIR. Box 6839LF

300# GWM SADIST MASTER 48

wants toilet slave with thin waist. Remove shirt for inspection photo. Permanent possession open now! Be submissive and obedient. Send limits, details and fantasy. Bondage-Pain-Love. Spend 25¢ sending what you have today for results. Mr. Jones, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, Minnesota 55433. PS: I hope you have a very "Happy New Year".

SON WANTED

Executive Dad, 50 years young, 6' tall, 195 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks submissive son. Into light S&M, bondage, and long-term, loving relationship. Letter and photo appreciated. PO Box 75414, Seattle, WA 98125.

HELP THIS GRIMM

folk tale lover believe in fables. Me: she-male roles! Snow White, Rose Red, Beauty; you: Prince Charming, Beast, Bear. Tell sequel to my rescue in words to make my twat quiver and my ruby lips to tremble. Photo a must. 6376LF

HOT TOP SAN DIEGO

Handsome, hairy WM 33, 5'10", 180, great pecs and tough nipples. In shape mind and body. Seeks same in hot masculine bottom. Mild to intense safe scenes. Not interested in sniveling cocksuckers. Send photo, details and desires to Occupant, PO Box 16532, San Diego, CA 92116. (Box 6836LF)

I SUBMIT

Top-like body, slave mind. I need to be shackled, trained by the right master. Chief interest is your abuse, control; secondary interests: leather, VA, CBT, bondage, body-punching. One-nighters OK, prefer relationship where you'll make me your slave, dog, punching bag—your desire. Me: 6'2", 190, 35. You: 25-45, facial hair, non-fat or fem. Texas. Box 6896LF

NYC/CAN TRAVEL

WM, 35, 205, 6'1", beard, husky, attractive, seeks younger, verbal, in-shape man into using piss to degrade and dominate some homo, turning his mouth into your urinal and him into your on-call pet cocksucker, foot-kisser, asslicker, serving boy. No wimps, queens, pigs, drunks, fats. Send details/pic. Box 6224LF

LONGJOHN/UNIONSUIT GUYS

Looking for guys into unionsuits, longjohns and underwear. 39, 5'11", 175 lbs, into most underwear/uniform scenes. Humiliation, discipline and bondage also in underwear. Write Jay. Box 179, 606 W.Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

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).

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

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.

HANDSOME BUTCH LEATHERGOD

Heavy duty Nordic bodybuilder Top: stud pecs, hung pierced pussy ripper, throbbing manhole enlarger encased in bulging cod-piece, tan/shaved for exhibition. My ripped manhandler body needs a mature well-positioned hungry fuckmouth, pissface, boot-licker, muscleslave, pigman to suck worship juice. Tough hard action; letter, phone, photo required. Box 6835LF

TORONTO GUY

5'8", 150 lbs., 34 years old, bearded, versatile, seeks man-to-man sex, raunchy and rough with the right guy. Like beards, jock-strap, wrestling, leather, J/O, verbal, spit, tit-slapping and ass-belted—big bearded men 'specially welcome to write. Box 6830LF

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 gatherings every month. Write: 2nd floor, 183 Christopher St., New York, NY 10014. We carry on in Mineshaft tradition.

READY FOR THE REAL THING?

Creative Master. Rugged attractive early fifties. Offers trim slaves under 45 weekend training in erotic facility. S/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. (5760LF)

ZEUS V I D E O



"TIGHTROPES FOUR" stars porn star Jason (Nipple Animal) Steele; Big Dex (215 lb competition bodybuilder) Warner; and Grant (ex-USMC Drill Instructor) Masters in solo jack-off/muscle bondage sessions. Ropes/chains/sweat/muscles/cum shots. ZV-1006/"TIGHTROPES FOUR"

.....\$45.00



"TIGHTROPES FIVE" stars Gerard (1988 Mr Leather New York 2nd runner-up) Gunner; and gorgeous 25 year old Zeus bondage boy Rusty Behr both in solo sessions taped in a Catskill Mountains dungeon. Gunner very hairy. Rusty totally shaved. ZV-1007/"TIGHTROPES FIVE"

.....\$45.00



"PUNISHMENT" stars Zeus baby bondage boy Rusty Behr beaten, battered, broken, and mercilessly humiliated by B G Wrestling Federation bully/sadist Kid Leopard. Rusty endures the alphabet of agony and humiliation covered by Leopard's cum. ZV-1008/"PUNISHMENT"

.....\$45.00

PLUS over 50 muscle bondage fotosets (8 5x7 B&W/\$10.00 ea). Join the thousands of hot, kinky men on the confidential Zeus Studios brochure mailing list/\$3.00.

ZEUS VIDEO ORDER COUPON

- ☐ TIGHTROPES FOUR ZV-1006/\$45.00
- ☐ TIGHTROPES FIVE/ZV-1007/\$45.00
- ☐ PUNISHMENT/ZV-1008/\$45.00
- ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
- ☐ ZEUS VIDEO/MAG/FOTOSSET BROCHURES/\$3.00

\$2.50 S/H 1st TAPE/\$1.00 EA ADD TAPE
CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ADD 6½% SALES TAX
VOID IN FL, GA, NC, TN, TX, UT, AZ, NE

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____

(YOU MUST BE OVER 21)

CHARGE TO MY ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

_____ EXP DATE ____ / ____

ZEUS/BOX 64250/LOS ANGELES CA 90064



SERIOUS B&D BOTTOM WANTED

Submission scenes, bondage, verbal abuse, frat hazing, military discipline, light S/M. Bottom is muscular WM, 25-35, enthusiastic, spirited. Positives: college jocks, construction workers, intelligence, correct attitude. Negatives: raunch, drugs, BBs, excessive hair. Possible relationship or Master/slave. Top is 41, 5'8", 160, HIV-neg, clean shaven. Descriptive letter w/photo, phone. (6971LF)

EXPERIENCED TRAINER

wants tall, muscular men for Viking warrior/slave training. Weekend or one-day sessions. Safe sex or no sex. Financial aid available for qualified trainees. Box 6969

LIVE-IN SLAVE

wanted by cowboy Master with well-equipped playroom. Master is WM, 43, 6'3", 210, BI/Gr, moustache, hung, and experienced. Immediate relocation to New England necessary. Assistance with relocation possible. If you are not serious, do not waste my time. Include photo and phone. Box 4426LF

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. In Chicago. Box 6772LF

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 40, 6'2", 175 lbs, brown/blue. Send picture, detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039 (6231LF)

CAPTURED AND TORTURED!

Are you young, in-shape, imaginative, and searching for dick dripping adventures? WM, 30s, lean, muscular, masculine, versatile, seeks others for historical torture fantasies, challenges, in safe, sane, discreet, injury free atmosphere. Let's live those movie scenes, writhing, sweating, groaning, toughing it out! Send ideas, limits, photo. Box 6129LF

HOT PUP

30 year old, blond/blue, 5'7", 150 lbs., handsome, masculine, clean cut boy next door who can take it like a man seeks tough action Dad who is also man enough to love his boy. Rare find boy offers genuine commitment. See "Hot Pup..." ad, issue #122 for more details. Box 6742LF

SLAVE NEEDS JOCK MASTER

Hot 30 year old, goodlooking, athletic slave seeks great looking jock, safe/sane Master under 35 for part time/permanent ownership. No smoke, dope. Call Jeff (408) 988-1559.

NO SHIT

Bodybuilder, blond/blue, 6'3", handsome and smart needs Genuine psychological domination and behavior control from possessive, overbearing, overprotective, foul-mouthed disciplinarian who knows who's Boss—in and out of bed. No Fantasy Crap. Need man whose fist can simultaneously squeeze my balls and brain. Picture available. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116 (5077LF)

SM SEX SLAVE

Goodlooking, 30, 6'2", 180, bl/bl, cock hungry fucker with deep throat, nice ass & tight body. Looking for handsome, hung, horny Master/Dad(s) into hot, sweaty leather/rubber kink. Experience & interest in all forms of Safe/Sane Serious S/M. Live in California. Relocation possible. Box 7059LF

ASS-WIPE SEEKS MASTER

GWM, 35, goodlooking, very masculine, 5'6", 135, expert ass lick/sniffer, seeks masculine Master for long periods of face-sitting, ass-worship. Will take any amount of heavy verbal abuse, humiliation to ensure prolonged ass/face contact. Age, weight, not as important as masculinity. PO Box 6362, Chicago, IL 60614-6362 (Box 7058LF)

WANTED SPIRIT/SEXUAL MASTER

The Sundance and other Primal Spiritual Rites are interconnected with S/M. Looking for Master of Native American, Pagan, Santeria, or other Native Spirituality who will expand my body, mind and spirit's limits to the ultimate. Any race, age. Am centered, healthy, 34, WM, obedient, kinky, trainable. Box 7054LF

SHAVING/HAIRCUTS

Young barber, 24, wants hot men into head and body shaving, crewcuts, flat tops, military high and tight. Also like bondage, heavy nipple and ball work, being shaved. My clippers and razors are sharp and ready. Let's shear off some furl photo and letter to Box 7052LF

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 41, blue, blond, WM, seeks a submissive, obedient, affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger but attitude and desire to serve are most important. If you are submissive and need discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring, strict Daddy. Serious only write or call before Midnight EST (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond, VA 23240 (Box 7039LF)

DOMINANT BLACK MASTER

Big, masculine male, 25, 6'1", 185, healthy, safe/sane & goodlooking seeks white, beefy, submissive, masochistic, masculine bottom to be my Yes, Sir male bull twat and totally passive leather slave. Must be real slave, not fantasy seeking j/o'ers. No smoker/drugs. Photo and moustache a must. Box 7037LF

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

RAUNCHY MEN NEEDED

for tall, hot, well-hung pig slave, 34, 6'3", 185. Help me reach the lowest levels of depraved degradation. My only limit is your imagination. No fats, feds or heavy pain. PO Box 1056, Boston, MA 02118

GOODLOOKING BADASS TATTS

Real white or blue collar job sought under rancher, businessman, farmer where frequent new tattoos are condition of employment. Available December, 1989. Box 7107

MASSIVE COMPETITIVE BB

DC area WM, 35, wants huge muscleman to relocate here for excellent live in/financial setup. You must have huge, powerful, well defined body with extra large cock to fuck me. Send letter, physique photo and phone number to Box 7092 today.

COCKWORSHIPERS, UNITE

Older WM wants contact with men anywhere who literally and with pride worship cocks, cockheads, pissholes, thick cock veins, thick cockhair, foreskins, hairy balls and assholes, and who believe they could live on cum, piss, cockcheese, male sweat/spit. All answered. Box 7088

LEATHER/UNIFORM/WESTERN

Live/travel in or near Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, NYC corridor? Hot, masculine, muscular, handsome WM, 27, thick moustache, pierced, looking for other hot real Men with moustache or beard for intense sessions that include hot FR, BD, worship, etc. Top/bottom, one on one, couples, groups. Would really get into servicing two or more at the same time. Expand my limits. Smoke, drink, aroma OK. Must reply with photo(s), explicit letter and contact info. Will answer all. Box 7077

ENGLISH PISS SLAVE

seeks leather/rubber/Master(s) USA & Europe. Novice WM, 30, 6', 175, Br/Blue, 8' uncut, seeks Masters, couples to expand limits. Enjoy piss, ass beating, dildoes, bondage, hoods, drink, getting high. Would like to try fisting with right guys. Let my hot mouth work on your leather or rubber boots, working up to worship your cock as you let me have a steaming load of piss in my face. Travel to US every month. Photo get mine, Sir. I'm eager to please. You won't be disappointed, Sir. INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE PLEASE. Box 7075

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Country guy, 46, 6'5", 200, loves outdoors, riding horses, working cattle. Hairy, uncut, 6'4", will fuck your brains out and more! Looking for younger son/slave, masculine, committed. If you're not country, don't waste my time! Send photo and more: PO Box 16, Ottine, TX 78658 (7122LF)

MILITARY GUY

32, 6', 160, bodybuilder with Hispanic looks, wants well-muscled White or Hispanic guys for fuck buddies. Send photo (the more skin the better) with reply. Box 7120LF

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

BOTTOM GRANDDADDY

Big, bearded 200 pound macho cunt needs hot young top boy who can handle me. Non-smokers only! AARDVARK, PO Box 7294, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338

BROWNNOSERS

Dallas based Top of German descent, 33, 5'10", 145, Br/Gr with oversized dick and dirty asshole travels to San Francisco, LA, NYC frequently. Am looking for young, good-looking bottoms who are into rimming and raunch or scat. Have just started to videotape some scenes. In-shape brownnosers contact Box 7117LF

DOMINANT DADDY NEEDED

Im 5'7", 145, goodlooking BB. Need Daddy who can show me the ropes his way. Enjoy bondage, some SM, willing to expand limits. I am loyal with some experience. Short to long-term sessions or more. Send orders and photo please. Box 7114LF

GERMAN LEATHER TOP

German, 6'3", 180, uncut, is turned on by leather and SM. Want to get in touch with interested and interesting leathermen top/bottom. Into CBT, TT, BD, shaving, breathcontrol and most other forms of the leather scene. Will be in the states in summer '89. Send detailed letter with photo to Box 5755LF. (International Postage Required)

WANTED: SAFE & INSANE "S"

Hot, masculine, hairy, beefy, 88, 34, 150, 5'7", fat nipples, low balls needs wild kink, CBT, TT. "TNT" c/o PO Box 46766, LA, CA 90046

HOT NIPPLE ACTION

Musculine, moustached, muscular, hairy chest, 37, 6'2", 170, Tit Freak. Like having two extra dicks! Prefer them on pumped pecs over washboard abs. Connect the sensory triangle with white-hot, oxygen-giving pain/pleasure. Yeah! Flight attendant (travel nationwide, Canada and Europe.) Photo/phone gets same. Rick. Box 6704LF

SLAVEBOY WANTED

Intelligent, caring GWM, 30, 6'1", 185 seeks young (18-28), handsome, well-built boy to be my bondage slaveboy and companion. I seek a boy to serve me and to submit to my discipline and leadership, but who will also be respected as a companion. Send photo, address, phone and letter. If accepted, will receive ticket to my Washington, D.C., home. Box 6972LF

BOY NEEDS DAD/BROTHER

Musculine, educated, 24, seeking MAN 26-50 to provide guidance, training. Relocating 7/89, probably Northeast, but flexible; will consider all. Your mind/heart matter most, but... beard/moustache, cigar/pipe smoker, average-husky build, leather, S/M are musts. I'm 6'6", 250, beard, bottom. No drugs, cigaretttes, JO calls. Mike (409) 823-4202, 7-11 pm

SANCTUARY 1989

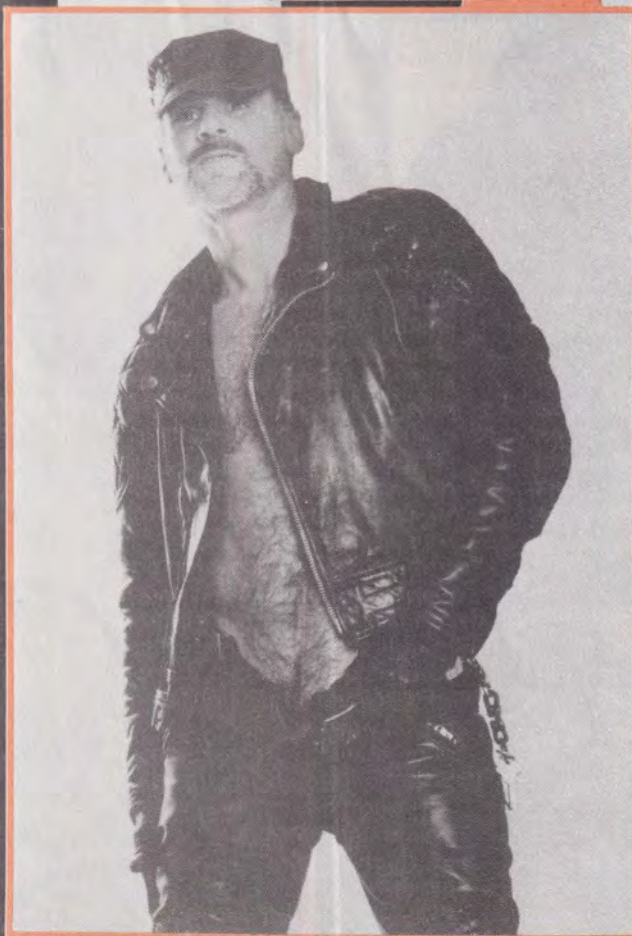
Fire Island Boot Camp. A Camp for Men! Expand your limits with Drummer/Daddy/Top. A weekend or a week. August and September. Write now for application/reservation. Master Crane, PO Box 18, Cherry Grove, NY 11782

ATHLETIC, PROFESSIONAL

handsome, 36 year old non-smoker, no drugs; wants muscular, stable man to share life. My interests include motorcycle touring, camping, hiking, travel and workouts. I consider honesty, integrity and a sense of humor valuable assets. Let's hear from you. Box 7119LF

Daddy Chrome

Photos by
**Jim
Wigler**



Cockrings,
Ass Eggs,
Clothes Pins:
Haven Sanborn
of
Hawk Metals
is the
North American
King of Chrome





KODAK SAFETY FILM 5063



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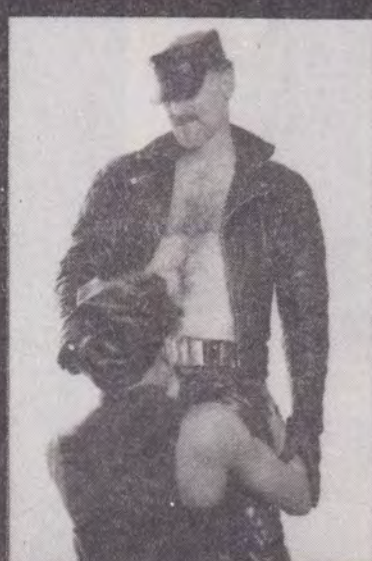
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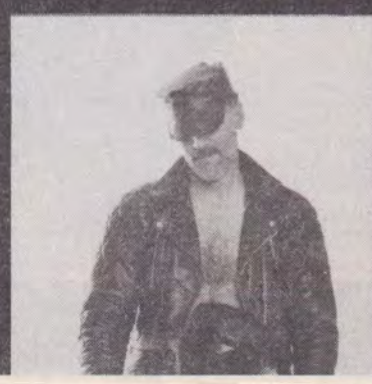
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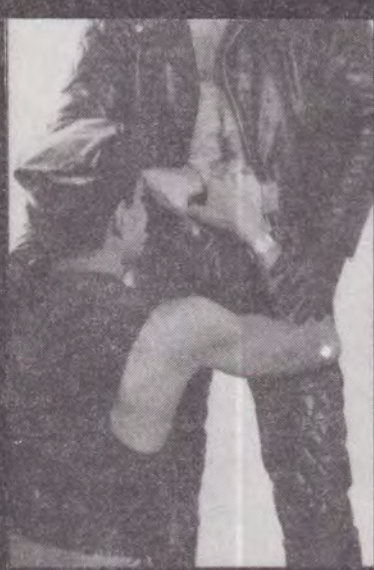
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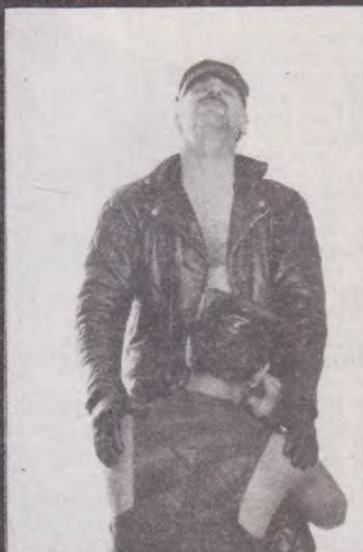
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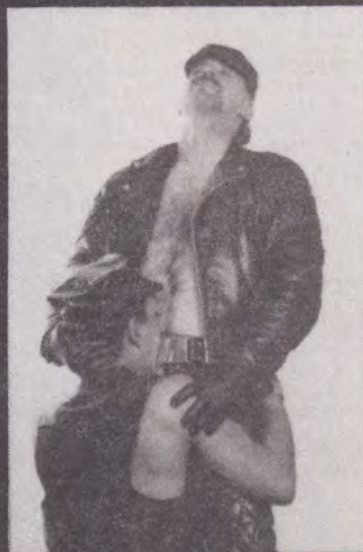
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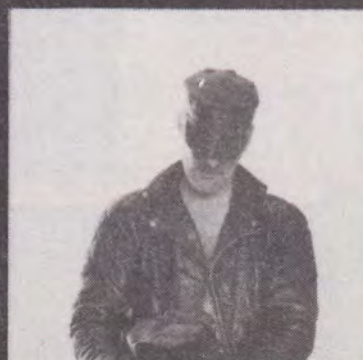
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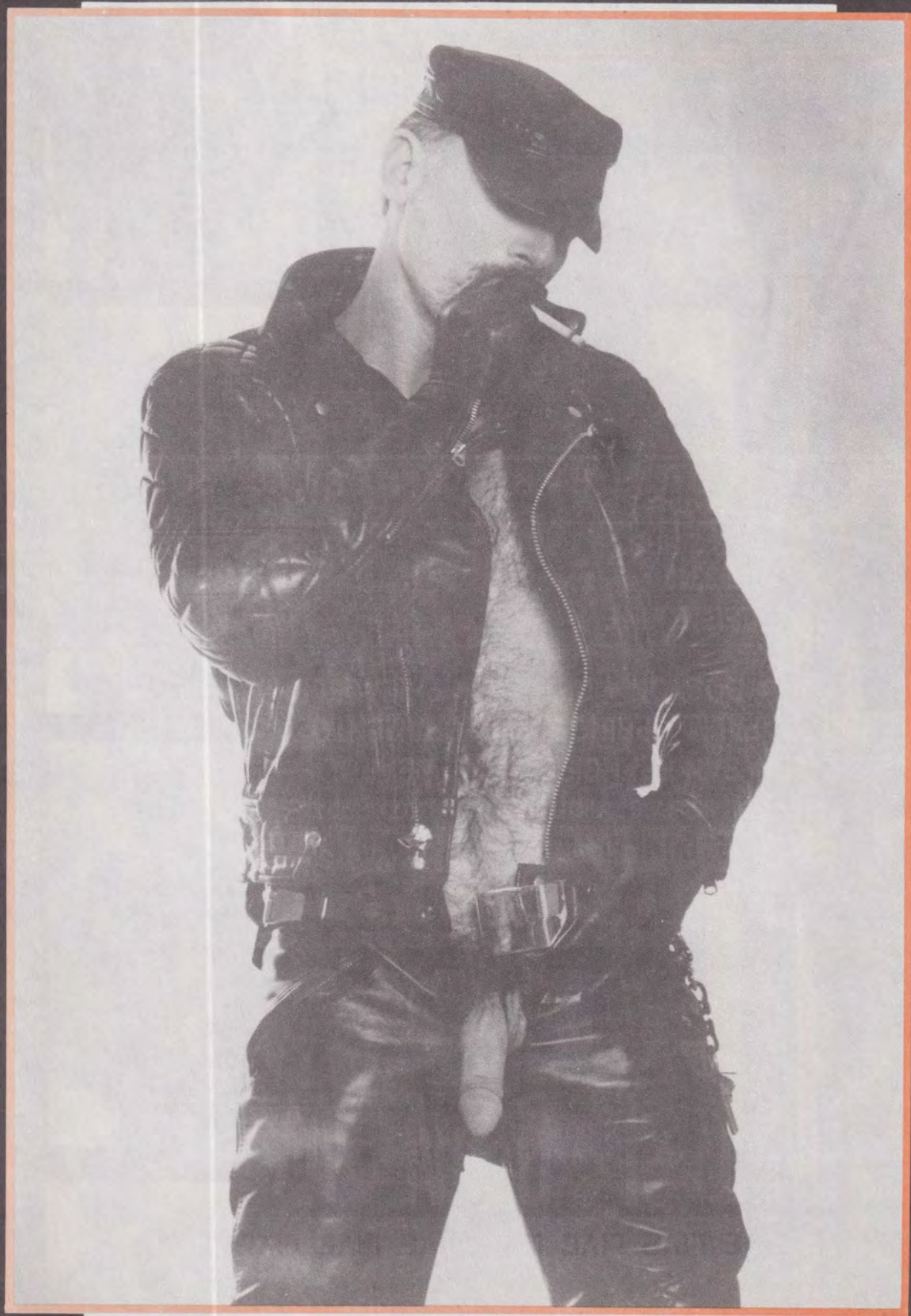
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Cont'd from page 48

VERY DESPERATE EMERGENCY NEED
Wanted: Sex Cruel & Mean Master to kidnap a desperate sex slave. Into very skin tight jeans, Levis, leather pants. Into severe torture, SM, BD, severe & heavy, rape. Take slave for life & kidnap slave, torture him. Age 21-48 years old. Only serious to kidnap me! Write: Brad Jackson, PO Box 665, Edwardsburgh, Michigan 49112 or come: 24050 N. Shore Drive, Lot 9, Rema Trailer Park, Eagle Lake, Edwardsburgh, Michigan 49112

X-HUNG TOP MASTER

Ugly, active, uncut, moustached, bearded farmer, enormous tool, Interchain 81. Visiting San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, September, 1989, seeks moustached bottom slaves to serve him. Return visits welcome in Portugal. Apartado 1964, Picoas, Lisboa 1006, Portugal. International Postage Required.

BIG SUPER HUNG BLOND HUNK

25, 6'4", 250, body builder, wants rich, generous, mature, fat, cigar smoking business man. Mike, Box 3343, Long Branch, NJ 07740

HOT COUPLE

GWM couple, Top, 42, 5'7", 140, brown, black, bearded; bottom: 45, 5'10", brown, blue, 170, looking for hot Tops/couples who are into leather, dildoes, catheters, films, smoke. Drop a line with picture to: Boxholder, PO Box 7445, Richmond, Virginia 23221

HIV+ DADDY NEEDS HIV+ SONS

Versatile, HIV+ Dad, young 50s, wants HIV+ lads for mutual nipple play TLC, therapeutic & erotic massage. SM if desired & any other safesex (condoms) scene. Call Bob, (305) 274-4773, Miami

CUM ON VIDEO

Goodlooking, horny videographer wants uncut and/or hairy hot guys for kink video in Pacific Northwest. Send photo. Box 7134

NIPPLES/LEATHER

Handsome, muscular, imaginative GWM, 40, six feet tall, 175, brown/blue, moustache, insatiable big nipples, seeks other well-built versatile men for extended nipple sessions, body worship, B&D, S&M, leather, uniforms, other mutual fantasies. Your masculine good looks, moustache or beard, and experience of leather and uniforms are pluses. But hungry nipples, a good body, and red-hot sexual imagination are more important. Send letter and photo to Box 7138. I live in California and travel extensively.

SMELL MY STINK

Hot, handsome, muscular stud, 36, needs his dirty parts sniffed and slurped. Eat my rank pits, dirty feet, nine inch cock, cheesy foreskin, shitty hole. Brown and yellow deliveries for willing toilets, slim 18-45. Travel frequently San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York. Send photo. Box 7128

PARTNERS

Looking for partner to build life together. I'm masculine, bodybuilder, honest, fun, strong, 37, goodlooking, uncut. Enjoy working out, fishing, raising dogs, outdoors, leather. Have been in Navy, lived overseas, college, travelled USA. Box 7125

LOVE BIG DICKS?

PHALLOS: National Club for Well-Hung Men & Admirers. Send stamp/info. Live Oak Press, Box 640444, San Francisco, CA 94164

DRUM-HEAD TIGHT RECIRCUMCISION

Experiences? Qualified M.D. referrals? Also into adult and teen cuts and other custom cock work, especially on glans. Exchange photos, phone J/O, date with destiny? Box 7132

STRICT DISCIPLINE NEEDED

35, 6', 180, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, pierced, tattoo, submissive bottom anxious to serve. Into bondage, shaving, ass play, oral active, anal passive. Available for inspection. (312) 477-3265

RAUNCHY FARM SEX

WM interested in getting together with guys into farm sex. The raunchier, the better. I am also interested in videos of farm sex, trade or purchase. Box 7159

HOT MASTER/TOP WANTED

WM, 35, hot, BB, 5'9", 185, dark, hairy, novice, seeks demanding, experienced, hot Top/Master who knows what he wants, to take charge, show me the ropes, train me to his desires. Extremely handsome, very well built, expect same quality. Definitely worth the postage. Reply with photo/descriptive letter. Box 7158

POW TORTURE

at mountain prison camp. Requirements: 5'8"-6'3", over 21, under 35, excellent physical shape, able to be interrogated 3 days or more. Nude photo and phone. Box 7145

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 43 year old Daddy/Master. If you have a serious desire to be the live-in son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master, include photo and phone with your response. You must be willing to relocate. Box 7146

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

SEEK LEATHER BUDDY

If you're new to the scene, so am I. My leather desires and fantasies grow daily. I'm 5'10", 155, healthy, aggressive, attractive, stable, intense. I'm looking for a real man to explore and expand safe, imaginative scenes. Let's train each other for what the future may hold! Send photo to: Boxholder, 300 Lenora Street, Box P211, Seattle, WA 98121. (714) 918-1745

AVAILABLE COPPER

Former D.C. Eagle winner, 6'1", 195, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, good build and above average looks. Likes motorcycles, country music, outdoors, sports, uniforms, leather, cowboys, men 30 years +, 6'1" and shorter. Dislikes: drugs, chain smokers. Letter and photo gets same. Trust me, this copper is for real. Write Box 7156LF

I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

WM, 43, 5'9", 150, beard, pierced, seeks in-shape mature men any race into sensible pain, torture, VA, heavy tit/ball pulling, twisting, pinching, stretching, vacuum pumping, shaving, raunch, spit, piss, satanic sex. Safe only. Normally work 3-11 pm. Call or write anytime. Karl, 836 Wheeler Street, Woodstock, IL 60098. (815) 338-9137 (6508LF)

GRENADA MARINE

It's listed under T.J. Jenkins. Call collect!

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

ALWAYS READY FOR IT

Hot young Black bottom wants to service tough Tops. Fuck me hard and make me suck your hard throbbing cock for hours. Share me with your friends. Enjoy leather, hoods, toys, partying, groups and more. If you're man enough, write w/photo & phone 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

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

2 LEATHERMEN/ARIANS!

Hot! Hung! Built! We are versatile: 6', 160, 7 1/2", 23, big hands/6'3", 175, 9 1/2", huge hands, 35. Into leather games, bondage, prolonged ass-play (dildoes, fucking, FFA), safe sex. You: similar tastes and characteristics. Photo with letter gets our asap. PO Box 14574, San Francisco, CA 94114-0574 or Box 6631LF

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

HAIRY ARMED TOP

Bear Dad looking for hungry holes that just can't seem to get enough. Photo/phone. Box 6990

BOTTOM SEEKING BONDAGE TOP

S.F. leatherman, masculine, white, 32, seeks experienced Top for bondage and safe SM/sex. Have toyroom and experience. I love bondage and have the facilities/equipment to do it right! Skilled "trainer" planning to visit S.F. requested to write in advance to assure memorable visit. Discretion required and reciprocated. Photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

SAN RAMON VALLEY

Who's out there? Clean-cut, versatile GWM, 35, wants to meet other attractive, leather-oriented guys in the 580/680 area. Open to friendship, hot j/o, bondage, 3-ways, and more. Younger and/or inexperienced guys are welcome. Send photo (preferred), description, and interests. Box 6561LF

FF TOP WANTED

Horny 38 year old hairy bottom, 5'6", 155, wants rugged, mature Top. Enjoys trips, fantasies, slings, playrooms, dildoes, shaving, bondage. Tattooed, hairy, biker/trucker types a plus. Fantasize about porn, erotic hands, fisting ballet, etc. Slip me one, then slip it all in! Photo, phone appreciated. Box 6554LF

DAD'S DAD

Hot, hairy, horny, bearded, pot-bellied 45 year old Sicilian Dad is looking for a hot, hairy, horny, bearded, pot-bellied Dad of his own to play with. Let's get together, work up a sweat and then maybe teach my boy a few new lessons. PO Box 2251, SF, CA 94126

HAIRY SF TRANSEXUAL

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

1988 LEATHERDADDY

Western State Titleholder is searching Nation-wide 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

ATTENTION COCKSUCKERS

No talk, no games, no friendship, no relationship, no bullshit, no excuses, no nothing except your mouth on my dick till I'm done. Photo/phone to Box 6990

DRUMMER MAGAZINE BACK ISSUES

Number 1 thru number 125 complete, plus Drummer Daddies 1, 2 & 3, The Best and the Worst of Drummer, Son of Drummer, Drummer Rides Again, Class of '82 and Drummer Presents the Erotic Art of Bill Ward. All in mint condition with all centerfolds included. Best offer complete. Box 5943LF

GET SERIOUS

eventually. For now, let's play. GWM, 26, 5'10", 190, muscular, bearded. Mostly bottom, occasional Top. Beards, big men, leather, uniforms, brains, cigars, piercings, bondage (on earning trust), pain, ass beating, whipping, cuddling are turn-ons. San Francisco and environs. Box 6904.

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

sought by retired GWM for San Francisco apartment. You're 18-40, White or Oriental, drug/smoke-free, submissive, obedient and affectionate. We are HIV-negative and seek permanent set up. Full letter, photo, phone to Box 6123LF

YOUNG TOP WANTED

Me: 37, 5'6", 150, W/M, hairy, goodlooking professional. You: 25-35, smooth, creative into B&D, C&BT, hoods, light S/M in bedroom, friend/lover out. Photo & letter gets mine. Box 6933

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ASS WORSHIP

Squat your hole over my face and let me clean it for you. Goodlooking husky GWM, 33, seeking man who enjoys guy down in front of him cleaning his feet, pits, balls and especially his ass. Sit on my chair and let me tongue-bathe you. T/T, W/S, V/A too. Box 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-canoing Sonoma-Mendocino. Visitors to SF wanting a break in the country welcome. Photo if available. Box 6684LF

COMPLETE YOUR TOY COLLECTION: SHOP SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO.

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH

to be the slave you know you are? SF Bondage Master is tired of pushy bottoms and is looking for a genuine slave. Master is 43, 6'4", 220 lbs., brown hair and eyes, is heavily tattooed and is a cigar smoker. Leather, bondage, uniforms, rubber, boots and shaving are some of my turn ons. All letters answered, but those with a photo given first priority. Reply to: 2404 California Street, #7, San Francisco, CA 94115

N. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include VA, bondage, boots, TT/CBT, wax, shaving, and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at "Puppy." Box 16, 484 Lake Park Avenue, Oakland, CA 94610

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

SEEKING MASTER/TOPMAN

HIV+, 50, male with playroom in East Bay seeks longterm Master/Topman for fantasy trips, CBT, dildoes, safe sex fucking & sucking. Box 7021

WANTED: MASOCHIST SLAVE

Tall, gooklooking WM, 38, leather sadist seeks part time masochist/slave. Interests: leather, safe ass/face fucking, C/B/T, bondage, S/M, whips, chains, dildoes, bootlickers, V/A, piss, hoods, grovelers, slapping around, sharing slaves with other Masters, motorcycles, weeknite scenes. Photo, phone, specs to: Box 7053LF

WORTHY MAN SEEKS SAME (NOTE CORRECTED ADDRESS)

Clean-cut, masculine, regular guy with nicely-defined 5'8", 140 lb. body, into leather, levis, B/D, would be proud to serve and satisfy very masculine, well-built, taller man capable of dominating and deserving of respect. No fat, drugs, drunks, or unsafe sex. Please write Boxholder, 6116 Merced #194, Oakland, CA 94611. This address recently corrected. If previously unable to make contact, try again.

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Gdkg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S. #237, 2215-R Market St. San Francisco, CA 94114.

SILICON VALLEY MASOCHIST

seeks SF bay area sadist with black leather boots needing licking and who truly enjoys whipping the back, ass, belly, and legs and spreading, weighting, stretching, and squeezing the balls of his partner. M is mid 40s, neg, tall, WM. S must be 30-50 neg WM. Not into FF, scat, WS, piercing, drugs, damage, unsafe sex. Am seeking long-term relationship with levi torture Master. Box 6957

HOT BOTTOMS WANTED

Sadistic Top, 50, 6'3", 185, wants bottoms/masochists into bondage, CBT work, butt work, shaving, hoods, gags, verbal abuse, dog training. Well-equipped Correction Room. Letter/photo. Box 7091

HARD NUTS

San Jose WM Stud. Nut/penis/nipple freak, 30s, 6', muscles. Tortures his equipment swollen and purple. Heavy pain and extra limits wanted. I know the feeling, tell me what you want. Photo with reply. Box 7058

WANTED/NOW

Guy who loves to suck and to get fucked. Older Daddy (45, 190, 6', big shoulders) needs safe-sex buddy 25-40. Tits, lips, loving, fun, hardcore. Photo/phone. Box 7081

MARAUDING MOTORCYCLIST

Cleancut motorcycle rogue in full black leather, tall boots, 6'2", 175, 32, T/b looking for same for rasslin', leather i/o. Sane, intelligent, masculine, straight-acting, healthy road warrior rides hell bent for leather and outdoor adventure. Need buddy for camping, rallies, good times and friendship. Photo gets mine. Box 7084

BONDAGE PARTIES

Monthly safesex leather parties. MC, Post Office Box 42501, San Francisco, CA 94101.

RED HOLE

Big Redhead with beefy butt looking for hungry mouths. Box 2251, SF 94126

HEY DAD!

Boy seeking Dad into mutual tit and ass play to play and fuck with. Especially turned on by chewable cock and tits, jockstraps and boxers. Boy is 24, brown/brown, 5'11", 165. Safe only and no drugs. Box 6946

SCATMEN

Hungry bottom, 37, 6', good build, blond/blue, loves being stuffed with huge turds. Foot-long beer can-thick, 5-pounders. Big appetite for 2, 3 hairy ass Tops, maybe group. Send phone, photo & other hot info to: Gene Casey, 633 Post St., #148, SF, CA 94109. Stuff me.



UNIFORM/LEATHER TOP WANTED

WM, 33, 6', 175, boot dog needs training in care of Boots/Leather/Uniform for military/LE type. Have many fantasies that need to be turned into realities. Interested in cigar smoking Tops with arrogant cocky attitude who want a bootlicker to use and abuse. B/D, verbal abuse, hoods, gags. Meeting preferred, photo/letter exchange possible. Box 3711LF

BAY AREA AND SO CAL

WM, 40, trim, attractive, masculine, very Montgomery Street, bottom, hairy, professional, fun, kinky looking for HOT guys 20 to 40, under 6 ft, slender, cocky, who enjoy all night sessions fisting, TT and whips on fun substances. Letter and photo to Box 6320LF

SM RELATIONSHIP

I'm ready to give and take in an effort to let a relationship grow. Mature, stable, serious, 5'10", 170, 45. Open to most scenes. Your age, size, looks, less important than your attitude. I want to develop a relationship which will include intense, wild, but safe action. Gary Richards, PO Box 781, Santa Rosa, CA 95402-0781

PLAYROOM FOR RENT

South-of-Market Bondage Playroom for rent, \$100, minimum/use. (415) 621-6294.

COLD NIGHT? FIND A HOT MAN IN DEAR SIR!

BIG, THICK & CUT?

Totally kinky, masculine, trim, hung GWM, 40, bottom, has smooth, hot butt, sensitive tits, ready to take it. FF, toys, shower sports, big warm enemas. Safe, healthy only. Boxholder, PO Box 640084, SF, CA 94164-0084

POWER

Have it? Use it? Understand it? GWM, 36, 6'4", 185, seeks dominant, burly, power-broker who also wants peer relationship outside bedroom. Box 7133

VIDEOGRAPHER

28, 5'10", 160, brown hair/eyes, beard, available for taping single to club events. Very discreet. Portable EFP available. Box 28904, San Jose, CA 95159

FIST MASTER WANTED

WM, 37, into FF, dildoes, some CBT on weekends

SADISTIC SAMURAI MASTER

Very athletic, healthy top priority, goodlooking, youthful late forties, expert in expanding limits-horizons, seeking bear type GWM 40s-50s, reasonable shape, prefer taller than my 5'8", willing to submit to a full range of activities. Pluses: sensitive protruding nipples, kinky sense of adventure combined with capacity for intimacy. SF Bay area, photos exchanged. Box 7160

WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD

18-35 years old, WM, who wants to share leather sex. Must be turned on by smell, feel and look of black leather. Need safe sex with right boy. Call me and let's talk. (415) 861-0581 (7155LF)

SM RELATIONSHIP

Experienced bottom seeks strong emotional and physical RELATIONSHIP (not just play) with experienced Top into SM, bondage, intensity. I want to learn and grow; I hope you do, too. I am 26, 5'10", 190, bearded; prefer older, big, bearded men. Box 6904

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOT WHITE MASTER/ TOP/DADDY

wanted by white slave bottom, 37, 5'11", 200 lbs, husky, hairy, brown hair, hazel eyes, moustache. Am into leather, levis, boots, uniforms, being G/P F A/P (front/rear), S/M, B/D, W/S, toys, tit play. Sincere only. Sir. Send orders & info to Jay, PO Box 67E06, Los Angeles, CA 90067. (LF5349)

LONG THICK CIGARS/COCKS

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.

LEATHER MAN READY

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.

HOT FAT GUY

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes. Call (213) 285-3327

WHIPMASTER

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903).

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.

YOUNGER BROTHER, SON SLAVE

Very masculine Big Brother/Dad/Master, W/M, 43, 6'1", 200#, dominant, yet protective, desires a younger brother/son/slave. Applicant must be 25-35, GWM, masculine/Levi/Western type guy, maybe living in Ontario or nearby. Letter/photo to: Tom, 12475 Central Avenue, #154, Chino, CA 91710 (714) 597-8095. Box 6560LF

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.

ESCAPED PRISONER NEEDS CAPTURING

San Diego Area GWM 31 6'1" 170 needs shackling, handcuffing, confinement, humiliation. Will become guard's prisoner and slave if I don't escape. Looking for long term confinement/relationship. I'm HIV neg and clean, same a must. Send detailed letter/photo. Occupant, Box 1652, Solana Beach, 92075. Box 6838LF.

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BONDAGE, ETC., ETC., ETC.

(415) 978-5377
285 SHIPLEY ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94107

GLORYHOLE

Hot leather guys, 18-35, in good shape, to report to private glory hole to be serviced by a leather slave, 28, 165, 5'11" just out of the navy. Very private scene. Sessions happen often, so leave name and number if not in. Call Master Paul, West Hollywood. (213) 657-5327 (7048LF)

YOUNG MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

This young cute guy wants a total bottom boy who desires to serve. You must be obedient and eager to eventually become the property of a worldly, experienced little dude who knows what he wants and will get it! Duties include my constant sexual gratification, housekeeping, paperwork and companionship. Prefer slave under 30. Box 46194, LA, CA 90046

ORANGE COUNTY BOTTOM MAN

WM, 5'11", 175, 50, younger looking, average build and looks, 6½" uncut, shaved balls, looking for Top to fill needs. Will try anything at least once. Expand my limits, you take control. HIV+. Answer with picture. Box 7121LF

LEATHER/VET/HARLEY BUDDY

seeks confident, in-charge, life successful and whole person with opportunities for loyal, quality-service, respectful partnering & good mansex then trust-scenes. Graham: open spirited, self-employed, assured, malleable, tactile (42, 72", 190, stache, brown, hazel, HIV+/good health, ringed, some earned L-gear) change worthy. 175 Monroe, Pomona 91767

INTIMACY, DISCIPLINE

Want relationship with man who expects obedience. I'm 26 (look 20), 5'9", 150, brown/green, considered a "7". Interested in almost all Drummer scenes. Am independent, but would consider lifestyle change for right person. Be White, no smokers/drugs. Westminster. Please send demands to Box 7115LF

DEAR DAD,

My name is Larry and I'm searching for you. I'm 5'9", brown/brown, 34, mostly smooth, husky, completely honest and sincere. I'm neither weak nor ignorant but need you to complement my life. I'm naturally submissive with unlimited potential with the proper motivation. I've got the abilities and aggressiveness but lack discipline and structure to achieve greatness. I want you because you're a teacher and leader. I hope to share, learn, grow and achieve greatness through our association. I want to make a difference individually and collectively. If you know me or want to know me, call and let's see what you need. (714) 220-0513 (6566LF)

DRIVING LA TO NY JULY

Drummer/Daddy/Top needs bottom/companion to share bareassed driving and night time fun. Pay only own food. Contact: Warren, (213) 436-5075

BONDAGE BEAR

WM, 43, 6, 195, loves tight bondage, leather and uniforms. Paul, 32 W. Anapamu, #172, Santa Barbara, CA 93101

WEEKEND SLAVE AVAILABLE

Sincere, will-built young man seeks experienced Top who desires occasional, unlimited use of clean-cut, healthy slave. Can travel. Nude photo available for your inspection. Serious only. Box 6964.

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.

COCKY MASTER/SON SOUGHT

by successful, trim-bearded, hunky San Diego W/M 42, masculine, loner, 5'10", 165, 8". Son: to 5'11", slim, 7½" plus, 22-37, Levi/Leather w/boots to bring Dad to his knees for discipline/humiliation, heavy cock-ball-body-boot service. W/S, dog training possible! Should like cuddling, affection, smoke, poppers. Write w/pic if possible & phone. Box 6932LF

ARE YOU A FIST Fucker?

WM/43/6'/160#, hot/deep/wide asshole seeks sensual top or versatile fist fuckers for long erotic sessions. Palm Springs (619) 321-2819

SON NEEDS DADDY

GWM, 33, 5'11", 190, brown hair/eyes, looking for tall Daddy 35-45 years old in the West Hollywood area with average build and looks to administer over the knee bareass spankings. Daddy must be loving and caring. Son enjoys being spanked with Daddy's bare hand until his ass is hot and red. Son will thank Daddy for his punishment and will take care of Daddy's sexual needs, safely. Son likes to cuddle with hairy chested Daddy. Send photo if possible. Box 7137

TWO HIGH-DESERT BEARS

want cubs and parents for playmates. Basics, shaving or? Lancaster area or willing to travel. Box 7141

SADISTS SOUGHT

Mexican masochist seeks sadists with the need to punch, kick, abuse. Does inflicting pain, the sight of welts, bruises turn you on? Are you a Master at the art of applied pain? I seek safety with perverted sadistic men. Boxholder, PO Box 86322, Los Angeles, CA 90086 (7150LF)

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. (303) 288-4109 or Box 6780LF

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

for lite bondage and spanking. I'm GWM, 51, versatile, tennis, run, hike, travel. No S/M. (303) 972-4177

CONNECTICUT**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 55, East Glastonbury, CT 06025. Box 6632LF.

DC-METRO**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)

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9½ Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality Topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex, 40, 5'10", 44" ch, 33" w: seeking submissive level-headed bottom men for play times in S/M, B/D, C/B/T, etc. No raunch, am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

FLORIDA**BIG MASCULINE MAN WANTED**

active well experienced white slave desires strong rugged hairy muscled dark complexion to dark men—in tight well-worn levis, fatigues, uniforms, leather—for hot funky sex, W/S, B/D, S/M, G/F, rim. Provide your hot sweaty body, I'll do the rest. 305-324-5754.

BONDAGE, LEATHER, RUBBER

Muscular White male, bk hair, br eyes, 5'8", 155 lbs., versatile, short or long term, hoods, rope, chains, etc. Wish to hear from and meet for sessions. Send descriptive letter. Box 6985.

COCKY JOCK

30 year old hot jock bottom seeking aggressive guy to adjust my attitude. Top this 5'11", 160 lb. horny stud butt. Frat hazing, BB, locker room scenes, B/D, leather, service, worship and whatever you demand. Photo/phone to PO Box 16135, Tampa, FL 33687

SADISTIC TORTURE SCENES

Whipping, cock, ball, and tit torture, bondage and slowly increased levels of erotic pain. Straining muscles suffering under the savage hands of a sadistic villain is the scene I'm after. WM, 42, 5'6", 145, bodybuilder. Novice needs guidance into S/M and bondage scenes by experienced S/M bondage bodybuilders. Box 7055LF

RELOCATING

Mature GWM seeks affordable living share with same, anywhere in Florida. Congenial, healthy, educated, neat. W. Richter, PO Box 1107, Bronx, NY 10462

BOOTED DADDY

Daddy is 55, 5'9", slim, seeks young son Daddy into most sex, uniforms, boots, and leather. AUA member. Aids negative. Enjoys active life, gym, outdoors. Son should be aids negative, non-smoker, no drugs, straight appearing, any color or race. Photo/letter to "Sir", Boxholder, PO Box 211, Cape Coral, FL 33910 (7047LF)

A FASCINATION WITH BONDAGE!

North Palm Beach submissive novice enjoys all forms of bondage including racks, slings, suspension, pulleys, complete workrooms. I'm 33, Br/Br, slim swimmer bod. Exhibit me now for your pleasure. Will travel. Call Lee (407) 622-6780, 6pm-10pm only

BLACK MASTER

30, 5'9", 162, very stern, safety oriented, seeks clean drug free, non-drinking, non-smoking lackey, whipping boy. I demand totally obedient slave, not games. Slave must be under 30, 5'4" to 5'7". Enclose photo, phone. Box 7123LF

TALLAHASSEE BOUND

Experienced GWM, 45, 5'8", 160, brown hair and eyes, enjoys men into leather, rubber and bondage, especially bodybuilders, TT, CBT, light to medium SM, WS and raunch. Versatile and have toys/gear for restraint, submission and discipline. Safe sex only. Send detailed letter of interests, photo and phone to Box 6430LF

BEARDED DADDY WANTED

Orlando. 28 year old, 5'10", 195, GWM, chubby, bearded, inexperienced but fucking horny, looking for older chubby, bearded, tattooed Daddy willing to teach me the ropes. Eager to be taught most everything. Into dildoes, rubbers, leather, cock/ball toys and porn. Want to be pierced, tattooed and serve Dad's needs. Box 7154LF

GEORGIA**SEMI-EXPERIENCED**

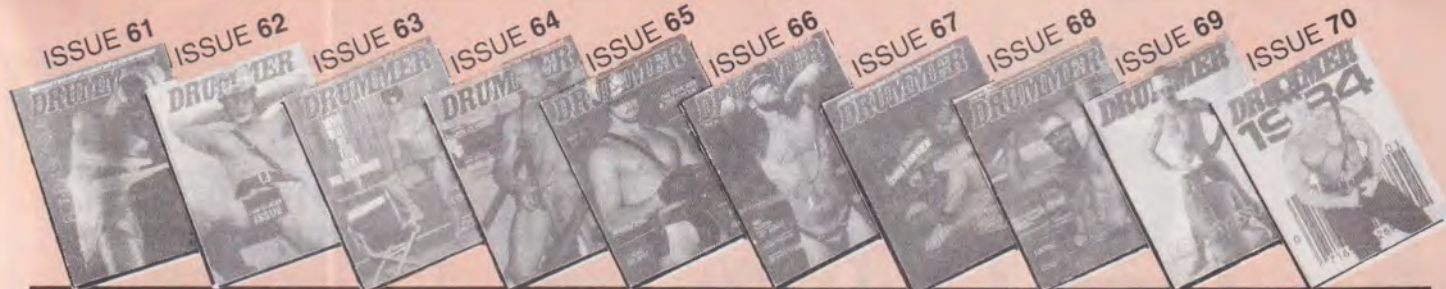
GWM, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar, seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, B/D, TT, photos, S/M, etc.) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125. (404) 636-1688. (LF6894).

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).

TWO TOPS

require burly butch for basics plus FF, WS, marathon sessions in playroom with sling. 35: stocky, beard, hairy, balding, 41: slender, beard, hung. Must be versatile, well-hung. No ego jerks or royalty. Couples, high times OK. Letter, photo, phone to #821, 1579F Monroe Drive, Atlanta GA 30324. (404) 892-1581. (6572LF)



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.

ATLANTA LEATHERMAN

GWM, 37, 5'8", 145 lbs, good-looking, pierced, bearded, professional. Experience limited. Prefer to be Top, but versatile. Into light S&M, TT, BD, porn, leather, cockrings, chaps, harnesses, uniforms, dildoes. Safe only. Let's get together in my playroom. Photo appreciated. Box 6901.

ATLANTA AREA TOP/BOTTOM

Hot guy, 38, 5'11", 160, salt & pepper hair, hairy, blue eyes, moustache, talented hands and hungry hole seeks similar versatile guys. Box 7116LF

SEX SLAVE/PIG WANTED

Hairy Italian, husky big Daddy, uncut, 35, 5'6", wants boyish, slave pig to submit to WS, FF, bondage, scat, dirty foreskin cleaning, face and ass fucking. Under 25 only Uncut preferred. Shaved crotch a plus. Looks aren't important but need detailed description. PO Box 957461, Duluth, Georgia 30136

ATLANTA MASTERS/DADDIES

White male, 22, seeks Master or Daddy for training. Boy is open-minded to lite SM, BD, toys, leather, uncut with lots of precum a plus. Also beard and over 30 is hot to me. Long-term relationship possible with right man. Visitors welcome. I can handle a real man. Write to Box 7148LF

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 South 6th #508, Champaign, IL 61820. Box 6778LF.

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.

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. Also receptive to companionship and traditional sex scenes. Am 25, 6', 185, hairy, brown hair, blue eyes, cleancut. Send photo. Box 6685LF.

BLUE COLLAR BUDDY

Chicago Area, GWM, bottom, 35, short, moustache, seeks experienced/responsible Top(s) for serious, restrictive, prolonged bondage. Hoods, gags, gasmasks, boots, leather, rubber, uniforms, unionsuits, jocks, condoms, C/B/T play, cigars, ace bandages, duct tape, mummification, immobilization, confinement, body bags, forced/control cigar smoking, bondage in layers of clothes. Safe sex Only! Box 6841LF

HOT LEATHERMAN SEEKS SAME

I'm 29, 5'8", 175, brown hair, eyes, beard, moustache, balding. You? Want to share/explore leather fantasies with the right person. Possible long-term relationship desired. Must be loving, caring person. PO Box 803731, Chicago, IL 60680-3731. Photo, phone # required.

HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC, 40/41 seek to meet hot couples to share our sling-equipped playroom (fucking, sucking, 69). Only into watching, being watched (no contact). Interests: jocks, leather/levi, uniforms, Dad/son couples. Hairy a plus. No kinky, far out scenes. Box-holders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, 60641 Box 6846LF.

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DOG SLAVE WANTED

Master, 38, experienced, attractive, 6'2", blond, 190 lbs, bearded, seeking collared, boot licking dogslave, 18 to 30. Humiliation, long term bondage, caged confinement, wax, shaving, tit work, C/B torture, whippings assured. Affection, social activities provided if earned. Photo, phone, letter to: PO Box 148434, Chicago, IL 60614. (LF6935)

MASTERS NEEDED

GWM slave, 26, 180 lbs, 6', 7½" cut, seeking muscled, hung, cigar smoking Masters 25-40 for initiation into SM, BD, TT, C/B/T, hoods, VA, shaving. Expand my limits Sir, while I worship your body and fulfill your needs. NW Chicago subs. Phone, photo and orders to Box 6938LF.

MILITARY MAN WANTED

by short, muscular 34 year old for base gym workouts. Box 7020

HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

White, handsome, 30s bottom son has wet mouth, big tits, and tight pussyhole. Needs a White/Hispanic Daddy/Top(s). Son is a slut/whore and wants to be used as such by Daddy(s) and his friends. Love to be gang banged. Call (312) 338-5528.(LF6898)

INDIANA

HOT SEX

sought with horny college jock, construction, blue collar or BB types by hot blond, 35, 5'7", 135, mostly bottom. Into most scenes, mild to wild. I'm also an I.U. student and artist seeking models to photograph for my artwork. John, PO Box 5903, Bloomington, IN 47408. (6552LF)

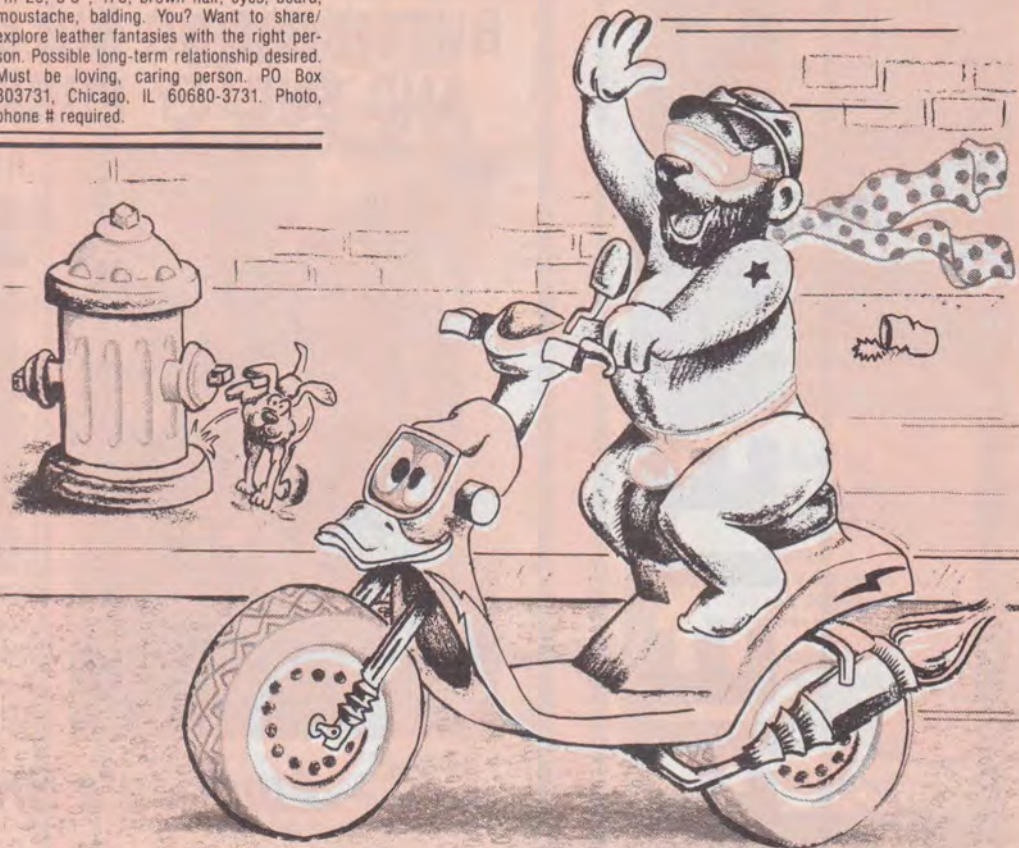
SADIST MASTER

Looking for muscular man who likes bondage, asswork, TT, shaving. Indianapolis area. Box 6958

IOWA

URBAN ABORIGINAL

Leather Dad new to Iowa City: bearded, ringed, 40, 5'8", 145... requesting 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.



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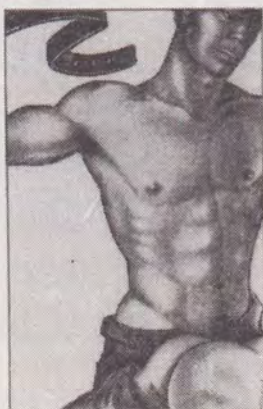
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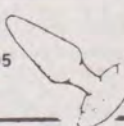
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KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/Daddy, 37, 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 builds. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502

KENTUCKY

NOVICE DESIRES TRAINING

GWM, 39, 5'5", 133, Lexington, seeks hairy man, similar age, for introduction in SAFE Leathersex. Box 7108

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.

TAKE ME TO THE WOODSHED! STRIP ME

This naughty boy needs a good, long, hard, severe paddling/razor strapping across my smooth bare ass! Write with photo if possible: Dave, Box #2004, Bangor, ME 04401. (207) 947-2329. GWM, 34 (look 25), 5'10", 140, brown hair, hazel eyes, boyish, spankable butt, affectionate. Switch roles, relationship possible.

MARYLAND

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

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 head-games. Itchin' to taunt, torment & teach someone a major lesson in respect? Box 6696LF.

MASSACHUSETTS

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.

SLAVE - PET - SON

wanted fulltime by hot hairy uncult couple. Master is 31, 5'10", dark hair/moustache, 175 lbs. His lover is 28, 6'1", 195 lbs, dark hair/beard. Both UNCUT, HAIRY. Into all scenes and have well-equipped playroom with sling. Facial/body hair preferred. Both men will demand love, respect, and obedience from their property. (617) 282-7196. Tops welcome. Box 6690LF

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.

SLAVE DOG

Novice slave wishes to be claimed by strong handsome owner. Need training, discipline, humiliation. Please, Sir, make me your dog, your maid, your property. Your slave is 34, 5'9", 155, attractive, intelligent. Please safe and sane only. Your slave does not drink, drug, smoke. Desire same. Box 6929LF

SPIT-SHINED BOOTS

USMC uniforms, Kiwi, camera. Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187

SADISTS

Slave craves your abuses. All scenes. Singles or groups. Box 7086

DOWN AND DIRTY

Need hot, sweaty, safe sex from aggressive Topman. WM, 26, 6'3", 180, 7½" cut, seeks big dick dominant Tops 18-45 to use me. Turns: Blacks, Latins, leather, muscles, uncut, piss, dildoes, groups, SM, BD, ball-work, shaving, aroma, sucking, getting fucked. Send letter telling me what's in store, maybe photo. Box 7118LF

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MICHIGAN

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DADDY/TOP

Ass Master, GWM, 45, 6', 175, brown/blue, moustache, very sane, safe only and discreet, seeks GWM, son/bottom, 18-38, in nearby area. Occupant, PO Box 902, Flint, MI 48502

SEEKING MASTER TOP

36 yr old GWM, S.E. Michigan slave/bottom seeks Master Top for T/T, bondage, discipline, humiliation, spanking and whipping, fantasy and exhibitionism. Reply with photo. Box 7046LF

WOODSHED SPANKING

WM, 29, 6'4", big muscular bear, good-looking, intelligent, amenable, needs strong, woodshed Dad, 35+ (Detroit area). Box 7110

MINNESOTA

SLAVES WANTED

Fully equipped dungeon complete with demanding Master is now open for high quality, experienced slaves who need BD, TT, CBT. Master is 36, 6', 175, bearded and hairy (612) 559-1062 (No JO or calls after 11 pm) PO Box 22602, Minneapolis, MN 55422 (7121LF)

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Looking for bottom into rough, active, verbal sessions in our well equipped "playroom" with sling, restraints, mirrors and lots of toys. Turn-ons bondage, discipline, cock/tit/ball work, fisting, W/S. Both 40s, 5'10", 170 lbs., attractive, tested neg. Dig young son/BB type. PO Box 3931, Springfield, Missouri 65808. JO letters answered. Box 6565 LF.

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.

KC ASSLICKEK WANTS PISS

Looking for hot and nasty KC men or travellers to explore my fantasies of worship, bondage, rimming, piss, verbal abuse, slave training, asses, and light S/M. Goodlooking 29 yr old bottom wants to serve. Write with phone and photo to tell this horny asslicker what you'd like to do. Box 7033.

TOP SOUGHT

White male, 32, 6', slim, brown hair, trim beard, novice bottom/mutual. Interests include: light B/D, assplay, sucking, safesex, toys, etc. Seek trim, under 45 Top to explore and expand interests. Race unimportant. St. Louis. Box 7130

KC PLAYROOM

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MASTER

looking for slaves or bottoms who are into hot wax, TT, CBT, sucking, fucking, getting shaved, hoods, FF, dildoes and especially long ass play. Novice welcome. Letter, pictures and phone number to Master Ron, 302A East Beach Avenue, Brigantine, NJ 08203. Box 6977LF

NEW JERSEY LEATHERMAN

GWM, 29, 5'10", 200, stached, seeks bottoms into TT, SM, BD, FF, body worship, leather, verbal abuse and dildoes. Safe only. Photo and letter to PO Box 473, Roseland, NJ 07068 (6779LF)

LIVE-IN SLAVE GWM 18-30

into heavy CBT, TT, WS, whipping, confinement. Have extensive basement playroom. Want an assistant to my consulting practice with PC programming/data base skills. Only call if interested in live-in. Answer questions on answering machine and leave your number. CJ (201) 874-6909

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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



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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 774, 263A W. 19 St., NY NY 10011. Box 6771LF.

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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.

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Hot, leatherclad, booted man into the smell, taste, and feel of black leather, seeks same. Masculine, handsome, white, 36, 6ft, 165, blonde, mustache, good build. Full black leather, jacket, chaps, gloves, boots, uniforms, muscles, like SM/BD, safe action only. Poughkeepsie area. Letter, phone, photo to Box 6845LF.

DADDY NEEDS USE

Sturdy WM 38 needs hot arrogant sadistic cock studs, jocks, bikers, mechanics, red-necks to work over/use me. Muscled hung U/C shit stomping ball busting WM 18-20s have me as total bootlick, toilet, punchbag, suck machine, fuckhole. Filthy boots/levis, leather forced buddy use a -. Box 6844LF.

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

to train him for service in relationship centered on Master's cock, with Master's pleasure, comfort, convenience to come first. Perhaps a deeper relationship will follow. Slave is Irish, 34, 6', 190#, NYC & upstate. Non-live-in, on call or scheduled to start. Box 6842LF.

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 smoke & aroma SS. Photo gets same! NYC & NJ & USA. Box 6557LF.

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

BIG TOUGH MUSCLE SON WANTED

by New York City Daddy. Live in with secure, stable sadistic GWM, 40 and take CBT, pec and nipple work, gut punching, and stand on abs. Use your powerful muscles to serve dad's every need and train for competition. Ph/Ph a must for this hairy bear with good build. Box 4717LF.

THE REAL THING

Master, 38, has opening for slave-trainee under 35. First, collar and leash. Later, cuffs, chains, heavy B/D. Ultimately, shaving, piercing and chastity belt. You can keep your day job, but you will still be my property. True commitment offered, mutual respect assured. Photo, phone, sincere only. Box 6678LF

PUNISHMENT SLAVE

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 phonies. Tel: 1-718-SM-80-408. Dave, PO Box 150 634, Brooklyn, New York 11215 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.

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.

FF BUTTHOLE STRETCHING

Wanted by a good-looking, WM, 33, 6'3", 165 lbs., brown hair, eyes, moustache, 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.

A CHALLENGE TO A REAL MASTER

Bottom/passive is seeking to serve, expand and learn from knowledgeable Master(s). Young acting and thinking 45, educated, blond hair and blue eyed. Wishes to continue previous training in the leather and S/M arts. Needs to be a captive of a Master who is not bound to any rigid "method" but is able to use a good mind and willing body for his pleasure. Age and appearance secondary to ability. Based NYC, travel WNY often, other areas occasionally. Phone and photo helpful. Box 6930LF.

INITIATE A PREPPY!

Collegiate, clean-shaven, 28, 5'9", 150 lbs, reddish-blond, cut, Joe-College look. Dirty talk, assplay, spanking, nipples are a turn-on. Show me how a real man jerks off. Photo required. Tell me how you'd show me a safe, hot, masculine time! Box 8501, FDR Station, NYC 10150.(6936LF)

DOMINANT MAN SOUGHT

GWM seeks dominant, non-sadistic man (25-55) who enjoys wearing leather or uniforms. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Optional safe sex. Box 7027



MUTUAL RAUNCH

Kissing, licking, sucking, rimming, sweating, pits, nipple stretching, 69. Total oral—no Greek, no condoms. W/M pig, 46, 6'1", 185, 6" cut, grey hair & beard, bear hairy, big nipples. You must be a bearded mutual pig, 35+, & into nipples. Need a steady fuck buddy/lover. Box 6499 LF

MARRIED LEATHER TOPMAN

Daddy, 50, 6'3", 250 lbs., beard, hairy, tattoos, big gut, cigar smoker, 6-pack drinker, fat cut meat, big hangers, polar bear into C/B/T, foreskin, TT, WS, gloved FF. Especially like competition BBs and bubble butts. Looking for a true bottom for weekly workouts. Photo with letter. Box 6834LF

HANDSOME GUY

Creative & masculine leatherman, late twenties, 6'1", 175, dark blond, blue eyes, stach looking for other guys into leather and mutual FF. Stach a plus. Send letter & picture. No picture, no answer. Box 6979LF

BIG DICK BLACK STALLION

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

SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need punching, kicking, choking, and rough action in general. If you're not into this, don't waste my time with a j/o letter. Phone number a must. Other Sadistic Leathermen welcome to reply. I'm also open to fucking a masochist over with another Leatherman. Box 4840LF

HOT NORTHERN EUROPEAN TOP

Exceptionally handsome, tall, blond, muscled, hot nipples, young, hung, sadist stud seeks sexy masculine muscular hung hunks to torture (tits, cock and balls, body), to command, to service me. No live-in, work to regular sessions, possible ownership. Phone and photo must. Master Mitchell, Box 110, New York, NY 10464 (6984LF)

WANTED: GENUINELY DOMINANT

GWM wants to meet genuinely dominant (but understanding/not sadistic) man who doesn't need to prove his dominance by strutting in leather. Safe sex only. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Box 6991

SHAVED ASSHOLE

41, tall, good shape, very experienced. Long hot sessions, fisting, dildoes, give and take, in shape buddies. Leather some or all. Photo/phone/description get fast reply. Box 6995

RUGGED MAN (28-60)

to be serviced (safe sex only) by manly GWM. I'm spankable (barehanded). No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Easy parking here. LSA, 132 W 24 Street, NYC 10011. Attention: Randy.

LAZIEST BEAR IN TOWN

Lay me back, spread my legs, and show me what your slurping, slobbering mouth is for. You're intelligent, affectionate, trusting, and needs lots of mutual intimacy and slow, non-reciprocal cocksucking. I'm 43, 5'10", 185, Br/Gr, bearded, hairy, chunky bear. Make me feel good, and I'm yours. Box 7041LF

PISS PIG CAN'T GET 'NUFF

of hot, wet men, groups or single, juicy assholes and foreskins, L/L, T/T, deep rim, vacuum, dildoes, Top, bottom, mutual; F/F Top, 44, in shape, 5'10", 150, big tits, dick and balls. Shaved and pumped. Deep ass and mouth. No fats or furies. Photo/phone. Box 7051LF

ROCHESTER NOVICE

24, brown hair/eyes, 6'1", 180, beard and mustache, into leather, T/T, C/B/T, shaving, piercing, B/D, watersports, needs non-smoking Master/lover who can show me the ropes but who won't mind having the tables turned now and then. Box 7045LF

EX-FOOTBALL PLAYER

Leather Master seeks slave/son, 18-25 for discipline, obedience training, service, love. I'm 6'1", 190, goodlooking, 38. Photo/photo required. Blondes and big, smooth-assed guys a plus. Andy, PO Box 20004, London Terrace Station, NYC 10011

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

Hot Master and handsome slave, 39, and 30, both construction workers, 6', 178, moustached, hung, uncut and cut respectively want goodlooking stud Masters and slaves who are versatile for 3, 4 or more ways. Safe action only. Photo, phone or no reply. Box 7079LF

IT'S YOUR FANTASY...

You know the one. You're lying in bed, thinking of nothing in particular, when the image of a bearded GM (41, 6'2", 190, dark blond hair) enters your mind and your hand drifts downward to your cock. As you lie there stroking, you fantasize about what we are doing together. No one censors your thoughts—what we are wearing, where we are located, who (if anyone) is with us, what (if anything) you might want to have handy, what (if anything) is said and what we do together is limited only by your imagination. As your mind is allowed to freely wander, you stroke harder until you achieve the type of orgasm that only a perfect fantasy can provide. Share those thoughts with me and your fantasy just might become reality. Other than the above information about me, you should assume only that I'm open to any and all suggestions and would love to make your fantasy and mine come true. Box 991, Church Street Station, NY, NY 10008-0991. Photo and phone would be helpful.

ANIMALS

WM, Top, 5'10", 175, hot and horny, wants to meet experienced/novice in scene. Returnable photo/letter gets same. Box 7070

BONDAGE BOTTOM

Muscular bottom, looking for Top to put me in my place. Am GWM, 30, 59, 165, bodybuilder who wants to be roped up helpless. Letter, photo, to Box 7076

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Hot men sought by photographer to appear in pix and video. ALL types, 18 to ? Here's your chance to show off your best. Tony C. Photography (212) TU1-1437.

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BODYBUILDER, 5'10", 195

seeks muscle studs my size/bigger for mutual SM and body worship. Rick, 496A Hudson #H24, NYC, NY 10014

EXPERT DEEPTHOAT SERVICE

29 year old blond cocksucker looking to service horny Tops. G/P (C) RFR/A included in extended service sessions for one or more. I'm 6', 170. Call (212) 740-7458

MOLD ME, MASTER

Eager, novice slave, 28, blond/blue, 6', 200, seeks patient Master to teach me the joys of CBT, nipple enlargement, shaving, leather and uniforms. Willing to experiment with right Master. Reply to Box 7131

BONDAGE BOTTOM

WM, 5'10", 172, needs Top who engages in only safe, sane sex & S/M practices, to put him into bondage. Wants to be tied up, cuffed in leather, spreadeagled, chained, suspended. T/T, C/B, ass play, etc. accepted within limits. Rochester, NY area. Box 7135

PRINCE OF DARKNESS

Exceptional young Master of discipline, WM, 27, is accepting applications from obedient servants, 21-32, under 6', in good shape, for in-service training as toilet slaves. Inexperience OK, but must be intensely willing. Possible full service. Photo, phone & brief resume. Discreet. NYC vicinity only. Diogenes, 314 W. 53rd St., NY 10019

PUSSYBOY AND ASSWIPE

Hot, healthy, handsome but submissive WM, 33, 5'9", 145, needs a tough, verbal, masculine Topman to put me in bondage and humiliate me. Will service White, Black or Latin Man and his buddies as a whore in panties and as helpless pig urinal or toilet. Box 7127

FRIENDLY LEATHER SOUGHT

GWM seeks friendly leather. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Easy car parking here. Box 660, 132 W 34 St., NYC 10011. Att: Leo

SEEKING SHAVED DORKS

Tall, slim, clean-shaven Master, 30, seeks shaved, submissive dorks to 40 who wanna be abused. Into bondage, spankings, dick and ball work, safe sex. I'm good with beginners and I'm fuckin good period. Rock & Rollers, skin heads, students, latinos a plus. No booze, drugs, facial hair. Photo/phone a must. Box 7144

SEEKING DADDY

White Latin bottom, healthy, clean shaven, boyish, in-shape, 5'4", 130, 40, hairy, uncut, seeks healthy Top bearded Daddy, caring, non-smoker, cigars OK, for permanent relationship, domination, leather, VA, spanking, body worship, safe kink. Box 7151LF

THE CELLBLOCK ANNEX

Housed by Lenny of the Cellblock and David of the Hangout. A Subterranean Men's Club for your cruising and playing pleasure. "Where Men Are Men and Boys Are Toys" Open Friday and Saturday nights. Full juice and soda bar (BYOB). 673 Hudson Street, NYC 10014. Telephone: (212) 627-1140. Call or write for information.

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CIGAR SMOKING BIKER

46, 6'1", trim WM, gray/brown hair and beard, looking for FF action. Smell my cigar and leather while I fist your ass. Can switch. Cycle cruising with your ass plugged. No drugs, aroma OK. Cigar smoker preferred. Relationship possible. NC, SC, VA area. Photo if possible. Box 7042LF

OHIO

INTENSE

ME: Gwm, 40, 5'10", 162, Bn, Bn, Dominant, Sadistic, Master, Moustache, Thinning Hair, Independent, Masculine, Hairy you: gwm, submissive, masochistic, slave, younger, shorter, hot slim or hunky body, bubble butt, masculine, blond, swimmer, student, jock, bodybuilder, construction, farm or blue-collar punk, but open to others. DRESS: Leather, Levis, Uniforms, Cowboy. INTEREST: SM, CBT, Bondage, Discipline, Hot Wax, Spanking, Ass Beating, Whipping, Flogging, Electro-torture, Constriction, Spit, Sweat. TOOLS: Whips, Belts, Paddles, Straps, Canes, Cuffs, Restraints, Ropes, Chains, Gags, Blindfolds, Hoods, Clamps, Candles, Generators, Violet Wands, Cattle Prods, Rawhide, Collars, Brushes. CONDITIONS: Me: Drug Free, you: non-abuser, Safe, Sane, Consensual, Brutal Prolonged, Intense. RESPOND: SIR, PO Box 0821, Cincinnati, OH 45210. Box 6837LF

DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185, 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, FR/A, GR/P submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscular, hairy Tops, 24-45 for SM, BD, WS, TT, CBT, FF, shaving, enemas. Expand my limits while I worship your body, Sir and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton, Cincinnati, OH. Box 5514LF

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks U.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Here's your opportunity to experience the trauma of the British schoolboy. GWM, 41, PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114 (LF6895).

HUNKY OHIO DADDY

Handsome W/M, 40s, 6'3", beard, hot, hairy. Seeks bottoms to discipline, caress, and use your body to explore our sexual fantasies. If you're W/M bottom fat/slim, novice/older/bi/couples send a letter with photo. PO Box 970, Westerville, OH 43081. (6063LF)

OREGON

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

MASCULINE MEN ONLY

Share your manhood in the great Northwest with an uncut, hung thick stud. You've known for a long time that you're a man and real man-to-man, laid-back, ball-grabbin' sessions are what you want. Long hair/uncut/bearded/hairy/tough nipples are big plusses. Box 7063LF

LEATHER DADDY/DADDY BEAR

35 yo. bearded attractive WM wants leather Daddy or Daddy bear for morning or afternoon sessions of manly safe sex, playing with tits, ass, balls, and mind. Box 6937LF

PORTLAND TV SLAVE-MAID

Extraordinary white male Portland State graduate student, 35, 5'11", 160, hazel, bleached blond, hung, seeks engineer-booted Leather-Master who will keep me in long wigs, filled bras, skirts, high-heels, chains, cages or cells, discipline, for life. Can work as beautician, waitress, etc. Box 6976LF

MANHANDLER

Portland area WM Topman biker (5'11", 190) seeking loyal, steady, hunky partner to ride with me in full leather on the back roads and freeways of the Northwest. Am mature, strong, spirited, and monogamous. Wanna be my boy? So write to me! Buck, Box 621, Oregon City, OR 97045

PENNSYLVANIA

ASS-EATING ADDICT

Goodlooking expert ass-eater, seeks tops, bottoms for regular action weekends & possible evenings in Philadelphia area. Pluses clean and shaved & stretched holes, uncut. Into arm pits, tit play, W/S, FF. Race not important, photo and serious minded answered first. No fats or ferns. Box 6902LF

CIGAR SMOKING DADDY WANTED

Very handsome, 30, 5'11", 165, brown hair/blue eyes, submissive son seeks a cigar smoking Daddy Topman figure to serve and respect. Boy wants to learn to have fun with his Dad. Leather & photo a plus. Please write to Sonny, PO Box 15285, Philadelphia, PA 19125 (7040 LF)

BURLY BEARS WANTED

White male, twenty seven, five foot eight inches, one hundred fifty, bearded, seeks bears for good old-fashioned hot sex. Inexperienced in leather sex but am eager to learn with the right patient teacher. Bellies and beards a plus. Age and race unimportant. Send letter and photo. Box 7080

TOILET

Attached, healthy WM, sick mind, seriously searching for discreet healthy men with hot fucking ass, Top or mutual, who want ass/shit eating in a real serious way. U name it. Me, bottom or mutual, 5'11", 155, goodlooking, 34, leather satanism, G/p, FR A/p, tit work, dildoes. M. R. 248 S 11th Street, Suite 186, Philadelphia, PA 19107

RHODE ISLAND

HUGE BUNS

400 lbs. or over. Any age to 75. I will lick your huge smooth buns. Send nude photo. Box 6862

MASTER/DAD NEEDED

Master/Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot, masculine, muscular body for your pleasure. Interests: bondage, tit/cock play, obeying, pleasuring demanding Master. Sir, I need Teacher, to be naked, expand my limits, train me. Hardworking, goodlooking. 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

BY YOUR BALLS

Cigar-chewing redneck Daddy, 43, 6', lean and mean, will take ownership of family jewels of healthy young buck needing ass turned into cunthole for heavy horse cock. Discipline, shaving, T/T, W/S, V/A. Give Daddy your balls and be his pussyboy punk. Hot photo & letter. Box 7050LF

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

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

SEEKING BOTTOM/COMPANION

Mostly top wants mostly bottom for moderate to heavy SM, kink, passion, pain in Nashville. Top is 35, 5'9", 175#, professional, beard, very hairy, intense, caring, enjoys leather bonds, straps, whips. Desires sexual bottom/slave, but in other respects, partner/companion, willing to explore, experiment and expand limits. Box 6833LF

REAL MEN GET REAL SERVICE

White male, 6'1", 220, 6 1/2" uncut, needs Masters to serve. W/B truckers/bikers, hairy a plus. Mid-Tenn on I40 between Nashville/Knoxville. Have play room, lite to heavy SM, FF, W/S, domination and much more. Only REAL MEN call. No j/o, bullshit. Travelers welcome. Have place to park big rigs. Call (615) 528-5128. John (Perm Master/slave possible). (6943LF)



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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

WILD GREEK STUD

I am willing to do outdoor naked labor or farm work. Willing to be trained as work horse, to be hitched to plow, stabled, to be kept in hay loft or barn naked, as a work animal. Steven Paladino, POB 146, Carrizo Springs, Texas 78834. Phone (512) 876-3263. Box 6781LF.

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

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

HOUSTON ASSLICKEE

Trim, goodlooking WM, 5'11", 160, craves intense, humiliating body worship sessions with arrogant, sweaty bodybuilders or tough construction or oilfield workers. Box 7018

BODYBUILDER SLAVES

wanted for use by GWM, hung, Master, 37, BD, SM, TT, CBT, forced sex, shaving. Be used like the animal you are. Submit desires, photo, phone. Discretion respected. Suite 292, 18351 Kuykendahl, Spring, TX 77379

MUSCLE DADDY WANTED

WM, 28, 6', 155, seeks bodybuilder Daddy to train and use as he will. Interests include light to heavy bondage, TT, CBT, toys with lots of assplay. Need limits respected and expanded. Please write with photo and phone, Sir. Box 7094

BONDAGE AND BALLS

WM, 31, 5'8", 140, brown/blue, moustache, versatile, seeks young, slender studs to explore fantasies in B/D, S/M and CBT. Houston. Box 7126

"PEED IN PANTS"

Texas construction worker, dress cowboy, 6', 205, dark brown moustache and hair, fantasizes about cops pissing in their uniforms. Do you? Must have moustache! Would like partner who shares my desires. (512) 598-5289. Box 7140

KINKY LEATHER BOOTMASTER

Sweaty, stinky, Latino, 6'2", 200, 45, seeks slave(s) (Corpus Christi, Texas area only). Pigout on my 16" high engineer boots, gloves, jeans, till your face is black with axle grease, oil, mud, asphalt, grime. Master will administer chain bondage, whippings, CBT, TT, etc. Only letters with photo will get response. Box 7153LF

NAKED SUCK SLAVE

GWM, 27, 6'4", 180, needs to be kept naked and on my knees. Exhibit me and make me service your friends. Also seek W/S, shaving and being spanked by your bare hand when I'm bad. Write John, Box 7129

VIRGINIA

2 MASTERS WITH SLAVE

Masters: GWM, 31, 6'1", 180, 8" cut cock. GWM 34, 5'10", 165, 10" uncut cock. Slave: GWM, 32, 5'5", 140, 7" uncut cock. Seek Top/bottoms to expand with long sessions. Anything goes. Masters always Tops, slave does what we say. Photo/phone. David Miller, Box 5306, Portsmouth, VA 23703.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA— WEAR A CONDOM!

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)

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WASHINGTON

VERSATILE LEATHERMAN

34, 5'7", 130, smooth body, short hair, no hair, clean shaven, into enemas, shaving, dildoes, spanking, humiliation, B&D, C&B torture, blindfolded, WS and a lot of other kink things, too. Greg, PO Box 71003, Seattle WA 98107. Non-smoker only. (6680LF)

NORTHWEST BUDDY NEEDED

47, 5'11", 210, brown hair, thick moustache, seeks companion for medical scenes. Into humiliation, light S/M are plusses. This discreet, HIVneg professional will respond to all, prefer photo/phone. Old fashioned hay rolling sex ok too. Box 7056LF

PIERCED

Goodlooking bottom, 45, trim, bearded, pierced, seeks likeable, caring Topman into TT, enemas, dildoes, more, for friendship and occasional safe sessions. Box 7106

RARE BREED OF MAN SOUGHT

37 year old, goodlooking, healthy bottom seeking one-of-a-kind Master/sadist. You, loner, rough, intense. Work in jeans and boots, play and train in leather. TT, CBT, bondage, WS, VA, heavy asswork, discipline, control. Your Way! I can travel/relocate. Box 7157LF

WEST VIRGINIA

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP MASTER

Wheeling, Steubenville, Pittsburgh area. Kinky, submissive, goodlooking, muscular, Gay, White male, 35, 150, 5'7", blond/green eyes. Into light SM, bondage, dildoes, FF, enemas, hot wax. Display me naked in front of your friends. Verbally abuse me. Race not a problem. Send letter, phone and photo a must. Gets mine. Box 7152LF

WISCONSIN

SUBMIT NOW

Top seeks submissives, bottoms, and slaves from NE Wisconsin area. Let's explore those mutual desires inspired by Drummer. Don't delay our pleasure any longer, submit your application now. Box 4876LF

SM IS SAFE SEX

BOTTOM NEEDS 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

BODYBUILDING BOY WANTED

Very hung, athletic 24 year old Top with smooth body and swimmer's build wants young smooth muscle boy for extensive hot fuck sessions, morning, noon and night. BD, TT and CBT for spice. My boy will take whatever I give, whenever I give it. Willing to try? Hot photo and phone. Box 6769LF

BOY WANTED

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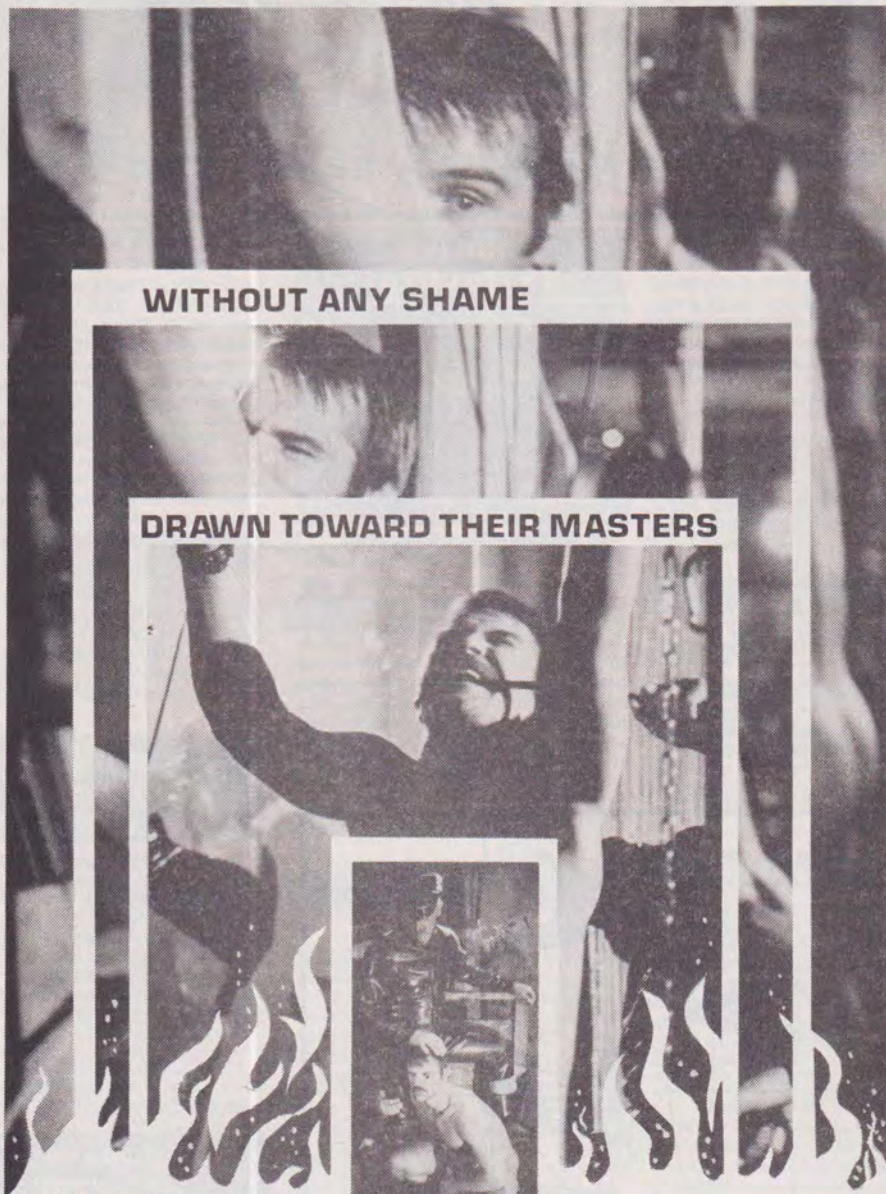
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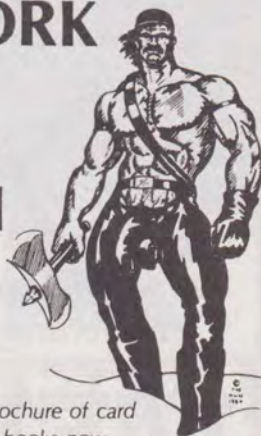
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See
page 44
to place a
DEAR SIR: AD



TIES THAT BIND

Guy Baldwin, M.S.

Some Book Reviews for You

Here are some thoughts about three books that claim to be useful to those who are interested in same-sex relationships. The claims are true; the books are useful, but not all in the same way. Read on and go for the book that best suits your interests and reading style.

PERMANENT PARTNERS, by Betty Berzon, Ph.D., E.P. Dutton, New York, 1988. 354 pps, hardback.

As far as I know, this is the newest book to discuss gay and lesbian relationships. It is Berzon's second major contribution to gay literature, her first being the influential and well-received *Positively Gay* written in 1984.

Ms. Berzon has long been prominent in the field of gay and lesbian psychotherapy in Los Angeles where she has well established credentials as an important activist and community leader. She is also in demand as a lecturer and training consultant. In short, she is just the sort of person you want to be writing a book whose subtitle is "Building Gay & Lesbian Relationships That Last."

Right away, when you look at the table of contents, you can tell that this book is gonna talk truth. Chapter Two is called "Building Compatibility: Living with Differences. . ." and in it Berzon talks to us about how we choose our partners and how we guarantee trouble if we select partners for unhealthy reasons. She offers a list of traits she feels are useful in partner selection that should be chiseled in stone somewhere.

Other chapters explore the impact of homophobia on your partnerships, and figuring out just what's wrong when trouble starts to brew. Those of us in the Leather/SM scene will want to pay special attention to the chapters that deal with power and control issues, learning to fight fair—"deal with conflict constructively." She gives us some new thoughts about jealousy, too.

Most of the books on same-sex relationships deal with these types of issues, but Berzon's book goes much further by addressing differences in sexual desire, (a great chapter on) money issues, and dealing with our families. This is the first such book that also devotes a whole section to how to use available legal mechanisms for (Chapter 11) "Empowering Your Relationship Legally." It covers contracts, property, insurance, and other matters that will always

come up during long-term relationships.

Lastly, I found nothing in this book that would lead me to believe that Ms. Berzon feels that Leather/SM relationships are not a viable way to be involved. Indeed, in my own work with kinky couples, these same issues come up regularly.

The book is easy to read, and Berzon's stories about herself made me feel like I had sat down and was talking with her. Perhaps best of all, she offers very good examples of dialogue for how to and how not to communicate for problem solving. If you have only \$20.00 to spend on a book this year, buy this one.

GAY RELATIONSHIPS, edited by John De Cecco, Ph.d., Hayworth Press, NY-London, 1988, 290 pages, hardback.

This book is actually a collection of academic research articles written about gay relationships. The articles were first published in the *JOURNAL OF HOMOSEXUALITY* at various times. John De Cecco has been professor of Psychology at California State University, San Francisco where he pioneered research on various aspects of the gay experience.

Each section of the book offers articles which De Cecco apparently feels address issues important to gay coupling. After an overview section, he moves us on to a section called, "Where To Look For Lovers." Other sections include, "Whom to Choose As a Lover," "How to Maintain a Gay Relationship," and "How to Solve Problems in Gay Relationships." Sounds good, huh? Unfortunately, these titles are a bit misleading. To me, the section titles suggest that the articles will be helpful in guiding hopeful singles and couples—they aren't much help. "Where To Look For Lovers" is mostly rather dry research done on old (1976 and 1977) classified ads from the *ADVOCATE*. True, it does offer some interesting findings about those who advertised for partners in the *ADVOCATE* over ten years ago. I think this sort of stuff is mostly of interest to other researchers, and not the courting gay public.

In the section on "Whom To Choose As A Lover," there is an interesting study that compares the differences in perceptions of potential partners for gay and straight partner seekers (Mary Laner, Ph.D.). Again, it's interesting to research types, but most *Drummer* readers will be bored to tears, and gays in general won't find it a readable page-turner either.

The introductions to the sections that De

Cecco himself writes were the best parts of the book because he is talking to a general audience; the academics are talking to each other. Buy this one if you want to get a feel for what research in homosexuality is like.

THE MALE COUPLE, David Mc Whirter, M.D. and Drew Mattison, M.S.W., Ph.d. Prentice-Hall, Inc. Englewood Cliffs, NJ, 1984, 341 pps, paperback

Mc Whirter, a psychiatrist and Mattison, a psychologist, team up here to provide the best and most wide ranging information about male couples so far. Their book is a very readable report of a research project in which they studied some 133 male couples for about eight years.

Although the men who were studied were mostly white, they were from varied walks of life, income, education and background. These couples had been together ranging from one year to thirty seven years, and were living in the San Diego area. Lots of descriptive data was collected with interview technique and questionnaires. Some was collected anonymously to ensure honest answers.

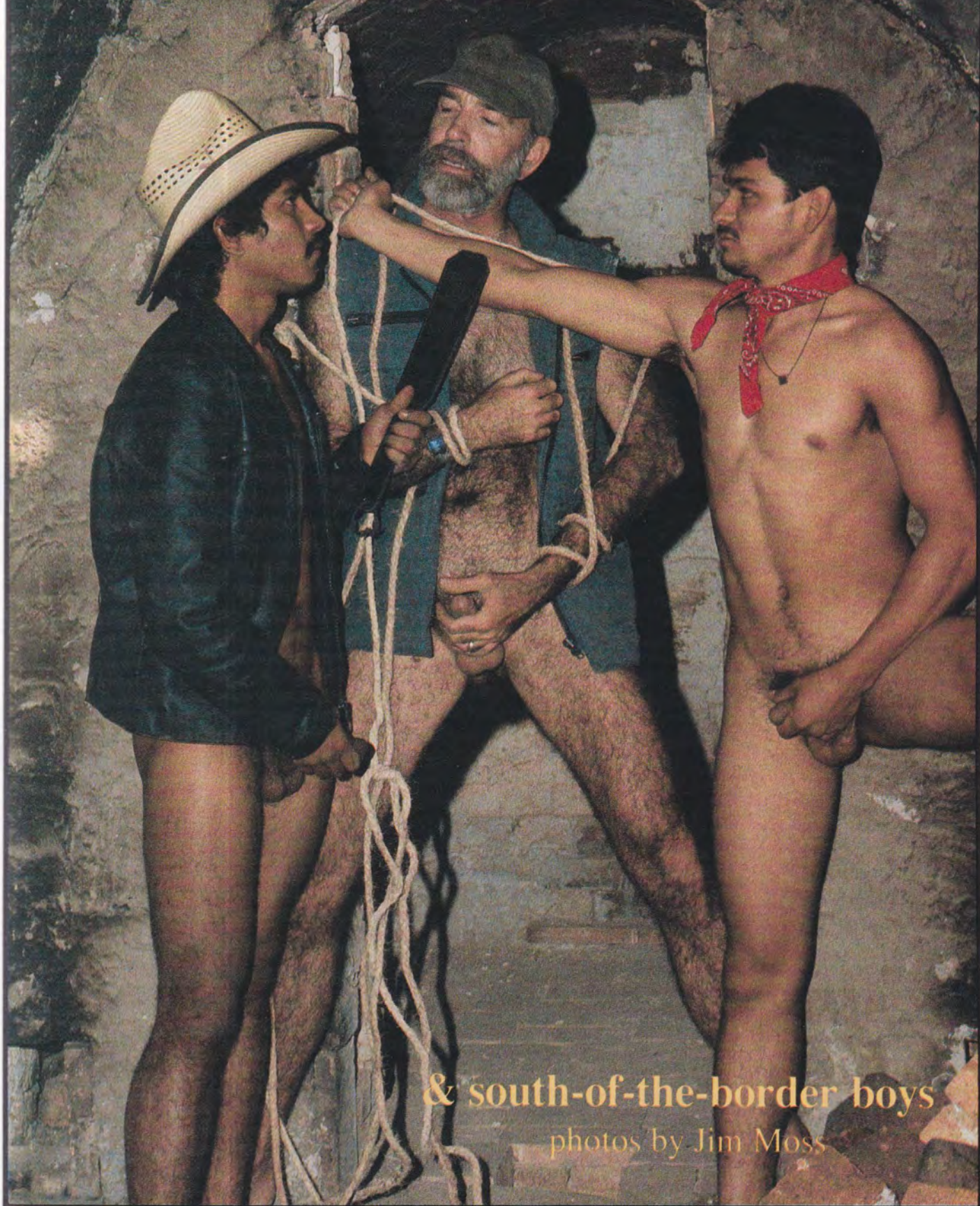
Perhaps most importantly, the researchers discovered and describe the stages of development that male couples seem to go through as time passes. Also, it seems that each stage of development has rather specific problems that a couple must solve if the relationship is to survive in a healthy way. The stages, the problems and some solutions are all described and talked about in easy language.

Incidentally, they found that all the couples had made some provision for outside erotic experiences by the end of their fifth year together. This and much other new information about how male couples really operate is to be had between the covers of this very fine book.

I loved reading the many stories that the couples had to tell about their years together—this stuff just isn't commonly available. Here is a gold mine of information for courting couples, the newly coupled, and old marrieds as well. The researchers do comment that a number of the men studied were kinky, but they do not comment further on this aspect of their lives. A good book to have in your library if you are curious about your own relationship issues.

Guy Baldwin, M.S. is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles where he works with those on the sexual frontiers.

GRINGO DADDY



& south-of-the-border boys

photos by Jim Moss

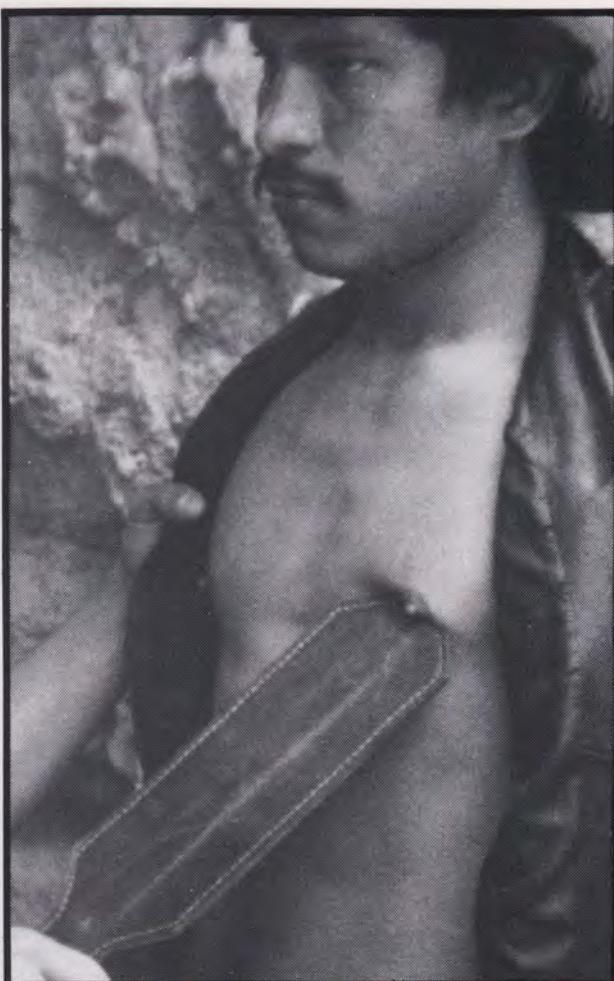
South of the Border

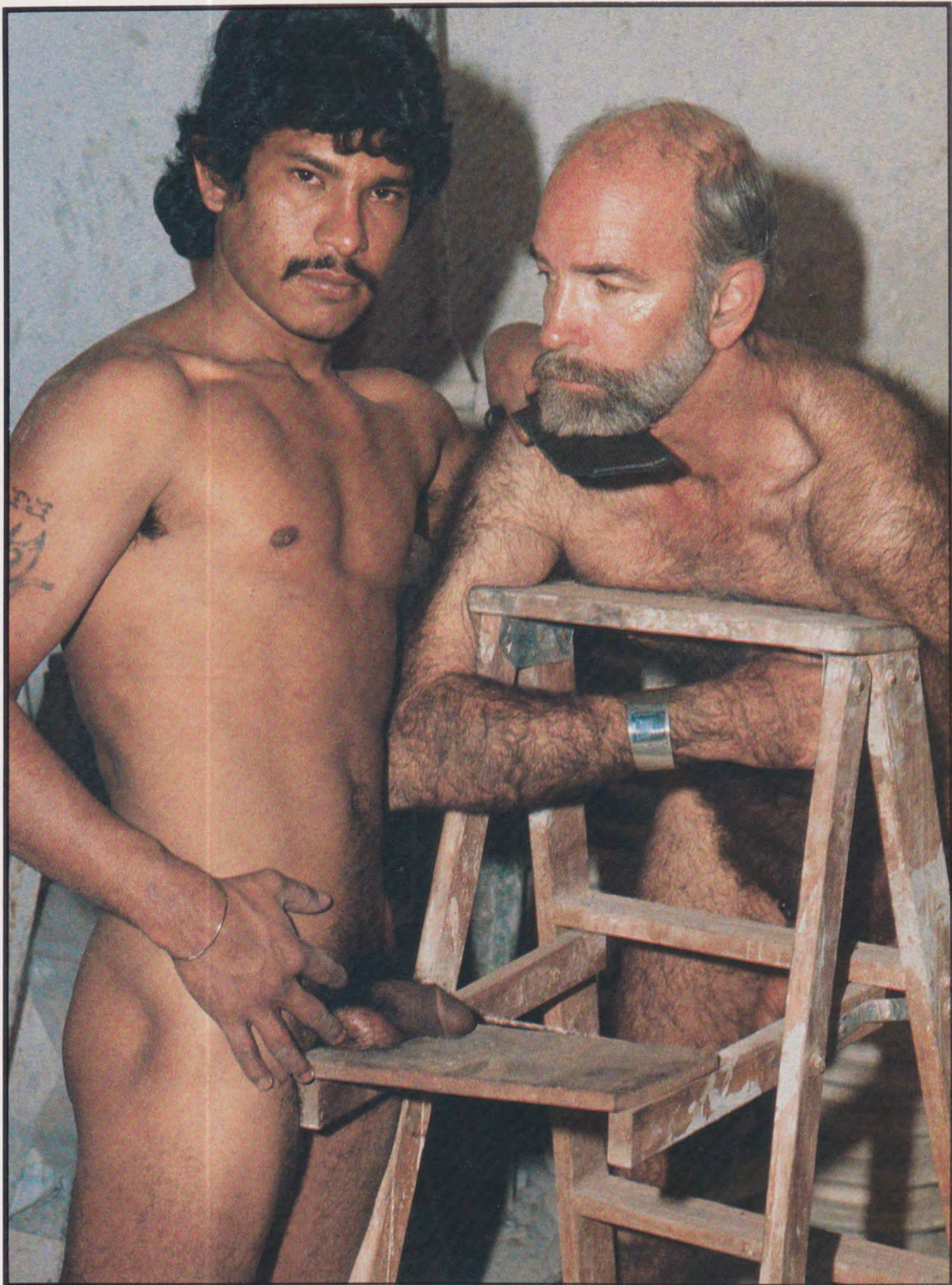
Leather is brown, not black. It darkens only with long exposure to the sweat and other body fluids of horses, burros, and the abundant human male animals.

Rope is coarse hemp not smooth braided nylon.

It stays harsh and abrasive even after long hours of confining struggling male flesh.







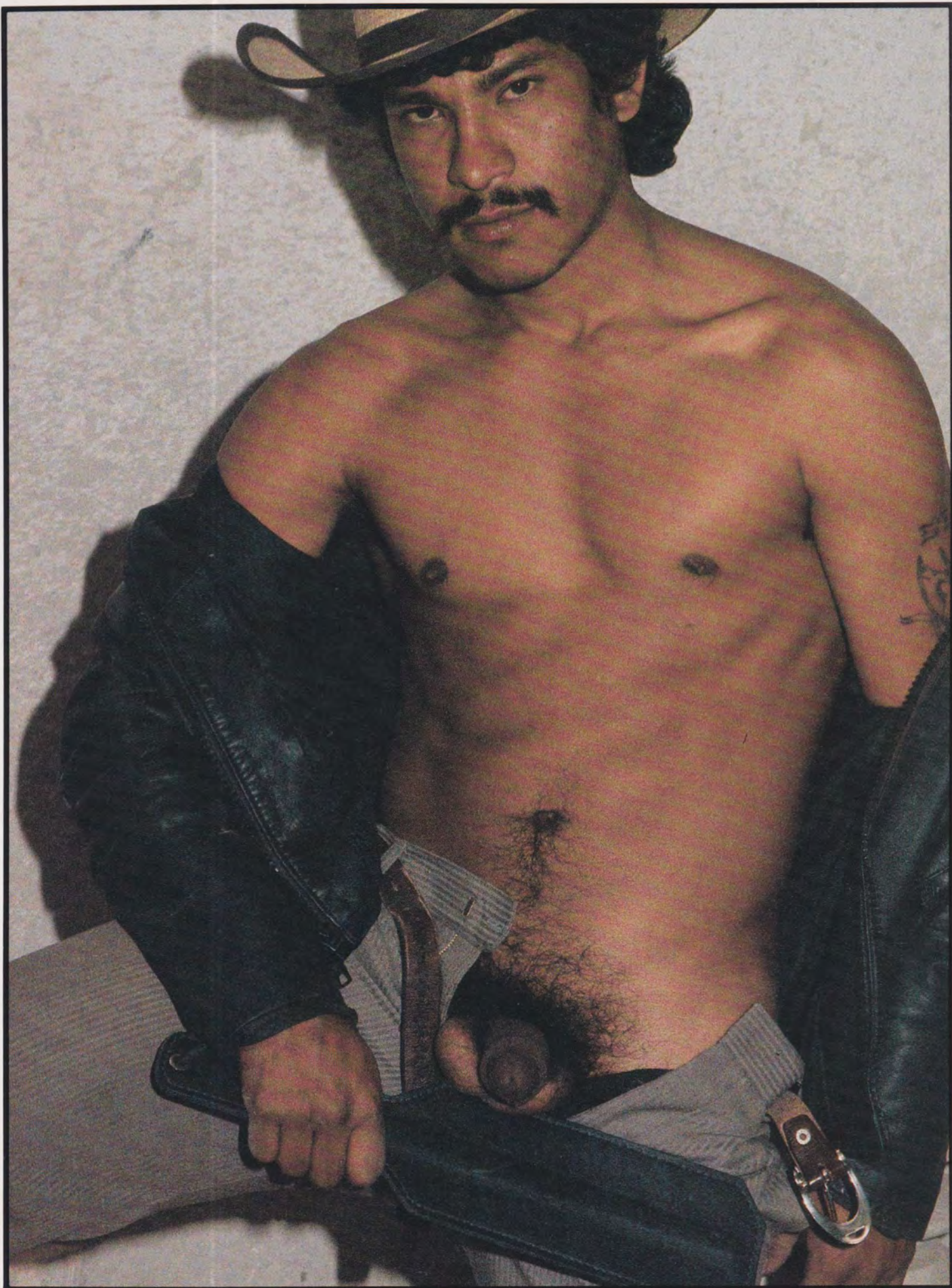


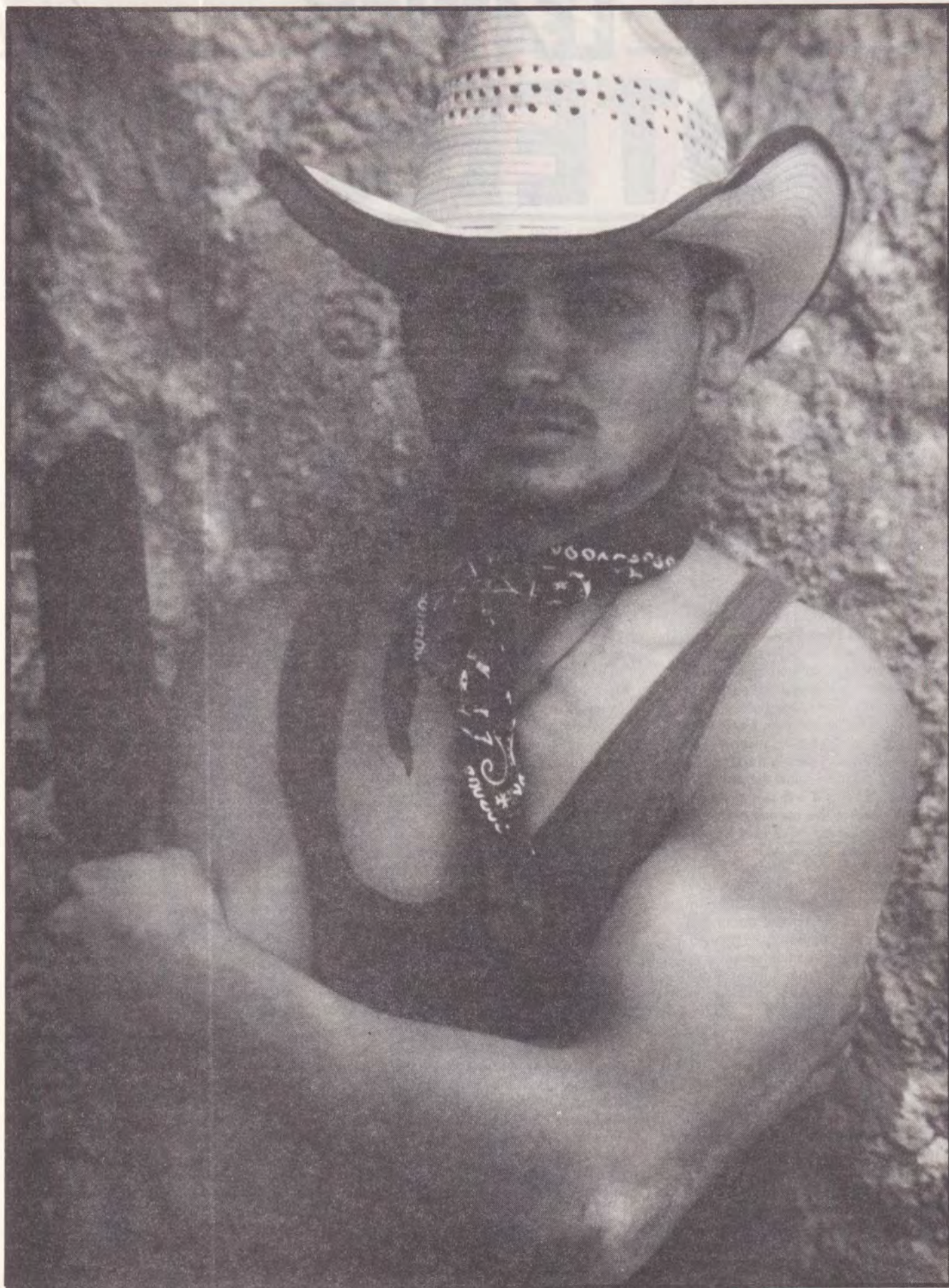
South of the Border

A
gringo
daddy
can find
big boys,
strong boys,
brown boys,
tough boys,
boys who
know how
to tie
knots,
boys who
know
how to
capture
a daddy.
A gringo
daddy
slave
can find
paradise.
—AFD









LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

In all that I have read of your advice, whenever you comment on AIDS, you always write as if you were addressing an audience of uninfected people. Don't you realize that there are many of us "out there" who are either HIV positive or actually diagnosed? Why don't you direct some of your helpful comments to us?

—A PWA, Houston TX

Dear Tex,

The problem I have in attempting to advise people who have been infected with the AIDS virus is basically two-fold. First, I'm not a doctor; if a person has been diagnosed with this (or any) disease, I really have no business trying to advise him on his treatment. Nor will I, other than to try directing him to a proper medical practitioner. Although I might try to allay his panic until he gets to the MD, that's as far as I'm willing to go. Secondly, most guys who have been diagnosed are quickly caught up in the "underground" which seems to know about each new or promising discovery long before it becomes general knowledge. Much of the information that I have passed along in this column has come from friends who are in this position—and the only reason I felt I should relay it is that many guys who are HIV positive live outside metropolitan areas, hence do not have easy access to the "grapevine." (Read on.)

Dear Larry,

I think you answered a question similar to this a year or more back, but on the chance that the situation has changed, I thought I'd pose it again. I have friends coming to visit me from Europe later this year, and I know that at least one of them has been diagnosed with ARC. Do you think they will have any trouble getting through customs? Are there any precautions they should take?

—Worried Host, New Orleans, LA

Dear Host,

AIDS (or) ARC is one of the diseases on the list which will keep people out of the country, if it is known that they have it. Although I have gone through US customs many times, it has never been as a non-citizen, so I don't know exactly what questions they may ask your friends when they attempt to come through. There was a

recent (Feb/Mar '89) case of a Dutch guy coming in to attend a conference on AIDS, who was detained by customs agents in Minneapolis International Airport, because they found AZT in his luggage. (They eventually let him enter, but only after a protracted battle in court.) I can't, of course, advise your friends to lie to our Federal officers, or to conceal their medications (if any), but if they don't they might get shafted. With our rate of HIV infection one of the highest in the world it is difficult to understand the logic in all this, but who ever said our administration was even rational, let alone logical?

Dear Larry,

I'm writing because I hope you can resolve a question that has been the source of some contention between me and a close friend of mine. We are both admitted size-queens, and despite the safety precautions we have to take, both of us just love to suck cock. Of the European races, I maintain that the Italians are the best endowed. My friend claims that this honor belongs to northerners, like the Germans or Scandinavians. I know you have spent a lot of time in Europe—probably more than both my friend and me combined. Could we solicit your opinion on this debate?

—Cal, Philadelphia PA

Dear Cal,

You must understand that there has never, to the best of my knowledge, been any scientific research into the relative sizes of European pricks. However, I do recall reading some silly supposed survey a number of years ago that gave the prize to the English. On the basis of my own observations, I have to say that there are gems to be found in almost every country, but also a great diversity. I have certainly observed some Italian beauties, but having spent more time in Germany than any other country, I can testify from first-hand experience that these gentlemen have nothing to be ashamed of. Then there are the Spanish and Portuguese. . . and the Greeks. . . and the Poles. Oh, it is very hard to choose. Why not simply enjoy what you can get and quit worrying that there might be a bigger one someplace else?

Dear Mr. Townsend,

I don't know if you will want to answer this in your column, but I hope that you

will be kind enough to drop me a note if not. I am a 24 year old woman, and I have a fairly long-standing (one and a half years) relationship with my boyfriend. We have engaged in some light bondage and spanking, always with him as the submissive. So I know that he has some interest in what I guess you guys call "S&M," but it never dawned on me that he might be gay, or bisexual, until I came across a stack of *Drummers* and other magazines in his apartment. I asked him about it, and he admitted that he was "bi" but swore that he wasn't playing around with anyone else, man or woman. I guess I believe him, but it still leaves me with two questions: 1. Am I apt to have been exposed to AIDS? 2. Is it possible for a man to have an active interest in other men, but to maintain a monogamous relationship with a woman? We have discussed marriage, and that is a possibility. But I don't want it to end up in a divorce court, with me naming a man as correspondent. What are the odds?

—Name and area withheld

Dear Ms,

To answer your first question: exposure to the AIDS virus can happen in almost any sexual situation these days. If you're worried about it, then for your own peace of mind you should get tested. It can be done anonymously and cheaply. As to your second question, this is much more difficult to answer. Of course, any human being is capable of a monogamous relationship if he really wants it, and really loves his partner. You have to be the judge of this, and make your own decision. Do you think his affection for you is strong enough to overcome his interest in other guys—or other women, for that matter? It's a question you will never be able to answer "for sure," but I don't think that his interest in other men should be as much a source of concern as his ability or desire to remain faithful to you. After all, many marriages fail because of extramarital heterosexual involvements. It isn't his sexual orientation you have to worry about, as much as his overall maturity and the depth of his feelings for you. □

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

DRUM



AN ARMED INTRUDER HAS
BROKEN INTO DRUM'S
APARTMENT AND WAS
ANGERED TO DISCOVER
DRUM'S FATHER IS A
POLICEMAN...

NOW YOU'RE
GONNA DO
JUST LIKE I
SAID,
COPPER!

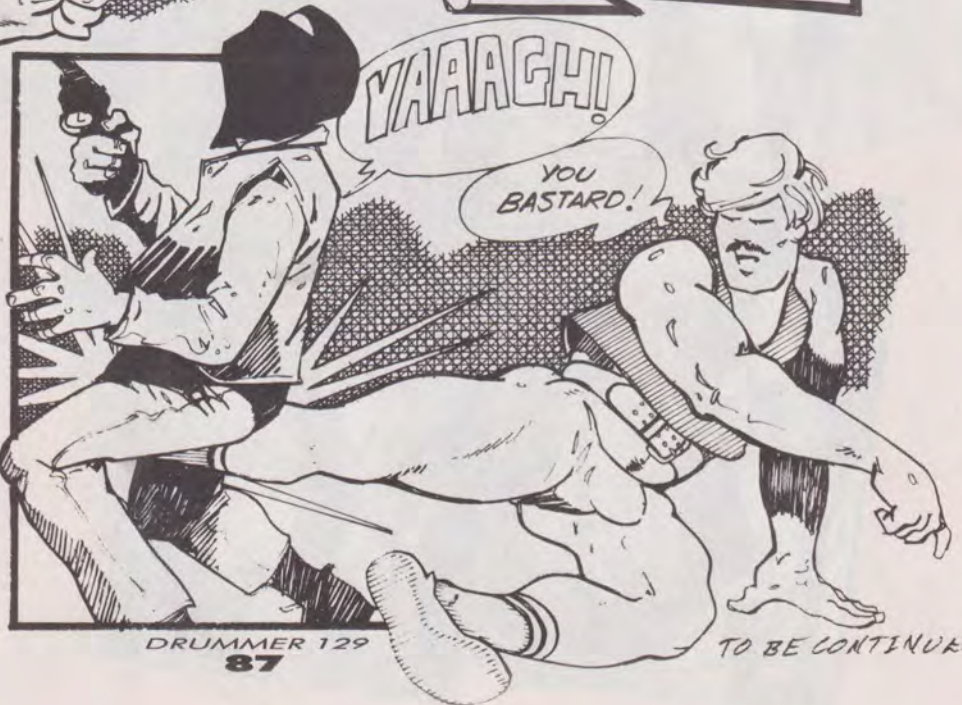
YOU'RE
GONNA STICK
YOUR PIG ASS IN
THE AIR FOR
ME TO
SCREW!

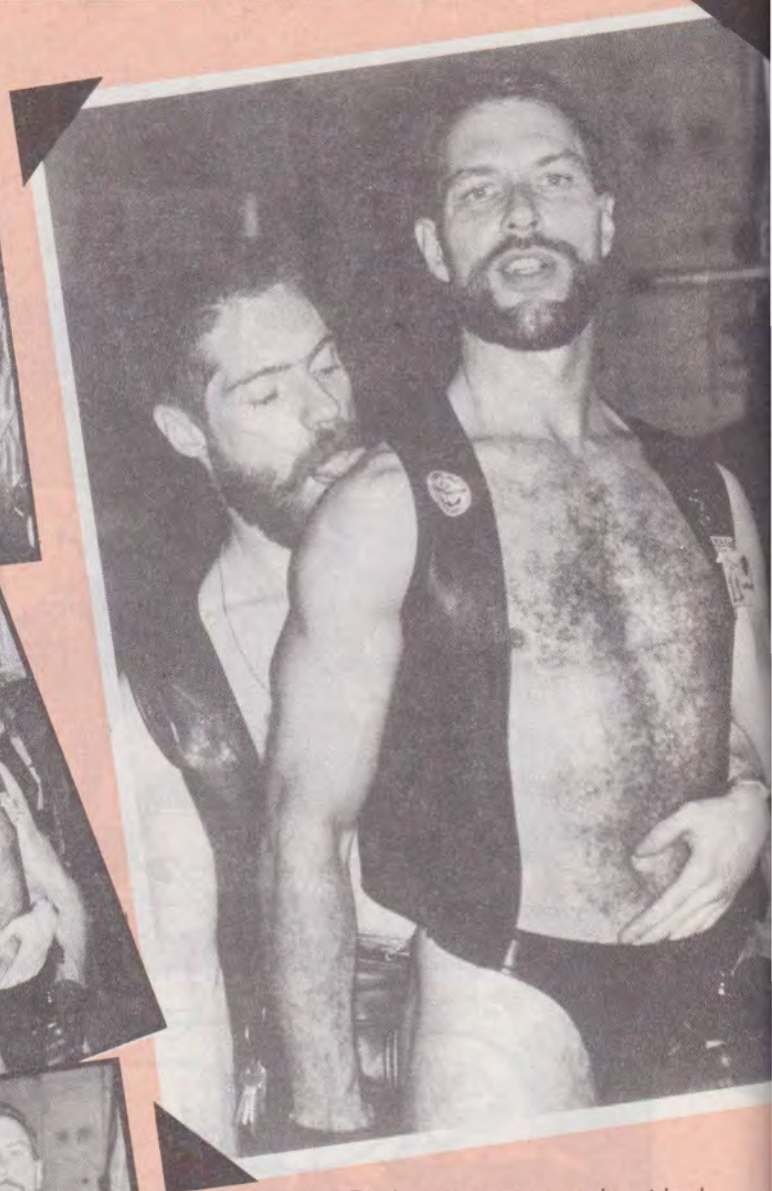
I'LL TRY
NOT TO MAKE
A SOUND IN
CASE PA HAS
GONE TO
BED!



...IF I CAN
GET THESE
WADERS
OFF WITHOUT
MAKING ANY
NOISE...







A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

During our years together, I had many reasons to feel proud of my Papa. I was especially awed by his courage in single-handedly starting his own small business. Due to his guts, determination and integrity, his dream has continued to thrive for seven years as Mercury Mail Order. My Papa Patrick worked day and night, often to the exclusion of "quality time" for the two of us.

In our home life, he was usually tough, demanding and very hard to please. Exactly what I wanted in a Daddy! If it had been easy to win his approval, I wouldn't have wanted it. I came to learn that other people instinctively related to Patrick as a Daddy: friends, business associates, even his own parents!

These photos capture an evening which taught us both about our relationship. Patrick entered the first Leather Daddy of San Francisco contest, a major AIDS fund-raiser held at Chaps Bar. When my Papa



Photos by Robert Pruzan

asked for my active participation, rather than my mere presence, I felt honored. It was a public statement: "Yeah, I'm a Daddy, and this is my boy at my side, where he belongs."

While Patrick had no qualms strutting onstage with his museum-quality Daddy-ass, or addressing the crowd in his resonant butchness, he was uneasy about a third phase of competition: mingling with the crowd selling \$1.00 raffle tickets for points. On the other hand, I had been a waiter in a gay hash-house for years. I had probably served a burger to every man in the room. I had no problem accepting dollar bills from gay men. We raised a lot of money.

As often happens in this kind of relationship, it eventually was time for me to move on and seek my own approval, instead of Papa's. We remain great friends and he still is a Daddy in every way. I'll always love my Papa, and I'll always cherish the memory of our special night.

—KJL

Mr. Drummer 1989



The day is rapidly approaching when leathersmen from around the world will be gathering to choose Mr. Drummer, 1989. The date: Saturday, September 23. The place: where else but San Francisco, home of Drummer and lots of the hottest men in the universe.

Coming as the highlight of the annual Leather Pride Week in SF, estimates are that as many as 2,000 folks will be in attendance as Ron Zehel, Mr. Drummer 1988, hands over his title. Rumors are that potential Regional Finalists have

already begun working on their fantasy presentations for the Big Event.

Tickets for this sizzling event are again priced at \$25 for advance sales and \$30 at the door (if there are any left), and can even be charged to your MasterCard, Visa or American Express. (The official box office phone number will be announced soon.) Like last year, the evening's net proceeds will benefit several gay charities, serving a variety of needs throughout the U.S. and North America.



Regional

—Mr. Drummer Contests—

Regional Mr. Drummer contests are being organized all over the place. Many have not yet fixed dates and/or sponsor's contracts are not yet finalized. However, the tentative lineup is given below so you can plan to enter, or to attend. And remember: these are *only* the Regionals—local Mr. Drummer semi-finals will be popping up throughout the country, with no distinct boundaries. So check with the Regional sponsors to see about getting involved in the locals. See you in September!

Mr. New England Drummer will be selected in Boston where the contest will be sponsored by Riders MC.

Mr. Northeast Drummer will be selected at the DK Zone (Paddles) in New York City on June 24.

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer will be selected on July 29 & 30 at the Palladium in Wilmington, North Carolina. Again this year this will be part of a four day fund raiser including a Leather Fashion Show and Auction on July 27, Educational Seminars and a Mid-Atlantic Drummerboy contest on July 28, more seminars and the first part of the contest on the 29th and the contest finals, followed by a Mandance on the 30th. Again RES Productions is sponsor for the weekend and various events are being hosted by C.O.M.M.A.N.D. of Baltimore, Conquistadors MC of Orlando, and Menamore MC of Wilmington. MC will be current IML, Michael Pereyra, and IML'85 Patrick Toner. The judges will include eight of the current Mr. Drummer regional titleholders as well as Ron Zehel and renowned erotic artist, The Hun. It sounds like a HOT time in the southland this July! For information send a SASE to Drummer Contest, c/o A. Francis, 8605 Eaglewind Dr., Charlotte, NC 28212, or call Robert at 704/339-0679.

Mr. Southeast Drummer will be selected this year in Atlanta in a contest on June 18 sponsored by the Eagle.

Mr. Florida Drummer is a new title created this year for a pendulous state full of leather men and leather organizations. The contest will be sponsored by the Parliament House in Orlando on July 10.

Mr. Midwest Drummer will again be selected at the regional finals sponsored by Spurs and held at The Dock in Cincinnati.

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer will this year be selected at the regional finals in Chicago.

Mr. Great Plains Drummer will again be selected at the regional finals at the Windjammer in Kansas City.

Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer is another new title designation—created especially for the men from Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma. The contest will be held in Dallas in the first part of August and will be sponsored by Shades of Grey leather shop.

Mr. Southwest Drummer is a long established title but this year it is moving further to the southwest and will be awarded at a contest sponsored by and held at the Bum Steer in Phoenix on August 12. We welcome the Bum Steer and the leather men from Arizona and New Mexico into the Mr. Drummer march.

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer will for the second year be selected in a contest in Denver sponsored by Galerie Leon.

Mr. Southern California Drummer will be selected on April 22 at Probe in Los Angeles.

Mr. Northern California Drummer will be selected on June 11 in a contest sponsored by Up Your Alley Productions and held at Dreamland in San Francisco.

Mr. Northwest Drummer will be selected in Seattle on Aug 12. This year the contest is sponsored by the Seattle Dungeon Guild. Local contests in Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, and possibly Boise are also in the works.

Mr. East Canada Drummer is Danny Beck, selected on Jan 28 in Montreal at a contest sponsored by MC Faucon.

Mr. Europe Drummer should be selected later this year at the Eagle bar in Amsterdam.

Mr. Australia Drummer still has no sponsor but we are again hoping to convince Australian leathermen to organize and send a "down under" representative to the "up over" competition.

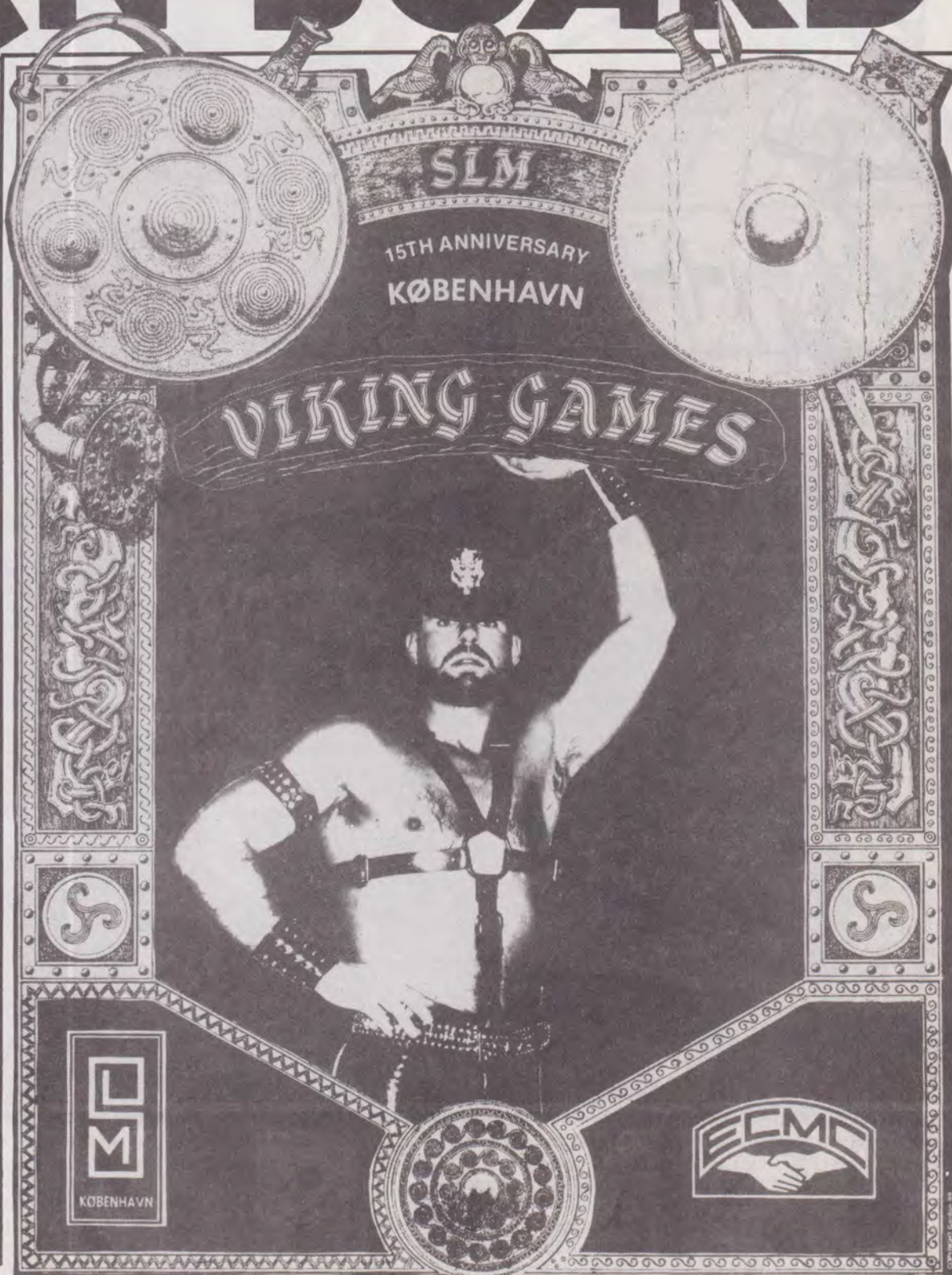
—Mr. Drummer Finals—

The Mr. Drummer contest finals and show are again scheduled for Leather Pride Weekend in San Francisco, September 21 through 24, 1989. Festivities will begin with one of Alan "Mr. S" Selby's fantastic Fetish and Fantasy nights, this year scheduled for the Endup, a much larger location. On Friday night there will be a Leather Pride dance sponsored by Up Your Alley Productions. On Saturday night the Regional Mr. Drummer winners, the hottest leather men from around North America, will present their wildest fantasies for you at the Mr. Drummer finals contest and show. Then on Sunday as a grand finale thousands of leather men and women will mingle on leather's main street for the Folsom Street Fair.

To receive detailed information on Leather Pride Weekend and the Mr. Drummer contest finals as soon as it is available send a SASE (self addressed stamped envelope) to **Leather Pride Weekend, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.**

—AFD

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



VIKING GAMES

SLM Copenhagen's 15th Anniversary Viking Games will be held in Copenhagen, June 2-4, 1989. (An article in *Drummer* 126 gave the dates as June 17-18.)

Contact Scandinavian Leather Men, Schacksgade 9 kid., DK-1365 Copenhagen K, Denmark, or phone 01-320601 from 10-11 pm.



IML '89

The eleventh annual International Mr. Leather contest has been scheduled for May 28, 1989 in Chicago, Illinois. The current titleholder, Michael Pereyra, will return from San Diego, California, to help select his successor from the expected 50 contestants representing leather communities around the globe.

Last year over 1,500 leathermen representing twelve different countries attended the contest and the four days and nights of parties and events which surrounded it.

For information about attending the contest, a free brochure is available on request from: International Mr. Leather, Inc., 5025 N. Clark St., Chicago, IL, 60640, or call (312) 878-6360.

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS M-Z

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; (IO) 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 Leather-Levi-motorcycle or social clubs for men only, (M&W) indicates the club has both men and women members. (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.

***Mall City Cruisers**
616 Village Street
Kalamazoo, MI 49008
M.A.E.I.A. (FL)
PO Box 2230
Chicago, IL 60690-2230
Meisters der Manner
c/o Dean P. Murray
704 Bon Air St.
Lakeland, FL 33805
Menamore LLC
PO Box 7364
Wilmington, NC 28406
Men of Leather
1268 Madison Ave.
Memphis, TN 38104
Midnight Leather Club
(M.L.C.)
PO Box 448
Penfield, NY 14526
M.L.L.A.
6204 Magnolia Lane
Lakeland, FL 33805
Motorcyclen
of New Mexico
PO Box 35844
Albuquerque, NM 87176-5844
Muscle Mates (FN)
c/o RS Enterprises
496A Hudson
New York, NY 10014

National Coalition Against Censorship (X)
123 W 43rd St.
New York, NY 10036
***National Leather Association**
(Mixed S/M) (NLA: National Office)
PO Box 17463
Seattle, WA 98107-0463

National Leather Association
(Mixed S/M) (NLA: BC)
1170 Bute St.
Vancouver, BC V6E-1Z6
Canada
National Leather Association
(Mixed S/M) (NLA: Portland)
2544 NW Savier, #E
Portland, OR 97210

***National Leather Association**
(Mixed S/M)
(NLA: San Diego)
PO Box 34505
San Diego, CA 92103

National Leather Association
(Mixed S/M)
(NLA: Washington)
PO Box 10674
Seattle, WA 98102

The New Tribe MC (TNT MC)
PO Box 90641
Columbia, SC 29209-0641

New World Rubber Men (FL)
c/o Bill Bailey
1602 Lincoln St.
Port Townsend, WA 98368

New York Bondage Club (FL)
PO Box 204
New York, NY 10028

New York Wrestling Club (FN)
59 West 10th St.
New York, NY 10011

Nimbus MC
PO Box 68123
Grand Rapids, MI 49516

Nine Plus Club, Inc.
PO Box 1267 Ansonia Sta.
New York, NY 10023

***Northern Knights**
c/o A Man's World
2909 Detroit Avenue
Cleveland, OH 44113

Oberons
PO Box 07423
Milwaukee, WI 53207

Oedipus MC
PO Box 451
Hollywood, CA 90028

Oklahoma Linemen
PO Box 42391
Oklahoma City, OK 73123

O'Leather
484 Lake Park Ave., #121
Oakland, CA 94610
Omaha Meatpackers
PO Box 6474
Elmwood Station
Omaha, NE 68104

The Order of the Marquis & The Chevalier (S/M)
PO Box 50014
Novi, MI 48050-5014

***Oregon Guild Activists of S/M (S/M) (ORGASM)**
c/o 2167 SW Yamhill #6
Portland, OR 97205

The Original Leathermasters Club of Los Angeles (S/M)
PO Box 93643
Los Angeles, CA 90093

O.R.R.O.C.
PO Box 14033
Chicago, IL 60614

Outcasts (W)
PO Box 31266
San Francisco, CA 94131-0266

***Outer Limits (W)**
PO Box 22805
Seattle, WA 98122

Pacific Coast MC
PO Box 954
Los Angeles, CA 90028

***Pacific Northwest Wrestling Club (FL)**
268-1215 Davie St.
Vancouver, BC V6E 1N4
Canada

Panther L/L
PO Box 8118
Atlanta, GA 30306-0118

Pegasus MC
PO Box 3957
Wichita, KS 67201

Pennsmen
PO Box 401
Harrisburg, PA 17108

***People Exchanging Power: Washington, DC (Mixed S/M)**
PO Box 11161
Arlington, VA 22210-1161
301/369-7667

***People Exchanging Power: Albuquerque, NM (Mixed S/M)**
1113 Delmar NW
Albuquerque, NM 87107
505/344-4114

***People Exchanging Power: Arizona (Mixed S/M)**
See Arizona Power Exchange

Philadelphians MC
PO Box 20720
Philadelphia, PA 19138

Philadelphia Uniform Patrol (P.U.P.) (FL)
c/o The Bike Stop
206 S. Quince St.
Philadelphia, PA 19107

Phoenix LL Club
c/o Greg Adams
701 NE 81st St.
Miami, FL 33138

***Oregon Guild Activists of S/M (ORGASM) (Mixed S/M)**
c/o 2167 SW Yamhill #6
Portland, OR 97205

Pittsburgh MC
c/o Gus Coleola
5133 Saltsburg Rd.
Verona, PA 15147

Pocono Warriors
PO Box 381
263A W. 19th St. #162
New York, NY 10011

Portland Leathermen
PO Box 06706
Portland, OR 97206

Portland Power & Trust (W)
PO Box 3781
Portland, OR 97208

***The Post**
PO Box 273
1215 Davie Street
Vancouver, BC V6E 1N4
Canada

Power Circle (W)
PO Box 3284
Santa Cruz, CA 95063

Prometheus (S/M)
PO Box 57213
Oklahoma City, OK 73157

DRUMMER

CROSSROADS

**WHERE
LEATHERMEN
MEET**



CROSSROADS
Where Leathermen Meet.

By placing an ad in this section, a bar or other business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen.

By accepting their ad, *Drummer* is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather/SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars; in other areas, they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen do go to socialize.

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

The center of
Florida's gay life



410 N. ORANGE BLOSSOM TRAIL •
ORLANDO, FL 32805 • (407) 425-7571

Touche
Chicago



Phoenix's only
LEVI
LEATHER
VIDEO BAR

279-3033

THE BUM **STEER** PHOENIX

4620 NORTH SEVENTH AVENUE

CELLBLOCK 28

Men's Leather S & M Club

28 9th Ave. At 14th St.

Sun. Thru. Thurs.

(212) 733-3144



DC EAGLE



Boot Camp Saloon
209 E. National Ave.
Milwaukee, WI 53204



RIPKORD
LEATHER
LEVI
UNIFORM

HOUSTON

715 FAIRVIEW
HOUSTON, TEX 77006
713-521-2792

DALLAS

2515 INWOOD RD #107
REAR ENTRANCE
DALLAS, TEX 75235
214-353-9992

**LEVI CRUISE
SPORS
CINNATI**
326 EAST EIGHTH STREET



ATLANTA EAGLE
306 PONCE DE LEON AVE.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
404-87-EAGLE

WOLFS

LEATHER · UNIFORM · WESTERN

SAN DIEGO



Home of
Mr. Drummer 1988

COLUMBUS EAGLE BAR
(Rear of Eagles Nest Bar)
232 NORTH THIRD STREET
COLUMBUS, OHIO 43215
614-228-2804



LOS ANGELES' HOTTEST
LEATHER BAR

GAUNTLET II

4219 Santa Monica Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90029
(213) 669-9472
MOTORCYCLE PARKING



Southbay Leather and Uniform Group

SOUTHBAY LEATHER AND UNIFORM GROUP

Aka SLUG, has formed in the San Jose area, open to men and women interested in the leather lifestyle. Recent SLUG events have included a San Jose Leather Daddy/Daddy's Boy contest, (with Fledermaus as a guest judge,) to benefit the ARIS project and the AIDS Emergency Fund, and a Uniform Fantasy Review, to benefit the IMsL contest in San Francisco.

The Group hosts weekly Thursday Socials at different bars in the Southbay area, and meets monthly. For information, call the SLUG information line, (408) 280-SLUG, or write Andy D'Ambruoso, P.O. Box 1601, Campbell, CA 95009.

CRIP-TRIPS

A journal written especially for men with an interest in disabled men, Crip-Trips, hopes to explore the specialized interests and needs of men who are turned on by the physical differences of others. For information or a sample copy (\$12.00) write Michael Agreave Enterprises, 141 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, New York, 11238.

Those interested in this subject should also contact Para-Amps, PO Box 515, So. Beloit, IL, 61080.

DEFENDERS OF DIGNITY

The Defenders is a Leather/Levi club associated with Dignity, an organization for gay and lesbian Catholics. Their aims are to work for the acceptance of the Leather/Levi community, to aid individuals in integrating the spiritual and sexual sides of their lives, and to provide social, religious, and recreational activities for members of the community.

For information on the Leather/Levi Committee of Dignity, write Dignity USA, Suite #11, 1500 Massachusetts Ave NW, Washington DC 20005.

***Rangers, Inc.**
PO Box 6504
Cleveland, OH 44101-0504

Reading Railmen
PO Box 13124
Reading, PA 19603

The Recruits (W)
PO Box 725121
Berkley, MI 48072

**Regiment of the Black and
Tans (FL)**
PO Box 875616
Los Angeles, CA 90087-0716

***Renaissance Men**
1616 Putnam
Detroit, MI 48208

Riders MC
PO Box 519
Boston, MA 02258

River City Outlaws
2522 Avenida Prima
San Antonio, TX 78218

Rivermen
1417 Logan SE
Grand Rapids, MI 49506

Road Riders MC
PO Box 3246
Corpus Christi, TX 78404

Rochester Rams MC
PO Box 1727
Rochester, NY 14603

Rocky Mountaineers MC
PO Box 2629
Denver, CO 80201

Rodeo Riders
3516 N. Bosworth
Chicago, IL 60657

Saber MC of Florida, Inc.
PO Box 030367
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33303

Saddleback MC
PO Box 561
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Sam Browne Society (FL)
PO Box 8293
Phoenix, AZ 85066-8293

San Andreas MC
PO Box 3945
Orange, CA 92665

San Antonio Mustangs
PO Box 12551
San Antonio, TX 77006

San Antonio Rough Riders
PO Box 551
Helotes, TX 77006

***S&M Men of Columbus (SM)**
(SMMC)
PO Box 16329
Columbus, OH 43216

San Franciscans
PO Box 683
San Francisco, CA 94101

San Francisco Bondage Club
1800 Market St. #107 (FL)
San Francisco, CA 94102

San Francisco Jacks (JO)
2336 Market St. K#127
San Francisco, CA 94114

**San Francisco Precision
Whip Drill Team (X)**
2215-R Market St. #107
San Francisco, CA 94114

San Francisco Wrestling Club (FL)
172 Prentice St.
San Francisco, CA 94110

Satyricons MC
PO Box 19058
Las Vegas, NV 89132

Satyr MC
PO Box 1137
Los Angeles, CA 90078

***Scorpion MC**
PO Box 76577
Washington, DC 20013

Seattle Dungeon Guild
PO Box 21911 (S/M)
Seattle, WA 98111

Seattle Wrestling Club (FL)
432 Dewey Place East
Seattle, WA 98112

Selectmen of Detroit
PO Box 1855 Trolley Sta.
Detroit, MI 48231

Sex Magik Faeries Circle (SM)
Spirit Wind
427 Oak St.
San Francisco, CA 94102

S.F.G.D.I. Club
PO Box 42031
San Francisco, CA 94142

Shelix (W)
PO Box 416
Florence Station
Northampton, MA 01060

Shipmates of Baltimore
PO Box 13232
Baltimore, MD 21203

SigMa (S/M)
(Mainly Gay men, open to all)
PO Box 11050
Washington, DC 20008

Silver Spurs of Dallas
414 N. Winnetka
Dallas, TX 75208

***Sirens MC (W)**
530 W 46th St #3E
New York, NY 10036

SMALERS (X)
PO Box 99626
Pittsburgh, PA 15233

Society of Janus
(Mixed S/M)
Southern Calif. Chapter
2554 Lincoln Blvd., Ste 381
Marina del Rey, CA 90291

Society of Janus (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 6794
San Francisco, CA 94101

***Somandros (S/M)**
PO Box 36712
Charlotte, NC 28204

***South Bay Leather &
Uniform Group (M&W)**
(SLUG)
1465 Hester Ave.
San Jose, CA 95126
408/280-SLUG

**Southern California
Wrestling Club (FL)**
3678 Roseview Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90065

***Southern Kinks (W)**
PO Box 36718
Decatur, GA 30032-0718

Spartan MC
458 L'Enfant Plaza
PO Box 23832
Washington, DC 20026

Spearhead
113 Scadding Ave.
Toronto, Ont.
H5A 4H8 Canada

Spirit of St. Louis L-L
PO Box 12207 Souland Sta.
St. Louis, MO 63157

Stallions
c/o The Leather Stallion
2203 St. Clair Ave.
Cleveland, OH 44114

Stiletos MC
c/o Phoenix Bar
1440 San Marco Blvd.
Jacksonville, FL 32207

Stingrays MC
PO Box 1643
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302

Sunrays MC
2027 Mayo St.
Hollywood, FL 33020

Sunshine Athletic Assoc.
c/o Robert Race
1901 N. Andrews Ave. #105
Wilton Manors, FL 33311

***Sweet Misery (W)**
PO Box 11690
Indianapolis, IN 46201-1314

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

***TDA-Atlanta**
PO Box 8051
Atlanta, GA 30306

Tejas MC Inc.
159 Aldrich
San Antonio, TX 78227

***T.E.S./T.C.C. Boston**
(Mixed SM)
(The Esoterica Society/
The Couples Club)
PO Box 37
Randolph, MA 02368

Texas Cadre
PO Box 1041
Arlington, TX 76010

Texas Conference of Clubs
PO Box 66973, Suite 1010
Houston, TX 77006

Texas MC
PO Box 57462
Dallas, TX 75207

Texas Riders Inc.
PO Box 66071
Houston, TX 77266

Thebans MC
c/o Don Gibson
950 NW 7th St. Rd.
Miami, FL 33136

Toronto Motorcycle Riders
PO Box 132 Station F
Toronto, ON M4Y 2L4
Canada

***Tower City Corps**
c/o A Man's World II
2909 Detroit Avenue
Cleveland, OH 44113

The Tradesmen
PO Box 36712
Charlotte, NC 28204

Tribe MC
Box 32798
Detroit, MI 48232

***Trident International**
PO Box 1073
Lincoln Park, MI 48146

Trident-LA
PO Box 3431
Pacoima, CA 94142

Tri-State TCC (Mixed SM)
PO Box 99626
Pittsburgh, PA 15233

***TRUST (FN)**
(Fisting)
PO Box 14543
San Francisco, CA 94114

Tucson Knight Owls
PO Box 2332
Tucson, AZ 85702

Tucson Levi-Leathermen
PO Box 1774
Tucson, AZ 85702

Two Wheelers of Omaha
c/o Tony Zamudio
305 Turner Blvd. #8
Omaha, NE 68131

***Two Wheelers Auxiliary
Troop (W)**
PO Box 3216
Omaha, NE 68103

U.F.O.
c/o Walter Carlton III
1531 S. Madison Ave.
Tulsa, OK 74120

Unicorn MC
2203 St. Clair Ave.
Cleveland, OH 44114

Urania (W)
PO Box 499 Astor St.
Boston, MA 02130-499

Utica Tri's MC
PO Box 425
Utica, NY 13503

**Vancouver Activists in SM
(VASM) (SM)**
PO Box 2204
New Westminster, BC
V3L 5A5 Canada
or
PO Box 21911
Seattle, WA 98111

Vanguards MC
PO Box 2308
Philadelphia, PA 19103

***Vikings MC, Inc.**
PO Box 1323
Cambridge, MA 02142

Warlocks MC
PO Box 2484
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Warriors MC
PO Box 2484
Los Angeles, CA 90028

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

W.E.S. (We Enjoy Shaving)
(FN)
PO Box 6316
Reno, NV 89513

Wheels MC
PO Box 615
New York, NY 10001

W.H.B.
PO Box 251
Wilmington, DE 19899

Wildcats MC
c/o Boiler Room
111 W. Tazewell St.
Norfolk, VA 23510

***Wild Women (W)**
1147 East Broadway #200
Glendale, CA 91205

**W.I.N. (Wrestlers
Information Network) (FL)**
Box 71 Station F
Toronto, Ont.
M4Y 2L4 Canada

Windy City Bondage Club
PO Box 578606 (FL)
Chicago, IL 60657

Wings MC
PO Box 41784
Memphis, TN 38174

Womanlink (W/FN)
2124 Kittredge #257
Berkeley, CA 94704

***Women of Leather (W)**
181 N. Willett
Memphis, TN 38104

Women's Rap Group (W)
PO Box 76
College Park, MD 20740

***Wranglers, Inc.**
PO Box 225971
Dallas, TX 75222

***Wrench-Benders**
PO Box 931028
Los Angeles, CA 90093

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

Clublists for Europe, Australia and other areas outside of North America will appear in the next issue of *Drummer* and the first half of the US & Canada clublist will appear in the issue following that.

TOUGH CUSTOMER

Boys



I'M NOT MAD AT YOU, I'M MAD AT THE DIRT

TC1344 is obviously a hard worker.

In his spare time he cleans apartments, using plenty of Windex and an interesting 7" utensil all his own. He seeks a Daddy in the Tampa, Florida area.

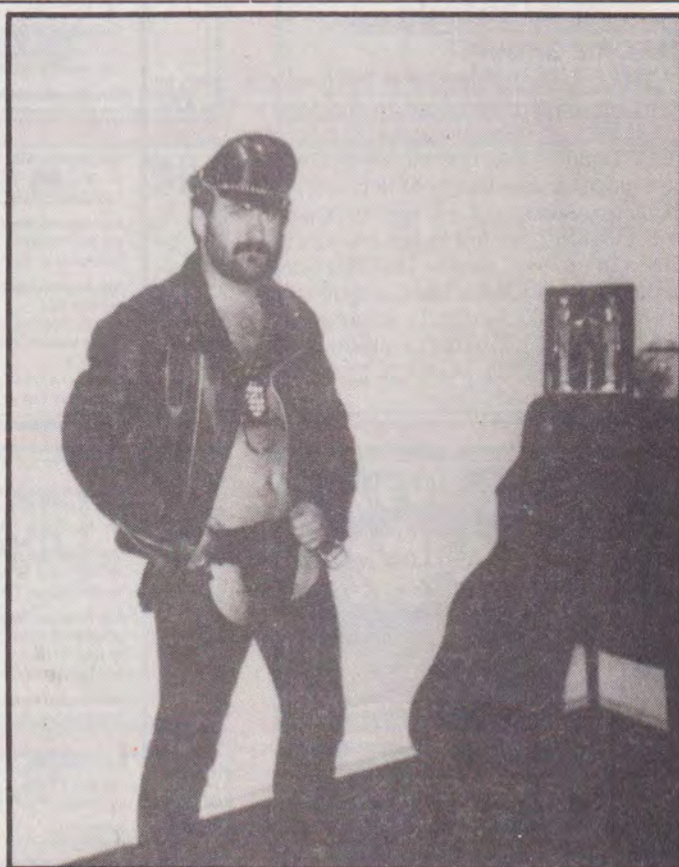


TC1346

BABY IN BALTIMORE

He's looking for a Dad, not a Master.

A handsome, masculine, hairy, bearded LeatherDad can find a boy who'll do him proud by contacting TC1346.



TC1343

CAJUN COOKING

He's a hot and horny, aggressive Louisiana boy waiting to correspond with a hot Daddy type.

Spice up your sex life by writing TC1343.

TOUGH CUSTOMER

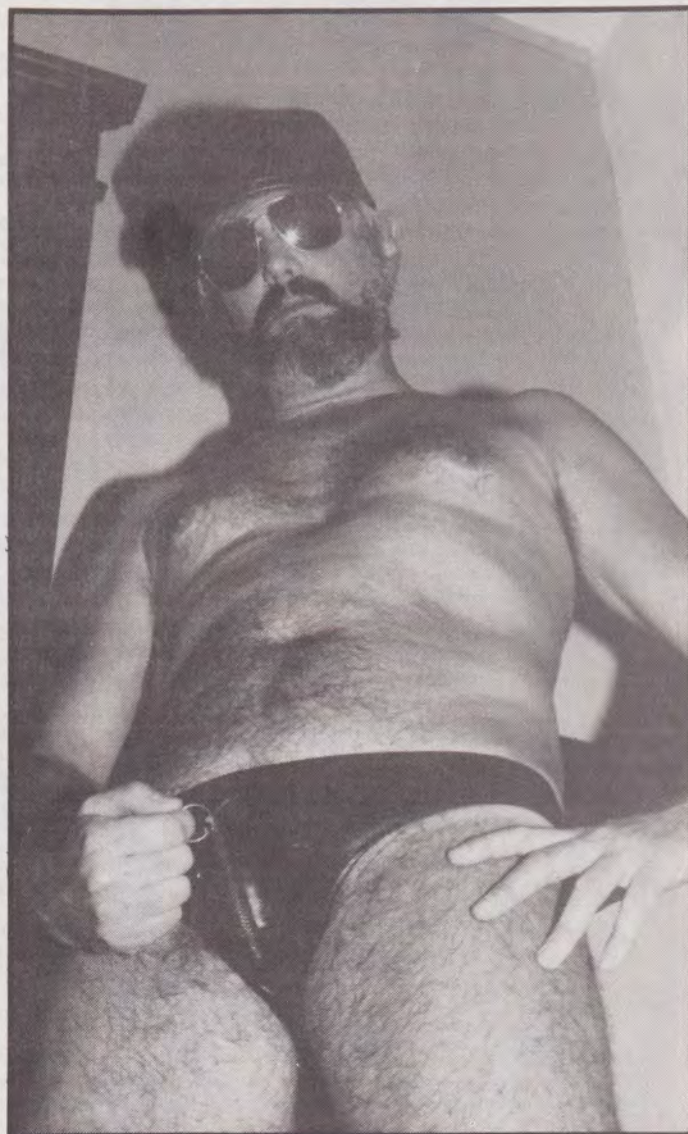
Daddies



TC1345

APPOINTMENT IN LISBON

A member of Interchain residing in Portugal, TC1345 is visiting major US cities in September. He offers return visits to his home in Lisbon and, ostensibly, that enormous dick to Drummer readers. See his ad: "X-Hung Top Master" in "Dear Sir" Nationwide.



TC1342

ONE ZIP AWAY FROM PARADISE

This serious Seattle Daddy looks fiercely mouth-watering to all of us. Get down there and win one for the zipper! Write TC1342

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, SF, CA 94101-1314.

DRUMMER 129

LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

JUNE

- 26-28 • 17th Anniversary Celebration—Iron Cross—Montreal
- 26-29 • International Mr. Leather Contest—Chicago, IL
• Falcon Flight 5—Wasatch Leathermen MC—Salt Lake City
• Bike Christening & Picnic—Empire City MC—NYC
- 27 • Whipping/Flogging Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
• Lone Star 8—Buzzards Peak, TX
- 27-29 • International Mr. Leather Contest—Chicago
29 • Happy Holiday Social—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 2-4 • Knights Tournament Two—Knights of Leather—Hinckley, MN
• Lake Party—MSC Belgium
• Viking Games, 15th Anniversary—SLM Copenhagen, Denmark
- 3 • Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather Strips for AIDS—T-Bolts—The Brook, Westport, CT
- 5 • Enjoyable Dressing for the Scene—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 6 • Switchables Disc Group—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 7 • SMU: Whipping—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 9-11 • Cruising with the Thunderbolts—T-Bolts MC, Hartford, CT
• 5th Anniversary—Two Wheelers—Omaha
• Roaring Camp Retreat—Pacific Coast MC—LA
• Baltic Battle XII—SLM Stockholm, Sweden
• Bronc Bust I—The New Tribe—Columbia, SC
- 10 • Gay Pride Parade & Rally—Boston
• Whipping Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
• Potluck—Portland Leathermen—Portland, OR
• Dungeon Play Party—ORGASM—Portland, OR
- 10-11 • 18th Anniversary—Thunderbolts MC—Hartford, CT
• 5th Anniversary—Grand Rapids Rivermen—Grand Rapids, MI
- 11 • Ride Against AIDS—City Bikers—Denver
• MR NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER CONTEST—Dreamland, SF
- 12 • History of the Eulenspiegel Society—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 13 • Novice Night—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 14 • Who we are/What we do—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 14-16 • Get To Gether—The Rurals—Roermond, Netherlands
- 16-18 • Acorn II—Oberons L/L—Milwaukee, WI
• Kumpeltreff, Riverboat Party on the Baldeneysee—LFRR Essen, West Germany
• Sommertreff—A'Mens Club Aarhus, Denmark
- 17 • Corporal Punishment Night—The 15—SF, CA
• Gay Pride Festival & March—Portland, OR
- 18 • MR. SOUTHEAST DRUMMER CONTEST—The Eagle—Atlanta, GA
• Pride Festival—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA
• 6th Annual Leather Pride Night—GMSMA et al—NYC
• Daddy's Day Beerbust—Somandros—Los Angeles
- 18 • A Magical Evening During the Full Moon—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 20 • Bi SM Discussion Group—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 21 • Tits & Balls—SM Gays—London
• Women's Night—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 23-25 • Leather & Lace Cape Escape—Provincetown, MA
• 200th Anniversary of the Revolution—ASMF Paris, France
- 24 • MR NORTHEAST DRUMMER CONTEST—DK Zone (Paddles)—NYC
• Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
• Pride Party—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA
- 24-25 • GAY PRIDE WEEKEND
• Midsummernightparty in the Eifel—MSC Viking Cologne
- 26 • What's Your Fetish???—Eulenspiegel—NYC

- 27 • Dominant Women/Submissive Men—Eulenspiegel—NYC

- 28 • Bondage—GMSMA—Paddles, NYC

- 30-July 2 • Schuetzenfest—MSC Hannover, West Germany
• EECMC Bike Run—LMC Munich—Elbigne Alps in Tirol

JULY

- 1-4 • Golden Fleece 18—Rocky Mountaineers—Camp Jason, CO
- 4 • 5th Anniversary—SigMa—Washington, DC
- 5 • SMU: Auto S&M—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 7-9 • Cologne Leather Meeting on Tour—MS Panther Cologne
• Leather Connection—MSC Barcelona, Spain
- 8 • Annual Picnic—GMSMA—Hauska House, Pocono Mts., PA
• Auto SM Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
• Potluck—Portland Leathermen—Portland, OR
• FUKC Meeting—The London Blues—London
- 9-16 • 18th Annual Black Mountain Run—Pacific Coast MC—LA
- 10 • MR. FLORIDA DRUMMER CONTEST—Parliament House, Orlando
• Catheters & Sounds—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
• Enemas—Dreizehn—The Paradise, Cambridge, MA
- 15 • Bondage Night—The 15—SF, CA
- 16 • Auction—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA
- 19 • 8th Birthday Party—SM Gays—London
- 21-23 • Kirmesparty—LM Duesseldorf—West Germany
- 22 • MR. B.C. DRUMMER CONTEST—VASM—M's T's Cabaret, Vancouver, BC
- 22-23 • Tour to Liege Belgium—MSC Viking Cologne
- 27-30 • MR MID-ATLANTIC DRUMMER CONTEST—The Paladium—Wilmington, NC
- 28-30 • Finlandization 3—MSC Finland—Helsinki
• Leather Pride Weekend—Vancouver, BC
- 29 • Mr./Ms Vancouver Leather Contests—NLA: BC—Vancouver, BC

AUGUST

- 2 • SMU: S&M Relationships—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 4-6 • Rites of the Full Moon—Unicorn MC—Cleveland, OH
- 6 • MR. GULF COAST DRUMMER CONTEST—Dallas, TX
- 9 • Mummification—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 11-13 • Europe's Leatherparty—MSC Hamburg—West Germany
- 12 • MR NORTHWEST DRUMMER CONTEST—SDG—Seattle
• MR SOUTHWEST DRUMMER CONTEST—The Bum Steer—Phoenix
• S&M Relationships Dinner and Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
• Potluck—Portland Leathermen—Portland, OR
- 12-15 • Mollie Brown Run—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 14 • History of Torture—SigMa—Washington, DC
- 18-20 • Weekend Run—Constantines—SF
- 19 • Spanking Night—The 15—SF, CA
• All City Leather Picnic—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA
- 24 • Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 25-27 • Hallow Wennie—Crystal Balls—Rochester Rams 14th Anniversary—Rochester, NY
• Grillparty am Rhein—Black Angels Cologne—West Germany
- 25-28 • Leather Summit—MSC Island—Reykjavik, Iceland
• Brighton Bound '89—Sussex Lancers MSC—England
- 26 • Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 31-Sept. 4 • AGM—M.A.F.I.A—Chicago

SEPT

- 1-4 • Leif Ericson 1989—Vikings MC—Merrimac, NH
• Beachhead IV—Corpus Christi MC—Corpus Christi, TX

- 7-10 • Inferno XVIII—Chicago Hellfire Club—Douglas, MI
• Potluck—Portland Leathermen—Portland, OR
- 11 • Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 13 • Inferno Report—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
• SMU: Verbal Abuse—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 16 • Branding—The 15—SF
• T-Bolts at the Bike Stop—Philadelphia
- 21-24 • Leather Pride Weekend in SF
- 21 • Fetish & Fantasy Night—Alan "Mr S" Selby—SF
- 22-25 • Mining the Gem—Lion Regiment—Silver City, ID
• Oktoberfesttreffen—MLC Munich—West Germany
- 23 • MR DRUMMER FINALS CONTEST & SHOW—SF
• Demo—VASM—Vancouver
- 24 • Folsom Street Fair—SF
- 28 • Fetish & Fantasy Ball—NLA: BC—Vancouver, BC
- 30 • La Nuit "Cul de Sac"—MCRA Lyon, France
- 30-Oct. 1 • Mr. Gay U.K.—Blackpool, England

OCTOBER

- 1 • Rally—MSC Viking Cologne
- 4 • SMU: Genital/Tit Torture—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- 6-8 • 15 Anniversary—Knights d'Orleans—New Orleans, LA
• Mystery Run/Anniversary—Desert Leathermen—Tucson, AZ
• Dragon's Lair—Adventurers Suncoast MC—St. Petersburg, FL
• EECMC-ACM Jahreshauptversammlung—MS Panther Cologne
- 6-9 • Living in Leather IV—NLA—Portland, OR
- 9 • Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 11 • Suturing—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 13-15 • Provincetown Run—Entre Nous—Provincetown, MA
- 14 • Genital/Tit Torture Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
• Potluck—Portland Leathermen—Portland, OR
- 20-22 • Sweet 16—Gateway MC 16th Anniversary—St. Louis, MO
- 21 • Cock, Ball & Tit torture Night—The 15—SF
- 21-22 • 21st Anniversary—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 21-23 • 16 Anniversary—MSC London, England
- 28 • Fetish & Fantasy Ball—NLA: BC—Vancouver, BC
- 29 • Black Sabbath Night—Somandros—LA

NOVEMBER

- 1 • SMU: Piercing—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 3-5 • Associate Applicant Weekend—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
• Fox Hunt—The Rurals—Roermond, Netherlands
- 8 • Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 8-10 • East Mercia Christmas Show—East Mercia MSC—Leicester, England
- 11 • Piercing Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- 13 • Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 18 • Mad Doctor Party—The 15—SF, CA
- 19 • Leather & Lace Brotherhood Feast—119 Merrimac, Boston

DECEMBER

- 6 • SMU: Potpourri—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 9 • Christmas Dinner & Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- 11 • Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 15 • Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 16 • Christmas Party—City Bikers—Denver
• Christmas Party—MSC Viking Cologne

1990
AUGUST

- 4-11 • Gay Games III—Vancouver, BC, Canada

CUMMING UP

In **DRUMMER 130**

Ron Zehel

Mr. Drummer 1988-89

THE MEN OF OHIO

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photos by Albert

In DungeonMaster #37

Inferno XVII Reports

And the Erotic Arts of Mummification Catheters



photo by Jan Hall

TAMMOR

A photograph of three men standing against a rough, stone wall. The man on the left is wearing a straw cowboy hat, a black leather jacket, and light-colored pants, holding a black handgun. The man in the center is wearing a green baseball cap, a blue sleeveless vest, and is shirtless underneath. The man on the right is wearing a straw cowboy hat, a green tank top, blue jeans, and a red bandana around his neck. The word 'TAMMOR' is written in large, red, stylized letters at the top of the image.

Gringo Daddy
&
South of The Border Boys